

# The Wukulele Protest Songbook

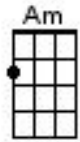
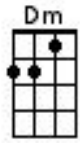


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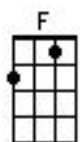
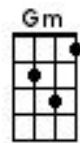
# The Diggers Song

Gerard Winstanley C17

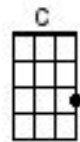
You **[Dm]**noble Diggers **[Am]**all, stand up **[Dm]**now, stand up **[Gm]**now  
 You **[Dm]**noble Diggers **[Am]**all, stand up **[Dm]**now  
 The **[F]**waste land to main**[C]**tain, seeing **[Gm]**Cavaliers by name  
 Your **[F]**digging do distain and your **[C]**persons all defame  
 Stand up **[Dm]**now, Diggers all



Your houses they pull **[Am]**down, stand up **[Dm]**now, stand up **[Gm]**now  
 Your **[Dm]**houses they pull **[Am]**down, stand up **[Dm]**now  
 Your **[F]**houses they pull **[C]**down to **[Gm]**fright poor men in town  
 But the **[F]**gentry must come down and the **[C]**poor shall wear the **[Am]**crown  
 Stand up **[Dm]**now, Diggers all



With spades and hoes and **[Am]**ploughs, stand up **[Dm]**now, stand up **[Gm]**now  
 With **[Dm]**spades and hoes and **[Am]**ploughs, stand up **[Dm]**now  
 Your **[F]**freedom to up**[C]**hold, seeing **[Gm]**Cavaliers are bold  
 To **[F]**kill you if they could and **[C]**rights from you with**[Am]**hold  
 Stand up **[Dm]**now, Diggers all



Their self-will is their **[Am]**law, stand up **[Dm]**now, stand up **[Gm]**now  
 Their **[Dm]**self-will is their **[Am]**law, stand up **[Dm]**now  
 Since **[F]**tyranny came **[C]**in they **[Gm]**count it now no sin  
 To **[F]**make a gaol a gin and to **[C]**serve poor men there**[Am]**in  
 Stand up **[Dm]**now, Diggers all

The gentry are all **[Am]**round, stand up **[Dm]**now, stand up **[Gm]**now  
 The **[Dm]**gentry are all **[Am]**round, stand up **[Dm]**now  
 The **[F]**gentry are all **[C]**round, on **[Gm]**each side they are found  
 Their **[F]**wisdom's so profound to **[C]**cheat us of the **[Am]**ground  
 Stand up **[Dm]**now, Diggers all

contd.

## The Diggers Song contd.

The lawyers they con[Am]join, stand up [Dm]now, stand up [Gm]now  
The [Dm]lawyers they con[Am]join, stand up [Dm]now  
To a[F]rrest you they ad[C]vise, such [Gm]fury they devise  
But the [F]devil in them lies, and hath [C]blinded both their [Am]eyes  
Stand up [Dm]now, Diggers all

The clergy they come [Am]in, stand up [Dm]now, stand up [Gm]now  
The [Dm]clergy they come [Am]in, stand up [Dm]now  
The [F]clergy they come [C]in and [Gm]say it is a sin  
That [F]we should now begin our [C]freedom for to [Am]win  
Stand up [Dm]now, Diggers all

'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst [Am]priests, stand up [Dm]now, stand up [Gm]now  
'Gainst [Dm]lawyers and 'gainst [Am]Priests, stand up [Dm]now  
For [F]tyrants are they [C]both even [Gm]flat against their oath  
To [F]grant us they are loath, free [C]meat and drink and [Am]cloth  
Stand up [Dm]now, Diggers all

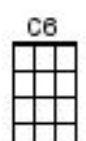
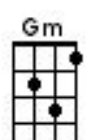
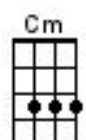
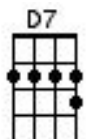
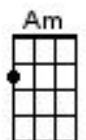
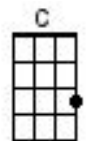
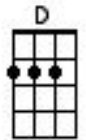
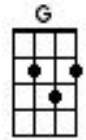
The club is all their [Am]law, stand up [Dm]now, stand up [Gm]now  
The [Dm]club is all their [Am]law, stand up [Dm]now  
The [F]club is all their [C]law to [Gm]keep poor folk in awe  
But [F]they no vision saw to [C]maintain such a [Am]law  
Glory [Dm]now, Diggers all!

# The Women's Marseillaise

Words: Miss F.E.M. Macaulay pre 1908

*no chord* Arise! ye [G]daughters [D]of a [G]land  
 That [C]vaunts [Am]its [D7]liber[G]ty!  
 May restless rulers under[D]stand  
 [Am]That women [D7]must be [G]free  
 [no chord]That women *will* be free  
 Hark! [D]hark! the trumpet's [G]calling!  
 Who'd [C]be a [Cm]laggard in the [D]fight?  
 With [Gm]vict'ry even now in [D]sight  
 And [Gm]stubborn foemen backward [D]falling  
 To [G]Freedom's cause till [D]death  
 We [G]swear our feal[D]ty  
 March [G]on! [D]March [G]on! [C]Face [G]to [C6]the [D]dawn  
 The [G]dawn of [D7]liber[G]ty  
 March [G]on! [D]March [G]on! [C]Face [G]to [C6]the [D]dawn  
 The [G]dawn of [D7]liber[G]ty

*no chord* Arise! Tho' [G]pain or [D]loss be[G]tide  
 Grudge [C]naught [Am]of free[D7]dom's [G]toll  
 For what they loved the martyrs [D]died  
 [Am]Are we of [D7]meaner [G]soul?  
 [no chord]Are we of meaner soul?  
 Our [D]comrades greatly [G]daring  
 Thro' [C]prison bars have [Cm]led the [D]way  
 Who [Gm]would not follow to the [D]fray  
 Their [Gm]glorious struggle proudly [Dm]sha[D]ring?  
 To [G]Freedom's cause till [D]death  
 We [G]swear our feal[D]ty  
 March [G]on! [D]March [G]on! [C]Face [G]to [C6]the [D]dawn  
 The [G]dawn of [D7]liber[G]ty  
 March [G]on! [D]March [G]on! [C]Face [G]to [C6]the [D]dawn  
 The [G]dawn of [D7]liber[G]ty



# Brother, Can you Spare a Dime?

E. Y. "Yip" Harburg, Jay Gorney 1930

[Am]They used to tell me I was [Dm6]building a [E]dream [E7]

[Am]And so I followed the [Dm6]mob

[Am]When there was earth to plow or [Dm6]guns to bear

I was [E]always there, right on the job [E7]

[Am]They used to tell me I was [Dm6]building a [E]dream [E7]

[Am]With peace and glory a [Dm6]head

Why should [Am] I be [Am/C]standing in [E]line

[Am]Just waiting for [Dm6]bre[E]ad? [E7]

[Am]Once I built a railroad I [E7]made it [A7]run

[D]Made it [G7]race against [C]time [E7]

[Dm]Once I build a [E7]railroad [Am]now it's [F7]done

[Dm]Brother can you [E7]spare a [Am]dime?

[Am]Once I built a tower up [E7]to the [A7]sun

[D]Brick and [G7]rivet and [C]lime [E7]

[Dm]Once I built a [E7]tower [Am]now it's [F7]done

[Dm]Brother can you [E7]spare a [Am]dime?

\*[A7]Once in khaki suits gee we looked swell

[A7]Full of that Yankee Doodle dum

[D7]Half a million boots went sloggin' through hell

[Am] I was the kid with the [F7]drum [E7]\*

[Am]Say don't you remember they [E7]called me [A7]Al

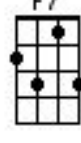
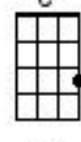
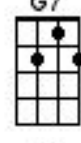
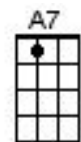
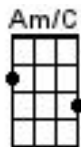
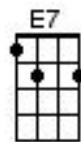
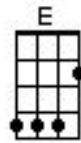
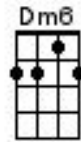
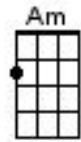
[D]It was [G7]Al all the [C]time [E7]

[Dm]Say don't you re[E7]member [Am]I'm your [F7]pal

[Dm]Buddy can you [E7]spare a [Am]dime?

instrumental \*\*

repeat last verse



# Which Side Are You On?

Florence Reece 1931

Come [Em]all of you good [G]workers  
 Good [D]news to you I'll [Em]tell  
 Of how that good old [G]union  
 Has [D]come in here to [E]dwell

**Chorus:** [Em]Which side are you [Bm]on?  
 [D]Which side are you [Em]on?  
*(repeat first and last time only)*

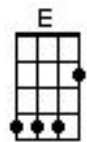
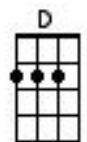
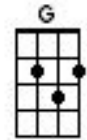
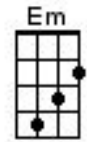
My [Em]daddy was a [G]miner  
 And [D]I'm a miner's [Em]son  
 And I'll stick with the [G]union  
 Till [D]every battle's [E]won **Chorus**

They [Em]say in Harlan [G]County  
 There [D]are no neutrals [Em]there  
 You'll either be a [G]union man  
 Or a [D]thug for J.H. [E]Blair **Chorus**

Oh, [Em]workers can you [G]stand it?  
 Oh, [D]tell me how you [Em]can  
 Will you be a [G]lousy scab  
 Or [D]will you be a [E]man? **Chorus**

Don't [Em]scab for the [G]bosses  
 Don't [D]listen to their [Em]lies  
 Us poor folks haven't [G]got a chance  
 Un[D]less we orga[E]nise

**Chorus**



# This Land is Your Land

Woody Guthrie 1940

**Chorus:** [C]This land is [F]your land, this land is [C]my land  
 From Cali[G]fornia, to the New York [C]Island  
 From the redwood [F]forests, to the Gulfstream [C]waters  
 [G]This land was [G7]made for you and [C]me

As I went [F]walking that ribbon of [C]highway  
 I saw a[G]bove me that endless [C]skyway  
 I saw be[F]low me that golden [C]valley  
 [G]This land was [G7]made for you and [C]me

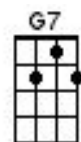
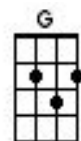
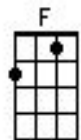
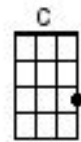
## Instrumental chorus

I roamed and [F]rambled and followed my [C]footsteps  
 To the sparkling [G]sands of her diamond [C]deserts  
 And all a[F]round me a voice was [C]sounding  
 [G]This land was [G7]made for you and [C]me

There was a big high [F]wall there that tried to [C]stop me  
 Sign was [G]painted,said, "Private [C]Property"  
 But on the [F]back side it didn't say [C]nothing  
 [G]This land was [G7]made for you and [C]me

When the sun comes [F]shining, then I was [C]strolling  
 And the wheat fields [G]waving, and the dust clouds [C]rolling  
 The voice was [F]chanting as the fog was [C]lifting  
 [G]This land was [G7]made for you and [C]me

This land is [F]your land, this land is [C]my land  
 From Cali[G]fornia, to the New York [C]Island  
 From the redwood [F]forests, to the Gulfstream [C]waters  
 [G]This land was [G7]made for you and [C]me



# Mississippi Goddam!

Nina Simone 1963

*spoken: The name of this tune is Mississippi Goddam, and I mean every word of it*

[G6]Alabama's got me so upset  
 Tennessee made me [Am7]lose my [D7]rest  
 And [Am]every[Bdim7]body [Am]knows a[D]bout [C]Missis[D]sippi  
 [G]Goddam [Am7] [D7]  
 [G]Alabama's gotten me [C]so up[G]set  
 Tennessee made me [D]lose my [G]rest  
 And [Am]every[Bdim7]body [Am]knows a[D]bout [C]Missis[D]sippi  
 [G]Goddam

[G11]Can't you see it? [G]Can't you feel it?  
 It's [CM7]all in the air  
 [A7] I can't stand the pressure much [D7]longer  
 Somebody say a prayer

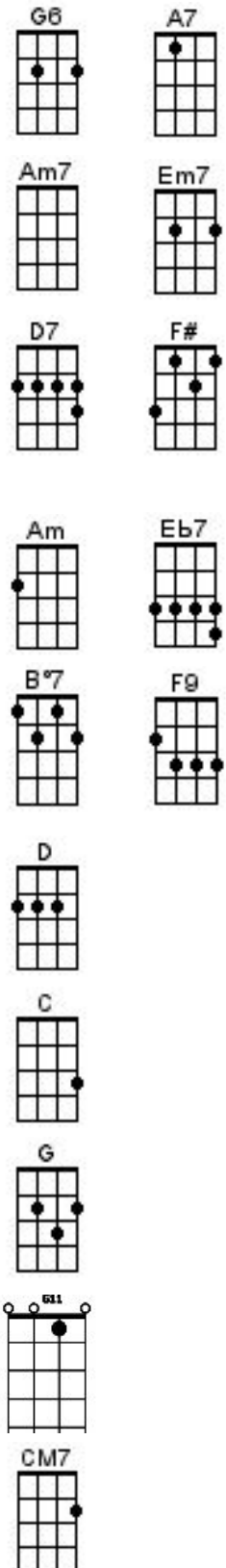
[G6]Alabama's got me so upset  
 Tennessee made me [Am7]lose my [D7]rest  
 And [Am]every[Bdim7]body [Am]knows a[D]bout [C]Missis[D]sippi  
 [G]Goddam [Am7] [D7]

*spoken: This is a show tune, but the show hasn't been written for it, yet*

[Em]Hound dogs on my trail  
 School children sitting in jail  
 Black cat [B7]crossed my path  
 I [Em7]think every day's gonna [B7]be my [Em]last  
 Lord have mercy on this land of mine  
 We all gonna get it in due time  
 I don't belong here  
 I don't [B7]belong there  
 I've [Em7]even stopped believing [B7]in [Em]prayer

Don't tell me, I tell you  
 Me and my people just about do  
 I've been there [B7]so I know  
 You [Em7]keep on saying "Go [Em]slow!"

But that's just the trouble (too slow)  
 Washing the windows (too slow)  
 [Am7]Picking the cotton (too slow)  
 You're [Em]just plain rotten (too slow)



contd.



## Mississippi Goddam contd.

You're [F#]too damn lazy (too slow)  
You're [Am]thinking's crazy (too slow)  
[C]Where am I going? [Em7]What am I [A7]doing?  
[Eb7] I don't know, [D11] I don't [D7]know

[G6]Just try to do your very best  
Stand up be counted with [Am7]all the [D7]rest  
'Cause [Am]every[Bdim7]body [Am]knows a[D]bout [C]Missis[D]sippi  
[G]Goddam [Am7] [D7]

*spoken: I made you thought I was kiddin'*

[Em]Picket lines  
School boy cops  
They try to say it's a communist plot  
All I want is [B7]equality  
For my [Em7]sister my brother [B7]my people [Em7]and me

[Em]Yes you lied to me all these years  
You told me to wash and clean my ears  
And talk real fine [B7]just like a lady  
[Em7]And you'd stop calling [B7]me Sister [Em7]Sadie  
Oh but [Em]this whole country is full of lies  
You're all gonna die and die like flies  
I don't trust you [B7]anymore  
You [Em7]keep on saying [B7] "Go slow!" [Em7]

But that's just the trouble (too slow)  
Desegregation (too slow)  
Mass [Am7]participation (too slow)  
[Em7]Unification (too slow)  
[F#]Do things gradually (too slow)  
But [Am7]bring more [B7]tragedy (too slow)  
[C]Why don't you see it? [Em7]why don't [A7]you feel it?  
[Eb7] I don't know, [D11] I don't [D7]know

[G6]You don't have to live next to me  
Just give me my e[Am7]quality [D7]  
Cause [Am]every[Bdim7]body [Am]knows a[D]bout [C]Missis[D]sippi  
[Am]Cause [Am]every[Bdim7]body [Am]knows a[D]bout [C]Ala[D]bama  
[Am]Every[Bdim7]body [Am]knows a[D]bout [C]Missis[D]sippi [G] god[F9]dam!  
[G] [F9] [G] [F9] [G]

# The Universal Soldier

Buffy Sainte-Marie 1964

[C] [G] [C] [G] [D] [D7]

He is [C]five feet [D]two, and he`s [G]six feet [Em]four  
 He [C]fights with [D]missiles and with [G]spears  
 He is [C]all of thirty-[D]one, and he`s [G]only seven[Em]teen  
 He`s been a [C]soldier for a [Am]thousand [D]years [D7]

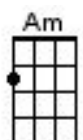
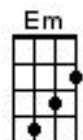
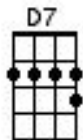
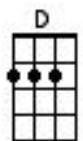
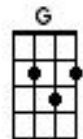
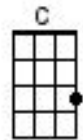
He`s a [C]Catholic, a [D]Hindu, an [G]atheist, a [Em]Jain  
 A [C]Buddhist, and a [D]Baptist, and a [G]Jew  
 And he [C]knows he shouldn`t [D]kill, and he [G]knows he always [Em]will  
 Kill you for [C]me, my friend, and [Am]me for [D]you [D7]

And he`s [C]fighting for [D]Canada, he`s [G]fighting for [Em]France  
 He`s [C]fighting for the [D]US[G]A  
 And he`s [C]fighting for the [D]Russians, and he`s [G]fighting for Ja[Em]pan  
 And he [C]thinks we`ll put an [Am]end to war this [D]way [D7]

And he`s [C]fighting for de[D]mocracy, he`s [G]fighting for the [Em]Reds  
 He [C]says, it`s for the [D]peace of [G]all  
 He`s the [C]one who must de[D]cide, who`s to [G]live and who`s to [Em]die  
 And he [C]never sees the [Am]writing on the [D]wall [D7]

But with[C]out him how would [D]Hitler have con[G]demned them at Da[Em]chau  
 With[C]out him Caesar [D]would have stood a[G]lone  
 He`s the [C]one who gives his [D]body as a [G]weapon of the [Em]war  
 And with[C]out him all this [Am]killing can`t go [D]on [D7]

He`s the [C]universal [D]soldier and he [G]really is to [Em]blame  
 His [C]orders come from [D]far away no [G]more  
 They come from [C]here and there and you and [D]me  
 And [G]brothers (*slower*) can`t you [Em]see  
 (*slowly*) This is [C]not the [G]way we [Am]put an end to war



# Look What They've Done To My Song

Melanie 1971

[C]Look what they've done to my [Am]song, Ma  
 [F]Look what they've done to my song  
 Well it's the [C]only thing I could [D]do half right  
 And it's [F]turning out all wrong, Ma  
 [C]Look what they've [G]done to my [C]song [G]

[C]Look what they've done to my [Am]brain, Ma  
 [F]Look what they've done to my brain  
 Well they [C]picked it like a [D]chicken bone  
 And I [F]think I'm half insane, Ma  
 [C]Look what they've [G]done to my [C]song [G]

[C]I wish I could find a good book to [Am]live in  
 [F]Wish I could find a good book  
 Well, if [C] I could find a [D]real good book  
 I'd never [F]have to come out and look at  
 [C]What they've [G]done to my song [C] [G]

**(Instrumental verse)** *La la la...*

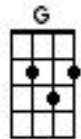
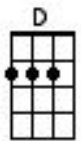
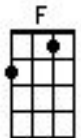
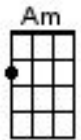
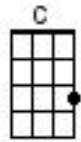
**(sing last line)** [C]Look what they've [G]done to my [C]song [G]  
 [C]But maybe it'll all be all [Am]right, Ma  
 [F]Maybe it'll all be OK  
 Well, if the [C]people are [D]buying tears  
 [F] I'll be rich some day, Ma  
 [C]Look what they've [G]done to my [C]song [G]

[C]Ils ont changé ma chan[Am]son, Ma  
 [F]Ils ont changé ma chanson  
 C'est [C]la seule chose que [D]je peux faire  
 Et ça [F]n'est pas bon, Ma  
 [C]Ils ont chan[G]gé ma chan[C]son [G]

[C]Look what they've done to my [Am]song, Ma  
 [F]Look what they've done to my song  
 Well they [C]tied it up in a [D]plastic bag  
 And [F]turned it upside down  
 [C]Look what they've [G]done to my [C]song [G]

**repeat** [C]Ils ont changé ma chan[Am]son, Ma...etc

[C]Look what they've done to my [Am]song, Ma  
 [F]Look what they've done to my song  
 Well it's the [C]only thing I could [D]do all right  
 And they [F]turned it upside down  
 [C]Look what they've [G]done to my [C]song



# Part Of The Union

Strawbs 1973

Intro: pick [C] then [F] ///

[F]Now I'm a union man  
 A[Gm]mazed at what I am  
 I [Bb]say what I [F]think - that the [Bb]company [F]stinks  
 Yes, [C] I'm a [Bb]union [F]man

When we meet at the local hall  
 I'll be [Gm]voting with them all  
 With a [Bb]hell of a [F]shout it's "[Bb]Out brothers [F]out"  
 And the [C]rise of the [Bb]factory's [F]fall

**Chorus:** [C]Ohhhh, you [F]don't get me I'm part of the union  
 You [C]don't get me I'm [F]part of the union  
 You [F]don't get me I'm part of the union  
 [Bb]'Till the [F]day I [Bb]die, 'till the [C]day I [F]die

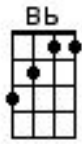
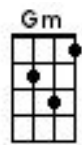
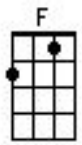
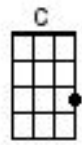
As a union man I'm wise  
 To the [Gm]lies of the company spies  
 And I [Bb]don't get [F]fooled by the [Bb]factory [F]rules  
 'Cause I [C]always read [Bb]between the [F]lines

And I always get my way  
 If I [Gm]strike for higher pay  
 When I [Bb]show my [F]card to the [Bb]Scotland [F]Yard  
 [C]This is [Bb]what I [C]say : **Chorus**

Before the union did appear  
 My [Gm]life was half as clear  
 Now I've [Bb]got the [F]power to the [Bb]working [F]hour  
 And [C]every other [Bb]day in the [C]year

[F]So though I'm a working man  
 I can [Gm]ruin the government's plan  
 Though I'm [Bb]not too [F]hard, the [Bb]sight of my [F]card  
 Makes me some [C]kind [Bb]of Super[C]man

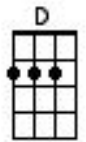
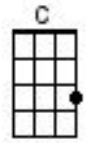
**Chorus x2**



# Eton Rifles

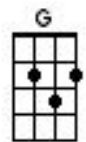
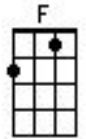
The Jam 1979

[C]Sup up your beer and [D]collect your fags  
 [C]There's a row going on [D]down near Slough  
 [C]Get out your mat and [D]pray to the West  
 [C]I'll get out mine and [D]pray for myself [C] [D]  
 [C]Thought you were smart when you [D]took them on  
 [C]But you didn't take a peep in their ar[D]tillery room  
 [C]All that rugby puts [D]hairs on your chest  
 [C]What chance have you got against a [D]tie and a crest?



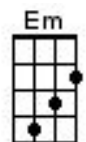
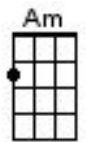
[F]Hello - hu[G]rray - [C]what a [G]nice [Am]day - for the Eton Rifles (Eton Rifles)  
 [F]Hello - hu[G]rray - I hope [C]rain [G]stops [Am]play - with the Eton Rifles (Eton Rifles)

[C]Thought you were clever when you [D]lit the fuse  
 [C]Tore down the house of commons in your [D]brand new shoes  
 [C]Composed a revolutionary [D]symphony  
 [C]Then went to bed with a [D]charming young thing



[F]Hello - hu[G]rray - [C]cheers [G]then [Am]mate - it's the Eton Rifles  
 [F]Hello - hu[G]rray - an ex[C]tre[G]mist [Am]scrape - with the Eton Rifles

[Em]What a catalyst [F]you turned out to be  
 [Em]Loaded the guns then you [F]run off home for your [G]tea  
 [G]Left me standing - like a guilty schoolboy  
 [Em]What a catalyst [F]you turned out to be  
 [Em]Loaded the guns then you [F]run off home for your [G]tea  
 [G]Left me standing - like a naughty schoolboy



[C]We came out of it natura[D]lly the worst  
 [C]Beaten and bloody and I was [D]sick down my shirt  
 [C]We were no match for their [D]untamed wit  
 [C]Though some of the lads said they'll be [D]back next week

[F]Hello - hu[G]rray - there's a [C]price [G]to [Am]pay - to the Eton Rifles  
 [F]Hello - hu[G]rray - I'd pre[C]fer [G]the [Am]plague - to the Eton Rifles

repeat

# Army Dreamers

Kate Bush 1980

[Bm] [Em] [F#m]

[Bm]Our little army [Em]boy  
Is [F#m]coming home from [A]b.f.p.o.  
[Bm]I've a bunch of purple [Em]flowers  
To [F#m]decorate a [A]mammy's hero

[Bm]Mourning in the aero[Em]drome  
The [F#m]weather warmer, [A]he is colder  
[Bm]Four men in uni[Em]form  
To [F#m]carry home my [A]little soldier

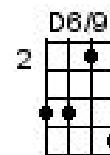
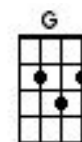
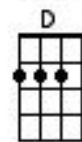
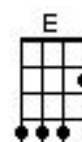
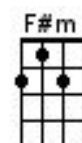
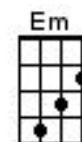
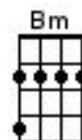
**Chorus:** [Bm]What could he do?  
[E]Should have been a rock [D]star  
But he didn't [F#m]have the money for a [Bm]guitar *[Bm]What could he do?*  
[E]Should have been a poli[D]tician  
But he never [F#m]had a proper edu[Bm]cation *[Bm]What could he do?*  
[E]Should have been a [D]father  
But he never [F#m]even made it to his [Bm]twenties  
What a [D]waste  
[G]Army [Bm]dreamers  
[G]Ooh, what a waste of [D6add9]  
[G]Army [Bm]dreamers [G]

[Bm]Tears o'er a tin [Em]box  
Oh, [F#m]Jesus Christ, he [A]wasn't to know  
[Bm]Like a chicken with a [Em]fox  
He [F#m]couldn't win the [A]war with ego

[Bm]Give the kid the pick of [Em]pips  
And [F#m]give him all your [A]stripes and ribbons  
[Bm]Now he's sitting in his [Em]hole  
He [F#m]might as well have [A]buttons and bows

**Chorus +** [G]Ooh, what a waste of [D6add9]

[G]Army [Bm]dreamers [G]  
[G]Army [Bm]dreamers  
[G]Army [Bm]dreamers [G]  
[Bm]Dreamers [G]



# Carry Greenham Home

Peggy Seeger 1983

[D]Hand in hand, the line extends  
 [G]All around the [D]nine-mile fence  
 Thirty-thousand women chant  
 [G]Bring the message [A]home

**Chorus:** [G]Carry Greenham [D]home, yes  
 [G]Nearer home and far a[A]way  
 [D]Carry [A]Greenham [D]home

[D]Singing voices, rising higher  
 [G]Weave a dove in[D]to the wire  
 In our hearts a blazing fire  
 [G]Bring the message [A]home **Chorus**

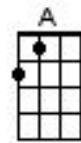
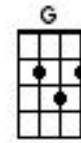
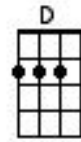
[D]No one asked us if we cared  
 [G]If Cruise should be [D]stationed here  
 Now we've got them running scared  
 [G]Bring the message [A]home **Chorus**

[D]Here we sit, here we stand  
 [G]Here we claim the [D]common land  
 Nuclear arms shall not command  
 [G]Bring the message [A]home **Chorus**

[D]Singing voices, sing again  
 [G]To the children, [D]to the men  
 From the Channel to the glens  
 [G]Bring the message [A]home **Chorus**

[D]Not the nightmare, not the scream  
 [G]Just the loving [D]human dream  
 Of peace, the ever flowing stream  
 [G]Bring the message [A]home **Chorus**

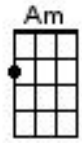
[D]Woman tiger, woman dove  
 [G]Help to save the [D]world we love  
 Velvet fist in iron glove  
 [G]Bring the message [A]home **Chorus**



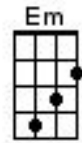
# Nelson Mandela

The Special AKA 1984

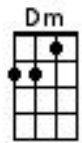
[NC]Free-ee Nelson Mandela  
Free-ee, free-ee  
Free free free Nelson Mandela



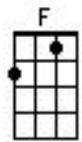
[Am] [Em] [Dm] [F] x 2 [C] [G] [F] x 2



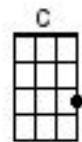
[C]Free[G]ee Nelson Man[C]de[G]la [F]  
[C]21 years in [G]captivi[F]ty  
[C]Shoes too small to [G]fit his [F]feet



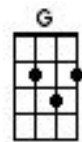
His [C]body abused, but his [G]mind is still [F]free  
[C]Are you so blind that you [G]cannot [F]see? I say  
[C]Free[G]ee Nelson Man[C]de[G]la [F] (I'm begging you)  
[C]Free[G]ee Nelson Man[C]de[G]la [F]



[C] [G] [F] x 2



[C]Visited the causes at the [G]AM[F]C  
[C]Only one man in a [G]large ar[F]my  
[C]Are you so blind that you [G]cannot [F]see?  
[C]Are you so deaf that you [G]cannot [F]hear? (it's clear)



[C]Free[G]ee Nelson Man[C]de[G]la [F] ( I'm begging you)  
[C]Free[G]ee Nelson Man[C]de[G]la [F]  
[Am] [Em] [Dm] [F] x 2 [C] [G] [F] x 2

[C]21 years in [G]captivi[F]ty  
[C]Are you so blind that you [G]cannot [F]see?  
[C]Are you so deaf that you [G]cannot [F]hear?  
[C]Are you so dumb that you [G]cannot [F]speak? I say

[NC]Free-ee Nelson Mandela (oh, I'm begging you, begging you)  
Free-ee Nelson Mandela (I'm begging you, begging you)  
Free-ee Nelson Mandela (begging you, begging you)

[C]Free[G]ee Nelson Man[C]de[G]la [F](I'm begging you)

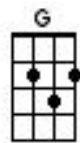
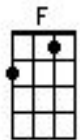
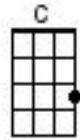
repeat and fade



# Women of the Working Class

Mal Finch 1984

**Chorus:** You are [C]women, you are strong  
 You are [F]fighting for your [G]lives  
 Side by [C]side with your men who [F]work the nation's [G]mines  
 U[C]nited by the [F]struggle, u[C]nited by the [G]past  
 And it's [C]here we go, here we [F]go  
 For the [G]women of the working [C]class



You don't [G]need government's a[F]pproval for any[C]thing you [G]do  
 You don't [C]need their per[F]mission to have a point of [G]view  
 You don't need [G]anyone to [F]tell you  
 [C]What to think or [G]say  
 You've [F]strength enough and [C]wisdom of your [G]own  
 To go your own [C]way

## Chorus

They [G]talk about sta[F]tistics, a[C]bout the price of [G]coal  
 The [C]cost is your co[F]mmunities dying on the [G]dole  
 In [G]fighting for your [F]future you found [C]ways to orga[G]nise  
 Where [F]women's liber[C]ation has failed to [G]move  
 This strike has mobil[C]ised

## Chorus

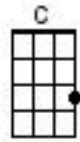
[G]Yours is a [F]unity that [C]threats can never [G]breach  
 [C]Yours, an edu[F]cation books or schools could never [G]teach  
 You faced the [C]taunts and the [F]violence  
 Of [C]Thatcher's thugs in [G]blue  
 Oh [F]when you're fighting for sur[C]vival you've got [G]nothing  
 Nothing left to [C]lose

**Chorus + repeat last two lines**

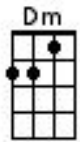
# Between the Wars

Billy Bragg 1985

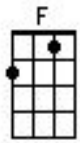
[C] [Dm] [F] [C] [G] [Am] [F] [G] [C]



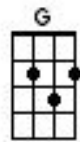
[C] I was a [Dm]miner, [F] I was a [C]docker  
 [G] I was a [Am]railwayman bet[F]ween the [G]wars  
 I raised a [Am]family, in [F]time of aus[C]terity  
 With [G]sweat at the [Am]foundry bet[F]ween [G]the [C]wars



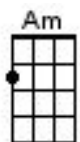
[G] I paid the [Am]union, and [F]as times got [C]harder  
 I [G]looked to the [Am]government to [G]help the working man  
 But [C]they brought pros[Dm]perity [F]down at the [C]armoury  
 We're [G]arming for [Am]peace, me boys, bet[F]ween [G]the [C]wars [F] [G] [C]



[C] I kept the [Dm]faith and [F] I kept [C]voting  
 [G]Not for the [Am]iron fist but [F]for the helping [G]hand  
 For theirs is a [Am]land with a [F]wall a[C]round it  
 And [G]mine is a [Am]faith in my [G]fellow [C]man



[G]Theirs is a [Am]land of [F]hope and [C]glory  
 [G]Mine is the [Am]green field and the [G]factory floor  
 [C]Theirs are the [Dm]skies all [F]dark with [C]bombers  
 And [G]mine is the [Am]peace we knew bet[F]ween [G]the [C]wars [F] [G] [C]



[C]Call up the [Dm]craftsman, [F]bring me the [C]draughtsman  
 [G]Build me a [Am]path from [F]cradle to [G]grave  
 And I'll give [Am]my consent [F]to any [C]government  
 That [G]does not de[Am]ny a man a [F]liv[G]ing [C]wage

[G]Go, find the [Am]young men, [F]never to [C]fight again  
 [G]Bring up the [Am]banners from the [G]days gone by  
 [C]Sweet mode[Am]ration, [F]heart of this [C]nation  
 [G]Desert us [Am]not, bet[F]ween [G]the [C]wars [F] [G] [C]

# Tramp the Dirt Down

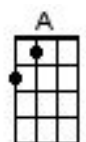
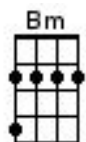
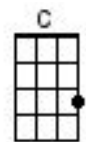
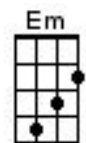
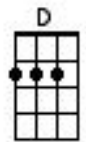
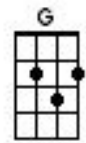
Elvis Costello 1989

I saw a [G]news[D]paper [Em]picture  
 From the po[C]litical cam[G]paign  
 A woman was [Em]ki[Bm]ssing a [A]child  
 Who was [C]obviously in [G]pain  
 She spills with com[Em]pa[Bm]ssion [A]  
 As that young child's [C]face in her hands she [G]grips  
 Can you im[Em]agine [Bm]all that [A]greed  
 And a[C]varice coming down on that childs [G]lips

Well I hope you don't die [G]too [Em]soon  
 I pray the [C]Lord my soul to [G]save  
 Oh I'll be a [Em]go-[Bm]od [A]boy  
 I'll try [C]so hard to be[G]have  
 Because there's [Em]one [D]thing I [A]know  
 I'd like to live [C]long enough to [G]savour  
 That's [C]when [Bm]they [Am]fina[G]lly [Am]put you in the [G]ground  
 I'll [C]stand [Bm]on [Am]your [G]grave and  
 [Am]Tramp the dirt [G]down [D]

When [G]England was the [Em]whore of the [D]world  
 [G]Margaret was her madam  
 And the future looked as [Em]bright and as [D]clear  
 As the [Em]black tarma[G]cadam  
 Well I hope that she [Em]sleeps well at [G]night  
 Isn't haun[Em]ted by [Bm]every tiny [C]detail  
 Cos when she [Am]held that lovely face in her [C]hands  
 All she [D]thought was be[Em]trayal

contd.



## Tramp the Dirt Down contd.

[G]And now the cy[D]nical [Em]ones  
Say that it [C]all ends the same in the [G]long run  
Try telling [Em]that to the desperate [A]father  
Who just squeezed the [C]life from his only [G]son  
And how it's [Em]only voices [A]in your head  
And [C]dreams you never [G]dreamt  
Try telling [Em]him the subtle [A]difference  
Between [C]justice and con[G]tempt

Try telling [Em]me she isn't [A]angry  
With this [C]pitiful discon[G]tent  
When they [Em]flaunt it in your [A]face  
As you line [C]up for punish[G]ment  
And then ex[Em]pect you to say [A]"Thank you"  
Straighten up, [C]look proud and [G]pleased  
Because you've [Em]only got the [A]symptoms  
You haven't [C]got the whole di[G]sease

Just like a [Em]schoolboy, whose head's like a [A]tin-can  
Filled up with [C]dreams then poured down the [G]drain  
Try telling [Em]that to the boys on [A]both sides, being  
[C]Blown to bits or beaten and [G]maimed  
Who [C]takes [Bm]all the [Am]glo[G]ry and [C]none of the [G]shame

Well I hope you live [Em]long now  
[G] I pray the [Em]Lord your [C]soul to [G]keep  
I think I'll be [Em]going be[A]fore  
We fold our [C]arms and start to [G]weep  
I never [Em]thought for a [A]moment  
That human [C]life could be so [G]cheap  
'Cos [C]when [Bm]they [Am]fina[G]lly [Am]put you in the [G]ground  
They'll [C]stand [Bm]there [Am]laugh[G]ing  
And [Am]tramp - the dirt - [G]down

# Day Of The Jackal

Alan Hull, Lindisfarne 1993

My [Am]name is [B]David, I [Dm]live in Tel A[Am]viv  
 I'm [C]twelve years [G]old, people [F]call me Billy the [Am]Kid  
 My brother and my [B]sister, are [Dm]gone from my [Am]side  
 [C]Lying to[G]gether, for to[F]gether they [Am]died

**Chorus:** Everybody [E]dance, do the ber[Am]serker  
 Everybody [E]dance, soldier and [Am]worker  
 Pray to the [Dm]Lord, we can learn to [Am]live together somehow  
 For the [F]day of the [E]jackal is [Am]now

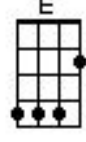
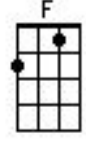
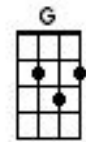
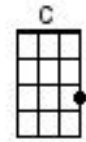
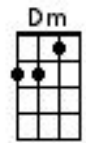
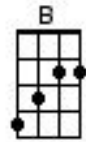
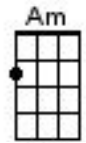
My [Am]name is [B] Ishmail, I [Dm]live in Bei[Am]rut  
 I'm [C]twelve years [G]old, but I [F]know how to [Am]shoot  
 My father and [B]mother, were [Dm]both refu[Am]gees  
 With a [C]gun at their [G]heads, they [F]died on their [Am]knees

**Chorus:** Everybody [E]dance, do the ber[Am]serker  
 Everybody [E]dance, soldier and [Am]worker  
 Pray to the [Dm]Lord, we can learn to [Am]live together somehow  
 For the [F]day of the [E]jackal is [Am]now

My [Am]name is [B]God, or [Dm]Allah if you [Am]choose  
 And I [C]bring you des[G]pair, des[F]truction and a[Am]buse  
 I give you your [B]lands, and you [Dm]name them after [Am]me  
 But you [C]tear them a[G]part, from the [F]desert to the [Am]sea

**Chorus:** Everybody [E]dance, do the ber[Am]serker  
 Everybody [E]dance, soldier and [Am]worker  
 Pray to the [Dm]Lord, we can learn to [Am]live together somehow  
 For the [F]day of the [E]jackal is [Am]now

*repeat chorus and last line*

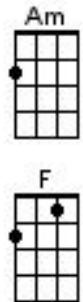


# Irish Blood, English Heart

Morrisey, Alain Whyte 2004

Intro: [Am] [F] x 2

Irish [Am]blood, English heart, this I'm [F]made of  
There is [Am]no one on earth I'm a[F]fraid of  
And [Am]no regime can [F]buy or sell me[Am]eee [F]



[F] I've been dreaming of a time when  
To be English is not to be [Am]baneful  
To be [F]standing by the flag not feeling shameful  
Racist or [Am]partial

Irish [Am]blood, English heart, this I'm [F]made of  
There is [Am]no one on earth I'm a[F]fraid of  
And [Am] I will die with [F]both my hands un[Am]tied [F]

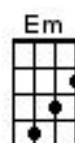
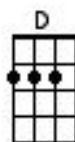
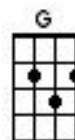
[F] I've been dreaming of a time when  
The English are sick to death of [Am]Labour, and Tories  
And spit upon the name of Oliver [F]Cromwell  
And denounce this royal line that still sa[Am]lute him  
And will salute him  
FOR[F]EVER!

Outro: [F] [Am]

# We Can Swing Together

Alan Hull 1970

[G]No one came to [D]criticise, [Em]no one [C]to com[Em]plain  
 [G]Just to pass a little [D]bit of time, [Em]play some [C]human [Em]games  
 [G]Some were smoking [D]'roll your owns', while [Em]others [C]they had  
 [Em]none  
 [G]Ev'rybody was [D]holding hands, [Em]singing this [C]little [Em]song



**Chorus:** [G]We can swing to[D]gether  
 Cause we [Em]feel we're [C]doing it [Em]right  
 [G]We can swing to[D]gether  
 We can [Em]swing all [C]through the [Em]night

[G]Then when things were [D]happening, [Em]around about [C]ten to [Em]four  
 [G]There was a [D]screeching of brakes, dogs [Em]barking outside  
 and a [C]hammering on the [Em]door  
 [G]Then the voice of official[D]dom, saying [Em]'Open in the [C]name of the [Em]law'  
 [G]But we just kept on [D]holding hands, and [Em]singing this [C]song some [Em]more

## Chorus

[G]Then they broke down [D]all the doors, and [Em]kicked the [C]windows [Em] in  
 They [G]let their doggies [D]off the leads, and they [Em]ransacked [C]every[Em]thing  
 They [G]stood us all [D]against the wall, their [Em]faces [C]split with [Em]grins  
 And [G]then they linked each [D]others' handcuffs and they [Em]merrily be[C]gan to  
 [Em]sing

## Chorus

They [G]took us to see the [D]County Judge, with a [Em]wig-hat [C]on his [Em]head  
 He [G]heard our case with a [D]smile on his face, and [Em]this is [C]what he [Em]said  
 I'll [G]have to send you [D]all to jail, for [Em]doing this [C]terrible [Em]thing  
 And [G]as I walked down [D]to the cells, I [Em]swear I [C]heard him [Em]sing

**Chorus x 2 (end on G)**