

War (Bob Marley)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vPZydAotVOY&t=12s>



Until the philosophy
Which hold one race superior and
another
Inferior
Is finally
And permanently
Discredited
And abandoned
Well, everywhere is war
Me say war
And until there's no longer
First class no second class citizens of
any nation
Until the color of a man's skin
Is of no more significance than the
colour of his eyes
I've got to say war
And until the basic human rights
Are equally guaranteed to all
Without regard to race
Dis a war
But until that day
The dream of lasting peace,
World citizenship
and the rule of international morality
Will remain in but a fleeting illusion to
be pursued,
But never attained
Well everywhere is war
Dis a war
War in the east
War in the west
War up north
War down south
Dis a war
Rumors of war
And until the ignoble and unhappy
regime
That hold our brothers in Angola
In Mozambique
South Africa
Sub-human bondage
Has been toppled
Utterly destroyed

Well, everywhere is war
Me say war
War in the east
War in the west
War up north
War down south
Dis a war
Rumors of war
And until that day,
The African continent
Will not know peace
We Africans will fight we find it
necessary
We know we *shall* win
We are confident
In the victory
Of good over evil
Good over evil, yeah
Good over evil
Good over evil, yeah
Good over evil

1. **Identify the passive sentences in the song.**
2. **What are Bob Marley's reasons for the existence of wars in the world? Do you agree with him? Can you think of other reasons?**

Ballad of a Hero by Kate Tempest

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xqd86is7y54&t=304s>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dH797RUNJIY>

Your Daddy is a soldier son,
Your Daddy's gone to War,
His steady hands they hold his gun,
His aim is keen and sure.
Your Daddy's in the desert now,
The darkness and the dust,
He's fighting for his country, yes,
He's doing it for us.
Your Daddy's coming home soon though,
Not long now till he's back,
We'll dress you in your smartest shirt
And meet him down the track.
He'll put you on his shoulders and
You'll sing and clap and laugh,
I'll wrap my arms around his waist,
And hold him close at last.
Your Dad ain't left the house again,
Your Dad ain't brushed his teeth,
Your Dad keeps getting angry son,
At nights he doesn't sleep.
He's having his bad dreams again,
He seems worn out and weak,
I've tried to be there for him, but
We barely even speak.
He can't think what to say to me,
He don't know how to tell it,
Some shrapnel hit Joe in the face,
Gouged both eyes at once,
The last thing those eyes ever saw
Was the man in front:
Limbs and flesh and bone and blood,
Torn up and thrown around,
And after that – just blackness.
The taste, the stink, the sound.
I tell you this my son because
I know what you'll be like,
As soon as you've grown old enough
You'll want to go and fight
In whatever battle needs you,
You'll pledge your blood and bone,
Not in the name of good or evil –
But in the name of home.
Your Dad believes in fighting.
He fights for you and I,
But the men that send the armies in
Will never hear him cry.
I don't support the war my son,
I don't believe it's right,

Won medals for his bravery,
But just wants to forget it.
He's drinking more than ever son,
Before, he never cried. But now,
I wake at night and feel
Him shaking by my side.
He spoke to me at last my son!
He turned to me in tears,
I held him close and kissed his face
And asked him what he feared.
He said it's getting darker,
It hasn't disappeared,
And I can see it sharper
Now the sand and smoke have cleared.
There was this kid he'd got to know,
Young boy. Just turned eighteen,
Bright and kind, his name was Joe,
He kept his rifle clean.
Joe's girlfriend was expecting,
Joe loved to joke and laugh,
Joe marched in front of your old man,
As they patrolled a path.
Everything was quiet until
They heard the dreaded blast.
The man that marched in front of Joe
Was completely blown apart.
But I do support the soldiers who
Go off to war to fight.
Troops just like your daddy son,
Soldiers through and through,
Who wear their uniform with pride,
And do what they're told to do.
When you're grown, my sweet, my love,
Please don't go fighting wars,
But fight the men that start them
Or fight a cause that's yours.
It seems so full of honour, yes,
So valiant, so bold,
But the men that send the armies in
Send them in for gold,
Or they send them in for oil,
And they tell us it's for Britain
But the men come home like Daddy,
And spend their days just drinking.
Trying to get perspective
On the force they can't stop thinking
While the sons stare at their daddy's chest
and watch the medals twinkling.