

BROADSIDE

Price -- 35¢

BROADSIDE # 2, March 1962

Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y.

ONE MAN'S HANDS

WORDS BY DR. ALEX COMFORT

MUSIC BY PETE SEEGER

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature 'C', and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'One man's hands can't break a prison down, Two men's hands can't break a prison down, But if two & two & fifty make a million We'll see that day come 'round We'll see that day come 'round. - - -'. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: 'C' above the first 'Two men's', 'F' above the second 'Two men's', 'F (6th in bass) C' above 'fifty', 'Em' above 'We'll see', and 'Am' above 'that day'. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values. The third staff continues the melody with similar note values. The fourth staff concludes the melody with a double bar line. Chord symbols 'Dm', 'G7', and 'C' are placed above the notes in this staff.

2. One man's voice can't shout to make them hear, Two men's, etc.
 3. One man's feet can't walk around the land, Two men's
 4. One man's eyes can't see the way ahead, Two men's eyes
 5. One man's strength can't ban the atom bomb, Two men's
 6. " " " " break the colour bar,
 7. " " " " make the Union roll,
- (and so on, for as many good causes as time permits)

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DUFFY SQUARE

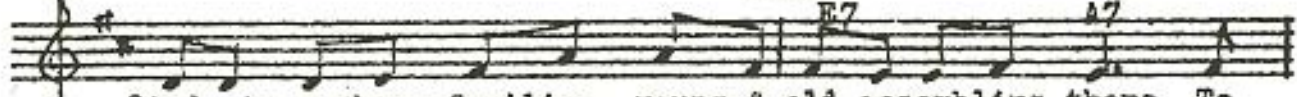
Words: D. Brooks
Tune traditional
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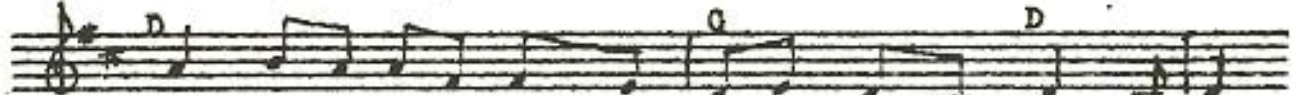
MARCHING TEMPO



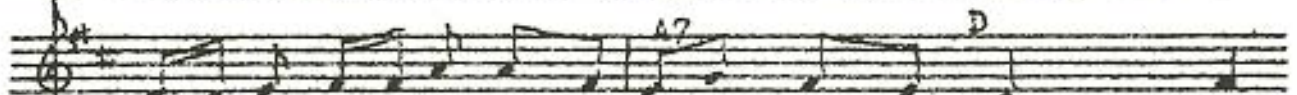
It was a cold and windy Saturday/ we met at Duffy Square
when



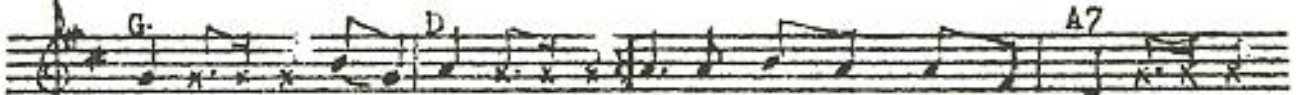
Students, workers, families, young & old assembling there To



march and to demonstrate with silence and with song- To let



President Kennedy know his A-Bomb tests are wrong (Cho) March



on, / / March on, / / See our numbers growing strong / /
BAN THE BOMB! BAN THE BOMB! BAN THE BOMB!

We will march by the thousands, then many thousands more,
Until we ban the Atom Bomb and put an end to war. (end CHO.)

(Note: tune of 3rd and 4th lines of chorus same as 3rd and 4th lines of verses.) continued →

At Father Duffy's statue our line began to form
At first a scattered handful, then all at once a throng,
Before the captains of our line had led us around the square
There were five thousand people already marching there.

Our banners told our story as we marched side by side
World Peace our only safety, there is no place to hide
And signs held high by little hands as the children moved along
Said please let us grow up to have children of our own. (CHO.)

The storm clouds were gathering above us all around
But a greater storm was threatening down here on the ground
Massed police on foot and horseback, clubs ready in their hand,
When a few young marchers sat in the street, the police attack began. (CHO.)

Mothers with their babies were knocked into the street
And men pulled children from beneath the charging horses' feet.
There was brave Julian Beck, the kindest sort of man,
He was beaten without mercy and thrown into a van. (CHO.)

Father Francis Duffy, chaplain in the infantry
In that war to make the world safe for democracy
Oh, tell me, Father Duffy, did you ever see
Americans in uniform use such brutality.

The crowd was stunned, and then there rose a mighty cry of "Shame"
Wagner, Arm and Murphy, you must share the blame
We pledged allegiance to our flag, and vowed as we stood there
To meet in tenfold numbers next time by Duffy Square. (CHO.)



THE BIRCH SOCIETY - by Malvina Reynolds © by author 1962

(Song begins and ends with chorus - tune for verses: Oh, Susanna)

Chorus C G D7

Oh California, you're simply great- You're a lovely and

productive state- You grow berries, you grow beans, You grow

cantaloupes and greens; You grow fruit juice by the quart,

you grow nuts of every sort- You grow every kind of bush &

tree- And you al-so grow the Birch So-ci-e-ty.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff is labeled 'Chorus' and includes the chords C, G, and D7. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff has a G chord above it. The third staff has a D7 chord above it. The fourth staff has G and Am chords above it. The fifth staff has D7 and G chords above it.

There's a crop of types around our state, you see them here & there
 They gather up in bunches, and their clamor fills the air
 They're afraid of nearly everything that's for the general good
 They holler "Red" if something's said for peace & brotherhood.

They bellow "Revolution" at things they do not like
 Like income tax and housing and when workers go on strike
 They drive inquiry from the schools, discussion is a sin
 The teachers hide their textbooks when the Birch comes marching in.

Every one is subversive who dares to disagree
 And that means everybody but the Birch Society
 They flail their charges all around at everything that comes
 They're so afraid of violence that now they're throwing bombs.

They're found in Arizona and almost everywhere
 But out in California we've got more than our share
 The crops we grow are dandy, but one of them's a pest
 It's crowding out the freedom of the nation and the West.

(Last chorus "Oh, California, etc, except last 2 lines which change to)

-- But you better grow a bumper crop of true democracy
 And that'll be the finish of the Birch Society.

1. "We Gather Together"

We gather together to sing out for Freedom
 To join with each other to make our love known.
 No dark inquisition can sway our disposition,
 For home is where the heart is -- we welcome our own.

The sons and daughters of Freedom assemble
 We come to reclaim the rights which are ours.
 We make no concession to tyranny's oppression,
 Our faith is in the people and their sov'reign pow'rs.

So let us rejoice in the faith of our Fathers,
 Who dared to conceive a land of the free,
 Whose proud declaration brought forth a brave new nation.
 We pledge our hearts and hands, that this country will be --
 ---- ever be free!

(Tune: Netherlands Folksong, also used for the hymn "Kremser.")

2. "Wake Up! Wake Up!"

Wake up, wake up, darlin' Corey!
 What makes you sleep so sound?
 The atomic fallout's a-comin',
 Gonna burn for miles around.

Dig a hole, dig a hole, darlin' Corey
 Dig a hole deep in the ground!
 There's nothin' that will harm you,
 If the bombs start tumbalin' down.

Well, the first time I saw darlin' Corey
 She was diggin' a great big hole,
 The next time I saw my darlin',
 She said, "Damned, if I'll live like a mole!"

Now Corey's awake and a'walkin',	Wake up, wake up, all you people!
She's joined a Peace Crusade.	Wake up and take your place!
She's a-lookin' for a shelter,	Put an end to atom-bomb testin',
To bury the bombs that were made.	Or the bombs will end our race!

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(The tune, of course, is the familiar banjo piece. We suggest that this might be a good song to which you can make up additional verses of your own. "The next time I seen darlin' Corey, She was picketing the U.N....", or "Marching in Times Square." Might even switch on to other subjects, "She was leaving on a Freedom Ride...", etc. No place she couldn't go once she got started.)

PLAIN BILL BROWN

words: Ernest Marris
music: "The Young Man
Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn."
© 1962, Ernest Marris.

Bill Brown was born at half-past two, The doc-tor said
that he was blue; He doubled up his little fist, But the
doc - tor put him on that list. -----

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a G chord. The second staff includes chords Em, Bm, F#m, and Em. The third staff includes chords D and Em. The lyrics are written below the notes.

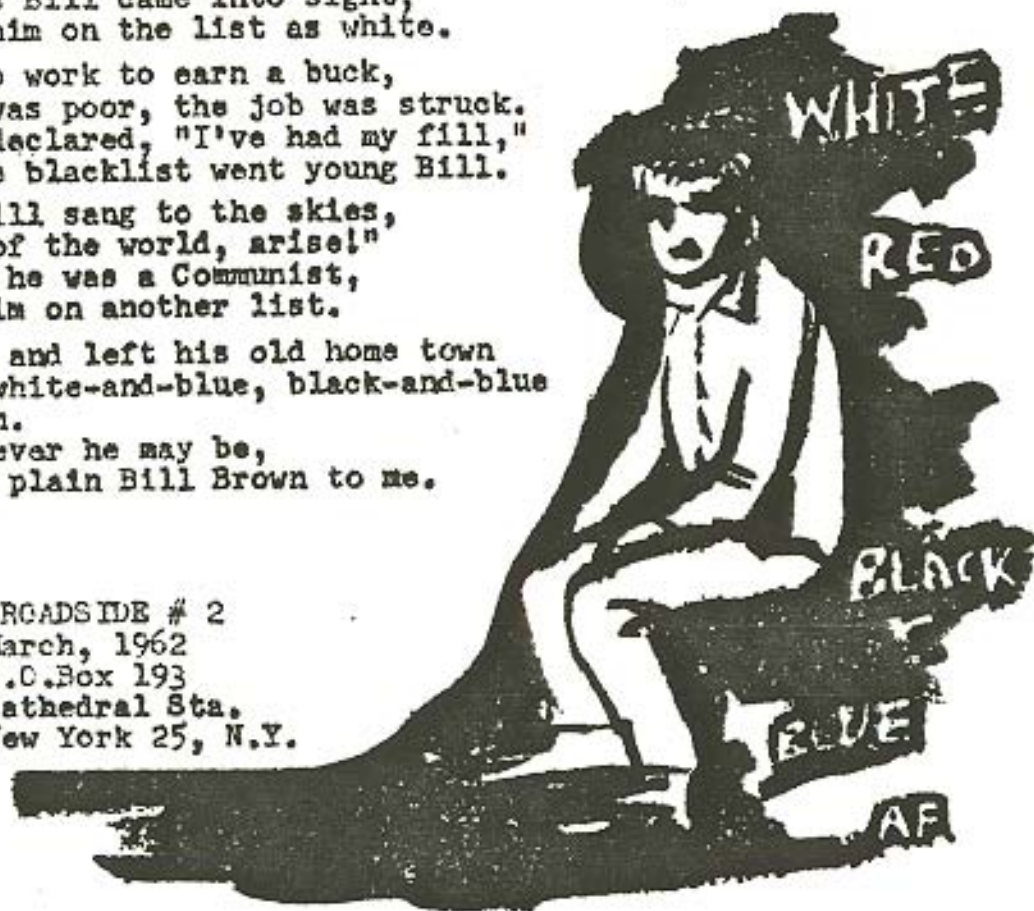
The years went by, and he started school
Where segregation was the rule,
As soon as Bill came into sight,
They put him on the list as white.

He went to work to earn a buck,
The pay was poor, the job was struck.
The boss declared, "I've had my fill,"
And on the blacklist went young Bill.

Jobless Bill sang to the skies,
"Workers of the world, arise!"
They said he was a Communist,
And put him on another list.

He's gone and left his old home town
This red-white-and-blue, black-and-blue
Bill Brown.
Yet, wherever he may be,
He's just plain Bill Brown to me.

BRCADSIDE # 2
March, 1962
P.O.Box 193
Cathedral Sta.
New York 25, N.Y.



BROADSIDE, P. O. BOX 193, Cathedral Station, New York 25, N. Y.

A publication to distribute topical songs and stimulate the writing of such songs. Our policy is to let each songwriter speak freely -- even though we may not agree fully with the sentiments expressed -- and let each song cut its own trail.

Sis Cunningham, editor; Gil Turner; Peter Seeger (advisory)

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Trial subscription (5 issues)..... \$1.50
One year's subscription..... \$5.00

NOTES (1) Issue #2 of Broadside is being mailed to a number of persons in addition to our subscribers. We hope those who have not yet subscribed will agree with us that there is a need for such a publication as this and will subscribe. From now on we will have to depend on general subscribers and the support of singers and songwriters who feel topical songs should be written and sent around as "hot off the griddle" as possible. It has been suggested that hootenannies and/or hootenparties devoted solely to topical songs be arranged in various places to support Broadside financially and circulationwise. We are working on such an idea for New York City. We hope by the next issue or so to expand somewhat, using more art and perhaps more articles.

NOTES (2) Response to issue # 1 has been encouraging: Alan Lomax: "Congratulations!" Clyde Appleton: "A great idea!" Bill Wolff: "Something needed for years." Wally Hille: "Great!"

NOTES (3) About our authors: We seem to be running a full lap behind here, so a few words about the writers in Broadside #1. BOB DYLAN is a young new songwriter and singer out of New Mexico; his first Columbia album is to be out soon. EDDIE GOTTLIEB is a school principal, author of many excellent poems. MALVINA REYNOLDS of the West Coast many of us, of course, know -- "Maxton Field", "Turn Around", "The Rand Hymn". ERNEST MARRS, ex-Navy man, stonemason, migratory worker, writes songs as naturally as he breathes -- "Quizmasters", "Washington Square", many migratory worker songs (he sang one of them on CBS' "Harvest of Shame"). GIL TURNER's career as a singer and songwriter around New York City has been growing steadily in recent months. AGNES FRIESEN, our teen-ager who wrote "Work For Peace" in #1 ("fine and meaningful... could have a great influence toward bringing mankind to think in terms of PEACE rather than WAR," former Congressman Howard Miller of Kansas) did the art work for Broadside #2.

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