**John Stafford**

**‘Song, Composed During “Ludding Time” Watch and Ward’ (Tune – “Tyrants of Old England”)**

Come all you gallant heroes, to these few lines attend,

And when you meet a brother, make freedom with your friend,

And if you love your wife and children, for to have a happy life,

You’ll never take a gun in hand, to fight against your wife.

CHORUS: You tyrants of Old England, when will your race be run,

We’ll bring you all unto account, for what you’ve so wrong done.

When you see your children starving, you would wish their bellies fill’d,

But if you chance to speak a word, the soldiers must you kill,

To see them naked before you, will disturb you in your minds,

When children three years old, can say I wish they’re better times.

CHORUS: Ye tyrants etc.,

Like pris’ners we are all kept up, our work it is so hard,

And when at night they let us loose, they make us watch and ward,

To guard those red-necked turkies, that have pull’d us down so low,

When you meet a working man, he’s a face as white as snow.

CHORUS: Ye tyrants etc.,

If you go to the poor-house, and there lay down your case,

They’ll call you “idle vagabonds” and turn you out oth’ place,

Or if you ask for money, they’ll bid you to be gone,

“Go along you idle vagabonds, for here you shall not come.”

CHORUS: Ye tyrants etc.,

Now we’re brought down to poverty, to sorrow and distress,

And when at night we go to sleep, in bed we cannot rest,

We must never be no better till the victory is won,

Don’t you see provisions are kept up, by bayonet and gun.

CHORUS: Ye tyrants etc.,

Our clothing it is all worn out, like beggars we do stand,

While they’re eating of the best, with ruffles down to th’ hand,

And when they get their bellies full, with necks so red they’ll swell,

We’ll make them rue that very day, they work’d us by a bill.

CHORUS: Ye tyrants etc.,

These local militia they are pretty lads indeed,

Their masters dare not keep them up, nor with them dare proceed,

Nor with their guns they dare not trust, for fear they should turn,

Because they know they’ve done amiss – you’ve had too little corn.

Ye tyrants of Old England, your time is near at end,

I’d have you to undraw your purse, and all your money spend,

Likewise your feather’d pheasants that’s leather’d up to th’ knees,

We’ll make their one pound notes to fly, like ballads in the street.

CHORUS: Ye tyrants etc.,

Now I’ll conclude my ditty, here’s health to them that’s good,

And all true hearted subjects that’s made of patriot’s blood,

May God send them prosperity, until the cause is won,

And protect those gallant heroes, that make the pheasants run,

CHORUS: Ye tyrants etc.,

**Rights and Liberty (Tune – “Princess Royal”)**

Come all you working people of every class,

If you want reform, don’t hang out to the last,

For if you do they’ll remember you by th’ mass,

If ever there comes a revolution,

For there’s Cobbett and Sherwin, and Blackdwarf also,

Cochrane and Cartwright, and Hunt we well know,

Those are the best friends that are now going on,

Likewise the speakers in every town,

That enlightens the people, which way must be done,

Rights and liberty we want in our nation.

There’s butchers, and badgers, and swailers likewise,

Tyrants of all sorts, and parsons with lies,

How foolish working people are, for hearing their noise,

When they’re leading their own children to starvation,

Don’t you see how they’re picking your pockets ev’ry day,

In churches or chapels your parsons you must pay,

With your pennies you do run, it’s just the parson’s fun,

To keep up their pride, in a carriage must ride,

While you and your children like slaves are tied,

Was there ever such a poor distress’d nation.

Let us strive to pull down those tyrant’s pride,

With a full resolution, manly then join,

Disband all their taxes, their roguery and twine,

And make it in a free accepted nation,

Not one moment we will cease till the victory is won,

Make those tyrants of Old England remember what they’ve done,

It has been all their view, working people for to screw,

But when their race is o’er they will tyrannize no more,

When we shall live in peace, and freedom shall increase,

Rights and liberty we will have in our nation.

**Peterloo (Tune – “Green upon the Cape”)**

On the Sixteenth day of August, it was held at Peterloo,

A just and lawful meeting we knew it to be true,

With flags and caps of liberty they did assemble there,

Both in peace and good order, the reformers did appear.

The stage was erected and reformers stood all round,

A space was only left between for tyrants and blood hounds,

The constables and vampires they came to rule that day,

Stand steady men stand steady and their truncheons play’d away.

Your flags and caps of liberty we’ll entirely take away,

We’ll cut all down before us and show you tyrants play,

For we know you are unarmed, and we’ll murder all we can,

Both men, women and children, in spite of “Rights of Man”.

From Smedley cottage to the hustings, it was crowded all the way,

The patriots joined hand in hand, the band did sweetly play,

Not the least thoughts of murder that did commence that day,

Until that cruel action on Peterloo did sway.

The brave champion of reform, when the hustings mounted on,

He fill’d them all with joy, for to see that valiant man,

To see that gallant hero, with courage bold so fair,

He won the heart of every working-man was there.

The patriots agreed that the champion took the chair,

When he saw female reformers, he smil’d at them being there,

But before he had address’d them all, there came that hellish crew,

To murder all poor people that were come to Peterloo.

With their glittering swords and carbines to kill unarmed men,

They are worse than Algerines, when strangers meet with them

For they’ve murdered their own neighbours, that striv’d to fill their purse,

And now they’re half-naked must be trampled down with horse.

They form’d themselves four deep, three times o’er made a charge,

But reformers they stood firm, so they could not play at large,

Until a space was opened occupied by their own crew,

For to murder all poor people that were come to Peterloo.

From the outside to the hustings, those ruffians cut away,

I’ve a charge against you Mr Hunt, one of the crew did say,

I am ready now to join you, I’m just at your command,

So they took him to the New Bailey, as before it had been plan’d.

Some flags and caps of liberty, these ruffians did destroy,

But still a valiant female her colour she did fly,

Till she could no longer hold it, amongst that murdering crew,

So she fell down amongst the rest on the plains of Peterloo.

A por woman struggling with an infant in her arms,

One of the crew came riding up for to destroy her charms,

She said spare my little creature but that butcher cut her too,

And left her with her infant bleeding on the plains of Peterloo.

An old woman hearing this story, and believing it was true,

She went to seek her son that was gone to Peterloo,

And as she went along the street, a ruffian she did meet.

She knew him from a child, -- she had liv’d in the same street.

This old woman spoke right kindly, and she call’d him by his name,

I know you will not hurt me, Thomas Shelberdine she said,

But to fulfil his order like the rest of the same crew,

He cut her down that instant as they did at Peterloo.

So now you special constables, I’ll give you all your due,

For backing those proceedings that were done at Peterloo,

Both landlords and shopkeepers, your doors I will pass by,

If you had no swords or carbines, you made your truncheons fly.

So come all you brave patriots wherever that you be,

You must all unite together to gain your liberty,

And not forget those tyrants, but with justice them pursue,

And all such cruel murderers that went to Peterloo.

**Ten Hours Bill**

Come all working people with feeling,

And listen to a factory song,

It is truth and I’m sure you’ll believe it;

You’ve been imposed on with tyrants too long,

From Monday you begin of your sorrow,

Worse than convicts you run to the mill,

A long time before daylight appears,

For the want of a Ten Hours Bill.

If the parent wakes first in the morning,

He calls Nancy, come Sam, Betty and Bill,

The watchman’s been crying past five,

We shall all be too late for the mill.

In a hurry being snatched from their slumber,

Their eyes with wet tears do fill,

Crying father, go join Mr Oastler,

And he’ll get us the Ten Hours Bill.

The parent down stairs for a light,

For these poor slaves to find up their clothes,

In the dark among mugs, stools and chairs,

Till he marks both his shins and his toes,

Then the parent flies up in a passion,

And he damns both the masters and mill,

Swears he’ll join Stephens and Oastler,

And they’ll get us that Ten Hours Bill.

But as soon as that light does appear,

We are all of us dress’d in a crack,

For clothing we’ve few to put on,

They will scarce cover belly or back,

And as soon as we turn out of doors,

Then starving with hunger do chill,

When we’ve bread we’ve scarce time to eat it,

For want of a Ten Hours Bill.

When the parent arrives in the bastille,

He must sharply begin of his work,

Till sweat trickles down his pale face,

Nothing on but his breeches and shirt,

While those tyrants in warm beds are sleeping,

Old Ned he keeps grinding us still,

For the want of an organization,

And paying up to the Ten Hours Bill.

In these bastiles these poor souls are hurried,

With hard labour a shame for to tell,

For our parent does more work in six days,

Then he once used to do in twelve.

Less wages he receives from his master,

Then our little cot with poverty fills,

For th’ want of a determination,

And demanding the Ten Hours Bill.

Then Union lads be true hearted,

And firmly stand up for your trade,

For rogues, whores, and thieves by oppression,

Those tyrants have caused to be made,

You can soon set them all at defiance,

In spite of their ravenous will,

If you’ll join Stephens, Fielding and Oastler,

They’ll get the Ten Hours Bill.

But whatever comes in my memory,

Mr Hunt he stands matchless in fame,

He’s gone and Reformers may mourn,

We shall never see his like again,

Success to the brave sons of freedom,

Let his name in your hearts be instill’d,

Long live Stephens, Fielding and Oastler,

And success to the Ten Hours Bill.

**Radical Juvenile Song (Tune – “Roslin Castle”)**

You radical lads wherever you be,

Come and dance at our balls let us be merry and free,

With our sweethearts and wives may we always agree,

And assist one another in sweet unity,

Like brothers we will meet, and we’ll join hand and heart,

We vow to each other we never will part,

Then the tyrants will tremble, and the traitors will flee,

Yond are the juvenile lads shouting sweet liberty.

So then tune up your fiddles our time is but short,

We will dance and we will sing, and will push on our sport,

Our balls they are open and free for the poor,

No physical force shall stand guard at our door,

We are not like those tyrants, our conscience it is clear,

These religious people that are weighed down with fear,

Thy have powder and balls, sword, bayonet, and gun,

For to guard their ball dancing, and they still call it fun.

Here are the middle class people, you know this I’m sure,

They are full of delusion and trample the poor,

When you have paid all your earnings for victuals and clothes,

There is not one out of fifty that will give you their vote,

But against you they will run, you know very well,

To whig or a tory, their vote for to sell,

I can read their names over from door to door,

Then the middle class people are rogues to the poor.

You must still bear in mind brave Frost, Williams and Jones,

How they dragged them poor fellows away from their homes,

From dungeon to dungeon both night time and day,

To a ship fill’d with convicts, for to cross the wide sea,

And now they are gone, it still troubles my mind,

Such deceit in these middle class people I can find,

May the time soon arrive that they shall be set free,

Yond are the juvenile lads shouting sweet liberty.

Ten thousand times over have I wished in my breast,

That the slave and tyrant were equal in rest,

Then the sun would shine clear, and burn all bitter weed,

Our gardens would flourish with liberty’s seed,

We are kept down with taxation, police men and spies,

And tyrants of all sorts and traitors with lies,

But that bad class of people we will banish them away,

Yond are the juvenile lads shouting sweet liberty.

With sweet peace and plenty, we will dance and we will sing,

Our wives shall be crowned as well as the queen,

And those children shall sing that have been starving for bread,

Our bellies are filled and the tyrants are dead,

The dark day of danger is approaching I see,

When the higher and middle class people shall flee,

Then we will dance at our ball with our hearts full of glee,

Yond are the juvenile lads that brought sweet liberty.

I will finish my song to the lads of the brave,

I was born in the year –90 a poor white slave,

On the fifth of December, my parents did say,

I am advancing in years, and I must not long stay,

But while I am with you, I am merry and free,

Neither a whig, nor a tory shall ever turn me,

When I close my existence, then carried I will be,

With those juvenile lads that shout sweet liberty.