international issue (like the French nuclear tests in the Pacific).

Some are less satiric than others. The Victoria group is regarded as the most outrageous, possibly because of such subject matter as safe sex, the drop in the male sperm count, or the issue of post-menopausal women giving birth. But all groups are finding the hardening economic climate a great inspiration.

In fact, the nastier the realities, the more active Grannies get. Groups are constantly recruiting younger members, believing that you don’t have to be an actual grandmother so long as you share a common concern for the future. There seems no chance that the Raging Grannies will fade away or become complacent with success while they find so much to sing—and rage—about.

A Gaggle of Granny Songs

Rockabye, Baby

Rockaby, baby, your mum’s feeling great.  
With menopause over, it’s still not too late.  
Birth after 60—it’s the in thing to do;  
It makes me feel young, and who cares about you!

They told me a face lift would be just as good,  
But it wouldn’t make news like gray motherhood.  
Now science can boost my hormonal drive;  
I plan to have twins in two thousand and five.

The Family Jewels (Oh, What a Beautiful Morning)

When so many of us got breast cancer,  
No one seemed in a rush with an answer.  
But wouldn’t you know that they’re raring to go  
Now that research has shown why the sperm count is low.

Chorus

If your lover has trouble performing,  
Remember we gave you a warning.  
If you want to be fruitful and to multiply,  
Fish him out of that lake and make sure he’s quite dry.

Chorus

Chorus:

Watch out for those blobs in the water,  
Polluting in spite of the rules.  
They’re not just a hazard to nature,  
They’re threatening the family jewels.

We’re the Women (I’s the B’y)

We’re the women who did the work  
So men could get the credit.  
We said, "Leave it all to us,"  
And wished we’d never said it.

"Leave the dishes in the sink.  
You sit down and rest dear.  
I can do the clearing.  
I can do it best, dear."

Chorus

We’re prepared to do the work,  
But we want more than credit.  
Equal pay for equal work.  
We’ll sing until we get it.

"No, I don’t mind staying late.  
I’ll type another stencil.  
Can I get your coffee now?  
Let me sharpen your pencil."

Chorus

"I’m sorry that the baby cried.  
I’m sorry she upset you.  
I’m sorry she threw up on you.  
I’m sorry that she wet you."
Nuclear Umbrella (original tune)

Beneath the nuclear umbrella,
We're safe as we can be.
Bush is such a pleasant fella,
He'll look out for you and me

We don't have to think about it.
Our defense has been assured.
What would we all do without it?
Don't it make you feel secure?

(This is a lullaby written by Jane Mackey. During the last verse, one of the Grannies opens a large beach umbrella full of holes.

Unity Song (My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean)

We love our Canadian beaver.
He’s one of those endangered kinds.
We don’t want our country divided
Because of intolerant minds.

We think maple leaves look much nicer
When mixed with Quebec fleur-de-lis.
Add pitcher plant, dogwood, and roses
For provincial equality.

Referenda
Don’t produce national unity.
French or English
We’re all Canadians—eh?

We love our Canadian weather.
We don’t care which way the winds blow
’Cause nothing can keep us together
Like most of Quebec saying No!

Lorena Bobbit (When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbing Along)

When Lorena Bobbit
Said, "John, you stop it!
I've had enough!"
He went on abusing her,
Never thinking she'd
Chop it off.

Oh, what a grave indignity!
Poor John, in just one minute she
Severed his masculinity.
(They sewed it back,
but it's still a bit droopy.)

Now the whole assembly
Of men goes trembly
At Bobbit’s name.
If they see the little wife
Sharpening a kitchen knife, they exclaim:
I’m so sorry, Honey-bun,
I just like a little fun.
Now I’ll be good.
And if they learn from Lo-
Rena Bobbit, they should!