

Liverpool Socialist Singers Songs A-Z 2019

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All you Fascists (Bound to Lose)

Woody Guthrie

I'm gonna tell you fascists
You may be surprised
The people in this world
Are getting organised
You're bound to lose!
You fascists bound to lose!
*All you fascists bound to lose:
I said, all of you fascists bound to lose:
Yes, all of you fascists bound to lose:
You're bound to lose!
You fascists bound to lose!*

Race hatred cannot stop us
This one thing we know
The BNP and EDL
And greed have got to go
You're bound to lose!
You fascists: bound to lose!

CHORUS

People of every colour
Marching side by side
Marching 'cross these fields
Where a million fascists died
You're bound to lose!
You fascists: bound to lose!

CHORUS

I'm going into battle
I'll take my union gun
We'll end this world of slavery
Before this battle's done
You're bound to lose!
You fascists: bound to lose!
CHORUS

All You Frackers (Bound to Lose)

From 2013 G8 protest via Friends of the Earth.

Tune All You Fascists Woody Guthrie

I'm gonna tell you frackers,
you may be surprised.
The people in this world are getting
organised!
You're bound to lose
You frackers – bound to lose!
*All you frackers bound to lose!
I said, all you frackers bound to lose!
Yes sir, all you frackers bound to lose!
You're bound to lose!
You frackers-bound to lose!*

Your lying cannot stop us,
this one thing we know.
Your bribery and lobbying and greed
has got to go!

You're bound to lose
You frackers – bound to lose!
CHORUS

People of every nation
marching side by side
Marching 'cross these fields where
their fracking plans will die
You're bound to lose
You frackers – bound to lose!

CHORUS

I'm going in to this battle
and I won't need a gun
We'll end these crazy gasman plans
before this battle's won
You're bound to lose
You frackers - bound to lose!
CHORUS x2

Axe the Bedroom Tax (C)

Pete McGovern with new words by Liverpool
Socialist Singers

*And its in our Liverpool homes,
In our Liverpool homes
There's a tax on our bedrooms and it
isn't fair
If they find one too many they'll tell us
its spare
In our Liverpool homes*

We moved to this house when the
boys were just born
And now that they're big they've got
rooms of their own
We try very hard to keep up with the
rent
But we'll have to move on cos our
money's all spent

CHORUS

I live in a terrace two up and two down
My daughter's just gone to get work
out of town
If she takes the job I'll be walking about
The benefit's cut, and I'll have to move
out

My home's on the 8th floor, its where we
were placed
But now its just me they are taxing the
space
I can't take the worry, I don't want to go
Away from the people and places I
know

CHORUS

They didnt tax mansions, they thought it
too mean
To charge millionaires who are living
the dream
So they've hit us instead - but we've
brought an axe
And together we'll chop up the cruel
bedroom tax!

CHORUS

Balfour: A Citizen's Apology

Penny Stone

Hey Mister Balfour,
This is our declaration:

That land of Palestine was never yours
to give,

Citizen's apology, naHnu asfeen,

Citizen's apology, naHnu asfeen.

Hey Mister Balfour,
This is our declaration:

End the Occupation, let Palestine be
free,

Citizen's apology, naHnu asfeen,

Citizen's apology, naHnu asfeen.

Hey Mister Balfour,
This is our declaration:

Westminster, we demand you make
apology,

Citizen's apology, naHnu asfeen,

Citizen's apology, naHnu asfeen.

Citizen's apology, naHnu asfeen.

(Note -naHnu asfeen means "we're
sorry" in Arabic)

Bandiera Rossa (D)

Italian anti-fascist song

Avanti popolo, a la rescossa
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa
Avanti popolo, a la riscossa
Bandiera rossa trionfera

*Bandiera rossa trionfera
Bandiera rossa trionfera
Bandiera rossa trionfera
Evviva socialismo e la liberta!*

Arise you workers, fling to the breeze
The scarlet banner, the scarlet banner
Arise you workers, fling to the breeze
The scarlet banner triumphantly.
CHORUS.

Non piu nemici, non piu frontere,
Son i confini rossa bandiere,
O proletari alla riscossa
Bandiera rossa trionfera.
CHORUS

Avanti popolo, a la rescossa
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa
Avanti popolo, a la rescossa
Bandiera rossa trionfera
CHORUS.

Bella Ciao (Dmin)

Adapted from an Italian antifascist song with new words by Liverpool Socialist Singers

Oh we are singing against war makers
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao
ciao
We are singing against war makers
We need to stop them now!

Oh we are singing for bread and justice
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao
ciao
We are singing for bread and justice
And a revolution now!

Oh we are singing for peace and
freedom
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao
ciao
We are singing for peace and freedom
We will not be silenced now!

Oh the bankers get all the favours
Bella ciao, Bella ciao, Bella ciao, ciao
ciao
Oh the bankers get all the favours
And we need to change that now

Don't be fooled by talk of recession
Bella ciao, Bella ciao, Bella ciao, ciao
ciao
Don't be fooled by talk of recession
The rich stay rich the poor stay poor

Come join a union to fight injustice
Bella ciao, Bella ciao, Bella ciao, ciao
ciao
Join a union to fight injustice
And to bring the bosses down

We stand together, against all fascists,
Bella ciao, Bella ciao, Bella ciao, ciao
ciao,
We stand together, against all fascists,
And united we are strong.

We can win if we stand together
Bella ciao, Bella ciao, Bella ciao, ciao
ciao
We can win if we stand together
But divided we will fall

Support the struggle and raise your
voices
Bella ciao, Bella ciao, Bella ciao, ciao
ciao
Support the struggle and raise your
voices
We will make them hear us now.

Optional verses
The Palestinians, they call for
sanctions
Bella ciao, Bella ciao, Bella ciao, ciao
ciao
The Palestinians, they call for
sanctions
And we call for sanctions now.

The dead of Hillsborough, they cry for
justice
Bella ciao, Bella ciao, Bella ciao, ciao
ciao
The dead of Hillsborough, they cry for
justice
And we're standing with them now

A Boycott Song (F)

To the tune of Bye Bye Love by F&B Bryant, new words by Ryan/Walsh/Cor Cochion Caerdydd (Cardiff Reds Choir)

*Don't buy dates, don't buy Jaffa fruit
Don't buy Israeli wine ,there's a boycott
going on!
Don't buy dates ,don't buy Jaffa fruit
Don't buy Israeli wine,there's a boycott
going on!
There's a boycott going on!*

To help the people of Palestine
We won't buy grapefruit or Israeli wine
And if you're wondering what you can
do:
Please join the boycott and help them
too.

CHORUS

Their land's been taken and occupied
Their houses bulldozed and farms
destroyed
The Western powers send arms with
glee
While Israel acts with impunity
CHORUS

Tell all your neighbours "Please don't
be shy
Read all the labels before you buy
You have the power each time you
shop
Israel's apartheid has got to stop"
CHORUS

To help the people of Palestine
We don't buy grapefruit or Israeli wine
And if you're wondering what you can
do:
Please join the boycott and help them
too!
CHORUS

Bread and Roses (updated April 2016) (F or G)

Words: Oppenheim, Tune: Farina

As we go marching, marching
In the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens
A thousand mill lofts grey
Are touched with all the radiance
That a sudden sun discloses
For the people hear us singing
Bread and roses, bread and roses

As we go marching, marching
We battle too for men
Our brothers in the struggle
And together we will win
Our lives shall not be sweated
From birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies
Give us bread, but give us roses

As we go marching, marching
We're standing proud and tall
For the rising of the women
Means the rising of us all
No more the drudge and idler
Ten that toil where one reposes
But the sharing of life's glories
Bread and roses, bread and roses

Cammell Laird: Song of the 37 Men

Tune and Words Rica Bird

Now hear this song of 37 men
All fighters, brave and true.
They went to jail for the right to work
For me, and you, and you.

CHORUS:

*The ships we'll build on Mersey's
shore
Will sail the deepest sea,
And no courts, nor judges, can
prevent
Our spirits, proud and free.*

The gas rig, and The Edinburgh, too,
We've built by tool and hand.
We defended our occupation there,
We took up our bold stand.

CHORUS

We've food in plenty, water too,
Good stores are here on board.
We will stay till we've gained what
we're fighting for,
We are all of one accord.

CHORUS

Now Murden and his gang of scabs,
And all the bailiff's mob,
Won't scare us away from our main
intent,
To win our right to a job.

CHORUS

Our families, and our Union, too,
Say prison is a sin,
And your stone walls do not frighten
us,
We shall fight, and we shall win.
CHORUS x 2

Casey Jones the Union Scab

Words: Joe Hill Tune: Casey Jones (Trad)

The workers on the railway line to
strike sent out a call;
But Casey Jones the engineer, he
wouldn't strike at all;
His boiler it was leaking and its drivers
on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings, they
were all out of plumb.
*Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
Casey Jones was working double time;
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,
For being good and faithful on the
railway line.*

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you
help us win this strike?"
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd
better take a hike."
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right
off the worn-out track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful
crack.
*Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;
Casey Jones became an Angeleno,
He took a trip to heaven on the railway
line*

When Casey Jones got up to heaven
to the Pearly Gate,
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy
who pulled the railway freight."
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our
musicians went on strike;
You can get a job a-scabbing any time
you like."

*Casey Jones got a job in heaven;
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the
angels,
Just like he did to workers on the
railway line.*

The angels got together and they said
it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around a-
scabbing everywhere.
The Angel Union No 23, they sure
were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down
the Golden Stair.
*Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying;
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;
Casey Jones, get busy shovelling
sulphur-
That's what you get for scabbing on
the railway line!"*

Chattanooga Steve

New words by LSS to Chattanooga Choo Choo
by Gordon and Watson

*"I've just come back from Chattanooga, which
is in the middle of an economic miracle. It has
the fastest gig internet speed in the world"*

Steve Rotheram talking about his vision for
the Liverpool City Region.

Doo, doo, doo, doo:

Pardon me Steve, is that the train
without the guard on?

Deaths on the line, just a matter of time

Can you afford to have a train without
a guard on?

To make travel safe, you need a guard
that's in place

CHORUS X 2

*Northern Rail are making profits that
are out of this world*

*And passengers will suffer if this plan
is unfurled*

Steve, it's a no-brainer

Nothing could be plainer

*You have to blow the whistle on this
crazy failure*

There's gonna be, a certain mishap at
the station

Trains are unsafe, without a guard
that's in place

We're gonna shout, until you act upon
our refrain

So Steve you gotta tell' em, keep the
guard on the train.

The Diggers Song (Dmin)

G Winstanley

You noble diggers all stand up now,
stand up now

You noble diggers all stand up now
The wasteland to maintain sin
cavaliers by name

Your digging does maintain and
persons all defame

Stand up now, stand up now

Your houses they pull down stand up
now, stand up now

Your houses they pull down, stand up
now

Your houses they pull down to fright
your men in town

But the gentry must come down and
the poor shall wear the crown

Stand up now diggers all

With spades and hoes and plows stand
up now, stand up now

With spades and hoes and plows,
stand up now

Your freedom to uphold sin cavaliers
are bold

To kill you if they could and rights from
you to hold

Stand up now diggers all

The gentry are all round stand up now,
stand up now

The gentry are all round stand up now

The gentry are all round on each side
they are found

Their wisdom so profound to cheat us
of our ground

Stand up now stand up now

The lawyers they conjoin stand up now
stand up now

The lawyers they conjoin stand up now
To rescue they advise, such fury they
devise, the devil in them lies

And hath blinded both their eyes

Stand up now, stand up now

The clergy they come in stand up now,
stand up now

The clergy they come in stand up now

The clergy they come in and say it is a
sin

That we should now begin our freedom
for to win

Stand up now diggers all

'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests
stand up now stand up now

'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests
stand up now

For tyrants they are both, even flat
against their oath

To grant us they are loathe free
meat and drink and cloth

Stand up now diggers all

The club is all their law, stand up now
stand up now

The club is all their law, stand up now

The club is all their law, to keep all
men in awe

That they no vision saw to maintain
such a law

Stand up now diggers all

[

Don't Frack It!

New words by LSS to Michael Jackson's *Beat It*

I was walking down a Lancashire
Street
Thought I felt the earth move under my
feet

The people said no!
Cuadrilla must go!
Don't frack it!
Don't frack it!

Once these streets were full of calm
and peace
Now it's time for fracking to cease

The people said no!
Cuadrilla must go!
Don't frack it!
Don't frack it!

Poisoned water will be coming on
quick
We can't wait till people get sick

The people said no!
Cuadrilla must go!
Don't frack it!
Don't frack it!

Down by the Ribbleside

Tune – Down by the Riverside(trad)

You gotta lay down your rigs and drills

Down by the Ribbleside (x3)

You gotta lay down your rigs and drills

Down by the Ribbleside

You aint gonna drill for gas no more,

aint gonna drill for gas no more,

aint gonna drill for gas no more (x2)

¡El Pueblo, Unido, Jamás Será Vencido!

Tune: Sergio Ortega, Words Quilapayun

En pie, a 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

Stand up and sing for victory will come.
The banners of union assemble in the
sun.

And you'll be there, beside me on the
march.

And then you'll see the banners and
the singing bursting forth.

The dawn whose coming we proclaim
Red as blood its rays set us aflame.

Stand up and fight, our hearts are all
aflame.

A new life is coming to put the past to
shame.

Your happiness is part of this our fight.
A thousand voices rise into a clamour
that will

Proudly sing, and we cannot be wrong,
Freedom is the content of our song.

*It's time for the people to rise up in
struggle*

***Against their oppressors and shout
all together***

***¡EL PUEBLO, UNIDO, JAMÁS SERÁ
VENCIDO!***

***¡EL PUEBLO, UNIDO, JAMÁS SERÁ
VENCIDO***

Our country is rising, its unity is strong
From north to south they come to join
the throng
From nitrate fields the men are
streaming in
Streaming in from the forests in the
south and now
The women too, our struggle has
begin
Our union foretells the shape of things
to come

Stand up and sing in a million blending
parts

The people will win for truth is in their
hearts

Of steel our will, battalions we must
build.

Justice and reason will be our battle
cry we are

Together now, our hearts so bold and
brave

United to form the workers' mighty
wave

*It's time for the people to rise up in
struggle*

***Against their oppressors and shout
all together***

***¡EL PUEBLO, UNIDO, JAMÁS SERÁ
VENCIDO!***

*(hum tune and come in with chant part by
part)*

Fat Cat (B flat)

Tune: Top Cat Theme, Hanna/Barbera/Timmins

Words Liverpool Socialist Singers

FAT CAT

The indefensible

FAT CAT

The reprehensible

Leader of the Tory regime

She's just like a cat with the cream

FAT CAT

You know you want to just

Run them out of town

They're unfair,

They don't care,

They are millionaires

They're Tory prats

FAT CAT

FAT CAT

The indefensible

FAT CAT

The reprehensible

Banking bailout scandalous scheme

Treats him like the cat with the cream

FAT CAT

You know you want to just

Tax him 'til he squeals

He's a cad

He's a toff

It's the biggest rip-off

He's a bonus brat

FAT CAT.

Fight Back Joe! (G).

The Tory cuts are going deep;
there'll soon be nothing left
Our public services will go; it's
private sector theft
Joe Anderson should make a
stand; his council must be brave
He has to start fighting back
before it's too late!

*Fight back Joe; don't shut down
the Sure Starts*

*Fight back Joe, keep the libraries
too*

*Fight back Joe, Social Care needs
saving*

*Don't let the Tories make a stooge
outa you*

Joe says he has to make the cuts
because it is the law
But cutting back on services hits
the needy and the poor
Don't cosy up to Hammond Joe;
you know he's not your mate
Get out and fight austerity before
it's too late

Chorus

As Liverpool becomes a brand
and Joe is 'pressing flesh'
Reserves are used for vanity and
care gets less and less
He's shaking hands with pirateers
and selling assets off
Instead of fighting government
and working for us

Chorus

If Labour Councils implement the
latest round of cuts
Then Corbyn's chance of
Government is nothing more than
dust

These councils need to stand as
one in cities and in towns
And build a social movement that
will bring the Tories down
Chorus (Repeat last line)

Freedom is Coming

(G) starts on C

South African Freedom Song

O Freedom x 3 (first one solo)

O Freedom

Freedom is coming

Freedom is coming

Oh yes I know!

O Power

Power is coming

Power is coming

Oh yes I know!

O Viva

Viva COSATU

Viva COSATU

Oh yes I know!

O Freedom x 3

O Freedom

Freedom is coming

Freedom is coming

Oh yes I know!

AMANDLA!!

NGAWETHU!!

Get Back on your Bus and Go Home

Protest Singalong by Boff Whalley

All the good people gather around
Banded all together on common
ground
We don't want nazis in our town
Get back on your bus and go home

Get back on your bus and go home
Get back on your bus and go home
This common land is a nazi-free zone
Get back on your bus and go home

Britain First and people last
Racist dogma locked in the past
The master race they run so fast
Get back on your bus and go home

Get back on your bus and go home
Get back on your bus and go home
This common land is a nazi-free zone
Get back on your bus and go home

Call up the Kremlin, change the sheets
Nasty little fingers going 'tweet tweet
tweet'
We don't want racists on our streets
Get back on your plane and fly home

Get back on your plane and fly home
Get back on your plane and fly home
This common land is a nazi-free zone
Get back on your plane and fly.. (x7)
Home

The H-Bomb's Thunder (F)

Tune: The Miners' Lifeguard

Words: John Brunner, v3 Liverpool Socialist Singers

Do you hear the H-bomb's thunder
Echo like the crack of doom?
While they rend the skies asunder
Fallout makes the earth a tomb
Do you want your homes to tumble
Rise in smoke towards the sky?
Will you let your cities crumble
Will you see your children die?

*Men and women, stand together
Do not heed the men of war
Make your minds up now or never
Ban the bomb for evermore*

Tell the leaders of the nations
Make the whole wide world take heed
Poison from the radiation
Strikes at every race and creed
Must you put the world in danger
Murder folk in distant lands?
Will you bring death to a stranger
Have their blood upon your hands?

CHORUS

Shall we lay the world in ruin?
Only you can make the choice
Stop and think of what you're doing
Join the march and raise your voice
Time is short; we must be speedy
We can see the hungry filled
House the homeless, help the needy
Shall we blast, or shall we build?

CHORUS

Don't believe their false opinions
On Iraq, Afghanistan
They don't care for Palestinians
Now they're gunning for Iran
Here at home they're building Trident
Every day demanding more
Let our voices now be strident
We demand an end to war.

CHORUS

I Ain't Afraid (Dm or Cm)

Holly Near

I ain't afraid of your Yahweh
I ain't afraid of your Allah
I ain't afraid of your Jesus
I'm afraid of what you do in the name
of your god

I ain't afraid of your churches
I ain't afraid of your temples
I ain't afraid of your praying
I'm afraid of what you do in the name
of your god

*Rise up to your higher power
Free up from fear, it will devour you
Watch out for the ego of the hour
The ones who say they know it
are the ones who will impose it on you*

I ain't afraid of your Yahweh
I ain't afraid of your Allah
I ain't afraid of your Jesus
I'm afraid of what you do in the name
of your god

I ain't afraid of your churches
I ain't afraid of your temples
I ain't afraid of your praying
I'm afraid of what you do in the name
of your god

*Rise up, and see a higher story
Free up from the gods of war and glory
Watch out for the threats of purgatory
The spirit of the wind won't make a
killing off of sin and Satan*

I ain't afraid of your Bible
I ain't afraid of your Torah
I ain't afraid of your Koran
Don't let the letter of the law
Obscure the spirit of your love it's
killing us

I ain't afraid of your money
I ain't afraid of your borders
I ain't afraid of your choices
I'm afraid of what you do in the name
of your god

I ain't afraid of your Sunday
I ain't afraid of your Sabbath
I ain't afraid of your teachers
I'm afraid of what you do in the name
of your god

I ain't afraid of your dances
I ain't afraid of your music
I ain't afraid of your children
I'm afraid of what you do in the name
of your god

I Want Rosa to Stay

Alun Parry

Hello Rosalita, well I know your name
I've learned to pronounce it again and
again.

For I got to know you and I know you
well,

So I don't believe all those tales that
you tell.

No I don't believe Rosalita's a threat,
Or that she's a strain on the national
debt.

For Rosa has spirit and courage galore
To brave every ocean and land on this
shore.

*I want Rosa to stay, I want Rosa to
stay, I want Rosa to stay
Not just today, or tomorrow, or forever.*

Well I've read the headlines in papers
I've bought
The panic that passes for rational
thought.

Written by peddlers of falsehood and
fear

Who say it's a problem that Rosa is
here.

They want to make Rosa their next
deportee

Saying she takes resources intended
for me

And rich men in mansions say that's
why I'm poor

But I don't remember being wealthy
before.

*I want Rosa to stay, I want Rosa to
stay, I want Rosa to stay
Not just today, or tomorrow, or forever.*

So I won't be swayed by the things that
you say,

Cos I understand why you play it this
way.

For I see a world which is owned by
the few

And run in their interests to benefit you.

So if we get angry at what we obtain,
You need someone easy to carry the
blame.

And Rosa's the one that you hope we'll
pursue

So we won't go pointing the finger at
you.

We want Rosa to stay, we want Rosa to
stay, we want Rosa to stay
Not just today, or tomorrow, but
forever.

In Gaza Tonight (We Will Not Go Down) (Dm)

Michael Heart, third verse by Liverpool Socialist Singers

In our thousands, in our millions, we are all Palestinians (repeat and watch)

A blinding flash of white light
Lit up the sky over Gaza tonight
People running for cover
Not knowing whether they're dead or alive
They came with their tanks and their planes
With ravaging fiery flames
And nothing remains
Just a voice rising up in the smoky haze

CHORUS

*We will not go down
In the night without a fight
You can burn up our mosques and our homes and our schools
But our spirit will never die
We will not go down in Gaza tonight*

Women and children alike
Murdered and massacred night after night
While the so-called leaders of countries afar
Debated on who's wrong or right
But their powerless words were in vain
And the bombs fell down like acid rain
But through the tears and the blood and the pain
You can still hear that voice through the smoky haze

CHORUS

Friends coming over the waves
Shot at and murdered in cold light of day
They think they can kill and tell lies to the world
And keep Gaza hidden away.
But the struggle will always renew,
There'll be more standing up for the truth
And when they get through
They'll be singing out loud through the smoky haze

CHORUS to penultimate line then repeat

In our thousands, in our millions, we are all Palestinians (repeat and watch)

The Internationale (A – parts, F or G-unison)

Pottier and Geyter with traditional English translation

Arise ye starvelings from your slumbers
Arise ye prisoners of want
For reason in revolt now thunders
And at last ends the age of cant.
So away with all your superstitions
Servile masses arise, arise
We'll change forthwith the old conditions
And spurn the dust to win the prize.

*So comrades, come rally
And the last fight let us face
The Internationale unites the human race.*

*So comrades, come rally
And the last fight let us face
The Internationale unites the human race.*

No saviour from on high delivers
No faith have we in prince or peer
Our own right hand the chains must shiver
Chains of hatred, greed and fear
'Ere the thieves will give up of their booty
And give to all a happier lot.
Those at the forge must do their duty
And we'll strike while the iron is hot.

*So comrades, come rally
And the last fight let us face
The Internationale unites the human race.*

*So comrades, come rally
And the last fight let us face
The Internationale unites the human race.*

Jarama Valley Reunion and Woody Guthrie (F)

Words: McDade ,Tune: Red River Valley

There's a Valley in Spain called Jarama,
It's a place that we all know so well,
It is there that we gave of our manhood,
And so many of our brave comrades fell.

We are proud of the British Battalion,
And the stand for Madrid that they made,
For they fought like true sons of the people.
As part of the Fifteenth Brigade.

With the whole international column,
In the stand for the freedom of Spain
We pledged in the valley of Jarama
That fascism never would reign

Now we've left that dark valley of sorrow
And its memories we ne'er shall forget,
So before we conclude this reunion
Let us stand to our glorious dead.

Jarama Valley

Words: Woody Guthrie

There's a valley in Spain called Jarama
It's a place that we all know so well
It was there that we fought against the Fascists
We saw a peaceful valley turn to hell

*From this valley they say we are going
But don't hasten to bid us adieu
Even though we lost the battle at Jarama
We'll set this valley free 'fore we're through*

We were men of the Lincoln Battalion
We're proud of the fight that we made
We know that you people of the valley
Will remember our Lincoln Brigade

*From this valley they say we are going
But don't hasten to bid us adieu
Even though we lost the battle at Jarama
We'll set this valley free 'fore we're through*

You will never find peace with these Fascists
You'll never find friends such as we
So remember that valley of Jarama
And the people that'll set that valley free

*From this valley they say we are going
Don't hasten to bid us adieu
Even though we lost the battle at Jarama
We'll set this valley free 'fore we're through*

All this world is like this valley called Jarama
So green and so bright and so fair
No fascists can dwell in our valley
Nor breathe in our new freedom's air

*From this valley they say we are going
Do not hasten to bid us adieu
Even though we lost the battle at Jarama
We'll set this valley free 'fore we're through*

We often replace the last verse of the reunion version with the last chorus of the full version

Jericho (Wall Around Jericho)

(Dm)

Words - Red Notes Choir /adapted by Liverpool
Socialist Singers

*Israel built a wall around Jericho,
Bethlehem, Jerusalem
Israel built a wall around Jericho
But that wall will come tumbling down*

(Lower voices)

There's a terror takin' over my
neighbourhood
And it reaches far and wide
It's a prison wall running through
Palestine
And there's people all trapped inside

CHORUS

(Higher voices)

It's stealin' all the land from the farmers
The olive, the lemon and the pear
It's a wall of occupation,
Starvation and despair

CHORUS

(All)

We'll smash that wall of terror
And apartheid's grand design
There'll be open fields around Jericho
And freedom for Palestine

CHORUS

AND REPEAT LAST LINE

The Ballad of Joe Hill

Alfred Hayes and Earl Robinson

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me
Says I, 'But Joe you're ten years dead'
'I never died', says he
'I never died', says he

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me
Says I, 'But Joe you're ten years dead'
'I never died', says he
'I never died', says he
'I NEVER DIED', SAYS HE

'In Salt Lake City, Joe', says I,
Him standing by my bed,
'They framed you on a murder charge'
Says Joe, 'But I ain't dead'.
Says Joe, 'But I ain't dead'.

'The copper bosses killed you, Joe,
They shot you, Joe', says I.
'Takes more than guns to kill a man',
Says Joe, 'I didn't die'.
Says Joe, 'I didn't die'.

And standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says 'What they can never kill
Went on to organise'.
Went on to organise'.

'Joe Hill ain't dead', he says to me,
'Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where working folk are out on strike
Joe Hill is at their side'.
Joe Hill is at their side'.

From San Diego up to Maine,
In ev'ry mine and mill,
Where workers strike and organise,
IT'S THERE YOU'LL FIND JOE HILL
IT'S THERE YOU'LL FIND JOE HILL.

Let's Work Together (Wilbur Harrison
(Canned Heat) with new words by Liverpool
Socialist Singers

A call for the left to get moving!

United we'll stand, divided we'll fall
Come on now people just, put out the
call

Let's work together, come on, come on
Let's work together (*now people*)
Because together we must stand
Every boy, girl, woman and man

For the sake of our children, for the
sake of the old,
and the health of the nation, we've
gotta be bold
Let's work together, come on, come on
Let's work together (*now people*)
Because together we must stand
Every boy, girl, woman and man

Use all you passion, use all your guile
Let's all work together to make life
worthwhile
Let's work together, come on, come on
Let's work together (*now people*)
Because together we must stand
Every boy, girl, woman and man

Come on all you people, we need to be
proud
All join together and sing it out loud
"Let's work together", come on, come
on
Let's work together (*now people*)
Because together we will stand
Every boy, girl, woman and man
Because together we will stand
Every boy, girl, woman and man

Library Song (With a Little Help from our Friends) (D)

Lennon/McCartney, new words LSS

What would you do if the library shut?
It's there for us all and it's free
Lending our books, clicking onto the
net
In the heart of our community.

*Oh we've gotta try – with a little help
from our friends
To keep it alive – we'll need some help
from our friends
It's gotta survive – and the cutbacks
must end!*

People from far away, people next
door,
Tots and toddlers and their grannies
too,
Workers and writers and teachers and
more
We'll all be poorer if the cuts go
through.

*Oh we've gotta try – with a little help
from our friends
To keep it alive – we'll need some help
from our friends
It's gotta survive – and the cutbacks
must end!*

Let's stand up for our libraries! They
need a whole lotta love!
Let's say no to the closures! And give
the cuts a big shove!

A place to do homework, to add and
subtract
Read the paper, dream away some
time.
Pick up a picture book, check out a
fact,
The library is yours and it's mine.

*Oh we've gotta try – with a little help
from our friends
To keep it alive – we'll need some help
from our friends
It's gotta survive – and the cutbacks
must end!*

Let's stand up for our libraries! They
need a whole lotta love!
Let's say no to the closures! And give
the cuts a big shove!

*Oh we've gotta try – with a little help
from our friends
To keep it alive – we'll need some help
from our friends
It's gotta survive – and the cutbacks
must end!*

The Limerick Soviet (G)

Alun Parry

*We are the Limerick Soviet
We answer only to the people's plea
We care no more for their martial law
Than the British Army cares for you
and me*

1919 was the year the trouble all went down
The Defence of the Realm Act was invoked by the Crown
They imposed martial law upon old Limerick town
And they made the local people foot the bill

The local trades and workers council met for twelve long hours
And said we will not recognise the British Army's powers
This city is the people's, we reclaim it now as ours
It ever was and shall be ever still

*We are the Limerick Soviet
We answer only to the people's plea
We care no more for their martial law
Than the British Army cares for you
and me*

The printing workers laboured through the darkness of the night
To urge the population to resist the army's might
Within two hours the city walls proclaimed a General Strike
And Limerick responded to the call

Workers in their thousands were parading through the streets
The Irish Times was horrified and called for their defeat
Now the people were in charge not the Army or elite
They held the torch of freedom for us all

*We are the Limerick Soviet
We answer only to the people's plea
We care no more for their martial law
Than the British Army cares for you
and me*

The Soviet of Limerick it lasted two weeks long
A forgotten revolution overlooked by history's song
John Cronin and his strike committee's beacon has not gone
It lights the path to justice for us still

*We are the Limerick Soviet
We answer only to the people's plea
We care no more for their martial law
Than the British Army cares for you
and me*

First half of verses tenor and bass

Second half sop and alto

Last verse unison

May the Love (Dm)

Tune and words: Rainbow Family of Living Light

May the love we share here spread its
wings

And fly across the earth and sing its
song

To every soul who is alive

May the love we share here spread its
wings

And fly across the earth and sing its
song

To every soul who is alive

CHORUS:

Asalam aleikum, Asalam aleikum

Shalom Alechem

Peace be with you all my friends

Asalam aleikum, Asalam aleikum

Shalom Alechem

Peace be with you all my friends

Coda: Peace be with us all

Sing twice

second chorus alto shadow

Nana Was A Suffragette Jules Gibb

Oh you never knew my Nana, she died
ten years ago

She lived in that old folks home in
Moss Side, you know,

I used to go on Sundays, sometimes
took the kids

I was always so proud of what she did
*Nana was a suffragette, one of the last
alive*

*Nana was a suffragette, over ninety
five*

*Singing "Votes for Women' is just the
beginning*

*You haven't seen anything yet" – Nana
was a suffragette*

When I was young I treasured an old
photo of my Nan

Speaking to some workers from a
Clarion van

You wouldn't think it of her, she looked
so frail and ill

But on that day Nana emptied all the
women from the mill

*Nana was a suffragette, never thought
to fail*

*Nana was a suffragette, spent a night
in jail*

Singing.....

The proudest day in Nana's life was
when the vote was won

The papers said "It's over!", but Nan
had just begun

Her Womens Committee went on to
organise

And challenged the Union, the Council
and their lies

*Nana was a suffragette, only five foot
tall*

*Nana was a suffragette, took on City
Hall*

Singing....

(Women only) Now here I stand so
proudly with my college degree

And my daughters have more options
than Nana could forsee

But if you think we're satisfied, take a
look around

There's a lot of angry women won't let
their nanas down

*Nana was a suffragette, it's as if she's
still alive*

*Nana was a suffragette, their voices
still survive*

Singing....

Nkosi Sikelele Afrika (G)

Enoch Sontonga

Phonetic version of words to go with arrangement

Nkosi Sikeleli Africa
Malupaka nyiswu pondolwayo

Yizwa-i mitanda zoyetu

Nkosi sikelela
Nkosi sikelela

Wozamoyaa - *soprano*
(woza woza woza) - *others*
Wozamoyaa - *soprano*
(woza woza woza) - *others*

Wozamoyaa
Oyi nkwele
Nkosi sikelela
Tina lusapolwayo

Morena boloke se chaba saheso
Ufelitse lintwa le matswe nye ho
Morena boloke se chaba saheso
Ufelitse lintwa le matswe nye ho

(O se boloke morena) - *lower voices*
O se boloke - *higher voices*
(O se boloke morena) - *lower*

O se boloke - *higher*

Se chaba sa heso

Se chaba sa Africa

Since 1997 the South African national anthem has been a hybrid song combining new English lyrics with extracts of the hymn Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika and the former anthem Die Stem van Suid-Afrika. The lyrics employ the five most widely spoken of South Africa's eleven official languages – Xhosa, Zulu, Sesotho, Afrikaans and English. This arrangement is of the first two stanzas

Xhosa

Nksosi sikelel' iAfrika
Maluphakanyisw' uphondo lwayo

Zulu

Yizwa imithandazo yethu
Nkosi sikelela, thina lusapho lwayo

Sesotho

Morena boloka setjhaba sa heso
O fedise dintwa le matshwenyeho
O se boloke, O se boloke setjhaba sa heso
Setjhaba sa, South Afrika- South Afrika

English Translation

God/Lord bless Africa, Raise high its glory
Hear our prayers
God Bless us, her children
God we ask you to protect our nation
Intervene and end all conflicts, protect us
Protect our nation, our nation South Africa

No More DOO (c)

Delancry/Symille (Agadoo) new words LSS

No more DOO DOO DOO,
Keep the guard upon the train
Let the CREW CREW CREW
Take our railway back again
If you're left, if you're right,
On one thing we all agree
We need TRAINS TRAINS TRAINS
That belong to you and me

It takes TWO TWO TWO
To take a train along the line
Going THRO' THRO' THRO'
Every weather rain or shine
With the guard looking out,
Driver's hand upon the brake
We'll be SAFE SAFE SAFE
Every journey that we make

And if the pickets stay out
And the bosses give in
Then we'll all have a party
When the un-i-on win

No more DOO DOO DOO etc

Palestine Ode to Joy

Tune: Beethoven (9th Symphony) with new words by Sue Blackwell of Beethovians for Boycotting Israel

Israel end your occupation
There's no peace on stolen land
We'll sing out for liberation
Till you hear and understand
Ethnic cleansing and apartheid
Should belong to history
Human rights cannot be silenced
Palestine will soon be free

Israel, end the siege of Gaza
Let the prisoners out of jail
Scrap the Wall and all your
checkpoints
Settlements are bound to fail
See the world wide anger rising
Come to your senses or you'll see
Boycott Disinvestment Sanctions
Palestine will soon be free!

Peace Medley (E/Em)

Do you hear the H-bomb's thunder
Echo like the crack of doom?
While they rend the skies asunder
Fallout makes the earth a tomb
Do you want your homes to tumble
Rise in smoke towards the sky?
Will you let your cities crumble
Will you see your children die?

Chorus:

Men and women, stand together

Do not heed the men of war
Make your minds up now or never
Ban the bomb for evermore

Don't believe their false opinions
On Iraq, Afghanistan
They don't care for Palestinians
Now they're gunning for Iran
Here at home they're building Trident
Every day demanding more
Let our voices now be strident
We demand an end to war.

Men and women, stand together

Do not heed the men of war
Make your minds up now or never
Ban the bomb for evermore

Trident, Trident – what an absurd idea!
Thousands homeless all for the price
of fear
We can't afford medication, or proper
education
But we must pay a million a day
So that Britain can disappear!

solo

Trident, trident – give us a break,
please do
We'd go bankrupt, all for the price of
you
We'd lose even more employment and
most of life's enjoyment

So sling your hook to the history books
And no-one will cry boo hoo

May the love we share here spread its
wings
And fly across the earth and sing its
song
To every soul who is alive
May the love we share here spread its
wings
And fly across the earth and sing its
song
To every soul who is alive
Asalam aleikum, Asalam aleikum
Shalom Alechem
Peace be with you all my friends
Asalam aleikum, Asalam aleikum (with
alto shadow)
Shalom Alechem
Peace be with you all my friends
Peace be with us all

I'm gonna lay down my sword and
shield.

Down by the riverside (x3)

I'm gonna lay down my sword and
shield

Down by the riverside

I aint gonna study war no more (x6).

Men and women, stand together

Do not heed the men of war
Make your minds up now or never
Ban the bomb for evermore.

Pie in the Sky

New words by LSS to Norman Greenbaum's
Spirit in the Sky

*Save it, Save it,
Save the NHS
Save it, Save the NHS*

Good health is not pie in the sky,
We won't let our NHS die.
So when we're sick or feeling
depressed,
We can go to the place that's the best.

*Save it, save it
Save the NHS*

We want to go to the best NHS
When we're hurt or ill or in distress.
We want the best care that money can
buy,
We know it's not pie in the sky.

*Save it now, save it now, save it now,
save the NHS now
Save it now, save it now, save it now,
save the NHS now
Save it, Save it
Save the NHS*

Stop the cuts, you know it's a must,
Gotta have the best health service.
So if you fall or have pains in your
chest,
You can go to the place that's the best.
You can go to the best NHS x 2
Save it, Save it, Save the NHS

There is Power in a Union (Bragg) (F – unison, G - parts)

Billy Bragg

There is power in the factory there's
power in the land.
Power in the hands of the worker.
But it all amounts to nothing if together
we don't stand.
There is power in a union.

Now the lessons of the past were all
learned with workers blood
The mistakes of the bosses we must
pay for.
From the cities and the farmlands to
the trenches full of mud.
War has been the bosses' way, sir.

*The union for ever, defending our
rights
Stand with the picket, all workers unite
With our brothers and our sisters from
many far off lands
There is power in a union.*

Now I long for the morning when they
realise
Oppression and injustice can't defeat
us.
But who'll defend the workers who
cannot organise
When the bosses send their lackeys
out to cheat us.

Money speaks for money, the devil for
his own.
Who comes to speak for the skin and
the bone?
What a comfort to the widow, a light to
the child.
There is power in a union.

*The union for ever, defending our
rights*

*Stand with the picket, all workers unite
With our brothers and our sisters
together we will stand
There is power in a union.*

There is Power in the Union

(Joe Hill)

Words: Joe Hill Tune: 'There is Power in the Blood'

Would you have freedom from wage slavery?
Then join in the grand Industrial band.
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free?,
Then come, do your share, lend a hand.

CHORUS:

*There is pow'r in a band of workin' folk
When they stand hand in hand.
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r that must
rule in every land;
One Industrial Union Grand.*

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up to heaven to fly,
And starve there with rags on your back?

CHORUS

If you've had enough of the 'blood of the lamb'
The join in the grand Industrial band;
If for a change , you would have eggs and ham,
Then come, do your share, lend a hand.

CHORUS

If you'd like sluggers to beat off your head,
Then don't organise, all unions despise.
If you want nothing, before you are dead,
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

CHORUS

Come, all ye workers, from every land.
Come, join the grand Industrial band;
Then we our share of this earth shall demand
Come on! Do your share. Lend a hand.

CHORUS

Raise Your Banners (Unity) (G)

John Tams

Bound together through the land;
Keep the spirit keep the way
Brother, sister, make a stand:
Unity will win the day.

*Raise your banners high!
Strength to strength and line by line.
Unity must never die
Raise your banners high!*

Those who stand against all strife;
Those who stand for liberty
Fight to win a better life
Fight to keep the future free!

CHORUS.

Though the struggle brings you pain;
Though the struggle brings you tears
Yours will be the final gain;
You shall hear the victory cheers.

CHORUS.

Roll the Union On (D)

John Hancocks and Lee Hayes (new verses
by Liverpool Socialist Singers)

CHORUS

*We're gonna roll (we're gonna roll)
We're gonna roll (we're gonna roll)
We're gonna roll the Union on x2*

And if the bosses get in the way
We're gonna roll right over them,
Gonna roll right over them,
Gonna roll right over them
And if the bosses get in the way
We're gonna roll right over them,
We're gonna roll the Union on! ...

CHORUS

And if the bankers get in the way
We're gonna roll all over them....
CHORUS

And if Tereeza gets in the way
We're gonna roll right over him..
CHORUS

And if Boris gets in the way
We're gonna roll all over him..
CHORUS

And if the Tories get in the way,
We're gonna roll all right over them...
CHORUS

Mix up and make up more verses to suit the occasion
--

Rosa's Lovely Daughters (F or F sharp)

Robb Johnson

*We are Rosa's lovely daughters,
We are no man's blushing bride
We are Rosa's lovely daughters
And we will not be denied*

Who's that walking miles for water
Who's that sweat-shoppin' all the day
long
In the hot south, in the cold north
Who are these so proud and strong

CHORUS

Well our fathers handshake their
bargains
While their good wives stand round
and weep
But our hearts sing when we're
dancing
We are no man's to give or to keep

CHORUS

From the workbench in the back room
To the cradle by the bed
From mad mothers to peace campers
Who are these seeing red

CHORUS

Wearing white scarves in the plaza
Burning pass-books in the centre of
town
We are wildfire in the backyard
And that big white house is a-burning
down

CHORUS RPT LAST LINE

Save the Libraries for Me! (D)

Save the Last Dance for Me by Doc Pomus and
Mort Shuman with new words by Liverpool
Socialist Singers for the Save Our Libraries
Campaign

Sefton Park (Sefton Park), Breck Road
(Breck Road)
Walton, Lee Valley and Wavertree.
Kensington (Kensington), Spellow, Old
Swan,
West Derby, Dovecot and Fazakerley.
Please don't forget the kind of cultured
city that we wanna be!
City Council, save the libraries for me!

Sefton Park (Sefton Park), Breck
Road (Breck Road)
Walton, Lee Valley and Wavertree.
Kensington (Kensington), Spellow, Old
Swan,
West Derby, Dovecot and Fazakerley.
Please don't forget
the kind of cultured city that we wanna
be
City Council, save the libraries for me!

*We need every single library
We need them oh so much
We've had them for a long long time
City Council do not touch!*

Sefton Park (Sefton Park), Breck
Road (Breck Road)
Walton, Lee Valley and Wavertree.
Kensington (Kensington), Spellow, Old
Swan,
West Derby, Dovecot and Fazakerley.
Please don't forget the kind of cultured
city that we wanna be!
City Council, save the libraries for me!
(x3)

Siya Hamba (G)

South African song, English words by
CPH

Siya hamb' ekameni lokolo. (x4)
(kolo)

Siya hamba, hamba, siya hamba,
hamba siya hamb' ekameni
lokolo (kolo).

We are singing out against the
cuts (X4) (the cuts)

We are singing, singing (x2)

We are singing out against the
cuts

We are singing out against the
cuts(X4) (the cuts)

We are singing, singing (x2)

We are singing out against the
cuts.

We are fighting for the NHS (x4)
(the NHS)

We are fighting, fighting)x2)

We are fighting for the NHS

We are standing in the name of
peace (x4)(of peace).

We are standing standing, (x2)

We are standing in the name of
peace (of peace)

Siya hamb' ekameni lokolo. (x4)
(kolo)

Siya hamba, hamba, siya hamba,
hamba siya hamb' ekameni
lokolo (kolo).

Solidarity Forever

Ralph Chaplin (1915) to the tune of John Brown's Body (Trad)

CHORUS:

*Solidarity forever, solidarity
forever, solidarity forever,
For the Union makes us strong.*

When the union's inspiration
Through the workers' blood shall
run,
There can be no power greater
Anywhere beneath the sun,
Yet what force on earth is weaker
Than the feeble strength of one,
But the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS.

Now, they've taken untold
millions
That they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle
Not a single wheel can turn;
We can break their haughty
power,
Gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS

In our hands is placed a power,
Greater than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies,
Magnified a thousand fold;
We can bring to birth a new
world,
From the ashes of the old
For the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS

Theresa

New words by Celia Briar to *Fernando* by
Andersson & Ulvaeus

Can you hear the drills, Theresa?
Can you see the trucks of poison
as they bring their toxic loads?
Would you breathe our
air, Theresa?
When lethal fumes will be
released all round our country
roads?
Would you drink the filthy water
after criminal polluters frack and
go?

Can you hear the drills, Theresa?
Can you see the trucks of poison
as they bring their toxic loads?
Would you breathe our air,
Theresa?
When lethal fumes will be
released all round our country
roads?
Would you drink the filthy water
after criminal polluters frack and
go?

*There's pollution everywhere
tonight, and that's not right,
Theresa!
We are standing here, my friends
and me, for democracy, Theresa!
We have been here day and
night, with no regrets!
And we would do it all again, with
our good friends, Theresa!*

Do you think it's right, Theresa?
To back the frackers who come
here and desecrate our land?
There's corruption here, Theresa,
As favours and brown envelopes
are passed from hand to hand,
And protectors are arrested and
imprisoned when they try to save
our land.

*There's pollution everywhere
tonight, and that's not right,
Theresa!
We are standing here, my friends
and me, for democracy, Theresa!
We have been here day and
night, with no regrets!
And we would do it all again, with
our good friends, Theresa!*

*There's pollution everywhere
tonight, and that's not right,
Theresa!
We are standing here, my friends
and me, for democracy, Theresa!
We have been here day and
night, with no regrets!
And we would do it all again, with
our good friends, Theresa!*

This Land is Your Land (traditional versión)

Woody Guthrie

CHORUS:

*This land is your land, this land is
my land*

*From California, to the New York
Island*

*From the redwood forest, to the
Gulf Stream waters*

*This land was made for you and
me*

As I was walking a ribbon of
highway

I saw above me an endless
skyway

I saw below me a golden valley
This land was made for you and
me

CHORUS

I've roamed and rambled and I've
followed my footsteps

To the sparkling sands of her
diamond deserts

And all around me a voice was
sounding

This land was made for you and
me

CHORUS

The sun comes shining as I was
strolling

The wheat fields waving and the
dust clouds rolling

The fog was lifting a voice come
chanting

This land was made for you and
me

CHORUS

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign
there

And that sign said - no tress
passin'

But on the other side it didn't
say nothin!

Now that side was made for you
and me!

CHORUS

In the squares of the city, in the
shadow of the steeple

Near the welfare office, I see my
people

And some are grumblin' and
some are wonderin'

If this land's still made for you
and me.

CHORUS (2X)

This Land is Your Land

(local version)

Original song: Woody Guthrie

New words: A. Adlen

*This land is your land, this land is
my land,*

*From the coast of Cornwall to the
shores of Shetland,*

*From the Norfolk Broads to the
great Welsh mountains,*

*this land was made for you and
me.*

I wandered over the Big Tree
Country,

I cooled myself in Windermere's
water,

I crossed a bridge to the Holy
Island,

This land was made for you and
me.

CHORUS

I saw a sign, said "This land is
private",

Tore it down and walked right
across it,

And no-one stopped me, 'cause
no-one lived there,

This land was made for you and
me.

CHORUS

I saw men drilling, they were
fracking,

To split the earth there and it was
frightening,

So as I trembled I shouted to
them,

"Hey, this land was made for you
and me."

CHORUS

The sun was shining, I was still
walking,

Then met some people, and we
got talking,

And we all said that the world's
worth saving,

'Cause this land was made for
you and me.

CHORUS

Down village lanes, in the streets
of the city,

So many people just living on
pity,

When the earth could feed us
over and over,

But this land's not owned by you
and me.

CHORUS

And those that own it, they'll only
pawn it,

For the gods they worship, power
and profit,

But we must promise our
children's children,

This land was made for you and
me.

REPEAT CHORUS X2

Three Boats

Boff Whalley

Mia moja, mia mbili , mia tatu,
mia hane
Mia tano, mia sita, mia sabo,
zaidi
Mia mia taan, thalathu mia, arbu
mia ,
Khamsu mia, situ mia, saabu
mia wa-akthar

I saw three boats come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas
Day
The soldiers informed the next of
kin
On Christmas Day in the morning
*Sons and daughters, fathers and
mothers*
*Friends and lovers, sisters and
brothers*

Watch for movement, listen for
sound
On Christmas day on Christmas
day
A thousand dreamers left to
drown
On Christmas Day in the morning
*Sons and daughters, fathers and
mothers*
*Friends and lovers, sisters and
brothers*

The officers had nothing to say
On Christmas Day, on Christmas
Day
And Europe looked the other way
On Christmas day in the morning
*Sons and daughters, fathers and
mothers*
*Friends and lovers, sisters and
brothers*

One hundred, two hundred, three
hundred, four hundred,
Five hundred, six hundred, seven
hundred more
One thousand, two thousand,
three thousand, four thousand,
Five thousand, six thousand,
seven thousand more.

Tory Boys' Picnic, The (Dm/F)

Tune: Bratton/Kennedy (Teddy Bears' Picnic) Words: CPH

If you go out for a walk today
You'd better not catch a cold
You'll end up going to hospital
And finding that it's been sold
Cos Lansley's cut the National
Health
And sold it off to private wealth
Today's the day we're gathering
for a fightback.

*Boom time now for companies
The private sector spivs are
having a lovely time today
Public sector wages freeze
And lots of jobs for them to take
away
We won't let our service die
You told a lie, that's why
We're making a lot of noise
Your time is up, Grim Reaper is
coming
To take you all away
Because you're sick little Tory
boys*

All health workers who have
been good
Are in for a big surprise
When every part of the NHS
Will vanish before their eyes.
They'll have to watch their
patients die
While PFI is pie in the sky
Today's the day we're gathering
for a fightback

*Boom time now for companies
The private sector spivs are
having a lovely time today
Public sector wages freeze
And lots of jobs for them to take
away
We won't let our service die
You told a lie, that's why
We're making a lot of noise
Your time is up, Grim Reaper is
coming
To take you all away
Because you're sick little Tory
Sad little Tory
Cruel little Tory Boys*

Tory Toffs (G or A)

Words: Strawberry Thieves Choir

Tune: John Brown's Body

Young and old and white and
black,
Join the march today
We must defend our services
and make the bankers pay
We're fighting for the future now
and this is what we say
No ifs, no buts, no public sector
cuts

CHORUS:

*Tory, tory cuts no thanks Sir
George and David love the
bankers
We think they're a load of !!!!!
Tory toffs
No ifs, no buts, no public sector
cuts*

Our hospitals and nurseries
are there for human need.
Our libraries and schools are
there
to help our children read
They're not there to make profit
from
or serve the bankers greed
No ifs, no buts, no public sector
cuts

CHORUS

Union Maid (D or C or B)

Woody Guthrie last verse Alun Parry

There once was a union maid,
she never was afraid
Of the goons and the ginks and
the company finks
And the deputy sheriffs who
made the raid
She went to the union hall when
a meeting it was called
and when the Legion boys came
round
She always stood her ground

*Oh you can't scare me; I'm
sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union; I'm
sticking to the union,
Oh you can't scare me; I'm
sticking to the union
I'm sticking to the union till the
day I die*

This union maid was wise to the
tricks of company spies,
She couldn't be fooled by a
company stool,
She'd always organise the guys
She always got her way when
she struck for better pay,
She'd show her card to the
National Guard
And this is what she'd say

CHORUS

So remember this union maid
So strong and true and brave
No one would dare advising her
on how a woman should behave
She kept her picket line in
weather foul or fine
And woe betide the scab or snide
who crossed that picket line

CHORUS X 2

Alternative last verse by Nancy Katz from
Little Red Songbook (1995)

A womans struggle is hard,
even with a union card
She's got to stand on her two
feet
And not be a servant of a male
elite
It's time to take a stand, keep
working hand in hand
Theres a job that's got to be
done and a fight that's got to be
won!

Wave Bye Bye to PFI!

(F or G) Tune Hokey Cokey
(Trad/Tabor) New words CPH

They take our taxes in, our taxes
out
They give them to the bankers
and they shake 'em all about
They build us all a hospital and
keep the change
That's why we want them out!
Ooooh – Tories are pollution!
Weee've got a cool solution!
Briiiiing on the revolution!
Wave bye bye to
P-F-I

They take our taxes in, our taxes
out
They give them to the bankers
and they shake 'em all about
They build us an academy and
keep the change
That's why we want them out!
CHORUS

They take our taxes in, our taxes
out
They give them to the bankers
and they shake 'em all about
They build the Central Library
and keep the change
That's why we want them out!
CHORUS

There's the High Street Banks
and multinationals too
They're making lots of money out
of me and out of you
But if we get together we can
make a change
That's how we'll get them out!

Ooooh – Tories are pollution!
Weee've got a cool solution!
Briiiiing on the revolution!
Wave bye bye to
P-F-I

We are Women we are Strong

A song from the 1984 miners strike by
Mal Finch

*We are women, we are strong,
We are fighting for our lives
Side by side with our men
Who work the nation's mines,
United by the struggle,
United by the past,
And it's - here we go! here we
go!
For the women of the working
class!*

We don't need Government
approval for anything we do
We don't need their permission to
have a point of view
We don't need anyone to tell us
what to think or say
We've strength enough and
wisdom of our own, to go our
own way

CHORUS

They talk about statistics, about
the price of coal
The price is our communities
dying on the dole
In fighting for our future we found
ways to organise
Where womens liberation failed
to move, this strike has mobilised

CHORUS

Ours is a unity that threats can
never breach

Ours an education books and
schools could never teach

We face the taunts and the
violence of Thatcher's thugs in
blue

When you're fighting for survival
you've got nothing, nothing left to
lose

CHORUS

Repeat last two lines of chorus

We Will Fight On (D) Tune;

Amen Siakudumisa by S.C Molefe,
New words: Raised Voices

We'll fight on!

We will fight on against the cuts
(x2)

We will fight on (x2)

We will fight on against the cuts.

We won't pay !

We will not pay the bankers'
debts (x2)

We will not pay (x2)

We will not pay the bankers'
debts.

The poorest!

Why should the poorest foot the
bill? (x2)

Why should the poor (x2)

Why should the poorest foot the
bill?

Anti fracking version....

Don't frack it!

We will not let them frack our
land (*it's our land*)

We will not let them frack our
land (*it's our land*)

We will not let, we will not let

We will not let them frack our
land!

The children!

Our children's future's not for
sale! (*the children*)

Our children's future's not for
sale! (*the children*)

Don't poison the ground, don't
poison the ground

Our children's future's not for
sale.

We'll stay here!

We will stay here until we win
(*we wont go*)

We will stay here until we win
(*we wont go*)

We will stay here, we will stay
here

We will stay here until you're
gone!

When this Afghan War is

Over *Tune: 'Erie' Charles C Converse*

Updated words by Liverpool Socialist Singers

When this Afghan war is over
O how happy I shall be
When I put my civvy clothes on
No more soldiering for me
No more foot patrols in Sangin
No more polishing the brass
I shall tell the politicians
To stick their war-plans up
their....

When this Afghan war is over
O how happy I shall be
When the fighting stops in
Helmand
No more funerals for me
No more snipers on the hillsides
No more bodies full of lead
No more princes playing war-
games
With several hundred of us dead

When this Afghan war is over
O how happy I shall be
When I sign up with my union
No more servitude for me.
No more bonuses for bankers
No more kids in poverty.
We shall have a revolution
O how happy we shall be!

We shall have a revolution
O how happy we shall be!

Which Side Are You On?

(Am)

Trad / Florence Reece /new words by
Liverpool Socialist Singers

CHORUS (after every verse):

*Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?*

Come all you good workers!
Good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good old union
Has come in here to dwell

We fought a million battles
To defend our hard-won rights
We're going to have to fight
again
I ask you here tonight

Come all you good people
You women and you men
Once more our backs are to the
wall
We're being attacked again

They work in coalition
To justify their might
They might sit in the commons
It doesn't mean they're right.

The MPs and the bosses
Won't work for average pay
But they'd put us all on work fare
And strip real jobs away

Cuts in public service
Won't affect the likes of them
Before it starts we need to fight
And then we'll fight again

Liverpool Socialist Singers
Autumn 2017

It's time for a decision,
And you really have to choose
Defend the workers' struggle,
Or the next in line is you.

We need to fight the fascists
For hatred's what they breed
We're black, we're white, we're
gay we're straight
We'll smash their racist creed.

Last Verse

Don't listen to the Tories
Don't listen to their lies
Us working folk ain't got a
chance
Unless we organise

Optional verses

I may be a student
But I still know what's right
I'm starting now I'm fighting back
Before the Tories bite

I'm an old age pensioner
I've worked hard day and night
And if you stop my winter fuel
Get ready for a fight.

Why Why Why Cuadrilla!

Tune – Delilah by Reed, Mason and
Whittingham, with new words from an anti-
fracking songsheet

We saw the lights on the rigs as
we researched Ohio
We saw the flickering flares
against the night sky
We heard you lying
Now take your rigs and your
flares
As you say goodbye

*Bye Bye Bye Cuadrilla
Why Why Why Cuadrilla
Lan – ca – shire ,
Our county we hold so dear
You will not be fracking
We think we have made this
quite clear!*

We read the list of the Harmed in
Pennsylvania
We saw the poisonous chemical
pits in the ground
We know you're lying
Now take your trucks and your
fumes
Cos you're homeward bound

*Bye Bye Bye Cuadrilla
Why Why Why Cuadrilla
Lan – ca – shire ,
Our county we hold so dear
You will not be fracking
We think we have made this
quite clear!*

The World Turned Upside Down

(D)

Leon Rosselson

(slow) In 1649, 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.

(unison) We come in peace they said
To dig and sow.
We come to work the lands in common
And to make the waste ground grow.
This earth divided
We will make whole.
So it will be
A common treasury for all.

(tenor harmony) The sin of property
We do disdain.
No man has any right to buy and sell
The earth for private gain.
By theft and murder
They took the land.
Now everywhere the walls
Spring up at their command.

(sops harmony) 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 feed the rich
While poor folk starve.

(tenor harm) 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.

(unison) 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

(T and S harmony) 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!
You Diggers all stand up for glory
Stand up now!

You Won't be Fracking Long!

Tune The Laughing Policeman, George W Johnson.

Words Marie Walsh with some adaptations by Liverpool Socialist Singers

*You won't be fracking long!
You won't be fracking long!
Wherever fracking's threatened
We'll sing our fracking song!
And if you fracking bankers
Can't see there's something wrong
You think you're fracking clever,
But you won't be fracking long!*

If you're in the fracking business
You really ought to know
That all your fracking progress
Will be very very slow.
We'll block your fracking test sites
And your fracking engineers
And we'll bring your fracking business
down

Around your fracking ears!

CHORUS

So they've had their fracking tax break
From Osborne in Whitehall
Which isn't so surprising
When you understand it all.
The oil and gas investors
Pay for many a Tory toff
Yes they're 'all in this together'
Just like porkers at the trough!

CHORUS

So if you have some money
That you're wanting to invest
Don't put it into fracking
That leaves the world a mess.
There's sun and wind and water
That can power the human race
And every green investor makes
The world a safer place!

CHORUS

Zero Hours Contract Chris Robson

Zero hours, Zero hours

Zero Hours, Zero Hours

Contract

Contract

Travesty of working life

Travesty of working life

Never thought I'd see such working
practice

(Never thought I'd see such working
practice)

Happening today in the UK

(Happening today in the UK)

Never thought I'd see such gross
injustice

(Never thought I'd see such gross
injustice)

Seems more like an old Victorian way

(Seems more like an old Victorian way)