

The **POLITICAL SONGSTER** November 2017

27 songs to sing and share
at Sing Political song sessions

FEATURING

The Power of Song

by

Leon Rosselson

£3.00



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



www.TradArtsTeam.co.uk

CONTENTS

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

- 1 The Power of Song Leon Rosselson
- 4 Across the Hills Leon Rosselson
- 5 On Greenham Common Sandra Kerr
- 6 ~~Support the Bin Workers~~ Pam Bishop
- 7 The Ballad of Annie Moore Andy Howell
- 8 I Want Rosa to Stay Alun Parry
- 9 Migrant Song Jack Warshaw
- 10 Give Me Hope Malala Taimur Rahman
- 12 You're Welcome Here Peter Branson
- 13 THIS LAND Peter Branson For Woody Guthrie
- 14 RISE LIKE LIONS Dave Rogers
- 16 Herbert and Bertha Andy Howell
- 18 That was THEN, This is NOW Jack Warshaw
- 19 If You Want WAR.....We'll Give You WAR Ryan Webb
- 20 No such thing as a protest singer Grace Petrie
- 22 I Feel Like Jeremy Corbyn Sam Harrison
- 23 THE SEASON ROUND Bob Taberner
- 24 Things to Say Ray Hearne
- 26 THE SUEÑO EXPRESS Tim Hollins
- 28 WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON Florence Reece
- 29 Three Acres and a Cow Traditional
- 30 OVERTHROW YOUR CHAINS Donald McCombie
- 31 Song of the Other Ranks Ernest Jones/ Bob Davenport
- 32 THE LAST TREE Jack Warshaw
- 33 THEY CAME IN THE MORNING Bob Taberner
- 34 Time to Kick the Tories out Pam Bishop
- 35 The Song Lives On Ray Hearne

The Power of Song

Leon Rosselson

Some decades ago, I went to see a Sunday morning Socialist Film Co-op showing of a film about the Wobblies at the Renoir in London. In the discussion afterwards, Tony Benn voiced this criticism: the problem with the Wobblies, he said, was that they failed to form a political party, unlike in Britain where the Unions gave birth to the Labour Party. To which I was tempted to reply that the problem with the Labour Party is that it doesn't have any songs, apart, of course, from *The Red Flag* which it insists on singing to the wrong tune.

The Wobblies, the Industrial Workers of the World, were anarcho-syndicalists, believers in the one big union and the one big strike that would break the power of the bosses for ever. For twenty years at the beginning of the 20th century, they were a singing crusade on behalf of the poorest, most exploited workers in America: loggers, railroad mechanics, copper miners, hop-pickers, textile workers, the unskilled 'working stiffs' despised by the craft unions of the American Federation of Labour, immigrants many of them, ill-educated and ill-organised. Songs transformed them, elevated them, organised them, united them, enthused them with hope and courage. They took popular songs and 'Starvation Army' hymns and turned the words inside out, sharpening them with a subversive irony. They rolled the language, humour and experience of life at the bottom into something exuberant and immensely singable—not poetry perhaps but to the point.



**Praise boss when morning workbells chime
Praise him for bits of overtime
Praise him whose wars we love to fight
Praise him fat leech and parasite.**

With no mass media, no technology, no money, nothing but their own voices, their own energy and imagination and the *Little Red Songbook* to 'fan the flames of discontent', they spread the songs from Spokane, where they triumphed in the fight for free speech, down to the copper mines of Bisbee, Arizona, and across to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where they won the famous Bread and Roses strike of textile workers in 1912. They sang in meeting halls and soup kitchens; they sang on freight trains and at the funeral of Joe Hill in Chicago; they sang on street demonstrations and in prison cells. "Sing!" Mother Jones told the women in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, when they'd been put in prison for demonstrating during a miners' strike. "Sing the whole night long and don't stop for anyone ... Just you all sing and sing." And so they did, driving the sheriff to distraction until he released them.

The power of song. For those at the bottom, for those with nothing much else but their own voices (and, it would appear, nothing much to sing about) song has always been important. Because song, as any football fan knows, has the power to make us feel less alone, to unite us, to create a sense of solidarity. Think of songs like *We Shall Overcome*, *Which Side Are You On?* *Solidarity Forever*, *El Pueblo Unido Jamas Sera Vencido*, *H Bomb's Thunder*, *You'll Never Walk Alone*, *Land of Hope and Glory* or the Ulster battle hymn, *Oh God Our Help in Ages Past*. (I include the last two to point out that the left doesn't have a monopoly on this sort of song.) Surely the Diggers on St George's Hill sang to keep up their spirits as they faced attack from the soldiers.

**Your houses they pull down,
Stand up now, stand up now,
Your houses they pull down,
Stand up now.
Your houses they pull down
To fright poor men in town
But the gentry must come down
And the poor shall wear the crown
Stand up now, Diggers all.**

And listening to the fiercely joyous song of the French Revolution, *La Carmagnole*, it's not difficult to understand how it would have strengthened the resolve of the 'sans culottes' to bring down the monarchy and the aristocracy.

**Dansons La Carmagnole
Vive le son, vive le son
Dansons La Carmagnole
Vive le son
Du canon.**



All revolutions and social movements have their songs—the Chartists, the Suffragettes, anti-nuclear protesters, Greenham Common women, anti-apartheid demonstrators, Civil Rights activists. The best and most liberating bubble up from below. Those movements where singing and songmaking are a spontaneous activity (as opposed to movements where singing is part of a disciplined ritual imposed from above) tend to be non-authoritarian and non-hierarchical, as the Wobblies were. They have, like the Wobblies, a clear-cut simplified view of the world and of who the enemy is. And they have a shared vision. For the IWW, the strike was never an end in itself but a means to the transformation of society into a workers' commonwealth. This vision of a new world, which merges with the hobo's dream of the Big Rock Candy Mountain, lies at the heart of their songwriting.

Which raises the question of why in the labour movement in England (I mean England, not Scotland or Ireland) there is no body of song equivalent to that produced by the Wobblies. There is no tradition of politically conscious singable songs like those generated by the Appalachia coal-mining communities in the 1930s as they battled to become unionised: songs like Aunt Molly Jackson's *I Am a Union Woman*, Sarah Ogun Gunning's *I Hate the*

Capitalist System, Jim Garland's *I Don't Want Your Millions Mister* and Florence Reece's *Which Side Are You On?* There are industrial folk songs, songs about hard times and poverty, pit disasters and evictions, strikes and lock-outs. They linger on in areas where the tradition is strongest, as in north-east England, or in pockets of the folk revival, but they never entered the mainstream of the labour movement. Perhaps because they lacked a consciously political perspective or because they were thought to be lacking in high seriousness, they never found favour with the decision-makers in labour organisations.

At about the same time as Jim Connell was composing *The Red Flag*, Tommy Armstrong, the famous pit poet of Durham County, was writing a very different sort of song about the Durham lock-out of 1892. Raising the scarlet standard high was not uppermost in Armstrong's mind; more to the point, as far as he was concerned, was the threat to the masters of a severe lashing and boils on the backside if they didn't mend their ways.

The politically conscious songs tended to be written by literary gents. *Songs for Socialists* published by the Fabian Society in 1912 contains a number of these labour anthems. (Jim Connell was certainly not a literary gent but his song belongs in that mould.) Ye sturdy sons of labour, they exhort. Awake! Arise! Bear the flag unfurled and the banner aloft! March forward side by side to battle like a mighty river for Liberty, Brotherhood, Justice, the Cause. Even the best of them, by William Morris, Edward Carpenter and Ernest Jones, though technically competent, are stodgy, humourless and virtually unsingable. The working classes may have dutifully sung them when the formal occasion demanded but they never really took to them, preferring something more earthy and less worthy. So the anthems were left to gather dust and moulder, apart from *The Red Flag* that lives on, embarrassing generations of Labour Party activists and MPs who can't quite get their tongues round it. And reverting to Jim Connell's original sprightly Irish tune, *The White Cockade*, (banned, I imagine, by some bureaucrat from the Social Democratic Federation for being too lightweight) does not, despite Billy Bragg's efforts, get round the problem of its archaisms and literary pretensions.

So now there is a silence at the heart of the labour movement. Historically, songs to give heart and hope to women and men on strike have always been written. The women's songbook, *My Song Is My Own*, has collected some of them, like the *Idris Strike Song* of 1911 and the *Song for the Trico Women Workers*, sung to the tune of *John Brown's Body* on the picket line during the successful equal pay strike of 1976.

**The management are not prepared to give us what we ask
They're saying that they can't believe we're equal to the task
But if men can do what we do then their argument's a farce
So we want equal pay.**

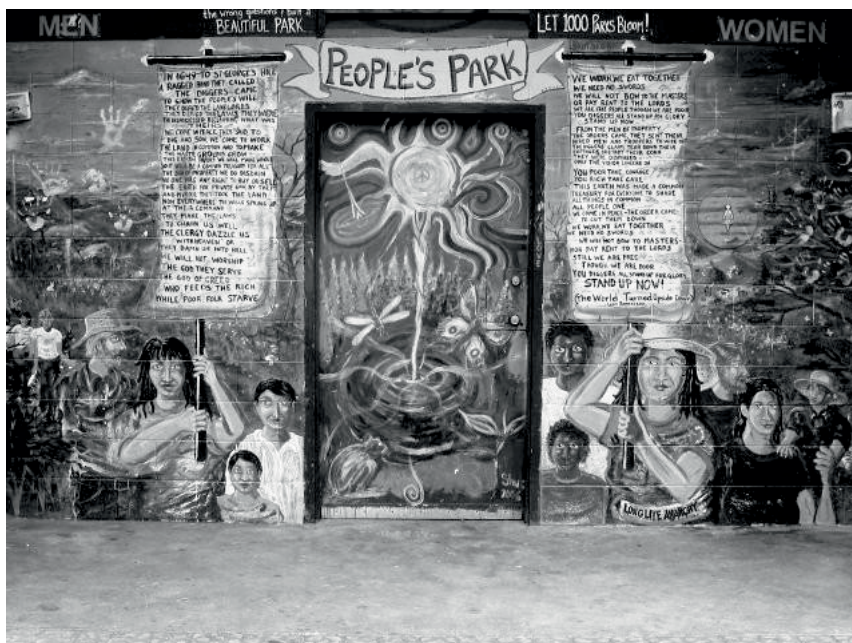
**Equal pay for women workers
Equal pay for women workers
Equal pay for women workers
We want equal pay.**

But there isn't a pool of singable shared songs to draw on when spirits need refreshing on demonstrations, picket lines, in political meetings and on the barricades. Nowadays on demonstrations there are chants and slogans but little if any singing despite the efforts of the political choirs.



Wouldn't it enliven a Labour Party branch meeting if the first item on the agenda was a twenty minute sing-song? Somehow I doubt it ever happens. When I joined the mass pickets outside Grunwick during the strike of 1977, I didn't hear one song, not even *The Red Flag* —except, on one occasion, the Trade Union leader, Norman Willis, entertained us with a rendering of *The Man That Waters the Workers' Beer*. Nobody joined in. On one mass picket, I dusted off my banjo and went with Hackney Music Workshop to encourage the assembled thousands to sing (mostly the standard American solidarity songs). There was polite attention and applause. But no singing. Perhaps, now that Jeremy Corbyn has activated the grassroots, new songs will spring up and become common currency. **Ohhh Jeremy Corbyn!**

The power of song. In Soweto, women and children sang as they were shot down by the police. The Vietcong carried songsheets into battle with them. Civil Rights demonstrators in the States sang as they were being attacked by Alsatian dogs, fire hoses and billy clubs because it made them feel less alone, less afraid. The importance of the new song movement in Chile can be gauged by the lengths the junta went to to destroy it. Colonising powers have always attempted to root out indigenous music and culture. A defeated people does not sing. Perhaps the converse is also true—a movement that has no songs is already defeated.



Across the Hills

Leon Rosselson

Musical score for 'Across the Hills' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three systems of vocal lines with guitar accompaniment. The first system is labeled 'A' and contains the lyrics: 'A - cross the hills black clouds are sweep - ing Car - ry poi - son far and wide'. The second system contains the lyrics: 'And the grass has black - ened un - der - foot And the rose has wi - thered and died'. The third system is labeled 'B' and contains the lyrics: 'But the rose is still as red, love, and the grass is still as green'. The final line of the score contains the lyrics: 'And it must have been a sha - dow in the dis - tance you have seen Yes, it must have been a sha - dow you have seen'. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, G, D, C, G, D, D, C, D, Am, D, C, D, D, C, D, G, D, C, D.

A Across the hills black clouds are sweeping,
Carry poison far and wide,
And the grass has blackened underfoot,
And the rose has withered and died.

B But the rose is still as red, love, and the grass is still as green,
And it must have been a shadow in the distance you have seen,
Yes, it must have been a shadow you have seen.

A But can't you hear the children weeping?
Can't you hear the mournful sound?
And no birds sing in the twisted trees
In the silent streets around.

B I can hear the children laughing in the streets as they play,
And you must have caught the dying of an echo far away,
Yes, it must have been an echo far away.

A But can't you see the white ash falling
From the hollow of the skies?
And the blood runs red down the blackened walls
Where a ruined city lies.

B I can see the red sun shining in the park on the stream,
And you must have felt a shiver from the darkness of a dream,
Yes, it must have been the darkness of a dream.

Together

A And death shall reap a hellish harvest, make a desert of this land

B But the rose is still as red, love, and the grass is still as green
And it must have been a shadow you have seen
Yes, the rose is still as red, love, and the grass is still as green
And it must have been a shadow you have seen

Musical score for the final section of 'Across the Hills'. It features three systems of vocal lines with guitar accompaniment. The first system is labeled 'B' and contains the lyrics: 'But the rose is still as red, love, and the grass is still as green And it must have been a sha - dow you have seen'. The second system is labeled 'A' and contains the lyrics: 'And death shall reap a hel - lish harv - est Make a de - - sert of this land'. The third system contains the lyrics: 'But the rose is still as red, love, and the grass is still as green And it must have been a sha - dow you have seen'. Chords are indicated above the notes: D7, G, D, D7, G, C, D, D, G, C, D.

youtube.com/watch?v=gr_tuIMeFY



On Greenham Common

From: We Were There, Pukka Records - Yop 08 Sandra Kerr

Down in the coun - ty of Berk-shire is a U - S Air Force base
On Green-ham Com - mon, on Green-ham Com - mon
And in Sep - tem - ber eigh - ty five a group of wo - men took their place
On Green-ham Com - mon, on Green-ham Com - mon
They made their camp be - yond the fen - ces in the rain and wind and cold
Each wo - man will re - main there though her weight were paid in gold
Such strength and re - so - lu - tion can't be bought and can't be sold
On Green-ham Com - mon, on Green-ham Com - mon

Down in the county of Berkshire is a US Air Force base
On Greenham Common, on Greenham Common
And in September '85 a group of women took their place
On Greenham Common, on Greenham Common
They made their camp beyond the fences in the rain and wind and cold
Each woman will remain there though her weight were paid in gold
Such strength and resolution can's be bought and can't be sold
On Greenham Common, on Greenham Common

They heard the **news** that **Cruise** was coming there in **1983**
And to protect the ones they loved they knew the only place to be
In former times men left their families and went away to war
But **the old ways are not good enough** for women any more
They've left their families for peace and that is what they're standing for

For those who died at Hiroshima they have come and they will stay
For the sake of Nagasaki, keep the poisoned rain away
They've braved the elements, evictions, spent time in prison too
And some have been bound over to keep the peace it's true
To **keep the peace for all the world** is all they want to do

So come with sister, come with lover, come with friend or come alone
Gaining spirit from each other when our numbers they have grown
As a spring becomes a river and the rivers make the sea
The women on the Common gain in strength and unity
From them springs the promise of how life of earth could be

Support the Bin Workers

[youtube.com/watch?v=wXAALqqHIuU](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wXAALqqHIuU)

Pam Bishop, Sept 2017

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Support the Bin Workers'. It consists of four staves of music in G major and 8/8 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff has lyrics: 'We are the crew, the re-fuse crew, who take your rub-bish a-way'. The second staff: 'The dir-ti-est thing a-bout it? We on-ly get mi-ni-mum pay'. The third staff: 'And now they want to break us up and throw a-way grade three'. The fourth staff: 'We'll fight to keep our team to-ge-ther and keep the ci-ty clean'. Chords G, D, and C are indicated above the notes.

We are the crew, the re-fuse crew, who take your rub-bish a-way
The dir-ti-est thing a-bout it? We on-ly get mi-ni-mum pay
And now they want to break us up and throw a-way grade three
We'll fight to keep our team to-ge-ther and keep the ci-ty clean

Chorus:

We are the refuse crew, the refuse crew, who take your rubbish away
The dirtiest thing about it? We only get minimum pay
And now they want to break us up and throw away grade three
We'll fight to keep our team together and keep the city clean

My name is Stella Manzie, I am the Chief Exec
A hundred and eighty thousand is just my salary cheque
But the cost of keeping the city clean is far too high, you know
So in the name of austerity, grade three has got to go

Chorus:

Well, Councillor John Clancy, he did his best, no doubt
He met with the union leaders to sort the matter out
ACAS helped resolve the dispute, we called off the strike
But Stella came back from her holidays and said "Get on yer bike"

Chorus:

We read it in the papers it's us who are to blame
They always blame the workers, that's the bosses game
Don't let the Council cut us or downgrade us to grade two,
They're doing the Tories' dirty work - the same could happen to you

Chorus:

Let's stand beside the bin crew, yes, let us all unite
Trade unionists together, support them in their fight
They keep the streets of Brummagem clean in wind and rain and sun
The fight against austerity has only just begun!

Chorus:

The Ballad of Annie Moore

Andy Howell

soundcloud.com/ndyowell/the-ballad-of-annie-moore

She wandered alongside the ocean
From the cliffs and down to the strand
Her head giddy with ozone
Her feet sinking deep into sand
She gazed out to far horizons
She thought of that distant land
For tomorrow she'd sail on the morning tide
For America she was bound.

So on that December morning
Two younger brothers at her side
She climbed on board the Nevada
And from Queenstown Dock they did glide
For twelve Atlantic days
They battled the ocean wave
But she'd never forget the singing
And the dancing on Christmas Day

**Chorus: So God speed, Annie
Wherever you sail today
Can you feel the wind blowing
Blowing our freedom away
God speed, Annie
For I sense you're shedding tears
For the state of your adopted nation
And the course that she now steers**

So to the first of January in 1892
Down on Ellis Island
Annie was thrust to the front of the queue
And as the first registered migrant
Stepping out to the freezing cold
The superintendent gave Annie
A commemorative coin of gold
As they pushed through the gathered newsmen
To their parents' waiting arms
Who rushed them off to the East Side
To find the new family home
A family reunited, Annie could ask for nothing more
From a tiny house in Cherry Street
She had a New World now to explore

Chorus

There was nothing so special about Annie
For she lived no American Dream
She spent her life in poverty
In the East Side's village of green
And though of eleven children she bore
Only five lived longer than she
But they made their contribution
To the growing land of the free

Generation upon generation
Into the melting pot they dived
Blending together their cultures
And forging together new lives
Dominicans, Italians, Chinese,
Catholics, Protestants, Jews
All are part of the bloodline
And are walking in fair Annie's shoes

Chorus

As the years gave way to the century
Yet still more migrants came
All on the same tack as Annie
Hopes and dreams so much the same
Working in fields and factories,
Construction, restaurants and bars
Spending their days in northern slums
Sleeping out under southern stars

They say that hope springs eternal
The journey is worth all the pain
They're sure that hard work and sacrifice
Are the key to financial gain
But to make this country great again
They'll be welcomed now one and all
With the hate and the spite of the bully
And a fucking great ugly wall

Chorus



7

The Ellis Island Immigration centre opened in 1892. By the time the centre closed in 1954 30 million migrants had been processed on the island. It is today estimated that a third of all US citizens can now trace themselves back — at least in part — to those who entered the country through Ellis Island. The first person to be admitted through the centre, on the 1st January 1892, was a 17 year old young woman from Cork in the West of Ireland, Annie Moore. Annie was travelling with her two young brothers to join her parents who have travelled out in front.

I Want Rosa to Stay

youtu.be/mJQ4Gj1Cafg

Alun Parry

Hel - lo Ros - a - li - ta, well I know your name, I've learned to pro-nounce it a - gain and a - gain
For I got to know you and I know you well So I don't be-lieve all the tales that they tell
No I don't be-lieve Ro - sa - li - ta's a threat Or that she's a strain on the na - tion - al debt
For Ro - sa has spi - rit and cou - rage ga - lore To brave ev - ery o - cean and land on this shore
I want Ro - sa to stay I want Ro - sa to stay I want Ro - sa to stay Not just to - day Or to - mor - row but for - ev - er

Hello Rosalita, well I know your name
I've learned to pronounce it again and again
For I got to know you and I know you well
So I don't believe all the tales that they tell
No I don't believe Rosalita's a threat
Or that she's a strain on the national debt
For Rosa has spirit and courage galore
To brave every ocean and **land on this shore**

**I want Rosa to stay
I want Rosa to stay
I want Rosa to stay
Not just today
Or tomorrow
But forever**



Well I've read the headlines in papers I've bought
The panic that passes as rational thought
Written by **peddlers of falsehood and fear**
Who say its a problem that Rosa is here
They want to make Rosa their next deportee
Saying she takes resources intended for me
And rich men in mansions say that's why I'm poor
But I don't remember being wealthy before
Chorus

So I won't be swayed by the things that you say
'Cos I understand why you play it this way
For I see a world that is owned by the few
And run in your interest to benefit you
So if we get angry at what we obtain
You need someone easy to carry the blame
And Rosa's the one that you hope we'll pursue
So we won't go pointing the finger at you

Final Chorus
**We want Rosa to stay
We want Rosa to stay
We want Rosa to stay
Not just today
Or tomorrow
But forever**

Migrant Song

Jack Warshaw 2015

youtube.com/watch?v=Z-vVGJax7II

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four staves. Each staff contains a melody line with lyrics underneath and chord symbols above. The lyrics are: "We fled our lands in time of war / Time of fa-mine, time of woe / Wea-ried souls and rag-ged kids / On the road, no place to go / We came up - lif - ted to your shores / O - ver land, a - cross the seas / Doors and hearts were o - pened wide / Back then you called us re - fu - gees". The chords used are Am, D, F, C, G, and Am.

We fled our lands in time of war
Time of famine, time of woe
Wearied souls and ragged kids
On the road, no place to go
We came uplifted to your shores
Over land, across the seas
Doors and hearts were opened wide
Back then you called us refugees

We built your cities, roads and railways
Worked your factories day and night
Healed your sick and worked your fields
Taught your kids to read and write
Our tongues were different, names also
Left behind the world we knew
Settled down and raised our kids
Who looked and sounded just like you

Now once again in time of terror
We walk and crawl, set sail and drown
Doors are closed and faces turned
And you call us migrants now
And still we try and still we're crying
Still we die before our time
While your leaders blow and bluster
Ain't it all an awful crime

See us now in all the papers
In the news and on your screens
Parents weeping, children drowning
Dressed in T shirts, shoes and jeans
You are blessed and we are broken
Ease our troubles, ease our pain
For the sake of human kindness
Open up your doors again



Give Me Hope Malala

Taimur Rahman

[youtube.com/watch?v=Vb2fXNEufgI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vb2fXNEufgI)

Well the Ta - li - ban they run the coun - try From the North of Wa - zi - ri - stan
They have a sy - stem just like A - par - theid They keep wo - men in sub - jec - tion

They make a few of their peo - ple hap - py They don't care a - bout the rest of them
May - be Ma - la - la can make them all see How eve - ry - bo - dy could live as one

You give me hope Ma - la - la Give me hope Ma - la - la Give me hope Ma - la - la till the mor - ning comes

Give me hope Ma - la - la Give me hope Ma - la - la Give me hope un - til the mor - ning comes

Well the Taliban they run the country
From the North of Waziristan
They make a few of their people happy
They don't care about the rest of them

They have a system just like Apartheid
They keep women in subjection
But maybe Malala can make them all see
How everybody could live as one

***You give me hope Malala
Give me hope Malala
Give me hope Malala
till the morning comes
Give me hope Malala
Give me hope Malala
Give me hope until the morning comes***

They've got supporters in high up places
Who turn their heads to the city sun
And they give them the Saudi money
To tempt anyone who come

They even know how to swing opinion
On every channel of the media
For every bad move that these extremists make
They've got a good explanation

She gives me hope Malala



"I tell my story, not because it is unique, but because it is not. It is the story of many girls."

Malala Yousafzai
Nobel Lecture, 2014 Peace Prize

Sneaking across of the neighbour's borders
Now and again having little fun
They don't care if the fun and games they play
is dangerous to everyone

I wanna know if you're blind Taliban
If you want to hear the sound of drums
Can't you see that the tide is turning
Don't make me wait till the morning come

She gives me hope Malala

Malala is a brave young woman
But she's not the only one
Thousands of refugees are welcome here
let them come, let them come, let them come
She gives me hope Malala

A young girl escaping violent attacks in her own country was given sanctuary in Birmingham where she was give the best medical treatment and an education

Give me Hope Malala is a tribute from Pakistani band Laal to brave social activist Malala Yousafzai, who was shot by militants for daring to go to school. The song was inspired by Eddie Grant's famous track *Gimme Hope Jo'anna* and was taught to us by Laal's bandleader Taimur Rahman when he came to the Midlands earlier in the year. We have added our own final verse.



You're Welcome Here

Peter Branson

Oh you're wel- come here and I hope you'll stay,
We're good for each o - ther, so come what may,
Like a breath of fresh air on a bright ho - li - day,
We'll all be the ri - cher for you.

Chorus

Oh you're welcome here and I hope you'll stay,
We're good for each other, so come what may,
Like a breath of fresh air on a bright holiday,
We'll all be the richer for you.

That's how we've always done things here,
An open house when strangers appear,
So move straight in and know no fear,
And we'll all be the better for you.

Chorus

You'll learn from us, we'll borrow from you,
New recipes and customs too,
A mix of olden ways and new,
And we'll all be the happier for you.

Chorus

We've always been a mongrel race,
It's why we're thriving, in your face,
So settle back, unpack your case,
And we'll all be the stronger for you.

Chorus



THIS LAND

Peter Branson
For Woody Guthrie

If you don't know this tune, shame on you. (If you want a chorus repeat first verse.)

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From Seven Sisters to Holy Island,
From Norfolk broad to Derwent Water,
This land was made for you and me

From crystal trout stream to mighty river,
From wooden footbridge to Blackwall Tunnel,
From northern fell-side to Chalk Hill Blue South Downs,
This land was made for you and me

From ancient Stonehenge to the A1 Angel,
From Paddy's Wigwam to Wren's Cathedral,
From Pendle Hill to Glastonbury Tor,
This land was made for you and me

From Thomas Telford to Bob McAlpine,
From Geordie's Rocket to Brunel's iron craft,
From working folk who shaped with eye and hand,
This land was made for you and me

From Boudicca to women's suffrage,
From Leveller to Tolpuddle Martyr,
I hear their voices on the wind,
This land was made for you and me

Each one of us who's made our home here,
No matter when, or where we hailed from,
Join with me now and raise these rafters high,
This land was made for you and me

Not just the rich bods in their fine houses,
Stock market spivs and merchant bankers,
The people sing out loud and clear,
This land was made for you and me



RISE LIKE LIONS

facebook.com/anna.dobson.104/videos/10213103304725199

Dave Rogers

EM G Am C
List-en to us now, The - re - sa May We rehard work-ing peo - ple on rock bot-tom pay

EM G Am C
Thanks to you, we just a - bout sur-vive On the To - ry tread - mill to Pa - ra - dise

Am EM Am D
But you won't hear no dis - con-tent In the man - sion hou - ses of the one per cent

Am EM C D
Cut the bull - shit, o - pen the books Of the tax e - va - ders and the fin - ance crooks

G C G C
We gon-na rise, rise like li - ons We gon-na rise, rise like li - ons

G C D EM
Ain't no time to slum - ber a - ny more A - ny more

Listen to us now, Theresa May

We're hard working people on rock bottom pay

Thanks to you, we just about survive

On **the Tory treadmill** to Paradise

But you won't hear no discontent

In the mansion houses of the one percent

Cut the bullshit, open the books

Of the **tax evaders** and the **finance crooks**

CHORUS

We gonna rise, rise like lions

We gonna rise, rise like lions

Ain't no time to slumber anymore

Anymore

You're the vicar's daughter with a heart of stone

You're a Trump admirer and a Thatcher clone

You're closing libraries, privatising schools

In the land where **market forces rule**

We don't need your Trident scam

We need a green economic plan

Get this straight now, Mrs May

Your robber bankers have gotta pay!

CHORUS



Keep your hands off our **NHS**
You running it down with no regrets
Bit by bit, turning the screw
With your **budget-cutting austerity** blues
Privatisation, that's your game
Make doctors and nurses take the blame
We need 30 billion to put things right
It's nothing to you, but it's our birthright
CHORUS

There's homeless people in the pouring rain
No jobs, no hope... Have you got no shame?
Hunger and poverty stalk our streets
This is your corporate legacy
We are the workers. Without our sweat
You'd have no mansions or private jets
It's the nasty party on the attack
Nowhere to run, we gotta fight back
CHORUS

We are the miners of '84
The **Tolpuddle Martyrs**, the ragged, the poor
We're the poll tax rebels and **Captain Swing**
We're the **Greenham women**, can you hear us sing?
We are the Luddites who smashed your machines
The Diggers, the Chartists who dreamed a big dream
In Brixton and Handsworth we made our stand
We're Emily Davison and **Bobby Sands**
We're Occupy students and **suffragettes**
Are we ready to fight? You bet!
In the footsteps of giants forge our way
Out of our past, we're gonna build today
CHORUS

We gonna rise, rise like lions
We gonna rise, rise like lions
Ain't no time to slumber anymore
That's for sure

From "The Mask of Anarchy"

Men of England, heirs of glory,
Heros of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty mother,
Hopes of her, and one another

Rise like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number -
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you,
Ye are many, they are few.

Percy Shelley 1819

Herbert and Bertha

The story of my Grandparents.

soundcloud.com/ndyowell/herbert-and-bertha

Andy Howell

‘ This came from a political songwriting workshop with Robb Johnson. He got us thinking about events from our family histories for inspiration. This was the story that came to me. My Grandfather walked out during the General Strike and was blacklisted for many years and had to work hundreds of miles from home.

Back in 1920, give or take a year or two
Herbert stood one evening, at the bus stop, on the street upon the hill
And he chatted to a young lass that he'd seen there once or twice
And he found rather charming
And he thought her rather nice

And Bertha and Herbert chatted all that summer through
And after months of courting, they knew what they would do
And they plotted out their future in a damp and tiny room
They were headed for Jerusalem, marching to a brighter tune

Now Herbert worked in metal, as did his fathers all their days
Till they left the West of Wales, for the city of a thousand trades
And though quite young in years, Herbert was quick and he was bright
They made him up to foreman, they said "Kid, you're doing fine"

Then in 1926, the miners downed their tools
And others joined the struggle to break the bosses' rule
In this unionist of cities, though precious few answered the call
Herbert met the challenge, led the lads out the door

chorus

***They were nine days that shook the world
Nine days that shaped their lives
Nine days that echo still through time
That built a better future, for all of yours and mine***

And when the dust had settled, a blacklist ran through town
Herbert could not work for fifty miles around
And he moved on down to Devon, sending home his meagre pay
He could not afford to travel back, down south he had to stay

While Bertha took in washing and other jobs that she could do
To feed and clothe the family, to put them all through school
After years of being alone, she could take the strain no more
She called her Herbert back, you know
There are worse things than being poor

And through the 1930s, the drums of war began to roll
As Herbert's mates they rallied round to help him off the dole
They found him work at Reynolds, back down on the steel
For the fascist threat in Germany was growing all too real.



Soon Bertha and her sisters followed through the factory gates
To keep production rolling, down at the BSA
Through the terrible years that followed
They kept their eyes fixed on the ball
For Herbert and Bertha knew exactly what they were fighting for
chorus

And as the fighting ended a new struggle had begun
To build an **NHS** to care for each and every one
Free schooling, education, opportunity for all
And a new world rising from the devastation of war

And in the cobbled streets and the yards of back to backs
In houses condemned for a hundred years
They plotted out wholesale clearances
For new housing was their right
The gleaming spires of Jerusalem were now firmly in their sights

But Herbert worked on till he could work no more
When at the age of seventy, they showed him out the door
It was time to make way for young and stronger men
But the fear of unemployment stayed with him even then

And I can see him now, if I try with all my might
A weak and fragile body with a spirit still burning bright
His struggle is the legacy passed down through each and everyone
And his challenge today is to battle on
For the fight is not yet won

chorus

That was **THEN**, This is **NOW**

soundcloud.com/jackaro/that-was-then

Jack Warshaw

Musical score for the song 'That was THEN, This is NOW' by Jack Warshaw. The score is written in 4/4 time and features three staves of music. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the third staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with chord symbols (Am, F, C, G) placed above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Once up-on a time you had a dream you could be-lieve Once you cried out li-ber-ty for all Once you laughed at rules and re-gu-la-tions Once you said you'd change the world some-how But that was then, and this is now.' The score ends with a double bar line.

ONCE upon a time you had a dream you could believe
ONCE you cried out **LIBERTY FOR ALL**
ONCE you laughed at rules and regulations
ONCE you said you'd change the world somehow
But that was then, and this is now

YOU MARCHED TO STOP A WAR and paid the price of just resistance
Yelling slogans, waving banners in the air
Give peace a chance, Make love not war
Keep the faith became your solemn vow
Oh that was then, and this is now

YOU JOINED THE UNION, stood on picket lines in deepest winter
Upholding workers' rights and dignity
Arm in arm you faced the kicks and tear gas
Confident of victory anyhow
But that was then, and this is now

Time passed, the wars were never ending so it did seem
REVOLUTION wasn't raging in the air
You woke one day and wondered what went wrong
And saw a another life you could allow
Oh that was then, and this is now

SOLIDARITY often flashes through your memory of those years
Each time you hear of misery and pain
Your ship is safely harboured and protected
You're grateful for the ground you've dug and ploughed
From that was then, to this is now.

ONCE UPON A TIME YOU WERE A REBEL with a cause
Now it seems the cause has flown away
Is it you or Time must take the blame,
When all things change, yet stay the same?

FROM THAT WAS THEN, TO THIS IS NOW.

If You Want **WAR**

youtube.com/watch?v=KbCT0u6-r7Y

We'll Give You **WAR**

Ryan Webb



Am G Am

The old will or - ga - nise and the young they are strong

Am G Am

We'll take it to the streets now they have won

Am G Am

O - pen up your eyes, can't you see the da - mage done?

Am G Am

If you want war, we'll give you war, you'll get war

THE OLD WILL ORGANISE and the young they are strong
We'll take it to the streets now they have won
Open up your eyes, can't you see the damage done?
If you want war, we'll give you war, YOU'LL GET WAR.

THEY'LL TRY TO MAKE US HATERS of our neighbours on our streets
They'll try to turn us in against ourselves
If we face the same direction we'll see exactly what they are
If you want war, we'll give you war, YOU'LL GET WAR.

WE'LL PROTECT THE SICK and we'll educate our young
We'll teach them who is right and who is wrong
We'll take back what is ours and bring the thieves down to their knees
If you want war, we'll give you war, YOU'LL GET WAR.

No such thing as a protest singer

facebook.com/GracePetrie/videos/10156607296235707

Grace Petrie

Well I don't believe that a - li - ens have e - ver come to earth and are bu - ried in the de - sert by the feds
And I know that there's no tooth fai - ry flying a - round at night, just lo - ving pa - rents put - ting mo - ney in those beds
And as for ho - me - o - pa - thy, well it s not my cup of tea, but on your right to be - lieve I will in - sist
'Cos who sto say what s real - ly real, still I can't help but feel I wish the Guar - di - an be - lieved that I ex - ist
'Cos there s no such thing as a prot - est sin - ger We don't have none of those
No, there s no such thing as a prot - est sin - ger We lost them when the mines all closed

Well I don't believe that aliens have ever come to earth
and are buried in the desert by the feds
And I know that there's no tooth fairy flying around at night
just loving parents putting money in those beds
And as for homeopathy well it's not my cup of tea
but on your right to believe I will insist
'Cos who's to say what's really real, still I can't help but feel
I wish the Guardian believed that I exist

chorus

'Cos there's no such thing as a protest singer
We don't have none of those
No, there's no such thing as a protest singer
We lost them when the mines all closed

I know you miss the good old days of picket lines and flags
when The Specials and The Jam all ruled the charts
But if you're really looking for this generation's Billy Bragg
we are all here with a fire in our hearts
But we are not on the radio because they don't want to know
and by this point it's really pretty clear
That the mainstream music press they just couldn't care less
but it's the Guardian that keeps shouting we're not here

**I know you like to think that no one does it like you did
and in 1989 the needle just got stuck
But just because the system is changed it doesn't mean you've got
the monopoly on giving a fuck
Because we're all unemployed that housing market you've enjoyed
is suspended by the renting of the youth
We've had our wages squeezed, nine grand a year tuition fees
so let me let you in on the unspoken truth**

**There's no such thing as a protest singer
No, it's a made up thing
There's no such thing as a protest singer
'Cos there's politics in everything we sing
Oh there is no such thing as a protest singer
Against austerity
No there's no such thing as a protest singer
'Cos I can't find them in the NME**

gracepetrie

Edition Number: /500 Price: £7.00

There's no such thing as a 'Protest Singer'

By our music editor

I don't believe that aliens have ever come to earth and are buried in the desert by the feds. I know that there is no tooth fairy flying around at night, just loving parents putting money in those beds, and as for homoeopathy well it's not my cup of tea but on your right to believe I will insist because who's to say what's really real, still I can't help but feel I wish the Guardian believed that I exist.

There's no such thing as a protest singer. We don't have none of those. No there's no such thing as a protest singer we lost them when the mines all closed.

I know you miss the good old days of picket lines and flags. When The Specials and The Jam all ruled the charts but if you're really looking for this generation's Billy Brags. We are all here with a fire in our hearts. But we are not on the radio because they don't want to know and by this point it's really pretty clear that the mainstream music press they just couldn't care less but it's The Guardian that keeps shouting we're not here.

There's no such thing as a protest singer. We don't have none of those. No there's no such thing as a protest singer we lost them when the mines all closed.

I know you like to think that no one does it like you did and in 1989 the needle just got stuck but just because the system is changed it doesn't mean you've got the monopoly on giving a fuck. Because we're all unemployed that housing market you've enjoyed is suspended by the renting of the youth. We've had our wages squeezed nine grand a year tuition fees so let me let you in on the unspoken truth.

That there's no such thing as a protest singer, no it's a made up thing. There's no such thing as a protest singer because there's politics in everything we sing. Oh there is no such thing as a protest singer against austerity. No there's no such thing as a protest singer cos I can't find them in the NME.

Continued Inside

This album is available from Grace's website
gracepetrie.com

I Feel Like Jeremy Corbyn

youtube.com/watch?v=INwSIEbb8-s

Sam Harrison

A song for Jeremy Corbyn. I don't very often write political songs, but I'm very excited for the Labour Party's new leader, who shares a lot of the same beliefs as me. Seeing the right wing fuelled press slander this progressive movement made me want to create something in solidarity with Mr Corbyn and his movement!

I eat my sandwiches on the train
and I feel like Jeremy Corbyn
I ride my bicycle in the rain
and I feel like Jeremy Corbyn



I'm sick of politicians who have never worked a day in their lives
Changing their opinions with the turning of the tides
I believe in Kier Hardie
I believe in Clem Attlee
I believe in society
And I want to be like Jeremy



I march in the **GND** parade
and I feel like Jeremy Corbyn
I buy my groceries from Fairtrade
and I feel like Jeremy Corbyn

I'd rather put my faith behind a socialist solution
Than some self entitled millionaire who bought his place at Eton
I believe in public healthcare
I believe in state welfare
I'm sick of first world poverty
And I think I'm gonna vote for Jeremy



Saturday night with my cat & my beans
and I feel like Jeremy Corbyn
My girlfriend tells me that I've got a big mandate
and I feel like Jeremy Corbyn

I believe in single mothers
I believe in woolly jumpers
John McDonnell is really quite pleasing
I like his people's quantitative easing

I stand up for what I believe in
and I feel like Jeremy Corbyn
I stand up for what I believe in
and I feel like Jeremy Corbyn



Jez we can!

THE SEASON ROUND

Bob Taberner

The supermarkets, etc have set up a calendar of marketing opportunities, often aiming advertising at kids for pester power effect.

The year has come round and our ba - lance turns red
But a thought of how to fix it comes in - to my head
First Chi - nese New Year and when that's out of the way
We can then look for - ward to Va - len-tine's Day

The year has come round and our balance turns red
But a thought of how to fix it comes into my head
First **CHINESE NEW YEAR** and when that's out of the way
We can then look forward to **VALENTINE'S DAY**

When Valentine's over, then **SPORT RELIEF** comes round
We will purchase the tee shirt and run round the town
And when that is past, **ST PATRICK** comes on
With green wigs and Guinness we'll join in the fun

And then it's **ST GEORGE** and then Easter is here
Or maybe it's the other way 'cos **EASTER** is queer
And then we will stop 'cos you've had quite enough
Besides, we have to shift our new Summer stuff

Autumn is here and our profits look lean
We'll target the kids in the week of **HALLOWEEN**
When Halloween's over, it's quiet indeed
There's nothing till **CHRISTMAS** but **CHILDREN IN NEED**

At the end of December, the Big One is here
A full festive fortnight until the **NEW YEAR**
We'll make sure our customers nothing do lack
And that's how we'll keep our balance sheet black

Now things they do change as the time passes on
I'm afraid I might have occasion to alter my song
This might not be enough to keep care away
We should mark July 4th and **THANKSGIVING DAY**



Things to say *Ray Hearne*

[youtube.com/watch?v=lwIyw_kIndQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lwIyw_kIndQ)

Well I've been too quiet for too long My head down in the crowd
Where it's ea-si - er to sing a-long If you ne-ver sing too loud
And I've al-ways kept my mouth shut And I've ne-ver rocked the boat
Too wor-ried by the ifs and buts To sound my own true note
But now I'm stan-ding up to speak up And I'm sing-ing out to - day
And I'll thank you not to shut me up 'Cos I've got things to say
I will thank you not to shut me up 'Cos I've got things to say



CHORUS:

I'm standing up to speak up
I'm singing out today
And I'll thank you not to shut me up
'Cos I've got things to say
I'll thank you not to shut me up
'Cos I've got things to say

Well, I've been too quiet for too long
My head down in the crowd
Where it's easier to sing along
If you never sing too loud
And I've always kept my mouth shut
And I've never rocked the boat
Too worried by the ifs and buts
To sound my own true note

CHORUS

I was silent all my school days
All the many don'ts and do's
I never knew of other ways
Than minding p's and q's
But I've heard a different story
In the time I've been with you
And if I cannot change my history
There's a future to look to

CHORUS

I've made new friends and some good ones
And we're trading melodies
Tip-toeing through the pros and cons
Of these communities
And in this one if I may say
There's a certain harmony
And I've learned that singing out's a way
Of speaking up in key

CHORUS:

Now I'm here to say a thank-you
For your kindnesses to me
And I hope you'll all continue
To work full-heartedly
To reach out to the voiceless
And to pull the wordless through
Although the labour is endless
And there's always more to do

For the labour is always endless
And there's always more to do

CHORUS



Victor Jara

THE SUEÑO EXPRESS

Tim Hollins

The Sueño Express is the train from Shrewsbury to Machynlleth, which brings academics, musicians, campaigners, festival goers, poets, dancers etc. from all over the world, to gather in Machynlleth every August for The Victor Jara festival "El Sueño Existe" (The Dream Lives on). **Victor Jara – ¡Presente!**

Come take a ride on the Sue-ño Ex-press Pack your tent and a rain-bow dress
Then you'll have ma-ny a tale to tell 'Cos Vic-tor Ja-ra is a-live and well!
In Ma - chyn - lleth, in Ma - chyn-lleth, in Ma - chyn - lleth

COME take a ride on the **SUEÑO EXPRESS**
Pack your tent and a rainbow dress
Then you'll have many a tale to tell
'Cos Victor Jara is alive and well!

Chorus:
In Machynlleth, in Machynlleth, in Machynlleth,

You'll meet new comrades on the way
Hear poems of the mists, tales of Che
Harps and guitars drift through the air
And everyone brings something to share – **in Machynlleth**





In the town where Owain Glyndwr fought
Where the songs of the hills are sung and taught
Melodies float and voices swell
In Spanish, English, Dutch and Welsh – **in Machynlleth**

All for one and one for all!
And Unity our burning call
Children making masks of mirth
As a Shaman calls to mother earth – **in Machynlleth**

Feel the spirit, wipe a tear
Our rainbow nation gathers here,
Where Solidarity is our credo
EL PUEBLO UNIDO – JAMAS SERA VENCIDO! – in Machynlleth

The sun shines bright and the rain pours down
And Victor Jara is back in town!
Faces of his children gleam
'Cos this is the world of which we dream – **in Machynlleth**

Party's over, time to go
The **SUEÑO EXPRESS** will get you home
With hearts a-glow and memories misty
You'll be back – for **EL SUEÑO EXISTE!** – **in Machynlleth**

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON

[youtube.com/watch?v=Nzudto-FA5Y](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nzudto-FA5Y)

from the singing of Florence Reece

Am Dm Am Dm
Come all you poor wor-kers, good news to you I'll tell

C Am Dm
How the good old un-ion has come in here to dwell

Dm A Dm
Which side are you on? Which side are you on?

1 Come all you poor workers
Good news to you I'll tell
How the good old union
Has come in here to dwell

CHORUS Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

2 We're starting our good battle,
We know we're sure to win
Because we've got the gun thugs a-lookin' very thin

3 If you go to Harlan County
There is no neutral there
You'll either be a union man or a thug for J. H. Blair

4 They say they have to guard us to educate their child
Their children live in luxury,
Our children almost wild

5 Oh, gentlemen can you stand it?
Oh, tell me how you can!
Will you be a gun thug
Or will you be a man?

6 My daddy was a miner,
He's now in the air and sun*
He'll be with you fellow workers 'til every battle's won

**‘Class warfare is timeless,
choose your side,
I chose mine.**

CHORUS Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

* To be “in the air and sun”
implied to be blacklisted
and therefore unable to work
underground in the mines.

THREE ACRES AND A COW

As published in *The Painful Plough* by Roy Palmer

Song 21 *Three acres and a cow*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols (D, A, G) are placed above the notes to indicate accompaniment. The lyrics are: "You've heard a deal of talk a - bout three a - cres and a cow, And if they mean to give it us, why don't they give it us now? For if I do not get it, I shall soon go off my chump: There's no - thing but the land and cow will keep me from the lump. Don't you wish you had it now, three — a - cres and a cow, Oh, — you can make good cheese and but - ter, when you get the cow."

- 2 There's a certain class in England that's holding fortune great,
As give a man such a starving wage to work on their estate.
The land's been stolen from the poor and those that have it now,
They do not want to give a man three acres and a cow.
- 3 D'y' think they'd ever want to give three acres and a cow
When they can get a man to take low wage to drive the plough?
To live a man he has to work from daylight until dark
So the lord can have both bulls and cows a-grazing in his park.
- 4 But now there is a pretty go in all the country through;
The working men they want to know what the gov'ment it will do;
And what we have been looking for, I wish they'd give us now:
We're sure to live if they only give three acres and a cow.
- 5 If all the land in England was divided out quite fair,
There would be work for every man to earn an honest share.
Well some have thousand acre farms which they have got somehow,
But I'll be satisfied to get three acres and a cow.

OVERTHROW YOUR CHAINS

Donald McCombie

For the Dudley Chainmakers Festival & Birmingham Branch UNISON
(with thanks to the spirit of Karl Marx)

Musical score for the song 'Overthrow Your Chains'. It consists of four staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords G, C, and D are indicated above the notes.

Rise up you wor - kers and o - ver - throw your chains
To - mor - row we'll have vic - tory To - day we'll take the pain
We'll or - ga - nize re - sis - tance to the pro - fit and the gain
Rise up you wor - kers and o - ver - throw your chains

Chorus

Rise up you workers and overthrow your chains

Tomorrow we'll have victory, Today we'll take the pain

We'll organize resistance to the profit and the gain

Rise up you workers and overthrow your chains

Let the ruling classes tremble, for they know that we are right

We'll overthrow our shackles, we'll overthrow their might

We have the world to win, we just have to unite

Rise up you workers and overthrow your chains

The fight for social justice is what we're looking for

Though philosophers may ponder, we'll change this world for sure

They might have won a battle, but they'll never win the war

Rise up you workers and overthrow your chains

There's a spectre haunting every land, a challenge to their greed

We'll give from our ability, to each to meet their need

No longer will they harvest, where we have sowed the seed

Rise up you workers and overthrow your chains

While the past is like a nightmare, in the future we'll be free

When Nation onto Nation unite in harmony

When men and women overcome, in solidarity

Rise up you workers and overthrow your chains

Song of the Other Ranks

Song of the Lower Classes was written by Ernest Jones, Chartist leader and poet, 1819–1869
The song was renamed, and two verses added, by the Geordie folk singer Bob Davenport

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Song of the Other Ranks'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are written below the notes. The chords are indicated above the notes: Em, G, D, Em, D, Em, G, D, Em, D, Em, G, D, Em, D, Em.

We plough and sow, we're so ve - ry, ve - ry low, That we delve in the dir - ty clay
Till we bless the plain with the gol - den grain, And the vale with the fra - grant hay
Our place we know, we're so ve - ry, ve - ry low, 'Tis down at the land - lord's feet
We're not too low the grain to grow, But too low the bread to eat

We plough and sow, we're so very, very low,
That we delve in the dirty clay;
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very, very low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the grain to grow,
But **too low the bread to eat.**

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low,—
And yet from our fingers glide
The silken floss and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride;
And what we get, and what we give,
We know, and we know our share;
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But **too low the cloth to wear.**

We're low we're low as to war we go
To fight some foreign country
That yesterday was our greatest friend
But today's our enemy
God bless our boys, the papers scream
Praise them, the churchmen cry
When the war is won and home we come
Who cares if we live or die?

We're low we're low 'til that happy day
When we're called to a heaven on high
When the freedom we never had in our lives
Will be there on the day we die
If you see no worth suffering hell on earth
For the promise of a heaven above
Why not join the fight that one day we might
See a **heaven down here below**

THE LAST TREE

Music: Verse: from *The Rangers Command* . Chorus: Original Jack Warshaw 2015

[youtube.com/watch?v=UyM66OZ7z8c](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UyM66OZ7z8c)

*Only after the last tree has been cut down
Only after the last river has been poisoned
Only after the last fish has been caught,
Only then will you find that money cannot be eaten.
Cree Indian prophecy*

I've worked my way round this green growing land
A land turned to dust again and again

They come then they're gone, they dig and they spoil
Drilling for gas, fracking for oil

**When the last tree is cut down
When the last river is fouled
When the last fish is caught
Then will you know
You can't eat your gold**



They come and they build wherever they can
Spread concrete and blacktop all over the land

Their factories poison, infecting our streams
Crushing our hopes and killing our dreams

When the last tree is **cut** down...
They pay us in pennies, then give us the sack

And leave us with nothing but the shirt on our back
They give us religion, and tell us to pray

That stairway to heaven hides misery today
When the last tree is cut down...

They use up the air, they use up the soil
They use up the ocean, they use up the world

So come all you people, and listen to me
Let's show 'em right now, what it means to breathe free

When the last tree is cut down...

THEY CAME IN THE MORNING

Bob Taberner

Political detainees usually get picked up just before dawn

They came in the mor-ning, be - fore the cock crow
When tired-ness is on you and spi - rits are low
They gave him no rea - son, they took him a - way
He was un - der ar - rest, that was all they would say

They came in the morning, before the cock crow
When tiredness is on you and spirits are low
They gave him no reason, they took him away
He was under arrest, that was all they would say

No charges were laid and no trial date was set
No word was forthcoming of the treatment he'd get
His captors weren't gentle and the bruises still show
And, hidden away, they thought no one would know

He knew of the dangers of talking so free
The foreign press coverage, that honorary degree
He knew there were people who wanted him dead
But he knew there were things that had to be said

Next month or next year and the interest would wane
The world would move on, he'd be just one more name
But you can't kill ideas though you lock them away
You'll never be able to keep them at bay

Time to kick the Tories Out

It's the Vote, Vote, Vote tune

Pam Bishop

No more cuts to public services
No more cuts to public services
No more cuts to public services

It's time to kick the Tories **out, out, out!**



Universal credit's not the welfare people need
It doesn't fit the bill when there's a family to feed
Six weeks to wait for money is a very long time indeed
And it's time to kick the Tories out

Amazon and Google never pay their share of tax
They have their offshore havens where their millions are stashed
While thousands in our cities have no clothes upon their backs
And nowhere to lay their heads

They say that our prosperity depends on **HS2**
But libraries are closing and children's centres too
I don't think they'll reopen when the train is coming through
At a cost of **56 billion pounds**

It's time to end austerity, it causes too much stress
It's time to build more houses and **support the NHS**
It's time to end the pay cap for the public sector, **YES!**
It's time to kick the Tories out



The Song Lives On

Ray Hearne

Them old com-mu-ni-ties, Them sta-ple in-dus-tries Are all but gone But the song lives on

Them things we used to make For eve-ry-bo-dy's sake Are all but gone But the song lives on

CHORUS

The song lives on the song lives on

The song lives on and on and on, The song lives on The song lives on

Them old communities
Them staple industries
Are all but gone
But the song lives on

Them things we used to make
For everybody's sake
Are all but gone
But the song lives on

CHORUS

**The song lives on, the song lives on
The song lives on, and on, and on
The song lives on, the song lives on**

And all them things we did
When my dad was still a kid
Are all but gone
But the song lives on

Them tools we would employ
Girl, woman, man and boy
Are all but gone
But the song lives on

CHORUS

CHORUS

Them mucky clouds of smoke
That flavoured every little word we spoke
Are all but gone
But the song lives on

Them streets where you and me
Gained a whole identity
Are all but gone
But the song lives on

CHORUS

When they say 'your enemy
Is them across the sea'
You must think on
Think on

CHORUS

Ray started this song at a workshop
he ran for us in November 2017



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 sixth 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.

Send to: graham@tradartsteam.co.uk



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