FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8734

THE NEW BRITTON GAZETTE

301 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.C. U.S.A.

.Library of Congress Catalog Card No. R 63-862

WHEN I WAS YOUNG (Seeger)
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NEW BRITON GAZETTE
Volume II
Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger

There's darling General Franco and the heirs of
Syngman Rhee,
There's Batista (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: ROSELINE

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
thousands of West Indians, Africains and
Commonwealth peoples, who every year swarm into
the capital. The melody of this song is based on
an African folk song.

ROSELINE
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, Rosalie, this fellow'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 torments, my Rosalie, I would suffer only
for you.
I pay for the ride and I stand inside like a tired
horse in a stall.
My 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 my blood pressure it is high.
My heart is racing and palpitating, it's love of the
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 4: LULLABYE FOR THE TIMES

In 1961 the Committee of 100, dedicated to nuclear disarmament, initiated its first large civil disobedience 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 guards of the peace, who had been especially brought from all the Home counties to London's West end, were kept busy carrying the thousands of limp, passive men and women to waiting trucks, buses and Black Mares. A number of the 800 who were arrested refused to pay the fines and served out one-three months of jail instead.

LULLABYE FOR THE TIMES

Words and Music by E. McColl

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, schoolbl 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 NEEDED APPLY

This light-hearted piece is written in the spirit of pure satire, 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) 1960.)

NO AGENTS NEEDED 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,
Where'er I show my face, they roar, "No agents
need apply".

When first I can't the London, 'twas an awfu' sight to see,
Folks singing up and down the place wi'out the leave o' me.

2
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 folk-songs and I've made it a' the go.
I'm keent in it a' the folk clubs as an impresario,
Oor tradition it was deatin' till I set it on its feet.
And dragged it by the short-hairs down 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 ken 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 huvna' 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 round the fringes for the last three years or so.

(Chorus)
O, little did my mither think when first she cried at 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 air.

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

Glossary:
sight..............sight
a' the go........all the rage
deein'............dying
Denmark Street........Britain's Tin Pan Alley
nou..............now
ken..............know
feckless..............helpless, unthinking
lug..............ear
telly..............TV
orra..............awkward

Band 6: THE BALLERINA'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 PRINTERS' 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.

FRAGMENT

In 1952 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 the printing bosses blow for blow.

CHORUS:

It was in the year of 1952 (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
Of any army of union men.

CHORUS:

Band 6: THE BALLERINA'S TRADE

In 1956, James Wilson, a Negro janitor, was sentenced to death in Alabama, having been convicted of the theft of $1,750. 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 BALLERINA'S TRADE

Words and Music by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl

In Alabama, nineteen-fifty-eight,
The cost of human life is very low,
A man's 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 bands,
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,  
Poughed 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  
Now 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.

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 flown 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!  
Bennam, the Rusty, 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!

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 Heuer", 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 1963 for a documentary radio ballad, incorporates a number of current mining legends told about the Big Heuer.

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 my little finger  
Started me time away in the mine, Go Down!

Band 2: SHOALS OF HERRING

The events and chronology covered in this song are based upon the life of Sam Lanier, 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

Oh, 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.

Oh, 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.

Oh, we fished the swarth and the Broken Bank,  
I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing,  
And I used to sleep, standing on my feet  
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring.
0, we left the home grounds in the month of June, And to canny Ghels we soon was bearing, With a hundred cran of the silver harling 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 Faroe 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, Skilled 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: Evan 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.

How 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, Storms 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 children's schemes Are vanished now, the dream is ended, Gone away.

Dream 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 tradition behind them. In 1960, we were commissioned by the executive committee of the National Union of Tailor and Garment Workers (N U T G W) to write a song which would appeal to these young workers and have the effect of recruiting them into the union. 'Needle and Thread' was issued as a paper record, distributed free of charge in chosen factories, and played inside 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: Evan 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.

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, gal, join the 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 working 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 weekends, 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 pleasing skirts, Whatever you do, join the union, There's a place for you in the union, UNION.

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

Band 5: HEY HO! COOK AND ROME!

(Or The Landlord's Nine Questions) In 1960, the local council of the Borough of St. Pancras raised the rates of municipal flats. Many working people found it difficult 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 tenements 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 provided Britain with one of its most popular daily shows. An army of the police finally battered 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 ROME!

(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 ROME!

How the landlord told Don Cook one night, (With a) HEY HO! COOK AND ROME!

5
COME LIVE WITH ME

Words and Music by Evan MacColl

Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove;
Be my sprite, love, it'll be too late, love,
If the armies begin to move.

Oh, 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 7: 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 his 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
accept 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.