

HEAD START

WITH THE CHILD DEVELOPMENT GROUP OF MISSISSIPPI

EDITED BY POLLY GREENBERG

INTRODUCTION NOTES BY SOL GORDON



ASCH 701

SIDE A

Da da da da
Just The Other Day
Good Morning, Good Morning
Now Back At The Turn Of The Century
Okeh, Who Knows
When Mr. Sun
Mary Mack
Give Me That Old Time Religion
That What You're Talking?
I Got A Mother

SIDE B

O Just Look
Little Sally Walker
I Was Alone
Amen, Amen
Tell Me Why
All Of God's Children
Soon I Will Be Done
Where, Oh Where?
We Been 'Buked
Anybody Ever Hear That?

SIDE C

Little Old Lady
Charlie Brown
Go Tell It On The Mountain
Just A Closer Walk With Thee
My Mama Told Me
Ten Miles From Home
Freedom, Mississippi
Little Red Caboose
Ain't Gonna Let Nobody
Kumbaya
Rhythm Band
If You're Happy
I Had A Little Rooster

SIDE D

We're Coming Through The Green Grass
When I Was A Baby
I Been 'Buked
What Is This?
No More Dying
Rise And Shine
There's Room For Many A More
We Gonna Walk
My Aunt Came Back - (Repeated 4 times)
We Shall Overcome

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ASCH 701

HEAD START WITH THE CHILD DEVELOPMENT GROUP OF MISSISSIPPI

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A PSYCHOLOGIST'S MISSISSIPPI

by Sol Gordon, Ph. D.

There is a new folk tale that is being rumored about how Stenny, Easty and John Sin took the advice of a fine young folk singer and set about to find Another Country for Mississippi to be part of. . . The interesting bit about this story is that South Africa WAS interested.

The trouble came when its version of the C. I. A. came around to investigate. (The report read. . .)

"We can handle the civil rights agitators. (We've plenty of experience.) The poverty is just right. The apartheid is just right. The churches just like ours (a very few problems mainly confined to the Delta).

The newspapers -- beautiful. TV -- delectable. But the children from the Child Development Group of Mississippi Head Start Centers singing, 'Freedom, Mississippi Wants Freedom.'

That WAS too much!"

The CDGM training manual says it like it is: "To be a poor child in Mississippi means living in a drab shack crowded with people, working another man's cotton fields before you turn six, feeding cotton into your mother's sack. It means often having only wild fruits and vegetables for dinner, associating only with those in your family and learning quickly not to question or object. The lack of freedom for adults becomes a rule of life indelibly stamped on your life.

To survive as a poor child in Mississippi, especially a Negro child, you learn soon to please others, to anticipate another man's will or be beaten down. This quality is highly developed, but, what you want, what you feel, what you think, remains unimportant and undeveloped."

But the children from the CDGM centers and their brave parents and teachers sing a different tune.

Naturally, the rulers, the exploiters and the klaners are upset. They want to destroy the CDGM precisely because freedom is the goal. CDGM will keep on a-talking, marching up to freedom land.

It is two years since I spent a summer in Mississippi. Let me tell you a little about how I, a white man in a strange land, felt. This is what I wrote two years ago:

People don't believe it, but Mississippi is different. It has the highest illiteracy rate, the lowest per capita income, the lowest rate of Negroes registered to vote. It has no compulsory education laws. It is the only state



where 95 per cent of the white population so fiercely cling to myths about themselves and Negroes that we must wonder about our conventional definitions of sanity. Furthermore, wherever you go, white Mississippians will tell you that "we have the lowest crime rate in the nation and we loves our nigras."

So you are in Mississippi to help organize a reading readiness program in five Head Start centers.

However, the white power structure is not as dumb as you think. Their paranoia has been in operation for a long time. So, the editor of Jackson's leading paper exaggerates a little when he equates Head Start with the children's communes of Soviet Russia and Red China; and the Uncle Toms of the Negro community voice their concern about fornication and drinking at the Head Start Training Center.

You go to Issaquena and Sharkey Counties where about 80 per cent of the population is Negro; and no Negro has ever voted. And you find that Head Start means an old broken-down church with no indoor plumbing or running water. Your experimental population is all set up (on paper), but one-half of your sample does not show up because the plantation owners have threatened the parents with expulsion if they send their kids to the Head Start center. You discover there are two Head Start programs: one organized by the segregated school system, and the other by the Child Development Group of Mississippi -- a group which believes in civil rights for Negroes. Then, you discover some of the teachers can't find places to live because the Klan has threatened to bomb the homes of Negroes housing white teachers.

You begin to make your program operational, and you find that some of the staff are not as alert as they should be because they were up all night with guns in their hands guarding the Head Start centers. And some of us get arrested for speeding when we don't speed. Cars ride around the center disturbing you with "rebel" hooting and shouting. A shot is fired into one of our centers, and the F. B. I. comes in for their routine investigation.

"But we know who did it." "Oh," says the F. B. I., "we can't prosecute." "It's a government program we are running." "Well, we'll look into it." Nothing is done. Repeat this story one thousand times a year and that is Mississippi.

Nevertheless, you try five different reading methods;



and distribute 150 record players and thousands of records and books to the Negro families who are delighted. It's going pretty well. Many of the kids travel as far as 40 miles to get to the center and are there by 8 o'clock in the morning. The parents at P. T. A. meetings are enthusiastic, and we talk about registering to vote and sending the children to the white schools next term. We talk about arranging medical examinations. You discover many things. The majority of the Head Start kids have never been to a doctor before, have never ridden on a bus, have never seen a city, have never eaten an orange, have never been near white people without experiencing fear. You discover hundreds of seven and eight year olds who have never been to school.

So, Senator Stennis gets into the act and gives the program a hard time. It also becomes too much for the Klan. The night before 165 Negro children are to register for white schools for the first time, the Klan burned crosses in front of four centers. They burn to the ground the Valewood Center -- a ninety-year old church with thousands of dollars worth of Head Start equipment which was left unguarded because it was in the heart of a rural area where Negroes owned all of the land. Dr. Julius Richmond, National Director of Head Start, had visited Valewood and publicity declared that it was an "ideal" center. It was, indeed, an excellent center. All but a few of the 30 families living in Valewood were members of the Freedom Democratic Party.

A year ago, a cross burning would have been enough to halt any "civil rights" activity; but that very day, the parents of Valewood meet and vow to continue the Head Start program under the open skies. They did so and completed the program.

That day you are scared, perhaps for the first time. Every car follows you. Every white person is ready to kill you. When you telegraph a report and a protest against the burning of the church to officials in Washington, you can hear the telegraphic operator communicating to an outside source the content of your telegram. Paranoia builds and you bar your hotel door for fear that you are slated for assassination.

Now, months later, nothing has been done about the destroyed Head Start center. Who would bother? Some 50 Negro churches have been burned to the ground in the last year in Mississippi. Not one prosecution!

Soon you learn that if you want to "do something" in Mississippi, you respond to only a few incidents; and you let your heroic impulses smolder and die.

Post Script: A Letter to Washington:

"The Head Start programs run by the segregated schools, which do not educate 80 per cent of the Negro children in their schools, could not and did not, in my humble opinion, offer anything meaningful to the Negro children. (I visited several such centers.) This may be a matter of prejudice on my part, but I cannot see how school officials who have failed to educate poor and disadvantaged children can be given the responsibility of preparing children for an education. If 'Head Start' does not succeed to measure up to its minimal expectations, it will be because so many of the same unimaginative and uninterested school officials who do not know how to educate poor and disadvantaged children, have been given the responsibility to do so. These are the school officials who blame parents and slum conditions for their own failure to reach and teach children when they do get to school."

I did not get a response from Washington, but I did get a letter from Mississippi.

"Dr. and Mrs. Sol Gordon

I am write to let you know how things are down here. I am Not work I was fire of My Job and the Mean time every body that sending there Children to the all white school is out of Jobs the Citizens Council See to it you get a Job you want work But one day and they will have lay you of. We have lot of Cross burn last night three was burn here in Sharkey and 12 was burn on Issaquena thing are really bad here I don't know what will be next.

But we are Still hold on to the thing we believe in. I depist your check to day because I need it. Look tell Mrs. Gordon if it any way She can get Some Children Clothes in Size-6-8-10 for boys or girls from friend to Send them to us. We have Some family that there Children need Clothes to stay in School Peter had two people to send Some but Mose of them was for large children. Give my Best regard to your Son for me.

I hod a letter from bes and Nancy this week.

Lot of people have been jail and they keep them for 72 hr. and when they get out they got No More Job. Some had move of Plation the own made them move because thire Children is going to School together. At the School they want let no body visit doning the class pirod the Negro Children Are in room to them Self and white are to them Self and they don't let them play together or eat together. it on the Some base. excuse for all this bod write your Turly"

Two years later. In some ways, things are worse. Hunger stalks the land. Murder, and the fear of it, is still a way of life. There is hope, but only if the CDGM prevails and the songs they sing prevail. Yes -- Freedom. MISSISSIPPI WANTS FREEDOM. Amen.

Post Script: On February 23, 1966 the Office of Economic Opportunity granted Mary Holmes Junior College and the Child Development Group \$5.6 million to operate a Head Start project for 9,135 children in 121 centers throughout the state.

The danger is that the program will prove so successful that the Office of Economic Opportunity, under pressure from Congressional racists, will not continue the program.

(date)

Side 1 Band 1

"Let's find somebody that would love to sing. Ha, you want to sing? Well, see, somebody start singin'. Somebody start singin'. Anybody want to sing? Every body clap!

(Clap clap clap clap)

Da da-da da- da
da-a da- da da-da etc.

O well I read in the paper
Just the other day
That the freedom fighters
Were on their way
And they came by bus
And a-airplane too
They'll even walk
If you ask them to

O Johnson, you know you can't jail us all
O Johnson, segregation bound to fall
Da-a da da da da
da da-da da-da da
da-da da-da dum

Well-a David went
Into battle alone
And he didn't take nothing
A-but a sling and a stone
Little David was
Just a shepherd boy
When he killed Goliath
Then he shouted for joy

O Johnson, you know you can't jail us all
O Johnson, segregation bound to fall
da-a da da da da
da da-da da da dum
da da da da dum

Well Paul and Silas
Were bound in jail
And they had no money
For to go their bail
Then Paul and Silas
They begin to shout
And the jail-door opened
And they walked out

O Johnson, you know you can't jail us all
O Johnson, segregation bound to fall
da da da da da da
da-da da-da da-da etc.

Well, if you don't believe
That I been to Hell
You getter follow me down
To a Black Belt jail
But-a one of these days
And it won't be long
They are going to look for segregation
And it'll all be gone

O Johnson, you know you can't jail us all
O Johnson, segregation bound to fall
da-da da-da da-da
da-da da-da da-da
da-da-da-da da-da
da da-da da-da da

Well, hey Paul Johnson
We know you're over there
Lift up your nose
Freedom's in the air
And it smells so good
And it smells so sweet
Even gone so far
That we will never retreat

O Johnson, you know you can't jail us all
O Johnson, segregation bound to fall
da-da da-da da-da
da-da da-da da-da etc.

Well, the only thing
That we did wrong
We stayed in the wilderness
A-way too long
And the only thing
That we did right
That was the day
That we decided to fight _

O Johnson, you know you can't jail us all
O Johnson, segregation bound to fall
da-da da da da da



SIDE 1 Band 2

Da-a da da da da
Just the other day
That the freedom fighters
Were on their way
They're a-comin' by bus
They're a-comin' by train

Well, I read in the paper
Just the other day
That the freedom fighters
Were on their way
They're coming by bus
They're coming by train
And if they have to walk
They're coming just the same

O Johnson, you know you can't jail us all
O Johnson, segregation bound to fall
da da da da da da

SIDE 1 Band 3

Good morning, good morning
Good morning to you
Good morning, good morning
O how do you do.

Bright sunshine, bright sunshine
We're glad you are here
You make us so happy
And bring us good cheer.

Side 1 Band 4

Y'know, back at the turn of the century, something was instituted called "black codes". That's special law that black people had to live, or, rather, die by. And those that didn't die, many of them found their way out to the chain gang. And the captain was usually a former Confederate soldier, and even if he was a private, he was a captain to us. And he was the most hated cat on the chain gang. And we used to do everything we knew how to razz or ride the captain. And this is one of the songs that came out of that era.

You better take this hammer
Carry it to the captain
Take this hammer
Carry it to the captain
Take this hammer
Carry it to the captain, Lord
Tell him I'm gone, Lord, Lord,
Tell him I'm gone.

Well now if he asks you
Was I laughing (you know captain don't believe nothing)
If he asks you (O Lord)
Was I laughing
If he asks you
Was I laughing, Lord,
Tell him I was crying, Lord, Lord,
Tell him I was crying.

Well now if he asks you
Was I running
If he asks you (O Lord)
Was I running
If he asks you
Was I running, Lord,
Tell him I was flying, Lord, Lord,
Tell him I was flying.

If he asks you
Any other questions
If he asks you (O Lord)
Any other questions
If he asks you
Any other question, Lord
Tell him you don't know, Lord, Lord,
Tell him you don't know.

Well now I don't want no
Corn bread and m'lasses
I don't want no (O no)
Corn bread and m'lasses
I don't want no
Corn bread and m'lasses
Hurt my pride, Lord, Lord,
It hurts my pride.

Well now I don't want no
White man's justice (like black codes)
I don't want no
White man's justice
I don't want no
White man's justice, O Lord,
I'll make my own, Lord, Lord
I'll make my own.

'Cause I don't want no
Cold hard shackles
I don't want no
Cold hard shackles

I don't want no
Cold hard shackles, Lord,
Hurt my legs, Lord, Lord,
They hurt my legs.

That captain called me (what'd he call you, sugar?)
A nappy-headed nigger
Captain called me
A nappy-headed nigger
Captain called me
A nappy-headed nigger, Lord,
It ain't my name, Lord, Lord,
It ain't my name.

Well now I been driving
On Bald Mountain
I been driving, O Lord,
On Bald Mountain
I been driving
On Bald Mountain, Lord,
I won't drive more, Lord, Lord
I won't drive more.

You better take this hammer
Carry it to the captain
Take this hammer
Carry it to the captain, Lord,
Take this hammer
Carry it to the captain
Tell him I'm gone, Lord, Lord,
Tell him I'm gone.

SIDE 1 Band 5

Okay, who knows, "Where is Deborah?" Who else? "I know it." Y'all know it? Okay, let's the way y'all do it. Okay, now, what's your name? "Junior". What, Junior? Okay, Junior, who, who do you know? ----- Do you know the little igirl next to you? "yeah." Okay. Huh? Okay, you sing it. Sing "Where is Theresa". C'mon.

Where is Theresa
Here I am
Here I am

No, let us say "here I am". C'mon.

Where is Theresa? Where is Theresa?
Here I am. Here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well. I thank you. (that's right)
Run away, run away.

Where is Deborah, where is Deborah
Here I am, here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.

Where is Dupree, where is Dupree?
Here I am, here I am.
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.

Where is Sandy, where is Sandy?
Here I am, here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.

Where is Karen, where is Karen?
Here I am, here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.

Where is Sheila, where is Sheila?
Here I am, here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.

SIDE 1 Band 6a

When Mister Sun lights up the sky
I sit right up and rub my eyes
I dress myself with greatest care
I brush my teeth and comb my hair
And walking off to school I go
To learn the things that I have to know

SIDE 1 Band 6b

Mary Mack, dressed in black
Silver buttons all down her back
I love sugar, I love tea
I love a girl and the girl loves me.
Went over here,
Saw the Devil coming
Put on my coat and beat the devil running.

Mary Mack dressed in Black
Silver buttons all down her back
I love sugar, I love tea
I love a girl, and the girl loves me.

Went over here,

SIDE 1 Band 7

Give me that old, old time religion
Wo, give me that old, old time religion
O well it's good, good, good enough for me

O if I could, if I could, the prophet Daniel
If I could (Lord if I could) by the prophet Daniel (by the prophet Daniel)
If I could (Lord if I could) by the propleet Daniel (by the prophet Daniel)
Well, now, it's good, good, good enough for me (good enough for me)

Just give me that old time religion
Old time religion, old time religion
Give me that old time religion
Old time religion, old time religion
Give me that old time religion
Old time, religion, old time religion
'Cause it's good enough for, good enough for me (good enough for me)
Yes brothers it's good, good, good enough for me (good enough for me)

SIDE 1 Band 8

At a Dance with harmonicas, stomping etc.
"That what you're talkin' about?"

SIDE 1 Band 9

I got a mother (way over yonder)
An' I got a father (way over yonder)
An' I got a mother (way over yonder)
An' I got a sister (way over yonder)
An' I got a brother (way over yonder)
An' I got a God (way over yonder)
An' I got a home (way over yonder)

Side II Band 1

O just look at that cave.	O, through the weeds
O just look at that cave	O, through the weeds
Mighty big cave	Over the bridge
Can't go around it	Over the bridge
Can't go around it	Up the tree
Can't go under it	Up the tree
Can't go under it	Back home
Let's go in	Back home
Let's go in	O, that must be a bear
O, it's real dark	by the cave
O, it's real dark	O just look at that cave
Real, real dark	O just look at that cave
Real, real dark	Mighty big cave
O, I feel something	Mighty big cave
O I feel something	Can't go around it
Feels like hair	Can't go around it
Feels like hair	Can't go under it
Must be a bear	Can't go under it
Must be a bear	Let's go in
Let's go in	Can't go around it
O, it's real dark	Can't go under it
O, it's real dark	Can't go under it
Real, real dark	Let's go in
Real, real dark	Let's go in
O, I feel something	O, it's real dark
O I feel something	O, it's real dark
Feels like hair	Real real dark
Feels like hair	Real real dark
Must be a bear	O I feel something
Must be a bear	O I feel something
O, through the weeds	Feels like hair
O, through the weeds	Feels like hair
Over the bridge	Must be a bear
Over the bridge	Must be a bear
Up the tree	O, through the weeds
Up the tree	Through the weeds
Back home	Over the bridge
Back home	Over the bridge
O, that must be a bear	Up the tree
by the cave	Up the tree
O just look at that cave	Back home
O just look at that cave	Back home
Mighty big cave	O, that must be a bear
Mighty big cave	by the cave
Can't go around it	

SIDE II Band 2 Little Sally Walker

Little Sally Walker sitting in a saucer
Weeping and a-crying for a cool drink of water
Rise, Sally, Rise, wipe your weeping eyes
A-put your hand on your hip
An' let your backbone slip
Shake it to the east, shake it to the west
Shake it to the one that you love the best.
Mama said so, your papa said so
That's the way you do it
When you want to catch a beau

Okay, where's the little girl that was doin' "Little Sally Walker" so well? (Cindy?) Yeah, where, where is she? Where she is? Okay, y'all ready to do a "Little Sally Walker, sitting in a saucer Weeping in a willow for a cool drink of water"?

(I'll do it!) Okay, let me hear you do it.

Little Sally Walker, sitting in a saucer
Weeping and a-crying for a cool drink of water
Rise, Sally, rise
Gonna wipe your weeping eyes
Put your hand on your hip
An' let your backbone slip
Shake it to the east, shake it to the west
Shake it to the one that you love best
Your mama said so, your papa said so
That's the way you do it
When you want to catch your beau

That was nice. Want to do it again? Do it again for me.

Little Sally Walker sitting in a saucer
Weeping and a-crying for a cool drink of water
Rise, Sally, rise
You gotta wipe your weeping eyes
Put your hand on your hip
And let your backbone slip
Shake it to the east, shake it to the west
Shake it to the one that you love the best
Your mama said so, your papa said so
That's the way you do it when you want to catch your beau

Side II Band 3

I was alone and idle
I was a sinner, too
I heard a voice from heaven
Saying:
And I took my master's hand
And I joined the freedom band
I am on the battlefield for my Lord
(on the battlefield for my Lord, Lord)
I am on the battlefield for my Lord
And I promised him that I
Would serve until I die
I am on the battlefield for my Lord

O well I lost my flag in battle
My staff is in my hand
I'll take it all to Jesus
Over in the glory land
I'll a-round up all the grace
He's appointed my soul a place
I am on the battlefield for my Lord

Well I'm on the battlefield for my Lord
I am on the battlefield for my Lord
And I promised him that I
Would serve until I die
I am on the battlefield for my Lord.

SIDE II Band 4

Amen,
We went to Washington
Amen
We went to Washington
Amen
We went to Washington
Amen, Amen Amen.

Went by bus, now
Amen
Went by bus, now
Amen
Went by bus now
Amen, Amen, Amen

Forty-eight children
Amen
Forty-eight children
Amen
Forty-eight children
Amen, Amen, Amen

Set up a classroom
Amen
Set up a classroom
Amen
Set up a classroom
Amen, Amen Amen

Adam Clayton's hearing room
Amen
Adam Clayton's hearing room
Amen
Adam Clayton's hearing room
Amen, Amen, Amen

Goin' to Schriver
Amen
Goin' to Schriver
Amen
Goin' to Schriver
Amen, Amen Amen

He didn't make any promises
Amen
He didn't make any promises
Amen
He didn't make any promises
Amen, Amen Amen

Said it wouldn't be long gone
Amen
Said it wouldn't be long gone
Amen
Said it wouldn't be long gone
Amen, Amen Amen

The meeting wasn't very long
Amen
The meeting wasn't very long
Amen
The meeting wasn't very long
Amen, Amen Amen
February the twenty-third
Amen
February the twenty-third
Amen
February the twenty-third
Amen, Amen, Amen

When we got our grant, now,
Amen
When we got our grant, now,
Amen
When we got our grant now
Amen, Amen Amen

All of the CDG
Amen,
All of the CDG
Amen
All of the CDG
Amen, Amen Amen

We're a-building us a future
Amen
We have another program
Amen
But it don't take as long
Amen, Amen Amen

SIDE II Band 5

Tell me why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Boom-diddy all the time.

Tell me why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Boom-diddy all the time.

Tell me why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Boom-diddy all the time.

Tell me why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Boom-diddy all the time.

Tell me why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Boom-diddy all the time.

Tell me why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Boom-diddy all the time.

Now let's set up and sing this, and stomp with our feet
Ready? "Yeah." Well, sing it now, hear? Okay, and
we'll stomp with our feet this time, okay? Okay.

Tell me why do the drums go boom-diddy boom-diddy
Why do the drums go boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Why do the drums go boom-diddy, boom-diddy
Boom-diddy all the time.

C'mon, do it again for me.

Tell me why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom ditty
Boom-diddy all the time.

Now when we say "boom-diddy," that's when we gonna
hit on the table. But, when you aren't saying "boom-
diddy," you aren't supposed to be hitting on the boxes
and things, hear? Okay? Let's do it again. Now just
when we say "Boom-diddy," that's when we hit on the
boxes and tables. Okay?

SIDE II Band 6

All of God's children got shoes
When I get to Heaven gonna put on my shoes
Gonna shout all over God's Heaven

I got a robe, you got a robe
All of God's children got a robe
When I get to Heaven gonna put on my robe
Gonna fly all over God's Heaven
Heaven, Heaven
Everybody talkin' about Heaven ain't going there
Heaven, Heaven,
Gonna shout all over God's Heaven.

I got a song, you got a song
All of God's children got a song
When I get to Heaven gonna put on my shoes
I'm gonna walk all over God's Heaven
Heaven, Heaven
Everybody talkin' about Heaven ain't going there
Heaven, Heaven,
Gonna shout all over God's Heaven.

Side II Band 7

Soon I will be done-a with de troubles of de world
De troubles of de world, de troubles of de world
Soon I will be done-a with de troubles of de world
Going home to live with God

No more weeping and a-wailing
No more weeping and a-wailing
No more weeping and a-wailing
I'm going to live with God.

Soon I will be done-a with de troubles of de world
De troubles of de world, de troubles of de world
Soon I will be done-a with de troubles of de world
Going home to live with God.

SIDE II Band 8

Where O where is everybody?
Where O where is everybody?
Where O where is everybody?
Way down yonder in the paw paw patch.

Picking up paw-paw, put it in your pocket
Pick up paw-paw, put it in your pocket
Pick up paw-paw, put it in your pocket
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

Where O where is everybody
Where O where is everybody
Where O where is everybody
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch

Come on, girls, let's go find them
Come on, girls, let's go find them
Come on, girls, let's go find them
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

SIDE II Band 9

We've been 'buked and we've been scorned
We've been talked about sure too long
But we'll never turn back
No we'll never turn back
Until we've all been free
And we have equality

We have hung our heads and cried
Cried for those three workers who died
Died for you and died for me
Died for the cause of equality
But we'll never turn back
No we'll never turn back
Until we've all been free
And we have equality

We have walked through the shadow of death
We had to walk all by ourselves
But we'll never turn back
No we'll never turn back
Until we've all been free
And we have equality

We have spent our time in jail
With no money for to go our bail
But we'll never turn back
No we'll never turn back
Until we've all been free
And we have equality
And we have equality.

Side II Band 10

Anybody ever hear that before? Now, that's the first
quail-call. And that used to be the signal that our people
used to use to steal us away to freedom by way of the
underground railroad. Which is another way of sayin'
an organization to help us get out of bondage and out of
slavery. Now this song is called "The Drinking Gourd."
Anybody here ever see a drinking gourd? Well a drink-
ing gourd is like a dipper that our forebearers used to
grow and make, 'cause the white folks wouldn't give us
any dippers or pails to drink out of, so we had to make
our own. But the song "The Drinking Gourd," is talking
about the Big Dipper in the sky. Anybody ever see the
Big Dipper at night? Any of you ever seen the Big
Dipper? It's a bunch of stars in the sky and in that
bunch of stars is a star called the North Star. And our
people knew that if they got their eye on that North Star,
and just kept on running long enough, they'd make it to
Cannan Land. It was too dangerous back then to call it
Canada. And it says "When the sun comes back and the
first quail calls--" When the sun comes back is in the
Springtime. And the reason it had to be Springtime was
because during the Winter, it was just too cold 'cause
the people who were getting away had to sleep in fields
or forests or station by the road.

O when the sun comes back and the first quail calls
Follow the drinking gourd
The old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom
If you follow the drinking gourd.

Follow the drinking gourd
Follow the drinking gourd
The old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom
If you follow the drinking gourd.

And that old man was a-waiting to carry us to freedom
 had been in the storm a long time an' he finally got his
 right foot caught in a bear trap that the white folks set
 to keep us from getting away and to keep people from
 coming in to help us. But that didn't stop him, he had
 a nerve of steel, so he got and cut that foot off. Cut that
 left foot print and that right peg foot print in the sand
 became one of the most famous signs on the underground
 railroad. 'Cause our people knew if they went down to
 the riverside and they saw that left foot print and that
 peg-foot print, they on the right river and the old man
 was nearby to lend 'em a helping hand whenever they
 needed it.

O well the river bank'll make a mighty good road
 The stars will show you the way.
 Left foot, peg foot.

SIDE III Band 1

Little old lady won't you
 Jump the jack, jump the jack, jump the jack
 Little old lady won't ya jump the jack
 Little old lady won't ya bow?

Little old lady won't you
 Hold my hand, hold my hand, hold my hand
 Little old lady won't ya hold my hand?
 Little old lady, won't ya bow?

Little old lady, will you
 Skip the rope, skip the rope, skip the rope
 Little old lady won't ya skip the rope?
 Little old lady, won't ya bow?
 Little old lady, won't you
 Eat some cake, eat some cake, eat some cake
 Little old lady, won't ya eat some cake?
 Little old lady, won't ya bow?

Side III Band 2

O, Charlie Brown, lay your coffin down
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 Bowl another cola, Charlie Brown
 Bowl another cola, Charlie Brown
 Bowl another cola, Charlie Brown
 Now take it to your lover, Charlie Brown
 Show a little emotion, Charlie Brown
 Flapping like a buzzard, Charlie Brown
 Show her that you love her, Charlie Brown
 Little Charlie Brown, lay your coffin down.
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 Now bowl another cola, Charlie Brown
 Bowl another cola, Charlie Brown
 Take it to your lover, Charlie Brown
 Show her that you love her, Charlie Brown

O, Charlie Brown, lay your coffin down
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 (Lay your coffin down)
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 Take it to your lover, Charlie Brown
 Tell her that you love her, Charlie Brown
 Show us a motion, Charlie Brown
 Show us a motion, Charlie Brown
 Little Charlie Brown, lay your coffin down
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown

Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
 Take it to your lover, Charlie Brown
 Show her that you love her, Charlie Brown
 Show a motion, Charlie Brown
 Show a motion, Charlie Brown.

SIDE III Band 3

Go tell it on the mountain
 Over the hills and everywhere
 Go tell it on the mountain
 To let my people go

Why don't you let my people go

Everybody now, go tell it on the mountain
 Over the hills and everywhere
 Go tell it on the mountain
 To let my people go

Everybody, now, go tell it on the mountain
 Over the hills and everywhere
 Go tell it on the mountain
 To let my people go.

Go tell it on the mountain
 Over the hills and everywhere
 Go tell it on the mountain
 To let my people go

Everybody now, go tell it on the mountain
 Over the hills and everywhere
 Go tell it on the mountain
 To let my people go.

Side III Band 4

Just a closer walk with thee
 Grant it Jesus, if you please
 Daily walking close with Thee
 Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

Through this world of toil and snares
 If I falter, Lord, who cares?
 Who will be my strength
 None but thee, dear Lord, none but thee

Just a closer walk with thee
 Grant it, Jesus, if you please
 Daily walking close with Thee
 Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

Through this world of toil and snares
 If I falter, Lord, who cares?
 Who will be my strength
 None but Thee, dear Lord, none but Thee.

Just a closer walk with Thee
 Grant it, Jesus, if you please
 Daily walking close to thee
 Let it be, dear Lord, let it be

SIDE III Band 5

My mama told me
 To tell you
 To beat one hammer like you see me do.

My mama told me
 To tell you
 To beat two hammer like you see me do.

My mama told me
 To tell you
 To beat three hammer like you see me do.

My mama told me
 To tell you
 To beat four hammer like you see me do.

My mama told me
 To tell you
 To beat five hammer like you see me do.

SIDE III Band 6

Ten miles from home, ten miles from home
 We walk awhile we rest awhile
 We're ten miles from home.

Nine miles from home, nine miles from home
 We walk awhile, we rest awhile
 We're nine miles from home.

Eight miles from home, eight miles from home
 We walk awhile, we rest awhile
 We're eight miles from home.

Seven miles from home, seven miles from home
 We walk awhile, we rest awhile
 We're seven miles from home.

Six miles from home, six miles from home
 We walk awhile, we rest awhile
 We're six miles from home.

Five miles from home, five miles from home
 We walk awhile, we rest awhile
 We're five miles from home.

Four miles from home, four miles from home
 We walk awhile, we rest awhile
 We're four miles from home.

Three miles from home, three miles from home
 We walk awhile, we rest awhile
 We're three miles from home.

Two miles from home, two miles from home
 We walk awhile, we rest awhile
 We're two miles from home.

One mile from home, one mile from home
 We walk awhile, we rest awhile
 We're one mile from home.

SIDE III Band 7

Freedom, Mississippi wants freedom
 Mississippi wants freedom, freedom, freedom

Deacon Taylor wants freedom,
 Deacon Taylor wants freedom
 Deacon Taylor wants freedom, freedom, freedom

Everybody wants freedom
 Everybody wants freedom
 Everybody wants freedom, freedom, freedom

SIDE III Band 8

Little red caboose, little red caboose
 Little red caboose behind the train
 Smokestack on his back, moving down the track
 Little red caboose behind the train.

Little red caboose, little red caboose
Little red caboose behind the train
Smokestack on his back, moving down the track
Little red caboose behind the train.

SIDE III Band 9

Ain't gonna let nobody
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let nobody
Turn me 'round
I'm gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let the Citizen's Council
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let the Citizen's Council
Turn me 'round
Gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let no jailhouse
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let no jailhouse
Turn me 'round
Gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let no beatings
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let no beatings
Turn me 'round
I'm gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let the KKK, Lord,
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let the KKK, Lord,
Turn me 'round,
I'm gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let nobody
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let nobody
Turn me 'round,
I'm gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land.

SIDE III Band 10

Kumbaya, my Lordy, Kumbaya
Kumbaya, my Lordy, Kumbaya
Kumbaya, my Lordy, Kumbaya
O Lord, Kumbaya.

Somebody's praying, won't you come by here
Somebody's praying, won't you come by here
Somebody's praying, won't you come by here
O Lordy, Kumbaya.

The black folks need you, won't you come by here
The black folks need you, won't you come by here
The black folks need you, won't you come by here
O Lordy, Kumbaya

SIDE III Band 11

Rhythm Band sequence.

SIDE III Band 12

If you're happy and you know it

Say Amen. Amen!
If you're happy and you know it, say Amen
Amen!
If you're happy and you know it
Your face will surely show it
If you're happy and you know it, say Amen
Amen!

If you're happy and you know it clap your hands
(clap clap)
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands
(clap clap)
If you're happy and you know it
Your face will surely show it
If you're happy and you know it
Clap your hands
(clap clap)

If you're happy and you know it sing a song
Tra la la
If you're happy and you know it, sing a song
Tra la la
If you're happy and you know it
Your face will surely show it
If you're happy and you know it, sing a song
Tra la la

Side III Band 13

I had a little rooster by the garden gate
That little rooster was my playmate
That little rooster went cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

I had a little-kitty by the garden gate
That little kitty was my playmate
That little kitty went: meow
That little rooster went: cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

I had a little doggie by the garden gate
That little doggie was my playmate
That little doggie went: woof!
That little kitty went: meow
That little rooster went: cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

I had a little elephant by the garden gate
That little elephant was my playmate
That little elephant went: woomp
That little doggie went: woof
That little kitty went: meow
That little rooster went: cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

I had a little cow by the garden gate
That little cow was my playmate
That little cow went: mmmooooo
That little elephant went: woomp
That little doggie went: woof
That little kitty went: meow
That little rooster went: cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

SIDE IV Band 1

We're coming through the green grass, green grass,
green grass
We're coming through the green grass
Happy happy days.
O what you coming here for, here for, here for
O what you coming here for,
Happy happy days.

We're coming to get married, married, married
We're coming to get married
Happy happy days.

O who are you going to marry, marry, marry
O who are you going to marry
Happy happy days.

We're going to marry Herman, Herman, Herman
We're going to marry Herman
Happy happy days.

We won't let you have him, have him, have him
We won't let you have him
Happy happy days.

We're going to get him anyhow, anyhow, anyhow
We're going to get him anyhow
Happy happy days.

Well, how are you going to get him, get him, get him,
How are you going to get him,
Happy happy days?
We're coming through the doors, the doors, the doors
We're coming through the doors,
Happy happy days.

We'll lock up all the doors, the doors, the doors
We'll lock up all the doors,
Happy happy days

We're coming through the windows, the windows, the
windows
We're coming through the windows
Happy happy days.

We'll lock up all the windows, the windows, the windows
We'll lock up all the windows
Happy happy days.

We're coming through the chimney, the chimney, the
chimney
We're coming through the chimney,
Happy happy days.

We'll smoke up all the chimneys, the chimneys, the
chimneys
We'll smoke up all the chimneys,
Happy happy days.

Well, we're going to have to steal him, steal him, steal
him
We're going to have to steal him
Happy happy days.

Well, we'll let you have him anyhow, anyhow, anyhow
We'll let you have him anyhow
Happy happy days.

SIDE IV Band 2

When I was a baby, when I was a baby
This what I did: I went
mmmm this a way
mmmm that a way
That's what I did.

When I was a teenage, when I was a teenage
This is what I did: I went
mmmm this a way
mmmm that a way
That's what I did.

When I got married, when I got married
This is what I did: I went
mmmmm this a way
mmmmm that a way
That's what I did.

When I shot my husband, when I shot my husband
This what I did: I went
Boom-boom this a way
Boom-boom that a way
That's what I did.

When I went to prison, when I went to prison
This what I did: I went
mmmmm this a way
mmmmm that a way
That's what I did.

When I was an old lady, when I was an old lady
This what I did: I went
mmmmm this a way
mmmmm that a way
That's what I did.

Side IV Band 3

I been 'buked and I been scorned
I been 'buked and I been scorned, Lord
Children, I been 'buked and I been scorned
I've been talked about sure as you born.

Ain't gonna lay my freedom down
Ain't gonna lay my freedom down
Children, ain't gonna lay my freedom down
Ain't gonna lay my freedom down.

SIDE IV Band 4a

What is this?
Got me feeling so good right now
What is this?
(freedom!)
Well, freedom won't run on anyhow
Whatever it is, O it won't let me
Hold my peace

You know it makes me
Love my enemies
Yes it makes me
Love my friends
And it won't let me be ashamed
To tell the world I been born again

Hey, what is this?
I can feel deep down inside
What is this?
It'll set my soul on fire
Whatever it is
O, it won't let me hold my peace.

SIDE IV Band 5

No more dying
No more dying after awhile, after awhile
And before I be a slave, I'll be dead and buried in my
grave
And go home to my Father, and be free.
No more moaning
No more moaning after awhile, after awhile

And before I be a slave, I'll be dead and buried in my
grave
And go home to my Father, and be free.

O, freedom

O, freedom, after awhile, after awhile
And before I be a slave I'll be dead and buried in my
grave
And go home to my Father, and be free.

No more dying
No more dying after awhile, after awhile
And before I be a slave, I'll be dead and buried in my
grave
And go home to my Father, and be free.

No more crying
No more crying after awhile, after awhile
And before I be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord and be free.

I know you gonna miss me, I know you gonna miss me,
I know you gonna miss me after awhile, after awhile
And before I be a slave I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord and be free

O freedom

O freedom, after awhile, after awhile
And before I be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord, and be free.

SIDE IV Band 6

Rise and Shine.

SIDE IV Band 7a

There's room for many a more
Yeah, I hear the train a-coming
O yeah coming 'round the curve, O yeah
And losing all she's gaining
And straining every nerve
Now get on board, little children
Get on board, little children
Get on board, little children
There's room for many a more

Won't you get on board, little children

SIDE IV Band 7b

We gonna walk if the Spirit say walk
We gonna talk if the Spirit say talk
We gonna talk if the Spirit say talk
We gonna talk if the Spirit say talk
And if the Spirit say talk we gonna talk O Lord
We gonna talk if the Spirit say talk.

We gonna clap if the Spirit say clap
We gonna clap if the Spirit say clap
We gonna clap if the Spirit say clap
We gonna clap if the Spirit say clap
And if the Spirit say clap we gonna clap, O Lord
We gonna clap if the Spirit say clap.

We gonna tap if the Spirit say tap
We gonna tap if the Spirit say tap
And if the Spirit say tap we gonna tap O Lord
We gonna tap if the Spirit say tap

Side IV Band 8

My aunt came back from old Lucerne

And brought with her a butter churn
My aunt came back from Kalamazoo
And brought with her an old felt shoe
My aunt came back from the County Fair
And brought with her a rocking chair
My aunt came back from old Japan
And brought with her a fancy fan
My aunt came back from Tenaflly
And brought with her a winking eye

(spoken, group)

My aunt came back from old Lucerne
And brought with her a butter churn
My aunt came back from Kalamazoo
And brought with her an old felt shoe
My aunt came back from the County Fair
And brought with her a rocking chair
My aunt came back from old Japan
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And brought with her a fancy fan
My aunt came back from Tenaflly
And brought with her a winking eye

SIDE IV Band 9

We shall overcome, we shall overcome
We shall overcome someday
O, deep in my heart
I know that I do believe
O we shall overcome some day.
We shall overcome, my Lord
We shall overcome some day
O, deep in my heart
I know that I do believe
We shall overcome someday.

God is on our side, my Lord,
God is on our side today,
O, deep in my heart I know that
I do believe
We shall overcome someday.

We are not afraid, my Lord
We are not afraid today
O, deep in my heart I know that
I do believe
We shall overcome some day.