

# The **POLITICAL SONGSTER** January 2015

16 pages of songs to sing and share  
at Sing Political song sessions

**£2.50**



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



[www.TradArtsTeam.co.uk](http://www.TradArtsTeam.co.uk)

Where we can we have tried to provide a tune but we have also included web sources wherever possible to help people who can't read music.

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Many thanks to the singers and songwriters who have contributed songs.

# HELLO FRIEND

By Peggy Seeger



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bvci62ULv3M&feature=kp>

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Hel-lo friend, I see you're a strang-er, Where do you come from? Hel-lo friend, some-thing in your face re-minds me of the sun; But the nor-thern light is thin a gainst the dark-ness of your skin, Hel-lo friend, I'm glad that you could come." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and chord symbols (F7, Bb, C7, F).

**Hello friend**, I see you're a stranger. Where do you come from?  
Hello friend, something in your face reminds me of the sun:  
But the northern light is thin against the darkness of your skin.  
**Hello friend**. I'm glad that you could come.

When you talk, I hear the echo of the places you have been;  
When you walk, colours all around you fluttering in the wind;  
When I listen to your song, I feel you really do belong;  
Am I the stranger, the one who's just come in?

I think I know what made you come here but what made you want to stay?  
Will you go if the weather and the welcome seem too cold and grey?  
Do you feel you'll never find all the warmth you left behind?  
Never mind—I **hope you want to stay**.

Did you find new friends to help you? Can you earn a living here?  
Do you mind the smoke and grime around you and the warning loud and clear?  
Or did your troubles just begin with the colour of your skin?  
Never mind—I'm **glad to see you here**.

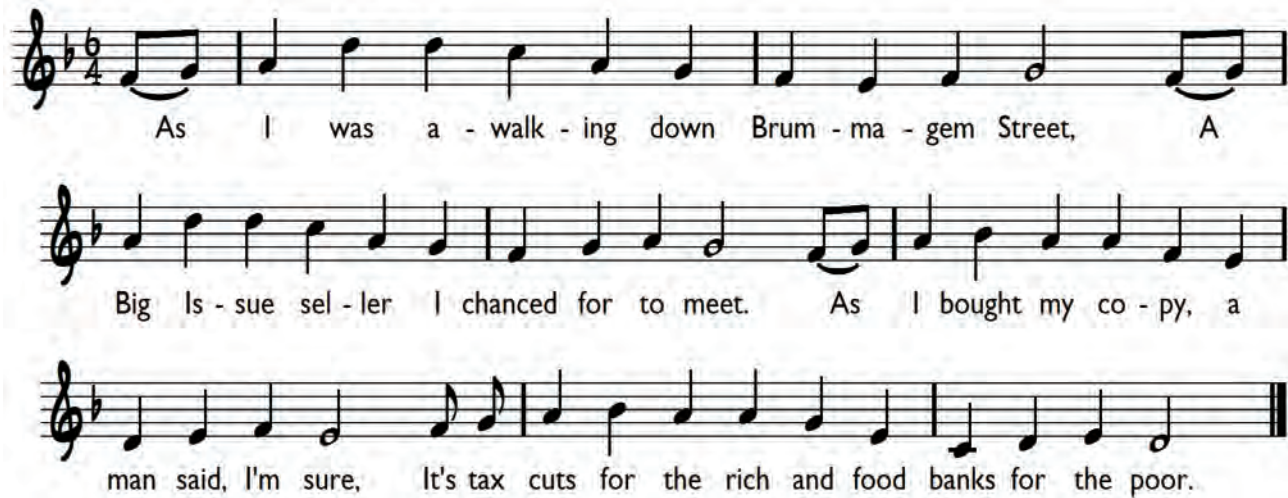
Did you come to climb a mountain and end up in a hole?  
Have you won the right to join our people signing on the dole?  
Can you be happy here amid suspicion and the fear.  
Or will you run, and never more return?

**Hello friend**, all of us are strangers in this green and pleasant land.  
Once again battle ranks are forming and we need a friendly hand.  
Yours the fear and ours the shame, but our goal is just the same,  
**In the end this will be OUR native land.**

# As I was A-walking Down Brummagem Street

To the tune of 'Ramble Away' (Trad)

Words by Doreen Fryer



As I was a - walk - ing down Brum - ma - gem Street, A  
Big Is - sue sel - ler I chanced for to meet. As I bought my co - py, a  
man said, I'm sure, It's tax cuts for the rich and food banks for the poor.

**As I was a walking down Brummagem Street  
A Big Issue seller I chanced for to meet  
As I bought my copy a man said 'I'm sure  
Its tax cuts for the rich and food banks for the poor'**

**I switched on the telly and heard someone say  
'If you've a spare bedroom then you've got to pay'  
Well, how can you pay if you live on the dole?  
And how can you work if you're sick and you're old?**

**I walk in the city and I see them out there -  
The kids of today with no future to share  
No rich mums and dads to make their life secure  
What hope for the future for kids of the poor?**

**'This world's ill divided' I've heard people say  
But you know my friend it need not be this way.  
Employment for all, a just wage and I'm sure  
If the rich paid their taxes then none would be poor.**

'The world's ill divided' is the start of the last verse of  
The Jute Mill Song, a 1940's song about weaving in  
Lancashire: - See Jute Mill Song on next page.

# Jute Mill Song

A song about the minimum wage

Tune & Words Mary Brooksbank



[www.youtube.com/watch?v=5brQCPxxISM](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5brQCPxxISM)

Mary Brooksbank was born in Aberdeen in 1897 and grew up Dundee. She left school at twelve years old and began working in Dundee's booming Jute Mill industry. The success of the first strike she was involved in, at the age of fourteen, gave her a taste both of what could be achieved and where the lines of struggle were drawn between employers and employees. She joined the Communist Party in 1920 quickly becoming an active member and spending spells in prison for her resistance, before finally being expelled for her uncompromising stance on women's rights issues and her disillusionment with the Soviet Union. The poetry and songs she began to write later in her life lyrically reflected working class life and struggle in Dundee at the time. This song recently became the first women's verse to be etched into the walls of the Scottish Parliament. Her other oft-quoted and slightly more candid phrase is less likely to appear any time soon: **"I have never had any personal ambitions. I have but one: to make my contribution to destroy the capitalist system."**

**O, dear me**, the mill's running fast  
The poor wee shifters canna get nae rest  
Shifting bobbins coarse and fine  
They fairly make you work for your ten and nine

**O, dear me** I wish this day were done  
Running up and doon the Pass is nae fun  
Shiftin', piecin', spinning warp, weft and twine  
To feed and clothe ma bairnie offa ten and nine

**O, dear me**, the world is ill-divided  
Them that works the hardest are the least provided  
But I maun bide contented, dark days or fine  
There's no much pleasure living offa ten and nine



# 60 QUID A WEEK



by LEON ROSSELSON

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=CSZJiL50ITw](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CSZJiL50ITw)

I try, if I can, to invent stories and characters to embody what I want to say. That approach has the advantage of taking a less predictable path than delivering messages up front. It also can raise questions that weren't originally in prospect and may conceivably cross the political divide.

Some time in August 2012 (I think), driving back from Wales, I heard an interview with someone who was living on 60 pounds a week. The one thing I retained from that interview was the fact that he couldn't, at first, remember Clegg's name.

I reckon that this fictional ex-window cleaner was downgraded by the Atos test from what was Incapacity Benefit, now Employment & Support Allowance, to Job Seekers' Allowance which is around £71 a week. He then was subjected to the Bedroom Tax (he needed a spare room for his daughters when they came to visit) which took another £11 off him.

Don't you feel guilty when you meet  
Some poor soul begging in the street?  
The other night I'm hurrying home  
From Waterloo when from the gloom  
An apparition gaunt and grey  
Limped towards me barred my way.  
He wanted money, yes, but worse  
This stranger wanted to converse  
He spoke to me as to a friend  
And laid his life out end to end.

He'd been a window cleaner all  
His life until he'd had a fall  
Broke both his legs was still in pain  
They said he'd never work again.  
His wife was dead, his children gone  
Abroad somewhere, he lived alone  
On 60 quid a week 'that's what  
I get,' he said, 'my friend it's not  
Enough to keep a man alive  
See how I'm struggling to survive.'

'I've always worked, I'm proud to say  
I've paid my taxes, paid my way  
But now I'm on the scrapheap so  
I must be punished, pushed so low  
They've taken everything from me  
My self-respect, my dignity  
On 60 quid a week I try  
To manage but there's food to buy  
And heating bills, it goes so fast  
My two weeks' money doesn't last.'

'Before the fortnight's up, my friend,  
I'm skint, I've nothing left to spend.  
Can't even buy a loaf of bread  
On 60 quid a week,' he said.  
'I'd like to see that tory prat  
That arrogant slimeball live on that.'  
He looked at me and clutched my arm  
He said 'I don't mean any harm  
But could you spare a coin or two?'  
'No change,' I said, which wasn't true.



But look there's no use blaming me  
I'm not a walking charity.  
'Blame the government,' I said.  
'I do,' he said, 'that lot, they've bled  
Me dry, they must have hearts of stone  
Their cuts have cut me to the bone.  
I hate that Cameron, rat-faced phoney.  
Tell me, how did he get his money?  
Talks like he's lord god on high  
And every word's a fucking lie  
And Osborne, evil little git  
And him, that useless piece of shit -  
What's his name? Clegg. Rich bastards all  
I'd line them up against the wall  
And shoot them, they should rot in hell  
They think they have the right to tell  
People like us how we should live  
And that, my friend, I can't forgive.'

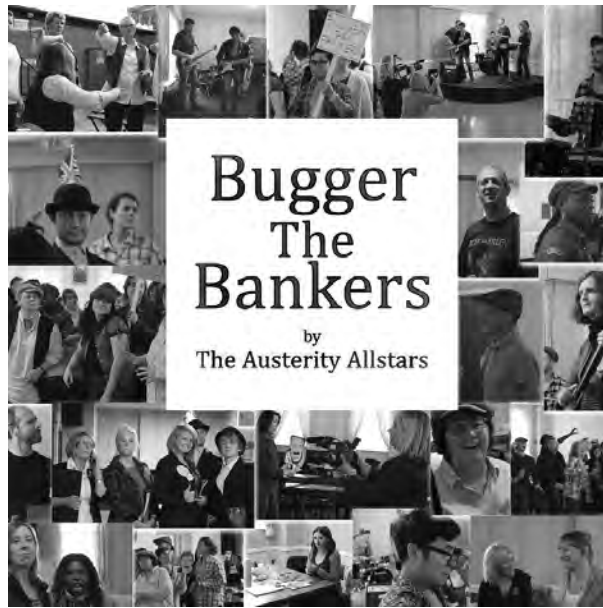
I reached into my pocket, found  
Two coins, twenty p, one pound.  
He took the money, thanked me. 'when  
This money's gone,' I said, 'what then?'  
'When you're living on the edge,' he said,  
'It doesn't do to look ahead'.  
But if prices go up any higher  
I might just set myself on fire.  
He limped away into the gloom  
I wished him luck and hurried home.

Don't you feel guilty when you meet  
Some poor sod begging in the street?

# Bugger The Bankers

Suzy Davis

<http://theausterityallstars.bandcamp.com/track/bugger-the-bankers>



When I was a lass I was proud of my class, like my father and mother before me  
They taught me to fight for my civil rights, but it's always the same old story –  
The rich reign supreme while the poor can but dream under Labour or Liberal or Tory

**And I say**

**Bugger the bankers and politicians, bugger the bureaucrats too**

**Bugger the buggers who make up the rules**

**And if you're one of them - bugger you**

**And if you're one of them - bugger you**

The system is bent and the money's all spent, we're badgered from every direction  
The workers get taxed while the wealthy relax with nary a moment's reflection  
Where there's brass, there's muck and they don't give an arse  
'Cos we're programmed against insurrection

And I say -

Chorus

Now all you good people with passion to vent, don't give up the struggle for justice  
But I've done my time on the protesters' line and these days I show my dissent  
By loitering with intent

And I say -

Bugger the bankers and politicians, bugger the bureaucrats too

Bugger the buggers who make up the rules

And if you're one of them - bugger you

And if you're one of them - bugger you

And if you're one of them - bugger you

**Keep singing the chorus till you've had enough!**

# We're all in this together...

By Tim Hollins

Wal-king round our streets, weeds be-neath my feet E - ven the rats look un - der  
fed, It's a ve-ry sor-ry tale, lo-cal cli-nic up for sale, But that's all fine, 'cos  
Mis-ter Os-borne said (he said) We're all in this to - ge-ther ne- ver mind the  
wea- ther! We're all in this to - ge- ther, can't you see? Those with not a  
jot, and those who've got a yacht, Oh, we're all in this to - ge ther and we're free!

## Chorus

We're all in this together, never mind the weather!  
We're all in this together, can't you see?  
Those with not a jot, and those who've got a yacht  
Oh, we're all in this together – and we're free!

Walking round our streets, weeds beneath my feet  
Even the rats look underfed  
It's a very sorry tale, local clinic up for sale  
But that's all fine, 'cos Mr Osborne said .....

The rich are getting richer, their yachts are getting bigger  
A stock market dip their biggest fear  
A grand behind the bar for champagne and caviar  
And a massive great big tax cut every year!

At Laurel Road in Brum, the kids have loads of fun  
And the elders meet to share a cup of tea  
But now it's looking dicey, cos they say it is too pricey  
They're flogging off what's owned by you and me

Meanwhile down in Mayfair, they never have to play fair  
Cos they bought the bloody game, then made the rules  
There's austerity for us, and please don't make a fuss  
While they're snapping up our hospitals and schools

So citizens of Brum, it's time to have some fun  
Our placards shout what's right and what is wrong  
There's a warm and friendly greeting, at your local no cuts meeting  
Come together, cos together we are strong – and .....

(last chorus)

**We're all in this together, never mind the weather,  
We're all in this together, you and me  
Us with not a jot, fighting those who've got a yacht  
-Yes we're all in this together – and we're free!**



# *I am changing my name to Fannie Mae*

## **By Tom Paxton**



[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=etUq7IY\\_7Mc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=etUq7IY_7Mc)

***Everybody and his uncle is in debt,  
And the bankers and the brokers are upset.  
Goldman Sachs's, Merrill Lynch's  
Saw themselves as lead-pipe cinches,  
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 Fannie Mae;  
I am changing it to 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 is a different point of view.  
All that crazy rooty-tootin'  
And that golden parachutin'  
Means that **someone's making millions** — just not you!***

**Chorus:**

# Entrepreneur

By Dave Rogers

Dave Rogers shares his name with one of Asia's Leading Entrepreneur coaches. This is what Dave Rogers, one of Britain's leading political songwriters, feels about entrepreneurs.

Don't wan-na be a boss, don't wan-na run a bank, don't wan-na be a cop or a  
judge, no thanks, don't wan-na be a lord, don't wan-na be a sir, I'd  
rath - er sho - vel shit than be an en - tre - pen - eur.

1

Once upon a time not so long ago  
You could always get a job with Capital and Co  
If you didn't like the boss, didn't wanna stay  
You could **walk out the door** new job next day

You didn't have to creep you didn't have to crawl  
You didn't get shafted and pick up bugger all  
You didn't cow tow to some smarmy swine  
If they gave you grief you'd form a **picket line**

3

This is the land where the dollar is king  
This is the land where the profiteers sing  
This is the land where the poor stay poor  
And Gods own children are kicked out the door

This is the land of the corporate fist  
If you don't make money you don't exist  
They'll mortgage your life,  
they'll poison your dreams  
Money don't talk, **money screams**

## Chorus

**Don't wanna be a boss,  
Don't wanna run a bank,  
Don't wanna be a cop or a judge, no thanks.  
Don't wanna be a lord,  
Don't wanna be a sir  
I'd rather shovel shit than be a entrepreneur**

2

We don't make cars and steel any more  
The grass grows green on machine room floors  
Foundries, forges, steel works gone  
Everything we had they shipped to Hong Kong

The only thing that matters is making a profit  
Thatcher's drug and they can't get off it  
They grind you down 'til you're on our knees  
Then they shout, "Blame the refugees"

4

Don't talk to me about equality  
Don't talk to me about the land of the free  
I don't wanna be in your rat race  
I'm not a rat and this is aint my race

Social Inclusion I hear you shout  
If your included count me out  
Your Equal opps is a bloody farce  
When will that include the working class

# GO TO WORK ON MONDAY

Si Kahn

Si Kahn is an American songwriter, "Brown lung" is a killer respiratory disease that many cotton workers get. It was written in honour of JP Stevens from North Carolina who helped from The Carolina Brown Lung Association.

I did my part in World War Two, Got wound-ed for the na-tion, Now my lungs are  
all shot down, There ain't no com-pen - sa - tion. I'm gon-na go to work on  
Mon-day one more time I'm gon-na go to work on Mon-day one more  
time, one more time, I'm gon-na go to work on Mon-day one more time

2 The doctor says I smoke too much  
He says that I'm not trying  
He says he don't know what I've got  
But we both know he's lying

**chorus**

3 The last time I went near a job  
I thought my lungs were broken  
Chest bound down like iron bands  
I couldn't breath for choking

**chorus**

4 The politicians in this state  
They're nothing short of rotten  
The buy us off with fancy words  
And sell us out for cotton

**chorus**

5 The Doctor says both lungs are gone  
There ain't no way to shake it  
But I can't live without a job  
Somehow I've got to make it

**chorus**

6 They tell me I can't work at all  
There ain't no need of trying  
But living like some used up thing  
Is just this short of dying

**chorus**

7 Sitting on my front porch swing  
I'm like someone forgotten  
Head all filled with angry thoughts  
And lungs filled up with cotton

**chorus**

# STREETS OF YOUR TOWN

By David Hackney

Based on a song by Ralph Mc Tell



[www.youtube.com/watch?v=DiWomXklfv8](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DiWomXklfv8)

Have you seen the young man Outside the Job Centre  
Kicking at a can with his worn trainers?  
In his eyes you see no pride and held loosely at his side  
Yesterday's paper with no jobs inside

## CHORUS

**So how can you tell me you're lonely  
And say for you that the sun don't shine  
Let me take you by the hand  
and lead you through the streets of your town  
I'll show you something to make you change your mind.**



Have you seen the young girl  
Who walks the streets of your town  
Selling the Big Issue  
With a smile on her face  
She's no time for talking  
She just keeps on calling  
Hiding her true feelings behind the smile on her face

Have you seen the young ones  
Sitting in the subway  
Picking out a tune with frozen hands  
Passers by with bulging bags  
Don't even give a second glance  
Maybe drop a penny  
Pretending that they care



Have you seen the young man  
Outside the drop in centre  
Memories of his childhood in the pain on his face  
In our winter city the rain cries a little pity  
For one more potential hero  
In a world that doesn't care

# I Wanna Go Home



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G7FnIbfxWMI>

David Rovics

David uses DADGAD tuning to accompany this song

D  
I was born a re-fu - gee And I don't know if I'll e-ver  
A  
see The old farm - house I heard a - bout But it's where I be -  
D G  
long There is no doubt 'Cause my whole fam - 'ly Is from that  
D  
farm And we ne - ver did No-bo - dy harm And if you're con -  
A G  
fused by what you've heard Lem-me boil it down to a sin - gle  
D A G  
word I wan-na go home I wan-na go home

1. I was born a refugee  
And I don't know if I'll ever see  
The old farmhouse I've heard about  
But it's where I belong, there is no doubt  
'Cause my whole family is from that farm  
And we never did nobody harm  
And if you're confused by what you've heard  
Let me boil it down to a single word

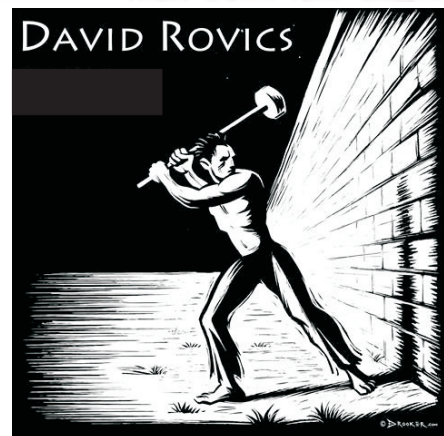
(Chorus)

*I wanna go home...*

2. And I have heard my grandpa say  
That on the street most every day  
The neighbors' kids would kick a ball  
With my dad when he was small  
We were Christians, they were Jews  
But it was no big deal, religious views  
So it was strange when at the point of a gun  
Across the river we had to run

(Chorus)

*I wanna go home...*



3. We had *dabkeh*, we had songs  
And we all knew where we belonged  
We grew crops, life was good  
There in the land where Jesus stood  
Now we're scattered everywhere  
But there's no peace anywhere  
I'm just searching for some kind of sign  
For some way back to Palestine

(Chorus)

*I wanna go home...*

# The Birmingham Rat

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Birmingham Rat'. It consists of five staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are: 'Come all broth - er towns - men at - tend to my song, it's some - thing quite co - mi - cal, not o - ver - long, Con - cern - ing a Rat of great sub - stance and strength, From his tail to his snout more than five feet in length, To his snout more than five feet in length.'

Come all brother townsmen attend to my song  
It's a thing that is comical, not overlong  
Concerning a rat of great substance and strength  
***To his snout more than five feet in length***

'Twas near a large house that's well known to all  
Where many poor people are forced for to call  
There is a large cheese which was well kept in store  
***Inscribed with these words "For the good of the poor"***

The cheese was found wanting when rumours arose  
And sharp ones began to look out for the cause  
This rat was continually lurking about  
***Not thinking that he would be ever found out***

Then to the ratcatcher they straight did repair  
Saying bring up your traps, for right well we're aware  
The cheese melts like butter before the noon sun  
***There's a hundred and fifty pounds already gone***

Their traps they then planted so cunning and sly  
And on his manoeuvres they kept a quick eye  
Says they we will have him they dare to engage  
***And they caught him and popped him bang into a cage***

Now for to describe him I mean to be brief  
For this rat you must know is in common a thief  
To avoid suchlike vermin I'd have you beware  
***He is known by the quill pen behind his right ear***

When he stands erect, as he used to do  
He's not unlike the great kangaroo  
'Mongst girls that were pregnant such pranks he would play  
They the father must tell or the quill has its way  
***They must tell or the quill has its way***

As for the ratcatchers, good luck to their cause  
For supporting and aiding our townsmen and laws  
From such verminous rats they will aye keep us clear  
***That the poor may enjoy their bread, cheese and beer***

# The Bankers Song



Tune: My Bonny lies over the Ocean

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s1DpLTjXWb4>

My money lies over the ocean  
My money lies over the sea  
My money lies over the ocean  
Where noone can get it but me

CHORUS: Hard times, hard times  
It's hard time for many but not for me  
Hard times, hard times  
Hard times for them not for me

I read that some people are struggling  
They're worried about cuts in their pay  
But here is my simple solution  
Get a job as a banker like me

You know we're all in this together  
This government never would lie  
My bonus was cut by three million  
Oh just let me sit down and cry



The Tories who let me off lightly  
They get huge donations each year  
But surely you're hallucinating?  
Corruption in Britain, not here!

They say that I'm selfish and greedy  
Obsessive about getting more wealth  
But what do I care for the needy  
They'll die anyway of ill health

There's one little blot in my landscape  
The people are getting fed up  
They're marching for fairness and justice  
My tax dodging days will be up

CHORUS: Hard times, hard times  
It's hard times for many but not for me  
Hard times, hard times  
Hard times for them not for me

# Minimum Wage Strike

David Rovics

[http://freemusicarchive.org/music/David\\_Rovics/We\\_Just\\_Want\\_The\\_World/01\\_-\\_David\\_Rovics\\_-\\_Minimum\\_Wage\\_Strike](http://freemusicarchive.org/music/David_Rovics/We_Just_Want_The_World/01_-_David_Rovics_-_Minimum_Wage_Strike)

When I a - woke one morn - ing There was a feel - ing  
in the air - - - Ev' - ry - thing was quiet Things were  
diff - rent ev' - ry - where The Wob - bl - ies were - back a - gain  
With Joe Hill at the mike *When all the*  
*mi - ni - mum wage work - ers went on strike*

1. When I awoke one morning  
There was a feeling in the air  
Everything was quiet  
Things were different everywhere  
The Wobblies were back again  
With Joe Hill at the mike  
*When all the minimum-wage workers  
went on strike*
2. There was no one flipping burgers  
All the grills were cold  
Onion rings were in their bags  
Fries were growing mold  
There were no baristas at Starbucks  
Asking, "how many shots would you like?"  
*When all the...*
3. There was no one pumping gasoline  
No one driving from town to town  
No one at the registers  
All the highways were shut down  
The cars were stuck in their garage  
Businessmen on bikes  
*When all the...*
4. The fruit was falling off the trees  
No one to load the trucks  
Corn was rotting on the stalk  
No farm hands to shuck  
The workfare workers were hanging at home  
Spending the day with their tykes  
*When all the...*
5. Yuppie parents were housebound  
Their nannies left the job  
Wal-Mart workers said enough  
Of our labor has been robbed  
The Foot Locker was locked up  
The boss had to take a hike  
*When all the...*

(Repeat first verse)



# The Green Fields of France



[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DxkhBvO8\\_kM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DxkhBvO8_kM)

Eric Bogle

We thought you might like to see the full version of Eric's song to compare with the British Legion version.



Well how do you do, Private William McBride  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave side?  
A rest for awhile in the warm summer sun,  
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.  
And I see by your gravestone that you were only 19  
when you joined the glorious fallen in 1916.  
Well, I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean  
Or, William McBride, was it slow and obscene?

## CHORUS:

Did they beat the drum slowly?  
did they sound the pipes lowly?  
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?  
Did the bugle sing 'The Last Post' in chorus?  
Did the pipes play 'The Flowers o' the Forest'?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?  
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined  
And though you died back in 1916  
To that loyal heart are you always 19.  
Or are you just a stranger without even a name  
Forever enclosed behind some glass-pane  
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained  
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

Well, the sun it shines down on these green fields of France,  
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance.  
The trenches are vanished now under the plough  
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now.  
But here in this graveyard it is still No Man's Land  
And the countless white crosses in mute witness stand.  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
And a whole generation that was butchered and downed.

And I can't help but wonder now Willie McBride  
Do all those who lie here know why they died?  
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?  
Did you really believe them that this war would end war?  
The suffering, the sorrow, some the glory, the shame -  
The killing and dying - it was all done in vain.  
For Willie McBride, it's all happened again  
And again, and again, and again, and again.



Did they beat the drum slowly?  
did they sound the pipe lowly?  
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?  
Did the bugle sing 'The Last Post' in chorus?  
Did the pipes play 'The Flowers o' the Forest'?

# MRS BELLAMY

Dick Snell 1974

*FREELY* *Dm* *C* *A7*

Did you hear a - bout Mrs Bel - la - my, She lived just down the road from me,  
She must have been about eigh - ty three, It makes you shiv - er to think.

## Did you hear about Mrs Bellamy?

She lived just down the road from me  
She must have been about eighty-three  
It makes you shiver to think

I used to see her in the street  
She walked with a stick, she kept real neat  
Going down to the shop for a bag of sweets  
They were her only pleasure

She used to stop and say hello  
She'd chat away for an hour or so  
She'd lived on her own for years you know  
She said it was worst in winter

Well the milk piled up on her pathway  
And her light was burning night and day  
But no-one had seen her go away  
So a neighbour called the coppers

It didn't take an hour or more  
Till the cops came banging at the door  
Broke it down, and on the floor  
Was Mrs Bellamy

There she lay beside her bed  
Her coat wrapped tight around her head  
She died of the cold, the coroner said  
Though the meter took all her pension

So the cops went round the landlords place  
And I wish I'd seen that bastard's face  
He had to own up to fixing the gas  
He'd been having her on for years

I'd hang that bloke and all his kind  
They rob the old 'uns, rob 'em blind  
So long as they keep their pockets lined  
They don't give a damn for no-one

**Did you hear about Mrs Bellamy**  
She lived just down the road from me  
Died for the sake of a landlord's fee  
It makes you shiver to think



# **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](mailto:graham@tradartsteam.co.uk)**



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<b>Janet Russell</b>	<b>Jim Woodland</b>
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