KILROY WAS HERE
CONTEMPORARY SONGS, MOSTLY WRITTEN + SUNG BY
PEGGY SEEGER + EWAN MACCOLL
WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS BY CALUM + NEILL MACCOLL,IAN TRIMMER, JIM BRAY + PEGGY SEEGER
SUPPORTING VOCALS, SUSAN DAVIS + KITTY MACCOLL

COVER DESIGN AND PHOTO BY RONALD CLYNE
SIDE ONE
Band 1. Seven Days of The Week
Band 2. Miss Heroin
Band 3. In Praise of Famous Men (and Women)
Band 4. Ladybird
Band 5. Lullabye For a Very New Baby
Band 6. The Plutonium Factor
Band 7. The Vandals
Band 8. Kilroy Was Here

SIDE TWO
Band 1. The Androids
Band 2. What The Poet Called Her
Band 3. Nobody Knew She Was There
Band 4. My Old Man
Band 5. Get Rid of It
Band 6. Swallow and Trout
Band 7. Four-Minute Warning

"Kilroy was here" was first a U.S. World War II catch phrase. It caught on in Britain and spread rapidly. By 1942 it was written on walls or other convenient places by British and U.S. troops, no matter where they were stationed or fighting.”

(Partridge, Dictionary of Catch Phrases)

Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl, an American and a Scot, have been singing together since 1956. In addition to singing traditional songs, they have, in the course of their performing lives, written scores of new songs. They are accompanied on this disc by their sons Neill and Calum. Their home is in London but their profession has taken them all over the world and won them an international reputation.

Originally issued in England BR1063
Cover design and layout, Dave Scott. Sound engineer, Nick Godwin. Production, Neill MacColl.
Recorded at Pathway Studios, London

© 1980 BLACKTHORNE RECORDS, LTD., 35 Stanley Avenue, Beckenham, Kent BR3 2PU England

© 1980 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., 10023 N.Y., U.S.A.

KILROY WAS HERE
CONTEMPORARY SONGS,
MOSTLY WRITTEN & SUNG BY
PEGGY SEEGER & EWAN MACCOLL
WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS BY CALUM & NEILL MACCOLL,
IAN TRISHHER, JIM BRAY & PEGGY SEEGER
SUPPORTING VOCALS,
SUSAN DAVIS & KITTY MACCOLL
DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8562
KILROY WAS HERE

contemporary songs mostly written
and all sung by PEGGY SEIGER and EWAN MacCOLL

The chip is here, the silicon transplant that is going to reinvigorate the body politic and usher in a new age of plenty! We stand on the threshold of the new society. We are about to enter a new era, an era of immense productivity....

The windy rhetoric of politicians, the eructations of flatulent pundits of both sexes, the gobbledygook that issues nightly from the talking heads which occupy ten million illuminated screens throughout this island.... those pink smooth faces, cosmetised and barbered, each wearing its public mask of concern, enthusiasm, confidence, impartiality, honesty, love of truth, public spiritedness....

The new technology awaits but the throwing of a switch. We are at the beginning of a new and more efficient industrial revolution. The silicon chip is the key to the Twenty-First Century....

The voices... unctuous, avuncular, pompous and patronising, jolly and forth-right, brusque but ever-so-sincere, disapproving, blustering, neighing, whinnying, barking, down-to-earth and no nonsense, terribly terribly boyish (or girlish) or elder-statesmanish, or scarcely bothering to conceal the contempt they feel for clods like us....

With the chip on the one hand and nuclear energy on the other, the future is certain. We are about to witness technological changes the like of which the world....

And the words roll on, the magic phrases, the gilded cliches, the diamond-dusted patter, the con-talk, the endless rhapsodising about a world of a chip with everything. The chip and nuclear energy! And if the one don't get you, then the other one will, says the Widow Twankey as she pats her perm and prepares to lecture us kiddies on the benefits of mass unemployment, war and a larger police force.

And Kilroy, who has heard it all before and who is accustomed to getting the shitty end of the stick begins to wonder whether the world wouldn't be a safer place without all those talking heads and this shrill pantomime dame whose verbal diarrhoea threatens his world with imminent inundation.

Almost all the bands on this disc are about this or that aspect of Kilroy's condition: Kilroy old, Kilroy young, Kilroy male, Kilroy female. Kilroy hoping. Kilroy despairing. Above all it is about the terrifying dangers that confront Kilroy now. NOW. NOW!
Ladybird, listen to me;  
I've seen me father for many a day;  
He come home whenever he's free,  
But not very much 'cause he works far away.  
Last year he worked in the town,  
Now they're pullin' the factory down. (refrain)

Ladybird, is't it a crime?  
We men are workin' away down in 't' mill.  
Er'll come soon about supper time,  
Er're on afternoons and I've hours to kill.  
I'll quee for some chips and some fish,  
Then I'll turn on the telly and wish. (refrain)

Ladybird, don't spread the wings.  
I don't understand these words on the news:  
Re-deployment, inflation and things,  
It's just like a game, some win and some lose,  
But some of 'em win all the time!  
We men say as cheatin's a crime... (refrain)

GLOSSARY
childr... children
th... television
tha... you
th... your
wom... home

Side One, Band Five

LULLABY FOR A VERY NEW BABY (written, arr. and accompanied on guitar by Peggy Seeger)

1 Oh, the summer was long and the autumn too  
Walking slow and weeny,  
Till the winter parted me and you -  
Hushabye, my dearie.

2 When the time was come and the time was gone,  
They laid you down so near me,  
And together we slept the whole night long -  
Hushabye, my dearie.

3 But my back is broke and my belly sore,  
Your daddy can't come near me,  
And it's up all night to walk the floor,  
Hushabye, my dearie.

4 Though you keep me waking night and day  
And your crying makes me weeny;  
You're welcome as a flower in May -  
Hushabye, my dearie.

5 My darling girl, the world is wide,  
I know it's going to fear me  
To set you floating on the tide -  
Hushabye, my dearie.

Side One, Band Six

THE PLUTONIUM FACTOR (by Peggy Seeger; arr. by instrumentalists: Calum on the psaltery, played with two bows; Neil and Peggy on guitars; voices, Susan Davis and Kitty MacColl)

The problem is elemental, easy to understand,  
Uranium's incidental, lying beneath the land.  
Find it, mine it,  
Enrich and refine it,  
No matter its use,  
A demon is loose,  
Plutonium's left long after the death of man.

Energy is reactive, easy to understand,  
Uranium's radioactive, unstable and quick to expand.  
Send a neutron to enter  
Splitting the centre  
Of TWO-THREE-FIVE,  
Fission brings it alive -  
Atoms are broken  
Heat is the token we take.  
More neutrons are made  
More atoms invaded  
The element vanishes - but in its wake  
Plutonium's left - thus was the world betrayed.

The core broods like the heart of the sun  
Cool gas or water for a cage.  
guarded by fallible gods.  
If natural force over-run its course  
Who would be keeper then?  
NO-ONE.

Not the expert, the backer, the builder, the worker,  
No-one knows what would happen then.  
In that split second of endless time  
Will we, in the name of heaven,  
Remember a time when it wasn't too late,  
Russia in '58,  
Harrington, '79?

The problem is elemental, easy to engineer  
The process is fundamental once it is set in gear.  
The fuel is old,  
Too lethal to hold,  
If no-one steals it  
Wheel it through city and town.  
Re-make it, break it, Windscale it down  
Or use it again, it won't disappear,  
Fast-breeder creating more shit than it's eating,  
Plutonium's made - thousands of pounds a year.

Disaster is not a notion, it's easy to foresee  
Whether by movement of ocean or land, failure of man or machine.  
Fallout or leakage,  
Dooming or breakup,  
Caesium... tritium... curium... krypton 85  
And anything alive  
Begins to be dead.  
But plutonium's made - plutonium never dies.

The core broods, unconcerned, unaware,  
Geeen won't stay in a cage.  
Touch it - you die.  
Scaveng your - you die.  
Breathe it - you die.  
Live near it - you die.  
Cremated, you burn; your bones fill the air,  
Who breathes it it will die.  
As long as it's there  
No-one  
Something will slip out of line.  
In that split second of endless time  
When the clocks stop and the dial clicks,  
Will we, falling into the void,  
Remember Detroit  
Way back in '66?

The problem is monumental but easy to understand:  
Someone is raking in profit, hand over hand over hand.  
Too many cracks in the system.  
Too many flaws in the plan.  
Too many pounds of plutonium missing.  
Too many fools among men.  
The game's nearly up, we're playing it now  
Beg - money - money - more -

Bixwell, Bradwell, Chapel Cross  
Humber, Hunterston, Dungeness,  
Calder Hall started it all.  
Trawsfynydd, Winfrith, Hinkley Point,  
Berkeley, Oldbury, Hartlepool,  
Springfields, Capenhurst, Dounreay, Wylfa, Windscale, you.

We have the power to close them down!  
Or just be a unit in the body-count,  
A citizen of the Plutonium State.  
Now is the moment of endless time -  
Turn around and step out of line -  
Tomorrow will be too late!

Side One, Band Seven

THE VANDALS (by Ewan MacColl; concertina and arr. by Peggy Seeger)

1 The wind is so hot and it blows with such fury  
The great pounding waves of the sea sound like thunder -  
Not the sea, not the wind but the roar of the silence,  
The surge of the blood in your ears.
The night is so dark and the darkness so empty,
No shadow, no shape, no sense of horizon
Not the night, not the dark, but the harsh stony ridges
The desert where everything dies.

Is nobody left? Tell me, where has the world gone?
The people, the forests, the great teeming cities
No people, no houses, no trees and no rivers
Only this cinder, this slag.

Then what of our hopes, all our dreams, all our stirrings
The dawn of new days with their promise of plenty?
No dreams and no stirrings, no past and no future
All gone, they have wiped the slate clean.

Oh father, dear father, you said that you loved me,
Why did you give me this world for plaything?
They came with clean hands and they talked so politely
While arranging the death of the world.

They smiled and conspired and we smiled and we let them
Cocooned in the shadows of other men's dreaming;
We gazed at the flickering screens in the half-light
And allowed them to murder the world.

Side One, Band Eight

ELIOT WAS HERE (by Ewan MacColl; banjo and arr. by Peggy Seeger)

1. Who was here when they hanged out the heavy jobs,
Jobs with the hammer, the pick and shovel?
Who chucked in the foundry, froze at the flashdock,
Eight days to the week?

2. Who was here with a aisle of rock above him,
Three-foot seam in the darkness crouching
Stinking sweat in his eyes, powdered rock in his spittle,
A hundred minutes to the hour.

3. Who was here in the furrowed field, stooped over?
Pain shapes the question in bone and muscle
Hoots and hands competing, fumbling, groping,
Twenty-eight hours to the day.

4. Who was here in the world of steel and glamour
Feeding Leviathan in his cavern
Breathing the hot, sharp stink of metal
Five weeks to the month.

5. Hey you! Dogsbbody, what do they call you?
Who cleans the mess when the fight is over?
Who carries the broom, the mop and the bucket,
Thirty-six months to the year?

6. Smooth-faced, old boy-men instructed him,
Geldings programmed his energy
Coached in running by men whose arches had fallen,
Dead men told him how to live.

7. Kilroy! Kilroy! Where has Kilroy gone?
Kilroy was here, see there's his mark
He came this way, he was wearing his number
Did nobody see his pass?

Side Two, Band One

THE AUTHORITY
(by Ewan MacColl; saxophone, Ian Trimper; bass, Jim Bray; gui-
tars, Peggy and Neill; arr. by the four players)

1. Has it ever crossed your mind to ask yourself why Mrs T talks funny?
Have you never paused to wonder why the lady's so obsessed with
saving cash?

2. Has your nervous system never been upset by Mrs. Thatcher's martial
posture?
Have you listened to her laying down the law and not been scared out
of your skin?

If you have, then I would ask you to forgive her,
She's only lately come to us from outer space,
She's a poor deprived computer who was built by a computer
She's an android, a stranger to the human race.

If you have, then show a little understanding.
The way that she was programmed it was really grim
She was built to man the toll-shack in a region called the Coal Sack
At the very furthest edge of the Galactic Rim.

If you have, then do not give way unto panic,
She doesn't mean to scare you, it is just a game
Just remember what you're seeing's not a normal human being
Though I grant you that it rather looks the same.

If you're under the impression that our baby-faced Lord Chancellor
Is a terran,
Or that Heseltine and Prentice both belong to homo sapiens, you're insane.
And you suffer from delusions if you think Sir Keith is human
Or behind those brooding pop-eyes lurks a brain!

They are androids, strangers to the human race,
They malfunctioned and were thrown out in disgrace.
They are made of wire and things and little wheels and bits of string,
They are androids, strangers to the human race.

Side Two, Band Two

WHAT THE POET CALLED HER
(by Ewan MacColl; psaltery, Calum; guitar, Neill;
autophony, Peggy; arr. by the three players)

1. The poet called her Juliet, wrote sonnets to her hair.
She was busy scrubbing at his dirty underwear.
Juliet made a bet that lover-boy would go
As soon as she said "Clean the bath" or "Help me scrub the floor".

2. The poet called her Elise, praised her raven locks.
In return she ironed his shirts and darned his woollen socks.
Elise wasn't pleased when he said, "It's late.
"Sorry about the washing up - the apple pie was great!"

3. The poet called her Beatrice, sang psalms to her tresses.
Beatrice only sighed and went on cleaning up his messes.
Beatrice, a mere miss, said "Lend me helping hand,"
He'd more important things to do. He knew she'd understand.

4. The poet called her Helen, said he'd always make her happy.
Helen well and truly lost her boy
By asking him to make the bed, he up and left for Troy.

5. The poet called her Guinevere, his pet, his little mouse;
Until she asked him for some help in cleaning up house.
Guinevere said, "My dear, a baby's on the way,"
Launcelot wished her all the best and left - on Mother's Day.

6. So if you're looking for a mate and want to pick a winner,
Get one who can wash and clean and maybe help with dinner,
One who'll share and share alike, a truly loving aid.
If he can write a poem as well you've really got it made.

Side Two, Band Three

NOBODY EVEN SHE WAS THERE
(by Ewan MacColl; dulcimer and arr. by Peggy)

1. She walks in the cold, dark hour before the morning,
The hour when wounded men begin to bleed,
Stands at the back of the patient queue,
The silent, almost sleeping few,
Seeing no-one and not being seen.

2. Working shoes are wrapped in working apron,
Rolled in an oilcloth bag across her knees.
The weary tram at last the morning,
Blue-grey steely day is dawning,
Draining the last few dregs of sleep away.

3. Over the bridge and the writhing, foul black water,
Down through empty corridors of stone;
Each of the blind glass walls she passes
Shows her twin in sudden flashes,
Which is the mirror-image, which is real?
4 Crouching, hooded gods of word and number
Accept her bent-backed homage as their due;
The bucket's steam like incense coils,
Around the endless floor she toils.
Cleaning the same wide sweep each day anew.

5 Glistening sheen of newly-washed floors is fading,
There where office clocks are marking time;
Night's black tide has ebbed away.
By cliffs of glass awash with day
She hurries from her labours, still unseen.

6 He who lies beside her does not see her,
Nor does the child who once lay at her breast;
The shrub of self-denial covers
Koger girl and tender lover.
Only the faded servant now is left.

7 How could it be that no-one saw her drowning?
How did we come to be so unaware?
At what point did she cease to be her?
When did we cease to look and see her?
How was it no-one knew that she was there?

Side Two, Band Hour

MY OLD MAN (by Ewan MacColl; guitar and arr. by Peggy)

1 My old man was a good old man, skilled in the moulding trade,
   In the stinking heat of the iron foundry my old man was made;
   Down on his knees in the moulding sand,
   He wore his trade like a company brand,
   He was a hundred of the Cyclops smoky kind,
   Yes, that was my old man.

2 My old man wasn't really old, it was just that I was young,
   And anybody over twelve years old was halfway to the tomb;
   He was loyal to his workmates all his life,
   Gave his paypacket to his wife,
   Had a few jars on a Saturday night,
   Yes, that was my old man.

3 My old man was a union man, fought hard all his days,
   He understood the system and was wise to the boss's ways;
   He said, "If you want what's yours by right
   You'll have to struggle with all your might.
   They'll rob you blind if you don't fight, son."
   That was my old man.

4 My old man was a proud old man, at home on the foundry floor,
   Until the day they paid him off and showed him to the door.
   They gave him his cards, said, "Things are slack.
   We've got a machine can learn the knack
   Of doing your job, so don't come back."
   The end of my old man.

5 My old man he was fifty-one, what was he to do?
   A craftsman moulder on the dole in 1932,
   He felt he'd give all he could give.
   So he did what thousands of others did,
   Abandoned hope and the will to live,
   They killed him, my old man.

6 My old man is dead and gone, now I am your old man,
   My advice to you, my son, is to fight back while you can.
   Watch out for the man with the silicon chip,
   Hold on to your job with a good firm grip,
   'Cause if you don't you'll have had your chips,
   The same as my old man.

Side Two, Band Five

GET RID OF IT (by Ewan MacColl; whistle, Calum; mandolin, Neill;
5-string banjo, Peggy; arr. by the three players)

1 One morning as I ambled on my customary ramble,
I thought that I heard Maggie Thatcher calling.
She sounded so distracted and she cried, "It's time I acted.
For the wasteful way they're living is appalling."
CHORUS: Get rid of it! Get rid of it!
That terrible public spending, let's get rid of it!
Get rid of it! Get rid of it!
The welfare-state needs ending, let's get rid of it!

2 She said, "I'd like to mention that free medical attention
Is a luxury that's far beyond this nation.
What's a matter for the wealthy.
Why should the poor be healthy?
They're getting notions far above their station."
CHORUS: ...That terrible wasteful N.H.S., get rid of it!
The welfare-state is in a mess, get rid of it!

3 When it comes to education and the working population,
Remember, friends, that I was once a teacher.
If the workers know their letters,
And can recognise their betters,
Then the rest is an unnecessary feature.

CHORUS: ...That terrible comprehensive school, get rid of it!
...Knowledge is a dangerous tool, get rid of it!

4 As freedom's great protector, we despise the public sector,
Yes, public ownership our rage arouses,
And we sell for private profit
To our pals who do well off it.
Things like oil-wells, not to mention council houses,

CHORUS: ...That terrible public ownership, get rid of it!
...In freedom's name, we say again get rid of it!

5 While inflation goes on rising, we're opposed to subsidising
Libraries that lead to people reading.
As for people's theatrical art,
We regard it as a farce.
And a good kick up the arse is what they're needing.

CHORUS: ...That terrible theatre subsidy, get rid of it!
...That municipal gallery, get rid of it!

6 Then here's my proclamation, let it sound throughout the nation,
Let freedom's tocsin ring from every steeple.
Waste is neither wise nor funny,
Especially when it's money.
We much prefer to waste the nation's people.

CHORUS: ...That terrible, greedy, Labour-force, get rid of it!
...Put the boot in everyone, get rid of it!

7 Well, the hockey-lady's voweles had played havoc with my bowels,
Her message left me feeling suicidal.
But my spirits rose anew,
I remembered me and you.
Have a recipe at hand for our survival.

CHORUS: ...That terrible Tory government, get rid of it!
...It's either us or them,
So let's get rid of it!

Side Two, Band Six

SWALLOW AND TROUT (by Fred Rook; guitar and arr. by Peggy)

1 The swallow he goes to take the fly
   Over cool water he spew.
   The swallow he would surely die
   If he would dive too deep.

2 The trout she rise to take the fly
   Leaping both high and strong;
   Likewise the trout would surely die
   Were she in the air too long.

3 You and I, love, we hunt the fly,
   Swallow and trout are we;
   It's in cool water you would die
   And air is death to me.

4 You must nest on a beam so high,
   I spawn deep in cool water;
   But let us meet and hunt the fly
   And part when we have caught her.

Side Two, Band Seven

FOUR-MINUTE WARNING (by Peggy Seeger)

Estimation of distance and effect were taken from a small report
in the GUARDIAN. The places are in and around London.

1 Imagine a city, imagine a tower
   Whose crown turns around fully once every hour.

2 North, south, east and west: see the heath and the river,
   With Chelsea on one side, Nile End on the other.

3 Imagine that city — imagine that morning
   In summer, imagine the four-minute warning.

4 Panic, then wait; or kneel and start praying,
   Four minutes to make your god hear what you're saying.

5 Look towards home, no time for leave-taking.
   The sound that you hear is twelve-million hearts breaking.

6 There's a circle around you, six miles to the rim,
   From Acton to Poplar, from Finchley to Balham.
Dulwich to Hendon, it's the heart of the nation,
Not a blade of grass standing, complete devastation.

There's a circle beyond where firestorms roar,
From Redhill to Hornchurch, from Hemel to Slough.

Weybridge to Harlow, too wounded for crying,
Half the folk dead and the other half dying.

Two minutes are gone - the fallout drifts over
To Bambury, Winchester, way beyond Dover.

Ipswich to Brighton, radiation is high,
The ones who are left may take ten years to die.

The rulers are sheltered, but God has gone under,
Victim at last of a technical blunder.

The vermin survive disease and starvation
To witness the end of a civilisation.

No air, safe to breathe, no land remains fertile,
While our bombs home in on some other circle.

There's no-one to help you, there's no medication.
This bomb was one part of proposed saturation.

A half-minute to go - you won't see another,
Twelve-million children are crying for mother.

Open your eyes - tomorrow comes morning;
You have been hearing a four-minute warning.

BLACKTHORNE RECORDS operates chiefly on a mail-order basis and has limited shop distribution. Should you wish a bulk order, our distributor is Cadillac Music, 180 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2H 8SJ (01-836 8340). Single copies from our office, below. Should you wish to obtain a catalogue or be put on our mailing lists, send your name, address and SAE to BLACKTHORNE RECORDS, LTD.,
35 Stanley Avenue
Beckenham, Kent BR3 2PU
ENGLAND

Also by Blackthorne Records
FS 8561 Different Therefore Equal

What Do You Do All Day?
Different Therefore Equal
Nine-Month Blues
Little Girl Child
Reclaim The Night
Winnie And Sam
I'm Gonna Be An Engineer
Union Woman
Talking Matrimony Blues
Love For Love

LITHO IN U.S.A.