

BROADSIDE

29

JULY 1963

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TURN AROUND MISS LIBERTY

by LEN CHANDLER

NEW YORK TIMES

Two weeks ago Len Chandler galvanized a throng of 11,000 at a street hootenanny in Cambridge, Mass., with songs dedicated to Medgar Evers, the slain Mississippi Negro leader.

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Freely

Every eye in the whole wide world is lookin' toward the U.S.A., Miss

Lib-er-ty stands with her torch high but she's lockin' the other

CHO:

way - - Turn around, turn around, Miss Liberty, Turn a - round, I

say. Touch your torch to the cotton curtain, Shines a lit-tle

light our way.

2. Old folk there are not forgotten, look away, look away
Cotton balls aint the only thing rotten down Mississippi way. Cho.

Bdim7

3. Shine gently in that lonely room where a widowed mother weeps
Shine fiercely in that killer's eyes that he may know no sleep. Cho.

4. We're here, we're tired, we're poor, we're huddled masses yearning to be free
And Liberty stands with her head held high and her torch still out to sea. Cho.

5. Forty million eyes by now like silent fuses glow
I hear their gentle voices calling No Jim Crow. Cho.

Traditional melody "Old Black Joe"

6. Shine in the corners of the hearts that hate and can't forgive
Reveal the reason that we die and how we want to live. Cho.

BALLAD OF MEDGAR EVERS

Words by Phil Ochs
Music by Bob Gibson &
Phil Ochs

In the State of Mississippi many years a-go, A boy/fourteen /
 got a taste of southern law, He saw his friend a-hangin, his color
 was his crime, And the blood up-on his jacket put a brand up-on his
 mind. Too many martyrs & too many dead, Too many lies, too many
 empty words were said; Too many times for too many an- gry men,
 Oh let it nev-er be a- gain.

(c) by authors, 1963

Then the boy became a man, the man became a cause
 The cause became the hope for the country and its laws
 They tried to burn his home and they beat him to the ground
 But deep inside they both knew what it took to bring him down. Cho.

The killer waited by his home hidden by the night
 As Evers stepped out from his car into the rifle sight
 He slowly squeezed the trigger, the bullet left his side
 It struck the heart of every man as Evers fell and died. Cho.

They laid him in his grave while the bugle sounded clear
 They laid him in his grave when the victory was near
 While we waited for the future, for freedom through the land
 The country gained a killer and the country lost a man. Cho.

BRAND NEW BABY

Words & Music by
Tom Paxton



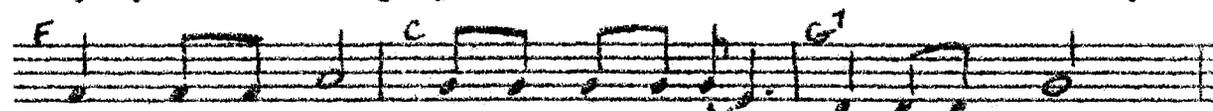
Chorus: Hey, you little brand new baby! Your mommy & your daddy



think you're mighty nice. Hey, you little brand new baby!



Hope you have a mighty nice life. 1. Your daddy



looked mighty proud, handing out cigars all o-ver town,



Grinnin' like a possum & I think he's gonna crow & I



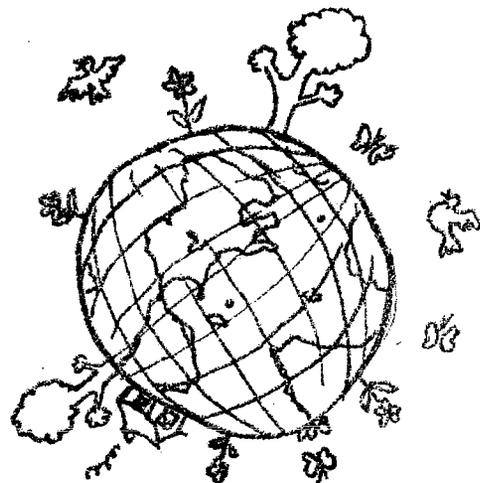
hope you have a mighty nice life.

2. Your mama waited quite a while
Carried you around for
half a million miles
But you know it was worth it
when you look at her smile,
Hope you have a mighty nice life.

(Chorus)

3. It all lies ahead of you,
and from this day
It won't be easy as you
travel your way
But here's to your birth
and I just want to say
That I hope you have
A mighty nice life.

(Chorus)



WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE ?

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(c) 1963, Bob Dylan

Tune slightly screwed up by Pete Seeger

("I think this is one of Bob's best songs. He sings it in kind of a hoarse chant; hardly more than two notes of the scale, one high and one low, like in the first two lines. I found myself unable to do it this way, though, and had to weaken and use two more notes. I hope people will be able to hear him singing it on an LP soon. Meanwhile, though, it would be worthwhile trying to figure out a way to do it yourself. These notes give hardly more than a hint of what you might use for melody or chords." -- Pete Seeger)

Steady rhythm, irregular metre

Musical notation for the first line of the song. Chords: Dm, G, Dm, A, Dm.

Who killed Davey Moore? Why did he die & what's the reason for?

Musical notation for the second line of the song. Chords: Dm, G, Dm, G, Dm.

1. Not I, says the referee, don't point your little finger at me

Musical notation for the third line of the song. Chords: G, Dm.

Sure I coulda stopped it in the 8th & saved him from his terrible fate

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song. Chord: G.

But the crowd woulda bood I'm sure, At not their money's worth getting

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song.

Too bad that he had to go, but was pressure on me too, you know there

Musical notation for the sixth line of the song. Chord: A.

No, it wasn't me that made him fall, You can't blame me at all

Musical notation for the seventh line of the song. Chords: Dm, G, Dm, A, Dm ds.

WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE? WHY DID HE DIE & WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?
(2 v.2)

2. Not I, says the angry crowd
Whose screams filled the arena loud
Too bad that he died that night
But we just like to see a good fight
*You can't blame us for his death
We just like to see some sweat
There ain't nothin wrong in that
*No, it wasn't us that made him fall
You can't blame us at all

WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?
WHY DID HE DIE,
AND WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?

Continued →

(*Indentations indicate the changes to a new note)

3. Not I, says his manager
Puffing on a big cigar
It's hard to say, it's hard to tell
I always thought that he was well
Too bad for his wife & kids he's
dead
But if he was sick he shoulda said
No, you can't blame me at all
It wasn't me that made him fall.
WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?
WHY DID HE DIE
AND WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?
4. Not I, says the boxing writer
Pounding the print on his old
typewriter
Who says, boxing aint to blame
There's just as much danger in a
football game.
Boxing is here to stay
It's just the old American way.
No, you can't blame me at all
It wasn't me that made him fall.

WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?
WHY DID HE DIE
AND WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?

5. Not I said the man whose fists
Laid him low in a cloud of mist
Who came here from Cuba's door
Where boxing aint allowed no
more.

I hit him, yes, it's true
But that's what I was paid to
do.

Don't say murder, don't say
kill

It was destiny, it was God's
will.

WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE?
WHY DID HE DIE
AND WHAT'S THE REASON FOR?

—o—

TORONTO TOWN

Words: Gil Turner

Tune: "Penny's Farm"

1. I'll tell you a story and I'll
sing you a song
It's only forty verses so it
won't take long
It aint about Pittsburgh or
Fennario
It's bout a city called TORONTO,
Ontario.
And it's hard times in the country
Livin in Toronto Town.
2. The train pulled in in the middle
of the night
It was hailin & a-snowin in broad
daylight
There was icebergs & polar bears
a-rollin on the floor
And the man from immigration was
a-knockin on my door
And it's hard times, etc.
3. He says answer all my questions
with your paper & your pen
Tell me where you're goin & tell
me where you been
Tell me bout your family & your
ethnic origin
And don't you tell a lie or you
can't come back again
And it's hard times, etc.

4. Now the place that I've been
workin is a funny kinda pub
It aint a coffee house, it's an
"after hours" club
Well I can tell you, buddy,
they was callin it true
Cause they was "after ours" &
everybody else's too.

And it's hard times, etc.

5. Now one peg can hang a picture
upon the wall
Two or three will fix it so it
never can fall
Four pegs will drive a man
right down into the ground
But when you get to the fifth
peg I don't wanta be around.
And it's hard times, etc.

(c) 1963 by author

BROADSIDE #29

BLACK STALLION

by PETER LA FARGE (ASCAP)



1. There's a black stallion loose in the mountains & the mesas, Caballeros tell the



tale over their cervesas; He's never worn a saddle, never borne /brand Though



many men have tried, he's untouched by human hands. And the wise ones let him



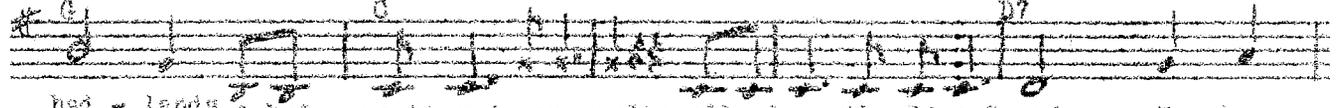
run, let him go & let him come, Runnin free, a-runnin free; For there's no



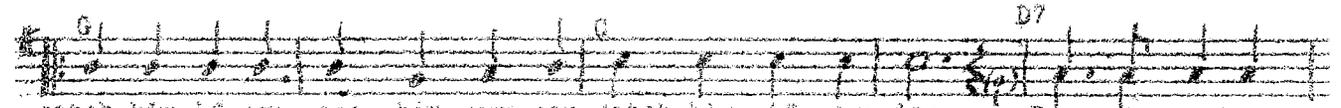
stallion, roan or dun, that can catch the restless one, Runnin free, runnin



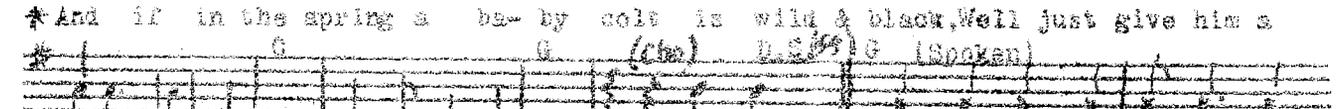
free. - free, runnin free. 2. He's a seldom & a sol-i-tar-y legend/the



bad - lands & he's scattered many colts all along the Ri-o Grande; You can



catch him if you see him, you can catch him if you dare -- Dare to capture



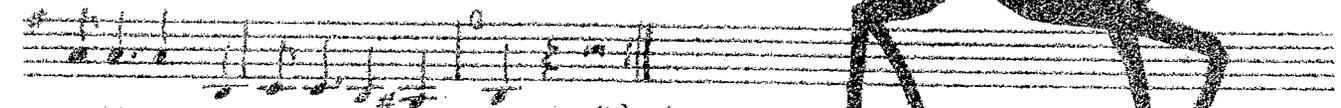
*And if in the spring a ba-by colt is wild & black, Well just give him a



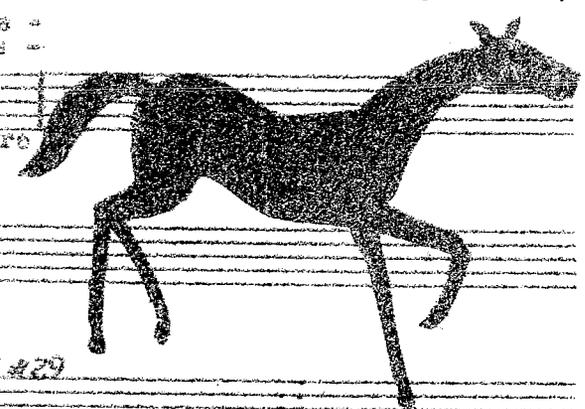
thunder & to ride the desert sir. But the -
rebel name & don't get on his back! For the -



Corrals sint held him yet, & if you think



goin so, I'm coverin your bet; (to *)



I'LL SEE YA !

Words and Music by
John Parke

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols (E, B7, A6, A, E) are placed above the staff. The lyrics are: "I've never met you, tried to forget you, Just can't learn how to say your name; Read about you sqawking in/papers, Laughed/all your the off claims. But one day soon we'll land on the moon With Ranger, Lunik, how d'you do! Then we'll caper -- --a regular zoo and Kilroy too, I'll see ya!" There is a decorative flourish below the final line of music.

(c) 1963 by author

Hello there, comrade, how's the revolution?
Cold war, hot war, what price peace?
If Jack and Khrush come up with a solution
We'll hoist three beers apiece.
Then send me a missile full of shrimp that can whistle
And I'll eat sugar out of Castro's hand.
Such confusion!
--when black joins white and Mac won't fight, I'll see ya!

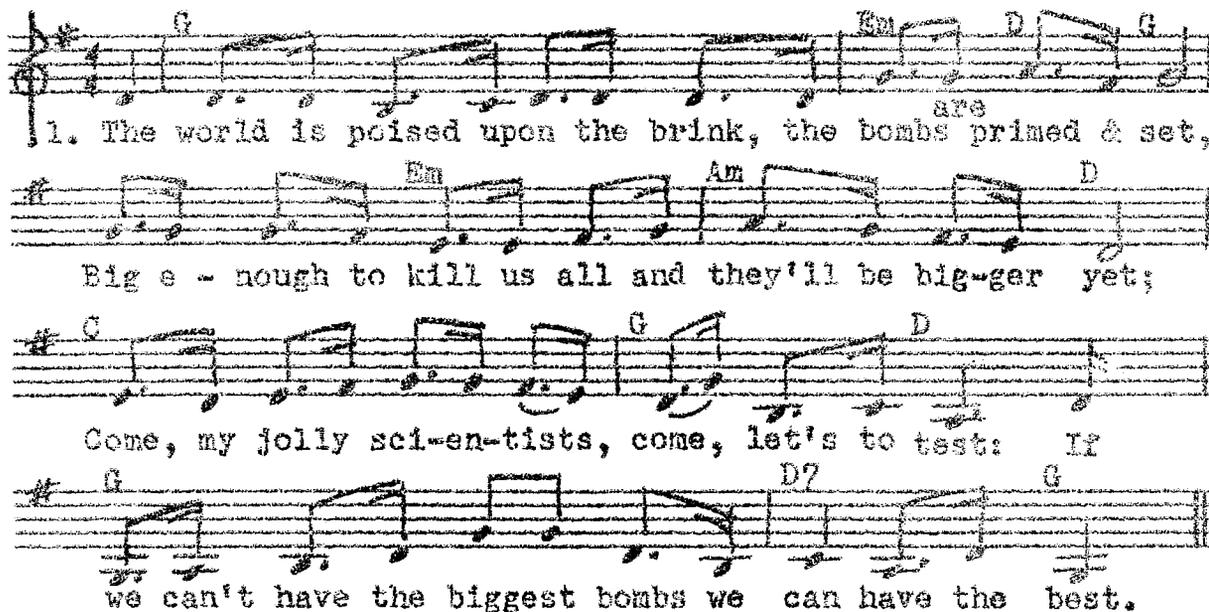
I told my sweetheart "See you in the shelters!"
But she said "Thank you, not for me!
This red or dead stuff's never going to help us,
Who are these bourgeoisie?"
So cast my lot with the one world we've got;
If peace breaks out you be there too.
Let's get rebellious!
--if the bombs don't fall
and there's no more wall, I'll see ya!

A BILLION DOLLARS A WEEK

Words: John Brunner

Air: Fourpence a Day

(US "defence" expenditure is nowadays said to be running at about \$50,000,000,000 a year, or about a billion a week.)



1. The world is poised upon the brink, the bombs primed & set,
Big e - nough to kill us all and they'll be big-ger yet;
Come, my jolly sci-en-tists, come, let's to test: If
we can't have the biggest bombs we can have the best.

2 The minister is in his church, the sexton rings the bell
Christian folk are giving thanks that arms are ripe to sell
Come on in your Cadillac, come let's to pray:
We'll praise the Lord for armaments that pay, pay and pay.

3 The generals are underground, the maps are on the wall
Telephones are waiting for the word to kill us all
Come and get your Minuteman, bring your degree
And kill a million people you can't even see.

4 The Stars and Stripes is up the pole, the children are in school
Teacher's using shelter drill to teach the Golden Rule
Come my little preciouses, lie on the floor -
I promise when they kill you, we'll kill even more.

5 The latest girl is in my bed, the whiskey's on the shelf -
Common folk don't ask for more, why should I blame myself?
Come my little what's-your-name, come if you can
You may not get another chance to lie with a man.

Fourpence a Day is a Yorkshire lead-miner's song; the tune used here is from the Sing songbook "and since we're in good company".

(c) 1963 by author

BROADSIDE #29

C H R I S T I N E

Words by Matt McGinn

Tune: Mrs. McGrath

1. Queen Vickie used tae sit upon
her magic stane
Makin up governments all o' her
ain
But they took that privilege
away frae the queen
And gie'd it tae a lassie that
they call Christine.
4. For she had another laud called
John
He was always there when the rest
had gone
He was sure he was the luckiest
man alive
Till he fell intae the arms
of the M.I.5 Cho.

CHORUS:

With your Tooria, falderdoodle Da
Tooria Oricoria. (Both lines rpt'd

2. Christine was poor when she
left the school
But she made a lot of cash,
she was naebody's fool
She diinae make it working
on the factory floor
She went tae London and became --
a model. Cho.
3. In London Christine did gie well
Wi' a hoose and a Rolls Royce
a' tae hersel
But the silly wee thing she fell
in love
Wi' Gordon-Edgecombe-Ivanov. Cho.
5. M.I.5 were awful ta'en aback
They were nearly even gaunnie
tell their Uncle Mac.
For here was a Tory and a rye
buck Red
Fightin oot the cold war in
Christine's bed. Skip Cho.
6. Lucky Gordon's back in the
jail again
And Mac's getting thrown oot
o' number ten
The Ministers are all in a
terrible rage
And Christine's thinking of gaun
on the stage. Cho.

-----0-----

(c) 1963 by author

DOCTOR WARD

Words: Richard L. Rodgers

Tune: Doctor Freud

CHO: O Doctor Ward! O Doctor Ward!

Says he found a way to keep from being bored
He sure shook up the Tories with Chris Keller's sexy stories
For their money went to Doctor Stephen Ward.

It happened in old London
And it made the headlines jump
The sex life of War's young
minister.

John Profumo took to lying
'Bout the red-head he'd been
trying
He's one of many couldn't resist
her. Cho.

We read where Lucky Gordon
Will be going off to jail
Medicine will help him, I suppose
We don't know about the Russian
Or what Soviet percussion
Will follow, well only Khrushchev
knows. Cho.

Laborites investigate
So they'll know just what went on
Why Ward's just decided now
to speak
By suggesting this is no jest
They do claim the national
interest
Ties sex with an information leak. Cho.

Now Chris was making money
Doctor Ward, he got his share
John Profumo's career is out the
door
Now it seems the Queen won't see
him
Nor will Mac in friendship greet
him
Englishmen! Beware the Doctor's
whore. Cho. (c) 1963 by author

NOTES

MISS LIBERTY: We consider this song the most powerful yet written about the Negro Freedom struggle. Len Chandler is a young man whose musical training started at 9 when his mother began sending him to chamber music recitals back in Akron, Ohio. He learned the Oboe and French Horn, played with the Akron Symphony Orchestra. He ran into folk music about 4 or 5 years ago when a professor invited him to listen to Guthrie and Leadbelly records. A musical scholarship brought him to New York where he received his Master's Degree from Columbia University. Visiting Washington Square renewed his interest in folk music. He started playing guitar, writing his own material, and has been a working performer the past year or so. A few weeks ago he forgot an address and knocked on the wrong door in Greenwich Village. Being a Negro, and this country being what it is, he was automatically mistaken for a robber or worse, and slugged in the back of the head with a lead pipe. His skull was fractured and the nerve in his brain controlling his left hand was damaged. A 6-hour repair operation was done, and the surgeons are confident that the hand will be restored to its full usefulness.

"Dear Broadside: I suppose this should be an Open Letter to Phil Ochs. We heard Mr. Ochs at the Thirdside Friday night. We've been going there fairly often since January to hear him. And each time we come away with a deeper feeling of respect and affection for this talented young man. We listen to his singing of "The Power & The Glory", "Ballad of William Moore", "Medgar Evers", and "How Long". We say to him "Your songs are great, etc, etc." However we wish that we could say more. If we were more articulate, we would tell Phil Ochs that his topical songs are more than a record of today's happenings and questions. We would tell him that we sense the expression of the beautiful and the not so beautiful in his words. We would mention the feeling he puts into his singing, indicating his sincere belief in what he is saying. We would also tell him that long after we've left the Thirdside we remember lines from such songs as "The Power & The Glory", "How Long", and the others. We look around us and think, this is what Phil Ochs is talking about, this is what he is saying. We would say, we wish you a lot of luck and success, Phil Ochs."

Lucy Foster
Connecticut

"I love my country, but I am ashamed of it. I feel we have let our brothers and our countrymen down, and only by righting this wrong can we hold our heads high again. However little (my) song may help, at least it's one more nail in the coffin of Jim Crow."

The above is Tom Paxton talking, as quoted by Bob Shelton in an article in the July 6, 1963, N.Y. Times headlined: 'FREEDOM SONGS' SWEEP NORTH. Shelton writes about the wide (and widening) popularity of the new integration songs being written and sung by Northern folk-singers. He quotes Warners: "The fastest-selling single in the history of Warner Bros. Records (320,000 copies in 8 business days) is the Peter, Paul & Mary recording of Bob Dylan's (continued →)

NOTES (continued)

'Blowin In The Wind'". (This song is actually much more than a call for integration -- it is basically an anti-war song, and a general protest against the inhumanity of man toward man). Shelton discusses also the integration songs of the Chad Mitchell Trio, Paxton, Len Chandler, Jackie Washington, Bill Faier, and the wide acceptance of these songs. "The new anti-segregation lyricists are the descendants of the Hutchinson Family...who introduced Abolition songs...across the country."

TIME magazine in an excellent if all too brief article in its July 19, 1963, issue also compares the new anti-discrimination songwriter-singers to the Hutchinsons. But TIME goes beyond Shelton by noting that the integration songs are only part of the current nationwide "explosion" of good topical songwriting. "All over the U.S. folk singers are doing what folk singers are classically supposed to do -- singing about current crises. Not since the Civil War era have they done so in such numbers or with such intensity... Times of national crises in the past have often inspired outbursts of folk songs... Today's folk singers are lyrically lashing out at everything from nuclear fallout and the American Medical Association...to direct-digit dialing." A number of the songs mentioned in these articles first appeared in Broadside ("Blowin In The Wind" over a year ago -- in May of 1962 to be exact). TIME says of one of them: "After time and taste sort out the songs that integration in the U.S. is marching to, one called Bull Conner's Jail is likely to last... it truly says:

"Iron bars around me, Cold walls so strong:
They hold my body, The world hears my song."

Shelton makes an observation deserving of thought when he writes of the integration songs, "New songs on this theme are not only weapons in the civil-rights arsenal, but are also developing into valuable commodities in the music industry". (Our emphasis). Knowing what the "commercializers" have done in the past in corrupting many good folksongs -- and some folksingers -- we can already see them sitting in some conference room "puffing on a big cigar" and hassling over the best way to make the most money out of the murder of Medgar Evers. And trying to outscheme each other in tying up "exclusive contract, recording and Publishing rights" on songs about the next martyr who may fall.

Some issues back we noted that despite all this country's immense technological equipment, billions of dollars worth of printing presses, T-V and radio networks, it might still be necessary for folksingers to take to the streets as of old in order to bring some truth to the American people. We were reminded of this when we heard a Negro leader say: "America's folksingers have done more than any other medium in telling the story of the Negro freedom fight to the country!"

FESTIVAL TIME: This is the peak of the season for Folk Festivals which -- unlike the movies -- are getting better and better. And bigger. Next on the schedule is the renewed Newport (R.I.) Folk Festival, July 26, 27 and 28. Reservations have been "phenomenal". Newport this time is stressing the genuine traditional folk artists of our country, allotting a lesser role to the "commercial" singers and groups. Peter, Paul & Mary will be there, and The Tarrriers, New Lost City Ramblers, Rooftop Singers, Bob Dylan, Joan Baez. But also many, many traditional singers, people like Jean Carignan, Doc Watson, Clarence Ashley, Horton Barker, Frank Proffitt (cont.)

and many more we wish we had the space to list. The panels and workshops should be interesting. The articles in the Times and Time should provide material for the final two workshop on Sunday afternoon: "Whither Folk Music" & "Topical Songs & New Writers".

Next in line is the Mariposa Folk Festival up in Canada, where all is reported well and the festival is on for Aug. 9-11. Until someone told us recently we didn't realize that Mariposa is known as "The biggest folk festival in the western hemisphere". One of the persons in charge of periodicals there has nice words for us: "...a folk festival just isn't unless Broadside is available."

The 2nd annual Philadelphia Folk Festival (Festival Committee address, Box 215, Phila. 5, Pa.) is set for Sept. 6-8, '63. Theo Bikel, Hobart Smith, Mississippi John Hurt, Hedy West and a lot more are to appear. There will also be hootenannies, workshops, etc. The festival will take place on the 15-acre Wilson Farm at Paoli, a lovely rural setting on Swedesford RD just off Route 202.

Up in Canada the Folk Song Circle of Vancouver, B.C. has had a little folk festival the 1st & 3rd Weds. of every month these past 4 years now. "No admission is charged. Anyone visiting Vancouver is very welcome to come." - Mrs. Albert C. Cox, 4343 West 14th Avenue.

FROM FAR OFF: Matt McGinn, Scotland: "Broadside, we're proud to copy you...On Sunday, 23rd June, was held the first 'Broadside' concert, in McLellan Galleries, Glasgow. With broadsides of old and of the moment sung by Archie Fisher, myself, and four others...Topical song movement here forging ahead". Matt's "Christine" in this issue is easily translatable, we think: "stane" is "stone", "ain" is "own", and so on...We also got songs about the wheeling & dealing Miss Keeler (typo: the name is, of course "Keeler" not "Keller" in Richard L. Rodgers' song in this issue) from John Brunner, Peggy Seeger, Ernie Marris.....

AUSTRALIA: "Broadside is particularly interesting to me because I've been trying to foster man-in-the-street ballads, and have had some success. So we have been hot on your heels without knowing it!"

Peter La Farge's "Black Stallion" in this issue is just a damn stirring song! - a "singing" song, with good harmony possibilities on the Cho. but more than that, and hard to put into words, is the feeling of freedom it gives you....The subtitle, NO MORE MARTYRS should have appeared on Phil Ochs' song in this issue....In "With God On Your Side" (#27) try F#m instead of Bm7 both times in the song..."Come Back Abe" (#28) the chords over the 4th & 8th measures obviously G, not C. Replacement for 4th verse in "50-Mile Hike" (#28):

Then everybody started getting into the act
Even Sallinger left, but he soon came back
And on his return he was heard to say
Fifty miles a day keeps Republicans away.

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