

BR 301

BROADSIDE BALLADS VOL. 1

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND
New World Singers
BALLAD OF OLD MONROE
Pete Seeger
JON BROWN
Blind Boy Grunt
AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW
Peter La Farge
WILLIAM WORTHY
Phil Ochs
BENNY KID PARET
Gil Turner
FAUBUS' FOLLIES
Peter La Farge
I WILL NOT GO DOWN UNDER THE
GROUND
Happy Traum

ONLY A HOBO
TALKIN' DEVIL
Blind Boy Grunt
AIN'T GONNA LET SEGREGATION
TURN US AROUND
Freedom Singers
GO LIMP
Matt McGinn
BIZNESS AIN'T DEAD
New World Singers
THE CIVIL DEFENSE SIGN
Mark Spoelstra
I CAN SEE A NEW DAY
New World Singers

Broadside

BROADSIDE # 15, NOVEMBER 1962 -- BOX 193, NEW YORK 25, N.Y. 35¢

THE BALLAD OF OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI by Phil Ochs
© by author, 1962
Lively Am F C

PRICE -- 35¢

BROADSIDE

BROADSIDE # 6, LATE MAY 1962 BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STATION, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND
by BOB DYLAN

BROADSIDE

Price -- 35¢

BROADSIDE # 2, March 1962 Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y.

PRICE -- 35¢

BROADSIDE

BROADSIDE # 5, MAY 1962 BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STA. NEW YORK 25, NY

STORY OF OLD MONROE
PETER SEEGER — MALVINA REYNOLDS

BROADSIDE #19
PO BOX 193
CATHEDRAL STATION
NEW YORK 25
N. Y.

JANUARY 1963
PRICE 35¢



THE DIRECT DIGIT DIALING SONG Words: Van Corey, © 1963 by author
(Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball)
Operator if you would I dialed across the date line
Told that you would stay And - very strange to say -

Introducing... BROADSIDE

A handful of songs about our times

guilty of a "betrayal of public trust" when he steered the measure through the Assembly while he was a board member of a shelter firm.

For 45 minutes last night, Caroline answered questions from about 100 of the estimated 3,000 persons who came to the capital to demand the repeal of the shelter law.

The demonstrators carried placards reading: "Peace on Earth—Not Under It" and "Holes Are for Mules, Not for People."

"The John Birch Society hurts terribly... we lost him because of John Birch attacks made upon him."

When a doorkeeper at the entrance to the gallery refused to admit some Negroes, they began singing a "Freedom" song and were ordered out.

Have we come to this as a society? Is it true that we care more for our dogs than for our brothers? PEARL DAVIS
New York, Feb. 1, 1962.

LEGION'S HEAD SAYS
WAR IS JUSTIFIABLE

a shortage of linen... I saw one woman, who was wet up to her neck and took a chill, give the aid a dollar and beg her not to forget to come back to take the bedpan from under her... I went downstairs to get a cup of tea during the night. Couldn't find a tea bag, only cockroaches running over the table."

Topical songs have been an important part of America's music since early Colonial days. Many people throughout the country today are writing topical songs, and the only way to find out if a song is good is to give it wide circulation and let the singers and listeners decide for themselves. BROADSIDE'S aim is not so much to select and decide as to circulate as many songs as possible and get them out as quickly as possible. Our schedule calls for twice-a-month publication -- this will depend mainly on the contributing songwriters. BROADSIDE may never publish a song that could be called a "folk song." But let us remember that many of our best folk songs were topical songs at their inception. Few would deny the beauty and lasting value of some of Woody Guthrie's songs. Old or new, "a good song can only do good."



BROADSIDE

Produced with the cooperation of:
FOLKWAYS RECORDS, N. Y.



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BROADSIDE

BROADSIDE # 18, LATE DECEMBER 1962 - P.O. BOX 193, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

PRICE -- 35¢

BROADSIDE

BROADSIDE #s 9 & 10, July 1962 - Box 193 N.Y.C. 25, N.Y.

BROADSIDE

BROADSIDE #16, MID-NOVEMBER 1962 -- P.O. BOX 193, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

BIZZNESS AIN'T DEAD by Woody Guthrie

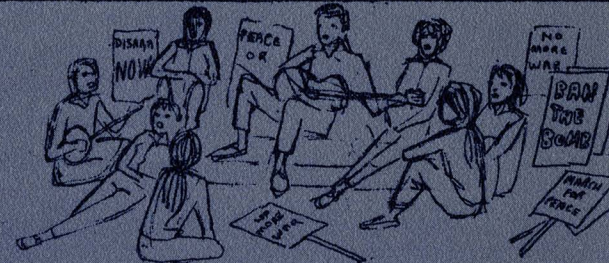
Broadside

BROADSIDE # 13, SEPTEMBER 1962 -- BOX 193, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

BROADSIDE

PRICE -- 35¢

BROADSIDE # 3 APRIL 1962 BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STA. NEW YORK 25, N.Y.



I CAN SEE A NEW DAY Words & Music by Les
© by author March 1963

I can see a new day, a new day soon to be
when the storm clouds are all passed.
shines on a world that is free

I can see a new world
A new world coming fast
When all men are brothers
And hatred forgotten at last

I can see a new day
A new day soon to be
When the storm clouds
And the sun shines



BROADSIDE RECORDS 301

BROADSIDE BALLADS VOL. 1
BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 301



A SINGING BROADSIDE

By Gordon Friesen

Nobody knows when the first topical song was sung -- it is prehistoric, unrecorded, and fossil-less. It might have been created by one of our earliest cave-men on taking his place at the fire with his fellow tribesmen. Perhaps something he considered extremely important had happened to him that day; he might have come upon strangers invading his tribe's territory and the intruders had behaved in an insolent and disrespectful manner toward him and his gods. Now, too excited even to bolt his chunk of scorched mastodon meat, he plunged immediately into a recital of the event, feeling strongly he must try and move his brothers into taking steps to right this wrong. Stirred by emotion, he may have fallen into accidental rhyme and chant. The sounds he made were so unique and striking they were remembered, imitated, improved upon, and passed down through countless generations.

All of this, of course, is speculation, but it serves to illustrate the point that topical song as a means of telling a story, expressing one's opinion, and moving others to think about it is as old as man's time on earth. Songs and chants shared with straight narration the burden of carrying man's history down through successive generations until the great discovery of writing. After that, a handed-down verbal record was no longer necessary; but there was something about a song, the ability of the voice to stir with its projections of anger, sorrow, disgust, contempt, and many other moods, that could not be captured as well by mere words on paper.

So topical songs persisted. The staid historian had to draw the shutters to keep out the raucous cries of the street singers who were recounting much livelier and even competing versions of the same facts he was trying to scratch down on a piece of parchment. Nor did the invention of the printing press put a crimp in their continued production. On the contrary, they actually flourished as never before -- witness the thousands of "broadside ballads" composed, printed up, and sold for a penny or so in the streets of British, and later American, cities beginning around 1500 and lasting right up into the 20th century. The British Museum has no less than 12,000 different ones in its collection! Additional thousands, sung and then used as a household necessity, are admittedly lost, probably forever, although their potential value is now such as to keep a whole host of collectors poking into every nook and cranny of the British Isles.

The broadsides told about and often gave forthright opinions on every conceivable subject -- wars and revolutions, battles on land and sea, murders and executions, outlaws and saints, politicians and gentlemen, hard times and harder times, disasters on

earth and fearsome apparitions in the sky (earlier visits by flying saucers?) Their effect on the people was recognized, respected -- and feared. Legislators maintained that it was useless to try and effect reforms unless songs were first composed and sung widely in the streets to give the populace an idea of what was coming. A "very wise" English lord is quoted as having said "If a man were permitted to write all the ballads, he need not care who made the laws of a nation." Some cities enacted by-laws suppressing "songs and cries in the streets." In Edinburgh, several poets were hanged for writing satirical ballads.

In the 17th century English broadsides found their way to America, but Americans quickly began composing their own. Young Ben Franklin was one of those writing his own broadsides and hawking them in the streets. A great wealth of such songs was produced here during the ensuing years; as late as the 1930's and early '40's we had an especially heavy outpouring of topical song, ballads about FDR, The Great Depression and the New Deal, union struggles, war and peace, etc. Some topical song writing, kept alive by the magazine SING OUT and small recording companies like Folkways, persisted even through the McCarthyite period when general fear to discuss the challenging ideas and issues of our time led to one of the most stagnant and wasted periods in American history. But now the dark shadow has lifted somewhat, and we are again witnessing a revival of topical balladeering, of which the songs in this album are a sampling.

All the songs in this album have appeared and are available from the twice-monthly mimeographed magazine BROADSIDE (P.O. Box 193, Cathedral Station, New York 25, N.Y. - 1 year - \$5), which in the first year of its existence has published well over 100 new topical ballads. Royalties from the sales of this album will go to support its continued publication. BROADSIDE extends special thanks to the artists for giving so generously of their time and talent, and to Moses Asch and Folkways Records for the vital role of producing this most unusual record. (Sis Cunningham, editor).

We do not know what stirrings went on in the hearts of the herdsmen who tended the flocks of their patriarchal masters; or of the discontent smouldering in the breasts of those who toiled in the building of the pyramids; who silently resented the crack of the foreman's whip around their shoulders, or the hatred for the scorn of those who flung away to die those who could no longer do the work demanded of them. We cannot tell how many mute-tongued rebels are now but deep dust in the plains of old Mesopotamia, or deeper still in the sands of the Egyptian deserts. We can surely guess that they were many, and, perhaps, spoke their resentment and their hatred in whispered words to their toiling comrades, or enshrined their feeling in a simple song, as so many workers did in the years that were to follow.

Sean O'Casey

BROADSIDE

BROADSIDE # 6, LATE MAY 1962 BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STATION, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

SIDE I, Band 1: BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

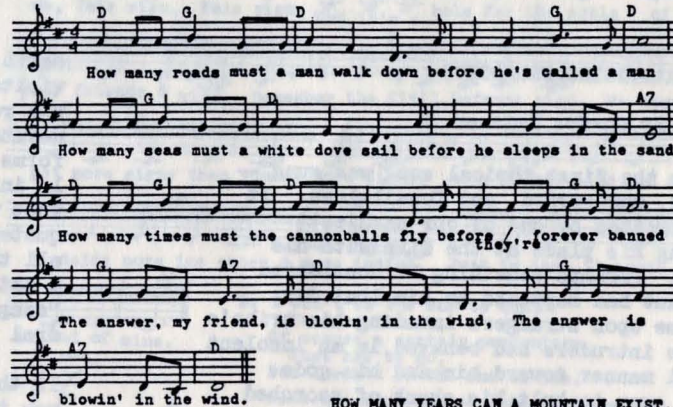
(Words & music by Bob Dylan, sung by the New World Singers)

Here is what the author himself had to say about this song in the Oct.-Nov. 1962 issue of SING OUT magazine:

"June 1962 -- There ain't too much I can say about this song except that the answer is blowing in the wind. It ain't in no book or movie or T.V. show or discussion group. Man, it's in the wind -- and it's blowing in the wind. Too many of these hip people are telling me where the answer is but oh I won't believe that. I still say it's in the wind and just like a restless piece of paper it's got to come down some time... But the only trouble is that no one picks up the answer when it comes down so not too many people get to see and know it...and then it flies away again... I still say that some of the biggest criminals are those that turn their heads away when they see wrong and know it's wrong. I'm only 21 years old and I know that there's been too many wars... You people over 21 should know better ... cause after all, you're older and smarter." - Bob Dylan

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

by BOB DYLAN



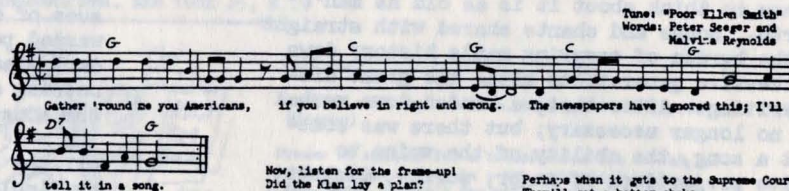
HOW MANY YEARS CAN A MOUNTAIN EXIST,
BEFORE IT'S WASHED IN THE SEA
HOW MANY YEARS CAN SOME PEOPLE EXIST, BEFORE THEY'RE ALLOWED TO BE FREE
HOW MANY TIMES CAN A MAN TURN HIS HEAD, AND PRETEND HE JUST DOESN'T SEE
THE ANSWER, MY FRIEND, etc.

HOW MANY TIMES MUST A MAN LOOK UP, BEFORE HE CAN SEE THE SKY
HOW MANY EARS MUST ONE MAN HAVE, BEFORE HE CAN HEAR PEOPLE CRY
HOW MANY DEATHS WILL IT TAKE 'TIL HE KNOWS THAT TOO MANY PEOPLE HAVE DIED
THE ANSWER, MY FRIEND, etc.

SIDE I, Band 2: BALLAD OF OLD MONROE

(Words by Pete Seeger & Malvina Reynolds. Sung by Pete Seeger).

There is very little one can say about this ballad that the song itself doesn't already say. It tells you the true and complete story, although it takes a little time. It was written in April, 1962, at the request of the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants. The tune is "Poor Ellen Smith", an old Southern folk melody. Words are principally by Pete Seeger, with half a dozen verses by Malvina Reynolds. The facts in the case were supplied by a detailed account from John Lowry, aged 20, of New York, one of the Freedom Riders who volunteered to picket the Court House at Monroe, and a few days later found himself facing a charge of kidnapping.



The papers and the TV
Never told the story straight,
So, listen now, I will tell you
The honest facts relate.

Let me take you to a corner
Of this world that we call free.
It's Monroe, North Carolina,
Where the Klan rules by decree.

Maybe you thought the Klan was dead
And buried long ago.
Well, in August 1961
You should have been in old Monroe.

It's a town of about ten thousand,
And could be a pretty place.
But there's uncertainty and fear
To be seen on many a face.

A railroad slices through Monroe
It's not one town but two towns.
On the right, Monroe is white
And on the left is Newtown

Eighteen Freedom Riders came
In August '61.
At the call of young Bob Williams
To see what could be done.

Robert Williams was a leader,
A giant of a man.
He said, let's protect our families
From the violence of the Klan.

The Klansmen, they got busy;
They came from everywhere,
All armed with guns and pistols,
And Chief Marney didn't care.
(Pronounced "Monney")

They staged a bloody riot
And the deck was surely stacked,
'Cause the only ones arrested
Were the ones who were attacked.

Now, listen for the frame-up!
Did the Klan lay a plan?
To trap Williams and his friends
And make him flee the land?

A couple, by name of Stegall
Were driving in a car.
They drove right into Newtown;
That was a bit too far.

For Negroes live in Newtown,
And on that fatal day
They'd set their lines of self-defense
Against the K.K.K.

The Stegalls, they were frightened;
They stopped at Williams' door.
And Robert Williams told the crowd
To let the Stegalls go.

He said, come inside my house.
You'll get hurt if you stay here.
And Williams led the Stegalls
Inside his own house there.

And though this man had saved them,
Police got on his trail.
Nothing less than a kidnap charge:
Twenty years to life in jail.

And then the mighty F.B.I.
Joined in to help the Klan,
With vicious posters tacked up
In post offices through the land

Saying Bob was armed and dangerous
And schizophrean, too.
As though to shoot him down on sight
Would be the safest thing to do.

But Bob escaped to Canada,
And then to Mexico.
And now he stays in Cuba
Where the F.B.I. can't go.

And now a make believe trial
Comes in May of '62,
And we are wondering if in Monroe
That Justice will come through.

Perhaps when it gets to the Supreme Court
They'll get a better shake.
But it's in the hearts of you and me,
The decision must be made.

For we all are just as guilty,
Till we make that day to come
When Robert Williams can return
To his Union County home.

So listen, Mr. President,
And listen, Brother Bob!
If you'd defend the Free World,
Here is a little job.

If you don't believe the words I say,
Go see it for yourself.
Go down and visit old Monroe,
But be careful of your health.

There's lots of good people in Monroe,
But they are scared to say.
Go down to old Monroe, Bob.
Tell them: this is the U.S.A.

They say the German people
The crimes of Hitler never knew.
Well, let American people
See what fascists here can do.

For we've had enough of murder,
And we've had enough of lies,
And the Klu Klux Klan in old Monroe
Is due to be surprised.

For in Washington and 'round the world
We're being asked today,
Is Monroe, North Carolina,
In the good old U.S.A.?

Monroe! Monroe!
I hear those voices say:
Is Monroe, North Carolina,
In the good old U.S.A.?

THE STORY OF OLD MONROE

The following ballad was written in April, 1962, at the request of the Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants. In spite of its length, the story seems to move fairly swiftly. The tune is an old Southern folk melody. Words are principally by Pete Seeger, with half a dozen verses by Malvina Reynolds, and the facts in the case were supplied by a detailed account from John Lowry, aged 20, of New York, one of the Freedom Riders who volunteered to picket the Court House at Monroe, and a few days later found himself facing a charge of kidnapping.

JOHN BROWN

(Written by Bob Dylan) sung by Blind Boy Grunt)

The original John Brown was sabered down while fighting for the freedom of some 3,000,000 enslaved Americans. His reward was a hangman's noose. This modern day John Brown fights like hell for nothing at all, except maybe to give his autistic mother something to brag to the neighbors about. He trades various of his bodily parts for a set of nice, shiny medals. With these medals and 15¢ his mother can get a ride anytime on a New York subway train.

By Bob Dylan
© 1962 by author
Tune, much like "900 Miles"

John Brown went off to war, To fight on a foreign shore,
His mother sure was proud of him.
He stood so straight and tall, In his uniform and all,
His mother's face broke out all in a grin.

"Oh, son, you look so fine, I'm glad you're a son of mine,
You make me proud to know you hold a gun.
Do what the captain says, Lots of medals you will get,
And we'll put 'em on the wall when you come home."

When that old train pulled out, John's ma began to shout,
Tellin' everyone in the neighborhood.
"That's my son that's about to go, He's a soldier now, you know."
She made well sure her neighbors understood.

She got a letter once in a while, And her face broke into a smile,
And she showed them to the people from next door.
And she bragged about her son, with his uniform and gun,
And this thing she called "a good old-fashioned war".

Lawd, Lawd, a good old-fashioned war.

And the letters ceased to come, For a long time they did not come,
They ceased to come for about nine months or more.
Then a letter finally came, saying go down and meet the train,
Your son's a-covin' home from the war.

She smiled and went right down, she looked up and all around,
But she did not see her soldier son in sight.
But as all the people passed, she saw her son at last,
And when she did she could hardly believe her eyes.

His face was all shot up, and his hands were both blown off,
And he wore a metal brace around his waist.
He whispered kind of slow, In a voice she did not know,
While she could not even recognize his face.

"Oh, tell me my darling son, Pray tell me what they've done,
How is it that you come to be this way?"
He tried his best to talk, as his mouth could hardly move.
And his mother had to turn her head away.

"Don't you remember, ma, When I went off to war,
You thought it was the best thing I could do.
I was on the battleground, you were home actin' proud,
We thank God you wasn't standin' in my shoes."

"You know, I thought when I was there, God what am I doin' here?
I'm tryin' to kill somebody -- or die tryin'."
But the thing that scared me most was when my enemy came close,
And I saw that his face looked just like mine.

Lawd, Lawd, just like mine."

"And I could not help but think, Through the thunder, rolling stink,
That I was just a puppet in a play.
And through the roar and smoke, the string it finally broke,
And a cannonball it blew my eyes away."

And as he turned away to walk, his ma was still in shock,
Seein' the metal brace that helped him stand.
But as he turned to go he called his mother close,
And he dropped his medals down into her hand.

Lawd, Lawd, down into her hand.

SIDE I, Band 4: AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW

(Words & music & sung by Peter La Farge)

Peter La Farge comes by his defense of our Indians naturally. Part Indian himself, his father is the longtime battler for Indian rights, Oliver La Farge, whose novel about the Navahos, "Laughing Boy", won the Pulitzer Prize in 1930. Born a few generations earlier, Pete, feeling the way he does, probably would have fought it out with the white under the burning Arizona desert sun a scalping knife in his hand. Now he battles with a guitar, and a brain that can produce such scorching indictments of white perfidy as this one and "Ira Hayes" and at the same time the tender, haunting "Coyote, My Brother."

Our Treatment of Indians

Coercion of Senecas Over Kinzua Dam Considered Shameful

Tribesmen of the New York Times

Your editorial of Sept. 20 "The Lake of Perfidy" regrettably comes too late to be more than an epitaph to the victims of the Kinzua Dam. One wishes you would have named the men responsible for this outrage instead of cloaking them in the anonymity of the United States Government.

You are not alone in feeling shock and a deep shame at this proof of the utter dehumanization of our public and private policies. By what right do we justify the virtual destruction of the Seneca nation? Not by request of these Indians, who seem to have little desire to leave the scraps of ancient tribal land they still hold.

Ideologically we have always deplored the Machiavellian glorification of power. In the area of human rights we claim moral superiority over the Communist nations today. Historically we have also claimed this superiority over our contemporaries. Yet there is something psychopathic in a national conscience that spends millions yearly to announce our inherent goodness to the world while proving to anyone who cares to look that we coerce and exploit the weak in the age-old manner of powerful nations everywhere.

Areas of Self-Interest

Our history is not empty of other examples of unfeeling self-interest: the Mexican War, the Spanish-American War and the Panama Canal take-over are a few of the prominent ones. Self-interest was strong enough to overcome our philosophical scruples there, too. But that, of course, is not the point. The nation had much to gain in those instances.

We took because it benefited us to take and because the countries we took from were not strong enough to stop us. One is hardly naive enough to expect a strong nation to practice collectively, in toto, what its moral leaders preach. But always there was the hope that a country conceived as ours was could grow beyond man's natural rapacity.

These Indians, too, lack the strength to stop us. But, for reason's sake, what can we possibly gain here? Another dam, a little more power for power-rich New York State? In exchange for an entire nation, this is small return indeed. It can only serve as a brutal reminder to other small nations that we are not to be trusted, for all our invocation of the ghosts of Jefferson and Lincoln.

The symbolic end of the great Athenian experiment, some 1,600 years ago, was the seizure of tiny Melos. Perhaps we are witnessing the end of a similar experiment. It is a sad thing.

JOHN TAYLOR GATTO III
New York, Sept. 20, 1962.

Talking Blues Syncopation

1. The Senecas are an Indian tribe of the Iroquois nation

Down on the New York-Pennsylvania line you'll find / reservation

After the U. S. revolution Cornplanter was a chief-- He told the

tribe these men they could trust; that was his true belief-- He

went down to Independence Hall & there a treaty signed, That

promised peace with the USA & Indian, combined; George Washington

gave his signature, the government gave it's hand, They said that

now and forever more this was Indian land. CHO: As long as the

moon shall rise, As long as the rivers flow, As long as the

sun will shine, As long as the grass shall grow. grow. (spoken)

2. On the Seneca Reservation, there is much sadness now, no hope, no joy. Washington's treaty has been broken, there is no hope, no joy. All across the Allegheny River, they're throwing up a dam, it will flood the Indian country, a sad day for Uncle Sam. It has broken the ancient treaty, with a politician's grin, it will drown the Indians' graveyards, Cornplanter, can you swim? The earth is mother to the Senecas, they're trampling sacred ground, Change the mint green earth to black mud flats, As honor hobbles down (CHO.)
3. The Iroquois Indians used to rule from Canada way south. But no one fears the Indians now, and smiles the liar's mouth. The Senecas hired an expert to figure another site, But the great good Army engineers, said that he had no right. Although he showed them another plan, and showed them another way, They laughed in his face and said no deal, Kinzua Dam is here to stay. Congress turned the Indians down, brushed off the Indians' plea. So the Senecas have renamed the dam, they call it Lake Perfidy. (CHO.)
4. Washington, Adams and Kennedy, now hear their pledges ring. The treaties are safe, we'll keep our word, but what is that gurgling? It's the back water from Perfidy Lake, it's rising all the time, Over the homes, and over the fields, and over the promises fine. No boats will sail on Lake Perfidy, in winter it will fill, In summer it will be a swamp, which all the fish will kill. But the government of the USA has corrected George's vow, The father of our country must be wrong -- What's an Indian any how. (CHO.)

BALLAD OF WILLIAM WORTHY

Words & Music by
PHIL OCHS

SIDE I, Band 5: WILLIAM WORTHY

(Words & music by Phil Ochs, sung by Phil Ochs)

This is a ballad about a conscientious American citizen who took too seriously the assurances from all sides that he was truly living in a "Free World". He assumed this meant, among a lot of other wonderful things, freedom to travel. So he set off on a short trip. But it turned out he's having a tough time getting back home again; in fact, he hasn't made it yet. Somewhere along the line his passport was stamped "Good only for transit to the nearest jailhouse."

VERSES:

C G7 C

1. It's of a bold re-port-er, A sto-ry I will tell. %

went down to the Cu-ba land; The near-est place to hell. He'd been there man-y times be-fore, but

C Am C G7

now the law does say, The on-ly way to Cu-ba is with the C. I. A.

CHORUS:

C G7 C G7

Wil-liam Wor-thy is a't wor-thy to ea-ter our door;— ("He's) Went down to Cu-ba; He's not A -

C Am C G7

mer-i-can an-y-more.—But some-how it is strange to hear the State De-part-ment say, "You are

C G7 C G7 C

liv-ing in the Free World; In the Free World you must stay. 2) Five Dis-sey-land this year. 3) So 4) Well, there

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- VERSE: 2. Five thousand dollars or a five year sentence may well be, For a man who had the nerve to think that travellin' is free. He should have listened closer, when he heard the experts say, "This modern world is getting so much smaller every day."
- VERSE: 3. So come all you good travellers, and fellow travellers too, And travel all around the world; See every country through. I'd surely like to come along, and see what may be new, But my passport's disappearing, as I sing these words to you.
- VERSE: 4. Well there really is no need to travel to these evil lands, And though the list grows larger you must try to understand, And try hard not to worry, if someday you should hear, "The whole world is off limits; Visit Disseyland this year."

BENNY "KID" PARET

words & music by
Gil Turner
© 1962 by author

Am F Am

They called him Benny Kid Paret, you might recall his name; He

had a fine strong body choppin down the Sugar cane- His hands were

quick, his muscles hard & many men did fall; Am They said that

he was soon to be the champion of them all - - - -.

On Saturday night not long ago, you might remember when
The people came from miles around to see his fight again
The dusty smoke hung in the air, the time was drawing near
He climbed the ropes and waved his hands and the people they did cheer

Eleven rounds he fought that night, it was a losing game
He t into his mouthpiece but he couldn't stop the pain
His head fell back, his eyes went blind, he lost the final hope
They hanged the Cuban boy that night upon a cross of rope

There's danger on the ocean where the waves roll mountain high
There's danger on the battlefield where angry bullets fly
There's danger in the boxing ring for death is waiting there
Watching for a killing through the hot and smoky air

I've walked your streets and alleys, I've seen fighters in my time
Some beaten crazy in the brain, and some were beaten blind
And Benny's not the first to die, down on the canvas floor
Brave men swallowed their last breath while the crowd screamed for more -

You've heard about your Romans, long many years ago
Crowding big arenas just to see the slaves' blood flow
There's been lots of changes since those days and now we're civilized
Our gladiators kill with gloves instead of swords and knives

His name was Benny "Kid" Paret, up from the Cuban land
He once knew fame and glory, now his name is carved in sand
His hands were quick, his muscles hard, and many men did fall
He never stopped til he became the champion of them all



SIDE I, Band 6: BENNY KID PARET

(Written & sung by Gil Turner)

Once it was the Irish. Then it was the Jews. Now-
adays the ranks of professional boxers in America
are filled mainly by Negroes, Puerto Ricans &
Cuban-Americans. You can almost tell by our boxing
champions who are the poorest people in America.
Dreams of making it in the prize ring are often
the boys' only hope of escaping the slums. A few
reach the top; most never make it; some, their brains
like scrambled eggs from the pounding, shamble punch-
drunk back into the shadows; sometimes too many blood
vessels are broken and, like Benny Kid, they die...
Gil Turner is the leader of the New World Singers.
The other two are Bob Cohn & Happy Traum.

(Written & sung by Peter La Farge)

SING OUT magazine a few years back printed a chant used by those picketing Woolworth stores. The leader asks if Lincoln, Grant, M.L. King, you yourself, would buy things there. The chorus responds each time with a "No!" Then comes the question: "Does Faubus buy at Woolworth's?" The answer a resounding: "Yes!"
"What does he buy?"
"White sheets!"

In this ballad Pete La Farge points out a few other holes in the sheets besides those through which hate-crazed KKK eyes blink out on a world they can no longer comprehend... Pete Seeger on the banjo.

Well, suthin gentlemen been a-gettin' their jollies With a
new min-strel show called the Faubus Folies. The newest song in the
guv'nor's collection rated the Supreme Court inspection
Chorus: Oh well the U. S. has an eagle, Missouri has a mule, Alaska's got a
(spoken) bear, Arkansas --- has a fool.

Guv'nor Faubus passed him a new resolution,
Gotta re-write the U. S. Constitution.
There's gonna be a brand new law,
No de-segregation in Arkansas.

CHORUS

Well, Guv'nor Faubus had a hard row to hoe,
When the whole damned Army told him "No!"
When he took on Uncle Sam
He found the Ku Klux Klan was undermanned.

Oh, well, the U.S. has an eagle,
Missouri has a mule,
Alaska's got a bear,
Arkansas -- hah! -- has a fool.

Well, those who voted for Faubus they've got no education,
Can't even read the laws of this nation.
So if they can't learn, why send their babes,
Let's make all of their schools for the darker shades.

CHORUS

BROADSIDE #22

I WILL NOT GO DOWN UNDER THE GROUND

Words & Music by
Bob Dylan
© 1962 by author

I will not go down under the ground because someone tells me
that death's comin' round; I will not carry myself down to die
when I go to my grave my head will be high - Let me die in my
footsteps be-fore I'll go down under the ground. ---

There's been rumors of wars and wars that have been
The meaning of life has been lost in the wind
Some people are thinkin' that the end is close by
Instead of learning to live they are learning to die. (CHO.)

I don't think I'm smart but I think I can see
When someone is pulling the wool over me
And if there's a war and death comes around
Let me die on this land 'for I'll die underground. (CHO.)

There's always been people that have to cause fear
They've been talking about war for many long years
I've read all their statements and not said a word
And now, Lord God, let my poor voice be heard. (CHO.)

If I had riches and rubies and crowns
I'd buy the whole world and I'd change things around
I'd throw all the tanks and the guns in the sea
For they all are mistakes of our past history. (CHO.)
Let me drink from the waters where the mountain streams flow
Let the smell of wild flowers flow free through my blood
Let me sleep in your meadows with your green grassy leaves
Let me walk down the highway with my brothers in peace. (CHO.)

Go out in your country where the land meets the sun
See the meadows and mountains where the wild waters run
Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho
Let every state in the Union seep deep down in your soul.
CHO. And you'll die, etc.

SIDE II, Band 2: I WILL NOT GO DOWN UNDER THE GROUND

(Words & music by Bob Dylan, sung by Happy Traum)

Bob Dylan's blunt answer to the yawping of the Madison Avenue Pitchmen trying to sell fallout shelters. He shines a light into the murky darkness of our age and shows us in one bright instant what it might have taken a less impatient philosopher a lifetime to discover: namely that instead of learning to live, we are learning to die. What he says was never more evident than in the recent crisis over Cuba, when millions of Americans sought desperately to think of some dignified way to meet death in an obscene atomic holocaust... Happy Traum when not singing solo is one-third of the New World Singers.

ONLY A HOBO & TALKIN' DEVIL

(Written by Bob Dylan, sung by Blind Boy Grunt)

The Skid Rows of America remain well-greased, and many a good man, lawyer, writer, beggarman and thief, still slides down them into oblivion. No less than 12,000 of the men the professional social workers like to call "human derelicts" still exist in New York City's Bowery alone... The American hobo has had more songs written and sung about him than all our Presidents lumped together. Jay Gould fixed the blinds so he couldn't ride there anymore. Then they took the rods out from under him. But still he continues on, bumming his way through America's imagination. A psychologist would have to study the question hard for some years and then produce a pretty thick book to explain why... As for the Devil, he started out by giving the first man ever created a snow job and hasn't stopped talking since... Both songs sung by a Blind Boy brought into the studio by Bob Dylan for this very purpose.



ONLY A HOBO

By BOB DYLAN
© 1963 by Author

As I was out walkin' on the corner one day I spied an old 'Hobo,
in the doorway he lay. His face was all grounded in the sidewalk
floor, And I guess he'd been dead for the whole night or more.---
Chorus:
Only a Hobo but one more is gone Leavin' nobody to sing his sad
song. -- Leavin' nobody to carry him home, He was only a Hobo but
one more is gone.

A blanket of newspaper covered his head
As a step was his pillow the street was his bed
One look at his face showed the hard road he'd come
A fistful of coins showed the money he'd bummed.

CHORUS

Does it take much of a man to see his whole life go down
To look up at the world from a hole in the ground
To wait for your future like a horse that's gone lame
To lie in the gutter and to die with no name.

CHORUS

BROADSIDE # 22

TALKING DEVIL

By Bob Dylan
© 1962 by author

Spoken: This is all about where the devil is. Some people
say that there's no devil.

Well, sometimes you can't see him so good,
When he hides his head 'neath a snow white hood,
And rides to kill with his face well hid,
And then goes home to his wife and kids.
Wonder if his kids know who he is?

Well, he wants you to hate and he wants you to fear,
Wants you to fear something that's not even there.
He'll give you your hate, and he'll give you his lies,
He'll give you the weapons to run out and die.
And you give him your soul.

Spoken: That's just two verses to it.

SIDE II, Band 4: AIN'T GONNA LET SEGREGATION TURN
US AROUND

(A Southern Freedom Movement song sung by the Freedom Singers)

Here is a song you might say was composed by a whole people, millions of them. It is topical song creation at its very best; it narrates an important historical event, gives an affirmative opinion on that event, shores up the morale of the singers and listeners, and moves the latter to think, deliberate, and act. It comes, of course, out of the Albany, Georgia, struggle for Negro rights, and you walk right along with the marchers on past the police dogs, the shotguns, the deputy sheriffs, until you hear the jail doors clang shut behind you... The Freedom Singers are four young people who, being American Negroes, never fall for all the loose talk going around that this is a "Free World". They work for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) which operates in the Southern U.S. segment of the "Free World" trying to win Negro voter rights which have been denied by lynch, mutilation, lynch mob, shotguns and burning at the stake for only about two or three centuries. Rutha Harris, 22, and Bernice Johnson, 20, appropriately enough are natives of Albany, Ga... Charles Neblett, 21, thought Jim Crow was purely a Southern institution until one day he tried to buy a ticket at the swimming pool in Cairo in Abe Lincoln's home state of Illinois... If you ever run across a professor who has a Ford or Rockefeller grant to do a study of the insides of Southern jails advise him to get in touch with Cordell Hull Reagon, the 4th member of the Freedom Singers. Though only 19, C.H. Reagon in connection with his work as a fighter for civil rights has already been arrested and jailed no less than 14 times. In those bastions of Democracy: Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia.

AIN'T GONNA LET SEGREGATION TURN US AROUND
KEEP ON A-TRAVELIN' ON

Ain't go'n let se-gre-ga-tion turn us around, turn us around,
turn us around. Ain't go'n let se-gre-ga-tion turn us a-round;
Keep on a-walkin', Keep on a-talkin', Keep on a-travelin' on,
(a-marchin' a-long)

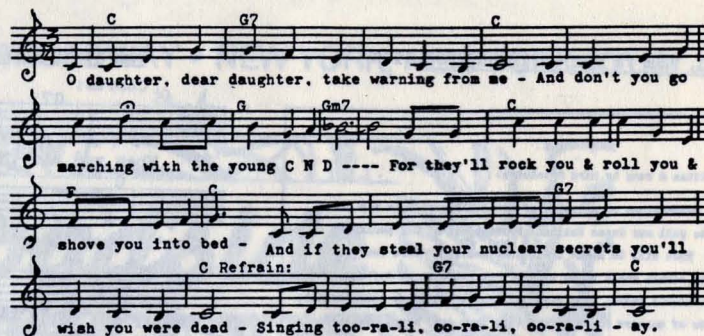
2. Ain't go'n let no injunction turn us around, etc.
3. Ain't go'n let no police cars turn us around, etc.
4. Ain't go'n let no jailhouse turn us around, etc.
5. Ain't go'n let no police dogs turn us around, etc.
6. Ain't go'n let old jim crow turn us around, etc.
7. Ain't go'n let no shotguns turn us around, etc.
8. Ain't go'n let Chief Pritchett turn us around, etc.

G O L I M P

words: Alex Comfort
tune: British version
of "Sweet Betsy"

(Authored by Dr. Alex Comfort to the tune of
"Villikins & His Dinah". Sung by Matt McGinn)

Dr. Comfort is a cheerful London anarchist who also happens to be a world renowned authority on the science of geriatrics. All his life he wrote irreverent rhymes to sing in his bathtub. Then a few years ago he suddenly found he could write good rhymes for the Aldermaston peace marchers. So he has been turning out one good song after another for the peace movement, including the beautiful "One Man's Hands" (with music by Pete Seeger). In Go Limp he takes a peek behind the scenes on a peace march and discovers that the marchers, after all, are human beings just like the rest of us... Matt McGinn, who ducked in from Glasgow to sing it, is representative of many of today's new topical song creators. They sing, write, and perform, all in one breath. Matt has written close to 100 songs of his own, ranging from a sardonic commentary on how liberal-minded Jesus would fare in the hands of the John Birchers to a tender lullaby about a Scots miner who "cuddles down" in a dank coal seam so that his babies may have warm beds in which to "cuddle down" at home.



O mother dear mother, I am not afraid
For I'll go on that march and I'll return a maid
With a brick in my handbag and a scowl on my face
And barbed wire in my underwear to head off
disgrace. Singing toorali, etc.

But as they were marching, a young man came by
With a beard on his chin and a gleam in his eye
And before she had time to remember her brick
They were holding a sitdown on a neighboring
hayrick. Singing toorali, etc.

Now once at the briefing, she'd heard a man say
Go perfectly limp and be carried away
So when this chap suggested it was time she was kissed
She remembered her briefing and did not resist. (Cho.)

O meeting is pleasure and parting is pain
I don't need to sing all that folk stuff again
O mother, O mother, I'm stiff and I'm sore
From sleeping three nights on a hard classroom
floor. (Cho.)

Now mother, don't flap, there's no need for distress
That marcher has left me his name and address
And if we win, though a baby there be
He won't have to march like his dada and me. (Cho.)



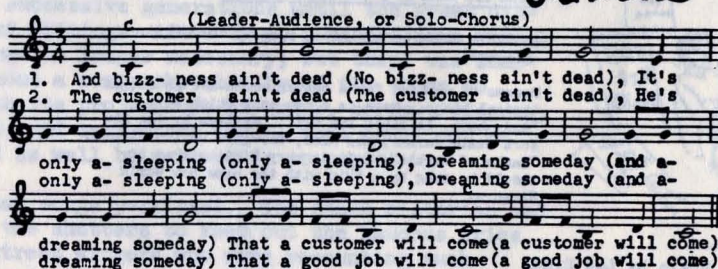
BROADSIDE # 5, May 1962. P.O.Box 193, Cathedral Sta. New York 25,NY

BROADSIDE

BROADSIDE #16, MID-NOVEMBER 1962 -- P.O. BOX 193, NEW YORK 25, N.Y. 35¢

BIZZNESS AIN'T DEAD

by Woody Guthrie



1. And bizz- ness ain't dead (No bizz- ness ain't dead), It's
2. The customer ain't dead (The customer ain't dead), He's
only a- sleeping (only a- sleeping), Dreaming someday (and a-
only a- sleeping (only a- sleeping), Dreaming someday (and a-
dreaming someday) That a customer will come (a customer will come)
dreaming someday) That a good job will come (a good job will come)
3. That good job ain't dead
It's only a-sleeping,
Dreaming someday
That a paycheck will come.
4. That paycheck's not dead
It's only a-sleeping,
Dreaming and dreaming
That the President's gonna come.
5. Well the President's not dead
He's only a-sleeping,
Sleeping and dreaming
That old Atom Bomb won't come.
6. That Atom Bomb ain't dead
It's just about half sleeping,
Sleeping and dreaming
That a new world's gonna come.

7. That new world ain't dead
It's not even sleeping,
It's a-wiggling and a-waiting
For you 'n me to come.
8. Now you and me ain't dead
We're both just pretending,
We're waiting and waiting
For the voters to come.
9. The voters ain't dead
We're sleeping and dreaming
Dreaming someday
That a big job will come.
10. Bizzness ain't dead
It's only a-sleeping,
Dreaming someday
That a customer will come.

The Saturday Evening Post

October 13, 1962

industries haunted by the specter of depression.
Many of the nation's problems come to sharp
focus in Pennsylvania. With 350,000 out of work,
the state has the highest unemployment rate of
any heavily industrialized state in the nation. Her

(Note: Although written around 1950, this song will remain topical
as long as we have our business ups and downs)

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SIDE II, Band 6: BUZZY'S AIN'T DEAD

(Words & music by Woody Guthrie, sung by the New
World Singers)

A few months ago a whole batch of new Woody Guthrie songs were rediscovered in the office of Howie Richmond. They had lain half-forgotten on a shelf ever since Woody taped them back around 1950. But "Bizzness Ain't Dead" is as topical as if it had been written yesterday afternoon. Especially when you start thinking about the unemployed coal miners in Kentucky and West Virginia, and a half million people out of work in Pennsylvania, and a quarter of a million auto workers pounding the bricks in Detroit, and the GNP moving at a snail's pace while the bankrupt railroads get ready to fire 80,000 more Trainmen... Some 5,000,000 jobless Americans have already been dreaming about that elusive paycheck for a long, long time.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE CIVIL DEFENSE SIGN

(Written & sung by Mark Spoelstra)

The manufacture of millions of civil defense signs may yet serve to pull our Gross National Product out of its prolonged slump. That will be about their only benefit, since even the youngest school child knows by now that there is no defense against atomic bombs. The signs also give relief to unemployment; hundreds of workers are busy screwing them onto every available place. The little arrows point ever which way, backwards and forwards, around corners and straight ahead, sideways and down, to the right and to the left. It is said that if you follow the signs long enough you'll find some crackers and canned water. But you won't find protection from atomic bombs. There isn't any. *simply* Recent PEACE.

THE CIVIL DEFENSE SIGN

By MARK SPOELSTRA
© 1963 by Author

Chorus: G7 C F G7

When you see this sign it's time to go, This sign, This sign

You'll know it's time to go when the siren starts to blow, Re-

Verse: C G7 C G7 C

member the Civil Defense sign. (Guitar) This sign won't save you &

Me, This sign, This sign. But it's a hole for the souls of

your friends & mine, Remember the Civil Defense sign. My town's

got more signs than yours, More signs, More signs. I've got more

bandaids more ice cubes & more iodine, Just in case it hurts some

friend of mine.



2. I won't be the one to die,
To die, To die,
Of course a certain percentage
Just has to go,
But I won't be the one to die.
Make the missiles so daddy will have a job,
A job, A job,
When the missiles start to fly
We can all lay down and die,
Then daddy won't have to work anymore.
- CHO. When you see this sign it's time to go,
This sign, This sign.
You'll know it's time to go,
When the siren starts to blow.
Remember the Civil Defense sign,
Remember the Civil Defense sign.

BROADSIDE #22

BROADSIDE # 3 APRIL 1962 BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STA. NEW YORK 25, N.Y.



SIDE II, Band 8: I CAN SEE A NEW DAY

(Words & music by Les Rice, sung by the New World Singers)

Dreams of mankind for a better world are as old as topical songs. Here is a new song which says, "And, boys, it ain't far off". Written by the New York State farmer, Les Rice, who gave us the classic "Banks of Marble"... It is very fitting that it should be sung by a trio with the name New World Singers.

I CAN SEE A NEW DAY

Words & Music by Les Rice
© by author March 1962

C G7 C

I can see a new day, a new day soon to be

F C

when the storm clouds are all passed, and the sun

G7 C

shines on a world that is free ----.

I can see a new world
A new world coming fast
When all men are brothers
And hatred forgotten at last

I can see a new man
A new man standing tall
With his head high and
his heart proud
And afraid of nothing at all

I can see a new day
A new day soon to be
When the storm clouds are all passed
And the sun shines on a world that is free.

UNION IN U.S.A. - 1971