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We Got Fooled Again

Lester Simpson

1. In the name of progress, we believe the lies
 and get the same old shite,
 just different flies
 A different rosette, but
 nothing seems to change
 Another dame another
 knighthood, we got fooled
 again

Chorus

We got fooled again, nobody gives a cuss,
 no jobs no factories we dont even make a fuss
 Dignity and caring, or simple profit and gain,
 I think you know the answer,
 we got fooled again

2. In the name of freedom,
 you lock and bolt the door
 In the name of justice you administer the law
 In the name of liberty,
 innocence is chained
 Extra ordinary rendition, we
 got fooled again

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3. In the name of god, you justify your cause
 In the name of peace, you fan the flames of war
 You do the devils work, in your prophets name
 You only read what you want to see, we got fooled again

4. In the name of profit,
 markets rise and fall
 When they're up you get a pittance, when they're down
 you get sod all
 You're laid off and right sized,
 left out in the rain
 But the boss gets a bonus, we
 got fooled again

SGS don't sing this verse.

5. It's all made in China, we don't even make a fuss
 No such thing as a free lunch,
 we got fooled again
 We believed in the jokers
 punch, we got fooled again
 K-O'd by a sucker punch, we
 got fooled again.

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Bread and Roses

James Oppenheim, Mimi Farina

1. *all:* As we come marching
 marching in the beauty of the day
 A million darkened kitchens,
 a thousand mill lofts gray
 Are touched with all the
 radiance that a sudden sun
 discloses
 For the people hear us
 singing, bread and roses,
 bread and roses.

2. *sops + altos:* As we come
 marching, marching, we battle
 too for men
 United in the struggle and we
 stand with them again
 Our lives shall not be sweated
 from birth until life closes
 Hearts starve as well as
 bodies; give us bread, but give
 us roses

3. *quietly men humming:* As
 we come marching, marching,
 unnumbered women dead
 Go crying through our singing
 their ancient cry for bread

2

Small art and love and beauty
 their drudging spirits knew
 Yes, it is bread we fight for –
 but we fight for roses too!

4. *all:* As we come marching,
 marching, we bring you hope
 at last
 The rising of the women
 means the rising of the class
 No more the drudge and idler
 – ten that toil where one
 reposes
 But a sharing of life's glories:
 Bread and roses, Bread and
 roses.

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4. **Bass** Old Tom Paine, there
 he lies
 Nobody laughs and nobody
 cries
 Where he's gone or how he
 fares
 Nobody knows and nobody
 cares
Chorus:

*The first section and chorus
 are sung by Sop/Alto/Tenor
 Bass is added at section 2;
 High Sop at section 3;
 2nd Bass at section 4 and all
 sing last chorus 5*

We Are All Under The Stars by Ali Burns

Chorus: We are all under the
 stars and no matter how far
 we are apart we are all under
 the stars

Sections:
 ey ee ey ey ey ee ey ey ee ey
 ey ee ey
 except 2nd Bass starting at
 section 4
 du du du etc finishing with ey

Structure:

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*During the sections between
 choruses appropriate texts are
 read e.g. the UN bill of human
 rights; Putney debates of
 Levellers; womans rights, are
 read over the top of the choir.*

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(The) Diggers Song

Bass and Alto sing tune

1. *Unison* You noble Diggers all, stand up now, stand up now,
You noble Diggers all, stand up now!

The wasteland to maintain, seeing cavaliers by name
Your digging do disdain, and persons all defame,
Stand up now, stand up now!

2. *Harmony* Your houses they pull down, stand up now, stand up now,
Your houses they pull down, stand up now!
Your houses they pull down, to fright poor men in town,
But the gentry must come down, and the poor shall wear the crown,
Stand up now Diggers all!

3. *Unison* 'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests, stand up now, stand up now,
'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests, stand up now!

4

For tyrants they are both, even flat against their oath,
To grant us they are loath, free meat and drink and cloth,
Stand up now, stand up now!

4. *Harmony* With spades and hoes and ploughs, stand up now, X2
With spades and hoes and ploughs, stand up now!
Your freedom to uphold, seeing cavaliers are bold
To kill you if they could, your rights from you to hold,
Stand up now, stand up now.

Internationale – Original version

1. Arise ye starvelings from your slumbers
Arise ye prisoners 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

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Additional verses by other authors

Friends coming over the waves shot at and murdered in cold light of day
They think they can kill and tell lies to the world and keep Gaza hidden away
But the struggle will always renew
There'll be more standing up for the truth and when they get through
They'll be singing out loud through the smoky haze

Friends from over the waves sent a boat loaded with drugs and aid
Vitamins, bandages, medicines, plasma, trying to break the blockade
When the boat drew up close to our shore
They sent their best soldiers aboard
To kill those who stood in their way
Take the boat, leave a voice in the smoky haze

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*** Levellers**

Jane Alexander

1. *All:* We fought for world where all people could be free, We fought in the Civil War

Tenors: To end the power of the Monarchy

Others: ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.

All: Seeking justice for all be sure,

Bass: As the war went on the rules seemed to change and the generals words were lies,
Others: Levellers marching, levellers marching, levellers marching, ooh

Sops: We gathered and grew, one thousand strong

Others: We shall not give up the fight, we shall not give the fight,

All: One vote a' piece our cry, One vote a' piece our cry

2. *All:* Together we marched as strong as the sea, sea-green was the colour of our standard
Tenors: But we'd not take part in that Irish killing spree,
Others: ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.

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All: We strode towards Oxford.

Bass: We stopped for to rest, that's where we were caught out, Took refuge in the church at Burford.

Others: Levellers marching, levellers marching, levellers marching, ooh

Sops: Three days with no hope, we carved our names

Others: We shall not give up the fight, we shall not give the fight,

All: Then Fairfax shot us dead, He shot three levellers dead3.

3. *All:* We were known as the levellers, a name for which we're proud, Our belief that we all are equal.

Tenors: The levellers we were then, and levellers we are now,

Others: ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.

All: We work for the good of all.

Bass: We speak 'gainst injustice for those who have no voice, we'll stand in all situations.

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B+A: When prostrate fall in the rich man's hall at the rich man's feet in the **(A) rich man's hall cringe at the rich-man's door**
S: When prostrate fall in the rich man's hall in the **(A)**
T: When prostrate fall in the **(A)**
line 2

B+A: We're not too low, to build the wall we're not too low we're **(B) not too low, too low to tread the floor**

S: We're not too low, to build the wall we're **(B)**

T: We're not too low, we're **(B)**

4. We're low, we're low we are so low yet from our fingers glide the silken flow and the robes that glow round the limbs of the sons of pride
line 1

B+A: And what we get and what we give and what we get and **(A) what we give we're low and we know our share**

S: And what we get and what we give and **(A)**

T: And what we get and **(A)**
line 2

B+A: We're not too low the cloth to weave, we're not too low the **(B) cloth to weave too low the cloth to wear**

11

S: We're not too low the cloth to weave, the **(B)**
T: We're not too low the **(B)**

5. We're low we're low we are so low yet when the trumpets ring

The thrust of a poor man's arm will go through the heart of the proudest king
line 1

B+A: We're low, we're low our place we know our place we know our **(A) place we know on-ly the rank and file**

S: We're low, we're low our place we know our **(A)**

T: We're low, we're low our **(A)**
line 2

B+A: We're not too low to kill the foe, we're not too low to **(B) kill the foe, too low to touch the spoil.**

S: We're not too low to kill the foe, to **(B)**

T: We're not too low to **(B)**

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The Red Flag

1. The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their hearts blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus

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

3. 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.

6. With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,

8

This song shall be our parting hymn.

4. 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.

5. 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.

2. Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise,
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung
Chicago swells the surging throng.

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Rolling Home

by John Tams

1. Round goes the wheel of fortune. Don't be afraid to ride.
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side.
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty. You'll never need to roam.

When we go rolling home,
when we go rolling home.

Chorus:

*Rolling home, when we go,
Rolling home when we go
Rolling, roiling, When we go
rolling home.*

2. And the gentry in their fine array do prosper night and morn

While we into the fields must go to plough and sow the corn.

The rich may steal the power, but the glory's ours alone.

When we go rolling home,
when we go rolling home.

Chorus:

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3. The summer of resentment. The winter of 'despair.
The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare.
Stand true and stand together. Your labour is your own.
When we go rolling home,
when we go rolling home.

Chorus:

4. The frost lies on the hedgerows and the icy winds do blow

While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow.

Our dreams fly up to glory - up where larks have flown.

When we go rolling home,
when we go rolling home.

Chorus:

5. So pass the bottle round and let the toast go free.

Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be.

Fair wages now and ever. Lets reap what we have sown.

When we go rolling home,
when we go roiling home.

Chorus: