

# The **POLITICAL SONGSTER**

**APRIL**

**2020**

Songs to sing and share  
at Sing Political song sessions



**The World Turned Upside Down**

**We're not going back - to NORMAL**

Songs about the pandemic and what happens next

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

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



To download a free copy of this book go to  
[tradartsteam.co.uk/pdf/Songster\\_Apr\\_20.pdf](http://tradartsteam.co.uk/pdf/Songster_Apr_20.pdf)

# The **POLITICAL SONGSTER**

**APRIL**

**2020**

**Supplement One 1st May 2020**

When this Pandemic is Over



**TEN MORE SONGS  
TO SING**

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# The **POLITICAL SONGSTER**

**APRIL**

**2020**

**Covid-19 Supplement Two**  
**1st June 2020**

*We Want a  
**GREEN  
RECOVERY***

**TEN MORE SONGS  
TO SING**

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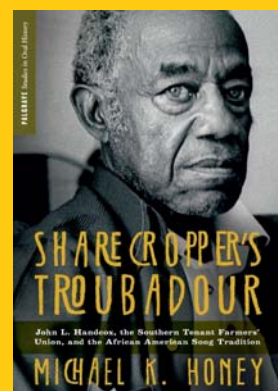
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**APRIL**

**2020**

**Covid-19 Supplement THREE**  
**1st July 2020**



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**The**

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at Sing Political song sessions

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The World Turned Upside Down  
We're not going back to NORMAL

The pandemic and what happens next

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# There's No Going Back

We have put together a selection of songs for people to sing at on-line sessions. Songs about what is happening now and what happens in the future. This crisis is one of capitalism's making and could have been avoided. Austerity, cutbacks and poverty together with environmental destruction have brought this about. But it has been made worse by the criminal failure of the Tory government to prepare for a pandemic that they have been warned about for years.

Songs are weapons. Songs make us strong. This book is free on-line to give us the tools to start fighting back now by raising our voices and singing the songs.

Thanks to all who have sent songs. This is the first coronavirus edition of the Political Songster and is the most important one yet.

**Graham Langley**



**SEND US YOUR NEW SONGS**

**graham@tradartsteam.co.uk**

# We're Not Going Back

Dave Rogers - Banner Theatre

[youtu.be/0MzBQNEO2Yg](https://youtu.be/0MzBQNEO2Yg)

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a guitar accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'They danced in the street, their eyes with fire were blazing / They walked proud and tall, their hearts with hope were racing / They sang from the roof-tops, no more starvation wages / We won this bloody war, we're demanding changes now / We're not going back, to dole queues and evictions / We're not going back, to slums and dereliction / We're not going back, to sickness and squalor / We want action now, we won't wait till tomorrow / We're not going back'. Chords are indicated by letters G, D, A, and A7 above the notes.

They danced in the street, their eyes with fire were blazing  
They walked proud and tall, their hearts with hope were racing  
They sang from the roof-tops, no more starvation wages  
We won this bloody war, we're demanding changes now  
We're not going back, to dole queues and evictions  
We're not going back, to slums and dereliction  
We're not going back, to sickness and squalor  
We want action now, we won't wait till tomorrow / We're not going back

They danced in the street, their eyes with fire were blazing  
They walked proud and tall, their hearts with hope were racing  
They sang from the rooftops, no more starvation wages  
We won this bloody war, we're demanding changes now

## Chorus

We're not going back, to dole queues and evictions  
We're not going back, to slums and dereliction  
We're not going back, to sickness and squalor  
We want action now, we won't wait till tomorrow  
We're not going back

The Tories they said they won't touch our health care  
They're liars and cheats, all they want is just wealth care  
Destroying by stealth our NHS service  
So Bupa and Virgin can decide who deserves it

They're trying to drive us right back to the thirties  
Where the rich had it all and to hell with the workers  
Thatcher's sick dream, so we got to stop it  
And put people first and to hell with their profits

'Cos we don't want a health care like in the US  
Where they take all of your money, leave your life in a mess  
The first thing they do is to check out your cover  
And if Bupa say: "No" then you're left in the gutter  
Chorus

We will not go backwards to private insurance  
Or turn back the clock, so they can ignore us  
We don't want a world where the rich get the pickings  
And the rest cast aside, their wounds left a-lickin'

We see what they do in those big US cities  
Where the poor and rejected get nothing but pity  
But we don't want a bottom rate, bottom class service  
Free health care for all, not a charity circus

Our grandmas and grandpas had great expectations  
They fought for a future for all generations  
No more will the poor and the needy be stranded  
"Free health care for all!" was all they demanded

It's the same dirty deals all across Europe  
"And there's no other way" – and that is their chorus  
These rich profiteers they stand in the doorway  
And you shall not pass, whether Labour or Tory  
Chorus

In Madrid and in Athens, it's a new situation  
The workers say: "No! We're in occupation  
This hospital's ours and you'll never close it"  
Say: "This is class warfare and we will oppose it"

So they took to the streets with their banners a-flying  
"Free health care's a right, it's not yours for denying"  
In praças and plazas the people are meeting  
Say: "Organise now, we will not beaten"

"We are the many ninety-nine percenters  
With their money and gold they are plotting against us  
So stand up and fight or to hell we'll be driven  
So rise up like lions, you men and you women"  
Chorus

# The World Turned Upside-Down ԼԻՔ ՄՈՒԳ ԼՆԱԵԳ ՈՆՅՈՒԵ-ԾՈՄՍ

Words and music © Leon Rosselson, 1975

[youtu.be/PCXnoi8NGbg](https://youtu.be/PCXnoi8NGbg)

In six - teen for - ty - nine to St. Geor - ge's Hill A rag - ged band they called the Dig - gers came to show the peo - ple's will  
They de - fied the land - lords, they de - fied the laws They were the dis - pos - sessed re - claim - ing what was theirs

In sixteen forty-nine to St. George's Hill  
A ragged band they called the Diggers came to show the people's will  
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws  
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs

We come in peace, they said, to dig and sow  
We come to work the lands in common and make the waste ground grow  
This earth divided we will make whole  
So it may be a common treasury for all

The sin of property we do disdain  
No man has any right to buy or sell the earth for private gain  
By theft and murder they took the land  
Now everywhere the walls spring up at their command

They make the laws to chain us well  
The clergy dazzle us with heaven or they damn us into hell  
We will not worship the God they serve  
The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folk starve

We work, we eat together, we need no swords  
We will not bow to the masters or pay rent to the lords  
Still we are free, though we are poor  
You Diggers all stand up for glory, stand up now

From the men of property the orders came  
They sent the hired men and troopers to wipe out the Diggers' claim  
Tear down their cottages, destroy their corn  
They were dispersed – but still the vision lingers on

You poor take courage, you rich take care  
This earth was made a common treasury for everyone to share  
All things in common, all people one  
They came in peace – the orders came to cut them down  
**You Diggers all stand up for glory stand up now**

# **THREE CHEERS FOR THE** *NHS*

Words Sandra Kerr, tune John Brown's Body

Well every Thursday evening when the clock is striking eight  
The people all come to their doors or to their garden gate  
They lean out of their windows, and the sound they make is great  
**As they cheer the *NHS***

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory Hallelujah, everybody's singing to yah  
We're all out today, because we really want to say  
**Three cheers for the *NHS***

Some clap their hands for ages, till their fingers they are sore  
Some they whistle, some they shout and some call out for more  
Some bang a spoon or pan or stamp their feet upon the floor  
**Three cheers for the *NHS***

We're cheering for the nurses and for all the doctors too,  
For cleaners and for drivers, we are not forgetting you  
And all you lovely carers, thanks so much for all you do  
**Three cheers for the *NHS***

There's others who are working just to keep us well-supplied  
You're out there facing danger, while we all are safe inside  
The service you have given us must never be denied  
**Three cheers for the *NHS***

And when this time has passed we hope you all will get your due  
For your courage and commitment will have helped to see us through  
You're essential, indispensable, you're loyal, brave and true.  
**Three cheers for the *NHS***



# The Roses of Eyam

by John Trevor

[youtu.be/U6f734MDffs](https://youtu.be/U6f734MDffs)

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff has lyrics: 'The earth be-neath the sur-face dust Is cold and damp and raw And hol-ding but the mem-or-ies of what has gone be-fore'. The second staff has lyrics: 'Can al-most be for-gi-ven For re-mem-be-ring the dream Of the wall of stones a-round the homes Of the vil-la-gers of Eyam'. The third staff has lyrics: 'Of the vil-la-gers of Eyam'. Chord symbols (A, D, E) are placed above the notes in the first two staves.

The earth beneath the surface dust  
Is cold and damp and raw  
And holding but the memories  
Of what has gone before  
Can almost be forgiven  
For remembering the dream  
Of the wall of stones around the homes  
Of the villagers of Eyam  
Of the villagers of Eyam

In August sixteen-sixty-five  
Along the cobbled roads  
Between the houses dark and high  
The carriers with their loads  
Were leaving for the northern towns  
The capital and crown  
And also leaving far behind  
The plague of London town  
The plague of London town

George Vicars was the tailor  
To the village life of Eyam  
And to his house a case of clothes  
From London town was seen  
To be delivered one fine day  
In September 'sixty-five  
And never more was tailor Vicars  
Ever seen alive  
Ever seen alive

The scars upon his face and chest  
Were many to behold  
And lying by the fevered body  
Now so very cold  
The case from London opened wide  
The clothes all neatly hung  
And from the bell upon the church  
The knell of death was rung  
The knell of death was rung

There followed sixty, scarred and bleeding  
 Buried in their graves  
 As Thomas Stanley stood above  
 And told them "Jesus Saves"  
 But Stanley was a puritan  
 An enemy to heed  
 To Mompesson the Anglican  
 Who held the rectors creed  
 Who held the rectors creed

The differences between the men  
 That were so very wide  
 Were shattered by the desperate need  
 And rudely cast aside  
 The forces of the two were joined  
 Their words were not in vain  
 They told the villagers of Eyam  
 "The plague must be contained  
 The plague must be contained"

The simple people took their word  
 Agreed to stay and die  
 They built a wall around the hamlet  
 Not so very high  
 But high enough that they should know  
 That though it mean their lives  
 The plague must stay behind the wall  
 With children, friends and wives  
 With children, friends and wives

For six long months the wall did stand  
 And honest to their word  
 The families died. The Friths and Sydalls  
 Never more were heard  
 The Thornleys, Hancocks and the Torres  
 All buried in the ground  
 The Coopers and the Vicars  
 Never made another sound  
 Never made another sound

The dawn that rang the final bell  
 Left thirty-three alive  
 From three-hundred-and-fifty  
 In September 'sixty-five  
 The villagers rebuilt their lives  
 With those who still remained  
 The name of Eyam can still be seen  
 The plague had been contained  
 The plague had been contained  
 The plague had been contained  
 The plague had been contained



Eyam Village churchyard

Coffins lined up in Italy



# STAY THE FUCK AT HOME!!!

by Piers Cawley

[youtu.be/SSp9s-8i84o](https://youtu.be/SSp9s-8i84o)

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Stay the Fuck at Home'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff has lyrics: 'There goes a - no-ther am - bu-lance we're all a - fraid to ride In the shops, no milk, no ho - ney, the shelves all cleared in - side'. The second staff has lyrics: 'Stand a - side, and there'd be plen - ty, emp-ty parks if we need to roam Best stay at fuck - ing home, oh please just stay the fuck at home'. The third staff has lyrics: 'Stay at home, please stay the fuck at home Stay home, stay home, just stay the fuck at home'. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, A, D, G, D, A, G, D, A, D, G, A, D, G, D, A, D.

There goes another ambulance we're all afraid to ride  
In the shops, no milk, no honey, the shelves all cleared inside  
Stand aside, and there'd be plenty, empty parks if we need to roam  
Best stay at fucking home, oh please just stay the fuck at home

## Chorus:

Stay at home, please stay the fuck at home  
Stay home, stay-ay home  
Just stay the fuck at home

The medics short of PPE are working night and morn  
While we unto the fields can't go because this thing's airborne  
The rich they hoard the flour, but we've bog roll for our thrones  
When we stay fucking home, when we stay fucking home

The winter of anxiety in spring now brings despair  
And risk to our society 'cos Cummings doesn't care  
Just let the old ones die, he says, the risk is overblown  
But don't believe their lies, please stay the fuck at home

We're scouring the hedgerow, the shops are running low  
All us poor weary labourers singing songs on patios  
Our social lives they now take place online and on the phone  
'Cause we stay fucking home, please stay the fuck at home

So work that soap around, let's all stay virus free  
Here's a health to every labourer, freelance or employeee  
Keep calm and keep your distance, all gatherings postpone  
We'll weather this but 'til we do, just stay the fuck at home

# The Virus, The Virus

The Dioxins

[youtu.be/KYvzr65IMPQ](https://youtu.be/KYvzr65IMPQ)

A little offering for the Coronapocalypse from 'The Dioxins'. Just remember, no health service anywhere in the world can be equipped for a pandemic when the state have spent a decade or more looting it, and just remember all those fantastic people you came out of your homes to applaud are the ones who've been picking up the slack all this time. Show your appreciation with solidarity rather than applause - **Don't vote Tory!**

CHORUS:

The virus the virus, no one wants to hire us  
What the fucking hell are we gonna fucking do?  
Protect the NHS, don't put it under stress,  
That's what BOJO says we have to do

Talk about severity, ten years of austerity  
And privatisation didn't do us any good  
To help us to prepare for a big pandemic scare  
No-one talks about the failings of the great and of the good

There ain't no ventilators for vulnerable patients  
That's what running a tight budget's gonna do  
To a system under pressure from every Tory measure  
To cut and cut and cut until they're through

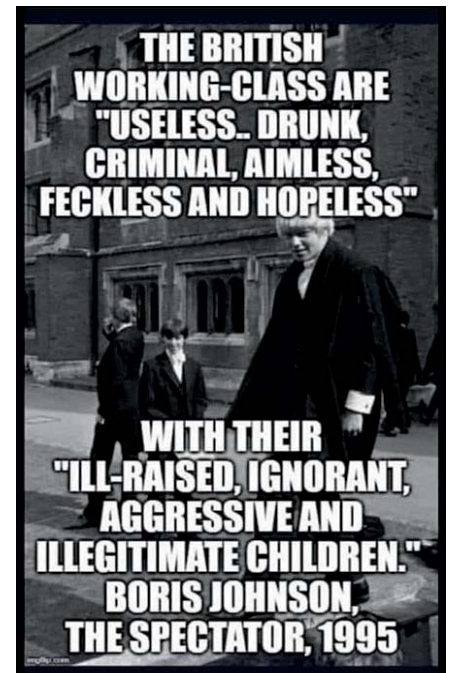
We know the corporate media are really all scheming ya  
Since Rupert and the Murdochs turned all the voters blue  
A Tory majority? Well it really cannot be  
The will of normal folk like me and you

No bog roll on the shelves, panic-buying everywhere  
Nothing left for our and our doctors and our nurses  
There is no solidarity, in a nation of disparity  
Of how much cash you carry in your purses

The Tories are the vector for the private sector  
To remove our public services for good  
So when this all over, they'll carry on as ever  
They'll have more sell offs waiting in the wood

LAST CHORUS

The virus the virus, when they gonna fire us?  
What the fucking hell are we gonna fucking do?  
Protect the NHS, don't put it under stress,  
Like fuck is that what BOJO's gonna do!



# IT'S AT MOMENTS LIKE THESE

This is one song taken from David Rovics' Pandemic Review  
<https://soundcloud.com/davidrovics/pandemic-review>

April 2020

For more songs this blog is updated regularly

It's at moments like these, everything is in the air  
The possibilities are nowhere and everywhere  
You've got to break a bone to set it now all we are is broke  
And now a lot of folks are saying it's time to be woke  
And they're not talking about micro-aggressions but really big ones  
The basic assumption that like planets circling suns  
But there are no natural laws that built your mansion or your tent  
There are creations of society like mortgages and rent

It's a future of uncertainty  
But our liberation  
Can only be as free  
As our imagination

If you were born and raised to believe that it's sacrosanct  
That whoever has a whole load of money in the bank  
Deserves to live off the wealth of the houses that they own  
And if they raise your rent you can move or take out a loan  
Then how can you demand your human rights  
If you don't believe you have any, is it you deserve your plight?  
But if things were hard before now the system has flatlined  
It's time for those basic rights to be re-defined

It's a future of uncertainty  
But our liberation  
Can only be as free  
As our imagination

All those vaunted freedoms added to the constitution  
As an afterthought after Shay's rebellion  
Did not include the right to land or the right to eat  
Or the right of human beings not to be dying on the street  
It's moments like these when we are standing on the edge  
That we might catch the strongest breeze to land furthest from the ledge  
'Cause we can fly you know, all you need is wings  
We can house and feed each other together we can do anything.

It's a future of uncertainty  
But our liberation  
Can only be as free  
As our imagination

# FLATTEN THE CURVE

Lyrics by **Barnie Matthews**

[youtu.be/xLkFNVKQ53c](https://youtu.be/xLkFNVKQ53c)

Musical score for the song 'Flatten the Curve' in 3/4 time. The score consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, G, D, G, C, F, D, G, C, G, F, G, C, C, G, C, G, F, G, C.

Come all you bold he - roes, give an ear to my song For we're self i - so - lat - ing and the days feel so long  
But it's still prob' - ly worth it, our health to pre - serve So let's stay in - doors and we'll flat - ten the curve  
We'll flat - ten the curve, we'll flat - ten the curve So let's stay in - doors and we'll flat - ten the curve

Come all you bold heroes, give an ear to my song  
For we're self-isolating and the days feel so long  
But it's still prob'ly worth it, our health to preserve  
So let's stay indoors and we'll flatten the curve

We'll flatten the curve, we'll flatten the curve  
So let's stay indoors and we'll flatten the curve

The Italians they shut borders, and the Irish shut pubs  
From China to the States, hands are fev'rishly scrubbed  
The French they take dinner with homemade hors d'oeuvres  
So let's stay indoors and we'll flatten the curve

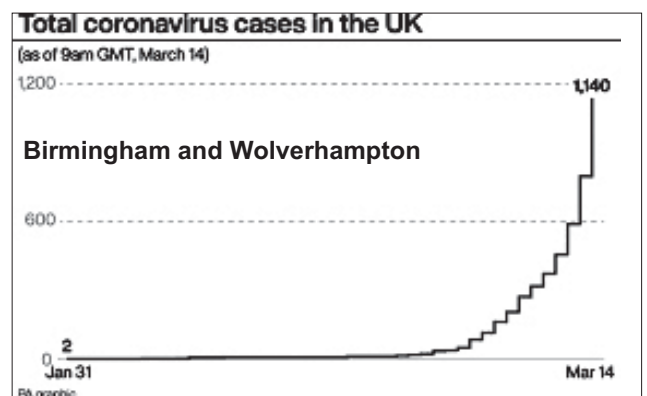
We'll flatten the curve, we'll flatten the curve  
So let's stay indoors and we'll flatten the curve

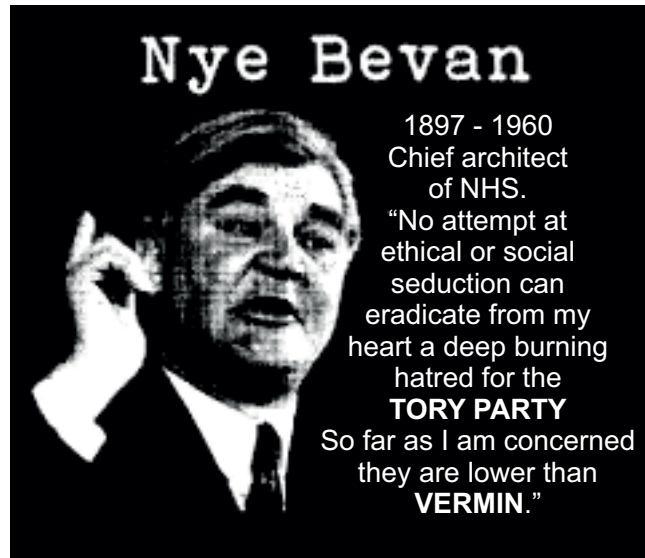
My friends they do attend me when I'm laid at my ease  
Through Facebook and Twitter they're eager to please  
To keep my hopes high, and my mood to observe  
So let's stay indoors and we'll flatten the curve

We'll flatten the curve, we'll flatten the curve  
So let's stay indoors and we'll flatten the curve

Grandparents and asthmatics they need care the best  
So let's free up beds for our dear NHS  
We're all in this together, let our courage not swerve  
So let's stay indoors and we'll flatten the curve

We'll flatten the curve, we'll flatten the curve  
So let's stay indoors and we'll flatten the curve





# NYE SONG FOR THE NHS

Martin Joseph

[youtu.be/8IBmmXn1QwM](https://youtu.be/8IBmmXn1QwM)

Nine days before I was born you were gone  
But what you left behind  
Great architect of health reform came forth  
From your soft heart and tougher mind  
When nothing good comes easy  
We fight for the dreams that we hold  
When you finally got that bill through though  
You had to stuff their mouths with gold

And the purpose of power is to give it away  
This is my truth tell me yours  
And freedom won't be freedom until poverty is gone  
So Nye, your dream's alive and strong

Nurse tired and drained it's 2 a.m.  
She'll summon up the strength again and smile  
It's not for the weight she does this job  
It's a greater call that cannot be defined  
The surgery, the plaster tape  
The arm around the aching and confused  
And drugs to give a little one more time to play  
Should never be refused

And the purpose of power is to give it away  
This is my truth tell me yours  
And freedom won't be freedom until poverty is gone  
So Nye, your dream's alive and strong

The accident, the cancer cell  
The final breath of sacrament at dawn  
The beating heart, the broken  
And the cry of the fragile being born  
Nine days before I was born you were gone  
But what you left behind  
Your greatest hour remains with us  
If we hold on with soft hearts and tougher minds

For no society can call itself civilised  
If the sick are denied through lack of means  
And if you don't believe me take a plane my friend  
Go break your arm, see what it costs in New Orleans

And the purpose of power is to give it away  
This is my truth tell me yours  
And freedom won't be freedom until poverty is gone  
So Nye, your dream's alive and strong





## All That Is Different Is Part of the Dance

Am E  
And will we see a bar - ren world where on - ly one god reigns su - preme A

E7 Am  
world where death's the on - ly dance and ev' - ry song's the same? Where

E  
all o - bey one sin - gle line and col - ours fade to mono - o - chrome? Where

E7 Am F  
for - ests fall and tar - mac carves through mead - ow, hill and stream? Where

G C  
day by day the wild - ness dies till there is noth - ing left to save? And

E Dm Dm6 E  
will we see the earth put on a un - i - form grey as the grave? And

E7 Am E  
does it have to be that way? And does it have to be that way? For

A D A  
all life is ho - ly the po - et once said, And all that is diff' - rent is

E E7 A A7 D  
part of the dance And the web of life's col - ours needs each sing - le

A E  
thread For the dance to con - tin - ue un - bro - ken.

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Page from:  
Turning Silence into Song

# All that is different ....

by Leon Rosselson  
based on a poem by William Blake

And will we see a barren world  
Where only one god reigns supreme  
A world where death is the only dance  
And every song's the same  
Where all obey one single line  
And colours fade to monochrome  
Where forests fall and tarmac carves  
Through meadow hill and stream  
Where day by day the wildness dies  
Till there is nothing left to save  
And will we see the earth put on  
A uniform grey as the grave?

And does it have to be that way  
And does it have to be that way?

For all life is holy the poet once said  
And all that is different is part of the dance  
And the web of life's colours needs each single thread  
For the dance to continue unbroken.





## STAY-AT-HOME DAYS

Leon Rosselson

Let us accept  
No division between day and day  
All days are equal  
Let Monday walk  
Side by side with Thursday  
Let us abolish the chummy superiority of Saturday  
And the tight-laced snootiness of Sunday  
And — why not? yes — a month of Sundays  
Except that  
After we have brought about  
The democracy of days  
We will start on the weeks  
And the years until —  
Time is a seamless flow  
A land unmarked, unbounded  
A world without cause or consequence  
In which we will laze  
Happy as innocence  
And in a timeless daze

# RIGS OF THE TIMES

RIGS OF THE TIMES, by Three Legg'd Mare  
Tune traditional, from John Salmond of Norfolk, 1947

[youtu.be/NJaYD4AN5oA](https://youtu.be/NJaYD4AN5oA)

Chords: Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, F, Dm, Am, Dm, Dm, C, Dm, Dm, G, Am, Dm, Am, Dm

No won-der that life's get-ting har-der each day When the rich won't pay tax-es or give us fair pay  
When you ask them the rea-son well they'll say that they're sad But they can't af-ford more 'cos the e-co-no-my's bad  
And sing Ho-nes-ty's all out of fa-shion These are the rigs of the times, times, me boys These are the rigs of the times

No wonder that life's getting harder each day  
When the rich won't pay taxes or give us fair pay  
When you ask them the reason well they'll say that they're sad  
But they can't afford more 'cos the economy's bad

**Chorus** And sing - Honesty's all out of fashion  
These are the rigs of the times, times, me boys  
These are the rigs of the times

And here's to the media, well I must bring them in  
They go looking for stories and they think it no sin  
To intrude and distort and sensationalise and blame  
And it's never their fault 'cos they've got no sense of shame

And now here's to the sceptic, well I must bring him in  
He won't listen to experts and he thinks it no sin  
With his dissed education he'll take control back  
And his stubborn conviction counts for more than your facts

And now here's to social media, well I must bring them in  
We all live in bubbles and we think it no sin  
'Cos on Facebook and Twitter our friends all agree  
So we all think that everyone thinks just like me

And now here's to the diehard, well I must bring him in  
He's smug and condescending and he thinks it no sin  
And if you disagree with him he's very quick  
To suppose that you must be immoral or thick

And now here's to the politicians, well I must bring them in  
They lie to the voters and they think it no sin  
With their slogans and sound-bites well they swear black is white  
And they all blame each other when it all turns to shite

Now the best of all plans it comes to my mind  
Is to set them all off in a high gale of wind  
And the wind it'll blow and the cloud it'll burst  
And the biggest old rascal come tumbling down first

# 422

## This is Nothing

Robb Johnson

[youtu.be/fSXc\\_qEG4aU](https://youtu.be/fSXc_qEG4aU)

All your skylines and your cities, all your soldiers, bombs and guns  
All your virtual realities, all your holidays in the sun  
Now you can hear the reptiles singing, above the ghost trains rolling past  
'Cause the fires have started burning and the ice is melting fast

Maybe next time you might listen, maybe next time you might hear  
When that voice comes out of nowhere and whispers in your ear

This is nothing

All your priests and prayers and temples, all those tin gods on TV  
All your banks and money markets, statues and celebrities  
'Cause you can see the sunlight dancing in the street outside your door  
But the world outside your window isn't yours anymore

Maybe next time you might listen, maybe next time you might hear  
When that voice comes out of nowhere and whispers in your ear

This is nothing

While you can watch your golden mirror, you can clap your golden hands  
But your monumental vanity will always be buried in the sand  
And the reptiles will be singing and the ghost trains will be gone  
And the sunlight will be dancing ...Blink .. and you miss it

Maybe next time you might listen, maybe next time you might hear  
When that voice comes out of nowhere and whispers in your ear

This is nothing

Nothing has no second chances  
Nothing has no second chances  
Nothing has no second chances

Blink and you might miss it

Nothing has no second chances



# 5373

## These are the Days we Don't Forget

Robb Johnson

[youtu.be/HTQTg2SNXPQ](https://youtu.be/HTQTg2SNXPQ)

When all this is over you can head straight to the pub  
Meet your mates and families, give your mom and dad a hug  
In the city, in the synagogue, the cinema and the mosque  
Say a prayer and light a candle for the ones we loved and lost

**Chorus** *These are the days we don't forget*  
*These are the days we don't forget*

You can hear the sound of birdsong, the silence of machines  
The fragile, small and beautiful, the echo of our dreams  
You can hear behind the headlines not a word they said was true  
How we clapped the frontline workers, that was all that we could do

Who was on the ambulances, who was on the bins?  
Who was on the checkout stacking shelves with all those things?  
Who was on the transport, who was on the vans?  
Who was in the care homes washing more than just their hands?

And who had no gloves and visors but worked on none the less?  
Who had those smart advisors who failed to track and test?  
Who was on intensive care? Who was on TV?  
Who washed their hands of those who died with no apology?

They didn't go to Eton and they came from far and wide  
The low paid and humanity, they went to work and died  
And **thank you** won't be good enough so let us not return  
To those businessmen as usual but remember what we learned

*These are the days we don't forget*  
*These are the days we don't forget*

*These are the days we don't forget*  
*These are the days we don't forget*

When all this is over you can head straight to the pub  
Meet your mates and families, give your mom and dad a hug  
In the city or the synagogue, the cinema or the mosque  
Say a prayer and light a candle for those we loved and lost

*These are the days we don't forget*  
*These are the days we don't forget*

*These are the days we don't forget*  
*These are the days we don't forget*

# **DON'T PAY THE RENT**

David Rovics

[youtu.be/-nD01QfAxdk](https://youtu.be/-nD01QfAxdk)

There's a suspension on evictions so stick to your convictions and

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

If at home we have to stay then most of us can't pay so

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

Tell your landlord, "Sir, that mortgage can defer"

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

If they start rattling their sabres say "I need to feed my neighbours"

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

It's time now to demand, one big union grand

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

Neoliberalism is dead, it's time to raise your head and

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

Strike for the guarantee, a home for everybody

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

Running water, housing, healthcare, all across this earth we share

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

Capitalism has failed, put the billionaires in jail

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

We need a new world now and let me tell you how

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

With mutual aid a new world can be made

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

From the ashes of the old if we stop doing what we're told and

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

Solidarity - with society

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

Our lives matter a lot, the landlord's profits do not

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

We can re-define what is theirs and ours and mine if we

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

There's a suspension on evictions so stick to your convictions and

**DON'T PAY THE RENT**

# Rent-Strike Song

A triumphant song about a rent strike in Birmingham. Yes, direct action does work.

by Elsie Marshall, Yardley Wood, Birmingham  
(from a recording made in Jan 1966)

The musical notation is in G major, 8/8 time. The first line of music has chords G, Em, C, D, G, C, G, A, D. The second line has chords G, Em, C, D, G, C, G, D, G. The lyrics are: "In nine teen hun-dred and thir - ty nine the Coun-cil did their best To im-pose on us a Means Test, which star-ted some un - rest For we or - ga-nised a rent strike, and said we would-n't pay The two - bob in-crease in the rent, and the te-nants won the day".

In nineteen hundred and thirty nine the Council did their best  
To impose on us a Means Test, which started some unrest  
For we organised a rent strike, and said we wouldn't pay  
The two-bob increase in the rent, and the tenants won the day

Never were so many meetings held in houses, streets and halls  
And slogans drawn artistically in letters three feet tall  
And paraded up and down outside the City Fathers' hall  
We told those Tory councillors they were riding for a fall

On Glebe Farm Estate they opened up the forty-ninth thousand home  
With Alderman Pritchett presiding, to lend a little tone  
The great man was surrounded by many boys in blue  
But they couldn't stop the housewives, who split the cordon through

Gone was the alderman's dignity as he struggled to be fust  
Through the back door of that house you couldn't see his arse for dust  
The mighty throng surged forward full hard upon his tail  
As he dived into his Daimler and hit the homeward trail

For ten long weeks the battle raged, sometimes the going was rough  
For they put the bailiff in and out to make our job more tough  
We held a funeral service, complete with coffin and hearse  
And buried the bailiff for evermore, and Bill Milner read the verse

At last the day of vict'ry dawned, and oh, what joy we felt  
For we knew that in the fight a blow for freedom we had dealt  
We'd struck a blow at Tory rule, and learned our lesson well  
That when workers fight together we can send the Tories to Hell



# Easter Weekend

by Paul Mackney

(roughly following the tune of "We ain't going anywhere by Bob Dylan)

[youtube/zuuJ\\_6xGHeo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zuuJ_6xGHeo)

**Chorus:** *Hey everybody! Are you feeling fine  
In coronavirus lockdown time?  
You stay with yours and I'll stay with mine  
And we ain't going nowhere.*

They said "Don't fret, we've got a plan  
Just make sure you wash your hands"  
And coronavirus swept the land  
And we ain't going nowhere

They saw their opportunity  
With absolute impunity  
To develop herd immunity  
And let the old ones die >> Chorus

If you're a carer, doctor or a nurse  
Drive a train, a truck, a bus or hearse  
Serve in shops or empty bins for us  
Your safety should come first

They say our key workers are the best  
And how they love the NHS  
But skimmed on PPE and tests  
And we ain't going nowhere >> Chorus

We can learn some things from this pandemic  
About how poverty's systemic  
And racism's far from academic  
When so many black folk die

There's been nothing quite like this before  
Though some people say it's like the war  
One law for the rich and one for the poor  
And we still ain't going nowhere

**Final Chorus:**  
*Hey everybody are you feeling fine  
In coronavirus lockdown time?  
You stay with yours and I'll stay with mine  
And we ain't going nowhere.*

# Those Were the Days

Words by Tim Hollins

[youtu.be/QptZ8tYZAkE](https://youtu.be/QptZ8tYZAkE)

Russian folk song tune (as sung by Mary Hopkins)

Once upon a time there would be meetings,  
Where we'd go and plot a scheme or two.  
Remember how we'd laugh away the hours,  
Envisaging the great things we would do.

But then coronavirus rushed right at us  
All dreams of gigs and meetings locked away  
If I saw you in a zoom in this damn lockdown  
We'd smile at one another and we'd say..

### **Chorus:**

*Those were the days my friends,  
We thought they'd never end,  
We'd meet and scheme forever and a day,  
We'd live the life we choose,  
We'd fight, not always lose,  
Those were the days, oh yes those were the days*

Just last night I logged on to a meeting  
Nothing seemed the way it used to be  
On my screen I saw a strange reflection  
Is that fat grey-haired oldie really me?

Then, through my screen there came familiar laughter  
I saw your face and saw you type my name  
Life's closed down, but new ways are emerging  
'Cos in our hearts our dreams are still the same

### **Chorus**

Already friends have faced their final curtain  
How many more will leave before their time?  
Maybe me, or you, or someone younger  
Just as long as Rupert Murdoch's next in line...

It's tempting to imagine all is over  
With locusts, floods, then fires block the sun  
But put aside all thoughts of desperation  
'Cos our Revolution's only just begun!

### **Last chorus**

*There will be days my friends,  
When we will hug as friends  
We'll sing and dance for ever and a day  
We'll live the life we choose  
We'll fight and not always lose!  
There will be days, oh yes there will be days!*

# *Sing for the Climate*

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

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

<https://singfortheclimate.com/>

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

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



**Make it greener  
Make it cleaner  
Make it last, make it fast  
and do it **NOW NOW NOW**  
We need to build a better future  
And we need to start right now**

**No point in waiting  
Or hesitating  
We must get wise, take no more lies  
And do it **NOW NOW NOW****

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

# 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 the 8th 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



During the lockdown, join our online sessions - email [graham@tradartsteam.co.uk](mailto:graham@tradartsteam.co.uk) if you aren't already on our mailing list

# The **APRIL** **POLITICAL SONGSTER** **2020**

**Supplement One 1st May 2020**

## When this Pandemic is Over



## TEN MORE SONGS TO SING

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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*It seems to me that this is a time for singing and that we need songs. Songs that provoke and stimulate. Songs that are tough, complex, violent. Songs that destroy the verbal mystifications of clean bombs, pre-emptive strikes, Western democracy, the underdeveloped countries, law and order, pragmatism, free enterprise, freedom of expression and the free world. Songs. Not soothing sounds, not background sounds. For this is a time for singing.*

**Leon Rosselson**

# Keep them Coming

Songs give us heart. Songs give us strength. Sing for the nurses, sing for our NHS. Sing and shout for a better tomorrow and no going back to an unequal world that is on its knees.

Ten more songs for you to sing at on-line sessions and meetings.

**SEND US YOUR NEW SONGS** so that the collection can grow and your songs can be heard.

Graham Langley

**If you want to do a bit of a reading during your session this is a bit of Alice through the Looking Glass apropos business as usual**

**‘Now! Now!’ cried the Queen. ‘Faster! Faster!’ And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as Alice was getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy.**

**The Queen propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, ‘You may rest a little now.’**

**Alice looked round her in great surprise. ‘Why, I do believe we’ve been under this tree the whole time! Everything’s just as it was!’**

**‘Of course it is,’ said the Queen, ‘what would you have it?’**

**‘Well, in *our* country,’ said Alice, still panting a little, ‘you’d generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time, as we’ve been doing.’**

**‘A slow sort of country!’ said the Queen. ‘Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running *you* can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least **twice as fast as that!**’**

**SEND US YOUR NEW SONGS**  
graham@tradartsteam.co.uk

# When This Pandemic Is Over

Tune: When This Lousy War Is Over

lyrics: Anni Tracy

[youtu.be/qrVpyxdfcwk](https://youtu.be/qrVpyxdfcwk)

When this pandemic is over  
No more nursing care for me  
The Government has lied and failed to  
Order stocks of PPE  
No more carers in the care homes  
No more nurses left to leave  
I can't kiss my friends and family  
How I'll miss them, how we'll grieve

When this pandemic is over  
Oh how happy they will be  
They will tell us they're the heroes  
Try to make us all believe  
That under-funding and bad planning  
Is nowt to do with all the deaths  
Blame will fall upon the poor folk  
We killed each other with our breath

When will everyone get angry?  
Call our leaders to account?  
Do you think their clapping obscene  
As we watch the death toll mount?  
No-one witnessing their passing  
No-one standing round the grave  
Forty thousand's just a number  
Many of whom we should have saved

When this pandemic is over  
No more Tory lies for me  
Fully funded jobs and services  
Oh how happy we shall be





# Working Night and Morning

Lyrics Sandra Kerr

Tune: The Drunken Sailor

## **CHORUS:**

*Hoo-ray the voices rise  
For the NHS and it's no surprise  
They're heroes in this terrible crisis  
Working night and morning*

*What would we do with no NHS  
We'd all be truly in a mess  
They're braver than me I must confess when they're  
Working night and morning*

*Nelson was a National hero  
Lady Hamilton thought him a dear-O  
Rather have the NHS here though  
Working night and morning*

*Hillary climbed up Everest high  
And he was praised up to the sky  
Praise to our nurses standing by and  
Working night and morning*

*To the Antarctic Scott did go  
He braved the ice and fought the snow  
More bravery in ICU I know, they're  
Working night and morning*

*Francis Drake fought the Spanish Armada  
Lizzie told him he should guard her  
Fighting the virus is much harder  
Working night and morning*

*Nurses are wonderful MPs say  
They're in the frontline every day  
But they didn't vote them a raise in pay (though they're)  
Working night and morning*

*Those workers are doing so brilliantly  
But there's one thing occurs to me  
Wouldn't they be safer with some PPE when they're  
Working night and morning?*

# The Forgotten

Dave Rogers

Dave sings "The Forgotten" on David Rovics Pandemic Open Mic Mondays #2. His appearance starts 36 minutes into <https://www.twitch.tv/videos/611098097>

Em D Em

On the streets of Glas - gow, - Wil - ly sleeps on the floor

Em B7

The ci - ty is de - ser - ted, there's no of - fe-rings for the poor

Em D Em

Of course I'm scared, I'm ve - ry scared, Wil - ly says to his mate

Em B7 Em

No home or roof a - bove our heads, how do we i - so - late?

C G

No go - vern - ment re - lief, des - pite the me - dia din

D C D Em

The home - less are for - got - ten thrown in the gar - bage bin



On the streets of Glasgow, Willy sleeps on the floor  
The city is deserted, there's no offerings for the poor  
Of course, I'm scared, I'm very scared, Willy says to his mate  
No home or roof above our heads, how do we isolate?

**No government relief, despite the media din  
The homeless are forgotten, thrown in the garbage bin**

Locked away in Holloway, Sharifa finds no peace  
One more pregnant woman, pleading for release  
The ministry of justice confirms she is high risk  
But she's just another convict, who cares if she gets sick?

**No government relief, despite the media din  
Prisoners forgotten, lost in the viral spin**

My life will not be saved, so said young Lucy Watts  
The rules of this pandemic means she'll be left to rot  
The frail, the sick, the challenged are low on the viral queue  
No right to decent health care or a ventilator crew

**No government relief, despite the media din  
Disabled folk forgotten, lives tossed into the wind**

Café reservations were just not going right  
The next thing Eric knew, it was all gone overnight  
Jobs are disappearing, in Italy, France, and Spain  
One more part-time worker, bottom of the chain

**No government relief, despite the media din  
The workers are forgotten—no union to step in**

Flags, they fly in Liverpool for Elizabeth Glanister  
She risked her life for others, so said the minister  
Without frontline protection, three more nurses fall  
Victims of a system that never was meant for all

**No government relief, despite the media din,  
Even heroes are forgotten – still no tests are in**

Barbara lived a long life, so the story goes  
Just another care home death, no one needs to know  
She was asked to sign the order, do not resuscitate  
Four thousand faceless figures, buried by the state

**No government relief, despite the media din  
The elderly forgotten, the mask is wearing thin**

Whose lives are remembered? Whose lives are forgot?  
Whose work is essential? Whose work will be lost?  
Unless you're rich and powerful, they'll never see your face  
You don't count for nothing, if you're outside the marketplace

**No government relief, despite the media din  
When the people are forgotten, the fightback must begin**

# Poverty Knock

Janet Wood

Tune from Tom Daniel, a Yorkshire weaver, collected by A E Green in 1965

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music. Above the notes, chord symbols D, G, and A are placed to indicate the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The lyrics are: "Po - ver - ty po - ver - ty knock, my loom is a sa - ying all day", "Po - ver - ty po - ver - ty knock, gaf - fer's too skin - ny to pay", "Po - ver - ty po - ver - ty knock, keep - ing one eye on the clock", "I know I can gut - tle when I hear my shut - tle go po - ver - ty po - ver - ty knock", "One hun - dred years and a score This song e - choes from the mill floor", and "From fac - to - ry wor - kers to dri - vers and ser - vers The rich are still fleec - ing the poor".

Po - ver - ty po - ver - ty knock, my loom is a sa - ying all day

Po - ver - ty po - ver - ty knock, gaf - fer's too skin - ny to pay

Po - ver - ty po - ver - ty knock, keep - ing one eye on the clock

I know I can gut - tle when I hear my shut - tle go po - ver - ty po - ver - ty knock

One hun - dred years and a score This song e - choes from the mill floor

From fac - to - ry wor - kers to dri - vers and ser - vers The rich are still fleec - ing the poor



**People living in more deprived areas of England and Wales are more likely to die with coronavirus than those in more affluent places, new figures suggest.**

**Office for National Statistics analysis shows there were 55 deaths for every 100,000 people in the poorest parts of England, compared with 25 in the wealthiest areas.**

BBC News

Poverty poverty knock, my loom is a saying all day  
Poverty poverty knock, gaffer's too skinny to pay  
Poverty poverty knock, keeping one eye on the clock  
I know I can guttle when I hear my shuttle  
go poverty poverty knock

One hundred years and a score  
This song echoes from the mill floor  
From factory workers to drivers and servers  
The rich are still fleecing the poor

Personal needs are a crime  
When slaving for Amazon Prime  
Working full throttle I'll pee in a bottle  
'Cos loo breaks are deemed idle time

Nine seconds to process a pack  
It's taking its toll on my back  
I'm fighting off sleep, work all day on the cheap, think I'm  
having a panic attack

Three hundred items an hour  
The joys of employment gone sour  
Force of the market's, impossible targets  
The clock and the boss hold the power

So poverty, poverty knocks, its sound can be heard down the years  
Poverty, poverty knocks, playing on family fears  
Poverty, poverty knocks, still keeping an eye on the clock  
It stalks in the dark before making its mark  
Singing poverty, poverty knock

# THE NEWS FROM NECKER ISLAND

Steve White

[youtu.be/Y82soqOmQHU](https://youtu.be/Y82soqOmQHU)

Great punk songs from this band - see [protestfamily.com](http://protestfamily.com)

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: 'The news from Neck - er Is - land is - n't good Mis - ter Bran - son's still not in a ve - ry good mood In this time of glo - bal cri - sis And plum - me - ting glo - bal air - line pri - ces He wants to spend our mo - ney, not his own Mis - ter Bran - son real - ly does - n't want to pay But he's the se - venth rich - est per - son in the U K'.

The news from Necker Island isn't good  
Mr Branson's still not in a very good mood  
In this time of global crisis  
And plummeting global airline prices  
He wants to spend our money, not his own

**Mr Branson really doesn't want to pay  
But he's the seventh richest person in the UK**

The news from Necker Island isn't good  
Mr Branson thinks he's been misunderstood  
He wants to place his staff on furlough  
But pay their wages with our dough  
He wants to spend our money, not his own

**Mr Branson really doesn't want to pay  
But he's the seventh richest person in the UK**

The news from Necker Island isn't good  
It's a lovely place to visit if you could  
It's a place to wash your conscience clean  
It's a place with a zero-tax regime  
It's the place that Branson's money calls his home

**Mr Branson really doesn't want to pay  
But he's the seventh richest person in the UK**

The news from Necker Island isn't good  
It's a lovely place to visit if you could  
It's a place to wash your conscience clean  
It's a place with a zero-tax regime  
**It's the place that Branson's tax-free money  
It's the place that Branson's tax-free money  
It's the place that Branson's tax-free money  
Calls home**

# Handclaptrap

Russ Spring

Tune: John Brown's body

Boris and his blathering has put us all at harm  
When he talked of herd immunity it set off the alarms  
They made no preparations as the virus headed west  
And now we drop like flies whilst Boris takes a rest

Chorus

**Smash the rich and ruling classes  
With direct actions 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**

The **claptrap** out of Downing Street, for business we must care  
The impact of austerity, was clearly everywhere  
From claptrap to a handclap, his **hypocrisy** makes you sick  
But then, what more would you expect from that blonde Tory prick

Chorus

The packages he puts in place are riddled full of holes  
With workers being bullied if their labour they withhold  
But in this time of crisis, the rich hold out the plate  
Whilst the hordes of low paid workers bravely step up to the plate

Chorus

**It's the nurses, cleaners, binmen, warehouse workers, drivers too**  
That are fighting on the frontline, they're the ones to pull us through  
And deep in our communities, we rise to organise  
**Caring for each other, united saving lives**

Chorus

So when we've beat corona, and the crisis it has gone  
We'll have a celebration, and some lessons to dwell on  
We know whose work we value, we know which side we're on  
**And that life will be much better when those rich parasites are gone**

Chorus

# BROKEN CITY

Dave Rogers

As I walked through the bro - ken ci - ty I saw tall towers gleam-ing in the sun  
Where priests of Mam - mon hide their fa - ces And me - dia gu - rus and their hench - men run  
I saw the home - less in count - less door - ways Hu - man cast - offs on a weal - thy street  
I heard the mur - mur of voi - ces ri - sing The dis - tant thun - der of march - ing feet  
You poor take cour - age, you rich take a war - ning The tide is turn - ing our time will come  
We walk with hope for a new day's a - daw - ning Seize the day, turn to the sun

As I walked through the broken city  
I saw tall towers gleaming in the sun  
Where priests of Mammon hide their faces  
And media gurus and their henchmen run  
I saw the homeless in countless doorways  
Human cast offs on a wealthy street  
I heard the murmur of voices rising  
The distant thunder of marching feet

I saw the sick, the maimed, the injured  
In endless queues they wait for care  
I saw the healers tired and weary  
While rich men tell them: "No cash to spare"  
Year on year they stole and plundered  
Public service up for sale  
Thatcher's dogma the only answer  
Cruel austerity must prevail



## **Chorus**

**You poor take courage, you rich take a warning  
The tide is turning, our time will come  
We walk with hope for new days a-dawning  
Seize the day, turn to the sun**

Now the virus sweeps the nation  
I see the healers fight for life  
I hear the hollow media chorus  
“Health care heroes”, now they cry  
But who spoke out on hospital shutdowns  
Who spoke out when they privatised  
Who spoke out for heroes shackled  
By closures, cuts and PFI

“No cash”, they said, “the purse is empty  
There is no magic money tree”  
Empty tears for the poor discarded  
Only crumbs to meet their needs  
But now the lockdown city falters  
The rich man’s market must be freed  
Now there’s billions for their system  
Now they find the money tree

We won’t go back to greed and profit  
We will take back the public sphere  
Cash for schools, for health, for people  
Reclaim the city, our time is here  
Rise like lions out of slumber  
Shake your chains to earth like dew  
Rise like lions in unvanquished number  
Ye are many, they are few

Listen to Paul Foot on Shelley and Revolution  
[youtu.be/sUFy3GlatL4](https://youtu.be/sUFy3GlatL4)

# The Potteries Peterloo

From Peter Branson, posted onto Sing Political facebook page

BURSLEM, The Potteries, N Staffordshire, 6 August 1842

The Peterloo Massacre, St Peter's Field, Manchester, Monday 16 August 1819

The Newport Rising, Newport, Monmouthshire, Monday 4 November 1839

The musical score is written on two staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the first line of the song, with lyrics: "When times are hard they dock our wa- ges The bos-ses swear they're not to blame Our sol-diers fire on their own peo- ple Josh Hea- py dy - ing where he stood". The second staff contains the second line of the song, with lyrics: "They've am - ple food laid on their tab - les But that's al - ways been the same Cry shame for Pe - ter - loo and New - port Bur-slem cob - bles red with blood". Chord symbols (D, G, A) are placed above the notes.

**When times are hard they dock our wages,  
The bosses swear they're not to blame,  
They've ample food laid on their tables,  
But that's always been the same.  
Chorus: Our soldiers fire on their own people,  
Josh Heapy dying where he stood,  
Cry shame for Peterloo and Newport,  
Burslem cobbles red with blood.**

**Though Chartists have their own agenda,  
We're grateful for their help today.  
But 'Votes for All!' is just a pipedream;  
We march because they've cut our pay.**

**We're miners, potters, textile makers,  
'A living wage!' our battle cry.  
It's bread we want not revolution;  
All the rest's a downright lie.**

**Their lot control what's in the 'papers,  
Support the bosses, not the poor,  
They call us violent agitators,  
But we're not out to break the law.**

**One man is killed, scores more are wounded,  
British troops, beyond the pale.  
Fifty-four men get transported,  
Three times more locked up in gaol.**

# CUT THE STRING

Graham Langley

[youtu.be/hcHh-cMaEZw](http://youtu.be/hcHh-cMaEZw)

Eve-ry five years as if by rote They give me the right to have a vote

In a pol-ling booth on just one day I've got the chance to have my say

But here's a fun-ny thing The pen-cil was tied to a string

Every five years as if by rote  
They give me the right to have a vote  
In a polling booth on just one day  
I've got the chance to have my say

## CHORUS

But here's a funny thing  
The pencil was tied to a string

This is not the way that it should be  
In a land that's proud, in a land that's free  
In a land where people have a voice  
In a land where people have a choice

In the voting booth I perused the list  
Of those who wanted me to enlist  
As their supporter on this day  
Then I could quietly go away

It occurred to me, though it was small  
My power on that day was all.  
To give MPs the jurisdiction  
Over my life by their decisions

I had one cross – though full of fears  
Just one cross, in every five years  
As power goes it felt quite small  
In fact it was no power at all

With just one cross I give away  
All the things I want to say  
All the things I want to change  
And things I want to re-arrange

A better life with just one cross  
Will it be gain or will it be loss  
I ponder the gains that could be made  
Food for all. The planet saved.

The housing crisis could disappear  
A New Green Deal would be oh so near  
Full employment, better pay  
Billionaires would have had their day

Schools would be places of education  
Hunger disappear across the nation  
Nuclear weapons could be disarmed  
And new jobs made that do no harm

I looked once more upon the list  
To see if someone had been missed  
Then in my head I heard a PING  
I took my knife and cut the bloody string

## FINAL CHORUS

Now here's a funny thing  
I've got the pencil and the string



# The Ballad of the NHS

Robb Johnson

[youtu.be/EHmRDsY1ww4](https://youtu.be/EHmRDsY1ww4)

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'Well my sto-ry's noth-ing spe-cial, it's much the same as yours I might be twen-ty se-ven or I might be six - ty four'. The second staff continues with: 'You might be five weeks ear - ly or you might be nine - ty five But it won't be hope and glo - ry that's keep-ing you a - live'. The third staff concludes with: 'Oh yes, that's the bal-lad of the N - H - S The bal-lad of the N - H - S'. The score ends with a double bar line.

Well my story's nothing special, it's much the same as yours  
I might be twenty-seven or I might be sixty-four  
You might be five weeks early or you might be ninety-five  
But it won't be hope and glory that's keeping you alive  
Oh yes, that's the ballad of the NHS  
The ballad of the NHS

Well a sister from the NHS she held my mother's hand  
The day I took my first breath, free at the point of demand  
And when I had the measles when I bashed my knee  
This doctor from the NHS she fixed my up for free  
Oh yes, that's the ballad of the NHS  
The ballad of the NHS

And though the pound devalues and up the Beatles break  
But we knew that we could Carry On with matron Hattie Jacques  
And it might just be a little prick to you but not to me  
And when you're feeling Tom & Dick they treat you equally  
Oh yes, that's the ballad of the NHS  
The ballad of the NHS

Well you might be hoity-toity or you might be common as muck  
But it shouldn't depend on the money you've got,  
it shouldn't depend on your luck  
Because everybody's body gets sick and tired and stressed  
So everybody's body deserves the very best  
Oh yes, that's the ballad of the NHS  
The ballad of the NHS

So here's to all the nurses, all the paramedic crews  
The midwives, doctors, porters, all those cooks and cleaners too  
And I'd like to see celebrities and politicians do  
A day's work half as useful and as low paid you do  
Oh yes, that's the ballad of the NHS  
The ballad of the NHS

And despite the years of PFI and then austerity  
And "Some of you will have to die for herd immunity"  
Well you might be five weeks early or you might be ninety-five  
But it won't be "clap for Boris" that's keeping you alive  
Oh yes, that's the ballad of the NHS  
The ballad of the NHS

So let's give Matt Hancock a trolley and no PPE  
And then push it round the wards all day long  
Like my next door neighbour John does for a living  
Go on Matt, show us how it's done  
Oh yes, that's the ballad of the NHS  
The ballad of the NHS

## Scumbag jailed for stealing PPE

Daily Express



Minister of Health

# We Can Make the World Stop

Alun Parry

[youtu.be/pQi63mUNOvg](https://youtu.be/pQi63mUNOvg)

They got money but they never worked a railway line  
They got money but they never drove a bus  
They got money but they never worked a hospital  
They got money but all of that was us

So if you feel intimidated by a higher power  
Just stop what you're doing and right within the hour  
You'll see the power that we got  
Is we can make the world stop

We can make the world stop and start again  
We can make the world stop  
We can make the world stop and start again

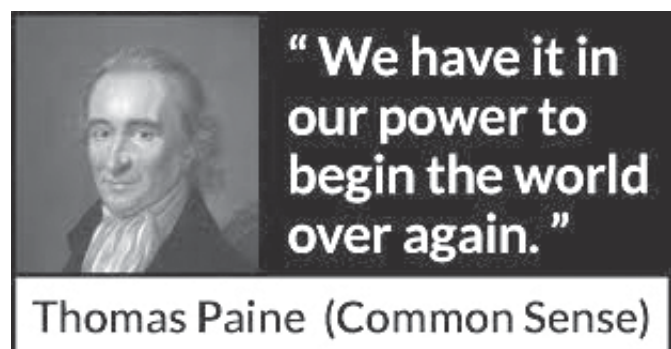
They make laws but their laws have never dug for coal  
They make laws but have never cleaned a school  
They make laws but their laws have never worked the land  
They make laws but hey that was me and you

So if you feel intimidated by a higher power  
Just stop what you're doing and right within the hour  
You'll see the power that we got  
Is we can make the world stop

We can make the world stop and start again  
We can make the world stop  
We can make the world stop and start again  
We bloody well should  
We bloody well should  
We bloody well should

Every power that they hold  
Every law or block of gold  
Every policeman, every jail  
Is guaranteed to fail  
Everything that they demand  
Is a powerless command  
Unless we obey  
Do what they say  
But if we say no way

Is we can make the world stop  
We can make the world stop and start again  
We can make the world stop  
We can make the world stop and start again



**The**

**POLITICAL SONGSTER**

**APRIL**

**2020**

**Covid-19 Supplement Two**

**1st June 2020**

*We Want a*

**GREEN**

**RECOVERY**

**TEN MORE SONGS  
TO SING**

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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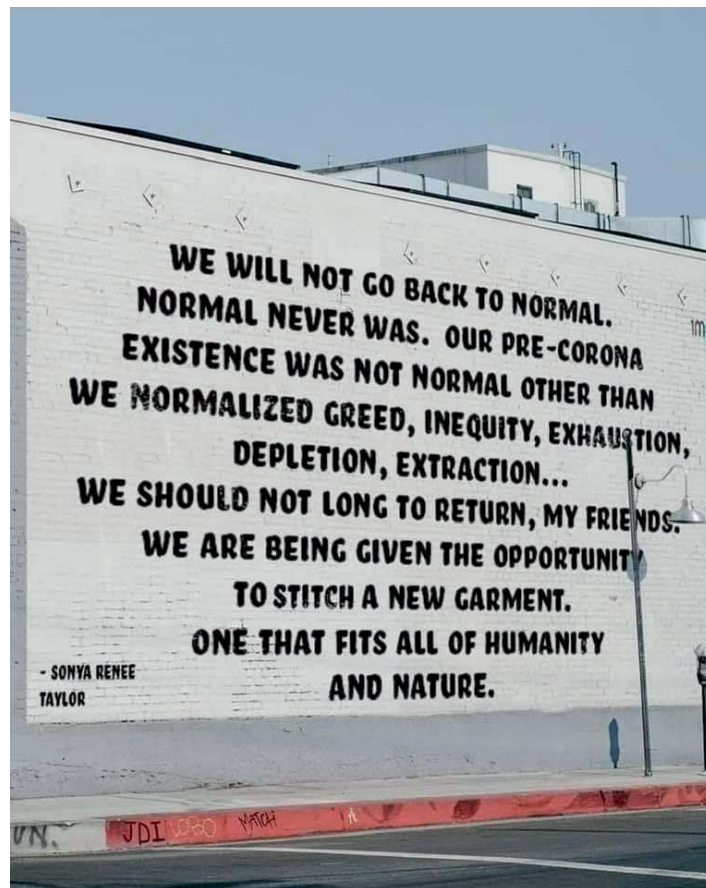


# Keep them Coming

Ten more songs for you to sing at on-line sessions and meetings. So that we could get these songs out quickly we have cut back on the time spent on layout so this supplement is maybe not looking as decorative as it has in the past.

We have a collection of great songs for you plus musical notation or a web link where you can pick up the tune. Sometimes we have given you both.

**SEND US YOUR NEW SONGS** so that the collection can grow and your songs can be heard.



**SEND US YOUR NEW SONGS**

to

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

# Isolation Makes us Strong

We have always washed our hands  
And now we wash them better still  
Yes we wash and wash and wash  
Until the virus we can kill  
We don't kiss or hug or shake  
Or lean against the window sill  
Isolation makes us strong

By Dave Lippman.  
Tune: John Brown's body

In our hands is placed detergent  
Maybe even alcohol  
Then we scrub and run hot water  
Oh we're having such a ball  
We can keep our precious health  
If we don't venture down the hall  
Isolation makes us strong

Cho:  
Isolation is the ticket  
Cocktail parties are not cricket  
We will stay inside our homes  
Reading philosophic tomes  
Isolation makes us strong

They have squandered  
opportunities  
To ready us for this  
They have privatised the masks  
In every way, they've been remiss  
If we quarantined the politicians  
We could be in bliss  
Disinfect the White House now

Cho:  
Isolation is our watchword  
Webinars are where we're all heard  
We can share a common womb  
If we all just download Zoom  
Isolation makes us strong

# WHEN COVID-19 IS OVER

by Graham Langley May 2020  
Tune: When this Bloody War is Over

[youtu.be/unUOSgROX14](https://youtu.be/unUOSgROX14)

When Covid 19 is all over  
Oh how happy I will be  
Get back to life as usual  
Returning to normality  
Cars all jammed up in the High Street  
Busses chugging nose to tale  
Children walking on the pavement  
Can breath but best not to inhale

Bankers busy doing business  
Building our prosperity  
See them piling up the profits  
But not for the likes of you and me.  
The super-rich will come out smiling  
From their Caribbean shores  
Hoping for business as usual  
So they can ignore the poor

Fracking oil across the landscape  
Cut Amazon forests flat  
Poison all the seas and rivers  
What's the prob-el-em with that  
I'll be free to go out shopping  
Strolling hap'ly down the street  
Homeless shelter in the doorways  
Begging for a bite to eat.

Who'll control the press and media  
Lies and truth are all the same  
British workers they are lazy  
Immigrants the one's to blame  
Let us bomb a few more countries  
To help give them democracy  
Making money out of misery  
So we can set the people free.

Is this the normal you are needing?  
Is this the sort of world you want?  
Time for us to make some changes  
Turn the system back to front  
When Corvid 19 is over  
Lets forget normality  
Time for us to make some changes  
And build a life that's fair and free

# WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE LIKE THAT

Ewan McColl 1968

We've learned to distinguish the hollow men from the rest  
At spotting the phonies we have passed our test  
Their objectivity's all a bluff  
Their ethical standards shoddy stuff  
Their world's not good enough for us

## **We don't want to live like that**

We've learned that we're free to learn and think and know  
Providing we don't disturb the status quo  
Serve the truth that serves the nation  
Guarantee your graduation  
Then you can fool the next generation

## **We don't want to live like that**

We've learned that a man in some things may be wise  
And yet wear social blinkers on his eyes  
Top man in a scientific team  
And the sound of burning children screaming  
Doesn't disturb his self esteem

## **We don't want to live like that**

We've learned to beware of the smiler with the knife  
Who offers to geld you, cut you off from life  
He offers a world without collision  
A cosy world of complete submission  
Never a need for real decision

## **We don't want to live like that**

We've learned how to question everything we've been told  
By learned men who have been bought and sold  
Their detachment's only a damned excuse  
To sit back on their arse and be no use  
While the neck of the world's fitted for a noose

## **We don't want to live like that**

Am Dm

We've learned to dis - tin - guish the hol - low men from the rest

G

At spot - ting the pho - nies we have passed our test

Am F

Their ob - jec - ti - vi - ty's all a bluff Their e - thi - cal stan - dards shod - dy stuff

G Am E7 Am

Their world's not good e - nough for us We don't want to live like that



Ewan MacColl with Charles Parker and Peggy Seeger

# Victory in Europe

by Robb Johnson 2020

[youtu.be/SC7ib3PFoQ8](https://youtu.be/SC7ib3PFoQ8)

First our care homes were expendable  
Pensioners could die  
Our bus drivers were expendable  
No-one asking why  
There had been no preparation  
No plan no P P E  
40,000 smiling faces disappeared

First they stopped making the front page  
Then they stopped making the news  
Once the dead become expendable  
They get easier to lose  
Those who never counted  
These we can ignore  
40,000 smiling faces disappeared  
Victory in Europe

Don't forget your flags & bunting  
Don't forget to wash your hands  
Your nurses are expendable  
And I'm sure you understand  
Stockpiles are so expensive  
It's our money tree not yours  
40,000 smiling faces disappeared

Now our children are expendable  
The economy comes first  
Our keyworkers are expendable  
The poor always die first  
There will be no preparation  
No plan no P P E  
But you can always have more children

First our care homes were expendable  
Now our children are expendable  
This is victory in Europe  
The highest rate of death in europe  
Don't forget your flags & bunting  
40,000 smiling faces disappeared

**Singing Together Apart**  
**By Boff Whalley, for the Commoners Choir**  
[youtu.be/1 fy3KgdijI](https://youtu.be/1fy3KgdijI)

<p>1.</p> <p>A world made of islands Connected by sound Vibrations of molecules Flying around</p> <p>Recorded as data And sent down the wires Ones and noughts To make up a choir</p> <p><i>Joining together</i> <i>Listening together</i> <i>Working together</i> <i>Making a start</i></p> <p><i>Singing together</i> <i>When we're together</i> <i>And singing together apart</i></p>	<p>3.</p> <p>Side by side Far away Things to hear and say</p> <p>All alone In the crowd Oh so quiet And oh so loud</p> <p><i>Joining together</i> <i>Listening together</i> <i>Working together</i> <i>Making a start</i></p> <p><i>Singing together</i> <i>When we're together</i> <i>And singing together apart</i></p>
<p>2.</p> <p>Dreaming Laughing Science and art</p> <p>Hoping Learning Head and heart</p> <p>Joining Listening Making a start</p> <p>Singing Singing <i>Singing together apart</i></p>	<p>4.</p> <p>Joining Listening Working Making Dreaming Laughing Hoping Learning Talking Sharing Caring Loving <i>Singing together apart</i> <i>Singing together apart</i> <i>Singing together apart</i></p>

# No Going Back – coronavirus version

Pam Bishop, May 2020 - after a song by Sandra Kerr

Now lis-ten all you wor-kers, hear what the To-ries say We know you want to go to work, you need the pay  
But they want their fac-tories work-ing so their pro-fits start to rise The u-nions say it is -n't safe, so or - ga-nise!  
And there'll be No go-ing back (un - til we feel it's safe) No go - ing back (let's make a deal that's safe)  
No go - ing back (un - til it's real - ly safe) No go - ing back

Now listen all you workers, hear what the Tories say  
We know you want to go to work, you need the pay  
But they want their factories working so their profits start to rise  
The unions say it isn't safe, so – organise!  
And there'll be

**No going back (*until we feel it's safe*)**  
**No going back (*let's make a deal that's safe*)**  
**No going back (*until it's really safe*)**  
**No going back**

Now listen all you teachers, hear what the Tories say  
We know that children need to mix and learn and play  
But they want their children minded, so they can run our lives  
The unions say it isn't safe, so – organise!  
And there'll be ..

Now listen all care workers, where is your P P E?  
The Tories ran the stocks down for austerity  
They voted down your wages while they all had a rise  
And now they clap each Thursday while the nurses die  
And there'll be ..

Now listen all you people, ignore those Tory lies  
They only want their stocks and shares to rise and rise  
Let's get rid of the old world and organise a new  
And don't forget that we are many, they are few

“In the new world that emerges after lockdown, we cannot go back to the injustices of the past. Birmingham Labour Council will stand up for the most vulnerable in this city, and the rights of all citizens to decent and effective health and care services. We will challenge the government to keep its promises and look after all the citizens of Birmingham.” (Cllr Ian Ward, May 2020)



# should he stay?

by Russ Spring May 2020  
tune from the Clash

[youtu.be/9Z3V5CpJrEo](https://youtu.be/9Z3V5CpJrEo)

There is a toff that we all know  
By the name Dominic he goes  
Compared to Hitler he's to the right  
He's an advisor talking shite  
He pulls the strings to old Bo Jo  
Should he stay or should he go

Cus he's caused many deaths you see  
With his herd immunity  
This talk, "Of Covid we're not scared  
There is no need to be prepared  
We're making Britain Great you know  
We'll do it my way here we go"

Should he stay or should he go now  
Should he stay or should he go now  
If Dom stays we'll be in trouble  
If he goes Bo's in a muddle  
So come on people, let them know  
Should Dom stay or should he go

Don't listen to the W H O  
They're only expert what'd they know  
Whilst others locked down we said no  
It's only like the flu you know  
So go out there and shake some hands  
Then simply wash them, that's our plan

As the death toll starts to rise  
Can't even hide it with their lies  
"My god Bo we're in a mess  
We'll pin our flag to the NHS"  
At the front door stand and clap  
Whilst privatising through the back

So should he stay or should he go now  
So should he stay or should he go now  
If he stays well be in trouble  
If he goes Bo's in a muddle  
So come on people let them know  
Should he stay or should he go

# TAKE A WARNING

by Graham Langley May 2020  
tune: Pam Bishop

[youtu.be/p3dvYUQtw8I](https://youtu.be/p3dvYUQtw8I)

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four staves. Each staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (Am, G, F, E) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: In thir-teen fif - ty we re - ceived a warn - ing when fif - ty mil - lion Eu - ro - pe - ans died Rats were the ones who car - ried the plague and brought a Black Death to end their lives A - no - ther plague of rats were there in hid - ing This time the tar - get was the land The rich and the power - ful grab - bing all they could push - ing out the peo - ple their own wealth to ex - pand

## **In 1350 we received a warning**

When fifty million Europeans died  
Rats were the ones who carried the plague  
And brought a Black Death to end their lives

Another plague of rats were there in hiding  
This time their target was the land  
The rich and the powerful grabbing all they could  
Pushing out the people their own wealth to expand

## **In 1665 we had a warning**

The Great Plague brought London City down  
The plague pits were opened to swallow up the dead  
The poor had no resistance in this infested town

The rich ran away, left for the country  
The Purple Death spread amongst the poor  
Other rats were there to grab everything they could  
Enclosing land they never owned before

## **In 1918 we had a warning**

A deadly flu spread like a flowing tide  
Death came quickly to the soldiers and the poor  
But the bosses and the government just lied.

The rats were the generals and commanders  
Using censorship to hide the truth  
Fifty million people died around the world  
While their war took the best of our youth

**In 2016 we had a warning**

A report came out that made it very clear  
A new pandemic would soon head our way  
But the Tories just turned a deaf ear

The report called for preparation  
Stockpiles and plans that should be made  
No action was taken in these neo-liberal times  
For big business there's no profits to be made

**In December '19 we had a warning**

Doctor Wen Lang saw a viral thread  
His inconvenient truth was silenced by the state  
Now thousands round the world are lying dead

The leaders of the world tried to deny it  
Business as usual they cried  
It's just like the flu or a really nasty cold  
Business closures have to be denied

**This January we had a warning**

But Johnson said there's no need for alarm  
The nation will build up herd immunity  
Just like cattle living on a farm

Ten years of cuts have left the country bleeding  
No PPE, the stocks are small  
Suddenly a money tree to keep us all alive  
And the nurses are the heroes after all

**From the bosses it's time to take a warning**

Plotting to take everything they can  
They want the schools, hospitals and streets  
It's all part of their neo-liberal plan.

We know the real rats that are the problem  
Across the world they are the real plague  
Sucking up the profit till there's nothing left  
But soon there'll be a reckoning to be made

**Today we are giving you a warning.**

We know that you rats have had your day  
We see that the tide is starting to turn  
And you will all be swept away

So let's join the nurses and bus drivers  
The shelf stackers, cleaners, carers too  
They're essential workers, the ones we really need  
**And one day soon we're coming after you**

**YES**

**And one day soon we're coming after you**

# Lie Fiddle Diddle Lie Day

by Tim Martin 2020

[www.facebook.com/dogcatchicken/videos/10223946513433258/](https://www.facebook.com/dogcatchicken/videos/10223946513433258/)

How ma-ny lies can a gov-ern-ment tell in one par-lia-men-ta-ry term?  
How ma-ny ri-ses has an M P had; when will it be the nur -ses' turn?

## Chorus

Lie did-dle lie did-dle, did-dle did-dle lie did-dle, lie rid-dle did-dle lie day  
I did a fid-dle lid-dle, lie did-dle did-dle did-dle, lie rid-dle did-dle lie day

## Tune B

Tell me a-bout the lock-down rules? Can I go to Dur-ham Town?  
Can I take co-ro - na - vi - rus up the A - 1 and back down?

**(It's a) lie diddle lie diddle,  
diddle diddle lie diddle,  
lie riddle diddle lie day  
I did a fiddle liddle,  
lie diddle diddle diddle,  
lie riddle diddle lie day**

How many lies can a government tell in one parliamentary term  
How many rises has an MP had; when will it be the nurses' turn?

**Chorus**

How many new nursing jobs can you magic from thin air  
By telling people they would have gone, but now we'll keep them there

**Chorus**

**(Tune B)**

Tell me about the lockdown rules? Can I go to Durham Town?  
Can I take coronavirus up the A1 and back down?

Chorus

If we promise some money on the side of a bus, then is that a promise that's real?  
If we spend the money on something else, tell me how would you feel?

**Chorus**

Tell me how many gloves are in a pair – is it two or is it one?  
And can you count them separately just to get your targets done?

**Chorus**

And tell me if a test's in the post, can you count that it's been done?  
And if there are two parts to the test, can you count each one?

**(Tune B)**

And if I drove to Barnard Castle, just to check my eyes  
Would you think I'm driving dangerously or telling a pack of lies

**Chorus**

And care homes are top priority, tell me is that a lie?  
If you don't test workers and residents and leave so many to die

**Chorus**

Can we count the P P E if it's past its use-by date?  
And can we sell the NHS to our donors and to our mates?

**(Tune B)**

How can you have a border, that's not a border, how can that be?  
We'll promise there's no border but it's in the middle of the Irish Sea

# The Banks are Made of Marble

by Bob Whiskens, after Pete Seeger

Pete Seeger's version is at [youtu.be/x-o3CJytIPE](https://youtu.be/x-o3CJytIPE)

The musical score is written on six staves of music. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The notes are primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some half notes and rests. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: C, F, C, F, C, G7, C, F, G, C, C, F, C, F, C, G7, C, F, G, C, C, G, C, G, C, C, G, C. The lyrics are written below the notes, aligned with the melody.

I've tra-velled round this coun - try From shore to shin-ing shore  
And it real - ly made me won - der A - bout the things that I heard and saw  
I saw a home-less wo - man Out - side the lo - cal store  
And it real - ly made me an - gry To - ry aus - te - ri - ty was the cause  
But the banks they are made of mar - ble With a guard at eve - ry door  
And the vaults they are stuffed with sil - ver That the peo - ple graf - ted for

I've travelled round this country  
From shore to shining shore  
And it really made me wonder  
About the things that I heard and saw  
I saw a homeless woman  
Outside the local store  
And it really made me angry  
Tory austerity was the cause

### **Chorus:**

But the banks they are made of marble  
With a guard at every door  
And the vaults they are stuffed with silver  
That the people grafted for

And I see young struggling families  
Standing in the food bank queues  
Remember brothers and sisters  
Tomorrow it might be me or you

***Chorus***

Well I saw our frontline workers  
Nurses and doctors and those in care  
Risking their lives without resources  
No protective kit for them to wear

***Chorus***

So I've seen hard-working people  
Throughout this mighty land  
There's the few, then there's the many  
Rise up the many and make a stand

***Chorus***

I heard, loud angry voices  
Protesters, going down on one knee  
Black lives matter, across their banners  
Demanding justice and equality

***Final chorus:***

Then we might own those banks of marble  
No homeless people outside the store  
And we'll reward our frontline workers  
With a wage they deserve and more

I want to travel round this country  
From sea to shining sea  
No more poverty, no more homeless  
Now this is down to you and me  
Now this is down to you and me

# Troubadour

Music and lyrics by Jack Warshaw April 12, 2013

[youtu.be/P\\_RBt\\_WGuRY](https://youtu.be/P_RBt_WGuRY)

Celebrating Pete Seeger's place at pinnacle of American song makers, shakers and movers, for his 94th birthday 3 May 2013.

One day one day, a man come walkin' along  
He played me a tune, taught me a song  
He'd sing out high, he'd sing out low  
He'd surround all hate with an old banjo

Chorus  
So here's to you, troubadour  
Your song goes on forever more  
Here's to you, troubadour  
Your song goes on forever more

2. He rambled east, he rambled west  
Along with Woody he rambled best  
Heard a nation sing as they rolled along  
Gave us their songs, and we pass them on

He never cared for worldly goods  
Just built him a cabin up in the woods  
"The time is now, the place is here  
To break away cruel chains of fear"  
Cho

3. Bad laws decreed, "Such dreams offend  
Swear your allegiance, sell out your friends"  
"My honor, Sir is not for sale  
I'd rather be locked up in jail"

Once we sang "We shall Overcome"  
We thought we'd be forever young  
But though the time has come and gone  
Aboard Clearwater the ship sails on  
Cho

4. I see him now in Washington  
Calls out these lines to a million strong  
We know Mr President that you agree  
This Land belongs to you and me

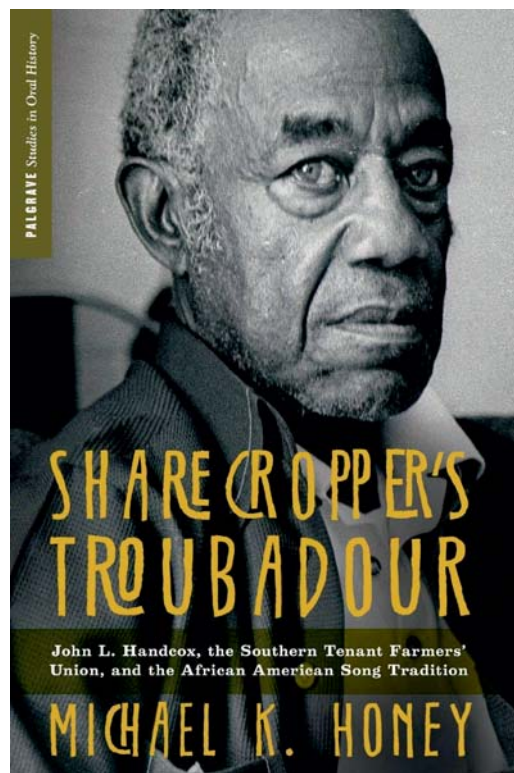
That old banjo still rings so clear  
Rings out his love for all to hear  
So let us sing these last few lines  
Lift up your voices- one more time  
Cho



**The** **APRIL**  
**POLITICAL SONGSTER**  
**2020**

**Covid-19 Supplement THREE**

**1st July 2020**



**MORE SONGS  
TO SING**

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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# Keep them Coming

We are in a period of fast-moving political development which will translate into opportunities for political action as the multiple crises we are living through move forward.

We have a collection of great songs for you plus musical notation or a web link where you can pick up the tune. Sometimes we have given you both.

**SEND US YOUR NEW SONGS** so that the collection can grow and your songs can be heard.

This is a song purportedly coming from the Great Plague in the 17th Century:

Ring-a-ring o' roses,  
A pocket full of posies,  
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!  
We all fall down --- **DEAD**

Ashes in the Water  
Ashes in the Sea  
We all fall down with a  
One two three

**SEND US YOUR NEW SONGS**

to

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

# Cheese and Bread

David Rovics

[youtu.be/99T\\_JjzRvJ8](https://youtu.be/99T_JjzRvJ8)

## **Merthyr Rising, Wales, 1831**

The first time in the world where people flew the red  
flag as a symbol of revolution

1831, the age of industry begun  
For the working folk of Wales, life was short  
With wages cut again it was only sensible that then  
Folks took over and shut down the debtors' court

The gentry pulled the wire, told their men to open fire  
And restore the rule of their estate  
But as the night descended and the battle ended  
The soldiers had all fled behind a gate

They chanted "cheese and bread"  
And "our children must be fed"  
In the days when Wales rose against the crown  
They chanted "cheese and bread"  
With a bloody loaf above their heads  
When the red flag flew in Merthyr Town

The message went out east and west to put the gentry to the test  
The cavalry was ambushed and turned back  
After so long playing defence, the time had come now whence  
The workers were the ones on the attack

The crown sent soldiers by the score until order was restored  
Then came Dic Penderyn's execution  
Another martyr for the cause, meant to give us pause  
The next time the people call for revolution

Eigh-teen thir - ty one the age of in - dus - try be - gun For the wor - king folk of Wales, life was short  
 With wa - ges cut a - gain it was on - ly sen - si - ble that then Folks took o - ver and shut down the deb - tors' court  
 They chan - ted "cheese and bread" And "our chil - dren must be fed" In the days when Wales rose a - gainst the crown  
 They chan - ted "cheese and bread" With a bloo - dy loaf a - bove their heads When the red flag flew in Mer - thyr Town



Message from David Rovics:

“At 10 am Pacific Time (6 pm GMT) every Monday, I host an open mic on the Facebook page of Popular Resistance and various other platforms”

Anyone can sign up to take part at [davidrovics.com/pomm](http://davidrovics.com/pomm)

# Red Café

Stephen Booton

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=3291148264243207>

In the fac-tory I worked in be-hind pow-er pres-ses We held lunch-time meet-ings called the Red Ca-fé  
We were de-ba-ting the state of the na-tion You name the sub-ject, we would dis-cuss it

**CHORUS**

In the Red Ca-fé we talked through our lives Figh-ting for cau-ses and ta-king our sides  
In the Red Ca-fe through strikes and through sit-ins We were de-ba-ting the state of the na-tion

**MIDDLE 8**

Com-mun-ist Chi-na, the state of the west The fu-ture of foot-ball, the young Geor-gie Best  
C - N - D march-es, nu-cle-ar tests The Vi-et-nam war and what we do next

**In the factory I worked in behind power presses  
We held lunchtime meetings called the Red Café  
We were debating the state of the nation  
You name the subject, we would discuss it**

**Chorus**

**In the Red Café we talked through our lives  
Fighting for causes and taking our sides  
In the Red Cafe through strikes and through sit ins  
We were debating the state of the nation**

**My workmates were commies, Sun readers and comics  
Musicians, lovers and keepers of birds  
They collected the coupons, attended the matches  
Married their sweethearts and lived out their lives  
Chorus**

**Middle 8**

**Communist China, the state of the west  
The future of football, the young Georgie Best  
CND marches, nuclear tests  
The Vietnam war and what we do next**

**My workmates were drinkers, gamblers, thinkers  
Rejecting the notion that they'd have no say  
They fished in the rivers, drank in the local  
Supported the miners and spent all their pay  
Chorus**

**Middle 8**

**We worked in our factory, all joined the union  
All stuck together, we understood power  
We met every lunch time, planned for our future  
Fought for the issues we wanted to hear  
Chorus**

# Bring Him Down

Dave Rogers

[youtu.be/t0rb9mrkhhb4](https://youtu.be/t0rb9mrkhhb4)

Poor old Edward Colston you're no longer on your plinth  
Bring him down, bring him down!  
The people brought an end to your philanthropic glint  
**Bring him down, bring him down!**  
No longer gazing from on high at the streets your money built  
Your pockets lined with suffering, your hemlines stuffed with guilt  
As a rope grips tight around your neck and your body starts to tilt  
**Bring him down, bring him down, bring him down!**

For 150 years or more, you stood up there, so fine  
Bring him down, bring him down!  
Looking out on Bristol docks where the slaves ships were aligned  
**Bring him down, bring him down!**  
100 thousand lives you tore from their native land  
To pilfer bumper profits into your greasy hands  
So farewell, Edward Colston, this is your final stand!  
**Bring him down, bring him down, bring him down!**

So raise a glass of Jamaican rum to the crew of Bristol town  
Bring him down, bring him down!  
Who climbed the lofty pedestal and pulled the bastard down  
**Bring him down, bring him down!**  
They rolled him down the city streets, cheering by his side  
They took him to the old slave docks and dumped him in the tide  
So farewell, Edward Colston, enjoy your final ride!  
**Bring him down, bring him down, bring him down!**

So Nelson, Rhodes and Churchill take care and watch your backs  
Bring 'em down, bring 'em down!  
Who knows when the dismember crew might go on the attack  
**Bring 'em down, bring 'em down!**  
So all you high born Tories there's no more to discuss  
Get down off your pedestals and please don't make a fuss  
We only want to do to you what you have done to us  
**Bring 'em down, bring 'em down!**  
**Bring 'em down, bring 'em down!**  
**Bring 'em down, bring 'em down!**  
**Bring 'em down, bring 'em down!**





Poor old Ed-ward Col-ston you're no lon-ger on your plinth Bring him down, bring him down!

The peo-ple brought an end to your phi-lan-thro-pic glint Bring him down, bring him down!

No lon-ger ga-zing from on high at the streets your mo-ney built

Your pock-ets lined with suffer-ing, your hem-lines stuffed with guilt

As a rope grips tight a-round your neck and your bo-dy starts to tilt

Bring him down, bring him down, bring him down!



# WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER

Pat Lamanna



When this is all o - ver, how will we feel? Tell me, how will we feel?



Hum - bled, grate - ful we sur - vived the or - deal That's how I hope we will feel. (When)



We can count our bles - sings and go back to the old days Or we can start a - new



We could learn a les - son and change our ways It's up to me and you (When)

When this is all over, how will we feel?  
Tell me, how will we feel?  
Humbled, grateful we survived the ordeal  
That's how I hope we will feel.

When this is all over, what will we think?  
Tell me, what will we think?  
"In Mother Nature's chain we are each a precious link"  
That's what I hope we will think

Bridge:  
We can count our blessings and go back to the old days  
Or we can start anew  
We could learn a lesson and change our ways  
It's up to me and you

When this is all over, what will we know?  
Tell me, what will we know?  
"You shall reap exactly what you sow"  
That's what I hope we will know

When this is all over, what will we do?  
Tell me, what will we do?  
You'll care for me, and I'll care for you  
That's what I hope we will do  
That's what I hope we will do

# BEYOND A JOKE

Leon Rosselson

Let's not mince words. The Labour Party is now the witch-hunting party led by a Zionist puppet. What the Israel lobby tells him to do, he will do. What the Israel lobby tells him to say, he will say. Shouldn't we worry that the leader of a major parliamentary party in this country is the creature of a foreign power? And not just any foreign power but a criminal state, a racist state, an apartheid state, a state with one of the worst human rights records in the world. The Labour Party has had some dodgy leaders in its time but surely never one so vapid as Sir Keir Starmer.

Rebecca Long-Bailey, Shadow Education Secretary, has been sacked from the Shadow Cabinet. Her sin was refusing to retract a tweet recommending an interview with the actor Maxine Peake in the Independent newspaper. In the interview, Maxine Peake alleges that the tactics used by the police in America, kneeling on George Floyd's neck, was learnt from seminars with Israeli secret services. This, according to the Israel lobby and its puppet, is antisemitic. Well, I've examined this accusation forwards and backwards, turned it upside down and inside out and I can't detect even an iota of anti-semitism in it.

What is antisemitic are Starmer's frequent references to 'the Jewish community' as if we are a monolithic body all of one mind. Israel is a state not a person and certainly not a Jew. Its problem is that it claims to represent all the Jews in the world. That, however, is a lie. It doesn't. Attacking the state of Israel and its criminal policies is never antisemitic any more than attacking Myanmar for its oppression of the Rohingya people is anti-Buddhist or attacking the Islamic State of Iran for its brutal treatment of dissidents and political prisoners is anti-Moslem.

Is the accusation true? A bracketed statement in the article points out that a spokesperson for the Israeli police has denied it. Well, they would wouldn't they. Israel also denies that it tortures Palestinian children. But it does.



Palestinian children arrested by Israeli military and police are systematically subject to degrading treatment, and often to acts of torture, are interrogated in Hebrew, a language they do not understand, and sign confessions in Hebrew in order to be released. (UN Committee on the Rights of the Child)

What is certain and well-documented is that U.S. police have received training on crowd control, use of force and surveillance by Israel's national police, military and intelligence services, according to an Amnesty International USA report of August 25th 2016. Law enforcement officers from many U.S. States travel to Israel for training or receive training from Israeli officials in the U.S. The Zionist lobby has for many years funded police chiefs, assistant chiefs and captains to train in Israel and the Occupied Palestinian Territories.

According to the American women's peace group Code Pink, over 100 Minnesota police attended a 2012 "counterterrorism training" conference hosted by the Israeli consulate at which U.S. officer learned violent techniques used by Israeli forces to abuse and traumatise Palestinians. According to Palestinian rights activist, Neta Golan, co-founder of the International Solidarity movement, quoted by Steve Sweeney in the Morning Star: When I saw the picture of killer cop Derek Chauvin murdering George Floyd by leaning in on his neck as he cried for help and the other cops watched, I remembered noticing when many Israeli soldiers began using this technique of leaning in on our chest and necks when we were protesting in the West Bank sometime in 2006.

They started twisting and breaking fingers in a particular way around the same time. It was clear they had undergone training for this. They continue to use these tactics — two of my friends have had their necks broken but luckily survived — and it is clear that they (Israel) share these methods when they train police for 'crowd control' in the U.S. and other countries including Sudan and Brazil.



Jewish Voice for Peace in the States is leading a campaign to end the collaboration between American police, ICE, border patrol and FBI with soldiers, police, border agents from Israel. In these programmes, 'worst practices' are shared to promote and extend discriminatory and repressive policing practices that already exist in both countries, including extrajudicial executions, shoot-to-kill policies, police murders, racial profiling, massive spying and surveillance, deportation and detention, and attacks on human rights defenders.



So is the accusation true? Who knows? Given Israel's vicious techniques of repression against the Palestinian people, it seems eminently plausible. In any case, this particular restraining technique isn't the main issue here. What should be the focus is censorship, the suppression of freedom of speech and the use of antisemitism accusations as a tool to silence criticism of Zionism and the apartheid state of Israel.

***Die gedanken sind frei, my thoughts freely flower  
It's everyone's right to speak truth to power  
Truth cannot be silenced by threats or by violence  
No-one can deny, die gedanken sind frei***

***It's my right to maintain Jews are not a nation  
And the Zionist state is a cruel aberration  
And if Zionist critics cry antisemitic  
I say that they lie. Die gedanken sind frei***

***The Zionist lobby they smear and they libel  
Care nothing for justice, their values are tribal  
Concocting excuses for Israel's abuses  
Free speech they decry, but die gedanken sind frei***

***I say Israel's crimes are not in my name  
It steals land, it steals water, no conscience, no shame.  
It murders, it tortures, yet Israel's supporters  
Just turn a blind eye. Die gedanken sind frei***

***Die gedanken sind frei, my thoughts freely flower  
It's everyone's right to speak truth to power  
Truth must not be silenced by threats or by violence  
No-one can deny, die gedanken sind frei***

"Die Gedanken sind frei" (thoughts are free) is a German folk song about freedom of thought, which is often sung at times of struggle.

Leon Rosselson sings his version at [youtu.be/ym0Ef\\_a3O4w](https://youtu.be/ym0Ef_a3O4w)

# WHAT DID YOU LEARN AT HOME TODAY

Graham Langley

Based on a song by Tom Paxton  
[youtu.be/OiSisz9uLiI](https://youtu.be/OiSisz9uLiI)

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
I learned that school is now my home  
I learned to study all alone  
I watch TV and the internet  
For the education I can get  
That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
I learned that policemen are my friends  
I learned they needn't make amends  
I learned that kneeling on a black man's neck  
Means they won't lose their pay cheque  
That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
I learned delays caused many deaths  
The virus comes with every breath  
I learned to protect myself with a mask  
I learned there's things I shouldn't ask.  
That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
I learned that Britain's in the lead  
For wasted millions and for greed  
Corona virus for the poor  
While the rich are gathering more and more.  
That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
I learned that the cabinet have no cares  
Because they are all millionaires  
They all went to public schools  
They learned how to bend the rules  
That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
I learned when banners are unfurled  
That protest spreads around the world  
I learned that change is up to me  
I learned that this world can be free  
That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

C G C G C  
 What did you learn at home to-day, dear lit-tle girl of mine? What did you learn at home to-day, dear lit-tle girl of mine?  
 F C F C F C  
 I learned that school is now my home I learned to stu - dy all a - lone I watch T - V and the in - ter - net  
 F C G C  
 For the e - du - ca - tion I can get That's what I learned at home to-day, that's what I learned at home

*Having heard the song at **Sing Political**, Pat Lamanna wrote new verses for the US*

## **WHAT DID YOU LEARN AT HOME TODAY, US VERSION**

Pat Lamanna

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
 What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine?  
 I learned that school is now my home, I learned to study all alone  
 I watch TV and the internet for the education I can get  
 That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine? (2X)  
 I learned that denial causes death  
 The virus can lurk on anyone's breath  
 I learned to protect myself with a mask  
 I learned that there's things I shouldn't ask  
 That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home.

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine? (2X)  
 I learned that democracy can die, when our leaders cheat and lie  
 I learned that justice never ends, For the president and his friends  
 That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine? (2X)  
 I learned that our government doesn't care  
 If bombs and tear gas fill the air  
 I learned that the President called in the cops  
 So he could get his photo ops  
 That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine? (2X)  
 I learned that some cops take a knee when people protest peacefully  
 But others kill Black women and men,  
 And they do it again and again  
 That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home.

What did you learn at home today, dear little girl of mine? (2X)  
 I learned when banners are unfurled  
 That protest spreads around the world  
 I learned that this world can be free  
 I learned that change is up to me  
 That's what I learned at home today, that's what I learned at home

# Ballad of Jimmy Wilson

Peggy Seeger, 1959

[youtu.be/VT5lw2bojxE](https://youtu.be/VT5lw2bojxE)

In August 1958, James Wilson, a black janitor, was sentenced to death in Alabama, having been convicted of robbing an 80-year old white woman of \$1.95. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was barred from helping Wilson because it was not allowed to operate in Alabama. Petitions of protest flooded in from all over the world. These may have had some effect in getting the sentence reduced ... to life imprisonment.



Chords: Dm C Dm G Dm

In A-la-ba - ma nine-teen fif-ty eight The cost of hu-man life was ve-ry low

Chords: G Dm C Am Dm

A man who's black is tram-pled down Just like men were a thou-sand years a - go

Chords: C Dm Gm Dm Gm C Dm

But these are more en - ligh-tened days Cru-el men and sa-vage ways we left long a - go

Chords: G Dm C Dm A7 Dm

Now ev - ery - one can walk their road in peace For all are free!



In Alabama **1958**

The cost of human life was very low  
A man who's black is trampled down  
Just like men were a thousand years ago

Chorus:

**But these are more enlightened days  
Cruel men and savage ways we left long ago  
Now everyone can walk their road in peace  
For all are free!**

Five thousand years ago a million men  
Were gathered into royal Egypt's hands  
Bound together, forced to build  
Pyramids of stone in desert sand

Oh Mary's son walked through a land of woe  
Dreaming of the world as it could be  
The good and lawful men of Rome  
Nailed him like a robber to a tree

In Britain just a hundred years ago  
The gaols were full of poor and hungry men  
Diggers, Chartists, many more  
Fought and died and rose to fight again

Last year a Negro stole a dollar bill  
The judge he said "We mustn't be severe  
Instead of death we'll give him life  
Imprisonment to show there's justice here"

And so throughout the ages we have seen  
How progress marches ever on its way  
No rack, no wheel, no Spanish boot  
For Alabama's prisoners today

The plague still runs throughout the world today  
From Brum to Minneapolis and back  
A plague of ignorance and hate  
Some walk in fear because their skin is black

Final chorus:

**So in these more enlightened days  
No room for all these savage ways  
Leave them, let them go  
Now everyone should walk their road in peace  
Let all be free!**

# HARRIET TUBMAN

Walter Robinson (final verse by John McCutcheon)

Sung by Janice Buckner at [youtu.be/QgoAnBHBw74](https://youtu.be/QgoAnBHBw74)

One night I dreamed I was in sla-ve-ry 'Bout eigh-teen fif - ty was the time  
Sor row was the on - ly sign Noth-ing a - round to ease my mind  
Out of the night ap-peared a la - dy Lead-ing a dis - tant Pil - grim band  
"First mate" she yelled, poin-ting her hand "Make room a-board for this young wo - man"  
Sing-ing come on up, I got a life-line Come on up to this train of mine  
come on up, I got a life-line Come on up to this train of mine  
She said her name was Har-ri - et Tub - man And she drove for the un - der ground rail - road

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and features a variety of chords including Am, G, C, E, Dm, and G. The melody is simple and accessible, with lyrics that tell the story of Harriet Tubman's journey.



One night I dreamed I was in slavery  
'Bout 1850 was the time  
Sorrow was the only sign  
Nothing around to ease my mind  
Out of the night appeared a lady  
Leading a distant Pilgrim band  
"First mate" she yelled, pointing her hand  
"Make room aboard for this young woman"

**Chorus:**

**Singing come on up, I got a lifeline  
Come on up to this train of mine  
Come on up, I got a lifeline  
Come on up to this train of mine  
She said her name was Harriet Tubman  
And she drove for the underground railroad**

Hundreds of miles we travelled onward  
Gathering slaves from town to town  
Seeking every lost and found  
Setting those free that once were bound  
Somehow my heart was growing weaker  
I fell by the wayside's sinking sand  
Firmly did this lady stand  
She lifted me up and took my hand

**Chorus**

Who are these children dressed in red  
They must be the ones that Moses led  
Who are these children dressed in red  
They must be the ones that Moses led

When I awoke, no more I called her  
Finding new strengths for the tasks were shown  
Sisters and brothers leaving their homes  
Their histories, their people and all they'd known  
And they are fleeing from Guatemala  
Chile, Brazil, El Salvador  
Fleeing from the prisons of war  
Through the night and through Mexico to our door

**Chorus**

# MEAN THINGS HAPPENING

## COVID 19 version

By Jacky Chambers

Original song written by John Handcox during the great depression in America  
Pete Seeger sings another version at [youtu.be/c4GCyKGZnpE](https://youtu.be/c4GCyKGZnpE)

John L. Handcox (1904-1992) was a Great Depression-era tenant farmer and union advocate from Arkansas renowned for his politically charged songs and poetry.

In 1935, Handcox joined the Southern Tenant Farmers Union and began writing songs and poetry to rally the group's members. Two years later, Charles Seeger and Sidney Robertson recorded him for the Library of Congress. His songs were later promoted by fellow protest songsters, Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, and Joe Glazer. After disappearing from the public eye for almost forty years, Handcox emerged in the 1980s for the 50th anniversary celebration of the STFU in Memphis. In 1984, he composed two songs criticizing the presidency of Ronald Reagan.

There is mean things hap - pen - ing in this world

There is mean things hap - pen - ing in this world

A dead - ly vi - rus has ar - rived And we had to stay in - side

There is mean things hap - pen - ing in this world

There is mean things happening in this world  
There is mean things happening in this world  
A deadly virus has arrived  
And we had to stay inside  
There is mean things happening in this world

There is strange things happening in this world  
There is strange things happening in this world  
From those bats it all began  
From that market in Wuhan  
There is strange things happening in this world

Now some mean things have happened to this world  
Some mean things have happened to this world  
Cross the world by plane it spread  
Nearly half a million dead  
Some mean things have happened to this world

There is mean things happening in this land  
There is mean things happening in this land  
Did not lock down here in time  
Thought that things would be just fine  
There is mean things happening in this land

There were mean things happened in this land  
There were means things happened in this land  
Boris went on shaking hands  
He just didn't understand  
There were mean things happened in this land

And strange things happened to you and me  
Strange things happened for all to see  
Toilet rolls could not be found  
Empty food shelves all around  
Strange things happened to you and me

For too long there's been austerity  
For too long there's been austerity  
So if you're sick and need a bed  
Clap your hands and pray instead

Stay at home – protect the NHS  
Stay at home – protect the NHS  
But Dominic Cummings broke the rules  
Took the rest of us for fools  
There is mean things happening this land

Now mean things will happen in this land  
Mean things will happen in this land  
Mass unemployment lies ahead  
Let's do Brexit – now – instead!  
Mean things will happen in this land

## Mean Things Happening John Handcox

There is mean things happening in this land  
Mean things happening in this land  
But the people are [union's] going on  
The people are [union's] growing strong  
There's mean things happening in this land

[There is mean thing happening in this land  
Mean things happening in this land  
On the eighteenth day of May the union called a strike  
But the planters and their bosses threwed the people outta their shacks  
There is mean things happening in this land

There is mean thing happening in this land  
Mean things happening in this land  
Children crying in the street  
They ain't got no food to eat  
There's mean things happening in this land

There are mean thing happening in this land  
Mean things happening in this land  
We sent our boys all off to war  
Now tell me what was it all for?  
There's mean things happening in this land

There are mean thing happening in this land  
Mean things happening in this land  
If you're black or brown or tan  
You're in trouble with the man  
There's mean things happening in this land

There is mean thing happening in this land  
Mean things happening in this land  
But the people are [union's] going on  
The people are [union's] growing strong  
There's mean things happening in this land

