

VIN GARBUTT

LITTLE INNOCENTS

TSDL428

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THE ROYAL BLACKBIRD

King James II of England had his throne usurped by a group of noblemen who invited William of Orange over from the Netherlands to defend the new religion as established by Henry VIII. I'm sure I should have put a comma in there somewhere. Anyway James ended up exiled to France and the man in the street never noticed.

I wonder if he had any kids?

THE FEAR OF IMPERFECTION

A look at North American society gives us a glimpse of

what we can expect here in Britain within ten years...

It's easy to see the step above you but it's not always easy to see the step you've reached.

The ancient Greeks recorded that the rise and fall of societies followed a set pattern: Technological Achievement, which leads to Gross Arrogance, which leads to Physical and Moral Decline. Hitler's Germany certainly followed that same pattern.

I believe we have reached that second stage, and that we've got to change now because there's no turning back from the final stage. A crumbling society has never before been in possession of nuclear weapons.

LYNDA

This is a song of optimism and amazing courage.

Lynda is based on the mother of a Middlesbrough boy suffering from Spina Bifida. There are two ways we can rid this world of handicap. One is to destroy the handicap, the other is to destroy the handicapped. The society that the many Lyndas of this world are fighting has opted for the latter.

I sang this song in the north of England recently and a young woman in tears said to me, 'Don't ever stop singing that song. I was expecting twins. They told me one of them was deformed... they took both of them...'

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CALUM MORE

Written by Andy Mitchel of Ullapool in Scotland. This song is about the perennial problem of wife-beating. When the moral foundations of society are beginning to crumble, the ensuing frustrations must lead to violence. Wife-beating, like baby-battering, is on the increase. So do we do something to alleviate the situation? Or do we make wife-beating and baby-battering legal?

THE COALMAN

In times of crisis there is always someone ready to take advantage of the misfortunes of others. There are surgeons in Britain living off the desperation of women and earning over £60,000 a year. While not in the same league, this particular coalman got his come-uppance when a lot of his customers left him for his wrongdoings during the miners' strike of 1972.

LESLIE (Just a Lone Stick of Wheat)

An all too common tragedy these days with so many people walking the streets and wondering 'what it's all about'. Perhaps Leslie had so much more to offer the world than his depraved industrial society required of him.

Like Calum More Leslie was a gentleman when sober

but a stranger to all when drunk. At the age of 29 Leslie died of exposure in a derelict building.

DORMANSTOWN JIMMY

Tees-side has traditionally had a great pool of the industrial skills, but now after just two hundred years, with the industrial revolution having finally proved itself to be an almost total failure, the Tees-side worker must look to foreign parts for work, and usually, sadly, he must go without his family. East Cleveland, where I live, has a male unemployment figure of nearly 50% (1982 figure). If all those lads working on the North Sea rigs and in Saudi Arabia, Libya, Zambia etc decided to come home, and the true unemployment figure were made public, then I'm sure we'd have an even more embarrassed government than we have at present. The thing that worries me is ... in times of national crises it's easy to find a scapegoat. The Nazis did it with their Jews. There are two songs on this album that tell you about our current scapegoat ... but what or who next? Is unemployment a handicap? Can an unemployed person be called a 'burden on society', or perhaps 'unwanted' or even 'unviable'. If enough people agree...he can!!!

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IF

The immortal Rudyard Kipling wrote this little philosophical ditty. As a way of life I can't fault it.

BLUE SUNSET

A Graeme Miles song of pollution.

At one time Tees-side's industrial pollution was in the form of clearly defined palls of black smoke belching from the steelworks' chimney stacks and rising into the 'muckosphere'. With the advent of the petrochemicals industry, however, a more sophisticated effluent pervades the atmosphere, some of it brightly coloured, some only visible to the human chest. This factor prompted several local publicans to start serving draught Benylin.

LITTLE INNOCENTS (A Civil Rights Song)

'On Sunday he was our foetus
On Monday our son did greet us,
For the rest of his life, may we help him in strife,
And please God, the world won't defeat us.'

The above verse was written as part of the birth announcement for the arrival of our son Tim. The Cleveland newspaper Evening Gazette refused to print it! – 'because it made some of the girls in the office feel sick...' After contacting the editor I was told: "This is a family newspaper"!

When David Steele's 1967 abortion law was passed, it seems that WE, society, turned our backs on the very people that this law was designed to help, namely those women who, through desperation, were forced into risking their lives at the hands of the back-street abortionist. We could have helped those women and their babies but sadly our utilitarian society found it more cost-effective to legalise their desperation.

Just ten years later and the snowball is still rolling:

Pulse. 19 March 1977. Dr Tom Mayer, a GP:

'... any patient who is not terminated will subsequently require antenatal care, attention during confinement and postnatal follow-up. All the time taken in these procedures is a factor many times that required for a termination. Therefore, all that is needed in order to create sufficient beds for termination is to convert a few antenatal beds and a delivery theatre at present in use on obstetric units for abortion work.'

I believe that something has gone terribly wrong. What was always a tragic exception is becoming an even more tragic norm.

At the time of writing, my wife Pat is five months pregnant, our third child is jumping about busily in her womb. In theory our child is already protected by law; in practice, however, this is not so. A local doctor has already offered Pat an abortion should she 'need'

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one.

If Pat and I were forced, by whatever desperation, into even contemplating the terminating of our child's life, then it is *our* human right to be helped out of that desperation and not 'helped' along with it. It is our *child's* human right to be protected from the consequences of our desperation!

In common with every other human in this world, my wife and I were once foetuses. We were not inferior humans then, we are not inferior humans now, and our child is inferior to no man. WE DEMAND EQUAL RIGHTS FOR OUR CHILD, whether he/she be 'normal' or handicapped. We wish to have nothing whatsoever to do with any Master Race ideology. Our child is equal, along with each and every other child that is awaiting silently for the next stage in the ongoing process of life, in what should be the safest place on earth!

First, may I apologise to my many good friends and to all others who have been through the trauma of abortion and may be upset by my views as expressed in some of these notes and in the songs *Little Innocents* and *Lynda*. My intention is not to offend but to inform those unaware of what is, to my mind, the grossest excess of our materialistic 'throw-away' society.

This album is dedicated to the mothers of Britain's

2,000,000 'Desaparecidos'.

The Royal Blackbird

It was once on a morning of sweet recreation,
I heard a fair lady a-making her moan,
With a sighing and sobbing and sad lamentation,
And crying, my Blackbird most royal has flown.
He's all my heart's treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
So fondly my love my heart follows thee,
And I am resolved in foul or fair weather,
To seek out my Blackbird wherever he may be.

I will go a stranger to peril and danger,
My heart it is so loyal in every degree,
For he's constant, he's kind, courageous of mind,
Good luck unto my Blackbird wherever he may be.
In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,
In England a stranger he seems to be,
But his name I'll advance in Ireland and France,
Good luck unto my Blackbird wherever he may be.

All the beasts of the forest are all met together,
The turtle it is chosen for to dwell with the dove,
And I am resolved in foul or fair weather,
That once in the springtime I'll follow my love,
But since fickle fortune which still proves uncertain
Has caused this parting between him and me,

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His name I'll proclaim, who dares me to blame,
Good luck unto my Blackbird wherever he may be.

Lynda

Chorus

Lynda, your kin can't know the torture, they put you
through, or else they'd go head in hands in
shame.

Our hearts are true, but in the wrong place,
you know we'd never say to your face,
Anything we thought would cause you pain.
Your life is one long giving, and we've the nerve to say
it's not worth living,
And you say you'd go through it all again.

Lynda's doctor told her things were bright right from
the start,
A baby due in January to warm her longing heart,
But no sooner had she chose the name when she
heard that her child couldn't ever be the same,
As the ones in the street with the nimble feet playing
out a 'normal' part.

Her doctor said that later tests had led him to believe
That things were far more serious than first he had
perceived,
He said her child could be deaf or blind, with at least

a definite defect of the spine,
And her friend said, 'If the choice were mine I'd see
you were relieved'.

Chorus

To Lynda in the final days that advice sounded good,
She knew her friend meant well but take a life she
never could,
So her boy was born on a winter's morn with a hole in
his back an unholy crown of thorns,
Still Lynda smiled on her child new born as she had
sworn she would.

Her doctor said there is no hope, but I'll do what I can,
Lynda said as long as I'm not dead, he'll grow to be a
man,
So with optimism and operations, and to Lynda's own
great expectations,
Science saved the situation to Mother Nature's plan.

Chorus

Now Kevin's almost seventeen, his 'O' Levels he's
passed,
His mother's heart's a storehouse for the price that
she's amassed,
She knew the going would be rough, but because

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she's made of the stuff that saints are made of,
She says she's been paid back with enough love, her
life to last.

That life is still a struggle and for all, it's plain to see,
How she ever copes remains a mystery to me.

But I know if we could be born again in a kindlier
world of supermen and women,
Then like the person Lynda is, the rest of us could be.
Yes I know if we could be born again in a kindlier
world of supermen and women,
Then like the person Lynda is, the rest of us would be.

Still! At least young Kevin's grown to be less
handicapped ... than me.

The Fear of Imperfection

Oh! Mother dear, the girls out here, own nature's
beauty bright,
When she made them oh so different, Mother Nature
got it right,
But they fill their mouths with metal as an ornament
for man,
And they check their teeth like we would, buying
horses.

Oh! what use the sparkling blue eyes of Hitler's
Aryan?

What use the perfect teeth of the new all-American?
Oh! the fear of imperfection, if not banished from our
hearts,
When we're in pursuit of wisdom, we'll not find it.

Calum More

Oh, Calum More, are you home drunk again,
You've broken your promise for the millionth time,
Your family are living near on the bread line,
While you fill your belly with whisky and wine.

I mind when we married a good while ago,
We often shared laughter and seldom rowed,
I respected you more than you'll ever know how,
But Calum, oh, Calum, just look at you now.

Your beatings I've learned to treat with disdain,
Aye, my body has hardened, I'm numb to the pain,
But I'll never forgive you for hurting my bairn,
Oh God, how the drinking has gone to your brain.

You'll wake in the morning remorseful and sore,
You'll promise again that your drinking's o'er,
And I'll want to believe you as often before,
But I know in my heart you'll come home drunk once
more.

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The Coalman

Well, it happened up near Middlesbrough and
probably elsewhere,
When money it scarce did fill your purse and coal was
getting rare,
The chilly month of February it saw the miners fight,
When the man in the middle with coal to spare
Put out the workers' light.

Chorus

Now what will he say when his hair is turnin'
grey,
Misfortune was his fortune and he'll dearly
have to pay.

The coal yard up by Normanby was stacked up well
with coal,
The merchant and his cronies, well, they treat the
stuff like gold,
And through the fuel shortage, well, he caused a
greater need,
By putting his drivers on the dole
To satisfy his greed.

The N.C.B. they made it clear that prices stay the
same,
But still that merchant contravened under another's
name,

He'd only sell to those who had the extra cash to pay,
And like a greedy scavenger
He'd not give owt away.

I saw an old age pensioner take breath down Paddies
Row,
She dragged behind a pushchair with a
hundredweight of coal,
The milkman stopped to help, he put her coal upon
his float,
Cos the coalman wouldn't take it home
Without a doctor's note.

A lot of people might have suffered in lots of northern
homes,
But thank the Lord the miners and the owners came
to terms,
For now the strike is over, aye, and there's coal for
everyone,
And the merchant doesn't smile no more, his
Customers have gone.

Leslie

Alone in a cornfield lost in contemplation,
I gazed over Wilton to view the North Sea.
When a lone stick of wheat swaying gently beside me
Directed my thoughts to the grave of Leslie.
For young Les was the black sheep, least that's what

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he figured,
No one told him different, he lived on a knife-edge,
Until with the bottle he hastened his downfall,
By feeding the fires of his mental strife.

Chorus

Just a lone stick of wheat in a whole field of
barley,
Young Les must have felt that way most of the
time,
For his young life he wasted, the sad life he
tasted,
Was ended at just twenty-nine.

Just once did I meet Les, his eyes never greeted me,
'Don't be offended,' his friend said to me.
We were down at the Sporting Club one Friday
evening,
Surrounded by friends quite alone was Leslie.
Yet alone for his young wife his affection he stored in,
A heart like a whirlpool becalmed by the tide,
But the tide rarely changed and the wife who adored
him
One morning she left with a tear in her eye.

I sat in my cornfield and thought on that morning,
When fog from the river reached Albion Street,
And in through the door of that derelict building,

A young man lay waiting, his maker to meet.
His name it was Leslie, his life quickly ebbing,
The mist from the Tees sapping of his life's heat,
Once more in the barley I saw down beside me,
All underfoot trodden ... a lone stick of wheat.

Dormanstown Jimmy

Ah, young Jimmy lived in Dormanstown for all his
twenty years of age,
He never gave a second thought to what the future
held,
Though his father was a labourer like his father
before him,
Young Jimmy was a tradesman now, a master of the
weld.

Jimmy's father always told him, 'With a trade you can
go anywhere,
You'll never have to worry more, about tomorrow's
bread.
There's a future in the steelworks, Jim, that's why
your grandad left the fields,
There's nowt can take the place of steel, least not
before I'm dead.'

Well, the years flew past, each furnace blast brought
Jimmy near the truth at last,
He had to fly to Saudi for to earn a living wage,

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His father died not long ago, his lungs were black, his
heart beat slow,
Bronchitis was the cause of death and not his years of
age.

Ah, now Jimmy's back in Dormanstown, his rent is up,
his spirit down,
He's got a wife 'n' two bairns and another plainly
seen.

Faceless men down at the ministry said, 'Another
mouth to feed, indeed,
Of factory fodder we've no need, you know what you
can do.'

Ah, the furnaces at Warrenby breathe silence now,
where once they breathed
A roar like Thor in anger, calling to the hills for coal.
The papers said there's jobs ahead, then they built a
plant computer-fed,
For each man that means a button there's ten Jimmies
on the dole.

Ah, the youth of Britain wears a frown, the rule of law
is breaking down,
Their ship of hope has run aground, no work to feed
their souls.
And as gentle Jimmy bites his nails, he understands
how patience fails,

Like a ship with no wind in its sails, a worker on the
dole.

Oh, they took Jim's grandad by the hand and
promised him a life so grand,
He swopped the sunset on the land for a filthy
furnace glow.

Now the glow like profit has gone out and no matter
how loud Jimmy shouts,
And though three million jobless mill about, there's
no one wants to know.

No matter how loud Jimmy shouts, there's no one
wants to know.

If
If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;
If you can think – and not make thoughts your
aim;

If you can meet with triumph and disaster

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And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop to build 'em up with wornout tools

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on';

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings – nor lose the common
touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run –
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my
son!

Blue Sunset

In summertime the blue sunset
Fills the grey northern sky
And across the grime covered rooftops
The yellow seagulls fly high
And the grime from the tall factory chimneys
Turns orange, violet and grey
As it sails away down the river
Along the amber Tees Bay.

What makes the blue summer sunset?
What turns the northern sky green?
What turns the seagulls to yellow
When white is what they should be?
And the smoke from the tall factory chimneys
Why is it not oily black
As it sails away down the river
From the top of the tall chimney stacks?

I know that the blue summer sunset
Is caused by the factory fumes
That fills the sky full of sulphur
And turns it to greenish from blue
The sun shines on the birds flying
And gives them their yellowy sheen
As it sails away down the river
And reflects in the Tees' muddy stream.

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Little Innocents

(A Civil Rights Song)

In Roman days the law outlawed compassion
A word so rarely heard now with the unborn people's
plight,

Misguided ways set hearts ablaze with passion,
And Romans roared as lions gnawed their problems
out of sight.

And again not quite so long ago it happened,
The Jewish Race were faced with an extermination
plot,

Men swore and slammed the oven door behind them,
'We've the right to prove we've the right to choose
who's human and who's not.'

An unfamiliar freedom now belongs to common man,
It's hard for us to say 'No thanks', we're told, 'You can,
you can'.

We've even won the right that evil rich men always
had,

It seems true forbidden fruit is priceless even when
it's bad.

So let's scrutinise the package deals we're offered,
Like anti-nuclear, save the whale, abortion on
demand,

We may feel we're so liberal and enlightened,
Like him who to defend his rights did napalm

Vietnam.

One time when starving children stole, the law cut off
a hand,

In desperation they'd ignore the strict laws of the
land.

Oh, you wouldn't change the law to make it legal for
to steal,

No, you'd change the sensibilities of folk to make
them feel.

But now those sensibilities are numbing once again,
Society has changed the law but not the hearts of
men,

Yet only love and care can ease a troubled mother's
strife,

In a world that bids a doctor use a back street
butcher's knife.

Oh, the unborn child might be ill-treated, he might
become a thief,

I'm told he might grow up unloved, might suffer
untold grief,

Ah, but I might die of cancer in, say, ten or twenty
years,

Would their misguided compassion kill me now to
ease my fears?

No, they wouldn't, 'cos they've met me and society
says no,

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But the unborn child we've never met, his friendships
never grown.

Oh, why must we at the friends we've never met point
nuclear shells?

Oh, destroy the unmet friend, my friends, and we
destroy ourselves.

Sure, there's ifs and buts and possibles but they're
just not good enough,

With lives at stake you just can't say smooth waters
might turn rough.

Such ill-advice turns hearts to ice to freeze a poor
girl's hope,

We must change the world that would kill her child
and steal her will to cope.

Oh, I know I'm just a man, I cannot share that
mother's fate,

And though I can't apologise for Mother Nature's own
dictate,

I have to do my bit, I cannot bear those fascist views,
And I'll defend the baby boy or baby girl whose death
they'd choose.

When Martin Luther King said to the world, 'I have a
dream',

That ignorance and prejudice would never more be
seen,

The world stood up in praise but too few people

understood

That colour, creed nor size can change the crimson of
your blood.

Still they tell me we've the right to remain selfish if
we please,

They ask me to respect that point of view and not be
blind,

But I see the rights they claim have slaughtered
countless Luther Kings,

And in Belfast shot a bullet in an unborn baby's spine.

Ah, then, they say a foetus isn't quite a baby,
But a baby isn't quite a ten-year-old, it's my belief,

And an adolescent isn't quite a grown man,

But you just can't choose to kill a man no matter what
relief.

Without the right to life you couldn't grow to make a
choice,

Before you're born you haven't got a voice,

And innocents are silenced by good folk who live a lie,
With the might to prove they've the right to choose
who'll live and who will die.

When Hitler changed the word from 'kill' to
'exterminate' the Jews,

The word was changed but it meant the same,
ANOTHER'S RIGHT TO CHOOSE.

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Chorus

Oh, cruel world, you try to make a beast of honest
men,

You hand out rosy spectacles and then

You slaughter little innocents whose own lives can't
defend,

If you'd the right to choose would you do it to Jesus
again?

(after last chorus:)

If you'd the right to choose would you end Luther
King once again?

If you'd the right to choose would you push Steve
Biko again?

If you'd the right to choose would you terminate Jesus
again?

Like King Herod of old are we looking for Jesus again?

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Little
Innocents

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