

The RED BERETS

Selected Lyrics

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A Si Katali

Traditional Zulu, written on ANC picket lines

A si katali, no ma sio bo gois
Si zi mise lenko lule ko.
A si katali, no ma sio bo gois
Si zi mise lenko lule ko.

Und si ma lan toi lo
U fu na ma do da.
Und si ma lan toi lo
U fu na ma do da.

Oh we don't care if we go to jail
It's for freedom that we gladly go.
Oh we don't care if we go to jail
It's for freedom that we gladly go.

A heavy load, a heavy load
And it takes a great strength.
A heavy load, a heavy load
And it takes a great strength.

Bella Ciao

Traditional Italian folksong, rewritten by Italian Partisans

Questa mattina, mi sosvegliato,
o bella ciao, bella ciao,
bella ciao, ciao, ciao.
Questa mattina, mi sosvegliato,
e o trovato a l'invasor.

E si io muoio, da partigano,
o bella ciao, bella ciao
bella ciao, ciao, ciao.
E si io muoio, da partigano,
tu mi devi seppelir.

E seppelire, la su montagna,
o bella ciao, bella ciao,
bella ciao, ciao, ciao.
E seppelire, la su montaga,
sotto l'ombra d'un bel fior.

E questa e il fiore, da partigiano,
o bella ciao, bella ciao,
bella ciao, ciao, ciao.
E questa e il fiore, da partigiano,
morto per la liberta
morto per la liberta
morto per la liberta.

Bread and Roses

Mimi Farina 1974, poem by James Oppenheim 1915

As we go marching, marching
in the beauty of the day
a million darkened kitchens
a thousand mill lofts gray
are touched with all the radiance
that a sudden sun discloses
for the people hear us singing
Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

As we go marching, marching
we battle too for men
for they are women's brothers
and we'll march with them again
our lives shall not be sweated
from birth until life closes
hearts starve as well as bodies
Give us bread but give us roses.

As we go marching, marching
unnumbered women dead
go crying through our singing
their ancient call for bread
small art and love and beauty
their drudging spirits knew
yes, it is bread we fight for
but we fight for roses too.

As we go marching, marching
we bring the greater days
the rising of the women
is the rising of us all
no more the drudge and idler
ten that toil where one reposes
but a sharing of life's glories
Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

Cruise Blues

© Susan Howlett (Red Berets), 1984

We've marched so many times to refuse the cruise.
We've even been on the CBC news.
Leaders smile, and say "What's all the fuss?"
Government just ignores us. (x2)

We don't want to join the arms race.
What kind of future do our children face?
Their hopes and dreams could go up in a flash.
We're talking now of survival. (x2)

With unemployment, cost of living so high
The money we need is flying in the sky.
The boys just keep on playing their games.
They're playing with our lives again and again.

Now is the time to take a stand.
Join with the people from every land.
Future's ticking right here in our hands.
Peace and justice we demand. (x2)

The Fifties Sound

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1. They say the 50s are coming again
Put on my bobby socks and run to the gym
The 50s beat has got them out on the floor
Hey wait, I've been through this nightmare before.

2. Those olden days were not so golden you know
Girls who got in trouble they had nowhere to go
Couldn't take their lives into their own hands.
Spent their time a-spoonin' all the rock and roll
bands
Those days coloured people knew their place
Didn't try to barge into the human race
But Elvis and the others picked up all their cues
And made a million dollars singing white-boy blues.

Chorus

Wow wow... Wow wow wow wow wow
They're dancing to what oppressed us twenty (thirty)
(forty) years ago.
Wow...
They're dancing to what oppressed us twenty (thirty)
(forty) years ago.

3. Girls wore thick make-up boys wore thick grease
If you didn't have a steady you were never at ease
Swearing and sex they were mortal sins
Why the hell you think we brought the sixties in?
Everybody looked and thought and talked the same
And learned all the of the details of the dating game
Boys they were lettermen or else they were queer
If they were small or shy they lived in constant fear.

Chorus

4. Think of all the folks who miss the 50s sound
The millionaires whose profits had them going down
To the Ku Klux Klan they were the good old days
When blacks and women really knew their place
Administrators miss the days when students obeyed
Didn't meddle in the world that grown-ups had
made
The Pentagon's nostalgic for the days of yore
When every kid would rush to join their latest war.

5. So all you kids soaking up the scene
Sorry to break in on your American Dream
But we lived through it and it ain't no fun
No one's gonna take back what we won.

Chorus

Teen angel, teen angel, rest in pieces.

Fight Back

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By day I lived in terror
By night I lived in fright
For as long as I can remember
A lady don't go out alone at night
No, a lady don't go out alone at night.

But I don't accept the verdict
It's an old one anyway
Cause now a days a woman
Can't even go out in the middle of the day
No, can't even go out in the middle of the day.

Chorus

And so we've got to fight back!
In large numbers
Fight back! I can't make it alone
Fight back! In large numbers
Together we can make a safe home
Together we can make a safe home.

Women all around the world
Every colour, religion and age
One thing we've got in common
We can all be battered and raped
We can all be battered and raped.

Chorus

Some have an easy answer
Buy a lock and live in a cage
But my fear is turning to anger
And my anger is turning to rage
And I won't live my life in a cage – no!

Chorus

By day I lived in terror
By night I lived in fright
For as long as I remember
A lady don't go out alone at night
Fight back!
A lady don't go out alone at night
Fight back!
A lady don't go out alone at night
Fight back!

For All Women in Struggle

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1. This song is for all women in struggle
Forced to make their troubled way alone
In the court, in the home, in the factory
Our heroines, unnamed and unknown.

Chorus

They knew they'd never change the world without
fighting
Even though they had a lot to lose
If you can stand the pain it's worth deciding
To defend a woman's right to choose
Oh my sister, dear sister, be strong...

2. Before we had a movement to call our own
There were women fighting one by one
And even now, when the going gets tough,
There are times there seems to be no one.

Chorus

But we can never change the world without fighting
Even though they we have a lot to lose
If we can stand the pain it's worth deciding
To defend a woman's right to choose
Oh my sister, dear sister, be strong...

3. Whatever rights we cherish now,
There are mothers and their mothers to thank
For the sake of ourselves and our daughters to come
It is time for us to join in the ranks.

Chorus

For we can never change the world without fighting
Even though we have a lot to lose
If we can stand the pain it's worth deciding
To defend a woman's right to choose
Oh my sister, dear sister, come along.

Gonna Rise

© Susan Howlett (*Red Berets*), 1984

We labour hard, we labour strong,
Bending our tired backs 'til the day is done
We are the women of the textile mills
We are the women of the textile mills.

Chorus

Gonna rise, rise, rise, gonna rise
Gonna rise, rise, rise, gonna rise.

We labour sweat, we labour song,
We labour our memories and the days to come
We are the women of the textile mills
We are the women of the textile mills.

Chorus

Side by side, from lands afar,
Weaving our lives together, day by day
We are the women of the textile mills
We are the women of the textile mills.

Chorus

We'll unite, alone there's fright
We're changing from day to day
We're learning to fight
We are the women of the textile mills
We are the women of the textile mills.

Chorus

Hay Una Mujer Desaparecida

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Hay una mujer desaparecida, hay una mujer
desaparecida
En Chile, en Chile, en Chile
And the junta, and the junta knows
And the junta knows where she is
And the junta knows where she is, hiding and dying
Hay una mujer desaparecida, hay una mujer
desaparecida
En Chile, en Chile, en Chile.

Michelle Peña Herrera
Nalvia Rosa Mena Alvarado
Cecilia Castro Salvadores
Ida Amelia Almarza.

Hay una mujer desaparecida, hay una mujer
desaparecida
En Chile, en Chile, en Chile
And the junta, and the junta knows
And the junta knows where she is
And the junta knows where she is, hiding and dying
Hay una mujer desaparecida, hay una mujer
desaparecida
En Chile, en Chile, en Chile.

Clara Elena Cantero
Elisa Del Carmen Escobar
Eliana Maria Espinosa
Rosa Elena Morales.

Hay una mujer desaparecida, hay una mujer
desaparecida
En Chile, en Chile, en Chile
And the junta, and the junta knows
And the junta knows where she is
And the junta knows where she is, hiding and dying
Hay una mujer desaparecida, hay una mujer
desaparecida
En Chile, en Chile, en Chile.

A spirit lives in Chile, new lives, new songs
A spirit grows in Chile, new lives, new songs are
rising up
A spirit sings in Chile, new lives, new songs are rising
up
A spirit lives in Chile, new lives, new songs
In Chile.

If You Miss Me At the Back of the Bus

Traditional, lyrics by Charles Neblett 1962, and others

If you miss me at the back of the bus
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the front of the bus,
I'll be riding up there.

Chorus

I'll be riding up there, I'll be riding up there
Come on over to the front of the bus,
I'll be riding up there.

If you miss me by the kitchen sink
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the typing pool
I'll be typing up there.

Chorus

I'll be typing up there, I'll be typing up there,
Come on over to the typing pool,
I'll be typing up there.

If you miss me at the typing pool
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to UIC*
I'll be lining up there.

Chorus

I'll be lining up there, I'll be lining up there,
Lost my job to a VDT**
I'll be lining up there.

If you miss me at UIC
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to Stelco Steel
I'll be working up there.

Chorus

I'll be working up there, I'll be working up there,
Come on over to Stelco Steel
I'll be working up there.

If you miss me at Stelco Steele
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the kitchen sink
I wound up back there.

Chorus

I wound up back there, I wound up back there,
Got laid off by Stelco Steel
I wound up back there.

If you miss me at the kitchen sink
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the women's march
I'll be singing up there.

Chorus

I'll be singing up there, I'll be singing up there,
Come on over to the women's march
I'll be singing up there.

**UIC Unemployment Insurance Compensation (now EI, Employment Insurance)*

***VDT video display terminal*

In Contempt

*Traditional folk song, lyrics by Aaron Kramer and Betty Sanders 1950
(to protest US House Committee on Un-American Activities)*

Build high, build wide your prison walls
That there be room enough for all
Who hold you in contempt, build wide
That all the land be locked inside.

Though you have seized the valiant few
Whose glories cast a shade on you
How can you now go home with these
Jangling your heavy dungeon keys.

The birds who still insist on song
The sunlit stream still running strong
The flowers still blazing red and blue
All are in contempt of you.

All are in contempt of you
All are in contempt of you.

It's My Body Medley

Based on three songs by Leslie Gore, lyrics adapted by Andrea Knight and other Red Berets

It's my party and I'll cry if I want to,
Cry if I want to, cry if I want to,
You would cry too if it happened to you.

No one can tell me I have to give birth
Just cause my birth control failed,
Why do you say it's a crime
And send my doctor to jail?
It's my body and I'll breed if I want to,
But if I don't want to
Don't tell me I've got to.
You'd want the choice if it happened to you.

No one can tell me I have to be straight,
I can love women you know,
When we hold hands on the street
Why does it threaten you so?
It's my body and I'll love who I want to, and if I want
to
Don't tell me not to,
It's what I choose, so then what's it to you?

You don't own me,
I'm not just one of your many toys,
Don't harass me,
Just because I am in your employ.
Keep your hands to yourself,
Your sexist comments too,
Just treat me with respect,
That's all I ask of you,

Daycare, equal pay, and pensions,
Everything that's wonderful we'll get if we just stand
together,
Women working with our sisters everywhere
We'll build a better future,
Now it's time to rise,
Sisters, organize.

It's not just sunshine, lollipops, and rainbows,
Hear how this refrain goes
And come on join in everybody:
Daycare, equal pay, and pensions, everything that's
wonderful is sure to come our way
If we organize, if we organize, if we organize today.

Jingle Bells

Traditional, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

For Eaton's strike:

Jingle bells, no more sales, Eaton's is on strike
Oh how hard it is to get decent workers' rights, oh
Jingle bells, no more sales, Eaton's is on strike
Oh how hard it is to get decent workers' rights.

Dashing past the store
We won't go there no more
Not a single cent
In Eaton's will be spent.
Show us your support
Keep our spirits bright
Oh what fun it is to have
Solidarity tonight.

Jingle bells, no more sales, Eaton's is on strike
Don't go in 'til we win our first contract fight, oh
Jingle bells, no more sales, Eaton's is on strike
Don't go in 'til we win our first contract fight.

*For MacGregor's strike: replace Eaton's with
MacGregor's*

For Visa strike:

Jingle bells, scrap your bills, Visa is on strike
Oh how hard it is to get decent workers' rights, oh
Jingle bells, scrap your bills, Visa is on strike
Oh how hard it is to get decent workers' rights.

Dashing past the bank
Or tying up the queues
We would like to thank
Every one of you.
Show us your support
Keep our spirits bright
Oh what fun it is to have
Solidarity tonight.

Jingle bells, scrap your bills, Visa is on strike
Oh how hard it is to win our first contract fight, oh
Jingle bells, scrap your bills, Visa is on strike
Oh how hard it is to win our first contract fight.

Joy to the World

*Traditional, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets for the
Eaton's strike*

Joy to the world, the people have won
Let all control their lives.
Let every heart rejoice and dance
And earth and sky resound
And earth and sky resound
And earth and sky resound with song.

Love Me, I'm a Liberal

Phil Ochs 1966, with some lyrics adapted by Andrea Knight (Red Berets)

I cried when they shot Pope John Paul,
Shivers ran down my spine;
I cried when they shot poor John Lennon,
As if he'd been a brother of mine;
But Bobby Sands got what was coming,
He got what he asked for this time;
So love me, love me, love me,
I'm a liberal.

I go to ecology meetings,
I would never wear a fur coat;
I think solar energy's the answer,
I'd sink every whaling boat;
But don't talk about unemployment,
Those lazy bums stick in my throat;
So love me, love me, love me,
I'm a liberal.

Oh, the members of the Moral Majority
Should all hang their heads in shame;
All those gay and lesbian people
Aren't like us – and they're not to blame;
But if you want them teaching my children,
I hope the cops take down your name;
So love me, love me, love me,
I'm a liberal.

I cheered when Thatcher was chosen,
My faith in the system restored;
Soon women will be elected
To every corporation board;
But maternity leave payments
Are something we just can't afford.
So love me, love me, love me,
I'm a liberal.

Yes, women must fight to be equal,
And not take the laws as they are;
I agree that we need better childcare,
So women can be called to the Bar;
But don't talk about revolution,
That's going just a little bit too far,
So love me, love me, love me,
I'm a liberal.

I read the Canadian Forum,
I've learned to take every view;
I'll support any strike or boycott,
If it doesn't hurt me or you;
And I love West Indians and Asians,
As long as there's only a few;
So love me, love me, love me,
I'm a liberal.

Oh, I used to be young and impulsive,
I wore every conceivable pin;
I even went to socialist meetings,
I learned all the old union hymns;
But I've grown older and wiser,
And that's why I'm turning you in.
So love me, love me, love me,
I'm a liberal.

Moving Mountains

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One little push won't make the mountain move
Two little pushes won't make the mountain move
All people pushing will make the mountain move
Let's move mountains together.

One woman pushing won't make the mountain move
Two women pushing won't make the mountain move
All women pushing will make the mountain move
Let's move mountains together.

One women working...

One woman fighting...

One woman marching...

One woman singing...

** We used this song a lot and adapted it to different situations. In September 2015, we sang "All people pushing will make Harper go..." – and it worked!*

No A La Intervencion

Sabia, a nueva cancion group in the 1980s

El mundo debe saber
que el pueblo salvadoreño
está enfrentando la guerra
para construir la paz
No estamos dispuestos, no
a seguir soportando
el régimen oligarca
y la bota imperialista
que intenta aplastar
este triunfo popular

No, no, no a la intervención
El pueblo quiere revolución!
Si no se van, si no se van
les va a pasar como en Vietnam!

Con un verso y otro verso
hacemos una canción
con un plomo y otro plomo
defendemos nuestra nación
Los buitres de Reagan están
con ganas de intervenir
El pueblo centroamericano
no lo va a permitir
Estamos dispuestos a todo
Patria libre o morir!

No, no, no to draft and war
U.S. out of El Salvador!
This song's for you, Uncle Sam
We don't want another Vietnam!

No More Shit

*Ain't She Sweet? Milton Ager 1927, lyrics adapted by
Chris Mills (Red Berets)*

No more shit, we have had our fill of it,
And I tell you very definitely, no more shit.

Don't you know, patriarchy's gotta go,
We are off our backs and on our feet and we won't
let go.

We've had enough, both straight and lesbian,
Of heterosexist oppression.

Spread the news, we demand the right to choose.
Taking back control of our own bodies is overdue.

Keep your seat. We will never say defeat.
We are women fighting strong, uniting and we ain't
sweet.

All over the world women are rising,
We're taking stands and organizing.

No more shit, we have had our fill of it.
We will absolutely definitely take No More Shit.

Oh Come, All Ye Shoppers

Traditional, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

For Eaton's strike:

Oh come, all ye shoppers, don't go into Eaton's.
Rip up your charge card and throw it away.
Come and support us striking Eaton's workers.
Don't buy your gifts at Eaton's,
Don't buy your gifts at Eaton's,
Don't buy your gifts at Eaton's,
Please stay away.

For Visa strike:

Oh come, all ye shoppers, don't go to the Commerce
Rip up your Visa card and throw it away.
Come and support them, striking Visa workers.
Don't use your Commerce Visa,
Don't use your Commerce Visa,
Don't use your Commerce Visa,
Use cash instead.

Oh Freedom

Post-Civil War African-American freedom song, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

Oh freedom, oh freedom
Oh freedom over me

Chorus:

And before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
And I'll fight for my right to be free.

No more war, no more war,
No more war over me

Chorus

No more oppression, no more oppression
No more oppression over me

Chorus

No more violence, no more violence
No more violence over me

Chorus

No more apartheid, no more apartheid
No more apartheid over me

Chorus

No more missiles, no more missiles,
No more missiles cruising over me
And before we'll be wiped out
We will get those missiles out
And we'll fight for our right to be free.

We'll have peace, we'll have peace,
We'll have peace, yes we will

Chorus

We'll stand united, we'll stand united,
We'll stand united, yes we will

Chorus

We'll have freedom, we'll have freedom,
We'll have freedom, yes we will,

Chorus

Onward Eaton's Workers

Traditional, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

Onward Eaton's workers, marching as to war,
with the shout of "Contract" going on before.
With the strength of union, none can bring us low:
forward into battle, see our banner go!
Onward Eaton's workers, marching as to war,
with the shout of "Contract!" going on before.

At the sight of pickets Eaton's shoppers flee:
on then Eaton's workers, on to victory.
Set the bosses trembling with our shouts of rage:
we want decent pensions and a living wage.
Onward Eaton's workers, marching as to war,
with the shout of "Contract!" going on before.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and
wane,
but our fight for fairness, constant will remain.
Management can never 'gainst our will prevail:
we want a fair contract and we will not fail.
Onward Eaton's workers, marching as to war,
with the shout of "Contract!" going on before.

Like a mighty army moves our growing throng;
sisters join your voices in this union song.
We are not divided; all one body we.
Listen, Fredrick Eaton, it's called solidarity.
Onward Eaton's workers, marching as to war,
with the shout of "Contract!" going on before.

Silent Night

Traditional, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

For Eaton's strike:

Silent night, Eaton's on strike
All is still, empty till
Round yon entrances pickets galore
Asking shoppers to boycott the store
Working in unity
You'll get a contract you'll see.

For Visa strike:

Silent night, Visa's on strike
All is still, in the till
How much longer do we have to wait
For a contract that we think is great
Working in unity
We'll get a contract you'll see.

For a Pro-Choice event:

Women unite, it is our right,
Birth control, free for all
Sterilization only by choice
Abortion we will demand in one voice
Safe and legal and free
For women that's liberty.

Singing for Our Lives

© Holly Near 1979, with permission, some lyrics added by Red Berets

We are a gentle angry people and we are singing,
singing for our lives.
We are a gentle angry people and we are singing,
singing for our lives.

We are justice-seeking people and we are singing,
singing for our lives...

We are queer and straight together and we are
singing, singing for our lives...

We are black and working people and we are
singing, singing for our lives...

We are a loud and angry people and we want child
care, child care for us all...

We are anti-nuclear people and we are singing,
singing for our lives...

We are a peace-loving people and we are singing,
singing for our lives...

We are a gentle angry people and we are singing,
singing for our lives.

Smash the Right I

© Red Berets 1981

Chorus

Smash the right (x3) with all our power
Smash the right (x3) with all our might.

The Klansmen go to our schools
to teach students how to hate
but gay love must remain silent
it's enough to make you irate.

They say they're protecting women
but only those who are white
but we say [shouted] "Patriarchal bullshit!"
Women, stand up and fight.

They preach to us about loving
and they say that they're pro-life
but you sure don't get much from it
as a barefoot and pregnant wife.

The cops are spending five million
on so-called intelligence.
How about spending five dollars
on a little common sense?

United we'll take our power
united we'll win our rights
united we'll make a new world
come and join us in our fight.

Chorus (x2)

Basta ya (3x) qu'el Yankee mande

Smash the Right II

© Arlene Mantle 1982, with permission (written at a collective song-writing session facilitated by Arlene Mantle, Toronto)

1. Right to Lifers kill my choice
That's how I know the Right is wrong.
They tell me I gotta be a "total" woman
Before I can belong.
But their "total" woman spends her time
Polishing her ball and chain.

Chorus

All around the Right is risin'
People we need organizin'
SMASH THE RIGHT is our song
'Cause we know that the Right is wrong.

2. They say freedom fighters are terrorists
That's how I know the Right is wrong.
Reaganomics sells out people
For the money to build bombs.
U.S. in El Salvador –
Are we heading for Viet Nam?

Chorus

3. They divide us black from white
That's how I know the Right is wrong.
Brothers aren't brothers, sisters aren't sisters
If you listen to their song.
The Ku Klux Klan moved in on my street
How do I tell my child?

Chorus

4. They say you're evil if you're gay
That's how I know the Right is wrong.
Women loving women, men loving men
Turns their hate campaign on strong.
The Right to Privacy concerns us all
It's a right that isn't wrong.

Chorus

5. We the people, you and me
Fighting back and growing strong.
Brothers and sisters working together
Our power will bring them down.
No more Ku Klux Klan on my street
Now I can tell my child:

Chorus

All around WE are risin'
People we are organizin'
SMASH THE RIGHT is our song
'Cause we know the Right is wrong.

All around WE are risin'
People we are organizin'
SMASH THE RIGHT is our song
'Cause we know the Right is wrong.

Yeah – the Right's so wrong,
There's nothin' left but Left!

Stand Up, Oh Eaton's Workers

Traditional, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

Stand up, oh Eaton's workers:
together we can win.
Lift high the union banner,
a new age to begin.
From victory unto victory
the boycott we shall lead.
Till we get a fair contract
with terms we workers need.

Stand up, oh Eaton's workers:
your union's strength make known.
The bosses all will fail you;
the workers help their own.
In unity we'll triumph
against unnumbered foes.
Let courage rise with danger.
and strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, oh Eaton's workers:
the strife will not be long.
This day the noise of battle –
the next, the victor's song.
The union, students, and women,
from sea to shining sea.
Support your brave example
of workers' dignity.

Superwoman

@Cathy Miller (the Singing Quilter) 1982, with permission

Who can leap mountains with a little hop? Sup sup
superwoman
Who goes out hunting for some evil to stop? Sup sup
superwoman
Who is ambitious to get to the top? Sup sup
superwoman
Who can do gymnastics with a pail and a mop? Sup
sup superwoman
You know that she cares cause she's always right
there.
She's sup sup superwoman, sup sup superwoman.

Who can walk alone in the dead of the night? Sup
sup superwoman
If she's getting hassled she'll just stand up and fight.
Sup sup superwoman
Who can go flying up to such a height? Sup sup
superwoman
Who else in the world is such a welcome sight? Sup
sup superwoman
Whenever something's wrong, she's the strong of
the strong.
She's sup sup superwoman, sup sup superwoman.

Who's up in the cockpit of the latest plane? Sup sup
superwoman
Shopping list is ready when she lands again. Sup sup
superwoman
Cheese souffle by candlelight at eight o'clock. Sup
sup superwoman
Coffee done by midnight then go out and rock. Sup
sup superwoman
Watch her flash by, she takes it on the fly.
She's sup sup superwoman, sup sup superwoman.

Early in the morning she's awake with the dawn. Sup
sup superwoman
Before the kids are up she's got the breakfast on.
Sup sup superwoman
Serves them up their bacon with a rose and a song.
Sup sup superwoman
Before they turn around she's out the door and she's
gone. Sup sup superwoman
Amazed as the rest but they know she's the best.
She's sup sup superwoman, sup sup superwoman.

Maybe some day she'll come and take me in. Sup
sup superwoman
Teach me all she knows about a thicker skin. Sup sup
superwoman
Me I get so tired working 8 to 5. Sup sup
superwoman
She works 18 hours then goes out to jive. Sup sup
superwoman
She's got all the PR, makes you wonder who on earth
you are.
She's sup sup superwoman, sup sup superwoman.

Swing Low, Sweet Paddy Wagon

Traditional, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

Chorus

Swing low, sweet paddy wagon
Coming for to carry me away,
Swing low, sweet paddy wagon
Coming for to carry me away.

I looked over Harbord and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me away,
A band of police coming after me
Coming for to carry me away.

Chorus

If you get to the courthouse before I do
Coming for to carry me away,
Tell Ian Scott I'm comin' there too
Coming for to carry me away.

Chorus

The church and the state, the anti-choice too,
Coming for to carry me away,
They ain't gonna stop us whatever they do
Coming for to carry me away.

Chorus

The Twelve Days of Christmas

*Traditional, adapted by Andrea Knight (Red Berets)
for the Eaton's strike*

On the first day of Christmas
Let's send the bourgeoisie
A message from you and me.

On the second day of Christmas
Let's send the bourgeoisie
Two red flags and
A message from you and me.

Three picket lines...
Four angry mobs...
Five banks in flames...
Six ticking time bombs...
Seven women warriors...
Eight revolutions...
Nine converted missiles...
Ten lesbians leaping...
Eleven strikers striking...

On the twelfth day of Christmas
Let's send the bourgeoisie
Twelve million militants
Eleven strikers striking
Ten lesbians leaping
Nine converted missiles
Eight revolutions
Seven women warriors
Six ticking time bombs
Five banks in flames
Four angry mobs
Three picket lines
Two red flags and
A message from you and me:
Smash the state and the bourgeoisie!

We Have a Little Problem

Traditional Dreidel song, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

For Eaton's strike:

We have a little problem
We're out on strike today
The reason for it's simple
We all need better pay.
Boycott, boycott, boycott
We're out on strike today
So let's all boycott Eaton's
Until we win the day.

For Visa strike:

We have a little problem
We're out on strike today
The reason for it's simple
We all need better pay.
Oh, contract, contract, contract
We're out on strike today
So we'll tie up the bank lines
Until we get our way.

We stand outside the Commerce
This cold and windy day
To ask you busy shoppers
To kindly stay away.
Oh, contract, contract, contract
We're out on strike today
So we'll tie up the bank lines
Until we get our way.

We Shall Not Be Moved

African-American spiritual, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

The union is behind us, we shall not be moved
The union is behind us, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

Women stand united, we shall not be moved
We want our daycares funded, we shall not be moved...

We're fighting for our freedom, we shall not be moved
We're fighting for our freedom, we shall not be moved...

We fight against the Clan, they shall be removed
We fight against the Clan, they shall be removed
Just like the garbage floating on the water
They shall be removed.

Yankees in El Salvador, they shall be removed
Yankees in El Salvador, they shall be removed...

Stop police harassment, they shall be removed
Stop police harassment, they shall be removed...

No, no, no nos moveran
No, no, no nos moveran
Como el trunco del pino en la ribera
No nos moveran.

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

We Will Not Be Denied

© Jan Hillegas 1982, with permission; lyrics adapted by Andrea Knight (Red Berets)

Chorus

We will come back again and again.
We will come back again and again.
We will come back again and again.
We will not be denied.

Shutdowns and layoffs are all that we see.
We're losing even more jobs to technology.
What we are demanding is security.
We will not be denied.

Chorus

Our clinics have been raided, our choices defined.
Men have pushed their power on us one more time.
They'll feel our hopes and anger; we will not resign.
We will not be denied.

Chorus

The Cruise is being tested, whatever we say.
The Liberals and the Tories prefer things that way.
But peace is too important. We won't go away.
We will not be denied.

Chorus (x2)

We Won't Go Back

© Chris Mills (of the Red Berets), 1983

The Right-to-lifers wanna turn the clock back
To the so-called good old days
When a woman who got pregnant
Had the exact amount of choice she could afford to pay.
If she was rich she got a doctor
Who would do anything for greed;
If she was poor, just a back-street butcher
Or else one more mouth to feed.

Chorus

Oh sister, mother, daughter, lover,
Fighting together we can't lose.
And we won't go back to the back streets.
We demand our right to choose!

Ask your mother, ask her mother,
How many women have they known
Who lost their lives or their fertility
On a dirty kitchen table or at home alone.
Women bleeding, women dying,
Sister, listen to them cry.
I say any is too many;
Don't want one more woman to die!

Chorus

Well, they threaten, attack and harass us;
They wanna run us into the ground.
And they didn't hold life so precious
When they set the fire that burned our women's
bookstore down.*
You know violence against women
Has been around more years than you can count.
If it hasn't stopped us yet,
It sure as hell ain't gonna stop us now!

Chorus

Well I say any is too many.
Don't want one more woman to die.

** A Right-to-Lifer firebombed the Toronto's first free-standing abortion clinic on July 29, 1983. It was slightly damaged, but the Women's Bookstore next door was all but destroyed.*

What Shall We Do

Traditional sea shanty, lyrics adapted by the Red Berets

What shall we do with the anti-choicers,
What shall we do with the anti-choicers,
What shall we do with anti-choicers early in the
morning.
Fight back and defeat them, fight back and defeat
them,
Fight back and defeat them early in the morning.

What shall we do with the bible bigots,
What shall we do with bible bigots,
What shall we do with bible bigots early in the
morning.
Fight back and defeat them, fight back and defeat
them,
Fight back and defeat them early in the morning.

What shall we do with the foes of the clinic*...
What shall we do with Ian Scott** ...

**the Morgentaler clinic*

*** attorney general of Ontario*

Women Walk More Determined

© Kristin Lems 1983, with permission (some lyrics adapted by the Red Berets)

Chorus

Women walk more determined than we ever have,
Women walk with a stronger stride than we ever did
before
Take a look sisters and brothers
'Cause you're going to find you've got another kind
of woman
Who will ask a lot, and give a lot,
And live a whole lot more!

1. You and I have come a long way,
And we're gonna go farther still
The more we learn, about our world
We know our fight is still uphill
All the ancient fears are coming out now
But we're getting them under control
And when we march, today as one
we know we're gonna win our goal.

Chorus

2. It's hard to break all the traditions
And sometimes we want to give up
But we'll keep on going and keep on growing
Now is not the time to stop.
For peace and jobs and choice
We'll grow strong as we can get
And we'll get to the end, my sister and friends,
We haven't seen the best of it yet.

Chorus