

# THE NEW BRITON GAZETTE

Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger Volume 2 Folkways Records FW 8734



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**SIDE I**  
Band 1: THE BANKS THEY ARE ROSY (MacColl)  
Band 2: ROSALIE (Seeger-MacColl)  
Band 3: MARCH WITH US TODAY (Seeger)  
Band 4: LULLABYE FOR THE TIMES (MacColl)  
Band 5: NO AGENTS NEED APPLY (MacColl)  
Band 6: THE PRINTERS' TRADE (Seeger-MacColl)  
Band 7: THE BALLAD OF JIMMY WILSON (Seeger-MacColl)

**SIDE II**  
Band 1: THE BIG HEWER (MacColl-Seeger)  
Band 2: THE SHOALS OF HERRING (MacColl)  
Band 3: THE YOUNG BIRDS (Seeger-MacColl)  
Band 4: NEEDLE AND THREAD (MacColl)  
Band 5: HEY HO! COOK AND ROWEI (Seeger)  
Band 6: THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW YOUR FACE (MacColl)  
Band 7: COME LIVE WITH ME (MacColl)  
Band 8: WHEN I WAS YOUNG (Seeger)

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

# THE NEW BRITON GAZETTE

## Folkways Records FW 8734

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# NEW BRITON GAZETTE

## Volume II

### Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger

(All song texts © 1962 by Stormking Music Inc., B.M.I.)  
Complete texts and music available in Ewan MacColl - Peggy Seeger Songbook, Oak Publications, Inc.

#### SIDE I

##### Band 1: THE BANKS THEY ARE ROSY

At the peak of the Berlin crisis in 1961, European newspapers carried a photograph of a prominent American politician distributing ball pens to a crowd of Western Berliners. This unique contribution to world peace inspired this song. The melody is the well-known Irish song "The Banks of the Roses" and the words are by Ewan MacColl.

##### THE BANKS THEY ARE ROSY

Tune: traditional Irish  
Words: Ewan MacColl

On the banks of the Elbe my love and I sat down to  
neck,  
And he took out his ball-pen and he wrote me out  
a cheque;  
And he said, "Me darling Gretchen, how'd you like to  
make a wreck  
Of the whole bloody universe, me darling?"

##### CHORUS:

O, the banks they are rosy and the market's doing  
fine,  
The bulls and bears are pasturing from Wall Street  
to the Rhine,  
The bombs are in the stockpile, only waiting for a  
sign  
From me Johnny, lovely Johnny with his ball-pens.

O, me heart is sad and lonely for the boys in shirts  
of brown,  
And the lads who wore the blackshirts on the streets  
of Berlin town,  
For they were sure the boys who could drag a country  
down,  
O, me Johnny, there was nothing that could beat 'em.

##### (CHORUS)

O, they took me little Adolph, aye, and Herman  
Goering too,  
And Rudy Hess and Himmler that was loyal, brave and  
true.  
They began the fight for freedom, but there's one  
will see it through,  
It's my Johnny, lovely Johnny, with his ball-pens.

##### (CHORUS)

There's a place they call the Congo, and it's full  
of heathen blacks,  
Who had the nerve to try and get the Belgians off  
their backs,  
But gallant little Belgium up and gave them such  
a whack,  
And me Johnny smiled and gently whispered 'Freedom'.

##### (CHORUS)

There's darling General Franco and the heirs of  
Syngman Rhee,  
There's Battista (late of Cuba) and another two  
or three,  
Every one a freedom-fighter and they love democracy,  
And they're friendly, O so friendly with me Johnny!

##### (CHORUS)

Johnny is so lavish with the things he gives to me,  
There's missiles, bombs and atom-sub, all kinds  
of finery.

And he calls me 'Little Gretchen - the soul of  
liberty'  
While he's fiddling with the buttons of his ball-  
pens.

##### (CHORUS)

##### Band 2: ROSALIE

London, like all large cities has its traffic prob-  
lems. Native-born Londoners find it difficult to  
cope - how much more difficult it must be for the  
tens of thousands of West Indians, Africans and  
Commonwealth peoples, who every year swarm into  
the capital. The melody of this song is based on  
an African folksong.

##### ROSALIE

Words and music by P. Seeger and E. MacColl

I make a date with my sweet potato, I say I meet her  
at five,  
I come to town by the underground, I am nearly buried  
alive.  
A million people and every one of them tryin' to  
stand on me feet,  
I tell you, Rosie, this fella's lucky to get back up  
to the street.

##### CHORUS:

Wait for me, Rosalie,  
Don't be angry with me.  
I suffer rush-hour agony  
Just to be in your company.

I wait for the bus at Oxford Circus, till six I stand  
in the queue.  
Such tormentations, my Rosalie, I would suffer only  
for you.  
I pay for the ride and I stand inside like a tired  
horse in a stall.  
Me brain is reeling with anxious feelings - that bus  
it don't move at all.

##### (CHORUS)

At seven-thirty it occur to me that life is passing  
me by.

I am spending the night at the traffic light and me  
blood pressure it is high.

Me heart is racing and palpitating, it's love of the  
first degree.

At eight o'clock, I'll get off and walk for the love  
of Rosalie.

(CHORUS)

Rocket projectiles and all kinds of missiles go  
sailing up to the moon,

But there's no solution to this confusion that  
come every afternoon.

To reach the stars and the planet Mars is the  
dream of humanity.

But this fella's need is to make with speed to  
the side of Rosalie.

(CHORUS)

### Band 3: MARCH WITH US TODAY

One of the first attempts at using a British tune  
for a peace song in march tempo, "March With Us  
Today" is set to an old galliard which the author  
came upon in a recorder instruction manual designed  
for school children. Written in 1961.

### MARCH WITH US TODAY

Tune: trad. English

Words: Peggy Seeger

O, I heard a man in the street  
Complaining of the taxes he must pay  
For the guns, the planes and the Bomb,  
And he's marching here along with us today.

CHORUS:

Then follow the march and join us in the chorus,  
And sing so that everyone will know,  
Ban the Bomb, end the war!  
That's what this march is for,  
To Trafalgar Square in London we will go.

O, I heard a woman in her home,  
Singing as she passed the time away,  
O, she sang of happiness and peace,  
And she's singing here along with us today.

(CHORUS)

O, I heard the children in the school,  
Learning to recite the Golden Rule,  
First it said, "Thou Shalt Not Slay."  
So the children came to march with us today.

(CHORUS)

O, I heard the lawyer at the bar,  
And he said, "What we must have without delay  
Is a law against the Bomb,"  
And the lawyer's marching here with us today.

(CHORUS)

O, I saw the preacher in the church,  
As he opened up the Bible for to pray,  
He declared that the good Jesus Christ  
Would have walked along the Aldermaston way.

(CHORUS)

O, I asked the singers why they sing,  
I asked the musicians why they play,  
O, we work for harmony,  
That's why we're marching here with you today.

(CHORUS)

### Band 4: LULLABYE FOR THE TIMES

In 1961 the Committee of 100, dedicated to nuclear  
disarmament, initiated its first large civil dis-  
obedience campaign. This took the form of a series  
of mass sit-downs outside government buildings and  
foreign embassies. The most spectacular of these  
took place on September 17 when 100,000 people  
gathered in Trafalgar Square in defiance of a  
government ban. The some 6,000 uniformed guardians  
of the peace, who had been specially brought from  
all the Home counties into London's West end, were  
kept busy carrying the thousands of limp, passive  
men and women to waiting trucks, buses and Black  
Marias. A number of the 800 who were arrested re-  
fused to pay the fines and served out one-three  
months of jail instead.

### LULLABYE FOR THE TIMES

Words and Music by E. MacColl

On with your shoes, come let me help you,  
Time for school, you mustn't be late,  
Now you look all fresh and shining,  
Hair all tidy, satchel straight.

Don't you mind the empty chair, love,  
Dad'll be home before too long,  
He sat down and went to jail, love,  
So you could grow up straight and strong.

Here is your bus fare, don't you lose it,  
Off you go now, down the lane;  
Don't forget to take your raincoat,  
Sky is cloudy, looks like rain.

Mind you drink up all your milk, love,  
Just as you do when Dad's at home,  
He sat down and went to jail, love,  
So that the milk won't hurt your bones.

Now for a kiss, it's time to run  
If you're to beat that morning bell,  
Tell the teachers if you're late  
Your Dad is in a prison cell.  
Tell them he's there so you can walk  
And run and race and jump and fly,  
Tell them your Dad's in prison so that  
You and the other kids don't die.

### Band 5: NO AGENTS NEED APPLY

This light-hearted piece is written in the spirit  
of pure malice, though it does not refer to any  
agent known to the authors. In fact, all the  
agents of our acquaintance, particularly those  
resident in London, are known to be fine, noble  
citizens, who spend all their spare time making  
sacrifices in order to further the cause of folk  
music. If an occasional folk artist gets trampled  
on in the rush this must be considered as a mere  
occupational hazard. Written in 1960. (see the  
song No Irish need Apply - USA (c) 1800.)

### NO AGENTS NEED APPLY

Tune: traditional Irish  
Words: Ewan MacColl

I'm just a simple modest chap as anyone can see,  
I'm easy to get on wi, if you'll just agree wi'  
me,

And yet there's folk that scorn me, dinna ask  
the reason why,  
Whene'er I show my face, they roar, "No agents  
need apply".

When first I cam' tae London, 'twas an awfu'  
sicht to see,  
Folks singing up and doon the place wi'oot  
the leave o' me.

CHORUS:

But today, tonight or anytime, you never will  
repent,  
If you join the happy family that pays me ten  
percent.

It was me invented folksong and I've made it a'  
the go,  
I'm kent in a' the folk clubs as an impresario,  
Oor tradition it was deein' till I set it on its  
feet  
And dragged it by the short-hairs doon the length  
o' Denmark Street.

I breathed on it and gave it life and sent it to  
the top,  
And noo ye'd hardly ken it frae the music they ca'  
"pop",

(CHORUS)

I met a laddie frae the North, a wee bit feckless  
boy,  
I kent that he had talent by his suit o' corduroy,  
So I walked up close behind him and I whispered in  
his lug,  
And noo the lad's as tame as one well-trained  
poodle dog.

Noo he sings for bobby-soxers on the telly, that's  
no lie,  
And yet there's folk still say to me, "No agents  
need apply!"

(CHORUS)

They say a wee bit talent helps a lad to get ahead,  
But my singers havna' need o' it, for they've got  
me instead,  
Their trust in me is boundless, but there are still  
some who cry,  
"Get back to Tin Pan Alley, for no agents need apply."

I ken a' about show business and there's nothing I  
don't know,  
I've been hanging roond the fringes for the last  
three years or so,

(CHORUS)

O, little did my mither think when first she cradled  
me,  
That I would be a big shot in the folk song industry,  
My rise has been spectacular, there's no one can deny,  
Except the orra folk who say, "No agents need apply."

In the programs that are seedy, where the budget's  
somewhat low,  
I can get a cut-rate spot for you upon the radio,

CHORUS:

So today, tonight, or anytime, you never will repent,  
If you join the happy family that pays me ten percent.

GLOSSARY:

sicht.....sight  
a' the go.....all the rage  
deein'.....dying  
Denmark Street...Britain's Tin Pan Alley  
noo.....now  
ken.....know  
feckless.....helpless, unthinking  
lug.....ear  
telly.....T.V.  
orra.....awkward

Band 6: THE PRINTER'S TRADE

The British Printers union, one of the large unions  
pledged to a policy of unilateral disarmament,  
commissioned this song for use on the 1961 Aldermaston  
march.

THE PRINTER'S TRADE

Words and Music by P. Seeger and E. MacColl

In the beginning was the word,  
In the beginning was the word,  
And when the time was ripe,  
We took paper, ink and type,  
And sent it out in print to all the world.

CHORUS:

We belong to the union,  
The union we have made,  
Together we stand in a strong and lively band  
And follow the printer's trade.

The author is the man who has the dream (2)  
But the printer sets the stage,  
Gets the dream down on the page,  
You've got to have the printer and his team.

(CHORUS)

The journalist is paid to get the news (2)  
But it cannot circulate  
Till the printer and his mate  
Proof and print and pack and send it round the  
world.

(CHORUS)

In '89 our union first began (2)  
In the fight for decent pay  
And a shorter working day  
And conditions that would suit a union man.

(CHORUS)

We helped to build the union, saw it grow (2)  
And we fought at every stage  
For a decent living wage  
And gave the printing bosses blow for blow.

(CHORUS)

It was in the year of 1959 (2)  
That the union gave the call  
And loyal printers all  
Fought and beat the bosses all along the line.

(CHORUS)

They say the pen's more mighty than the sword,  
But the printing press is stronger than the pen,  
And mightier still  
Is the power and the will  
Or any army of union men.

(CHORUS)

Band 8: THE BALLAD OF JIMMY WILSON

In 1958, James Wilson, a Negro janitor, was sen-  
tenced to death in Alabama, having been convicted  
of the theft of \$1.75. Petitions of protest flooded  
in from all over the world and these may have had  
some effect in getting the sentence reduced to  
life imprisonment.

THE BALLAD OF JIMMY WILSON

Words and Music by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl

In Alabama, nineteen-fifty-eight,  
The cost of human life is very low,  
A man that's black is trampled down  
Just like men were a thousand years ago.

CHORUS:

But these are more enlightened days  
The cruel men and savage ways  
We left long ago.  
Now every man may walk his road in peace,  
For all are free.

Five-thousand years ago, a million men  
Were gathered into royal Egypt's hands,

Were bound together, forced to build,  
Pyramids of stone in desert sands.

(CHORUS)

Mary's Son walked through a land of woe  
Dreaming of the world as it could be,  
The good and lawful men of Rome  
Nailed Him like a robber to the tree.

(CHORUS)

In Britain just a hundred years ago,  
The jails were full of poor and hungry men.  
Diggers, Chartists, many more,  
Fought and died and rose to fight again.

(CHORUS)

Last year a Negro stole a dollar bill,  
The judge he says, "We mustn't be severe,  
Instead of death, we'll give him life  
Imprisonment to show there's justice here."

(CHORUS)

And so, throughout the ages, we have seen  
How progress marches ever on its way,  
No rack, no wheel, no Spanish boot  
For Alabama's prisoners today.

(CHORUS)

The plague still runs throughout the world to day,  
Johannesburg to Notting Hill and back\*  
A plague of ignorance and hate  
Men - walk in fear because their skin is black.

FINAL CHORUS:

In these more enlightened days,  
No room for all these savage ways,  
Leave them, let them go!  
Now every man should walk his road in peace,  
LET ME BE FREE.

\*Or: Johannesburg to Little Rock and back.

SIDE II

Band 1: THE BIG HEWER

British coalminers have many stories of an almost  
superhuman figure who is known by a variety of  
names (Temple, Tempest, Torr, Towers, and in  
Wales, Isaac Lewis). He is also known as "The  
Big Hewer", or "The Great Miner". This heroic  
figure is to the British coalfields what Paul  
Bunyan was to the logging camps of the United  
States, what John Henry was to the Negro railway  
builders. This song, written in 1961 for a docu-  
mentary radio ballad, incorporates a number of  
current mining legends told about the Big Hewer.

THE BIG HEWER

Words and Music by E. MacColl and P. Seeger

Out of the dirt and darkness I was born, Go Down!  
Out of the hard, black coal face I was torn,  
Go Down!

Kicked on the world and the earth split  
open,  
Crawled through a crack where the rock  
was broken,

Burrowed a hole away in the coal, Go Down!

In a cradle of coal in the darkness I was laid,  
Go Down!

Down in the dirt and darkness I was laid,  
Go down!

Cut my teeth on a five foot timber,  
Held up the roof with me little finger  
Started me time away in the mine, Go Down!

On the day that I was born, I was six foot tall,  
Go Down!

And the very next day I learned the way to haul,  
Go Down!

On the third day worked at bord-and-  
pillar,  
Worked on the fourth as a long-wall  
filler,

Getting me steam up, hewing the seam, Go Down!

I'm the son of the son of the son of a collier's  
son, Go Down!

Coal dust flows in the veins where the blood  
should run, Go Down!

Five steel ribs and an iron backbone  
Teeth that can bite through rock and  
blackstone,

Working me time away in the mine, Go Down!

Three-hundred years I hewed at the coal by hand,  
Go Down!

In the pits of Durham and east Northumberland,  
Go Down!

Been gassed and burned and blown asunder,  
Buried more times than I can number,  
Getting the coal away in the hole, Go Down!

I've scabbled and picked at the face where the  
roof was low, Go Down!

Crawled in the seams where only a mole could go,  
Go Down!

In the thin-cut seams I've ripped and  
redded

Where even the rats are born bowlegged,  
Winning the coal, away in the hole, Go Down!

I've worked in the Hutton, the Plessy, the  
Brockwell Seam, Go Down!

The Bensham, the Busty, the Beamont, the Marshall  
Green, Go Down!

I've lain on me back in the old Three-  
Quarter,

Up to the chin in stinking water,  
Hewing the coal, away in the hole, Go Down!

In the northern pits I've sweated and earned my  
pay, Go Down!

Toiled in the worked-out drift-mines night and day,  
Go Down!

Where the anthracite is hard and shining,  
I've tried my hand at the hard rock mining,  
I dug me a hole away in the coal, Go Down!

Out of the dirt and darkness I was born, Go Down!  
Out of the hard black coal face I was torn, Go  
Down!

Lived in the shade of the high pit heap,  
I'm still down there where the seams are  
deep,

Digging a hole away in the coal, Go Down!

Band 2: SHOALS OF HERRING

The events and chronology covered in this song are  
based upon the life of Sam Lerner, a fisherman and  
traditional singer of Winterton, Norfolk. The  
song was composed as part of a documentary radio  
ballad, "Singing the Fishing".

THE SHOALS OF HERRING

Words and Music by Ewan MacColl

O, it was a fine and a pleasant day,  
Out of Yarmouth harbor I was faring,  
As a cabin-boy on a sailing lugger,  
For to go and hunt the shoals of herring.

O, the work was hard and the hours were long  
And the treatment sure, it took some bearing,  
There was little kindness and the kicks were many  
As we hunted for the shoals of herring.

O, we fished the swarth and the Broken Bank,  
I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing,  
And I used to sleep, standing on me feet  
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring.

O, we left the home grounds in the month of June,  
And to canny Shiels we soon was bearing,  
With a hundred cran of the silver darlinge  
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring.

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman,  
You can swear and show a manly bearing,  
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows  
While you're searching for the shoals of herring.

In the stormy seas and the living gales  
Just to earn your daily bread you're daring,  
From the Dover Straits to the Farce Islands  
As you're following the shoals of herring.

O, I earned me keep and I paid me way,  
And I earned the gear that I was wearing,  
Sailed a million miles, caught ten-million fishes  
We were sailing after shoals of herring.

lugger.....a type of sailing boat.  
cran.....a measurement of herring in boxes

#### Band 3: THE YOUNG BIRDS

In the summer of 1961 a transport plane carrying  
thirty-four Croydon (London) schoolboys crashed  
in Norway, killing the pilot and all the young  
passengers. This song is written in their memory.

#### THE YOUNG BIRDS

Tune: Peggy Seeger  
Words: Ewan MacColl

Summer time, the sun is high  
The earth is warm beneath the sky,  
The young birds try their wings, they're flying  
On their way.  
Now they're flying on their way.

Schoolday done, it's time for play,  
Time to put your books away,  
It's time to say, "Goodbye, we're flying  
On our way.  
Now we're flying on our way."

The nest is cold, the young birds gone,  
Dove and eagle, lark and swan,  
To northern lands each one is flying  
On its way.  
Now they're flying on their way.

Harvest time is come again,  
Young boys change into young men,  
Impatient then, they must be flying  
On their way.  
Must be flying on their way.

Summer time and winter sky,  
Storm and rain and winds are high,  
The young birds die, their wings are broken,  
Gone away.  
Wings are broken, gone away.

Time of promise, time of dreams,  
Schoolboy hopes and childrens' schemes  
Are vanished now, the dream is ended,  
Gone away.  
Dream is ended, gone away.

Goodbye eagle, lark and swan,  
Goodbye Jimmy, Frank and John,  
The song is done, your journey ended,  
Gone away.  
Journey ended, gone away.

#### Band 4: NEEDLE AND THREAD

The garment industry, particularly in London, has been  
difficult to organize. The large-scale tailoring  
factories of Leeds, Leicester, Manchester, Glasgow,  
etc., are organized with the same ease as, say, the  
automobile industry; but in London the work, for the  
most part, is carried out in small shops, many of  
them sweatshops, employing anything from half a dozen  
to two-hundred workers. A number of these workers  
are young people without a union traditional behind

them. In 1960, we were commissioned by the executive  
committee of the National Union of Tailor and Garment  
Workers (N U of T and G W) to write a song which  
would appeal to these young workers and have the ef-  
fect of recruiting them into the union. 'Needle and  
Thread' was issued as a paper record, distributed  
free of charge in chosen factories, and played in-  
side the factories over public address systems. The  
result was a noticeable increase in union membership  
among young people.

#### NEEDLE AND THREAD

Tune: traditional West Indian  
Words: Ewan MacColl

Things go together like needle and thread,  
Like collars and ties, and butter and bread,  
And you go well with the union,  
You go well with the union,  
UNION.

Salt goes with pepper like shoes go with leather,  
And you and the union go well together,  
Come on then, gal, join the union,  
Come on then, pal, join the union,  
UNION.

You can press for a shorter working week,  
But a presser who presses alone is weak,  
You're not too late, join the union,  
UNION.

When you're doing a man's work every day,  
Well, equal work deserves equal pay,  
Come on, gal, join the union,  
Join your pals in the union,  
UNION.

Better conditions, the long weekend,  
Paid holidays and money to spend,  
You owe it all to the union,  
You owe it all to the union,  
UNION.

Suits or costumes or making shirts,  
Foundation garments or pleating skirts,  
Whatever you do, join the union,  
There's a place for you in the union,  
UNION.

The N U of T and G W  
It's a perfect fit, it's made for you,  
So come on then, pal, join the union,  
Come on then, gal, join the union,  
UNION...UNION....UNION.

#### Band 5: HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!

(Or The Landlord's Nine Questions) In 1960, the local  
council of the Borough of St. Pancras raised the rents  
of municipal flats. Many working people found it dif-  
ficult to meet the increased financial burden imposed  
upon them by these rents and, under the leadership of  
two "desert rats" (Don Cook and Arthur Rowe), they  
organized a rent-strike which in a matter of two or  
three weeks became a national topic of conversation.  
The council's bailiffs were sent in but were repelled  
after a preliminary skirmish and from that time on  
the rent strike took on the character of a military  
siege. The tenants barricaded the buildings with  
barbed wire, old pianos and junk of all kinds, and  
from sympathisers the country over came a constant  
supply of canned food. The television coverage pro-  
vided Britain with one of its most popular daily  
shows. An army of the police finally batonned their  
way through demonstrators to find that their only  
possible point of entry was through the roof. A  
group of intrepid police officers effected an entry  
and were greeted with the offer of a cup of tea from  
the strikers' general staff.

#### HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!

(Or: The Landlord's Nine Questions)

Words and Music by Peggy Seeger

As true a story I'll relate  
(With a) HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!  
How the landlord told Don Cook one night,  
(With a) HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!

You must answer questions nine  
(With a) HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!  
To see if your flat is yours or mine  
(With a) HEY HO! COOK AND ROWE!

CHORUS:

Hey, ho, tell them no  
With a barb-wire fence and a piano,  
Took a thousand cops to make them go,  
Three cheers for Cook and Rowe!

What is higher than a tree? (With a, etc.)  
And what is lower than a flea?  
My rent is higher than a tree,  
And the landlord's lower than a flea.

(CHORUS)

What goes on and never stops?  
And what is gentler than a cop?  
The tenants' fight will never stop  
And the devil is gentler than a cop.

(CHORUS)

What is stronger than a door?  
And tell me what a roof is for?  
Barb-wire is stronger, here's your proof,  
The bailiffs came in through the roof.

(CHORUS)

Will you get off my property?  
Or will you pay the rent to me?  
We've settled in as you can see,  
Now, won't you stop for a cup of tea?

(CHORUS)

O, now I've lost my board and bed,  
I'll barricade the streets instead.  
So all you tenants, settle in,  
Keep up the fight, you're bound to win.

(CHORUS)

flat: apartment

Band 6: THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW YOUR FACE

It is only in recent times that popular poets have become nervous about writing passionately on the subject of love. The authors of these songs set out to prove that simple emotions did not disappear with the coming of the Industrial Revolution. Written in 1957.

THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW YOUR FACE

Words and Music by Ewan MacColl

The first time ever I saw your face,  
I thought the sun rose in your eyes,  
And the moon and stars were the gift you gave,  
To the dark and empty skies, my love,  
To the dark and empty skies.

The first time ever I kissed your mouth,  
I felt the earth move in my hand,  
Like the trembling heart of a captive bird  
That was there at my command, my love,  
That was there at my command.

The first time ever I lay with you,  
And felt your heart beat close to mine,  
I thought our joy would fill the world,  
And last till the end of time, my love,  
And last till the end of time.

Band 7: COME LIVE WITH ME

The opening lines of this song are easily recognizable as coming from the famous lyric by John Donne. The song was written in 1959 as an experiment, combining several musical forms and harmony schemes.

COME LIVE WITH ME

Words and Music by Ewan MacColl

Come, live with me and be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove;  
Be my mate, love, it'll be too late, love,  
If the armies begin to move.  
O, come, my love, walk in the sun while the  
sun's still shining,  
The sky above is clear of the planes that  
can end our love;  
Put your hand in mine, love,  
There won't be time left for loving  
If the storm comes,  
...And the strontium rain.

Come, walk where grass is growing,  
Lie with me beneath a tree;  
Time is all, love, the bomb may fall, love,  
End of tree, love, and you and me.  
Stand close, my love, close! let me put my  
arms around you,  
Now I can feel your heart beating close to  
mine;  
Once it's started, love,  
We'll be parted, love, we'll be  
ashes,  
Forever,  
...Till the end of time.

Until the rocks melt in the sun, dear,  
I am yours and you are mine;  
Until the seas are all run dry, dear,  
That can happen any time!  
So join with me, still while there's time to  
raise a family,  
The fruits of love, kids that are strong of  
limb and clear of mind;  
We'll found a nation, love,  
And we'll fight to keep it free  
Of radiation sickness,  
...And the poisoned rain.

So come with me, let's walk together,  
While the sky's still blue above,  
Don't delay, dear, from this day, dear,  
Got to fight for life and love.

Band 8: WHEN I WAS YOUNG

Written in 1957.

Words and Music by P. Seeger

When I was young, I loved a lad and gaily we were  
wed,  
I knew no greater pleasure than to follow where  
he led,  
But when he went away to war, O sorrow be to me,  
For you cannot follow soldiers bearing guns  
across the sea.

They made him leave his wife and child to march  
in foreign lands,  
Can they make him stalk a stranger with a bayonet  
in his hands?  
What kind of men can force a man, who's married,  
to agree  
To take the lives of men with wives in lands  
across the sea.

I know no field more barren than this life I walk  
alone,  
I know no sorrow greater than to see our growing  
son,  
Will he, too, become a lively man till other men  
decree  
That he lie still, as his father does, in a grave  
across the sea.

Were I the wind I'd bring the clouds to lands that  
need the rain,  
Were I a bird I'd sing of things that comfort men  
in pain,  
Were I a statesman leading men in near or distant  
lands,  
I'd pass a law that only tools of peace be in our  
hands.