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, folk singer 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 dishwasher, 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'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 and talk for my freedom,
Ain't that good news.

Band 2: I DON'T WANT NO JIM CROW COFFEE

This song was written May 12, 1960. The tune was taken from a work song, "Nail Headed Woman", which I recently heard on a record. What I have attempted to say in this song is obvious.
I don't want no Jim Crow coffee
In Woolworth store, in Woolworth store.
(repeat)
I don't want no lynchers' 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)

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 white?
God's gonna trouble this water.
It looks like the Israelites.
God's gonna trouble this water.

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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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.

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.

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.

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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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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.

Oh, 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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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 51.
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 2: COLD WINTER BLUES

I wrote the Cold Winter Blues December 18, 1939.

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I got the cold winter blues Oh Baby won't you please come home.
Ever since you left I been sit-tin' here by the telephone.
I'm gonna treat you right and do the best I can. Ever-
day's gonna be Christmas, five dollars in your hand, Oh-

Am
D7
G

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.

G
D7
G

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 call your name,
Before I go.

G
D7
G

Oh baby won't you please come home.
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."

E

I don't want to have a war

B7

I just want to live in peace.

I don't want to have a war,
I just want to live in peace.
I will never drop that bomb,
And blow this world to Hell.

I won't fight for Mr. Franco,
I won't fight for old Batista,
I won't fight for tyranny.
Now you can send me to the army,
You can throw me down in jail,
But you can't change my mind.

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 didn't know my captain was blind,
Well, I wouldn't have got 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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