



# C Blast Against Blackguards

Peggy Seeger / Ewan MacColl

We have always treasured freedom in this country  
But there are forces working in our midst today  
And they plan to overthrow the system's natural status quo  
By agitating, demonstrating, striking, picketing, and so  
We feel the time has come to make our declaration  
In defense at Freedom, Property and Nation.

Some are free to own the fruits of others' labour.,  
Some are free to do a job and toe the line;  
Some are free to rig the races, free to deal themselves the aces,  
Some are free to soldier-on while others trample on their faces,  
It's a matter of survival of the fittest,  
And the fittest are the ones who grab the quickest.

Have you ever paused a moment to consider  
All the burdens borne by those who own this land?  
Each stock market fluctuation complicates the situation,  
Keeping track of all that money is a full-time occupation,  
For a nation cannot be described as healthy  
Unless its wealth belongs to those who're wealthy!

When the Front is busy fronting for the Tories  
(And the cops are busy backing up the Front),  
You must understand their function is to strike without compunction  
All those aliens from Bangladesh, West Brom and Clapham Junction,  
And by beating up all those in opposition  
They're defending our most glorious tradition.

When a hero rises up and digs his heels in,  
Puts the boot in in that good old-fashioned way,  
When he starts on union-bashing, you can bet he'll get the backing  
Of Keith Joseph and his cronies, no assistance will be lacking  
In our hero's personal fight for liberation  
Against the malcontents opposing exploitation.

But don't imagine we're opposed to all trade unions!  
There are some we look on with a kindly eye;  
When a union is controlled by leaders who've been bought and sold  
Then it's a treasure beyond measure worth ten times its weight in gold  
For they can always be relied on in a crisis  
To sell their members out at bargain prices.

When the day arrives that you become redundant  
don't get angry with the boss and call him names;  
You must try to be objective, get the matter in perspective,  
See yourself as a component, just a cog that is defective  
And with fortitude accept the situation  
That the junkheap is your natural location.

They have always treasured Freedom in this country.  
That's providing that the freedom is confined  
To the few who bleed the nation, and while preaching moderation  
Sit there belching after feeding on the working population -  
So when some fat cat talks of Freedom on the telly:  
Don't imagine he means YOU - not on your nelly!

$\text{♩} = 160$

Flute

Bass

Melodica

We have al - ways treasured free - dom in this coun - try But there are for - ces wor - king

Gm F Bb Bb F

in our midst to - day and they plan to o - ver throw the sys - tems natu - ral status quo By a - gita -

Bb Gm C7

14

- ting de - mon - str - ing str - king pick - eting and so We feel the time has come to make our dec - la - ra - tion

F G Bb Gm C7 F

21

In de - fense of Free - dom pro - per - ty and Na - tion

G7 C7 F F

# The Diggers Song

Written by Gerrard Winstanley, leader of the Diggers (17th Century)

You noble diggers all stand up now, stand up now  
 You noble diggers all stand up now  
 The wasteland to maintain sing 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 ploughs stand up now, stand up now  
 With spades and hoes and ploughs, stand up now  
 Your freedom to uphold sing 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 the 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

$\text{♩} = 100$

Vi - va la FAI y la C - N - T lu - che mos her -

ma - nos con - tra los ti - ra - nos y los re - que - tes Ro - jo pen - don ne - gro co - lor

lu - che mos her - ma - nos aun que - en la ba - ta - lla de - ba - mos mo - rir En

los tiempos de Ri - ve - ra y Tor - que - ma - da los fa - scis - ta nos que - rian ma - a - tar

a - li - a - dos con na - cio - nes ex - tran je - e - ras co - mo - I - ta - a - li - a y Por - tu -

gal Em - pe - za - re - mos con el tro - n - co y a - ca - bare - mos con el

cle - e - ro que es el a - ni - mal ma - s fie - ro al ser - vi - cio del po -

der FAI! FAI! lu - che - mos her -

ma - nos con - tra los ti - ra - nos y los re - que - tes Ro - jo pen - don ne - gro co - lor

lu - che mos her - ma - nos aun que - en la ba - ta - lla de - ba - mos mo - rir Si los

cu - ras y frai - les su - pieran la pa - li - za que van a ll - va - a - an nu - ri - an co - ro gri - i - tan -

do - o Li - ber - tad Li - ber - tad Li - ber - tad!!

## C

Corale Durruti

Viva la FAI y la CNT,  
 luchemos hermanos contra los tiranos y los requetés.  
 Rojo pendón, negro color,  
 luchemos hermanos aunque en la batalla debamos morir.

En los tiempos de Rivera y Torquemada,  
 los fascistas nos querían matar,  
 aliados con naciones extranjeras  
 como Italia y Portugal.  
 Empezaremos con el tronco  
 y acabaremos con el clero  
 que es el animal más fiero  
 al servicio del poder. FAI, FAI.

Viva la FAI y la CNT,  
 luchemos hermanos contra los tiranos y los requetés.  
 Rojo pendón, negro color,  
 luchemos hermanos aunque en la batalla debamos morir.

como Italia y Portugal. Empezaremos con el tronco y acabaremos con el clero que es el animal más fiero al servicio del poder. FAI, FAI.

Viva la FAI y la CNT,  
luchemos hermanos contra los tiranos y los requetés.  
Rojo pendón, negro color,  
luchemos hermanos aunque en la batalla debamos morir.

Si los curas y frailes supieran  
la paliza que van a llevar  
huirían al coro gritando  
Libertad, Libertad, Libertad !!!

luchemos hermanos aunque en la batalla debamos morir.

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como Italia y Portugal. Empezaremos con el tronco y acabaremos con el clero que es el animal más fiero al servicio del poder. FAI, FAI.

Viva la FAI y la CNT,  
luchemos hermanos contra los tiranos y los requetés.  
Rojo pendón, negro color,  
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Si los curas y frailes supieran  
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luchemos hermanos aunque en la batalla debamos morir.

Viva la FAI y la CNT,  
luchemos hermanos contra los tiranos y los requetés.

Rojo pendón, negro color,

En los tiempos de Rivera y Torquemada,

los fascistas nos querían matar,

aliados con naciones extranjeras

como Italia y Portugal.  
Empezaremos con el tronco

y acabaremos con el clero

que es el animal mas fiero  
al servicio del poder. FAI, FAI.

Viva la FAI y la CNT,

...rimanos contra los tiranos y los reugetés.

luchemos hermanos aunque en la batalla debamos morir.

los curas y frailes supieran  
la paliza que van a llevar

haurian al corjo

Libertad, Libertad, Libertad !!!

United Voices of the World Marching Band 2019

# Idris Strike Song

Written in 1911 about the Idris soft drink factory strike in Wales

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1) Have you been to work at Idris?<br/>No we won't go in today!<br/>For we're standing by our comrade<br/>And we'll never run away<br/>She stood bravely by the Union<br/>And she spoke up for us true<br/>And if she gets the sack<br/>No we never shall go back<br/>What e'er they do, what e'er they do</p>         | <p>4) Oh you great king in the palace<br/>And you statesman at the top<br/>When you're drinking soda water<br/>Or imbibing ginger pop<br/>Think of some who work at Idris<br/>For very little pay<br/>And who only get nine bob<br/>For a most unpleasant job<br/>Alackaday, alackaday</p>               |
| <p>2) Now you boys who're washing bottles<br/>It really is a shame<br/>To take the place of women<br/>Don't you think you are to blame?<br/>Come with us and join the Union<br/>Never heed what Idris say<br/>We are out to right the wrong<br/>And now we shan't be long<br/>Hip hip hooray, hip hip hooray</p>          | <p>5) Now then girls all join the Union<br/>Whatever you may be<br/>In pickles, jam, or chocolates<br/>Or packing pounds of tea<br/>For we all want better wages<br/>And this is what we say<br/>'We are out to right the wrong'<br/>'And now we shan't be long'<br/>'Hip hip hooray, hip hip hooray</p> |
| <p>3) Master Willy, master Willy<br/>You must give in once again<br/>It was wrong to sack a woman<br/>With two children to maintain<br/>Thirteen years she's faithful served you<br/>Though she was three minutes late<br/>But our little sister Anne<br/>Why she never checked the man'<br/>At the gate, at the gate</p> |  |

$\text{♩} = 112$

The musical score is written for a marching band in 2/4 time with a tempo of 112 beats per minute. It consists of 68 measures across 10 staves. The melody is primarily in the soprano and alto parts, with a strong bass line in the tenor and bass parts. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in all caps for emphasis. The score includes repeat signs at the end of the piece.

A - rise, you work-ers from your slum - ber, a - rise, you pri-so-ners of need. Sound

rea - son in the world now thun - ders, a - nd ends the age of greed. A - way

with all su-per - sti - tions, ser-vile mas-ses, a - rise, a - rise! We'll change the ol-d co-n -

di - tion-s, and the poor from dust will rise. So... com - rades, come ral - ly, and the

fu - ture em - brace, the In - ter - na - tio - na - le u - nites the hu-man race. A - ll

com - rades, come ral - ly and the fu - re em - brace, the bro - ther - hood of

na - - t - ions u - nites the hu - man race.

Arriba los pobres del mundo!  
En pie los esclavos sin pan!  
Alcémonos todos, que llega  
La Revolución Social.

Agrupémonos todos  
a la lucha social.  
Con la FAI lograremos  
el éxito final.

Color de sangre tiene el fuego,  
color negro tiene el volcán,  
Colores rojo y negro tiene  
nuestra bandera triunfal.

Agrupémonos todos  
a la lucha social.  
Con la FAI logremos  
el éxito final

Agrupémonos todos  
a la lucha social.  
Con la FAI logremos  
el éxito final.

# Legal Illegal

Peggy Seeger / Ewan MacColl

1) Every time you pick up the newspaper,  
Every time you switch on the TV,  
You can bet your old boots that at some point you'll see

A high-ranking copper or Tory MP  
Calling on all who are British and free  
To stand up and defend law and order.

2) It's illegal to rip off a payroll.  
It's illegal to hold up a train;  
But it's legal to rip off a million or two  
That comes from the labour that other folk do.  
To plunder the many on behalf of the few  
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.

3) It's illegal to kill off a landlord,  
Or to trespass upon his estate,  
But to charge a high rent for a slum is OK.  
To condemn two adults and three children to stay  
In a hovel that's rotten with damp and decay  
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.

4) If your job turns you into a zombie,  
It's legal to feel some despair,  
But don't be aggressive that is if you're smart,  
And for Christ's sake, don't upset the old apple cart.  
Remember the boss has your interests at heart,  
And it grieves him to see you unhappy.

5) If you fashion a bomb in the kitchen,  
You're guilty of breaking the law,  
But a bloody great nuclear plant is OK,  
Though plutonium processing hastens the day  
When this tight little isle may be blasted away.  
Nonetheless, it is perfectly legal.

6) It's illegal if you are a gypsy  
To camp by the side of the road,  
But it's proper and right for the rich and the great  
To live in a mansion and own an estate  
That was got from the people by pillage and rape.  
That's what they call a tradition.

7) It's illegal to carve up your missus,  
Or put poison in your old man's tea,  
But poison the rivers, the seas and the skies,  
And poison the mind of a nation with lies,  
If it's done in the interest of free enterprise,  
Then it's proper and perfectly legal.

8) It's legal to join a trade union,  
And to picket is one of your rights,  
But don't be offensive when scabs cross the line.  
Be nice to the coppers and keep this in mind:  
To picket effectively, that is a crime,  
Worse than if you had murdered your mother.

9) It's legal to sing on the telly,  
But they make bloody sure that you don't  
If you sing about racists and fascists and creeps,  
And thieves in high places who live off the weak,  
And those who are selling us right up the creek,  
The twisters, the takers, the con men, the fakers,  
The whole bloody gang of exploiters.

38

Fl. making a ta - sty me-al of all the bo-ses and bu - reau - crats They're ta - king o-ver the board - rooms and they're

44

Fl. fat and full of pride And they all came out of the wood-work on the day the Na - zi died So if you meet with these hi -

51

Fl. sto - ri-ans I'll tell you what to say Tell them that the Na - zis ne - ver rea - lly went a - way They're

58

♩ = 60

Fl. out there bu - r - ning hou - ses down and pe-dal-ing ra - cist lies And we'll ne-ver rest a - gain un - til ev - ry Na - zi dies...



ev-ry time you pick up a news pa-per ev-ry time you switch on the t - v you can

**F Bb F C**

bet your old boots that at some point you'll see a high rank-ing cop-per or To-ry M-P

**Bb F C7 F F Eb**

Ca-ling on all who are Brit-ish and free to stand up and pro-tect law and order

**F Cm F C F**

**F Cm C F**

wood work on the day the Na - zi died The world is r-d-d with mag-gets the mag-gets are ge - tting fat They're

**F1 F1 F1**

So the pro-mise of an A - ry - an hand Would never ma-ti - ri - a - lize So why did they all come out of the

**F1 F1 F1**

wood work on the day the Na - zi died

**F1 F1 F1**

of a ma - ster race The hi - sto - ry books they tell of their de - feat in for - ry - five But they all came out of the

**F1 F1 F1**

We're told that af-ter the w - ar the Na - zi vanished with-out a trace But ba - tia - lions of fas-cists Still dream

**F1 Flute Flute Flute**

C

## Song For Che

Charlie Haden

Melodica

Melodica

Melodica

6

10

15

Emdim G/D Dbdim Dm D

Edim D D G G D

Em A D

C

## On The Day

Chumbawamba

We're told that after the war  
The Nazis vanished without a trace  
But battalions of fascists  
Still dream of a master race

The history books they tell  
Of their defeat in '45  
But they all came out of the woodwork  
On the day the Nazi died

They say the prisoner at Spandau  
Was a symbol of defeat  
Whilst Hess remained imprisoned  
And the fascists; they were beat

So the promise of an Aryan world  
Would never materialize  
So why did they all come out of the woodwork  
On the day the Nazi died

The world is riddled with maggots  
The maggots are getting fat  
They're making a tasty meal of all  
The bosses and bureaucrats

They're taking over the boardrooms  
And they're fat and full of pride  
And they all came out of the woodwork  
On the day the Nazi died

So if you meet with these historians  
I'll tell you what to say  
Tell them that the Nazis  
Never really went away

They're out there burning houses down  
And peddling racist lies

And we'll never rest again...  
Until every Nazi dies...