



## Movement for the Abolition of War

### Peace Songs for Choirs

As the centenary of the start of WW1 approaches, MAW is offering 14 peace songs free to choirs.

While the first seven songs were by Sue Gilmurray (Hear them on [Soundcloud!](#)), the others are by seven different writers. They include one song for male voices (Tyne Cot) and one for female voices (Mothers). Audio tracks are not yet available but it is hoped to add them to Soundcloud in November 2013. Each file has the lyrics and music.

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## A Climate for Peace

The climate of earth  
determines our lives,  
deciding what grows,  
deciding what thrives  
the heat and the cold,  
the sun and the rain  
are why some things fade  
and others remain.

A climate for peace  
is what we desire,  
to which every heart  
can learn to aspire,  
to build on the past  
and all that we know,  
a climate for peace  
in which we can grow.

The climate can change  
for better or worse,  
can mean life or death,  
be blessing or curse  
and now we must learn  
from nature's own laws  
that we are at risk  
and we are the cause.

A climate for peace  
is what we desire...

The climate for life  
is one we must choose:  
united we win,  
divided we lose.  
We've learned to compete,  
now we must combine,  
so reach out your hand –  
I'll meet it with mine.

A climate for peace  
is what we desire...

**Sue Gilmurray**

# A climate for peace

Sue Gilmurray

Waltz tempo ♩ = 100

SOPRANO  
ALTO

TENOR  
BASS

The cli-mate of earth de-ter-mines our lives, de-ci-ding what  
The cli-mate can change— for bet-ter or worse, can mean life or  
The cli-mate for life is one we must choose: u-ni-ted we

6

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

grows, de-ci-ding what thrives; the heat and the cold, the sun and the rain— are  
death, be bless-ing or curse; and now we must learn from na-ture's own laws— that  
win, di-vi-ded we lose. We've learned to com-pete, now we must com-bine, so

13

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

why some things fade and o-thers re-main. A cli-mate for peace— is  
we are at risk, and we are the cause.  
reach out your hand, I'll meet it with mine.

19

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

what we— de-sire, to which ev'ry heart— can learn to as-pire, to

25

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

build on the past— and all that we know a cli-mate for

30

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

peace— in which we can grow—

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# Go Down Fighting

They call us into battle  
to fight for Queen and country,  
protect our mighty nation,  
its honour and its glory,  
its privilege and status,  
its money and its power,  
its safety and its comfort ,  
against our fellow-humans,

but if I must go down fighting,  
I'd sooner fight for justice,  
and let it be for justice  
for all our fellow-humans.  
If I must go down fighting,  
I'd sooner fight for freedom  
for those upon the margins,  
the poor and the exploited,  
and let it be for peace.

They call us into battle  
to fight against the others,  
the alien, the foreign,  
the ones who are not like us,  
the black, or white, or Asian,  
the Hindu, Muslim, Christian,  
the Arab or Israeli,  
the Protestant or Catholic,

but if I must go down fighting,  
Then I will fight the hatred,  
the xenophobic poison,  
the subtle propaganda.  
If I must go down fighting,  
Then I will fight the malice,  
the lies and the distortion  
that try to keep us blinkered,  
and let it be for peace.

They call us into battle  
to fight with bombs and bullets,  
with helicopter gunships,  
uranium-tipped missiles,  
with homelessness and hunger,  
with misery and murder,  
imprisonment and torture  
that turn more hearts against us,

but if I must go down fighting,  
I'll arm myself with music,  
with poetry and singing,  
with melody and rhythm.

And I will go down fighting  
with songs to break down fences,  
with high-explosive laughter,  
with armour-piercing lyrics,  
And I will not go quietly -  
I leave my song behind me  
and those who follow after  
will sing it even louder,

And it will be for love,  
and it will be for joy,  
and it will be for peace.

**Sue Gilmurray**

# Go down fighting

Sue Gilmurray

They call us in - to bat - tle to fight for queen and coun - try, de -  
 call us in - to bat - tle to fight a - gainst the o - thers, the  
 call us in - to bat - tle to fight with bombs and bul - lets, with

4  
 fend our might - y na - tion, its hon - our and its glo - ry, its pri - vi - lege and sta - tus, its  
 a - li - en, the for - eign, the ones who are not like us, the black or white or A - sian, the  
 he - li - cop - ter gun - ships, u - ran - i - um - tipped mis - siles, with home - less - ness and hun - ger, with

7  
 mo - ney and its po - wer, its safe - ty and its com - fort, a - gainst our fel - low - hu - mans.  
 Hin - du, Mus - lim, Christ - ian, the A - rab or Is - rael - i, the Pro - test - ant or Cath' lic.  
 mi - se - ry and mur - der, im - pri - son - ment and tor - ture, that turns more hearts a - gainst us.

10  
 But if I must go down fight - ing, I'd soon - er fight for just - ice, and  
 But if I must go down fight - ing, then I will fight the hat - red, the  
 But if I must go down fight - ing, I'll arm my - self with mu - sic, with  
 If I\_\_ must, if I\_\_ must go, I'll go down fight - ing, fight - ing for  
 fight - ing the  
 fight - ing with

13  
 let it be for just - ice for all my fel - low - hu - mans. If I must go down fight - ing, I'd  
 xen - o - pho - bic poi - son, the sub - tle pro - pa - gan - da. If I must go down fight - ing, then  
 po - et - ry and sing - ing, with me - lo - dy and rhy - thm. And I will go down fight - ing with  
 just - ice, fight - ing for all my fel - low - hu - mans, I'll go, I'll go down  
 hat - red, fight - ing the sub - tle pro - pa - gan - da,  
 mu - sic, fight - ing with me - lo - dy and rhy - thm,

16

soon - er fight for free - dom for those up - on the mar - gins, the poor and the ex - ploit - ed, and  
I will fight the mal - ice, the lies and the dis - tor - tion, that try to keep us blink - ered, and  
songs to break down fen - ces, with high - ex - plo - sive laugh - ter, and arm - our - pier - cing ly - rics, and

fight - ing, fight - ing for free - dom for the poor and the ex - ploi - ted, and  
fight - ing the mal - ice that will try to keep us blink - ered, and  
break down the fen - ces with my arm - our - pier - cing ly - rics, and

19

1. 2.

let it be, let it be, let it be for peace.  
let it be, let it be, let it be for peace.

let it be, let it be, let it, let it be for peace.

22

3.

They I will not go quiet - ly, I'll leave my song be - hind me, and  
They

25

those who fol - low af - ter will sing it e - ven loud - er, and it will be for love, and

28

it will be for joy, and it will be, it will be for peace and it will be, will be for peace.

# The firing of the heart

There's a flame that burns with shining zeal and patriotic pride  
when the love of your own country means contempt for those outside.  
It's a flame we'll have no part in, we will follow it no more,  
choose the warmth of our humanity and not the heat of war.

And the flame that we would pass along to our daughters and our sons  
is the firing of the heart against the firing of the guns.

There's a flame that warms the human heart when words of peace are said,  
when we turn our backs on killing and we work for life instead.  
We will raise a strong united voice that the world cannot ignore,  
spread the warmth of our humanity and not the heat of war.

And the flame that we would pass along to our daughters and our sons  
is the firing of the heart against the firing of the guns.

We refuse to hate each other: we'll not believe the lies  
when our leaders tell us bloodshed is a noble enterprise.  
Though each one alone feels powerless, yet each one can play a part,  
building peace with love and courage by the firing of the heart.

And the flame that we would pass along to our daughters and our sons  
is the firing of the heart against the firing of the guns,  
is the firing of the heart against the firing of the guns.

**Sue Gilmurray**

# The firing of the heart

Sue Gilmurray

$\text{♩} = 80$

SOPRANO  
ALTO

TENOR  
BASS

There's a flame that burns with shining zeal and pa-tri-o-tic pride when the love of your own  
 There's a flame that warms the hu-man heart when words of peace are said, when we turn our backs on  
 We re-fuse to hate each o-ther, we'll not believe the lies when our lead-ers tell us

6

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

coun-try means con-tempt for those out-side. It's a flame we'll have no part in, we will  
 kill-ing and we work for life in-stead. We will raise a strong u-ni-ted voice that the  
 blood-shed is a no-ble en-ter-prise. Though each one a-lone feels po-wer-less, yet each

11

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

fol-low it no more, choose the warmth of our hu-man-i-ty and not the heat of war. And the  
 world can-not ig-nore, spread the warmth of our hu-man-i-ty and not the heat of war.  
 one can play a part, build-ing peace with love and cour-age by the fir-ing of the heart.

17

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

flame that we would pass a-long to our daugh-ers and our sons is the fir-ing of the heart a-against the

23

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

fir-ing of the guns. guns, is the fir-ing of the heart a-against the fir-ing of the guns.

1.2. 3.

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## The ones who said No

1. Ask people what are their hopes for the future,  
likelihood is they will say they want peace,  
sadly deplore all the world's many conflicts,  
look for a time when they finally cease.  
Yet these same people will talk of past glories,  
praise our brave armies with pride all aglow,  
lovers of peace praising fighters of battles,  
never a word for the ones who said No.

2. When the call comes from their king and their country,  
most will relinquish the power to choose.  
High-sounding words urge them on towards duty,  
few are the people who dare to refuse.  
Yes, it takes courage to march into battle,  
go where authority tells you to go,  
whether as butchers or lambs to the slaughter –  
courage no less had the ones who said No.

3. Scorned and despised in a culture of warfare,  
in many lands they are suffering still,  
branded as worthless, as cowards, as traitors,  
punished for simply refusing to kill.  
Proud politicians and posturing generals  
stand on their dunghills and mightily crow.  
If they were stripped of their plumage, we'd see them  
shamed by the fate of the ones who said No.

4. Ask people what are their hopes for the future,  
likelihood is they will say they want peace,  
yet pin their hopes upon weapons and armies,  
even as damage and danger increase.  
Look back to those who have dared to be different,  
over the world let their clear courage flow.  
Army unarmed, let it swell into millions –  
cry Yes to peace with the ones who said No.

**Sue Gilmurray**

# The ones who said No

Sue Gilmurray

SOPRANO  
ALTO

Ask peo-ple what are their hopes for the fu - ture, like - li-hood is they will say they want  
 When the call comes from their king and their coun - try, most will re - lin - quish the po - wer to  
 Scomed and des-pised in a cul-ture of war - fare, in ma - ny lands they are suf - fer - ing  
 Ask peo-ple what are their hopes for the fu - ture, like - li-hood is they will say they want

TENOR  
BASS

4

S.  
A.

peace, sad - ly de - plore all the world's ma - ny con - flicts, look for a time when they fi - nal - ly  
 choose; high - sound - ing words urge them on to - wards du - ty: few are the peo - ple who dare to re -  
 still, brand - ed as worth - less, as co - wards, as trait - ors, pun - ished for simp - ly re - fus - ing to  
 peace, yet pin their faith up - on wea - pons and ar - mies, e - ven as da - mage and dan - ger in -

T.  
B.

8

S.  
A.

cease. Yet these same peo - ple will talk of past glo - ries, praise our brave ar - mies with pride all a -  
 fuse. Yes, it takes cour - age to march in - to bat - tle, go where au - tho - ri - ty tells you to  
 kill. Proud po - li - ti - cians and pos - tur - ing gen' - rals stand on their dung - hills and might - i - ly  
 crease. Look back to those who have dared to be diff' - rent; o - ver the world let their clear cour - age

T.  
B.

12

S.  
A.

glow; \_\_\_\_\_ lo - vers of peace prais - ing fight - ers of bat - tles, ne - ver a  
 go, \_\_\_\_\_ whe - ther as but - chers or lambs to the slaugh - ter. Cour - age no  
 crow. \_\_\_\_\_ If they were stripped of their plum - age we'd see - them shamed by the  
 flow. \_\_\_\_\_ Ar - my un - armed, let it swell in - to mill - ions. Cry Yes to

T.  
B.

15

S.  
A.

word for the ones who said No. ne - ver a word for the ones who said No.  
 less had the ones who said No. Cour - age no less had the ones who said No.  
 fate of the ones who said No. shamed by the fate of the ones who said No.  
 peace with the ones who said No. Cry Yes to peace with the ones who said No.

T.  
B.

# The time

There was a time our nation fought a battle to survive..  
Our soldiers faced a foreign power and killed to stay alive.  
The rights and wrongs are argued still, but surely now, at last,  
the time for wars, if ever there was time,  
the time for wars is past.

The German bombs on Britain fell to kill and maim and burn,  
then British bombs on Germany killed thousands in return,  
and now we have a bomb to kill a million with one blast -  
the time for bombs, if ever there was time,  
the time for bombs is past.

The nations round the table meet, "united" now in name,  
but still the leaders vie for power, and argue over blame.  
The crimes old hate can motivate are murderous and vast -  
the time for hate, if ever there was time,  
the time for hate is past.

The earth itself is weary now, there must be no mistake.  
Our children's children wait to live in this, the world we make.  
So don't ask "whether" peace will come: the question must be "how?"  
The time for peace, if ever there was time,  
the time for peace is now.

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# The time

Sue Gilmurray

SOPRANO  
ALTO

TENOR  
BASS

There was a time our na-tion fought a bat-tle to sur-vive; our sol-diers faced a

6

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

for-eign pow'r and killed to stay a - live. The rights and wrongs are ar-gued still, but sure-ly now,at

12

*meno mosso*

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

the time for wars, if e-ver there was time, last, aa ah, the time for wars is past.

The

17

*a tempo*

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

Aa ah, aa Ger-man bombs on Bri-tain fell to kill and maim and burn, then Bri-tish bombs on Ger-ma-ny\_killed

23

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

ah, aa ah, thou-sands in re-turn; and now we have a bomb to kill a mil-lion with one blast

29

*meno mosso*

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

time for bombs, if e-ver there was time, The na-tions round the aa ah, the time for bombs is past. Aa

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34 ta-ble meet, u - ni-ted now in name, yet still their lead ers vie for pow'r and ar - gue o-ver

S. A. ah, aa

T. B.

40 blame, and the crimes old hate can mo-ti-vate are mur-der-ous\_ and vast. The

S. A. ah, aa ah,

T. B.

45 *meno mosso* time for hate, if e-ver there was time, *a tempo*

S. A. aa ah, the time for hate is past. The earth it-self grows

T. B.

50 wea-ry now, there must be no mis-take. Our child-ren's child-ren wait to live in this the world we

S. A.

T. B.

56 *meno mosso*

S. A. make, so don't ask whe-ther peace will come: the quest-ion must be how. The time for peace, if

T. B.

62 *rit al fine*

S. A. e-ver there was time, the time for peace is now The time for peace is now.

T. B. now - the time for peace\_ is now.

# Turn our hands to peace

They marched away to war  
with hearts and courage high,  
in heady days when no-one dreamed  
how many lads would die,  
obeyed their country's call  
to fight the evil ones,  
then faced young men just like themselves  
behind the German guns,

So now it's time to nail the lies,  
to give the truth release,  
to see the wars for what they were  
and turn our hearts to peace.  
The past should make us wise,  
our work and will increase  
to see the wars for what they are  
and turn our hands to peace.

The armistice was signed,  
and poppies graced the field,  
but poverty and bigotry  
left old wounds still unhealed.  
How could they be so blind  
who raised the Fascist cause,  
another generation set  
on course for other wars?

But now it's time....

Each year our heads are bowed,  
the gallant dead are named.  
Of them we may be justly proud,  
but we should be ashamed.  
If they could see today  
the kind of wars we've made,  
with half the corpses children now,  
they'd know themselves betrayed.

So now it's time...

# Turn our hands to peace

Sue Gilmurray

SOPRANO ALTO

TENOR BASS

They marched a-way to war

Al- Marched to

6

S. A. with hearts and cou-rage high, in head-y days, when no-one dreamed how

T. B. war, cou - rage high, days when no-one dreamed

11

S. A. ma-ny lads\_would die; o-beyed their coun-try's call\_ to fight the e - vil ones

T. B. lads would die o-beyed their call, e - vil

16

S. A. then faced young men just like\_ them- selves be - hind the Ger-man guns.

T. B. ones young men like them- selves Ger - man guns. But now it's

21

S. A. time to nail\_ the lies\_ to give the truth re- lease\_ to see the wars for

T. B. time to nail\_ the lies\_ to give the truth re- lease\_ to see the wars for

26

S. A. what they were, and turn our hearts to peace.\_ The past should make us wise,\_ our

T. B. what they were, and turn our hearts to peace.\_ The past should make us wise,\_ our

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31

S. A. work and will in- crease. to see the wars for what they are, and turn our hands

T. B.

36

S. A. turn our hands to peace.. Ah

T. B. The

41

S. A. Ah ah ah

T. B. Arm-is - tice was signed and pop-pies graced the field, but po-ver- ty and

46

S. A. ah

T. B. bi-got- ry left old wounds still un - healed. How could they be so blind who

51

S. A. ah ah But now it's

T. B. raised the Fas-cist cause - an - o-ther ge - ne - ra - tion, set on course for o-ther wars,

57

S. A. time to nail the lies. to give the truth re- lease. to see the wars for

T. B.

62

S. A. what they were, and turn our hearts to peace. The past should make us wise, our

T. B.

67

S. A. work and will in- crease to see the wars for what they are and turn our hands,

T. B.

72

S. A. turn our hands to peace. Ah Each

T. B.

77

S. A. year our heads are bowed; the gal-lant dead. are named. Of them we may be

T. B.

82

S. A. just-ly proud, but we should be a- shamed. If they could see to day the

T. B.

87

S. A. kind of wars we've made, with half the corp- ses child- ren now they'd know them- selves be- trayed.

T. B.

92

S. A. 

T. B.

97

S. A. 

T. B.

102

S. A. 

T. B.

107

S. A. 

T. B.

110

S. A. 

T. B.

## **We are for peace**

We are not just against the fighting,  
we are for peace.  
We are not just against the fighting,  
we are for peace.  
We are for peace, we are for peace.  
We are not just against the fighting,  
we are for peace.

We are not just against the killing,  
we are for life.  
We are not just against the killing,  
we are for life.  
We are for life, we are for life.  
We are not just against the killing,  
we are for life.

We are not just a tribe or nation,  
we are one world.  
We are not just a tribe or nation,  
we are one world.  
We are one world, we are one world.  
We are not just a tribe or nation,  
we are one world.

**Sue Gilmurray**

# We are for peace

Sue Gilmurray

SOPRANO  
ALTO

TENOR  
BASS

We are not just a - gainst the fight - ing, we are for peace; we are not just a -  
We are not just a - gainst the kill - ing, we are for life; we are not just a -  
We are not just a tribe or na - tion, we are one world; we are not just a

6

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

gainst the fight - ing, we are for peace. We are for peace, we are for  
gainst the kill - ing, we are for life. We are for life, we are for  
tribe or na - tion, we are one world. We are one world, we are one

we are for, for  
we are for, for  
we are one, one

12

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

peace, we are not just a - gainst the fight - ing, we are for peace.  
life, we are not just a - gainst the kill - ing, we are for life.  
world, we are not just a tribe or na - tion, we are one world.

peace,  
life,  
world,

## Christmas in the trenches

My name is Francis Tolliver, I come from Liverpool.  
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.  
To Belgium and to Flanders, to Germany to here,  
I fought for King and country I love dear.  
It was Christmas in the trenches where the frost so bitter hung.  
The frozen field of France were still, no Christmas song was sung.  
Our families back in England were toasting us that day,  
their brave and glorious lads so far away.

I was lying with my mess-mates on the cold and rocky ground  
when across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound.  
Says I "Now listen up me boys", each soldier strained to hear  
as one young German voice sang out so clear.  
"He's singing bloody well you know", my partner says to me.  
Soon one by one each German voice joined in in harmony.  
The cannons rested silent, the gas cloud rolled no more  
as Christmas brought us respite from the war.

As soon as they were finished and a reverent pause was spent,  
'God rest ye merry, gentlemen' struck up some lads from Kent.  
The next they sang was 'Stille Nacht'. "Tis 'Silent Night'" says I  
and in two tongues one song filled up that sky.  
"There's someone coming towards us" the front-line sentry cried.  
All sights were fixed on one lone figure trudging from their side.  
His truce flag, like a Christmas star, shone on that plain so bright  
as he bravely strode, unarmed, into the night.

Then one by one on either side walked into no-mans-land;  
with neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand.  
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well  
and in a flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em hell.  
We traded chocolates, cigarettes and photographs from home,  
these sons and fathers far away from families of their own.  
Young Sanders played his squeeze box and they had a violin  
this curious and unlikely band of men.

Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more.  
With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war.  
But the question haunted every heart that lived that wondrous night  
"Whose family have I fixed within my sights?"  
It was Christmas in the trenches where the frost so bitter hung.  
The frozen fields of France were warmed as songs of peace were sung.  
For the walls they'd kept between us to exact the work of war  
had crumbled and were gone for evermore.

My name is Francis Tolliver. In Liverpool I dwell.  
Each Christmas come since World War One I've learned its lessons well:  
that the ones who call the shots won't be among the dead and lame  
and on each end of the rifle we're the same.

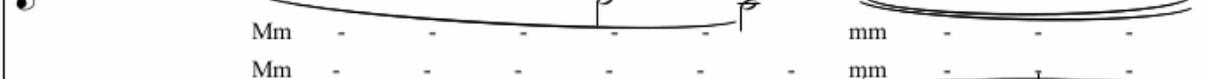
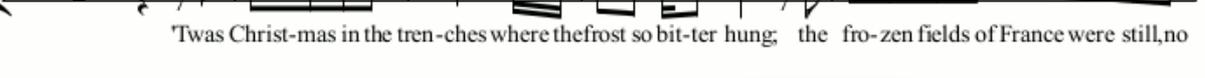
**John McCutcheon**

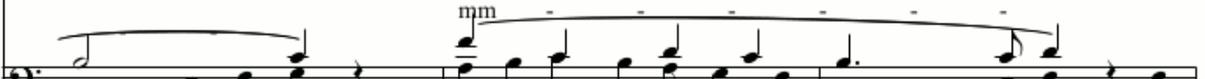
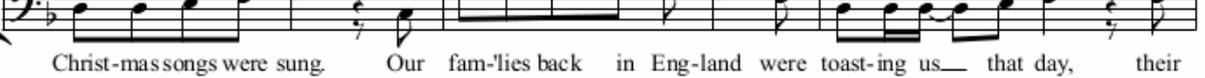
# Christmas in the trenches

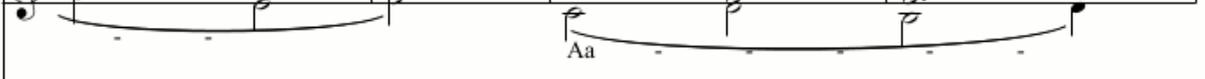
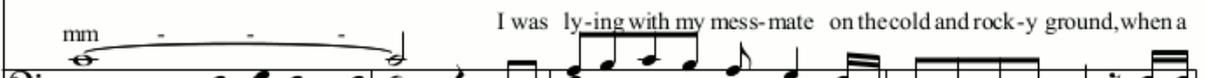
John McCutcheon  
choir arrangement by Sue Gilmurray

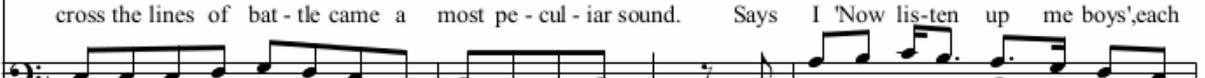
Tenor   
My name is Fran-cis Tol-li-ver, I come from Li-ver-pool; two years a-go the war was wait-ing

4  
T.   
for me af-ter school. To Bel-gium and to Flan-ders, to Ger-ma-ny\_ to here, I fought for King and coun-try I love

8  
T.   
dear.  
S.   
A.   
T.   
B.   
'Twas Christ-mas in the tren-ches where the frost so bit-ter hung; the fro-zen fields of France were still, no

12  
S.   
A.   
T.   
B.   
Christ-mas songs were sung. Our fam-lies back in Eng-land were toast-ing us\_ that day, their

15  
S.   
A.   
T.   
B.   
I was ly-ing with my mess-mate on the cold and rock-y ground, when a  
brave and glor-ious lads so far a-way. Says I 'Now lis-ten up me boys', each

19  
S.   
A.   
T.   
B.   
cross the lines of bat-tle came a most pe-cul-iar sound. Says I 'Now lis-ten up me boys', each

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22

S. A. sold-ier strained to hear as one young Ger-man voice sang out so clear. Aa

T. B. aa aa 'He's sing-ing blood-y well you know' my

26

S. A. As one by one each Ger-man voice joined in in har-mo-ny. The can-nons rest-ed si-lent, the

T. B. part-ners says to me

30

S. A. gas clouds rolled no more, as Christ-mas brought us res-pite from the war. As soon as they were fin-ished and a

T. B. Aa

34

S. A. rev' rent pause was spent, God rest you mer-ry, gent-le-men, struck up some lads from Kent. The

T. B. Aa

37

S. A. Aa aa next they sang was 'Stil-le nacht' and in two tongues one song filled up that sky.

T. B. Aa aa 'Tis Si-lent night' says I and in two tongues one song filled up that sky. There's

41

S. A.

T. B. some-one com-ing t'wards us, the front-line sent-ry cried. All sights were fixed on one lone fig-ure

44

S. A. His truce flag like a Christ-mas star shone on that plain so bright, as he

T. B. trudging from their side.

47

S. A. brave-ly strode un-armed in-to the night. Soon one by one on either side walked in-to No man's Land. With

T. B. Aa

51

S. A. neith-er gun nor bay-o- net, we met there hand to hand. We shared some sec-ret bran-dy and we

T. B. Aa Aa

54

S. A. wished each o-ther well, We

T. B. and in a flare-lit soc-cer match we gave 'em hell.

57

S. A. trad-ed choc' lates, cig-ar- ettes, and pho-to-graphs from home, these sons and fa-thers far a-way from

T. B. Aa Aa

60

S. A. fam' lies of their own. Aa

T. B. Young San-ders played his squeeze-box and they had a vi-o- lin, this

63

S. A. *Aa* *Mm*

Soon day-light stole up-on us, and France was France once more. With

T. B. *Mm*

cur-ious and un-like-ly band of men.

67

S. A. *Mm* *Mm*

sad fare-wells we each be-gan to set-tle back to war.

T. B. *mm*

But the quest-ion haun-tered ev'-ry heart that

70

S. A. *mm* *Aa*

beat that won-drous night: Whose fam'ly have I fixed with-in my sights? 'Twas Christ-mas in the tren-ches where the

T. B.

74

S. A. *aa* For the

T. B.

frost so bit-ter hung. The fro-zen fields of France were warmed as songs of peace were sung,

77

T. B. My

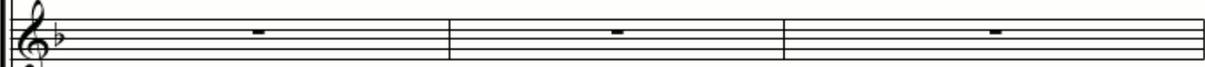
S. A.

walls they'd kept be-tween us to ex-act the work of war had been crum-bled and were gone for e-ver more.

T. B.

81

T.  name is Fran cis Tol-li-ver, in Li-ver-pool I dwell. Each Christ-mas come since World War One I've

S. 

A. 

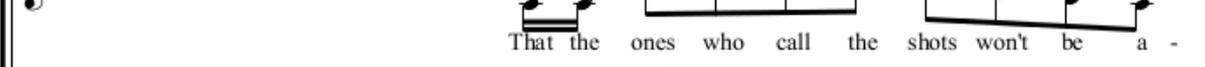
T. 

B. 

84

T.  learned its les - son well. That the ones who call the shots won't be a -

S. 

A.  That the ones who call the shots won't be a -

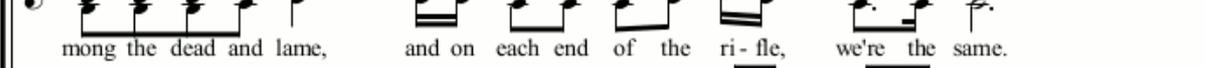
T. 

B. 

86

T.  mong the dead and lame, and on each end of the ri - fle, we're the same.

S. 

A.  mong the dead and lame, and on each end of the ri - fle, we're the same.

T. 

B. 

## Foolish notion

Why do we kill people who are killing people  
To show that killing people is wrong?  
What a foolish notion, that war is called devotion  
When the greatest warriors  
Are the ones who stand for peace

War toys are growing stronger  
The problem stays the same  
The young ones join the army  
While General What's-His-Name  
Is feeling full of pride  
That the army will provide  
But does he ask himself

Why do we kill people who are killing people  
To show that killing people is wrong?  
What a foolish notion, that war is called devotion  
When the greatest warriors  
Are the ones who stand for peace

Death row is growing longer  
The problem stays the same  
The poor ones get thrown in prison  
While warden What's-His-Name  
Is feeling justified  
But when will the law be tried  
For never asking

Why do we kill people who are killing people  
To show that killing people is wrong?  
What a foolish notion, that war is called devotion  
When the greatest warriors  
Are the ones who stand for peace.

**Holly Near**

# Foolish notion

SOPRANO  
ALTO

Why do we kill peo-ple who are kill-ing peo-ple to show that kill-ing peo-ple is

TENOR  
BASS

7

S.  
A.

wrong! — What a fool-ish no- tion, that war is called de- vo - tion, when the great-est war

T.  
B.

13

S.  
A.

ri- ors\_ are the ones\_ who stand for peace\_

**Fine**

1. War toys are grow-ing strong- er, the  
2. Death row is grow-ing long - er, the

T.  
B.

19

S.  
A.

prob- lems stay the same. — Theyoung ones\_ join the arm - y while gen'-ral what's his name  
prob- lems stay the same. — The poor ones get thrown in pri - son while war- den what's his name

T.  
B.

24

S.  
A.

— is feel- ing full of pride (of pride) — that the arm - y will\_ pro- vide, but does he ask him- self:  
is feel- ing just- i- fied (ti- fied) — but\_ when will he\_ be tried, for ne- ver ask- ing\_

**D.C. al Fine**

T.  
B.

## Moonshine

“I am sick and tired of fighting – its glory is all moonshine”:  
*General William Tecumseh Sherman, 1865*

Their dreams of war, straight from the silver screen,  
are of John Wayne, George Scott and David Niven;  
they’ll take that trench and storm that hill. Dream-driven  
the war games of the young can be forgiven.

The truth of it is something yet unseen.  
They view the clash of men and arms as thrilling,  
and, training for it, will be more than willing  
to play their part in state-mandated killing.

The war they find is quite another story;  
counting the costs of it, wounded and dead,  
merely a waste of time and lives – the glory  
is all moonshine as General Sherman said.

The old heroic fantasies subside,  
the bugle calls and muffled drumbeats cease;  
and those who soldiered on the darker side  
are the most powerful advocates of peace.

**Martin Bell**

# Moonshine

BARITONE SEMICHORUS

SOPRANO ALTO

TENOR BASS

4/4

Bar. Their dreams of war, straight from the sil-ver truth of it is some-thing yet un-

S. A. (Sing 'Aah' where no words appear, except for last bar) Aah -

4

Bar. screen, are of John Wayne, George Scott and Da-vid Ni- ven, they'll seen. They view the clash of men and arms as thrill- ing, and,

S. A.

T. B.

7

Bar. take that trench and storm that hill, dream- dri- ven the war games of the young can be for- train- ing for it, will be more than will- ing to play their part in state-man- da- ted

S. A.

T. B.

10

Bar. gi- ven. The kill- ing. The

S. A. The war they find is quite an- o- ther

T. B.

1. 2.

14

Bar.

S.  
A.

sto-ry, count-ing the costs of it wound-ed and dead. Mere-ly a waste of time and lives, its glo-ry is all

T.  
B.

19

Bar.

S.  
A.

moon-shine, as Gen'ral Sher-man said. The old her-o-ic fan-ta-sies sub-side, The

T.  
B.

23

Bar.

S.  
A.

bu-gle calls. and muff-led drum-beats cease, and those who sold-iered on the dar-ker

T.  
B.

26

Bar.

S.  
A.

side are the most pow'ful ad-vo-cates of peace. (Mmm)

T.  
B.

## Mothers, daughters, wives

The first time it was fathers, the last time it was sons,  
and in between your husbands marched away with drums and guns,  
But you never thought to question, you just went on with your lives,  
'cause all they taught you who to be was mothers, daughters, wives.

You can only just remember the tears your mother shed  
as she sat and read the papers through the lists and lists of dead,  
and the gold frame held the photograph your mother kissed each night,  
and the door frame held the shocked and silent stranger from the fight.  
And the first time it was fathers....

It was twenty-one years later with children of your own,  
the trumpets sounded once again, the soldier boys were gone.  
so you made their guns and drove their trucks and tended to their wounds,  
and at night you kissed their photograph and prayed for safe returns.

And after it was over, you had to learn again  
to be just wives and mothers though you'd done the work of men,  
so you worked to help the needy and you never trod on toes,  
and the photos on the piano struck a happy family pose.  
'Cause the first time it was fathers....

Then your daughters grew to women and your little boys to men,  
and you prayed that you were dreaming when the call up came up again,  
but you bravely smiled and held your tears as you proudly waved goodbye,  
though the photos on the mantelpiece they always made you cry.

And now you're growing older and in time the photos fade,  
and in widowhood you sit back and reflect on the parade  
of the passing of your memories - how your daughter change their lives,  
seeing more to their existence than just mothers, daughters, wives.

'Cause the first time it was fathers, the last time it was sons,  
and in between your husbands marched away with drums and guns,  
and you never thought to question, you just went on with your lives,  
'cause all they taught you who to be was mothers, daughters, wives.

But we are learning.

**Judy Small**

# Mothers, daughters, wives

Soprano solo

SOPRANO

ALTO 1

ALTO 2

The first time it was fa-thers, the last time it was sons, and in be-tween your hus-bands marched a-

4

S. sol

S.

A. 1

A. 2

way with drums and guns, and you ne-ver thought to quest-ion, you just went on with your lives, 'cause

7

S. sol

S.

A. 1

A. 2

1. You can on-ly just re-mem-ber the  
all they taught you who to be was mo-thers, daught-ers, wives. Mm - -

11

S. sol  
tears your mo-thers shed as they sat and read the pa-pers through the lists and lists of dead, and the

S.

A. 1

A. 2

14

S. sol  
gold frames held the pho-to- graphs that mo-thers kissed each night, and the door-frame held the shocked and si-lent

S.  
Mm

A. 1  
Mm

A. 2

17

S. sol  
strang-er from the fight.

S.  
'Cause the first time it was fa-thers, the last time it was sons, and

A. 1  
'Cause the first time it was fa-thers, the last time it was sons, and

A. 2

21

S. sol

S.

A. 1

A. 2

in be-tween your hus-bands marched a-way with drums and guns, and you ne-ver thought to quest ion,you just

in be-tween your hus-bands marched a-way with drums and guns, and you ne-ver thought to quest-ion, you just

24

S. sol

S.

A. 1

A. 2

2.It was  
3.Then your

went on with your lives,'cause all they taught you who to be was mo- thers,daught- ers, wives.

went on with your lives,'cause all they taught you who to be was mo- thers,daught- ers, wives.

28

S. sol

S.

A. 1

A. 2

twen - ty one years la - ter, with child-ren of your own, the\_ trum-pets sound-ed once a - gain,the  
daught-ers grew to wo-men, and your lit - tleboys to men, and you prayed that you were dream-ing when the

Aa - - - - - aa - - - - -

Aa - - - - - aa - - - - -

31

S. sol  
 sold-ier boys were gone, so you made their guns and drove their trucks and tend-ed to their wounds, and at call-up came a - gain, but you proud-ly smiled and held your tears as they brave-ly waved good - bye, the

S.  
 aa

A. 1  
 aa

A. 2

34

S. sol  
 night you kissed their pho - to - graphs and prayed for safe re - turns. And af - ter it was o - ver, you pho - tos on the man - tel - piece they al - ways made you cry. And now you're get - ting old - er, and in

S.  
 aa Mm

A. 1  
 aa Mm

A. 2

38

S. sol  
 had to learn a - gain to be just wives and mo - thers though you'd done the work of men, so you time the pho tos fade, and in wi dow - hood you look back and re - flect on the pa - rade of the

S.  
 mm

A. 1  
 mm

A. 2

41

S. sol  
worked to help the need - y, and you ne - ver trod on toes, and the pho - tos on the pia - no struck a  
pass - ing of your mem' ries, how your daught ers changed their lives, see - ing more to their ex - ist - ence than just

S.  
mm - - - - - mm - - -

A. 1  
mm - - - - - mm - - -

A. 2

44

*rit e marcato*

S. sol  
hap py fam' ly pose. 'Cause the mo - thers, daught - ers, wives - - - 'Cause the

S.  
- - - aa - - - mo - thers, daught - ers, wives - - - 'Cause the

A. 1  
- - - aa - - - mo - thers, daught - ers, wives - - - 'Cause the

A. 2

48

*a tempo*

S. sol  
first time it was fa thers, the last time it was sons, and in be - tween your hus - bands marched a -

S.  
first time it was fa thers, the last time it was sons, and in be - tween your hus - bands marched a -

A. 1  
first time it was fa thers, the last time it was sons, and in be - tween your hus - bands marched a -

A. 2

51

S. sol  
way with drums and guns, and you ne-ver thought to quest ion, you just went on with your lives, 'cause

S.  
way with drums and guns, and you ne-ver thought to quest-ion, you just went on with your lives, 'cause

A. 1  
way with drums and guns, and you ne-ver thought to quest-ion, you just went on with your lives, 'cause

A. 2  
way with drums and guns, and you ne-ver thought to quest-ion, you just went on with your lives, 'cause

54

S. sol  
all they taught you who to be, was mo- thers, daught- ers, wives. But we are learn - ing. *rall.*

S.  
all they taught you who to be, was mo- thers, daught- ers, wives. But we are learn - ing.

A. 1  
all they taught you who to be was mo- thers, daught- ers, wives. But we are learn - ing.

A. 2  
all they taught you who to be was mo- thers, daught- ers, wives. But we are learn - ing.

## The Music Of Healing

Don't beat the drum that frightens the children,  
don't sing the songs about winning and losing.  
Sit down beside me, the green fields are bleeding,  
sing me the music of healing.  
Sing me a song of a lover returning-  
the darker the night, the nearer the morning-  
bring me the news of a new day that's dawning:  
sing me the music of healing

Ah, the heart's a wonder,  
stronger than the guns of thunder.  
Even when we're torn asunder  
love will come again

Sometimes the truth's like a hare in the cornfield,  
you know that it's there but you can't put your arms around it.  
All we can hope for is follow its footprints,  
sing me the music of healing.  
Who would have thought I could feel so contented  
to learn I was wrong after all of my rambles?  
I've learned to be hard and I've learned how to tremble,  
sing me the music of healing

Ah, the heart's a wonder....

Somehow the cycle of vengeance keeps turning  
till each other's sorrows and songs we start learning.  
Peace is the prize for those who are daring,  
sing me the music of healing.  
Time is your friend, it cures all your sorrows,  
but how can I wait till another tomorrow?  
One step today and a thousand will follow.  
Sing me the music of healing

Ah, the heart's a wonder....

**Tommy Sands, words of verse 2 by Pete Seeger**

# Music of healing

Tommy Sands

SOPRANO  
ALTO

Don't beat the drum that fright-ens the child-ren, don't sing the

TENOR  
BASS

Drrm drmm drmm drmm drmm drmm drmm drmm drmm

10

S.  
A.

songs a-bout win-ning and los-ing. Sit down be-side me, the green fields are bleed-ing: sing me the

T.  
B.

drmm drmm drmm

18

S.  
A.

mu-sic of heal-ing. Sing me a song of a lo-ver re-tum-ing, the dark-er the

T.  
B.

Sing me a song of a lo-ver re-tum-ing,

26

S.  
A.

night, the near-er the mom-ing. Bring me the news of the new day that's dawn-ing: sing me the

T.  
B.

34

S.  
A.

mu-sic of heal-ing. Ah - the heart's a won-der, strong-er than the

T.  
B.

mu-sic of heal-ing Ah -

43

S.  
A.

guns of thun-der. E-ven when we're torn a-sun-der love will come a-gain.

T.  
B.

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52 Some-times the truth's like a hare in a corn-field, you

S. A.

T. B.

Aa

61 know that it's there but you can't put your arms round it, all you can hope for is fol-low its foot-prints:

S. A.

T. B.

69 sing me the mu - sic of heal- ing. Aa

S. A.

T. B.

Aa

Who would've thought I could feel so con - tent-ed to

77

S. A.

T. B.

I learn I was wrong af-ter all of my ram- bles? I've learned to be hard, and I've learned how to trem- ble:

85

S. A.

T. B.

sing me the mu - sic of heal - ing. Ah - the heart's a won - der, strong - er

94

S. A.

T. B.

than the guns of thun- der. E - ven when we're torn a - sun- der. love will come a-

103

S. A.

T. B.

gain. Some-how the cy-cle of veng- eance keeps turn - ing till

Drum drum drum drum drum drum drum drum drum

113

S. A. each oth-er's sor-rows and songs we start learn-ing. Peace is the prize for those who are dar-ing:

T. B. songs, peace is the prize for those who are dar-ing

121

S. A. sing me the mu - sic of heal - ing. Time is your friend, it heals all your sor-row, but

T. B. Time is your friend, it heals all your sor-row, but

129

S. A. One step to - day and a

T. B. how can I wait for an - oth - er to - mor - row? and a thou - sand will fol - low

137

S. A. sing me the mu - sic of heal - ing. Ah - the heart's a won - der, strong - er

T. B. sing me the mu - sic of heal - ing. Ah -

146

S. A. than the guns of thun - der. E - ven when we're torn a - sun - der

T. B. than the guns of thun - der. E - ven when we're torn a - sun - der

153

S. A. love will come a - gain, love will come a - gain.

T. B. love will come a - gain, love will come a - gain.

## Scarecrow

I see the barley moving as the mowers find their pace  
I see the line advancing with a steady timeless grace  
And there's passion in their eyes and there's honour in their face  
As they scythe down the castles and the courts

Blame it on the fathers, blame it on the sons  
Blame it on the poppies and the pain  
Blame it on the generals, blame it on their guns  
Blame it on the scarecrow in the rain

I smell the smoke of stubble when the harvest is brought down  
I see the fire burning as it purges all around  
And the field is turned to ashes and the only living sound  
Are the skylarks as they try to reach the sun

Blame it on the fathers....

I see the barbed wire growing like a bramble on the land  
I see a farm turned to a fortress and a future turn to sand  
I see a meadow turn to mud and from it grows a hand  
Like a scarecrow that is fallen in the rain

Blame it on the fathers....  
Blame it on the scarecrows and rows and rows....

**John Tams**

# Scarecrow

Choir arrangement by Sue Gilmurray

John Tams

Tenor solo

SOPRANO  
ALTO

TENOR  
BASS

I see the bar-ley mov - ing as the mow-ers find their pace,

Mm

6

T.

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

I see the line ad- vanc - ing with a stead-y time-less grace, and there's pass-ion in their eyes

Mm mm

11

T.

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

and there's hon-our in\_ their face as they scythe down the cast-les and the courts.

Mm Aa

17

T.

S.  
A.

T.  
B.

Blame it on the fa - thers, blame it on the sons, blame it on the

aa Aa

Copyright © John Tams

22

T. pop- pies\_ and the pain; blame it on the gen' - rals, blame it on their guns

S. A. Aa - - - - - aa - - - - -

T. B. Aa - - - - - aa - - - - -

28

T. blame it on the scare - crow in the rain.

S. A. Aa - - - - - I smell the smoke of

T. B. I smell the smoke of

34

S. A. stub- ble\_ when the har- vest is brought down, I see the fire - bum - ing as it pur- ges all a -

T. B. I see the fire\_ bum - ing

40

S. A. round, and the field is tumbled to ash- es, and the on - ly liv- ing sound are the sky- larks as they

T. B. sky -

sky -

46

S. A. try to reach the sun. Aa - Blame it on the fa - thers, blame it on the sons\_

T. B. larks larks Aa -

52

S. blame it on the pop- pies\_ and the pain;\_ blame it on the gen'

T. Aa

B. Aa

57

S. rals, blame it on their guns\_ blame it on the scare - crow in the rain.\_

T. Aa

B. Aa

63

S. I see the barbed wire grow-ing like a bram-ble on the land,\_ I see a farm turned to a

T. Mm

B. Mm mm

69

S. fort-ress, and a fu-ture turn to sand, I see a mead-ow\_ tum to mud, and from it grows a

T. B.

B. B.

75

S. hand, like a scare-crow that is fall-en in the rain, aa Blame it on the fa - thers,

T. Mm

B. Mm aa

81

S. blame it on the sons,\_ blame it on the pop- pies\_ and the pain,

T. blame it on the sons,\_ blame it on the pop- pies\_ and the pain, aa

B. aa

87 blame it on the scare - crow in the

S. A. aa, blame it on the gen' - rals, blame it on their guns, aa - -

T. B.

93 rain, blame it on the scare - crows and rows and rows and rows.

S. A. aa. Mm - mm - - - - -

T. B.

## Tyne Cot at night

A silver moon was in the sky  
and from the south a warm wind blew.  
We thought we'd seen it all before,  
but this was something new-  
just rows and rows of pale white stones  
standing out in the morning dew,  
and a wall inscribed with more homicide  
than a lifetime's friendship ever knew.

A monument to those who fell  
speaks still of duty nobly done,  
and those who followed to their fate  
followed the lie that first begun  
when the wheels of history rolled into place,  
and the call went out to serve the gun,  
which relentlessly, without poetry,  
killed a generation of our sons.

And as we wander through the gloom,  
what stories could these stone retell,  
each one a different former life,  
each one a different dying hell?  
A Catholic spurned, an exile returned,  
and a general reduced to tears:  
it's their legacy that the truth should be  
remembered now and down the years.

Only the truth can bring us peace,  
and truth in time will free these souls,  
and those who manufacture war  
will crawl dejected to their holes;  
and for us it seems like a far-off dream,  
but here the seeds of peace are sown,  
and like a gardener we must stand by  
to nurture them until they're grown.

**Jim Boyes**

# Tyne Cot at night

Jim Boyes

$\text{♩} = 62$  (NB: Melody is carried by Baritone)

TENOR

A sil-ver moon\_ was in the sky, and from the south a warm wind blew;

BARITONE

A sil-ver moon\_ was in the sky, and from the south a warm wind blew;

BASS

7

T

we thought we'd seen it all\_ be- fore\_ but this was some-thing new, just rows and

Bar

we thought we'd seen it all\_ be- fore\_ but this was some-thing new, just rows and

B

14

T

rows of pale white stones stand-ing out in the mom ing\_ dew,\_\_\_ and a wall in-

Bar

rows of pale white stones stand-ing out in the mom ing\_ dew,\_\_\_ and a wall in-

B

22

T

scribed with more\_ hom-i- cide\_ than a life - time'sfriend-ship e-ver knew.

Bar

scribed with more\_ hom-i- cide\_ than a life - time'sfriend-ship e-ver knew.

B

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29

T  
A mon-u - ment to those who fell speaks still of du - ty nob-ly done, and those who

Bar  
A mon-u - ment to those who fell speaks still of du - ty nob-ly done, and those who

B

36

T  
fol-lowed to their fates fol-lowed the lie that first be - gun when the wheels of his-t'ry rolled

Bar  
fol-lowed to their fates fol-lowed the lie that first be - gun when the wheels of his-t'ry rolled

B

43

T  
in - to place and the call went out to serve the gun, \_\_\_\_\_ which re - lent - less-

Bar  
in - to place and the call went out to serve the gun, \_\_\_\_\_ which re - lent - less-

B

50

T  
ly with- out \_\_\_\_\_ po-et-ry \_\_\_\_\_ killed a ge - ne - ra-tion of our sons.

Bar  
ly with- out \_\_\_\_\_ po-et-ry \_\_\_\_\_ killed a ge - ne - ra-tion of our sons.

B

57

T  
And as we wan-der through the gloom, what sto-ries could these stones re - tell, each one a

Bar  
And as we wan-der through the gloom, what sto-ries could these stones re - tell, each one a

B  
And as we wan-der through the gloom, what sto-ries could these stones re - tell, each one a

64

T  
diff' rent form - er life, each one a diff' rent dy-ing hell: a Cath' - lic spurned, an ex -

Bar  
diff' rent form - er life, each one a diff' rent dy-ing hell: a Cath' - lic spurned, an ex -

B  
diff' rent form - er life, each one a diff' rent dy-ing hell: a Cath' - lic spurned, an ex -

71

T  
ile re-tumed, and a ge - ne - ral re-duced to tears. It's their le - ga - cy that the

Bar  
ile re-tumed, and a ge - ne - ral re-duced to tears. It's their le - ga - cy that the

B  
ile re-tumed, and a ge - ne - ral re-duced to tears. It's their le - ga - cy that the

79

T  
truth should be re - mem - bered now and through the years. On - ly the

Bar  
truth should be re - mem - bered now and through the years. On - ly the

B  
truth should be re - mem - bered now and through the years. On - ly the

86

T  
truth can bring us peace, and truth in time will free these souls, and those who man-u- fact - ure

Bar  
truth can bring us peace, and truth in time will free these souls, and those who man-u- fact - ure

B  
truth can bring us peace, and truth in time will free these souls, and those who man-u- fact - ure

93

T  
war will crawl de-ject-ed to their holes. And for us it seems like a far - off dream, but

Bar  
war will crawl de-ject-ed to their holes. And for us it seems like a far - off dream, but

B  
war will crawl de-ject-ed to their holes. And for us it seems like a far - off dream, but

101

T  
here the seeds of peace are sown, \_\_\_\_\_ and like a gard' - ner we

Bar  
here the seeds of peace are sown, \_\_\_\_\_ and like a gard' - ner we

B  
here the seeds of peace are sown, \_\_\_\_\_ and like a gard' - ner we

107

T  
must stand by to nur - ture them un - til they're grown.

Bar  
must stand by to nur - ture them un - til they're grown.

B  
must stand by to nur - ture them un - til they're grown.

If you have any comments/corrections, please contact us at

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