

**NEW CHILDREN'S SONGS**words and music by  
Fred Small**THE PEACE DRAGON**©1983 Pine Barrens Music  
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The musical score for 'The Peace Dragon' is written in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'The peace dragon sleeps in a cave in a cliff on a crystal sea. It wakes when sun-light slips in-side with a fine good morn-ing breeze. Then it snaps its tail and cracks its claws and beats its gi-ant wings. . . . And it rides the riv-ers . . . of the sky and peace to all . . . it brings. - It snaps its tail and cracks its claws and beats its gi-ant wings. . . . And it rides the riv-ers . . . of the sky - - and peace to all - - it brings.' The score includes various chords such as C, G, am, F, D, and E.

For breakfast it likes nothing more than missiles that go crunch  
A nuclear submarine sandwich really hits the spot for lunch  
For dessert perhaps a neutron bomb washed down with a chemical brew  
Digesting deadly weapons seems a peaceful thing to do

**CHORUS**

A general stamped his foot and swore he'd slay that lizard of peace  
He launched a secret rocket while the dragon lay sound asleep  
But friendly bats with sonar ears their serpent pal awoke  
And one quick snort from a fiery snout sent the rocket right up in smoke

**CHORUS**

Children wave and shout hello when it flies overhead  
It calls to people. "Please don't fight, but think and talk instead  
Don't send your young ones off to war, don't poison all the earth  
When you're truly big and strong you'll understand what peace is worth."

**CHORUS**

Fred says this song came from the imagination of  
Marissa Bats Zell, age 5, of Philadelphia. He  
suggests putting a capo on the 4th fret (E major).

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**PATRICIA SHIH**  
**FRED SMALL**  
and more!!

**Broadside**

The National Topical Song Magazine

**BROADSIDE #158**

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**INTRODUCTION**

I have found these songs to be successful with children, both as a teacher and as a performer. Many of the songs are brand new and previously unpublished. Wearing my tape recorder, I've collared people at festivals and concerts and said, "Would you like to contribute that to Broadside?" I've interviewed a number of children, finding them to be a great source of songs.

I asked many, many people to contribute, and most of those who did, sent their songs in the form of a cassette or record, which Ben Seibert then painstakingly transcribed and wrote out beautifully.

The main criterion for choosing these songs was that kids like to sing them, although you will find a couple of peaceful ballads and lullabies at the end of the collection which can be sung to kids, after a busy day of work and play.

This has been an enormous project, but a very valuable one. All of the songs have been presented to various groups of children, and all have been enjoyed and adopted into their singing literature.

Sarah Pirtle's songs are from her cassette album *Two Hands Hold the Earth*, released by A Gentle Wind, Box 3103, Albany, NY 12203 (no. GW 1028). Sarah works at the Traprock Peace Center in Deerfield, MA.

'The Pets' is on a tape by Lyn Hardy and Jay Ungar called *A Place to Be*; it contains many wonderful versions of Malvina Reynolds' songs. This cassette is also released by A Gentle Wind (no. 1006)

'Martin Luther King' and 'Sweet is the Wind' are from *I Wrote A Poem*, by Mike Glick and the New Song Trio. This is an album of original songs from children's poems, released by Quadrangle Music, Box 1322, New Haven, CT 06505

An excellent record which is not represented in this issue is Fred Penner's *The Polka Dot Pony*, from Troubadour Records, (TR - 0020) 6043 Yonge Street, Willowdale Ontario, M2M 3W3. His new verses to 'The Cat Came Back' are wonderful.

I gathered many of these songs from folks at last June's People's Music Weekend, held at Camp Thoreau in Pine Bush, NY. These weekends are bi-annual functions of the People's Music Network of Songs of Freedom and Struggle which include workshops, round robins, plenary sessions, good food and lots of sharing. For more info see *Broadside* no. 149, March '84, and/or write to PMN/SFS, 158 Cliff Street, Norwich CT 06360. A People's Music Weekend will be held in Philadelphia this month, January 23-27. - L.A.D.

GUEST EDITOR: LYDIA ADAMS DAVIS  
 TRANSCRIPTION, COPY, AND LAYOUT:  
 BEN SEIBERT

**PEACE SONG (P.D.)**



Peace, peace, peace, peace Wars may come + wars may cease



We must learn to live to-ge-ther Peace, peace, peace

Lydia Adams Davis has been teaching music to elementary school age children for 15 years, currently teaching at Riverdale Country School in the Bronx. She is a singer and songwriter working in the NYC area, and has produced a cassette album of 12 original songs, called *Gift of Story*. She recently received a Master of Science degree in Deaf Education from Hunter College.

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Great for getting kids to sing along, to become comfortable with one another in a group, and to learn each other's name.

# THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER (trad.)

The more we get to-ge-ther, to-ge-ther, to-ge-ther The  
 more we get to-ge-ther the happi-er we'll be 1: 'Cause  
 2: With  
 your friends are my friends and my friends are your friends The  
 Su-san and Da-vid and Ja-son and Tan-ya The  
 more we get to-ge-ther the happi-er we'll be

## FOUR SONGS FROM TRADITIONAL TUNES

(All tunes P.D.)

These three came from Arizona via Ted Warnbrand, though they obviously are not indigenous to that state. In fact, during the sleep Clamwater's Puripkan Soul '84, a group of elementary schoolers from the River East School in NYC turned the tide on the sleep's musicians and taught them the McDonald's song!

Faith Felric forwarded this to Broadside:

No, no, no more nukes  
 Not a single one  
 Merrily (XX)  
 We prefer the sun

(tune: Row Your Boat)  
 (words: Nina Molit, AZ)

Meldrim Thompson  
 (Meldrim Thompson)  
 Can't you hear?  
 (Can't you hear?)  
 We won't let you build it  
 (We won't let you build it)  
 Is that clear?  
 (Is that clear?)

(tune: Frere Jacques)  
 (words: Clamshell Alliance)  
 Don't Trust Seabrook  
 Songbook)

McDonald's is your kind of place  
 Hamburgers in your face  
 French Fries in your toes  
 Pickles up your nose  
 Ketchup running down my back  
 I want my money back  
 Before I have a heart attack

McDonald's is your kind of place  
 They serve you rattlesnakes  
 They take your parking place  
 And steal your license plates  
 They serve you drippy shakes  
 That come from polluted lakes  
 McDonald's is your kind of place

(tune: Study War No More)  
 (words: P.D.)

Bottle of Pop (page 12, Broadside 150)  
 has a modern version children and adults  
 act out in groups large and small these days.

Don't put your nukes in my back yard  
 My back yard, my back yard  
 Don't put your nukes in my back yard  
 My back yard's clean

Birds and trees and animals, animals, animals  
 Birds and trees and animals,  
 Get sick!

The nuke nukes, the nuke nukes  
 The nuke nukes, the nukes  
 The nuke nukes, the nuke nukes  
 Make me want to puke puke.

The power is ours! The power is ours!

Action, Verse 1:  
 'Don't put your nukes' - point as if scolding  
 'my back yard' - thumb over shoulder  
 'my back yard's clean' - hands in front;  
 any action indicating 'clean'

Action, Verse 2:  
 Birds: flap arms for flying; trees: arms up  
 waving like trees; animals: take your pick;  
 get sick: slump, head on one shoulder

Action, Verse 3:  
 nothing special for nukes, and puking is puking

Action, Verse 4:  
 Power - extend arms up and out encompassing  
 is ours - hug self

from an interview with Téo Rodríguez Seeger:

I've lived in Chelsea and Beacon, NY, and Managua, and I like Nicaragua the best. It's a different way of living than here in the U.S. Here, almost everyone has a telephone; there, one out of ten has a telephone. There's not as many things to rely on; you have to rely on yourself. It's sort of like, not totally, but sort of like the United States fifty years ago when you didn't have refrigerators or TVs. There are hardly any TVs or hardly any telephones, and if there are any, they're ancient ones. It's sort of like looking at history, but at the same time as the present.

I'm in the American-Nicaraguan School. It's just international kids from other countries, and they have to speak English to get into the school.

My father is from Puerto Rico. He makes movies, and he travels around a lot. I make movies too. Well, I'm his assistant; I do whatever he tells me to.

My mother makes masks and pottery. Papier mache masks. Sometimes we make up songs together.

I know two songs in Spanish. I know a whole bunch more, but I don't have them memorized. The only ones I can remember are called Ay Nicaragua and Todos las mananans. Ay Nicaragua isn't really a children's song or a grown-up song, it's just a song for our country. I really like this song.

Todos las mananans is about a woman complaining that her husband just gets up every morning, drinks coffee and goes to work all day in the fields.

(see Broadside no. 153, June '84, page 14 for Ay Nicaragua, which is really called Nicaragua, Nicaraguita - cd.)

## TODOS LAS MANANAS

To-das las mañ-a-nas es i-gual, To-das las mañ-a-nas es i-gual,  
Pri-mero me pi-des que coe-el-ca-fé y des-pue-te vas a Tra-ba-ja-r,  
y des-pue-te vas a Tra-ba-ja-r, en los maí-za-les de Pa-na-mar.  
To-das las mañ-a-nas es i-gual, To-das las mañ-a-nas es i-gual,  
Pri-mero me pi-des que coe-el-ca-fé y des-pue-te vas a Tra-ba-ja-r.

(trad.)

This song already enjoys an international reputation, and to spread fast and far.

Words and music by  
Lorre Wyatt

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## SOMOS EL BARCO

Chorus: (D) G A7 D bm G A7 D

Somos el Barco, somos el Mar; yo navego en ti, tú navegas en mí.

We are the boat, we are the sea; I sail in you, you sail in me. The

V1: G A7 D bm G A7 D D7 *re-ent chorus*

stream sings it to the river, the river sings it to the sea, the sea sings it to the boat that carries you & me (Somos el)

V2: G A7 D bm G A7

how the boat we are sailing on was built by many hands, and the sea we are sailing on, it

D D7 *re-ent chorus*

turns every sand (Somos el)

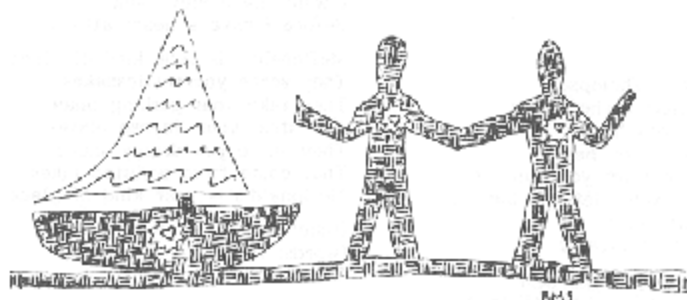
Verse 3 and 4 use V.2 melody

The journey has been long and hard  
And yet we're sailing still  
We've weathered every storm —  
I believe we always will

Chorus

So with our hopes we raise the sails  
To face the winds once more  
And with our hearts we chart the course  
To reach that distant shore

Chorus



# MEANIE MALONEY

©1977 Dan Einbender

Musical score for 'Meanie Maloney' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Meanie Ma-lon-ey he's so mean, stomps on your foot just to hear you scream. Break your pen-cils and when he's through, eat your cray-ons & drink your juice. Mean-ie Ma-lon-ey } he's the mean-est kid in town, class } he's the tough-est kid in class. Mean-ie Ma-lon-ey } he's the bad-dest kid a-round } drinks his milk from a dirt-y glass.' The score includes various chords (G, C, D, D7) and rests.

Meanie Maloney he's so mean  
 Washes his hands off with gasoline  
 Stomps on flowers and squashes bugs  
 Never kisses and he never hugs  
 Chorus  
 Meanie Maloney what a dog  
 Eats like a cow and he barks  
 like a dog  
 He'd take your seat, he'd  
 sink your boat  
 Steal your rat just to get your goat  
 Chorus

Meanie Maloney picks his nose  
 Never washes, just changes clothes  
 When it's time for dinner  
 he's always late  
 Leaves the food, just eats the plate.  
 Chorus

"I was working out in Hillsboro, Oregon, for the public school system, and they were sending me around to schools. I went to this one school, and the kids there had written compositions about this mythological being named Meenie Maloney. They had this wonderful teacher named Bob Johnson. And while I was eating lunch, all of a sudden this song just came together with some of the images of the compositions."

- Dan Einbender

Great for making up rhymes.

# DOWN THE BAY (trad)

Musical score for 'Down the Bay' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Down by the bay where the water-melons grow, back to my home I dare not go, for if I do, my mother will say: 'Did you ev-er see a moose kis-sing a goose, down by the bay?' Down by the down by the bay?' Down by the bay - - -'. The score includes various chords (N.C., G, D, C, G, N.C., G7) and rests.

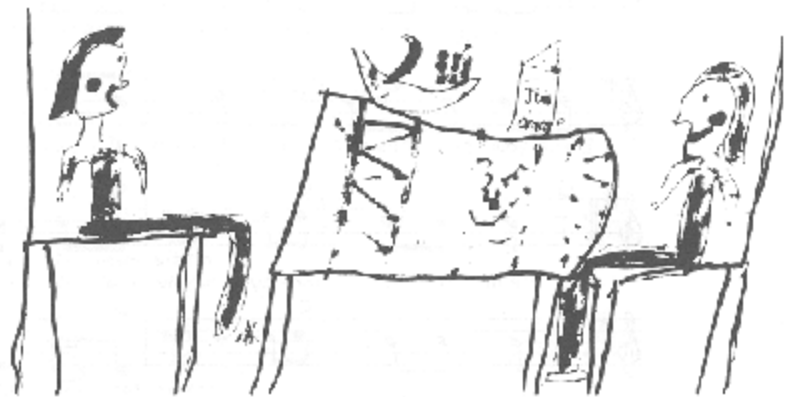


4th gr.  
 R.C.S.

'Did you ever see a bear combing his hair?'  
 'Did you ever see a whale with a polka-dot tail?'  
 'Did you ever see a fly wearing a tie?'  
 'Did you ever see Hamas eating their pajamas?'  
 'Did you ever see an ox sittin' in a box?'  
 'Did you ever have a time when you couldn't  
 make a rhyme?'

Once I met a lady  
and she went to my house  
and we had a cup of juice.  
We had a party.

María González



M.G.

Sarah describes this as a song that suggests a picture; children may draw what they would do if they could ride a magic flying horse like the one in the song. This also sparks storytelling about their travels.

## THE MAGIC HORSE ©1984 Sarah Pirtle

G major is tremor and clear is the dew I got no time to talk w/ you My  
 heart is off in the hills to-day And I am go-in a-sail-ing The  
 mag-ic, mag-ic horse of me - - No-one can catch us, no-one can see I'm  
 off in the blue sky as far as can be Sail-in', sail-in', sail-in' (They)

They looked in the meadow, they looked in the trees  
They looked all the places they thought I might be  
But they didn't look in the sky above  
Where we are going a-sailing

Chorus

My horse has a red wing, my horse has a blue  
Silver her mane, and purple her shoe  
Black is the strength in her eyes so true  
When we are going a-sailing

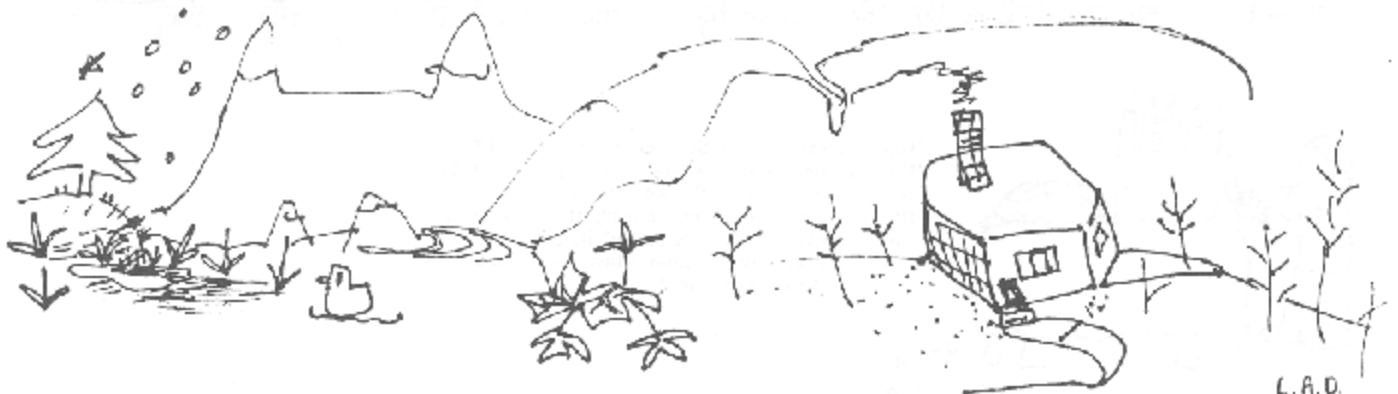
Chorus

Magic above us, magic around  
I hold on the reins and look upside down  
I see the waves dancing by the edge of the sea  
When we are going a-sailing

Chorus

The waves are so blue, the waves are so green  
The waves are the biggest that I've ever seen  
The fish are all smiling and laughing at me  
When I am going a-sailing

Chorus



L.A.D.

# THE DOG WITH TWO TAILS.

words and music by  
Tom Paxton

I knew a fine dog who has all he can eat, and a  
 very warm bed of his own;  
 master of ten, whom his friends all call Pete, and a  
 simply mag-nif-i-cent bone; other  
 dogs to go roam-ing with, rab-bits to chase down  
 hun-dreds of in-ter-est-ing trails - - - No  
 won-der he wears such a smile on his face: The  
 won-der-ful dog with two tails - - - The  
 dog with two tails, the dog with two tails, when he  
 starts in to wag 'em they look like two sails. He's  
 brave as a li-on and ev'-ry-one hails the  
 won-der-ful dog with two tails

He never fears danger, it's peach pie to him,  
 He is brave and resourceful and smart.  
 When the lantern of hope has grown faded and dim,  
 He's the dog who is sure to take heart.  
 When the outlaws were riving down Tumbleweed Road,  
 He was there on the mountain so tall.  
 With flags on his tails he wagged a Morse code,  
 And the posse arrested them all.

**Chorus**

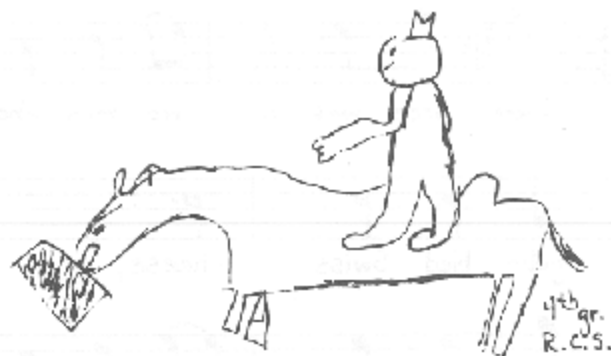
When Pete and his friends went out camping for fun  
 The dog with two tails went, too.  
 A blizzard came howling, and when it was gone,  
 They were trapped and so cold they were blue.  
 Their matches were soaked and their spirits were low,  
 But the dog with two tails was a tryer;  
 He wagged 'em so fast that they started to glow  
 And he started a life-saving fire.

**Chorus**

The rescuers broke through and found them at last,  
 A bit cold and hungry and tired.  
 The tale of their rescue was carried so fast  
 That the world's finest artists were inspired.  
 The painters and sculptors found him worthy of praise,  
 And his portraits unfailingly show  
 The dog with two tails as he sat for ten days,  
 Cooling his tails in the snow!

**Chorus**

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Patricia Shih is a singer/songwriter in the New York area. I first heard this song at the People's Music Weekend in June '84.

## THE COLOR SONG

©1984 Patricia Shih

Why do they call you yellow man? - - - You're not yellow at all - - -  
 Yellow is the color of the morning sun and dandelions and chicken soup and  
 le-gal pants and fear-ful minds - - - Yes, yellow is the color of  
 all these things, but people are not the same. - - - You're mindless of the  
 Golden Rule when-ever I say your name - O. bum bum bum bum bum  
 bum bum bum bum bum bum bum bum bum bum bum

Why do they call you red man? You're not red at all  
 Red is the color of the clinking caw and traffic lights and tomatoes and  
 chicken peck and bloody nose and angry words  
 Yes red is the color of all these things  
 But people are not the same  
 I can see the ray future whenever I say your name-O

Why do they call you black man? You're not black at all  
 Black is the color of light not there and Daddy's shoes and Mommy's hair  
 and howling balls and question marks and blind despair  
 Yes black is the color of all these things  
 But people are not the same  
 I have had the deepest thoughts whenever I say your name-O

Why do they call you white man? You're not white at all  
 White is the color of the petitionate And Elmer's glue and Billy goats and  
 falling snow and burning shame  
 Yes white is the color of all these things  
 But people are not the same  
 I have seen the clearest light whenever I say your name-O

So what do you call your fellow man if color doesn't matter at all?  
 Anything! so long it's in the name of love and forgiveness and hopefulness  
 and lasting peace and dignity and brotherhood  
 For vary are the colors of all these things  
 But people are all the same  
 We're each others' brothers and sisters  
 And we all have one name-O

# THE WOMAN WHO GOBBLED SWISS CHEESE

© 1984 Sarah Pirtle

The musical score is written on four staves in 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple, with lyrics written below the notes. Chords C, F, and G are indicated above the staff. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'gob- bled Swiss cheese, And'. The third staff continues with 'one day she woke up with holes in her knees,'. The fourth staff concludes with 'woke up with holes in her knees (This)' and includes a repeat sign with first and second endings marked '1,2,3' and '4'.

There once was a wo-man who gob- bled Swiss cheese,  
 gob- bled Swiss cheese, gob- bled Swiss cheese And  
 one day she woke up with holes in her knees,  
 woke up with holes in her knees (This)

This woman cried, "Help me. Oh, what can I do?  
 What can I do! What can I do!  
 When I look at my knees I see sky shining through.  
 Now I see sky shining through."

So she ran to the doctor who answered with ease.  
 Answered with ease, answered with ease,  
 "Swallow some tiddlywinks. They'll fill up your knees.  
 Tiddlywinks will fill up your knees."

So she salted some tiddlywinks and gobbled down lots,  
 Gobbled down lots, gobbled down lots.  
 Now 'stead of holes she's got green polka dots.  
 Now she's got green polka dots.







Three from the incomparable prolific writer of children's songs, Malvina Reynolds.

# FORTUNATUS' WALLET

words and music by Malvina Reynolds

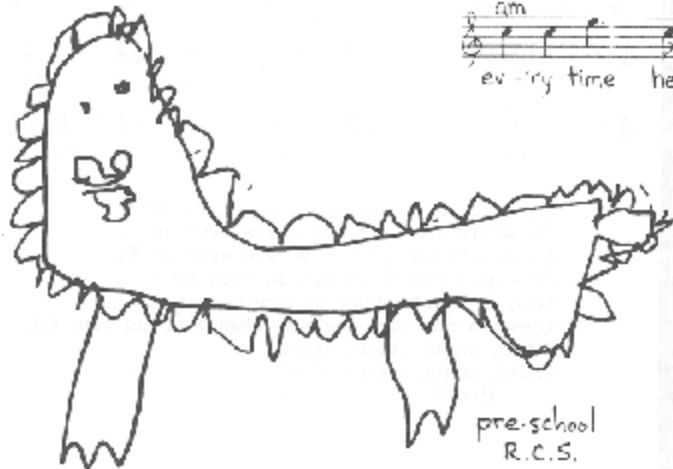
Well I have Fortunatus' wallet  
I have and so have you.  
Cause when you give sweet love away,  
Love comes back to you.

(Chorus)  
When you give your love away,  
You find there's more to give,  
When you give your heart away,  
That's when you learn to live.

Fortunatus had a wallet,  
He was a lucky man  
It only had a penny in it,  
He was a lucky man.

am dm am em am  
For - tun - at - us had a wal - let,  
C F G am dm am em  
He was a lucky man, It on - ly had a pen - ny  
am in it. He was a lucky man. It  
on - ly had a penny in it, But for - tun - at - us did - not care, cause  
am dm C G C  
ev - ery time he spent a penny, an - oth - er penny was there.

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# RIGATONI SONG

words and music by Malvina Reynolds

I know a little girl, she likes to dance & sing. She  
likes to make up funny words, and that's an-oth-er thing. She  
calls this thing my ri-ga-tar, she likes to hear it sound. So  
while I play a ri-ga-toon, we'll ri-ga-jig-jig a - round. Oh,  
(clap. clap)  
Ri-ga-tar, Ri-ga-toon, Ri-ga-beat.  
Ri-ga-to-ni's good to eat.

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# THE PETS

words and music by  
Malvina Reynolds



L.A.O.

Musical notation for the first verse of 'The Pets'. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "I have a dog-gie, his name is Do-lall-y, O Dail-y Do-lall-y so faith-ful and true. He lives up-on flip-flopp-ers, gail-y whoppers and so-da pepp-ers and that makes him hop a-round like grass-hopp-ers do." Chords G, D7, em, A, D7, G, D7, G, D, A7, D7, G are indicated above the notes.

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2.  
I have a kitty,  
Her name is Miss Feedle Faddle,  
Oh, fit feedle faddle foot feedle faddle,  
Fair as a rose,  
She lives upon livers,  
And mousy come hithers,  
And that's why she slithers  
Wherever she goes.

3.  
I have a birdie,  
His name is Macmurdie,  
Oh, wing leather and tail feather  
And top feather so bright.  
He lives upon prinkles,  
And pink periwinkles,  
And that's why he twinkles  
From morning till night.

4.  
I have a donkey,  
His name is Old Klonkey,  
Oh, hip hoppity clip cloppity  
All over town,  
He lives upon thistles,  
And tin penny whistles,  
And that's why he whoops  
Like a merry-go-round.

5.  
I have a barnacle,  
His name is McGonigle,  
Oh, wish washery slish sloshery  
Under my boat.  
He lives on the boring  
Of old teakwood flooring,  
And when he is snoring  
He can't sing a note.



4th Gr.  
R.C.S.

Ben didn't know it when he wrote this, but it can be sung as a round, and is easy for kids to play on xylophones and recorders. The words lend themselves well to sign language, which kids love to learn, especially to this song.

## HALLOWE'EN IS COMING BY

©1984 Ben Seibert

Musical notation for 'Halloween is Coming By'. It consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Halloween is coming by See the witch gob-in fly Oh, me! Oh, my! Hallow-eeen is nigh".



Zachary  
Jenkins

Paul took an old Jewish tale and turned it into this song...

## I HAD AN OLD COAT (The Recycling Song)

words and music by  
Paul Kaplan

I had an old coat and the coat got torn, what'll I do, (what'll I do;)  
I had an old coat and the coat got torn, what'll I do, (what'll I do;)  
I had an old coat and the coat got torn, So I cut it down + a jacket was born  
And I sing ev-ry day of my life.

In a couple of years those threads got thin,  
what'll I do (what'll I do) 2X  
In a couple of years those threads got thin,  
So I called it a shirt and I tucked it in  
And I sing every day of my life.

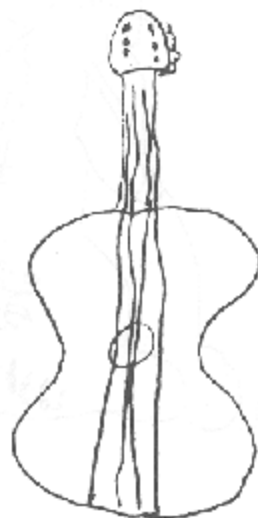
Then the arms wore out in the east and west,  
what'll I do (what'll I do) 2X  
Then the arms wore out in the east and west,  
So I pulled them off and I had a vest  
And I sing every day of my life.

But the vest got stained with cherry pie,  
what'll I do (what'll I do) 2X  
That vest got stained with cherry pie,  
So I cut and I sewed til I had a tie  
And I sing every day of my life.

But soon that tie was looking lean,  
what'll I do (what'll I do) 2X  
Soon that tie was looking lean,  
But it made a fat patch for my old blue jeans  
And I sing every day of my life.

And when that patch was next to nuttin',  
what'll I do (what'll I do) 2X  
When that patch was next to nuttin'  
I rolled it up into a button  
And I sing every day of my life.

And when that button was almost gone,  
what'll I do (what'll I do) 2X  
When that button was almost gone,  
With what was left I made this song  
Which I sing every day of my life.



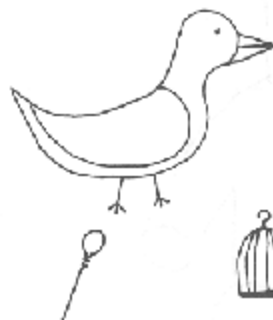
4th gr.  
R.C.S.

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## HEY, LITTLE BIRDIE

© 1982 Carole Rose Livingston

Hey, lit-tle bird-ie, High in a tree, Fly on down here + sing your song to me.  
Oh no, -- no, no, That'll ne-ver be, I'll stay right here safe in my tree.



BHS

Hey little birdie, won't you come with me?  
I'll give you a edge of gold and ivory.  
Oh, no, no, no, that'll never be  
I'll stay right here, safe in my tree.

Hey little birdie, what will you do  
if I get a little net and throw it over you?  
Oh no, no, no, that'll never be  
I'll fly higher up, safe in my tree.

Hey little birdie, your song is so sweet.  
I'll get a little rope, and tie it round your feet.  
Oh no, no, no, that'll never be.  
I'll fly far away, to another tree.

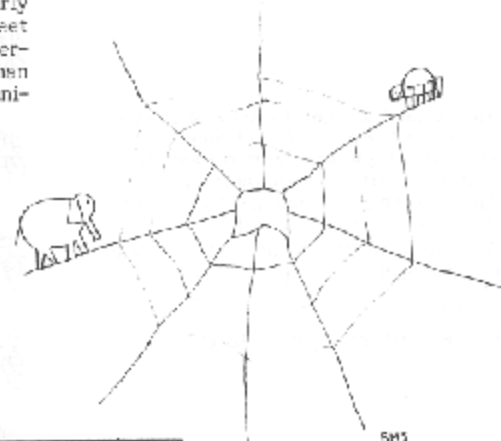
Hey little birdie, what will you sing?  
I'll sing of winter turning into spring.  
Safe in my tree and far from any harm,  
I'll sing of cold days turning into warm.

repeat first stanza

Both the Spanish and English versions of this song were brought to my attention by Sally Faith Dorfman, a doctor of gynecology and preventive medicine in Manhattan. She also provided these comments:

I learned the Spanish version from a friend who had been a boy in Colombia. Several years ago I asked a colleague from El Salvador whether his children knew this. They did, and he wrote out the words for me to share with my niece, Carrie. I taught it to her during a train ride from NYC to Croton. The other passengers may have gone crazy, but it kept her relatively quiet, and we hit our all-time high of about 67 elephants! On my recent trip to Mexico, I saw a little girl wearing a t-shirt with a picture of a spider web on the front, and started singing the song. She hadn't heard it, but before long her brothers

and sisters and neighbors had gathered around. My colleagues joined in, and there we were, standing and crouching in a dusty, dry brickyard in a barrio of Juarez, singing about elephants playing on spider webs, while distributing contraceptives. I also shared this song with 3-year old Alfonso Maria Collantes, whose father and aunt and paternal grandparents I had met 10 years ago on my last trip to Mexico City. "Fonsie" is learning English in Nursery school; Carrie is learning Spanish in elementary school. We hope that by starting early Carrie and Fonsie will be able to meet and sing and play together and understand each other with less effort than their aunts have to exert to communicate in each other's language.



UNO ELEPHANTE (trad.)

Musical notation for the Spanish version of the song. It consists of two staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The second staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Una el-e-phan-te se bal-an-cia-ba So-bre la te-lade un a-rañ-a.  
 (Dos) (-tes) (-ban)

Co-mo la te-la no se rom-pi-a, Fue a lla-ma-ra cam-a-ra-da.  
 (Fueron)

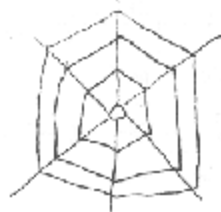
• ELEPHANT

Musical notation for the English version of the song. It consists of three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The second and third staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

El-e-phant, el-e-phant, one el-e-phant went out to play,  
 (two) (-phants)

out on a spi-der's web one day. S/he had such e-norm-ous fun that s/he  
 (They) (they)

called on a-noth-er el-e-phant to come.



BMS



## PELORUS JACK

©1984 Sarah Pirtle

Pel-or-us Jack was a dol-phin fine, swam by New Zea-land shore. With a  
 flick of his tail he'd be gone a-gain, to-mor-row we'd see him once more. To-  
 morrow we'd see him once more. He's bet-ter than a bea-con, he  
 guides us like the moon. He's fol-lowed our boats for twenty-two years & we  
 won't for-get him soon. We won't for-get him soon.  
 (Break) dm  
 Heigh ho, high ho, the winds blow high ho.  
 Heigh ho, high ho, the winds blow low.

He swam with the Penguin a fine steam ship  
 Through the rough waters of Cook Strait  
 He'd lead that ship through the jagged rocks  
 Then he'd tickle his belly in her wake  
 He'd tickle his belly in her wake

Chorus

A strange young man boarded the boat  
 And he carried a gun that day  
 Without rhyme or reason he fired at Jack  
 But the dolphin swam away  
 Jack swam clean away

Break

A law came down New Zealand town  
 Said no one could hurt old Jack  
 We watched the waters every day  
 And hoped that he would come back  
 We prayed he would come back

Chorus

The waves are high, the winds do cry  
 The gulls are flying fast  
 And there atop the tallest wave  
 There comes Pelorus Jack  
 There comes Pelorus Jack

Chorus

Break

**PELORUS JACK:** The first law written to protect dolphins was made in 1904 out of love for one particular dolphin, Pelorus Jack. He was first seen in 1888 by passengers on a steamship crossing from one of the two main islands of New Zealand to the other. These waters, called Cook Strait, are dangerous for boats because they have fast currents and whirlpools, but they provide an ideal playground for a dolphin. But Pelorus Jack wasn't just interested in playing in the currents, he was very interested in the boats and, in fact, the sailors felt as if he helped them pilot their ships. Every day he would accompany each boat as it travelled back and forth across Cook Strait. Then at the end of the day he would disappear into the waters of Pelorus Bay and for this reason got his name.

The incident described in the song occurred after Pelorus Jack had been known to the people of the region for over a dozen years. When a man fired a gun at Jack, people's concern for him was so great that the sailors and other friends of Jack worked to pass a law to protect him. This song was also created to honor the tremendous intelligence of dolphins and the efforts to protect them.

zach.  
JenkinsRaina  
Whitney

# MARTIN LUTHER KING

by Raymond Carlson and Mike Glick

1: Mar-tin Lu-ther King was a ver-y peace-ful man And in his mind he had a plan He was a great leader for  
 civ-il rights, be-cause he helped his peo-ple win their rights w/o fights Martin Luther King was a ver-y peace-ful man

Chorus  
 Martin Lu-ther King he had a dream Don't mat-ter if you're black or white, yel-low or green He said hed  
 been to the moun-tain top He said were bro-thers and we're sis-ters and this ha-tred must stop Martin Lu-ther  
 King he had a dream 2: Doc-tor King hoped his dream would come true Black & white learn to-  
 geth-er in our schools Doc-tor King gave his life for his dream; re-mem-ber his struggle and  
 join with him Doc-tor King hoped his dream would come true

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# RIDE ON THE BUS

A tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr.

words and music by  
 Lydia Adams Davis

Ride on the bus with me, oh, ride on the bus with me.

If your goal is free-dom, then ride on the bus with me.

Just-ice will take your side, when you fight for hu-man pride.

Cour-age will give you dig-ni-ty, so ride on the bus with me!

verses and chorus use same tune

Way back in sixty-three, we marched for equality.  
 People were jailed and beaten; in the back of the bus we'd be.  
 Jim Crow would keep us down, but somehow we stood our ground.  
 Martin Luther King our leader said, "Come ride on the bus with me!"

Chorus

Just when we'd won our rights, they shot Doctor King one night.  
 Millions of people everywhere felt sorrow and deep despair.  
 Somehow we still marched on, "We Shall Not Be Moved" our song,  
 We can achieve equality, so ride on the bus with me.

Chorus

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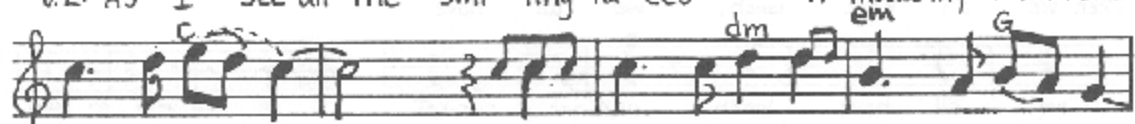


Sandra Keel wrote 'Special People' one evening at last June's People's Music Weekend. She says, "there was a special crowd there, everyone into brotherhood and unity. I wrote it from this inspiration." She was 13 when she wrote it! She is a former student of Sonny Ochs, and is now a 10th grader at School of the Arts in NYC. She is part of a singing group 'The New Generation.'

**SPECIAL PEOPLE** ©1984 Sandra Keel



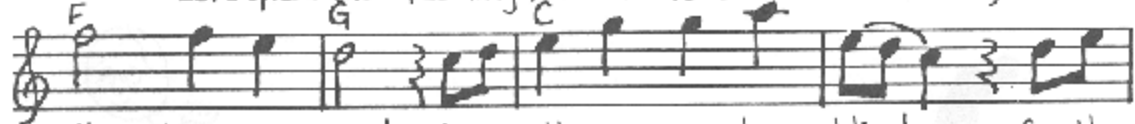
v.1: We are a spe-cial kind of peo-ple --- and may we al-ways  
 v.2: As I see all the smi-ling fa-ces --- it makes my- heart reach



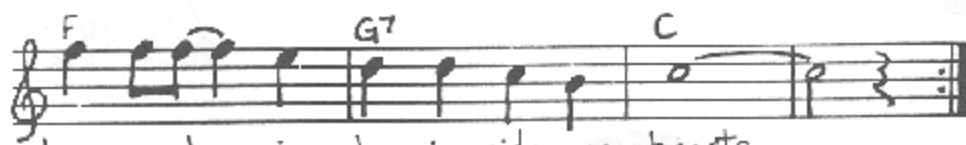
be to-ge-ther --- We give + take from one a-no-ther-  
 out for more --- And as we all go back to our homes + pla-ces -



--- The love we-share is like no o--ther --- } For we  
 --- Let's spread the-fee-ling from door to door --- }



all have one mind, + we all are co-lor blind-- for the



love we share is deep in-side our hearts ---



# THE LUNCH SONG

words and music by  
Lydia Adams Davis

First you take the ba-lon-ey and ... the mac-a-  
ro-ni, then ... you take the bread and ... the let-tuce  
head Then you take the salt ... and you take the cheese  
... and you take the mus-tard + the pep-per make us  
sneeze Then we all have lunch, we all have  
lunch, we all have lunch and ... a car-rot  
bunch Yes we bunch and ... a car-rot bunch and-  
... a car-rot (!) bunch

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First you take the baloney  
and the macaroni  
Then you take the bread  
and the lettuce head  
Then you take the salt  
and you take the cheese  
Then you take the mustard  
and the pepper make us sneeze  
Then we all have lunch  
we all have lunch  
We all have lunch  
and a carrot bunch

All have lunch, all have lunch

You can use this ostinato from m. 3 onward  
(with this alone for last 4 m.)

all have lunch



Daisuke



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