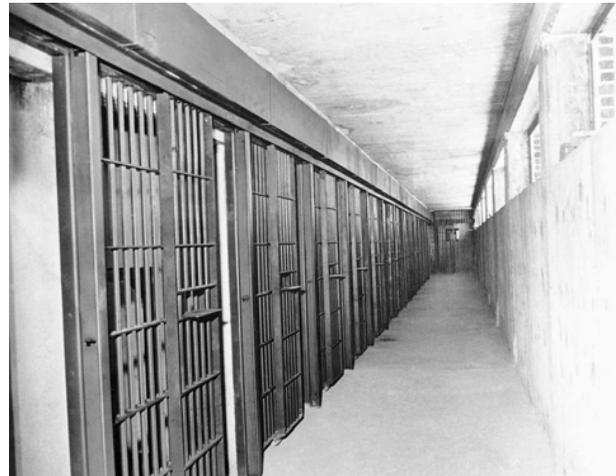


Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Round

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round,
 Turn me round, turn me 'round.
 Ain't gonna let nobody, turn me 'round.
 Ain't gonna let segregation turn me 'round,
 Turn me 'round, turn me 'round....
 BRIDGE: I'm gonna walk, walk, I'm gonna walk walk...
 With my mind on Freedom
 I'm gonna talk, talk, gonna talk, talk...
 I'm gonna keep on a-walkin', keep on a-talkin'.
 Marchin' on to freedom land

Our Cell Block, "Death Row", Parchman Penitentiary:



This May Be the Last Time

CHORUS:
 This may be the last time.
 This may be the last time, children
 This may be the last time.
 May be the last time, but I don't know.

This may be the last time we ever sing together
 It may be the last time, but I don't know (2x)

CHORUS:
 Martin stood before us, and then he said,
 May be the last time, but I don't know
 CHORUS:

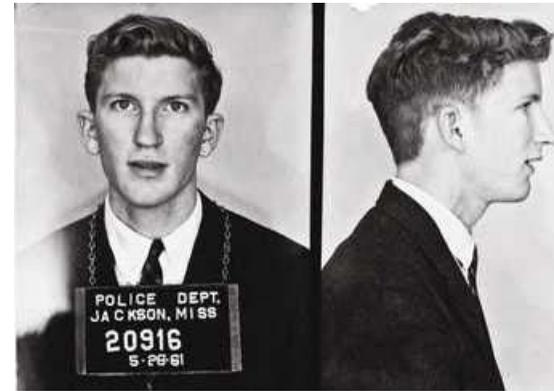
Here is an excellent YouTube video of Freedom Songs:
<http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/americanexperience/features/general-article/soundtrack-lyrics/#hallel>

And a Folkways album of Songs of the Freedom Riders:
<http://www.folkways.si.edu/we-shall-overcome-songs-of-the-freedom-riders-and-the-sit-ins/african-american-music-american-history-historical-song-struggle-protest/album/smithsonian>

Fankhauser's Freedom Ride Web Pages:
http://biology.clc.uc.edu/fankhauser/Society/freedom_rides/Freedom_Ride_DBF.htm
http://biology.clc.uc.edu/fankhauser/Society/freedom_rides/Freedom_Rider_Songs_Parchman_Penitentiary.html

SONGS OF THE FREEDOM RIDERS: PARCHMAN PENITENTIARY

Recollected by David B. Fankhauser, (arrested 28 May 1961)



Woke Up This Morning

Woke up this morning with my mind, Stayin' on freedom
 Woke up this morning with my mind, Stayin' on freedom,
 Woke up this morning with my mind, Stayin' on freedom
 Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

There ain't no harm to keep your mind, stayin' on freedom
 There ain't no harm to keep your mind, stayin' on freedom
 There ain't no harm to keep your mind, stayin' on freedom
 Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

I'm walking and talking with my mind, stayin' on freedom
 I'm walking and talking with my mind, stayin' on freedom
 I'm walking and talking with my mind, stayin' on freedom
 Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

BRIDGE: (different rhythm)
 I'm gonna walk, walk, I'm gonna walk, walk,
 I'm gonna walk, walk, with my mind on freedom
 Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, with my mind on freedom
 Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

I'm Gonna Sit at the Welcome Table

CHORUS:

I'm gonna sit at the welcome table,
 I'm gonna sit at the welcome table one of these days, Hallelujah!
 I'm gonna sit at the welcome table,
 I'm gonna sit at the welcome table one of these days.

Verses:

I'm gonna tell God how you treat me...
 I'm gonna sit at the Woolworth counter...
 I'm gonna feast on milk and honey ...

We are arrested in the Jackson Trailways Station:



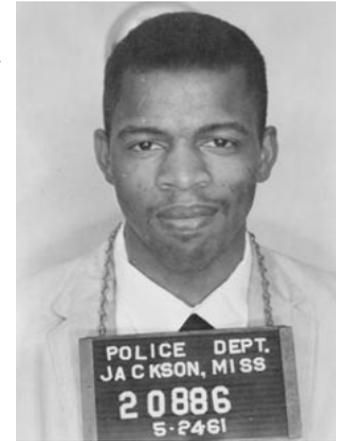
We Shall Not Be Moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved (repeat)
 Just like a tree that's planted by the waters
 We shall not be moved
 Black and White together, we shall not be moved
 Standing up for justice, we shall not be moved
 (repeat)...

We Are Soldiers

We are soldiers, in the army
 We got to fight, although we have to die
 We have to hold up the blood-stained banner
 We got to hold it up until we die.

My mother was a soldier,
 She had her hand on the gospel plow.
 When she got old, and couldn't fight anymore,
 She said I'll stand here and fight on anyhow.



To the right: Some of my cell block mates in the Maximum Security Unit, Parchman State Penitentiary

Which Side Are You On?

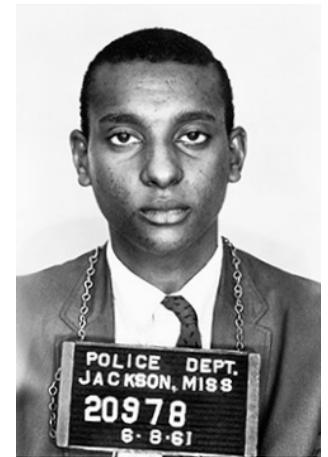
CHORUS:

Which side are you on, boy? Which side are you on?
 Which side are you on, boy? Which side are you on?

In Jackson, Mississippi, no neutrals will you get,
 You'll either be a Freedom Rider or a Tom for Ross Barnett
 CHORUS

Kwame Ture (Stokely Carmichael):

My daddy was a freedom fighter, and I'm my daddy's son
 And I will fight for freedom, 'til every battle's won
 CHORUS



Keep Your Eyes on the Prize

Paul and Silas were bound in jail
 Had 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
 The jail doors opened and they walked right out
 Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on
 CHORUS

Jim Farmer, founder of CORE:

One of the days, and I think I'm right
 We're gonna live together, black and white
 CHORUS

