

The POLITICAL SONGSTER

April 2016

22 songs to sing and share

£3:00



"A pamphlet is never read more than once but a song is learned by heart and sung over and over again". Joe Hill

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

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

Refugees Are Welcome Here

by Val Regan

Val says "feel free to adapt and share this song as you wish"

CHORUS

Re - fu - gees are wel - come here Re - fu - gees are wel - come here
Time to make a stand all a - cross the land and say
Re - fu - gees are wel - come here

VERSE

Po - li - ti - cians love to play the num - bers game
Well the num - bers all have fa - ces and they all have names
Child - ren flee - ing war are not the ones to blame
We can put the po - li - ti - cians all to shame, Sing

Refugees are WELCOME HERE, Refugees are WELCOME HERE
Time to make a stand all across the land and say
REFUGEES ARE WELCOME HERE

1. Politicians love to play the numbers game
Well the numbers all have faces and they all have names
Children fleeing war are not the ones to blame
We can put the politicians all to shame, Sing

2. Open up the border open up the door,
In this land of plenty we have room for more
Raise your voice for freedom, sing with all your might
Turn a human wrong into a human right, Sing

TAX DODGER

Dave Rogers

(Fighting the Cuts, 2011) Available on CD

“Tax avoidance is the activity undertaken by large companies and wealthy people in particular who employ accountants, people who look a bit like me, who’ve got the same qualifications as me, who actually use their skills so utterly unproductively to work out what the loopholes are that they can get their clients around the tax law.”

Richard Murphy, Tax Justice Campaign

“They have teams of accountants looking for legal loopholes, and that the last government and this government are reticent about closing them, because they think that all these financial institutions would decamp elsewhere if they do. Let ’em, in my opinion, would we miss them? It cost three trillion to bail the banks out, can we afford them?”

Dee Luxford, PCS, MHRC worker

Oh Geor-gy Os - borne, real name Gi - de - on He's so good at tax fid - dling
His Dad got rich and made a kil - ling, Gave Geor - gy boy a tax free four mil - lion
Now tax a - void - ance is - n't a crime And fid - dler George is do - ing fine
He's a dodg - er, a tax dodg - er, he's a dodg - er and he's do - ing fine



**Georgy Osborne real name Gideon
He's so good at tax fiddling
His Dad got rich made a killing
Gave Georgy boy a tax free 4 million
Tax evasion isn't a crime
And fiddler George is doing fine**

He's a dodger, a tax dodger, he's a dodger and he's doing fine

**Philip Hammond, defence minister
He dodges tax nothing sinister
Hides his dosh with his wife
He only wants to have a better life
7 million quid is all he's got
But we're all in this together are we not!**

He's a dodger, a tax dodger, he's a dodger and he's doing fine

**Andy Mitchell moves his cash out
To the Virgin Isles where he can splash out
He's conscientious and benevolent
As the boss of International Development
He's caring for the global poor
And dodging taxes on a foreign shore**

He's a dodger, a tax dodger, he's a dodger and he's doing fine

**Sir Philip Green don't pussyfoot
Tells the government what they should cut
His travel plans are very wako
'cos they don't pay any taxes in Monaco
While all of us are being bled
He'll be sailing in his yacht around the Med**

He's a dodger, a tax dodger, he's a dodger and he's doing fine

**It isn't just, it isn't fair
A country run for billionaires
They make us pay for all their skanking
And the millions that they lost on dodgy banking
Tax 'em all until they're cracking
If they don't like it here send them packing**

He's a dodger, a tax dodger, he's a dodger and he's doing fine

**Hands off our schools, hands off our pay
Hands our off pensions, our working day
Our mothers fought, our fathers strived
To win for all a fairer better life
Tax avoidance, we must stop it
Tax their riches, tax their bonuses and profits**

NO TO THE CUTS

Rob Harper

The Go-vern-ment is rob-bing the poor to help the wealth-y
It's hard - work - ing fa - mi - lies who're pay - ing through the nose
It's time to put a stop to it, say no to this in - just - ice
It's time to stand to - geth - er and shout No to the Cuts

NO TO THE CUTS, the bank - ers dropped us in it
NO TO THE CUTS, they can pay to get us out
NO TO THE CUTS, in - crease tax - es, don't cut ser - vi - ces
NO TO THE CUTS, def - end our wag - es, keep our jobs

The Government is robbing the poor to help the wealthy
It's hard working families who're paying through the nose
It's time to put a stop to it, say no to this injustice
It's time to stand together and shout No to the Cuts

NO TO THE CUTS, the bankers dropped us in it
NO TO THE CUTS, they can pay to get us out
NO TO THE CUTS, increase taxes, don't cut services
NO TO THE CUTS, defend our wages, keep our jobs

*This is a great demo song.
Keep singing the chorus till
you can't sing anymore.*

They tell us it's progressive to tax workers to the hilt
While they slash the town hall budgets and throw people out of work
Our leaders must oppose them, we've got to start campaigning
Stand together, help each other and say No to the Cuts

Sack the coppers, close the libraries, sell the forests, shut the CAB
Take the BBC World Service and slash it to the bone
Cameron and Osborne won't be happy till they flog off all our heritage
Helped the bankers and stockbrokers, brought the country to its knees

Here's a series of songs for anti-war activists -
take them and sing them on marches and demos

Trident

Ewan MacColl 1961,
adapted Pam Bishop 2016

Has to Go

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major and 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody with lyrics: "We're march - ing to Tra - fal - gar Square, O yes O". The second staff contains the accompaniment with lyrics: "To - day we're march - ing to dec - lare that Tri - dent has to go".

We're marching to Trafalgar Square,

OH YES OH

Today we're marching to declare that

TRIDENT HAS TO GO

Trident costs a bomb, we know

And kills a million at one go, so

Fallout here and fallout there

And Strontium 90 everywhere, so



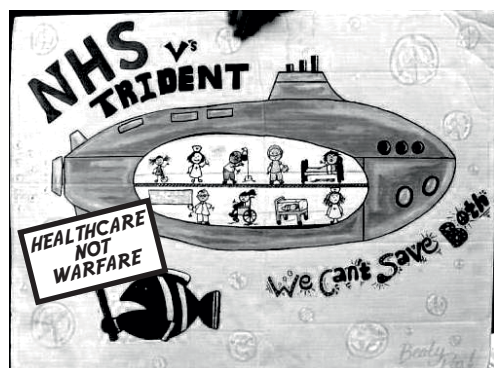
**O dropping bombs is all the rage
I'd rather live to a ripe old age so**

**The old folks and the kids at school
They all repeat this golden rule that**

**I asked my girl to marry me
She said, I will if you'll agree that**

**This overcrowded world is small
But it's better than no world at all, so**

**I had a dream the other night
I dreamed the Tories saw the light, and
TRIDENT HAS TO GO**



War is Good for Business

by Maggie Holdsworth, Nin Giddings and Robb Johnson

The inspiration for this came from the following ^{shocking} link:
<https://theintercept.com/2015/12/04/defense-contractors-cite-benefits-of-escalating-conflicts-in-the-middle-east/>

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Greetings, fellow shareholders This is Oshkosh Lock-brain In - cor - po - ra - ted War is a - lways good for busi - ness And peace is fi - nan - cially o - ver - rat - ed Just don't men - tion the peo - ple, Shh! Just don't men - tion the peo - ple, Shh! Just don't men - tion the peo - ple that we kill'. The score includes guitar chords (G, D, C, D) and a box indicating 'after last chorus only' for the final line.

Greetings, fellow shareholders
This is Oshkosh Lockbrain Incorporated
War is always good for business
And peace is financially overrated.
Just don't mention the people, *Shhhhhh!*
Just don't mention the people, *Shhhhhh!*

This song was written at a
Sing Political workshop
with Robb Johnson

There has been a significant uptick
For solutions in defence across the board
We have products for every theatre
That any dictator can afford.
Just don't mention the people, *Shhhhhh!*
Just don't mention the people, *Shhhhhh!*

A wide range of expendable options
Rockets, hell fire missiles, bombs and drones
Armoured cars to mechanise your soldiers
When you've got that turmoil in your zones.
Just don't mention the people, *Shhhhhh!*
Just don't mention the people, *Shhhhhh!*

600 billion dollars in the budget
For spending on defence, now what a treat!
Our programmes are now all so well supported
Soon there will be war on every street.
Just don't mention the people, *Shhhhhh!*
Just don't mention the people, *Shhhhhh!*
Just don't mention the people **that we kill.**



Don't Want Trident Anymore

Nin Giddings, John Pole and Pam Bishop

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'If we didn't pay for Trident O how happy we would be. We could spend a hundred billion Building homes for you and me. No more sheltering in doorways. No more sleeping on the street. No more living with our parents Getting underneath their feet.' The score includes chord symbols (G, C, D7) and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

If we didn't **pay for Trident**

O how happy we would be

We could spend a **hundred billion**

Building homes for you and me.

No more sheltering in doorways

No more sleeping on the street

No more living with our parents

Getting underneath their feet

If we didn't **pay for Trident**

What could we do then? Oh yes!

We could save a hundred billion

Spend it on the NHS.

No more waits for operations

No more hours in A and E

We might find a cure for cancer

Or eradicate TB

Once again we'd **own the railways**

O what changes could be made

Art and music would be funded

Even singers could be paid!

We could hand out solar panels

Stop pollution in its tracks

Even make big corporations

Start to pay a bit of tax

We could

close down all the food banks

We'd not need them any more

Re-open all the **public libraries**

House the homeless and the poor

Schools and centres for the children

Education cuts would cease

If we didn't pay for Trident

We could all **enjoy the peace**

We've seen films of Hiroshima

Films of Nagasaki too

We have seen what nuclear weapons

Did to them in World War Two

We don't want no nuclear weapons

We don't want no nuclear war

Let us save a hundred billion

Don't want Trident any more.

This song was written at a
Sing Political workshop
with Robb Johnson

Join in the Line

Ewan MacColl, adapted Pam Bishop 2016

Want to hear the song-birds sing-ing, want to see the sun as well We don't want the Trident bombs to blow us all to hell
We don't want our bod-ies scat-tered all a-round We'd rath-er go on liv-ing with both feet up-on the ground
Won't you join in the line, won't you join in the line Want to keep on breath-ing? Then join us in the line
Won't you join in the line, won't you join in the line Come and save the world, we're on-ly just in time.



Want to hear the songbirds singing, want to see the sun as well
We don't want the Trident bombs to blow us all to hell
We don't want our bodies scattered all around
We'd rather go on living with both feet upon the ground

*Won't you join in the line, won't you join in the line
Want to keep on breathing? Then join us in the line
Won't you join in the line, won't you join in the line
Come and save the world, we're only just in time.*

They say they've got a clean bomb where the fallout doesn't fall
But to me the best bomb is the bomb that isn't there at all
You ask for decent houses and they give you bombs instead
And a six-foot hole to house you in and a medal when you're dead

The government is toiling, they're working night and day
At planning your destruction in a scientific way
They ask for you to trust them and let them have their head
You'll find you have no problems but you'll also find you're dead

IF YOU WANT TO FIND MY FAMILY

This song was written at a
Sing Political workshop
with Robb Johnson

by Graham Langley, Tune: Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire

If you want the politicians
I know where they are
I know where they are
I know where they are
If you want the politicians
I know where they are
They're slapping each other on the back
I've seen them, I've seen them
slapping each other on the back
I've seen them
slapping each other on the back

If you want to find the pilots
I know where they are
I know where they are
I know where they are
If you want to find the pilots
I know where they are
They're sleeping safe at home in bed
I've seen them, I've seen them
Sleeping in their own warm beds
I've seen them
Sleeping in their own warm beds

If you want the arms suppliers
I know where they are
I know where they are
I know where they are
If you want the suppliers
I know where they are
They just can't believe their luck
I've seen them, I've seen them
They just can't believe their luck
I've seen them,
They just can't believe their luck

If you want to find shareholders
I know where they are
I know where they are
I know where they are
If you want to find shareholders
I know where they are
They're up to their knees in cash
I've seen them, I've seen them
Up to their knees in cash
I've seen them
Up to their knees in cash

If you want to find my father
I know where he is
I know where he is
I know where he is

If you want to find my father
I know where he is
He's underneath the rubble of his house
I've seen him, I've seen him
Underneath the rubble of his house
I've seen him
Underneath the rubble of his house

If you want to find my mother
I know where she is
I know where she is
I know where she is

If you want to find my mother
I know where she is
She's weeping at the grave of her son
I've seen her, I've seen he
Weeping at the grave of her son
I've seen her,
Weeping at the grave of her son

If you want to find my children
I know where they are
I know where they are
I know where they are

If you want to find my children
I know where they are
They're washed up on a foreign shore
I've seen them, I've seen them
Washed up on a foreign shore
I've seen them
Washed up on a foreign shore

If you want to find my sister
I know where she is
I know where she is
I know where she is

If you want to find my sister
I know where she is
She's pinning another explosive on her vest
I've seen her, I've seen her
Pinning another explosive on her vest
I've seen her,
Pinning another explosive on her vest

Repeat first verse

Hark! the Tory warlords sing
“Bombing children is the thing!”
“Peace on earth will profit none,”
Jeer The Mail, Express and Sun.
Joyful all ye jetplanes rise
Humming gladly through the skies
Hear the vampire host proclaim
“Blow it up! It's one of them!”

***Hark! the Tory warlords sing
“Bombing children is the thing!”***

Oil by markets all adored
Oil the everlasting Lord!
Now we fear it's running out
Wreck their lands to lessen their clout.
Veiled in lies the Cameron see,
Heil continuing idiocy,
Pleased as punch, he thus intones
“Ground troops out! Release the drones!”

***Hark! The Tory warlords sing
“Bombing children is the thing!”***

Hail the Corbyn, talking sense!
See the UKIPs build a fence,
High, to keep the “migrants” out!
See the Liberals saying nowt.
Mild the Corbyn seeks discussion
With the Syrian and the Russian
Angry Murdoch rallies round
Tramples Corbyn in the ground

***Hark! The Tory warlords sing
“Bombing children is the thing!”***

BOMBING CHILDREN IS THE THING

Stuart Estell

tune:

Hark the Herald Angels Sing



Frozen in Disneyland

By Fran Delaney and Tina McKeivitt

INTRO



VERSES



LAST VERSE



**Shoo be doo
I wanna dress up like you-oo-oo
I want to march like you
Shooting too
Ooh oo oo**

**I'm a princess in Disney
A little V.I.P
We've reached the top
But I'm not gonna stop
I'll tell you what's bothering me**

**On the way to Disney
With my family
We took a detour
To learn about war
And this is what I could see**

**I saw lines of crosses
(Uncle Somebody was one of these)
Our trip to Ypres
Gave me the creeps
But not as much as that
giant mouse that hugged me (SPOKEN)**

**My dad saw the ad for Disney
At home on our TV
He paid a lot
But what have we got
A failed fairy tale family fantasy**

**In the car on our way home
There was a great big row
Mom said she couldn't give a fuck
About Donald Duck
Our kids should learn real history**

**Think of those white crosses
Lives frozen there in time
Kids not much older than you
Died for someone else's cause
Is that what you want to do?**

**Shoo be doo
Don't want to be like you-oo-oo
Don't want to bomb like you
Kill people too
I won't die like you**

This song was written at a
Sing Political workshop
with Robb Johnson

More than Enough by Robb Johnson

There's al - ways the mon - ey for mis - siles and tanks
There's al - ways the mon - ey for gene - rals and banks
There's al - ways the mon - ey for new ways to kill
But a li - mi - ted budg - et for you if you're ill
Yes, there's al - ways e - nough for a war
But there's nev - er e - nough for the poor

**There's always the money for missiles and tanks
There's always the money for generals and banks
There's always the money for new ways to kill
But a limited budget for you if you're ill
Yes, there's always enough for a war
But there's never enough for the poor**

**There's always the money for tunnels and roads
For opera and ballet, but not jobs and homes
For MP's expenses and fat subsidies
But there's never the money for nurseries
And the well-off they always take more
So there's never enough for the poor**

**There's always the money for tests they can pass
Or fail you for not being white middle class
There's always the goodies for those with most greed
But never enough for those in most need
There'd be a pay rise if you're on the board
But there's never enough for the poor**

**Consider the little of life that we know
We bring nothing, take nothing, pass through and go
We're all of us poor when it comes to the night
In need of the darkness, in need of the light
If we learned to want less and love more
There'd be enough for the poor
'Cos there's more than enough for us all**

Jolly Well Drunk

traditional song adapted by Tim Hollins

Some peo-ple will tell you that drink-ing's a curse, While oth-ers will tell you it's quite the re-verse,
Some peo-ple drink all their days to em-ploy, Some drink in sor-row and some drink for joy,
Some drink when you're christ-ened and some when you're wed, Some are drink-ing your jol-ly good health when you're dead,
Some drink on all these oc-ca-sions, like I, For I drank at my birth and I'll drink 'til I die.
For I mean to get jol-ly well drunk, I do, I mean to get jol-ly well drunk, I do,
As long as I'm here, I'll stick to my beer, For I mean to get jol-ly well drunk, I do.

1 Some people will tell you that drinking's a curse,
While others will tell you it's quite the reverse,
Some people drink, all their days to employ,
Some drink in sorrow and some drink for joy,
Some drink when you're christened and some when you're wed,
Some are drinking your jolly good health when you're dead,
Some drink on all these occasions, like I,
For I drank at my birth and I'll drink 'til I die.

Chorus:

*For I mean to get jolly well drunk, I do,
I mean to get jolly well drunk, I do,
As long as I'm here, I'll stick to my beer,
For I mean to get jolly well drunk, I do.*

2 I'll drink 'til the high price of gas becomes small,
'Til broadband and beer they cost nothing at all,
I'll drink 'til we have no more reason to strike,
And we all value work just as much as we like,
I'll drink 'til the Syrian refugees smile,
'Til the big city bankers are all standing trial,
'Til Blair has to beg at the gates of our mansion
And George Osborne's just had his benefits sanctioned.

3 I'll drink 'til the football stars, choke as they guzzle,
And I mean to keep drinking 'til Murdoch is muzzled,
I'll drink 'til our trains are once more British Rail
And Jeremy Corbyn is loved by the Mail
I'll drink 'til the snoopers first ask our permission
'Til a Volkswagen diesel has zero emissions!
I'll drink 'til all wealth is shared out among men (and women!)
And let's drink and let's drink 'til it's shared out again!



It's Ours by Peter Branson

They'll say it can't be done, the profit motive makes the world go round.
Go tell the soldiers that, the ones they've maimed or planted underground.
Tell folk who work for charity, tell teachers, nurses, others who
give everything for little pay, self sacrifice is human too.
after final verse
Self sacrifice is Christian too. and Muslim too.

They'll say it can't be done; the profit motive makes the world go round.
Go tell the soldiers that, the ones they've maimed or planted underground.
Tell folk who work for charity, tell teachers, nurses, others who
give everything for little pay: self sacrifice is human too.

Let's claim what's ours by right from those who hold the future in their hands,
spiv bankers and fund managers, all smoke and mirror, shifting sands.
Let's take our water companies on, the oil, electric and the gas:
vast billions go to shareholders; we'll act to grab that back en masse.

Let's wrest our transport back, control our buses, trains and aeroplanes,
not subsidise smug plutocrats who run things for their private gains.
Let's keep our national health our own and pay a reasonable amount
for vital drugs sick people need: let's sort those multinationals out.

Let's win control, cooperate, get organised, campaign and fight,
not let the greedy few make hay from what we all should own by right.
Let's plan for what the future holds, root out unfairness far and wide;
let's work with nature in our thoughts, green city, town and countryside.

They'll say it can't be done; the profit motive makes the world go round.
Tell our soldiers that, the ones they've maimed or planted underground.
Tell folk who work for charity, tell teachers, nurses, others who
give everything for little pay: self sacrifice is human too -
self sacrifice is Christian too - and Muslim too.

HERE'S TO YOU BRICKIES

Words Tim Hollins

Tune: Prince Among Men (Andy Irvine)

Our house, no 169 Newcombe Rd is one of a long terrace built in 1906, as the city expanded. When we had double glazing put in a couple of years ago, Matt (who was doing the work) called down from the upstairs window: "I don't know what the brickies were doing the day they built your house, but this window is completely off centre!"

CHORUS

Here's to you brick-ies, who built one - six - nine, From six in the morn-ing, lay-ing bricks in a line,
Did you build the old hos - pi - tals, build our first schools, Were you pleased with the job when you laid down your tools?

VERSE

You woke in a slum, black mould on the wall, When you pulled on your boots did you feel ten feet tall?
Wear-y to work, paid just one and nine, With your hod and your trowel, for the mil li - onth time, so



Chorus

*So here's to you brickies, who built 169
From six in the morning, laying bricks in a line
Did you build the old hospitals, build our first schools
Were you pleased with the job, when you laid down your tools?*

You woke in a slum, black mould on the wall,

1 When you pulled on your boots, did you feel ten feet tall?
Weary to work, paid just one and nine
With your hod and your trowel, for the millionth time

Half nine, and the gaffer calls: "Time for a brew!"

2 And the rooms of our house are now clearly in view
Windows and doors to last through the years
And walls to hear laughter, loving and tears

Chorus

3 Round twelve, there's a shout "This window's askew!"
But no time to relay it, it'll just have to do
For the gaffer is pushing, he needs 'em to run
"She'll last as she is, boys, just get this one done"

4 At sarnies, the Union talk goes around
"The strike's on tomorrow, we fight for two pound
And a school for our kids, and a doctor that's free
Sick pay and dole, and an end to TB"

Chorus

5 The afternoon drags, as the temperature falls
And freezes their fingers, as they finish our walls
Or was it a scorcher, no shirt on their back -
Dreaming of Galway, fiddles and the craic?

6 Now their day's work is done, and the chimney well laid
Though to finish our house, past seven they stayed
Did they dream of the future, did they die in their beds?
Did they fall on the Somme, in the slaughter ahead?

Chorus

7 So today 169 is our port in the storm
And I hope that in your house, you are sheltered and warm
Feel their bricks under your hand, feel our past
They built our city, and they built it to last!

Chorus

We Will Sing One Song

by Joe Hill

A songwriter, itinerant labourer and union organizer, Joe Hill became famous around the world after a Utah court convicted him of murder. Even before the international campaign to have his conviction reversed, however, Joe Hill was well known in hobo jungles, on picket lines and at workers' rallies as the author of popular labour songs and as an Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) agitator. Thanks in large part to his songs and to his stirring, well-publicized call to his fellow workers on the eve of his execution—"Don't waste time mourning, organize!"—Hill became, and he has remained, the best-known IWW martyr and labour folk hero.

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave, the horn-y hand-ed son of the soil.
 He's toil - ing hard from the crad - le to the grave, but his mas - ter reaps the prof - it from his toil
 Then we'll sing one song of the greed - y mas - ter class, they're vag - rants in broad - cloth in - deed,
 They live by rob - bing the ev - er toil - ing mass, hu - man blood they spill to sat - is - fy their greed
 Or - gan - ize! Oh toil - ers, come or - gan - ize your might,
 Then we'll sing one song of the work ers' com - mon wealth, full of beaut - y, full of love and health

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave
 The horny handed son of the soil
 He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave
 But his master reaps the profit from his toil
 Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class
 They're vagrants in broadcloth indeed
 They live by robbing the ever toiling mass,
 Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed

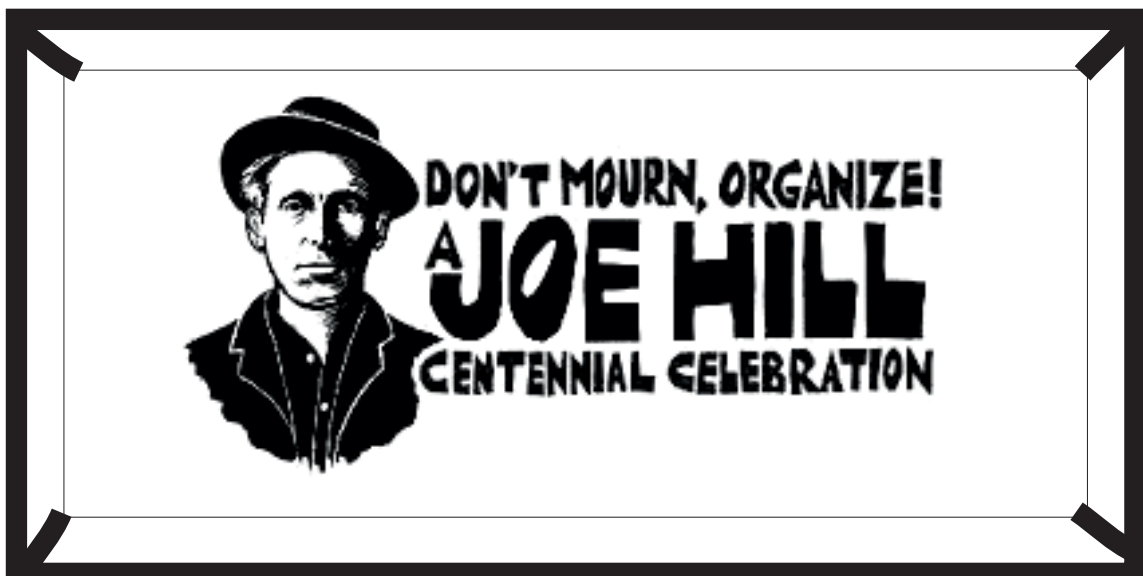
CHORUS

**Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might
 Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth
 Full of beauty, full of love and health**

We will sing one song of the politician sly
He's talking of changing the laws
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy
While we make the welkin ring with our applause
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line
She's scorned and despised everywhere
While in the mansions the "keepers" wine and dine
From the profits that immoral traffic bear

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek
He tells you of homes in the sky
He says "Be generous, be lowly and meek
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die"
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp
He carries his home on his back
Too old to work, he's not wanted round the camp
So he wanders without aim along the track

We will sing one song of the children in the mills
They're taken from playgrounds and schools
In tender years made to go the pace that kills
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand
The hope of the toiler and slave
It's coming fast! It is sweeping sea and land
To the terror of the grafter and knave



Tommy Brown

by Tom Patterson

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is accompanied by guitar chords indicated above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Born in North Shields with the salt spray in his blood, and so he went to sea just when he could,
Work-ing, wash ing pans as a NAA-FI kitch-en hand, on board H. M. S. Pet-ard far from land.
It was sail-ing north of E - gypt the Pet-ard trapped her foe, Lurk-ing man-y fath-oms far be - low,
From lunch-time of that day till light had slipped a - way, U - 5 - 5 - 9 was pound-ed in the fray.
He went down, Tommy Brown, in - to the waves be - low, Swam out to the U boat half na-ked in the flow, He went down,
Tommy Brown, in - side the conning tower with Gra zi - er and Fas son the her-oes of the hour, He went down.

Thomas William Brown is the youngest person to have ever received the George Medal aged 19. In October 1942, as a NAAFI canteen assistant, he was involved in the action between Petard and U-559, being one of three men to board the sinking submarine in an effort to retrieve vital documents, and was the only one of the three to survive. These documents would later lead the Bletchley Park codebreakers to crack the German Enigma code. After this heroic deed, it was revealed that he was underage to be at sea. He returned home to North Shields. In 1945 he died from injuries sustained while rescuing his sister Maureen from a house fire in South Shields whilst on leave from HMS Belfast.

**Born in North Shields with the salt spray in his blood
And so he went to sea just when he could
Working washing pans as a NAAFI kitchen hand
On board HMS Petard far from land
It was sailing north of Egypt, the Petard trapped her foe
Lurking many fathoms far below
From lunchtime of that day till light had slipped away
U559 was pounded in the fray**

*He went down, Tommy Brown, into the waves below
Swam out to the U-boat half naked in the flow
He went down, Tommy Brown, inside the conning tower
With Grazier and Fasson, the heroes of the hour, he went down*

**Searching through the quarters they opened every door
As the water poured in covering the floor
Till in the Captain's drawer, Lieutenant Fasson saw
The code books that would help to win the war
“Get up, the water's rising, get up now,” Tommy said
“Get up for heaven's sake or you'll be dead,”
Suddenly a wave swept the U-boat to its grave
And Tommy was the only one they saved.**

**They sent the finds to England, then on to Bletchley Park
Where December brought the breakthrough into Shark
Now they could attack every hidden U-boat pack
And guide the allied shipping safely back
But the war would soon be over for brave young Tommy Brown
They found he was too young to serve the crown
He was never recognised and in two short years he died
Trying to save his sisters from a fire**

**Born in North Shields with the salt spray in his blood
And so he went to sea just when he could
Working washing pans as a NAAFI kitchen hand
On board HMS Petard far from land
On board HMS Petard far from land**

Take Back the Land

(and share it out)

Words & Music by
@dogcatchicken aka **Tim Martin**

CHORUS

It's out-rage - ous, it's au - da - cious, what we're say-ing to you
Is it treas - on be-yond reas - on what we're say-ing to you,
We've got to take back the land and share it out
take back the land and share it out

VERSE

If you go walk-ing in this fine land, it's so plain to see
Emp - ty build-ings and dis - used land we could use for free

*It's outrageous, it's audacious, what we're saying to you
Is it treason, beyond reason, what we're saying to you
We've got to take back the land and share it out
Take back the land and share it out*

If you go walking in this fine land, it's so plain to see
Disused houses and empty land, we could use for free

The Lords and Ladies saw the common land, said we can take this for free
So they stole it from every woman and man, 'twas legalised thievery

Now the rich have land and the poor have debts, anybody can see
If we can share the empty land, we could grow food for free

So whenever there is disused land, form a community
Let's put it in a melting pot, a common treasury

OPEN BORDERS

Available on Wild Geese DVD and CD

By Dave Rogers

They placed me in the back of a lorry, there was a small room just behind the lorry driver which had a door which could be opened from underneath the lorry. They put me there and there were 3 more as well and he just drove out to somewhere - somewhere safe.”
Payam Bhakshayesh, Iranian activist and asylum seeker.



Em D Em

Tra-vel-ling north in search of free-dom Down dust-y roads and mo-tor-ways

Em D Em

On-ly the roar-ing dies-el en-gine Com-forts a lone-ly ém-i-gré

Em D Em

Ov-er cool moun-tains, burn-ing des-erts Fly-ing past fo-rests, fields of corn

Em D Em

On-ward we go, lost in the dark-ness Tra-vel-ling north from dawn to dawn

C Em C Em

Tear down the walls, no det-en-tion Un-bolt the locks, no pris-on chains

C Em C Em

Cut through the wires, op-en bord-ers Fling back the doors, let free-dom reign



1 Travelling north in search of freedom
Down dusty roads and motorways
Only the roaring diesel engine
Comforts a lonely émigré
Over cool mountains, burning deserts
Flying past forests, fields of corn
Onward we go, lost in the darkness
Travelling north from dawn to dawn

CHORUS

*Tear down the walls, no detention
Unbolt the locks, no prison chains
Cut through the wires, open borders
Fling back the doors, let freedom reign*

2 Here in the dark we dream of sun light
And cool riverbanks where the small fish glide
We yearn for the scent of sweet magnolia
And garlands of stars in the Eastern sky
We come here to work to sell our labour
We offer the skill of our hands and our brains
Farmers, doctors, students, teachers
Hoping to breath free air again

3 We are 'the poor and huddled masses'
Driven in exile to your shores
Leaving our families far behind us
Fleeing oppression, famine and war
Millions have walked this way before us
With holes in their shoes and hope in their hearts
From the ghettos of Warsaw to Sarajevo
They ask for a chance to make a new start



SING POLITICAL:
A political song session
at 8:30pm on the second
Wednesday of each month
at THE PRINCE OF WALES
Moseley, Bham B13 8EE

SING SONGS, WRITE SONGS: YOUR NEW SONGS WANTED

When we sing together we are united in one voice. It gives us strength, confidence and new ideas. 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. Send your songs, with music notation and/or a link to a web soundfile or video, plus if possible a statement to put the song in context to:

graham@tradartsteam.co.uk

Previous issues of the Political Songster

March 2014

Saltley Gate, Jamie Foyers, Motor Trade Workers, The Ballad of Joe Hill, El Salvador, The Rich Man and the Poor Man, Striking Times, My People, Jump You Fuckers, Hard Times of Old England, Ballad of Accounting, Maerdy, The Last Pit in The Rhonda, Wasn't that a Time, Power in the Union, After the Revolution, We Will Rise

January 2015

Hello Friend, As I was a-walking down Brummagem Street, Jute Mill Song, 60 Quid a Week, Bugger the Bankers, We're All in This Together, I am Changing My Name to Fannie Mae, Entrepreneur, Go To Work on Monday, Streets of our Town, I Wanna Go Home, The Birmingham Rat, The Bankers' Song, Minimum Wage Strike, The Green Fields of France, Mrs Bellamy

April 2015

The Ballad of Rivka and Mohammed, The Peasant Workers' song, Quite Early Morning Internationale, Sing for the Climate, Here Today, Which side are you on, The Bedroom Tax Song, Farewell to Welfare, Working Heart, Asbestos, Miracles Spitfire Migrants, We Sang 'em Down, When Finchley Castle Falls, Voices, That's All Rosa's Lovely Daughters, Can We Afford the Doctor? Big Society, The Fighting Dominie