

STEREO BROADSIDE RECORDS BRS 312
(5312)

Broadside

VOL. 5

TIME IS RUNNING OUT

TIME IS RUNNING OUT
Wendy Smith

GOOD MORNIN' BROTHER HUDSON
Frederick D. Kirkpatrick

NOT ENOUGH TO LIVE ON
Mike Millius

HEY, MR. ROCKEFELLER
Mike Millius

FAREWELL MR. CHARLIE
Frederick D. Kirkpatrick

BALLAD OF MARTIN LUTHER KING
Mike Millius

BACKSTREETS OF DOWNTOWN AUGUSTA
Anne Romaine

NOTHIN' BUT HIS BLOOD
Frederick D. Kirkpatrick

WE SHALL BE FREE TOGETHER
Roland Mousaa

TO BE A KILLER
Wesley Houston

ELIJAH GOOD
Wesley Houston

PINKVILLE HELICOPTER
Tom Parrott

HELL NO, I AIN'T GONNA GO!
Mathew Jones & Elaine Laron

A PICKAXE AND A STONE
Jimmy Collier



TIME IS RUNNING OUT

SIDE I

BRS 312A

Band 1. Time Is Running Out - 2:55
Wendy Smith
©1970 Wendy Smith

Band 2. Good Mornin' Brother Hudson - 2:42
Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
©1970 F. D. Kirkpatrick

Band 3. Not Enough To Live On - 2:20
Mike Millius
©1969 Mike Millius

Band 4. Hey, Mr. Rockefeller - 2:26
Mike Millius
©1969 Mike Millius

Band 5. Farewell Mr. Charlie - 3:20
Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
©F. D. Kirkpatrick

Band 6. Ballad Of Martin Luther King - 2:55
Mike Millius
©1968 Poor Boy Michael Strange

Band 7. Backstreets Of Downtown Augusta - 4:23
Anne Romaine
©1970 Anne Romaine

Band 8. Nothin' But His Blood - 2:56
Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
©1970 F. D. Kirkpatrick

SIDE II

BRS 312B

Band 1. We Shall Be Free Together - 4:45
Roland Mousaa
©1970 Audubon Music, Inc.

Band 2. To Be A Killer - 1:50
Wesley Houston
©1970 Wesley Houston

Band 3. Elijah Good - 5:20
Wesley Houston
©Wesley Houston

Band 4. Pinkville Helicopter - 3:50
Tom Parrott
©1970 July 21st Music

Band 5. Hell No, I Ain't Gonna Go! - 3:25
Matthew Jones & Elaine Laron
©1967 M. Jones & E. Laron

Band 6. A Pickaxe And A Stone - 6:00
Jimmy Collier
©1969 J. Collier

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BROADSIDE BRS 312

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TIME IS RUNNING OUT VOL. 3/STEREO

BROADSIDE BRS 312 5312



WENDY SMITH

JIMMY COLLIER

Broadside Record Album No. BRS 312
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BROADSIDE Vol. 5

TIME IS RUNNING OUT

Fourteen new topical songs from the pages of BROADSIDE Magazine (215 W. 98th Street, N.Y.C. 10025). Sung by their authors. These are the first recordings of Roland Mousaa, Wendy Smith, Anne Romaine, and Wesley Houston (although Wesley, a New Yorker despite his name, is in THE HEART, musical trio on Rev. Fred Kirkpatrick's FOLKWAYS album "Square Dance With Soul.") Wendy Smith is from Chicago, and is now in the cast of HAIR. Anne Romaine has been singing around Atlanta for several years. Roland Mousaa is 20, a Jicarilla Apache Indian from a New Mexican reservation. Matthew Jones is a former member of the Freedom Singers. Tom Parrott has two L-P albums out on FOLKWAYS-SCHOLASTIC. Mike Millius, another young New Yorker, had his first L-P, "Desperado" issued recently by UNI. Jimmy Collier, of Ft. Smith, Ark., is an organizer for Pete Seeger's Clearwater project to clean up the Hudson. He and Rev. Kirkpatrick sing their songs on the FOLKWAYS album "Everybody's Got A Right To Live." "Kirk", 38, son of an impoverished Louisiana sharecropper, has long been active in the human rights struggle.

A PICKAXE AND A STONE

Words & Music by JIMMY COLLIER
©1969 by Jimmy Collier

CHO. And I'll fight you if I have to
With a pickaxe and a stone
Fight you to the death, mister
Until you leave me alone.

All over the world there are things
I know about
I know about your armies
that go marching up and down
I've heard tell about your cannons
that kill as they boom and shout
And I want to try and tell you
Though I'm sure you will find out, That I'll -
(CHO)

2. I've heard about your Generals and the men that they control
They've left destruction in every town where they've gone
There are many men who stand ready because of what you've done
Kill & destroy you to defend their families and their homes. (Cho.)

3. I'll use your bullets, Mister, I'll use them in my gun
And when you kill my children, Mister, you better fear for your own sons
Nat Turner, John Brown, the Vietcong will seem just like a game
When my sabotagin' bullets fall on you like poundin' rain. (Cho.)

4. Now don't you worry, Mister, my wife she will be armed
And about your daughters and your sons you better be alarmed
Too many starvin' bellies, hungry skeletons I've seen cry
I don't give a damn about you, I don't care if you die. (Cho.)

5. Don't make no mistake, there's many more like me
There are hundreds in the country, thousands in the city streets
Don't try to slip away, don't try to pity us, the poor
We don't need your pity -- we don't need you-- anymore. (Cho.)

6. You know we know how to get you, 'cause we've always hunted raccoon
Don't you worry, Mister, we'll be huntin' your real soon
We'll be usin' thirty-thirties, Winchesters and carbines
Pistols and bazookas and your own tank machines. (Cho.)

7. To fight is the choice you've left me -- nothin' else for me to do
And if I can't win by myself, I'll arm my children too
Where once there was handwritin', there'll be nothin' on the wall
And I'll be talkin' to myself, because you won't exist at all. (Cho.)



TIME IS RUNNING OUT

Words & Music by WENDY SMITH
©1970 by Wendy Smith

Time is running out
Time is running out
There is thunder in the air
I can hear the voices shout
The foundation is crumbling
And the people are running out
La, la, la.

Time is running thin
Time is running thin
The stone-deaf statues
on the top
Don't know what shape
they're in
There's a different band
a-playing
And the music will soon begin
La, la, la.

Time is running short
Time is running short
The ones who were down
and poor
Have guns aimed at your heart
The doors of revolution
thrown open
with the rushing tide
The kings and queens are broken
Only the dead are left behind
With no time.



ROLAND MOUSAA

WE SHALL BE FREE TOGETHER

By Roland Mousaa

©1970 by Audubon Music, Inc.

A canary sings the sweetest songs
they'll never understand
She's calling to be free
from the cage
they keep her in
There's one container
and it's full of seeds
And that's her reward
when she sings
her sweetest songs.

Bobbi sings the saddest songs
they think they understand
She's calling to be free
from the sanitarium
They keep her on
three meals a day
And that's her reward
when she sings
her saddest songs.

But one of these days
yes, one of these days
Yes, one of these days
Oh, one of these days
We shall be free together

But one of these days
yes, one of these days
Thye'll soon let her life go free
Yes, one of these days
Oh, one of these days
We shall be free together

Then we'll go sing
our freedom songs
they do not understand
We're calling to be free
from the cell they keep us in
They feed us a book
And it's full of laws
And that's our reward
when we sing
our freedom songs.

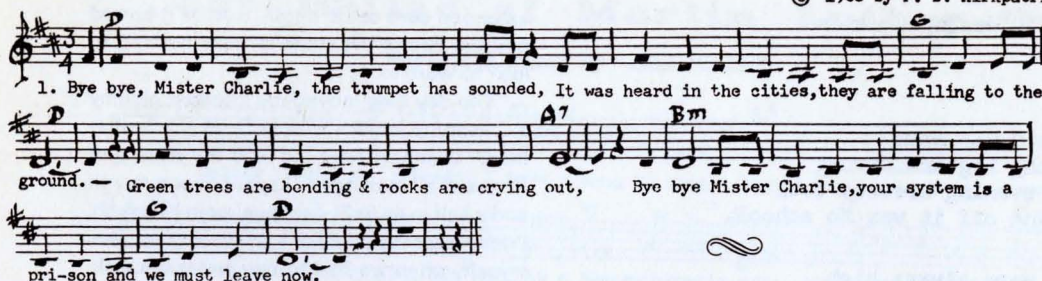
But one of these days
yes, one of these days
Thye'll soon let our lives
go free

Yes, one of these days
Oh, one of these days
We shall be free together
La,la,la,la
La,la,la,la,etc.

Farewell Mr. Charlie

-3-

Words: Rev. Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
Tune: Adapted from Traditional
© 1968 by F. D. Kirkpatrick



2. If we don't get good appliances
we will throw them away --
No more Motorola
just R.C.A.'s.
I wouldn't call this looting,
just getting what's mine;
There is no use of weeping,
There is no use of crying,
Everything's going to be fine.

3. We made cotton king
And didn't get a thing
But poverty, brutality
And a sleep in the rain.
Now the tide is turning
And everything is flame;
Farewell, Mister Charlie,
The cities are falling
And it causes me to sing

4. The imperialists and capitalists
Are in the court yard --
Twenty thousand Black ~~boys~~ *people*
Have escaped from the guard,
From a place of imprisonment
For three hundred years;
Farewell, Mister Charlie,
The sky is on fire
And we have no fears.

BROADSIDE #96



NOTHIN' BUT HIS BLOOD
By Fred D. Kirkpatrick
©1970 F. D. Kirkpatrick

Nothin' but his blood
Nothin' but his blood
Nothin' but his blood
ig gonna free me
I once was lost
I was believin' in his
farce
Nothin' but his blood
is gonna free me.

(Note: Each verse follows
same pattern as above.)

Nothin' but his blood, etc.
Sometime I'm up
Sometime I'm down
Sometime I'm almost to the
ground, etc.

...Every time we make a
start/White man stab me
to my heart...

...Come on Johnny, come
on son/Go to the cabinet
and get your gun...

...Everytime I make a
start/White man stab me
to my heart ...

(Repeat 1st verse)

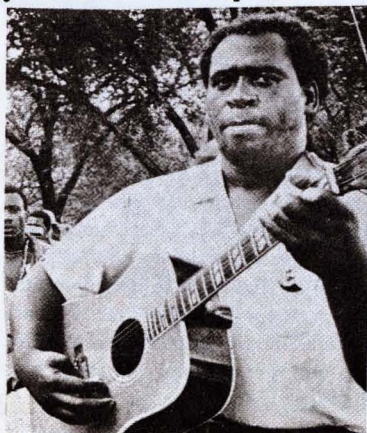
BROADSIDE # 108

GOOD MORNIN' BROTHER HUDSON

By Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
©1970 F. D. Kirkpatrick

CHO:

Good Mornin', Brother Hudson
I hate to see you die
I can feel you cryin'
Deep way down inside
There is a conspiracy to kill you
And I know that it's true
They can't tell their little white lies:
They know not what they do.



Rev. Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick

VERSE:

Birds up in the sky
They can't hardly fly
Jet planes are cruisin'
And pollutin' everywhere
Those that are responsible
They don't give a damn
They're treatin' our natural resources
As another Vietnam. (Cho.)

Big businesses are planted
All along your grassy bank
Toilet chains are pulled all day
Dispersin' all their stink
They live way out in the suburbs
With their cadillacs red & pink
While the water in the cities
Is not fit to shower, shave or drink,
(Ch6.)

They live way out in the suburbs
While the river goes to death
From chemical pollution
And the residues that are left
But all of their fortunes
And their mansions way out there
Can't buy in the future
One clean breath of fresh air. (Cho.)



400 years
of oppression

BROADSIDE #108

-4-

ELIJAH GOOD

By Wesley Houston

©1970 Wesley Houston

CHO: On a chair of wood

Elijah Good

Rocks his day -- away.

In nineteen forty-five Elijah Good was born
A 7 pound 8 ounce baby boy healthy big and strong
Five years on the seacoast, its evening breezes cool
Packing his old brown suitcase and off it was to school.

Chorus

Elijah studied hard, his grades were always high
Never time to live as the school years flickered by
In the year of 1966 a change in Elijah's life
He graduated from college and found himself a wife.

Chorus

The world seemed at his feet when, married for 1 year
Elijah got a letter that brought his wife to tears
He had to serve the Man who gave him his degree
To live in the land of "freedom" the price is never free.

Chorus

Three months of training, and a boat across the sea
Rushed Elijah to a fate he thought could never be
When a bullet tore a path, found itself a mark
To paralyze his body and tear faith from his heart.

So at the age of twenty-five Elijah's life is past
His body dissolved slowly but his mind is sinking fast
As a young wife moans, Oh God, is this the only way.

Chorus

Medevac surgeons operated to tuse
Dumpert's broken neck back in place. Then
they told him: he would survive but he would
be paralyzed for the rest of his life from the
neck downwards.

In September of 1968, the time came
for transfer to a Veterans Administration
hospital. For Dumpert, as for other wound-
ed, it meant that his condition had been im-

TO BE A KILLER

By Wesley Houston

©1970 Wesley Houston

Now you don't have to own a gun to be a killer
You don't even have to think it's fun to be a killer
Just give a man a solid start
You break his soul and then you break his heart
Don't give him work and let his family starve
you'll get a killer.

Now a little greed for a little more can make a killer
The landlord's knockin' at your door, he's a killer
You can't pay the rent; you've been told
You got to leave, your apartment's been sold
So it's out on the street in the freezing cold --
he's a killer.

Take a homegrown boy with a down-home smile
and make a killer

No special human is needed to make a killer
Give him a uniform and a gun or two
"You better shoot, boy, it's him or you
Aim straight, fella, and you'll get through" --
you've made a killer.

Now you don't have to leave your home to be a killer
You don't even have to be alone to be a killer
You got your Senate, your Congress and your president
All the rest of your government
Out of your dollar give them thirty cents --
you'll own a killer.

proved and stabilized to the point where
extended care could begin. But, as it turned
out, the Bronx VA Hospital was nothing to
look forward to.

"The day they moved me into that gloomy
3-C ward, I knew I was back at the battle-
field," Dumpert says. "It was the misery of
Khesanh all over again. I spent over a month
and a half in an 8x21-foot bunker in Khesanh.
I remember the smell of four other guys plus
myself, when we had to use water to drink,
not to wash with, when we lived with gar-
bage rather than dump it and get hit by a
sniper. But at least in Khesanh, you could
joke and be lighthearted. Death was around
you but there was still the possibility of get-
ting out. Here in this ward, living with the
misery of six neglected guys who can't wash
themselves, can't even get a glass of water
for themselves, who are left unattended for
hours . . . it's sickening.

"Nobody should have to live in these con-
ditions," Dumpert insists. "We're all hooked
up to urine bags, and without enough at-
tendants to empty them, they spill over the
floor. It smells and cakes something awful.
The aides don't commit themselves whole-
heartedly, but with what they earn a year
why should they? I've laid in bed on one
side from 6 a.m. to 4 p.m., without getting
moved or washed. When and if you do get
a shower, you come back and you're put
into bed on the same sweaty sheets you
started with. It's like you've been put in jail,
or you've been punished for something."

The rats were worst. "I had been sleep-
ing on my stomach," Dumpert recalls. "It
wasn't 11 o'clock, but I had closed my eyes.
I suddenly awoke to find a rat on my hand. I
can't move my hand, so I tried to jerk my
shoulders. I screamed and the rat jumped
slowly off my bed. When the aide arrived, I
told him. He said, 'Aw, you must be drunk.'
Nobody has done anything to this day, so
some of the amputees who are not totally
disabled have taken to setting traps, to pro-
tect us. If you're a nervous-system injury
you can't feel anything, and you could get
bitten in the night and not know it."

"I feel that the way we Vietnam veterans
are being treated," he says, "is abnormal. I
regret having to say this, but now I have
nothing but disgust for my country. I used
to hate the guys who ran off to Canada to
avoid the draft. Now I don't hate them. I
don't like them, but I respect them for what
they did. If I had known what I know now, I
would never have enlisted. I don't mean just
my injury, but the insensitivity and lack of
care. They would have had to drag me into
the service kicking. It makes me wonder
about Vietnam--about whether the people
I saw die, and people like me who are
half dead, fought for nothing."

The Ballad of Martin Luther King

Words and Music By MIKE MILLIUS

Gather 'round me, friends, I have a song to sing A-bout a her-o of our time named Martin Luther King; Martin Luther King was born to a sharecropper's son And ev'ry rac-ist feared him, and he nev-er owned a gun. And I've been to the mountain-top, And to-day I have a dream.

CHO:

© 1968 by Poor Boy Michael Strange

Don't you e- ver for-get the words of Martin Luther King.—

Broadside # 91

Now a busline in Montgomery had some folks sit in back
And it wasn't a coincidence that all these folks were black
Then Martin Luther King called a boycott in that town
He just walked with his people and they shut that busline down. (Chorus)

Now he preached and lived non-violence until the very end
On a hotel porch in Memphis, Mankind lost its best friend
Cause he fought for human rights as he rode from town to town
And that's what he was doing in Memphis when some redneck shot him down. (Chorus)

Now it's time to take a look in that mirror on the wall
Did you help pull the trigger or were'nt you there at all?
And the sickness of a nation then soon becomes quite clear
When they kill a man with hatred because he wouldn't die from fear. (Chorus)

(Repeat chorus but change last line to: "My friends, those are the very words of Martin Luther King.")

Not Enough To Live On But A Little too Much To Die

Words & Music By MIKE MILLIUS ©1969 by Mike Millius

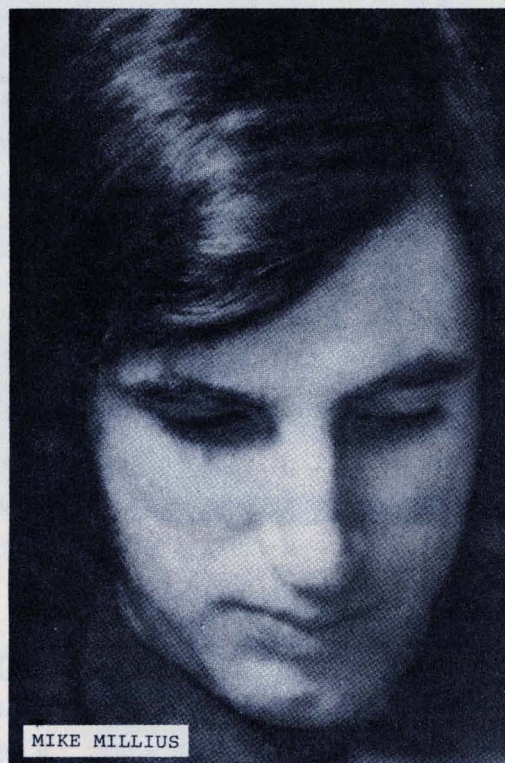
Well, the landlord came to my house I went down to the welfare folks
He wasn't there to groove To see what they'd do for me
Said you didn't pay your rent They said, Oh, yes,
six months We'll pay your way
My friend, you've got to move Just give us your dignity

I said what am I entitled to
And they gave me this reply
NOT ENOUGH TO LIVE ON
BUT A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DIE

So I went back to my old lady
Man, I told her where I'd been
Out there giving stupid answers
To all their stupid questions
It seems they have a little scheme
By which you might survive
Just stay within your budget
Good luck, and stay alive
But you'll need more than luck, baby
'Cause even if you try
Not enough to live on
But a little too much to die.

Now the worker came to my house
He was counting all my clothes
He asked how many kids I have
Then he counted them by the nose
He said I'd get my check next week
I'd get it without fail
But that, of course, depends
That it don't get lost in the mail
I said, Does that happen often?
But he just blinked his eye
Said, Not enough to live on
But a little too much to die.

So the folks are all on line now
They're filing out the door
The man gave me number 903
And then called forty-four
Maybe he wants me to play that number
'Cause I just can't get by
With not enough to live on
But a little too much to die.
(Last verse music same, but no repeat needed)



THE BACKSTREETS OF DOWNTOWN AUGUSTA
By Anne Romaine, © 1970 Anne Romaine
Did you hear about Augusta Georgia
On the eleventh day of May
The year Nineteen and Seventy
It was a fateful day.



Photo by Tom Coffin

The day began as any other
People going to work
Across town to work for the bossman
To scrub the white woman's floor.
The sleepy Savannah was flowing
Same as the day before
But on the backstreets of downtown
Augusta.

There was anger at every door.

The police had announced on Sunday
Charles Oatman whose age was sixteen
After being beaten and tortured
Had died in his jail cell, you see.

Was it the police or his black cell
mates

It didn't matter at this point in time
He was a child in an adult's prison
And being black was his major crime.

The soft sobs of his mother and father
Rang heavy through the backstreets of
town

My baby is dead, I can't stand it
Why are we all standing around.

Five hundred angry black people
Walked down to City Hall
Silently saying, it's over
No more will we stay here and crawl.

But over their heads waving proudly
The Confederate stars were massed
The symbol of death and of slavery
Of the present as well as the past.

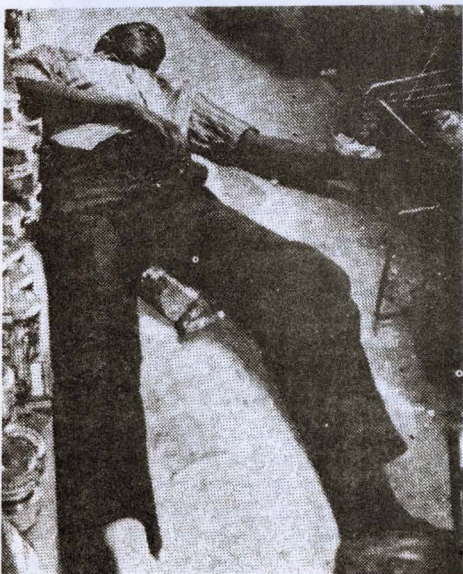
The young people lunged toward the
state flag

Ripped it and tore it down
As if to say this is a new day
They burned it to a curling black
flame.

Teargas and machine guns were fired
By police ready near by
The crowd surged back in the struggle
Six black men were going to die.

They found them dead on the sidewalk
Shot in the back everyone
By white men themselves scared of
dying
Their fear held tight to a gun.

A week later the ashes were settled
The bodies lay dead in the ground
But a new day had come to the
backstreets
That our violence can never put down.



SOUTHERN STRATEGY. Black Augusta,
Ga., youth lies murdered, shot in
the back,

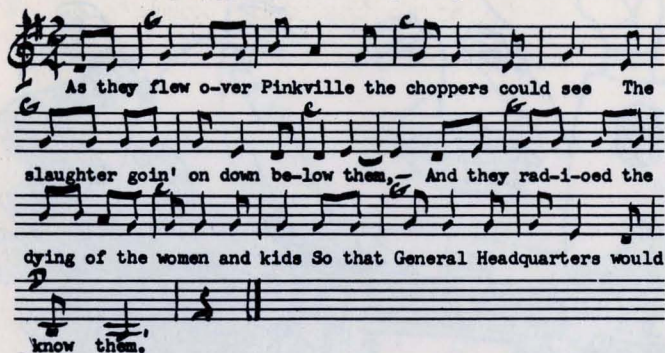
THE BODY COUNT

6 DEAD IN AUGUSTA Shot in Back

The coroner's report said
Mack Wilson, 45 years old, had
been shot once in the back;
Charley Mack Murphey, 39, sev-
en times in the back; John
Stokes, 19, nine times in the
back; William Wright Jr., 18,
five times in the back; Sammy
McCullough, no age given, twice
in the back, and John Bennett,
28, once in the back.

PINKVILLE HELICOPTER

Words & Music by TOM PARROTT
© Copyright 1970 by July 21st Music



Then one circled down to a place on the ground,
where there were children who were wounded
or crying,
And took them in the chopper to carry them out,
so that they wouldn't be among the dying.

They were on their way out when below them they saw
a little two year old baby,
So they went down again and the pilot got out,
muttering that the world had gone crazy.

The baby was cradled in the pilot's arms,
wounded and crying and bloody,
When a lieutenant came up and said "put the kid down,
and get your chopper on out of here, buddy."

The pilot looked down at the lieutenant's gun
that was smoky and hot from the killing,
And he said "If I have to give my life for the child,
then, by God, you know that I'm willing."

Then the gunner who stood in the helicopter's door
called out to the lieutenant,
"We're calling your bluff, there's been killing enough,
if your gun starts more mine will end it."

So they flew the kids out to the medics who said,
"War is hell, even babies get wounded."
The pilot just looked at his gunner and shook,
said "To kill them was what was intended,

"The things that we've seen up in Pinkville today,
well we won't even try to describe them,
But this wasn't war, it was a pack of mad dogs
just killing to see people dying."

As they flew over Pinkville, the choppers could see
the slaughter going on down below them,
And they radioed the dying of the women and kids,
so that general headquarters would know them.

Broadside #105

Stars & Stripes Generation Gap

Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 31
(UPI)—Big-name entertainers
such as Bob Hope, Art Linklet-
ter and George Jessel are "un-
acceptable" to most American
troops overseas, according to a
government official who books
the acts.

"The kind of entertainment
Americans were serving in
Korea, fails to bring laughs
and applause from soldiers
turned on to pot smoking and

rock music," said Kenneth D. Smith, chief of the U.S. Special
Services Agency for Entertain-
ment in Europe.

Sentimental, patriotic ma-
terial does not appeal to GIs
between the ages of 18 and 25,
popular 20 years ago, when
booking acts is compounded by
the refusal of young entertain-
ers, particularly blacks, to ap-
pear before the military, he
said.



TOM PARROTT

HELL NO, I AIN'T GONNA GO !

By Matthew Jones & Elaine Laron
© 1967 by M. Jones & E. Laron

Refrain: Up tight! That's right!
I ain't gonna go!
HELL NO !

Verses:

I ain't goin' to Vietnam
I ain't dyin' for Uncle Sam.(Ref.)

I ain't goin' to Vietnam
I ain't burnin' my brothers
to save the man. (Ref.)

I ain't goin to Vietnam
The Vietcong's just like I am
Up tight! Up tight! Up tight!

Bridge:

Let's run it down, Brother Brown
Tell every Cat just where it's at
I've had enough of Charlie's stuff
If he messes with me I'm gonna
get rough. (Ref.)

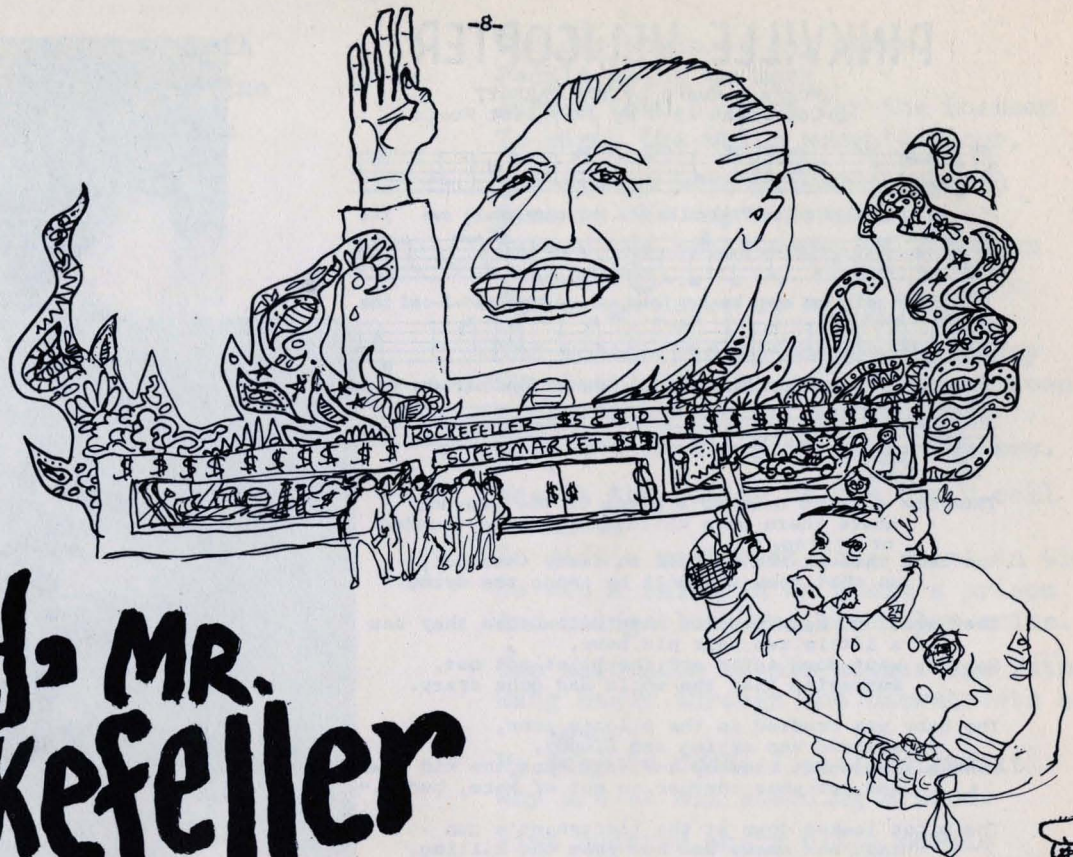
Verses:

I ain't goin' to Vietnam
That Free World jazz is all a
sham. (Ref.)

I ain't goin' to Vietnam
Cause the U.S. Army is the
Ku Klux Klan. (Ref.)

I ain't goin' to Vietnam
I got business in Harlem, Watts
and Birmingham. (Ref.)


Broadside #.82

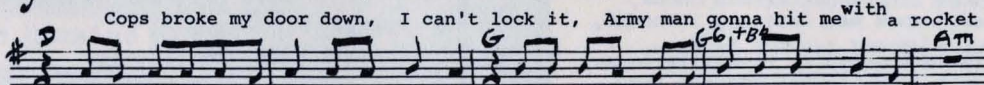


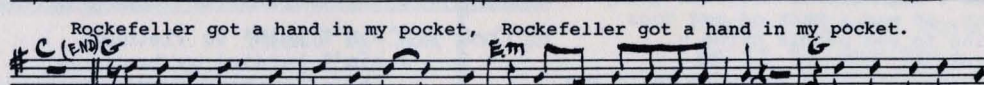
Hey, Mr. Rockefeller

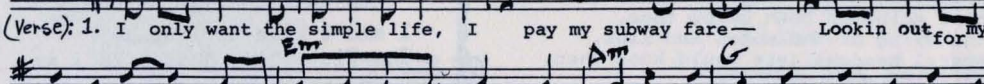
Hey, Mr. Rockefeller

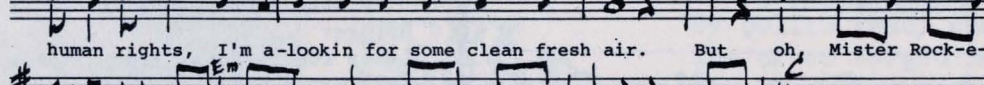
Words & Music by MIKE MILLIUS
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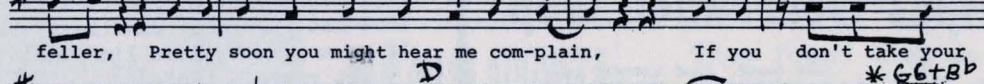
(Cho) 

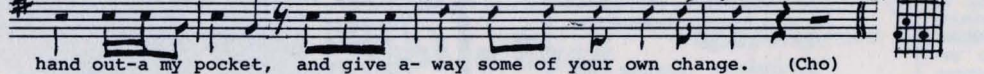
Cops broke my door down, I can't lock it, Army man gonna hit me with a rocket 

Rockefeller got a hand in my pocket, Rockefeller got a hand in my pocket. 

(Verse): 1. I only want the simple life, I pay my subway fare— Lookin out for my 

human rights, I'm a-lookin for some clean fresh air. But oh, Mister Rock-e- 

feller, Pretty soon you might hear me com-plain, If you don't take your 

hand out-a my pocket, and give a- way some of your own change. (Cho) 



Take a look at me, Mr. Rockefeller
I keep my doorway neat
And I try not to smile while I'm walkin around
Cause I know you'd like to tax my feet
Oh, Mr. Rockefeller, I'm sorry if you get bored
So why don't you just pick up your phone
And stop the war on the poor

CHORUS

Oh, Mr. Rockefeller, how can you look so clean?
Mmm, Mr. Rockefeller - must be comin out green
No, don't you go puttin no supermarket*
Anywhere near my home town
Everybody gonna get up in the mornin
And burn it right to the ground

CHORUS

* (Ed. Note: When Rocky visited Latin America recently, Anti-Imperialists burned down most of his string of supermarkets, including 13 of 16 he had in Argentina).

BROADSIDE #101

ART AND LAYOUT OF THIS BROCHURE BY AGNES FRIESEN. PHOTOS OF JIMMY COLLIER AND REV. KIRKPATRICK BY DIANA DAVIES.