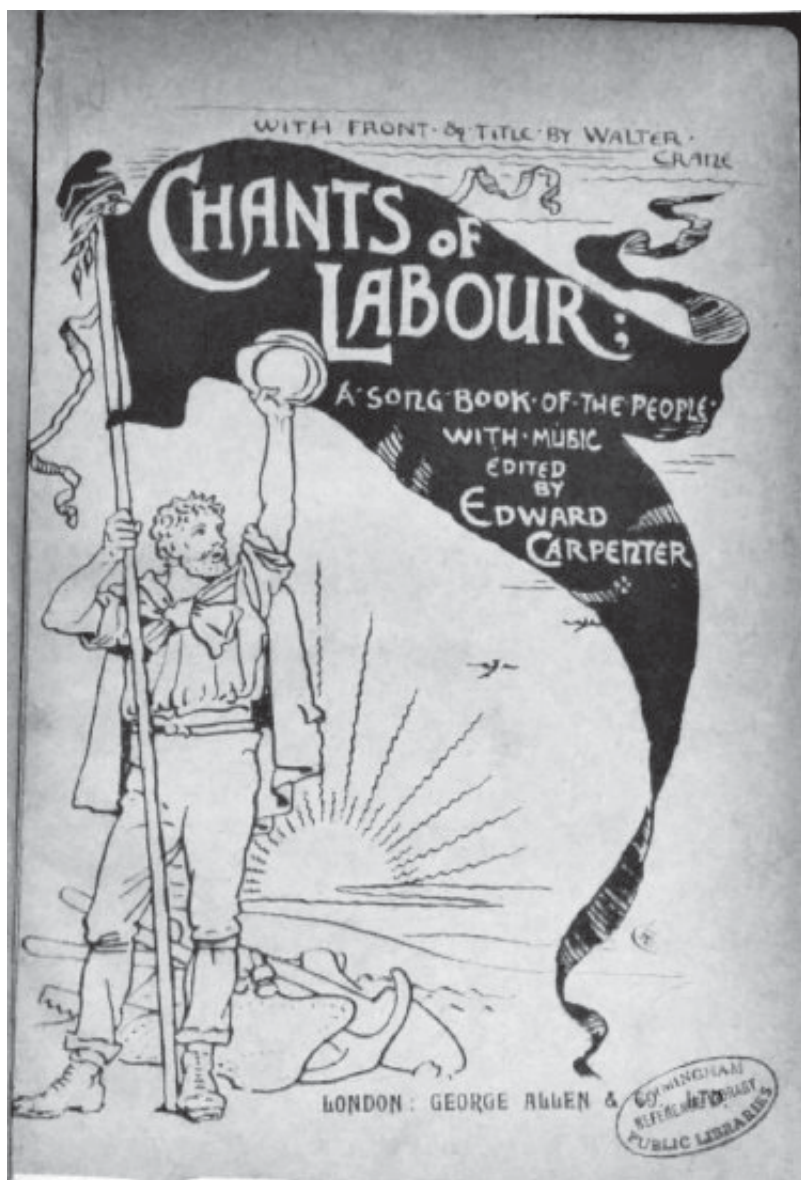


# The **POLITICAL SONGSTER** **November 2019**

30 songs to sing and share  
at Sing Political song sessions

£3.00



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



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

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# KICK out the Tories once and for all

ELECTION  
SPECIAL

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (D, A, G, Bm) are placed above the notes to indicate accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The fu-ture is co-ming, and it's co-ming fast Let's make Food Bank Bri-tain a thing of the past Put hope and com-pas-sion in all that we do Build a land for the ma-ny and not just the few And let's kickout the To-ries for once and for all Come brothers and sis-ters and ans-mer the call Put your cross in that box, play your part in their fall and let's kickout the To-ries for once and for all".

- 1 *The future is coming, and it's coming fast  
Let's make Food Bank Britain a thing of the past  
Put hope and compassion in all that we do  
Build a land for the many and not just the few*

**chorus** *Let's kick out the Tories for once and for all  
Come brothers and sisters and answer the call  
Put your cross in that box, play your part in their fall  
And let's kick out the Tories for once and for all*

- 2 *"Austerity's over!" The lies are well-drilled  
Tell that to the people those policies killed  
Out here in the real world, it's not just a game  
So rise up for our neighbours who died in its name  
Chorus*

- 3 *Cowards may flinch now, and traitors may sneer  
And the fair weather marchers may all disappear  
But in a world cast in darkness let us be the light  
In the fight of our lives be the life of the fight  
Chorus*

# FOR THE MANY NOT THE FEW

Paul Mackney 10.11.2019

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=955ABSy9-pk](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=955ABSy9-pk)

**ELECTION  
SPECIAL**

Here's a musical manifesto for canvassers, street stall organisers and political carousers – to the tune of 'Will Ye Go, lassie go'.

Pick & mix from these rough verses; compose your own; or, just sing the chorus. In the spirit of many labour movement songs, this represents slogans put to music to keep the spirits up and attract attention. There's no pretention to high poetry ... though the last verse paraphrases Shelley of course!

The image shows three staves of musical notation in G major, 8/8 time. The first staff has the lyrics: "Now e - lection time has come, So tell all your friends and neighbours To do themselves a favour And join us vo-ting La-bour". The second staff has: "For the ma-ny not the few And we're all vo-ting La-bour, Cos we're La-bour through and through". The third staff has: "Yes we'll all be vo - ting La-bour For the ma - ny not the few". Chords G, C, Em, D, and Bm are indicated above the notes.

Election time has come  
So tell all your friends and neighbours  
To do themselves a favour  
And join us voting Labour  
For the many not the few

## CHORUS

**And we're all voting Labour  
Cos we're Labour through and through  
Yes we'll all be voting Labour  
For the many not the few**

If you're tempted by Lib Dems  
Who seem so cuddly and mellow  
Just remember how it ends  
They're deep blue beneath the yellow  
Vote with the many not the few

If you fall for Johnson's schmoozing  
It's quite certain – do or die –  
That once his lips start moving  
You will catch him in a lie  
We're for the many not the few

To divert us from the truth  
He accentuates division  
Of sex, race and religion  
Only Labour has the vision  
For the many not the few

Our NHS is not for sale!  
B.J. would trade it all away  
While we're waiting on a trolley  
Crooks would swindle lots of lolly  
We're for the many not the few

If you just can't make ends meet  
On your miserable wages  
With zero hours contracts  
And rent that's quite outrageous  
Join the many not the few

If your school is short of cash  
And the staff tear out their hair  
Tories think that our state schools  
Are for any child but theirs  
Vote with the many not the few

Now it's time for real change  
In every city, town and village  
The Labour Party will arrange  
To put people before privilege  
For the many not the few

If you're living on baked beans  
In your college or your uni  
We will end tuition fees  
So there's no need to be gloomy  
We're for the many not the few

If your doctor's so hard-pressed  
That you can't get an appointment  
You don't need to be depressed  
To avoid more disappointment  
Vote with the many not the few

No more food banks, no more poor  
No more care homes to be dreaded  
No more sleeping rough in the doorways  
No more Universal Credit  
We're for the many not the few

Labour's got a Green New Deal  
To tackle global risk  
From floods and devastation  
And burning to a crisp  
We're for the many not the few

We'll ensure full rights at work  
From the day that you arrive  
We'll restore collective bargaining  
And the unions' right to strike  
For the many not the few

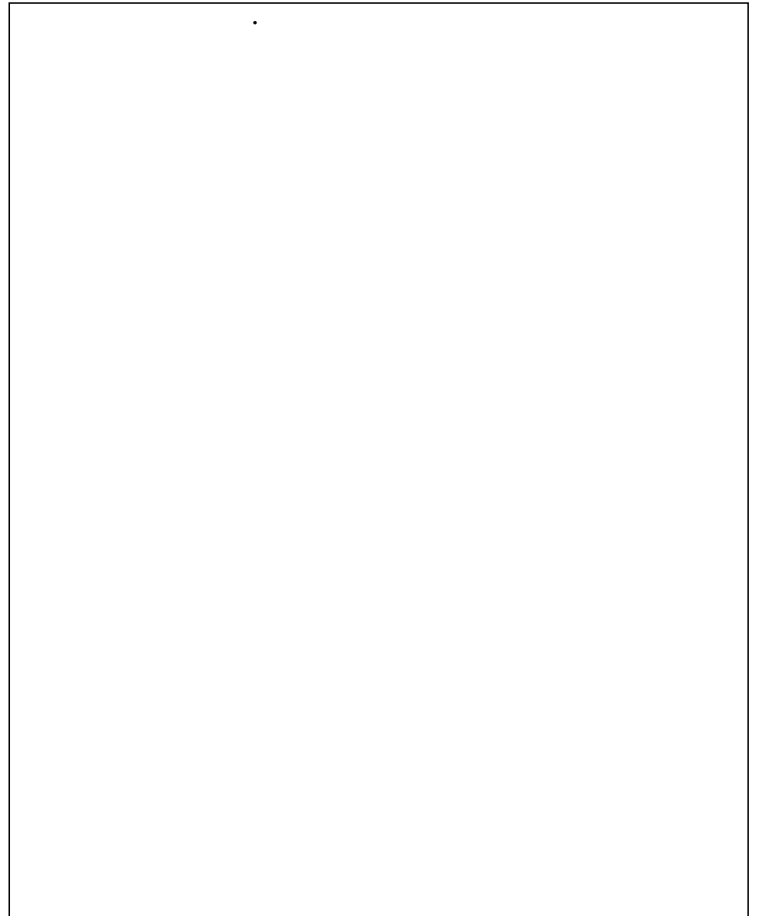
We'll extend the right to vote  
If you reached your sixteenth birthday  
And to everyone who lives here  
Though they may come from far away  
We're for the many not the few

We will take back control  
Of electric, gas and water,  
And rail and Royal Mail  
So don't you think you oughta  
Join the many not the few

By now you'll have the flavour  
So, on the twelfth day of December  
Put a cross for Corbyn's Labour  
And a socialist agenda  
For the many not the few

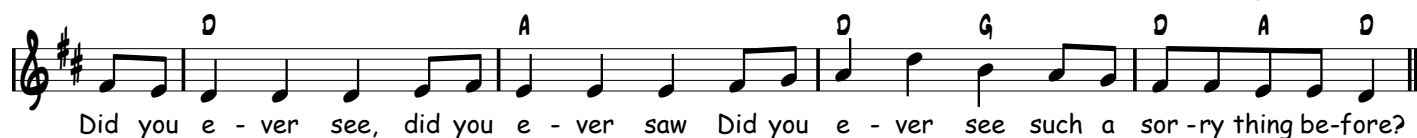
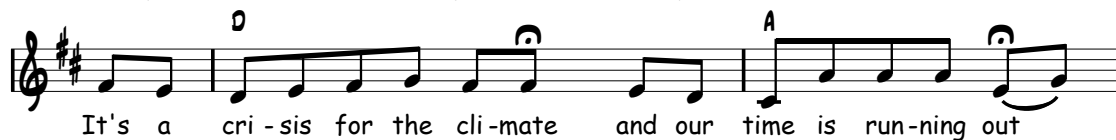
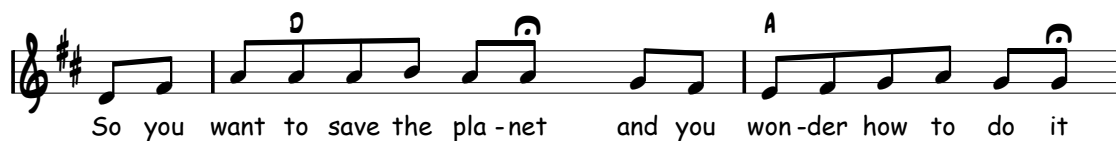
**Yes it's time for us to rise  
Like lions from our slumber  
In unvanquishable number  
To stand up and seize the prize  
For the many not the few**

Write your own  
verses here



# Cosher Bailey's Climate Song

by Doreen Davies



So you want to **SAVE THE PLANET** - and you wonder how to do it  
It's a crisis for the climate - and our time is running out  
Did you ever see, did you ever saw  
Did you ever see such a sorry thing before?

Now the sea is full of **PLASTIC** - and the seas and rivers **TOXIC**  
Soon the bees and insects die - and the birds no longer fly  
Did you ever . . .

So we're **BUYING** lots of stuff - as if you haven't got enough  
And when it's had its day - we just **THROW IT ALL AWAY**  
Did you ever . . .

Now you super **MULTI-MILLIONAIRES** - when you're brokering your shares  
Think of what your money's doing - will it bring **THE WORLD TO RUIN?**  
Did you ever . . .

We're not the ones who'll have to cope - when the planet is all broke  
We owe it to our children - to leave **A WORLD THAT'S FIT FOR HUMANS**  
Did you ever . . .

Now we cannot work alone - we can't do this on our own  
**WE HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER** - if we want to change the weather  
Did you ever . . .

I don't know how it is for you - but if you're wondering what to do  
It seems we have no choice - but remember **YOU'VE A VOICE**  
Did you ever . . .

# we want our planet back

Will Varley



[youtube.com/watch?v=R0GPmbQ\\_gXw](https://youtube.com/watch?v=R0GPmbQ_gXw)



*We want our planet back  
we want our planet back  
Let's make this planet great again*

Another factory on the hill  
another soldier dressed to kill  
another leader with his pocket filled  
with the money made from the oil spill  
Another day of mass starvation  
another clash between two nations  
another bomb another war  
another body washed onto shore  
another lie in the right wing papers  
another 6 million brain dead readers  
another dream of happiness  
how did it get to this?  
How did it get to this?

*We want our planet back  
we want our planet back  
Let's make this planet great again*

Another fascist in control  
another rainforest, time to go  
another way to control the masses  
another bonus for the bankers  
another protest unreported  
everything gets distorted  
another change in global weather  
another species gone forever  
another deal with the devil  
another rise in the water levels  
another dream of happiness  
how did we get to this?  
How did we get to this?

*We want our planet back  
we want our planet back  
Let's make this planet great again*

# You Cut Us Down



by Anna Tabbush [youtube.com/watch?v=5SBcvq78ihY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5SBcvq78ihY)



Revised by Sally Goldsmith, tree activist in Sheffield

For many years we've stood  
Fed the soil with our roots  
Fed the birds with our fruits  
Yet you cut us down, down, down  
You cut us down.



We have cleaned the air you breathe  
Shade and shelter with our leaves  
So won't you spare us please  
Don't cut us down...

Watch the owls fly from the trees  
Watch the blackbird as she flees  
Will you make this slaughter cease  
Don't cut us down...

There are many help our cause  
To oppose the deadly saws  
Yet you stop them with your laws  
And cut us down ...

When this Council's had its way  
And the street is bare and grey  
We won't forget the day  
You cut us down ...

Musical notation for the first two lines of the song. The first line of music is on a treble clef staff and contains the lyrics "For ma-ny years we've stood Fed the soil with our roots Fed the birds with our fruits". The second line of music is also on a treble clef staff and contains the lyrics "Yet you cut us down, down, down You cut us down." The notation includes various note values and rests, with some measures containing a '6' above them, possibly indicating a 6/8 time signature.



# The Chestnut Tree

Dave Rogers



In 1995 there was a determined effort to prevent the extension of the M11 motorway through Wanstead into London. The campaign involved most of the local community, teachers, actors, architects and local traders. This song is about the fight to save the old chestnut tree on George Common, Wanstead.

Free stand-ing chest-nut tree\_ you hold the world at your com-mand\_,  
Three hund-red years you stood pro-TECT-ing the peo-ple's com-mon land\_,  
Ten gen-er-a-tions came\_, a vil-lage grew in-to a sprawl-ing town\_,  
Proud-ly you held your ground watch-ing the world change all a-round\_.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four staves. Each staff has a key signature of one flat (F major/D minor) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (Am, Dm, Em, F, C) are placed above the notes to indicate the accompaniment.

Free standing chestnut tree, you hold the world at your command  
Three hundred years you stood protecting the people's common land  
Ten generations came, a village grew into a sprawling town  
Proudly you held your ground watching the world change all around

In winter I saw you stand naked against a clear blue sky  
In summer the small birds came to sing from your laden branches high  
In springtime a million flowers cascade across your mighty span  
In autumn your golden leaves lie like a mantle on the land

Grey-suited city men are planning demented highway schemes  
Ten miles of motorway are cutting through Wanstead Village Green  
So noble chestnut tree how much is all your beauty worth  
To men who can only dream of plunder and profit from the earth?

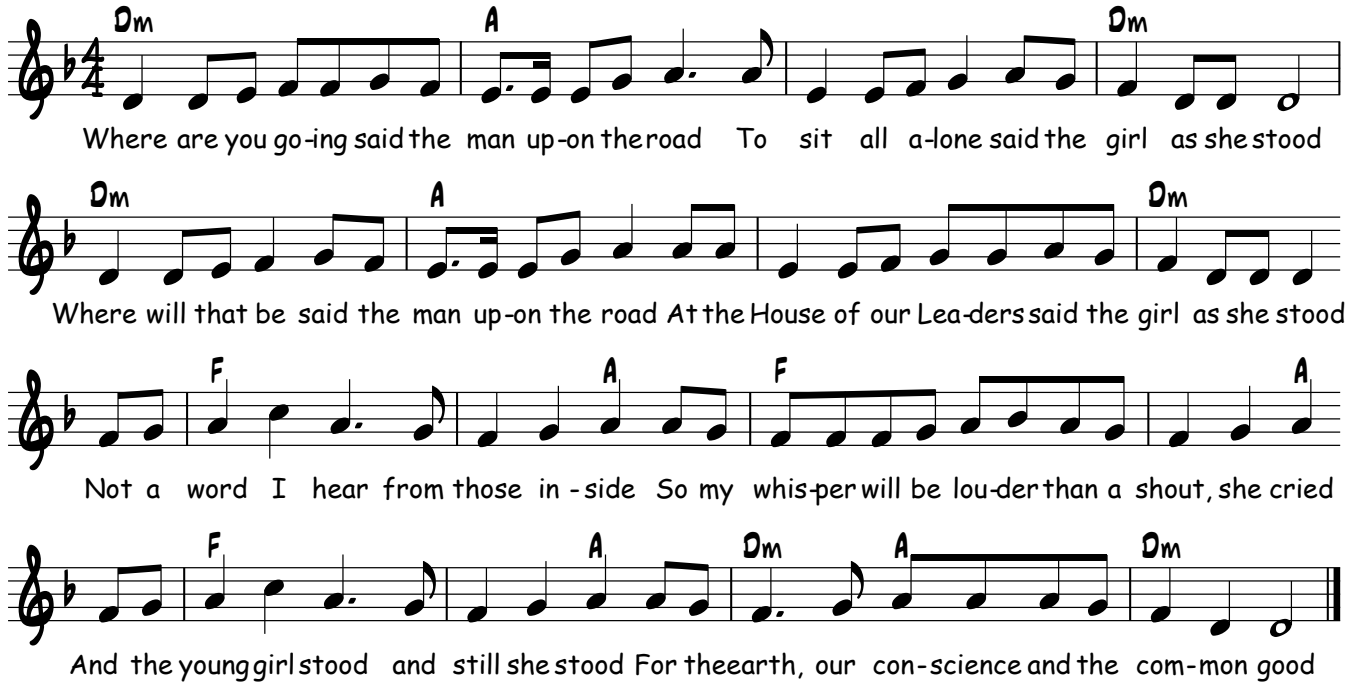
Farewell old chestnut tree, they've cut through your trunk so broad and strong  
No more will this green space resound with the call of blackbird song  
But, proud old chestnut tree, your seeds fly upon the morning breeze  
And one day this common land will bear forth a thousand chestnut trees



# Young Girl Upon the Road – for Greta Thunberg

Sandra Kerr, Feb. 2019

 [youtube.com/watch?v=atc9pynJTqI](https://youtube.com/watch?v=atc9pynJTqI)



Where are you go-ing said the man up-on the road To sit all a-lone said the girl as she stood

Where will that be said the man up-on the road At the House of our Lea-ders said the girl as she stood

Not a word I hear from those in -side So my whis-per will be lou-der than a shout, she cried

And the young girl stood and still she stood For the earth, our con-science and the com-mon good

Where are you going – said the man upon the road  
To sit all alone – said the girl as she stood  
Where will that be – said the man upon the road  
At the House of our Leaders – said the girl as she stood  
Not a word I hear from those inside  
So my whisper will be louder than a shout, she cried  
***And the young girl stood and still she stood***  
***For the earth, for our conscience and the common good (rep)***

But you should be in school – said the man upon the road  
But that's no use at all – said the girl as she stood  
You should learn your lessons well – said the man upon the road  
But no truth to me they tell – said the girl as she stood  
What's this truth they hide that you wish to hear?  
That our planet is in danger and its end is near  
***And the young girl stood and still she stood***  
***For the earth, for our conscience and the common good (rep)***

You should not be seen or heard – said the man upon the road  
Then do not take my word – said the girl as she stood  
You'd have us live in fear – said the man upon the road  
If you hold our planet dear – said the girl as she stood  
Though our time is short, and the way is long  
Our hope is in our deeds when our resolve is strong  
***And the young girl stood and still she stood***  
***For the earth, for our conscience and the common good (rep)***

There is nothing we can do – said the man upon the road  
Not if we leave it up to you – said the girl as she stood  
You cause nothing but distress – said the man upon the road  
Like you leaving us a mess – said the girl as she stood.  
Be still! The children's voices sound  
They are crying out defiance as they stand their ground  
***And the young girl stood and still she stood***  
***For the earth, for our conscience and the common good (rep)***

I can't get this in my head – said the man upon the road  
If you don't we'll all be dead – said the girl as she stood  
I can always close my eyes – said the man upon the road  
Then your kind I would despise – said the girl as she stood.  
I see black, I see white, where you see grey  
And we'll only see tomorrow if we change today  
***And the young girl stood and still she stood***  
***For the earth, for our conscience and the common good (rep)***



Defaced street art in Kings Heath, Birmingham

# We Didn't Start the Fire

2019 Nick Smith



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XCC0DIIEQSI>

## CHORUS

**We didn't start the fire  
But now it's really burning  
And the temperature's turning  
We didn't start the fire  
No we didn't light it  
But we're trying to fight it**

### **1**

Greta Thunberg bangs the drum  
Causes pandemonium  
Global warming  
Climate change  
One point five degrees  
Carbon footprint  
Biomass  
Fossil fuels and greenhouse gas  
Methane  
CO2  
C F Cs

### **2**

Glaciers  
Ice caps  
Melting snows  
Shrinking maps  
Maldives  
Rising seas  
Widespread famine and disease  
Amazon  
Borneo  
Armageddon  
Embers glow  
Slash and burn  
No return  
There's chainsaws in the Congo  
CHORUS

### **3**

Flash floods  
Danger zones  
Hurricanes and cyclones  
Wild fires  
Burning pyres  
Pollution in our seas  
Skies are blackening  
Oceans full of packaging  
Shout it out  
There's no doubt  
Nature's on its knees

### **4**

Attenborough  
Donald Trump  
Climate champion  
Climate chump  
Sceptics still deny the proof  
Of an inconvenient truth  
Reduce  
Re-use  
Re-cycle  
No excuse  
Act now  
Face the truth  
It's the challenge of our youth  
CHORUS

Gre-ta Thun-berg bangs the drum, cau-ses pan-de-mo-ni-um, Glo-bal warm-ing, cli-mate change, one point five de-grees  
 Car-bon foot-print, bi-o-mass, fos-sil fuels and green-house gas, Me-thane, C-O-2, C-F-C's  
 Gla-ci-ers, ice caps, melt-ing snows, shrink-ing maps, Mal-dives, ris-ing seas, wide-spread fam-ine and dis-ease  
 A-ma-zon, Bor-ne-o, Ar-ma-ged-don emb-ers glow Slash and burn, no re-turn, there's chain saws in the Con-go  
 We did-n't start the fire, but now it's real-ly burn-ing and the tem-pera-ture's turn-ing,  
 We did-n't start the fire, No, we did-n't light it but we're try-ing to fight it

## 5

Under 18  
 Cannot vote  
 Need to find an antidote  
 Politicians and MPs  
 There's no time to wait and see  
 Lip service  
 Platitude  
 Need to change your attitude  
 For earth's sake  
 Legislate  
 No such thing as Planet B

## 6

Ecosystems out of joint  
 Ground zero  
 Tipping point  
 Warning gong  
 Ding dong  
 How did it go so wrong  
 Rise up  
 Nationwide  
 Stop the rot  
 Turn the tide  
 Be strong  
 Live-long  
 Listen to our earth song  
**CHORUS**



# Children of This Land

by Katherine Rogers and friends  
tune: Children of Africa



We are the chil-dren of Man-ches-ter And for our fu-ture we are stri-king  
We are the chil-dren of Man-ches-ter And for our fu-ture we are stri-king  
Rise up now, Rise up now, Let's show the world our true strength  
Rise up now, Rise up now, Let's show the world our true strength

We are the children of this land  
We are the children of this land

and for our future we are striking  
and for our future we are striking

**Rise up now, Rise up now, Let's show the world our true strength**  
**Rise up now, Rise up now, Let's show the world our true strength**

Greta Thunberg has shown the way  
Greta Thunberg has shown the way

no one's too young to make a difference  
no one's too young to make a difference

**Rise up now, etc**

No more coal and no more oil  
No more coal and no more oil

our earth's too precious for profit  
our earth's too precious for profit

**Rise up now, etc**

To politicians who rule this land we say  
To politicians who rule this land we say

“no lies and excuses”  
“no lies and excuses”

**Rise up now, etc**

We stand with children across the world  
We stand with children across the world

we stand together united  
we stand together united

**Rise up now, etc**

# For the Sake of All Your Children

Mike Rawlinson 2019

An XR Song



[youtube.com/watch?v=v\\_hoeAQ\\_j6o](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v_hoeAQ_j6o)

## Chorus

For the sake of all your children, right now is the time  
After all it's their world, just as much as yours and mine  
Come join the rebellion, coz it's gaining pace  
To save life on earth, and the human race

Won't you take a look around you, tell me what you see  
Oceans full of plastic, and rising seas  
We're poisoning the land, and our humble bees  
Now look into the future and tell me what you see

There are no birds singing, in the dying trees  
No fish swimming, in the dying seas  
No insects are buzzing, in the stifling heat  
No children laughing, coz there's no food to eat

## Chorus

We don't want to cause disruption, but we don't have a choice  
We want to save the creatures, who don't have a voice  
So stop what you're doing, and make a stand  
For the sake of all life, in the air, sea and land

You may think it's not your problem, you think it isn't you  
But you're using fossil fuels, in 'most everything you do  
We gotta change our ways, / and change them soon  
'Cos whether we survive, depends on you

## Chorus

Musical notation for the chorus, consisting of two staves of music in G major. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the chorus, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Em, D, Em, Em, G, Em.

For the sake of all your chil dren, right now is the time, After all it's their world,just as much as yours and mine  
Come join in the re - bel-lion coz it's gain-ing pace, To save life on earth, and the hu - man race



EXTINCTION REBELLION!  
 say it loud and clear  
 We've come to change the future  
 RIGHT NOW! RIGHT HERE!  
 We only have one planet  
 there is no Planet B  
 The oceans are rising ...  
 and SO - ARE - WE!

by Peggy Seeger and friends



<https://peggyseeger.bandcamp.com/track/extinction-rebellion-right-now-right-here>

Ex - tinction Re bel lion Say it loud and clear, We've come to change the future Right now Right here

We on - ly have one plan - et, there is no Plan - et B, The o - ceans are ris - ing and so are we

We've got to stop the carnage, the plun - der and the greed, We've got to learn to share, we take more than we need

We stand for what we stand on, we come in hope and fear, Ex - tinction Re - bellion You know why we're here

We've got to stop the carnage, the plunder and the greed  
 We've got to learn to share, we take more than we need  
 We stand for what we stand on, we come in hope and fear  
 EXTINCTION REBELLION! You know why we're here.

chorus

WE - STAND - AGAINST the way the world is run  
 We have to change the system, we've only just begun  
 Every living creature is here with us today  
 EXTINCTION REBELLION! We are here to stay.

chorus



# Welcome In

Dave Lippman

Tune: When the Saints go marching in



[youtube.com/watch?v=dbyi\\_gWzAWM](https://youtube.com/watch?v=dbyi_gWzAWM)



When caravans approach our lands  
When caravans approach our lands  
I want to be in that number  
When we all can lend a hand

When families are forced to flee  
To the land of the Not Quite Free  
I want to be in that number  
When we welcome the refugee

Economies are broke and bent  
By one tenth of a one per cent  
Dictatorships deployed, local industry destroyed  
We say enough, let the people be free

And when our friends must emigrate  
Escaping terror from the state  
Just like refugees throughout history  
They will make our country great

Boss tweet harangues, he talks of gangs  
They're coming here to kill, he barks  
But we know it's just a distraction  
From the rule of oligarchs

The USA has had its way  
The IMF and CIA  
Honduras and El Salvador, we've got to open up the door  
Welcome in, strangers and kin, welcome in

When there's a coup, rule by the few  
I know just what we gonna do  
We will welcome our sisters and brothers  
Including LGBTQ

So welcome in, strangers and kin  
Let's live together, we all win  
You've got the freedom to be moving, your life to be improving  
Welcome in, welcome in, welcome in

# The Gypsy and the Gaugie

Dave Rogers

This song is a dialogue between a gypsy and a gaugie (or non-gypsy). The song is based on interviews with gypsies and travellers across Britain. The response was the same everywhere: a lack of even the most basic amenities for travellers and constant harassment from police and local authorities.

**The  
Guardian**

13 November 2019

Opinion Roma, Gypsies and Travellers

Priti Patel's demonisation of Gypsies is an attack on the vulnerable for political gain.

*George Monbiot*

[www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2019/nov/13/priti-patel-demonisation-gypsies-prejudice-bigotry](http://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2019/nov/13/priti-patel-demonisation-gypsies-prejudice-bigotry)

Make your feelings known:

[www.gov.uk/government/consultations/strengthening-police-powers-to-tackle-unauthorised-encampments](http://www.gov.uk/government/consultations/strengthening-police-powers-to-tackle-unauthorised-encampments)

Says the gaugie to the gypsy  
"We don't want filthy tinkers here  
You are so determined to live like vermin  
You spread your rubbish far and near"

Says the gypsy to the gaugie  
"You say that gypsies are unclean  
But who denies us rights to decent council sites  
And access to every human need?"

Who pollutes our towns and cities  
The food we eat, the rivers and the seas?  
Who poisons people's minds with prejudice and lies  
Was it you or was it me?"

Says the gaugie to the gypsy  
"We don't want thieving didikies here  
Robbers and hawkers, smooth-tongued talkers  
No wonder our children live in fear"

Says the gypsy to the gaugie  
"We buy and we sell and we ply our craft  
Up and down the land hiring out our hands  
The only thing we take is scrap

Who was it stole our right to wander  
To wastelands, woods and village greens?  
Who took the common ground where one time we'd be found?  
Who ran away with our liberty?"

Says the gaugie to the gypsy  
"You vagrants don't obey our laws  
Your kids don't go to school, you always break the rules  
You should be driven from our shores"

Says the gau - gie to the gyp - sy,  
 "We don't want fil - thy tin - kers here,  
 You are so de - ter - mined to live like ver - min,  
 You spread your rub - bish far and near".

"These gypsies are thieving, lying toe-rags. They leave the park like a pig hole and are sticking two fingers up to the city. It's time we got the rules changed and got them out of there for good."  
*Liberal Democrat councillor,  
 Perry Barr, Birmingham*

"I'm born gypsy. Me parents was gypsies and when they say conform, why do we have to conform? What is so dangerous about a person living in a caravan, a culture living in itself, got its own values, own principles?"  
*Joe Jenkins, gypsy*

Says the gypsy to the gaugie  
 "The laws are made by the likes of you  
 Who is it decides how we should live our lives?  
 You are many, we are few

You say that we are wild and lawless  
 But how did Britannia rule the waves?  
 By pilfering the land from other people's hands  
 You made free people into slaves"

Says the gaugie to the gypsy  
 "It's time to change your roving ways  
 Travelling's out of date, a drain upon the state  
 In bricks and mortar you'll have to stay"

Says the gypsy to the gaugie  
 "We don't want private property  
 We're a freeborn nation, to travel is our station  
 The right to roam is all we need

Why do our roving ways distress you?  
 Why do you always count the cost?  
 Is our roving really showing  
 All the freedom you have lost?"

Says the gaugie to the gypsy  
 "You live like rats and parasites  
 There's only one solution to all of your pollution  
 We'll cast you out of human sight"

Says the gypsy to the gaugie  
 "For us there is no hiding place  
 Your prejudice is clear, no gypsies wanted here  
 You think you are the master race"

In Auschwitz, Dachau and Treblinka  
 Two million gypsy people died  
 500 years of ethnic cleansing  
 500 years of genocide

# NOTHING HAS CHANGED

by Doreen Fryer

After the 'Durham Lockout' in 1892 written by Tommy Armstrong



In this land, this En - gland, I'm sor ry for to say  
That hun - ger and star - va - tion is in - creasing e - very day  
For want of food and fu - el we know not what to do  
But with your kind as - sis tance we all will strug - gle through

*In this land, this England, I'm sorry for to say  
That hunger and starvation is increasing every day  
For want of food and fuel we know not what to do  
But with your kind assistance we all will struggle through*

*I need not state the reason why we have been brought so low  
The government's behaved unkind as everyone must know  
Their tax cuts only boost the rich they do not help the poor  
Who have no way to keep the wolf from howling at their door*

*We go to work and yet the wage they pay us is too low  
We must apply for benefits to help our family through  
And then they keep us waiting weeks for money that we need  
And yet they know we have ourselves and little ones to feed*

*The people up in Westminster have all they want to eat  
They wine and dine in parliament and do not lack for meat  
They never know what hunger is of that I have no doubt  
We have to use the food banks or else we go without.*

*People cannot pay their rent, they can't afford to eat  
You see the piles of cardboard where they're sleeping on the street  
It's Broken Britain everywhere; just look around and see  
Where people cope in quiet despair: its called 'Austerity'*

*The government who make the laws live a world apart  
It makes me sing in anger that they have such stony hearts  
But now the tide is turning, of that we have no doubt  
Use your vote for Labour and throw the Tories out*

**£2.7million bill**  
to subsidise MPs' bars and restaurants  
rise by £200,000

# MY PRECIOUS ONE



Rowdy Yates, 2016

Chords: C, G, F, C, F, C, G, C, G, F, C, F, G, C, G, C, F, G, C

Ah med Ah med my pre cious one Sweet as an ap-ple, bright as the sun  
Tear-ful and cheer-ful and lo-ving and wild. Ah med my Ah-med my on-ly child  
Sa laam Sa laam I hear no more. Mer cy and kind ness were killed in the War  
Bu-ry my bo-dy deep now, my life is done. Lay him be-side me my pre cious one

Ahmed, Ahmed my precious one. Sweet as an apple, bright as the sun  
Tearful and cheerful and loving and wild. Ahmed, my Ahmed my only child

Salaam, Salaam, I hear no more. Mercy and kindness were killed in the War  
Bury my body deep now, my life is done. Lay him beside me, my precious one

Ahmed in school when the first bombers came. So many children there butchered and maimed  
Ahmed so frightened in the hours that he hid. He wet his pants there – all the children did  
His father the doctor taken by bombs. Working the wounded in the ruin of Homs  
His kind body broken, burned out like the light. I took my Ahmed – we ran that night

Salaam, Salaam, I hear no more. Mercy and kindness were killed in the War  
Bury my body deep now, my life is done. Lay him beside me my precious one

We crossed the mountains, we crawled through the dirt. Sometimes I carried him when his body hurt  
Out to the fences where the gates were shut fast. Ahmed so happy there to see the sea at last  
All of our money to a man from the West. What little left upon Ahmed's life-vest  
Shipped out in darkness like murderers and thieves. Cast out like dirt on a dark angry sea

Salaam, Salaam I hear no more. Mercy and kindness were killed in the War  
Bury my body deep now, my life is done. Lay him beside me my precious one

A broken boat and a cheap punctured vest. No words of comfort, no light from the West  
Ahmed still warm when my feet touched the sand. His first seashell still clasped in his hand

Salaam, Salaam I hear no more. Mercy and kindness were killed in the War  
Bury my body deep now, my life is done. Lay him beside me my precious one  
Salaam, Salaam I hear no more. Mercy and kindness were killed in the War  
Bury my body deep now, my life is done. Lay him beside me my precious one  
Ahmed, Ahmed, my only son

# Underneath the Arches

[youtube.com/watch?v=Ggk8g\\_p-Thg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ggk8g_p-Thg)



**The Ritz** we never signed for  
Savoys they can keep  
There's only one place that we know  
And that is where we sleep

Underneath **the arches**  
We dream our dreams away  
Underneath the arches  
On cobblestones we lay  
Back to back we're sleeping  
Tired out and worn  
Sorry when the daylight comes creeping  
Heralding the dawn

Sleeping when it's raining  
And sleeping when it's fine  
Trains rattling by above  
Pavement is our pillow  
Without a sheet we'll lay  
Underneath the arches  
We dream our dreams away

According to a television programme broadcast in 1957, Bud Flanagan said that he wrote the song in Derby in 1927, and first performed it a week later at the Pier Pavilion, Southport. It refers to the arches of Derby's Friargate Railway Bridge and to the homeless men who slept there during the Great Depression.

**A bank** in Birmingham city centre has torn out controversial "anti-homeless spikes" after more than 13,000 people signed a petition demanding their removal.

The measure, outside HSBC's New Street premises, was intended to maintain privacy for customers discussing their finances by stopping rough sleepers resting outside.

But they sparked a furious backlash, leading to their removal.

# Girls of Dagenham



There's a busy little town that has long since won renown  
With it's kilted girls - who on the bagpipes play  
But just lately we've found out, there are other girls about  
Who can make their mark in quite a different way  
For the lassies down at Ford, all spoke with one accord  
"We work no more until we get the rate"  
Came the answer from the Board, "Such a rate we can't afford"  
So the lassies one and all went through the gate.  
Now this caused a how d'ye do - and the panic signals flew  
"Those wild-cat girls are going to ruin the show  
For since they their jobs have quit, we have lost 8 million quid  
Every single day they're out our losses grow"  
But the lassies, pert, replied - "Now the truth you cannot hide  
You've proved that we in gold are worth our weight  
If our absence from the bench gives your output such a wrench  
- Well - it surely goes to show we're worth the rate!"  
So the lassies all stood fast, and they made their point at last  
And Auntie Barbara had them round for tea  
With two hundred quid a week, the rate she'd never had to seek  
She'd never had to scrape like you or me  
Well the lassies spoke their piece, as they munched their scones and cheese  
And Barbara said, "I know a man called Scamp  
I will see if he's in town - and I'll ask him to come down  
To probe this sex-discrimination ramp".

# MY MASTER AND I

Learn the  
Lessons of  
History

Says the mas-ter to me, "Is it true as I'm told Your name's on the book of the U-nion en-rolled?  
I can ne-ver al-low that a work man of mine With wick-ed dis-tur-bers of peace should com-bine."

Says the master to me, "Is it true as I'm told  
Your name's on the book of the Union enrolled?  
I can never allow that a workman of mine  
With wicked disturbers of peace should combine"

"I give you fair warning, mind what you're about  
I shall put my foot down and trample it out  
On which side your bread's buttered, now you must agree  
To decide now at once for the Union or me"

Said I to the master, "it's perfectly true  
That I'm in the Union and I'll stick to it too  
And if between Union and you I must choose  
I've plenty to win and little to lose"

"For twenty years mostly my bread has been dry  
And to butter it now I will certainly try  
And though I respect you, remember I'm free  
No master in England shall trample on me"

Says the master to me, "A word or two more  
We never have quarrelled on matters before  
If you stick to the Union 'ere long I'll be bound  
You'll come and ask me for more wages all round"

"Now I cannot afford more than two bob a day  
When I look at the taxes and rent that I pay  
And the crops are so injured by game as you see  
If it's hard for you it's hard also for me"

Says I to the master, "I do not see how  
Any need has arisen for quarrelling now  
And though likely enough we shall ask for more wage  
I promise you we shall not get first in a rage"

"There is Mr Darlow, I vow and declare  
A draper and grocer in Huntingdonshire  
He sticks up for the labouring men they all say  
He has caused the farmers to rise the men's pay"

"There is Mr Taylor so stout and so bold  
The head of the Labourers' Union I'm told  
He persuaded all the men to stick up for their rights  
And they say he's been giving the farmers the gripes"

## Note

Published in *Sharpen The Sickle! The History of the Farm Workers' Union* by Reg Groves, with the note "A Union Song of the 1870's". Henry Taylor, an experienced trade unionist, was appointed Secretary of The Warwickshire Agricultural Labourers' Union in 1872



# LIVING OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND

Sing vol 3 no 2. June/July 1956

Words and tune by Elin Williams



Am E Am

The Coun-cil's out of mo - ney and the es - ti - mates are spent So they're turn - ing on the ten - ants and they're re - put - ting up the rent

Am E G

Now this is their stor - y and this their la - ment "O they're liv - ing off the fat of the land, the land,

F E Am

They're liv - ing off the fat of the land"

The council's out of money and the estimates are spent  
So they're turning on the tenants and they're putting up the rent  
Now this is their story and this their lament  
Oh they're living off the fat of the land, the land  
They're living off the fat of the land

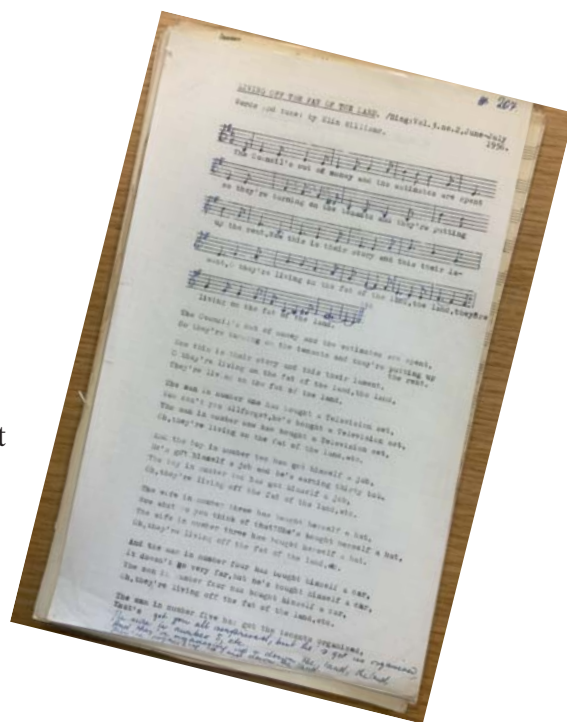
The man in number one has bought a television set  
So don't you all forget, he's bought a television set  
The man in number one has bought a television set  
Oh they're living off the fat of the land, the land  
They're living off the fat of the land

The boy in number two has got himself a job  
He's got himself a job and he's earning thirty bob  
The boy in number two has got himself a job  
Oh they're living off the fat of the land, the land  
They're living off the fat of the land

The wife in number three has bought herself a hat  
Now what do you think of that? She's bought herself a hat  
The wife in number three has bought herself a hat  
Oh they're living off the fat of the land, the land  
They're living off the fat of the land.

The man in number four has bought himself a car  
It doesn't go very far but he's bought himself a car  
The man in number four has bought himself a car  
Oh they're living off the fat of the land, the land  
They're living off the fat of the land

The man in number five has got the tenants organised  
That's got you all surprised, but he's got us organised  
The man in number five has got the tenants organised  
And they're organising up and down the land, the land  
They're organising up and down the land



# Trico Equal Pay Song

Tune: Solidarity Forever



In 1976, there was an equal pay strike at the Trico-Folberth windscreen wipers factory at Brentford Middlesex. The women, organised by the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers, were out for 21 weeks before winning their demand to be paid the same basic rate as the men. This song was originally posted on [protestsonglyrics.net](http://protestsonglyrics.net)

The TRICO women strikers are picketing the gate  
But there's no pay for this shift, though we're on from eight to eight  
We been out for sixteen weeks now and we're still prepared to wait  
Till we get equal pay

CHORUS:

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

The management are not prepared to give us what we ask  
They are 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

Now the men they have more money and they get the shift work too  
Which is something that the management won't let the women do  
It's the scabs inside, their bloody pride has made the talks fall through  
They don't want equal pay

They called for a tribunal which is meeting with the bosses  
And it's Lord Sir This and Chief High That with hoighty toighty voices  
I'm sure they've had a lovely time complaining of the losses  
But we still want equal pay

The Tribunal's decision came out the other day  
And we were not at all surprised by what they had to say,  
They didn't give us what we want so out and out we stay  
Till we get equal pay

# The Mighty Sword of Justice

Tom Robinson



[youtube.com/watch?v=g3fZ0p17o6U](https://youtube.com/watch?v=g3fZ0p17o6U)



My fa-ther did his ar-ti-cles in nine-teen fif-ty four When he be-gan so-li-ci-ting the work stuck in his craw  
En-forcing for the bour geoi-sie he ve-ry quick-ly saw There's one law for the rich, and a-no-ther one for the poor  
The migh-ty sword of jus-tice stands high a-bove us all All ci-ti zens stand e-qual be-fore her migh-ty laws  
But e-ven migh-ty jus-tice has one al-migh-ty flaw There's one law for the rich, and a-no-ther one for the poor

My father did his articles in 1954  
When he began soliciting the work stuck in his craw  
Enforcing for the bourgeoisie, he very quickly saw  
There's one law for the rich, and another one for the poor

**Chorus:**  
The mighty sword of justice stands high above us all  
All citizens stand equal before her mighty laws  
But even mighty justice has one almighty flaw  
There's one law for the rich, and another one for the poor

Rebecca's friends and fortune protected her in court  
And the shredder lives in luxury his millions have bought  
But Doreen Lawrence had to wait for 18 years and more  
There's one law for the rich, and another one for the poor

Our leaders meet in secret, behind a thick blue line  
When cops protect the wealthy, the costs is yours and mine  
They infiltrated Occupy and crippled them with fines  
There's one law for the 1%, another for the 99

Now justice wears a coronet, but justice is a whore  
She puts out for rich gentlemen, who come to pay her court  
Then kicks away the crutches from the beggars at her door  
There's one law for the rich, and another one for the poor



# The Trial of Bill Burn Under Martin's Act

Roud Broadside B248968

Jon Wilks



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

H S

If I had a don - key that would-n't go Do you think I'd wal-lop him No No No  
By gen -tle means I'd try you see Why, cos I hate all cru el - ty, Why, cos I hate all cru el - ty

o to the ver e t to the a e tune a the horu ut a ou e are rregu ar e the a t one h h goe e th

His Wor-ship si - lent shook the book And Bil - ly well he off his don - key took  
Al - though he gave me such a look As I says to he.....

**CHORUS** If I had a donkey that wouldn't go  
Do you think I'd wallop him **No No No**

By gentle means I'd try you see  
Why cos I hate all cruelty  
Why cos I hate all cruelty

If all had been like me in fact  
There'd be no occasion for Martin's Act  
To prevent farm animals from being whacked  
Why cos I hate all cruelty  
Why cos I hate all cruelty

Now why I mention this this morn  
It seems that this here chap Bill Burn  
Well he was out crying carrots and greens  
Walloping his animal with all his means  
Walloping his animal with all his means

He's hit him over the head and thighs  
Which forced the tears into my eyes  
At last my blood began to rise  
And so I says to he

**CHORUS**

Then Bill he says to me perhaps  
You're one of these 'ere Martin chaps  
Always seeking an occasion  
For to lay some information  
For to lay some information

Now this I stoutly did deny  
So Bill well he upped and he blacked my eye  
And I replied as I let fly  
Billy, well I hates all cruelty  
Billy, well I hates all cruelty

**CHORUS**

*A painting of the trial of Bill Burns, the world's first known conviction for animal cruelty under the 1822 Martin's Act, after Burns was found beating his donkey. The prosecution was brought by Richard Martin, also known as "Humanity Dick", and the case became memorable because he brought the donkey into court.*



Bill and I we broke the peace  
Up come to us the new police  
They marched us off as sure as fate  
Before the sitting magistrate  
There to see the magistrate

I told his worship all the spree  
And so to prove my veracity  
I begged as how he'd the animal see  
Why cos I hate all cruelty  
Why cos I hate all cruelty

Bill's donkey then was brought to court  
Which caused of course a deal of sport  
He cocked his ears and he dropped his jaws  
As though he was ready to plead his cause  
He was ready to plead his cause

I proved I'd been uncommonly kind  
And his worship and I were of a mind  
The donkey got a verdict and Bill got fined  
That's what comes of cruelty  
That's what comes of cruelty

**CHORUS**

Then Bill he says to me, it's hard  
Though it's not the fine as I regard  
But with these new laws we're at a pass  
Where a man can't chastise his own ass  
No man can chastise his own ass

His worship silent shook the book  
And Billy well he off his donkey took  
Although he gave me such a look  
As I says to he

**CHORUS**

# who cares for the carers



youtube.com/watch?v=wsXmfBTfZts

Tim Martin



Who cleans the sick from up off the floor  
Changes old pads and so much much more  
Who bathes the feet and can use a slip sheet  
Rolls and hoists, puts cream on dry feet  
Ministers drugs throughout the day  
Gets told to go and then please won't you stay  
Who ends up working right into the night  
Calms the panic, assuages the plight

Chorus:

Who cares for the carers?  
Who cares for the people who care for the ones that we love?  
Oh who cares for the carers?  
Who cares for the people who care for the ones that we love?

Who sees that someone is fading away  
Losing a friend at the end of the day  
Who has to watch how much time they spend  
Having a chat to nobody's friend  
Who helped to look after my dear old mum  
Making her laugh while wiping her bum  
Who calls the ambulance when things get bad  
Who stands there waiting, concerned and sad

Who ends up working on Bank Holidays  
Only receiving a pittance of pay  
Who's taken advantage of just 'cos they care  
How could they do it, how could they dare  
Who's being told that they must work part time  
To treat them so badly it must be a crime  
And now who's striking, it must cause them pain  
But cutting their hours is simply insane

The musical score is written in G major and 8/8 time. It consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first two staves are the chorus, and the following three staves are the verses. Chords are indicated by letters G, D, and C above the notes.

Who cares for the car - ers? Who cares for the peo - ple who care for the ones that we love?  
Oh who cares for the car - ers? Who cares for the peo - ple who care for the ones that we love?  
Who cleans the sick up from up off the floor Chang - ing old pads and so much much more  
Who bathes the feet and can use a slip sheet Rolls and hoists, puts cream on dry feet  
Ad - mi - nis - ters drugs throughout the day Gets told to go and then please won't you stay  
Who ends up wor - king right in - to the night Calms the pa - nic, as - sua - ges the plight

There are **35 countries** in the Americas, and the US has militarily invaded **every one** of them.



# In Venezuela

David Rovics, March 2019



[youtube.com/watch?v=Qi0Ls8daKDI](https://youtube.com/watch?v=Qi0Ls8daKDI)

## **Chavez was elected**

Like every time he ran  
When his Socialists took power  
That's when the changes began  
The opposition started  
Attacking every forward move  
But reforms went ahead  
The people's welfare improved  
A land of such riches  
That had always gone to so few  
Was reaching places  
Ignored since 1492

## *In Venezuela*

Millions poured into the streets  
To stop the coup back then  
They got the man that they elected  
Back into power again  
The Bolivarian Revolution  
Became famous worldwide  
Soon other socialist governments  
Swept in a red Latin tide  
Between the Cuban doctors  
And the Venezuelan oil  
Millions got medical care  
Millions tilled the soil

## *In Venezuela*

Bush began the sanctions  
Obama imposed more  
A slow-burning, destabilizing  
Economic war  
Following the formula  
Of the Chicago Boys team  
Used in many places  
To make economies scream  
Oil prices plummeted  
Foreign holdings locked  
Invasions being planned  
Negotiations blocked

## *In Venezuela*

From the Haitian Revolution  
To Venezuela today  
From the Seminoles  
To Salvador Allende  
Look at their ankles  
You'll see the chains  
Imperial vampires  
Open veins  
Those who stand up  
To the business elite  
Who cannot stand to see  
The workers in the driver's seat

## *In Venezuela*

# David and Goliath

(from the Banner show "In the Reign of Pig's Pudding", 1989)



Tune: D Rogers

Da - vid was a small man, the poor were his own kind,  
His hands were rough with dig-ging roads, his eyes with coal were lined\_\_,  
His clothes were damp with die - sel oil\_\_ and blanched with fur - nace dust\_\_,  
And he went to work each morn-ing on the num-ber\_\_ se-ven bus.

The musical score is written on four staves in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (Bb). Chords are indicated above the notes: Dm, Bb, C, Dm, Dm, A, Dm, Bb, C, Dm.

**David** was a small man, the poor were his own kind  
His hands were rough with digging roads, his eyes with coal were lined  
His clothes were damp with diesel oil and blanchd with furnace dust  
And he went to work each morning on the number seven bus

**Goliath** was a big man and he stalked across the land  
With pockets full of silver and diamonds in his hand  
Underneath his fingernails was gold from Zanzibar  
And he drove around the country in a souped-up Jaguar

David asked a copper, "Have you seen a man round here  
Walking into every home spreading hate and fear?  
They say he's called Goliath, eight foot ten in height  
A man who feeds on **living flesh** to slake his appetite"



The copper said to David, "Better leave that man alone  
Goliath runs this country, better get back to your home  
If I see you down this street again I'll lock you in a cell  
No one can touch Goliath and walk this side of **hell**"

**David** met **Goliath** outside a Wimpy Bar  
David turned to face him, said, "Things have gone too far  
You bound us down in slavery to satisfy your **greed**  
You drench the world in human blood, all for that profit creed"

"My father's father fought you in the Dublin GPO  
My sister was at **Greenham**, my brother in **Soweto**  
My mother's mother died in chains, she was a **suffragette**  
My father stood at **Stalingrad**, you ain't seen nothing yet!"

Goliath said to David, "This can be rectified  
The problems of the past," he said, "we both can set aside"  
I'll seal your lips with silver, stuff your ears with gold  
I'll fill your eyes with merchandise, just give to me your soul"

David told Goliath, "I'll never take your fee  
The **blood of generations** will not be sold by me"  
Goliath roared in anger, his eyes were cold as death  
And the smell of burning children was hanging on his breath

Goliath raised his cudgel, "I'll tear your limbs apart"  
David pulled his sling back, aimed a stone right at his heart  
He hit him in the wallet, which hurt Goliath sore  
He fell down on his mighty knees and staggered round the floor

"**Ten thousand years** you've plagued the earth with  
**misery and pain**  
Each time we were defeated we rose to fight again  
Your reign of death is running out, there's nowhere left to hide  
Even all your money cannot turn back the tide"

# The Cottager's Reply

Adapted by Chris Wood from an original poem by Frank Mansell (1918-1979)



[www.youtube.com/watch?v=8vtxmfl61dY](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8vtxmfl61dY)



## The Guardian

Every purchase of a second house deprives someone else of a first one. The only answer is to tax them prohibitively

@GeorgeMonbiot

Five hun-dred thou-sand En-glish pounds for this old house and a piece of ground,  
You and your wife have al-ways planned to set-tle down in Cots-wold land.  
Well you'd best come in, you'd best sit down It's such a long drive from Lon-don town  
Would you like some tea now while I tell The reasons why I will not sell.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, Em, Am, F, C. The second staff continues with chords C, Em, Am, F, C, G, C. The third staff has chords G, Am, Dm, Am. The fourth staff has chords C, Em, Am, F, C, G, C. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics.

**Five** hundred thousand English pounds  
For this old house and a piece of ground  
You and your wife have always planned  
To settle down in Cotswold land

Well you'd best come in, you'd best sit down  
It's such a long drive from London town  
Would you like some tea now while I tell  
The reasons why I will not sell

This stone built house that you call nice  
Was gained at far too high a price,  
For me to gaily sign away  
What others toiled for night and day

They hammered bluestone by the yard  
And they found the rent when times were hard,  
And they lived and died beneath the sun  
Tending the fields you're gazing on

Well they're all gone, but as for me  
The wild hare still runs as free,  
And at dusk the badger travels still  
Ancestral highways on the hill

I am as Cotswold bred as these  
And I still need these field and trees,  
And I need the soil that bore my race  
And holds their bones beneath this place

You say you'll pay five hundred grand  
For this old house and a piece of land,  
Well London's about four hours for me  
But in your 4 x 4 you'll do it in

**three**

# SHAME ON THE COMPANY!

Tune: "Vive L'Amour (Vive La Companie)"



**Ben Grosscup shared a post to the group: Labour History & Music.**

Hey Friends, here is a song I've been singing this past weekend on the picket line with UFCW Workers on Strike against Stop and Shop.

More songs on my timeline. <https://www.facebook.com/ben.grosscup/videos/10157406737365663/> Solidarity with Stop and Shop workers!

Come all you good wor-kers and lis-ten to me. Shame on the com - pa - ny!  
 Please ho-nour our pick-et line, don't try to cross. Shame on the com - pa - ny!  
 Join up in ourstrike if you want to be free. Shame on the com - pa - ny!  
 Sing up with the u - nion and down on the boss. Shame on the com - pa - ny!  
 Shame on the, Shame on the, Shame on the boss. Shame on the, Shame on the,  
 Shame on the boss. Shame on the boss, Shame on the boss, Shame on the com - pa - ny!

Come every good worker and listen to me.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

Join up in our strike if you want to be free.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

Please honour our picket line, don't try to cross.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

Sing up with the union and down on the boss.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

CHORUS:

Shame on the, Shame on the, Shame on the boss.

Shame on the, Shame on the, Shame on the boss.

Shame on the boss, Shame on the boss,

Shame on the company!

REPEAT CHORUS

The boss is a liar, a snake, and a crook.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

He mistreats the workers and doctors the books.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

His head's made of sand and his heart's made of stone.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

He keeps all the bread and he throws us a bone.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

CHORUS X2

The boss is determined to bust up our strike.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

We're not going back 'til we get what we like.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

Our jobs and our livelihoods we will defend.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

The union is going to win in the end.

**SHAME ON THE COMPANY!**

CHORUS X3



# SMASH THE RICH

Russ Spring

October 2018

To the tune of Solidarity Forever

Boris and his policies cuts Britain in two halves  
The rich are getting richer whilst the poor are left to starve  
Well where you've wealth you've poverty  
Of that you are assured  
But now is the time to say we won't take any more

Smash the rich and ruling classes  
Direct action by the masses  
Women, men and children all united, black and white  
An equal chance, an equal share, it's the only reason to fight

First Maggie said she's working class 'cus she 'works jolly hard'  
Then Tony said there is no class, the doors to wealth aren't barred  
We live in a meritocracy where merit you will see  
Is a measure of how much of a pig to others you can be

Smash the rich and ruling classes  
Direct action by the masses  
Women, men and children all united, black and white  
An equal chance, an equal share, it's the only reason to fight.

So you'll read it in the papers and you'll see it on the news  
That national identity is something we can't lose  
We're in it all together, British values are the best  
The Daily Mail, Jeremy Clarkson, Nigel Farage and all the rest

Smash the rich and ruling classes  
Direct action by the masses  
Women, men and children all united, black and white  
An equal chance, an equal share, it's the only reason to fight

# God Save the Hungry



youtube.com/watch?v=M-jaRsBdX2c

from [There's No Such Thing As a Protest Singer](#), released December 9, 2016  
Grace Petrie - vocals and guitar  
Written by Grace Petrie

Am I an agitator for not thinking it's cool  
That some were born to suffer while some were born to rule?  
Well does that make me a traitor? Before you toss that word around  
Please understand  
That I love this land of mine

And yeah, it's true God ain't my thing  
But if he was, I'd rather sing  
For all of the refugees  
Perishing in foreign seas  
Those bodies washed up on the shores  
Were fleeing our state-sponsored wars  
And our leader sees nothing wrong  
So I wrote him a brand new song

Chorus:

*God save the hungry and God save the poor  
God save those desperate souls whose lives were torn apart by war  
God save the homeless and those with disabilities  
And all the other targets of this heartless ideology  
There's a long and shameful list  
Of folks we need God to assist  
But those who sleep in palaces at night, I think they're doing alright*

And Britain could be greater if it had fairness at its heart  
Yeah this nation all together is more than the sum of its parts  
But they'll call you a traitor for even daring to believe  
A sleight of hand  
From those who bleed this land dry

And yeah, it's true God ain't my thing  
But if he was, I'd rather sing  
For all of the refugees  
Perishing in foreign seas  
Those bodies washed up on the shores  
Were fleeing our state-sponsored wars  
And our leader sleeps sound at night  
Cos he's got all the lyrics right so  
(Chorus)



So give me a song that won't stick in my throat  
If you agree the only power we should respect is that comes from a vote  
So give me a song that won't stick in my throat  
To see our millionaire politicians say we're all in the same boat

And yeah, it's true God ain't my thing  
But if he was, I'd rather sing  
For all of the refugees  
Perishing in foreign seas  
Those bodies washed up on the shores  
Were fleeing our state-sponsored wars  
And our leader sees nothing wrong  
So raise your voices, sing along yeah  
Chorus

And my gratitude to all the brave  
Soldiers spinning in their grave  
To see the Eton Mess that Dave  
Made of the sacrifice they gave  
To tear apart the Welfare State  
And all that ever made Britain great  
While those who sleep in palaces tonight  
They're still doing alright  
Yea, they're still doing alright

# Calling Joe Hill

Ray Hearne



[youtube.com/watch?v=B2dms6FoBY0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B2dms6FoBY0)



Where are the lan-gua-ges we spoke Sparks from the an - vil When we were mu - sic mind-ed folk, Cal - ling Joe Hill  
Cal - ling, cal - ling, cal-ling Joe Hill, Cal - ling, cal - ling, cal-ling Joe Hill

Where are the languages we spoke  
Sparks from the anvil  
When we were music-minded folk  
Calling Joe Hill?

CHORUS: Calling, Calling, Calling Joe Hill  
Calling, Calling, Calling Joe Hill

Rhymes in the broken beechwoods ring  
Tuneless and chill  
Into the darkness echoing  
Calling Joe Hill

Leaves in the wildernesses fall  
Fearing no ill  
Down to the deepest note of all  
Calling Joe Hill

CHORUS:

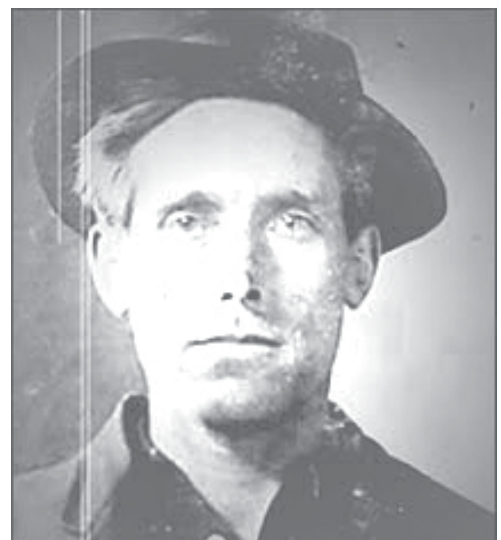
Through the archangel-haunted night  
True songs may still  
Quicken the dreamer's second sight  
Calling Joe Hill

Teller of elemental wrongs  
Teach me the skill  
Maker to maker, tongue to tongue  
Calling Joe Hill

CHORUS:

Songs for the hopelessness of friends  
Hauled through the mill  
Songs with a meaning in the end  
Calling Joe Hill

These are the heart's imaginings  
When there's a will  
Even the broken beechwoods sing  
Calling Joe Hill





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



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