

BROADSIDE

VOLUME 6 PRODUCED BY A. FRIESEN

REUNION

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FR 5315

(BR 315)

Archival Property
Smithsonian Institution
Office of the Assistant Secretary
for Public Service

Blind Boy Grunt

Phil Ochs

Tom Paxton

Mike Millius

Eric Anderson

Peter La Farge

Len Chandler

Sis Cunningham

& Group



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FR 5315

SIDE 1

- Band 1. Long Time Troubled Road (Eric Andersen)
Eric Andersen
Band 2. Train A-Travelin' (Bob Dylan)
Blind Boy Grunt
Band 3. Only Time Will Tell (Bobby Donahue)
Bobby Donahue
Band 4. Dreadful Day (Bob Dylan) Blind Boy Grunt
Band 5. I'm Goin' To Get My Baby Outa Jail
(Len H. Chandler) Len H. Chandler
Band 6. "Tate's Hell" (Will McLean) Will McLean
Band 7. A Very Close Friend Of Mine (Richard Black)
Richard Black
Band 8. Moon Song (Mike Millius) Mike Millius
Band 9. The Train For Auschwitz (Tom Paxton)
Tom Paxton
Band 10. Hunger and Cold (Phil Ochs) Phil Ochs

SIDE 2

- Band 1. Changing Hands (Phil Ochs) Phil Ochs
Band 2. Drums (Peter LaFarge) Peter LaFarge
Band 3. The Ballad Of Emmett Till (Bob Dylan)
Blind Boy Grunt
Band 4. The Ballad Of Donald White (Bob Dylan)
Blind Boy Grunt
Band 5. The Ballad Of Jesse James (Trad.)
Sis Cunningham, Mike Millius,
Wesley Houston and Friends

© 1972 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A. 10023

WARNING: UNAUTHORIZED REPRODUCTION OF THIS
RECORDING IS PROHIBITED BY FEDERAL LAW AND SUBJECT TO
CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

BROADSIDE REUNION

VOLUME 6

Blind Boy Grunt

Phil Ochs

Tom Paxton

Mike Millius

Eric Anderson

Peter La Farge

Len Chandler

**Sis Cunningham
& Group**

PRODUCED BY A. FRIESEN

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

COVER PHOTO BY DIANA DAVIES

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FR 5315

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

BROADSIDE REUNION

LONG TIME
TROUBLED ROAD

by ERIC ANDERSEN

© 1965
Deep Fork Music

I'm by myself
and not too long started
many fine women
have told me so
there's a window pointing
and we must be parted
I've been a short time
on a long time
troubled road

but I'll keep on jivin'
my head's thrown back high
I don't need no map scale
I can follow my eyes
but if someone asks you
tell 'em I feel fine
over these valleys and
hills my voice will fly

some people say
I'm a long-tail rouster
but ever on my face
will your eyes play
other people say
I'm a dust hill drifter
and if the rains
fall lonesome
baby that's okay

I'm going back to the
sky kissed mountain
with my collar up
up up up
to stop the drivin' rain
I'm gonna drink
from the crystal fountain
and I just may catch
onto the west bound train

I'm by myself
& not too long started
down trouble's road
lord I have come
to the silver waters
I'll be returning
to run my race with
the blazing sun

This, Vol. 6 of songs which have been in BROADSIDE MAGAZINE, is made up mainly from tapes recorded by the singer/songwriters over the years at Broadside's apartment. We have picked songs which -- so far as we know -- they have not recorded elsewhere. You'll find PHIL OCHS and BOB DYLAN, ERIC ANDERSEN, LEN CHANDLER, PETER LA FARGE, on tapes they made in the early 60's. Some of the songs are gems which they probably will never record again. Like Phil's "Hunger & Cold." And Eric's "Long Time Troubled Road." Eric wrote it when he was living with us unknown and penniless (other songs he wrote during that period were "Thirsty Boots", "Waves Of Freedom", "Violets Of Dawn"). When he first sang it to me I said "That's Peter La Farge -- he comes from the sky-kissed mountains and his home is Fountain, Colorado." It was more than a premonition, though Peter died six months later and his body was taken back to the "crystal fountain." Peter's singing "Drums" on this LP was his last public appearance, at a Broadside Hoot in the Village Gate, NYC. There's a special treat on this album -- Agnes (Sis) Cunningham, the founder & editor of BROADSIDE MAGAZINE (215 W. 98 St. NYC 10025), singing that great old folksong "Jesse James" accompanied by Mike Millius and Wesley Houston. And a couple of brand new young singer/songwriters of topical songs, Rich Black & Bobby Donahue.... GORDON FRIESEN.

Music transcription by Agnes Cunningham

Art & layout by Agnes Friesen

Photography by Diana Davies

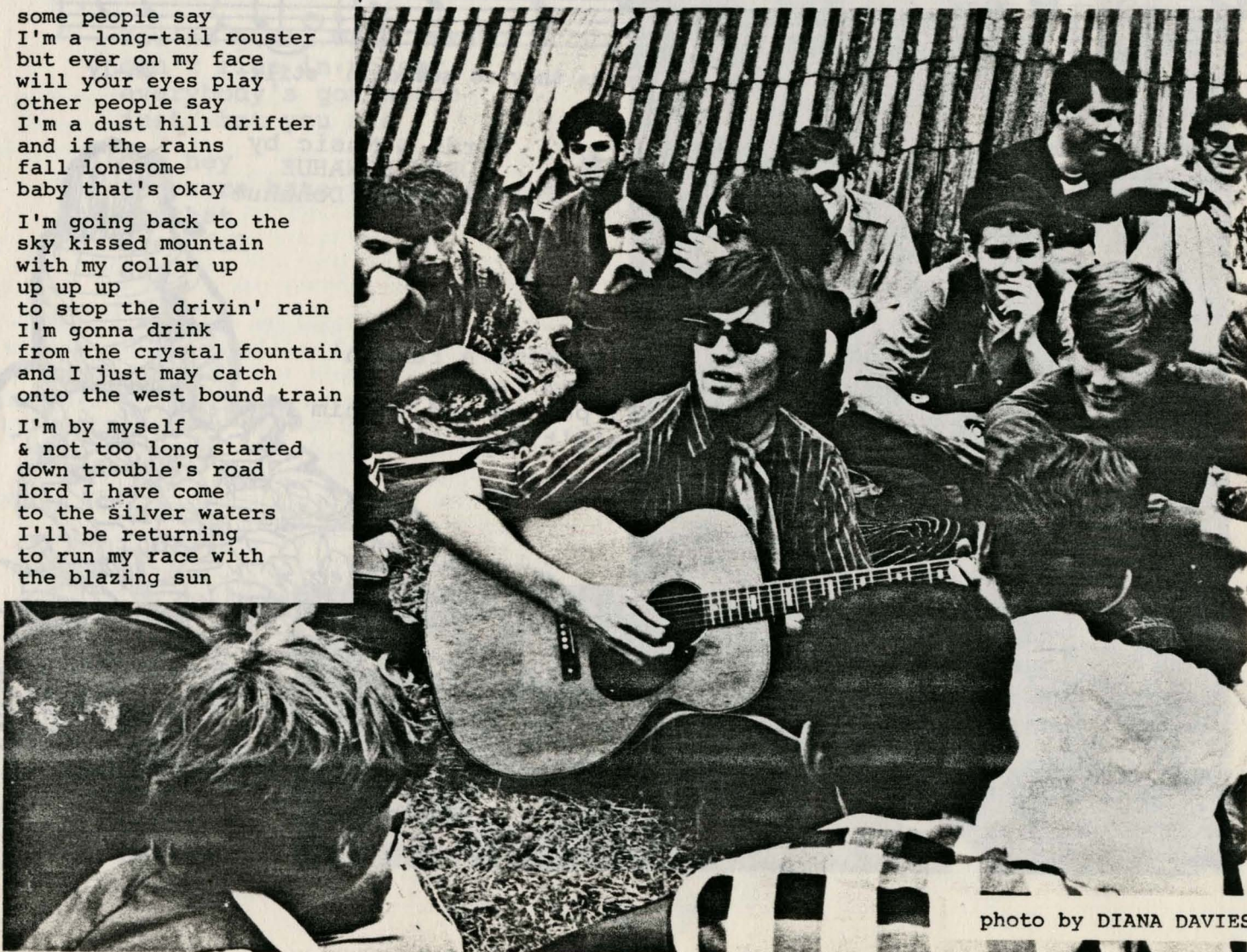


photo by DIANA DAVIES

There's an iron train a-travelin' that's been rollin' thru the years
With a firebox of hatred and a furnace full of fears
If you ever heard its sound or seen its blood-red broken frame
Then you've heard my voice and you know my name.

Did you ever stop to wonder 'bout the hatred that it holds
Did you ever see its passengers, its crazy mixed-up souls
Did you ever start a-thinkin' that you gotta stop that train
Then you've heard my voice and you know my name.

Have you ever had it on your lips or said it in your head
That the person standing next to you just might be misled
Does the raving of the maniacs make your insides go insane
Then you've heard my voice and you know my name.

ONLY TIME WILL TELL

(D-G-D etc. same as verse) D G D

Guitar & Harmonica intro.
also Interlude between vs.

Three men went searchin' To find Peace and Good

G D Bm G A G

Will; I haven't seen them so I guess they're searchin' still On-ly

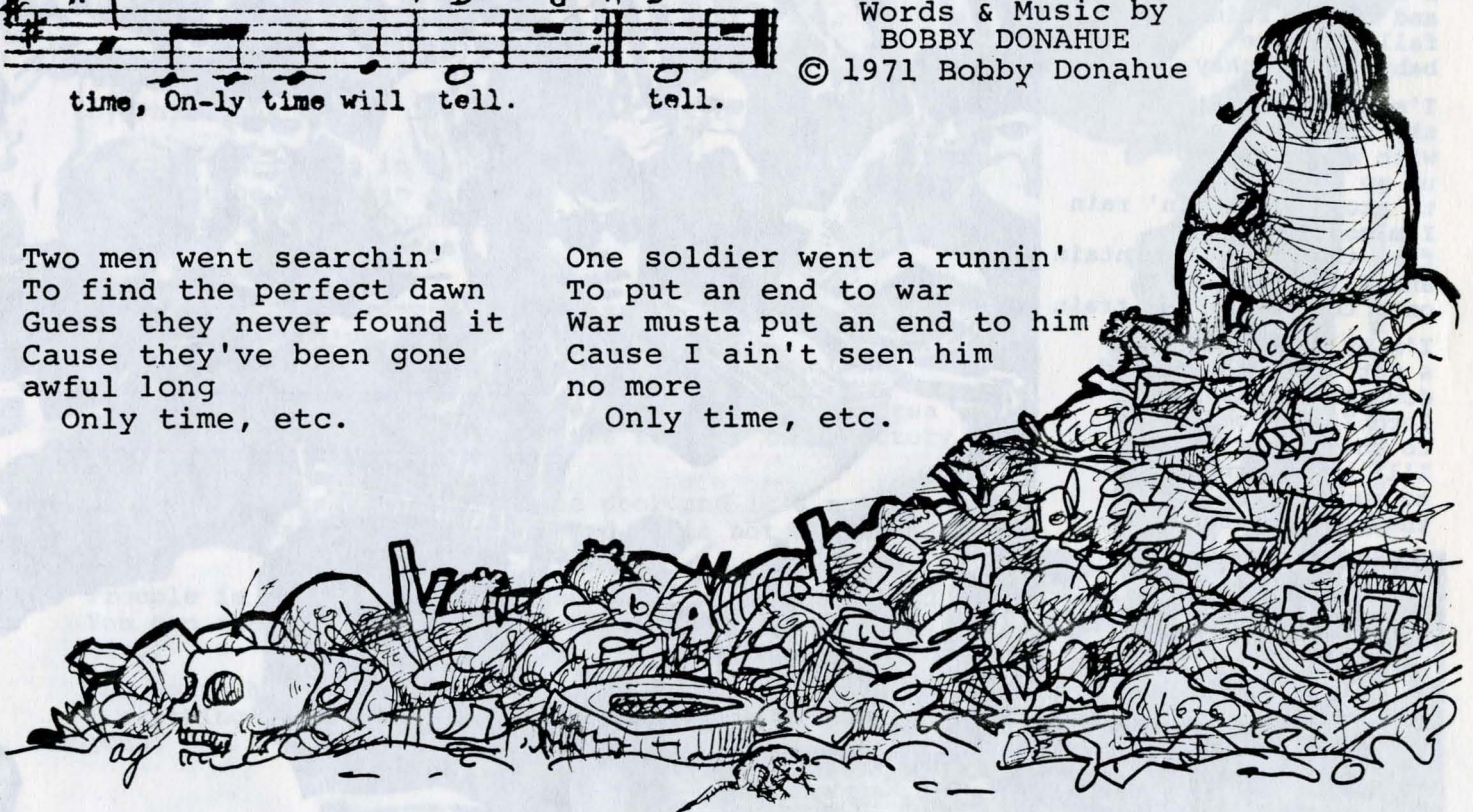
A D G D

time, On-ly time will tell. tell.

Words & Music by
BOBBY DONAHUE
© 1971 Bobby Donahue

Two men went searchin'
To find the perfect dawn
Guess they never found it
Cause they've been gone
awful long
Only time, etc.

One soldier went a runnin'
To put an end to war
War musta put an end to him
Cause I ain't seen him
no more
Only time, etc.



DREADFUL DAY

by BOB DYLAN

© 1962 by Bob Dylan

Good wine is goin'
at a nickel a quart
you look in your money bag
& find you're one cent short

hey hey
I'd sure hate to be you
on that dreadful day.

Your clock is gonna stop
on St. Peter's gate
you're gonna ask him what
time it is
he's gonna say
'too late'

hey hey
I'd sure hate to be you
on that dreadful day.

You're gonna walk naked
can't ride in no car
everybody's gonna see
just what you are

hey hey
I'd sure hate to be you
on that
dreadful
day

photo
by

DIANA
DAVIES



I'M GOIN' TO GET MY BABY OUTA JAIL

by Len H. Chandler

Tune: "I Had To Stand And Stare"
(same author)

© 1964 Fall River Music

I'm goin' to get my ba-by out- a jail, — I'm
goin' to get my ba- by out- a jail. — She
said she wasn't guil-ty, and she wouldn't pay no bail, I'm
goin' to get — my ba- by — out-a jail.

Well, they phoned and said the word
had come today / They phoned, etc.
Now I'm meetin' all the lawyers at
the court house right away
Yes, I'm goin' to get my baby, etc.

The highest courts all honored her
appeal (twice)
They said she wasn't guilty and
she got a dirty deal
So I'm goin' to get my baby, etc.

Every po-lice in this county knows
her name (twice)
But I'm goin' to get my baby just
the same
Yes, I'm goin', etc.

My baby wouldn't let me pay her fine (twice)
She said she wasn't guilty and she wouldn't pay one dime
But I'm goin' to get my baby outa jail.

Only one thing more keeps workin' on
my mind / One thing more, etc.
If high court costs and lawyers fees
ain't something like a fine
But I'm goin', etc.

You know I must have walked a valley on my floor (twice)
Just waitin' for her footsteps and her knockin' at my door
But I'm goin' to get my baby outa jail.

"There was a lady -- a schoolteacher from Orangeburg, South Carolina, -- at this benefit up here, and she told about how she had gone into this white hospital waiting room when she was pregnant, and they came and arrested her because she refused to move to the Negro waiting room. This young rookie cop came and arrested her, just like off the street, without consulting the Chief or any other superiors. So when they got her in there, and saw she was pregnant, they got sort of up tight and they wanted to get rid of her because it was, you know, sort of a bad mark against them. She wasn't the usual kind of hotel guest they liked to have in the jail. And so they gave her a low bond. She was notorious in the area anyway as being a very big civil rights worker.

"But she wouldn't pay her bail. She just wouldn't pay it -- because she said that she was innocent, and refused to participate. They gave her one of those quick hokey-pokey trials and gave her like a very low fine -- five dollars or something -- just to get rid of her. So she wouldn't pay the fine. So then she was in jail, and everybody else shoved her court case up on the dockets and it went to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, and there the decision was reversed in her favor -- they said to turn her loose, right? And so I wrote this song as if I were her husband at home waiting to come and get her.

"She, by the way, and her husband were fired from their respective jobs. She was a schoolteacher, and he was teaching at the University. They were both fired for their participation in the movement."- Len Chandler, introducing above song on a tape recording, Sept., 1964.

BROADSIDE #51

"Tate's Hell"

Words & Music: By

WILL McLEAN

© 1964 by author

(Narrate) Oh, listen! Good people, a story I'll tell
Of a great swamp in Florida, a place called 'Tate's Hell'--
One hundred and forty square watery miles
With millions of 'skeeters and big yellow flies,
And where all about the moccasins lie
With glittering death in their beady eye,
Where bull-gators beller and panthers squall.
Now this is a place to be shunned by all.

Medium Fast

Old Tate left Su-ma-tra a-long a-bout dark, He
had his two big dogs and a pup-py named Spark, an
old Long Tom shot-gun, a sharp bar-low knife, that pan-ther
would sure have, (guitar) the chase of his life! (guitar)

A little past moon-down
The dogs struck the scent;
Thru bramble and ti-ti
A-running Tate went;
For hours and hours,
Until it was dawn;
Then Tate knew that he was
A long way from home.

He leaned back to rest,
And his eyes did not see;
The big rattler struck him
Above the bent knee;
The lick was so hard
That a-sprawling he fell;
This was the beginning
Of poor old Tate's Hell!

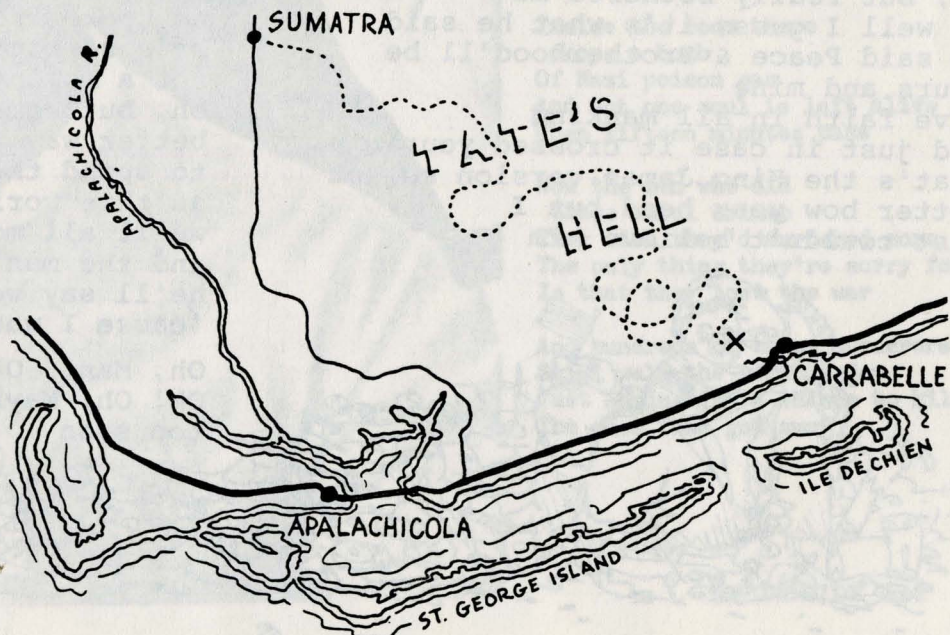
When Tate was discovered
These words he did tell,
'My name is Old Tate, Boys!
I've just been in Hell!'
These few-spoken words
Were the last that he said;
His spirit it left him,
Old Tate he was dead.

He blew thru his gun-barrel;
The dogs did not hear;
The panther had killed them,
And now Tate felt fear;
The sun was not shining,
The mist it was thick;
'Oh, Lordy!' Tate holler'd,
'I'm lost up the crick.'

He opened his barlow
And grabbed him some moss;
A cut he made one-way,
Another across;
He wrapped his leg tightly
And tied it with string;
Then sickness came on him,
His body turned green.

(Narrate)
No man can dispute
This legend of yore --
Now Tate lived a full week
And then five days more,
And somehow crawled out
Close to Carrabelle,
From the deep-ghostly swamp
That we know as 'Tate's Hell.

Note: This swamp, located near the little Florida town of Sumatra, is still one of the most formidable in the United States. It is said Tate was a young man when he entered the swamp. When he emerged 12 days later his face was that of the aged and his hair had turned snow white. The notes for the guitar can best be handled by "hammering on".

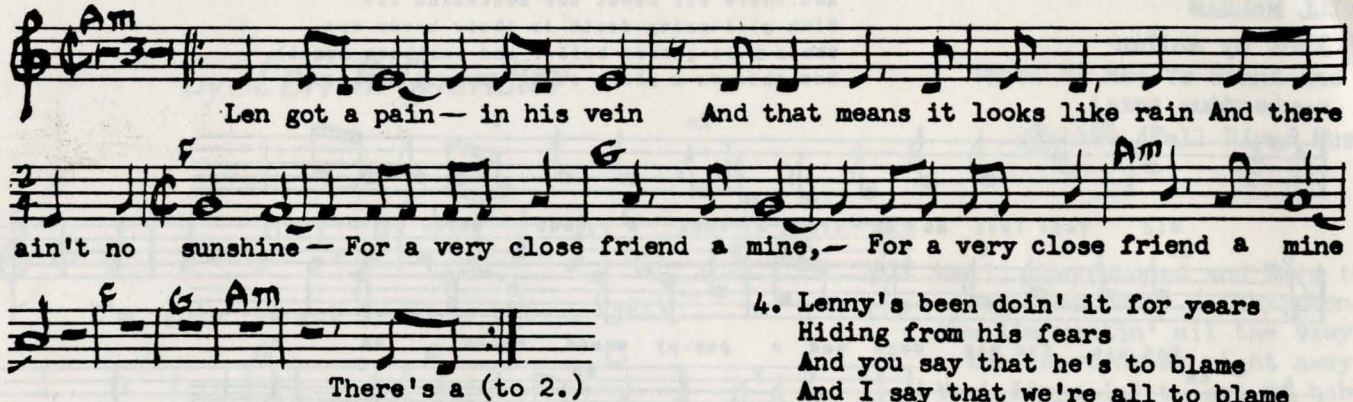


BROADSIDE #55

A Very Close Friend a Mine

Words & Music By RICHARD BLACK

© 1971 by Richard Black



2. There's a man way across town
If Len is lucky he can run him down
For him to screw him blind
Running numbers on a friend a mine
Running numbers on a friend a mine.
3. In a poison paint chipped room
He plays solitaire with doom
And I pray that he don't go blind
He's a very close friend a mine
He's a very close friend a mine

4. Lenny's been doin' it for years
Hiding from his fears
And you say that he's to blame
And I say that we're all to blame
And I say that we're all to blame.

(Hum through one verse)

5. And there just ain't no pain
After racing with your vein
On the devil's freeway
-- He died yesterday --
And there ain't no sunshine
For a very close friend a mine
For a very close friend a mine.

BROADSIDE #112

MOON SONG

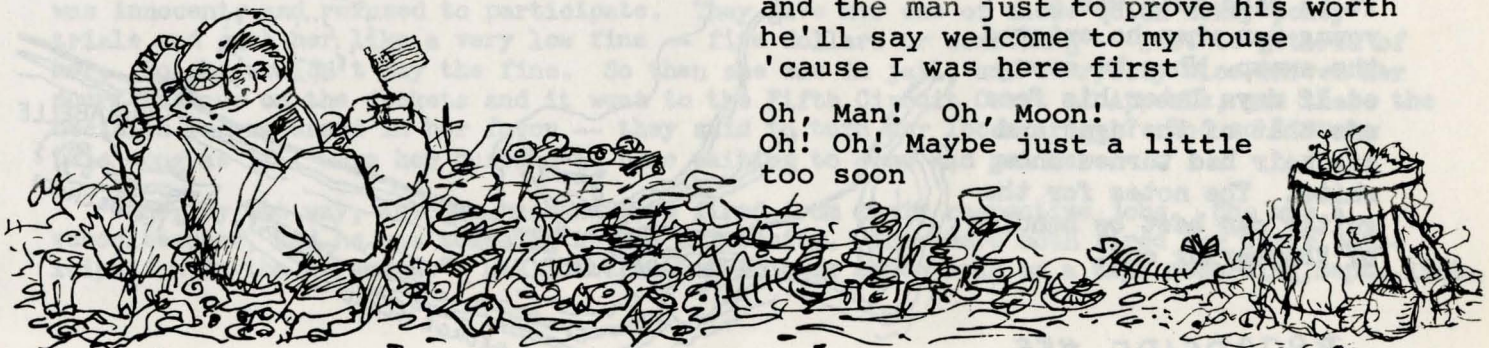
by MIKE MILLIUS

© 1969 Mike Millius

I just heard a man
he spoke from behind the moon
he's so right on time
not a moment too late or too soon
Oh, but really bothered me
oh well I guess it's what he said
he said Peace & Brotherhood'll be
yours and mine
have faith in all mankind
and just in case it crossed your mind
that's the King James version so you
better bow your head but I
just couldn't believe him

you see, I seen him fore he ever goed
I was hitchhikin' down to see him off
and he passed me on the road
but it's not so much the ride
as what I'm really afraid he feels
inside, and I don't have to look past
my empty room, or into the outside
gloom and I think a man goin'
'round the moon and maybe that he
left just a little too soon
Well, I just heard a man
he spoke from behind the moon
he's so right on time
not a moment too late or too soon
oh, but come on there gotta be a
better way for the folks
to spend their pay and
as this world gets more unsafe
we'll all move to outer space
and the man just to prove his worth
he'll say welcome to my house
'cause I was here first

Oh, Man! Oh, Moon!
Oh! Oh! Maybe just a little
too soon



THE
TRAIN
FOR
AUSCHWITZ

by TOM PAXTON
© 1963 by
Cherry Lane Music

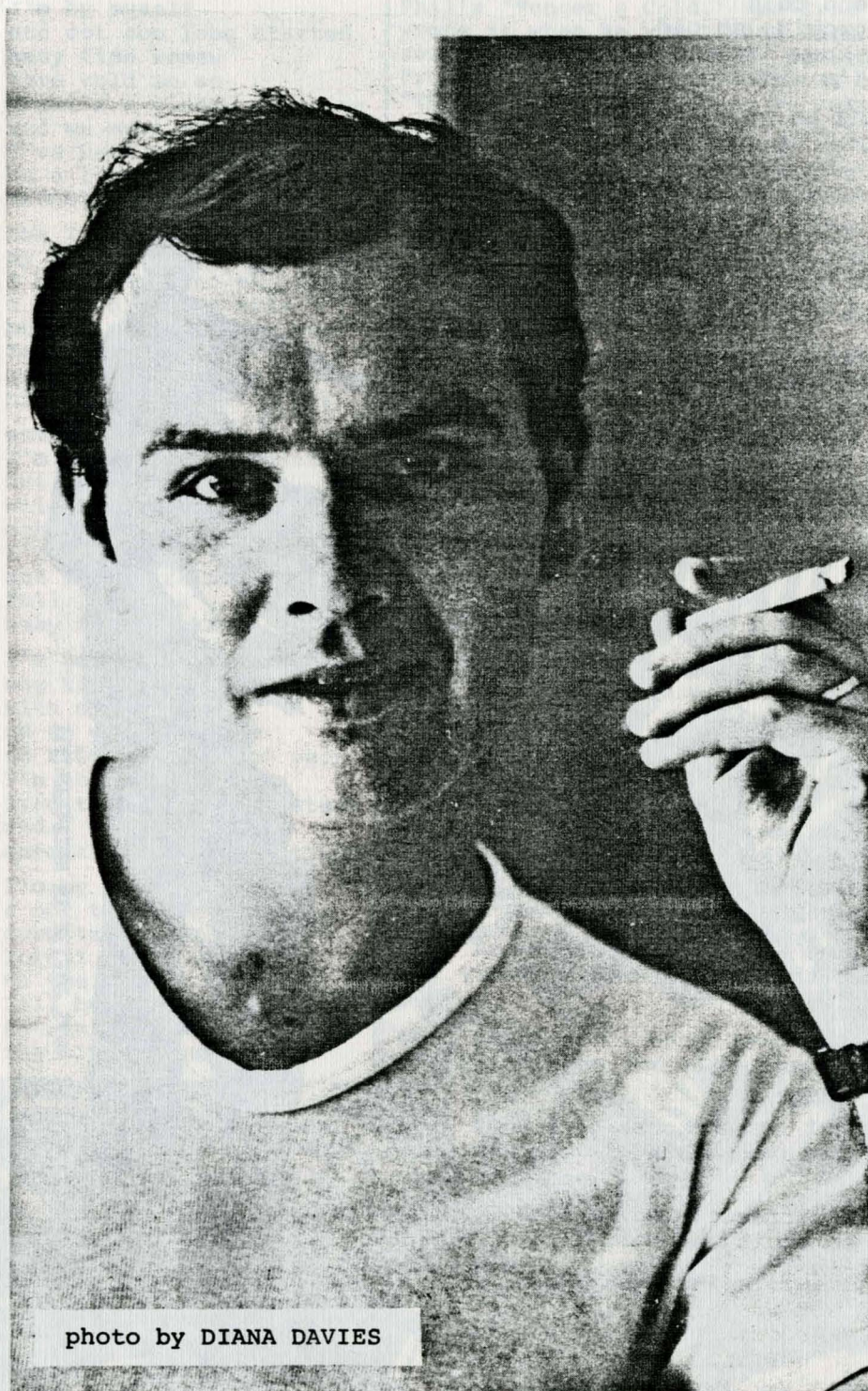
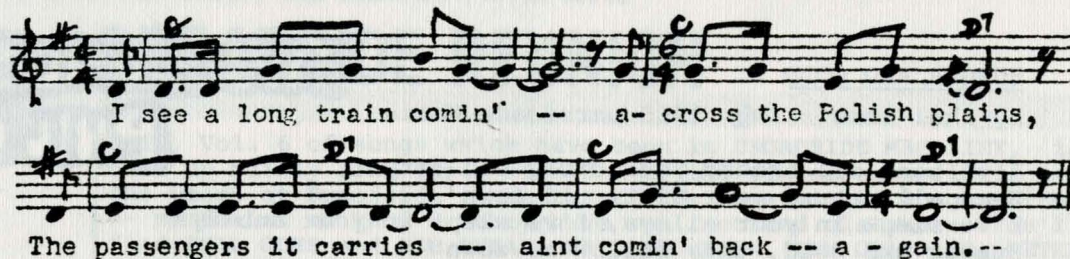


photo by DIANA DAVIES

This train is bound for Auschwitz
Like many another one
The passengers condemned to die
But no crime have they done

They are jammed into the boxcars
So tight against the wall
And in those cars
the dead men stand
There is no room to fall

Now the reason they are dying
I will explain to you
Adolf Hitler has decided
To exterminate the Jew

He ships them off to Auschwitz
The train unloads them there
And standing by the railroad track
They take their last breath
of fresh air

The S.S. troopers herd them
Right down a well worn path
Into a hall where they are told
They are to take a bath

When they're undressed
they're led inside
A giant shower room
The door is sealed behind them
And it also seals their doom

Inside the room there
drops a bomb
Of Nazi poison gas
And not one soul is left alive
When fifteen minutes pass

Now the men who did
these awful crimes
They wish they'd murdered more
The only thing they're sorry for
Is that they lost the war

And hundreds of these murderers
Still walk the earth today
Just hoping for a chance to kill
The ones that got away

HUNGER AND COLD

by Phil Ochs © 1965 Barricade Music

TWO SONGS BY PHIL OCHS

I've been all around your dirty old city
Been all around your dirty old town
I've slept in your alleys, I've slept in your subways
Hunger and cold, they follow me down

CHORUS:

Hunger and cold, hunger and cold
I wouldn't mind but I'm growing so old
But as long as I am, you know I'm still a man
And I wouldn't mind but I'm growing so old

Only last year I was rolling in money
Only last year the good times would roll
Only last year my friends were so many
But only last year was so long ago (CHO)

It's all so easy to throw me in prison
It's all so easy to just walk on by
But it's not so easy to see a man hungry
It's not so easy to look in his eye (CHO)

Yes there's poison in my cheap rotten liquor
There's poison in every old garbage can
But the worst kind of poison
is in your own brain
When you look at me
and forget I'm a man
(CHO)

CHANGING HANDS

by Phil Ochs © 1965 Barricade Music

Dam has burst and it's not the first
It won't be the last
Wasted walls were bound to fall
And they're falling fast

Chorus:

WAKE UP, THE PARTY'S OVER, WAKE UP AND COME ON OVER
YOU KNOW YOU'VE TRIED - NOW STEP ASIDE
THIS OLD LAND IS CHANGING HANDS

Years were brave as we rode the waves on a stormy sea
Tore the sheets as we marched the streets to a victory
(CHO)

The Berkeley roar opened up the door and it's not the same
Don't feel bad but I'm sorry, Dad, it's not a football game
(CHO)

Trouble is hot in a crisis spot and the soldiers land
You can cheer and shout but you can count me out over in Vietnam
(CHO)

The spark has spread and it's freedom fed and it's going strong
Everything we do leads to something new and it won't be long
(CHO)

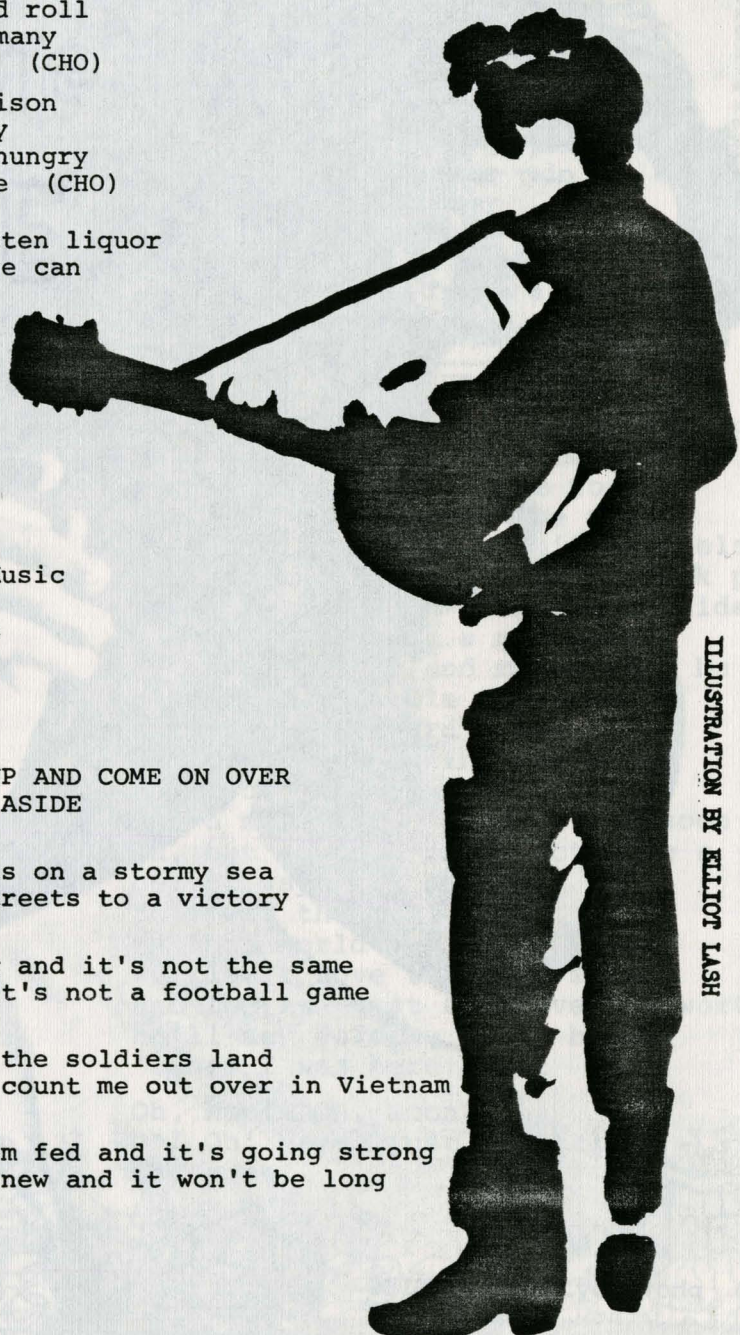


ILLUSTRATION BY ELLIOT LASH