

1973

A Sample Collection of Music for ESL Classroom Use

Ann E. Bush

School for International Training

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcollections.sit.edu/ipp_collection



Part of the [Education Commons](#), [First and Second Language Acquisition Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bush, Ann E., "A Sample Collection of Music for ESL Classroom Use" (1973). *MA TESOL Collection*. 91.
https://digitalcollections.sit.edu/ipp_collection/91

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the SIT Graduate Institute at SIT Digital Collections. It has been accepted for inclusion in MA TESOL Collection by an authorized administrator of SIT Digital Collections. For more information, please contact digitalcollections@sit.edu.

A SAMPLE
COLLECTION OF MUSIC FOR
ESL
CLASSROOM USE

Ann E. Bush
Independent Study Project
Master of Arts in Teaching Program
School for International Training
April 25, 1973

Introduction

I have found American popular and folk music to be an effective, multi-dimensional material for English language learning, as well as a reflection of American social patterns and social change. This project is a collection of songs which I have used in English classes at SIT. It is presented not as a finished product, but rather as a basic idea which can be adapted and expanded upon by the individual teacher, according to the needs and interests of his class.

I have used these songs as vehicles for:

1. Introducing a discussion and/or writing topic
2. Teaching new vocabulary in context
3. Reinforcing particular structures
4. Illustrating colloquial English and slang
5. Changing classroom pace and atmosphere
6. Having fun

Music is no longer for listening to, but for merging with...The essential feature of sound is not its location, but that it be. Where the eye focuses, pinpoints, abstracts, locating each object in physical space, against a background, the ear accepts sound from all directions simultaneously...We wrap ourselves in music.

Adults find a child's ability to learn a language remarkable. But the child doesn't learn: he absorbs. Language, to him, is a way of feeling, exploring, thinking, fun. He becomes totally involved in the process and is motivated by this total sensuous involvement.

Edmund Carpenter
They Became What They Beheld

Table of Contents

page# tape#

I. War

A. Traditional Patriotism

1. When Johnny Comes Marching Home.....	1.....	003
2. Anchors Aweigh.....	1.....	021
3. From the Halls of Montezuma.....	1.....	027
4. The Star Spangled Banner.....	2.....	035

B. Protest

1. Where Have All the Flowers Gone?.....	3.....	053
2. Send the Marines.....	3-4.....	092
3. I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag.....	4-5.....	111
4. Business Goes On As Usual.....	5.....	134
5. Don't Put It Down.....	5.....	166

C. Reaction Against Protest

1. Okie From Muskogee.....	6.....	186
2. The Fightin' Side of Me.....	6.....	220
3. The Minutemen Are Turnin' In Their Graves.....	7.....	254

II. Minorities

A. General

1. You've Got to Be Carefully Taught.....	8.....	225
2. National Brotherhood Week.....	8.....	302

B. Specific Examples

1. Indians

a. The Ideal

1) My Country 'Tis of Thee.....	9.....	329
---------------------------------	--------	-----

b. The Reality

2) My Country 'Tis of Thy People, You're Dying.....	10-11.....	356
--	------------	-----

2. Blacks

a. The Beginning

1) Cotton Pickers' Song.....	12.....	430
------------------------------	---------	-----

(2)
Table of Contents (con't.)

2) Jimmy Crack Corn.....	12.....	463
--------------------------	---------	-----

b. The Change

1) We Shall Overcome.....	14.....	492
2) If You Miss Me At The Back of The Bus.....	14.....	562
3) I Ain't A Scared of Your Jail.....	15.....	597
4) Oh, Freedom.....	15.....	617

c. The Present

5) Colored Spade.....	16.....	666
-----------------------	---------	-----

3. Immigrants

a. The Ideal

1) Statue of Liberty Inscription.....	17...not recorded	
---------------------------------------	-------------------	--

b. The Reality

1) Immigrant Song.....	17.....	639
2) Welcome, Emigrante.....	17.....	713
3) America.....	18.....	742
4) I Pity the Poor Immigrant.....	19.....	774

III. The Country

A. The Ideal

1. America The Beautiful.....	20.....	332
2. Power and Glory.....	20.....	334

B. The Reality

1. What Did You Learn in School Today?.....	21.....	924
2. Tryin' Times.....	22.....	1005
3. Paper Mache.....	23.....	1085
4. Big, Bright, Green Pleasure Machine.....	23.....	1141
5. Sounds of Silence.....	24.....	1141

C. Young America's Reaction to the Contradiction

1. The Times, They Are a-Changin'.....	21.....	953
2. America.....	24-25.....	1241
3. Blue.....	25.....	1313
4. Me and Bobby McGee.....	26.....	004 (tape 2)
5. California.....	26-27.....	047
6. So Far Away.....	27-28.....	091

(3)
Table of Contents (con't.)

D. Rebirth of Optimism

1. Beautiful.....	29.....	141
2. Peace Train.....	29-30.....	180
3. Save the People.....	30.....	230

IV. Relationships

A. Past

1. True Love.....	31.....	277
-------------------	---------	-----

B. Present

1. Until It's Time for You to Go.....	31.....	316
---------------------------------------	---------	-----

V. The Frontier And The West

A. Spaciousness

1. Don't Fence Me In.....	32.....	384
2. Bury Me Out On The Lone Prairie.....	32.....	416

B. Law

1. Tijuana Jail.....	33-34.....	460
2. Texas Rangers.....	34.....	498

C. Expansion and Development

1. Californio.....	35.....	548
2. I've Been Workin' On the Railroad.....	35.....	581
3. This Train.....	36.....	605
4. Oklahoma.....	36.....	639
5. Kansas City.....	36-37.....	679

VI. Cities

A. Past

1. Kansas City (see part V, C above)		
2. Manhattan.....	37-38.....	725
3. Give My Regards to Broadway.....	38.....	775

B. Present

1. Ballad of Lou Marsh.....	39.....	801
2. Stories of the Street.....	39-40.....	863
3. Air.....	40.....	951
4. Pollution.....	40-41.....	979
5. City Life.....	41.....	1020

Table of Contents (con't.)

VII. Nostalgia

A. Nobody Cares About the Railroads Anymore.....42.....	1070
B. City of New Orleans.....42-43.....	1129

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home!

The old church bell will ring with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lassies, they--
With roses they will smooth the way...

Get ready for the jubilee,
We'll give the hero three times three;
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow...

Let love and friendship on that day
The choicest treasures then display,
And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart...

Anchors Aweigh

Anchors aweigh, my boys, anchors aweigh!
Farewell to college joys,
We sail at break of day.

Through our last night on shore,
Drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more,
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home!

From the Halls of Montezuma

From the halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles
On the land and on the sea.

First you fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor free,
We are proud to claim the title of United States Marines!

The Star Spangled Banner

Robert Goulet

O, say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O, say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Peter, Paul, and Mary

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, every one.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they 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?
Gone for husbands, every one.
Oh...

Where have all the husbands gone...
Gone for soldiers, every one...

Where have all the soldiers gone...
Gone to graveyards, every one...

Where have all the graveyards gone...
Gone to flowers, every one...

Send the Marines

Tom Lehrer

When someone makes a move of which we don't approve,
Who is it that always intervenes?
UN and OAS-- they have their place, I guess,
But first-- send the Marines!

We'll send them all we've got, John Wayne and Randolph Scott--
Remember those exciting fighting scenes?
To the shores of Tripoli, but not to Mississipoli,
What do we do? We send the Marines!

For might makes right, and till they've seen the light
They've got to be protected,
All their rights respected,
Till somebody we like can be elected.

The members of the corps all hate the thought of war;
They'd rather kill them off by peaceful means.
Stop calling it aggression--
We hate that expression!

We only want the world to know that we support the status quo;

Send the Marines (con't.)

We only want the world to know that we support the status quo.
They love us everywhere we go,
So when in doubt--
Send the Marines!

I Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag

Pete Seeger

Come all you big, strong men,
Uncle Sam needs your help again;
Got himself in a terrible jam
Way down yonder in Viet Nam!

Now put down your books, pick up your guns,
We're gonna have a whole lot of fun!

Chorus:

And it's one, two, three, what are we fightin' for?
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
Next stop is Viet Nam.
And it's five, six, seven, open up the Pearly Gates!
Ah, there ain't no time to wonder why...
Whoopie! We're all gonna die!

Come on generals, you'd better move fast,
Your big chance has come at last.
Gotta go out and kill them Reds,
"Only good Commie is the one who's dead."

We know peace can only be won
When we blow 'em all to Kingdom Come!

Come on, Wall Street, don't be slow,
This war here has all the gold.
Lots of money to be made
Sellin' the army the tools of the trade!

Only hope when they drop the bomb,
They drop it on the Viet Cong.

Come on, Mothers, throughout the land,
Send your boys to Viet Nam.
Come on, Pops, don't hesitate,
Pack 'em off before it's too late.
Be the first parents on your block
To bring your boy home in a box!

Business Goes On As Usual

Roberta Flack

Business goes on as usual,
The corn and the profits are high,
And TV's boom in every living room...
They tell us what deodorants to buy.

Business goes on as usual,
Except that my brother is dead.
He was 25, and very much alive,
But the dreams have all been blasted from his head!

In a far-off land, with a gun in his hand,
He died in a war he did not understand...

Though business goes on as usual,
There's plenty to choose from the rack.
But rumor goes that the latest thing in clothes,
The latest thing in clothes will be black...

Don't Put It Down

from Hair

Folding the flag is taking care of the nation.
Folding the flag is putting it to bed for the night.
I fell through a hole in the flag,
I'm falling through a hole in the flag...
H-E-L-P!

Don't put it down, best one around.
Crazy for the red, blue, and white.
Crazy for the red, blue, and white.
You look at me, what do you see?
Crazy for the white, red, and blue,
Crazy for the white, red, and blue.

'Cause I look different, you think I'm subversive.
Crazy for the blue, white, and red,
Crazy for the blue, white, and red.
My heart beats true for the red, white, and blue!
Crazy for the blue, white, and red,
Crazy for the blue, white, and red...and yellow fringe.
Crazy for the blue, white, red, and yellow!

OKIE FROM MUSKOGEE

Merle Haggard

We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee,
We don't take our trips on LSD,
We don't burn our draft cards down on Main Street--
We like livin' right and bein' free!

We don't make a party out of lovin',
We like holdin' hands and pitchin' woo;
We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy
Like the hippies out in San Francisco do!

Chorus:

I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee,
A place where even squares can have a ball!
We still wave Old Glory down at the court house,
And white lightnin's still the biggest thrill of all!

Leather boots are still in style for manly footwear;
Beads and Roman sandals won't be seen.
Football's still the roughest thing on campus,
And the kids here still respect the college dean.

...in Muskogee, Oklahoma, U.S.A.!

The Fightin' Side of Me

Merle Haggard

I hear people talkin' bad about the way we have to live here
in this country,
Harpin' on the wars we fight and gripin' 'bout the way things
oughta be...
I don't mind 'em switchin' sides and standin' up for things they
believe in;
When they're runnin' down my country, they're walkin' on the
fightin' side of me!

Chorus:

They're walkin' on the fightin' side of me,
Runnin' down a way of life our fightin' men have fought and
died to keep.
If you don't love it, leave it-- let this song that I'm singin'
be a warnin':
When you're runnin' down our country, man, you're walkin' on the
fightin' side of me!

I read about some squirty guy who claims that he just don't
believe in fightin',
And I wonder just how long the rest of us can count on bein' free.
They love our milk and honey, but they preach about some other
way of livin'...

The Minutemen are Turnin' in Their Graves

They march in lines and carry signs, protesters one and all,
They'd rather go to prison than to heed their country's call.
"Get out of here, get out of there, let's have an end to war!"
I'm glad they weren't around to say, "Get out of Valley Forge!"

Chorus:

The Minutemen are turnin' in their graves,
Washington and Jefferson are cryin' tears of shame.
To see these men who'd rather live as slaves,
The Minutemen are turnin' in their graves!

What's happened to our heritage, what's happened to our pride?
Since when do free Americans pull for the other side?
Did we send food to Hitler's troops or praise the enemy?
Did all our children die in vain defending liberty?

I can't condemn a man who feels that taking life is wrong,
But I fail to understand the man that won't defend his home!
Dear Lord, I've got one little prayer, I'll pray in years to come:
Don't ever let those kind of people serve in Washington!

You've Got to be Carefully Taught

from South Pacific

You've got to be taught to hate and fear,
You've got to be taught from year to year,
It's got to be drummed in your dear little ear,
You've got to be carefully taught!

You've got to be taught to be afraid
Of people whose eyes are oddly made
And people whose skin is a different shade,
You've got to be carefully taught!

You've got to be taught before it's too late--
Before you are six or seven or eight--
To hate all the people your relatives hate,
You've got to be carefully taught!

National Brotherhood Week

Tom Lehrer

Oh, the white folks hate the black folks,
And the black folks hate the white folks,
To hate all but the right folks
Is an old established rule!

But during National Brotherhood Week, National Brotherhood Week,
Lena Horne and Sheriff Clark are dancing cheek-to-cheek.
It's fun to eulogize the people you despise,
As long as you don't let 'em in your school!

Oh, the poor folks hate the rich folks,
And the rich folks hate the poor folks,
All of my folks hate all of your folks--
It's American as apple pie!

But during National Brotherhood Week, National Brotherhood Week,
New Yorkers love the Puerto Ricans 'cause it's very chic.
Step up and shake the hand of someone you can't stand--
You can tolerate him if you try!

Oh, the Protestants hate the Catholics,
And the Catholics hate the Protestants,
And the Hindus hate the Moslems,
And everybody hates the Jews!

But during National Brotherhood Week, National Brotherhood Week,
It's National Everyone-Smile-At-One-Anotherhood Week
Be nice to people who are inferior to you,
It's only for a week, so have no fear--
Be grateful that it doesn't last all year!

My Country 'Tis of Thee

Mahalia Jackson

My country 'tis of Thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!

Land where my father died,
Land of the Pilgrim pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love!

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and trampled hills,
My heart with rapture fills
Like that above!

Our Father God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing!

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

My Country 'Tis of Thy People You're Dying Buffy Sainte Marie

Now that your big eyes are finally opened,
Now that you're wondering how must they feel,
Meaning them that you've chased across America's movie screens.
Now that you're wondering how can it be real
That the ones you've called colorful, noble, and proud in your
 school propaganda--
They've starved in their splendor.

You've asked for my comment,
I simple will render:
My country 'tis of thy people, you're dying!

Now that the longhouses breed superstition,
You force us to send our toddlers away
To your schools where they're taught to despise their traditions.
Forbid them their languages, then further say
That American history really began
When Columbus set sail out of Europe, and stress
That the nation of leeches that's conquered this land
Are the biggest and bravest and boldest and best,
And yet where in your history books is the tale
Of the genocide basic to this country's birth,
Of the preachers who lied, how the Bill of Rights failed?
How a nation of patriots returned to their earth,
And where does it tell of the Liberty Bell,
As it rang with a thud over Kinzua of mud,
And of brave Uncle Sam in Alaska this year?

My country 'tis of thy people, you're dying!

Hear how the bargain was made for the West,
With her shivering children in zero degrees;
Blankets for your land, so the treaties attest.
Oh well, blankets for land is a bargain indeed,
And the blankets were those Uncle Sam had collected
from smallpox-diseased, dying soldiers that day,
And the tribes were wiped out-- and the history books censored!
A hundred years of your statesmen have felt it's better this way,
Yet a few of the conquered have somehow survived.
Their blood runs the redder, though genes have been paled,
From the Grand Canyon's Caverns to Craven Sad Hills.
The wounded, the losers, the robbed sing their tale
From Los Angeles County to upstate New York.
The white nation fattens while others grow lean,
Oh, the tricked and evicted, they know what I mean!

My country 'tis of thy people, you're dying!

(continued)

My Country 'Tis of Thy People You're Dying (con't.)

The past, it just crumbled, the future just threatens;
Our lifeblood shut up in your chemical tanks,
And now here you come, bill of sale in your hand
And surprise in your eyes that we're lacking in thanks
For the blessings of civilization you've brought us,
The lessons you've taught us, the ruin you've wrought us,
Oh, see what our trust in America's bought us!

My country 'tis of thy people, you're dying!

Now that the pride of the sires receives charity,
Now that we're harmless and safe behind laws,
Now that my life's to be known as your heritage;
Now that even the graves have been robbed,
Now that our own chosen way is a novelty...
Hands on our hearts, we salute you your victory,
Choke on your blue, white, and scarlet hypocrisy!
Pitying the blindness that you've never seen,
That the eagles of war whose wings lent you glory,
They were never no more than carrion crows,
Pushed the wrens from their nest, stole their eggs, changed their
story.

The mocking bird sings it, it's all that she knows,
"Ah, what can I do?" say a powerless few.
With a lump in your throat and a tear in your eye,
Can't you see that their poverty's profiting you?

My country tis of thy people, you're dying!

Cotton Pickers' Song

New Christy Minstrels

Chorus:

Jump down, turn around, pick a bale of cotton,
Gotta jump down, turn around, pick a bale a day.

-the cotton needs pickin' so bad
-gonna jum all over this world

We planted this cotton early
With the first winds of May,
We gotta keep the cotton balls from fallin',
Can't wait another day!

The way that we plant cotton,
The Good Lord scatters seeds.
Pick those balls before they all go rotten,
Or they'll die among the weeds.

The Lord will do his reapin'
On the last day of time...
If you ain't picked from all the seeds he's planted,
He'll be leavin' you behind!

Gonna pick all over this cotton...

Jimmy Crack Corn

When I was young, I used to wait
On my master and hand him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue-tailed fly!

Chorus:

Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care,
My master's gone away!

One day he rode around the farm,
The flies so numerous, they did swarm;
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the blue-tailed fly!

The pony run, he jump, he pitch,
He threw my master in the ditch;
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was the blue-tailed fly!

(continued)

Jimmy Crack Corn (con't.)

They laid him under a 'simmon tree,
His epitaph is there to see:
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
Victim of the blue-tailed fly."

We Shall Overcome

Pete Seeger

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day!
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome some day!

We'll walk hand in hand...

We shall live in peace...

The whole wide world around...

We are not afraid...

We shall overcome...

If You Miss Me at the Back of the Bus

Pete Seeger

If you miss me at the back of the bus,
You can't find me nowhere,
Come on over to the front of the bus,
I'll be ridin' up there...

If you miss me on the picket line,
You can't find me nowhere,
Come on over to the city jail,
I'll be roomin' over there...

One of the young people had just come down from Cairo, Illinois,
where they'd had a drive to desegregate the municipal swimming
pool:

If you miss me in the Mississippi River,
You can't find me nowhere,
Come on over to the swimmin' pool,
I'll be swimmin right there!

Here's a verse that was prophetic--came true. I heard it in
October in many places, and it came true in November. But
just a start--

If you miss me in the cotton fields,
You can't find me nowhere,
Come on over to the court house,
I'll be votin' right there...

I Ain't a Scared of Your Jail...

Pete Seeger

Introduction:

A friend of mine telephoned me...about three weeks ago, it was, The day after we read in our newspapers up here about what was going on in Birmingham, with the dogs. And he said, "Pete, you'd have to see it to believe it. They have a little dance down there," he says, "I don't even know the name" (I found since it's called the Wobble), but he says, "They do a song with it. You see there's a... They start with a twist and then a step back and a step forward and a hesitation somewhere," he says, "but they all sing:"

I ain't a scared of your jail,
'Cause I want my freedom, I want my freedom, I want my freedom,
I ain't a scared of your jail
'Cause I want my freedom, I want my freedom now!

He says, "You have to see it though, to see how it works. There's Reverend King, he's giving them a lecture in church, he says, 'Now, this is to be a silent demonstration today. No songs, no slogans, and if any obscenities are shouted at you from the sidelines, you don't reply to them. You keep right along the line of march... until you're arrested. Then the singing can begin.'

So they all filed out of church, just as solemn as deacons and as quiet as mice, down the street-- oh, maybe a couple hundred of them-- along comes a policeman, and he says, 'You're all under arrest!'"

Oh, Freedom

Pete Seeger

Oh, Freedom,
Oh, Freedom,
Oh, Freedom, over me!

And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,
And go home with my Lord and be free!

No more weeping...

In Albany, Georgia, the chief of police is Chief Pritchett:

No more Pritchett...

No more segregation...

Oh, Freedom...

Colored Spade

from Hair

I'm a colored spade, a nigger, a black beggar,
A jungle bunny, jigaboo, coon, pick-a-ninny, Mau-Mau,
Uncle Tom, Aunt Jemima, Little Black Sambo,
Cotton-pickin' swamp guinea, junk man, shoeshine boy,
elevator operator, table cleaner at Horne and Hardardt's, slave,
voodoo, zombie, Ubangie-lipped, flat nose, tap dancer, resident
of Harlem, and President of
The United States of Love--
'Said President of the United States of Love!

S-H-I-T!

If you ask him for dinner, you gonna feed him:

Watermelon, hominy grits and shortnin' bread,
Alligator ribs, some pigtails, (so you say)
black-eyed peas, (so you say)
some chitlins, (so you say)
some collard greens... (so you say)

and if you don't watch out, the boogie man will get you!

B-O-O-O-O!

So-You-Say!

Pledge of Allegiance (not recorded)

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America
and to the Republic for which it stands:
One nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all.

Statue of Liberty Inscription (not recorded)

Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses,
Yearning to breathe free;
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore:
Send these, the tempest-tossed to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

Immigrant Song

In 1841, I put my corduroy britches on,
I put my corduroy britches on to work upon the railway!

Fiddle-me-oory-oory-ay...

In 1842, I left the Old World for the New...
I left the Old World for the New to work upon the railway!

In 1843, 'twas then I met sweet Minnie McGee,
And an elegant wife she's been to me while workin' on the railway!

Welcome Emigrante

Buffy Sainte Marie

Oh, welcome, welcome, Emigrante,
To my country-- welcome home!
Welcome, welcome, Emigrante,
To the country that I love!

I am proud, I am proud, I am proud of my forefathers,
And I say they've built this country!
And they came from far away to a land they didn't know,
The same way you do, my friend. So...

I am proud, I am proud, I am proud of my forefathers,
And I sing about their courage,
For they spoke a foreign language and they labored with their hands,
The same way you do, my friend!

I am proud, I am proud, I am proud of my forefathers,
And I sing about their patience,
For the work they did was lowly and they dirtied up their clothes,
They spoke a foreign language and they labored with their hands,
And they came from far away to a land they didn't know...
The same way you do, my friend!

America

from West Side Story

I like to be in America,
OK by me in America,
Everything free in America....
--For a small fee in America!

Buying on credit is so nice
--One look at us and they charge twice!
I'll have my own washing machine
--What will you have, though, to keep clean?

Skyscrapers bloom in America,
Cadillacs zoom in America,
Industry boom in America...
--Twelve in a room in America!

Lots of new housing with more space
--Lots of doors slamming in our face!
I'll get a terrace apartment
--Better get rid of your accent!

Life can be bright in America
--If you can fight in America.
Life is all right in America
---If you're all white in America!

Here you are free and you have pride
--'Long as you stay on your own side!
Free to be anything you choose
--Free to wait tables and shine shoes!

Everywhere grime in America,
Organized crime in America,
Terrible time in America...
--You forget I'm in America!

I Pity the Poor Immigrant

Judy Collins

I pity the poor immigrant
Who wishes he would have stayed home,
Who uses all his power to do evil,
And in the end is always left alone.

That man who with his fingers cheats,
And who lies with every breath,
Who passionately hates his life,
And likewise fears his death.

I pity the poor immigrant
Whose strength is all in vain,
Whose heaven is like iron sides,
Whose tears fall like rain;

Who eats but is not satisfied,
Who hears, but does not see,
Who falls in love with wealth itself
And turns his back on me.

I pity the poor immigrant
Who tramples through the mud,
Who fills his mouth with laughing
And who fills his tongue with blood...

Whose visions in their final end
Must shatter like the glass.
I pity the poor immigrant
When his gladness comes to pass.

America the Beautiful

Mahalia Jackson

Oh beautiful, for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountains' majesty
Above the fruited plain.

America, America, God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Oh beautiful, for Pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America, America, God mend thine every flaw,
And turn thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

Oh beautiful, for patriot dream,
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears!

Power and Glory

C'mon and take a walk with me through this green and growin' land,
Walk through the meadows and the mountains and the sand,
Walk through the valleys and the rivers and the plains,
Walk through the sun and walk through 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,
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?

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

What Did You Learn in School Today

Pete Seeger

What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?
What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?

I learned that Washington never told a lie,
I learned that soldiers seldom die,
I learned that everybody's free--
And that's what the teacher said to me!

That's what I learned in school today,
That's what I learned in school!

I learned that policemen are my friends,
I learned that justice never ends,
I learned that murderers die for their crimes,
Even if we make a mistake sometimes!

I learned that our government must be strong--
It's always right and never wrong.
Our leaders are the finest men,
And we elect them again and again!

I learned that war is not so bad,
I learned about the great ones we have had.
We fought in Germany and in France,
And someday I might get my chance...

The Times, They Are a Changin'

Peter, Paul, and Mary

Come, gather round people, wherever you roam,
And admit that the waters around you have grown,
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you is worth savin',
Then you'd better start swimmin',
Or you'll sink like a stone,
For the times, they are a changin'!

Come writers and critics, who prophesied with your pens,
And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again.
And don't speak too soon, for the wheel, still it spins,
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin',
For the loser now will be later to win,
For the times, they are a changin'!

Come Senators, Congressmen, please heed the call,
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall!
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled.
There's a battle outside and it's ragin':
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls,
For the times, they are a changin'!

The Times, They Are a Changin' (con't.)

Come mothers and fathers, throughout the land,
And don't criticize if you don'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,
For the times, they are a changin'!

Tryin' Times

Roberta Flack

Tryin' times is what the world is talkin' about,
You got confusion all over the land.
Mother Uggins' daughter, father Uggins' son,
The whole thing is gettin' out of hand.

But folks wouldn't have to suffer
If there was more love for your brother,
But these are tryin' times...

Got the riots in the ghetto, and it's all around,
A whole lot of things that's wrong is goin' down.
I don't understand it, my point of view--
I remember, somebody said; "Do unto others as you would have them
do unto you,"

And then folks wouldn't have to suffer
If there was more love for your brother,
But these are tryin' times...

People always talkin' about man's inhumanity to man,
But whatcha tryin' to do to make this a better land?
Just pick up your paper, turn on your TV,
You see a lot of demonstrations for equality.

But folks wouldn't have to suffer
If there was more love,
But these are tryin' times...

Paper Mache

Dionne Warwick

Twenty houses in a row,
Faded people watch a TV show.
Paper people, cardboard dreams,
How unreal the whole thing seems!

Chorus:

Can we be livin' in a world of paper mache?
Everything is clean and so neat!
Anything that's wrong can be just swept away--
Spray it with cologne, and the whole world smells sweet!

Ice cream cones and candy bars,
Swings and things like bicycles and cars...
There's a sale on happiness:
You buy two and it costs less...

Read the papers, keep aware,
While you're lounging in your leather chair.
And if things don't look so good,
Shake your head and knock on wood...

Big Bright Green Pleasure Machine

Simon and Garfunkel

Do people have a tendency to dump on you?
Does your group have more cavities than theirs?
Do all the hippies seem to get the jump on you?
Do you sleep alone when others sleep in pairs?

Well, there's no need to complain, we'll eliminate your pain,
We can neutralize your brain--you'll feel just fine!
Buy a big, bright, green pleasure machine!

Do figures of authority just shoot you down?
Is life within the business world a drag?
Did your boss just mention that you'd better shop around
To find yourself a more productive bag?

Are you worried and distressed? Can't seem to get no rest?
Put our product to the test-- you'll feel just fine!
Buy a big, bright, green pleasure machine!

Sounds of Silence

Simon and Garfunkel

Hello, Darkness, my old friend, I've come to talk with you again,
Because a vision, softly creeping, left its seeds while I was
sleeping,
And the vision that was planted in my brain still remains,
Within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone, narrow streets of cobblestone,
'Neath the halo of a street lamp, I turned my collar to the cold
and damp,
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light that split
the night
And touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw ten thousand people, maybe more,
People talking without speaking, people hearing without listening,
People writing songs that voices never shared-- no one dared
Disturb the sound of silence.

Fools, said I, you do not know silence like a cancer grows,
Hear my words that I might teach you, take my arms that I might
reach you!
But my words, like silent raindrops fell, and echoed
In the well of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed to the neon god they made,
And the sign flashed out its warning in the words that it was
forming,
And the sign said the words of the prophets are written on the
subway walls, and tenement halls
Whisper the sounds of silence.

America

Simon and Garfunkel

"Let us be lovers, we'll marry our fortunes together.
I've got some real estate here in my bag."
So we bought a pack of cigarettes and Mrs. Wagner's pies,
And walked off to look for America.

"Kathy," I said, as we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh,
"Michigan seems like a dream to me now.
It took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw.
I've come to look for America."

Laughing on the bus, playing games with the faces,
She said the man in the gabardine suit was a spy.
I said, "Be careful, his bow tie is really a camera!" :

(continued)

America (con't.)

"Toss me a cigarette; I think there's one in my raincoat."
"We smoked the last one an hour ago."
So I looked at the scenery, she read her magazine,
And the moon rose over an open field.

"Kathy, I'm lost," I said, though I knew she was sleeping.
"I'm empty and aching, and I don't know why!"
Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike--
They've all come to look for America,
all come to look for America...
all come to look for America...

Blue

Joni Mitchell

Blue, songs are like tattoos,
You know I've been to sea before.
Crown and anchor me or let me sail away.
Blue, here is a song for you:

Ink of a pin, underneath the skin,
An empty space to fill in.
Well, there're so many sinking now,
You've got to keep thinking
You can make it through these waves.
Acid, blues, and ass,
Needles, guns, and grass...
Lots of laughs, lots of laughs.
Well, everybody's saying
That hell's the hippest way to go.
Well, I don't think so,
But I'm gonna take a look around it, though.
Blue, I love you.

Blue, here is a shell for you.
Inside you'll hear a sigh,
A foggy lullaby:
There is your song from me!

Me and Bobby McGee

Gordon Lightfoot

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the train,
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans.
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained,
Took us all the way to New Orleans.

I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues.
With those windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands,
We finally sung up every song that driver knew.

Chorus:

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free!
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,
Feelin' good was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee!

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul,
Standin' right beside me, Lord, through everything I done,
Every night she kept me from the cold.

Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,
Searchin' for the home I heard she phoned...
And I'd give all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,
Holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.

California

Joni Mitchell

Sittin' in a park in Paris, France,
Readin' the news, and it sure looks bad.
They won't give peace a chance--
That was just a dream some of us had.
Still a lot of lands to see, but I wouldn't want to stay here;
It's too old and cold and settled in its ways here.
Oh, but California, California, I'm comin' home.
I'm gonna see the folks I dig; I'll even kiss a Sunset pig.
California, I'm comin' home!

I met a redneck on a Grecian isle;
He did the goat dance very well.
He gave me back my smile,
But he kept my camera to sell.
Oh, the rogue, the red, red rogue, he cooked good omelettes and stews,
And I might have stayed on with him there,
But my heart cried out for you, California.
California, I'm comin' home!
Oh, make me feel good, rock 'n roll band, I'm your biggest fan!
California, I'm comin' home!

California (con't.)

Oh, it gets so lonely, when you're walking
And the streets are full of strangers...
All the news of home you read
Just gives you the blues, just gives you the blues!

So I bought me a ticket,
I caught a plane to Spain,
Went to a party down a red dirt road.
There were lots of pretty people there,
Readin' Rolling Stone, readin' Vogue.
They said, "How long can you hang around?"
I said, "A week, maybe two--
Just until my skin turns brown.
Then I'm going home to California."
California, I'm comin' home!
Oh, will you take me as I am?
Strung out on another man?
California, I'm comin' home!

Oh, it gets so lonely, when you're walking
And the streets are full of strangers...
All the news of home you read:
More about the war and the bloody changes.
Oh, will you take me as I am?
Will you take me as I am?
Will you?

So Far Away

Carole King

So far away...
Doesn't anybody stay in one place anymore?
It would be so fine to see your face at my door.
It doesn't help to know you're just time away!

Long ago I reached for you, and there you stood.
Holding you again could only do me good...
Oh, how I wish I could,
But you're so far away!

One more song about movin' along the highway,
Can't say much of anything that's new.
If I could only work this life out my way,
I'd rather spend it being close to you.

But you're so far away...
Doesn't anybody stay in one place anymore?
It would be so fine to see your face at my door,
'Doesn't help to know you're so far away!

So Far Away (con't.)

Traveling around sure gets me down and lonely,
Nothing else to do but close my mind.
I sure hope the road don't come to own me;
There's so many dreams I've yet to find!

But you're so far away....
Doesn't anybody stay in one place anymore?
It would be so fine to see your face at my door.
'Doesn't help to know you're so far away.

Beautiful

Carole King

You've got to get up every morning with a smile on your face
And show the world all the love in your heart.
Then people (are) gonna treat you better,
You're gonna find, yes you will,
That you're beautiful as you feel.

Waiting at the station with a workday wind a-blowing,
I've got nothin' to do but watch the passers-by.
Mirrored in their faces, I see frustration growing,
And they don't see it showing, why do I?

I have often asked myself the reason for the sadness
In a world where tears are just a lullabye.
If there's any answer, maybe love can end the madness...
Maybe not-- oh, but we can only try!

Peace Train

Cat Stevens

Now, I've been happy lately,
Thinking about the good things to come,
And I believe it could be
Something good has begun.
Oh, I've been smiling lately,
Dreaming about the world as we are,
And I believe it could be--
Someday it's going to come!
'Cause out on the edge of darkness
There rides a peace train.
Oh, peace train, take this country,
Come take me home again!
Now I've been smiling lately,
Thinking about the good things to come,
And I believe it could be
Something good has begun.
Oh, peace train, sounding louder...
Glide on, the peace train.
Come on now, peace train!
Yes, peace train, holy roller!
Everyone jump upon the peace train!
Come on now, peace train!
Get your bags together,
Go bring your good friends, too,
'Cause it's getting nearer--
It will soon be with you.
Come and join the living;
It's not so far from you,
and it's getting nearer--
Soon it will all be true.
Oh, peace train, sounding louder...
Glide on, the peace train.

Peace Train (con't.)

Now, I've been crying lately,
Thinking about the world as it is;
Why must we go on hating?
Why can't we live in bliss?
'Cause out on the edge of darkness
There rides a peace train.
Oh, peace train, take this country,
Come take me home again.
Oh, peace train, sounding louder...
Glide on, the peace train.
Come on now, the peace train!
Yes, peace train, holy roller!
Everyone jump on the peace train!
Come on, come on, come on!
Yes, come on, peace train!
Come on now, peace train.
Oh, please, train!

Save the People

from Godspell

When wilt Thou save the people,
Oh God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people--
Not thrones and crowns, but men:
Flowers of Thy heart, oh God, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Their heritage a sunless day,
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No, say Thy mountains; no, say Thy skies.
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise
And songs be heard instead of sighs.
God save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people,
Oh God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people--
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people, for Thine they are,
Thy children as Thy angels fair.
Save the people from despair!
God save the people...

True Love

Pat Boone

Suntanned, windblown, honeymooners at last alone,
Feeling far above par...Oh, how lucky we are!
While I give to you and you give to me
True love, true love.

For you and I have a guardian angel on high
With nothing to do
But to give to you and to give to me
Love forever true.

Until It's Time for You to Go

Roberta Flack

You're not a dream, you're not an angel, you're a man;
I'm not a queen, I'm a woman, take my hand.
We'll make a space in the lives that we planned,
And here you'll stay until it's time for you to go.

Yes, we're different, we're worlds apart, we're not the same.
You laughed and joked at the start, like in a game.
You could have stayed outside my heart, but in you came,
And here you'll stay...

Don't ask why (of me),
And don't ask how (of me),
Don't ask forever of me;
(Love me,) Love me now!

This love of mine had no beginning, it has no end.
I was an oak; now I'm a willow, and I can bend.
Though I'll never in my life see you again,
Won't you stay...

Don't Fence Me In

Mitch Miller

Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies above,
Don't fence me in!
Let me ride through the wide-open country that I love,
Don't fence me in!

Let me be by myself in the evening breeze,
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees;
Send me off forever, but I ask you, please,
Don't fence me in!

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western sky.
On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise.

I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences,
Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses;
'Can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences--
Don't fence me in!

Bury Me Out on the Lone Prairie

Norman Luboff Choir

Oh, bury me out on the lone prairie,
Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free.
And when I die, you can bury me
'Neath the western sky, on the lone prairie!

I'm a rovin' cowboy, far away from home,
Far from the prairie, where I used to roam,
Where the doggies wander and the wind blows free...
Oh, my heart is yonder on the lone prairie!

Tidewater Jail

Kingston Trio

Well, early one evenin' I was rollin' around,
I was feelin' kinda mean; I shot the deputy down.
Strollin' on home, I went to bed;
Well, I laid my pistol up under my head.

He strolled on home-- "I took my time."
And he went to bed-- "Thought I'd sleep some."
He laid his pistol-- "Big 22."
Up under his head-- "I keep it handy."

Well, early in the mornin', 'bout the break of day,
I figured it was time to make a getaway.
Steppin' right along, but I was steppin' too slow;
Got surrounded by a sheriff down in Mexico.

He was steppin' right along-- "I were a hot-footin' it."
But he was steppin' too slow-- "It was a sultry day."
Got surrounded by a sheriff-- "Boxed in."
In Mexico-- "I didn't even have a chance to see the country."

When I was arrested, I didn't have a dime;
The sheriff says, "Son, you're ridin' free this time.
Where you're goin' you won't need a cent,
'Cause the great state of Texas (is) gonna pay your rent!"

'Cause where you're goin'-- "I think he means jail."
You won't need a cent-- "well, he knows I'm broke."
'Cause the great state of Texas-- "Yippee!"
(Is) gonna pay your rent-- "I'm mighty grateful, fellows."

Well, I didn't have a key, and I didn't have a file;
Naturally I stayed around until my trial.
The judge was an old man-- 93!
And I didn't like the way the jury looked at me.

The judge was an old man-- "too old!"
93-- "Entirely too old!"
And I didn't like the way the jury looked at me--
"I think they were suspicious!"

The judge and the jury, they did agree:
They all said, "Murder in the first degree!"
The judge said, "Say, I don't know whether to hang you or not,
But this here killin' of deputy sheriffs has just naturally got to
stop!"
--"You got a point there, judge!"

(continued)

Tiajuana Jail (con't.)

Ninety and nine-- "It could have been life!"
On the hard rock pile-- "They might have hung me."
Ninety and nine on the hard rock ground--
"All I ever did was hoot the deputy down!"

"This whole thing has sure been a lesson to me: Bang, you're dead!"

Texas Rangers

Ian and Silvia

Come, all ye Texas Rangers, wherever you may be;
I'll tell you of some troubles that happened unto me.
My name is nothing extra, so that I will not tell,
And here's to all you Rangers; I'm sure I wish you well!

'Was at the age of seventeen, I joined the jolly band;
We marched from San Antonio down to the Rio Grande.
Our captain, he'd warned us-- perhaps he thought it right,
"Before we reach the station, boys, you'll surely have to fight."

And when the bugle sounded, our captain did command,
"To arms, to arms," he shouted, "and by your horses stand!"
I saw the smoke ascending; it seemed to reach the sky,
And then the thought, it struck me: the time had come to die.

I saw the Indians coming, I heard them give a yell.
My feelings at that moment, no human tongue can tell.
I saw their glittering lances, their arrows 'round me blew,
And all my strength had left me, and all my courage, too!

We fought for nine hours fully before the strife was o'er.
The likes of dead and wounded I never saw before.
And when the sun had risen, the Indians, they had fled.
We loaded up our rifles and counted up our dead.

And all of us were wounded, our noble captain slain.
The sun was shining sadly across that bloody plain.
Sixteen no braver Rangers that ever rode the West
Were buried by their comrades with arrows in their breast.

And now, my song is ended; I guess I've sung enough.
The life of any Ranger, you see, is very tough.
And if you have a mother that don't want you to roam,
I advise you by experience, you'd better stay at home.

Californio

New Christy Minstrels

Blow, ye winds, hi-hoy!
Blow, ye winds, hi-ho!
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told
In Californio!

It's a bully ship and a bully crew,
Ladies, say, ladies!
A bully mate and a captain, too,
Sing, ladies, sing!

We left New York on a Monday morn,
Ladies, say, ladies!
Two years later, we're 'round the Horn,
Sing ladies, sing!

The captain's daughter was an awful sight,
Ladies, say, ladies!
She weren't bad lookin' late at night,
Sing, ladies, sing!

I ain't got a nickel and I ain't got a dime,
Ladies, say, ladies!
Let's all sing it one more time,
Sing, ladies, sing.

I've Been Workin' on the Railroad

Mitch Miller

I've been workin' on the railroad,
All the live-long day:
I've been workin' on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away!

Don't you hear the whistle blowin',
Rise up so early in the morn?
Don't you hear the captain shoutin',
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn? (REPEAT)

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen, I know.
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the old banjo!
And singin', "Fe, Fi, Fiddley-ay-o; Fe, Fi, Fiddley-ay-o-o-o-o-o!
Fe, Fi, Fiddley-ay-o; strummin' on the old banjo!

This Train

Peter, Paul, and Mary

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train!
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train!
This train don't carry no gamblers, no crap shooters, no midnight
ramblers;
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train!

This train don't carry no jokers, well, this train!
This train don't carry no jokers, well, this train!
This train don't carry no jokers, no high-toned women, no cigar
smokers;
This train don't carry no jokers, well, this train!

This train done carried my mother, well, this train! (2X)
This train done carried my mother-- my mother, my father,
my sister and my brother.
This train done carried my mother, well, this train!

This train, she's bound for glory, well, this train! (2X)
This train, she's bound for glory; if you wanna get to heaven,
well, you've got to be holy!
This train, she's bound for glory, well, this train!

Oklahoma

from the stage show Oklahoma

Oklahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain,
And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain.

Oklahoma, every night my noney-lamb and I
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky.

We know we belong to the land,
And the land we belong to is grand.
And when we say, "Yeeow! Ay-yip-ay-o-ee-ay!"
We're only sayin', "You're doin' fine, Oklahoma; Oklahoma, OK!"

Kansas City

from the stage show Oklahoma

I got to Kansas City on a Friday;
By Saturday, I learned a thing or two.
'Cause up to then I didn't have an "idee"
Of what the modern world was comin' to.

I counted 20 gas buggies goin' by themselves
Almost every time I "tuck" a walk.
And then I put my ear to a Bell telephone,
And a strange woman started in to talk.

(continued)

Kansas City (con't.)

What's next?

Yeah, what?

What's next? Gather ye 'round!

Everything's up to date in Kansas City;
They've gone about as far as they can go.
They went and built a skyscraper seven stories high--
About as high as a building ought to grow!

Everything's like a dream in Kansas City;
It's better than a magic lantern show.
You can turn the radiator on whenever you want some heat.
You can walk to privies in the rain and never wet your feet...

They've gone about as far as they can go.

Yessir!

They've gone about as far as they can go!

Everything's up to date in Kansas City;
They've gone about as far as they can go.
They've got a big theater they call the Burly-2;
For 50¢ you can see a dandy show! (Any gals?)

One of the gals is fat and pink and pretty, as round above
as she is round below.
I could swear that she was padded from her shoulder to her heel,
But later in the second act when she'd begun to peel,
She proved that everything she had was absolutely real...

She went about as far as she could go.

Yessir!

She went about as far as she could go!

Manhattan

Tony Martin

Oh yes, New York City!
What a thrill to work in New York City!
My home? Many folks want to know...
I was born in San Francisco, raised in Oakland--
That's across the Bay Bridge.
They say San Francisco is little New York, and it is.

The greatest island in the world is Manhattan,
'Cause when you work in New York City, you're in Manhattan,
And every night is opening night.
This is where all the wonderful culture of our wonderful United States
starts and ends-- right here.

(continued)

Manhattan (con't.)

Ah, summer journeys to Niagara
And to other places aggravate all our cares;
We'll save our fares.
I've a cozy little flat in
What is known as old Manhattan.
We'll settle down, right here in town.

We'll tour Manhattan, the Bronx and Statten Island, too.
It's lovely goin' through the zoo!
It's very fancy on old Delancy Street, you know;
The subways charm us so,
And the balmy breezes blow to and fro.
Tell me what street compares to Mott Street in July?
Sweet pushcarts gently gliding by...

Chorus:

The great big city is a wondrous toy
Made for a girl and boy;
We'll turn Manhattan into an isle of joy!

We'll go to Coney; we'll eat baloney on a roll.
Through Central Park we'll stroll, where our first kiss we stole,
Soul to soul.

South Pacific-- it's a terrific show!
I hope we'll see it close some day.

Give my regards to Broadway

Mitch Miller

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square!
Tell all the gang at Forty-Second Street
That I will soon be there!
Whisper of how I'm yearning
To mingle with the old-time throng.
Give my regards to Broadway and say
That I'll be there e'er long!

Balled of Lou Marsh

Phil Oaks

On the streets of New York City, when the hour was getting late,
There were young men armed with knives and guns, young men
armed with hate.

And Lou Marsh stopped between them and died there in his tracks,
For one man is no army when a city turns its back.

Chorus:

And now the streets are empty, now the streets are dark;
So keep an eye on shadows and never pass the park.
For the city is a jungle when the law is out of sight,
And death lurks in el barrio with the orphans of the night.

He left behind the chambers of the church he served so long,
For he learned the prayers of distant men will never right the
wrongs.

His church became an alley, and his pulpit was the street,
And he made his congregation from the boys he used to meet.

There were two gangs approaching in Spanish Harlem town;
The smell of blood was in the air, the challenge was laid down.
He felt their blinding hatred and he tried to save their lives,
And the answer that they gave him was their fists and feet and knives.

Will Lou Marsh lie forgotten in his cold and silent grave?
Will his memory still linger on in those he tried to save?
And will all of us who knew him now and then recall?
And shall his grave foretell our tale, the tombstone of us all?

Stories of the Street

Leonard Cohen

The stories of the street are mine, the Spanish voices laugh.
The Cadillacs go creeping now through the night and the poison gas.
And I lean from my window sill in this old hotel I chose;
Yes, one hand on my suicide, one hand on the road.

I know you've heard it's over now, and the war must surely come.
The cities, they are broke(n) in half, and the middle men are gone.
But let me ask you one more time, oh children of the dust:
All these hunters who are shrieking now, oh do they speak for us?

And where do all these highways go, now that we are free?
Why are the armies marching still that were coming home to me?
Oh, lady, with your legs so fine; oh, stranger, at your wheel...
You are locked into your suffering, and your pleasures are the seal.

The age of lust is giving birth. Both the parents ask
The nurse to tell them fairy tales on both sides of the glass.
And now the infant with his chord he's holding like a kite,
And one eye filled with blueprints, one eye filled with night.

Stories of the Street (con't.)

Oh, come with me, my little one; we will find that farm,
And grow us grass and apples there and keep all the animals warm.
And if by chance I wake at night and ask you who I am,
Oh, take me to the slaughter house; I will wait there with the
lambs.

With one hand on a hexagram and one hand on a girl,
I balance on a wishing well that all men call the world.
We are so small between the stars, so large against the sky,
And lost among the subway crowds, I try to catch your eye.

Air

from the show Hair

Welcome, sulfur dioxide!
Hello, carbon monoxide!
The air, the air is everywhere...
Breathe deep, while you sleep, breathe deep!

Bless you, alcohol bloodstream!
Save me, Nicotine Lovestein!
Incense, incense is in the air!

Cataclysmic ectoplasm,
Fallout, atomic orgasm...
Vapor and fume at the stone of my tomb;
Breathing like a sullen perfume,
Eating at the stone of my tomb!

Pollution

Tom Lehrer

Time was when an American about to go abroad would be warned by
his friends or the guide books not to drink the water.
But times have changed, and now a foreigner coming to this country
might be offered the following advice:

If you visit American city,
You will find it very pretty.
Just two things of which you must beware:
Don't drink the water and don't breathe the air!

Pollution, pollution-- they've got smog and sewage and mud;
Turn on your tap and get hot and cold running crud.

See the halibuts and the sturgeons
Being wiped out by detergents.
Fish (have) gotta swim and birds gotta fly,
But they don't last long if they try!

(continued)

Pollution (con't.)

Pollution, pollution...You use the latest toothpaste,
And then rinse your mouth with industrial waste!

Just go out for a breath of air,
And you'll be ready for Medicare.
The city streets are really quite a thrill;
If the hoods don't get you, the monoxide will!

Pollution, pollution...Wear a gas mask and a veil;
Then you can breathe, (as) long as you don't inhale!

Lots of things there that you can drink,
But stay away from the kitchen sink.
The breakfast garbage that you throw into the bay,
They drink at lunch in San Jose!

So go to the cities, see the crazy people there--
Like lambs to the slaughter,
They're drinking the water
And breathing the air!

City Life

Nilsson

Well, I'm down and I'm out, and I've had it to here with the
city life.

Gonna grab me a plane that'll take me back home to my folks,
Maybe real soon.

Just as soon as I get a few dollars ahead...Well, then you'll
see.

Gonna show up in person instaed of those letters I never write.
How does that sound, Ma?

You tell Dad I got a deal that's gonna make me a million--
tomorrow.

Yeah, and it's a cinch to come through if I just hang around for
a little while,
Just temporarily.

City life...

Nobody Cares About the Railroads Anymore

Nilsson

When we got married back in 1944,
We'd board that silver liner below Baltimore.
Trip to virginia on a sunny honeymoon...
Nobody cares about the railroads anymore!

We'd tip that porter for a place of our own,
Then send a postcard to your Mom and Dad back home.
'Did somethin' to ya when you'd hear that, "All aboard!"
Nobody cares about the railroads anymore!

We had a daughter and you oughta see her now;
She has a boyfriend who looks just like My Gal Sal.
And when they're married, they won't need us anymore...
They'll board an airplane and fly away from Baltimore!

City of New Orleans

Arlo Guthrie

Ridin' on the "City of New Orleans,"
Illinois Central's Monday morning rail.
Fifteen cars and Fifteen restless riders,
Three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail.

All along the south-bound odyssey...
The train pulls out or Kankakee
And rolls along past houses, farms, and fields,
Passing trains that have no names and freight yards full of
old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted automobile.

Chorus:

Good morning, America! How are you?
'Said, "Don't you know me? I'm your native son!
I'm the train they call the 'City of New Orleans.'
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done."

Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car;
'Fenny a point...ain't no one keepin' score.
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

And the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel.
Mothers, with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat;
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

(continued)

City of New Orleans (con't.)

Nighttime on the "City of New Orleans,"
Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
Halfway home-- we'll be there by mornin'...
Through the Mississippi darkness, rollin' down to the sea.

But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream,
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news.
The conductor sings his songs again, "The passengers will please
refrain..."
This train got to disappear in railroad blues.

Good night, America...