Battle Song of the NFB

Tune: “The Battle Hymn of the Republic”

Words by Floyd Fields and Josephine Huff

Recorded by the NFB of Pennsylvania.

1. . Blind eyes have seen the vision of the Federation way.

New White Cane legislation brings the dawn of a new day.

The right of the blind to organize is truly here to stay.

Our cause goes marching on.

(Refrain:) Glory, glory, Federation,

Glory, glory, Federation,

Glory, glory, Federation,

Our cause goes marching on.

2. We have seen it in the action of four hundred chapters strong.

Good leadership and courage have righted many a wrong.

Let’s aid NFB’s program and join in its battle song.

Our cause goes marching on.

(Refrain:) Glory, glory, Federation,

Glory, glory, Federation,

Glory, glory, Federation,

Our cause goes marching on.

3. TenBroek has sounded trumpet which shall never sound “retreat.”

We have sifted out the hearts of blind before our judgment seat.

Oh, be swift all blind to answer, and be jubilant your feet.

Our cause goes marching on.

(Refrain:) Glory, glory, Federation,

Glory, glory, Federation,

Glory, glory, Federation,

Our cause goes marching on.

4. To aid the blind’s long struggle we have formed the NFB

To free them from their bondage of workshop and agency,

To give a hand to all the blind wherever they may be.

Our cause goes marching on.

(Refrain:) Glory, glory, Federation,

Glory, glory, Federation,

Glory, glory, Federation,

Our cause goes marching on.

https://nfb.org/images/nfb/audio/nfb\_songs/01-battle-hymn-of-the-nfb.mp3

Recorded by the Cane Raisers of the Sligo Creek Chapter, National Federation of the Blind

\*\*The Library Song

Tune: “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching”

Words by Curtis Willoughby

1. At the mailbox I sit thinking of the book I need,

And the library so cold and far away.

And the tears they fill my eyes ‘spite of all that I can do

When I think of what the library will say.

(Refrain:) “Wait, wait, wait, your book’s not in yet.

We’ll try to have it next year without fail.

We are not your corner store. We cannot do any more.

After all, we know just one percent read Braille.”

2. ‘Cause they’re running out of space. “For your book there is no place.

The demand for it, you see, is far too low.

How about a light romance or a novel set in France,

For we mostly serve the elderly, you know.”

(Refrain:) “Wait, wait, wait, your book’s not in yet.

We’ll try to have it next year without fail.

We are not your corner store. We cannot do any more.

After all, we know just one percent read Braille.”

3. So at home and on the job I am waiting for the day

When the mailman will come up to my door

With the book that I have sought and not the one they thought

That my profile showed I should be asking for.

(Refrain:) “Wait, wait, wait, your book’s not in yet.

We’ll try to have it next year without fail.

We are not your corner store. We cannot do any more.

After all, we know just one percent read Braille.”

\*\*The Bureau Song

Tune: “In the Garden”

Words by Ted Young

1. I went to the bureau alone

Straight from school and a little bit nervous.

I asked for a job, then the counseling slob

Signed me up for two years rehab service.

(Refrain:) Then they tested me, and they rested me,

And they told me there was some hope.

With the anger I bear as I tarry there

No blind guy should have to cope.

2. I took all my medical exams

And the best eye tests I could get.

Then they tested my means, which was four cans of beans,

Three cans of beer, one cassette.

(Refrain:) Then they tested me, and they rested me,

And they told me there was some hope.

With the anger I bear as I tarry there

No blind guy should have to cope.

3. I finally got a job on my own

Breaking loose from the bureau’s long tether.

I called and said, “I found work,” and the counseling jerk

Said, “Close case, ‘cause we’ve done this together!”

(Refrain) (Refrain:) Then they tested me, and they rested me,

And they told me there was some hope.

With the anger I bear as I tarry there

No blind guy should have to cope.

\*\*I’ve Been Workin’ in the Workshop

Tune: “I’ve Been Workin’ on the Railroad”

I’ve been working in the workshop

All the livelong day,

And with the wages that they pay me

It’s just to pass my time away.

And when I ask about more money,

They give me the big lie.

“We’d like to give you lots of raises,

But you’d lose your SSI.”

“Work is therapy,”

They keep telling me.

I’ve heard it till I’ve had my fill.

‘Cause if it’s therapy,

I wish they’d let me be.

This therapy’s a bitter pill.