Me hear dem talk bout Unity
Dem hav a plan fe de Effnick Minority
Dem say Liberation totally
But dem hav odder tings as priority

Dem hold a Conference annually
Fe look at de state of Equality
Dem claim dem fighting hard fe we
When we want to do it Independently,
De us,

Dats dose who are made fe suffer
Some are found in de gutter wid no food to eat,
Us,
Well, we are clearly frustrated
We jus not debated when Parliament meet,

Dem,
Well dey are known by dere fruits
Dem have many troops fe batter yu down,
Dem,
Well, now dem hav power

But dere shall be an hour
When de table turn round.
Us an Dem it is Us an Dem
When will dis ting ever end
Yu mus know yu enemy from yu fren

Know yu enemy from yu fren now
Face de facts, yu can’t pretend now,
I write dis poem fe more dan Art
I live a struggle, de poem plays a part,
I know people, very trendy

Dem talk to me very friendly,
But dey are coping
So now dem voting all dem frens in,
De frens oppress we,
How dem oppress we?

Well dem arrest we
An den dem givin we Judge an Jury
When we start we demonstrating
Dem hav dem prison cell waiting,
Pon de Telly dem talk fe a while

Wid fancy words and dem plastic smile,
Where Party Politricks play its tricks
Dere is nu luv fe de old, nu luv fe de sick
Us an Dem it is Us an Dem.

Now me hear dem a talk bout World Peace,
But dere’s Wars at home
An dem Wars will not cease,
Not till all de Queen horses
Women an Men find a new direction
(Start again)

Politicians talk about World economics,
But read de Manifesto
It reads like a comic,
When dem talk bout housing
Dem mouth start sprouting

Words dat fe ever an fe ever yu doubting,
If yu in doubt yu don’t hav a shout
When yu talk against dem
Dem sey get out,
Some call it Democracy

I call it Hypocrisy
Dat mek me start feel Revolutionary,
When rich fashion cramps poor style
I stop an after a while I ask,
Is it me class or is it me colour

Or is it a ting I don’t yet discover,
Us an Dem it is Us an Dem
When will dis ting ever end,
Us an Dem it is Us an Dem
Yu mus know yu enemy from yu fren,

I repeat again, now it’s Us an Dem,
When will dis ting reach a conclusion,
Don’t pretend are yu Us an Dem,
Pick yu place from now
Before de confusion

Benjamin Zephaniah, Us & Dem, City Psalms, 1992
At a guess, I would say that the whole subject of Englishness started to acquire
anxiety only within the last 10 years. St George’s Day, which falls today, was
always a rather theoretical business, not celebrated or marked in any visible
way, you had the impression that it was only there to complete the set, so that
England had a national day to balance Scots, Welsh and (especially) Irish
national days.
Anyway, no one knew what you were supposed to do with it, or whether you
were supposed to wear a flower. The idea of holding a parade for St George’s
Day, like the St Patrick’s Day parades, would have been perfectly absurd, and
the only reason one knew about it was that it sometimes came up in general
knowledge quizzes. Official organisations took no cognisance of it, celebrating
the Queen’s official birthday instead, and no popular manifestations seemed
likely to arise to fill the gap.
The absence of popular interest in St George’s Day always seemed to mirror the
perfect neutrality of Englishness as a subject. Englishness was always merging
into other categories, or had entirely negative connotations. “English literature”
usually meant not literature written by Englishmen, but literature in the English
language. Often, “English” was used when what was really meant was “British”.
When Englishness was specifically contemplated, it was usually only in the
context of something against which Scots or Welsh identity could be constructed,
in an entirely negative and often clichéd set of ideas.
In recent years, however, the idea of Englishness has been increasingly
examined; a number of serious studies have been published, such as Peter
Ackroyd’s remarkable Albion. AS Byatt produced a fascinating glimpse of the
national literature in an anthology of English short stories – for once meaning
“written by English writers”.
But there seems, too, to be a popular rising of English sentiment. The sight of
the English flag is no longer a rarity; pubs have started advertising “St George’s
Day” celebrations; and market florists do a steady trade in red roses on 23 April.
The English symbols, which used to be confined to the abstruse context of sports
matches, are becoming more conspicuous in everyday life, and quite serious
questions are being asked about the possibility of an English parliament, to
balance the assemblies established after Scottish and Welsh devolution.
There is a slightly sinister aspect to all this. It’s noticeable that citizens of this
country who aren’t white generally prefer to call themselves British rather than
English. There is no doubt that, at some level, the display of the English flag and
the St George’s day all-day drinking in pubs are meant to appeal to right-wing
sentiment, and many black people find them mildly threatening.
Just as in the 18th century, the label of Briton carries a subtly different
implication from that of Englishman. Then, it suggested a Whig supporter of the
Union, and Scottish figures of this persuasion were often satirically described as
“North Britons”. Now, “Briton” carries a sort of neutrality, suggesting a citizenship which can be acquired, whereas “Englishman” like “Scotsman” or “Welsh” seems to suggest a purity of blood. To some nationalists, the notion of a black Briton is easier to accept than a black Scotsman; and indeed, it seems easier for black people themselves to define themselves in this way.

This, surely, is a case for great regret. It would cause difficulties for our national identity if an important and vital part of it became identified solely with one, extreme political position.

Increasingly, we will find ourselves talking about Englishness rather than Britishness. Many of the things worth celebrating about our nationality can be seen specifically as English – you should never forget that 23 April is not just an opportunity for BNP recruitment, but Shakespeare’s birthday. If a large section of the community feels that they can only identify with the 18th century construct which is Britishness, and not with the atavistic nobility of an ancient nation, we will all be worse off.

So I think the remedy to this problem is within our own grasp. It’s as important to feel as unaffectedly proud of one’s own nation as it is to feel good about yourself, whatever your political beliefs – an Italian communist would find it very difficult to start thinking that his politics could imply that he was any less proud of Italy than his counterpart on the far right. And many of us do, quite rightly, feel that there is lot to be proud of in being English, not least the long tradition of hospitality towards refugees, the easy acceptance of foreigners and liberal democracy.

Perhaps one day we will have an English parliament, an English national anthem, and sing Jerusalem at national events. But until then it would be a very good idea if we chose to put a red rose in our buttonhole today, and make a small gesture which will mean that the symbols of our nationality aren’t passing into the dirty hands of bigots.

Any Englishman can easily think of reasons to be proud of his country; mine are Newton, Darwin, Tennyson, Shakespeare and Dickens, but yours will be different. A red rose can just as easily symbolise that as an ugly belief that England is meant only for one sort of face; it’s a small gesture which will win an important battle.

Philip Hensher, Englishness is worth a celebratory red rose, The Independent, 23 April 2004.