

# The Red Flag

Words by Jim Connell  
Tune: Maryland, arranged by Alan Bush

The peo- ples flag is deep- est red; It shrou- ded oft our  
It waved a- bove our in- fant might. When all a- head seemed  
It well re- calls the the- tri- umphs past, base, It gives the hope of  
It suits to- day the weak and past, base, Whose minds are fixed on

mart- yr'd dead. And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold, The- ir  
dark as night; It wit- nessed man- ny a deed and vow- We- ir  
peace at last; The ban- ner bright, the sym- rich bol- plain, o- f  
pelf and place; To cringe be- fore the the- rich man's frown, A- nd

hearts' blood dyed change its ev'- ry fold. (S & T) Then raise the scar- let  
must not man the right sa- and cred- col- our now. gain. down. (A & B) Then raise the  
hu- haul the sa- cred- emb- lem down.

stan- dard high! With- in its shade we'll live or die. Though  
scar- let stan- dard high! With- in its shade we'll live or die. Tho

cow- ards flinch and trai- tors sneer, We'll keep the red flag fly- ing here.  
cow- ards fli- nch and trai- tors sne- er We'- ll keep the red flag fly- ing here

For fifth verse see overleaf

Verse 5:

With heads un-cov-ered swear we all to bear it on-ward

till we fall Come dun-geon dark or gal-lows grim, this

song shall be our par-ting hymn. Then raise the scar-let stan-dard high, with-

in its shade we'll live or die! Though cow-ards flinch and

trai-tors sneer, we'll keep the red flag fly-ing here.

# **Battle Hymn of the New Socialist Party**

by **Leon Rosselson** with alterations from Strawberry Thieves  
to the tune of The Red Flag – verse 5 takes Red Flag verse 5 tune

The cloth cap and the working class as images are dated  
For we are labour's avant-garde and we were educated  
We felt we ought to drop Clause Four to make the public love us more  
And just to show we're still sincere we'll sing The Red Flag once a year

Firm principles and policies are open to objection  
A streamlined party image is the way to win elections  
So raise the red, red rose on high the well-cut suit, the tasteful tie  
We'll stand united, raise a cheer and sing The Red Flag once a year

We shall not cease from mental fight till every wrong is righted  
All men are equal quite and all our donors knighted  
For we are sure if we persist, to make the New Year's Honours List  
Then every loyal Labour peer will sing The Red Flag once a year

So vote for us and not for them, we're just as true to NATO  
We're just as calm and British when we steer the ship of state-o  
\* We'll stand as firm as them to show we're patriotic gentlemen \*  
Though man to man shall brothers be to use the Bomb's our policy.

With heads uncovered, we now swear that Blair's New Labour's had its hour.  
To dungeons dark or gallows where, they'll learn the meaning of class power.  
So raise the scarlet standard high within it's shade we'll live, not die.  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer we'll keep The Red Flag flying here.

\* sung to tune of "Send her victorious, happy and glorious"