

**SeaGreen Singers
(Oxford)
Songbook for Levellers Day -
May 20th 2017
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Lyrics & Song sheets**

For scores in musical notation and mp3 sound files of the choral parts for these songs look at the SeaGreen Singers website: www.seagreensingers.com

The Seagreen Singers are a group based in Oxford singing songs to change the world about peace, protest, environment, feminism.

The SeaGreen Singers is named after the colour of the ribbons worn by the Levellers, a radical movement in Cromwell's Model Army. The Levellers believed in equality for all, justice, and human rights.

All are welcome to join, you don't need singing experience, and you don't need to read music. We meet at St.Columba's Church Hall, Alfred Street (just off the High Street, Carfax end) Oxford, on Mondays at 8pm.

For more information ring 07815 914776, or email mail@seagreensingers.com or look at the website

<http://www.seagreensingers.com>

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Which side are you on

[all parts joining in one by one for intro]

1. Which side are you,
Which side are you
Come all of you good
people, You women and
you men
Once more our backs are
to the wall, we're being
attacked again

2. Which side are you,
Which side are you
Don't scab for the bosses,
Don't listen to their lies,
Us workers haven't got a
chance, Unless we
organise

3. Which side are you,
Which side are you
We fought a million battles,
To defend our hard won
rights
We're going to have to fight
again, And I ask you here
[tonight]

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4. Which side are you,
Which side are you
It's time for a decision, And
you really have to choose
Defend the workers'
struggle, Or the next in line
is you

Internationale

Traditional version (1871) with
verse 2 by Levellers day
committee, May 16th 2015

1. Arise ye workers
[starvelings] from your
slumbers
Arise ye prisoners of want
For reason in revolt now
thunders
And at last ends the age of
cant.
Away with all your
superstitions
Servile masses arise, arise
We'll change forthwith
[henceforth] the old
conditions [tradition]
And spurn the dust to win
the prize.

Chorus:

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SeaGreen Singers (Oxford) NHS Songs

Singing For Our Lives (We are the Oxford SeaGreen Singers)

Holly Near, arr: Ian Stirling

We are the Oxford
SeaGreen Singers
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are the Oxford
SeaGreen Singers,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are a gentle angry
people,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are a gentle angry
people,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are a justice seeking
people,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

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We are a justice seeking
people,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are a land of many
colours,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are a land of many
colours,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are gay and straight
together,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are gay and straight
together,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are anti-nuclear
people,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

We are anti-nuclear
people,
and we are singing, singing
for our lives

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Tom Paines Bones

by Graham Moore

1. (Bass) As I dreamed out one evening,
By a river of discontent,
I bumped straight into old Tom Paine,
As a-running down the road he went,
He said, "I can't stop right now, my son, King George is after me,
He'll have a rope around my throat
And hang me on the Liberty Tree"

Chorus

And I will dance to Tom Paine's bones,
Dance to Tom Paine's bones,
Dance in the oldest boots I own
To the rhythm of Tom Paine's bones.

2. (Sops) He said "I just spoke about freedom,
And justice for everyone,

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Ever since the very first word I spoke
I've been looking down the barrel of a gun,
Well they say I preached revolution,
Let me say in my defence
That all I did wherever I went
Was to talk a lot of common sense."

Chorus

3. (Bass) Well, old Tom Paine he ran so fast,
He left me standing still,
And there I was, a piece of paper in my hand,
And standing at the top of the hill.
(Unison)
It said, "This is the Age Of Reason,
And these are The Rights Of Man,
Kick off religion and monarchy"
It was written there in Tom Paine's plan.

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5.As we go marching
marching in the fading of the light
we do not fear the darkness we shall reclaim the night
say no to rape and violence
and when the pub door closes
we'll fill the street with singing bread and roses,
bread and roses.

Chartist Anthem

by Ben Boucher©1847

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

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

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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
cheers

The Levellers Day Song

1. All: They fought for world
where all people could be
free,

They 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.

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 dead

Jute Mill Song

Rebecca Grossman

Oh dear me, the mill's
runnin' fast,
the poor, wee shifters
canna get no rest.
shifting bobbins, coarse
and fine,
they fairly make you work
for your ten and nine.

Oh dear me, I wish this day
was done.
Running up and down, the
pass is no fun.
shifting, piecing, spinning,
warp, weft and twine.
To feed and clothe my
bairnies off a ten and nine

Oh dear me, the world is ill
divided.
Them that works the
hardest are the least
provided.
I must bide contented, dark
days of fine,
there's not much pleasure
livin' off a ten and nine.

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Rolling Home

by John Tams

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 roiling home.*

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,

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when we go rolling home.

Chorus

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

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 roiling home.

Chorus

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

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Let us in

Calais refugee song

1. When I open my eyes
I see a barbed wire fence,
and a hungry face and a
broken tent,
when I close my eyes I see
a man with a gun,
going round and round
and round and round in my
head.

Chorus

Please give us a place at
your table,
let us in, let us in.
Can you share of your
sal-mon and honey
Our pain is your pain too

2. And the soles of my feet
are rubbed red and raw
from a burn-ing trek over
Syr-ian sands
where my daugh-ter was
taken
right out of my hands
going round and round

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and round and round in my
head.

Chorus

3. And the bombs you sold
are the bombs we heard
crash-ing into dust with a
blind-ing light.
And my mother and father
both died that night
going round and round
and round and round in my
head.

Last chorus

Please give us a place
at your table,
let us in, let us in.
Can you share of
your sal-mon and honey
Our pain is your pain too
Our hope is your hope too
Our life is your life too