

STOP PR

SEEN
MEN IS

CA
MA
EN

Activistische Liederen

voor op de demo,
in de arresteebus,
de bezetting, in het
gezicht v/d staat!

NTIE
BLIJF
ANARB

BE GAY

ONING VO
RE

ANGS
HA

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GEENS



INTRODUCTION

This book is a collection of songs to sing, in an uncoordinated, spontaneous, and energetic manner at protests, riots, occupations; in the face of the state!

Some of these songs are easier to sing and learn than others. So, listen and read along carefully when you hear it in the streets. Or practice at home with your affinity group!

The goal for these songs is to be recognizable for non-activists and activists alike. Therefore, the songs in this book are either (translated) in English or Dutch, are considered universally recognizable enough in their original language, or in other ways understandable for people in the so-called Netherlands. We encourage everyone to learn translated songs in their original language too; it is important to recognize and respect the culture that created them.

We did our best to correctly credit the authors of these songs, whether they be individuals, groups, communities, or whole movements. If you believe we may have made a mistake, please don't hesitate to contact us at pawprintz@proton.me, or on Mastodon [@pawprintz@todon.nl](https://mastodon.nl/@pawprintz).

Special thanks to Your Local Pirates for their initiative, Pirates Against Power, and translating/writing a lot of the songs in this zine.

Zine composed by [afsluitdijk1312](https://www.afsluitdijk1312.nl). Produced by PawPrintz.

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OP DE BARRICADES

Gitzwarte stormen schudden de luchten
Donkere wolken ontnemen ons het licht
Ook al verwachten we pijn en de dood
De vijand bestrijden zijn we aan onszelf verplicht

Want onze vrijheid is ons het allerdierbaarst
Laat ons met moed en vertrouwen hier staan

Neem nu de vlag op van de revolutie
van de overwinning en we houden nooit meer op
Neem nu de vlag op van de revolutie
van de overwinning en we houden nooit meer op

[2x]

Sta op, verdrukten, doe mee aan de strijd nu
Tegen de repressie en tegen apathie!
Op de barricades! Op de barricades!
Voor de overwinning van de anarchie!
Op de barricades! Op de barricades!
Voor de overwinning van de anarchie!

(Dutch translation of "A Las Barricadas", by Joke kaviaar)

ALL YOU FASCISTS BOUND TO LOSE

I'm gonna tell you fascists
You may be surprised
The people in this world
Are getting organized
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose

[Chorus]

All you fascists bound to lose
I said, all of you fascists bound to lose
All of you fascists bound to lose
You're bound to lose! You fascists: bound to lose!

Race hatred cannot stop us
This one thing we know
Your power-hungry arrogance
And greed has got to go
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose.

[Chorus]

People of every color

Marching side to side
Marching 'cross these fields
Where a million fascists dies
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

[Chorus]

I'm going into this battle
And take my union gun
We'll end this world of slavery
Before this battle's won
You're bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose!

[Chorus]

(Song by Woody Guthrie)

BABY, I'M AN ANARCHIST!

Through the best of times, Through the worst of times,

Through Rutte and through Schoof,

Do you remember '36?

We went our separate ways.

You fought for Stalin, I fought for freedom.

You believe in authority, I believe in myself.

I'm a molotov cocktail. / You're Dom Perignon.

Baby, what's that confused look in your eyes?

What I'm trying to say is that

I burn down buildings

While you sit on a shelf inside of them.

You call the cops

On the looters and piethrowers.

They call it class war, I call it co-conspirators.

[Chorus]

'Cause baby, I'm an anarchist,

You're a spineless liberal.

We marched together for the eight-hour day

And held hands in the streets of Seattle,

But when it came time to throw bricks

Through that ING window,

You left me all alone.

(All alone)

You watched in awe at the red,
White, and blue on the fifth day of May.
While those fireworks were exploding,
I was burning that fucker
And stringing my black flag high,
Eating the peanuts
That the parties have tossed you
In the back seat of your father's new Ford.
You believe in the ballot, Believe in reform.
You have faith in the elephant and jackass,
And to you, solidarity's a four-letter word.
We're all hypocrites, But you're a patriot.
You thought I was only joking
When I screamed "Kill Whitey!"
At the top of my lungs
At the cops in their cars
And the men in their suits.
No, I won't take your hand, And marry the State.

[Chorus]

(Song by Against Me!, edited for Dutch relevancy)

BELLA CIAO - VOOR PALESTINA

We gaan de straat op voor Palestina
Oh bella, ciao! Bella, ciao! Bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
We gaan de straat op voor Palestina
met de opstand in ons hart

Wie stopt de wapens van genocide?
Oh bella, ciao! Bella, ciao! Bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
Wie stopt de wapens van genocide
Van de medeplichtigheid?

Doorbreek de leugens, breek de blokkade
Oh bella, ciao! Bella, ciao! Bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
Doorbreek de leugens, breek de blokkade
van de zee tot de rivier

Zodat de kinderen weer kunnen spelen
Oh bella, ciao! Bella, ciao! Bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
Zodat de kinderen weer kunnen spelen
En het land weer leven kan

En bij de graven van hen die vielen
Oh bella, ciao! Bella, ciao! Bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
En bij de graven van hen die vielen
Staan olijfbomen in bloei

De intifada voor Palestina
Oh bella, ciao! Bella, ciao! Bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
De intifada voor Palestina
Doet de grond weer vruchtbaar zijn

(Lyrics by Joke Kaviaar)

BELLA CIAO

Una mattina mi son svegliato,
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao!
Una mattina mi son svegliato
e ho trovato l'invasor.

O partigiano portami via,
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
o partigiano portami via
che mi sento di morir.

E se io muoio da partigiano,
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao,
e se io muoio da partigiano
tu mi devi seppellir.

Seppellire lassù in montagna,
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao,
seppellire lassù in montagna
sotto l'ombra di un bel fior.

E le genti che passeranno,
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao,
e le genti che passeranno
mi diranno "che bel fior".

Questo è il fiore del partigiano,
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao,
questo è il fiore del partigiano
morto per la libertà

(Italian Partisan song of unknown specific origin.)

DALOY POLITSEY

In alle plaatsen waar je komt, zie je mensen staken
Demonstreren en blokkeren, lege huizen kraken (2x)

Genoeg van 't werken uit m'n naad – Genoeg van de
inflatie

Genoeg van beulen, stel een daad – Verleen die lui
geen gratie! (2x)

Kom kameraden – Sla de handen nu ineen
We slopen alle muren – Elke bajes, nu meteen!

[Chorus]

Hey, hey, daloy politsey!

Geef ze de straat terug, steen voor steen!

Hey, hey, de smeris, weg ermee

Geef ze de straat terug, steen voor steen!

Kom kameraden – We verjagen de politie
met de wapens van de straat – Verzamel je munitie!

[Chorus]

De smeris is een moordenaar – Die schiet je in de
rug

Die pakt je om je huidskleur – Met rechts sla je

terug! (2x)

Kom kameraden – Maak al die racisten bang!
Zet de mollies maar vast klaar – Dit wordt hun
ondergang!

[Chorus]

De klabakken met hun matrakken – Trek ze van hun
hoge paard
Zet hun bussen op hun kanten – En gooi ze in de
vaart!

[Chorus]

Met boetes en de cellen vol maken ze je kapot
We drijven ze weer in hun hol – De straat is weer
van ons! (2x)

Met hun klassejustitie verstaan ze maar één taal
't Is tijd voor revolutie – Bevrijd ons allemaal!

[Chorus]

*(Lyrics by Joke Kaviaar, translation/interpretation on
Jewish-Anarchist song "Ale Gasn/Daloy Politsey".
Make sure to listen to and learn the song in Yiddish
too!)*

ARBETSLOSEN MARSCH

Ens, tswej, draj, fir,
arbetslose senen mir,
nischt gehert chadoschim lang
in fabrik dem hamer-klang,
's lign kejlim kalt, fargesn,
's nemt der schawer sej schojn fresn,
gejen mir arum in gas,
wi di gewirim pust-un-pas,
wi di gewirim pust-un-pas.

Ens, tswej, draj, fir,
arbetslose senen mir,
on a beged, on a hejm,
undser bet is erd un lejm,
hat noch wer wos tsu genisn,
tajlt men sich mit jedn bisn,
waser wi di g'wirim wajn,
gisn mir in sich arajn,
gisn mir in sich arajn.

Ens, tswej, draj, fir, arbetslose senen mir,
jorn lang gearbet schwer,
un geschaft alts mer un mer,
hajser, schleser, schtet un lender,

far a hojfele farschwender.
Undser lojn derfar is vos?
Hunger, nojt un arbetslos!
Hunger, nojt un arbetslos!

Ens, tswej, draj, fir,
ot asoj marschirn mir,
arbetlose trit noch trit,
un mir singen sich a lid,
fun a land, a welt a naje,
wu es lebn mentschen fraje,
Arbetlos is kejn schum hant,
in dem najen frajen land,
in dem najen frajen land.

(Yiddish song by Mordechai Gebirtig, 1938)

DE INTERNATIONALE

Ontwaakt verworpenen der aarde,
Ontwaakt, verdoemd' in 's hongers sfeer.
Reed'lijk willen stroomt over de aarde
En die stroom rijst al meer en meer!
Sterft, gij oude vormen en gedachten,
Slaafgeboor'nen, ontwaakt, ontwaakt,
De wereld steunt op nieuwe krachten,
Begeerte heeft ons aangeraakt!

[Chorus]

Makkers, ten laatste male,
tot den strijd ons geschaard,
En de Internationale
Zal morgen heersen op aard! (2x)

De staat verdrukt, de wet is logen
De rijkaard leeft zelfzuchtig voort
Tot het merg wordt d'arme uitgezogen
En zijn recht is een ijdel woord
Wij zijn het moe naar and'rer wil te leven
Broeders, hoort hoe gelijkheid spreekt:
Geen recht, waar plicht is opgeheven,
Geen plicht, leert zij, waar recht ontbreekt.

[Chorus]

De heersers door duivelse listen
Bedwelmen ons met bloed'ge damp.
Broeders, strijdt niet meer voor and'rer
twisten

Breekt de rijen! Hier is uw kamp!
Gij die ons tot helden wilt maken,
O, barbaren, denkt wat ge doet
Wij hebben waap'nen hen te raken,
Die dorstig schijnen naar ons bloed!

[Chorus]

(Lyrics by Henriette Roland Holst, ~1900)

HERE'S TO YOU (NICOLA AND BART)

Here's to you, Nicola and Bart
Rest forever here in our hearts
The last and final moment is yours
That agony is your triumph.

[Repeat as many times as necessary]

*(Song by Joan Baez and Ennio Morricone, for the
film "Sacco & Vanzetti")*

TWEE MOBIELE OGEN

Een jonge man van amper achttien jaren
Die zocht z'n kamer in de stad
Zijn vriend een originele kraker
Die zei "Ik weet misschien wel wat!"

[Chorus]

Twee mobiele ogen die keken de kraker aan
Twee mobiele ogen die hij niet vergeten kan
Twee mobiele ogen die zeiden je gaat eruit
Maar ook wij willen wonen in ons mooie Nederland

Die avond vonden zij een woning
De deur was spoedig ingeschopt
Een tafel sleepten zij naar binnen
Maar plots werd op 't raam geklopt

[Chorus] (2x)

(Song by Rubberen Robbie)

RICH MAN'S HOUSE

Well I, went down to the rich man's house and I,
Took back what he stole from me (took it back)
Took back my dignity (took it back), took back my
humanity

Oh I, went down to the rich man's house and I,
Took back what he stole from me (took it back)
Took back my dignity (took it back), took back my
humanity

Now he's under my feet, under my feet, under my
feet, under my feet

Ain't gonna let the system walk all over me!

Well I, went down to the police station and I
Took back what they stole from me (took it back)
Took back my dignity (took it back), took back my
humanity

Oh I, went down to the police station and I
Took back what he stole from me (took it back)
Took back my dignity (took it back), took back my
humanity

Now they're under my feet, under my feet, under my
feet, under my feet

Ain't gonna let the system walk all over me!

**[Repeat: replace rich jail house, border,
government office, etc.]**

*(Written by poor families of the Kensington Welfare
Rights Union during the New Freedom Bus Tour in
1998)*

SAY IT LOUD SAY IT CLEAR

[Chorus]

Say it loud, say it clear, refugees are welcome here
Say it loud, say it clear, refugees are welcome here

Gotta say it loud and clear that the borders need to
go
That the borders need to go, the borders need to go
Gotta say it loud and clear that the borders need to
go
Refugees are welcome here

[Chorus]

Gotta say it loud and clear, deportations need to
stop
Deportations need to stop, deportations need to
stop
Gotta say it loud and clear, deportations need to
stop
Refugees are welcome here

[Chorus]

Gotta say it loud and clear that the prisons need to
go

That the prisons need to go, the prisons need to go
Gotta say it loud and clear that the prisons need to
go

Refugees are welcome here

[Chorus]

Gotta make it loud and clear when the cops are in
the way

When the cops are in the way, the cops are in the
way

Gotta make it loud and clear when the cops are in
the way

Refugees are welcome here

[Chorus]

Gotta make it loud and clear, make the fascists go
away

Make the fascists go away, make the fascists go
away

Gotta make it loud and clear, make the fascists go
away

Refugees are welcome here

[Chorus]

*(Lyrics by Joke Kaviaar, to the melody of Roll The
Union On by John Handcox)*

SOLIDARITEIT VOOR ALTIJD

Als we samen tegen onrecht voor onze vrijheid
zullen staan

Dan zijn we niet te stoppen, ga opzij of sluit je aan
Maar hoed je in je eentje, want dan vallen ze je aan
Want samen staan we sterk

[Chorus]

Solidariteit voor altijd
Solidariteit voor altijd
Solidariteit voor altijd
Want samen zijn we sterk

Wat hebben we nog samen met de graaiend rijke
vlerk
Ze willen je gezondheid, je geld, je levenswerk
Dus kom op voor je rechten, hou ze tegen, paal en
perk
Want samen staan wij sterk

[Chorus]

De macht van ons tezamen overtreft hun gouden
praal
Overschaduwde ieder leger, zelfs vermeerderd
duizendmaal
Uit het oude rijst een wereld met genoeg voor
allemaal
Want samen staan we sterk

[Chorus] (2x)

*(Translation by kameraad Su, lightly edited.
Originally from Solidarity Forever by Ralph Chaplin)*

THE DAY THE NAZI DIED

We're told that after the war
The Nazis vanished without a trace
But battalions of fascists
Still dream of a master race

The history books they tell
Of their defeat in '45
But they all came out of the woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

They say the prisoner at Spandau
Was a symbol of defeat
Whilst Hess remained imprisoned
And the fascists; they were beat

So the promise of an Aryan world
Would never materialize
So why did they all come out of the woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

The world is riddled with maggots
The maggots are getting fat
They're making a tasty meal of all
The bosses and bureaucrats
They're taking over the boardrooms
And they're fat and full of pride
And they all came out of the woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

So if you meet with these historians
I'll tell you what to say
Tell them that the Nazis
Never really went away

They're out there burning houses down
And peddling racist lies

[slow down]

And we'll never rest again...
Until every Nazi dies...

(Song by Chumbawamba)

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

[Chorus]

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

Voices raised together, we shall not be moved
We walk this road together, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

[Chorus]

We're on the road to freedom, we shall not be
moved
We're on the road to justice, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

[Chorus]

The union is behind us, we shall not be moved
We stand and fight together, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

[Chorus]

Black and White together, we shall not be moved
Young and old together, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

[Chorus]

We're fighting for our children, we shall not be
moved
We're not afraid of tear gas, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved

[Chorus]

*(Lyrics from Ballad of America. Original song is an
African-American spiritual/religious hymn and
protest song.)*

WE SHALL OVERCOME

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day

[Chorus]

Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand some day

[Chorus]

We shall live in peace
We shall live in peace
We shall live in peace some day

[Chorus]

We shall all be free
We shall all be free
We shall all be free some day

[Chorus]

We are not afraid
We are not afraid
We are not afraid today

[Chorus]

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day

[Chorus]

(This version is by Pete Seeger; but it is originally a gospel song associated with the U.S. civil rights movement.)

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Come all of you good workers
Good news to you I'll tell
Of how that good old union
Has come in here to dwell

Which side are you on? (4x)

My daddy was a miner
And I'm a miner's son
And I'll stick with the union
Till every battle's won

Which side are you on? (4x)

They say in Harlan County
There are no neutrals there
You'll either be in the union band
Or a thug for J.H. Blair

Which side are you on? (4x)

Oh, workers can you stand it?
Oh, tell me how you can
Will you be a lousy scab
Or will you raise your hand?

Which side are you on? (4x)

Don't scab for the bosses
Don't listen to their lies
Us poor folks haven't got a chance
Unless we organize

Which side are you on? (4x)

(Lyrics were edited to remove some patriarchal undertones. Original song by Florence Patton Reece, 1931)

TIJD VOOR INTIFADA

Bombardementen in nachten van Gaza
Doelwit de tenten van de mensen op de vlucht
Het is genocide betaald door het westen
Laten we vechten tot de allerlaatste zucht

Tegen kolonisten, tegen zionisten
De muur van apartheid gaat tegen de grond

Neem nu de vlag op van de revolutie
Van de overwinning van het Palestijnse volk
Neem nu de vlag op van de revolutie
Van de overwinning van het Palestijnse volk

[2x]

Sta op in de landen die Israël steunen
Tegen de leugens en tegen terreur
Tijd voor intifada, tijd voor intifada
Voor de overwinning van het Palestijnse volk
Tijd voor intifada, tijd voor intifada
Voor de overwinning van het Palestijnse volk

(Song by Your Local Pirates)

Amsterdam
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oor elke Sta

law makes
we must
our

QUEER
LIBERATION



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