THE TIME WILL COME
and other songs from
BROADSIDE MAGAZINE

ELAINE WHITE
WILL McLEAN
TEATRO CAMPESINO
CHRIS GAYLORD
BLIND GIRL GRUNT
PAUL KAPLAN
TOM PARROTT
ZACHARY 2
MATTHEW JONES
BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 306

SIDE I
Band 1. THE TIME WILL COME - Elaine White (White)
Band 2. HOLD BACK THE WATERS - Will McLean, Paul Champion (McLean)
Band 3. THE MIGRANT'S SONG - Danny Valdez & Agustin Lira (Peter Krug)
Band 4. DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS - Chris Gaylord (Gaylord)

SIDE II
Band 1. SHADY ACRES - Blind Girl Grunt (J. Ian)
Band 2. OSCEOLA - Will McLean, Paul Champion, 2nd guitar (McLean)
Band 3. I'VE BEEN TOLD - Paul Kaplan (Kaplan)
Band 4. FREEDOMS WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR - Tom Parrott, John Mackiwicz 2nd guitar (Parrott)
Band 5. GENOCIDE - Zachary 2 & Group (Zachary)
Band 6. HELL NO, I AIN'T GONNA GO - Matthew Jones & Group (Laron & Jones)

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Cover drawing, The Kitchen Sing, O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, by Agnes Friesen

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 306
This is the fourth in a series of records put out by performer/songwriters singing songs which have been printed in Broadside Magazine of New York. The first was in 1963 and was historic in several ways. For instance, on it was the first recording of Phil Ochs, who since has made four L-P's of his own, which have been bought by thousands of people, mainly young ones. Also there was "Blowin' In The Wind" (sung by the New World Singers) which when it was done later by Peter Paul & Mary started its author, Bob Dylan up (or down) the road to fame.

The 2nd Broadside record was Pete Seeger singing solo, and there you found, for the first time, Malvina Reynolds' "Little Boxes." Vol. 3 was recorded by the "Broadside Singers", nine people singing together on songs they had had in Broadside.

Now comes No. 4, this one. It tries to stick to the idea which has been behind the whole series (and behind Broadside Magazine, for that matter). That is, to give a hearing to new songwriter/performers who are using music and lyrics to say something deep and vital and honest about the screwed-up world in which they find themselves. You may not find much "commercial slickness" (this doesn't mean you won't find good musicians and good singers scattered among these bands -- they are there, too).

This record, and each issue of Broadside, shows that topical songwriting in America retains its vitality. "Folk music" fades come and go, in cycles; rhythm & blues becomes rock'n roll, then folk rock and then psychedellic rock, and finally ends in a cacotomy of noise so violent as to threaten the equilibrium of the universe.

Topical songwriters tend to borrow from all these developments, but have a stubborn habit also of going back to basics. They are wary of and skirt the phoney and superficial, no matter how bedecked with luring dollar signs.

(It is significant that many of the new young songwriters of the 60's -- Dylan, Ochs, Paxton, La Farge, Chandler, Speelstra, et cetera -- dismissed with disdain the whole era of the 50's -- The Weavers, the Kingston Trios, the Oscar Brand's, et. al. -- and went back instinctively to Woody Guthrie for their source of inspiration and example).

It is this instinct for the real and genuine that continues to give American "folksong" its persistent vitality. Israel Young has recently been giving lectures entitled "Folk Music Is Dead." Actually it isn't. It never is.

What seems to happen with deadening regularity is this: there is a folk music boom which the pressures of success inexorably push in the direction of dilution and artificiality. The music loses its raw earthiness and becomes tingly and pleasant; the lyrics become sweet-- and meaningless.

Hundreds of records crammed with "ersatz" material flood the market; "ersatz" performers crowd the coffeehouse schedules. And Izzy Young announces in disgust that folk music is dead.

But all the while, away from the spotlights and the blare of publicity, hundreds of young Americans continue to look life in the eye and write songs about what they see as realistically as they know how. From among them emerges an almost steady stream of fresh and vigorous replacements for our weary and jaded folk music "stars" mired in the backwaters of success.

That is what Broadside Magazine is all about, and its recordings, a place where these new voices and their songs can be heard. This L-P could be the most significant of the series, coming as it does at a time when "Folk Music" is being widely pronounced dead.

LONG LIVE FOLK MUSIC!

Gordon Friesen

L-P ALBUMS OF BROADSIDE SONGS

BR 301: PHIL OCHS, PETE SEEGER, BLIND BOY BUNT, PETER LA FARGE, HAPPY TRUMAN, MATT McGINN, GIL TURNER, NEW WORLD SINGERS, MARK SPEELSTRA.


BROADSIDE RECORDINGS
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(Agnes Cunningham, Editor)

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LORD HOLD BACK THE WATERS

Words: WILL McLEAN - Music: WILL McLEAN & DASH MOORE

(Note: This song is written in G for space reasons on the Music Staff. Will sings it about four keys lower!) (© 1966 WILL McLEAN & Dash Moore)

There in the late twenties that there come a big flood. - It drowned four thousand, their graves was the mud. - 'Twas nothing could withstand that great tidal wave. And the ghosts of the vanished - still cry from grave. Lord hold back the waters of Lake O-keechobees for they're calling and seeking for oth'er poor souls. Oh Lake O-keechobee's blue waters are cold.

Lake O-keechobee's blue waters are cold. When wild winds are blowin' across O-keechobee

Lake O-keechobee's blue waters are cold. When wild winds are blowin' across O-keechobee

Lake Okeechobee, in south central Florida just north of the Everglades, is the second largest fresh-water lake wholly within the U.S. It covers 750 square miles. On Sept. 12-17, 1928 a hurricane sweeping out of the West Indies virtually lifted the waters from the lake bed and sent them swirling down onto the adjacent countryside, 4,000 people were drowned. An economy-minded government since has thrown up protective earthen levees which few believe could withstand a hurricane of similar force should one strike tomorrow.

(Ed. Note: The "homes" at the base of the Okeechobee levees are mainly the shacks of Negro migratory workers and their families. This may help explain officialdom's lack of interest in doing anything substantial to create a real bulwark against the waters of the lake. G.F.)

Some of the greatest and longest lasting folk songs of all time are ballads about specific people and specific events—such songs as "Jeanie Johnson," "The Sinking of the Titanic," "Pretty Boy Floyd's Wreck Of The Old 97," and "Death Of Floyd Collins" come to mind. In the songs submitted to Broadside over the past year or so we have noticed a tendency by the writers to get farther and farther away from this good old tradition. The songs tend to get more and more generalized. We would like very much to see this trend reversed, and find some songs in the mail about real people and real events.

The song on this page is an example of what we have in mind. The author, Will McLean, is a Floridian who returned from World War II — where he served as a gunner on B-29's — determined to write the history and legends of his state into folk song. So far he has written some 200, with about another hundred left to go. He is also much more than a writer; Will is also simply a great singer and great musician. You can't really appreciate him until you hear him. Broadside readers should send to WAKULA RECORDS, P.O. Box 1223, Tallahassee, Florida, for his first single — "Tate's Jail" (B'side #5) & "Wcessive's Last Words" (B'side #6). It will be a collector's item, for we consider Will McLean as the greatest link today between America's folk-song past and its present. THE EDITORS.

BROADSIDES #72

© 1964 WILL McLEAN

OSCEOLA'S LAST WORDS

Words & Music: By WILL McLEAN

For Peter La Farge
Vietcong Captives Cheer
For Indians in Movies

© 1964, New Directions Publishing Corp.

In a dungeon deep at St. Augustine Chief

Osceola wept, for his people & his golden land, His body had not slept; / Wildcat, he'd slain

Chief I beg you go with me to stand against our mortal foe, But Osceola raised his head high, Said, "Do this ere I die.

Wildcat, Brother, to the grassy waters take the Seminole.

There no white man can invade to leave you here and cold I shall not live among such evil men, Who mock the sign of truce, this flag of white And honor not their given, sacred word, My name will be the light.

The light that burns in every warrior's soul in dark and hidden reaches, They will never drive us from our land, nor drain our blood like leeches My spirit walks with those of you who die, And those of you who always will remain Upon this bloodstained, blessed, flowered land, must fight and fight again.

OSCEOLA: Vietnam today, the Seminole war in the 1830's. Vietnamese and Seminole Indian guerrillas resisting overwhelming forces trying to drive them from their "blood-stained, blessed, flowered land." Leech-like landlords following the U.S. Army in Vietnam; slave-chasers with the U.S. Army in Florida to reclaim Negro slaves finding freedom among the Seminoles. One other comparison: it was a guerrilla war in the U.S. did not win either. Will McLean wrote this song from Osceola's own words.... G.F.
The Time Will Come

By ELAINE WHITE
©1966 by Elaine White

Early rising strikes the dawn
As your riddled dreams are torn
From the mind that flows in fantasy
Seeks reality - The time will come, the time will come.

What's done now was done before
Mending minds and ending scores,
Nursing wounds of those too numb to feel
A tongue of steel - The time will come, the time will come.

Chorus:
And while those make their heroes out of people once thought zeroes, The time will surely come.

Bearded walkers, weary-worn,
Wear your tangled hair so long
And make your way while others may look with scorn
For when you're born - The time will come, the time will come.

Pleasure seekers search to find
Potions that may please their minds
Panaceas that will cure all pains
But still remains - The time will come, The time will come. CHO:

For those maintaining status quo
Martyrs who may come and go
You'll be swallowed up alive, my friends
If war begins - The time will come, The time will come.

Changes will repeat themselves
History books piled on the shelves
Students ask, "Who will our Great Ones be?"
It shall be we - The time will come, The time will come. CHO.

THE TIME WILL COME: Elaine White asks "Who shall our great ones be?" and answers prophetically "It shall be we." This is the first recording of Elaine singing and accompanying herself on one of her own songs. We predict there will be many more. Elaine, at 20, brims with talent -- her songwriting is deep and penetrating, her lyrical voice and musical skills unbounded.
Don't Talk To Strangers  Words & Music by Chris Gaylord

Copyright 1967 by Chris Gaylord

The wife you did take it was all a mistake and you're married and Jesus it's hell. You
thought she was smarter than you loved her hard and then you said "But how could I tell" You did not
love her but many times over you used her and pushed her aside. And when she came to you, you
screamed what can I do I do not want you for a bride. You told her Don't talk to strangers and
kiss. Don't love you and I never did. Now we're stuck living here with a kid that just
cries in his room. My mother was right what she said about you.

(Em) F, F., F., F.

2. And then she cried in your nonchalant stride
You just laughed and told her to grow up
It was not important, she'd have an abortion
Was five hundred dollars enough
But somehow her family that you hadn't thought of
Did not feel like taking a life
The wedding was planned and you went like a man
And she grew up and became your wife.

(GOIRS — to be sung at the end of each verse except the last;

Don't talk to strangers
And don't even smile
Cause it's all your damn fault that we've got this sick child.
You know I don't love you
And I never did.
Now we're stuck living here
With a kid
That just cries in his room
My mother was right
What she said about you.

3. You used her some more and then finally she bore
An awakening moment of truth
Reality kills with these mountains of bills
And do you have a gun I could use
The wife you had taken now thin and misshapen
Was ugly from having your child
The ugliness spread and at last separate beds
She was lucky if you'd even smile. (GOIR)

4. The worn out excuse for your constant abuse
Is the one thing you have on your side
Your wife has been made and so many times laid
And a recommendation was tried

Your best friend of all told you she's a good girl
And the one thing that made it much worse
The son that you had that will soon call you dad
Well, you weren't even sure it was yours. (GOIR)

5. The times you tried and could not satisfy
And your efforts you knew were in vain
And the fact that before she'd had many good sores
Was a punchin' knock on your brain
So finally of course you asked for a divorce
But you could not get her to say yes
So you stormed out the door in search for some whore
Who could make you forget the whole mess. (GOIR)

6. So she came to me and said, "Oh, help me please
I think that you know why I'm here."
And so it was done and while you had your fun
I made love through an ocean of tears
Yes, she was with me but it's easy to see
When a woman is thinking of...
And I saw in her face during every embrace
It was you that she was thinking of. (GOIR)

7. Now I've been un-thinkin' for hours and hours
My reason for wonderin' in vain
The one thing I want in this whole big old world
Is the girl that you're drivin' insane
You want your freedom and I want her love
But I knew it never can be
The thing that you tell me has ruined your life
Well, God knows I wish it had happened to me.

(Last Chorus)

Cause, she don't talk to strangers
And she never did smile
And it wasn't her fault
That both had that child
She really did love you
I know that she did
And she loved livin' there
Takin' care of your kid and his cough.
If you'd a-married your mother

Tell It as It Is

By NAT HENTOFF

It is true that, McLuhan notwithstanding, there are many teenagers who get great pleasure — statistic kicks, he might say — from reading. And a stable number of them do move naturally into adult fiction. But there are others who seldom read — either because their schools have effectively made reading synonymous with forced labor, or because few books they have seen sufficiently speak to their basic concerns to warrant their taking time away from listening to the Lovin Spoonful, the Mamas and the Papas, Bob Dylan or the Beatles. The latter minstrels do speak directly to the young, and one of the more literary of the folk rockers now predicts that the song may be the new form of the novel to come. (A development apparently unsuspected by Robbie-Grillet.)

N.Y. Times Book Review
May, 1967.

DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS: 20-year-old Chris Gaylord's is the first of the novels in song form Nat Hentoff mentions. It is in the tradition of Zola and Dreiser, and its moral theme has been compared to that of Dreiser's first great novel "Sister Carrie."
The Migrant's Song

Up from El Centro and San Bernadino,
One hun-dred thou-sand men, wo-men and chil-dren, They flow on the

Fres-no, Ma-dar-a, Mer-ced, Sa-li-nas and Stock-ton, up to Sa-cra-

men-to, Santa Ro-sa and Red Bluff and on back a-gain.

The long val-leys la-bor can ne-ver be done. See

how the land — yields up her treasure — to man's pa-tient hand.

By Peter Krug

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"This isn't a protest song ex-
actly, but it is a true song. I
wrote it two years ago in the
vineyards near Asti. The tune
came wafting through the con-
wcrete walls of our bunkhouse at 4 A.M.

I listened to the music I
thought of the fields I'd worked
the previous weeks and the people
I'd met along the way — the
Mexicans and Hillbillies, the
Japa-nesee, and the Negroes.

Out of the South. All trying to
get together as much money as
possible against the impend-
ing bleak winter... My feelings for
the people I worked beside was
a mixture of pity of their squal-
or, envy of their unrestrained
joy of living and freedom, and
pure love of their innocence and
beauty. This song tells a little of
what they and their lives are
like."

Peter Krug

EL TEATRO CAMPESINO

Luis Valdez, Director

EL CENTRO CAMPESINO CULTURAL
P.O. Box 428
Del Rey, California 93616

EL TEATRO CAMPESINO (The Farm Workers' Theater) performing
in New York City, summer, 1967. Photo by Diana Davies
**Shady Acres**

*Words and Music by JANIS IAN*

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**I've Been Told**

*Words & Music: PAUL KAPLAN*

© 1967 Paul Kaplan

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**SHADY ACRES: Janis Ian was "discovered" at a BROADSIDE Hootenanny 3 years ago at the age of 13. Her first single, "Society's Child" has sold a half million copies. Blind Girl Grunt is the sister of Blind Boy Grunt who appears on BROADSIDE Records Volume 1.**

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**I'VE BEEN TOLD: Paul Kaplan is 18, from Chicago, was raised on Pete Seeger, Weaver, and Almanac records. He began writing and singing his own songs two years ago.**
I went out to the "Support Our Boys In Vietnam" parade on Saturday, May 13th. Suzanne Nachtigal and I thought it would be tragic if the march went unprotested, and we took along a sign reading "Support Our Boys In Vietnam - Bring Them Home Now!". Half a dozen people stopped to voice their agreement, one of them, a young man with the look of a Viking, stayed nearby, and, eventually, a group of hecklers formed behind us. It took about fifteen minutes for this group of six or eight patriots (I use the word advisedly) to talk enough fanaticism into one fifteenish guy for him to grab the sign, ripping it in half. The Viking came to our aid at that point, handing me the largest part of the sign, but it really only meant that three of us got shoved and pummeled instead of two.

I got pretty ticked off, and wrote a song about it: "The Freedoms We've Been Fighting For." - Tom Parrott

THE FREEDOMS WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR
Words & Music By TOM PARROTT Copyright 1967 by Tom Parrott

[Music notation]

We've fought a thousand battles, we've won a hundred wars From the bloody ridge at Gettysburg to China's "Open Door". And it's written in our history, it's recorded in our lore, All the wonder of the freedoms that we've been fighting for.

And when we rise to speak our minds against the cancer's spread, We're told that we're responsible for the rising toll of dead; And we're battered and we're beaten for we stand against this war; Tell me! Where are all those freedoms that you say we're fighting for?

"... and the beast cast out of his mouth fire upon them who did not worship him." — Revelations, The Holy Bible
**GENOCIDE**

In Detroit, police are accused of executing Negroes in cold blood.

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**EL PICKET SIGN**

**Vital, Earthy And Alive Theater**

By Ralph J. Gleason

THE FOLK SONG and satirical theatrical company of the Delano strikers, El Teatro Campesino, which gives a performance tonight at 8 o'clock at Berkeley's Hillside School and tomorrow night at the Cotati Memorial Auditorium in Cotati, is a lusty combination of music, satire and propaganda.

The company played Monday night at The Committee and it was the most revolutionary theater those walls have seen. The audience (since this was a frank fund raising event for the Delano strike as was to be expected) loved them. The gags all got laughs and the propaganda was cheered.

But the Teatro is really more than a propaganda tool for the strike and I think that comes through.

**IT'S VITAL, EARTHY and vividly alive theater.** The most simplistic representation of growers and workers and strikers has a kind of reality, when the Teatro does it in their acts, as they call the skills, that professional theatrical companies cannot get. The reason is simple. It is all too real to the participants and the audience, when it sees these men on stage, knows, without thinking about it, that they come from the picket line where they have faced the violence and the terror they are talking about.

The songs of Augustine Lee, who sings several excellent solos and wrote the half dozen numbers the group sings, are good songs. He has an attractive voice and a whining manner and the ensemble songs have the kind of sat all such material naturally has if handled well.

And El Teatro handles everything well. Luis Valdez, on whose considerable talents as a spokesman, director and actor, the show really rests, has done a fine job. He combines great comic images with a running explanation in between the acts of just what the strike means.

Lira's song, "I Am Not Afraid of Anything," which closes the show, is a very effective number. The comic talents of Felipa Cantu are particularly outstanding and underscore the point Valdes makes, which is that given the opportunity, artists and craftsmen, creative persons of all kinds can come from the farm workers' community.

It's an impressive demonstration of what can be done when men do work together in a common cause.

San Francisco CHRONICLE 5/7/66

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**THE PICKET SIGN:** This is a beautiful song, but only if sung in the mellifluous Spanish language and Latin rhythm. However, below is a rough translation in English.

**THE PICKET SIGN**

By Luis Valdez

From Texas to California
Farm workers are struggling
The ranchers crying and crying
They're sick and tired of Huelga

CHORUS:
The picket sign, the picket sign
I carry it all day long
The picket sign, the picket sign
It's with me all my life.

We've for more than two long years
Been fighting with this strike
One of the growers has died
Another became a grandmother.(CHO)

One of the cousins I have
Was irrigating ditches
They say I am very troublesome
A loud mouth and a rabble-rousers
But Juarez was my uncle
And Zapata, my father-in-law.(CHO)

And now I am not organizing
The raza in all of the fields
But many go on eating
Tortillas with pure chile.(CHO)

There are many who don't understand
Even though you give them advice
The Huelga is for the good of all
But some people just act stupid (pendejos). (CHO)

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Second, the belief that the white man is readying concentration camps and ovens for the blacks is heard everywhere. The word "genocide" is used regularly now. "If America plays Nazi, we ain't goin' to play Jews." This is what H. Rap Brown says and many in the ghetto believe they may soon be fighting for their very lives. Detroit contributed to that feeling. The police reaction convinced many black people that whites have a will to murder them.

This remark, by a nationalist leader in Los Angeles, is typical of the many made on the question of genocides against black Americans:

"How long do you think this [white] man is going to allow black folks to burn up his cities? Isn't property more important to him than people? I can see it coming: ovens for black people."