

You are holding a piece of 1968 history from DC Public Library's collections.

This spring, join us in DCPL's Soul Tent to experience the sounds and images of 1968, to share stories and hear music inspired by the Poor People's Campaign.

This Songbook, published in 1968 by J. Edward Haycraft, contains songs of solidarity and protest. It was sold to benefit the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), which organized the Poor People's Campaign, a month long demonstration that brought thousands of activists from all over the nation to D.C. to demand an end to poverty and oppression. For six weeks, the campaign occupied the National Mall with a protest encampment known as Resurrection City.

DC Public Library's Soul Tent is inspired by the Many Races Soul Center, also known as the Soul Tent, which was a gathering space for music and expression in Resurrection City. Celebrating the history of the 1968 Poor People's Campaign, DC Public Library's Soul Tent is a series of week-long installations that will include visual and audio content from 1968's Resurrection City, community story collecting, musical collaborations, listening sessions, poster making workshops and more. Display and listening content will be culled from recordings and photographs in DCPL's Special Collections, The Library of Congress American Folklife Center and The Smithsonian's Center for Folklife and Cultural Heritage. Join us as we explore content of the past to interpret our current cultural participation and political activism.

The Soul Tent Schedule:

Saturday, May 12, 1-5 : Launch Event at the Funk Parade
May 15 – 20 at Mount Pleasant Library feat. Uptown Art House May 19
June 5 – 9 at Anacostia Library feat. DC Legendary Musicians June 9
June 10 – 17 at Woodridge Library feat. Luke Stewart June 11
June 18 – 23 at Benning Library feat. East of the River Jazz June 19

Visit dclibrary.org/1968 for a full programming schedule.

In Resurrection City Songbook, 1968
Poor People's Campaign Collection
D.C. Community Archives
DC Public Library Special Collections

Reprinted by the DC Public Library in
conjunction with its 2018 People's
University programming observing the
anniversary of the events of 1968 in
D.C.

Select images from DCPL Special
Collections are viewable on DigDC.
For more information visit
dclibrary.org/research/collections

Visit dclibrary.org/1968 and follow #PeoplesUniversity for more great events.



IN RESURRECTION CITY



Best Wishes *J. Edward Haycraft* by

J. EDWARD HAYCRAFT

SPONSORED BY SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP CONF.
50¢ PROCEEDS TO BE USED FOR P.P.C.

WRITE YOUR OWN PROTEST SONG



WRITE YOUR OWN PROTEST SONG

"A PAGE FROM LIFE"

- (1) I was sitting one day in a tavern...
Beside an old man whom I knew...
The juke-box was playing sad music...
An he seemed so lonely and blue...
 - (2) To him I said "Cheer up ole pal...
No need of being sad...
Others are having more trouble today...
Than we have ever had"...
 - (3) With tear dimmed eyes the man replied...
"Son, I wish I were dead"...
How I longed to cheer him up...
To bear his burden instead...
 - (4) But words of kindness were all I could give...
For I did not have a cent...
To give this lonely, broken man...
Whose shoulders in sorrow were bent...
 - (5) Suddenly I saw him smile...
Then to me he said, "You're right...
As long as I paint the skies with gloom...
I'll never see the light..."
 - (6) Soon he started on his way...
Feeling happy again...
And I felt so good within...
That I sang a sweet refrain...
 - (7) Today, I met him... Looking swell...
Whistling a cheerful air...
It seemed as if he owned the world...
Without a single care...
 - (8) From his pocket he pulled a bill...
Of large denomination...
And said to me, "Take this, my lad...
A token of appreciation..."
 - (9) But I said to him, "you owe me naught...
Twas paid that very day...
When I beheld your beaming face...
As you stroled away..."
 - (10) But should you meet a burdened friend...
Sinking in dispair...
Do your best to cheer him up...
Show him that you care...
 - (11) That is all the pay I ask...
The best that one can give...
Give your love to fallen man...
Help someone else to live...
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"MOTHER TAKE ME BACK"

Verse:

I'M HEADING FOR OLD KENTUCKY...
NO LONGER WILL I ROAM...
I HAVE STRAYED...AND I HAVE PAID...
NOW I'M HEADING HOME...

CHORUS:

THE WORLD HAS TURNED IT'S BACK UPON ME...
'TIS CRUEL FOR A FACT...
THAT IS WHY I COME ARUNNING...
MOTHER TAKE ME BACK...
I THOUGHT I'D FIND THE WILDWOOD ROSY...
FORTUNE ON A RACK...
I THOUGHT I KNEW...INSTEAD 'TAS YOU...
MOTHER TAKE ME BACK...
I WAS WRONG ALL ALONG...I HAD MY FUN AND SANG MY SONG...
THEN PAID MY DEBT WITH DEEP REGRET...FOR FICKLE FRIENDS WERE
ALL I MET...
PLEASE...WON'T YOU SAY I AM WELCOME...
IN YOUR HUMBLE SHACK...
'THO I'M GROWN...I'M STILL YOUR OWN...
MOTHER TAKE ME BACK...

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"KEEP ON FLOWING DREAMY RIVER"

Verse:

I ROAM ALL DAY AND DREAM ALL NIGHT...
THIS WORLD I LONG TO SEE...
BUT SOON I'M GOING TO OLD KENTUCKY...
WHERE MY LOVED ONES WAIT FOR ME...

CHORUS:

KEEP ON FLOWING DREAMY RIVER...
BY MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME...
TELL MY MOTHER TO KEEP ON WAITING...
FOR HER BOY WHO LOVES TO ROAM...
SOON I WILL TIRE OF THIS DRIFTING...
THEN I'LL COME BACK TO MY OWN...
SO...KEEP ON FLOWING DREAMY RIVER...
BY MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

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"THEY SAY SHE'S A DEVIL"

VERSE:

I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT GWEN...
SHE MADE MY DREAMS COME TRUE...
TALK IF THEY WILL I'LL LOVE HER STILL...
AND WITH HER I'LL NEVER BE BLUE...

CHORUS:

THEY SAY SHE'S A DEVIL...
BUT HER HEART IS SO KIND...
HER EYES SO BEWITCHING...
HER LIPS SO DIVINE...
I CANNOT HELP LOVE HER...
BE WHATEVER SHE MAY...
IF SHE IS A DEVIL...
THE DEVIL I'LL PAY...
SURELY SHE CAME DOWN FROM ABOVE...
FOR SHE HAS THAT HEAVENLY AIR...
SHE MUST HAVE DWELT AMONG THE STARS...
FOR THERE'S MOONGLOW IN HER HAIR...
TO ME SHE'S ON THE LEVEL...
THE WHOLE WORLD IS JEALOUS...
THEY SAY SHE'S A DEVIL...

"AT YOUR COMMAND MY HEART"

VERSE:

I TRIED TO REJECT IT...
BUT COULD NOT AFFECT IT...
LOVE HAS COME TO STAY...
I THOUGHT IT WOULD HARM ME...
BUT IT SEEMS TO CHARM ME...
THEREFORE I'M HAPPY TO SAY...

CHORUS:

I'LL BE WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO BE...
A BEGGAR OR MASTER OF ARTS...
CREATE A THRONE AND CROWN YOU MY QUEEN...
AT YOUR COMMAND MY HEART...
BRING YOU A STAR ON A PLATTER OF GOLD...
I'D EVEN TAKE THE MOON APART...
BE SLAVE OR KING... OR MOST ANYTHING...
AT YOUR COMMAND MY HEART...
OH... IT IS FUNNY... THIS THING WE CALL LOVE...
AND THE THINGS IT MAKES ONE DO...
I WAS AS FICKLE AS A BREATH OF SPRING...
BUT NOW I AM FAITHFUL AND TRUE...
NOW I HAVE TOLD YOU THE WAY THAT I FEEL...
THE WORKING OF LOVE FROM THE START...
'THO IT IS FRAGILE I'LL RISK IT WITH YOU...
AT YOUR COMMAND MY HEART...

J. EDWARD HAYCRAFT.

(c) 1968

IN RESURRECTION CITY

CHORUS

WE CAME IN DROVES WITH NEW HOPE...
THE YOUNG, THE OLD, THE GRITTY...
WE DARED TO BUILD UPON A DREAM...
IN RESURRECTION CITY...
WE LEFT BEHIND HOPELESSNESS...
FOR WE WERE TIRED OF PITY...
WE SEEK ONLY TRUE DIGNITY...
IN RESURRECTION CITY...
THE DIE IS CAST, FOR ALL THE PAST...
WHITE FOLK COME TO YOUR SENSES...
GIVE AN ACCOUNT FOR YESTERDAY...
AND ALL YOUR OLD PRETENSES...
YOU MUST PAY FOR YOUR FOLLY...
COME DEAL WITH OUR COMMITTEE...
PRAY... DO NOT UNDERRATE THE MOOD...
IN RESURRECTION CITY.

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YOU CAN'T KEEP US DOWN

CHORUS

THE WORLD KNOWS THAT WE BLACK FOLK...
ARE SURELY FREEDOM BOUND...
WE ARE REACHING FOR THE CLOUDS.
YOU CAN'T KEEP US DOWN.
PUSH US BACK - STILL WE SHALL RISE...
IN SEARCH OF FREEDOM'S CROWN...
FATE HAS WILLED THAT WE BE MEN...
YOU CAN'T KEEP US DOWN...
'THO YOU PUT US IN JAIL...
YOU KNOW YOU WILL FAIL...
TO MAKE US GIVE IN...
WE WILL WALK THE PICKET LINE...
BRING FREEDOM TO OUR TOWN...
YOU SHOULD KNOW JIM CROW IS DEAD...
SO, YOU CAN'T KEEP US DOWN.

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"PEACE ON EARTH"

Verse:

WERE I A KING UPON A THRONE...
WITH THE WORLD AS MY DOMAIN...
I'D TAKE MY PEN AND WRITE ALL MEN...
HERE'S WHAT I'D PROCLAIM:

CHORUS:

PEACE ON EARTH...GOOD WILL TOWARD MAN...
SPREAD THE WORD AROUND...
NO MATTER WHAT CREED... WE'RE BROTHERS INDEED...
SO GOOD WILL MUST ABOUND...
PEACE ON EARTH... FOR EVER MORE...
'TILL THE END OF TIME...
THE SMALL AND THE GREAT MUST FORGET TO HATE...
BECAUSE IT IS A CRIME...
ABOLISH ALL BARRIERS AND 'A BOMB' CARRIERS...
BAR WARPLANES FROM THE AIR...
BANISH ALL SORROW... START BUILDING TOMORROW...
WHEN MAN WON'T HAVE A CARE...
THE PAUPER WILL THEN BE KING...
EACH MAN KNOW HIS WORTH...
AND MEN EVERYWHERE WILL BREATHE FREEDOM'S AIR...
WHEN THERE'S PEACE... PEACE ON EARTH...

"THE VOICE OF A POET"

(1)

To me comes a voice thru the air...
A voice that is timid... Yet bold...
It thrills me... It chills me... 'Tis full of despair...
This voice from the depth of a soul...

(2)

'Tis crying, "Help me... Help me... Oh help me I pray...
Help me to rise from the mire...
Help me... Help me... Oh help me today...
To fulfill my hearts desire..."

(3)

Now it is singing it's praise to God...
The one whose love it knoweth...
Who knows when it's happy... And cares when it's sad...
'Tis only the voice of a poet.

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"CROSSES ON FREEDOM FIGHTERS GRAVE"

(1)
There are Crosses on graves in far distant cities
Where brave men bled and died...
That remind me of Calvary's Cross...
Where The Savior was crucified...

(2)
They represent men who died for a cause...
And death was not in vain...
Like the Christ who rose from the grave...
Freedom Fighters shall live again...

(3)
Yes they shall live in the hearts of free men...
Free but what of the price...
Freedom means naught unless it is bought...
Freedom Fighters pay with their life...

(4)
Where 'ere freedom is sought and freedom is won..
You will find many the Cross...
Like a forest of remem'brance...
To remind us of the cost...

(5)
Oh...Yes I compare the Cross on each hill...
With the Cross on Calvary...
The Savior died that men live again...
Freedom fighters that men live free...

(6)
So each day I bow before the Cross...
In reverance to my God...
And to each fallen Freedom Fighter...
Beneath some distant sod...

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"PLEASE KEEP OFF THE GRASS"

VERSE:

Once you said, "I love you dear"...
I fell for you and how...
This fragile heart was torn apart...
But this is the story now...

CHORUS:

My heart has found Green Pastures...
It's fancy free at last
You are just a memory...
So...Please keep off the grass...
The "Keep Off" signs are posted...
For those who would trespass...
I don't like a broken heart...
So...Please keep off the grass...
Once a child is burned by fire...
It shuns a glowing flame...
A heart that has been broken once...
Will surely do the same...
Grazing here agrees with me...
All dreams of you are past...
So...Go back where you belong...
And...Please Keep Off The Grass...

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"I'm Sorry That We Met Sweetheart"

VERSE:

Day is dawning like magic...
The skies are draped in blue...
And with the dawn I wonder on...
Alone with my mem'ries of you...

CHORUS:

I'm sorry that we met, sweetheart...
Sorry that you can't be true...
Sorry that you love another...
Just the same as I love you...
I'm sorry that my dreams all vanished...
So sorry that we had to part...
You're sorry that my heart is broken...
I'm sorry that we met sweetheart.

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