

# The World Turned Upside Down

Chuck Ragan

In 1649  
To St. George's Hill,  
A ragged band they called the Diggers  
Came to show the people's will  
They defied the landlords  
They defied the laws  
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs

We come in peace they said  
To dig and sow  
We come to work the lands in common  
And to make the waste ground grow  
This earth divided  
We will make whole  
So it will be  
A common treasury for all

The sin of property  
We do disdain  
No man has any right to buy and sell  
The earth for private gain  
By theft and murder  
They took the land  
Now everywhere the walls  
Spring up at their command

They make the laws  
To chain us well  
The clergy dazzle us with heaven  
Or they damn us into hell  
We will not worship  
The God they serve  
The God of greed who feed the rich  
While poor folk starve

We work we eat together  
We need no swords  
We will not bow to the masters  
Or pay rent to the lords  
Still we are free  
Though we are poor  
You Diggers all stand up for glory  
Stand up now

From the men of property  
The orders came  
They sent the hired men and troopers  
To wipe out the Diggers' claim  
Tear down their cottages  
Destroy their corn  
They were dispersed  
But still the vision lingers on

You poor take courage  
You rich take care  
This earth was made a common treasury  
For everyone to share

All things in common  
All people one  
We come in peace  
The orders came to cut them down