Different Therefore Equal

CONTEMPORARY WOMEN'S SONGS WRITTEN AND SUNG BY

Peggy Seeger

With accompaniments by Calum MacColl, Neill MacColl and Peggy Seeger
Supporting vocals by Marilyn Evans, Ewan MacColl, Pat MacKenzie, Sue Norwell and Robyn Selman

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GAHR
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 8561
I care for a lovely old mother-in-law,
She's eighty-seven and cranky.
Husband's home with a feverish cold,
Run for the tea and the hangies,
The hot-water bottle, the telly, the paper.
And now the kids have it, it must be contagious.
So now I'm the family medical staff,
But where the hell are my wages?

If wives and mothers all took to their heels,
You'd soon be needing an army.
And paying them all their union wages.
I bet it would drive you barmy.
All eyes and ears, hands and feet,
My sign is Gemini (should have been two of me)
I do the work of a dozen a day,
But where are the wages due to me?

Prices so high, wages so low,
Budgeting must be meticulous.
The hours I spend in looking for bargains
And cooking 'em's really ridiculous.
And though my man's doing all that he can,
What he brings home isn't making ends meet
And I'll have to go out for a wage myself.
If the family's going to keep eating.

Twenty years to teach her all she needs to learn
To take that sweet, mysterious journey past the point of no return.
Overalls or apron, single girl or wed,
Lent first to use her heart and hands, then to use her head.
She's not a true-born woman if she can't make a bed.

Twenty years to show her what seems her only way.
She won't know until too late the price she'll have to pay.
If she don't want to settle down, she must be running wild,
How lovely tells her 'go ahead', her head says, 'wait awhile'.
She's not a true-born woman if she don't want a child.

Twenty years to teach her to want to be a wife.
To find and hold another human who must keep her all his life.
Because she works for nothing, he'll get a lower wage.
If she were not dependent they might fly out of their cage.
A true-born man seeks a lover and may end up with a slave.

Up in the morning before all the family,
Get the grub on the table.
Beds need making, the dishes need washing.
It's everything done on the double.
Drop the kids off at the school, then run for my bus.
Don't you think it's outrageous?
I'd more than enough with my labours of love
Now I'm doing another for wages.

The boss is as good as a boss can be
But the office is just like a nursery.
Smoothing his life, soothing his trouble.
Remembering his anniversary.
Reminding, worrying, hurrying, scurrying,
Into the frying pan, out of the cage.
And it's home from home wherever I roam
But at least I'm getting my wages.

On my way home, I shop for the dinner
And then have a tidy around.
Bills come in, sits down with the paper.
Says, 'Girl, don't you ever sit down?'
Hen of the world, would you think it was strange.
Think it was right, think it was funny
To sing every night at a job for free.
After slogging all day for your money?

Twenty years we train her to work for love alone,
You can define a woman: she works in the home.
So everyone who loves their job shouldn't ask a few
And everyone who hates their job should get the wage of three.
She's not a true-born woman till she wants to work for free.

Twenty years we train her to give away her time,
So when she works outside she'll keep the men in line;
Underrespect, underpaid, home-piecework when she can.
Becomes the perfect lever for the boss against her man,
And for a true-born woman, that's hard to understand.
Band 2 DIFFERENT THEREFORE EQUAL
Is a father
Better than a mother?
Is a sister
Better than a brother?
One's cave
One's convex.
Some weenies
Try to be she-men.
Nature gives us
Equal chances.
We're not like moles,
Does or rabbits.
Our social habits.
And things that turn us
Against each other.
If her and him are
Indispensable.
We're different.
Comparing
One who's prickless
To one who's hairy.
(Law & music, Peggy Seeger
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Band 3 NINE-MONTH BLUES
The right to choose whether or not to have a child has become one of the most vital platforms on which women's personal freedom rests. Information for those not on the British scene: S.P.U.C. is the Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child. F.P.A. is the Family Planning Clinic. The I.U.D. is the Intra-Uterine Device (the so-called "coil").

If you can't be careful, try to be good,
Well, we cared and we cared as much as we could:
We always agreed, me and my man.
We said, "Someday we'll try the family plan."
Well, the first thing we tried was nothing at all,
"Cause an amateur rider never thinks he'll fall;
We charted my tides, followed my moon,
But when someday came a little too soon,

Too much to gain, too much to lose,
But HE WAS KIND OF HAPPY WHEN HE HEARD THE NEWS
I got the nine-month blues.
There was him and me, and the baby made three
But we made up our minds to stay that way,
With little bitty things made of rubber and such,
And 'cause we were friends we decide to go Dutch.
When we said "I do" it was a solemn oath.
So we did and we did and we pleased us both.
We still can't figure out what went wrong,
But that's the first line of the nine-month song.

CHORUS: I got the (etc)
GET OUT THE DRESS AND THE SENSIBLE SHOES (etc)

I said, "This time around I'm gonna cast my stone,
I'm gonna have a chance to call my life my own!"
But the S.P.U.C. and the F.P.A.
They said, "Keep that child! Don't fling it away!"
The doctor said he had the right to refuse,
The law says if you want to beat the moose
You got to be rich, or near to your grave,
So away I went again on my nine-month rave.

CHORUS... AND THAT TIME AROUND I GOT 'EM IN TWOS (etc)
The next thing we tried was the capital P
And I-L-L is what that made me.
My head bust open and I nearly went crazy
And my mom started raisin' every fourteen days.
I says, "I may be sick, but I'm safe and free!"
We started making honey like a couple of bees.
But one May morning, I justa forgot.
Dropped me right back into the nine-month slot.

CHORUS... WON'T THE OLD MAN BE HAPPY WHEN HE HEARS MY NEWS? (etc)
I got kids everywhere, two-three-four-five,
I just can't swim without taking a dive.
I want for advice, they says to me:
The next thing to try is the I.U.D.,
But the small print allows that the Loopity-Loop
Has an margin of error, (when you're in the soup);
But your kid'll be normal, so don't you fret.
Even though you're leased for the nine-month, let...

CHORUS: I better get my old man to disconnect his fuse (etc)
Well, I love that man, I love my kids,
But if I have any more I'm gonna blow my lid!
It's not just the forty weeks on my mind -
It's also the washing hangin' on my line;
It could be the worry on the old man's face,
Or thinking of the future of the Female Race,
It all began with the lovin' and laughter.
Then so much care for such a long time after

CHORUS: Every nine-month blues,
Too much to gain, too much to lose,
Don't you think we ought to have the right to choose
To sing the twenty-year blues?

(Words & music, Peggy Seeger
Copyright, Ewan MacColl, Ltd.)

Band 4 LITTLE GIRL CHILD
Written for our six-year old daughter.

Little girl child -
Your mummy wants to sing you a song:
Don't get me wrong.
It won't be a lullaby,
May put you to sleep,
I want you awake
With your mind wide open,
Listening -
But I don't mind singing it twice,

Little girl child -
Your mummy wants to give you advice:
Don't be too nice.
'Cause the world isn't made for a "lady",
Take what you reckon is yours.
'Cause while you're making
Politely,
Someone'll grab your toys.

(words & music, Peggy Seeger
Copyright, Ewan MacColl, Ltd.)
Little girl child -
I want to hear you making a noise,
Loud as the boys.
Anything they can do, you can do too.
You can be rough, or smooth.
You, too, can get your hands
Dirty -
You don't have to toe the line.

Little girl child -
Your mammy wants you dressed up fine:
Not because your mine,
'Cause you're yours.
Nothing wrong with looking good,
Care for yourself and you'll care for others.
Ready for life,
And loving -
Nobody lives alone.

Little girl child -
Your mammy wants you to roam:
You don't have to stay home.
'Cause you're a girl, they'll hold you back,
Don't do this, you can't do that,
But when the race begins,
Fool 'em!
You can be out of sight.

Little girl child -
Your mammy wants you to see right:
Teach you to fight.
Not just for yourself or for the ones you love,
The whole world hurts, you can help make it
Better -
We'll try to show you how.

Little girl child -
I want to hear you taking a vow,
Starting right now:
Don't just take what's going,
A second-rate job, second-rate life, second-rate world.
Little girl -
Are you listening?
Guess I'll have to sing it again.
Tomorrow.

And if a man should rape a child.
It's not because his spirit's wild;
Our system gives the prize to all
Who trample on the weak and small.
When fathers rape, they surely know
Their kids have nowhere else to go.
Try to forget, don't ask us to
Forgive them, they know what they do.(CHORUS)

When exploitation is the norm,
Rape is found in many forms:
Lower wages, meaner tasks,
Poorer schooling, second-class.
We serve our own, and like the men
We serve employers. It follows then
That body's race is nothing new
But just a servant's final due.

We've raised our voices in the past.
And this time will not be the last:
Our body's gift is ours to give,
Not payment for the right to live.
Since we've outgrown the status-quo,
We claim the right to answer NO!
If without consent he take a claim,
Call it rape! For rape's the name! (CHORUS)

(words & music, Peggy Seeger
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SIDE TWO

Band 1 WINNIE AND SAM

Like "Union Woman", this song is based on tape-recordings. Its subject (whose name has been changed) referred to herself with bitter humour as one of the 'high-neck blouse brigade' - i.e., the middle-class battered wife. Another song, on the same subject (entitled "Emily") may be found on Blackthorne B.R 1050 (HOT BLAST).

Here's a little song about Winnie.
Married Handsome Sam.
He called her "my own little wife".
She called him "my man".

Wasn't it a lovely wedding?
A hundred guests or more.
Before the honeymoon was over
He'd knocked her to the floor.

Wasn't it a lovely marriage?
He never left her alone.
She always wore a high-neck blouse,
She must have been accident-prone.

Whenever the neighbours heard the noise,
The cops come rollin' along.
Saw his fist and her black eye.
"Hello, is there anything wrong?"

Casually always patched her up,
And sent her right back home.
Said, "Our job is to heal the sick,
Not to ask 'how come'?".

The G.P. was a family man
Didn't want to interfere.
A bottle of pills, a bit of advice:
"A baby is what you need."

So on Saturday he beat his own little wife,
Sunday he bashed the kids.
One Monday morning, Winnie woke up,
This union is on the skids.

She went to the Marriage Guidance,
But she had to go alone.
Handsome Sam wouldn't go with her.
So they guided her right back home.

A social worker come onto the case,
She found Winnie in tears.
Says, "You're not as bad as some I've seen,
And it proves that he loves you, dear."

The Housing Department turned her away.
After filling in all those forms.
We just got no place to put you, dear.
Afraid you'll have to go back home.

(words & music, Peggy Seeger
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Band 5 RECLAIM THE NIGHT

The last five years have seen the mushrooming of rape crisis centres, legal reforms, women's self-defence programs, organisation of legal defense for women in rape trials, street demonstrations. The general cry of this movement is "Reclaim the Night!" so that women may be free of the fears that darkness and solitude often bring in either city street or home. It has to be understood that rape is not just a misdemeanor but a crime that can cause permanent damage.

Though Eve was made from Adam's rib,
Nine months he lay within her cleft.
How can a man of woman born
Thereafter use her sex with scorn?
For though we bear the human race,
To us is given but second place -
And some men place us lower still
By using us against our will.

If we choose to walk alone.
For us there is no safety zone.
If we're attacked we bear the blame.
They say that we began the game.
And though you prove your injury.
The judge may set the rapist free:
Therefore the victim is to blame.
Call it nature, but rape's the name.

CHORUS
Reclaim the night and win the day.
We want the right that should be our own.
A freedom women have seldom known.
The right to live, the right to walk alone.
Without fear.

A husband has his lawful rights,
Can take his wife where'er he likes;
And courts uphold, time after time,
That rape in marriage is no crime.
The choice is hers, and hers alone.
Submit, or lose your kids and home.
When love becomes a legal claim,
Call it duty, but rape's the name.
Well, maybe the Homeless Persons Act
Might be applicable here.
But can you define (and be exact)
How hard does he hit you, dear?

Well, after eleven years,
To make a long story short.
One day Sam went a little too far,
Winnie took Sam to court.

Oh - a lovely trial!
Sam got the shock of his life.
He stood in the dock, stared at the judge.
"You mean I can't beat my wife?"

Do you think my song is funny?
Well, it was not meant to be.
"Cause the world believes it when a man says.
"Honey, you belong to me."

Does it only happen to a poor man's wife
Or a so-called 'lower' degree
Winnie is a lawyer's daughter.
Sam's got a P.H.D.

Marriage is a feudal custom,
Women are one of the props.
Women help to make it go,
Women got to make it stop.
Women got to make it stop.

(words & music, Peggy Seeger
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Band 2
I'M GONNA BE AN ENGINEER

Written in 1970, this piece is rapidly becoming the anthem of the women's movement in both Britain and America. The various metals which are included in the engineers union were once considered outside the province of women's activity (except in wartime, when women are welcomed into men's jobs and generally make unprecedented advances in their own cause, education and opportunities). Although our heroine wants to be an engineer, the song seems to have enormous appeal to women and men in all walks of life, representing as it does the constant firing of women into stereotyped roles, usually within the orbit of the family structure.

When I was a little girl, I wished I was a boy,
I tagged along behind the gang and wore my corduroys.
Everybody said I only did it to annoy
But I was gonna be an engineer.

Mama told me, "Can't you be a lady?"
Your duty is to make me the mother of a pearl.
Wait until you're older, dear, and maybe
You'll be glad that you're a girl.

DAINTY AS A DRESDEN STATUE.
GENTLE AS A JERSEY COW.
SMOOTH AS SILK, GIVES CREAMY MILK.
LEARN TO COOK, LEARN TO WOO.
THAT'S WHAT YOU DO TO BE A LADY NOW -

When I went to school I learned to write and how to read,
Some history, geography, and home economy.
And typing in a skill that every girl is sure to need.
To while away the extra time until the time to breed.
And then they had the nerve to say, "What would you like to be?"
I say, "I'm gonna be an engineer!"
No, you only need to learn to be a lady!
The duty isn't yours for to try and run the world.
An engineer could never have a baby!
Remember, dear, that you're a girl.

SHE'S SMART (FOR A WOMAN).
I WONDER HOW SHE GOT THAT WAY?
YOU GET NO CHOICE, YOU GET NO VOICE.
JUST STAY MUM, PRETEND YOU'RE DUMB.
AND THAT'S HOW YOU COME TO BE A LADY TODAY -

Then Jimmy come along and we set up a conjugation,
We were busy every night with loving recreation.
I spent my day at work so he could get his education.
Well, now he's an engineer.
He says, "I know you'll always be a lady,
It's the duty of my darling to love me all her life.
Could an engineer look after or obey me?"
Remember, dear, that you're my wife.

Well, as soon as Jimmy got a job, I began again.
Then, happy at my turret-lathe a year or so, and then:
The morning that the twins were born, Jimmy says to them,
"Kids, your mother was an engineer."
You owe it to the kids to be a lady,
Dainty as a dishrag, faithful as a chaw.
Stay at home, you'll get to mind the baby.
Remember you're a mother now.

Well, every time I turn around it's something else to do,
It's cook a meal, mend a sock, sweep a floor or two.
I listen in to Jimmy Young, it makes me want to spew.
I WAS GONNA BE AN ENGINEER.
Don't you wish that I could be a lady?
I could do the lovely things that a lady's 'sposd to do.
I wouldn't even mind, if only they would pay me.
And I could be a person too.

WHAT PRICE - FOR A WOMAN?
YOU CAN BUY HER FOR A RING OF GOLD.
TO LOVE AND OBEY (WITHOUT ANY PAY)
YOU GET A COOK AND A NURSE (FOR BETTER OR WORSE)
YOU DON'T NEED A PURSE WHEN THE LADY IS SOLD.

Ah, but now that times are harder and my Jimmy's got the sack,
I went down to Vicker's, they were glad to have me back,
But a third-class citizen, my wages tell me that,
And I'm a first-class engineer.
The boss he says, "We pay you as a lady,
You only got the job 'cause I can't afford a man.
With you I keep the profits high as may be,
You're just a cheaper pair of hands."

YOU GOT ONE FAULT - YOU'RE A WOMAN.
YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE EQUAL PAY.
A BITCH ON A TART, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT HEART,
SHALLOW AND VAIN, YOU GAVE NO BRAIN,
YOU EVEN GO DOWN THE DRAIN LIKE A LADY TODAY -

Well, I listened to my mother and I joined a typing-pool.
I listened to my lover and I put him through his school.
But if I listen to the boss, I'm just a bloody fool.
And an underpaid engineer!
I been a sucker ever since I was a boy,
As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother and a "dear".
- But I'll fight them as a woman, not a lady.
Fight them as an engineer!

(words & music, Peggy Seeger
Copyright, Storming Music)

Band 3
UNION WOMAN

In August, 1976, 160 workers at the Grunwick film processing plant in West London struck for the right to join a trade union. A large proportion of the strikers were Asian ladies and in the course of the struggle Mrs. Jayaben Desai was struck down by the role of strike leader. Pitched battles took place on the picket line. APEX, the union which the strikers joined, failed to call for a mass picket. ACAS, the mediating body, and the Trades Union Congress were equally reluctant to come to the aid of the strikers. After 14 months of bitter fighting, the strike was lost. Mrs. Desai is still looking for a job. This song is the result of three tape-recorded interviews with her.

Born rich in the womb,
As you say, with a silver spoon in the mouth.
Born female,
Learned early to work, but never to have labour.
The luxury life is a knife in the heart and mind.
Every day, all day,
Nothing to do but waste your time.

Time to marry, time to mould the life.
Father and mother choose husband and wife.
Met him, liked him, married him, love him,
Lucky.
God gives some the peaceful and loving life.

Gone the easy time, come the children.
Love them, teach them.
Hit your children now,
They hit you later when you're old.
Find the good road, the natural road -
Good politics start at home.

Moved to England, love England.
Like to live among, learn from all manner of people.
Find a new home - the English move away,
Don't know why, the English move away.
Don’t cry for the old life,
Work brings independence, self-respect and pride.
But Brunswick wants slaves - and silence.
The watchdog creep behind you, white man.
Brown woman, like a schoolchild, ask to leave the line.
Children could be crying - or dying - at home,
Got to do overtime.

Management bleed and bleach and trample.
They hire neither man nor woman, just a worker.
A pair of hands for the wage.
The heart opens.
One, then twenty, then forty, a hundred-and-sixty,
Calling union! Calling union!

What matter that the strike was lost?
The enemy shows his face.
Employers - management - labour and union leaders.
Ambition and secret, schemes and shame.
APEX was low, low, unworthy of its name.

What matter that the strike was lost?
The fight is further on.
The ladies take the lesson home to husbands and children.
The crime: to ask for a real life.
The judgment: blacklisted.

Defiant, still organizing, still in the union.
Employers know her name, her face, her tongue, her scorn.

But woman is patient, the world is young like a child,
Rich in the womb, and fighting to be born.

(Words & music, Peggy Seeger
copyright, Ewan MacColl, Ltd.)

Band 4 TALKING MATRIMONY BLUES

Girls, don’t bank for bouquets and veils,
They soon turn to cabbage and nappies in piles.
The joys - and the sorrows - of conjugal life,
All these can be yours without being a wife.
Yes, a good life can come to fruition,
You don’t need a license to give you permission.
YOU DON’T HAVE TO MARRY.
YOU NEVER GET COMPLETELY FREE CHOICE ANYMORE.
TOO MANY PEOPLE YOU CAN’T MARRY FOR A START.
LIKE PAUL NEWMAN.

A man decides to live in sin.
No-one’s gonna go blaming him.  
He’s the boy, got his need, 
Won’t be a man till he’s done the deed.

A good girl ought to live alone
Until she’s wed and in her home. 
Not supposed to cut no capers
Till she’s got her bit of paper, mmmm.

Now, there are places in this world
Where they tell the young man and young girl,
"Before you hit your marriage-bed,
Indulge yourselves, go ahead."
ELIMINATE THE CRUDE FORMS OF SEX IMPULSE FROM YOUR MATRIMONIAL SELECTION.

But civilised folks (despite our climates)
Fancy we're above those primitives.
Scorning promiscuous intercourse,
We favour marriage - then divorce.

THE SINGLE MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN ARE A LEGALLY INCOMPLETE UNIT. UNCLAIMED ASSETS.

Marry for safety, marry for gain,
Marry to give the little buggers a name,
Marry by custom or marry by chance,
But don’t kid yourself, what we call “romance” ENDS AT THE ALTAR.

Marriage is a legal contract.
YEAH, THAT’S WHAT I SAID, A LETHAL CON-TRICK.
TWO EQUALS GET MARRIED AND HEY PRESTO! THEY’RE UNEQUAL.

Now, marriage don’t have to be one-to-one.
The alternative systems since time began,
(Like polygamy, polyandry, or marriage-in-groups)
Weren’t invented by miscreants, BUT BY ECONOMIC NECESSITY.
INFANT MARRIAGE...CHILD BRIDES...WIFE-STEALING...
JUST DIFFERENT METHODS OF TRANSFERRING PROPERTY.

'Cause a wife has a place in the eyes of the law.
She’s as much a possession as a house or a car.
You’re a dependent now, you once was a bride.
And he’s your voice to the world outside.

MEET THE WIFE.
(SAY SOMETHING TO THE POLICE, DEAR.)

Husband’s rights are his by law,
Whether in Rome or Arkansas.
The system ain’t no parvenu,
It uses him to manage you.

A wife has rights, her husband gives her food to eat and a place to live.
After that what he bestows is up to him and no-one knows, mmmm.

Now, even if you get on great.
He’ll collect your rent rebate.
Even if you get on fine,
Your legal papers are his to sign.
Even if he’s your bosom-friend.
you may have to beg for money to spend.
And even if your love is true,
He can open anything addressed to you.

AFTER ALL, IT’S GOT HIS NAME WRITT RIGHT THERE ON THE ENVELOPE.
WHAT’S YOURS IS HIS,
WHAT’S HIS IS YOURS
AND... YOU’RE HIS.

If you don’t like marriage, you can, of course,
Throw in the towel and go for divorce.
But that little old knot, so easy to tie,
Just won’t unravel or lay down and die.
Think of the cost, think of the shame.
Think of the kids. Think of the blame.
Think of the men who’ll call you a fair game.

THE SUNDAY THOUGHTS OF PRINCESS MARGARET,
MARRIAGE IMPLIES A MOST DIFFICULT AND DELICATE ADJUSTMENT OF
A PASSIONATE, EMOTIONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH DOMESTIC AND
ECONOMIC CO-OPERATION...

SO DOES DIVORCE.

A man goes off and starts again,
He may be sad and hurt, but then
He’s got his job, got his skill,
A weekly cheque will pay the bill.

Women’s left with kids to mind,
A life to mend and a job to find.
Got no training, got no skills,
Got no way to pay the bills, mmmm.

So, love him, live with him, make your own vows,
It don’t matter when or where or how,
’Cause just being a woman’s a challenge for life,
Why complicate things by becoming a wife?

I suppose you think I’m being cynical,
But social surgery’s got to be clinical.
Marriage is really to safeguard the kids,
’Cause without a mother they’d be on the skids.
Who better to feed ‘em and wipe their little bums
Than good old dependable, stay-at-home mum?

And marriage is really to safeguard the man,
Send him off to work well-fed, epic and span.
It’s not only his labour he’s going to sell.
But that of his wife and his kids as well.

TWO CAN EARN CHEAPER THAN ONE.
Band 5 LOVE FOR LOVE

Come, my darling, we're a union
Equal all along the line.
Here's my love, then, come and take it.
I'll keep yours and you keep mine.
One and one, a combination.
Love for love and equal shares.
Every burden shared in common,
Equal joys and equal cares.

Let me look into your eyes, love.
Let me breathe you in like air,
Breathe away, love, while you can
But don't forget the world out there.
I love your hands, so small and tender,
Touch me with them, I'm undone,
Not too small to tear the old world
Down and learn to fire a gun.

Let me put my arms around you,
Let me drown, love, in a kiss.
Rise away, love, but remember,
We stand on the precipice.
I love your lips, so warm and tender,
Love the look that's in your eyes,
Eyes to face the facts of life, love,
Lips for shouting battle cries.

Love can help us teach each other,
Teacher, pupil, both in one.
And then we'll start a chain reaction,
What you know, love, pass it on.
Adding two and two together,
Learning to explain the world,
Pooling all the knowledge gained
And using it to change the world.

Let me lie, love, close beside you,
Feel your heart beat close to mine.
Every heart beat brings us closer,
Hearer to the battle line.
I love the way your touch can burn me,
Love your warmth and love your weight,
Love your need, I love your hunger,
Sharing joy and love and hate.

Love can serve us as a weapon,
Help us fight through thick and thin,
You the stock, and you the barrel,
Love's the bolt and firing-pin.
Come on now, demand what's yours,
The time is now, come on, begin,
Time to take what you create,
There's chains to lose, a world to win.

(words & music, Ewan MacColl copyright, Storming Music)

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(Note: White Wind is a folk-cantata written especially for Anti-Apartheid year.)

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