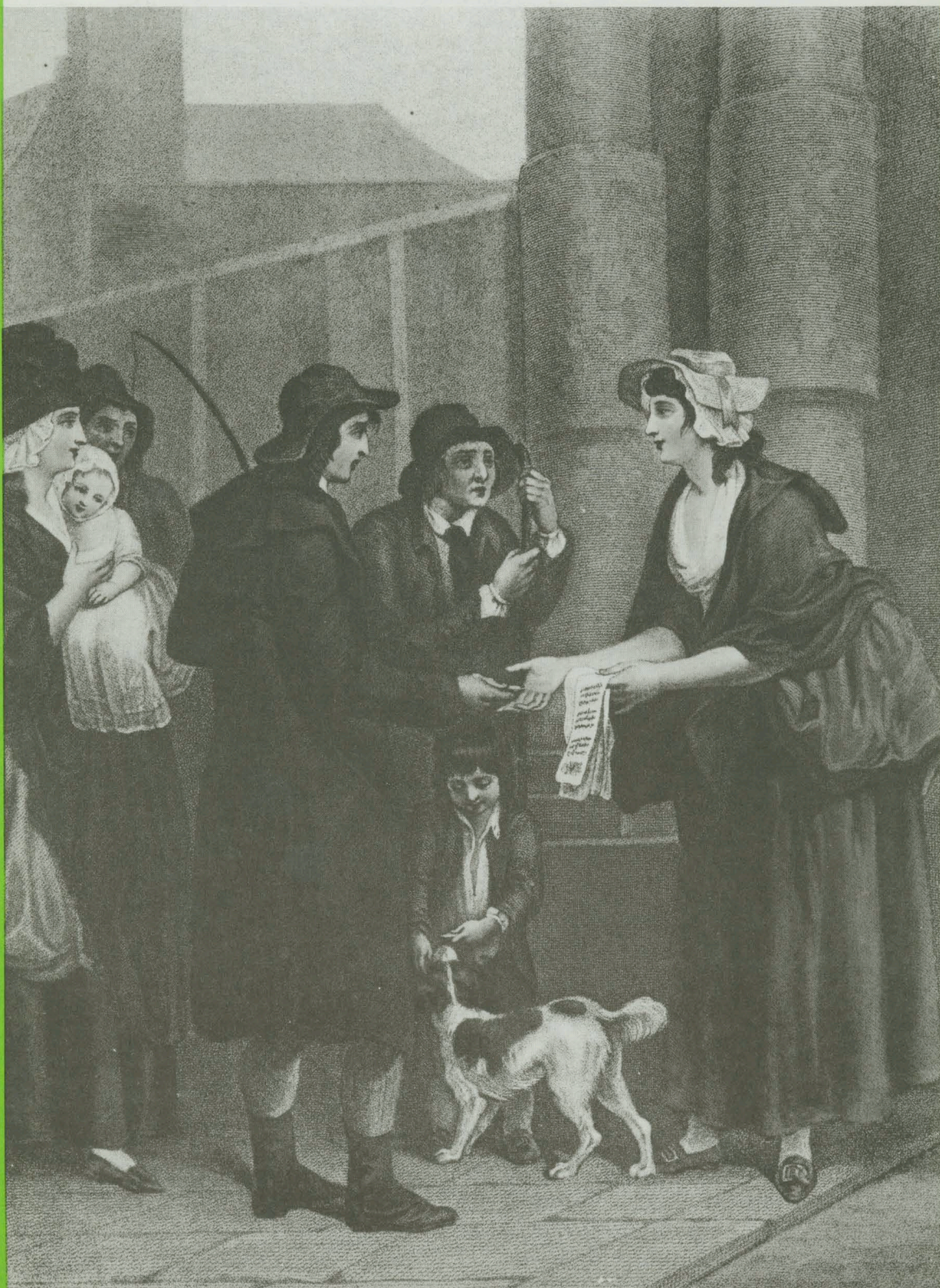


THE NEW BRITON GAZETTE

Contemporary British Songs Written and Sung by
Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger

Folkways Records FW 8732

Cover design by Ronald Clyne



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THE NEW BRITTON GAZETTE

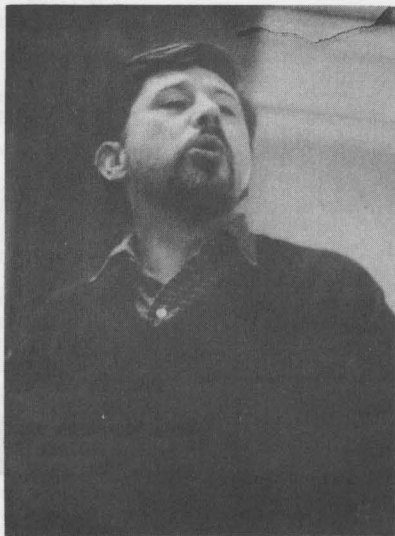
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Ballad of the Carpenter
Ballad of Springhill
The Lag's Song
The Lifeboat Mona
The Trafford Road Ballad
The Fireman's Not For Me
Come Fill Up Your Glass
The Crooked Cross
There's Better Things For You
Brother, Won't You Join in the Line
Space Girl's Song
Come All You Gallant Colliers
Come My Little Son
Fitter's Song
Exile's Song

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

The New Briton Gazette



Contemporary British songs composed and sung by

Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger

EWAN MacCOLL

Ewan MacColl is that rare combination of traditional and revival singer at one and the same time. Born in Auchterarder, Perthshire, Scotland on January 25, 1915 (on Bobby Burns' birthday), MacColl learned most of his songs from his father and other members of his family, as well as from Scottish and English neighbors of childhood days. "My old man was the best singer I ever heard," he says. Unlike so many traditional singers whose music was kept alive in relatively isolated rural areas, the MacColl family was a product of the industrial age. His father was an iron-moulder who worked at his trade irregularly as a result of being blacklisted for trade union organizing activities. His mother, from whom he also learned many songs worked on and off as a charwoman in all the industrial cities of England and Scotland as the MacColls moved from town to town trying to escape the penalties of the father's trade union activities. One writer has called him the "Folksinger of the Industrial Age." During the 1930's, MacColl found himself in the burgeoning British workers' theater movement. His natural political inclinations, together with an instinctive flair for drama and song led him to the "agit-prop" performing groups of the depression era whose stage was more often a street before a factory gate or a union meeting hall than a formal theater. In the years since then, he has become the leading presenter of folk songs on British radio and television, either writing or appearing in more than 50 different BBC programs. Song-writer, recording and concert artist (he has toured throughout Europe and Canada), Ewan MacColl is a towering figure in the world of folk music.

RECORDINGS:

FOLKWAYS

Singing Streets (FW 8501)

Songs of Robert Burns (FW 8758)

Songs of Two Rebellions (FW 8756)

PEGGY SEEGER

The trip which brings Peggy Seeger to Newport marks her first visit to the United States since 1957. Darkhaired, pretty Peggy Seeger, daughter of folk musicologists Charles and Ruth Crawford Seeger, has spent the last three years traveling throughout Europe and Asia while maintaining residence in England. At the World Youth Festival in Moscow in 1957, together with Guy Carawan, Peggy Seeger was the voice of American folk song. For the past few years she has collaborated closely with Ewan MacColl, sharing joint concert programs and accompanying the great Scottish folksinger on concerts and recordings.

RECORDINGS:

FOLKWAYS

American Folksongs for Christmas (FC 7053)

Animal Songs for Children (FC 7051)

The Seeger Family (FA 2005)

Folk Songs of Courting and Complaint (FA 2049)

Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger
appeared at the 2nd Annual Newport
Folk Festival at Newport, Rhode
Island, in the summer of 1960.
These biographical notes are re-
printed from the official program
of the 1960 Newport Folk Festival.

SIDE I, Band 1: COME FILL UP YOUR GLASSES

tune: Traditional
Text: Peggy Seeger

Come fill up your glasses with whiskey and beer
And drink a full glass to a happy new year,
To our sisters and brothers, and may they live long,
So lift up your glasses and join in this song.

CHORUS:
So we'll, fill up our glasses and drink once again
To peace on this earth and good will among men.

Long life to the miners the whole world around
Who spend all their days in a hole underground,
Whose road is a tunnel, whose day is the night,
Out of darkness and danger they bring power and light.

(CHORUS)

Our thanks to the fishermen and safe may they toil
And also to the farmer who turns up the soil,
To the ploughmen and shepherds and all men of worth
Whose joy is to harvest the fruits of the earth.

(CHORUS)

Here's to drivers and firemen and the rest of the team
Who keep the stock rolling by diesel and stream,
To the cleaners and shunters who work night and day
And the track-laying gangs on the permanent way.

(CHORUS)

A toast to the casual labouring man
Who lives where his work is, who works where he can,
To the builders and spiders and bold engineers,
May your wages keep rising, lads, over the years.

(CHORUS)

To writers and artists, then, let's drink a health,
To the people whose hopes and whose dreams are our
wealth,
Whose tools are but canvas, or paper and pen,
Whose harvest is the future and the progress of men.

(CHORUS)

Let the men drink a health to their sweethearts and
wives,
And the ladies, being willing, will greet them likewise,
May your children be many, your troubles be few,
May you treasure the day you made one out of two.

(CHORUS)

Let's drink to our children and let us prepare
A world where they'll live free from sorrow and care,
A world where goodwill among men is the law,
A world without fall-out, a world without war!

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 2: BALLAD OF THE CARPENTER

(Words and music by Ewan MacColl.)

Written in 1955, this ballad soon became popular in
the London folk-song clubs and in 1957, was featured
in the B.B.C. Christmas round-up of Great Britain. In
Castleton, Derbyshire, where there is a long tradi-
tion of carol-singing among the sheep-farmers and
limesone quarrymen, the song has already become part
of local life.

Jesus was a working man, a hero you shall hear
Born in the slums of Bethlehem at the turning of the
year,
Yes, the turning of the year.

When Jesus was a little lad the streets rang with his
name name,
For he argued with the aldermen and he put 'em all to
shame,
Yes, he put them all to shame.

His father he apprenticed him a carpenter to be
To plane and drill and work with skill in the town of
Galilee,
Yes, the town of Galilee.

He became a roving journeyman and he wandered far and
wide,
And he saw how wealth and poverty lived always side
by side,
Yes, always side by side.

He said, "Come all you working men, you farmers and
weavers, too.
If you will only organize, the world belongs to you,
Yes, the world belongs to you."

So the fishermen sent two delegates and the farmers
and weavers, too
And they formed a working committee of twelve to see
the struggle through,
Yes, to see the struggle through.

When the rich men heard what the carpenter had done,
to the Roman troops they ran.
Saying "Put this rebel, Jesus, down, he's a menace
to god and man,
Yes, a menace to god and man."

The commander of the occupying troops, he laughed and
then he said,
"There's a cross to spare on Calvary Hill, by the
weekend he's be dead,
Yes, by the weekend, he'll be dead."

Jesus walked among the poor for the poor were his
own kind,
And they wouldn't let the cops get near enough to
take him from behind,
Yes, to take him from behind.

So they hired a man of the traitor's trade and a
stool-pigeon was he
And he sold his brother to the butcher's men for a
fistful of silver money,
A fistful of money.

When Jesus lay in the prisoner's cell, they beat him
and offered him bribes
To desert the cause of his own hear folk and work for
the rich men's tribe,
Yes, to work for the rich men's tribe.

The sweat stood out upon his brow and the blood was in
his eye,
And they nailed his body to the Roman cross and they
laughed as they watched him die,
Yes, they laughed as they watched him die.

Two thousand years have passed and gone, and many a
hero too,
But the dream of this poor carpenter at last it is
coming true,
Yes, at last it is coming true.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE BALLAD OF SPRINGHILL

(Words by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl,
Music by Peggy Seeger.)

The pit disaster at Springhill, Nova Scotia, in 1958,
made an enormous impression on people in Britain.
The dramatic newscasts made by CBC Halifax were
carried regularly on British TV and, at the same time,
ballads and come all ye's dealing with the disaster
began to appear in the folk-song clubs. The ballad
included in this album is now a firm favourite with
British audiences and created a big impression in
Canada when the authors introduced it there during a
recent tour.

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,
Down in the dark of the Cumberland Mine
There's blood on the coal and the miners lie
In the roads that never saw sun nor sky.

(2)

In the town of Springhill, you don't sleep easy
Often the earth will tremble and roll
When the earth is restless, miners die,
Bone and blood is the price of coal,

(2)

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,
Late in the year of fifty-eight,
Day still comes and the sun still shines,
But it's dark as the grave in the Cumberland
mine

(2)

Down at the coal face, miners working,
Rattle of the belt and the cutters' blade,
Rumble of rock and the walls close round
The living and the dead men two miles down

(2)

Twelve men lay two miles from the pitshaft,
Twelve men lay in the dark and sang,
Long hot days in the miner's tomb,
It was three feet high and a hundred long,

(2)

Three days passed and the lamps gave out
And Caleb Rushton he up and said:
"There's no more water nor light nor bread
So we'll live on songs and hope instead."

(2)

Listen for the shouts of the bareface miners,
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team,
Six-hundred feet of coal and slag,
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam,

(2)

Eight days passed and some were rescued
Leaving the dead to lie alone,
Through all their lives they dug a grave,
Two miles of earth for a marking stone.

(2)

SIDE I, Band 4: THE LIFEBOAT MONA

(Words and music by Peggy Seeger.)

The month of December 1959 was marked by violent storms and continuous bad weather particularly in the North Sea areas. The lightship North Carr lying at the mouth of St. Andrews Bay lost her anchors and, at the mercy of a twelve force gale, was in danger of foundering on the rocky coast. At 2.0. a.m. on a wild December morning the Broughty Ferry lifeboat put out, the intention being to rescue the crew of the North Carr. For the next three hours the lifeboat fought the storm and during that time was in Radio-telephone communication with the land. At 5.0. a.m., however, communication ceased. The wreck of the Lifeboat, along with seven bodies of the crew of eight, was discovered on the following day grounded on the beach at Carnoustie.

CHORUS:

Remember December, fifty-nine,
The howling winds and the driving rain,
Remember the gallant men who drowned
On the lifeboat Mona was her name.

The wind did blow and the sea rose up
And beat the land with mighty waves,
At St. Andrew's Bay the lightship fought
The sea until her mooring gave.

(CHORUS)

The captain signalled to the shore,
We must have help or we'll go down,
From Broughty Ferry at 2 a.m.,
They sent the lifeboat Mona out.

(CHORUS)

Eight men formed that gallant crew,
They set their boat against the main,
"The wind's so high and the seas so rough,
We'll never see land or home again."

(CHORUS)

Three hours went by and the Mona called
"The winds blows hard and the seas run high."
In the morning on Carnoustie Beach
The Mona and her crew did lie.

(CHORUS)

Five lay drowned in the cabin there,
Two were washed up on the shore.
Eight men died when the boat capsized
And the eighth is lost forevermore.

(CHORUS)

Remember December, fifty-nine,
The howling winds and the driving rain,
The men who leave the land behind
And the men who'll never see land again.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 5: TRAFFORD ROAD BALLAD

(Words and music by Ewan MacColl.)

Trafford Road runs through the heart of dockland in Salford, one of Britain's bleakest cities. The above song was written in 1948 for Landscape with Chimneys a play dealing with life in Salford.

I've never been out of Salford town,
The place where I was born
Except when I was in the ranks
And wore a uniform.
But I'd sooner never travel
If the only way to see
The world is through the battlesights
Of a Mark IV-303.

I have a little baby
He's the apple of me eye,
When I think about his future,
My thoughts take wing and fly,
What kind of future can there be
With planes and tanks and guns,
With flying high and dropping bombs
On other people's sons?

I'd like to see the whole wide world
North, south, east and west,
I'd like to travel everywhere
With the girl that I love best.
But I'll stay beside the Irwell
All me life before I'll stand
In some foreign country
With a bayonet in me hand.

I work each day upon the docks
And see the ships come in
And no one asks to see the color
Of a sailor's skin,
Side by side they are working men
From Norway, China, Greece,
Why can't the statesmen do the same
And let us live in peace?

SIDE I, Band 6: THE FIREMAN'S NOT FOR ME

Written for Isla Cameron in 1950 and featured in the BBC radio series of Ballads and Blues in that year.

Come all you young maidens, take a warning from me.
Shun all engine firemen and their company
He'll tell you he loves you and all kinds of lies,
But the one that he loves is the train that he drives.

I once loved a fireman and he said he loved me.
He took me a-walking into the country,
He hugged me and kissed me and gazed in my eyes,
And said, "You're as nice as the eight-forty-five!"

He said, "My dear Molly, just say you'll be mine;
Just give me the signal and let's clear the line,
My fires they are burning and the steam it is high,
If you don't take the brakes off I think I will dies."

I gave him this answer, saying, "Don't be so free."
For no loco fireman shall ever have me,
He'll take all your love and then, when you're in need,
He races away at the top of his speed.

A sailor comes home when his voyage is done,
A soldier gets weary of following the drum,
A collier will cleave to his loved one for life,
But a fireman's one love is the engine, his wife!

SIDE I, Band 7: WHEN I WAS A YOUNG LAD

When I was a young lad sometimes I'd wonder,
What happened to time when it passed.
Then one day I found out that time just
Lands in Prison, and there it is held fast.

When I was a young man used to go courting
And dream of the moon and the stars.
The moon is still shiny, the dreams they are all
broken,
On these hard iron bars.

Look out of the window over the roof there,
And over the wall, see the sky.
Just one flying leap and you could make your
getaway,
If only you could fly.

The prison is sleeping the night watch is keeping,
Its watch over 700 men,
And behind every cell door asleping like he is
Like he is dreaming
Oh to be free again.

Got time on my hands, I've Got time on my shoulders
Plenty of time on my mind
There's no summer or winter, when once you land
inside here
Just that old prison grind.

SIDE II, Band 1: THE CROOKED CROSS

(Words and music by Peggy Seeger.)

The sudden crop of swastikas on synagogues and
cemeteries in Germany and other parts of Europe,
produced this song.

Have you seen (have you seen)
The butcher's sign (have you seen)
The killer's medal (have you seen)
The crooked cross (have you seen)
On that cross (have you seen)
Millions died (have you seen)
When the world (have you seen)
Was crucified (have you seen)

Did you see (did you see)
On the wall (did you see)
Of your city (did you see)
Crooked crosses (did you see)
People Suffered (did you see)
People starved (did you see)
From their graves (did you see)
That cross is carved (did you see)

Did you hear (did you hear)
Hitler yelling (did you hear)
Hitler ranting (did you hear)
Hitler screaming (did you hear)
Don't want no Jews (did you hear)
In this land (did you hear)
Strike 'em down (did you hear)
On every hand (did you hear)

Were you there? (did you hear)
In the camps (did you hear)
Ten million (did you hear)
Were murdered there (did you hear)
No mercy (did you hear)
Did they see (did you hear)
Only death (did you hear)
Could set them free (did you hear)

I remember (I remember)
London blazing (I remember)
Paris conquered (I remember)
Warsaw shattered (I remember)
Children dying (I remember)
Smoke and flames (I remember)
Bombs exploding (I remember)
Fascist planes (I remember)

Did you see? (did you see)
Nazis marching (did you see)
Nazis bragging (did you see)
Nazis killing (did you see)
Nazis running (did you see)
In retreat (did you see)
Nazis crawling (did you see)
In defeat (did you see)

Were you there (were you there)
In the camps (were you there)
Ten million (were you there)
Murdered there (were you there)
Did you care (were you there)
Did you agree (were you there)
When they set (were you there)
The killers free (were you there)

They are free (they are free)
Nazi soldiers (they are free)
Nazi statesmen (they are free)
In Germany (there are free)

Free to work among us still
Free to poison, lie and kill
Free to finish Hitler's plans.
Stop them now, while you can, while you can.

SIDE II, Band 2: THERE'S BETTER THINGS FOR YOU

(Words by Peggy Seeger. Melody, the gospel song
There's better things.)

Written in 1958 as a marching song for the first
Aldermaston march against the H bomb.

Kind friends, I want to warn you
Because I love us all,
No doubt you read your papers,
But the half can never be told.
Politicians they try and fool you
And get you to agree
To blow this world to glory
And end humanity.

CHORUS:

But there's better things to do
Than blow this world in two;
You could live into your old age
And your kid's'll be normal too.
There's better things for you
That all on earth must do:
Gotta pledge your feet on the road to peace
And see your journey through.



Now some folks think that danger
Can't reach this peaceful shore,
They must see planes and soldiers
Before they call it war.
Kind friends, I will remind you,
The atom's very small.
It'll blow you all to glory
And you can't see it at all.

(CHORUS)

Now some folks they are holy,
In the Bible it is told
That judgement comes tomorrow
So today pray for your soul.
But that is not sufficient
Tomorrow is today.
They'll blow you all to glory
While we just sit and pray.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 3: BROTHER, WON'T YOU JOIN IN THE LINE?

words: Ewan MacColl
tune: American trad.

CHORUS:

Brother, won't you join in the line? (2)
Want to keep on breathing? Then Join us in the line,
Brother, won't you join in the line? (2)
Come and save the world, man, you're only just in time.

Want to hear them songbirds singing,
Want to see the sun as well,
We don't want no fusion bomb
To blow us all to - HALLELUJAH!
We don't want our bodies
Scattered all around.
We'd rather go on living
With both feet upon the ground.

(CHORUS)

They say they've got a clean bomb,
Where the fall-out doesn't fall,
But to me, the best bomb is the bomb
That isn't there at all,
You ask for decent houses
And they give you bombs instead,
And a six-foot hole to house you in
And a medal when you're dead.

(CHORUS)

The government is toiling,
They're working night and day
At planning your destruction
In a scientific way,
They ask for you to trust them
And let them have their head,
And you'll find you have no problems
But you'll also find you're dead.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 4: SPACE GIRL'S SONG.

(Words by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl. Melody,
American Negro song, Ghost Soldier.)

Written in 1956 and now well known throughout the
London folksong clubs.

My mama told me I should never venture into space,
But I did, I did, I did;
She said no Terran girl could trust the Martian race,
But I did, I did, I did.
A rocket pilot asked me on a voyage to go
And I was so romantic that I couldn't say no,
That he was just a servo-robot, how was I to know?
So I did, I did, I did.

My papa warned me never trust a space engineer
But I did, I did, I did;
He said free-fall and super-drive would surely cost
me dear,
And they did, they did, they did.
I've been as far in hyper-space as anybody can,
I've traveled through the time-warp on the psycho-
plan,
They say a gal must travel for to find her
superman
So I did, I did, I did.

They warned me not to go around among the asteroids,
But I did, I did, I did;
They said I'd make those class-three matants
dreadfully annoyed,
And I did, I did, I did.
They said that Saturn was too hot and Venus not
much fun,
And bug-eyed monsters tended to be just a trifle
dumb,
They said I'd need a blaster and a needle-freezer
gun,
And I did, I did, I did.



Scene from the Aldermaston Peace March.

Photo by Henry Grant

They said to find a man out there and try to settle
down,
So I did, I did, I did;
They said my kids might grow up one-eyed, green or
bald or round,
And they did, they did, they did.
My cosmic husband died of mumps a hundreds years
ago,
My daughter's in the Milky Way a-tracking down a
beau,
And I'm so old and doddering I've nothing for to
show
What I did, I did, I did.

SIDE II, Band 5: COME ALL YOU GALLANT COLLIERIES

(Words by Ewan MacColl. Melody, Morrissey and the
Russian Sailor.)

Written in January 1960 for Tyne-Tees Television Co.,
documentary film on coal, Burning Light.

Now, come all you gallant colliers, wherever you may
be,
Whether you work the Rhondda or in the North Country.
All you who tunnel in the rock and dirt to earn your
pay,
They say your time is almost done and that coal has
had its day.

We've tunnelled under mountains and beneath the salt-
sea waves,
The slag heaps marked our victories, the rock-falls
marked our graves.
We lay in sealed off galleries and listened for
rescue teams,
And we scabbled at the coal-face in the lousy two-
foot seams.

But the age of coal is ending and the new age needs
new skill,
With the fuel cell and atomics, there's another world
to build.
And the men who built the old world, their kind will
build the new,
For a world's not built by power alone but by men like
me and you.

SIDE II, Band 6: COME, ME LITTLE SON

(Words by Ewan MacColl. Melody, Come all ye tramps
and hawkers.)

In 1959 Britain's first motor highway, the M 1, was
completed. Some ten thousand workers, the majority
of whom came from Ireland and North East Scotland,
were employed on the job. Nearly all of them had
been driven from their homes by unemployment. The
project was the subject of a BBC radio-documentary,
Song of a Road, of which this song is part.

Come, me little son, and I will tell you what we'll do,
Undress yourself and get into bed and a tale I'll tell
you,

It's about your daddy, he's a man you seldom see,
He's had to roam far away from home, away from you
and me.

But remember, lad, he's still your dad, though
working far away
In the cold and heat, eighty hours a week, on
England's motorway.

When you fall and hurt yourself and get up feeling
bad,

It isn't any use to go a running for your dad,
For the only time since you were born he's had to
stay with you,

He was out of a job and we hadn't a bob, he was
signing on the broo.

Remember, lad, he is still your dad, and he really
earns his pay,

Working day and night upon the site of England's
motorway.

To buy your shoes your daddy built a length of railway
track

He built a hydro-dam to buy the clothes upon your
back,

This motor-highway buys the food but the wages soon
are spent,
And though we have to live apart, it helps to pay
the rent.
But remember, lad, he is still your dad and he's
toiling every day,
But there's food to be had and it's thanks to your
dad on England's motorway.

Sure, we need your daddy here and sure it would be
fine.

To have him working nearer home and to see him all
the time,

But beggars can't be choosers and we have to bear
our load,

For we need the money your daddy earns a-working on
the road.

So remember, lad, he is still your dad and he'll
soon be here to stay

For a week or two with me and you when he's built
the motorway.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE FITTER'S SONG

(Words by Ewan MacColl. Melody, The Castlereigh
River.)

Among the hundred or so workers who were recorded
during the building of the M 1, was James Hunter
a heavy tractor fitter from Newcastle on Tyne.
Hunter, a quietly spoken giant, in his early
forties had, prior to the war, worked in a garage.
But.. "it was a rusty old life", he said, and he
had itchy feet. So, in his own words, he had
"followed the big stuff...coal grabbing in the
open-cast mines in India, tearing the guts out of
hills in Rhodesia...then Australia, up in the
Northern territory in the Uranium mines, then
scooping out the dam on the Snowy River..." It
was on the information supplied by him that the
Fitter's Song was based. Written 1959 for SONG
OF A ROAD.

I am a roving rambler, a fitter to me trade.
I can fix you anything, a cam-shaft to a spade,
I can fix a dodgy gearbox, or mend a broken tread,
De-coke a Leyland engine while I'm standing on me
head.

So, shift, boys, shift, do the job and
draw your pay

When this job is finished I'll be moving
on me way,

I'll clean me tools and wrap 'em in a pair
of oily jeans

You'll always find me working where you
find the big machines.

I've worked in far-off places since I left the
Coaly Tyne

I work among the heavies and I wear a roving sign,
I keep the tractors on the job a-turning up the
soil,

And I've followed my nose across the world by the
smell of diesel oil.

So, shift, boys, shift, do the job and
draw your pay.

When this job is finished I'll be moving
on me way,

You'll find me where the tractors are, on
roads and hydro-schemes,

Playing and lousy nursemaid to a pack of
big machines.

SIDE II, Band 8: EXILE'S SONG

The genuine 'pincher kiddie' as the old style foot-
loose navy is called has almost disappeared. His
place has been taken by the mechanical-shovel
driver, the 'cat' and Euclid operator. However,
like the early canal and railway builders, the
modern 'muckshifers' are, for the most part, men
forced to leave home as a result of economic pres-
sure. In Hut 16 of the workers' hostel at Newton
Pagnall on the motorway, 26 workers were recorded.
Of this number, 19 were ex-fishermen from N.E.
Scotland and from Kilkeen in Northern Ireland.

Their ages ranged from 16 years to 62 years. Almost all of them were bitter in their denunciation of a system which forces them to leave their families. The above song was based on recordings made of James Graham of Kilkeel and Andrew and Duncan Jappie of Buckie, Aberdeenshire. Written in 1959 for Song of a Road.

Just a note, for time is short, dear,
Hard the work and long the day
But my heart is with you, Mary,
Though I'm many a mile away.

Kiss the children for me, Mary,
Do not let them pine or grieve,
Tell them how I'm working for them,
Why our home I had to leave.

Building dams, airfields and factories,
Moving concrete by the load,
I'll be with you in October,
When I'm finished on the road.

Other Interesting Recordings In the Folkways Catalogue

12"—33-1/3 rpm LP

FA2305 BALLADS RELIQUES. Early English ballads from the Child and Percy collections, sung in traditional style by Hermes Nye, incl. Three Ravens, Sir Patrick Spens, Queen's Maries, over 15 others.

FA2310 FOLK BALLADS of the ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD. 15 traditional Anglo-American-Australian ballads sung by Paul Clayton, incl. Lass of Loch Royal, Derby Ram, Lilliburlero, Botany Bay, etc.

FA2319 AMERICAN BALLADS, sung by Pete Seeger. Folk song favorites, incl. Jimmy Crack Corn, Down in the Valley, Frankie and Johnny, Old Smoky, etc.

FW3006 SONGS and BALLADS of the SCOT-TISH WARS (1290-1745). An absorbing historical documentary sung by Max Dunbar, incl. Gude Wallace, Bonny Earl of Moray, Awa Whigs Awa, many more.

FC3564 FALSE TRUE LOVERS. Traditional English folksongs sung by Shirley Collins, incl. Unquiet Grave, Foggy Dew, Scarborough Fair, etc. Edited by Alan Lomax. "A folk artist of major quality."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

FM4002 SONGS OF ARAN, recorded by Sidney Robertson Cowell, sung in Gaelic by authentic singers from Isle of Aran, incl. Come to the Fair, Song of Tea, Keening, Lullaby, etc.

FW8501 THE SINGING STREETS. Childhood memories of Scotland and Ireland by Ewan MacColl and Dominic Behan, incl. singing games, election ditties, counting rhymes, etc. A fascinating document. "One of the year's best."—*N.Y. Times*.

FW8708 BRITISH BROADSIDE BALLADS in popular tradition; songs from the English heritage of broadside balladry sung by Paul Clayton, incl. Cockle Shells, Bonny Bunch of Roses, 17 others.

FW8718 AUSTRALIAN FOLKSONGS and BALLADS sung by John Greenway. 20 traditional songs from "down under" incl. Botany Bay, Dying Stockman, Waltzing Matilda, etc.

FW8762 IRISH TRADITIONAL SONGS sung in Gaelic by Deirdre Ni Fhlionn with harp; 21 authentic Irish folksongs. "Delightful . . . one of the loveliest folk albums of the year."—*HiFi & Music Review*.

FW8871 FIELD TRIP ENGLAND. Documentary collection of English folk music recorded in England by Jean Ritchie and George Pickow. Drinking songs, ballads, play-games, church bells, Sword Dance, etc.

FL9594 MEETING of the JOYCE SOCIETY (Oct. 23, 1951). Fascinating recorded document of readings from Joyce, analysis, discussion and free-wheeling argument, plus James Joyce himself reading from his *Anna Livia Plurabelle*. Incl. Padraic Colum discussion of Joyce and reading from Pomes Penny-each.

2-12" 33-1/3 longplay records. . . . \$11.90

FL9750 WALT WHITMAN'S LEAVES OF GRASS. Selections from the works of the great poet, incl. I Hear America Singing, Pioneers, Song of the Open Road, Captain, My Captain, etc., read by Wallace House and others.

FL9834 JAMES JOYCE. Readings from the great Irish writer by Frank O'Connor, incl. excerpts from *Portrait of the Artist, Ulysses, Finnegans Wake*, etc.

FL9851 EARLY ENGLISH POETRY. Readings in old and middle English by Prof. Charles W. Dunn, incl. excerpts from Caedmon's Hymn, Beowulf, Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, Chaucer, etc. (English translation accompanies.)

FL9881 ENGLISH LYRIC POEMS and BALLADS. Selected poems from the great English lyric bards, incl. Tennyson, Keats, Chatterton, Browning, Scott, etc.; read by Kathleen Danson Read.

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FW6835 WELSH FOLK SONGS sung in Welsh by Meredydd Evans; 26 folk songs from the rich Welsh tradition. Notes in English and Welsh.

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FW6930 SCOTTISH SONGS and BALLADS sung by Rory and Alex McEwen. 15 traditional folksongs from the Highlands, incl. The Lass o' Patie's Mill, Twa Rivers, The Craw Killed the Pussie, etc.

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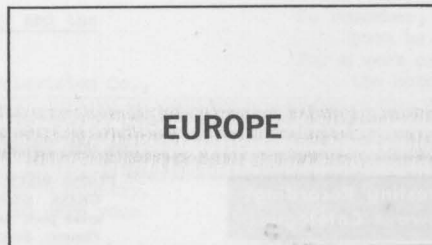
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