

The Troops Out Movement Song- Book



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Troops Out Movement P.O.Box 353, London NW5 4NH.

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Introduction

When people from England first invaded Ireland in 1171 they invaded a country with a culture - language, music, dance, religion. In the intervening 800 years the British have tried to destroy Ireland's culture and way of life. This cultural imperialism has been a key part of Britain's strategy in Ireland. If you want to control another nation then you take away its language, deride its music, attack its religion. This is what Britain has tried to do in Ireland.

Irish culture has withstood 800 years of occupation and throughout Ireland remains strong and distinct. In the occupied North of Ireland the revival of Irish culture is a growing and potent force. It plays a central role in the resistance to British rule.

This book celebrates one part of this culture - song and music of resistance. The songs included here are one of the ways Irish people remember their history and their struggle. Some of the songs are drawn from other struggles against racism, oppression and imperialism. The similar themes and ideas portrayed in these songs demonstrate, despite Britain's efforts to prove otherwise, the common experience of oppressed peoples whether in Belfast, Santiago or Soweto. Others have been included just for fun. We could not include as many songs as we would have liked - watch out for Volume 2.

Censorship means that people in Britain are not allowed to see or hear much of the truth about what is happening in Ireland. Some songs, like the Pogues' 'Birmingham Six', have been banned from our airwaves. Many people will never have heard them. These songs are to be sung to tell people the truth about Britain's continued occupation of the North of Ireland. The songs then are part of Ireland's struggle for national self determination and this songbook part of the campaign for British withdrawal from Ireland.

'From a distance we hear freedom songs
And they echo through that land,
They are songs of hope,
They are songs of love,
They are songs of Ireland....'



Troops Out Movement

The Troops Out Movement is a movement in England, Scotland and Wales made up of people who believe that the cause of the 'troubles' in the north of Ireland is the continuing British presence there, both military and political. We believe that British troops are in Ireland not as a peace-keeping force, but in order to maintain British rule, and that their presence is the most serious obstacle to any progress towards peace. British troops have been occupying this part of Ireland since 1969, coercing and oppressing the nationalist people, maintaining a division of Ireland and ensuring that its people cannot unite to determine their own future.

We have been working as an organisation for immediate British withdrawal since the early 1970's. We have a number of branches in England, Scotland and Wales. These branches, working locally in whatever way circumstances allow, are the backbone of the Troops Out Movement. Membership or affiliation is open to any individual or group who support our demands:

Troops out now

Self-determination for the Irish people as a whole

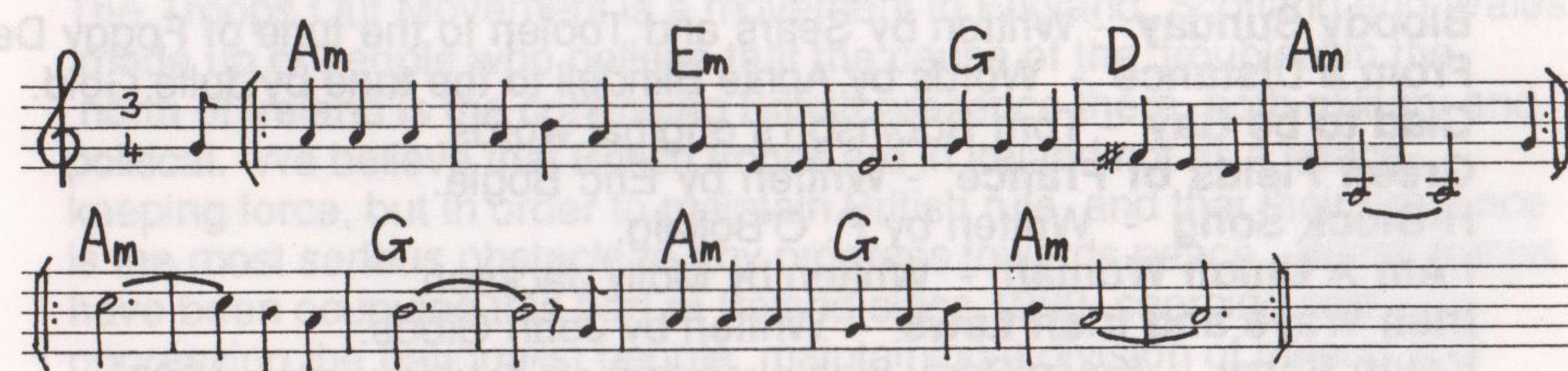


Join us and campaign. Troops Out Movement,
P.O. Box 353, London, NW5 4NH. Tel. 071-609-1743.

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- Your Daughters and Your Sons** - Written by Tommy Sands.

Back Home in Derry



In 1803 we sailed out to sea
 Out from the sweet town of Derry
 For Australia bound if we didn't all drown
 And the marks of our fetters we carried.
 In the rusty iron chains we sighed for our wains
 As our good wives we left in sorrow.
 As the mainsails unfurled our curses we hurled
 On the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

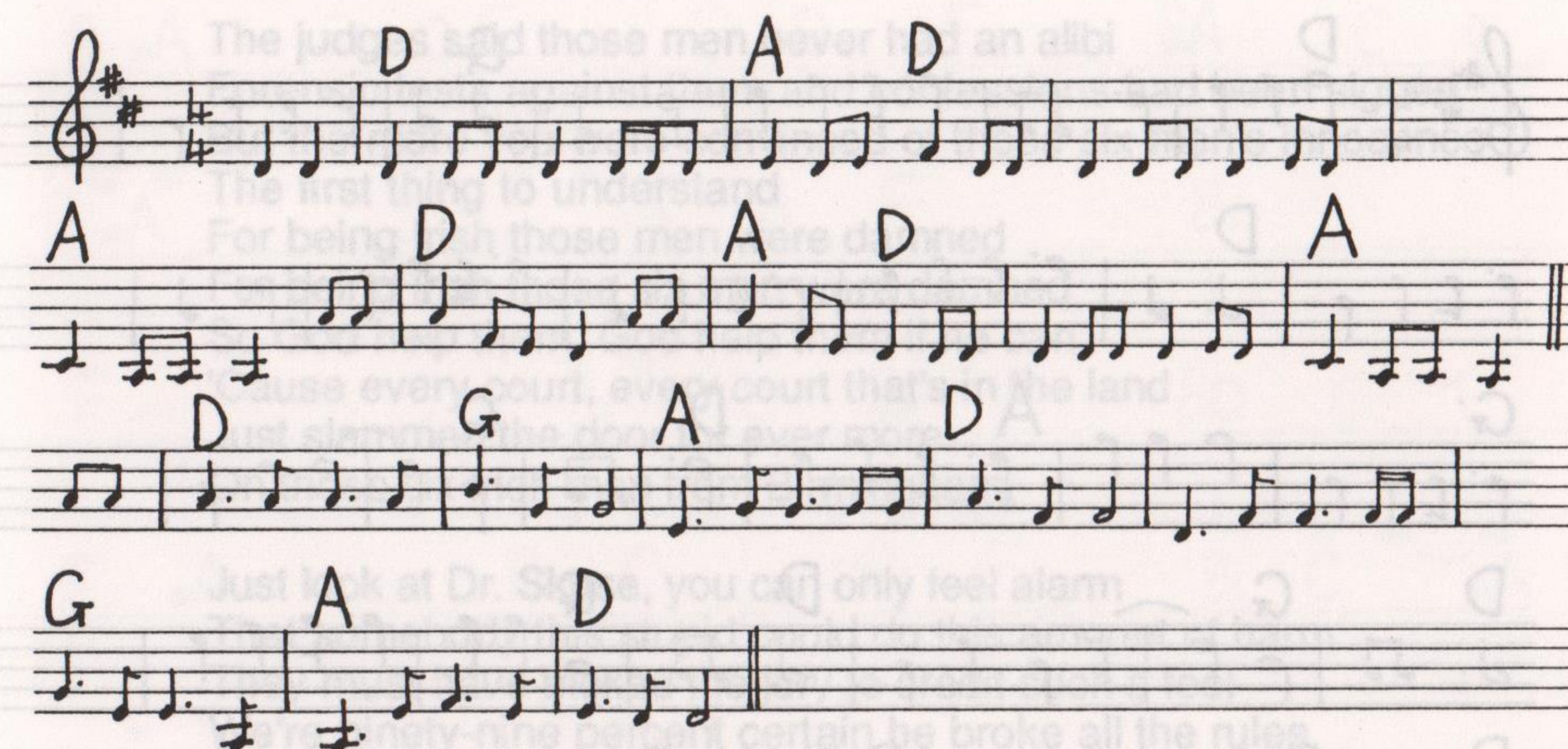
Chorus:

Oh Oh Oh Oh I wish I was back home in Derry.
 Oh Oh Oh Oh I wish I was back home in Derry.

I cursed them to hell as our bow fought the swell,
 Our ship danced like a moth in the firelights.
 White horses rode high as the devil passed by
 Taking souls to Hades by twilight.
 Five weeks out to sea we were now forty-three
 Our comrades we buried each morning.
 In our own slime we were lost in a time,
 Endless night without dawning.

Van Diemen's land is a hell for a man
 To live out his life in slavery.
 Where the climate is raw and the gun makes the law,
 Neither wind nor rain cares for bravery.
 Twenty years have gone by and I've ended me bond
 And comrades' ghosts are behind me.
 A rebel I came and I'll die the same.
 On the cold winds of night you will find me.

Birmingham Six



There were six men in Birmingham, in Guildford there's four
 That were picked up and tortured and framed by the law.
 And the filth got promotion, but they're still doing time
 For being Irish in the wrong place and at the wrong time.

In Ireland they'll put you away in the Maze
 In England they'll keep you for several long days
 God help you if ever you're caught on these shores
 And the coppers need someone and they walk through that door.

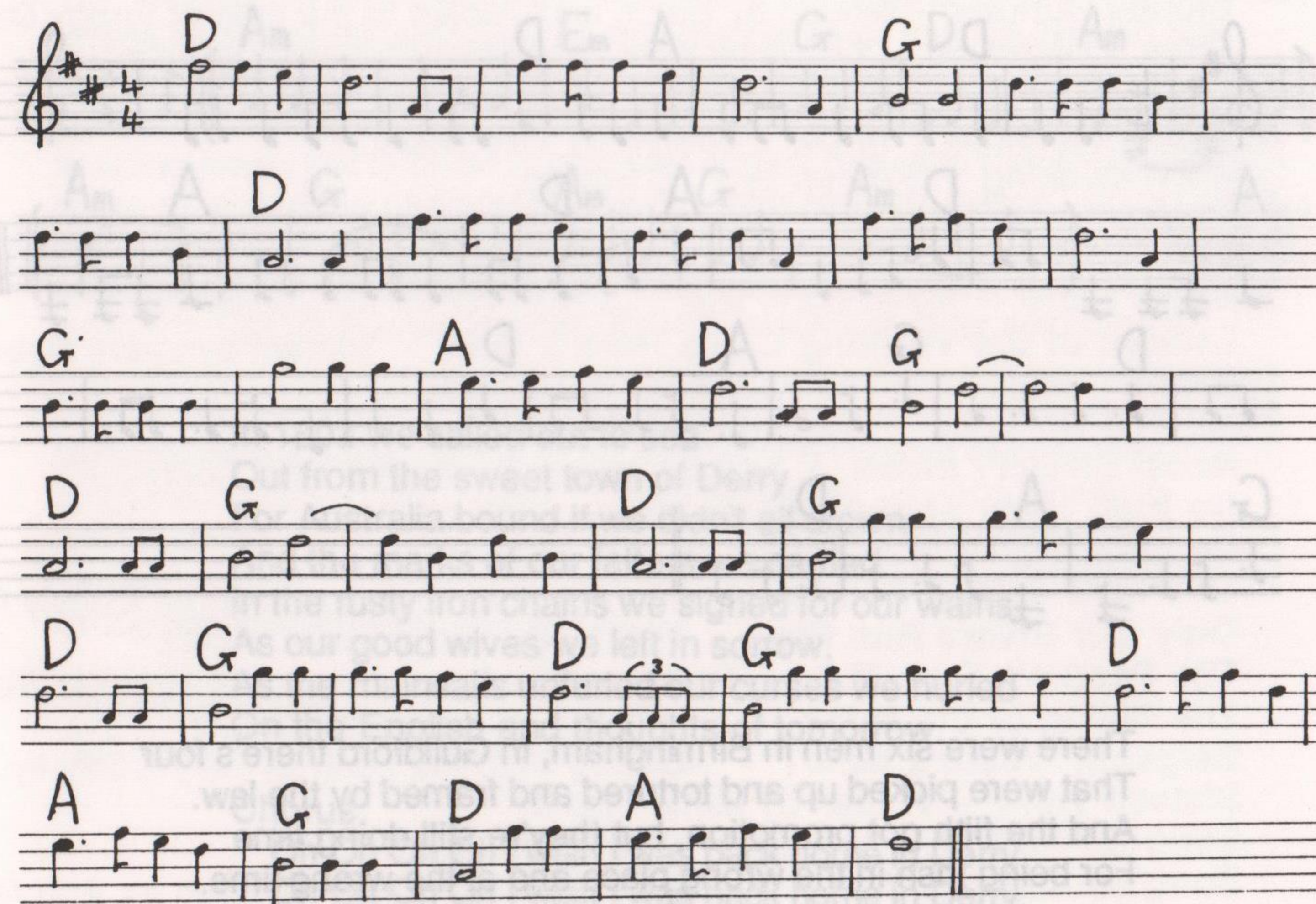
Chorus:

You'll be counting years, first five, then ten
 Growing old in a lonely hell
 Round the yard and the stinking cell
 From wall to wall, and back again.

A curse on the judges, the coppers and screws
 Who tortured the innocent, wrongly accused
 For the price of promotion and justice to sell
 May the judged be their judges when they rot down in hell.

May the whores of the empire lie awake in their beds
 And sweat as they count out their sins in their heads
 While over in Ireland eight more men lie dead
 Kicked down and shot in the back of the head.

Birmingham Six



Six Irish men lived in Birmingham
 Came to the country to find work and settle down
 But that was many years ago
 Before this story starts
 Before British justice just blew their lives apart
 The nightmare, it all began
 As the news spread throughout the land
 They've got six Irish men in Birmingham
 And God help them, God help them if he can
 'Cause every court, every court that's in the land
 Will slam the door for ever more
 On the six Irishmen in Birmingham.

Birmingham Six (continued)

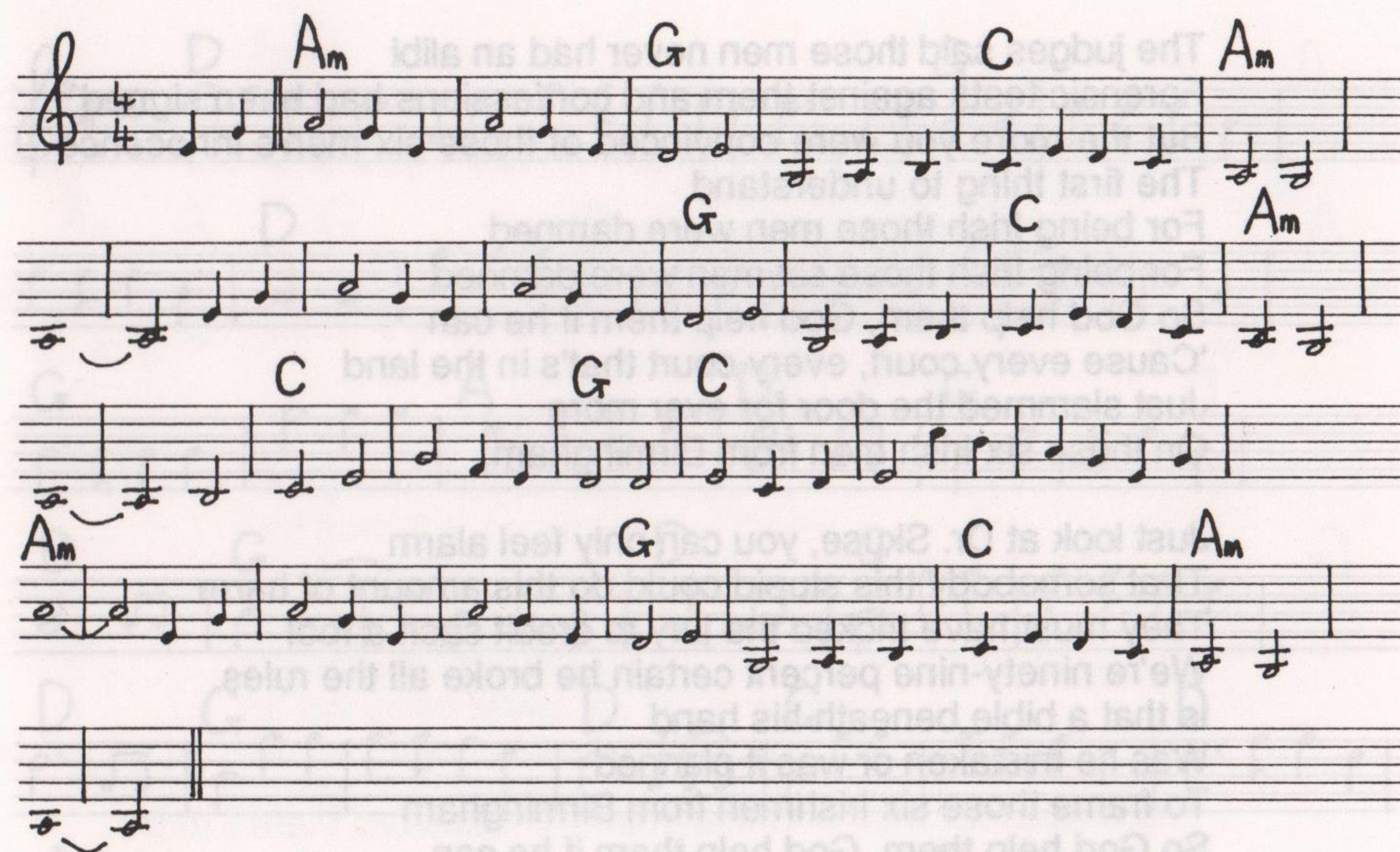
The judges said those men never had an alibi
 Forensic tests against them and confessions had been signed
 But the more you were convinced of those six men's innocence
 The first thing to understand
 For being Irish those men were damned
 For being Irish those six men were damned
 So God help them, God help them if he can
 'Cause every court, every court that's in the land
 Just slammed the door for ever more
 On those six Irish men from Birmingham.

Just look at Dr. Skuse, you can only feel alarm
 That somebody this stupid could do this amount of harm
 They must have tricked the jury to credit such a fool
 We're ninety-nine percent certain he broke all the rules.
 Is that a bible beneath his hand
 Was he mistaken or was it planned
 To frame those six Irishmen from Birmingham
 So God help them, God help them if he can
 'Cause every court, every court that's in the land
 Just slammed the door for ever more
 On those six Irishmen from Birmingham.

Ex Superintendent Reade couldn't look you in the eye
 He had to make a schedule to accommodate his lies
 He knows that those confessions were in desperation signed
 He knows those men were beaten till they almost lost their minds
 Just imagine it if you can
 To be those six men from Birmingham
 To be those six Irish men from Birmingham.

Don't talk to me of justice, it's taken far too long
 Don't tell me that this is freedom with sixteen years just gone
 And now that door has opened and the six come walking through
 It's the truth they want, the whole truth, nothing less will do.
 So you judges raise your right hand
 You're the first in the witness stand
 And behind them all the powerful and the grand
 All the biggest lying bastards in the land
 Then us whose heads were just buried in the sand
 We can't undo what we all did to
 Those six Irish men in Birmingham.

Bloody Sunday



The sun did dawn so grey and cold on Derry's empty streets
The buildings echoed one by one to the sound of marching feet
But not one soul who braved that day, not woman, man or wain
Knew fourteen men would never walk on Derry's streets again.

The people gathered silently to march to Guildhall Square
They came in peace to state their case among their own kind there
But butchers waited there for them with bullet, blood and pain
And fourteen men will never walk on Derry's streets again.

The tramp of feet up Rossville Street was broken by the sound
Of armoured cars and rifle shots and death was all around
Some ran to tend the fallen men, by cowards they were slain
And fourteen men will never walk on Derry streets again.

Let England hang its head in shame, now all the world can see
The day there was a massacre they called a victory
Let Ireland stand united now and speak the message plain
That honest folk may dare to walk on Derry's streets again.

From a Distance



From a distance we try and work it out
Why a country's torn in two
From a distance we call it north and south
And the North's red, white and blue.

From a distance we hear freedom songs
And they echo through that land
They are songs of hope, they are songs of love
They're the songs of Ireland.

From a distance we sneer at history
We say injustice is no more
And we can't see how there came to be
Such a monster at our door.

From a distance we hear freedom songs
As the people make a stand
As they march in peace, through the Derry streets
For their rights in Ireland.

But we shot them down
Yes we shot them down
Oh we shot them down
From a distance.

From a Distance (continued)

From a distance we like to think we know
What is wrong and what is right
And we can't hear them telling us to go
That there'll be trouble till we've gone.

From a distance we hear guns and bombs
And they echo through that land
But could we stand the shame, if we accept the blame
For the war in Ireland?



Glad to be Gay

Handwritten musical notation for the song "Glad to be Gay". The notation is written on five staves, each with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The notes are handwritten, and the chords are written above the staves. The chords include: Em7, Am7, Am/F#, B7, Em, Am, Am/F#, B7, Am, Am7/G#, Am7/G, Am6/F#, Am/F#, B7, Am, Am7/G#, Am7/G, Am6/F#, Am/F#, B7, Em, Em+, Em6, B7, Em7, Am7, D7, G, B7, Em, Am, B7, and Em.

The British police are the best in the world
I don't believe one of these stories I've heard
'Bout them raiding our pubs for no reason at all
Lining the customers up by the wall
Picking out people, knocking them down
Resisting arrest as they're kicked on the ground
Searching their houses and calling them queer
I don't believe that sort of thing happens here

Chorus:

Sing if you're glad to be gay
Sing if you're happy that way, hey
Sing if you're glad to be gay
Sing if you're happy that way.

Chorus:

Did they beat the drum slowly,
Did they play the life lowly,
Did they sound the death march
As they lowered you down
Did the band play the last post and chorus,
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest.

Glad to be Gay (continued)

Pictures of naked young women are fun
In Titbits and Playboy, page three of the Sun
There's no nudes in Gay News, our one magazine
But they still found excuses to call it obscene
Read how disgusting we are in the press
The Telegraph, People and Sunday Express
Molesters of children, corrupters of youth
It's there in the papers, it must be the truth

Don't try to kid us that if you're discreet
You're perfectly safe as you walk down the street
You don't have to mince or make bitchy remarks
To get beaten unconscious and left in the dark
I had a friend who was gentle and short
He was lonely one evening and went for a walk
Queer bashers caught him and kicked in his teeth
He was only hospitalised for a week

So sit back and watch as they close down our clubs
Arrest us for meeting and raid all our pubs
Make sure your boyfriend's at least twenty-one
So only your friends and your brothers get done
Lie to your work mates, lie to your folks
Put down the queens and tell anti-queer jokes
Gay Lib's ridiculous, join their laughter -
'The buggers are legal now - what more are they after ?'

Green Fields of France

Well how do you do young Willie McBride,
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,
And rest for a while neath the warm summer sun,
I've been working all day and I'm nearly done.
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen,
When you joined the great fallen in nineteen sixteen.
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean,
Or young Willie McBride was it cold and obscene.

Well how do you do young Willie McBride,
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,
And rest for a while neath the warm summer sun,
I've been working all day and I'm nearly done.
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen,
When you joined the great fallen in nineteen sixteen.
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean,
Or young Willie McBride was it cold and obscene.

Chorus:

Did they beat the drum slowly,
Did they play the fife lowly,
Did they sound the death march
As they lowered you down
Did the band play the last post and chorus,
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest.

Green Fields of France (continued)

And did you leave e'er a wife or a sweetheart behind
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined,
Although you died back in nineteen sixteen
In some faithful heart are you forever nineteen?
Or are you a stranger without even a name
Enclosed in forever behind a glass frame
In an old photograph torn, battered and stained
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame.

The sun now it shines o'er the green fields of France
There's a warm summer breeze makes the red poppies dance,
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds
There's no gas or barbed wire, there's no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard it's still no-man's land
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
To a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

Now young Willie McBride, I can't help wonder why
Do all those who lie here know why did they die.
And did they believe when they answered the call
Did they really believe that this war would end wars.
Well the sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain,
The killing, the dying was all done in vain
For young Willie McBride it all happened again
And again and again and again.

H-Block Song

I am a proud young Irishman
In Ulster's hills my life began
A happy boy through green fields ran
And kept God's and man's laws.
But when my age was barely ten
My country's wrongs were told again
By tens of thousands marching then
And my heart stirred to the cause.

Chorus:

So I'll wear no convict's uniform
Nor meekly serve my time
That Britain might brand Ireland's fight
Eight hundred years of crime.

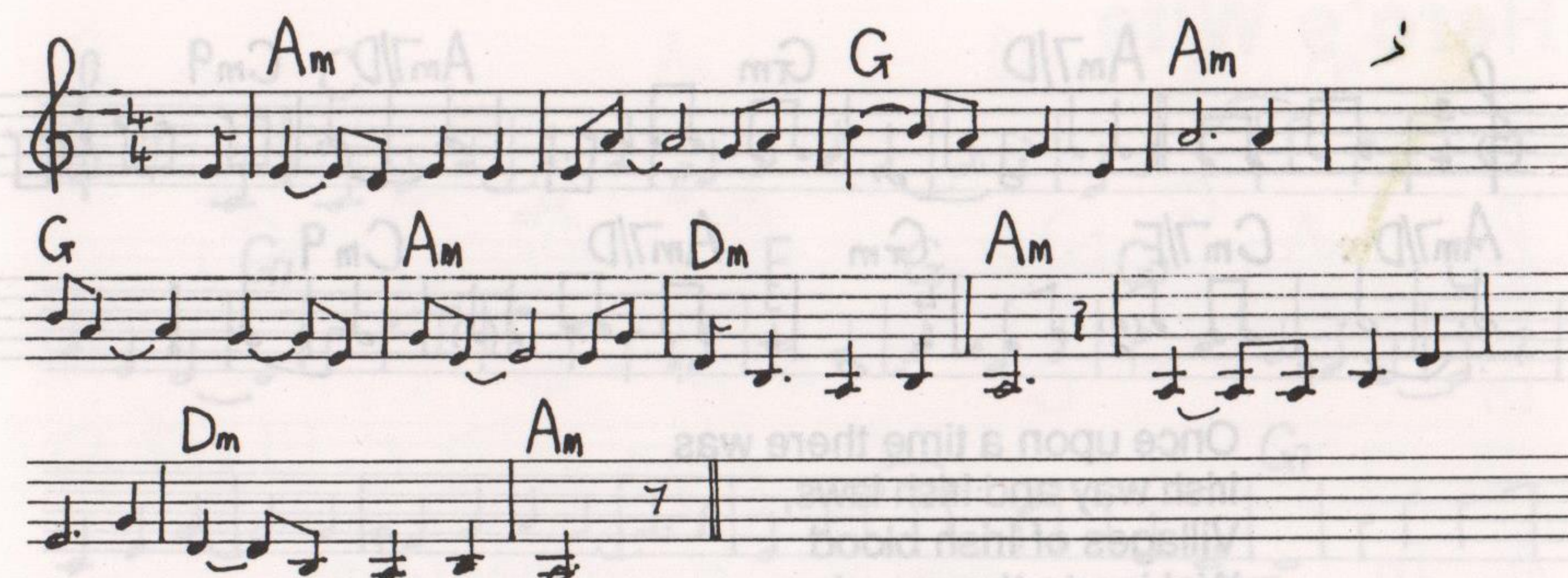
H-Block Song (continued)

I learnt of centuries of strife
Of cruel laws, injustice rife.
I saw now in my own young life
The fruits of foreign sway,
Protested, threatened, tortured, maimed.
Division nurtured, passions flamed.
Outrage provoked, right's cause defamed -
This is the conqueror's way.

Decendant of proud Connaught clan.
Concannon serves cruel Britain's plan.
Man's inhumanity to man
Has found a trusty slave.
No strangers are these bolts and locks
No new design these dark H-Blocks
Cruel Cromwell walks while Thatcher stalks.
The bully taunts the brave.

Does Britain need a thousand years
Of protest, riot, death and tears
Or will this past decade of fears
To eighty decades spell
An end to Ireland's agony.
New hope for human dignity
And will the last obscenity
Be this grim H-Block cell?

I am a Union Woman



I was raised in old Kentucky,
In Kentucky borned and bred.
But when I joined the union,
They called me a Rooshian Red.

We are many thousand strong,
And I am glad to say
We are getting stronger
And stronger ev'ry day.

Chorus:

I am a union woman,
Just as brave as I can be.
I do not like the bosses,
And the bosses don't like me.
Join the C.I.O.
Come join the C.I.O.

If you want to get your freedom,
Also you liberty,
Join the dear old C.I.O.,
Also the I.L.D.

This is the worst time on earth
That I have ever saw,
To get killed out by gun thugs,
And framed up by the law.

The bosses ride big fine horses
While we walk in the mud,
Their banner is the dollar sign,
And ours is striped with blood.

When my husband asked the boss for a job,
This is the words he said:
'Bill Jackson, I can't work you, sir;
Your wife's a Rooshian Red.'

If you want to join a union,
As strong as one can be,
Join the dear old C.I.O.,
And come along with me.

Irish Ways and Irish Laws



Once upon a time there was
Irish way and Irish laws,
Villages of Irish blood
Waking to the morning,
Waking to the morning.

Then the Vikings came around,
Turned us up and turned us down,
Started building boats and towns.
They tried to change our living,
They tried to change our living.

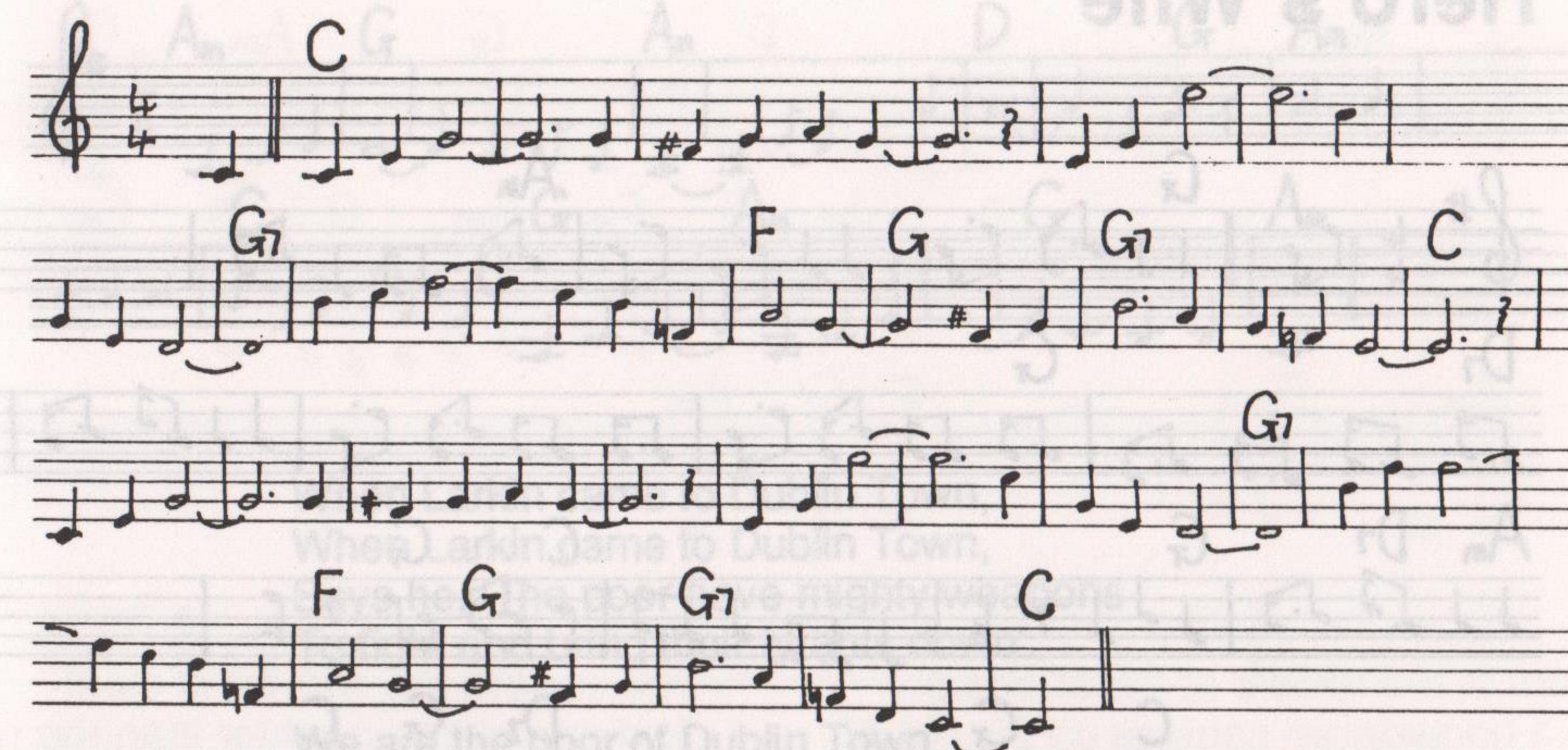
Cromwell and his soldiers came,
Started centuries of shame,
But they could not make us turn.
We are a river flowing,
We're a river flowing.

Again, again the soldiers came,
Burnt our houses, stole our grain,
Shot the farmers in their fields,
Working for a living,
Working for a living.

Eight hundred years we have been down.
The secret of the water sound
Has kept the spirit of a man
Above the pain descending,
Above the pain descending.

Today the struggle carries on.
I wonder if I will live so long
To see the gates being opened up
To a people and their freedom,
A people and their freedom.

Kevin Barry



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 on high.

'Why not shoot me like a soldier
Do not hang me like a dog,
For I fought to free old Ireland,
On that bright September morn.
All round that little bakery,
Where we fought them hand to hand,
Why not shoot me like a soldier
For I fought to free Ireland.'

Just before he faced the hangman
In his dreary prison cell
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
The names of his brave companions,
And other things they wished to know.
'Turn informer or we'll kill you!
Kevin Barry answered: 'No!'

Calmly standing to attention
While he bade his last farewell
To his broken-hearted mother,
Whose sad grief no one can tell.
For the cause he proudly cherished
That sad parting had to be;
Then to death walked, softly smiling,
That old Ireland might be free.

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.

Lament of the Working Class

Hero's Wife

Musical score for 'Hero's Wife' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves. The first staff is the melody, starting with a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G4-A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The second staff is the accompaniment, starting with a D4 quarter note, followed by a half note D4-E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4. The third staff continues the melody with a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G4-A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The fourth staff continues the accompaniment with a D4 quarter note, followed by a half note D4-E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4. The fifth staff is the final line of the melody, starting with a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G4-A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The sixth staff is the final line of the accompaniment, starting with a D4 quarter note, followed by a half note D4-E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4. The score is written in G major, 4/4 time, and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

O the wains are greeting and the sink is leaking
And you're standing in the pub wi' your Youngers Tartan Special
And you say you're educating all the younger generation
Of your left-wing politics and that's a fact.

Chorus:

I ken I'm the wife but I'll no be your skivvy
You may be a man but what can you give me ?
Cuts in houses, cuts and bruises
That's no the story for a bloody life o'glory !

O you say that the solution is a left-wing revolution
But your drinking money's pockled fae the family allowance
Your Marx and all your Lenin does nae help me wi' the cleaning
And I've had to put ma wedding ring into pawn.

Well I really canna take it, so you're going to have to make it
On your own, cos I'm going wi' the bairns and our belongings
And we'll maybe go to Maggie's or to Effie's or to Aggie's
Cos we've got a lot of sisters that'll help me through.

Larkin

Musical score for 'Larkin' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The first staff is the melody, starting with a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G4-A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The second staff is the accompaniment, starting with a D4 quarter note, followed by a half note D4-E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4. The score is written in G major, 4/4 time, and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

When Larkin came to Dublin Town,
When Larkin came to Dublin Town,
Says he, 'The poor have mighty weapons
To fight and bring their tyrants down'.

We are the poor of Dublin Town.
We are the poor of Dublin Town.
And where will the poor find mighty weapons
To fight and bring their tyrants down.

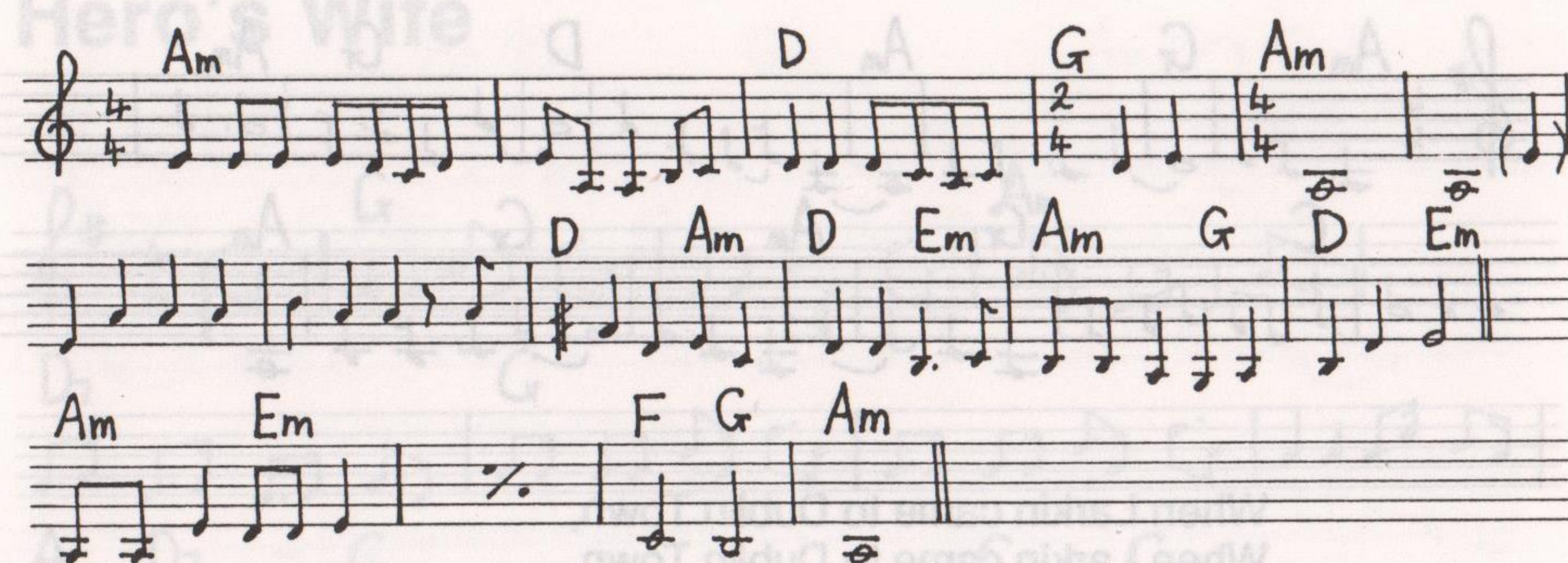
'Come follow me', said Larkin then.
'Come follow me', said Larkin then.
And I will show you a mighty weapon
To make you all free Irishmen.

No ship must sail, no wheel must turn,
No crane arm swing, no furnace burn.
And these are far greater weapons
Than gun or gaudy uniform.

The sun goes down each weary day,
The sun goes down each weary day,
On tenement and spire and people
Who starve and yet will not give way.

'So come all you Irishmen,
Come join with me for liberty.
And we'll make one mighty army,
To break the bonds of slavery'.

Moving On Song



Born in the middle of the afternoon
In a horsedrawn carriage on the old A5.
The big twelve wheeler shook my bed,
'You can't stay here' the policeman said.

The eastern sky was full of stars
And one shone brighter than the rest.
The wise men came so stern and strict
And brought the orders to evict.

Chorus:

'You'd better get born
In some place else.
Move along, get along,
Move along, get along,
Go! Move! Shift!'

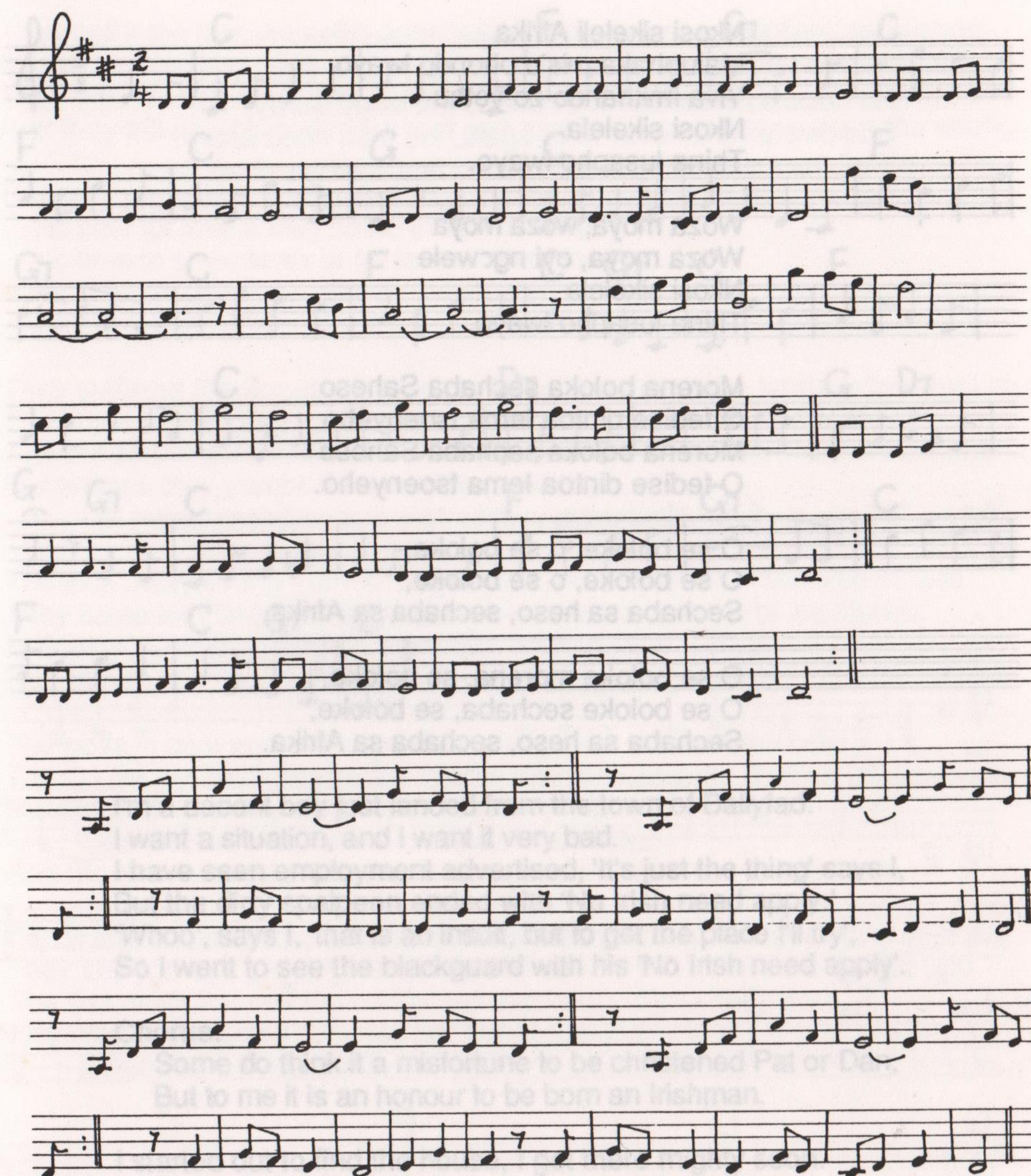
Wagon, tent or trailer born,
Last month, last year or in far off days.
Born here or a thousand miles away
There's always men nearby who'll say,

Born on the common by a building site
Where the ground was rutted by the trail of wheels
The local Christian said to me,
'You'll lower the price of property.'

Born at potato picking time
In a tent in a tatie field.
The farmer said 'The work's all done,
It's time that you was moving on.'

Born at the back of a hawthorn hedge
Where the frost lay on the ground.
No eastern kings came bearing gifts.
Instead the order came to shift.

Nkosi Sikelel'i Afrika



Nkosi Sikelel'i Afrika (continued)

Nkosi sikeleli Afrika
Maluphaka mis'u phondo lwayo
Yiva imithando zo yethu
Nkosi sikelela
Thina lusapho lwayo.

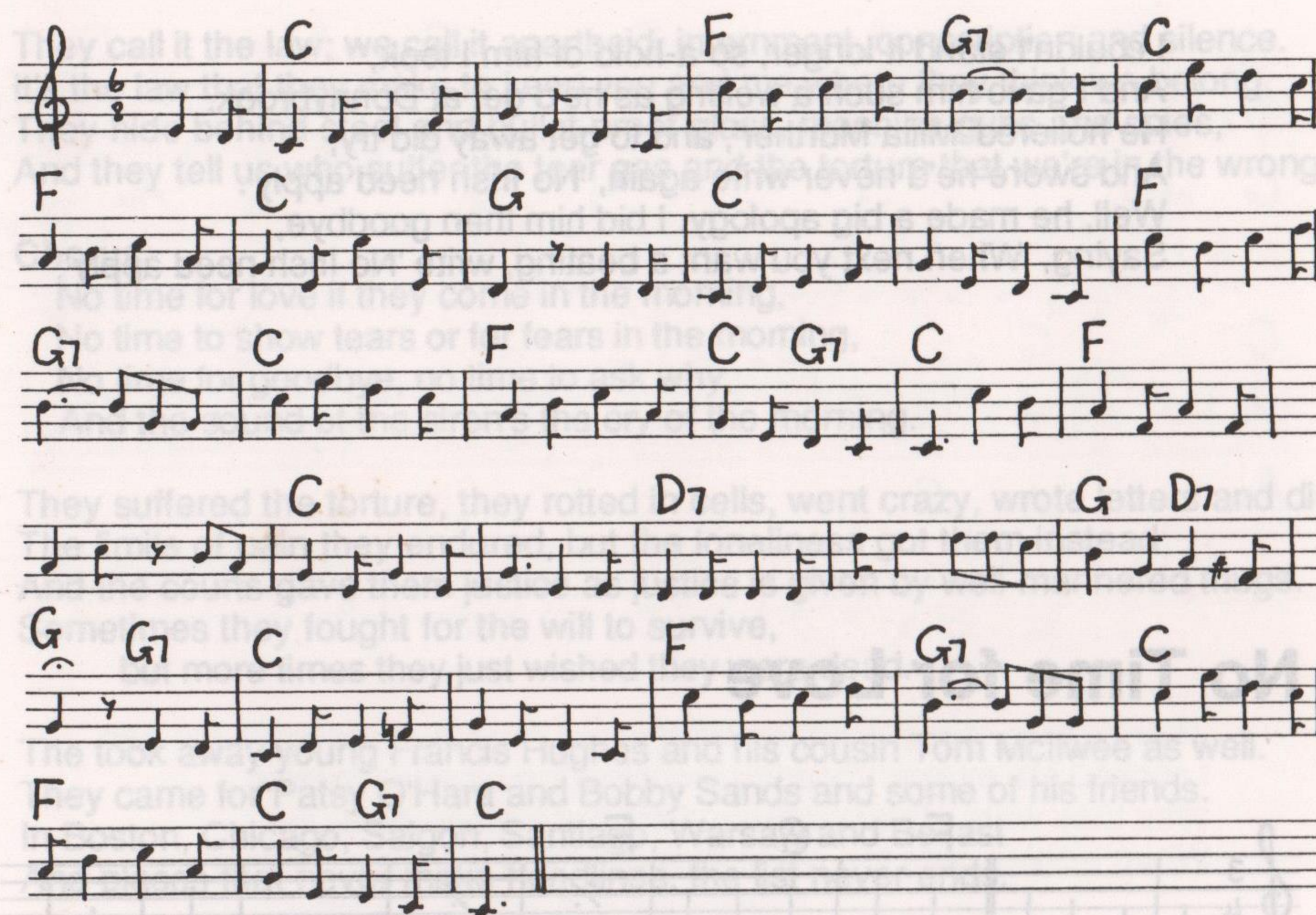
Woza moya, woza moya
Woza moya, oyi ngcwele
Nkosi sikelela
Thina lusapho lwayo.

Morena boloka sechaba Saheso
O fedise dintoa lema tsoenyeho
Morena boloka sechaba Saheso
O fedise dintoa lema tsoenyeho.

O se boloke, o se boloke,
O se boloke, o se boloke,
Sechaba sa heso, sechaba sa Afrika.

O se boloke morena, se boloke,
O se boloke sechaba, se boloke,
Sechaba sa heso, sechaba sa Afrika.

No Irish Need Apply



I'm a decent boy just landed from the town of Ballyfad.
I want a situation, and I want it very bad.
I have seen employment advertised, 'It's just the thing' says I,
But the dirty spalpeen ended with 'No Irish need apply.'
'Whoo', says I, 'that is an insult, but to get the place I'll try',
So I went to see the blackguard with his 'No Irish need apply'.

Chorus:

Some do think it a misfortune to be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honour to be born an Irishman.

I started out to find the house, I got there mighty soon.
I found the old chap seated, he was reading the Tribune.
I told him what I came for, when he in a rage did fly,
'No', he says, 'you are a Paddy, and no Irish need apply'.
Then I gets my dander rising, and I'd like to black his eye,
For to tell an Irish gentleman, 'No Irish need apply'.

No Irish Need Apply (continued)

I couldn't stand it longer, so a-hold of him I took,
And I gave him such a welting as he'd get at Donnybrook.
He hollered 'Milia Murther', and to get away did try,
And swore he'd never write again, 'No Irish need apply'.
Well, he made a big apology. I bid him then goodbye,
Saying, 'When next you want a beating, write 'No Irish need apply'.

No Time for Love

The musical score for 'No Time for Love' is written for guitar in 3/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: F, C, F, and then a double bar line. The second staff continues the melody with chords C, G, Am, C, F, and G. The third staff has chords F, C, F, and C. The fourth staff has chords Em, Am, C, F, G, F, and C. The fifth staff has chords G, C, F, and C. The sixth staff has chords Em, F, G, and C. The score ends with a double bar line.

No Time For Love (continued)

They call it the law; we call it apartheid, internment, conscription and silence.
It's the law that they make to keep you and me where they think we belong.
They hide behind steel and bullet-proof glass, machine guns and spies,
And they tell us who suffer the tear gas and the torture that we're in the wrong.

Chorus:

No time for love if they come in the morning,
No time to show tears or for fears in the morning,
No time for goodbye, no time to ask why,
And the sound of the siren's the cry of the morning.

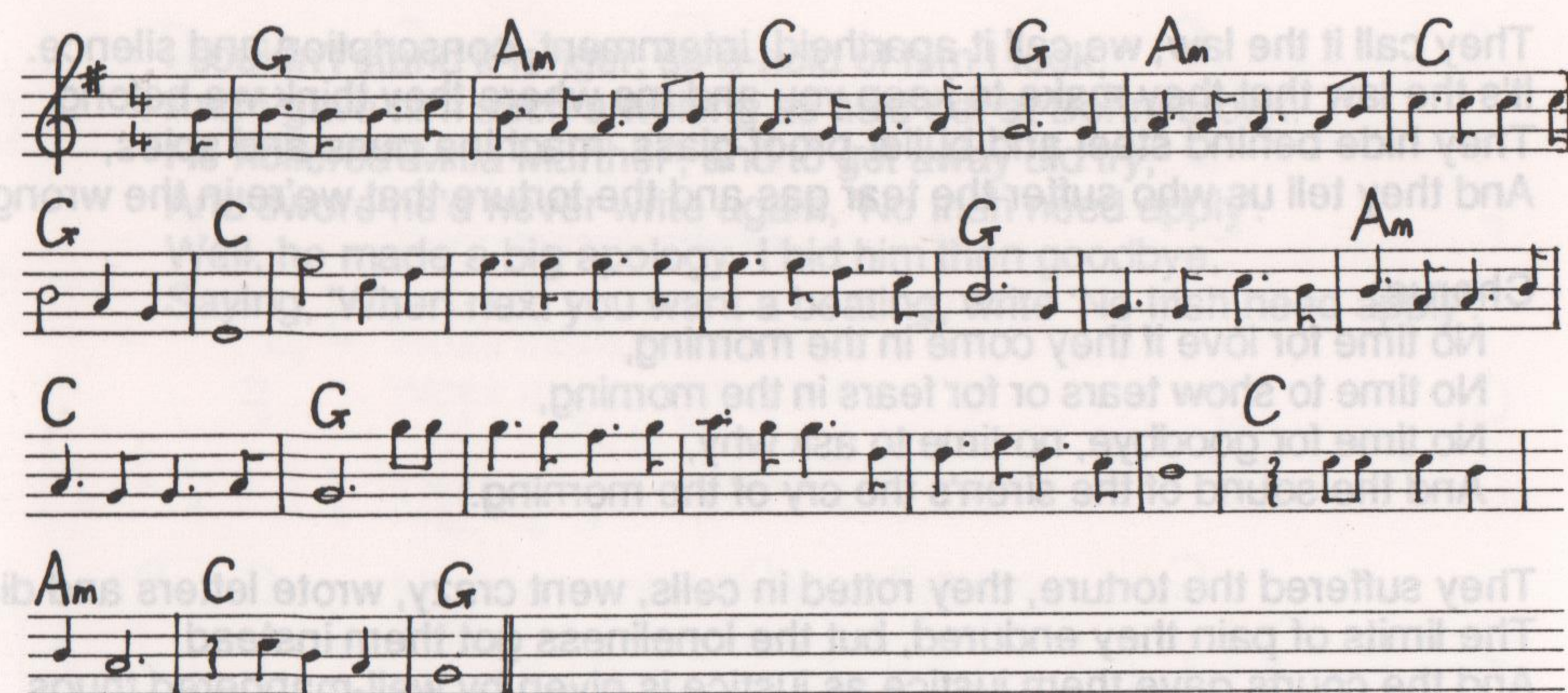
They suffered the torture, they rotted in cells, went crazy, wrote letters and died.
The limits of pain they endured, but the loneliness got them instead
And the courts gave them justice as justice is given by well-mannered thugs.
Sometimes they fought for the will to survive,
but more times they just wished they were dead.

The took away young Francis Hughes and his cousin Tom McIlwee as well.
They came for Patsy O'Hara and Bobby Sands and some of his friends.
In Boston, Chicago, Saigon, Santiago, Warsaw and Belfast
And places that never make headlines, the list never ends.

The boys in blue are only a few of the everyday cops on the beat,
The C.I.D., the Branchmen, the Blacks and the Gilmores do their jobs as well;
Behind them the men who tap phones,
take photos, programme computers and files
And the man who tells them when to come and take you to your cell.

Come all you people who give to your sisters and brothers the will to fight on,
They say you can get used to a war, that doesn't mean that the war isn't on.
The fish need the sea to survive just like your people need you
And the death squad can only get through to them
if first they can get through to you.

On the Bridge



There's thirty people on the bridge and they're standing in the rain.
I cocked me eye as I passed them by, they tried to explain,
Why they were standing there, I did not want to hear.
When trouble gets too close to home my anger turns to fear.

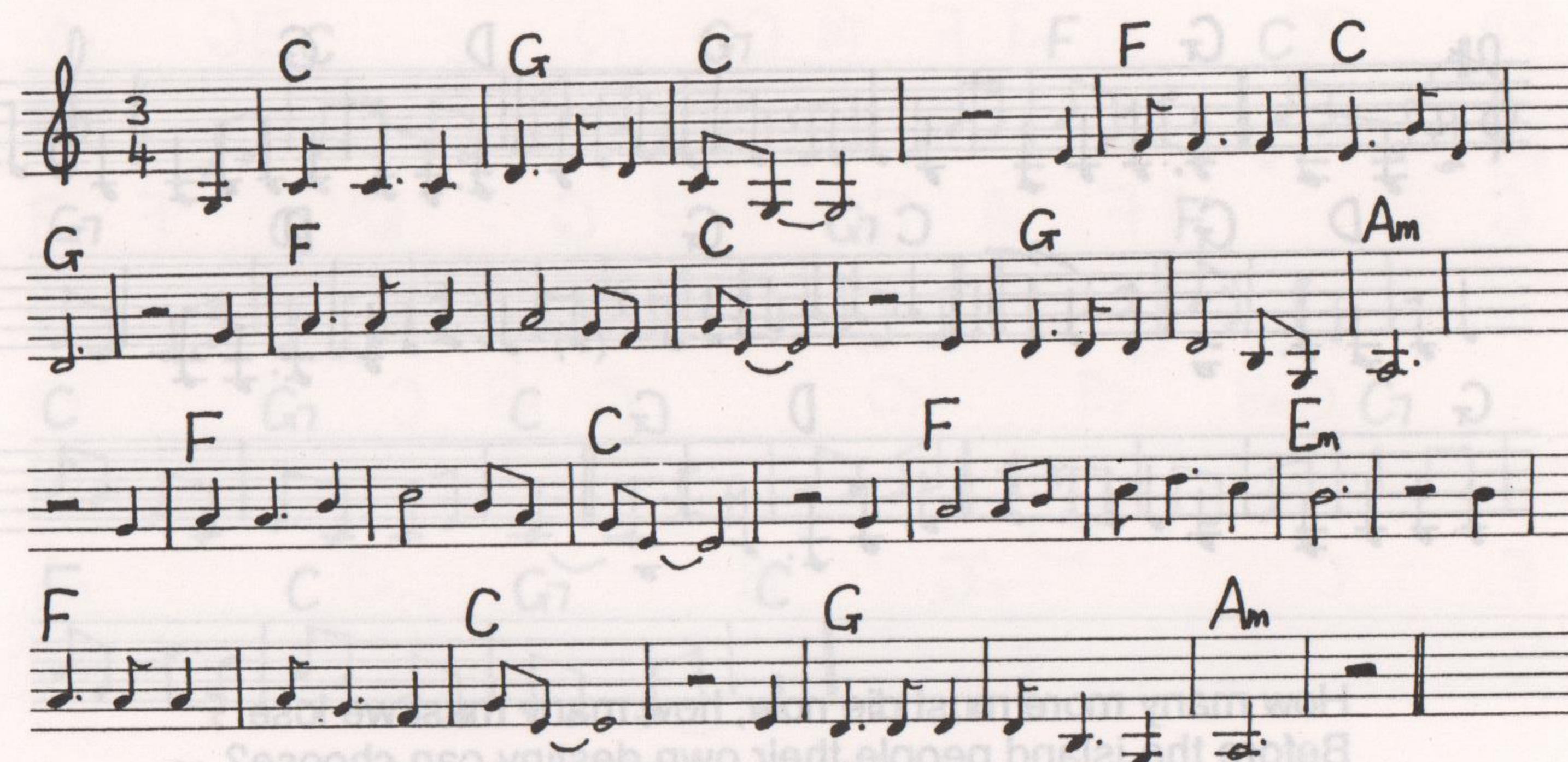
With my eyes turned to the ground I moved along.
I covered up my ears and I held my tongue.
The rain poured down relentlessly, upon the picket line,
And empty words fell from my lips, 'Your troubles are not mine'.

Chorus:

Though the rain it made the colours run,
The message it was plain.
Women are being strip searched in Armagh jail.

We kneel in adoration before effigies of stone,
Our eyes turned to heaven, blind to what's going on.
Six women hold a naked woman chained down on the floor,
Without trial or jury like a prisoner of war.

Only Our Rivers Run Free

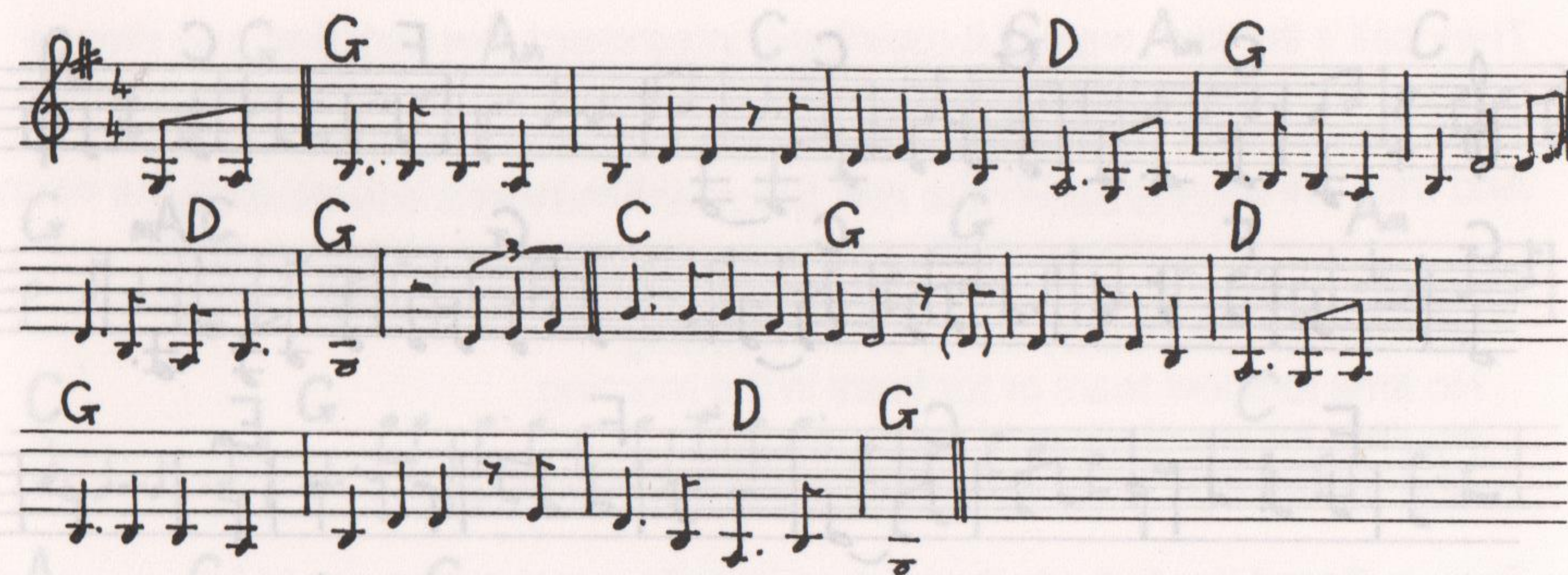


When apples still grow in November
When blossoms still grow from each tree
When leaves are still green in December,
It's then that our land will be free.
I wander her hills and her valleys
And still through my sorrow I see
A land that has never known freedom
And only her rivers run free.

I drink to the death of her manhood
Those men who would rather have died
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage
They'd bring back their rights where denied.
Oh, where are you now when we need you?
What burns where the flame used to be?
Are you gone like the snows of last winter
And will only our rivers run free?

How sweet is life, but we're crying
How mellow the wine, but we're dry
How fragrant the rose but it's dying
How gentle the wind, but it sighs.
What good is youth when it's ageing?
What joy is in eyes that can't see?
When sorrow and sadness have flowers
And still only our rivers run free.

The People's Own M.P.



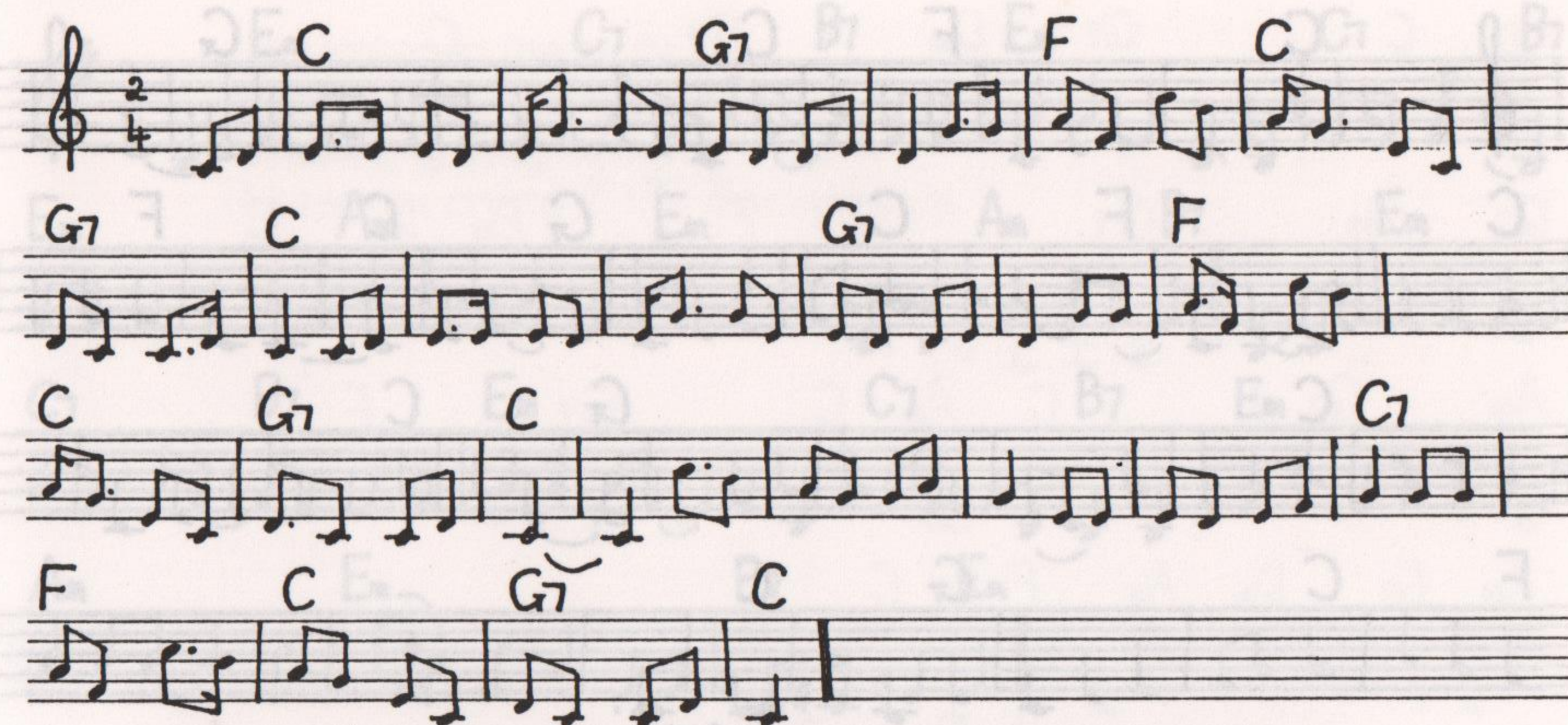
How many more must die now, how many must we lose
Before the island people their own destiny can choose?
From immortal Robert Emmet to Bobby Sands M.P.,
Who was given 30,000 votes while in captivity.
No more he'll hear the lark's sweet notes upon the Ulster air
Or gaze upon the snowflake pure to calm his deep despair.
Before he went on hunger strike young Bobby did compose
The rhythm of time, the weeping winds and the sleeping rose.

Chorus:

He was a poet and a soldier, he died courageously,
And we gave him 30,000 votes while in captivity.

Thomas Ashe gave everything in 1917;
The Lord Mayor of Cork McSweeney died his freedom to obtain.
Never a one of all our dead died more courageously than young
Bobby Sands from Twinbrook, the people's own M.P.
Forever we'll remember him, that man who died in pain
That his country North and South might be united once again.
To mourn him is organise and build a movement strong
With ballot box and armalite, with music and with song.

Rising of the Moon



Oh, then tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?
Hush, me buchall, hush and listen and his cheeks were all aglow,
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.

Chorus:

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon, A
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.

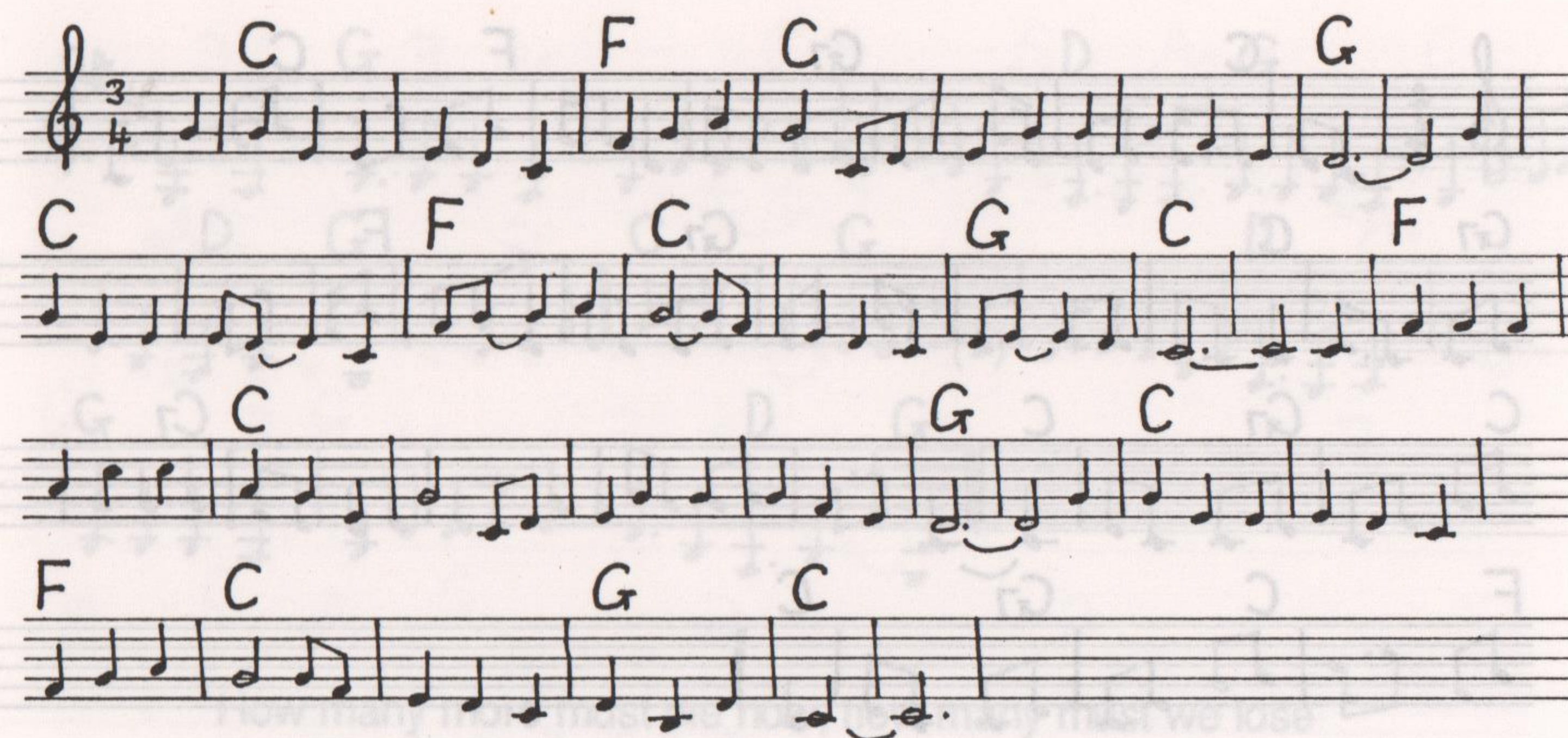
Oh then tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gathering is to be,
'In the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me.
One more word for signal token, whistle up the marching tune
With your pike on your shoulder, by the rising of the moon.'

Out from many a mudwall cabin eyes were watching through the night
Many a manly heart was throbbing for the blessed warning light
Murmurs passed along the valley like the banshee's lonely croon
And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men were seen
Far above the shining weapons hung their own beloved green
Death to every foe and traitor, forward strike the marching tune
And, hurrah, my boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon.

Well they fought for poor old Ireland and full bitter was their fate
Oh what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of ninety-eight
Yet, thank God, while hearts are beating in manhood's burning noon
We will follow in the footsteps at the rising of the moon.

Sergeant Where's Mine?



I'm lying in bed, I'm in room twenty-six,
And I'm thinking of things that I've done.
Like drinking with squaddies and bulling my bots
And counting the medals I've won.

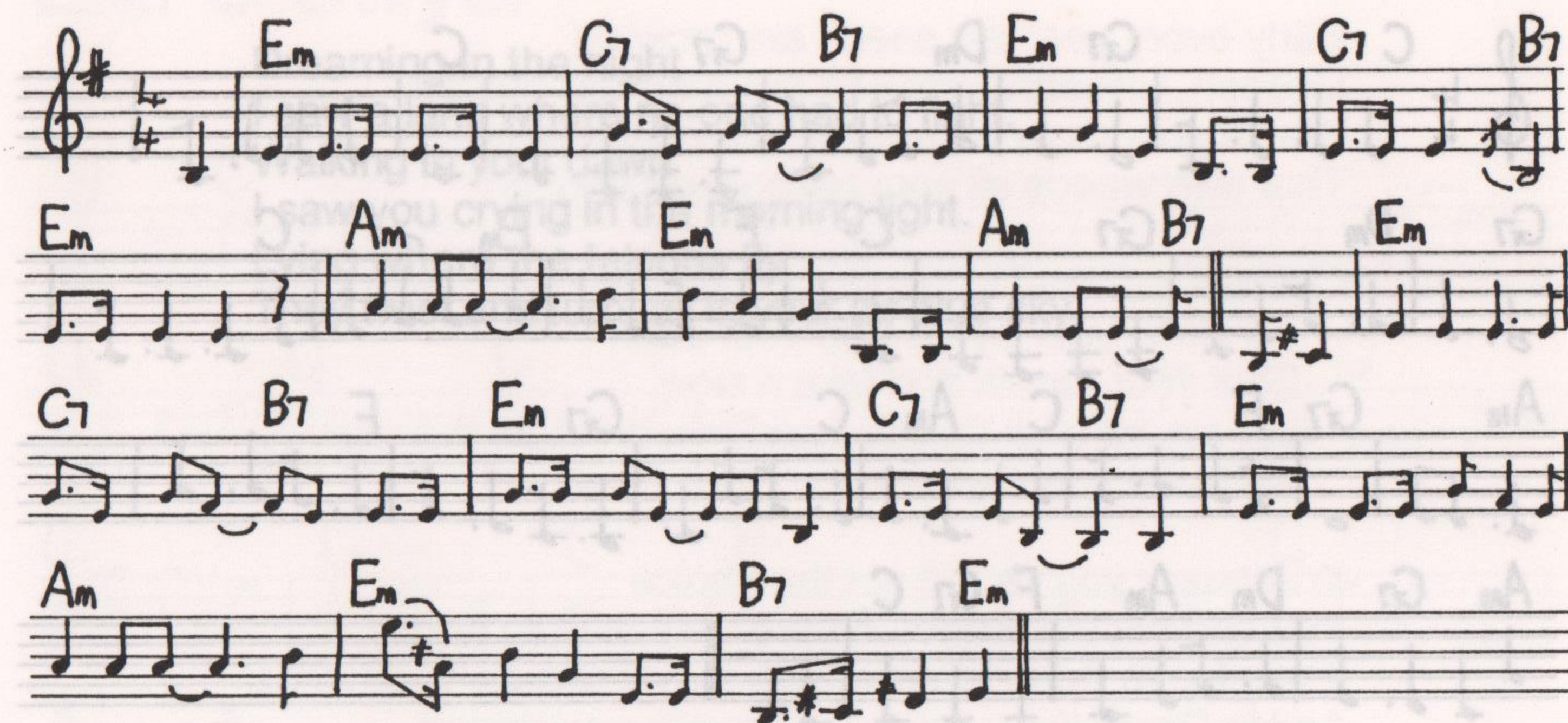
Chorus:

Oh sergeant is this the adventure you meant,
When I put my name down on the line.
You talked of computers and sunshine and skis,
Now I'm asking you, sergeant, where's mine ?

I've a brother in Dalston with long curly hair,
When I joined up he said I was daft.
He said shooting paddies just wasn't his game,
That brother of mine isn't soft.

I can put up with most things I've done in my life.
I can even put up with the pain.
But what can you do with a gun in your hand
When you're faced with hundred-odd wains.

Sixteen Tons



Now some people say a man's made out of mud
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood
Muscle and blood, skin and bones,
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

Chorus:

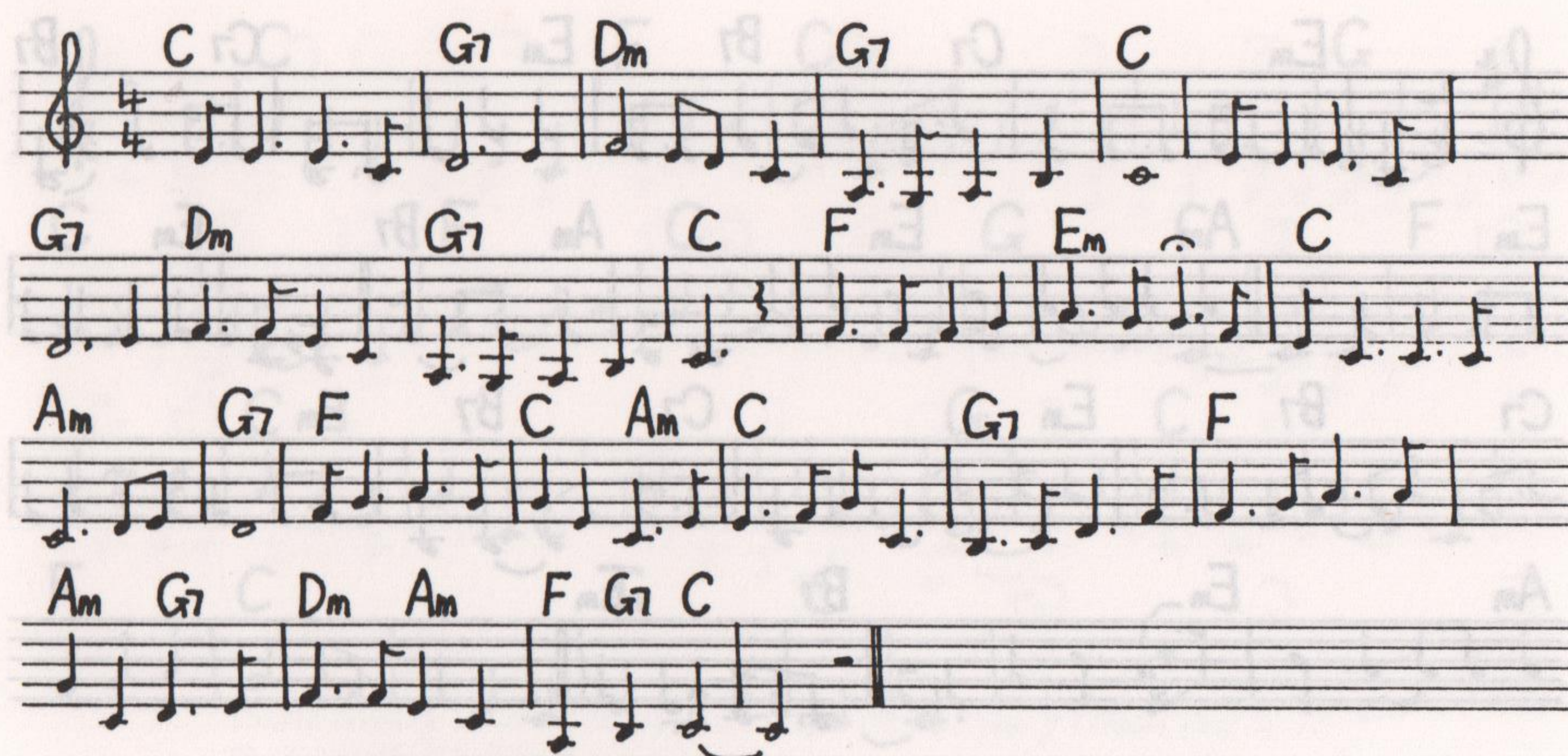
You load sixteen tons and what do you get ?
You get another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause can't go -
I owe my soul to the company store.

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss hollered 'Well, bless my soul'.

I was born one morning in the drizzling rain
Fighting and trouble are my middle names
I was raised in the bottoms by a momma hound
I'm mean as a dog, but I'm gentle as a lamb.

If you see me coming, you better step aside
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died
I got a fist of iron and a fist of steel
If the right one don't get you then the left one will.

Song for Ireland



Walking all the day
Near tall towers where falcons build their nests.
Silver winged they fly
They know the call of freedom in their breasts.
Saw Blackhead against the sky
Where twisted rocks run down to the sea.

Chorus:

Living on your western shore
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more.
I stood by your Atlantic sea
And sang a song for Ireland.

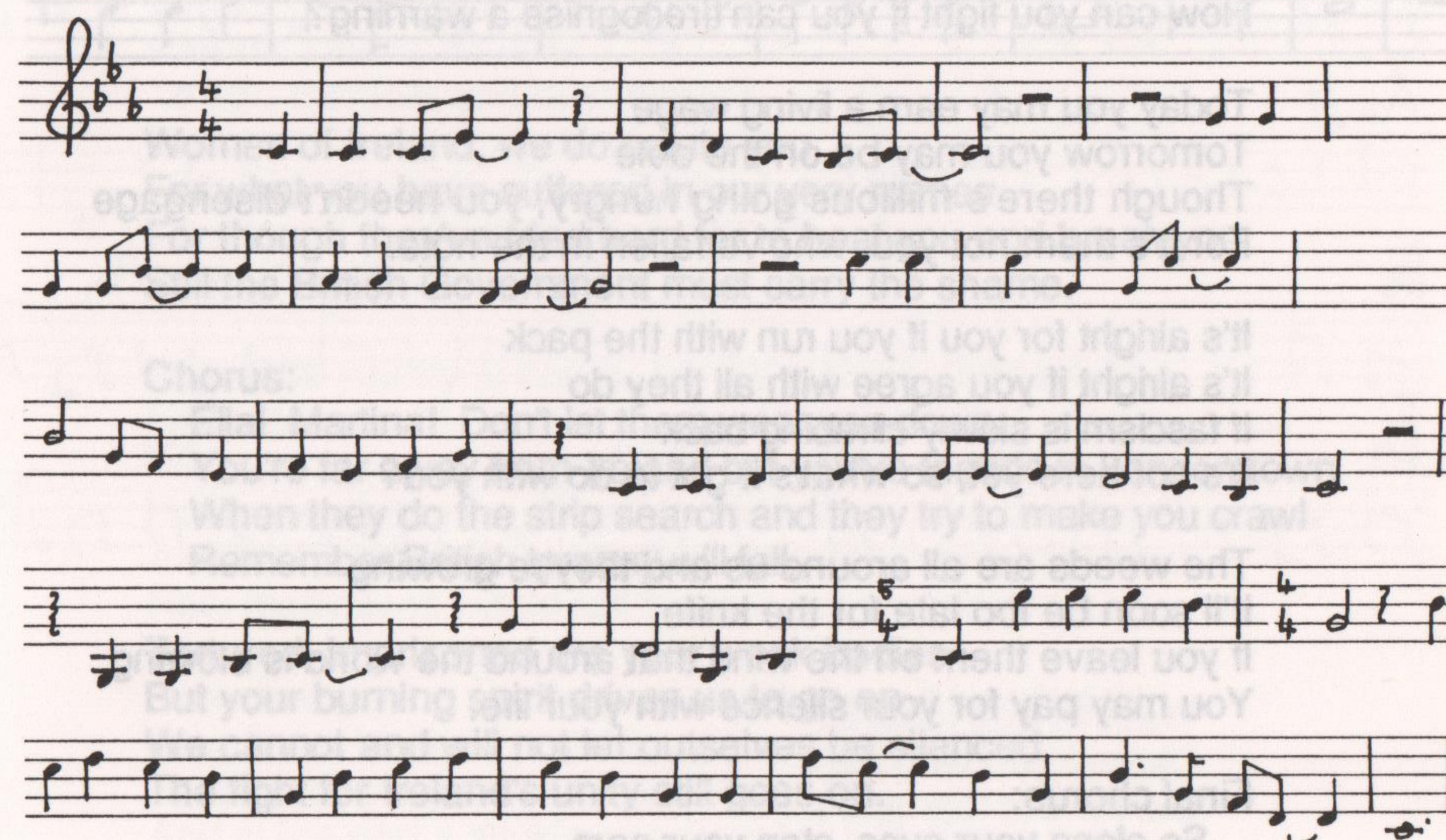
Talking all the day
With true friends who try to make you stay.
Telling jokes and news
Singing songs to pass the time away.
Watched the Galway salmon run
Like silver, dancing, darting in the sun.

Drinking all the day
In old pubs where fiddlers love to play.
Saw one touch the bow
He played a reel which seemed so grand and gay.
Stood on Dingle beach and cast
In wild foam we found Atlantic Bass

Song for Ireland (continued)

Dreaming in the night
I saw a land where no-one had to fight.
Walking in your dawn
I saw you crying in the morning light.
Lying where the falcons fly
They twist and turn, all in your air blue sky.

Song of Choice



Song of Choice (continued)

Early every year the seeds are growing
Unseen, unheard, they lie beneath the ground
Would you know before the leaves are showing
That with weeds all your garden will abound.

Chorus:

So close your eyes, stop your ears,
Shut your mouth and take it slow.
Let others take the lead and you bring up the rear,
And later you can say you didn't know.

In January you've still got the choice
You can cut the weeds before they start to bud
If you leave them to grow high they'll silence your voice.
And in December you may pay with your blood.

Ev'ry day another vulture takes flight
There's another danger born ev'ry morning
In the darkness of your blindness the heart will learn its bit
How can you fight if you can't recognise a warning?

Today you may earn a living wage
Tomorrow you may be on the dole
Though there's millions going hungry, you needn't disengage
For it's them not you, who've fallen in the hole.

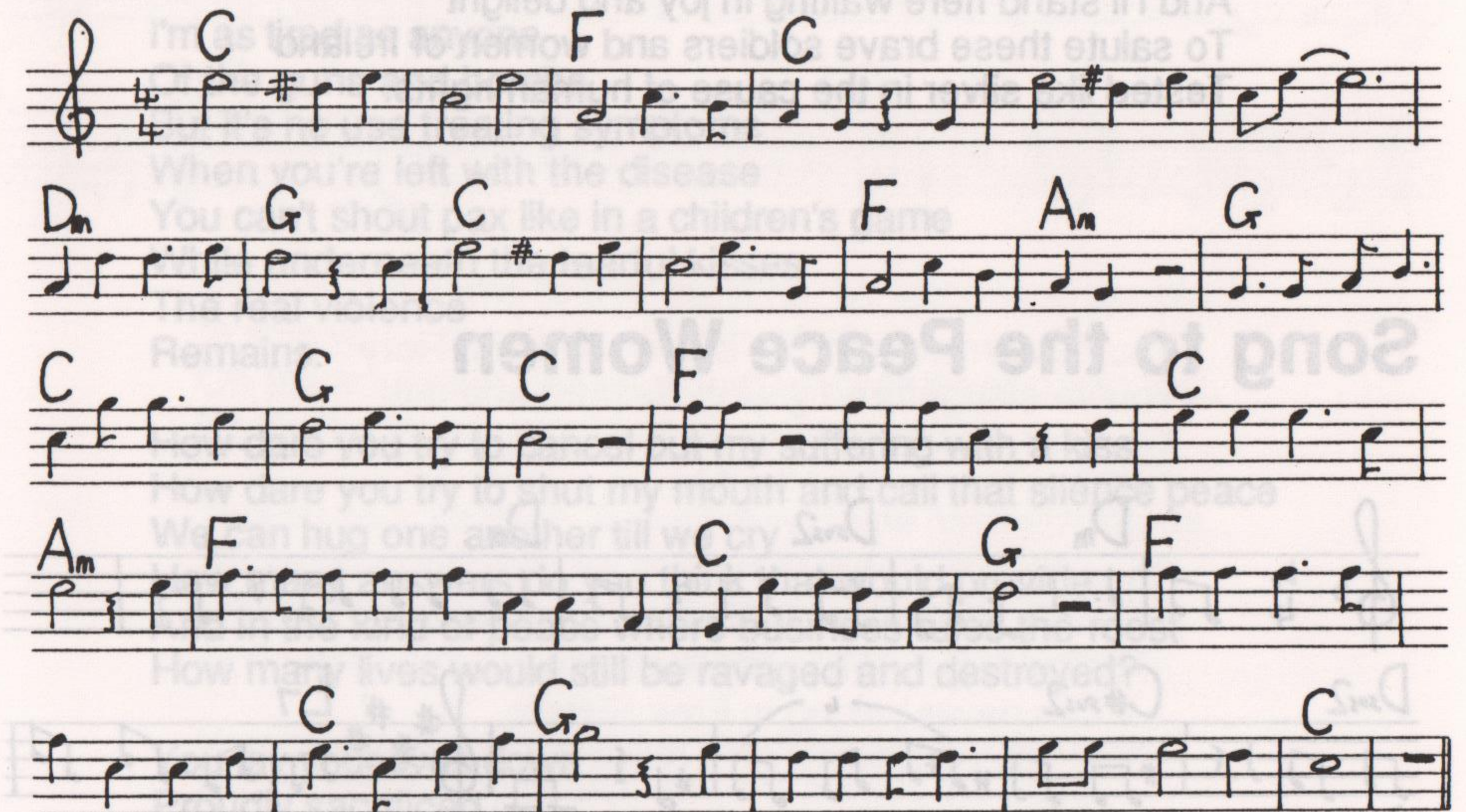
It's alright for you if you run with the pack
It's alright if you agree with all they do
If fascism is slowly climbing back
It's not here yet, so what's it got to do with you?

The weeds are all around us and they're growing
It'll soon be too late for the knife
If you leave them on the wind that around the world is blowing
You may pay for your silence with your life.

Final chorus:

So close your eyes, stop your ears,
Shut your mouth and never dare
And if it happens here they'll never come for you
Because they'll know you really didn't care.

Song for Martina Anderson and Ella O'Dwyer



Women of Ireland, we do salute you
For what you have suffered in our very names
For though they've tried hard for to beat you and break you
Still the British Government must carry the shame.

Chorus:

Ella! Martina! Don't let them wear you down
You're far away from Ireland but you've friends in London town
When they do the strip search and they try to make you crawl
Remember British tyranny will fall.

Tortured, imprisoned are your weak bodies
But your burning spirit drives us to go on
We cannot and will not let ourselves be silenced
The fight for Ireland's unity still goes on.

Their latest ploy is their constant strip searches
To break you and bring you down onto your knees
But just like the phoenix you rise up from the ashes
Defiantly resisting the collaborator's pleas.

Song for Martina Anderson and Ella O'Dwyer (cont)

The day it will come when these doors they will open
And I'll stand here waiting in joy and delight
To salute these brave soldiers and women of Ireland
Tested like silver in the cause of human rights.

Song to the Peace Women

Musical notation for the song 'Song to the Peace Women'. The notation is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The melody is written on the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: Dm, Dsus2, Dm, Dsus2, C#sus2, E7, Amaj7, G#m, A7, Dm, Bb, Gm, Am, Bb, C, Bb, Am, Dm, Gm, Am, Bb, C, Bb, Am.

Was my son tortured?
Did my husband die?
Did I live in fear and terror
All these seven years or more
Just 'cos we would not accept each others' God?
If we sing each others' hymns now
Do you think
The problem's solved?

Song to the Peace Women (continued)

I'm as tired as anyone
Of the guns and bombs
But it's no use treating symptoms
When you're left with the disease
You can't shout pax like in a children's game
While underneath the tearful kisses
The real violence
Remains.

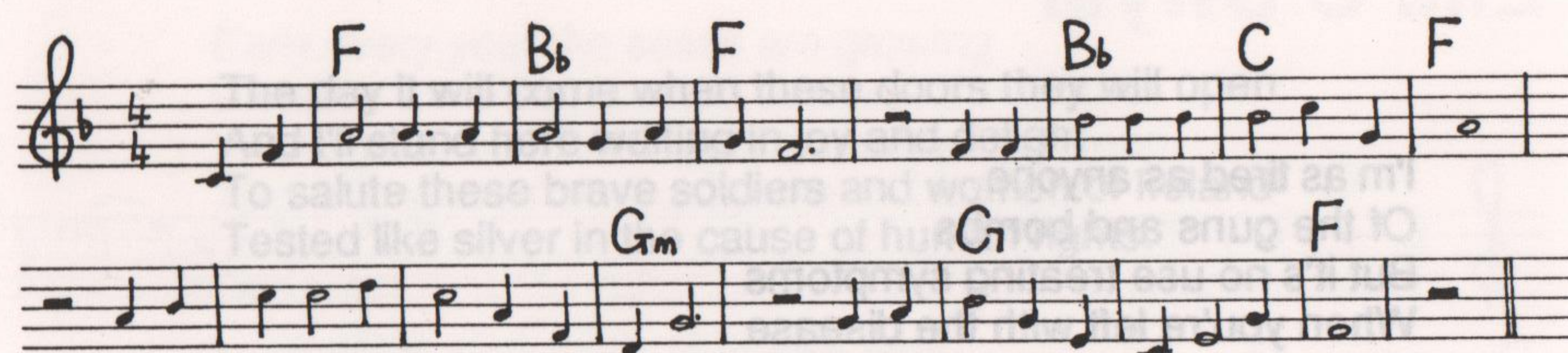
How dare you try to cancel out my suffering with a kiss
How dare you try to shut my mouth and call that silence peace
We can hug one another till we cry
How many answers do you think that would provide
And in the kind of peace where business rules the roost
How many lives would still be ravaged and destroyed?

You lay your lives down
Proudly sacrificed
To you menfolk and their bosses
Can you wonder that they smile?
I wouldn't say it was heroic in the least
To attempt to get through life
By putting blinkers on your eyes.

How dare you try to cancel out my suffering with a kiss
How dare you try to shut my mouth and call that silence peace
We can hug one another till we cry
How many answers do you think that would provide
And in the kind of peace where business rules the roost
How many lives would still be ravaged and destroyed?

How dare you all condemn me to the way it was before
To a life of insecurity, red hands and wrinkled face
To a fight for survival day by day
And in the end a stinking pension for a lifetime's pay
And in a world where good investment rules the roost
Mine is just another life to spend and throw away.

Take It Down from the Mast



You have murdered our brave Liam and Rory
 You've slaughtered young Richard and Joe
 Your hands with their blood are all gory
 Fulfilling the work of the foe.

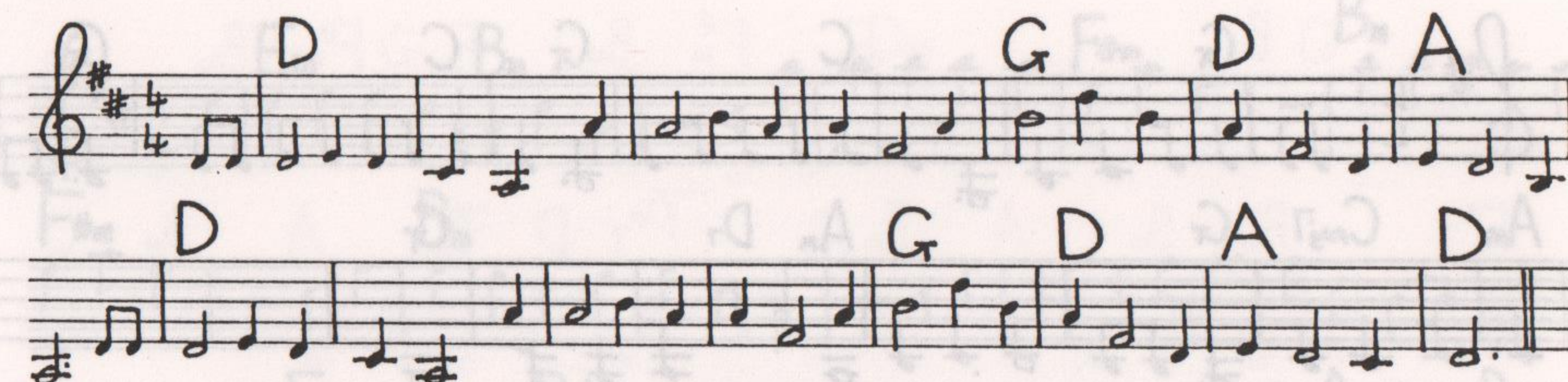
Chorus:

Take it down from the mast, Irish traitors,
 It's the flag we Republicans claim,
 It can never belong to Free Staters
 For you've brought on it nothing but shame

We stand with Sean and with Fergal
 With McGrath and Russell so bold.
 We'll break down the English connection
 And bring back the nation you've sold.

So leave it to those who are willing
 To uphold it in war and in peace,
 The men who intend to defend it
 Till England's tyrannies cease

Troops Out Song



Now you've come to this meeting, so listen kind people,
 I'll sing you a song with an Irish refrain.
 Oh the trouble in Belfast would be over there damn fast,
 If only the troops would go back home again.

Twenty-four years in August they came here among us.
 Some brought them for supper in out of the rain.
 Oh they must have been barmy, to welcome the army,
 And I wish that the troops would go back home again.

You go down for a wander, they're there at the corner,
 Hands up till they search you, it's always the same.
 I've done it that often my heads going soft,
 And I wish that the troops would go back home again.

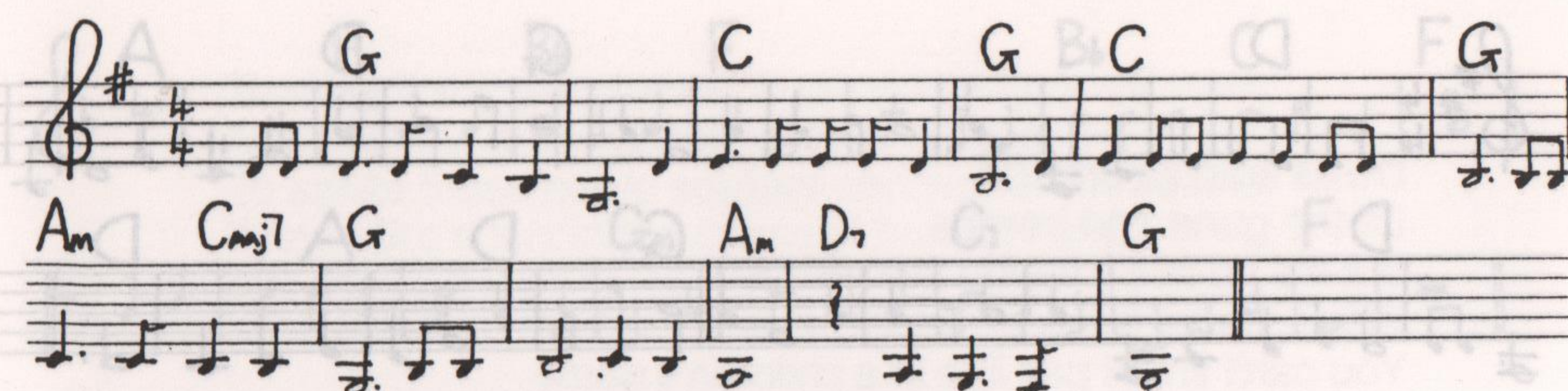
Each four months they come over, be they drunk or sober,
 On peace keeping duties the Government claims.
 Far better at looting and poor people shooting,
 I wish that the troops would go back home again.

Join up with the hope of adventure and travel,
 Black Watch and the Gloucesters, the Paras the same.
 With black dirt in the faces, the exotic places
 They see is damn few till they're back home again.

They go down to the border, come back a few shorter,
 No palm trees and surfing down by Crossmaglen.
 By shadow they're haunted and they know they're not wanted
 And all wish to b'jeezus they were back home again.

So come every soldier, be sure I have told you,
 The people in this country hold you for to blame.
 If it's flying or rowing, as long as you're going,
 And never come back to old Ireland again.

Victor Jara



Victor Jara of Chile, he lived like a shooting star.
He fought for the people of Chile, with his songs and his guitar.

Chorus:

And his hands were gentle, his hands were strong.

Victor Jara was a peasant, he worked from a few years old.
He sat upon his fathers plough, and he watched the earth unfold.

When the neighbours had a wedding, or one of their children died,
His mother sang all night for them, with Victor by her side.

He grew to be a fighter against the peoples wrongs.
He listened to their grief and joy and he turned them into songs.

He sang about the copper miners, and those who worked the land.
He sang for the factory workers, they knew he was their man.

He campaigned for Allende, working night and day.
He sang 'Take hold of your brothers hand, the future begins today'.

The bloody Generals siezed Chile, they arrested Victor then.
They caged him in a stadium with five thousand frightened men.

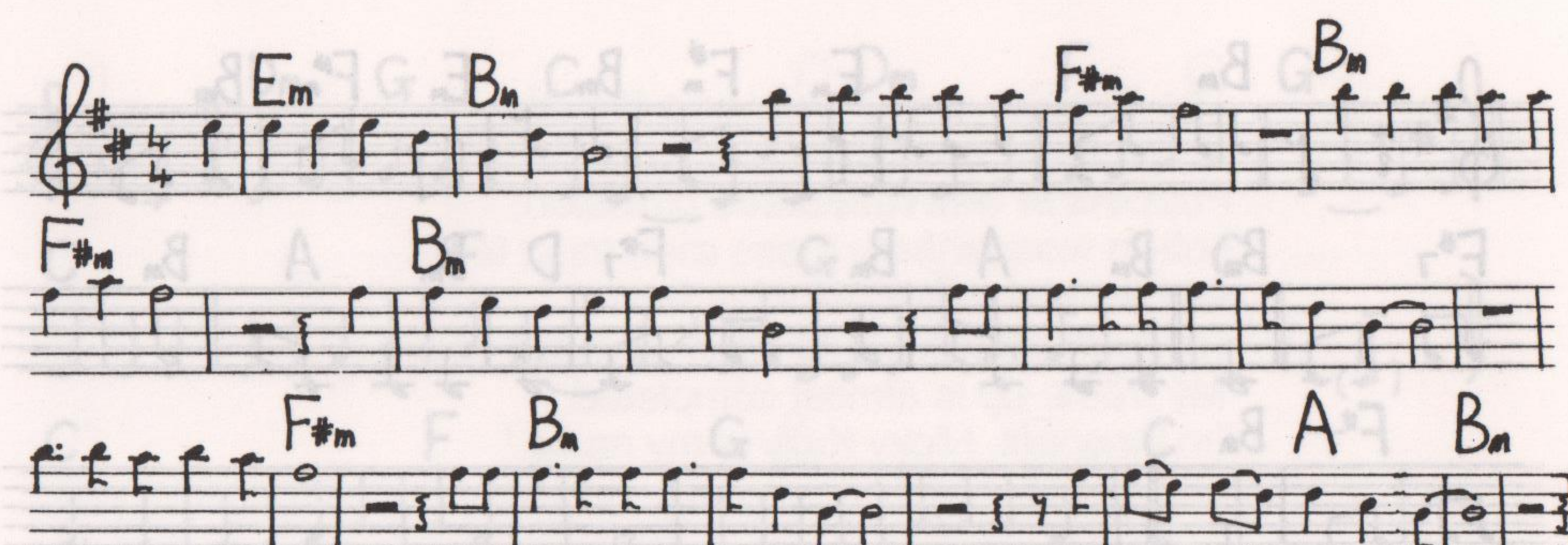
Victor stood in the stadium, his voice was brave and strong.
He sang for his fellow prisoners until the guards cut short his song.

They broke the bones in both his hands, they beat his lovely head.
They tore him with electric shocks. After two long days they shot him dead.

Now the Generals rule Chile, and the British have their thanks,
For they rule with Hawker Hunters, and they rule with Chieftan tanks.

Victor Jara of Chile, he lived like a shooting star.
He fought for the people of Chile, with his songs and his guitar.

We Won't Be Kept Down Easy



On Belfast streets I've heard it said
They're shooting little children dead
They're taking lives hardly begun
With plastic bullets from their guns.

Chorus:

We won't be kept down easy
We will not be still
We won't be kept down easy
For all they maim and kill.

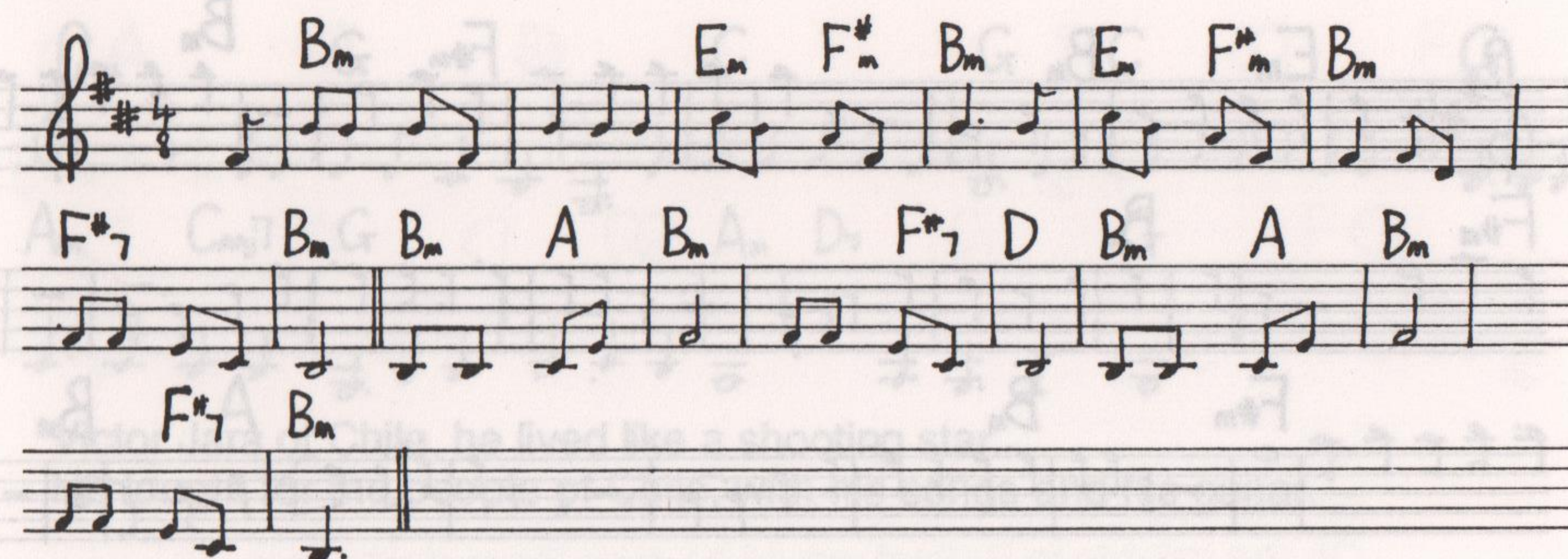
They try to drive us from our streets
By taking lives so young and sweet
They may not know we'll not be beat
Their violence is their own defeat.

They try to make us toe the line
By using every type of crime
But freedom won't be terrorised
Nor freedom struggle criminalised.

Young Carol Ann, twelve years of age,
Shot down by Brits in bloody rage
Wee Julie Livingstone as well
Fell victim to their plastic hell.

In August nineteen eight-nine
Another child was lying dying
Seamus Duffy must be the last
Plastic bullet death in Belfast.

Which Side Are You On



Chorus:

Come all you good workers, good news to you I'll tell,
Of how the good old union, has come in here to dwell.

Chorus:

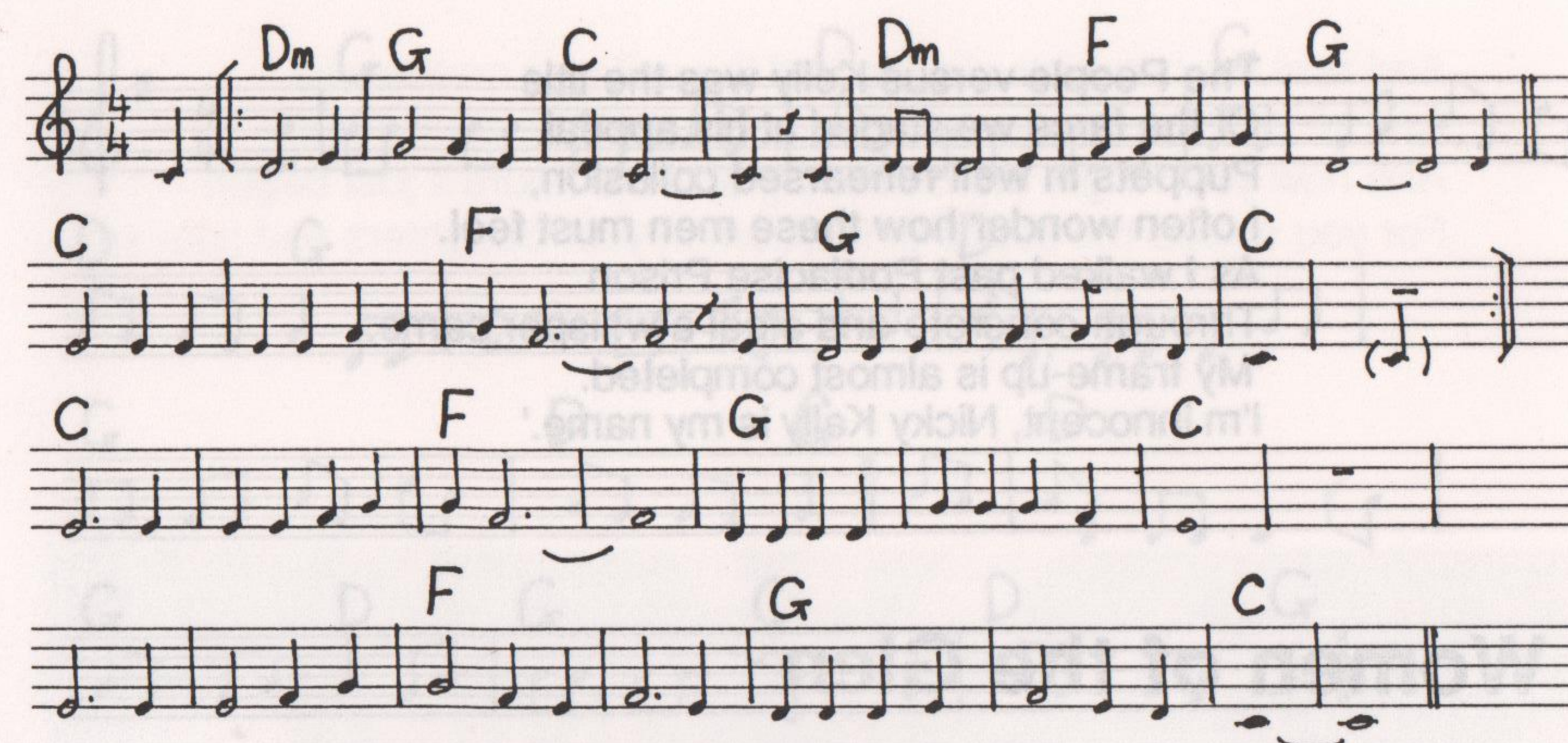
Which side are you on ? Which side are you on ?
Which side are you on ? Which side are you on ?

My daddy was a miner, and I'm a miner's son,
And I'll stick with the union, till ev'ry battle's won.

They say in Harlan County, there are no neutrals there;
You'll either be a union man, or a thug for J.H.Blair.

Don't scab for the bosses, don't listen to their lies.
Us poor folks haven't got a chance unless we organise.

Wicklow Boy



As I walked past Portlaoise Prison,
'I'm innocent,' a voice was heard to say.
'My frame-up is almost completed.
My people all look the other way.'
Seven years ago his torture started,
A forced confession he was made to sign.
Young Irish men specially trained and chosen
Were on the heavy gang that made him run the line.
Others in the Bridewell heard him screaming.
Even prison doctors could see
His injuries were not self-inflicted.
Those who tipped the scales did not agree.

Chorus:

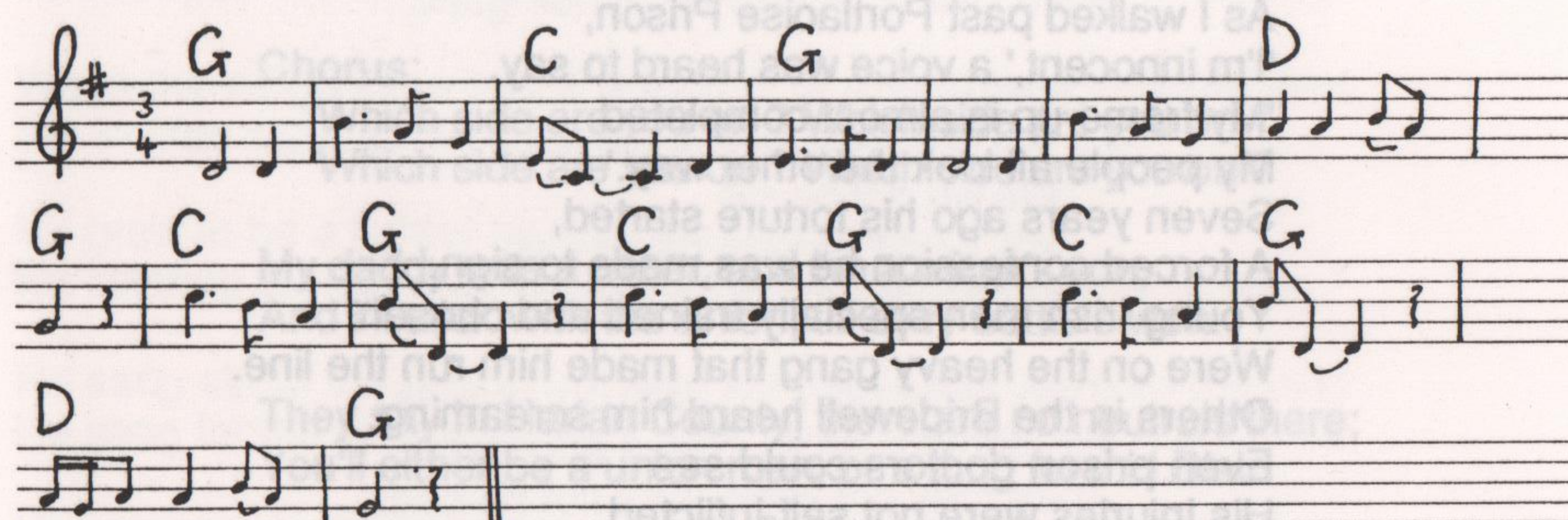
Give the Wicklow boy his freedom,
Give him back his liberty,
Or are we going to leave him in chains
While those who framed him hold the key?

Deprived of human rights by his own people,
Sickened by injustice he jumped bail,
In the Appalachian Mountains found a welcome
Till his co-accused were both released from jail.
He came back home expecting to get justice,
Special Branch took him from the plane.
For five years we've deprived him of his freedom.
The guilty jeer the innocent again.

Wicklow Boy (continued)

The People versus Kelly was the title
Of the farce we staged at his appeal.
Puppets in well rehearsed collusion,
I often wonder how these men must feel.
As I walked past Portlaoise Prison
Through concrete and steel a whisper came,
'My frame-up is almost completed.
'I'm innocent, Nicky Kelly is my name.'

Women of the Glen



Mhathain a' ghlinne so
Mhathain a' ghlinne so
Mhathain a' ghlinne so
'S mithich dhuibh eirigh.

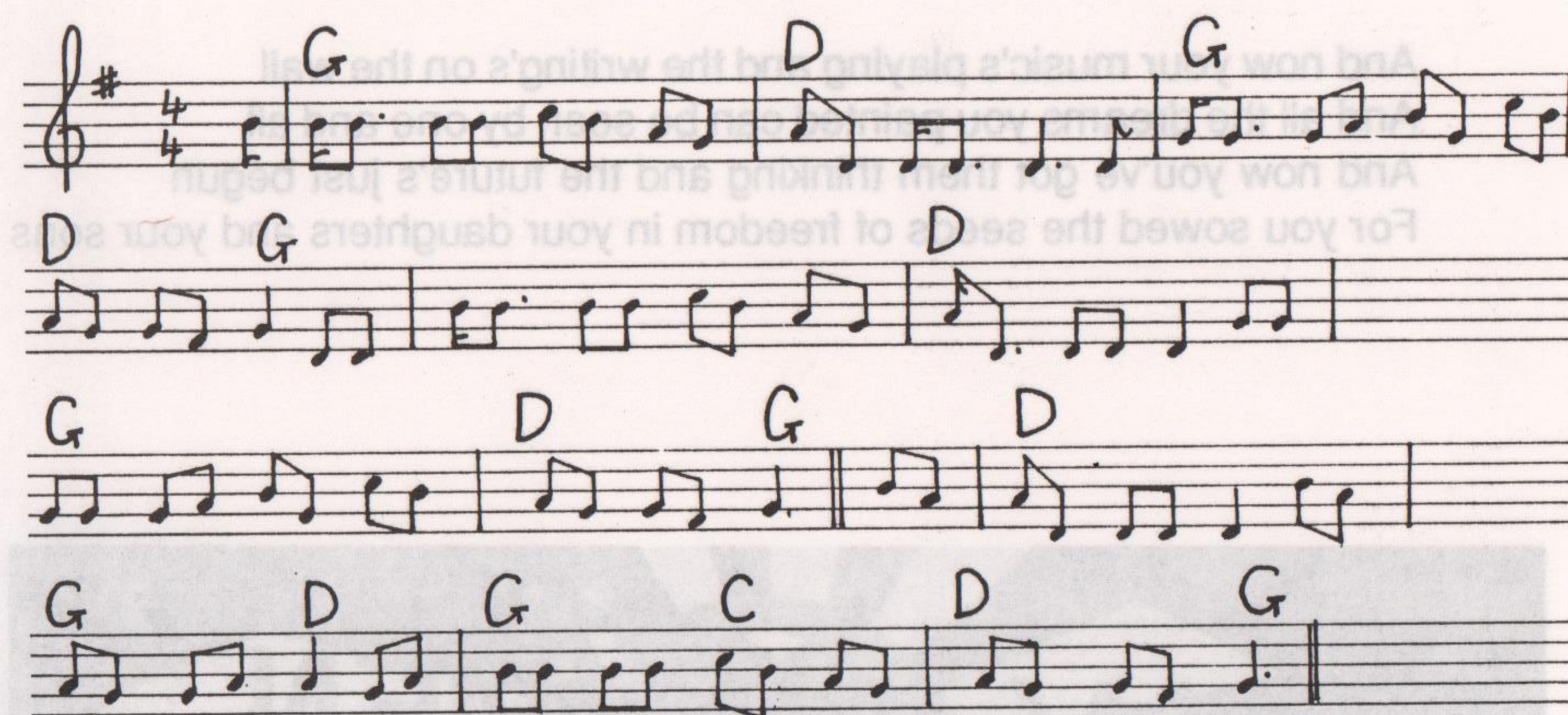
They put you down, they put you down,
They did not lift you up again.
They put you down, they put you down,
In the dirt beside the wall.

Tha'n crobh air am bleoghan
Tha'n crobh air am bleoghan
Tha'n crobh air am bleoghan
S'na fir air an reubadh.

Women of this glen
Women of this glen
Women of this glen
It is time you were up.

Leag ian thu leag iad thu
O cha do thog iad thu
Lrad iad thu leag iad thu
In eabar a' gharaidh.

Your Daughters and Your Sons



They wouldn't hear your music and they tore your paintings down
They wouldn't read your writing and they banned you from the town
But they couldn't stop your dreaming and the vict'ry you had won
For you sowed the seeds of freedom in your daughters and your sons.

Chorus:

In your daughters and your sons, in your daughters and your sons
For you sowed the seeds of freedom in your daughters and your sons.
(The second line of the chorus is the last line of the previous verse.)

The weary smile that proudly hides the chain marks on your hands
As you bravely try to realise the rights of ev'ry one
And though your body's bent a vict'ry you have won
For you sowed the seeds of justice in your daughters and your sons.

I don't know your religion but one day I heard you pray
For a world where ev'ry one can work and children can play
And though you never got your share of the fruits that you have won
You sowed the seeds of equality in your daughters and your sons.

They tortured you in Belfast and they tortured you in Spain
And in the Warsaw Ghetto where they tied you up in chains
In Vietnam and Chile when they came with tanks and guns
It's there you sowed the seeds of peace in your daughters and your sons

Your Daughters and Your Sons (continued)

And now your music's playing and the writing's on the wall
And all the dreams you painted can be seen by one and all
And now you've got them thinking and the future's just begun
For you sowed the seeds of freedom in your daughters and your sons

