

OF CHANGES AND DREAMS  
**MAGPIE**

TERRY LEONINO  
& GREG ARTZNER



Terry &amp; Greg

### 1. Follow the Money 3:46

Artzner/Leonino © Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino  
Our friend activist Nadine Bloch encouraged us to write this song for "Oil Change International", an NGO whose mission is to break the corrupting grip of oil profits on governments around the world. Besides oil money, there are any number of other examples of that kind of corruption.

Greg: vocal & guitar, Terry: vocal & harmonica,  
Rolly Brown: lead guitar, Leigh Pilzer: tenor saxophone,  
Ralph Gordon: bass

#### chorus:

Follow the money from the oil can  
From Iraq, Nigeria and Kazakhstan  
Follow the money from the tanker boats  
To the halls of Congress where it buys the votes  
Follow the money 'til it makes you sick  
(Follow the money from where it's spent)  
And you slip and you slide on a thick oil slick  
(Right to the office of the president)  
Follow the money, follow the money

Our addiction to oil is at the core  
Guzzling and guzzling more and more  
They keep on drilling to ends of the earth  
How many barrels is a human life worth?  
How long will it take for us to see  
That somebody owns the powers that be?  
Follow the money, follow the money (chorus)

Which politicians stand to gain  
With big oil money in their campaign?  
They give 'em big tax break subsidies  
Our pockets are empty, and we're on our knees  
BP and Halliburton don't have to comply  
They got the very best Congress all money can buy  
Follow the money, follow the money (chorus)

I went down to Washington to see John Lewis he was  
there

And his spirit keeps on living  
I could see his shining face on the men and on the  
women

And the children, they sang freedom songs

I went down to Beacon ... Pete Seeger, he was there...

I went down to New York City to see Matthew Jones  
He was not there but his spirit keeps on living  
I could see his shining face on the men and on the  
women

And the children, they sang freedom songs  
And the children, they sang freedom songs



left to right: Greg, Terry, Lea Gilmore, Charlie Pilzer

### 19. Love & Honor 4:24

Artzner/Leonino © Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino  
This song highlights the universal ideals exemplified in the heroic dedication of one person. Inspired by the story of John Brown's daughter-in-law Martha Brewster Brown, we saw the stories of countless numbers of other unsung heroines who gave their lives for love in equal dedication to the causes their loved ones died for.  
Thanks to our dear friend Alice Keesey-Mecoy, John Brown's great- great- great-granddaughter through Annie Brown, for bringing the story of Marfa to our attention.

Greg: vocal & guitar, Terry: vocal & mandolin,  
Ralph, bass

Off times do I pause in wonder  
At the strength we find within us  
At darkest hour, in deepest sorrow  
Whence comes the power that moves us on?  
To help when help is what we're needing  
To do the work that must be finished  
To shoulder well another's burden  
Though the life lost be our own.

To stand for love when it's denied you  
The punishment is bitter choosing  
And run to arms that would enfold you  
Though your time might not be long  
To stand with those who fight for justice  
To care for them, your needs denying  
Knowing they face their own dying  
In struggle waged to right a wrong

To care for those in deep affliction  
In illness suffer pain and misery  
Without regard for your own frailty  
To heal, to do what must be done  
Though pain of loss is no stranger,  
Though death claim your dearest lover,  
And after him your newborn daughter  
A solitary teardrop runs

There are those famed for their bravery  
Who face the foe in cruel battle  
Who nobly stand for other's freedom  
Who lay their lives down for us all  
But what of those who stand beside them?  
Give their lives for love and honor  
Though they wield not gun or sabre  
Do they not, too, heed that call?

17. **Way Down In Arkansas** 2:50

Hambone Willie Newbern-Artzner/Leonino

© Greg Artzner &amp; Terry Leonino

Written in 1929 by Arkansas songster "Hambone" Willie Newbern. We wrote a new verse about Terry's grandparents who were farmers in Lepanto, Arkansas. The whole family was musical; everyone sang. In Terry's mother's family, if you weren't singing, you weren't breathing. Grandpa John Henderson was the town musician and was always being called on to play for dances, when he wasn't busy farming. He played the guitar, harmonica on a rack, and cymbals between his knees. He also played the fiddle, the mandolin, the banjo and the piano.

Greg: vocal & guitars, Terry: harmony vocal & mandolin, Jane Rothfield: fiddle, Ralph: bass

Way down, way down in Arkansas,  
You'll find the turkey in the straw  
And the rooster crowin' at the break of day  
On an old oak stump down in the new mown hay  
That's where, that's where my great grandpa  
First met, first met my great grandma  
And then they settled down together  
'Cause they loved each other  
Way down in Arkansas

Way down, way down in Arkansas,  
Grandpa strummed on his old guitar  
With the cymbals clappin' down between his knees  
And his harp a blowin' in the evening breeze  
Singin' 'Red Squirrel' all the day  
'Yankee Doodle Dandy' and 'Play, Fiddler, Play'  
And the folks they would be hummin' as he would  
be strummin'  
Way down in Arkansas,

18. **Long Kesh** 4:33

Matthew Jones w/new words by Artzner/Leonino

Matthew Jones/Maggie Music

Matt Jones 1936-2011, was a freedom singer and a freedom fighter. He was a member of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee's *Freedom Singers* from 1964 throughout the rest of the group's existence. He was a prolific songwriter and penned some of the great classics of the Civil Rights Movement. He was also a front-line nonviolent activist, leading to his arrest numerous times during the movement. He wrote "*Long Kesh*" because he saw similarities between the troubles in Northern Ireland and civil rights issues back home. It was our distinct honor to call Matt our friend and to share the stage with him many times over the years. Thanks to our friend Susie Erenrich of the Cultural Center for Social Change for bringing us together. Thanks to Matt's brother Marshall for teaching us this great song.

Greg: vocal & guitars, Terry: vocal & harmonica, Charlie, bass

Vocal chorus: Howie Bursen, Deb Cowan, Graham & Barbara Dean, Peter Fischman, Julia Friend, Carly Gewirz, Lea Gilmore, Kim Harris, Reggie Harris, Joe Jencks, Sonny Ochs, Deb O'Hanlon, Sally Rogers & Claudia Schmidt  
Chorus recorded at 2013 Old Songs Festival.  
Special thanks to Andy Spence and Bill Spence.

I went down to Long Kesh to see Bobby Sands  
He was not there but his spirit keeps on living  
I could see his shining face on the men and on the women

And the children, they sang freedom songs

substitute:

I went down to...  
Atlanta, Martin King  
Mississippi, Fannie Lou Hamer, She, her, her  
North Carolina, Ella Baker, She, her, her  
over to India, Mahatma Gandhi, he, his, his  
over to Kenya, Wangari Maathai, She, her, her

We know that there is a better way  
Where the people of the world gonna have our say  
It's time for all nations to rearrange  
It's time for a global oil change  
To save this planet it's not too late;  
It's time for separation of oil and state  
Follow the money, follow the money

Follow the money to solar power,  
Free energy every daylight hour  
Follow the money to power that's green,  
And we don't mean the oil dollar machine  
Follow the money from the halls of state,  
From the power of oil got to separate  
Follow the money, follow the money

2. **Borderlines** 3:47

Valerie DePriest/Gayle Ginchich

By permission of composer

This song has haunted us since we first heard Val and Gayle sing it at a People's Music Network gathering in Philadelphia in 1984. We sing it for workers everywhere in the world who are still fighting for basic rights, including the right to bargain collectively for basic rights, wages and safe conditions, from the auto workers in Canton, Mississippi to textile workers in Bangladesh and Indonesia. It's time for the IWW!

Terry: vocal & Appalachian dulcimer,  
Greg: harmony vocal & guitar, Ralph: bass

I'm hearing how business is tough in America  
And they say the union's out of hand  
But I read in the news today about the latest threat to my pay  
And there's one thing I must understand  
For they're telling us that they cannot afford our wage  
As they turn their greedy eyes on distant shores

As patrols guard the borderlines  
And I'm standing in a picket line  
Corporate boardroom plans are formed  
To move my plant to Ecuador  
Where for fifty cents a day  
A worker slaves her life away  
And then they tell me she's my enemy

At first I did not have the time  
To trouble myself with the words  
And it all seemed so very far away  
But now I'm in a worried mood  
'Cause hands need work and kids need food  
And I just got laid off today  
And they're telling us that it is just good business  
As foreign sweat swells profit like disease  
As patrols guard the borderlines  
And I'm standing in an unemployment line  
While in the Philippines  
A mind grows numb from sewin' seams  
In Guatemalan hills of cash  
A coffee picker's skull is smashed  
And then they tell me he's my enemy

Now I am finally putting it all together  
Borderlines won't score my loyalty  
They don't care who is the drone  
Hands of yellow, black or brown  
Profit is their only deity  
As corporate hands of power reach around the world  
They'll strangle any weak neck they can find  
From the diamond mines in Africa  
To the fields of El Salvador  
From the sweat shops down in Mexico  
To Bangladesh where the women sew  
Sweat is sweat and blood is blood  
And one day soon the time must come  
We'll stand and face our common enemy



Larry Sifel (by Greg Artzner)

### 3. This Guitar 3:45

Artzner/Leonino © Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino  
We wrote this song at the end of May in 2006 after the passing of our very close friend Larry Sifel. Larry made the guitars that to us have become an indispensable part of our sound. They still sing out brilliantly of his love, artistry and talent each time we play them. In a way it's as if Larry is a member of the band.

Greg: vocal & guitars, Terry: vocal, Ralph, bass

Red dirt road long and dusty  
Travelin' back in time  
Through summer green fields growing  
Tobacco and corn

And one last turn to find you  
In the woods it isn't far  
The house you built along the creek  
That birthed this old guitar

This guitar, this box of wood and steel  
This work of your soul and heart and hand  
Your voice is here; your love I still can feel  
In your place this guitar will have to stand

From the depths of the blue ocean  
Shell that shimmers in the light  
From your hands becomes a story  
When laid into the wood  
From the sea up to the heavens  
From a pearl to a star  
On earth you wove a circle  
Right here in this guitar

Now you become our story  
For us a chapter has its end  
But as long as she keeps ringing  
We're hearing our old friend

Don't it all go by so quickly  
And it's over in a blink  
All those years of love and laughter  
Of changes and dreams  
And I turn and look to find you;  
I don't wonder where you are  
For what has gone to wood and ash  
Is here in this guitar

This guitar, this box of wood and steel  
This work of your soul and heart and hand  
Your voice is here; your love I still can feel  
In your place this guitar will have to stand

### 4. Ev'ning In Caroline 3:19

Walter Donaldson Donaldson Music LLC  
Walter Donaldson's 1930's love song, learned from the great singing of the Boswell Sisters.

Greg: vocal & rhythm guitar, Terry: harmony vocals & mandolin, Rolly: lead guitar, Leigh: baritone saxophone, Matt Daynard: percussion, Ralph: bass

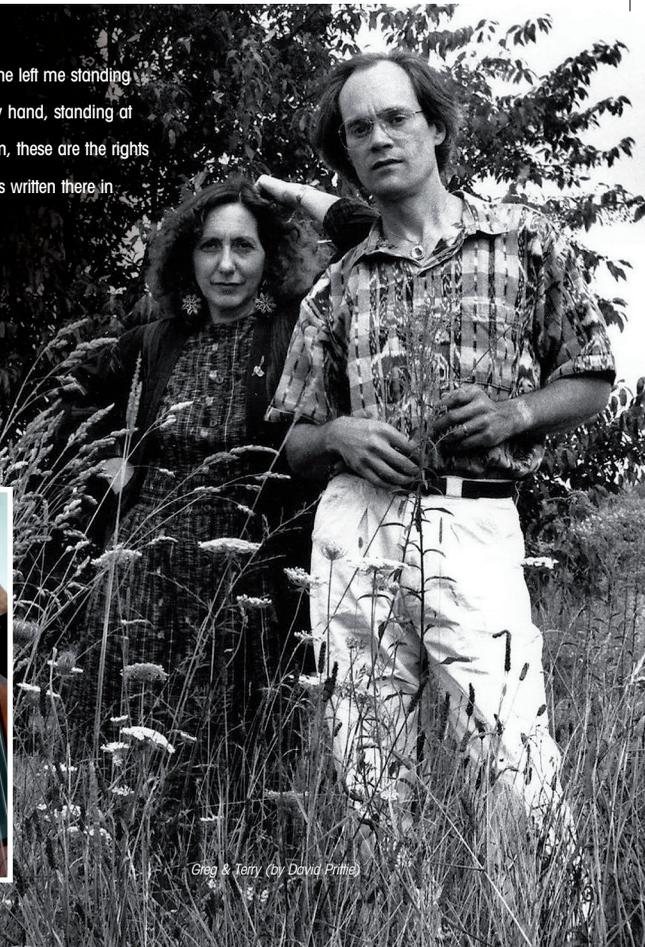
When poets write they love to write about the southland  
They seem to feast their eyes on Carolina skies  
Whatever they write, whatever they say about the southland  
It's not exaggeration; it's not imagination

Well old Tom Paine he ran so fast he left me standing  
still  
There I was, a piece of paper in my hand, standing at  
the top of a hill  
And it read "this is the age of reason, these are the rights  
of man.  
Kick off religion & monarchy" it was written there in  
Tom Paine's plan (hand)

Old Tom Paine, there he lies  
Nobody laughs and nobody cries  
Where he's gone and how he fares  
Nobody knows and nobody cares



Ralph Gordon



Greg &amp; Terry (by David Prttille)



Tom Paxton

### 15. There Goes the Mountain 4:06

Tom Paxton *Pax Music/Dreamworks Songs*

Although written more than 40 years ago this great song resonates ever more loudly today when the mountains of Appalachia are being destroyed forever in the name of electricity and profit at an alarming rate, and while most of the rest of the nation remains either ignorant or apathetic. We sing it for all the mountains and their people who are under siege. We live in the mountains and for the mountains! Visit [ilovemountaintains.org](http://ilovemountaintains.org) to get involved in the struggle to stop mountaintop removal coal mining. It is an honor and a privilege to have the composer join us on one of his many musical gems.

*Dedicated to the memory of Judy Bonds and Larry Gibson.*

Terry: vocal & harp, Greg: vocal & guitar,  
Tom Paxton: harmony vocal, Ralph: bass

There goes the mountain, father of fir trees  
Home for the grizzlies under its snow  
Shorn of its timber, torn by the monsters  
Taken by truckloads to the great plains below

There goes the mountain, the avalanche maker  
Heaven's caretaker and breeder of streams  
There goes the mountain, maker of thunder  
Torn down for the plunder, remembered in dreams

There goes the mountain, greeter of sunrise  
Giant by starlight, the highest and best  
The roar of the engine, the first in its lifetime  
Will take what men value and spit out the rest

Lord of the highlands, home for the eagles  
Catcher of snowfall for millions of years  
Now bleeding in mudslides, robbed of its insides  
Prey to the skills of the cruel engineers

### 16. Tom Paine's Bones 4:00

Graham Moore *By Moore Music*

Moore's song tells a little of the story of arguably the most important polemicist of the American Revolution, Thomas Paine. To this day, no one actually knows whatever happened to the bones of Thomas Paine. Thanks to Dick Gaughan and mostly to our good friends Graham & Barbara Dean for turning us onto Moore's fabulous song, as well as other fascinating aspects of the life and legend of Tom Paine.

Greg: vocal, guitar & English concertina,  
Terry: vocal & Appalachian dulcimer, Ralph, bass

As I dreamed out last evening by a river of discontent  
I bumped right into old Tom Paine as a-running down  
the road he went

He said I can't stop right now my son; King George is  
after me

He'll have a rope around my throat and he'll hang me  
on the liberty tree

And I will dance to Tom Paine's bones  
I will dance to Tom Paine's bones  
Dance in the oldest boots I own  
To the rhythm of Tom Paine's bones

He said I just wrote about freedom and justice for everyone  
Ever since the very first word I spoke I've been looking  
down the barrel of a gun

Well they say I preached revolution, let me say in my  
defense,

All I did wherever I went was to talk a lot of common  
sense

If you want to see the moon in all its splendor  
If you want to see the way the stars can shine  
If you want to feel a breeze that's sweetly tender  
Spend an evening in Caroline

Now if you really want to hear the whippoorwill, sir  
And the answer to the words "will you be mine?"  
If you want to give your heart a perfect thrill, sir  
Spend an evening in Caroline

Yes, sir, say what you like  
I know what it's like to be glad right now  
Yes, sir, say what you may  
I never could ever be blue

Don't you tell that you'd really have to guess, sir  
Why I learned to love the Carolina pines  
If you want to meet the sweetest sweetie, yes, sir!  
Spend an evening in Caroline

### 5. Sailing Up My Dirty Stream 3:17

Pete Seeger *Fall River Music*

After reading Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, Pete was inspired to get involved in taking local environmental action and one of the results was the Hudson River Sloop Clearwater. He was one of the first singers and songwriters to take the environment seriously as an issue and soon began writing and singing about it. This is one of those early songs, another classic from one of our musical inspirations whose melodies and words resonate with us each day we are lucky enough to live in the beautiful Hudson River watershed. We are humbled and grateful to have him grace our interpretation of his song, which we consider one of the most important in the early environmental movement.

Terry: vocal & harmonica, Greg: vocal & guitar,  
Pete Seeger: banjo, Charlie Pilzer: bass

Sailing up my dirty stream  
Still I love it and I'll keep the dream  
That some day, though maybe not this year  
My Hudson River will once again run clear.  
She starts high in the mountains of the north  
Crystal clear and icy trickles forth  
With just a few floating wrappers of chewing gum  
Dropped by some hikers to warn of things to come.

At Glens Falls, five thousand honest hands  
Work at the Consolidated Paper Plant  
Five million gallons of waste a day,  
Why should we do it any other way?  
Down the valley one million toilet chains  
Find my Hudson so convenient a place to drain  
And each little city says, "Who, me?"  
Do you think that sewage plants come free?"

Out in the ocean they say the water's clear  
But we live on the river here  
Halfway between the mountains and sea,  
Tacking to and fro, this thought returns to me:  
Sailing up my dirty stream  
Still I love it and I'll dream  
That some day, though maybe not this year  
My Hudson River and my country will run clear.



Pete Seeger (by Terry Leonino)

6. **Build High the Bridge** 4:27

Ronnie Gilbert/Jeff Langley *Ronnie Gilbert BMI*  
Ronnie Gilbert, great singer and member of the legendary folk group The Weavers, wrote this song for her one-woman show about Mary Harris "Mother" Jones. To us it's one of the best union songs ever written.

Greg: vocal & guitar, Terry: vocal & harmonica, Ralph, bass

Do you wonder at the life that you are living?  
And do you ask, why must it be this way?  
Have you sat down with your neighbor who labors at your side  
And dared to speak of a new and brighter day?  
Are your children ignorant and hungry?  
And can you stand it? Oh, tell me how you can  
How long will you wait to take what's rightly yours  
To change your fate, every woman, every man?

*Chorus:*

Build high the bridge from span to span  
Look up fellow workers, the moment's now at hand  
Join your comrades on the line and don't let them fall  
For in Union there is hope for one and all

Were you born a native to this country  
Or were you born somewhere in foreign parts?  
What happened to the promise that brought you across the sea  
With the flame of freedom burning in your hearts?  
It was dignity and hope they said you'd find here  
If you would join in the building of this land  
But the barons of gold like the barons of old  
Keep you poor and chained like serfs at their command (*chorus*)

Whose strong hands dig the black gold from the mountain?  
Who tills the soil, runs the foundry and the mill?  
Don't you know my friends you've just to stand your ground  
And fold your arms, and the whole wide world stands still

Build high the bridge from span to span  
Look up fellow workers, the moment's now at hand  
Join your comrades on the line and don't let them fall  
For in Union there's a place for all  
Yes in Union there is strength for all  
Build a Union with hope for one and all

7. **Leavin' Pampa** 4:45

Artzner/Leonino © *Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*  
We wrote this as a 100th birthday celebration song for one of America's most cherished folk musicians, not to mention memoirist, novelist, artist and sign painter, Woody Guthrie. It's written from the perspective of young Woody having to leave his wife and children behind in Pampa, Texas, "headin' out o' that ole dust bowl" and going west, trying to find work during the "Dirty Thirties."

Greg: vocal & guitars, Terry: harmony vocal, harp & mandolin, Jonny Grave: slide guitar, Charlie: bass

I'm leavin' Pampa now  
I'm leavin' Pampa now  
Gotta go see what's gonna be  
There's somethin' out there that's pullin' me  
Gotta get away somehow  
I'm leavin' Pampa now

I'm a lookin' 'round now and I tell ya what I see  
Is a world of naked greed and bald dishonesty  
Where the oil boomers thrive on the backs of all us poor  
While the dust storm racks our run down shacks and blows  
through every door  
And I just can't seem to find a way  
So I'm leavin' Pampa today

I'll go hit the road now, or maybe hop a freight  
Maybe go to California, the place they call the Golden State  
Your parents they can't stand me; they think that I'm a bum  
So I'm inclined to leave it all behind and travel by my thumb  
Maybe I can make my singin' pay  
I'm leavin' Pampa today

The president tried to help us all by payin' not to grow  
But the big farms got the lion's share and the poor just had to go  
Now the money I make bootleggin' and clerkin' at the store  
Is way too small to feed us all, so I'm headin' out that door  
I send for you when I find a way  
But I'm leavin' Pampa today

I'm a leavin' this old dreary town  
That dusty old dust storm's bearin' down  
Just another dust bowl refugee  
Gotta find that land that was made for you and me

13. **Water Is Life** 4:30

Artzner/Leonino © *Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*  
Written in response to early "tracking" on the Diné (Navajo) Reservation. When having dinner with the elders one leaned over and said "You know Terry, water is life!" It took several years before the music came to fit the words we wrote for them and for all of us who cherish the most important of our natural resources, water. The finished song was composed in our capacity as master artists for the Wolf Trap Institute for Early Learning Through the Arts for their "Small Bites" program.

Greg: vocal & guitar, Terry: vocal, mandolin & harp, Ralph: bass  
Vocal chorus: Margot Bloch, Nadine Bloch, Sean Gallagher, Pat Humphries, Ellie Musgrave, Reuben Musgrave, Sandy Opatow

*Chorus:*

Mother ocean nourishes me  
At full moonlight tide at the edge of the sea  
Water is life, water is life

Standing on this rocky shore something holds my eye  
On that perfect far distant line where water meets the sky  
I don't need a mighty ship sailin' across the sea  
For fathoms deep within I know what you mean to me  
(*chorus*)

Out on the wide Pacific under the sun's relentless glow  
Your waters rise up to the skies where western winds will blow  
Those clouds enshroud my mountaintop, feed the forests  
with their rain  
Then it runs down to the rivers and back home to you  
again (*chorus*)

I'm gonna lay my body down  
On the salt sea-kissed sand  
And let the waves wash over me  
The foam running through my hand (*chorus*)

Everything I am and everything I need  
I know it's true, it comes from you, your water is the seed  
Little Mother Ocean planet in a universe so wide  
We've got to rise up like the moon and try to turn the tide  
(*chorus*)

14. **Luchin** 3:32

Victor Jara *Mighty Oak Music*  
The great Chilean poet and singer Victor Jara was murdered by Augusto Pinochet's generals in the aftermath of their coup of 9/11/1973. By coincidence, that happened less than two weeks before we first got together to sing. This beautiful song tells of the life of a small boy Victor and his wife Joan took care of in Santiago. His timeless and masterful words and music still remain an inspiration to us all these many years later.

Greg: vocal & guitar, Terry: vocal & mandolins, Ralph, bass

Fragil como un volantin  
En los techos de barrancas  
Jugaba el niño Luchin  
Con sos manitos moradas  
Con la pelota de trapo  
Con el gato y con el perro  
El caballo lo miraba

En el agua de sus ojos  
Se bañaba el verde claro  
Gafeaba a su corta edad  
Con el potito embarrado  
Con la pelota de trapo  
Con el gato y con el perro  
El caballo lo miraba

El caballo era otro juego  
En aquel pequeño espacio  
Y al animal parecía  
Le gustaba ese trabajo  
Con la pelota de trapo  
Con el gato y con el perro  
Y con Luchito mojado

Si hay niños como Luchin  
Que como tierra y gusanos  
Abramos todas las jaulas  
Pa' que vuelen como pajaros  
Con la pelota de trapo  
Con el gato y con el perro  
Y tambien con el caballo

## 12. The Princess & The Frog 3:24

Michael Peter Smith *Bird Avenue Publishing*  
Michael Smith, famed for writing such folk classics as "The Dutchman" and "Spoon River," is also a songwriter of unsurpassed wit.

Terry: lead and harmony vocal, Greg: vocal & guitar,  
Ralph: bass

One day a beautiful princess was walking on a bog  
On a slab of peat, who should she meet but Fred, the  
Talking Frog

"Well top o' the mornin' to you, lass, hello, hello!" cries he,  
"I'd be glad, you know, if you'd stop a mo' and listen  
close to me.

You see I've been bewitched and I'm needin' a royal miss  
Such as your lovely self to give this ugly mug a kiss.  
Such a metamorphosis will then ensue, I'll tell you true  
For I'm really a former prince and I'll straightaway marry  
you!"

### Chorus:

To me rightful, rightful Johnny go darum  
Higgledy-piggledy down and around to me  
High ho harem and scarum  
Ridin' a white horse to Cranberry Town  
To me toady, toady Truman Capote  
(Faith and begorrah it's Maureen O'Hara)  
(Hark to the herald it's Barry Fitzgerald)  
(All in a Volkswagen with Victor McLagen)  
Drivin' to Sligo with Molly O'Shea  
For to dance by the sea with a right cup of tea  
On a bleary Sunday morning  
(For to dance by the sea with an LSD  
Timothy Leary Sunday morning)

"Well I've heard that song and that dance before,"  
Said the princess, "It's all fine,  
But if it's a kiss you're after  
Chances are you'll have to stand in line.  
There's frogs outside me father's castle  
There's frogs in the royal hall  
Frogs is climbing up the chimney  
Frogs is bouncing off the wall

Frogs is floating on the moat  
And up the stairs and on the shelf  
If I had to kiss every one a yiz be Jaysus  
I'd have no time to myself  
But laddie let's make it swift for lately falls the hour  
And I'm due back home for me evenin' shift of pinin' in  
the tower (chorus)

She's just about to kiss him  
When Mrs. Frog comes hopping by  
Crying, "Fred you're late for supper!"  
"Coming dear," was his reply  
"You mean he's not bewitched?"  
The princess says,  
"No, just odd," says Mrs. Frog,  
"And into kissing princesses  
He meets upon the bog,  
You know, I loves me Fred  
But he chafes at family ties,  
And I'd invite you home for dinner, me dear,  
But I only have two flies.  
Thank God you didn't kiss him;  
Today's your lucky day!  
When I kissed Fred I was a princess, too;  
That's how I got this way!" (chorus)



Greg & Terry  
by Nancy Daynard

## 8. Detour Ahead 4:00

Herb Ellis, John Frigo, Lou Carter *Woodrow Music*  
Herb Ellis's ballad using the road as a metaphor for love and  
life. We learned this song years ago from our "shero" Billie  
Holiday.

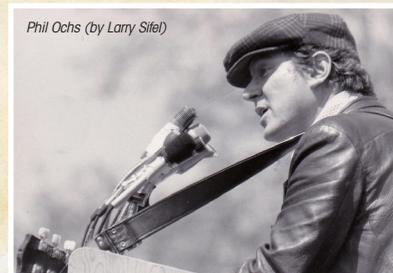
Terry: vocal & harp, Greg: guitar, Rolly: lead guitar,  
Leigh: tenor saxophone, Ralph: bass

Smooth road, clear day  
But why am I the only one travelin' this way?  
How strange the road to love should be so easy  
Can there be a detour ahead?

Wake up, slow down  
Before you crash and break your heart, gullible clown  
You fool, you're headed in the wrong direction  
Can't there be a detour ahead?

The further you travel, the harder to unravel  
The web he spins around you  
Turn back while there's time, can't you see that danger sign  
Soft shoulders surround you

Smooth road, clear night  
Oh lucky me that suddenly I saw the light  
I'm turning back away from all that trouble  
Smooth road, smooth road  
No detour ahead



Phil Ochs (by Larry Sitel)

## 9. Lou Marsh 5:37

Phil Ochs *Barricade Music*  
Another timeless song from the pen of one of the great song-  
writers of the 1960s and 70s, Phil Ochs. People have wondered  
whether Lou Marsh actually lived and the truth is that he did.  
He was a former divinity student at Yale University who, as a  
social worker, had taken on the cause of disadvantaged and  
desperate youth engaged in gang warfare on the streets of  
Spanish Harlem in the early 1960's. Thanks to Sonny Ochs for  
encouraging us to learn another of her brother's classics, and  
for all the energy she puts into keeping his music alive and well.

Terry: vocal & mandolin, Greg: vocal & guitar, Ralph, bass

On the streets of New York city when the hour was getting late  
There were young men armed with knives and guns,  
and young men armed with hate  
And Lou Marsh stepped between them and died there in  
his tracks

For one man is no army when a city turns its back

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  
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?  
All of us who knew him will now and then recall  
And shed a tear on poverty, the tombstone of us all

10. **Wading Deep Waters** 2:43

Traditional

Traditional. One of the most beautiful and ubiquitous of the journey songs of the Underground Railroad.

Terry: vocals, Greg: vocals, Lea Gilmore, vocal

I am wading deep waters tryin' to get home  
 Lord, I'm wading deep waters tryin' to get home  
 Lord, I'm wading deep waters, wading deep waters,  
 Yes I'm wading deep waters tryin' to get home

I am climbin' high mountains ...

I am walking deep valleys ...

11. **Deep River/Forever Free** 6:29

Traditional-Artzner/Leonino © Greg Artzner &amp; Terry Leonino

General Rufus Saxton was the Union Army commander of all the troops who had liberated and then occupied the coastal regions of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida in late 1862. On Thanksgiving Day, a little over a month before Lincoln's famous proclamation, Saxton sent out a message, his own "emancipation proclamation," to all the formerly enslaved people of that region. He was a devout Christian, and we paraphrase his words, setting them to a tune inspired by spirituals of the day. Special thanks to our old pal Todd Bolton at Harpers Ferry National Park for telling us the story of General Saxton and encouraging us to write this song.

Greg: vocal & guitar, Terry: vocal & harmonica,  
 Ralph, bass

Forever free, forever free  
 Live forever in the light of liberty  
 Your chains forever broken  
 Hold your humanity  
 Proclaim emancipation  
 Forever free, forever free

Oh freed men and women, it's an end to your strife  
 The recording angel placed it in the book of life  
 Our work with glory has surely been crowned  
 And the hand of God is shinin' all around

Your simple faith has had its reward  
 Your prayers have been answered by a merciful Lord  
 Your days of bondage have ended it's true  
 Your chains are broken; our God overthrew

Now trust in the Lord and he'll show the way  
 Just as He brought you to this glorious day  
 Cloud by day, pillar of fire by night  
 To guide you through the wilderness into the mornin' light

There comes a day destined to be  
 A beacon light on the way to be free  
 Now that day is come; it shines out so bright  
 From the darkness of slavery into the light.