

Lewisham 1977

In August 1977 the National Front held a march through Lewisham. A counter-demonstration was organised and forced the NF to abandon their chosen route. The press and television presented the events simply as a battle between left-wing and right-wing 'extremists', with the poor policemen caught in the middle of the violence. In fact the role of the police was to protect the NF, and the police used the occasion as an opportunity to try out, on the streets of London, some of the more repressive methods of 'riot control' developed in N. Ireland. Stopping the NF from marching through our streets is only one part of the struggle against the growth of fascism, but the left did win a significant victory in forcing the NF off the streets of Lewisham. We wrote the song to a traditional Irish tune 'Dicey Reilly'.

Cheerfully

Have you heard the story that is going all around, How the people marched in
Lewisham to keep the fascists down? There were four thousand people came to
Stop the dirty fascist game Show them that the people were united.

Have you heard the story that is going all around
How the people marched in Lewisham to keep the fascists down?
There were four thousand people came
To stop the dirty fascist game
And show them that the people were united.

The fascists marched down New Cross Road to terrorise the streets
But when they came to Lewisham they had a big defeat.
For the people filled the street that day
And so the fascists slunk away
When they saw the people were united.

Now a man who's much to blame that day is Commissioner McNee
And his strike-breaking Rentamob they call the S. P. G.
They waded in with riot gear
To fill the people's hearts with fear
When they saw the people were united.

The papers they all talked about reds underneath the bed,
 And showed pictures of policemen with blood upon their heads.
 Well it's true we had to fight that day
 'Cos if the fascists get their way
 The people will never be united.

Well we've seen the cops with riot shields in Derry and Belfast,
 Soon it'll be the army here, the struggle's growing fast.
 But we're not afraid of fascist scum, in or out of uniform
 As long as the people are united.

Finsbury Park one room with cooker

Written by a member of the Workshop who writes: Someone once sang me a fragment of a song called 'Earls Court one room with cooker.' It haunted me until December 1977 when I was stimulated by a story in a local socialist paper. This involved a man whose landlord smashed up his furnished room and threatened him to make him leave, so he could sell the house to the Council at a higher price. The Council's so-called 'harassment officer' refused to take the case to court, saying there was insufficient evidence.

Steadily $\frac{C}{4}$

Finsbury Park one room with cooker Down the Blackstock Road I took her
 We sat down on the brown settee And as the room got colder ... etc.

(Same tune and chords for each group of three lines)

CHORUS
 Finsbury Park in the morning With anything be changed?
 Finsbury Park on a January day Makes me feel so strange
 etc.