

**To the Barricades: Popular Protests in Europe  
1815-1850**

**The Ballroom**

**Warwick Court House**

**November 24: 4.00-5.15 pm**



## Section 1: David Hopkin, University of Oxford: The Plains of Waterloo



### The Plains of **WATERLOO.**

THE ancient sons of glory were all great men, they say,  
And we, in future story, shall be as great as they;  
Our noble fathers' valiant sons shall conquer every foe,  
And long shall fame their names proclaim, who fought at  
Waterloo.

At ten o'clock on Sunday the bloody fray began;  
It raged hot from that moment till the setting of the sun;  
My pen, I'm sure, can't half relate the glory of that day;  
We fought the French at Waterloo, and made them run  
away.

On the eighteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and  
fifteen,  
With horse and foot they did advance, most glorious to  
be seen,  
With horse and foot they did advance, and the bugle horn  
did blow,  
The sons of France were made to dance, on the plains of  
Waterloo.

Our cavalry advanced with true and valiant hearts,  
Our infantry and artillery did nobly play their parts;  
While the small arms did rattle, and great guns did roar,  
And many a valiant soldier bold lay bleeding in his gore.

The French dogs made a bold attack in front of Mount  
St. Jean,  
Two of their best battalions thought the village for to gain;  
Our infantry first charged them and made them face about,  
Sir William, with his heavy brigade soon put them to the  
rout.


As for Sir William Ponsonby, I am sorry or to say,  
Leading the Inniskillen dragoons, he met his fate that day;  
But our dragoons, with sword in hand, soon cut their ar-  
mour through,  
And shew'd, that day, at Waterloo, what Britons they  
could do.

Napoleon, like a fighting cock, far mounted on a car,  
He much did wish to represent great Mars, the god of war;  
On a high platform he did stand, and loudly he did crow;  
He dropp'd his wings and turn'd his tail to us at Waterloo.  
The fertile field of Brabant, shall long recorded be,  
Where Britons fought for honour and Belgic liberty;  
The sovereign of the Netherlands, he very well does know,  
For his honour and his country we fought at Waterloo.

The prince of Orange the hussars and right wing did com-  
mand,  
And sure a prince more valiant ne'er took a sword in hand;  
His highness wounded was that day, while charging th'  
haughty foe;  
And long shall fame their names proclaim, who fought at  
Waterloo.

The valiant Duke of Brunswick fell in the field that day,  
And many a valiant officer dropp'd in the awful fray,  
And many British soldiers lay, wounded, in their gore,  
Upon the plains of Waterloo, where thundering cannons  
roar.

Lord Wellington commanded us, all on that glorious day,  
When many poor brave soldiers in Death's cold arm did  
lay;  
Where small arms they did rattle and cannons loudly roar,  
At Waterloo, where Frenchmen their fate did much de-  
plore.

As for General Paget, Marquis of Anglesea,  
The commander of the brigade of British cavalry,   
His honour most conspicuous shone wherever he did go;  
A limb he lost in gallant charge that day at Waterloo.


Brave General Hill, so much renowned, commanded the  
left wing,  
And with his British hearts of oak destruction he did bring.  
Brave Picton, of heroic fame, his squadron on he drew,  
Where sublime his deeds shall shine in fame at Waterloo.

Now tender husbands here have left their wives to mourn,  
And children, weeping, cry, When will our dads return?  
Our country will dry up their tears, we feel rejoiced to  
know;

They will reward each soldier bold that fought at Waterloo.  
When Bonaparte he did perceive the vict'ry we had won,  
He did lament in bitter tears, saying, O my darling son,  
I will set off for Paris straight, and have him crown'd also;  
Before they hear of my defeat on the plains of Waterloo,  
So unto George our gracious king, my voice I mean to raise,  
And to all gallant commanders I wish to sing their praise.  
The Duke of York and family and Wellington also,  
And the soldiers brave that fought that day, on the plain  
of Waterloo.

So let us raise our voice to God, who did the vict'ry give  
And may we all remember him, as long as we do live:  
To God above give all the praise, and we'll remember  
He gave to us the victory on the plains of Waterloo.



Ryle & Co., Printers, Mo-nouth Court, Bloomsbury.

## Section 2 Thrup'ny Bits – Songs of Peterloo

(Thrup'ny Bits are Barbara & Gareth Wyatt and Des Patalong)

### The Meeting at Peterloo

Come lend an ear of pity while I my tale do tell,  
It happened at Manchester a place that's known right well,  
For to redress our wants and woes reformers took their ways  
A lawful Meeting being called upon a certain day.

*So God bless Hunt, etc*

*With Henry Hunt we'll go;*

*We'll mount the cap of liberty*

*In spite of Nadin Joe.*

The Sixteenth day of August Eighteen Hundred and Nineteen.  
There many thousand people on every road were seen,  
From Stockport, Oldham, Ashton & other places too,  
It was the largest Meeting Reformers ever knew.

Brave Hunt he was appointed that day to take the chair.  
At one o'clock he did arrive our shouts did rend the air  
Some females fair in white and Green near the hustings stood,  
And little still we did expect to see such scenes of blood,

Scarcely had Hunt begun to speak three cheers was all the cry,  
What to shout for we little knew but still we did comply  
He saw the enemies surround be firm said he my friends  
But little still we did expect what would be their ends

Our Enemies so cruel regardless of our woes,  
They did agree to force us from the Plain of Peterloo,  
But if that we had been prepared or any cause for fear  
The regulars might have cleared the ground, and they stood in the rear,

Then to the fatal ground they went, and thousands tumbled down,  
And many armless female lay bleeding on the ground,  
No time for flight was gave us still every road we fled.  
But heaps on heaps were trampled down some wounded and some dead.

Brave Hunt was then arrested and several others too.  
Then marched to the New Bailey, believe me it is true,  
Numbers there was wounded and many there was slain,  
Which makes the friends of those dear souls so loudly to complain.

O God look down upon us for thou art just and true,  
And those that can no mercy shew thy vengeance is their due.

Now quit this hateful mournful scene look forward with this hope,  
That every Murderer in this land may swing upon a rope

But soon reform shall spread around for sand the time won't stay,  
May all the filth that in our land right soon be wash'd away,  
And may sweet harmony from hence in this our land be found,  
May we be blest with plenty in all the country round.

(The Bodleian Library's Broadside Ballads Collection)

### 3. 'Patriotic Song' (Medusa 4 December 1819) Tune 'Hearts of Oak'

Come cheer up my lads, we will prove Britons still,  
And boldly advancing our duties fulfil;  
Resist every tyrant who dauntingly braves  
The voice of the people and bids them be slaves.

*CHORUS*        *British hearts we have yet.*  
                  *Let us show we are Men!*  
                  *For Freedom we're ready;*  
                  *Steady boys, steady*  
                  *We claim all our rights and we'll have them again.*

No longer shall Liberty be but a name,  
The spark in our breasts shall burst forth in a flame;  
Whose fire overpowering, shall overthrow that race  
Whose deeds have fill'd England with shame and disgrace.

*British hearts...*

No power can controul those that dare to be free,  
Success must attend, if united we be;  
Then join hand and heart, let us strain ev'ry nerve,  
We'll prove to our foes that we Freedom deserve.

*British hearts...*

Arise! Let us break that confederate band,  
Whose crimes have debas'd this once glorious land;  
Let us shew the vile crew Retribution is near, —  
See Justice already at them points her spear.

*British hearts...*

Her arm is outstretched, very soon shall the blow,  
Descending resistless lay Tyranny low,  
Then Britons again shall dear Freedom enjoy,  
And tyrants no more shall her blessings destroy

*British hearts...*

'Hearts of Oak' (composed by Dr William Boyce with lyrics by David Garrick) first appeared in Garrick's pantomime *Harlequin's Invasion* in 1759 to celebrate British military successes in 1759. This radical song was closely modelled on the original, harnessing the motifs of freedom and slavery as a call to rebel against the tyranny of the British government and to reclaim true British freedom.

### Section 3: France 1830: Katherine Hambridge, University of Durham

#### 1. La Parisienne, by Casamire Delavigne (France 1831)

La Parisienne

Peuple Français, peuple de braves,  
La Liberté rouvre ses bras ;  
On nous disait : soyez esclaves !  
Nous avons dit : soyons soldats !  
Soudain Paris, dans sa mémoire  
A retrouvé son cri de gloire :

En avant, marchons  
Contre les canons ;  
À travers le fer, le feu des bataillons,  
Courons à la victoire. (bis)

2

Serrez vos rangs, qu'on se soutienne !  
Marchons ! chaque enfant de Paris  
De sa cartouche citoyenne  
Fait une offrande à son pays ;  
Ô jour d'éternelle mémoire !  
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :

En avant, marchons  
Contre les canons ;  
À travers le fer, le feu des bataillons,  
Courons à la victoire. (bis)

3

La mitraille en vain nous dévore,  
Elle enfante des combattants ;  
Sous les boulets voyez éclore  
Ces vieux généraux de vingt ans.  
Ô jour d'éternelle mémoire !  
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :

En avant, marchons  
Contre les canons ;  
À travers le fer, le feu des bataillons,  
Courons à la victoire. (bis)

4

Pour briser leurs masses profondes,  
Qui conduit nos drapeaux sanglants ?  
C'est la liberté des deux Mondes<sup>4</sup>,  
C'est Lafayette en cheveux blancs.

Ô jour d'éternelle mémoire !  
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :  
En avant, marchons  
Contre les canons ;  
À travers le fer, le feu des bataillons,  
Courons à la victoire. (bis)

5

Les trois couleurs sont revenus,  
Et la colonne, avec fierté,  
Fait briller à travers les nues  
L'arc-en-ciel de sa liberté,  
Ô jour d'éternelle mémoire !  
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :  
En avant, marchons  
Contre les canons ;  
À travers le fer, le feu des bataillons,  
Courons à la victoire. (bis)

6

Soldat du drapeau tricolore,  
D'Orléans ! roi qui l'a porté,  
Ton sang se mêlerait encore  
À celui qu'il nous a coûté.  
Ô jour d'éternelle mémoire !  
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :

En avant, marchons  
Contre les canons ;  
À travers le fer, le feu des bataillons,  
Courons à la victoire. (bis)

7

Tambours, du convoi de nos frères,  
Roulez le funèbre signal ;  
Et nous, de lauriers populaires  
Chargeons leur cercueil triomphal.  
Ô temple de deuil et de gloire !  
Panthéon, reçois leur mémoire !  
Portons-les marchons  
Découvrons nos fronts  
Soyez immortels vous tous que nous  
pleurons,  
Martyrs de la victoire. (bis)

## The Parisienne (translation from the *Morning Chronicle*)

Ye men of France ! the patriot brave !  
See the Freedom spreads her arms again ;  
The daring tyrants call'd ye slaves !  
Ye answered, we are martial men !  
And Paris, in her memory hoary,  
Woke in her ancient shout of glory.

To the fight – the fight,  
In their guns' despite,  
And the clashing sword, and the flashing light,  
To the victory of right !

Now close your ranks, heroic men !  
On – on ! each cartridge that ye spread  
Is incense of a citizen  
Upon his country's altar-head.  
O day, 'bove other days of story,  
When Paris heard her shout of glory !

To the fight, etc.

The grape-shots' murderous harvesting  
But wakens many an unknown name ;  
And 'neath the balls – youth's early spring  
Ripens to autumn's steady fame.  
O, day of bright and splendid story,  
When Paris heard her shout of glory !

To the fight, etc.

Who, yonder marshall'd masses through,  
Conducts our flags, with life-blood wet ?  
The saviour of two worlds – the true,  
The hoary-headed Lafayette.  
O day of fame, of hallowed story,  
When Paris heard her shout of glory !

To the fight, etc.

The glorious tints have hither march'd –  
Again the blazing columns rise ;  
And 'midst the clouds sees over-arch'd  
Freedom's bright rainbow in the skies.  
O day of fame – O pride of story.  
When Paris heard the shout of glory !

To the fight, etc.

Thou, soldier of the tri-color –  
Orleans ! Thy heart's blood though would'st  
spill  
With ours – for banners borne before.  
Which thou art proud to honor still.  
As in our brightest days of story  
Thou wilt repeat the cry of glory.

To the fight, etc.

But, hark ! the deep funereal drum !  
They bear our brethren to their tomb !  
And bearing laurel crowns we come  
To shrine them in immortal bloom !  
Temple of sorrow and of glory –  
Pantheon ! guard their sacred story !

We depose them here,  
And our brows are bare ;  
And we say live for ever – while we drop the  
tear –  
Martyrs of victory !



## 2. La Carmagnole de 1833

1. Quand Philippe n'était que duc,  
L'malin avait un fameux truc;  
Il disait: «mes enfants,  
Avec vos pèr's, dans l'temps,  
J'dansais la carmagnole,  
Vive le son, vive le son,  
J'dansais la carmagnole,  
Vive le son du canon!

2. «Quoique je sois un bon bourgeois,  
Je fis jadis de beaux exploits;  
A Jemmap', à Valmy,  
Su l'dos de l'ennemi,  
J'dansais la carmagnole,  
Vive le son, vive le son,  
J'dansais la carmagnole,  
Vive le son du canon!

3. «Si vous me j'tiez le sceptre au nez,  
J'vous f'rais l'honneur de l'ramasser;  
Mais, franc républicain,  
Votre Roi citoyen,  
Dans'rait la carmagnole,  
Vive le son, vive le son,  
Dans'rait la carmagnole,  
Vive le son du canon!»

4. Le peuple dit, gobant tout ça :  
- « C'est not affair' que c'gaillard-là,  
Sur tant d'mauvais Bourbons  
Y en aura p'têt' un bon...  
Dansons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son, vive le son,  
Dansons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son du canon!»

5. Eh bien! bon peuple, qu'en dis-tu?  
De ton Philippe, l'eusses-tu cru?  
Sous ce Roi bienfaisant,  
En prison, librement,  
Danse la carmagnole,  
Vive le son, vive le son,  
Danse la carmagnole,  
Vive le son du canon!

6. Roi, empereur, chefs féodaux,  
Rois citoyens, rois des badauds,  
Bientôt, jetant aux chiens  
Vos carcass' de chrétiens,  
J'dans'rons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son, vive le son,  
J'dans'rons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son du canon!

## The Carmagnole of 1833

When Philippe was only a duke  
He was a clever one with a famous trick,  
He used to say, 'My children,  
With your fathers, in the olden days,  
I danced the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound; Long live the sound  
I danced the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound of the cannons.

Although I am a good bourgeois  
In the past I achieved great feats  
At Jemmapes, at Valmy  
On the back of the enemy  
I danced the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound; Long live the sound  
I danced the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound of the cannons.

If you throw the sceptre in my face  
I'd do you the honour of picking it up;  
But as a straightforward republican,  
Your citizen king  
Would dance the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound; Long live the sound  
Would dance the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound of the cannons.

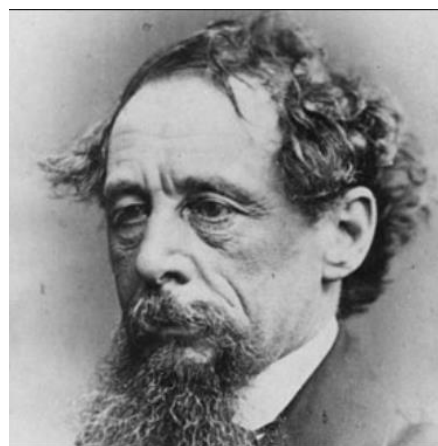
The people say, swallowing the lot,  
He's one of our own, that fellow,  
On top of so many bad Bourbons  
There's perhaps a good one.  
Let us dance the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound; Long live the sound  
Let us dance the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound of the cannons.

Well, good people, what do you say?  
Would you have believed it of your good  
Philippe?  
Under this beneficent king,  
In prison, freely  
Dance the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound; Long live the sound  
Dance the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound of the cannons.

King, Emperor, nobility,  
Citizen kings, kings of the rabble,  
Soon, throwing to the dogs  
Christian carcasses,  
I will dance the carmagnole,....  
Long live the sound; Long live the sound  
I danced the Carmagnole  
Long live the sound of the cannons

Dickens, Tale of Two Cities

"No fight could have been half  
so terrible as this dance. It was  
so emphatically a fallen sport –  
a something, once innocent,  
delivered over to all devilry –  
a healthy pastime changed into  
a means of angering the blood,  
bewildering the senses,  
and steeling the heart."





## Section 4: British Songs of Labour and Protest

Oskar Cox Jensen, Leverhulme Fellow, Department of History, QMUL, and Freyja Cox Jensen, Senior Lecturer in History, University of Exeter

### 1) ‘The Day-Labourer’s Song’ ~ *Eliza Flower*

Tune: original

My only claim is this,  
With labour stiff and stark,  
By lawful turn my bread to earn  
Between the light and dark;  
My daily bread, and nightly bed,  
My bread, and cheese, and beer;  
But all from the hand that holds the land,  
And none from the Overseer.  
*But all from the hand that holds the land,  
And none from the Overseer.*

No parish money, nor parish loaf,  
No pauper-badge for me;  
I’m a son of the soil, by rightful toil  
Entitled to my fee.  
No alms I ask; give me my task,  
For will, or arm, or leg;  
I’m strong, I’m bold, and to this I’ll hold—  
To work, and not to beg.  
*I’m strong, I’m bold, and to this I’ll hold—  
To work, and not to beg.*

### 2) ‘The Calendarsmen of Glasgow’s Song on Liberty’

Tune: Scots Wha Hae Wi’ Wallace Bled

Scots who struggle for your right,  
Scots who spurn the tyrant’s might,  
Come and let us all unite,  
To gain our liberty.  
*Firm united we will stand,  
Against the tyrants in the land;  
For never shall we bear the brand—  
The brand of slavery.*

Who is stronger than the lave?  
Unfurl the banner, let it wave:  
Then gather all around, ye brave,  
The banner of our liberty!

*Firm united we will stand,  
Against the tyrants in the land;  
For never shall we bear the brand—  
The brand of slavery.*

Who is here would be a slave,  
To serve a greedy tyrant knave?  
May he never find a grave  
Within the land of liberty!  
*By the oppressor's fiendish claw  
They may drag us to the law;  
But judgement on their heads shall fall  
Who crush the cause of liberty!*

Scots who struggle for your right,  
Scots who spurn the tyrant's might,  
Come and let us all unite,  
To gain our liberty.

3) Poverty Knock ~ *taken from Tom Daniel of Batley*  
Tune: original

Up ev'ry mornin' at five,  
I wonder that we keep alive;  
Tired and yawnin' on the cold mornin',  
It's back to the dreary old drive.  
*Poverty, poverty knock, my loom is a-sayin' all day  
Poverty, poverty knock; Gaffer's too skinny to pay  
Poverty, poverty knock, keepin' one eye on the clock  
I know I can guttle when I hear my shuttle go:  
Poverty, poverty knock!*

Oh dear, we're goin' to be late;  
Gaffer is stood at the gate.  
We're out o' pocket, our wages they're docket:  
We'll a' to buy grub on the slate.  
*Poverty, poverty knock, &c.*

We've got to wet our own yarn  
By dippin' it into the tarn;  
It's wet and soggy and makes us feel groggy, an'  
There's mice in that dirty old barn.  
*Poverty, poverty knock, &c.*

Sometimes a shuttle flies out  
And gives some poor woman a clout.  
There she lies bleedin', but nobody's 'eedin';  
Who's goin' to carry her out?  
*Poverty, poverty knock, &c.*

Tuner should tackle my loom:  
'E'd rather sit on his bum.  
'E's far too busy a-courtin' our Lizzie  
And I cannot get 'im to come.  
*Poverty, poverty knock, &c.*

Lizzie's so easily led,  
I think that 'e takes her to bed.  
She always was skinny, now look at her pinny,  
I think it's high time they was wed!  
*Poverty, poverty knock, &c.*

## Section 5: David Wells-Cole and Peter Brown

### 1. Chartist Anthem: A Song by Ben Boucher ©1847

A hundred years, a thousand years, We're marching on the road  
The going isn't easy Yet we've got a heavy load,  
We've got a heavy load

The way is blind with blood and sweat, And death sings in our ears  
But time is marching on our side, We will defeat the years,  
We will defeat the years

We men of bone of shrunken shank, Our only treasure dearth,  
Women who carry at their breast Heirs to the hungry earth,  
Heirs to the hungry earth

Speak with one voice, we march we rest, And march again upon the years  
Sons of our sons are listening, To hear the Chartist cheers  
Oh, to hear the Chartists cheers.



## 2. The 1846 Maria da Fonte revolt/Maria da Fonte Hymn. Portugal.

The *Maria da Fonte* was a women-led rural tax-riot that sparked a provincial revolt and a civil war between the then-ruling conservative liberals (Cartistas) and an ad-hoc coalition of progressives and absolutists (Patuleias). A marching tune was composed by Angelo Frondoni (an Italian musician who made career in Portugal), and it became a popular progressive anthem: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XE4UmdEeL2w>

Viva a Maria da Fonte  
Com as pistolas na mão  
Para matar os cabrais  
Que são falsos à nação

Long live Maria da Fonte  
With pistols in her hand  
To kill the government's forces (PM was  
Costa Cabral)  
Who are traitors

*É avante Portugueses  
É avante sem temer  
Pela santa Liberdade  
Triunfar ou perecer*

Forward Portuguese  
Forward fearlessly  
For holy liberty  
To triumph or perish

Viva a Maria da Fonte  
A cavalo e sem cair  
Com as pistolas à cinta  
A tocar a reunir

Long live Maria da Fonte  
With her strong horse  
With pistols in her belt  
Sounding the call to arms

Lá raiou a liberdade  
Que a nação há-de aditar  
Glória ao Minho que primeiro  
O seu grito fez soar

There shone the rays of liberty  
That the nation will follow  
Glory to the Minho which was the first  
To make its voice heard



## Section 6: German Songs of 1848 David Robb, Queen's University, Belfast

### 1. Badisches Wiegenlied (Baden Lullaby)

Source: L[udwig] Pfau, "Badisches Wiegenlied." In *Eulenspiegel* (Stuttgart), 8 December 1849, 200. DVA shelf mark: B 48643.

Schlafe, mein Kind, schlafe leis,  
Dort draußen geht der Preuße!  
Deinen Vater hat er umgebracht,  
Deine Mutter hat er arm gemacht,  
Und wer nicht schläft in guter Ruh',  
Dem drückt der Preuße die Augen zu.  
Schlafe, mein Kind, schlafe leis,  
Dort draußen geht der Preuße!

Sleep my child, sleep sound,  
The Prussian is outside!  
He came and killed your father,  
He came and made your mother poor.  
And if you don't sleep peacefully  
He'll come and close your eyes for  
you.  
Sleep my child, sleep sound,  
The Prussian is outside!

Schlafe, mein Kind, schlafe leis,  
Dort draußen geht der Preuße!  
Der Preuße hat eine blutige Hand,  
Die streckt er über's badische Land,  
Und Alle müssen wir stille sein,  
Als wie dein Vater unter'm Stein.  
Schlafe, mein Kind, schlafe leis,  
Dort draußen geht der Preuße!

Sleep my child, sleep sound,  
The Prussian is outside!  
The Prussian has a bloody hand,  
It stretches over the Baden land,  
And we all have to keep our peace,  
Just like your father in his grave.  
Sleep my child, sleep sound,  
The Prussian is outside!

Schlafe, mein Kind, schlafe leis,  
Dort draußen steht der Preuße!  
Zu Rastatt auf der Schanz',  
Da spielt er auf zum Tanz',  
Da spielt er auf mit Pulver und Blei,  
So macht er alle Badener frei.  
Schlafe, mein Kind, schlafe leis,  
Dort draußen geht der Preuße!

Sleep my child, sleep sound,  
The Prussian is outside!  
At Rastatt on the trench,  
It's there that he strikes up his tune,  
He strikes it up with powder and lead  
That's how he sets Baden folk free.  
Sleep my child, sleep sound,  
The Prussian is outside!

Schlafe, mein Kind, schlafe leis,  
Dort draußen geht der Preuße!  
Gott aber weiß, wie lang' er geht,  
Bis daß die Freiheit aufersteht,  
Und wo dein Vater liegt, mein Schatz,  
Da hat noch mancher Preuße Platz!  
Schrei, mein Kindlein, schrei's:  
Dort draußen *liegt* der Preuße!

Sleep my child, sleep sound,  
The Prussian is outside!  
God knows how long it will be,  
Until our freedom comes again,  
And where your father lies my dear,  
There's still room for Prussians there  
Scream, my child, scream out!  
The Prussian's *lying* outside!

### 2 Das Butgericht

Anonymous copy of the Weaver's song (1844) in police files

Geheimes Staatsarchiv Preußischer Kulturbesitz, Aktenband Rep. 77 Tit. 507 Nr. 6, vol. 1, fol.104/105.  
Quoted in Wolfgang Steinitz: *Deutsche Volkslieder demokratischen Charakters*. Vol. 1. Berlin: Akademie Verlag, 1954, S. 231f.

### **Das Blutgericht**

Hier im Ort ist ein Gericht,  
Viel schlimmer als die Vehme,  
Wo man nicht erst ein Urtheil spricht,  
Das Leben schnell zu nehmen.

Hier wird der Mensch langsam gequält,  
Hier ist die Folterkammer,  
Hier werden Seufzer viel gezählt  
als Zeuge von dem Jammer.

Die Herren Zwanziger die Henker sind,  
Die Diener ihre Schergen,  
Davon ein jeder tapfer schindet,  
Anstatt was zu verbergen.

Ihr Schurken all, ihr Satansbrut,  
Ihr höllischen Dämone,  
Ihr freßt den Armen Hab und Gut,  
Und Fluch wird euch zum Lohne.

Ihr seyd die Quelle aller Noth,  
Die hier den Armen drücket,  
Ihr seyd's, die ihm das trockne Brot  
Noch vor dem Mund wegrücket.

Was kümmert's euch, ob arme Leut  
Kartoffeln satt könn'n essen,  
Wenn ihr nur könnt zu jeder Zeit  
Den besten Braten fressen.

Kömmt nun ein armer Weber an,  
Die Arbeit wird besehen,  
Findt sich der kleinste Fehler dran,  
So ist's um euch geschehen.

Erhält er dann den kargen Lohn,  
Wird ihm noch abgezogen,  
Zeigt ihm die Thür, und Spott und Hohn  
Kommt ihm noch nachgeflogen.

Hier hilft kein Bitten und kein Flehn,  
Umsonst ist alles Klagen,  
Gefällt's euch nicht, so könnt ihr gehn,  
Am Hungertuche nagen.

Nun denke man sich diese Noth  
und Elend solcher Armen,  
Zu Hause oft kein Bissen Brodt,  
Ist das nicht zum Erbarmen?

### **The Blood Court**

In this place we have a court,  
Much worse than Vehmic law,  
Where you don't need to be condemn  
For them to take your life.

The place of our slow suffering,  
This is a torture chamber,  
The countless sighs you will hear  
As evidence of our hardship.

The Zwanziger as executioners,  
The servants as their henchmen,  
Each one flogs us mercilessly  
And don't even try to hide it.

You vicious sharks, Satan's mob,  
You dreadful, hellish demons,  
You strip us of our livelihood,  
Damnation: you deserve it.

The cause of all our wretchedness,  
You make the poor man suffer,  
You stoop so low to snatch away  
The dried-up bread he's holding.

What do you care if wretched folk  
Can get enough potatoes,  
So long as you can always eat  
The best of all roast dinners.

And if a weaver comes along  
His work will be examined,  
If they find the slightest mistake,  
His life won't be worth living.

When he receives his meagre pay,  
He'll get some more deducted,  
He's shown the door and what's mor  
They shout abuse behind him.

No use in making any plea,  
No point in any complaining,  
If you don't like it, you can leave,  
And end up with starvation.

Think about this misery  
The plight of such poor people,  
With often not a morsel of bread,  
Does that not arouse compassion?

## 7. Finale: The Corn Laws

To the tune of Auld Lang Syne

**The Corn Laws**  
By **ALBION DAVENPORT**  
Author of all the Songs and Poems under the signature  
of Albion.

Air.—"Auld Lang Syne."  
449

Ye millions that so keenly feel  
The pressure of the times,  
To you I earnestly appeal,  
Then listen to my rhymes,  
In vain you labour night and day,  
The owners of the soil,  
By Corn Laws takes the bread away,  
That should reward your toil.

CHORUS.

Then open every British port,  
And let the poor be fed,  
No longer see your children starve,  
And die through want of bread.

The laughty possess the land,  
And wield oppression's rod,  
In spite of that divine command,  
Found in the word of God ;  
The Corn Laws petrify their hearts,  
And make the nation groan,  
For when the people cry for bread,  
They only get a stone.

Then open every, &c.

Down, down, with the starvation laws  
And no more be beguiled,  
Cheap bread must surely be the cause  
Of woman, man, and child;  
All property is insecure,  
And insecure must be,  
Till they our plundered rights restore  
And make the Corn Trade free.

Then open every, &c.

The Corn Laws are the greatest scourge  
That has been since the flood,  
Enacted since the time of George,  
Whose reign was that of blood !  
But we have now a Queen beloved,  
Oh! let it not be said,  
That she can see and hear unmoved,  
Her people cry for bread.

Then open every, &c.





To the Barricades is a collaborative research project on contesting power across Europe 1815-1850 run from the European History Research Centre at the University of Warwick by Kate Astbury and Mark Philp

[https://warwick.ac.uk/fac/cross\\_fac/ehrc/events/barricades/](https://warwick.ac.uk/fac/cross_fac/ehrc/events/barricades/)

This project will examine emerging and re-emerging strategies of organization, contestation and resistance, and associated political thinking, from revolutionaries to reactionaries, across Europe in the wake of the restoration of European monarchies following the Napoleonic wars and the Congress of Vienna.

The project will construct a network of contributors to contribute to a web-site (like our earlier EHRC's 2015 100 days project <[www.100days.eu](http://www.100days.eu)>). The website will explore restoration, resistance and rebellion in Europe between 1815 and c.1850. Contributors will identify events and associated objects and write short entries – potentially on particular days, or events, or incidents – and others might contribute background pieces and pieces reflecting on changing terms, practices, aspirations etc.

Potential contributors – and we especially welcome local historians - should contact: [mark.philp@warwick.ac.uk](mailto:mark.philp@warwick.ac.uk)

