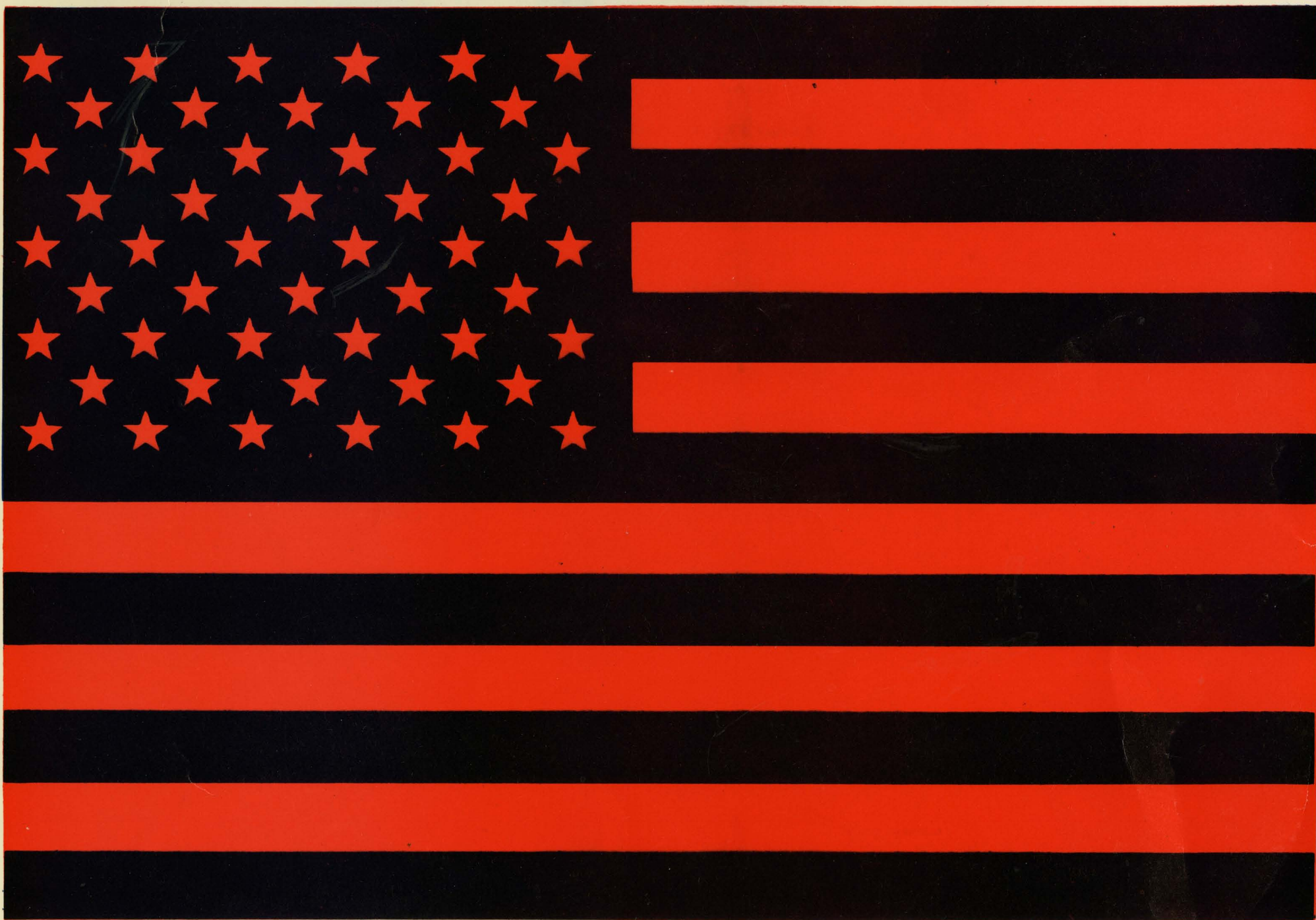


THE BROADSIDE SINGERS

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

BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 303

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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 attempt 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.

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

AIN'T THAT NEWS?

Words and Music By
TOM PAXTON

G

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

C

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

G

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

G

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

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

G

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

C

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

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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.

1. 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.)

2. 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.)

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

A baby -ries 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.

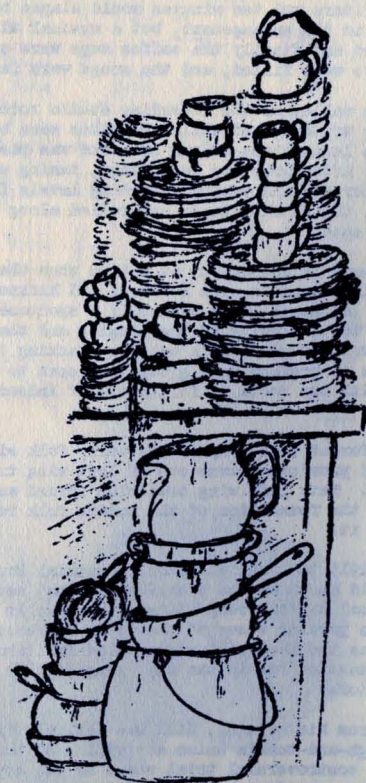
And her eyes showed tears of pain
As she looked out her window-pane
Her man's not comin' home again.

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

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

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. (Cho)



THE TIMES I'VE HAD

By Mark Spoelstra

© 1962

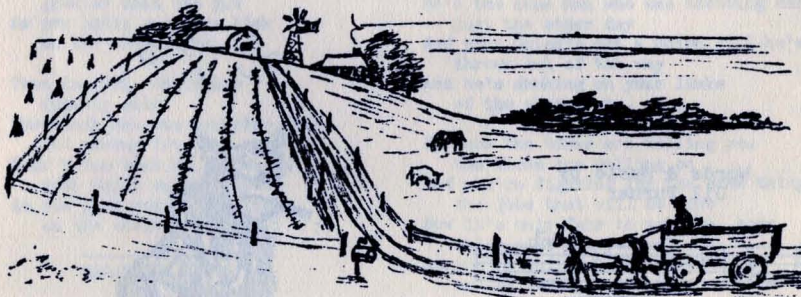
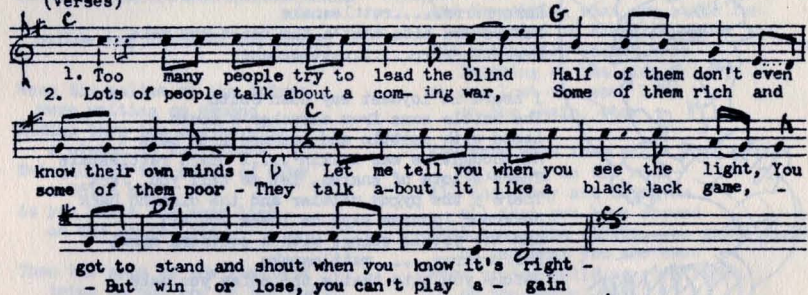
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SIDE I, Band 3: TIMES I'VE HAD - Mark Spoelstra

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.



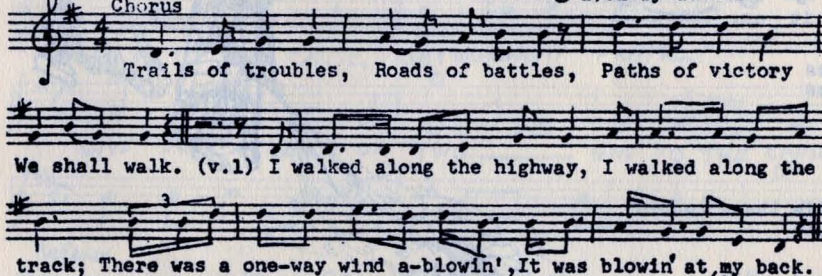
(Verses)



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



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 naeboddy'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 Jinksky 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 ball
Sounded by diamond that the rattles call:
Rrrrrrr.....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 says "cheat"
Rrrrrrrrr.....rattlesnake
Before you bite that's the noise you make
Rrrrrrrrr.....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
Rrrrrrr.....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
Rrrrrrrrrrr.....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
Rrrrrrrrrrr.....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

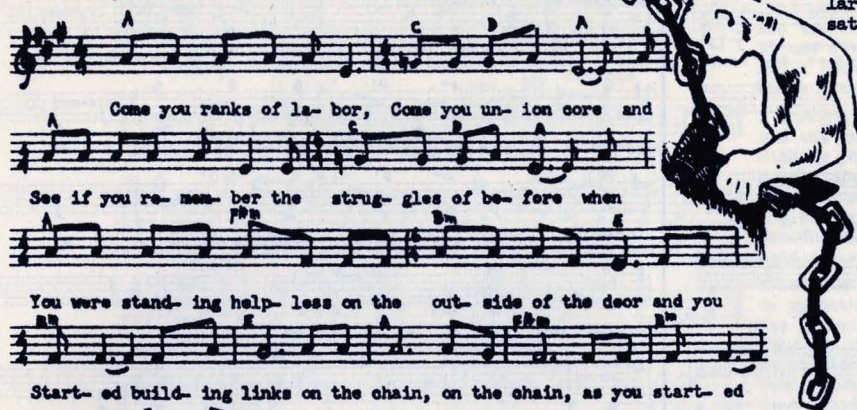
Words & Music by
Gil Turner



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.



LINKS ON THE CHAIN by Phil Ochs
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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.

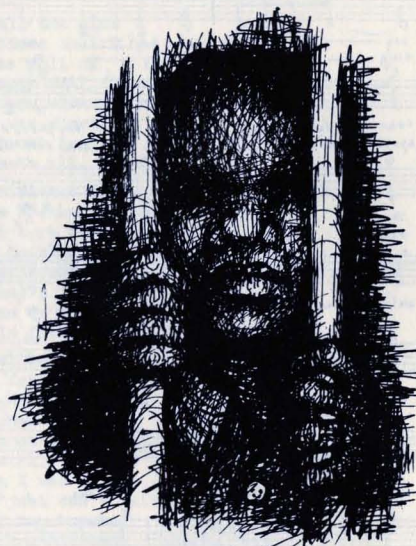
You know when they block your trucks
by laying on the road
All that they are doing is
all that you have showed
That you gotta strike, you gotta fight,
to get what you are owed
When you're building your links
on the chain, etc.

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 1: LINKS ON THE CHAIN - Phil Ochs

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.



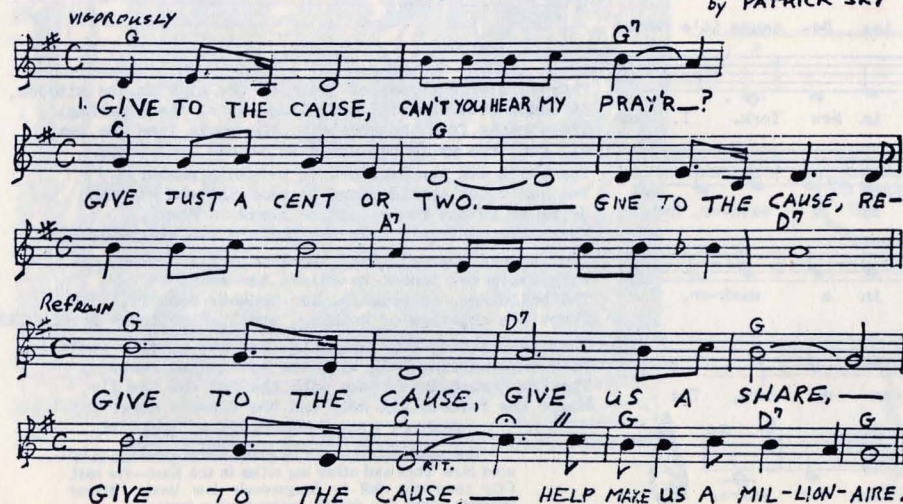
SIDE II, Band 2: CAUSES - Pat Sky

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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GIVE TO THE CAUSE

WORDS AND MUSIC
by PATRICK SKY



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 girls' scout
Give to the KKK
refrain
4. Give to the cause
Buy us a bomb
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 whatever you can
But give, give, give, give, give.
refrain

WELCOME, WELCOME EMIGRANTE'

by Buffy Sainte-Marie

Moderately

1. I am proud, I am proud, I am proud of my fore-fath-ers And I
 2. I am proud, I am proud, I am proud of my fore-fath-ers And I

say they built this coun-try And they
 sing a-bout their sto-ry For they

came from far a-way to a land they did not know The
 spoke a for-eign lan-guage and they la-bored with their hands The

same way you do my friends.
 same way you do my friends.

wel- come, wel- come, E- mi- gran- te' to my coun-try
 wel- come home. Wel- come, wel- come, E- mi- gran- te'

to the coun-try that I love. 2. I am love. 3. I am
 proud, I am proud, I am proud of my fore-fath-ers And I
 sing a-bout their pa- tience For the

work they did was low-ly and they dis-turbed up their clothes, And they
 spoke a for-eign lan-guage and they la-bored with their hands, And they
 came from far a-way to a land they did not know The
 same way you do my friends.
 wel- come, wel- come, E- mi- gran- te' to my coun-try
 wel- come home- Wel- come, wel- come, E- mi- gran- te'

to the coun-try that I love.

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SIDE II, Band 3: EMIGRANTE Buffy Sainte-Marie

Like Pat and Peter, Buffy is of Indian origin and concentrates somewhat in this area. A striking original vocalist, she is one of the finest performers in folk music.

SIDE II, Band 4: THE FAUCETS ARE DRIPPING - Malvina Reynolds

Malvina didn't start writing until late in life but she's sure made up for it by producing a huge volume in a short time. Some of the lines in her song Little Boxes have become part of the national vocabulary.

The Faucets Are Dripping By Malvina Reynolds

© 1960, Schroder Music

Cho: The fau- cets are dripping in old New York
 Ci-ty, The fau-cets are dripping, and Oh, what a
 pi-ty! The re- ser- voir's dry- ing Be- cause it's sup-
 ply-ing The fau- cets that drip in New York. 1. You
 can't ask the land- lord to put in a wash-er, He'd
 ra- ther you'd move than to put in a wash-er, The
 fau-cets are drip- ping, they sound in my ears, The
 tap in the bath-room's been run- ning for years.



There's a wild streak of green in the sink in the kitchen,
 It comes from the rill trickling out of the plumbing,
 The streams from the mountain, the pools from the sea,
 All run from my faucet and down to the sea. (CHO)
 You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer,
 You can't ask the landlord to mend the old stairs,
 He takes in the rents, and he lives in Miami,
 Where faucets don't drip and there's sun everywhere (CHO)
 The faucets are dripping, the landlord's content,
 With every new tenant he raises the rent,
 The buildings can crumble, the tenants can cry,
 There's a shortage of housing, you'll live there or die (CHO)
 They're building some buildings and new Lincoln centers,
 It's sure working hell with the low-income renters,
 They're jammed into rooms with the rat and the fly,
 Where the faucets all drip and the floor's never dry. (CHO)

SUNDAY NEWS, NOVEMBER 10, 1963

But suddenly, this fall, a great water shortage menaced New York and other big cities in the East—for real. City reservoirs fell to dangerously low levels. Mayor Wagner called for drastic water-saving measures.

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

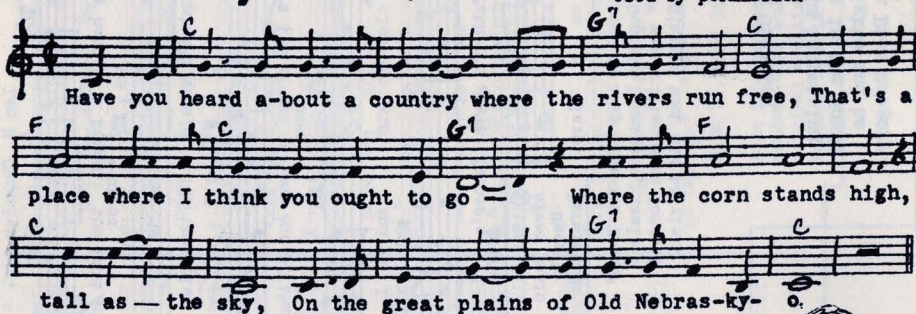


SIDE II, Band 7: PLAINS OF NEBRASKY-0 -
Eric Anderson

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
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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?

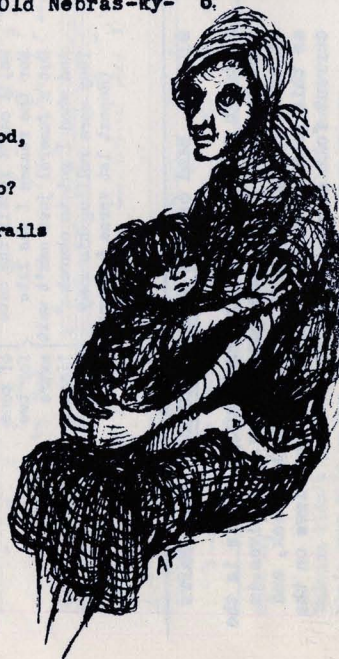
Those are things I guess my teachers never knewed.

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,

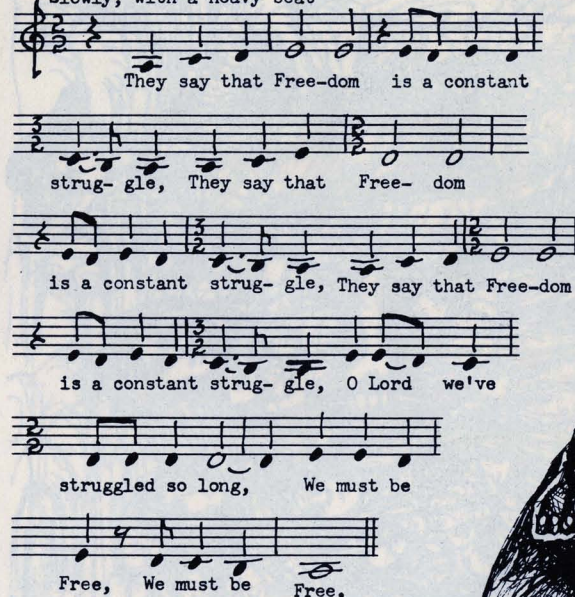
But are only tales in books to be read.

(Repeat first verse slowly & deliberately)



FREEDOM IS A CONSTANT STRUGGLE

Slowly, with a heavy beat



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.

