

BROADSIDE

#27

JUNE

1963

P O Box 193 Cathedral Sta. New York 25 N.Y. 35¢

WITH GOD ON YOUR SIDE by BOB DYLAN

© by author, 1963

Oh my name it means nothin My age it means less The
country I come from It's called the Midwest I's taught bro't
and
up there The laws to abide And that the land — I
live in Has God on its side.

2. Oh the history books tell it
They tell it so well
The Cavalries charged
The Indians fell
The Cavalries charged
The Indians died
Oh the country was young
With God on its side.
3. The Spanish American
War had its day
And the Civil War too
Was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes
I's made to memorize
With guns in their hands
And God on their side.

Continued



4. Oh the first World War, boys,
It came and it went,
The reason for fighting
I never did get,
But I learned to accept it
Accept it with pride,
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side.
5. When the second World War
Came to an end,
We forgave the Germans
And then we were friends,
Though they murdered 6 million
In the ovens they fried,
The Germans now too have
God on their side.
6. I've learned to hate Russians
All through my whole life,
If another war comes
It's them we must fight,
To hate them and fear them,
To run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side.
7. But now we got we pons
Of the chemical dust,
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must,
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide
And you never ask questions
With God on your side.
8. In many a dark hour
I been thinkin bout this
That Jesus Christ was
Betrayed by a kiss,
But I can't think for you
You have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.
9. So now as I'm leavin
I'm weary as hell,
The confusion I'm feelin
Aint no tongue can tell,
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor --
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.

WHAT DID YOU LEARN IN SCHOOL TODAY?

By Tom Paxton
(c) 1963 by author

The musical score is written on a single staff in C major, 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like. Chords are indicated by letters C, F, and G7 above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. The score ends with a double bar line.

BROADSIDE #27

That's what I learned in school.

2. What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine? (twice)
 I learned that policemen are my friends,
 I learned that justice never ends,
 I learned that murderers die for their crimes
 Even if we make a mistake some times,
 And that's what I learned in school today
 That's what I learned in school.
3. What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine? (twice)
 I learned our government must be strong,
 It's always right and never wrong,
 Our leaders are the finest men
 And we elect 'em again and again,
 And that's what I learned in school today
 That's what I learned in school.
4. What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine? (twice)
 I learned that war is not so bad,
 I learned about the great ones we have had,
 We fought in Germany and in France,
 And some day I might get my chance,
 And that's what I learned in school today
 That's what I learned in school.

THE PEOPLE ARE SCRATCHING

Words: Ernie Marrs
& Harold Martin

Tune: Pete Seeger
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Am E7
Come fill up your glasses and set yourselves down, I'll tell you a
Am C G7
story of somebody's town. It isn't too near and it's not far away and
C E7 Am CHO: Am
It's not a place where I'd want to stay. The people are scratching
Dm E7 Am
all o- ver the street Because the rabbits had nothing to eat.

The winter came in with a cold icy blast,
It killed off the flowers, and killed off the grass.
The rabbits were starving because of the freeze
And they started eating the bark on the trees.

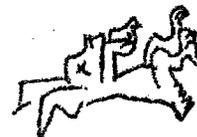


The farmers said, "This sort of thing just won't do,
Our trees will be dead when the rabbits get through;
We'll have to poison the rabbits, it's clear,
Or we'll have no crops to harvest next year."

So they bought the poison and spread it around
And soon dead rabbits began to be found.
Dogs ate the rabbits, and the farmers just said,
"We'll poison those rabbits 'till the last dog is dead." (CHO.)



Up in the sky there were meat-eating fowls --
The dead rabbits poisoned the hawks and the owls,
Thousands of field mice the hawks used to chase
Were multiplying all over the place.



The fields and the meadows were barren and brown,
The mice got hungry and moved into town.
The city folks took the farmers' advice,
And all of them started to poison the mice. (CHO.)

There were dead mice in all the apartments and flats,
The cats ate the mice, and the mice killed the cats.
The smell was awful, and I'm glad to say
I wasn't the man hired to haul them away. (Continued →)



(Marrs-Martin
Seeger)

All through the country and all through the town
There wasn't a dog or a cat to be found;
The fleas asked each other "Now where can we stay?"
They've been on the people from then till this day. CHO.

All you small creatures that live in this land,
Stay clear of the man with the poisonous hand!
A few bales of hay might keep you alive,
But he'll pay more to kill you than to let you survive.

CHO.

Here is Phil Ochs' revised version of "Ballad Of Lou Marsh" which
appeared in Broadside #21.

1. On the streets of New York City
When the hour was gettin' late
There were young men armed with
knives and guns
Young men armed with hate,
And Lou Marsh stepped between them
And died there in his tracks
For one man is no army
When a city turns its back.

CHO:

And now the streets are empty
And now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
And never pass the park
For the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in el bario
With the orphans of the night.

2. There were two gangs approach-
ing
In Spanish Harlem town
The smell of blood was in the air
The challenge was laid down
He felt their blinding hatred
And he tried to save their lives
But they broke his peaceful body
With their fists & feet & knives.

Cho.

3. Now Lou Marsh lies forgotten
In his cold and silent grave
But his memory still lingers on
In those he tried to save,
And all of those who knew him
Now and then recall
And shed a tear on poverty
The tombstone of us all. Cho.

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And a revised second verse of Phil's "Billy Sol", Broadside #13.

Well, Billy meant no harm as he labored on his farm,
He sold fertilizer tanks that just weren't there
But irregularity in his share of parity
Made Billy Sol the farmer of the year.

And the inadvertently left off last verse of "Ballad Of John Henry
Faulk", also Phil's authorship, Broadside #26.

For I'd rather go hungry and beg upon the street
Than earn my bread on dead men's souls & crawl beneath your feet,
And I will not play your hater's game & hate you in return,
For it's only thru the love of man the blacklist can be burned.

THE BIRMINGHAM BULL

Ernie Marrs
(c) by author, 1963
Tune: The Darby Ram

As I went down to Birmingham
upon a summer day,
I saw the biggest bull, sir,
dry up and blow away.

Cho:

And didn't he ramble, didn't he
ramble,
Didn't he ramble till his size
was whittled down!

His belly it was huge, sir,
you should have seen it flop;
It dangled to the ground, sir,
I thought his skin would pop.

Cho.

His legs were thin as slats, sir,
from Grandpa's garden gate;
I'm sure I couldn't say, sir,
how they held up his weight.

Cho.

His sign was at the school, sir,
his sign was on the street,
His sign was on the church steps--
oh, people, mind your feet!

Cho.

His sign was at the city hall,
his sign was in the square,
His sign was on the jailhouse wall,
his sign was everywhere.

Cho.

And when I stopped to ponder
on all his signs I'd seen,
It really made me wonder
how they kept the streets so
clean.

Cho.

His rear was round and fat, sir,
how large I cannot tell.
His head was even fatter,
you should have seen it swell.

Cho.

His head was in the sky, sir,
a cloud between his horns;
A nesting bird flew by, sir,
and brushed him with some
thorns.

Cho.

A roar came from the bull, sir,
they heard it on the moon.
'Twas wind that kept him full, sir,
for he was a balloon.

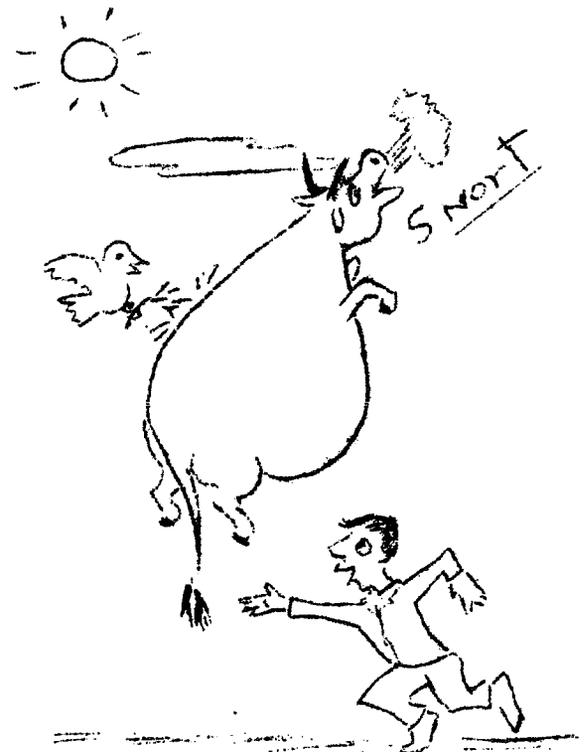
Cho.

The bird that held the thorns, sir,
was blown too far to see;
And if I sing much longer,
perhaps you won't find me.

Cho.

But if you see a bull, sir,
that tries to throw a scare,
Just give his tail a pull, sir,
and let out all his air.

Cho.



THE POWER AND THE GLORY

By Phil Ochs
© 1963 by author

1. C'mon and take a walk with me thru this green & growin' land,

Walk thru the meadows & the mountains & the sand, Walk thru the

rain for-- Here is a land full of power & glory beauty that

words can-not re-call. Oh her power shall rest on the strength of her

freedom, her glory shall rest on us all. --all, Yes, her

glory — shall rest on us all.

2. From Colorado, Kansas and the Carolinas too
Virginia to Alaska, from the old to the new
Texas and Ohio to the California shore
Tell me who could ask for more. Cho

3. Yet she's only as rich as the poorest of the poor
Only as free as a padlocked prison door
Only as strong as our love for this land
Only as tall as we stand.
Cho.

4. But our land is still troubled by men who have to hate
They twist away our freedom and they twist away our fate
Fear is their weapon and treason is their call
The days are numbered 'til they fall.
Cho.

COME AWAY MELINDA

Fred Hellerman
Fran Minkoff

1. "Mommy Mommy come and look and see what I have found. A
2. "Mommy Mommy come and see Oh Mom-my come and look. There's
lit-tle way a-way from here while dig-ging in the ground"
four or five Me-lin-da girls in-side this pic-ture book!"
"Come a-way Melinda-- Come in and close the door, It's
"Come a-way Melinda-- Come in and close the door, There were
nothing but a pic-ture book they had be-fore the war."
lots of lit-tle girls like you be-fore they had the war."
15. (The) answer lies in yes-ter-day be-fore they had the war"---

*3. "Mommy, Mommy, come and see, Oh Mommy hurry, do
Here's someone grown up very tall who doesn't look like you."
"Come away Melinda, come in and close the door,
Your father was a man like that before they had the war."

4. "Mommy, Mommy, come and see such things I've never seen
There's happy faces all around and all the ground is green."
"Come away Melinda, come in and close the door
That's just the way it used to be before they had the war."

5. "Mommy, Mommy, come and see and tell me if you can
Why can't it be the way it was before the war began?
"Come away Melinda, come in and close the door
The answer lies in yesterday - before they had the war."

* In the event that the singer chooses to change "Mommy" to "Daddy"
throughout the song an alternate 3rd verse would be:

"Daddy, Daddy, come and see, Oh Daddy, hurry, do
Here's someone in a pretty dress who's all grown up like you."
"Come away Melinda, come in and close the door
That someone is a mother, like you had before the war."

THE SONG OF THE COO-COO

Words & music by Bill Faier

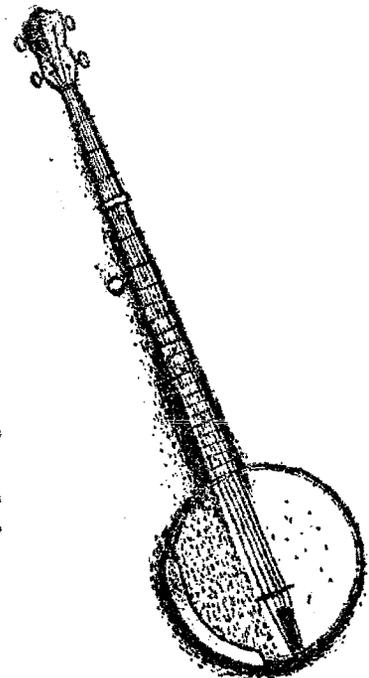
Who will hear the song of the coo-coo? — Who will hear the
 bark of a dog? Who will see the stars? Who will point to
 Mars? Who will taste the smell of the fog? Who pick the
 strings of the banjo? — Who will feel the heat of sun?
 Who will whisper words like "I love you"? When this old
 world — is gone?

I build me a house in the country.
 Beside it I plant me a vine.
 How long it grows, God only knows.
 Will I be around to see it climb?
 If I plant a seed in my darlin'
 And my darlin' gives me a son,
 Will he hear the song of the coo-coo
 Before the world is gone?

Who here can answer these questions,
 Who knows the facts of the case?
 There is a man, answers in his hand,
 In your mirror you can see his face.
 This world is ours for the taking,
 Or this world will soon burn away,
 And then you and I and the coo-coo
 We will have had our day.

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BROADSIDE #27

YEVTUSHENKO, LORCA AND BOB DYLAN

By Josh Dunson

Mr. Dylan's compositions don't fit into any pigeon-hole; the minute you have one characterized, it flies away. His lyrics mix a solo sermon out of Guthrie's conversational folksay with a dash of Rimbaud's demonic imagery or even a bit of Yevtushenko's social criticism.

Robert Shelton, New York Times, Apr. 13, 1963

A lot of other people have been comparing Bob Dylan not only to Yevtushenko but to Garcia Lorca, especially after hearing Bob do his "Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall".

It is difficult to fit any true poet in a "pigeonhole". That's too small a space for a creative artist, too small for a roving singer like Bob Dylan. When asked how he writes his songs, Bob just says they're up there in the air, and he just picks them down, and if he didn't, somebody else would. I think there's more in this thought than merely modesty. In it there are many scatterings of truth.

Why is it when you read through great poets of different cultures and different times that much of their imagery is similar, and many times they talk about the same feelings and things? One way of answering this is to say there are certain common events all these poets see and react to -- war, love, nature, children; and that their images likewise come from common experience. The way Bob Dylan might answer it would be that these poets reached up into the same piece of air, and what they pulled down, in their individual ways, was their poems and their songs.

A number of people see Yevtushenko and Dylan as being close together, as both being social critics, and thereby playing a similar role in their respective countries. It seems to me that the impact of and the poetry itself are quite different. In Russia, there is the tradition of the poet as an IMPORTANT social critic that dates back to Pushkin, and goes right through the Soviet period beginning with Mayakovsky and finally to the present day where Yevtushenko's most recent book, published in 1962, sold out its edition of 100,000 copies. America's most important social critics have been her novelists, ie: Harriet B. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, and her journalists, ie: Lincoln Steffens' Shame of the Cities. Our poets, even our popular ones like Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg, undergo book editions of 5 to 10 thousand with the publisher still taking a loss.

But we have had our great social poets, and I think when Bob's work is fully evaluated he will number among them. Bob does not mince words when he speaks about the "masters of war":

I hope that you die and your death will come soon,
I'll follow your casket by the pale afternoon,
And I'll watch while you're lowered down to your death bed,
Then I'll stand over your grave 'til I'm sure that
you're dead.

Broadside # 20

Yevtushenko wishes death on the anti-semites in Babi Yar: (cont.)

How horrible it is that pompous title
the anti-semites calmly call themselves,
Society of the Russian Race.
No part of me can ever forget it.
When the last anti-semite on the earth
is buried for ever
let the International ring.

Yevtushenko sees in the death of the anti-semites a re-affirmation of the society in which he lives. Dylan in his songs too calls for the righting of the wrongs in his society, but they are so multitudinous and deeply imbedded what may be necessary is a new society as Woody Guthrie visualizes. A striking difference between Yevtushenko and Dylan is that Bob's action is much more intense -- he will follow the war planner's casket to make sure that he is dead. And in "Emmett Till" he lashes out not only at the lynchers but at the great mass of us who by standing aside and failing to take action against racism permit it to continue:

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.

Intensity added to a wide-ranging view gives us this Dylan verse in "With God On Your Side" which has implications much deeper than only the problem of anti-semitism:

When the second World War came to an end
We forgave the Germans and then we were friends.
Though they murdered six million,
In the ovens they fried,
The Germans now too
Have God on their side.

Closer to Bob Dylan's intensity of feeling although quite different in the structure of his imagery is Garcia Lorca, murdered by the Franco Fascists a few years before Bob was born. In Poet in New York Lorca says:

Whoever despises the dove must declare himself,
Must cry from the shafts of his nakedness,
Must force in his bloodstream the leper's infection
And shed the unspeakable tears
That melt down his rings and the telephone's diamond.

I get the feeling on hearing Dylan and reading Lorca that they both pull their poems out of the same body of air, although there are marked differences and Bob has never read Lorca. It is as though they met one night on a mountainside and looked out over the world's lands and oceans and saw the same things and agreed to tell us, each in his own way, what they saw. Bob sings: "I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a warning" while Lorca says: "these clouds are broken by fistblows of coral that carry a fiery cocoon on their backs."

Bob is much influenced by Woody Guthrie, of course, and I think it is here where comparisons become the most meaningful. Woody did not confine himself to "silo sermons" and those who say he "did not exceed

the boundries of folk song" should take another look at his work. His imagery many times is subtle, strong and lyrical:

I tell you about the winds and the weathers and oceans and the lands and the continents that have riz and sunk since this little hunk of dirt first whirled off the burning sun. I tell you of the men and the women that bathed their eyes in the zig zag lightning and hugged and kissed in the rumbling thunder and about every union wheel that ever did run down a union road...

Bob Dylan's "Hard Rain" and "Blowin In The Wind" come to mind right away. He means it sincerely when he sings in his "Letter To Woody":

Hey Woody, but I know that you know
All the things that I'm sayin and many times more.

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NOTES: It will probably take a couple of years and critics in some foreign land, Britain or France or the Soviet Union (where Van Cliburn had to go) to recognize that the young men going around America in 1963 writing and singing songs were good artists and good poets. We do not mean Bob Dylan only, but Mark Spoelstra, Pete La Farge, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, and many more... Here is something we still can't quite understand: Yevtushenko publishes in 100,000 copies, he de-claims his poems to crowds of 15,000 and 20,000, and then, afterward, his work is criticized. Here in America, leader of the "free world", Bob Dylan is forbidden to go on T-V even to sing a mild little thing like his "Talking John Birch". And ABC (does the "B" stand for black-listing?) won't even let Pete Seeger and the Weavers go on the screen to sing the same old traditional folksongs everybody else sings, never mind what material of their own they might have. Just how "free" can the "free world" get?... RABBITS: Ernie Marrs sends along some background on his "Rabbits' Song". "The start was a short letter I wrote to Harold Martin, an editor on the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution who writes nature-loving pieces for that paper and also articles for the Saturday Evening Post. He expanded on the letter, developed the story line, added cats, fleas, etc., and we had the fantastic song I versified and Pete Seeger set a tune to."... Joan Baez is trying her hand at singing Bob Dylan songs, ie, "God On Your Side." ... Harry Belafonte has recorded Fred Hellerman's "Come Away Melinda" on his new RCA-Victor album "Streets I Have Walked"... Malvina Reynolds has an excellent article on the subject of traditional vs. topical songs in the new issue of SING OUT (121 W. 47th St., New York, N.Y.) She tries to spread a little oil on some troubled waters. Be sure to get your SING OUT and read the piece. There's a lot of other good stuff in there too... For some months now the British have been envious of BROADSIDE and have planned to start something similar there. Now Matt McGinn sends us a broadsheet from Glasgow with a couple of his new songs on it and the note: "Broadside, we're proud to copy you." We'll have a report soon from Matt on the British scene...

BROADSIDE, P.O.Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y. A topical song publication with a twice-monthly goal. Sis Cunningham, Ed; Gil Turner, co-editor; Phil Ochs & Bob Dylan, contr. editors; Pete Seeger (advisory). Rates: 1-yr (22 issues)..\$5. 5-issue trial \$1.50

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