

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8736 STEREO

# FOLKWAYS RECORD OF CONTEMPORARY SONGS

Written & Sung by  
Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl



M  
1747.18  
S452  
F666  
1973

MUSIC LP



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8736

SIDE 1

- Band 1. *The Ballad of Accounting*, 2:36  
guitar and 2 voices  
Band 2. *We Don't Want to Live Like That!*, 1:36  
guitar both voices  
Band 3. *Black and White*, 1:52  
guitar and both voices  
Band 4. *Cut-Price Here*, 2:23  
guitar, Ewan lead, Peggy chorus  
Band 5. *Lament for the Death of a Nobody*, 3:10  
Ewan, unaccompanied  
Band 6. *Nightshift*, 2:20  
Peggy, unacc.  
Band 7. *Jimmy Gray*, 1:35  
guitar, Peggy lead  
Band 8. *The Children*, 1:25  
guitar, Peggy lead

SIDE 2

- Band 1. *Nightmare*, 3:59  
guitar, Ewan lead, Peggy chorus  
Band 2. *The Shellback Song*, 4:25  
concertina, Ewan lead  
Band 3. *The Companeros*, 4:06  
guitar, 2 voices  
Band 4. *Buffalo Heller*, 3:31  
banjo, Peggy lead  
Band 5. *Song of Myself*, 4:10  
Peggy, unacc.  
Band 6. *Yankee Doodle*, 2:42  
banjo, 2 voices  
Band 7. *Look ay You!*, 1:47  
2 guitars, 2 voices  
Band 8. *Darling Annie*, 4:10  
dulcimer & autoharp, 2 voices

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FOLKWAYS  
RECORD OF  
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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## FOLKWAYS RECORD OF CONTEMPORARY SONGS

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY  
PEGGY SEEGER AND EWAN MacCOLL

### THE BALLAD OF ACCOUNTING

Written originally as the theme song for a BBC radio series, this has become one of the most popular of the 'philosophical' contemporary songs, and is translated and sung in most of Western Europe and several of the Latin American countries. (words and music, Ewan MacColl. Copyright Stormking Music)

In the morning we built the city  
In the afternoon walked thru its streets  
Evening saw us leaving: We wandered through  
our days as if they would never end,  
All of us imagined we had endless time to  
spend,  
We hardly saw the crossroads and small  
attention gave,  
To landmarks on the journey from the cradle  
to the grave,  
Cradle to the grave, cradle to the grave.  
Did you learn to dream in the morning?  
Abandon dreams in the afternoon?  
Wait without hope in the evening?  
Did you stand there in the traces and let 'em  
feed you lies?  
Did you trail along behind 'em wearing  
blinkers on your eyes?  
Did you kiss the foot that kicked you?  
Did you thank 'em for their scorn?  
Did you ask for their forgiveness for the  
act of being born,  
Act of being born, act of being born?  
Did you alter the face of the city?  
Make any change in the world you found?  
Or did you observe all the warnings?  
Did you read the trespass notices, did you  
keep off the grass?  
Did you shuffle off the pavement just to let  
your betters pass?  
Did you learn to keep your mouth shut, were  
you seen and never heard?  
Did you learn to be obedient and jump to, at  
a word,  
Jump to at a word, jump to at a word?  
Did you ever demand any answers, the who and  
the what and the reason why?  
Did you ever question the set-up?  
Did you stand aside and let 'em choose while  
you took second best?  
Did you let 'em skim the cream off and then  
give to you the rest?  
Did you settle for the shoddy, and did you  
think it right  
To let 'em rob you right and left and never  
make a fight? (etc.)  
What did you learn in the morning?  
How much did you know in the afternoon?  
Were you content in the evening?  
Did they teach you how to question when you  
were at the school?  
Did the factory help you grow, were you the  
maker or the tool?  
Did the place where you were living enrich  
your life, and then  
Did you reach some understanding of all your  
fellow men? (etc.)

### WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE LIKE THAT

For students of any age, including students  
of life  
(words and music, Ewan MacColl,  
We've learned to distinguish the hollow men  
from the rest  
At spotting the phonies we have passed our  
test,  
Their objectivity's all a bluff,  
Their ethical standards' shoddy stuff,  
Their world's not good enough for us:  
WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE LIKE THAT!

We've learned that we're free to learn and  
think and know

Providing we don't disturb the status quo:  
Serve the truth that serves the nation,  
Guarantee your graduation,  
Then you can fool the next generation  
WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE LIKE THAT!

We've learned that a man in some things  
may be wise:  
And yet wear social blinkers on his eyes -  
Top man in a scientific team  
And the sound of burning children screaming  
Doesn't disturb his self-esteem,  
WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE LIKE THAT!

We've learned to be wary of the smiler with the  
knife,  
Who offers to geld you, cut you off from life:  
He offers a world without collision  
A cozy world of complete submission,  
Never a need for real decision,  
WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE LIKE THAT!

We've learned how to question everything  
we've been told,  
By learned men who have been bought and  
sold:  
Their detachments only a damned excuse  
To sit back on their arse and be no use  
While the neck of the worlds fitted for  
the noose,  
WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE LIKE THAT!

copyright Shelter Music

### BLACK AND WHITE

Written at the time of the Sharpeville Massacre,  
this song still speaks for the plight of African  
Blacks in their own countries. w & m EWAN MACCOLL.

The apple's ripe up on the bough,  
The orange on the tree,  
The hands were black - that picked the fruit  
for you,  
But not for me.  
Diamonds shining in the rock,  
Gleaming white and blue,  
Ten hours a day in the diamond mines for me,  
But not for you.  
A sea of grass, and mountain ranges beckoning  
the free,  
A place to walk with head held high for you,  
But not for me.  
The burning sun of Africa,  
The sky that's always blue,  
Apartheid and the pass laws for me,  
But not for you.  
A big land, a rich land,  
Stretched from sea to sea,  
And all the riches of the earth for you,  
But not for me.  
A big land, a gracious land,  
A land where old meets new  
The bullets fired at Sharpeville were for me,  
But not for you.  
You've planted seeds of fear and hate in all  
who would be free;  
At harvest time the fruit will be for you,  
And not for me.  
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### CUT-PRICE HERO

Every democratic nation at a certain stage of  
development has its ranters, its scare-mongers,  
its petty tyrants and junior Hitlers. They  
are often clever men, like Enoch Powell or  
George Wallace, who perceive the fears of the  
'little man' and proceed to direct the energy  
of the people against safe outlets, like Jews  
and Negroes. (words and music, Ewan MacColl.  
Copyright, Shelter Music)

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.

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National hero  
 Neat little man who's been chosen 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.  
 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.

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.

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#### LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF A NOBODY

The gold-watch syndrome is a psychological disorder  
 now recognized by psychiatrists. The faithful worker,  
 after decades of service with the firm, is given  
 thanks and a gold watch, and turned out to graze in  
 his old age. Replaced by younger cogs, often still  
 capable of working but denied the opportunity, he  
 is bewildered by leisure, by the fact that he is  
 no longer needed. The naming of the syndrome has  
 resulted from the high casualty rate (by suicide)  
 of men over retirement age. (words, Ewan MacColl.  
 Tune, English traditional. Copyright, Stormking  
 Music)

As I was a-walking down by the Thames-side,  
 I spied a dead body washed away by the tide.  
 Borne along on the river, it slowly drew near,  
 To the oily black water by Westminster Pier.  
 Grey stubbled face with its halo of scum;  
 Eyes staring blindly at the high noonday sun.  
 They took him to southwark to the mortuary  
 there;  
 And hosed down his body and shaved off his  
 hair.

They noted his scars and distinguishing marks,  
 And weighed him and measured him under mercury  
 arcs.  
 They laid him to rest on a bed of white tiles,  
 His life story entered in the mortuary files.  
 They tagged his belongings, his clothes and  
 a ring,  
 A pipe, some tobacco, and a small piece of  
 string.

A pension-book bearing the name "Thomas Black"  
 And old-fashioned timepiece inscribed on the  
 back:  
 FOR FIFTY YEARS' SERVICE, DEVOTION SUPREME -  
 FROM GRATEFUL EMPLOYERS, THIS TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

A good, quiet worker, not given to strife,  
 Who never once questioned the boss in his life.  
 They gave him a watch when they bade him good-  
 bye,  
 So that he could measure his life slipping by.  
 It ticked through the empty days loud in his  
 ears;  
 A bright, death-watch beetle undermining the  
 years.

Then one act of protest, one moment of strife:  
 They called it a crime when he took his own  
 life.  
 Now this lump of grey silence has finished  
 with time -  
 He demanded so little - And That Was His Crime.

#### NIGHTSHIFT

Sheila Douglas, a Scottish housewife and songwriter,  
 wrote a charming song entitled 'Too Much of a Good  
 Thing'. Peggy tried to sing it, but the Scots was  
 too much for her. Instead, she adapted the song

into English and put a new tune to it. Either way,  
 it might have been called 'A Good Week's Work'.  
 words: Sheila Douglas & Peggy Seeger  
 tune: Peggy Seeger  
 copyright Shelter Music  
 On Monday night he came to my door and he  
 made such a din,  
 Get up, get up, you darling girl and let  
 your lover in!  
 Well, I got up and I let him in and on me  
 he did fall,  
 It was FIVE o'clock in the morning before I  
 got any sleep at all!  
 On Tuesday night he came to my door, the joys  
 of love to tend,  
 Get up, get up, you darling girl, before I go  
 round the bend,  
 Well I got up and I let him in, and in my  
 arms he lay,  
 But he had to hear the stroke of FOUR before  
 he'd go away.  
 On Wednesday night he came to my door, a  
 little bit late in time,  
 I'd have been here sooner, you darling girl,  
 but the hill was so hard to climb!  
 He wasn't long all in my arms before he let  
 me be,  
 Then out of the house and down the road, but  
 after the stroke of THREE!  
 On Thursday night he came to my door, so  
 weary and so slow,  
 Come, give me a drink, you darling girl, and  
 then to work we go.  
 All night long he fought with it and I had to  
 help him through,  
 And I heard him sigh as he rose to go: 'It's  
 only after TWO!'  
 On Friday night he came to my door, a shakin'  
 in every limb,  
 Get up, get up, you darling girl, and carry  
 your lover in!  
 Well, I got up and I carried him in and I  
 gently laid him down,  
 But barely could his spirit rise, to reach  
 the stroke of ONE.  
 On Saturday night, he came to my door, he  
 came on his hands and knees,  
 O, don't get up, you darling girl, stay in  
 and let me be,  
 When I got up for to let him in, he fell down  
 in a swoon,  
 And for all I tried to raise him up, he lay  
 till Sunday noon!

#### JIMMY GRAY

The moral is: if you want something, call it by its  
 own name. (words and music, PEGGY SEEGER.  
 Copyright, Shelter Music)

It was in the month of sweet July, and a court-  
 ship's just begun,

They were both eighteen years old, but he was  
 a little too young;  
 For whenever she'd ask him to do a little job,  
 he was always heard to say:  
 "Well, I wouldn't know anything about that,  
 better go and ask Jimmy Gray."

I have a little sports car, but it drives me  
 round the bend -  
 Would you come and fit a new drive-shaft, or  
 maybe some new big-ends?  
 He says, "If you'll take my advice, you'll  
 phone up the A.A.  
 But if you want a bang-up job, better go and  
 ask Jimmy Gray."

I have a field of early corn, it's waiting to  
 be mown,  
 Love, would you come around with your scythe  
 and help me to mow it down?  
 He said, "My scythe is rusty, too blunt for  
 corn or hay -  
 For a mowing-machine, the best to be seen  
 belongs to Jimmy Gray."  
 She says, "I have a fine feather bed, it's big  
 enough for two:  
 Nice and wide, and strong beside - but the  
 frame is split in two."  
 He says, "My drill needs sharpening, and there  
 may be some delay."  
 She's turned around and went to the phone and  
 called up Jimmy Gray.



### THE CHILDREN

He's fixed her bed, he's mowed her field and  
ground her corn to flour,  
Fit a new drive-shaft and off they went at a  
hundred miles an hour,  
So, fellows, if ever a girl should ask 'Would  
you do a little job today?'  
Just grab your tools and run like a hare, be  
there before Jimmy Gray.

Dedicated to the countless children whose faces we  
have seen looking out from the Oxfam and Shelter  
appeals, from the newsreels and newspapers. Also  
dedicated to those who continue to see these faces  
and look away. (words and music, PEGGY SEEGER.  
The children are born, they bud and they  
bloom,

Four in a bed, eight in a room,  
A tapestry woven on poverty's loom -

So build a wall where the children play,  
Till the welfare comes to take them away -  
The children sit in the dust and stare,  
Too hungry to move, too hungry to care,  
Only their eyes beg us to share:

So build a wall, and on it carve  
"Behind this wall the children starve."  
The children cry and crouch in the mud  
Pain in the belly and fear in the blood  
Fear is a torrent, but hate is a flood,

SO BUILD A WALL WHEN THE BOMBERS FLY  
YOU NEEDN'T WATCH THE CHILDREN DIE.

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### NIGHTMARE

Today's science fiction is tomorrow's reality.  
(words and music, Ewan MacColl. Copyright,  
Shelter Music)

Set the alarm for half-past five  
And its high pitched him brought me alive  
again,

Dialed the bed into the wall recess,  
Gaining two more feet of space in which to  
dress,

OUT OF THE NIGHT SPELL  
OUT OF THE SLEEP CELL  
INTO THE TUNNEL OF DAY.

Took the high-speed lift to Gallery Nine  
And stood in the male, unmarried-workers'  
line (grade Four) -

Gave my rank and number to the slot,  
And drew my daily water ration, took the  
lot!

O WHAT A GREAT DAY,  
O WHAT A MAY DAY,  
O WHAT A DAY TO BE YOUNG!

The thermostats they were set for Spring  
When I rode the conveyor to the female  
wing above,

Met her by the ventilation shaft,  
Lovelight shining through the visor of  
her mask,

O WHAT A GREAT DAY!  
O WHAT A MAY DAY!  
O WHAT A DAY TO BE YOUNG!

Her hand was in mine as we made our way  
To the high-speed vertical shuttle-bay  
(Third class) -

The datime Argon lights shone bleak and  
hard,

When we showed our permits to the shuttle-  
guard,

A MOMENT OF FEAR, LOVE,  
THEN WE WERE CLEAR, LOVE,  
THEN WE WERE MOVING AWAY!

We lay in the capsule and we took our ease  
While the shuttle levelled off at about 2 G's  
and soared -

Past the admin wings, the private galleries,  
and past

The living quarters of the citizens, First  
Class -

UN-FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS  
NOW WE'RE AT TOPSIDE,  
THIS IS THE EYE OF THE WORLD!

At last, in the Observation Tower,  
We stood there, silent in the breathless  
hour of dawn -

Saw the knives of sun come bronze and gold  
and green,  
Gilding all the face of earth we'd never  
seen,  
DON'T COVER YOUR EYES,  
DON'T TURN FROM THE SUNRISE,  
THIS IS THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

Look how the hills show rosy red,  
And the shag-green scum of the river bed is  
still,  
That was once a forest, those were trees,  
Bearing leaves of green that rustled in the  
breeze,  
WHAT KILLED OFF THE TREES?  
WHAT POISONED THE BREEZES,  
WHAT MADE THE RIVERS RUN DRY?

Look at the land where the green grass grew  
It's dusted over with the rusty hue of death -  
There the sea lies, stranded by the shore,  
No fishes swim there, and the sea-birds fly  
no more:  
WHO SUCKED THE EARTH DRY-  
WHO MADE THE SEA DIE?  
LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE WITH THE WORLD!

Cursing the ones who gave us birth,  
We turned away from the blighted earth below,  
They gave us breath, but robbed us of the air,  
They killed the grass, the trees, the seas,  
the rivers, everywhere.....  
THE EARTH WAS OUR BIRTHRIGHT.....:

### THE SHELLBACK SONG

Composed as the theme song for a BBC film, 'Before  
the Mast', this almost-folk song has since been  
taken up in the English folk clubs. It promises  
to be another SHOALS OF HERRING OR (as they call it  
in Ireland) THE SHORES OF ERIN. (words and music,  
Ewan MacColl. Copyright Shelter Music)

I am a bold sea-faring man, I come from  
everywhere,  
Name any point of the compass you choose,  
you're bound to find me there,  
Born in a gale in the Roaring Forties,  
entered in the log -  
Sent up aloft to thepupper t'gan's'ls,  
and christened innnavy grog.

All that I own are the clothes on me back  
and the tools of the sailor's trade,  
My fid and my palm, a few needles, a spike,  
a knife with a good, keen blade,  
I've a bunk in the fo'c'sle, a place on a  
bench in the galley where I can feed,  
And a hook for to hang me old oilskins up.  
What more does a shellback need?

I've sailed both Atlantics and doubled both  
capas more times than I can tell,  
Fought the big seas in a parish-rigged  
barque, and froze at Cape Farewell;  
I've cursed the calms in the Doldrums when  
you'd swear the wind was dead,  
Laid to off the Horn in a westerly gale that  
would blow the hair off your head.

To the maggoty horse and weevily bread, I've  
added me word of abuse,  
I've pounded hard biscuit to powder and mixed  
it with bug-fat and jaggery juice,  
With the galley awash for a week on end, I've  
gone hungry early and late,  
Been served with pea-soup that could stand on  
the poop deck and scare off a blue nosed  
mate.

I've signed on in short-handed Yankee ships  
with masters who know the score,  
I've sailed with the drinkers who can't  
navigate a course past the bar-room door,  
I've been with masters who're seamen and know  
to treat a sailor well,  
And some of the others, the miserable buggers,  
have made me life a hell.

I know all the boarding-house keepers ashore,  
from Cardiff to Tokyo,  
Know all the crimps and the waterfront pimps  
from Riga to Callao,  
I've spend me advance at Rasmussen the Dane's,  
I've lodged with Paddy West,  
And I've known the slop-chest to take half of  
me screw while Big Nellie she took therest.

Goodbye, you square-riggers, your voyaging's  
done, farewell to the days of sail,  
Goodbye, you Cape-Horners and every tall ship  
that ever defied a gale,  
Goodbye to the shellbacks who rode the winds  
through a world of sea and sky,  
Your roving is ended, your seafaring's over:  
you mariners all, goodbye.

#### THE COMPANEROS

One of the songs in a trilogy written after a visit  
to Cuba in 1968, this tells the story of the Cuban  
liberation in 1958. (words and music, Ewan MacColl.)

The good ship GRANMA lies at anchor in the  
harbour,  
Waiting for the evening tide to bring high  
water,  
It's bound for Cuba she must go,  
Across the Gulf of Mexico  
And the Caribbean Ocean -  
She's carrying a human cargo,  
Eighty-three good companeros,  
Each one burning with determination to be  
free -

AGAINST BATISTA, THE FIDELISTAS:  
COURAGE WAS THEIR ONLY ARMOUR  
AS THEY FOUGHT AT FIDEL'S SIDE WITH  
CHE GUEVARA:

Ten days out from Mexico, these companeros,  
Landed on the Cuban beach, Los Colorados,  
And Fidel said, "This year will see  
Our country and its people free  
Or else we will be martyrs.  
We've only guns enough for twenty,  
The enemy has arms a-plenty,  
Meet him, then defeat him, and he'll keep  
us well supplied:"

(same chorus)

Five weeks later in the Canyon del Aroyo,  
The People's Army numbered eighteen companeros,

Hungry, weak, but unafraid,  
They're learning revolution's trade  
In the high Sierra Maestre -  
And in the mountains winds are blowing  
Bearing seeds of hope and sowing  
Crops in Cuban earth that mark the birth of  
victory -

ON COMPANEROS! TO EL UVERO!  
COURAGE WAS THEIR ONLY ARMOUR  
AS THEY FOUGHT AT FIDEL'S SIDE WITH CHE  
GUEVARA.

They fought their way across the peak of  
El Turquino,  
Joined by peasant bands and men from Santiago,  
They faced Battista's tanks and planes  
And drove them down into the plains  
From the high Sierra Maestra;  
They drove the gangsters from Las Villas  
Straight across the Cordilleras,  
Santa Clara fell to Che Guevara and was  
free!

(first chorus)

The fire lit on that Cuban beach by Fidel  
Castro  
Shines all the way to Tierra del Fuego,  
Sparks are blown upon the breeze  
And men rise up from off their knees  
When they see the night is burning;  
It blazes up in Venezuela,  
Bolivia and Guatemala,  
Lights the road that men must go in order  
to be free!

ON COMPANEROS! AMERICANOS!  
FOR A PEOPLE'S FREE AMERICA  
FIDEL HAS SHOWN THE WAY WITH CHE GUEVARA!  
Copyright Shelter Music

#### BUFFALO HOLLER

On February 26th, 1972, in Buffalo Creek, Logan  
County, West Virginia, the expected happened: a  
slate dam situated in the creek-bed gave way after  
two weeks of heavy rain. 150 people were drowned  
when the 50-foot wave of water swept down the 18-  
mile holler, and ten towns were virtually demol-  
ished. Another 200 people were 'missing' and  
bodies were found up to 25 miles away. The spokes-  
man for Pittston Coal Company (one of the three  
companies who own Buffalo Creek) called it 'an act  
of God'. (words and music, Peggy Seeger. Copyright  
Shelter Music)

Born in West Virginia, I've lived here all  
my life,  
Sixteen years a miner's daughter, then a  
miner's wife;  
Raised in Logan County, when the creeks  
they all ran clear,  
And Buffalo Holler's been my home for more  
than fifty year.

I remember when Staviski came, the one they  
called 'the Pole';  
And the Johnsons, up from Georgie, their  
skins as black as coal;  
Even the Italians came because the mines  
were here,  
They been my friends in Buffalo Creek for  
more than fifty year.

Hunger took my baby girl in 1941 -  
Black lung\* took my husband, the army took  
my son;  
But of all the sorrows I have seen, the  
worst time I have known,  
Was the day the twons were washed away,  
when the old slate dam came down.

If your home was down the creek, you had  
time to get away;  
But if you lived up by the dam, you had  
only time to pray -  
It only took one hour of the water roaring  
through  
To wipe out everything I had, most everyone  
I knew.

In '65 they warned us. Nobody made a will.  
But all the folks with money moved high up  
on the hill;

It was only poor coal miners who died that  
Saturday,  
They can get plenty more like us, to come  
on a working day.

Experts said the dam would go if we had a  
heavy rain,  
The Bureau of Mines they wrote it down,  
and filed it down the drain;  
The Governor made promises the year the  
elections ran,  
Pittson \*\* called it an 'act of God' - I  
call it an act of man!

Don't wait for compensation, don't wait for  
them to care -  
If you can't make that dollar sign, they just  
don't know you're there;  
But I can't forget my Billy, who died in  
Vietnam,  
Fighting for the system that made the old  
slate dam.

Written in 1970. (words and music, Peggy Seeger.  
Copyright, Shelter Music)

#### SONG OF MYSELF

I love those who labour, I sing of the  
farmers  
And weavers and fisherman and miners as  
well -  
Now all you who hear me, I pray you draw  
near me,  
Before you grow weary, I'll sing of myself.

I was brought up in plenty, until I was  
twenty,  
A joy to myself as but children can be,  
A joy to my father, a joy to my mother,  
The pain of my country was nothing to me.



My school days being over, I became a rover,  
Through Russia and China, to France and to  
Spain;  
I lived at my leisure, I lived but for  
pleasure,  
And so, none the wiser, to England I came.

I thought it no danger to follow a stranger,  
But with time changing a friend he became -  
For the joys of a lover can equal no other,  
Forever anew - and yet always the same.

Good fortune attending, we lack not a living,  
Our children a blessing our joy to renew,  
But to live amid plenty can only torment me  
When the wealth of the country belongs to  
the few.

I join with the angry, I join with the hungry,  
For long years of anguish the price will be  
paid:  
To hate and to anger, I am not a stranger,  
I welcome the danger - and yet I'm afraid.

For I fear the fate of the rebels and fighters  
Who ransom the future with torture and pain,  
As the trial comes near, if I find I can  
dare it,  
With joy I will share it, no longer afraid.

For I've learned to be angry, I've learned  
to be lonely,  
I've learned to be many, I've learned to  
be one:  
I've learned all my friends, even foes will  
commend me,  
I stand with the many - I am not alone.

In the presence of fighters I find a new  
peace,  
In the company of workers, replenish myself -  
Of miners and weavers, of rebels and dreamers:  
When I sing of my brothers, I sing of myself.

#### YANKEE DOODLE

Like its earlier counterpart, a parody by the  
English against the backwoods American in the  
1770's, this little piece has more verses than  
can be sung at one sitting. Those on this disc  
are the most pertinent. (words, Ewan MacColl.  
Copyright Stormking Music)

Yankee Doodle came to town,  
H-bombs in his pocket,  
Says, "Chum if you don't toe the line,  
I'll blast you with me rocket!"

#### CHORUS:

YANKEE DOODLE, UNCLE SAM,  
BATMAN ALSO SUPERMAN,  
KNOWN FROM HERE TO VIET NAM  
AS YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.

Yankee Doodle went to Mars,  
Landed on a Sunday,  
Found some people living there  
And killed 'em off by Monday. (chorus)

Yankee Doodle went to work,  
As hard as he was able,  
Bombing schools and hospitals  
And babies in the cradle. (chorus)

Yankee Doodle's got a plan,  
It's called 'Defoliation',  
Tried it out in Viet Nam  
To civilize the nation. (chours)

Yankee Doodle, he's the boy  
For rape, assault and pillage,  
Never lets a day go by  
Without he burns a village. (chorus)

Yankee Doodle never crosses  
Over any border,  
Except to kill more people  
In the name of law and order. (chorus)

Yankee Doodle feels that he  
Is not appreciated,  
He's generous with his napalm  
And yet, somehow, he's hated. (chorus)

Yankee Doodle's got the know-how,  
Death is what he teaches,  
And Mr. Health just shows his teeth  
And murmurs little speeches. (chorus)

#### LOOK AT YOU

Written in 1969 as a series of short songs on the  
generation gap. (words and music, Ewan MacColl.  
Copyright, Shelter Music)

You don't have to be a teenager to drop out  
of things,  
Look at you!  
You jump through the hoop like a dog every  
time the bell rings,  
So you do!  
Your kid looked at you and he dropped out  
of college,  
His teenage decision was backed by the  
knowledge  
That daddy had dropped out of life!

You don't have to take L.S.D. to take off  
on a trip,  
Look at you!  
You make yourself blind so you won't have  
to look at the world, what a drip!  
So you do!  
Your daughter stays out late whenever she  
can,  
She don't want to be like her dad and her  
mom  
Who've been absent the most of her life.

You don't have to turn up the music to drown  
out the strife,  
Look at you!  
You make yourself deaf so you won't have to  
listen to life -  
So you do!  
You sit in the dark with your second-hand  
dreams,  
You're not even hearing the sound of the  
screams  
When your kids leave your house of the dead--

#### DARLING ANNIE

Overheard: "I love you so much...I'd do anything  
for you. Even marry you." (words and music, Peggy  
Seeger, copyright Shelter Music)

If you'll marry me, I'll give you everything  
I have,  
You'll never need to earn a penny; I will be  
your man,  
And the ring upon your hand will show the  
world that you're my darling Annie.  
Thank you love, I'll be glad to add your  
wages on to mine,  
I can work and keep myself so handy:  
You can be my man without a golden wedding  
band,  
And I'll tell the world that I'm your Annie.  
(chorus)

#### CHORUS:

FOR IT'S LOVE, LOVE WILL HOLD US, LOVE IS  
EVERYTHING  
WHO COULD DREAM OF ANYTHING THAT'S BETTER?  
NOT THE VOW, NOT THE STRING, NOT THE GOLDEN  
WEDDING RING,  
JUST YOU, LOVE, YOU AND ME TOGETHER.

If you'll marry me, I will give to you my  
name,  
It will shield you from idle talk and envy,  
For when you play the game, you're secure from  
any blame,  
Not ashamed to be my darling Annie.

Thank you love, I'm grateful for the offer  
of your name,  
But my own will serve as well as any:  
I don't like the game and the rules would  
make me tame,  
Not the same girl you married, not your  
Annie.  
(chorus)

If you'll marry me, we'll get a house and  
settle down,  
A place to call our own, so neat and canny;  
With a family and a home, love, you'll never  
feel alone,  
Left on the shelf, a spinster, darlin' Annie.

Dearest love, we could surely find a place to  
call our own -  
All we need is some influence and money!  
But I don't need a ring, or a house or  
anything  
To become a mother (or a granny).  
(chorus)

If you'll marry me, I will be faithful unto  
death,  
You will have all my love and my attention:  
We will care, we will share life in sickness  
and in health -  
And when I die, you can draw the widow's  
pension!  
I will live with you, and I'll be faithful  
unto death,  
We will share all the burdens we must carry -  
We'll always be free, me for you and you for  
me -  
And when we're old, love, maybe we should  
marry!  
(chorus)

#### Ewan MacColl - biography

Ewan MacColl was born in Auchterarder, Perthshire, in 1915, but spent the bulk of his childhood in Salford, Lancashire. His father was an iron-moulder and from his parents, both lowland Scots, MacColl inherited a considerable body of songs, melodies and stories. After leaving school at the age of 14, he worked at a variety of jobs: motor mechanic, factory worker, builder's labourer, street singer, and so on. In the years immediately prior to the war, he was associated with Joan Littlewood in a number of experimental theatre projects and in 1945 the two of them formed Theatre Workshop. For the next seven years, MacColl was the resident dramatist and art director of the company and during this period he wrote eight plays, seven of which were performed not only by Theatre Workshop but by other groups. Five of these plays have been translated into German, French, Polish and Russian; they have been produced in these languages and enjoyed extensive runs in the main cities of those countries.

In 1950, MacColl turned his attention to traditional music and played a key role in initiating and extending what is now called 'the folksong revival' in Britain. He was among the first to recognize the importance of the folk club as the basic unit in this revival, a unit without which the revival might never have survived. In London he founded, with several other leading singers, The Ballads and Blues Club, later to become the Singers Club, now the leading folk club in Britain. By 1956, he was acknowledged as one of the leading singers and major theorists of this revival.

In 1956, collaborating with Peggy Seeger and Charles Parker, a BBC radio producer, he researched and wrote THE BALLAD OF JOHN AXON, a documentary program on the life of a railway driver. This program, a combination of recorded speech, sound effects, new songs in the folk idiom, and folk instrumentation, was the first of a series of eight such programs, which came to be known as 'radio-ballads' and which were hailed as a major breakthrough in radio technique and creativity. Others in the series are SONG OF A ROAD (on the building of the M-1 motorway); SINGING THE FISHING (on herring fishing, a program which won the 1960 Italia radio-documentary prize); THE BIG HEWER (on mining); THE BODY BLOW (on polio and the psychology of pain); THE FIGHT GAME (on boxing); ON THE EDGE (on teenagers); and, finally, THE TRAVELLING PEOPLE (on Britain's nomadic peoples). Most of these radio-ballads have since appeared on Argo records.

MacColl's work in television and film are extensive, not only in the field of entertainment but in education and documentation. He has written scripts and music for films for the BBC, for commercial television, for the National Coal Board and for numerous independent film companies and organizations. His most recent project is the training of young revival folksingers in both singing and theatre techniques with a view to forming a folk theatre by the mid-1970's. His main concern is with the future of the folk revival, for folksong in vacuo is a museum piece. It must be combined with other media: it must adapt to them and adapt to the needs of the new generations; it must reflect the conditions of the country and speak for people now; the folk club must be more than

a place where old songs are sung - it can be a cultural centre, a place for discussion and education as well as entertainment, a place from which the new folk culture constantly emerges and is given expression.

MacColl is a writer - he has written plays, poetry, has composed several hundred songs, a number of which have entered the folk repertoire. MacColl is a singer - he is well-known in Britain, Europe and the United States as one of the best living ballad-singers. He has recorded more than sixty LP's on his own, with both British and American companies. Above all, MacColl is a creator, an ideas-man, who is fortunate enough to have the ability to put his ideas into practice.

#### Peggy Seeger - biography

Peggy Seeger was born in 1935 in New York City. Her parents, both of them professional musicians, came in contact with folk music in the mid-1940's, through their work with the Works Progress Administration, with Alan and John Lomax, and through their work at the Library of Congress. It was thus, through listening to recordings of field-singers and instrumentalists from all over the United States, that Miss Seeger absorbed the folk idiom and developed her singing and playing techniques while growing up in a suburb of Washington, D.C.

From the age of seven she had a formal music education and her parents saw to it that she learned to play the piano, read and transcribe music, had tutelage in theory and harmony - in short, an excellent classical music education. They also encouraged simultaneously her interest in folk music so that she is a unique product of two musical areas. At ten years of age, she began playing guitar; at seventeen, she took up the 5-string banjo (North America's only indigenous folk instrument). Since then she has learned to play the autoharp, the Appalachian dulcimer and the English concertina.

She attended college at Radcliffe, the women's section of Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she majored in music and began singing folksongs for audiences. In 1955 she went to live in Holland, where she studied Russian at the University of Leiden. Following this, she travelled widely through Russia, Poland, China and most of the western European countries. Through her friendship with Alan Lomax, she was brought to Britain in 1956 to take part in a Granada television film, DARK OF THE MOON, and through Lomax she met Ewan MacColl. For a year they worked together on various television and radio programmes and began to sing together as a team. In 1957, they embarked upon a series of eight radio-ballads (produced by Charles Parker of the BBC), a new radio form which received not only wide acclaim as a 'major breakthrough in radio technique and form', but several of which took Italia prizes. In 1959 she became a British subject and settled in south London. Since then she has been singing in folk clubs, giving concerts in countries as far away as Cuba and Tunisia, and writing music for films. All her work is in conjunction with Mr. MacColl, to whom she is now married. They have two sons. She has made over three dozen solo long-playing records, and another two dozen with Mr. MacColl; these discs being issued by both British and American companies. She is considered in America as being one of America's most vital young women folksingers and, being a British subject, is now taking a leading role in the British folksong revival not only as a singer and instrumentalist but also as a songwriter, anthologist and trainer of other performers. Her style is a mixture of folk techniques and tone with an almost classical flair for decoration and instrumentation. Her feet are in the tradition and her head is in the revival, a revival which is not only attempting to keep the old songs alive and meaningful, but which sees as its main objective the extending of folk methods and forms of creation and the adaptation of these to the new media of communication. She credits the development of her social consciousness and her musical technique over the last ten years to the influence of Ewan MacColl, who has formed criteria by which the revival folksinger can create and operate logically in a society which has lost most of its traditional culture and modes of communication. /design: randi wasserman