

Eb w/ melodica

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 When a hero rises up and digs his heels in,
They're defending our most glorious tradition. 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!

♩ = 160

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

50 der FAI! FAI! lu-che mos her-ma-nos con-tra los ti-

57 ra-nos y los re-que-tes Ro-jo pen-don ne-gro co-lor lu-che mos her-

64 ma-nos aunque-en la ba-ta-lla de-ba-mos mo-rir Si los cu-ras y frai-les su-

69 pieran la pa-li-za que van a ll-va-a-brui-ri-an co-ro-gri-i-tan-do-o Li-ber-

74 tad Li-ber-tad Li-ber-tad!!

Idris Strike Song

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

1) Have you been to work at Idris?
No we won't go in today!
For we're standing by our comrade
And we'll never run away
She stood bravely by the Union
And she spoke up for us true
And if she gets the sack
No we never shall go back
What e'er they do, what e'er they do

2) Now you boys who're washing bottles
It really is a shame
To take the place of women
Don't you think you are to blame?
Come with us and join the Union
Never heed what Idris say
We are out to right the wrong
And now we shan't be long
Hip hip hooray, hip hip hooray

3) Master Willy, master Willy
You must give in once again
It was wrong to sack a woman
With two children to maintain
Thirteen years she's faithful served you
Though she was three minutes late
But our little sister Anne
Why she never checked the man'
At the gate, at the gate

4) Oh you great king in the palace
And you statesman at the top
When you're drinking soda water
Or imbibing ginger pop
Think of some who work at Idris
For very little pay
And who only get nine bob
For a most unpleasant job
Alackaday, alackaday

5) Now then girls all join the Union
Whatever you may be
In pickles, jam, or chocolates
Or packing pounds of tea
For we all want better wages
And this is what we say
'We are out to right the wrong'
'And now we shan't be long'
'Hip hip hooray, hip hip hooray

$\text{♩} = 112$

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 futu - re em - brace, the bro - ther-

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

L'Internationale

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

La Anarquía ha de emanciparnos
de toda la explotación.
El comunismo libertario
será nuestra redención.

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

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

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

Los hombres han de ser hermanos,
cese la desigualdad.
La Tierra será paraíso
libre de la Humanidad.

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

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

A. Sax.

A. Sax.

A. Sax.

A. Sax.

A. Sax.

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.

36

A. Sax. maggots are ge - tting fat They're making a ta - sty me-al of all the bo-sses and bu - reau - crats They're

A. Sax.

Bar. Sax.

42

A. Sax. ta - king o-ver the board - rooms and they're fat and full of pride And they all came out of the wood-work on the

A. Sax.

Bar. Sax.

48

A. Sax. day the Na - zi died So if you meet with these hi - sto - ri-ans I'll tell you what to say Tell them that the

A. Sax.

Bar. Sax.

55

A. Sax. Na - zis ne - ver rea - lly went a - way They're out there bu - r - ning hou - ses down and pe-d-dling ra - cist

A. Sax.

Bar. Sax.

61

$\text{♩} = 60$

A. Sax. lies And we'll ne - ver rest a - gain un - til ev - ry Na - zi dies...

A. Sax.

Bar. Sax.

D A Am D D

D A Am D D

D A Am D D

D A Am D D

C D D A7 D G

C D D A7 D G

A D G D

A D G D

Bar. Sax. A. Sax. A. Sax.

Bar. Sax. A. Sax. A. Sax.

Bar. Sax. A. Sax. A. Sax.

Bar. Sax. A. Sax. A. Sax.

Bar. Sax. A. Sax. A. Sax.

Bar. Sax. A. Sax. A. Sax.

Bar. Sax. A. Sax. A. Sax.

Bar. Sax. A. Sax. A. Sax.

Eb

Song For Che

Charlie Haden

Alto Sax

Alto Sax

Baritone Sax

6

10

15

Cdim E/B B♭dim Bm B

Cdim E/B B♭dim Bm B

C#dim B B E E B

C#m F# B

Eb

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...