

STEREO

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8563

FROM WHERE I STAND

TOPICAL SONGS FROM AMERICA AND ENGLAND

SUNG BY:

PEGGY SEEGER

VOCALS:

Kitty MacColl / Ewan MacColl / Calum MacColl / Neil MacColl



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

M
1627
S45
F93
1982

MUSIC LP

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SIDE 1

- Band 1 UP IN WISCONSIN (Don Lange, © Barking Spider, arr. Peggy Seeger, N. MacColl) 4:40
Band 2 DRAGLINES (Deborah Silverstein, © same, arr. Peggy Seeger) 2:50
Band 3 VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS (by and © Ruthie Gorton) 1:54
Band 4 PLEASE MR. REAGAN (Peggy Seeger, © Ewan MacColl Ltd, arr. Peggy Seeger, N and C MacColl) 3:08
Band 5 GRAPE-PICKERS TRAGEDY (by and © Jack Warshaw, arr. Peggy Seeger) 4:25
Band 6 TAKE THE CHILDREN AND RUN (Don Lange, © Barking Spider, arr. Peggy Seeger and C. MacColl) 3:15
Band 7 THIRD SHIFT (by and © Muriel Hogan, arr. Peggy Seeger and N. MacColl) 1:50

SIDE 2

- Band 1 CARGO OF DREAD (Don Lange, © Barking Spider, arr. Peggy Seeger and Calum MacColl) 2:13
Band 2 BLACK LUNG (by Hazel Dickens, © Happy Valley Music) 2:40
Band 3 TAFT-HARTLEY (Charley King, © Pied Asp Music, arr. Peggy Seeger and N. MacColl) 3:14
Band 4 ARAGON MILL (by and © Si Kahn, arr. Peggy Seeger and C. MacColl) 3:06
Band 5 AGENT ORANGE (by and © Muriel Hogan, arr. Peggy Seeger) 4:50
Band 6 ENOUGH IS ENOUGH (by Peggy Seeger, © Ewan MacColl Ltd.) 5:06
Band 7 THOUGHTS OF TIME (by Peggy Seeger, © Ewan MacColl Ltd.) 3:10

PEGGY SEEGER has been singing and playing American folkmusic all her life. Brought up in Washington DC, she settled in England in 1958 when she began working and living with Ewan MacColl. She has made her life a combination of singer, housewife, songwriter. Her daughter Kitty (9) sings on this disc. Her sons Neill (23) and Calum (19) are excellent guitarists. In case there is any confusion as to credits, the boys play the lead guitars.

Supporting accompaniment, Calum and Neill MacColl.
Sound Engineer: Nick Godwin
Recorded at Pathway Studios, London
Production: Neill MacColl
Cover photograph: Ewan MacColl

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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Way back in 1956 I met an Israeli boy in Copenhagen. I was seeing the world from underneath a knapsack, a banjo and a guitar. He was on his way to Alaska to do a two-year stint in a logging camp. He was intrigued by the American folksongs that I had been brought up with. He knew very little about traditional music but when I told him I was intending to stay in England he said I'd have to get over the idea of singing American folksongs on stage. Stung by his equating the music I loved to a bout of influenza, I protested, but he insisted: "Your songs will become more English every year. They'll change because you change." I took this with many grains of salt and continued to sing the songs in two dozen countries over the two dozen years that followed.

The crisis didn't really hit me until the mid-1970's when I discovered that there were a number of my favorite indigenous American songs that I just never seemed to sing any more: Old Joe Clark, Cindy, and many of the banjo tunes. I was definitely leaning towards that section of American music which had originated in Britain, and indeed I became a fine ballad-singer. But I was a prime case of cultural displacement and disorientation. I had always been interested in industrial and protest songs and I now became interested in contemporary American topical music. Not having been brought up in a "traditional" setting (other than that

of sitting by the phonograph playing Carter family records) I had to start looking for roots. Lacking a proper southern drawl with which to do justice to a Sarah Ogan song, or the mid-Western laconic delivery necessary (to my mind) for The Ludlow Massacre, I drifted forward in time to the newer, urban-orientated songs, the kind of songs on this record. I need these musical ties that make me feel as if I am still part of the action of the land of my birth. They make it possible for me to continue singing the folksongs on stage. Songs like Taft-Hartley may now be part of history, but then so are Woody Guthrie's songs - and I am deeply indebted to the many writers whose songs I sing, for they make it possible for me to keep forging links in my cultural chain.

I speak with a kind of English accent now (Canadians ask me what part of Ireland I am from), but when I sing I slip naturally into American inflections. I write songs that have some American elements in them, but they arise from my British experience. I have included three of my own songs on the album because this is where I stand, where I live, with one foot in each country and a perspective that is mid-Atlantic.

Peggy Seeger
London, 1982

side one, band one

UP IN WISCONSIN (by Don Lange)

Up in Wisconsin, just the other day,
They bombed a timber with a chemical spray;
Wanted it cleared, didn't care how,
Had to have a place to feed the cows ...

Up in Alaska, where the men are men,
They hunt timber wolves from an airplane;
Pelts don't bring but a dollar or two,
Just enough to pay the pilot and the crew.

CHORUS: Lord I want to go back home,
And fish those cold, crystal streams;
O Lord, I want to go back home once again,
Where the evergreens are green.

Way down south, in a bayou swamp,
Alligator lived in a cypress stump;
Poacherman comes with a hook and gun,
Make a briefcase for a rich man's son ...

Farmer had a field of oats and hay
Till they come to build another highway;
Condemned his land, bought at their price,
Made a concrete runway out of paradise.(CHORUS)

They say somewhere just this side of hell,
You might still find a big blue whale;
They say somewhere in the land of love,
You can hear the song of a mourning-dove ...

They say somewhere, maybe in the wild,
They wouldn't napalm a little child;
They say somewhere beyond the screams,
You can still find an American dream. (CHORUS)

(Peggy and Neill on guitars)

side one, band two

DRAGLINES (by Deborah Silverstein)

Coalport, P.A.
Just a little town, tucked too far away
For anyone to know.
But the folks born and raised
For six generations working day by day
Trying to keep themselves a home.

CHORUS: Draglines at my heart,
They're tearing us apart
And the mountainside where we were born,
Must I weep and mourn for the land
That took ten million years to form,
Now all my eyes can see are just
The bleeding scars across the mountainside,
Across the mountainside.

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MUSIC LP

Our neighbors down the road,
They farmed twelve acres, worked a heavy load,
Poor as dirt, though they tried.
Till the coal company came through,
Said, "We'll mine your land, take the burden off
of you,
And we'll see that you get by." (CHORUS)

First they tore down their home
Where their grandma and all the kids were born,
They just brushed it all aside.
Then came the big machines,
Ripped up the trees and muddled all the streams
While the family stood and cried.

FINAL CHORUS:
Draglines at my heart,
They're tearing us apart,
And the mountainside where we were born,
O, take warning that the storm clouds will come,
And block out the sun
That's shining on the folks who seek their
fortunes
Off the families who have died
Trying to survive
Across the mountainside.

(Peggy, concertina)

side one, band three

VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS (by Ruthie Gorton)

You'd better listen to the voices from the mountains,
Telling you something that you just might need to know,
'Cause the empire's days are numbered, if you're counting,
And the people just get stronger blow by blow.

You'd better listen when they talk about strip mining,
Turning rolling hills to acid clay;
If you're preachin' all about that silver lining,
You'll be talkin' when the hills are stripped away.

You'd better listen to the cries of the dyin' miner,
You better feel the pain of the children and the wives,
It's more than one man fighting for survival,
And that's bound to mean a change in all our lives.

From the black lung, in explosions they'll be dyin',
And the operator's guilty of the crime,
But the killing won't be stopped by all your cryin',
Gotta fight for what you need, so seize the time.

(repeat first verse)

side one, band four

PLEASE, MISTER REAGAN (by Peggy Seeger)

If you go to Little Bookham, go beyond the "Rose and Crown"
Take a left, the second right, until the road goes down
A little hill and then turn left again, just by the willow tree,
There's a house, a dog, a cat, two kids and my old man and me.

I saw it in the paper, so I know it must be true,
They've got more bombs than targets and they don't know what to do,
There's SS-20's aimed at Yeovil, even Clacton-on-the-Sea,
But no-one, nowhere's, ever aiming anything at me.

CHORUS: So please, Mister Reagan, I'm missing all the fun,
The other players in the game have pieces, I've got none,
I don't want to live beyond my time, be left here all alone,
Please let me have a little missile of my own.

It must be great to live in London or in Naples or in Cannes,
You know how many bombs you'll get and what you've got in hand,
I think the great atomic finals should be held for all mankind,
And Little Bookham's very very very far behind.

I feel so insignificant, it's just like I was poor,
Even Dallas cannot raise my spirits any more,
I've got a dandy little shelter and a great survival kit,
But with a shield, without a sword, how can I do my bit?(CHORUS)

If I had a missile I could hold it in my lap,
And someone on the other side would put me on their map
And I'd be part of our defences, I could push my button too,
Then I'd be as good as them, and half as good as you.

Now I come to think of it, one is not enough,
The enemy is all around, about to call my bluff,
So please, Mister Reagan, would you send me two?
One to aim at Thatcher and the other at you.

(Calum, guitar; Neill, mandolin; Peggy, banjo)

NOTE: The idea for this song was taken from a small item in the
GUARDIAN, December 13 1981, claiming that "by the end of the
decade there will be about 80,000 nuclear warheads in the great
arsenals, aimed at virtually every town in the Northern Hemisphere...
but there are simply not enough military targets to meet the number
of warheads.")

side one, band five

THE GRAPE-PICKER'S TRAGEDY (by Jack Warshaw)

The night-time is hot and the city is sleeping,
Ramon Sanchez takes Maria, his wife, by the hand;
The American border's a mile down the highway,
The border you've got to cross over to work on the land.
Cross over to work on the land.

Ramon and Maria just follow the foot-steps
To a place called "The Hole" a little ways over the line;
Ten-thousand are begging for work in the vineyards,
Where fruitflies and hoppers are thicker than grapes on the vine,
Thicker than grapes on the vine.

At four the bus starts on another day's journey.
At six see the sun in the sky and the hills glowing red.
At eight they arrive and by nine they are weary.
At eleven the drone of the duster is heard overhead,
The duster is heard overhead.

The dusterplane's loaded with tanks of spray poison
To kill off the fruitflies and hoppers that damage the crops,
But it's killed off the insects that feed on the fruitflies
They're breeding unchecked and so fast that the dusting can't stop,
So fast that the dusting can't stop.

The dusterplane circled low over the vineyard;
Ramon knew the sound that means 'run for the trucks or the shed';
The poison rained down where Maria was working;
Maria worked on and a few hours later was dead.
And a few hours later was dead.

"Ramon," said the grower, "we're all mighty sorry.
She must have been sick long before she came up from the south.
That spray don't hurt people you know we don't want trouble,
So here's your day's pay, go away, and don't open your mouth.
Go away, and don't open your mouth."

He turned on his heel and walked out of the office.
Maria was taken to town and they gave him her things.
There's nowhere to go but back over the border.
Adios, mi Maria, it's their blood the next harvest brings.
It's their blood the next harvest brings.
(Peggy, autoharp and guitar)

side one, band six

TAKE THE CHILDREN AND RUN (by Don Lange)

Telephone rang, have you heard the news?
Carrion crows coming home to roost.
Over at the plant, you know, something went wrong,
Take the children and run....

They say they'll fix it if we just stay calm,
Go back to your factories, go back to your farms.
Don't you get angry, don't you lose your cool
And the bosses will share their power with you,
Take the children and run....

Doctor Atomic lying through his teeth
Says we've nothing to fear but fear itself.
He visits the plant in a lead-lined suit,
It comes out looking like courage on the evening news,
Take the children and run.....

You're on the Commission and you're sixty years old,
You make a deal with the devil and your profits unfold,
But twenty years down the line and that little girl
Is in the prime of her life, her blood cells grow wild,
Take the children and run....

I saw the reactor through an April haze -
It looked like a blunderbuss aimed at the sky.
It's your friendly atom raging out of control,
And your scientists praying for Lady Luck's smile,
Take the children and run....

(Calum, bowed psaltery,
Peggy, guitar)

side one, band seven

THIRD SHIFT (by Muriel Hogan)

I've got it together, but not quite,
Out into the weather, it's a cold night
When most of the city is going to bed,
I'm shaking the cobwebs out of my head,
I'm working that third shift - I guess it's all right
I better get pushing, it's midnight...

When I started working, the first night
I thought I'd be lonesome, but I wasn't right,
The people on my shift, they're friendly and strong
As steady as heartbeats, going all night long
You watch those old timers, they really know how
To make it on third shift, I'm seeing that now,

You know, we get an extra twenty-seven cents an hour
For these screwed-up hours we keep;
While the president and his whole board of directors
Making plenty more money being sound asleep---

While I'm making my piece-rate, all right,
As long as I'm pounding the whole damned night
We watch for the sunrise, welcome the dawn,
Pretty soon clean the old machines and get on home,
We've got this one sewn up, we're doing all right
We're out in the sunlight---
Hey, I'll see you tonight!
All right!

(Peggy and Neill, guitars)

side two, band one

CARGO OF DREAD (by Don Lange)

It's raining tonight on the interstate highway
The sign says the way-station's closed.
Smoky's in bed, so the radio said,
So it's time now to make your move.
A Trans-Star rig rambles into the night
While galaxies whirl high above,
White pills in his head and a cargo of dread,
That trucker is dreaming of love.

It's raining tonight on Duane Arnold Station,
The guard waves his hand, Go ahead!
Duane isn't worried, 'cause he lives upwind,
So he tucks his small children to bed.
Another investment, another return,
You know, the risk's not as great as it seems.
But the people of Palona live on a bomb
And some of them sweat in their dreams.

It's raining tonight on the garden I planted
By the light of the warm summer sun.
My half-life is thirty-five, I hope to be alive
To help when the harvest comes in.
Some sow the soya bean, some sow the winter wheat,
Some sow the cancerous wind,
And you know in your soul that they won't be responsible
When that last deadly harvest comes in.

It's raining tonight on the Red Cedar River
Where radioactivity burns.
Children are dreaming and parents are scheming
To make them forget what they learned.
Old Noah escaped, on the water he fled,
But this water puts rot in your bones;
Don't beg for protection, don't ask directions,
'Cause brother, there's no place to run.
Brother, there's no place to run.
Brother, there's no place to run.

side two, band two

BLACK LUNG (by Hazel Dickens)

He's had more hard luck than most men could stand,
The mine was his first love, but never his friend;
He's lived a hard life and hard he'll die,
Black lung done got him, his time is nigh.

Black lung, black lung, you're just bidin' your time:
But soon my sufferin', I'll leave behind.
But I can't help but wonder what God had in mind,
To send such a devil to plague this soul of mine.

He went to the boss man, but he closed the door,
Well, it seems you ain't wanted when you're sick and you're poor;
You're not even covered in their medical plan,
And your life is dependent on the favours of man.

Down in the poor-house on starvation's plan,
Where pride is a stranger, where death is a friend;
All filled up with coal-dust till his body's decayed;
And everyone but black lung done turned him away.

Black lung, black lung, on your hands I see coal
As you reach for my life, as you torture my soul.
Cold as that water-hole down in that black cave
Where I spent my lifetime diggin' my own grave.

Down at the graveyard the bossman came,
With his little bunch of flowers, My God, what a shame!
Take back your flowers, don't sing your sad song -
The die is cast now, my good man is gone.

side two, band three

TAFT-HARTLEY SONG (by Charlie King)

Part of me says we shouldn't be striking
But most of me says we should,
'Cause when the owners get together with the U.S. government
You know, it ain't a-gonna do me no good,
And if they keep on handing us a yellow-dog contract,
We're gonna have to turn it down.
Mr. Taft can dig it, Mr. Hartley can haul it,
'Cause I'm gonna leave it in the ground.

CHORUS:

Mr. Taft can dig it, Mr. Hartley can haul it,
Carter can supervise the crew,
And if they find it too hard, they got the National Guard
To fix their bayonets and shovel like fools.
It's gonna take a lot longer than eighty short days
For this miner to cool on down,
Mr. Taft can dig it, Mr. Hartley can haul it,
'Cause I'm gonna leave it in the ground.

Mine-owner don't worry 'bout safety regulations,
He's walkin' in the sun all day.
But when you're down in the mine the first thing you learn,
You gotta stay alive if you want to spend that pay,
If we sign away our rights to be wildcat strikin'
You know they're gonna push us around.
Mr. Taft can dig it, Mr. Hartley can haul it,
But I'm gonna leave it in the ground.

Well, they took away our food-stamps, our medical plan,
I got a mortgage I just can't pay;
But the folks here in town are gonna give me credit
'Cause they know I'll be back on my feet some day,
And if some gun-totin' thug takes to totin' for the owners
Better find himself another town.
Mr. Taft can dig it, Mr. Hartley can haul it,
'Cause I'm gonna leave it in the ground. (CHORUS)

Now, my daddy's pensioned off at eighty bucks a week,
 Seems to get smaller every year;
 If every time the kids are sick I'm reachin' in my pocket
 You know my pay raise is gonna disappear,
 No owner can outsmart me with his Taft and his Hartley
 While the coal supply is running down.
 He may own the coal but he don't own me,
 And I'm gonna leave it in the ground.

(Neill, guitar; Peggy on piano)

side two, band four

ARAGON MILL (by Si Kahn)

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill
 There's a chimney so tall that says Aragon Mill.
 But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack
 'Cause the mill has pulled out and it ain't coming back.

CHORUS:

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
 As it blows through the town, weave and spin, weave and spin.

There's no children at all in the narrow empty streets,
 All the looms have shut down, it's so quiet I can't sleep.(CHORUS)

Oh, I'm too poor to move and I'm too young to die
 And there's nowhere to go for my family and I.
 'Cause the mill has shut down, it's the only life I know
 Tell me, where can I go? Tell me, where can I go?(CHORUS)

(guitars, Peggy and Calum)

side two, band five

AGENT ORANGE SONG (by Muriel Hogan)

Well, I was seventeen, a great big kid, the year that I enlisted.
 I can't recall just why I did, my mom says I insisted.
 I had a strange idea then, Uncle Sam was right,
 Mom she cried, she signed the card and I went off to fight.

Got off the plane in Vietnam, it didn't seem like war.
 With all I saw I started wondering what we'd come there for.
 The officers got drunk at night, cheated on their wives,
 Those guys on the other side were fighting for their lives.

You know, the Army tried some fancy tricks to bring them to their knees
 Like Agent Orange defoliants to clear the brush and trees.
 We'd fly above the trail all day in clouds of poison spray,
 I never thought that chemical would take my life today.

CHORUS: But I got the news this morning, the doctor told me so,
 Says they killed me in Vietnam and I didn't even know.

I tried hard to forget that war like everybody else did.
 I settled down with Kathy, we tried to raise some kids.
 Our little son has birth defects, the doctors had their doubts,
 They never said what caused it, but I think I just found out.

Agent orange came home with us, we carry it with us still,
 It stays inside for years and years, before it starts to kill.
 You might get cancer of the liver, might get cancer of the skin,
 Or a VA disability that you might not live to win.

I have this dream most every night, I'm flying above the trees.
 Those yellow guys down on the the trail, some of 'em look like me.
 Been trying so long to get away, running hard and slow,
 Been dying for eleven years, I wonder if they know.

The doctor says I've got some time, he was trying to be kind.
 I've never been a radical, but this has changed my mind,
 And now I'd be so proud to hear my sons say, "Hell, no, we won't go!
 You killed our dad in Vietnam and he didn't even know. (CHORUS)

(Peggy, autoharp)

side two, band six

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH (by Peggy Seeger)

Something always keeps you scurrying
 With problems and with worrying,
 There's additives in the vittles
 And there's poisons in the air;
 There's kids with problem parents
 And you can't imagine where
 You'll get the money to pay the bills
 You're getting old, getting fat,
 Behind the Joneses, lost your job
 And to top that
 You got no matches for the gas!
 Your head is always aching
 And the earth is always quaking
 And the kids are running wild.
 Cuts, cuts, more cuts,
 Cholesterol, the National Front,
 Traffic jams, the neutron bomb,
 Afghanistan, it's raining on your
 Holidays and still you try to smile,
 Deficits and overflows,
 The hurdles and the undertows,
 Haven't we got enough without
 THE NUCLEAR SIDESHOW?

Every time you turn around
 You're shelling out another pound,
 The mortgage, the petrol,
 The insurance and the rent.
 A flutter on the Pools could be
 A ruinous event.
 VAT, PAYE, EEC, alimony,
 By '83 we'll be on our knees
 And the Portuguese will send us foreign aid.

You pay to read the news
 About inflation and the nation
 Doesn't buy the kids their shoes.
 Kirby grips and Kit-E-Kat
 A drop of booze and little things
 Like clothes, food, heat, light, rates...
 - And your Mediterranean cruise.
 Plenty of ways to lose your pence
 From dire need to extravagance,
 Haven't we got enough without
 THE NUCLEAR EXPENSES?

Everything without a doubt
 Is wearing thin and wearing out,
 Gas and oil are giving out,
 The pub runs out of beer.
 Your teeth are full of fillings
 And the peace talks disappear,
 Along with the strike negotiations,
 Relations with your relations,
 Cities crumbling,
 There's holes in all the sheets!
 Your marriage needs repairing
 Lots of truncheons wearing out
 With hitting folks between the ears.
 Broken down machines combine
 To wear you down more than the
 passing of your years.
 Whatever it is that's getting you down
 By breaking up and breaking down,
 Haven't we got enough without
 A NUCLEAR MELTDOWN?

The finest plans of men and mice
 Often don't turn out so nice,
 Thalidomide, the micro-wave,
 The bridge across the Tay;
 Getting married can be great
 Until the second day.
 DC-10's (again and again), DDT,
 Ronan Point, Concorde, join the army,
 Don't forget your Dalkon Shield!
 There's junctions like Spaghetti
 And we elect the Iron Lady
 And the B-man in the suit,
 Agent Orange, Mini-Metro, maxi-Hindenburg,
 They even built a hospital with an enema
 room without a loo,
 Guinea pigs of every nation,
 Let's announce our abdication,
 Haven't we had enough without
 A NUCLEAR MISCALCULATION?

You can die of suffocation
 Or go up in a conflagration
 If you're fond of transportation
 You can die among the wheels.
 There's drowning, falling down the stairs
 And choking on your meals.
 Cigarettes and drugs,
 Or guns and clubs and knives

In the hands of thugs
 And mugs and husbands and their wives,
 There's suicide and cancer
 Or there's falling off a cliff
 Or just an overdose of flu.
 Dying of shock on budget day,
 Drinking all your cares away,
 Cholera, diphtheria, hysteria,
 Or snakebite in the jungles of Peru.
 Plenty of ways of getting faster
 To the day you breathe your last,
 Oh, haven't we got enough without
 A NUCLEAR DISASTER?

All the things you like to do,
 The very things you'd hate to lose,
 Sons and lovers, wife and kids,
 The smell of treacle tart.
 West Ham winning at home
 Or dabbling in the arts.
 Bacon and egg and books - flowers - clouds -
 Sleeping in and wishing you was winning the Bonds
 Or simply gazing into space.
 Once upon a time, a loaf of bread,
 A double bed, a glass of wine, my love, and you.
 I've even heard it said that women get their
 kicks from watching little Harpic soldiers
 marching down the loo.
 All the good things that attract you,
 Don't forget that it's a fact that
 All of it could be lost because of
 A NUCLEAR REACTOR.

There's answers everywhere you look,
 They could be in the Holy Book,
 There's power in the wind and water,
 Power from the sun.
 There's energy from outer space
 From now to Kingdom Come.
 Insulation, conservation,
 Control the population
 Make MacDonalds with a soyabean
 And all things geothermal,
 They're infernal 'cause no profit can be made.
 Of course we could share out the wealth,
 But some would say it ruined their health,
 They'd have to go by train
 Or by cycling - and re-cycling
 All the plastic and the glass,
 The News of the World, the metals
 And the nasty biodegradeable things
 That live down in the drains...
 There's reforming of our institutions,
 Maybe a little revolution,
 Just remember that the nuclear way
 May any day turn out to be a
 VERY FINAL SOLUTION.

(Kitty, supporting vocal)

NOTES FOR NON-BRITISHERS:

National Front: one of Britains leading fascist organisations
V.A.T: Value-added-tax, added to a number of items to support
the European Economic Community expenses

P.A.Y.E.: Pay-as-you-earn, tax deductible at source.

kirby grips: bobby-pins

Ronan Point a number of apartment blocks in London that proved
to be disastrously constructed

Spaghetti Junction: nickname for a junction of motorways near Birmingham
loo: toilet

West Ham: a football team

the Bonds: a national savings scheme which includes a weekly lottery

Harpic: a lavatory cleaning powder

News of the World: a scandal-mongering Sunday paper

side two, band seven

THOUGHTS OF TIME (by Peggy Seeger)

When first we loved and when our life was new,
Time lay before us like the space around a star,
But time moves faster than it used to do,
Thoughts of time will break my heart.

We've been through every weather you and me,
Forever twining ourselves together till death will us part,
But death seems nearer than it used to be,
Thoughts of time will break my heart.

We know our children will take wing and fly,
Ties will be broken and a circle torn apart,
But to know our children must grow old and die,
Thoughts of time will break my heart.

When our time is gone and others' time begun,
Our lives swept aside and others' lives about to start,
Then we'll join the past as countless more have done,
Thoughts of time will break my heart.

If we joined our dream, my love, we joined the fear
That one will be left behind, the other must depart,
But we've been in love for nearly thirty years,
Thoughts of time will break my heart.

Our dream is old, our dream is always new,
A dream ever with us, it was with us from the start,
The dream that all could live as lovers do,
A dream coming nearer though it always seems afar -
But to die before we see the dream come true,
Only that could break my heart.

(Neill, guitar; Peggy, autoharp)

(This song was written on my fortieth birthday, but
has been amended slightly since then.)



Photo by Ewan MacColl

PEGGY SEEGER

OTHER RECORDINGS ON FOLKWAYS

- 2005 American Folk Songs
- 2049 Folk Songs of Courting and Complaint
- 8732 The New Briton Gazette Vol. 1—Contemporary Songs
- 8734 The New Briton Gazette Vol. 2
- 8756 Songs of Two Rebellions—Scottish - Jacobite Wars
- 8757 Popular Scottish Songs
- 8758 Songs of Robert Burns
- 8759 Bothy Songs of Scotland—Ballads
- 8760 Traditional Songs and Ballads