

Rise up now

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Yesterday's [video had a theme](#) based on a campaign slogan used by Troy Jackson in the USA. It was:

We are from the bottom, and we are rising.

Yesterday evening I received an email from one of the regular commentators on this site, Simon Slade. He said:

Hi Richard

As a long-standing amateur guitar player and a bit of a composer, I was inspired a week or so ago to write a reggae protest song using a combination of my own work and AI. Yes, even at the age of 74. It was pretty much there but for a few of the final lyrics that I wasn't quite happy with. However, watching your video this morning gave me the few lines I was looking for!

Obviously I've no idea what your or Jacqueline's, or your boys' taste in music is, but I suspect, like mine, it's very wide. I hope you enjoy it. Obviously best played loud through a good sound system!

Kind regards

Simon

I listened to the song, and really like it.

Jacqueline and I had, in fact, just been listening to Baroque songs for lute and a single voice by Thomas Dunford and Lea Desandre (both amazing musicians) and then embraced this song with enthusiasm.

So, without further ado, give this a listen:

https://www.podbean.com/player-v2/?i=htqkk-1b263e9-pb&from=pb6admin&share=1&download=1&rtl=0&fonts=Arial&skin=f6f6f6&font-color=&logo_link=episode_page&btn-skin=c73a3a

These are the lyrics:

Why are we still counting every coin While the Man in Parliament still pretends it's fine
Food up, rent gone up, not even the plate is mine Same cheap food, unpaid bills, same
old tricks? NOT THIS TIME Rise up, rise up now Hands together, no backin' down They
use all their lies against us We are at the bottom, we are rising now Come hear the
drum in the shelter, come hear the people hum No more bending for the few while the
many bite their tongue From the food-bank to the back gate, we are sick of your pill We
want decent food and equality, not the lies from your hill Rise up, rise up now Hands
together, no backin' down They use all their lies against us We are at the bottom, we
are rising now We are not born for the waiting room, not born to stay polite When the
hungry see the ledger, they can read the numbers right So sing it low, then sing it loud,
let this whole land know the plan When greed feed on suffering, then the people make
a stand Rise up, rise up now Hands together, no backin' down They use all their lies
against us We are at the bottom, we are rising now No more lies, no more divide
Everyone needs, can offer to provide Just some care with a steady hand Feel the
change, coming to this land Rise up, rise up now Hands together, no backin' down They
use all their lies against us We are at the bottom, we are rising now

*And might I ask one favour? Please do not spend the day posting comments on the
curse of AI. I have heard them all. It is a reality. Unless you can prove you railed against
Dylan and his use of an electric guitar (and if so, why?) I am not interested, not least
because I need a hassle-free day.*