

Eb w/ melodica

# Blast Against Blackguards

Peggy Seeger / Ewan MacColl

We have always treasured freedom in this country  
But there are forces working in our midst today  
And they plan to overthrow the system's natural status quo  
By agitating, demonstrating, striking, picketing, and so  
We feel the time has come to make our declaration  
In defense at Freedom, Property and Nation.

Some are free to own the fruits of others' labour.,  
Some are free to do a job and toe the line;  
Some are free to rig the races, free to deal themselves the aces,  
Some are free to soldier-on while others trample on their faces,  
It's a matter of survival of the fittest,  
And the fittest are the ones who grab the quickest.

Have you ever paused a moment to consider  
All the burdens borne by those who own this land?  
Each stock market fluctuation complicates the situation,  
Keeping track of all that money is a full-time occupation,  
For a nation cannot be described as healthy  
Unless its wealth belongs to those who're wealthy!

When the Front is busy fronting for the Tories  
(And the cops are busy backing up the Front),  
You must understand their function is to strike without compunction  
All those aliens from Bangladesh, West Brom and Clapham Junction,  
And by beating up all those in opposition  
They're defending our most glorious tradition.

When a hero rises up and digs his heels in,  
Puts the boot in in that good old-fashioned way,  
When he starts on union-bashing, you can bet he'll get the backing  
Of Keith Joseph and his cronies, no assistance will be lacking  
In our hero's personal fight for liberation  
Against the malcontents opposing exploitation.

But don't imagine we're opposed to all trade unions!  
There are some we look on with a kindly eye;  
When a union is controlled by leaders who've been bought and sold  
Then it's a treasure beyond measure worth ten times its weight in gold  
For they can always be relied on in a crisis  
To sell their members out at bargain prices.

When the day arrives that you become redundant  
don't get angry with the boss and call him names;  
You must try to be objective, get the matter in perspective,  
See yourself as a component, just a cog that is defective  
And with fortitude accept the situation  
That the junkheap is your natural location.

They have always treasured Freedom in this country.  
That's providing that the freedom is confined  
To the few who bleed the nation, and while preaching moderation  
Sit there belching after feeding on the working population -  
So when some fat cat talks of Freedom on the telly:  
Don't imagine he means YOU - not on your nelly!

♩ = 160

Eb We have al-ways treasured free-dom in this coun-try But there are for-ces wor-king

F Bb Bb F Gm

7 in our midst to-day and they plan to o-ver throw the sys-tems natu-ral status quo By a-gi-ta-

Bb Gm C7

14 ting de-mon - strating str-king pick-et-ing and so We feel the time has come to make our dec - la-

F G Gm C7 F Bb

20 ra-tion In de-fese of Free-dom proper-ty and Na-tion

F G7 C7 F F

Eb

# The Diggers Song

Written by Gerrard Winstanley, leader of the Diggers (17th Century)

You noble diggers all stand up now, stand up now  
You noble diggers all stand up now  
The wasteland to maintain sing 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 ploughs stand up now, stand up now  
With spades and hoes and ploughs, stand up now  
Your freedom to uphold sing cavaliers are bold  
To kill you if they could and rights from you to hold  
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 the are found  
Their wisdom so profound to cheat us of our ground  
Stand up now stand up now

The lawyers they conjoin stand up now stand up now  
The lawyers they conjoin stand up now  
To rescue they advise, such fury they devise, the devil 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

'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 flat against their oath  
To grant us they are loathe 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 all men in awe  
That they no vision saw to maintain such a law  
Stand up now diggers all

You no-ble diggers all stand up now stand up now you no-ble diggers all stand up

5

now The wasteland to main-tain sing ca - valiers by name Your digg-ing does main-tain and

9

per - sons all de - fame Stand up now Stand up now

# Idris Strike Song

Written in 1911 about the Idris soft drink factory strike in Wales

- 1) Have you been to work at Idris?  
 No we won't go in today!  
 For we're standing by our comrade  
 And we'll never run away  
 She stood bravely by the Union  
 And she spoke up for us true  
 And if she gets the sack  
 No we never shall go back  
 What e'er they do, what e'er they do
- 2) Now you boys who're washing bottles  
 It really is a shame  
 To take the place of women  
 Don't you think you are to blame?  
 Come with us and join the Union  
 Never heed what Idris say  
 We are out to right the wrong  
 And now we shan't be long  
 Hip hip hooray, hip hip hooray
- 3) Master Willy, master Willy  
 You must give in once again  
 It was wrong to sack a woman  
 With two children to maintain  
 Thirteen years she's faithful served you  
 Though she was three minutes late  
 But our little sister Anne  
 Why she never checked the man'  
 At the gate, at the gate
- 4) Oh you great king in the palace  
 And you statesman at the top  
 When you're drinking soda water  
 Or imbibing ginger pop  
 Think of some who work at Idris  
 For very little pay  
 And who only get nine bob  
 For a most unpleasant job  
 Alackaday, alackaday
- 5) Now then girls all join the Union  
 Whatever you may be  
 In pickles, jam, or chocolates  
 Or packing pounds of tea  
 For we all want better wages  
 And this is what we say  
 'We are out to right the wrong'  
 'And now we shan't be long'  
 'Hip hip hooray, hip hip hooray

A. Sax. 

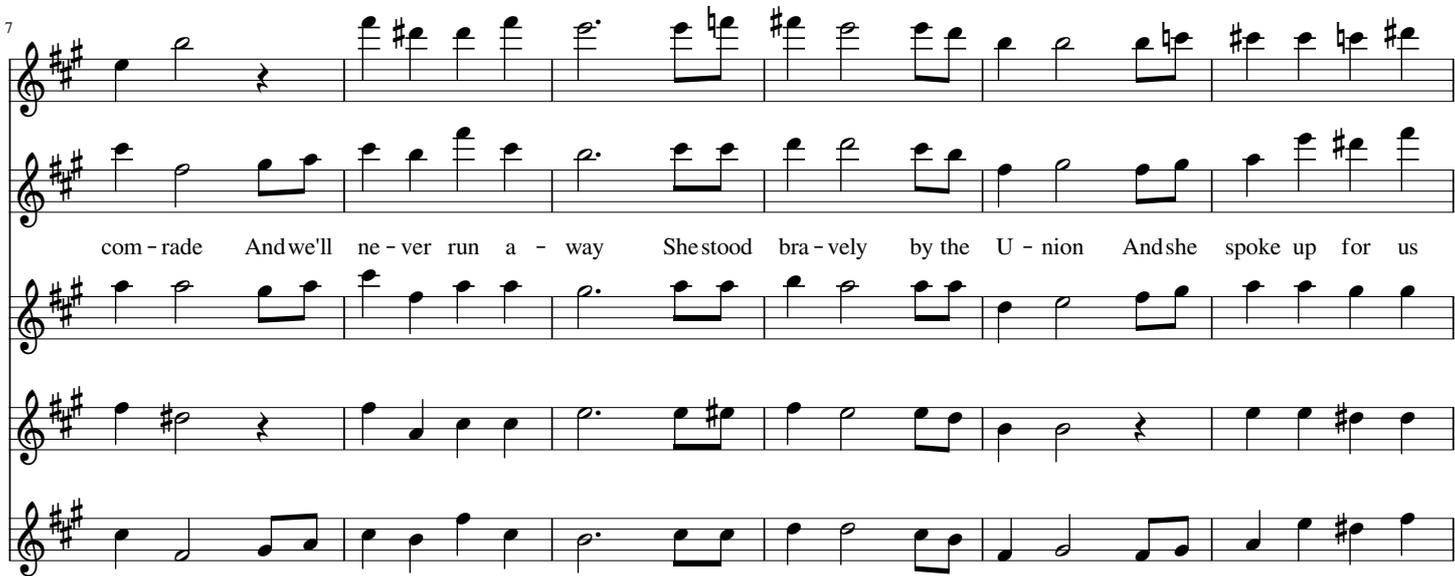
A. Sax. 

A. Sax. 

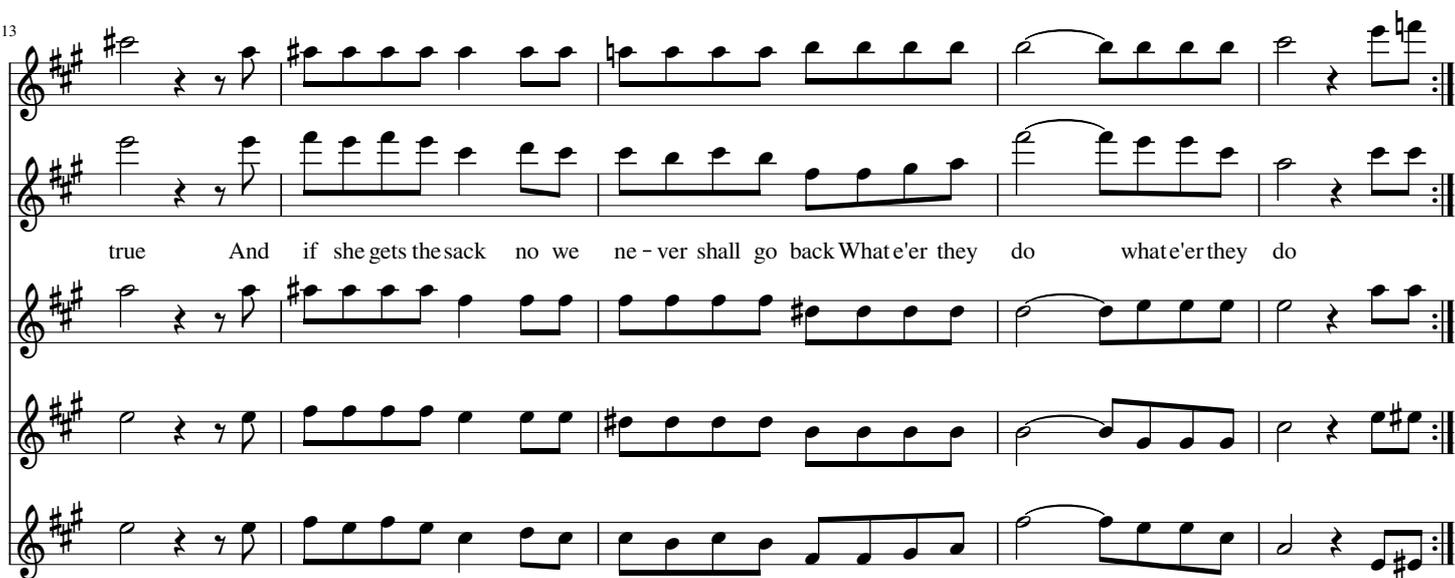
A. Sax. 

A. Sax. 

Have you been to work at I - dris? No we won't go in to - day For we're stan-ding with our

7 

com - rade And we'll ne - ver run a - way She stood bra - vely by the U - nion And she spoke up for us

13 

true And if she gets the sack no we ne - ver shall go back What'e'r they do what'e'r they do

- 1) Every time you pick up the newspaper,  
Every time you switch on the TV,  
You can bet your old boots that at some point you'll see  
A high-ranking copper or Tory MP  
Calling on all who are British and free  
To stand up and defend law and order.
- 2) It's illegal to rip off a payroll.  
It's illegal to hold up a train;  
But it's legal to rip off a million or two  
That comes from the labour that other folk do.  
To plunder the many on behalf of the few  
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.
- 3) It's illegal to kill off a landlord,  
Or to trespass upon his estate,  
But to charge a high rent for a slum is OK.  
To condemn two adults and three children to stay  
In a hovel that's rotten with damp and decay  
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.
- 4) If your job turns you into a zombie,  
It's legal to feel some despair,  
But don't be aggressive that is if you're smart,  
And for Christ's sake, don't upset the old apple cart.  
Remember the boss has your interests at heart,  
And it grieves him to see you unhappy.
- 5) If you fashion a bomb in the kitchen,  
You're guilty of breaking the law,  
But a bloody great nuclear plant is OK,  
Though plutonium processing hastens the day  
When this tight little isle may be blasted away.  
Nonetheless, it is perfectly legal.
- 6) It's illegal if you are a gypsy  
To camp by the side of the road,  
But it's proper and right for the rich and the great  
To live in a mansion and own an estate  
That was got from the people by pillage and rape.  
That's what they call a tradition.
- 7) It's illegal to carve up your missus,  
Or put poison in your old man's tea,  
But poison the rivers, the seas and the skies,  
And poison the mind of a nation with lies,  
If it's done in the interest of free enterprise,  
Then it's proper and perfectly legal.
- 8) It's legal to join a trade union,  
And to picket is one of your rights,  
But don't be offensive when scabs cross the line.  
Be nice to the coppers and keep this in mind:  
To picket effectively, that is a crime,  
Worse than if you had murdered your mother.
- 9) It's legal to sing on the telly,  
But they make bloody sure that you don't  
If you sing about racists and fascists and creeps,  
And thieves in high places who live off the weak,  
And those who are selling us right up the creek,  
The twisters, the takers, the con men, the fakers,  
The whole bloody gang of exploiters.

♩ = 80

ev-ry time you pick up a news pa-per ev-ry time you switch on the t - v you can

D G D A

6 Last x to Coda

bet your old boots that at some point you'll see a high rank-ing copper or To-ry M-P

G D A7 D D C

10

Ca-lling on all who are Brit-ish and free to stand up and pro-TECT law and order

D Am D A D

D D Am A D

E♭

# Song For Che

Charlie Haden

Alto Sax

Alto Sax

Baritone Sax

Cdim E/B B♭dim Bm B

6

Cdim E/B B♭dim Bm B

10

C♯dim B B E E B

15

C♯m F♯ B

# On The Day

We're told that after the war  
The Nazis vanished without a trace  
But battalions of fascists  
Still dream of a master race

The history books they tell  
Of their defeat in '45  
But they all came out of the woodwork  
On the day the Nazi died

They say the prisoner at Spandau  
Was a symbol of defeat  
Whilst Hess remained imprisoned  
And the fascists; they were beat

So the promise of an Aryan world  
Would never materialize  
So why did they all come out of the woodwork  
On the day the Nazi died

The world is riddled with maggots  
The maggots are getting fat  
They're making a tasty meal of all  
The bosses and bureaucrats

They're taking over the boardrooms  
And they're fat and full of pride  
And they all came out of the woodwork  
On the day the Nazi died

So if you meet with these historians  
I'll tell you what to say  
Tell them that the Nazis  
Never really went away

They're out there burning houses down  
And peddling racist lies

And we'll never rest again...  
Until every Nazi dies...

♩ = 120

Alto Saxophone  We're told that af - ter the w - ar the Na - zi vanished with - out a trace But ba - tta - li - ons of

Alto Saxophone 

Baritone Saxophone 

7 A. Sax.  fas - cists Still dream of a ma - ster race The hi - sto - ry books they tell of their de - feat in for - ty - five But they

A. Sax. 

Bar. Sax. 

14 A. Sax.  all came out of the wood work on the day the Na - zi died

A. Sax. 

Bar. Sax. 

23 A. Sax.  So the pro - mise of an A - ry - an land Would ne - ver ma - te - ri - a - - lize So why did they

A. Sax. 

Bar. Sax. 

30 A. Sax.  all come out of the wood work on the day the Na - zi died The world is ri - ddled with maggots the

A. Sax. 

Bar. Sax. 

36

A. Sax.    
 ma-ggots are ge - tting fat They're ma-king a ta - sty me-al of all the bo-sses and bu - reau - crats They're

A. Sax. 

Bar. Sax. 

42

A. Sax.    
 ta - king o-ver the board - rooms and they're fat and full of pride And they all came out of the wood-work on the

A. Sax. 

Bar. Sax. 

48

A. Sax.    
 day the Na - zi died So if you meet with these hi - sto - ri-ans I'll tell you what to say Tell them that the

A. Sax. 

Bar. Sax. 

55

A. Sax.    
 Na - zis ne - ver rea - lly went a - way They're out there bu - r - ning hou - ses down and pe-d-daling ra - cist

A. Sax. 

Bar. Sax. 

61  $\text{♩} = 60$

A. Sax.    
 lies And we'll ne - ver rest a - gain un - til ev - ry Na - zi dies...

A. Sax. 

Bar. Sax. 

# L'Internationale

Arriba los pobres del mundo!  
En pie los esclavos sin pan!  
Alcémonos todos, que llega  
La Revolución Social.

La Anarquía ha de emanciparnos  
de toda la explotación.  
El comunismo libertario  
será nuestra redención.

Agrupémonos todos  
a la lucha social.  
Con la FAI lograremos  
el éxito final.

Agrupémonos todos  
a la lucha social.  
Con la FAI lograremos  
el éxito final

Color de sangre tiene el fuego,  
color negro tiene el volcán.  
Colores rojo y negro tiene  
nuestra bandera triunfal.

Los hombres han de ser hermanos,  
cese la desigualdad.  
La Tierra será paraíso  
libre de la Humanidad.

Agrupémonos todos  
a la lucha social.  
Con la FAI lograremos  
el éxito final

Agrupémonos todos  
a la lucha social.  
Con la FAI lograremos  
el éxito final.

♩ = 112

A - rise, you work-ers from your slum - ber, a - rise, you pri-so-ners of need.

9  
Sound rea - son in the world now thun - ders, a - nd ends the age of greed. A -

18  
way with all su-per - sti - tions, ser-vile mas - ses, a - rise, a - rise! We'll change the

27  
ol-d co-n - di - tion-s, and the poor from dust will rise. So — com - rades, come ral -

37  
ly, and the fu - ture em - brace, the In - ter - na - tio - na - le u - nites the hu - man

48  
race. A - ll com - rades, come ral - ly and the futu - re em - brace, the bro - ther-

59  
hood of na - t - ions u - nites the hu - man race.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 112. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The score includes measure numbers 9, 18, 27, 37, 48, and 59. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a first ending (marked '2.') consisting of two measures of a sustained chord.

Eb

# Viva la FAI

Corale Durruti

Viva la FAI y la CNT,  
luchemos hermanos contra los tiranos y los requetés.  
Rojo pendón, negro color,  
luchemos hermanos aunque en la batalla debamos morir.

En los tiempos de Rivera y Torquemada,  
los fascistas nos querían matar,  
aliados con naciones extranjeras  
como Italia y Portugal.  
Empezaremos con el tronco  
y acabaremos con el clero  
que es el animal más fiero  
al servicio del poder. FAI, FAI.

Viva la FAI y la CNT,  
luchemos hermanos contra los tiranos y los requetés.  
Rojo pendón, negro color,  
luchemos hermanos aunque en la batalla debamos morir.

Si los curas y frailes supieran  
la paliza que van a llevar  
huirían al coro gritando  
Libertad, Libertad, Libertad !!!

♩ = 100

Vi-va la FAI y la C-N-T lu-chemos her-

8 ma-nos con-tra los ti-ra-nos y los re-que-tes Ro-jo pen-don ne-gro co-lor

15 lu-chemos her-ma-nos aunque-en la ba-ta-lla de-ba-mos mo-rir En

20 los tiempos de Ri-ve-ra y Tor-que-ma-da los fa-scis-ta nos que-rian ma-a-tar

27 a-li-a-dos con na-cio-nes ex-tran-je-e-ras co-mo-I-ta-a-li-a y Por-tu-

34 gal Em-pe-za-re-mos con el tro-n-co y a-ca-ba-re-mos con el

42 cle-e-ro que es el a-ni-mal ma-s fie-ro al ser-vi-dio del po-

50 der FAI! FAI! lu-chemos her-ma-nos con-tra los ti-

57 ra-nos y los re-que-tes Ro-jo pen-don ne-gro co-lor lu-chemos her-

64 ma-nos aunque-en la ba-ta-lla de-ba-mos mo-rir Si los cu-ras y frai-les su-

69 pie-ran la pa-li-za que van a ll-va-a-ar hui-ri-an co-ro gri-i-tan-do-o Li-ber-

74 tad Li-ber-tad Li-ber-tad!!