

# Phil Ochs, Ballad Of The Carpenter

Jesus was a working man  
And a hero you will hear  
Born in the town of Bethlehem  
At the turning of the year  
At the turning of the year

When Jesus was a little lad  
Streets rang with his name  
For he argued with the older men  
And put them all to shame  
He put them all to shame

He became a wandering journeyman  
And he traveled far and wide  
And he noticed how wealth and poverty  
Live always side by side  
Live always side by side

So he said "Come you working men  
Farmers and weavers too  
If you would only stand as one  
This world belongs to you  
This world belongs to you"

When the rich men heard what the carpenter had done  
To the Roman troops they ran  
Saying put this rebel Jesus down  
He's a menace to God and man  
He's a menace to God and man

The commander of the occupying troops  
Just laughed and then he said  
"There's a cross to spare on Calvaries hill  
By the weekend he'll be dead  
By the weekend he'll be dead"

Now Jesus walked among the poor  
For the poor were his own kind  
And they'd never let them get near enough  
To take him from behind  
To take him from behind

So they hired one of the traders trade  
And an informer was he  
And he sold his brother to the butchers men  
For a fistful of silver money  
For a fistful of silver money

And Jesus sat in the prison cell  
And they beat him and offered him bribes  
To desert the cause of his fellow man  
And work for the rich men's tribe,  
To work for the rich men's tribe

And the sweat stood out on Jesus' brow  
And the blood was in his eye  
When they nailed his body to the Roman cross  
And they laughed as they watched him die  
They laughed as they watched him die

Two thousand years have passed and gone  
Many a hero too  
But the dream of this poor carpenter  
Remains in the hands of you

Remains in the hands of you