

PHIL OCHS



SINGS FOR BROADSIDE

M
1630.18
O17
P544
1974

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5320

BROADSIDE NO. 10

SIDE ONE

1. PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR 4:12
2. THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO HEAR 3:10
3. I'M GONNA SAY IT NOW 1:58
4. CHANGES 4:21
5. ON HER HAND A GOLDEN RING 2:40
6. DAYS OF DECISION 3:11
7. SANTO DOMINGO 4:35

All songs copyright by Barricade except "Golden Ring" (Appleseed) & "Days of Decision" (Whitmark).



Agnes Friesen

SIDE TWO

1. UNITED FRUIT 3:04
2. CRUCIFIXION 6:17
3. SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS 3:14
4. WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR? 3:30
5. RINGING OF REVOLUTION 5:28

All songs copyright by Barricade except "Fighting For" (Appleseed).

All songs on this Album were written and sung by PHIL OCHS.

Co-produced by Paul Kaplan and Gordon Friesen.

Brochure and Album Cover designed by Sis Cunningham.

Cover and inside photos: Myra Zeller.

This is the 10th LP issued by BROADSIDE MAGAZINE through FOLKWAYS RECORDS. The 3rd and 8th were produced by PHIL OCHS. (No. 8, "Song For Patty," all songs written and sung by Sammy Walker.)

Complete sets of the Magazine (Nos. 1-132, 1962-76) can be obtained from BROADSIDE, 215 W. 98 St.—4D, New York, N.Y. 10025.

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PHIL OCHS

SINGS FOR BROADSIDE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5320

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FD 5320

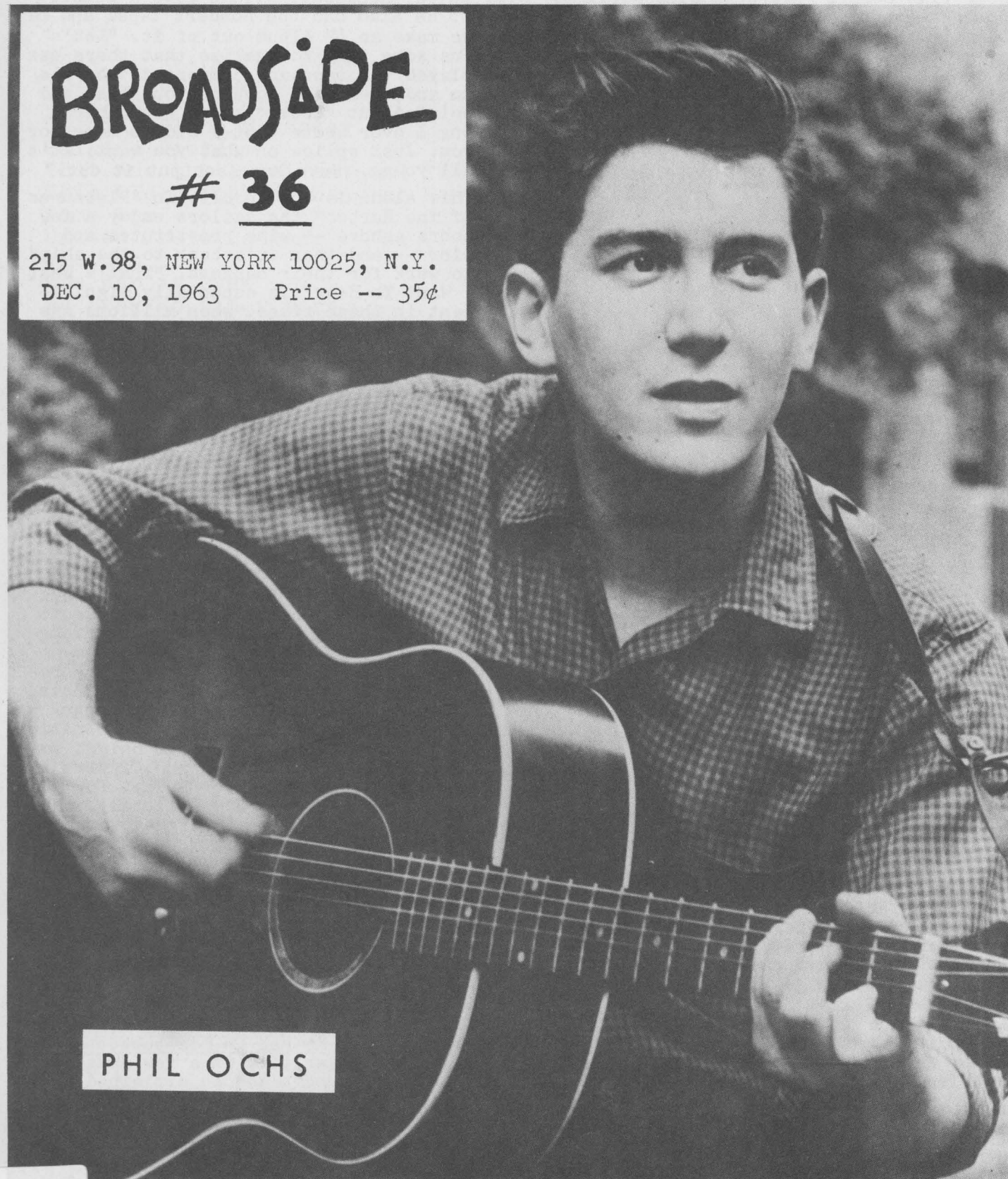
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BROADSIDE

36

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PHIL OCHS

M
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MUSIC LP

Broadside ALBUM VOL. TEN

INTRODUCTION

Some time before Phil Ochs died April 9, 1976, in Far Rockaway, NY, he gave a benefit concert for Broadside. He brought us about \$500. He also had the concert taped and he turned the tape over to us with the suggestion we make an LP Album out of it. "Let's give 'em one more broadside," he said. (It took us some time to realize that there was a certain tone of finality in this remark.) We played the tape and commented "there's not enough material on here to make a whole album and, besides, some of your best and strongest songs are missing." Phil laughed and pointed out "Look, you've got other tapes of mine. I don't think there's a single song I ever wrote that I didn't tape for you. Just splice on what you want. It's all yours. Have Moe Asch put it out."

PHIL OCHS IN BROADSIDE

SONG TITLES	ISSUE
A. M. A. Song	21
Another Country	36
Ballad of Alfred Packer	48
Ballad of John Henry Faulk	26,27
Ballad of Lou Marsh	21,27
Ballad of Medgar Evers	29
Ballad of Oxford, Mississippi	15
Ballad of William Moore	26
Ballad of William Worthly	22
Billy Sol	13,27
Bound For Glory	32
Bracero	64
Canons of Christianity	59
Celia	35
Changes	63
Chaplain of the War	72
Cops of the World	70
Cross My Heart	85
Crucifixion	74
Davey Moore	25
Days of Decision	57
Fifty-Mile Hike	28,29
Firehouse Thirty-Five	41
Freedom Riders	18
Goin' Down to Mississippi	48,49
Hazard, Kentucky	20
Here's to the State of Mississippi	55
How Long	25
I Ain't Marching Anymore	54
I'll Be There	38
I'm Gonna Say It Now	58
Is There Anybody Here?	67
It Must Have Been Another Country	36
Jaramillo	14
Joe Hill	76
Kansas City Bomber	120
Links on the Chain	46
Love Me, I'm A Liberal	58
Maintaining Law and Order	83
Miranda	84
Nobody's Buying Flowers From the Flower Lady	79
No Christmas in Kentucky	37
One More Parade (with Bob Gibson)	50
On My Way	23
Outside of a Small Circle of Friends	77
The Party	78
Pleasures of the Harbor	82
Power and the Glory	27
Remember Me	43
Ring of Revolution	60
Santo Domingo	66

This album is the result. In "Pleasures Of The Harbor" the sailors enjoy a few hours ashore -- with prostitutes and wine -- and then it's back to the ships to work for their masters. "That's What I Want To Hear" is especially significant in these times, when millions are being thrown out of their jobs, their dignity being destroyed as they face starvation and loss of homes and property. Phil says he doesn't want to hear their complaining; what he wants to hear is that they are ready to get together and fight back. In "I'm Gonna Say It Now" Phil declares nobody's going to make him shut up. "Changes" is one of his most lyrical songs in which he gently tells us change is inevitable. "Golden Ring" is about the four Black girls who were dynamited to death in a Birmingham church. The ring was on a hand found among the debris. The "Days Of Decision" are still with us. "Santo Domingo" and "United Fruit" are among Phil's strongest attacks on U.S. imperialism. "Crucifixion" is America being killed by its capitalist/criminals. In "A Small Circle Of Friends" tragedies which should shock the whole nation turn out to be of concern to only a small group who happen to know the victim. It is an intense appeal for unity. In "What Are You Fighting For?" Phil tells those super-patriots eager to fight overseas to ignore their lying leaders and wipe out injustice in America. "Win the wars at home," Phil says. Finally, in "Ring of Revolution" Phil gives up entirely on reform and looks forward to the total annihilation of the Capitalist System and its liberal and middle class toadies.

When Phil started visiting Broadside in 1962 he always came up with a new song or two. Once he had in his pocket seven songs he had written in a few days. Phil was always hungry and he explained his song ideas as he ate. Then he taped them for us. We lost track of how many we published. Recently a friend of ours, Jim Capaldi, indexed the Ochs' songs in Broadside. He came up with a total of 69!

PHIL OCHS SONGS (Continued)

TITLE	ISSUE
Take It Out of My Youth	69
Talking Birmingham Jam	30
Talking Cuban Crisis	21
Talking Plane Disaster	24
Talking Vietnam	32
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Time Was	19
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We Seek No Wider War	63
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What Are You Fighting For	40
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Where There's a Will, There's a Way	17
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United Fruit Company

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS

1. (Instru.-----) And the fruit boats ride on the waves, And the
 2. And the ships will dance by the shore, With
 crew will dream of re-turning, — Back to the Flo- ri- da
 fruit from Ven- e- su- e- la, — Bra- zil — and Cos- ta
 wa- ters, — For the work of un-loading on-to the
 Ri- ca, — But the Fruit from the Is-land of Cu-ba is carried no
 trains. —
 more. —

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3. And on the decks it will lay
 Picked by the hands of the peons at the lowest possible wages
 While the profits are made by the strangers from far away.

BROADSIDE #64

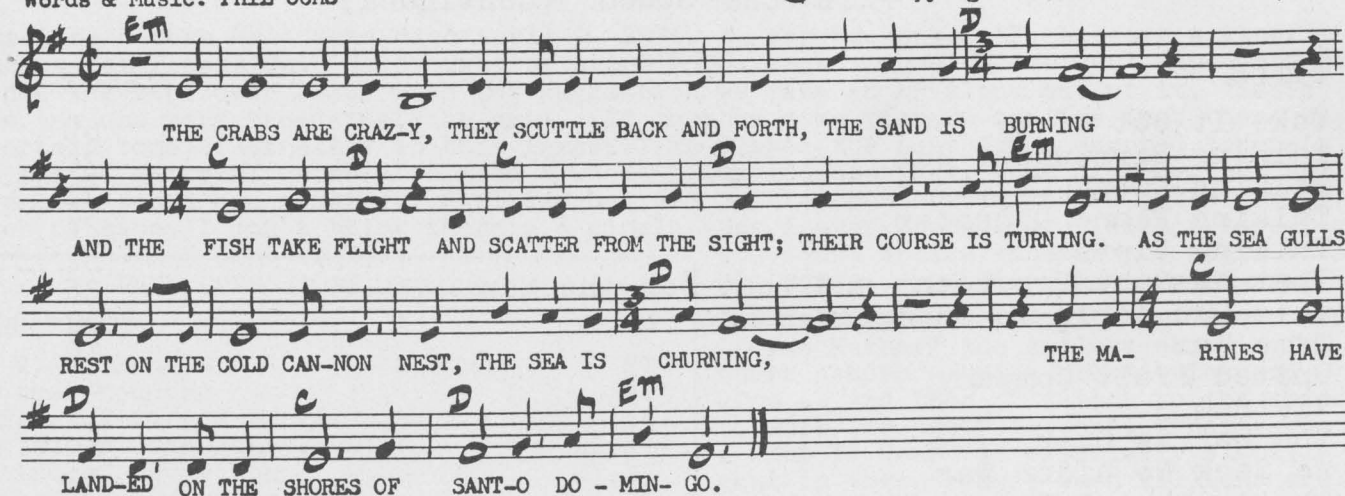
4.
 Now some pick the fruit of the vine
 While others will go to the mountain
 And eat the fruit of the hillside
 And learn the way of the rifle,
 wait for the time.

5.
 Allianza dollars are spent
 To raise the towering buildings
 For the weary bones of the workers
 So they will be strong in the morning
 to go back again.

6.
 Oh the companies keep a sharp eye
 And pay their respects to the army
 To watch for the hot-blooded leaders
 And be prepared for the junta to
 crush them like flies.

7.
 So heavy the price that they pay
 As daily the fruit it is stolen
 Over the blue Carribean
 But the lenthening shadow of Cuba
 will hinder the way.
 (Repeat 1st verse)

Santo Domingo



2. THE FISHERMEN SWEAT, THEY'RE PAUSING AT
THEIR NETS
THE DAY'S A-BURNING
AS THE WAR-SHIPS SWAY, AND THUNDER IN THE BAY
LOUD IN THE MORNING.
BUT THE BOY ON THE SHORE'S THROWING PEBBLES
NO MORE
HE RUNS A-WARNING
THAT THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES
OF SANTO DOMINGO.

3. THE STREETS ARE STILL, THERE'S SILENCE IN
THE HILLS
THE TOWN IS SLEEPING
AND THE FARMERS YAWN IN THE GREY SILVER DAWN
THE FIELDS THEY'RE KEEPING
AS THE FIRST TROOPS LAND, AND STEP INTO THE
SAND
THE FLAGS ARE WEEPING
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF
SANTO DOMINGO.

4. THE UNSMILING SUN IS SHINING DOWN UPON
THE SINGING SOLDIERS
IN THE CLOUD DUST WHIRL, THEY WHISTLE AT THE
GIRLS
THEY'RE GETTING BOLDER
THE OLD WOMEN SIGH, THINK OF MEMORIES GONE BY
THEY SHRUG THEIR SHOULDERS
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO
DOMINGO.

5. READY FOR THE TRICKS, THEIR BAYONETS ARE FIXED
NOW THEY ARE ROLLING
AS THE TANKS MAKE TRACKS PAST THE TREMBLING
SHACKS
WHERE FEAR'S UNFOLDING
ALL THE YOUNG WIVES, AFRAID, TURN THEIR BACKS
TO THE PARADE
WITH BABES THEY'RE HOLDING
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO
DOMINGO.

6. A BULLET CRACKS THE SOUND, THE ARMY HITS THE GROUND
THE SNIPER'S CALLING
SO THEY OPEN UP THEIR GUNS, A THOUSAND TO ONE
NO SENSE IN STALLING
HE CLUTCHES AT HIS HEAD, AND TOTTERS ON THE EDGE
LOOK, NOW HE'S FALLING
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO DOMINGO.

7. IN THE RED PLAZA SQUARE, THE CROWDS COME TO STARE
THE HEAT IS LEANING
AND THE EYES OF THE DEAD ARE TURNING EVERY HEAD
TO THE WIDOW'S SCREAMING
BUT THE SOLDIERS MAKE A BID, GIVING CANDY TO THE KIDS
THEIR TEETH ARE GLEAMING
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO DOMINGO.

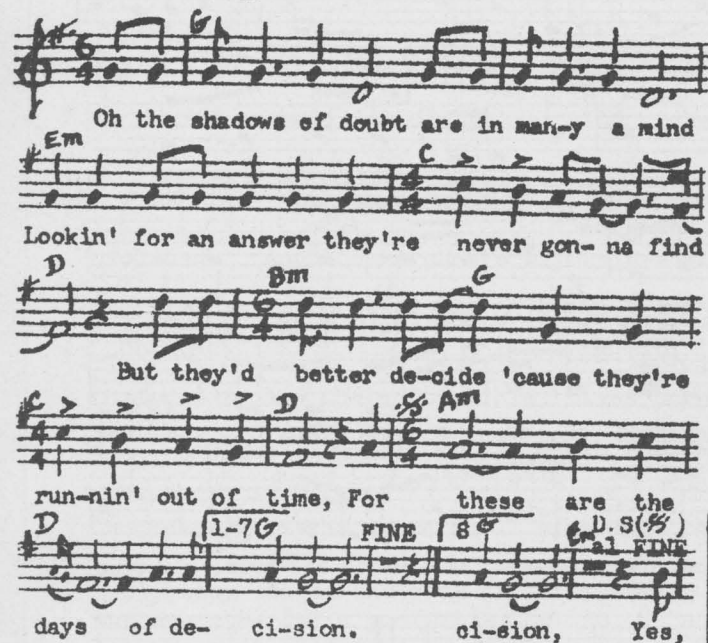
8. UP AND DOWN THE COAST, THE GENERALS DRINK A TOAST
THE WHEEL IS SPINNING
AND THE COWARDS AND THE WHORES ARE PEEKING THROUGH THE DOORS
TO SEE WHO'S WINNING
AND THE TRAITORS WILL PRETEND IT'S GETTING NEAR THE END
WHEN IT'S BEGINNING
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO DOMINGO
(REPEAT FIRST VERSE).

BROADSIDE #66



Days of Decision

Words and Music by PHIL OCHS
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& Sons



Oh, the games of stalling you cannot afford,
Dark is the danger that's knocking on the door,
And the far-reaching rockets
say you can't wait anymore,
For these are the days of decision.

In the face of the people who
know they're gonna win,
There's a strength that's greater
than the power of the wind,
And you can't stand around
when the ice is growing thin,
For these are the days of decision.

I've seen your heads hiding
'neath the blankets of fear,
When the paths they are plain
and the choices are clear,
But with each passing day, boys,
the cost is more dear,
For these are the days of decision.

There's many a cross that burns in the night,
And the fingers of the fire are
pointing as they bite,
Oh you can't let the smoke keep on
blinding all your sight,
For these are the days of decision.

Now the mobs of anger are roamin' the street,
From the rooftops they are aimin'
at the police on the beat,
And in city after city
you know they will repeat,
For these are the days of decision.

There's been warnin's of fire, warnin's of flood,
Now there's a warnin' of the bullet and the blood,
From the three bodies buried in the Mississippi mud,
Sayin' these are the days of decision.



CAPITALISM: The big cancer

The DAYS OF DECISION are still upon us in 1976. War production has passed the 100 Billion Dollar mark while services to the people are being drastically cut. The U.S. continues military and economic aid to reactionary regimes all around the globe. Puerto Rico and the Panama Canal zone struggle for their independence from American imperialism. The American Indians want freedom. Corporate corruption continues rampant with thievery at home and bribery abroad. Racism increases. Crime is skyrocketing; pollution spreads. In order that banks can swell their profits, millions of workers are fired, hospitals and schools are closed, cities are rapidly decaying. New York City is becoming a second Calcutta. The CIA and FBI demand to keep on their criminal activities. The aging live on animal food and die in their own excrement in nursing homes run by criminals. And THIS IS ONLY A BEGINNING OF THE ISSUES TO BE DECIDED.

15,000,000 JOBLESS

No end to unemployment

There's a change in the wind,
and a split in the road,
You can do what's right or
you can do what you are told,
And the prize of the victory will
belong to the bold,
Yes, these are the days of decision.

crucifixion

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS
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1. And the night comes a-gain to the circle studded sky;
green fields of turning a ba- by is born; The stars set- tle slow-ly, in
His cries crease the wind — and

loneli-ness they lie, Till the u- ni-verse explodes as a fall- ing star is
mingle with the morn; An as- sault up-on the or- der, the chang- ing of the

raised; The plan- ets are para-lyzed, the mountains are a- mazed; But they all glow
guard; Chosen for a chal- lenge that's hope- lessly hard; And the on-ly sin- gle

brighter from the brilliance of the blaze; With the speed of in- san-i-ty, then, he dies!
sign is the sigh- ing of the stars; But to the si- lence of dis- tance — they're

12. In the sworn! So dance, dance, dance; — Teach us to be true; Come

dance, dance, dance; — 'Cause we love you.

3. Images of innocence charge him to go on
But the decadence of history is looking for a pawn
To a nightmare of knowledge he opens up the gate
A blinding revelation is served upon his plate
That beneath the greatest love is a hurricane of hate
And God help the critic of the dawn
4. So he stands on the sea and he shouts to the shore
But the louder that he screams the longer he's ignored
For the wine of oblivion is drunk to the dregs
And the merchants of the masses almost have to be begged
Till the giant is aware that someone's pulling at his leg
And someone is tapping at the door. (Chorus).
5. Then his message gathers meaning and it spreads
across the land
The rewarding of the fame is the following of the man
But ignorance is everywhere and people have their way
And success is an enemy to the losers of the day
In the shadows of the churches who knows what they pray
And blood is the language of the band.
6. The Spanish bulls are beaten the crowd is soon beguiled
The matador is beautiful a symphony of style
Excitement is ecstatic passion places bets
Gracefully he bows to ovations that he gets
But the hands that are applauding are slippery with sweat
And saliva is falling from their smiles. (Chorus).
7. Then this overflow of life is crushed into a liar
The gentle soul is ripped apart and tossed into the fire
It's the burial of beauty it's the victory of night
Truth becomes a tragedy limping from the light
The heavens are horrified they stagger from the sight
And the cross is trembling with desire
8. They say they can't believe it, it's a sacreligious shame
Now who would want to hurt such a hero of the game
But you know I predicted it I knew he had to fall
How did it happen, I hope his suffering was small
Tell me every detail, I've got to know it all
And do you have a picture of the pain? (Chorus).

9. Time takes her toll and the memory fades
But his glory is growing
in the magic that he made
Reality is ruined
there is nothing more to fear
The drama is distorted
to what they want to hear
Swimming in their sorrow
in the twisting of a tear
As they wait for the new thrill parade
10. The eyes of the rebel
have been branded by the blind
To the safety of sterility
the threat has been refined
The child was created
to the slaughter house he's led
So good to be alive
when the eulogies are read
The climax of emotion
the worship of the dead
As the cycle of sacrifice unwinds.
(Chorus).



BROADSIDE #74