

The Ballad Of The Carpenter  
By Ewan MacColl

Jesus was a working man,  
A hero as you shall hear.  
Born in the slums of Bethle-(Am)hem  
At the turning of the year,  
Yes, the turning of the year.

When Jesus was a little lad.  
The streets rang with his name,  
For he argued with the aldermen  
And he put them all to shame.  
Yes he...

He became a wandering journeyman  
And he wandered far and wide,  
And he saw how wealth and poverty  
Lived always side by side,  
Yes...

He said, "Come all you working men,  
You farmers and weavers, too.  
If you will only organize,  
This world belongs to you,  
Yes...

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,  
Yes...

Jesus walked among the poor  
For the poor were his own kind,  
And they wouldn't let the cops get near enough  
To take him from behind,  
Yes...

So they hired one of the traitor's trade  
And a stool-pigeon was he  
And he sold his brother to the butcher's men  
For a fistful of silver money.  
Yes...

When Jesus lay in the prisoner's cell,  
They beat him and offered him bribes  
To desert the cause of his own dear folk  
And work for the rich men's tribe,  
Yes...

The commander of the occupying troops  
He laughed and then he said,  
"There's a cross to spare on Calvary Hill,  
By the weekend he'll be dead,  
Yes..

The sweat stood out upon his brow  
And the blood was in his eye,  
And they nailed his body to the Roman cross  
And they laughed as they watched him die,  
Yes..

Two thousand years have passed and gone,  
And many a hero too,  
But the dream of this poor carpenter  
At last it is coming true,

**Yes...**