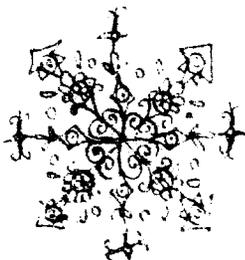


BROADSIDE #37

"The National Topical Song Magazine"

BOX 193, NEW YORK 10025, N.Y.
JAN. 1st, 1964 Price -- 35¢



Frustrated youths of this general design are in the millions. Of the 26 million young people who will apply for work during the 1960s, 7.5 million will be school dropouts. They have no important skills and in a labor market already glutted, most will be rejected. A million new arrivals a year join the hiring lines and are turned down, a massive disappointment on a mass scale.

The NATION December 21, 1963



IN THIS ISSUE:
SONGS BY
Malvina Reynolds
Phil Ochs
Bertolt Brecht
& Robin Maisel
Ethel Rosenberg
& Victor Fink
Patrick Sky
Paul Wolfe
Mark Spoelstra
Randall Wilbur
Benjamin Griffith

Season's Greetings to all
from your artist
BROADSIDE
readers

*Agnes
Friesen*



THREE POEMS - TWO WITH MUSIC, ONE WITHOUT

ALL OF US OR NONE Words: Bertolt Brecht
Music: Robin Maisel

Musical score for 'All of Us or None' in 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: 'Slave, who is it who shall free you? Those in deepest darkness lying, Comrade, these alone can see you, They alone can hear you crying. Comrade, only slaves can free you.' The middle staff is the piano accompaniment with chords: Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, C, G3 in 3rd bass, Am, C, G3, Am, E7, Am. The bottom staff is a bass line with a Dm chord.

Slave, who is it who shall free you?
Those in deepest darkness lying,
Comrade, these alone can see you,
They alone can hear you crying.
Comrade, only slaves can free you.

Beaten man, who shall avenge you?
You, on whom the blows are falling,
Hear your wounded brothers calling.
Weakness gives us strength to lend you.
Comrade, come, we shall avenge you.

You who hunger, who shall feed you?
If it's bread you would be carving,
Come to us, we too are starving.
Come to us and let us lead you.
Only hungry men can feed you.

Who, O wretched one, shall dare it?
He who can no longer bear it
Counts the blows that arm his spirit,
Taught the time by need and sorrow,
Strikes today and not tomorrow.

From "All of Us Or None" in SELECTED POEMS OF BERTOLT BRECHT, translated by H.R.Hays, copyright 1947 by Bertolt Brecht and H.R. Hays, and reprinted here by permission of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

This poem is from Brecht's play DAYS OF THE COMMUNE. The German version with music by Hans Eisler is sung by Eric Bentley on his "Bentley On Brecht" disc (Riverside).

IF WE DIE Words: Ethel Rosenberg
Music: Victor Fink

Musical score for 'If We Die' in 2/4 time. The tempo is 'Andante - Somber'. The score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: 'You shall know, my sons, shall know Why we leave the song unsung, The book unread, the work undone to rest beneath the sod. (2) Mourn no - claimed (3) Earth shall smile, my sons, shall smile and green above, resting place the killing end, the world our joy In brotherhood and peace. (4) Work and (Verses 2 & 4): 2. Mourn no more, my sons, no more Why the lies and smears were framed The tears we shed, the hurt we bore To all shall be proclaimed. 4. Work and build my sons, and build A monument to love and joy, To human worth, to faith we kept For you my sons, for you.' The middle staff is the piano accompaniment with chords: Am, F# dim, B7, Dm, E, Dm, E, F, rit., E, E, E, E, E7, D, A, E7, A, F#m, E7, A, A. The bottom staff is a bass line with a Dm chord.

Ossining, New York
January 24, 1953

TO MY COUNTRYMEN (Bertolt Brecht. English words by Eric Bentley) © 1963, Eric Bentley

You who live on in towns that passed away
Now show yourselves some mercy I implore
Do not go marching into some new war
As if the old wars had not had their day
But show yourselves some mercy I implore.

You men reach for the trowel not the knife
Today you'd have a roof above your head
But that you gambled on the knife instead
And with a roof one has a better life
You men reach for the trowel not the knife.

You children that you all may stay alive
Your fathers and your mothers you must waken
And if in ruins you would not survive
Tell them you will not take what they have taken
You children that you all may stay alive.

You mothers from whom all men take their breath
A war is yours to give or not to give
I beg you mothers let your children live
Let them owe you their birth but not their death
I beg you mothers let your children live.

(ED. NOTE: This is a Brecht lyric, in Eric Bentley's English words, which Pete Seeger was interested in trying to write a tune for just before he left on his world tour. We haven't yet heard what Pete came up with, but we'd like to hear what other tunesters might make of it)

The Boy Salutes

Words and music by Melvina Reynolds
© 1962 by Schrago Music Company

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is accompanied by chords: Em, A, B7, Em, B7. The lyrics are: "The little boy salutes the casket On the caisson passing through,". The second staff continues the melody with chords: Em, A, B7, Em, C, B7, E. The lyrics are: "He salutes his country's flag As his Dad-dy taught him to." The third staff has chords: A, C, G. The lyrics are: "There's so much anger in the air, So many bullets fly, It's". The fourth staff has chords: Am, B7, Am, B7. The lyrics are: "time for love to take a hand, And love is passing by, Daddy, good-". The fifth staff has a chord: E. The lyrics are: "bye." There is a double bar line at the end of the fifth staff.

The little boy stands on the curbstone
Where the black horse goes his way,
There is no one in the saddle
Where a man rode yesterday.

There's so much sorrow in the air
So many tears to dry,
It's time for love to take a hand
And love is passing by,
Daddy, goodbye.

The little boy stands on the sidewalk
Where the kings and princes go,
And they walk like men in mourning
And their step is sad and slow.

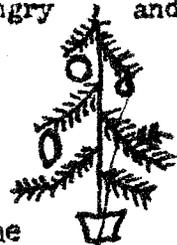
There's so much grieving in the world
The children asking why,
It's time for love to take a hand
And love is passing by,
Daddy, goodbye.

NO CHRISTMAS IN KENTUCKY

By Phil Ochs
 © 1963
 Applesseed Music

Christmas shoppers shoppin' on a ne-on ci-ty street; An-other Christmas
 dollar for an-other Christmas treat. There's satin on the pret-ty dolls that
 make the children glow, While a boy is walkin' ragged in the cold Kentucky snow.

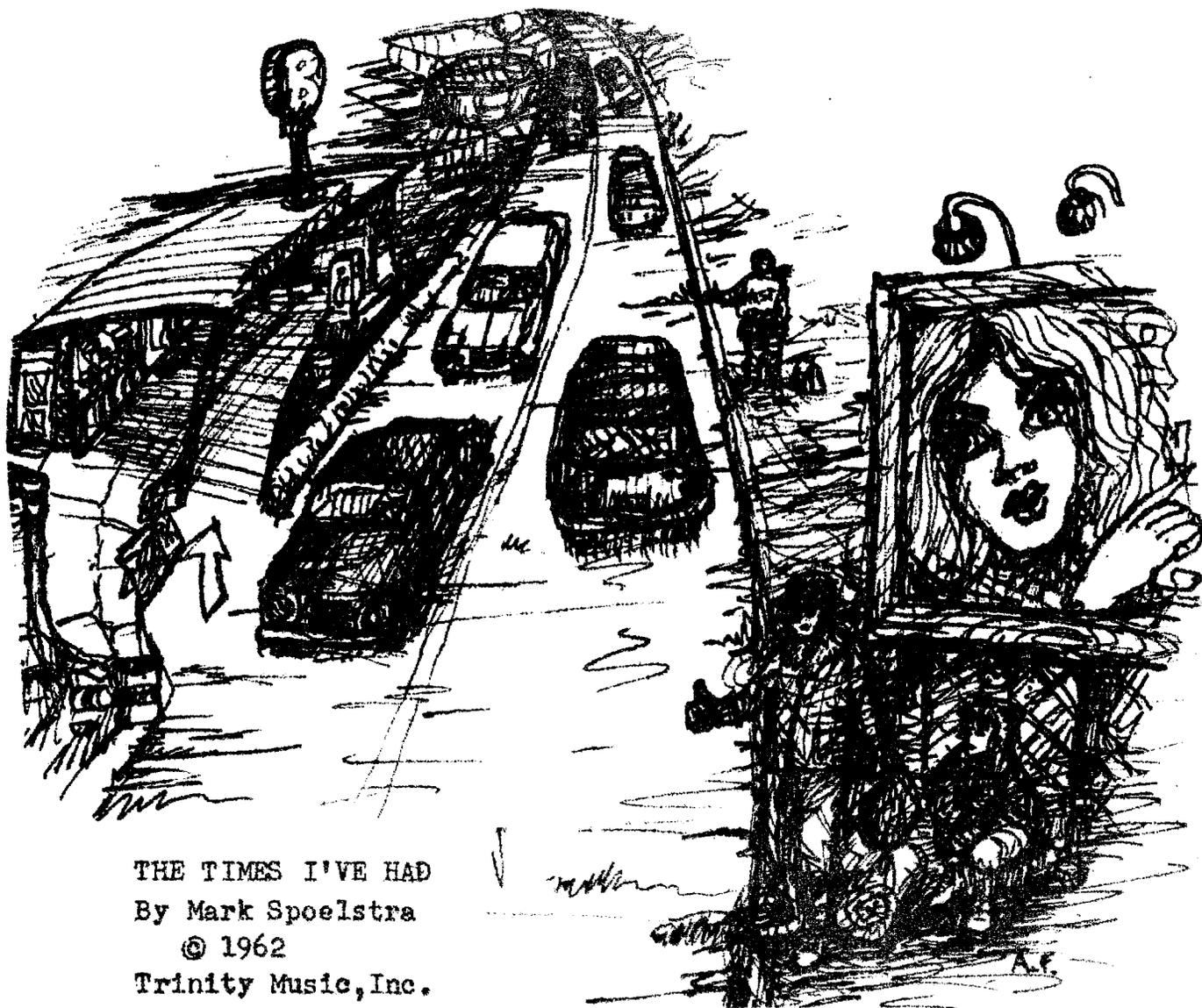
CHO:
 No, they don't have Christmas in Ken-tuck-y, There's no hol-ly on a
 West Virgin-ia door; For the trees don't twinkle when you're hungry and the
 jin-gle bells don't jingle when you're poor.



Electric toys and plastic men are workin' oh so fine
 But there's no work for the miners when machines move in the mines
 In the dark hills of Kentucky there's one gift that may be found
 It's the coal dust of forgotten days that's lyin' on the ground.
 (Cho)

Let's drink a toast to Congress and a toast to Santa Claus
 There's no Santa in the chimney when there are no minin' laws
 And back in old Kentucky they're all goin' for a ride
 On a Christmas sled that's fallin' down a jobless mountainside.
 (Cho)

Have a merry merry Christmas and a happy new year's day
 For now's a time of plenty and plenty's here to stay
 But if you knew what Christmas was I think that you would find
 That Christ is spending Christmas in the cold Kentucky mines.
 (Cho)



THE TIMES I'VE HAD
 By Mark Spoelstra
 © 1962
 Trinity Music, Inc.

Let me tell you 'bout the times I've had, They aint so good and they
 aint so bad - Let me tell you 'bout times I've had Trav'lin up the road to
 the
 Gil-e-ad. — Let me tell 'bout the places I've been, Let me you 'bout the
 you tell
 folly of men. — Ma — On — The times I've had. (Cont'd →)

(Verses)

1. Too many people try to lead the blind Half of them don't even
2. Lots of people talk about a coming war, Some of them rich and
know their own minds - V Let me tell you when you see the light, You
some of them poor - They talk a-bout it like a black jack game, -
got to stand and shout when you know it's right -
- But win or lose, you can't play a - gain

3. I was in Ohio
in a little
truck stop
When a soldier
told me
this peace
has got to
stop
He said think
about
the economy
I ain't afraid
to fight for
my country.

4. It's folks
that want to
fight
that I'm
talkin' about
They're leading
the blind
in a timeless
drought
But I don't want
no drought
on my land
When there are
Peace and Love
in my
right hand.

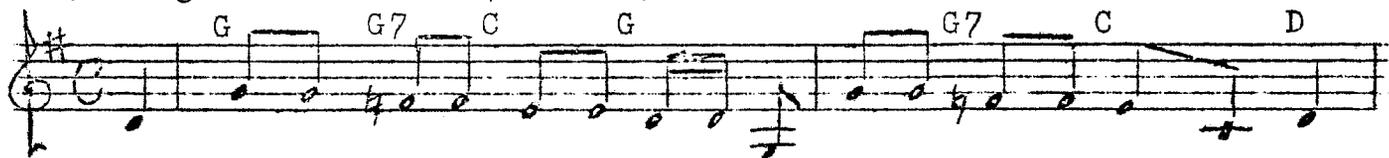


BROADSIDE #37

LEAVE US ALONE!

Words & Music by Patrick Sky
 © 1963 by author
 Woodmere Music Company
 Used by permission

(Omit 3rd on all G & G7 chords)



You say that I'm a bloody savage un-fit to live in this fair land



But you stole it from our fathers with a bible in your hand.



You say that I'm a bloody savage
 Unfit to live in this Fair Land
 But you stole it from our Father
 With a bible in your hand.

Then you pushed us further,
 further,

Back into the hills & plains
 Said, "This land is yours forever
 Long as White Clouds bring the
 rains."

Now the treaties have been broken
 By the Politicians tongue,
 "The way to get the Indian land
 Is for to educate his young."

"Sell him liquor, give him money
 Lie and steal, and break his pride
 He is just a primitive savage
 Remember, God is on our side."

"Make his faith & cults illegal!
 Sell him bibles cheaply priced!
 Tell him how we love & praise
 him
 In the name of Jesus Christ!"

"Draft him into our brave armies
 Send him to some foreign land
 Make him fight the wars we
 started

While he's away, we'll steal
 more land!"

Now you can laugh, say I'm foolish
 Unlearned... No right to speak
 this way

But I'm speaking, for my people
 So listen when these words I say:

"WE don't want your dirty cities
 Nor your planes & cars & such!
 All we want is to live our way
 That ain't askin for too much."

"Keep your money, and your
 diamonds!
 Keep your silver, and your gold!
 Keep your governmental powers
 Where human lives are bought and
 sold!"

"Keep your guns, keep your swords
 Your bombs, and other things of
 war!

Keep your whole damned Social
 Order,
 And DON'T BOTHER US NO MORE!"

BROADSIDE #37

T A L K I N G C H R I S T M A S

By Paul Wolfe
c 1963 by author

Well I passed a toy shop the other day,
In the window was a Christmas display,
Missiles, tanks, rockets, guns,
The kids are really gonna have some fun,
Have their own wars -- Kill each other --
Merry Christmas!

I went up close and I read the ad,
Kids!, it said, war's the current fad,
Relive the great ones of history,
Prepare yourself for World War Three.
Get yourself a machine gun -- only a dollar ninety-eight,
Italian make.
Special for Christmas!

I saw a man walk into a store nearby,
That had Christmas posters hung real high,
Sorry we can't serve you, the clerks did say,
But Merry Christmas, anyway!
We're just taking orders from above,
We ain't got nothin' against you, really,
Except your skin is black.

I saw a man preaching on the street corner's end --
Peace on Earth -- Good Will Toward Men,
But nobody listened, they just shoved him aside,
He was just an old man, ignorant and blind.
They couldn't be blamed much, though --
They had shopping to do,
It's Christmas, you know.

Well, I saw a bum lying by the sidewalk's edge,
He couldda been alive, he couldda been dead,
But either way, he was plain outta luck.
Not one person stopped to pick him up,
They were all too busy --
Showing good will toward men, I guess,
After all, it's Christmas.

A guy down South went home that night,
Kissed his children, hugged his wife,
I'll see ya later, he says, you kids be good,
I gotta go now, where's my hood?
The boys and I are gonna have a Christmas party --
Anybody seen my rifle?
Merry Christmas! -- ya'all.

* * * * *

BROADSIDE # 37

NEWS ITEM: "Season's Greetings But Not A Merry Christmas" is the message on the holiday cards of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell (D.N.Y.). The card also has the words "Let's Put Christ Back in Christmas" and a drawing of the bombed Birmingham Negro church and 6 white crosses representing the six children who were murdered.

T W O M A R T Y R S
STREETS OF DALLAS TOWN

By Benjamin Griffith
c 1963 by author

(Tune: "Wearing Of The Green")

"Out of my deep grief following the late President's assassination, I wrote this song, to a traditional Irish tune," Benjamin Griffith.

Americans, and did you hear, The news that's going 'round?
They've gone and shot John Kennedy, In the streets of Dallas town.

CHO: The streets of Dallas town, my boys, The streets of Dallas town,
They've gone and shot our President, In the streets of Dallas town.

He stood for human dignity, And rights the world around,
And that is why they cut him down, On the streets of Dallas town (CHO)

From everywhere a chorus of hate, Had made an awful sound,
And that is why they shot him down, On the streets of Dallas town. (CHO.)

And you and I had listened, And had not made reply,
And that is why in Dallas town, A good man had to die. (CHO.)

MEDGAR EVERS (Tune: "Jesse James")

By Randall Wilbur
c 1963 by author

Medgar Evers was a man, he tried to stop the Klan,
His leadership true and brave,
He said to the whites, let the Negro have his rights,
But they laid Medgar Evers in his grave.

CHO: Medgar was a man, he wanted to be free,
Just like you and me,
But a dirty segregationist, said this could not be,
And he laid Medgar Evers in his grave.

He went to a meeting, there some words to speak,
Just like he'd done before,
But as he walked up to his door, a rifle it did roar,
And they silenced him forevermore. (CHO)

Now I ask you people, how can this thing be?
In this land of liberty,
If you were born black, then they can shoot you in the back,
I wonder if you ever thought of that. (CHO)

This song was written in Glendale, California,
A town where Negroes can't live,
So if Medgar was to speak, like he did in Mississippi,
They would lay Medgar Evers in his grave. (CHO)

They've killed us before, and they'll kill us again,
But someday we shall win,
So we must keep up the fight, for I know that we are right,
Or they'll lay each of us in our grave. (CHO)

"I first began writing topical songs last April. I was fortunate to hear the BROADSIDE Vol. I album on FM radio then, and soon afterwards found myself humming an old tune, but putting in new lyrics," Randall Wilbur.

GIL TURNER REPORTS ON THE "SEA ISLAND FOLK FESTIVAL"

"Guy Carawan got the idea that somebody should've had a long time ago. He figured that a folk festival should be held right where the folksingers live so it would be a part of their life and at the same time help get some community improvements. So he arranged the recent festival on the Sea Islands offshore from S.C. Lord knows that the places where the "folk" live got a tougher row to hoe than towns like Newport and L.A. These Carolina islands may be some of the richest picture-takin' country in the USA, spangled with forests of big oaks dripping Spanish moss all over; but the people are poor as hell. Some of the ladies I met here can sing like they invented folk music but they have to work in laundries for fifteen bucks a week.

"I don't think anybody has ever gone through a greater 48-hour concentration of real folk music than the Sea Island Festival turned out to be. Words to describe music like this haven't really yet been invented. When Bessie Jones and her Georgia Sea Island Singers take over a stage they come up with a flood of shouts, hollers, spirituals, worksongs, playparties, dances and whatnots that tell more about people and their folk music in 30 minutes than thirty lectures on the subject in any college. It was almost too much to have them on the same concert together with that equally gifted group, the Singers of Moving Star Hall.

"Guy Carawan must have done the work of ten men in putting this festival together. He's been traveling at that pace ever since he came to the South some years ago. He just keeps on soaking in all the music he learns from the people and teaching it to the next people he meets. I see he's just brought out a new book of the songs of the Negro Freedom struggle (titled "We Shall Overcome" and put out at \$1.95 a copy by OAK PUBLICATIONS, 165 W. 46 St., New York 36, N.Y.).

"The only northerners that dropped in on the Sea Island Festival were myself, my wife Lori and Bob Cohen. Alan Lomax and his daughter Ann were there, but Alan is really a displaced southerner. Late in the Saturday concert, Alan got up and preached a singin' sermon made up of songs that came from around here and got made popular by singers up North. Songs like "Michael Row The Boat Ashore", "Midnight Special" and "Home On The Range" (Alan's father collected the latter from a Negro worker in a Southern tavern). His preachin' between songs told about how much good folk music there was -- and is -- among the Negro people in the South. This made everybody feel good. Then he said that it is a shame that these same people and their wonderful music are so little appreciated in their own part of the country -- which made everybody feel bad. One sentence Alan said seemed so important I wrote it down word for word; it went "There are probably more genuine folksingers in this audience than were present on the stage for many of the Newport Festival programs." Alan Lomax isn't always the easiest guy to agree with 100%, but I was with him all the way this time.

"By the way, that audience was mostly Negro people, but it was good to see about sixty white folks, mostly from Charleston, sprinkled all through the crowd -- and they looked and acted like they felt they were right where they belonged. If such a thing was ever seen in a theater or concert hall around Charleston before, you can safely

SEA ISLANDS FOLK FESTIVAL -- 2

bet almost anything it wasn't in this century.

"On Sunday we went to St. Stephen's African Methodist Church and heard more good singing and preaching. The minister made a special welcome and brotherhood speech for us visitors. Later on, each one of us was asked to say something. Miles Horton, the veteran of Highlander, just about covered it for all of us when he said, "I want to thank you for making me feel more welcome and comfortable here than I feel in any church run by my own (white) people."

"Sunday night put the frosting on the cake with a praise house meeting at Moving Star Hall. It seemed to me that every single member of Moving Star Hall was both a folksinger and folkpreacher of the best kind you can ever hope to hear. When they all got together after the services and started swapping songs, tales, dances, etc., with Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers it was almost too much to describe on paper. You'll just have to go down there next year (it's to be an annual thing) and see and hear all these things for yourself."

.... GIL TURNER

N O T E S

CRIPPLING CENSORSHIP is what Billboard calls action by some U.S. radio stations in banning the British song "In the Summer of His Years", a tribute to the late President John F. Kennedy. A spokesman for WNEW in New York called the record "A blatant attempt to commercialize on a national tragedy." But Billboard in its editorial says: "Just as a poet may be moved by a great tragedy to pen some stanzas; just as a novelist might be moved to write a book, or a playwright a play, so may a songwriter a song. In this way -- through the impact of 'event songs' and ballads -- do momentous events enter the nations body of folklore. To hamper this process seems unwise and unfair." BOB COHEN came across the following in an introduction to Twentieth Century Chinese Poetry (Doubleday, 1963): "...the folk song...has actually been the mainstay in the development of Chinese poetry and has remained one of its strongest rejuvenating forces." The introduction notes that zealous "guardians" of Chinese culture reworked the classics and gave them a moralistic interpretation which subsequently became accepted as orthodoxy. As a consequence, in later centuries love songs in the 3,000-year-old Book of Poetry were accepted as words of great wisdom while a current love song was dismissed as vulgar "when in reality it was no more so than any one of the dozens of folk songs in The Book Of Poetry"... IF WE DIE: Ethel Rosenberg, and her husband Julius, were burned to death in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison just after sundown on June 19, 1953... TALKING CHRISTMAS: "Be a one-man junior army...Blast away on your Tommy Gun...bullet shooting '45' Cap Pistol and have your practice Hand Grenades ready. You're all set for a midnight drop behind enemy lines...You'll be a fearless PARATROOPER." Christmas ad in Sears-Roebuck sent in by Bill Frederick.

||| BROADSIDE, Box 193, Cathedral Sta., NYC, NY 10025. A topical song publication, about twice a month. Editor, Sis Cunningham; Contr. Editors Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Josh Dunson; Advisory, Pete Seeger. Rates: 1-Yr (or 22 issues), \$5. 5-issue trial, \$1.50. Back issues, 35¢ each plus few ¢ postage.