Canons of Christianity

WORDS and MUSIC BY PHIL OCHS

Christian canons have fired at my days
With the warnin' beneath the holy blaze, And bow to our authority
Say the canons of Christianity.

Oh the children will be sent to schools
Minds of clay are molded to the rule
Learn to fear all of eternity
Warn the canons of Christianity

Holy hands will count the money raised
Like a king the Lord is richly praised
On a cross of diamond majesty
Say the canons of Christianity

Missionaries will travel on crusades
The word is given, the heathen souls are saved
Conversions to our morality
Sigh the canons of Christianity

Come the wars and turn the rules around
Defend your soul on the battleground
And the Lord will march beside me
Say the canons of Christianity

Cathedral walls will glitter with their gold
And the sermons speak through silver robes
Build castles amidst the poverty
Drone the canons of Christianity

Worship now and wash your sins away
Drop the coins, fall to your knees and pray
Cleanse the world of all hypocrisy
Smile the canons of Christianity

Christian canons have fired at my days
With the warnin' beneath the holy blaze
And bow to our authority
Say the canons of Christianity
Cry the canons of Christianity

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Songs by MALVINA REYNOLDS, TOM PAXTON, MILDRED BURGUM & TEDDI SCHWARTZ, ERIC ANDERSEN, PETER LA FARGE, WILL McLEAN, JOHN BOYLAN

Book Review -- "FREEDOM IN THE AIR"
Record Review -- BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE's "MANY A MILE"
Stampede

**Words and Music by PETER LA FARGE**

Now there's just one word I don't want to hear when I heard it called it cost a
friend quite dear --- I can hear it echo as tho' it were now and I was a-chasin' of the
Long-horn'd cow. Stampede! They're a-comin' up the draw Stampede!
Three thousand head or more, here they come a-smokin' fire so you'd
better earn your hire Stampede and hell to spare.

Now Frankie was my buddy, he rode point upon my heart
We drank and fought and partnered back to back at trouble's start
We heard the call one evening in the thunder and the black
When the lightening hit the leaders and the devil lead the pack. (cho)

Well, our horses they were handy for we had just rode in
We went from drinking coffee to a-thinkin' of our sins
There wasn't time for praying and hardly time to cuss
There was a smoking roar'n rattle and the leaders were on us. (cho)

Frank's foot it missed the stirrup
and his hand it missed the horn
And as the cattle crossed him
from his body life was torn
I was mounted and a-riding
when I heard his final yell
"Be proud that you're an Indian
and give the ladies hell!" (cho)

Now I ain't got no partner
'cause old Frank is dead and gone
Just so he'd be remembered,
I put him in this song
Now some admire headstones
but I think he'd like this best
He weren't fancy in his livin'
he ain't fancy in his rest. (cho)

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BROADSIDE #59
Dawn

Words and Music by ERIC ANDERSEN
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In blindful wonderments enchantment you can lift my wings softly to flight
Your eyes are like swift fingers reaching out into the pockets of my night
Whirling, twirling puppy warm before the flashing cloaks of darkness gone
Come see the no-colors fade blazing into petal sprays of violets of dawn.

A Prince Charming I'll be on two white steeds to give you diamond dappled crowns
And climb your tower, sleeping beauty for you ever know I've left the ground
You can wear a Cinderella, Snow-White, Alice wonderlanded gown
Come watch the no-colors fade blazing into petal sprays of violets of dawn.

But if I seem to wander off in dream-like looks, please let me settle slowly
It's only me just staring out at you a seeming stranger speaking holy
I don't mean to wake you up it's only loneliness just coming on
Come watch the no-colors fade blazing into petal sprays of violets of dawn.

Like shadows bursting into mist behind the echoes of this nonsense song
It's just the chasing, whispering trails of secret steps of see them laughing on
There's magic in the sleepiness of waking to a childish sounding yawn
Come watch the no-colors fade blazing into petal sprays of violets of dawn.

Away O'ee

Words and Music by WILL McLEAN
©Will McLean 1964

"Away O'ee" was the first of some 200 songs Will McLean of Florida has composed. "I had stuck a piece of rusty wire right through my foot and had a high fever. All we knew then was to soak it in turpentine. So I went outside the house and heard the wild geese flying overhead. I wanted to go to. That was the beginning."

"This simple song portrays 'the longing of every man's soul to be free'" says Will. He made up the tune when he was six years old, and he hears "O'ee" as the echo coming back from the singing of "Away".

"Away O'ee I'll fly
When the honking geese
Are a-sailing through
The frozen sky
Away O'ee I'll fly
Away O'ee.

Away O'ee I'll sing
A lilting song
For my step is light
And my heart has wing
Away O'ee I'll sing
Away O'ee.

Away O'ee I'll love
The earth, the sea
The people, and
Our God above
Away O'ee I'll love
Away O'ee.

When in my final sleep
I trust my soul
Departs into
The heavens deep
For I'll have done my best
Away O'ee."