

# BILL McADOO

# SINGS

Folkways Records FA2449

Volume 2



MUSIC LP  
M  
1630.18  
M1135  
B596  
1960  
v.2



Detroit Blues  
Ballad of Samuel Mabrey  
You Can't Let Little Children Starve To Death  
Cuba  
Be My Woman  
All The Pretty Little Horses  
Dream of a World  
Go Down Moses  
Do The Best I Can  
Tell Me  
Mama Logan

# BILL McADDOO SINGS

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Cover design by Ronald Cyre / Photo by David Gahr



# Bill McAdoo Sings Volume 2



Photo by Dave Gahr

William McAdoo

23-year-old William McAdoo is a self-taught musician, folksinger and song-writer. 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

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## SIDE I

- Band 1: DETROIT BLUES (words and music by Bill McAdoo)
- Band 2: BALLAD OF SAMUEL MABREY (words and music by Bill McAdoo)
- Band 3: YOU CAN'T LET LITTLE CHILDREN STARVE TO DEATH (words and music by Bill McAdoo)
- Band 4: CUBA (words and music by Bill McAdoo)
- Band 5: BE MY WOMAN (traditional)

## SIDE II

- Band 1: ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES (traditional)
- Band 2: GO DOWN MOSES (traditional)
- Band 3: TELL ME (words and music by Bill McAdoo)
- Band 4: I DO THE BEST I CAN (words and music by Bill McAdoo)
- Band 5: MAMA LOGAN (traditional)
- Band 6: I DREAM OF A WORLD (words and music by Bill McAdoo)

## SIDE I

### DETROIT BLUES Words and music by Bill McAdoo

This song is autobiographical. I was born and raised in Detroit, Michigan and this song speaks to you of the experiences that I had there.

I walked the streets,  
Late last night,  
Thinking about my home  
And my past life.

Refrain:  
And it's hard  
To think of the troubles  
That worry my mind.

I left home, about a year ago.  
Things were so bad, Lord,  
My heart was sore.

Out in Detroit,  
That's where I come from,  
If the cops don't beat you,  
They use their gun.

Out in Detroit,  
Folks are out of work.  
Seems like in this country,  
Making bombs comes first.

I went to school,  
Tried to do my best.  
Tried to work my way through,  
Damn near starved to death.

I washed dishes,  
Scrubbed floors too.  
Some folks think,  
That's all a Negro can do.

I love my country,  
But I want to know:  
What you gonna do  
About this old Jim Crow?

I walked the streets,  
Late last night.  
Thinking about my home,  
And my past life.

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BALLAD OF SAMUEL MABREY

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Words and music by Bill McAdoo

I wrote this song to the tune of a song which I know as Nancy Whiskey. For more information on Samuel Mabrey, get in touch with the New York Post which recently carried a series of articles on him.

Let me tell you the story of Samuel Mabrey,  
Negro hero of World War Two. He fought in north- ern France  
Nor- man - die and the Rhine- land. He fought in the Cen- tral Eur- o  
pe - an Cam - paign. -

Let me tell you the story of Samuel Mabrey,  
A Negro hero of World War II.  
He fought in Northern France, Normandy and the  
Rheinland,  
He fought in the Central European Campaigns.

He won four bronze stars, and a victory medal.  
He won a good conduct medal too.  
He spent painful years in a veteran's hospital  
For wounds he received in his country's cause.

On the 28th. of May in 1960,  
He was sitting on a park bench in old New York,  
When up stepped a cop by the name of O'Keefe,  
Who called him a dirty so and so.

Then the cop used his club and he beat him without  
pity.  
He kicked him and he cursed him as he lay on the  
ground.  
He said, "We don't need your kind in the parks of  
this city,  
Why don't you go back where you came from."

Samuel Mabrey gave his precious youth  
To defend the borders of this great land,  
But he came home to the vile outrage,  
Another victim of Jim Crow's hand.

From Jacksonville to the beaches of Biloxi,  
From New York right down to the gulf,  
The racists run wild with their bombings, beating,  
shootings,  
And that is the shame of America.

Oh, we didn't yield to Hitler's forces.  
We didn't yield to his treachery.  
I'll be damned if we'll yield to the racists of this  
country,  
I tell you my people will be free!

Come all you good people who believe in justice.  
Join in the fight to end this crime.  
We've lived so long at Jim Crow's mercy,  
I don't want the same for a child of mine.

YOU CAN'T LET LITTLE CHILDREN STARVE TO DEATH

Words and music by Bill McAdoo

Some 6000 mothers and 23,000 children were dropped from the Louisiana relief rolls when Gov. Davis signed a "Suitable Home Bill" which denied help to mothers with illegitimate children. On September 21, 1960, the New York Post reported that "From 75 to 100 families daily are receiving eviction notices." Officials of the National Urban League recently told a press conference that unless there is "help immediately," within "a few weeks some children will succumb to starvation." Children in Monroe, Shreveport and New Orleans are reported "already feeding from garbage cans," said the League appeal, which added that Louisiana's war against Negro babies was designed as "an act of reprisal against a Negro population insistently pressing for an end to racial segregation." It is clear, that Louisiana has joined Tenn., and other southern states which have declared open economic war against the Negro people because of the struggle to end segregation. The Federal Government which supplies 75% of the funds for the State of Louisiana Welfare rolls, has been sitting on its hands. The Red Cross refuses help. It is too busy sending care packages to starving children in other lands. The United Fund says that its a state problem and likewise refuses help.

If something is not done soon the state of Louisiana will have achieved a unique refinement of genocide. Our statesmen prattle in the U.N. about American democracy, but my people can tell the world what truth of this matter is. We heard your fine promises, President Kennedy, now what are you going to do!

In the State of Lou'-si - an - a in the town of New Or-  
leans. Gov ern or Da-vis has com-mit - ted the  
big - gest crime that the states have ev - er seen. - You can't



let — a lit-tle chil-dren starve to death, No, you can't  
 let — lit-tle chil-dren starve to death, Tell the  
 State — of Lou'-si-an-a where the Jim Crow ban-ners fly  
 You can't let a lit-tle chil-dren starve to death.

In the state of Louisiana,  
 In the town of New Orleans,  
 Governour Davis has committed the biggest crime,  
 That the states have ever seen.

CHORUS:  
 You can't let little children starve to death (2)  
 Tell the state of Louisiana  
 Where the Jim Crow banners fly:  
 You can't let little children starve to death.

He dropped thirty-thousand Negro children  
 From the welfare rolls just the other day.  
 He said the children have no fathers,  
 And the mothers have to pay.

(CHORUS)

Now the children have no food to eat,  
 No roof over their heads.  
 Governor Davis has made it a crime to be black,  
 And to be born into this world.

(CHORUS)

Have you seen little children starve to death;  
 Have you heard them beg and cry.  
 Have you seen helpless mothers out in the wind and  
 the rain,  
 Watch their hungry children die.

(CHORUS)

I'll tell you what makes Mr. Davis so mad.  
 I'll tell you what he don't like.  
 He's taking revenge on my people down there  
 Because they're fighting for their rights.

(CHORUS)

I'm going to sing this song all over this land.  
 I want the whole wide world to know.  
 That murder is just another word,  
 For United States Jim Crow! (CHORUS)

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 New York, N. Y.

In my thirty years on The New York Times I have never  
 seen a big story so misunderstood, so badly handled,  
 and so misinterpreted as the Cuban Revolution.  
 --Herbert Matthews

What is going on in Cuba today is no mere palace  
 revolution at the top, in which one oligarchy has  
 ousted another. This is a social revolution involving  
 the masses of the Cuban people, and its aim is not to  
 install a new set of rulers but to work out a new  
 social order.  
 --Walter Lippmann

I wrote this song because of my strong sympathy for  
 the Cuban people and what their new social order  
 means to them. Since I do not take a matter of such  
 great importance lightly, I have taken the time to  
 do research before writing this song. I discovered,  
 to my great disappointment, that only a handful of  
 American newspapers have told the American people  
 about the crimes of Batista and his stooges. Their  
 crimes are too numerous for me to have done them  
 more than superficial justice in my song. I hope  
 that more Americans will go to Cuba and see what is  
 actually happening there before they blindly condemn  
 a social revolution which has liberated the Cuban  
 people from the oppressive hand of a tyrant and a  
 social order which was geared to the lust of the rich  
 plantation owners. Few Americans know anything about  
 the miseries of the Cuban people of pre-revolutionary  
 days. Few Americans know what kind of government has  
 actually been established in Cuba. Our newspapers  
 are following the line of our State Department, which  
 condemns the Cuban revolution because it has freed  
 Cuba from dependence on American stockholders who  
 controlled the economy. It also fears that other  
 countries in Latin America that have governments  
 just as tyrannical as the Batista regime will  
 establish real democracies. Then the American money  
 boys who own not only much of the wealth of certain  
 Latin American countries, but who have bought and  
 payed for the governing regimes, stand to lose what  
 they have gained by robbing the people. God willing,  
 the fears of the State Department will be fully  
 realized.

I was stand-ing, stand-ing on the corn-er when the  
 news-boy said to me — He said a Cu-ba's on fire and the  
 peo-ple must be free.

I was standing on the corner  
When the news-boy said to me,  
He said, "Cuba's on fire,  
And the people must be free."

Batista plundered and he murdered;  
He murdered twenty-thousand men.  
He tortured women and children,  
But he'll never do that again.

He sold his heart and his soul  
To the United Fruit Company,  
He bought American guns  
To maintain his tyranny.

He bought American guns and planes  
While the peasants starved to death.  
He wrote his answers in blood  
When they asked him for bread.

He had the blessings of our State Department,  
And the President shook his hand.  
Yes, the U.S. paid the piper,  
And Batista did the dance.

Fidel Castro was in the mountains  
With about three-hundred men.  
When he marched into Havana,  
He was six-million strong.

Castro marched into Havana,  
And I'll never forget that day:  
Batista packed his clothes and money,  
Because it got to hot to stay.

Fidel gave the people land,  
He gave them houses jobs and food,  
He built schools for the children,  
And he built hospitals too.

Fidel brought freedom to Cuba,  
Which the people never had;  
He punished Batista's henchmen,  
And brought justice to the land.

Oh, the money boys are so damned mad,  
Because Castro changed the economy;  
Now Cuba's doing fine,  
Without the United Fruit Company.

I want to warn all you people  
Who believe in tyranny,  
You know six-million Cubans  
Will fight to keep Cuba free!

I want to warn all you people,  
Who believe in tyranny,  
Six-million Cubans,  
Will die to keep Cuba free!

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#### BE MY WOMAN

I first heard this song on a field recording of Negro prison songs, recorded by Alan Lomax at the Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman, Mississippi, in 1947. This is a work song and is sung to the accompaniment of axe or hammer and not violins. I have chosen to be faithful to my style and to the original presentation of this song, rather than to those who long to be entertained with a watered-down, gutless presentation of work songs.

Am

Be my wo - man, girl, — I'll be your man.

Be my wo-man, girl, I'll be your man, — Yes now.

Be my wo - man girl, — I'll be your man

Ev - 'ry Sun - day's dol - lar in your hand, — Yes now.

Be my woman, gal, I'll be your man,  
Be my women, gal, I'll be your man,  
Be my women, gal, I'll be your man,  
Every Sunday's dollar in your hand.  
In your hand, Lordy, in your hand,  
Every Sunday's dollar in your hand.

Stick to the promise, gal, you made me,  
Stick to the promise, gal, you made me,  
Stick to the promise, gal, you made me,  
Don't get married 'till I go free.  
I go free, Lordy, I go free,  
Don't get married 'till I go free.

Oh, Rosie, Oh my girl.  
Oh, Rosie, Oh my girl.

When she walk, she reels and rocks behind.  
When she walks, she reels and rocks behind.

Aint that enough to worry a convicts mind.  
Aint that enough to worry a convicts mind.

Oh, Rosie, Oh my girl.  
Oh, Rosie, Oh my girl.

Be my women, gal, I'll be your man,  
Be my women, gal, I'll be your man,  
Be my women, gal, I'll be your man,  
Every Sunday's dollar in your hand.  
In your hand, Lordy, in your hand.  
Every Sunday's dollar in your hand.

Oh, Rosie, Oh my girl.  
Oh, Rosie, Oh my girl.  
Oh, Rosie, Oh my girl.  
Oh, Rosie, Oh my girl.

#### SIDE II

#### ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES

This lullaby was sung by Negro mothers who had to leave their own children unattended to take care of the master's children.

Em Am Em D7 B7

Hush - a-bye, don't you cry. Go to sleep - y lit - tle

Em Am Em D7 B7

ba - by. When you wake you shall have all the pret - ty lit - tle

Em C Am Em D7 B7

hor - ses, Blacks and bays, Dap - ples and grays, Coach and six a lit - tle

Em Em Am Em D7 B7 Em

hor - ses. Hush a bye Don't you cry, Go to sleep - y lit tle ba - by.

Way down yonder, down in the meadow,  
There's a poor little lambie  
The bees and the butterflies,  
Pecking at its eyes,  
The poor little thing  
Crying many.

Hush-a-by, don't you cry,  
Go to sleepy little baby.  
When you wake, you shall have  
All the pretty little horses.  
Blacks and bays, dapples and greys,  
Coach and six-a little horses.



This traditional Negro spiritual resounds with a demand which was the password of such great Negro leaders as Harriet Tubman and Fredrick Douglas. It is a sad fact that in America today, notwithstanding the liberating character of the Civil War, "Let my people go" is still the rallying call of the Negro people who have known nothing but second-class citizenship during the past one hundreds years. This call rings through the inspired words of Martin Luther King and other present day leaders of the Negro people's freedom struggle and represents the uncompromised will of my people to make democracy a living deed and not just a bunch of sweet words falling from lips of dishonest statesmen.

When Is-ra-el was in E - gypt land-  
 Let my peo ple go. Op- presses so hard they  
 could not stand. - Let my peo-ple go. Go down  
 Mo- ses Way down in E - gypt land  
 Tell old Pha - roh to Let my peo - ple go.

When Israel was in Egypt land,  
 Let my people go.  
 Oppressed so hard they could not stand,  
 Let my people go.

CHORUS:  
 Go down, Moses,  
 Way down in Egypt land.  
 Tell old Pharaoh  
 To let my people go.

"Thus spoke the Lord, "bold Moses said,"  
 Let my people go.  
 "If not, I'll smite your first-born dead."  
 Let my people go.

(CHORUS)

Old Pharaoh said he'd go across,  
 Let my people go.  
 But Pharaoh and his host were lost,  
 Let my people go.

(CHORUS)

No more shall they in bondage toil,  
 Let my people go.  
 They shall go forth from Egypt's soil,  
 Let my people go.

(CHORUS)

There is nothing complicated about this song. I wrote it for a particular person, but I think its worth sharing.

Tell — me — Now, don't you think it's a  
 shame. Tell — me — now don't you think it's a  
 shame. Yes tell me lit- tle wo- man don't you  
 think it's a lou - sy shame.

Tell me, now don't you think its a shame.  
 Tell me, now don't you think its a shame.  
 Tell me, little woman, don't you think its a lousey  
 shame.

If truth was a sparrow, he'd fly away from this town.  
 If truth was a sparrow, he'd fly away from this town.  
 Because he can't sing his song with all the liars  
 hanging around.

If you love me baby, then there's nothing to say.  
 If you love me baby, then there's nothing to say.  
 But if your love has a color, then you know you've  
 gone the wrong way.

If I had my way, I'd set the night on fire.  
 If I had my way, I'd set the night on fire.  
 Let the daylight in so I can see my baby walk by.

If you love me baby, then there's nothing to say.  
 If you love me baby, then there's nothing to say.  
 But if your love has a color, then you know you've  
 gone the wrong way.

Repeat first verse

I DO THE BEST I CAN

Words and music by Bill McAdoo

This song does not really need an introduction. The point that I make is clear enough.

Musical notation for the song "I Do the Best I Can". The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody with lyrics and guitar chords (E, E7, A7, B7) indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "Write you this mes-sage Won't make it too long, Came here this eve-ning ba-by to night I'll be gone so good bye ba by so long ma - ma You know I do the best I can."

Write you this message,  
Won't make it too long.  
Came here this evening baby;  
Tonight I'll be gone.

Refrain:  
Well so long baby, goodbye moma,  
You know I do the best I can.

When I think of the good times  
That we used to have,  
When I think of the baby, moma,  
Left without a dad.

(REFRAIN)

You got a way  
Of dressing so neat,  
You got a way, pretty moma,  
Of talking so sweet.

(REFRAIN)

I work hard, bahv,  
To make a dollar a day,  
I can't buy you new clothes, baby  
I can't pay your way.

(REFRAIN)

Know what you want.  
Know what you can have.  
Know what's good for you, baby,  
Yes, and know what's bad.

(REFRAIN)

Don't marry for money.  
Yes money's alright.  
But you can't buy love, pretty baby,  
When things get tight.

(REFRAIN)

You gonna miss me,  
First night that I'm gone,  
If you miss me too much, moma,  
You can just sing this song.

(REFRAIN)

MAMA LOGAN

Musical notation for the song "Mama Logan". The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, marked "Free Rhythm". It features a melody with lyrics and guitar chords (A7, B7, E) indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "Ma - ma Lo - gan She's got a daugh - ter She runs a cook shop, Way down in Flo - ri - da How do I know, Bud dy, Well I been there - and I bought six pork chops for a quar - ter I don't lie bud - dy, don't lie, I don't lie bud - dy don't lie, I don't lie bud - dy don't lie Don't bud - dy, don't lie."

Moma Logan, she had a daughter.  
She ran a cook-shop way down in Florida.  
How do I know, buddy,  
Well I've been there,  
And I got six porkchops for a quarter.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.

Mr. rabbit, he's got a bad habit;  
He eats all my corn and all my cabbage.  
But I went down, buddy, to that low ground,  
And I broke that poor fool of his bad habit.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.

I've got a quarter, and I've got a half.  
I've got a pretty girl at last.  
She brings me coffee, and she brings a little tea  
She don't love no one but me.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.  
Don't lie, buddy, don't lie.



Most people have a reason for living and a reason for pursuing the occupations that they have chosen. I sing because I have something to say about my life and about the lives of other people who live in this world. If I cannot sing what I believe, then, I have no desire to sing. In this song I speak of the kind of world which I would like to see in the very near future. I know that my dream will come true, because I have faith in humanity.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the notes.

Staff 1: I dream of a world where all men are brothers where  
 Staff 2: labor is free from the slavery it knows. Where war is a word  
 Staff 3: that re-mem-bers the past And peace is the fu-ture that  
 Staff 4: ne-ver grows old.

Although, it would seem that I sing out of anger, and I don't deny that I possess this very human tendency, what is more important to me, is that I sing out of my great love for other human beings.

I dream of a world where all men are brothers,  
 Where labor is free from the slavery it knows;  
 Where war is a word that remembers the past,  
 And peace is the future that never grows old.

Where nations are one and united together  
 To conquer the miseries that ravage mankind;  
 For love knows no boundaries,  
 And misery no color,  
 We'll all stand as one and as one we will fight.

Prisons and tortures can't kill what's inside us,  
 Though tyrants assail us behind and before,  
 Like flowers in June we'll arise to the struggle;  
 Too strong to be vanquished, we'll build a new world.

Repeat first verse

## ALSO OF INTEREST

FA2448 BILL McADOO SINGS, Vol. 1; with guitar.  
 Banjo accompaniments by Pete Seeger.

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