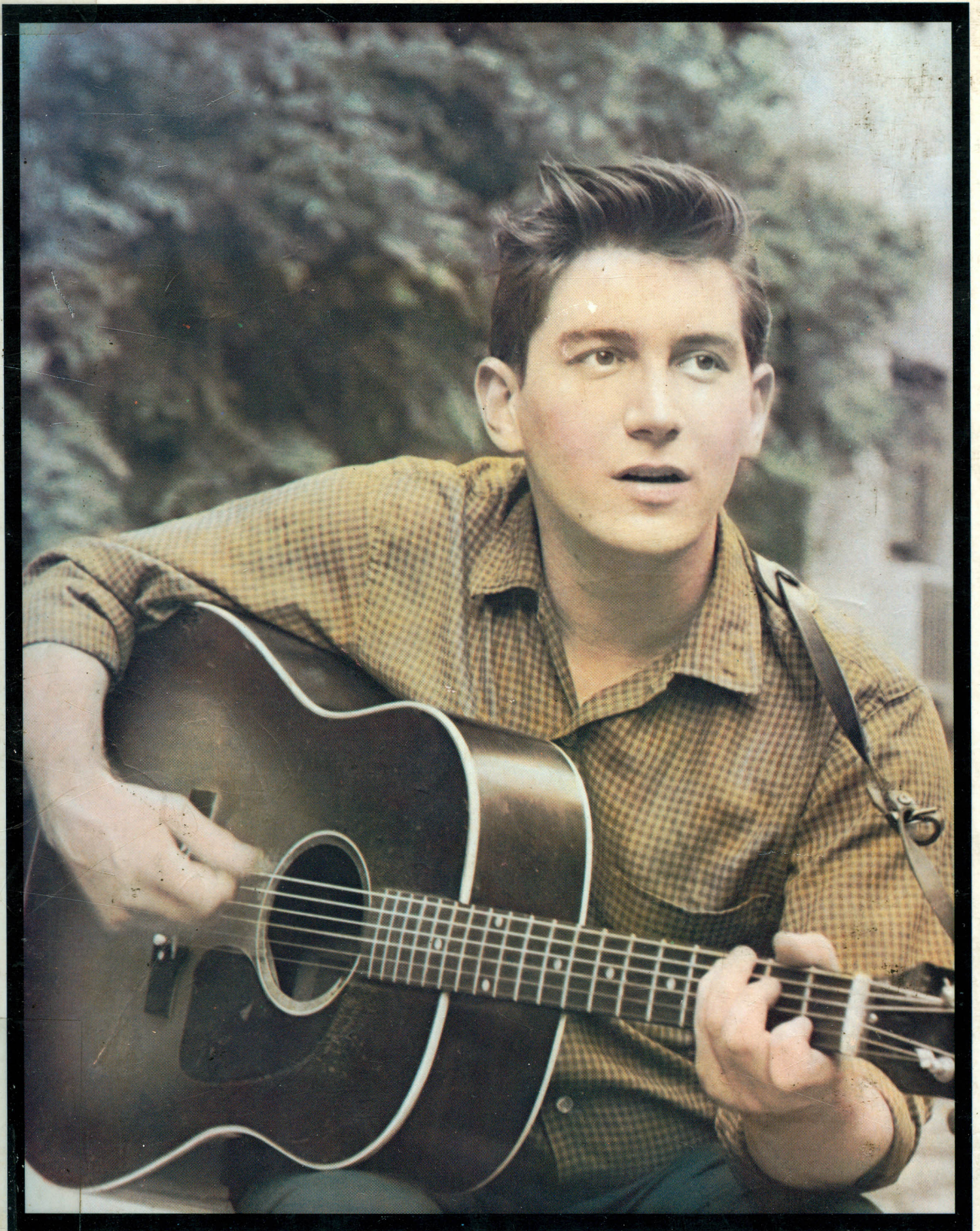


THE COMPLETE PHIL OCHS:



CHORDS OF FAME

Arranged for Guitar and Vocal

THE COMPLETE PHIL OCHS:



CHORDS OF FAME



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AUG 13 1984

To sum up. This one thing I feel is a driving force: that I get repelled by certain things-- or they strike me as funny, or weird or strange, or ridiculous-- and my response comes out in the form of a song. And as I said before, it's not enough to know the world is absurd and restrict yourself merely to pointing out the fact. To me this was the essential flaw of the fifties: great perception leading to inaction. I often laugh at myself, and many times consider my role ridiculous. But still I am forced to go on. . . because the ugly fact is ingrained in my mind that I don't want the world to be left in the hands of the Hitlers. . . I don't want to have to read Dylan's works smuggled out from prisons. I like to bring in the great Greek writer Nikos Kazantzakis to illustrate a point. He says it is wrong to expect a reward for your struggles. The reward is the act of struggle itself, not what you win. Even though you can't expect to defeat the absurdity of the world, you must make that attempt. That's morality, that's religion. That's art. That's life.

— Phil Ochs



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WHEN IN ROME
WHITE BOOTS MARCHIN' IN A YELLOW LAND

CRUCIFIXION

And the night comes again to the circle studded sky
The stars settle slowly, in loneliness they lie
'Til the universe explodes as a falling star is raised
The planets are paralyzed, the mountains are amazed
But they all glow brighter from the brilliance of the blaze
With the speed of insanity, then he dies.

In the green fields of turning a baby is born
His cries crease the wind and mingle with the morn
An assault upon the order, the changing of the guard
Chosen for a challenge that is hopelessly hard
And the only single sign is the sighing of the stars
But to the silence of distance they're sworn.

So dance, dance, dance, teach us to be true
Come dance, dance, dance, 'cause we love you.

Images of innocence charge him to go on
But the decadence of history is looking for a pawn
To a nightmare of knowledge he opens up the gate
A blinding revelation is served upon his plate
That beneath the greatest love is a hurricane of hate
And God help the critic of the dawn.

So he stands on the sea and he shouts to the shore
But the louder that he screams the longer he's ignored
For the wine of oblivion is drunk to the dregs
And the merchants of the masses almost have to be begged
'Til the giant is aware that someone's pulling at his leg
And someone is tapping at the door.

So dance, dance, dance, teach us to be true
Come dance, dance, dance, 'cause we love you.

Then his message gathers meaning and it spreads across the land
The rewarding of the fame is the following of the man
But ignorance is everywhere and people have their way
And success is an enemy to the losers of the day
In the shadows of the churches who knows what they pray
And blood is the language of the band.

The Spanish bulls are beaten, the crowd is soon beguiled
The matador is beautiful, a symphony of style
Excitement is ecstatic, passion places bets
Gracefully he bows to the ovations that he gets
But the hands that are applauding are slippery with sweat
And saliva is falling from their smiles.

So dance, dance, dance, teach us to be true
Come dance, dance, dance, 'cause we love you.

Then the overflow of life is crushed into a liar
The gentle soul is ripped apart and tossed into the fire
First a smile of rejection at the nearness of the night
Truth becomes a tragedy limping from the light
The heavens are horrified, they stagger from the sight
And the cross is trembling with desire.

They say they can't believe it, "It's a sacrilegious shame
Now who would want to hurt such a hero of the game
But you know I predicted it, I knew he had to fall
How did it happen? I hope his suffering was small
Tell me every detail, I've got to know it all
And do you have a picture of the pain?"

So dance, dance, dance, teach us to be true
Come dance, dance, dance, 'cause we love you.

Time takes her toll and the memory fades
But his glory is growing in the magic that he made
Reality is ruined, there is nothing more to fear
The drama is distorted into what they want to hear
Swimming in the sorrow in the twisting of a tear
As they wait for the new thrill parade.

The eyes of the rebel have been branded by the blind
To the safety of sterility the threat has been refined
The child was created to the slaughterhouse he's led
So good to be alive when the eulogies are read
The climax of emotion, the worship of the dead
As the cycle of sacrifice unwinds.

So dance, dance, dance, teach us to be true
Come dance, dance, dance, 'cause we love you.

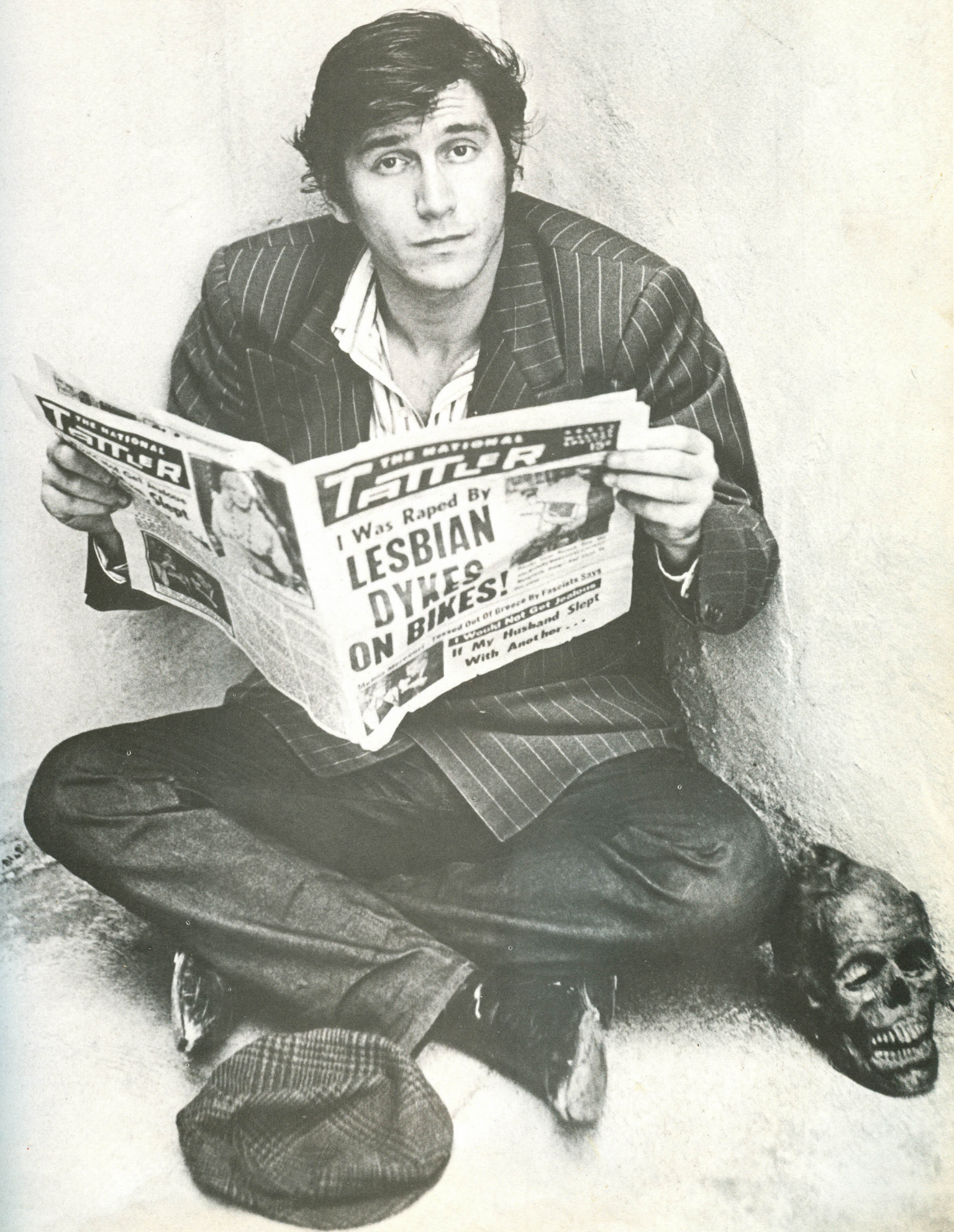
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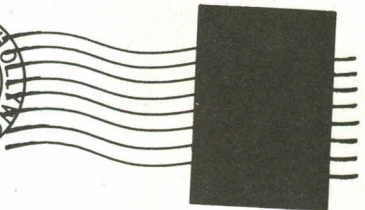


"... There's a dirty paper using sex to make a sale
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away the fine
But we're busy reading Playboy and The Sunday New York Times
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends..."

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Hi, thought I'd drop you a line
from the beautiful people Coast
where I'm filming the family slime
(the most)
stopping behind the Pendleton barracks
to get high
(Tonight American pigs you die!)
I left my mind in San Francisco
I left my life in L.A.
thought I'd drop you a line
a Chevrolet from che
to say
the N.E.F. is nibbling
they're not afraid they're not alone
(you are afraid you are alone)
Can it be the War of Liberation
has finally come home? Farewells o Fantasy, Folks
P. O. Ds



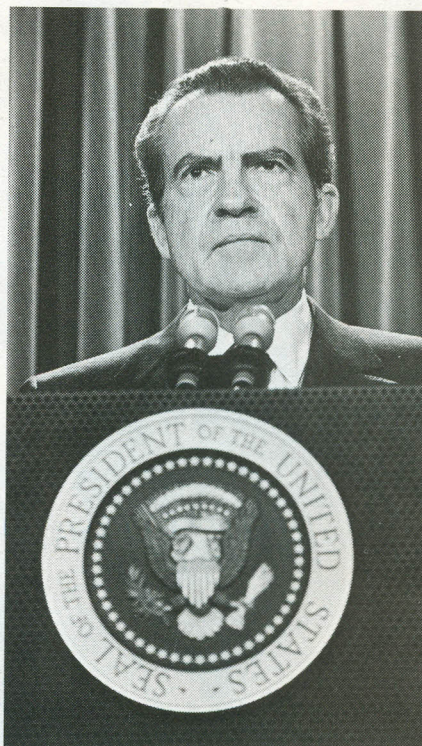
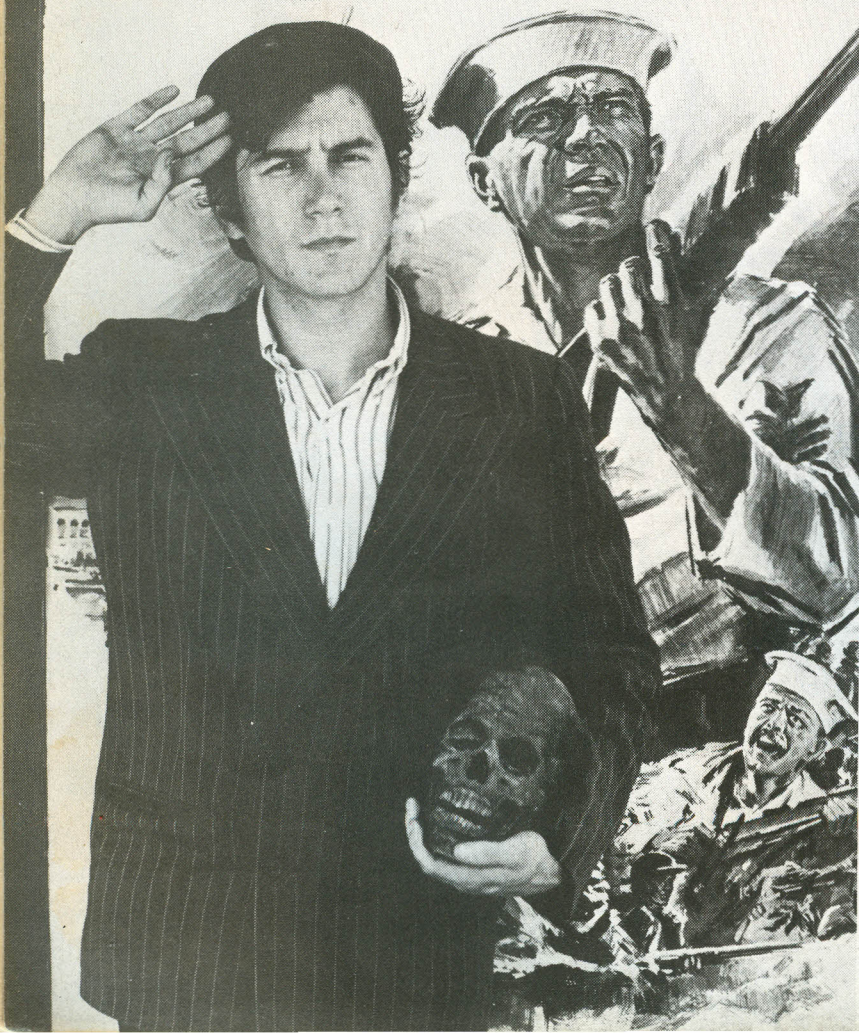
Tape from California
Phil Ochs





du **YANG-TSE**

THE SAND PEBBLES



The War Is Over celebrations in Century City, New York and Los Angeles, circa 1967. far right: anti-war demonstration helmed by Dr. Martin Luther King in New York, 1967..



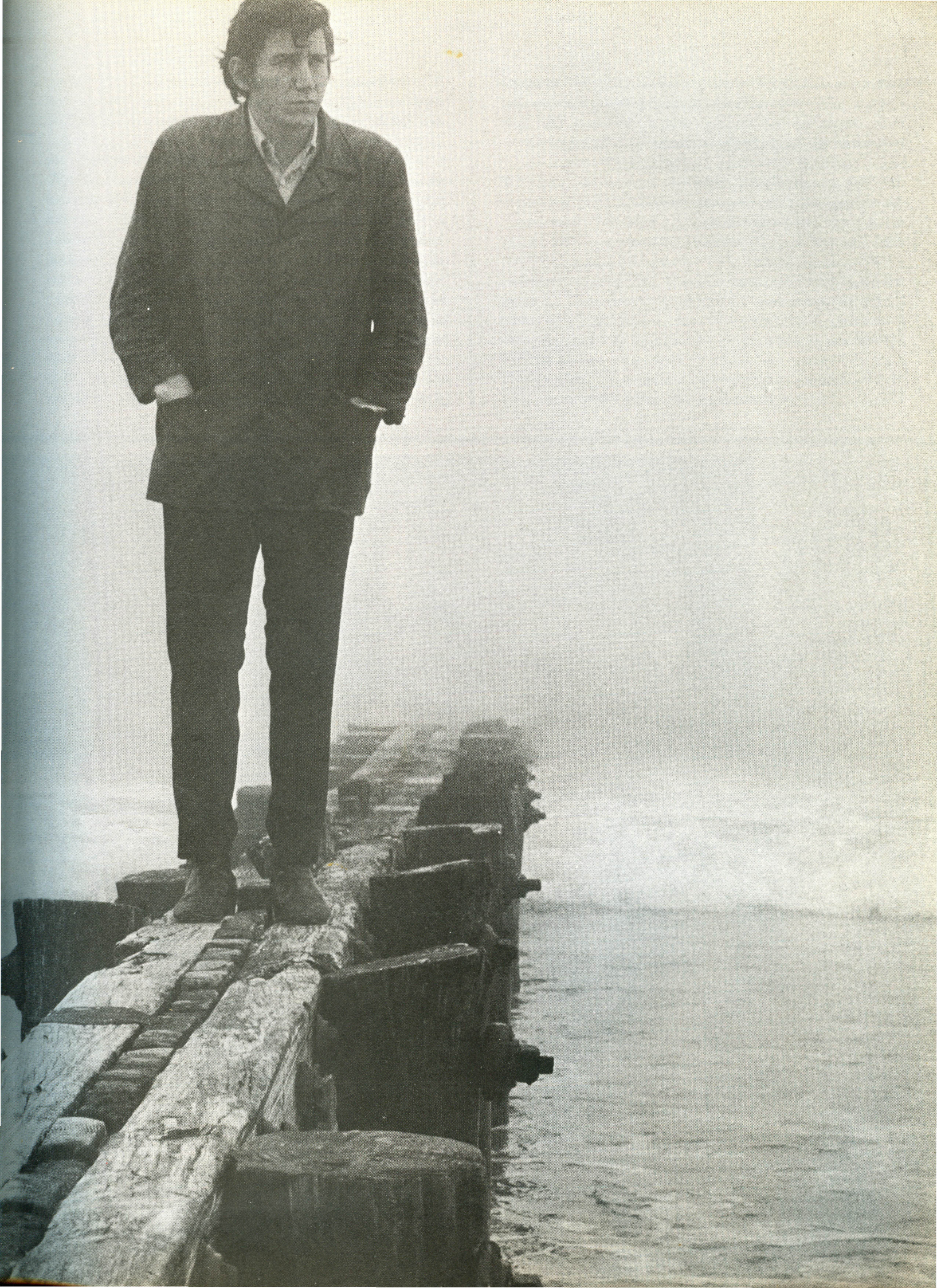
THE LAST DAYS OF PHIL OCHS: GOD HELP THE TROUBADOUR WHO TRIED TO BE A STAR BY TOM NOLAN

When Phil Ochs drove a brown Ford van into the drive next to her house in Far Rockaway, New York, on an afternoon last January (1976), Sonny Tanzman thought her brother would be staying only a few days, the usual length of the visits he made once or twice a year. Phil was in tune with the beat of Manhattan; the slowness of this remotest part of Queens soon made him restless. Sonny, divorced, mother of three, junior high school English and social studies teacher, and collector of stray people, had just said goodbye to Phil's twelve-year-old daughter, Meegan after keeping her for a year; now she inherited Meegan's father. He looked so lost when he knocked at her door she could hardly say no to him. Not that she'd want to, unless he had asked the summer before, the summer of his manic binge through New York. She would not have exposed her children

to that. But it was obvious from one glance that the craziness had left him; he was so dispirited that for his visit, which would stretch from a few days to the beginning of spring, he would for once welcome the slow, uneventful pace of a shelter far from the center of the action.

Sonny had never been a part of Phil's public world. She found the music scene intolerably false and shallow and was uncomfortable even visiting backstage. But she had attended every New York concert of Phil's; she followed his career with an older sister's pride and love.

She was aware of the real success he had achieved a decade ago; of how his level of accomplishment had nevertheless not been high enough to satisfy his own exacting definitions of achievement; of how, during the seventies, he had felt his creative power slipping away,



had succumbed to deepening despondency, had come to despair not only of ever achieving his goals, but of even regaining the vitality and momentum that had taken him so frustratingly to the brink of his dreams.

*"My life was once a joy for me
Never knowing I was growing every day
My life was once a toy to me
And I wound it, and I found it ran away . . .*

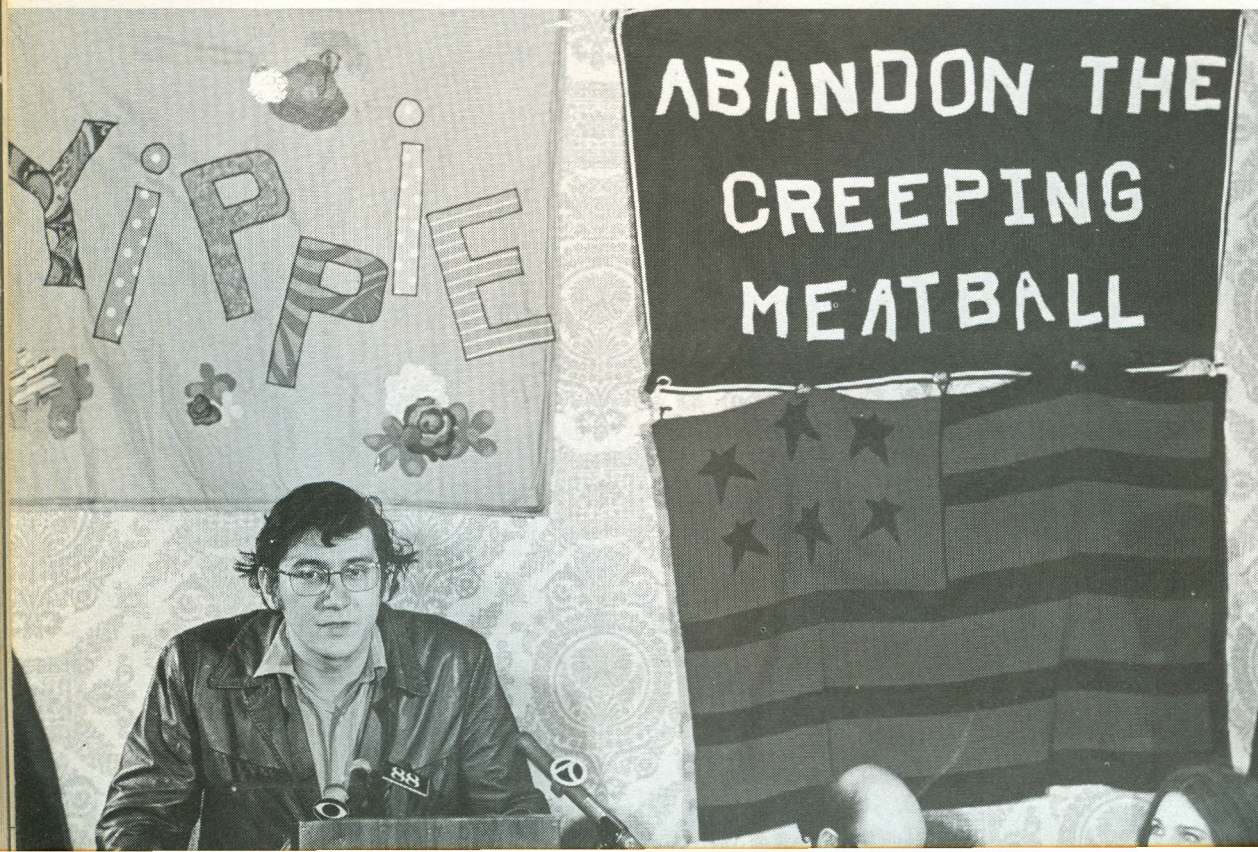
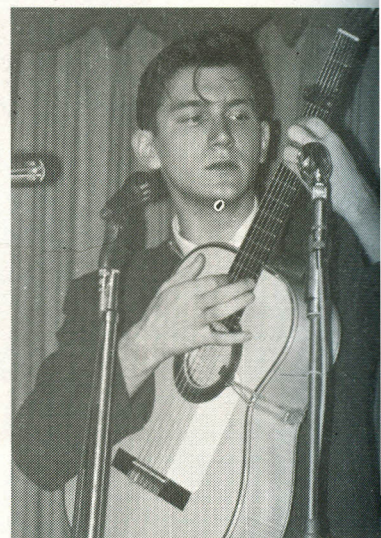
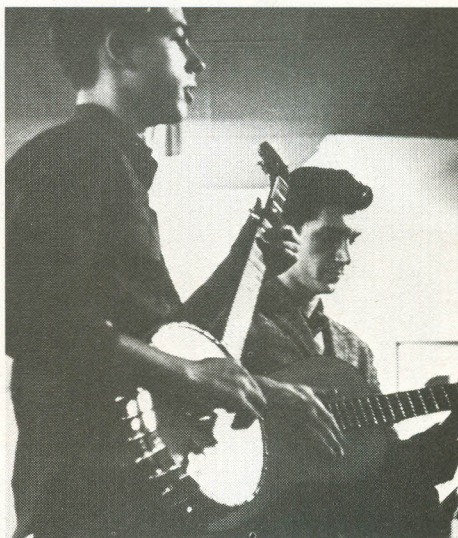
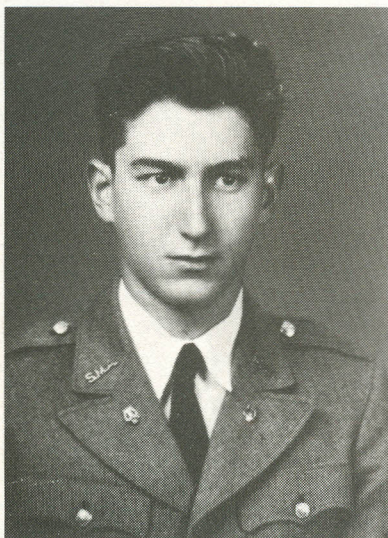
*Like a god I would write
Ah the melodies were sweet
It was easy to survive
My life was so alive . . .*

*My life is now a myth to me
Like the drifter with his laughter in the dawn*

*My life is now a death to me
So I'll mold it, and I'll hold it
'Til I'm born . . ."*

During the civil rights and peace movements of the sixties, Phil Ochs had been in the vanguard of folk-protest singers who articulated the hope and anger of a generation anxious for change. Born in El Paso (his father was an Army man serving at Fort Sam Houston), raised in Ohio, he had gone to Ohio State, dropped out, and headed to New York. Like Bob Dylan, another kid from the literal middle of America, Ochs seemed, with his shoulder-slung guitar, a symbol of curious, searching, idealistic youth. Ochs' lyrics encompassed outrage ("Here's To The State Of Mississippi," "Cops Of The World"), wit ("Love Me, I'm A Liberal," "The Draft Dodger Rag"), and beauty ("Changes," "Flower

right: Stanton
Military Academy
graduation picture.
middle right: The
Sundowners, 1961,
Columbus, Ohio—
Jim Glover and
Phil. far right:
Farragher's Club,
Cleveland, Ohio,
1961.

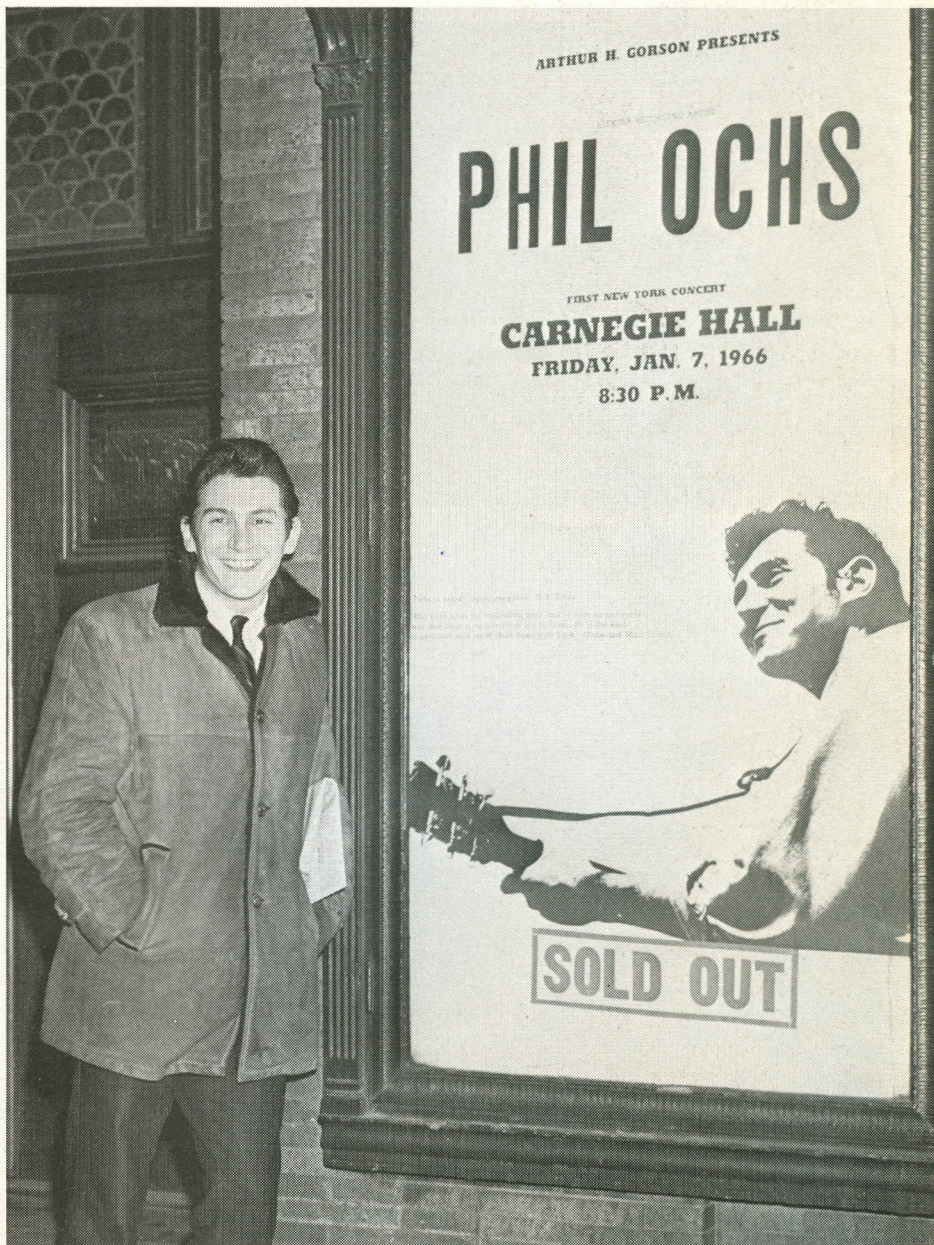
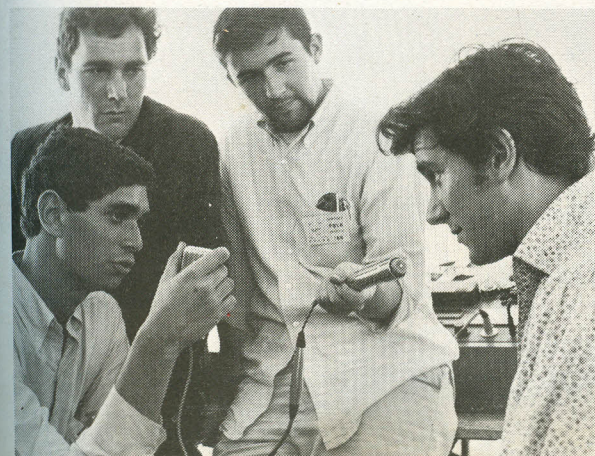
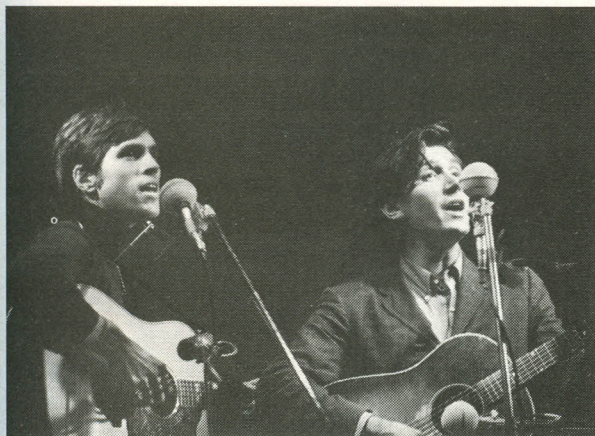


left: The founding of
the Youth International
Party (Y.I.P.P.I.E.) in
New York, with Judy
Collins at right. above:
The Free Stealin' Phil
Ochs (collage by Phil).

Lady”), and his in-concert repartee and constant political activity demonstrated a real commitment to social and political change. Yet he yearned to be more than a gadfly or a writer of broadsides; and his own aesthetic and social visions often made him uncomfortable with the company he kept. He confounded the Yippies and admired them for their energy, but was upset by what he saw as their whining vulgarity. (“Remember,” he would tell his audiences, “when you demonstrate—do it with dignity.”) He tried to build bridges between figures like Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin and politicians like Kennedy and McCarthy, an activity the former pair viewed as meaningless. Most frustrating of all were his efforts to achieve a popular success equal to that of contemporaries, especially Dylan. As Dylan drew further away from politics and the Village crowd and into larger acceptance, the apt phrase describing

Ochs as “second in fame only to” became something more like “one step behind” or “forever in the shadow of.”

It wasn’t solely for reasons of ego that he wished to be a star. Having grown up in the Southwest and Midwest, surrounded by what was then an unself-conscious popular culture, he was overwhelmed by the connection between accomplishment in the larger sense and that mythic recognition which only the multitudes can bestow. He didn’t want money, but he *did* want a hit record. It symbolized a dream of achievement to him. Perhaps if he had had a hit, he would have retreated from that particular need; but as it was, it gnawed at him that he never achieved the level of success he not-so-secretly admired: the fame of an Elvis Presley, yes, of a Dylan. He needed it for his sense of self, but it never quite worked for him.

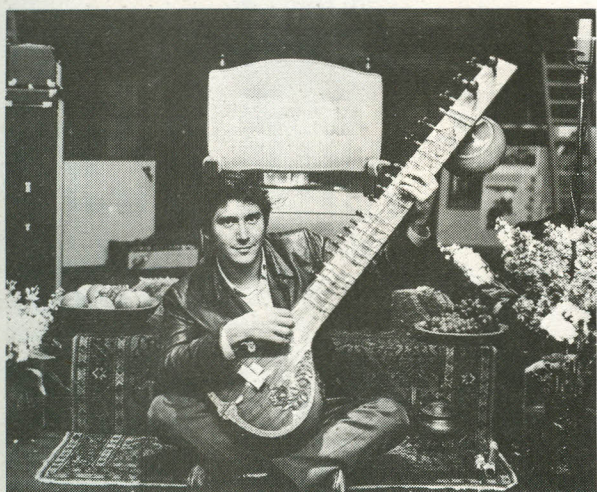


upper left: Newport Folk Festival 1965, Phil with Eric Andersen.
lower left: Interview at Newport Folk Festival 1966, above: First Carnegie Hall concert.

A few times he came close. Joan Baez had a chart item with his "There But For Fortune." Thirty-two artists recorded "Changes," but none of their versions broke through. The zenith of his own career came when he changed record labels (in 1967) from the folk-oriented Elektra in New York to the pop-oriented A&M in Los Angeles. *Pleasures Of The Harbor*, his first release for that company, was an ambitious effort with full orchestra surrounding Phil's most complex and introspective writing; although the critics were not at all kind, the album presented Phil's special musical gifts—haunting words and melodies, a unique and appealing voice—in attractive if somewhat overwrought fashion. It proved to be his biggest seller, but it did not mark the beginning of the new stage he had hoped for. He was, by reasonable standards, a success as the sixties ended—earning some \$100,000 a year, all royalties combined—but he was tied to his past,

dependent upon a following that insisted upon seeing him in terms of his older material. Events public and private contributed to a growing ambivalence. After the Democratic convention in Chicago he released an album called *Rehearsals For Retirement*, with a cover featuring a photo of his own tombstone.

By this time he had moved to Los Angeles, living first in a tiny Laurel Canyon house, then in larger quarters in the Hollywood Hills. Initially he had perceived the city as being overwhelmingly banal, but this spurred his creativity. The anger he felt towards California provoked him into composing introspective ballads that meditated upon cultural sterility. The West Coast torpor proved more inspirational to him than the frantic vitality of New York, which he found no longer provided him with food for songs. There was political validity as well in the relocation; Phil was much impressed by the 1967 anti-Johnson, antiwar



right: *The Was Is Over* celebration in Central Park, New York, with Joan Baez.



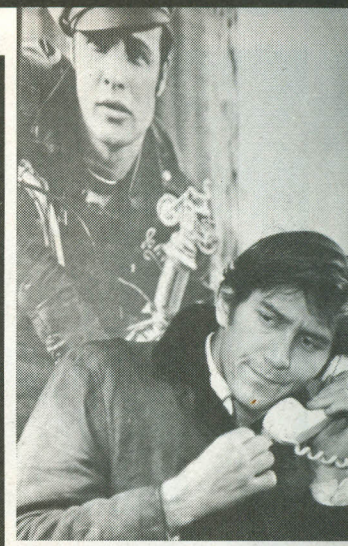
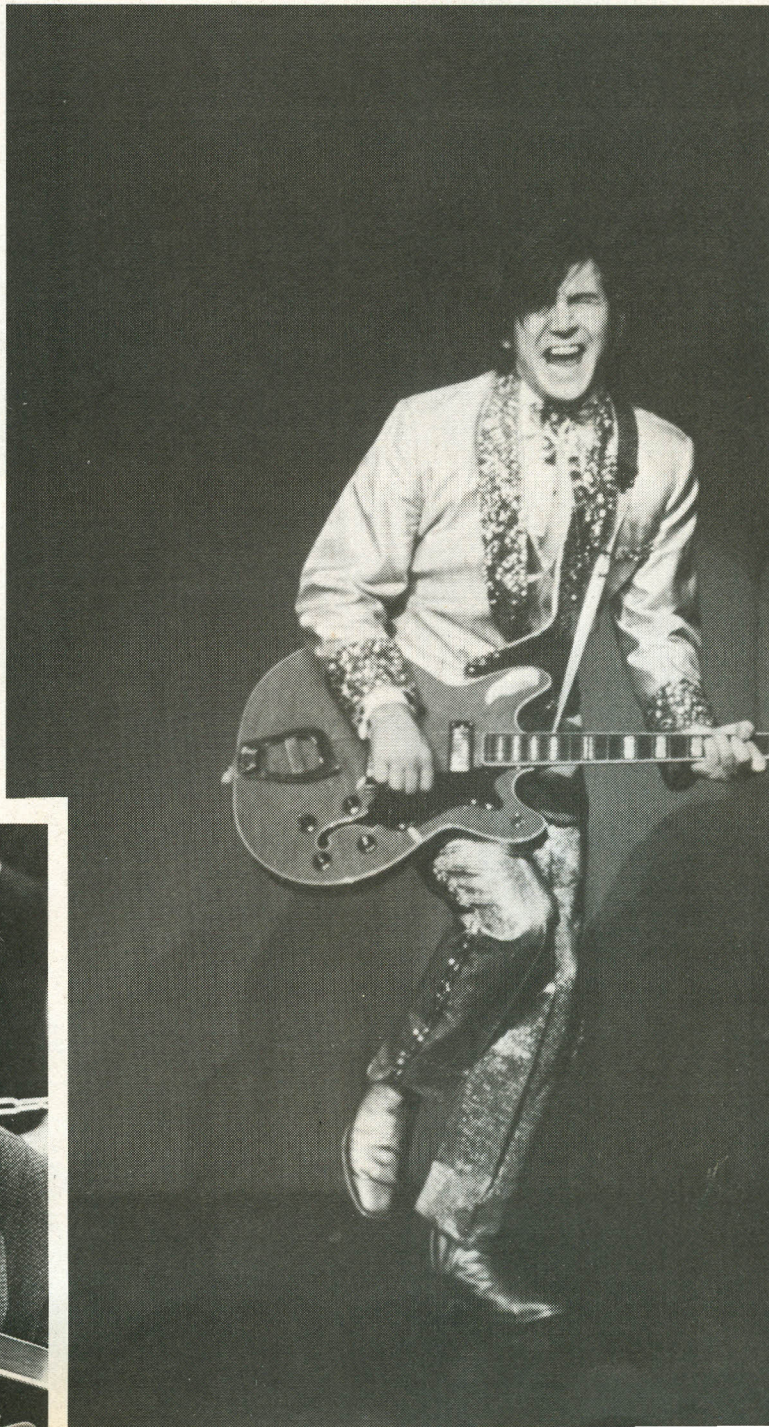
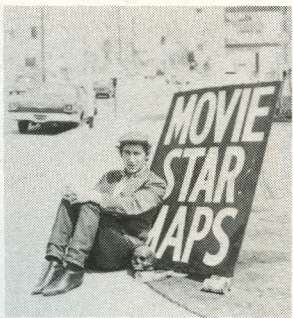
left and above middle: 1967 war protest led by Dr. Martin Luther King in New York. above right: a Canadian television interview in 1967. opposite page: Scenes from Los Angeles.

rally in Century City, one of the first such demonstrations in the country. Gradually, as he became accustomed to L.A. and familiar with its rewards, his animosity changed to fondness. He acquired the loving/hating attitude familiar to those who draw energy from the city even as they view it as a sprawling symbol of twentieth-century decay. The climate beguiled him. The ambience of the Troubadour bar proved amenable to long evenings of drink and talk. He came to value the slower pace and looked forward to reentering it after visits elsewhere. The Hollywood heritage, though, was perhaps the greatest psychic lure to a man who loved film even more than he did politics.

What would prove to be his final studio album—*Phil Ochs' Greatest Hits*—was suffused with a California sensibility. It featured a tribute to James Dean, the country-western "My Kingdom For A Car," and a cover which featured Ochs posed a la Elvis in a gold lame

suit. When he tried out the gold suit on the road, he found out how far his own changing priorities had taken him from the rigid concerns of his oldest fans who booed "sellout" when he sang Buddy Holly songs onstage at Carnegie Hall (echoing the outrage Dylan had faced in going electric some five years earlier at Newport). Ochs's artistic choices had narrowed to exploring his personal mythology (and further alienating his remaining supporters), or to singing his protest material. He could make a decent living with the old songs, but he told friends, "That's death."

After *Greatest Hits* he said he was no longer able to write. Composing had always been easy enough for him; songs came to him all at once, in bursts of inspiration. Now he dried up almost completely, getting only fragments, none of which he felt warranted completion. (In one of these, "You're Fired," he gave the world its notice.)

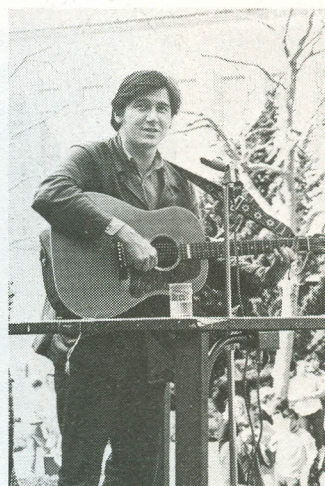


Ochs toyed with various ideas during the next four years, among them returning to journalism, which he had studied at OSU. He contemplated editing *Coast* magazine during one of its staff changes, or hosting a radio talk-show on KABC. Despite a well-received series of articles written for the L.A. *Free Press*—extracted persuasively from him by friends—nothing fully engaged his interest. He had few close friendships with women. An early marriage had ended during the sixties; the dissolution of a five-year relationship that succeeded his marriage left him wary of further involvement. Music was all he truly cared about, the only thing that made him feel important. He had no sense of his worth in other ways. He didn't truly appreciate, as did his friends, the talents he had as a thinker, a wit, an organizer.

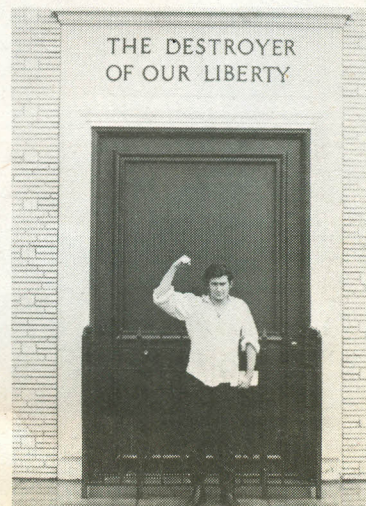
Yes, he was a champion catalyst. His finest public moment was the 1974 "Evening With Salvador Allende"

at New York's Felt Forum, thought by many veterans of such affairs to be one of the most stirring benefits ever. Ochs pulled that one out of the fire a few days short of disaster. A mere 600 tickets had been sold when Ochs, visiting New York, confronted Bob Dylan in the Other End and badgered him, with a smile, "You the same Bobby Dylan who once wrote a song about Chilean miners? You want a job singing for those same miners now, for free?" Dylan agreed, enough to allow a publicity blitz to be set in motion, and it all culminated in Dylan (dead drunk to fortify his nerves) appearing on stage for the first time in years to sing his old mining-town song. The night was a huge success, turning the aftermath of a military coup into an affirmative celebration.

Friends loved the way Phil enlarged their perspectives, permanently altered their attitudes about themselves and others, inspired a daring and confidence in



upper left: the 1974 "Evening with Salvador Allende" concert. opposite page lower left: "gold lame suit" concert at the Troubadour.



some cases greater than his own. While his songs had been reflective, his conversation was provocative, although no one ever quite knew what he thought; his usual gambit was the asking of endless questions, a tactic which exerted a strange charm, making strangers feel they were the world's greatest experts on everything. Phil's curiosity and vulnerability instantly endeared him to people. When he himself held forth, he spun endlessly fascinating, enthusiastic, humorous analyses of culture, politics, current events. He had a zest capable of exhilarating expression. He and his friend Andy Wickham, a Warner Bros. Records executive who for a time shared a house with Phil, once tried to discover "the new Elvis" by placing ads in truckers' magazines. His last L.A. engagements were wonderfully variegated evenings at Doug Weston's Troubadour club, in which a series of friends were persuaded to share the stage with Ochs.

And movies . . . Phil was never more rhapsodic than when he verbally conjured up the moods of his favorite films, from *The Searchers* to *Coogan's Bluff*. During his "retirement years" he made friends with workers at the American Film Institute, who would screen as many as six films a day for him from the AFI library. He used to say films were his dreams. He grew upon them, and they took the place of many things he himself had never experienced. As a youngster he went to military school, and once he thought of joining the service himself, as a way of confronting the world in definite fashion. He didn't, though, and felt he had never been put to a true and necessary life-and-death test. His notions of challenges met and courage shown were absorbed from and channeled back into cinematic images.

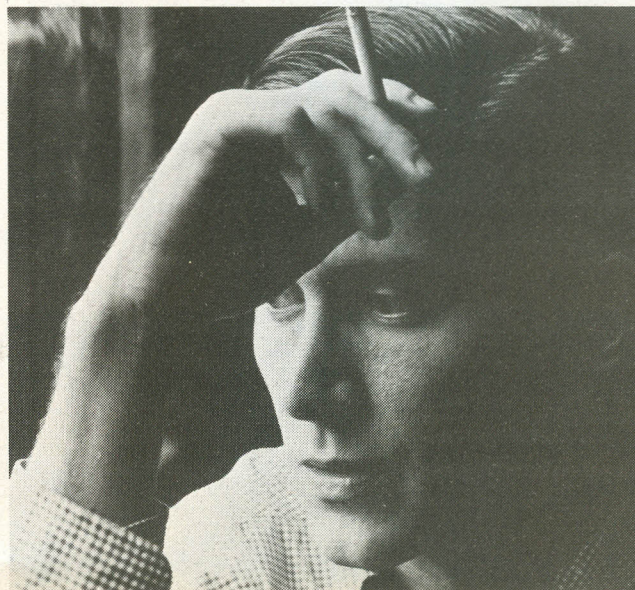
He longed to be great. Extraordinary figures of all political or fictive persuasions drew his admiration:

below:
with Peter
Asher and
Rick
Nelson.



PHIL OCHS and FRIENDS

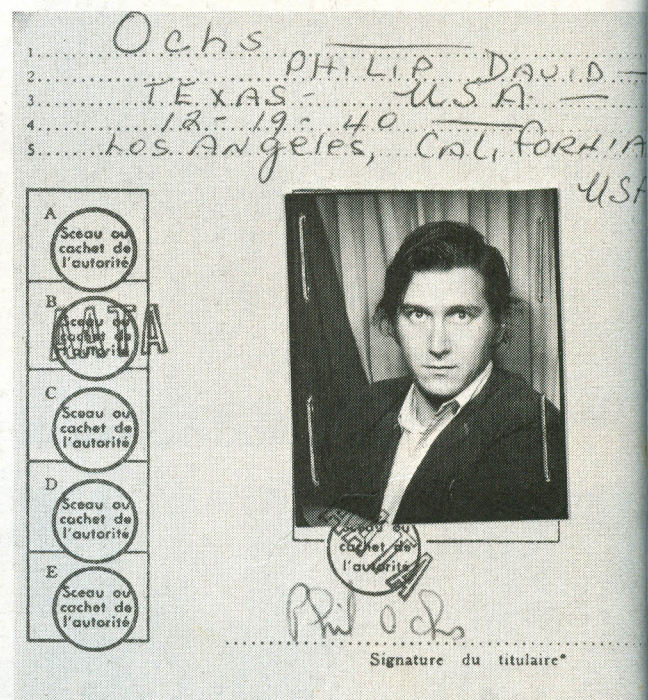
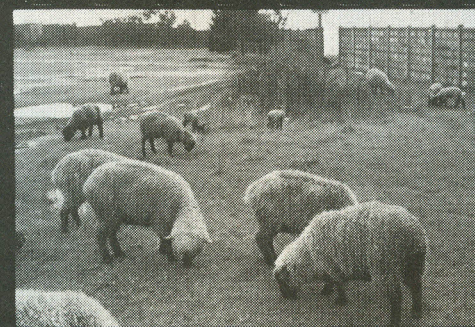
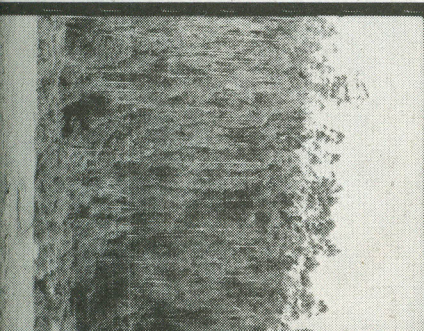
TRUCKER'S PARTY - PALOMINO CLUB, L.A. JAN.-74



Presley, John Wayne, Audie Murphy, Che Guevara, James Dean, the Kennedys. Crisis intrigued him, as did people who could handle situations that would destroy normal men. His sense of style, of what was worth accomplishing, echoed the romanticism of another century. Intellectually he was drawn to the left, but he considered that side of himself meekly pacifistic, albeit poetic; his reflective aspect was countered by a more aggressive streak, an explosive assertiveness potentially almost right-wing in its expression. This side of him was fascinated by articulative or otherwise formidable conservatives. Howard Hughes, William Buckley, George Putnam, Joe Pyne, even George Lincoln Rockwell all engaged him with their capacity for *decisiveness*, a quality he often felt missing in himself. Annoyed with the New Left's mulling and muddling, bored with the counterculture, unable to make peace with feminists or the environmentalists (who he thought drained

energy from the classic worker/student alliance, the "proper" channel for change), he found his romantic vision fading; his frustration growing. The two aspects of his personality became more and more isolated from each other, pumping in and out with tremendous pressure, so that at last he was either fantastically depressed or almost frighteningly hyperactive; there was nothing in between.

For a few more years he found things to interest him. Upon turning 30 in 1971, he vowed to travel the entire globe, and did. He made the occasional concert tour, singing the old material he was so weary of. But he settled into a lethargic depression that grew increasingly bleaker, punctuated only by frenzied bursts of activity culminating in moments like the Chilean benefit. Mugged and choked while in Africa, he had lost three notes of his vocal range, which made performing an even less compelling thought. He became



far left: proof sheets of travels in Chile with Jerry Rubin. left: 1966 in Greenwich Village. opposite page, upper middle: with Jerry Rubin. below left: an idol, Sonny Liston.

preoccupied with the gloomy notion that he was terminally ill, afflicted with stomach ailments no doctors could detect. Although no real alcoholic damage was apparent, he was sure heavy drinking had worked irreparable harm. He was often so weak with apathy he had to be led step by step through the day. Friends and family suggested all sorts of therapy, but his sense of style or of self interfered with his seeking help. Jerry Rubin took him to a yoga class, but Phil ran giggling from the room in the middle of an *asana*. Rubin arranged for him to try est, but at the last moment he went to a political rally instead.

Then, in the summer of 1975, he went to New York, wearing the assumed mantle of one John Butler Train.

*"I found him by the stage last night, he was breathin'
his last breath*

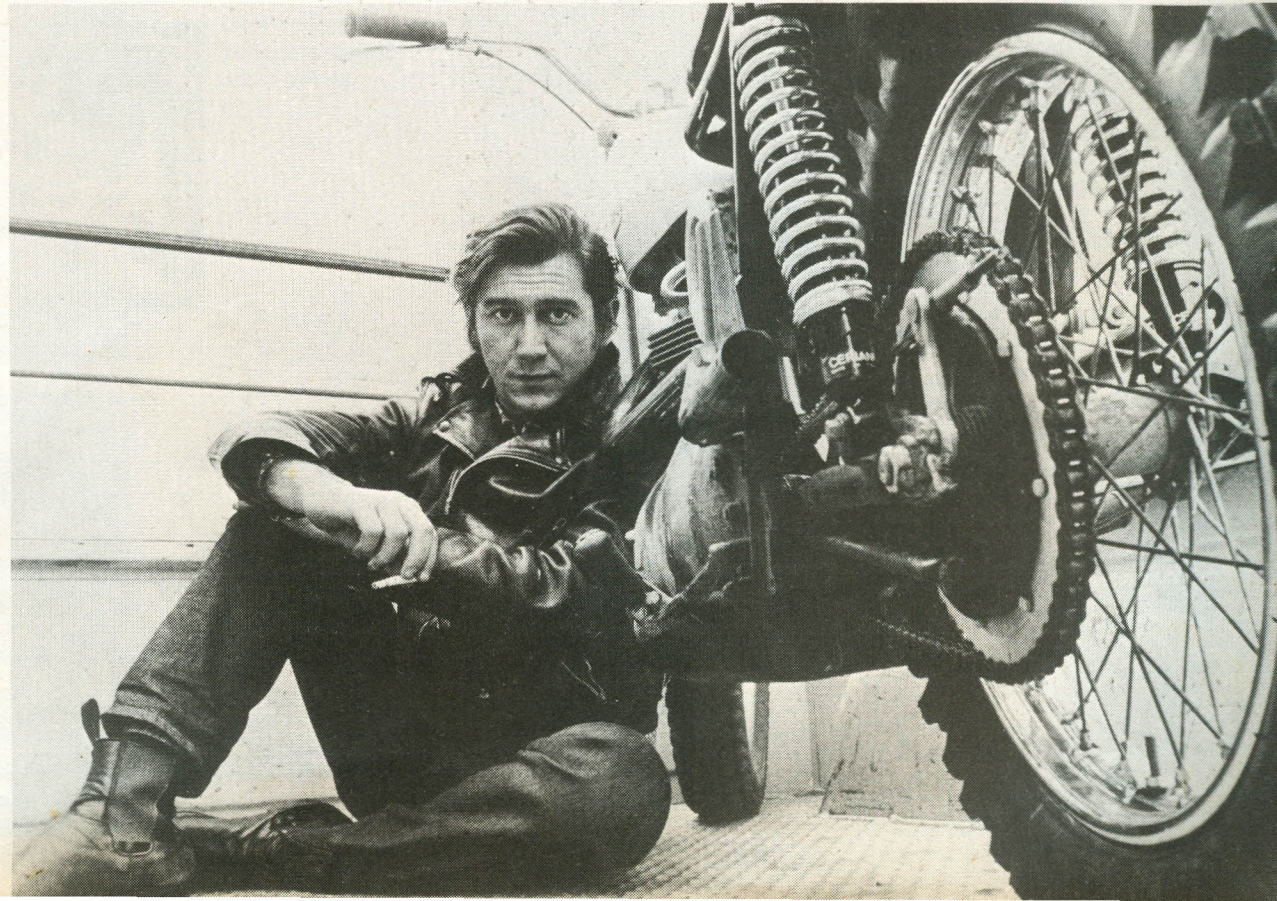
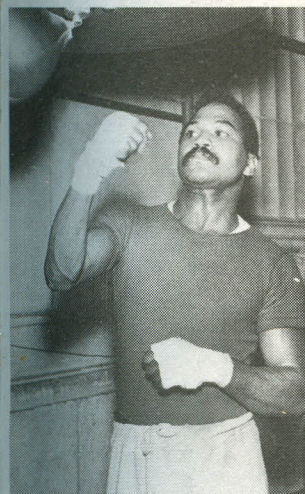
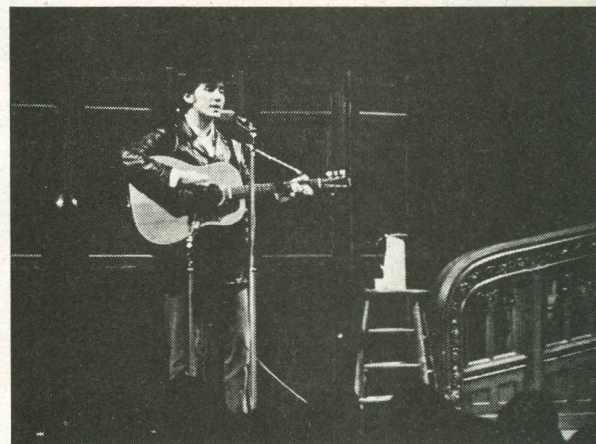
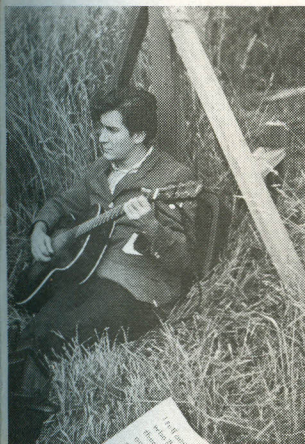
A bottle of gin and a cigarette was all that he had left

'I can see you make the music, 'cause you carry your guitar;

But God help the troubadour who tries to be a star.'"

Phil Ochs was gone now, he insisted. John Train had taken his place. Train was a mythical character who incorporated some of Ochs's more brazen filmic notions about men of action. Clearly one of Phil's manic phases had begun. This time there was no political cause in which to channel the energy, and it spewed and spun into spirals of bizarre fantasy. John Butler Train careened through the city like an engine without a wheel, delineating new schemes as fast as yesterday's evaporated.

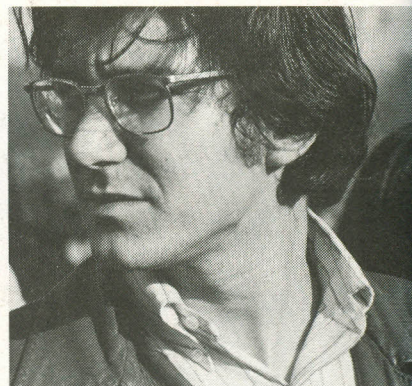
He lived a giant movie enthusiasm, talking a mile a minute, going through three gallons of wine in a



conversation, toughing his way through New York, conquering everyone with his willingness to be obsessed by visions—grand crusades that changed from day to day, moment to moment. Now he was an active revolutionary, raising an army to liberate Chile. Now he was organizing a benefit to save New York. Now he was set on becoming the world's best backgammon player, trying to promote televised tournaments of the game. He wrote a million mental screenplays and lived them all out—brilliant fantasies which, however, evoked mixed feelings in those who cared for him. Obsessed with his own talk, he would grab people by the lapels and literally lift them off the ground; yet they couldn't stop listening to his hypnotic spiel.

Some of his ideas might have borne fruit, had he had stable people working with him instead of the odd hangers-on drawn to his crazy energy rush. He spoke of opening a bar called Che, at Broome and Mercer

streets in Soho, a "people's tavern" where, according to a crude handbill he had printed, "any ex-con/veteran/working person/mental prisoner, or off-duty police officer is good for a free beer anytime; any manic depressive ex-Marine from Texas with at least one felony conviction who ever owned a motorcycle is worth a free beer and one shot of Jack Daniels anytime." Like a compulsive gambler, Ochs raised the stakes with each loss, hoping to recoup; keep eight steps ahead of himself, hoping one of them would prove sure. When Che fell through, a grander venture took its place: Barricade, Inc., a media complex—recording studio, record label, film company—to be housed in a multistory building downtown. Out of the blue he called the financial adviser to Colonel Sanders and, perhaps using as bait the real profits accrued over the years by his publishing company, Barricade Music, Inc., charmed him into coming to New York to discuss the investment potential



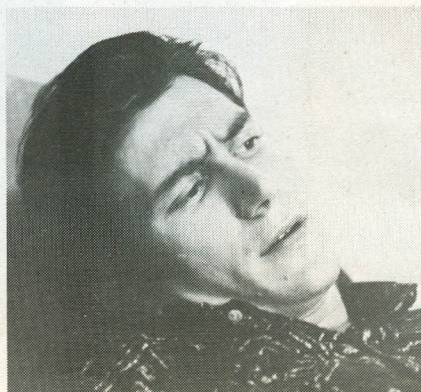
TAKE ONE

Requiem for a
Dragon Departed
by Phil Ochs
20



The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz
by Joe Medjuck
The Last House on the Left
by Harry Ringel
The Promised Land
by James Monaco
The Jail
by Albert F. Nussbaum
The Conversation
by Richard Meltzer
Ça Va, Ça Vient
by James Monaco
Come on Children
by John Stuart Katz

Outs
by Jay Cocks
Overlooked & Underrated
by Don Drucker, Michael Goodwin



in Barricade. Ochs gave a party for the occasion, out on the street in front of the building he said he'd acquired. He walked the Colonel's man through the party spilling all over the curb, walking him up to the front door, but he couldn't get anyone to let them into the building. He pounded on the door; it started to rain; the Colonel's man turned around and left for Louisville . . . *Who knows what was in his mind?* someone later asked. *Maybe he actually thought he'd bought the building.*

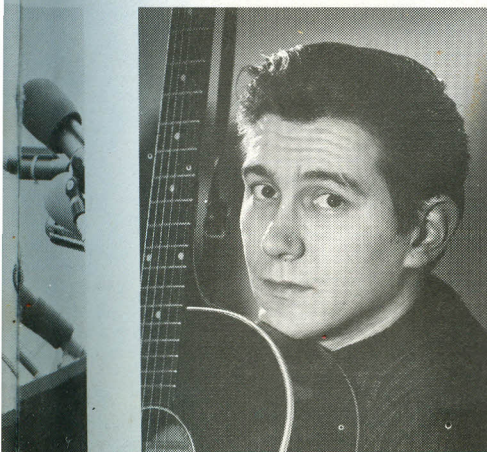
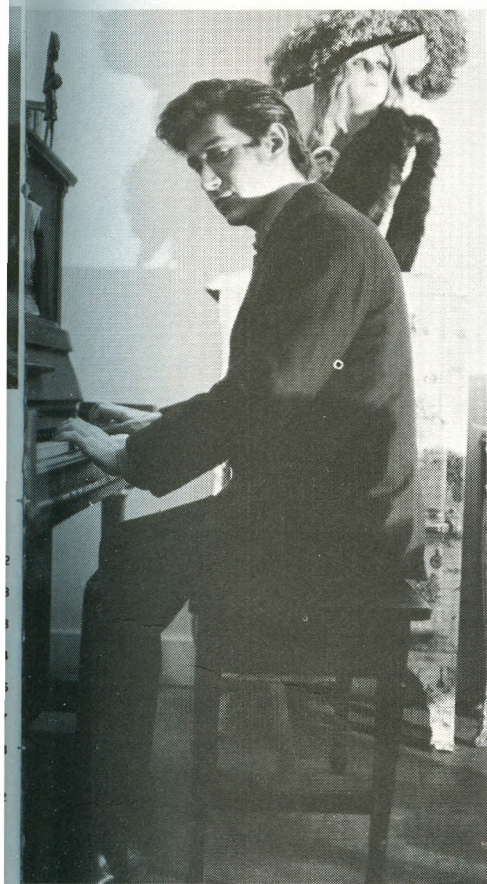
At a publishing party for Ed Sanders, Phil told writer Paul Nelson of the ten movie scripts he had written, describing in detail one scenario involving an aging fighter cared for by a young up-and-comer. The leads, he said, would be played by John Wayne and Keith Carradine; John Houston was set to direct. Nelson suggested Howard Hawks's style would be more suited to the story. He replied, "Is Hawks still alive? We'll get Hawks." Even as he spoke, Nelson

thought, he seemed detached, a bit amused even, as if somewhere he truly knew these visions were made of smoke.

"See this suit?" he asked suddenly, indicating his own unremarkable garb. "Elvis Presley's tailor made this suit."

He gave what he billed his "last professional concert," at Gerde's Folk City, coming onstage brandishing a hammer, saying Barricade, Inc. was taking over the world and he would bludgeon anyone who got in his way. He announced he had taken out a contract with the Mafia on the life of the CIA's William Colby, who would be dead in three months. He said he had spoken to Howard Hughes. Then he sang: mostly old cowboy songs; some Marty Robbins and Luke the Drifter tunes. Some were moved; most were appalled.

During this period, Bob Dylan was putting together his Rolling Thunder Review, a troupe made up in part



of performers Dylan had known during his Village days. There was talk of Ochs possibly taking part in the tour; tentative plans for him to appear with Rolling Thunder in Texas may have been made, but nothing came of them. One acquaintance insists, "It would have been cruel to ask Phil to perform."

He returned briefly to L.A.; once, when he alarmed A&M employees by waving a knife around, demanding to be let out of his contract, he was escorted from the studio. He fell asleep in front of the Troubadour; when he was awakened by the sheriff, weapons were found in his car, and he spent the night in jail. His brother and once-manager Michael, afraid he would harm himself or others, tried to have him committed for observation, but by the time he appeared before a judge he had sobered up and was released. Sensing that the craziness would not play on the West Coast, he returned to Manhattan.

There he was busted some twenty times, for fights, for car accidents, once for assault. He carried knives, chains, a gun; threatened almost everyone he met. What friends he had who would still talk to him had to rationalize it all as street theater. Some thought Phil was trying to exorcise his fears of being forgotten and abandoned by inventing them to take form, acting them out. In L.A., Michael was getting three or four long-distance calls a day in which Phil's behavior filtered back to him; his theory was that his brother was pushing himself to these limits in order to start writing again, risking it all on one last chance. He was worried by Phil's financial profligacy; he was frenziedly spending his savings. Michael talked accountants for Barricade Music in New York into holding up Phil's publishing royalties for a couple of months, even after Phil bluffed he had taken a contract out on him; Michael gave in, though, when Phil threatened to kidnap their sister's kids.



So it was all spent, \$30,000 or more. A couple of vans were bought, one abandoned somewhere in L.A. A new car was wrecked. A video tape camera was purchased and forgotten in a taxicab. Lowlifes, ex-cons, failed criminals were "hired" as "bodyguards." Ochs left \$3,000 in cash lying on a bar, to be retrieved, to be lost somewhere else.

He was found sleeping in hotel boiler rooms, in doorways, in the gutter. His clothes were caked with vomit. He walked the streets without shoes.

At last it had blown itself out. He was back to being Phil Ochs again. He went to Jerry Rubin's one day and telephoned friends around the country, to make abashed amends. *Hi, it's Phil. Gee, I guess I been kinda strange.*

He headed for Queens.

*'Now who would want to hurt such a hero of the game
But you know I predicted it; I knew he had to fall*

*How did it happen? I hope his suffering was small
Tell me every detail, I've got to know it all
And do you have a picture of the pain . . .*

*And the night comes again to the circle studded sky
The stars settle slowly, in loneliness they lie
'til the universe explodes as a falling star is raised
The planets are paralyzed; the mountains are amazed
But they all glow brighter from the brilliance of the blaze
With the speed of insanity, then he dies"*

Phil existed uncomplainingly in his sister's small, homey, children-filled house. He did not want to discuss the summer; on the telephone, he described that period to his brother as "a disaster." He established a sedentary daily routine, the high point of which came when the children returned from school to play cards with him into the night. Sometimes their friends



*above: with brother Michael.
right: with his grandmother,
and daughter Megan.*



*above, second from right: with
daughter Megan. upper right:
Spontaneous performance in
Australia. opposite page: with
daughter Megan on the roof of
their Bleeker Street apartment,
circa 1966.*

from next door would join them, as would Sonny, when she had a free moment. Gin, pinochle, spades . . . Phil was a passive player, rarely taking the bid, never gambling on more than was in his hand. David, Sonny's fourteen-year-old, worshiped his uncle and was his most constant partner at the living-room coffee table where Phil held court. He loved to hear Phil sing and euchred him into a deal: for every five hands that David won, Phil would have to pay him with a song.

Otherwise, he avoided music. Occasionally, out of habit, he would sit at the piano or pick up Sonny's guitar and try to compose, but nothing would come. He hardly expected it to. Once he said he wanted a new guitar—Sonny's had nylon strings, which he didn't like; no one knew when or where he had lost his own—and his sister, thinking he might be emerging from the depression, took him into Manhattan to buy one. They went to all the stores on 48th Street and Phil tried out guitars, but he didn't buy one because none was *just right*.

A friend of Sonny's offered to set up a gig at a coffeehouse near CCNY. Phil could pick his dates, do two 40-minute sets; he'd be paid. He said he couldn't. Why not? What was he afraid of?

I won't go over. People don't want to hear the same songs. And besides . . . I can't speak to the audience anymore.

As much as he despised indecisiveness, he was consumed with it, and terrified that people would ask him, "What's happened to the sixties?" or "What do you think of Angola?" when really, he had no opinions at all. He couldn't bear it that somehow he wasn't still making those moral decisions, persuading people . . . writing songs.

So talk about how you're feeling now, his sister said. People will be interested.

No, Phil said. *They don't want to hear about that.*

Sonny gave a party one Saturday, and Phil sang to 40 people who sat hushed, listening to every word. His voice carried beautifully; there was no problem there. Afterward they tried to tell him how good he had been, but he wouldn't—couldn't—accept their praise.

When he spoke of suicide, as he had so many times during the past four years, Sonny might joke about it, asking, how are you going to do it? This way's too bloody; that way's too slow . . . *I guess you'll just have to live.* Or she might point out the impossibility of change once he was dead, the chances that always existed as long as he was alive. He would shrug.

She always took such talk seriously, even came

for a while to expect him to act on it, although such expectations were never true belief. She did not think he would have the courage. Still, days when she came home and didn't see him sitting in his usual spot in the kitchen as she opened the front door, she would race through the house, calling for him, telephoning their mother who lived only blocks away if he couldn't be found, to ask. *Is he there?*

Yes, the mother would answer simply, knowing what prompted her call.

He brooded over the damage he had done in the summer: the connections severed. The relationships ruined. He held no grudges, blamed only himself, was apologetic and embarrassed.

He went to a Manhattan doctor who had once detected and cured in him an African parasite that had eluded other physicians. The doctor now told him he could find nothing. His sister said, *It seems you're not sick. There goes your last excuse. I guess you'll have to get up and perform now.* He said, *Yes, that was my last excuse.*

He had a great fear of being put in a mental hospital, as his father had been a few times. The last film he saw with his sister, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, did nothing to alleviate his terror. Truthfully, it was just as hard for his friends to imagine him so confined, his mind dulled by Thorazine.

He went to a psychiatrist—given his previous disregard for analysis, his fear, perhaps it was a tacit admission something was really wrong. He made an appointment to return the next week.

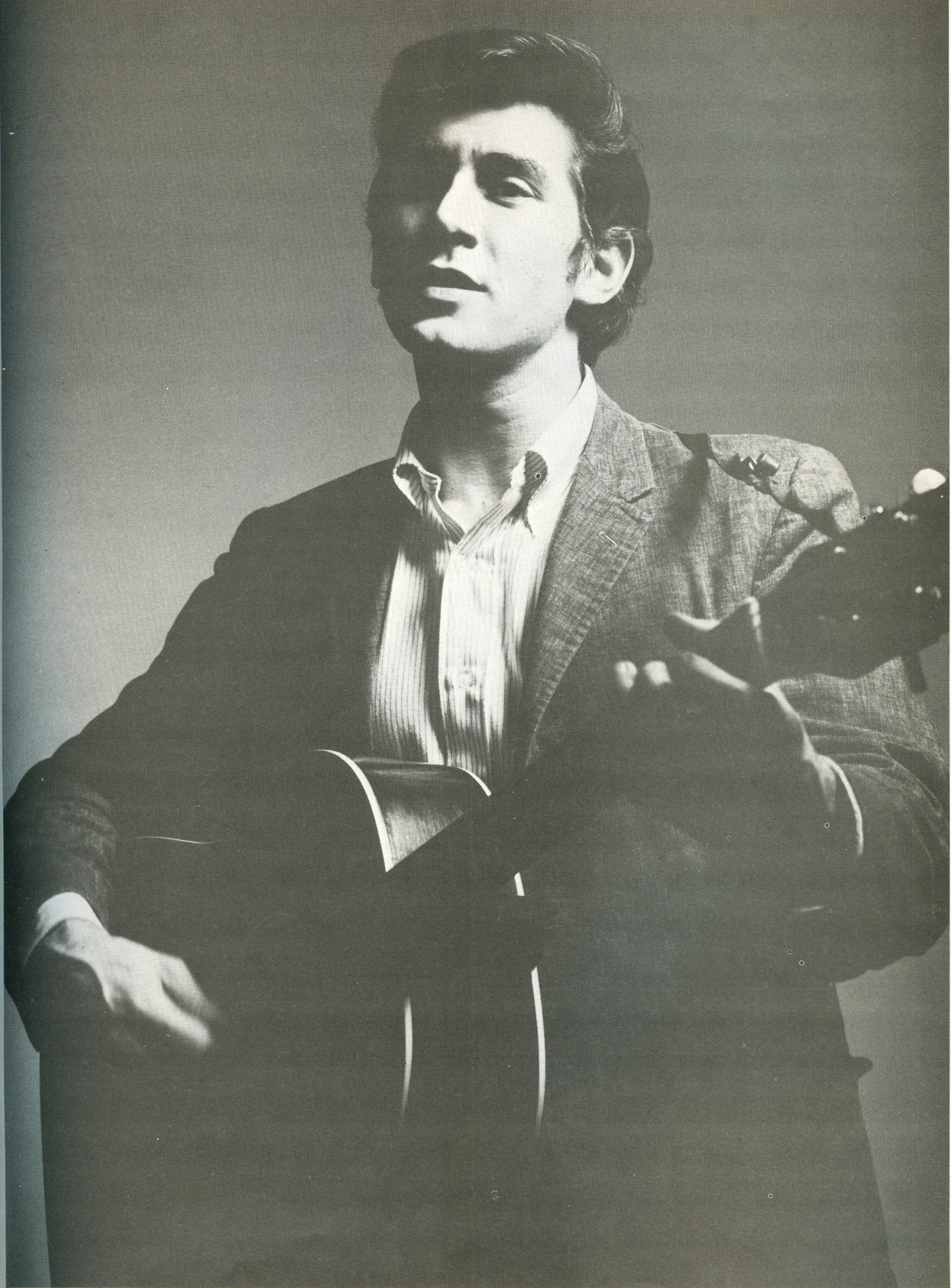
Spring had come. Everyone but him saw the world as green with promise.

Cards. Meals. Television. Walks to his mother's house on the ocean.

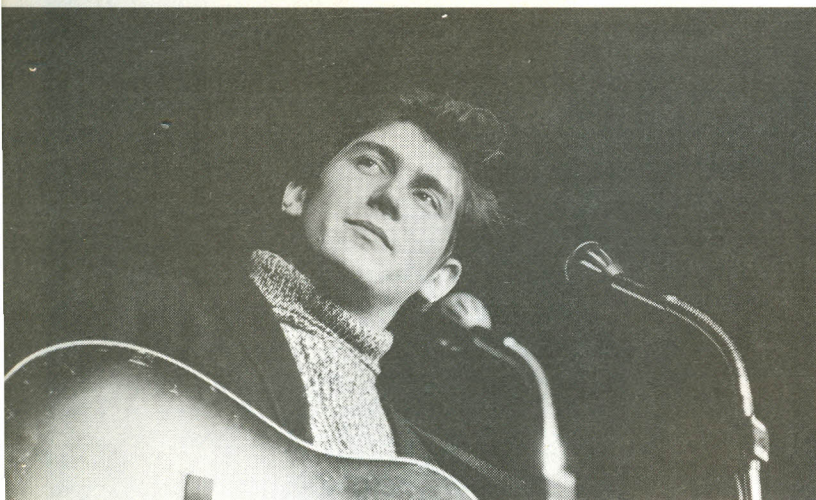
Afternoons sitting in the kitchen chair. Craving a cigarette; waiting for Sonny to come home so he could grab one of hers, rather than leave the house.

Sleeping on the couch; stretched out in the living room. He led friends to believe he was returning to California. One Saturday someone called and had the same optimistic conversation he had each weekend with Phil.

Then, a while later, alone in the house while his nephew David was occupied next door, Phil took a chair into the bathroom. He removed his belt, stood on the chair, made a loop in the belt and placed it around his neck, as he had already practiced in his apartment on Prince Street, put the end of the belt over the top of the door, pushed the door closed.



THE RECORDING PROCESS



Excerpted text from *Death Of A Rebel: starring Phil Ochs and a small circle of friends*, courtesy of Marc Eliot © 1978 Doubleday/Anchor.

Pleasures Of The Harbor was recorded in August, with a budget of \$40,000 and a producer by the name of Larry Marks, assigned by A&M to help Phil create the type of new sound he was looking for.

Recalls Marks: "We'd decided to try and expand Phil's market and the people he was reaching. We talked about it a great deal. He was writing things at that point, among them the song "Pleasures Of The Harbor" which was an extraordinary piece, unlike anything that I'd heard from Phil before. It was something that required more than I think Phil had been doing up to that time. Phil's writing always tended to be verse, chorus, verse, chorus, verse verse verse or chorus chorus chorus. He was very much interested in the lyrics, the storytelling. He was limited to a certain extent in his musical expansion of what he did. "Pleasures" had a terrific melody, and although it was repeated over and over again, we decided we would take a shot at expanding it, and treat every chorus and verse differently with a kind of orchestral background without overdoing it.

"We went into the studio and it was a lot of fun, and painful for Phil. It wasn't something he was terribly comfortable with. He knew that some things worked out well and some things didn't, but he didn't quite know how to change them. In the initial stages I wasn't quite sure what Phil was looking for either, or what was right for him. Maybe it was going back to the guitar and the vocal now, and letting Phil go by himself, not having to worry about expanding the background so Phil would expand all by himself. But there were a lot of things that Phil couldn't change because he just didn't have the technical knowledge to get in the studio with a lot of musicians and change things.

"One of the reasons Phil's vocals came out so well was the arrangements were totally foreign to Phil. He had to work very hard with the vocals, do them verse by verse, to line by line. "Pleasures" for example was a long song. Phil is punched in constantly all through the

album, on everything. Not because he wasn't capable of singing his whole song, it's just that . . . it's like a piano player who plays and sings. We took the guitar away from Phil so the rhythm Phil felt normally going from his hand to his mouth was totally disconnected. Now he's got a pair of earphones on like anybody else. He's singing to a track so every verse and every line, because they're all slightly different, become really a tone poem. And it's not like Phil laid out everything exactly the same, rhythmically. There are some lines that are slightly longer, some shorter, the rhythm, the meter is slightly different. He'd have to organize his thoughts, and do each one slightly different, and fall into the arrangement and the orchestration that was done for that particular verse. And they were all different. So it took him a long time to get used to it. But he did. He loved it. He loved the whole process. We always kind of trusted each other."

Marks brought together some of the finest personnel available to work with him on the album. Lincoln Mayorga did all the piano work. Ian Freebairn Smith and Joe Byrd each arranged several of the songs. It was decided to begin the album with the potential hit single, "Cross My Heart."

Marks: "The problem was to keep the variety going. We decided this particular time we would use various classical techniques to keep it going, ostinato patterns. The thing that was typical with Phil, you can see a tendency for effect, was to slow down for the bridge, and all of a sudden the orchestra is straining hard to follow him. He played the guitar originally and we pulled it off the cut. Now you have the whole orchestra straining desperately to keep a definite tempo, go through the retarded sections and then back into tempo. It was hard to do, and it's prevalent through the whole album.



Signing to the A&M Records label with Abe Somer and Jerry Moss.



“‘Outside Of A Small Circle Of Friends’ is an extraordinary cut. The arrangement added to the irony of the whole song. Tack piano played by Lincoln and a banjo and small rhythm section, nothing more. It’s almost like a saloon song you shouldn’t pay any attention to and the lyric means practically everything in the world. It goes right for the throat. In between each turnaround section we had Lincoln play a totally different thing, so we wouldn’t get locked into a figure.

Phil sang after the arrangements on most cuts. Sometimes he sang lightly with the guitar and then came back later to lay his voice down. We worked very hard on Phil’s voice. He wanted to make sure, for the first time in his life that he sounded like a singer as opposed to someone who was delivering his own material. He worked hard on it.

“On ‘Cross My Heart’ and a couple of others he was sweetened a bit.



"'Crucifixion.' We made loops for the opening. Towards the end it wears. Basically we did loops, electric harpsichord, some bells, some electronic effects and one of the harder parts for Phil was again, doing this all in tempo. I did the longest click track in the history of music for this. To keep a tempo beat I literally went through, bar by bar. I knew how Phil would try and sing it and although I knew it would be perfect because Phil couldn't sit down and play it with his guitar, I laid it out, counted out the bar numbers. There were a thousand bars or something, an astronomical amount. We weren't sure how we were going to get through it. I recorded the click track on tape. I put it on one track of the tape and kept the rhythm all the time. I slowed it down, speeded it up, tried to follow Phil's normal way. When he slows the verse down the whole thing slows down. As you cut the track there is some reference point on the tape. It was just incredibly difficult. He was drowned out at the end. We should have mixed him higher."

The opening moments of the "Pleasures" were flushed with nothing else, filled in with a sweeping, orchestral introduction, a windjammer at full sail, dissolving into the hushed voice of the sailor, Phil Ochs.

*And the ship sets the sail. They've lived the tale
to carry to the shore*

Straining at the oars or staring from the rails.

*And the sea bids farewell. She waves and swells,
And sends them on their way.*

Time has been her pay, and time will have to tell.

Oh! Soon your sailing will be over.

Come and take your pleasures of the harbor.

Phil's development as a songwriter had reached a dramatic stage. Gone was the urgent topicality in his lyrics, replaced by a growing sense of self-recognition; a shift in emphasis from the reporter's pen to the poet's eye. Phil's musical persona, 'til now the outspoken rebel ("Draft Dodger Rag," "I'm Going To Say It Now," "There But For Fortune") was changing. Gone was the merchant marine wearing a pea-coat on the cover

of *All The News That's Fit To Sing*, the social albatross beached on the streets, out of his natural element, the sea. With "Pleasures" Phil's self-image was ironically inverted. He was the sailor at sea, longing for the shore. The observer with the responsibility of protecting what can't be seen, what is just beyond the horizon, the pleasures of the harbor. It is Phil's version of the Protestant Ethic; the notion of the separation of pleasure and social responsibility. He is no longer the reportorial everyman. He is alone, separate, the reflector. He is the artist.

They finished recording the album Friday morning. Marks emerged from the studio with the tapes and took them to Contemporary Records, the best mastering facilities on the West coast. It was a very long album, nearly an hour, and very tough to master.

By Sunday afternoon Marks, who'd gone sleepless for the better part of the week, finally boarded a plane headed east. He arrived at Kennedy airport that evening, and, renting a car, drove to Connecticut. It was early morning before he was able to collapse into his bed.



He wasn't home an hour when he received a call from Phil. He wanted Marks to come right back to the coast, something had to be fixed on the album. Phil had listened to the final mix fifty times over the weekend, and kept hearing one thing he didn't like. By Monday afternoon, Marks was in the air, headed for L.A.

He went over the "Pleasures" cut with Phil in the studio. There was one word where Phil thought his voice cracked. Marks tried to talk him into leaving it the way it was, suggesting the cracking actually added a sense of fragility. Phil insisted it had to be changed and Marks fixed it. An hour later he was headed for the airport once again.

Phil supervised the design of the cover for the album. He wanted to be photographed standing on a dock, suggesting he'd either just arrived or was preparing to leave. He wore a sailor's cap and a suede jacket. The jacket was a gift from Michael J. Pollard, who'd gotten it from Lenny Bruce.

PHIL OCHS

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS... there really are no words to be wrung from an adman's skills to decorate the art of a poet who dyes his mind in music and makes it sing and dance to the meter of humanity's joys and follies. PHIL OCHS is a poet who has stretched his art beyond the accepted limitations of the industry of recorded sound. There are few words now...nor next week. Nor ever. PHIL OCHS (and what and who and why he is) is all there in the album; even the word "album" is inadequate. What PHIL OCHS has created is a movie without pictures. See it in the nearest drive-in (which is your own mind).

Look outside the window—there's a woman being grabbed.
They dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed.
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain.
But Monopoly is so much fun—I'd hate to blow the game...

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff.
Thirteen cars have piled up—they're hanging on a cliff
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain
But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's gonna rain...

Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops—

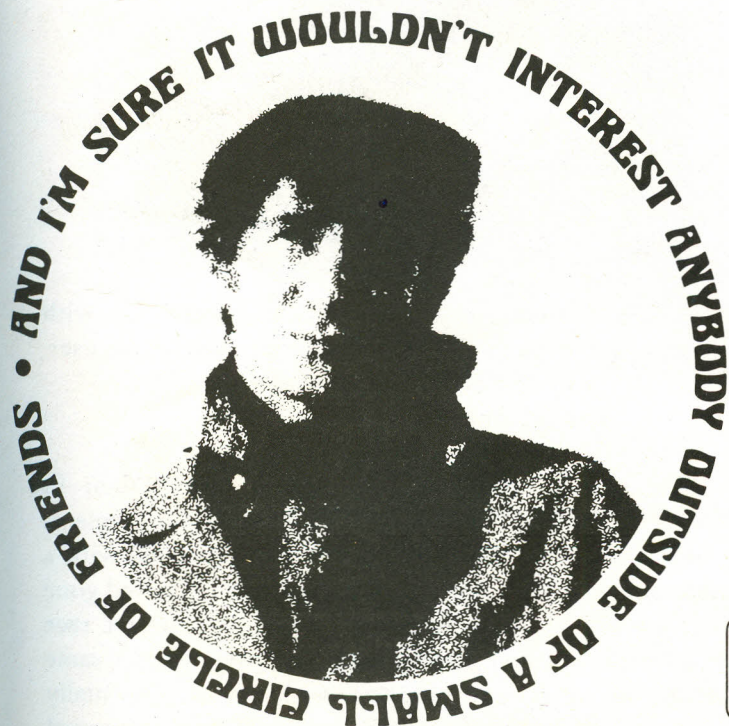
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops...

There's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times...

Smoking marijuana is more fun than drinking beer
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years.
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why—
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high...

But outside of the small circle of friends is a large rhomboid embracing most of the people of the world who are waiting for friendship, praying to belong, aching for comfort. PHIL OCHS' album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" is like the coming of a Dawn—it is not an Answer, but it offers the opportunity of an Awakening.

The album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" (and the songs within its tracks; "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" is one) is tossed into the rhomboid in the hope that a few more minds may be spun inside the small circle of friends and, thus, the circle may be enlarged.



PHIL OCHS



* * * * *

It was time for Phil to return to the studio. Jerry Moss was pressing for a follow-up album to *Pleasures*. Phil had been writing songs everywhere; in planes, in the backs of cars, on his shirtsleeves. He had a lot of new material, and was anxious to work with Larry Marks again.

They recorded the album quickly, in a week, after which Phil, still depressed over Kennedy's murder, wanted to get away from what he called "Old America." He told Michael to book a tour of Europe. Michael made the arrangements while Phil was in the studio.

*Half the world is crazy
The other half is scared
Madonnas do the minuet
For naked millionaires
The anarchists are rising,
While we're racing for the moon
It doesn't take a seer to see
The scene is coming soon*

The world was split, half crazy and half scared, presumably of the half that was crazy. It was a description of the physical state of the world, and a metaphor for the interior world of Phil Ochs; the sailor/singer, the "shadow of his soul."

In concert, Phil was at his greatest when he performed this song, establishing the melody with a slick finger-pick intro, and vamping chords during the verses. For the chorus, he would push the guitar up to the mike, and strum heavy, bassy chords, movie suspense music; vump, vump, vump, vump

Sorry I can't stop and talk now
vump, vump

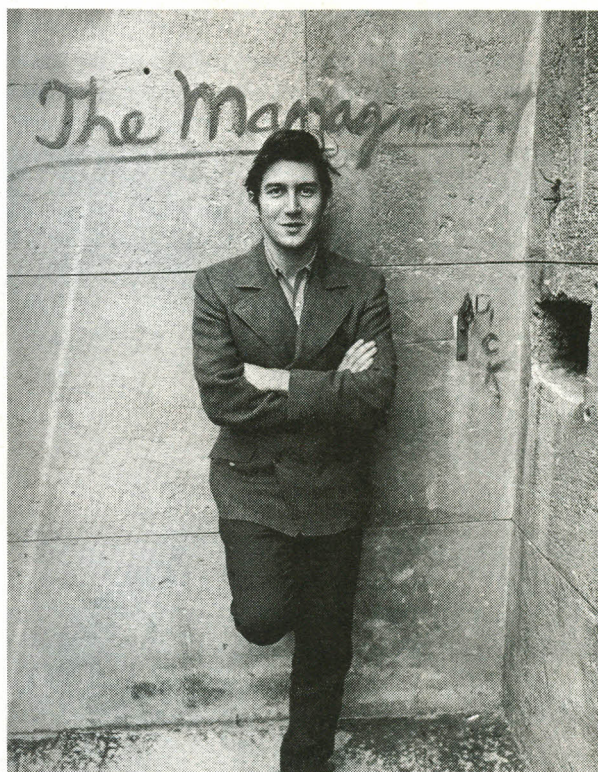
*I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow
But I'll send you a tape from California*



Larry Marks: "We finished it rather quickly. Phil wanted to get away, to perform for a new audience. He was going to Europe I believe . . . his meter problems with the long songs continued.

"We had meetings on the recording of "The War Is Over." Bob Thompson was brought in to arrange and orchestrate that particular cut. Phil was desperate to have that song done just right and he usually got what he wanted."

Jack Elliott was also brought in, to play guitar on "Joe Hill," a song Phil had written to the melody of Woody Guthrie's "Tom Joad." Marks remembers Elliott coming into the studio and immediately demanding something to drink. Marks' function during the recording of "Joe Hill" was to keep him sober long enough to finish the song.



"The Harder They Fall.' We had some fun with that one, doing violins to Phil's satire on Mother Goose:

*Mother Goose is on the loose
Stealing lines from Lenny Bruce . . .*

The longest piece on the album was "When In Rome," considered by many to be Phil's masterpiece, better even than "Crucifixion." It was recorded with a single guitar, Phil's, and it told the story of hatred gone wild, visualized as an uprising against the master race by a band of their slaves who fall prey to the same corruption of power as their tormentors, eventually to die by self-inflicted wound. It was a song influenced by Elia Kazan's *Viva Zapata*. The song was about the struggle for power; a conflict between black and white, a metaphorical duel between Phil Ochs and the shadow of his soul. In the final verse, death liberates:

*Release me from my mind
Kill me one more time and set me free*



PHIL OCHS

Personal Management
Joe Hill
CA-8-2041

PHIL OCHS DISCOGRAPHY courtesy of Marc Eliot

Broadside Ballads, Vol. 1. Folkways Records. (BR-301).
1963.

Appearing on the album are The New World Singers, Pete Seeger, Blind Boy Grunt, Peter La Farge, Gil Turner, Happy Traum, M. McGinn, Mark Spoelstra and Phil Ochs. Phil appears on side one: "THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM WORTHY."

Newport Broadside. Vanguard Stereolab. (VSD 9144).
Recorded 1963 at the Newport Folk Festival. Released 1964.

Appearing on the album are Bob Dylan, Tom Paxton, Sam Hinton, Bob Davenport, The Freedom Singers, Jim Garland, Ed McCurdy, Peter La Farge, Joan Baez and Phil Ochs. Phil appears on side two: "BALLAD OF MEDGAR EVERS," "TALKING BIRMINGHAM JAM."

New Folks. Vanguard Stereolab. (VSD 79140). 1964.

A compilation album featuring Eric Andersen, Lisa Kindred, Bob Jones and Phil Ochs. Phil appears on side two: "WILLIAM MOORE," "THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE," "TALKING AIRPLANE DISASTER," "PAUL CRUMP," "WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR."

The Broadside Singers. Broadside Records. (BR 303).
1964.

Appearing on the album are Eric Andersen, Patrick Sky, Buffy Ste. Marie, Pete Seeger and Phil Ochs. Phil appears solo on side one: "LINKS ON THE CHAIN." Phil sings harmony on most of the other cuts.

All The News That's Fit To Sing. Elektra Records.
(EKL-269, EKS-7269). 1964.

Side One

ONE MORE PARADE (Ochs/Gibson)
THE THRESHER
TALKING VIETNAM
LOU MARSH
POWER AND THE GLORY
CELIA
THE BELLS (Ochs/Poe)

Side Two

AUTOMATION SONG
THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM WORTHY
KNOCK ON THE DOOR
TALKING CUBAN CRISIS
BOUND FOR GLORY
TOO MANY MARTYRS (Ochs/Gibson)
WHAT'S THAT I HEAR

Producer: Jac Holzman
Recording Director: Paul A. Rothchild
Second Guitar: Danny Kalb

The Newport Folk Festival. Vanguard Records.
(VRS 9184, VSD 79184). 1964.

The evening concerts of July 23-26. Appearing on the album are Pete Seeger, Sleepy John Estes, Buffy Ste. Marie, Jose Feliciano, The Rodriguez Brothers, Frank Proffitt, Jim Kweskin and The Jug Band, Wes Montgomery, The Weavers and Phil Ochs. Phil appears on side two: "DRAFT DODGER RAG," "POWER AND THE GLORY."

I Ain't Marching Anymore. Elektra Records. (EKL-287, EKS-7287). 1965.

Side One

I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE
IN THE HEAT OF THE SUMMER
DRAFT DODGER RAG
THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO HEAR
THAT WAS THE PRESIDENT
IRON LADY
THE HIGHWAYMAN (Ochs/Noyes)

Side Two

LINKS ON THE CHAIN
HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA
THE MAN BEHIND THE GUNS
TALKING BIRMINGHAM JAM
BALLAD OF THE CARPENTER (MacColl)
DAYS OF DECISION
HERE'S TO THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

Producer: Jac Holzman
Recording Director: Paul Rothchild

Folksong '65. Elektra Records. (S-8). 15th Anniversary Commemorative Album. (S-8). Mono only. 1965.

Appearing on the album are Tom Rush, Judy Collins, John Koerner, Dave Day, Tony Glover, Hamilton Camp, Dick Rismini, Tom Paxton, Butterfield Blues Band, Kathy and Carol, Mark Spoelstra, Fred Neil, Bruce Murdoch and Phil Ochs. Phil appears on side two: "POWER AND THE GLORY."

Producer: Jac Holzman

Phil Ochs In Concert. Elektra Records. (EKL-310, EKS-7310). 1966.

Recorded at concerts given by Phil Ochs in Boston and New York in the winter of 1965-1966.

Side One
I'M GOING TO SAY IT NOW
BRACERO
RINGING OF REVOLUTION
IS THERE ANYBODY HERE
CANNONS OF CHRISTIANITY

Side Two
THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE
COPS OF THE WORLD
SANTO DOMINGO
CHANGES
LOVE ME, I'M A LIBERAL
WHEN I'M GONE

Producer: Mark Abramson and Jac Holzman

The Folk Box. Elektra Records. (EKL-Box). 1966.

A four-record set from the Elektra catalogue. Phil's version of "THE THRESHER" was included.

Producer: Jac Holzman

Pleasures Of The Harbor. A&M Records. (SP4133). 1967.

Side One
CROSS MY HEART
FLOWER LADY
OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS
I'VE HAD HER
MIRANDA

Side Two
THE PARTY
PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR
THE CRUCIFIXION

Producer: Larry Marks
Arranger: Ian Freebairn-Smith, Joseph Byrd
Piano accompaniment: Lincoln Mayorga

Tape From California. A&M Records. (SP4138). 1968.

Side One
TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA
WHITE BOOTS MARCHING IN A YELLOW LAND
HALF A CENTURY HIGH
JOE HILL
THE WAR IS OVER

Side Two
THE HARDER THEY FALL
WHEN IN ROME
FLOODS OF FLORENCE

Producer: Larry Marks
"The War Is Over"
Arranged by: Bob Thompson
"Floods Of Florence"
Arranged by: Ian Freebairn-Smith
Musicians: Jack Elliott, Van Dyke Parks,
Lincoln Mayorga

Rehearsals For Retirement. A&M Records. (SP4181). 1968.

Side One
PRETTY SMART ON MY PART
THE DOLL HOUSE
I KILL THEREFORE I AM
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS VISITS LINCOLN PARK
AND ESCAPES UNSCATHED
MY LIFE

Side Two
THE SCORPION DEPARTS BUT NEVER RETURNS
THE WORLD BEGAN IN EDEN BUT ENDED
IN LOS ANGELES
DOESN'T LENNY LIVE HERE ANYMORE
ANOTHER AGE
REHEARSALS FOR RETIREMENT

Producer: Larry Marks
Piano accompaniment: Lincoln Mayorga
Guitar and Bass: Bob Rafkin

Phil Ochs' Greatest Hits. A&M Records. (SP4253). 1970.

Side One

ONE WAY TICKET HOME
JIM DEAN OF INDIANA
MY KINGDOM FOR A CAR
BOY IN OHIO
GAS STATION WOMEN

Side Two

CHORDS OF FAME
TEN CENTS A COUP
BACH, BEETHOVEN, MOZART AND ME
BASKET IN THE POOL
NO MORE SONGS

Producer: Van Dyke Parks
Musicians: Clarence White, Bob Rafkin,
Chris Ethridge, Ryland Cooder,
James Burton, Gene Parsons,
Bobby Bruce, Don Rich,
Mike Rubini, Tom Scott,
Gary Coleman, Richard Rosmini,
Laurindo Almeida, Mary Clayton,
Anne Goodman, Clydie King,
Sherlie Mathews

Get Off. NAPRA. 1973.

Released to radio stations only. Anti-drug messages by a number of artists, including Phil Ochs.

Broadside Reunion. Folkways Records. (FR-5315, BR-315). 1972.

An anthology of previous Broadside albums. Phil appears on side one: "HUNGER AND COLD," and on side two: "CHANGING HANDS."

Producer: Agnes Friesen

The Bitter End: The First Ten Years. Roxbury Records. (RLX 300). 1974.

An anthology of live performances from The Bitter End. Phil appears on side one: "I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE."

Gunfight At Carnegie Hall. A&M Records. (SP9010). 1975.

A live recording of Phil's Carnegie Hall "Gold Suit" concert. Recorded April 3, 1970. Released in Canada only.

Side One

MONA LISA (Livingston/Evans)
I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE
OAKIE FROM MUSKOGEE (Haggard/Burris)
CHORDS OF FAME

BUDDY HOLLY MEDLEY:

NOT FADE AWAY (Hardin/Petty)
I'M GONNA LOVE YOU TOO (Maudlin/Sullivan/
Petty)
THINK IT OVER (Holly/Petty/Allison)
OH BOY (West/Tilghman/Petty)
EVERYDAY (Petty/Hardin)
NOT FADE AWAY (Hardin/Petty)

Side Two

PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR
TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA
ELVIS PRESLEY MEDLEY:
MY BABY LEFT ME (Crudup)
I'M READY (Robichaux)
HEARTBREAK HOTEL (Durden/Presley/Axton)
ALL SHOOK UP (Blackwell/Presley)
ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT (Turk/Handman)
MY BABY LEFT ME - encore
A FOOL SUCH AS I (Trader)

Producer: Phil Ochs
Band Members: Bob Rafkin, Lincoln Mayorga,
Kenny Kaufman, Kevin Kelly

Song For Patty. Folkways Records. (BR 5310). 1975.

Sammy Walker's Folkways album. Phil appears on side two, singing harmony on "BOUND FOR GLORY" (Ochs), along with Sis Cunningham.

Producer: Phil Ochs

Phil Ochs, Sings For Broadside. Folkways Records. (FD 6320). 1976.

An unauthorized "memorial" album. Recording quality is extremely poor.

Side One

PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR
THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO HEAR
I'M GONNA SAY IT NOW
CHANGES
ON HER HAND A GOLDEN RING
DAYS OF DECISION
SANTO DOMINGO

Side Two

UNITED FRUIT
CRUCIFIXION
OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS
WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR
RINGING OF REVOLUTION

Producer: Paul Kaplan and Gordon Friesen

Phil Ochs: Chords Of Fame. A&M Records. (SP4599).
1976.

A two-record memorial album released by A&M with the cooperation of Elektra Records.

Side One

I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE
ONE MORE PARADE
DRAFT DODGER RAG
HERE'S TO THE STATE OF RICHARD NIXON
THE BELLS
BOUND FOR GLORY
TOO MANY MARTYRS
THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE

Side Two

I'M GOING TO SAY IT NOW
SANTO DOMINGO
CHANGES
IS THERE ANYBODY HERE
LOVE ME, I'M A LIBERAL
WHEN I'M GONE

Side Three

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS
PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR
TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA
CHORDS OF FAME
CRUCIFIXION

Side Four

THE WAR IS OVER
JIM DEAN OF INDIANA
POWER AND THE GLORY
FLOWER LADY
NO MORE SONGS

The album was compiled by Michael Ochs. The following cuts were different from the way they appeared on previous albums:

- "I Ain't Marching Anymore" - Electric version produced by Paul Rothchild
- "Here's To The State Of Richard Nixon" - Produced by Arthur Gorson and Phil Ochs
- "Pleasures Of The Harbor" - As it appeared on the Gunfight album
- "Tape From California" - As it appeared on the Gunfight album
- "Power And The Glory" - Produced by Arthur Gorson and Phil Ochs
- "Crucifixion" (acoustic version) - Produced by Michael Ochs

Jim & Jean, Changes. Verve Folkways. (FT/FTS3001).

Jim & Jean sing Phil's songs "CHANGES," "FLOWER LADY" and "CRUCIFIXION." Phil wrote the liner notes: "... Jim & Jean, the kind of couple who might well persuade people from Iowa to buy Savings Bonds."

A&M FAMILY PORTRAIT A&M Records (SP19002)

Sampler issued in 1967. Phil sings "Cross My Heart." Also includes The Sandpipers, Herb Alpert and Boyce & Hart.

SINGLES

I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE / THAT WAS THE PRESIDENT. *Elektra Records; Harmony Music Ltd.* (EKSX). 1966.

Initial release in England. Subsequent release as a paper record in *Sing Out*, - 1966.

CROSS MY HEART / FLOWER LADY. *A&M Records.* (881). 1967.

Producer: Larry Marks.

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS / MIRANDA. *A&M Records.* (891). 1967

Producer: Larry Marks

Also released as an edited twosided version for radio stations.

THE WAR IS OVER / THE HARDER THEY FALL. *A&M Records.* (932). 1968.

Producer: Larry Marks

KANSAS CITY BOMBER / GAS STATION WOMEN. *A&M Records.* (1376).

- "Kansas City Bomber" - Produced by Ochs Brothers and Lee Housekeeper
- "Gas Station Women" - Produced by Van Dyke Parks

"Kansas City Bomber" was recorded in Australia and re-mixed in Hollywood.

BWATUE / NIKO MCHUMBA NGOMBE. *A&M Records.* 1973. Released in Africa only. Recorded in Kenya.

Recorded by Phil Ochs and the Pan-African Ngembo Rumba Band.

"Bwatue" was recorded in Lingala
"Niko Mchumba Ngombe" was recorded in Swahili

POWER AND THE GLORY / HERE'S TO THE STATE OF RICHARD NIXON. *A&M Records.* (1509). 1974.

Producer: Arthur Gorson and Phil Ochs

CHANGES

Moderately Slow

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

1. Sit by my side, come as close as the air, Share in a
mem - 'ry of grey, and wan - der in my words. And dream a - bout the
pic - tures that I play of chang - es.

2. Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall,
To brown and to yellow they fade;
And then they have to die, trapped within the
Circle time parade of changes.
3. Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind,
Visions of shadows that shine.
Till one day I returned and found they were the
Victims of the vines of changes.
4. The world's spinning madly, it drifts in the dark;
Swings through a hollow of haze.
A race around the stars, a journey through the
Universe ablaze with changes.
5. Moments of magic will glow in the night.
All fears of the forest are gone.
But when the morning breaks, they're swept away by
Golden drops of dawn of changes.
6. Passions will part to a strange melody
As fires will sometimes burn cold.
Like petals in the wind, we're puppets to the
Silver strings of souls of changes.
7. Your tears will be trembling, now we're somewhere else.
One last cup of wine we will pour.
And I'll kiss you one more time and leave you on the
Rolling river shores of changes.
8. Repeat first verse

Moderately


2. Lovers quarrel, snarl away their happiness,
Kisses crumble in a web of loneliness.
It's written by the poison pen; voices break before they bend
The door is slammed, it's over once again,
But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.
3. Poets agonize, they cannot find the words.
The stone stares at the sculptor, asks are you absurd,
The painter paints his brushes black; through the canvas runs a crack.
The portrait of the pain never answers back.
But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.
4. Soldiers disillusioned, come home from the war.
Sarcastic students tell them not to fight no more;
And they argue through the night, black is black and white is white,
Walk away both knowing they are right.
Still nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.
5. Smoke dreams of escaping soul are drifting by.
Dull the pain of living as they slowly die.
Smiles change into a sneer, washed away by whisky tears.
In the quicksand of their minds they disappear.
But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.
6. Feeble aged people almost to their knees
Complain about the present using memories.
Never found their pot of gold, wrinkled hands pound weary holes.
Each line screams out you're old, you're old, you're old—
But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.
7. And the flower lady hobbles home without a sale;
Tattered shreds of petals leave a fading trail.
Not a pause to hold a rose, even she no longer knows.
The lamp goes out, the evening now is closed.
And nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady.

POWER AND THE GLORY

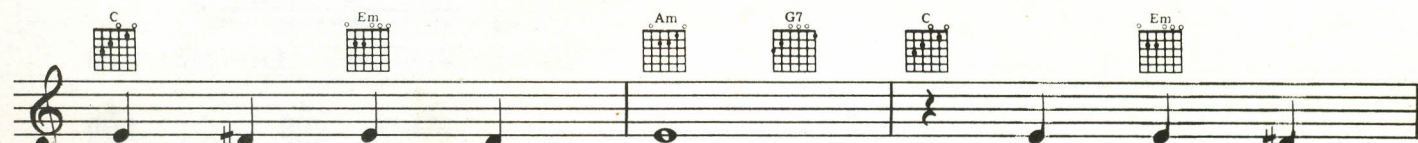
Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Brightly
Verse:

1. C' - mon and take a walk with me through this



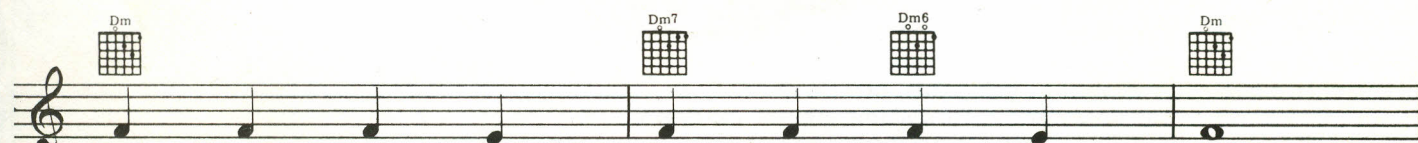
green and grow - in' land. Walk through the



mead - ows and the moun - tains and the sand. Walk through the



val - leys and the riv - ers and the plains.



Walk through the sun and walk through the rain.



Chorus:

Here's a land full of pow - er and



glo - ry Beauty that words can - not re -

- call Oh her pow - er shall rest on the

strength of her free - dom, Her glo - ry shall rest on u

all. 2. From all,

on us all.

2. From Colorado, Kansas and the Carolinas, too,
Virginia and Alaska, from the old to the new,
Texas and Ohio and the California shore,
Tell me who could ask for more.
(CHORUS)
3. Yet she's only as rich as the poorest of the poor,
Only as free as a padlocked prison door,
Only as strong as our love for this land,
Only as tall as we stand.
(CHORUS)
4. C'mon and take a walk with me through this green and growin' land,
Walk through the meadows and the mountains and the sand,
Walk through the valleys and the rivers and the plains,
Walk through the sun and walk through the rain.
(CHORUS)

CELIA

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. When the wind from the is - land — is roll - in' thru the
trees, — when a kiss from a pris - on cell is car - ried in the
breeze; That's when I won - der how sad a man can be,
Oh when will Ce - lia come to me?

2. I still remember the mountains of the war --
Sierra Madre and the Philipino shore;
When will I lie beside my Celia 'neath the trees?
Oh when will Celia come to me?
3. So many years were stolen, so many years are gone,
And the vision of my Celia made dreams to dream upon;
Each hour is a day filled with memories
Oh when will Celia come to me?
4. I wake each morning and I watch the sun arise;
Wonder if my Celia sleeps, wonder if she cries,
If hate must be my prison lock, then love must be the key
Oh when will Celia come to me?
5. The guns have stopped their firing, you may wander thru the hills;
They kept my Celia thru the war, they keep her from me, still
She waits upon the island, now a prisoner of the sea
Oh when will Celia come to me?
6. When the wind from the island is rolling thru the trees,
When a kiss from a prison cell is carried in the breeze,
That's when I wonder how sad a man can be
Oh when will Celia come to me?

TOO MANY MARTYRS

Words by
PHIL OCHS

Music by
PHIL OCHS
and BOB GIBSON

Moderately

1. In the state of Mis - sis - sip - pi man - y years a - go, A
boy of four-teen years got a taste of South-ern law. He saw his friend a-hang-in', his
col-or was his crime, The blood up-on his jack-et put a brand up-on his mind.

Chorus:
Too man - y mar - tyr's and too man - y dead,
Too man-y lies, too man-y empty words were said, Too man-y times for two
man - y an - gry men, Oh, let it nev - er be a - gain.

2. His name was Medgar Evers and he walked his road alone,
Like Emmett Till and thousands more whose names we'll never know;
They tried to burn his home and they beat him to the ground,
But deep inside they both knew what it took to bring him down.
(CHORUS)
3. The killer waited by his home hidden by the night,
As Evers stepped out from his car into the rifle sight;
He slowly squeezed the trigger, the bullet left his side,
It struck the heart of every man when Evers fell and died.
(CHORUS)
4. They laid him in his grave while the bugle sounded clear,
They laid him in his grave when victory was near.
While we waited for the future with the wisdom of our plans,
The country gained a killer, and the country lost a man.
(CHORUS)

LOU MARSH

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately
Verse:

1. On the streets of New York Cit - y _____ When the

hour was get - tin' late, _____ There were young men armed with knives and guns, And

young men armed with hate. _____ And Lou Marsh stepped be -

- tween them _____ And died there in his tracks _____ For

one man is no ar - my _____ when a cit - y turns its back. _____

Chorus:

And now the streets are emp - ty, _____ Now the streets are

dark, _____ So keep an eye on shad - ows _____ And

nev - er pass the park _____ For the cit - y is a

jun - gle _____ when the law is _____ out of sight, _____ And

death lurks in El Bar - ri - o with the or - phans of the night. _____

2. He left behind the chambers of the church he served so long,
For he learned the prayers of distant men will never right the wrongs;
His church became an alley and his pulpit was the street,
And he made his congregation from the boys he used to meet.

(CHORUS)

3. 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.

(CHORUS)

4. Now Lou Marsh lies forgotten in his cold and silent grave,
But his memory still lingers on in those he tried to save;
And all of us who knew him will now and then recall,
And shed a tear on poverty - - the tombstone of us all.

(CHORUS)

I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

With Vigor

Oh, I marched to the Bat - tle of New Or -

- leans At the end of the ear - ly Brit-ish war, _____ A

young land start - ed grow - in', the young blood start - ed flow - in', But

I ain't march-in' an - y - more. _____

2. For I killed my share of Injuns in a thousand different fights,
I was there at the Little Big Horn;
I heard many men a-lyin',
I saw many more a-dyin',
And I ain't marchin' anymore.

Interlude

It's al - ways the old to lead us to the

war, Al - ways the young to fall, _____

Now look at all we won with a

sa - bre and a gun Tell me, was it

worth it all? _____ For I

To 3rd Verse

3. For I stole California from the Mexican Land,
Fought in the bloody Civil War,
Yes, I even killed my brothers,
And so many others,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

4. For I marched to the battles of the German trench
In a war that was bound to end all wars;
I must have killed a million men
And now they want me back again,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

(Repeat INTERLUDE)

5. For I flew the final mission in the Japanese skies,
Set off the mighty mushroom roar,
When I saw the cities burnin',
I knew that I was learnin'
That I ain't marchin' anymore.

6. Now the labor leader's screamin' when they close the missile plants,
United Fruit screams at the Cuban shore,
Call it "Peace" or call it "Treason",
Call it "Love" or call it "Reason",
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

BOUND FOR GLORY

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. He walked all o - ver his own grow-in' land
From the New York Is - land to the Cal - i - for - nia sand
He saw all the peo - ple that need-ed to be seen Plant-ed all the
grass where there need-ed to be green. And now he's bound for a
glo-ry of his own And now he's bound for glo-ry.

2. He wrote and he sang and he rode upon the rails,
And he got on board when the sailors had to sail;
He said all the words that needed to be said,
He fed all the hungry souls that needed to be fed.

Chorus: AND NOW HE'S BOUND FOR A GLORY OF HIS OWN,
AND NOW HE'S BOUND FOR GLORY.

3. He sang in our streets and he sang in our halls,
And he was always there when the unions gave a call;
He did all the jobs that needed to be done,
And he always stood his ground when the smaller men would run.
(CHORUS)

4. And it's "Pastures of Plenty," wrote the dust bowl balladeer,
And "This Land is Your Land" he wanted us to hear;
And the risin' of the unions will be sung about again,
The "Deportees" live on thru the power of his pen.
(CHORUS)

5. Now they sing out his praises on every distant shore,
But so few remember what he was fightin' for,
Oh why sing the songs and forget about the aim,
He wrote them for a reason why not sing them for the same.
(CHORUS)

LINKS ON THE CHAIN

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Vigorously

1. Come you ranks of la - bor, come you un - ion core, And
see if you re - mem - ber the strug - gles of be - fore, When you were stand - ing
help - less on the out - side of the door, And you start - ed build - ing
links on the chain, on the chain, And you
start - ed build - ing links on the chain.

2. When the police on the horses were waitin' on demand,
Ridin' through the strike with the pistols in their hands
Swingin' at the skulls of many a union man,
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,
As you built one more link on the chain.
3. Then the army of the fascists tried to put you on the run,
But the army of the union, they did what could be done,
Oh, the power of the factory was greater than the gun,
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,
As you built one more link on the chain.
4. And then in 1954, decisions finally made,
The black man was a-risin' fast and racin' from the shade,
And your union took no stand and your union was betrayed,
As you lost yourself a link on the chain, on the chain,
As you lost yourself a link on the chain.
5. And then there came the boycotts and then the freedom rides,
And forgetting what you stood for, you tried to block the tide,
Oh, the automation bosses were laughin' on the side,
As they watched you lose your link on the chain, on the chain,
As they watched you lose your link on the chain.
6. You know when the block your trucks boys, by layin' on the road,
All that they are doin' is all that you have showed,
That you gotta strike, you gotta fight to get what you are owed,
When you're building all your links on the chain, on the chain,
When you're building all your links on the chain.
7. And the man who tries to tell you that they'll take your job away,
He's the same man who was scabbin' hard just the other day,
And your union's not a union till he's thrown out of the way,
And he's chokin' on your links of the chain, of the chain,
And he's chokin' on your links of the chain.
8. For now the times are tellin' you the times are rollin' on,
And you're fighting for the same thing, the jobs that will be gone,
Now it's only fair to ask you boys, which side are you on
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain, on the chain,
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain.

THE BELLS

Lyric based on
Edgar Allan Poe's poem

Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. Hear the sled - ges with the bells, sil - ver bells. _____

_____ What a world of mer - ri - ment their mel - o - dy fore -

tells. _____ How they tin - kle, tin - kle, tin - kle in the

i - cy air of night. All the heav - ens seem to twin - kle with a

crys - tal - line de - light, _____ keep - ing time, time,

time, with a sort of ru - nic rhyme, _____ with the

tin - tin - ab - u - la - tion that so mu - sic - al - ly wells, _____

_____ from the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,

bells, from the jing - ling and the tin - kling of the bells. _____

2. Hear the mellow wedding bells, golden bells.
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells.
 Through the balmy air of night how they ring out their delight.
 Through the dances and the yells and the rapture that impels
 How it swells, how it dwells, on the future how it tells.
 From the swinging and the ringing of the molten golden bells
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.
 Of the rhying and the chiming of the bells.
3. Hear the loud alarm bells, brazen bells.
 What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells.
 Much too horrified to speak, oh, they can only shriek.
 For all the ears to know how the danger ebbs and flows,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher in a desperate desire,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire.
 With the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.
 With the clamor and the clanging of the bells.
4. Hear the tolling of the bells, iron bells.
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels.
 For all the sound that floats from the rust within our throats,
 And the people sit and groan in their muffled monotone,
 And the tolling, tolling, tolling feels a glory in the rolling,
 From the throbbing and the sobbing of the melancholy bells.
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.
 Of the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
5. (Repeat 1st Verse.)

THE HIGHWAYMAN

Words adapted from the poem by
Alfred Noyes

Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately with vigor

1. The wind was a tor-rent of dark-ness— a - mong the gust - y

trees, the moon was a ghost - ly gal - leon tossed up - on cloud-y

seas, and the road was a rib-bon of moon-light— o - ver the pur - ple

moor, and the high-way - man came rid - ing, rid - ing, rid - ing, yes, the

high - way - man came rid - ing— up to the old inn door.

(Play after last stanza only)

2. Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn yard
He tapped with his whip on the window but all was locked and barred
So he whistled a tune to the window and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter, Bess, the landlord's daughter
Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.
3. One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light
Yet if they press me sharply and harry me through the day
Then look for me by moonlight, watch for me by moonlight
And I'll come to thee by moonlight though hell should bar the way.
4. He did not come at the dawning he did not come at the noon
And out of the tawny sunset before the rise of the moon
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon looping the purple moor
Oh a redcoat troop came marching, marching, marching
King George's men came marching up to the old inn door.
5. They bound the landlord's daughter with many a sniggering jest
They bound the musket beside with the barrel beneath her breast
Now keep good watch and they kissed her, she heard the dead man say,
"Oh, look for me by moonlight, watch for me by moonlight,
And I'll come to thee by moonlight though hell should bar the way."
6. Look for me by moonlight, the hoof beats ringing clear,
Watch for me by moonlight were they deaf that they could not hear,
For he rode on the gypsy highway, she breathed one final breath
Then her finger moved in the moonlight, her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him with her death.
7. He turned, he spurred on to the west, he did not know who stood
Bowed with her black hair flowin' down, drenched with her own red blood,
Not 'till the dawn he heard it his face grew gray to hear
How the landlord's blackeyed daughter, yes, the landlord's daughter
Had watched for her love in the moonlight and died in the darkness there.
8. Back he spurred like a madman shrieking a curse to the sky
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high
Blood red his spurs in the golden moon, wine red his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway, down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway with a bunch of lace at his throat.
9. And still of a winter's night they say when the wind is in the trees
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cludy seas
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor
Oh, a highwayman comes riding, riding, riding,
Yes, a highwayman comes riding up to the old inn door.

WHAT'S THAT I HEAR

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. What's that I hear now ring-in' in my ear, I've heard that sound be -
fore,
What's that I hear now ring-in' in my ear,
I hear it more and more. It's the sound of free-dom call - in',
ring-in' up to the sky, It's the sound of the old ways a - fall - in',
You can hear it if you try, You can hear it if you try.
try, You can feel it if you try, if you try.

2. What's that I see now shinin' in my eyes,
I've seen that light before,
What's that I see now shinin' in my eyes,
I see it more and more.
It's the light of freedom shinin', shinin' up to the sky,
It's the light of the old ways a-dyin',
You can see it if you try, you can see it if you try.
3. What's that I feel now beatin' in my heart,
I've felt that beat before,
What's that I feel now beatin' in my heart,
I feel it more and more.
It's the rumble of freedom callin', climbin' up to the sky,
It's the rumble of the old ways a-fallin',
You can feel it if you try, you can feel it if you try.

THAT WAS THE PRESIDENT

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

Oh, the bul - lets of the false re - venge have struck us once a -
- gain, As the an - gry seas have struck up - on the sand, And it
seemed as though a friend - less world had lost it - self a friend,
That was the Pres - i - dent and that was the man.

2. Oh, I still can see him smiling there and waving at the crowd,
As he drove through the music of the band;
And never even knowin' no more time would be allowed,
Not for the President and not for the man.
3. Here's a memory to share, here's a memory to save,
Of the sudden early ending of command.
But a part of you, a part of me is buried in his grave,
That was the President and that was the man.
4. It's not only for the leader that the sorrow hit so hard,
There are greater things I'll never understand.
How a man so filled with life even death was caught off guard,
That was the President and that was the man.
5. Everything he might have done and all he could have been,
Was proven by the troubled traitor's hand.
For what other death could wound the hearts of so many men,
That was the President and that was the man.
6. Yes, the glory that was Lincoln's never died when he was slain,
It's been carried over time and time again;
And to the list of honor you may add another name,
That was the President and that was the man.

THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Vigorously

1. Show me a pris-on Show me a jail Show me a pris-on man whose face is grow-in' pale And I'll show you a young man with man-y rea-sons why And there but for for-tune may go you or I. I, or I.

For repeat *Last time*

2. Show me an alley, show me a train,
Show me a hobo who sleeps out in the rain,
And I'll show you a young man with many reasons why,
And there but for fortune may go you or I.
3. Show me the whiskey that stains on the floor,
Show me a drunken man as he stumbles out the door,
And I'll show you a young man with many reasons why,
And there but for fortune may go you or I.
4. Show me a country where the bombs had to fall,
Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall,
And I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why,
And there but for fortune may go you or I, or I.

CRUCIFIXION

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. And the night comes a - gain to the cir - cle stud - ded sky, ___

The stars set - tle slow - ly, ___ in lone - li - ness they

lie. ___ Till the u - ni - verse ex - plodes as a

fall - ing star is raised. The plan - ets are par - a - lyzed; - The

moun - tains are a - mazed; But they all glow bright - er from the

bril - liance of the blaze. With the speed of in - san - i - ty, then he

dies! ___ 2. In the green fields of turn - ing, a

ba - by is born; ___ His cries crease the

wind, ___ and min - gle with the morn, ___ An as -

sault up - on the or - der, the chang - ing of the guard.

Chos - en for a chal - lenge that's hope - less - ly hard. And the

on - ly sin - gle sign is the sigh - ing of the stars; But to the

si - lence of dis - tance, they're sworn!

Chorus: So Dance, Dance, Dance; teach us to be true. Come

Dance, Dance, Dance; 'cause we love you.

3. Images of innocence charge him to go on,
But the decadence of history is looking for a pawn.
To a nightmare of knowledge he opens up the gate;
A blinding revelation is served upon his plate,
That beneath the greatest love is a hurricane of hate,
And God help the critic of the dawn.
4. So he stands on the sea, and he shouts to the shore.
But the louder that he screams, the longer he's ignored.
For the wine of oblivion is drunk to the dregs,
And the merchants of the masses almost have to be begged
'Til the giant is aware that someone's pulling at his leg,
And someone is tapping at the door.

Chorus

5. Then his message gathers meaning, and it spreads across the land.
The rewarding of the fame is the following of the man.
But ignorance is everywhere and people have their way,
And success is an enemy to the losers of the day.
In the shadows of the churches who knows what they pray.
And blood is the language of the band.
6. The Spanish bulls are beaten; the crowd is soon beguiled,
The matador is beautiful, a symphony of style.
Excitement is ecstatic? passion places bets.
Gracefully he bows to ovations that he gets?
But the hands that are applauding are slippery with sweat,
And saliva is falling from their smiles.

Chorus

7. Then this overflow of life is crushed into a liar.
The gentle soul is ripped apart and tossed into the fire.
First a smile of rejection at the nearness of the night.
Truth becomes a tragedy limping from the light.
The heavens are horrified? they stagger from the sight,
And the cross is trembling with desire.
8. They say they can't believe it, "It's a sacrilegious shame.
Now, who would want to hurt such a hero of the game.
But you know I predicted it? I knew he had to fall.
How did it happen? I hope his suffering was small.
Tell me every detail, I've got to know it all,
And do you have a picture of the pain."

Chorus

9. Time takes her toll, and the memory fades,
But his glory is growing in the magic that he made.
Reality is ruined? there is nothing more to fear.
The drama is distorted to what they want to hear.
Swimming in their sorrow in the twisting of a tear
As they wait for the new thrill parade.
10. The eyes of the rebel have been branded by the blind.
To the safety of sterility the threat has been refined.
The child was created to the slaughter house he's led.
So good to be alive when the eulogies are read.
The climax of emotion, the worship of the dead
As the cycle of sacrifice unwinds.

Chorus

And the night comes again to the circle studded sky,
The stars settle slowly, in loneliness they lie
'Til the universe explodes as a falling star is raised.
The planets are paralyzed? the mountains are amazed?
But they all glow brighter from the brilliance of the blaze.
With the speed of insanity, then he dies!

HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. From the flat plains of O - hi - o we drift - ed out one day, _____

_____ For the south - ern part of a jour - ney. _____

Un - der - neath the bridge, the O - hi - o Riv - er sang, _____ As we

head - ed for the hills of West Vir - gin - ia. _____

2. And the red sun of the mornin' was smilin' through the trees,
As the darkness of the night was quickly fadin',
And the fog hugged the road like a cloudy, cloudy sea,
As we drove through the hills of West Virginia.
3. And we smoked the tobacco and drank of the wine,
And spoke of the forests we were passin'.
And the road would wind and wind and wind,
As we drove through the hills of West Virginia.
4. And Among all the wealth of the beauty that we passed,
There was many old shacks a-growin' older,
And we saw the broken bottles a-layin' on the grass,
Where we drove through the hills of West Virginia.
5. The Virginia people watched as we went ridin' by,
Oh, proud as a boulder they were standin'.
And we wondered at each other with a meetin' of the eye,
As we drove through the hills of West Virginia.
6. And once in awhile, we would stop by the road,
And gaze at the womb of the valley.
Almost wishin' for a path down below,
Where we stopped in the hills of West Virginia.
7. Up and down and all around we took our restless ride,
And the rocks they were starin' cold and jagged.
Where explosions of the powder had torn away the side,
Where we drove through the hills of West Virginia.
8. And the orange sun was fallin' on the southern border line,
As the shadows of the night were now returnin'.
And we knew the mountains followed us and watched us from behind,
As we drove from the hills of West Virginia.

BRACERO

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. Wade in - to the riv - er through the rip - pling shad - ow
wat - ers, steal a - cross the thirst - y bor - der, Bra - ce - ro,
come, bring your hun - gry bod - y to the gold - en fields of
plen - ty, from a pe - so to a pen - ny, Bra - ce - ro.
Oh, wel - come to Cal - i - for - nia, where
the friend - ly farm - ers will take care of you.

2. Come labor for your mother, for your father and your brother,
For your sisters and your lover, Bracero.
Come pick the fruits of yellow, break the flowers from the berries.
Purple grapes will fill your bellies, Bracero.

Chorus

3. And the sun will bite your body as the dust will dry you thirsty
While your muscles beg for mercy, Bracero.
In the shade of your sombrero, drop your sweat upon the soil
Like fruit, your youth can spoil, Bracero.

Chorus

4. When the weary night embraces, sleep in shacks that could be cages.
They will take it from your wages, Bracero.
Come sing about tomorrow with the jingle of the dollars,
And forget your crooked collars, Bracero.

Chorus

5. And the local men are lazy, and they make too much of trouble.
'Sides we'd have to pay them double, Bracero.
Ah, but if you feel you're falling, if you find the pace is killing,
There are others who are willing, Bracero.

Chorus

ONE MORE PARADE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS
and
BOB GIBSON

Dm

Hup, two, three, four, march - in' down the

C Dm

street. Rol - lin' of the drums and the tramp - in' of the

Dm

feet. The gen - er - al sa - lutes while the moth - ers wave and

F E7 A

weep. Here comes the big pa - rade, _____

G A G

_____ don't be a - fraid _____ the price is

A7 Dm

paid, one more pa - rade. _____

Fine, 4th time

Refrain

The musical score for the refrain is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp). It consists of 16 measures. The lyrics are: "So young, so strong, so ready for the war, so willing to go and die up - on a for - eign shore. All march to - geth - er, ev - 'ry - bod - y looks the same so there is no one you can blame, — don't be a - shamed — light the flame, one more pa - rade. —". Chord diagrams are provided above the staff for measures 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, and 16. The chords are: F (measure 1), C (measure 3), Dm (measure 5), A (measure 7), Gm (measure 9), A (measure 11), E7 (measure 13), A (measure 15), and G (measure 16). The score ends with the instruction "D.C. 3 times, al fine".

So young, so strong, so read - y for the
war, so will-ing to go and die up - on a for - eign
shore. All march to - geth - er, ev - 'ry - bod - y looks the
same so there is no one you can blame, —
— don't be a - shamed — light the
flame, one more pa - rade. —

D.C. 3 times, al fine

2.
Listen for the sound and listen for the noise
Listen for the thunder of the marching boys
A few years ago their guns were only toys
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
The price is paid, one more parade.
Refrain:

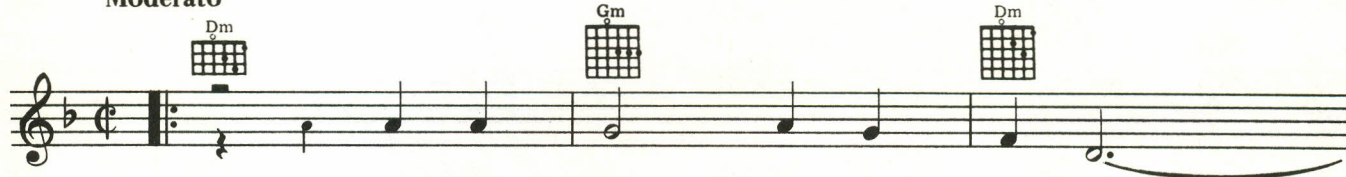
3.
Medals on their coats, and guns in their hands
All trained to kill as they're trained to stand
Ten thousand ears need only one command
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
The price is paid, one more parade.
Refrain:

4.
Cold hard stares on faces so proud
Kisses from the girls and cheers from the crowd
And the widows from the last war cryin' through their shroud
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
The price is paid, don't be ashamed war's a game
The world in flames - so start the parade.

IN THE HEAT OF THE SUMMER

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

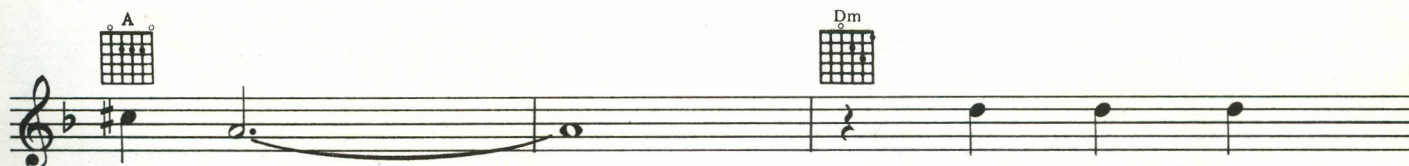
Moderato



	In	the	heat	of	the	sum - mer,
Now,	no	one	knows	how	it	start - ed,
	Down	the	street	they	were	rumb - lin',
	On	and	on	come	the	an - gry,
Drunk	with	the	mem'ry	of	the	ghet - to,
	"No,	no,	no,"	moaned	the	may - or,
For	shame,	for	shame,	wrote	the	pa - pers,
Bar - ri - cades	sad	-	ly	were		ris - in',
And	when	the	fu - ry	was		o - ver,



	when	the	pave - ments	were
	why	the	win - dows	were
	all	the	tem - pers	were
	no	long	- er	fol - lowin'
drunk	with	the	lure	of
	"It's	not	the	way
	why	hur - ry	to	your
	bricks	were	heav - i - ly	
and	the	shame	was	re - placin' the



burn	- in',
shat	- tered,
rag	- in',
rea	- son
loot	- in'
or	- der,
hun	- ger,
fly	- in',
an	- ger


soul	of	a
but	deep	in
	oh	where,
	and	all
and	the	mem'ry
	oh,	stay
now	the	in
and	the	rub -
	so	loud -
		wrong,

C Dm



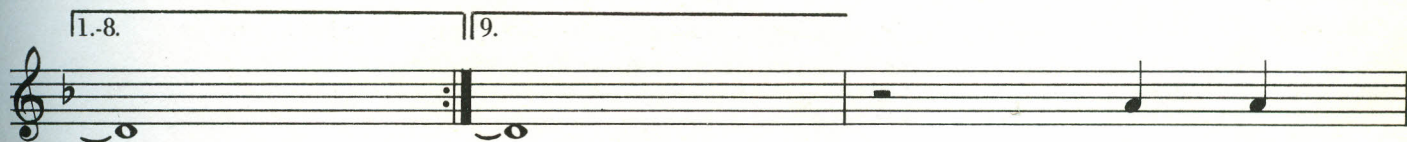
cit - y was rav - aged in the night,
the dark, some - one set the spark
oh where are the white sil - ver tongues
the stores were the tar - get now
the uni - form, shov - in' with their sticks,
your homes, please leave us a lone,
ble's rest in' on your bro - ken streets,
speaker drowned like a whis - per in' sound
so wrong, but we've been down too long

Gm Dm



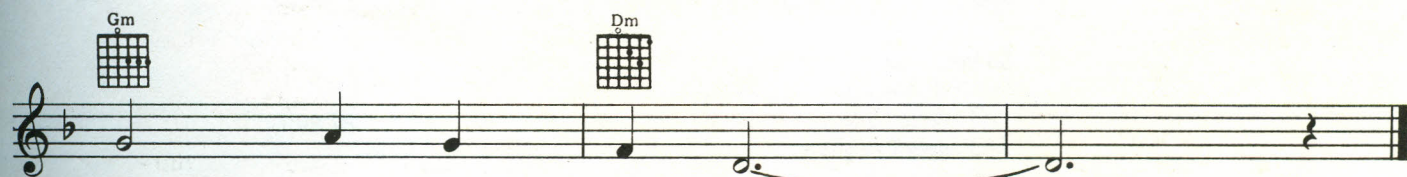
aft - er the cit - y's sun was sink - in'.
and then it no long - er mat - tered.
who forgot to lis - ten to the warn - in'.
where just the other day they were buy - in'.
ask - in', "are you look - in' for trou - ble?"
we'll be glad to talk in the morn - in'."
so see what your rage has un - rav - eled.
when com - pared to the an - gered emo - tions.
and we had to make some - body lis - ten.

1.-8. 9.



In the

Gm Dm



heat of the sum - mer.

I'M GONNA SAY IT NOW

Moderately bright

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

1. Oh, I am just a stu-dent, sir, and I on-ly want to learn, But it's hard to read through the ris-ing smoke from the books that you like to burn. So I'd like to make a prom-ise, and I'd like to make a vow, That when I've got some-thing to say, sir, I'm gon-na say it now.

2. Oh, you've given me a number, and you've taken off my name.
To get around this campus, why I'd almost need a plane.
And you're supporting Chiang-Kai-Shek while I'm supporting Mao.
So, when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.
3. I wish that you'd make up your mind; I wish that you'd decide
That I should live as freely as those who live outside
Cause we also are entitled to the rights to be endowed.
And when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.
4. Oh, you'd like to be my father; you'd like to be my dad.
And give me kisses when I'm good and spank me when I'm bad,
But since I left my parents I've forgotten how to bow.
So, when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.
5. And things they might be different if I was here alone.
But I've got a friend or two who no longer live at home,
And we'll respect our elders just as long as they allow
That when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.
6. I've read of other countries where the students take a stand;
They've even helped to overthrow the leaders of the land.
Now, I wouldn't go so far to say we're also learning how,
But when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.
7. So keep right on a-talking and tell us what to do,
But if nobody listens, my apologies to you.
And I know that you were younger once, cause you sure are older now.
And when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.
8. Oh, I am just a student, sir, and I only want to learn,
But it's hard to read through the rising smoke from the books that you
like to burn.
So I'd like to make a promise, and I'd like to make a vow,
That when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now.

WHEN I'M GONE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately slow

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderately slow'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chord diagrams are provided above the staff at various points: E major (first line), C#m (second line), F#m (third line), B (fourth line), E (fifth line), G#m (sixth line), C#m (seventh line), F#m (eighth line), B (ninth line), and E (tenth line). The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

1. There's no place in this world where I'll be - long, - when I'm gone. -

And I won't know the right - from the wrong, - when I'm gone. -

And you won't find me sing - in' on this song, when I'm gone. -

So I guess I'll have to do it - while I'm here! -

2. And I won't feel the flowing of the time, when I'm gone.
All the pleasures of love will not be mine, when I'm gone.
My pen won't pour a lyric line, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
3. And I won't breathe the brandy air, when I'm gone.
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares, when I'm gone.
Won't be asked to do my share, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
4. And I won't be running from the rain, when I'm gone.
And I can't even suffer from the pain, when I'm gone.
There's nothing I can lose or I can gain, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
5. Won't see the golden of the sun, when I'm gone.
And the evenings and the mornings will be one, when I'm gone.
Can't be singing louder than the guns, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
6. All my days won't be dances of delight, when I'm gone.
And the sands will be shifting from my sight, when I'm gone.
Can't add my name into the fight, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
7. And I won't be laughing at the lies, when I'm gone.
And I can't question how or when or why, when I'm gone.
Can't live proud enough to die, when I'm gone.
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
8. There's no place in this world where I'll belong, when I'm gone,
And I won't know the right from the wrong, when I'm gone.
And you won't find me singin' on this song, when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here!

DRAFT DODGER RAG

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

Verse:



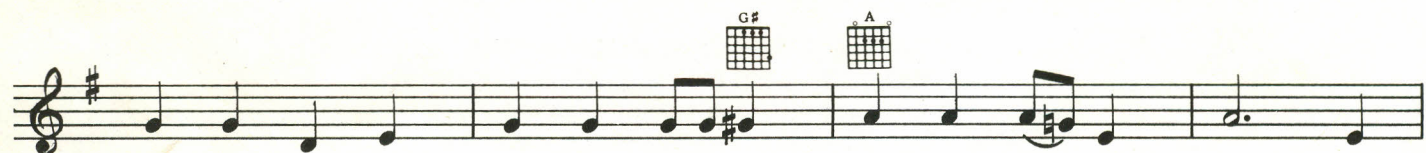
1. I'm just a typ - i - cal A - mer - i - can boy from a



typ - i - cal A-mer - i - can town, I be - lieve in God and



Sen - a - tor Dodd and in keep - ing old Cas - tro down. And



when it came my time to serve I knew bet - ter dead_ than red. But



when I got to my old draft board, Bud-dy, this is what I said:

Chorus:



Sarge, I'm on - ly eight - een, I got a rup - tured spleen and I

al - ways car - ry a purse, I got eyes like a bat and my

feet are flat, My asth - ma's get - ting worse. O, think of my ca-reer, my

sweet - heart dear, My poor old in - val - id aunt, Be - sides I

ain't no fool, I'm a - go - ing to school, And I'm work - ing in a de - fense plant.

2. I got a dislocated disc and a racked up back,
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
And when the bombshell hits
I get epileptic fits,
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs.
I got the weakness woes
And I can't touch my toes,
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy came close to me
I'd probably start to sneeze.

(CHORUS)

3. I hate Chou En Lai and I hope he dies,
But one thing you gotta see:
That someone's gotta go over there
And that someone isn't me.
So I wish you well,
Sarge, give 'em hell,
Yeh, kill me 'thousand or so
And if you ever get a war
Without blood and gore,
Well, I'll be the first to go.

(CHORUS)

THE THRESHER

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

Verse:

1. In Ports - mouth town on the east - ern shore where

man-y a fine ship was born The Thresh-er was

built and the Thresh-er was launched and the crew of the

Thresh-er was sworn. She was shaped like a tear she was

built like a shark She was made to run fast and free

And the build-er shook their hands and the build - ers shared their

wine Thought they had mas - tered the sea.

Chorus:

Yes she'll al - ways _____ run si - lent, _____ And

she'll al - ways _____ run deep _____ Though the

o - cean _____ has no pit - y _____ Though the waves _____

_____ will nev - er weep, _____ they'll nev - er weep. _____

2. And they marveled at her speed, marveled at her depth, marveled at her deadly design;
And they sailed to every land, and they sailed to every port, just to see what faluts they could find;
Then they put her on the land for nine months to stand, and they worked on her from stem to stern,
But they could never see it was their coffin to be, for the sea was waitin' for their return.

(CHORUS)

3. On a cold Wednesday morn they put her out to sea when the waves were nine feet high,
And they dove 'neath the waves and they dove to their graves, and they never said a last goodbye;
And it's deeper and deeper and deeper they dove, just to see what their ship could stand,
But the hull gave a moan and the hull gave a groan, and they plunged to the deepest, darkest sand.
Now she lies in the depths of the darkened ocean floor covered by the waters cold and still,
Oh, can't you see the wrong, she was a death ship all along, died before she had a chance to kill.

CHORUS: And she'll never run silent, she'll never run deep,
For the ocean had no pity and the waves they never weeped,
They never weeped.

RHYTHMS OF REVOLUTION

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. In a build - ing of gold, with rich - es un - told, lived the
fam - 'lies on which the coun - try was found - ed. And the mer - chants of
style, with their vain, vel - vet smiles, were there, for they al - so were
hound - ed. And the soft mid - dle class crowd - ed in - to the
last, for the build - ing was full - y sur - round - ed. And
the noise out - side was the rhyth - ms of re - vo - lu - tion.

2. Sadly they stared and sank in their chairs
And searched for a comforting notion.
And the rich silver walls looked ready to fall
As they shook in doubtful devotion.
The ice cubes would clink as they freshened their drinks,
Wet their minds in bitter emotion.
And they talked about the rhythms of revolution.

3. We were hardly aware of the hardships they beared,
For our time was taken with treasure.
Oh, life was a game, and work was a shame,
And pain was prevented by pleasure.
The world, cold and grey, was so far away
In a distance only money could measure.
But their thoughts were borken by the rhythms of revolution.
4. The clouds filled the room in darkening doom
As the crooked smoke rings were rising.
How long will it take, how can we escape
Someone asks, but no one's advising.
And the quivering floor responds to the roar,
In a shake no longer surprising.
As closer and closer comes the rhythms of revolution.
5. Softly they moan, please leave us alone
As back and forth they are pacing.
And they cover their ears, and try not to hear
With pillows of silk they're embracing.
And the crackling crowd is laughing out loud,
Peeking in at the target they're chasing.
Now trembling inside the rhythms of revolution.
6. With compromise sway we give in half-way,
When we saw that rebellion was a-growing.
Now everything's lost as they kneel by the cross
Where the blood of Christ is still flowing.
Too late for their sorrow, they've reached their tomorrow
And reaped the seed they were sowing.
Now harvested by the rhythms of revolution.
7. In tattered tuxedos they faced the new heroes
And crawled about in confusion.
And they sheepishly grinned, for their memories were dim
Of the decades of dark execution.
Hollow hands were raised? they stood there amazed
In the shattering of their illusions.
As the windows were smashed by the rhythms of revolution.
8. Down on our knees, we're begging you please,
We're sorry for the way you were driven.
There's no need to taunt? just take what you want,
And we'll make amends, if we're living.
But away from the grounds the flames told the town
That only the dead are forgiven.
As they crumbled inside the rhythms of revolution.

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Brightly

1. Look out - side the win - dow, there's a wom-an be-ing grabbed._ They
dragged her to the bush - es, and now she's be-ing stabbed._
May - be we should call the cops_ and try to stop the pain,_
_ But Mo - nop - o - ly_ is so much fun,_ I'd
hate to blow the game,_ And I'm sure it would - n't in - ter - est_
an - y - bod - y out - side of a small cir-cle of friends.

2. Riding down the highway, yes, my back is getting stiff.
Thirteen cars have piled up — they're hanging on a cliff.
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain,
But we gotta move, and we might get sued, and it looks like it's gonna rain.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends.

3. Sweating in the ghetto with the Panthers and the poor.
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor.
Now, wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops,
But they got too much already, and besides we got the cops.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody out side of a small circle of friends.
4. There's a dirty paper using sex to make a sale.
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine,
But we're busy reading Playboy and The Sunday New York Times.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends.
5. Smoking Marijuana is more fun than drinking beer,
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years.
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why;
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends.
6. Look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed.
They dragged her to the bushes, and now she's being stabbed.
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain,
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game,
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody outside of a small circle of friends.

MIRANDA

Moderate 2 beat

Verse:

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

1. Do you have a prob - lem? Would you like — some - one to solve —
— them? Would you like — some - one to share in your mis - er - y? —
— Now, I don't know the an - swer, but I know — a fla - men - co danc -
— er who will dance — for you, — if you will dance for me. —

Chorus:
Her name's Mi - ran - da, — She's a Ru - dolph Val - en - ti - no fan, — and she
does - n't claim to un - der - stand, — She bakes brown - ies for the boys — in the band. —

2. Early Sunday morning when the sermon lines are forming
And Saturday night is the memories that it gave,
She's busy in the pantry, far away from Elmer Gantry
Who is busy baking souls that he may save.
Everybody's soul but Miranda.

Chorus

3. The Dice of Death are calling while the truck of time is falling by
The thumb stuck out on The Highway Of The Years.
The tollgate at the turnpike is ignored by those who hitchhike,
And the Howard Johnson food is made of fear.
But not Miranda.

Chorus

4. The sun burnt skin is peeling on the doctors who are healing,
And the license plates are laughing on the car.
The pain is so exciting, and everyone's inviting you
To look upon their operation scars,
But not Miranda.

Chorus

5. The arguments are clashing, and commercial planes are
crashing,
And the music of the evening is so sweet.
Now, fully in agreement; Oh, their feet have found the
cement,
And they all believe the signs out on the street,
All except Miranda.

Chorus

6. In the bar we're gin and scotching while the FBI is watching.
They are tape recording every other word.
The bartender is bleeding, pardon me, I just was leaving,
As another clever voice repeats absurd,
But not Miranda.

Chorus

7. Do you have a problem? Would you like someone to solve
them?
Would you like someone to share in your misery?
Now, I don't know the answer, but I know a flamenco
dancer who will dance for you,
If you will dance for me.


Chorus

THE WAR IS OVER

Moderately bright

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Verse:



1. Si - lent sol - diers on a sil - ver screen;
Framed in fan - ta - sies_ and drugged in dreams; Un - paid
ac - tors of the mys - ter - y. The mad di - rec - tor knows that
free-dom will not make you free,_ And what's this got to do with me?_

Chorus:



I de - clare_ the war is o - ver, It's
o - ver,_ It's o - ver._

2. Cardboard cowboys of a new frontier
Drowning Indians in vats of beer.
The troops are leaving on the Trojan train;
The sun is in their eyes, but I am hiding from the rain.
Now one of us must be insane: I declare the war is over, it's over, it's over.
3. All the children play with Gatling guns.
Tattooed mothers with their tattooed sons.
The strong will wonder if they're really strong.
It doesn't matter lately whether we are right or wrong.
But surely we've gone on too long. I declare...
4. Angry artists painting angry signs
Use their vision just to blind the blind,
Poisoned players of a grisly game.
One is guilty and the other gets to point the blame.
Pardon me if I refrain: I declare...
5. Drums are drizzling on a grain of sand,
Fading rhythms of a fading land.
Prove your courage in the proud parade;
Trust your leaders where mistakes are almost never made,
And they're afraid that I'm afraid—
Yes, I'm afraid the war is over.

6. But at least we're working building tanks and planes,
And a raise is coming so we can't complain.
The master of the march has lost his mind.
Perhaps, some other war, this fabled farce would
all be fine,
But now we're running out of time. I declare...
7. So, do your duty boys and join with pride;
Serve your country in her suicide;
Find a flag so you can wave good-bye.
But just before the end even treason might be worth
a try—
This country is too young to die. I declare...
8. One-legged veterans will greet the dawn,
And they're whistling marches as they mow the lawn,
And the gargoyles only sit and grieve,
The gypsy fortuneteller told me we've been deceived—
You only are what you believe.
And I believe the war is over, it's over.

CROSS MY HEART

Brightly

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

1. I__ don't know, __ but__ it seems that ev - 'ry sin - gle
dream is paint - ing pret - ty pic - tures in the air; Then it
tum - bles__ in de - spair, and it starts to bend, __ and by the end__ it's a
night - mare. __ But I'm gon - na give__ all that I've got to give__
cross my heart, __ and I hope__ to live. __

2. I don't know, but it's true so many things you do
Please you so they leave you feeling warm.
It's the calm before the storm
For the habit grows, and before you know it you're deformed.
But I'm gonna give all that I've got to give,
Cross my heart and I hope to live.
3. I don't know, but I feel the safety isn't real
With everybody acting all the same,
For the rules will ruin the game.
So I'll go my way laughing while they say that I'm insane.
Yes, I'm gonna give all that I've got to give,
Cross my heart and I hope to live.
4. I don't know, but I find the speedy hands of time
Are wailing out a warning on the wall.
But nobody heeds the call,
And the soldier obeys while the parson prays for his downfall.
But I'm gonna give all that I've got to give,
Cross my heart and I hope to live.
5. I don't know, but I see that everything is free
When you're young the treasures you can take,
But the bridge is bound to break,
And you reach the end screaming it's all been a mistake.
But I'm gonna give all that I've got to give,
Cross my heart and I hope to live.

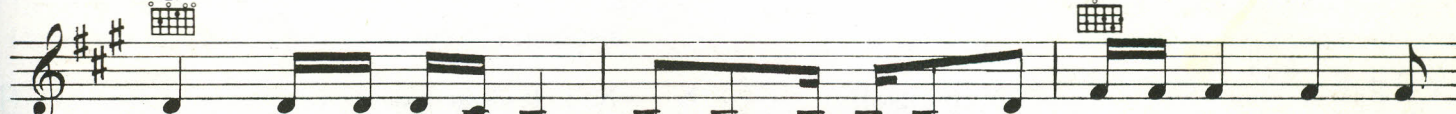
WHEN IN ROME

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately



1. In the fi - re blue for - ests fad - ed and for - got - ten, I



crawled through the cot-ton fields pick - ing for cot-ton. The o - ver-seer sneered, His



whip-ping was rot-ten with ec - sta-sy. In child - like ter-ror, I



tore at the tap roots. The cards of the lash — were call - ing to fol-low suit. I



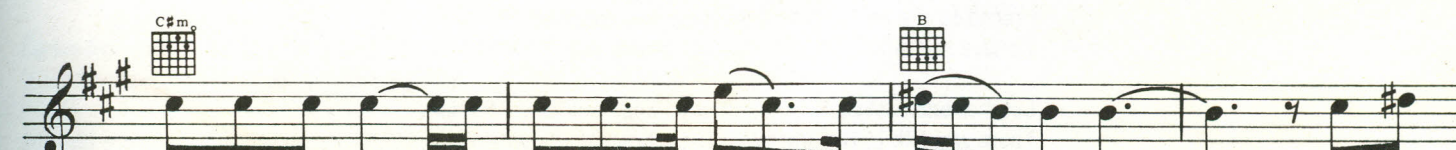
dashed for the swamps; the hounds — in hot pur-suit, jeal - ous - ly.



All through the night a fig - ure of fright as I hid my head, And they



bur-ied their nose in a cut of my clothes, now torn in shreds. And they



nev - er would leave un - til they be-lieved that I — was dead. — But I'd



nev - er — curse their names, Oh, — who — am I — to blame? I —

know I'd do the same, — end - less - ly. — And

all — the high-born — la - dies, — so love - ly and so true, — have been

hand-ed — to the sol - diers — When in Rome, do as the Ro - mans do.

2. Frail and afraid in the mists of the morning,
The snakes and the spiders were sadly performing.
The bark of the dogs kept up the warning inside the wood.

Sweating and swearing, I crawled from the manger.
The highway appeared to take me from danger.
Is there anyone here who would pick up a stranger,
I wish they could.

Then someone replied, "Would you like a ride, come in," he said.
We drove for a while; he gave me a smile and a piece of bread.
The hammer was hard in the chrome of the car as I cracked his head.

And we took off in a spin, I smashed his skull again.
Thank you, my good friend, I feel so good.

And all the *etc.*

3. Late in the evening, I came to the city.
I fell to the sidewalk sighing for pity.
A diamond was dropped from the hands of the pretty to be so kind.

Cowards and corpses were busy competing.
The rhymes of the riots were busy repeating.
I raced to the corner and sped from the speeding
To save my mind.

Latches and locks and companies of cops hid from the rain.
There was silk in the stores for the whims of the whores
That shone with shame.
I asked for a light from a priest in the night, then I fanned the flames.

And the traffic all stood still to see if some had been killed;
I was glad to leave a thrill so far behind.

And all the *etc.*

4. A monk and his mother were dancing so dandy.
The topless nun was handing out candy.
The beautiful bishop broke out the brandy — the kiss we craved.

They stuttered and stammered, "Would I feel like staying?"
We fell to our knees feverishly praying.
The salt in the saltpeter seemed to be saying,
"Be brave, be brave."

I reached for a robe, I preached and I probed, and I taught the tomb.
Tho' greed for the guilt was played to the hilt as I promised doom.
I toyed with their fears 'til coins and tears filled the room.

Then I took off down the road, laughing madly like a toad.
God bless every soulless soul that would be saved.

And all the *etc.*

5. A chorus of children were passing the hours;
I joined in their fun and gave them my flowers covered with kisses
And showered with showers that they repaid.

Taken and trusting, would I be their teacher.
She looked so appealing, I wanted to touch her.
Just out of reach unable to reach her,
Their hands were raised.

Charmed by the chalk the lessons were taught inside the class.
They studied the rules of the samurai schools they had to pass.
The lessons were learned, the room was adjourned, I turned on the gas.

And I watched them make their pleas;
They passed the test with ease.
I gave them their degrees they made the grade.

And all the *etc.*

6. Feeling my weakness a coward for company,
I joined the ranks of the hot and the hungry
To teach what it means to have love for your country. We marched away.

We lowered our lives for the lines of the border.
We danced with the mothers and played with the daughters.
We followed our fantasies following orders.
It was child's play.

After the war the bullets were bored so we kept the game.
With cynical smiles we put them on trial to place the blame.
Now what kind of beast would love such a feast. Have you no shame?

So we hung them by the feet. Oh! We shot them in the street.
Yes, the victory was sweet on victory day.

And all the *etc.*

7. The bread and the circuses came to be nearing the savior or
Somebody must be appearing.
Pagans and pageants were all disappearing, inside my head.

The stones on the statues were staring and stalling;
Caesar and Cassius were cursing and calling.
The empire had risen, and now it was falling,
Or so it seemed.

The crown and the cross seemed empty and lost in dark despair,
And luminous lies and death in disguises were everywhere.
The canvas was cold, the story was old, I said my prayers.

Then I crowned him on the head. Oh! I blessed him as he bled.
Oh! At last the King is dead. God save the Queen.

And all the *etc.*

8. Now nothing remained for building or burning.
The losing of lovers was all I was learning.
A time for escape and a time for returning had come to me.

Back through the ashes and back through the embers;
Back through the roads and the ruins I remembered.
My hands at my side I sadly surrendered, do as you please.

The hero was home, proven and grown . . . I fell on the floor
Mad with romance, they started to play. Their star was born.
I bled like the rain, I exploded in pain, then I screamed for more.

Oh make me feel sublime, release me from my mind,
Kill me one more time, and set me free.

And all the highborn ladies, so lovely and so true,
Have been handed to the soldiers.
When in Rome do as the Romans do.

LOVE ME, I'M A LIBERAL

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately bright

1. I cried when they shot Med - gar Ev - ers;
 tears_ ran down_ my spine. And I cried when they
 shot Mis - ter Ken - ne - dy as though I'd lost_ a fa - ther_ of
 mine. But Mal - colm X got what was com - ing, he
 got what he asked for this time. So love me,
 love me, love me, I'm a lib - er - al.

Guitar chords shown: E, A, E, A, E, C#m, E, A, B7, E, G#m, A, B7, E.

2. I go to Civil Rights rallies, and I put down the old D.A.R.
 I love Harry and Sidney and Sammy; hope every colored boy becomes a star.
 But don't talk about revolution, that's going a little bit too far.
 So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

3. I cheered when Humphrey was chosen; my faith in the system restored.
And I'm glad that the Commies were thrown out from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Board.
And I love Puerto Ricans and Negroes, as long as they don't move next door.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

4. Oh, the people of Old Mississippi should all hang their heads in shame.
Now I can't understand how their minds work; what's the matter, don't
they watch Les Crane?
But if you ask me to bus my children, I hope the cops take down your name.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

5. Yes, I read New Republic and Nation; I've learned to take every view.
I've memorized Lerner and Golden; I feel like I'm almost a Jew.

But when it comes to Asian guerrillas, there's no one more Red, White and Blue.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

6. I vote for the Democratic Party; they want the U.N. to be strong.
I attend all the Pete Seeger concerts; he sure gets me singing those songs.
And I'll send all the money you ask for, but don't ask me to come on along.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

7. Sure, once I was young and impulsive; I wore every conceivable pin,
Even went to Socialist meetings, learned all the old Union hymns.
Ah, but I've grown older and wiser, and that's why I'm turning you in.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

SANTO DOMINGO

Moderately

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

1. And the crabs are cra - zy; they scut - tle back and
 forth. The sand is burn - ing. And the
 fish take flight, and scat - ter from the sight; their course is
 turn - ing. As the sea - gulls rest on the cold can - non
 nest, the sea is churn - ing. The Ma -
 rines have land - ed on the shores of San - to Do - min - go.

Guitar chords: Em, C, D, C, D, C, D, Em, C, D, C, D, Em.

2. The fishermen sweat; they're pausing at their nets.
 The day's a-burning.
 As the was-ships sway, and thunder in the bay,
 Loud in the morning.
 But the boy on the shore's throwing pebbles no more.
 He runs a-warning
 That the Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

3. The streets are still; there's silence in the hills,
The town is sleeping.
And the farmers yawn in the grey silver dawn.
The fields they're keeping.
As the first troops land and step into the sand,
The flags are weeping.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.
4. The unsmiling sun is shining down upon
The singing soldiers.
In the cloud dust whirl, they whistle at the girls.
They're getting bolder.
The old women sigh, think of memories gone by;
They shrug their shoulders.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.
5. Ready for the tricks, their bayonets are fixed.
Now they are rolling.
And the tanks make tracks past the trembling shacks
Where fear's unfolding.
All the young wives afraid turn their backs to the parade
With babies they're holding.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.
6. A bullet cracks the sound, the army hits the ground,
The sniper's calling.
So they open up their guns, a thousand to one;
No sense in stalling.
He clutches at his head and totters on the edge.
Look, now he's falling.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.
7. In the red plaza square, the crowds come to stare,
The heat is leaning.
And the eyes of the dead are turning every head
To the widow's screaming.
But the soldiers make a bid, giving candy to the kids,
Their teeth are gleaming.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.
8. Up and down the coast, the generals drink a toast,
The wheel is spinning.
And the cowards and the whores are peeking through the doors
To see who's winning.
But the traitors will pretend that it's getting near the end
When it's beginning.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.
9. And the crabs are crazy; they scuttle back and forth.
The sand is burning.
And the fish take flight, and scatter from the sight;
Their course is turning.
As the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest
The sea is churning.
The Marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

COPS OF THE WORLD

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

Come, get out of the way, boys,

quick, get out of the way. You'd bet-ter

watch what you say, boys, bet-ter watch what you

say. We've rammed in your

har-bor and tied to your port, and our pis-tols are

hun-gry and our tem-pers are short. So bring your daugh-ters a-

round to the fort 'Cause we're the

cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.

2. We pick and choose as we please, boys, pick and choose as we please.
You'd best get down on your knees, boys, you'd best get down on your knees.
We're hairy and horny and ready to shack,
And we don't care if you're yellow or black.
Just take off your clothes and lay down on your back
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.
3. Our boots are needing a shine, boys, boots are needing a shine.
But our Coca Cola is fine, boys, Coca Cola is fine.
We've got to protect all our citizens fair
So we'll send a battalion for everyone there,
And maybe we'll leave in a couple of years
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.
4. And dump the Reds in a pile, boys, dump the Reds in a pile.
You'd better wipe off that smile, boys, better wipe off that smile.
We'll spit through the streets of the cities we wreck,
And we'll find you a leader that you can elect.
Those treaties we signed were a pain in the neck
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.
5. And clean the johns with a rag, boys, clean the johns with a rag.
If you like, you can use your flag, boys, if you like, you can use your flag.
We've got too much money; we're looking for toys.
Guns will be guns, and boys will be boys,
But we'll gladly pay for all we've destroyed
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.
6. And please stay off the grass, boys, please stay off of the grass.
Here's a kick in the ass, boys, here's a kick in the ass.
We'll smash down your doors; we don't bother to knock.
We've done it before, so why all the shock.
We're the biggest and toughest kids on the block
And we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.
7. And when we've butchered your sons, boys, when we've butchered your sons
Have a stick of our gum, boys, have a stick of our bubblegum.
We own half the world, oh say can you see.
And the name for our profits is democracy;
So like it or not you will have to be free
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops of the world.

PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Slowly

mp

1. And the ship _____ sets the sail. _____ They've lived the

tales to car - ry to the shore, Strain - ing at the

oars or star - ing from the rails. And the sea _____ bids fare-

well. _____ She waves and swells and sends them on their way. Time has been her

Handwritten numbers: 1, 4, 5, 3, 6, 2, 4, 1, 3, 6, 2, 4

Chord diagrams: E, A, B7, G#m, C#m, F#m, A6, G#7, C#m, E, A, B7, G#m, C#m, F#m, A6

1 3 6 4 3 1 5 6

E G#7 C#m A G#m D E B C#m

pay, and time will have to tell. Oh! Soon your sail-ing will be o - ver. Come and take your pleas-ures of the har - bor._

2. And the anchor hits the sand, the hungry hands have tied them to the port,
The hour will be short for the leisure on the land.
And the girls scent the air, they seem so fair, with paint upon their face,
Soft is their embrace to lead them up the stairs.
CHORUS
3. In the room dark and dim, the touch of skin, he asks her of her name.
She answers with no shame and not a sense of sin.
The fingers draw the blind, the sip of wine, the cigarette of doubt
Till the candle is blown out, the darkness is so kind.
CHORUS
4. And the shadows frame the light, the same old sight, the thrill has flown away.
All alone they lay, two strangers in the night,
Then his heart skips a beat, he's on his feet, to shipmates he must join.
She's counting up the coins, he's swallowed by the street.
CHORUS
5. In the bar hangs a cloud, the whiskey's loud, there's laughter in their eyes.
The lonely in disguise are clinging to the crowd
And the bottle fills the glass, the haze is fast, he's trembling for the taste
Of passions gone to waste, in memories of the past.
CHORUS
6. In the alley wet with rain, a cry of pain, for love was but a smile
Teasing all the while, now dancing down the drain
Till the boys reach the dock, they gently mock, and lift him on their backs
To lay him on his rack, to sleep beneath the clock.
CHORUS
7. And the ship sets the sail. They've lived the tales to carry to the shore,
Straining at the oars or staring from the rails.
And the sea bids farewell. She waves and swells and sends them on their way.
Time has been her pay, and time will have to tell.
CHORUS

I'VE HAD HER

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Slowly

1. The night air is in - vit - ing you to walk out on the trail.

You will not fail, You will not fail.

And by the beach a la - dy sails a

ship with - out a sail. And you reach out for her,

And you reach out for her, But I've had her;

I've had her, she's noth - ing.

2. Down the cliff you clamor, and you tumble to the shore.
The wild waves roar; the wild waves roar.
And on the reef the mermaid siren sprays one perfume more,
And she shouts to you; through the foam she shouts to you.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.
3. The players at the party are prepared to take a chance.
They drop their pants; they drop their pants.
In the corner she's so crystalline; no one dares to ask a dance,
And she calls out to you; and she calls out to you.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.
4. In the prison of your broken bed, you dribble in a dream
And find a queen, and find a queen
But your sleep is sadly stolen by a face that is a stream
That's flowing out to you; she's flowing out to you.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.
5. The vision of the seven veils is racing down the road.
The signs are slow; the signs are slow.
But beauty is the mistress, and by beauty you've been told,
You speed the route for her; you speed the route for her.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.
6. The fog has changed the city to a friendly frightened fawn.
The shades are drawn; the shades are drawn.
To possess her misty madness, you would gladly duel the dawn
And fade out to her; and fade out to her.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.
7. The circus clown, he hides a tear beneath his painted smile
And charms a child, and charms a child.
While the dancing girl on the prancing horse blows kisses down the aisle.
You roll about for her; you roll about for her.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.
8. All along the flaming field your fairy love is spread;
Your time has fled; your time has fled.
Now the only way to touch her is the gun beside your head.
Now, there's no doubt for her; now, there's no doubt for her.
But I've had her; I've had her, she's nothing.

WHITE BOOTS MARCHIN' IN A YELLOW LAND

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately slow

Verse:

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderately slow'. The score includes a verse and a chorus. The verse consists of six lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The chorus consists of two lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are provided above the notes: E, C#m, A, E, C#m, A, F#m, E, C#m, A, B, E, G#m, A, B, E, C#m, B, A, E, B, D.

1. The pi - lot's play - ing pok - er in the cock - pit of the plane; The
cas - ual - ties are ris - ing like the drop - ping of the rain. And a
moun - tain of ma - chin - er - y will fall be - fore a man When you're
white boots march - ing in a yel - low land. Red blow the bu - gles of the dawn;
Morn - ing has ar - rived; you must be gone. And the lost pa - trol chase their
char - tered souls Like old whores fol - low - ing ti - red ar - mies.

2. It's written in the ashes of the village towns we've burned.
It's written in the empty beds of fathers unreturned.
And the chocolate in the children's eyes will never understand—
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land.

Chorus

Red blow the bugles of the dawn.
The morning has arrived you must be gone.
And the lost patrol chase their chartered souls
Like old whores following tired armies.

3. Train them well the men who will be fighting by your side,
And never turn your back if the battle turns the tide,
For the colors of a civil war are louder than commands—
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land.
4. Blow them from the forest and burn them from your sight
Tie their hands behind their backs and question through the night.
But when the firing squad is ready, they'll be spitting where
they stand
At the white boots marching in a yellow land.

Chorus

The comic and the beauty queen are dancing on the stage.
The raw recruits are lining up like coffins in a cage.
Oh! We're fighting in a war we lost before the war began.
We're the white boots marching in a yellow land.

Chorus

CANNONS OF CHRISTIANITY

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately slow

1. Chris - tian can - nons _ have fired _ at my days with a
 warn - ing be - neath the ho - ly blaze. And. bow to our au -
 thor - i - ty, say the can - nons _ of Chris - ti - an - i - ty.
 (Add at end of last verse)
 Cry the can - nons _ of Chris - ti - an - i - ty. _

2. Oh, the children will be sent to schools.
Minds of clay are moulded to the rules,
Learn to fear all of eternity,
Warn the cannons of Christianity.
3. Holy hands will count the money raised
Like a king the Lord is richly praised
On a cross of diamond majesty,
Say the cannons of Christianity.
4. Missionaries will travel on crusades
The word is given, the heathen souls are saved,
Conversions to our morality,
Sigh the cannons of Christianity.
5. Come the wars and turn the rules around.
Defend your soul on the battle ground
And the Lord will march beside me,
Drone the cannons of Christianity.
6. Cathedral walls will glitter with their gold,
And the sermons speak through silver robes.
Build the castles amidst the poverty,
Say the cannons of Christianity.
7. Worship now and wash your sins away.
Drop the coins, fall to your knees and pray,
Cleanse the world of all hypocrisy,
Smile the cannons of Christianity.
8. Christian cannons have fired at my days
With a warning beneath the holy blaze
And bow to our authority,
Say the cannons of Christianity,
Cry the cannons of Christianity.

JOE HILL

Traditional Melody
Words by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. Joe Hill came o - ver from Swe - den's shore look - ing for some
work to do; And The Stat - ue of Lib - er - ty waved him by as
Joe come a - sail - ing through, Joe Hill; as Joe come a - sail - ing through.

Guitar chords indicated: F, C, F, C, Am, C, G7, C.

2. Oh, his clothes were coarse, and his hopes were high,
As he headed for the Promised Land.
And it took a few weeks on the out-of-work streets
Before he began to understand, before he began to understand.
3. Then he got hired by a Bowery bar, sweeping up a saloon.
As his rag would sail o'er the barroom rail,
It sounded like he whistled on a tune.
You could almost hear him whistling on a tune.
4. And Joe rolled on from job to job,
From the docks to the railroad line.
And no matter how hungry the hand that wrote,
In his letters he was always doing fine, in his letters he was always doing fine.
5. The years went by like the sun going down,
Slowly turned the page.
And when Joe looked back at the sweat on his tracks,
He had nothing to show but his age, he had nothing to show but his age.
6. So he headed out for the California shore.
There things were just as bad.
So he joined the Industrial Workers of the World,
'Cause The Union was the only friend he had, 'cause The Union was the only friend he had.
7. The strikes were bloody; the the strikes were black,
As hard as they were long.
In the dark of the night, Joe would stay awake and write.
In the morning he would wake them with a song, in the morning he would wake them with a song.
8. He worte his words to the tunes of the day,
To be passed along the union vine.
And the strikes were led; and the songs were spread.
And Joe Hill was always on the line, and Joe Hill was always on the line.
9. Then in Salt Lake City, a murder was made.
There was hardly a clue to find.
Yes, the proof was poor but the sheriff was sure
That Joe was the killer of the crime, that Joe was the killer of the crime.

10. Joe raised his hands, but they shot him down.
He had nothing but guilt to give.
It's a doctor I need, and they left him to bleed.
But he made it 'cause he had the will to live, but he made it 'cause he had the will to live.
11. The trial was held in a building of wood.
There the killer would be named.
And the days weighed more than the cold copper ore,
'Cause he feared that he was being framed, 'cause he feared that he was being framed.
12. Strange are the ways of the western law;
Strange are the ways of fate.
For the government crawled to the mine owners call,
And the judge was appointed by The State, and the judge was appointed by The State.
13. Now Utah justice can be had,
But not for a Union Man.
And Joe was warned by some early morn
There'd be one less singer in the land, there'd be one less singer in the land.
14. Oh, William Spry was Governor Spry,
And a life was his to hold.
On the last appeal fell a Governor's tear,
May the Lord have mercy on your soul, may the Lord have mercy on your soul.
15. President Wilson held up the day,
But even he would fail.
For nobody heard the soul searching words
Of the soul in the Salt Lake City jail, of the soul in the Salt Lake City jail.
16. For thirty-six years he lived out his days,
And he more than played his part.
For the songs that he made, he was carefully paid
By a rifle bullet buried in his heart, by a rifle bullet buried in his heart.
17. Yes, they lined Joe Hill up against the wall,
Blindfold over his eyes.
It's the life of the rebel that he chose to live;
It's the death of the rebel that he died, it's the death of the rebel that he died.
18. In his time in the cell he wrote to his friends,
His wishes all were plain,
My body can't be found on this Utah ground,
So they laid him on a fast departing train, so they laid him on a fast departing train.
19. The rebel rode to Chicago Town.
There were 30,000 people to mourn.
And just about the time that Joe lay dying
A legend was just a-being born, a legend was just a-being born.
20. Now, some say Joe was guilty as charged;
Some say he wasn't there.
And I guess nobody will ever know,
'Cause the court records all have disappeared, 'cause the court records all have disappeared.
21. Now wherever you go in this fair land,
In every union hall,
In the dusty dark these words are marked
In between all the cracks upon the wall, in between all the cracks upon the wall.
22. It's the very last lines that Joe Hill wrote
When he knew that his days were through:
"Boys, this is my last and final wish,
Good luck to all of you, good luck to all of you."

TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA

Moderately bright

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Verse:

1. Who's that com-ing down the road, a sail-or from the sea.

He looks a lot like me! I'd know him an-y-where. I

had to stare. Feath-ers at his fin-ger-tips; A

ha-lo 'round his spine; He must have lost his mind. He should be

put a-way, right a-way. In the cor-ner of the night, he

hand-ed me his wa-ter pipe. His eyes were search-ing deep in-side my

head. Here's what he said:

Chorus:

"Sor-ry I can't stop and talk now; I'm in kind of a hur-ry,



an-y-how, But I'll send you a tape from Cal-i-for-nia."

Bridge one and two

From the mir-ror of my man-tel to the vel-vet of my vest.

Trapped up-on a sto-len stage, a Bar-ry-more at best. My

rhymes are all re-peat-ing, My bal-lads' grow-ing blind. My words have turned to

wa-ter; The wom-en turn to wine.

2. New York City has exploded and it's crashed upon my head,
I dove beneath the bed, fighting biting nails, turning pale.
The landlord's at my window and the burglar's at my door,
I can't take it anymore, I guess I'll have to fly, it's worth a try.
Someone's banging on the wall but there's no party to recall,
The singer of the shadows of his soul, so he's been told.

Chorus

4. The Flower Power Fuller Brushman's farming out his friends.
I stabbed him with my stem, and then I tapped his toes with my rose.
He crawled around inside himself; now he's crawling after me,
Dropping acid in my tea. He wants to save my soul with rock 'n' roll.
One of us must understand it's not the drug that makes the man.
Then a poster of a movie star walked by he must have been high.

Chorus

3. The draft board is debating if they'd like to take my life.
I'd sooner take a wife and raise a child or two wouldn't you?
Peace has turned to poison, and the flag has blown a fuse.
Even courage is confused, and now all the brave are in the grave.
The century is bending, have a very happy ending.
To the victor go the ashes of the spoils, the seeds in the soil.

Chorus

Bridge Two:

Half the world is crazy, the other half is scared.
Madonnas do the minuet for naked millionaires.
The anarchists are rising, while we're racing for the moon.
It doesn't take a seer to see the scene is coming soon.

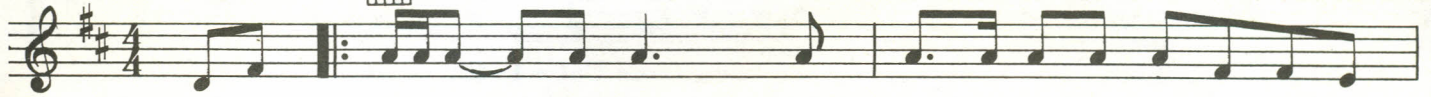
5. So who's that coming down the road, a sailor from the sea.
He looks a lot like me; I'd know him anywhere—I had to stare.
Now a fire 'round his finger tips; a song around his spine.
He must have found his mind; he should be put away anyway.
Surrounded by the slaughter, now I'm boarding at the border,
When the echoes of my ecstasy appear, wish I was here.

Chorus

IS THERE ANYBODY HERE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately bright



Is there an-y-bod - y here who'd like to change his clothes in - to a
an-y-bod - y here who'd like to wrap the flag a - round a



un-i-form? _____ Is there an-y-bod - y here who
ear-ly grave? _____ Is there an-y-bod - y here who



thinks they're on - ly serv - ing in a rag - ing storm? _____ Is there
thinks they're stand-in' tall - er on a bat - tle wave? _____ Is there



an-y-bod - y here with glo-ry in his eye, loy-al to the end, whose
an-y-bod - y here who'd like to do his part, sol-dier of the world, a



du-ty is to die? I wan-na see him, I wan-na wish him luck! I wan-na
he-ro to his heart? I wan-na see him, I wan-na wish him luck! I wan-na



shake his hand, wan - na call his name, put a med-al on the
shake his hand, wan - na call his name, put a med-al on the



1.

2.



man! _____ Is there
man! _____ Is there

an-y-bod - y here, proud of the__ pa - rade, who'd like to give__ a cheer, and
show they're not a - fraid! I'd like to ask him what he's try - in' to de-fend.
I'd like to ask him what he thinks he's gon-na win! Is there an - y-bod-y here who thinks that
fol - low-in' the or - ders takes a - way the blame? Is there
an-y-bod - y here who would-n't mind a mur - der by an - oth - er name?
Is there an-y-bod - y here whose pride is on the line, with the
hon - or of the brave, and the cour-age of the blind? I wan - na see him, I wan-na
wish him luck! I wan-na shake his hand, wan-na call his name, put a med-al on the
man!

THE PARTY

Moderately bright

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

1. The fi - re breath - ing reb - els ar - rive at the par - ty ear -

ly. Their kha - ki coats are hung in the clos - et near the fur

Ask - ing hand - outs from the la - dies, while they

crit - i - cize the lords. Boast - ing of the mur - der of the

ver - y hands that pour. And the vic - tims learn to gig - gle, for at

least they are not bored. And my shoul - ders had to shrug as I

crawled be - neath the rug and re - tuned my pi - an - o.

2. The hostess is enormous; she fills the room with perfume.
And she meets the guests and smothers them with greetings.
And she asks, "How are you," and she offers them a drink.
The countess of the social grace who never seems to blink.
And she promises to take to you, if you promise not to think,
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.
3. The beauty of the hour is blazing in the present;
She surrounds herself with those who would surrender,
Floating in the flattery who's a trophy prize caressed
Protested by a pretty face sometimes cursed, sometimes blessed.
And she's staring down their desires, while they're staring down her dress.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.
4. The egos shine like light bulbs so bright you cannot see them,
Blind each other blinder than a sandbox.
All the fury of an argument holding back their yawns.
A challenge shakes the chandeliers; the selfish swords are drawn.
To the loser go the hangups, to the victor go the hangers on.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.
5. They travel to the table; the host is served for supper.
And they pass each other down for salt and pepper.
And the conversation sparkles as their wits are dipped in wine.
Dinosaurs on a diet, on each other they will dine.
Then they pick their teeth, and they squelch a belch saying,
"Darling, you tasted divine."
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.
6. The wallflower is waiting; she hides behind composure.
She'd love to dance and prays that no one asks her.
Then she steals a glance at lovers, while her fingers tease her hair,
And she marvels at the confidence of those who hide their fears.
Then her eyes are closed as she rides away with a foreign legionnaire.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.
7. Romeo is reeling, counting notches on his thighbone.
Searching for one hundred and eleven.
And he's charming as a child, as he leads them to the web,
Seducing queens and gypsy girls in the boudoir of his head.
Then he wraps himself with a tablecloth and pretends he is a bed.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.
8. The party must be over, even the losers are leaving,
But just one doubt is nagging at my caustic mind.
So I snuck up close behind me, and I gave myself a kiss.
And I led myself to the mirror to expose what I had missed.
There I saw a laughing maniac who was writing songs like this.
And my shoulders had to shrug as I crawled beneath the rug
And retuned my piano.

THE FLOODS OF FLORENCE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately slow

Verse:

1. Pi - cas - so leans out of the win - dow, —

Looks out on — the ghet - to — chang - ing the shapes he sees. —

His old friend, El Gre - co, —

soon is ex - spect - ed, — Now just an ech - o of Span-ish seas. —

And out - side, the peo - ple stare; —

Won-d'ring what's go - ing on in there! — Toss - ing the

dice; They pay the price, so they — can — com - pare. —

Chorus:

And the ho - ly works of love and
 rev - er - ence fell be - fore the
 floods of Flor - ence.

2. The shop girls go out to the galleries spending their salaries
 To see if they catch a hold.
 They meet an old master, like some unknown lover, for some unknown
 Reason he's never old.
 And the auctioneer clears his throat,
 What am I bid for this bottled boat,
 A tap on the rail
 Sunk with a sail, but soon she's afloat.

Chorus

3. Griffith pulls out his whiskey; the mad room is misty
 Covered with yesterdays.
 The girl is so pretty, she asks for a memory.
 He touches her knee and she fades away,
 But the box office line is long;
 The spectacular show is on.
 Thirsty for thrills, the fountain is filled
 With dreams of dawn.

Chorus

4. The troubador comes from the country, falls by the factory,
 Sliding on simple strings.
 Armed with his anger, he sings of the danger, he senses a stranger is
 In the wings,
 But the fledgling has learned to fly;
 All the innocence leaves his eye.
 Echoes explode, rolled from the road
 The melody dies.

Chorus

THE HARDER THEY FALL

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately bright

1. Lon - don Bridge — is fall - ing down, — And the peo -

- ple want_ their crown. They are_ not fool - ing_ a -

round. Gim-me my crown, — gim-me my crown, — gim-me my crown. —

So I say these words to you, —

Though you won't be - lieve_ a word_ I say... Gon - na say the words_

an - y - way. — The poems are pret - ty;

The tales are tall. On - ly the witch-es re - call: — The

big - ger they are; — the hard - er they fall. —

2. Jack and Jill went up the hill. They were looking for a thrill,
But she forgot to take her pill. Gimme my pill, gimme my pill, gimme my pill.
Through our fantasies we fly. In the prison of our dreams we die.
Praying in an apple pie.

Chorus

3. Mary had a little lamb. Couldn't make it with a man.
She buried babies in the sand. Gimme my sand, gimme my sand, gimme my sand.
And her visions came to stay. She was beheaded on a holiday.
That's the price you have to pay.

Chorus

4. Yes, Mother Goose is on the loose, stealing lines from Lenny Bruce,
Drinking booze and killing Jews. Gimme my Jews, Gimme my booze, Gimme my Jews.
Six million jingles can't be wrong. From the dragon to the Viet Cong,
Fairy tales have come along.

Chorus

HALF A CENTURY HIGH

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

1. In the tube where I was born, I could have sworn
there was so much to see, There was so lit-tle to
be, but I was free. The world at my com-mand,
Through the dots I ran, look-ing for a man that looked like me.
Chorus: And now it can be told; I'm a quar-ter of a cen-tu-ry old,
But I'm a half a cen-tu-ry high.

2. In the tube where I was grown I was alone.
The figure on the floor, the dream behind the door, the sound was low.
The ball game on the street disappeared behind my feet;
Out of breath my heart would beat to see another show.

Chorus

3. In the tube where I was killed I was fulfilled.
The lies of light would bend, I'd stare until the end, and then again.
Fascinated by the fad I gave all the mind I had,
And whenever I was sad I had my friend.

Chorus

DOESN'T LENNY LIVE HERE ANYMORE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately Fast

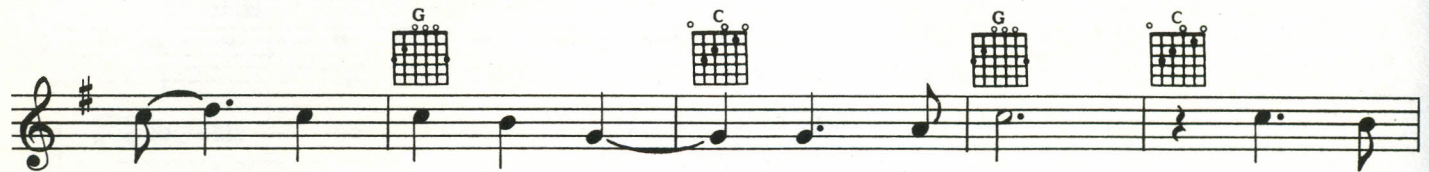
1. You laugh at the peo - ple who walk out - side on the
side - walk, an' you talk to your -
self so much, when you see oth - er peo - ple you can't talk. —
This time — it's true. The
cha - rade is through, and
you can't seem to run 'way from — you.



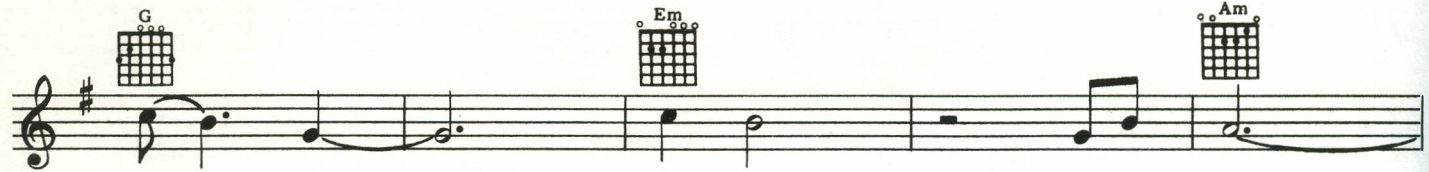
And the hag - gard ex -



lo - ver of a long time— los - ers



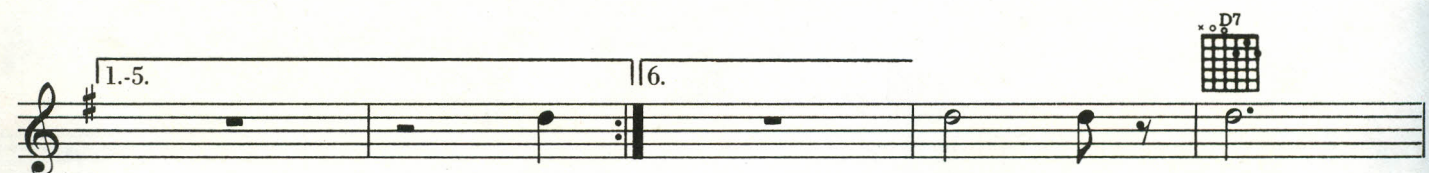
stands— re - ject - ed - ly— by the door, does - n't



Len - ny— live here an - y - more.—

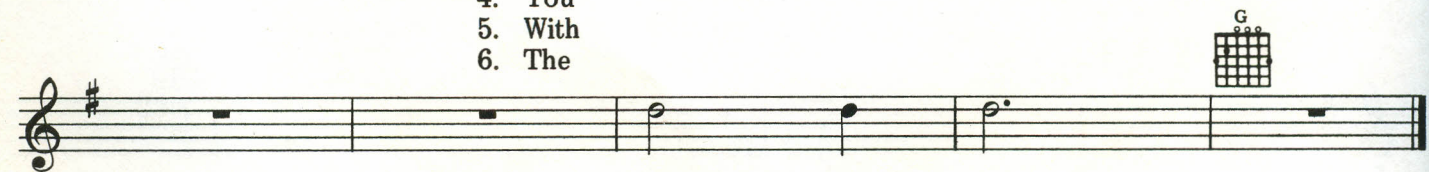


Are you sure?



2. You.
3. The
4. You
5. With
6. The

Are you sure?



Are you sure?

2. You sit at your desk to lose your life in letters
But the words don't seem to come and you know that they better
And its all so strange, pictures lose their frames
And I bet you never guessed there's so much pain, so much pain
Till the haggard ex-lover of a long time losers
Stands rejectedly by the door, Doesn't Lenny live
Here any more, are you sure
3. The moon she shines too soon and simply sadly
You love your love so much that you'd strangle her gladly
And its all so slow, time has ceased to flow
And the whistling whore knows something you don't know
And the haggard ex-lover of a long time losers
Stands rejectedly by the door
Doesn't Lenny live here anymore, are you sure.
4. You swore you'd store your love for one time only
Now you searched the books in vain for a better word for lonely.
And you're torn apart, no other love will start.
And you feel you'd like to steal a happy heart, a happy heart.
Then the haggard ex-lover of a long time losers
Stands rejectedly by the door,
Doesn't Lenny live here anymore, are you sure.
5. The fat official smiles at the pass on the border
And the hungry broom makes sure that the room is in order
You pull the shade, all the beds are made
As your lips caress the razor of the blade, of the blade,
And the haggard ex-lover of a long time losers
Stands rejectedly by the door.
Doesn't Lenny live here anymore, are you sure.
6. The soul of the sun shines just out side of the winter
The shoulders charge the boards of the barricade, a splinter
Now at last alone the flash light has shown
Hello inside, is there anybody home, anybody home
It's the haggard ex-lover of a long time losers
Standing rejectedly by the door
Doesn't Lenny live here anymore, are you sure.

PRETTY SMART ON MY PART

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS



Verse

I can see him a-com-ing, he's a-

walk-ing down the high-way with his big boots on and his

big thumb out. He wants to get me, he wants to

hurt me, he wants to bring me down. Ah, but

some-time la-ter when I feel a lit-tle straight-er, I will

come a-cross a strang-er who'll re-mind me of the dan-ger, an'

then I'll run him over.

Chorus

Pret-ty smart on my part, find my way

N.C.

in the dark. Repeat to 2nd Verse

2. I can see her coming and she sure looks pretty
And her breasts are bold and her mouth is large,
She wants to get me, she wants to hurt me,
She wants to bring me down,
Ah, but sometime later when I feel a little naked,
I will lead her to the altar,
Then I'll tie her all in leather, and
Then I'm gonna whip her.
(Chorus)
3. I can see him a coming, he's a walking through the bedroom,
With a switch blade knife and he's looking at my wife.
He wants to get me, he wants to hurt me,
He wants to bring me down,
Ah, but sometime later when I feel a little braver,
I'll go hunting with my rifle,
Where the wild geese are flying,
And then I'm gonna bag one.
(Chorus)
4. I can see them a coming, they're a-training in the mountains,
And they talk Chinese, and they spread disease,
They want to get me, they want to hurt me,
They want to bring me down.
Ah, but sometime later when I feel a little safer,
We'll assassinate the President and take over the government,
And then, we're gonna fry them.
(Chorus)

REHEARSALS FOR RETIREMENT

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately

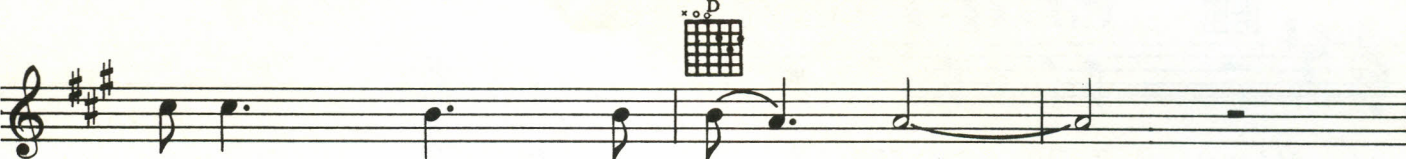
1. The days grow lon - ger _____

for small - er - prizes, _____ I feel _____


a strang - er to all sur - prises. _____

You can have them, I don't

want _____ them, _____ I wear a



dif - f'rent kind of gar - ment, _____



in my re - hears - als for re - tire - ment. _____


3rd time end



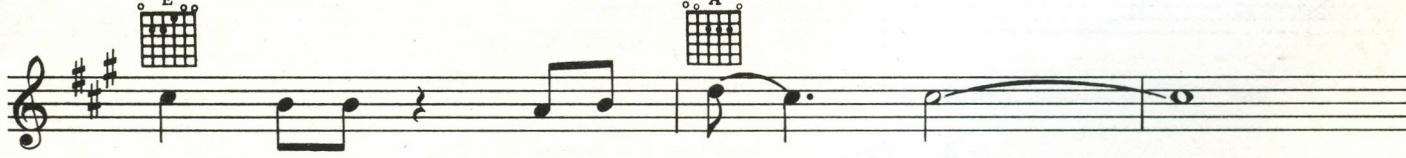
The lights are cold a - gain, — they dance be -



low — me. I turn — to old — friends,



they do not know — me. — All but



the beg - gar, he re - mem - bers. _____



I put a pen - ny down for pay - ment _____

in my re - hears - als for re - tire - ment. _____

But I know the end will end_ in laugh - ter. _____

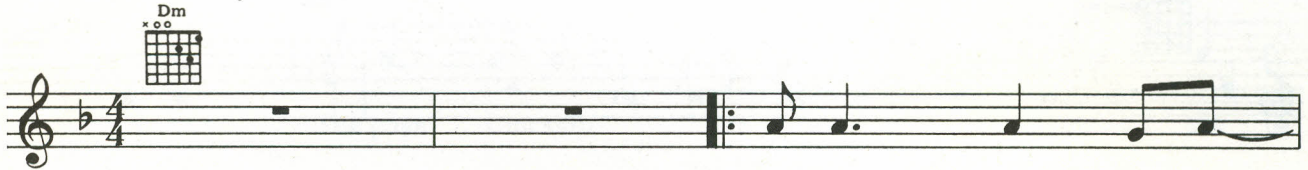
I tell my_ daugh-ter it does - n't ma-tter. _____

2. The stage is tainted with empty voices,
The ladies painted, they have no choices,
I take my colors from the stable
They lie in tatters by the tournament,
In my rehearsals for retirement
Where are the armies who killed a country
And turned a strong man into a baby?
Now comes the rabble, they are welcome
I wait in anger and amusement
In my rehearsals for retirement
If I'd know the end, would end in laughter
Still I tell my daughter, that it doesn't matter.
3. Farewell my own true love, farewell my fancy,
Are you still owe'n me love,
Though you failed me?
But one last gesture, for your pleasure,
I'll paint your memory on the monument
In my rehearsals for retirement

THE SCORPION DEPARTS BUT NEVER RETURNS

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately Fast



1. Sai - lors climb the tree, —



— up — the ter - ri - ble tree. —



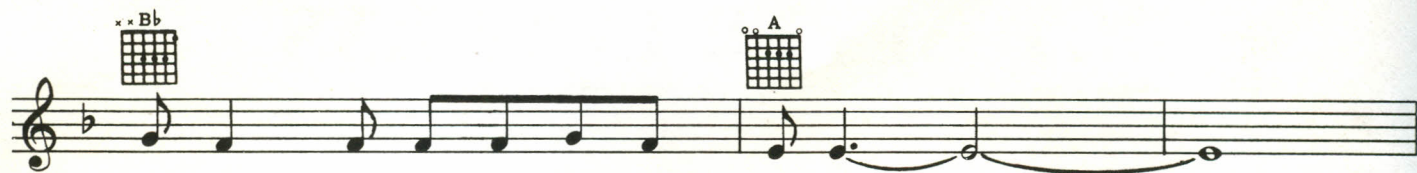
Where are my ship - mates, — have — they sunk be - neath the sea? —



— I do not know — much, — but I



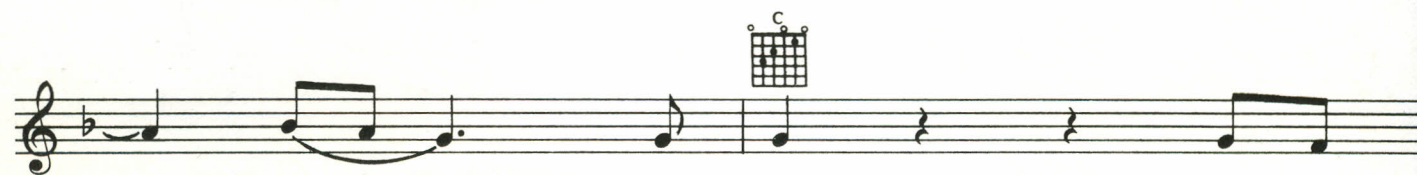
know this can - not be, — it is - n't real - ly, it is - n't



real - ly, tell me it is - n't real - ly. _____



Sound-ing bell is div - ing down the wa-ter green,-



not a trace, not a



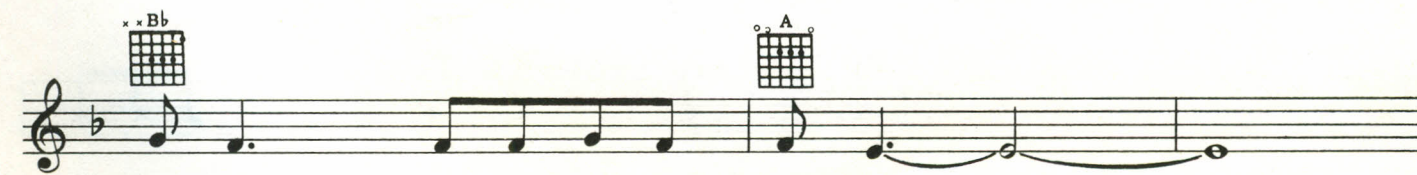
tooth - brush, not a cig - a - rette was seen. _____



Bub - ble ball is ris - ing from a



whis - per or a scream, but I'm not scream-ing, no I'm not



scream-ing, tell me I'm not scream - ing. _____

Chorus: Cap-tain will not say — how, — how — long must re - main. —

The phan - tom ship for - ev - er sails — the

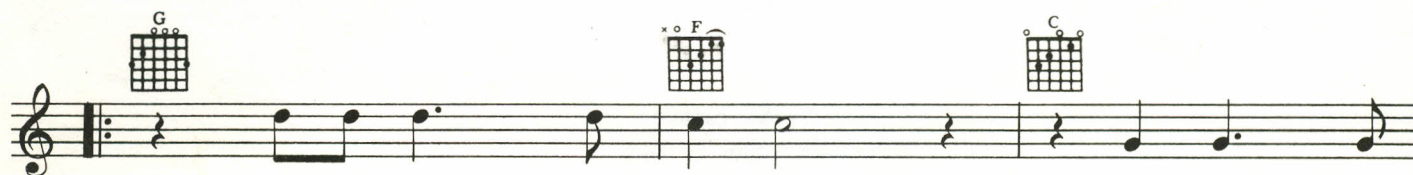
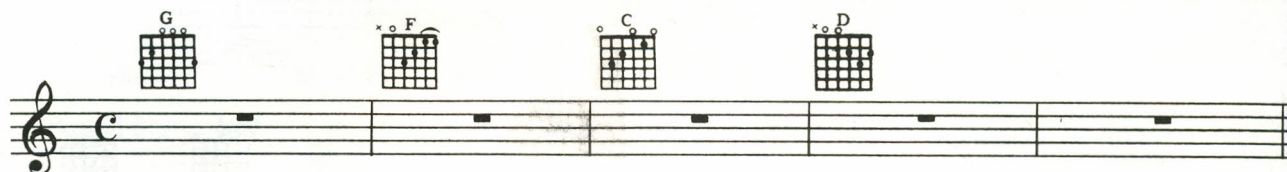
sea, it's all the same. —

Repeat to 2nd Verse

2. Captain, my dear captain
We're staying down so long.
Oh, I have been a good man
I've done nobody wrong.
Have we left our ladies
For the lyrics of a song
That I'm not singing, that I'm not singing?
Tell me I'm not singing.
The schooner ship is sliding
Across the kitchen sink.
My son and my daughter
They won't know what to think
The crew has turned to voting
And the officers to drink,
And I'm not drinking, I'm not drinking,
Tell me I'm not drinking.
(Chorus)
3. The radio is begging them to come back to the shore,
All will be forgiven, it will be just like before.
All you've ever wanted will be waiting by the door
We will forgive you, we will forgive you,
Tell me we'll forgive you.
But no one gives answer, not even one good-bye,
Oh the silence of their sinking is all that they reply.
Some have chosen to decay and others chose to die
But I'm not dying, no I'm not dying,
Tell me I'm not dying.
(Chorus)

I KILL THEREFORE I AM

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS



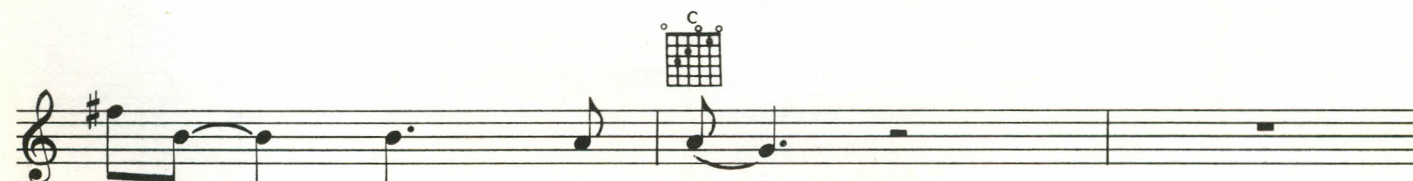
Verse: Meet the king of cow - boys. He rides the



pale po - ny, he fights the bad boys, —



and brings them to their — knees. — He pa - trols the



high- ways — from the air. —

The musical score consists of three staves. The first staff has a D major chord (x o o) and lyrics: "He keeps— the coun-try safe from long - hair." The second staff has Bb major (x x Bb), F major (x o F), and G major (o o G) chords, with lyrics: "Chorus: I am the mas-cu - line A - mer - i - can man, ———". The third staff has a D major chord (x o o) and lyrics: "I kill there - fore I am." The score ends with a double bar line and the number 2.3.4.

2. I don't like the black man
For he does not know his place
Take the back of my hand
Or, I'll spray you with my mace
I'm as brave as any man can be
I find my courage through chemistry.
(Chorus)
3. I don't like the students now
They don't have no respect
They don't like to work now
I think I'll wring their necks
They call me pig although I'm underpaid
I'll show those faggots
That I'm not afraid.
(Chorus)
4. Farewell to the gangster
We don't need him anymore
We've got the police force
They're the ones who break the law
He's got a gun and he's a hater
He shoots first, he shoots later.
(Chorus)

MY LIFE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderate Country Tempo

G C D C G C

D N.C. G C G

My life was once a

joy to me, nev - er know-ing I was

grow-ing ev - 'ry - day. My

life was once a toy to me,

and I wound it and I found it ran a - way.

Em

So I raced through the night with a face at my

feet, like a god I would write, all the mel - o - dies were

sweet, and the wom - en — were white. It was ea - sy to

sur - vive, my life was so a - live.

2. My life was once a flag to me
And I waved it and behaved like I was told
My life was once a drag to me
And I loudly, and I proudly, lost control
I was drawn by a dream
I was loved by a lie, every surf on the sea
Begged me to buy.
But I slipped through the scheme
So lucky to fail
My life was not for sale.
3. My life is now a myth to me
Like the drifter, with his laughter in the dawn
My life is now a death to me
So I'll mold it and I'll hold it till I'm born
So I turned to the land
Where I'm so out of place
Throw a curse on the plan
In return for the grace
To know where I stand
Take everything I own
Take your tap from my phone
And leave my life alone
My life alone.

THE DOLL HOUSE

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately Fast

1. Lost in the val - ley of vaults fell from the path.—

— It was no - bod - y's fault that I was a - lone.—

Time dripped from the tree, left through the nail,—

— fell to my knees be - fore the throne.— And the

crown was cov-ered— with jewels, spar - kl - ing schools of beau-ti - ful

falls. The mag - ni - fi - cent bat-tle— was fought,— and — the

Bm G A

Cin - der-el - la — sol - dier fish was caught.

Chorus A Bm A

And the la - dy from — the lake,

Bm A G

helped me to es - cape, and led me to my-

Em A

self at last, — tho' I

Em A Bm

dance with — the dolls in — the doll house. —

A 2nd Verse D G

— The

D G D G D G

flower fled from my feet, Tom Saw - yer voice thru the hole of the

key, land - ed so gent - ly. The

cas - tles cov - er - the cave, I had no choice, the vi - sions were

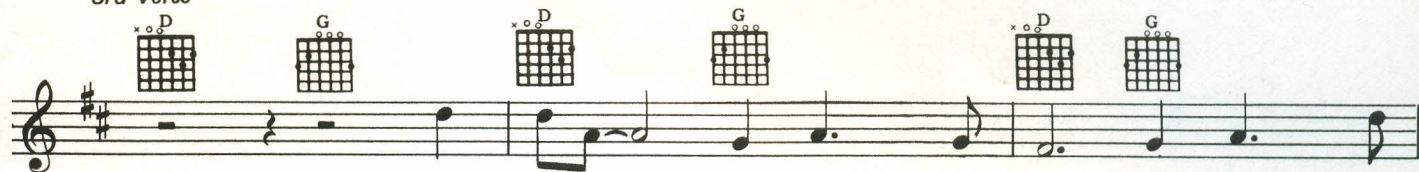
brave and the phan - toms were friend - ly, and

Pi - rate Jen - ny — was danc - ing for pen - nies, — knuc - kle bones tossed in a

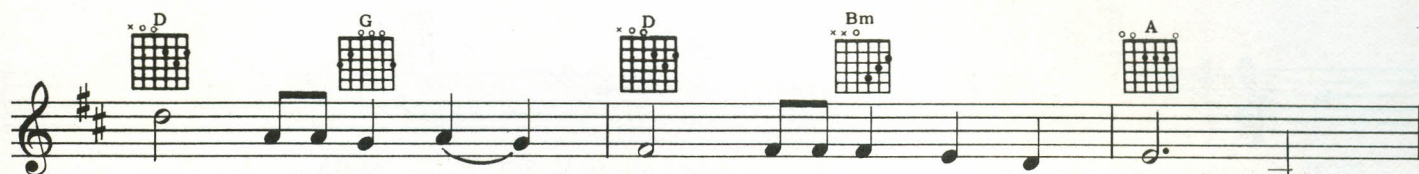
spin, there were sil - ver songs on her skin. — And

she was - n't car - ing when the ship came in. *Repeat to Chorus*

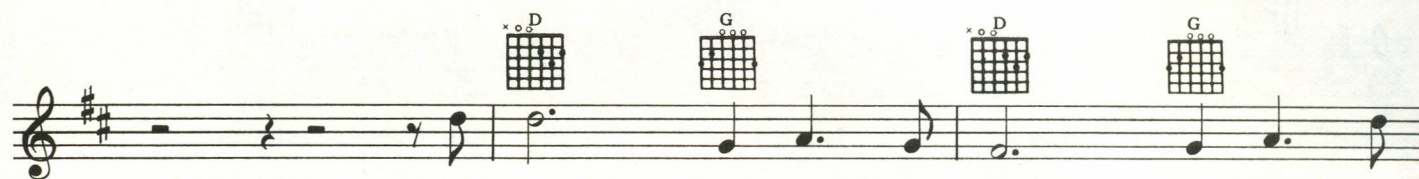
3rd Verse



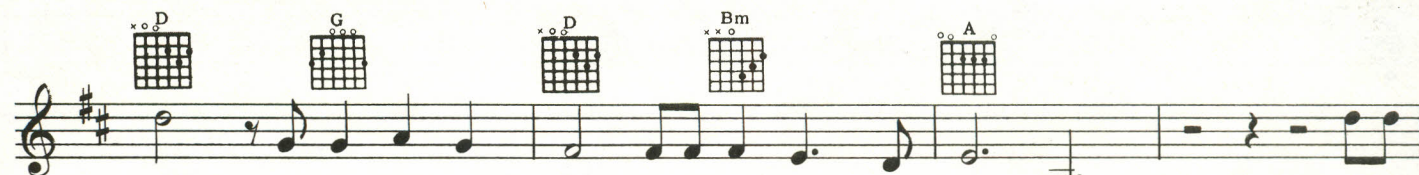
My cos-tume— dropped to the floor, na - ked at



last, could-n't fight any - more, and the ser - vice was ren - dered.



The poem fell from the wine, bur - ied the



past. The fu - ture was mine and the pre - sent sur - ren - dered. And the



bal - let mas - ter is beck-on-ing fast - er, the bal - le - ri-na— was



posed, in the frag - ile beau-ty— we froze.—— Let—



go, let go, let go, let go, let go.——

Repeat to Chorus and end

ONE WAY TICKET HOME

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Fast Rock

Guitar Chord Diagrams:

- Staff 1: D (x o o x), Em (o o o o)
- Staff 2: A (x o o x), D (x o o x), G (o o o o)
- Staff 3: Em (o o o o), A (x o o x), D (x o o x)
- Staff 4: G (o o o o), Em (o o o o), A (x o o x)
- Staff 5: D (x o o x), A7 (o o o o)
- Staff 6: D (x o o x)
- Staff 7: A7 (o o o o), D (x o o x)

Lyrics:

I'd like— a
one way tick - et home,— tick - et home.
I can watch my tel - e - vi - sion,— talk on the tel - e - phone.—
— In ev - 'ry town I've wan - der'd, there's a bill -
board on the throne.— Tick - et home,— I want a tick -
et, I want a tick - et home,— tick - et home,—
— I want a tick - et, I want a tick - et home.—

Does an - y - bod - y know my name— or

re - cog - nize my face?— I must have come from

some - where but I can't— re - call the place.— They

dropped me at the mat - i - nee and they left with-out a

trace. Tick - et home,— tick - et home,— I want a tick - et home.—

— El - vis Pres - ley is the king,—

I was at his crown - ing.— The lights just flashed be -

fore my eyes,— I must be drown-ing.—

Guitar Chords: Em, A, D, G, Em, A, D, G, Em, A, D, G, A7, D, E, G, A.

Seems like on - ly yes - ter-day I

climbed a - board— a plane, — break - ing dis - tance

in the sky while div - ing in cham - pagne.

I would be in ex - ile now but ev - 'ry-where's the

same. Tick - et home, — I want a tick - et home, —

tick - et home, —

1. I want a tick - et home. — 2. I want a tick - et home.

Tick - et home. — I want a tick - et home.

BASKET IN THE POOL

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Rock Beat

Verse: 1. Went— to a par-ty the oth - er night, ev-'ry-bod-y was there.—

— Thought that I— would have some fun as I

start - ed up the stair. — Some - bod - y tried to ruin—

— it when he won a raf - fle prize, —

tried to shake and shock us right be - fore

our eyes,— while we danc'd, while we were danc -



The musical score is written on a single staff in 4/4 time, key of A major (indicated by three sharps: F#, C#, G#). The tempo/style is 'Rock Beat'. The score includes guitar chord diagrams for A, D, and E chords. The lyrics are: Verse: 1. Went— to a par-ty the oth - er night, ev-'ry-bod-y was there.— / — Thought that I— would have some fun as I / start - ed up the stair. — Some - bod - y tried to ruin— / — it when he won a raf - fle prize, — / tried to shake and shock us right be - fore / our eyes,— while we danc'd, while we were danc -

ing.

Chorus: Who was the fool,—

— throw the bas - ket in the pool. —

Last time repeat chorus and fade out || 2.

Who was the fool, — throw the

bas - ket in the pool. —

If I'd had found out who he was, if I'd have found his face, —

— next time we have a par - ty gon - na

find out his name. —

2. It was filled with the finest cheeses
Filled with imported wine,
Wish that I had won it.
And I wished that it were mine
I know some wino
Lives outside of town
He would gladly cut your throat
If he could drink it down
While we dance
While we were dancing.
(Ending No. 2)
3. I've been on the ocean swimming now
Porpoise lead the way,
It wasn't worth the matter
And it wasn't worth the pay.
Why can't we be left alone?
Think that it was a crime
If everyone was groovy
We could all have a real good time.
We danced, go right on dancing.
(Chorus)
4. How can I go swimming now
My world is laid to waste
It was the worst of manners
And it was the worst of taste
Why can't we be left alone?
Think that it was a crime
If everyone was groovy
We could all have a real good time.
We could dance, go right on dancing.
(Chorus)

NO MORE SONGS

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately Slow

Guitar Intro:

Guitar Intro:  

1. Hel -

lo, hel - lo, hel - lo is there an - y - bod - y home? I've

on - ly called to say I'm sor - ry. —

The drums are in the dawn and all the voic - es

gone, and it seems that there are no — more songs. 2.3.4.5.

2. Once I knew a girl
She was a flower in a flame
I loved her as the sea
Sing sadly
Now the ashes of the dream
Can be found in the magazines
And it seems that there are
No more songs.
3. Once I knew a sage
Who sang upon the stage
He told about the world
His lover
A ghost without a name
Stands ragged in the rain
And it seems that there are
No more songs.
4. The rebels they were here
They came beside the door
They told me that the moon
Was bleeding
Then all to my surprise
They took away my eyes
And it seems that there are
No more songs.
5. A star is in the sky
It's time to say good-bye
A whale is on the beach
He's dying
A white flag in my hand
And a white bone in the sand
And it seems that there are
No more songs.

BACH, BEETHOVEN, MOZART & ME

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderate

Verse: Ev'-ry mor - ning at the dawn—

dust is in the air. Ka-ren ris-es— ear - ly, runs

brush-es through her hair. Then she buys the

pa - per, I lay on my back, then she feeds the

mon - key, then she feeds the cat. (Chorus) I'll

talk, I'll talk, they live by the sea sur -

- roun - ded by a cem - e - ter - y. If you get tired come up for some

tea with Bach, Bee - tho - ven, Mo - zart and me.

Tag Ending.

Bach, Bee - tho - ven, Mo - zart me.

2. Frances is the next to rise
Powders up her nose.
She's working for the tailor
Makes the Western clothes
Andy drives a sports car
To the Warner Bro's ghost
He used to live in England
Now he loves the coast.
(Chorus and Tag)

3. Some times a friend comes by
To sing the latest song
But David fights with Susan
Nobody gets along
Every other Sunday
It's time to make a call.
Judy has a barbecue
Play the volleyball.
(Chorus)

4. In the evening
When the sun goes down
The streets are all aglow.
We walk out on the hillside
City shines below.
We sit down for our supper
The news begins to play.
Walter he is speechless,
Eric speaks cliches
(Chorus and Tag)

5. Andy plays a cricket game.
Frances holds a glass.
Karen reads and darns a dress.
I dream of the past
Dark is spreading up now
Good evening, good night
Karen turns the bed sheet.
She's turning out the light.
(Chorus and Tag)

MY KINGDOM FOR A CAR

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Fast Rock Beat

Fast Rock Beat

Verse: 1. I've found my free - dom here an' I been fly - ing down that

high - way of gold My shirt _____ sleeves _____ are

rolled, my Colt for - ty five is cold. I go fast _____

till I'm go - ing fast - er. _____

Chorus

Look how far we've come, look how far. _____

A car, a car, my

king-dom for a car. car. A

car, a car, my king-dom for a car. A

Repeat and fade

2. How I love the highway
Picks me up and takes me
Wherever I feel
I race through the trees
Bring space to her knees
I am master of all that's flying by me.
(Chorus)

3. Take me to tomorrow
Let me go on racing
With the wind in my hair
There's smoke in the air
But I do not care
If you want me
You will have to pass me.
(Chorus)

4. Come to me baby
We will leave this town
It was not made for a man
We'll find a new land
But the traffic is jammed
I went far
But it's a time for walking
(Chorus)

JIM DEAN OF INDIANA

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately Slow

4/4

Bm

A

Bm

E(sus)

A

1. It was on an In - di - ana

D

Bm

E

farm in the mid - dle of the coun - try, —

D

G

F#m

grow - ing in the fields of grain, — Jim Dean of In - di -

C#m 4 fr.

E(sus)

E(sus)

A

an - a. —

1. - 11.

12.

2. His mother died when he was born
His father was a stranger.
Marcus Winslow took him in
Nobody seemed to want him.
3. The hired man sang like a storm
Some times he would beat him
Cause he would never do the chores
He was lost in dreaming.
4. He never seemed to find a place
With the flatlands and the farmers,
So he had to leave one day
He said to be an actor.
5. And once he came back to the farm
With starlets from the stages.
They locked themselves inside his room
The people turned their faces.
6. A neighbor ran from the movie house
Chickens there were scattered.
He swore he saw upon the screen
Jim Dean of Indiana.
7. He played a boy without a home
Torn with no tomorrow
Reaching out to touch someone
A stranger in the shadow.
8. The Winslow's left for the movie town.
They drove across the country
They hoped that he would stay around
And they hoped he would be friendly.
9. He talked to them for half an hour
He was busy racing.
He left for the grapevine road,
They left for Indiana.
10. Then Marcus heard on the radio
That a movie star was dying
He turned the tuner way down low
So Hortense could go on sleeping.
11. It was not until they reached the farm
Where the hired man was waiting
The wind was sighing through the grain
It was just like they had told him.
12. They buried him just down the road
A mile from the farm house,
That is where I placed a flower
For Jim Dean of Indiana.

GAS STATION WOMEN

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Ev - 'ry - thing is go - ing wrong,

Ev - 'ry - thing is bad. There's no one I can

talk to— when I am— feel - ing— sad.—

She broke my heart— a mil - lion— ways, I'm a -

los - ing— all— my friends.— The boys down at the

fac - to - ry— they won - der where I've been.—

Chorus: Fill 'er up with love please won't you mis - ter. Just the

high test is what I us'd to say, but

that was be - fore I lost my ba - by.

I'll have a dol - lar's worth of re - gu - lar to-day.

2. I never should have left my home
Never left the farm,
But the city was exciting
How could it do me any harm?
But the more folks that I've run across
The less I seem to know
The days go by too quickly
The nights go by too slow.

(Chorus)

3. I cannot face another girl.
I believe I'll turn to drink,
So I won't remember
So I won't have to think.
Tomorrow will bring happiness
Or at least another day
So I will bid farewell to you
And I'll be on my way.

(Chorus)

HERE'S TO THE STATE OF RICHARD NIXON (MISSISSIPPI)

Here's To The State Of Mississippi (original lyrics)

Alternate lyrics Here's To The State Of Richard Nixon

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderato, freely

1. Here's to the state of Mis-sis - sip - pi, for un - der-neath her bor-ders the

dev - il draws no line, if you drag her mud - dy riv - ers name - less

bod - ies you will find. Oh, the fat trees of the for - est have

hid a thou-sand crimes, the cal - en - dar's ly-in' when it reads the pres-ent time.

Refrain

Oh, — here's to the land, you've torn out the heart of

Mis - sis - sip - pi, find your - self an - oth - er coun-try to be part of.

Repeat 7 times

HERE'S TO THE STATE OF RICHARD NIXON

2. And here's to the people of Mississippi.
Who say the folks up north,
They just don't understand.
And they tremble in the shadows,
At the thunder of the klan.
Oh the sweating of their souls,
Can wash the blood from off their hands.
Or they smile and shrug their shoulders,
At the murder of a man.

Refrain

4. And here's to the cops of Mississippi,
They're chewing their tobacco
As they lock the prison door.
And their bellies bounce inside them,
When they knock you to the floor.
No they don't like takin' prisoners
In their private little war,
And behind their broken badges
There are murderers and more.

Refrain

6. And here's to the government of Mississippi,
In the swamp of their bureaucracy
They're always boggin' down.
And criminals are posing,
As the mayors of the towns.
And they hope that no one sees the sights,
And no one hears the sounds.
And the speeches of the governor,
Are the ravings of a clown.

Refrain

8. And here's to the churches of Mississippi,
Where the cross once made of silver
Now is caked with rust.
And the Sunday morning sermons,
Pander to their lust.
Oh the fallen face of Jesus
Is chokin' in the dust.
And heaven only knows,
In which God they can trust.

Refrain

3. And here's to the schools of Mississippi.
Where they're teaching all the children,
That they don't have to care.
All the rudiments of hatred,
Are present everywhere.
And every single classroom,
Is a factory of despair.
And there's nobody learnin',
Such a foreign word as fair.

Refrain

5. And here's to the judges of Mississippi,
Who wear the robe of honor
As they crawl into the court.
And they're guarding all the bastions,
Of their phony legal fort.
Oh justice is a stranger
When the prisoners report,
When the black man stands accused
The trial is always short.

Refrain

7. And here's to the laws of Mississippi,
Congressmen will gather
In a circus of delay.
While the constitution's drowning,
In an ocean of decay.
Unwed mothers should be sterilized,
I've even heard them say.
Yes corruption can be classic,
In the Mississippi way.

Refrain

1. Here's to the state of Richard Nixon.
For underneath his borders,
The devil draws no line.
If you drag his muddy rivers,
Nameless bodies you will find.
And the fat trees of the forest
Have hid a thousand crimes.
And the calendar is lying
When it reads the present time.

Refrain: Here's to the land
You've torn out the heart of.
Richard Nixon find yourself
Another country to be part of.

2. And here's to the schools of Richard Nixon.
Where they're teaching all the children,
That they don't have to care.
All the rudiments of hatred,
Are present everywhere.
And every single classroom
Is a factory of despair.
There's nobody learnin'
Such a foreign word as fair.

Refrain

3. Here's to the laws of Richard Nixon.
Where the wars are fought in secret,
Pearl Harbor every day.
He punishes with income tax
That he don't have to pay.
And he's tapping his own brother
Just to hear what he would say.
Oh corruption can be classic
In the Richard Nixon way.

Refrain

4. Here's to the churches of Richard Nixon
(and Billy Graham).
Where the cross once made of silver,
Now is caked with rust.
And the Sunday morning sermons,
Pander to their lust.
Oh the fallen face of Jesus
Is chokin' in the dust.
And heaven only knows
In which God they can trust.

Refrain

5. Here's to the government of Richard Nixon.
In the swamp of their bureaucracy,
They're always bogging down.
And criminals are posing
As advisers to the crown.
They hope that no one sees the sights,
And no one hears the sounds.
And the speeches of the President
Are the ravings of a clown.

Refrain

BOY IN OHIO

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderate Country Waltz Tempo

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderate Country Waltz Tempo'. The score consists of eight staves of music. Above the first staff are three guitar chord diagrams: G, Em, and Am. Above the second staff are two: D and G. Above the third staff are two: C and G. Above the fourth staff are two: D and G. Above the fifth staff are three: C, G, and Em. Above the sixth staff are three: Am, D, and G. Above the seventh staff are two: C and G. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words connected by lines to indicate they are part of the same phrase. The lyrics are: '1. Creek was run - nin' by the road, and the buck-eyed son was a shin - in'. I rode my bike down A - lum Creek Drive, when I was a boy in O - hi - o. The Eng - lish teach - er he did - n't care, he chal - leng'd'.

1. Creek was run - nin'

by the road, and the buck-eyed son was a

shin - in'. I rode my bike down

A - lum Creek Drive, when I was a boy in O -

hi - o. The Eng - lish

teach - er he did - n't care, he chal - leng'd'

us to check - ers, and once in a

while we'd swap a joke, when I was a

boy in O - hi - o.

Guitar Solo ending.

2. Once I was caught playing hooky from school
They found me home in the evening
I confessed I'd been to the movie show
When I was a boy in Ohio.
We would wait for the summer to come.
The swimmin' and pickin' berries.
But now a freeway covers the field
Where I used to be so happy.
3. I remember the "Burger Boy"
Where the girls would shine like the engines
And the radio was always loud
When I was a boy in Ohio
The Spanish teacher, she tried to help.
But she was much too pretty
So I just stared at the back of her legs
When I was a boy in Ohio.
4. It was 3.2 beer at the honky tonk bar
Where they said that the girls were easy
But somehow I never found me one
When I was a boy in Ohio
Soon I was grown and I had to leave
And I've been all over the country
But I don't believe I've had more fun
Than when I was a boy in Ohio.

CHORDS OF FAME

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Country Swing

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It includes guitar chord diagrams for E, D, A, and F#m. The lyrics are as follows:

Verse: 1. Found him by the stage— last night, he was breath - in' his last
breath, _____ a bott - le of gin and a
cig - a - rette was all that he had left. _____
I can see you're mak - in' mu - sic 'cause you
car - ry a gui - tar, _____ but God help the
trou - ba - dour— who tries to be a star. _____

Chorus: So play the chords of love my friend,

play the chords of pain if you want to

keep your song don't, don't, don't

don't play the chords of fame.

2. I've seen my share of hustlers
As they tried to take the world
When they find their melody
They're surrounded by the girls.
But it all fades so quickly
Like a sunny summer's day
Reporters ask you questions
They will write down what you say

(Chorus)

3. They'll rob you of your innocence
They will put you up for sale.
The more that you will find success
The more that you will fail.
I've been around I've had my share
And I really can't complain
But I wonder who I left behind
The other side of fame.

(Chorus)

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