**Same Tune, Different Day**

**Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us (William Steffe, 1858)**

<http://www.hymnary.org/text/say_brothers_will_you_meet_us>

John Brown’s Body, <http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/amex/brown/sfeature/song.html>

Battle Hymn of the Republic, <http://specialneedsinmusic.com/folk_song_pages/battle_hymn.html>

Solidarity Forever, 1915, <http://unionsong.com/u025.html>

Blood on the Risers (WWII) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qW6oPp0LtMI>

**Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us (William Steffe, 1858)**
A Methodist Camping Meeting Song

Say, brothers will you meet us (3x)
On Canaan's happy shore.

Glory, glory, hallelujah (3x)
For ever, evermore!

JOHN BROWN’S BODY

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

Chorus:
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord
He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord
He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord
His soul goes marching on.
Chorus

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back
His soul goes marching on.
Chorus

John Brown died that the slaves might be free
John Brown died that the slaves might be free
John Brown died that the slaves might be free
But his soul goes marching on.
Chorus

The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down
The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down
The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down
On the grave of old John Brown.
Chorus

(other versions exist as well)

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

**Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the lord,
He is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed his fateful lightning
of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on

Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah
Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on

I have seen Him in the watch fires
of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar
in the evening dews and damps,
I can read his righteous sentence
in the dim and daring lamps,
His day is marching on

Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah
Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on

I have read a fiery Gospel
writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with My contemners
so with you My grace shall deal,"
Let the Hero born of woman
crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on

Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah
Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on**

**He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat,
He is sitting out the hearts of men
before His judgment seat,
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
Be jubilant, my feet,
Our God is marching on

Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah
Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on**

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

When the union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one
For the Union makes us strong

Chorus
Solidarity forever, solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
For the Union makes us strong

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?
For the union makes us strong

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they trade
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad laid
Now we stand outcast and starving 'mid the wonders we have made
But the union makes us strong

All the world  that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone
We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward stone by stone
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own
While the union makes us strong

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn
We can break their haughty power gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong

 In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousandfold
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old
For the Union makes us strong

BLOOD ON THE RISERS

He was just a cherry trooper and he surely shook with fright

as he checked all his equipment and made sure his pack was tight

He had to sit and listen to the awful engines roar,

And he ain't gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

Gory, Gory, What a helluva way to die

Gory, Gory, What a helluva way to die

Gory, Gory, What a helluva way to die

He ain’t gonna jump no more.

"Is everybody happy?" cried the Sergeant, looking up.

Our hero feebly answered "yes," and then they stood him up.

He leaped right out into the blast, his static line unhooked.

He ain’t gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock;

He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop;

He jerked his cord, the silk spilled out and wrapped around his legs.

He ain’t gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his dome;

The lines were snarled and tied in knots, around his skinny bones;

The canopy became his shroud, he hurtled to the ground.

He ain’t gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

The days he’d lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind;

He thought about the girl back home, the one he’d left behind;

He thought about the medics and wondered what they’d find.

He ain’t gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild;

The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they rolled their sleeves and smiled;

For it had been a week or more since last a chute had failed.

He ain’t gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

He hit the ground, the sound was splat, his blood went spurting high;

His comrades were then heard to say, "A helluve way to die";

He lay there rolling ‘round in the welter of his gore.

He ain’t gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

There was blood upon the risers, there were brains upon the chute;

Intestines were a-dangling from this paratrooper’s boots;

They picked him up, still in his chute and poured him from his boots.

He ain’t gonna jump no more.

CHORUS: