Between the wars (SATB)  Billy Bragg (arr Gilmurray)

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

One was a miner, one was a docker, one was a railwayman between the wars,

They paid the union and as times got harder they

looked to the government to help the working poor, but all the prosperity

went to the armory, we're arming for peace, me boys, between the wars.
We kept the faith and we kept voting not for the iron fist but for the helping hand, for

some want a land with a wall a-round it but ours is a faith in ev'ry woman and man.

Theirs is a land of hope and glory, ours is the green field and the factory floor;

theirs are the skies all dark with bomb-ers and ours is the peace we knew be tween the wars.

Call up the crafts-men, bring in the draughts-men, build us a path from cradle to grave,
and we'll give our consent to any government that does not deny us all a living wage. Go, find the young men, never to fight again, bring out the banners from the days gone by. Sweet moderation, heart of this nation, desert us not, we are between the wars.