

# If They Come In The Morning

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Original version at [youtu.be/eOGq7PgZykc](https://youtu.be/eOGq7PgZykc),  
live performance from 2015 at [youtu.be/avdX9GvdIEU](https://youtu.be/avdX9GvdIEU)

Jack Warshaw writes:

In 1976 the North of Ireland was, occupied by soldiers. South Africa was an apartheid police state. Vietnam had just been devastated. In Chile, mass killings and mass exodus followed the coup. America was at war with itself. The Black Panther Party was under attack. Books like *Soul on Ice* and a compilation of essays edited by Angela Davis called *If They Come in the Morning* were circulating. The title came from a quotation from James Baldwin's book. I would still be officially a fugitive until 20 January 2017 when newly inaugurated Jimmy Carter would grant amnesty to Vietnam war resisters. I had been performing at benefit concerts, shows and clubs. I already had songs like *The Grunwick Strike*, *The Chile Song* and some by other song writers. I needed more. Suddenly the title of that book came to mind as a chorus. Building verses around it came quickly. By the time I toured the North of Ireland in 1979 all the audiences knew the song. They'd heard it from The People of No Property and Christy Moore. More singers took it up, some changing names and languages. A few years ago, recording the album *Misfits, Migrants and Murders* I thought about how mass surveillance, media trolling, hate crime and weaponized laws had grown still more repressive. These lyrics add what's happening now to the cry for change.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a time signature of 8/8. It consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "They call it the law a-par-theid, in - tern-ment, re-pres-sion, in-just-ice and si lence The law that they made to keep you and me where they think we be - long They who hide be-hind steel and bul - let proof glass, ma-chine guns and spies And tell us who suf - fer their tear gas and tor - ture that we're in the wrong No time for love if they come in the mor-ning No timeto show fear or for tears in the mor ning No time for good - byes, no time to ask why And the wail of the si - ren is the cry of the mor ning".

They call it the law a-par-theid, in - tern-ment, re-pres-sion, in-just-ice and si lence

The law that they made to keep you and me where they think we be - long

They who hide be-hind steel and bul - let proof glass, ma-chine guns and spies

And tell us who suf - fer their tear gas and tor - ture that we're in the wrong

No time for love if they come in the mor-ning No timeto show fear or for tears in the mor ning

No time for good - byes, no time to ask why

And the wail of the si - ren is the cry of the mor ning

They call it the law – apartheid, internment, repression, injustice and silence  
The law that they made to keep you and me where they think we belong  
They who hide behind steel and bullet-proof glass, machine guns and spies  
And tell us who suffer their tear gas and torture that we're in the wrong

### **Chorus**

**No time for love if they come in the morning**  
**No time to show fear or for tears in the morning**  
**No time for goodbyes, no time to ask why**  
**And the wail of the siren is the cry of the morning**

The trade union leaders, the rebels, the writers, the fighters and all  
The strikers who fought with the cops at their factory gates  
The sons and the daughters of unnumbered heroes who paid with their lives  
The poor folk whose color or class or belief was their only mistake

They suffered the torture they rotted in cells, wrote letters, went crazy and died  
The limits of pain they endured but the loneliness got them instead  
The courts gave 'em justice as justice is given by well mannered thugs  
Sometimes they fought for the will to survive and sometimes they wished they were dead

They took away Sacco, Vanzetti, Connolly and Pearse in their time  
They came for Mandela, Bobby Sands, the Panthers and many more friends  
Now they come after those who expose their crimes like Snowden has done  
In places that never made headlines, the list never ends

The boys in blue are only a few of the everyday cops on their beat  
The CID, NSA, Google and Apple and spies and eyes in the skies do their job well  
And behind them the brains that build systems that collect every word that we breathe  
And the ones who decide when it's time to drag you to a cell

Now you tell us that here we are free to say and to think what we please  
To march and to speak, to write and to sing as long as we do it alone  
But say it out loud with millions of comrades and it won't be too long  
Till they give you a long rest with walls and barbed wire for a home

You call us illegal, unwanted, mass rapists, drug dealers and more  
We who pick all your crops, clean your homes, wash your kids, fight and die in your wars  
You order your police and border enforcers to shove us back where we once fled in fear  
Away from the land you call "free" that you took from the poor folk you murdered before

So come all you people to give to your brothers and sisters the will to fight on  
They say you get used to a war but that doesn't mean the war isn't on  
The fish need the sea to survive just as your comrades do  
And the death squads can only get to them if first they can get through to you