

The POLITICAL SONGSTER

December 2016

£3:00

Jo COX nonsense
REVOLUTION Chilcot STEEL
Racism Cuba Power
BEER **SONGS** GRUNWICK
Castro WAR
WOMEN Defend NHS
Jolly Tatter
Hinkley Point Trump
Trade Unions REFUGEES M&B
FIDEL woman Jeremy Corbyn
Brum's Rotunda
Unemployment

Supplements

Celebrate Don Perrygrove
Corbyn - Tear out and keep
Trump - Tear out and throw away

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

Edition no 6



www.TradArtsTeam.co.uk

CONTENTS

Don Perrygrove tribute	1
Motor Trade Workers	2
Enoch dear Enoch.....	3
M&B Downer	4
Brum's Rotunda	6
Redeployed	8
Jolly Tatter	9
Doggie Pill.....	10
Grunwick	11
The Compañeros – Ewan MacColl	12
Blame it on Fidel – Chris Mullen	14
Comandante Fidel Alejandro Castro Ruz – David Rovics...	16
Ballad of Jo Cox – Peter Branson.....	18
Small Boy – Dave Rogers.....	19
Chilcot Chant – Jacky Chambers.....	20
Not Quite That's Right 2015 – Dave Rogers	21
Get on the side of the Doctors – Sandra Kerr	22
Furnace End – Jacky Chambers and Andy Howell	23
They sent a woman – Nancy Nicolson	24
The Unknown Soldier – John Pole	26
JC for PM for me – Robb Johnson	27
Three Cheers for Jeremy Corbyn – Tim Hollins	28
Power – Dez Allenby and Graham Langley	30
Christmas Eve in Bethlehem – David Rovics	32
Old Man Trump – Woody Guthrie.....	33
The Biggest Landlord – David Rovics.....	34

No Such Thing as a Protest Singer?

Last February the Guardian carried an article “Not talkin’ bout a revolution: where are all the protest songs?” But what do they know? This is the fifth issue of our Political Songster, and the second one of 2016. There are plenty of people like Dave Rogers, Robb Johnson, Sandra Kerr and David Rovics out there, but they are under the radar of the arts establishment – you can find some of their songs in this issue and of course on their Facebook and YouTube feeds.



The Don Perrygrove Celebration Supplement

Don with Pam Bishop
at the Grey Cock Folk Club Jan 1983

This Political Songster celebrates an old friend we lost track of over twenty years ago. We have recently discovered that he died in Italy last year. So we dedicate this issue to Don and his songs. Eight are included, please let us know if you know of any others.

Don Perrygrove who died in November 2015 in Genoa was active in the radical folk music scene in Birmingham and the UK in the 60s and 70s and wrote a number of effective, funny and politically astute songs.

He was a line worker at the Standard Triumph car factory and a shop steward involved in trade union politics and a member of the Communist Party who later studied at Fircroft College and Cambridge University.

He was a regular at the Grey Cock Folk Club and together with others there had links with Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger and Charles Parker, the BBC producer of the Radio Ballads. Don was in the group around Charles Parker called the Parkhouse Convention which was instrumental in the formation of Banner Theatre which continues to create radical multimedia work.

Brian Homer 2016

Motor Trade Workers

Words: Don Perrygrove Tune: Dibden

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

Enoch, Dear Enoch

Don Perrygrove

E - noch, dear E - noch, you're gi - ving us the gripe
With your xe - no - pho - bic ra - ving, your tom - my rot - ten tripe
You run round like an O - mo rep, keep - ing Bri - tain white
But we all know you're a Fasc - ist, E - noch Pow - ell

Enoch, dear Enoch, you're giving us the gripe
With your xenophobic raving, your tommy rotten tripe
You run round like an Omo* rep, keeping Britain white
But we all know you're a Fascist, Enoch Powell

When speaking of our squalid slums, the black man is to blame
But we recall those squalid slums before the black man came
And we remember Mosley, who sounded just the same
The Tories used him just like you, we know their little game

Let's take a trip through history, go back to World War Two
When many a coloured seaman manned many a merchant crew
In Africa and Europe they fought at Tommy's side
And proudly marched to victory, though many thousands died

We put an end to Adolf and Il Duce Benito
And Messrs Smith and Vorster may be the next to go
While Franco's princely palace has become his prison cell
Don't be surprised if you and Paisley's on the list as well

You kneel in church on Sunday with the missus and the kids
Has Jordan never told you, the Bible's full of Yids
And Jesus wasn't English, but Jewish if you please
If you aim to be the Fuhrer, better get up off your knees

Enoch Powell's "Rivers of Blood" speech was given on 20 April 1968
*** Omo was a washing powder that claimed to make whites whiter**

The M&B Downer

Don Perrygrove
tune: Maggie May

In the year of six - ty six, poor old Brum was in a fix
For the Dray - men out at Cape Hill all stopped work
In a week it hit the town not a half pint could be found
And the lush - es of the ci - ty went ber - serk
They were drinking Pep - si Co - la, af - ter shave and ice cream so - da
And Gran - nie's pars - nip wine went down a treat
Our Chief Con - sta - ble complained of an emp - ty Steehouse Lane
Not a drunk was seen in all the ci - ty streets



In the year of sixty six, poor old Brum was in a fix
For the Draymen out at Cape Hill all stopped work
In a week it hit the town, not a half pint could be found
And the luses of the city went berserk

Chorus

***They were drinking Pepsi Cola, aftershave and ice cream soda
And Grannie's parsnip wine went down a treat
Our Chief Constable complained of an empty Steelhouse Lane
Not a drunk was seen in all the city streets***



Dick the Dypso's wife was bragging that her Richard's on the wagon
And has sworn to touch John Barleycorn no more
Then the kitchen she went in, found twelve empty Brasso tins
And poor old Richard paralytic on the floor

The barmaid she was cheering, 'cos since there'd been no beer in
She hadn't had to wash nor wipe a glass
Not a beer stain could be seen, 'cos they'd licked the tables clean
She was being paid for sitting on her -- Own

On the twelfth day of the famine, they called the custom man in
He declared, "This ale's unfit and it must go!"
So they poured the precious stuff down the bleeding brewery sough
Now we know why Sidney* Carter's down below

In the taverns and the pubs, and in the folk song clubs
To sing without their beer they knew not how
Then the Campbell's had a hunch, and drained The Jug Of Punch
And had the bloody cheek to sing The Barley Mow

Brum's boozing intermission was far worse than prohibition
But I'm pleased to say once more they've got their beer
And one last thing I will say, if you draymen want more pay
Please don't strike, we'll have a whip round for you here

**Inspired by a strike of Draymen at Mitchells and Butlers brewery in 1966
*Sidney Carter was a well-known writer and singer of folk song at the time**

Three Cheers for Brum's Rotunda

Don Perrygrove

The Rotunda was built in 1965 and was depicted as a litter bin in an anti-litter campaign.

The musical score is written in G major and 8/8 time. It consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "In the year of nine-teen for - ty Hit - ler sent his bom - ber crew To bash hell out of Brum-ma-gem and near - ly did it too And when the war was o - ver, and Tom - my'd come off best Brum - mie brushed the de - bris off and bli - mey what a mess Threecheers for Brum's Ro - tun - da, Three cheers for Brum's Ro - tun - da Three cheers for Brum's Ro - tun - da It's the brand new sym - bol of the brand new Brum". The score includes various chords such as G, C, D, Em, and G.

**In the year of 1940 Hitler sent his bomber crew
To bash hell out of Brummagem and nearly did it too
And when the war was over, and Tommy'd come off best
Brummie brushed the debris off and blimey what a mess**

**Three cheers for Brum's Rotunda
Three cheers for Brum's Rotunda
Three cheers for Brum's Rotunda
It's the brand new symbol of the brand new Brum**

The grimy face of Brummagem had always been its curse
But now with all its battle scars it'd gone from bad to worse
"We must improve our image" all the City Fathers yelled
So over in the Council House a meeting it was held

Now over in the Council House around the table sat
There were Labourites and Tories and they argued this and that
But one thing was apparent and unanimously agreed
A Rotunda's what the Brummies need

Now the Irish came from miles around with blowlamp, pick and spade
Worked many an hour upon the site and many a pound was made
And when they reached the 20th floor a barrel was opened up
And Paddy, Mick and Brendan all dipped in the drinking cup

The Lord Mayor for that year his name was Alderman Frank Price
In his golden chain of office he said "Blimey ain't it nice!
It cost you half a million quid and it's cheap at half the price"
Well, you've got to have money in the bank, Frank

Now stand up on the 20th floor and view for miles around
The decrepit streets of Hockley, Aston, Ladywood, Newtown
Where many a couple are raising kids in a lousy two-room slum
I wonder what they're thinking of the symbol of new Brum



The building of the Empire State's the pride of all New York
Of the leaning tower of Pisa all Italians will talk
The Parisians boast the Eiffel Tower to everyone they meet
But none of them's got a litter bin a hundred and fifty feet!

Don Perrygrove
tune: Lili Marlene

Redeployed

Musical score for 'Redeployed' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, G, A, D, G, D, A, D, A, D, A, D.

Wor - king at the Aus - tin, for - ty years a - go
The in - dus - try was sea - so - nal, pro - duc - tion ebbed and flowed
The fore - man would sim - ply shout, "Hi Jack
Go fetch your cards, you've got the sack"
But now they re - de - ploy you, the Wil - son word for sacked

Working at the Austin, forty years ago
The industry was seasonal, production ebbed and flowed
The foreman would simply shout, "Hi Jack
Go fetch your cards, you've got the sack"
But now they redeploy you, **the Wilson word for sacked**

Then the gaffer of the forties said that sacking is old hat
Surely we can coin a phrase that's more refined than that
So he locked himself up with a dictionary
Then he came out with "redundancy"
But now they redeploy you, **the Wilson word for sacked**

The General Election of nineteen sixty-four
You paid political levies, and some of us did more
We canvassed the streets those wintry nights
And argued for the workers' rights
And now they've redeployed me, **the Wilson word for sacked**

Next winter at the Labour, I'm shuffling down the queue
Politically much redder, though physically quite blue
The future looks grey, though it ain't quite black
It could have been worse, 'cos I could have been sacked
But I ain't, I'm only redeployed, boys, **the Wilson word for sacked**

When I gets up to the counter, the clerk looks down the list
He said, I need a shepherd and a concert pianist
Well, I smiles and I says, "That ain't for me
I've set my heart on brain surgery
Now that I've been redeployed, boys, **the Wilson word for sacked**

The Jolly Tatter

In an oily cap and a khaki coat
 And a muffler knotted around his throat,
 The tatter leaps upon his cart
 With a crack on the whip, his day he starts,

CHORUS: Hear the clatter of the pony of the tatter,
 See his ears cocked back
 As the whip goes "Crack",
 Hear the moan of the shaft
 With the big load aft,
 And the whistle of the jolly tatter.

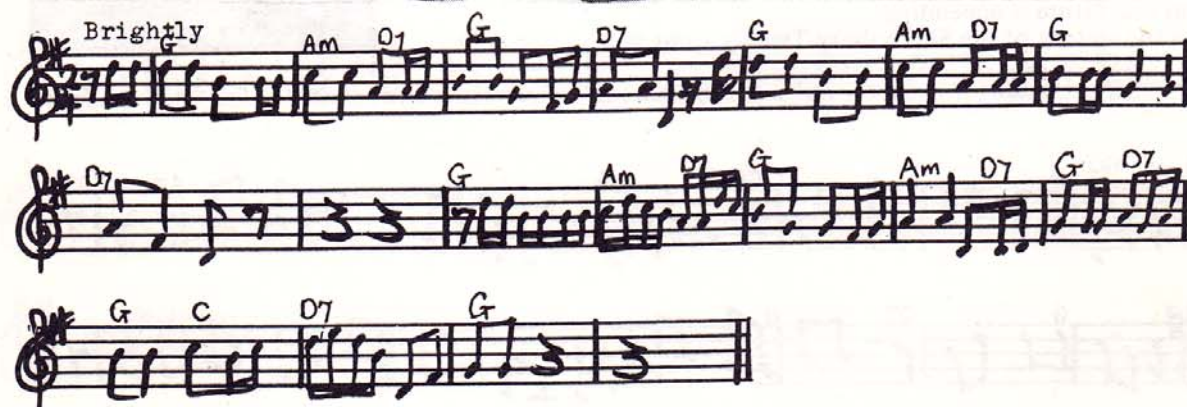
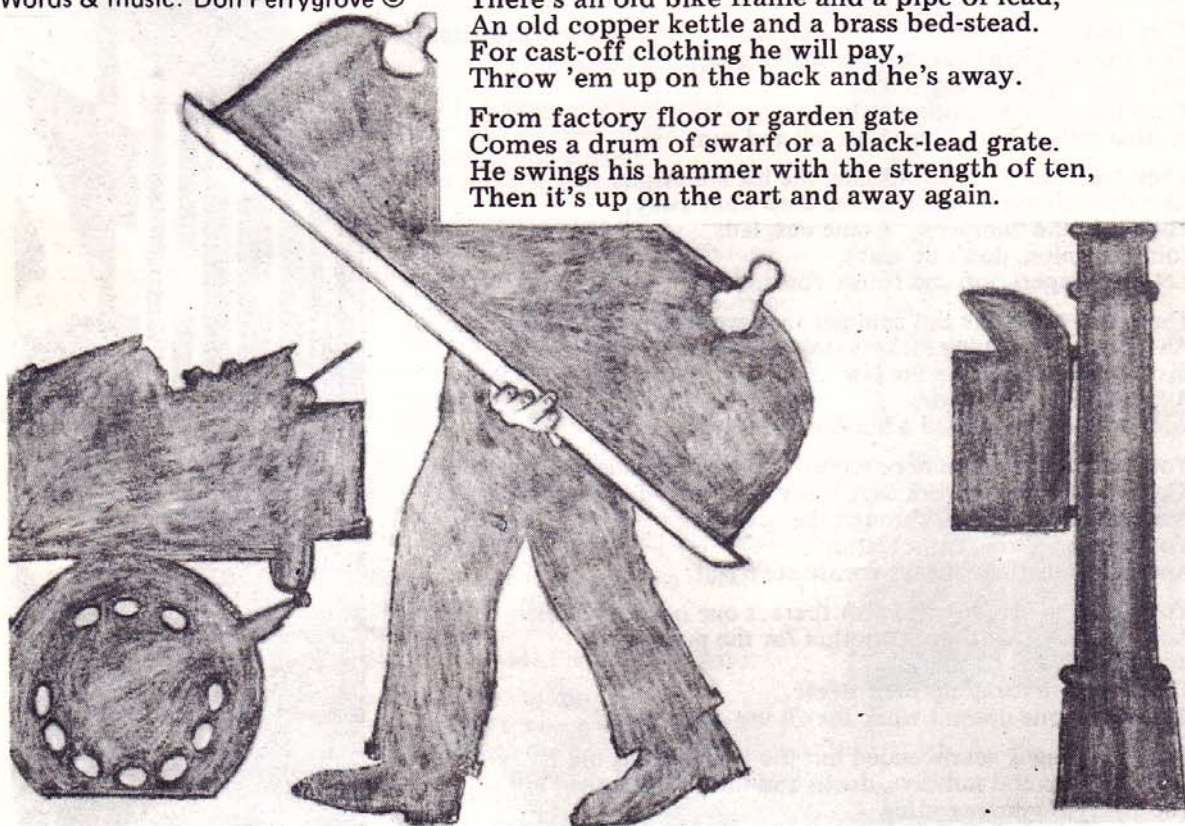
The tatter leaves at noon each day
 And through the streets he weaves his way,
 All the kids come racing out
 When they hear the tatters tuneful shout.

With bags of rags or an old tin pan
 They've come to trade with the tatter man,
 For windmills, tops or toy balloons,
 "Now, hurry up kids, I'm leaving soon."

Words & music: Don Perrygrove ©

There's an old bike frame and a pipe of lead,
 An old copper kettle and a brass bedstead.
 For cast-off clothing he will pay,
 Throw 'em up on the back and he's away.

From factory floor or garden gate
 Comes a drum of swarf or a black-lead grate.
 He swings his hammer with the strength of ten,
 Then it's up on the cart and away again.



Don Perrygrove

The Doggie Pill

From the south of Lands End to the north of John O Groats
Ev - ery pe - di - gree and mon - grel bitch is gua - ran - teed her oats
Glax - o's made a dog - gie pill so each bitch can have her thrill
With the hounds and their horns in the morn - ing

Statistics show that Britain has four million dogs at least
So the Glaxo labs brought out a pill and flavoured it with yeast
They just lap it from your hand, then nip out and have a feast
With the hounds and their horns in the morning

***From the south of Lands End to the north of John O Groats
Every pedigree and mongrel bitch is guaranteed her oats
Glaxo's made a doggie pill so each bitch can have her thrill
With the hounds and their horns in the morning***

My neighbour's poodle's on the pill and allowed out on the street
With her poodle parlour clippings and bow ribbons tied so neat
I overheard her tell her chum, "It's all meat, a real treat
With the hounds and their horns in the morning"

A Labrador I know has seven litters up to date
And judging by her belly she's expecting number eight
Her little paws are crossed in hope that there is no canine Pope
To ban the pill for the hounds in the morning

My maiden auntie's ginger tom is feeling rather vexed
'Cos he's read it in the Sketch that the pussy pill is next
And no wonder Tom's frustrated, Auntie's had him castrated
So he won't be on the tiles in the morning

The Irish lads throughout the world get drunk and sing and play
As they celebrate the seventeenth of March, St Patrick's Day
And the 24th of that same month's become St Bernard's Day
For the hounds and their horns in the morning

Rumour has it that the Glaxo van was at the Palace seen
With a plain brown paper package for Her Majesty the Queen
And a certain Royal corgi has arranged a Palace orgy
For the hounds and their horns in the morning

***The pill was brought out on 24 March 1969.
To be sung to the tune "D'ye ken John Peel" if possible***

GRUNWICK

Don Perrygrove
1978

Tune: The Fighting Dominie (Matt McGinn)

Hey sis - ter, where you go - ing in the mid - dle of the night?
I'm go - ing down to Lon - don, to the bloo - dy Grun - wick fight
Where a wee small band of im - mi - grants are figh - ting for their rights
So put your coat on, Jim - my man, and come and join the fight
Hold the line! Hold the line!
We'll be there be - fore the dawn to hold the pick - et line

Hey sister, where are you going in the middle of the night?
I'm going down to London, to the bloody Grunwick fight
Where a wee small band of immigrants are fighting for their rights
So put your coat on, Jimmy man, and come and join the fight

Hold the line! Hold the line!
We'll be there before the dawn to hold the picket line

Hey, Dai bach, what's the hurry? Hey, Ianto, what's the rush?
We're going down to Grunwick, we're off to stop that bus
In Merthyr, Ponty, Fernhill and the other South Wales mines
We've downed the picks and shovels and we're off to the picket line

From Glasgow up to Manchester, from Cardiff up to Crewe
From Brighton up to Liverpool, the word is getting through
United we shall stand, but divided we would fall
So get behind your banners, boys, and rally to the call

They're coming down by rattler, they're on the motorway
They're coming in their thousands, and they'll be here today
The engineers from Brummagem who sealed the Tories' fate
They stood beside the miners and they closed the Saltley Gate

THE FIDEL CASTRO SUPPLEMENT

The Compañeros

words and music: Ewan MacColl

goo.gl/LXUjym

The good ship Gran-ma lies at an-chor in the har-bour Wait-ing for the eve-ning tide to bring high wa-ter
It's bound for Cu-ba she must go, a - cross the Gulf of Mex - i - co And the Ca - rib-be - an o - cean
She's car - ry - ing a hu - man car - go, Eight - y three good com - pa - ñe - ros
Each one bur - ning with de - ter - mi - na - tion to be free A - gainst Ba - tis - ta, the Fi - de - lis - tas
Cour - age was their on - ly ar - mour as they fought at Fi-del's side With Che Gue - va - ra

The good ship Granma lies at anchor in the harbour
Waiting for the evening tide to bring high water
It's bound for Cuba she must go, across the Gulf of Mexico
And the Caribbean ocean
She's carrying a human cargo,
Eighty-three good compañeros
Each one burning with determination to be free
Against Batista, the Fidelistas
Courage was their only armour
As they fought at Fidel's side
With Che Guevara

Ten days out from Mexico these compañeros
Landed on the Cuban beach Los Colorados
Fidel said, this year will see our country and its people free
Or else we will be martyrs
We've only guns enough for twenty
The enemy has arms a-plenty
Meet him, then defeat him, and he'll keep us well supplied
Against Batista, the Fidelistas
Courage was their only armour
As they fought at Fidel's side
With Che Guevara

Five weeks later in the Canyon Del Arroyo
The people's army numbered eighteen compañeros
Hungry, weak, but unafraid
They're learning Revolution's trade
In the high Sierra Maestra
And in the mountains winds are blowing
Bearing seeds of hope and sowing
Crops in Cuban earth that mark the birth of victory
On compañeros, to El Uvero!
Courage was their only armour
As they fought at Fidel's side
With Che Guevara

They fought their way across the peak of El Turquino
Joined by peasant bands and men from Santiago
They faced Batista's tanks and planes
And drove them down into the plains
From the high Sierra Maestra
They drove the gangsters from Las Villas
Straight across the Cordilleras
Santa Clara fell to Che Guevara and was free
Against Batista, the Fidelistas
Courage was their only armour
As they fought at Fidel's side
With Che Guevara

The fire lit on that Cuban beach by Fidel Castro
Shines all the way to Tierra del Fuego
Its sparks are blown upon the breeze
And men rise up from off their knees
When they see the night is burning
It blazes up in Venezuela, Bolivia and Guatemala
Lights the road that men must go in order to be free
On compañeros, Americanos!
For a people's free America
Fidel has shown the way with Che Guevara



Blame it on Fidel

The bitter sweet saltwater
As I walk the Malecón
The sights and sounds above me
The toxic perfume lingers on
I'm sure I hear Segundo, caressing his tres (*Cuban guitar*)

I wish him well

Blame it on Fidel

The vultures circle over
Cement and mango trees
The city of Havana
It's multi-national free.
And in the back streets
the students help the elderly

I wish him well

Blame it on Fidel



Bridge

Granma we love you, Granma we love you
Though you said in '56 your flag flies proud and true
Presidents have come and gone
You've outwitted everyone
David and Goliath you've been
Though it may be true that your time now here is through

I wish him well

Blame it on Fidel

Helms or Halliburton
A business sponsored putsch
Will divine intervention
Mean the burning of George Bush
Instead you send out doctors
for all the world to heal

I wish him well

Blame it on Fidel

Repeat Bridge

I wish him well .. Blame it on Fidel
you've raised merry hell .. Blame it on Fidel

words and music by Chris Mullen

The bit - ter sweet salt wa - ter as I walk the Ma - le - cón
 The vul - tures cir - cle o - ver ce - ment and man - go trees

The sights and sounds a - bove me The tox - ic per fume lin - gers on
 The ci - ty of Ha - va - na, it's mul - ti na - tional free

I'm sure I hear Se - gun - do _____ ca - res - sing his tres
 and in the back streets the stu - dents help the el - der - ly

I wish him well Blame it on Fi - del

Gran - ma we love you, Gran - ma we love you

Though you said in fif - ty six your flag flies proud and true

Pre - si - dents have come and gone, you've out - wit - ted ev - ery - one

Da - vid and Go - li - ath you've been

Though it may be true that your time now here is through

I wish him well you've raised mer - ry hell Blame it on Fi - del
 Blame it on Fi - del

Commandante Fidel Alejandro Castro Ruz

David Rovics

goo.gl/QBjrGq


When we look at his - to - ry and how it's all un - wound
There are few peo - ple on the pla - net that have been more tight - ly bound
With the li - be - ra - tion of our trou - bled hu - man race
Than the man from San - ti - a - go with the beard up - on his face
Dressed in green fa - tiques that he wore most of his years
As he led his coun - try lon - ger than a - ny of his peers
And few men have been vi - li - fied more of - ten in the news
Than Com - man dan - te Fi - del A - le - jan - dro Cas - tro Ruz

When we look at history and how it's all unwound
There are few people on the planet that have been more tightly bound
With the liberation of our troubled human race
Than the man from Santiago with the beard upon his face
Dressed in green fatigues that he wore most of his years
As he led his country longer than any of his peers
And few men have been vilified more often in the news
Than Commandante Fidel Alejandro Castro Ruz

Born into a country of Dengue and despair
 Ruled by foreign armies ever since Columbus got there
 He'd reject his privilege and join humanity
 Forced to choose between his species and his family
 And when legal means had failed to stop the suffering he saw
 He decided it was high time to work outside the law
 He organized a revolution with the rifle and the fuse
 Commandante Fidel Alejandro Castro Ruz

When you win a revolution, you might stop when you're ahead
 But in the Havana Declaration the revolutionaries said
 Wherever people anywhere are found to be oppressed
 As long as we have hearts that beat within our chests
 It is our duty to support them - and Cuba sent their troops
 And Cuba sent their doctors, in ever-larger groups
 And their leader was the one in the track suit and running shoes
 Commandante Fidel Alejandro Castro Ruz

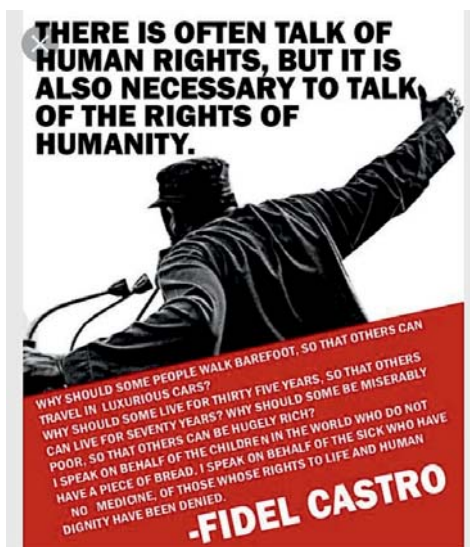
It could have been someone else, and he might be the first to say
 The movement makes the leader, not the other way
 But around the world right now, sitting at their dinner plates
 There are people praising this man who stood up to the United States
 And lived life as a beacon for a new society
 With housing, healthcare, education and the human right to dignity
 Central to the vision for which he stood accused
 Commandante Fidel Alejandro Castro Ruz



LEGACY OF FIDEL CASTRO AND THE CUBAN REVOLUTION

1. Only country in the Americas without child malnourishment
2. Declared "international paradise" for infants by UNICEF
3. Lowest child death rate in the Americas
4. 130,000 medical school graduates since 1961
5. Student:Teacher ratio of 10:1
6. Eliminated homelessness
7. Developed 4 vaccines against cancer
8. 54% of the national budget is used for social services
9. Sent 796 doctors and nurses to Liberia and Guinea.
10. Best education system in Latin America
11. One of the best human development indexes
12. First country to eliminate mother-to-child transmission of HIV

AND ALL OF THIS UNDER AN EMBARGO BY THE MOST POWERFUL COUNTRY IN THE WORLD



I can't predict the future, but if the past is any indication
 Many more will follow the trail of the little Cuban nation
 And soon in Havana, I hope that we may see
 A statue of the man, to go beside Jose Marti
 But wherefore goes Havana, or Angola, Mozambique
 I'll always remember the big man's rosy cheeks
 If the world could vote for a leader, how many just might choose
 Commandante Fidel Alejandro Castro Ruz

The Ballad of Jo Cox

by Peter Branson

Tune adapted from
'The Rambling Royal' (traditional)

The good die young, the sa - ying goes, cruel sticks and stones of Fate
Her cause to heal the world she knew of pre - ju - dice and hate
She's killed be - cause she spoke her mind, a sense - less, vio - lent death
Some zea - lous bi - got fuelled by lies has robbed her of her breath

**The good die young, the saying goes,
cruel sticks and stones of Fate,
her cause to heal the world she knew
of prejudice and hate.**

**She's killed because she spoke her mind,
a senseless, violent death.**

**Some zealous bigot fuelled by lies
has robbed her of her breath.**

**A stranger armed with knife and gun
assails her in the street.**

**'Put Britain First' he's heard to cry;
Jo's bleeding at his feet.**

**A man who's passing goes to help
but he gets stabbed as well.**

**While ambulance and police arrive,
Jo's fading where she fell.**

**She sided with the underdog
where fairness was at stake.**

**Now freedom and democracy
are stumbling in her wake.**

**Injustice and small-mindedness
were suits she wouldn't wear.**

**Expose the liars and damn the cost
the cross she chose to bear.**

**The good die young, the saying goes,
cruel sticks and stones of Fate,
her cause to heal the world she knew
of prejudice and hate.**

**The Queen of Heart's her epitaph,
so ardent, loyal, kind,
true daughter, sister, mother, wife
to loved ones left behind.**

SMALL BOY

Dave Rogers

Small boy, small boy, face down in the sand,
Swept a - shore like drift - wood on that Turk - ish strand
Sea - weed round your an - kles and white sand in your hair
Fro - zen for a mo - ment in the glo - bal me - dia glare
And they call you il - le - gal im - mi - grant O lit - tle re - fu - gee

Small boy, small boy, face down in the sand
Swept to shore like driftwood on the Turkish strand
Seaweed round your ankles and white sand in your hair
Frozen for a moment in the global media glare
And they call you illegal immigrant, o little refugee

You were just a toddler, flotsam on the shore
You could have been my grandson or the little boy next door
With your tiny shorts and T-shirts clinging to your skin
A scrap of human garbage for the Euro refuse bin
One more for the body count, little refugee

Small boy, small boy, how did you come to harm?
Torn by the cruel sea from your father's arms
Did you hold on to your sister's hand, o little refugee?
Did you hear your mother's awful cries, as you sank into the deep?
They call you illegal immigrant, little refugee

Small boy, small boy, lay down your sweet head
"No Room at the Inn", that's what the landlord said
No room for Christian charity, "send them back" they bawl
As the bombs fall on your broken land and they build another wall
One more for the body count, little refugee

Who sent in the guns and tanks to control the Middle East
Who profiteered from blood and gore in the name of global peace
Who destroyed your country, made you a refugee
Who turned their backs and let you drown in the cruel, cruel, cruel Aegean Sea
They call you illegal immigrant, little refugee
Young Aylan Kurdi murdered by their war machine



THE CHILCOT CHANT

JACKIE CHAMBERS

*Well I met him at Camp David with my denims ON
Da doo ron ron Da doo ron ron
I made a secret deal with the Pentagon
Da doo ron ron Da doo ron ron*

*Yeah – two macho guys
Yeah – no compromise
Yeah – oh we were all smiles
DA DOO RON RON DA DOO RON RON*

*Talked about a threat from W O M D
Told it like there was some real certainty
Thought that I might go down in history
DA DOO RON RON DA DOO RON RON*

*So – we went to war
Yeah – it broke the law
Yeah – oh! my name is TONE
DA DOO TONE TONE DA DOO TONE TONE*

*We bombed, we invaded and we killed all night
Da Do Bomb Bomb Da Doo Bomb Bomb
Half a million dead – it was worth the fight
DA DO BOMB BOMB DA DOO BOMB BOMB*

*Said – we had no choice
Used – my persuasive voice
Said – it wouldn't take very long
DA DOO BOMB BOMB DA DOO BOMB BOMB*

*I said to Bush – it's time we had a post war plan
Instead we invaded Afghanistan
Left behind a country both divided and poor
Created the conditions for civil war*

*Yeah – such a terrible shame
Yeah – I blame Saddam Hussein
Sure – the world's not the same
DA DOO BOMB BOMB DA DOO BOMB BOMB*

*Now millions of people, they are on the move
Da doo Run Run Da Doo Run run
So scared and weary – with no shelter or food
DA DOO RUN RUN DA DOO RUN RUN*

*Yeah – I got a few things wrong
But – it wasn't me alone
Yeah – war is never wise
But I never, never, never will apologise*

**SLOW IN MINOR KEY
SPOKEN SLOWLY TO CHORDS**

*Well Chilcot, now he told the truth
He said there was no need
To send in planes and tanks and troops
To make that country bleed
That nothing's solved through bomb and blast
We must learn lessons from our past
That politicians must explore
All options before they start a war*

**DA DOO BOMB BOMB BOMB
DA DOO BOMB BOMB**

Not Quite - That's Right

by Dave Rogers (tune Leon Rosselson)

Did they build a peo-ple's N. H. S. in nine-teen for - ty eight? Not Quite. Not Quite.
And all po - wer, wealth and pri - vi - lege did they e - ra - di - cate? Not Quite. Not Quite.
But ev - ery - thing we got be - fore they want to take a - way,
And what we get is get - ting less with ev - ery pas - sing day
But rest as - sured you'll be all right as long as you can pay, That's Right. That's Right.

Did they build a people's NHS in 1948?

Not Quite. Not Quite.

And all power wealth and privilege did they eradicate?

Not Quite. Not Quite.

But everything we got before they want to take away,

And what we get is getting less with every passing day

But rest assured you'll be all right as long as you can pay,

That's Right. That's Right.

Do the ones who cut our services consider you and me?

Not Quite. Not Quite.

By prolonging pain and suffering do they care to a degree?

Not Quite, Not Quite.

When they cut back public services and start to privatise,

They tell us we're more free to choose the way we live our lives,

If you're loaded then you're free to live, if not you're free to die.

That's Right. That's Right.

Will a privatised health service be concerned with saving lives?

It Might. It Might.

Will a firm that's geared to profits care as long as business thrives?

It Might. It Might.

So to minimise the costs just cut the service to the bone

Whatever is not lucrative is better left alone

And push the role of caring on the woman in the home,

That's Right. That's Right.

The NHS is wasteful

so the politicians say,

Quite Right. Quite Right.

We can't afford to keep it

so make everybody pay,

Quite Right. Quite Right.

United Health and Virgin

can watch their profits soar.

They get rich on the NHS

and still come back for more,

And who spends half our taxes

on those instruments of war?

That's Right. That's Right.

Stand with the junior doctors,

our future they defend ,

That's Right. That's Right

And those penny pinching pirates

must be beaten in the end,

We'll Fight. We'll Fight

We won't let them cut the service,

we won't let them privatise.

And we won't let them take away

our right to organise,

'Cos when they deal with life and death,

there is no compromise

That's Right. That's Right

GET ON THE SIDE OF THE DOCTORS

words & music Sandra Kerr, April 2016, goo.gl/U5F7my

Get on the side of the doc - tors, the doc - tors are fight - ing for you,
It's not that they like to be on strike but they've got to get the mes - sage through,
They're o - ver - worked and un - der - paid and the gov - ern - ment could - n't care less,
so give the doc - tors a hand, 'cos they're mak - ing a stand for the fut - ure of the N. H. S.

Get on the side of the doctors
The doctors are fighting for you
It's not that they like to be on strike
But they've got to get the message through
They're overworked and underpaid
And the government couldn't care less
So give the doctors a hand
For they're making a stand
For the future of the NHS



Back in the good old bad old days
You'd never call a doctor or nurse
If you felt ill, you thought of the bill
And then you felt a whole lot worse
Then a plan was conceived
We all were relieved, when it had a safe delivery
The health service was here, we had nothing to fear
It was ours, and best of all it was free

Get on the side of the doctors

Now the NHS is in distress
A chronically sick old man
Starved and stunted 'cos Jeremy Hunt
Has a privatisation plan
Doctors give the patient resuscitation
But as soon as they patch him all up
Along comes the knife to shorten his life
As the Tories make another cut

Get on the side of the doctors

The government says, "the NHS is safe
And our record is good"
If you believe that, you'd leave Count
Dracula in charge of giving blood
The waiting list grows and services close
While Jeremy's swinging his axe
And feeding the greed of those who don't need
the health service, just more off their tax!

Get on the side of the doctors

Junior doctors are sore, won't take any more
Of being treated like an old bedpan
And branded as reds under hospital beds
By Cameron and his right hand man
Those hospital workers will never desert us
They'll keep the NHS secure
For if only the rich can afford to be sick
How cheap are the lives of the poor?!!!

Get on the side of the doctors

Furnace End

JACKIE CHAMBERS AND ANDY HOWELL

tune: verse Marilyn Monroe (Ian Campbell), chorus Turn Turn (Pete Seeger)

Come all you work - ing folk who dream of times not long a - go
Of coke and ore and fur - na - ces and o - vens all a - glow
From Scun - thorpe and from Red - car, our steel went far and wide
Twelve mil - lion tons of steel each year, ma - ny thou - sand men em - ployed
So sing a - bout a time of steel, a time of pride when jobs were real
A time to earn, a time to live, a time to learn, a time to give

Come all you working folk who dream of times not long ago
Of coke and ore and furnaces and ovens all aglow
From Scunthorpe and from Redcar our steel went far and wide
Twelve million tons of steel each year, many thousand men employed

Chorus

***So sing about a time of steel
A time of pride when jobs were real
A time to earn, a time to live
A time to learn, a time to give***

One hundred years of smelting iron
Making girders for our schools
For homes, and shops and factories
Precision hand made tools
A time when skies were filled with light
When ovens glowed all through the night
A time when heads were held up high
A time to laugh – and not to sigh

Chorus

We said there'll be no subsidy
To cut the costs of fuel
We blocked an EU tariff
For the "lesser duty rule"
And now it's so much cheaper
To buy our steel elsewhere
And soon the ovens will all shut down
Their glow will disappear

We sold our plant to China
We now buy steel from them
Who ever thought that this would mean
An end for working men?
When Governments don't give a toss
Believe in laissez faire
When profits are the driving force
Then no one seems to care

We should have listened to the pleas
Of unions far and wide
Instead we bought steel overseas
Said "markets must decide"
We should have blocked the imports
And modernised our mills
We could have saved so many jobs
Kept workers and their skills

Chorus

***It's time to sow, it's time to reap
It's time to build, it's time to keep
It's time to fight, it's time to shout
It's time to save our steel industry***

[Spoken] Sheffield, Ravenscraig, Motherwell, Teeside, Corby,
Round Oak, Lackenby, Glengarnock, Port Talbot

They sent a woman

by Nancy Nicolson



Here's a link to the McAlmans singing this: goo.gl/UYceIe

(Musical score for guitar and voice)

I sent for the doc tor, I te - le-phon-ed to - day

The doc - tor was an aw - ful time a com - ing

Well I sent for the doc - tor, but sor - ry for to say

The doc - tor nev - er came, they sent a wo - man

But I let her make me bet - ter

Then I asked could she not get in - to nurs - ing

Well I sent for the doc - tor, but when she went a - way

I could - n't un - der - stand why she was curs - ing

I sent for the **doctor**, I telephoned today
The doctor was an awful time a-coming
I sent for the doctor, but sorry for to say
The doctor never came, they sent a woman
But I let her make me better,
Then I asked could she not get into nursing?
I sent for the doctor but when she went away
I couldn't understand why she was cursing

I sent for the **pilot**, I telephoned today
The pilot was an awful time a-coming
I sent for the pilot, but sorry for to say
The pilot never came, they sent a woman
But she roared off and she soared off
Then in she came and made a perfect landing
But why she simply wouldn't just have been an air hostess
I've got to say was past my understanding

I sent for a policeman, I telephoned today, the
Policeman was an awful time a-coming
I sent for a policeman, but sorry for to say, the
Policeman never came, they sent a woman
But she nabbed - the boy who grabbed
The payroll from the office in the High Street
But still I felt she should be told it's not a lassie's job
And I wouldn't want her on the beat in my street

I sent for the **farmer**, I telephoned today
The farmer was an awful time a-coming
I sent for the farmer, but sorry for to say
The farmer never came, they sent a woman
But her cows were, and her sows were
The very best, the top of all the bidding
And all I did was ask, "Is you father home in bed?"
It was then that I was landed in the mudding

So I prayed to **God Almighty**, I prayed to him today
The good Lord was an awful time a-coming
I prayed to God Almighty, and glory, glory, eh?
The great Almighty came, she was a woman
Well she viewed me, she how-de-do'ed me
Said: "My lad, you will not listen, you're not learning
So here's a little lesson, boy, you're coming back again
And this time as a woman you're returning"

I sent for the **doctor**, I telephoned today
The doctor was an awful time a-coming
I sent for the doctor and I'm very pleased to say
That when the doctor came she was a woman

As I walked down Par - lia - ment Street to West - min - ster
 As I walked past the Ce - no - taph one mis - ty day,
 The Un - known Sol - dier tapped me on the shoul - der
 With fin - gers as cold as the wet Flan - ders clay

**As I walked down Parliament Street to Westminster,
 As I walked past the Cenotaph one misty day,
 The Unknown Soldier tapped me on the shoulder
 With fingers as cold as the wet Flanders clay.**

He said, ‘Poppies look pretty and pensions come handy,
 But a whole life's much better than one shattered half –
 To tell some bloke's widow “He died for his country”
 Is comfort as cold as the stone Cenotaph.

‘The red poppy flow'rs that you wear in November
 In mem'ry of men killed in this or that war
 Serve only to help you forget to remember
 It's time we decided to soldier no more.

‘Me, I was killed with a spear-thrust at Agincourt,
 A sabre at Waterloo, a shell on the Somme,
 I was drowned at Dunkirk, killed by cold in Korea
 And now I've been smashed by some Arab lad's bomb.

‘I am a stand-in for all missing soldiers,
 For the poor sods “known only to God”, as they say,
 And for all the lost millions of unknown civilians
 That we killed and war killed and still kills today.

‘They say they don't know me but they feel they owe me
 Some glory because I died carrying a gun
 And ev'ry November we forget to remember
 That ev'ry day war will kill some mother's son.

‘Oh blow no more trumpets and roll no more drumbeats,
 March no more slow marches, fire no more salutes –
 War isn't some glorious “Send 'em victorious”,
 It's a stinking dead body with worms in its boots.

‘I want thirteen gen'ral's to carry my coffin,
 Thirteen politicians to sing my death song –
 They may crawl on their knees over barbed wire and shrapnel,
 The dead won't forgive them for what they did wrong.

‘*Our Glorious Dead*, say the words on the Cenotaph:
 Their bodies are broken, their beauty is fled,
 They were burnt, bombed and shot to save civilisation –
 It may have been glorious: they're certainly dead.’

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
 by
JOHN POLE
(Air: Streets of Laredo)

JC for PM for Me

Robb Johnson

What would you like for Christ - mas? Snow would be nice for a change
I wrote to San - ta but he just wrote back "My bu - dget's been cut and I've just got the sack"
To me that's a bit like po - li - tics It would be nice for a change
If you could vote for what you'd like to vote for In - stead of just more of the same
So I'm vo - ting Je - re - my Cor - byn, I'm vo - ting Je - re - my C.
I like his i - deas, they're fair and they're clear, Jez - za and me we a - gree
We're all for peace and jus - tice, and an - ti - aus - te - ri - ty
I'm vo - ting Je - re - my Cor - byn, J. C. for P. M. for me

What would you like for Christmas? Snow would be nice for a change
I wrote to Santa but he just wrote back "My budget's been cut and I've just got the sack"
To me that's a bit like politics, it would be nice for a change
If you could vote for what you'd like to vote for instead of just more of the same

*So I'm voting Jeremy Corbyn, I'm voting Jeremy C
I like his ideas, they're fair and they're clear, Jezza and me we agree
We're all for peace and justice, and anti-austerity
I'm voting Jeremy Corbyn, JC for PM for me*

I'd like no-one being homeless, good jobs and fair pay for all
And no fracking Trident, I'd rather we spent our taxes on hospitals, houses and schools
I don't want hate and humbug, what good is that going to do?
I'd like to vote for us sharing the pudding, not stuffing all year for a few

So I'm voting Jeremy Corbyn...

We're voting Jeremy Corbyn...

**Download to make it the Christmas hit
single! Official video at goo.gl/94zI2a**

*Robb adds: Jeremy Corbyn is for life, not just Christmas.
This lyric has already had different verse versions beforehand,
written as it was during the recent "leadership challenge",
so I would hope that people would apply the folk process
to this song and add their own verses if they want to*

THREE CHEERS FOR JEREMY CORBYN

Tim Hollins

In the se - ven - ties and eight - ies a young fire - brand a - rose
With strug - gle in his heart, and ra - ther shab - by clothes
His beard was an - ti To - ry, A - part - heid he fought
"We need a so - cial - ist Bri - tain" is what Je - re - my Cor - byn thought
Three cheers for Je - re - my Cor - byn Three cheers for Je - re - my Cor - byn
Three cheers for Je - re - my Cor - byn
He's a brand new lea - der for a brand new time

Chorus:

Three cheers for Jeremy Corbyn

Three cheers for Jeremy Corbyn

Three cheers for Jeremy Corbyn

He's a brand new leader for a brand new time!

In the 70s and 80s, a young fire-brand arose

With struggle in his heart, and rather shabby clothes

His beard was anti-Tory, apartheid he fought

"We need a socialist Britain" is what Jeremy Corbyn thought

Jeremy had his comrades inside the party fold
Tony Benn and **Dennis Skinner** never did what they were told
On Ireland and Palestine, he stood with the oppressed
And when the insults flew his way, he always passed the test

Then a scourge appeared, no-one knew from where
Grabbed the reins of power, yes you've guessed it, **Tony Blair**
Now Labour stood for profits, academies and greed
While **Jeremy** held firm, and said "it's socialism we need"

And Blair took us to war, on a tissue of lies
He plotted with his henchmen, and nothing can disguise
That five hundred thousand deaths can be laid at Tony's door
While **Jeremy** led the demos to "Stop the bloody War"

But lo – a mighty earthquake was building underground
'Cos there was no one left to leaflet, no members to be found
When Ed threw in the towel, defeat his sorry fate
The MPs said, "Let **Jeremy** stand – we just want a debate!"

And then, oh happy day, a miracle occurred
He blinked into the light, his ideas could be heard
On TV and the radio, his voice was clear and strong
"It's socialism Britain needs, to right the nation's wrongs"

But it's not just that a leader can hear the people's cries
It's not just that some Mps are telling truth, not lies
It's bubbling from the bottom up, a youthful inspiration
Change is bursting everywhere with hope and dedication

But deep within the darkness of our nation's hidden state
They're plotting now to strangle him, and send him to his fate
It happened down in Chile, in Spain and Greece too
We know what they're plotting – a very British coup

So for now we've won the battle to slay the Labour foe
And everywhere Momentum builds, who knows where it'll go?
A massive struggle looms, but something new is in the air
As half a million members shout -

"We demand a world that's fair!"



For a year and a half I had been on the dole,
 No work for a labourer, nothing at all,
 So I went down to Hinkley to look for a job,
 At the new power station to earn a few bob,
 and it's power, power,
 we must use our power or what price would we pay

For a year and a half I had been on the dole
 No work for a labourer, nothing at all
 So I went down to Hinkley to look for a job
 At the new power station to earn a few bob
 And it's power, power
 We must use our power or what price would we pay

So I asked the site agent if the money was good
 "Sure it's nuclear power boy so that's understood"
 I asked "Is it safe this power station of yours?"
 He lit up his fag and he told me "Of course it is"
 Power, power
 We must use our power or what price would we pay

Then I said to the man, "Why they must be a shower
 Somerset never needs all of this power"
 He says, "You know nothing of power supply
 We take it cross country with pylons sky high"
 We've got power, power
 We must use our power or what price would we pay

Yes it's far and away to the city it's bound
 But we make it out here far away from the towns
 We're safe and secure from explosions and such
 But I'd not live near it - no, thanks very much
 I've got power, power
 I must use our power or what price would I pay

Power

Dez Allenby
 &
 Graham Langley

Dez and Graham first wrote this song at a WEA folksong workshop in the 70's. Dez has sung it and re-crafted it over the years. Graham has added some verses recently because things never seem to change.

Well I dreamed it last night as I've lain at my rest
The strength of the structure was put to the test
As the force of plutonium broke through the shield
It opened up wounds that will never be healed
And that's power, power
We must use our power or what price would we pay

Yes, I dreamed that an accident wild as the sea
Had wiped out the village, my lodgings and me
That it was not as safe as they've had us believe
Once more they deceived us and left us to grieve
And that's power, power
We must use our power or what price would we pay

Well, I look at the wind and I look at the waves
I see the new ways that power can be saved
Hinkley Point only saves by ignoring the rest
So let's spend the billions to give them the test
Power Power
We must use our power or what price will we pay

Do the people of Chernobyl think it is safe
With thousands of years of pollution in place
Let's demand power that will set the world free
Of pollution and harm, just a safe place to be
Power, power
We must use our power or what price will we pay

So let's all go green, let us make a stand
And let us not stop till nuclear is banned
We must stand together, the world has no choice
Let's sing the same song, so raise up your voice
Power, power
We must use our power or what price will we pay



Christmas Eve in Bethlehem

David Rovics

goo.gl/sU1BNa

Church bells are ring - ing, fami - lies are wear - ing their Sun - day best
Cho - irs are sing - ing, Red sun is set - ting in the west.
A sol - dier is yel - ling Stand - ing tall
Check - point is clos - ing out - side a gi - ant wall,
It's Christ - mas Eve in Beth - le - hem

The musical score is written in G major and 12/8 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first four staves correspond to the lyrics provided. The fifth staff is a short instrumental flourish. Chord symbols (G, C, D, Em) are placed above the notes to indicate the harmonic structure.



Church bells are ringing, families are wearing their Sunday best
Choirs are singing, red sun is setting in the west
A soldier is yelling, standing tall
Checkpoint is closing outside a giant wall
It's Christmas Eve in Bethlehem

Tourists are coming – birthplace of Jesus, a call to port
Now they are leaving, they say you should keep it short
Shop floors are empty, there's no one there
Checkpoint is closing to Manger Square
It's Christmas Eve in Bethlehem

Those Christians who stay here dream of sprouting wings
But they stubbornly stay near their long-lost kings
Relatives stranded far away
They have been branded terrorists – that's what the colonists say
It's Christmas Eve in Bethlehem

Old Man Trump

Woody Guthrie

Sung by Ryan Harvey
at goo.gl/3gEaLQ

Beach Ha - ven ain't my home! No, I just can't pay this rent!
My mo - ney's down the drain, And my soul is bad - ly bent!
Beach Ha - ven is Trump's Tower Where no black folks come to roam,
No, no, Old Man Trump! Old Beach Ha - ven ain't my home!

I suppose that Old Man Trump knows just how much racial hate
He stirred up in that bloodpot of human hearts
When he drew that color line
Here at his Beach Haven family project

Beach Haven ain't my home!
No, I just can't pay this rent!
My money's down the drain,
And my soul is badly bent!
Beach Haven is Trump's Tower
Where no black folks come to roam,
No, no, Old Man Trump!
Old Beach Haven ain't my home!

I'm calling out my welcome to you and your man both
Welcoming you here to Beach Haven
To love in any way you please and to have some kind of a decent place
To have your kids raised up in.

Beach Haven ain't my home!
No, I just can't pay this rent!
My money's down the drain,
And my soul is badly bent!
Beach Haven is Trump's Tower
Where no black folks come to roam,
No, no, Old Man Trump!
Old Beach Haven ain't my home!



Trump tear out
and throw away
supplement

More than 60 years ago, Woody Guthrie bemoaned his landlord – Donald Trump's father, Fred Trump – in unrecorded song lyrics. Now a group of artists has turned his writing into a modern protest song as Trump's son Donald continues his candidacy for US president.

THE BIGGEST LANDLORD

David Rovics

goo.gl/6Apy2f

Faced with the de - ci - sion of which one to e - lect
Did you do the best job that one could ex - pect
Faced with the E - sta - blish - ment, the dead - ly sta - tus quo
Or some - thing un - pre - dic - ta - ble, an out - come you don't know
Did you push the but - ton and then hope for the best
See what might hap - pen if you put him to the test
Now that we've got a fence that will soon be - come a wall
Built by the big - gest land - lord of them all

Faced with the decision of which one to elect
Did you do the best job that one could expect
Faced with the Establishment, the deadly status quo
Or something unpredictable, an outcome you don't know
Did you push the button and then hope for the best
See what might happen if you put him to the test

***Now that we've got a fence that will soon become a wall
Built by the biggest landlord of them all***

Were you hoping on that day, and are you hoping still
That what happened in November will
Change things for the better, not just more of the same
Change the rules of the corrupt politicians' game
Pull out of those agreements that the Clintons made
Are you hoping for an end to the era of "free trade"

Were you voting for the factories to come to life again
Were you voting for returning back to the time when
There was a place for you in what they once called society
Were you voting to resurrect a country
To fix this broken nation, to stop fighting all these wars
Is that the president you hoped you were voting for



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 Rhondda, 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

April 2016: Refugees Are Welcome Here, Tax Dodger, No to the Cuts, anti-Trident songs, Join in the Line, If You Want to Find my Family, Bombing Children is the Thing, Frozen in Disneyland, More than Enough, Jolly Well Drunk, It's Ours, Here's to you Brickies, We Will Sing One Song, Tommy Brown, Homeless, Take Back the Land, Open Borders