

BROADSIDE

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BIZZNESS AIN'T DEAD

by Woody Guthrie

(Leader-Audience, or Solo-Chorus)

1. And bizz- ness ain't dead (No bizz- ness ain't dead), It's
2. The customer ain't dead (The customer ain't dead), He's
only a- sleeping (only a- sleeping), Dreaming someday (and a-
only a- sleeping (only a- sleeping), Dreaming someday (and a-
dreaming someday) That a customer will come (a customer will come)
dreaming someday) That a good job will come (a good job will come)

3. That good job ain't dead
It's only a-sleeping,
Dreaming someday
That a paycheck will come.

4. That paycheck's not dead
It's only a-sleeping,
Dreaming and dreaming
That the President's gonna come.

5. Well the President's not dead
He's only a-sleeping,
Sleeping and dreaming
That old Atom Bomb won't come.

6. That Atom Bomb ain't dead
It's just about half sleeping,
Sleeping and dreaming
That a new world's gonna come.

7. That new world ain't dead
It's not even sleeping,
It's a-wiggling and a-waiting
For you 'n me to come.

8. Now you and me ain't dead
We're both just pretending,
We're waiting and waiting
For the voters to come.

9. The voters ain't dead
We're sleeping and dreaming
Dreaming someday
That a big job will come.

10. Bizzness ain't dead
It's only a-sleeping,
Dreaming someday
That a customer will come.

The Saturday Evening Post

October 13, 1962

industries haunted by the specter of depression.

Many of the nation's problems come to sharp focus in Pennsylvania. With 350,000 out of work, the state has the highest unemployment rate of any heavily industrialized state in the nation. Her

(Note: Although written around 1950, this song will remain topical as long as we have our business ups and downs)

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To suggest that anyone can write songs would be as idiotic as to say that anyone can sing songs in face of the fact that some of our number have the tragic misfortune to be born tone deaf, not to say stone deaf. But a lot of us who don't, can and should raise our voices in song and a lot more of us than do, can and should write songs.

One significant, and in many ways possibly the most important, feature of the folk revival is that more and more new songwriters are emerging in and around the clubs which grow monthly more numerous. The suggestion that those of us who are relatively new to the field of folk song should acquaint ourselves much more intimately with the 'hard stuff', and in particular with ballads, should certainly be taken seriously, and in these themselves we will be able to find a rich and spiritually rewarding repertoire. But more and more now and even more fitting songs must be produced if the revival is to be more than an ephemeral chip that passes in the night.

How do we go about producing these? What do we write about?

The second question is much easier to answer than the first. What is, in my estimation, a wonderful song was written about nothing more than 'A Hole in the Bucket'. A gigantic industry has been built up in Tin Pan Alley and Denmark Street by concentrating

WE CAN WRITE

- & MUST

by MATT MCGINN

almost exclusively on the theme of love, albeit love at a very superficial level and even here with a sugary coat. I should personally look for something more in the songs we produce than a repetition of this latter type of song, for something which somehow goes deeper into our emotions and our minds, which provokes love and sympathy and laughter and even fear and hate, which stimulates our thoughts and inspires us with lofty feelings and, where necessary leads to action. But in their example there is something to learn. It is that even in the small there is something

to sing about as there is in the big things in our lives. Our themes are as varied as our lives and our lives are much more varied than those of the peasants who produced a veritable treasure house of songs. In the things we and others do, in our problems, big and small, in the tragedy and joy of our more complex lives, we have our themes.

How do we do it? Firstly by getting firmly fixed in our minds the confidence that we can

write songs or at least have a damned good try. This means stepping out of the shadows of bardology where we have been living with a crushing inferiority complex, feeling that only the genius with his 150 I.Q. and musical bent, could compose songs worthy of being sung. And by feeling that song is important in our lives. Secondly (and, in my opinion, this is the more important because the first can flow from it), by consolidating and extending our outlet. This outlet at the moment lies mainly in the clubs. Of these we should have more, with their function expanding when and where possible into the field of printing, publicising and recording.

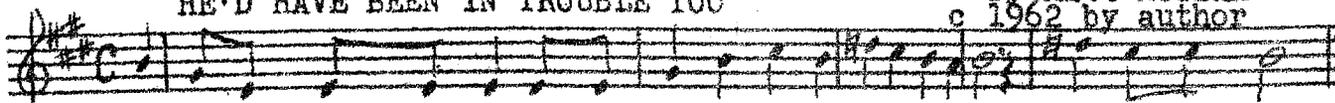
Without waiting for this however, we who are already conscious of the need for new songs should be thinking, looking, humming, strumming, conjuring up choruses (which I find the easiest road into song writing) and thereby helping to make our revival, the revival of people's music making, a bit less ephemeral than Billy Graham's proved to be.

Matt McGinn

Reprinted from
Scottish FOLK NOTES,
Autumn, 1962.
Glasgow, Scotland

HE'D HAVE BEEN IN TROUBLE TOO

by Matt McGinn
c 1962 by author



If Jesus would have to the New City, 1962, Birch have said,
come York would



Jesus a Red & He'd have in trouble He'd been in trouble too.
was been too, Lord have

If Jesus would've gone to the Wall Street temple,
Whippin' them good and true,
The Big Money whale would've had Him in the jail, & He'd a-been (etc)
If Jesus would've come with a peaceful banner, like He used to do,
They'd have took that Man and stuck him in the can, & He'd a-been(etc)
"If a camel can climb in the eye of a needle, Rich man may get through
The Pearly Gate" -- but if Jesus were to say it, He'd a-been (etc)
If Jesus would've gone to Mississippi, He'd have a job to do,
Shakin' the hand, of that Meredith man, and He'd a-been (etc)

BALLAD OF EMMETT TILL

By Bob Dylan
c 1962 by author

'Twas down in Mississippi not so long a-go When a
young boy from Chicago town walked through a southern door; This
was fateful tragedy you should all remember well, The color of
his skin was black and his name was Emmett Till.

Some men they dragged him to a barn, and there they beat him up.
They said they had a reason, but I disremember what.
They tortured him and did some things too evil to repeat,
There were screamin' sounds inside the barn,
And laughin' sounds out on the street.

Then they rolled his body down a gulch, amidst a blood-red rain,
And they threw him in the waters wide to cease his screaming pain.
The reason that they killed him there, and I'm sure it ain't no lie,
Was just for the fun of killing him, and to slowly watch him die.
And then to stop the United States from yelling for a trial
Two brothers confessed that they had killed poor Emmett Till.
But on the jury there were men who helped the brothers commit this
And so the trial was a mockery, / awful crime,
But nobody seemed to mind.

I saw the morning papers, but I could not bear to see
The smiling brothers walking down the Court House stairs.
Oh, the jury found them innocent, and the brothers they went free,
While Emmett's body floats upon a Jimcrow Southern Sea.

If you can't speak out against this sort of thing,
A crime that's so unjust,
Your eyes are filled with dead man's dirt,
Your mind is filled with dust.
Your arms and legs they must be in shackles and chains,
Your blood must refuse to flow,
For you would let this human race, fall down so godawful low.

"A Louisiana legislator has predicted that Negro student James Meredith will be killed if he remains at the University of Mississippi. State Rep. Wellborn Jack of Shreveport told a White Citizens Council rally that he had met persons in Mississippi who will kill Meredith as soon as there is a chance. Meredith himself shrugged off the warning. "Negroes have been getting threats as long as there have been Negroes in Mississippi and one more doesn't make any difference," he said. N.Y. POST, Tuesday, November 13, 1962.... (Broadside # 16)

Well, if you wanna go to college down in Mississippi,
 Let me give you a little tip. If you're black, brown, or yellow,
 That's alright. But if you wanna get in -- you better be white.
 They got a man down there stands guardin' them old college doors
 Day and night -- name's Barnett.

Well, old Barnett, he sure takes the cake,
 He's got nothin' more to do in that whole darn state
 Then guard them doors and put up a fight,
 And bar kids from college 'cause their color ain't right....
 What I'd like to see is some of this Southern hospitality
 I been hearin' so much about.

Young Jim Meredith wants to go to school, but old Barnett says,
 "Ya must be a fool. Don't you know I'm boss in this here state,
 "And I ain't gonna let nobody integrate." --
 Tell it to the judge.

Well, old Barnett he thinks he's got a case, so he takes it to courts
 All over the place. And all of the courts say, "Let him in!
 "Cause you can't judge a student by the color of his skin."
 But that's Barnett for you -- Bet he wouldn't even read a book,
 Unless it had a white cover on it.

Well, the government hop-skips-it down to the scene --
 Wants t' make everything peachy keen.
 But old Barnett, just as stubborn as a mule,
 Still keeps guardin' that doggarn school....
 "I want my freedoms," he says. "Freedom of speech, freedom of thought
 "Freedom to segregate."

Edwin Walker didn't think it was fair, what was goin' on down there,
 He said, "I was wrong in Little Rock, But now I'm gonna make it up".
 So he got some men, some guns, went down to fight the U.S. Army,
 And the National Reserve.

After threatenin' Barnett with a charge of contempt,
 And after all kinds of pressure from the government,
 Barnett gave in like a tired old mule,
 Said James Meredith could go to school....
 But he didn't speak -- For the whole Confederacy.

The President came on the TV screen talkin' about the Mississippi
 He said, "Mississippi, if you make amends / scene,
 "Then everybody'll be your friend again...."
 But Mississippi had made some new friends, and at that very moment:

Edwin Walker hit the campus with his guns and his troops,
 And all the hating students joined in the group --
 And there was shoutin' and screamin'. And bullets were a-flyin',
 Reminds me of something that happened -- About a hundred years ago.

Well, Lincoln set the Negro free, but some people just won't let him
 And some people just won't give him his rights, /be,
 And they're the very same people that I want to fight....
 And I'll fight 'em!
 And I'll beat 'em!

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI By Richard E. Peck
c 1962 by author
(To the tune of "Clementine")

1. In the state of Mississippi,
At the University,
Stood that blighted State's militia,
And sang their song of bigotry.
- Chorus: We got guns an' we got tear-gas,
An' we'll stan' here 'till we fall;
We got orders from the gov'ner
An' we gon' pectect y'all.
2. As the crowd stood in the lamplight,
Growling in their growing rage,
Came the chorus written for us
Under Barnett's tutelage: (Cho.)
 3. Then the red-necks with their shotguns
Took to passing 'round the cup;
Filled with liquor they could quicker
Build their coward's courage up. (Cho)
 4. Next, to rouse them, and to urge them
On to violence in the night,
Came the talker, Edwin Walker,
With his gospel of the right. (Cho)
 5. They shot a Frenchman, shot George Gunter,
Wounded others by the score,
And they ranted, sang and chanted,
Forgot what they were fighting for. (Cho)
 6. Came the Guard of Mississippi--
"Federalized" to keep the peace--
Had as their leader young Ross Junior,
'gainst his daddy's state police. (Cho)
 7. So the red-necks and the troopers,
Scared to face the light of day,
Like their hero, Edwin Walker,
Hung their heads and skulked away. (Cho)
 8. What did they fear? Why draw hate near,
And extinguish freedom's breath?
The reason you know -- one lone Negro,
By the name of Meredith.



J A M E S M E R E D I T H
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

By Julius Kogan
c 1962 by author

James Meredith is marching to the classrooms of Ole Miss,
And democracy is stirring in that moss-grown edifice,
He risked his life to give to us his clear analysis,
That truth shall make men free!

Cho: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, (3 times)
The truth shall make men free!

He has struck a blow for freedom that is heard across the seas,
He has crushed the locks of ignorance and thrown away the keys,
A man is not a man when he is down upon his knees,
His thoughts shall set him free!

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, (3 times)
His thoughts shall set him free!

No longer shall a man be judged by color of his skin,
The deeds of man must speak for him, and not his origin,
The curtain of Jim Crow must part, and let the light shine in,
Pro-claim democracy!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah (3 times)
Pro-claim democracy!

R O S S B A R N E T T
(Tune: Jesse James)

By Carl Stein
c 1962 by author

Ross Barnett is a man who is known throughout the land,
The governor of a state with just one flaw,
Although run by men so pure, they're Caucasian to be sure,
They refuse to abide by federal law.

Cho: Governor Barnett and his men are getting set,
To challenge all the courts however high,
But some day we shall see every man completely
And we'll all be judged as equals by & by. /free,

Edwin Walker said in Governor Barnett's aid,
That we must all support this noble man,
For as Edwin Walker said, if a man is black he's red,
Even if he's only slightly tan. (CHO.)

In Mississippi state, now over-run with hate,
Human rights have been crushed to the ground,
For the people short of sight, cannot see that, black or white,
No man can be free if one man's bound. (CHO.)

"I rejected the possibility of trying to write original music,
for the courage of James Meredith deserves the best music, and
who can improve on 'Battle Hymn of the Republic'?" Julius Kogan.

BALLAD OF JAMES MEREDITH By Bruce Jackson
c 1962 by author
(Tune: "State of Arkansas")

My name is Jimmy Meredith, to Ole Miss I have come.
Heard about this education, thought I'd get me some.
I thought I was just average, but I guess I really rate:
They had two thousand troopers to meet me at the gate.

I went to registration, I didn't make it quite.
The governor himself was there, said, "Boy, but you ain't white."
Said, "You can't pollute our Ole Miss, and that's for certain sure."
"This is a place of learnin', and we're keepin' learnin' pure."

Well on this observation, I had to sit me down.
Thought about this education while the troopers milled around.
Barnett gets fined ten grand a day, I can't go to school, by God.
What kind of economics says I'm the one that's odd?

I guess I will just hang around, see what will happen next.
Barnett says he'll leave the union, and now I am perplexed.
If they move old Mississippi, I wonder where they'll go...
Perhaps they'll sink the whole damned state in the Gulf of Mexico.

"THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTER" or "THE MISFIT" By Alex R. Wiener
c 1962 by author
(Tune: "Banks Of The Ohio")

Because I could not kill My brother's son at a nation's will, An ingrate -- a commie -- is what they labeled me, A man unfit to be free.	I know that God despises war, And men who make excuses for The wrongs they do, and wrongs they say, Who know His laws and disobey.
They said again a day will come When all good men must fire a gun, Must go to defend their mother land, In knowledge God will understand.	Conformity's a mind's device, And hate's the price men pay through war, So lock me up, but let me love All men outside my prison door.

NOTES: With the exception of the song immediately above and Woody Guthrie's and Bob Dylan's songs, this issue is devoted to some of the first songs we received about James Meredith. Even Bob Dylan's in a sense is about Meredith, since he writes of the Mississippi background against which the Meredith drama is being enacted... Matt McGinn added his Meredith verse to one of a bunch of songs he wrote around the Pete Seeger case some time ago... MORE TO COME: We have more Meredith songs (and others still coming) which we plan to publish; the ones in this issue went in on a sort of "first come, first served" basis. Space (or rather lack of) is a big problem...

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