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, 1:32
guitar and both voices
Band 4. Cut Price Here, 2:32
piano, lead, guitar, chorus
Band 5. Lament for the Death of a Nobody, 3:10
Peggy, unaccompanied
Band 6. Nightshade, 2:58
Peggy, unaccompanied
Band 7. Jimmy Gray, 1:36
guitar, lead, Peggy
Band 8. The Cigarettes, 1:29
Peggy, guitar
SID 2

Band 1. Nightshade, 3:59
Guitar, lead, Peggy, chorus
Band 2. The Shellbacks Song, 4:53
Guitar, lead, unaccompanied
Band 3. The Companion, 4:49
Guitar, 2 voices
Band 4. Buffalo Horse, 3:31
Harp, Peggy
Band 5. Song of Myself, 6:18
Peggy, unaccompanied
Band 6. Fanny Doodle, 2:42
Harp, 2 voices
Band 7. Look up Yest, 1:47
2 Guitars, 2 voices
Band 8. Darling Anne, 4:10
dulcimer & autoharp, 2 voices

©1973 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8736

FOLKWAYS RECORD OF
CONTEMPORARY SONGS

Written & Sung by
Peggy Seeger
& Ewan MacColl

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8736
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 aid the sufferer with the
knife,
Who offers to sell 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 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 wolves 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. & Ewan McColl.

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.

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.

Copyright 1964 Storming Music Inc.
200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

CUT-PRICE HERO

Every democratic nation at a certain stage of
development has its rascals, its scare-mongers,
its petty tyrants and Junior Hitlers. They
are often clever men, like Enoch Powel 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 McColl.
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.
National hero
Nest 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 SHOULDER, GIVES A BIG
HORSE-LAUGH, AND THE CUT-PRICE HERO ENDS UP
WITH THE REST OF THE TRASH.

Copyright Shelter Music

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF A NOBODY
The gold-watch syndrome is a psychological disorder
now recognised by psychiatrists. The faithful worker,
after decades of service with the firm, is given thanks and a gold watch, and turned out to gaze 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, Bwan 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 sound;
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 belonging, 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 goodbye,
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.

Copyright Shelter Music

NIGHTSHIFTS
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'.

Copyright Shelter Music

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 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 been looking out from the Orfan and Shelter
appeals, from the newpapers and newspapers. Also
dedicated to those who continue to see these faces
and look away. (words and music, PEGGY SEAGER.
The children are born, they toil and they
bloom,
Pour 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.

Copyright Shelter Music

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 ration, took the lot!

0 WHAT A GREAT DAY,
0 WHAT A MAY DAY,
0 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,
0 WHAT A GREAT DAY!
0 WHAT A MAY DAY!
0 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 dateline 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 speeded off at about 2 G's
and soared -
Fast 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 flashes swim there, and the sea-birds fly
no more:
WHO SUCKED THE EARTH DRY-
WHO MADE THE SEA DRY?
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 SWALLOWS AND AMERICANS 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 the upper t'gann'els,
and christened Innuyah gog.

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 forecastle, a place on a
bench in the galley where I can feed,
And a hook for to hang me old oilskin up.
What more does a shellback need?

I've sailed both Atlantic and doubled both
capes more times than I can tell,
Pouched the big seas in a parish-rigged
barque, and froze at Cape Farewell;
I've cursed the calm 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 raggy 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've seen men 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 cripes and the waterfront pimps
from Rio to Callao,
I've spend me advance at Rasmusson the Dane's,
I've lodged with Fuddy West,
And I've known the alop-schoot 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 Sea - She's carrying a human cargo, Eighty-three good compañeros, Each one determined 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 compañeros, Landed on the Cuban beach, Las Coloradas, And Fidel said, "This year we 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 compañeros,

Hunger, weak, but unafraid, They're learning revolution's trade In the high Sierra Maestra - 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 Batista'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 demolished. Another 200 people were 'missing' and bodies were found up to 25 miles away. The spokesman 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 Stavisiki came, the one they called the Pole;
And the Johnsons, up from Georgia, 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 '56 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 fishermen 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.
YANKEE DOODLE
Like its earlier counterpart, a parody by the English against the backwoodsy American in the 770's, this little piece has more verses than can be sung at one sitting. Those on this disc are the most pertinent. (Words, Ewan McColl. Copyright Stomping Music)

Yankee Doodle came to town,
H-bomb's in his pocket,
Says, "Chums if you don't toe the line,
I'll blast you with my 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. (Chorus)

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)
Dearest love, we could surely find a place to call our own.
And 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 have the widow's pension!
I will live with you, and I will be faithful unto death.
We will share all the burdens we must carry.
We'll always be free, me and you and for me.

(Chorus)

Ewan MacColl - biography

Ewan MacColl was born in Auchterarder, Perthshire, in 1915, but spent most of his childhood in Saltford, 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 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 folk song 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. In 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 HICKS, a documentary program on the life of a railway driver. This program, a combination of recorded speech, sound effects, new folk songs, 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 SONGS 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 BERRY (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 also 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 at the Folk Revival and Folk Theatre by the mid-1970's. His main concern is with the future of the folk revival, for folksong in value 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, along 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 tuition 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 worlds. At the age of eleven, she began playing guitar; at seventeen, she took up the 5-string banjo (North American's only indigenous folk instrument) and found that 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 French, began singing folk songs 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 the Granada television film, 'DARK 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 and a 'major breakthrough in radio technique and form', but several of which took Italia prizes. In the British subject and settled in south London. Since then she has been singing in folk clubs, giving concerts in countries far and wide, and writing music for films. All her work is in conjunction with her lover Alan Lomax 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 Folk Music revival not only as a singer and instrumentalist, but also as a songwriter, 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 in the revival, a revival which is not only attempting to keep the old singing meaningful, but which sees as its main objective the extending of folk methods and forms of creation and the adaptation of these forms with a view to forming a folk movement. She credits the development of her social consciousness and her musical technique over the last ten years to the influence of folk music. It must be combined with other media; 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.