

Resource 4: Selected Song lyrics

Diggers Song (original spellings)

You noble Diggers all, stand up now, stand up now,
You noble Diggers all, stand up now,
The wast land to maintain, seeing Cavaliers by name
Your digging does maintain, and persons all defame
Stand up now, stand up now.

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 your men in town
But the gentry must come down, and the poor shall wear the crown.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

With spades and hoes and plowes, stand up now, stand up now
With spades and hoes and plowes stand up now,
Your freedom to uphold, seeing Cavaliers are bold
To kill you if they could, and rights from you to hold.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

Theire self-will is their law, stand up now, stand up now,
Theire self-will is their law, stand up now.
Since tyranny came in they count it now no sin
To make a gaol a gin, to starve poor men therein.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

The gentry are all round, stand up now, stand up now,
The gentry are all round, stand up now.
The gentry are all round, on each side they are found,
Their wisdom's so profound, to cheat us of our ground
Stand up now, stand up now.

The lawyers they conjoyne, stand up now, stand up now,
The lawyers they conjoyne, stand up now,
To arrest you they advise, such fury they devise,
The devill in them lies, and hath blinded both their eyes.
Stand up now, stand up now.

The clergy they come in, stand up now, stand up now,
The clergy they come in, stand up now.
The clergy they come in, and say it is a sin
That we should now begin, our freedom for to win.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

The tithes they yet will have, stand up now, stand up now,
The tithes they yet will have, stand up now.
The tithes they yet will have, and lawyers their fees crave,
And this they say is brave, to make the poor their slave.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst Priests, stand up now, stand up now,
'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst Priests stand up now.
For tyrants they are both even flatt against their oath,
To grant us they are loath free meat and drink and cloth.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

The club is all their law, stand up now, stand up now,
The club is all their law, stand up now.
The club is all their law to keep men in awe,
But they no vision saw to maintain such a law.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

The Cavaleers are foes, stand up now, stand up now,
The Cavaleers are foes, stand up now;
The Cavaleers are foes, themselves they do disclose
By verses not in prose to please the singing boyes.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

To conquer them by love, come in now, come in now
To conquer them by love, come in now;
To conquer them by love, as it does you behove,
For hee is King above, noe power is like to love,
Glory heere, Diggers all

Chartist Anthem

A Song 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

We men of bone of shrunken shank,
Our only treasure dearth,
Women who carry at their breast
Heirs to the hungry earth,
Heirs to the hungry earth

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

Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire

If you want to find the sergeant,
I know where he is, I know where he is.
If you want to find the sergeant,
I know where he is,
He's lying on the canteen floor,
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Lying on the canteen floor,
I've seen him,

Lying on the canteen floor.

If you want to find the quarter-bloke,
I know where he is, I know where he is.
If you want to find the quarter-bloke,
I know where he is,
He's miles and miles behind the line,
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Miles and miles behind the line,
I've seen him,
Miles and miles and miles behind the line.

If you want to find the sergeant-major
I know where he is, I know where he is.
If you want to find the sergeant-major
I know where he is,
He's boozing up the private's rum.
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Boozing up the private's rum.
I've seen him,
Boozing up the private's rum.

If you want to find the CO,
I know where he is, I know where he is.
If you want to find the CO,
I know where he is,
He's down in the deep dug-outs.
I've seen him, I've seen him,
Down in the deep dug-outs
I've seen him,
Down in the deep dug-outs.

If you want to find the old battalion,
I know where they are, I know where they are.
If you want to find the old battalion,
I know where they are,
They're hanging on the old barbed wire.
I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em,
Hanging on the old barbed wire,
I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em,
Hanging on the old barbed wire

Rights of Woman

God save each female's right,
Show to her ravish'd sight
 Woman is free;
Let Freedom's voice prevail
And draw aside the veil,
Supreme Effulgence hail,
 Sweet Liberty.

Man boasts the noble cause,
Nor yields supine to laws
 Tyrants ordain;
Let woman have a share,
Nor yield to slavish fear,
Her equal rights declare,
 And well maintain.

Come forth with sense array'd,
Nor ever be dismay'd
 To meet the foe;
Who with assuming hands
Inflict the iron bands,
To obey his rash commands,
 And vainly bow.

O Let the sacred fire
Of Freedom's voice inspire
 A Female too;
Man makes the cause his own,
And Fame his acts renown,
Woman thy fears disown,
 Assert thy due.

Think of the cruel chain,
Endure no more the pain
 Of slavery;
Why should a tyrant bind
A cultivated mind
By Reason well refin'd
 Ordained Free.

Why should a Woman lie
In base obscurity,
 Her talents hid,
Has providence assign'd
Her soul to be confin'd;
Is not her gentle mind
 By virtue led?

Let snarling cynics frown,
Their maxims I disown,
 Their ways detest;
By man, your tyrant lord,
Females no more be aw'd.
Let Freedom's sacred word,
 Inspire your breast.

Woman aloud rejoice,
Exalt thy feeble voice
 In chearful strain;
See Wolstonecraft, a friend,
Your injur'd rights defend,
Wisdom her steps attend,
 The cause maintain.

Two Tribes

The air attack warning sounds like.

This is the sound.

When you hear the air attack warning, you and your family must take cover

Lets go

When two tribes go to war, a point is all that you can score (Score no more, score no more)

When two tribes go to war, a point is all that you can score (Workin' for the bad guys)

Cowboy number one, a born again poor man's son (Poor man's son)

On the air America, I modelled shirts by Van Heusen (Workin' for the bad guys)

Hear me more

When two tribes go to war, a point is all that you can score (Score no more, score no more)

When two tribes go to war, a point is all that you can score (Workin' for the bad guys)

Switch off your shield

Switch off and feel

I'm workin' on lovin'

I'm givin' you back the good times

I'm shippin' out, out

I'm workin' for the bad guys

Tell the world that you're winning, love and life, love and life

Listen to the voice sayin' follow me

Listen to the voice sayin' follow me

When two tribes go to war, a point is all that you can score

When two tribes go to war, a point is all that you can score

We've got two tribes (We got the bomb, we got the bomb)

Somethin' this good died

Are we living in a land where sex and horror are the new gods?

When two tribes go to war, a point is all that you can score

Whip Them Down

Who cares about your nation
Your bloody flag is hung to dry
You call it human nature
But were we really born to fight
Who needs the separation
The body count becomes too high
We're running out of patience
Watch out the eagle's gonna fly

Gonna whip them down

Who wants to face this situation?
I have to do it every day
I see no signs of changes
Maybe the pressure's here to stay
Who cares if there's no integration
Suspicion rules everyones lives
If I am not of your persuasion
I'm never welcome in your tribe

Gonna whip them down

You wear the butcher's apron
Too much colour makes you blind
I don't believe in human nature
Watch out the eagle's gonna fly

Gonna whip them down