

3. Big Society

Big society, beg society,
small society, low society
High society. What
society? No society, STOP

Don't put your trust in those
scoundrels, those
scoundrels, those
scoundrels,
Don't put your trust in those
scoundrels, Ree-Mogg and
May

HomelessNess 'n Poverty,
Poverty, Poverty
HomelessNess 'n
Poverty...we can find a
better way.

Choir divides into three groups who
each repeat verses in different cycles:
This is one possible way; they should
all end up singing the whole cycle in
unison together.

Group 1 sings verse 1 x3 then verse 2
x3 then verse 3 x3 then verse 1 once
Group 2 sings verse 2 x3 then vers 3
x3 then verse 1 x1
Group 3 then verse 3 x3 then vers 1x3
then verse 2 x3 then verse 1 once.

.group1-----group 2-----group 3
-----1-----2-----3
-----1-----2-----3

2
-----1-----2-----3
-----2-----3-----1
-----2-----3-----1
-----2-----3-----1
-----3-----1-----2
-----3-----1-----2
-----3-----1-----2
-----1-----1-----1

4. 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

Chorus

4. It's the same old story
'bout the wealthy few
Getting rich off the worker's
back
You divide us up by giving
jobs to two
While another two get the
sack
Up to now you've had your
ride for free
But we'll put a picket line
around the whole country
And we'll set up a banner for
the world to see
That says you're never gonna
get it back

End-Chorus x 2:

No you're never gonna get it
back
You're never gonna get it
back
You're never gonna get it
back, no fear
You're never gonna get it
back

8. We shall go singing

We shall go singing
through the fashioning
of a new world

We will not bow to masters,
Or pay rent to the lords
We are free men, Though
we are poor
You Diggers all stand up
for glory, Stand up now

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5. Chartist Anthem

A Song by Ben
Boucher©1847

1. A hundred years, a
thousand years,
We're marching on the
road
The going isn't easy
Yet we've got a heavy load,
We've got a heavy load

2. The way is blind with
blood and sweat,
And death sings in our ears
But time is marching on our
side,
We will defeat the years,
We will defeat the years

*SGS don't sing this verse
We men of bone of
shrunk shank,
Our only treasure dearth,
Women who carry at their
breast
Heirs to the hungry earth,
Heirs to the hungry earth*

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3. Speak with one voice,
we march we rest,
And march again upon the
years
Sons of our sons are
listening,
To hear the Chartist cheers
Oh, to hear the Chartists
cheers

6. Manchester Rambler

1. I've been over Snowdon
I've slept up on Crowdon
I've camped by the wain
stones as well
I've sun bathed on kinder
Been burned to a cinder
And many more things I
can tell
My rucksack has oft been
my pillow
The heather has oft been
my bed
And sooner then part from
the mountains
I think I would rather be
dead

Chorus

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I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler
from Manchester way
I get all my pleasure the
hard moorland way
I may be a wage slave on
Monday
But I am a free man on
Sunday

2. The day was just ending
As I was descending
Trough Grindsbrook just by
Upper-Tore
When a voice cried: "Hey
You!"
In the way keepers do
He'd the worst face that I
ever saw
The things that he said were
unpleasant
In the teeth of his fury I said
Sooner then part from the
mountains
I think I would rather be dead.
Chorus

3. He called me a louse
And said: "Think of the
grouse"
Well, I thought but I still
couldn't see
Why old kinder scout
And the moors round about

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Couldn't take both the poor
grouse and me
He said: "All this land is my
master's"
At that I stood shaking my
head
No man has the right to own
mountains
Any more than the deep
ocean bed. Chorus

5. So I'll walk were I will
Over mountain and hill
And I lie where the bracken is
deep
I belong to the mountains
The clear running fountains
Where the grey rock rise
rugged and steep
I've seen the white hare in
the gully
And the curlew flies high over
head
And sooner then part from
the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.
Chorus