

The Union - La Lega

*song of women rice planters
from the Po valley associated
with unions from the end of
the 19th century*

1. You say we're only
women, But we are not afraid,
For the love of our children,
For the love of our children
You say we're only women,
But we are not afraid,
For the love of our children,
Our union will be made Hey!

(Refrain) Oh lio lio la,
e la lega crescera
E noi altri socialisti,
E noi altri socialisti
Oh lio lio la,
e la lega crescera
E noi altri socialisti,
Vogliamo la liberta

2. But liberty will not come,
Because we're not united
The blacklegs with the bosses,
The blacklegs with the bosses,
But liberty will not come,
Because we're not united
The blacklegs with the bosses,
They must be defeated.

3. You say we're only
women, But we are not afraid
We have our defences. We
have our defences.
You say we're only women,
But we are not afraid
We have our defences. Our
tongues are sharp as blades,
Hey

4. You men rich and boastful,
The pride of all the nation,
Forget your self-importance,
forget your self-importance
You men rich and boastful,
The pride of all the nation,
Forget your self-importance,
And make a big donation

**SeaGreen Singers
(Oxford)****Levellers Day Songbook - 2013**

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Lyrics & Song sheets

For scores in musical notation and mp3 sound files of the
choral parts for these songs look at the SeaGreen Singers
website: www.seagreensingers.com

The Seagreen Singers are a group based in
Oxford singing songs to change the world
about peace, protest, environment, feminism.

The SeaGreen Singers is named after the
colour of the ribbons worn by the Levellers, a
radical movement in Cromwell's Model Army.
The Levellers believed in equality for all,
justice, and human rights.

All are welcome to join, you don't need
singing experience, and you don't need to
read music. We meet at St.Columba's Church
Hall, Alfred Street (just off the High Street,
Carfax end) Oxford, on Mondays at 8pm.

For more information ring 07815 914776, or
email mail@seagreensingers.com or look at
the website

<http://www.seagreensingers.com>

**War Machine Rolls
Round**

Sue Gilmurray

1. In the Eastern skies the
great hawks fly
over bloodied hills where
children die,
and the instruments of tyranny
were bought from Britain
P.L.C
As the war machine rolls
round

Chorus:

*And the war machine rolls
round and round
and the poor and the weak get
trampled on the ground
and from where we stand their
cries are drowned
by the clink of the franc and
dollar and pound
as the war machine rolls
round*

2. And the prisoner sleeping
were he fell
will awake to one more day of
hell
from a U.S. baton's searing
pain

His body bound by a Sheffield
chain
as the war machine rolls
round

3. We've an industry that
lives and thrives
making tools to shatter human
lives
and our honest workers ply
their skill
helping distant tyrants maim
and kill
as the war machine rolls
round

4. It is time my friends for us
to say
we will not sell death to earn
our pay
it is time for arms exports to
cease
For the world will never live
in peace
while the war machine rolls
round

*The verses are in unison; use
the Soprano rhythm for verse
1, alto for verse 2; tenor for 3
and bass for 4*

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*sgs are expected to know the
words of the following songs
marked Core songs in the song
list: La Lega, Boycott song, Right
to Life (Land Rights), Foolish
Notion, Levellers Day song, Rosa
Parkes, Internationale.*

Blood and Gold

Andy Irvin & Jane Cassidy

*bass: 'Blood, blood, blood and
gold' to chorus*

1. On rides a captain and 300
soldier lads
Out of the morning mist and
thro' the silent snow.
Whistling gaily rides the
captain at their head,
Behind him soldier boys sadly
weeping go.

Chorus:

O Mother weep for your son,
He is gone to kill and die.

2. For when you took my gold
and swore to follow me
You sold away your lives and
your liberty.
No more you'll till the soil, no
more you'll work the land,
No more to the dance you'll
go and take girls by the hand.

Chorus

3. You'll weep, you'll die by
the keen edge of the sword,
All alone by the muddy
Danube shore.

He gave the order for the
drummers to beat their drums
That mothers all might know
the life a soldier lives

Chorus

4. Unfurl your ragged banner
and raise your pale young
face,
You'll all go in the fire,
there'll be no hiding place
O Mother, hear the drumbeat
in the village square
O Mother, that drum's for me
to go a soldier there

Mothers, sisters, wives, weep
for us
Marked as Cain we die alone

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Tom Paines Bones

Graham Moore

1. **Bass** As I dreamed out one evening

By a river of discontent
I bumped straight into old Tom Paine
As running down the road he went
He said, "I can't stop right now, my son,
King George is after me
He'll have a rope around my throat
And hang me on the Liberty Tree"

Chorus: But I will dance to Tom Paine's bones
Dance to Tom Paine's bones
Dance in the oldest boots I own
To the rhythm of Tom Paine's bones
I will dance to Tom Paine's bones
Dance to Tom Paine's bones
Dance in the oldest boots I own
To the rhythm of Tom Paine's bones

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2. **Sops** He said "I just spoke about freedom
And justice for everyone
Ever since the first word I spoke
I've been looking down the barrel of a gun
Well they say I preached revolution
Let me say in my defence
That all I did wherever I went
Was to talk a lot of common sense"
Chorus

3. **Bass** Old Tom Paine he ran so fast
He left me standing still
And there I was, a piece of paper in my hand
Standing at the top of the hill
Unison It said, "This is the Age Of Reason
And these are The Rights Of Man
Kick off religion and monarchy"
It was written there in Tom Paine's plan
Chorus

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Bugger the bankers

Suzy Davis, performed by Austerity Allstars

1. When I was a lass I was proud of my class like me
father and mother before me
They taught me to fight for my civil rights, but it's always the same old story
The rich reign supreme while the poor can but dream under labour or liberal or tory - And I say:

Chorus: Bugger the bankers and politicians, bugger the bureaucrats too
Bugger the buggers who make up the rules, [and if your one of them bugger you] x2

2. The system is bent and the moneys all spent, we're badgererd from every direction
The workers get taxed while the wealthy relax, with nary a moments reflection
Where there's brass there's muck and they don't give an

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arse 'cos we're programmed against insurrection.
*note: 'where there's muck there's brass' rhymes with arse, 'brass with muck' rhymes with f**ck, the choice is yours!*

3. Now all you good people with passion to vent, don't give up the struggle for justice
But I've done my time on the protesters line and these days I show my dissent
By loitering within my tent.

alternative last line: By active dis-o-bed-i-ence

Chorus x 2 repeating final
'And if you're one of them bugger you'

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Song for Gaza - M. Heart

A: First 16 bars - all parts

Ooh x4 (4 bars each ooh)

B: Melody while other parts sing 'ooh'

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 through the smoky haze

C: Chorus: all parts in harmony
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.

D: Melody while other parts sing 'ooh'

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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
E: Melody alone
We will not go down in the night without a fight
F: Melody, Alto, Tenor
You can burn up our mosques and our homes and our schools
but our spirit will never die
G: all parts in harmony
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.

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And spurn the dust to win the prize.

Chorus:

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.

2. We peasants artisans and others
Enrolled among the sons of toil
Let's claim the earth henceforth for brothers
Drive the indolent from the soil
On our flesh too long has fed the raven
We've too long been the vulture's prey
But now, farewell the spirit craven
The dawn brings in a brighter day

3. No saviour from on high delivers

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No trust have we in prince or peer
Our own right hand the chains must shiver
Chains of hatred, of greed of fear
E'er the thieves will out with their booty
And to all give a happier lot.
Each at his forge must do his duty
And strike the iron while it's hot.

SGS don't sing this verse:
No more deluded by reaction
On tyrants only we'll make war
The soldiers too will take strike action
They'll break ranks and fight no more
And if those cannibals keep trying
To sacrifice us to their pride
They soon shall hear the bullets flying
We'll shoot the generals on our own side.

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Senzenina

1: Sensenina, rpt x8

2: Senzenina

3: Sono Sethu. Ubumnyama

4: Sono sabo. Ubumnyama

5: Wenzenina U Mandela

6: Benzenina abansundu

7: Amabhunu azizindja

8: Babulaleni bonke

Song of the Low

Ernest Jones

1. We plough and sow, we are so low that we delve in the dirty clay

Till we bless the plain with the golden grain and vale with the fragrant hay

line 1

B+A: Our place we know, we are so low, our place we know we **(A) are so low down at the land-lord's feet**

Sop: Our place we know, we are so low, we **(A)**

Tenor: Our place we know, we **(A)**

line 2

B+A: We're not too low, the bread to grow we're not too low **(B) the bread to grow, too low the bread to eat**

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S: We're not too low, we're not too low the **(B)**

T: We're not too low, the **(B)**

2. Down, down we go, we are so low, to the hell of the deep sunk mine

but we gather the proudest gems that glow when the crown of the despots shine

line 1

B+A: When ever he lacks up on our backs fresh loads he deigns to lay up-**(A) pon our backs fresh loads he deigns to lay**

S: When ever he lacks up on our backs up-**(A)**

T: When ever he lacks up **(A)**

line 2

B+A: We're far too low to vote the tax we're far too low to **(B) vote the tax but not too low to pay**

S: We're far too low to vote the tax to **(B)**

T: We're far too low to **(B)**

3. We're low we're low, we're rabble we know yet at our plastic power

The mold at the lordlings feet will grow into palace and church and tower

line 1

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Others: Levellers marching, levellers marching, levellers marching, ooh,

Sops: Remembering all those who've died for this cause

Others: We shall not give up the fight, we shall not give the fight,

All: The struggle carries on. The levellers carry on.

Mevi Lyetu

1. Mevi mevi lyetu afurica, Omuna omuna wa he pe ko Taga ningwa Taga ningilwa owina, opo opotu kolonye kway Tala Tala utal e nawa, tale thimbo thimbo lya lundulu ka Linombepo, Linom bepo taye pepe Mbepo Mbepo yemonguluko

2. Ngele, Mozambique na Angola, Yamona Yamone mangulu ko Molwashi ka, Namibia na Sahara, Itaya, Itaya mangulu ka Tala, tala ut al e nawa, Tale thimbo thimbo lyalunduluka Ukoloni, Ukoloniton te ka A luta Aluta, continua