

English Rebel Songs

Au nom de tous les pauvres
opprimés en Angleterre et ailleurs !

Diggers' Song

(Également intitulée « *Levellers and Diggers* »)

Ballade anglaise, inspirée par le mouvement des Bêcheux (*diggers* en anglais), protestant contre la loi agraire et composée en 1649 par Gerrard Winstanley.

1

You noble Diggers all, stand up now, stand up now,
You noble Diggers all, stand up now,
The wast land to maintain, seeing Cavaliers by name
Your digging does maintain, and persons all defame
Stand up now, stand up now.

2

Your houses they pull down, stand up now, stand up now,
Your houses they pull down, stand up now.
Your houses they pull down to fright your men in town
But the gentry must come down, and the poor shall wear
the crown.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

3

With spades and hoes and plowes, stand up now, stand
up now
With spades and hoes and plowes stand up now,
Your freedom to uphold, seeing Cavaliers are bold
To kill you if they could, and rights from you to hold.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

Theire self-will is their law, stand up now, stand up now,

4

Theire self-will is their law, stand up now.
Since tyranny came in they count it now no sin
To make a gaol a gin, to starve poor men therein.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

The gentry are all round, stand up now, stand up now,

5

The gentry are all round, stand up now.
The gentry are all round, on each side they are found,
Theire wisdom's so profound, to cheat us of our ground
Stand up now, stand up now.

The lawyers they conjoyne, stand up now, stand up now,

6

The lawyers they conjoyne, stand up now,
To arrest you they advise, such fury they devise,
The devill in them lies, and hath blinded both their eyes.
Stand up now, stand up now.

7

The clergy they come in, stand up now, stand up now,
The clergy they come in, stand up now.
The clergy they come in, and say it is a sin
That we should now begin, our freedom for to win.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

8

The tithes they yet will have, stand up now, stand up now,
The tithes they yet will have, stand up now.
The tithes they yet will have, and lawyers their fees crave,
And this they say is brave, to make the poor their slave.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

9

'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst Priests, stand up now, stand
up now,
'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst Priests stand up now.
For tyrants they are both even flatt againnst their oath,
To grant us they are loath free meat and drink and cloth.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

10

The club is all their law, stand up now, stand up now,
The club is all their law, stand up now.
The club is all their law to keep men in awe,
But they no vision saw to maintain such a law.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

11

The Cavaleers are foes, stand up now, stand up now,
The Cavaleers are foes, stand up now;
The Cavaleers are foes, themselves they do disclose
By verses not in prose to please the singing boyes.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

12

To conquer them by love, come in now, come in now
To conquer them by love, come in now;
To conquer them by love, as itt does you behove,
For hee is King above, noe power is like to love,
Glory heere, Diggers all.

The World Turned Upside Down

Version modernisée de *Diggers' Song*, composée par Leon Rosselson en 1975. Elle est chantée par Billy Bragg en 1985 ; elle a également été interprétée par Roy Bailey, Oysterband, Dick Gaughan, Karan Casey, Chumbawamba, Attila the Stockbroker, Maggie Holland, Chris Foster, et The Bradleys.

In 1649
To St George's Hill
A ragged band they called the Diggers
Came to show the people's will
They defied the landlords
They defied the laws
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 land 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 one has any right to buy and sell
The earth for private gain
By theft and murder
They took 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
The God of greed who feeds the rich
While poor men starve

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

From the men of property
The orders came
They sent the hired men and troopers
To wipe out the Diggers' claim
Tear down their cottages
Destroy their corn
They were dispersed -
Only the vision lingers on

You poor take courage
You rich take care
The 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

The Bad Squire

Adaptation d'un poème de Charles Kingsley, écrit en 1847 pour la défense des braconniers. L'original est ici : http://allpoetry.com/poem/8461169-The_Bad_Squire-by-Charles_Kingsley

The merry brown hares came a-leaping
Over the crest of the hill
Where the clover and corn lay a-sleeping
Under the moonlight so still
Leaping so late and so early
'Till under their bite and their tread
The swedes and the wheat and the barley
Lay cankered and trampled and dead

A poacher's poor widow sat sighing
On the side of the moss-patterned bank
Where under the gloom of the fir-woods
One acre of ground laying rank
She watched over barely grown clover
Where rabbit or hare never ran
For the ground that it all covered over
Hid the blood of a good murdered man

She thought of the shaded plantation
And the hares and her husband's own blood
And the voice of her own indignation
Rose up to the throne of her God
There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, Squire
There's blood on your pointer's cold feet
There's blood on the game that you sell Squire
And there's blood on the game that you eat

You have sold out the labouring man, Squire
Both body and soul for to shame
To pay for your seat in the House, Squire
And to pay for the feed of your game
You made him a poacher yourself, Squire
When you'd give not the work nor the meat
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At our starving poor little one's feet

When packed into one tiny chamber
Man, mother and little ones lay
While the rain pattered in on our bride bed
And the walls barely held out the day
When we lay in the heat of the fever
On the mud and the clay of the floor
'Till you parted us all for three months, Squire
And we knocked at the working house door

So to kennels and liveried varlets
Where you starved your own daughter of bread
And worn out with liquor and harlots
See your heirs at your feet lying dead
When you follow them into your heaven
And your soul rots asleep in the grave
Then Squire, you will not be forgiven
By the free men you took as your slaves

The Triumph of General Ludd

(1812 – En reference à la rebellion luddite)

No more chant your old rhymes about old Robin Hood

His feats I do little admire

I'll sing the achievements of General Ludd

Now the hero of Nottinghamshire

Those engines of mischief were sentenced to die

By unanimous vote of the trade

And Ludd who cannot a position defy

Was the grand executioner made

Whether guarded by soldiers along the highway

Or closely secured in a room

He shivers them up by night and by day

And nothing can soften their doom

Shall the whole team of humble no longer oppressed

And shall Ludd sheath his conquering sword

Be his grievance instantly met with redress

Than peace shall be quickly restored

Let the wise and the great lend their aid and advice

Never ere their assistance withdraw

Till full-fashioned work at the old-fashioned price

Is established by custom and law

Farewell to the crown

Chumbawamba -1997

Poacher come with his poacher's gun
Out in the woods to shoot someone
"My lord your time has come"
Right between the eyes !
Fell his master not by chance
Away with pomp and circumstance
Come join our merry dance
To the rhythm of goodbye

Chorus :

Farewell the jewel crown
Farewell the velvet gown
Watch it all come tumbling down
Goodbye to the crown
Goodbye to the crown

Goodbye to the King of Nothing, really
Wave of a hand, not a life of Riley
Part Nazi, part King Billy
Goodbye to the crown
Goodbye to the dear old mum
Mummified on gin and rum
Smile and wave and just play dumb
Goodbye to the crown

(Repeat chorus)

Goodbye to the media whore
And all the pious work for the poor
And all the faces that she wore
Goodbye to the crown
Goodbye to the royal We
And all its famous pedigree
Let's put this dog to sleep
Goodbye to the crown

(Repeat chorus)

