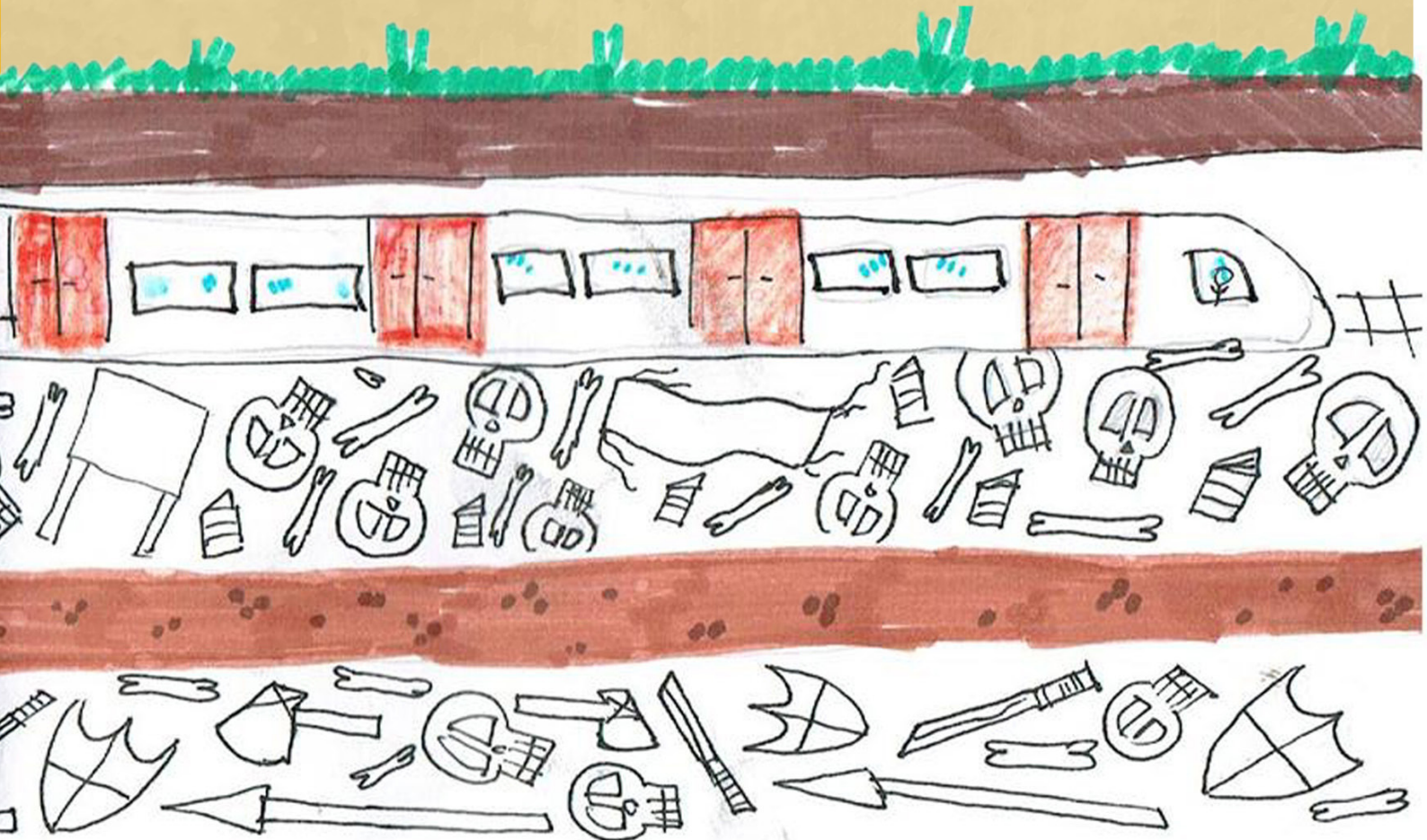




SONGS OF PROTEST

Produced by:

Eastside Community Heritage
and Woodcraft Folk





Contents

Introduction	3
Manchester Rambler	5
The World Turned Upside Down	7
H-Bomb's Thunder	8
Lock Ourselves Here for a While	9
Mrs. Barbour's Army	10
William Brown	13
Hey Ho! Cook and Rowe!	14
Jerusalem	15
They're Going to Build a Motorway	16
John Ball	18
Woodman Spare That Tree	20
Wouldn't it be a Wondrous Thing	21
Credits	22



Introduction

In 2015/16 Newham Woodcraft Folk teamed up with Eastside Community Heritage to explore the history of the No M11 Link Road Campaign of the early 1990s. The protests turned a quiet area of east London into a thriving hub of resistance, empowerment and creative chaos. The Woodcrafters' investigations have brought them face to face with the rebellion that took place on their doorsteps not long before they were born. They've heard how the spirit of the campaign endures in the hearts of those touched by it, and what it means to discover a moral purpose and pursue it to its lair. Again and again in our interviews, we have been reminded of how important music and song are to political struggle. When people talk about the M11 campaign there's always an imagined soundtrack playing in the background. The Prodigy blearing out from a sound system at the top of a scaffold tower as police swarmed in to evict Claremont Road is a memory frequently evoked. Likewise, sitting round a fire, in the garden of a squat, or at the bender site on Fillibroke Road, and singing in rounds, over and over –

*You can't kill the Spirit
She is like a mountain
Old and strong
She goes on an on and on
She is like a mountain...*

Songs like this, as rousing sung round a fire as on the front line of a barricade, have become central to the time that Eastside and Woodcraft have spent together. With the help of radical folk song collector Robin Grey, and the Woodcraft Folk's long tradition of protest singing, we have learned a host of songs to fortify resistance and enliven solidarity. As the M11 slogan has it, "here's to creativity, courage and cheek!"

...BUILD IT HIGHER...
...BUILD IT PINKER...
...BUILD IT GREENER...



Manchester Rambler

By Ewan MacColl

C
I've been over Snowdon, I've slept upon Crowdon
G
I've camped by the Waynestones as well

I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder
C
And many more things I can tell
C G
My rucksack has oft been my pillow
C
The heather has oft been my bed
G
And sooner than part from the mountains
C
I think I would rather be dead

Chorus:

C G
I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way
C
I get all my pleasure the hard moorland way
G
I may be a wage slave on Monday
C
But I am a free man on Sunday

The day was just ending and I was descending
Down Grinesbrook just by Upper Tor
When a voice cried "Hey you" in the way keepers do
He'd the worst face that ever I saw
The things that he said were unpleasant
In the teeth of his fury I said
"Sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead"

He called me a louse and said "Think of the grouse"
Well I thought, but I still couldn't see
Why all Kinder Scout and the moors roundabout
Couldn't take both the poor grouse and me
He said "All this land is my master's"
At that I stood shaking my head
No man has the right to own mountains
Any more than the deep ocean bed

I once loved a maid, a spot welder by trade
She was fair as the Rowan in bloom
And the bloom of her eye watched the blue Moreland sky
I wooed her from April to June
On the day that we should have been married
I went for a ramble instead
For sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

So I'll walk where I will over mountain and hill
And I'll lie where the bracken is deep
I belong to the mountains, the clear running fountains
Where the grey rocks lie ragged and steep
I've seen the white hare in the gullys
And the curlew fly high overhead
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

*Written by Ewan MacColl, published by Stormking Music.
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The World Turned Upside Down

By Leon Rosselson

In sixteen forty-nine to Saint George's Hill
A ragged band they called the Diggers came to show the people's will
They defied the landlords, they defied the law
They were the dispossessed, reclaiming what was theirs

"We come in peace," they said, "to dig and sow
We come to work the land in common and to make the waste ground grow
This earth divided we will make whole
So it can be a common treasury for all

The sin of property we do disdain
No man has any right to buy and sell the earth for private gain
By theft and murder they steal the land
Now everywhere the walls rise up at their command

They make the laws to chain us well
The clergy dazzle us with heaven or they damn us into hell
We will not worship the god they serve
They god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folk starve

We work, we eat together, we need no swords
We will not bow to the masters or pay rent to the lords
Still we are free men though we are poor
You Diggers all, stand up for glory, stand up now"

From the men of property the order came
They sent the hired men and troopers to wipe out the Diggers' claim
Tear down their cottages, destroy their corn
They were dispersed, but still the vision carries on

You poor, take courage, you rich, take care
This earth was made a common treasury for everyone to share
All things in common, all people one
We come in peace, the order came to cut them down

Lyrics reprinted with kind permission from Leon Rosselson

The H-Bomb's Thunder

By John Brunner

Don't you hear the H-bomb's thunder
Echo like the crack of doom?
While they rend the skies asunder
Fall-out makes the earth a tomb
Do you want your homes to tumble
Rise in smoke towards the sky?
Will you let your cities crumble
Will you see your children die?

Chorus:

Men and women, stand together
Do not heed the men of war
Make your minds up now or never
Ban the bomb for evermore

Tell the leaders of the nations
Make the whole wide world take heed
Poison from the radiations
Strikes at every race and creed
Must you put mankind in danger
Murder folk in distant lands?
Will you bring death to a stranger
Have his blood upon your hands?

Shall we lay the world in ruin?
Only you can make the choice
Stop and think of what you're doing
Join the march and raise your voice
Time is short; we must be speedy
We can see the hungry filled
House the homeless, help the needy
Shall we blast, or shall we build?

*Lyrics copyright John Brunner – we have tried
to contact John Brunner to obtain permission
to reprint but have been unsuccessful, please
let us know if you can help, or if you would like
them removed*

Lock Ourselves Here for a While

By Robin Grey

D G
I've a hundred old bike locks and they won't undo
A D
Any idea who I could give them to?
D G
It's a nice sunny day in the countryside
G A D
Let's lock ourselves here for a while

D G
So sorry Mr Big Truck what is that you say
A D
Something quite cross about us being in your way
D G
The birds are enjoying the day from the trees
G A D
Let's lock ourselves here for a while

No we ain't going nowhere, let's climb up the trees
Someone must stick up for the birds and the bees
The poor have no lawyers, the trees have no rights
Let's lock ourselves here for a while

Mr blue badge and truncheon is also upset
Doesn't seem that grace has quite got to him yet
Filmed by a smart phone as he beats up Dave
who locked himself here for a while

They arrested our Caroline which made the lead news
One day the greens will outnumber the blues
Well in the meantime we'll do what we must
Let's lock ourselves here for a while

No we ain't going nowhere, let's climb up the trees
Someone must stick up for the birds and the bees
The poor have no lawyers, the fields have no rights
Let's lock ourselves here for a while

Mr suit and tie construction has a seat in the Lords
Our tattered democracy just filed for divorce
One day the people will speak out as one
until then we'll be locked here a while

Work in progress written for Newham WCF workshop by Robin Grey (cc) This work is reproduced under Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 3.0 Unported License

Mrs. Barbour's Army

By Alistair Hulett

G C
 In the tenements o' Glesga in the year one nine one five
 F G
 It was one lang bloody struggle tae keep ourselves alive
 F C F Am G
 We were coontin' oot the coppers tae buy wor scraps o' food
 C Am Dm G
 When the landlords put the rent up just because they could
 F C G C
 A' the factories were hummin', there was overtime galore
 F C G
 But wages they were driven doon tae subsidise the war
 F C F Am G
 Oot came Mrs. Barbour from her wee bit single end
 C Am Dm G
 She said, I'll organise the lassies if I cannae rouse the men

C F G
 'Cos I'm frae Govan an' ye're frae Partick
 F C G
 This yin here's fae Bridge o' Weir and thon's fae Kinning Park
 C F G
 There's some that's prods, there's some that's catholic
 F C G C
 But we're Mrs. Barbour's Army and we're here tae dae the wark

Mrs. Barbour made a poster sayin', We'll no' pay higher rent
 Then chapped on every door of every Govan tenement
 She said, Pit this in the windae an' when you hear me bang the drum
 We'll run oot an' chase the factor a' the way tae kingdom come
 When the poor wee soul cam roon' he was battered black and blue
 By a regiment in pinnies that knew just what tae do
 Mrs. Barbour organised the gaitherin' o' the clans
 And they burst oot o' the steamie armed wi' pots an' fryin' pans

Mrs. Barbour's Army spread through Glesga like the plague
 The maisters got the message and the message wisnae vague
 While oor menfolk fight the Kaiser we'll stay hame and fight the war
 Against the greedy bastards who keep grindin' doon the poor
 If ye want tae stop conscription stand and fight the profiteers
 Bring the hale big bloody sandpit crashin' doon aroon' their ears
 We'll no' starve, said Mrs. Barbour, While the men we ca' ourtho
 Are marchin aff tae hae their hairt's blood washed like watter doon a drain

Well it didnae take the government that lang tae realise
If you crack doon on the leaders then the rest will compromise
They arrested Mrs. Barbour and they clapped her in the jile
Then they made an awfy big mistake, they let her oot on bail
She ca'd the men oot o' the factories on the Clyde and on the Cart
They marched up tae the ourthouse sayin', We'll tear the place apart
Mrs. Barbour's Army brought the maisters tae their knees
Wi' a regiment in pinnies backed by one in dungaree

Lyrics copyright Alistair Hulett – we have tried to contact Alistair Hulett to obtain permission to reprint but have been unsuccessful, please let us know if you can help, or if you would like them removed





JIMMY JOHN'S JULY 94

Ad lib/ad hoc Street art and fortifications

Hey Ho! Cook and Rowe!

By Peggy Seeger

As true a story I'll relate
(With a) HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!
How the landlord told Don Cook one night,
(With a) HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!
You must answer questions nine
(With a) HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!
To see if your flat is yours or mine
(With a) HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!

Chorus:
Hey, ho, tell them no
With a barb-wire fence and a piano,
Took a thousand cops to make them go,
Three cheers for Cook and Rowe!

What is higher than a tree? (With a etc...)
And what is lower than a flea?
My rent is higher than a tree,
And the landlord's lower than a flea.
What goes on and never stops?
And what is gentler than a cop?
The tenants fight will never stop
And the devil is gentler than a cop

What is stronger than a door?
And tell me what a roof is for?
Barb-wire is stronger, here's your proof,
The bailiffs come in through the roof.

Will you get off my property?
Or will you pay the rent to me?
We've settled in as you can see,
Now, won't you stop for a cup of tea?

O, now I've lost my board and bed,
I'll barricade the streets instead.
So all you tenants, settle in,
Keep up the fight, you're bound to win

We have tried to contact Peggy Seeger to obtain permission to re-print these lyrics, but have been unsuccessful, please let us know if you can help, or would like them removed

Jerusalem

By William Blake

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: o clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariots of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land



They're Going to Build a Motorway

By Leon Rosselson

Em Am

They're going to build a motorway through my back garden

B B7 Em

No-one can explain how I came to be chosen.

Am

They're going to build a motorway, they're ripping up the trees,

B7

Soon the lorries will be lurching through my cabbages and Em
peas.

Am Em

Word came from the council it was all about a plan

B7 E

Which I didn't understand, but it sounded very grand,

A E

They spoke of urban redevelopment and improving the environment,

F# B

They said, to ease the traffic flow, a bit of my back B7
yard would have to go.

Well, I don't know.

I suppose that those who've started it must know best.

F# B

And I wouldn't want my vegetable patch to hold up

B7

The brother lives in Lilac Grove

It's just across the street

I've not seen him for weeks

We always used to meet

And have a pint or two at Paddy Lowes

It's just a heap of rubble now

The pawn shop's disappeared

And so's the barbers where we always used to go

Well I dunno

These noisey great machines are workin' nonstop

And funny things are growin'

And it looks as though the bomb's dropped

The bulldozers are closin' in now

On me back garden

No one can explain why I came to be chosen

The bulldozers are closin' in

They've ripped up all the trees

Soon the lorries will be zooming through

My cabbages and peas

I don't go out much any more
Can't find me way around
Wind nearly knocks me down
There's tunnels underground
An' just to get about from place to place
Is like a bleedin' steeplechase
Day an' night the traffic flows
It's best to plug your ears and hold your nose
Well, I suppose
I'm better off than some,
don't think I'm just sour
I'm grateful for the grandstand view I'm getting
Of the rush hour

They've built an eight lane motorway
Through me back garden
No one can explain
Why I came to be chosen
They've built an eight lane motorway
They've ripped up all the trees
now the lorries zoom where once I grew
Me cabbages and peas

*Lyrics reprinted with kind permission from Leon Rosselson.
Melody found at: tidido.com/a35184374165315*



John Ball

By Sydney Carter



Who will be the la dy who will be the lord when we are ruled by the love of one an oth_ er

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef staff with a 4/4 time signature and a guitar tablature staff with fret numbers (0, 1, 2, 0, 2, 3, 0, 2, 3, 0, 1, 2, 0, 0, 1, 3, 1, 0, 1, 3, 0, 1).



5 Who will be the la dy who will be the lord in the light that is com ing in the morn ing

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef staff and a guitar tablature staff with fret numbers (0, 0, 1, 2, 0, 2, 3, 0, 2, 3, 0, 0, 0, 2, 3, 2, 1, 0, 3, 1, 0, 1).



9 Sing Jon Bull and tell it to them all long live the day that is daw_ ning. For I'll

Musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef staff and a guitar tablature staff with fret numbers (3, 3, 3, 0, 3, 1, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 3, 1, 0, 1, 3, 3, 1).



13 crow like a cock, I'll ca rol like a lark In the new day thats coming in the morn ing

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a treble clef staff and a guitar tablature staff with fret numbers (0, 1, 2, 0, 2, 3, 0, 2, 3, 0, 0, 0, 0, 1, 2, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1).

Who'll be the lady, who'll be the lord?
When we are met in the love of one another?
Who'll be the lady, who'll be the lord,
In the light that is coming in the morning?

Sing John Ball and tell it to them all –
Long be the day that is dawning!
I'll crow like a cock, I'll carol like a lark,
For the light that is coming in the morning.

Eve is the lady, Adam is the lord,
When we are met in the love of one another,
Eve is the lady, Adam is the lord,
In the light that is coming in the morning.

All shall be met in the fellowship I say,
All shall be met in the love of one another
All shall be met in the fellowship I say,
In the light that is coming in the morning.

Labour and spin for the fellowship I say,
Labour and spin for the love of one another.
Labour and spin for the fellowship I say,
And the light that is coming in the morning.

*We have bought a licence to reprint these lyrics from
Stainer & Bell Ltd.*



*Aug 4th - Jeff's Cafe at No. 7 immediately after Squibby's revenge attack
and illegal demolition of No. 9 next door.*

Wouldn't it be a Wondrous Thing Traditional

Wouldn't it be a wondrous thing
If the children of the world
Could live together
In peace



The Woodcraft Folk. Left to right: India Smith, Louis Luck, Nicole Marsland-Smith, Olivia Fairhurst-Trew, Lula Dune-Fletcher, Betsy Byworth, -, Niamh Carr, Kai Lotan-Buckley

Credits

'Voices of Leytonstonia – Sing-a-long-a-Protest' oral history project was carried out in partnership with Newham Woodcraft Folk. Thanks to the Venturer group for their participation, ideas and enthusiasm: Dylan Forbes, Louis Luck, Niamh Carr, India Smith, Anna Kayode, Freya Chauncy, Oisín Mulholland, Alex Swinney, Kai Lotan-Buckley, Betsy Byworth, Rose Taylor, Nicole Marsland-Smith, Olivia Fairhurst-Trew, Lula Dune-Fletcher, Alicia Francis and Stuart Walker.

www.newhamwoodcraft.org.uk

@newhamwoodcraft

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The pictures in the book are from the M11 archive collection we have been compiling over the past year. Thanks to Maureen Measure, Anne Heinson, Sally Medcalf, Doreen Golding, David Cox, Laurence Wortley, Paul White and Anonymous 1 for donating images to the archive, and for giving us permission to reprint them. We do not know the names of the artists or photographers of the images, and so do not have permission from them; please contact us if you would like any of the images removed in any future re-prints.

The choices of songs included in the book were inspired by learning about the No M11 Link Road Campaign. Though the songs are not directly related to the M11, they are all songs of resistance and struggle that have been sung in defiance at sites of protest throughout history. Enormous thanks are due to the residents, activists and squatters who agreed to talk to us and share their memories of the No M11 Link Road Campaign: Alice Kirby, David Cox, Maureen Measure, Rani Anne Heinson, Doreen Golding, Richard Leighton, Ros Kane, Laurence Wortley, John Frost, John Ellis, Dermot Morrow, Paul White, John Stewart, Rich Paton, Anonymous 1, Roger Geffen, Rachel Boyd, Anonymous 2, Sheila Freeman, Lawrence Pontin and Anonymous 3.

The team at Eastside Community Heritage who worked on the book are:

Judith Garfield – Executive Director

Polly Rodgers – Project Officer

Holly Gilson – Book design

www.hidden-histories.org.uk

@EastsideCH





North Circular A406
A406

Waterworks
Corner
Roundabout

A503 Forest Road

Woodford New Road
A104

Woodford Road
A11

A113

Woodford Avenue
A406

Redbridge
Lane East

Whipps
Cross
Roundabout

A114
North Circular Road

Lea Bridge Road

Whipps Cross Road

Green Man
Interchange

Leytonstone

Hollybush Hill

High Street

A12 Eastern Avenue

New Wanstead
Cambridge Park

George Green
Tunnel:
300m Long

Redbridge
Roundabout

South
Relief Road

A104

Church Road
A1006

Leyton

High Road
Leyton
A112

Grove
Green
Road

Fillebrook Rd
ROAD

Leytonstone
Station Tunnel:
50m Long

Leytonstone
High Road
A11

Cathall
Road

A116 North Circular Road

Aldersbrook

LEA VALLEY

Lea
Interchange

Ruckholt Road
A106

Temple
Mills
Diverted

Bridge Over
Railway

High Rd
Leyton
A112

Lane

Leyton
A112

B112 Homerton Road

A106 Eastway
Waterden Road

Hackney
Wick

A102(M)
Route

Romford Road

A118

Stratford

A112

Bow
Interchange

A11

Voices of Leytonstionia

Newham Woodcraft Folk and Eastside Community Heritage have been discovering the fascinating events surrounding the popular resistance to the construction of the M11 link road.

This oral history research has been supported by the Young Roots Heritage Lottery Fund.

Part of the research has been centered around the music and songs associated with the protests.

This collection is a product of that work.

These are songs to be sung at a campfire and on the barricade.

