

ASCH RECORDS AH 820
FOLKWAYS FC 7520

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GHETTO REALITY

Composed and Sung by Nancy Dupree
with a group of
Rochester, N.Y.
youngsters

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GHETTO REALITY NANCY DUPREE

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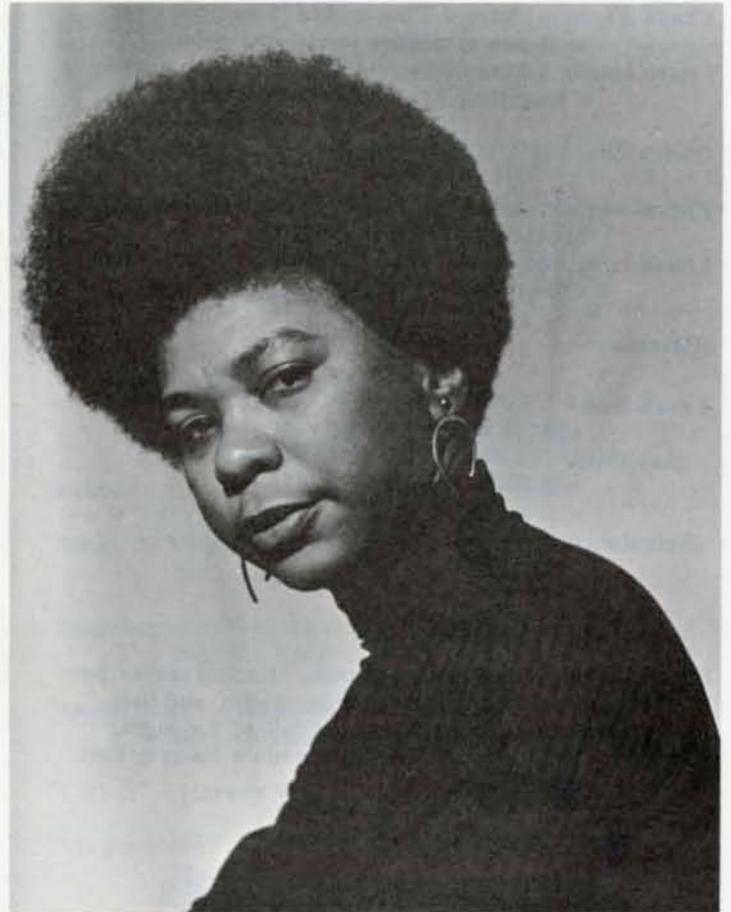
GHETTO REALITY

Introduction

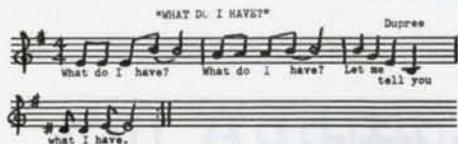
by Nancy Dupree

When I came to Rochester in 1964 I thought that the whole business of teaching music to elementary school children would be breezy, uncomplicated, and probably very boring. After all, they were LITTLE CHILDREN. Little children were a bit energetic, but the gentle voice of an adult would bring them to a screeching halt, whereupon they would rush to their seats with their angelic "Yes, Ma'm" blowing in the wind. Well . . . as we say down South, "Not hardly!"

Strong-willed, out-spoken, aggressive, determined. My children are all of these. (I think of them as mine.) The power struggle had lasted for months when I realized that part of my problem was the material provided in the songbooks. For instance, one fourth grade song confidently tells the story of a boy picking berries in the woods. When surprised from BEHIND by a bear, he says, "Come and play, come and play, Mr. Bear, Mr. Bear." My children are very realistic, and they know that you don't invite a full-fanged bear to "Come and play..." So I brought in Odetta, Miriam Makeba, Nina Simone etc., and my children's resistance turned to curiosity. In addition to this, we took liberties with the songs in the books, adding verses, changing words so that they had meaning for US. This inevitably led to creating our own songs. We proudly present them to you.



"What Do I Have?" is our past, present, and future in three verses.



Side 1, Band 1: What Do I Have?

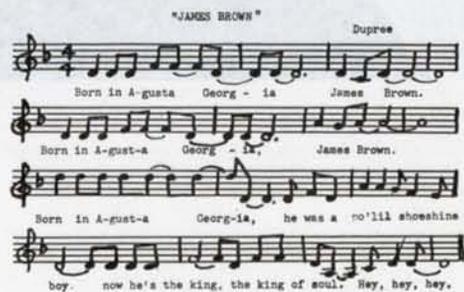
What do I have? what do I have? Let me tell you what I have.
 What do I have? what do I have? Let me tell you what I have.

(Spoken)
 I have a mind; I have a Fine mind. I was the first to figure it out the world was round.
 I have hands; I have Strong hands; I built the pyramids a long time ago and they still stand.

(Refrain)
 I have a voice, and I can Sing! Beethoven was my brother just like B. B. King.
 I have feet, and I can Dance. I'm so beautiful when I dance that I can put you in a trance.

(Refrain)
 I have Soul! I'm All Soul! Don't you worry 'bout what it is, just envy me.
 I have Guts! I have Heart! And if I get myself together, Hey, Hey, Hey!

(Refrain)
 My children idolize James Brown. His Rochester performances are usually on Saturday night, and the following Monday finds them still full of the sight, sound and feel of him. It was on such a Monday that this song was created.



Side 1, Band 2: James Brown

Born in A-gusta Georgia James Brown. Born in A-gusta Georgia,
 James Brown. Born in A-gusta Georgia, he was a po'lil shoe-shine boy.
 Now he's the king, the king of soul. Hey, Hey, Hey. Uh good God!

His hair was slick and shiney; James Brown
 His hair was slick and shiney; James Brown
 Now he sports his Afro; he's thinkin' Black, Lord,
 Oh Lord,
 I'm proud. Now he the King, the King of soul.
 Hey, Hey, Hey.
 Uh with your bad self, Uh it's funky; Uh I can't stand it; Uh good God!

Born in A-gusta Georgia, James Brown. Born in A-gusta Georgia,
 James Brown. Born in A-gusta Georgia, he was a po'lil shoe-shine boy. Now he's the king, the king of soul.
 Hey, Hey, Hey.

When you are a child, Christmas, Easter, July Fourth, Labor Day, etc., are OK because grownups say so. HALLOWEEN is a-whole-'nother-world! My children wrap their minds around Halloween and take off. I asked them what they like most about it and their answer was surprising to me at first. But when I stopped to think about who they are and the life style they are forced to adopt, it seemed perfectly natural. Their answer is the title of the song.



Side 1, Band 3: Bag Snatchin

(Refrain)
 Bag snatchin; bag snatch-in; bag snatchin; bag snatch-in.
 Frankenstein would go out of his mind bag snatchin-in.
 Bag snatch-in; bag snatch-in, bag snatch-in; bag snatch-in.
 Frankenstein would go out of his mind bag snatch-in.

(Spoken)
 I dig Halloween; it's a gas; it's a groovy; shooby dooby.
 It's cool; so cool; Bag Snatch-in!

(Refrain)
 It's mean; but it's clean; it's rough; but it's tough.
 It's boss; no cost; Bag Snatch-in!

(Refrain)
 It's not a gag; it's snatch-in bags.
 It's a trick, not a treat.
 Many faces, many races; Bag Snatchin!

(Refrain)

In the Spring of 1968 I read a book about Jellyroll Morton. Impressed, I decided to write a song about him. I had created the opening bars when along came the evening of April 4th. Impressed, (ruthlessly and painfully impressed) I had no choice but to complete the song; not about Jellyroll, but about "Docta King"*. (We don't say doctor.)

Side 1, Band 4: Docta King

Docta King, Docta King, Docta King, Docta King,
Docta King, Docta King, Docta King, Docta King,
Docta King.

They murdered him, they murdered him, they
murdered him,
They murdered him, they murdered him. They
murdered him,
They murdered him, they murdered him. Oh how
it hurts me.

The man was pure as a baby's breath. His words
were love and brotherhood;
Peace on earth; good will toward men.
And they shot him down; they shot him down like
a dog,
A mad dog. They murdered him, they murdered him.
Oh how it hurts me.

This land is mad for blood. But I'm too strong, and
God is King. You can kill a man but you
Cannot kill a dream.
We shall overcome, we shall overcome, we shall
overcome.

I'm gonna shout, when the spirit say shout.
I'm gonna shout, when the spirit say shout.
And when the spirit say shout I'm gonna shout,
O Lord.
I'm gonna shout when the spirit say shout.

Precious Lord take my hand; Lead me on, let me
stand.
I am tired and weak and worn; thru the storm
lead me on.
Docta King, Docta King, Docta King, Docta King.

"Virgin Mary", like other truths, is self-evident.

"VIRGIN MARY" DUPREX

Vir- gin Ma- ry had a little ba-by,
Wo- wo- wo- wo- wo- o wo- o wo- o wo- o
01 Virgin Ma- ry had a little ba- by.

Side 1, Band 5: Virgin Mary

Virgin Mary had a little baby.
Wo-wo-wo-wo-wo-o wo-o wo-o wo-o
Virgin Mary had a little baby.

What you gonna name that pretty little baby?
Wo-wo-wo-wo wo-o wo-o wo-o wo-o
What you gonna name that pretty little baby?

Mamma's gonna name Him King Emmanuel.
Wo-wo-wo-wo- wo-o wo-o wo-o wo-o
Mamma's gonna name Him King Emmanuel.

(Repeat first verse)

Who, how, and where you are determined what you want. This Christmas list may seem strange, but in view of who, how and where my children are, the logic is perfect.

What do you want for Christ - mas, my ba - by, ba - by?
What do you want? What do you want? What do you want what do
you want?

Side 2, Band 1: I Want

Christmas time is such a marvelous time of the
year, of the year.
Christmas time is such a marvelous time of the
year, of the year.
Rudolph the red nose reindeer; Jingle, jingle,
jingle, jingle bells.
Christmas time is such a marvelous time of the
year, of the year.

(Refrain)

What do you want for Christmas, my baby, baby?
What do you want for Christmas, my baby, baby?
What do you want for Christmas, my baby, baby?
What do you want? what do you want? what do you
want? what do you want?

Boys:

I want a car; I want a Super-B. Powerful, black
and beautiful, just like me.

Girls:

I want a man; I want a black man. A man just
like Malcolm. Hey, hey, hey!

(Refrain)

Boys:

I want a house; I want a one-family house.
Plenty heat; and no rats.

Girls:

I want a skirt; I want a mini-skirt. It don't matter
that I weight 900 pounds.

(Refrain)

All:

I want my freedom; I want it now. Don't tell me
about tomorrow. I want it now.
I got my self; I got you. And if we get ourselves to-
gether, Hey, Hey, Hey!
Christmas time is such a marvelous time of the
year, of the year.
Christmas time is such a marvelous time of the
year, of the year.

Frankenstein could not survive a night of bag
snatchin'. Neither his feet nor his brain is swift
enough. (So my children say) Besides, he is
afraid of mice, and you could take a rubber mouse
and put him out of commission for the whole night.
(So my children say)

Side 2, Band 2: Frankenstein

Frankenstein he ran across a mouse and he jumped
out of his skin, out of his skin.
Frankenstein he ran across a mouse and he jumped
out of his skin, of his skin.
The mouse turned around and then he lost head;
the cat on the corner, well, he went to bed,
the roaches ran around and ate up all the bread.
Yay! yay! yay! yay, yay, yay, yay.

Frankenstein he ran across a mouse and he jumped
out of his skin, out of his skin.
Frankenstein he ran across a mouse and the jumped
out of his skin, out of his skin.

Rochester is the COLDEST place in the universe.

Side 2, Band 3: Cold

(Refrain)

It was cold this mornin'!
It was cold this mornin'!

It was four degrees;
It froze my knees;
It froze my toes;
It froze my nose.

(Refrain)

My lips got stiff;
Couldn't move my hips
On the ice I flipped;
My wig flipped.

(Refrain)

My boots came loose with the orange juice;
Couldn't find my goose;
She married a moose;
And I was Uptight and outta sight!

(Refrain)

Our way of singing "Jingle Bells" is an example
of how we change songs around so that they
express the style of our lives.

Side 2, Band 4: Jingle Bells

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh.
Hey-----Hey, hey hey.
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh.

(Refrain)

Jingle, jingle, jingle bells, jingle, jingle bells;
Jingle, jingle, jingle bells, jingle, jingle bells;
Jingle, jingle, jingle bells; jingle, jingle bells.
Virgin Mary had a little baby. Howm-----
-----Howm-----

Dashing thru the snow on my way to school,
Ducking all the traffic, tryin' to keep my cool.
Some cat throws a snow ball; it gets me, man I'm
mad!
If I could find my toothbrush that honey would get
had.

(Refrain)

Day or two ago, I thought I'd take a ride;
I went down to the bus stop, the hawk was by my
side.
First he froze my socks, then he froze my nose;
But when he froze my hamhocks, I took off down
the road!

(Refrain)

Twinkle, twinkle little star; I declare you must be
cold.
I'll toss you up a blanket to satisfy your soul.
Mary had a little lamb; it's fleece was white as
snow;
But if that hawk gets to him, that Lamb has got
to go!

(Repeat 1st verse)

Rev. Jesse Jackson called for a Black Christmas.
After doing our homework, we complied.

Side 2, Band 5: Call Baby Jesus

Girls

Call baby Jesus, Call baby Jesus big brown eyes,
wooly hair, choc-late, choc-late, chocolate face.
Call baby Jesus, call baby Jesus big brown eyes,
wooly hair, choc-late, choc-late, chocolate face.

Boys

Call wum wum wum wum, click, click, click, click,
click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click,
click, big brown eyes.

Wooly, wooly, wooly, wooly, wooly, wooly, wooly
hair.

Click, click, click, Choc-late face, choc-late face,
choc-late face, choc-late face.

Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click.

Girls (repeat first verse)

Boys (repeat second verse)

All

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

Soloists: (in order of appearance)

"What Do I Have?" - Joseph Parks, Addie Rich,
Eula Johnson

"Bag-Snatchin'" - Hilda Gause, Stephen Ross,
William King

"Docta King" - Hilda Gause, Vicki Smithers, Addie
Rich (tambourine)

"I Want" - Harvey Watts, Beverly Gissendanner

"Virgin Mary" - Addie Rich, (tambourine) Harvey
Watts (drums)

"Cold" Brenda Robinson, Natalie Stubbs

"Jingle Bells" - Anna Swails, Deletha Hills, Nadine
Carlos

"Call Baby Jesus" - Wanda Wilcox

"Ghetto Reality"

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