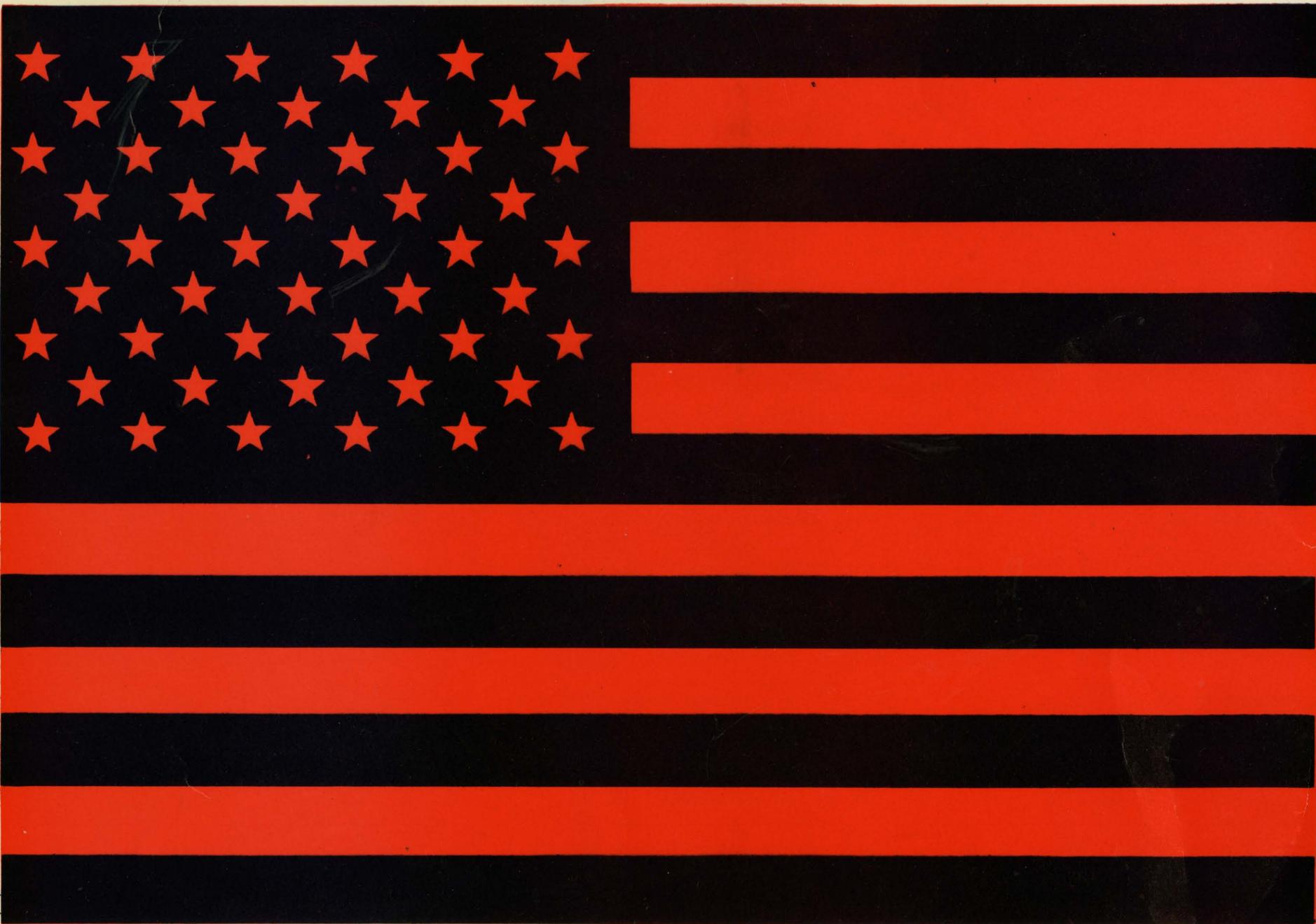


BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 303

THE BROADSIDE SINGERS

# THE BROADSIDE SINGERS

A GROUP OF NINE WRITERS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO BROADSIDE MAGAZINE



AIN'T THAT NEWS / MORE GOOD MEN GOIN' DOWN / TIMES I'VE HAD / PATHS OF VICTORY / CHRISTINE / RATTLESNAKE / CARRY IT ON  
LINKS ON THE CHAIN / CAUSES / IMMIGRANTS / THE FAUCETS ARE DRIPPING / FATHER'S GRAVE / THE SCRUGGS PICKER  
PLAINS OF NEBRASKY-O / FREEDOM IS A CONSTANT STRUGGLE

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AIN'T THAT GOOD NEWS  
MORE GOOD MEN GOIN' DOWN  
TIMES I'VE HAD  
PATHS OF VICTORY  
CHRISTINE

RATTLESNAKE  
CARRY IT ON  
LINKS ON THE CHAIN  
CAUSES  
WELCOME, WELCOME, EMIGRANTE

THE FAUCETS ARE DRIPPING  
FATHER'S GRAVE  
THE SCRUGGS PICKER  
PLAINS OF NEBRASKY-O  
FREEDOM IS A CONSTANT SORROW

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

THE **BROADSIDE** SINGERS

# BROADSIDE

Vol. 3

This is the third record of a series inspired by the New York topical song magazine Broadside, and of the three I believe it will turn out to be the most significant. The songs are performed by the Broadside singers, a group made up of nine of the major contributors to the magazine, a sort of left-wing New Christy Minstrels. In a sense it is a continuation of the spirit of the Almanac Singers of the forties, since both are strictly topical groups commenting on the political and social issues of their times with original compositions.

It is the most representative record of its kind since it covers the 14 most prolific topical writers in the country. The major limit on the choice of material was the elimination of important songs which didn't lend themselves to group singing because of their structure, length, etc. Whenever possible the individual authors made the decision on which songs were to be used.

Since it is incredibly difficult to get nine performing artists in town at the same time, the choosing of songs rehearsals and recordings were made in a few days. Schedules were too busy to allow even one rehearsal to be fully attended, and by necessity, the record was made in one three and a half hour session with no editing.

The rehearsals were marked by a combination of confusion and excitement as brand new songs were being memorized and arranged simultaneously. The discussion of different points inevitably led to other songs and other writers and ten minutes would elapse before returning to the arrangement, but a musical militancy prevailed and finally the coffee cups were empty, the ash trays were filled, and the songs were familiar.

Into the valley of the recording studio rode the nine nameless writers, and while the mikes were being arranged a large glass of rum and coke was passed around. After greeting each other, tuning up, clearing up throats and taking recording levels for about an hour, the session began and rolled along with surprising ease.

This record is coming out at a time when the folk market is saturated with overdone and hackneyed material. Although it is basically a spontaneous production the intensity of the singing and the honesty of the writing gives it a validity lacking in many releases of professional groups who seem to have lost touch with the roots of folk music if indeed they ever had any.

People forget that many of the early folk singers who achieved prominence came out of left wing trade union singing. This left wing tradition formed an important part of the foundation of the modern folk revival as we know it.

Around 1915 the radical union Industrial Workers of the World known as the Wobblies produced several functional topical song writers who usually set their words to popular tunes of the day. The best known of these was the Swedish immigrant Joe Hill who wrote the sarcastic "Pie in the Sky" song popular during the depression.

Aside from his writing, Hill was actively involved with the rough-and-tumble union activities of the time, and after a controversial trial where he was apparently framed on a murder charge, he fell before a firing squad in Utah at the age of 36.

During the twenties, the bloody mining strikes of Kentucky and West Virginia produced several important topical writers including Aunt Molly Jackson whose earthy singing helped out many a difficult strike. Her song on the death of Harry Simms, a young organizer is a graphic documentation of the period.

The next major figure in topical music was Woody Guthrie the Oklahoma dust bowl balladeer who remained almost a one man movement through the thirties and forties. He wrote and adapted approximately a thousand songs some of which have already been accepted as authentic folk music since they have worked their way into oral tradition.

After Woody was incapacitated with a nervous disease Pete Seeger spread the topical political gospel through the fifties, popularizing the songs of Woody and other writers and producing such works as "Where Have All the Flowers Gone."

During 1962 several young writers were making their mark on the New York folk scene. I don't think it's possible to ascertain why these writers from different areas appeared and started producing so close together. Perhaps it was inevitable with so many people learning to play the guitar during the folk boom that a certain percentage would come to discover they could express themselves by writing in the folk idiom.

Also the civil rights movement, the Kennedy image of action, the peace marches, and the general increase in political interest among the generation of the sixties were all somewhat conducive to this flurry of writing.

In this period Broadside magazine has served as the main focal point in the writing revival; it has been a stimulus and a catalyst to most of the writers and has given many of them their first recognition while serving as the only forum for the discussion of topical songs.

Like the record the magazine is essentially non-professional in approach. It is edited by an elderly couple from Oklahoma, Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen and is turned out by hand on a mimeograph machine by Gordon's brother Ollie.

They are great people to talk to in a cold disinterested city like New York. Sis will reminisce about the days she played accordian with the Almanac singers and how they were blown out of Oklahoma in the dust bowl days, and Gordon who once had a novel published will talk about his days as a journalist when he once authored a rumor about a gold strike out west and started a mild rush with the unknowing assistance of the Associated Press.

The Broadside office is their small apartment in a low-rent district in uptown New York. Their living room is distinguished by piles of back issues, unanswered mail, literally hundreds of unpublished songs and a few cats, rabbits and other pets belonging to their daughter Jane.

The magazine is scaled in such a way as to make profit almost impossible, and the workload has grown so heavy with their increasing success that they were forced to change from a bi-weekly to a monthly.

Fortunately, they received some money from the Newport Folk Festival Foundation and will be getting some extra money from the sales of Broadside records and a

new series of songwriters concerts at the Village Gate in Greenwich Village.

I think these notes might be a good place to straighten out some possible misconceptions about the young writers themselves. I've noticed several attempts to idealize them as sort of twentieth century knights. None of the writers I know considers himself exceptionally noble, and most of them have a good healthy steak of ambition. This point is especially directed to the starry-eyed 13-year-old radical fans who comprise a good portion of the topical audience.

## AIN'T THAT NEWS?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
TOM PAXTON

G

I'VE GOT NEWS OF THE VE-ry BEST KIND, A - BOUT

C G

TROU-BLES THAT ARE FALL-ING BE-HIND A-BOUT PEOP-LE— THAT

G D

USED TO BE BLIND TILL THEY OP-ENED UP THEIR EYES TO SEE. IT'S

G C

NEWS— WHEN THEY BE-GIN TO ASK WHY THEY'RE POOR— UN-TIL THE

G

DAY THAT THEY DIE. THEY'RE TI-RED— OF PIE IN THE SKY AND THEY

D G CHOS. G C G

WANT SOME SE-CUR-I - TY. AND THAT'S NEWS NEWS AIN'T THAT NEWS?

G D G

AIN'T THAT SOME-THING TO SEE THAT'S NEWS, NEWS, YOU

C G D G

TALK A-BOUT YOUR NEWS THAT'S MIGHT-Y GOOD NEWS TO ME.

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### SIDE I, Band 2: MORE GOOD MEN GOIN' DOWN - Dave Cohen

Although Dave has only written a few songs, his talent is unmistakable. He's exceptionally well-versed with traditional material, and this has given him tasteful guidelines.

#### MORE GOOD MEN GOIN' DOWN

By Dave Cohen  
© by Author, 1963

F C G C G F C G C G

A baby cries in the morning sun, The mother looks down on her father-less

one The rescue team goes on and on— More good men goin' down.

And her eyes showed tears of pain  
As she looked out her window-pane  
Her man's not comin' home again.

Chorus: More good men goin' down. (twice)

He died when he was just twenty-two  
A young man in his prime,  
He left a wife and a baby boy -

More good men goin' down. (twice)

The mother will live and the boy will grow  
In a few more years you never know  
That mother from those other times  
Has lost another man to the mines. (Chorus)

The body of work achieved by these writers I believe will clearly emerge as the single most important contribution of the folk revival. With so many hundreds of good songs being written there is bound to be quite a respectable number of great ones. On this record you have a priceless composite selection of some of the finest efforts.

Notes by Phil Ochs

### SIDE I, Band 1: AIN'T THAT GOOD NEWS - Tom Paxton

A master craftsman, Tom is able to fuse words and music together with simplicity and taste. His long experience and steady improvement have brought him to a point where almost everything he writes has validity.

2. I'VE GOT NEWS ABOUT SOME ORDINARY MEN  
THEY HEARD IT PREACHED TIME AND AGAIN  
TO BE PATIENT AND GRATEFUL, A-MEN,  
AND "DON'T AGITATE AROUND HERE!"  
THEY ARGUED AND THEY TALKED IT AROUND  
AND THEY WOKE UP AND HERE'S WHAT THEY FOUND:  
THEIR VOICES MADE A MIGHTY BIG SOUND  
TILL THEY DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF FEAR.

(CHOS.)

3. IN HAZARD THEY'RE MEETING AT NIGHT  
ORGANIZING, AND DOING IT RIGHT,  
AND PLANNING FOR A HELL OF A FIGHT  
AND THEY SURE DON'T AIM TO LOSE  
IN NEW YORK THE TENANTS SAID, "NO,  
THE SLUMLORD AIN'T GETTING OUR DOUGH,"  
THEY'RE FED UP AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW  
THAT'S THE VERY BEST KIND OF NEWS.

(CHOS.)



THE TIMES I'VE HAD

By Mark Spoelstra  
© 1962  
Trinity Music, Inc.

SIDE I, Band 3: TIMES I'VE HAD - Mark Spoelstra

A superb instrumentalist, his flowing melodies and country influences characterize his work. Mark is currently spending two years working with migrant workers in California as a conscientious objector.

Let me tell you 'bout the times I've had, They aint so good and they  
aint so bad - Let me tell you 'bout the times I've had Trav'lin up the road to  
Gill-e-ad. - Let me tell 'bout the places I've been, Let me you 'bout the  
folly of men. - Mm Oh The times I've had.

(Verses)

1. Too many people try to lead the blind Half of them don't even  
2. Lots of people talk about a com- ing war, Some of them rich and  
know their own minds - Let me tell you when you see the light, You  
some of them poor - They talk a- bout it like a black jack game, -  
got to stand and shout when you know it's right -  
- But win or lose, you can't play a - gain



SIDE I, Band 4: PATHS OF VICTORY - Bob Dylan

The most gifted poetically of all the writers, Bob has established himself as the major performing songwriter in America; lately he has been drifting away from topical songs but the quality of his writing never stops improving.

PATHS OF VICTORY Words & Music: Bob Dylan  
© 1962 by author

Chorus  
Trails of troubles, Roads of battles, Paths of victory  
We shall walk. (v.1) I walked along the highway, I walked along the  
track; There was a one-way wind a-blowin', It was blowin' at my back.  
(Chorus)

The road it might be dusty, It might sometimes get rough,  
But that good road is a-waitin', and, boys, it aint far off. (CHO.)  
I went out to the valley, I turned my head up high,  
I saw the silver lining, that was hangin' in the sky. (CHO.)  
A gravel road is calling, It's a hard road to ride,  
Some old day it'll be a better way, and the cinders are on the side.

CHORUS

3. I was in Ohio  
in a little  
truck stop  
When a soldier  
told me  
this peace  
has got to  
stop  
He said think  
about  
the economy  
I ain't afraid  
to fight for  
my country.
4. It's folks  
that want to  
fight  
that I'm  
talkin' about  
They're leading  
the blind  
in a timeless  
drought  
But I don't want  
no drought  
on my land  
When there are  
Peace and Love  
in my  
right hand.

SIDE I, Band 5: CHRISTINE - Matt McGinn

A Scotsman who spends his time writing and singing for unions on the British Isles. His gift for humor has brightened topical writing on both sides of the ocean.

CHRISTINE

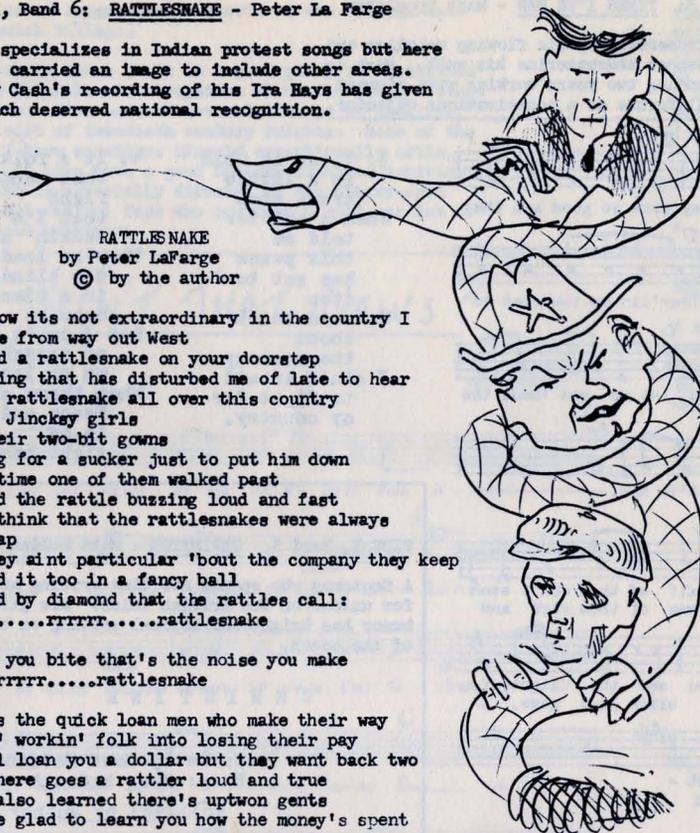
Words by Matt McGinn  
Tune: Mrs. McGrath

© 1963 by author

1. Queen Vickie used tae sit upon  
her magic stane  
Makin up governments all o' her  
ain  
But they took that privilege  
away frae the queen  
And gie'd it tae a lassie that  
they call Christine.
- CHORUS:  
With your Tooria, falderdoodle Da  
Tooria Oriooria. (Both lines rpt'd)
2. Christine was poor when she  
left the school  
But she made a lot of cash,  
she was naebody's fool  
She dilnae make it working  
on the factory floor  
She went tae London and became --  
a model. Cho.
3. In London Christine did gie well  
Wi' a hoose and a Rolls Royce  
a' tae hersel  
But the silly wee thing she fell  
in love  
Wi' Gordon-Edgecombe-Ivanov. Cho.
4. For she had another laud called  
John  
He was always there when the rest  
had gone  
He was sure he was the luckiest  
man alive  
Till he fell intae the arms  
of the M.I.5 Cho.
5. M.I.5 were awful ta'en aback  
They were nearly even gaunnie  
tell their Uncle Mac.  
For here was a Tory and a rye  
buck Red  
Fightin oot the cold war in  
Christine's bed. Skip Cho.
6. Lucky Gordon's back in the  
jail again  
And Mac's getting thrown oot  
o' number ten  
The Ministers are all in a  
terrible rage  
And Christine's thinking of gaun  
on the stage. Cho.

SIDE I, Band 6: RATTLESNAKE - Peter La Farge

Peter specializes in Indian protest songs but here he has carried an image to include other areas. Johnny Cash's recording of his Ira Hays has given him much deserved national recognition.



RATTLESNAKE  
by Peter LaFarge  
© by the author

You know its not extraordinary in the country I  
come from way out West  
To find a rattlesnake on your doorstep  
The thing that has disturbed me of late to hear  
the rattlesnake all over this country  
By the Jinksy girls  
And their two-bit gowns  
Waiting for a sucker just to put him down  
Every time one of them walked past  
I heard the rattle buzzing loud and fast  
You'd think that the rattlesnakes were always  
cheap

But they aint particular 'bout the company they keep  
I heard it too in a fancy hall  
Sounded by diamond that the rattles call:  
Rrrrrr.....rrrrrr.....rattlesnake

Before you bite that's the noise you make  
Rrrrrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake

There's the quick loan men who make their way  
Talkin' workin' folk into losing their pay  
They'll loan you a dollar but they want back two  
When there goes a rattler loud and true  
But I also learned there's uptown gents  
Who are glad to learn you how the money's spent

Their address is good and their clothes are neat  
But as they take your money the snake sajs "cheat"  
Rrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake  
Before you bite that's the noise you make  
Rrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake

I heard him too by the alley side  
Where the pushers deal and addicts glide  
Heroin's quiet and enchances the boys  
But I heard its anthem in the rattler's noise  
Then there's the uptown doctor with his needle clean  
He's awfully nice and he's never mean  
He'll give you dope by another name  
But I heard the rattler just the same  
Rrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake  
Before you bite that's the noise you make  
Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake

There's a city official way down low  
Keeping his pockets filled with dough  
If you want help don't ask his aide  
There's a rattlesnake sitting in his shade  
There's a politician way up high  
Too far to hear the people cry  
Passing bills for the wealthy man  
He won't explain but the rattler can  
Rrrrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake  
Before you bite that's the noise you make  
Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake

I heard it loydest way down South  
The rattle came from acracker's mouth  
Laced with spittle and crammed with hate  
He thought he was talkin'....I heard rattlesnake  
There's lots of snakes, let me tell you, Jack,  
There's the pygmy rattler and the diamond back  
Governor Johnson says he loves you all  
And the rattle stings with a southern drawl  
Rrrrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake  
Before you bite that's the noise you make  
Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake

SIDE I, Band 7: CARRY IT ON - Gil Turner

Gil was one of the founders of Broadside and has done a lot of important work in the civil rights movement. This song is considered by many of the writers to be one of the classics.

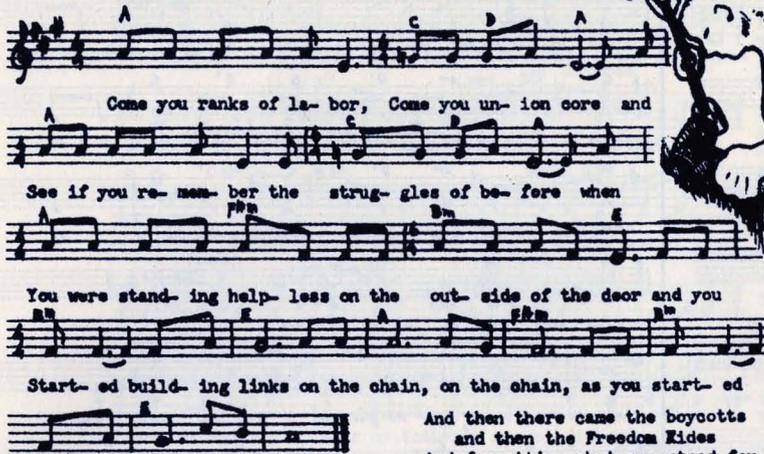
CARRY IT ON

Words & Music by  
Gil Turner

2. They will tell their lyin' stories  
Send their dogs to bite our bodies  
They will lock us into prison  
Carry it on, carry it on,  
Carry it on, carry it on.
3. All their lies be soon forgotten  
All their dogs - dogs are gonna lie there rottin'  
All their prison walls will crumble  
Carry it on, carry it on,  
Carry it on, carry it on.
4. If you can't - can't go on any longer  
Take the hand - hand held by your brother  
Every victory gonna bring another  
Carry it on, carry it on,  
Carry it on, carry it on.



Many of Phil's songs are a combination of the popular and folk idioms. He also makes wide use of satire to drive home his points.



Come you ranks of la- bor, Come you un- ion core and  
 See if you re- mem- ber the strug- gles of be- fore when  
 You were stand- ing help- less on the out- side of the door and you  
 Start- ed build- ing links on the chain, on the chain, as you start- ed

build- ing links on the chain.

When the police on the horses  
 were waiting on demand  
 Riding thru the strike with  
 a pistol in their hand  
 Swinging at the skull of many  
 a Union man  
 As you built one more link  
 on the chain, etc.

Then the army of the fascists  
 tried to put you on the run  
 But the army of the Union  
 they did what could be done  
 The power of the factory was  
 greater than the gun  
 As you built one more link  
 on the chain, etc.

Then in 1954, decisions  
 finally made  
 The black man was a- rising fast  
 and racing from the shade  
 Your Union took no stand and  
 your Union was betrayed  
 As you lost yourself a link  
 on the chain, etc.

BROADSIDE #46

And then there came the boycotts  
 and then the Freedom Rides  
 And forgetting what you stood for  
 you tried to block the tide  
 The automation bosses were  
 laughing on the side  
 As you lost one more link  
 on the chain, etc.

You know when they block your trucks  
 by laying on the road  
 All that they are doing is  
 all that you have showed  
 That you gotta strike, you gotta fight,  
 to get what you are owed  
 When you're building your links  
 on the chain, etc.

And the man who tries to tell you  
 that they'll take your job away  
 He's the same man who was scabbing hard  
 just the other day  
 And your Union's not a Union till he's  
 thrown out of the way  
 And he's shoking on your links  
 of the chain, etc.

For now the times are telling you  
 the times are rolling on  
 And you're fighting for the same thing  
 the jobs that will be gone  
 Now it's only fair to ask you, boys,  
 which side are you on?  
 As you're building all your links  
 on the chain, on the chain, etc.



SIDE II, Band 2: CAUSES - Pat Sky

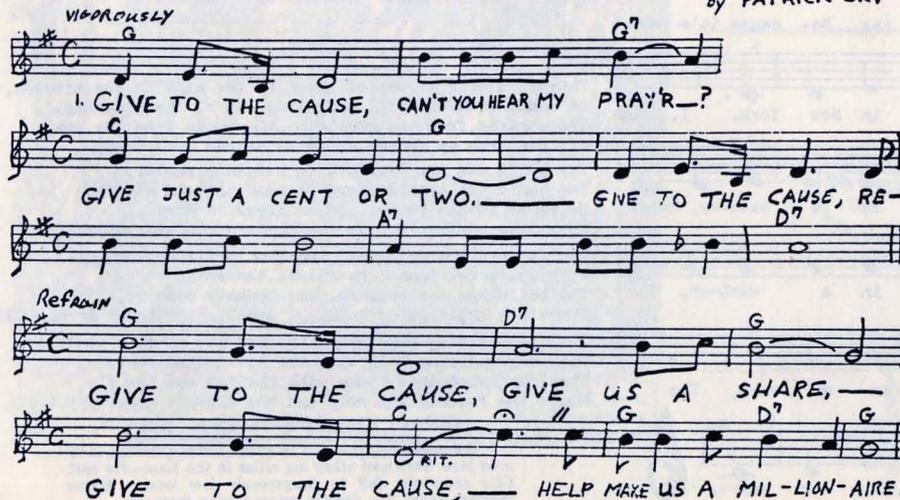
Pat has a totally irreverent sense of humor that served him well with this song. Lately he has written some fine lilting ballads and his general writing is improving at an impressive rate.

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 225 EAST 54<sup>TH</sup> STREET - N.Y.C.

GIVE TO THE CAUSE

WORDS AND MUSIC  
 by PATRICK SKY

VIGOROUSLY



1. GIVE TO THE CAUSE, CAN'T YOU HEAR MY PRAY'R-?  
 GIVE JUST A CENT OR TWO. — GIVE TO THE CAUSE, RE-  
 Refrain  
 GIVE TO THE CAUSE, GIVE US A SHARE, —  
 GIVE TO THE CAUSE, — HELP MAKE US A MIL-LION-AIRE.

2. Give for TB, Cancer and Red Cross  
 Freedom it costs a dime  
 The blind need to see  
 Help fight leprosy  
 And give to the man in the mine  
 Refrain
3. Give to the cause  
 Overlook the flaws  
 Give to the PTA  
 Help the doctors out  
 Buy a girlscoout  
 Give to the KKK  
 refrain
4. Give to the cause  
 Buy us abomb  
 Wipe out the enemy  
 Stand up and fight  
 for what you think is right  
 That'll cost you a buck fifty  
 refrain
5. Give to the cause  
 Cause I am broke  
 Be charitable and give  
 Give to the man  
 Give what'er you can  
 But give, give, give, give, give.  
 refrain



FATHER'S GRAVE  
(For Cordell Reagon) Words & Music by  
Len H. Chandler, Jr.

With my swing blade in my hand As I looked the land And  
thought of all the places that I'd been, Of that old  
house I called home Where I'd always a-lone And of that  
weed-y grave that held my clos-est kin. And as I  
cut the weeds from o'er my father's grave, father's I  
swore no child I bore would be a slave.

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Len Chandler wrote "Takin' Me Away From You Train" before heading South (Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi). "Father's Grave" was written when Cordell Reagon of the Freedom Singers took him to visit the old Reagon home.

Oh, the old house was a shell  
There were weeds around the well  
And I touched the rusty hinge  
That held no door  
And the roof was caving in  
It was always sort of thin  
And I found the place  
Where the ash pan burned the floor. (CHO)  
I thought of all the glad  
And the good times that I had  
With my pockets full of  
Purple plums each fall  
When the yard was wide and clean  
And the grass was short and green  
Now the underbrush has  
Laid its claim to all. (CHO)  
I learned of violence done  
By my mother's brother's son  
Was it hate or hurt that  
Held the hand to knife  
It was trouble in the mind  
Well, guess that's the only kind  
That could make my cousin  
Try to take his father's life. (CHO)  
It made me feel so bad  
Lost the best friend that I had  
And I didn't get to  
Hear the preacher pray  
Yes, and I was only eight  
No, I can't recall the date  
Nor the reason I was late  
But a funeral just can't wait  
And when I got to church  
They were rolling him away  
(Repeat 1st verse & chorus)

Suggest repeat 3rd line of tune for two extra lines here. Ed.

SIDE II, Band 5: FATHER'S GRAVE - Len Chandler

Len's improving lyricism is winning him increasing attention. He has spent a lot of time in the South recently actively involved in civil rights and he just finished a fund raising tour with Dick Gregory.

SIDE II, Band 6: THE SCRUGGS PICKER - Ernie Marrs

Although unknown to the general public, Ernie is the most prolific of all the songwriters. He lives in Atlanta, Georgia writing several songs a week, and as this poem shows has some rather wry views on the current folk scene.



THE SCRUGGS PICKER

Behold the great Scruggs-picker!  
He arriveth early, and departeth late.  
He crasheth the party, and disturbeth  
the whole household.  
Mighty are his preparations.  
He interrupteth the proceedings,  
he deafeneth the multitudes.  
He causeth the cat to hide, & the dog to  
depart.  
He driveth others to drink, He pauseth  
not, nor yet doth he waver.  
He finisheth not his songs,  
he corrupteth one with another.  
He lacketh taste, courtesy he knoweth not.  
He goeth away, when the night is far  
spent, and the evening ruined,  
and the truth is not in him

ERNIE MARRS



SIDE II, Band 7: PLAINS OF NEBRASKY-0 -  
Eric Anderson

Eric is the most important addition to the song-writers this year. He specializes in love songs and many of his images are beautiful and penetrating.

## PLAINS of NEBRASKY-0

Words & Music: Eric Anderson  
© 1964 Deep Fork Music  
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Have you heard a-bout a country where the rivers run free, That's a  
place where I think you ought to go — Where the corn stands high,  
tall as — the sky, On the great plains of Old Nebras-ky- o.

In school I read of men, who died by the gun,  
But not of those who died by the hoe;  
The land has drunk the rains of many a-farmer's blood,  
Now forgotten and buried long ago.

Where are the hands that plowed fields without sleep?  
Hands that saved a dyin' calf without rest?  
Where's the feet that walked down them hot, dusty trails  
On their way to seek their fortunes goin' west.

And where are the fathers who died in the dust,  
And mothers who died hungry in the snow?  
And where's the kids that watched the banks  
plow their houses down?

Those are things I guess my teachers never knowed.

You tell me drouths hurt only corn and not men,  
You smile and say hard times have gone away;  
I guess I should listen to my city politician  
Who keeps tellin' me these are better days.

Is there anybody left to walk a muddy mile,  
Is courage a word that's only said?  
Is it true them dusty days are days  
that never really were,

But are only tales in books to be read.

(Repeat first verse slowly & deliberately)



## FREEDOM IS A CONSTANT STRUGGLE

Slowly, with a heavy beat

They say that Free-dom is a constant  
strug- gle, They say that Free- dom  
is a constant strug- gle, They say that Free-dom  
is a constant strug- gle, O Lord we've  
struggled so long, We must be  
Free, We must be Free.

2. They say that Freedom is a  
constant sorrow...O Lord we've  
sorrowed so long...  
3...crying...cried. 4...dying...  
died... (Repeat 1st verse.)

© 1964 by Freedom Singers

SIDE II, Band 8: FREEDOM IS A CONSTANT STRUGGLE

To be fully representative it was agreed to have a  
song from the southern freedom movement. This mov-  
ing song based on an old hymn became known after  
the murder of the three civil rights workers in  
Mississippi.

