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## **We've sung a thousand song of peace**

We've sung a thousand songs of peace, and we will sing ten thousand more,  
for how can we be silent, when the guns still roar

### **We will remember: Testimony**

#### **A sop and alto**

1. We will remember, we who walk alone, our hearts are troubled  
but we remember, mmm  
mmm
2. We will remember, we who still survive, we still survive, but we, remember, mmm  
mmm

#### **B sop and alto**

1. We will remember, we who walk alone, our hearts are troubled  
still troubled, but we remember, mmm mmm  
We will remember, we who still survive, we will survive, and we remember, mmm  
mmm

### **Suggested order of singing:**

1. Bass alone starts A;
2. Bass, Alto, Sop sing A (verses 1 and 2);
3. All sing A;
4. All sing B;
5. All sing A;
6. Bass and tenor sing A;
7. Bass alone sings.

### **A Tenor and Bass**

Qui-a de-fe-cer-unt sic-ut  
fum-us dies tu-i  
x8 for tenor,  
x2 for bass

### **B Tenor and Bass**

same lyrics as for sop and alto

Quia de fecerunt sicut fumus  
dies tui - For your days have vanished like smoke

*English text based on ideas from the poem 'Children of Rwanda' by Rev. Francois Murenzi*

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## Songs for IBMT Concert

### (En El Pozo) Maria Luisa

*Castillan version:*

En el pozo Maria Luisa la la  
la ... (bis)  
Murieron cuatro mineros  
Mira, mira Maruxiña , mira  
Mira como vengo yo!

Traigo la camisa roja la la  
la... (bis)  
De sangre de un compañero  
Mira, mira Maruxiña, mira  
Mira como vengo yo!

Traigo la cabeza rota la la  
la... (bis)  
Que me la rompio un barreno  
Mira, mira Maruxiña, mira  
Mira como vengo yo!

Me cago en los capataces la la  
la ... (bis)  
Accionistas y esquiroles  
Mira, mira Maruxiña , mira  
Mira como vengo yo!

Mañana son los entierros, la la  
la la la la.... (bis)  
.De esos pobres compañeros  
Mira, mira Maruxiña, mira

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Mira como vengo yo! *rpt v 1*

### Asikhatali - Palestine

**All:** Ah see ka tar (le), no mar  
si bosh (wa),  
See see mise ay ling koo loo  
lay ko (x2)  
Oon zee ma lung twa lo,  
Oo foo na ma do da, (x2)

**Sop:** We are the children of  
Palestine, and it's for freedom  
that were fighting now

*Chorus after verse 2:*

**All:** A heavy load, a heavy  
load, A it will take some real  
strength

**Sop+Altos:** We're not afraid  
of the prison walls, It is for  
freedom that we go now.

**Sop+Alt+Ten:** They took our  
land and they took our homes,  
how much longer will they  
bleed us

**All:** In Gaza they shot us  
down, but we shall rise up  
united.

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### Deep Blue Sea;

1. Deep blue sea, baby, deep  
blue sea, x3  
We want peace in all the lands  
and o'er deep blue sea

2. Sleep my child, you are  
safe and sound, x3  
for we'll have peace in all the  
lands and o'er deep blue sea

3. Still today war clouds hang  
so low, x3  
but we want peace in all the  
lands and o'er deep blue sea

4. Love of life's gonna turn  
the tide, x3  
Yes we want peace in all the  
lands and o'er deep blue sea

### \* Foolish Notion – Core song

*Chorus:*

Why do we kill people who  
are killing people to show that  
killing people is wrong,  
what a foolish notion that war  
is called devotion,

15

When the greatest warriors  
are the ones who stand for  
peace.

1. War toys are growing  
stronger, the problems stay  
the same.

The young ones join the army  
while general 'what's his  
name'

is feeling full of pride that the  
army will provide but does he  
ask himself.....*Chorus:*

2. Death row is growing  
longer, the problems stay the  
same,

The poor ones get thrown in  
prison while warden 'what's  
his name'

is feeling justified, but when  
will he be tried for never  
asking.....*Chorus*

### I Aint Afraid - Holly Near

Intro: I ain't afraid, I ain't  
afraid

1. I ain't afraid of your Allah,  
I ain't afraid of your Yahweh  
I ain't afraid of your Jesus,

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## **La Danse des Bombes**

*Louise Michel, avril 1871,  
version de Michèle Bernard*

*Each verse builds up to a  
crescendo at end*

1, Oui barbare je suis  
Oui j'aime le canon  
La mitraille dans l'air  
Amis, amis, dansons.

refrain  
La danse des bombes  
Garde à vous! Voici les lions!  
Le tonnerre de la bataille  
gronde sur nous  
Amis chantons, amis dansons  
La danse des bombes  
Garde à vous! Voici les lions!  
Le tonnerre de la bataille  
gronde sur nous  
Amis chantons !

2. L'acre odeur de la poudre  
qui se mêle à l'encens.  
Ma voix frappant la voûte  
et l'orgue qui perd ses temps.

(refrain) la danse des bombes

3. La nuit est écarlate.

4

Trempez-y vos drapeaux  
Aux enfants de Montmartre,  
la victoire ou le tombeau !  
Aux enfants de Montmartre,  
la victoire ou le tombeau !

(en canon)  
Oui barbare je suis,  
Oui j'aime le canon,  
Oui, mon cœur je le jette à la  
révolution !

refrain

Oui, mon cœur je le jette à la  
révolution !

Yes, savage that I am  
I love the canons  
With shot raining down  
friends, friends, lets dance

Chorus

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## **Songs for Peace Event concert on 15<sup>th</sup> November**

**Blood and gold**  
**Both sides now**  
**Bringing peace is on our  
shoulders**

**Deep blue sea**  
**Foolish notion**  
**I ain't afraid**  
**We are not just against the  
fighting, we are for Peace,**  
**We've sung a thousand songs  
of peace**  
**We will remember**  
**(Testimony)**  
**Only Remembered (to be sung  
by male choir)**

## **Blood and Gold**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ch.

4. Unfurl your ragged banner  
and raise your pale young  
face,

You'll all go in the fire,  
there'll be no hiding place  
O Mother, hear the drumbeat  
in the village square  
O Mother, that drum's for me  
to go a soldier there

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

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## Jarama

1. **All:** There's a valley in Spain called Jarama,  
It's a place that we all know so well.  
For 'twas there that we gave of our manhood,  
And most of our brave comrades fell.

2. **Unison:** We are proud of our British Battalion,  
And the stand for Madrid that they made,  
For they fought like true sons of the people,  
As part of the fifteenth brigade.

3. **Women:** With the rest of the International column  
In the fight for the freedom of Spain  
They swore in the valley of Jarama  
That fascism never should reign

4. **All:** We have left that dark valley for ever

6

But its memory we ne'er shall forget  
So before we move on to our future  
Let us stand to our glorious dead.

## Nkosi Sikelela

1. Nko-si si-ke-lel' i-A-fri-ka  
Ma-lu-pha-kan-yi-sw'u-pho-ndo lwa-yo  
Yi-zwa i-mi-than-da-zo ye-thu  
Nko-si si-ke-le-la,  
Nko-si si-ke-le-la

Nko-si si-ke-lel' i-A-fri-ka  
Ma-lu-pha-kan-yi-sw'u-pho-ndo lwa-yo  
Yi-zwa i-mi-than-da-zo ye-thu  
Nko-si si-ke-le-la,  
Thi-na lu-sa-pho lwa-yo

2. (bass): Wo-za Mo-ya  
All: Si-ke-le-la Nko-si si-ke-le-la  
(bass): Wo-za Mo-ya  
All: Si-ke-le-la Nko-si si-ke-le-la)

Wo-za Mo-ya O-yin-gewe-le.

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No more deluded by reaction  
On tyrants only we'll make war  
The soldiers too will take strike action  
They'll break ranks and fight no more  
And if those cannibals keep trying  
To sacrifice us to their pride  
They soon shall hear the bullets flying  
We'll shoot the generals on our own side.

## Internationale - Billy Bragg

1. Stand up, all victims of oppression, For the tyrants fear your might.  
Don't cling so hard to your possessions, For you have nothing, if you have no rights.  
Let racist ignorance be ended, For respect makes the empire's fall.

Freedom is merely privilege extended, Unless enjoyed by one and all.

*Chorus:*  
*So come brothers and sisters for the struggle carries on.*

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*The Internationale unites the world in song.  
So, comrades, come rally for this is the time and place.  
The international ideal unites the human race.*

2. Let no-one build walls to divide us, Walls of hatred nor walls of stone.

Oh, greet the dawn and come and join us. We'll live together or we'll die alone.  
In our world, poisoned by exploitation, Those who have taken, now they must give.  
And end the vanity of nations. We've but one earth on which to live.

## Chorus

3. And so begins the final drama, In the streets and in the fields.  
We'll resist united 'gainst their armour. We'll defy their guns and shields.  
When we fight, provoked by their aggression, Let us be inspired by life and love.  
For, though they offer us concessions, Change will not come from above.  
*Chorus*

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## Viva la quince brigada (Pete Seeger version)

1. Viva la quince brigada  
Rúmbala, rúmbala, rúmbala  
x2

Que se ha cubierto de gloria  
Ay, Manuela. Ay, Manuela x2

2. Luchamos contra los moros  
Rúmbala, rúmbala, rúmbala  
x2

Mercenarios y fascistas  
Ay, Manuela. Ay, Manuela

3. Solo es nuestro deseo  
Rúmbala, rúmbala, rúmbala  
x2

Acabar con el fascismo  
Ay, Manuela. Ay, Manuela x2

4. En el frente de Jarama x2  
Rúmbala, rúmbala, rúmbala  
No tenemos ni aviones,  
ni tanques, ni cañones  
Ay, Manuela.

5. Ya salimos de España  
Rúmbala, rúmbala, rúmbala  
x2  
Por luchar en otros frentes  
Ay, Manuela. Ay, Manuela x2

## 8 Translations

### En El Pozo María Luisa

In the María Luisa mine, la la  
Four miners have died  
Look, look Maruxina, look  
look how I'm coming home

My shirt has turned red, la la  
Stained with the blood of a fellow miner  
look..

My head has broken, la la  
It was broken in a blast, look...

I shit on the small bosses, la la  
shareholders and black legs, look...

we bury them tomorrow, la la  
Bury 4 compagneros, look...

### Bella Ciao

In a morning, I woke up  
o bella ciao, bella ciao  
bella ciao, ciao, ciao  
in a morning, I woke up  
and I found the invader.

2. Oh partisan, take me away,  
o bella ciao.....  
oh partisan, take me away  
because I feel that I will die.

3. If I die as a partisan  
o bella ciao.....  
If I die as a partisan  
you will have to bury me.

4. Bury me up on the mountain  
o bella ciao.....  
bury me up on the mountain  
in the shadow of a beautiful flower.

5. And the people passing by

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o bella ciao.....  
and the people passing by  
will say: "What a beautiful flower."

6. This is the flower of the partisan  
o bella ciao.....  
this is the flower of the partisan  
who died for freedom.

### The dance of the bombs

Yes, savage that I am  
I love the canons  
With shot raining down  
friends, friends, lets dance

### Chorus

The dance of the bombs  
Watch out! Here are the lions  
The thunder of the battle rages round us  
Friends, sing, friends dance  
The dance of the bombs  
Watch out! Here are the lions  
The thunder of the battle rages round us  
Friends, sing,

The bitter smell of powder  
which mixs with incense  
My voice echoes from the vaults  
and the organ misses a beat

### chorus

The night is scarlet.  
Soak your flags there  
Children of Montmartre,  
Its victory or the tomb!  
Children of Montmartre,  
Its victory or the tomb!

### (canon)

Yes savage that I am,  
Yes I love the canons  
Yes, I throw my heart into the revolution!

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chorus

Yes, I throw my heart into the revolution!

### Nkosi Sikelele

Lord bless Africa  
Let its horn be raised  
Listen also to our prayers.

Lord bless us,  
We, the family of (Africa).

Come Spirit  
Come Holy Spirit

Lord bless us, we, the family of Africa.

Lord bless our nation  
Stop wars and suffering  
Save it, Lord  
Our nation,  
The African nation.  
Let it be so for ever.

### Viva la quince brigada

Long live the 15th Brigade  
rumba la rumba la rumba la.  
Which covered itself in glory  
Ah Manuela ! Ah Manuela !

We fight against the Moors  
The mercenaries and the fascists

Our only desire,  
Is to end fasism

At the Jarama front  
We had no planes, no tanks, no cannons

We will leave Spain  
To fight on other fronts