

# BROADSIDES

SONGS AND BALLADS SUNG BY

# PETTE SEEGER

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2456





The Dove  
 The Flowers of Peace  
 Mack the Bomb  
 From Way Up Here  
 Tomorrow's Children  
 Get Up and Go  
 The New York J-D Blues  
 Coyote, My Little Brother  
 We Shall Overcome  
 To My Old Brown Earth

# BOARD AND STILES REPTILES STEEL-GIRL

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**FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2456**





# BROADSIDES Songs and Ballads sung by Pete Seeger

## THE DOVE

Words by David Arkin  
Music by Waldemar Hille  
© 1962 by authors

Lyrical D A7th

1. The storm cloud hangs on the hill, The thunder rolls thru the  
plain And there goes that lit-tle bird still, She's  
wing-ing her way thru the rain. The buz-zard stirs in the  
gloom, The jack-al stalks thru the shade, But  
clear-ing the dim edge of doom, The dove makes her way un-a-  
fraid. REFRAIN: There goes the dove on thru the  
day, There goes that lit-tle bird wing-ing her  
way. Ov-er the dove, way up on  
high There is a rain-bow span-ning the  
sky, Ov-er the dove, way up on  
high There is a rain-bow span-ning the  
sky.

The rocket lights up the way  
And sears her wing with its flame  
And night burns as bright as the day  
The dove soars along just the same.  
The guns sound off with a blast  
And snarl at the dove on its course  
But there she goes faithfully past  
And braves the full burst of the force.

REFRAIN: There she goes -- on thru the day  
There goes that little bird --  
Winging her way.  
Over the dove, way up on high  
There is a rainbow,  
Spanning the sky  
Over the dove, way up on high  
There is a rainbow,  
Spanning the sky.

The people stir on the land  
They lift up their face to the sky  
To see if the dove is at hand  
And watch her go breathlessly by.  
The father stands with his son  
The sister and brother are there  
They lift up their heads everyone  
The sound of their voice fills the air.

REFRAIN --

The mother rich with her child  
The lover lost in her love  
To welcome the feathery, mild,  
The sure, the invincible dove.  
And dream of such things to be  
The wind at peace with the waves  
And the land at peace with the sea  
And the brave at peace with the brave.

REFRAIN --

--- 0 ---

I built my love a bower  
By a crystal flowing river  
But the thing her heart desires  
Is a thing I cannot give her  
Will they bloom, ever bloom? etc.

O, Providence smiled impassive  
When I fell on bended knees  
Said, "The lives of your empires  
"Are no more than swarms of bees"  
Will they bloom, ever bloom? etc.

If you and I would see those flowers  
Get up and rouse your neighbor  
And when first the seed is planted  
It takes long and careful labor  
Then they'll bloom, ever bloom  
Then you'll bloom in the springtime  
O, you flowers of peace  
And the world will be in ringtime  
Then you'll bloom, ever bloom

If you and I would see those flowers  
Go out and till the fertile soil  
It will take more than prayers  
It takes hard and sweaty toil  
Then you'll bloom, ever bloom etc.

BROADSIDE # 3  
April 1962  
P.O. Box 193  
Cathedral Sta.  
New York 25, NY

## THE FLOWERS OF PEACE

Freely and slowly

O, summertime is coming & the leaves are sweet returning.  
But those flowers of peace it's for them I'm really yearning.  
Will they bloom, ever bloom? Will they bloom in the spring / time?  
O those flowers of peace, when the world should be in  
ringtime, will they bloom, ev-er bloom?

Jan. 1962. Words  
by Peter Seeger,  
Beacon, New York.  
Tune from "Will  
Ye Go, Lassie, Go?"  
as sung by Francis  
McPeake, Jr., of  
Belfast.

© 1962, Stormking  
Music, NYC, NY.



Words: Nancy Schimmel

Music: Kurt Weill

Strontium 90 leaves no trace,  
 dear,  
 No one knows who gets the knife,  
 You can always say that  
 background  
 Radiation took the life.

In your milk on Monday morning  
Comes an extra little kick,  
Well, the taste is just the same,  
dears,  
But the Geiger counters tick.

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth,  
 dear,  
 And he shows them, pearly white;  
 And the AEC has figures,  
 But they keep them out of sight.

## FROM WAY UP HERE

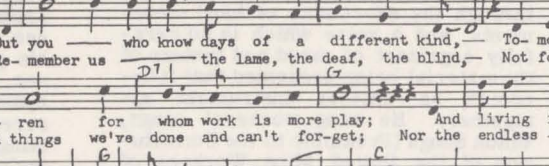
Words: Malvina Reynolds  
Tune: Peter Seeger  
© 1962 by authors

From way up here the earth looks ve - ry small, It's  
just a little ball of rock & sea & sand, no bigger than my hand.  
From way up here, the earth looks ver-y small, They shouldn't  
fight at all down there upon that lit-tle sphere. Their time is  
short, a life is just a day, You'd think they'd find a way.  
You'd think they'd get a-long and fill their sunlit days with song.  
(Instrumental such as whistling, flute, violin or top string  
of guitar ---) From way up here, the earth is very small, It's  
just a lit-tle ball, so small, so beautiful & clear. Their  
time is short, a life is just a day; Must be a better way ---  
To use the time that runs among the distant suns. From way up here  
the earth is very small, It's just a little ball, so small, so  
beautiful & dear.

# TOMORROW'S CHILDREN

Words: Adapted from the French  
of Guillevic by Walter Lowenfels  
Tune: Peter Seeger

Take Liberties



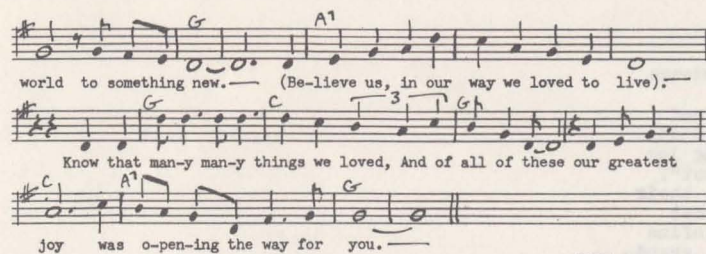
1. But you — who know days of a different kind, — To-mor-row's  
2. Re-mem-ber us — the lame, the deaf, the blind, — Not for the  
child- ren for whom work is more play; And living is what  
stupid things we've done and can't for-get; Nor the endless — dull  
po- ems are for me to-day, — A passion-ate ut-terance carefull-y de-  
bates over which we all sweat — Nor all the sad chronicles that we have left be-  
signed.  
hind. 3. But that we loved as much as anyone e-ver did, That we knew  
joys, the little things, the grand de-sign, The dream of changing the

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Note:  
These lyrics  
appeared under  
the title "But  
You Who Know  
Days Of A Dif-  
ferent Kind"  
in Walter  
Lowenfel's  
" SONG CYCLE "  
-- a Broadside  
supplement.





BROADSIDE #50

## Get Up And Go

When I was young, my slippers were  
red  
I could kick up my heels right over  
my head  
When I was older, my slippers were  
blue  
But still I could dance the whole night  
through  
Now I am older, my slippers are black  
I huff to the store and I puff my way  
back  
But never you laugh, I don't mind at all  
I'd rather be huffing than not breathe  
at all

(Chorus)

I get up each morning and dust off my  
wits  
Open the paper and read the obits  
If I'm not there, I know I'm not dead  
So I eat a good breakfast and go back  
to bed

(Chorus)

$\text{♩} = 168$

Chorus How do I know my youth is all spent? My get up and  
go has got up and went. But in spite of it all I'm a-ble to  
grin and think of the places my get up has been.

1. Old age is gold-en, so I've heard said, but some - times I  
won-der as I crawl in - to bed, with my ears in a draw-er, my  
teeth in a cup, my eyes on a ta - ble un - till I wake up. As  
sleep dims my vi - sion, I say to my - self, "Is there an - y - thing  
else I should lay on the shelf. But though na - tions are war - ring and  
busi-ness is vexed, I'll still stick a-round to see what hap-pens next.

I came across these verses in a Wisconsin hash house, and have since learned that they're known in almost every old-age home in the country. I've even seen 'em scrawled on latrine walls. Wish I could locate the author. Only the last couplets of the third and fourth verses are mine.

Words collected, adapted and set to original music  
by Pete Seeger. ©1964 by Melody Trails, Inc. Used  
by permission.



(This song was compiled from a New York teen-ager who switched from rock 'n roll to folk music. It was inspired by posters all over NY subway trains showing an old-fashioned mason canning jar with the slogan: "Juvenile Delinquency Is A Home-Made Product". The big factor overlooked by the Madison Ave. ad-writers in their Brooks Bros. suits is that most of these kids do not have what could really be called a home...Unless you are willing to define a "home" as a single room in which exists the whole family, grandmother and all, sharing the meagre space with the rats and cockroaches (statistics show that there are more rats than people\* living in Harlem)...The tune is something like "T For Texas" (but no yodeling).

A J-D's a home-made product,  
That's what the subways say,  
A J-D's a home-made product,  
That's what the posters claim,  
How can you be a home-made product  
When you haven't got a home.

Standing on the corner,  
Till half past two or three.  
Standing on the corner,  
Till half past two or three.  
One room ain't big enough  
For seven other kids and me.

I ain't got no father,  
Mama waits for the welfare mail.  
I ain't got no father,  
Mama waits for the welfare mail.  
Sister's down on Times Square,  
Brother sits in jail.

My sister's workin' Times Square,  
My brother sits in jail,  
Sister's hustlin' on Times Square,  
My brother rots in jail.  
Lordy, mama's tryin' to make a livin'  
With a mop and pail.

No heat in the pipes,  
And it's down to five below.  
No heat in the pipes,  
And it's down to five below.  
Seven kids in one room,  
Where am I gonna go.

\* And there's an awful lot of people.

Sittin' up in high school,  
Sniffin' that airplane glue,  
Sittin' up in high school,  
Sniffin' that airplane glue.  
I got high for a while,  
Now I'm feelin' blue.

Man, the cats is a-jumpin'  
They're jumpin' all the time.  
Man, the cats is a-jumpin'  
They're jumpin' all the time.  
If you want any more of that  
Thunderbird,

You gotta bum another dime.

There's a cop from the youth  
squad,

The kids call him Bat-Man,  
This cop from the youth squad,  
The kids call him Bat-Man,  
When he comes to talk to you,  
You better speak good American.

The rats playin' in the kitchen,  
Cockroaches on the wall.  
Rats are playin' in the kitchen.  
Cockroaches all on the wall.  
There's no room for people,  
No room at all.

Ever day you see in the papers,  
Where the big shots steal & rob  
Ever day in the papers,  
The big wheels steal & rob.  
Me, I'm just a poor J-D,  
Lookin' for some lousy job.

## TO MY OLD BROWN EARTH

Words and Music by  
Peter Seeger

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(Funeral Song)

**FREELY!**

To my old brown earth and to my old blue sky I'll now give these last few molecules—  
— of "I"— And you who sing and you who stand nearby I do— charge you not to  
cry— Guard well our human chain Watch well you keep it strong As long as sun— will  
shine And this our home keep pure, sweet, green For now I'm yours, you are also mine.  
(Used by permission)

## COYOTÉ, MY LITTLE BROTHER

Words and Music by  
Peter La Farge

Coyoté-- Coyoté-- What have they done ----  
Little Brother, where ---- where do you run -----.

They strychnined the mountains, they strychnined the plains  
My little brother, the coyote, won't come back again.

When you hear him singing, the few that are left  
He's warning the human race of his death.

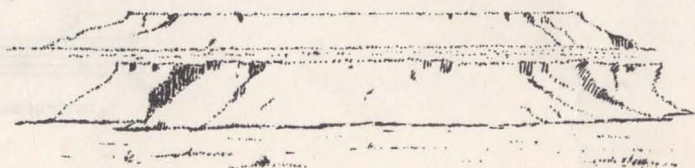
Don't poison the mesas, don't poison the sky  
Or you won't be back; little brother, goodbye.

There will be no one to listen, and no one to sing  
And never and never will there be spring.

Coyoté, Coyoté --- What have they done.

Note: This is one of many songs that  
Peter La Farge is writing for a new  
Folkways Album entitled "As Long As  
The Grass Shall Grow." The title song  
appeared in Broadside #14.

Both songs are copyrighted, 1962, by  
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# We Shall Overcome

This song, which has become almost an unofficial theme song of the integration movement in the South, is an adaptation of an old hymn. A number of years ago, members of the CIO Food and Tobacco Workers Union introduced the song at the Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tennessee. At the height of the successful Montgomery (Alabama) bus boycott led by Rev. Martin Luther King, a few years back, it was sung by Negroes in the face of a hostile mob — and television cameras caught the simple, moving dignity of the song and the people who sang it for the entire nation to see and hear.

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff shows the melody with lyrics 'We will o ver come We will o-ver come — We will' and chords C, F, C, F, C, Em. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics 'o-ver - come some day — Oh — deep in my' and chords F, G7, Am, D7, G, D7, G, F#°, G7, F, F#°. The third staff continues with lyrics 'heart — I do be - lieve — We'll o - ver' and chords Em, C7, F, G7, E, A, C7, F, Fm. The fourth staff shows the final line of the melody with lyrics 'come some day.' and chords C, G7, C, F, C.

Additional verses added from time to time:

We shall all be free, etc.

We will live in peace, etc.

We will end Jim Crow, etc.

The Lord will see us through, etc.

## Pete Seeger: An Appreciation

(The following article appeared originally as a concert review in *The Parkside Journal*, a Griffith Park, California newspaper.)

by Monty Muns

Folk music in the United States is at present in a state of flux. Exponents of what was at one time the music of our national groups — the Irish, the English, the Poles, etc. — now concentrate their efforts in directions which are taking them to literally every country in the world. This international feeling on the part of folk artists has earned their special brand of art world recognition and a place of permanence in the musical literature of free countries.

Last Saturday night in Hollywood High's auditorium, the folksinger Pete Seeger held a crowd of well over 1,000 spellbound, as he offered his songs in the way a "medicine" man passes around free samples of the "cure for all your ailments." Indeed Seeger was the cure for many curious fans who had merely heard his name or had seen his picture on album covers. His presence was so individual, so compellingly unique, that it was difficult to really

assess at times the full value of his vocal art. Looking more objectively, however, we knew we had seen a performer who had the grace and form and honesty to convey his songs in the manner that was established by his colorful forbear, Woodie Guthrie.

What is this artistic presence that Seeger possesses? It is a composition of three elements: knowledge of the value of free interpretation, profound love for the dignity of man, and an exacting technique in voice, guitar and banjo, the latter instrument being more closely associated with Seeger.

Seeger is one of the few people who can move an audience to tears or to joy through the exorcisms of hand movements, and a voice which is so carefully cognizant of mood and texture of the material being presented that it becomes as another instrument altogether. He sang workers' songs, Union Songs (Preamble to the Constitution of the United Mine Workers of America); children's songs and songs whose histories — in one or two cases — went back to the time of the first Elizabeth.

Audience participation at most concerts where vocal artists are on stage, is, of course, unheard of. It would defy the unwritten law of concert-hall propriety to simply come out and follow the late Lanza, for instance, in "il Mio Tesoro," as he faced 1,000 people. With Seeger it is different,

## NUMERICAL LISTING

- FA 2003 Darling Corey
- FA 2043 Pete Seeger Sampler
- FA 2045 Goofing-Off Suite
- FA 2175 Frontier Ballads (Vol. 1)
- FA 2176 Frontier Ballads (Vol. 2)
- FA 2319 American Ballads
- FA 2320 American Favorite Ballads
- FA 2321 American Favorite Ballads (Vol. 2)
- FA 2322 American Favorite Ballads (Vol. 3)
- FA 2323 American Favorite Ballads (Vol. 4)
- FA 2412 Pete Seeger at Carnegie Hall
- FA 2439 Nonesuch
- FA 2445 American Favorite Ballads (Vol. 5)
- FA 2450 Pete Seeger at the Village Gate
- FA 2451 Pete Seeger at the Village Gate (Vol. 2)
- FA 2452 With Voices Together We Sing
- FA 2453 Love Songs for Friends and Foes
- FA 2454 The Rainbow Quest
- FA 2455 Sing Out With Pete!
- FN 2501 Gazette
- FN 2502 Gazette (Vol. 2)
- FN 2511 Hootenanny Tonight
- FN 2512 Hootenanny at Carnegie Hall
- FN 2513 Sing Out! Hootenanny
- FG 3531 Old Time Fiddle Tunes
- FS 3851 Indian Summer
- FS 3864 Radio Program No. 4
- FH 5003 Frontier Ballads
- FH 5210 Champlain Valley Songs
- FH 5251 American Industrial Ballads
- FH 5285 The Original Talking Union
- FH 5717 Songs of the Civil War
- FH 5801 American History in Ballad and Song
- FW 6911 Folksongs of Four Continents
- FW 6912 Bantu Choral Folk Songs
- FC 7001 American Folk Songs for Children
- FC 7010 Birds, Beasts, Bugs & Little Fishes
- FC 7011 Birds, Beasts, Bugs & Bigger Fishes
- FC 7020 Songs To Grow On
- FC 7028 Camp Songs
- FC 7525 Sleep-Time Songs and Stories
- FC 7526 Songs and Play-Time With Pete Seeger
- FC 7532 Folk Songs For Young People
- FC 7604 American Playparties
- FI 8303 5-String Banjo Instructor
- FI 8354 The Folksinger's Guitar Guide
- FI 8371 A/B The 12-String Guitar, Vol. I
- FI 8371 C/D The 12-String Guitar, Vol. II
- EPC-601 South African Freedom Songs
- FA 45-201 Battle of New Orleans
- FA 45-202 One Day As I Rambled
- BR-301 Broadside, Vol. 1
- BR-302 Broadside, Vol. 2

Without ostentation he will "move" the audience into a mood of such "reluctance" to remain silent, that it follows that they join in the choruses.

This form of community singing is part of the greatness of this artist; and we felt that because of this greatness he (Seeger) is oftentimes misrepresented by some or us who would forbid our hearts from telling us that all men can — and by their birthright — sing in community the songs of their land; that all men, after all, are just men, as free in spirit, from time to time, as they are in their basic hopes for the liberty of their fellow man.

Very recently, a friend of Pete Seeger's said some words which aptly spoke of Seeger as some of us might see him or come to learn to appreciate his great art: "... and if ever you see a tall thin guy with his Adam's apple sticking out, you can rest assured that it's Pete Seeger, just ambling along to another session of singing to the people of the world..."

Such men as Seeger, whose whole world is people and children and songs and a freedom which is infectiously real, do not come to us every day. Like Whitman and Wolfe, Pete belongs to the age, and without him, the age would be slighted by the absence of an artist who has, truly, reached an autonomy, and has grown sturdily to the ranks of a spokesman in song for his troubled, anxious, somewhat insecure century.