RAISED VOICES
London Political Choir
singing
AGAINST
the
ARMS TRADE FAIR
9 September 2017

1 THE WAR MACHINE  (starts D)
Sue Gilmurray

In eastern skies the great hawks fly
Over bloodied hills where children die
And the instruments of tyranny
Were bought from Britain plc
As the war machine rolls round

Chorus: And the war machine
Rolls round and round
And the poor and the weak
Get trampled on the ground
And from where we stand
Their cries are drowned
By the clink (and the) clank
(of the) dollar (and the) pound
As the war machine rolls round

And the prisoner sleeping where he fell
Will awake to one more day of hell
From a US baton's searing pain
His body bound by a Sheffield chain
As the war machine rolls round. (Chorus)

We've an industry that lives and thrives
Making tools to shatter human lives
And our honest workers ply their skill
Helping distant tyrants maim and kill
As the war machine rolls round. (Chorus)

It is time my friends for us to say
We will not sell death to earn our pay
It is time for arms exports to cease
For the world can never live in peace
While the war machine rolls round. (Chorus)

2 LIVES IN THE BALANCE (starts G - C)
Jackson Browne, Arr. M.R.

I've been waiting for something to happen
For a week or a month or a year
With the blood in the ink of the headlines
And the sound of the crowd in my ear.

You might ask what it takes to remember
When you know that you've seen it before
Where a government lies to a people
And a country is drifting to war.

And there's a shadow on the faces
Of the men who send the guns
To the wars that are fought in places
Where their business interest runs.

On the radio talk shows and TV
You hear one thing again and again
How the USA stands for freedom
And will come to the aid of a friend.

Ah but who are the ones we can call our friends
These governments killing their own
Or the people who find they can't take any more
So they pick up a gun or a brick or a stone?

And there are lives in the balance
There are... people under fire
There are... children at the cannons
And there is... blood on the wire.

And there's a shadow on the faces
Of the men who fan the flames
Of the wars that are fought in places
Where they can't even say the names.

They sell us the pres'dent the same way
They sell us our clothes and our cars
They sell us everything from youth to religion
The same time they sell us our wars.

I want to know who the men in the shadows are
I want to hear somebody asking them why?
They can be counted on to tell us who our enemies are
But they're never the ones to fight and to die.

And there are lives in the balance
There are... people under fire
There are... children at the cannons
And there is blood on the wire, blood on the wire.

3 HARVEST FOR THE HUNGRY
Sop/alto B⁰, tenor D;
Extra verses Liz Philipson (RV)

Why do your warships sail on my waters?
Why do your bombs fall down from my skies?
Why do you burn my towns and my cities?
I've got to know friend, I've got to know.

(Chorus) I've got to know friend, I've got to know
Hungry mouths ask me wherever I go.
Comrades and friends are dying around me
I've got to know friend, I've got to know.

Why do you spend all your money on weapons?
Why is there none for your hospitals and schools?
Why do you lock up your young ones in prison?
I've got to know friend, I've got to know. (Chorus)
Why have the wars left people still starving
Begging for shelter, water and food?
Why can’t we have our own land for our people?
I’ve got to know friend, I’ve got to know. (Chorus)

Why do you silence the voices of reason?
What makes you kill those who fight for the poor?
Why can’t you let us decide our own future?
I’ve got to know friend, I’ve got to know. (Chorus)

NOT IN MY NAME  (starts D)
Words and music Mal Finch. Updated John Hamilton

We can see the forces gathering like so many times before
‘Working for peace’ they say, preparing for war.
They are claiming to be standing for democracy
But their voices would be silenced if democracy could speak.

Chorus: You’re not doing it in my name (x 8)

They shout about the ‘terrorists’ and try to shift the blame
From the international arms trade and the profits to be made.
And as night falls back in Gaza, another twenty die
If humanity could speak, well, humanity would cry. (Chorus)

Politicians from their pedestals, will talk of bravery
For ‘noble’ and ‘heroic’, read ‘self-interest’ and ‘greed’.
We’re the champions of order, of that they have no doubt
But if human rights could speak, I tell you, human rights would shout. (Chorus)

Arms dealers make their fortunes on the backs of those who die
While leaders with a mission prepare for genocide
To those who claim to represent me: I can smell hypocrisy
I don’t give you my permission, no, you cannot speak for me. (Chorus.)

NEED IN MY NAME (starts D)
Words and music Mal Finch. Updated John Hamilton

We can see the forces gathering like so many times before
‘Working for peace’ they say, preparing for war.
They are claiming to be standing for democracy
But their voices would be silenced if democracy could speak.

Chorus: You’re not doing it in my name (x 8)

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VINE AND FIG TREE   (G# to C+)
Traditional.
Arranged  Morag Carmichael, Raised Voices

And everyone neath the vine and fig tree
Shall live in peace and unafraid (x2)
Into ploughshares beat their swords
Nations shall make war no more (x2)

• Sing once in unison.
• Sing again adding bottom part.
• Sing a third time adding top part also.
• Sing once more and finally with all parts.

AIN’T GONNA STUDY WAR (starts A (bottoms),
A (sops), F# (altos)  Tune traditional: ‘Down by the Riverside’.

VERSE 1

(bottom part) Ain’t gonna study wa-a-ar,
Ain’t gonna study wa-a-ar,
Lay down your guns, lay down your guns
By the riverside.

(sop and alto part) Lay down your sword and shield
Lay your weapons down,
Lay down your guns
By the riverside.  (Repeat Verse 1)

VERSE 2

(bottom part) We’re gonna close the A-arms Fair,
We’re gonna close the A-arms Fair,
Lay down your drones, lay down your bombs,
By the riverside.

(Sop and alto part) Close down the A-arms Fair,
Ban those tanks and bombs,
Lay down your drones,
By the riverside.  (Repeat Verse 2)

(End by repeating VERSE 1)

SIYA HAMBA (D - B)
South African gospel, Arr Niels Erlank. Adapted
John Hamilton (for Strawberry Thieves) and RV

Siyahamb’e kameni lokolo x 4
Siyahamba, hamba…

We are singing in the name of peace x 4
We are singing, singing…

Anu tzo-adeem likrat shalom x 4
An tzo-adeem, tzo-adeem…

Nasseeru min adji salaam x 4
Nasseeru, nasseeru …

Caminando a lograr la paz x 4
Caminando, caminando…

RAISED VOICES
London Political Choir

We rehearse weekly on a Thursday evening from 7.30 – 9.30 pm at
Doreen Bazell Community Centre,
Chenies Place, London NW1 1UG.

We welcome new members.

<info@raised-voices.org.uk>
www.raised-voices.org.uk