LABOUR PARTY

Song Book

Labour Anthems
Traditional Songs &
Community Favourites

2s.

COMMUNIST
FEDERATION
OF BRITAIN

write to - S. Garnett,
54, Alderfield Drive,
Liverpool 24.

THE LABOUR PARTY SONG BOOK

This book contains many of the old favourites which appeared originally in the Labour Party's first song book "Everyday Songs for Labour Festivals" published in 1933. In response to many requests, additional songs from the trade unions at home and overseas and from the Co-operative Movement have been included in the present issue.

Piano arrangements for a number of the works included have been prepared especially for the songbook and are the copyright of the Labour Party.

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August, 1955.
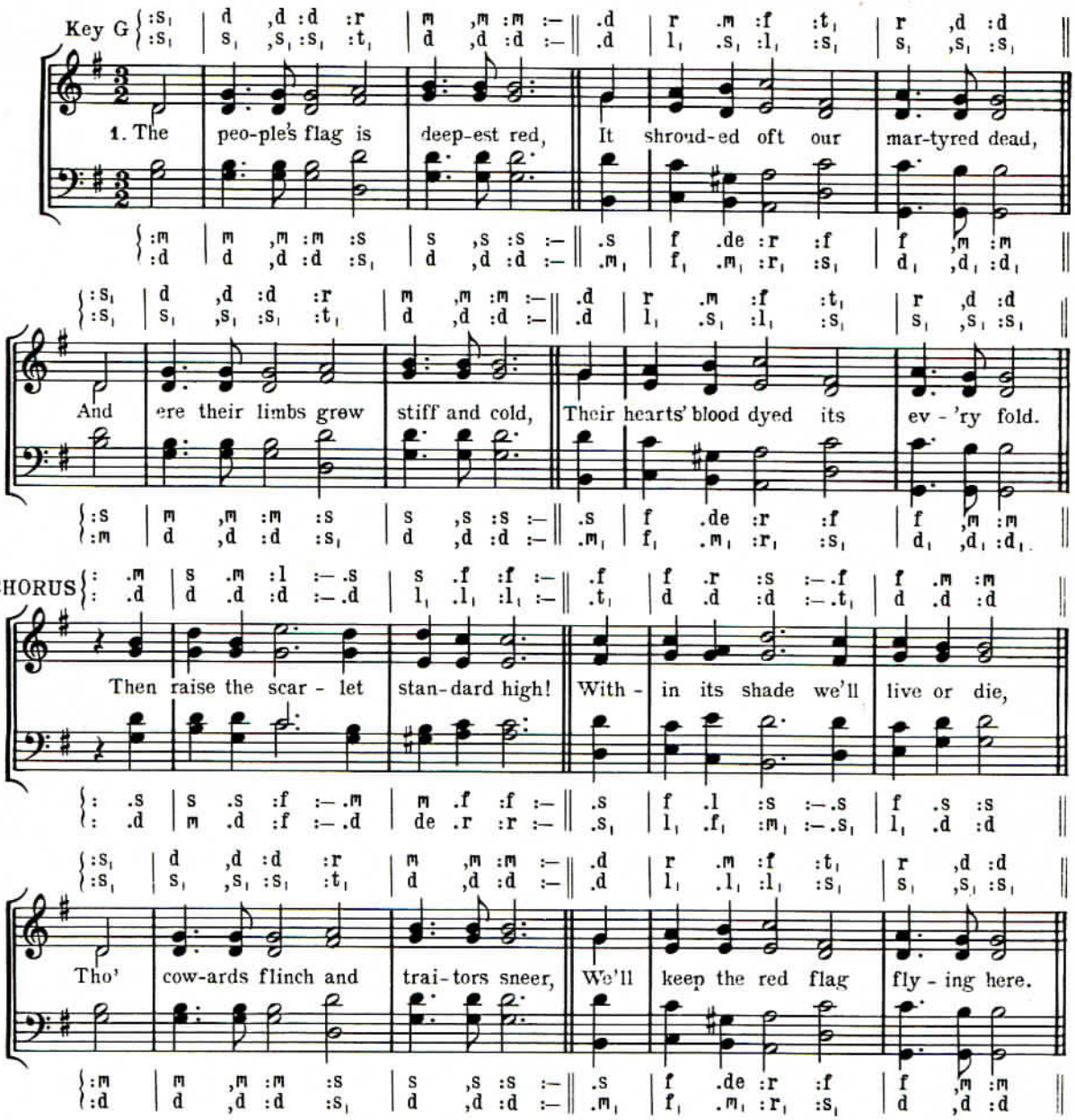
CONTENTS

THE RED FLAG	Page	1
ENGLAND, ARISE !	,,	2
THE INTERNATIONAL	,,	3
JERUSALEM	,,	4
CRIMOND	,,	5
THESE THINGS SHALL BE	,,	6
DEEP HARMONY	,,	6
CWM RHONDDA	,,	7
LAND OF MY FATHERS	,,	8
THE MARSEILLAISE	,,	9
HIMNO DE RIEGO	,,	10
BANDIERA ROSSA	,,	11
LA ESPERO	,,	12
SONG OF THE A.E.U.	,,	13
WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED	,,	14
THE RAINBOW FLAG	,,	14
THE MAN THAT WATERS THE WORKERS' BEER	,,	15
DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK	,,	16
HOT ASPHALT	,,	17
I'M CHAMPION AT KEEPING 'EM ROLLING	,,	18
FOURPENCE A DAY	,,	19
COSHER BAILEY'S ENGINE	,,	20
POOR PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY	,,	21
THE FOUR LOOM WEAVER	,,	22
THE BARNYARDS O' DELGATY	,,	23
HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM	,,	24
THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON'	,,	25
COCKLES AND MUSSELS	,,	26
A LIFT ON THE WAY	,,	27
ON ILKLA MOOR BAHT 'AT	,,	28
SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN	,,	29
BLAYDON RACES	,,	30–31
EARLY ONE MORNING	,,	32
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT	,,	33
OH ! MY DARLING, CLEMENTINE	,,	34–35
WOT CHER !	,,	35
JINGLE BELLS	,,	36–37
OLD FOLKS AT HOME	,,	38–39
HOME SWEET HOME	,,	40
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT	,,	41
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES	,,	42
MY BONNIE	,,	43
A-ROVING	,,	44
CAMPTOWN RACES	,,	45
KILLARNEY	,,	46–47
THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK	,,	48
TO BE A FARMER'S BOY	,,	49
UPIDEE	,,	50–51
JOE HILL	,,	51
UNCLE TOM COBLEIGH	,,	52
ALOUETTE	,,	53
JOHN BROWN'S BODY	,,	54
THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL	,,	55
BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS	,,	56
GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES !	,,	57
AULD LANG SYNE	,,	58

THE RED FLAG

Words by JIM CONNELL

Tune, Maryland



2. It waved above our infant might,
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow:—
We must not change its colour now.

Then raise the scarlet &c.

3. It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain,
Of human right and human gain.

Then raise the scarlet &c.

4. It suits today the weak and base,
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;
To cringe before the rich man's frown,
And haul the sacred emblem down.
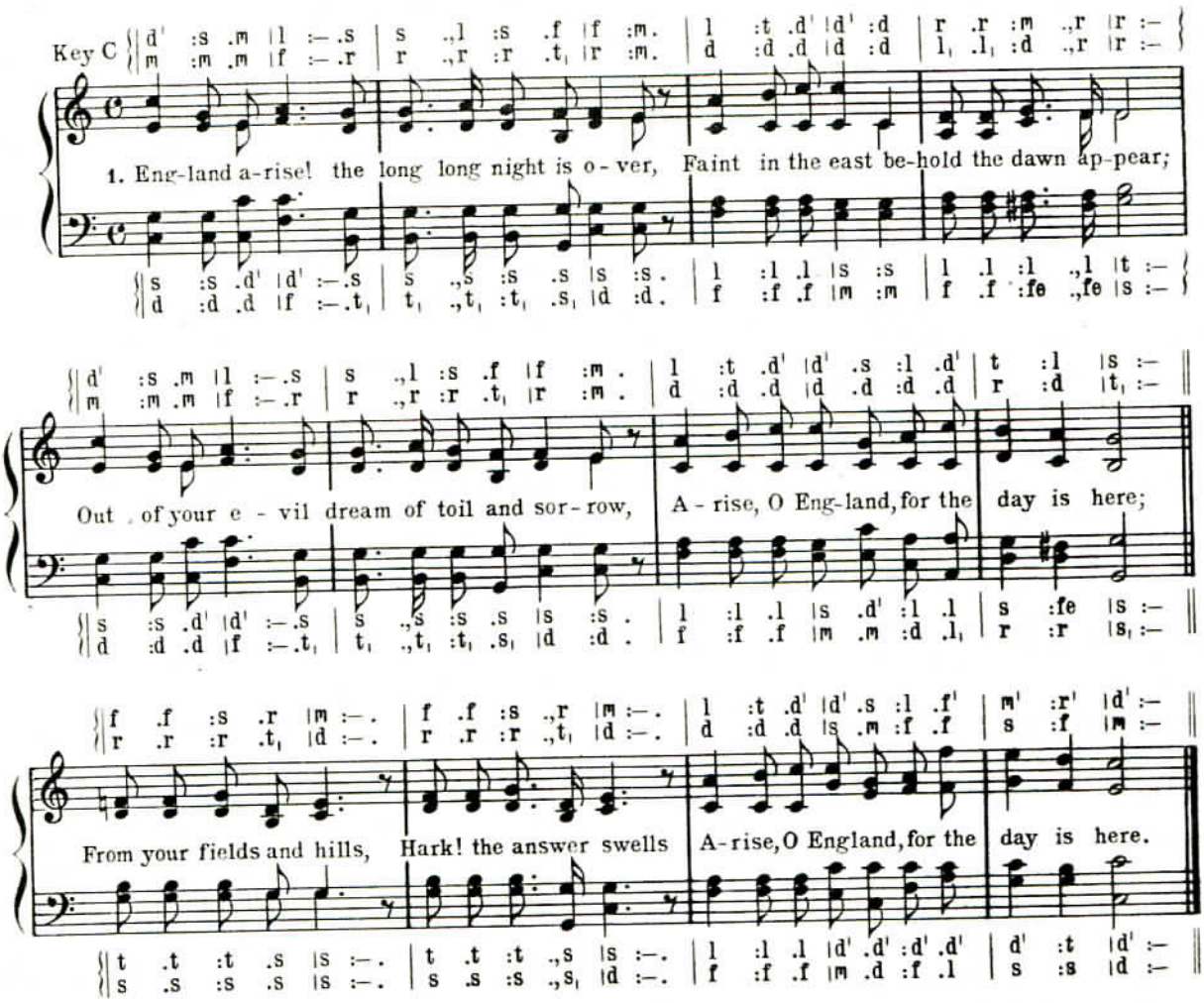
Then raise the scarlet &c.

5. With heads uncovered swear we all,
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

Then raise the scarlet &c.

ENGLAND, ARISE!

Words and Music by
EDWARD CARPENTER



2

By your young children's eyes so red with weeping,
By their white faces aged with want and fear,
By the dark cities where your babes are creeping
Naked of joy and all that makes life dear;
From each wretched slum
Let the loud cry come;
Arise, O England, for the day is here.

3

People of England! all your valleys call you,
High in the rising sun the lark sings clear,
Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall you?
Will you disown your native land so dear?
Shall it die unheard
That sweet pleading word?
Arise, O England, for the day is here.

4

Over your face a web of lies is woven,
Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,
Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
On its bent back sits Idleness encrowned.
How long while you sleep
Your harvest shall it reap?
Arise, O England, for the day is here.

5

Forth then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers!
Comrades of danger, poverty and scorn!
Mighty in faith of freedom your great Mother!
Giants refreshed in joy's new-rising morn!
Come and swell the song,
Silent now so long:
England is risen!— and the day is here.

From "Chants of Labour" by Edward Carpenter. By kind permission of Messrs. George Allen & Unwin Ltd.
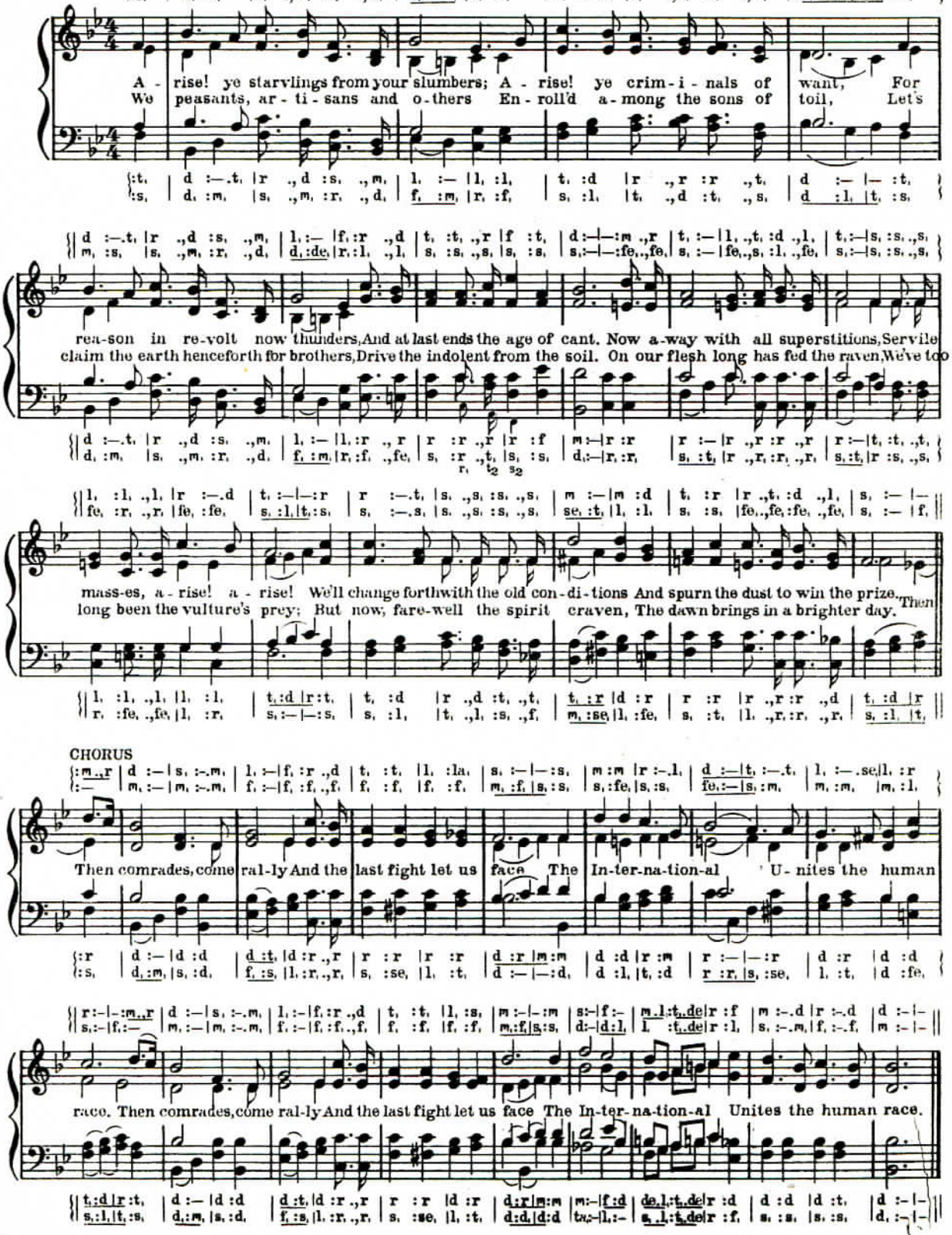
THE INTERNATIONAL

Words from the French of E. POTTIER

Degeyter's Air
Arr. by WM. ROBERTSON

In March time

Key B♭



JERUSALEM
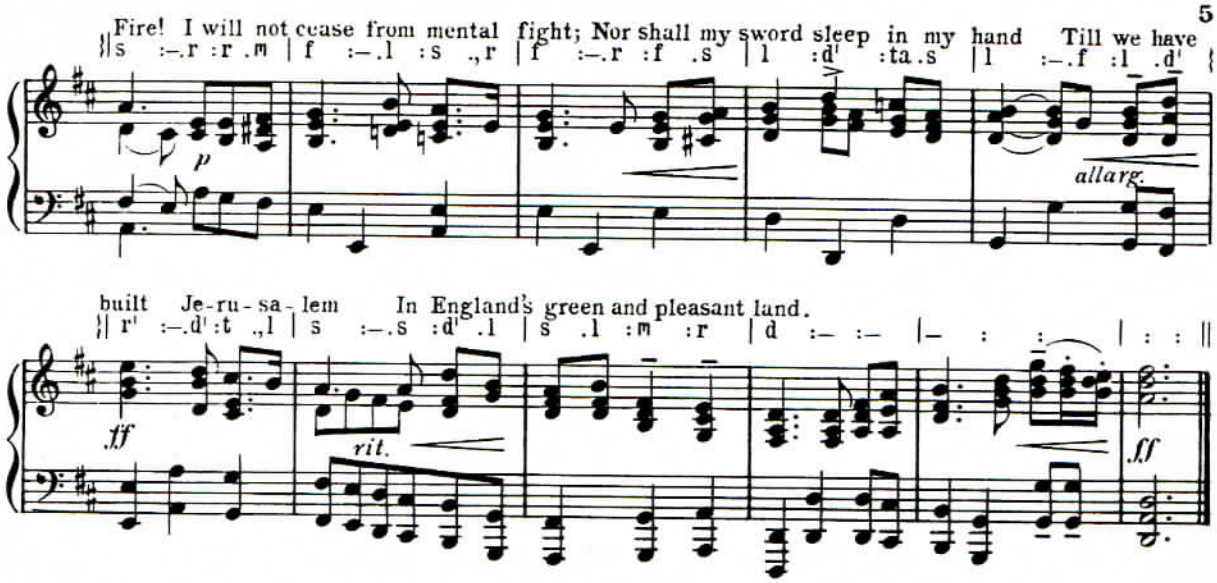
Stanzas from
BLAKE'S "Prophetic Books"

Set to Music by
C. HUBERT H. PARRY
Arr. by GORDON JACOB

Slow, but with animation

(SOLO) And did those feet in ancient time Walk upon England's mountains green? And was the Ho - ly Lamb of God On England's pleasant pastures seen? And did the Coun - ten-ance Di-vine Shine forth up - on our clouded hills? And was Je - ru - sa-lem build-ed here Among these dark Sa-tan-ic mills?
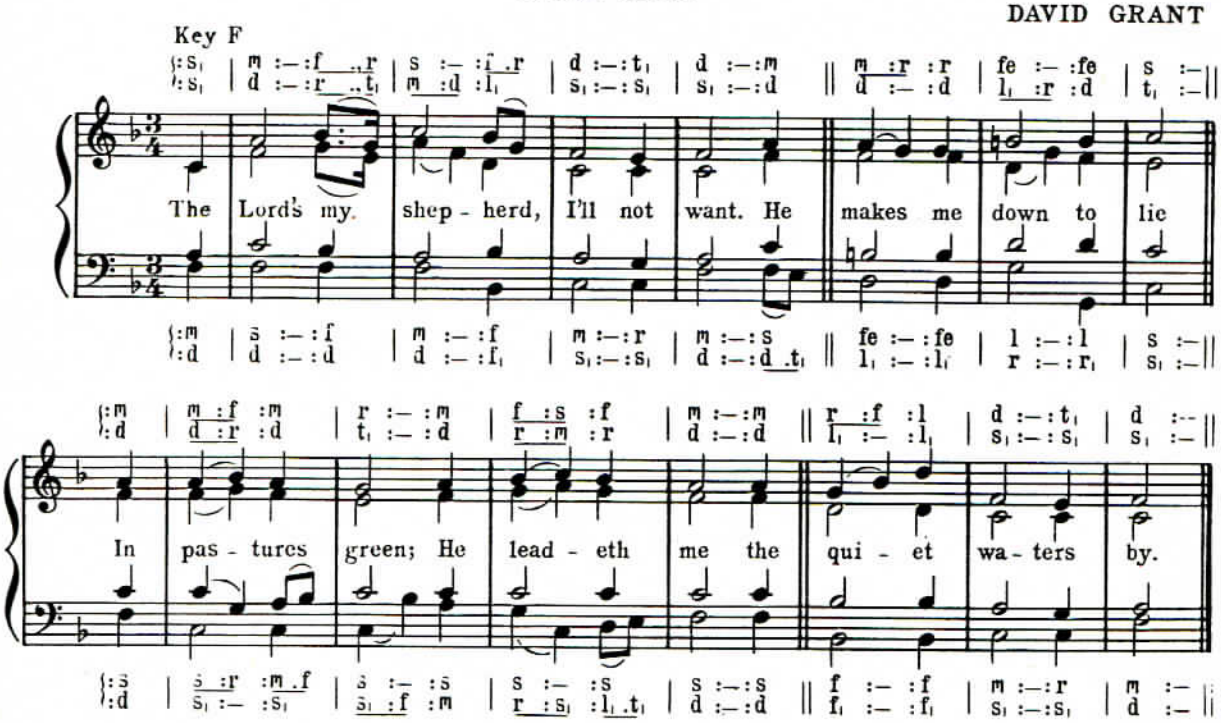
CHORUS
(ALL) Bring me my bow of burn-ing gold! Bring me my arrows of de - sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds un - fold! Bring me my Cha - ri - ot of



CRIMOND

Psalm XXIII

DAVID GRANT



My soul He doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
and staff, me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.
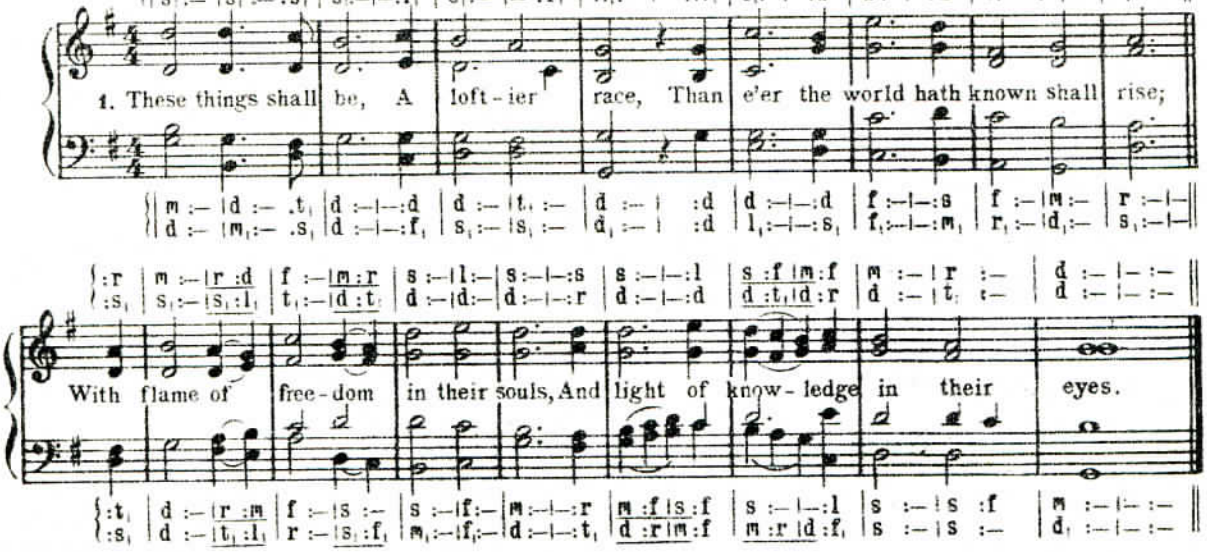
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THESE THINGS SHALL BE

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS — S. STANLEY

SIMEON

Key G



2. They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3. Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
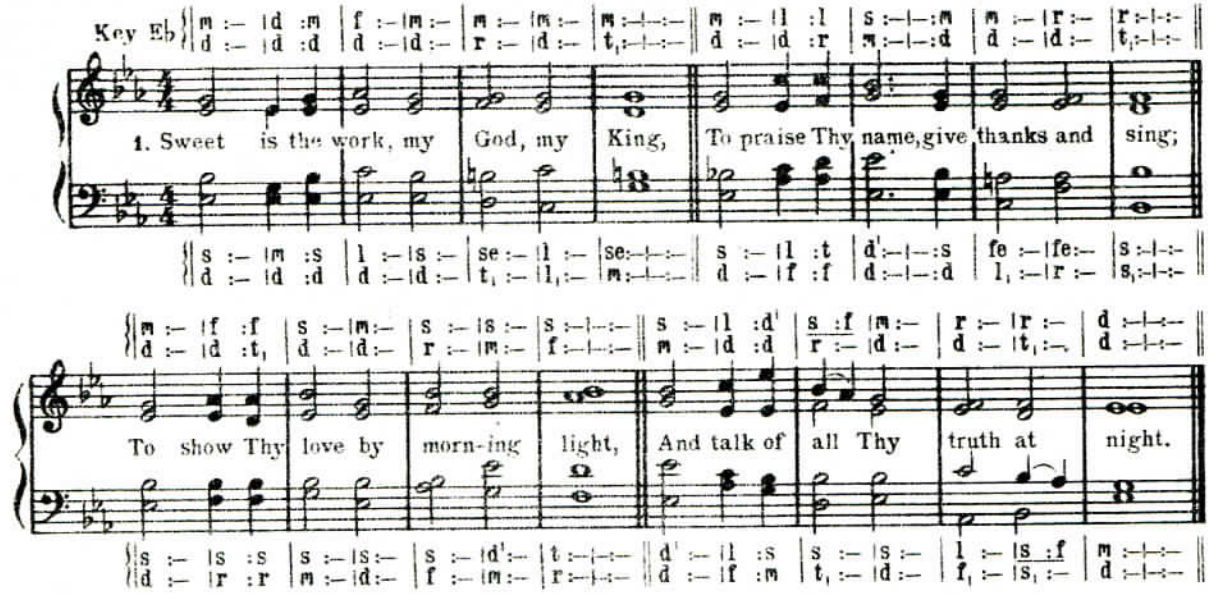
4. Man shall love man, with heart as pure
And fervent as the young eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

5. New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And ev'ry life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

DEEP HARMONY

Dr. WATTS — HANDEL PARKER

Key Eb



2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine
How deep Thy counsels, how divine.

4. And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

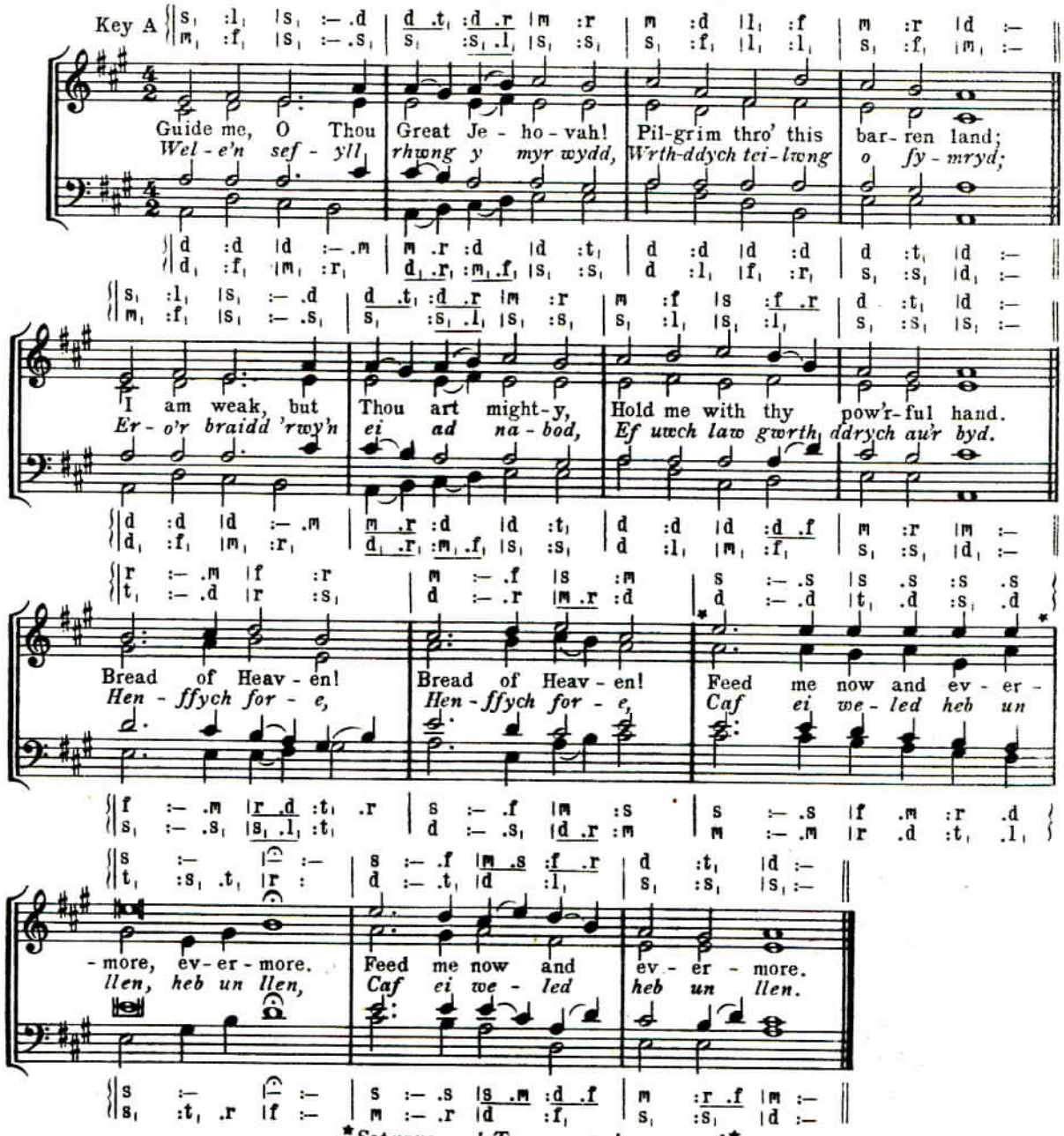
5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

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CWM RHONDDA

WILLIAM WILLIAMS
87. 87. 47.

JOHN HUGHES



Soprano and Tenor may be reversed

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

Rhosyn Saion yw Ei enw,
Gwŷn a gwridog, hardd ei bryd;
Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori,
O wrthddrychau pena'r byd:
Ffrynd, pechadur,
Dyma'n llywydd ar y môr.

'Beth sydd imi mwy a wnelwyf,
Ag eilunod gwael y llawr?
Tystior wyf nad yw eu cwmni,
I'w gymharu a'm Iesu mawr:
O! am aros
Yn Ei gariad ddyddiau f'oes.
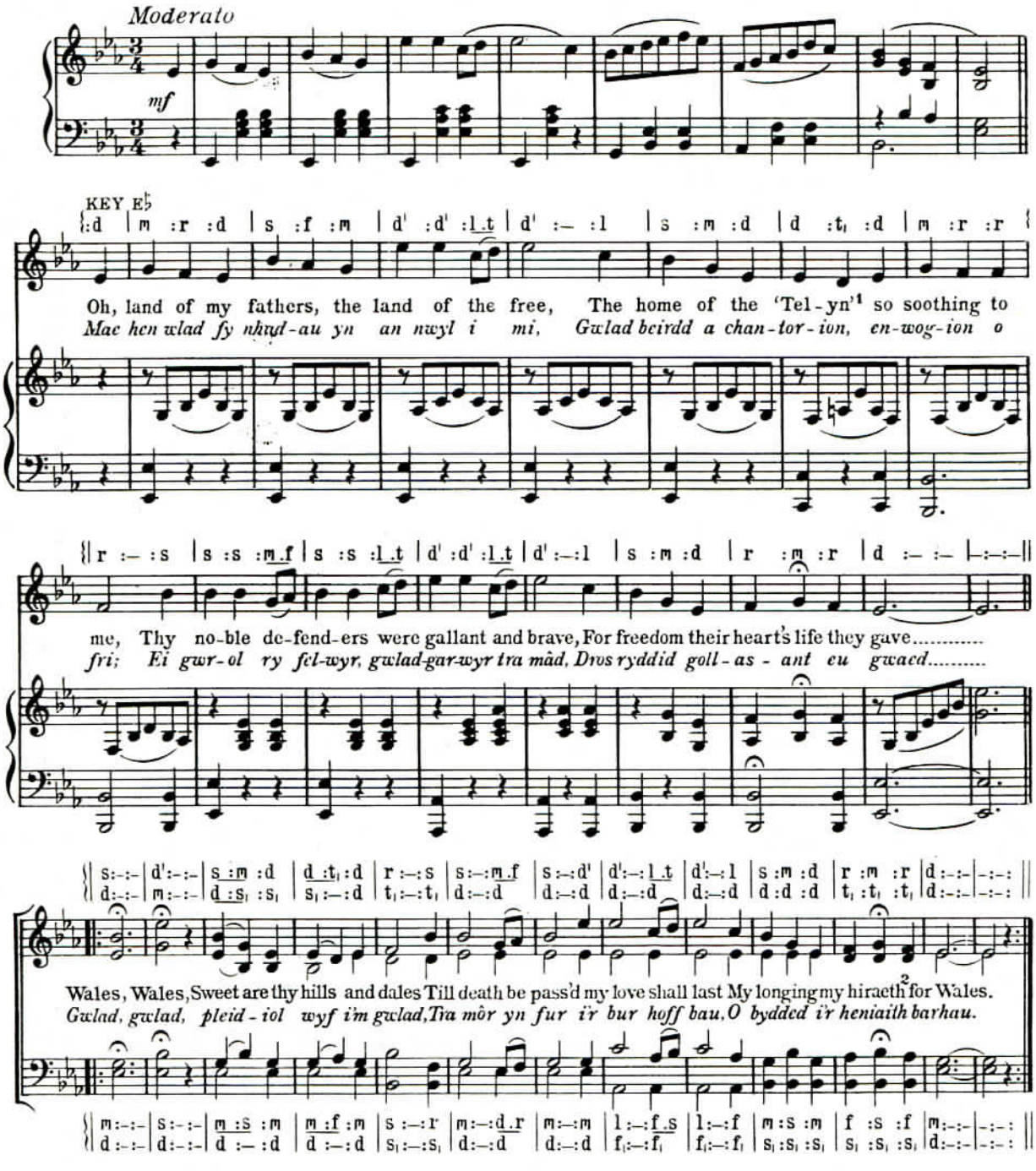
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LAND OF MY FATHERS

(HEN WLAD FY NHADAU)

The Welsh words by **EVAN JAMES**, Pontypridd
Arrangement and English Words by **OWAIN ALAW**

Melody by **JAMES JAMES**
(by permission)



Thou Eden of bards and birthplace of song,
The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong
The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear,
Thy hills and thy valleys, how dear!

Hên Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol mor swynol yw si
Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.

Tho' slighted and scorned by the proud and the strong,
The language of Cambria still charms us in song;
The Awen[3] survives, nor have envious tales
Yet silenced the harp of dear Wales.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae heniaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed;
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

1. Harp 2. Yearning 3. Muse

By kind permission of Messrs Hughes & Son. Ltd. 16, Westgate St. Cardiff. From "Gems of Welsh Melody"

THE MARSEILLAISE

Slow March tempo

Arr. by DUDLEY E. BAYFORD

Key G

Soldiers of France, the morn is break - ing, The day of glo - ry dawns at last! See the
Ye tyrants quake, your day is o - ver, De-test-ed now by friend and foe! Who your

f marcato *dim* *mf*

tyrant's ban-ner shaking, As it base-ly streams in the blast. As it base-ly streams in the
base de-signs dis - cov-er, Ye shall die as trai - tors do, Ye shall die as trai - tors

ff

blast. The field of bat - tle lies be - fore you, Fierce foe-men ad-vance in their
do, Each gallant heart with zeal o'er - flow - ing Goes ea-ger-ly forth at the

pride, Con - fu - sion spreading far and wide, While for aid your child-ren im -
call Tho' some may for their country fall, Oth - ers will hear bu-gles

p

-plore you To arms and hence a-way! To arms this glorious day! March
blow-ing

ff
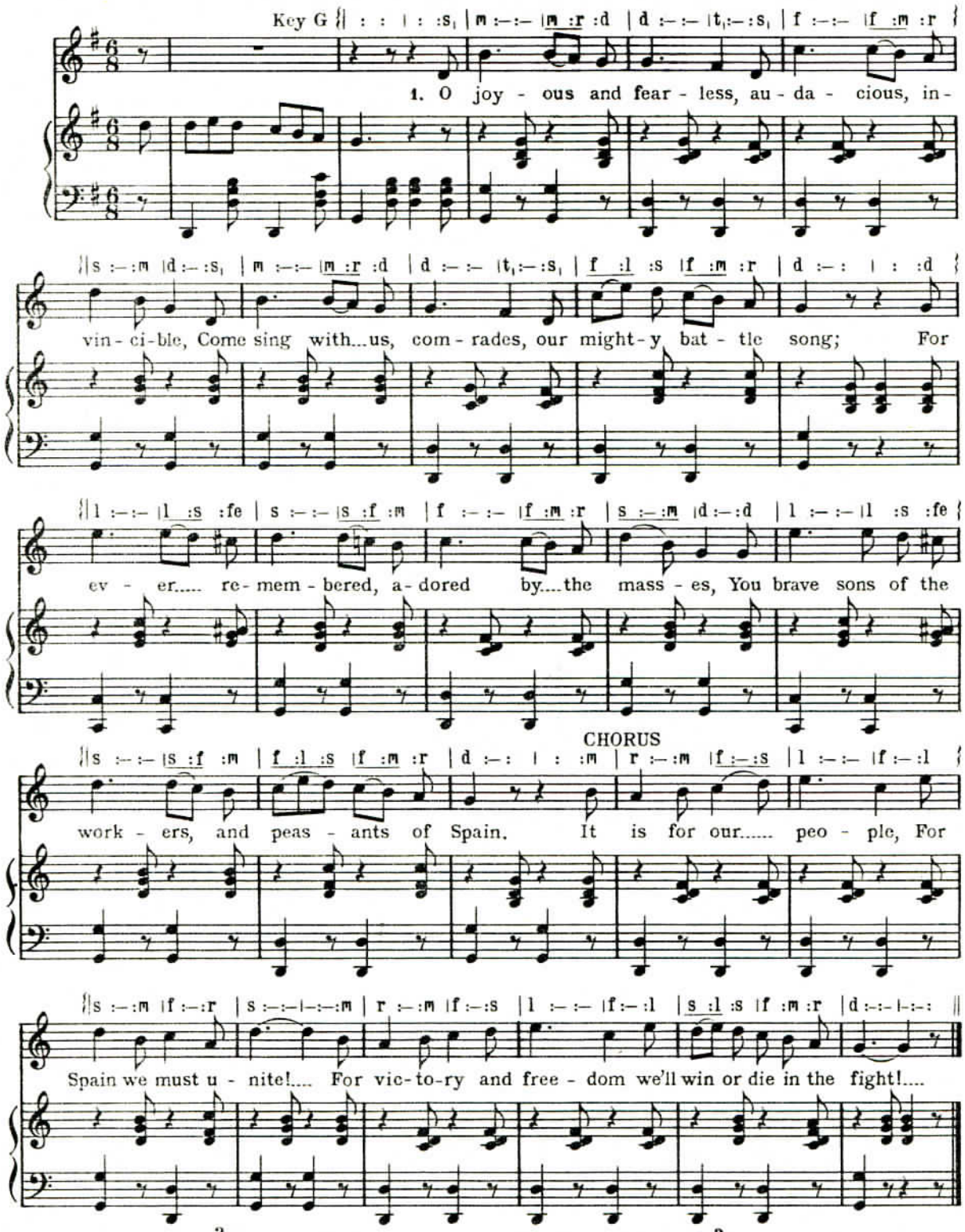
on, march on, Brave sons of France to fame and vic-to - ry!

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HIMNO DE RIEGO

English Text by NANCY BUSH

SPANISH REPUBLICAN ANTHEM
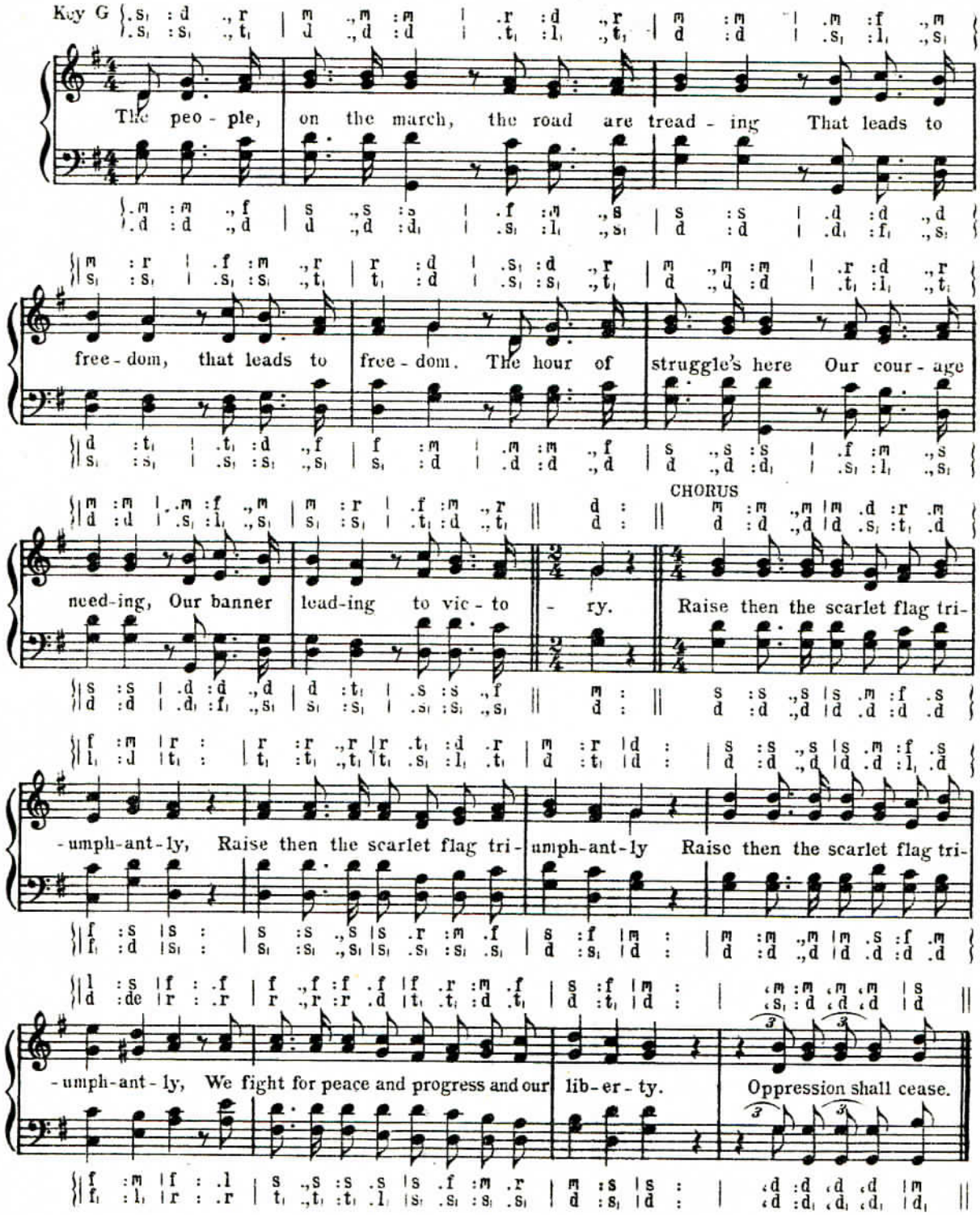


2.
Alive is the glory of those who have struggled,
The whole world remembers their part in the strife;
Riego, Riego, We sing of your victory,
For the cause of the people you laid down your life.

3.
The wind blows and carries the thunders of cannon,
The shrill sound of trumpets is heard from afar;
And Mars, god of battle, now marshals our soldiers,
He leads our proud people, our comrades to war.

BANDIERA ROSSA

(ITALIAN WORKERS' SONG)



From mines and factories, from farm and college,
With strength of suffering and force of knowledge
Come all who hope for life, their power conceding,
Our banner leading to victory.
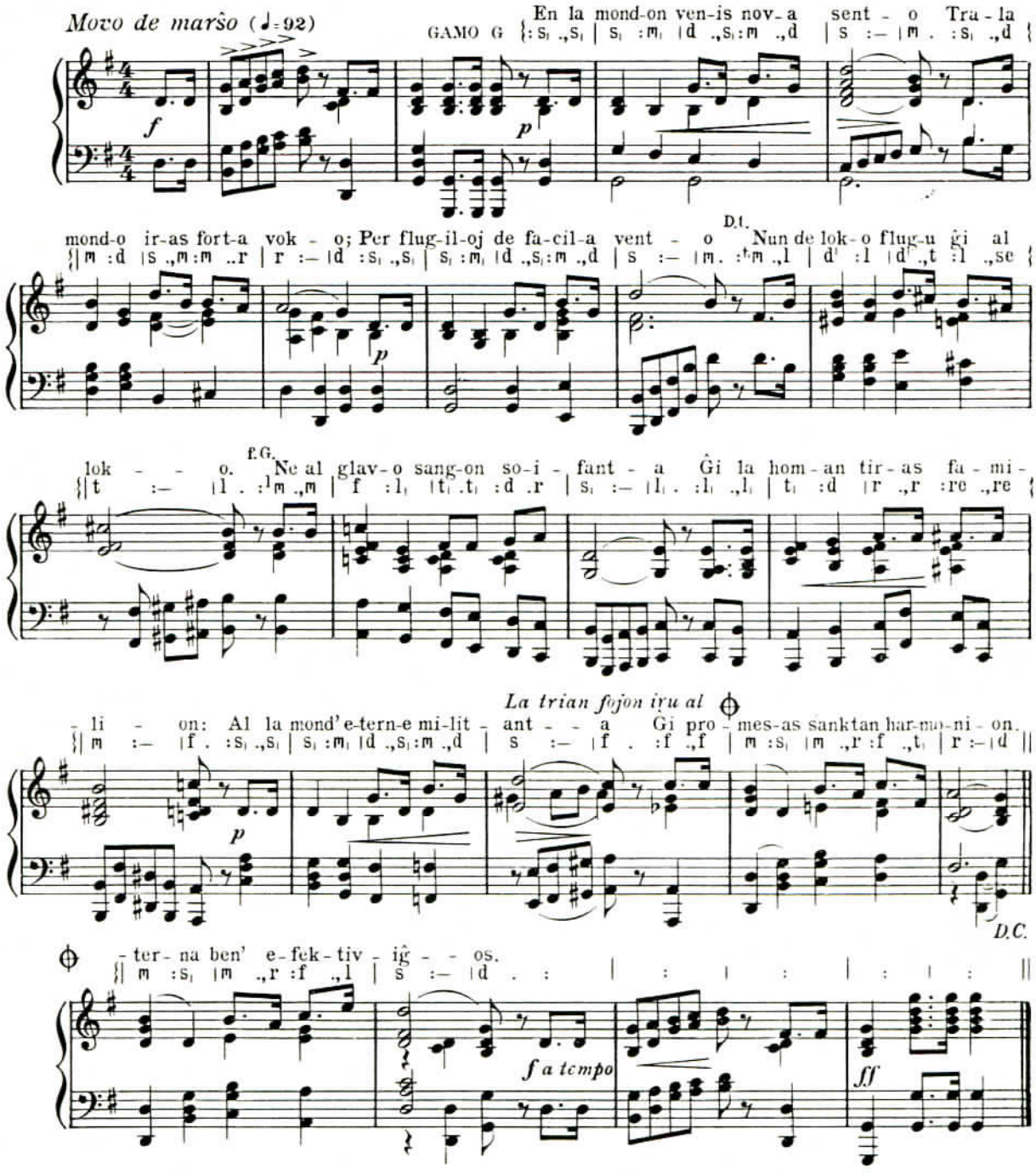
Away with enmities and hostile frontiers!
To equal manhood the earth is bounteous.
The rule of greed and war from earth is fading,
Our banner's leading to victory.

LA ESPERO

ESPERANTIST'S ANTHEM

Poezio de
D-ro L. L. ZAMENHOF

Muziko de
F. DE MENIL



Sub la sankta signó de l' espero
Kolektiĝas pacaj batalantoj,
Kaj rapide kreskas la afero
Per laboro de la esperantoj.
Forte staras muroj de miljaroj
Inter la popoloj dividitaj:
Sed dissaltos la obstinaj baroj,
Per la sankta amo disbatitaj.
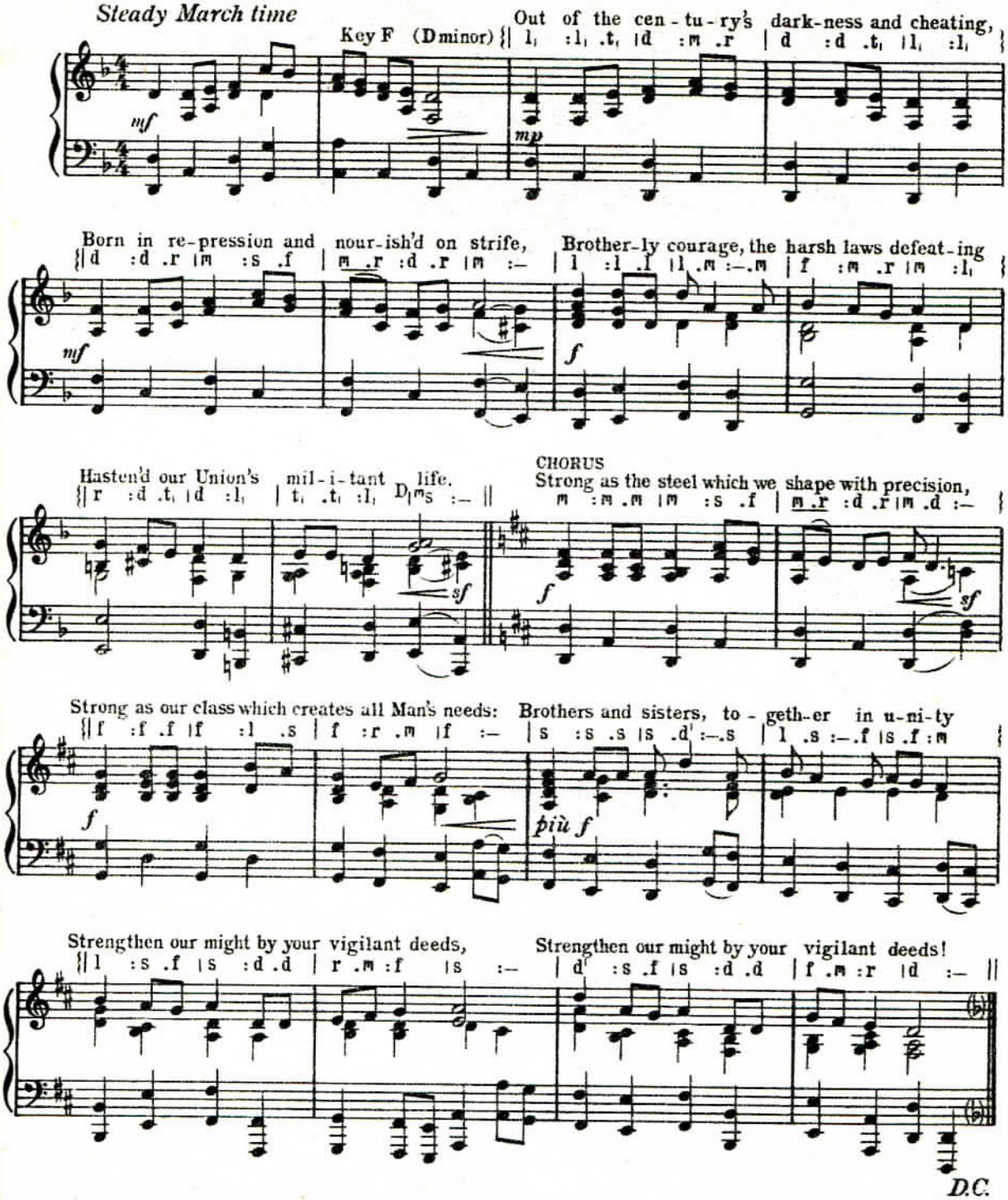
Sur neŭtrala lingva fundamento,
Komprenante una la alian,
La popoloj faros en konsento
Una grandan rondon familian.
Nia diligenta kolegaro
En laboro paca ne laciĝos,
Ĝis la bela sonĝo de l' homaro
Por eterna ben' efektivigos.

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SONG OF THE A. E. U.

Words by
RHODA FRASER

Music by
BETTY HUDSON
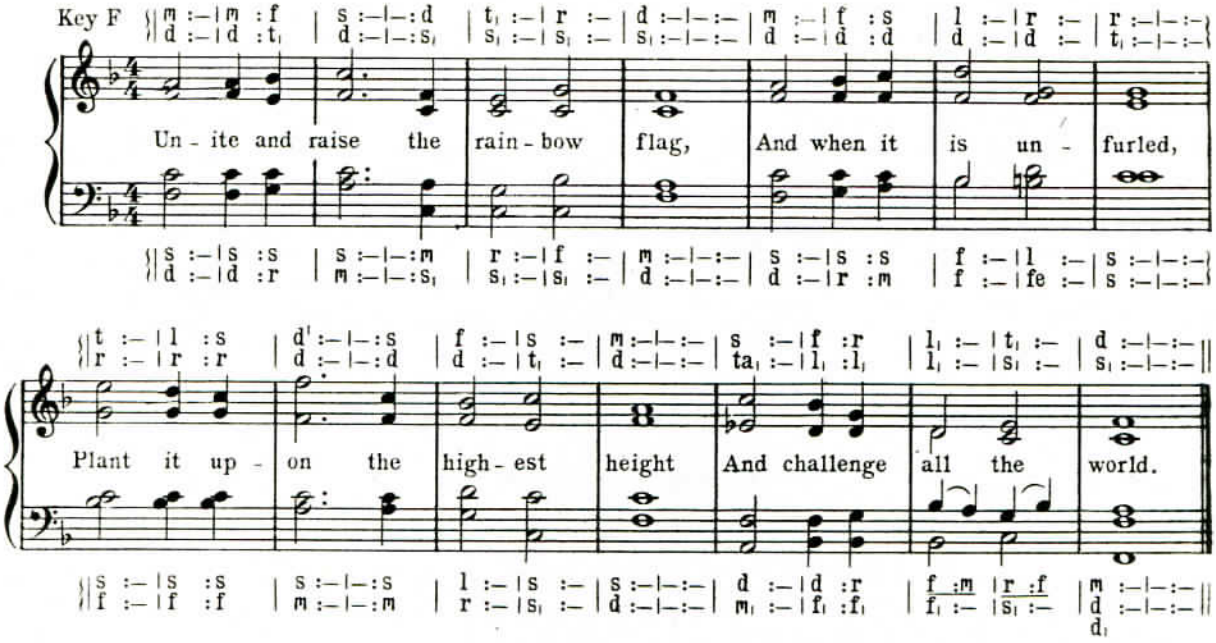


Honour the men who were steadfast and fearless
Forging and welding one Union of Steel:
Firm in the fight for our cause they were peerless,
Setting their stamp on democracy's seal.

Brothers and sisters, we're linked through our labours,
To land and to ocean, to mine and to mill.
Look further, and see that all workers are neighbours;
Let's shape a bright world with our engineers' skill.

THE RAINBOW FLAG

Words by T. W. MERCER — Co-operative Women's Guild Song — Tune, Lloyd
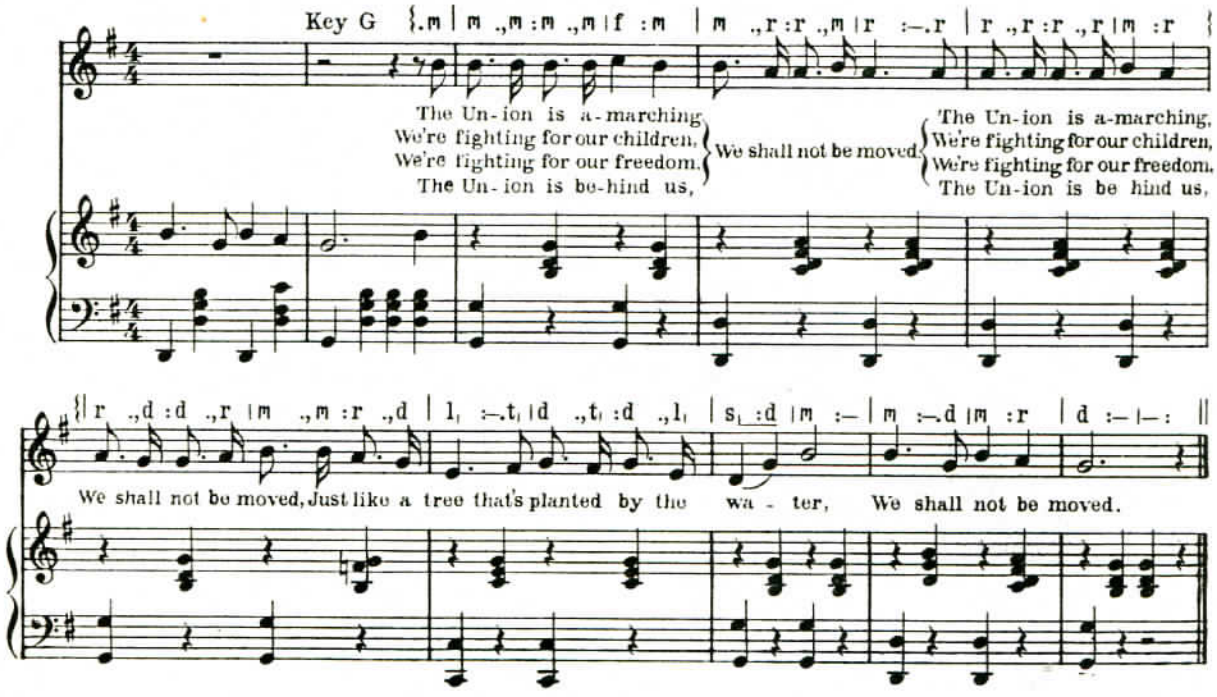


Proclaim a common people's peace,
Justice for all mankind,
Full freedom for all men in chains
That other men still bind.

Fall in at once and close the ranks;
Follow the flag to-day;
Another rainbow lights the sky,
And also lights our way.

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WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

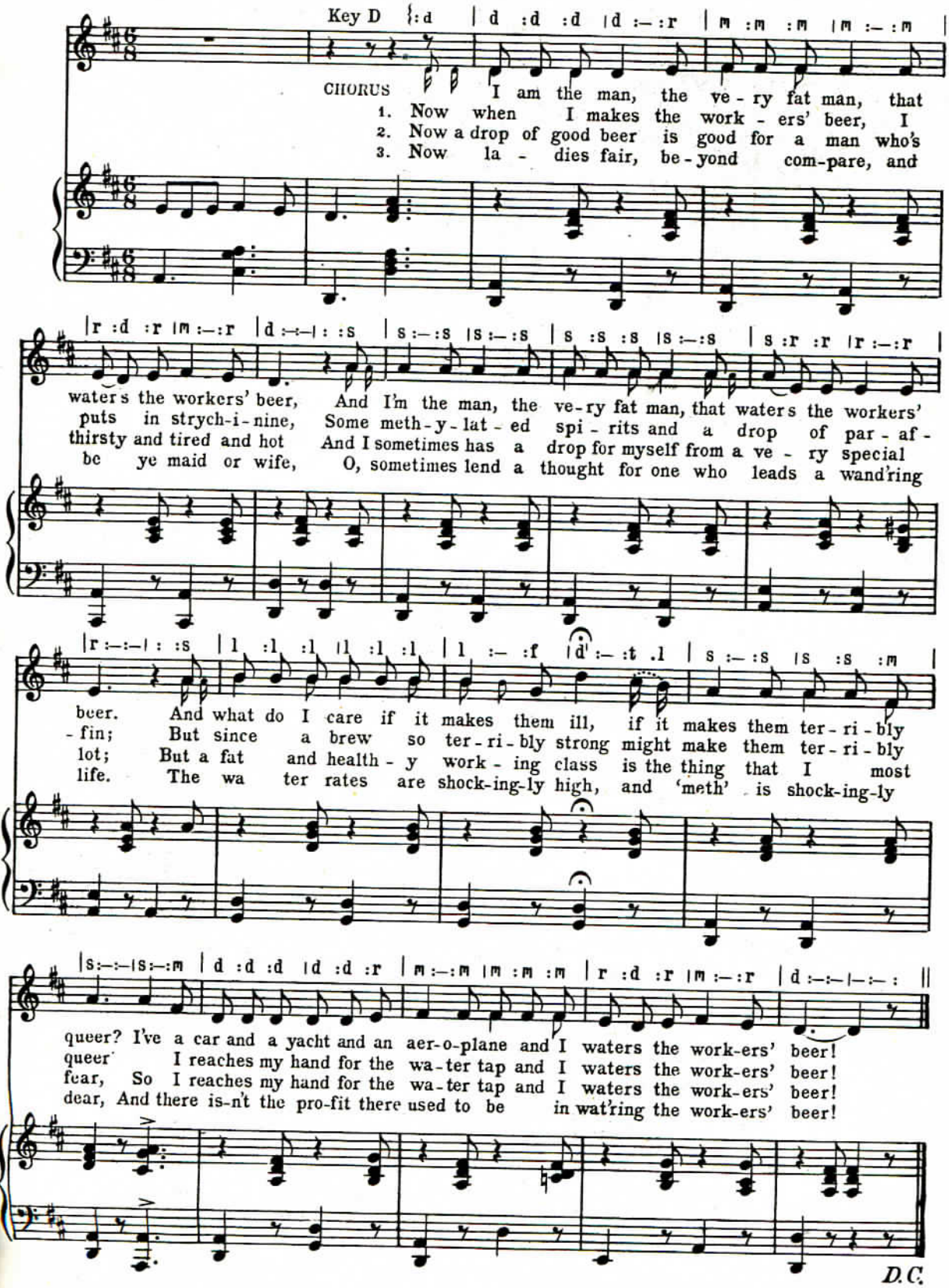
AMERICAN UNION SONG



THE MAN THAT WATERS THE WORKERS' BEER

Words by PADDY RYAN
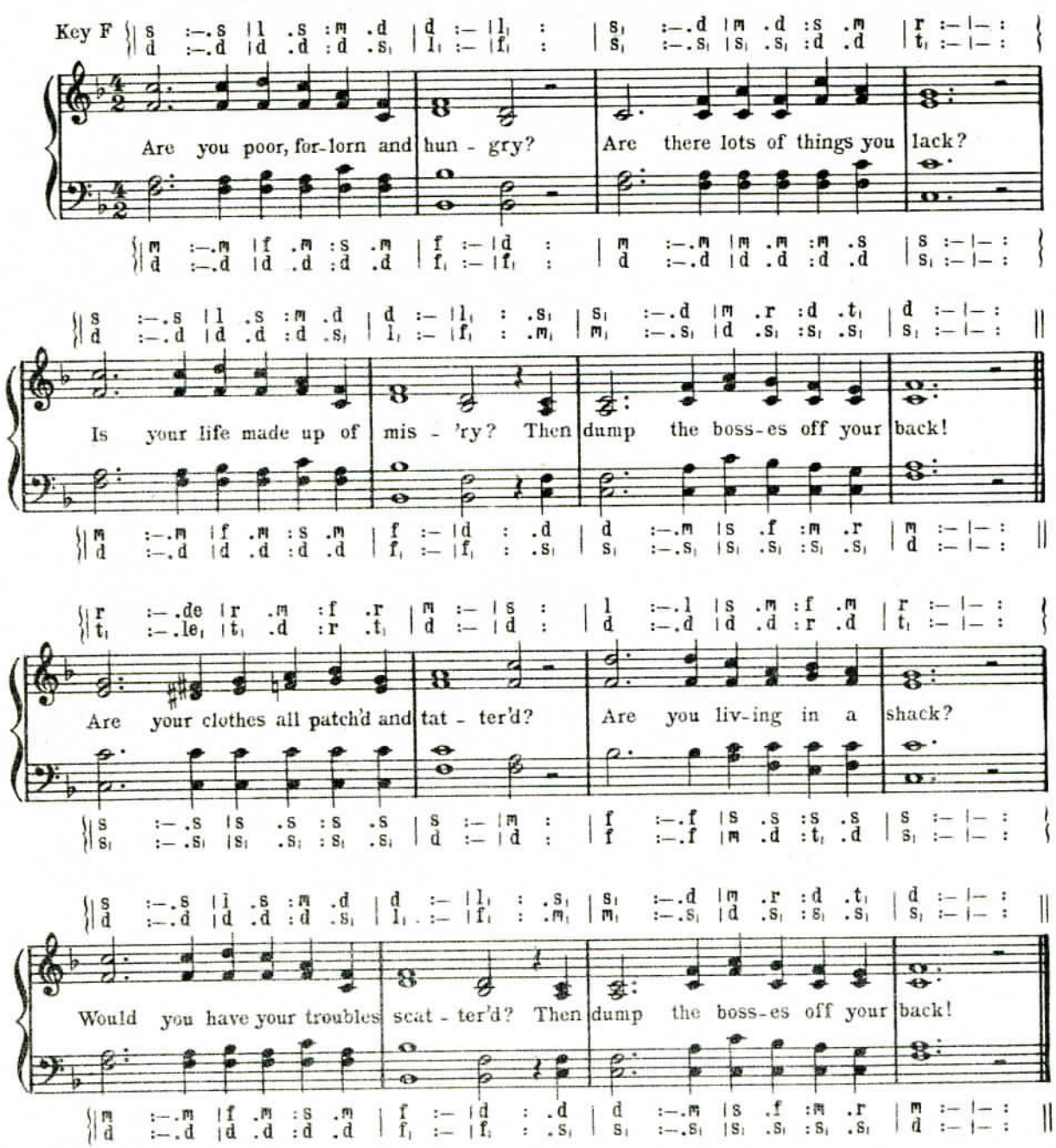
TRADITIONAL TUNE



DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

AMERICAN WORKERS' SONG

JOHN BRILL
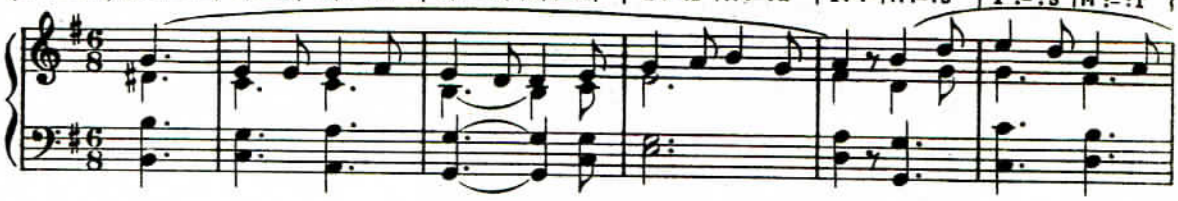


Are you almost split asunder?
Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Boob, why don't you buck like thunder?
And dump the bosses off your back!
All the agonies you suffer,
You can end with one good whack —
Stiffen up, you ornery duffer —
And dump the bosses off your back!

HOT ASPHALT
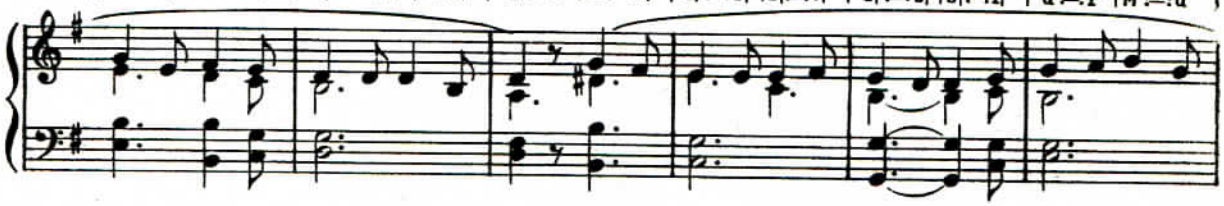
A GLASGOW-IRISH STREET SONG

KEY G
(E minor)

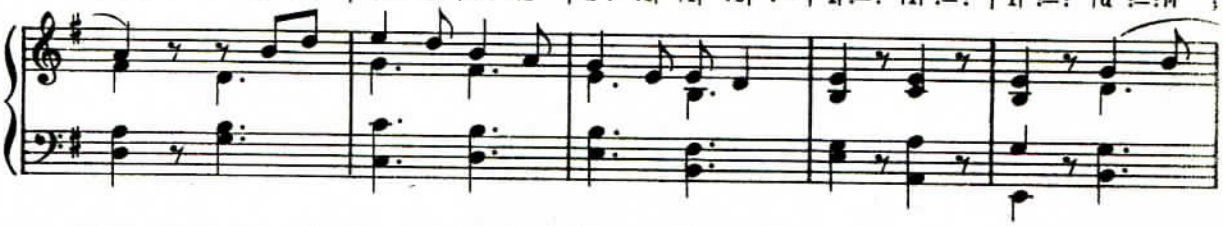
Good ev'ning, all me jol - ly lads, I'm glad to see you well; If you gath-er all a -
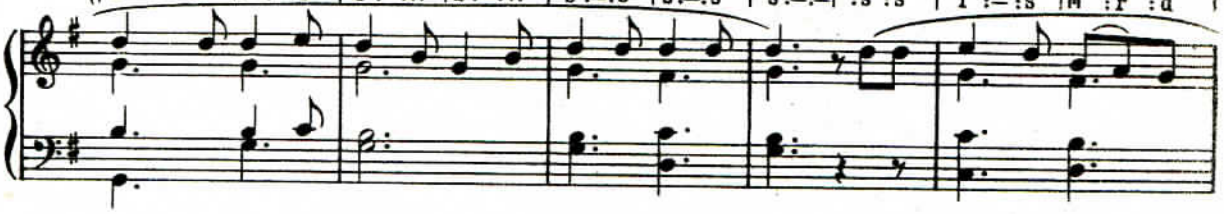


- round me boys, a sto-ry I will tell. For I've got a sit-u - a-tion, And be-gor-ra and be-
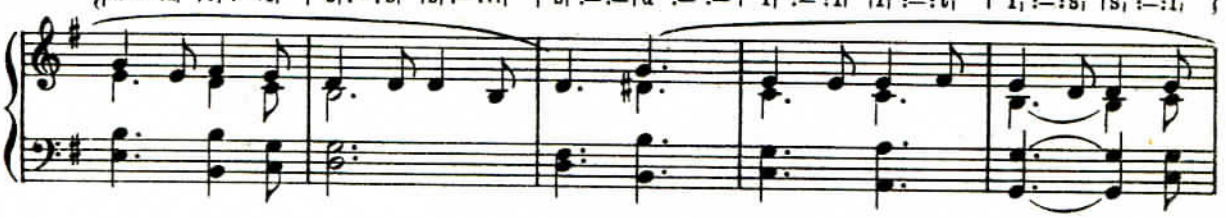


gob! I can whisp-er I've a week-ly wage of nine - teen bob. It's a
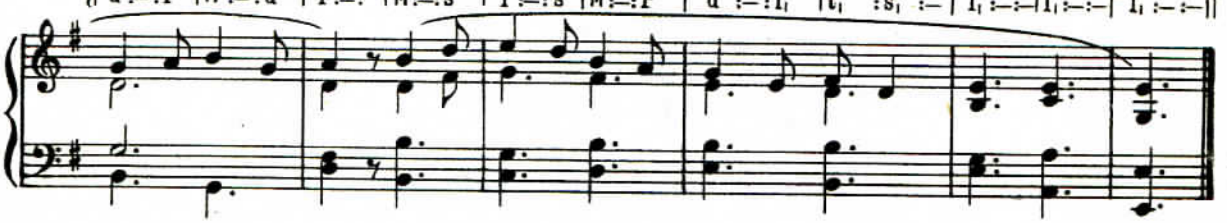


twelve-months come Oc-to-ber Since I left my native home, After help-ing in Kil -



- lar-ney, boys, to cut the har-vist down; But now I wear a jer-sey and a -



round me waist a belt. I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the Hot As - phalt.



I'M CHAMPION AT KEEPING 'EM ROLLING
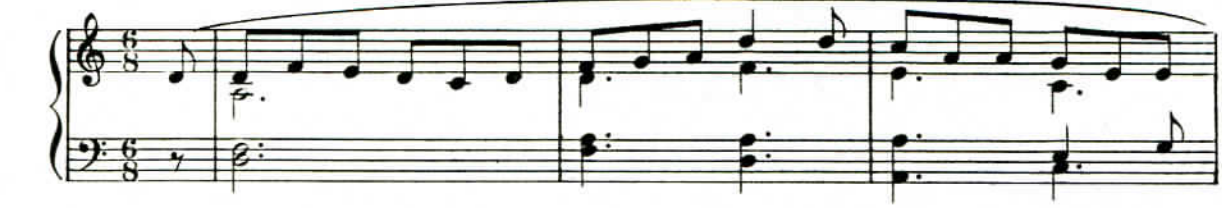
Words by EWAN MacCOLL

Tune: "The Limerick Rake"

KEY C

I am an old timer, I trav-el the road; I sit on me wagon and

:r | r :f :m | r :d :r | f :s :l | r' :– :r' | d' :l :l | s :m :m
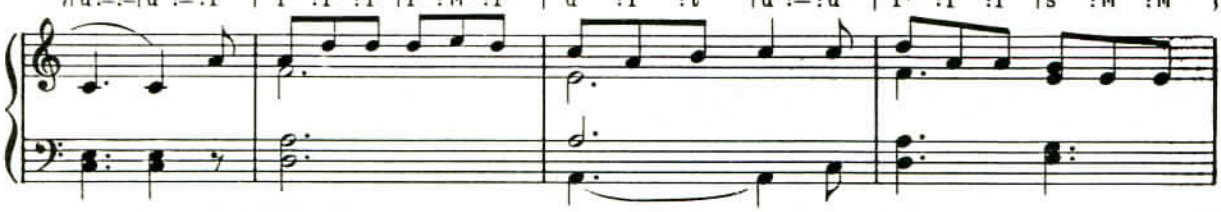


lumber me load; My hotel is the jungle, a caf's me a-bode And I'm well-known to Blondie and

s :m :r | d :– :d | r .r :f :m | r :d :d | f :s :l | r' :– :r' .r' | d' :l :l | s :m :r
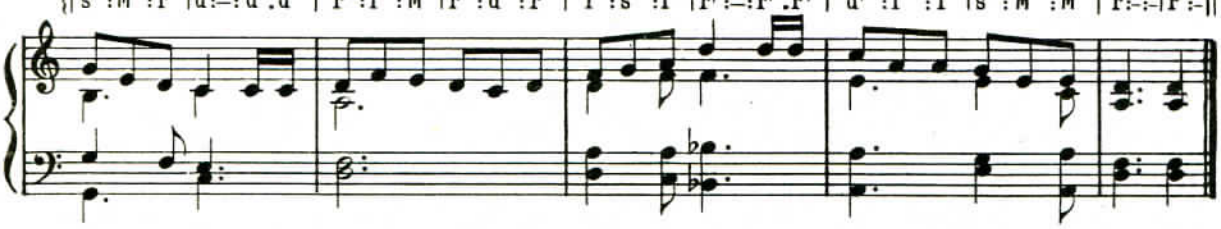


Ma - ry. My liquor is diesel oil laced with strong tea, The old high-way-code was my

d :–:– | d :– :l | l :r' :r' | r' :m' :r' | d' :l :t | d' :– :d' | r' :l :l | s :m :m



first A B C, And I cut my eye-teeth on an old A. E. C. And I'm champion at keeping 'em roll-ing.

s :m :r | d :– :d .d | r :f :m | r :d :r | f :s :l | r' :– :r' .r' | d' :l :l | s :m :m | r :–:– | r :–

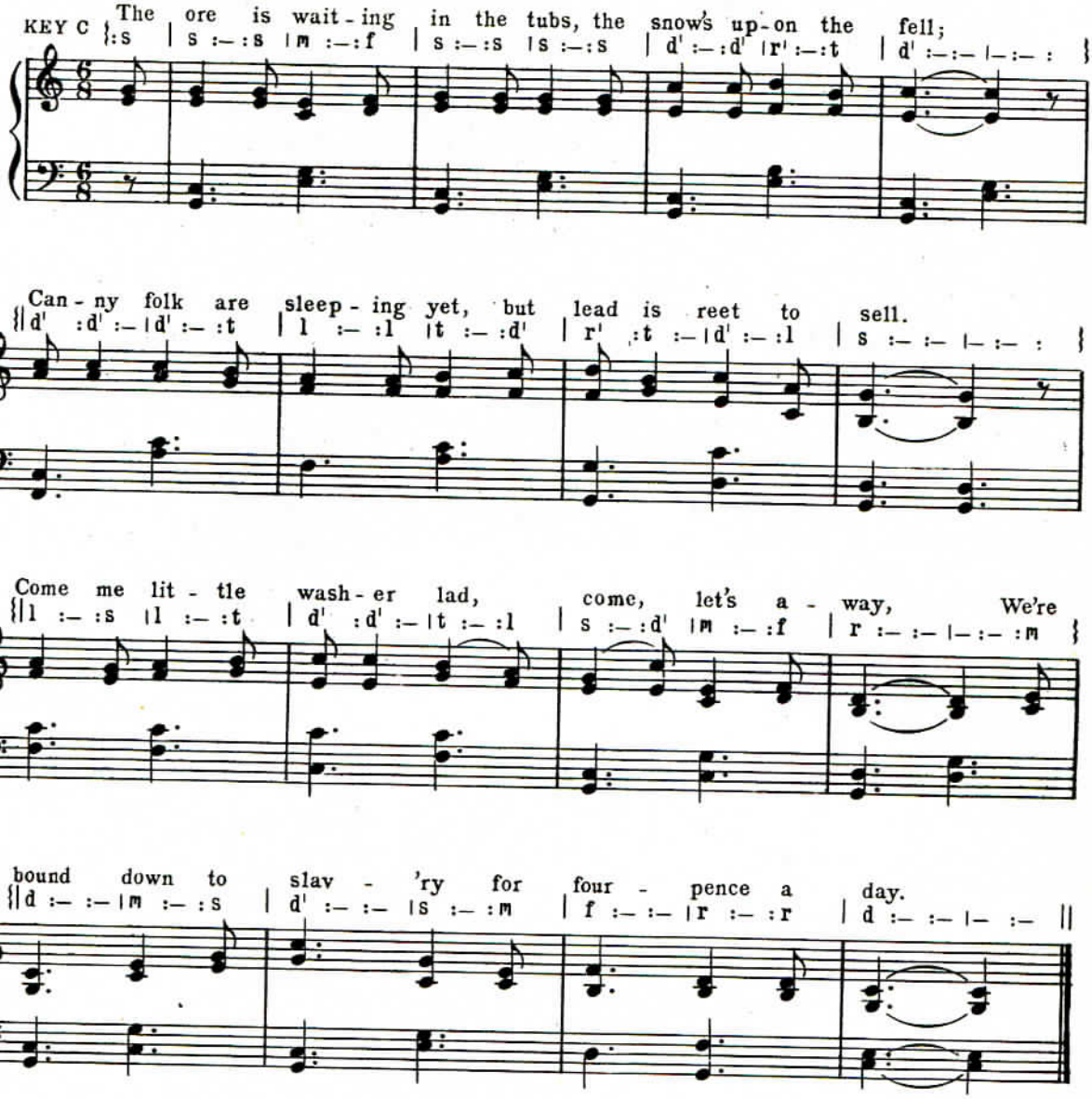


I've sat in my cabin and broiled in the sun,
Been snowed up on Shap on the Manchester run
I've crawled through the fog with my twentytwo tons
Of fish that was stinking like blazes.
From London to Glasgow, to the Newcastle Quay,
From Liverpool, Preston and Bristol City,
The polones on the road give the thumb-sign to me
For I'm champion at keeping 'em rolling

You may sing of your soldiers and sailors so bold
But there's many and many a hero untold
Who sits at the wheel in the heat and the cold,
Day after day without sleeping.
So watch out for cops and slow down at the bends,
Check all your gauges and watch your big-ends,
And zig with your lights when you pass an old friend,–
You'll be champion at keeping 'em rolling.

FOURPENCE A DAY

A YORKSHIRE LEAD MINER'S SONG



2. It's early in the morning, we rise at five o'clock,
And the little slaves come to the door to knock, knock, knock,
Come, me little washer lad, come, let's away,
It's very hard to work for fourpence a day.
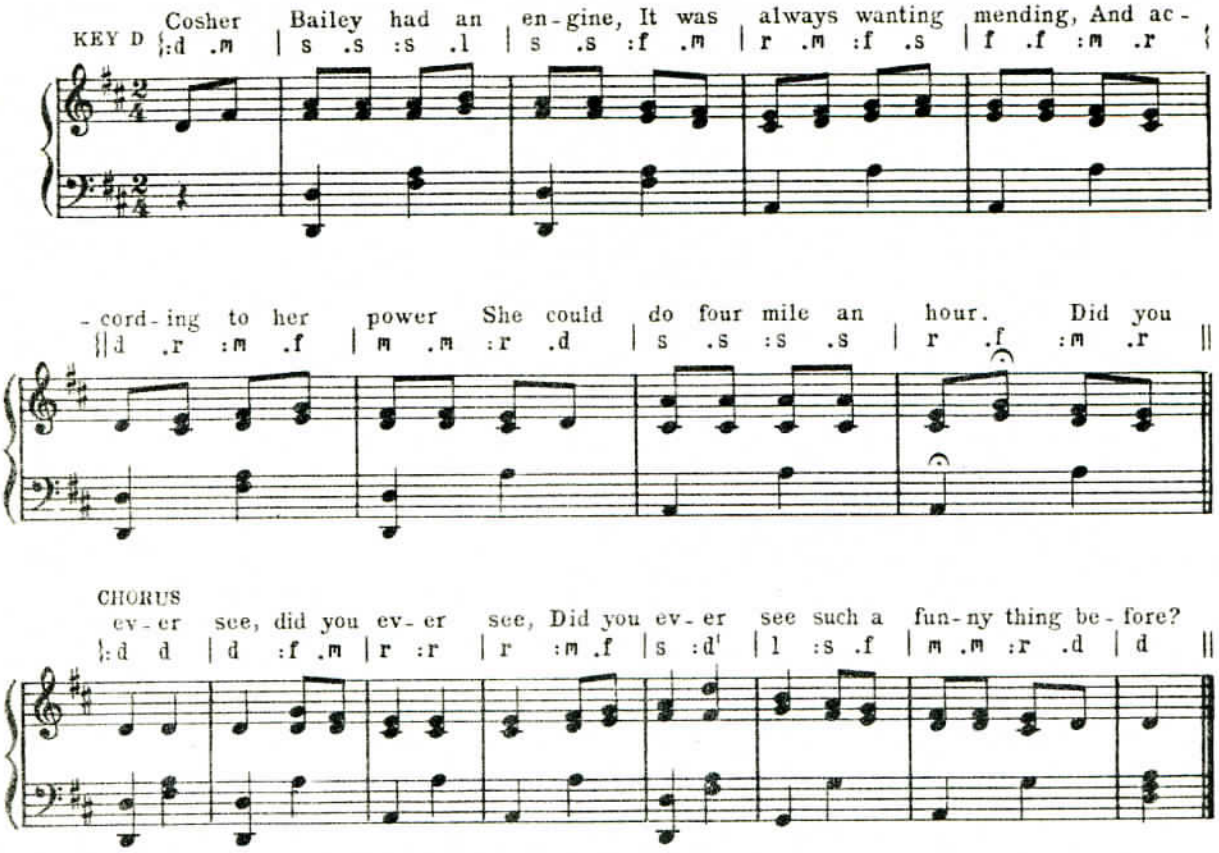
3. My father was a miner and lived down in the town,
'Twas hard work and poverty that always kept him down.
He aimed for me to go to school but brass he couldn't pay,
So I had to go to the washing rake for fourpence a day.

4. My mother rises out of bed with tears on her cheeks,
Puts my wallet on my shoulders which has to serve a week.
It often fills her great big heart when she unto me doth say,
"I never thought that thou would have worked for fourpence a day."

5. Fourpence a day, me lad, and very hard to work
And never a pleasant look from a gruffy looking Turk.
His conscience it may fail and his heart it may give way,
Then he'll raise us our wages to ninepence a day.

COSHER BAILEY'S ENGINE

SOUTH WALES INDUSTRIAL BALLAD



2. On the night run up from Gower
She went twenty mile an hour,
As she whistled through the station,
Man, she frightened half the nation.

3. Cosher bought her second-hand,
And he paint her up so grand,
When the driver went to oil her,
Man, she nearly bust her boiler.

4. Cosher Bailey's sister Lena,
She was living up in Blaina,
She could knit or darn our stockings,
But her cooking, it was shocking.

5. Cosher Bailey went to Oxford
For to pass matriculation,
But he saw a pretty bar-maid,
And he never left the station.

6. Oh, the sight it was heart-rending,
Cosher drove his little engine,
And he got stuck in the tunnel,
And went up the blooming funnel.

7. Yes, Cosher Bailey he did die,
And they put him in a coffin.
But alas, they heard some knocking—
Cosher Bailey only joking.
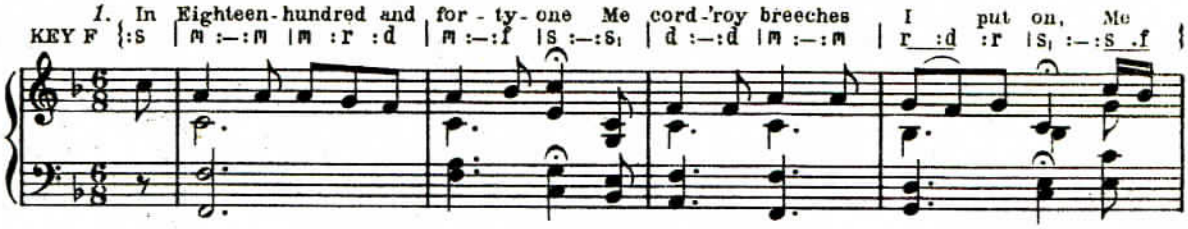
8. Well, the Devil wouldn't have him,
But he gave him sticks and patches,
For to set up on his own
On the top of Barford Hatches.
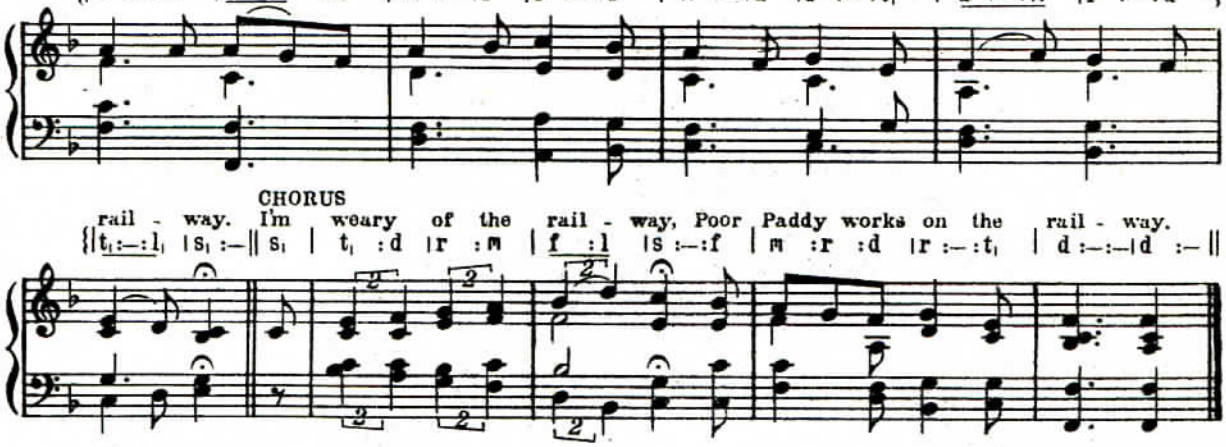
Cosher Bailey was a Monmouth ironmaster, who built the Taff Vale railway along the Aberdare Valley in 1846. According to legend he drove the first train along the railway himself and got stuck in a tunnel— a situation which gave rise to a number of ribald verses, some of which got attached to the song. Bailey died in 1872. The song about him is sung to the melody of the Welsh folk song "The Black Pig". It has scores of verses, some on the rough side. This version is a brief selection of stanzas suitable for respectable company. The song is a great favourite at football matches in the Rhondda and some versions contain a number of football verses. The motif of the Devil allowing the master to set up a hell of his own (usually a foundry or a mine) is a familiar one in industrial folklore. A. L. Lloyd

POOR PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY

Two variants of this tune are given and it is the habit of our present British folksingers to combine them as here presented.
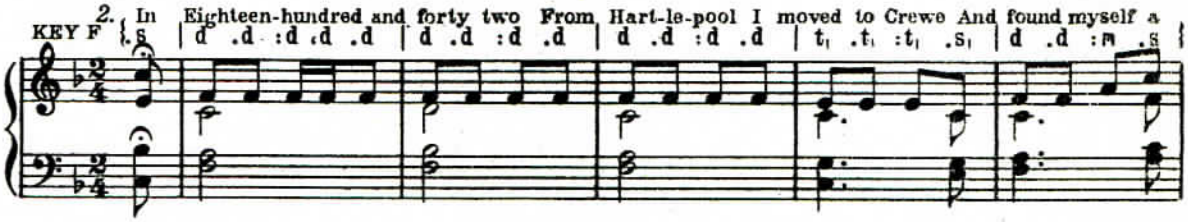
BRITISH RAILWAY WORKERS SONG
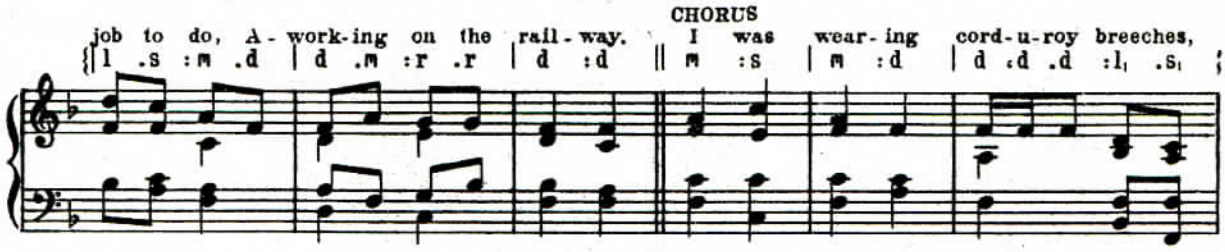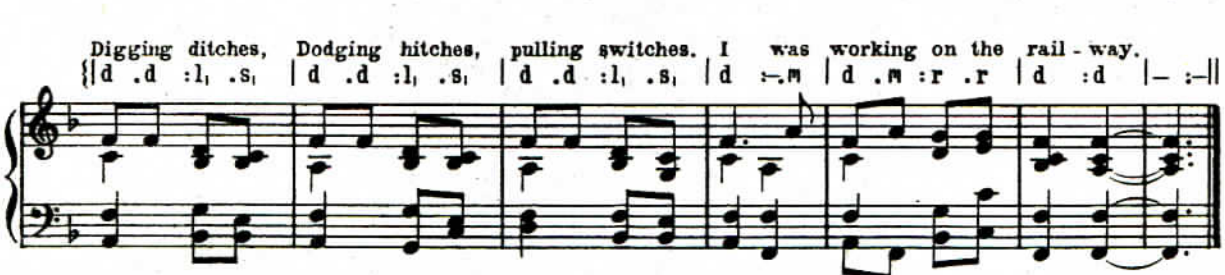




4. In Eighteenhundred and fortyfour
I landed on the Liverpool shore;
Me belly was empty, me hands were sore
With working on the railway, the railway.

7. In Eighteenhundred and fortyseven
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven,
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven
And working on the railway, the railway.







3. In Eighteenhundred and fortythree,
I broke me shovel across me knee
And went to work for the company
On the Leeds and Selby Railway.

5. In Eighteenhundred and fortyfive
When Daniel O'Connel he was alive,
When Daniel O'Connel he was alive
And working on the railway.

6. In Eighteenhundred and fortysix
I changed me trade from carrying bricks
I changed me trade from carrying bricks
To work upon the railway.
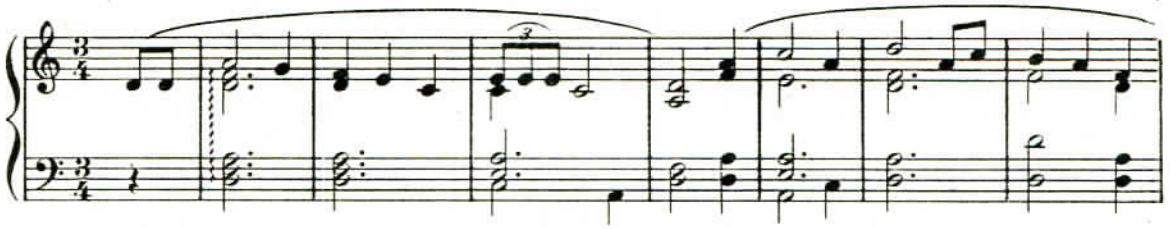
THE FOUR LOOM WEAVER

LANCASHIRE COTTON-WORKERS SONG.

CHORUS
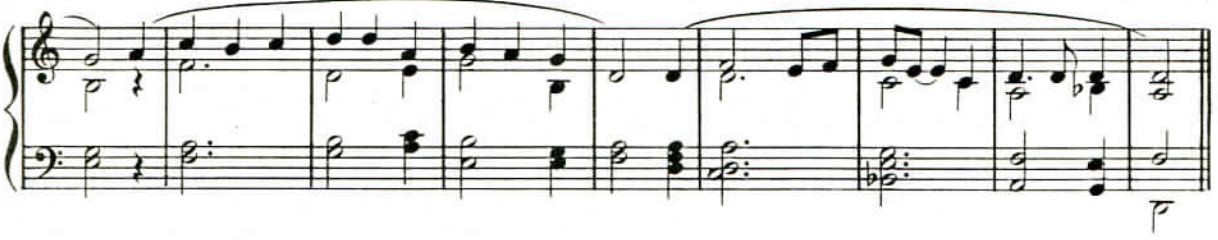
I'm a four loom weaver as many a one knows, I've nowt to eat and I've worn out me

KEY C {:r :r | l :–:s | f :m :d | m ,m ,m :d :– | r :–:l | d' :–:l | r' :–:l .d' | t :l :f {



clothes. Me clogs are boath broken and stockings I've none, Tha'd scarce gie me tuppence for a' I've gott'n on.
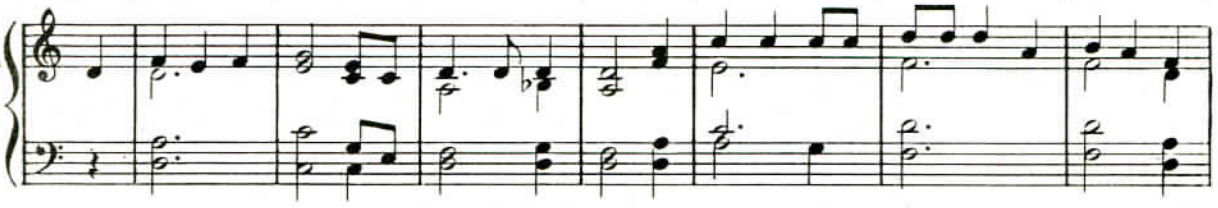
{ s :–:l | d' :t :d' | r' :r' :l | t :l :s | r :–:r | f :–:m .f | s .m :–:d | r :–.r :r | r :– ||



VERSE
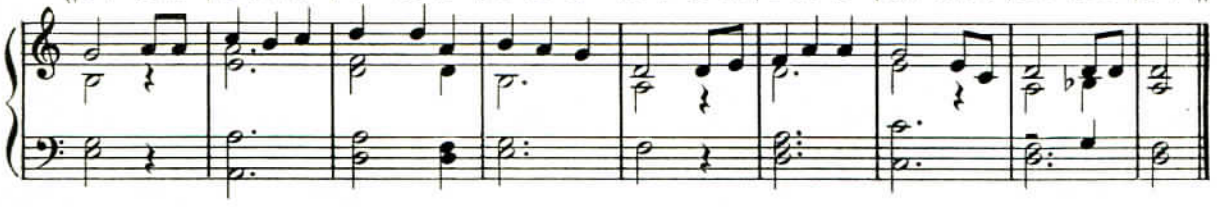
Owd Billy o't Bent he kept tell-ing me long, We might have better times if I'd nob - but howd me

{:r | f :m :f | s :–:m .d | r :–.r :r | r :–:l | d' :d' :d' .d' | r' .r' :r' :l | t :l :f {



tongue. Well I've howden me tongue till I near lost me breath, And I feel in my heart that I'll soon clem to death.

{| s :–:l .l | d' :t :d' | r' :r' :l | t :l :s | r :–:r .m | f :l :l | s :–:m .d | r :–:r .r | r :–||



2. I'm a four loom weaver as many a one knows;
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out me clothes.
Owd Billy's awreet, he ne'er were clemmed,
And he ne'er picked o'er in his life.
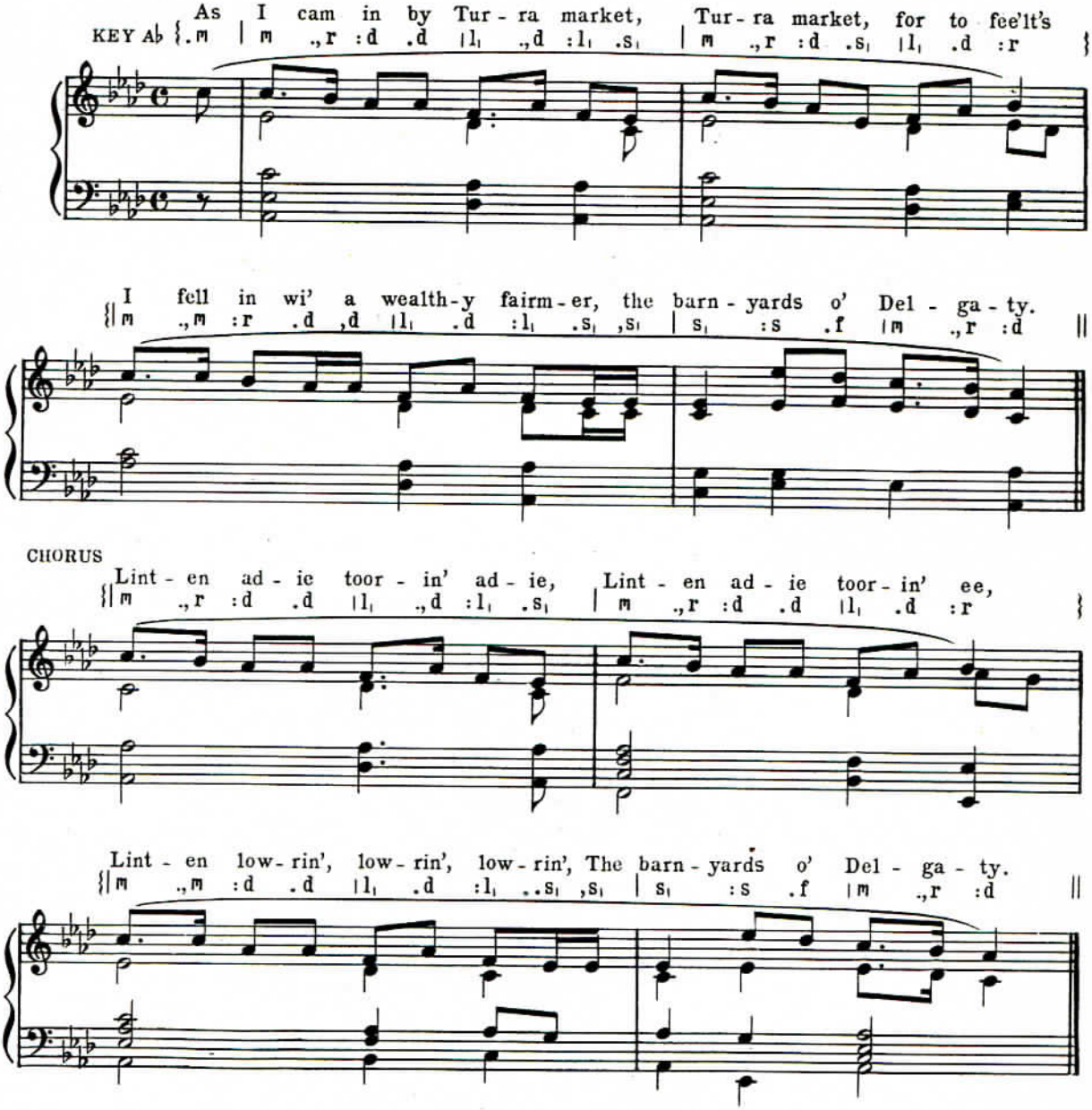
We held on for six weeks, thought each day were the last,
We've tarried and shifted till now we're quite fast;
We lived upon nettles while nettles we're good,
And Waterloo porridge were t' best o' us food.

3. I'm a four loom weaver as many a one knows;
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out me clothes
Clogs we ha' none nor no looms to weave on,
And I've woven myself to t' far end.

Our Margaret declares if hoo'd clothes to put on,
Hoo'd go up to London to see the great mon.
And if things didna alter when there hoo had been,
Hoo swears hoo would fight wi' blood up t' th' een.

THE BARNYARDS O' DELGATY

AN ABERDEENSHIRE PLOUGHMAN'S SONG



2. He promised me the ae best pair I ever set my e'en upon;
When I gaed hame tae the barnyards there was naething there but skin and bone.
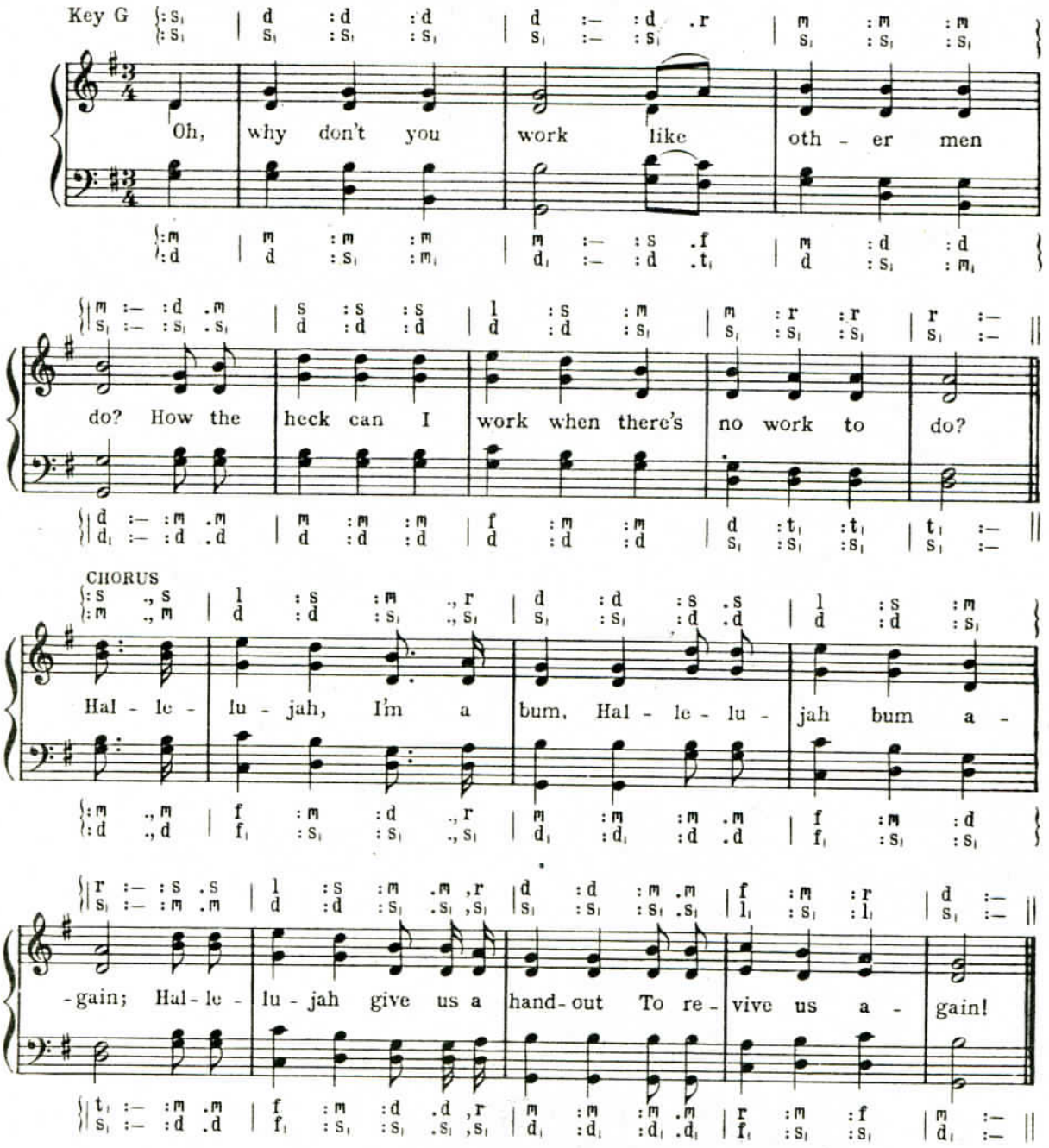
3. The auld black horse sat on his rump, the auld white mare lay on her wime;
For a' that I could 'Bup' and crack, they wouldna rise at yoking time.

4. When I gae to the kirk on Sunday, mony's the bonnie lass I see,
Sitting by her faither's side and winking ower the pews at me.

5. My caunle noo it is brunt oot, the snotter's fairly on the wane,
Sae fare ye weel, ye barnyards, ye'll never catch me here again.

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

HARRY McCLINTOCK



I went to a house, I knocked on the door,
The lady says, "Scram, bum, you've been here before!" *Chorus*

I went to a house, I asked for some bread.
The lady came out, said, "The baker is dead!" *Chorus*

Oh, I love my boss, he's a good friend of mine,
That's why I am starving out on the bread line. *Chorus*

Oh, why don't you save all the money you earn?
If I didn't eat, I'd have money to burn. *Chorus*

Moderato

Key G

By yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
We'll meet where we part-ed, in yon shad-y glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
Still fair is the scene, but a-las! sad-ly chang'd Are the hopes that we fond-ly
The wild flow-ers spring, an' the wee bird-ies sing, And in sun-shine the wat-ers are

Lo-mon'. Where we two hae pass'd sae mony hap-py days On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo-mon'.
Lo-mon', When in pur-ple hue the Hielan' hills we view, And the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo-mon'.
cher-ish'd. Like a wat-er-y gleam, an' like a mornin' dream, On Culloden's field they ha'e per-ish'd.
sleep-in', But the brok-en heart it kens nae second spring, Nae bonnie, bonnie balm to its weep-in'.

O, ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scotland be-fore ye; But
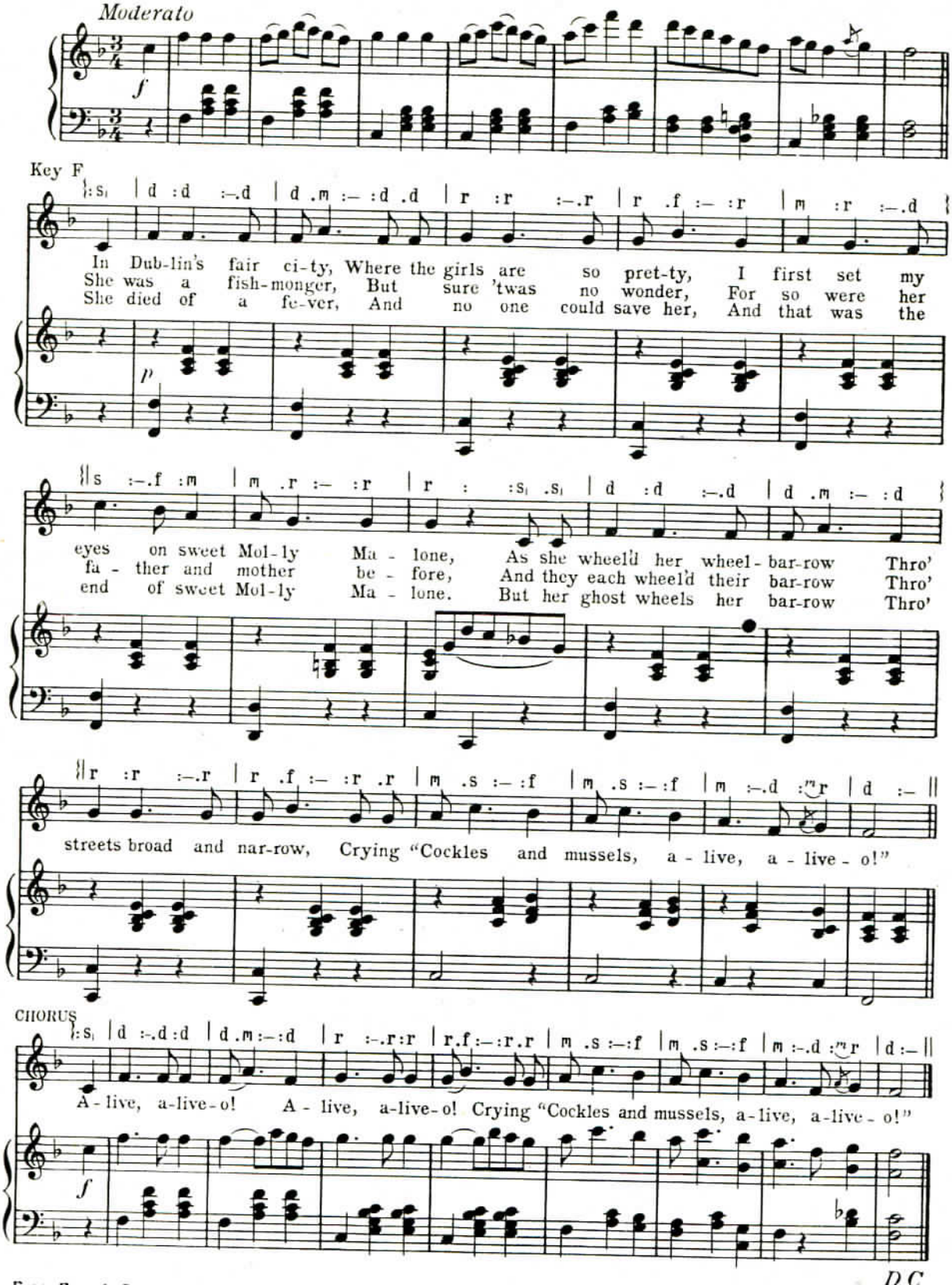
me an' my true love will never meet a-gain, On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo-mon'

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COCKLES AND MUSSELS

Arranged by
EDMUND FORMAN

Written and Composed by
JAMES YORKSTON



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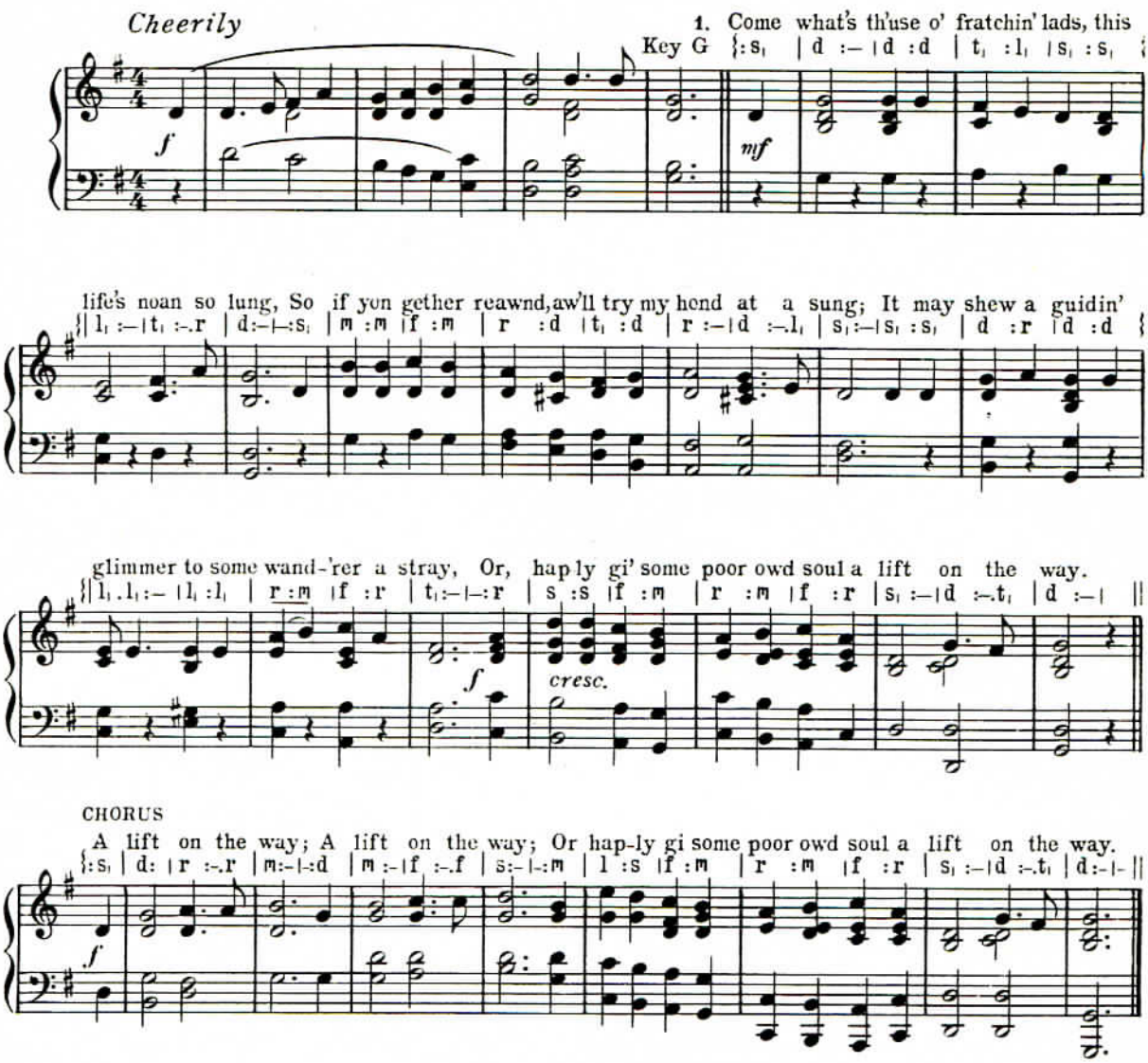
A LIFT ON THE WAY

(LANCASHIRE)

Words by
EDWIN WAUGH

Music by
ROBERT JACKSON

Cheerily



2.

There's some folk 'at mun trudge it, an' there's some folk 'at may ride,
But never mortal mon con tell what chance may betide;
To-day, he may be blossomin', like roses i' May;
To-morn, he may be beggin' for a lift on the way.
A lift on the way; A lift on the way;
To-morn, he may be beggin' for a lift on the way.

3.

Good-will, it's a jewel where there's little else to spare;
An' a mon may help another though his pouch may be bare;
A gen'rous heart, like sunshine, brings good cheer in its ray;
An' a friendly word can sometimes give a lift on the way.
A lift on the way; A lift on the way;
An' a friendly word can sometimes give a lift on the way.

4.

Like posies that are parchin' in the midsummer sun,
There's mony a poor heart faints afore the journey be run;
Let's lay the dust wi' kindness, till the close of the day,
An' gi' these droopin' travellers a lift on the way.
A lift on the way; A lift on the way;
An' gi' these droopin' travellers a lift on the way.

5.
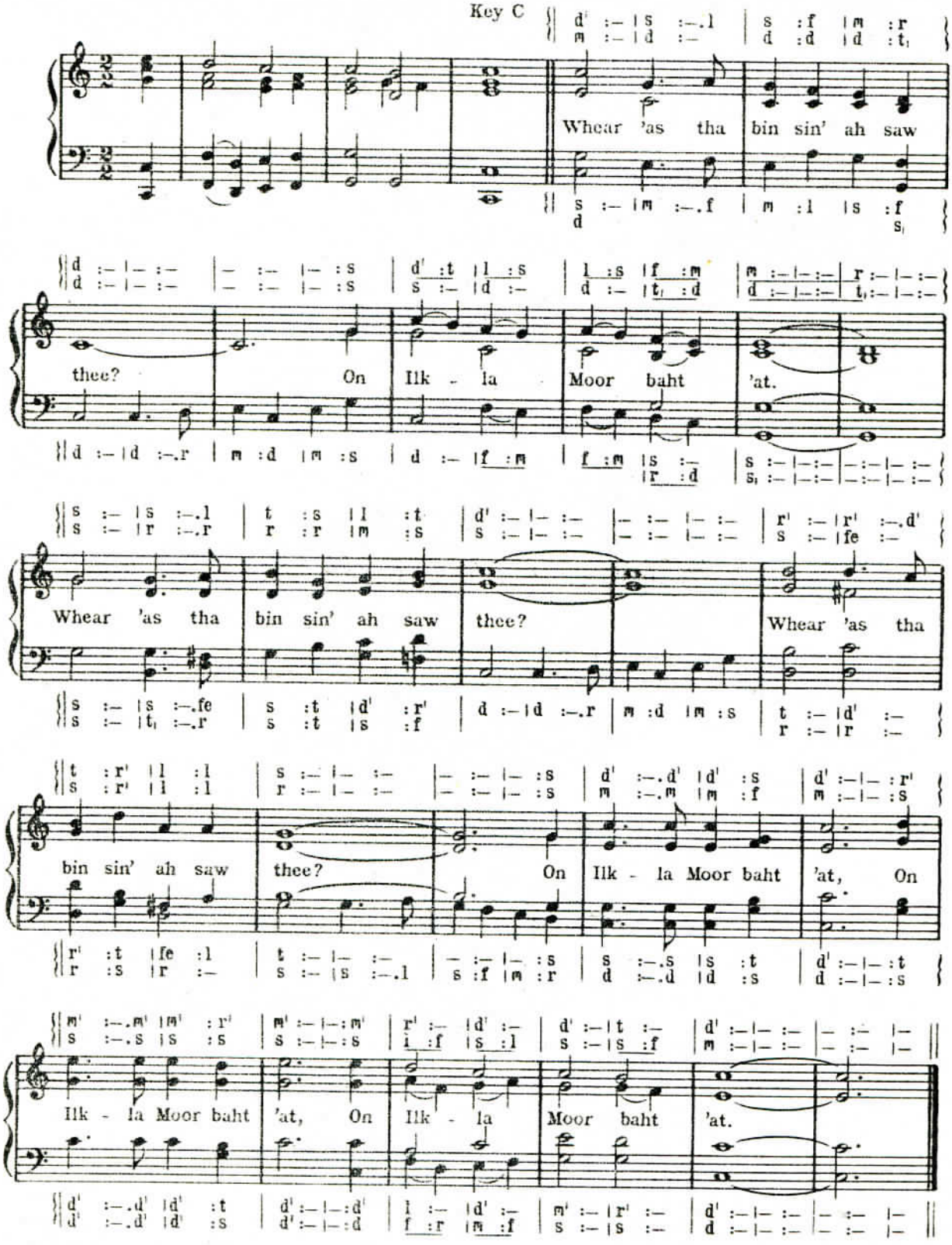
Oh, soft be his pillow, when he sinks deawn to his rest,
That can keep the lamp o' charity alive in his breast;
May pleasant feelin's haunt him as he's dozin' away,
An' angels give him, up aboon, a lift on the way.
A lift on the way; A lift on the way;
An' angels give him, up aboon, a lift on the way.

6.

Jog on, my noble comrades, then, an'—so mote it be,—
That hond in hond we travel till the day that we dee;
An' neaw, to end my ditty, lads, let's heartily pray
That heaven may give us, ev'ry one, a lift on the way.
A lift on the way; A lift on the way;
That heaven may give us, ev'ry one, a lift on the way.
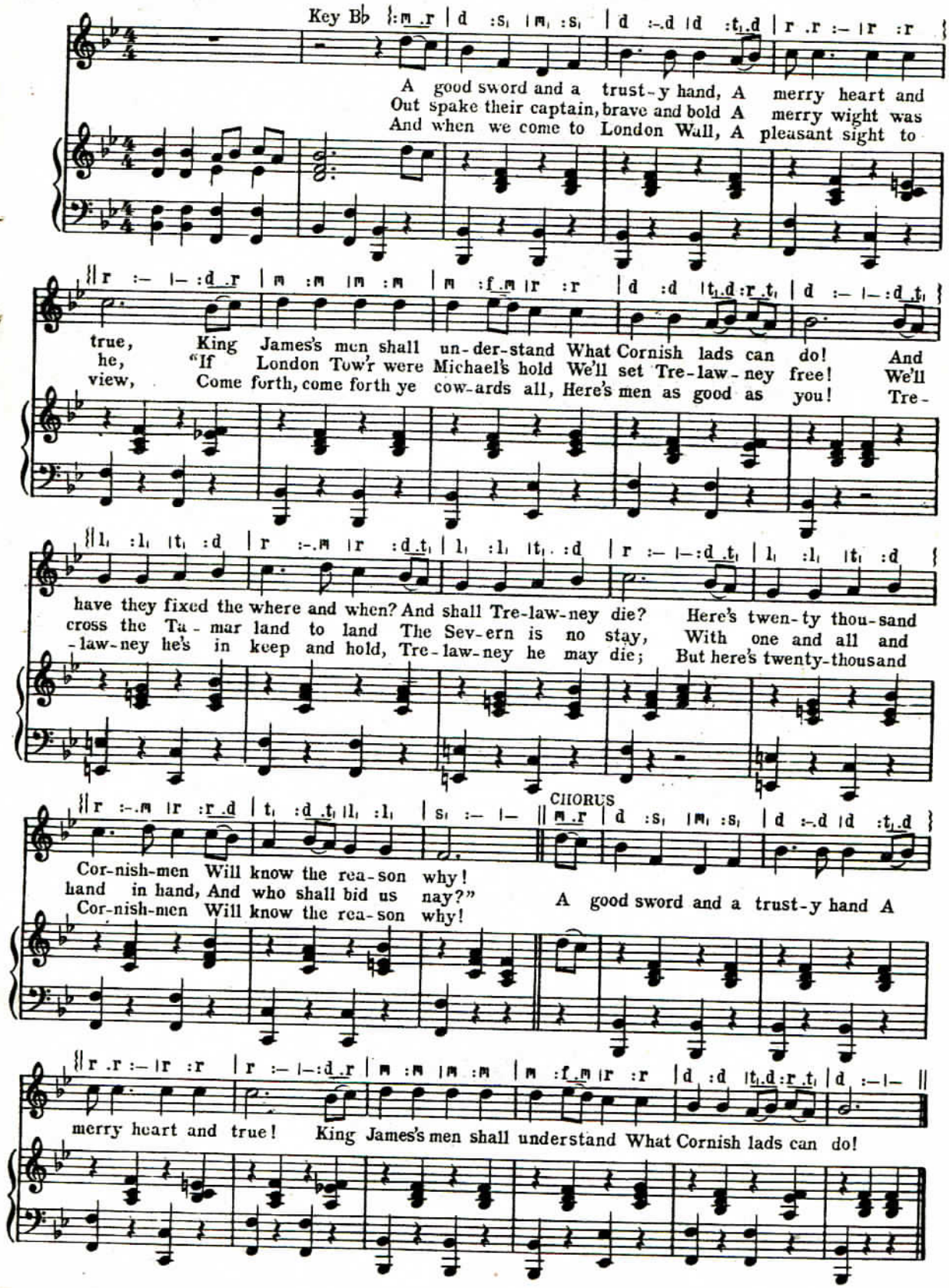
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ON ILKLA MOOR BAHT 'AT



SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

CORNISH TRADITIONAL
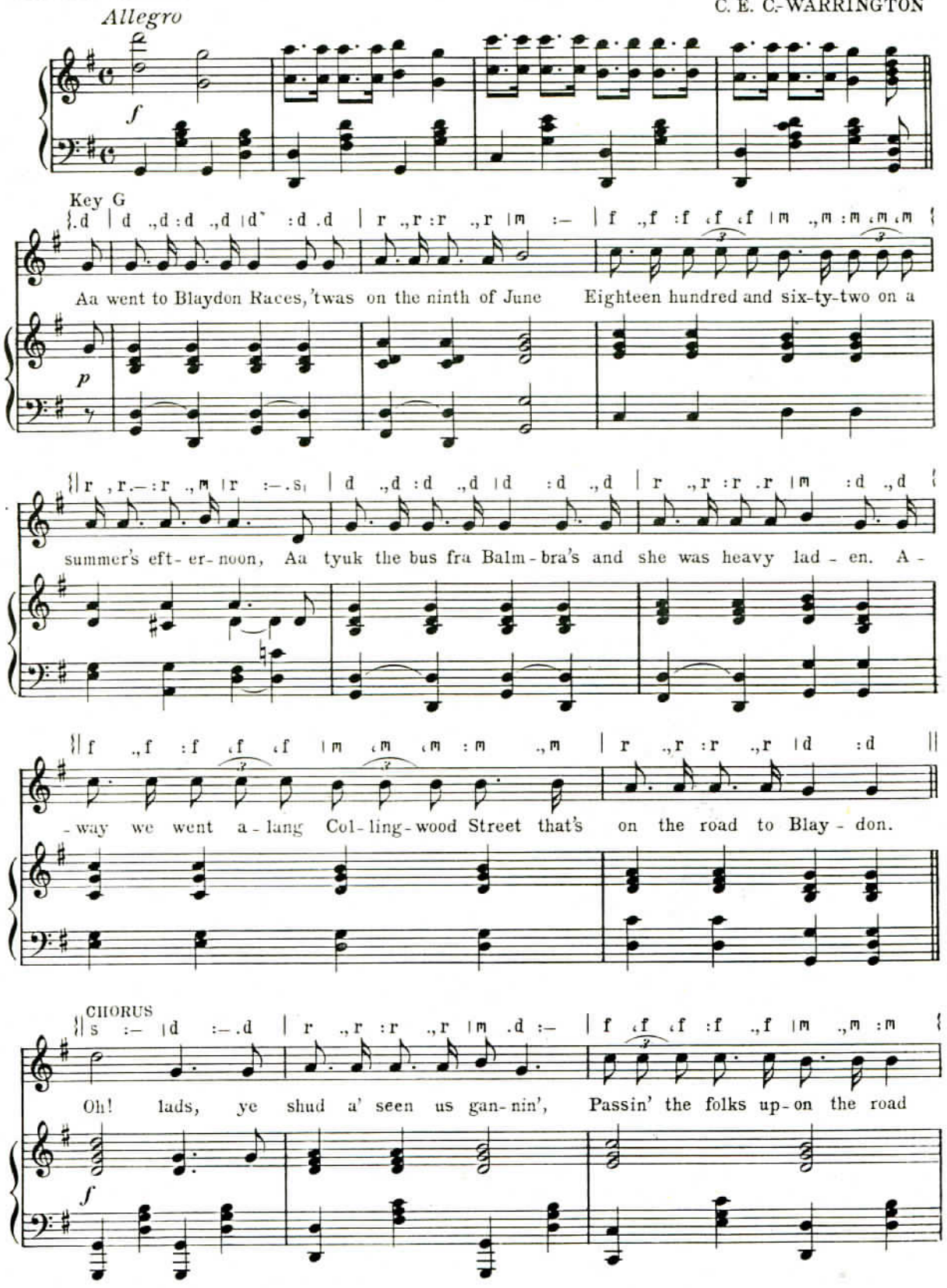


BLAYDON RACES
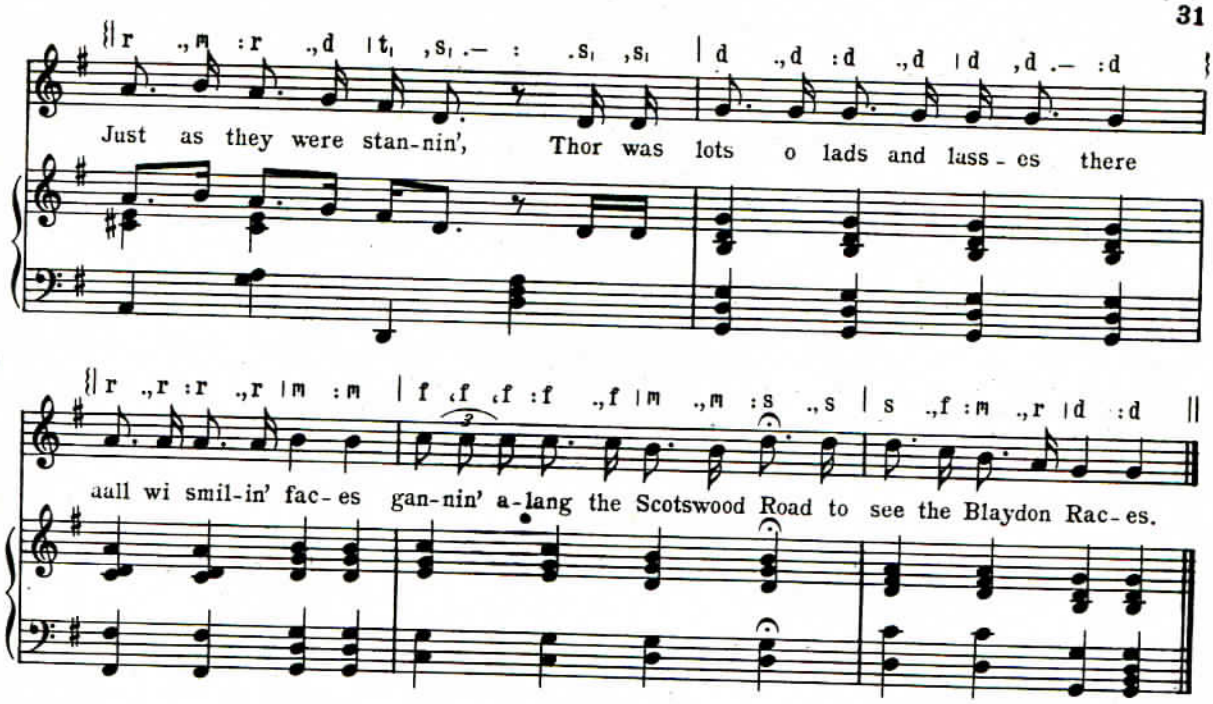
(TYNESIDE)

Words by
GEORGE RIDLEY

Tune "BRIGHTON"
Arranged by
C. E. C. WARRINGTON



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2.

We flew past Armstrong's factory an' up te the "Robin Adair,"
Just gannin' doon te the railway bridge the bus wheel flew off there;
The lassies lost thor crinolines an' the vails that hide thor faces;
Aa got two black eyes an' a broken nose i' ga'n te Blaydon Races.

Chorus: Oh! lads, ye shud, &c.

3.

When we gat the wheel put on, away we went agyen,
But them that had thor noses broke they cam' back-ower hyem:
Sum went to the dispensary, an' sum to Doctor Gibbs,
An' sum to the Informary to mend thor broken ribs.

Chorus: Oh! lads, ye shud, &c.

4.

Noo when we gat te Paradise thor wes bonny gam begun,
Thor wes fower an' twenty on the bus, man hoo they danced an' sung,
They caalled on me te sing a song, Aa sang them "Paddy Fagan";
Aa danced a jig an' swung me twig, that day Aa went te Blaydon.

Chorus: Oh! lads, ye shud, &c.

5.

We flew across the Chine bridge reet inti' Blaydon Toon,
The bellman he wes caalin' there, they caalled him Jacky Broon,
Aa see him taakin' te sum cheps an' them he wes persuadin'
Te gan an' see Geordy Ridley's show in the Mechanic's Haall at Blaydon.

Chorus: Oh! lads, ye shud, &c.

6.

The rain it poored aall the day an' myed the groonds quite muddy,
"Coffy Johnny" had a white hat on — they yelled, "Whe stole the cuddy?"
Thor wes spice staalls an' munkey shows, an' aad wives sellin' ciders,
An' a chep wi' a ha'penny roondeboot shootin' "Noo me lads for riders".

Chorus: Oh! lads, ye shud, &c.

EARLY ONE MORNING

OLD ENGLISH

With tender expression Key F

throughout with quietude

Ear - ly one morn - ing, just as the sun was ris - ing I heard a maid sing in the val - ley be - low.
Re - mem - ber the vows that you made to your Ma - ry, Re - mem - ber the bow'r where you vow'd to be true.
O gay is the gar - land and fresh are the ro - ses I've cull'd fro the gar - den to bind on thy brow.
Thus sung the maid - en, her sor - rows be guil - ing, Thus sung the poor maid in the val - ley be - low.

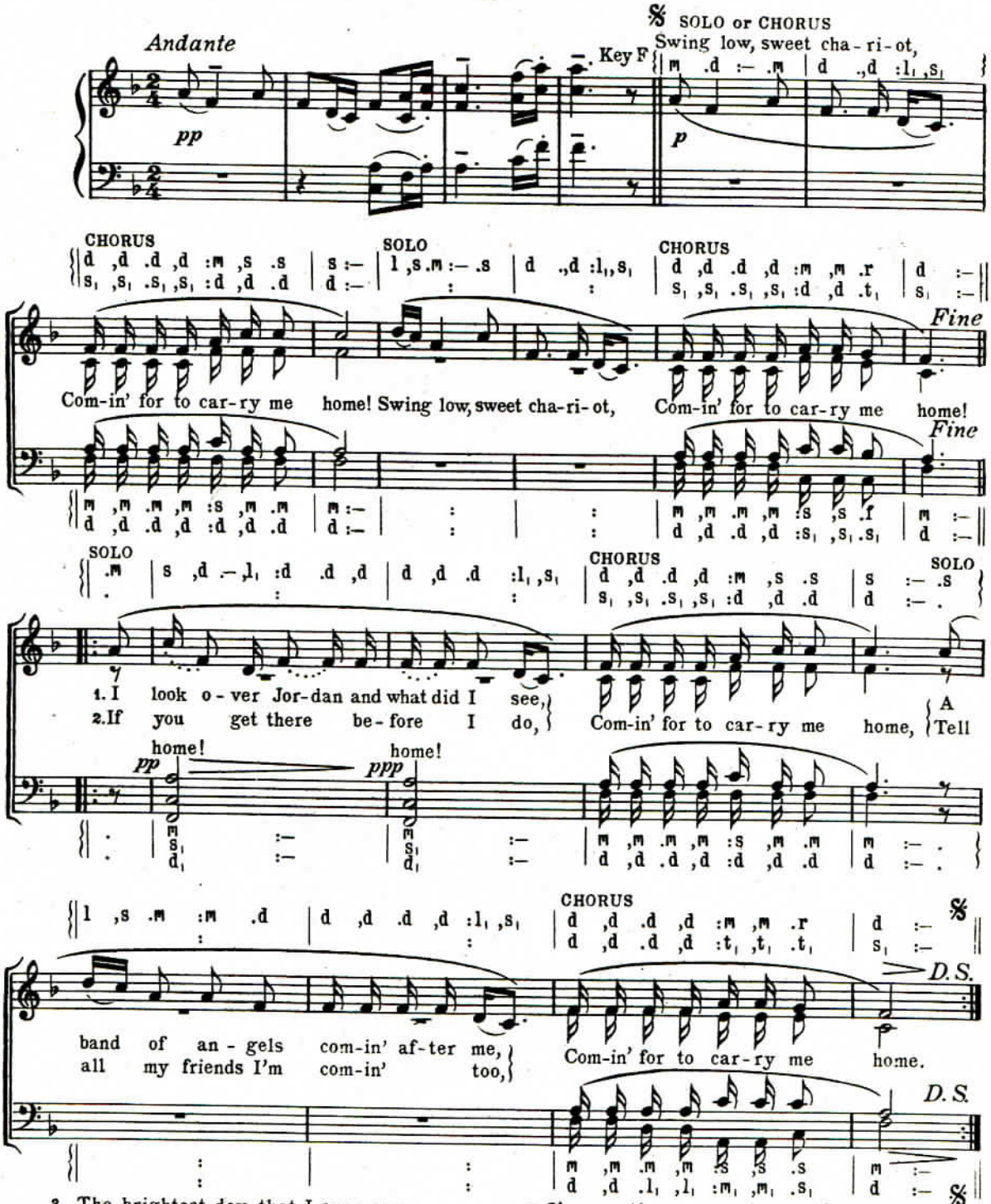
CHORUS

Oh don't de - ceive me, O nev-er leave me, How could you use a poor maid-en so.

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SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

NEGRO SPIRITUAL



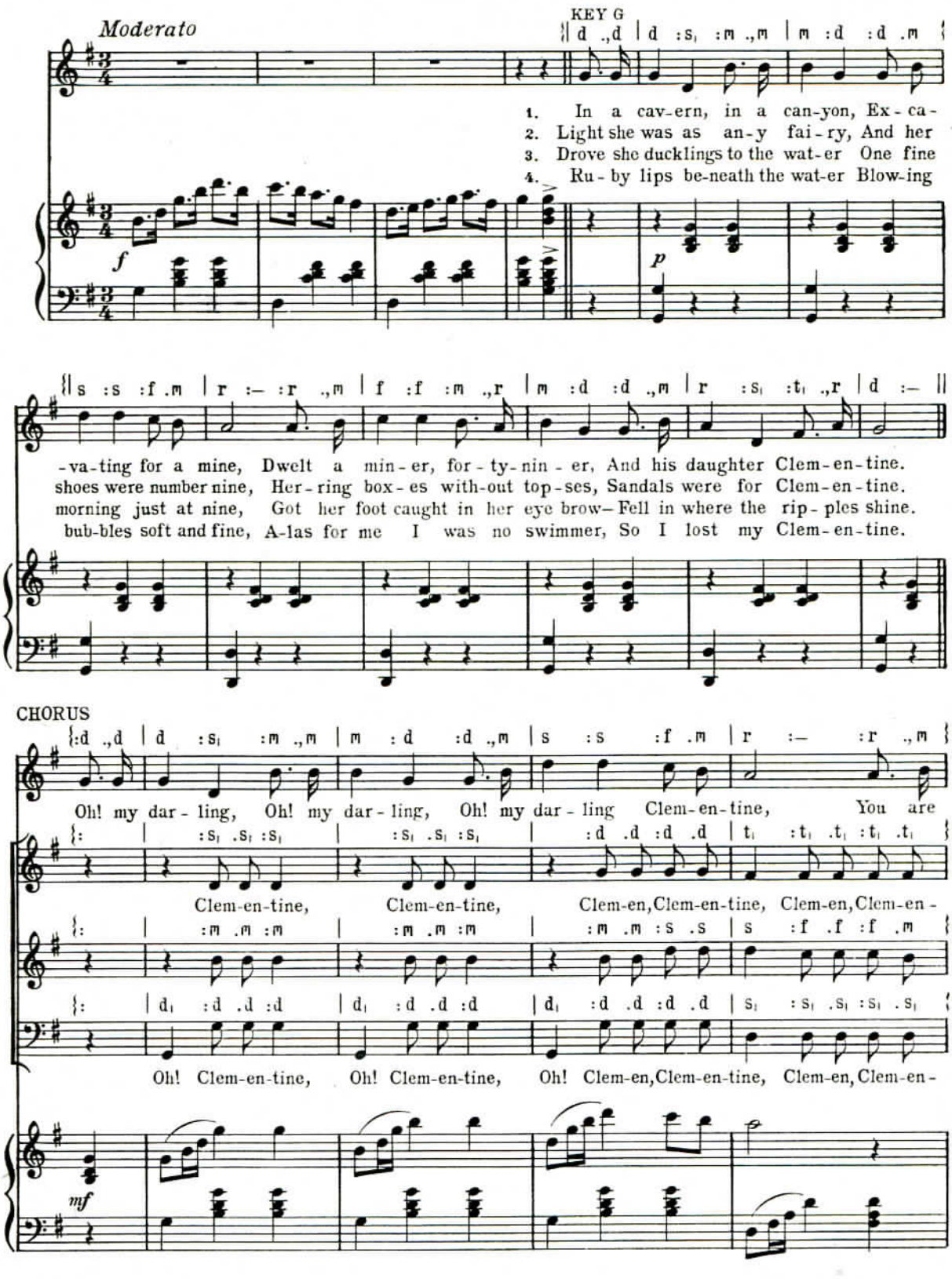
3. The brightest day that I ever saw,
Comin' for to carry me home
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Comin' for to carry me home.

4. I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Comin' for to carry me home
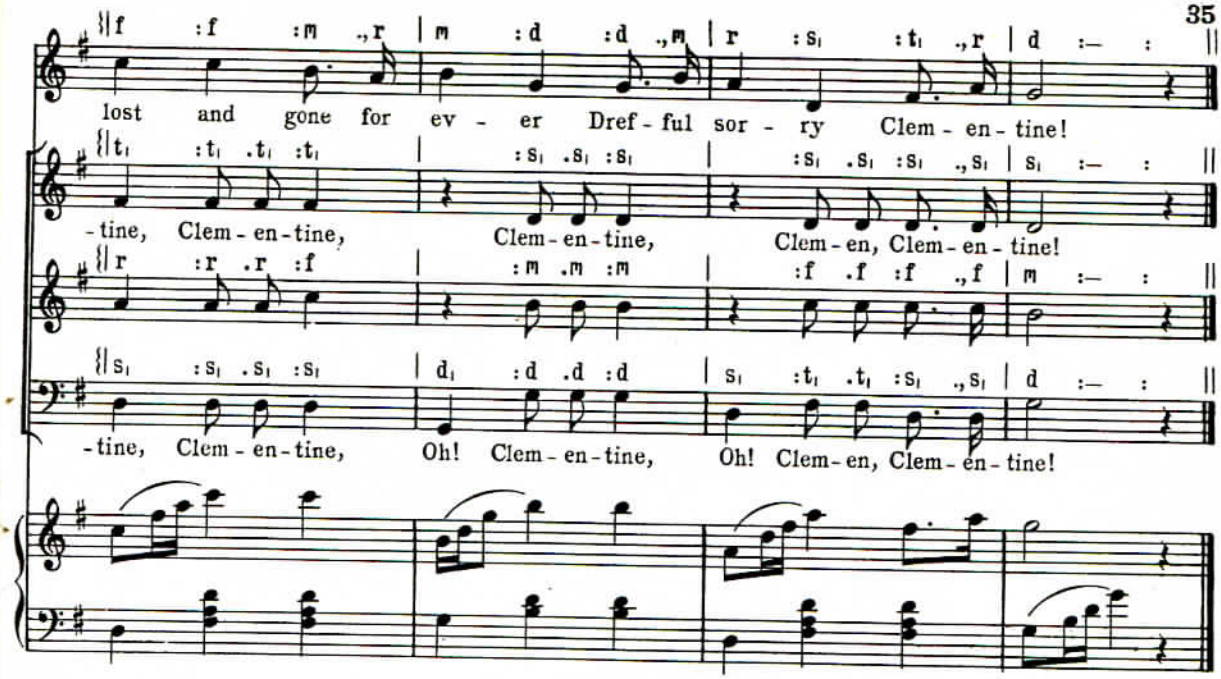
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OH! MY DARLING, CLEMENTINE

Written and Composed by
PERCY MONTROSE



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D.C.

5. Then the miner, six-foot-niner, for his gal began to pine,
In the water sought his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

6. In the churchyard, near the river, there a myrtle doth entwine,
With some roses and other posies, springing straight from Clementine.

7. In my dreams she still doth haunt me, dripping wet — and yells "Be mine!"
Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead, poor Clementine.

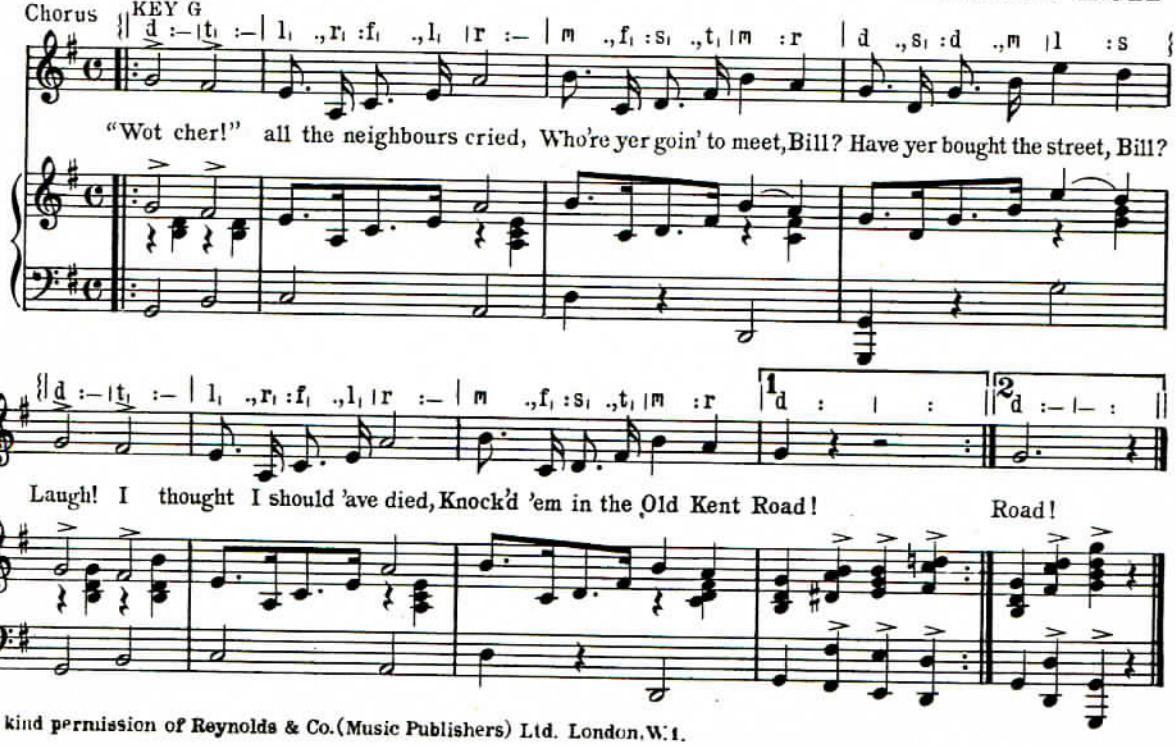
WOT CHER!

(KNOCK'D 'EM IN THE OLD KENT ROAD)

A COCKNEY SONG

Written and Sung by
ALBERT CHEVALIER

Music by
CHARLES INGLE
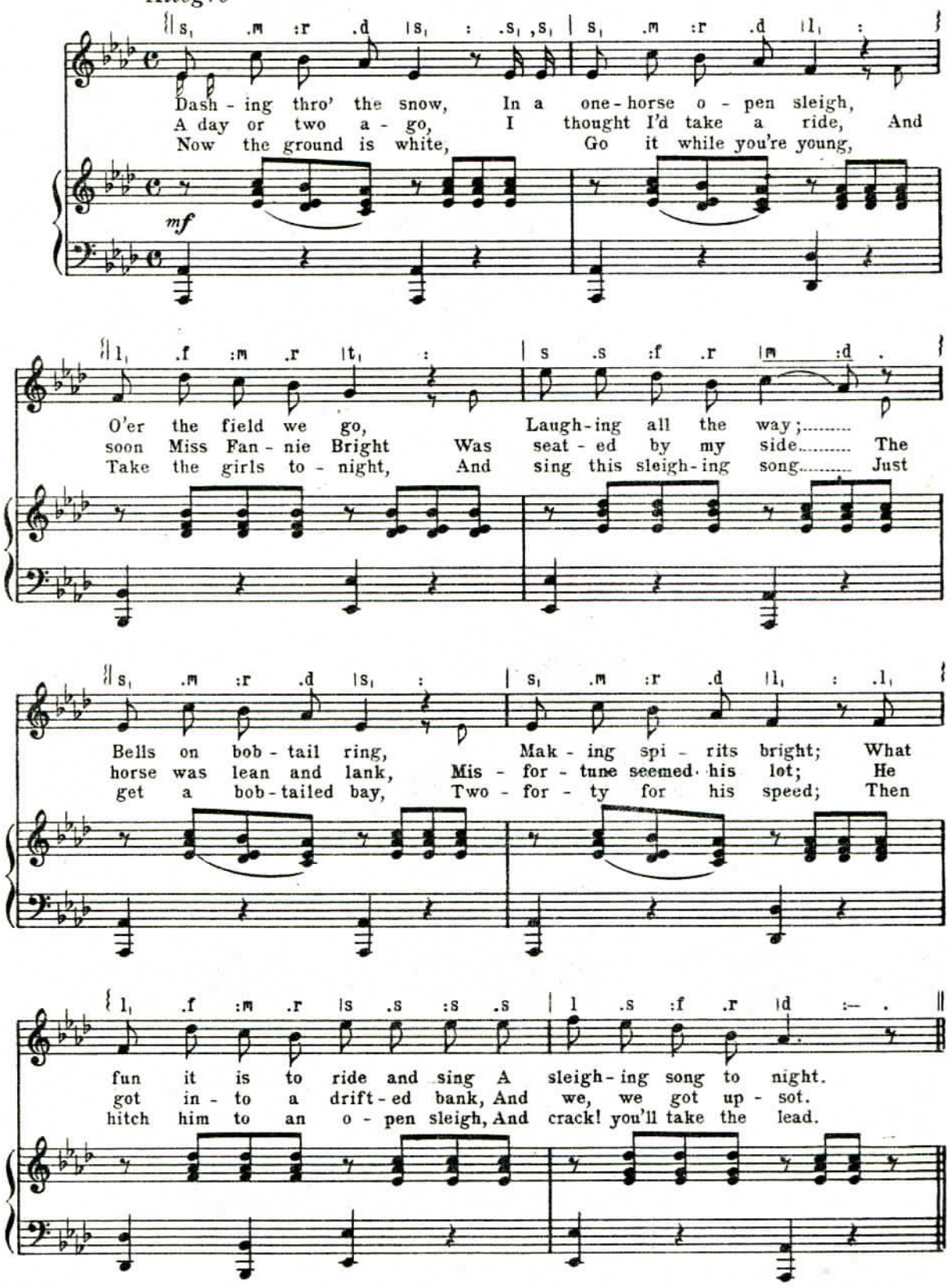


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JINGLE BELLS

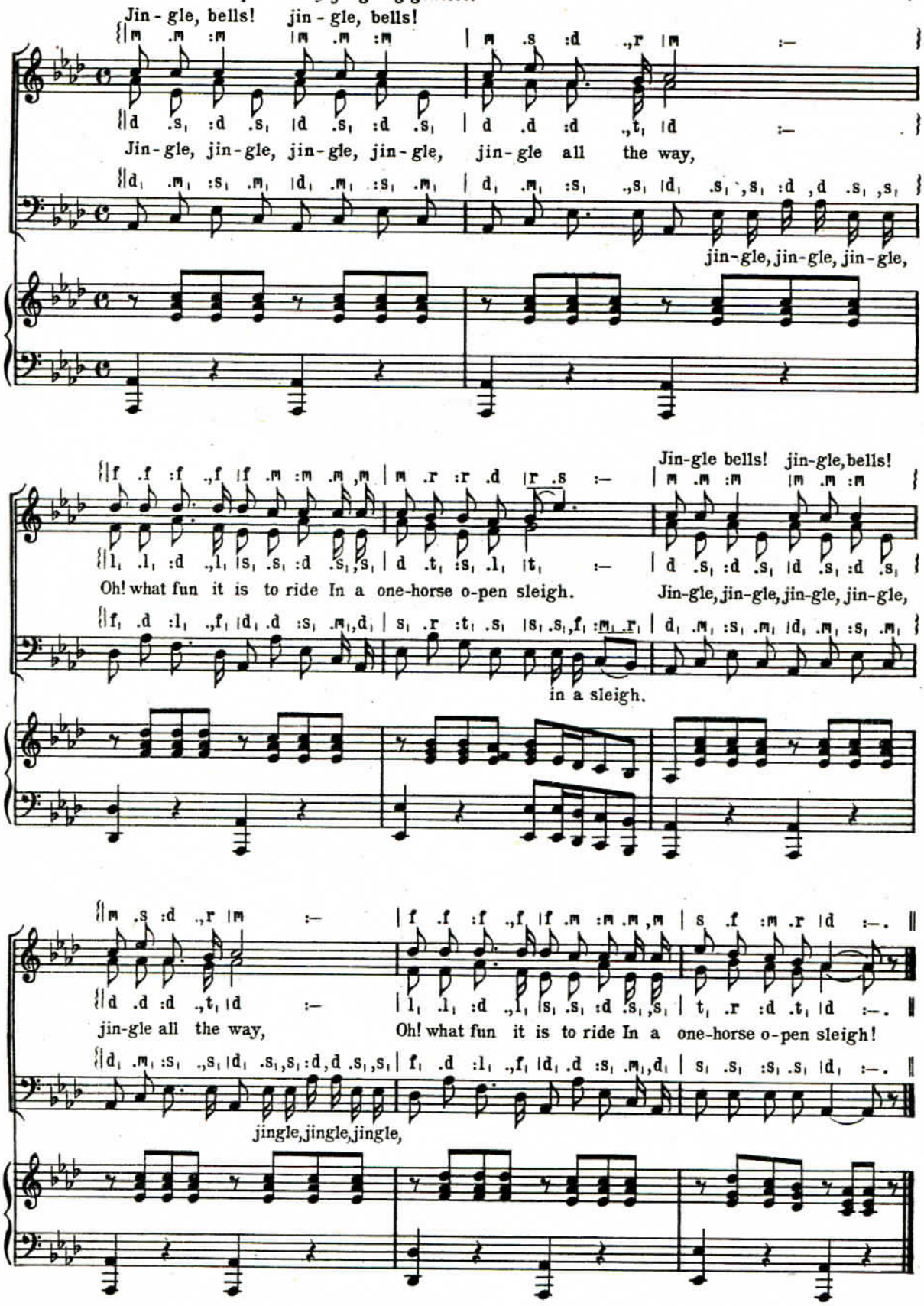
J. PIERPONT

Allegro
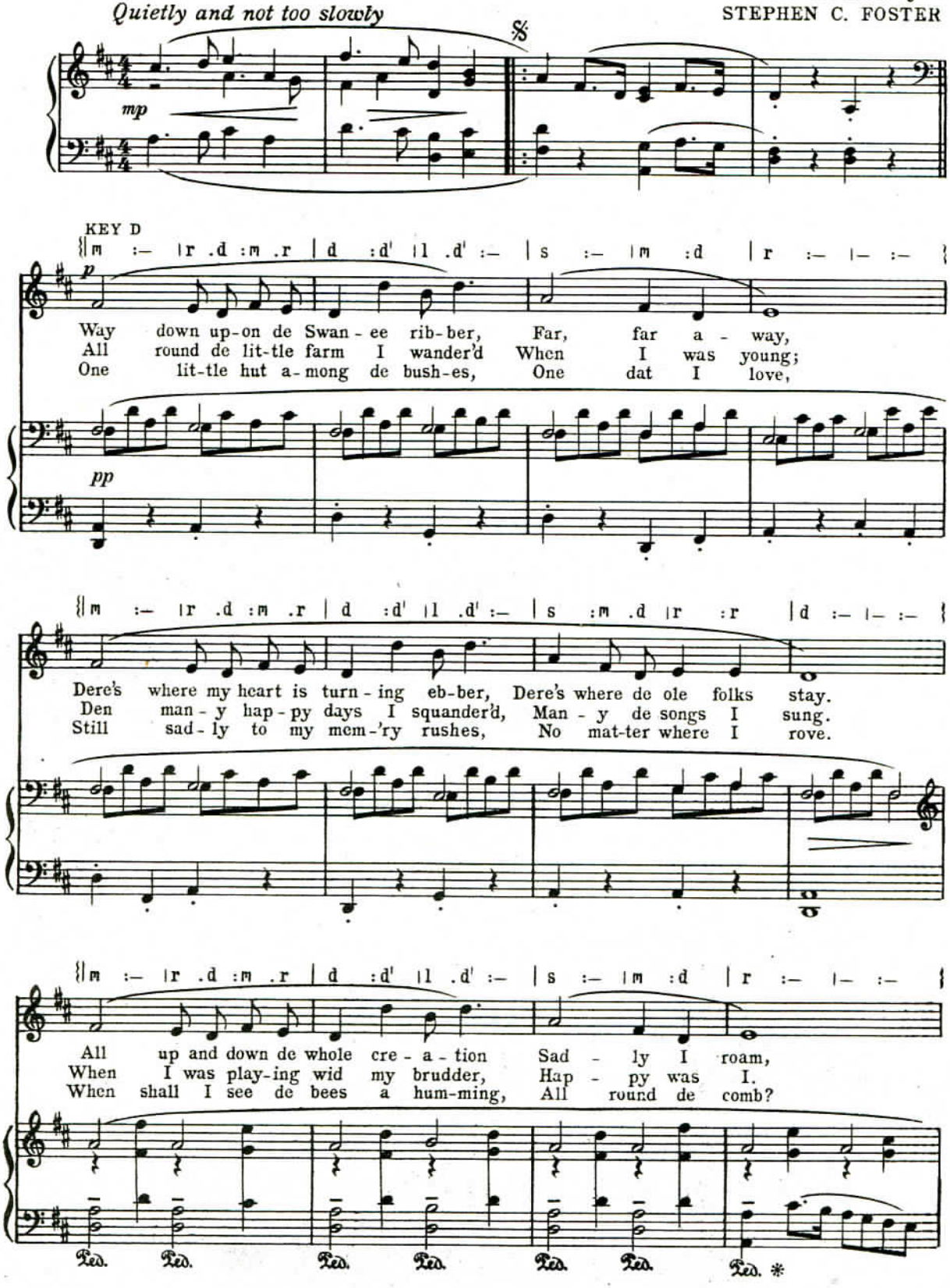


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CHORUS *Accompanied by jingling glasses.*
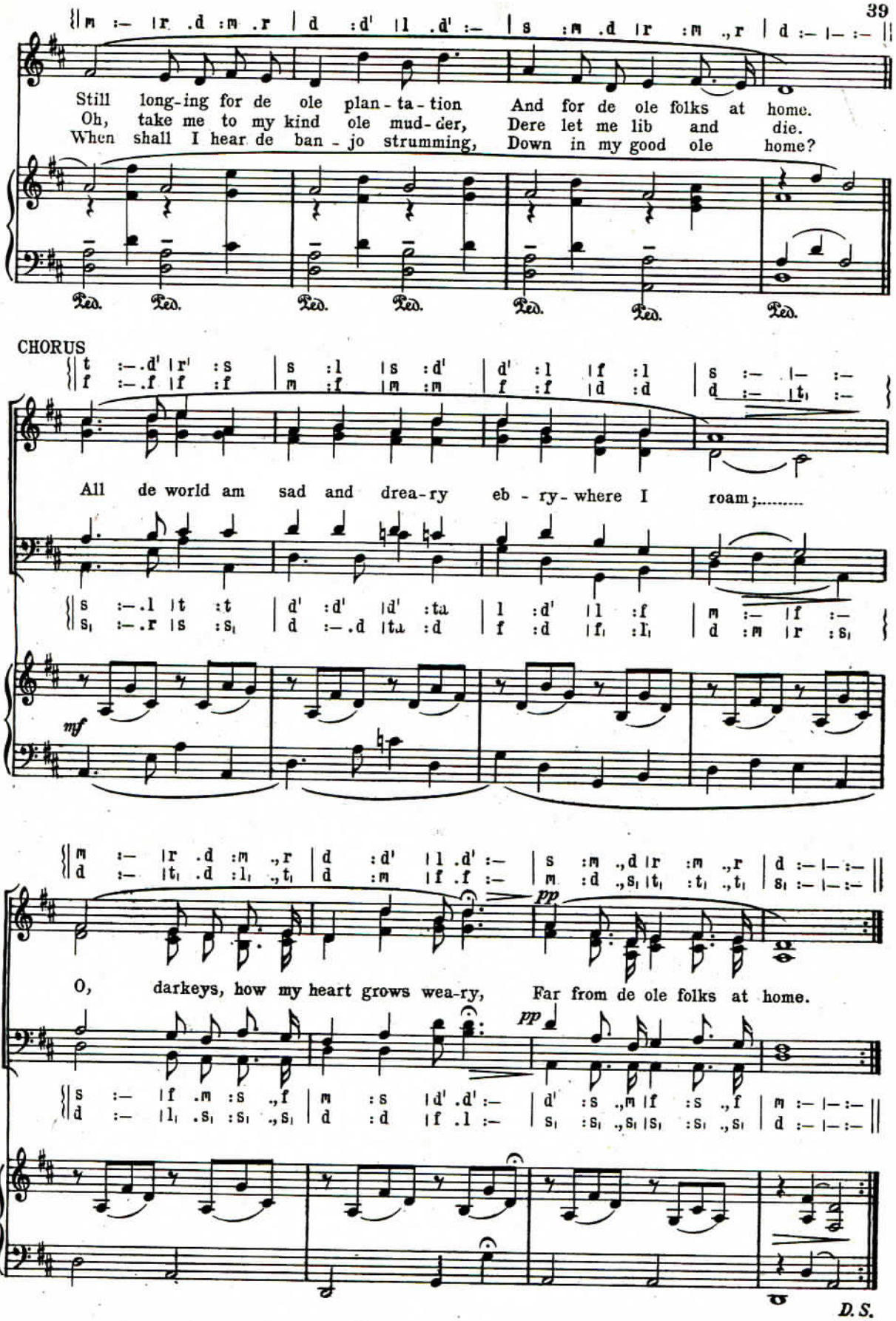


OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER



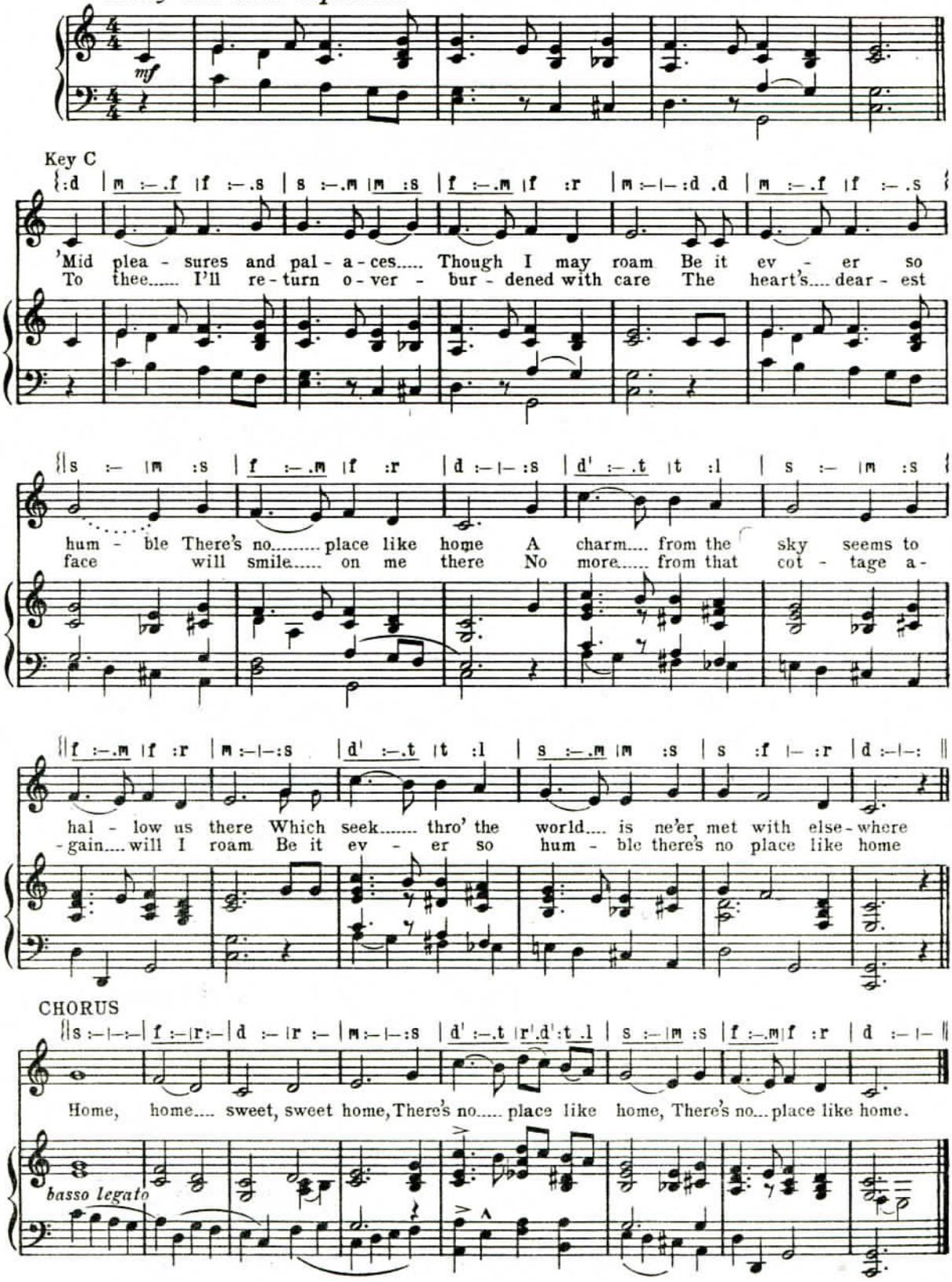
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Still long-ing for de ole plan-ta-tion And for de ole folks at home.
Oh, take me to my kind ole mud-der, Dere let me lib and die.
When shall I hear de ban-jo strumming, Down in my good ole home?
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
CHORUS
All de world am sad and drea-ry eb-ry-where I roam;.....
mf
O, darkeys, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de ole folks at home.
pp
pp
D.S.

HOME SWEET HOME

Sir HENRY BISHOP
Arr. by DUDLEY E. BAYFORD

Slowly with much expression
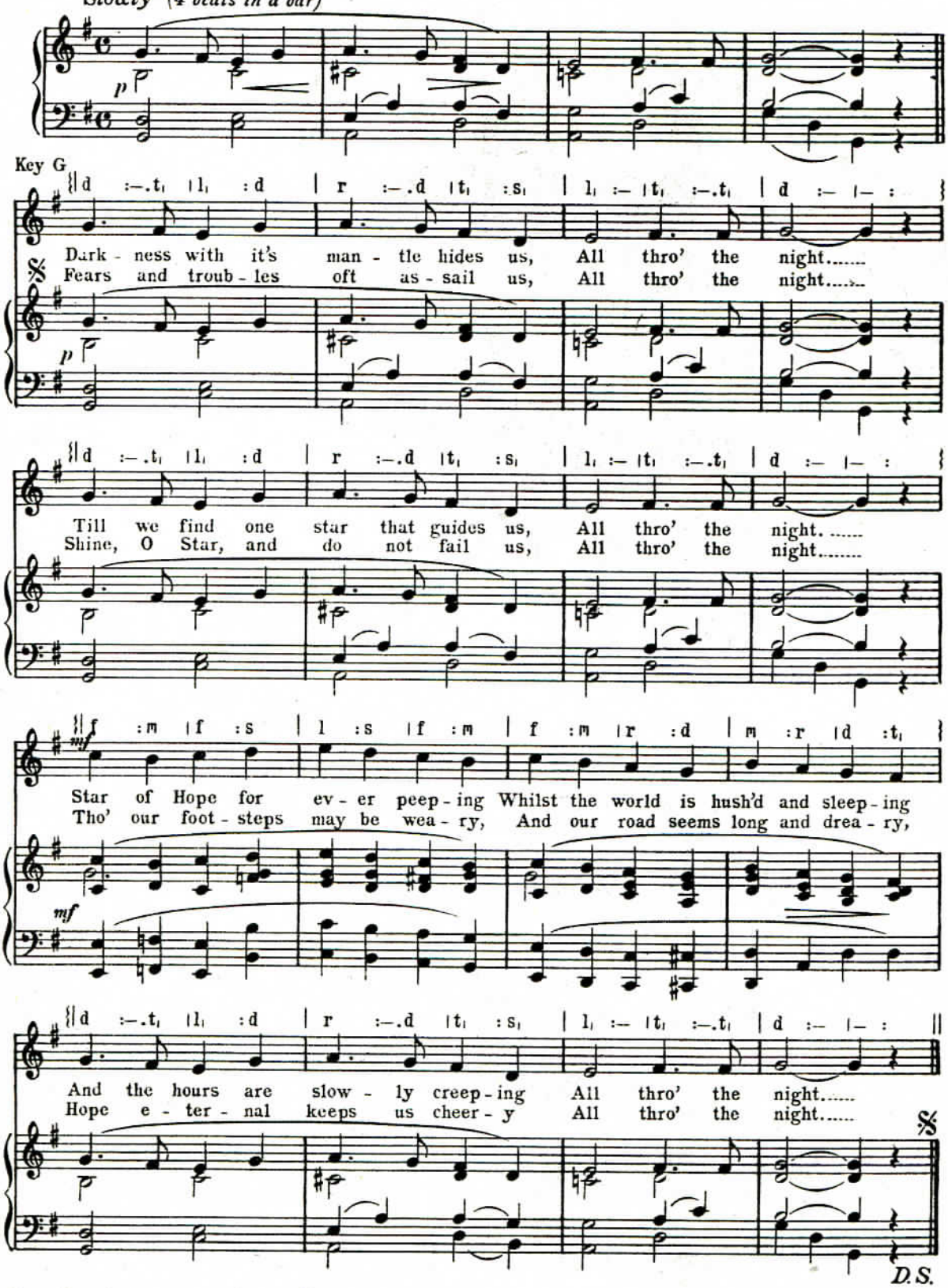


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ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Words by REG LOW

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER

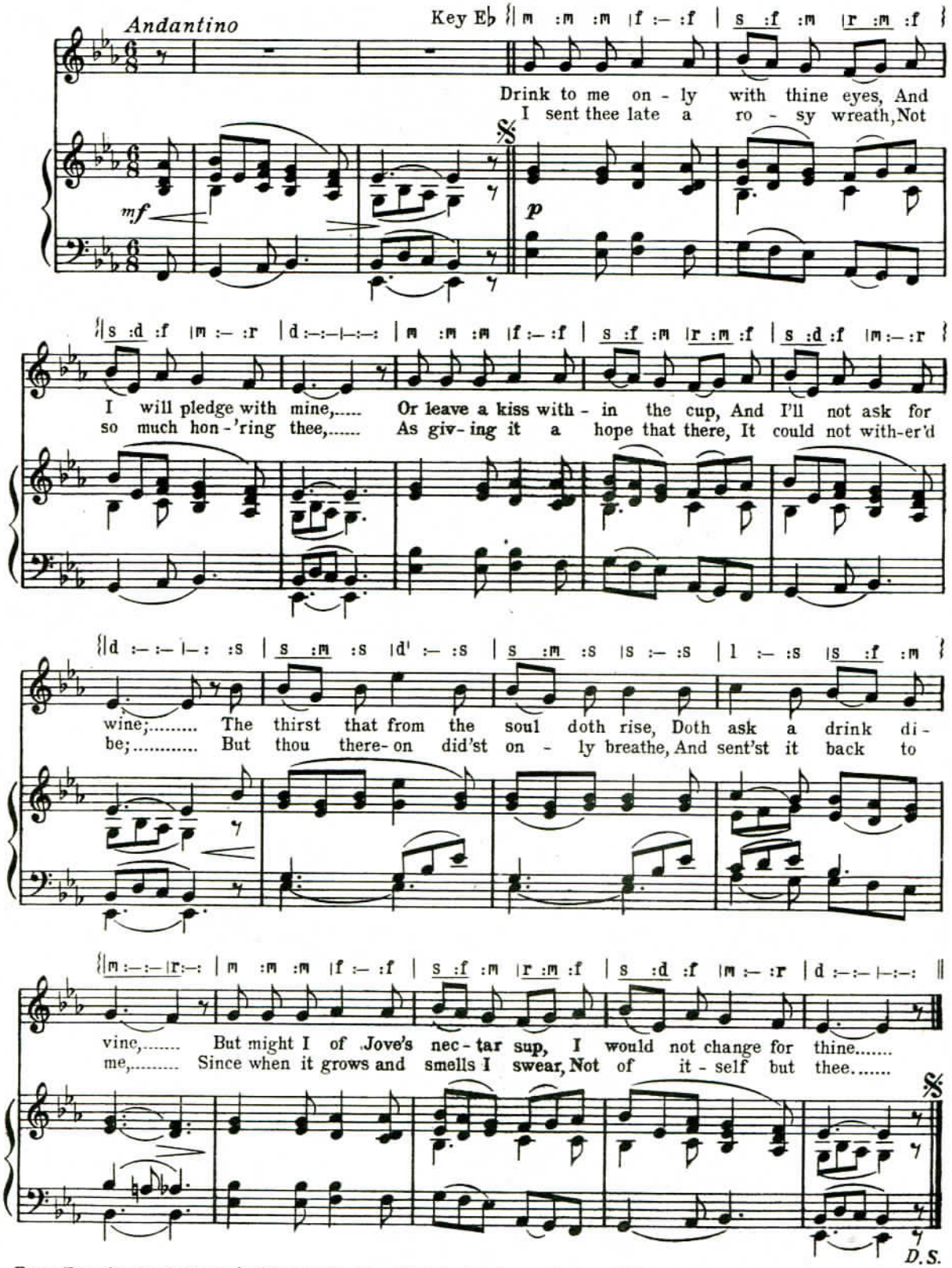
Slowly (*4 beats in a bar*)



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DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

BEN JONSON
Arranged by HENRY E. PETHER

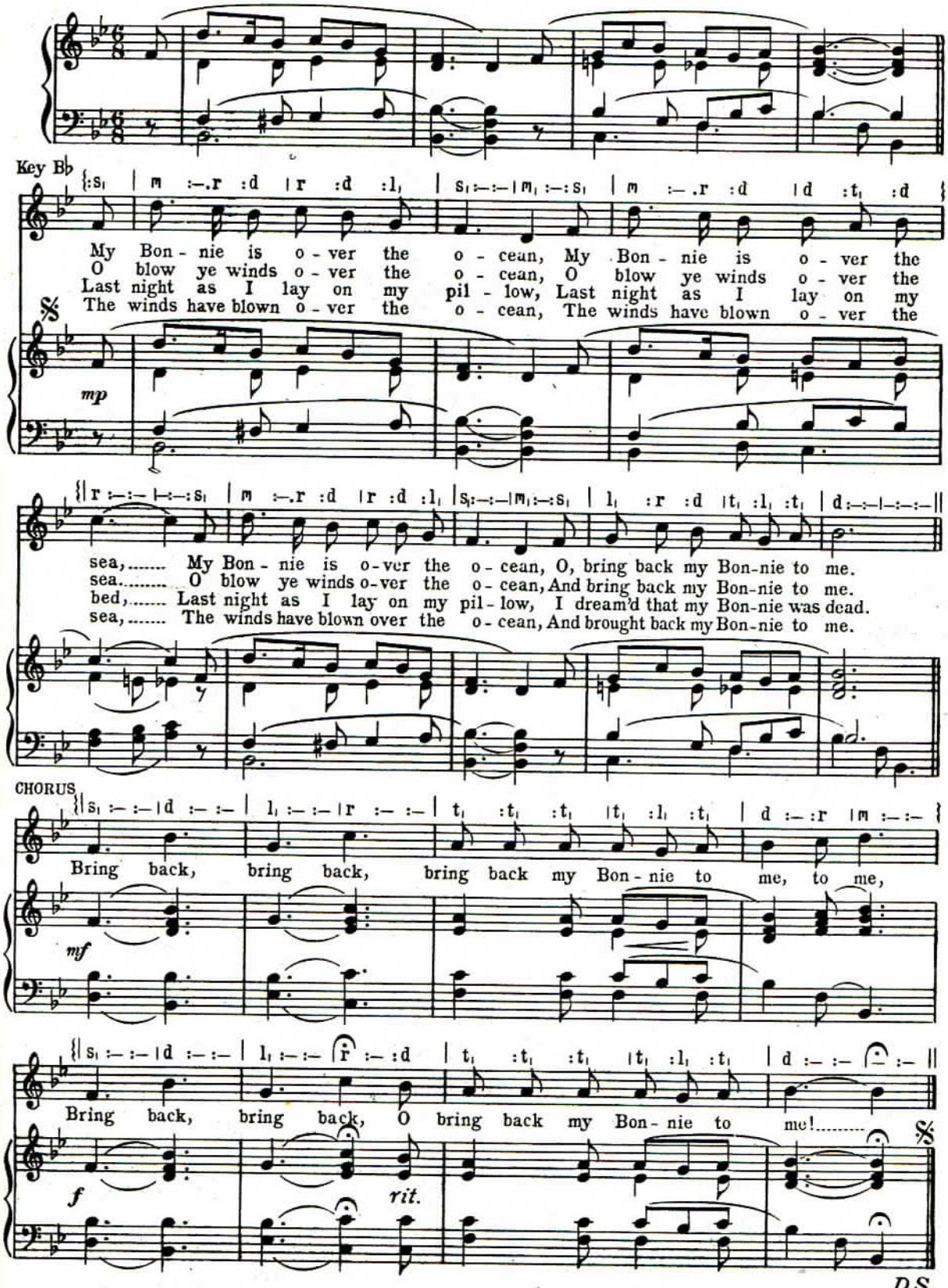


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MY BONNIE

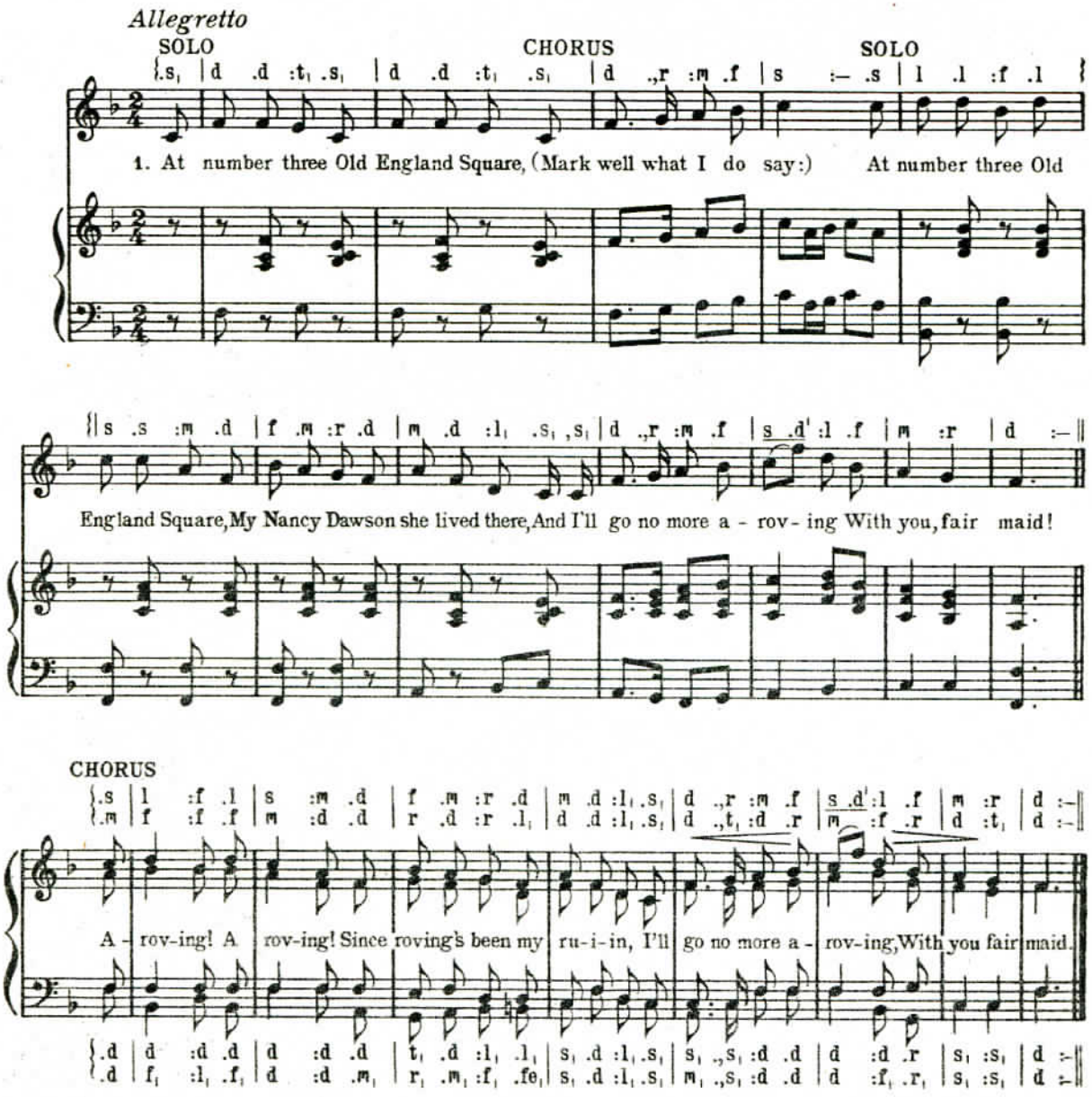
Moderato, with movement

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT



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A-ROVING



2
My Nancy Dawson she lived there
Mark well what I do say;
She was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid. *Chorus*

3
I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkee,
With pockets lined with good monie;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid. *Chorus*

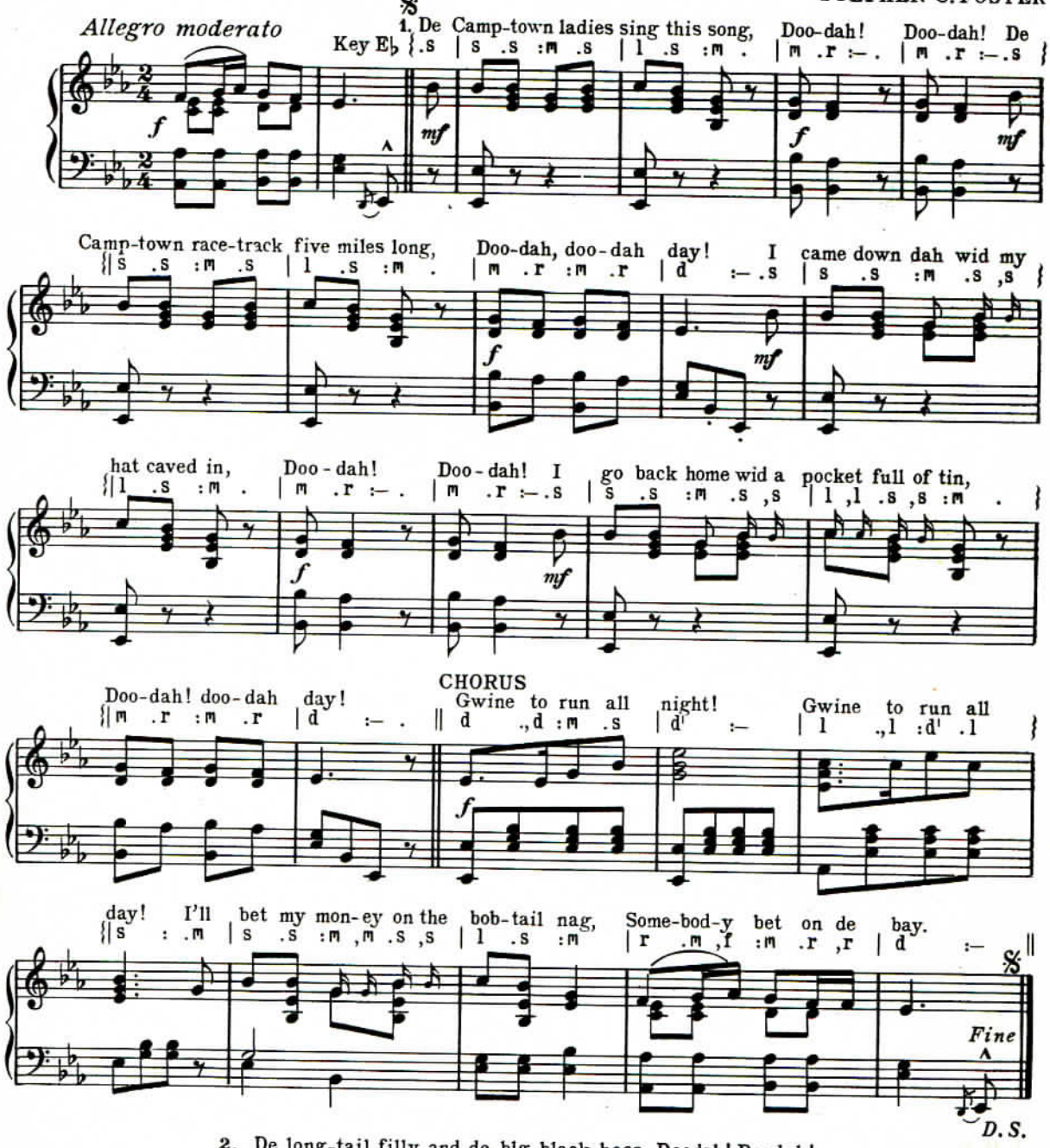
4
Oh! didn't I tell her stories true,
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her whoppers too!
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo;
And I'll go no more a-roving,
With you, fair maid. *Chorus*

5
But when we'd spent my blooming "screw,"
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo;
She cut her stick and vanished too;
And I'll go no more a-roving,
With you, fair maid. *Chorus*

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CAMPTOWN RACES

Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER



2. De long-tail filly and de big black hoss, Doodah! Doodah!
Dey fly de track and dey cut across, Doodah! Doodah day!
De blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole, Doodah! Doodah!
Can't touch de bottom wid a ten foot pole, Doodah! Doodah day!

3. Old mule-y cow came on de track, Doodah! Doodah!
De bob-tail fling her ober his back, Doodah! Doodah day!
Den fly along like a railroad car, Doodah! Doodah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star, Doodah! Doodah day!
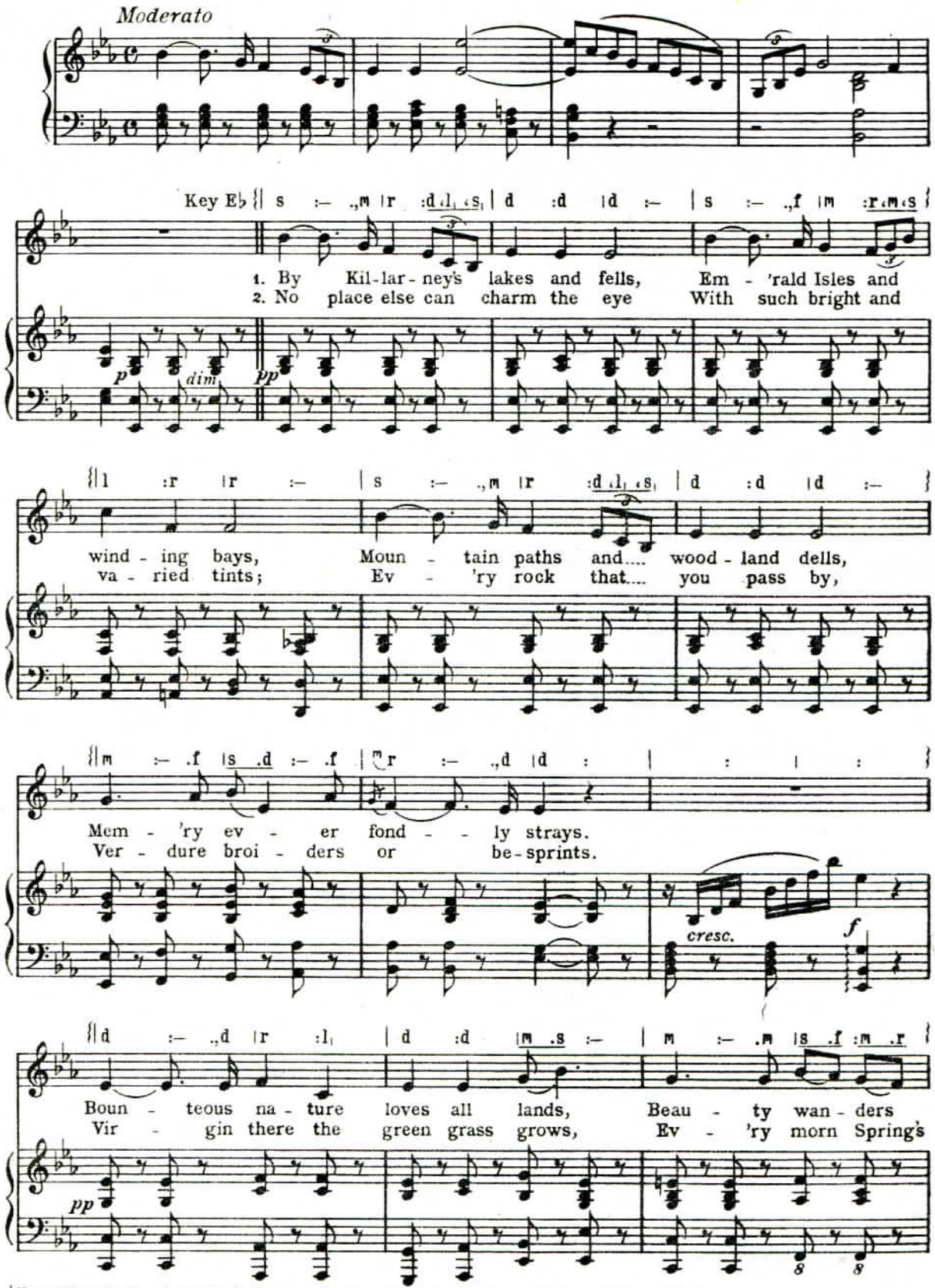
4. See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat, Doodah! Doodah!
Round de race-track, den repeat, Doodah! Doodah day!
I win my money on de bob-tail nag, Doodah, Doodah!
I keep my money in an old tow bag, Doodah! Doodah day!

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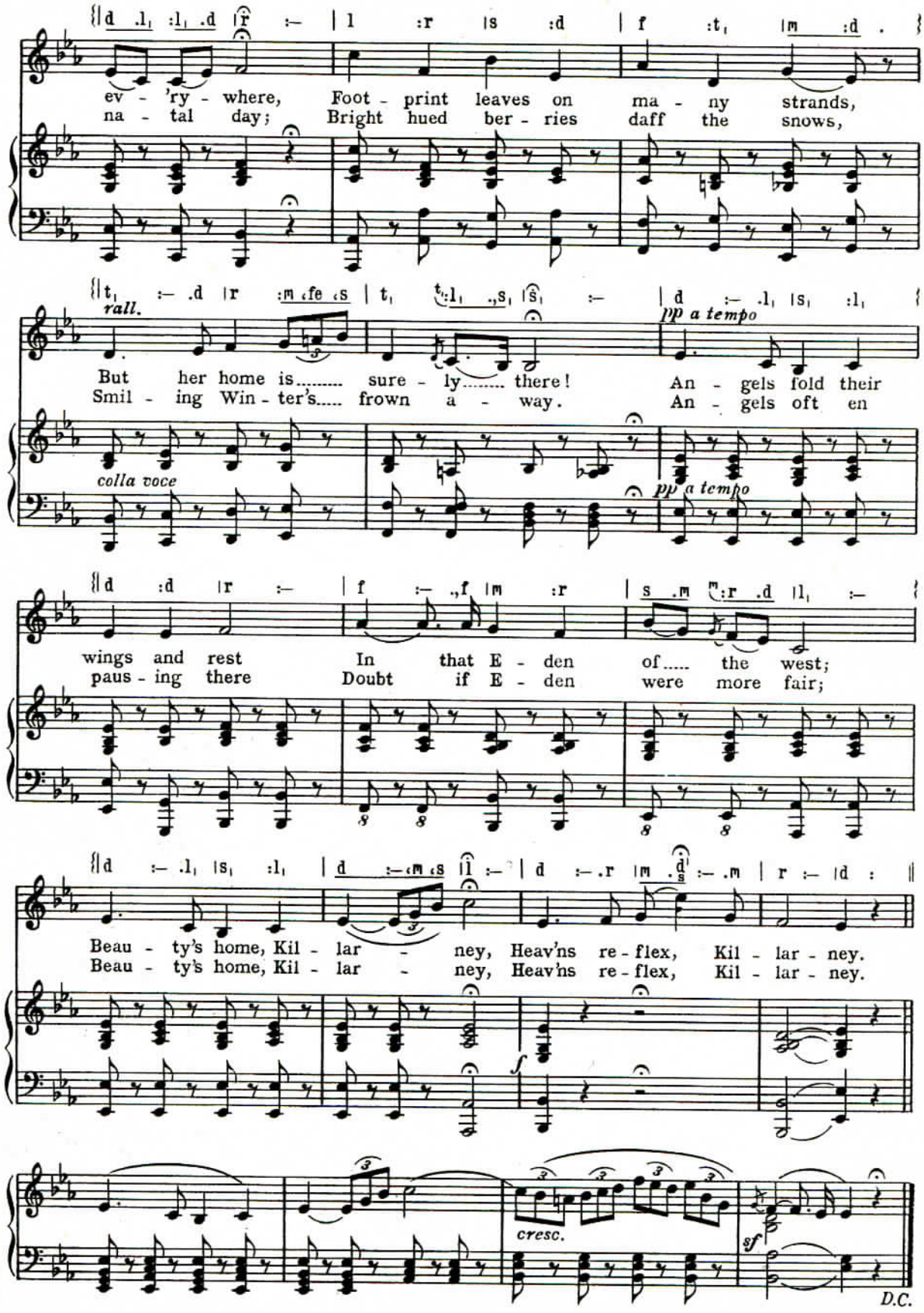
KILLARNEY

Written by
E. FALCONER

Composed by
M.W. BALFE

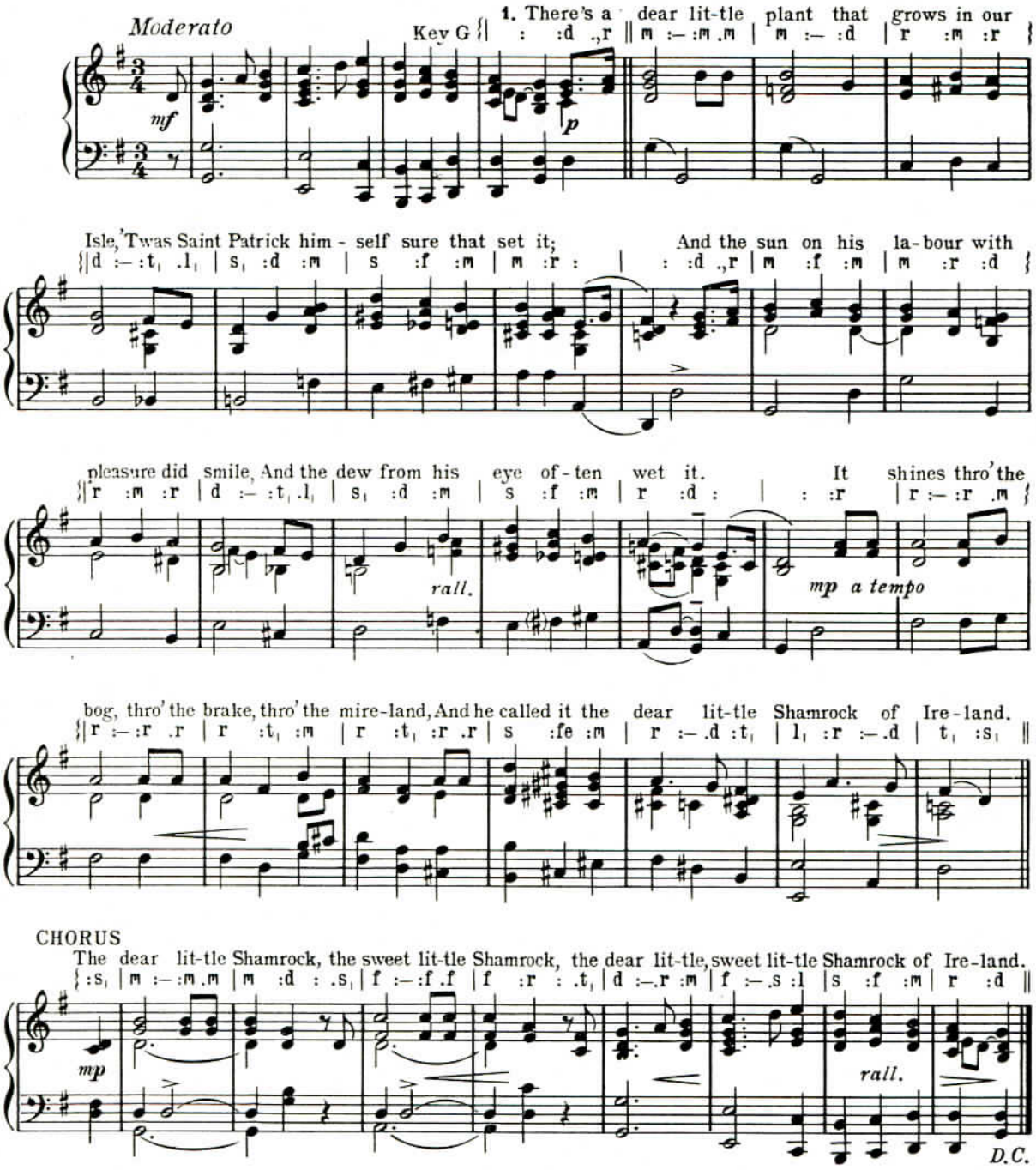


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ev - 'ry - where, Foot - print leaves on ma - ny strands,
na - tal day; Bright hued ber - ries daff the snows,
rall.
But her home is..... sure - ly..... there!
Smil - ing Win - ter's..... frown a - way.
pp a tempo
An - gels fold their
An - gels oft en
colla voce
pp a tempo
wings and rest In that E - den of..... the west;
paus - ing there Doubt if E - den were more fair;
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'ns re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'ns re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.
f
cresc.
sf
D.C.

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

Arr. by DUDLEY E. BAYFORD



2

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smile can bewitch, and whose eyes
can command;
In each climate they ever appear in,
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake,
thro' the mire-land,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

3

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When it's three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from the stalk we together
should toil;
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended,
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake,
thro' the mire-land,
From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland

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TO BE A FARMER'S BOY

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER

Moderato

f

Key B♭

The sun had set be - hind yon hill A - cross the drea - ry moor, When
The far - mer's wife cried "Try the lad Let him no long - er seek," "Yes
The far - mer's boy grew up a man, And the good old cou - ple died. They

p

wea - ry and lame, a boy there came Up to a far - mer's door. Can
fa - ther, do," the daugh - ter cried, While the tears rolled down her cheek. For
left the lad the farm they had, And the daugh - ter for his bride. Now the

you tell me wher - ev - er there be One that will me em - ploy.....
those who would work, it's hard to want, And wan - der for em ploy.....
lad which was the farm now has, Oft thinks and smiles with joy,.....

CHORUS

To plough and sow To reap and mow, And be a farmer's boy,..... And be a farmer's boy.
Don't let him go, But let him stay And be a farmer's boy,..... And be a farmer's boy.
And will bless the day He came that way To be a farmer's boy,..... To be a farmer's boy.

D. C.

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UPIDEE

From
LONGFELLOW

Vigorously

mf

KEY A

mf

1. The shades of night were fall-ing fast,
2. His brow was sad, his eye be-neath,
3. "O stay," the maid-en said "and rest,

U-pi-dee, U-pi-da

When thro' an Al-pine village pass'd
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath
Thy wea-ry head up-on my breast,"

p

U-pi-dee-i - da

A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with a strange de-vice:
And like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac-cent of that unknown tongue:
A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answer'd with a sigh:

rit

p
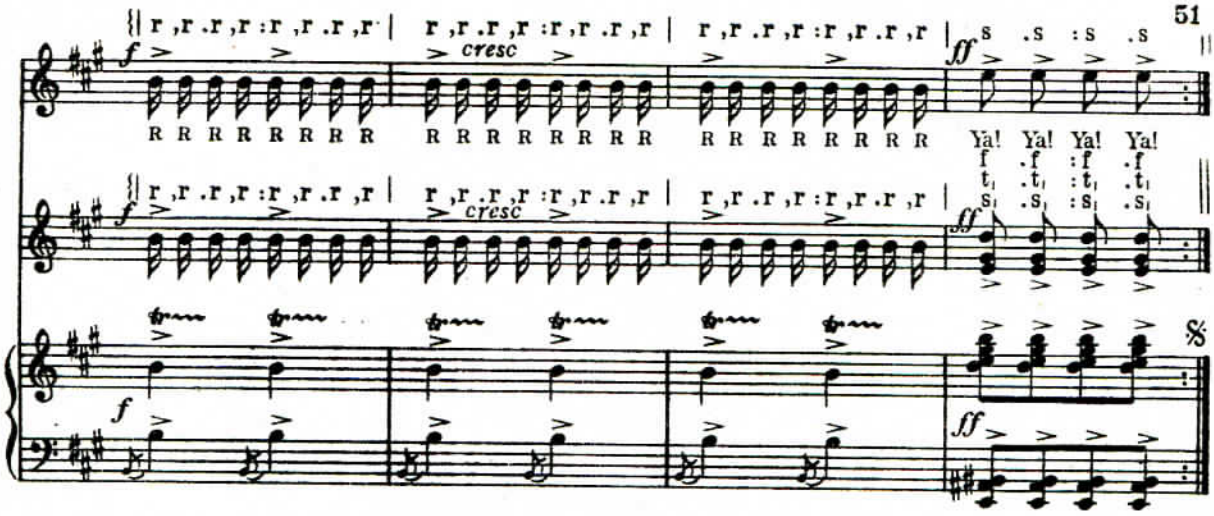
CHORUS

U-pi-dee-i-dee - i-da, U-pi-dee, U-pi - da, U-pi-dee-i-dee - i-da, U-pi-dee-i - da.

a tempo

Fine

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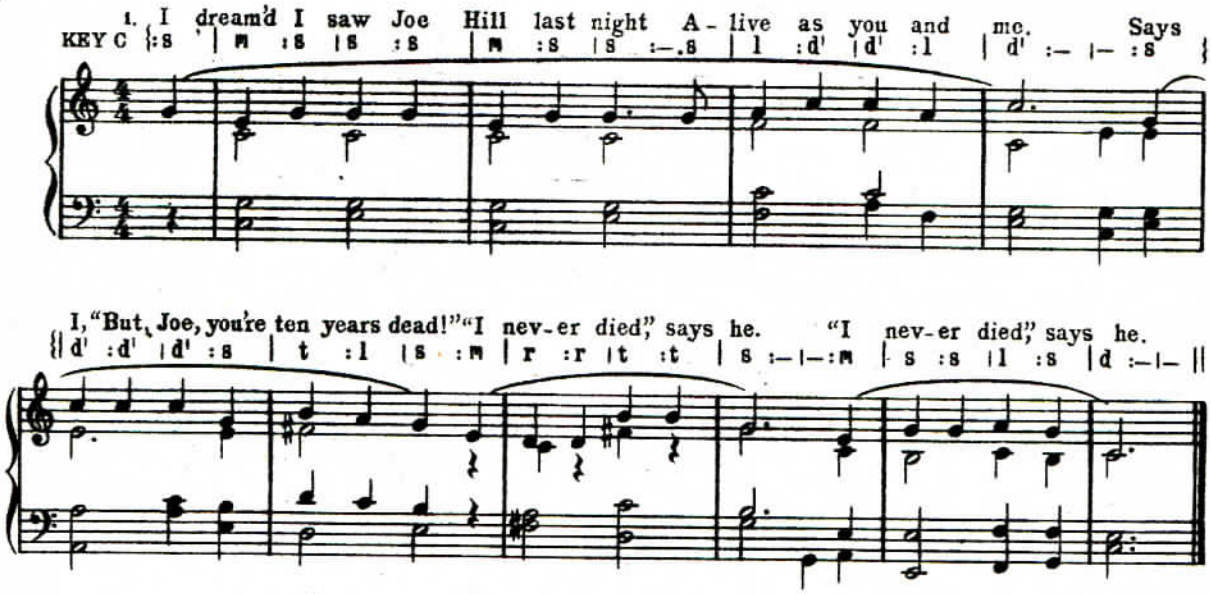
4. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air:

5. A traveller by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device:

JOE HILL

Words by
ALFRED HAYES

Music by
EARL ROBINSON



2. "In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I,
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge."
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead." *(repeat)*

3. "The copper bosses killed you, Joe,
They shot you, Joe," says I.
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die." *(repeat)*

4. And standing there as big as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organise." *(repeat)*

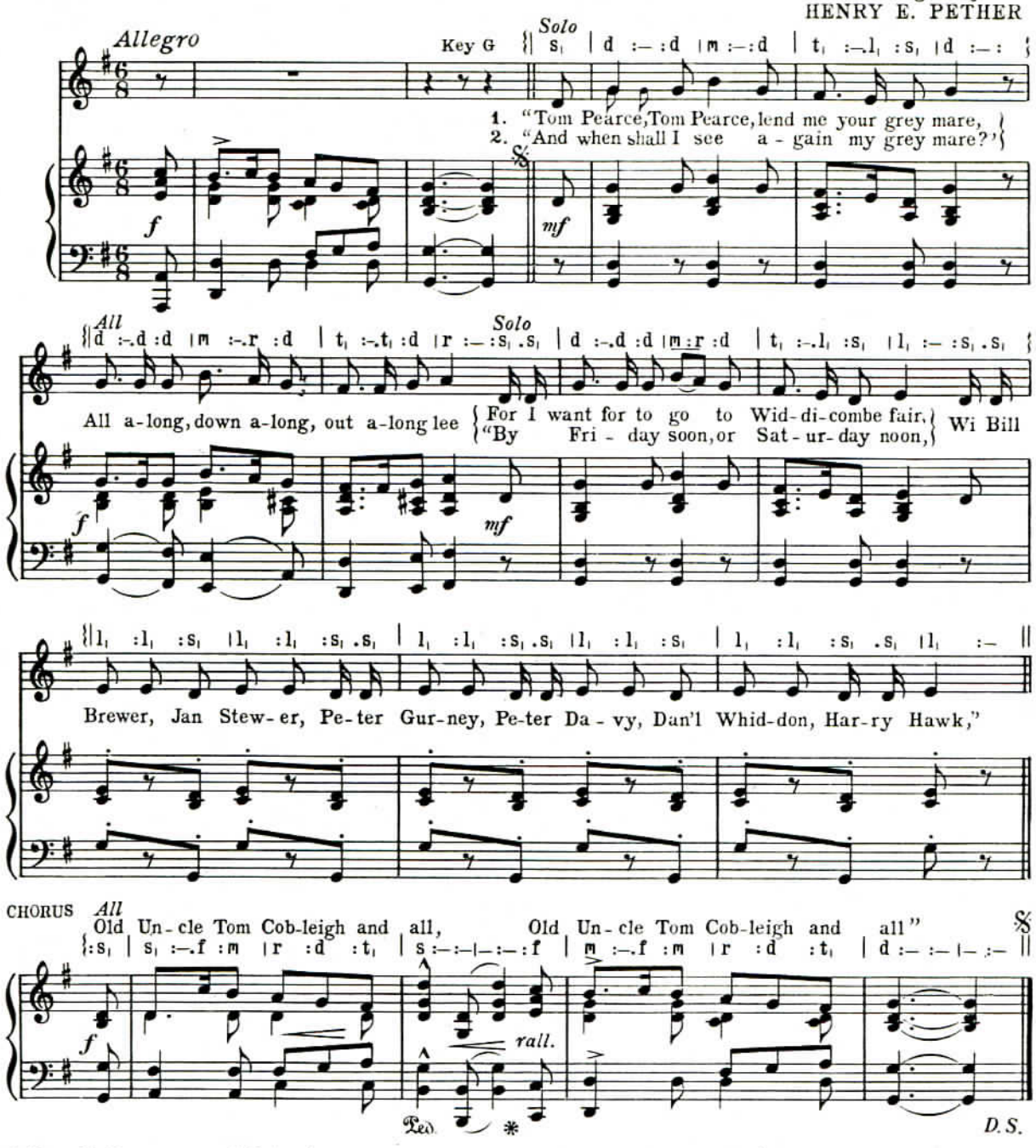
5. "Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where working men are out on strike
Joe Hill is at their side. *(repeat)*

6. "From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill,
Where workers strike and organise,"
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill." *(repeat)*

7. I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me.
Says I, "But, Joe, you're ten years dead."
"I never died" says he. *(repeat very softly)*

UNCLE TOM COBLEIGH

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER



3. Then Friday came, and Saturday noon
All along, &c.
But Tom Pearce's old mare have not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

4. So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, &c.
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

5. So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, &c.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

6. But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
All along, &c.
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, &c.

7. When the wind whistles cold on moor of a night,
All along, &c.
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

8. And all the long night he heard skirling and groans,
All along, &c.
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, &c.

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ALOUETTE

A FRENCH CANADIAN SONG

Arranged by
ERNEST MELVIN

March time

Key F

1. (*All*) Al - ou-et-te, gen-tille Al-ou-et-te, Al - ou-et-te,
Je te plumerai. (*Solo*) Je te plumerai la tête, (head) (*All*) Je te plumerai la tête, (*Solo*) A la tête, (*All*) A la tête, (*Solo*) Alouette, (*All*) Al-ou-et - te.

2. (*All*) Al-ou-et-te, gen-tille Al-ou-et-te, Al - ou-et-te, je te plu-mer-ai. (*Solo*) Je te plu-mer-ai le bec, (beak) (*All*) Je te
plu-mer-ai le bec, (*Solo*) A la bec, (*All*) A la bec,
(*Solo*) A la tête, (*All*) A la tête (*Repeated ad lib.*)
(*Solo*) Al - ou-ette, (*All*) Al - ou-et - te,

D.S.

3. Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai les yeux, (eyes)
A les yeux,
A la bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

4. Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai les ailes, (wings)
A les ailes,
A les yeux,
A le bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

5. Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le dos, (back)
A le dos,
A les ailes,
A les yeux,
A le bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

6. Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai les jambes, (legs)
A les jambes,
A le dos,
A les ailes,
A les yeux,
A le bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

7. Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai les pieds, (feet)
A les pieds,
A les jambes,
A le dos,
A les ailes,
A les yeux,
A le bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

FINALE

(*All*) Al - ou-et-te, gen-tille Al-ou-et-te, Al - ou-et-te, je te plu-mer-ai.

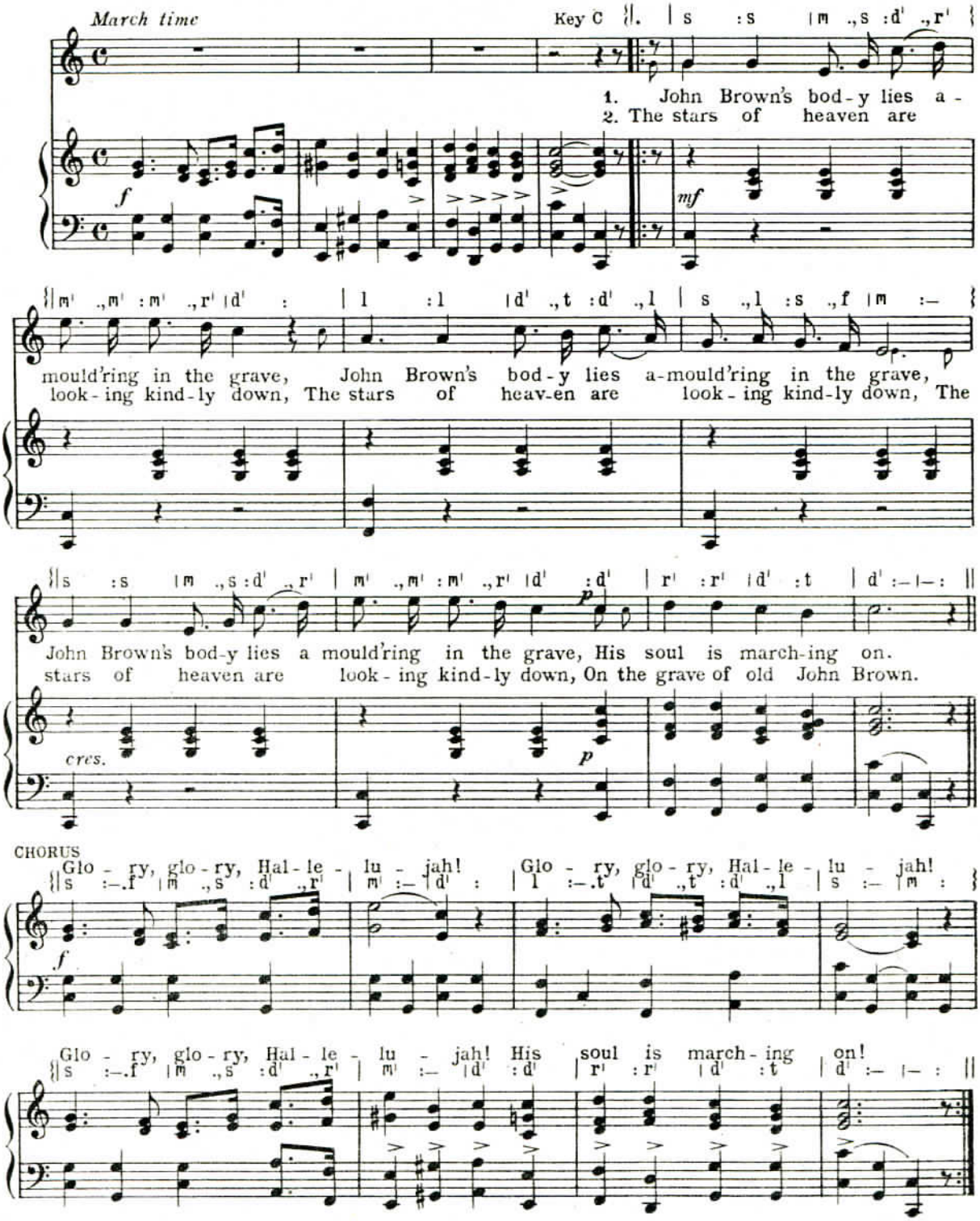
rall.

Fine

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JOHN BROWN'S BODY

MARCH SONG OF THE AMERICAN WAR



3. He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord, *&c.* 5. His pet lambs will meet him on the way, *&c.*
His soul is marching on. *Chorus.* And they'll go marching on. *Chorus.*
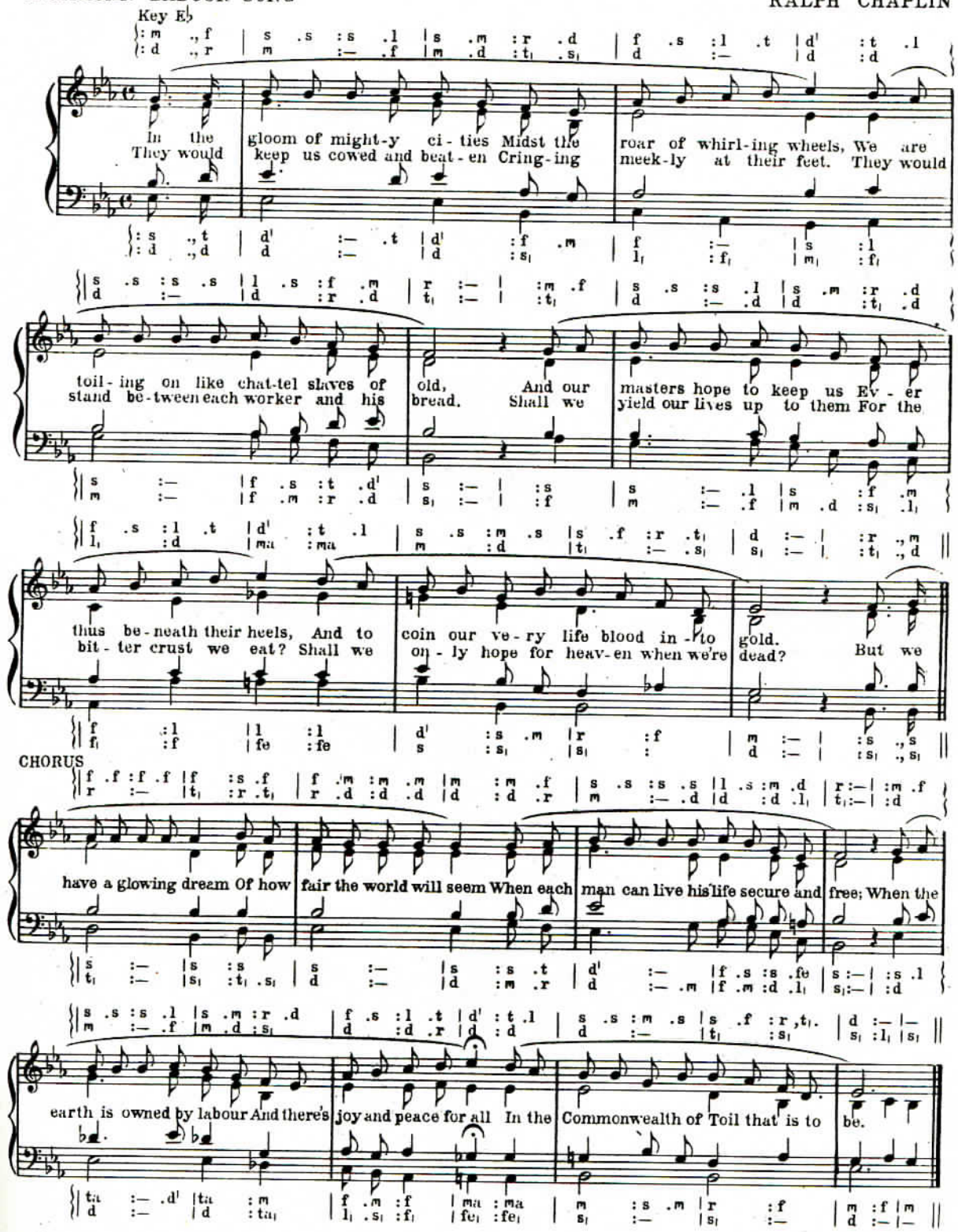
4. John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back, *&c.* 6. We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, *&c.*
His soul is marching on. *Chorus.* As we go marching on. *Chorus.*

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THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

AMERICAN LABOUR SONG

RALPH CHAPLIN



They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time.
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?
Shall we let them live forever
In their gilded halls of crime
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant
And we claim our Mother Earth,
And the nightmare of the present fades away,
We shall live with love and laughter,
We who now are little worth,
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS
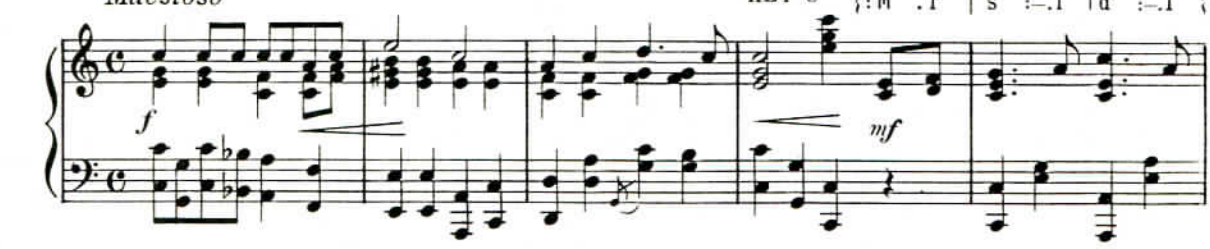
Lyric by
TED STEELS

Music by
CHARLES ANCLIFFE

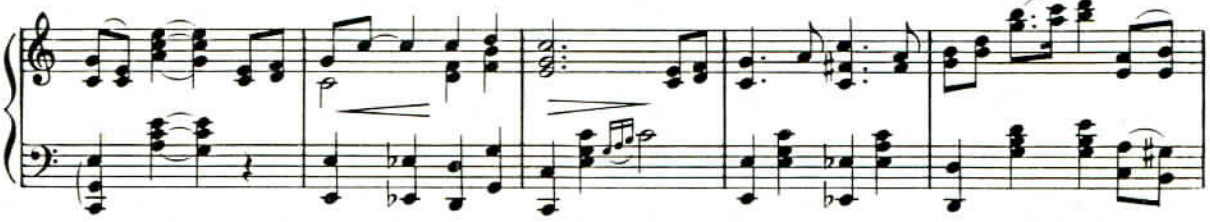
Maestoso

KEY C
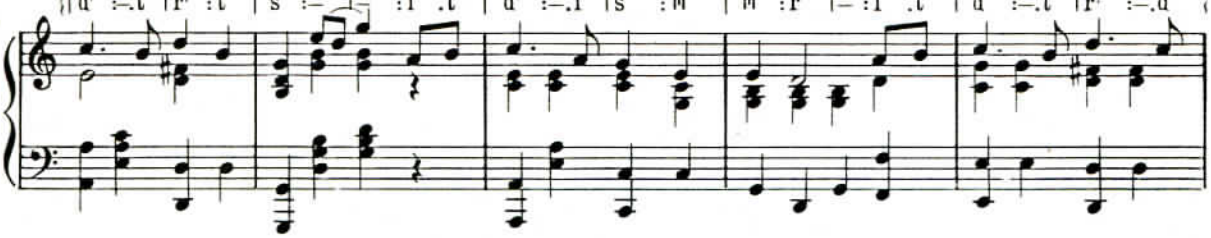
Ev-'ry man was born a
When from war's dark cloud we're
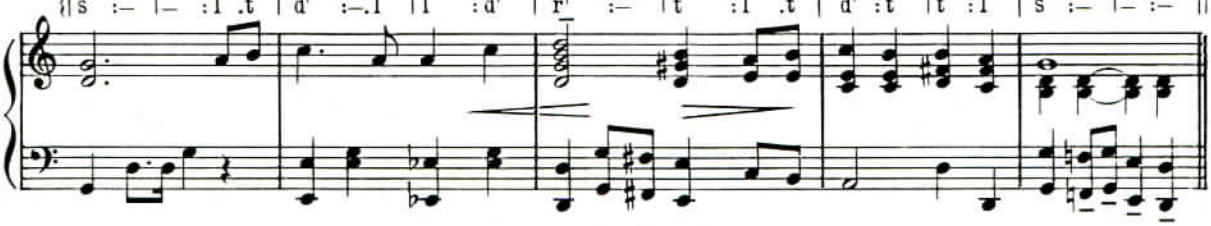


brother, Be he yel-low, black or white; All as good as one an-oth-er, In the
turning, Scorning world-wide hate and might; In the lamp of friendship burning, Truth shall



great Cre-a-tor's sight. When the peace of love and friendship, Rules each Na-tion's heart and
give the Nations light. Then with slaughter, strife and sad-ness, Gone for aye from ev - 'ry
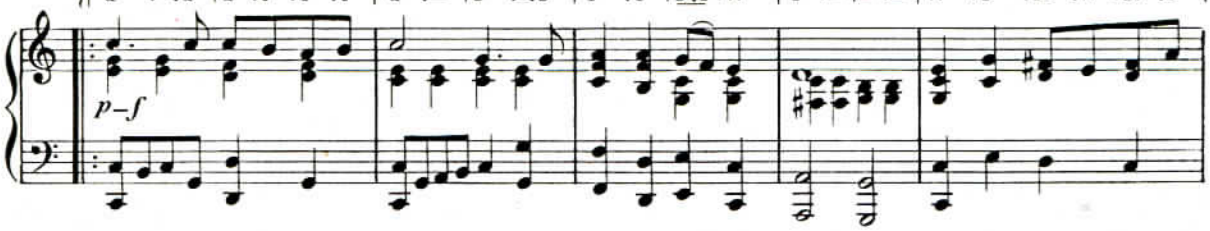


head; We will hoist the flag of friend - ship, Where the hate of war lies dead.
mind; All the world shall know the glad - ness, That true fel-low-ship will find.
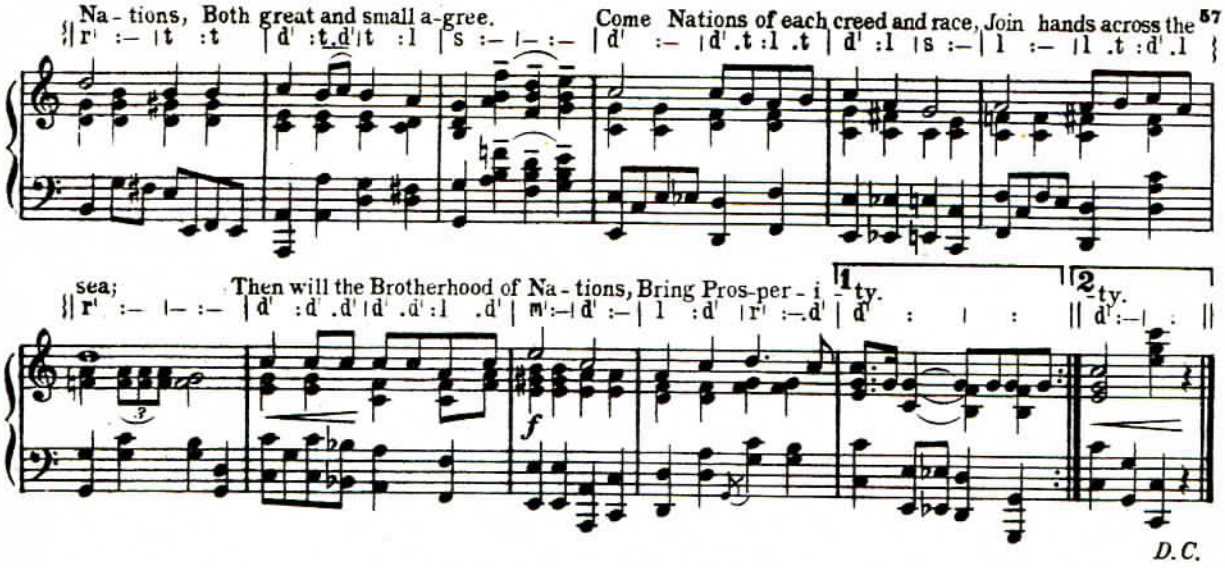


CHORUS
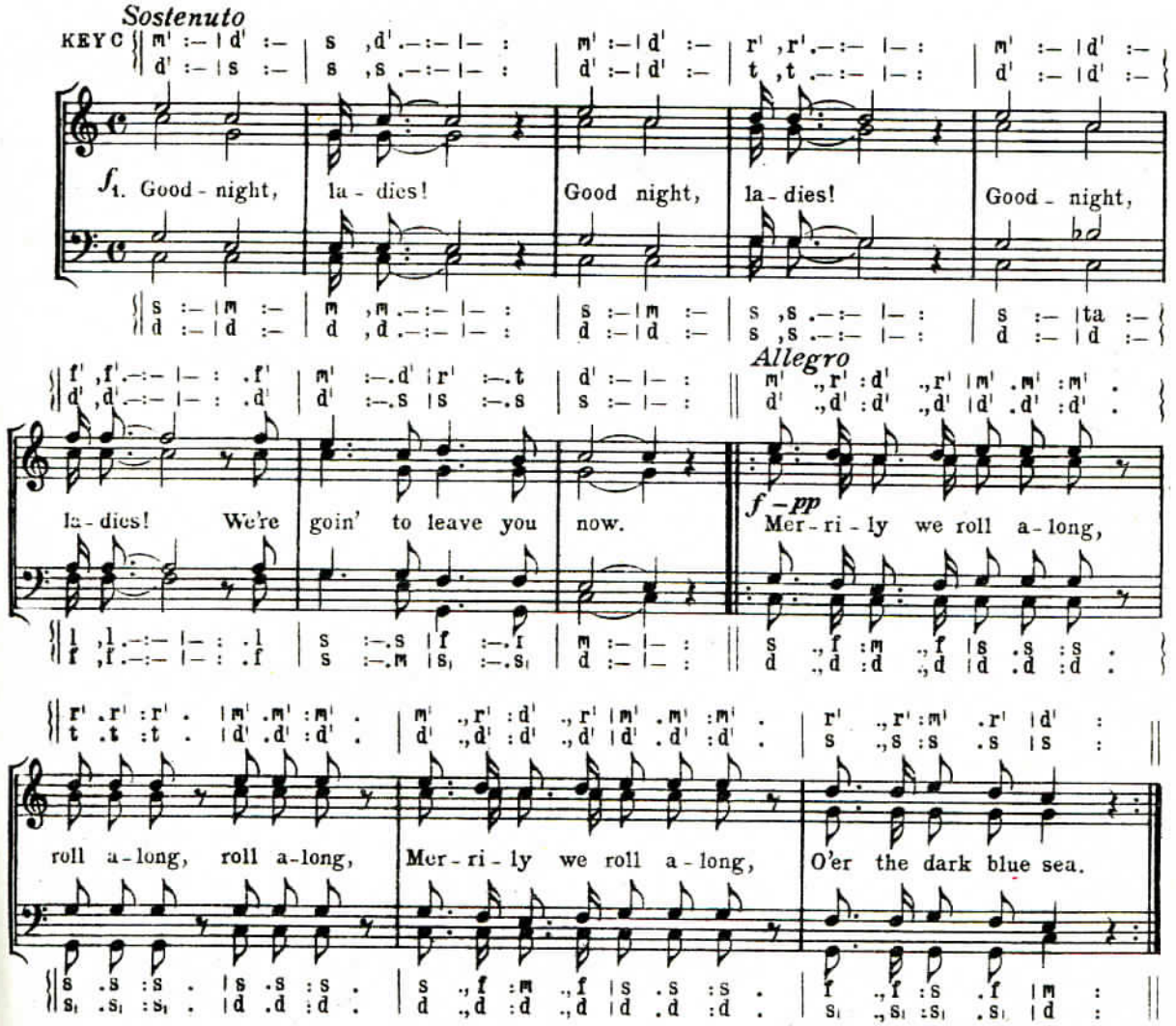
Thro' the Brotherhood of Na - tions, The world re-born shall be; When on peace the thoughts of



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GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!
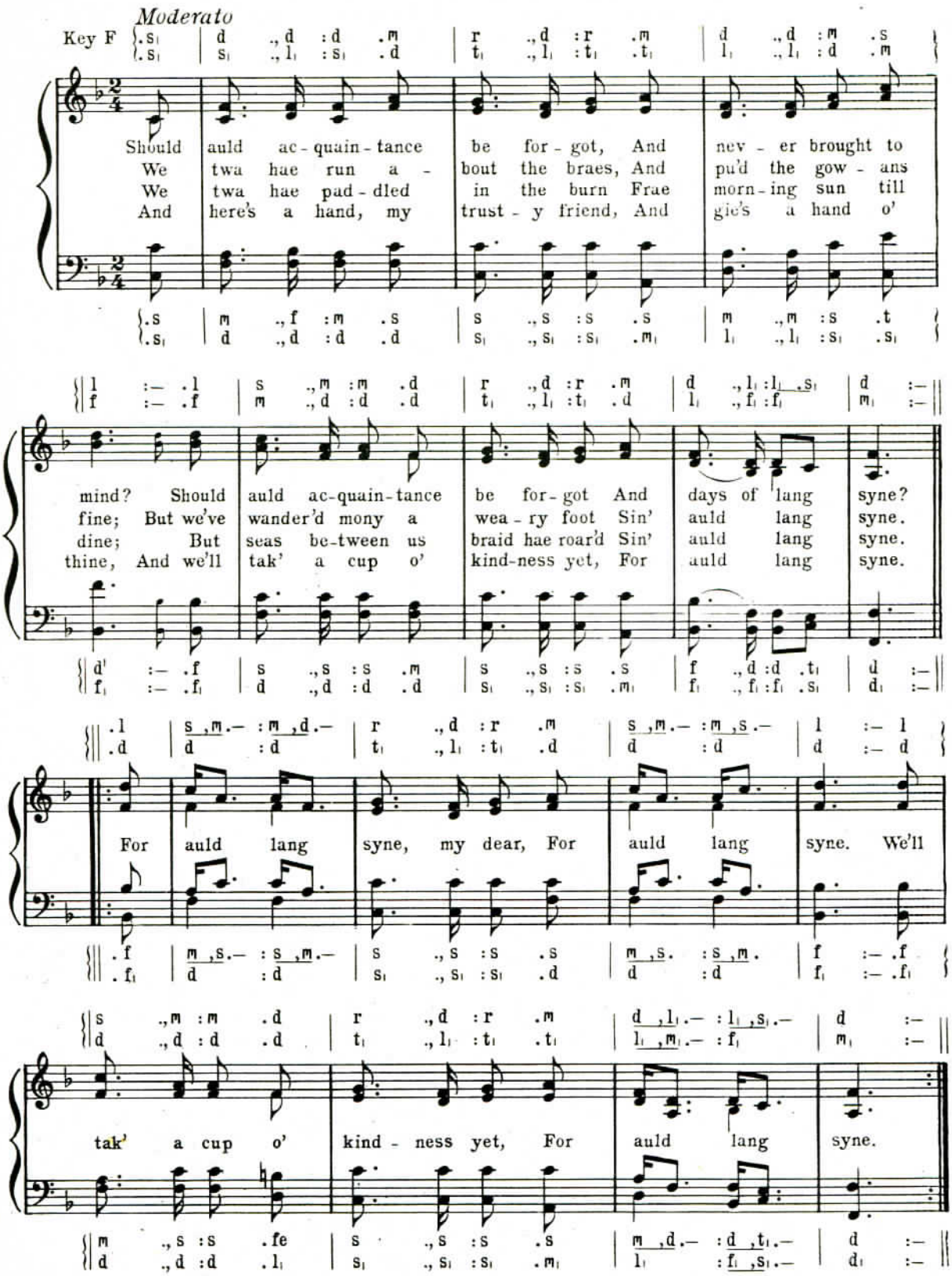


2. Farewell, ladies! farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies! we're goin' to leave you now.

3. Sweet dreams, ladies! sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies! we're goin' to leave you now.

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AULD LANG SYNE

ROBERT BURNS — Scottish Melody



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