

Introduction

truly, about ten years ago it seemed that our drained north sea swamp, just about no one would start singing from their own incentive for fun, or even anger or love. The only people that made their vocal cords vibrate in public were doing it for money. And the rest were silent while playing loud vinyl records. Or so it seemed. But things have changed. The self-singing has jumped out of its deathbed; nowadays just about any normal person realizes. That your sense of well being improves (and heartbreak nullifies) if you use your excess of excitement to sing an angry cheeky or arousing piece of music. And this is how it happens, in small jumps, in big masses, but also on our own. For all this reverb of songs we could have reprinted my songbook for rebellions.

t oproer kraait' the riot crows

But in the mean time there has been so many nice new rebellious tune. And on top of that in the last couple of years there have been a flood of new society conscious singers/musicians who do not feel like playing those antiquated songs, which turned into an antiquated form of entertainment.

No, they came instead of the quasi-intellectual fashionable, melodies of 1929 with pop-pounding shouting some Dutch over a tune-staff. This phenomenon had to be recorded on paper. This revolutionary change in how young artist of the people really show they are young, and artist (and have some skill).

That is why I added some of the local fruit although not always ripe, they are worth the effort of enthusiastically singing- things from; 'vuile mong en zijn vieze gasten' (dirty mongrel and his dirty dudes) from Ghent, from the west Frysian 'werklozenkabinet' (jobless cabin), Robert Long (lung), from the Flemish worker Ivan Heylen, from 'werk in unitvoering' (work in progress) from Groningen, 'proloog' (prologue) in Eindhoven, and the young Surinamese agitproppers, from Maastricht the 'stempelkoor' (stamp choir), from Amsterdam the 'minimumband' ... And all this enshrined by some of the best songs from the rebellious world production, as I have encountered them the last years, from Chili, Palestine, Italy, the soviet union (also clandestine), Ireland, Cuba, Spain, China, east Germany, and some more of these places outside, where by coincidence I have some friends helping while I never go there.

You can all sing them on your own on a bike, or a hijacked public bus, by a mass peaceful gathering, to annoy your boss or to put your child to bed, in front of the shaving mirror or on television you do you.

Amsterdam January 1976 Jaap van de Merwe



Ik wil 't niet pikken

[I do not want to take it]

with approval from music publisher
new dayglow in Hilversum

Ik wil 't niet pikken

Met toestemming van muziekuitgeverij New Dayglow te Hilversum

Ik draai alle dagen m'n pijpen en denk: "Een mens in de cradle krijgt 't zelfde geschenk: 't kapi-taal van het Leven. Maar 'n bijvoerd kraaiet het staat misschien best, maar ze geven 't niet." "Ik wil het niet pikken, maar ik weet niet hoe. Dat ge-voel maakt me treu-rig en mateloos moe. Ik wil het niet pikken, maar ik krijg het zuur...Ze sturen je toch van de kast naar de muur, ze sturen je toch van de kast naar de muur

Bouw nooit op een ander;
dan bouw je op zand.
En dat had mijn grootvader
niet uit de brand!
Die man draaide pijpen,
precies zoals ik,
en had verder alleen
in m'n grootmoeder schik

REFREIN

Kijk, als ik een andere
jas draag dan hij,
dan loopt weer een onder
mij zuijpt voorbij.
En als ik een slok neem
als troost voor m'n lijf,
dan krijg ik zelfs last
met m'n bloedeigen wijf.

REFREIN

Muziek: S. CORNELIS VREESWIJK
TEKST: G. DEN BRABER!

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every day I turn my pipes and think: " a human in the cradle gets
the same gift: the capital of life.

But a constant credit might exist, but they won't give it".

I do not want to take it. But I do not know how.

That feeling makes me sad and immeasurably tired. I do not want to take it, but I get acid reflux.

They will send you from the cabinet to the wall.

Never build on another;
you will build on sand
my grandfather did not know that from the newspaper.

That man turned pipes
precise as I do
and only had fun in my grandmother

CHORUS

Look when I wear a different coat than him
Then yet another will walk silently past me.
And when I take a drink as solace for my body
Then I will even get crap

from my own wife

CHORUS