

The OCTOBER POLITICAL SONGSTER

Songs to sing and share
at Sing Political song sessions **2020**



There are currently 3500 people examining benefit fraud, while there are only 300 HMRC people examining the fraud of those that are wealthy tax-dadgers, many of whom give a lot of money to the Tory Party. Why is it that there is one law for the rich and one for the poor?

Labour legend and former MP Dennis Skinner



See Robb Johnson's celebratory song for Dennis Skinner that got to be a no.1 hit, p28

A Songbook for SING POLITICAL

Songs for Justice
Songs for Hope
Songs for Solidarity



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

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**If you fight you won't
always win. But if you don't
fight you will always lose.**

Bob Crow

Since lockdown many in the left have been supporting and caring for their communities and seeing their way through restrictions to their lives. Coronavirus was totally avoidable and is a result of capitalist greed, tearing out the forests and abusing the earth, allowing viruses to jump to the human population. Added to that, austerity cut-backs and poverty have produced desperation for many working class people around the world. At the same time there has been an outburst of creative activity. **SING POLITICAL** is reaching out to people who want to sing out in protest and to gain strength.

Songs are weapons. Songs make us strong. The Political Songster was a printed songbook for **SING POLITICAL** and others around us. Now the Political Songster is online making songs more widely available. All previous issues are also free and online, with links to each of the eight issues at www.tradartsteam.co.uk/Political-Songster.html

Please pass the link on to anyone you know who wants to sing songs that make a change. You no longer have to travel to Birmingham to **SING POLITICAL** on the second Wednesday of the month, you can now join us online. For more info see www.tradartsteam.co.uk/sing-political.html

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

Graham Langley

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

or come along and sing them at **Sing Political**

They Won't Stop My Singing

Janet Wood

www.facebook.com/groups/1412172988990487/permalink/1420566761484443

Janet says:

"I was inspired to write this song by the story of Phuntsog Nyidron, a Tibetan Buddhist nun imprisoned in China in 1989 for demonstrating against the occupation of Tibet. During her incarceration she smuggled out tapes of political songs she had written and recorded, for which, when she was caught, her sentence was doubled. I wanted to celebrate her courage and also the empowering nature of singing as a political act. Of all the songs I've written, this is the one I return to the most often".

Chorus

**They won't stop my singing
They won't stop my song
The singer may perish but the song will live on**

**My song has wings
My song flies free
Through prison bars
Past lock and key
She breaks down walls
She lifts the veil
My song is spirit
She will not fail
Chorus**

**My song is goddess
My song is light
My song is fire
My song is fight
My song is rhythm
That will not cease
My song is freedom
My song is peace
Chorus**

**They can torture my body
And bind me with chains
They can stone and abuse me
And feed me on pain
They can rape and defile me
And leave me for dead
But my song will flow out
Of the wounds I have bled
Chorus**

**Janet Wood is the leader of Sheffield Socialist
Choir, Retford Community Singers and
Quirky Choir in Doncaster**

Chorus E A E A

They won't stop my sing ing

D C G A B7 A D

They won't stop my song

G D C

sing-er may pe-rish but the song will live on

Am D G D

They on

F C G A B7 to Chorus

My song has wings My song flies free Through pri-son bars

Fmaj7 C Fmaj7

My song is goddess My song is light My song is fire

C Fmaj7 C

My song is spirit She will not fail My song is rhythm That will not cease

A B7 to Chorus

Past lock and key She breaks down walls She lifts the veil My song is fight My song is rhythm That will not cease

Fmaj7 C Fmaj7

My song is free dom My song is peace They

A B7 to Chorus

they can tor-ture my bo-dy And bind me in chains They can stone and a-buse me and

C Fmaj7 C

feed me on pain They can rape and de-file me and leave me for dead but my

A B7 to Chorus

song will flow out of the wounds I have bled They

These Are The Hands

Michael Rosen

youtu.be/_356aRXVuc, Boff Whalley and the Commoners Choir

The next two songs are based on Michael Rosen's poem "These Are The Hands", celebrating the people who do the (often unrewarded) everyday jobs and services which benefit us all, especially in this time of pandemic lockdown. The first was written in response to the weekly Thursday evening's "clapping for the NHS", the second for the bastards who messed it up.

These are the hands...

That stack the shelves
That cook the meals
That wheel the gurneys
That farm the fields
That make the beds
That clean the drain
Deliver the milk
And guard the train

These are the hands...

That run the bus
That pen the poems
That drive the vans
That manage the homes
That run the food banks
Day after day
That gather and pack and then
Give it away

These are the hands...

That leave the gifts
That harvest the crops
Collect the waste
That serve in the shops
That clean the toilets
Report the news
That lap the yard
That sell the booze

These are the hands...

That tend the parks
That bottle the pills
That pick the fruit
That waive the bills
That sweep the streets
That visit the sick
That teach our kids
Arithmetic:

(Nursery rhyme):

"One and one is two
Two and two is four
We don't want to go back to
The way we were before..."

These are the hands....

That carry the shopping
That pull the weeds
Deliver the babies
Plant the seeds
That mix the medicine
Bring the post
These are the hands
That matter the most

These are the hands...

Asylum seekers
Refugees
Who do the work
That nobody sees
Who left their countries
Overseas
To work the world
For you and me

These are the hands.....

These are the hands.....

These are the hands.....

These are the hands.....

**And after the clapping has faded away –
Remember what we learned today**

The clapping has come to an end, and with it a big chunk of the goodwill, community and solidarity that were there when we first locked down and started to understand the value of the frontline workers and what they do for us. The neighbourliness isn't fading away because we're tired of it. It's because the government, and specifically Boris Johnson, has undermined, ridiculed and dismissed it with his open, slavish, arrogant lick-spittle support for his boss Cummings. The start of the pandemic, and specifically our national reaction to the lockdown, showed how we could learn to look after each other, on a local, street-by-street, level. There really was a feeling of us all pulling together, taking care of our neighbours and our families and making decisions for the good of all of us, not just ourselves.

Even though the daily press briefings turned quickly into party political broadcasts for the Conservative Party, and became daily lists of excuses and denials for everything they got wrong (and the list was long), we still had a sense of communal responsibility. This all evaporated with the Cumming's road trip to Durham, or in fact with Johnson's refusal to admit to the hypocrisy and the lies. The gloves were off; we were back to the same-old, same-old. One rule for them, the old boy's club, the old school tie, the powerful elite sticking together like shit. So we're back to us and them, back to anger instead of hope. That's what this song is about.

But.

But there is a way out, and that is to take the stuff we learned among ourselves – the stuff about valuing everyday workers above super-rich politicians, the stuff about asking our neighbours if they needed shopping, the stuff about doing without everyday rampant consumerism – that we can hold on to. If we can mix that sense of possibility and change in with the anger that we now have towards the two-faced political class in power, then we might, just might, be on to something...

STAY ALERT ▶ STOP THE BASTARDS ▶ SAVE LIVES

These are the Bastards...

**Boff Whalley &
the Commoners Choir**

youtu.be/bvgDrwbXzh0

These are the bastards...
These are the bastards...

That underfund
That rarely work
That pay no tax
That swagger and smirk
That print the fibs
That build the walls
That fiddle the books
That write the laws

These are the bastards...
These are the bastards...

That make the money
Declare the wars
That play their golf
That damn the poor
That manage the funds
That privatise
That shoot the grouse
That tell the lies

These are the bastards...
These are the bastards...

That missed the chance
And failed to act
Delayed the tests
And botched the masks
That favoured
Herd immunity
That couldn't supply
The PPE

These are the bastards...
These are the bastards...

That understaff
That underpay
That claim and fence
Our rights of way
That cut the grants
Condemn the sick
With public school
Arithmetic:(

Nursery rhyme):
"One and one is two
Two and two is four
They're making sure it all goes back to
The way it was before..."

These are the bastards...
These are the bastards...

That sell the arms
That hurt, abuse
That own the land
That fake the news
That front the appeals
That sing and smile
Then fly off back
To their domiciles

These are the bastards...
These are the bastards...

That set up an airline
Flew a balloon
Bought an island
Promised the moon
Proudly sued
The NHS
Then sent a grovelling
SOS

These are the bastards...
These are the bastards...

**And after the clapping has faded away –
Remember what we learned today**

With Masks Upon Their Faces and Leaf-Blowers In Their Hands

David Rovics

youtu.be/Wsbo511NVvg

David Rovics is a prolific political singer/songwriter from Portland, Oregon. He is deeply embedded with community action and has been writing and singing songs every day about the demonstrations there. His website is full of songs, videos and blogs which are updated daily. Take a look - davidrovics.com



If the great Phil Ochs were to rise from the dead today, he would probably be hailed as the new David Rovics.

Andy Kershaw, BBC

It's been two months now since that cop took a knee
Like a knee upon the neck of a whole society
Folks rose up all over starting there in the midwest
The National Guard came in upon the governor's request
Wherever people took the streets, riot cops attacked
Shooting folks in their faces and their backs
Flooding streets with tear gas, see how the people stand
With masks upon their faces and leaf-blowers in their hands

There have been drive-by shootings, and weaponizing trucks
That the death count's what it is so far is partly up to luck
And partly up to barricades used to block the way
So folks might live to fight another day
That is, if they're not killed by agents of the state
Like the ones who came to Portland to make America great
To face a rainbow nation that says screw your White Homeland
With masks upon their faces and leaf-blowers in their hands

As they kidnap people off the streets here in the Global North
As the tear gas billows, the poison belches forth
As those who would be dictators make their power play
As people from all over town face them down and say
We don't want police – a better world can be built
Perhaps it starts with someone's hand upon the hilt
Making tornadoes out of tear gas, maybe not what mama planned
With masks upon their faces and leaf-blowers in their hands

See Him Come Down

John Pole

You can get the tune from John's earlier song
"See it Come Down", sung by Roy Bailey on
"If I Knew Who the Enemy Was" (Fuse Records)
youtu.be/6ab6SiWyVqY

See that statue? It's cast in bronze and it stands so tall
Effigy of a seventeenth century trader
One of the city's favourite sons, big wig and all
Philanthropist and merchant, prince and slaver
His human merchandise was black and brown
It's time to see him
See him come down, see him come down

What are Briton's after on the Guinea shore? Why gold, black gold
To work the new Virginia plantation
All the Africans they capture they chain before they push 'em down the hold
Of the ship that takes their cargo to its destination
Overboard go the dead and sick, to sink and to drown
Only the sea birds see 'em
See 'em go down, see 'em go down

Dragged up from the hold after weeks at sea, the slaves are driven ashore
Branded and beaten, they're laden down with shackles
They remember being free, now they are free no more
Huddled and herded to be auctioned like black cattle
The overseer cracks his whip with a curse and a frown
And soon they'll see it
See it come down, see it come down

Britons carried captives off to be their slaves till death
Tore them by force from the arms of Mother Africa
Centuries on now a white man's knee stops a black man's breath
That's the story of Britain and black and white America
There must be changes made, some in our town
That statue of a slaver
We'll see it come down, see it come down

See that statue? It's cast in bronze and it stands so tall
Effigy of a seventeenth century trader
One of the city's favourite sons, big wig and all
Philanthropist and merchant, prince and slaver
His human merchandise was black and brown
It's time to see him
See him come down, see him come down

No Statues

By Robb Johnson, sung on his album "Tony Blair – my part in his downfall",
youtu.be/cR8mOr_Q3ic

And there will be no statues
What sort of statues could we build
To mark the lives they ruined
The unknown lives they crushed and killed
All in the name of profit
For the privilege of the few?
We have no expectations
But we will see this long night through

And come the morning after
Homeless will still be homeless
Workers will still want justice
Missiles still in their silos
So you who claim to lead us
And speak for us, take this advice
Our dreams are undefeated
And a coat of paint will not suffice

And come the morning after
We'll find the streets still paved
Not with their gold but with our stone
One day we'll call our lives our own

King money and a flag of convenience
We die for castles in the sand
All things should serve the people
These things all made by human hands
And the work is never over
To hold fast what little piece we've won
To build the perfect city
This work is only just begun

And come the morning after
We'll find the streets still paved
Not with their gold but with our stone
One day we'll call our lives our own

How can I keep from singing?

Words: Doris Plenn & Pete Seeger

Music: Rev. Robert Wadsworth Lowry

Sung by Pete Seeger at youtu.be/AH72dgNSAsw



**My life flows on in endless song
Above Earth's lamentation
I hear the real, though far off hymn
That hails the new creation
Above the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing
It sounds an echo in my soul
How can I keep from singing?**

**What through the tempest loudly roars
I hear the truth, it liveth
What through the darkness round me close
Songs in the night it giveth
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging
Since love is lord of Heaven and Earth
How can I keep from singing?**

**When tyrants tremble, sick with fear
And hear their death-knell ringing
When friends rejoice both far and near
How can I keep from singing?
In prison cell and dungeon vile
Our thoughts to them are winging
When friends by shame are undefiled
How can I keep from singing?**

Song for PETE SEEGER

- by John Pole, 2014

Dm **A** **Dm** **F** **G** **A**
Pete See-ger's laid to rest He died a-mong the folks that he loved best

Dm **F** **G** **Dm**
But North, South, East and West We loved his songs and their Wea-ver

Dm **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**
They're still sung in the street In the street, Pete Still sung in the street, Pete See-ger!

Dm **C** **Dm** **A** **Dm**
He loved the peo-ple's songs Played and sang them loud and strong

Dm **C** **A**
Had to sing out a-bout the peo-ple's wrongs For a fair-er world and a fre-er

Dm **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**
So they put on the heat Put the heat on Pete Put the heat on Pete See-ger!

Dm **A**
He was a man with a five-string ban-jo And a ra-di-cal tale to tell

Dm **A** **Dm**
He sang out a-bout peace and jus-tice In a voice like Free-dom's bell

John Pole has been writing songs for many years, and his songs have been covered by a variety of other singers. He has a website at johnpolewordsongs.co.uk

Song for PETE SEEGER

by John Pole, 2014

1. Pete Seeger's laid to rest
He died among the folks that he loved best
But North, South, East and West
We all loved his songs and their Weaver
They're still sung in the street
In the street, Pete
Still sung in the street, Pete Seeger!

2. He loved the people's songs
Played and sang them loud and strong
Had to sing out against the people's wrongs
For a fairer world and a freer
So they put on the heat
Put the heat on Pete
Put the heat on Pete Seeger!

CHORUS:

He was a man with a five-string banjo
And a radical tale to tell
He sang out about peace and justice
In a voice like Freedom's bell

3. "Mr Seeger, on the first of May
At that peace rally did you sing that day?"
"You've no right to ask me I refuse to say
I'll answer no more questions either!"
They couldn't defeat
Defeat Pete
They couldn't defeat Pete Seeger!

4. He was blacklisted, his records all banned
No TV, no radio but Pete still sang
To the college students all over the land
Taught them as much as any teacher
And they lined up to meet
To hear and meet Pete
To hear and meet Pete Seeger!

CHORUS:

5. Pete Seeger's days are done
Where have all the flowers gone?
But the songs he made they echo on
For his were the songs of a seer
They were songs that speak
They still speak, Pete
They still speak, Pete Seeger!

6. If there's a Heaven and he knocks at the door
They'll say, "You must be the fella Joe Hill's waiting for"
Paul and Huddy, Lee and Woody and a good few more
Nina Simone and Victor Jara too are eager
Eager to greet
To greet Pete
Eager to greet Pete Seeger!

CHORUS:

7. We're still waist-deep in wars now, new cities burn
When will they ever learn?
Isn't it time to Turn turn turn
As Pete cried, like a preacher?
Are we too deep?
Are we too deep, Pete?
Are we too deep, Pete Seeger?

8. He warned against the cruel war machine
Worked hard to keep this green earth green
And to keep the living waters clear and clean
Though the world is growing bleaker
We have work to complete
To complete for Pete
To complete for Pete Seeger

CHORUS:

9. He was a beacon burning bright
Sending signals through the night
A flame of hope and a warning light
He was a sailor, a singer, a Weaver
Of songs to keep
For us to keep, Pete
So many songs to keep, Pete Seeger!

10. The songs Pete Seeger left behind
For the rainbow family of humankind
Still sing in the heart and ring in the mind
And the Hudson's running cleaner
Thanks to sweet
Thanks to sweet Pete
Thanks to sweet Pete Seeger!

CHORUS:

Vanzetti's Letter

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

youtu.be/_6rM9wNRkCw

The year is nineteen twenty-seven, the day is the third day of May
The town is the city called Boston, our address this dark Dedham jail
To your Honor, the Governor Fuller, to the Council of Massachusetts State
We, Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco, do say

Confined in your jail here at Dedham and under the sentence of death
We pray you exercise your powers to look at the facts of our case
We do not ask you for a pardon, for a pardon would admit of our guilt
Since we are both innocent workers, we have no guilt to admit

We are both born by parents in Italy, we cannot speak English too well
Our friends of labor are writing these words here back of the bars of our cell
Our friends say if we speak too plain, sir, we may turn your feelings away
And widen these canyons between us, but we risk our life to talk plain

We think, sir, that each human being is in close touch with all of man's kind
We think, sir, that each human being knows right from the wrong in his mind
We talk to you here as a man, sir, even knowing our opinions divide
We did not kill the guards at South Braintree, nor dream of such a terrible crime

We call you eye to this fact, sir, we work with our hand and our brain
These robberies, killings, were done, sir, by professional bandit men
Sacco has been a good cutter, Mrs. Sacco their money has saved
And I, Vanzetti, I could have saved money, but I gave it as fast as received

I'm a dreamer, a speaker, and a writer, I fight on the working folks' side
Sacco is Boston's fastest shoe trimmer, and he talks to the husbands and wives
We hunted your land, and we found it, hoped we'd find freedom of mind
Build up your land, this Land of the Free, this is what we came to find

If we were those killers, Good Governor, we'd not be so dumb and so blind
To pass out our handbills and make workers' speeches here by the scene of the crime
Those fifteen thousands of dollars the lawyers and judge say we took
Do we, sir, dress up like two gentlemen with that much in our pocketbook?

Our names are on that long list of radicals of the Federal Government, sir
They say that we needed watching as we peddled our literature
Judge Thayer's mind was made this corridor to death, sir, like workers have walked before
But we'll work in our working class struggle if we live a thousand lives more

Sacco and Vanzetti mural at Syracuse University



Death in the Rio Grande

© Jack Warshaw 27 June 2019, youtu.be/P7yz6nDrjYs

(CNN 26 June) The bodies of Oscar Alberto Martínez and his 23-month-old daughter, Angie Valeria, lie face down in murky waters littered with reeds and discarded beer bottles. Their heads are wrapped in a black T-shirt, and her tiny right arm is draped over his shoulders. The pair from El Salvador drowned Sunday in the Rio Grande as they were crossing from Mexico into Texas near Brownsville. They actually had made it to the Texas side initially, and Martínez placed his child there before turning around to get his wife. But when Angie Valeria saw her father swimming away, she jumped in after him. Tania saw her husband and child carried away Sunday. Their bodies were found Monday on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, across the river from Brownsville.

This family of which I sing
They left their land of sorrow
To find a place to spread their wings
For a better life tomorrow (repeat)

Martinez, it was their name
Oscar, and slender Tania
Little Angela not two years old
No daughter could be finer

It's a hard road from El Salvador
To a camp in Mexico
Where thousands stay near the USA
And border guards say no

Months passed by, and Oscar said
"We just can't wait no longer"
We'll make for Brownsville Texas now
It's just across that river



Don't go, don't go the others cried
Stay safe with us together
For if you cross all by yourself
Death will be on your shoulder

He swam across with Angela
He set her on the brim there
As he started back for Tania
She jumped after him there

He turned around to save her then
The flood bound them together
Hopes and dreams were turned to screams
As darkness closed, forever

Morning came, the people saw
The worst they could have feared
The place they found near Brownsville town
Where these two reappeared

Birds still circle on the border
Rio Grande, still runs fast
May your dreams in this New Order
Find a place to rest at last.

BUBBLE with ME

Am F G E7
Lock down rules meant no more song No more tou-ching those we love

Am G F E7
Then one day he said to me Why don't you come in - to my bub-ble with me

Am F G E7
We could bub-ble bub-ble all day long Have a lit-tle cud-dle while we sing a song

F C G E7
Laugh and play the night a-way Won't you come and bub-ble with me

Am E7 Am
Why don't you come and bub-ble with me

Jill Waterson

Verse 1:

Lock down rules meant no more song
No more touching those we love
Then one day he said to me
Why don't you come in to my bubble with me

Chorus:

We could bubble bubble all day long
Have a little cuddle while we sing a song
Laugh and play the night away
Won't you come and bubble with me
Why don't you come and bubble with me

Verse 2:

So if you're blue, here's what to do
Find someone who's lonely too
You could say to he or she
Why don't you come in to my bubble with me

Verse 3:

The time will come when we are free
To see whoever we want to see
These words a lasting legacy
Why don't you come in to my bubble with me

(When Covid is "over", substitute 'has' for 'will' and reverse V2 &3)

THE KILLING OF MICHAEL BROWN

© Jack Warshaw 2014

youtu.be/rrssxWcK764

Six shots ring out in a Missouri town
Six shots drop a black boy to the ground
Six shots, as he lays there in the road
Straight through his head, last one explodes

Just seventeen years, a great big boy
Played the games that kids enjoy
Running free with the boys in town
Till the day they shot him down

No gun he had, no gun was found
Both hands raised, he walked alone
The cop he shouted loud and shrill
Then drew his gun and fired to kill

There's riots in the streets tonight
The cops are keeping out of sight
Governor's calling in the Guard
Here in Ferguson, times are hard

If you go out you better walk right
The skin you bare it better be white
'Cause if it ain't they'll take you down
Like they done to Michael Brown

The story's told of Michael Brown
Grown up on the streets of Ferguson Town
Murder's done, come write it down
Justice now for Michael Brown

Let there be

Christina Mimmocchi, 2015

Sung by Ecappella at
youtu.be/I2Q0NQSc-eo



Let there be peace

Let there be peaceful times
And let peace surround us all
Yes in times like these that bring us to our knees
Let there be peace

Let there be joy

Let there be joyful times
And let joy surround us all
Yes in times like these that bring us to our knees
Let there be joy

Let there be calm

Let there be quiet times
And let calm surround us all
Yes in times like these that bring us to our knees
Let there be calm

Let there be songs

Let there be rousing times
And let songs surround us all
Yes in times like these that bring us to our knees
Let there be songs

Let there be peace

Let there be peaceful times
And let peace surround us all
Yes in times like these that bring us to our knees
Let there be peace

Let there be peace Let there be peace-ful times And let peace sur- round us all

Yes in times like these that bring us to our knees Let there be peace

Citizen Shanty

Words & Music: Boff Whalley

youtu.be/ybn31Hv1YoY

Music: Based on Roll The Old Chariot Along, a traditional sea shanty.
Notes: At the Conservative Party Conference in 2016, Theresa May declared that “If you believe you are a citizen of the world, you're a citizen of nowhere”. This song was written in response, as a declaration of support and encouragement to all those people across the globe having to flee their homes and look for help in other parts of the world. It's hopefully sung as an uplifting, positive and joyful declaration of our love of humanity – a melodic hand of friendship. To be sung with gusto!

**And you're more than, more than welcome here,
And you're more than, more than welcome here,
And you're more than, more than welcome here,
'Cos you're citizens of the world.**

Well my mother and her mother and her mother before (×3)
They were citizens of the world

And here's a hand to help you ashore (×3)
'Cos you're citizens of the world

Well our nation's roots spread wide and deep
'Cos we're citizens of the world

Well you're nowhere if you believe Theresa May (×3)
'Cos we're citizens of the world

Extra verse:
It's time to end detentions and to open all the doors (×3)
'Cos we're citizens of the world

Working On The Frontline

By Neill MacColl and Kate St John.
Published by Barking Green Music Ltd.

youtu.be/OW1iHv12eZc

**Every day I leave my home
Get on the bus alone
Walk into a danger zone
And I'm working on the frontline**

I've got to be cool, got to be calm
Got to keep myself from harm
Got to get my spacesuit on
Working on the frontline

Got no time to eat or drink
And I've hardly slept a wink
I don't have the time to think
'Cos I'm working on the frontline

See the heat it never stops
And the noise it never stops
And the pressure never drops
When you're working on the frontline

**Hey hey, what can I say
I'm just trying to get through the day
Hey hey, it's alright
But I hope I get home sometime tonight
Can you tell me when this is ever gonna end
'Cos tomorrow I'll get up and do it all again**

I see the fear in your eyes
You're scared you're gonna die
With only me to say goodbye
That's working on the frontline



And you feel like you're in hell
And I don't know what to tell you
While I'm trying to make it better
That's working on the frontline

See the heat it never stops
And the noise it never stops
And the pressure never drops
When you're working on the frontline

**Hey hey, what can I say
I'm just trying to get through the day
Hey hey, it's alright
But I hope I get home sometime tonight**

Hope I don't get sick, hope I make it through the year I'm
scared that the air is gonna get me in here I'm not a hero but I
hear your respect When you're out there clapping on the
doorstep But money and protection are better than applause
We're dying and the people who are making our laws. Don't
give us what we need, give us our due They're paying lip
service, but they haven't got a clue They can say it on the TV,
stick it on a bus But it's one rule for them, another one for us.

Hey hey, what can I say
I'm just trying to get through the day
Hey hey, it's alright
But I hope I get home sometime tonight
Can you tell me when this is ever gonna end
'Cos tomorrow I'll get up and do it all again

Then I make my way back home
Weary to the bone
I don't want to be alone
When I've been working on the frontline

**When this thing is gone
We will keep on keeping on
'Cos we have been here all along
We're always working on the frontline
Working on the front line
Working on the front line
Working on the front line**

I'm a Suffragette

Lyrics: M. Olive Drennen

Music: M. C Hanford

1912

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "I met a lit - tle coun - try girl, Eight-teen years old, she said Her eyes were black, her hair was jet, She sad - ly to me said "Yes, Pa - pa votes, but Ma - ma can't, Oh, no, not yet not yet No mat - ter what the o - thers think, I am a suf - fra - gette"

I met a little country girl,
Eighteen years old, she said.
Her eyes were black, her hair was jet,
and she sadly to me said,

CHORUS:

"Yes, Papa votes, but Mama can't
Oh, no, not yet not yet
No matter what the others think
I am a suffragette"

Oh, all the men make all the laws
Which makes the women fret
But wait and see those laws
When we at last our suffrage get

Notes:

1 - Year of publication according to Here's to the Women, 100 Songs for and About American Women, Hilda E. Wenner and Elizabeth Freilicher, Syracuse University Press, 1987, p.61

2 - Give the Ballots to the Mothers, Francie Wolff, Denlinger's Publishers, Springfield, MO., 1998, p.98-100

I have a dandy little beau
He lives down in the town,
And when he asks me to "be his"
I'll look at him and frown.

(LAST CHORUS)

"Yes, Papa votes, but Mama can't
Oh, no, not yet, not yet
And I'll not marry any man
'Til I my suffrage get"

Waking Up

Russ Spring

youtu.be/CIPLAjhHlyQ

Russ Spring is an activist at the University of Birmingham, supporting and organising support workers. He is a regular at **Sing Political** and has written and performed some sharp and witty songs.

There's a thought that with me first thing in the morning
A sick feeling in my stomach as I'm yawning
Having spent all night in bed with my sweet dreams in my head
The reality of life is swiftly dawning

Chorus 1

Why is it that scum rises to the top
What is it we must do to make it stop (make it stop)
If the world turned upside down they'd worm their way deep underground
Then we could fill them in and pass the bubbly round

There's a thought that's there before I even rise
Like a bolt of lightning smack between the eyes
So before I'm out of bed I'm already seeing red
For another day of bullshit and lies

Chorus 2

Why is it that the scum rise to the top
What is it we must do to make it stop (make it stop)
If the world turned upside down they'd worm the way deep underground
Then we could fill them in and share our wealth around

There's a thought with me as I pull on my clothes
How they get in power god only fucking knows
With their inbreeding and incest they're incompetent at best
Like a sixth hole in the head we just don't need 'em

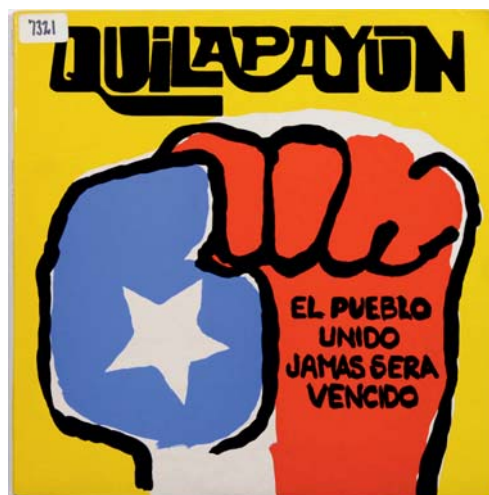
Chorus 1

There's a thought that's there as I spoon up my flakes
We should be rid of them no matter what it takes
Don't believe all of their lies, unionise and organise
There's a better life for all and we deserve it

Chorus 2

¡El pueblo unido, jamás será vencido!

"¡El pueblo unido, jamás será vencido!"; (English: "The people united will never be defeated") is one of the most internationally renowned songs of the Nueva Cancion Chilena (New Chilean Song) movement. The music of the song was composed by Sergio Ortega and the text written by Quilapayún. The song was composed and recorded in June 1973



De pie, cantar que vamos a triunfar
Avanzan ya banderas de unidad
Y tú vendrás marchando junto a mí
Y así verás tu canto y tu bandera florecer
La luz de un rojo amanecer
Anuncia ya la vida que vendrá

Chorus:
Y ahora el pueblo que se alza en la lucha
Con voz de gigante gritando: ¡Adelante!
El pueblo unido, jamás será vencido!

De pie, luchar el pueblo va a triunfar
Será mejor la vida que vendrá
A conquistar nuestra felicidad
Y en un clamor mil voces de combate se alzarán
Dirán canción de libertad
Con decisión la patria vencerá
Chorus

La patria está forjando la unidad
De norte a sur se movilizará
Desde el salar ardiente y mineral
Al bosque austral
Unidos en la lucha y el trabajo
Irán, La patria cubrirán
Su paso ya anuncia el porvenir
Chorus

De pie, cantar, el pueblo va a triunfar
Millones ya, imponen la verdad
De acero son ardiente batallón
Sus manos van llevando la justicia y la razón
Mujer, Con fuego y con valor
Ya estás aquí junto al trabajador
Chorus

The people, united, will never be defeated!

Watch **Inti Illimani's** fabulous video of this song from 1 May 2020 at youtu.be/rd6clK9s7mY, then sing the song below as translated by **Tim Hollins**. *Tim is one of the organisers of the El Sueno Existe festival celebrating South and Central American resistance culture, is a key member of Sing Political and has written or updated a host of songs.*

Arise and sing! Our victory's at hand

With flags of unity throughout the land
And side by side, we'll march, you and me
And you will see your songs and your banners, flying high
The light of a burning new red dawn
That shows us all – our better world will come

Chorus

And now the people rise up in struggle
Giant voices ring out, as "Forward!" they shout
The people, united, will never be defeated!

Arise, and fight! Our triumph is at hand

A better world we'll see throughout the land
And we will win our freedom and our joy
A thousand voices raised in battle cry
They will be singing songs of freedom deep within
Our time has come, this battle we will win
Chorus

From north to south our unity is strong

We mobilise to sing our freedom song
From northern plains to southern woodlands green
We march as one, united in our toil
Our struggle's joy, now shows the path that we must take
Each step towards the future we will make
Chorus

Arise & sing! Our triumph is at hand

Millions shout our truth throughout the land
The ranks and files with steely gaze advance
For right and justice now in every hand
And every woman's blazing courage for the fight
Now you are here, as workers we unite!
Chorus

Hitler Ain't Dead 2

lyrics: Jack Warshaw 2020

Original song: Bill Frederick,
youtu.be/P_XmuyZexPU

Mr Trump he says it's fine and grand to keep out people from foreign lands
America First, the message is clear, didn't Germany die to the sound of a cheer
You know Hitler ain't dead, Hitler ain't dead no, Hitler ain't dead
He's in the White House now

He's serving up fear, suspicion and hate, an infestation to exterminate
Congress, big business and bigots agree, like they used to do in Germany
You know Hitler ain't dead, Hitler ain't dead no, Hitler ain't dead
He just changed his style

There's lots more people we gotta exclude to keep a few more racists in a frenzied mood
The rich get richer and the poor stay poor, just like they do when we go to war
You know Hitler ain't dead, Hitler ain't dead no, Hitler ain't dead
He just dyed his hair

He sends his troops all over the place, fighting high tech wars in cyber space
If he thinks you don't agree he'll get you clean, with spies in the skies and media screens
You know Hitler ain't dead, Hitler ain't dead no, Hitler ain't dead
He just tweets like a turd

There's guns in the city, blood on the street, shot down by a trooper or a cop on the beat
New York to Texas, he's coming to call, with his knee on the throat he's killing us all
You know Hitler ain't dead, Hitler ain't dead no, Hitler ain't dead
He's joined the KKK

Give me your tired, hungry and poor, that's all over, don't count anymore
Land of Hope is dead and gone, with the stroke of a pen by one moron
You know Hitler ain't dead, Hitler ain't dead no, Hitler ain't dead
But his time has come

So pick up a spear, powder and shot, a pen or a plough, whatever you got
Fight for your freedom, starve or freeze, but die on your feet, don't live on your knees
You know Hitler ain't dead, Hitler ain't dead no, Hitler ain't dead
He's among you and me



Mr Tangerine Man

© Paul Graham 1 April 2020 (with contributions from Jack Warshaw)

youtu.be/thcasSCtHD4

Jack Warshaw has been singing and writing songs since the 1960s and lives in London well away from SING POLITICAL in Birmingham. Since lockdown he has been a regular contributor to our online sessions. This is his version of Paul Graham's song.



Hey Mr Tangerine man, chirp a tweet for me
I'm not stupid, but I realize you'll always be
Hey Mr Tangerine man, lying fast and free
In the jingle, tingle morning I'll come worrying you

Your reeling, rocky Empire soon will crumble into sand
It will vanish from my land
So, it's up to you I'll stand without much sleeping
Your vanity amazes me, dishonesty and hate,
Can't make a country great
You drag your people down
As you wear the killer's crown
Your people are locked down and loudly weeping

Hey Mr Tangerine man, peep a tweet for me
I'm not stupid, but I realize you'll always be
Hey Mr Tangerine man lying fast and free
In the jingle, tingle morning I'll come worrying you

Take me on a trip upon your sick Titanic ship
To the rustbelt you ain't fixed
And the wall that you ain't built
Your orders have no grip
All you touch turns into shit, while you're still dreaming
You can brag and swagger
But your mask is slippin' down
And before you turn around
You'll be run right out of town
Like a sad and dying clown, still babbling and scheming

Hey Mr Tangerine man, squeak a tweet for me
I'm not stupid, but I realize you'll always be
Hey Mr Tangerine man lying fast and free
In the jingle, tingle morning I'll come worrying you

Tony Skinner's Lad

Robb Johnson



You get the bus at 6am, for Parkhouse from Clay Cross
You get the bus 'cos you're your father's son
You're sitting on a park bench watching rhododendrons bloom
Singing Gracie Fields 'cos you're your mother's son

And they wonder, "What's he after?
Making trouble, what's his game?"
This one can't be bought, this one can't be had
Keep your eye on this one, he's Tony Skinner's lad

You get the Clay Cross Council chair, put that chain away
You're not standing up for me, sit down
On to the Palace of Varieties, it's just your place of work
And your job's standing up for those done down

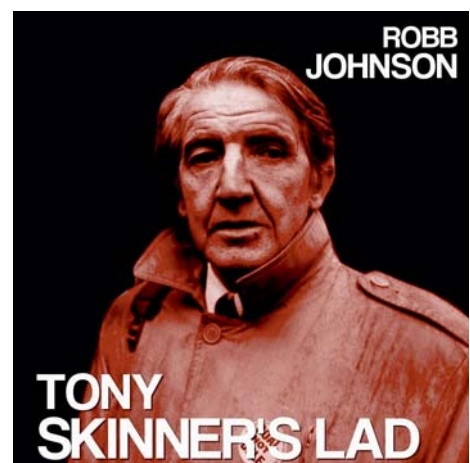
You get the bus at 6am ... Parkhouse ... Clay Cross ...
Bolsover ... Westminster, here we come
To win for working people what they're owed for what they've lost
You do the work 'cos you're your father's son

Dennis Skinner at his best:

"Half the Tory members opposite are crooks."

He was then told to withdraw the remark.

"OK, half the Tory members aren't crooks."



One by One

words and music (c) Jack Warshaw 2020
youtu.be/rKuxrLb5Qbs

Don't tell me they're not killing us
One by one makes a hundred
A hundred thousand makes a million

One by one
One by one

Who pays the killers? We do, that's who
Amazon won't, Google won't
Facebook won't, Trump sure won't

And that won't do
And that won't do

The killers saddle up, in armoured fleets
Cruise the streets, disturb the peace
From driving seats, the city reeks

In blue-black heat
In blue-black heat

Through the night the fury burns
Rage and crackdown dance in turn
Passed the point of no return

Will they ever learn?
Will they ever learn?

But look close now, what's that sight?
In Flint and Newark's dawning light
For George Floyd police unite

With black and white
With black and white

So show me they're not killing us
One by one makes a hundred
A hundred thousand makes a million

One by one
One by one

In Palestine

Dave Rogers and Antonia Darder

This song is part of a Banner Theatre video ballad that is well worth a watch or you can jump in about 5 mins 20 secs for the song - you'll find it at youtu.be/KTdV5RCWvRE

When will your land be free?
Oh Palestine Oh Palestine
And you return to Galilee
In Palestine your home
The settlers came with twisted lies
Freedom talk, hate-filled eyes
With slings and stones you fought alone
To claim the land that is your home
In Palestine In Palestine

Invaders came with guns and tanks
Oh Palestine Oh Palestine
Now terror reigns across your land
In Palestine your home
Your children's lives are torn apart
Wounded bodies broken hearts
Their Innocence too soon betrayed
As hopes and dreams are blown away
In Palestine In Palestine

Their sewer waters trickle down
Oh Palestine Oh Palestine
Through olive groves and fertile ground
In Palestine your home
They poison truth with smears and lies
Condemning those who criticise
This bloody war of occupation
Sanctified as annexation
In Palestine In Palestine

Forced to live as refugees
Oh Palestine Oh Palestine
On your own soil you walk un-free
In Palestine your home
Across the Middle East you roam
In tented cities you were thrown
A wall was built to seal your fate
Divide and rule apartheid state

This land is ours the Zionists claim
Oh Palestine Oh Palestine
The Jewish state is here to stay
In Palestine your home
Inch by inch they stole your land
They claim it is their God's command
You fight with freedom in your eyes
They shoot you down but still you rise
In Palestine In Palestine

When will your land be free?
Oh Palestine Oh Palestine
And you return to Galilee
In Palestine your home
The settlers came with twisted lies
Freedom talk, hate-filled eyes
With slings and stones you fought alone
To claim the land that is your home
In Palestine In Palestine

When will your land be free? Oh Pa - les - tine oh Pa - les - tine

And you re - turn to Ga - li - lee In Pa - les - tine your home

The set - tlers came with twis - ted lies Free - dom talk, hate - filled eyes

With slings and stones you fought a - lone To claim the land that is your home

In Pa - les - tine In Pa - les - tine

Britain's foremost political theatre company

Banner Theatre is a socialist theatre company based in Birmingham. Formed in 1973, from a disparate collection of folk singers, drama teachers, office workers, broadcasters, technicians and car factory workers, Banner is one of the few companies from the radical community theatre movement of the 1960s-1970s still creating and performing work in partnership with Britain's Trade Union movement, and working class and disenfranchised.



Dave Rogers of Banner Theatre

YOUR NEW SONGS WANTED

SING SONGS WRITE SONGS YOUR NEW SONGS NEEDED

When we sing together we are united in one voice. It gives us strength, confidence and new ideas. This is our ninth edition of *The Political Songster*. The old songs keep us connected to our history, a history that remains hidden or ignored.

But we need new songs as well about the issues, struggles and triumphs of today. Let's get the songs out there and let's get them sung. Send us your songs so that we can publish another booklet for people to use at song sessions and events. Let's make it possible for our voices to be heard through the power of song.

Please let us have your songs, with music notation and/or a link to a web soundfile or video, plus if possible a statement to put it in context.

Send to: graham@tradartsteam.co.uk



Every second Wednesday
of the month. 8:00 online

To get the latest Zoom link
email: graham@tradartsteam.co.uk