

# 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 B<sup>b</sup>, tenor D;**

*Woody Guthrie. Arr. Julie Jackson and Mel Ellis.*

*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*)

#### 4 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*.)

#### 5 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.*

#### 6 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*)

#### 7 SIYA HAMBA (D - B)

*South African gospel, Arr Niels Erlank. Adapted  
John Hamilton (for Strawberry Thieves) and RV*

Siya hamb' ekameni lokolo x 4  
Siya hamba, 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 adjli 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.**

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