

RISE BRITONS RISE

Rise Britons rise now from your slumber rise and hail the glorious day
Come and be ranked now with the number with true friends of liberty
Don't you see those heroes bleeding lying on the crimson floor
Britons sons who died for freedom alas who fell to rise no more

Chorus

*So come me lads let's all be true and never, never for to rue
Come me lads let's all be free with shouts of Hunt and Wolsely*

It was on the sixteenth day of August that we met on Peterloo Plain
Where we arrived in fear regardless little knew their dreadful schemes
But we saw them near advancing with their swords all in their hand
Rushed through crowds on horses prancing but for liberty we stand

But Henry Hunt that valiant hero his name it shall recorded be
Said my friends I'll never leave you though death shall be my destiny
To New Bailey then they brought him in a dungeon close confined
But speaking words of truth and justice Oh pity were these very hard times

Britannia's sons so famed for bravery who fought so bold at Waterloo
Condemned to live in cruel slavery oppressed by laws of the very few
So let us all no longer greet them but endeavour to be free
And let the air resound and echo with shouts of Hunt and Wolsely

Tune: Laura Smyth; Words: Traditional; Arranged Coe, Peters, Smyth

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