

LANGSTON HUGHES' JERICO-JIM CROW

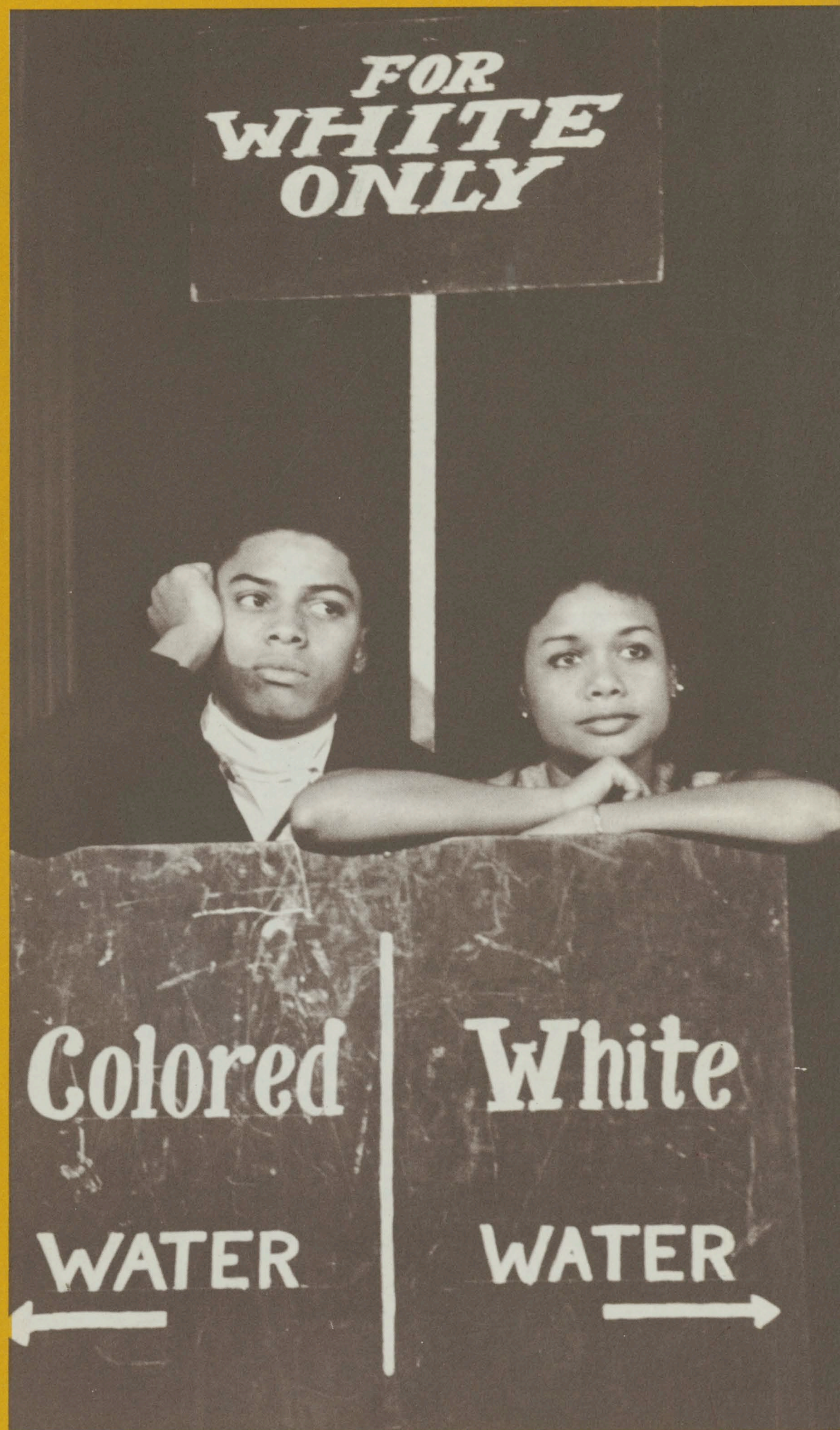
Joseph Attles / Micki Grant / Rosalie King
William Cain / Gilbert Price / Dorothy Drake
and The Hugh Porter Gospel Singers

DIRECTED BY
ALVIN AILEY AND WILLIAM HAIRSTON

Music Arranged and Directed by Professor Hugh Porter
Associate Producer, Frances Drucker

Jerico-Jim Crow originated with the Greenwich Mews Theatre and played in
the Sanctuary of The Village Presbyterian Church and Brotherhood Synagogue

A STELLA HOLT PRODUCTION



PS
3515
U265
J55
1964

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9671

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS FL 9671

STAFF

Producer _____ Stella Holt
 Assistants to the Producer _____ David Goldstein, Ted Butler
 Press Representative _____ Max Eisen
 Photography _____ Bert Andrews
 Production Stage Manager _____ William Cain
 Lighting Technician _____ Raymond McCutcheon
 CAST (In Order of Appearance)
 Boy _____ Gilbert Price
 Girl _____ Micki Grant
 Old Woman _____ Rosalie King
 Old Man _____ Joseph Attles
 Woman _____ Dorothy Drake
 Jim Crow (Trader, Klansman, Planter, Minister, Governor,
 Policeman, Jailer) _____ William Cain

Chorus:

Mosley Brown, William Coleman, Reuben Greene, Martin Jewell,
 Marquette Miller, Vivian Moore, Metrogene Myles, Jon Russel,
 and Brook Williams
 At the piano: Prof. Porter
 At the organ: Marion Franklin
 Percussionist: Warren Smith

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT ANDREWS

DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

LANGSTON HUGHES' JERICO-JIM CROW

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 HUGHES LANGSTON 1902-1967
 JERICO-JIM CROW SOUND
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 A1 40200488 MUSIC LP



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A Stella Holt Production Of

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JERICO - JIM CROW

with:

Joseph Attles
Micki Grant
Rosalie King
William Cain
Gilbert Price
Dorothy Drake

and The Hugh Porter Gospel Singers

Directed by

ALVIN AILEY and WILLIAM HAIRSTON

Music arranged and directed by
PROFESSOR HUGH PORTER

Lighting and Costumes Designed by
VES HARPER

Associate Producer
FRANCES DRUCKER

"Jerico-Jim Crow" originated with the Greenwich Mews Theatre and played in the sanctuary of the Village Presbyterian Church and Brotherhood Synagogue.

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Girl	... Micki Grant
Old Woman	... Rosalie King
Old Man	... Joseph Attles
Woman	... Dorothy Drake

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PHOTO BY BERT ANDREWS

WHO'S WHO IN THE CAST

JOSEPH ATTLES (Old Man) is a veteran of the original company of Porgy and Bess and also was a member of the touring 1952-56 company. He made his Broadway debut in Blackbirds of 1928. More recently he was in Kwamina and earlier this season he was also in Tambourines to Glory. In addition to playing in Jerico-Jim Crow, he also had a featured role in Cabin in the Sky downstairs in the Greenwich Mews Theatre, making him at one time the busiest weekend actor in New York.

ROSALIE KING (Old Woman) is a veteran of the original Broadway production of Porgy and Bess in 1935, after making her professional debut several seasons prior in Hall Johnson's drama Run Lil' Chillun. She returned to Broadway recently in Langston Hughes' Tambourines to Glory, after a long tour as a member of the Katherine Dunham Company. On radio she played a maid on Capt. Henry's Show Boat.

GILBERT PRICE (Boy) is a product of the New York City School system, graduating from Erasmus Hall High School where he won a vocal scholarship, and later attended the American Theatre Wing. He was in the chorus of Kicks & Co. and later in Fly Blackbirds, and he also toured with the Harry Belafonte singers and the Leonard de Paar chorus. He is making his solo debut in this show.

MICKI GRANT (Girl) a Chicagoan played the leading role in the original Hollywood production of Fly Black Bird, then came East to appear in the off-Broadway version. She has since had leading roles in The Blacks, Brecht on Brecht and Tambourines to Glory. In Los Angeles she appeared in Lilliom, Guest In The House and The Trial of Mary Dugan.

WILLIAM CAIN (Jim Crow), played the lead in the off-Broadway production of Red Roses For Me at the Greenwich Mews Theatre. He also appeared in Henry V at Shakespeare in the Park. On television he was in the Sgt. Bilko series, Kraft Theatre and Omnibus. He has just finished a summer stock tour with the Merv Griffin Show. In addition to his acting, he is an accomplished choreographer and director.

DOROTHY DRAKE (Woman) comes from a church family and is married to a minister. She began singing in a choir at the age of 7 1/2 and at age 10 she gave her first church concert. She, too, was a member of Tambourines to Glory; previously she toured the United States with the Raspberry Gospel Singers of Cleveland, Ohio. She has sung at the National Baptist Convention, and sings every Sunday at the Paradise Baptist Church in New York.

ALVIN AILEY (Director) staged both Dark of the Moon and Strindberg's Miss Julie for the Equity Library Theatre. One of this country's foremost choreographers he recently returned from a tour of the Far East with his dance company under the auspices of the USIA. He has danced and acted on Broadway in Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright, House of Flowers and in the film Carmen Jones. At present, he is touring Europe with The Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre

WILLIAM HAIRSTON (Co-director) is the author of the play Walk in Darkness. As an actor he appeared in the movie Take the High Ground, and he was in the television series Harlem Detective.

PROFESSOR HUGH PORTER (Music Director) was for twelve years a member of the Porter and Cook Gospel Singers touring throughout the United States and Canada. They have recorded for Columbia, Circle and Folkway records, and for years had had weekly radio shows on WHBI and WRUL. He later formed his own company the Hugh Porter Gospel Singers and they just returned from a lengthy tour of Europe. He, too, was in Tambourines to Glory.

LANGSTON HUGHES (Author) as a noted poet, novelist, lyricist, and playwright, has been represented in the theatre by such plays as Mulatto, Don't You Want To Be Free, the lyrics for Street Scene, Simply Heavenly, Shakespeare in Harlem, Black Nativity, Gospel Glory, Tambourines to Glory, and the operas Troubled Island, The Barrier, Esther, Port Town, and the Christmas Cantata, The Ballad of the Brown

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King. He is a columnist for the N. Y. Post. His two autobiographical books are The Big Sea and I Wonder As I Wander. His The Best of Simple is a classic of Negro humor.

STELLA HOLT (Producer) is sponsoring her second production of Langston Hughes, the first was Simply Heavenly which moved from off-Broadway to Broadway and later to London. Jerico-Jim Crow is her 31st production. Some of her other hits include Land Beyond The River, Me, Candido!, Orpheus Descending, Red Roses For Me, and All in Love. This production marks her seventh by a Negro playwright. She recently returned from Hawaii where she spent two months on a Ford Foundation grant, exploring the feasibility of establishing a regional repertory Theatre there.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

A MEETING HERE TONIGHT
...Ensemble

I'M ON MY WAY
...Joseph Attles and Ensemble

I BEEN 'BUKED AND I BEEN SCORNED
...Rosalie King

SUCH A LITTLE KING
...Rosalie King and Micki Grant

IS MASSA GWINE TO SELL US TOMORROW?
...Gilbert Price and Chorus

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT ME TO BEAR?
...Dorothy Drake

WHERE WILL I LIE DOWN?
...Micki Grant and Gilbert Price

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD
...Metrogene Myles and Chorus

JOHN BROWN'S BODY
...Chorus

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC
...Chorus

SLAVERY CHAIN DONE BROKE AT LAST
...Micki Grant and Ensemble

OH, FREEDOM!
...Micki Grant and Chorus

GO DOWN, MOSES
...Dorothy Drake

EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL
...Joseph Attles and Ensemble

STAY IN THE FIELD
...Joseph Attles and Chorus

FREEDOM LAND
...Gilbert Price

GOD'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN
...Gilbert Price, Dorothy Drake and Ensemble

BETTER LEAVE SEGREGATION ALONE
...William Cain

MY MIND ON FREEDOM
...Micki Grant, Gilbert Price, and Chorus

WE SHALL OVERCOME
...Micki Grant and Gilbert Price

FREEDOM LAND (Reprise)
...Micki Grant and Gilbert Price

THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW
...Micki Grant, Gilbert Price and Ensemble

COME AND GO WITH ME
...Dorothy Drake and Chorus

FREEDOM LAND and SUCH A LITTLE KING:
Words and Music by Langston Hughes.

FOLLOW THE DRINKIN' GOURD:
Words and Music by Paul Campbell (Folkways Music Publishers, Inc.)

All other songs are traditional

The sheet music for FREEDOM LAND is published by the Ralph Satz Publishing, Inc.

JERICO-JIM CROW

ENSEMBLE:

GET YOU READY---THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT!
SING ALONG---THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT!
I KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO PRAY AND SHOUT.
THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT.
(REPEAT)

CAMP MEETING DOWN IN THE WILDERNESS,
THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT.
I KNOW ALL ITS AIMS THE LORD WILL BLESS
THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT.

COME ALONG---THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT.
JOIN US NOW---THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT.
SING ALONG--
I KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO PRAY AND SHOUT
THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT.

BOY

My name is Nat Turner Frederick Douglass Dubois
Garvey Adam Powell Martin Luther King
Shuttlesworth Walker Gore James Lewis Farmer
Meredith Moses Holmes Jones -- that's me. And I got a hundred thousand more names, too -- they're you. But for short, you can just call me Jones to-night. And I'm on my way.

GIRL

My name is Harriet Tubman Sojourner Truth
Mary Church Terrell Ida Wells Barnett Mary McLeod Bethune Rosa Parkes Daisy Bates
Dianne Nash Charlayne Hunter Juanita Malone
Anniebell Smith -- that's me, and a lot more names, too -- taken from you. But for short, you can just call me Anniebelle. And, folks, I'm on my way.

WOMAN

Where?

GIRL

To freedom!

WOMAN

Well, go right ahead, child.

OLD WOMAN

And I'm on my way, too.

BOY

Where?

OLD WOMAN

To freedom, children!

OLD MAN

And I'm on my way to freedom, too. So, let's all go to freedom!! ... Children, you're today. We was yesterday. We was your grandparents and your great-great-grandparents before that on back through slavery to Africa. Here we is now -- here -- but too old maybe to march.

OLD WOMAN

Why, no such a thing! I ain't too old to march!

OLD MAN

We're sure ain't too old to want to vote.

OLD WOMAN

Which I ain't never did in Mississippi.

OLD MAN

And I want to vote! Oh, yes I do!

OLD WOMAN

And I wants to eat a dish of ice cream in that downtown store.

OLD MAN

And we want our grandchildren to go to the nearest school.

OLD WOMAN

And to any university they desires--Mississippi or anywhere else.

OLD MAN

And we want our children and our grandchildren---

OLD WOMAN

And ourselves--

BOTH

To be free!

OLD MAN AND CHORUS

I'M ON MY WAY AND I WON'T TURN BACK.
I'M ON MY WAY AND I WON'T TURN BACK.
I'M ON MY WAY AND I WON'T TURN BACK.
I'M ON MY WAY, THANK GOD, I'M ON MY WAY.
I'M GONNA TELL MY CAPTAIN HE BETTER LET ME GO.
I'M GONNA TELL MY CAPTAIN HE BETTER LET ME GO.
I'M GONNA TELL MY CAPTAIN HE BETTER LET ME GO.
I'M ON MY WAY, THANK GOD, I'M ON MY WAY.

OLD WOMAN

Yes, indeed. They forced us to come. Now America's got us and we've got America. We gonna be here awhile.

OLD MAN

Maybe we got a mission to save America from herself.

OLD WOMAN

I got to save myself! The world knows what happened to us in slavery time and a long time since then. Fact is, mighty nigh ever since in this America---

I'VE BEEN 'BUKED AND I'VE BEEN SCORNED,
YES, CHILLEN
I'VE BEEN 'BUKED AND I'VE BEEN SCORNED
I'VE BEEN 'BUKED AND I'VE BEEN SCORNED
JUST TRYIN' TO MAKE THIS JOURNEY ON.

NOW YOU CAN TALK, TALK ABOUT ME, AS YOU PLEASE

TALK ABOUT ME AS YOU PLEASE
TALK ABOUT ME AS YOU PLEASE--OH YES,
I'LL TALK ABOUT YOU, DOWN ON MY KNEES.

They sold my children away from me--sold them
down the Mississippi River away from me. I
didn't know where they'd be, and my children--
they didn't know where I'd be. But in them days,
we looked at the stars, my scattered children
and me. Oh, we see'd the same stars, but that's
all we had in common in them days.

GIRL

Black mothers, black children--and the stars--
and all the cotton lands and rivers and marshes
in between.

OLD WOMAN

Oh yes, I didn't know where they'd be...Oh, I
remember when I were mighty nigh nothing but
a child myself -- a young girl --

GIRL

And I was bearing my first child --

OLD WOMAN

And it were Christmas --

GIRL

The time of that other Child in Bethlehem--

OLD WOMAN

And I knowed that up at the Big House master and
mistress was celebrating their plantation Christ-
mas with lights and trees, oranges and presents.
But none for my children.

GIRL

I knowed, I knowed there were no presents for
me up there. Anyhow, I snuck out of my cabin
one night, and I went up to the Big House to look
through their windows at their lights and their
tree and at the little cradle they had made beside
the tree for that other Child that that other Mother
had borne so long a time ago in Judea.

OLD WOMAN

That Child became the light of the world, and
I said --

GIRL

"Maybe my child will become a light, too."

OLD WOMAN

So I sung a song for my child--for that other
Child--

OLD WOMAN AND GIRL

HE'S SUCH A LITTLE KING, THIS LITTLE CHILD
HE'S SUCH A LITTLE KING, THIS LITTLE CHILD
HE'S SUCH A LITTLE KING, THIS LITTLE CHILD
THIS BABY CHILD--
HE'S SUCH A LITTLE KING, THIS CHRISTMAS
CHILD.

HE'S MARY'S HOLY SON, THIS LITTLE CHILD
HE'S MARY'S HOLY SON, THIS LITTLE CHILD
HE'S MARY'S HOLY SON, THIS LITTLE CHILD
THIS BABY CHILD--
HE'S MARY'S HOLY SON, THIS CHRISTMAS
CHILD.

OLD WOMAN

It said in the Bible that Mary and Joseph fled
into Egypt---

GIRL

With their Son. But I didn't know no Egypt
where I could flee.

OLD WOMAN

They sold my children away from me. When my
firstborn was just a little stripling boy, not big

enough to work yet--they took him and sold him
away from me.

GIRL

They took my child! They sold my child! They
sold my child!

OLD WOMAN

Every time the old slave trader came and Massa
needed money, he would sell somebody's child.

BOY AND CHORUS

MAMA, IS MASSA GONNA SELL US TOMORROW
YES...YES...YES
MAMA, IS MASSA GONNA SELL US TOMORROW
YES...CHILD...YES
MAMA, IS MASSA GONNA SELL ME TOMORROW
YES...YES...OH WATCH AND PRAY.

JIMCROW (TRADER)

All right, now! Here we go. Come on boy, ge.
on the block!...Now, how much, how much am I bid?
...How much for this fine buck Negra here?...Look
at them arms, look at those hands. Why, he can
pick more cotton in one day, I bet you, than any slave
you ever owned!...Now, what do I hear?...One
hundred dollars?...Come now! Let's get down to
some serious bidding here!

BOY AND CHORUS

GWINE TO SELL US DOWN IN GEORGIA?
YES...YES...YES.
HE'S GWINE TO SELL US DOWN IN GEORGIA
YES...CHILD...YES.
HE'S GWINE TO SELL ME DOWN IN GEORGIA
YES...YES...YES...OH WATCH AND PRAY.

JIM CROW (TRADER)

All right! What do I hear, what do I hear!...Two
hundred dollars! -- Three Hundred Dollars! --
Four hundred dollars!...Going once, going twice--
Five hundred dollars!...Going once, going twice--
sold for Five Hundred Dollars!

BOY AND CHORUS

FAREWELL, MOTHER, I MUST LEAVE YOU
YES...YES...YES
FAREWELL, MOTHER, I MUST LEAVE YOU
YES...CHILD...YES
FAREWELL, MOTHER, I MUST LEAVE YOU
YES...YES...YES...OH WATCH AND PRAY

OLD WOMAN

Watch and pray, son, watch and pray. That was
all that we could do in slavery time about our
children, watch and pray, hope and pray they
wouldn't be snatched from us. No protection,
nothing--just slaves, we black women. And they
did us like they chosed. Treated us like dogs.
That's why I'm tired and I cry out: "Oh, Lord!
How long how long?"

WOMAN

HOW MUCH MORE OF LIFE'S BURDEN MUST
I BEAR?
HOW MUCH MORE OF LIFE'S SORROW MUST
I SHARE?

THIS OLD WORLD IS CHANGING SO
UNTIL IT DON'T SEEM LIKE,
DON'T SEEM LIKE MY HOME ANYMORE.
AND THAT'S WHY I WANT TO KNOW HOW
MUCH MORE

HOW MUCH MORE OF LIFE'S BURDEN, LORD
HAVE MERCY,
DO YOU WANT ME TO BEAR?

HOW MUCH MORE? HOW MUCH MORE?
HOW MUCH MORE DO YOU WANT ME TO BEAR?
HOW MUCH MORE OF LIFE'S SORROW MUST I
SHARE?
YES, YES, YES, YOU KNOW I PRAYED AND I
PRAYED AGAIN!
UNTIL IT SEEM LIKE ALL MY PRAYER WERE
IN VAIN.

THAT'S WHY I WANT TO KNOW
HOW MUCH MORE, HOW MUCH MORE
OF LIFE'S BURDENS, LORD HAVE MERCY,
DO YOU WANT ME TO BEAR?

OLD MAN

He was my son, too, that boy they sold--but I
never saw him. I was sold to another plantation
before he was born. They didn't keep a black
man and wife together in them days if they wanted
to sell them. And I was sold from plantation to
plantation, not knowing sometimes where I might
lay my head. Sometimes I imagine I can hear
them singing.

GIRL

WONDER WHERE MY BROTHER'S GONE?
WONDER WHERE MY BROTHER'S GONE?
TO SOME LONESOME PLACE, LORD,
FAR AWAY FROM HOME.

BOY

WONDER WHERE CAN I LIE DOWN?
WONDER WHERE CAN I LIE DOWN?
IN SOME LONESOME PLACE, LORD,
DOWN UPON THE GROUND

GIRL

WONDER WHERE MY BROTHER'S GONE?
WONDER WHERE MY BROTHER'S GONE?
TO SOME LONESOME PLACE, LORD,
FAR AWAY FROM HOME.

BOY

WONDER WHERE CAN I LIE DOWN?
WONDER WHERE CAN I LIE DOWN?
IN SOME LONESOME PLACE, LORD,
DOWN UPON THE GROUND.

OLD MAN

Sometimes, I imagine, I can hear them singing.
Oh, God, I can still hear my children's voices.
But, somehow, I hear'd about freedom. I heard
how Denmark Vesey riz up in Charleston, and
Nat Turner started a rebellion in Virginny--and
they died fighting to be free. And the word come
to me and all the other slaves in the South that
some day, some day the walls of Jerico would
come down--that the evils of slavery couldn't last.
Bless God, no! And I heard how some slaves
climbed over the walls of Jerico and got to the
North and worked with Abolitionists up there to
break down the walls of slavery---like Frederick
Douglass did. And I made up in my mind to run
away, to escape if I could. I would do like Harriet
Tubman said do. In fact, like she did when she hit
the Underground Railroad and led many a slave to
the North.

LEADER AND CHORUS

FOLLOW!...FOLLOW!...FOLLOW!...FOLLOW!
FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD,
COME ON, FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD,
FOR THE OLD MAN IS WAITING,
FOR TO CARRY YOU TO FREEDOM,
IF YOU FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.

WHEN THE SUN COMES UP
AND THE FIRST QUAIL CALLS,
FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.
THERE'S A LOT OF FREEDOM ON THE OTHER
SHORE,
FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.
EVERYBODY NOW, FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD..
COME ON AND FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.
FOR THE OLD MAN IS WAITING,
FOR TO CARRY YOU TO FREEDOM,
IF YOU FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.

YOU KNOW THE RIVER BANK MAKES
A MIGHTY GOOD ROAD,
FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.
THERE'S LEFT FOOT, PEG FOOT, TRAVELLING ON,
FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.
EVERYBODY NOW, FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD..
COME ON AND FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.
FOR THE OLD MAN IS WAITING,
FOR TO CARRY YOU TO FREEDOM,
IF YOU FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.

THE RIVER ENDS
BETWEEN TWO HILLS,
FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.
THERE'S ANOTHER RIVER ON THE OTHER SIDE,
FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.

EVERYBODY NOW, FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.
COME ON AND FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.
FOR THE OLD MAN IS WAITING,
FOR TO CARRY YOU TO FREEDOM,
IF YOU FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD.

FOLLOW-----!

OLD MAN

We made it! Barefooted--we made it! We made it through the swamps. There was snakes and 'gators there. We made it across the fields through stubble and rubble. We made it down the high roads thick with patterollers and polices on the lookout for us. We made it through Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland till, thank God, I got to the North.

OLD WOMAN

My husband followed the North Star to freedom, -- but I never saw him again. For myself, I were never free. But for my children, my children -- old white John Brown fought for freedom at Harper's Ferry, and colored men died with him there. Oh, but they battled at Harper's Ferry! -- Then came the Civil War and the Union armies marched for freedom -- and black men, yes, black men marched with them.

CHORUS

JOHN BROWN'S BODY LIES A-MOULDERING IN THE GRAVE,
JOHN BROWN'S BODY LIES A-MOULDERING IN THE GRAVE,
JOHN BROWN'S BODY LIES A-MOULDERING IN THE GRAVE,
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.

THEY HUNG JOHN BROWN'S BODY TO A SOUR APPLE TREE
THEY HUNG JOHN BROWN'S BODY TO A SOUR APPLE TREE,
THEY HUNG JOHN BROWN'S BODY TO A SOUR APPLE TREE,
HIS SOUL IS MARCHING ON.

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE COMING OF THE LORD,
HE IS TRAMPLING OUT THE VINTAGE WHERE THE GRAPES OF WRATH ARE STORED.
HE HAS LOOSED THE FATEFUL LIGHTNING OF HIS TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD,
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.
GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!
GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!
GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.

OLD WOMAN

Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Oh yes, he did! And it went something like this here. It said --

BOY

"...All persons held as slaves in any State of the United States shall be now, henceforth, and forever free..."

GIRL AND ENSEMBLE

SLAVERY CHAIN DONE BROKE AT LAST,
BROKE AT LAST, BROKE AT LAST.
SLAVERY CHAIN DONE BROKE AT LAST!
GONNA PRAISE GOD TILL I DIE.

WAY DOWN IN THE VALLEY
PRAYING ON MY KNEES,
TELLING GOD ALL ABOUT MY TROUBLES,
ASKING HIS HELP, IF YOU PLEASE.

I DIDN'T KNOW MY SAVIOUR HEARD ME
TILL THE SPIRIT SAID TO ME:
RISE, RISE, RISE MY CHILD,
YOUR PEOPLE AND YOU SHALL BE FREE!

SLAVERY CHAIN DONE BROKE AT LAST,
BROKE AT LAST, BROKE AT LAST!
SLAVERY CHAIN DONE BROKE AT LAST!
GONNA PRAISE GOD TILL I DIE!

SLAVERY CHAIN DONE BROKE AT LAST,
BROKE AT LAST, BROKE AT LAST!
SLAVERY CHAIN DONE BROKE AT LAST!
GONNA PRAISE GOD TILL I DIE!

(Then, Jim Crow enters and places signs of segregation and discrimination amidst the jubilant shouters: White Only; Colored Entrance; Keep the Race Pure; White Water; Colored Water).

GIRL

The Civil War came too late to free my grant-grand-mother--but I was born under the blanket of freedom. But after the War, in Reconstruction times, life wasn't easy. Most of us didn't know how to read and write then. We had no schools, no work, no homes. They told us on the plantations either to work for nothing, or to get on away. Old Master, old Mistress said, "You don't belong to us no more. You're free now. We don't have to feed you. Get on away! Them Yankees made your bed hard, so let them take care of you!"... Reconstruction? It didn't happen. Nobody took care of us. But we're still here.

GIRL AND CHORUS

OH, FREEDOM! OH, FREEDOM!
OH, FREEDOM OVER ME!
AND BEFORE I'D BE A SLAVE
I'D BE BURIED IN MY GRAVE
AND GO HOME TO MY LORD AND BE FREE.

NO MORE MOANING, NO MORE MOANING,
NO MORE MOANING OVER ME!
AND BEFORE I'D BE A SLAVE
I'D BE BURIED DOWN IN MY GRAVE
AND GO HOME TO MY LORD AND BE FREE.

WELL, THERE'LL BE SINGING, THERE'LL BE SINGING,
THERE'LL BE SINGING OVER ME!
AND BEFORE I'D BE A SLAVE
I'D BE BURIED DOWN IN MY GRAVE
AND GO HOME TO MY LORD AND BE FREE.

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT
THERE'LL BE SHOUTING, THERE'LL BE SHOUTING --

JIM CROW (KLANSMAN)

Who's talking about freedom? I say, who? What's going on here? What's this meeting all about? Now, you-all know you ain't got no right to have no meeting talking about no equal rights--'cause you ain't gonna get any---and I say you Negras...

BOY

What did you say?

JIM CROW (KLANSMAN)

I say you ain't gonna get...

OLD MAN

We ain't what?

JIM CROW (KLANSMAN)

You ain't gonna get no equal rights.

BOY

We ain't what?

JIM CROW (KLANSMAN)

You ain't gonna get no equal rights!

BOY

Says you!

GIRL

Says you!

JIM CROW (KLANSMAN)

Says me!

WOMAN

And who are you?

JIM CROW (KLANSMAN)

My name is James R. Crow---but you can call me Mr. Jim. Equal rights? Not from old Jim Crow you're not!

WOMAN

GO DOWN, MOSES!
WAY DOWN IN EGYPT'S LAND
TELL OLD PHAROAH
TO LET MY PEOPLE GO.
AND NO MORE, NO MORE PLEADING
NO MORE PLEADING WITH YOU, PHAROAH
AND I SAID, I'LL DO NO MORE
SAID, WE'LL DO NO MORE
SAID, WE'LL DO NO MORE PLEADING WITH YOU, PHAROAH.

AND I WANT YOU TO LET MY PEOPLE GO.
BECAUSE I'M TIRED,
SAID I'M TIRED,
I'M TIRED OF THE WAY
YOU'VE BEEN TREATING US, PHAROAH.
YOU KNOW, I'M TIRED,
SAID I'M TIRED,
I'M TIRED OF THE WAY
YOU'VE BEEN TREATING US, PHAROAH
AND I WANT YOU TO LET MY PEOPLE GO.

OLD MAN

Help came to the newly freed men of the South. The Quakers sent teachers. The Home Mission Board founded colleges like Fisk. The Fisk Jubilee Singers took the spirituals around the world and sent back to Fisk the money they earned to help us get an education. Yes, Hampton, Talladega, Tuskegee, Tougaloo came into being.

OLD WOMAN

We were not all alone. Thank God for the help that came our way. But it warn't enough.

OLD MAN

It warn't enough. Why didn't somebody tell old Jim Crow, then, get out! Get along! Get going! Look at him coming yonder, still lord of the land.

JIM CROW (PLANTER)

Jezebel, old gal, you look right good once you get your cotton picking done and get all cleaned up. But what you hanging around with Mose there for? Ignore that old black buck and come on with me, Jezebel. I'll give you bed, board, and a few pennies. You won't have to sleep on your pallet on the floor no more. Why, you can sleep up in the Big House with me.

GIRL

I prefers my pallet; sir.

BOY

You heard what she said!

JIM CROW (PLANTER)

You there, boy! You better stop talking so big, if you know what's good for you. You ain't Booker T. Washington. And I'll be damned if I'm going to invite you to eat with me in the White House, like Teddy Roosevelt--that traitor to his race--did. You ain't never gonna eat with me, no matter how educated you get to be. And you'd best get all those ideas of freedom and equality out of your head and just learn to stay, you and your children, in your place.

OLD MAN

Do you know your Scripture, sir?

JIM CROW (PLANTER)

My Scriptures?

OLD MAN AND ENSEMBLE

Well, if you do, then maybe you remember wherein the Bible says:

EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL
WAY UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR.
EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL
WAY UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR.
(REPEAT)

THE LITTLE WHEEL RUN BY FAITH
AND THE BIG WHEEL RUN BY THE GRACE
OH GOD--
A WHEEL IN A WHEEL
WAY UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR.

NOW ONE OF THESE DAYS ABOUT TWO
O'CLOCK--
WAY UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR!
THIS OLD WORLD GWINE TO REEL AND ROCK.
WAY UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR.
(REPEAT)

EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL
WAY UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR.
EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL
WAY UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR.
(REPEAT 3 MORE TIMES)

OLD WOMAN

Seems like sometimes white folks don't have no
sense of humor a-tall. But things warn't funny
in our youthhood. No, not a bit.

OLD MAN

No, not a bit! A black man couldn't hardly get
work no place. Nothing but the hardest of hard
labor. Unions wouldn't let him in if he knowed a
trade. And schools wouldn't let him in to learn
one.

OLD WOMAN

Just a vicious circle, that's what it were.

OLD MAN

That's what it were. Seems like we had to fight
the Civil War all over again. But I had to stay
in the field.

OLD WOMAN

Yes, we did, children. And you-all have got to
do the same things today.

OLD MAN

It was my determination to stay in the field.

OLD WOMAN

Help him, Jesus!

OLD MAN

I hear you - all bearing me up. But somehow you-
all don't mean what you say. I know it and you know
it. You're Sunday soldiers, fair-weather shouters.
Ah, but don't be afraid 'cause I ain't gonna point no
finger, and I ain't gonna call no names, but---

Brother Sunday, don't forget on Monday.
You got to keep the spirit all week long.
And the same thing goes for you, Sister,
Sitting back there, rocking,
So pleased-looking with yourself.

Sister Sunday, don't you forget on Monday
You got to keep the spirit all week long.
I know you give a dollar,
But the next day you holler.
So how you gonna sing a freedom song?

And you great hand-clappers, never do working.
You can't build freedom's kingdom while you're
shirking.

And, Brother Sunday, don't you let it slip on
Monday--
Keep your hand on the plow all week long.
Else, how do you look singing a freedom song?

Now, when a famous speaker comes from out of
town,
I see you-all settin' in the very first row.
But when your own committee meets
To get some hard work done,
Sister, you ain't got time to go.

And Brother, at a fund raising dance, you dress
your best, you bet.
And you come to that dance and you dance on
every set.
But when it's just committee meeting, and your
advice is required,
You can't make it that night--
Your excuse is you're too tired.

It looks like you'd know that this road is hard
and long,
And it takes more than singing to make a freedom
song.

I'm talking to you-all what's got your health and
strength,
Look at me, ageable, all broke and bent -- just
look--old, sick, and bended--
But I say my eyes is turned to the freedom gate--
until this war is ended!
And I'm gonna --

OLD MAN AND CHORUS

STAY IN THE FIELD, STAY IN THE FIELD,
OH, WARRIOR, STAY IN THE FIELD
TILL THE WAR IS ENDED.

MINE EYES ARE TURNED TO THE FREEDOM GATE
UNTIL THE WAR IS ENDED.
I'LL KEEP ON MY WAY OR I'LL BE TOO LATE,
UNTIL THE WAR IS ENDED.
THE TALLEST TREE IN PARADISE
UNTIL THE WAR IS ENDED.
THE CHRISTIANS CALL THE TREE OF LIFE,
UNTIL THE WAR IS ENDED.
GREEN TREES BURNING! WHY NOT THE DRY?
UNTIL THE WAR IS ENDED.
MY SAVIOUR DIED! TELL ME, WHY NOT I?
UNTIL THE WAR IS ENDED.

THAT'S WHY --
I'M GONNA STAY IN THE FIELD, STAY IN THE
FIELD
WARRIORS, STAY IN THE FIELD
UNTIL THIS WAR IS ENDED.
(SING IT SOFTLY NOW)--
STAY IN THE FIELD, STAY IN THE FIELD,
(COME ON, SING A SONG, CHILDREN)--
STAY IN THE FIELD, STAY IN THE FIELD,
WARRIORS,
TILL THIS WAR IS ENDED.

OLD MAN

Stay in the field! Stay! Yet sometimes when you's
all stove-up with rheumatiz--

OLD WOMAN

And feeling kinder broke down -

OLD MAN

Cataracts, eyes going back on you... Sometimes
when you can't all (now lemme tell the truth here)
---maybe we can't all march in the field like we
want to.

OLD WOMAN

But we can back up the young folks with our songs
and prayers --

OLD MAN

And nickels and dimes and quarters.

OLD WOMAN

And the faith we built on God's rock -- and we're
still building on it now. You know, God didn't
mean for this old world to be all unequaled-up like
it it.

OLD MAN

No, He didn't! That I know, that I know... Just
look at the world today---all chopped up into
boundaries and binderies and things, into cold
wars and hot wars, great powers and no powers,
into summits and valleys, black lands and white
lands. No! It ought to all be all one land---
Freedom Land! Ain't that right, son?

BOY

FREEDOM LAND, OH FREEDOM LAND,
I WONDER ON WHICH MAP YOU CAN BE FOUND?
I'M YOUNG! I'M GONNA LOOK AROUND
AND FIND YOU, FREEDOM LAND!

FREEDOM LAND, MY FREEDOM LAND,
UPON YOUR SOIL I WANT TO STAND AND SHOUT
YOUR NAME, FOR FREEDOM ALL ABOUT.
WE'LL BUILD OUR FREEDOM LAND.
THE SKY IS HIGH, THE EARTH IS GREAT,
I KNOW THE SEEDS OF FREEDOM WAIT.
THEY'LL BURST IN BLOOM BENEATH THE SUN
WHERE FREEDOM LIVES FOR EVERYONE.
(REPEAT)

OLD WOMAN

Oh, my friends, when we try to straighten out this
old world and really make it Freedom Land, we
are just carrying out God's will, that's all.

BOY

That's right, Ma. And our text is Freedom!

JIM CROW (MINISTER)

So your text is Freedom? Well, I got another one.
Now all you white people in my congregation know
Rev. Jim Crow don't take no stock in the way black
folks sing them old songs these days--trying to
give'em new meanings and such. Cullud folks better
stop singing about freedom and equality and such,
and sing about their immortal soul. Down in the
gutter of sin where they are, they better be thinking
about salvation, not equality. Salvation!--that is,
if a black man has a soul to save. In the old days,
we did not believe a Negra had a soul. But maybe
he has. Rev. Jim Crow will grant him that much.
But he don't have no sense a Negra don't. God did
not mean it to be that way. When He made Ham,
and Ham's sons, God made 'em black! Why, look
at 'em today in our white America! Look at 'em!
Ignorant, trifling, dumb, diseased, impudent, dan-
gerous! Dangerous! That's what they are! Dan-
gerous to you and me and our way of life and the
Free World. Why they even want to vote down there
in Dixie. We got to curb---

BOY

You ought to be ashamed of yourself--and you a
minister, too. You's a faker, Rev. Jim Crow,
and I say God's gonna cut you down.

BOY, WOMAN AND CHORUS

YOU MAY RUN FOR A LONG TIME,
RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME,
RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME,
BUT LET ME TELL YOU
GOD A-MIGHTY'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN.
GO TELL YOUR LONG-TONGUED LIARS,
GO TELL YOUR MIDNIGHT RIDERS,
TELL YOUR BOMBING RAMBLING DYNAMITERS,
GREAT GOD A-MIGHTY'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN.

GREAT GOD A-MIGHTY, LEMME TELL YOU THE
NEWS --
MY HEAD BEEN WET WITH THE MIDNIGHT DEWS.
I BEEN DOWN ON MY BENDE KNEE
TALKING TO THE MAN FROM GALILEE.
MY GOD SPOKE, HE SPOKE SO SWEET
I THOUGHT I HEARD THE SHUFFLE OF ANGELS'
FEET.
HE PUT ONE HAND ON MY HEAD.
GREAT GOD A-MIGHTY, LEMME TELL YOU WHAT
HE SAID--
YOU MAY RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME,
RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME
RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME,
BUT LET ME TELL YOU,
GOD A-MIGHTY'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN.

YOU MAY THROW A ROCK HIGH AS YOU CAN
WORK IN THE DARK 'GAINST YOUR FELLOWMAN
SURE AS GOD MADE THE DAY AND THE NIGHT
WHAT YOU DO IN THE DARK WILL BE BROUGHT
TO LIGHT.
YOU MAY RUN AND HIDE, SLIP AND SLIDE
TRY TO STEAL THE SKIN FROM THE BLACK
MAN'S HIDE,
BUT SURE AS GOD MADE A PIG AND A POKE
YOU'LL REAP, MY BROTHER, JUST WHAT YOU
SOW.

YOU MAY RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME, RUN ON FOR
A LONG TIME,
RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME
BUT LET ME TELL YOU,
GOD A-MIGHTY'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN.
GO TELL YOUR LONG-TONGUED LIARS,
GO TELL YOUR MIDNIGHT RIDERS
TELL YOUR BOMBING RAMBLING DYNAMITERS
GREAT GOD A-MIGHTY'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN.
GREAT GOD A-MIGHTY'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN.
GREAT GOD A-MIGHTY'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN.
GREAT GOD A-MIGHTY'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN.

GIRL

Lots of folks have been against us--ministers, politi-
cians, editors, police, mayors, even governors.

Our ways been cloudy, sometimes so cloudy it looks
I've I just don't know. I just don't know.

BOY

When I went to volunteer in World War II, they
wouldn't let me in. They told me the quota was filled
or something. I got put in a labor battalion.

GIRL

And, remember when I tried to give my blood to the
Red Cross for the soldiers, they wouldn't accept it--
no black blood. Well anyway, Jim Crow's over now
in the armed forces.

BOY

Yes, I can be a sailor now--I can be an airman, even
a paratrooper. But I'd sure hate to be making jumps
some day in Mississippi and come parachuting down
on Eastland's plantation. Anyhow, things are not
quite as rough as they used to be. But it's still too
rough to be decent, Anniebelle. There's still many
registration places won't register me. Many ballets
boxes are still closed to my ballot. They know we'd
vote segregation out, if we had the chance. That's
what that old registrar sitting there in the Court House
telling me now---

JIM CROW

YOU-ALL BETTER LEAVE SEGREGATION ALONE.
CAUSE WE LOVE SEGREGATION LIKE A HOUND
DOG LOVES A BONE.

BOY

THEY TOLD ME EDUCATION
YOUR PROBLEMS ALL WILL SOLVE--
JUST STUDY FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS
AND, BOY, HOW YOU'LL EVOLVE!

JIM CROW

MEANWHILE, JUST YOU LEAVE SEGREGATION
ALONE.
CAUSE WE LOVE SEGREGATION LIKE A HOUND
DOG LOVES A BONE.

OLD WOMAN

NOW, I BEEN HEARING THIS MESS ALL MY LIFE.
EVER SINCE SLAVERY TIME
AND YOU MEAN YOU'RE STILL TELLING ME---

JIM CROW

WHY DON'T YOU ALL BE PATIENT?
STOP RAISING SO MUCH FUSS.
YOU KNOW WE LOVES YOU NEGRAS,
SO LEAVE THE REST TO US--
AND JUST YOU LEAVE SEGREGATION ALONE,
CAUSE WE LOVE SEGREGATION LIKE A HOUND
DOG LOVES A BONE.

OLD MAN

GREAT BIG AD, HELP WANTED.
SAID, I'LL GIVE THAT JOB A TRY.
BOSS MAN LOOKS AT ME AND YELLS--

JIM CROW

NO COLORED NEED APPLY!
YOU BETTER LEAVE SEGREGATION ALONE
CAUSE WE LOVE SEGREGATION LIKE A HOUND
DOG LOVES A BONE.

GIRL

MY CITY OWNS THE SWIMMING POOL.
WITH WHITE TILE IT IS LINED.
WHEN I WENT TO TAKE A SWIM, THEY SAID--

JIM CROW

YOU MUST HAVE LOST YOUR MIND.
YOU BETTER LEAVE OUR WHITE POOL ALONE.
CAUSE WE LOVE SEGREGATED WATER LIKE A
HOUND DOG LOVES A BONE.

BOY

I WENT TO GET A HAIRCUT
AT THE CAMPUS BARBER SHOP.
THE WHITE BARBER TOOK ONE LOOK AT ME

AND YOU KNOW HE RAN TO CALL A COP.

JIM CROW

YOU BETTER LEAVE SEGREGATION ALONE.
CAUSE WE LOVE SEGREGATION LIKE A
HOUND DOG LOVES A BONE.

OLD WOMAN, OLD MAN, BOY AND GIRL

WE WENT DOWN TO THE DIME STORE
TO GET A BITE TO EAT.
THEY PUT US IN THE JAIL HOUSE,
SAID WE TOOK A WHITE MAN'S SEAT.

JIM CROW

YOU ALL BETTER LEAVE SEGREGATED HOT DOGS
ALONE.
YOU ALL BETTER LEAVE SEGREGATED COFFEE
ALONE.
YOU ALL BETTER LEAVE SEGREGATED SUGAR,
SEGREGATED SALT, SEGREGATED COKES AND
SEGREGATED MALT ALONE--
CAUSE WE LOVE OUR SEGREGATION LIKE A
HOUND DOG LOVES A BONE,
LIKE A HOUND (HOWL-OOO-OO-O!) DOG LOVES
A BONE.

JIM CROW (GOVERNOR)

You-all are right. Ah do like the customs of mah
city and county and state like a hound dog loves a
bone. And ah am Governor here--governor of this
sovereign state--and no Negra children are going to
enter this school. By the power invested in me by
the voters of this state and in the name of law and
order and the sanctity of white womanhood, ah say
the portals of this institution are closed to all but
whites. And ah shall not be moved.

BOY

Sir, the Supreme Court has ruled that the schools
of our country be open to all alike.

JIM CROW (GOVERNOR)

The Supreme Court has ruled contrary to the laws
of my state. And ah hereby inform you, sir--

GIRL

Sir, I hereby inform you that---

BOY, GIRL, AND CHORUS

I WOKE UP THIS MORNING WITH
MY MIND ON FREEDOM.
I WOKE UP THIS MORNING WITH
MY MIND ON FREEDOM.
WE WOKE UP THIS MORNING WITH
OUR MINDS ON FREEDOM.
HELLELOO! HELLELOO! HELLELUJAH!

BOY

Young or not, somehow I got elected leader of this
demonstration, and I welcome you here, all of you,
like me, with your minds on freedom. Today we
are going to move through the streets of this city
that belongs as much to us as it does to anybody
else. We are going to move down the main streets,
too, not just through the old dark alleys and by-
streets and sidestreets of segregation. No, we're
going to move through the main streets. We're going
to set up our picket lines on the main streets. We got
to prove that right is on our side. Governor or no
governor, sheriffs or no sheriffs, police dogs or no
dogs, Ku Klux Klan or no Klan, we are going to march!
March! Walk and sing! And now that the new Civil
Rights Bill's been passed, we got to march and we've
got to prove that it's gonna work everywhere. So come
on because I'm going right now! March and sing!

GIRL, BOY, AND CHORUS

ALBANY, GEORGIA'S GOT
ITS MIND ON FREEDOM.
ALBANY, GEORGIA'S GOT
ITS MIND ON FREEDOM.
ALBANY, GEORGIA'S GOT
ITS MIND ON FREEDOM.
HELLELOO! HELLELOO! HELLELUJAH!

MISSISSIPPI'S GOT
ITS MIND ON FREEDOM.

MISSISSIPPI'S GOT
ITS MIND ON FREEDOM.
MISSISSIPPI'S GOT
ITS MIND ON FREEDOM.
HELLELOO! HELLELOO! HELLELUJAH!

WALKING AND TALKING
WITH MY MIND ON FREEDOM.
WALKING AND TALKING
WITH MY MIND ON FREEDOM.
WALKING AND TALKING
WITH MY MIND ON FREEDOM.
HELLELOO! HELLELOO! HELLELUJAH!
(REPEAT)

GIRL

Service, please.

BOY

She doesn't answer.

GIRL

Maybe she didn't hear me.

BOY

Miss! I'd like a strawberry soda, please.

GIRL

No answer.

BOY

I guess they are not going to serve us again.
Might as well open up our books and study awhile.

GIRL

Yes...except that they won't let us study---
All these angry looking folks around us. "Get
off that chair!" they're yelling. "You, boy,
get away from that counter!" They push us.

BOY

Shove us! --

GIRL

Knock our books out of our hands. They scream,
"Get out of here! And you, too, girl!" But we
try to sing--

GIRL AND BOY

WE SHALL OVERCOME
WE SHALL OVERCOME, WE SHALL OVERCOME
SOME DAY
DEEP IN MY HEART, I DO BELIEVE
WE SHALL OVERCOME SOME DAY.
TRUTH WILL MAKE US FREE,
TRUTH WILL MAKE US FREE,
TRUTH WILL MAKE US FREE SOME DAY.
DEEP IN MY HEART, I DO BELIEVE
WE SHALL OVERCOME SOME DAY.

BOY

They yell, "Oh, so you won't be moved, heh?"
And they jerk the stool right from under me.

GIRL

They spit in my face.

BOY

They knock me down. They kick me.

GIRL

They call me all kinds of dirty names, but I try
to sing--

DEEP IN MY HEART I DO BE...

Somebody threw a sugar bowl at me!...A woman
pushed me!...And then...

JIM CROW (POLICEMAN)

Get up from there! Get out of here! You know
this here is a white place. All right, so we'll
take a little ride...

BOY

So I'm in jail.

GIRL

So we're in jail.

BOY

Wonder what Ma'll say?

GIRL

Wonder what Dad'll say?

OLD MAN

We'll say, God Bless you!

OLD WOMAN

God help you, son. God help you.

OLD MAN

And we'll help you. What I never did, you've done.

OLD WOMAN

God bless you!

OLD MAN

And love you!

OLD WOMAN, OLD MAN

And we'll help you.

BOY

Together, Mama---

GIRL

Together, Papa---

OLD WOMAN, OLD MAN, GIRL AND BOY

Together, we shall overcome...

BOY

Nothing else to do -- I believe I'll write Jim Crow a letter.

GIRL

I think I'll write a letter to Freedom.

BOY

Here take mine down...Dear Jim Crow, sir: I address you most respectfully because I don't want to get your temperature up any higher than it is now and also because I want you to understand that I can see your point of view. Raised wrong from the cradle, sir, you just can't see things straight. Taught a distorted view of history in your schools, you do not even know what made you what you are. Because you are so ignorant, Jim, I forgive you this time. I'll try to teach you right from wrong myself, Jim, because I believe in the end you will become my brother, and we'll walk hand in hand some day. Yes, deep in my heart, I do believe that you and I shall become brothers and we'll walk hand in hand some day. Sign it: Moses Holmes Jones.

GIRL

Take this down, Jones...Dear Freedom: I address you as if I have known you all my life. I have not. I have only known about you. But I know, Freedom, that you are waiting to take my hand as soon as I can get by the barriers some of my fellowmen have put between us. I mean to get by them, Freedom. I mean to open the gate that leads to your presence. I mean to let in the sunshine and the radiance of your beauty--because I know, Freedom, that you are my sister, and we'll walk hand in hand some day. Yes, deep in my heart, I do believe, we'll walk hand in hand some day. Signed: Anniebelle Smith.

BOY

I know you don't believe us now, Jim, but you'll understand it better by and by. Now, you are not

really free yourself, chained in your hate and misunderstanding. But freedom is a mighty word, and you can't help but pay attention to its name.

GIRL

Freedom! So many great people I studied in my classroom have defined you, Freedom--Moses did, and Christ, and Jefferson, Lincoln, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Martin Luther King, and the late President Kennedy. So I don't have to define you again. I'll just sing my song of what it means to me.

BOY

Yes, we'll just sing our song. And when we get out of here and go back to the people...

GIRL

When we get outside again...

BOY

Out of this jail...

GIRL

This cell...

GIRL AND BOY

This Jerico...

BOY

We'll take up our songs again...

GIRL

And sing them with you.

GIRL AND BOY

THE SKY IS HIGH! THE EARTH IS GREAT!
I KNOW THE SEEDS OF FREEDOM WAIT.
THEY'LL BURST IN BLOOM BENEATH THE SUN
WHERE FREEDOM LIVES FOR EVERYONE.

FREEDOM LAND, OUR FREEDOM LAND!
WE'LL SING YOUR NAME, WE ARE TOMORROW'S
BAND
AND FRIENDS WILL CLASP EACH OTHER'S HANDS
IN FREEDOM, FREEDOM LAND.

THE SKY IS HIGH! THE EARTH IS GREAT!
I KNOW THE SEEDS OF FREEDOM WAIT.
THEY'LL BURST IN BLOOM BENEATH THE SUN
WHERE FREEDOM LIVES FOR EVERYONE.

JIM CROW (JAILOR)

Cut out that singing in here! Shut up, I say!

BOY

Mister, would you mind mailing a letter for me, please?

GIRL

And for me, too?

JIM CROW (JAILOR)

I might. Gimme them here!...Well, now! They ain't got no stamps on 'em. So I'm mailing them ---like this.

BOY

Funny--he thinks the world won't get our message. But it will, in spite of what he's doing. He can't hold back history.

GIRL

Jim Crow defending his Jerico--trying to hold back freedom by putting you and me in jail, tearing up our letters, stopping us from singing. To him, freedom's just a scrap of paper in spite of Civil Rights Bills.

BOY

He'll learn how precious it is some day.

GIRL

Even to him -- and to America. America!

BOY

But there are still too many walls to break down, Anniebelle.

GIRL

But you are Joshua, aren't you?

BOY

Well, if you believe that I am Joshua, I'll be Joshua!...No! Fact is, I am Joshua! Come on, kid, let's go fight this battle modern style!

BOY, GIRL, AND ENSEMBLE

WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW!
OLD JIM CROW! OLD JIM CROW!
WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW!--
AND THE WALLS COME TUMBLIN' DOWN.
(REPEAT)

YOU MAY TALK ABOUT YOUR MAN OF GIDEON
YOU MAY TALK ABOUT YOUR MAN OF SAUL
BUT THERE'S NONE LIKE THE GOOD OLD JOSHUA
AT THE BATTLE OF JERICO

UP TO THE WALLS OF JERICO
HE MARCHED WITH SPEAR IN HAND
"GO BLOW THEM RAM HORNS," JOSHUA CRIED,
'CAUSE THE BATTLE AM IN MY HAND!"

THE LAMB, RAM, SHEEP HORNS BEGIN TO BLOW
TRUMPETS BEGIN TO SOUND
OLD JOSHUA COMMANDED THE PEOPLE TO SHOUT
AND THE WALLS COME TUMBLIN' DOWN.

WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW!
OLD JIM CROW! OLD JIM CROW!
WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW!...
AND THE WALLS COME TUMBLIN' DOWN.

DU BOIS FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
DR. KING FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
DAISY BATES FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
AND THE WALLS COME TUMBLIN' DOWN.

JAMES MEREDITH FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
JIM PECK FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
RANDOLPH FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
AND THE WALLS COME TUMBLIN' DOWN.

JOHN LEWIS FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
JAMES FARMER FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
ROY WILKINS FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
PRESIDENT KENNEDY FIT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW.
AND THE WALLS COME TUMBLIN' DOWN.

WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW!
OLD JIM CROW! OLD JIM CROW!
WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF OLD JIM CROW!...
AND THE WALLS COME TUMBLIN' DOWN.
(Repeat two more times).

CHORUS:

COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND,
COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND,
COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND,
COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND,
COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND
WHERE I'M BOUND.

THERE'S NO HATRED IN THAT LAND,
THERE'S NO HATRED IN THAT LAND,
THERE'S NO HATRED IN THAT LAND,
THERE'S NO HATRED IN THAT LAND,
THERE'S NO HATRED IN THAT LAND
WHERE I'M BOUND.

TALK ABOUT LOVE IN THAT LAND,
TALK ABOUT LOVE IN THAT LAND,
TALK ABOUT LOVE IN THAT LAND,
TALK ABOUT LOVE IN THAT LAND,
TALK ABOUT LOVE IN THAT LAND
WHERE I'M BOUND.

COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND,
COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND,
COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND
WHERE I'M BOUND.
(REPEAT)

THE NEGRO HERITAGE ON RECORDS

Folk Music & Spirituals

- FA 2610 **AMERICAN SKIFFLE BANDS.**
Field recordings in the South. 12"
- FA 2659 **MUSIC FROM THE SOUTH, Vol. 10.**
Been Here and Gone. 12"
- FA 2691 **MUSIC DOWN HOME.**
An introduction to Negro folk music,
U.S.A. 2—12"
- FA 2941AB **LEADBELLY'S LAST SESSIONS,**
Vol. 1 (Part 1). 12"
- FS 3842 **"BEEN IN THE STORM SO LONG."**
Spirituals, shouts, game songs from South
Carolina Sea Islands. Recorded by Guy
Carawan. 12"
- FE 4417 **NEGRO FOLK MUSIC OF ALABAMA,**
Vol. 1. Secular. 12"
- FE 4418 **NEGRO FOLK MUSIC OF ALABAMA,**
Vol. 2. Religious. 12"
- FH 5252 **SONGS OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO**
SLAVES. 12"
- FA 2372 **THE FISK JUBILEE SINGERS.**
Spirituals. 12"
- FG 3538 **TAMBOURINES TO GLORY.**
Gospel songs by Langston Hughes. 12"

Blues and Jazz

- FA 2421 **TRADITIONAL BLUES, Vol. 1.**
Brownie McGhee. 12"
- FG 3540 **W. C. HANDY BLUES.**
Sung by his daughter K. Handy. 12"
- FG 3586 **BIG BILL BROONZY.**
Interview and songs. 12"
- FS 3817 **BLUES WITH BIG BILL BROONZY,**
SONNY TERRY, BROWNIE MCGHEE.
Songs & interviews. 12"
- FA 2464 **THE MUSIC OF NEW ORLEANS,**
Vol. 4. The birth of jazz. 12"
- FJ 2801 **JAZZ, Vol. 1.**
The South—work & church songs, hollers. 12"
- FJ 2842 **YAMEKRAW.**
Original composition played by James
P. Johnson. 12"
- FJ 2843 **MARY LOU WILLIAMS.**
Combo and chorus. 12"

Original Cast Album

- FL 9671 **LANGSTON HUGHES' JERICO-**
JIM CROW. 2—12"
- FR 8901 **URBAN HOLINESS SERVICE.**
Gospel music. 12"

Negro History

- FH 5502 **THE SIT-IN STORY.**
Documentary with voices of Rev. Martin
Luther King, Rev. Abernathy. 12"
- FD 5511 **W.E.B. DU BOIS.**
Autobiography. 12"
- FH 5522 **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF**
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.
Read by Ossie Davis. 12"
- FH 5523 **THE NEGRO WOMAN.**
P. Wheatley, H. Tubman, M. Bethune,
others. 12"
- FH 5592 **WE SHALL OVERCOME!**
Documentary on the march on Washing-
ton, Dr. M. L. King, others. 12"

- FH 5595 **WNEW'S STORY OF SELMA.**
Documentary with Len Chandler, Pete
Seeger, others. 12"

Literature

- FL 9788 **GOD'S TROMBONES BY JAMES**
WELDON JOHNSON. 12"
- FL 9789 **THE BEST OF SIMPLE/LANGSTON**
HUGHES.
Read by Melvin Stewart. 12"
- FL 9790 **STERLING BROWN & LANGSTON**
HUGHES.
Poetry read by authors. 12"
- FL 9791 **ANTHOLOGY OF NEGRO POETS.**
Poets read from their own works. 12"
- FL 9792 **ANTHOLOGY OF NEGRO POETS**
IN THE U.S.A.
Covers 200 years. Read by Arna Bon-
temp. 12"
- FC 7104 **THE DREAM KEEPER.**
This and other poems read by author
Langston Hughes. 10"
- FC 7114 **AN ANTHOLOGY OF NEGRO POETRY**
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
Compiled and read by Arna Bontemps. 10"

African Heritage

- FE 4500 **NEGRO FOLK MUSIC OF AFRICA**
AND AMERICA. 2—12"
- FE 4502 **AFRICAN & AFRO-AMERICAN DRUMS.**
2—12"
- FC 7103 **FOLK TALES FROM WEST AFRICA.**
10"
- FC 7110 **ASHANTI FOLK TALES FROM GHANA.**
10"

For Children

- FC 7003 **1, 2, 3 & A ZING ZING ZING.**
Street games & songs of N.Y.C. 10"
- FC 7004 **RING GAMES.**
From Alabama. 10"
- FC 7533 **NEGRO FOLK SONGS FOR YOUNG**
PEOPLE.
Sung by Leadbelly. 12"
- FC 7652 **THIS IS RHYTHM.**
Ella Jenkins. 12"
- FC 7654 **AMERICAN NEGRO FOLK & WORK**
SONG RHYTHMS.
Ella Jenkins. 12"
- FC 7744 **WEST INDIAN FOLK SONGS FOR**
CHILDREN. 12"

From the NAACP list of approved audio-visual materials.

- FL 9792 **ANTHOLOGY OF NEGRO POETS IN**
THE U.S.A. 12"
- FC 7402 **WHO BUILT AMERICA?** 10"
- FC 7654 **AMERICAN FOLK & WORK SONG**
RHYTHMS. 12"
- FL 9791 **ANTHOLOGY OF NEGRO POETS.**
12"
- FD 5511 **W. E. B. DU BOIS.** 12"
- FC 7752 **THE GLORY OF NEGRO HISTORY.**
12"
- FL 9790 **STERLING BROWN & LANGSTON**
HUGHES. 12"