

The **POLITICAL SONGSTER**

March 2014

20 pages of songs to sing and share **£2.50**



The Political Songster was first published by
Birmingham Songwriter John Freeth in 1793



www.TradArtsTeam.co.uk

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Many thanks to all of the singers and songwriters who contributed songs

SALTLEY GATE

WORDS DAVE ROGERS

Tune: traditional

The Ro-ver wor-kers came, close the gates, close the gates,
From Fish-ers just the same, close the gates,
The wo-men from S. U., the Mor - ris wor - kers too,
To Salt - ley Gate they drew, close the gates, close the gates,
To Salt - ley Gate they drew, close the gates.

2

Down Bromford Lane we came,
CLOSE THE GATES,
CLOSE THE GATES,
We marched along Drews Lane,
CLOSE THE GATES,
Down the Tyburn Road,
With heads held high we strode
Our Banners filled the road,
CLOSE THE GATES,
CLOSE THE GATES,
Our Banners filled the road,
CLOSE THE GATES



3

A solid wall are we,
CLOSE THE GATES
CLOSE THE GATES
Our strength is unity,
CLOSE THE GATES,
We've marched across the years,
Through hunger, doubt and fears,
We are the Engineers,
CLOSE THE GATES,
CLOSE THE GATES,
We are the Engineers,
CLOSE THE GATES

4

You men of high renown,
CLOSE THE GATES,
CLOSE THE GATES.
You servants of the crown,
CLOSE THE GATES,
No power in the land,
Can gain the upper hand,
When we united stand,
CLOSE THE GATES,
CLOSE THE GATES,
When we united stand,
CLOSE THE GATES,
CLOSE THE GATES!



JAMIE FOYERS

Words : Ewan MacColl Tune : Traditional

Far dis-tant, far dis-tant lies Fo-yers the brave, No tomb-stone me-
mo-ri-al shall hal-low his grave His bones they are scattered on the
rude soil of Spain, For young Ja-mie Fo-yers in bat-tle was slain.

***Far distant, far distant, lies Foyers the brave,
No tombstone memorial shall hallow his grave
His bones they lie scattered on the rude soil of Spain,
For young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.***

***He's gane frae the shipyard that stands on the Clyde;
His hammer is silent, his tools laid aside,
To the wide Ebro river young Foyers has gane
To fight by the side o' the people of Spain.***

***There wasn't his equal at work or at play,
He was strong in the union till his dying day;
He was grand at the fitba', at the dance he was braw,
O, young Jamie Foyers was the floo'er o' them a'.***

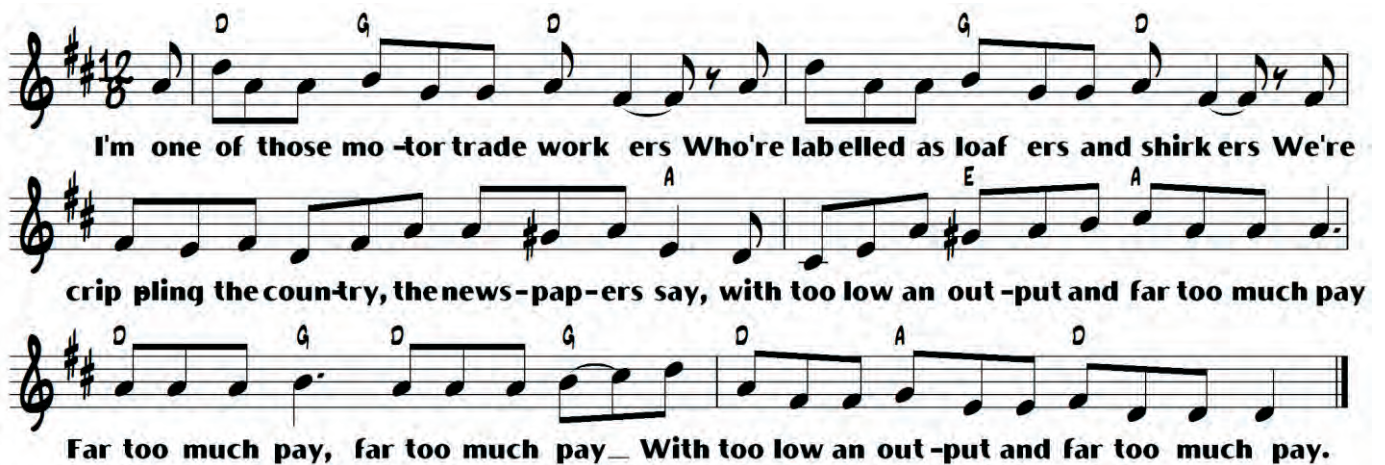
***He came frae the shipyard, took off his working claes,
O, I mind that time weel in the lang simmer days;
He said, "Fare ye well, lassie, I'll come back again."
But young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.***

***In the fight for Belchite he was aye to the fore,
He fought at Gandesa till he couldn't fight no more;
He lay owre his machine-gun wi' a bullet in his brain
And young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.***

***Far distant, far distant, lies Foyers the brave,
No tombstone memorial shall hallow his grave
His bones they lie scattered on the rude soil of Spain,
For young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.***

Motor Trade Workers

Words :Don Perrygrove Tune: Dibden



I'm one of those mo-tor trade work ers Who're labelled as loaf ers and shirk ers We're
crip pling the coun-try, the news-pap-ers say, with too low an out-put and far too much pay
Far too much pay, far too much pay_ With too low an out-put and far too much pay.

Each morning we rise around seven
And drive to our mechanised heaven
We drink cans of tea have a laugh and a crack
Then the half-seven bell rings and off goes the track

Our track is a steel overseer
We pray he'll break down but no fear
For his vital organs are switches and knobs
And he has us poor working lads sweating great cobs

We're pressing and turning and milling
We're finishing and trimming and drilling
We paint and wet flat and we rivet and bore
On machines that ain't changed since the Crimean War



The big banker who's running our nation
Claims we are the cause of stagflation
He sits at his desk on his fat pin stripped arse
While we do the donkeywork he counts the brass

Our trade fluctuate with the season
That's mainly the cause and the reason
We organise now and go in with both feet
For tomorrow we may well be walking the street

Investors and financial backers
Are greedily counting the ackers
That they have procured by a working man's sweat
Then the bastards begrudge us the wages we get

So a word to those wealthy fat Tories
Who dream up those newspaper stories
If it's true what they say and we're all in the stew
Then we're the red peppers the dumplings are **you!**

The Ballad of Joe Hill

By Alfres Hayes & Earle Robinson



**I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you or me
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead"
"I never died" says he
"I never died" says he**

**"In Salt Lake, Joe" says I to him
Him standing by my bed
"They framed you on a murder charge"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead"**

**And, standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes
Joe says, "What they could never kill
Went on to organise
Went on to organise"**

**From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill
Where workers strike and organise
It's there you'll find Joe Hill
It's there you'll find Joe Hill**

REMEMBER JOE HILL



**DON'T MOURN FOR ME,
OCCUPY MADISON!**
OCTOBER 7 • REYNOLDS PARK
Facebook: @oregonoccupymadison Twitter: @occupymadison

Notes:

Joe Hill, a great organizer and poet, was executed in 1915 on a murder charge universally considered to be a frame-up.

"The Preacher and the Slave" is one of his most famous songs. Small packets of Hill's ashes were sent to Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) branches around the world. The packet that came to Sydney was confiscated by police who burnt it in Central Police Station!

EL SALVADOR

Words and music: Bill Murphy

It's night time_ in the back streets of a town in El Sal-va-dor_ Through the dark the death squad creeps Up to the shan ty house door_ They smash down the door and they grab the young man, Beat him down to the ground with the butt of a gun You'll find him in the streets with a bul-let in his head in the morn ing_ A noth-er kil ling Just a-noth-er kil ling Just a-noth-er kil-ling in El Sal - va - dor_

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 8/8. It features five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols (D, G, A) are placed above the notes. The lyrics describe a scene of violence in El Salvador, including a death squad, a shanty house, and a young man being killed.

In the morning, through the dusty streets, the word soon spreads around
And Rosa hurries through the morning heat, to the place where the body's found
As she breaks through the crowd she trembles with fear
Stares down at the body and fights back her tears
Now her brother's been killed like the thousands of others before him
It's another killing, it's another killing
It's another killing in El Salvador

In the White House in Washington, behind closed doors
The President is talking to Congressmen about aid to El Salvador
Look I know they're all killers, but we must help them stay
They're the only ones down there who'll do as we say
And remember all the money that we've got tied up in that country
It's another country, it's another country
It's another country called El Salvador

It's nighttime in the back streets in a town in El Salvador
And through the darkness Rosa creeps away from the shanty house door
Out of the town in the dead of the night
Up to the mountains before the daylight
To seek out her people and join in the fight for their freedom
She's another fighter, she's another fighter
She's another fighter for freedom in El Salvador.



**Photo:
Kevin
Hayes**

The Rich Man & the Poor Man

Bob Cooney sang this song around the clubs in Birmingham, as well as his own songs about the Spanish Civil War

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 8/8. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a strong emphasis on the chorus 'Hi-ro-je-rum'. The lyrics are: 'There was a rich man and he lived in Je-ru-sa-lem, Glo-ry hal le-lu-jah hi-ro-je-rum, He wore a silk hat and his coat was ve-ry spru-ci-um, Glo-ry hal le-lu-jah hi-ro-je-rum Hi-ro-je-rum o hi-ro-je-rum Skin-ny-ma-link-a doo-dle-um Skin-ny-ma-link-a doodle-um Glory hal le-lu-jah Hi-ro-je-rum'.

And at his gate there sat a human **wreckium**
He wore a bowler hat with the rim around his **neckium**,

That poor man asked for a piece of bread and **cheesium**,
The rich man answered, "I'll call for a **policeium**"

The poor man died and his soul went to **heavenium**,
And he danced with the saints 'til quarter past **elevenium**,

The rich man died but he didn't fare so **wellium**
He couldn't go to heaven so he had to go to **hellium**,

The rich man asked for a glass of **Coca Colium**,
The devil only answered, "Come shovel on the **coalium**."

The moral of this story is that riches are no **jokium**,
And we'll all go to heaven 'cos we are stony **brokium**.

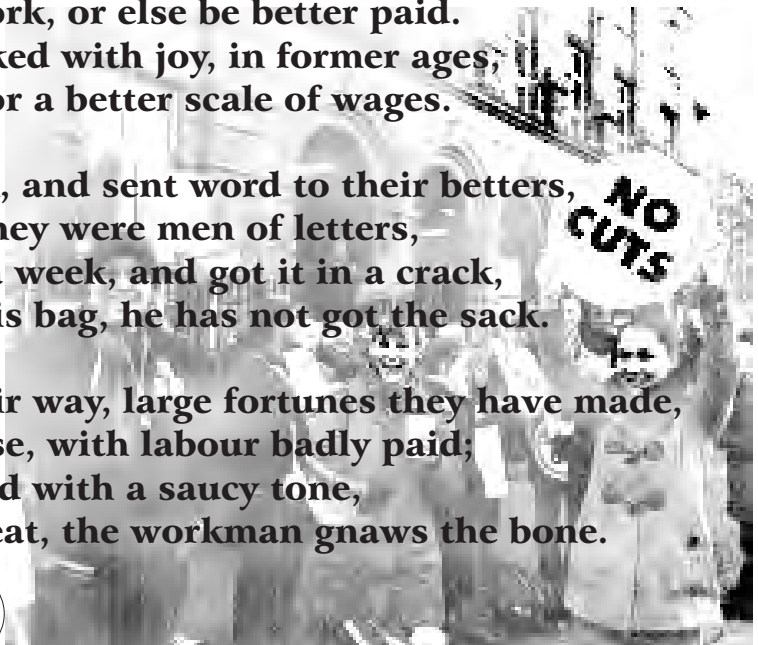
Striking Times

Cheer up, cheer up, you sons of toil, and lis-ten to my song, While I try to a - muse you, and I
will not take you long. The work - ing men of Eng - land at length be - gin to see, They've
made a bold strike for their rights in eigh - teen fif - ty three. *And it's high time that*
work - ing men should have it their own way, And
for a fair day's lab - our re - ceive a fair day's pay.

Chorus.

*And it's high time that working men should have it their own way,
And for a fair day's labour, receive a fair day's pay.*

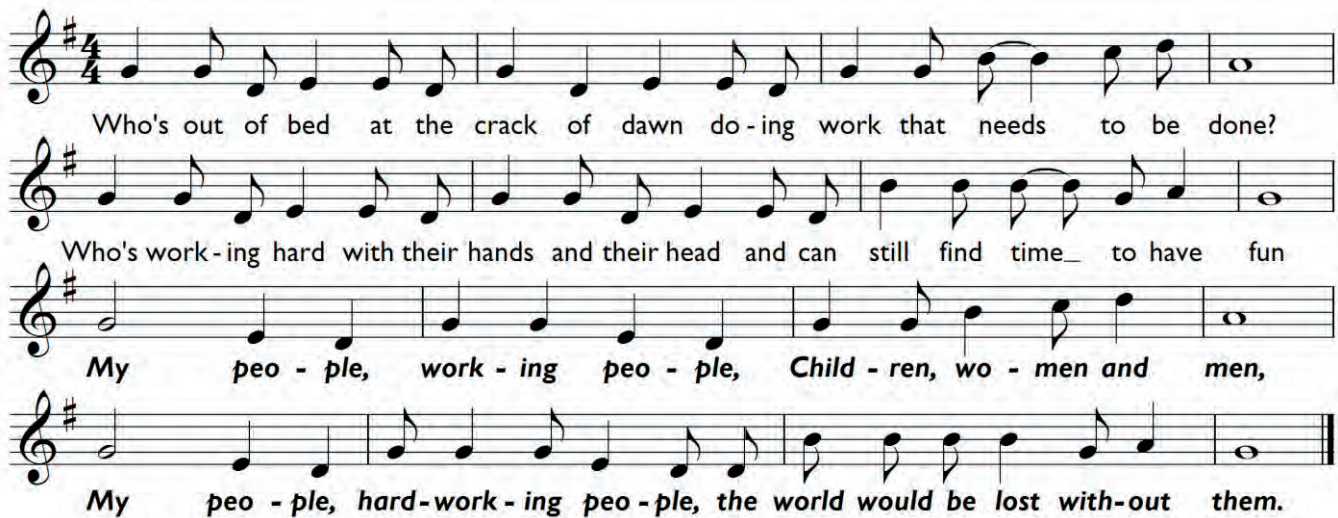
- 2** This is the time for striking, at least, it strikes me so,
Monopoly has had some knocks, but this must be the blow,
The working men, by thousands, complain their fate is hard,
May order mark their conduct, and success be their reward.
- 3** The labouring men of London, on both sides of the Thames,
They made a strike last Monday, which adds much to their names.
Their masters did not relish it, but they made them, understand,
Before the next day's sun had set they gave them their demands.
- 4** The London Weavers mean to show their masters, and the trade,
That they will either cease to work, or else be better paid.
In Spitalfields the Weavers worked with joy, in former ages,
But they're tired out of asking for a better scale of wages.
- 5** In Liverpool the Postmen struck, and sent word to their betters,
Begging them to recollect that they were men of letters,
They asked for three bob more a week, and got it in a crack,
And though each man has got his bag, he has not got the sack.
- 6** The moneyed men have had their way, large fortunes they have made,
For things could not be otherwise, with labour badly paid;
They roll along in splendour, and with a saucy tone,
As Cobbett says, they eat the meat, the workman gnaws the bone.



My People

Words by Alan Sprung

<http://alansprungsongwords.blogspot.co.uk/2006/02/my-people.html>



Who's out of bed at the crack of dawn do-ing work that needs to be done?
Who's work-ing hard with their hands and their head and can still find time_ to have fun
My peo - ple, work - ing peo - ple, Child - ren, wo - men and men,
My peo - ple, hard-work - ing peo - ple, the world would be lost with-out them.

CHORUS

**My people, working people, Children, women and men,
My people, hard-working people,
The world would be lost without them**

WHO lays the bricks in the hospital walls ?
WHO builds the schools and the roads?
WHO makes the planes, drives the midnight trains
And carries more than their share of the load?

WHO raises kids and who cooks the meals?
WHO cares for the sick and the old?
WHO works night and day for not enough pay
But is worth more than silver or gold?

WHO writes the stories, who paints the scenes
And who finds the words that will rhyme?
WHO makes the music and who sings the songs
And who'll bring us together in time?

WHO shapes the land and who plants the seeds?
WHO cares for all that is grown?
**And who's looking forward to the party when
They'll reap what they have sown?**

Jump You Fuckers

By Dave Rogers

Developed from a song by Dudley Moore

It isn't possible to give you music for this song, it is a half-sung, half spoken song but you can hear Dudley Moore singing it at:

<http://slackbastard.anarchobase.com/?p=1644>

I was walking down Threadneedle Street one day
I saw a guy in considerable disarray
Atop a 20 story tower block he was clearly a high ranker
I said "excuse me mate are you a **merchant banker?**"

He says "I've sinned most mortally Oh Ye oh ye"
"And I seek redemption for the **terrible errors** I have made"
:Don't worry chum" I says, "we all make mistakes you know"
Why don't you come down here and talk to us way down below

Then from **20 stories up** he opens up his heart to me
'Twas I that bankrupted RBS and half the country
Share-holders lost their investments and the government's thinking twice
About paying me my pension, which I'm sure you would agree, **is not very nice"**

Looking up at the gleaming tower block I could see
Distant reflections of derelict houses and **repossession notices**
from end to end of the country
I saw the spectre of job centres and endless queues of public sector workers
Queuing up for a crappy job to keep them from the clutches
of Wonga, Uncles and fucking cash converters

In a moment of passion I grabbed a megaphone from a nearby copper
And called out to Sir Fred at the top in a voice that was loud but proper
With tears streaming down me face I cried out emotionally
Do the right thing Sir Fred, for all of us down here, in this once- great - country

I said Jump you fucker jump
And get your problems into a proper dimension
Jump you fucker jump
And save 703 thousand quid a year, off your fucking pension

Aaaaaarsehole (Like Amen)

Spoken foot note

Laugh I nearly cried I haven't laughed so much since Maggie Thatcher got kicked out of parliament, Neil Kinnock had a noose hung over his head by the miners and that bastard Ronald Reagan died. I'd only laugh more if Nick Clegg, Tony Blair, David Cameron and John Humphries off radio 4 did the right thing and all stood together ready to jump from the fucking top floor.

Hard Times of Old England

New version : Tim Hollins

Musical score for 'Hard Times of Old England' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Come all you good people I'll not keep you long and pray will you tell me where the justice has gone, Long time I have tra-vell'd and nev-er seen none, And it's oh, the hard times of old Eng - land in old En - ga - land ve - ry hard times'.

**Come all you good people I'll not keep you long
& pray will you tell where the justice has gone
Long time I have travelled and never seen none**

**CHORUS: & it's Oh the hard times of Old England
In Old England very hard times**

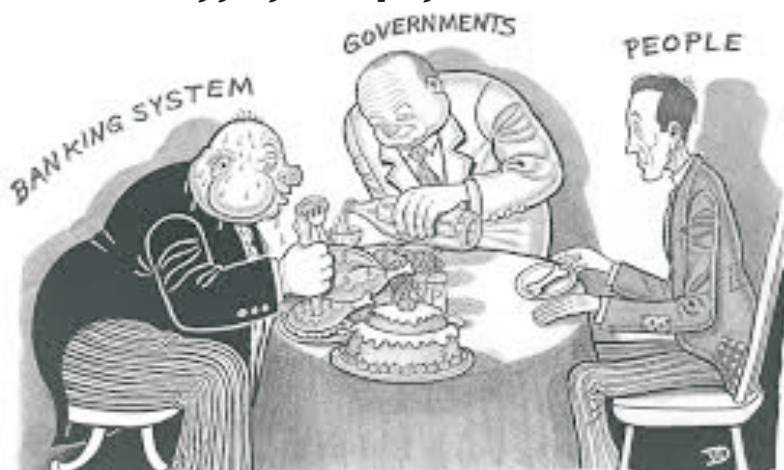
**If you're at the top you can choose your own pay
Steal millions and millions, there's nothing they'll say
Steal nappies or trainers, they'll lock you away**

**The bankers are looting our wealth, it is plain
They're raking off billions, their money's like rain
It's workers like you and me taking the strain**

**There's quick quid and wonga, & loan sharks galore
But watch what you borrow, you'll pay back much more
And beware of the baseball bat knocking your door**

**There's food in great plenty from Asda, it's true
But if you've no money, there's nothing for you
So what's an asylum seeker to do**

**If you're in a wheelchair, or blind or in pain
The millionaires tell you that you are to blame
They're cutting your cash & then swigging Champagne**



Ballad of Accounting

Words and tune: Ewan McColl

Musical score for 'Ballad of Accounting' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of nine staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: IN THE MORN-ING WE BUI-LT THE CI-TY IN THE AFT-ER-NOON WALKED THROUGH ITS STREETS EVE-NING SAW US LEAV-ING WE WAN-DERED THROUGH OUR DAYS AS IF THEY WOULD NEV-ER END ALL OF US IM-AG-INED WE HAD END-LESS TIME TO SPEND WE HARD-LY SAW THE CROSS-ROADS AND SMALL ATT-EN-TION GAVE TO LAND-MARKS ON THE TOUR-NEY FROM THE CRA-DLE TO THE GRAVE THE CRA-DLE TO THE GRAVE THE CRA-DLE TO THE GRAVE

**In the morning we built the city
In the afternoon walked through its streets
Evening saw us leaving**

**We wandered through our days
as if they would never end
All of us imagined we had endless time to spend
We hardly saw the crossroads and small attention gave
To landmarks on the journey
from the cradle to the grave,
cradle to the grave,
radle to the grave**

**Did you learn to dream in the morning?
Abandon dreams in the afternoon?
Wait without hope in the evening?**

**Did you stand there in the traces and let 'em feed you lies?
Did you trail along behind them wearing blinkers on your eyes?
Did you kiss the foot that kicked you, did you thank them for their scorn?
Did you ask for their forgiveness for the act of being born,
act of being born, act of being born?**

**Did you alter the face of the city?
Make any change in the world you found?
Or did you observe all the warnings?**

**Did you read the trespass notices, did you keep off the grass?
Did you shuffle up the pavements just to let your betters pass?
Did you learn to keep your mouth shut, were you seen but never heard?
Did you learn to be obedient and jump to at a word,
jump to at a word, jump to at a word?**

**Did you demand any answers?
The who and the what and the reason why?
Did you ever question the setup?**

**Did you stand aside and let 'em choose while you took second best?
Did you let 'em skim the cream off and give to you the rest?
Did you settle for the shoddy and did you think it right
To let 'em rob you right and left and never make a fight,
never make a fight, never make a fight?**

**What did you learn in the morning?
How much did you know in the afternoon?
Were you content in the evening?
Did they teach you how to question when you were at the school?
Did the factory help you, were you the maker or the tool?
Did the place where you were living enrich your life and then
Did you reach some understanding of all your fellow men,
all your fellow men, all your fellow men?**

Maerdy

The Last Pit in the Rhondda

Words & tune: Dave Rogers

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a time signature of 8/8. It consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Em, D, Em, D, Em, G, B7, Em, D, Em, G, D, B7, Em, D, Em.

There's mist down in the val-ley and the snow lies on the hill__,
No men walk through the emp-ty streets, the pit lies qui-et and still__,
There's a keen wind down the val-ley road, that bites in-to your skin__,
But the peo-ple of the Rhon-dda will keep fight-ing 'til they win__.
Oh Maer - dy, Oh Maer - dy,
The last pit in the Rhon-dda.

Myself, Dave Dale and Kevin Hayes from Banner formed a band during the 1984/5 miners strike and worked more or less full time writing songs, singing on picket lines, pit socials and at demonstrations. Many more songs are on Banner's "Here We Go for the Miners" tape which we produced as a fund raiser during the strike. This song was written after a visit to Maerdy Colliery in South Wales who were linked with Birmingham during the strike.



**There's mist down in the valley and the snow lies on the hill,
No men walk through the empty streets the pit lies quiet and still,
There's a keen wind down the valley road, that bites into your skin,
But the people of the Rhondda will keep fighting till they win.**

CHORUS - Oh Maerdy, Oh Maerdy, The last pit in the Rhondda.

**When I was young I used to sit down by the fireside,
And hear those tales of struggle that would fill my heart with pride,
I heard of the evictions back in 1932,
When the people of the Rhondda wouldn't let the bailiffs through.**

CHORUS

**I heard tell of a valley that we'll never see again
Where the coalmines found employment for 40,000 men,
The anthracite was plentiful down in the Rhondda seams,
But the owners wanted closures and economising schemes,**

CHORUS

**My father had to fight to earn a living from the mines,
If he was here today you'd find him on that picket line,
His lungs were full of Maerdy dust, aye that's the price of coal,
The dust it took his body but the union gained his soul,**

CHORUS

**The women of the Rhondda are out on the picket line,
To fight that coal board closure plan and save the Maerdy mine,
Fighting for our children and the place where we belong,
You will hear their voices singing we are women we are strong.**

CHORUS

**I've marched with men from Corton Wood and with the Kearsley wives,
And joined the Durham miners like us fighting for their lives,
I've stood with lads from Nottingham down in that Orgreave field,
We faced the dogs and truncheons and the bloody riot shields,**

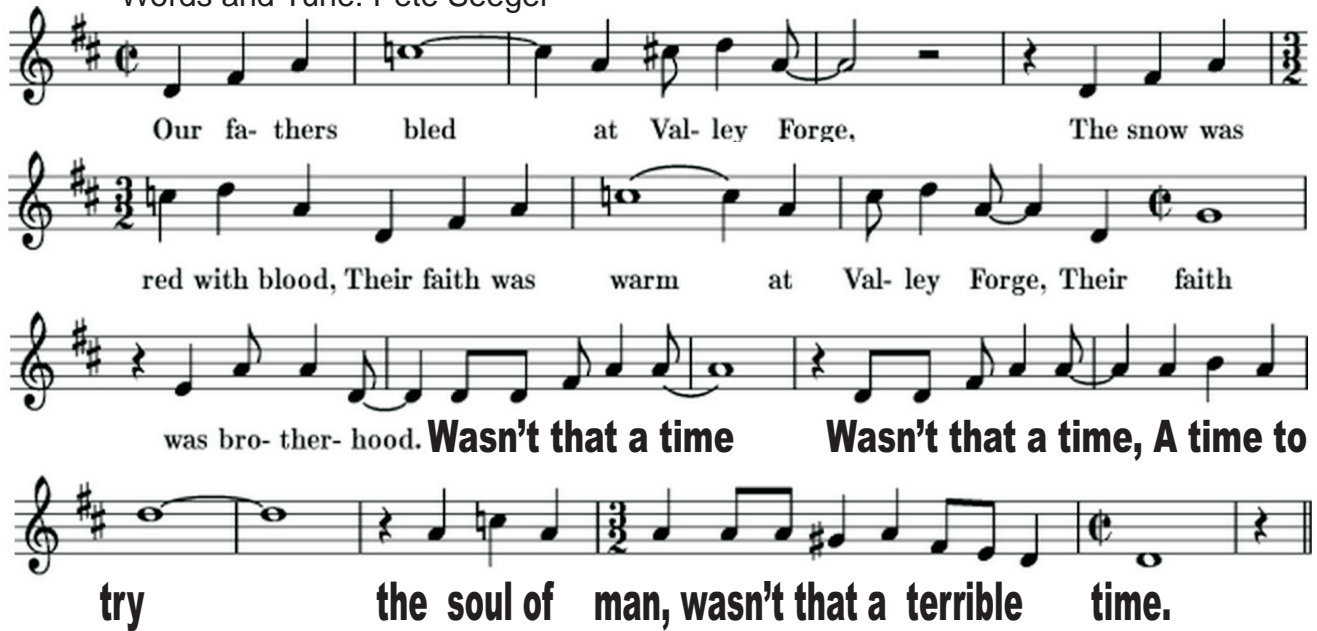
CHORUS

**There's mist down in the valley and the snow lies on the hill,
No men walk through the empty streets the pit lies quiet and still,
There's a keen wind down the valley road that bites into your skin,
But the people of the Rhondda will keep fighting till they win.**

CHORUS

Wasn't that a time

Words and Tune: Pete Seeger



Our fa- thers bled at Val- ley Forge, The snow was
red with blood, Their faith was warm at Val- ley Forge, Their faith
was bro- ther- hood. **Wasn't that a time Wasn't that a time, A time to**
try the soul of man, wasn't that a terrible time.

**Brave men who died at Gettysburg Now lie in soldier's graves,
But there they stemmed the slavery tide, And there the faith
was saved.**

CHORUS

**The fascists came with chains and war To prison us in hate.
And many a good man fought and died To save the stricken faith.**

CHORUS

**And now again the madmen come, And should our vic'try fail?
There is no vic'try in a land Where free men go to jail.**

CHORUS

**Isn't this a time! Isn't this a time!
A time to try the soul of man, Isn't this a terrible time?**

CHORUS

**Our faith cries out we have no fear, We dare to reach our hand
To other neighbours far and near To friends in every land.**

CHORUS

**Isn't this a time! Isn't this a time!
A time to free the soul of man!
Isn't this a wonderful time!**

**How many times we've gone to kill In freedom's holy name.
And children died to save the pride Of rulers without shame.
Informers took their Judas pay To tell their sorry tale
And gangs in Congress had their way And free souls went to jail.**

POWER IN THE UNION

Words Billy Bragg, Tune: Traditional Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

There is power in the fac - t'ry there's po-wer in the land, Power in the hand of the
wor ker_ But it all a - mounts to noth-ing if to - ge-ther we don't stand There is po-wer in the
U - nion. The U - nion for-ev-er_ de - fen-ding our rights, stand with the pic - ket, - all
wor - kers u - nite with our sis - ters and our broth - ers_ in
ma - ny far - off lands, There is po - wer in the U - nion

There is power in a factory, power in the LINE
Power in the hands of a worker
But it all amounts to nothing if together we don't stand
There is power in a Union

Now the lessons of the past were all learned with workers' blood
The mistakes of the bosses we must pay for
From the cities and the farmlands to trenches full of mud
War has always been the bosses' way, sir

The Union forever defending our rights
Down with the blackleg, all workers unite
With our brothers and our sisters from many far off lands
There is power in a Union

Now I long for the morning that they realise
Brutality and unjust laws can not defeat us
But who'll defend the workers who cannot organise
When the bosses send their lackies out to cheat us?

Money speaks for money, the Devil for his own
Who comes to speak for the skin and the bone?
What a comfort to the widow, a light to the child
There is power in a Union

The Union forever defending our rights
Down with the blackleg, all workers unite
With our brothers and our sisters together we will stand
There is power in a Union

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

Words and Tune: David Rovics



It was a time I'll al-ways re-mem-ber I could ne-ver for-
 get How re-a-li-ty came down a-round us Like some wes-tern mo-vie
 set And when the dust all set-tled The sun shone so bright A
 great calm took o-ver-us Like it was all gon-na be all right
 That's how it felt to be a-live
 Af-ter the re-vo-lu-tion

Note:
David plays this in dropped D tuning.

1 It was a time I'll always remember
Because I could never forget
How reality fell down around us
Like some Western movie set
And once the dust all settled
The sun shone so bright
And a great calm took over us
Like it was all gonna be alright
That's how it felt to be alive
AFTER THE REVOLUTION

2 From Groton to Tacoma
On many a factory floor
On many a factory floor
The workers talked of solidarity
And refused to build weapons of war
No more will we make missiles
We're gonna do something different
And for the first time
Their children were proud of their parents
And somewhere in Gaza a little boy
smiled and cried
AFTER THE REVOLUTION

3 Prison doors swung open
And mothers hugged their sons
The Liberty Bell was ringing
When the cops put down their guns
A million innocent people
Lit up in the springtime air
And Mumia and Leonard and Sarah Jane Olson
Took a walk in Tompkins Square
And they talked about what they'd do now
AFTER THE REVOLUTION

4 The debts were all forgiven
In all the neo-colonies
And the soldiers left their bases
Went back to their families
And a non-aggression treaty
Was signed with every sovereign state
And all the terrorist groups disbanded
With no empire left to hate
And they all started planting olive trees
AFTER THE REVOLUTION



5 George Bush and Henry Kissinger
Were sent off to the World Court
Their plans for global domination
Were pre-emptively cut short
Their weapons of mass destruction
Were inspected and destroyed
The battleships were dismantled
Never again to be deployed
And the world breathed a sigh of relief
AFTER THE REVOLUTION

6 Solar panels were on the rooftops
Trains upon the tracks
Organic food was in the markets
No GMO's upon the racks
And all the billionaires
Had to learn how to share
And Bill Gates was told to quit his whining
When he said it wasn't fair
And his mansion became a collective farm
AFTER THE REVOLUTION

7 And all the political poets
Couldn't think of what to say
So they all decided
To live life for today
I spent a few years catching up
With all my friends and lovers
Sleeping til eleven
Home beneath the covers
And I learned how to play the banjo
AFTER THE REVOLUTION

We Will Rise

Words and tune: Alun Sprung



If it should take a thousand years for my people to be free, We will throw off all the chains_ that have kept us on our knees, we will dust our-selves off, we will op-en up our eyes, And we'll build a new to - mor-row as we bur-y all the lies. **We will rise**
we will rise, We will rise in our mil-lions, we will rise.

1 If it should take a thousand years
For my people to be free
We will throw off all the chains
That have kept us on our knees
We will dust ourselves off
We will open up our eyes
And we'll build a new tomorrow
As we bury all the lies

CHORUS

We will rise, we will rise
We will rise in our millions
We will rise

2 In the factories and offices
In every single land
In the nurseries and hospitals
Is where we'll make our stand
In the schools and universities
The young will join the fray
From prison cells to care homes
Everyone will have their say

3 With our workmates all around us
And our daughters and our sons
We won't wait to get permission
And we won't fear any guns
With the wisdom of our fathers
And the strength of all our mums
We will all move together
As we face whatever comes

4 And the world we build tomorrow
Will have not been seen before
But I'm guessing we'll discover
Just what human life is for
There'll be caring and compassion
No more profiteering ways
A thoughtful world community
To last us all our days

5 There will always be a place
In the heart that beats in me
For the comrades and the allies
Who have helped to make us free
Yes, there'll always be a place
In the heart that beats in me
For the comrades and the allies
Who have helped to make us free



Solidarity, June 30, 1917 The Hand That Will Rule the World—One Big Union.

YOUR NEW SONGS WANTED

This booklet contains songs that were sung at the first Political Song session, with one or two additions. We will continue to publish occasional booklets of songs from the sessions. By the nature of things these are mostly old songs celebrating political events of the recent and distant past. We are also looking for NEW SONGS about recent political issues and struggles.

Please send us your new songs about the issues, struggles and triumphs of today for publication. Let's get the songs out there and let's get them sung.

Please let us have your songs, with music notation and/or a link to a web soundfile or video, plus if possible a statement to put it in context.

Send to: graham@tradartsteam.co.uk

Time to **SING OUT**

“Day and night I sing my latest songs to my comrades. They write down the words. Then they come a group at a time to learn the tunes. They are avid and impatient: this music makes them free, as free as me. Art – this art which is ours – is our trump card. Our oppressors have chains. We have songs.”

Mikis Theodorakis, from Greek colonels' prison, 1968

It is easy to give up, to get disillusioned, disenchanted, despairing. It is easy to blame the **dream** and say it is unachievable when it is really the dreamer at fault. We have heard it said by many that protest singers are just singing to the converted. Even if this were so, what's wrong with that? Do not the converted need **encouragement** and sustenance as we batter our minds and bodies against the walls of the system? Who brings this accusation against those who gather weekly in churches to sing of their hopes and beliefs? We strengthen each other by **singing together** and express our single purpose in song. The converted do have the solace of group activity: demonstrations, meetings, jail. We also find ourselves **alone** and still need reminders of that **group**. When you are on your way home, going shopping, taking a bath, putting the kids to bed, cooking, washing, sitting at your computer, whatever: **it is good to remember that song**, that chorus. The converted need to remember that the powers of creation are on **OUR** side, because it is those powers that are going to bring about the change that is coming. If we can **create songs** we can bring about a good and fair society. If we can beat the sense of isolation we can beat Cameron and his banker cronies. **Those that sing together can fight together.**

So, raise your voices, let the songs be heard, whether they were written yesterday or hundreds of years ago, let us learn from them and take heart from them.

Dates for your Diary:

Friday 24 April 2015: Anti-Capitalist Roadshow - Irish Centre, Digbeth

Wednesday 13 May 2015: Next Political Song Session at Prince of Wales



www.TradArtsTeam.co.uk

We Sang 'em Down

Words & Music by @dogcatchicken aka Tim Martin

The fascists came to Walsall Town
and tried to push us around
So we organised a festival
to drown them out with our sound



We sang 'em down, right out of our town
Yes we sang 'em down, right out of the town
Oh Oh Oh We don't want you here
We sang No to race hate and fear
Yes we sang 'em down, right out of our town
Yes we sang 'em down, right out of our town

The EDL they marched around and were kettled by the police
So we joined in solidarity and sang of love and peace
we sang 'em down, right out of our town

Yes we sang 'em down, right out of the town
Oh Oh Oh We don't want you here
We sang No to race hate and fear
Yes we sang 'em down, right out of our town
Yes we sang 'em down, right out of our town

Repeat



Changing my Name to Fanny Mae

Words and music: **Tom Paxton**

Everybody and his uncle is in deb**T**
And the bankers and the brokers are upset.
Goldman Sachs's, Merrill Lynch'es
Saw themselves in lead-pipe clinches,
Now they've landed in the biggest **SCREW-UP** yet.
Lehman Brothers and Bear Stearns and all their kind
have turned out to be the blind leading the blind.
They are clearly the nit-wittest
In survival of the fittest
Let me modestly say **WHAT I HAVE IN MIND.**

CHORUS

I am changing my name to **FANNIEMAE**
I am changing it **AIG**
On this bail-out I am betting;
Just a piece of what they're getting
Would be perfectly acceptable to me.
I am changing my name to Freddie Mac;
I am leaving for that great receiving line.
I'll be waiting when they hand out
SEVEN HUNDRED MILLION GRAND out -
That's when I'll get mine.

Since the first Amphibian crawled out of the **SLIME**
We've been struggling in an unrelenting climb.
We were hardly up and walking
Before money started talking
And it said that failure was the only crime.
If you really screwed things up then you were through;
Now - **SURPRISE!** - there's a different point of view.
All That Crazy rooty-tootin'
and that golden parachuting'
Means that someone's making millions - **ITS JUST NOT YOU**

CHORUS