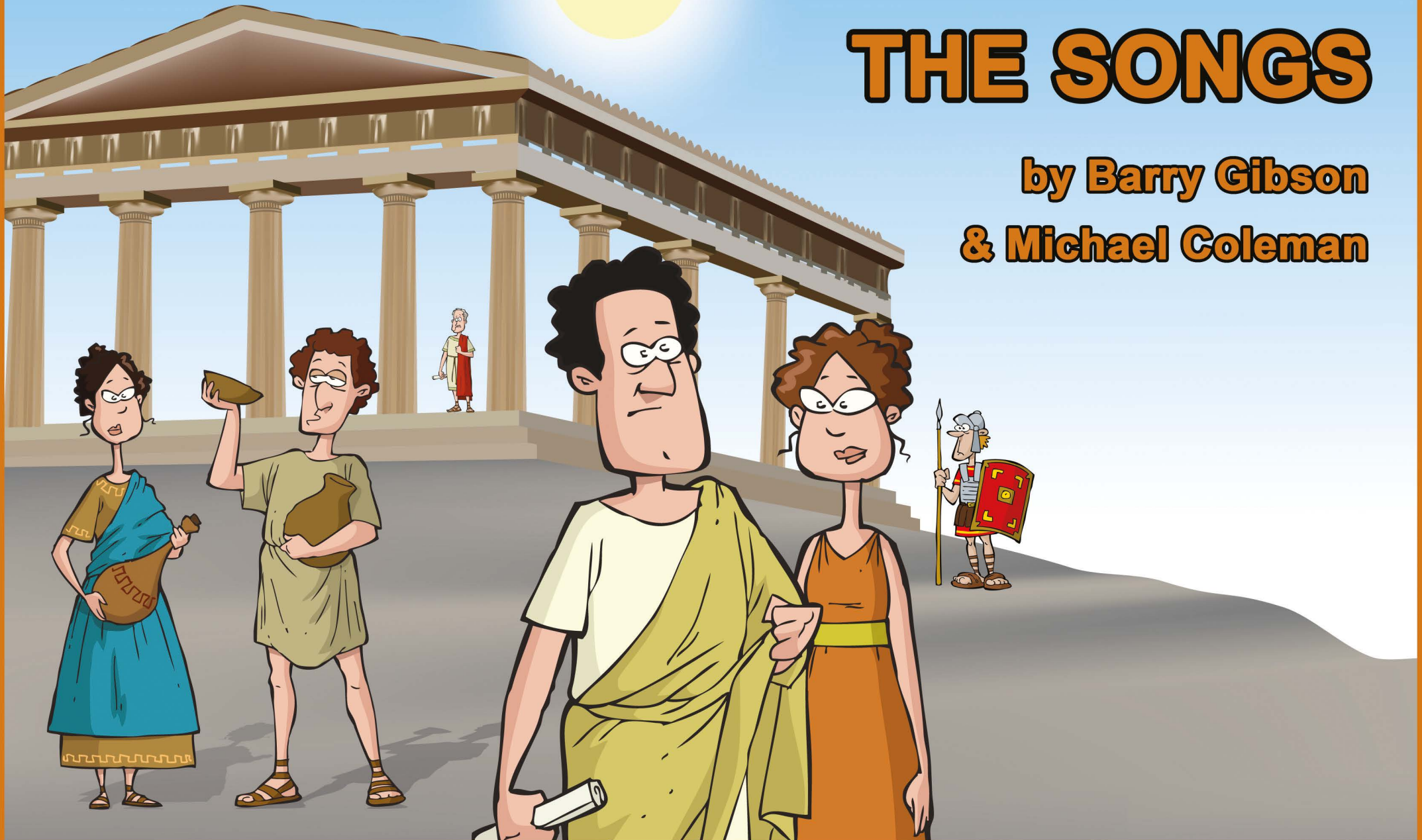


BBC

ROCKING ROMANS!

THE SONGS

**by Barry Gibson
& Michael Coleman**

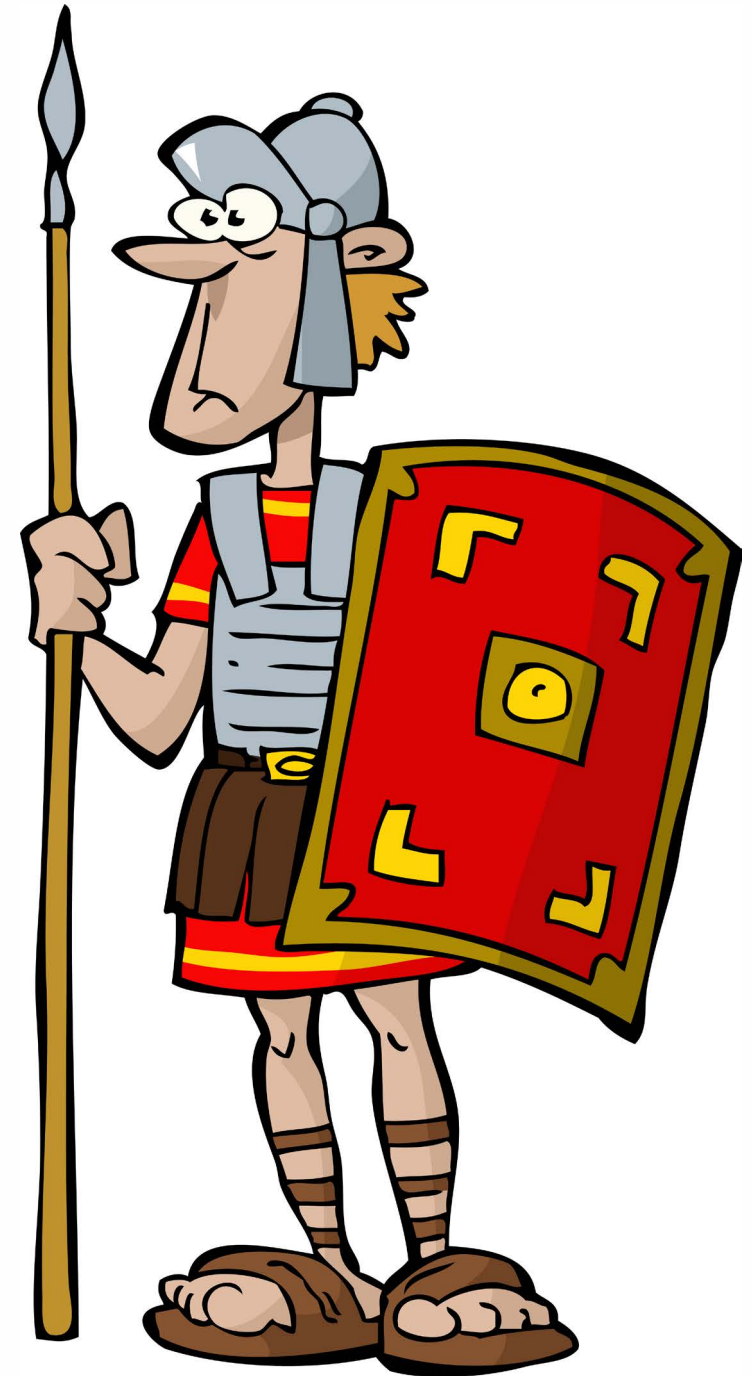


Signals!

*Signals! Sounding through centuries.
Signals! Fanfares to victory!
Signals! Conquer! Attack! Defend!
Signals! Orders in code to send...*

*Marching to Londinium... (echo)
On to Verulamium... (echo)
On to Camulodunum... (echo)
Onwards, North, to Hadrian's Wall... (echo)*

*Signals! Sounding through centuries...
Signals! Sounding through centuries...
Signals!
Signals!
Signals!
Signals!*



Is that a fact?

Part 1: *Is that a fact?*
How can we know?
Where is the evidence?
What does it show?
How can we tell if it's really so?
Is that a fact?

Romulus and Remus
Abandoned twins
Saved by a wolf
(With her teeth in a grin!)
That's where the story of Rome it begins
Is that a fact?

Part 2: Julius Caesar
To Britain he came
'Came, saw and conquered'
For glory and fame
Then he went home. Then he came back again!
Is that a fact?



Chants of the British tribes

The Iceni:

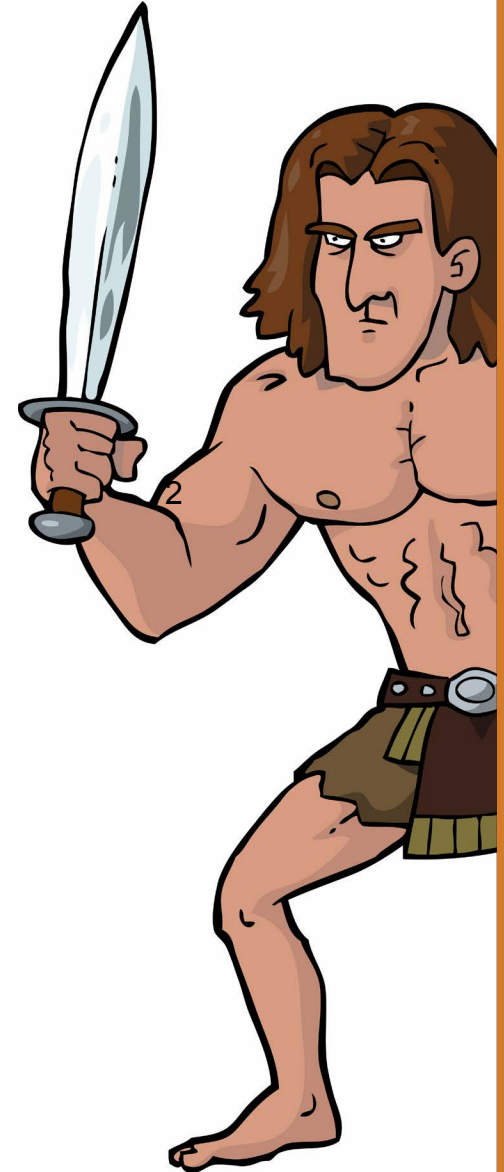
*We're the Iceni!
We're real big and meany!
The land of our brave folk,
will one day be Norfolk!*

The Trinovantes:

*We're the Trinovantes!
We don't wear frilly panties!
Our capital's Camulodunum!
It's impregnable and really strong!*

All:

*Brits are strong
Brits are rough
Brits may pong
But Brits are tough
BRITANNIA!*



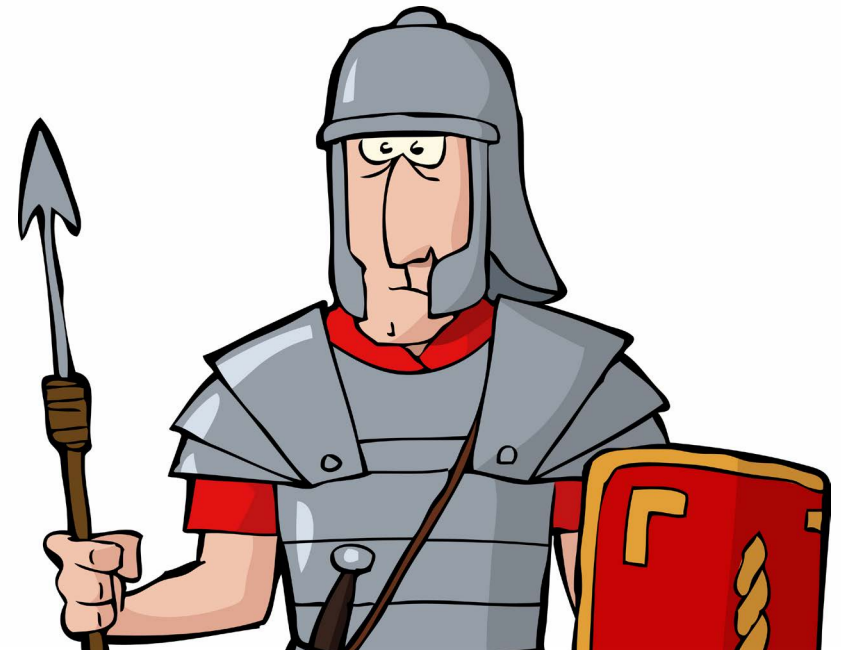
Boudicca!

1 Back at the end of the Iron Age
Wife of Prasutagus, filled with rage
Leads the Iceni with angry shout
Wants to drive the Romans out
Tribal warrior, Celtic Queen
Fiercer than Romans had ever seen
BOUDICCA!

2 Metal-torc and bright red hair
Tattooed skin and angry glare
Horses thundering, chariot-ride
Thousands of warriors by her side
Attacks three cities with sparks of
fire Burns them into a funeral pyre
BOUDICCA!

*[Instrumental verse with body-percussion
and percussion - to evoke iron, galloping
horses and war-shouts]*

3 Back at the end of the Iron Age
Wife of Prasutagus, filled with rage
Leads the Iceni with angry shout
Wants to drive the Romans out
Tribal warrior, Celtic Queen Fiercer
than Romans had ever seen
Boudicca! Boudicca! Boudicca!
BOUDICCA!



Roman gods and goddesses

(Chorus)

*Roman gods and goddesses,
Dancing round in space,
Moving round, like planets,
Each one in their place,
Worship them in temples,
Plenty (just in case!)
Roman gods and goddesses,
Meet them, face to face.*

Here comes mighty Jupiter,
Thundering along,
Keeps a watch for Mars as
He sings his war-like song.
On the hunt, Diana,
Goddess of the Moon.
Spreading love is Venus,
Bringing Springtime soon.

(Chorus)

Roman gods and goddesses...

Janus looks out both ways,
Brings the New Year in,
Minerva inspires poetry,
Art and medicine.
Roman gods and goddesses,
It's hard to keep a score,
With Saturn, Cupid, Juno...
Yes and...
(Shouted) PLENTY MORE!



Make a mosaic

Make a mosaic,
Join up the pieces,
Pattern or picture,
Creature or face,
Such a creation!
And such tessellation!
Yes, make a mosaic,
Find the right place...

Pottery, sculpture,
Metalwork, glassware,
Fabrics and jewellery,
Join up each part,
All together they make
Such a mosaic!
Yes, creative patterns,
Crafted with art!

Make a mosaic...
Make a mosaic...
Make a mosaic...
MAKE A MOSAIC!



Oh, the strata of society

1 Oh, the strata
Of society,
Down from Emperor to slave,
Oh they tell you
What you ought to do
And just how you should behave
And the manners
That you have to show
When superiors you pass...
Roman people,
Neatly organised
Into layers, class by class.



2 From the toga
With the purple stripe,
To the sack-cloth down below,
Know your status
In society,
What you wear and who you know,
Status symbols?
Own a villa
And a garden and a horse...
Make your slaves do
What you want them to,
When you want them to, of course.

3 At the bathhouse
Are you pampered?
At the theatre, where's your seat?
Are you wealthy?
Are you healthy?
Are you part of the elite?
Yes, the senator
And the citizen,
Seeking privilege, no doubt...
Seeking power, seeking influence,
Are they 'in', or are they 'out'?

4 Oh, the strata
Of society,
Down from Emperor to slave,
Oh they tell you
What you ought to do
And just how you should behave
And the manners
That you have to show
When superiors you pass...
Roman people,
Neatly organised
Into layers, class by class.



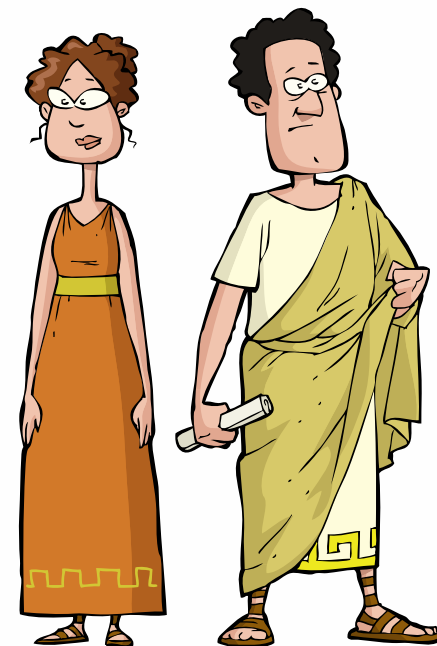
Oh, the strata of society - Alternative

1 Oh, the strata
Of society,
Down from Emperor to slave,
Oh they tell you
What you ought to do
And just how you should behave
And the manners
That you have to show
When superiors you pass...
Roman people,
Neatly organised
Into layers, class by class.



2 From the toga
With the purple stripe,
To the sack-cloth down below,
Know your status
In society,
What you wear and who you know,
Status symbols?
Own a villa
And a garden and a horse...
Make your slaves do
What you want them to,
When you want them to, of course.

3 Yes, the Romans
Practiced slavery,
Made their beaten foes serve them.
Cook my meals, slave!
Wash the dishes!
Bow down low to all my friends.
If you're lucky,
I won't beat you,
I will even give you food
If there's any
We haven't eaten -
And I'm in a friendly mood!



Spin that coin

- 1 Spin that coin and flip it over,
Is it heads or is it tails?
Take it to the marketplace
And change your coin for goods on sale.
Emperors, they come and go,
But trade and people carry on,
Spin that coin and flip it over,
On and on and on...

[Instrumental verse for marketplace actions]

- 2 Roll that dice and count the numbers,
One, two, three, four, five or six?
Fly a kite, throw knuckle-bones,
And play with dolls and hoops and sticks.
Model chariots, rolling marbles,
Toys and games they carry on,
Roll that dice and count the numbers,
On and on and on...

[Instrumental verse for toy and game actions]

- 3 Sing the songs and dance the dances,
Blow the flutes and twang the lyre,
Step in time with tambourines,
Then stamp the ground, then reach up higher.
Castanets and finger-cymbals,
Dance and music carry on,
Sing the songs and dance the dances,
On and on and on...

[Instrumental verse for musical instrument actions]



*Spin that coin...
Roll that dice...
Dance and music...
Spin that coin...
Spin that coin...
Roll that dice...
Dance and music...
Spin that coin...
Spin that coin...
Roll that dice...
Dance and music...
Spin that coin...
Spin that coin...
Roll that dice...
Dance and music...
Spin that coin!*

Into the arena

Into the arena,
Cruelty and horror,
Animals displayed there
Hunted till they die,
Antelope and elephant
And lion, bear and leopard,
Into the arena, why?

Into the arena,
Gladiators fighting,
Locked in mortal combat
Fighting to the death.
Wrestling with weaponry
And nets and shields and armour,
Struggling for their final breath.

Into the arena, go..!
Into the arena, go..!
Into the arena, go..!



Roman place names...

We's goin' to:

*Manchester 'n' Winchester,
Chichester 'n' Colchester,
Dorchester 'n' Portchester,
Silchester 'n' Ilchester...*

Any more?

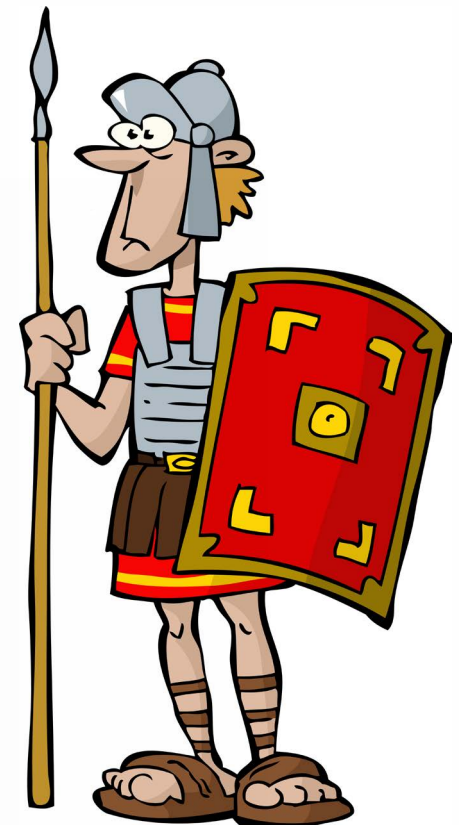
*'n' before you start to pester,
We're heading off to Chester,
Leicester 'n' Worcester,
Gloucester 'n' Cirencester!*

Is that all?

*Don't give us grief, headmaster!
We've still got towns with 'caster'!
Doncaster 'n' Lancaster
Tadcaster 'n' Brancaster!*

Have we reached Wales, yet?

*Yes! To keep things really fair,
There's Welsh towns that start with 'caer'
Caerphilly 'n' Caernarfon
Caerwent 'n' Caerleon!
(Clap three times)
Now we're done!*



It's Roman fact!

- 1 *Rocking Romans,
Though they were feared,
Left their echoes,
For our day and year.
Latin we speak and Latin we hear -
It's Roman fact!*
- 2 *Concrete began
With Roman brains,
Can you imagine
Life without drains, (poo!)
Easter bunnies or Christmas refrains?
It's Roman fact!*
- 3 *Roman baths - well,
It makes you think,
Without their lead
Would Britons still stink?
And their fair trials keep us out of clink.
It's Roman fact!*
- 4 *Art and beauty,
They brought it all
Even left us
With Hadrian's Wall.
Thank you, Hist'ry - you've just taught us all
(Spoken) ROCKING ROMAN FACTS!*

