

SONGS OF THE PARCHMAN HOUR

Certainly, Lord

Do you want your Freedom? Certainly, lord,
Do you want your Freedom? Certainly, lord,
Do you want your Freedom? Certainly, lord,
Certainly, certainly, certainly, lord.
Will you fight for freedom? Certainly...
Have you been to jail? Certainly,..
Have you done thirty days? Certainly...
Did you serve your time? Certainly...
Will you go back again? Certainly...
Will you tell it to the judge? Certainly...
Will you tell it to the world? Certainly...
Will we get our freedom? Certainly...

Freedom!

Freedom, Freedom! Freedom's comin and it won't be long.
We took a trip on a Greyhound bus,...etc.
To fight segregation, this we must..etc.
We took a trip down Alabama way
We met much violence on Mother's Day
Violence in 'bama didn't stop our cause...
Federal marshals come enforce the laws...
On to Mississippi with speed we go...
Blue-shirted policemen meet us at the door...
Judge say local custom shall prevail..
We say 'no' and we land in jail...
Hey, Mister Kennedy, take me out of misery
Evil segregation, look what it done to me.

Wade in the Water

Wade in the water.
Wade in the water, children.
Wade in the water.
God's gonna trouble the water.
Well, who are these children all dressed in red?
God's a-gonna trouble the water
Must be the children that Moses led
God's a-gonna trouble the water.

Chorus (repeat and end)

Tobacco Road

I was born in a trunk.
Mama died and my daddy got drunk.
Left me here to die alone
in the middle of Tobacco Road.
Growin' up rusty shack,
 all I had was hangin' on my back.
Only you know how I loathe
 this place called Tobacco Road.
But it's home, the only life I ever known.
Only you know how I loathe Tobacco Road.
Gonna leave, get a job
 with the help and the grace from above.
Save some money, get rich and old,
 bring it back to Tobacco Road.
But it's home, the only life I ever known.
Only you know how I loathe Tobacco Road.
Bring that dynamite and a crane,
 blow it up, start all over again.
Build a town, be proud to show.
 Gives the name Tobacco Road

Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Round

Ain't gonna let nobody, turn me round
Turn me round, turn me round
Ain't gonna let nobody, turn me round
Keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Walking down that freedom line.
 (or Marching up to freedom land.)
Ain't gonna let (substitute any name),
Turn me round...

Ole Alabama

Old Alabama j'ines the state of Floridy
At Mobile, lawdy, at Mobile
Old Alabama is hog-killing country
E'vy fall, lawdy, e'vy fall
Did you hear bout that water boy gettin drowned?
In Mobile Bay, lawdy, in Mobile Bay
Did you hear bout the men all gonna leave you
Next pay day, lawdy, next pay day
Did you hear bout Louella Wallace?
Poor gal dead, lawdy, poor gal dead
Mud

Hold On

Paul and Silas bound in jail,
Got no money for to go their bail;
Keep your eyes on the prize,
Hold on.

CHORUS:

*Hold on, hold on,
Keep your eyes on the prize,
Hold on.*

Paul and Silas began to shout,
Jail doors opened and they walked out.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
The only thing that we did wrong,
Let segregation stay too long.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Work all day and work all night,
Trying to gain our civil rights.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
The only thing that we did right,
Come and the wilderness, begin to fight
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
The only chain that a man can stand,
Is the chain of a hand in hand.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Got my hand on the Freedom plow,
Ain't got long on my journey new.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Hallelujah, I'm A-traveling

Hallelujah, I'm a-traveling
Hallelujah, ain't it fine;
Hallelujah, I'm a-traveling
Down freedom's main line.
I'm taking a trip
On the Greyhound Bus Line
I'm riding the front seat
To Jackson this time.
Three hundred Freedom Riders
When offered a choice
Six months, three hundred dollars,
Respond in one voice.

REFRAIN:

*Hallelujah, I'm a jailbird
And I ain't paying no fine.
Hallelujah, I'm a-traveling
Down freedom's main line,*

Travelin' Shoes

ohh you know that
You know that death came a knockin on my mothers door sayin
'Come on mother aint ya ready to go' Mother stooped down,
buckled up her shoes and she moved on down by the Jordan stream.
And she shout 'Hallelujah!! I done my duty! Got on my travelin shoes'.

You know that, death came a knocking on my sisters door sayin '
Come on sister aint ya ready to go?' Sister stooped down,
buckled up her shoes and she moved on down by the Jordan stream.
And she shout 'Hallelujah, I done my duty! Got on my travelin shoes'.

You know that death came a knockin on my brothers door sayin
'Come on brother aint ya ready to go?' Brother stooped down,
buckled up his shoes and he moved on down by the Jordan stream.
And he shout 'Hallelujah, I done my duty! Got on my travellin shoes'.
You know that death came a knockin on my neighbors door sayin
'Come on neighbor aint ya ready to go?' Neighbor stooped down,
buckled up his shoes and he moved on down by the Jordan stream.
And then he shout 'Hallelujah, I done my duty! Got on my travellin shoes'.
You know that death came a knockin on my preachers door sayin
'Come on Preacher, aint ya ready to go?' And my Preacher stooped
down, buckled up his shoes and he moved on down by the Jordan
stream. And he shout 'Hallelujah, I done my duty! Got on my travellin shoes'.