

# NO COERCION!

TOWER HAMLETS CEMETERY PARK, 3 PM SATURDAY JULY 19, 2025.



A Walk.

Led by P. Dunn

As part of Traces 2025, please join me for a short walk around these grounds. Singing and general noise making is encouraged, but not obligatory.

*"A strange sensation came over me; I shut my eyes to keep out the sight of the sun glittering on this fair abode of gardens, and for a moment there passed before them a phantasmagoria of another day. A great space surrounded by tall ugly houses, with an ugly church at the corner and a nondescript ugly cupolaed building at my back; the roadway thronged with a sweltering and excited crowd, dominated by omnibuses crowded with spectators. In the midst of a paved be-fountained square, populated only by a few men dressed in blue, and a good many singularly ugly bronze images (one on top of a tall column). The said square guarded up to the edge of the roadway by a four-fold line of big men clad in blue, and across the southern roadway the helmets of a band of horse-soldiers, dead white in the greyness of the chilly November afternoon."*

William Morris, News from nowhere, 1890

CREDITS.  
SINGERS: MUSWELL HILL CHORUS  
MUSICAL ARRANGEMENT: STUART VEZEY.  
MUSICAL DIRECTION: MARVIN PEROTT  
RECORDING: JOHN DILLON  
ADDITIONAL WALKING MUSIC: TANSY SPINKS

## A DEATH SONG.

(The words written by Mr. William Morris. The music composed by Mr Malcolm Lawson)

What com - eth here from West to East a - wen - ding? And  
who are these, the mar - chers stern and slow? We bear the mes - sage  
that the rich are sen - ding: A - back to those who bid them wake and  
know. Not one, not one, nor thous ands must they slay, but  
one and all if they would dusk the day. Not one, not one, nor  
thous - ands must they slay, but one and all if  
they would dusk the day (We) they would dusk the day.

We asked them for a life of toilsome earning,  
They bade us bide their leisure for our bread,  
We craved to speak to tell our woeful learning,  
We come back speechless, bearing back our dead.  
Not one, etc.

They will not learn; they have no ears to hearken.  
They turn their faces from the eyes of fate;  
Their gay-lit halls shut out the skies that darken.  
But, lo! This dead man knocking at the gate.  
Not one, etc.

Here lies the sign that we shall break our prison;  
Amidst the storm he won a prisoner's rest;  
But in the cloudy dawn the sun arisen  
Brings us our day of work to win the best.  
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,  
But one and all if they would dusk the day.