

***Endless River - Terry Leonino & Greg Artzner - Magpie  
Lyrics and Notes on the Songs***

***Ship Gonna Sail***

**words & music by Utah Phillips, Paul Kamm, and Eleanore MacDonald**

We learned this song from Utah Phillips after hearing him sing it unaccompanied at the Champlain Valley Folk Festival. Thanks to Paul & Eleanore. Listen to their excellent rendition! (©2010 Ruby Eyes Publishing BMI. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission)

***I Just Roll Along***

**words & music by Paul Geremia**

Paul Geremia stopped over at our apartment in Takoma Park the day after his concert at the House of Musical Traditions. It was the late seventies, and it was the inaugural season for the concert series we had begun at the store. He had sung this song and we loved it, so he taught it to us. We had forgotten that we recorded it during one of our very first studio sessions with engineer Mike Rivers. After Mike's passing, Charlie Pilzer found the two tracks we did while going through Mike's audio archive and this was one of them.

***Make Heaven Where You Stand***

Another in our ongoing, ever-growing song cycle, "*Sword of the Spirit*," that tells stories from the saga of abolitionist John Brown and his cohort. This song is in the voice of Dr. Martin R. Delany, Black physician from Charlestown, Virginia. Delany had left the United States and settled temporarily in Chatham, Ontario, (then called, "Canada West") where he supported the expatriate community, which was largely comprised of freedom seekers from the southern United States. He and his friends hosted the small convention in Chatham in May, 1858 where John Brown spoke, presented his provisional constitution, and sought recruits and support for the actions he envisioned, which included the raid on Harper's Ferry. The song recalls meeting Brown and hearing him inspire the convention attendees. Later, in 1863, Delany enlisted in the Union Army and became a commissioned officer, the only Black to achieve the rank of Major during the Civil War.

***Make Heaven Where You Stand  
(Dr. Martin R. Delany at Chatham)***

We'd all made our way to heaven  
Many had struggled to be free  
And at Chatham came together  
To put an end to slavery

There was a man who came among us  
Believed he knew what should be done  
He said, 'This war that is our bondage  
Is a war that can be won!'

And we said, "Go down, Moses,  
Into that slavery land!  
Build a new nation  
Out of pain and tribulation.  
Make Heaven where you stand,  
Make Heaven where you stand!"

There was a man who came among us  
The fire of justice in his eye  
With his long black coat and long white beard  
And an answer to our cry

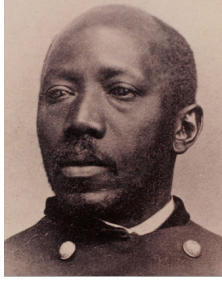
And when he stood before the people  
The light of hope again their guide  
His words of freedom rang like thunder ,  
His truth could not be denied

He said, "Doctor Delany,  
It's not the money; I need men!"  
We all fulfilled the prophecy  
That flowed from John Brown's pen.

In my hometown they hanged him  
The sword of spirit would not die  
Then swords of steel by the thousands  
Did his gallows glorify

And we said, "Go down, Moses,  
Into that slavery land!  
Build a new nation  
Out of pain and tribulation.  
Make Heaven where you stand,  
Make Heaven where you stand!"

And we said, "Go down, Moses,  
Into that slavery land!  
Build a new nation  
Of joy and jubilation.  
Make Heaven where you stand,  
Make Heaven where you stand!"



*Dr. Martin R. Delaney*

### ***Best Chance***

Lewis Sheridan Leary was one of the five black volunteers in John Brown's Harper's Ferry company. A native of North Carolina, he was a free man living in Oberlin, Ohio. In the spring of 1858 he participated in the famous "Oberlin-Wellington Rescue," the rescue of John Price, an escapee living free in Oberlin. Price had been apprehended by "slave catchers" from Kentucky under the Fugitive Slave Law. They had taken him to the town of Wellington to put him on a train back to Kentucky. A huge crowd of rescuers from Oberlin succeeded in freeing him from his captors. Leary was among the rescuers as they all rode and walked and sang songs on their way back to Oberlin. Leary recruited with John Brown without telling his young wife, Mary, and when he went to join Brown in October of 1859, he left her behind with their infant daughter, Louisa. Leary was killed at Harper's Ferry, murdered by a local vigilante in cold blood. The accepted narrative for many years has been that he sustained gunshot wounds and that it took anywhere from several hours to several days for them to be fatal. Deeper research unearthed an account by a Baltimore reporter who witnessed Leary's murder, but whose account was never printed in the newspaper.

In the song we imagine what Lewis Leary might have wanted to say to his infant daughter during his foray to Harper's Ferry, perhaps even at the moment of his death.

### ***Best Chance***

I hate to leave you now  
When this world for you is new  
But I see the future in your eyes  
For our people and for you  
It's my duty, obligation  
With John Brown I'm bound to go  
But just in case I pass from this place  
My heart wants you to know

It may be our best chance  
These bloody chains to break  
It may be our best chance  
And a chance I have to take

If John Price taught us anything  
It's that what we thought  
To be hopeless and impossible

When truth be told is not  
For if we stand together  
Let no one stand alone  
We'll see Jericho's crumbling walls  
And slavery overthrown

I have asked our friends  
A father's pledge to share  
As long as I'm not with you  
To hold you in their care  
I did not tell your mother  
And that I do regret  
You'll have no mem'ry of me  
But she will ne'er forget

One thing that I must tell you  
And swear on the stars above  
I'm guided by my thoughts of you  
The very hand of love  
I cannot know what lies ahead  
Down at the river's bend  
But along the Shenandoah  
We will bring freedom in the end

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*Lewis Sheridan Leary*

### ***Our Gift to You (Liberator)***

For more than a decade, lifting up the legacy and teaching the story of Harriet Tubman, we have conducted songwriting residencies in schools around the eastern U.S. and Canada, most of them in Harriet's adopted hometown of Auburn, New York. With research pointing to Harriet's actual birth year as being 1822, 2022 was her birth year bicentennial, and our students at Genesee Elementary School in Auburn decided that their song would be a 200th birthday present. Thanks to all our scholars and songwriters, their teachers and school staff, to the Harriet Tubman Boosters of Auburn, and Martha Swan at John Brown Lives! for their steadfast support of this ongoing work

teaching the truth about history. Thanks also to the city of Auburn, which has become a sort of “home away from home” for us, and for the support of the many members of Harriet’s extended family of descendants, who all refer to the liberator as “Aunt Harriet.”

### ***Our Gift to You (Liberator)***

A liberator, free and strong and true (keep on keepin' on)  
A liberator, free and strong and true (keep on keepin' on)  
A liberator, free and strong and true (keep on keepin' on)  
Dear Aunt Harriet, we celebrate you

It's two hundred years since you were born  
Freedom's mighty glorious morn  
A century since you've been gone  
Like you we keep on keepin' on  
Like you we keep on keepin' on

Remembering all that you've been through  
Risked your life for others too  
The Freedom Train and the Civil War  
John Brown Hall and so much more  
John Brown Hall and so much more

Looked at your hands when you crossed the line  
The glory all over sure did shine  
Am I the person I was before?  
You thought you were at heaven's door  
You thought you were at heaven's door

Seeker of justice, freedom and peace  
That people in chains gain their release  
You earned their trust on the old Combahee  
Just like Moses you set 'em free  
Just like Moses you set 'em free

When we needed you you answered our call  
You went to prepare a place for all  
Our promise, our word, our gift to you  
Is we all stand for justice, too  
We all stand for justice, too

© 2022 words and music by Terry Leonino & Greg Artzner with Genesee Elementary School 4th Grade students and their teachers: Beth Robinson, Danielle Cronk, Claire Minnoe, Julia Henry, and Justina Taylor

## ***Human Tidal Wave***

### **word & music by Janice MacKenzie**

Our friend Janice MacKenzie wrote this powerful commentary on the debacle that became the U.S.-Mexico border during the years between 2017 and 2020. In terms that are both heartrending and inspiring, Janice envisions a collective movement to end the shameless atrocities we have witnessed.

## ***Land of the Cree***

Written in 1990 to support the fight of the Cree Nation in Quebec to stop Hydro Quebec Corporation from building a dam on the Great Whale River in the second phase of their James Bay project. After New York state cancelled a multibillion-dollar power purchasing agreement, the Cree won their fight. We were glad to know that our song was heard in Cree communities during the struggle.

## ***Land of the Cree***

Oh, the morning sun comes rising in the moon of the melting snow  
It sends the water spilling to the valley down below  
And each drop adds power to the ragin' river's flow  
    In the land of the Cree people

All of my relations in the woodlands all around  
Are dancing with their lovers and singing them sweet sounds  
They build their nests and raise their young in trees and on the ground  
    In the land of the Cree people

The wolf and the caribou, the eagle and the bear  
Awaken and return with the new life in the air  
And like thousands have before them they will raise their families there  
    In the land of the Cree people

In the circle of the grandmother, bringing forth anew  
The bounty of the earth to see her children through  
As it was for all the ancestors still today is true  
    In the land of the Cree people

But now I hear they're coming to build their power dam  
They want to flood this valley, they want to drown the land  
And they never stop to ask just how much earth can stand  
    In the land of the Cree people

Grandfather, hear my cry  
From the Earth our mother to the sky  
How many of my family will have to die  
Before they're satisfied?

Down south of the border the power switch is on  
They want ever more to make their cities run  
From factories to TV sets the power lines are drawn  
from the land of the Cree people

From Ottawa to Albany the story is the same  
The governments continue four hundred years of shame  
Though they call it progress, genocide's the name  
In the land of the Cree people

Grandfather, hear my cry  
From the Earth our mother to the sky  
How many of my family will have to die  
Before they're satisfied?

Oh, the morning sun comes rising in the moon of the melting snow  
It sends the water spilling to the valley down below  
And each drop adds power to the ragin' river's flow  
In the land of the Cree people  
In the land of the Cree people  
In the land of the Cree

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### ***Gentle Warrior***

Rachel Carson has long been a hero to us, and we have performed many times over the years at her home in Silver Spring, Maryland which is a national historic landmark. In the 2 years after the 1962 publication of her alarming, disquieting and controversial bestseller, *Silent Spring*, she was subjected to a barrage of verbal and media attacks, many of them ad hominem attempts at character assassination. She never backed down despite the fact that she was dying of cancer through that entire final period of her life. She died of metastatic breast cancer in 1964. Her work brought so many people into a greater awareness of our interconnections and interdependence with earth's ecosystems, and our responsibility for the planet, that it's entirely appropriate that many people call her the Mother of the modern environmental movement.

### ***Gentle Warrior***

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

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

A gentle urgent warning to find another way

*Refrain:*

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

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

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

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

*Refrain*

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### ***White Wings***

Written after we first sailed on Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater*, where we were inspired by the experience of sailing on the beautiful river aboard the brainchild of Pete Seeger and his friends up and down the valley. We were also buoyed and energized by the community of volunteers and activists who made up her crew, many of whom were women, including the skipper and the mates! "White wings" was a term one writer used to describe the numerous sloops with their picturesque sails during their 19th century heyday when they were ubiquitous, plying their way up and down the river, carrying passengers and cargo. In the 1990s, *Clearwater* was often accompanied by the smaller ferry sloops *Sojourner Truth* and *Woody Guthrie*, whose "wings" were a russet red canvas, so we included one chorus for them.

### ***White Wings***

Back in the days when sloops sailed the Hudson  
Before all their cargo was carried by rails,  
Majestic masts with the wind in their canvas,  
"White Wings" was the name that they gave to the sails.



White wings will carry us on down the river,  
White wings will carry us on down the stream.  
We'll all keep workin' and sailin' and singin'  
Until these waters run clean,  
Until these waters run clean.

But the railroads came and the sloops they faded,  
A far-distant memory, an echoed refrain.  
Then factory dumping poisoned the Hudson;  
A dream of clear water brought them back again.

So here's to the people who work on the river  
Givin' their lives 'til this clean-up is done:  
The crews of the *Sojourner Truth*, *Woody Guthrie*,  
The *Clearwater's* daughters, the *Clearwater's* sons.~

Here's to the people on shore who are with them  
The ones who are keeping the wind in the sails  
The dreamers and doers, the planners and teachers  
Who make sure the wind of the truth still prevails.

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***Pleasures of the Harbor***  
**words & music by Phil Ochs**

Words and music by Phil Ochs. Phil Ochs had a passion for images of the sea and stories of sailors, and they often found their way into his songwriting. *Pleasures of the Harbor* has long been one of our favorites, showcasing his melodic artistry along with his brilliant, almost cinematic lyric. And we love the timeless nature of the story he tells here, a sympathetic portrait of the young sailor who seeks comfort, pleasure and human connection after an extended time living on the sea, yet who ultimately finds the experience not fulfilling in any real sense

...”for love was but a smile, teasing all the while, now dancing down the drain...”

Though the song was written in the nineteen sixties, the story could be set in almost any time period, even the 18th or 19th centuries.

***Mississippi Clay***

Written in 2015, our song details an incident inextricably linked with the killing and wounding of students at Kent State University in Ohio on May 4th, 1970. Eleven days later, just after midnight on the 15th of May, Jackson, Mississippi police and Mississippi State police officers fired more than 460 shots into a crowd of unarmed student protesters on the campus of Jackson State College (now 'University'), killing 2 (James Earl Green and Phillip Lafayette Gibbs) and wounding 12. No one was ever held to account. In the immediate aftermath of the shooting, student Gene Young succeeded in getting the students to sit down peacefully, thereby preventing even more bloodshed.

His words to them are the basis for the refrain in our song

***(It's Not So Very Far from the) Mississippi Clay***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### ***We're Listening***

Written in response to numerous stories of cyber surveillance over the course of two decades.

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

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

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

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

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

Yes we can, we know it all

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

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

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

We're listening we're listening  
Yes we are watching you  
We may be out in cyberspace  
But we know what you do  
What websites that you visit  
What you write and who you call  
If you're serious or jesting  
If the war you are protesting  
If you are strategizing  
If your friends are organizing  
If your outrage is explodin'  
If your name is Eddie Snowden  
No we're not interfering  
We're just seeing, we're just hearing  
Yes we can, we hear it all

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***Last Train to Nuremberg***

**words & music by Pete Seeger, with new words by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino**

Words & music by Pete Seeger, 1970. As the war in Vietnam dragged on after the My Lai massacre, Pete put into song what many of us were thinking and saying about the

imperative of the Nuremberg trials. Silence is complicity, therefore silence can be a crime. It is a lesson too many have failed to learn. This seems ever more important when fascism and authoritarianism once again seem to be on the rise both in our nation and around the world. We adapted Pete's original lyrics to reflect that.

***Lamplighter (recorded at Caffè Lena, 2023)***

The day after Greg's mother died in February of 2014, we performed a concert for the Walkabout Clearwater Coffeehouse in New York. That evening we spoke and sang about the recent loss of Pete Seeger, who had died just the week before, and of course the loss of Mom. After the show, one of the volunteers took me aside to offer a thought of condolence. He told me he was a rabbi and told me that in Jewish tradition, mothers are seen as the "lamplighters" of our lives. With everything they do for us, each thing they do is like lighting a lamp along the way. The image was very comforting and stayed with us for days. We wrote the song that following week and sang it at Mom's life celebration in Ohio. Thanks to Charlie Rabinowitz.

***The Lamplighter***

All along the city streets  
In the darkening night  
Comes a solitary figure  
Carrying a light  
    From lamp post to lamp post  
    Back and forth across the lane  
    One by one each lamp is lit  
    With that wick aflame

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

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

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

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

© 2014 words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino

Written February 9, 2014

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

### ***If It Ain't Love***

**words & music by Andy Razaf, Don Redman, and Fats Waller (1932)**

Learned from the recording by Boswell Sisters. This was recorded in the summer of 1986 at Augusta Heritage Center's festival at Davis & Elkins College in Elkins, WV, Flawn Williams, engineer. We were in our 30s, sharing the stage with John Cephas & Phil Wiggins and the great Dewey Balfa.

### ***Build the World***

When racial hatred, resentment of immigrants, and building border walls became the easy, angry talk of a huge part of American society, we thought, 'no', instead we should be talking about the various ways we could build the *world* the way it should be, inspired partly by the famous quote erroneously attributed to Gandhi, "be the change you want to see in the world." We also were inspired by Pete Seeger's suggestion that it would be better for us all to share the work, the wealth, the hardship... "and no one will ever need or want to be a millionaire." Nowadays, it seems millionaire is no longer the goal, but billionaire. We're still singing and working toward *these* goals:

### ***Build the World***

Build the world that we want to see  
Where we live in peace; from fear we're free  
False borders fall, we'll join hand in hand  
'Til the arc of justice touches every land

Where the peoples' will shall never fail  
To rout the tyrant and support the frail  
Seek the *righteous* path of honesty  
Deem the high and haughty of low degree  
Where every soul gets what they need  
No one takes more by graft and greed  
Work, wealth, joy, hardship we'll all share  
And no one will yearn to be a billionaire

Where we see with a vision clear

How our *blunders* bear on our biosphere  
Where our living planet's honored true  
From mountain glaciers to oceans blue  
    Where we take from her only to give back  
    No carbon burning up a black smokestack  
    Our leaders follow that healing way  
    And work to save her everyday

Where in compassion all people live  
Where the noblest action is to forgive  
With one another we seek accord  
Respect and dignity are restored  
    Where armies stand down everywhere  
    Swords *finally* become plowshares  
    Tranquility will then increase  
    When weapons of war shall rust in peace

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### ***The Rebel Girl***

#### **words & music by Joe Hill**

We went back to the original sheet music published by the Industrial Workers of the World after Joe Hill's death to find that he had originally written "The Rebel Girl" as a ragtime march. It stands to reason, since the song was written in 1915. Joe Hill, as it turns out, was a more knowledgeable and talented musician and songwriter than just a lyricist who borrowed other melodies. He did, after all, play the piano, organ, violin, guitar, and banjo. He knew music pretty well. This old Labor chestnut has been done thousands of times, and sung and recorded as everything from a slow, reverential honoring song, to a driving bluegrass song with updated lyrics, to other versions, including unaccompanied and one that used the revised lyrics and completely re-wrote old melody (beautifully done, to be sure.) We decided to sing it more like the original. Dedicated to all the persistent ones out there.

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

Written the day after we lost Pete Seeger. The chorus is based on Pete's response to an interviewer's question about "folk songs." Pete revealed that he never liked the term. "But Pete, if *you* don't call them "folk" songs, what do you call them?" "I call them all love songs," Pete said. "They tell of love of man and woman, and parents and children, love of country, freedom, beauty, mankind, the world, love of searching for truth and other unknowns. But, of course, love alone is not enough."

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

I call them all love songs, 'cause that is what they are  
Love, though the road be smooth or rough  
Love for this crazy world and all humanity

Still we know love alone is not enough

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

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

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

© 2014 words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino  
January 28, 2014, for Pete Seeger, May 3, 1919-January 27, 2014

### ***Give Light***

Inspired by the work and words of the great Civil Rights leader Ella Baker, who believed in the power of grassroots leadership. She had been active in the NAACP and SCLC before helping students to found the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, changing the course of history.

Give light, and people will find the way  
Give light, and people will find the way  
Give light, and people will find the way  
People will find the way I do believe

Teach peace, and people will find the way  
Teach peace, and people will find the way  
Teach peace, and people will find the way



People will find the way I do believe

Stand together, and people will find the way  
Stand together, and people will find the way  
Stand together, and people will find the way  
People will find the way I do believe

Give love, and people will find the way  
Give love, and people will find the way  
Give love, and people will find the way  
People will find the way I do believe

Give light, and people will find the way  
Give light, and people will find the way  
Give light, and people will find the way  
People will find the way I do believe  
People will find the way I do believe

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***Bonus track at Bandcamp.com:***

***Leavin' Pampa***

2012 was the centennial of the birth of our song hero Woody Guthrie, and many of our songwriting colleagues were writing songs that year singing his praises and celebrating his birth. We wrote a song, too, but a little different. We decided to envision a moment in his young life, the time when he left Mary Jennings, his first wife, and their kids, in Pampa, Texas in 1937. He was only 25, father of three, and unable to make a sufficient living to support them all in the dusty, dark days of the Great Depression. He took off for California as so many others did during those hard times. The “plan” was always to get back together, to bring the family west when he was settled and secure. But they divorced in 1942. Our song is “in voce”, in the voice of Woody, expressing his frustration yet, still hopeful, envisioning a better day.

***Leavin' Pampa***

*words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino*

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

I'm a lookin' 'round now and I tell ya what I see  
Is a world of naked greed and bald dishonesty

Where the oil boomers thrive on the backs of all us poor  
While the dust storm racks our run down shacks and blows through every door  
And I just can't seem to find a way  
So I'm leavin' Pampa today

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

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

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

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