

Lyrics, Music Festivals, 1965 Newport Folk Festival

Maggie's Farm by Bob Dylan (1965)

[Verse 1]

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Well, I wake up in the morning, fold my hands and pray for rain
I got a head full of ideas that are drivin' me insane
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

[Verse 2]

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
Well, he hands you a nickel, he hands you a dime
He asks you with a grin if you're having a good time
Then he fines you every time you slam the door
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more

[Verse 3]

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's Pa no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's Pa no more
Well, he puts his cigar out in your face just for kicks
His bedroom window, it is made out of bricks
The National Guard stands around his door
Ah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's Pa no more

[Verse 4]

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's Ma no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's Ma no more
Well, she talks to all the servants about man and God and law
Everybody says she's the brains behind Pa
She's 68, but she says she's 54
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's Ma no more

[Verse 5]

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Well, I try my best to be just like I am
But everybody wants you to be just like them
They say "Sing while you slave" and I just get bored
Ah, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

Blowin' in the Wind by Peter, Paul & Mary, written by Bob Dylan (1963)

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind
Yes, and how many years must a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
And how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind
Yes, and how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
And how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Colours by Donovan, with Joan Baez (1965)

[Verse 1]
Yellow is the colour of my true love's hair
In the mornin', when we rise
In the mornin', when we rise
That's the time, that's the time
I love the best

[Verse 2]
Blue's the colour of the sky
In the mornin' when we rise
In the mornin' when we rise
That's the time, that's the time
I love the best

[Verse 3]
Green's the colour of the sparklin' corn
In the mornin' when we rise

In the mornin' when we rise
That's the time, that's the time
I love the best

[Verse 4]

Mellow is the feelin' that I get
When I see her, mm-hmm
When I see her, ah-ha
That's the time, that's the time
I love the best

[Verse 5]

Freedom is a word I rarely use
Without thinkin', mm-hmm
Without thinkin', mm-hmm
Of the time, of the time
When I've been loved

Lonesome Traveler by Memphis Slim with Willie Dixon

unavailable

We're Gonna Rock by Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon, written by

unavailable

Just A Closer Walk With Thee by The Chamber Brothers and Joan Baez, traditional

I am weak but Thou art strong
Jesus keep me from all wrong
I'll be satisfied as long
As I walk, let me walk close to Thee
Just a closer walk with Thee
Grant it, Jesus, is my plea
Daily walking close to Thee
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be
When my feeble life is o'er
Time for me will be no more
Guide me gently, safely o'er
To Thy kingdom's shore, to Thy shore
Just a closer walk with Thee
Grant it, Jesus, is my plea
Daily walking close to Thee
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be

Candy Man Blues by Mississippi John Hurt (1928)

Well all you ladies gather 'round
That good sweet candy man's in town
It's the candy man
It's the candy man
He likes a stick of candy just nine inch long
He sells as fast a hog can chew his corn
It's the candy man
All heard what sister Johnson said
She always takes a candy stick to bed
Don't stand close to the candy man
He'll leave a big candy stick in your hand
He sold some candy to sister Bad
The very next day she took all he had
If you try his candy, good friend of mine
You sure will want it for a long long time
His stick candy don't melt away
It just gets better, so the ladies say

House Un-American Blues Activity Dream by Mimi and Richard Farina (1965)

I was standing on the sidewalk, had a noise in my head
There were loudspeakers babbling, but nothing was said
There were twenty-seven companies of female Marines
There were Presidential candidates in new Levi jeans

It was the red, white and blue planning how to endure
The fife, drum and bugle marching down on the poor
God bless America, without any doubt
And I figured it was time to get out

Well, I have to believe that in-between scenes, good people
Went and got 'em done in the sun, good people
Tourist Information said to get on the stick
You ain't moving 'til you're grooving with a Cubana chick
So I hopped on a plane, I took a pill for my brain
And I discovered I was feeling all right

When I strolled down the Prado, people looked at me weird
Who's that hippy, hoppy character without any beard?
Drinking juice from papayas, singing songs to the trees
Dancing mambo on the beaches, spreading social disease

Now the Castro convertible was changing the style
A whole lot of action on a blockaded isle

When along come a summons in the middle of night
Saying, "Buddy, we're about to indict"

When I went up on the stand with my hand, good people
You've got to tell the truth in the booth, good people
Started out with information kind of remote
When a patriotic mother dragged me down by the throat
"When they ask you a question, they expect a reply!"
Doesn't matter if you're fixin' to die

Well, I was lying there unconscious, feeling kind of exempt
When the judge said that silence was a sign of contempt
He took out his gavel, banged me hard on the head
He fined me ten years in prison and a whole lot of bread

It was the red, white and blue making war on the poor
Blind Mother Justice on a pile of manure
Say your prayers and the Pledge of Allegiance every night
And tomorrow you'll be feeling all right
Uh-huh-huh