

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 8561 STEREO

# Different Therefore Equal

CONTEMPORARY WOMEN'S SONGS WRITTEN AND SUNG BY

## Peggy Seeger

With accompaniments by Calum MacColl, Neill MacColl and Peggy Seeger  
Supporting vocals by Marilyn Evans, Ewan MacColl, Pat MacKenzie, Sue Norwell and Robyn Selman



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GAHR

M  
1747.18  
S452  
D569  
1979

MUSIC LP



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 8561

**SIDE ONE**

1. WHAT DO YOU DO ALL DAY?  
(CM, guitar and whistle; NM, mandolin;  
PS, guitar, 5-string banjo and English concertina).
2. DIFFERENT THEREFORE EQUAL
3. NINE-MONTH BLUES (guitars, NM and PS)
4. LITTLE GIRL CHILD (guitar and bandolin, PS)
5. RECLAIM THE NIGHT

**SIDE TWO**

1. WINNIE AND SAM (CM, sticks; guitars, NM and PS)
2. I'M GONNA BE AN ENGINEER (PS, guitar)
3. UNION WOMAN (PS, 5-string banjo)
4. TALKING MATRIMONY BLUES (PS, guitar)
5. LOVE FOR LOVE (PS, guitar and Appalachian dulcimer)  
(Words & Music, Ewan MacColl, Stormking Music, BMI)

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632 BROADWAY, N.Y.C., 10012 N.Y., U.S.A.

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

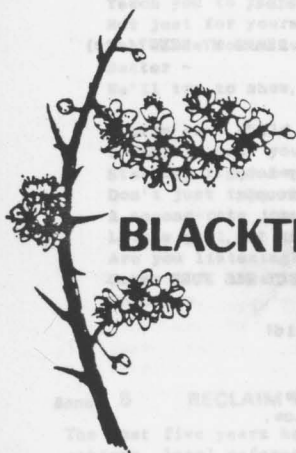
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 8561



# DIFFERENT THEREFORE EQUAL BY PEGGY SEEGER

BR 1061

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BLACKTHORNE

## SIDE ONE

Band 1 WHAT DO YOU DO ALL DAY?

It always distresses me to hear the housewife put down. A good housewife is a genius, an artist, an organiser par excellence. It is a high calling and a woman should not be made to feel an escapist if she wishes to undertake it. Nor, if she happens to be inefficient at it, should it reflect upon her as a woman. Unfortunately, in our society, women enter motherhood and domesticity with a headful of pre-conceived, often romantic, notions and by then it is too late to turn back.

LADY - WHAT DO YOU DO ALL DAY?  
LADY - HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR TIME?  
LADY -

Got no time to be standing here gabbling,  
Got no time to be answering.  
Beds need making, the dishes need washing  
And then to my dusting and polishing.  
Scrubbing and sweeping and sewing and cleaning  
And cooking and ironing ... are you listening?  
I'm a production line all by myself,  
Only the wages are missing.

Three kids of eight and seven and two,  
Leisure is just a mythology.  
When it's over my head, I can't go to bed,  
It's temper or else psychology.  
Mary's bedwetting and Tommy is jealous of baby  
(His yelling is driving me crazy)  
A nurse and a nanny until I'm a granny  
But why is it nobody pays me?

I care for a lovely old mother-in-law,  
She's eighty-seven and cranky.  
Husband's home with a feverish cold,  
Run for the tea and the hankies,  
The hot-water bottle, the telly, the paper,  
And now the kids have it, it must be contagious,  
So now I'm the family medical staff,  
But where the hell are my wages?

If wives and mothers all took to their heels,  
You'd soon be needing an army.  
And paying them all their union wages,  
I bet it would drive you barmy.  
All eyes and ears, hands and feet,  
My sign is Gemini (should have been two of me)  
I do the work of a dozen a day,  
But where are the wages due to me?

Prices so high, wages so low,  
Budgeting must be meticulous.  
The hours I spend in looking for bargains  
And cooking 'em's really ridiculous.  
And though my man's doing all that he can,  
What he brings home isn't making ends meet  
And I'll have to go out for a wage myself  
If the family's going to keep eating.

Twenty years to teach her all she needs to learn  
To take that sweet, mysterious journey past the point of no return.  
Overalls or apron, single girl or wed,  
Learns first to use her heart and hands, then to use her head,  
She's not a true-born woman if she can't make a bed.

Twenty years to show her what seems her only way,  
She won't know until too late the price she'll have to pay.  
If she don't want to settle down, she must be running wild,  
Her body tells her "go ahead", her head says, "wait awhile",  
She's not a true-born woman if she don't want a child.

Twenty years to teach her to want to be a wife,  
To find and hold another human who must keep her all his life.  
Because she works for nothing, he'll get a lower wage,  
If she were not dependent they might fly out of their cage,  
A true-born man seeks a lover and may end up with a slave.

Up in the morning before all the family,  
Get the grub on the table.  
Beds need making, the dishes need washing,  
It's everything done on the double.  
Drop the kids off at the school, then run for my bus,  
Don't you think it's outrageous?  
I'd more than enough with my labour of love  
Now I'm doing another for wages.

The boss is as good as a boss can be  
But the office is just like a nursery.  
Smoothing his life, soothing his trouble,  
Remembering his anniversary.  
Reminding, worrying, hurrying, scurrying,  
Into the frying pan, out of the cage  
And it's home from home wherever I roam  
But at least I'm getting my wages.

On my way home, I shop for the dinner  
And then have a tidy around.  
Billy comes in, sits down with the paper,  
Says, "Girl, don't you ever sit down?"  
Men of the world, would you think it was strange,  
Think it was right, think it was funny  
To slog every night at a job for free  
After slogging all day for your money?

Twenty years we train her to work for love alone,  
You can define a woman: she works in the home.  
So everyone who loves their job shouldn't ask a fee  
And everyone who hates their job should get the wage of three.  
She's not a true-born woman till she wants to work for free.

Twenty years we train her to give away her time,  
So when she works outside the home she'll keep the men in line;  
Underselling, underpaid, home-piecework when she can,  
Becomes the perfect lever for the boss against her man,  
And for a true-born woman, that's hard to understand.

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That sweet mysterious nature of the cow, the mouse, the hen;  
Diligent in heart and hand, lazy in her mind,  
And not till every true-born woman sees this as a crime  
Can every true-born human leave the past behind.

Give me wages, give me my due,  
I'm opting out of the system!  
Give me bonuses, overtime, sick-leave  
And paid holidays and a pension.  
Then I can strike.  
Work to rule.  
Or go slow.  
Or object to conditions and hours  
For wages will give me the power  
To have a say  
In a world where a person  
Who happens to be female  
Is 'sposed to be happy  
To spend all her time as a

Baby-minder, sock-finder, bacon-fryer, dish-dryer,  
Floor-sweeper, light sleeper, brow-smoother, mend the Hoover.  
Nappy-folder, hand-holder, onion-chopper, mess-mopper,  
Button-sewer, to-and-froer, tidy-upper, what's for supper?  
Money-stretcher, run-and-fetcher...  
Cake-baker, back-acher, early waker, bed-maker,  
Breakfast-maker, lunch-maker, tea-maker, sandwich-maker

LADY - WHAT DO YOU DO ALL DAY?  
LADY - IT'S YOUR ONLY LIFE!  
WHEN THEY ASK YOU, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

Oh, I don't work - I'm nothing but a housewife.

(words & music, Peggy Seeger  
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## Band 2 DIFFERENT THEREFORE EQUAL

|                              |   |
|------------------------------|---|
| Is a father                  | Is black better than white?   |
| Better than a mother?        | Day better than night?  |
| Is a sister                  | Without either  |
| Better than a brother?       | There'd be neither.   |
| One's concave.               |   |
| One's convex.                | Some weemen   |
| Does that make one sex       | Try to be she-men   |
| Better than the other?       | Then say that he-mens<br>Are worse than demons.   |
| Ajax' shoulders              | Nature gives us   |
| Moved boulders.              | Equal chances   |
| Helen's hips                 | And to get 'em  |
| Launched ships.              | You shouldn't have to wear pantses.   |
| Opposites favour             |   |
| Their opposites nature.      | We're not like moles,   |
| Adam and Eve are             | Does or rabbits.  |
| Fish and chips.              | We should control<br>Our social habits.   |
|                              | And things that turn us<br>Against each other,<br>And don't learn us<br>To be sister and brother. |
| The world needs us           |   |
| So the world breeds us:      | If her and him are  |
| From the ant and elephant    | Indispensable,  |
| To the little rhesus monkey. | Treatin' 'em similar  |
| Every creature               | Is only sensible.   |
| From the ant eater           | Reason gives us   |
| To the mooses                | The logical sequel:   |
| Has its uses.                | We're different,<br>Therefore equal.  |
|                              |   |
| A dog don't sing.            |   |
| A bird don't bark.           |   |
| So which is the best thing,  |   |
| A poodle or a lark?          |   |
| It's ridiculous              |   |
| Comparing                    |   |
| One who's prickless          | (words & music, Peggy Seeger<br>copyright, Ewan MacColl, Ltd)                                     |
| To one who's hairy.          |   |

## Band 3 NINE-MONTH BLUES

The right to choose whether or not to have a child has become one of the most vital platforms on which women's personal freedom rests. Information for those not on the British scene: S.P.U.C. is the Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child. F.P.A. is the Family Planning Clinic. The I.U.D. is the Intra-Uterine Device (the so-called "coil").

If you can't be careful, try to be good,  
Well, we cared and we cared as much as we could:  
We always agreed, me and my man,  
We said, "Someday we'll try the family plan."  
Well, the first thing we tried was nothing at all,  
'Cause an amateur rider never thinks he'll fall;  
We charted my tides, followed my moon,  
But then Someday came a little too soon,

CHORUS: I got the nine-month blues,  
Too much to gain, too much to lose,  
BUT HE WAS KIND OF HAPPY WHEN HE HEARD MY NEWS  
I got the nine-month blues.

There was him and me, and the baby made three  
But we made up our minds to stay that way,  
With little bitty things made of rubber and such,  
And 'cause we were friends we decide to go Dutch,  
When we said "I do" it was a solemn oath,  
So we DID and we DID and it pleased us both,  
We still can't figure out what went wrong,  
But that's the first line of the nine-month song,

CHORUS: I got the (etc)  
GET OUT THE DRESS AND THE SENSIBLE SHOES (etc)

I said, "This time around I'm gonna cast my stone,  
I'm gonna have a chance to call my life my own!"  
But the S.P.U.C. and the F.P.A.  
They said, "Keep that child! Don't fling it away!"  
The doctor said he had the right to refuse,  
The law says if you want to beat the noose  
You got to be rich, or near to your grave,  
So away I went again on my nine-month rave,

CHORUS.. AND THAT TIME AROUND I GOT 'EM IN TWOS (etc)

The next thing we tried was the capital P  
And I-L-L is what that made me;  
My head bust open and I nearly went crazy  
And my moon started risin' every fourteen days,  
I says, "I may be sick, but I'm safe and free",  
We started making honey like a couple of bees.  
But one May morning, I musta forgot.  
Dropped me right back into the nine-month slot,

CHORUS..WON'T THE OLD MAN BE HAPPY WHEN HE HEARS MY NEWS?(etc)

I got kids everywhere, two-three-four-five,  
I just can't swim without taking a dive.  
I went for advice, they says to me:  
The next thing to try is the I.U.D.,  
But the small print allows that the Loopity-Loop  
Has a margin of error (then you're in the soup);  
But your kid'll be normal, so don't you fret,  
Even though you're leased for the nine-month let,

CHORUS..I BETTER GET MY OLD MAN TO DISCONNECT HIS FUSE (etc)

Well, I love that man, I love my kids,  
But if I have any more I'm gonna blow my lid!  
It's not just the forty weeks on my mind -  
It's also the washing hangin' on my line;  
It could be the worry on the old man's face,  
Or thinking of the future of the Female Race,  
It all began with the lovin' and laughter,  
Then so much care for such a long time after

CHORUS: Every nine-month blues,  
Too much to gain, too much to lose,  
Don't you think we ought to have the right to choose  
To sing the twenty-year blues?

(words & music, Peggy Seeger  
copyright, Ewan MacColl, Ltd.)

## Band 4 LITTLE GIRL CHILD

Written for our six-year old daughter.

Little girl child -  
Your mammy wants to sing you a song:  
Don't get me wrong,  
It won't be a lullabye,  
Might put you to sleep,  
I want you awake  
With your mind wide open,  
Listening -  
But I don't mind singing it twice,

Little girl child -  
Your mammy wants to give you advice:  
Don't be too nice.  
'Cause the world isn't made for a "lady",  
Take what you reckon is yours,  
'Cause while you're asking  
Politely,  
Someone'll grab your toys,



Little girl child -  
I want to hear you making a noise,  
Loud as the boys.  
Anything they can do, you can do too,  
You can be rough, or smooth.  
You, too, can get your hands  
Dirty -  
You don't have to toe the line,

Little girl child -  
Your mammy wants you dressed up fine:  
Not because your mine,  
'Cause you're yours.  
Nothing wrong with looking good,  
Care for yourself and you'll care for others.  
Ready for life,  
And loving -  
Nobody lives alone,

Little girl child -  
Your mammy wants you to roam:  
You don't have to stay home.  
'Cause you're a girl, they'll hold you back,  
Don't do this, you can't do that,  
But when the race begins,  
Fool 'em!  
You can be out of sight,

Little girl child -  
Your mammy wants to see you right:  
Teach you to fight.  
Not just for yourself or for the ones you love,  
The whole world hurts, you can help make it  
Better -  
We'll try to show you how,

Little girl child -  
I want to hear you taking a vow,  
Starting right now:  
Don't just take what's going,  
A second-rate job, second-rate life, second-rate world,  
Little girl -  
Are you listening?  
Guess I'll have to sing it again,  
Tomorrow.

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#### Band 5 RECLAIM THE NIGHT

The last five years have seen the mushrooming of rape crisis centres, legal reforms, women's self-defence programs, organisation of legal defence for women in rape trials, street demonstrations. The general cry of this movement is "Reclaim the Night!" so that women may be free of the fears that darkness and solitude often bring in either city street or home. It has to be understood that rape is not just a misdemeanor but a crime that can cause permanent damage.

Though Eve was made from Adam's rib,  
Nine months he lay within her crib;  
How can a man of woman born  
Thereafter use her sex with scorn?  
For though we bear the human race,  
To us is given but second place -  
And some men place us lower still  
By using us against our will.

If we choose to walk alone,  
For us there is no safety zone,  
If we're attacked we bear the blame,  
They say that we began the game.  
And though you prove your injury,  
The judge may set the rapist free:  
Therefore the victim is to blame,  
Call it nature, but rape's the name.

#### CHORUS

Reclaim the night and win the day,  
We want the right that should be our own,  
A freedom women have seldom known:  
The right to live, the right to walk alone,  
Without fear.

A husband has his lawful rights,  
Can take his wife whenever he likes;  
And courts uphold, time after time,  
That rape in marriage is no crime.  
The choice is hers, and hers alone,  
Submit, or lose your kids and home.  
When love becomes a legal claim,  
Call it duty, but rape's the name.

And if a man should rape a child,  
It's not because his spirit's wild;  
Our system gives the prize to all  
Who trample on the weak and small.  
When fathers rape, they surely know  
Their kids have nowhere else to go.  
Try to forget, don't ask us to  
Forgive them, they know what they do. (CHORUS)

When exploitation is the norm,  
Rape is found in many forms:  
Lower wages, meaner tasks,  
Poorer schooling, second-class.  
We serve our own, and like the men  
We serve employers. It follows then  
That body's rape is nothing new -  
But just a servant's final due.

We've raised our voices in the past,  
And this time will not be the last!  
Our body's gift is ours to give,  
Not payment for the right to live.  
Since we've outgrown the status-quo,  
We claim the right to answer NO!  
If without consent he stake a claim,  
Call it rape! For rape's the name! (CHORUS)

(words & music, Peggy Seeger  
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## SIDE TWO

### Band 1 WINNIE AND SAM

Like "Union Woman", this song is based on tape-recordings. Its subject (whose name has been changed) referred to herself with bitter humour as one of the 'high-neck blouse brigade' - i.e., the middle-class battered wife. Another song, on the same subject (entitled "Emily") may be found on Blackthorne BR 1059 (HOT BLAST).

Here's a little song about Winnie,  
Married Handsome Sam.  
He called her "my own little wife",  
She called him "my man".

Wasn't it a lovely wedding?  
A hundred guests or more.  
Before the honeymoon was over  
He'd knocked her to the floor.

Wasn't it a lovely marriage?  
He never left her alone.  
She always wore a high-neck blouse,  
She musta been accident-prone.

Whenever the neighbours heard the noise,  
The cops come rollin' along;  
Saw his fist and her black eye,  
"Hullo, is there anything wrong?"

Casualty always patched her up,  
And sent her right back home.  
Said, "Our job is to heal the sick,  
Not to ask 'how come?'"

The G.P. was a family man  
Didn't want to intercede.  
A bottle of pills, a bit of advice:  
"A baby is what you need."

So on Saturday he beat his own little wife,  
Sunday he bashed the kids.  
One Monday morning, Winnie woke up,  
This union is on the skids.

She went to the Marriage Guidance,  
But she had to go alone.  
Handsome Sam wouldn't go with her  
So they guided her right back home.

A social worker come onto the case,  
She found Winnie in tears.  
Says, "You're not as bad as some I've seen,  
And it proves that he loves you, dear."

The Housing Department turned her away  
After filling in all those forms.  
We just got no place to put you, dear,  
Afraid you'll have to go back home.

Well, maybe the Homeless Persons Act  
Might be applicable here.  
But can you define (and be exact)  
How hard does he hit you, dear?

Well, after eleven heavenly years,  
To make a long story short.  
One day Sam went a little too far,  
Winnie took Sam to court.

Oh - what a lovely trial!  
Sam got the shock of his life.  
He stood in the dock, stared at the judge,  
"You mean I can't beat my wife?"

Do you think my song is funny?  
Well, it was not meant to be.  
'Cause the world believes it when a man says,  
"Honey, you belong to me."

Does it only happen to a poor man's wife  
Or a so-called 'lower degree'  
Winnie is a lawyer's daughter,  
Sam's got a P.H.D.

Marriage is a feudal custom,  
Women are one of the props.  
Women help to make it go,  
Women got to make it stop.  
Women got to make it stop.

(words & music, Peggy Seeger  
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## Band 2 I'M GONNA BE AN ENGINEER

Written in 1970, this piece is rapidly becoming the anthem of the women's movement in Both Britain and America. The various metal trades which are included in the engineers union were once considered outside the province of women's activity (except in war-time, when women are welcomed into men's jobs and generally make unprecedented advances in their own cause, education and opportunities). Although our heroine wants to be an engineer, the song seems to have enormous appeal to women and men in all walks of life, representing as it does the constant fixing of women into stereotyped roles, usually within the orbit of the family structure.

When I was a little girl, I wished I was a boy,  
I tagged along behind the gang and wore my corduroys,  
Everybody said I only did it to annoy  
But I was gonna be an engineer.

Mamma told me, "Can't you be a lady?  
Your duty is to make me the mother of a pearl.  
Wait until you're older, dear, and maybe  
You'll be glad that you're a girl.

DAINTY AS A DRESDEN STATUE.  
GENTLE AS A JERSEY COW.  
SMOOTH AS SILK, GIVES CREAMY MILK  
LEARN TO COO, LEARN TO MOO,  
THAT'S WHAT YOU DO TO BE A LADY NOW -

When I went to school I learned to write and how to read,  
Some history, geography, and home economy.  
And typing is a skill that every girl is sure to need,  
To while away the extra time until the time to breed,  
And then they had the nerve to say, "What would you like to be?"  
I says, "I'm gonna be an engineer!"  
No, you only need to learn to be a lady,  
The duty isn't yours for to try and run the world,  
An engineer could never have a baby!  
Remember, dear, that you're a girl.

SHE'S SMART (FOR A WOMAN).  
I WONDER HOW SHE GOT THAT WAY?  
YOU GET NO CHOICE, YOU GET NO VOICE,  
JUST STAY MUM, PRETEND YOU'RE DUMB,  
AND THAT'S HOW YOU COME TO BE A LADY TODAY -

Then Jimmy come along and we set up a conjugation,  
We were busy every night with loving recreation.  
I spent my day at work so HE could get his education,  
Well, now he's an engineer.

He says, "I know you'll always be a lady,  
It's the duty of my darling to love me all her life,  
Could an engineer look after or obey me?  
Remember, dear, that you're my wife."

Well, as soon as Jimmy got a job, I began again,  
Then, happy at my turret-lathe a year or so, and then:  
The morning that the twins were born, Jimmy says to them,  
"Kids, your mother was an engineer."

You owe it to the kids to be a lady,  
Dainty as a dishrag, faithful as a chow,  
Stay at home, you got to mind the baby,  
Remember you're a mother now.

Well, every time I turn around it's something else to do,  
It's cook a meal, mend a sock, sweep a floor or two,  
I listen in to Jimmy Young, it makes me want to spew,  
I WAS GONNA BE AN ENGINEER!

Don't I really wish that I could be a lady?  
I could do the lovely things that a lady's 'sposed to do,  
I wouldn't even mind, if only they would pay me,  
And I could be a person too.

WHAT PRICE - FOR A WOMAN?  
YOU CAN BUY HER FOR A RING OF GOLD.  
TO LOVE AND OBEY (WITHOUT ANY PAY)  
YOU GET A COOK AND A NURSE (FOR BETTER OR WORSE)  
YOU DON'T NEED A PURSE WHEN THE LADY IS SOLD.

Ah, but now that times are harder and my Jimmy's got the sack,  
I went down to Vicker's, they were glad to have me back,  
But I'm a third-class citizen, my wages tell me that,  
And I'm a first-class engineer.  
The boss he says, "We pay you as a lady,  
You only got the job 'cause I can't afford a man,  
With you I keep the profits high as may be,  
You're just a cheaper pair of hands."

YOU GOT ONE FAULT - YOU'RE A WOMAN.  
YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE EQUAL PAY.  
A BITCH OR A TART, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT HEART,  
SHALLOW AND VAIN, YOU GOT NO BRAIN,  
YOU EVEN GO DOWN THE DRAIN LIKE A LADY TODAY -

Well, I listened to my mother and I joined a typing-pool,  
I listened to my lover and I put him through his school.  
But if I listen to the boss, I'm just a bloody fool  
And an underpaid engineer!

I been a sucker ever since I was a baby,  
As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother and a "dear" -  
But I'll fight them as a woman, not a lady,  
Fight them as an engineer!

(words and music, Peggy Seeger  
copyright, Stormking Music)

## Band 3 UNION WOMAN

In August, 1976, 160 workers at the Grunwick film processing plant in West London, struck for the right to join a trade union. A large proportion of the strikers were Asian ladies and in the course of the struggle Mrs. Jayaben Desai was thrust into the role of strike leader. Pitched battles took place on the picket line. APEX, the union which the strikers joined, failed to call for a mass picket. ACAS, the mediating body, and the Trades Union Congress, were equally reluctant to come to the aid of the strikers. After 14 months of bitter fighting, the strike was lost. Mrs. Desai is still looking for a job. This song is the result of three tape-recorded interviews with her.

Born rich in the womb,  
As you say, with a silver spoon in the mouth.  
Born female,  
Learned early to work but never had to labour.  
The luxury life is a knife in the heart and mind.  
Every day, all day,  
Nothing to do but waste your time.

Time to marry, time to mould the life.  
Father and mother choose husband and wife.  
Met him, liked him, married him, love him,  
Lucky.  
God gives some the peaceful and loving life.

Gone the easy time, come the children,  
Love the children, teach the children.  
Hit your children now,  
They hit you later when you're old.  
Find the good road, the natural life -  
Good politics start at home.

Moved to England, love England.  
Like to live among, learn from all manner of people.  
Find a new home - the English move away,  
Don't know why, the English move away.



Don't cry for the old life,  
Work brings independence, self-respect and pride.  
But Grunwick wants slaves - and silence.  
The watchdog creep behind you, white man.  
Brown woman, like a schoolchild, ask to leave the line.  
Children could be crying - or dying - at home,  
Got to do overtime.

Management bleed and bleach and trample.  
They hire neither man nor woman, just a worker.  
A pair of hands for the wage.  
The heart opens.  
One, then twenty, then forty, a hundred-and-sixty,  
Calling union! Calling union!

The English came,  
English miners, English students - and English policemen.  
More than a year, every day, all day  
Late in the night and in dark morning.  
Learn to think, learn to speak the English,  
join the English,

Don't like the fighting, inside crying,  
Now the husbands are proud to see the sari on the picket line.

What matter that the strike was lost?  
The enemy showed his face.  
Employers, management, labour and union leaders.  
Ambition and secret, scheming and shame,  
APEX was low, low, unworthy of its name.

What matter that the strike was lost?  
The fighting is further on.  
The ladies take the lesson home to husbands and children.  
The crime: to ask for a real life.  
The judgment: blacklisted.

Defiant, still organising, still in the union.  
Employers know her name, her face, her tongue, her scorn.  
But woman is patient, the world is young like a child,  
Rich in the womb, and fighting to be born.

(words & music, Peggy Seeger  
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#### Band 4 TALKING MATRIMONY BLUES

Girls, don't hanker for bouquets and veils,  
They soon turn to cabbage and nappies in pails.  
The joys - and the sorrows - of conjugal life,  
All these can be yours without being a wife,  
Yes, a good life can come to fruition,  
You don't need a license to give you permission,  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO MARRY.  
YOU NEVER GET COMPLETELY FREE CHOICE ANYHOW.  
TOO MANY PEOPLE YOU CAN'T MARRY FOR A START.  
LIKE PAUL NEWMAN.

A man decides to live in sin,  
No-one's gonna go blaming him.  
He's the boy, got his need,  
Won't be a man till he's done the deed.

A good girl ought to live alone  
Until she's wed and in her home,  
Not supposed to cut no capers  
Till she's got her bit of paper, mmmmm....

Now, there are places in this world  
Where they tell the young men and young girls,  
"Before you hit your marriage-bed,  
Indulge yourselves, go ahead."

ELIMINATE THE CRUDER FORMS OF SEX IMPULSE FROM YOUR  
MATRIMONIAL SELECTION.

But civilised folks (despite our climates)  
Fancy we're above those primates,  
Scorning prenuptial intercourse,  
We favour marriage - then divorce.

THE SINGLE MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN ARE A LEGALLY INCOMPLETE  
UNIT. UNCLAIMED ASSETS.

Marry for safety, marry for gain,  
Marry to give the little bugger a name,  
Marry by custom or marry by chance,  
But don't kid yourself, what we call "romance" ENDS AT THE ALTAR.

MARRIAGE IS A LEGAL CONTRACT.  
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I SAID, A LETHAL CON-TRICK.  
TWO EQUALS GET MARRIED AND HEY PRESTO! THEY'RE UNEQUAL.

Married man goes out each day,  
He's the one who earns the pay;  
His life may just be work and bed,  
But in the family he's the head.

A wife remains at home all day,  
Never a word of earning pay.  
Kids and housework all her life,  
Every family needs a wife, mmmmm....

Now, marriage don't have to be one-to-one,  
The alternative systems since time begun,  
(Like polygamy, polyandry, or marriage-in-groups)  
Weren't invented by nincompoops, BUT BY ECONOMIC NECESSITY.  
INFANT RETROTHAL...CHILD BRIDES...WIFE-STEALING...  
JUST DIFFERENT METHODS OF TRANSFERRING PROPERTY,

'Cause a wife has a place in the eyes of the law.  
She's as much a possession as a house or a car;  
You're a dependent now, you once was a bride,  
And he's your voice to the world outside.  
MEET THE WIFE.  
(SAY SOMETHING TO THE FOLKS, DEAR.)

Husband's rights are his by law,  
Whether it's Rome or Arkansas.  
The system ain't no parvenu,  
It uses him to manage you.

A wife has rights, her husband gives  
Her food to eat and a place to live.  
After that what he bestows  
Is up to him and no-one knows, mmmmm....

Now, even if you get on great,  
He'll collect your rent rebates.  
Even if you get on fine,  
Your legal papers are his to sign.  
Even if he's your bosom-friend,  
You may have to beg for money to spend,  
And even if your love is true,  
He can open anything addressed to you,  
AFTER ALL, IT'S GOT HIS NAME WRIT RIGHT THERE ON THE ENVELOPE.  
WHAT'S YOURS IS HIS,  
WHAT'S HIS IS YOURS  
AND ... YOU'RE HIS.

If you don't like marriage, you can, of course,  
Throw in the towel and go for divorce,  
But that little old knot, so easy to tie,  
Just won't unravel or lay down and die.  
Think of the cost. Think of the shame.  
Think of the kids. Think of the blame.  
Think of the men who'll call you fair game.

THINK OF PRINCESS MARGARET.  
MARRIAGE IMPLIES A MOST DIFFICULT AND DELICATE ADJUSTMENT OF  
A PASSIONATE, EMOTIONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH DOMESTIC AND  
ECONOMIC CO-OPERATION....  
SO DOES DIVORCE.

A man goes off and starts again,  
He may be sad and hurt, but then  
He's got his job, got his skill,  
A weekly cheque will pay the bill.

Woman's left with kids to mind,  
A life to mend and a job to find.  
Got no training, got no skills,  
Got no way to pay the bills, mmmmm....

So, love him, live with him, make your own vows,  
It don't matter when or where or how,  
'Cause just being a woman's a challenge for life,  
Why complicate things by becoming a wife?

I suppose you think I'm being cynical,  
But social surgery's got to be clinical.  
Marriage is really to safeguard the kids,  
'Cause without a mother they'd be on the skids.  
Who better to feed 'em and wipe their little bums  
Than good old dependable, stay-at-home mum?

And marriage is really to safeguard the man,  
Send him off to work well-fed, epic and span,  
It's not only HIS labour he's going to sell,  
But that of his wife and his kids as well.  
TWO CAN EARN CHEAPER THAN ONE.

So, in the end, it's really to safeguard the boss,  
'Cause without a workforce he'd make a loss.  
How could he rob 'em, screw 'em and twist 'em,  
Unless he had marriage to uphold the system

THAT SUPPORTS THE CLASS  
THAT EXPLOITS THE MAN  
WHO EXPLOITS THE WIFE  
WHO BEARS THE KIDS  
WHO LIVE IN THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

... AND JILL CLEANS.

(words & music, Peggy Seeger  
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Band 5 LOVE FOR LOVE

Come, my darling, we're a union  
Equals all along the line,  
Here's my love, then, come and take it,  
I'll keep yours and you keep mine.  
One and one, a combination.  
Love for love and equal shares,  
Every burden shared in common,  
Equal joys and equal cares.

Let me look into your eyes, love,  
Let me breathe you in like air,  
Breathe away, love, while you can  
But don't forget the world out there.  
I love your hands, so small and tender,  
Touch me with them, I'm undone,  
Not too small to tear the old world  
Down and learn to fire a gun.

Let me put my arms around you,  
Let me drown, love, in a kiss.  
Kiss away, love, but remember,  
We stand on the precipice.  
I love your lips, so warm and tender,  
Love the look that's in your eyes,  
Eyes to face the facts of life, love,  
Lips for shouting battle cries.

Love can help us teach each other,  
Teacher, pupil, both in one,  
And then we'll start a chain reaction,  
What you know, love, pass it on.  
Adding two and two together,  
Learning to explain the world,  
Pooling all the knowledge gained  
And using it to change the world.

Let me lie, love, close beside you,  
Feel your heart beat close to mine;  
Every heartbeat brings us closer,  
Nearer to the battle line.

I love the way your touch can burn me,  
Love your warmth and love your weight,  
Love your need, I love your hunger,  
Sharing joy and love and hate.

Love can serve us as a weapon,  
Help us fight through thick and thin,  
You the stock, and you the barrel,  
Love's the bolt and firing-pin.

Come on now, demand what's yours,  
The time is now, come on, begin,  
Time to take what you create,  
There's chains to lose, a world to win.

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copyright, Stormking Music)



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(Note: White Wind is a folk-cantata written especially for Anti-Apartheid year.)