

EVERYBODY'S GOT A RIGHT TO LIVE

STEREO Intended for use on either Stereo or Mono phonographs

BROADSIDE BR 308



Our KING Will Never Die

Jimmy
Collier

Rev. Frederick Douglass
Kirkpatrick

SIDE I

- Band 1. Everybody's Got A Right To Live 2:28
Band 2. Walk The Streets Of Washington 2:20
Band 3. You're Just A Laughing Fool 3:26
Band 4. Burn, Baby, Burn 4:22
Band 5. The Fires Of Napalm 3:40

SIDE II

- Band 1. I Can't Take Care Of My Family
This-A-Way 3:00
Band 2. The Cities Are Burning 3:40
Band 3. Going Home On The Morning Train 3:55
Band 4. The Washington Zoo 1:55
Band 5. Hands Off Nkrumah 3:15
Band 6. My Old Missus Told Me 2:50

EVERYBODY'S GOT A RIGHT TO LIVE

photo: Arik Falkenstein
design: Arthur Stern

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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701 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036 USA

EVERYBODY'S GOT A RIGHT TO LIVE

with Jimmy Collier and Frerick Douglass Kirkpatrick

This Brochure prepared by Agnes Cunningham and Gordon Friesen.
Art layout by Jane Friesen.

Shortly after the turn of the century W.E.B. Du Bois, in his classic "The Souls of Black Folks", challenged white Americans in these words of poetry and truth:

"Your country? How come it yours? Before the Pilgrims landed we were here. Here you have brought our three gifts and mingled them with yours: a gift of story and song -- soft, stirring melody in an ill-harmonized and un-melodious land; the gift of sweat and brawn to beat back the wilderness, conquer the soil, lay the foundations of the vast economic empire two hundred years before your weak hands could have done it; the third a gift of the spirit ... Our song, our toil, our cheer...Would America have been America without her Negro people?"

(Sometimes, it might be noted, all three gifts came wrapped in one package, as when black men toiling sang their spirited work songs, many of which have been preserved for us by Hudie Ledbetter.)

Today, as we take up the last third of the 20th Century, the gift of song continues unbroken. To name just a few bearers of this gift, we have the voices of black people like Len Chandler, Julius Lester, Aretha Franklin, Elaine White, Richie Havens, Bernice and Cordell Reagon, Matthew Jones, Jerry Moore. And on this new album you will hear, many of you for the first time, two new fine voices -- those of Jimmy Collier and Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick.

In a real sense, this L-P could be considered a memorial tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King. Both Jimmy and "Kirk" worked together these past several years with Dr. King in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. They were with Dr. King on the streets of New York and Newark, New Jersey, organizing the Poor Peoples' Campaign to Washington, until Dr. King left for Memphis for the last time. Most of the songs on this record were written for that campaign; Dr. King liked very much the song "Everybody's Got A Right To Live"; he felt that it stated his philosophy on the poor peoples' march. One of his last requests was that this song be recorded and distributed as widely as possible.

The team of Collier-Kirkpatrick is in the tradition of using music as a weapon for ideas, practiced earlier in this country by such groups as the Hutchinson family of abolitionist days, and in more recent times by the Almanac Singers and the singers in the Henry Wallace campaign.

Jimmy is more city-oriented, having started to sing and organize for human rights in the slums of Chicago's West Side, when he was 18. "Kirk" is from rural Louisiana. Both come with a musical heritage. Jimmy spent his boyhood with a grandfather who was an orchestra leader and a maker and repairer of musical instruments. Kirk's father and three of his father's brothers were well known in their area as The Kirkpatrick Family Gospel Quartet.

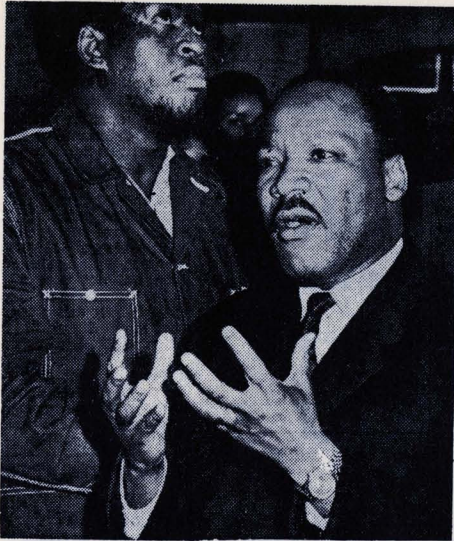
Older persons, seeing and hearing Kirk for the first time, are reminded of the legendary Leadbelly. Others think of another great black giant, Paul Robeson. Arthur Stern, a former Almanac Singer, describes him as "one-third Leadbelly, one-third Robeson, one-third Gibraltar -- the Rock."

When Jimmy and Kirk sang together for the first time in New York last spring, Robert Shelton, the Times critic wrote:

" Their songs have the poignancy of pleas, the immediacy of a headline and the emotional punch of a fevered cry from the oppressed. The 'freedom song' boom of a few years ago has somewhat cooled in the North, but these two impassioned singers and songwriters could bring it back to life. They are impressive stage figures with the charisma that such organizers need, and they know how to stir the congregation."

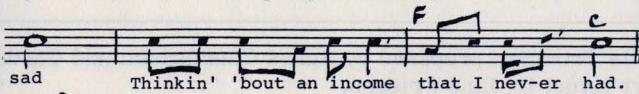
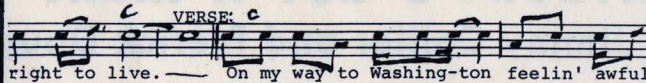
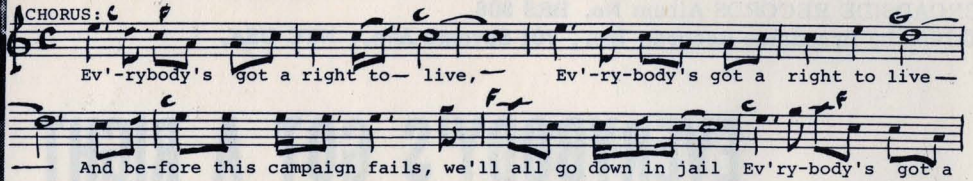


OUR FATHER Dr. W.E.B. Du Bois



Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick on the streets of New York City with the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. a few days before Dr. King was murdered in Memphis.

Everybody's got a right to live



2.
Black man picked the cotton
A long time ago
He has been a victim
Since they brought him to
this shore. (No Cho.)

3.
Black man dug the pipeline
Hewed down the pines
Gave his troubles to Jesus
Kept on toeing the line. (Cho.)

4.
Black man dug the ditches
Both night and day
Black man did the work
While the white man got
the pay. (No cho.)

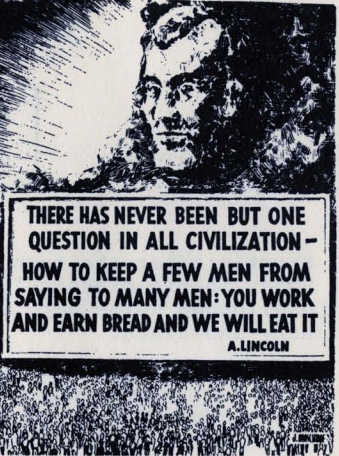
5.
Now look a-here, Congress
This is a brand new day
No more full-time work
And part-time pay. (Cho.)

6.
I want my share of silver
I want my share of gold
I want my share of justice
To save my dying soul. (Cho.)

Words & Music :
REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK
© 1968 Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
[Transcribed by N. CURTIS]

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NOTES ON FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK

"Kirk" is 35, six-feet-four, up from the poverty of rural Louisiana to lead his people with songs and courageous example. He was only five years old -- the eldest of four children -- when he learned at first hand what it means to be poor and black in a land dominated by the white power structure. His father was trying to eke out a living for his family by serving as a Southern Holiness preacher and tenant farming a small patch of land near Haynesville, La., where Frederick was born. The family had slowly accumulated a few belongings, as well as a cow, several pigs, and crops of corn and peas. Then the mother died, and immediately the white owner of the land came and took everything away from them, allegedly to pay for the mother's doctor bill.

"He hauled away everything," Kirk recalls vividly. "Somebody had given us the cow as a calf and we had raised her, at first on the bottle. She was about to have a calf of her own, and we were looking forward to it. But that man" (he remembers the name well) "took her, and he took our pigs and our corn and peas. Everything. Then he told my father to hurry up and get off the place, and he didn't care that we had nowhere to go."

Frederick and his brother and two sisters were sent to live with grandparents. He was 12 years old before they were re-united with their father in Haynesville. Here, for the first time in his life, he went to school. Starting in the first grade, he progressed quickly and graduated to Haynesville Colored High School. He made the all-state football team at halfback and won a scholarship to Grambling College. Unlike many black athletes who use this small college as a stepping stone to the professional football leagues, Kirk became a teacher on graduation. For seven years he followed a successful teaching career in Louisiana. During all this time he saw no improvement in the conditions of his people, so in 1964, while teaching in Jonesboro, La., he joined with three northerners to set up a CORE chapter in that small town. Immediately, the racist whites began watching his home and threatening his life and the lives of his family. But the CORE group kept on fighting for freedom, supporting voter registration drives, sit-ins, etc. Finally, in

desperation, the Ku Klux Klan rode through the black section of town; there were fifty cars loaded with sheet-clad members, led by the so-called law-upholding police.

After this incident, Kirkpatrick and others organized a group of men calling themselves the Deacons for Defense and Justice. These self-styled ministers did their heart-felt preaching to the poor and defenseless black people whose self-respect and initiative had been kept at a low level by white racist terror. Again the Klan struck; Kirk escaped with his life only by out-distancing a cavalcade of Klan cars which chased him half-way across Louisiana at speeds of 110 miles an hour.

He went back to Grambling, to teach, and found conditions far worse even than when he was a student there. "The college resembled," he says, a large plantation with an old overseer. The teachers and students still had to knuckle under to white supremacy. They still could enter doctors' offices, restaurants, and so forth, only by the rear, if they were allowed in at all." For his efforts to bring some dignity to the campus Kirk was fired.

He kept right on fighting, and became well-known for his attempts to help integrate libraries, bowling alleys, and baseball parks in various towns.

In 1966 he entered Texas Southern University in Houston to work on his master's degree. But he was soon swept up again in the fight for integration. Police attacked the campus; Kirk was among those jailed, his bail set at \$25,000. Finally, student SNCC members and others taking part in the protests were expelled from the college.

Following this expulsion, Kirk joined Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference in actively working for civil rights on a national scale. He and his partner and colleague, Jimmy Collier, came to New York City in March of this year to work on organizing the Poor Peoples' Washington Campaign, now set to start in mid-May.

—G. F.

By G. F.

Jimmy Collier was born 23 years ago in Fort Smith, Ark. His parents separated soon after his birth and he was raised by his maternal grandparents. "I saw my father only once, when I was 8 or 9," Jimmy recalls. He has always been fascinated by history, and Fort Smith was a good place to begin learning it. This Arkansas town, right across the border from Oklahoma, was an early outpost of federal law; here presided the sanctimonious, Bible-quoting Isaac Parker, passing sentence on outlaws combed out of the Oklahoma badlands by federal marshals. He became known as the "hanging judge" for the sentence generally was death; he had a scaffold erected that could accommodate 12 prisoners at a time, though it was used to its maximum capacity only once.

Jimmy's ancestors on his mother's side were Choctaw Indians, and he wants some day to fully trace their past. The Choctaws, like the four other Indian Nations transplanted to Oklahoma from the Southern states, freed their slaves before the Civil War. Inter-marriage was not unusual.



Jimmy Collier singing in the streets of Chicago

BURN, BABY, BURN

Middle of the — sum-mer — bit-ten by flies and fleas, Sittin' in a crowded a-part-

— ment, A-bout a hundred and ten de-grees. I went out-side,

The middle of the night All I had-a was a match in my hand, but I

I wanted to fight. So I said-a burn, ba-by, burn,— Burn, baby, burn,—

.No-where to be,— No one to see—(I said-a) No-where to turn,— Burn, baby, burn.—

I called President Johnson on the phone, The Secretary said he wasn't there. I tried to get in touch with Mr. Humphrey, They couldn't find him anywhere. I went into the courtroom, with my poor sad face, Didn't have no money, didn't have no lawyer, They wouldn't plead my case, so I said - (Cho.)

I heard people talking about a dream, now, a dream
I couldn't catch,
I really wanted to be somebody and all I had was
a match.
Couldn't get oil from Rockefellers' wells
Couldn't get diamonds from the mine
If I can't enjoy the American Dream, won't be water
but fire next time,
So I said - (Cho.)

Walkin' around the west side now, lookin' mean and mad
Deep down inside my heart, I'm feeling sorry and sad
Got a knife and a razor blade, everybody that I know is tough,
But when I burned my way out of the ghetto,
I burned my own self up when I said - (Cho.)

Learn baby, learn
Learn baby, learn
You need a concern
You've got money to earn
You've got midnight oil to burn, baby burn

I really want a decent education, I really want a decent place to stay
I really want some decent clothes, now,
I really want a decent family
I really want a decent life like everybody else...



drawing by agnes martin

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SIDE
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Instead of joining them Jimmy Collier soon found himself fighting the Chicago slumlords. By his 21st birthday he was a veteran of three years in the Movement for black freedom; he had been jailed 17 or 18 times; he had passed through the NAACP and CORE and was in SCLC organizing Chicago's West Side with Dr. Martin Luther King's forces. He had been on the Selma march, he had worked on voter registration drives in Alabama. He had been on the Civil Rights march to Washington, and it was here that he began playing and singing. "We were so far back in the crowd we couldn't hear Dr. King speaking, Some fellow next to me had a guitar and I borrowed it and began to strum a few chords I knew and to sing freedom songs. The crowd response was so enthusiastic I've been doing it ever since." He also started writing his own songs. His "Burn,Baby,Burn" has become almost a classic; he wrote it in the spring of 1966 and has sung it at least several thousand times, although Dr. King once suggested he shouldn't sing that kind of a song. It brought down the house when Pete Seeger invited Jimmy to join him on stage at Chicago's Orchestra Hall in Mar., 1966.



frederick douglass kirkpatrick

Drawing by DONALD STERN



Jimmy Collier

MYMAN

Drawing by MARTIN MYMAN

YOU'RE JUST A LAUGHIN' FOOL

Words & Music: REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK

© 1968 by Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick

SOLO: 1. We don't mind people laughin' at the worn out clothes we wear, We got ev'rything hair And the worn out clothes we wear, We got ev'rything when we got freedom And you're just a laughin' fool. 2. You may laugh at our bushy when we got freedom And you're just a laughin' fool.

3. Oh you may laugh at the holes in my pants But financially I haven't had a chance We got everything, etc.

4. You may laugh at the holes in my shoes You may buy clothes & shoes brand new We got everything, etc.

(Somewhat different pattern follows)

5. You may laugh at us inside When you see us goin' by (Cho.) But you're enjoyin' some of the benefits That we have died for -- Oh yes.

6. Medgar Evers and Emmett Till Were true examples of courage and will They had everything when they, etc.

7. When the segregation is broken down Then you will see every Tom in town (Cho.) Sittin' at lunch counters smokin' big cigars (And sayin) Look what we have done. Try to take the credit from dead heroes Moldin' in the ground.

8. Oh but they laugh at our bushy hair And the worn out clothes we wear We got everything, etc.

Note: Occasional cho.: "We got everything when we got Freedom ON OUR MINDS NOW."

SOLO: 9. You know they stabbed Doctor King, burned up his house and ev'ry thing I heard him say, you know it's true, Forgive them Je-sus For they not what they know do He had ev' ry-thing when he had freedom And you're just a laughin' fool.

(Transcribed by Norman Curtis)

WE'RE GONNA WALK THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON

Words: F.D.Kirkpatrick
Tune: Adapted from the traditional

© 1968 by F.D.Kirkpatrick

CHORUS:

We're gonna walk the streets of Washington
We're gonna walk the streets of Washington
One of these days --
Hallelujah
We're gonna walk the streets of Washington
One of these days.

1. We're gonna ask for jobs or income (etc. as chorus)
2. We're gonna petition Lyndon Johnson (etc)
3. We're gonna stop police brutality (etc)
4. Stop -- the rats from eatin' our babies (etc)
5. Stop -- that workin' in the white folks' kitchen (etc.)
6. Stop -- that bowin' and scrapin' and scratchin' (etc.) Repeat CHO.

The Cities Are Burning

Words & Music by FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK
© 1968 by Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick

Slow Blues -- "Lightnin' Hopkins" style

Intro: (Guitar) Lord, you know these cities are burnin' all over the U.S.A.

Oh - these cities are burnin' now, all over the U.S. A. You know if the white folks don't settle up soon We all gonna wake up in judgement day. (to verse 1)

Fit verses into four measures using Chords: E - E - E - E7

Intro: Lord, you know these cities are burning All over the U.S.A. Oh ---
Cho: These cities are burning now All over the U.S.A.
You know if these white folks don't settle up soon
We all goin' to wake up in Judgement Day.
1. You know, God told Noah about it -- The rainbow sign
There'll be no more water
But there'll be fire the next time.
Cho: The Bible's fulfillin' now All over the U.S.A.
And if these white folks don't settle up soon
We all goin' to wake up in Judgement Day.
2. You know, the first was in Los Angeles In a section they call Watts
Then Newark, Detroit, and 50 more cities All began to rock.

Cho.: I say these cities are burning All over the U.S.A.
Yes, you know if these white folks don't settle up soon
We all goin' to wake up in Judgement Day.
3. You know our father which art in heaven Mister Charley owed me a hundred dollars
And he didn't give me but seven
Hallowed be thy name now - Kingdom Come
Haddn't taken that seven
You know I wouldn't have got none.
Cho: That's why these cities are burning All over the U.S.A.
You know the only solution I see to this thing
Is non-violence thru Martin Luther King.

Transcribed by A. Cunningham

I CAN'T TAKE CARE OF MY FAMILY THISAWAY

Words & Music by F.D.Kirkpatrick

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1. If you miss me from the job I'm on
Then you'll know I'm in Washington
CHO: Lord I can't take care of my family thisaway
Thisaway, thisaway
Thisaway, thisaway
Lord, I can't take care of my family thisaway.
 2. Not a shirt on my back
Not a penny to my name (CHO)
 3. More I work, less I make
Can't even buy a small cupcake. (CHO)
 4. Down in Washington both day and night
Tryin' to fight for my human rights. (CHO)
- Last chorus:
You know I may take care of my family thisaway (etc.)

THE FIRES OF NAPALM

Words & Music by Jimmy Collier
© 1968 by Jimmy Collier

You know we're wrong
You know we're wrong
We're in the war
And we don't belong
Pack up our forked tongues
And come on home
And stop the fires of napalm
Stop the fires of napalm.
Rivers running the color of red
Rice paddies full of the other dead
It's for freedom of the Vietnamese
we claim
The same freedom that the Indian
gained
You know we're wrong
You know we're wrong
We're in the war
And we don't belong
Pack up our smallpox blankets
And come on home
And stop the fires of napalm
Stop the fires of napalm
We are the children, God is the father
We and the Vietnamese Viet Cong
are brothers
Their children are our nephews and
nieces like the others
And our sisters are those Viet-
namese childrens' mothers.
You know we're wrong
You know we're wrong
We're in the war
And we don't belong
Pack up our guns
And come on home
And stop the fires of napalm
Stop the fires of napalm.
You wonder how you can be affected
Your schools & hospitals so neglected
You can't fight for the good you need
If it's in the national interest
to make children bleed
You know we're wrong
You know we're wrong
We're in the war
And we don't belong
Pack up our boy soldiers
And come on home
And stop the fires of napalm
Stop the fires of napalm
Stop the fires of napalm

WASHINGTON ZOO

Words & Music by Jimmy Collier
© 1968 by Jimmy Collier

I will sell you tickets to
Tickets to, tickets to
I will sell you tickets to
Washington, D.C.
President will be in a zoo
In a zoo, in a zoo,
President will be in a zoo
In Washington, D.C.
And you can throw him peanuts too
Peanuts too, peanuts too,
You can throw him peanuts too
In Washington, D.C.
Congressmen will be there too
Be there too, be there too,
Congressmen will be there too
In Washington, D.C.

Then we all will put on glue
Put on glue, put on glue,
Then we all will put on glue
In Washington, D.C.

That's so freedom will stick to you
Stick to you, stick to you,
That's so freedom will stick to you
In Washington, D.C.

HANDS OFF NKRUMAH

Words & Music by Jimmy Collier
© 1968 by Jimmy Collier

CHO: Hands off Nkrumah
That's what the people say
Hands off Nkrumah
Mister C. I. A.
I'll never believe it
And you can't make me try
I'll never trust a government
Set up by the F.B.I.

Way down in Ghana I heard they
had a coup
Uh-huh, Mr. Capitalist,
we're all hip to you
Supposedly for the Africans
A dictator was thrown out
Stealing that nation's wealth
Lord, that's what it was about.

CHORUS.

Let me tell you about Ghana
From our recent trip
You can travel more freely
in Ghana
Than in Mississipp.
If you know about our policy
You know we're in a jam
That's the kind of policy
That got us in Vietnam.

CHORUS.

People in Africa
It's their turn to be free
Liberty, equality, and fraternity
Nkrumah right now is exiled
But he's not out of sight
These loving people of Africa
Will join him in the fight.

CHORUS.

QUOTES FROM JIMMY COLLIER

"Music is the easiest way to tell the story of what we're trying to do. For Negroes, especially, music is effective because such songs are a part of their tradition. So much of the spiritual and gospel music was really secret protest music. These songs are one of the best tools we have for getting people together, giving them the unity to act effectively. It's an outlet for frustrations, a source of strength to face threats of violence."

"The way it is now, when you're born white, you're automatically one of the exploiters of the Negroes. And if you're born a Negro, you become automatically one of the exploited. It doesn't matter whether you approve, that's the way it is. The whites live better at the expense of the Negroes and other deprived minorities who are denied the same opportunities for a good life. It has become so institutionalized that it enslaves without anyone having to think about it, it just is. It's self-perpetuating unless somehow it is knocked off the track. That's what we're trying to do, stop the cycle."

"White people can serve in liberal causes until they are exhausted, but certain benefits will flow their way because of the master-servant structure built into our system."



JIMMY COLLIER

Photo by Erik Falkenstein

I'M GOING HOME ON THE MORNING TRAIN

Words & Music by F.D.Kirkpatrick

© 1968 by F.D.Kirkpatrick

(Speaking parts with guitar background)

This song makes me remember when I was just a lad of a boy. I used to sit around in the evening time and listen to my mother tell stories about the slave days. Tears used to form in her eyes. I was too young to know what she was crying about. I used to hear her sing this song, "I'm Going Home On the Morning Train." And early in the morning she'd get up and sing this song.

I'm going home on the morning train
I'm going home on the morning train
Evenin' train oh will be too late
I'm going home on the morning train.

My old mother used to tell these stories. She was born in Alabama and raised in Mississippi. They used to pick cotton on hot summer days when sometimes it looked like the rows would be a mile and a half long. Sometimes a bird would fly over and they'd look up at the bird and you would hear an old slave say, "Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' to carry me home." And sometimes late in the evenin' an echo out of the woods would come, from the grassy swamp, and an old slave would say, "My Lord is callin' me -- callin' thru the thunder, trumpet sounds within my soul, I AIN'T GOT LONG TO STAY HERE." And after this was over, I hear my mother sing:

I'm going home on the morning train
I'm going home on the morning train
Evenin' train oh will be too late
I'm going home on the morning train

People used to be great church goers. On a Sunday morning you'd see them coming from miles around. They'd step inside this little old wooden church out in the hills. That old-fashioned preacher would take his text. Sometimes before he took his text you'd hear him sing a hymn, "Nearer My God To Thee". After he was through singing that old hymn he'd preach a sermon, and after he finished preaching that sermon he'd take up collection and say

Get right, church, and let's go home
Get right, church, and let's go home
Get right, church, oh, get right, church
Get right, church, and let's go home.

You know, funeral services were great big things in those days. A neighbor would die and you'd see people coming from miles around. They'd put up that casket in the middle of that old wooden church. The preacher would begin to preach the funeral sermon on that Sunday morning. After he finished preachin' the funeral, he'd send that brother on up to heaven, and then he'd say:

Back, back, hearse, and get your load
Back, back, hearse, and get your load
Back, back, hearse, oh, back, back, hearse
Back, back, hearse and get your load.

Looka here:

White folks, you can't stop us now
White folks, you can't stop us now
White folks, you can't, you cant,
white folks you can't, you can't
White folks, you can't stop us now.

Tell you what we're gonna do:
Organize, then we goin' home
Organize, then we goin' home
White folks be surprised
when they find us organized
Organize, then we goin' home.



I'm going home on the morning train
I'm going home on the morning train
Evenin' train, oh'll, be too late
I'm going home on the morning train.

MY OLD MISSUS

Music adapted from traditional. New words by
F.D. Kirkpatrick
© 1968 F.D. Kirkpatrick

MY OLD MISSUS PROMISED ME
M-m-m M-m-m M-m-m
WHEN SHE DIED SHE GONNA
SET ME FREE
M-m-m M-m-m M-m-m
MY OLD MISSUS PROMISED ME
M-m-m M-m-m M-m-m
WHEN SHE DIED SHE GONNA
SET ME FREE
NOW, M-m-m M-m-m M-m-m.

(Song follows same pattern
throughout, of humming be-
tween each line)

WHEN I GET MY FREEDOM GONNA
SIT RIGHT DOWN
WHEN I GET MY FREEDOM GONNA
JUMP UP AND DOWN

MY OLD MISSUS PROMISED ME
WHEN SHE DIED SHE GONNA
SET ME FREE

WENT IN THE VALLEY BUT I
DIDN'T GO TO STAY
SOUL GOT HAPPY AND I
STAYED ALL DAY

MY OLD MISSUS PROMISED ME
WHEN SHE DIED SHE GONNA
SET ME FREE

I HAVEN'T BEEN TO HEAVEN
BUT I'VE BEEN TOLD
WAY UP THERE THEY DON'T
HAVE JIM CROW

MY OLD MISSUS PROMISED ME
WHEN SHE DIED SHE GONNA
SET ME FREE

WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN
GONNE JUMP AND SHOUT
THERE'LL BE NOBODY
TO TURN ME OUT

MY OLD MISSUS PROMISED ME
WHEN SHE DIED SHE
GONNA SET ME FREE.



REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK
Photo by Erik Falkenstein