LONELINESS

Words & Music by RIC MASTEN
© 1968 by Mastensvaille Music

Freely

Standin' by a highway    Waitin' for a
d
ride    A bitter wind is blowin' It

keeps you cold in-side     A line of cars is

passin'    No one seems to care

You

look down at your body    To be sure you are

there    And this is loneliness, the kind I have

known    If you've had times like this, My friend, You're not a lone.

Sittin' in a hotel
Starin' at the walls
Cracks across the ceiling
Silence in the halls
You open up the window
And turn the TV on
Then you go down to the lobby
But everybody's gone. (Cho.)

So you leave the empty cities
And go down to the shore
You're achin' to discover
What you're lookin' for
The beaches are deserted
In the morning time
A solitary figure
You walk the water line. (Cho.)

You come upon a tidepool
You stand there peerin' in
And when you touch the water
The circles do begin
You look to where a seabird
Lies crumpled on the sand
Then you take a single pebble
And hold it in your hand. (Cho.)

You come back up the beaches/At the end of day/And see how all your footprints/Have been washed away
Nothin' is forever/We are born to die/So may I say I love you/Before I say good-bye --
I must say I love you -- And now I'll say good-bye.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: COBBLESTONES OF PARIS, THE LAST MAN, A MOTHER'S GIFT, THE SHIT HAS HIT THE FAN. DEPT. OF DYLANOLOGY. NOTES.
The LAST MAN

Words & Music by ROGER E. BLANSIT
Copyright 1969 by Roger E. Blansit

1. His mind don't care what people say--- He does his job right any way-
   He buys Quality tacks, Uses Quality wax, But they're getting hard-
   His art at its best, He far outranks the rest But he's starv-ing
   He's the last man on earth who still cares what he's worth, He's an art-fact, a remnant of other times.

2. His hammer strikes the tack just right-- He pulls the needle just so tight
   His is art at its best, He far outranks the rest But he's starv-ing
   His art at its best, He far outranks the rest But he's starv-ing
   He's the last man on earth who still cares what he's 'nspite of him self.

3. He works long hours into the night
   He does his work by lantern light
   He buys wicks by the score
   They don't last any more
   And the kerosene pops constantly.

THE SHIT HAS HIT THE FAN

Words & Music by STEVE SUFFET
© 1969 Steve Suffet

The pigs are breaking the bubble
Of the Panthers who are causing them trouble
They made a hundred arrests in spite of protests
They're trying to leave them in rubble. CHO.

Have you heard of Nixon's intention
To institute preventative detention?
To put us in jail and not allow bail
And put the constitution under suspension. CHO.

If you think that the old ways are dead
Or your thoughts bear a small tinge of red,
Don't be surprised if you get Mace in your eyes
Or a billy club over your head. CHO.

The shit has hit the fan
All according to plan
Will you sit on your ass 'til the crisis has passed, Or stand up and fight like a man?

Remember Chicago last summer,
May-be you were in the number,
Now they're goin' to indict for conspir-acy to incite, And

"While the indictment of Dave Dellinger, Jerry Rubin, et al was almost certain, the government was particularly vicious in going after Bobby Seale. It is just the latest phase in the campaign to destroy the Black Panther Party. With Huey Newton in jail and Eldridge Cleaver underground, Bobby Seale remained the pigs number one target." - Steve Suffet
the cobblestones of Paris

Words and Music by LEWIS ALLAN

© 1968 by Lewis Allan

The cobblestones of Paris, the cobblestones of Paris, You can see their faces on ev'ry crooked street, Sleeping in the moon-light waiting for to-morrow, Dreaming of the thunder of angry feet, Remembering the martyrs who rose and fought and bled, Who stormed the gates of Heaven till their blood ran red On the cobblestones of Paris, The cobblestones of Paris, Flowing in man's mem'ry like the river Seine, Waiting for to-morrow, Waiting for To-morrow,

VIETNAM'S ELOQUENT VOICE OF TRAGEDY

A Vietnamese Guitarist Sings of Sadness of War

By BERNARD WEINRAUB
Special To The New York Times

SAIGON, South Vietnam, Dec. 31—Trinh Cong Son sings only of war and death—a mother weeping for her lost children, a young woman yearning for her dead lover, a brother hating and killing a brother.

"I want to describe the war," he says. "I want to describe the absurdity of death in my country."

In the last six months, the slight guitarist has emerged as the most popular college singer and composer in Saigon. His songs are played at most student concerts and his guest appearances are sold out. Two weeks ago, a rumor swept Saigon's University of Pharmacy that Trinh Cong Son would appear that night. Fifteen hundred students showed up in vain.

"Grief at the War"

"I sing what is on the minds of my listeners," said the 28-year-old performer, sitting in a student headquarters in the heart of Saigon. "I'm describing their sadness, their grief at the war."

The singer supports himself,

A thousand years of Chinese reign—A hundred years of French domain, Twenty years of Civil War, I pass to you a mother's gift, A sad Viet-nam, A mother's gift—A thousand years of Chinese reign, A hundred years of French domain, Twenty years of Civil War, A mother's gift, A heap of bones, A mother's gift, A hill of tombs.---

We must live with open hands, We must work our burnt out lands, Don't forget our Peace comes soon, I wait for it. Let us with this war be through, Children of one sad Viet-nam father with no hate. A*

A thousand years of Chinese reign—A hundred years of French domain, Twenty years of Civil War. A mother's gift is half-breed men. A mother's gift is two-faced men.

---

"The simple dignity of a man who sings of a whole people's pain."

A long day of sorrow
Has come to Vietnam
On a field of red slashes
Feeds an ox without grass.

A long day of sorrow
Has come to Vietnam
Down our cold yellow skin
Tears have flown without end.

Long days of anguish,
Nights rumbling with bombs.
Have left men apart
With hate in their hearts.

Twenty years have passed,
Despair's filled our hearts
Yellow skin is in shreds
On the forgotten dead.
POETRY SECTION

(Ed. Note: Habib Tiwoni is one of the great poets of our time. He is from St. Thomas, which is one of the Virgin Islands, which are under the heel of the U.S. imperialists. Like Jose Marti of Cuba (see Pete Seeger's song "Guantanamera") he plans to return to his beautiful Caribbean island and help return it to his people. This is the first of many of Tiwoni's poems we hope to publish):

anti-viet nam march
33,000
By Habib Tiwoni 4/9/69

We were there
Tommy Jagar and I
we saw tens of thousands of them, the youth of America
we felt their fire, their anger for the pigs and for their disowned uncle Sam.

Yes, we were there
Tommy Jagar and I
he with his weapon
(the camera)
collection photographic evidence of pig power.
and I with my heart
running over the brim
with compassion for the wretched of the earth -- the mutineers, the panthers, the yippies, all the restless youth of this wretched land.
you should've been there, there was nothing to fear.

My people, I was there
right up front, facing the pigs, staring at them with my Asian eyes.
with my worldly heart
I listened to my sister and friend, Barbara Dane

singing praises to Ho-Chi-Minh
the rain came, but couldn't

demoralize my revolutionary zeal, no, not after listening to my brother, F.D. Kirkpatrick

singing about (why was a darkie born).

I stood there
joyfully weeping
yes, spiritually

moved by the revolutionary song of

Phil Ochs, (all's quiet on the western front).

I left there
quietly thinking to myself, it's really
great to be here, among these oppressed youth who will one day

shout to America and the world "we've had enough!"

Copyright 1969 by Habib Tiwoni

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NOTES FROM PETE SEEGER

Dear Sis: A lot of people have been making up parodies to Woody's song "This Land Is Your Land." Here is one I have been singing everywhere:

If you been working just as hard as you're able
And you just got crumbs from the rich man's table
Maybe you've been wondering, is it truth or fable
This land was made for you and me.

And here are some by JERRY J. SMITH:

Chorus: This land is your land, this land
is my land/ From Los Angeles to Coney Island/
From the logged off forests, to the dirty waters/ This land was made, etc.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I heard the buzzing of a hundred chain saws
And the Redwoods falling, and the loggers calling -- "This land was made, etc"

I've roamed & rambled, and followed the beer cans
From the toxic cities to the flooded canyons
And all around me were the billboards reading -- "This land, etc."  Cho.

The sun came shining, but the "hazes" hid it
And cloaked the factories and cars that did it
As the smog was drifting, a voice was coughing--"This land, etc."  Cho.

We've logged the forests, we've mined the mountains
We've damned the rivers, but we've built fountains!
We got tin & plastic, and crowded freeways,
This land was made, etc.  Cho.

(Ed. Note: Here is one by JIMMY COLLIER:
These schools are your schools
These schools are my schools
From Elementary to Senior High Schools
From city ghettoes to suburban meadows
These schools were made for you & me.)

Dear Sis: Ernie Marrs wrote the following verses a few years ago when we were just thinking of our campaign to try and help the Hudson River. Now that the Sloop has actually become a reality, the verses are worth printing:

A silvery Susquehanna slowly oozes out to sea
Poor old pallid putrid waters, I don't want to swim in thee!
Slick with slimy stinking sewage fouled by foolish mortal hand --
You're worse than my Chattahoochie, full of filth from Georgia land!

Susquehanna, Chattahoochie, Rappahannock, Rio Grande
Monongahela, Hudson -- will someone lend a hand
To help clear your murky surfaces we now must view with shame,
Before all the beauty that is left you is your name?

Come view the spewing chimneys choking up the upper air!
Why, it's dirty as the rivers, and no one seems to care.
Do people here see stars at night? Could they see even one?
I'm doubtful, for it's broad daylight, and hard to see the sun.

© 1965 by ERNIE MARRS

Dear Gordon: Ernie Marrs just sent me his verses about the Wabash Cannonball. I hope you will find space to put them in. They are a good light-hearted contrast to some of the mournful new songs.

RETURN OF THE WABASH CANNONBALL

By Ernie Marrs  (Tune traditional)  ©1969 Fall River Music, Inc.

In Boston Heights, Ohio, the officials now are hot
About two old railroad cars upon a business lot
And salesmen sell insurance where passengers once did sprawl
Upon the soft reclining seats of the Wabash Cannonball.

No silvery tracks stream by below, they've taken up the rails;
No cinders fly into your eye, no lonesome whistle walls.
Those cars stand there like tombstones of a day beyond recall,
As business vultures peck the bones of the Wabash Cannonball.

Listen to the jingle of the money in the till
And the grumble of the city about its zoning bill;  (continued —→
See the rush to cancel policies, hear the poor wrecked driver's squall—
How can anyone think of this as the Wabash Cannonball?

But sometimes still, they tell me, when the stars are out of sight,
On the wind there comes a moaning through the storm-swept Southern night;
A train seems to be passing as the thunderous raindrops fall,
And they say, "There goes the spirit of the Wabash Cannonball."

And we listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodlands through the hills and by the shore;
Feel the mighty rush of her engines, hear the lonesome hoboos call,
As our thoughts ride through the jungles on the Wabash Cannonball.

Dear Sis: This verse was made up right after the Aberfan disaster. The woman who gave it to me would be very glad to have it printed. She lives in Wellington, New Zealand, now.

Bells of Rhymney
Draw the blinds, lock the door
Say the cold bells of Bangor
No more children in the school
Say the bells of Pontypool
Bring us comfort if you can
Say the bells of Aberfan
And what will you give me
Say the sad bells of Rhymney.
—Jeanie Wyn Williams,
exile from Bangor, North Wales

Dear Sis: I saw in the N.Y. Times that exports of Scotch whiskey to the U.S. reached a record high in 1968. It reminded me of a little ditty I learnt in Scotland. It goes to the tune of Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking:

"Why do Scotsmen leave the country?
Why do Scotsmen immigrate?
They are following the whiskey that's being exported by the crate."

(Ed. Note: INSTANT FOLK PROCESS. Rev."Kirk"
just looked at Pete's new verse for "This Land". He immediately sang it:
If you been working just as hard as you're able
And you just got crumbs from the white man's table...etc.)

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Buffy Sainte-Marie
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Sept. 6-7 -- Bear Mountain, N.Y.
Sept. 12-14 -- Kingston, N.Y.
Sept. 19-21 -- Hoboken, N.J.

If you'd like more details write Hudson River Sloop Restoration Box 265, Cold Spring, New York 10516