FOOLKSINGER'S ALPHABET

A is the Alley Cat, possum and coon, B is the Banjo that's never in
tune, C is for Child & his ballad collection & D is the Dam-sel who

weeps for affection - So merry, so merry, so merry are we, No-body on
earth so happy as we -- Da- i-erry, O-erry, I- der-ry down, Hear the

Folksinger's Alphabet all o-ver town.

E is the expert takin' notes while I sing
F is the Folks who started this thing.
G is the gallows for poor Tom Dooley
And H --- (Spoken rhythmically): H is a
great big convention of folksingers and
ballad slingers; bluegrass pickers and

crabgrass trickers; songs about sailin',

frailin', trailin', jailin' and bailin' --

With the audience joinin' in on the

wallin' --- (Sung): Called a Hootenanny.

CHO: ... (Last line changes to): Hear the

banjo a-rin' in all over the town.

I is the itch to be where I aint
J is John Henry, our first patron saint
K is for kisses sweeter than wine
And L --- and you're bound to catch L

if you try to kiss mine.

CHO: ... (Last line): Hear (see) the

fiddlers a-fiddlin' all over the town.

CONT'D ->
FOLKSINGER'S ALPHABET — 2

M is for Michael a-rowin ashore
N is the knowledge we learn from folklore
O is for old which a folksong must be
And P's for the poet who wrote one last

CHO: ... (Last line): Hear (see) the
     gitar s-gittin all over the town.

Q is a quart of that good mountain dew
R is the rhythm for pickin the blues
S is the sadness of a maiden done wrong
And T is the time I killed singin this song.

CHO: ... (Last line): Hear (see) the steel
     strings a-stealin all over the town.

U is the umptillion folk songs there are
V is my voice growin weaker each bar
W is the wooden guitar on the shelf
And X — (Spoken): That's about all the
     verses of this Alphabet Song I know —
     If you want any for X-Y-Z, (Sung): You
     can sing em yourself.

CHO: ... (Last line): Hear (see) the min-
     strels a-mincin all over the town.

MOVE OVER, GRAB A-HOLT & COME ALONG

By Peter La Farge (ASCAP)
© 1963, by author

LIVELY SWING

I'll take you with me if my en-gine runs, But don't bother me 'Babe,
if you can't come. Move over, grab a-holt & come a-long, Babe; Move

over, grab a-holt & come a-long!

I'm a movin man with the necessay urge
Daylight's free, so is the freedom urge. Cho
Plane or bus, train or car
Wherever it is, it aint too far. Cho
Come on baby and take my hand
Those who are scared are the also aint aint too far. Cho
There's a whole world to make out there
Let's go see it and find out where. Cho

The end might be early
and it might be late
But it aint gonna come
if we sit and wait. Cho
With Bobby and Joannie
a-singin so bright
We don't need a compass
with all that light. Cho
Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
© 1962 Witmark Music Inc.

Where have you been my blue-eyed son?
Where have you been my darlin' young one?
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard
And it's a hard, hard, hard, hard, hard, It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

What have you seen my blue-eyed son?
What have you seen my darlin' young one?
I saw a new born babe with wild wolves all around it;
I saw a highway of golden with nobody on it;
I saw a black branch with blood that kept dripping;

What did you hear my blue-eyed son?
What did you hear my darlin' young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a warning;
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world;
I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a blushing;
I heard ten thousand whispering and nobody listening;
I heard one person starve, I heard many persons weeping;
I heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter;
I heard the song of a poet who died in the alley;
I heard the song of a poet who died in the arrow;
I heard the song of a poet who died in the arrow;
And it's a hard, hard, hard, And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Who did you meet my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet my darlin' young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony;
I met a white man who walked a black dog;
I met a young woman whose body was burning;
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow;
I met one man who was wounded in love;
I met another man who was wounded in hatred;
And it's a hard, hard, hard, And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.
Two Songs by Tom Paxton

Death of Medgar Evers  Tom Paxton  © 1963 by Deep Fork Music Inc.

The country is mourning the death of a soldier, The death of a
soldier who carried no gun, — A courageous soldier who died on his
door-step, — A soldier too brave to turn coward and run. — He
never quit fighting, He never quit trying, He never lost courage and
never laid down. He never lost hope and he never feared dying and

Now they have laid him in Arlington ground. —

The White Council boys made their
black ugly phone calls,
Threatening his wife and his children with death,
He spoke to his wife in the dark
of their bedroom
And decided to fight them till
his dying breath.
The warnings increased and the
threats they grew harsher
And once in the evening a fire
bomb came,
His wife put it out and nobody
was injured
And the fire-bombers laughed at
their hideous game.

Then young Medgar Evers instructed
his children
And told them in case of a violent
sound
They were not to run to see what
was the matter
But instantly throw themselves
down to the ground.

The threats drew the man and his wife
close together
In his arms she would lie in the dark
of the night.
And though she was frightened for her
husband's safety
She never would ask him to give up
the fight.
One night he came home to the point of
exhaustion
The porchlight was cheerfully brightening
the night,
He walked up the steps as the sniper
was aiming
The sniper who had him in his rifle
sights.

The bullet struck home and the sniper
went flying
And Medgar's young children, they ran to
the door,
His wife tried to stop them but they saw
their dad dying,
They saw their dad dying on the living
room floor.  CONT'D —
Death of Medgar Evers  (conclusion)

Then sleep, Medgar Evers, your struggle is over,
They thought they could kill you but we know they were wrong,
They might lay you down in the quiet of Arlington
But while we’re living the fight will go on. (Cho.)

Note: Chorus may be sung after each verse or intermittently, as preferred.

THE TRAIN FOR AUSCHWITZ

By Tom Paxton
© 1963 by Cherry Lane Music

I see a long train comin’ — across the Polish plains,
The passengers it carries — aint comin’ back — a gain.

This train is bound for Auschwitz
Like many another one,
The passengers condemned to die,
But no crime have they done.
They are jammed into the boxcars
So tight against the wall
And in those cars the dead men stand,
There is no room to fall.

Now the men who did these awful crimes
They wish they’d murdered more,
The only thing they’re sorry for
Is that they lost the war.

And hundreds of these murderers
Still walk the earth today
Just hoping for a chance to kill
The ones that got away.

NEW YORK POST, MONDAY, AUGUST 26, 1963

Hitler Photos Tacked Up in West Berlin

Four photographs of Adolf Hitler stared down from the walls of the Jewish Community House in Berlin for a few hours yesterday until West German police removed them. Under the photos were slogans in English reading “Despite Jewish Lies Hitler Was Right”—and there was also an address of the National Socialist Movement in London.

The same thing happened in Frankfurt two weeks ago. A London Nazi confirmed his group has shipped 30,000 anti-Semitic leaflets to Germany this summer and that more are to come from the movement’s international headquarters in Arlington, Va.
FREEDOM TODAY!

By BILL OLIVER

F C F C C7

1. I've been waiting too long to meet my
brother.
2. I've been hearing a lot about my
brother.
3. I've been reading a lot about my
brother.
4. Time to walk out and stand up for my
brother.

F C F G C C7 F F7

hand, I've been standing instead of de-
chains, I've been seeing that all this talk of
free, I've been learning Jim-Crow needs over-
way, Time for saying there'll be no more de-
mending. The things that belong to him In
freeing means nothing if the cold, cold iron On his
turning In a land where the rope still hangs On the
laying, 'Cause my brother's got to have His

F C F G7 C E7 Am1 (G)

this fair land!
heart remains!
same dark tree!

Freedom To-// (to last time ending)

(last time)

Copyright, 1963, by S. D. Oliver
A world of his own

FROM MINNESOTA two years ago decamped a roughneck rebel poet and dreamer named Bob Dylan, then 20, packing his guitar and songs, bound-for-glory to New York where he settled quietly on the Lower East Side and set about to dismember the Establishment, limb by limb.

"Slush in my boots all winter long wandering around the Village. Cold winter—snow that high," he gestured during an interview, arms describing the biggest snowbank since the blizzard of '47. "Worked all day in a Greenwich Village coffee house blowing harmonica behind same guy for one or two dollars a day—had to eat."

Bob Dylan has come a long way in two years. Known today as the "most prolific young songwriter in America," his topical protest songs are heard at integration and peace rallies, on records, radio and in concert across the nation. His particular concerns are war, discrimination, capital punishment and exploitation, and his poems and songs reflect implacable anger at warmongers, racists, brutal police and the wealthy—all of whom, he says in a recent song, "ain't gonna run my world.

Motivated by a strong desire to run his own world, Dylan utilizes the most trenchant weapons at his command—a poetic imagination and contempt for injustice—to denounce those who want to rob it for him, whether they hide behind a KKK hood or a stock market ticker.

SLAD IN WORN BOOTS, rough black trousers and a rumpled work shirt, Dylan's slight frame presents itself as a challenge to all that is comfortable and complacent in American life. His singing is unconstrained and forceful. His language is a combination of working class Minnesota, uncompromised by rules of grammar, and the hip jargon of Harlem and the Village.

"I don't think when I write," he said, "I just react and put it down as I go. I'm serious about everything I write. For instance, I get mad when I see friends of mine sitting in Southern jails, getting their heads beat in. What comes out in my music is a call for action."

Dylan has often been compared with Woody Guthrie, whom he reveres, and with Bertolt Brecht, his favorite poet. There are elements of both in his songs and even in his general conversation. Describing the misery brought on the workers of his native state by Eastern mining interests—personalizing the latter with the pronoun "he," Dylan "talked" a song of exploitation and rebellion:

"You should'a seen what he did to the town I was raised in—seen how he left it. He sucked up my town. It's too late now for the people—they're lost. When will it be too late for him?"

"The same guy who sucked up my town wants to bomb Cuba, but he don't want to do it himself—send the kids. He made all this money, but what does he do to earn it? Take away his money and he'd die. Punch him in the gut enough times and he'd die. He's a criminal, a crook, a murderer."

Dylan's songs are attempts to punch "him" in the gut. Beyond this he does not profess any social or political philosophy other than the desire for a world in which "everybody can just walk around without anybody bothering them." His rebellion is personal, directed against repressive anti-life forces in general, rather than to specifics such as economics and politics.

"Capitalism?—Well I object to somebody riding around in a Cadillac when somebody else is lying in the gutter."

"Socialism?—"I'd like to visit Russia someday; see what it's like, maybe meet a Russian girl."

"United States?—"Ain't nobody can say anything honest in the United States. Every place you look is cluttered with phonies and lies!" Kennedy? — "He's all right but he's phoney, pretending all the time."

"Politics?—"Oh, I'm not gonna vote because there's nobody to vote for; nobody that looks like me, the way I feel... I'd like to see a government made up of people like Bertrand Russell, Jim Forman for SNCC, Marion Brando and people like that."

Dylan returned recently from the South where he sang during a Negro voter registration drive. He plans to go back soon. In Mississippi, he says, "there's a feeling in the air. More people are willing to say, 'To hell with my security, I want my rights.' I want to help them if I can. They really dig my music down there, too."

"Dylan's most popular songs, 'Blowin' in the Wind,' reflects the "feeling" in Mississippi and, indeed, throughout the nation: "How many roads must a man walk down before he's called a man? How many seas must a white dove sail before he sleeps in the sand? How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned? The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind..."

—Jack A. Smith

--- FOR --- POMPASSINITY

JON: "So things are getting you down and you're about in the notion to haul off and write a whole passel of Protest Songs against it all. What are you, Paul, some kind of a nut? Now take me, I'm staying loyal to the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW, and here is what I always say about Protest Song writers:

"Let those who would change our nuclear policy, those who would work for greater social justice, get themselves a background in political science, or sociology, or some other field with intellectual meat to it. Let them work and think and study. Let them seek employment in fields where they can effect some changes -- government, business, journalism, broadcasting, education. Let them prove the honesty of their concern by working in a less puerile manner to effect changes which they consider necessary."

PAUL: "I reckon you're right. It's just a crying shame the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW wasn't around to give Woody Guthrie sound advice like that."

JON: "There's still Bob Dylan."

PAUL: "And all them Negro Freedom Marchers with all them Protest Songs -- don't they ever read the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW!"
WORKSHOPS KEY TO NEWPORT '63

By Josh Dunson

The heart of the 1963 Newport Folk Festival was in the workshops. The night concerts that attracted audiences of over 13,000 each were simply too gigantic for the presentation of folk music, which needs a special environment. Most in the audiences were too far away from the singers to see more than bare outlines of human figures, guitars and banjos. All they could do was listen to the loud speakers, out of which blared over-amplified voices and music.

The workshops were an altogether different story. Here was the kind of setting folk music requires. Audiences were no more than 500 or 600 at a session, virtually sitting -- on the grass or the wooden porch -- at the feet of the performers. The workshops were like informal jam sessions and in this atmosphere a lot of good music was made. There were Doc's Boggs and Watson, Tom Ashley with oldtime banjo picking, Mississippi John Hurt, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, and young John Hammond with the blues. A highlight of the entire Festival was Bob Dylan and Joan Baez joining to sing Bob's "With God On Your Side" at the ballad workshop.

The topical song workshop made its own place as one of the most important events of the Newport Festival. Under Pete Seeger's agile direction the definition of topical song was broadened to include songs of specific incidents in a "folk's" life. The new generation of young topical songwriters was well represented: Dylan, Peter La Farge, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs. There was also the great blues singer, Mississippi John Hurt, whose songs are derived from experiences carrying deep social content. The history of abiding humor in topical music was well represented by Dorsey Dixon's "Intoxicated Rat", a song the Dixon Brothers recorded for John Lomax's "Smokey Mt. Ballads" on Victor in the 1930's. After the rat gets drunk:

And he didn't go back to his hole that time,
But he stayed by the puddle of gin
And he said, doggone my pop-eyed soul
I'm gonna get drunk again.

Well he washed his face with his front feet,
And on his hind legs sat,
And with a twisted smile and a half closed eye
Said: Where's that doggone cat?

There were so many standout performances that it is impossible to talk about them all. Peter La Farge came on the stage with the Albuquerque Inter-Tribal dancers to sing "Ira Hayes"; he dared the audience to look into the Indians' eyes as he sang his song symbolic of the wrongs that have been done -- and are being done -- to his Indian people. "Never mind the bright costumes," La Farge said. "Just look at their eyes." When he finished Alan Lomax, deeply stirred, came up to congratulate him, and one of the Indian performers lifted off Peter's cowboy hat and replaced it with his own head-dress of many feathers.

The Freedom Singers, who had held even the immense crowd at the Friday night concert by their powerful gospel style singing of today's integration songs, received a tremendous ovation. Here again is topical music that has developed traditionally. The gospel songs were a natural part of the life of the Southern Negro, and when the Freedom movement became a mass struggle it was only natural to use the gospel tunes with new words for new times. Traditional music's influence on topical music was exemplified at the very beginning of the workshop when Aunt Molly Jackson's brother, Jim Garland, led things off with his now classic composition, "I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister."

The city bred music of Phil Ochs drew the only standing ovation of the workshop, a real tribute to this talented young writer. He had been ill for several
weeks with severe headaches and dizziness, and his first song, "Medgar Evers", though well received, lacked his usual power of delivery. However, every line of his second song, "Talking Birmingham Jam", came out strong. Phil's humor struck deep. One by one and then in waves the crowd rose from the grass, first clapping, then yelling for more.

When Bob Dylan's voice ranged over the loud speaker people came flocking from all areas of the Festival park. There were few in the largely youthful crowd who had not heard Bob before. They seemed to like him not only for his poetry and song but also as the uncombed ramblin' kid who embodies many of the anti-material values his young audience is reaching for. They yelled for him before he walked up and yelled twice as hard when he finished up the workshop with Pete Seeger, the two of them singing Bob's "Playboys and Playgirls" (Broadside # 20). Topical music had shown its range and depth at Newport.

A FAREWELL TO FISH & WILDLIFE  By Earl T. Walker, c 1963 by author
(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Along the coasts both East & West
They're dredging fit to kill.
In places it's for channels
And in others just for fill.
Yes, they're building oil refineries
And new houses more and more.
But where will all our fishes go
When there ain't no friendly shore.

In the shallow inshore waters
The young fishes grow and grow
But the suction dredge and dragline
Leave no place for them to go.
Yes, the oysters, clams and scallops
They are covered up with silt,
There go our seafood dinners
When the makings are all killed.

The waters of our Nation
Once flowed so clean and pure,
Now the roily, oily billows
Have an odor of manure,
Mine-acid wastes and effluents
From industry and home
Are covered as they putrefy
With a thick detergent foam.

Yes, they're filling up the marshes
In spreading garbage dumps
And our estuaries and rivers
Are just smelly sewage sumps.
They're draining all our wetlands
And they're filling all the swamps,
Yes, our waterfowl will soon be gone
When they've lost their marshy haunts.

Soon with Government assistance
All the potholes will be drained
Then through the great Dakotas
You would never know it rained.
Tho it once raised ducks by millions,
And the flocks just filled the sky,
In the name of glorious progress
We may see the last duck die.

If you want to leave your children
Some remnant of the past
Just a little sad reminder
Of resources once so vast,
Don't let them drain the marshes
Don't let them ruin the shore
Let's keep some fish and wildlife
For our children evermore.

The song above is reminiscent of Woody Guthrie's Columbia River songs. In fact, the author has much of Woody's rich facility in the use of words... We predict that the special August, 1963, Woody Guthrie issue of the magazine MAINSTREAM will quickly become a collector's item. Among its contents are a series of "Woody Sez" articles Woody wrote for a N.Y. newspaper in 1939, reprinted now for the first time, a long poem "My Freedom Fire" Woody wrote in 1951 and published now for the first time, several articles on Woody by Pete Seeger and others who knew him, etc. Send .50¢ to MAINSTREAM, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y.
ANNUAL SING OUT! HOOTENANNY -- CARNEGIE HALL, SATURDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 21, 1963

Len Chandler            Dave Von Ronk & His Jug Stompers            Peter La Farge
Jean Redpath            Down State Rebels            Tony Saletan
Dick Glass            Red Allen & His Kentuckians            John Hammond, Jr.
John Winn            Jim Kweskin & His Jug Band            Hedy West
Phil Ochs            Charles River Valley Boys            Buffy Sainte-Marie

NOTES: Here's a short set of lyrics by Malvina Reynolds needing a tune --

PICKET LINE

The gray flannel suits stand outside the door,
The picket line passes saying, "Fallout No More!"
The flannel suits smile at the signs passing by,
While unseen caesium falls from the sky.

A mother and a grandpa walk in the line,
Two little toddlers carry a sign,
Big time lunch-timers too polite to hoot,
And fallout doesn't show on a gray flannel suit.

And the impetuous Dr. Stephen Ward has forced Richard L. Rodgers to add another
verse to the Rodgers' song in Broadside #29 --

New Doctor Ward has skipped this world
But his legend will live on
A "sacrifice to vultures" so we hear
Oh, his trial was a dandy
And we'll vote for Chris and Mandy,
Everybody's playmates of the year.

BROADSIDE RECORD # 2: Look for the release by FOLKWAYS of the 2nd L-P of songs from Broadside: "PETE SEEGER SINGS BROADSIDE SONGS"... The Pete Seeger family left in August for a working trip around the world. Travelling westward they will visit Australia, Japan, India, Africa and Europe, and are not scheduled to return to these shores until June, 1964. Pete promised to look for some topical songs and send us whatever he finds... We are glad to report that Len Chandler's band is healing nicely and should soon be OK. The injury resulted from a wrist wound, not a head blow. He does not feel that the incident had racial overtones... Editor Lynn Musgrave continues the fight against the TV BLACKLIST in the BOSTON BROADSIDE (375 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.) Blacklisting and loyalty oaths, she writes, are "not consistent with the important American ideal of equity in the area of mass media communication." In an excellent article in the same (Aug. 21, 1963) issue Peter La Farge writes: "It was interesting at the Newport Festival to see the fear in the faces and bodies of those people who refused to sign the postcards protesting the blacklist as evidenced by the exclusion of Pete Seeger and The Weavers from the Hootenanny TV show. It was very sad. Reach out and grab a song, it'll lift you up. Stop wearing your own death mask before qualifying for it."... LITTLE SANDY REVIEW: a magazine purporting to review recordings. Apparently not enough new records are being released to keep the editors occupied, and as the old folk saying goes "the Devil finds work for idle hands". So they are campaigning against topical song writing, which has been going on in this country for only about 300 years. They know as well as the man in the street that political feeling, color of skin, and just plain lack of jobs, etc. keeps thousands and millions of Americans out of "journalism, education, government, business" etc.

BROADSIDE, Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y. A topical song publication; twice monthly; Editor, Sis Cunningham; Contr. Editors, Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan; Advisory, Pete Seeger. Rates: 1-yr (22 issues)... $5. 5-issue trial... $1.50. Back issues (#'s 1 thru 30)... 35¢ each.