

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!