

THEY

Lyrics from a poem by
Chris Hutchings

Free for use as part of "#Choirs Against Racism"
For use elsewhere please contact the composer.

Alison Willis

$\text{♩} = 48$ poco rit. . . .

Voice

Piano

p

ped.

A tempo

5 *p*

They — crossed the bor - ders to get here, They crossed the lines they could-n't

8 *mp*

see, They want-ed all that they could get here, a job, a life, a right to

12 *mf* $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

be. Our laws, We said, Our an cient com plex laws, a lab - y - rinth of

cresc. *mf*

16 *p*

do-cu-ments and words, will hold Them back, We'll keep Them out, They won't get past Our

poco rit. . . *A tempo*

20 *mp*

laws. They_ crossed the o - cean to get here,

24 *mf*

They paid the smu-ggl-ers with gold, They could-n't bring a - ny- thing_ with them, spent

28 *f*

days trapped in a leak-ing hold. Our ships, We said, Our ships will turn Them back, it's

Our ships, We said, Our ships will turn Them back, it's

32 *p*

dan - ge - rous out on the o - pen seas, They'll stay on land, We'll keep Them out, They

dan - ge - rous out on the o - pen seas, They'll stay on land, We'll keep Them out, They

p

36 *poco rit.*

won't get past Our ships.

won't get past Our ships.

f

A tempo

41 *f*

They_ fled the bomb- ings to get here, They fled the miss- iles_ that we sold,

They_ fled the bomb- ings to get here, They fled the miss- iles_ that we sold,

f

45 *ff*

We said They could-n't claim a - sy - lum, We said Their chil- dren looked too old. A

We said They could-n't claim a - sy - lum, We said Their chil- dren looked too old. A

49 *pp*

wall We said, a great big beau-ti ful wall, of concrete and cam-eras o-ver ten feet tall, will

wall We said, a great big beau-ti ful wall, of concrete and cam-eras o-ver ten feet tall, will

rit. A tempo

53

keep Them there, We'll keep Them out, They won't get past Our wall.

keep Them there, We'll keep Them out, They won't get past Our wall.

pp

58 *p*

They_ crossed the de- sert_ to get here,

62 *mp*

They fled the mass-a-cre at home, They brought the ba - by to the sta - ble,

66 *pp* =

They left myrrh fran-kin-cense and gold. Our hearts We said, Our

pp Mm

cresc. *pp*

69

har-dened thank-less hearts, with all com - pa-ssion rude - ly torn a - part, will

Mm will

rit. A tempo

72

keep Them out, We'll keep Them out, They won't get to Our hearts.

keep Them out, We'll keep Them out, They won't get to Our hearts.

p

poco rit. . . .

76

8va