

"Working Man"

It's a working man I am
And I've been down underground
And I swear to God
If I ever see the sun

Oh for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
I never again
Will go down underground

At the age of sixteen years
Oh he quarrels with his peers
He vowed they'd never
See another one

In the dark recess of the mine
Where you age before your time
And the coal dust lies heavy
On your lungs

It's a working man I am
And I've been down underground

And I swear to God
If I ever see the sun

Oh for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
I never again
Will go down underground

At the age of sixty four
He will greet you at the door
And he will gently lead you
By the arm

Through the dark recess of the mine
He will take you back in time
And he'll tell you of
The hardships that were had

It's a working man I am
And I've been down underground
And I swear to God
If I ever see the sun

Oh for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
I never again will go down underground

I n e v e r a g a i n w i l l g o d o w n u n d e r g r o u n d

The Circle Game by Joni Mitchell

Yesterday a child came out to wonder
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder
And tearful at the falling of a star

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons
Skated over ten clear frozen streams
Words like when you're older must appease him
And promises of someday make his dreams

And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time
We can't return we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game *

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now
Cartwheels turn to car wheels thru the town

And they tell him take your time it won't be long now
Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down

And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time
We can't return we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game

So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty
Though his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true
There'll be new dreams maybe better dreams and plenty
Before the last revolving year is through

And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time
We can't return we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game



17 October 2014

UN Day for the Eradication of Poverty

Commemoration starts at 11:00am – Custom House Quay
Masters of Ceremonies: members of the SAOL project
Refreshments served afterwards at Liberty Hall

Lyrics and Wresinski's Address

Let Me Go - Gary Barlow

A room full of sadness
A broken heart
And only me to blame
For every single part

No Science or Religion
Could make this whole
To be loved, but never loved
To have, but never hold
It's a life alone, and a desperate need
To be held to be loved so
This is gonna take a bit of getting used to,
But I know what's right for you

Fly high and let me go
That sky will save your soul
When you pass by then you'll know
That this gonna take a bit of getting used to
But I know what's right for you
Let me go

A head full of madness
And no where safe
When tears aren't big enough,
And love turns into hate
It's a life alone, and a desperate need

To be held to be loved so
This gonna take a bit of getting used to
But I know what's right for you

Fly high and let me go
That sky will save your soul
When you pass by then you'll know
That this gonna take a bit of getting used to
But I know what's right for you

So let me go life will get better
Find the love I never gave ya
I know you lie there waiting all night long,
So find where you belong

Fly high and let me go (Let me go)
That sky will save your soul (Let it save your soul tonight)
Fly high and let me go (Let me go let me go)
That sky will save your soul
But this gonna take a bit of getting used to
But I know what's right for you
Let me go

The Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young girl calling
Micheal they are taking you away
For you stole Trevelyn's corn
So the young might see the morn.
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

***Low lie the Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing we had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry.***

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling
Nothing matters Mary when you're free,
Against the Famine and the Crown
I rebelled they ran me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Chorus

By a lonely harbor wall
She watched the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry.

Chorus

Commemoration is organised by the National 17 October Committee. www.17october.ie
Committee is an informal coalition of community, voluntary, religious and overseas
organisations. **Contact:** 17 October Committee c/o ATD Fourth World – Tel 01 855 8191

Commemoration is financially supported by the **Department of Social Protection** as part of
its funding initiative for the UN Day for Eradication of Poverty 2014.

I bear witness to you

*Proclamation of Address
by members of the SAOL Project*

You, the millions and millions
of children, women and fathers
who have died from misery and
hunger and whose legacy we hold.

It is not your death that I evoke,
today on this Plaza of Human
Rights and Liberties.

I bear witness to your lives.
I bear witness to you, the mothers,
whose children are cast aside in
this world, condemned as they are
to sheer misery.

I bear witness to your children,
twisted by the pains of hunger,
no longer able to smile,
yet still yearning to love.

I bear witness to the millions of
young people who have no reason
to believe or even to exist,
and who vainly search for a future
in this senseless world.

I bear witness to you,
the poor of all times,
still poor today, forever on the
road, fleeing from place to place,
despised and disgraced.

Labourers without a trade,
ever crushed by their toil.
Labourers whose hands, today,
are no longer useful.

Millions of men, women, and
children whose hearts are still
pounding strong to the beat
of the struggle,
whose minds rise in revolt
against the unjust fate imposed
upon them,
whose courage demands the right
to priceless dignity.

I bear witness to you,
children, women and men,
who do not want to condemn,
but to love, to pray, to work,
and to unite,
so that a world of solidarity
may be born.

A world, our world,
in which all people
would have given the best of
themselves before dying.
I bear witness to you,
men, women and children.

Your renown is henceforth
engraved by heart, hand and tool,
in the marble of this Plaza of
Human Rights and Liberties.

I bear witness to you, so that
humanity may at last fulfil its true
destiny, refusing forever that
misery prevail.

***Joseph Wresinski's Address
17 October 1987
Human Rights Plaza, Paris***