



DRAFT (16.12.01)

SONG BOOK

NETWORK WAITANGI OTAUTAHU

2002

Songs in Maori?

JUSTICE, SHARING

Justice, Sharing
Aotearoa
Vision of the Treaty honoured
Maori and Taiwi

Tune: Dear Friends

SOME IN LIGHT AND SOME IN DARKNESS

Some in light and some in darkness
That's the kind of world we're in
Those you see are in the light
But those in darkness don't get seen.

Tune: Mack the Knife.

PEOPLE OF AOTEAROA

People of Aotearoa
Make a stand to work on forever
Tell them we are the ones
Who will work on to the end.

Unite all our children
Make it seem hopeful to them
Teach them to love one another
Tell them we will recover.

Tihei Mauri ora
E nga iwi o Aotearoa
Kia kaha Kia mana Kia mau
Kia kaha Kia mana Kia mau.

WE ARE THE EBB

We are the ebb
We are the flow
We are the weavers
We are the web of life

ANSWER PAKEHA: Barbara Menzies

Coming, the days are coming
When we can turn away from the lies
Courage, trust and pain can lead us
To a future life of hope and surprise.

Manuhiri learn our place
Respectful to the land
No more need for fear's control
Hiding history's shameful toll
Time to take on a new role
Time to make a stand

Maori sovereignty restored
Promises redeemed
Justice done by Pakeha
Facing all of who we are
Present future and the past
Give life to the dream

Are these hopes just too naïve
Have we gone too far
Can we hold our forebears' name
Are we paralysed by shame
Do we have the strength to change
Answer Pakeha, answer Pakeha.

STEP BY STEP THE LONGEST MARCH

Step by step the longest march

Te Aroha will be won, will be won

And by union what we will

~~will be~~ be accomplished still

Drops of water turn a mill

Many stones they form an arch

{ singly none

{ singly none

THE GIN AND RASPBERRY

Words and music by Martin Curtis

Searching for Fox we first came up this way
From Lake Pembroke's township took many a long day
To cut through the scrub till we found a good claim
And we called it the Gin and Raspberry.

The rumours went out and thousands poured in,
A handful grew rich and many grew thin,
They all hoped to find their own patch of tin
As rich as the Gin and Raspberry.

At first it was summer and we all thought it grand
No shirts on our backs as we sluiced and we panned,
But then came the snow and the southerlies' blow
And there's ice down the Gin and Raspberry.

Chorus

Oh but it's hard, cruel and cold
Searching Cardrona for nuggets of gold
For an ounce in a bucket we'll all sell our souls
For a taste of the gin and raspberry.

Jimmy McGrath, he worked hard and worked long,
Ready to smile and sing us a song
But then he struck gold and was found dead and cold
Down in the Gin and Raspberry.

Well I'll work out my time and I'll stay out of strife,
Save all my tin and send home to my wife,
But when my time's done I'll leave on the run
And to hell with the Gin and Raspberry.

THE OLD HEARTH WALL

Words and music by Martin Curtis

Chorus

I'm only an old hearth wall, I stood for a century or more
But the mortar in my stones is as fragile as old bones
And I know one day soon I'm going to fall.

I was built when this country wasn't old,
As men searched Otago after gold
In the winter's frost and snow, at twenty five below
I kept many miners from the cold.

When the Gin and Raspberry mine was at its peak
And the miners blew a fortune every week
How I watched them come and go as they made the tailings grow
And the diggings spread up every little creek.

Chorus

When the European miners had all gone,
It was then that the Chinese came along
Working sixteen hours a day, they made the tailings pay
And found gold where men said there was none.

Now there's very little left here to show
Where thousands lived and worked so long ago
Just a handful come by horse through the spreading broom and gorse
And the gooseberries and the briar bushes grow.

Chorus

Now the murmur of the river lulls my dream
As I think of all the history that I've seen
While the sheep around me graze, I think of distant days
When the sound of pick and shovel filled the stream.

Next time the southerlies come round,
The old poplar tree will come down
And when Spring comes next year, all you'll find lying here
A pile of rubble scattered on the ground.

I was only an old hearth wall.
I stood for a century or more.

THE STABLE LAD

When Cobb and Co. ran coaches from the Buller to the Grey
I went for a livery stable lad in a halt at Westport way,
And I gave my heart to a red-haired girl and left it where she lay,
For the winding Westland highway from the Buller to the Grey.

I've got neat's-foot on my fingers and lampblack on my face,
I've saddle soaped the harness and hung each piece in place;
But my heart's not in the stable, it's in Charleston far away
Where Cobb and Co. goes rolling by from the Buller to the Grey

There's a red-haired girl in Charleston, she's dancing in the bar,
But I know she's not like other girls that dance where miners are;
I can't forget her eyes and everything they seemed to say
The day I rode with Cobb and Co. from the Buller to the Grey.

There's a schooner down from Murchison, I can hear it in the gorge,
I'll have to work the bellows now and redden up the forge;
I'm going to strike that iron so hard, she'll hear it far away
In the roaring European that the road runs by from Grey.

Some day I'll be a teamster with the ribbons in my fist,
And I'll drive a Cobb and Co. express through the rain and snow and mist;
Drive a four-in-hand to Charleston, and no matter what they say
I'll take my girl up on the box and marry her in Grey!

There's a graveyard down in Charleston where moss trails from the trees
And the Westland wind comes moaning in from off the Tasman Sea;
It's there they laid my red-haired girls in a pit of yellow clay
As Cobb and Co. went rolling by from the Buller to the Grey.

BREAD AND ROSES

As we go marching, marching
In the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens
A thousand mill lofts grey
Are touched with all the radiance
That a sudden sun discloses
For the people hear us singing
Bread and roses, bread and roses

As we go marching, marching
Unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing
Their ancient song of bread
Small art and love and beauty
Their drudging spirits knew
Yes, it is bread we fight for
But we fight for roses too

As we go marching, marching
We bring the greater days
The rising of the women means
the rising of the race
No more the drudge and idler
Ten that toil where one reposes
But a sharing of life's glories
Bread and roses, bread and roses

Our lives shall not be sweated
From birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies
Give us bread, but give us roses

This song has its origins in the great textile strikes of Lawrence, Massachusetts in 1912. A group of women workers carried banners proclaiming "We want bread and roses too!", inspiring the above song.

Words by James Oppenheim; Music Mimi Fariña c 1976 Fariña Music

BANDIERA ROSSA

Avanti popolo a la rescossa
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa
Avanti popolo a la rescossa
Bandiera rossa trionfera

Chorus

Bandiera rossa trionfera
Bandiera rossa trionfera
Bandiera rossa trionfera
E viva sociolismo e la liberta

The people on the march
The road are treading
That leads to freedom, that leads to freedom
The hour of struggle's here, our courage needing
Our banner leading to victory!

CHORUS

From mine and factory, from farm and college
By strength of suffering and force of knowledge
Come all who hope for life
Their powers conceding
Their banners leading to victory!

CHORUS

Avanti popolo a la rescossa
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa
Avanti popolo a la rescossa
Bandiera rossa trionfera

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

Words by Ralph Chamberlain
Arranged by Sue Boland, Deb Vernon

When the union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one
But the union makes us strong

Ch. Solidarity forever
 Solidarity forever
 Solidarity forever
 For the union makes us strong

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they trade
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad laid
Now we stand outcast and starving mid the wonders we have made
But the union makes us strong

CHORUS

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn.
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when we learn
That the union makes us strong.

CHORUS

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of atoms magnified a thousand fold
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old
For the union makes us strong

CHORUS

THE HONKING HYMN

Across a dark autumnal sky
I saw a flock of wild geese fly,
and ever as they flew I heard
this message passed from bird to bird
Honk to the one before us
breaking the storm wind's edge
Honk to the strong out-rider
leading the flight of the wedge.
Say "we will share your burden"
say "we will follow you",
not with a 'quack',
not with a 'cluck',
certainly not with a 'best of luck'
HONK is the word
HONK like the bird,
HONK as we follow the leader.

If only humans were as wise,
they too would fill the lonely skies
with tender sounds of such support,
instead of the more usual snort.
Honk to the one beside us,
faithful to journey's end,
Honk to the good companion,
flock-mate and true feathered friend.
Say "we will share your burden",
say "we will cherish you",
not with a 'coo',
not with a 'caw',
certainly not with a 'hiss' or 'roar',
HONK is the word
HONK like the bird
HONK as we follow the leader.

THE GDP SONG By Alan AtKisson, 1996

(Sing chorus after each verse.)

Margarethe went out shopping
Bought a pair of nylon stockings
Ripped them on her finger nail
And threw them in the garbage pail -- and

Chorus

GDP's rising
GDP's rising
Buy buy buy
Dollars in the sky
Dol-la-la-la-la-la-la -- HEY!

Johann bought a brand new car
Celebrated at the bar
And drove his car into a tree --
That's good for the economy, 'cause

Hazelwood went down below
And told the mate to take 'er slow
But no one saw the reef ahead ---
And now a million birds are dead, and

Yuki's a sarariman
With a corporation called Japan
Sings karaoke, that's a perk --
His cause of death was overwork, and

Sheikh Abdullah took some dough
Flew his jet to Mexico
And bought an Aztec pyramid --
Oil makes the highest bid, and

Yakov made a small mistake
Began to tremble and to shake
And then he made six errors more
And melted the reactor core -- and

Send the army out on marches
Cover them with golden arches
Blow them up and sell around a
Hundred million quarter-pounders

THE GDP SONG (cont)

One-point-two billion Chinese
They all want colour TVs
Cars and colas -- make it snappy!
Kills the earth, but makes them happy

Shoot a rocket out to space
Paint the moon with Mickey's face
We'll name our planet "Disney" then
Sell tickets to the aliens -- and

GDP's rising
GDP's rising
Buy buy buy
Dollars in the sky
Dol-la-la-la-la-la-la -- HEY!

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM (Revised version) Written by the Brazen Hussies, 1999

Rugby, racing, blokes and beer
Swandri, gumboots, jandals are our gear
Camping, barbecues, here's good cheer
God defend New Zealand.
Plunket babies, Buzzie Bee
Sheep and kiwifruit, L&P
Cream pavlova, cuppa tea
God defend New Zealand.

Weetbix, Milo, Vegemite
Feed 'em up and 'she'll be right'
Kiwi kids grow strong and bright
Showing off New Zealand
Edmund Hillary, Peter Snell
Danyon Loader, Mark Todd as well
Crikey mate don't we do well
Showing off New Zealand.

Manufactured Kiwi pride
Waving flags the country wide
We've been fed on national pride
Where's the real New Zealand?
Rugged coastlines, forests green
Untamed landscapes to be seen
Priceless treasures sold have been
Losing our New Zealand.

Water, transport, energy
Manufacturing industry
Housing, land and forestry
Selling off New Zealand
State Insurance, all our banks
Telecom sold to the Yanks
We're supposed to give them thanks
'Investing' in New Zealand

Godzone is our paradise
No more 'sell at any price'
Piss on all 'New Right' advice
Lets reclaim our free land
Multinationals go to hell
Business Roundtable bugger off as well
Without you we will excel
We'll defend New Zealand!



CORPORATE JARGON

Written by Brazen Hussies 1999

(tune: English Country Garden)

What kind of planning will you see in this world of corporate jargon?
I'll tell you now of some that I know and what I miss you'll surely pardon.
Mission statements, business plans, visions and strategic plans,
Inputs and outputs and throughputs
There'll be no room for serving people in this plan, but at least we'll know it's business

What kind of people will you find in this world of corporate jargon?
I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
Clients and consumers, funders and providers, stake holders and human resources
You might not have a name but at least you will get
A title and a number

How will you know what to do in your job in this world of corporate jargon?
I'll give you now a few handy hints and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
Quality best practices, peer appraisals, audits, key performance indicators
Oh you might not have time for your job any more
But at least you'll be accountable

What kind of cut-backs will you find in this world of corporate jargon?
I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely pardon.
Cost-containment, downsizing, cost-shifting, restructuring,
Labour-shedding, repositioning
You may not have a job at the end, but you'll think it's prudent fiscal management.

What kind of service can you expect out of WINZ's corporate jargon ?
I'll tell you now of some that you'll get and what I miss you'll surely pardon.
Phone queues and Case Managers, mothers working for the dole
Stand-downs, reviews and goal setting plans
You'll be lucky if you get a benefit at all, but at least you'll starve responsibly.

Well it's no kind of life for us to live with this endless corporate jargon
Let's start again in plain common words and we'll strike a better bargain!
Decent wages, steady jobs, useful work that's meaningful
Universal Basic Income!
We'll have plenty of time for things in life that count and no time at all for jargon.

PRAISE OUR LEADERS

Written by the Brazen Hussies, 1999

Praise our leaders in their wisdom
Sinful mortals such as we
Unemployed, disabled, homeless
We the undeserving be
Please redeem us, please redeem us
Teach Responsibility.

Praise them for their wondrous guidance
Single mothers such as me
Ignorant of basic hygiene
Even what to make for tea
Teach us loving, teach us caring
Teach Responsibility.

Praise them for the fine example
Parent politicians make
Seldom there for bedtime stories
PTA or birthday cake
Call a nanny, call a nanny
Teach us all the steps to take.

Praise them for their job creation
Work for dole and Taskforce Green
Part time casual seasonal low paid
Full time jobs are seldom seen.
Night work, week ends, doing three jobs
Still can't feed a family.

Tell us leaders we implore thee
Where such jobs as yours might be.
Vote yourselves another pay rise
Eat your meals at Bellamy's.
Spend our taxes, spend our taxes!
May this trickle down on me.

Praise them for their grace and favour
To we mortals in distress
Praise their ever-rightward leaning
Quick to blame and slow to bless.
Righteous bastards, righteous bastards! Full of sanctimoniousness!*

* Note: depending on the occasion 'sanctimoniousness' can be replaced by 'sanctimonious crap', for additional emphasis.

DID YOU SING YOUR CHILDREN LULLABIES?

Did you sing your children lullabies
To calm their fears at night?
Did you hold them gently till they went to sleep?
Did you plant in them the seeds of hope for new and better lives?
Did you make them promises you couldn't keep?

Ch. Do you think of me as an enemy and could you call me friend
Or will we let our differences destroy us in the end?
The wall that stands between us could be a window too
When I look into the mirror I see you.

Do you have sons who fight for peace
The way I'm told mine do?
Do they send photographs from foreign lands?
Do you chill to see missiles and do they haunt your dreams?
Do you wonder whose the power, whose the hands?

CHORUS

Oh may we live to see the day
When walls of words and fear
No longer stand between the truth and dreams
When walls of windows rise into the darkness and we dare
To look into the mirror and see peace.

CHORUS.

I'VE LIVED A LIFE OF PRIVILEGE

I've lived a life of privilege, I've never known what hunger is
I've never laboured with my hands except to play guitar
Middle class my middle name, life's been more or less a game
But in the end it's all the same, the buck stops where you are.

Ch. And we are foolish people who do nothing
 Because we know how little one person can do
 Yes we are foolish people who do nothing
 Because we know how little one can do.

It's not my issue, not my scene, I've got to get my own house clean
I keep it neat and tidy just in case the Queen should call
Come back to me another day and gladly I'll join in we say
And I'm just one voice anyway, just one brick in the wall.

One brick in the wall you may be, one voice in the crowd
But without you we are weaker and our song may not be heard
One drop in the ocean but each drop will swell the tide
So be your one brick in the wall, be one voice in the crowd!

CHORUS.

THE KIWI IS A PRETTY BIRD

The kiwi is a pretty bird, she's placid, sweet and charming
And the eagle is a predator with manners most alarming
He proudly flies across the skies, he looks so fine and graceful
But the kiwi knows that looks can lie and habits are distasteful.

Ch. And uh-oh New Zealand, who would have thought it would be you
But if kiwi's can stand up to eagles, why not the kangaroo?

Now the kiwi's nest is beautiful and the eagle wants to use it
But the kiwi in a wary bird, she know he will abuse it
So the kiwi's told the eagle king no more to take for granted
His access to the kiwi's nest or the bush is which it's planted.

CHORUS

There won't be armed invasions but he well might try to starve her
And then with propaganda bombs he'll batter and bombard her
So kiwis keep an eye out for the hawks who lie and slander
For the eagle's will can be enforced in manner underhanded.

Speed bonnie boat

Like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry
Over the sea ~~the~~ to sky

1. Loud the wind howl
" " waves roar
Thunderclouds rend the air
Baffled our feet
Stand by the shore
Follow they will dare.

- 4 Burned are our homes exile & death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet, e'er the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again

2 Though the ~~to~~^{waves} leap
Soft shall ye sleep
Oceans a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flk 2
will keep
Watch by your weary head

3 Mary's the lad ^{that} fought on
That day I
Well the claymore could
weild
When the night came, silently
lay
Dead on Culloden's field

ONE MORE STEP Words by Sidney Carter

One more step along the world I go,
One more step along the world I go,
From the old things to the new
Keep me travelling along with you.
*And it's from the old I travel to the new;
Keep me travelling along with you.*

Round the corner of the world I turn,
More and more about the world I learn.
All the new things that I see
You'll be looking at along with me....

As I travel through the bad and good
Keep me travelling as I should.
Where I see no way to go,
You'll be telling me the way I know....

Give me courage when the world is rough,
Keep me loving though the world is tough.
Leap and sing in all I do
Keep me travelling along with you....

You are older than the world can be,
You are younger than the life in me,
Ever old and ever new
Keep me travelling along with you....

Decolonising
restoration
→ strategic planning

HEAVEN KNOWS WHERE WE ARE GOING

We are going,
Heaven knows where we are going;
We'll know we're there.

We will get there,
Heaven knows how we'll get there;
We know we will.

It will be hard, we know;
And the road will be muddy and rough
But we'll get there,
Heaven knows how we will get there;
We know we will.

WE'RE GONNA KEEP ON WALKING FORWARD

We're gonna keep on walking forward
Keep on walking forward
Keep on walking forward
Never turning back
Never turning back

We're gonna keep on dreaming boldly
Keep on dreaming boldly
Keep on dreaming boldly
Never turning back
Never turning back

We're gonna keep on loving strongly
Keep on loving strongly
Keep on loving strongly
Never turning back
Never turning back

We're gonna keep on walking forward...

WARNING By Jenny Joseph

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat that doesn't go, and doesn't suit me,
And I shall spend my pension
on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals,
and say we've no money for butter.

I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired,
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells,
And run my stick along the public railings,
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.

I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick the flowers in other people's gardens,
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat,
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go,
Or only bread and pickle for a week,
And board pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry,
And pay our rent and not swear in the street,
And set a good example for the children.
We will have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now?
So people who know me
are not too shocked and surprised,
When suddenly I am old
and start to wear purple!

Sep 04

(RESISTANCE IS FERTILE – DARE TO STRUGGLE DARE TO SING)

SONGS FOR PAKEHA TE TIRITI ACTIVISTS

We Shall Not Be Moved

(traditional protest song)

No more confiscation, we shall not be moved
No more confiscation, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water side
We shall not be moved

We're standing for Te Tiriti, we shall not be moved
We're standing for Te Tiriti, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that standing by the water side
We shall not be moved

We stand for peace and justice, we shall not be moved
We stand for peace and justice, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water side
We shall not be moved

Mountain Song (USA)

I have dreamed on this mountain since I first was my mother's daughter
And you ain't going to take my dreams away
You may drive a big machine
But I'm a big strong woman
And you ain't going to take my dreams away

This old mountain's many daughters
Some died young and some some still living
But you ain't going to take our dreams away
Not with me watching
No you ain't going to take our dreams away
Not with me fighting

I have dreamed on this mountain since I first was my mothers daughter
And you ain't going to take our dreams away

Step By Step (traditional union)
Step by step the longest march
Can be won, can be won
Many stones do form an arch
Singly none, singly none
And by union what we will
Can be accomplished still
Drops of water turn a mill
Singly none, singly none

Keep On Walking Forward (not sure)

Got keep on walking forward
Keep on walking forward
Keep on walking forward
Always looking back, always looking back

Got work for peace together
Work for peace together
Work for peace together
Always looking back
Always looking back

Got keep on walking forward
Keep on walking forward
Keep on walking forward
Always looking back
Always looking back

Hymn To Her (Chrissie Hynds)

Let me inside you
Into your room
I hear it's lined with the things you don't show
Lay me beside, down on the floor
I'll be your lover from the womb to the tomb
I'll dress as your daughter
When the moon becomes round
You'll be my mother
When everything's gone

She will always carry on
Something is lost
Something is found
We will keep on speaking her name
Some things change some stay the same

Keep beckoning to me
From behind that closed door
Maiden, the mother and the crone has grown old
I hear your voice
Coming out of that hole
I listen to you and I want some more
I listen to you
And I want some more

She will always carry on
Something is lost
Something is found
We will keep on speaking her name
Some things change
Some stay the same

We Shall Overcome

(gospel origins/ Highlander Folk School USA)

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome
Some day
Deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome
Some day

We shall live in peace
We shall live in peace
We shall live in peace
Some day
Deep in my heart I do believe
We shall live in peace
Some day

We shall all be free
We shall all be free
Under Te Tiriti
Some day
Deep in my heart I do believe
We shall all be free some day

(from original NZ Folksong – Taranaki Shore)
(original verse from 1860's)
Tena koe Hori Grey
You have let us get a way
And you'll never see your Maoris any more
Much obliged to you we are
And you'll find us at the pa
Rifles pitted on the Taranaki shore

(contemporary)
Tena koe Helen Clark
We are stumbling in the dark
And you'll never make a nation
Work this way
If you confiscate the beach
It is a Treaty breach
And all the generations
They will pay

Kia ora Donny Brash
Its not about the cash
It's about respect for culture and for lore
If you keep on talking "race"
You will bring us all disgrace
Shame and anger
On the Aotearoa foreshore

Giddyay Trevor mate
I think you are too late
To claim indigenous rights
Across the land
If you learned the history
You might help us all be free
Instead of acting like
You'll never understand