I CAN SEE A NEW DAY

Words & Music by Les Rice
© by author March 1962

I can see a new day, a new day soon to be
when the storm clouds are all passed, and the sun shines on a world that is free.

I can see a new world
A new world coming fast
When all men are brothers
And hatred forgotten at last

I can see a new man
A new man standing tall
With his head high and
his heart proud
And afraid of nothing at all

I can see a new day
A new day soon to be
When the storm clouds are all passed
And the sun shines on a world that is free.
FREEDOM, FREEDOM RIDER

© 1961 Marilyn Eisenberg. Tune "Hully Gally"

Went to Mississippi on a Greyhound bus line - Freedom, Freedom Rider. Went into the terminal & everything was fine - Freedom Rider. Sitting in a waiting room, trying to buy a ticket, maybe get some coffee too

Police said to me, "Move out and move on",
Freedom, Freedom Rider
I just kept a-sitting there, not doin' nothing wrong
Freedom, Freedom Rider
I'm a Freedom Rider, he's a Freedom Rider
You can be a Freedom Rider too.

They took me up to jail in a big black paddy wagon
Freedom, Freedom Rider
I sang all the way, my spirit wasn't dragging
Freedom, Freedom Rider
We shall overcome and we shall not be moved
And climbing Jacob's ladder too

Well, I went before the judge and what did he say
Freedom, Freedom Rider
You've breached the peace, now in jail you must stay
Freedom, Freedom Rider
Pay two hundred dollars because you are so guilty
Stay in jail for four months too

I didn't pay my fine, although I want to be free
Freedom, Freedom Rider
They carried me off to the penitentiary
Freedom, Freedom Rider
I'll throw you in the hole, I'll take away your mattress
You damn Yankee agitator, you
Now behind the bars I keep singing this song
Freedom, Freedom Rider
Freedom's comin' and it won't be long
Freedom, Freedom Rider
I'm a Freedom Rider, he's a Freedom Rider
You can be a Freedom Rider too.
I WILL NOT GO DOWN UNDER THE GROUND

By Bob Dylan
© 1962 by author

I will not go down under the ground because someone tells me
that death's comin' round; I will not carry myself down to die
when I go to my grave my head will be high - Let me die in my
footsteps be-fore I'll go down under the ground. ---

There's been rumors of wars and wars that have been
The meaning of life has been lost in the wind
Some people are thinkin' that the end is close by
Instead of learning to live they are learning to die. (CHO.)

I don't think I'm smart but I think I can see
When someone is pulling the wool over me
And if there's a war and death comes around
Let me die on this land 'for I'll die underground. (CHO.)

There's always been people that have to cause fear
They've been talking about war for many long years
I've read all their statements and not said a word
And now, Lord God, let my poor voice be heard. (CHO.)

If I had riches and rubies and crowns
I'd buy the whole world and I'd change things around
I'd throw all the tanks and the guns in the sea
For they all are mistakes of our past history. (CHO.)

Let us drink from the waters where the mountain streams flow
Let the smell of wild flowers flow free through my blood
Let me sleep in your meadows with your green grassy leaves
Let me walk down the highway with my brothers in peace. (CHO.)

Go out in your country where the land meets the sun
See the meadows and mountains where the wild waters run
Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho
Let every state in the Union seep deep down in your soul.

CHO. And you'll die, etc.
THE FLOWERS OF PEACE

Freely and slowly

0, summertime is coming & the leaves are sweet returning.

But those flowers of peace it's for them I'm really yearning.

Will they bloom, ever bloom? Will they bloom in the springtime?

0 those flowers of peace, when the world should be in ringtime: will they bloom, ever bloom?

I built my love a bower
By a crystal flowing river
But the thing her heart desires
Is a thing I cannot give her
Will they bloom, ever bloom? etc.

0, Providence smiled impassive
When I fell on bended knees
Said, "The lives of your empires
Are no more than swarms of bees"
Will they bloom, ever bloom? etc.

If you and I would see those flowers
Get up and rouse your neighbor
And when first the seed is planted
It takes long and careful labor
Then they'll bloom, ever bloom
Then you'll bloom in the springtime
0, you flowers of peace
And the world will be in ringtime
Then you'll bloom, ever bloom

If you and I would see those flowers
Go out and till the fertile soil
It will take more than prayers
It takes hard and sweaty toil
Then you'll bloom, ever bloom etc.

DING DONG DOLLAR

Anti-Polaris Songs

Chorus:
0 ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid,
0 ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid;
Singin' Ding... Dong... Dollar; Everybody holler
Ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid.

Everybody holler Ye canny spend a dollar when Ye're deid.

"DOLLARIS"

(Tune: She'll be coming round the Mountain)

Chorus:
0 ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid,
0 ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid;
Singin' Ding... Dong... Dollar; Everybody holler
Ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid.

O the Yanks have just dropped anchor in Dunoon
An they've had their civic welcome for the moon,
As they came up the measured mile
Bonnie Mar, o' Argyll
Wit wavin' spangled drawers ablow her gowns.

O the Clyde is sure the prosper now they're here
For they're chargin' war and treason for a beer
And when they want a tan
They'roul' be the the best in the land, said the First Minister.

An' the publicans will be dain swell,
For it's just the thing that's sure to ring the bell,
O the dollars they will jingle.
They'll be no lusty single,
Even though they may be luring us at the bell.

But the Glasgow Moderates disnae mind:
In fact, he thinks the Yanks are awa kind,
For if it's heaven that ye're goin',
It's a quicker way than rowlin',
An there's sure tae be nobodae left behind.

Final Chorus:
0 ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid
Sae tell Kennedy he's got tae keep the heid,
Singin' Ding... Dong... Dollar; Everybody holler
Ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid.

We Dinna Want Polaris

(Time: Texas Creeds)

The U.S.A. are gie'n subs away,
Gie'n subs away,
Gie'n subs away, hey, hey,
The U.S.A. are gie'n subs away.
But we dinna want Polaris.

Tell the Yanks thee drop them down the stacks,
Deep them down the stacks, etc.

The Crouch in Dunoon, they want their hauf-a-house,
Want their hauf-a-house, etc.

The battle of the tides are sailin' in the Dunoon,
Sing the Hymn, etc.

It's suicide thee has them on the Clyde,
Sae they're on the Clyde, etc.

The Clyde says, "Now, ye'll lose tae shoot the crow,
Ye'll lose tae shoot the crow", etc.

Tak the harl dam show up the River Alamo,
River Alamo, etc.

An' we can see a sight for Poppa Kennedy,
Poppa Kennedy, Poppa Kennedy, hey, hey,
An' we can see for Poppa Kennedy,
An' we can see the Polaris.

Broadside # 3
April 1962
Box 193 NYC 25
BROADSIDE, P.O. Box 193, Cathedral Station, New York 25, N.Y.

A publication issued twice a month to distribute topical songs and stimulate the writing of such songs. Our policy is to let each writer speak freely through his or her song, even though we may not agree with all the sentiments expressed. Let each song ride as is, and cut its own trail.

Sis Cunningham (Editor); Gil Turner; Pete Seeger (Advisory).

Copyrights of all songs remain in the hands of the authors and inquiries as to any further use of any song in this issue should be addressed to the author, c/o BROADSIDE, and your letter will be forwarded.

Trial subscription (5 issues) ..... $1.50
One year's subscription .......... 5.00

NOTES ON SONGS IN THIS ISSUE

FREEDOM, FREEDOM RIDER. The writer of this song, Marilyn Eisenberg, was a freedom rider who spent a month and a half in jail in Parchman, Mississippi. In prison, the girls were always dancing -- the Twist, the Watusi, and the Hully Gully were their favorites. Marilyn used the Hully Gully as the tune for her song.

DING DONG DOLLAR. Protests against the basing of U.S. Polaris submarines in Scotland were made in song form by a group of Glasgow singers-songwriters. The two songs in this BROADSIDE are from a bunch of 14 which this group had printed up in a booklet entitled "Ding Dong Dollar Anti-Polaris Songs." FOLKWAYS RECORDS is releasing in May an L-P of the Ding Dong Dollar songs, FD6444. Music for the chorus of "Dollaris" is provided because it isn't quite like our "Comin' Round the Mountain". The tune for "We Dinna Want Polaris" is more familiarly known under its full title "Three Crows Sat Upon A Wall."

OTHER NOTES: Les Rice, of course, is the author of the widely known "Banks of Marble"... Bob Dylan's first album for Columbia was released recently... Pete Seeger is finding time somehow in a tight schedule to turn out quite a few songs these days.

BROADSIDE has two hootenannies tentatively scheduled for about a month from now, one for New York City and the other for the San Francisco area. The idea is to devote them entirely to topical songs, with writers singing their own songs whenever possible. Look for specific dates.

We hope to publish an article or two soon, perhaps beginning by back-tracking in time for a reminiscence of the Almanac Singers and Woody Guthrie.