

The Modern Singer-Songwriter: From Woody Guthrie to Iris DeMent

Session 1

I Ain't Marching Anymore: Songs of Conscience

Deportee **Woody Guthrie**

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps;
They're flying 'em back to the Mexico border
To pay all their wages, to wade back again

Chorus:

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria;
You won't have a name when you ride the big
airplane,
And all they will call you will be "deportee"

My father's own father, he waded that river,
They took all the money he made in his life;
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit
trees,
And they rode on the truck till they took down
and died.

Some are illegal, and some are not wanted,
Our work contract's out and we got to move on;
Six hundred miles to that Mexico border,
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like
thieves.

We died in your hills and we died on your
deserts,
We died in your valleys, we died on your plains.
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your
bushes,
Both sides of that river, we died just the same.

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos
Canyon,
Like a fireball of lightning, and shook all our
hills,
Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry
leaves?
The radio says, "They are just deportees"

Is this the best way we can grow our big
orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?

To fall like dry leaves and rot on my topsoil
And be known by no name except "deportees"?

Bourgeois Town **Hudie Ledbetter**

Come along people, listen to me
Don't try to find no home in Washington DC
Cause it's a bourgeois town, it's a bourgeois town
I got the bourgeois blues
I'm gonna spread the news all around

Me and Martha were standing downstairs
Bossman said "Don't want no colored people here
Lord it's a bourgeois town ...

White folks in Washington they do know how
Throw a man a nickel just to see him bow
Lord it's a bourgeois town ...

Come along people, listen to me
Don't try to find no home in Washington DC
Lord it's a bourgeois town ...

Well, me and my wife we were standing upstairs
We heard the white man say "I don't want no
niggers up there"
Lord, in a bourgeois town
Uhm, bourgeois town
I got the bourgeois blues
Gonna spread the news all around

Home of the brave, land of the free
I don't wanna be mistreated by no bourgeoisie
Lord, in a bourgeois town
Uhm, the bourgeois town
I got the bourgeois blues
Gonna spread the news all around

Where Have All The Flowers Gone **Pete Seeger**

Where have all the flowers gone, long time
passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?

The girls have picked them everyone.
Oh, when will you ever learn?
Oh, when will you ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time
passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time
ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
They've taken husbands everyone.
Oh, when will you ever learn?
Oh, when will you ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone, long time
passing?
Where have all the young men gone, long time
ago?
Where have all the young men gone?
They're all in uniform
Oh, when will we ever learn?
Oh, when will we ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time
passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time
passing?
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time
ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time
passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Masters Of War **Bob Dylan**

Come you masters of war
You that build the big guns
You that build the death planes
You that build all the bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain

You fasten all the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
While the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
While the young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins

How much do I know
To talk out of turn

You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
That even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When you death takes its toll
All the money you made
Won't ever buy back your soul

And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I'll follow your casket
On a pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand over your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

I Ain't Marching Anymore **Phil Ochs**

Oh I marched to the battle of New Orleans
At the end of the early British war
The young land started growing
The young blood started flowing
But I ain't marchin' anymore

For I've killed my share of Indians
In a thousand different fights
I was there at the Little Big Horn
I heard many men lying
I saw many more dying
But I ain't marchin' anymore

Chorus:
It's always the old to lead us to the war
It's always the young to fall
Now look at all we've won with the sabre and the
gun
Tell me is it worth it all

For I stole California from the Mexican land
Fought in the bloody Civil War

Yes I even killed my brothers
And so many others
And I ain't marchin' anymore

For I marched to the battles of the German trench
In a war that was bound to end all wars
Oh I must have killed a million men
And now they want me back again
But I ain't marchin' anymore

(chorus)

For I flew the final mission in the Japanese sky
Set off the mighty mushroom roar
When I saw the cities burning
I knew that I was learning
That I ain't marchin' anymore

Now the labor leader's screamin' when they close
the missile plants,
United Fruit screams at the Cuban shore,
Call it "Peace" or call it "Treason,"
Call it "Love" or call it "Reason,"
But I ain't marchin' any more.

Prison Trilogy **Joan Baez**

Billy Rose was a low rider, Billy Rose was a
night fighter
Billy Rose knew trouble like the sound of his
own name
Busted on a drunken charge
Driving someone else's car
The local midnight sheriff's claim to fame

In an Arizona jail there are some who tell the tale
how
Billy fought the sergeant for some milk that he
demanded
Knowing they'd remain the boss
Knowing he would pay the cost
They saw he was severely reprimanded

In the blackest cell on "A" Block
He hanged himself at dawn
With a note stuck to the bunk head
Don't mess with me, just take me home
Come and lay, help us lay
young Billy down

Luna was a Mexican the law called an alien
For coming across the border with a baby and a
wife

While the clothes upon his back were wet
Still he thought that he could get
Some money and things to start a life

It hadn't been too very long when it seemed like
everything went wrong
Didn't even have the time to find themselves a
home

For this foreigner, a brown-skin male
Thrown inside a Texas jail
Left the wife and baby quite alone

He eased the pain inside him
With a needle in his arm
But the dope just crucified him
He died to no one's great alarm

Come and lay, help us lay
Poor Luna down

And we'll raze, raze the prisons
To the ground

Kilowatt was an aging con of 65 who stood a
chance to stay alive
And leave the joint and walk the streets again
As the time he was to leave drew near
He suffered all the joy and fear
Of leaving 35 years in the pen

Then on the day of his release he was approached
by the police
Who took him to the warden walking slowly by
his side
The warden said "You won't remain here
But it seems a state retainer
Claims another 10 years of your life."

He stepped out in the Texas sunlight
And the cops all stood around
Old Kilowatt ran 50 yards
Then threw himself down on the ground

They might as well just have laid
That old man down
But we're gonna raze, raze the prisons

To the ground
Help us raze, raze the prisons
To the ground

Enola Gay **Utah Phillips**

Look out, look out from your schoolroom
window,
Look up young children from your play,
Wave your hand at the shining airplane
Such a beautiful sight is Enola Gay.

It's many a mile from the Utah desert,
To Tinian Island far away,
Standing guard by the barbed wire fences
That hide the secret of Enola Gay.

High above the clouds in the sunlit silence,
So peaceful here, I'd like to stay,
But there's many a pilot who would swap his
pension
For a chance to fly Enola Gay.

What is that sound high above my city?
I rush outside and search the sky.
Now we are running to find the shelter.
The air raid sirens start to cry.

What will I say when my children ask me
Where was I flying upon that day?
With trembling voice I gave the order
To the bombardier of Enola Gay.

Look out, look out from your schoolroom
window,
Look up, young children from your play,
Your bright young eyes will turn to ashes
In the blinding light of Enola Gay.

I turn to see the fireball rising,
"My God, My God" all I can say,
I hear a voice within me crying,
My mother's name was Enola Gay.

Look out, look out from your schoolroom
window,
Look up, young children from your play;
When you see those war planes flying,
Each one is named Enola Gay.

Victor Jara

Arlo Guthrie & Adrian Mitchell

Victor Jara of Chile
Lived like a shooting star
He fought for the people of Chile
With his songs and his guitar
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Victor Jara was a peasant
He worked from a few years old
He sat upon his father's plow
And watched the earth unfold
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Now when the neighbors had a wedding
Or one of their children died
His mother sang all night for them
With Victor by her side
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

He grew up to be a fighter
Against the people's wrongs
He listened to their grief and joy
And turned them into songs
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

He sang about the copper miners
And those who worked the land
He sang about the factory workers
And they knew he was their man
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

He campaigned for Allende
Working night and day
He sang "Take hold of your brothers hand
You know the future begins today"
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Then the generals seized Chile
They arrested Victor then
They caged him in a stadium
With five-thousand frightened men
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Victor stood in the stadium
His voice was brave and strong
And he sang for his fellow prisoners
Till the guards cut short his song

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

They broke the bones in both his hands
They beat him on the head
They tore him with electric shocks
And then they shot him dead
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Victor Jara of Chile
Lived like a shooting star
He fought for the people of Chile
With his songs and his guitar
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Now That The Buffalo's Gone Buffy Sainte-Marie

Can you remember the times
That you have held your head high
And told all your friends of your Indian claim,
Proud good lady and proud good man?
Your great-great-grandfather from Indian blood
sprang
And you feel in your heart for "these ones."

Oh, it's written in books and in songs
That we've been mistreated and wronged.
But over and over I hear the same words
From you, good lady, and you, good man --
Well, listen to me if you care where we stand
And you feel you're a part of "these ones."

When a war between nations is lost,
The loser, we know, pays the cost.
But even when Germany fell to your hands,
Consider, dear lady, consider, dear man,
You left them their pride and you left them their
land --
And what have you done to "these ones?"

Has a change come about Uncle Sam,
Or are you still taking our lands?
A treaty forever George Washington signed --
He did, dear lady, he did, dear man --
And the treaty's been broken by Kinzua Dam;
And what will you do for "these ones?"

Oh, it's all in the past, you can say;
But it's still going on here today.
The government now wants the Iroquois land,

That of the Seneca and the Cheyenne --
It's here and it's now you must help us, dear man
Now that the buffalo's gone

If I Had A Rocket Launcher
Bruce Cockburn

Here comes the helicopter -- second time today
Everybody scatters and hopes it goes away
How many kids they've murdered only God can
say
If I had a rocket launcher...I'd make somebody
pay

I don't believe in guarded borders and I don't
believe in hate
I don't believe in generals or their stinking torture
states
And when I talk with the survivors of things too
sickening to relate
If I had a rocket launcher...I would retaliate

On the Rio Lacantun, one hundred thousand wait
To fall down from starvation -- or some less
humane fate
Cry for Guatemala, with a corpse in every gate
If I had a rocket launcher...I would not hesitate

I want to raise every voice -- at least I've got to
try
Every time I think about it water rises to my eyes.
Situation desperate, echoes of the victims cry
If I had a rocket launcher...Some son of a bitch
would die

It's a Hard Life Wherever You Go
Nanci Griffith

I am a backseat driver from America
They drive to the left on Falls Road
The man at the wheel's name is Seamus
We pass a child on the corner he knows
And Seamus says, "Now, what chance has that
kid got?"
And I say from the back, "I don't know."
He says, "There's barbed wire at all of these exits
And there ain't no place in Belfast for that kid
to go."

(chorus)
It's a hard life
It's a hard life
It's a very hard life
It's a hard life wherever you go
If we poison our children with hatred
then, the hard life is all that they'll know
And there ain't no place in (Belfast) for
these kids to go
(Chicago)
(This world)

A cafeteria line in Chicago
The fat man in front of me
Is calling black people trash to his children
he's the only trash here I see
And I'm thinking this man wears a white hood
in the night when his children should sleep
But, they slip to their window and they see him
And they think that white hood's all they need

(repeat chorus)

I was a child in the sixties
dreams could be held through TV
With Disney, and Cronkite, and Martin Luther
Oh, I believed, I believed . . . I BELIEVED
Now, I am the backseat driver from America
I am not at the wheel of control
I am guilty, I am war, . . . I am the root of all evil
Lord, and I can't drive on the left side of the road

(repeat chorus)

Streets Of Philadelphia
Bruce Springsteen

I was bruised and battered and I couldn't tell
what I felt
I was unrecognizable to myself
Saw my reflection in a window I didn't know
my own face
Oh brother are you gonna leave me
wasting away
On the streets of Philadelphia

I walked the avenue till my legs felt like stone
I heard the voices of friends vanished and gone
At night I could hear the blood in my veins
Just as black and whispering as the rain
On the streets of Philadelphia

Ain't no angel gonna greet me
It's just you and I my friend
And my clothes don't fit me no more
I walked a thousand miles
just to slip this skin

The night has fallen, I'm lyin' awake
I can feel myself fading away
So receive me brother with your faithless kiss
or will we leave each other alone like this
On the streets of Philadelphia

Across The Lines
Tracy Chapman

Across the lines
Who would dare to go
Under the bridge
Over the tracks
That separates whites from blacks

Choose sides
Or run for your life
Tonight the riots begin
On the back streets of America
They kill the dream of America

Little black girl gets assaulted
Ain't no reason why
Newspaper prints the story
And racist tempers fly
Next day it starts a riot

Knives and guns are drawn
Two black boys get killed
One white boy goes blind

Little black girl gets assaulted
Don't no one know her name
Lots of people hurt and angry
She's the one to blame

Ellis Unit One
Steve Earle

I was fresh out of the service
It was back in '82
I raised some Cain when I come back to town
I left to be all I could be
Come home without a clue
Now, I married Dawn and had to settle down

So I hired on at the prison
Guess I always knew I would
Just like my dad and both my uncles done
And I worked on every cell block
Now, things're goin' good
But then they transferred me to Ellis Unit One

Swing low
Swing low
Swing low and carry me home

Well, my daddy used to talk about them long
nights at the walls
And how they used to strap 'em in the chair
The kids down from the college and they'd bring
their beer 'n all
'N when the lights went out, a cheer rose in the
air

Well, folks just got too civilized
Sparky's gatherin' dust
'Cause no one wants to touch a smokin' gun
And since they got the injection
They don't mind as much, I guess
They just put 'em down at Ellis Unit One

Swing low
Swing low
Swing low and carry me home

Well, I've seen 'em fight like lions, boys

I've seen 'em go like lambs
And I've helped to drag 'em when they could not
stand
And I've heard their mamas cryin' when they
heard that big door slam
And I've seen the victim's family holdin' hands

Last night I dreamed that I woke up with straps
across my chest
And something cold and black pullin' through my
lungs
'N even Jesus couldn't save me though I know he
did his best
But he don't live on Ellis Unit One

Swing low
Swing low
Swing low and carry me home
Swing low
Don't let go
Swing low and carry me home

There's A Wall In Washington **Iris DeMent**

There's a wall in Washington
and it's made of cold black granite
They say 60,000 names are etched there in it
in that wall in Washington

A father, he traveled from far away
to walk the path 'til he finds that name
He reaches his hand up and traces each letter
The tears they fall as his memories gather
for the boy who filled his heart with pride
is now but a name that's been etched
in the side of this wall in Washington

A mother she traveled from far away
to walk the path 'til she finds that name
She reaches her hand up and traces each letter
The tears they fall as her memories gather
She feels the baby at her breast
but her heart it breaks because all that is left
is this wall in Washington

A boy, he traveled from far away
to walk the path 'til he finds that name
He reaches his hand up and traces each letter
He stares at the name of his unknown father

His heart is young and it's filled with pain
in anger he cries out
"Who is to blame for this wall in Washington
that's made of cold black granite?
Why is my father's name etched here in it
in this wall in Washington?"

Stones In The Road **Mary Chapin Carpenter**

When we were young, we pledged allegiance
every morning of our lives
The classroom rang with children's voices under
teacher's watchful eye
We learned about the world around us at our
desks and at dinnertime
Reminded of the starving children, we cleaned
our plates with guilty minds

And the stones in the road shone like diamonds in
the dust
And then a voice called to us to make our way
back home

When I was ten, my father held me on his
shoulders above the crowd
To see a train draped in mourning pass slowly
through our town
His widow kneeled with all their children at the
sacred burial ground
And the TV glowed that long hot summer with all
the cities burning down

And the stones in the road flew out beneath our
bicycle tires
Worlds removed from all those fires as we raced
each other home

And now we drink our coffee on the run, we
climb that ladder rung by rung
We are the daughters and the sons, and here's the
line that's missing

The starving children have been replaced by souls
out on the street
We give a dollar when we pass, and hope our
eyes don't meet
We pencil in, we cancel out, we crave the corner
suite

We kiss your ass, we make you hold, we doctor
the receipt

And the stones in the road fly out from beneath
our wheels
Another day, another deal, before we get back
home

And the stones in the road leave a mark from
whence they came
A thousand points of light or shame, baby, I don't
know

Power And Glory
Phil Ochs

Come and take a walk with me thru this green
and growing land
Walk thru the meadows and the mountains and
the sand
Walk thru the valleys and the rivers and the
plains
Walk thru the sun and walk thru the rain

Chorus
Here is a land full of power and glory
Beauty that words cannot recall
Oh her power shall rest on the strength of her
freedom
Her glory shall rest on us all

From Colorado, Kansas, and the Carolinas too
Virginia and Alaska, from the old to the new
Texas and Ohio and the California shore
Tell me, who could ask for more

Chorus

Yet she's only as rich as the poorest of her poor
Only as free as the padlocked prison door
Only as strong as our love for this land
Only as tall as we stand

Chorus

Warsaw 1943
Johnny Clegg

Amambuka, amambuka azothengisa izwe lakithi,
izwe lakithi

(the betrayers, the betrayers will sell our land, our
land)

He was taken in the night
Without any warning
No time to hide or fight
They came like bees aswarming
The questions start to fly
Will he break or will he defy?
Can he withstand the worst that is to come?
A child in a man's clothing
Resisting the fascist ploy
The underground puts iron in the heart of any boy
Swimming in a sea of pain, he knows this is the
end
He hears himself whisper the name of his best
friend

I never betrayed you, and I never betrayed the
revolution
I just didn't want to die alone, I needed you to see
me home
And if I could save you, and if I could find a
solution
I would die a thousand times, to get you out of
here

Sharing the same cold cell
Betrayed and betrayed
An island with two frightened castaways
Not a word is spoken,
How can he explain?
Through swollen eyes they watch the dawn's first
rays
It's all over now
They stand backs to the wall
Waiting for the fascist's sword to fall
In the desperation of a young life about to end
He turns before the bullet
And forgives a friend

I never betrayed you, and I never betrayed the
revolution
I just didn't want to die alone, I needed you to see
me home
And if I could save you, and if I could find a
solution
I would die a thousand times, to get you out of
here

I never betrayed you, and I never betrayed the
revolution
I just didn't want to die alone, I needed you to see
me home
And if I could save you, and if I could find a
solution
What more is there to say? We're going to die
here anyway.

Universal Soldier
Buffy Sainte-Marie

He's 5 foot 2 and he's 6 feet 4
And he fights with missiles and with spears
He's all of 31 and he's only 17.
And he's been a soldier for a thousand years

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an atheist, a Jain,
A Buddhist, a Baptist and Jew.
And he knows he shouldn't 've killed
And he knows he always will kill
You'll for me my friend and me for you

He's fighting for Canada.
He's fighting for France.
He's fighting for the USA.
And he's fighting for the Russians.
And he's fighting for Japan
And he thinks we'll brought an end to war this
way.

He's fighting for democracy,
He's fighting for the Reds
He says it's for the peace of all.
He's the one, who must decide,
Who's to live and who's to die.
And he never sees the writing on the walls.

But without him,
how would Hitler have condemned him at
Dachau?
Without him Caesar would have stood alone
He's the one who gives is body
As a weapon to the war.
And without him all this killing can't go on

He's the universal soldier
And he really is to blame
But his orders comes from
Far away no more.

They come from him.
And you and me.
And brothers can't you see.
This is not the way we put an end to war

Fortunate Son
John Fogerty

Some folks are born made to wave the flag
Ooh they're red white and blue.
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief"
Ooh they point the cannon at you Lord

It ain't me it ain't me I ain't no senator's son son.
It ain't me it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one no

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
Lord don't they help themselves oh.
But when the taxman comes to the door
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son,
no.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no.

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord,
And when you ask them, "How much should we
give?"
Ooh, they only answer More! more! more! yoh,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one,
one.
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no
no no,
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate son, no
no no

When God Made Me
Neil Young

Was he thinkin' about my country
Or the color of my skin?
Was he thinkin' 'bout my religion
And the way I worshipped him?
Did he create just me in his image
Or every living thing?

When God made me
When God made me

Was he planning only for believers
Or for those who just had faith?
Did he envision all the wars
That were fought in his name?
Did he think there was only one way
To be close to him?

When God made me
When God made me

Did he give us the gift of love
To say who we could choose?

When God made me
When God made me
When God made me
When God made me

Did he give me the gift of voice
So some could silence me?
Did he give me the gift of vision
Not knowin' what I might see?
Did he give me the gift of compassion
To help my fellow man?

When God made me
When God made me
When God made me
When God made me

This Land Is Your Land
Woody Guthrie

chorus:
This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream
waters
This land was made for you and me

As I was walkin', that ribbon of highway
I saw above me, that endless skyway
I saw below me, that golden valley
This land was made for you and me

chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my
footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond desert
And all around me, a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me

chorus

Down in the city, in the shadow of the steeple
By the relief office, I saw my people
As they stood there hungry I stood there
whistling:
This land was made for you and me

As I went walking, I saw a sign there
And on that sign it said "Private Property"
But on the other side it didn't say nothin'
That side was made for you and me !

Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking my freedom highway
Nobody living can make me turn back, cuz
This land was made for you and me

When the sun comes shining then I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds
rolling
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me

chorus