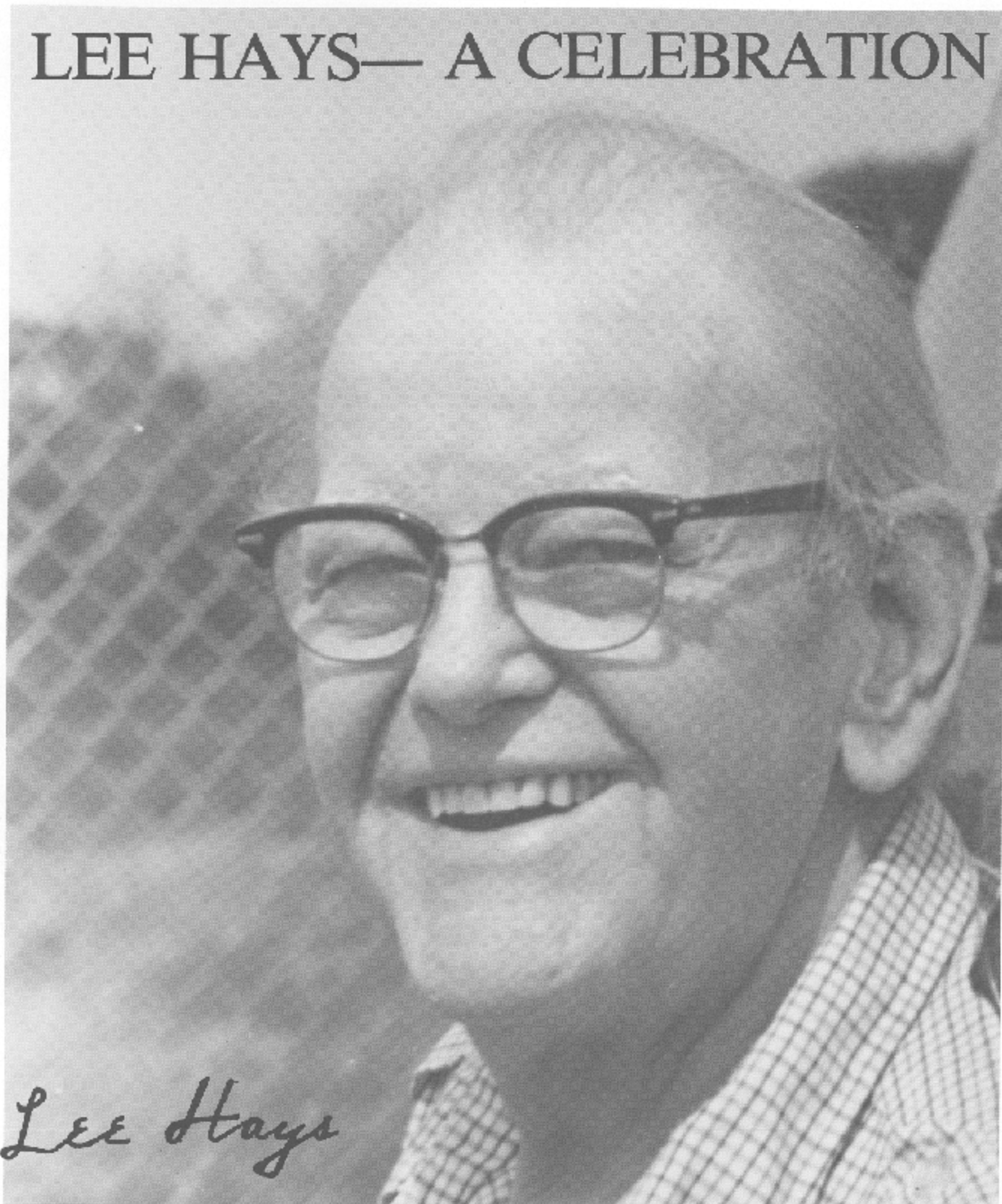


## LEE HAYS— A CELEBRATION



*Lee Hays*

**Broadside**

#157

The National Topical Song Magazine

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GUEST EDITOR.....DORIS KAPLAN

## YEAR ENDS

BROADSIDE readers will be interested to know that the first year of the "new" Broadside has come to an end, with this, our twelfth issue. It has been a good year, though much more difficult than we expected, in terms of the amount of work needing to be done and the problems in getting it done. For instance, we were delighted a year ago by an invitation from Ned Treanor to run a benefit concert for us at the Speakeasy in N.Y.C., and we did receive nearly \$800 (of which \$400 was given to Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen), but Ned ripped us off for well over \$100 and we don't know how much more. It was a sad form of baptism. We also had a lot of help from guest editors, but it was a big job coordinating with so many different people. One result was that we have been late in getting the issues out every month since July. We have therefore decided to call this the November-December issue and to shoot for being on time again in January. Subscribers, please note: you have paid for 12 issues and will receive 12 as part of your subscription. Equally important--if this is the 12th issue you are receiving, please send us another check; your subscription has run out! And if it's the 11th, now's a good time to send a check also. Note the rates above. And thanks.

We'll try to take a look forward in our next issue, which will be all about children's music.

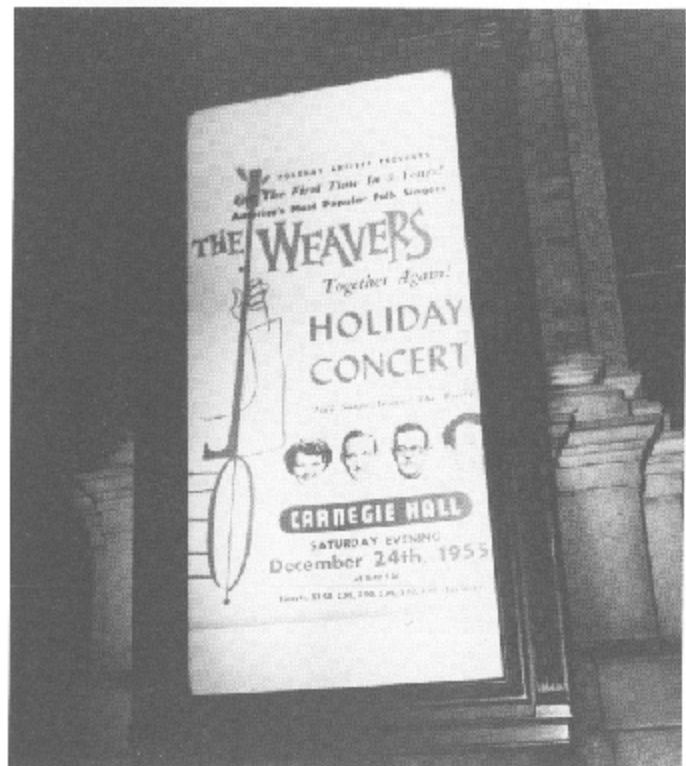
NOTE: We keep asking for volunteers, however what we really need is an assistant editor--someone who can work with some continuity and really wants to be involved in the magazine. Please drop us a note if you are interested. Thanks.

Who can protest and does  
 not, is an accomplice in the act.  
 [THE TALMUD: Sabbath,  
 §54 b.]

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE is dedicated to the life of Lee Hays. Doris Kaplan, guest editor of this issue, was a friend of Lee's for many years. They lived in the same house in Brooklyn and they sang together in the group known as "The Babysitters," along with Alan and Jeremy Arkin. Although The Babysitters never performed in concert, their four records are part of Lee's testament and comprise some of the very best children's records in existence anywhere. Thank you Doris, for sharing your experience and knowledge of Lee with the rest of us.

Thanks also to Lee, for the songs, for the humor, for the Weavers' records you supported with your bass voice, for The Babysitters' records you gave us, and for the example you set with your life--your integrity, your courage and your vision. Ronald Reagan may be with us for four more years, but Lee has left us with a hope that will go on and on: "It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom. It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters, all over this land."

P.S. We asked Vanguard Records for an ad for this issue of Broadside, but they said the magazine was too controversial. Sorry Vanguard, but beauty is in the eye of the beholder. We present in this issue, nevertheless, a discography of Lee, and several of his records are still available--from Vanguard. Be careful though, some of the songs on these discs may be controversial!  
 --N.A.R.



## LEE HAYS

"I'm sitting here, trying to maintain a dignified silence," Lee Hays would say when his city friends asked what he was doing after he moved to Croton-on-Hudson.

But wherever Lee sat (and Lee didn't budge a whole lot), city or country, the scene was almost Socratic. Young people especially "flocked around him as bees around a flower" (in the words of Fred Hellerman), while he talked, and questioned, and inspired--a teacher sending forth new generations of folksingers, songwriters, even filmmakers.

And the interviewers with tape recorders swarmed 'round. For Lee was also history. He had learned songs from the ancient mountain woman, Emma Dusenberry. He had worked up songs for struggling sharecroppers and striking miners and CIO organizers. He was one of the originals--with Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie--in the historic Almanac Singers. He'd hung out with Leadbelly, and Cisco Houston. He and Pete dreamed up the People's Songs movement.

Wholly unexpectedly, mainstream fame had come to Lee, Pete, Fred and Ronnie Gilbert when The Weavers, which they had formed to sing for what they believed in, hit the charts with "Goodnight, Irene" and "Tzena, Tzena, Tzena."

Almost as rapidly, the blacklist hit the group, putting them out of action for a few years (and off the air for many years). Then, in 1955, Harold Leventhal brought them back in a Christmas reunion concert in Carnegie Hall, and the tours and albums flourished anew.

For someone who didn't like to budge a whole lot, tours weren't much of a thrill. Lee was very ready when time (as it does to most groups) came to disband The Weavers, in 1963. In any case, Lee professed to be happier in the role of writer--songs, short stories, essays, poems--than performer, though as both a singer and a story-teller on stage, he surely ranked with the greatest.

But to tour takes tremendous stamina, and Lee had always worried about his health. He was, said Fred Hellerman at a celebration of Lee's life, "the only person I ever heard complain of his hair hurting." His friends "joked that he would probably outlive us all....Well, we were wrong. Slowly, he was forced literally to surrender his body, bit by bit, to the ravages of ill health, until he would say, towards the end, 'I'm Lee Hays, more or less.' But thinking about what he left us, perhaps we were right after all. He really will outlive most of us," concluded Fred.

Lee was a rare mix of Methodist parsonage upbringing, rural Southern humor, prodigious book-learning, and radical politics. All that, illuminated by his courage, came together for posterity in the film that was in the process of completion when Lee died, on August 26 1981--"Wasn't That a Time."

Indeed it was.

Doris Kaplan



## Times Gettin' Hard

New words by Lee Hays  
American Folksong

The original of this is in what Woody Guthrie called Carl Sborgburg's Banding. In the Almanac days I used to sing it for the sake of its very pretty melody, but I hummed some of the lines in word words which I did not like. One day, for the sake of having some decent words to sing I wrote these extra verses. Pete Seeger and I sang it once or twice and filed it in the Almanac files where it has remained all these years. Pete remembered it and we searched for it again this month. It is a true case of a genuine folk song, and I know it is genuine because I wrote it. -- Lee Hays --

Slowly

Times get-tin' hard, boys, mon-ey get-tin' scarce, If times don't get no bet-ter, boys,  
bound to leave this place. Take my true love by the hand, lead her through the town,  
Say good - bye to ev - 'ry - one, Good - bye to ev - 'ry - one.

Take my Bible from the bed, shotgun from the wall,  
Take old Sal and hitch her up, the wagon for to haul;  
Pile the chairs and beds up high, let nothing drag the ground--  
Sal can pull and we can push--we're bound to leave this town.

Made a crop a year ago, it withered to the ground;  
Tried to get some credit but the banker turned me down,  
Goin' to Californ-i-ay where everything is green,  
Goin' to have the best farm you ever have seen.

Times gettin' hard, boys, mone-ey gettin' scarce,  
Times has got no better, boys, goin' to leave this place,  
Take my true love by the hand, lead her through the town--  
Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone

By Lee Hays  
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## PETE SEEGER ON LEE HAYS

For a year or more, Pete Seeger did a segment of each of his concerts on Lee. He'd open by singing "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" and then go on to say....

"Lee Hays, who wrote this song, was born in Arkansas, son of a Methodist preacher. I met him in New York 40 years ago. We were both trying to make up union songs and sing 'em. He'd already been doing that down in Arkansas. He made up songs for the sharecroppers, black and white, down there.

"Raggedy, raggedy are we  
Just as raggedy as raggedy  
can be  
We don't get nothing for  
our labors  
So raggedy, raggedy are we

"Lee called it a zipper song because you could change one word and you had a whole new verse. Zip another word in:

"Homeless, homeless are we  
Just as homeless as homeless  
can be  
We don't get nothing for  
our labors  
So homeless, homeless are we

"Landless...shoeless...cowless... but always, Lee said, you had to end with the verse:

"Union, union are we  
Just as union as union can be  
We're gonna get something for  
our labors  
For union, union are we

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"Lee Hays, along with Woody Guthrie and Mill Lampell and Sis Cunningham and a batch of others--and me--we made up a group called the Almanac Singers before World War II. As Woody used to say, it was the only group he ever knew that rehearsed on the stage.

"After the war, Lee and I and Ronnie Gilbert and Fred Hellerman put together a group called The Weavers. We made some records and then I guess you know what happened. We had to take a sabbatical and it turned into a 'Mondical' and a 'Tuesdical,' as Lee said.

"Lee started working with Alan Arkin, the actor, in a group called The Babysitters. They made some of the world's best children's records for Vanguard.

"Then the last few years he was battling diabetes. They had to amputate his little toe, and he wrote, 'Ode to My Little Toe'--it was nice knowing you. They amputated his foot and he said, 'Us diabetics get shorter and shorter.' Later both legs were off and he was in a wheelchair, but his mind was more nimble than ever.

"My favorite song is one that he wrote to a fellow gardener, my wife Toshi:

"If I should die before  
I wake  
All my bone and sinew take  
Put me in the compost pile  
To decompose me for a  
while  
Worms, water, sun will  
have their way  
Returning me to common  
clay

All that I am will feed  
the trees  
And little fishes in  
the seas  
When radishes and corn  
you munch  
You may be having me  
for lunch  
And then excrete me with  
a grin  
Chortling, 'There goes  
Lee again'

(In Dead Earnest, music  
by Pete Seeger,  
Broadside #150)



"Maybe the song of Lee's that will last longest is one that he and I put together 32 years ago. We made a record of it, but as Lee said, it was a collector's item--nobody but collectors ever got it. But a few years later some young singers made a record of it, and now the song is literally around the world."

*Pete Seeger*

### The Hammer Song

(Words by Lee Hays, Music by Pete Seeger. We thought  
know that we thought. The song says "all over".)

Musical notation for "The Hammer Song" with lyrics and chords. The lyrics are: "If I had a ham-mer, I'd ham-mer in the morn-ing, I'd ham-mer in the eve-ning all o-ver this land; I'd ham-mer out dan-ger I'd ham-mer out a warn-ing, I'd ham-mer out love tween my brothers and my sis-ters, All o-ver this land."

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning  
I'd ring it in the evening all over this land;  
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning  
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning  
I'd sing it in the evening all over this land;  
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning  
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land.

Well I got a hammer and I got a bell  
And I got a song to sing all over this land.  
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom  
It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters

Words & Music by Lee Hays & Pete Seeger  
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### Lee on the Hammer Song

"I remember how the Hammer Song was written, in the course of a long executive committee meeting of People's Songs, with Pete and me passing manuscript notes back and forth until I finally nodded at him and agreed we had the thing down."



In the last issue of Broadside - #156 we printed the words of "Bread and Circuses" by Norman Ross and indicated it should be sung to the melody of "Where Have All The Flowers Gone." However, we neglected to obtain permission from the publishers of "Where Have All The Flowers Gone". Fall River Music does not grant permission to anyone to use the music of "Where Have All The Flowers Gone" with parody lyrics. We apologize for giving the impression that the music could be used with lyrics other than those written by Pete Seeger.

Following is the copyright notice that should have appeared with THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND which was published in # 156

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### Kisses Sweeter Than Wine

Musical notation for "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" with lyrics and chords. The lyrics are: "When I was a young man and ne-ver been kissed, I got to think- in' o- ver what I had missed; I got me a girl, I kissed her and then, Oh, Lord, I kissed her a- gain. Oh, Oh, kis- ses sweet- er than wine."

He asked me to marry and be his sweet wife,  
And we would be so happy the rest of our life.  
He begged and he pleaded like a natural man,  
And then, oh, Lord, I gave him my hand. (Refrain)

I worked mighty hard and so did my wife,  
A-workin' hand in hand to make a good life,  
With corn in the fields and wheat in the bins,  
And then, oh, Lord, I was the father of twins. (Refrain)

Our children numbered just about four,  
And they all had sweethearts knocking at the door.  
They all got married and they didn't hesitate,  
I was, oh, Lord, the grandfather (mother) of eight. (Refrain)

Now we are old and ready to go,  
We get to thinkin' what happened a long time ago,  
We had a lot of kids, trouble and pain,  
But, oh, Lord, we'd do it again. (Refrain)

Words by Paul Campbell; Music by Joan Newman  
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by Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY  
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## The State of Arkansas

By Lee Heys, Fred Hellerman, & Ronald Gilbert  
Copyright 1984 by Senga Music Inc.

*mf*

My name is Char-les Hren-san, From Charles-ton I  
come. I trav-el'd this wide world ov-er, some ups and down I've  
had, I trav-el'd this wide world ov-er some ups and downs I've  
seen, But I nev-er know what mis-'ry was  
Till I saw old Ar-kan-sas.

(typical variant- as in verse three)

His bread it was corn-dod-ger, His meat I could not chew

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. I dodger' behind the depot<br/>Trav'ling that blizzard wind,<br/>Met a walking skeleton<br/>Whose name was Thomas Cain.<br/>His hair hung down like rat tails<br/>On his long and lathering jaw<br/>He invited me to his hotel,<br/>The best in Arkansas.</p> | <p>3. I followed my conductor<br/>To his respected place<br/>Where pity and starvation<br/>Was seen on every face.<br/>His bread it was corn-dodger<br/>His meat I could not chew<br/>But he charged me a half-a-dollar<br/>In the state of Arkansas.</p> |
|---|---|

### SPOKEN:

Then I got me a job on a farm. But I didn't like the work, nor the food,  
nor the farmer, nor his wife, nor none of the children. So I went up to him  
one day and I told him, "Mister, I'm quitting this job, and you can just pay  
me off right now."

He says to me, "OK son, if that's the way you feel about it, and he handed  
me a mink skin." I told him, I said, "Hell, brother, I don't want this thing,  
I want my money."

He says to me, says: "That's what we use for currency down here in  
Arkansas." So I took it and headed for a saloon to see if I could get me a  
pint of drinking whisky. Put my mink skin on the bar, and he darned if the  
bartender didn't throw me a punt. Then he picked up my mink skin and he  
bowed the hair back on it, and he handed me three possum hides and  
fourteen rabbit skins for change. (sing again)

### (Gang)

I'm going to the Indian territory  
And marry me a squaw  
Bid farewell to the cow-brakes  
In the state of Arkansas.  
If you ever see me back again  
I'll extend to you my paw,  
But it'll be through a telescope  
From hell to Arkansas.

## THE POSTSCRIPT COFFEEHOUSE

### Music and Poetry

Friday and Saturday Nights 9-12:30

St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University campus

Friday, Dec. 7th, BROADSIDE NIGHT

with Ted Kessler  
Peter McManus  
Jeff Ritter  
Bob Scullin  
Ron Turner

FREE!

## Wasn't That A Time

By Lee Heys & Walter Lowenfelz  
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by Senga Music Inc.  
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*Fairly slow steady beat*

*mf*

Our faith-ers died at Val-ley Forge. The snow was red with blood, their faith was  
warm. At Val-ley Forge, Their faith was broth-er-hood. Was-n't that a  
time! Was-n't that a time! A time to try the soul of  
man. Was-n't that a ter-ri-ble time! (Was-n't that a terrible time!)

1. Brave men who died at Gettysburg  
Now lie in soldiers graves,  
But there they stemmed the slavery  
tide,  
And there . . . the faith was saved.

Chorus

2. Informers took their Judas pay  
To tell their sorry tale  
The gangs in congress had their way  
And free souls went to jail  
(Chorus)



3. How many times we've gone to kill  
In freedom's holy name  
And children died to save the pride  
Of rulers without shame  
(Chorus)

4. Our faith cries out. We have no fear  
We dare to reach our hands  
To all our neighbors far and near  
To friends in every land  
Isn't this a time, isn't this a time  
A time to free the soul of man!  
Isn't this a wonderful time!  
Isn't this a wonderful time!

The fascists came with chains and  
war  
To prison us in hate.  
And many a good man fought and  
died.  
To save the stricken faith.

Chorus

And now again the madmen come,  
And should our victory fail?  
There is no victory in a land  
When free men go to jail.  
Isn't this a time!  
Isn't this a time!  
A time to try the soul of man,  
Isn't this a terrible time!

Our faith cries out  
We have no fear  
We dare to reach our hand  
To other neighbors far and near  
To friends in every land.  
Isn't this a time!  
Isn't this a time!  
A time to free the soul of man!  
Isn't this a wonderful time!





Pete Seeger and Lee started People's Songs at the end of World War II, "to create, promote and distribute songs of labor and the American people."

For the People's Songs Bulletin, Lee began to write a column—"personal observations on singing, with a high percentage of anecdotes and stories about the way I have seen singing used in past struggles."

They're still fun to read.

About all you have to know before you start reading them is that Commonwealth was a radical labor college in Arkansas where Lee taught dramatics. It was closed down in 1940.

A NEW MONTHLY FEATURE COLUMN BY CALL A SUBSTANTIAL PEOPLE'S SONGBOOK



I propose to run a column in the Bulletin: personal observations on singing, with a high percentage of anecdotes and stories about the way I have seen singing used in past struggles. Plus interviews with people who have had to sing under conditions of struggle. I would like to put in stories about the way we ran our singing sessions at Commonwealth; the way we used singing at our shareholder meetings; the way singing was used in the miners' fights; the way music was used at country funerals; and so on.

NOW I FELL INTO SONGLEADING:

Highlander is a labor school down in Tennessee, founded by Dan West and Miles Forkner. Back in the thirties, when resident worker's education was still in its heyday (the day of Commonwealth, Brookwood, Southern Summer School, etc.) some highly significant work was done at Highlander in teaching educational techniques to northern and southern students.

Classes were short and enrollment was small, for cash to maintain the school was hard to come by. But the staff of teachers did an exceptional job with the resources at hand.

Zilphia Horton, who had been brought up just across the river from me in Arkansas, was music director. We had known the same kind of musical experience...hymn singing, folk songs, and so on, and so we did some mighty fine singing in the long summer evenings.

I remember one session when, highly fortified with corn whiskey and Bourbon mixed in equal parts, a number of us got to singing and made up on the spot a very fine song called "Gumbo"...which we later used as part of a travelling play, which we wrote and produced in Tennessee and Georgia.

But what I remember most about those days is that I started to lead singing. Oh I had led

singing before in small groups, singly or voice alone; but at Highlander I actually had to stand up and "wave my arms about and make like a real songleader."

We were out at a mixer's union meeting at Lager, near the school, the entire student body. One of the teachers would get up and say, "Brother Zandoo will now address us", and some poor student would have to get up and try out what he'd learned in public speaking class, to the delight of all the rest of us.

But when Zilphia got up and said, "Brother Lee Hays will now lead us in singing", I damn near went through the floor. There was no backing out; I had to take the plunge; I had to get up and sing; and I've been doing it ever since.

I've never quite known whether to be grateful to Zilphia or not.



I've met only one person who actively disliked any kind of music. He was an old Campbellite preacher at Morrilton, Arkansas, and he thought that all music, including hymns, were inventions of the devil.

It's well known that play party games were devised partly as an answer to this objection of some fundamentalist sects. In the play party the music comes from singing, tapping feet and clapping hands; but instruments are banned.

But the preacher wouldn't even accept this compromise.

"Preacher", I argued, "How can you not like music? Music is the language of the soul; it expresses the inexpressible."

"I wouldn't hear if hit, unscrewed the inscrutable," he declared, "hit's sinful and I'm agin hit."

Reprinted with permission from People's Songs.

Lee Hays  
Feb-Mar. 1947



I see the editors have stuck me up against a wall in the picture above. Wonderful what scissors and photo-offset will do.

I'm reminded of the union organizer who, speaking in a tough strike situation, wound up with the following peroration: "Brothers and sisters, face to face, shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand, and with our backs to the wall, we march steadily onward."

The car in which we were riding through the cold Arkansas night was kind of rump sprung from being overworked by its owner, a union organizer. I suppose if you'd been chased nudy miles down the blacktop by riding bosses you'd be rump sprung, too. When you see the car by day it looked like an old bound dog with his rear end way out of line; and when you rode in it you had the feeling of being in a snailboat, tacking. The lights lit up the left hand side of the road pretty well.

I was scared. We were riding through a part of the country where the car was known, and where the owner was known, and hated. He was asked so much that once the riding bosses had caught him and flogged him with the belly band of a male harp, I had never been beaten up, and I was scared and nervous. We knew of men who had been active in union work who had vanished, and it was said that only the red waters of the St. Francis River knew where they had gone....

I've heard it said that there are organizers who aren't afraid of anything; but I've always considered they worked for other unions, for I never met them.

Now, nothing happened this night, except that we had a flat tire, and that we sang. Still, we were scared. The organizer drove warily, hunched over the wheel. The young Negro boy beside him watched the road just as carefully, and his feet pressed the floorboards every time the organizer stepped on the broken. The Negro man and the white woman who sat in the rear with me were tense, and I could feel their bodies tightening up every time we passed a car or went through a town.

The organizer started singing.

Now here we were, all union folks, and in our meetings we sang the old labor songs, and the new songs of labor that were being written by union people. We were

proud of our songs that sang of the dignity of labor and of a bright future. But in this cold night we sang hymns.

Now, there was nothing remarkable in our singing hymns. We were all church folks, too. We had been brought up on hymns. Most of our union songs were simply rewritten religious tunes. But it couldn't be said that the hymns had much to do with the things that mattered most to us. They sang of heaven, and salvation away off somewhere; and we were fighting for a new kingdom on earth. They sang of salvation, and blood rituals so deeply written in Christian cannibalism ("There is a feast in filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins"—horrible thought, is it self--). The hymns, even the ones with the feel of handclapping and feet stomping in them, all had very little to do with the hard reality of life in Arkansas.

But we sang them as we drove along, harmonies swelling and breaking ("Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll"), bass voice giving way to sweet soprano, the organizer's raspy harmonic coming in with a verse or a chorus, one hymn after another, and all the voices searching, working for harmonies unheard and unknown, perfect blends of tones and feelings and fears.

I wondered about this, why we found such comfort in the old hymns, we whose eyes were fixed on a new day and a new way of life. For a while it was possible not to be scared, even.

But because we were there, and it came to me that the words of the song didn't matter. They were there and we sang them, but what mattered was that we were singing. It was a drawing together of inner strengths, and what mattered was that each offered his voice to the others, and his own strength. Yes, the hymns were written for people who had come together after long absences in the wilderness, and the writers of the hymns made them songs for people to sing together. That was the simple nature of the hymns and it transcended the bloody old words. Trying to explain these things to the people in the car, I said, "I wish we had as many labor songs as hymns, and that folks sang them with the same feeling."

The organizer said, "We will, someday. And who do you think is going to make the new songs?"

"Why," I said, "I guess we will."

Our thanks to Sing Out! for permission to reprint from People's Songs.

Bob Sherman on WJXR, September 12, 1981

"Lee was a man of boundless courage. He overrode a double amputation, heart trouble, and a host of other ailments to give us all a final burst of joy in the several Weavers reunion concerts that happened over the last 12 months."

(And, reading some of Lee's postcards about Sherman's WJXR programs on folk music)...his words should remind us of what an extraordinarily wise and funny and warm-hearted man he was."



# Let's have more common sense about folk music Lee Hays

A earnest young lady in Allentown, Pennsylvania (a state inland from New York) said to me the other day: "I grew up with the wrong kind of music - operas, Stephen Foster, and so forth; but now I know what the real music of the American people is!"

I darn near expected her to start shouting "Glory be to God!"

"Yes," she went on, "you could run your hands over my albums of operatic recordings, that I used to spend every penny on and you would find them covered with dust."

Four housekeeping, I would say, but she was proud of the dust on her opera albums.

Now, wait a minute, Ms'am. It seems to me that some folks have developed some mighty peculiar ideas about what "the music of the people" is. I like Stephen Foster; I like opera; yes, though I take my life in my hands, I like juke box music; I like musical fow, I believe that the real music of the people is the music that the people sing, and listen to, and create.

Who am I, or who is anyone, to say that the music of the juke-box, the beetle organ, which the millions of Americans listen to, and drink their beer to, and dance to, and argue by, and make love by, and relax by, and make up their minds who to vote for by, is trash?

You walk up and down Elecker Street, here in New York City, my home town, and you'll hear Vardis, and him long in his grave. If you listen close you'll find, moreover, that most of those genuine, hard-working "folks" in that neighborhood know every aria in those operas by heart and like to sing them together or along with the radio.

In most any part of this land you'll find a whole generation of live young people who like their music "with a beat", who are as at home in the jazz idiom as the Mainer brothers are in "Ide Red".

It seems to me that we're in danger of seeing folk music as something static; in danger, perhaps, of becoming downright reactionary about this.

How did the clarinet get into Calypso? How did the slapped bass come to be used by the Conn Creek Girls?

No, if the only real music of America were the pure "folk music", this would be a darn dead country, and I for one would have to leave it and go back to Arkansas.

It's still true that the only kind of music that I know how to sing is folk music. It's true, moreover, that the music I most enjoy singing, and sing best, is the music that I learned from Negro singers. But I know that my songs, plus those of Josh White, Woody Guthrie, John Jacob Niles, Carl Sandburg, The Almanac, the Comrades, etc., don't constitute the only American music, nor all the real "people's" music.

I believe in creativeness and experiment, in Picasso as in Woody Guthrie, in Bach as in Pete Johnson, in Vardis as in Blittstein.

I believe in a people's music that will come from us all from the jitterbugs, from the beer drinkers who put six million nickels a day in the juke boxes, from the doctors who write songs and send them in to People's Songs Inc., from the guys and gals on picket lines, from the many singers on People's Songs Rotennias, from all those of good faith who believe in the people.



THE SINGERS  
ALMANAC

This month sees the anniversary of a lot of historical events, if you'd like to commemorate them. On Nov. 19th you might sing "The Boston Tea Tax Song" P/S (Vol. III, P. 5) since the party of the same name was held that day. On Nov. 19th Old Abe gave his Gettysburg address, so for that, as well as Armistice Day, you could do "Tenting Tonight", especially the last peace verse. And similarly appropriate now would that be "Spring Song" (III, P. 5).

On Nov. 16th the USA recognized the USSR; how about "Meadowlark" (People's Songbook), "Thankye (II, P. 8 and 7), or Russian folk songs?

For Nov. 21th, the famous "Hymn of Thanksgiving" remains one of the best people's songs: "We gather together to ask the Lord's Blessing".

And it's not too early to start rehearsing some songs for the Christmas and New Year's Holidays. In addition to the traditional ones, look up "Children, Go Where I Send Thee" (I, P. 11), which is a humdinger - a Christmas song with a solid beat, and also "Walk in Peace" (I, P. 11), a fine Calypso which brings matters up to date.

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Lee Hays



WHAT'S IN A RHYME?

Not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

The Sonnets, LV

An one who does not know his aspect from his amphibrach I rise to discourse lazrnedly upon certain matters connected with the making of poetry.

I take it that we all are agreed that the songs we write are firstly and mostly poetry. It is easy to overlook. Sometimes we produce an elegant stanza, fullblown and ready to sing, by the art of simple improvisation, whereupon we say that we have wrought easily and well, without reliance upon such mechanical restrictions as metrical structure, meter, scansion or rhythm.

Some of us indeed, can't write any other way. We are somewhat suspicious of songwriters who must search for the word or otherwise labor to make a finished song. We think that if a song is not born fullblown like Minerva from her daddy's head that there is something wrong with it.

You remember the young man from San Francisco whose poetry would not scan / and who when asked why / replied with a wry / face because I always try to get as many guileless syllables in the last line as I possibly can—a device which has earned pots of money for Dodie Nash but which is

better left to him.

It's considered oldfashioned today to meter verse—too mechanical, besides being hard work. We go by rhythm, and that is kinder but no less laborious in the creation. Rhythm is in our life and in our way of moving across this pathway between the eternities. We are only passing through, according to one of the loveliest poems in the Bulletin (which is unfortunately marred by a corny tune). Bravishing, the flow of blood in our bodies, the way our limbs move, the measurement of our days and our times—these are rhythm. They speed up, they slow down, and sometimes they are broken and one of us dies.

Poetry is more than rhythm—but it is rhythm which gives all poetry its character, it is rhythm which makes a poem memorable. English blank verse, the Greek hexameter, the epic verse of the blind, the funeral dirges of the Dul-lahs, or a pretty little jangle which "strokes us with the wings of a butterfly" and no more—each takes its character from the rhythm which Homer, or whoever, selected.

I suggest that very few people's songwriters have even approached the beautiful rhythms of the talk of the people as Carl Sandburg has:

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red-haw in November or

a pair-pew is May, did she wonder / does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

I suggest also that if Sandburg had more of the purpose and resolve of people's songwriters, he would write far better poems.

Yet of many people's songs it is only fair to say that their content is followed at a more than reasonable distance by their forms and rhythms.

Now for rhyme. The English call it rime, which suggests something moldy and green with age, and so it's a good word for the English, but not for us. Rhyme has a definite purpose, or several such, among them the marking of cadences and cropping of measured syllables, if only for framing purposes. It tells you where rhythm stops or slows down or changes speed. Just, now, even, love, above, above—these are sensible rhymes without which popular tunes would be even more amorphous and senseless than they are with them. But they are a little tiresome. Rich rhymes are a little out of date too (horse, course) but will always be useful for people's songwriters. Internal rhyming helps at to remember a poem or a song (- of goons and ginks and company flinks, . . .).

But mostly rhyme gives to a narrative ballad or poem or song a feeling of strength. It is a definite statement, its steep and expedient use will turn a fine poem into a jingle (outrageous, wages).

I see that Brother Guthrie has written songs lately without rhyme, or without rhyme at those places where the reader or singer most expects them. This has given rise to a rather witty critique describing his songs as "songs sung as only Woody can sing them". Too many of us write songs that only we the writers can sing. But rhyme, while it may take more work, is only fair to the people we want to sing our songs. The occasional absence of a rhyme can have the reverse action of giving strength to a poem too. But in general the songs which we remember and sing are those with strong rhymes.



And we have not yet come to the problems of thought and imagery and symbolism—the content of our poems, which is after all their only excuse for being. But if we think that we can write good people's songs which are not poems and which are not subject to the mechanics of poetry, we're fooling ourselves. Only a genius or a damn fool would try it. I urge all songwriters to buy and read the poems of John Mar-fold (reviewed in the Bulletin April 1947), which are strong proclamations for the poet as people's songwriter, "quick on the draw, and good at the plow . . ." and fine lessons in technique besides. The poet who accepts an form from his audience and who is "name to compose, eager to perform", will be "close to his listeners—w/ith shouting reach". Who'd want anything flash, Dimh?

—Lee Hays

## Mary Travers on The Weavers

"Peter, Paul and Mary were very much The Weavers' children. The Weavers were our mentors. We learned from them that folk music was a process that had to be carried on, that it had a responsibility to the community from which it sprang, that the folk tradition was one of social commitment as well as old-fashioned have-fun-together."

## Arlo Guthrie on The Weavers, and Lee

"The things I remember most were the humor onstage, Lee's stories...or punctuating lines, timing. Those kind of things, I think are things that have become a part of us...."

"You know, Lee's the one who taught me my favorite verse to 'Amazing Grace' a long time ago, when we were doing 'Alice's Restaurant,' and he's in the movie, singing it. I think of Lee a lot..."

## Charles Kuralt, on CBS-TV, September 13, 1961

"I knew a magical man once, a troubador. When I came to New York for the first time, in 1957, and moved into the second floor of an old wooden building on Middagh Street in Brooklyn, he lived on the third floor. He was a singer of songs. He used to sing them to my own young daughter, and he sang them to the big, wide world. This was Lee Hays, who had started singing at church suppers and fish fries back home in Arkansas in the '20s, and (later) sang with Will Geer and Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger, wandering the country. And sang on until last month, when he died."

## Don McLean on The Weavers

"I went to the 1963 Reunion concert, a stirring and fabulous event. That's what made me want to devote my life to music. It was the overwhelming sense of life as music on the stage. These were not people who were doing an act, even though it was super-professional, even though I had seen them before and they had done the same songs and in some ways in the same order. But it was not an act. Being able to use the stage for that was what really got me. The Weavers lived the life they sang about."

## Studs Turkel on The Weavers

"If I were to choose the main contribution of The Weavers, it's that they were able to enter into the mainstream of American popular music authentic folk songs. This had never been done on the scale that The Weavers themselves practised and reached."

"They sold millions of records in jukeboxes, for one thing, on radio for another, until they were blacklisted. In short, anything that deals with the daily lives of people makes a folk song, and The Weavers sang it to millions."

## Fred Hellerman on Lee

"Lee was above all a teacher. One of his characteristic stories concerns a Southern preacher who walks into a saloon and orders a glass of water and a shot of whiskey. He dips a wriggling worm into the water, and then dips the still-wriggling worm into the whiskey, from which it's finally drawn, limp and dead. And when the preacher asks, 'And what moral are we to derive from this little experiment?' a thin voice at the end of the bar pipes up, 'Well, preacher, it seems to prove if you've got worms, drink whiskey.'

"It was one of Lee's favorite stories, and it's easy to see why. Lee was always drawing the wrong conclusion from things, avoiding the obvious, probing for new meanings, new directions, always asking the provocative, unexpected, and sometimes maddening questions."

"Of those young people who flocked around him like bees around the flower, he demanded much, but gave so much of himself in return that they always felt they were getting the best of the bargain, as indeed they were."

"I know because I was once one of them."

Below: Lee with Harold Leventhal, The Weavers' Manager. Ronnie Gilbert in the background.



## Book Review

TRADITIONAL AMERICAN FOLK SONGS  
FROM THE ANNE AND FRANK WARNER  
COLLECTION

By Anne Warner

This new book from the Syracuse University Press is a gold mine. Not only does it contain the lyrics and music to many songs you might have learned and since forgotten, the introduction is about the most interesting piece I have ever read on the origins of the folk song movement.

The songs in the book are, of course, legendary. From "Tom Dooley," "Gilgarrah Mountain," "Days of Forty-Nine" and tons of others, to the obscure versions of some of the Child Ballads, the songs speak for themselves.

The section entitled, "How the Collection Began" is, I think, the best part of the book. It is filled with the ways the Warners got tied into the folk music public, and some of the best anecdotes about the early folk song movement ever published. Everybody shows up in this section: Woody, Carl Sandburg, Leadbelly, Jac Holzman—plus the stories of their informants, the people who provided the Warners with their treasure of music and tales.

For anyone interested in the traditional songs of the Eastern region, the book is invaluable. The book is also important in that it traces the relationship between the people who organized and collected the folk songs of North America and the people who use that tradition to form what ultimately became the folk song movement in which Broadside was founded (by Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen). —J.R.

## THE PEOPLE'S VOICE CAFE

St. Clement's Church  
423 W 45 St., New York

In case you live in New York and haven't heard of the People's Voice Cafe, take note: The People's Voice is an alternative, cooperatively run coffeehouse open almost every Sunday, with good music and entertainment. They have a good space at the church, with nice lighting and comfortable seating, and they are so alternative they even have Lesbian Fortune cookies for sale!

I caught a fellow named Rick Goldin there on October 28th on a double bill with Nina Silver. Rick came in from Boston for the show and Nina is a local writer and performer. Rick provided me with the best surprise of the evening. Coming on stage in a Tee shirt and jeans with acoustic guitar, I felt that Rick was someone I just met who wanted to tell me things through his songs—and that is what he did. With various stories about the origins of his songs and some of the things he and others felt about them, Rick made the time pass quickly and entertained as well as informed and moved the audience. He introduced one song by saying it was about "another major world problem." Rick sang about racism, sexism, big businessism, gun control (if you want to call it that; the song was "Plush Your Gun Down the Toilet!") and others. My favorite was one that will appear in Broadside just as soon as possible, called "Act Like a Man." Rick says this is the song he is most widely known for. Along with the song in Broadside will be information on where Rick is playing and how to get a tape of his well-written and informative, often humorous, songs. —J.R.

## THE RANKIN TREE

Congressman John Rankin of Mississippi embodied all that was most reactionary in post-war America, and Lee's song always brought audiences to their feet, cheering.

By Lee Hays  
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Well, I had a farm// and on that farm // there was a tree // and the  
name of the tree// it was the Rankin Tree // it grew so big // that it  
hid the sun// for miles around// poisoned everything// in the ground// it  
poisoned by potatoes// it poisoned my squash // it mildewed all // of my  
Monday wash// it killed my horse// killed my pig// in fact that tree// got  
too damn big// so I got my little axe// and put it on the stone// and I  
turned the stone// around and around// and whetted the blade// till the  
edges shone// Then I went to the tree// and one, two three, // I  
chopped it down// and I laid it on the ground// and I chopped it up// for  
kindling wood. // I built me a fire// and the flames went higher// and I  
said to myself// as I sat by the fire// That's the only time// that  
Rankin Tree// ever did any good// when I chopped it up// for kindling wood//  
This is the end// of my melody // about that terrible// Rankin Tree! //

## THE FUGS AT THE BOTTOM LINE

Readers of Broadside have long been familiar with the political poetry, songs and cartoons of Tuli Kupferberg. For those who are unaware, Tuli is one of the founding members of The Fugs, a group from the '60s known for its irreverence and sharp political humor. The Fugs reunited for a concert earlier this year that was written up in every major music journal, and they decided that before going to Europe for a three-week tour, they would give another concert here in the States (October 27th).

The only original members of the band present were Tuli Kupferberg and Ed Sanders. The other Fugs have been replaced by a crop of talented young musicians: Mark Kramer on bass and keys, Steve Taylor on guitar, Virnie Leary also on guitar and Cody Batty on drums. These guys are great and give Tuli and Ed fantastic backing, and are a reason to see the Fugs by themselves.

The Fugs are the most intelligent, yet funny and innovative group in a folk/rock vein you'll ever see. They combine an intensity for the music with their humor and biting satire in such a way that they very well compel the audience. The theme of the show, as stated by Sanders, was "Keeping the Issues Alive," and they did just that. With great music and clever lyrics they bring just about every concern a thinking person has for the world today into focus and then make you laugh too. They performed "If You Want to be President" (Broadside #156), "Wet Dream," "River of Shit," and lots of other old favorites. If you can't see the Fugs when they get back, look for their old albums (and maybe a new one soon), and you'll be surprised that what was thought to be a joke in the '60s is actually some pretty serious music. —J.R.

Lee sold his first poem to "Poetry Magazine" when he was 24 years old. Here are some of his last poems.

**The Grateful Dead**

If I should die by natural cause  
According to sweet nature's laws,  
I'll go along full of cheer  
Grateful that I could be here.  
(It's been a good and terrible time  
But better than primordial slime.)  
When you hear that I have went  
Be glad it was no accident  
But that I died while following the line  
Of nature's grandest old design

However:

Since most of the expectant dead  
Will die statistically in bed,  
Stay out of bed! Turn on the light!  
Choose a good book and read all night.

Lee Hays, 1981

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**All Things But One**

The day I twitch my final twitch  
Will be sunny, rainy, or the snow  
May fall. I don't care which.  
Any weather will be good enough  
For a good last look at anything.  
Moving on won't be so tough  
For one who's had a pleasant fling  
And savored living. What is rough  
Is having all the savor taken:  
Lips, apples, beer and lemon pie,  
Touch, hearing, sight forsaken,  
No more laughing when I die --  
Along with tears and misery.  
But I don't really give a damn:  
One thing that death won't take is me,  
And you, my friends, know where I am.

Lee Hays 1981

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**The BUTTERFLY and the BIRD**

Words: BOB BROWN HAYS & LEE HAYS

Tune: Adapted from Traditional

Moderately

Once a lit-tle but-ter-fly, a pretty sight to see, Was flying in the garden praying "Lord, please do de-liv-er me! I am too young a but-ter-fly to lose my lit-tle head!" But then a bird was al-so pray-ing, "Lord give me my deli-cious bread!" Down flew the bird and according to lights, gob-bled up the but-ter-fly in two de-li-cious bites.

2. And so it goes with butterflies and hungry birds and bees  
And so it goes with almost everything right down the line  
to fleas!  
For little fleas have other fleas upon their backs to bite 'em  
and the bigger fleas have bigger fleas and so ad infinitum  
For that's the way of nature, red in fang and claw  
But we, being humans, live by a higher law.

3. If I was a butterfly, tell you what I'd do:  
I'd give a bigger set of mandibles, the better for to chew  
The world is full of juicy things to please the appetite  
I'd gobble up those juicy things, according to my lights,  
And with the proper training and sharp claws too  
You wouldn't be eating me, for I'd be eating you.

4. And so it goes with butterflies  
and hungry birds and bees  
And so it goes with almost everything  
right down the line to fleas!  
For little fleas have other fleas  
upon their backs to bite 'em,  
and bigger fleas have bigger fleas,  
and so ad infinitum  
How nice to be a human in this  
vale of we and strife  
A paragon of virtue --  
the superior form of life!

BROADSIDE #77

**FAREWELL SONG**

So many times we've said so long, so long,  
Too many times we've sung a farewell song,  
Good loving friends depart, one by one by one  
And our farewell songs have only just begun,  
We mourn for ourselves and our life that is to be  
Lonelier than lonely in such time of misery,  
All we have left is slender memory  
Of tender moments past in a kindly history,  
No memory is large enough to picture absent friends  
Alive in our hearts as they were before their ends,  
But it is all we have to live by till, one by one by one,  
We enter that same memory, when our time is done.

Lee Hays, Croton, New York, August, 1980  
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**TOMORROW IS  
A HIGHWAY**

A song for the new year and a new day. Try it with sax and basses taking the melody, sopranos and tenors the harmony.

Moderately

To - mor - row is a high - way broad and  
fair, And we are the many who'll travel there. To -  
morrow is a high - way broad and fair, And we are the  
workers who'll build it there; And we will build it there.

2. Come, let us build a way for all mankind.  
A way, to leave this evil year behind,  
To travel onward to a better year  
Where love is, and there will be no fear,  
Where love is, and no fear.
3. Now is the shadowed year when evil men,  
When men of evil thunder war again.  
Shall tyrants once again be free to tread  
Above our most brave and honored dead?  
Our brave and honored dead.
4. O, comrades, come and travel on with me,  
We'll go to our new year of liberty.  
Come, walk upright, along the people's way,  
From darkness, into the people's day.  
From dark, to sunlit day.
5. Tomorrow is a highway broad and fair  
And hate and greed shall never travel there  
But only they who've learned the peaceful way  
Of brotherhood, to greet the coming day.  
We hail the coming day.

Words by Lee Hays; Music by Pete Seeger  
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As teacher of dramatics at Commonwealth, I had to think up a show for my students to do every Saturday night, when the neighbors were invited. A lot of the kids were from New York and the East, and naturally they inclined toward plays like "Walking For Lefty" and "Private Hicks"—exactly the wrong kind of stuff for west Arkansas hill farmers, who didn't know about New York taxi drivers, didn't care about them, and thought plays about them to be in the worst possible taste.

Once in a while we'd get Mrs. Dusenberry over and build a show around her. Attendance always increased on those nights. The Easterners didn't think much of Mrs. Dusenberry's high, cracked, rhythmless voice, and made no bones about their displeasure. But they had to admit that the neighbors did come to hear Mrs. Dusenberry, and that was one of the prime objects of the drama class.

Staging Mrs. Dusenberry was easy. Sitting in an old fashioned rocking chair downstage, her blind eyes peering over the footlights, leaning forward, she looked for all the world like the Epstein statue of Gertrude Stein. And behind her, to the left, we placed Cry Dusenberry on a low chair. Cry would never remove her sun bonnet; said the spotlights would surely blister her if she did. The two of them made a nice picture.

People cherished the old lady. She was part of their history. She told the young farmers about the covered wagon days, about plowing with wooden plows behind oxen or, in bad times, cows. She told the young girls how to spin and how to make counterpanes for their wedding beds.

But they were poor, and when Mrs. Dusenberry was in her greatest need they could do little for her. Once in a while the farmers would go to the relief office and bring a load of provisions for her, but that was all. She had to stretch her twelve dollar blind check through the month when it came.

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# Lee Hays



It developed that Mrs. Dusenberry was a distant cousin of mine. Anyhow, she named several of my kinfolk and told me she was a seventh cousin. She was a Hayes, she said. "There's no 'e' in my name," I told her. "Oh," she said, "one of your grandfathers dropped the 'e' out of his name as a disguise. He was a farmer in North Carolina, and he and a Negro slave woman killed his wife and salted her down in a barrel. Then they took a covered wagon and moved to Arkansas, using the contents of the barrel for provender, and dropping the 'e' as a disguise." And that, Mrs. Dusenberry told me, was how my branch of the family got started.

Late one night in October Ory came to my house on the campus and woke me. Some ruffians, she said, were plaguing her, driving up and down the road and shouting obscenities at her. Would I please lend her my gun so she could defend herself?

I got a fellow teacher out of bed and we drove Cry home. We sent her into the house and we sat on the porch, revolvers and shotguns in our laps, all that cold night. But no cars went by. It seems to me now that Ory enjoyed herself with that little dream. Thinking back on it, I don't know who in that neighborhood would have singled Cry out for their attentions. That was the only time Cry ever asked anything for herself. The rest of the time she sat behind her mother, prompting her, carding wool, quiet and obscure. With all the attention the old lady got, I think she just wanted a little, too.

Folklorists like to talk about the pure Elizabethan speech and song of the moun-

tain people of the Southeast. I have never heard anything that I would consider pure Elizabethan speech or song. Maybe it's so. I've never met a specimen of a hill person who was as quaint and isolated as folklorists say. In fact, I knew an old mountaineer who made a fine game out of manufacturing folklore for visiting collectors. I sat on the end of his porch one day and heard him make up one tale after another about dogs. The lady collector had said, "Now, Mr. Bunnur, can you give me anything on dogs?" "Yes ma'am," he said, "I can give you dern near anything you want on dogs." And he sat there for three quarters of an hour making up dog stories. In fact, he told the lady more about the ways of dogs than she knew he was telling her. And the stories appeared, duly analyzed with comparative notes, in the lady's folklore thesis for a North Carolina college degree.

Anyhow, one of these folklore persons had made the mistake of telling Mrs. Dusenberry that she was Elizabethan. The old lady never got over it. She would introduce a song by saying, "I know a little Elizabethan song, made up by a man in Georgia."

Stir the pudding, Peggy,  
And give those ducks a turn;  
Be quick, be quick,  
You lazy girl,  
Or one or both will burn.

The "Jealous-Hearted Husband" told of a man who came home to find his wife had callers.

I called on my dear loving wife,  
Kind sir, she answered me,  
What's this hat a-doing in the hall  
Where my hat ought to be?

You old fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you very well see?  
'Tis only a sewing bag  
My mammy sent to me.

She sang of the house in Baltimore, sixteen stories high, with every room in that house filled with chicken pie.

The old lady claimed she knew 500 songs, and various collectors had recorded several hundred. Some of these came into the Almanac repertory, and some have been reprinted in the bulletin. Waldemar Hille recorded her. Hille bought her a cow, which she said was more than the other collectors had done for her, though they were long on promises.

Well, Emma Dusenberry is dead and gone, God rest her. I had the honor of singing one of her songs at Carnegie Hall once...her songs are good enough to be sung everywhere.

## STIR THE PUDDING

American Folk Song  
As Sung By Emma Dusenberry  
Collected by W. Hille

1. Long be-fore the ris-ing sun, I'm forced to leave my bed. To  
make the fires and bake the cakes, and get the tab- le spread.  
Chorus.  
Oh Stir the pud-ding Peg-gy, and give those ducks a turn. Be  
quick, be quick you la- zy girls, or one or both will burn.

Here I come beside the fire  
A-turning 'round and 'round;  
I hear the kifel a-boiling,  
I hate the very sound. (CHORUS)

Oh, rock the cradle, Susie,  
Oh, rock the cradle on;  
Oh, rock the cradle, Susie,  
And keep the baby warm. (CHORUS)

# Pineville

By Lee Hays  
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Last Christmas the straight wreck mine, Pineville, Kentucky, blew up. Only seven of thirty-one miners were saved--twenty men were sealed in the mine tomb. Newspaper articles, particularly the notable series by Walter Lerebault, brought out some amazing statistics about mine deaths:-- 70, 80, 90, 100 or more coal miners are going to die in the mines every month, and every year a thousand or more. It has been reported that more Americans have died in the mines than have been killed in all our former wars, for it's cheaper to let the miners die than to shore up our vaults. . . .

Slow *Cresc.* *Fine!*

Do you know how the coal miners die -- To  
 bring you coal from the earth? They die by the hundreds and they  
 die by the thousands and that is what your coal is worth.

SPOKEN: One north a hundred die,  
 The East south seventy-one,  
 Then eighty-six, eighty-three,  
 Ninety-two, ninety-four,  
 And every year a thousand or more.

*Cresc.* *Fine!*

There's blood on the coal and blood in the mines, and  
 blood on the mine owner's hands -- And death dances round the miners'  
 wives, and death dances 'round the miners' kids, to  
 see such a hor. vol. of lives.

SPOKEN: In Pineville, Kentucky,  
 In Bloody Hell county,  
 The day after Christmas Day,  
 In the mine called Straight Wreck,  
 At Four Mile Bottom,  
 There was an explosion.

*Cresc.* *Fine!*

That by one mi-ner's frag-ment the earth be- cause of a mine owner's  
 greed, And a wave of women raising of the leg, like a  
 hundred hun-gry kids to feed.

SPOKEN: A rescue worker said "It's hot. It's  
 smoky. It stinks. I know what hell  
 is."

*Cresc.* *Fine!*

On-ly sev-en men a- live and re- stand bat-ter homes, and  
 four men hav-ing fu-er-ols at the legs, and twenty dead men look-ing for  
 ev-er in the earth and that is what your coal is worth.

SPOKEN: In Pineville, Kentucky,  
 In Bloody Hell county,  
 Wherever coal miners die,  
 Where miners have hungry kids to feed  
 They know why they have to live in this  
 Hell --  
 because of the mine owner's greed.

*Cresc.* *Fine!*

For it's cheap-er to let the mi-ners die, than to  
 shore up -- or red-ill -- etc. and ev-ry year a thou-sand men  
 die in the earth, and that is what your coal is worth.

Lee on "Goodnight, Irene"

"Long before the Weavers became commercially popular, a number of us folksingers, including Leadbelly, were singing at a hootenanny, and when we came to 'Goodnight, Irene' I sang the verse, 'Stop ramblin', stop gamblin'/Stop stayin' out late at night/Go home to your wife and your family/Stay there by your fireside bright.'"

"Leadbelly liked the way I sang that verse so much that he gave it to me. After the show was over he said, 'That's your verse.' And forever after I always sang that verse."

Linda Hirschhorn, whose album, "Skies Ablaze," will be issued by Redwood Records this winter, is not the Linda Hirschhorn who wrote "That Actor in the White House," which appeared in Broadside # 156. At least we know Linda Hirschhorn didn't write the song. We don't know exactly who did write the song, except it was probably Linda Hirschhorn because her name is on it. Sorry Linda. Sorry Linda.

## PEOPLES' VOICE



The Peoples' Voice Cafe is an alternative coffeehouse offering quality entertainment. We provide a space for the artistic expression of a wide variety of humanitarian

issues and concerns. The cafe is run as a non-profit collective, and is not affiliated with any political organization. Open every Sunday evening at 7 P.M.

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LEE AND THE BABYSITTERS

If you were around Lee long enough, you couldn't help singing. You were bound to discover there was music in everything, bound to start making up lyrics to whatever you were doing.

I had moved into the building where Lee lived in 1955, with my husband and 8-month-old baby, and before long we were singing baby Jeff clear through the day and night.

Lee waited on the second-floor landing when we came into the house, and sang, "Jeffie take a one step, one step, one step/ Jeffie take a one step, he's going home." That got Jeff up the first step, "Jeffie take a two step, two step..."

Most of Lee's adult life had been spent working up songs to help sharecroppers and miners and CIO organizers, songs to keep America out of war, and songs to help the war effort, songs for civil rights and brotherhood. But songs that grew out of being with children were every bit as much folk music to Lee, as they were to Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie. Lee talked to the heads of Vanguard Recording Society about a children's album. They were interested.

Among the young people who hung out in Lee's quarters were an unemployed young actor, Alan Arkin, and his wife. Alan and his wife sometimes baby-sat for Jeff and sang for and with him. Lee turned the four of us (himself, the two Arkins and me) into The Babysitters. Over the years we recorded four albums for Vanguard, which still carries them in their catalogue.

Some press reactions to Babysitter albums:

"One of the most successful and charmingly informal albums of folk songs directed to children."--Nat Hentoff, *HiFi Review*.

"...easily the most popular record, so far as this reviewer's children are concerned, that has come into the house..." --*The Catholic Messenger*.

"...charming..." --*The New Yorker*.

"...The Babysitters are as soft sell as a lullaby and just about perfect for the just-out-of-the-nursery set."--*Time Magazine*.

"...Uninhibited fun"--*The New York Times*.

That's where being around Lee could get you.

--Doris Kaplan

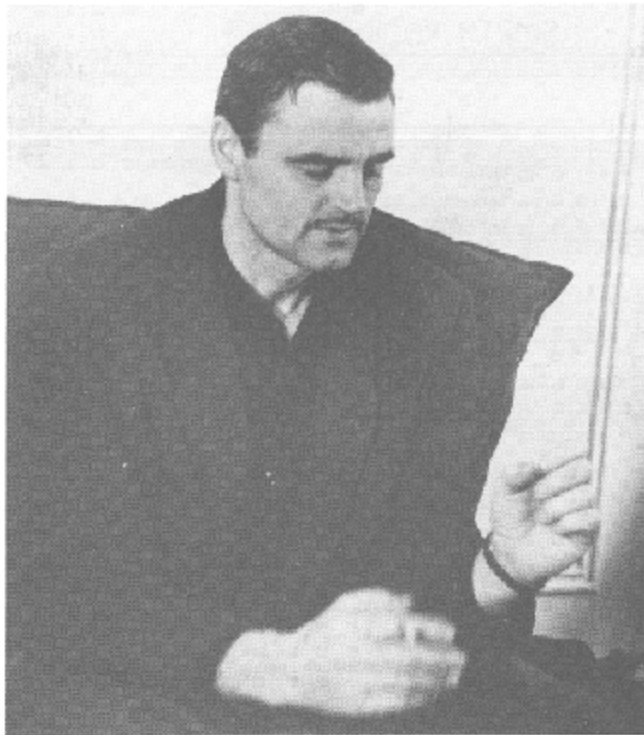
EMPTY POCKET BLUES

Words & Music by  
Lee Hays & Pete Seeger

NE-VEE HAD A ROCK-ET FULL OF MON-EE | NE-VEE HAD A RUBY RED RING  
 SHE HAD WAS 400.00 BARE TO SIT AND LISTEN TO ME  
 SING I'VE GOT THOSE BLUES THE EMP-TY POCKET BLUES  
 NE-VEE HAD A BARREL OF MON-EE | NE-VEE HAD A BIG COL-LAR BILL  
 SHE HAD WAS 400.00 BARE AND THAT'S A FACT I'VE GOT THOSE BLUES  
 THE EMP-TY POCKET BLUES  
 MON-EE MON-EE MON-EE | WHEN WILL I MAKE THE GRADE  
 "I'M SO BROKE THAT A DOL-LAR BILL LOOKS BIG AS A WIN-DOW SHADE  
 SOME PEO-PLE GOT BAR-RELS OF MON-EE AND BUSH-ELS OF RUBY-RED RINGS  
 BUT THEY AIN'T GOT A LIT-TLE GIRL LIKE MINE AND THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO SING  
 I'VE GOT THOSE BLUES THE EMP-TY POCKET BLUES

2. Now some say the blues are sorrowful,  
 Some say the blues are sad  
 But when I sing the blues to you  
 They come out feeling glad  
 I've got the blues—the empty pocket blues.  
 Now don't put your money in a barrel  
 Don't waste it on a ruby red ring  
 Give it all to your own little girl  
 To fix you dinner while you sing  
 I've got the blues—the empty pocket blues.  
 Oh money money money money  
 When will I make the grade  
 I'm so broke that a collar bill  
 Looks big as a window shade.  
 Now some people got barrels of money  
 And bushels of ruby red rings  
 But they aint got a little girl like mine  
 And they don't know how to sing.  
 I've got the blues—the empty pocket blues.  
 I've got the blues—the empty pocket blues.

By Lee Hays & Pete Seeger  
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Cisco Houston, Lee wrote in his notes for one of Cisco's albums, "fits the scholar's definition of the wandering folk singer as well as anyone except Woody Guthrie, who was a sidekick of Cisco's for a long time. They travelled and sang together, and they both had close personal ties with Martha and Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly), whose home was, at times, the only one they had..."

They had all been good friends--Woody and Cisco and Lee. In the 1950s, Woody's career was ended by Huntington's chorea, a degenerative disease of the central nervous system. In 1960 Cisco became incurably ill with cancer. Before he died (at the age of 42, in 1961), he spent many days with Lee, laughing and drinking and talking about himself and Woody into a tape recorder.

From the Cisco Tapes:

#### ON HITTING THE TRAINS

"Seeing the country and singing with people and learning things--these are all fine, but just to say you did it by freight doesn't mean a damn thing. Everybody likes to travel the best way they can. Back in '38, trains were the best way we could. But it's a risky business. I've seen guys chopped up in pieces--watched 'em, rolling right under the wheels...saw their insides coming out of their mouths. And the train doesn't even take a bump...you feel nothing, not a thing pass right under you.

"Everywhere Woody and I would sing, kids would come around and talk. They all want to go out and rough it during the summer, and take their guitars. My advice to 'em is, this is a different age. You guys aren't in that bad a situation as it was then. You get three or four guys together, get yourselves a car, no matter how old it is, and how much trouble it may give you, at least you're mobile. You can go where you want.

"But don't hit the trains. It's tougher now, and there's no romance. It's a pointless waste of time."

#### ON THE ROAD WITH WOODY

"As you know, Woody and I travelled, not only up and down the migratory camps, but around the country a lot. I remember one trip we made through the South in Woody's Ford. We'd left with practically no money, and what we'd had we ran out of quickly. So, for money, we sang in saloons. Woody would play the fiddle and I'd play the guitar, or we'd play mandolin and guitar together.

"You could walk into these saloons in the South and ask if you could play there. You weren't looked upon as an oddity; there's a lot of guys going around playing music. But the boss would say, 'Well, I don't know whether you can play in here or not, let's hear what you sound like.' Very matter of fact. But we always went over well. Quarters would rain on the tables when we finished.

"Well, one night we drove through this little town and I said, 'Why don't we stop here and try to rustle up a little money before we drive on. He haven't got two quarts of gas in the car--hell, we haven't even got two CUPS of gas.'

"But Woody was a hardheaded goddam guy. He said, 'No, let's keep going. We'll come to another town.'

"I said, 'That's ridiculous! We're only going to get stuck out there some damn place without any gas.' But he wouldn't listen, and he just kept going.

"So I thought, 'Well, I'm going to teach you a lesson. When we run out of gas, YOU'RE going to hike back, not me.'

"And just about four miles out of town--just enough to make it inconvenient--we ran out of gas as I'd known we would. So there he sat, not knowing what to say. Finally he said, 'Cisco, heh, remember that gas station we passed about two miles back there? I wonder if you'd...uh...if you'd take the spare tire and see if you could get some gas.'

"'Uh-uh,' I said. 'You go. I'll sit here.'

"'Well,' said Woody, 'I got the papers to the car and all that.'

"'You leave the papers with me,' I said, 'I'll explain to any cops who come along.'

"I'm going to teach him a lesson, I'm thinking, because it's always me who hikes back down the road for the damn gasoline.

"But it involved taking the whole wheel, spare tire and all, to the station to swap for a couple of gallons of gasoline. I couldn't make him go alone. The wheel was too heavy.

"I'm not sure. I may have gone by myself."





WOODY AND TENDERNESS

"Woody would give you anything--anything material. He didn't give a shit for any THING. He'd give you his last 20 dollars without thinking twice about it. But as far as bending his own wishes and personality--well, it's very difficult for him to give in this respect.

"When Woody and I were out on the ships together, during the war, well, you have so much time when you're lying around in your bunks and talking. People get to learn a lot about each other and the whole relationship takes on a deeper meaning; you begin to appreciate the sensitivities of people. I guess we all got closer to each other in those days than in any other time.

"There were moments when I saw some of the deeper aspects of Woody and the real tenderness that was there, but that he hated to show. Or maybe people never got to know him. But I think his tenderness shows in his work more than anywhere else. Especially in his children's songs. He understood the world of children, which, I guess, we all sort of are."

SEVEN DAFFODILS

Fran Mosley was Lee's sister.

By Lee Hays & Fran Mosley  
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by Bang Music Inc.  
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Lyrically  
Etc

1. I do not have a mor - ning, I have not any

lead. But I've a pe - ter dol - lar to crum - ble in my hand.

Am7

Refrain  
D7 G Am7 D7 G Em C Cm

But I can show you morn - ing on a thou - sand hills. And kiss you and give you sev - en

1, 2, 3. C D7 G 4. G D7 G

daf - fo - dils. daf - fo - dils.

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2. I do not have a fortune<br/>To buy you pretty things.<br/>But I can weave you moonbeams<br/>For neckties and rings.</p> <p>Refrain<br/>And I can show you morning<br/>On a thousand hills,<br/>And kiss you, and give you<br/>Seven daffodils.</p> | <p>3. — Seven golden daffodils,<br/>All shining in the sun,<br/>To light the way to evening<br/>When our day is done.</p> <p>Refrain<br/>And I will give you music:<br/>And a crust of bread,<br/>A pillow of piny boughs<br/>To rest your head.</p> | <p>4. I do not own a mansion,<br/>I haven't any land,<br/>Not even a paper dollar<br/>To crumple in my hand.</p> <p>Refrain<br/>But I will show you morning<br/>On a thousand hills,<br/>And kiss you, and give you<br/>Seven daffodils.</p> |
|--|--|--|

**Broadside #71**

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE JUNE 1966 PRICE -- 50¢

ARTICLE BY CAMILLA STAG  
**Woody Guthrie:  
Man or Myth**

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# WALK ALONG TOGETHER

By Lee Hays  
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Chorus  
Tell me where are you go-ir' And where have you  
been? Well I've been - down south & I'm go - in' back a - gain, (I'm  
go - in' back a - gain.) Tell me what did you see there - and  
what did you do? Oh I saw the peo-ple walk-in', walk-in'  
two by two, I said his-ten peo-ple, his-ten, let me walk a-long with you.  
Solo  
Tell me, who was that a - walk-in', Tell me,  
Walk a-long to- geth - er  
Chorus  
who was that a-walk - in', Tell me,  
Walk a-long to- geth - er.  
Solo  
who was that a-walk - in', walk-in', (walk along together) Well it  
Walk a-long to- geth - er.  
Chorus  
was the good peo - ple of the big South - land.  
Solo  
good peo - ple of the big South - land.

(Solo: 'Preachin'')

There was a poor old farmer and his hardworking wife  
And all the young people looking for a good life.

There was a preacher or two and a big barge hand  
Walking all together in the big Southland,  
All the little children in the raggedy overalls,  
And a smart looking student from the college halls.

All the hungry people, all of the poor,  
And everywhere you looked you saw a thousand more,  
Walking to the music of a big jazz band,  
Walking with pride in the big Southland.

(REFRAIN:)

Tell me, why were they a-walking? (Walk along together)  
Tell me, why . . . (etc.)  
It was the angry people of the big Southland.

(Solo: 'Preachin'')

Oh yes, the people were angry, good and mad,  
There was too much evil, too much bad,  
Working hard all of their natural life  
And all they got for working was hunger and strife.  
Working in the fat years, starving in the lean  
Working for the big, working for the least  
But all over the land there was no peace,  
See the blood run down from the murdered man,

Words and Music by Lee Hays  
Derived from a Negro Spiritual Theme  
Four-part Male arrangement by W. Hille

See the lynch rope a-swinging, see the torches burn.  
The people said, wake up, it's time to learn,  
Time to get together, drive the evil men out  
And make a new land in our own South.

(REFRAIN:)

Tell me, did you see it truly? . . . (etc.)  
It was the angry people of the big Southland.

(Solo: 'Preachin'')

I saw the people walking, walking two by two,  
And what men can dream, men can surely do.  
If two can walk together along the way  
A million can walk together some bright day.  
Oh yes, the people are hungry, sore and afraid,  
But they'll all walk together in a big parade.  
See the evil men shake upon their thrones,  
Cry for mercy tremble in their bones,  
And all the good people of the big Southland  
Will walk along together, walking hand in hand.

(Special ending:)

Solo and Chorus  
I know the good peo-ple of the big South-land will  
walk a-long to- geth - er, walk-in' hand in hand.

## "ONE LITTLE ISSUE OF SING OUT!"

is worth more to this humanly race than  
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THE WEAVERS: Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, Ronnie Gilbert, Fred Hellerman  
(insert photo 1950)

#### AN INCOMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY

We don't know exactly how many records Lee made, but we list below most of them. \* indicates title still in print, though others may be also. Unless otherwise indicated, all are from Vanguard.

- \*Talking Union. Folkways 5285. (The Almanac Singers.) \$9.98
- \*The Best of the Weavers. MCA 2-4053. (2-record reissue of the original Weavers' records on Decca from the '50s.)
- \*The Weavers at Carnegie Hall. VSD-6533. (Perhaps the greatest folk music album ever made. Recorded at The Weavers' 1955 reunion concert. See photo p. 2.)
- The Weavers on Tour. V-9013. (Part II of the same concert.)
- The Weavers at Home. V-9024.
- Traveling On with The Weavers. V-9043. (Pete Seeger and Erik Darling alternate on this and The Almanac album.)
- The Weavers at Carnegie Hall, Vol. 2. V-9075.
- The Weavers Almanac. V-9100.
- \*The Weavers Reunion at Carnegie Hall, 1963. VSD-2150. (Includes all seven Weavers!)
- \*The Weavers Reunion at Carnegie Hall, Part II. VSD-79161.
- \*The Weavers Songbag. SRV-73001. (A reissue of old recordings.)
- \*The Weavers Greatest Hits. VSD 15/16. (Ditto.)
- \*The Weavers Together Again. Loom Productions. (The original four Weavers in their final performance together.) \$9.98
- \*The Best of the Babysitters. VSD-73/74. (2-record reissue of their first two albums.)
- \*The Babysitters. VSD-73002.
- \*The Babysitters Menagerie. VSD-79206.

Folkways Records, 632 Broadway, NY, NY 10012  
Vanguard Records (order through a record store)  
Loom Productions, 250 W 57 St., NY, NY 10019  
(Sorry for any errors. Compiled by Norman A. Ross)

#### Lee on The Weavers' last concert

"The love that we shared with our audience at Carnegie Hall was absolutely overwhelming, a once-in-a-lifetime experience truly worth all the trouble we had getting there..."

"I know this concert will be our last. We do know that the music is going to go on, because it always has."

When the Weavers were organizing material for their 1980 reunion concert at Carnegie Hall, Lee wrote to Pete Seeger:

"For 'So Long' (It's Been Good to Know You):

"People they come and people they go  
And some seem to reap a lot more than  
they sow,  
But the best of them all are the ones  
that leave  
Their songs of love in our hearts  
as they go."

It was good to know Lee, one of the best of them.

#### Ronnie Gilbert on The Weavers

"We felt that if we sang loud enough and strong enough and hopefully enough, somehow it would make a difference."

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On Lee: Doris Kaplan; Pete Seeger; Fred  
Hellerman; Ronnie Gilbert; Arlo Guthrie;  
Mary Travers; Bob Sherman; Don McClean; etc.  
Also: Poems by Lee; a discography on Lee;  
reprints from People's Songs of articles by  
Lee; pictures of Lee.  
Also: THE CISCO TAPES. Cisco Houston "On  
Hitting the Train"; "On The Road With Woody  
Guthrie"; "Woody And Tenderloans."