

**"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime," lyrics by Yip Harburg, music by Gorney Harburg (1931)**

They used to tell me I was building a dream, and so I followed the mob,  
When there was earth to plow, or guns to bear, I was always there right  
on the job.

They used to tell me I was building a dream, with peace and glory  
ahead,

Why should I be standing in line, just waiting for bread?

Once I built a railroad, I made it run, made it race against time.  
Once I built a railroad; now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?  
Once I built a tower, up to the sun, brick, and rivet, and lime;  
Once I built a tower, now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?

**"We're in the Money," lyrics by Al Dubin, music by Harry Warren  
(from the film Gold Diggers of 1933, 1933)**

We're in the money, we're in the money;  
We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!  
We're in the money, that sky is sunny,  
Old Man Depression you are through, you done us wrong.

We never see a headline about breadlines today.  
And when we see the landlord we can look that guy right in the eye

We're in the money, come on, my honey,  
Let's lend it, spend it, send it rolling along!

Oh, yes we're in the money, you bet we're in the money,  
We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!  
Let's go we're in the money, Look up the skies are sunny,  
Old Man Depression you are through, you done us wrong.

**THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND  
words and music by Woody Guthrie**

Chorus:

This land is your land, this land is my land  
From California, to the New York Island  
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters  
This land was made for you and me

As I was walking a ribbon of highway  
I saw above me an endless skyway  
I saw below me a golden valley  
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts  
And all around me a voice was sounding  
This land was made for you and me

### **On the Good Ship Lollypop**

On the good ship lollypop  
Its a sweet trip to a candy shop  
Where bon-bons play  
On the sunny beach of Peppermint Bay

Lemonade stands everywhere  
Crackerjack bands fill the air  
And there you are!  
Happy landing on a chocolate bar

See the sugar bowl do the tootsie roll  
With the big bad devils food cake  
If you eat too much ooh ooh  
You'll awake with a tummy ache

On the good ship lollypop  
Its a night trip into bed you hop  
And dream away  
On the good ship lollypop

**Lyrics as recorded by Woody Guthrie, RCA Studios, Camden, NJ, Apr 26, 1940, released on "Dust Bowl Ballads," transcribed by Manfred Helfert.**

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round,  
Just a wandrin' worker, I go from town to town.  
And the police make it hard wherever I may go  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,  
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;  
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin' on the shares, and always I was poor;  
My crops I lay into the banker's store.  
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor,  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Now as I look around, it's mighty plain to see  
This world is such a great and a funny place to be;  
Oh, the gamblin' man is rich an' the workin' man is poor,  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

### **Strange Fruit: Lyrics by Lewis allen**

Southern trees bear strange fruit,  
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root,  
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze,  
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.

Pastoral scene of the gallant south,  
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,  
Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh,  
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

Here is fruit for the crows to pluck,  
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck,  
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop,  
Here is a strange and bitter crop.