Come gather 'round, people, wherever you roam And admit that the waters a-
round you have grown, And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the
bone; If your time to you is worth saving. Then you better start swimming or
sink like a stone for the times they are a-changin.

Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again
Don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no telling who it is naming
For the loser now will be later to win
'Cause the times they are a-changin.

Come Senators, Congressmen, please heed the call
Don't block up the doorway, don't stand in the hall
'Cause he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
'Cause the battle outside, raging,
Will soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
'Cause the times they are a-changin.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly aging
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
'Cause the times they are a-changin.

The line it is drawn and the curse it is cast
The slowest one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fading
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin.

© 1963 Witmark Music
We have always been taught to be humble and meek, And give thanks for a
roof above our heads;— We are grateful but please tell me who do we
thank for the rats that run under our beds.— And the rats how they run the
walls of our slum and no fear of man do they show;— With our children we hold
dear we are prisoners of fear, And the rats come and go, come and go.

2. The inspectors they come,
swearing justice for all,
And they write up citations
by the score.
But their breath must be short,
for they never reach the court,
And they never come around here
anymore. (Chorus).

3. Politicians they walk
through our streets, and they talk,
Thinking thoughts that are pure
as driven snow,
As they puff and the blow,
Just like someone we know,
Politicians come and go —
come and go. (Chorus).

4. The landlords they scream
at our Communist scheme,
For we all are withholding our
dough,
They can scream for all time,
But they won't get a dime,
Till the rats up and go —
up and go. (Chorus).

The Health Dept. estimates that there are 250,000
Norway rats in New York. This figure is called
"naively conservative" by other experts, who say there
are between 1,000,000 and 8,000,000 rats living along­
side, under and on top of the city's underprivileged.

NEW YORK POST, SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1964

The most fearful image rats evoke is that of a
bitten child. Last year there were 684 reported cases
of rat-bite in New York. Most of the victims were
children.
"The rat smells the food on the baby's chin and,
when he starts to eat it, he gnaws at the baby's flesh,"
said Jerome B. Trichter, Asst. Commissioner of Health
in New York and a leading authority on rodents. "The
rat is constantly gnawing," added Trichter.
WHAT'S THAT I HEAR

By Phil Ochs
© 1963
Appleseed Music

Moderately

What's that I hear now ringin' in my ear, I've heard that sound before;

What's that I hear now ringin' in my ear, I hear it more and more.

It's the sound of freedom callin', ringin' up to the sky; It's the

sound of the old ways a-fallin', You can hear it if you try, You can

hear it if you try. try, You can feel it if you try, if you try.

2. What's that I see now shinin' in my eyes, I've seen that light before,
What's that I see now shinin' in my eyes, I see it more and more,
It's the light of Freedom callin', shinin' up to the sky,
It's the light of the old ways a-fallin',
You can see it if you try, You can see it if you try.

3. What's that I feel now beatin' in my heart, I've felt that beat before,
What's that I feel now beatin' in my heart, I feel it more and more,
It's the rumble of Freedom callin', climbin' up to the sky,
It's the rumble of the old ways a-fallin',
You can feel it if you try, You can feel it if you try,
You can feel it if you try — if you try.

(Ed. Note: The above Phil Ochs' song, under the sub-title "Freedom Calling", is sung beautifully by the GOODTIME SINGERS on their recently released CAPITOL album. They also do a fine job of performing Phil's "The Power and the Glory", one of his very best songs -- it was in BROADSIDE # 27... Meanwhile, ELEKTRA RECORDS -- 51 West 51st St., New York, N.Y. 10019 -- is scheduled to release about the middle of February an L-P of Phil singing 14 of his own songs. No. EKL-269, with the title "All The News That's Fit To Sing" -- we didn't have the title quite right in our last issue. He sings the two songs named above, along with others like "Talking Vietnam", "Jaramillo", "Bound For Glory", "Celia", and "Talking Cuban Crisis", all of which have been in BROADSIDE at one time or another).
I don't care if it rains or freezes
Long as I've got my plastic Jesus
Through my trials and tribulations
And my travels through the nations

Riding on the dash- of my car;
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far. Plastic Jesus,

plastic Jesus, Riding on the dash- of my car;
I'm afraid He'll have to go, His

magnets ruin my radio, And if I have a wreck He'll leave a scar.

2. Riding down a thoroughfare, With His nose up in the air,
A wreck may be ahead, but He don't mind,
Trouble coming He don't see, He just keeps His eye on me,
And any other thing that lies behind.

PLASTIC JESUS, PLASTIC JESUS,
RIDING ON THE DASHBOARD OF MY CAR:
Though the sunshine on His back,
Makes Him peel, chip and crack,
A little patching keeps Him up to par.

3. When pedestrians try to cross, I let them know who's boss,
I never blow the horn or give them warning;
I ride all over town, trying to run them down,
And it's seldom that they live to see the morning.

PLASTIC JESUS, PLASTIC JESUS
RIDING ON THE DASHBOARD OF MY CAR:
His halo fits just right
And I use it for a sight,
And they'll scatter or they'll splatter near and far.

4. When I'm in a traffic jam, He don't care if I say "damn",
I can let all sorts of curses roll,
Plastic Jesus doesn't hear, For He has a plastic ear ---
The man who invented plastic saved my soul.

PLASTIC JESUS, PLASTIC JESUS,
RIDING ON THE DASHBOARD OF MY CAR:
Once His robe was snowy white,
Now it isn't quite so bright,
Stained by the smoke of my cigar.

5. If I weave around at night, And the police think I'm tight,
They'll never find my bottle, though they ask;
Plastic Jesus shelters me, For His head comes off, you see ---
He's hollow, and I use Him for a flask.

PLASTIC JESUS, PLASTIC JESUS,
RIDING ON THE DASHBOARD OF MY CAR:
Ride with me and have a dram, Of the blood of the Lamb,
Plastic Jesus is a holy bar.

(Repeat first verse)

BROADSIDE #39
UNE~1P
LOYl1ENT
LAMENT
"lords: Patrick Sky c 1964 Woodmere Music
(Tune: "Gay Caballero")
I am an employament seeker
I'm tired of walking the street-a
My money is spent, I can't pay the rent,
My kids have no shoes on their feet-a.
I go on an interview praying,
And to the big men I keep saying,
"Please give me a job," I say with a sob,
But the same damned old tune they keep playing.
Well, I'm trying to draw unemployamenta
Six hours in line I have spent-a
Then they'll say to you, "If your story holds true,
"At the end of 3 weeks your check we will send-a."
Well, taxes I've paid all my life-a
Now what of my kids and my wife-a
This money I've spent, on our government,
But what do we get for our strife-a.
Well, people like me I do think of
And it almost drives me to drink-a
We work and we slave, all our lives to the grave,
While the big man's wife buys a new mink-a.

PSYCHIE-TRY IS A BETTER WORD THAN FREE
(Tune: "Jesse James")
Words: Peter La Farge
ASCAP c 1964 Sugar Loaf Music
Now we want to make you well, mediocre as hell,
So you'll be adjusted and o-kay,
If we put you in a jail, some fool might go your bail,
Before we know that you'll do things our way.

CHORUS: Have a drink of L-S-D,
Thrill to electric thera-pee
But don't call your lawyer on the phone,
Cause there ain't no Constitution,
In a mental institution,
And the Bill of Rights is better left at home.

Remember the A.M.A., runs the U.S.A.,
Report to your doctor every week,
For Psyche-tree is a better word than free
And we'll tell you what to think and speak. (CHO.)
Now do not get us wrong, if you put us in a song,
Freedom is great if it's controlled,
And as we wash your brain, To the flag we'll do the same,
And we'll all do things just as we are told. (CHO)

Now when away you go, do the Hootenanny show,
That is the sane thing to do,
For if you are not nice, you'll be locked up twice,
So don't sing about the things that are true. (CHO)
They say you sing for women, that makes you unforgiven,
Cause we can't control the tax on your heart,
You must concentrate on cash, all this lovin' is too rash,
So you must put the horse before the cart. (CHO)
The past year can go down in history as the one in which the American Negro sang a "new" song. The songs of the Negro have always been sung, but not as Negro songs per se, i.e. the blues and spirituals could be sung without the listener being made aware that Negroes were involved. This is, of course, a great indication of the universality of these songs. However, when The Freedom Singers sing, "Don't listen to Boss Charlie Don't listen to his lies. Us black folks haven't got a chance Unless we organize", it is impossible to be unaware that this is a "Negro" song.

Until 1960, most Negro songs disguised the feelings of the people for whites. The situation in which they lived made this a necessity. Thus a private language was developed. The "cap'n" became a "grizzly bear." Freedom became "steal away to Jesus." To escape meant to "wade in the water, chillun." The Negro became stereotyped as a people who loved to sing when it would have been more accurate to say that they were a people who had to sing. But in 1960, the private language was discarded. The situation was no longer one in which it was necessary "to fool the white man." It became one of "confront him" and in the confrontation, not to budge, even if it meant death. The songs changed, too. "I'm gonna sit at the welcome table" became what Negroes had been thinking for a hundred years and more, "I'm gonna sit at the white man's table." The Negro flung his mask aside and sang a "new" song.

In the Negro South, the new songs serve much the same function as the old. They give the people courage. During slavery it took courage to face the next day. It took courage to live through it, knowing that another day like it was going to follow. Singing songs in the fields during the day and deep in the woods at night supplied the courage to endure, the courage to hope, the courage to live when someone else owned your life. The freedom songs give the people courage to walk down the streets of Birmingham and face the dogs that are trained to kill on command. In Nashville, Tennessee, the students, returning from a demonstration, had to march up the center of the street between a mob which lined both sides. While the mob threw rocks and bottles at them, they sang "We Shall Overcome." This was not a pretentious display of non-violence. The song was simply their only recourse at a time when nothing else would have helped.

The freedom songs are not only a musical extension of Negro spirituals and gospel songs (using the same rhythms and flatted fifths that characterize the old), they are also the creative expression of the community. Seldom can one person be credited with having composed a song. In the atmosphere of a mass meeting, there is no need for a group like The Freedom Singers because every person there is a "freedom singer." The community is involved to such a degree in the situation that individuals do not exist. Everyone knows what a hard struggle it has been. Everyone has scars on his soul from segregation's whip. Everyone has been to jail and those that haven't will be going that day or the next. They don't need anyone to sing to them, because each of them has a song in his own soul. It might take a song leader to pull the beginning of this song from them. But once the collective voice begins to sing, there is no need for a leader. A new
verse will suddenly be heard down front. New harmony will come from the rear. Somebody will substitute "freedom" for "Jesus" in a verse. The name of the local police chief will be substituted somewhere else. There is never an attempt to sing the songs 'right', because the songs are not ends in themselves. They are merely the way in which the community expresses what has happened to its people, what is happening and what, they hope, will eventually happen if they keep up their courage.

Not only do the songs help to keep the people "marching up to freedom land"; they serve to crumble the class barriers within the Negro community. The professor and the plumber, the society matron and the cleaning woman, the young college student and the unlettered old man stand beside each other, united by a song and a dream. They march together and are jailed together. Inside the prison cell the songs continue to speak for them and to them. So powerful is the singing that police try to keep the prisoners from singing by using threats and sometimes, violence. Occasionally, however, an individual policeman will ask the demonstrators to sing; and while the Freedom Riders were jailed in Parchman Farm, Mississippi, white prisoners would yell to them in the evenings:

"Freedom Riders! Sing your freedom songs!"

And the songs are sung — in jail, at mass meetings, on the street. They are the rain from a storm, wearing away rocks that bar the way, nourishing dry ground and feeding the seed of freedom.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: about the author. Julius Lester was born in the midwest, "With God on my side as my father is a preacher." The family moved to Nashville when he was 14, and he graduated from Fisk University in 1960. He worked at Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tenn., leading singing at voter registration training workshops, and singing at mass meetings. "Since coming to New York I've sung at various coffee shops and benefits for the southern movement and spoken to youth groups about the southern movement." Most recently, he edited Guy and Candie Carawan's book of freedom songs, WE SHALL OVERCOME, published by Oak Publications (165 W. 46 St., New York 36, N.Y.).

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FROM JOE BATEMAN: "The kids in the civil rights movement in Oklahoma City sing the verses below to the tune of YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE (ironically by Gov. Davis of Louisiana). Sometimes a leader shouts the words to a line and the group responds."

"The other day I -- I read a sign dear,'n
And it said "No Colored Allowed,"'
I read that sign, dear, I read it over,'n
And then I hung -- 1 hung-- my head -- my head, and cried.

CHO: "I want my free-dom, I want my free-dom,'n
I want to be -- to be -- a free -- a free -- free man.

"All over America, new things are happening,'n
To make the white man finally see
That we are human, and we are equal
And that we shall -- we shall! -- we shall -- we shall!
Be Free! (CHO.)"

Note: Underscored repetitions are crowd response to leader, or crowd shouts for special emphasis. ---0---
PATRICK SKY (notes by contr. ed Josh Dunson): "Patrick Sky is now 23; he was born in Louisiana and spent the largest part of his life in Georgia. He has enough Creek-Cherokee blood in him to carry around, as he puts it, a huge gripe about the way the culture and the person of the American Indian has been attacked in the past and is now threatened with extinction under the guise of the word "assimilation"... Patrick made his first money at the age of eight singing at local square dances in Live Oak Gardens, Georgia, very near the birthplace of Jesse Fuller. For music he played the harmonica. The first songs he sung were "Good Ole Mountain Dew" and the "Ole Rugged Cross"... One day about two years ago he was walking along an Atlanta, Ga., street with a guitar on his back when he was hailed by a "newsboy" selling Constitutions on a corner. "I see by your guitar, you may be a folk-singing star," cried the "newsboy", who turned out to be none other than Ernie Harrs. They became buddies, and it was Ernie who encouraged Patrick to start writing his own songs... Patrick's first professional recognition came when a two weeks' singing engagement at the Raven's Nest in Florida was extended to four months by popular demand. He is an excellent guitarist and has a biting sense of humor which enhances his basically honest presentation of material. Although he writes songs on many subjects, his most central concern (as it is with his fellow Indian Peter La Farge) is the present situation of the Indian people in the United States, caught in the cultural crossfire of a new plastic society and old, still strong traditions." (See Patrick Sky's "Leave Us Alone!" in BROADSIDE # 37)

BUFFY ST. MARIE & ERIC ANDERSON (note by contr. ed. Phil Ochs): "There are two fine songwriters that BROADSIDE has inadvertently missed in the past because of lack of contact. We plan to print some of their songs in the future. The first is Buffy St. Marie who is my favorite female writer and singer. She could be the most exciting new talent since Bob Dylan. Watch for her first VANGUARD recording, which is due any day now... The second is a young man from Berkeley, Calif., and Buffalo, N.Y., named Eric Anderson. He is especially adept at poetic love songs, and his singing can best be described as the logical musical extension of Elvis Presley. Just a few days after arriving in New York he was also signed by VANGUARD. I predict that by the end of the year they will both be among the most important names in folk music."

DAVE CAMPBELL (from a story in the magazine FESTIVAL): "Because of a Glaswegian, a British Guianalan is writing songs about the U.S. South in Toronto, Canada. Actually, David Campbell writes about a lot more than the Deep South, but some of his best-known works revolve around, as he terms it "what's happening down there". The Glaswegian in the piece is Matt McGinn, a singer and composer, who took Dave into his home during David's recent trip to Europe. "The last day I was there, he said to me, 'David, you sing, but don't you write?' So I sang him a little song for children I'd written, and tears came to his eyes. He said it was a really great protest song." "He made me see I could write -- on the plane coming back, I wrote five songs. And he made me really aware of social issues. I always was aware of them, but I was fogged up -- he made them clear. I guess he was a catalyst, really." The folksinger has a function besides entertaining, Campbell feels: He must... help his audience become more aware... of the world's injustices, of "people and what they go through." (Readers of BROADSIDE will know that Matt McGinn of Glasgow has been with us almost from the beginning)
HE SHALL OVERCOME: So is headlined a full page ad by COLUMBIA RECORDS in the New York Times Magazine of Jan. 19, 1964, advertising Pete Seeger's latest COLUMBIA album "We Shall Overcome", and two earlier ones. There is a fine photograph of Pete by Vernon Smith showing Pete rolling up his sleeves preparatory to going to work on his banjo. Says the ad: "...his songs are always those of the 'three billion human beings who share this earth'. His words are their hopes, their fears. And yours." How Pete shared his songs in India is indicated in the excerpts from Indian newspapers we pieced together for the page "Around The World With The Seegers" in this issue. His stature as a true representative of the United States of America was recognized by U.S. Ambassador Chester Bowles (see clippings). We'd like to point out to those running ABC-TV that in proudly presenting Pete Seeger to the people of India Ambassador Bowles did not feel it necessary to require a "loyalty oath". If Ambassador Bowles doesn't need one, why does ABC? ... We would like to propose seriously here that ABC (or CBS or NBC for that matter) considered a TV network show welcoming Pete Seeger home when he returns from his world tour. To appear with Pete they should invite those artists who refused to appear on "Hootenanny" as long as Pete Seeger was blacklisted. Think of the array of talent: Bob Dylan, Peter Paul & Mary, Joan Baez, The Kingston Trio, Tom Paxton, Johnny Herald, Barbara Dane, and the others. It would truly be a historic show, one of which American TV could forever be proud. We suggest BROADSIDE readers write letters asking that such a show be put on to Richard Lewine, producer, the "Hootenanny" Show, ABC-TV, 7 West 66 Street, New York City, N.Y. Remind these people once more that Pete Seeger (along with Woody Guthrie) actually invented the hootenanny... PLASTIC JESUS: Here is the one modern "true folk song" that meets all the purists' requirements. No one (so far as we've been able to find out) knows the author; it has existed (at least up to now, so far as we know) only in "oral tradition". It has gone back and forth across the U.S. many times, picking up literally hundreds of verses from unknown "folks". We've tried for months to find out where it started, have gotten many answers. The closest seems to be that it originated as a commercial jingle put on the radio in Georgia by the firm manufacturing the plastic "Jesu". This some years ago. A question is raised: isn't the song sacrilegious? We'd like to ask in turn: where does the sacrilege lie, really, with the song, or with those who, greedy for profits, debase the Savior by producing and peddling these cheap trinkets made in His image? ... The new (Feb.-March 1964) issue of SING OUT announces a change of publication: from now on they'll come out 6 times a year instead of 5. With the same policy though: lots of songs old and new, "the folksongs of another time" and new ones of "social protest and topical comment". Plus articles in these fields. New address of SING OUT is 165 West 46 St., New York 36, N.Y. Rates: $3 per year (6 issues), $.75¢ per copy... Upcoming in the N.Y. area: Earl Robinson with the Robert De Cornier Folksingers and guest star Leon Bibb at TOWN HALL Sat., eve, Feb. 15, 1964; at Kossuth Hall, 346 E. 69 St., Peter Crago Feb. 14, and Guy Carawan Feb. 21 (all tickets $2); Peter La Farge at Town Hall Mar. 25.

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