

15p

SOCIALIST

A - rise ye starv'lings from your slumbers

The image shows a hand-drawn musical score on a five-line staff. At the top, the word 'SOCIALIST' is written in large, spaced-out capital letters. Below it, a treble clef is drawn on the left. The time signature is '4/4'. The melody consists of several notes, some of which are filled with diagonal hatching. The lyrics 'A - rise ye starv'lings from your slumbers' are written below the staff, with lines connecting the notes to the words. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style.

SONG
BOOK

IN AID OF THE
"MILITANT" FIGHTING FUND



CONTENTS.

- P1 —INTERNATIONAL SONGS.
- P5 —ENGLISH SONGS.
- P12 —IRISH SONGS.
- P14 —AMERICAN SONGS.
- P24 —POLITICAL SONGS.
- P33 —C.N.D. & ANTI-WAR
SONGS.

INTERNATIONAL SONGS

The Red Flag

The People's Flag is deepest red,
 It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
 And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
 Their heart's blood dyed its every fold.
 [C]

Then raise the scarlet standard high,
 Beneath its shade we'll live or die,
 Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
 We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved above our infant might,
 When all ahead seemed dark as night;
 It witnessed many a deed and vow :-
 We must not change its colour now.
 [C]

It well recalls the triumphs past,
 It gives the hope of peace at last;
 The banner bright, the symbol plain,
 Of human right and human gain.
 [C]

It suits today the weak and base,
 Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;
 To cringe before the rich man's frown,
 And haul the sacred emblem down
 [C]

With heads uncovered swear we all,
 To bear it onwards till we fall;
 Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
 This song shall be our battle hymn.

The International

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

[C]

Then, comrades, come rally,
And the last fight let us face, } Repeat
The International
Unites the human race.

No saviours from on high deliver.
No trust have we in prince or peer;
Our own right hand the chains must sever,
Chains of hatred, greed and fear.
'Ere the thieves will out with their booty
To give mankind a happier lot,
Each at his forge must do his duty
And strike the iron while it's hot!

[C]

We peasants, artisans and others
Enroll'd among the sons of toil,
Let's claim the earth henceforth for brothers,
Drive the indolent from the soil.
On our flesh 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.

[C]

Bandiera Rossa [Italian workers' song]

The people, on the march, the road are treading,
That leads to freedom, that leads to freedom,
The hour of struggle's here, our courage needing,
Our banner leading to vic-to-ry.

[C]

Raise then the scarlet flag triumphantly, 3X
We fight for socialism and our liberty.

From mines and factories, from farm and college,
With strength of suffering and force of knowledge,
Come all who hope for life, their power conceding,
Our banner leading to vic-to-ry.

[C]

Away with enmities and hostile frontiers !
To equal manhood the earth is bounteous.
The rule of greed and war from earth is fading,
Our banner's leading to victory.

[C]

The 15th Brigade [Spanish civil war song]

Viva la quince brigada,) repeat
Rumbara rumbara rumbala)
Que se ha cubiesta de gloria, 2X
Ay Manuela, ay manuela.

Luchamos contra los Moros,) repeat
Rumbara, rumbara, rumbala)
Mercenarios y fascistas, 2X
Ay Manuela, ay manuela.

En los frentes de Jarama,) repeat
Rumbara, rumbara, rumbala)
No tenemos ni aviones,
Ni tanques ni canones,
Ay Manuela, ay manuela.

O joyous and fearless, audacious, invincible,
Come sing with us, comrades, our mighty battle song;
For ever remembered, adored by the masses,
You brave sons of the workers, and peasants of Spain.
Chorus [C]
It is for our people, for Spain we must unite.
For victory and freedom we'll win or die in the flight.

Alive is the glory of those who have struggled,
The whole world remembers their part in the strife;
Riego, Riego, we sing of your victory,
For the cause of the people you laid down your life.
[C]

The wind blows and carries the thunders of cannon.
The shrill sound of trumpets is heard from afar;
And Mars, god of battle, now marshals our soldiers,
He leads our proud people, our comrades to war.
[C]

The Marseillaise

Soldiers of France, the morn is breaking,
The day of glory dawns at last.
See the tyrant's banner shaking,
As it baselystreams in the blast. 2x
The field of battle lies before you,
Fierce foemen advance in their pride,
Confusion spreading far and wide,
While for aid our children implore you.
Chorus [C]
To arms and hence away.
To arms this glorious day.
March on, march on,
Brave sons of France, to fame and victory.

Ye tyrants quake, your day is over,
Detested now by friend and foe.
Who your base designs discover,
Ye shall die as traitors do, 2x
Each gallant heart with zeal o'er-flowing
Goes eagerly forth at the call.
Tho' some may for their country fall,
Others will hear bugles blowing

ENGLISH SONGS 5

Poor Paddy Works On the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty one,
Me corduroy breeches I put on,
To work upon the railway, the rail-way, [C1]:-
I'm weary of the rail-way, Poor Paddy works on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty two,
From Hartlepool I moved to Crewe,
And found myself a job to do,
A' working on the railway.

[C2]:-
I was wearing .. corduroy breeches, digging ditches,
dodging hitches, pulling switches,
I was working on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty three,
I broke me shovel across me knee,
And went to work for the Company,
On the Leeds and Selby Railway.

[C2]
In eighteen hundred and forty four,
I landed on the Liverpool shore,
Me belly was empty, me hands were sore,
With working on the railway, the railway,

[C1]
In eighteen hundred and forty five,
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive [2X]
And working on the railway,

[C2]
In eighteen hundred and forty six,
I changed me trade from carrying bricks [2X]
To work upon the railway,

[C2]
In eighteen hundred and forty seven,
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven, [2X]
And working on the railway, the railway,

[C1].

Fourpence A Day

The ore is waiting in the tubs, the snow's upon the fell;
 Canny folk are sleeping yet, but lead is reet to sell.
 Come me little washer lad, come, let's away,
 We're bound down to slav'ry for four-pence a day.

It's early in the morning, we rise at five o'clock,
 And the little slaves come to the door to knock, knock,
 Come, me little washer lad, come, let's away, [knock,]
 It's very hard to work for fourpence a day.

My father was a miner and lived down in the town,
 'Twas hard work and poverty that always kept him down.
 He aimed for me to go to school but brass he could't pay,
 So I had to go to the washing rake for fourpence a day.

My mother rises out of bed with tears on her cheeks,
 Puts my wallet on my shoulders which has to serve a week.
 It often fills her great big heart when she unto me doth
 "I never thought that thou would have worked for 4p. a day [say]

Fourpence a day, me lad, and very hard to work
 And never a pleasant look from a gruffy looking Turk.
 His conscience it may fail and his heart it may give way,
 Then he'll raise us our wages to ninepence a day.

Oh Dear Me

Oh dear me the mill gin fast
 The poor wee shifters cannoe get arest.
 Shifting bobbins, coarse and fine,
 They fairly mak, ye work for your 10/9.

Oh dear me I wish the day was done,
 Running up and down the pass is nor fun.
 Shifting piece and spinning, warp, weft and twine
 To feed and clean my bairnie of'n 10/9.

Oh dear me the world's ill divided,
 Then that work the hardest are the least provided!
 I'm quite contented dark days are fine,
 But there's no much pleasure living of'n 10/9.

The Four Loom Weaver *

I'm a four loom weaver as many a one knows,
 I've nowt to eat and I've worn out me clothes.
 My clogs are both broken and stockings I've none,
 Tha'd scarce gi' me tuppence for a' I've gott'n on.

Owd Billy o't Bent he kept telling me long,
 We might have better times if I'd nob-but howd me tongue.
 Well I've howden me tongue till I near lost me breath,
 And I feel in my heart that I'll soon clem to death.

I'm a four loom weaver as many a one knows;
 I've nowt to eat and I've worn out me clothes.
 Owd Billy's awreet, he ne'er were clemmed,
 And he ne'er picked o'er in his life.

We held on for six weeks, thought each day were the last,
 We've tarried and shifted till now we're quite fast;
 We lived upon nettles while nettles were good,
 And Waterloo porridge were t' best o' us food.

I'm a four loom weaver as many a one knows,
 I've nowt to eat and I've worn out me clothes,
 Clogs we ha' none nor no looms to weave on,
 And I've woven myself to t' far end.

Our Margaret declares if hoo'd clothes to put on,
 Hoo'd go up to London to see the great man.
 And if things didna alter when there hoo had been,
 Hoo swears hoo would fight wi' blood up t' th' een.

* This Lancashire cotton workers' ballad was first sung shortly after the Battle of Waterloo, when handloom weavers' wages fell to a new low.

The Man That Waters The Workers' Beer *

[C] I am the man, the very fat man,
That waters the workers' beer, -2x.
And what do I care if it makes them ill,
If it makes them terribly queer?
I've a car and a yacht and an aeroplane
And I waters the workers' beer!

Now when I makes the workers' beer,
I puts in strychnine,
Some methylated spirits and a drop of paraffin;
But since a brew so terribly strong
Might make them terribly queer.

I reaches my hand for the water tap and I waters the
[C] workers' beer!

Now a drop of good beer is good for a man
Who's thirty and tired and hot
And I sometime has a drop for myself
From a very special lot;
But a fat and healthy working class
Is the thing that I most fear,
So I reaches my hand for the water tap and --etc.

[C]
Now ladies fair, beyond compare,
And be ye maid or wife,
O, sometime lend a thought for one
Who leads a wand'ring life.
The water rates are shockingly high,
And 'meth' is shockingly dear,
And there is-n't the profit there used to be in
[wat'ring the workers' beer!]

* dedicated to Watneys, Courages, Youngers and the
other brewing monopolies that pay for something
equally poisonous for the workers - the Tory Party.

The Gresford Disaster (of 22nd September 1934)

You've heard of the Gresford disaster,
And the terrible price that was paid,
Two hundred and fortytwo colliers were lost,
And three men of the rescue brigade.

It occurred in the month of September,
At two in the morning, that pit
Was racked by a violent explosion,
In the Jennys where gas lay so thick.

The gas in the Jennys deep section
Was packed there like snow in a drift,
And many a man had to leave the coal face,
Before he had worked out his shift.

A fortnight before the explosion,
To the shotfirer, Tomlinson cried:
If you fire that shot, we'll be all blown to hell,
And nobody can say that he lied.

The fireman's reports they are missing,
The records of fortytwo days,
The colliery manager's had them destroyed,
To cover his criminal ways.

Down there in the dark they are lying,
They died for nine shillings a day.
They've worked out their shift and it's there they must lie,
In the darkness until Judgement Day.

The Lord Mayor of London's collecting,
To help both the children and wives.
The Owners have sent some white lilies,
To pay for the poor colliers lives.

Farewell our dear wives and our children,
Farewell our dear comrades as well,
Don't send your son in the dark dreary mine,
He'll be damned like the sinners in Hell.

○ The Blackleg Miners

Oh, early in the evening just after dark,
The blackleg miners creep out and go to work,
With their moleskin trowsers and dirty old shirt,
Go the dirty blackleg miners.

Oh Deloal* is a terrible place,
They rub wet clay in the blackleg's face,
And round the pit-heaps run a foot-race
With the dirty blackleg miners.

Oh don't go near the Seghill mine,
For across the mainway they hang a line,
To catch the throat and break the spine
Of the dirty blackleg miners.

They'll take your tools and duds as well,
And throw them down the pit of hell,
It's down you go and fare you well
You dirty blackleg miners.

[* Seaton Deloal pit in Northumberland]

Way Down In The Mine

Come all ye young workers so young and so fine,
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine.
For it'll form as a habit and seep in your soul.
Till the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal.

[C] For it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few.
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines,
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

It's many a man who I've known in my day
Has lived just to labour his whole life away.
Like a fiend with his dope or a drunk with his wine,
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

[C]
I hope when I die and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
As I look from the door of my heavenly home,
I'll pity the miner a knowing my bones.

The Coal-Owner And The Pitman's Wife - [believed to date from the
[Durham strike of 1844]]

A dialogue I'll tell you as true as my life
Between a coal-owner and a poor pitman's wife.

As she was a travelling all on the high way,

She met a coal owner and this she did say.

[C] Derry down down down derry down.

"Good - Morning Lord Fire Damp!" this woman she said.

"I'll do you no harm sir, so don't be afraid,

If you'd been where I'd been the most of me life

You wouldn't turn pale at a poor pitman's wife".

[C]

"Then where do you come from, the owner he cries,

"I come from hell," the poor woman replies.

"If you come from hell then, come tell me right plain,

Have you contrived to get out again'.

[C]

"By the way I got out the truth I shall tell,

They're turning the poor folks all out of hell.

This to make room for the rich wicked race,

For there is a great number of them in that place."

[C]

"And the coal-owners are the next on command,

To arrive in hell as I understand

For I heard the old devil say as I came out

The coal-owners all had received their out."

[C]

"Then how does the devil behave in that place?"

"Oh sir, he is cruel to the rich wicked race,

He's far more crueler than you can suppose

Even like a mad bull with a ring thro' his nose".

[C]

"Good woman", say he, "I must bid you farewell,

You give me a dismal account about hell

If this be all true that you say unto me,

I'll be home like a whippet with my poor men agree."

[C]

"If you be a coal owner, sir take my advice

Agree with your men and give them a full price.

For if you do not and know very well,

You'll be in great danger of going to hell!"

12 IRISH SONGS

Kevin Barry [died 1/11/20]

In Mountjoy jail one Monday morning,
High upon the gallows tree,
Kevin Barry gave his young life,
For the cause of liberty,
But a lad of eighteen summers,
Yet no one can deny,
As he walked to death that morning,
He proudly held his head up high.

[C]
Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
Do not hang me like a dog,
For I fought to free old Ireland,
On that bright September morn,
All around that little bakery,
Where we fought them hand to hand,
Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
For I fought to free Ireland.

Just before he faced the hangman,
In his lonely prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry,
Just because he would not tell
The names of his companions
Other things they wished to know,
"Turn informer, and we'll free you"
Kevin Barry answered "No".

[C]
Another martyr for old Ireland,
Another murder for the crown,
Whose brutal laws may kill the Irish,
But can't keep their spirit down,
Lads like Barry are no cowards,
From the foe they will not fly,
Lads like Barry will free Ireland,
For her sake they'll live and die.

I Am A Merry Ploughboy

I am a merry ploughboy,
And I plough the fields by day
But a certain thought came into my head
And I think I'll run away.
I've always hated slavery
Since the day that I was born.
So I'm off to join the I.R.A.
And I'm off tomorrow morn.

[C]
So I'm off to Dublin in the green, in the green,
Where the helmets glisten in the sun
And the bayonets flash and the rifles crash,
To the rattle of the Thompson gun.

I'll leave behind my pick and spade
And I'll leave behind my plough,
And I'll leave behind my old grey mare,
For I'll never need her now.
I'll take my short revolver,
And my bandolier of lead,
And do or die, I can but try,
To avenge my countries dead.

[C]
I'll leave behind my Mary,
She's the girl I do adore,
I hope that she will wait for me,
When she hears the rifles roar.
And when the war is over,
And good old Ireland's free,
I'll take her to the church to wed,
And a rebel's wife she'll be.

[C]

14 AMERICAN SONGS

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM (song of the Wobblies)

Oh, why don't you work like other men do?
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

[C]
Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm a bum,
Hal - le - lu - jah, bum again,
Hal - le - lu - jah, give us a hand-out,
To re - vive us a - gain !

I went to a house, I knocked on the door,
The lady says, "Scram, bum, you've been here before !"

[C]
I went to a house, I asked for some bread,
The lady came out, said, "The baker is dead".

[C]
Oh, I love my boss, he's a good friend of mine,
That's why I am starving out on the bread line.

[C]
Oh, why don't you save the money you earn?
If I didn't eat, I'd have money to burn.

[C]
Oh, I love my boss, he's a good friend of mine,
I love him, I love him, THE DIRTY OLD SWINE !!

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED (trade union, civil rights etc etc)

The Un-ion is a-marching)
We're fighting for our children) We shall not be moved,
We're fighting for our freedom) (repeat whole line)
The Un-ion is behind us)

Just like a tree,
That's planted by the water-side,
We shall not be moved.

Dump The Bosses Off Your Back

Are you poor, for lorn and hungry? Are there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of mis'ry? Then dump the bosses off your back!
Are your clothes all patch'd and tatter'd? Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scatter'd? Then dump the bosses off your
[back!]

Are you almost split asunder? Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Boob, why don't you buck like thunder? And dump the bosses off your
All the agonies you suffer, You can end with one good whack- [back!]
Stiffen up, you ornery duffer- And dump the bosses off your back!

On The Picket Line

We win our strike and all our demands,
Come and picket on the picket line.
In one strong union we'll join our hands,
Come and picket on the picket line.

[C]
On the line - on the line - on the picket picket line,
The dirty little scab, we'll use him like a rag,
Come and picket on the picket line.

If you're never spent a night in jail,
Come and picket on the picket line.
You will be invited without fail,
Come and picket on the picket line.
[C]

If you don't like scabs and thugs and stools,
Come and picket on the picket line.
For you show the boss that the worker rules,
When you picket on the picket line.

16 JOE HILL

I dream'd 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 nev-er died," says he.

"In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I,
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge."
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead." [2X]

"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." [2X]

And standing there as big as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organise." [2X]

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where working men are out on strike
Joe Hill is at their side." [2X]

"From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill,
Where workers strike and organise,"
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill." [2X]

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. [repeat very softly]

Casey Jones [by Joe Hill]

The workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call;
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all:
His boilers they were leaking and his drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings they were all out of plumb.

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running
" " was working double time.
" " got a wooden medal
For being good and faithful on the S.P. 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 someone put a bunch of rail-road ties across the track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
" " broke his blooming spine.
" " was an Angelino,
He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S.P. freight."
"You're just the man!" said Peter, "Our musicians are on strike,
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like".

Casey Jones got a job in heaven,
" " was going mighty fine,
" " went scabbing on the angels
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.

The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.
The Angels Union NO. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to hell a-flying.
" " , the devil said, "Oh fine.
" " , get busy shovelling sulphur,
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."

Sit, Down

When they tie the can to a union man, sit down sit down!
 When they give him the sack,
 They'll take him back, sit down sit down!

[C]

Sit down, just take a seat; sit down, and rest your feet;
 Sit down, you're got 'em beat, sit down, sit down.

When they smile and say, "No raise in pay" sit down etc.
 When you want the boss to come across sit down etc.

[C]

When the speed up comes, just twiddle your thumbs
 Sit down sit down!

When you want 'em to know, they'd better go slow,
 Sit down sit down!

[C]

When the boss won't talk, don't take a walk, sit down etc.

When the boss sees that, he'll want a little chat " "

What Did You Learn In School Today? [by Tom Paxton]

What did you learn in school to-day

~~Don~~ little boy of mine? - 2x - for every verse.

I learned that Washington never told a lie,

I learned that soldiers seldom die,

I learned that ev-'ry body's free, And that's what the
 teacher said to me, "And that's what I learned in school

To-day, that's what I learned in school. [repeat after]

[every verse]

I learned that policemen are my friends

" " " justice never ends,

" " " murderers die for their crimes,

Even if we make a mistake sometimes, etc.....

I learned that war is not so bad,

" " of the great ones we had had,

We fought in Germany and in France,

And someday I might get my chance, etc.....

Pie In The Sky [by Joe Hill]

Long-haired preachers come out ev-'ry night,
 Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
 But when asked how 'bout something to eat ?
 They will answer in voices so sweet :

[C]

You will eat, by and by, in that glorious land above the sky;
 Work and pray, live on hay, you'll get pie in the sky when you die.
 (It's a lie !)

Oh the Starvation Army they play,
 And they sing, and they dance, and they pray
 Till they get all your money on the drum,
 Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum.

[C]

Holy rollers and jumpers come out,
 And they holler, they jump, and they shout:
 "Give you're money to Jesus," they'll say,
 "He will cure all diseases today."

[C]

If you fight hard for children and wife,
 Try to get something good in this life,
 You're a sinner and a badman, they tell,
 When you die you will sure go to hell.

[C]

Working men of all countries unite,
 Side by side, we for freedom will fight,
 When the world and its wealth we have gained,
 To the grafter we'll sing this refrain :

[Last chorus]

You will eat - by and by; when you've learned how to cook and to fry,

Chop some wood - do you good,

And you'll eat in the sweet by and by.

What did you learn in school today [cont]

I learned our government must be strong,

It's always right and never wrong,

Our leaders are the finest men,

And we elect them again and again. etc ...

Detroitium

There was a rich man and he lived in Detroitium,
 Glory hallelujah heirojarum,
 And all the workers he did exploitium
 Glory hallelujah heirojarum,

[C]

Heirojarum, heirojarum, skinamalinki∞oolium,
 Skinamalinki∞oolium, Glory hallelujah, heirojarum.

The poor man worked till he was nearly deadium etc,
 When he got home he fell right into bedium etc.

[C]

He asked for a raise but the boss only saidium etc.
 "Get out of here, you lousy little redium" etc.

[C]

The poor man finally came to the conclusion etc,
 To get his raise he'd better join the union etc.

[C]

He talked to the boss again but not alonium etc,
 They said, "Don't forget what the union did to
 Sloanium etc.

[C]

The boss wouldn't talk so they sat in the plantium etc,
 All the boss could do was rave and rantium etc.

[C]

The moral of this is that unions are no jokium etc,
 A boss who yets smart with the union may go brokium etc.

UNION BUTTONS (tune: we'll be coming round the mountains)

We'll be wearing union buttons while we work [2X]
 We'll be wearing union buttons, wearing union buttons,
 We'll be wearing union buttons while we work.

We'll all be union members while we work, etc
 We'll be building up the union while we work, etc
 We'll be getting living wages when we work, etc
 We'll all be reading 'Militant' while we work, etc. etc.

SCABS IN THE FACTORY (tune: skip to my Lou)

Scabs in the factory, that won't do
 Scabs in the factory, that won't do
 Scabs in the factory, that won't do, skip to m'Lou my darling.

Three cents a dozen, that won't do, etc
 Twelve hours a day, that won't do, etc.
 Bully bosses, that won't do, etc. etc.

WE PITY OUR BOSSES FIVE (improvise)

We pity our bosses five,
 We pity our bosses five;
 A thousand a week is all they get,
 How can they keep alive ?

O, we pity our bosses son,
 We pity our bosses son,
 Fifty a week is all he gets,
 The lousy son of a gun.

The Boss Is Having A Terrible Time, Parlez-Vous

The boss is having a terrible time, parlez-vous, -2x
" " " " " " " " "
Keeping us of the picket line,
Hinkey dinky parlez-vous.

The scabs are having a terrible time, parlez-vous. -2x
" " " " " " " " "
Getting through the picket line,
Hinky dinky, parlez-vous.

When a scab dies he goes to hell, parlez-vous, -2x
" " " " " " " " "
The rats and skunks all ring the bell,
Hinky dinky, parlez-vous.

The workers picket every day, parlez-vous, -2x
" " " " " " " " "
For shorter hours and higher pay,
Hinky dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, we are going to win this strike, parlez-vous, -2x
" " " " " " " " "
We'll picket all day and we'll picket all night,
Hinky dinky, parlez-vous.

The boss is shaking at the knees, parlez-vous, -2x
" " " " " " " " "
In his silken B.V.D.'s,
Hinky dinky, parlez-vous.

They say it is a terrible war, parlez-vous, -2x
" " " " " " " " " so
What the hell are fighting it for,
Hinkey dinky, parlez-vous.

UNION MAID (Woody Guthrie)

There once was a Union Maid,
She never was afraid
Of guards and ginks and Company finks
Or deputy sheriffs
That made the raid ...
She went to the Union Hall
When a meeting it was called,
And when the Legion boys come round
She always stood her ground.
[C]
Oh, you cain't scare me, I'm sticking by the Union,
Sticking by the Union, sticking by the Union,
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking by the Union,
Sticking by the Union till the day I die.

She went to the Picket Line
One morning just at nine,
And the guards and ginks and Company finks,
Come a skipping through
The morning dew.
They had their clubs and guns
They had their knives and bombs,
They stood as still as if they's dead,
When she jumped up and said ...
[C]
When the Union boys they seen
This pretty little Union queen
Stand up and sing in the deputies' face,
They laughed and yelled
All over the place
And you know what they done ?
These two-gun Company thugs,
When they heard this Union song,
They tucked their tails and run.

24 POLITICAL SONGS

We Want Nationalisation [by Merseyside Y.S.]
[tune Land of Hope and Glory]

We want nationalisation
We want workers' control
We want union freedom,
And the Tories on the dole!

Down with millionaire bosses,
Let them feel the workers' rage!
We want equal pay at 18,
And a National Minimum wage.

Out with sweated labour,
Kick out the Tory clique
Equal pay for women,
And a shorter working week.

Higher old age pensions,
Unity - white, black or brown,
Theses are our intentions,
When we've brought the Tories down.

Comprehensive education,
A fully free National Health
For the workers of the nation,
We'll use the nation's wealth.

So three cheers for the workers,
Who've had poverty far too long,
And as we go to battle,
We will sing this song--

Repeat 1st verse again.

The Capitalist Game [tune ; The Patriot Game]
words by Merseyside Y.S.

I am a school leaver, just 15 years old,
When I finished my schooling, I went straight on the dole.
Now I'm disillusioned, my comrades are the same,
'Cos till now we've been pawns in the capitalist game.
[C]

But now we are marching from all parts of the land,
Comrades united, for socialism we stand,
We fight for our freedom, we fight till we win,
To make those capitalists pay for their capitalist sin.

I was an apprentice, my time now is served,
What jobs do they offer? well such is their nerve:
"Leave your homes and go South, Join the forces this week!"
Now you know why we're fighting the capitalist clique.
[C]

I've worked all my life, what rewards do I show?
Like my younger comrades, I'm rejected now.
Despondant and bitter, we'll make a fresh stand,
Never rest till we've banished - the capitalist band.

Aye Lads [tune : Blaydon Races]
words by Tyneside Y.S.

Aye lads, we all want nationalisation,
But not the kind they got in the mines,
Nor in the railway stations.
We want workers' con - trol, and not participation,
And then we'll be on we're way - to the socialist transformation.

Song Of The United Front [by Brecht]

And just because he's human,
He doesn't like a pistol to his head.

He wants no servants under him,
And no boss over his head.

[C]

Then left, two, three. -2x.

To the work that we must do!

March on to the workers' united front.

For you are a worker, too.

another version

As man is only human

He must eat before he can think,

Fine words are only empty air

But not his meat or his drink.

[C]

Then left right left, then left right left,

There's a place, comrade, for you.

March with us in the ranks of the working class

For you are a worker too.

Sing a Song of Sixpence .. [from the 1929 ILP
Songbook]

Sing a song of sixpence, sing it every year,

Sing it to the Chancellor when Budget time is near ...

Dad's at Monte Carlo,

Mother's at Deauville,

And sixpence off the income tax will help to foot

[the bill.

Sing a song of sixpence, tax the poor a lot;

They only spend in wickedness, the money they have got;

Twopence off the tea tax will not go very far,

But 6d off the income tax will buy another car.

Sing a song of sixpence, It's always nice to know

That wages may be falling, but profits grow and grow.

Miners' folk and suchlike are very cheap to feed;

But living in Belgravia is very dear indeed.

Red Flies The Banners Oh!

I'll sing you one oh,

Red flies the banner oh.

What is your one oh?

One is workers unity

And ever more shall be so

2, repeat as above

Two, two, the workers hands

Working for his living oh.

etc.

3, 3, the rights of man.

4, for the 4 great teachers [Marx, Engels, Lenin, Trotsky.]

5 for the years of the socialist plan.

6 for the Tolpuddle martyrs.

7 for the hours of the working day.

8 for the 8th route army [Chinese Red Army].

9 for the day of the general strike.

10 for the days that shook the world.

11 for the Moscow dynamos.

12 for the " " reserves.

Leon Trotsky Is A Nazi

[tune Clementine]

Leon Trotsky was a Nazi oh I knew it for a fact.

First I read it then I said it-till the Stalin- Hitler pact.

[C] Oh my darling -3x- Party line.

Never break thee nor forsake thee, oh my darling Party line.

In a palace in the Kremlin in the fall of '39,

Sat a Russian and a Prussian working out the Partyline.

[C]

In Siberia, in Siberia, excavating for a mine,

Was an old Bolshevik who forgot the Party line.

[C]

[last verse to the tune of Auld Lang Syne]

And should old Bolshies be forgot, and never brought to mind

You'll find them in Siberia, with a ball and chain behind.

A ball and chain behind, my dear, a ball and chain behind.

Joe Stalin shot the bloody lot for the sake of the Partyline.

Summit in the sky
(tune : Pie in the sky)

C.P. hacks, they come out every night,
Try to tell us what's left and what's right.
They will say: 'revolution is fine' :-
Then they give us that co-existence line.

[C]

You'll have peace, by and by,
In that diplomatic summit in the sky !
Fight munitions, with petitions,
You'll have peace in that summit in the sky.
(It's a lie) !

Yalta showed us some fine summitry:
Here's the pie: some for you, some for me,
But said Truman 'I'll take one more slice',
And the Greek working class paid the price.

[C]

The UN is the world's force for peace,
But it doesn't seem like that to the Congolese;
Kasavubu was able to see,
What the UN had done for Syngman Rhee !

[C]

CP deputies backed Guy Mollet,
Tried to draw France from NATO away,
Backed the war in Algeria without qualm,
Now the French have their own atom bomb !

[C]

When we've done with the boss and the glutton,
When we've taken their hands off the button,
Then at last you'll have peace in all lands,
WHEN THE WORLD IS IN WORKING CLASS HANDS.

Free Beer For All The Workers

[C] Free beer for all the workers,-3x.
When the red revolution comes.

We'll turn Buckingham Place into a public lavatory -3x
When the red -etc.

[C]

We'll make Princess Margaret do a strip tease on the Strand-3x.

[C]

We'll make Winson Churchill smoke a Woodbine every day,-3x.

[C]

" " Hugh Gaitskill sell his shares in I.C.I.-3x.

[C]

" " Lady Docker sweep the steps of Transport House,-3x

[C]

" " Jonny Gollan eat a dozen "British Roads",-3x.

Bomb The Bourgeoisie

[tune The Lincolnshire Poacher]

Now when I entered Politics,
To see the workers free.
I left the Labour Party
And I joined the red C.P.
With bags of gold from Moscow boys,
And tons of T.N.T.
Oh tis my delight on a filthy night
To bomb the bourgeoisie.

Blow The Bloody Bugles Boys.

Blow the bloody bugles boys
And bang the bloody drums.
We'll blow the bloody bourgeoisie to bloody kingdom come,
Build the bloody fires boys
As high as bloody pyres boys
and we'll burn the bloody bastards one by one.

Harry (Pollit) was a Bolshie (?)

Harry was a bolshie, one of Stalin's lads,
Till he was foully murdered by reactionary cads,
[C] by reactionary cads - 2X, repeat last line.

Old Harry went to Heaven, met St. Peter with the keys
Said he "Can I see comrade God,
Im Harry Pollitt, please". [C]

"Who are you" said St. Peter "are you humble & contrite?"
"I'm a friend of Lady Astors"
"Well come in, that's quite alright". [C]

They put him in the choir, but the hymns he did not like,
So he organised the angels,
And brought them out on strike. [C]

One day when God was walking through heaven to meditate,
What did he see but Harry,
Chalking slogans on the gate. [C]

They brought him up for trial, before the Holy Ghost,
For spreading disaffection,
Among the heavenly host. [C]

The verdict it was 'guilty', and Harry said "Oh well",
Then tucked his nightie around his knees,
And drifted down to Hell. [C]

Seven long years have passed, and Harry's doing well,
They've made him People's Commissar,
of Soviet Socialist Hell. [C]

Another seven years have passed, John Gellan's there as well,
And all the little devils
Have joined the Y.C.L. [C]

And the moral of this story is very plain to tell,
If you want to be a Stalinist -
Then you can go to hell ! [C]

Onward Tribune Socialists
[tune Onward Christian Soldiers]

Onward, Tribune Socialists, marching through the storm!
We have found the answer, the answer's Left Reform!
We want more council houses, one in every town!
Scrap and rebuild the army, keep unemployment down!
We demand no sackings.....five days' wages too!
[But if we can't get it, four days' pay will do.]

And if this escapes us, we'll try something new,
We'll slap on import charges, and tax the bosses too!
Onwards into Parliament, march the Leftist hordes
We demand inquiries into the House of Lords!
And to please the workers, we've a special prize;
As a mighty climax: we might NATIONALISE!

1945 Election Campaign

Vote vote vote for Clement Atlee,
Chuck old Churchill down the drain.
If it wasn't for the law
I would sock him in the jaw,
And we wouldn't see old Churchill any more.

Red Flag Once A Year
[tune Red Flag]

The peoples flag is palest pink,
It's not as red as people think.
White collar workers stand and cheer
The Labour Government is here.
We'll change the country bit by bit,
So nobody will notice it,
And just to prove we're still sincere,
We'll sing the Red Flag once a year.

32 The People's Commissars (tune: The Bold Gendarmes)

We are the People's Commissariat,
 The guardians of the workers' state,
 The vanguard of the proletariat,
 We teach them who they ought to hate.
 But when it comes to fellow travellers,
 Who ride in yankee motor cars :-
 We run them in, we run them in,
 We run them in, we run them in,
 We are the People's Commissars.
 We're on our guard for deviations,
 And anti-party groups we fight,
 We are the mentors of the nation,
 We teach them that the left is right,
 And when it comes to trots and bolsheviks,
 They're better kept behind steel bars,
 We run them in etc.
 And when we meet with delegations
 of bosses from the Western states,
 We strive for cordial relations,
 We all get drunk and call them mates,
 We drink to peaceful coexistence,
 We rather like their fat cigars,
 We drink their gin etc.

In our position life gets dangerous,
 When they decide to change the line,
 But we have friends who can arrange for us,
 To be let off with just a fine,
 But if our friends are liquidated,
 Our fate will be just like the czars,
 They'll rub us out, they'll rub us out,
 They'll rub us out, they'll rub us out,
 The bloody People's Commissars !

Ban Ban Ban the Bloody H-Bomb

[tune to John Brown's Body]

To Hell with all the humbug and to Hell with all the lies,
 To Hell with all the strontium continuing to rise-
 To Hell with all the Charlies with a gift for compromise,
 If they won't ban the H-Bomb now!

[C]
 Ban ban ban the bloody H-Bomb. 3x If you want to stay a-live next y

MacMillan and the Tories are out to wait and see,
 They think the Great Deterrent will secure the victory-
 I don't know if they scare the Reds, by God! they frighten me,
 If they won't ban the H-Bomb now!

[C]
 Gaitskell's Labour Party are preparing for a sell,
 They want to get the votes and keep the atom bomb as well;
 But strontium will send us all to shovel coal-in hell-
 If we don't ban the H-Bomb now.

[C]
 Now half of them are balmy and half of them are blind,
 They've all been talking far too long, it's time they all resigned;
 And the way to shift a donkey is to wallop its behind-
 So we're going to ban the H-Bomb now.

[C]
 We're going to stop the loonies and preserve the human race,
 We're going to save our country 'cause we love the dear old place,
 We might have to stuff a rocket up the rocket builder's base -
 But we're going to ban the H-Bomb now.

[C]
 Somewhere in the States they've got a button painted red,
 If anybody sits on it we'll all of us be dead,
 Meanwhile a million children are waiting to be fed
 So we're going to ban the H-Bomb now.

[C]

The H-bomb's Thunder

Don't you hear the H-bomb's thunder,
 Echo like the crack of doom?
 While they rend the skies asunder,
 Fall-out makes the world a tomb.
 Do you want your home to tumble?
 Rise in smoke towards the sky?
 Will you let your cities crumble?
 Will you see your children die?

[C]

Men and women, stand together,
 Do not heed the men of war;
 Make your minds up, now or never,
 Ban the bomb for ever more.

Tell the leaders of the nations,
 Make the whole wide world take heed,
 Poison from the radiations,
 Strikes at every race and creed.

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?

Ding Dong Dollar [tune: She'll be coming round
 the mountain]

[C]

Oh ye canna spend a dollar when ye're dead, 2X
 Singing ding dong dollar, everybody holler:
 Oh ye canna spend a dollar when ye're dead.

Oh the Yanks have just dropped anchor in Dunoon,
 And they've had their civic welcome from th'toon,
 As they marched the measured mile,
 Bonnie Mary of Argyll,
 Was a-wearin' spangled drawers below her goon.
 But the Glasgow Moderator doesn't mind,
 In fact he thinks the Yanks are awfu' kind,
 If it's heaven that you're going,
 It's a quicker way than rowing,
 And there's sure to be nobody left behind. [C]

One Man Hands

One man's hands can't break a prison down
 Two " " " " " " "
 But if two and two and fifty make a million,
 We'll see that day come round 2.

One man's voice can't shout to make them hear,

" " strength " break the colour bar,

" " " " make " union roll,

" " feet " walk around the land,

" " eyes " see the way ahead,

and so on.

Monster in the Loch

Och, och, there's a monster in the loch,
 a monster in the loch 2
 repeat 1st line again.
 And we din-na want Polaris.

Och, Och, we're off to Holy Loch,
 off to Holy Loch, 2
 repeat 1st line again,
 And we dinna want Polaris.

The U.S.A. are giving subs away,
 etc...

Take them away, Papa L.B.J.,
 etc...

Send the whole damn show up the Alamo, etc...

Suicide to have them in the Clyde, etc...

Two songs from World War I

If you want to find the colonel,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
I know where he is ...

Hanging another medal on his chest.

I saw him, I saw him,

Hanging another medal on his chest,

I saw him, I saw him,

Hanging another medal on his chest.

..... captain,

going away on seven days leave.

..... sergeant,

eating up the companies grub.

..... corporal,

drunk upon the dugout floor.

..... private,

Hanging on the old barbed wire.

I don't want to join the army,

I don't want to go to war,

I just want to hang around, Piccadilly underground,

Living off the earnings of a high class lady.

I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole,

I don't want my bollocks shot away,

I want to stay in England,

Merry, merry England,

And fornicate my bleeding life away.

Postscript.

Dear Comrades,

62 Haverstock Road
Knowle, Bristol

this is the 2nd edition of our 'Socialist Song Book'. We had intended to include a selection of new songs but due to the pressure of political activity, this has been impossible. We would like to re-state that those of us who have compiled + produced this book do not necessarily agree politically with all the songs but feel that each has won a place in labour movement traditions.

Yours Comradely,
Jenny Smith

April 1974