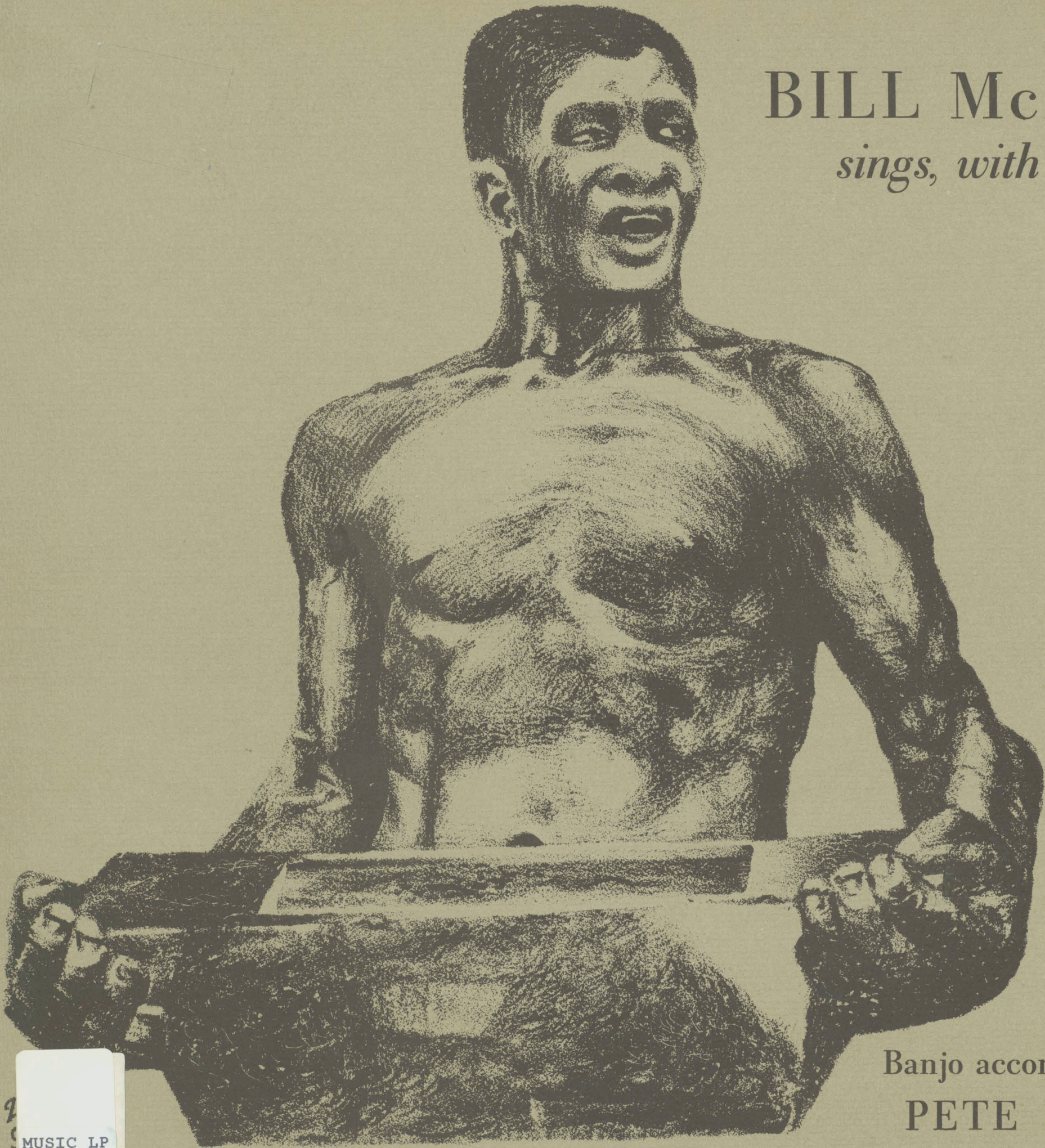


BILL McADOO

sings, with guitar



Banjo accompaniment by

PETE SEEGER

FOLKWAYS FA 2448

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BILL McADOO

sings, with guitar

I'M GONNA WALK AND TALK
FOR MY FREEDOM

I DON'T WANT NO JIM CROW
COFFEE

WADE IN THE WATER

CARYL CHESSMAN

JOHN HENRY

FARE THEE WELL

WALK ON ALABAMA

COLD WINTER BLUES

LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND

I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A
WAR

DARLIN'

EIGHT-HUNDRED MILES

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS FA 2448

Bill McAdoo Sings

with guitar

Banjo accompaniment by Pete Seeger

23-year-old William McAdoo is a self-taught musician, folksinger and songwriter. His varied occupations, however, have eminently fitted him to the song-writer's craft. At various times, Bill McAdoo has worked as a dish-washer, a mechanic, on construction gangs, scrubbing floors, teaching, in a candy factory and as a receptionist in an office. Born and raised in Detroit, Bill went to the University of Michigan where he majored in History and English. He has had no formal music training and has played the guitar for some five years.

Traditional songs and songs composed by the singer.

SIDE I

Band 1: I'M GOING TO WALK AND TALK
FOR MY FREEDOM
April 15, 1960

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I wrote this song for my brothers and sisters, black and white who are participating in the various sit in demonstrations and boycotts all over the nation. The tune is that of an old spiritual:

Musical score for "I'm Gonna Walk and Talk for My Freedom". The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are: "I'm gon-na walk and talk for my Free-dom-Ain't-a that good news. I'm gon-na walk and talk for my Freed-dom ain't-a that good news. I'm gon-na walk on that line — I've been a wait-in' for a long, long". Chord markings include E, E°, A, B7, E7, and A.

Musical score for "I'm Gonna Walk and Talk for My Freedom". The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves of music. The lyrics are: "time-yes I'm gon-na walk and talk for my Free-dom - ain't a that good news." Chord markings include A°, E, F#7, B7, A, E, and A.

I'm gonna walk and talk for my freedom,
Ain't that good news,
I'm gonna walk and talk for my freedom,
Ain't that good news,
I'm gonna walk on that line,
I've been waiting for a long, long
time,
Yes, I'm gonna walk and talk for my
freedom,
Ain't that good news.

I'm gonna hold my sign up high,
Now ain't that good news,
(repeat)
I want my freedom right now,
I won't wait until I did,
I'm gonna hold my sign up high,
Now ain't that good news.

I'm gonna walk in Mississippi,
Ain't that good news,
(repeat)
From Georgia to Maine,

I'm gonna walk in freedom's name,
I'm gonna walk in Mississippi,
Ain't that good news.

I'm gonna beat old Jim Crow down,
Now ain't that good news,
(repeat)
I'm gonna walk on that line,
I've been a-waiting for a long, long,
long time,
I'm gonna walk and talk for my
freedom,
Ain't that good news.

I'm gonna walk with all my brothers,
Ain't that good news,
(repeat)
I'm gonna walk on that line,
We've been a-waiting for a long, long,
long time,
I'm gonna walk and talk for my freedom,
Ain't that good news.

Band 2: I DON'T WANT NO JIMCROW
COFFEE

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This song was written May 12, 1960. The tune was taken from a work song, "Bald Headed Woman", which I recently heard on a record. What I have attempted to say in this song is obvious.

Musical score for "I Don't Want No Jim Crow Coffee". The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music. The lyrics are: "I don't want no Jim Crow cof-fee in Wool-worth store, yes in Wool-worth store. I don't want no Jim Crow cof-fee in Wool-worth store, yes in Wool-worth store." Chord markings include Am.

I don't want no Jim Crow coffee
 In Woolworth store, in Woolworth store.
 (repeat)
 I don't want no lyncher's justice,
 In Poplarville, in Poplarville.
 (repeat)
 Now did you hear about brother Mack
 Parker,
 In Poplarville, in America?
 Did you hear about brother Mack Parker,
 In Poplarville, Lordy, in America?

Now they beat him and they shot him
 and they lynched him;
 And it's a shame in America.
 (repeat)

Now did you hear about the West
 Virginia miners?
 They starve to death in America,
 (repeat)

Well, I don't want no Jim Crow in
 my union;
 It hurts my pride; I'm a working man.
 (repeat)

Now if we all just stand together
 Then we will win, brother, we will
 win.
 (repeat)
 We will win, Lord, we will win.

Band 3: WADE IN THE WATER

Wade in the water
 Wade in the water, little children,
 Wade in the water,
 God's gonna trouble this water.

Who's that comin' all dressed in
 gray?
 God's gonna trouble this water.
 It looks like the sinners who lost
 their way.
 God's gonna trouble this water.

(CHORUS)

Who's that comin' all dressed in
 red?
 God's gonna trouble this water.
 It looks like the children that
 Moses led.
 God's gonna trouble this water.

Band 4: CARYL CHESSMAN
 May 1960

This song is not concerned with the
 guilt or innocence of Caryl Chessman.
 For the rest, it speaks for itself.
 The tune is from a song by Ewan
 MacColl, "Go Down You Murderers."

Caryl Chessman was a prisoner in a
 California jail,
 They called him the 'red light
 killer',
 And they doomed his soul to hell.
 Oh, go down you murderers, go down.

For twelve long years he stood his
 ground,
 And he stood it like a man,
 He said, I'm innocent of this crime,
 My life is in your hands.
 Oh, go down you murderers, go down.

(CHORUS)

Who's that comin' all dressed in
 white?
 God's gonna trouble this water.
 It looks to me like the Israelites.
 God's gonna trouble this water.

(CHORUS)

Well, if you get there before I do,
 God's gonna trouble this water,
 Tell all my friends that I'm coming
 too,
 God's gonna trouble this water.

(CHORUS)

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His last appeal, it was turned down,
 I'll never forget that day,
 In the spring of 1960,
 They stole his life away.
 Oh, go down you murderers, go down.

In France they use the guillotine,
 In England it's the rope,
 For Chessman it was the cyanide tank,
 Which silenced his last hope.
 Oh, go down you murderers, go down.

West Virginia miners starve to death
 In America today,
 If you don't call that murder,
 Then you're murderers by trade.
 Oh, go down you murderers, go down.

If you're rich you can buy and sell
 the law,
 You can make and break it too,
 But a poor man has a devil's chance,
 Where money is the rule.
 Oh, go down you murderers, go down.

We've men who make the wars right
 here,
 To sell their guns and planes,
 But I've never heard of one of them,
 Who got the cyanide tank.
 Oh, go down you murderers, go down.

They even set Hitler's generals free,
 Who killed six million Jews,
 Now they're back with the West
 German Army,
 And I call that murder too.
 Oh, go down you murderers, go down.

Caryl Chessman went to the cyanide
 tank,
 And what I say is true.
 The law it was the murderer,
 The judge and jury too.
 Oh, go down you murderers, go down.

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Band 5: JOHN HENRY

When John Henry was a little baby,
 Sittin' on his daddy's knee,
 Well, he picked up a hammer and a
 little piece of steel,
 Cried, "Hammer be the death of me,
 Yes,
 The hammer be the death of me!"

Now, the captain, he said to John
 Henry,
 "I'm gonna bring that steam drill
 'round.

I'm gonna bring that steam drill
 out on the job;
 I'm gonna whop that steel on down,)
 Yes, } 2
 I'm gonna whop that steel on down!"

Now, John Henry cried to the captain,
 "Bring my 30pound hammer around, Lord,
 My 30-pound hammer with a nine-foot
 handle,
 I'm gonna beat that steam drill down,
 if I die,
 I'm gonna beat that steam drill down!"

John Henry had a little woman,
 And her name was Mary Ann.
 Y'know, John got sick and couldn't
 work one day;
 Ann drove steel like a man,
 Ann drove steel like a man.

Band 6: FARE THEE WELL

If I had wings like Noah's dove,
 I'd fly up the river to the girl I
 love.
 Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee
 well.

Now I've got a girl,
 She's so long and tall,
 God! She moves her body
 Just like a cannonball.
 Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee well.

Now the preacher, he cried, "John Henry,
 Oh, hammer like you never did before!
 Lord, now, if that steam drill beats
 us down,
 We won't have no job no more,
 We won't have no job no more."

I say John Henry, Oh, John Henry,
 Please tell me where you're bound.
 "Lord, I hammer my way down that
 freedom road,
 I'm gonna beat that old Jim Crow down,
 if I die,
 I'm gonna beat that old Jim Crow down."

Now, John Henry he drove sixteen feet;
 That steam drill only did nine.
 But he drove so hard that he broke
 his poor heart,
 And he laid down his hammer and he
 died, Yes,
 Laid down his hammer and he died.

Now Sonny says he come from Carolina,
 Brownie says he come from Tennessee.
 You know Henry wasn't nothing but a
 Detroit man,
 And he was a cousin to me, Yes,
 He was a cousin to me.

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Now one of these evenings,
 And it won't be too long,
 You gonna call out my name,
 And I'll be gone.
 Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee
 well.

Now I'm goin' down to the station
 Catch that two-nineteen;
 It's the fastest train
 That you have ever seen.
 Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee well.

SIDE TWO

Band 1: WALK ON ALABAMA

I wrote this song during the period of the Alabama bus boycott.

You get a fine for lookin'
A fine for talkin',
But the best damn fine
Is the fine for walkin';
Walk on, Alabama, you're a friend
of mine,
Walk on, Alabama, you're a friend
of mine.

Yes, if we don't ride
Those buses don't roll,
I'm gonna stop payin' my money
To that old Jim Crow.

Walk on, Alabama, down that freedom
line,
Walk on, Alabama, you're a friend of
mine.

Yes, now I'm an old man,
I'm ninety-four.
I'm gonna walk to work
I won't ride no more.
Walk on, Alabama, down that freedom
line,
Walk on, Alabama, you're a friend
of mine.

Repeat first verse

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Band 2: COLD WINTER BLUES

I wrote the Cold Winter Blues December
14, 1959.

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G B7 C
I got the cold win - ter blues Oh Ba - by won't you please come
G A7
home. Ev - er. since you left I been sit - tin' here by the tel - e - phone
D7 G B7
I'm gon na treat you right and do the best I can. Ev - 'ry
C C#°
day's gon - na be Christ - mas, five dol - lars in your hand, Oh -
G D7 G
Ba - by Oh ba - by won't you please come home.

I need an umbrella when it's rainin'
I need galoshes in the snow
I need a good girl to love me,
Oh, but a girl who's not too slow.
I want milk and sugar, honey, in my
tea,
Yes, and honey, honey from the comb
is correct
Oh, Baby, oh, Baby, won't you please
come home?

I can buy steak for a dollar.
I can buy bread for 21.
I can buy candy for a nickel,
Oh, but honey, I sure can't buy love.

Oh, now, search your heart, honey, if
you can,
You know you're my girl,
And I'm your very very best man.
Oh, honey, oh, honey, won't you please
come home?

Oh, oh, oh, oh! I feel so bad and blue
And the reason I'm so low, honey,
It's all because of you.
I say search your heart, honey, if
you can.
You know you're my girl,
And I'm your very very best man.
Oh, honey, oh, honey, won't you please
come home?

Band 3: LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND,
LET ME CALL YOUR NAME

This is a blues which I wrote March 10,
1960.

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Am A7
Good - bye Ba - by I said good - bye I
got ta leave you ma - ma but I don't know why
D7 Am
Let me call your name. Let me hold your hand Be - fore I go.

Well, look out your window,
Lord, see me walk by.
It hurts me so much, baby,
To see you cry.
Let me hold your hand,
Let me call your name,
Before I go.

I got a restless mind,
Got a walkin' heart,
I can't stay chained up like a dog,
Mama,

In your backyard.
Let me call your name,
Let me hold your hand,
Before I go.

I love you, baby,
God knows I do,
I hate to leave you, Mama,
I feel so blue.
Let me call your name,
Let me hold your hand,
Before I go.

Band 4: I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A WAR
May 1, 1960

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I wrote this song after the U-2 incident and before the summit meeting. It is sung to the tune of a work song called "Jumping Judy."

Musical score for "I Don't Want to Have a War" in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: E, B7, A7, and E. The lyrics are: "I don't want to have a war. I don't want to have a war. Oh no I don't want to have a war. I just want to live in war."

I don't want to have a war,
I don't want to have a war,
I don't want to have a war;
I just want to live in peace.

I will never drop that bomb,
I will never drop that bomb,
I will never drop that bomb;
And blow this world to Hell.

I won't fight for Mr. Franco,
Chiang-Kai Chek or Syngman Rhee
I won't fight for old Batista,
I won't fight for tyranny.

Now you can send me to the army,
You can send me to the navy,
You can throw me down in jail,
But you can't change my mind.

I says it's the rich who want the
guns, boys,
Want the tanks and want the money;
It's the rich who want the wars,
The poor just have to fight and die.

Now I've had enough of fightin',
Hearing lonely children cryin'.
I don't want to have a war,
I just want to live in peace.

I will tell it to the White House,
I will tell it to the Congress,
I will tell it to the world,
I just want to live in peace.

I just want to live in peace,
I just want to live in peace.

Band 5: DARLING

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A friend of mine sang this song to me
about four years ago.

If I would have known my captain was
blind, Darlin',
If I would have known my captain was
blind, Darlin', oh Darlin'
If I'd known my captain was blind,
Well, I wouldn't have gont to work
till half-past nine, Darlin'

I asked my captain for the time of
day, Darlin',
I asked my captain for the time of
day, Darlin, Darlin'
I asked my captain for the time of
day,
He got so darned mad he threw his
watch away, Darlin'

I fight my captain and I land in
jail, Darlin',
I fight my captain and I land in
jail, Darlin', Darlin',
I fight my captain and I land in
jail,
Well I got no money to put up my
bail, Darlin'

Now, the prettiest girl that I've ever
seen, Darlin',
Now the prettiest girl that I've ever
seen, Darlin', Darlin',
Now the prettiest girl that I've ever
seen,
Was on Rampart Street way down in New
Orleans, Darlin'.

Now, the longest train that I've ever
seen, Darlin',
Now, the longest train that I've ever
seen, Darlin', Darlin',
Now the longest train that I've ever
seen,
Ran from Jackson, Mississippi, down
to New Orleans, Darlin'.

Band 6: 800 MILES
November, 1954

This song was written when I was
eighteen. It describes the route which
N.Y. Central trains take from Detroit
to N.Y. and is basically a love song.

Eight hundred miles of cold, hard steel
Eight hundred miles of track
Eight hours' journey to old New York,
And a lifetime goin' back,
And a lifetime goin' back.

Across the plains of Canada,
And through Niagara Falls,
Overland to Buffalo,
That ain't nowhere at all,
That ain't nowhere at all.

Along the Hudson River, now,
And round the Hudson Bay
Those mountains rise up to the clouds,
By God!, I'm on my way,
By God!, I'm on my way.

I'm going to see my own true love,
I'm almost there by now;
This train runs right up to her door,
I'll see my love tomorrow,
I'll see my love tomorrow.

First verse repeated.

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