

# **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](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)

