

HOT BLAST

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8710 STEREO

Contemporary songs written and sung by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl

with accompaniments by Calum MacColl, Neil MacColl and Bruce Turner



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SIDE ONE

- Band 1 Blast Against Blackguards (guitar, PS; mandolin, NM)
- Band 2 The Tenant Farmer
- Band 3 The Pay-up Song (guitars, NM and PS; clarinet, BT)
- Band 4 Emily
- Band 5 Cut-Price Hero (guitars, NM and PS)
- Band 6 You and I (psaltery, CM; guitar, PS)
- Band 7 Legal Illegal (guitar, CM; concertina, PS)

SIDE TWO

- Band 1 The Invader (8-string dulcimer, CM; guitar, PS)
- Band 2 The Father's Song
- Band 3 White Wind (bongo drums, tin whistle and kalimba,
CM; guitars, NM and PS; supporting vocals,
NM and CM, with Jim Carroll, Kirsty MacColl
and Pat MacKenzie)

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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Steel Mill and Workers' Houses, Birmingham, Alabama, 1936
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HOT BLAST BLACKTHORNE

Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl

Introduction from Blackthorne Records BR 1059

All but one of the songs on this album were written between September 1977 and February 1978. For the most part they deal with political matters, and for those credulous souls who believe that political songs are part of a world-wide communist conspiracy we would point out that the practice of writing and singing political songs is one of our oldest traditions.

The earliest political songs that have come down to us belong to the period that immediately followed the Norman conquest. They are all in the Latin tongue. By the second half of the 12th-century, that too had begun to decline. By the end of the century, Anglo-Norman appears to have been used mainly in verses with a macaronic pattern of alternating Latin, English and Anglo-Norman lines, or in pieces like the **Song Against the King's Taxes**, in which each line begins in one language and ends in another.

The earliest known political song entirely in English is one written in support of Simon de Montfort's cause (C.1250) but, as Thomas Wright observes in his preface to **POLITICAL SONGS OF ENGLAND FROM THE REIGN OF JOHN TO THAT OF EDWARD II** (1839): "The circumstance of our finding no songs in English of an earlier date does not, however, prove that they did not exist. On the contrary, it is probable that they were equally abundant with the others; but the Latin songs belonged to that particular party, who were most in the habit of committing their productions to writing."

The ax was sharp, the stokke was harde,
In the XIII yere of Kyng Richarde. (C. 1390)

Ten years before that distich was written, a new kind of English political song was circulating among the members of The Great Society of Peasants, and when John Ball preached to their assembly on Blackheath in 1381, the text of his sermon was the popular jingle;

When Adam dalf and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

In spite of the collapse of the peasant revolt and the bloody terror waged against those who had taken part in it, political songs continued to play an increasingly important role in political affairs and, in particular, in the struggle between Catholics and Protestants. One of the earliest extant broadside ballads deals with riots that grew out of the dissolution of the monasteries in Devon and Cornwall. Such ballads were pleasing to Henry VIII and his advisers. Less pleasing were the songs in which Cardinal Wolsey and Lord Cromwell were attacked. In 1537, Henry complained to James V of Scotland of various ballads in which he himself, no less than the true Protestant religion, was satirized.

In 1543 there was passed an Act for the Advancement of True Religion and for the Abolishment of the Contrary; it specifically named "printed ballads, rhymes and songs" among the instruments used by malicious persons to "subvert the very true and perfect exposition, doctrine and declaration" of the Scriptures and stipulated that first offenders found guilty of printing or circulating such ballads should be fined ten pounds and given three months' imprisonment. For a second offence the penalty was confiscation of property and life-imprisonment.

Mary was just as sensitive as her father had been when it came to responding to the dangers of political songs and, barely a month after her accession to the throne, issued a proclamation against "the printing of books, ballads, rhymes and interludes" without a special licence.

With the coronation of Elizabeth I, anti-Catholic ballads began to pour off the broadside presses. Of the hundred ballads licensed at Stationers Hall between 1569 and 1570, seventy-six dealt with the Catholic rebellion of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland. Needless to say, few pro-Catholic ballads found their way into print.

In spite of the numerous acts of legislation and increasingly severe penalties meted out to those who fell foul of the authorities, political songs continued to circulate. By the time the Civil War began, the production of songs had reached flood proportions. Royalist and Puritan songwriters alike were hard at it bombarding each other with passionate, denunciatory ballads, songs and rhymed epithets. The military struggle ended with the victory of the Parliamentary forces, but the battle of the songwriters continued through the Rump Parliament, through the Restoration and into the mid-1700's when Scots songwriters were busy extolling and castigating the Jacobite cause in songs which, in terms of craftsmanship, reach a new high level in the art of political songwriting.

The beauty and skill of the Jacobite songs is acknowledged by most people today - and yet among their admirers there are those who reject, out of hand, songs which deal with the burning political issues of our time. Can listen to its songs without flinching? Are they blind and deaf to what

goes on around them? Or are they just wilful? Or is it that they resent anything that might distract them from the task of transforming the folk revival into a movement of ill-informed antiquarians?

We hope that the songs on this album will be useful weapons in the arsenal of those who are engaged in "the international conspiracy" against the brutal exploitation of the working-class, against the senseless waste of human and natural resources and against the pernicious disease of racism.

Sound Engineer: Stephen Hardy © 1978 Blackthorne Records, Ltd.,
35 Stanley Avenue, Beckenham, Kent BR3 2PU. England

SIDE ONE

Band one BLAST AGAINST BLACKGUARDS

or:

Some cautionary verses against the
Vile Villains who would take Freedom
from its Rightful Owners.

- 1 We have always treasured freedom in this country
But there are forces working in our midst today,
And they plan to overthrow the system's natural status quo
By agitating, demonstrating, striking, picketing, and so
We feel the time has come to make our declaration
In defense of Freedom, Property and Nation.
- 2 Some are free to own the fruits of others' labours,
Some are free to do a job and toe the line;
Some are free to rig the races, free to deal themselves the aces,
Some are free to soldier-on while others trample on their faces,
It's a matter of survival of the fittest,
And the fittest are the ones who grab the quickest.
- 3 Have you ever paused a moment to consider
All the burdens borne by those who own this land?
Each stock market fluctuation complicates the situation,
Keeping track of all that money is a full-time occupation,
For a nation cannot be described as healthy
Unless its wealth belongs to those who're wealthy!
- 4 When the Front* is busy fronting for the Tories
(And the cops are busy backing up the Front),
You must understand their function is to strike without compunction
All those aliens from Bangladesh, West Brom and Clapham Junction,
And by beating up all those in opposition
They're defending our most glorious tradition.
- 5 When a hero rises up and digs his heels in,
Puts the boot in in that good old-fashioned way,
When he starts on union-bashing, you can bet he'll get the backing
Of Keith Joseph and his cronies, no assistance will be lacking
In our hero's personal fight for liberation
Against the malcontents opposing exploitation.
- 6 But don't imagine we're opposed to all trade unions!
There are some we look on with a kindly eye;
When a union is controlled by leaders who've been bought and sold
Then it's a treasure beyond measure worth ten times its weight in gold
For they can always be relied on in a crisis
To sell their members out at bargain prices.
- 7 When the day arrives that you become redundant
Don't get angry with the boss and call him names;
You must try to be objective, get the matter in perspective,
See yourself as a component, just a cog that is defective
And with fortitude accept the situation
That the junkheap is your natural location.
- 8 They have always treasured Freedom in this country.
That's providing that the freedom is confined
To the few who bleed the nation, and while preaching moderation
Sit there helching after feeding on the working population -
So when some fat cat talks of Freedom on the telly:
Don't imagine he means YOU - not on your nelly!

(words & music, Ewan MacColl
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* the National Front, one of Britain's Nazi-style organisations

Band two

THE TENANT-FARMER

- 1 My faither rented a piece o' land,
It was on the Carrick border;
And he spent damn near a' his fifty years
Tryin' to get the land in order,
Snaw and hail and winter gale,
He couldna get nae rest,
He was just anither strugglin' tenant-fairmer.
- 2 That wee bit fairm was ill tae wark (small)
It was coarse red clay and boulder;
But at blink o' day he'd be up the brae (small hill)
Wi' the north wind at his shoulder;
Plowin', sowin', reapin', hoein',
Wrastlin' wi' the clay,
He was just anither daft-like tenant-fairmer.
- 3 The land was choked wi' whin and dock (gorse)
And the broom it took some shiftin',
So he tore and chaved* and he howked and slaved (dug)
At the pu'in' and the liftin';
Wark and sweat and rent and debt
And wife and bairns to feed, (children)
He was aye a weary, worried tenant-fairmer. (always)
- 4 Through the clay that had wheeled in the coulter's trace,
The young, green corn cam' peepin';
And the barley thrived and the corn grew high
And we a' helped wi' the reapin';
August through and neeps tae pu' (turnips)
There's aye a job tae dae
When you're a single-handed tenant-fairmer.
- 5 But for a' the years o' his toil and sweat
And the never-ending battle;
He couldna pay the bank ae day (one)
So they selt off a' his cattle;
He damned the clay and cursed the day
That ever he worked the land,
The day that he became a tenant-fairmer.
- 6 Well, what wi' the cost o' the feedin'-stuff
And the landlord's rent increases:
They turned us oot and they held a roup (auction)
O' a' our bits and pieces.
Your fairm's owre sma', nae use at a' (too)
And the owner needs the land,
Times are changed, we dinna need a tenant-fairmer.
- 7 Noo, he's workin' on an assembly-line,
It's a queer-like situation:
For he works like hell makin' things that sell
For cash to feed the nation.
It helps to buy the corn and rye
And the kind o' crops he raised
In the days when he worked as a tenant-fairmer.

* to separate the chaff

(words & music, Ewan MacColl
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Band three

THE PAY-UP SONG

At many rallies, concerts and functions where people are asked to dig into their pockets to fill the fighting fund, somebody is given the task of talking during the collection to encourage the money to flow freely and generously. This song is designed to help the speaker. The fourth verse may be changed according to the nature of the cause.

- 1 Time is a costly thing, so put it to use;
Time is a precious thing, we haven't got much to lose.
I took the time out to write you a song,
You took the time tonight to come on along,
It takes more than time to make us strong,
So time isn't all we need.
- CHORUS: So if you give a penny, give at least twenty
After all, it's only money you're givin' away,
And the 5p, 10p, 50p pieces
Won't buy much with the prices today,
A pound from each of you would save our neck
But if you're all spent-up, just write out a cheque.
If all you got to give is your own two hands
We'll find a job for you.
'Cause if you don't want to stand in the front line yourself,
Stand behind the ones who do.
- 2 Money is a useful thing, takes a long time to earn;
Money is a powerful thing, it doesn't take long to learn.
Money can arrest you and throw you in jail,
But money pays fees, fines and bail,
It looks like liberty is up for sale
But money isn't all we need.

- 3 Thinking is a wonderful thing, try and do it all the time,
Thinking is a beautiful thing, some folks call it a crime;
Thinking helps you see what's wrong and what's right,
Thinking makes you mad so you just gotta fight,
But it won't bring Utopia here tonight,
So thinking isn't all we need. (CHORUS)
- 4 Doing is a dangerous thing, takes a brave person to do.
Doing is the logical thing, it could happen to you.
In Chile the struggle is still going on
In the mines and mills, country and town,
Takes a good fighter to fight when he's down
But fighting is the only thing. (CHORUS)
- 5 Now - if you like my song, don't keep a penny back!
'Cause giving is a loving thing, have you got the knack?
Give a little more than you think you ought,
Giving is time, money and thought
And even though freedom can never be bought
Your money is a useful thing.
- So a pound from each of you would save our neck
But if you're all spent-up, just write out a cheque.
If all you got to give is your own two hands
We'll find a job for you.
'Cause if you don't want to stand in the front line yourself,
Stand behind the ones who do.

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Band four

EMILY

This song is based on the experience of a woman who spent eighteen months in a battered wives' refuge in south London, awaiting the decision of the courts and the council to rehouse her.

- 1 Once we were single, once we were young and
Once we were happy, husband and wife;
But fourteen years married, thirteen years harried,
Now I don't care what comes of my life.
- 2 The first time he lifted his hand against me,
He knew the blow was hurtful and wrong,
He said he was sorry, put his arms round me,
Sorry, love, sorry, all the night long.
- 3 The next time he lifted his fist against me
I thought I'd provoked him, I was to blame;
The next time, the next time, and the time after,
I told no-one 'cause I was ashamed.
- 4 When anything crossed him, I got his fist,
If dinner was late he slapped me around;
With begging and pleading, stitches and bleeding,
Nothing would do till I'm on the ground.
- 5 My mum come round, she seen I was crying,
Seen I was cut and bruised round the eyes,
My husband turned round, all smiling and charming,
Says, "All she does is spend and tell lies."
- 6 He said I was out with men every day,
He locked me indoors and tore up my clothes;
My friend heard me screaming, never come near,
Why did I stay with him? God only knows.
- 7 If I go quiet, that makes him rage,
If I turn and run, he's hunting me down,
I says, "Why do you hit me?" He hit me for asking,
Whatever I do, I'm down on the ground.
- 8 Each afternoon, my heart would start trembling,
I followed his journey all the way home;
His step at the door would nearly dissolve me,
When he walked in, my judgment was come.
- 9 I know there's two sides to every question,
I may be wrong and he may be right -
But he's got just two ways to settle a quarrel:
One is his left, the other his right.
- 10 The doctor says he needs my understanding,
The police seldom challenge a man in his home;
Everyone knows him, no-one defends me,
After the altar, a wife's on her own.
- 11 I wander, I cry, I pray I may die,
I run up to strangers to talk in the road;
Three kids and no money, so how can I leave him?
I lose my kids if I've got no home.

12 Sometimes he's loving, sometimes he's caring,
Sometimes it seems our marriage may mend;
And then in the night I'm lying and wondering,
How soon will his fists be at me again?

13 The last time he hit me, he nearly killed me,
I thought I was dead and glad to be free.
I gathered the kids up and went to a refuge,
He grabbed a crowbar and come after me.

14 When I go out, I feel him behind me,
Three times I've moved, he's found me again;
If I kill myself, at least I'll die easy,
At least I'll know why, at least I'll know when.

15 The refuge is bare, the floors and walls echo,
Nothing reminds me of comfort or home;
But here I can sleep and here I can hope,
Here I have friends, I'm no longer alone.

(words & music, Peggy Seeger
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Band five

CUT-PRICE HERO

It is not unusual for demagogues to offer solutions to crises which they themselves have created. The hero (or anti-hero) of this piece is a past-master at this. In his mouth, statistics proliferate like maggots in a dung-heap. Once a notable wizard in Wolverhampton, he now sits, with the Reverend Ian Paisley, on the right hand of God.

- 1 Present-day hero,
Sporting a pinstripe and wearing the regiment's tie,
Blood in his eye - the world on his shoulder.
Trims his moustache while he's dreaming of destiny's hour,
Greedy for power -
Ready to save the nation, and lead us in the fight,
Never a doubt that everything he does is right.
- 2 National hero,
Neat little man who's been chosed by Fate to redeem
The national dream: Imperial Greatness.
St. George with a briefcase, he's looking for dragons to slay,
Waits for the day -
We ask him to save the nation, and lead us in the fight,
Never a doubt that God is absolutely white.
- 3 Classical hero,
Standing alone on the bridge, he's defending the race,
Setting his face against the invader.
Knowing the worth of a man can be seen by his skin,
The killing begins -
Determined to save the nation, and lead us in the fight,
Never a doubt that virtue is pure unblemished white.
- 4 Yesterday's hero,
Trapped in a bunker and died like a rat in a hole,
Ultimate goal of second-hand heroes.
Another one rises, demanding the right to be heard,
And gets the bird -
History shrugs its shoulders. Gives a big horse-laugh,
And the cut-price hero ends up with the rest of the trash!

(words & music, Ewan MacColl
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Band six

YOU AND I

- 1 You and I have feasted on
The golden apples of the sun,
And sailed on wild, uncharted seas
When day was done.
- 2 Between two heartbeats we have known
A long eternity of joy;
We've soared above the fields of space,
The stars, our toys.
- 3 I give my heart and gain my soul,
I'm only free when I am bound.
Within the shelter of your arms
I'm lost - and found.
- 4 You and I have drunk the moon
And time nor death cannot subdue
The part of you that lives in me,
And me in you.

5 That part of me in you will see
The kestrel quartering the sky,
The endless play of night and day
Caught in your eyes.

6 That part of you in me will serve
To ease the breaking of my heart,
And guide me safely through the night
When we must part.

(words & music, Ewan MacColl
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Band seven

LEGAL ILLEGAL

- 1 Every time you pick up a newspaper,
Every time you switch on the T.V.,
You can bet your old boots that at some point you'll see
A high-ranking copper or Tory M.P.
Calling on all who are British and free
To stand up and defend Law and Order.
- 2 It's illegal to rip-off a payroll,
It's illegal to hold up a train,
But it's legal to rip-off a million or two
That comes from the labour that other folk do,
To plunder the many on behalf of the few
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.
- 3 It's illegal to kill off a landlord
Or to trespass upon his estate;
But to charge a high rent for a slum is OK
To condemn two adults and three children to stay
In a hovel that's rotten with damp and decay
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.
- 4 If your job turns you into a zombie
It's legal to feel some despair,
But don't be aggressive, that is if you're smart,
And for Christ's sake don't upset the old apple-cart,
Remember the boss has your interest at heart,
And it grieves him to see you unhappy.
- 5 If you fashion a bomb in the kitchen,
You're guilty of breaking the law;
But a bloody great nuclear plant is OK
Though plutonium processing hastens the day
When this tight little isle may be blasted away -
Nonetheless it is perfectly legal.
- 6 It's illegal if you are a gypsy
To camp by the side of the road,
But it's proper and right for the rich and the great
To live in a mansion and own an estate
That was got from the people by pillage and rape:
That's what they call "a tradition".
- 7 It's illegal to carve up your missus
Or put poison in your old man's tea,
But poison the rivers, the seas and the skies
And poison the mind of a nation with lies -
If it's done in the interest of Free Enterprise
Then it's proper and perfectly legal.
- 8 It's legal to join a trade union
And to picket is one of your rights,
But don't be offensive when scabs cross the line,
Be nice to the coppers and keep this in mind:
To picket EFFECTIVELY that is a crime,
Worse than if you had murdered your mother.
- 9 It's legal to sing on the telly,
But they make bloody sure that you don't
If you sing about racists and fascists and creeps
And thieves in high places who live off the weak
And those who are selling us right up the creek,
The twisters, the takers,
The con-men, the fakers,
The whole bloody gang of exploiters!

(words & music, Ewan MacColl
copyright Ewan MacColl Ltd)

SIDE TWO

Band one

THE INVADER

- 1 On the first six days we lived in trees,
We hunted, farmed, made bread and cheese,
We forged and built, white black and brown
The kingdom of man in Eden's ground -
And when we'd made our heaven and hell
On the seventh day we killed ourselves.

2 On the first six days we fought with rocks,
With slings and bows and firelocks;
Eye for eye, pound for pound,
We took our wars to another man's ground;
On the seventh day our kith and kin
Welcomed the dread invader in.

3 He has no sound, no sight, no smell,
No reason at all on earth to dwell,
He has no mind to call his own,
His nature is made by man alone;
You need a machine to know he's there
In wind and water, food or air.

4 He does the work of coal and oil
But no-one wants him on their soil;
He is not made in nightly stealth,
He's made to increase worldly wealth,
And when his useful life is done
They'll pay the earth to see him gone.

5 He comes by ship, he comes by plane,
He comes in trucks, he comes on trains,
We all take tablets every week
In case they crash or they find a leak;
The children know about spent-fuel
Even before they go to school.

6 Police and soldiers everywhere,
You're never alone, anywhere;
They watch your post, they tap your phone,
They check your past and they search your home;
They give us a pass, forbid us arms,
In case we mean the invader harm.

7 The invader lives where the jobs are few,
It runs itself, little to do.
Our men work there because it's near,
Replaced by the death-rate every year;
The poison gases overhang,
Then blow away to another man's land.

8 They pack him into glass and steel
Then away in secret to conceal
In oceans, mountains, desert holes,
As if they were hiding their own black souls;
But someday, somewhere, he'll get out
And bring his makers to account.

9 On the seventh day, we've proved our worth
As a nuclear dustbin for the earth,
A fitting end: to set the pace
For a way of life that depends on waste;
When our children's children bear the scar,
They'll curse us for the fools we are.

(This track has been made live, with no modern
multi-track techniques or electronic effects.)

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

Band two

THE FATHER'S SONG

- 1 That's another day gone by, son, close your eyes,
Now the moon is chasing clouds across the sky;
Go to sleep and have no fear, son,
For your mam and dad are near, son,
And the giant is just a shadow on the wall.
- 2 Go to sleep and when you wake it will be light.
There's no need to fear the darkness of the night;
It's not like the dark you find, son,
In the depths of some men's minds, son,
That defies the daily coming of the dawn.
- 3 Lie easy in your bed and grow up strong,
You'll be needing all your strength before too long,
For you'll soon be on your way, son,
Fighting battles every day, son,
With an enemy who thinks he owns the world.
- 4 Stop your crying now, let daddy dry your tears.
There's no bogeyman to get you, never fear;
There's no ogres, wicked witches,
Only greedy sons of bitches
Who are waiting to exploit your life away.
- 5 Don't you let 'em buy you out or break your pride.
Don't you let yourself be used, then cast aside;
If you listen to their lying,
They will con you into dying.
You won't even know that you were once alive.

- 6 No more talking now, it's time to go to sleep,
There are answers to your questions, but they'll keep;
Go on asking while you grow, son,
Go on asking till you know, son,
And then send the answers ringing through the world.

(words & music, Ewan MacColl
copyright Ewan MacColl Ltd)

Band three

WHITE WIND

- I Did you hear the wind that came in the night from the Northland?
We have heard, we have heard.

Did you hear the notes of the broken song of the wind of the
Northland?

We have heard, we have heard.

Song of rust sung out of iron throats,
The rattling bones, lamenting flesh;
Chattering teeth of guns saluting death,
The crackling tongues of fire -
Cadaverous choir of worms.

Have you seen how the land was raped by the wind
from the Northland?

We have seen, we have seen.

Have you seen the crops that were sown in the night
by the wind from the Northland?

We have seen, we have seen.

The tortured land is lashed with iron rain,
The shuffling reapers harvest chains,
Skulls in the twisted trees are ripe with flame,
Whips bloom in the fields -
The land is bearing prisons.

Have you known the sickness borne on the wind
from the Northland?

We have known, we have known.

Have you smelled the blood and known the hate
that was born on the wind from the Northland?

We have known, we have known.

The white disease, the pestilence of greed,
The carriers of the taking plague,
Scavengers of the world condemned to feed
On everything that lives -
And kill what they don't need.

- II The warriors came,
They overran our land;
The landless poor of distant lands,
Red-coated poor,
The disinherited
Of northern lands,
The broken men
Of the white tribes.

The warriors came,
They overran our land;
Their only song the song of fire,
Red-coated slaves
Who bring enslavement,
Their only dance
The dance of death
Of the white tribes.

The warriors came,
They overran our land
With smoke and flame and reek of blood,
Their god of pain
Is fed on murder
And tortured flesh,
The gentle god
Of the white tribes.

The warriors came,
They overran our land;
And bloodless men came bearing laws,
The twisted laws
That make theft easy,
The law of chains
That made us slaves
Of the white tribes.

The warriors came,
They overran our land;
The hard-eyed men who worship gold,
They took the land
That bore and fed us
And made it theirs:
The ravaged earth
Of the white tribes.

The warriors came,
They overran our land
With shuffling priests of gods of pain,
And men with serpents' eyes -
Lawbearers
Of poisoned laws
That gave our land
To the white tribes.

THE SPOILERS CAME,
A RAVENING PLAGUE OF ANTS:
WHITE ANTS THAT FEED ON BLOOD AND GOLD,
DEVOURING MEN
AND PLAINS AND MOUNTAINS
AND GRASS AND TREES;
DRIVEN BY GREED
MADE MAD WITH NEED
OF DEAD YELLOW ROCK
AND CRYSTALS BURIED IN THE EARTH'S DRY GRAVE.

THE SPOILERS CAME,
RIDING A WHITE NIGHTMARE THROUGH EMPTY VIEWS,
KNOWING NO WARMTH, NO LOVE, NO KINSHIP,
ONLY PRIDE IN THE SKIN OF THE WHITE TRIBE.

III Who are the people, the people of southern Africa,
The sons and the daughters,
The natural offspring of Africa's soil,
O -----
Who labours and toils so that Africa's soil
Might be fed with their sweat?
O -----
What are their names?(2)
Xhosa and Swazi and Tswana, Mpondu, Mfengu,
Venda, Shangaan, Tsonga and Sotho, Africans all,
O -----
Coloured and Indian, one people,
The people of Africa's south,
O -----
These are their names (2)

Whose is the land and the riches of southern Africa?
The copper, the coal, the valuable diamonds, the glittering gold?
O -----
Is it the Zulu's, the Swazi's
The people of Africa's south?
O -----
Whose is the land? (2)
Who digs the coal and the copper and gold of Africa?
Who are the toilers? Who digs the diamonds, uranium ore?
O -----
Who works in the fields
And who gathers a harvest that's none of their own?
O -----
What are their names? (2)

Who plunders the land and the people of southern Africa?
Who are the spoilers? Who owns the diamonds, uranium ore?
O -----
Who takes the gold and the copper and coal,
All the fruits of the earth?
O -----
What are their names? (2)
Vorster and Verwoerd and Smuts, the unholy trinity:
British investors, American, German, Belgian and French,
O -----
General Motors and Barclays and Rio Tinto and Shell
O -----
These are their names (2)

The prophets of progress have come to southern Africa,
Bringing apartheid, guns and the Pass Law
Prisons and slums,
O -----

IV Where is your daddy, son?
Where has your daddy gone?
Why doesn't he live at home?
Why did he go away?
Why does he stay away?
Why does he leave you and your mammy alone?

Maybe he's down a mine
Or building a railway line,
Maybe he's hauling stone.
Maybe within a year
They'll let him come back here,
Give him a permit to visit his home.

How will he know you, son?
You've been a-growing, son,
He's been away so long.
So long since he's seen you,
They've bulldozed our lean-to,
So how will he know where you've gone?

How will you know him, son?
You've been a-growing, son,
He's been away so long.
He's poor and he's black
And the clothes on his back
And the pass in his pocket is all that he owns.

Maybe he'll never come,
Maybe he's on the run,
Maybe he's lost his pass.
Maybe he's gone to ground,
Hid in some shanty-town,
Waiting to earn enough cash.

Maybe they picked him up,
Questioned him, beat him up,
Then sent him on his way.
Maybe they weren't satisfied,
Maybe they thought he lied,
Maybe they put him away.

Maybe he got colour-blind,
Maybe he spoke his mind,
Maybe he didn't say "Please".
Maybe he saw the light,
Better to stand and fight
Than live all your life on your knees.

Maybe he's lying dead,
Hanged or shot through the head,
Killed in a prison cell.
Maybe he's fighting back,
Gone over to the attack,
Maybe he's learned to rebel.

Where is your daddy, son?
Where has your daddy gone?
Why doesn't he live at home?
He's learning to fight
For all black people's rights
And he'll never let up till we've won.

V SIXTEENTH DAY OF JUNE
IN THE YEAR OF SEVENTY-SIX,
THE LONG HOT BLOODY YEAR,
THE YEAR OF SOWETO.

Soweto! Soweto! Soweto! Soweto! Soweto!
Sleepers stir and the dawn is breaking,
Soweto! Soweto!
Morning sun and the township waking,
Soweto! Soweto!
Through the streets black children walking,
Soweto! Soweto!
Rise and fall of voices talking,
Soweto! Soweto!
Down at the schoolhouse people waiting,
Soweto! Soweto!
Barefoot students demonstrating,
Soweto! Soweto!
Boys and girls they stand determined,
Soweto! Soweto!
Give us books, the tools of learning,
Soweto! Soweto!
Clouds of dust as the armoured cars pass,
Soweto! Soweto!
We ask for books and they give us tear-gas,
Soweto! Soweto!
Learn the lesson of apartheid,
Soweto! Soweto!
Tanks in the streets and the smell of cordite,
Soweto! Soweto!
Children who have known no childhood,
Soweto! Soweto!
Pledge their hope and give their life-blood,
Soweto! Soweto! Soweto!

Soweto: a word for murder,
Soweto means fascist terror,
Soweto: a word for death,
Tanks opposing naked flesh.
Soweto! Soweto!

Soweto: a word for courage,
Soweto means will to fight,
Soweto means end oppression,
Soweto: it spells UNITE!

(words & music, Ewan MacColl
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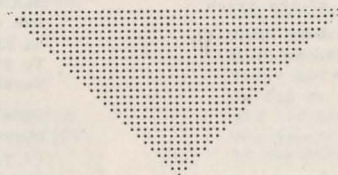
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Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM

HOT BLAST

Contemporary songs written and sung by
PEGGY SEEGER and EWAN MAC COLL
with accompaniments by Calum MacColl,
Neill MacColl and Bruce Turner

SIDE 1

FW-8710-A

- Band 1. Blast Against Blackguards (guitar, PS; mandolin, NM)
Band 2. The Tenant Farmer
Band 3. The Pay-up Song (guitars, NM and PS; clarinet, BT)
Band 4. Emily
Band 5. Cut-Price Hero (guitars, NM and PS)
Band 6. You and I (psaltery, CM; guitar, PS)
Band 7. Legal Illegal (guitar, CM; concertina, PS)

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SIDE 2

FW-8710-B

Band 1. The Invader (8-string dulcimer, CM; guitar, PS)
Band 2. The Father's Song
Band 3. White Wind (bongo drums,
tin whistle and kalimba,
CM; guitars, NM and PS; supporting vocals,
NM and CM, with Jim Carroll, Kristy MacColl
and Pat MacKenzie)

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