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* BROADSIDE *

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EVERYBODY WANTS FREEDOM

Learned from Len Holt of Norfolk, Virginia

Tune: "AMEN"

Musical notation for the song "Everybody Wants Freedom". The notation is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It includes a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: (Solo) 1. Every- body wants (Cho) Free -- dom (Solo) Every- body wants " 2. In the cotton fields, Free -- dom, " In the cotton fields, (Cho) Free -- dom (Solo) Every- body wants (Cho) Free -- dom, Free-dom, " Free -- dom, " In the cotton fields, " Free -- dom, Free-dom, Free-dom. (In the, etc.)

3. Get yourself a little -- freedom, etc.
4. In the factory -- freedom ...
5. In your neighborhood -- freedom ...
6. Brother Johnson says -- freedom ...
7. Sister Mary says -- freedom ...
8. Captain Charlie hates -- freedom ...
9. We don't care, we'll get -- freedom..
10. We're gonna sing and shout -- freedom..
11. We're gonna walk and talk -- freedom...



You just go on and on, improvising as you go, and getting in lots of rich harmony. This song is an example of how in the integration movement in the Southern states new words are always being put to old tunes, at meetings, on picket lines and in jail. Like this one, most of the tunes are old church hymns.

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A publication issued twice a month to distribute topical songs and stimulate the writing of such songs. Our policy is to let the author speak freely through his or her song, even though we may not agree with all the sentiments expressed. Let each song go forth and cut its own trail.

Sis Cunningham (Editor); Gil Turner; Peter Seeger (advisory)

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WINTER AND WAR COME TO ALMANAC HOUSE

Mob Scene in Two Acts

From "Il Duce: The Life of Benito Mussolini," by Christopher Hibbert (Little, Brown, \$6).

ACT I. At about half past 10 on the night of May 9, 1936, a sudden roar which a journalist described as being like the noise of a volcanic eruption broke out from a crowd of some 400,000 people standing shoulder to shoulder around Palazzo Venezia in Rome. Benito Mussolini had stepped out on to the palace balcony . . . "He is like a god," one of his *gerarchi* said as he watched him standing there with such Olympian impassivity. "No, not like a god," his companion replied, "he is one."

ACT II (April 29, 1945): "Higher!" the crowd shouted. "Higher! Higher! We can't see."

In the office of Almanac House on W. 10th St. in New York City there was a fairly large bulletin board. An examination of the items thumb-tacked onto it gave one a pretty good conception of the life being led there. Announcements of upcoming bookings and directions how to get there, messages, newspaper clippings with possible song ideas underscored, beginnings of songs, whole songs produced by one or more Almanacs and tacked up for the others to pass judgement on, slogans to keep up morale ("Take it easy -- but take it.") Later on, as the world moved deeper into World War II, notices appeared containing appeals to join civilian defense, or gather scrap and old tires for the war effort (Pete Seeger, always conscientious, did look around for, find, and roll home a number of discarded tires). Next door to Almanac House was a firehouse, and one evening a delegation of firemen going about the neighborhood in the interests of defense preparations dropped in to invite the Almanacs to come over and be taught how to put out fires which might result if there were air raids. (CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR)

AN ANTHEM FOR THE SPACE AGE

Words & Music
by Sis Cunningham

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. Chords are indicated above the notes: A, A (6th added), A, and E7. The lyrics for the first two lines are: "1. - Yesterday is gone, today is racing on and to-morrow rolls / 2. For many hundred years par-a-lyzed by fears, The minds of men / were". The second staff continues the melody with chords A, D, and E7. The lyrics are: "t'ward us like a wave up-on the shore; And new gen-er-a-tions will / shackled by the greed of other men; But now we are breaking the". The third staff has chords A, C#7, F#m, D6, E7, and A. The lyrics are: "hold in their hands - A Freedom on-ly dreamed of be-fore. / chains they have wrought; No lon-ger are we bound by what has been.". The fourth staff has chords D, A, and E7. The lyrics are: "CHO: For the Age of Space will be the Age of Peace - The greatest / since". The fifth staff has chords A, Bm, A, and C#7. The lyrics are: "history be-gan; Men & women of all races working hand in". The sixth staff has chords F#m, D6, D, E7, and A. The lyrics are: "hand to cre-ate true Brotherhood of Man."

3. We're closing the final door to the horrors of war
And no matter what trials on this earth have been ours
As the rocket ship is launched, so is the human power
To unlock the secrets of the stars.

CHO. For the Age of Space will be the Age of Peace
The greatest since history began
Men and women of all races working hand in hand
To create true brotherhood of Man.

4. In a world of peace, new energy released
For that creative life we have never know before
To grow and to love and to reach forever on
For we have a Universe to explore -- CHO: Oh the Age of, etc.

BROTHER, ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW YOU words & music, Les Rice
 © 1962 by author

Brother, although I don't know you, Don't e- ven know your name, Still
 Brother, I'm standing beside you for our struggles are the same.
 CHO: Peace for all, Love for all. Peace for all, Love for all.

Brother, although we're divided
 'Though distance keeps us apart
 Still, Brother, we are united
 By the longing that fills our
 heart. (Cho.)

Brother, the road that we travel
 Is a long and weary trail
 Still, Brother, the future is waiting
 And, Brother, we shall prevail.
 (Cho.)

THE BUTTON PUSHER

A British import - Words by Enoch Kent; Tune is
 much like "The Man Who Waters the Workers' Beer"

Chorus:

I'm the man, the well-fed man, in charge of the dreadful knob
 The most pleasant thing about it is it's almost a permanent job!
 When the atom war is over and the earth is split in three,
 The consolation I've got, or maybe it's not, there'll be nobody left but me.

I sit at my desk in Washington
 In front of a large machine
 More vicious than Adolf Hitler
 More deadly than strychnine;
 In the evening after a tiring day
 -- Just to give myself a laugh --
 I hit the button a playful belt
 And listen for the blast. Cho.

If my wife denies my conjugular rights
 Or the morning milk is sour;
 From eight to nine in the morning
 You're in for a nasty hour;
 The button being so terribly close
 (It's really a dreadful joke!)
 A bump with my arse as I go past
 And you'll all end up in smoke! Cho.

If Khrushchev starts his nonsense
 And makes a nasty smell,
 With a wink and a nod from Kennedy
 I'll blast them all to Hell!
 And as for that fellow, Castro,
 Him with the sugar cane
 He needn't hide behind his whiskers
 For I'll get him just the same.
Cho.

I'm thinking of joining the army,
 The army of Ban the Bomb
 We'll take up a large collection
 And I'll donate my thumb,
 'Cause without it I am powerless
 -- And that's the way to be --
 You don't have to kill the whole
 bloody lot
 To make the people free! Cho.