

The Triumph of General Ludd

Chumbawamba

No more chant your old rhymes about old Robin Hood
His feats I do little admire
I'll sing the achievements of General Ludd
Now the hero of Nottinghamshire.

Brave Ludd was to measures of violence unused
'till his sufferings became so severe
That at last to defend his own interest he rose
And for the great fight did prepare.

The guilty may fear but no vengeance he aims
At the honest man's life or estate
His wrath is entirely confined to wide frames
And to those that would prices abate.

Those engines of mischief were sentenced to die
By unanimous vote of the trade
And Ludd who can all opposition defy
Was the grand executioner made.

And when in the work he destruction employs
Himself to no method confines
By fire and by water he gets them destroyed
For the elements aid his designs.

Whether guarded by soldiers along the highway
Or closely secured in a room
He shivers them up by night and by day
And nothing can soften their doom.

Ye may censure great Ludd's disrespect for the laws
Who ne'er for a moment reflects
That foul imposition alone was the cause
Which produced these unhappy effects.

Let the haughty the humble no longer oppress
Then shall Ludd sheath his conquering sword
His grievances instantly meet with redress
Then peace shall be quickly restored.

Let the wise and the great lend their aid and advice
Nor e'er their assistance withdraw
Till full-fashioned work at the old-fashioned price
Is established by custom and law.

Then the trade when this arduous contest is o'er
Shall raise in full splendor its head
And colting and cutting and swearing no more
Shall deprive all his workers of bread.