

**DING
DONG
DOLLAR**

ANTI-POLARIS SONGS

6d.

I SHALL NOT BE MOVED

I shall not, I shall not be moved,
I shall not, I shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

We dinnae want Polaris,
I shall not be moved,
We dinnae want Polaris,
I shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

It's time tae redd the Clyde, boys,
I shall not be moved;
It's time tae redd the Clyde, boys,
I shall not be moved;
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

Kennedy's a menace, I shall not be moved,
Kennedy's a menace, I shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

Hiroshima, I shall not be moved,
Nagasaki, I shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

C.N.D. for ever ; I shall not be moved,
C.N.D. for ever ; I shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

Ad lib for the polis.

THE FREEDOM COME-ALL-YE
FOR THE GLASGOW PEACE MARCHERS
MAY, 1960

Tune : "The Bloody Fields o Flanders"

Roch the wind in the clear day's dawin
Blaws the clouds heelster-gowdie ow'r the bay,
But there's mair nor a roch wind blawin
Through the great glen o the world the day.
It's a thocht that will gar oor rottans,
Aa they rogues that gang gallus, fresh an gay,
Tak the road an seek ither loanins
For their ill ploys, tae sport an play.

Nae mair will the bonnie gallants
March tae war, when oor braggarts crouselly craw,
Nor wee weans frae pit-heid an clachan
Mourn the ships sailin doon the Broomielaw;
Broken faimlies, in lands we herriet
Will curse Scotland the Brave nae mair, nae mair;
Black an white, ane til ither mairriet
Mak the vile barracks o their maisters bare.

O come all ye at hame wi freedom,
Never heed whit the hoodies croak for doom;
In your hoose aa the bairns o Adam
Can find breid, barley bree an painted room.
When Maclean meets wi's freens in Springburn
Aa the roses an geans will turn tae bloom,
An a black boy frae yont Nyanga
Dings the fell gallows o the burghers doon.

PAPER HANKIES

Tune: *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.

The *Proteus* sailed intae the Clyde
Amidst a blaze o glory
When the C.N.D. drap in for tea
It'll be a different story.

Chorus: Chase the Yankees oot the Clyde,
Away wi Uncle Sammy;
Chase the Yankees oot the Clyde
An send them hame tae mammy.

Down in Dunoon they think it's great
The place is fu o Yankees,
They fling their money aa aroon
Like it was paper hankies.

Lanin's in the Holy Loch,
He canny hae much vision ;
The C.N.D. will board his ship
An hing him fae the mizzen.

“ DOLLARIS ”

(Tune: *She'll be coming round the Mountain*)

Chorus : O ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid,
O ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid ;
Singin Ding . . . Dong . . . Dollar ; Everybody holler
Ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid.

O the Yanks have juist drapt anchor in Dunoon
An they've had their civic welcome fae the toon,
As they cam up the measured mile
Bonnie Mary o Argyll
Wis wearin spangled drawers ablow her gown.

O the Clyde is sure tae prosper noo they're here
For they're chargin wan and tenpence for a beer
And when they want a taxi
They shove it up their jersey
An charge them thirty bob tae Sandbank Pier.

An the publicans will aa be daein swell,
For it's juist the thing that's sure tae ring the bell,
O the dollars they will jingle,
They'll be no a lassie single,
Even though they maybe blaw us aa tae hell.

But the Glesca Moderator disnae mind ;
In fact, he thinks the Yanks are awfy kind,
For if it's heaven that ye're goin
It's a quicker way than rowin,
An there's sure tae be naebody left behind.

Final Chorus :

O ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid
Sae tell Kennedy he's got tae keep the heid,
Singin Ding . . . Dong . . . Dollar ; Everybody holler
Ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid.

THE RAMPANT LION

(Tune : *Old-Time Religion*)

It's up wi the Rampant Lion,
It's up wi the Rampant Lion,
It's up wi the Rampant Lion,
An doon wi Kennedy.

Chorus : Singin Anti-Polaris, Anti-Polaris,
Anti-Polaris, an doon wi Kennedy.

He lives up in the White Hoose,
Ah don't think that's the right hoose,
It should be ca'd the *powder-room*,
O tak the man away.

His finger's on the button,
Ah think he should be sat on
Or better still be—*evacuated*
O tak the man away.

He thocht Fidel wis feardie,
He thocht he wis a weirdie,
But Fidel gie'd him beardie,
O tak the man away.

O Hyug's an intellectual,
But awfy ineffectual,
Ah doot he's ambi-dexterous,
O tak the man away.

O Hyug's the Yankee scaffy,
Defence he'd pit ye affy,
He's even worse nor Haffey,
O tak the man away.

We don't mind Larry Marshall,
That shows we're quite impartial,
We don't mind Larry Marshall,
O tak the man away.

It's up wi the Rampant Lion, etc.

THE POLIS O ARGYLL

(Tune : Johnson's Motor Car)

You may talk about your Nelson, and Francis Drake as well,
And how they blew the Spaniards and pirates all to hell,
But they've nothing on the Yankee subs. that sneaked past
Arran Isle
And left the Battle o Dunoon to the Polis o Argyll.

These worthy sons of Robert Peel are trained to keep the law,
And any danger they'll confront, providin it is sma ;
In naval operations they specialise in style,
But the Holy Loch proved quite a shock to the Polis o Argyll.

With only frogmen to assist and "specials" by the score,
The Polis proved they're gallant men, all heroes to the core :
With Proteus squat behind them and nuclear missiles, too,
They did the near-impossible and captured a canoe.

Now all you Russian astronauts who navigate the globe
Stay far away from Scotland in your Cosmo-Rocket probe,
For should you land near Gourock, you'll be conquered in fine
style
By the Yanks combining forces with the Polis o Argyll.

WE DINNA WANT POLARIS

(Tune : Three Crows)

The U.S.A. are gie'n subs away,
Gie'n subs away,
Gie'n subs away, hay, hay,
The U.S.A. are gie'n subs away,
But we dinna want Polaris.

Tell the Yanks tae drap them doon the stanks,
Drap them doon the stanks, etc.

The Council o Dunoon, they want their hauf-a-croon,
Want thir hauf-a-croon, etc.

The hairies o' the toon are sailin tae Dunoon,
Sailing tae Dunoon, etc.

It's suicide tae hae them on the Clyde,
Hae them on the Clyde, etc.

The Clyde says, "Naw, ye'll hae tae shoot the crow,
Ye'll hae tae shoot the crow", etc.

Tak the haill dam show up the River Alamo,
River Alamo, etc.

Anchors aweigh for Poppa Kennedy,
Poppa Kennedy, Poppa Kennedy, hay, hay,
Anchors aweigh for Poppa Kennedy,
An ta-ta tae Polaris.

CHEAP-JACK THE MILLIONAIRE

(Tune : *Ma Maw's a Millionaire*)

Cheap-Jack's a millionaire
(a very nice feller)
He wants tae send us up-the-stair
(or doon tae the cellar)
But up the stairs we arnae gaun
For Wall Street and the Pentagon
Or Cheap-Jack, the Millionaire.

Why do the Yanks feel blue ?
(Yuri Gagarin)
Why are they always No. Two ?
(Yuri Gagarin)
Alan Shepherd goes up an doon,
But Yuri the Yogi goes roon an roon,
That's why the Yanks feel blue.

Fidel's the rare wee boy
(Fidel Castro)
He gie's the Yanks nae joy
(Fidel Castro)
They'd like tae nail him tae the waa,
But Fidel'll no be nailed at aa,
Fidel's the rare wee boy.

Jacqueline's no playin the gemme
(The gemme's a bogey)
She disnae buy her claes at hame,
(She's awfy snobby)
She's smugglin in the Paris rags
In Yankee diplomatic bags,
Jacqueline's no playin the gemme.

Cheap-Jack's a millionaire
(a dollar catcher)
He's a freen o Burke an Hare
(a body-snatcher)
He's gaun tae save the inhuman race
Wall Street and Manhattan-Chase
An Cheap-Jack, the Millionaire.

BAN POLARIS—HALLELUJAH !

(Tune : *John Brown's Body*)

O Dunoon is doon the watter
but it's up the creek an a,
It hasnae got a paddle,
it can sook while Yankees blaw,
They'll sook the dollars fae them,
till they're yellin fur their Maw ;
Send the Yankees hame.

Chorus : Ban Polaris — Hallelujah,
Ban Polaris — Hallelujah,
Ban Polaris — Hallelujah,
And send the Yankees hame.

Now we're sorry fur the Yankees,
they've an awfy lot tae thole,
They're either hauf-wey roon the bend,
or hauf-wey up the pole,
They dither on the Dulles brink
and dae the rock-an-roll,
Send the Yankees hame.

O Quislin is a traitor name that's
kent the world aroon ;
It's Scotland's shame tae gie a name
tae ony traitor toon,
They've sunk their pride in the Firth
o Clyde, a place they ca Dunoon ;
Send the Yankees hame.

When Dunoon folk breathe atomic dust
and drink the strontium waste,
They'll hae clever deils for bairnies,
dooble-heidit, dooble-faced,
Like the fish that soom in the Holy Loch
the first three-leggit race,
Send the Yankees hame.

Repeat first verse.

ANTI-POLARIS

(Tune : *The Captain and His Whiskers*)

There's a high road tae Gourrock
and a ferry tae Dunoon,
And the world will be watchin
when we're mairchin through the toon.

Ban the Bomb an biff the Base
till it's sunk without a trace.
Pit the Yanks intae orbit, for
there's plenty room in space. *Repeat*

ANTI-POLARIS—*continued*

You may come frae Odessa, mate,
frae Baltimore or Perth,
But the threat o' Polaris
maks ae country o' the Earth.

Ban the Bomb, an blaw the base
far awa tae Outer Space,
It's tae Hell wi Polaris — or
the puir aul human race.

Repeat

O, K. stands for Kennedy
Wha maks us aa sae blue,
An H. stands for Holy Loch
An Hiroshima, too.

Ban the bomb and blaw the base
Tae some ither hotter place,
It's tae hell wi Polaris or
The puir aul human race.

Repeat

(Tune : The Keel Row)

As I cam by Sandbank,
By Sandbank, by Sandbank ;
As I cam by Sandbank,
I heard a Yankee cuss—

O deil tak the mairchers,
The mairchers, the mairchers,
"O deil tak the mairchers,
They've got it in for us."

Repeat

We'll hae tae shift Polaris,
Polaris, Polaris.
We'll hae tae shift Polaris,
An Proteus an aa.

For if we dinnae shift them,
Shift them, ay, shift them,
For if we dinnae shift them,
We'll get nae peace at aa.

Repeat

(Tune : Ho ro mo nighean donn bhoidheach)

Oor een are on the target
Oor een are on the target
Oor een are on the target
We'll blaw the base awa.

We'll hae tae shift that target,
We'll hae tae shift that target,
An no juist doon tae Margate !
We'll blaw the base awa.

O I can see a captain,
A cocky Yankee captain,
O I can see a captain,
Wi ribbons up an aa.

We'll pit him intae orbit,
We'll pit him intae orbit,
The shock he'll juist absorb it,
He'll sook as weel as blaw.

THE MISGUIDED MISSILE AND
THE MISGUIDED MISS

The maid was young and pretty
And she came down from the City
And maybe twas a pity
That she left old Glesca Toon.
She met a son of Uncle Sammy
From the heart of Alabamy,
He had never left his mammy
Till he came ower tae Dunoon.

So while you wet your whistle—whistle
I'll sing you this
O the misguided missile
and the misguided miss.

In his wee bit sailor suitie—och !
He looked so brave and smart
At the Battle o the Holy Loch
He won a Purple Heart,
And noo that he's been overseas
Six medals and five stars ;
For drinking Johnnie Walker
He's collecting extra bars.

So while you wet, etc.

He said he'd like to thank her
For those moments by the shore,
Said his daddy was a banker
So she loved him more and more :
You could see he was a ranker
By the rings upon his sleeve,
She wanted rings upon her fingers
But he was just on leave.

So while you wet, etc.

He had some Scotch and scoosh
Then he went back aboard ;
He turned his key—then whoosh !
And o Lawdy Lawd !
He said ; " I'm so embarrassed,
We'll no be goin to Paris,
For I've launched the first Polaris
Through bein a drunken clod."

So while you wet, etc.

Now there's an awfu fuss
Aboard the Proteus,
And the maid is on the shore
By the Point o Lazarus,
And she's singin " Hush a baba,
You will see your daddy soon,
When the clouds all roll away,
For he's the first Yank on the moon."

THE BERSERK COMMANDER

(Tune : Ho, Mary, don't you weep !)

Chorus : Ho, Lanin, don't you froth, don't you foam,
Don't roll your eyes—stay away from that bomb !
Lanin, the Berserk Commander,
Take him away in the van !

Five thousand folk at Ardnadam Gate
Ready tae sign his sick certificate.
Lanin, the Berserk Commander, etc.

Some say his fits are due tae the booze
—That's why he throws nuts an bolts at canoes.
Lanin, the Berserk Commander, etc.

When he was wee he pulled wings aff the flies,
Now that he's big—he wants a bigger prize.
Lanin, the Berserk Commander, etc.

Lanin gies orders tae the Polis o Argyll :
“ Rough them up in the real Chicago style ! ”
Lanin, the Berserk Commander, etc.

Sometimes he's gentle an talks tae the gulls,
Then he goes wild—an he cracks in their skulls.
Lanin, the Berserk Commander, etc.

He's jealous o Shepherd up there on his tod
—He's gaun tae blaw five million folk tae God.
Lanin, the Berserk Commander, etc.

Eichmann's caught, an in Jerusalem :
Let's take Lanin, afore he does the same.
Lanin, the Berserk Commander, etc.

He's started starin !—He needs a trepan !
Quick ! Quick ! Quick ! Get him intae the van !
Lanin, the Berserk Commander, etc.

TWA—TWA—ZERO

(Tune : *Ye canny spend a dollar, when ye're deid*)

Chorus : O, we'll blaw the yahoo Yankees oot the Clyde,
O, we'll blaw the yahoo Yankees oot the Clyde :
Get yuir twa-twa-zero an pick them aff the pier-o ;
We'll blaw the yahoo Yankees oot the Clyde.

For we dinnae gie a docken or a damn
For the sons o Uncle Psycho-pathic Sam.
Every day they get absurder wi their fancy weys o murder,
An we're gaun tae mak them tak it on the lam.

For we dinnae gie wan continental cuss
For the fancy guns aboard the *Proteus*.
O, it's us'll win the battle ; we'll mak them rin like cattle
Tae try an catch the Alabama bus.

For we dinnae gie wan hallelujah hoot,
If they sail, or fly, or leave by parachute.
Aa the transatlantic ferries'll be fu o Yanks an hairies,
An the Clyde'll smell the sweeter, when they're oot.

K—K—KENNEDY

(Tune : *Bee-baw-babbity*)

Chorus : K.—K.—Kennedy,
Kennedy, Kennedy,
K.—K.—Kennedy,
Tae hell wi you an Polaris.

Jack, Jack, take it back,
Take it back, take it back ;
Jack, Jack, take it back,
Tae hell wi you an Polaris.

John, John, you're nut on,
Etc., etc.

Jake, Jake, you're a fake,
Etc., etc.

Naw, naw, nane at a,
Etc., etc.

AD LIB.