

The **POLITICAL SONGSTER** April 2015

Twenty songs £3.00
to sing and share



The Political Songster was first published by Birmingham Songwriter John Freeth in 1793 to put the weapon of song into people's hands



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.

THE BALLAD OF RIVKA & MOHAMMED



www.youtube.com/watch?v=CSCsEOK_DO4

by

LEON ROSSELSON

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 five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Em, G, Em, D, Em, G, Em, Em, and Em. Rehearsal marks 2, 3, 4, and 5 are placed above the first four staves respectively. The lyrics are: I WAS WATCH-ING THE NEWS FROM GA - ZA AND I CLOSED MY EYES IN DES - PAIR AND WHEN I A-WOKE FROM MY SLUM-BER A YOUNG GIRL WAS STAND - ING THERE SHE SAID, MY NAME IS RIV - KA THEY KILLED ME BE-CAUSE I'M A JEW I DIED IN THE GHET-TO OF VIL - NA IN NINE-TEEN FORT - Y TWO THE GHET-TO WAS LIKE A PRISON THEY WOULD-N'T ALL-OW US TO LEAVE SOME SAID THEY WERE GO-ING TO KILL US ALL. WE DID-N'T KNOW WHAT TO BE - LIEVE KILL, AND THE PEO - PLE WITH POW - ER TURN A BLIND EYE AND EN - A - BLE THE MONS-TER TO KILL.

2

That day I wore my new red dress
My bubbe had made for me
And in that crowded ghetto
It made me feel proud and free.
I looked up at the soldier
I looked him in the eye
I forgot to bow my head down
And so I had to die.
He smashed my head with his rifle
Because I was too bold
I was killed in the Vilna ghetto
When I was seven years old.

3

And then out of the darkness
A young boy's gaze met mine
He said, My name is Mohammed
My country is Palestine.
I've lived all my life in Gaza
And the only time I feel free
Is when I go down to the harbour
And feel the wind from the sea.
That day I went with my cousins
We ran down to the beach to play
Then the soldier fired a shell at me
And blew my life away.

4

They think they can crush our spirits
They want us to be afraid
Locked up in the prison of Gaza
The prison that they have made.
To them our lives don't matter
They force us to live in a cage
I was killed on the beach in Gaza
At eleven years of age.
They don't think that we deserve freedom
Or belong to the human race.
Mohammed, my brother, said Rivka,
This world is a cold, cold place.

5

Mohammed, my friend, my brother,
Let us leave this world of war.
Then each took the hand of the other
And then they were seen no more.
But I saw spokesmen and politicians
Lining up to speechify
And every word was a hypocrite
And every word was a lie.
I saw children still being slaughtered
The monster must have its fill
While the people with power turned a blind eye
And supplied the weapons that kill.

And the people with power turn a blind eye
And allow the monster to kill.

The Peasant Workers' Song

by Tim Martin

I DREAMT I WAS PIERS PLO-WMAN, WITH OX - EN ALL IN TRAIN
PLOUGH-ING ZIL - DIAN FUR - ROWS, FOR THE LORD IN HIS DE - MESNE
EVE - RY - ONE, THEY HAD THEIR PLACE, DEATH WAS AL - WAYS NEAR
THE YOKE AND CHAINS THAT KEPT US, WERE THE PRIEST AND FEUD - AL FEAR
OH! THERE CAME A DREAD - FUL DRAG - ON, AND BLACK DEATH WAS ITS NAME
IT CAR - RIED OFF THE RICH - EST, AND THE POOR SERFS JUST THE SAME
WITH PEST - I - LENCE CAME FAM - INE, THEY SLEW US HAND IN HAND
AND THE LAND - LORDS HAD NO WOR - KERS, NO - ONE TO TOIL THE LAND

I dreamt I was Piers Plowman, with oxen all in train
Ploughing zildian furrows, for the Lord in his demesne
Everyone, they had their place, death was always near
The yoke and chains that kept us, were the Priest and feudal fear
Oh! There came a dreadful dragon, and Black Death was its name
It carried off the richest, and the poor serfs just the same
With pestilence came famine, they slew us hand in hand
And the Land-Lords had no workers, no-one to toil the land

With Wycliffe came the Lollards, a preaching in the fields
Hedgerows full of questions, what answers could they yield?
And crying in the wilderness, John Ball was his name
He told us all the shocking truth, we are all born the same
So then we went to London, to parley with the King
He promised us the earth, but they done Watt Tyler in
They took away the land we shared, enclosed our fields of old
And left us in dire poverty, while they reaped in the gold

“Ask and it shall be given” and “seek and you shall find”
In Tyndall's English Bible, words can open up your mind
For the rich can't get to heaven, that word was on our side
It took away the blindfold, and we knew the priests had lied
I joined the Model Army, hoped to build a common land
Where everyone is equal, and we all work hand in hand
But Cromwell he betrayed us, didn't wear that ribbon green
Said “free rights for mankind” will never here be seen

I was there at Cork Bush field, they forced us to draw lots
They pulled out poor Dick Arnold, and that's where he was shot
So then we climbed St George's Hill and took our tools to farm
Winstanley said we'd work the land, and cause no one no harm
But they came at us with cudgels and they beat us till we cried
You'd think that working people would all stand side by side
Came “Glorious revolution” but we were no better off
Still made to starve and bow and scrape, and watch the gentry scoff

The land was all but stolen, the sheep had better rights
Forced into squalid cities, 'twas dark both day and night
We smashed some looms and jennies, and smashed some masters too
They called the King's militia out, to hunt for me and you
And so I moved to London, became a pamphleteer
And marched my way from Manchester, with the mighty Blanketeers
We took cutlass blows at Peterloo, musket shot at Cinder Hill
When they murdered Dic Penderyn, 'twas a choking bitter pill

They cut our pittance wages, so we met beneath a tree
From Tolpuddle to Van Diemen's Land, they chained and banished me
Then we joined all together, made a charter for our rights
And the government betrayed us, but we'll ne'er give up the fight
All the valleys down in Newport they heard the Chartist's cry
And when we saw the red coats, we knew that we might die
And so we formed the unions and we took the rulers on
We stood in solidarity and got them on the run

They force fed me, a proud woman, and kept me in a cell
I stood for woman's suffrage and I rang that freedom bell
We marched our way from Jarrow, families starving all for bread
We gave our lives in all your wars, sometimes were better dead
And now you stand before me, try to take my rights away
When poor and working people rise you'll surely have to pay
Let's join our hands my sisters, come join my brothers too
If we all march together, we'll see our dreams come true



QUITE EARLY MORNING

PETE SEEGER

Some say it's darkest before the dawn
but this thought keeps me moving on,
If we could heed these early warnings
the time is now quite early morning.
If we could heed these early warnings
the time is now quite early morning.

Some say it's darkest before the dawn
But this thought keeps me moving on
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning

Some say that humankind won't long endure
What makes them feel so doggone sure?
I know that you who hear my singing
Could make those freedom bells go ringing (2x)

And so we keep on while we live
Until we have no, no more to give
And when these fingers can strum no longer
Hand the old banjo to young ones stronger (2x)

So though it's darkest before the dawn
These thoughts keep us moving on
Through all this world of joy and sorrow
We still can have singing tomorrows (2x)



www.youtube.com/watch?v=gw-XxbLKaH0

Internationale

by
Billy Bragg



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3BIvqbyku5g>

Billy Bragg wrote the lyrics to this version of the traditional socialist anthem after discussion of the need for an updated version with Pete Seeger. His version is based on the British adaptation of the French original.

Stand up, all vic-tims of op-pres-sion For the ty-rants fear your might!
Don't cling so hard to your pos-ses-sions For you have no-thing if you have no rights!
Let ra-cist ig-no-rance be end-ed for re-spect makes the em-pires fall,
Free-dom is mere-ly pri-vi-lege ex-tend-ed un-less en-joyed by one and all
So come bro-thers and si-sTERS For the strug-gle car-ries on The In-ter-nat-ion-
a-le u-nites the world in song So com-rades, come ral-ly For this is the time and
place! The in-ter-nat-ion-al i-deal u-nites the hu-man race.

1

Stand up, all victims of oppression
For the tyrants fear your might!
Don't cling so hard to your possessions
For you have nothing if you have no rights!
Let racist ignorance be ended
For respect makes the empires fall!
Freedom is merely privilege extended
Unless enjoyed by one and all

2

Let no one build walls to divide us
Walls of hatred nor walls of stone
Come greet the dawn and stand beside us
We'll live together or we'll die alone
In our world poisoned by exploitation
Those who have taken, now they must give!
And end the vanity of nations
We've but one Earth on which to live

CHORUS

**So come brothers and sisters
For the struggle carries on
The Internationale
Unites the world in song
So comrades, come rally
For this is the time and place!
The international ideal
Unites the human race**

3

And so begins the final drama
In the streets and in the fields
We stand unbowed before their armour
We defy their guns and shields!
When we fight, provoked by their aggression
Let us be inspired by life and love
For though they offer us concessions
Change will not come from above!

Sing for the Climate

By **Jenny Patient** tune of **Bella Ciao**

Watch the video. This is a great song to stand up and join in with.

www.singfortheclimate.com/EN/default.aspx

***We need to wake up
We need to wise up
We need to open our eyes
and do it NOW, NOW, NOW!
We need to build a better future
and we need to start right now***



***We're on a planet
That has a problem
We've got to solve it, Get involved
And do it NOW, NOW, NOW!
We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now***

***We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now***



HERE TODAY



www.youtube.com/watch?v=_PvNBMjBr2s

by Leon Gormley

ROLL UP, ROLL UP, TAKE A LOOK, CUT BACK SCHOOLS AND CLO - SING BOOKS,
WATCH THE WARDS. AND THE FACT ORIES FOL - LOW, HERE TO - DAY AND GONE TO - MOR - ROW.
SEE THE BANK - ERS CASH OUR CHEQUE STILL HAVE - N'T HAD A PEN - NY YET,
WON'T GET BACK WHAT WE LET THEM BOR - ROW, HERE TO - DAY AND GONE TO - MOR - ROW.
LOOK AT OUR LEAD - ERS SELL THE GUNS THAT KILL OUR DAUGH - TERS AND OUR SONS,
I'VE HAD EN - OUGH OF ALL THIS SOR - ROW, THEY'RE HERE TO - DAY BUT THEY'RE GONE TO - MOR ROW
HERE TO - DAY GONE TO - MOR - ROW
HERE TO - DAY GONE TO - MOR - ROW

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON

Florence Reece 1946, Eileen Penman 2011

COME ALL OF YOU GOOD PEOPLE, YOU WOMEN AND YOU MEN
ONCE MORE OUR BACKS ARE TO THE WALL WE'RE BEING ATTACKED AGAIN
WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON? WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON? WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON? TELL ME, WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Come all of you good people,
you women and you men
Once more our backs are to the wall
We're being attacked again

*Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?*

It was the bankers' greed
That caused the system to melt down,
Corruption's rife in parliament
Far away in London town,

The Tories have invented
This nasty bedroom tax,
Tell Cameron and IDS
From today we're fighting back.

Defend our public services,
No Trident on our shores,
An end to bankers' bonuses
Afghanistan no more.

Don't let them get away with it
We've got too much to lose,
Throw out this bunch o' hoodlums
Or the next in line is you.



THE BEDROOM TAX SONG

Original words and music: Adam McNaughton. New words unknown, amended by Eileen Penmon 2013, written for demos all over the UK, the Glasgow one in particular (but we are sure you can anglicise it)



www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bik9299kA0c

I'm a wel-fare state wean, we live on the bot-tom flair, But we're no al-lowed to ev-en
live there on - y mair, They say we've got too man-y rooms, in our soc-ial ren-ted flat We've an
eight by ten foot box room where you can-nae swing a cat, O ye can-na have a spare room in a pok-ey coun-cil flat
I - an Dun-can thiev-ing Smith has put an end tae that, They say "live in a smal-ler house", they
say that is their plan, When the odds a-against you find-ing aone are nine-ty-nine to one.

I'm a welfare state wean, we live on the bottom flair,
But we're no allowed to even live there any mair,
They say we've got too many rooms, in our social rented flat
We've an eight by ten foot boxroom where you cannae swing a cat,

Oh ye canna have a spare room in a pokey council flat
Ian Duncan thieving Smith has put an end tae that,
They say "live in a smaller house", they say that is their plan,
When the odds against you finding aone are ninety-nine to one.

Noo ma auntie's in a wheelchair, but these Tories dinnae care,
They say they have a deficit, she's got to pay her share.
60 quid a month they'll take, then leave her tae her fate,
Whilst gie'n millionaires a tax cut, cos they say they're due a break.

Noo that Buckingham Palace looks a pretty roomy gaff
And the lodger there gets benefits at rates that make me laugh,
A civil list, plus tax perks, nearly ninety million pounds,
With her other dozen mansions lying empty a' year round.

Noo those MPs doon in Westminster must think that we're a' dense,
Wi' their second home apartments, where the public pays their rent,
They even get a food allowance, two hundred quid a week,
But they're claiming we're the scroungers, is their arse up in their cheeks?

So we've formed a federation and we're gonna have our say
The Bedroom Tax it has to go, and we ain't gonna pay,
We're gonna march on London tae dernand aur civil rights
Like nae mair Tories and their Lib-Dem heap o' shite.

FAREWELL TO WELFARE

GRACE PETRIE



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ue47ENmNhjc>

IT'S NE - VER TOO LATE TO RE-CAP-TURE THE BE-NE-FITS OF SEC-TION TWEN-TY EIGHT, AND IT'S

NEV-ER TOO WILD TO CHANGE G C S E'S GRADE BOUND - 'RIES, THE ON-LY VIC-TIM IS THE CHILD, AND OH

WHO'S GON-NA BE MY MAR-TIN LU-THER KING, AND I'LL SAY WHO'S GON-NA BE MY HAR-VEY

MILK? AND ON THE STEPS OF PAR-LIA MENT_ THEY'RE DE-MON-STRA-TING BUT WHAT'S THE

USE WHEN THEY'RE ALL CUT FROM THE SAME E-TON SILK I'LL SAY FARE-WELL, FARE-WELL TO WEL FARE.

Featured on
Celebrating Subversion CD



It's never too late

To recapture the benefits of Section 28

And it's never too wild

To change GCSEs grade boundaries, the only victim is the child

And oh, who's gonna be my Martin Luther King,

And I'll say who's gonna be my Harvey Milk?

And on the steps of Parliament they're demonstrating

But what's the use when they're all cut from the same Eton silk

I'll say farewell, farewell to welfare

And we've got a recession to beat

So let's put more money into the Jubilee, and a millionaire in Downing Street

And we've all got to pay the bills

But when we all work for free I don't see how we ever will

And if I keep my receipts, can I claim back the mistakes

And the lives ruined by this government?

Or in another 18 years of budget cuts and tears

Will the people pay for those, just like we pay your rent?

And say farewell, farewell to welfare.

So give me change, give me equality

Give me a minister for women that don't represent me

Give me a decent honest Nick who's on the level

Until the first glimpse of power, make a deal with the devil

And you tell me that this is democracy

And you tell me that it ain't no old boys' club

And as the thousands march on Westminster,

Look how quickly their demands are snubbed

And you ask me, "Where is the youth vote?"

Well they didn't let me in, so you'll find me in the pub

Raising a toast to the ghost of welfare

And I used to dream of a Britain where I'd be proud to bring up kids

These days I'd settle for a Britain where I'd be allowed to bring up kids

And Mrs May, if I may be so bold as to say

That your archaic view of family holds no relevance today

And if you think that honest people should be turned away

From IVF and BandBs just because they're gay

Then I suggest you stop requesting that we continue to pay

Our taxes to a party that's held us back all the way

I'll take my business, and my produce, and my income tax elsewhere

And say farewell, farewell to welfare

I'll say farewell, farewell to welfare

They'll say to hell, to hell with welfare

And I'll say farewell, farewell to welfare

WORKING HEART

www.andyhowell.info/Guitar-Pages/Working-Heart.wav

By Andy Howell

He gave 45 years of his prime and his health
With never a thought for personal wealth
To work for this town
In the place of his birth
Was all that he needed to prove his own worth

She gave 25 years after the family had flown
To feed little children so that they may learn
In the kitchens and playgrounds
She sang her sweet song
To work for little futures she stayed the day strong

Chorus

**And we came from the Midlands
And the high Scottish glens
From the green fields of Ireland
And Welsh misty lands
From war torn Europe we came to this place
Bringing not just our labour, but our styles and grace**

**And we come from far off Asia
And the Caribbean fine shores
And we came to seek refuge from far distant wars
To dream the same dreams
And to colour the grey stone
We are the working heart of this town we called home**

For 34 years he worked on the bins
And now he's nearly 60 he's not wanted it seems
For you need young limbs to stay ahead of the cart
There's no work in this town no matter how big the heart

She spent 12 fine years since she came to this land
Working with the aged as she led them by the hand
Through the twilight of years she kept their fears at bay
And she knew in this town she'd found a place she would stay

Chorus

They say there's no cash for our town anymore
To care for the young ones, the old and the poor
To pay the thousands who kept this town moving round
Who's jobs slip away without a murmur or sound

But our cash lives on in our new global brands
In bonuses, boardrooms and large dividends
Is there no other way in this globalised age?
While our swimming pools close and our libraries fade

And the foodbanks grow and our debts multiply
It's a full-time occupation this struggle to get by
Part time work brings no security
Struggling with one job when I need the pay of three

And we still care for our neighbours, our family and friends
Nobody knows how this story will end
We still dream the same dreams
And we've coloured the grey stone
We are the working heart of this town we call home

ASBESTOS

BY ROB HARPER



THEY DROVE THE RAIL-WAYS THEY BUILT OUR HOMES. THEY MADE THE DUST AND CARVED THE BOARD-ING
FROM THE KIL-LER STONE. THEY FIRED THE BOIL - ERS THAT CRE - AT - ED
STEAM BUT NO ONE TOLD THEM OF THE HARM THAT LAY WITH - IN.

They drove the railways, they built our homes
They made the dust and carved the boarding from the killer stone
They fired the boilers that created steam
But no-one told them of the harm that lay within.

We've come a long way in forty years
But the damage done to working people will not disappear
The paid they suffer, their shortened lives
So those who caused this hurt must surely pay the price.

Let's join our voices, shout loud and clear
We'll make our call to ban asbestos
from every which and where

**STOP ITS PRODUCTION,
SEE IT'S NO MORE
JUST LEAVE THAT STONE
UNPROCESSED FOR THE REST OF TIME**



Miracles

By Jim Woodland

Featured on Celebrating Subversion CD



soundcloud.com/jimwoodlandsongs/10-miracles

If you sit back for a while, rest and smile and close your eyes,
When you wake up everything will be all right.
You just take a little rest, get it all off your chest and close your eyes
And when you wake up everything will be alright,
But they don't fool me...

I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe it's true.
One light, one fight, one little dance... That's all you do.
I don't believe in fairytales, and I don't believe in lies.
We don't need to fly but still we try and that's all we do...
That's all we do...

I am ready to believe that the dead will rise and the blind will see
And the sun will shine from underneath the sea.
I could easily accept that a man could walk across the sky,
But when they ask me to believe the rich would let the poor go free...

I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe it's true.
One light, one fight, one little dance... That's all you do.
I don't believe in fairytales, and I don't believe in lies.
We don't need to fly but still we try and that's all we do...
That's all we do...

I've seen your dreams nailed up to a tree and left up there to die
But I'm ready to believe that one day they will rise.
I can feel it in my bones if you roll away the stone you can step into the light
And the meek will inherit everything here, but not by being meek I fear...

I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe it's true.
One light, one fight, one little dance... That's all you do.
I don't believe in fairytales, and I don't believe in lies.
We don't need to fly but still we try and that's all we do...
That's all we do...

Everybody knows that the yellow brick road goes up into the sky
And the fairy lives on top of the Christmas tree.
And fish can walk and dogs can talk and pigs can probably fly
But when they ask me just to wait for my rewards at the pearly gates...

I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe it's true.
One light, one fight, one little dance... That's all you do.
I don't believe in fairytales, and I don't believe in lies.
We don't need to fly but still we try and that's all we do...
That's all we do...

THE SPITFIRE MIGRANTS



www.youtube.com/watch?v=TGNjTm0VEXM

By Robb Johnson

WELL THE TRAF-FIC'S AT A STAND-STILL FROM HANG-ER LANE TO SLOUGH
THERE'S WHITE NOISE ON THE RAD-IO AS A MIN-IST-ER TELLS YOU HOW
EUR - O - PE - AN MI - GRANTS MUST BE QUO - TA'D AND CON - TROLLED
YOU LOOK OUT YOUR CAR WIN-DOW AT THE SPIT-FIRE MI-GRANTS WAR ME - MO - RI - AL.

*Well the traffic's at a standstill from Hanger Lane to Slough
There's white noise on the radio as a minister tells you how
European migrants must be quota'd and controlled
You look out your car window at the*

Spitfire migrants war memorial.

*At the Polish war memorial you hear some joker claim
For traffic jams on motorways migrants are to blame
So he advocates a programme to repatriate them all
Those with names like those lives numbered on the*

Spitfire migrants war memorial.

*Well they climbed into their Spitfires when the Fascists filled the sky
And for London and those white cliffs these migrants fought and died
Their brothers marched through Russia to Casino where they fell
For freedom like the exiles on the*

Spitfire migrants war memorial.

*So far away from home they drove the Fascists from the skies
And now you shake hands with those fascists that wear a suit and tie
Your hypocrisy, your bigotry it's an insult to us all
And the memory of Kosciuszko Squadron and the*

Spitfire migrants war memorial.

*Now the world seems at a standstill from Hanger Lane to hell
There's white noise in the media the truth gets hard to tell
But your hypocrisy, your bigotry it's an insult to us all
So I take my inspiration from the*

Spitfire migrants war memorial.

WE SANG 'EM DOWN

By Tim Martin



WELL THE FAS CISTS CAME TO WAL SALL TOWN AND TRIED TO PUSH US A - ROUND
SO WE OR - GAN - ISED A FES - TI - VAL 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
WE SANG OH OH OH WE DON'T WANT YOU HERE WE SANG NO NO NO TO RACE HATE AND FEAR
WE SANG 'EM DOWN, RIGHT OUT OF OUR TOWN YES WE SANG 'EM DOWN, RIGHT OUT OF THE TOWN



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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

WHEN FINCHLEY CASTLE FALLS



www.youtube.com/watch?v=QOf6o6dEJIQ

by Robb Johnson

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: I DREAMED I SAW NED LUDD LAST NIGHT BRING WAPPING TO A STAND STILL THAT TURNED IN-TO A GEN-ER-AL STRIKE LED BY YOUNG AR THUR SCAR GILL AND TONY BENN A LIVE A GAIN AND WRITING ON THE WALL BEHOLD THE AGE OF MIRACLES WHEN FINCH LEY CAS TLE FALLS BEHOLD THE AGE OF MIRACLES WHEN FINCH LEY CAS TLE FALLS

**I dreamed I saw Ned Ludd last night bring Wapping to a standstill
That turned into a general strike led by young Arthur Scargill
And Tony Benn alive again and writing on the wall
Behold the age of miracles
When Finchley Castle falls**

**And all the green fields breaking through the concrete of the years
At Grunwick and at Greenham red roses reappeared
And suffragettes reclaimed the night and occupied Whitehall
Behold the age of miracles
When Finchley Castle falls**

**The rich will all say sorrybe abolished and return their stolen goods
Their weapons turned to ploughshares to ensure the common good
Austerity will be history, with enough for one and all
Behold the age of miracles
When Finchley Castle falls**

**And then the dream was over, and we begin again
The daily bread and roses, but we remember when
The songs that break the silence, the truth that breaks the spell
Rose up one May Day morning
And Finchley Castle fell**

Yes, we'll be singing of the dark times...
Every new day's dawn
Brings a song of its own
Waiting to be sung

Voices That's All

By Boff Whalley

www.youtube.com/watch?v=8IIm-d_g3F4



Seigfried Sassoon on the Dunbar End
Everyone sang
When strangers became your new best friends
Everyone sang
It was Armistice Day, and peace broke out
Everyone sang
Sometimes a melody is louder than a shout
Everyone sang

Somebody struck up a song
We didn't know the words but still we sang along

Just our voices, that's all
Everywhere a concert hall
Voices, that's all
Lullaby and call

Chuckling out time at the bar on the corner
Everyone sang
From the Albion tap room to California
Everyone sang
In the olden days before they put in a jukebox
Everyone sang
Please to put a penny in the old man's voicebox
Everyone sang

Somebody struck up a song
We didn't know the words but still we sang along

Just our voices, that's all
Everywhere a concert hall
Voices, that's all
Lullaby and call

Lost in the middle of a demonstration
Everyone sang
All power to imagination!
Everyone sang
Your song it sounds a whole lot better
Everyone sang
When everyone sings that song together
Everyone sang

Somebody struck up a song
We didn't know the words but still we sang along

Just our voices, that's all
Everywhere a concert hall
Voices, that's all
Lullaby and call

Sassoon wrote a beautiful poem called 'Everyone Sang'. He spent time during the war injured in a hospital in Edinburgh (the 'Dunbar End' is at Hibs football ground) where he met Wilfred Owen. In the 1960s, when I was a boy I'd be taken with my sister to the local pub on Friday night, where my Uncle would start off the singing and everyone there would spontaneously join in.

This is a song celebrating the power of communal singing

Rosa's Lovely Daughters



www.youtube.com/watch?v=4J-M65KQfPs

By Robb Johnson

Featured on Celebrating Subversion CD



Who's that walking miles for wa-ter? Who's that sweat shoppin' all the day long?



From the hot south, to the cold north Who are these so proud and strong?



We are Ros - a's love-ly daugh ters we are no man's blushing bride



We are Ros - a's love-ly daugh ters and we will not be de-nied.

**Who's that walking miles for water?
Who's that sweat-shoppin' all the day long?
From the hot south, to the cold north
Who are these proud and strong?**

**We are Rosa's lovely daughters, we are no man's blushing bride
We are Rosa's lovely daughters and we will not be denied.**

**From the workbench in the back room
To the benchmarks on the bed
From the mad mothers to the peace campers
Who are these seeing red?**

Chorus

**See the fathers handshake their bargains
While their good wives stand round and they weep
But we're singing as we're dancing
We are no man's to give or to keep.**

Chorus

**Wearing trousers or short skirts (as we please!)
We'll walk at night together in the centre of town
We are free spirits taking the night back
We are wildfire across dry ground.**

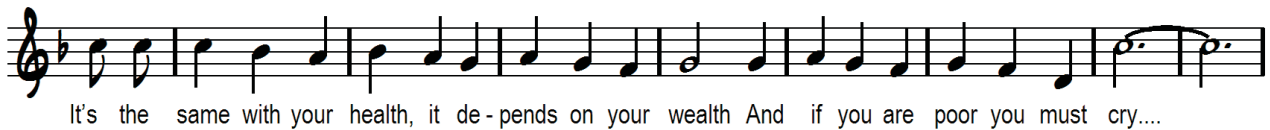
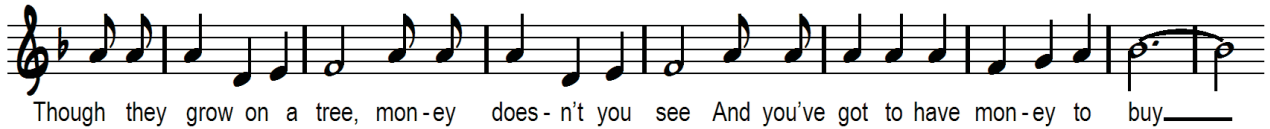
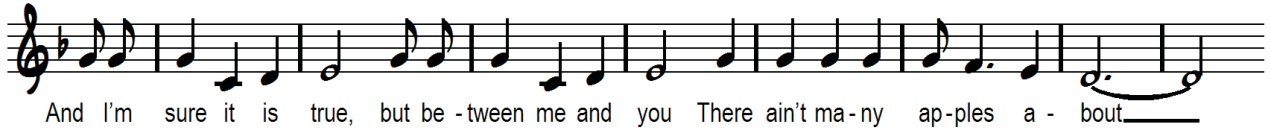
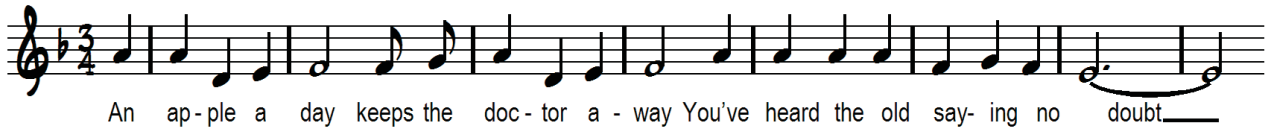
Chorus

(alt. last verse written by Janet Russell with Robb's permission)

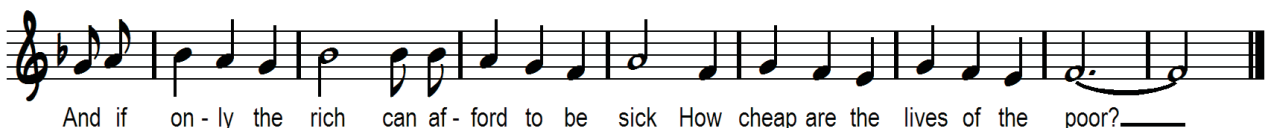
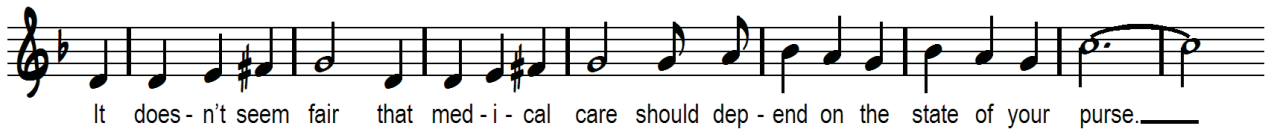
CAN WE AFFORD THE DOCTOR?

Featured on Celebrating Subversion CD

by Sandra Kerr



CHORUS



An apple a day keeps the doctor away
You've heard the old saying , no doubt
And I'm sure it is true, but between me and you
There ain't many apples about
Though they grow on a tree, money doesn't
you see, and you've got to have money to buy
It's the same with your health,
it depends on your wealth
And if you are poor you must cry...

CHORUS

Can we afford the doctor
The dentist, the midwife, the nurse?
It doesn't seem fair that medical care
Should depend on the state of your purse.
I know it's a hard pill to swallow
And what should we take for a cure?
And if only the rich can afford to be sick
How cheap are the lives of the poor?

Well we had a long wait but the new Welfare State
Brought the NHS and peace of mind
New glasses, new teeth, and – what a relief
No medical fees we'd to find
But you have to watch out
There are MPs about
Who would sell it as quick as a flash
To their pals, old school chums
Who just sit on their bums
And do nothing but rake in the cash, And....

In these troubled days the government says
We've got to make cuts to survive.
But should the pounds and the pence be spent on defence
Or keep the Health Service alive?
It's time to take stock, not turn back the clock
To those terrible bad good old days
It's OUR NHS nothing more nothing less
And never again must we say...

BIG SOCIETY

by Tim Martin

Musical score for the song 'BIG SOCIETY' by Tim Martin. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Come gath-er round you child-ren won't you lis-ten to my song— I'll tell you 'bout our lib-raries, they won't be here for long, And when they're gone they're gone, yes when they're gone they're gone, then they're gone. Are we in it to - ge-ther now? Are we all in it to - ge-ther now, this big so - ci - e - ty'.

Come gather round you children won't you listen to my song
I'll tell you 'bout our libraries, they won't be here for long
And when **they're gone they're gone**, and when **they're gone they're gone**,
then they're gone

Come gather round my sweethearts won't you listen to my plea
They'll privatise the NHS, destroy society
And when **it's gone it's gone**, and when **it's gone it's gone**, then it's gone

Chorus:

Are we in it together now? Are we all in it together now? - this big society

Come gather round compadres now try to understand
If you're ill or you're disabled you'll get less in this fair land
And when **it's gone it's gone**, and when **it's gone it's gone**, then it's gone

Come gather round you people I hope you will concede
The bankers stole our pension with hypocrisy and greed
And when **it's gone it's gone**, and when **it's gone it's gone**, then it's gone

Chorus:

Come gather round you comrades, I hope you all agree
You know we can defeat them with strength and unity
And when **we're strong we're strong**, and when **we're strong we're strong**,
then we're strong

Come gather round you voters, and listen to my song
We could get rid of this government and I hope it won't be long
And when **they've gone, they've gone**, yes when **they've gone, they've gone**,
then they've gone

Chorus:



Ballad of John MacLean

youtube.com/watch?v=61etFdGpXq8

By Matt MacGinn

No human being on the face of the earth, no government, is going to take from me my right to speak, my right to protest against the wrong, my right to do everything that is for the benefit of mankind

TELL ME WHERE YOU'RE GAUN LAD_ AND WHO YE'RE GAUN TO MEET, I'M HEA-DING FOR THE STA-TION THAT'S ON BU-CHA-NAN STREET. I'LL JOIN TWO HUN-DRED THOU-SAND THAT'S THERE TO MEET THE TRAIN THAT'S BRING-ING BACK TO GLAS-GOW OUR OWN DEAR JOHN MAC-LEAN. DO MI - NIE DO-MI - NIE THERE WAS NANE LIKE JOHN MAC-LEAN THE FIGH-TING DO-MI - NIE

Dominie, Dominie.

There was none like John MacLean, the fighting Dominie

Tell me where you're going lad, and who you're going to meet
I'm headed for the station, that's in Buchanan street
I'll join two hundred thousand, that's there to meet the train
That's bringing back to Glasgow, our own dear John MacLean

Tell me where he's been lad, and why has he been there
They've had him in the prison, for preaching in the square
For Johnnie held a finger up, to all the ills he saw
He was right side of the people, but the wrong side of the law

Johnnie was a teacher, in one of Glasgow's schools,
The golden law was silence, but Johnnie broke the rules
For a world of social justice, young Johnnie could not wait
He took his chalk and easel to the men at the ship yard gate

The leaders of the nation made money hand o'er fist
By grinding down the people, by the fiddle and the twist
Aided and abetted by the preachers and the press
John called for Revolution, and he called for nothing less!

The bosses and the judges, united as one man
For Johnnie was a danger, to their 14 - 18 plan
They wanted men for slaughter, in the fields of Armenteurs
John called upon the people, to smash the profiteers

They brought him to the courtroom, in Edinburgh town
But still he didn't cower, he firmly held his ground
And stoutly he defended, his every word and deed
Five years it was his sentence, in the jail at Peterhead

For seven months he lingered, in prison misery
Till the people rose in fury, from Glasgow to Dundee
Lloyd George and all his cronies, were shaken to the core
The prison gates were opened, and John was free once more!

YOUR NEW SONGS WANTED

SING SONGS WRITE SONGS YOUR NEW SONGS NEEDED

When we sing together we are united in one voice. It gives us strength, confidence and new ideas. This is our third edition of The Political Songster. The old songs keep us connected to our history, a history that remains hidden or ignored.

But we need new songs as well about the issues, struggles and triumphs of today. Let's get the songs out there and let's get them sung. Send us your songs so that we can publish another booklet for people to use at song sessions and events. Let's make it possible for our voices to be heard through the power of song.

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.



**Every second Wednesday
of the month. 8:30 at
THE PRINCE OF WALES
Moseley, Birmingham
B13 8EE**