

Raising a Voice for Palestine:  
**The Declaration of  
 Human Rights**

Thursday 30 May 2013

Monica Ross with  
**Raised Voices**

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### 3 REFUGEE (G)

*Words C. Cockburn, Music M. Carmichael (RV)*

Repression knows no borders  
 And terror travels free  
 And rape can leap all barriers  
 And torture cross-the sea  
 They meet no bound'ries anywhere  
 Unlike the refugee

Warfare needs no license  
 The missiles fly at will  
 And sanctions get a sanction  
 For the thousands that they kill  
 And the law upholds the warlord  
 But condemns the refugee.

Exploitation's universal  
 Multinationals global too  
 The big investors span the world  
 While famine and flood pursue  
 From continent to continent  
 The weary refugee

They worked at every job and every trade  
 When they were forced to flee  
 They had every kind of style of life  
 And human quality  
 And a country might be grateful  
 For the wealth it gains for free

In the wisdom and experience  
 The courage and endurance  
 Of the person with the label  
 'Refugee'.

### 1 I SING FOR PALESTINE (C)

*Music: 'I feel like going on', Andrea Sonny Woods.  
 Words: Cynthia Cockburn (Raised Voices)*

|: I sing for Palestine  
 The nightmare and the crime  
 The world has blood  
 Upon its hands  
 The blood of Palestine :|

I dream of Palestine  
 Her future in a time  
 When Israel's debt  
 Has been redeemed  
 I dream of Palestine

### 2 BOUNDARY SONG (A)

*Molesworth Peace Camp.  
 Arr: Bradford Women Singers*

You say this land is out of bounds  
 Our lives and our futures are out of our hands  
 This land is not yours to put boundaries around  
 We'll grow and get stronger, our voices resound.

We say this land is for growing grain  
 People are starving and its governments to blame  
 To give our children a future is the reason we came  
 We'll grow and get stronger and peace will reign.

(Repeat first verse)

#### 4 ROSA PARKS (A)

*M.J.O'Connor*

We will remember the 1<sup>st</sup> of December  
Nineteen-55.  
Troopers arrested a certain black woman  
Said she wanted to ride.

*Chorus:*

Said: 'I'm tired of riding the back seat,  
Tired of riding the back seat - of life.'

Justice is sayin' there's no way in  
M'ntgomery Alabama.  
In this town you'll sure go down, you  
Troublesome bla-a-ack Mama

*(Chorus)*

It ain't right we've got to fight  
Some have gone to jail.  
We'll join hands across the land. Rose can't  
Ride so no-o-one will.

*(Chorus)*

(They-burn) candles in the church, crosses in the street  
Can't you hear the clamour.  
Got the sack : Because I'm black :  
Montgomery Alabama.

*(Chorus)*

*(Middle 8)*

|: Dreamed I heard the justice say:  
Rosa you can ride today :|

Now we remember 13 November  
Nineteen-56.  
Supreme court judgment brought:  
Constitution says 'mix'  
Now we can ride that that seat inside  
There for one and all  
We can give that seat a-a-way  
If someone needy call.

*(Chorus)*

*(Middle 8)*

*(Repeat end of Middle 8)*

NB:

|: xxxxx :| means: repeat

#### 5 THERE IS A WALL (F)

*Charlie King. Adapted fr. Rebel Voices Arr. Morag*

There is a wall, and it's the tallest wall of all  
They named a street for it,  
Where numbers grow and eyes go blank,  
A wall of gold. They buy the future with the past,  
They call it work. Just feels like money in the bank.

And way down at the foot of that wall,  
Where the guards can barely see her at all,  
A woman is standing,  
Not asking, not demanding,  
A poor woman is standing  
With a hammer in her hand.

*Chorus:*

Don't you want a piece of that wall  
When it comes down?  
Don't you want to live to see it fall,  
When it comes round?  
When that wall is gone  
No matter which side you were on,  
Can you say you took a piece of that wall down?  
Don't you want a piece of that wall?

There is a wall, and it's the oldest wall of all,  
Stretched from my doorstep straight back to 1492.  
It hides the ovens, it hides  
The settlements, the homelands,  
Pink triangles, shackles, passbooks and tattoos.

And way down at the foot of that wall,  
Where the guards can barely see him at all,  
And old man is standing,  
Not asking, not demanding,  
An old black man is standing  
With a hammer in his hand.

*(Chorus)*

There is a wall, and it's the meanest wall of all,  
A wall of fear: holds danger out, desire in.  
A wall that bristles each time  
The warden brings back tales.  
Inside we're starving  
To buy the bricks, to build the cells,  
(To bury love) to bar the door, to ban the stranger.

And way down at the foot of that wall,  
Where the guards can barely see at all,  
A stranger is standing,  
Not asking, not demanding,  
A stranger is standing  
With a hammer for your hand.  
*(Chorus)*

## 6 EVERYTHING POSSIBLE (G – F#)

*Fred Small. Arr. Shereen Benjamin (RV).*

1 We've cleared off the table, left-overs saved,  
Washed the dishes and put them away.  
I've told you a story, tucked you in tight  
At the end of your knock-about day.  
As the moon sets her sails to carry you to sleep  
Over the midnight sea, I will sing you a song  
No-one sang to me. May it keep you good company.

*Chorus:*

Oh you can be anybody you want to be  
You can love whomever you will  
You can travel any country that your heart leads  
And know that I will love you still.  
You can live by yourself  
You can gather friends around  
You can choose one special one  
And the only measure of your words  
and your deeds  
Will be the love you leave behind when you're done.

2 There are girls who grow up strong and bold  
There are boys quiet and kind  
Some race on ahead, some follow behind  
Some go in their own way and time.  
Some women love women, some men love men  
Some raise children, some never do.  
You can dream all the day never reaching the end  
Of everything possible for you.

*Middle-8:*

Don't be rattled by names, by taunts, by games  
But seek out spirits true.  
If you give your friends the best part of yourself  
They'll give the same back to you.

*(Chorus)*

## 7 BREAD AND ROSES (E)

*Arr: Jim Coates*

As we come marching, marching  
In the beauty of the day  
A million darkened kitchens  
A thousand mill lofts grey  
Are touched with all the radiance  
That a sudden sun discloses  
As the people hear us singing  
Bread and roses, bread and roses.

As we come marching, marching,  
We struggle too for men.  
If they prove women's brothers  
Then together we shall win. \*  
Our lives shall not be sweated  
From birth until life closes  
Hearts starve as well as bodies  
Give us bread but give us roses.

As we come marching, marching  
Unnumbered women dead  
Go crying through our singing  
Their ancient cry for bread  
Small art and love and beauty  
Their drudging spirits knew  
Yes it is bread that we fight for  
But we fight for roses too.

As we come marching, marching  
The future hears our call  
For the rising of the women means the rising of us all.  
No more slaves and no more masters  
Millions toil while one reposes  
But a sharing of life's glories  
Bread and roses, bread and roses.

But a sharing of life's glories  
Bread and roses, bread and roses.

## POLITICAL SINGING IN BRITAIN

There is a long tradition of political music in Britain, including many individual singer-songwriters, choirs and bands. Political and community choirs from across the country meet annually in 'Street Choirs Festivals'. New songs emerge in response to changing times.

## LIKE TO SING? LOOKING FOR AN UP-BEAT WAY OF DOING POLITICS?

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We perform at meetings and cultural events, benefits and demonstrations, as well as busking on the street.

It's fun and friendly, and very inspirational!

Formal musical experience is very welcome in the choir, but not essential.

Contact us for more info at <[info@raised-voices.org.uk](mailto:info@raised-voices.org.uk)>  
or find us at [www.raised-voices.org.uk](http://www.raised-voices.org.uk)

### 8 SINGING FOR OUR LIVES (B)

*Holly Near. Arr. Ian Stirling*

|: We are a gentle angry people  
And we are singing, singing for our lives :|

We are a justice seeking people...  
We are a land of many colours...  
We are gay and straight together...  
We are an anti-nuclear people...  
We are a gentle angry people...

### 9 WHERE IS JUSTICE? (A)

*Tune of Zikolise. Words Cynthia Cockburn (RV)*

Where is justice?  
Where is justice?  
For the love of humankind  
Peace with justice for Palestine.

Where is freedom?  
Where is freedom?  
On their children let it shine  
Land and freedom for Palestine.

### 10 FREE PALESTINE (C)

*Tune of Senzenina. Words: Raised Voices*

Free Palestine...  
What have they done?...  
Take down the wall...  
Give back the land...  
Free Palestine...

### 11 I'M GON' STAND (F#)

*Bernice Regan, Sweet Honey in the Rock*

We will not bow down to – uh –uh – racism  
We will not bow down to – injustice  
We will not bow down to – exploitation  
I'm gon' stand, I'm gon' stand.

## RAISED VOICES - A London Street Choir

We rehearse from **7.30 to 9.30 pm each Thursday evening** at a community centre near  
St.Pancras, London NW1.

Contact us for more info at <[info@raised-voices.org.uk](mailto:info@raised-voices.org.uk)> or find us at [www.raised-voices.org.uk](http://www.raised-voices.org.uk)