

Broadside

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

JULY 1985

I DON'T WANT TO

fight over god

NO MORE

and other songs
of our times



and THE BLASTERS plus X =
the **KWITTERS**

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BROADSIDE #164

The National Topical Song Magazine

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Various assistance provided by Judith
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upcoming issues

Next Month

TENANT'S RIGHTS AND HOUSING SONGS
 by Charlie Ipcar

sometime this fall

LOVE SONGS by Judy Gorman-Jacobe

**MISSISSIPPI SONGS AND REMEMBRANCES OF
 MISSISSIPPI SUMMER** by Jan Hillegas

Please send all material, songs, poems or
 suggestions to **BROADSIDE** care of these
 guest editors.

As everything is crumbling around us in this world
 we have finished putting together another issue of
BROADSIDE. It's unbelievable how many deaths
 and disasters have taken place in the last week
 and we've got another hostage crisis too!
 When will it end? Will we get one song for each
 disaster? Maybe two songs for every other dis-
 aster? Do these songs make any difference at all?
 Is this all worth it?

Even when confronted with this incredible world
 this is still a great issue of **BROADSIDE**. Tradition-
 al music, country, Bruce Springsteen, Country Joe
 McDonald, one song in this issue even refers to the
 president as "what's his name!"

This issue, as usual, could not have been put to-
 gether without help from many people. Andrea Min-
 naugh did faultless transcriptions for some of the
 "musicians" who still can't do their own! Judith
 Cohen did patient proofreading and copy-editing,
 and Gordon Grinberg is back in town to help with
 everything. Others who have volunteered will get
 their call. **BROADSIDE** would not exist without you.



"ONE LITTLE ISSUE OF SING OUT!

*is worth more to this humanly race than
 any thousand tons of other dreamy, dopey
 junk dished out from the trees & forests
 along every Broadway in this world."*

Woody Guthrie said that over 30 years ago, and
 we're still going strong!

We're now a quarterly... with at least 15 songs
 per issue, by people like Tom Paxton, Joe Raposo,
 Gil Scott Heron, Holly Near, Minko Reynold's, Jean
 Redpath, Peggy Seeger, Happy Traum, Dor Watson,
 & countless others. And regular columns: Pete
 Seeger's "Applesweds" and Boo Blackman's "Songfinder."

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SING OUT!

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

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THE NEW WORLD



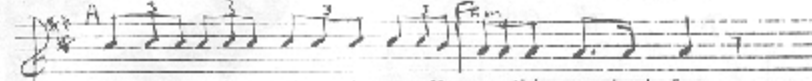
Honest to goodness, the bars weren't open this morning



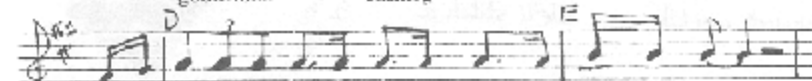
They must have been voting for a new president or something



Do you have a quarter? I said "yes" because I did



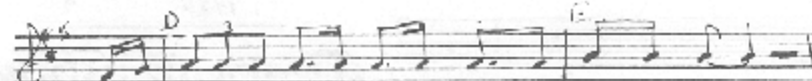
Honest to goodness, tears have been falling all over this country's face



It was better before, before they voted for what's his name



This was supposed to be the new world



It was better before, before they voted for what's his name



This was supposed to be a new world

BY JOHN DOE AND EXENE CERVENKA

HONEST TO GOODNESS, THE BARS WEREN'T OPEN THIS MORNING
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN VOTING FOR A NEW PRESIDENT OR SOMETHING
DO YOU HAVE A QUARTER, I SAID "YES" BECAUSE I DID,
HONEST TO GOODNESS, TEARS HAVE BEEN FALLING ALL OVER
THIS COUNTRY'S FACE.

CHORUS

IT WAS BETTER BEFORE, BEFORE THEY VOTED FOR WHAT'S HIS NAME
THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE NEW WORLD (TWICE)

FLINT, FORD, AUTO, MOBILE, ALABAMA
WINDSHIELD WIPERS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK
GARY, INDIANA, DON'T FORGET THE MOTOR CITY
BALTIMORE AND D.C., ALL WE NEED IS, DON'T FORGET THE MOTOR CITY

CHORUS

DON'T FORGET THE MOTOR CITY!
THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE NEW WORLD (TWICE)

ALL WE NEED IS MONEY, JUST GIVE US WHAT YOU CAN SPARE
TWENTY OR THIRTY POUNDS OF POTATOES OR TWENTY OR THIRTY BEERS
A TURKEY FOR THANKSGIVING, LIKE ALMS FOR THE POOR
ALL WE NEED ARE THE NECESSITIES AND MORE

CHORUS

IT WAS BETTER BEFORE, BEFORE THEY VOTED FOR WHAT'S HIS NAME
THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE NEW WORLD! (TWICE)

THE KNITTERS

It has been fifty years since President Franklin Roosevelt founded the WPA (Work Projects Administration), and the FSA (Farm Security Administration) and with them commissioned hundreds of artists to go forth and capture the spirit of working-class America. It has been fifty years since popular front Americana inspired the world with its photographs, novels, ballets, murals and folk music from America's heartland.

The Knitters, a Los Angeles-based group of rock musicians gone folk, featuring John Doe (he named himself from the Almanac Singers', "Songs of John Doe"), Exene Cervenka and D.J. Bonebrake from X, Dave Alvin from the Blasters, and Jonny Ray Bartel from the Red Devils, have skillfully found material and created a sound that presents "Americana" in a very simple and enjoyable way. "The Rock Island Line" by Leadbelly, "Silver Wings" by Merle Haggard and Helen Carter's "Poor Old Heartsick Me" are among the songs the Knitters have been performing nationally to large audiences who have come to see them mostly because of their status as rock and new wave musicians.

The group has just recorded its first album for Slash/Warner Brothers Records called *Poor Little Critter In The Road*. One of the songs featured on the album is a broadside (presented here) concerning the false hopes and crushed wills of American auto workers. It's ironically titled "The New World" and was written by Exene Cervenka and John Doe.

"When we were travelling across the country with X," says Doe, "we noticed American auto workers, almost always personally dissatisfied, while working hard in different cities creating parts for the same car. They all seemed so caught up in the negative part of the American Dream, the Dream of Material Wealth." Like most American workers though, they are unable to see the fruits of their labors.

X and the Blasters continue as two of the U.S.'s most popular rock bands, selling millions of records and playing to hundreds of thousands of fans. Hopefully these two bands, which innovated west coast punk and rock-a-billy scenes, respectively, will continue to take their union as the Knitters to these same fans. The workers of America could use some Knitters.

By Tom Goodkind

A Patchwork World

words and music
by Ken Lonquist

© Ken Lonquist
1985

Peace Ribbon

Some of the panels made in Ann Arbor for the Peace Ribbon which will encircle the Pentagon on Sunday, August 4th. The Ribbon is now long enough to wrap the Pentagon more than 3 times! The ribbon-wrapping is to commemorate the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6th and 9th, 1945.

(courtesy of the Interfaith Council for Peace/CALC newsletter)

4

D

With needles shaped from splintered swords of his-to-ry's forgotten wars,
With co-lors deep and rich and fair from ev'ry people ev'ry-where
With a swatch of golden sun and blue where sparkling rivers run,
Where, we'll stitch a world — A patchwork world.

Em A D

And friends, the thread we use will be spun from the hearts of you and me,
And in the beauty of its seams, we'll gather strength to shape our
A colored tapestry—that gives a space for ev'ry-thing that
me, dreams, we'll stitch a world — A patchwork world. We'll stitch a
lives,
G D D⁷ (chorus)

world — to-gether from the pieces — We'll stitch a
A G D

world, A patchwork world. We'll mend the
G

tears — and smooth a-way the creases — we'll stitch a
A G D

world, A patch-work world

With needles shaped from splintered swords
Of history's forgotten wars

We'll stitch a world, a patchwork world
And friends, the thread we use will be
Spun from the hearts of you and me
We'll stitch a world, a patchwork world

chorus:

We'll stitch a world together from the pieces
We'll stitch a world, a patchwork world
We'll mend the tears and smooth away the creases
We'll stitch a world, a patchwork world

With colors rich and deep and fair
From every people everywhere
We'll stitch a world, a patchwork world
And in the beauty of its seams
We'll gather strength to shape our dreams
We'll stitch a world, a patchwork world

chorus

With a swatch of golden sun
And blue where sparkling rivers run
We'll stitch a world, a patchwork world
A colored tapestry that gives
A space for everything that lives
We'll stitch a world, a patchwork world

chorus



FIGHT OVER GOD

© 1982 Joel A. Frankel

F Em C G
 1. Your brothers throughout the world are asking God for apologies
 F Em C G
 your pulpit dwellers believe all the lies they tell as truths from the ministry
 F Em C G
 turn back through time review all the battles fought in honor of fallacy
 F Em C G
 Oh (choirs) but I don't want to fight over God no
 F B Em C G
 more. But I don't want to fight over God no
 F B Em C G
 more. But I don't want to fight over God no
 F B F D7 G G
 more. (guitar riff)
 G (organ lead) C G D
 (bridge) Why you waste it why don't you give it to them why you waste it no instead you throw it all away
 G C G D
 why you waste it why don't you give it to them why you waste it no instead you throw it all away

Your brothers throughout the world are asking God for apologies
 Your pulpit dwellers believe all the lies they tell as truth from the ministry
 Turn back through time, review the battles fought in honor of fallacy

But I don't want to fight over God no more (3X)

Why you waste it, why don't you give it to them
 Why you waste it, no instead you throw it all away
 Why you waste it, why don't you give it to them
 Why you waste it, no instead you throw it all away

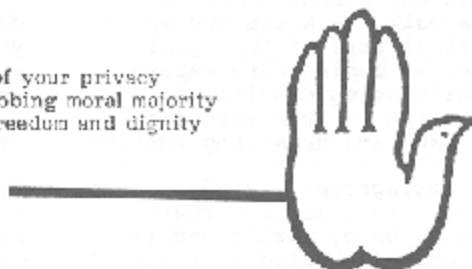
Welcome today, to an age of hate, according to policy
 Decisions made, are made by the self-appointed kings of hypocrisy
 You'll be denounced, named as Satan server, labeled the enemy

But I don't want to fight over God no more (3X)

Why you waste it...

Invasions into thoughts, beliefs, the rights of your privacy
 Come from the hopeless, lost and money grabbing moral majority
 No slogans, no, I'll only fight for love now freedom and dignity

Joel Frankel (aka Nick Name) is a talented and prolific songwriter who performs his material in both rock and folk acts. Although lately he's been making a name for himself in the Chicago area, rumor has it that he will be heading out to L.A. soon to pursue his songwriting career. And remember, you heard it first here in BROADSIDE.



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Born in the USA

(Continued from BROADSIDE #163)

A right wing president, in his recent election campaign, lauded what he called Springsteen's "message of hope." A right wing columnist wrote that "Born in the USA" was a "grand, cheerful affirmation."

Tell me, flag wavers, where are you finding these words of hope or these cheerful affirmations about being born in America? You guys ain't listening.

Springsteen has voiced one affirmation and it is this: In spite of the constant message you can look at your dreams "but you better not touch"; in spite of the boss man giving you hell "day after day, "you work nine to five and somehow you survive, to the night." People summon the strength to keep on keeping on. "At the end of every hard earned day, people find some reason to believe."

But it's not easy and, in action as well as song, Springsteen is increasingly turning his attention to those members of the working class who are hanging on by their fingernails. As he has travelled the country during his current tour, Springsteen has donated \$10,000 to a food bank for unemployed steelworkers in Pennsylvania; he has given \$10,000 to a clinic that provides health care to striking copper miners in Arizona; during concerts he plugs community action groups and organizes pass-the-hat fund raisers to raise money for unemployed workers; and he has met with members of a steelworkers local in Los Angeles.

No rock and roll or pop music performer, let alone one of Springsteen's popularity, has ever done anything remotely like this. In the lyrics of his songs, and now in his actions relating to working class struggles, Springsteen is showing he recognizes that there are sides and he is declaring which of those sides he is on.

Part of Springsteen's success story is that he wanted -- and had to fight for -- control over the music he makes. Whenever workers organize into a union they are waging that same fight for control. By organizing, workers change their relationship to the boss and alter their view of themselves, as workers and as people. Unions affirm the fact that workers can and do want to control their working lives.

Springsteen now has before him one final, critical bridge. Up until now his characters have found their small bits of freedom outside the work place. Truth, "finding out what we've got," is defined in moments of time, not lifetimes. It's only out in the street where we "walk the way we wanna walk, talk the way we wanna talk." His political acts of this past year have been directed at coping with existing oppressive and debilitating conditions. The emphasis must now shift -- from reacting to acting -- to fighting back and demanding control over our lives.

From the beginning Springsteen has advised us to not wait "for a savior to rise from these streets...well now I'm no hero, that's understood." But now he is being labelled a "troubadour of the working class." By lending his voice to those who are seeking to make that



This page contains material reprinted from

● Talkin' Union
Box 5349
Takoma Park, Md.
20912

dream of freedom and dignity a reality, he can truly become that troubadour.

Let's listen to Bruce Springsteen in concert. He's singing "Badlands." His stance is that of the classic rocker: facing the audience, feet spread apart, knees bending with the pulse and beat of the music, jaw thrust forward, fist pumping into the air. Defiance reverberates in every syllable sung, and echoes in the movement of every muscle in his body. The words he sings ring with truth and cut like a knife through the arena air:

"Got a head on collision,
Smashin' in my guts, man,
I'm caught in a crossfire
That I don't understand,
I don't give a damn
for the same old played out scenes
I don't give a damn
for just the in betweens,
Honey, I want the heart, I want the soul
I want control right now
Talk about a dream,
try to make it real,
You wake up in the night
with a fear so real,
Spend your life waiting,
for a moment that just don't come,
Well, don't spend your life waiting,

Badlands, you gotta live it everyday,
Let the broken hearts stand
As the price you've gotta pay,
We'll keep pushin' till it's understood,
and these badlands start treating us good."

This is music for all those who have a notion deep inside that it ain't no sin to be glad you're alive; it's music that guards our dreams and visions, and maybe our one last chance to make it real.

And it just may be a revolution you can dance to.

(Don Craig is the editor of the AFSCME Steward, a union publication which deals with shop stewards and the issues and problems they face on the job. Don gives public lectures on the history of rock and roll music and, at one time, published the newsletter Good Rockin' Tonight.)

Woman of Ages

by Jan Hillegas © 1980

Musical score for 'Woman of Ages' in 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: Am, Dm, E7, and Am.

Wo-man of a ges Wo-man of now
 Where are you go-ing? Where is your power?
 How will you fight And how will you win?
 What is your fu-ture Born-ing with-in.

Woman of East, having body and soul, what is your destiny?
 What is your goal? Can you find freedom without Western jude?
 How can we join you and march unafraid?

Woman of history, living today, what does your mother teach?
 What will you say? Did revolution liberate all?
 How many martyrs heeded the call?

Groups of Iranian and American women met twice in Jackson during 1980-81 to share experiences and ideas. Reading about the many heavy contradictions imposed on Iranian women in recent generations inspired this song.

Jan Hillegas is the guest editor for a BROADSIDE issue this fall on the struggle in Mississippi both in a historical context and today.

NEW MISSISSIPPI, INC.
 P. O. Box 3568
 Jackson, MS 39207

NEW MISSISSIPPI SONGS

let the light shine on



words & tune by
 Carole Rose Livingston
 © 1985

Musical score for 'let the light shine on' in 7/8 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Let the light shine on, Let the light shine on, It is darkest just be-fore the dawn, Let it on, shine, Let the light shine on, coda Let it shine, Let the light shine on, Freedom light shine on.'

1. Let the light shine on. (2X)
 It is darkest just before the dawn,
 Let it shine,
 Let the light shine on.
 2. Ireland will be free. (2X)
 Ireland will again united be,
 Let it shine,
 Let the light shine on.
 3. For the struggle goes on. (2X)
 In the name of many thousands gone
 let it shine,
 Let the light shine on.
 4. Let the light shine on. (2X)
 For the generations yet unborn
 Let it shine,
 Let the light shine on.
- (Coda)
 Let it shine,
 Let the light shine on.
 Freedom light shine on.

country joe mcdonald

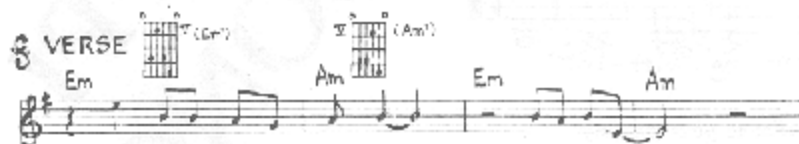
PEACE ON EARTH

©1981 ALBATRAZ CORNER MUSIC B.M.T.

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY JOE MCDONALD

I know it hurts to play these chords,
but don't blame me -- blame the Muse...
COM

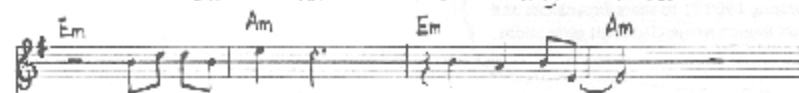
INTRO



① Come on and tell the lead-ers of ev-ry land



Over and o-ver So that they under-stand



Mil-i-tary mad-ness has gone too far

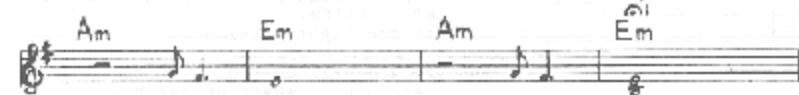


In our world to-day there is no room for war, and we want

CHORUS



Peace on earth Peace on earth



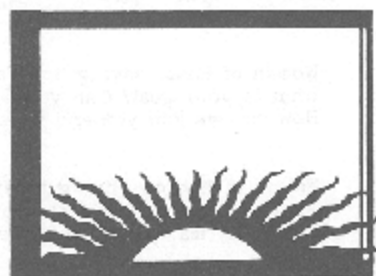
In our time In our time.



Peace on earth in our time.



Country Joe McDonald is still writing great songs. His band, The Fish, made history with their performance of the "I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-To-Die Rag" at Woodstock. That song is included here not only because few people seem to know the original version accurately, but also because we might be needing it again soon! Country Joe's most recent album, "Peace On Earth" (reviewed in BROADSIDE #162) continues Joe's tradition of great folk music with a few new attractions.



VERSES

- ① Em Am Em Am
Come on and tell the lead-ers, of ev-ry land,
Em Am Em Am
Over and o-ver, so that they under-stand,
Em Am Em Am
Mil-i-tary mad-ness has gone too far,
Em Am Em Am
In our world to-day there is no room for war.

CHORUS

Em
And we want...
Em Am
Peace on earth
Em Am
Peace on earth
Em Am Em Am
Peace on earth in our time
Em Am
Peace on earth
Em Am Em Am
Peace on earth in our time

♣ CODA (LAST TIME ONLY)

Am Em Am Em
In our time, in our time.

- ② Come on and tell the people, of every land,
Let's get together -- the future's in our hands;
United Nations, they must agree,
To say "No" to war, and say "Yes" to peace.

I-FEEL-LIKE-I'M-FIXIN'- TO-DIE RAG

(VIETNAM RAG)

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY JOE McDONALD

ALTHOUGH THIS SONG IS WRITTEN OUT IN THE KEY OF G, I OFTEN CAPO THE GUITAR UP SEVERAL FRETTS, DEPENDING ON THE KEY I WISH TO SING IN. PLAY THIS SONG IN A HAPPY CARE-FREE STYLE AND FEEL FREE TO SUBSTITUTE THE NAME OF ANY COUNTRY WHERE YOU FEEL THERE IS A WAR GOING ON YOU WOULD LIKE TO SING ABOUT. DO NOT INTERPRET THE SONG WORD FOR WORD. IT IS MILITARY HUMOR--TONGUE-IN-CHEEK.

VERSE

Come on all of you big strong men,
 Uncle Sam needs your help a-gain; He's got him-self in a
 ter-ri-ble jam Way down yon-der in Vi-et-Nam, So
 put down your books and pick up a gun--We're gonna have a whole lot of
 fun! And it's one two three, what are we
 fight-ing for? Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
 Next step is Vi-et Nam And it's five six
 sev-en, op-en up the Pearl-y Gates There ain't no time to
 won-der why-- Whoop-ie , we're all gon na die !

- ①
- D
 Come on all of you big strong men,
 G
 Uncle Sam needs your help a-gain;
 D
 He's got him-self in a terrible jam,
 G
 Way down yonder in Vietnam;
 E1 A
 So put down your books and pick up a gun,
 D G
 We're gonna have a whole lot of fun!

CHORUS

And it's one, two, three,
 D1 G
 What are we fighting for?
 D
 Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
 G
 Next stop is Vietnam;
 A1 A#7 D
 And it's five, six, seven,
 D1 G
 Open up the pearl-y gates;
 E A
 There ain't no time to wonder why,
 D G
 Whoopie -- we're all gonna die.

- ②
- Come on, generals, let's move fast,
 Your big chance has come at last;
 Now you can go out and get those Reds,
 The only good Commie is one that's dead;
 You know that peace can only be won,
 When we blow 'em all to kingdom come!

CHORUS

- ③
- Come on, Wall Street, don't be slow,
 Why, man, this is war Au-go-go,
 There's plenty good money to be made,
 Supplying the army with tools of the trade;
 Just hope and pray if they drop the Bomb,
 They drop it on the Viet Cong!

CHORUS

- ④
- Come on, mothers, throughout the land,
 Pack your boys off to Vietnam;
 Come on, fathers, don't hesitate,
 Send your sons off before it's too late;
 You can be the first one on your block
 To have your boy come home in a box.

CHORUS



SAVE THE WHALES

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY JOE McDONALD

♩ = 50 BPM

GUITAR TUNING: DADGAD (D MODAL)

INTRO: PLAY CHORD PATTERN D B C

VERSE

When my Grand-pa was a boy He went down to the
Gen-er-al Store. Saw a pic-ture book of a whale
Shoot-ing its spout and flash-ing its tail.
Then he gets a sail-or's-dream 'bout cruising a-round on the
salt-y sea. Join-ing up with a fish-ing crew To
go out and get him a whale or two. Tell me what kind of
men are these That sail u-pon the sev-en seas,
Up in the rig-ging in the af-ter-noon,
Swab-bing the deck and sharp-ning har-poons.

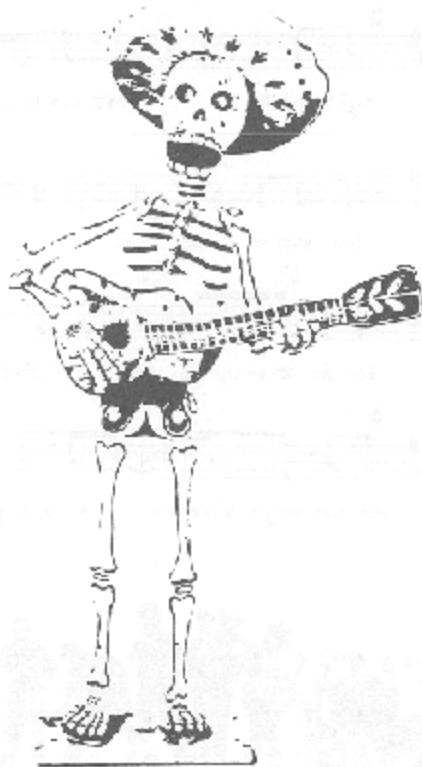
VERSES

FORM: DADGAD

- ① When my Grand-pa was a boy
He went down to the General Store
Saw a picture book of a whale
Shooting its spout and flashing its tail.
Then he gets a sailor's dream
'Bout cruising around on the salty sea
Joining up with a fishing crew
To go out and get him a whale or two.
Tell me what kind of men are these
That sail upon the seven seas
Up in the rigging in the afternoon
Swabbing the deck and sharpening harpoons.

CHORUS

- Hoo-ray and up she rises
Hoo-ray and up she rises
Hoo-ray and up she rises
Early in the morning.



- ② There's lots of whales in the deep-blue sea
And we kill them for the industry
We drag 'em along-side and chop 'em in two
Then melt 'em down and sell it to you.
There hardly is a sailor alive
Who can keep the tears from his eyes
As he remembers the good old days
When there were no whales to save.
Thank the Russians and Japanese
For scouring the deep-blue-seas
Looking for ivory and perfume
Plastic toys and pet food.

- ③ Shanghaied by the light of the moon
Put out from Boston in the middle of June
And after six months out at sea
There's nothing but death and misery.
Set off on a three year cruise
A union ship and a union crew
And after six months you begin to see
Whaling's not what it used to be.
A modern ship and a modern crew
With sonar scopes and exploding harpoons
A mechanical boat made out of steel
A floating machine built to kill
all the whales.

STEELEYE SPAN MAKES THE OLD NEW

by Michael S. Kimmel

Steeleye Span was one of the pioneer bands of the late '60's and early '70's in exploring the folk idiom with electric instruments, creating a compelling synthesis of the traditional and the contemporary. Their fluidly shifting line-up -- band members often shuffled among several bands in the genre -- produced thirteen excellent albums and frequently delighted audiences by breaking into Mummers plays in mid-show. After a hiatus of several years, Steeleye has just begun a modest national tour, and teamed up with Renaissance and Fairport Convention for a sold-out concert at the Beacon Theatre in New York City.

Singing traditional music was not an exercise in preserving a "quaint tradition" for Steeleye Span but a rediscovery and a reclamation of the power of traditional music to address contemporary concerns. The band has always been drawn to the more political folk songs -- about both the political economy of the struggle between rich and poor, and the politics of the struggle between men and women. Against the backdrop of England's recent miner's strike, songs like "Blackleg Miner" (about the common people's resentment of scab labor) and "Hard Times In Old England," take on a fresh significance, as does this band's performance of two politically inspired Irish songs. "I think we're feeling stronger about these issues as we get older," lead vocalist Maddy Prior told me after the concert. "We're not watering down, we're steaming up!"

Prior's solo efforts have emphasized the feminist content of much traditional music, since so many of the songs revolve around themes of mismatched love, abandonment, sexual deception and sexual revenge. Songs like "False Knight Upon the Road," "The Brown Girl" and "Royal Forrester," the last of which is done superbly on this tour, are, "a way of telling other women that they're not the first to feel the way they do. There's a long history of strong and assertive women. Real fighters." Prior observed.

Finding contemporary relevance from these traditional songs has always been Steeleye Span's strong suit. And while there are some purists who bristled at their use of electric instruments, it's fully consistent with their intentions. The original composers of these songs harnessed the technology of their era to express their concerns; were they alive today, I'm convinced they would be in rock bands. When this band sings old tunes with contemporary instruments, they continue to speak in the vernacular.

Their musicianship is unsurpassed. Rick Kemp continues to snap the bass line, at times suggesting mandolin runs, and Nigel Pegrum is a startlingly precise drummer. Peter Knight's explorations on violin can be hauntingly lyrical or bouncily danceable -- the latter inspiring Prior to break into a spontaneous jig during his instrumental breaks. While Prior's voice is still strong and clear, their collective vocals missed Tim Hart's Nasal tenor, especially on the powerful a capella "Gaudete."



Here's one traditional Child Ballad, named for Prof. Child who first collected them from the English peasantry. Steeleye Span performed many of his ballads because they expressed the feelings, both political and personal, of the people.

The Three Ravens

Child Ballad 26

Em Am
There were three ravens sit on a tree,
Em B
Down-a-down, hey down-a-down.
Em D G
There were three ravens sat on a tree with a down,
B G D
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
E B
They were as black as they might be.
G B Em
With a-down, derry, derry, derry down, down.
The one of them said to his mate,
Down a-down, hey down-a-down,
Then one of them said to his mate with a down,
Then one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"
With a-down, derry, derry, derry down, down.
"Down in yonder greene field, etc.
There lies a knight slain under his shield," etc.
"His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they can their master keep."
"His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare come him nigh."
Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.
She lift up his bloody head,
And kissed his wound that were so red.
She got him up upon her back,
And carried him to an earthen lake.
She beried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere evensong time.
God send every gentleman,
Such hawks, such hounds and such a leman

Incidentally, Fairport Convention, the tour's opening act, has also held up remarkably well. Their vocals sound a little strained and tired -- they must have sung "Matty Groves" over 50,000 times by now! -- but their musical line-up of Dave Swarbrick (violin), Dave Pegg (bass), Simon Nicol (guitar) and Dave Matticks (drums) remains as solid as ever. Pegg can match Swarbrick note for note on violin-bass duos, and Matticks remains one of the most talented drummers around. One cannot, unfortunately, say the same for Renaissance. Their heavy-handed romantic melodies, pretentiously "meaningful" lyrics, and Annie Haslam's thin, reedy vocals made for a sad reunion, sandwiched between such impressive sets by the two other bands.

Currently Steeleye is planning a return to the studio this summer, to mix traditional tunes with some songs written by band members. Their last album, *Snails Of Silver* (1981) featured original songs exclusively, and Prior said the band is looking to "mix these with traditional tunes, moving between the two." Judging from their long history and their impressive concert, Steeleye Span will continue their own tradition of infusing modern energy into traditional songs.

TOUGH LUCK



by Mike Rocklin © 1984

This song seems to be a standard down at Folk City where the notorious Lynn Samuels no longer presides. If you want to sing the song in authentic "New Yorker" you have to imitate Lynn saying "tough luck" in the heaviest New York accent you can muster up. Better yet, replace Lynn and Folk City with your own local variants. Mike didn't want to put a specific melody with this song, so here are the chords, make one up!

^D They were having a hoot at ^A Folk City one night
^G And I was supposed to be in it
 But I went to a bar, ^A down the street for a while
^G And I missed my number by a ^D minute
 So I begged for a chance to ^A get on the stage
^G But I soon realized I was stuck
 For as she started to scold me, ^A Lynn Samuels told me, ^G Tough Luck!

I wasn't looking where I was going
 But I kinda knew what was coming
 The whiskey was sweet, the hour was late
 The juke box was heavin' and hummin'
 You're eyes paralyzed me dead in my boots
 And your smile smacked me down like a truck
 It gets hard to recover, after telling your lover,
 Tough Luck!

Then you find yourself walking the street late at night
 And you don't even know what you're after
 And you find that things you do everyday
 You're just doing them because you have to
 And you've been battered and bashed
 You've been tattered and crashed
 'Til you can't realize you've been struck
 And you're all covered with bruises
 And your only excuse is
 Tough Luck!

You can go to the top of the world if you want
 You can meditate all through the seasons
 You can speak with them monks they say are so wise
 But you won't come away with no reasons
 You can say that you try and you try and you try
 And you try but no one gives a fuck
 Or you can spare the conjecture, when they give you this
 lecture. Tough Luck!

People keep saying I'm wasting my time
 There's really no point in my singing
 But it's only a way, I got to make sure
 That the liberty bell keeps on ringing
 So you can say I'm no good, say I'm off key
 Tell me right to my face that I suck
 But if you want me to drop it
 Or expect me to stop it.
 Tough Luck!

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 Matt Jones, Wesley Houston, Roland Moussa, Elaine
 Laron, Mike Millius

Broadside
albums

JOHN HENRY

Pete Seeger sent in this extension of the story of John Henry by Daniel Kantak.

John Henry rose out of his grave
His eyes were hard and true.
He went down to that Big Bend Tunnel
And he cursed it through and through.
And he cursed it through and through.

Julie Ann was weeping in her house.
Her tears were river deep.
John walked in through the door
Said, Honey don't ya weep.
Said, Honey don't ya weep.

Their baby boy was in the crib.
That angel was quiet and still.
John said to Julia Ann
That boy do possess my will.
That boy do possess my will.

Tears came to John's coal black eyes.
Towards his child he turned.
That boy is going to be more than me,
You see that he gets learned.
You see that he gets learned.

I never had nothing more than my hands.
My hammer gave the three of us bread.
But a hammer in the hand ain't no way to live
If you got nothin' in your head.
If you got nothin' in your head.

John kissed his pretty child.
Julie Ann started to cry.
I got to go back to my grave, he said.
God's laying track in the sky.
God's laying track in the sky.

folk process

This is a new feature in BROADSIDE that we are including because we get so much of this kind of material in the mail. New verses, versions, or adaptations of old songs are all welcome. Unfortunately, we inadvertently stole the name from Sing Out! so we need a different name and are open to suggestions.



THE ANTI-APARTHEID RAG

Recently received from the (NC) Committee for topical broadsides

To the tune of "Draft Dodger Rag" by Phil Ochs

I'm just a student making my grades
at the university.
I'm seen and not heard, and without a word
I'm getting my degree.
And when approached and asked to come
to a rally on apartheid,
I politely smiled, said, "Thank you, no,"
and offered this reply:

Chorus

I'm only part-time, gonna miss my ride,
and I'm already late for work.
I have papers due, and unlike you,
I think politics are for jerks.
Well, it's a fact that I like Blacks and
perhaps we should divest,
but you gotta see, my priority
is next week's engineering test.

I'll take your word in Johannesburg
Things certainly do look rough
But protests are loud and I hate the crowds,
and aren't teach-ins hippy stuff?
I don't make waves, I don't act that way,
I mean: what is there to fear?
Why should I care what happens there?
It'll never happen here.
Chorus

I'm in the ROTC and I'm not free
to speak what's on my mind,
In a uniform you must conform,
You can't be the racial kind.
But I wish you the best, hope they divest,
Though I can't protest today,
Cause if I join the fight, they just might
Take back my financial aid.
Chorus

ESTA ES MI TIERRA

Esta es mi Tierra
Esta es su Tierra
Tierra de hombres
exploradores

Poblaron pueblos
enter los indios
Mi bella tierra
es para mi

(To the tune of "This Land Is Your Land". This Spanish version came in the mail.)

CAP THE KNIFE

A recent issue of that oh so chatty gossip column: The Washington page of the NY Times said they call him: CAP THE KNIFE (tune: Mack the Knife)

O the Cap has pretty teeth dear
Got 'em free at Walter Reed
Also a nuke fleet has Cap The Knife, dear
Just in case of a pressing need.

When the Cap bears his gold teeth, dear
Scarlet billions start to spread
Spread the poor's bread with hot lead, dear
Butter dead dear, dead than red

O in the barracks Sunday mornin'
Lie some Cubans oozing life
Someone's boasting 'round the White House
Is that someone Cap The Knife?

From a gunboat by the coastline
A real smartmine's droppin' down
Port Corinto's just a feint dear
Betya Moscow is the town.

Maurice Bishop disappeared dear
After smokin' up his stash
Now Capheath spends like a sailor
Is Cowboy plannin' somethin' rash?

'Trice Lumumba, Sal Allende
Jacob Arbenz, Old John Brown
Death squads forming on the right dear
Hear that Capie's back in town.....

Tuli Kupferberg

THEY BOMBED IN PHILLY

words and music by Bob Miles

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff is the vocal line with lyrics and guitar chords (Gm, C, B7, Em, C, B7). The second staff is the guitar accompaniment. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Well I looked at the tv I saw disarray there was a big bomb blast in Philadelphia, PA. Guns were smoking and buildings were burned. I shuddered at the sight what's the lesson to be learned? If they bombed in Philly where will they bomb next? will they shoot out the birds that live in the nest? will they start throwing bombs wherever they see people who don't fit into their society?"

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Well I looked at the tv
I saw disarray
there was a big bomb blast
in Philadelphia, PA
guns were smoking
and buildings were burned
I shuddered at the sight
what's the lesson to be learned?

Chorus

If they bombed in Philly
where will they bomb next?
will they shoot out the birds that live in the nest?
Will they start throwing bombs
wherever they see
people who don't fit into
their society?

Well the mayor said to all
"the police did all right
there was nothing else to do
but to blow 'em out' sight
we didn't like MOVE
they didn't like us"
now two blocks are blown away
it was a holluva bust

Chorus

Well I wonder if the homes
of the homeless were thought
to be equal to the lives
of the babies who were caught
inside a trap
they didn't even make
Who fired the first bullet?
Who made the big mistake?

Chorus

You can think what you like
about the group called MOVE
I don't think they would've bombed 'em
in a place like the Louvre
it was a long hard fight
that didn't turn out good
would it have ended differently
in a white neighborhood

Chorus, Repeat



by Aggie Friesen

BROAD-
SIDE
69

pity the downtrodden landlord

G C G G7 C
 please o - pen your hearts and your pur - ses — to a man who is
 Cm G D7 Em
 mis - un - der - stood. — he gets all the kicks and the cur - ses — tho' he
 A7 C D7 G C
 wishes you no - thing but good. — He wist - ful - ly begs you to
 G G7 C Cm G
 show him — you think he's a friend not a louse, — so re - member the
 Ddim D Ddim A7 C D7
 debt that you owe him — the land - lord who lends you his house —
 Chorus G C G G7
 so pi - ty the down - trod - den land - lord — and his
 C Cm G E7 Am
 back that is bur - dened and bent. — Re - spect his gray hairs, don't
 D7 Em A D7 G
 ask for re - pairs and don't be be - hind in the rent. —

Please open your hearts and your purses.
 To a man who is misunderstood.
 He gets all the kicks and the curses.
 Tho' he wishes you nothing but good.
 He wistfully begs you to show him.
 You think he's a friend, not a louse.
 So remember the debt that you owe him.
 The landlord who lends you his house.

So pity the downtrodden landlord,
 With his back so burdened and bent.
 Respect his gray hairs,
 Don't ask for repairs,
 And don't be behind with the rent!

You are able to work for a living,
 And rejoice in your strength and your skill
 So try to be kind and forgiving
 To a man whom a day's work would kill
 You are able to talk with your neighbor,
 You can look the whole world in the face,
 But the landlord who ventured to labor
 Would never survive the disgrace.

When thunder clouds gather and darken,
 You can sleep undisturbed in your bed;
 But the landlord must sit up and harken,
 And shiver, and wonder, and dread
 If you're killed, then you'll die in a hurry
 And you never will know your bad luck,
 But the landlord must sit up and worry,
 "Has one of my houses been struck?"

When a landlord resorts to eviction,
 Don't think that he does so for spite,
 He's acting from deepest conviction,
 And what's right, after all, is what's right.
 But I see that your hearts are all hardened,
 And I fear I'm appealing in vain;
 Yet I hope my last plea will be pardoned,
 If I beg on my knees once again (once again).

This song came from London during World War II. The song itself is credited to an Englishman, B. Woolf, a member of the Workers Music Association. Arnold Clayton worked out the musical arrangement, inspired by the old British music hall song "she Is More To Be Pitied Than Censored".

august

No, we are not taking a vacation in August but we do have a guest editor! Charlie Ipcar, the resident specialist on housing and tenants' rights songs will be guest editor for the August BROADSIDE. If you're in a tenants' union or doing any housing organizing, you may want to get extra copies of this issue. Order in quantity now and get a discount!



Bradyly C F C G Am F G

He was born to an Indian Peas cant girl and he drifted for most of his

Am C F C G Am F G

Days and he saw what the Yanqui dollar had done and he knew the Americans'

Am certain F G F

ways and he fought for the hungry poor — and a - gainst those who had

G Am

more than their share —

He was born to an Indian peasant girl
 And he drifted for most of his days
 And he saw what the yanqui dollar had done
 And he knew the Americans' ways

And he fought for the hungry poor
 And against those who had more than their share

He returned to his home to join with the rebels
 With a big six-gun in his hand
 And his ten-gallon hat, the gentleman cowboy
 Who fought for the people and land

In nineteen twenty-seven he led his band
 To the mountains along the border
 And from there he struck at the heart of the nation
 And struggled to find the new order

The yanquis came by the well-armed hundreds
 Outnumbered him by ten to one
 But he knew the land and the hearts of the people
 And fought 'til his own life was done

He said, "I am here on my own two feet
 No matter how many you are
 And the White House will surely be stained with our blood
 If the gringos keep pushing too far!"

He drove out the yanquis who could not defeat him
 His victory was nearly won.
 He raised a flag of truce as he came to Managua
 For peace he would lay down his gun

But General Somoza turned and deceived him
 And after dinner that night
 The National Guard seized him and killed him
 And he stepped into the moonlight

And now once again the big yanqui dollar
 Tightens its grip on the land
 And the voice of Sandino rings true in the valleys
 To force back the North's greedy hand.

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SANDINO

Who owns your why do people

kill you what to wear and

what to think and whom

Klansman Elected Governor in Kansas

to kill? think

BE ALL

about why you do what you do.



LOOK AT AMERICA

A question in our minds erased,
we have been stagnated way too long.
We will never let the Nicaragua Sandinistas,
fight that war alone.

America's lies have been spread,
all across the land.
Sandinistas government is illegal,
and democracy should not stand.

It's hard for a people,
who are determined to be free.
To be denied democratic justice,
like America wants it to be.

When it comes to revolution,
we all should understand.
Either you are for the people,
or, you are against them, my friend.

This heavy laden burden,
I will help them to carry.
To bring freedom, peace, and justice,
by any means necessary.

We must learn as a people,
other countries America has ruined.
It's not fun to be in war,
and see little children burn.

Vietnam is a lesson,
that we must not repeat.
Nicaragua is a country,
America, please let it be.

How much longer will it take,
before we as a people recognize,
the government truth about Nicaragua,
is just a bunch of lies

We must learn about the country,
what the Sandinistas are trying to do,
To control their own destiny,
and live in peace with me and you.

Is this something that is wrong my friend
is it something that should not be?
Why in the world can't people,
just live in harmony?

By Sam T. Block

Sam T. Block is one of the
original organizers of SNCC
(the Student Non-violent Co-
ordinating Committee). Sam
is currently in prison. There
will be more about his situation
in a future BROADSIDE.

poetry

MOURN NOT THE DEAD

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie--
Dust unto dust--
The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all of us must:

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell--
Too strong to strive--
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive:

But rather mourn the pathetic throng--
The cowed and the meek--
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

Ralph Chaplin 1917

(Ralph Chaplin is the author of
"Solidarity Forever," first pub-
lished in the 9th edition of the
IWW Songbook in 1916.)



JOHNNY CARSON DROPS HIS DRAWERS

by

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Sometimes it almost seems that certain people don't care what they do to other people. The level of poisons being put into the environment and its inhabitants for the profit of a few has become truly alarming. Smallpox blankets given to the Indians began a practice which became a way of death for our nation: Agent Orange destroyed Vietnam's forests and people and even the U.S. infantry; our doctors have sterilized one third of Puerto Rico's women without clusing them in; lead paint nourishes black children. One quarter teaspoon of plutonium will give cancer to millions, and one quarter of America's millions will get cancer from their jobs. Atomic Bomb tests of 30 years ago are killing the citizens of St. George, Utah. Meanwhile the government tells the public there is no danger to the public, to make sure the public makes no danger for the government. Then they spray pesticides on brown field workers, drop bombs on brown Salvadorans and train their torturers while rigging their elections. Mind poisons are spread throughout our society of influence, and then we call it democracy. Why?

We maintain military bases in the Philippines, where we keep a criminally wealthy dictator in power as we did in Nicaragua and do in Chile, Zaire and South Africa, and we call it the free world. Why?

Our newspapers don't even mention that U.S. investments are a major force in the bloodshed in Northern Ireland, the Middle East and Southern Africa, or that our government has repeatedly threatened nuclear attack against Russia, Vietnam and many more, or that the CIA tried to stop independence in Africa and manipulated unions in Europe. The media have forgiven Watergate and forgotten Vietnam. And we call this a free press. Why?

Johnny Carson drops his drawers before millions and shows underpants with "Russia sucks" written on the butt, and we call it civilization. Why?

The Undersecretary of Housing and Urban Development says that Hispanics "don't mind, and some prefer...doubling up" in housing because that is "a cultural preference." And we call this a Department of Housing and Urban Development. Why?

And these doubled-up Hispanics are supposed to enjoy doubling up on jobs too, or if they prefer they can go to El Salvador, Guatemala or the Dominican Republic and help the Fruit companies and the coffee and cotton kings and the International Monetary Fund and the Generals tell those Hispanics what kind of government is permitted. And then they can come back, if they come back, and raise up sons, who will have the opportunity in 15 years to go control the Hispanics in Mexico, who will be fighting for food and will be called Communists. And the press and the schools won't tell us that we are rich because they are poor, but the President will call them Communists. Why?

And eventually it will come out that the United States and Britain helped install Franco, helped the Spanish fascists to destroy freedom in Spain, not only by standing by while Mussolini and Hitler put Franco in power, but also by selling oil to power Franco's tanks and planes while denying it to the Republic, the world's hope for democracy in those terrible years. While Winston Churchill (and Franco) stated that the problems of Spain were caused by Moscow. Two years later the German and Italian fascists overran France and bombed London. Today the problems in El Salvador are "caused by Moscow," and the poison that enters our land and our food also enters our minds and paralyzes our conscience, our common sense, our hands and feet so that the profits can continue to flow unchecked while the earth and its people rapidly approach the saturation point. And why?

Why are they poisoning everything?

Where's the antidote?

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WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
BURNELL YOW

LATIN RHYTHM

I GOT A LITTLE TELE-GRAM FROM RONNIE REAGAN SAID YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD
USE A VA-CATION HOW ABOUT SIX DAYS AND SEVEN NIGHTS IN NI-CAR-RA-GUA?
SO, HUR-RY ON DOWN I'VE MADE YOUR RES ER-VA-TION, IT'S REAL-LY QUITE NICE
SINCE THE IN-VA-SION THERE'S NO MORE SAN-DI-NI-STAS IN NI-CAR-RA-GUA
SO SEND US YOUR BUSI-NESS BRING US YOUR MON-KEY HAVE A FUN-FILLED WEEK END
WITH YOUR HONEY IN MA-NA-GUA A, S, A
AY-U-DE NUESTROS NEGOCIOS TRAIGANOS SU DINERO SU DIVER-
SIÓN SO-RE SUS VA-CACIONES... EN SU CARRI-DI TO EN MANA-
GUA, ESTADOS UNIDOS.

©1985 by BURNELL YOW

MANAGUA, A, USA

I got a little telegram from Ronnie Reagan
Said you look like you could use a vacation
How about six days and seven nights in Nicaragua?
So, hurry on down, I've made your reservation
It's really quite nice since the invasion
There's no more Sandinistas in Nicaragua

chorus: So, send us your business
Bring us your money
Have a fun-filled weekend with your honey
In Managua, USA

We kept a few natives, you know that we had to
If we had not, who would clean the bathrooms
And sweep your floors, and make your beds,
and cook your meals
The ones that are left are really quite harmless
They're so happy now that they've got their freedom
And oh so willing to take the tips from the tourists

chorus: Ayude nuestros negocios
Traiganos su dinero
Goze sus vacaciones con su carifito
En Managua, Estados Unidos

Don't be frightened by dead civilians when you see 'em
Small price to pay for our American freedom
And I guarantee we'll have them off the streets by 5 am
And Mr. Ortega, well I think he's in Cuba
Playin' in a marchin' band; I think it's the tuba
At least that's what I heard from the CIA

(repeat English chorus)

To American business, the same invitation
Plenty cheap labor, no unionization
And your profits will run high in Nicaragua
Nanny and I are eagerly waiting
for your arrival, anticipating
Many fun-filled nights in Nicaragua

(repeat Spanish chorus)
(end with last line from English chorus)

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