


Freedom, Freedom Rider

(Tune: *Hully Gully*)


Marilyn Eisenberg, 1961

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Went to mis-si-si-ppi on a Grey-hound bus line, Free-dom, Free-dom Rid-er.

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Went in-to the ter-mi-nal and ev-ery thing was fine. Free-dom, Free-dom Rid-er.

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Sit-ting in a wait-ing room Trying to buy a tick-et; may-be get some cof-fee too.

Police said to me, "Move out, and move on," [Freedom, Freedom Rider]
I just kept a-sitting there, not doin' nothing wrong [Freedom, Freedom Rider]
I'm a Freedom Rider, he's a Freedom Rider
You can be a Freedom Rider, too.

They took me to jail in a big black paddy wagon [Freedom, Freedom Rider]
I sang all the way, my spirit wasn't dragging [Freedom, Freedom Rider]
We Shall Overcome and We Shall Not Be Moved
And Climbing Jacob's Ladder, too.

Well I went before the judge and what did he say [Freedom, Freedom Rider]
"You've breached the peace, now in jail you must stay, [Freedom, Freedom Rider]
Pay two hundred dollars because you are so guilty
Stay in jail for four months, too."

I din't pay my fine, although I want to be free, {Freedom, Freedom Rider]
They carried me off tho the penitentiary [Freedom, Freedom Rider]
"I'll throw you in the hole, I'll take away your mattress
You damn Yankee agitator, you."

Now behind the bars I keep singing this song [Freedom, Freedom Rider]
Freedom's coming, and it won't be long [Freedom, Freedom Rider]
I'm a Freedom Rider, She's a Freedom Rider
You can be a Freedom Rider, too.

The writer of this song, Marilyn Eisenberg, was a Freedom Rider who spent a month and a half in jail in Parchman, Mississippi. In prison, she said, the girls were always dancing--the Twist, the Watusi, and the Hully-Gully were their favorites. She used the *Hully Gully* as the tune for this song.