

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7751
(Stereo)

Ballads of Black America



REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS
KIRKPATRICK
Vocal & Guitar

PETE SEEGER
Banjo

JEANNE HUMPHRIES
Bass

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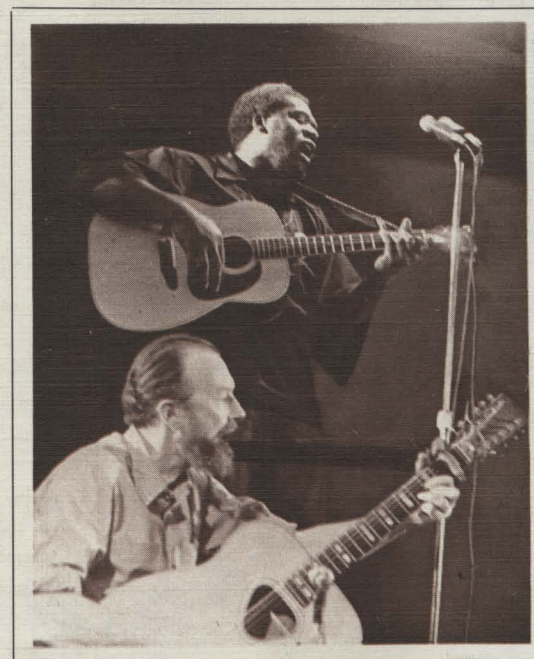
BALLADS OF BLACK AMERICA

SIDE 1

1. The Deacons
2. Harriet Tubman
3. Benjamin Banneker
4. Frederick Douglass

SIDE 2

1. Sojourner Truth
2. Leroy 'Satchel' Paige
3. Martin Luther King
4. Paul Robeson



Descriptive Notes are Inside Pocket

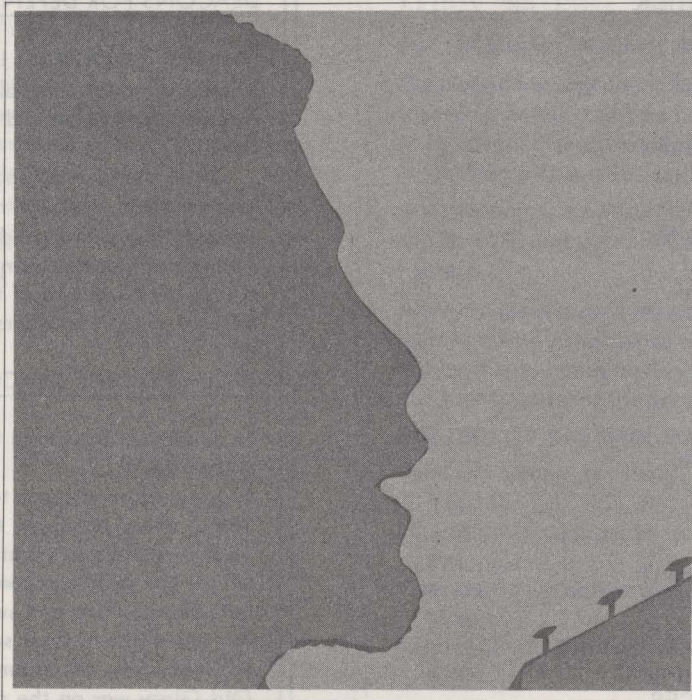
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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

Produced by Media Projects, Inc.

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A Contemporary Tribute to History-Making Black Heros

The Ballads of Black America project was born at an elementary school book fair in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn in early 1969. "Kirk", as he is known to thousands of admirers, was there playing his guitar and singing folksongs to the kids as they picked out books. Some of the songs were classic folksongs from Kirk's Louisiana boyhood; others were impromptu—made up as they popped into his head... "Hey, little kids... pick up the books, take off your coats, hang 'em on the hooks; there's a good book about Charlie Brown. He seems to be a favorite all over town...."

Driving back into Manhattan after the children had taken their books and headed toward their homes, Kirk told one of the record producers how he felt

about most of the books and records the kids had had to choose from:

"Mostly bad history that has nothing to do with those black children's lives or ethos. There's nothing the matter with Charlie Brown, but what does he tell young black - or white - kids about the black man's world and contribution to the United States of America or the world?"

The decision was made right then that Kirk would write and record a series of songs telling of the achievements of these great leaders: Banneker; Truth; Douglass; Tubman; King; Paige; Robeson, and the Deacons. And now, Folkways Records and the producers, Media Projects Inc., proudly present Kirk's tributes - in words and music - The Ballads of Black America.

- Carter Smith



FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK

Kirk is a lot of man and a lot of things.

He is 6'4" tall and 280 pounds of Black American.

Since being born in a tenant farmer family in Haynesville, Louisiana in 1933, he has been star athlete (All-American Quarterback at Grambling College, pro-ball with the Kansas City Chiefs), a teacher and coach (Louisiana Public Schools, Grambling College).

He is a Baptist Minister (since 1965).

He is a Civil Rights leader. Kirk was a founder of Deacons For Defense and Justice, the famous self-defense group which protected Rights marchers in the sixties. He was leader of SNCC demonstrations in Houston, a leader for Dr. Martin Luther King's Poor People's March on Washington, and became known there as "The Troubadour of Resurrection City."

He is a cultural leader and performing star. In 1968, he founded the MANY RACES CULTURAL FOUNDATION in New York to champion brotherhood and cultural appreciation. Among its accomplishments, the Foundation runs a chain of coffee-houses where people of all races and ages come together to share talents and ideas, and in 1970 and 1971, the Foundation launched two Bookmobiles which tour the rural south and New York City, distributing materials that further cultural respect and brotherhood. (In recognition for his work, Kirk has been made a Trustee of the Newport Jazz Festival, received an honorary doctorate in Social Studies, and was made a major consultant to the 1970 White House Conference on Children.) He has performed in Carnegie Hall and hundreds of colleges throughout America. His recordings include:

"Everybody's Got A Right To Live"
Rev. Kirkpatrick with Jimmy Collier
(Broadside BR 308 '68)

"Square Dance With Soul"
Rev. Kirkpatrick with The Hearts
(Asch AHS 823 '69)

Wherever and whenever he performs, Kirk's message is the same — "Stand up with pride for what you believe and who you are"; *The Ballads of Black America* do that.

DEACONS FOR DEFENSE AND JUSTICE

Founded in Jonesboro, Louisiana, in 1965 by a small group of local black men who secured licensed guns to defend themselves and their families.

New chapters spread over the South and other parts of the country. The Deacons had the courage to stand up and defend their rights even before the better known Black Panthers. Rev. Kirkpatrick was one of this non-violent, self-defense group's founders.

BALLAD OF THE DEACONS

In Jonesboro Louisiana the year of nineteen sixty five,

A group of people got together
To put down Jim Crow tricks
So they started integration
Of all the public accommodations
Schools hospitals and swimming pools
But one night to their surprise
A sheet party was organized
Old Glory was on the rise
From out of the wood came fifty-two cars of hoods
The assistant chief of police was in the lead
As they drove through our neighborhood
On the porches frightened people stood
On that very night the Deacons was born
The Deacons was born to protect our family
And to protect the rights of those unborn
For decent homes and schools and to combat Jim Crow rules
That is why the Deacons was born.

Several hundred men got together upstairs
On the second floor of the Masonic Hall
The building was jammed from wall to wall
As they listened to the roll call
Some were reading leaflets thrown out by the Ku Klux Klan
Saying the good will suffer with the bad.
If you don't withdraw your plans
But somehow this night was different from all the rest
The people had gotten tired of this Jim Crow mess
At a table sat a man with a gravel in his hand
And the people responded to his commands
He said if you read the paper I'm sure you'll understand
That the F.B.I. is checking on the Ku Klux Klan



Then what shall we call ourselves
 And still keep out right to be a man
 For the time has surely come for us
 To take our stand.

The man that asked the question threw out an idea
 Let's call ourselves the Deacons and never have no
 fear
 They will think we are from the church
 Which has never done much
 And gee, to our surprise it really worked.

The Justice of the Peace checked all the church
 rolls
 The big ones and the little ones along dusty roads
 Then he called me by phone, late one night at
 my home
 "Say, Rev, I've checked all the church rolls
 By the ministers I was told as I read down the roll
 That those deacons don't belong to the fold."

Then I put it to his mind
 That we were not of that kind
 That a new day had emerged along with time
 And that the Secretary of State
 Had declared we could participate
 By signing the charter on the dotted line.

With out Bibles we ran
 And our Thirty Eights in our hands
 Setting up chapters throughout the land
 Forgive us people please
 But we are eating no more cheese
 A new day is in command.

HARRIET TUBMAN

Born a slave in Bucktown, Maryland, 1820, at
 age 29 she threw off the bonds of slavery and
 escaped to Canada. She returned South nineteen
 times to guide over 300 slaves to freedom as
 chief conductor of the "Underground Railroad".

She distinguished herself as a scout for the
 Union Army in the Civil War.

A friend of many abolitionists including
 Frederick Douglass, she died at her home in
 Auburn, New York in 1913 as champion of
 freedom.

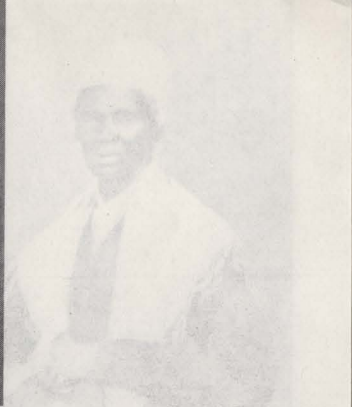
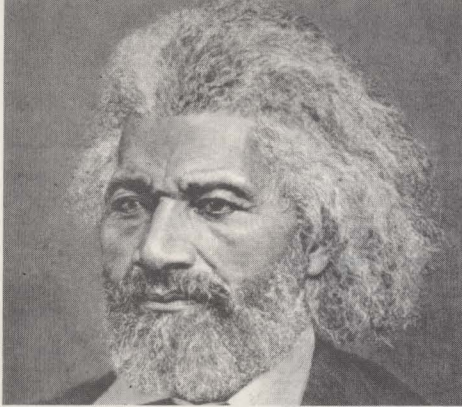
BALLAD OF HARRIET TUBMAN

I'm Harriet Tubman, people, I am Harriet the
 slave
 I am Harriet the Free Woman, Free within my
 grave.
 How far is the road to Canada?
 How far do I have to go?
 How far is the road to Maryland and
 the hatred that I know.
 I stabbed that overseer. I took his rusty knife
 For
 I killed that overseer. I took his lowdown
 dirty life.
 For three long years I waited. Three years
 I kept my hate.
 Three years before I killed, three years
 I had to wait.

I'm Harriet Tubman, people, I am Harriet the
 Slave.
 I am Harriet the Free Woman, Free within my
 grave.
 Done shook the dust of Maryland, clean off my
 weary feet
 I am on my way to Canada and Freedom's
 Golden Street
 I came through swamps and mountains,
 I waded many a creek
 Now tell my brothers yonder that
 Harriet is Free.
 I conducted the Underground Railroad
 To set my people free
 I never lost a passenger and
 Never charged a fee.

I came through swamps and mountains
 And waded many a creek, please tell my
 brother
 Yonder that Harriet is free.
 Yes Please
 Yes tell my brothers yonder no more
 auction block for me.

Ballads of Black America is a Media Project in
 corporate production for Folkways Records and
 Service Corporation. Carter Smith and James
 Hinton, producers. Recorded at Gibraltar
 Studios, Frank Boucher, Engineer. Photo and
 historical research by Sarah Cumming and
 Anita Nellins. Designed by Henry Post.



BENJAMIN BANNEKER

Born 1731; educated in Baltimore.
Assembled first American clock.
Studied astronomy; published an almanac to aid farmers and to further progressive social causes.
Assisted in architectural plans for Washington, D.C.
Died in 1806, mourned by thousands including his friend, Thomas Jefferson.

BALLAD OF BENJAMIN BANNEKER

On January 22, 1771
A commission was given
By George Washington
A site was to be selected
And drawn from A to Z
It later became present Washington, D.C.

Mayor Pierre, Charles Enfant
Had the leading role
But because of disagreements was
Dismissed from the fold.

He was replaced by Major Ellicott
Who was assisted by the maker of
The America's first clock.
Benjamin Banneker was the man
An expert mathematician
The best astronomer in the land
Benjamin Banneker was the man.

From 93 million miles away
He studied the stars
The moon and the Sun
Even Jupiter and Mars
He studies the Big Dipper
And the white Milky Way
Why to plant peas in the middle of May
Why to plant watermelon in the face of the moon
And you can never plant collard greens too soon.

Benjamin Banneker was the man
The son of an African prince
To be a slave he was never convinced
So when you think of the Captial and
the architectural plan
Remember Soul Brother Benjamin was the man.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

Born a slave in Easton, Md., 1817, he was educated by the mistress of his plantation. A good student, in 1895 he wrote a narrative about his life as a slave which, with his newspaper *The North Star* became the bibles of the abolitionist movement. He served his friend President Abraham Lincoln with distinction in several federal jobs including Minister to Haiti.

Died in 1895, one of the nation's most respected citizens.

BALLAD OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS

Frederick Douglass was a fighter, didn't you know . . . Yes he was
Frederick Douglass was a fighter, didn't you know

He fought throughout this land
Against the shackles of cruel white hands

Frederick Douglass was an abolitionist, didn't you know

Frederick Douglass was an abolitionist, didn't you know

Well he fought throughout this land
Against the cruel, cruel white hands

Frederick Douglass was a leader, didn't you know

Frederick Douglass was a leader, didn't you know

Well he led both night and day
Against the parasites on his way

Frederick Douglass was a fighter, didn't you know . . . Yes he was

Frederick Douglass was a gither, didn't you know

Well he fought both day and night
Against the barbaric parasites

He a Minister to Haiti, didn't you know

He was a Minister to Haiti, didn't you know

He was a Minister to Haiti, early in the 1880's.

Frederick Douglass took his freedom, didn't you know

Frederick Douglass took his freedom, didn't you know

Disguised himself in a sailor suit
Escaped to Massachusetts on the Freedom route

Frederick Douglass took his freedom didn't you know.



SOJOURNER TRUTH

Born Isabella, a slave in Ulster County, New York 1797.

Inspired by God in 1843, she changed her name to Sojourner and became a champion of women's rights as well as a fervent abolitionist. Known throughout the land, she helped desegregate the streetcars.

Died in Battle Creek, Michigan, 1883.

BALLAD OF SOJOURNER TRUTH

I am a woman too (2)
 My hair may not be curly
 And my eyes not be blue
 But I am a woman too.
 I was born in 1800's
 In Ulster County New York
 I never bowed to Jim Crow
 I stood tall and always fought
 Because I am a woman too
 My hair may not be curly
 And my eyes not be blue
 But I am a woman too.
 I fought Jim Crow on the street cars
 I fought for women's rights
 I died in Battle Creek, Michigan
 Still carrying on the fight
 I told that old Conductor
 I wanted to ride
 He pointed to the Jim Crow
 Lord how that hurt my pride
 I told him, I wasn't a cow
 nor a pony nor a bull
 I was a full class citizen
 A citizen in full
 That man standing there said
 A woman needs special care
 Help over ditches, and into carriages
 The best places everywhere
 No one every helped me into
 Carriages, over mud puddles
 Ditches or anywhere
 Ain't I a woman too, Ain't I a woman too
 Now take a look at me
 Just look at my arms
 I've plowed and planted, and
 Gathered into the barns
 I've borne 13 children
 Seen 'em sold into slavery
 When I cried a Mother's grief
 You people thought I was crazy
 Ain't I a woman too
 White America, Ain't I a woman too
 My hair may not be curly
 And my eyes not be blue
 But I am a woman too.

LEROY "SACHEL" PAIGE

Born in Mobile, Alabama 1906

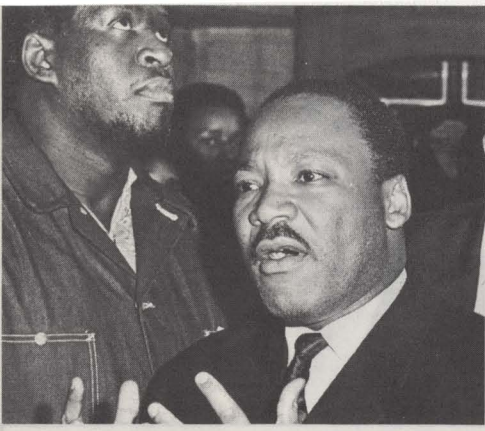
Developed his pitching in the street by throwing stones. Learned baseball in reform school and at twenty became a star in the Negro Leagues.

In 1948 finally admitted to Major Leagues and in 1970 elected to Baseball Hall of Fame.

Always a great crowd pleaser, "Satch" as he is known by thousands of admirers is felt by many, including Bob Feller, to be the greatest pitcher the game has known.

BALLAD OF SACHEL PAIGE

Hello everybody, my name is Satchel
 Paige (2)
 I started playing baseball during my
 early age
 I was born in Alabama in a city called
 Mobile
 At the age of 12, I knew baseball was my
 field.
 I learned to pitch ball by simply throwing
 rocks
 Attempting to break up fights, in the eve-
 ning around 4 o'clock
 I never started fights but I was always
 asked to stop
 And if I didn't obey, they just simply
 called the cops
 I made the big League, Boys at the age
 of 42
 If I had been a white man, I woulda
 made it at 22.
 I out pitched Dizzy Dean
 Bob Feller and all the rest
 I am a real baseballer and
 Man I can stand the test
 So remember everybody, my name is
 Satchel Paige
 I gonna pitch on forever regardless of
 my age.



REV. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

Born in 1929, the son of a well-known minister in Atlanta, he himself went into the church.

Gained national prominence in 1956 by leading Montgomery, Alabama Negroes in a successful bus boycott. Became leader of Southern Christian Leadership Conference which led hundreds of non-violent Civil Rights demonstrations including the milestone march on Washington, 1963 and the Selma march, 1965. Awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1965.

In 1968, he was murdered by a racist sniper in one of the great tragedies of our time.

BALLAD OF DR. KING

There was man from Atlanta town
From a mountain top he had a plan
He marched with God

In a Birmingham jail
Down on his knees
He had a date and he conquered hate
And he marched with God

A man he said in spite of it all
Is nothin' but a man And he must not fall
A woman too said Rosa Parks
On Dusty roads
In courthouse squares
Wherever he went
Love was always there

The dream that he had was full of peace
It burned his soul
He cannot cease and He marched with God

In brotherly love
He marched with us all from Alabama
To Chicago and New York
In brotherly love
He marched for us for us all
Until that day he met his fall.

PAUL ROBESON

Born 1898 in Princeton, New Jersey

Won a scholarship to Rutgers University and was a Phi Beta Kappa honor student and All American football player.

Received a law degree from Columbia University but because of his extraordinary musical talent became a leading star of opera, stage and films. Always active in civil rights, he was blacklisted from show business due to his Communist sympathies. His talents and leadership will never be forgotten.

BALLAD OF PAUL ROBESON

Paul Robeson, dear Robeson
We owe our all to you
We will ever thank you
For making us brave and true
May your light shine on and on
Making us ever to fight strong

May we ever stand out
May we strive each day
As we fight the racist plight
No matter where you roam
You'll always be our lighted throne

Robeson, dear Robeson
We love you.

They tried to stop you from singing
At Peekskill's hallowed Hall
But a hundred thousand people
Demanded your message be told
They took all of your records
From their racist's record racks
But you stood tall and fought
And never did turn back.

Ballads of Black America is a Media Projects Incorporated Production for Folkways Records and Service Corporation. Carter Smith and James Hinton, Producers. Recorded at Gibraltar Studios, Frank Boucher, Engineer. Photo and historical research by Sarah Cumming and Anita Nellins. Designed by Henry Post.