

# Lyrics

## “Freedom Day”

by **Max Roach and Oscar Brown, Jr. (1960)**

Whisper, listen, whisper, listen. Whispers say we're free.  
Rumors flyin', must be lyin'. Can it really be?  
Can't conceive it, can't believe it. But that's what they say.  
Slave no longer, slave no longer, this is Freedom Day.

Freedom Day, it's Freedom Day. Throw those shackle n' chains away.  
Everybody that I see says it's really true, we're free.

Whisper, listen, whisper, listen. Whispers say we're free.  
Rumors flyin', must be lyin'. Can it really be?  
Can't conceive it, don't believe it. But that's what they say.  
Slave no longer, slave no longer, this is Freedom Day.

Freedom Day, it's Freedom Day. Throw those shackle n' chains away.  
Everybody that I see says it's really true, we're free.

Freedom Day, it's Freedom Day. Free to vote and earn my pay.  
Dim my path and hide the way. But we've made it Freedom Day.

# “How I Got Over”

by Clara Ward (1951)

How I got over  
How did I make it over  
You know my soul look back and wonder  
How did I make it over  
How I made it over  
Going on over all these years  
You know my soul look back and wonder  
How did I make it over

Tell me how we got over Lord  
Had a mighty hard time coming on over  
You know my soul look back and wonder  
How did we make it over  
Tell me how we got over Lord  
I've been falling and rising all these years  
But you know my soul look back and wonder  
How did I make it over

But, soon as I can see Jesus  
The man that died for me  
Man that bled and suffered  
And he hung on Calvary

And I want to thank him for how he brought me  
And I want to thank God for how he taught me  
Oh thank my God how he kept me  
I'm gonna thank him 'cause he never left me  
Then I'm gonna thank God for 'ole time religion  
And I'm gonna thank God for giving me a vision  
One day, I'm gonna join the heavenly choir  
I'm gonna sing and never get tired

And then I'm gonna sing somewhere 'round God alter  
And I'm gonna shout all my trouble over  
You know I've gotta thank God and thank him for being  
So good to me, Lord yeah  
How I made it over Lord  
I had to cry in the midnight hour coming on over  
But you know my soul look back and wonder  
How did I make it over

Tell me how I made it over Lord God Lord  
Falling and rising all these years  
You know my soul look back and wonder  
How did I make it over

I'm gonna wear a diamond garment  
In that new Jerusalem  
I'm gonna walk the streets of gold

It's the homeland of the soul  
I'm gonna view the host in white  
They've been traveling day and night  
Coming up from every nation  
They're on their way to the great Cognation

Coming from the north, south, east, and west  
They're on their way to a land of rest  
And they're gonna join the heavenly choir  
You know we're gonna sing and never get tired  
And then we're gonna sing somewhere 'round God alter  
And then we're gonna shout all our troubles over  
You know we gotta thank God  
Thank him for being so good to me

You know I come to thank God this evening  
I come to thank him this evening  
You know all all night long God kept his angels watching over me  
Early this morning, early this morning  
God told his angel God said, "touch her in my name"  
God said, "touch her in my name"

I 'rose this morning, I 'rose this morning, I 'rose this morning  
I feel like shouting, I feel like shouting, I feel like shouting  
I feel like shouting, I feel like shouting, I feel like shouting  
I feel like shouting, I just gotta thank God, I just gotta thank God  
I just gotta thank God, I just gotta thank him  
Thank God for being so good, God been good to me

Read more at <http://www.songlyrics.com/mahalia-jackson/how-i-got-over-lyrics/#FwEdx0t9AqJIC0e5.99>

# **“I've Been Buked and I've Been Scorned”**

## **Negro Spiritual**

I've been 'buked  
I've been 'buked and I've been scorned  
I've been 'buked and I've been scorned  
Children,  
I've been 'buked and I've been scorned  
Tryin' to make this journey all alone  
You may talk about me sure as you please  
Talk about me sure as you please  
Children, talk about me sure as you please  
Your talk will never drive me down to my knees  
Jesus died to set me free  
Jesus died to set me free  
Children Jesus died to set me free  
Nailed to that cross on Calvary

# **“Take My Hand, Precious Lord”**

**by Thomas A. Dorsey (1932)**

Precious Lord, take my hand  
Lead me on, let me stand  
I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm lone  
Through the storm, through the night  
Lead me on to the light  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

When my way grows drear precious Lord linger near  
When my light is almost gone  
Hear my cry, hear my call  
Hold my hand lest I fall  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

When the darkness appears and the night draws near  
And the day is past and gone  
At the river I stand  
Guide my feet, hold my hand  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

# "Oh Freedom"

## Traditional, Arrangement by Hollis Watkins

Oh freedom,  
Oh freedom,  
Oh freedom over me  
And before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave  
And go home to my lord and be free

No more weeping,  
No more weeping,  
No more weeping over me.  
And before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave  
And go home to my lord and be free

No more worry,  
No more worry,  
No more worry over me  
And before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave  
And go home to my lord and be free

Oh freedom,  
Oh freedom,  
Oh freedom over me  
And before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave  
And go home to my lord and be free

# “Come And Go With Me To That Land”

## Traditional

Come and go with me to that land  
Come and go with me to that land  
Come and go with me to that land

Where I'm bound  
Where I'm bound

I got a brother in that land  
I got a brother in that land  
I got a brother in that land

Where I'm bound  
Where I'm bound

I got a brother in that land  
I got a brother in that land  
I got a brother in that land

Where I'm bound  
Where I'm bound

Come and go with me to that land  
Come and go with me to that land  
Come and go with me to that land

Where I'm bound  
Where I'm bound

I got a sister in that land  
I got a sister in that land  
I got a sister in that land

Where I'm bound  
Where I'm bound

I got a sister in that land  
I got a sister in that land  
I got a sister in that land

Where I'm bound  
Where I'm bound

Come and go with me to that land  
Come and go with me to that land  
Come and go with me to that land

Where I'm bound  
Where I'm bound

We'll all be together in that land  
We'll all be together in that land  
We'll all be together in that land

Where I'm bound  
Where I'm bound

Come and go with me to that land  
Come and go with me to that land  
Come and go with me to that land

Where I'm bound

# “I'm On My Way Lyrics”

## Traditional

1. I'm on my way and I won't turn back.  
I'm on my way and I won't turn back.  
I'm on my way and I won't turn back.  
I'm on my way  
great God I'm on my way.

2. I'll ask my brother  
come  
go with me. (3 x)  
I'm on my way  
great God  
I'm on my way.

3. If he won't come  
I'll go alone. (3 x)  
I'm on my way  
great God  
I'm on my way.

4. I'll ask my sister  
come  
go with me. (3 x)  
I'm on my way  
great God  
I'm on my way.

5. If she won't come  
I'll go anyhow. (3 x)  
I'm on my way  
great God  
I'm on my way.

6. I'm on my way to the freedom land. (3 x)  
I'm on my way  
great God  
I'm on my way.

7. I'm on my way and I won't turn back. (3 x)  
I'm on my way  
great God  
I'm on my way.

# "Mississippi Goddam"

by **Nina Simone (1964)**

The name of this tune is Mississippi Goddam  
And I mean every word of it

Alabama's gotten me so upset  
Tennessee made me lose my rest  
And everybody knows about Mississippi Goddam

Alabama's gotten me so upset  
Tennessee made me lose my rest  
And everybody knows about Mississippi Goddam

Can't you see it  
Can't you feel it  
It's all in the air  
I can't stand the pressure much longer  
Somebody say a prayer

Alabama's gotten me so upset  
Tennessee made me lose my rest  
And everybody knows about Mississippi Goddam

This is a show tune  
But the show hasn't been written for it, yet

Hound dogs on my trail  
School children sitting in jail  
Black cat cross my path  
I think every day's gonna be my last

Lord have mercy on this land of mine  
We all gonna get it in due time  
I don't belong here  
I don't belong there  
I've even stopped believing in prayer

Don't tell me  
I tell you  
Me and my people just about due  
I've been there so I know  
They keep on saying "Go slow!"

But that's just the trouble  
"do it slow"  
Washing the windows  
"do it slow"  
Picking the cotton  
"do it slow"  
You're just plain rotten  
"do it slow"  
You're too damn lazy

"do it slow"  
The thinking's crazy  
"do it slow"  
Where am I going  
What am I doing  
I don't know  
I don't know

Just try to do your very best  
Stand up be counted with all the rest  
For everybody knows about Mississippi Goddam

I made you thought I was kiddin'

Picket lines  
School boy cots  
They try to say it's a communist plot  
All I want is equality  
for my sister my brother my people and me

Yes you lied to me all these years  
You told me to wash and clean my ears  
And talk real fine just like a lady  
And you'd stop calling me Sister Sadie

Oh but this whole country is full of lies  
You're all gonna die and die like flies  
I don't trust you any more  
You keep on saying "Go slow!"  
"Go slow!"

But that's just the trouble  
"do it slow"  
Desegregation  
"do it slow"  
Mass participation  
"do it slow"  
Reunification  
"do it slow"  
Do things gradually  
"do it slow"  
But bring more tragedy  
"do it slow"  
Why don't you see it  
Why don't you feel it  
I don't know  
I don't know

You don't have to live next to me  
Just give me my equality  
Everybody knows about Mississippi  
Everybody knows about Alabama  
Everybody knows about Mississippi Goddam

That's it!

# **“To Be Young, Gifted And Black”**

**By Weldon Irvine and Nina Simone (1969)**

To be young, gifted and black,  
Oh what a lovely precious dream  
To be young, gifted and black,  
Open your heart to what I mean

In the whole world you know  
There are billion boys and girls  
Who are young, gifted and black,  
And that's a fact!

Young, gifted and black  
We must begin to tell our young  
There's a world waiting for you  
This is a quest that's just begun

When you feel really low  
Yeah, there's a great truth you should know  
When you're young, gifted and black  
Your soul's intact

Young, gifted and black  
How I long to know the truth  
There are times when I look back  
And I am haunted by my youth

Oh but my joy of today  
Is that we can all be proud to say  
To be young, gifted and black  
Is where it's at

Songwriters: Irvine, Weldon / Simone, Nina

To Be Young, Gifted And Black lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group

# "The Backlash Blues"

by Langston Hughes and Nina Simone (1967)

Mr. Backlash, Mr. Backlash  
Just who do think I am  
You raise my taxes, freeze my wages  
And send my son to Vietnam

You give me second class houses  
And second class schools  
Do you think that alla colored folks  
Are just second class fools  
Mr. Backlash, I'm gonna leave you  
With the backlash blues

When I try to find a job  
To earn a little cash  
All you got to offer  
Is your mean old white backlash  
But the world is big  
Big and bright and round  
And it's full of folks like me  
Who are black, yellow, beige and brown  
Mr. Backlash, I'm gonna leave you  
With the backlash blues

Mr. Backlash, Mr. Backlash  
Just what do you think I got to lose  
I'm gonna leave you  
With the backlash blues  
You're the one will have the blues  
Not me, just wait and see

# "I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free"

by **Billy Taylor and Richard Carroll Lamb (1963)**

**(Sung by Simone in 1967)**

I wish I knew how  
It would feel to be free  
I wish I could break  
All the chains holding me  
I wish I could say  
All the things that I should to say  
Say 'em loud say 'em clear  
For the whole round world to hear

I wish I could share  
All the love that's in my heart  
Remove all the bars  
That keep us apart  
I wish you could know  
What it means to be me  
Then you'd see and agree  
Everyone should be free

I wish I could give  
All I'm longin' to give  
I wish I could live  
Like I'm longin' to live  
I wish I could do  
All the things that I can do  
Though I'm way overdue  
I'd be starting anew.

I wish I could be like a bird in the sky  
How sweet it would be  
If I found out I could fly  
I'd soar to the sun  
And look down at the sea  
And I sing 'cause I know

# "Baltimore"

by **Randy Newman (1977)**

Beat-up little seagull  
On a marble stair  
Tryin' to find the ocean  
Lookin' everywhere

Hard times in the city  
In a hard town by the sea  
Ain't nowhere to run to  
There ain't nothin' here for free

Hooker on the corner  
Waitin' for a train  
Drunk lyin' on the sidewalk  
Sleepin' in the rain

And they hide their faces  
And they hide their eyes  
'Cause the city's dyin'  
And they don't know why

Oh, Baltimore  
Man, it's hard just to live  
Oh, Baltimore  
Man, it's hard just to live, just to live

Get my sister Sandy  
And my little brother Ray  
Buy a big old wagon  
Gonna haul us all away

Livin' in the country  
Where the mountain's high  
Never comin' back here  
'Til the day I die

Oh, Baltimore  
Man, it's hard just to live  
Oh, Baltimore  
Man, it's hard just to live, just to live

Oh, Baltimore  
Man, it's hard just to live  
Oh, Baltimore  
Man, it's hard just to live, just to live

# **“It’s a Long Walk to DC”**

**by Homer Banks and Marvell Thomas**

It’s a long walk to dc but i got my walking shoes on

# **“Freedom Highway”**

**by Roebuck “Pops” Staples (1965)**

March for freedom's highway  
March each and every day

Made up my mind and I won't turn around  
Made up my mind and I won't turn around

There is just one thing  
I can't understand my friend.  
Why some folk think freedom  
Was not designed for all men.

Yes I think I voted for the right man  
Said we would overcome.

# “In the Mississippi River”

by Marshall Jones (1964)

In the Mississippi River  
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord  
In the Mississippi River  
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord  
In the Mississippi River  
Well, you can count them one by one  
It could be your son  
Well, you can count them two by two  
It could be me or you  
Well, you can count them  
em three by three  
Do you wanna see?  
Well, you can count them four by four  
Oh, well-a into the river they go  
Oh, well-a into the river they go  
Well, you can count them five by five  
With their hands tied  
And they don't come out alive  
And their feet tied  
And you can count them six by six  
Holes throughout the body  
In Mississippi, they got it fixed  
Like Goodman  
And you can count them seven by seven  
Like Schwerner  
The Mississippi River sure ain't heaven  
And Chaney  
And you can count them eight  
And they are gone because of hate  
And you can count them nine by nine  
In Mississippi this ain't no crime  
And you can count them ten by ten  
And we wonder when the right will win  
In the Mississippi River  
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord  
In the Mississippi River  
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord  
In the Mississippi River

We're going stop them from going in the river  
We're going stop them from going in the river  
With their heads cut off  
Tied by their hands  
Tied by their feet