

SONG FOR PATTY

BROADSIDE BALLADS VOL. 8
FOLKWAYS RECORDS BR5310 • STEREO



PHIL OCHS presents
SAMMY WALKER

SONG FOR PATTY

PRODUCED BY PHIL OCHS

SIDE 1

1. SONG FOR PATTY, S. Walker & Sis Cunningham (5:34)
2. RAGAMUFFIN MINSTREL BOY, S. Walker (2:45)
3. MY OLD YEARBOOK, S. Walker (6:37)
4. LITTLE NEW JERSEY TOWN, S. Walker (4:22)
5. I AIN'T GOT NO HOME, S. Walker, Sis Cunningham, Phil Ochs (2:10)
6. CLOSIN' TIME, S. Walker (3:41)

ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY S. WALKER, EXCEPT "I AIN'T GOT NO HOME,"
WRITTEN BY WOODY GUTHRIE, COPYRIGHT 1961, LUDLOW MUSIC

SIDE 2

1. A SIMPLE HOUR OPERATION, S. Walker (5:19)
2. THE BALLAD OF JOHNNY STROZIER, S. Walker (5:09)
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4. TESTIMONY OF A DYING LADY, S. Walker (4:29)
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ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY S. WALKER, EXCEPT "BOUND FOR GLORY",
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BR5301 BROADSIDE BALLADS, VOL. 1, 14 original songs performed by Blind Boy Grunt, Phil Ochs, Peter La Farge, Mark Spoelstra, The Freedom Singers, Pete Seeger, Gil Turner, Happy Traum, Matt McGinn, The New World Singers. Music, text and background.

BR5302 LITTLE BOXES and other Broadside Ballads, Vol. 2, sung by Pete Seeger. 14 topical songs by Tom Paxton, Bob Dylan, Malvina Reynolds, Phil Ochs, Peter La Farge, others. With complete song texts, Background.

BR5303 BROADSIDE SINGERS, 15 songs from the pages of the topical song magazine, Broadside, Vol. 3, as performed by their authors, incl. Tom Paxton, Len Chandler, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Pat Sky, Malvina Reynolds, Eric Anderson, Phil Ochs, Blind Boy Grunt, others. With complete song texts, and music.

BR 5306 THE TIME WILL COME, Broadside, Vol. 4, the next generation (1966-67) of topical song-writers singing their own compositions Elaine White, Chris Gaylord, Matthew Jones, Tom Parrott, Blind Girl Grunt, Teatro Campesino, Will McLean, Paul Kaplan, Zachary 2. With complete song texts and music.

BR 5312 TIME IS RUNNING OUT, Broadside Vol. 5. Songs of protest and revolution by Wendy Smith, Jimmy Collier, Mike Millius, Tom Parrott, Wes Houston, Roland Mousaa, Anne Romaine, Rev. F.D. Kirkpatrick.

FB 5315 BROADSIDE REUNION, Vol. 6 of the Broadside Magazine issues. With Eric Andersen, Blind Boy Grunt, Len Chandler, Will McLean, R. Black, M. Millius, Phil Ochs, Peter LaFarge, Tom Paxton, and group with Sis Cunningham.

FD 5316 BROADSIDE No. 7. More songs from Broadside Magazine: The National Topical Song Quarterly, including "Ballad of Frank Wills." With writers/singers Ron Turner, Larry Estridge, Gary Paris, Rose-Redwoods, and Paul Kaplan. Other songs include Spirits of the Revolution, Ballad of Mrs. Martha Mitchell, Vietnam, Let It Roar Like a Flood, La Lucha, It's Outrageous. Booklet with lyrics and music enclosed.

"Sammy Walker is the finest song writer and singer I have come across in the last dozen years. I am certain he has a great future ahead of him." —Phil Ochs

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PHOTO BY JOLLY ROBINSON

Sammy Walker
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Broadside

127

NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG SEMI-ANNUAL -- JULY-DECEMBER 1974

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The big Hearst house in Hillsborough, 20 miles south of San Francisco, where the family used to share the news—good and bad—with reporters, is now for sale, with Mr. and Mrs. Hearst planning to live in an apartment on Nob Hill in San Francisco.

"HOLOCAUST VALLEY"

On the afternoon of May 17, with live television cameras grinding away, the six died by gunfire and asphyxiation as their hideout was surrounded.

The dead were Cinque, the black revolutionary, and five young whites from middle-class families: Camilla Hall, Nancy Ling Perry, Patricia Soltysik, Angela Atwood and Willie Wolfe, Patty's lover.

The last that was heard from her was in a tape left for a Los Angeles radio station. She reiterated her defiance of her parents and talked of her love for Willie Wolfe, saying:

"I was ripped off by the pigs when they murdered Cujo," she said, using his S.L.A. name. "Neither Cujo nor I had ever loved an individual the way we loved each other. The brain-wash-duress theory of the pig Hearsts has always amused me."

SONG FOR PATTY

by Sammy Walker

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by SAMMY WALKER

In a mansion out in Hillsborough Californ-ia There lived and grew a
young girl by the sea, She always did just what she's supposed to To
car-ry forth and please her fam-i-ly. And the lux-u-ry of youth could nev-er
question, Is there an-y way of life except this way? So she rode a love-ly
horse down thru the mornin' Con-tented for an hour and a — day.
(Refrain) Patty dear, I know your sights are on the milk-y way, And the
a- var-i-cious scorp-i-on is a beg-gin' you to stay, Please meet me at the
hol-o- caust val- ley And you can tell us all a-bout it some — day.

Oh, the wealthy strings of life were always pleasin'
When a courtship of her young days come to call
Though the neighbors and her friends were always teasin'
How she never liked to speak of it at all
Occasionally she'd wander on the outside
Of the big iron gates that protected her within
But her parents and relations quickly scolded
There's nothin' there but sickness, hate and sin.

(refrain)

(Contd next page)

WANTED BY THE FBI

Patricia Hearst
Nancy Ling Perry
Camilla Hall
Angela Atwood
Willie Wolfe
Cinque

**PATTY HEARST****Most Wanted of the Most Wanted**



Patricia Hearst in 1968

Then portions of other tapes are played, and from a frightened child, Patty has become a tough-talking, defiant, revolutionary calling herself Tania, admitting a bank robbery, calling Weed a "clown," her parents "pigs," and finally, in a voice filled with cold hate, pronouncing the Symbionese Liberation Army threat — "death to the fascist insect that preys upon the life of the people."

scor-pi-on (skôr/pē-ən) *n.* 1. One of an order of arachnids found chiefly in warmer regions, having an elongated, lobster-like body and a segmented tail that bears a venomous sting. 2. An instrument of chastisement; a whip or scourge. 1 *Kings* xii 11. [*< OF < L < Gk. skorprios*]...



SCORPION

The Hearsts have abandoned their handsome, 22-room Hillsborough house where they reared their five

(Continued from front page)

Now the girl from out in Hillsborough, California
Fell in love with a young man by the sea
In rebellion she quickly stood beside him
With disregard for wealth and family
So they moved out thru the night and lived together
Out into a world she'd never known
And the talk about the town was surely soundin'
My, how this young girl sure has grown.

(refrain)

Oh, the background of her youth did come to haunt her
On that darkest night that she stole away
By the conscience of the misled and forgotten
For another's crime she would have to pay
But she opened up her eyes and looked around her
And saw how often money takes the place of men
Now she's runnin' from a world that doesn't want her
Hidin' in the silence and the wind.

(refrain)

*'Patty fascinates and
revolts the FBI men, wounds
their pride, cuts to the
core of every ideal they
ever had about America.'*

closin' time

By SAMMY WALKER
COPYRIGHT 1974 Sammy Walker



On this, Sammy tunes low E-string to D, capo on 3rd fret. Here is the way he plays his G chord

Musical notation for "closin' time" with lyrics and guitar chords (D, G, A7).

Tell me who'll be left to cry as the funeral passes by The Statue of Liber-ty as she's
crumb-lin' Will we make her dy-in' bed and place a wreath up-on her head And say, it was
(Refr.) bound to hap-pen sooner or later - The cur-tain's go-in' down And the feel of an
old ghost town will soon make the clock quit turnin' 'round - Well the world ain't worth a
dime when the Liber-ty Bell has ceased it's chime - I think then we'll know it's closin' time.

- How can a bluebird sing/In the middle of a spring
With a broken heart of interfered direction
How can a dew drop fall/On a mountain once so tall
That's been covered with a blanket of deception. (Refrain)
- In the middle of a dream/I heard the helpless children scream
As they walked the plank of a disengaged tomorrow
Though we know the graves are dug/ It's been swept beneath the rug
But no more time will there be left to borrow. (Refrain)
- The testimony's read/ And the last regards are said
While victorious moss is formin' in the alley
The master's with the king/ In the center of the ring
While the bugle sounds the doomsday grande finale. (Refrain)

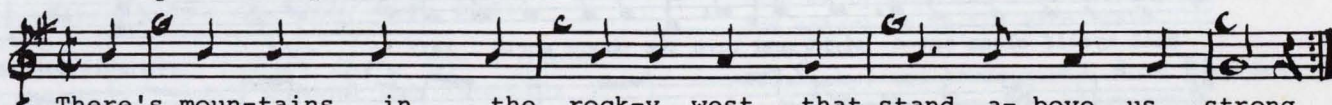


**"There's still a message. There's always a need for protest songs.
You just gotta tap it."** — **BOB DYLAN**

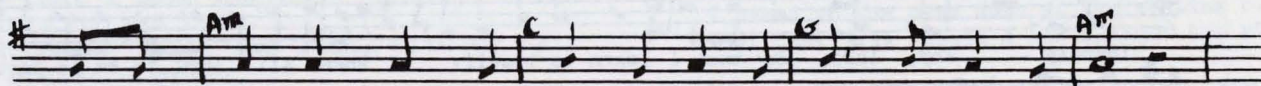
ragamuffin minstrel boy by **Sammy Walker**

Copyright 1972 SAMMY WALKER

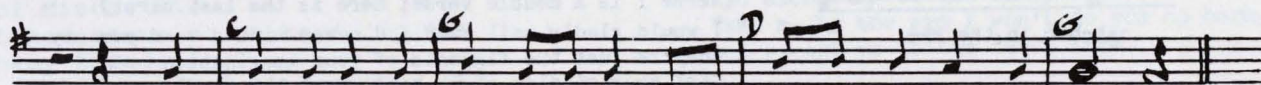
(Repeat melody line 4 times)



There's moun-tains in the rock-y west that stand a- bove us strong
And waves that rush on sand-y shores where on- ly wrecks be - long,
Men who lift a thousand pounds and build up great stone walls
And highways stretchin from Mex- i - co to the hills of ol' Saint Paul



But there's one whose words are strong enough to change the seasons 'round



That rag-a-muffin minstrel boy from a lit-tle ol' min-in' town.



2. Standin' on a high wire three days at a time
Cannot match that minstrel and his haunting sense of rhyme
Tunnels pass through solid rock and under salty bays
But his tunes will still blow in the wind when the tunnel wall decays
His leaves will still hang bright and green when the rest have all turned brown
That ragamuffin minstrel boy from a little ol' minin' town.
3. He's walked down the back road and through the velvet walls
And he's walked beside the poor man when he heard those helpless calls
Blind eyes have been opened and deaf ears now can hear
From the words that he's sung out over lands far and near
When all comrades lay down their hand, you'll find him with the crown
That ragamuffin minstrel boy from a little ol' minin' town.

CATCHER IN THE RYE

By SAMMY WALKER
© COPYRIGHT 1974 by SAMMY WALKER

1. I'm gonna catch me a ride on a subway car that's headed for the old North Star and
* I would glad-ly sail a-way ...
leave my troubles stranded on the mainland - I'm gonna crown the god of night with light and
pull myself clean out-a sight and turn the phony world I left to sand. (insti-)tu-tion.
(CHO) Why, lord, why were the mountains built so high And the shoals of the sea sometimes get
lone-ly - Why, lord, why must I learn to testify when all I want to be is just a
catcher in the rye.

(Verse 1 is a double verse; here is the last part:)

* I would gladly sail away and never mind a word you say
They're just the figments of your imagination
Cast your riddles at my head about the way I must be fed
Upon your rules and schools of institution. (CHO)

2. It's hard to dream within a scheme that says your
soul can't be redeemed
And Silent Night is heard outside my window
Days are long and ways are short and nights are
left with no resort
Except to listen to the lonesome wind blow. (CHO)

3. If you can't seem to find the aim of the rules set
for the game
They'll throw you in a school of restitution
They'll look you in the eye and grin and say, "I'd
like to be your friend"
And wear a sign that reads "Long Live Execution."
(CHO)



MY OLD YEARBOOK

Words & Music By Sammy Walker
Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

Just sittin' around on a Saturday night
With nothing at all to do,
I came across my old yearbook, so I started
flipping thru.
It took me back to the good old days, I'd
spent up at that school,
And all the pretty little girls, over which
I used to drool,
But then I turned white as a ghost,
When I came to the most, likely to succeed
maiden and her host.
My God, It was ol' Annie May Hildigard -
Dupree,
And this kid named Johnny Simmons, who used
to always pick on me.
The last I heard he's workin' at the Pick
And Pay Shoe store,
And Annie's been married four times, but
then again who's keeping score.

(CONT.)

CHORUS:

Now the real life is much different than in
that of a fairy tale,
Where in story land you make it, in reality
you fail.
Life don't always turn out the way you'd
like for things to be,
My gal dreamed about Prince Charming,
And she ended up with me.

Well I finally turned the page, and there up
on the stage,
Was this brunette girl named Mona, who always
lied about her age
She won the royal scene, of the HomeComing
Queen, for being the only girl past
the age of seven-teen
I think she married Thomas Hill, and a queen
she is still, back behind the counter,
down at Harvey's Bar & Grill. CHO.

It would surely be a lie, if I attempted to
deny, that I came across a picture of my
own self by and by.
There I stood so small and lean, with my hair
dyed bluish - green,
From where I tried to turn it blond, with a
jar of Mister Clean
Though it now seems so un-keen, in the
prophecy forseen,
Ambition in life, a U.S.A. Marine. CHO.

My faith was then restored, and all else was
soon ignored,
When I got up to the most important school
yearbook award
Of course the couple crowned, as the Best -
All - Around, were the most outstanding
students, that the rest of us had found
To my joyous, gay, delight, it was Ralph and
Martha Wright,
Who had married with approval on our grad-
uation night
So I put the book away, and without further
delay, I watched the late night news to
catch the happenings of the day
The man talked of a fight, with guns and
dynamite,
And arrested were a couple named Ralph and
Martha Wright. CHORUS

FUNNY FARM BLUES

WORDS AND MUSIC by Sammy Walker
Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

I went to the drugstore for a magazine,
And I swore I saw a baby making machine.
Take me by the arm, I won't do you no harm,
And escort me to the funny farm.

Well I walked on down to a local cafe,
To get me a bite and pass the time of day,
I had a bowl of soup, and a pack of mints,
That'll be thirty seven dollars and twenty -
five cents
Take me by the arm, I won't do you no harm
And escort me to the funny farm.

(CONTINUED)

I dropped by a church where the pews were all
filled,
Over the face of Christ, there hung a dollar bill.
Take me by the arm, I won't do you no harm
And escort me to the funny farm

I heard about a man who jumped out of a plan,
'Cause he lost a little bet on a football game.
Take me by the arm, I won't do you no harm
And escort me to the funny farm.

I turned on my T.V. and it gave me a shock,
There was the devil tryin' to sell me a few
shares of his stock
Take me by the arm, I won't do you no harm,
And escort me to the funny farm.

Geography, and pornography, lord they just
banned my favorite biography.
Take me by the arm, I won't do you no harm
And escort me the the funny farm.

I heard on the news down at the skating rink,
That they just passed a law against the right
to think.
Take me by the arm I won't do you no harm,
And escort me to the funny farm.
Take me by the arm I won't do you no harm,
And escort me to the funny farm.

A SIMPLE OPERATION

words & music by Sammy Walker
Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

Betsy Miller got in trouble when she was just
fourteen years old
So she went down to the clinic to have her fortune
told.
She came out a virgin, she came out a queen,
With a sterilized ambition, and a bill of health
that's clean.

CHORUS:

It's just a simple hour operation.
Doctor Shockley's go the scalpel in his hand.
It'll put you on a permanent vacation.
Not even Hitler could have thought up such a plan.

Ol' Butch Russell was a wild one from the moment
of his birth
He was in and out of prison for whatever it was
worth
But now he's just as gentle as a puppy on a chain
Since they planted an electrode in the center of
his brain. CHORUS

My next door neighbor, Kilroy was always sort of
dumb,
He had a reputation as a no - good lousy bumb.
But now he fits right in with J. Paul Getty, you,
and me,
Since he got back from the doctor, with a scar
and P.H.D. CHORUS

I read about some fellow named Charlie Contraband,
They caught him pointing fingers at the leaders
of our land.
But now he's working hard with our undercover boys
To help weed out the traitors, at a job that he
enjoys. CHORUS



"I'm just waiting," Johnny Strozier said of his future. He spends 24 hours a day in this cell in the Georgia Industrial Institute. Atlanta Journal and Constitution Magazine

THE BALLAD OF JOHNNY STROZIER

by Sammy Walker

Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

In the red clay Georgia hills among the
busted whiskey stills
Lies a wretched school with barbed wire
stranded high
Where boys of every age, spend their life
inside a cage
And they never even learn the reason why.
As the twilight meets the dawn the iron bar
jail house doors are drawn
And the sound of tin cups' clargin' is in
the air,
But Johnny Strozier stays behind in his
dungeon cell confined
To unconditional twenty four hour solitair.

CHORUS:

Has anybody got an hour of your precious
time to spare?
Or will you hide your face pretending that it
ain't your place to care?
Are we really all so cruel?
I guess only time will tell,
For a Georgia boy who's locked up in a
lonesome Alto cell.
He ain't never used a gun and he ain't never
hurt no one
As he stares out thru the cold steel prison
bars.
Oh, the life inside his eyes is more empty
than the skys
When they're drained of all the heavens and
the stars.

(Continued)

Well he'd like to learn to read out of your
pretty books and things
But the warden cannot possibly allow,
For such things to take their place in the
facts of Johnny's case
So nobody's even tried to teach him how. CHO.
Sure he's taken from your store and yes he's
broken thru your door,
So you bound him with your shackle and your
chain,
And you expect this boy to pay, forever and
a day, so what right my friend do you
have to complain.

There's a wealthy man a-struttin' down
that crowded street so fine
Who makes his money stealin' from the
helpless and the blind.
But for a boy whose only crime was being
born without a dime,
It's forty years inside that prison,
Maybe even a whole lifetime. CHO.

LITTLE NEW JERSEY TOWN

words & music by Sammy Walker
Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

Somewhere up in New Jersey there's a little ol'
sleepy town,
That goes to bed and rises with the sun
The highway cuts it's way, thru the hollows and
the hay fields
And thru the town the whispering cars have spun.
There's a little boy who lives just a half a mile
away, who walks along the highway every day
A couple of years ago, away from home the young
boy strayed,
And he lost his arm unto a trapper's blade.

CHORUS:

Have you seen a young blue hound?
Have you seen the boy around?
Have you driven thru a little ol' Jersey town?

Well the day finally came, as to all kids does
the same
That the boy would start up at the red-brick
school,
But the other kids made fun, without knowing
what they'd done
So he quickly learned about the Golden Rule. CHO.

Deep down in the woods, where the lonesome boy
had stood,
He saw a hound dog shivering in the snow.
The path did stretch and wind, as the hound dog
tagged behind,
So on the way to home the two did go. CHO.

The young boy and the hound, took the blessing
that they'd found
And washed away the sadness and the gloom.
Their love grew deep and wide as they combed
the country side
And all around the happiness did bloom. CHO.

The hound would always wait at the rusty old
school gate
For his pal to finish up the day.
Til one day the boy did find, how the world was
so unkind,
And in the road his only friend did lay. CHORUS

TWICE

TESTIMONY OF A DYING LADY

words & music by Sammy Walker
Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

Your honor sir, I'm dying, that's the reason that
I'm here
The cancer's got my body, I'll be dead within a
year.
I'll be dead within a year.

Tell me more good lady, don't leave out a single
word
For I'll come to my decision from the testimony
heard.
From the testimony heard.

My husband passed away no more than a year ago,
But every penny that he left me,
To the banker we did owe.
To the banker we did owe.

When I first was feelin' ill, they said I'd be OK
But they'd need to run some tests and take a
simple X - ray.
Just a simple X - ray.

Again and again they called me, for more tests
they'd need to run
And to exterminate the cancer with their radiation
gun
With their radiation gun.

But I never got no better as I'm standing here
today
And they left me with this statement that I can't
afford to pay
That I can't afford to pay.

Well what about your jewelry and your lovely
house and home
Could you not have made a sacrifice, to step down
from your throne.
To step down from your throne.

Sir, I never had the fancy things that you and
yours have known
And we never owned the shackled house I used to
call my home.
I used to call my home.

Well I'm sorry for your trouble, and I'm sorry
that your ill,
But it's my duty to up hold the law,
Up hold the law I will, up hold the law I will.

For your failure to meet the judgement of this
court and pay the fee,
I sentence you to twelve months in the penitentiary
In the penitentiary.

In this system of jusice

In this system of justice, of oppertunity, and
grief,
It's one thing to make a living,
Another to be a thief.
Another to be a thief.

I AIN'T GOT NO HOME

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie
Copyright 1961 by Ludlow Music Inc.

I ain't got no home, I'm just a roaming round,
A hard workin' rambler, I go from town to town.
And the police make it hard, where ever I may go,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this
road,
It's a hot old dusty road that a million feet
have trod,
Lord, the rich man took our home and he drove
us from our door
Now I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I was farmin' on the shares and always I was
poor,
My crops I layed into the banker's door
Well my wife took down and died up on the cabin
floor
Now I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

Now as I look around, it's mighty plan to see,
This great, cruel world is a funny place to be,
The gamblin' man is rich and the workin' man
is poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

BOUND FOR GLORY

Words & Music by Phil Ochs
Copyright 1963 by Applesseed Music

(The Story of Woody Guthrie)

He walked all over his own growin' land from the New York island to
the California sands
He saw all the people that needed to be seen
planted all the grass where there needed to be green
And now he's bound for a glory all his own
And now he's bound for glory.

He wrote and he sang and he rode upon the rails
and he got on board when the sailors had to sail
he said all the words that needed to be said
he fed all the hungry souls that needed to be fed
And now he's bound for a glory all his own and now he's bound for glory

He sang in our streets and he sang in our halls
and he was always there when the unions gave a call
he did all the jobs that needed to be done
and he always stood his ground when smaller men would run
and now he's bound for a glory all his own and now he's bound for glory

And it's Pastures of Plenty wrote the Dust Bowl Balladeer
And This is Your Land he wanted us to hear
the rising of the unions will be sung again
and the Deportees live on through the power of his pen
And now he's bound for a glory all his own and now he's bound for glory

Now they sing out his praises on every distant shore
but so few remember what he was fightin' for
oh why sing the songs and forget about the aim
He wrote them for a reason, why not sing them for the same?
for now he's bound for a glory all his own and now he's bound for glory



All the songs Sammy Walker sings on this debut album were written by himself with two exceptions.

Sammy Walker is twenty-two years old. He was born in Norcross, Georgia, which is about twenty-five miles north of Atlanta, and has lived there all his life. His family is quite musical; his mother, a school teacher, taught Sammy and his three sisters to play the piano at an early age. His father was always bringing home records and phonographs, guitars, harmonicas, flutes, clarinets and every other musical instrument imaginable. Sammy mastered the guitar at twelve. He was turned on to topical song-writing when he heard Pete Seeger's "Where Have All The Flowers Gone." Sammy is the latest "discovery" of Broadside Magazine which has published the first works of such singer/songwriters as Phil Ochs, Len Chandler, Peter La Farge, Bob Dylan, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Jimmy Collier, Janis Ian, Mike Millius, Rev. Fred Kirkpatrick, Wendy Smith, Pat Sky, Wes Houston, Lucy Vargas, Roland Mousaa, Luis Valdez, Larry Estridge, Ron Turner, Eric Andersen and many others. (All or most of these people sing and play their own songs on Broadside/Folkways Records.)

Broadside's thirteen years of publication (#1 thru #127) constitute a virtual history of protest music. The co-editors are Agnes Cunningham and Gordon Friesen. A complete set can be obtained from Broadside, 215 West 98th St. (4D), N.Y., N.Y. 10025. These collectors items make beautiful bound volumes for your permanent library.