

Woody Guthrie, Union Burying Ground

I see they're lowering right new coffin,
I see they're letting down right new coffin,
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.
And the new dirt's falling on a right new coffin,
The new dirt's falling on a right new coffin
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.
O, tell me who's that they're letting down, down,
Tell me who's that they're letting down, down,
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.
Another union organizer,
Another union organizer,
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.
A union brother and a union sister,
A union brother and a union sister,
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.
A union father and a union mother,
A union father and a union mother,
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.
Well, I'm going to sleep in a union coffin,
I'm going to sleep in a union coffin,
Way over in that Union Burying round.
Every new grave brings a thousand new ones,
Every new grave brings a thousand members,
Way over in that Union Burying round.
Every new grave brings a thousand brothers,
Every new grave brings a thousand sisters,
Way over in that Union Burying round.