



"THE BALLAD OF DOROTHY DAY"

LYRICS BY HUGH BLUMENFELD

(To the tune of Woody Guthrie's "Jesus Christ")

Dorothy Day grew up poor, two times married and divorced
A dance hall girl in New Orleans
Raised a child on her own, thought she'd end her life alone
Till she found that The Way could be the means

Dorothy Day was no saint made of plaster and paint
She was only a union maid
And while Doris was singing "Que Sera Sera"
Dorothy hammered out the future "Day By Day"

Now Cardinal Spellman once said the greatest thing he ever did
Was to make the gravediggers' union pay
But those men of Calvary found true Hospitality
In the Houses of Dorothy Day

Yes, in houses by the score, she took in strangers at her door
when folks' backs were up against the wall
And if you have a cent to spare as you walk through Union Square
The Catholic Worker still puts out The Call

For fifty years and more she spoke out against each war
No matter the reason or the cause
'Cause when all was said and done, no matter which side won,
The worker was the one who took the loss



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At 80 years of age she still fought for a living wage
Nothing could turn her from the path
She marched with Cesar Chavez and got booked in California
For trampling out the grapes of wrath

[this verse can/should be adapted for the occasion]:
This song was written on the way to New York City
For clerics, scholars, [lawyers] too
But if Dorothy Day were here, she might think it kinda queer—
Still no seats for the [kitchen, maintenance, backstage, clean-up] crew.

[slower] Oh, 100 years from now when the fields of Mars are plowed
You'll hear some Teamster say:
"On the Holo-Deck last night they showed some farce 'bout middle class life
It said Doris, but they must've meant Dorothy Day."

Dorothy Day was no saint made of plaster and paint
No angel that'll just fly away
While Doris was singing "Que Sera Sera"
Dorothy hammered out the future Day By Day