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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A climate for peace</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go down fighting</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The firing of the heart</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The ones who said No</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The time</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turn our hands</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are for peace</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas in the trenches</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foolish notion</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moonshine</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mothers, daughters, wives</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music of healing</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scarecrow</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyne Cot at night</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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

Waltz tempo \( \times 100 \)

SOPRANO

ALTO

The climate of earth determines our lives, deciding what
The climate can change for better or worse, can mean life or
The climate for life is one we must choose; united we

grows, deciding what thrives, the heat and the cold, the sun and the rain, are
death, being blessing or curse; and now we must learn from nature’s own laws that
win, divided we lose. We’ve learned to compete, now we must combine, so

why some things fade and others remain. A climate for peace is
we are at risk, and we are the cause.
reach out your hand, I’ll meet it with mine.

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.

TENOR

BASS

Copyright © Sue Gilmurray 2013
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 Gilmore

They call us into battle to fight for queen and country, demand
They call us into battle to fight against the others, the

Send our mighty nation, its honour and its glory, its privilege and status, its
A battle for the enemy, the one who is not like us, the black or white or Asian, the

Money and its power, its safety and its comfort, against our fellow humans
Hindu, Muslim, Christian, the Arab or Israeli, the Protestant or Catholic,

But if I must go down fighting, I'd sooner fight for justice, and
But if I must go down fighting, then I will fight the hatred, the
But if I must go down fighting, I'll arm myself with music, with

If I must, if I must go, I'll go down fighting, fighting for
But if I must go down fighting, I'll go down fighting with

Let it be for justice for all my fellow humans. If I must go down fighting, I'd
Xenophobic poison, the subtle propaganda. If I must go down fighting, then

Justice, fighting for all my fellow humans. I'll go. I'll go down
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-ed, and
songs to break down fen-ces, with high-ex-plosive laugh-ter, and arm-our-pier-cing ly-rics, and
fight-ing, fight-ing for free-dom for the poor and the ex-ploit-ed, and
fight-ing the mal-ice for those up-on the mar-gins, the poor and the ex-ploit-ed, and
break down the fen-ces with my arm-our-pier-cing ly-rics, and

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

They will not go quiet-ly, I’ll leave my song be-hind me, and
Those who fol-low af-ter will sing it e-ven loud-er, and it will be for love, and
it will be for joy, and 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

SOPRANO
ALTO

There's a flame that burns with shining zeal and patriotic pride when the love of your own
There's a flame that warms the human heart when words of peace are said, when we turn our backs on
We refuse to hate each other, we'll not believe the lies when our leaders tell us

country means con tempt for those outside. It's a flame we'll have no part in, we will
killing and we work for life instead. We will raise a strong united voice that the
bloodshed is a noble enterprise. Though each one alone feels powerless, yet each

TENOR
BASS

follow it no more, choose the warmth of our humanity and not the heat of war. And the
world cannot ignore, spread the warmth of our humanity and not the heat of war.
one can play a part, build peace with love and courage by the firing of the heart.

flame that we would pass along to our children and our sons is the firing of the heart against the

Copyright © Sue Gilmurray 2013
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

Soprano Alto

Ask people what are their hopes for the future. Like-li-hood is they will say they want
When the call comes from their king and their coun-try, most will re-lin-
Scorned and des-pised in a cul-ture of war-fare, in many lands they are suf-fer-ing
Ask people what are their hopes for the future. Like-li-hood is they will say they want

Tenor Bass

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

Soprano Alto

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

tenor bass

glow; love-ers of peace prais-ing fight-ers of bat-tles, ne-ver a
go; whether as butchers 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; Army un-armed, let it swell in to mil-lions. Cry Yes to
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.

© Sue Gilmurray
There was a time our nation fought a battle to survive; our soldiers faced an foreign pow'r and killed to stay alive. The rights and wrongs are argued still, but surely now at

the time for wars, if ever there was time,

last, ah, the time for wars is past

An

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

a tempo

Copyright © Sue Gilmurray 2013
ta-ble meet, u-ni-ted now in name, yet still their lead ers vie for pow’r and ar-gue o-ver

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

time for hate, if e-ver there was time, a tempo

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

make, so don’t ask whe-ther peace will come; the ques-tion must be how. The time for peace, if

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

now - the time for peace is now.
They marched away to war
with hearts and courage high,
in heady days when no-one dreamed
how many lads would die,
obeysed 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,
ye’d know themselves betrayed.

So now it’s time...

© Sue Gilmurray
Turn our hands to peace

They marched a-way to war

with hearts and courage high, in heady days when no-one dreamed how

war, courage high, days when no-one dreamed

many lads would die; obeyed their country's call to fight the evil ones

lads would die obeyed their call evil

then faced young men just like themselves behind the German guns

ones young men like themselves German guns. But now it's

time to null 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

turn our hands to peace. Ah

Armistice was signed and poppies graced the field, but poverty and

bi-got-ry left old wounds still unhealed. How could they be so blind who

raised the Fascist cause another generation, set on course for other wars.

time to nail the lies to give the truth release to see the wars for
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, turn our hands, turn our hearts and turn our hands to 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 a tribe or nation, we are one world.

We are for peace, we are for peace.
We are for life, we are for life.
We are one world, we are one world.

Sue Gilmurray
We are for peace

We are not just against the fighting, we are for peace; we are not just a-

We are not just against the killing, we are for life; we are not just a-

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

gainst the fighting, we are for peace. We are for peace, we are for

We are for life. We are for life., we are for

tribe or nation, we are one world. We are one world, we are one

we are for, we are for,

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

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

world, we are not just a tribe or nation, 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

My name is Francis Tol-ler, I come from Liverpool; two years ago the war was waiting
forme after school. To Belgium and to Flanders, to Ger-ma-ny to here, I fought for King and coun-try I love
dear.

'Twas Christmas in the trenches where the frost so bit-ter hung, the frozen fields of France were still no
Christmas songs were sung. Our fam-ilies back in Eng-land were toast-ing us that day, their

I was ly-ing with my mess-mate on the cold and rock-y ground, when a
brave and glori-ous lads so far a-way.

cross the lines of battle came a most pe-cul-i-ar 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 blood-y well you know' my

As one by one each German voice joined in harmony. The can-nons rested silent, the
partner says to me

gas clouds rolled no more, as Christmas brought us respite from the war. As soon as they were finished and a

rev' ren pause was spent, God rest you mer-ry, gentle-men struck up some lads from Kent. The

next they sang 'Stil-le nacht' and in two tongues one song filled up that sky. 'Tis Silent night says I and in two tongues one song filled up that sky. There's

some-one com-ing'towards us, the front-line sent-ry cried. All sights were fixed on one lone figure
His true flag like a Christmas star shone on that plain so bright, as he trudging from their side.

brave-ly strode un-arm-ed in to the night. Soon one by one either side walked in to Noman's Land. With neither gun nor bay-o-net, we met there hand to hand. We shared some sec-ret bran-dy and we wished each o-ther well.

We and in a flare-lit so-cer match we gave 'em hell. trad-ed choe' lates, cig-ar-ettes and photo-graphs from home, these sons and fa-thers far a-way from fam'lies of their own. Young San-ders played his squeeze-box and they had a vi-o-lin, this
Soon day-light stole upon us, and France was France once more. With curious and un-like-ly band of men.

sad fare-wells we each began to settle back to war. But the question haunted ev-ry heart that

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

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

walls they’d kept be-tween us to ex-act the work of war had been crum-bled and were gone for ev-er more.
name is Francis Toliver, in Liverpool I dwell. Each Christmas comes since World War One I've learned its lesson 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.
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

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 war

TENOR

Fine

are the ones who stand for peace.

BASS

1. War toys are growing stronger, the

2. Death row is growing longer, the

problems stay the same.

problems stay the same.

D.C. al Fine

is feeling full of pride (of pride) that the army will provide, but does he ask himself:

is feeling justified (ti-fied) but when will he be tried, for never asking:

Copyright © 1980 Hereford Music (ASCAP)
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
sto-ry, count-ing the costs of it wounded and dead. Mere-ly a waste of time and lives, its glo-ry is all

The old her-o-ic fan-tas-ies sub-sid-e,

moon-shine, as Gen’ral Sher-man said.

bu-gle calls, and muff-led drum-beats cease, and those who sold-i-ered on the dar-k-

side are the most pow’rful ad-vo-cates of peace.
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

The first time it was fathers, the last time it was sons, and in between your husbands marched a-

Soprano

way with drums and guns, and you never thought to question, you just went on with your lives, 'cause

Alto 1

way with drums and guns, and you never thought to question, you just went on with your lives, 'cause

Alto 2

1. You can only just remember the

all they taught you who to be was mothers, daughters, wives.

Copyright © Crafty Maid Music 1980
tours your mothers shed as they sat and read the papers through the lists and lists of dead, and the

gold frames held the photographs that mothers kissed each night, and the door frame held the shocked and silent

stranger from the fight.

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 how to be were mothers, daughters, wives.

twenty one years later, with children of your own, the trumpets sounded once again, the daughters grew to women, and your little boys to men, and you prayed that you were dreaming when the
soldier boys were gone, so you made their guns and drove their trucks and tended to their wounds, and when call-up came again, but you proudly smiled and held your tears as they bravely waved goodbye, the

night you kissed their photographs and prayed for safe returns. And after it was over, you photos on the mantelpiece they always made you cry. And now you're getting older, and in

had to learn again to be just wives and mothers though you'd done the work of men, so you time the photos fade, and in widowhood you look back and reflect on the medals of the
worked to help the needy, and you never trod on toes, and the photos on the piano struck a passing of your memories, how your daughters changed their lives, see-ing more to their existence than just

happy family pose. 'Cause the mothers, daughters, wives. 'Cause the

first time it was fathers, the last time it was sons, and in between your husbands marched a-

first time it was fathers, the last time it was sons, and in between your husbands marched a-
way 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.

all they taught you who to be, was mothers, daughters, wives. But we are learning.
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

TENOR

BASS

Don't beat the drum that frightens the children, don't sing the

Drm drm drm drm drm drm drm drm

songs about winning and losing. Sit down beside me, the green fields are bleeding; sing me the

dram dram dram

music of healing. Sing me a song of a lover returning, the darker the

right, the nearer the morning. Bring me the news of the new day that's dawning; sing me the

music of healing. Ah

music of healing. The heart's a wonder, stronger than the

music of healing. Ah

guns of thunder. Even when we're torn aunder love will come again.

Copyright © Elm Grove Music
Sometimes the truth's like a hare in a cornfield, you know that it's there but you can't put your arms round it, all you can hope for is follow its footprints:

Who would've 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:

Ah - the heart's a wonder, stronger

than the guns of thunder. Even when we're torn asunder, love will come again.

Somehow the cycle of vengeance keeps turning till
each other's sorrows and songs we start sharing. Peace is the prize for those who are daring:
songs, peace is the prize for those who are daring

sing me the music of healing. Time is your friend, it heals all your sorrow, but
Time is your friend, it heals all your sorrow, but

how can I wait for another tomorrow? and a thousand will follow

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, love will come again.
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
Choir arrangement by Sue Gilnumay

Scarecrow

John Tams

I see the barley moving as the mowers find their pace.

I see the line advancing with a steady time-less 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, blame it on the sons.

skylarks
S. A. blame it on the poppies and the pain.
T. B. blame it on the gen'ral.

S. A. blame it on their guns.
T. B. blame it on the scarecrow in the rain.

S. A. I see the barbed wire growing like a bramble on the land.
T. B. 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

S. A. hand, like a scarecrow that is fallen in the rain.
T. B. Blame it on the fathers.

S. A. blame it on the sons.
T. B. blame it on the poppies and the pain.
87 blame it on the scarecrow in the

aa, blame it on the generals, blame it on their guess, aa

93 rain, blame it on the scarecrows and rows and rows and rows.

S. A.

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 Boyce

TENOR

BARITONE

BASS

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

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

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

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

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

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

scribed with more born-i-cide than a life-time’s friend-ship e-ver knew.

scribed with more born-i-cide than a life-time’s friend-ship e-ver knew.

Copyright © 1996 No Masters Co-operative
A monument to those who fell speaks still of duty nobly done, and those who
followed to their fates followed the line that first begun when the wheels of history rolled
into place and the call went out to serve the gun, which relentless
ly without poetry killed a generation of our sons.
And as we wander through the gloom, what stories could these stones re-tell, each one a
diff'rent former life, each one a diff'rent dying hell: a Catholic spurned, an ex-
ile returned, and a general reduced to tears. It's their legacy that the
truth should be remembered now and through 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 forlorn dream, but

here the seeds of peace are sown, and like a gardener we

must stand by to nurture them until they're grown.
If you have any comments/corrections, please contact us at

Movement for the Abolition of War
11 Venetia Road
London N4 1EJ

or via the website
http://www.abolishwar.org.uk/