



Si Kahn

We're Still Here

To measure the success of a folk songwriter, the usual pop yardsticks are useless, like using a level to measure a river. Count Si Kahn's career in Grammys, Billboard bullets, MTV videos, or wardrobe malfunctions, and you miss him entirely.

But by the unique, timeless, grassroots measures with which great folk songs have always been judged, it can be argued that he is the most successful folk songwriter of his generation. This is all the more remarkable, given that he is also among the most unrepentantly radical political songwriters of his age.

His songs have been recorded by over 100 artists, including some of the most respected voices in folk music today: June Tabor and the Oyster Band, Robin and Linda Williams, Dick Gaughan, John McCutcheon, Laurie Lewis, Irish singing legend Dolores Keane, and Celtic groups Planxty, the Fureys, and Patrick Street.

But the real impact his songs have had since he started writing them around 1970 is impossible to estimate, because they have had such vibrant lives beyond his or the music industry's view. His best songs, such as *Aragon*

*W*e're Still Here is a tribute to the persistence and resistance of working people everywhere.

Flying overhead is the spirit of the great labor radical Mother Jones, born Mary Harris in County Cork, Ireland about 1836.

The Road To Wigan Pier by George Orwell exposed working and living conditions in English mining villages in the 1930s. "Colliery" is British English for coal mine. The cable that lowers the miners' cage down into the shaft is powered by the "colliery wheel." "Davey Lamps" are early miners' safety lamps. Coxey's Army of unemployed workers, having marched to Washington, DC from around the country, gathered on Capitol Hill on May Day, 1894 to demand public works jobs.

In 1947, after Pete Seeger had finished a concert for the International Workers' Order near Pittsburgh, Andrew Kovaly sang him He Lies in the American Land, which he had written in Slovak. Seeger created the English version. The Hebrew of the last verse, which I added, comes from the opening of the Kaddish, the Jewish prayer which among other uses is chanted to remember and honor the dead.

Hard Times (E=D/2)

It's hard times in Washington
Hard times in Tennessee
Hard times for everyone
Hard times for you and me
It's hard times in the public places
Hard times in the factories
Hard times on the corporate farms
Hard times on the company seas
 Hard times
 It's hard times

It's hard to watch it all go down
Drowning like the setting sun
Hard to watch our freedoms taken
Hard to lose what we had won
It's hard to watch the towers tumble
Hard to watch the struggling town
Hard to watch the bastards smile
While they tear the Constitution down
 Hard times
 It's hard times

But it's hardly time to take a seat
Hardly time to lose your voice
Hardly fair to just complain
As if we never had a choice
For we are born to work and choose
We are born to rip and mend
We are born to win and lose
We are born to lose...and win
 Hard times
 It's hard times
 Hard times
 It's our time

Traveler (C=D tuned down two steps) *for Elizabeth Kamarck Minnich*

The flowers on the mountainside
Have spread their purple stain
The wind comes from the borderlands
And brings the evening rain
Oh traveler won't you rest a while
Lay down lay down your load
The longer that the journey takes
The further down the road

Come rest yourself by springs that lie
Among the trees and ferns
For sure the road is hard to climb
With bends and twists and turns
What dangers lie beyond the hills
There's none of us may know
The longer that the journey takes
The further down the road

But you have given the finest gift
That traveler ever found
To see the road you're traveling on
And know where you are bound
Come meet me at the turning place
Together we will go
The longer that the journey takes
The further down the road

The Flume (E=D/2)

Momma remembered
When she was young
How her Daddy'd get up
'Fore the rising sun

Mill, Gone, Gonna Rise Again, and *Wild Rose of the Mountain*, have been sung in Dutch and Welsh and Swedish, converted to suit local circumstances to such an extent that they are now believed to be part of local traditional repertoires.

The far vistas of his work's reach can be glimpsed in echoes that come back from places his songs have traveled. Such a prolific populist songwriter might be expected to have earned some of the plaudits Kahn has, from Pete Seeger, *Sing Out!* magazine, the *New York Times*, *Boston Globe*, and *Washington Post*. But when your press kit also includes praise from Jesse Jackson, Studs Terkel, Nat Hentoff, and the late senator Paul Wellstone, there's something else going on.

Folk songs are prized today, as they always have been, for their authenticity. But that does not just mean adherence to traditional styles of playing and singing. In the busy fields of the contemporary songwriter, a new meaning of authentic has emerged. Is the song true to the lives it depicts; does it come pure and unfiltered from real people's experience? In short, is it honest?

Up in the wagon
Off he'd go
Chasing the sunrise
Down that water road

Lord, Lord, down the road
Lord, Lord, down the road
Lord, Lord, down the road
Lord, Lord, down the road

Up Reddies River
There's trees so tall
No company on earth
Could ever cut 'em all
Straight heart poplar
By the wagon load
To float down to town
On that water road

Long about midnight
The sun gone down
They'd load up the flume
For the run to town
Step on a board
Grab a steady hold
Riding on home
Down that water road

The sawmills, the axes
The oxen teams
Iron boilers building up
A head of steam
Wagons and drivers
Who'd have ever known
They would all wash away
Down that water road

Mother Jones' Farewell to Ireland (Bb=G/3)

My mother's life led from the house to the church
To pray and to raise up a family
But here in this country I worked on my own
For I had left Ireland behind me
Yes, I had left Ireland behind me

One night after work at the union hall dance
I noticed a man from the foundry
A fiery young rebel no priest would approve
But I had left Ireland behind me
Yes, I had left Ireland behind me

He turned in his seat
And he gave me a glance
Saying, "Sure, Mary Harris
You'll give us a dance"
I looked at him once
And I never looked back
As we waltzed away down the river

Through that long night I never once thought
Of the mother who raised me so gently
For the heat of the foundry burned deep in his eyes
And I had left Ireland behind me
Yes, I had left Ireland behind me

We're Still Here (E=D/2)

Evening hangs like smoke
On this mill town that I love
My thoughts they roll and tumble
Through the years
My heart drifts through the haze
Back to Youngstown's better days
The mills have gone away
But we're still here

We're still here
We're still here
The mills have gone away
But we're still here
With our neighbors and our kin
Right here where we've always been
The mills have gone away
But we're still here

Looking down the street
To the days when I was young
I can see my friends and neighbors
Strong and clear
People came from far away
Lived their lives from day to day
Through the good times and the hard times
We're still here

Dreaming down the days
'Til time circles home
When our children face
The future's hope and fear
Nothing went the way it should
But we did the best we could
When the whistle blows for courage
We're still here

Kahn has never worked as a full time musician. His songs are so credible because he knows and works with the very people who people his songs.

He has worked as a grassroots organizer in the South since the 1960s. Since 1980, he has been executive director of Grassroots Leadership, a multiracial team of activists who do civil rights, labor, and community organizing.

"I have the working life of an organizer," he says. "I spend my life with people, in meetings, developing strategy, and trying to figure out how to make that strategy move. What do organizers do? We listen to people, we ask questions, we talk with people; those are the requisite skills. And they're also the requisite skills of a songwriter."

The visceral realism that makes Kahn's political songs so convincing is everywhere on this CD. He never knew labor legend Mother Jones, of course, but he knows the bittersweet heart of the lifelong activist, the mingling memories of victory and loss, of moving people's lives forward but never seeing even the horizon of struggle's end.

Silk and Satin (F=G tuned down two steps)

No school this morning
The whistle's blowing
Children by two's and three's
Tumble down the hill
Out of their childhood
Into the world for good
Out of the schoolyard
Into the mill

Silk and satin
No time for dreaming
The dawn is breaking
The 12-hour shift starts soon
Ribbon and lace
Go take your place
Within the shadows of this spinning room

Dressed in her mother's shirt
Too small to reach her work
Worn as the wooden box
On which she stands
Torn from her books and games
She stares at her spinning frame
The threads of childish laughter
Break in her hands

Seasons don't shift in here
Smog doesn't lift in here
Snow doesn't drift in here
When the nights turn cold
Wind doesn't blow in here
Rivers don't flow in here
Children don't grow in here
They just get old

The Gap (\$8,825 an Hour) (D)

Here I am spending my life
Down among the kielbasa
Making your lunch meat
Hot spicy sausage and dogs
You can count what I make
That's the reason they call it production
So how come it's you
That's living so high on the hog

Sometimes I wonder
What CEOs do in an hour
When I see your picture
You're talking away on the phone
Shaking some hand
Or jetting away to a meeting
You're sure not down here
On the floor with the gristle and bone

You make eight thousand eight hundred
Twenty five dollars an hour
Seventy thousand and six hundred dollars a day
That's more than ten million a year
I just can't see it from here
What let's you deserve to be
Making a killing this way

Sometimes I dream
I'm sitting up there in your office
You're working here on the floor
For the rest of your life
It's real work down here
But I know in my heart you can do it
The way you cut jobs
You've got to be good with a knife

You cut 500 jobs
And you say that you're being a leader
Me and my friends on the floor
Think it's old-fashioned greed
We can do the right thing
And hire them all back tomorrow
If we get cut back on you
We'll have all the payroll we need

We Roll the Steel (D)

From the fields of Lithuania
To the high Italian hills
We have sailed across the rolling sea
To work these rolling mills
We have left our farms and villages
Our cities and our towns
To roll the steel
That makes the world roll 'round

We hold a hundred histories
We speak a dozen tongues
In our hearts the friends we left behind
Have stayed forever young
We are children men and women
We are black and white and brown
We roll the steel
That makes the world roll 'round

We have dreamed about the slavery ships
That anchored by the shore
Come to steal our souls from Africa
For the mills of Baltimore
Strangers in a distant field
Our feet on foreign ground
We roll the steel
That makes the world roll 'round

So he takes heart from the struggle itself. In a wise, mature love song to his partner, feminist philosopher Elizabeth Kamarck Minnich, he sings of their shared activism: *"The longer that the journey takes/ The further down the road."*

As an organizer, he also knows how much more powerful a tool hope is than anger. He laments our country's growing economic inequality in *Hard Times*, but his anger morphs into something else as the recurring phrase "hard times" suddenly becomes the more active "hardly time:" *"But it's hardly time to take a seat/ Hardly time to lose your voice."*

"When I am painting a world I'd like to see," Kahn says, *"it's rooted in the world we have. When you organize, you learn not to offer anything to people that they think is out of reach. That's why I want my heroes to be human, to be accessible. I want them to be people about whom other people say, 'Actually, I could do that.'"*

Another way Kahn wears the mantle of a classic folk songwriter is how he chronicles the lives and times of those who came before him. He says, just as

From Fridays at O'Connor's Bar
To the fights at Finnish Hall
We have struggled for this union
All for one and one for all
Like a bridge that's made of steel
No storm should tear it down
We roll the steel
That makes the world roll 'round

Cam Ranh Bay (F=G tuned down two steps)

Walking through the grass
Night too dark to travel
Rifle in my hands
Following the track
17 years old
Scared to death of dying
But there ain't, but there ain't
No turning back

Going down the road
Road too dark to travel
Down that road again
No matter what they say
Going down that road
Straight into the darkness
Going back, going back
To Cam Ranh Bay

Sergeant back at Bragg
Clapped us on the shoulder
“You’re leaving here as boys
Coming home men”
Body made it back
Soul got left behind me
She won’t come, she won’t come
To me again

Friends all say my son
Looks just like his father
Rifle in his hands
Swelled up with pride
Say he’ll be like me
Too lucky to get wounded
But the wounds, but the wounds
Are all inside

Lying in the grass
Night too dark to travel
Sky lights up
It’s the 4th of July
Lying on my back
Listening to the rockets
I break down, I break down
And start to cry

Wigan Pier (G)

The mines are closed in the northwest country
Time like the colliery wheel stands still
Children at play where the work once called us
The work is gone but we’re still here
Living on the road to Wigan Pier

Memory settles like early evening
Light like the Davey Lamps all gone down
Colliery theme parks and miners’ statues
Are all the proof that we were here
Living on the road to Wigan Pier

Who will stand and who remember
Who still hears that whistle blow
Who will wait beside the window
For the black-faced miner
Coming down the road

Time marches on just like Coxe’s Army
Were those the bad or the good old days?
We live in fear of the dream that failed us
The dream is done but we’re still here
Living on the road to Wigan Pier

Woody Guthrie did, that he regards himself as a journalist and historian as much as musician.

He wrote *The Flume* from a newspaper article about a 1915 flood, using key words in the story to give the ballad a local authenticity. He was asked by the deputy sheriff where the flood happened if he would sing it at an employee appreciation day. That's what a real folk Grammy looks like.

"My songs are a history of a time, a place, a set of struggles, perceptions, ideas," he says. *"I think you could take my body of work, and within it find something of a documentary of the South over the last 100 years: a chronicle of an extended but very real community."*

Nowhere is his rare meld of realism and humanism more on display than in the way he writes about the ravages of war, in which everyone is a casualty. Without commenting on the rightness or wrongness of the wars, he offers a hard-eyed confessional about a Vietnam veteran anguishing over what he knows his young son will experience going off to his own war in Iraq. Its refusal to moralize makes the song even more powerful.

The Hunters (E=D/2)

When the fields of November turn yellow and gold
And the mountain lakes shine in the sun
Fond memories return with the change of the year
Once again we're in love – with our guns
Yes, the great white American hunters are back
With their rifles all red white and blue
They've been shooting each other for many long years
But this year they'll be shooting at you

Oh Senator Joe tell us where did you go
Take us back to the days of real men
With their hand guns in hand
Out stalking the land
They're going witch hunting again

Just like wolves on the prowl they travel in packs
In their camouflage Brooks Brothers suits
If it walks like a duck and talks like a duck
It's probably legal to shoot
I used to go rambling all painted in red
So I wouldn't get shot for a deer
But if you go wandering out in the woods
You're safer in pin stripes this year

A Time for Us All (G/5)

for Stewart Acuff and Mary Denham on their wedding

There's snow in the mountains
Winter's coming hard
But there's supper on the table
And dogs in the yard
The season is keeping
Its reason and rhyme
It's all in the timing
And all in the time

I am ready, I am ready
There's a time for us all
I am ready, I am ready
There's a time for us all

You can shout out for justice
Stand all alone
But the power is greatest
When you stand with your own
For there's strength to sustain us
In all that we do
When we raise our expectations
To the power of two

You can work every issue
Take every stand
But morning is brighter
When you live hand in hand
You can make every meeting
Speak every part
But evening is sweeter
When you walk heart to heart

So read through the contract
Sign on the line
For this is the season
And now is the time
To join in this union
Though the numbers are small
When love's on the table
It's the finest of all

Rabbit Jim (Eb=C/3)

In the Pennsylvania mountains, near the Centre
County line
Was the place where I grew up to be a man
Of all the friends I knew the one I remember best
Was the strangest man that's ever been my friend
He lived by himself in a shack on the edge of town
And the "good folks" turned their noses up at him
But he could outrun any hound dog in those
Pennsylvania hills

I guess that's why we called him Rabbit Jim
Poppa said, "He ain't your kind of people"
But I knew that he was gentle and so kind
Do you still race the hounds along the mountain
Rabbit Jim, you good old friend of mine

He wasn't educated, never been to school
I guess he couldn't even sign his name
But he could read the woods the way you'd read
the county news
Or sniff the wind and smell the coming rain
He taught me everything that he'd learned so long ago
When he was young and traveling far and wide
He never had no money, never had a job
Just did the things that kept him satisfied

It's 40 years ago since I crossed that county line
Looking for a place to call my own
But when the wind is cold and blowing from the north
I think of all the good friends I have known
Some folks go to college, some folks go to war
Some folks don't go any place but home
Rabbit Jim just kept walking the trails along the ridge
'Til time had turned his footsteps into stone

Another classic measure for folk songs is how well they travel, not just on CDs but on people's lips and in their lives. By this measure, it is hard to think of a modern folk songwriter who can match Kahn. People who have never heard the name Si Kahn not only sing his songs, but feel that they own them as much as they own their own family history.

As Kahn puts it with a chuckle, *"I guess the highest compliment for any folk songwriter is when you have to get your publishing company to tell people your songs are not in the public domain."*

He got a call once from a young bluegrass musician asking nervously if he had ever written a song called *Weave and Spin*. When Kahn said he was probably referring to *Aragon Mill*, the young bluegrasser glumly confessed his band had learned the song at a festival picking party and recorded it, believing it to be traditional. Was he going to sue them? No, said Si, but he sure would love to hear it, and see his name on the next pressing. He's used to this, and takes it as the compliment it really is.

He Lies in the American Land

(Andrew Kovaly/Pete Seeger)

Ah, my God! What is this land of America?
So many people traveling there
I will go too, for I am still young
God, the Lord will grant me good luck there

You, my wife, stay here 'til you hear from me
When you get my letter, put everything in order
Mount a raven-black steed, a horse like the wind
Fly across the ocean to join me here

Ah, but when she arrived in this strange land
Here in McKeesport, this valley of fire
Only his grave, his blood, his blood did she find
Over it bitterly she cried

Ah, ah, ah, my husband, what have you done
to this family of yours?
What can you say to these children, these
children you've orphaned?
Tell them, my wife, not to wait, not to wait,
not to wait for me
Tell them I lie here, in the American land

Momma Was a Union Woman (Bb=G/3)

Wake up, Sally, don't you sleep so late
Don't you sleep so long
Daddy just went off to work
Momma soon be home
Don't you see that old sun shining
Climbing up the hill
Can't you hear that whistle whining
Home from the mill

Momma was a union woman
Tried to raise us right
Momma was a union woman
Hoot owl shift each night
Momma was a union woman
Two hard working hands
She raised up a union woman
And a union man

Do you remember hard times, Sally
Just before the war
Seemed the world was out on strike
In 1934
Momma on the back of a pickup truck
Shouting to the crowd
Where'd that woman get the strength
Wish I had it now

Sally, what would Momma do
If she was here today
By God I know she'd never stand
To see us done this way
The way she taught us how to fight
I never will forget
She's with us on this picket line
Walking with us yet

The Whiskey Ring and the Railroad Trust (E minor)

*If living was a thing that money could buy
The rich would live and the poor would die
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
With the whiskey ring and the railroad trust
Let the rich man live and the poor man bust
With the whiskey ring and the railroad trust*

Are you loyal to the Constitution
Are you looking for a contribution
Here's a little present from the boys in the back
From the river of whiskey and the solid gold track

Let's have a hand for the railroad track
Let's have a hand for the boys in back
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
With the whiskey ring and the railroad trust
*Let the rich man live and the poor man bust
With the whiskey ring and the railroad trust*

Are you praying for the Resurrection
Are you running in the next election
Here's a little something you can use as you choose
From the solid gold engine and the river of booze

Hand on your shoulder means a man you can trust
Hand in your pocket means the railroad trust
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
With the whiskey ring and the railroad trust
*Let the rich man live and the poor man bust
With the whiskey ring and the railroad trust*

Are you of a pure and lofty nature
Do you make a bundle from the legislature
Here's some provisions for the campaign trail
From the bottles of bourbon and the silvery rail

Because the ways his songs travel strike at the most crucial measure for any folk song: Is it of any use to people?

“The moments that mean the most to me,” he says, *“are when somebody says they sang my songs when they got married, buried a grandparent, welcomed the birth of a child, or marked some other important transition. That’s how I want to be used as a songwriter.”*

“Part of how I, as an organizer, show up in the songs is that I want people to sing them together. I study traditional folk structure for that, the simplicity of the words, the repetition, the predictability of melody, choruses that are accessible to everybody.”

A few years ago, Kahn, who is now 60, began to archive and catalog his lifetime of songs. As a result, he sees them now more as a cogent body of work than a piecemeal repertoire.

“Through all my songs,” he says, *“I see an almost ferocious belief that almost everybody can do something that makes a difference. And I do think I’ve maintained my beliefs.”*

His voice slows as he says this, knowing what a big thing it is for a lifelong

Pickles and glue and any only thing
Let’s have a hand for the whiskey ring
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
With the whiskey ring and the railroad trust
Let the rich man live and the poor man bust
With the arms trade ring and the oil trust
Let the rich man live and the poor man bust
With the whiskey ring and the railroad trust

Note: Lines in italics are taken from traditional songs

When the War Is Done (G)

So many times in history
We’ve watched them march away
Some cry out for victory
Some just stand and pray
For this father’s daughter
For this mother’s son
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is over
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

Some are quick to honor
Some are quick to blame
Few can face the truth
That this all happens in our name
Before the first shot’s fired
Our battle has begun
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

Those who fight the battles
Are not those who make the laws
But bravery is still bravery
Even in an unjust cause
From the hand that signs the order

To the hand that fires the gun
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

Some lie solitary
Beneath a hero's stone
Some return to loved ones
But will always be alone
Something sacred will be lost
Even when the war is won
What will happen to the rest of us
When the war is done

La Libertad (F=D/3)

Para la libertad estamos marchando
Para la libertad, la libertad
Para la libertad estamos marchando
Para la libertad, la libertad

Viva, viva, viva la huelga
Viva la huelga y la libertad
Viva, viva, viva la huelga
Viva la huelga y la libertad

Para la libertad estamos luchando
Para la libertad, la libertad
Para la libertad estamos luchando
Para la libertad, la libertad

Para la libertad estamos esperando
Para la libertad, la libertad
Para la libertad estamos esperando
Para la libertad, la libertad

Para la libertad estamos cantando
Para la libertad, la libertad
Para la libertad estamos cantando
Para la libertad, la libertad

Para la libertad estamos marchando
Estamos luchando
Estamos esperando
Estamos cantando....

Viva, viva, viva la huelga
Viva la huelga y la libertad
Viva, viva, viva la huelga
Viva la huelga y la libertad

*Translation: We are marching, fighting, hoping, singing
for freedom. Long live the strike, long live freedom.*

Mother Jones' Farewell (I Was There) (G)

I have been a radical
For fifty years and more
Stood against the rich and greedy
For the workers and the poor
From Canada to Mexico
I traveled everywhere
Wherever trouble called me
I was there

Like stitches in a crazy quilt
That women piece and sew
Wherever there was suffering
I was bound to go
With angry words for cowardice
Comfort for despair
Whenever help was needed
I was there

I was there in the depressions
When times were at their worst
But we had them where we wanted
Like a dam about to burst

activist to say. Could it be true? Could he have seen the fights he's seen – the horrible losses and fleeting victories, the trampling of humble lives asking only for the most basic social decencies – and still have maintained his core belief in justice and democracy?

Can anyone have spent as much time in the sour underbelly of democracy as Kahn has, and still love it as sweetly as his songs do? The wonderful answer is yes, because he has come to see humankind's long march upwards in the same long and honest way the great folk songs do.

“Activism is a way of life for me, and it's been a very good way of life,” he says. “I am interested in ordinary acts of courage and resistance. I believe that to the extent we make activism seem extraordinary and heroic, we discourage rather than encourage people. I believe with all my heart that the world is changed by millions of daily acts of resistance, things that anyone is capable of doing. You don't have to absent yourself from society to live a life for justice. You can have fun, make music, have relationships, have a family, live a good life.”

With fire in our bellies
Revolution in the air
For a moment we saw clearly
I was there

There were times I saw the issues
In quite a different light
And old friends turned against me
But I never left the fight
When stones were in my passway
And the road was far from clear
Whether I chose right or wrongly
I was there

On a day when hope goes hungry
And your dreams seem bound to fall
You may see me at the mill
Or just outside the union hall
When the clouds are empty promises
The sky a dark despair
Like an eagle from the mountain
I'll be there

And you, my brave young comrades
When the future sounds the call
Will you be there for the battle
Will you answer, one and all
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll's called anywhere
Will you stand and answer proudly
We're still here
Can you stand and answer proudly
I was there

Si Kahn: guitar and lead vocals

Liz Meyer: harmony vocals

Joost van Es: fiddle

Scott Ainslie: National resophonic guitar on *Cam Ranh Bay* and *When the War is Done*,
second guitar on *Hard Times*

Produced by: Jesse M. Kahn and Pieter Groenveld

This album was recorded live in Holland at the SCR Studios in Rijsenhout, on February 13, 2004; at the Van Bommel Hoeve in Vlagtwedde, on February 15, 2004; and at Het Oude Raadhuis in Hoofddorp, on February 17, 2004.

Recorded by: SCR Productions, Hoofddorp, Holland

Recording engineer: Pieter Groenveld

Mastered by: Mirasound, Amersfoort, Holland

Mastering engineer: Jelke Haisma

Hard Times, *Cam Ranh Bay* and *When the War Is Done* recorded and mixed by Chris Garges, Jay Howard Studios, Charlotte, North Carolina, on January 11-12, 2003. Harmony vocals recorded by SCR Productions, Hoofddorp, Holland.

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Special thanks to: Jesse M. Kahn, David Fernandes, Elizabeth Kamarck Minnich, Pieter Groenveld, Liz Groenveld, Liz Meyer, Joost van Es, Scott Ainslie, Rienk Janssen, Ineke Baarslag, Bert and Marjan van Strien, Chris Garges, Josh Dunson, Scott Alarik, Dave Beckwith, Stephan Nathan, Alex Nathan, Carol Greenwald, and Dore Krauss.

Perhaps he can seem so sanguine because his songs, like his organizing, have always lifted the lives of the people for whom he meant them. And he's known that for a very long time. Over 30 years ago, they earned him the supreme folk kudo, the measure of all measures, when he watched an old, working-class couple listen to his first album.

Halfway through it, the old factory worker turned to his wife. In a voice choked with emotion, eyes welling with tears, he whispered, "*It's about people like us.*" He said it as if such a thing were not possible – who were they to have their lives remembered in song? And yet there was the proof, there were Si Kahn's songs.

"I never forgot that," Kahn says quietly. *"I have tried to honor people and their lives in my songs. I don't even think my satires are mean. But certainly in terms of the dispossessed - by which I mean the 90 percent of us who have to go to work every day, or wish that we could - I have tried to honor them in everything I've written."*

Scott Alarik
Cambridge, MA
2004

Also available on Strictly Country Records:

Si Kahn *In My Heart - Live in Holland* SCR-33

Gone Gonna Rise Again

Aragon Mill

Mississippi Summer

Farewell to Ireland

Gentle With Me Darling

What You Do With What You've Got

Last Good War

The Senator

Brookside Strike

Luray Women

Children of Poland

What Will I Leave

Cold Frosty Morning

Wild Rose of the Mountain

Rock Me, Roll Me

Molly in the Mill

Curtains of Old Joe's House

People Like You

Crossing the Border

Welcome to the World

Detroit December

If I Live

Lady of the Harbor

In My Heart

Music and lyrics by Si Kahn, except *He Lies in the American Land*: Original Slovak words and music by Andrew Kovaly (early 20th century), transcribed by Jacob Evanson. English lyrics by Pete Seeger (1951).

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Si Kahn is a member of AFM Local 1000, the North American Traveling Musicians Union; a lifetime member of the International Bluegrass Music Association (IBMA); and a lifetime member of the Folk Alliance.

Si Kahn's music for adults and children is available at www.sikahn.com



Si Kahn **We're Still Here**

1. Hard Times 2:31
2. Traveler 2:46
3. The Flume (Down the Road)..... 3:29
4. Mother Jones' Farewell To Ireland 2:43
5. We're Still Here 3:06
6. Silk and Satin 3:11
7. The Gap (\$8,825 An Hour) 3:10
8. We Roll the Steel 2:48
9. Cam Ranh Bay 2:59
10. Wigan Pier 3:04
11. The Hunters 2:00
12. A Time For Us All..... 3:32
13. Rabbit Jim 3:32
14. He Lies in the American Land 2:39
15. When the War Is Done 2:23
16. Momma Was A Union Woman 2:46
17. The Whiskey Ring and the Railroad Trust 2:00
18. La Libertad 3:09
19. Mother Jones' Farewell (I Was There) 2:31

Produced by Jesse M. Kahn and Pieter Groenveld
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