

## ***A Tiding...***

### **NOTES on the Songs**

*Correction to copy on CD package: Rolly Brown plays lead guitar on tracks 4. Back Bay, 8. Between the Lines, 9. Puttin' It On, 13. Too Hot for Words and 17. Mississippi Clay, NOT on tracks 10 and 12.*

### ***Ten Thousand Bridges*** (Terry Leonino & Greg Artzner)

January 21, 2017 was a truly inspiring day for millions of people all over the U.S. and around the world who gathered for the First National Women's March. The devastating experience we were all living through since November of '16 resulted in an outpouring of passion, a powerful groundswell of resistance which is still rolling on day after day. This song is our tribute to all those who picked up the banner and have carried on the struggle, that they may continue unvanquished.

### ***Ten Thousand Bridges***

*words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*

I know you, sister,  
Always ready to do your part  
When I look into your eyes  
I see your rebel heart  
    When you see their wrongs  
    You've always stood for right  
    I'm proud to walk beside you  
    Through this darkest night

Anger, fear, and hate cannot stop us now  
We won't go back, that's our persistent vow  
Each one of us here, each one stands for us all  
To build ten thousand bridges, but not a single wall

I know you, brother,  
Always ready to do your part

When I look into your eyes  
I see your rebel heart  
    When you see their wrongs  
    You've always stood for right  
    I'm proud to walk beside you  
    Into the morning light

They cannot divide us as we reach across this land  
For struggle forged and tried us into a chain of hand in hand  
They cannot break our power, can't turn us around  
We are the resistance, standing our ground

I know you my people  
Will lift your voice and do your part  
When I look into your eyes  
I see my rebel heart  
    When we've seen their wrongs  
    We've always stood for right  
    So proud to walk together  
    Into the morning light

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### ***That's What I Want To Hear (Phil Ochs)***

This classic Phil Ochs song from the early sixties, born out of many of the same issues working people are experiencing today, reminds us all that solutions to our problems are often standing right beside us, right around us. It was our IWW troubadour Joe Hill who said, "Don't waste any time mourning, organize!"

One of Phil's best on the theme of labor and organizing, Phil's sister Sonny suggested this song when we asked her which one of her brother's she thought we should do on this CD project. As a musician, a songwriter and political activist, Phil Ochs has always been an inspiration to us both. We've sung many of his songs over the course of our career, and it seems it would not be right to do a collection without one.

## ***That's What I Want To Hear***

*words & music by Phil Ochs*

So you tell me that your last good dollar is gone  
And you say that your pockets are bare.  
And you tell me that your clothes are tattered and torn  
And nobody seems to care.

Now don't tell me your troubles,  
No I don't have the time to spare.  
But if you want to get together and fight  
I tell you that's what I want to hear.

And you tell me that your job was taken away  
By a big ol' greasy machine.  
And you tell me that you don't collect no more pay  
And your belly is growing lean.

Now if I had the jobs to give  
You know I'd give them all away.  
But don't waste your breath calling out my name  
If you don't have nothing to say.

And you tell me that you don't have nothing to do  
And you keep on wasting your time.  
And you say when you want to get your family some food  
You gotta stand in a relief line.

Now it's a sin and a bloody shame  
'Bout the way they're pushing you 'round.  
But when you decide not to take no more  
You know I'll put my money down.

'Cause I've seen your kind many times before  
And I'll see 'em many times again.  
Oh, but every bad thing that's happened to you  
Has happened to many women and men.

So don't explain that you've lost your way  
That you've got no place to go.  
You've got a hand and a voice and you're not alone  
And that's all you need to know.

And if you're still wondering what I'm trying to say  
Let me tell you what it's all about.

Now nobody listens to a single man  
When he's walkin' 'round down and out.  
So if you're looking for an answer  
They're standing there by your side.  
And you'll never really know how far you'll go  
'Til you join together and try.

***Gentle Warrior*** (Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino)

This is our second song on the story of environmental pioneer Rachel Carson. The power of her actions, writings, and insight continue to inspire and inform the world, connecting us to the beauty of the natural world, as well as the need to commit to action to heal, honor and protect the planet.

Our song also tells of the risks and the troubles Rachel Carson faced when her consciousness-raising and alarming work threatened the status quo in the growing and highly profitable chemical pesticide industry.

***Gentle Warrior***

*words and music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*

The wonder of their winged journey, northward every year  
Bringing back their music to the birth of springtime here  
For thousands of miles over land and over sea  
The circle is unbroken, forever wild and free

Just one part of a tapestry that we stand to lose  
A sacrifice for our comfort up to us to choose  
One woman stood before the world with chilling words to say  
A gentle urgent warning to find another way

*Refrain:*

Oh, gentle warrior  
Gentle warrior for the earth  
Walk beside me  
Walk beside me

She stood with quiet dignity as a firestorm swirled 'round  
Facing the accusers who tried to bring her down  
Soon her words of prophecy were know the whole world wide  
Her vision for the earth would cause the turning of the tide

*Refrain*

And did they try to silence her, they tried to smear her name  
The scientists of industry had to cover up their shame

Now down on the rocky coastline,  
where the salt wind's damp and cool  
Where there's a miracle of the web of life in every tidal pool  
Whenever you hear a veery or a thrush sing out his song  
The soul of Rachel Carson is there singing along

*Refrain*

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***Back Bay (Jean McAvoy)***

Jean McAvoy is a wonderful singer, songwriter and member of the band *Betty and the Baby Boomers*, all good friends and fellow *HRS Clearwater* supporters in the Hudson valley. (<https://www.bettyandthebabyboomers.com/index.html>)

When we were compiling tracks for our CD tribute to Rachel Carson, this was one of the first songs we chose. We fell in love with the way Jean describes the nourishing quiet of the still backwaters. It fit our collection perfectly because when Rachel was a writer for the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, she wrote beautiful, descriptive pamphlets about the backwater refuges along the Atlantic flyway, and one of them was about the marshland habitat in Virginia's coastal tidewater, Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge.

***Back Bay***

*Words & music by Jean McAvoy*

Give me the quiet water, give me the back bay  
Give me a good excuse to slip the strangled noose of a work day  
Oh my soul is free no one to bother me on the back bay  
Don't want your noisy engine don't want the wind in my hair  
Give me an old canoe a paddle light and true  
They will take me where the heron waits  
for the tide and fate to bring her dinner there

Give me the quiet water, give me the back bay  
I feel the need to ride the changes of the tide in the worst way  
Oh I do believe I feel the river breath on the back bay  
Oh you can keep the channel you've got places to go  
The river rushing by you're living on the fly I will take things slowly  
I don't mind if I fall behind in the ebb and flow

We need that quiet water we need the back bay  
A buffer from the storm the place were life is born  
Where the cat tails sway  
The rivers health is in the secret wealth of the back bay

Give me the quiet water  
Rock me in the cradle of the back bay  
We need that quiet water  
Share it with the eagle and the osprey  
Cherish the quiet water of the back bay  
Give me the quiet water  
We need the quiet water of the back bay  
Share it with the eagle and the osprey  
Give me the quiet water

***Boto*** (Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino)

We were asked by the Smithsonian Institution to perform concerts to accompany their traveling exhibit *Amazonia*, and wrote this song as a tribute to one of the most vulnerable animal species in the world, *Inia geoffrensis*, the pink dolphin of the Amazon River. Commonly known as

*boto*, these freshwater cetaceans lost over eighty percent of their population between 1970 and 2012, and the conditions responsible for that decline have not improved. We see them, like many other threatened wild species, as a bellwether, a symbol of the anthropocentric existential threat to our entire planet. As we write these notes, the current government in Brazil is engaged in a systematic and dramatic increase in deforestation of the Amazon Rainforest, destroying oxygen-giving and carbon-sequestering habitat at an alarming rate. The *boto* is threatened now as never before.

### ***Boto***

*words and music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*

Gliding through the waters of the Amazon  
Circling the school of life that they rely upon  
Like some rose-colored vision from a dream  
The family of boto is clinging to the stream

While all along the dark and verdant river shore  
The big trees keep crashing down upon the forest floor  
And when recurrent rainclouds reappear  
The earth is washed into the stream that once ran crystal clear

Boto, oh what have we done?  
Boto, is it too late for us to save your Amazon?  
When will we see that when we're saving you  
It's the river of redemption that we are swimming through?

From dams that flood the valleys and hold back the streams  
To hunters and their weapons and the loggers' schemes  
The river's locked in a struggle to survive  
And the boto trapped within the river fights to stay alive.

Earth speaks to us through boto asks of lessons learned,  
Can we turn again and rebuild bridges we have burned?  
How can we save this planet we call home

If we cannot save the boto and the river where they roam?  
©2008 words and music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino

***Hermina de la Victoria*** (Victor Jara)

The great Chilean songwriter poet Victor Jara grew up listening to his mother, a traditional funeral singer, whose voice was often called upon by her community during these personal life crises, beautifully intoning what amounted to a musical eulogy, and epitaph in song. He also remembered well the poverty that surrounded and informed him during his early years, and the struggles for justice that arose from those dire conditions. Victor became one of the most important and beloved musicians, artists, theater directors, and political activists in Chile. His songs still resonate today, even long after the overthrow of Pinochet and his minions, the ones who murdered Jara after the U.S. backed coup of 9/11/1973. As we write these words, children not at all unlike Hermina are dying in the custody of authorities of the United States government, children whose parents and loved ones are only guilty of seeking a better life, a desperate escape from the violence and oppression in their homeland, conditions that have been fostered and nurtured by foreign policy goals and objectives of the hegemonic neighbor to the north. In the song we hear the eulogy of of an innocent, Hermina, a child sacrificed during a violent government action. Many of Victor Jara's songs speak for the people who struggle to survive under the oppression of authoritarian dictators and governments. Victor Jara? Presente!

***Hermina de la Victoria***  
*words & music by Victor Jara*

Hermina de la Victoria  
murió sin haber luchado  
derecho se fue a la gloria

con el pecho atravesado.

Las balas de los mandados  
mataron a la inocente  
lloraban madres y hermanos  
en el medio de la gente. (Aah...)

Hermanos se hicieron todos,  
hermanos en la desgracia  
peleando contra los lobos  
peleando por una casa.

Herminda de la Victoria  
nació en el medio del barro  
creció como mariposa  
en un terreno tomado. (Aah...)

Hicimos la población  
y han llovido tres inviernos,  
Herminda en el corazón  
guardaremos tu recuerdo (Aah...)

*Herminda of La Victoria  
died not having fought,  
she went to heaven  
with her chest pierced.*

*The bullets of the errand boys (police)  
killed the innocent girl,  
mothers and brothers cried  
in the midst of the people.*

*All were made brothers  
brothers of misfortune  
fighting against the wolves  
fighting for a home.*

*Herminda of La Victoria  
was born in the middle of mud,*

*grew up like a butterfly  
in a captured piece of land.*

*We made the settlement  
and it has rained three winters.  
Herminda, in our hearts  
we will keep your memory.*

### ***The Lamplighter*** (Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino)

Thanks to Rabbi Charlie Rabinowitz. This song was inspired by a profound traditional meme relayed to us by Charlie just after the death of Greg's mother. Unbeknownst to us at the time, Charlie just happens to be a certified bereavement counselor, and his counsel at that moment was deeply life-altering. We had just finished a concert at the Walkabout Clearwater Coffeehouse in White Plains, New York. Greg's mother, with whom he was very close, had just died the night before. The concert had become a tribute for Pete Seeger who had just died twelve days earlier. The word had already spread about Greg's loss among our Walkabout community, and at the same time we were all mourning the loss of one of the world's greatest musicians, a treasured friend to us all. While we were wrapping up after the show, Charlie offered his condolences in the form of the image of the lamplighter as a metaphor for the love and nurturing provided to each of us by a caring mother. Greg felt that image would be perfect for a song. We wrote it just after we came home and sang it at her funeral a week later. It's our hope that others who have experienced similar loss may find some comfort in listening.

### ***The Lamplighter***

*words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*

All along the city streets  
In the darkening night

Comes a solitary figure  
Carrying a light  
    From lamp post to lamp post  
    Back and forth across the lane  
    One by one each lamp is lit  
    With that wick aflame

Soon the street is sparkling bright  
Casting shadows everywhere  
But the lamplights beam as beacons  
For all who venture there  
    They shine into the heart and mind  
    From their place high above  
    Dispelling fear, they show the way  
    Like the power of love

And it's your love that made my life  
Like sunlight on the vine  
Or those lamplights along the pathway  
That will forever shine, forever shine

Your mother's love and her mother's before  
Flow on like an endless river  
Through your love for us, our daughters and sons  
That love will last forever

And it's your love that made our life  
Like sunlight on the vine  
Or those lamplights along the pathway  
That will forever shine  
    Forever shine

*February 9, 2014*

*On the occasion of the passing of Patricia Ann Wolf Artzner, 1928-2014*

***Between the Lines*** (Steve Goodman & Steve Burgh)

Like millions of others, we are still fans of the late, great Steve Goodman. His too-short life was characterized by overflowing energy, humor, optimism, courage,

determination and brilliant musicianship. Howard Armstrong, of the famous string band *Martin, Bogan and Armstrong*, once said to us, "Steve Goodman is a little guy who is a giant!" So true! This ditty of his is ever more poignant to us both as the years roll on and we lose more of our elders and colleagues. Steve's career was cut short by leukemia but he left us all with an amazing amount of joy, love, music, and an irrepressible sense of humor.

### ***Between the Lines***

*words and music by Steve Goodman & Steve Burgh*

The day you're born they sign a piece of paper  
To certify the date of your birth  
And the day you die they sign another  
Just to prove you've gone back to the earth

And between those two pieces of paper  
There's the truth that is so hard to find  
And the story of your life is written ' , but  
You must read in between the lines

Now when you're young you think it doesn't matter  
If you leap before you look  
But those old folks are wiser and sadder  
From the chances that they took

Now when your chance comes along, you must take it  
Just be careful and take your time  
And the chances are good you will make it  
If you could read in between the lines

And when someone tells you they love you

And that no one has ever loved you more  
It is wise to stop and consider how many  
Times they might have said that before

Because when love leaves you cryin'  
You will surely lose your mind  
And you might have known love was lying  
If you could read in between the lines

***Puttin' It On (Connee Boswell)***

This wonderful, swingy tune, written by the great Connie ("Connee") Boswell of The Boswell Sisters, is a classic nineteen thirties comment on the pretentiousness that often comes along with newly acquired affluence. With increasing wealth and income inequality in our society over the past forty years, the crocodile tears from the rich and secure, immediately followed by their pathetic, dire and desperate cries opposing socialism, make this song even more relevant.

***Puttin' It On***

*words and music by Connee Boswell*

Look out I'm goin'  
I'm tired of showin'  
You the right from the wrong  
You think it's smart  
You'll be left in the dark  
If you keep on puttin' it on

After my preachin'  
And all my teachin'  
You're changin' right along

You'd better heed  
Slow up on your speed  
And stop that puttin' it on

Just remember that  
I wasn't a fair-weather friend  
But listen, brother, from now on  
I'll be shoutin' "I knew you when"

Your house was scratched up  
Clothes all need patched up Closed home and patched up  
Still we got along  
Can't understand how anyone can  
Could keep on puttin' on  
You'd better listen and stop that puttin' it on

Remember  
When we met you had no plan at all  
Your money's gone and changed you around  
When you've haven't got it—you just wait and see  
Your so-called friends will turn you down

You look out I'm goin',  
Said I'm tired of showin'  
You the right from the wrong  
After all my preachin'  
And all my teachin'  
Why is it you keep puttin' it on?

I wasn't just a sunny-weather friend  
But brother, from now on I'm shoutin' "I knew you when"

You didn't have a dollar  
Remember when I'm gone  
You lost your only friend

By puttin' it on.

Oh-oh-oh-oh

Oh-oh-oh-oh

Better stop that puttin' it on!

### ***Was That the Human Thing To Do?***

*(Joe Young & Sammy Fain)*

We love the way these old swing tunes sometimes depict human flaws and even malevolence in a humorous and clever way, going beyond the simple, seemingly trivial tropes of a “love” song. For us it’s perhaps also an expression of our frustration over the same behaviors, enumerated in the song, demonstrated by the so-called “high and mighty” in our society, right up to and including those with the most “power.”

### ***Was That the Human Thing To Do?***

*words and music by Sammy Fain & Joe Young, 1932*

To err is human I heard you say  
Forgiveness is divine  
But all the sweet things that you may say  
Can't mend this heart of mine

Never thought that anyone in their right mind  
Could ever treat another human so unkind  
Didn't you sneak away and leave a note behind  
Was that the human thing to do?

I always thought that yours was such a heart of gold  
But after I was sold on all the tales you told  
Didn't you let your kisses turn from hot to cold?  
Was that the human thing to do?

Now I'm not trying to patch things up  
'Cos what's been done must be  
Lord, I wouldn't even treat a pup  
The way you treated me

How could anybody be so darned unfair?  
You let me hang around until I learned to care  
Didn't you even laugh and leave me cryin' there  
Was that the human thing to do?

Now I just want to be understood  
I'm no false alarm  
If I couldn't do a human good  
I wouldn't do 'em harm

How you let me fall and how you let me be  
And when I begged you for a little sympathy  
Didn't you even try to hi-di-hi-di me?  
Was that the human thing to do?

***It Hurts Me, Too*** (Hudson Whittaker, a.k.a. "Tampa Red")

We learned Tampa Red's blues classic from the great  
Big Bill Broonzy.

***It Hurts Me Too***

*words and music by Hudson Whitaker*

I love you, baby, I ain't gonna lie  
Without you, woman, I just can't be satisfied  
'Cause when things go wrong, so wrong with you,  
It hurts me too.

So, run here, baby,  
Put your little hands in mine,  
I've got something to tell you, baby,

I know, that will change your mind

I want you, baby,  
Just to understand  
I don't want to be your boss, baby,  
I just want to be your man

Now, when you go home,  
You don't get along  
Come back to me, baby,  
Where I live, that's your home

I love you, baby,  
You know it's true  
I wouldn't mistreat you, baby,  
Not for nothing in this world like you

***Left Alone (Mal Waldron & Billie Holiday)***

We learned this melancholy classic from our friend and outstanding guitarist Ray Kamalay.

***Left Alone***

*words & music by Billie Holiday & Mal Waldron*

Where's the love that's made to fill my heart?  
Where's the one from whom I'll never part?  
First they hurt me, then desert me  
I'm left alone, all alone

There's no house that I can call my home  
There's no place from which I'll never roam  
Town or city, it's a pity  
I'm left alone, all alone

Seek and find they always say  
But up to now it's not that way

Maybe fate has let him pass me by  
Or perhaps we'll meet before I die  
Hearts will open, but until then  
I'm left alone, all alone

### ***Too Hot for Words***

*(Walter Samuels, Leonard Whitcup, Teddy Powell)*

We have often been drawn to the swing tunes that had something to say, perhaps a warning, a lesson, a comment on society or a double entendre couched in the lyric of a love song. This one, recorded by Billie Holiday in 1935 is a case-in-point. Who would have thought the great Lady Day might be making a prescient comment on the topic of climate disruption?

### ***It's Too Hot for Words***

*Words and music by Walter Samuels, Leonard Whitcup and Teddy Powell*

It's too hot for words, why bother with conversation  
Don't let's talk or even walk but if you want to make love, okay

It's too hot for words; there's nothing like relaxation  
Can't ignore this temperature, but if you want to make love, okay

Let's find a cozy nook beside a babbling brook  
Let's find a shady tree, let the love birds talk for you and me

Cause it's much too hot for words, why bother with conversation  
Goodness knows my heart disclose all I dare to say, all I care to say  
It's too hot for words  
It's much too hot for words

### ***What If No Matter (Tom Paxton)***

Tom Paxton is one of those iconic songwriters who, after nearly sixty years, continues to inspire many of us, and continues to write songs that reflect and comment on our society and our world. His lyrics quite often distill the essence of the issue at hand, whether telling a personal story or asking incisive questions. Such is the case here, dealing with this troubling issue that still plagues our society.

### ***What If No Matter***

*Words and music by Tom Paxton*

What if, no matter how angry he was,  
How outraged he was,  
How furious he was,  
What if, no matter how angry he was,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?

What if, no matter how right he was,  
How wrong they were,  
How evil they were,  
What if, no matter how right he was,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?

No rifle, no pistol,  
No shotguns in sight,  
No revolver, automatics,  
No assault guns tonight,  
No clips crammed with bullets  
Anywhere to be found,  
No weapons just laying around?

*2 verses by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino:*

What if, no matter how ill he was,  
How unbalanced he was,  
How unstable he was,  
What if, no matter how ill he was,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun.

What if, no matter how alone he was,  
How suspicious he was,  
How hate-filled he was,  
What if, no matter how alone he was,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun.

If he dug through his pickup,  
The back seat, the trunk,  
The attic, the basement,  
And piles of old junk,  
And came up empty-handed,  
Again and again,  
Tell me, what would he do then?

What if, no matter how angry he was,  
How outraged he was,  
How furious he was,  
What if, no matter how  
    murderous he was,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun,  
He couldn't lay hands on a gun?

No uzi, automatics,  
No assault gun in sight  
No repeaters, no explosives,  
No machine guns tonight  
No clips filled with bullets  
Anywhere to be found,  
No weapons just laying around?

***We're Listening*** (Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino)

Here we engage in a little irony about our less and less privacy-secure world. We are told by some that we are safe in our "password culture," yet our experience shows us something quite different.

***We're Listening***

*words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*

Don't you know the president, he surely is your friend  
He'd never want to cause you any pain  
There's just a few little things that he would like to know  
Before we let you get aboard that plane

Don't you know the president is a reasonable man  
He only wants to catch the bad guys and protect our land  
He wants you to know that you will never be alone  
He'll always be there with you, on your laptop or your phone

We're listening we're listening  
Yes we are watching you  
We may be out in cyberspace  
But we know what you do  
What websites that you visit  
What you write and who you call  
We're getting ever bolder  
We can look right o'er your shoulder  
Yes we can, we hear it all

When it comes to cyber-terrorists the president's got your back  
He'll go toe to toe with all those bad computer hacks  
Just count on him to get there first, no need to fret or jitter  
Your privacy is surely safe on Facebook and on Twitter

We're listening we're listening  
Yes we are watching you

We may be out in cyberspace  
But we know what you do  
What websites that you visit  
What you write and who you call  
If you're young or if you're older  
If you're warm or if you're colder  
We know what's in that folder  
'Cause we're lookin' o'er your shoulder  
Yes we can, we know it all

Now we all heard the president say make no mistake  
He'll defend the Constitution whatever law he has to break  
So get smart my friends, you might need a "Silence Cone"  
'Cause look outside your window, it's no bird, why that's a drone

We're listening we're listening  
Yes we are watching you  
We may be out in cyberspace  
But we know what you do  
What websites that you visit  
What you write and who you call  
When your passions they do smolder  
When you cuddle, when you hold 'er  
When you wooed her, when you rolled 'er  
We know every word you told her  
Yes we do, we've seen it all

The president wants to reassure everyone of us  
There's no need to worry, there's no need to fuss  
There is no spying program, surveilling me and you  
It's just your phone and laptop that we are looking through

We're listening we're listening  
Yes we are watching you  
We may be out in cyberspace  
But we know what you do  
What websites that you visit  
What you write and who you call

If you're serious or jesting  
If the war you are protesting  
If you are strategizing  
If your friends are organizing  
If your outrage is explodin'  
If your name is Eddie Snowden  
No we're not interfering  
We're just seeing, we're just hearing  
Yes we can, we hear it all

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### ***Nevada Jane*** (U. Utah Phillips)

Another great Bruce "Utah" Phillips (1935-2008) song which could easily have fit on our previous recording, "When We Stand Together." Here is the personal story of IWW co-founder Big Bill Haywood and his wife, "Nevada Jane" Minor. Utah was encouraged to write it by his close friend Kate Wolf (1942-1986), with whom he toured in the seventies and eighties. He let her read his songwriting journal, the notebook that held words and ideas that might be building blocks for songs or stories. When Kate found notes on this story, she urged Bruce to write this more intimate perspective on the Wobbly hero known as "Big Bill" and focus on his gentle side, the tenderness of his love for Jane.

### ***Nevada Jane***

*words & music by U. Utah Phillips*

Are the linens turned down in folds of glowing white?  
Are you lying there alone again tonight?  
He's marching again through the cold November rain  
But you know he'll come back home, Nevada Jane

And when he stumbles in with blood upon his shirt  
Washing up alone, just to hide the hurt  
He'll lie down by your side and wake you with your name  
You'll hold him in your arms, Nevada Jane

Have you seen the way he holds her as though she was a bride  
Children riding on the shoulders strong and wide?  
She never thought to scold him or even to complain  
And Big Bill always loved Nevada Jane

Nevada Jane went riding. Her pony took a fall  
The doctor said she never could walk again at all  
But Big Bill could lightly lift her. The big hands rough and plain  
Would gently carry home Nevada Jane

The storms of Colorado they rained for ten long years  
The mines of old Montana were filled with blood and tears  
California, Arizona and Utah heard the name  
Of the man who always loved Nevada Jane

Although the ranks are scattered like leaves upon the breeze  
And with them go the memory of harder times than these  
But some things never change, they always stay the same  
Just like the way Bill loved Nevada Jane

***Mississippi Clay*** (Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino)

Utah Phillips once said, "The long memory is a radical act." For me (Terry) a survivor of the May 4th, 1970 massacre at Kent State University in Kent, Ohio, it remains a haunting responsibility to keep alive the memory of the killings at Jackson State University in Jackson, Mississippi just eleven days after Kent, in the wee hours of May 15th. We recount what happened that night, and place it in broader context.

***It's Not So Very Far from the Mississippi Clay***  
*words and music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*

We didn't come to fight here, didn't come to burn  
We came here to study, we came here to learn  
Now more of our brothers, are dyin' in your evil war  
We're standin' here to say we ain't gonna take it anymore  
    But with one bottle crashin,' shatterin' on the concrete ground  
    A lie was born of gunfire, of a sniper's sound  
    Then a hail of bullets, buckshot aimed low and high

It was the ones down on the ground bound to bleed and die

Now every sister take a brother, every brother take her hand  
And sit down on this bloody ground, for justice take our stand.  
With the white magnolias blooming on a sunny day in May  
There's two more black bodies lying in the Mississippi clay

The windows they were shattered, curtains flappin in the air  
Blood was splattered in the halls, there was cryin' everywhere  
Hundreds of gunshots, missed flesh and hit the wall  
And left their speckled witness on Alexander Hall  
But the cops stuffed their pockets with spent shells they had fired  
And then with made-up stories, together they conspired  
But no cop went to jail, no one served a single day  
When they laid James and Phillip in the Mississippi clay

Now every sister take a brother, every brother take her hand  
And sit down on this hallowed ground, for justice take our stand.  
With the white magnolias blooming on a bloody day in May  
There's two more black bodies lying in the Mississippi clay

So just like Kent and Berkeley and Orangeburg before  
If you're a cop and take a life, justice is ignored  
From the fights for freedom, to the struggles to bring peace  
You speak out at your peril when you face down the police  
So tell me now just what has changed in this freedom land  
The killers dressed in uniforms don't even get a slap upon the hand  
From Ferguson to New York to the streets of east L.A.  
It's not so very far from the Mississippi clay

Now every sister take a brother, every brother take her hand  
And march across this bloody ground, for justice take our stand.  
(From Tamir Rice to Sandra Bland to the death of Freddie Gray)  
From Philando Castille to the death of Freddie Gray  
It's not so very far from the Mississippi clay

Now every sister take a brother, every brother take her hand  
And march across this bloody ground, for justice take our stand.  
In Charleston, Minneapolis, any city, USA  
It's not so very far from the Mississippi clay

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***I Call Them All Love Songs*** (Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino)

When Pete Seeger died at the end of January in 2014,  
we were in Takoma Park, Maryland and on the day after, we

had the opportunity to read the Washington Post's substantial tributes to him. In one interview article he expressed his dissatisfaction over the term "folk songs," at which the interviewer said, "But Pete, you're the quintessential folksinger. If you don't call them 'folk songs' what do you call them?" Pete replied, "I call them all love songs...They tell of love of man and woman, and parents and children, love of country, freedom, beauty, mankind, the world, love of searching for truth and other unknowns. But, of course, love alone is not enough." We started right in on this song, believing as a posthumous tribute Pete would appreciate it. Pete was a friend to many, a friend to us, and we knew that one thing he hated was being idolized. He understood the usefulness of his fame and celebrity, and he used it well, advocating for causes he believed in, but he hated being put up on a pedestal. More than once he told us "Idols have feet of clay." "No more awards!" he would say. We feel Pete would appreciate that our tribute is about the songs and the people. We didn't play this song in concert but one time right after we wrote it, but two things caused us to bring it out this year (2019). One, we have on loan a magnificent Bruce Taylor 12-string guitar, exactly the same model as Pete's famous 12-string, made by the man who made Pete's. (Thank you, Bruce!). With that guitar, the song finally found its true voice. And two, 2019 is the centennial anniversary of Pete's birth.

### ***I Call Them All Love Songs***

*words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*

I call them all love songs, 'cause that is what they are  
Love, though the road be smooth or rough  
Love for this crazy world and all humanity  
Still we know love alone is not enough

It's about the workers in solidarity

And about their singing on the line  
A song about their dream to make a better world  
Like a beacon through the night, we let it shine  
    A hope for the planet, the home that we all share  
    That we may strive to heal the damage we have done  
    A lament about wrong of war, and standing to defy  
    Or a song about the peace that we have won.

It's the struggle of poor people just fightin' to get by  
And the greedy who take more than their share  
It is sung for the ones who help to feed body and mind  
Of their brothers and their sisters anywhere  
    It's about walkin' not just talkin' as we go  
    Remembering the good things that we do  
    A song about standing with and for each other now  
    For we know love is not enough to see us through

It's about searching, searching for the truth  
And about the things that are unknown  
A song about freedom and the struggle that goes on  
A story of the country you call home  
    A song about the river ever flowing to the sea  
    From the mountains in the north, forever tall  
    A dream of Clearwater and the wind that fills her sails  
    It's a song about a song about us all

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### ***Old Devil Time (Pete Seeger)***

We have sung and loved this song for many years, but in the summer of 2018 it took on a deeper poignancy for us when we dealt with a health crisis that prevented us from working for months. Our “lovers” gathered ‘round us in many ways and helped us get through it. This is one way of saying, “thank you.”

## ***Old Devil Time***

*words & music by Pete Seeger*

Old devil time, I'm goin' to fool you now!  
Old devil time, you'd like to beat me down!  
But when I'm feeling low, my lovers gather 'round  
And help me rise to fight you one more time

Old devil fear, you with your icy hands,  
Old devil fear, you'd like to freeze me cold!  
But when I'm sore afraid, my lovers gather 'round  
And help me rise to fight you one more time!

Old devil pain, you often pinned me down,  
You thought I'd cry and beg you for the end.  
But at that very time, my lovers gather 'round  
And help me rise to fight you one more time!

Old devil hate, I knew you long ago,  
Then I found out the poison in your breath.  
Now when we hear your lies, my lovers gather 'round  
And help me rise to fight you one more time!

No storm or fire can ever beat us down,  
No wind that blows but carries us further on.  
And you who fear, oh lovers gather 'round  
And we can rise and sing it one more time!