

Freedom To The Working Man Uisce Beatha

C **Am** **F** **G**
When I was still a young boy I sat on my Daddy s knee
C **Am** **F** **G**
He said all the work I do is to ensure you a better life than me.
C **Am** **F** **G**
I ve toiled and laboured all my life for I knew it was my lot,
C **Am** **F** **G** **C**
For today I go to picket for the little that we ve got.

Now mom she d gently rub my head and force a tender smile
As I dawned my brothers out grown clothes I thought I heard her cry
What thoughts must have filled her head that early winters day
With love and hope and fear and hate she d live to see them pay.

Chorus:

F **C**
So gather round and sing our song
G **C**
the workers voice is loud and strong
F **C**
no longer held by the bosses hand
G **C**
Freedom to the working man.

Now the cabbage soup is on the boil and the devils at the door
They say that love is not enough and the children deserve more
They cart us out like the cattle and it tears my Momma s soul
For you can t support five children when you re livin on the dole.

Chorus

And though those days are long ago I never will forget
The loney nights and the hungry years I carry with me yet
And when I pass a picket line I ll chear with hand clenched high
Cause I ll support the workin man until the day I die

Chorus