

THE JOHN RANDOLPH CLUB

October 21-22, 1994

Crystal City Marriott Hotel

Arlington, Virginia

**"THE AMERICAN IDENTITY:
EXPLORING THE CULTURAL BASIS OF A FREE SOCIETY"**

<u>Friday</u>	7:00pm	Reception	
	8:00pm	Opening Address	Murray Rothbard
<u>Saturday</u>	8:45am	SESSION ONE	Who We Are and Why It Matters
		"America's Classical Heritage"	E. Christian Kopf
		"America's British Heritage"	Samuel Francis
		"America's Christian Heritage"	Harold O.J. Brown
	10:30am	SESSION TWO	The Real Americas
		"The Midwest"	Allan Carlson
		"The Frontier"	Chilton Williamson
		"The South"	Clyde Wilson
		"American Balkanization"	Peter Brimelow
	12:30pm	Lunch and Presidential Address	
		"Multiculturalism"	Thomas Fleming
	2:15pm	SESSION THREE	The UnAmerican Empire: Garbage In and Garbage Out
		"Exporting Democracy"	Lewellyn Rockwell
		"American Anti-Interventionists"	William Kauffman
		"The Bricker Amendment"	Theodore Pappas
		"Immigration"	Paul Gottfried
		"Immigration"	Hans-Herman Hoppe
	6:15pm	Dinner	
	8:00pm	Debate	
		"Resolved: Does the Federal Government have the right and duty to protect individual rights?"	

The Fifth Annual Meeting of
The John Randolph Club

Songbook



JOHN RANDOLPH.
at his battle station in Congress

October 21 and 22, 1994
Arlington, Virginia

OH, LIBERTY

adapted from Ralph Raico's "Circle Theme"
music to "America the Beautiful"

It's ours to right the great wrong done, ten thousand years ago.
The nation-state, conceived in hate, remains our only foe.
Oh liberty, Oh liberty,
Our victory is nigh,
Fulfill our fate, destroy the state,
And raise the banner high.

(Repeat.)

BILL BUCKLEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?
lyrics by Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.; slightly modified by Chronicles
music to "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?"

Won't you come home Bill Buckley, won't you come home?
From the Establishment;
Don't pal with Norm Podhoretz, don't sup with Reds,
Please give them up for Lent.
Why don't you kiss and make up, with Gore Vidal?
Back to your element;
Don't be ashamed, we're not to blame,
Bill Buckley, won't you please come home?

Won't you come home Bill Buckley, won't you come home?
From radio-TV;
Nev' mind 'bout David Susskind, or Garroway,
They ain't your cup of tea.
'member that snowy evenin' they threw you out,
Hugh Downs and old Jack P.?
You flunked the test, old friends are best,
Bill Buckley, won't you please come home?

Don't search for tendencies, now leave Joe alone.
Hands off Buchanan, too.
You fought the ADL, Bill--my, how you've grown.
What has become of you?
Stay off the swells, Bill Buckley,
Climb off the slopes.
You're gonna get the rat.
You're from Sharon God knows,
But Bill you ain't no rose,
And won't be till you come on home.

Come back from Spain, Bill Buckley, come back from Rome.
The College has adjourned.
Yes Mater, yes Magister. No red hat for you.
Oh baby, how you're spurned.
Come back from Spain, Bill Buckley, come back from Rome.
They gonna have you burned.
You got no last say with that auto-da-fe
Bill Buckley, where it's well-known,
You cannot get Cohn on the phone,
Bill Buckley, won't you please come home?

THE BALLAD OF DAVID KORESH
lyrics by Murray Rothbard
music to "The Ballad of Joe Hill"

I dreamed I saw Koresh last night
Alive as you and me;
Says I, "But Dave, you're ten years dead."
"I never died," says he.
"I never died," says he.

"In Waco Dave, by God" say I,
Him standing by my bed.
"They framed you on child abuse."
Says Dave, "But I ain't dead."
Says Dave, "But I ain't dead."

"The ATF they killed you, Dave.
They burned you, Dave," says I.
"Takes more than fire to kill a man,"
Says Dave, "I didn't die."
Says Dave, "I didn't die."

And standing there as big as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Dave says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize.
Went on to organize."

"Koresh ain't dead," he says to me.
"Koresh ain't never died.
Wherever men keep and bear arms,
Koresh is at their side,
Koresh is at their side."

"From San Diego up to Maine,
Wherever air is fresh,
Wherever men fight for their rights,"
Says he, "You'll find Koresh,"
Says he, "You'll find Koresh."

I dreamed I saw Koresh last night
Alive as you and me.
Says I, "But Dave, you're ten years dead."
"I never died," says he.
"I never died," says he.

OVER THERE

lyrics by Theodore Pappas

music to "Over There" by George M. Cohan

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run;
Reno's after you and me;
Ev-'ry son of lib-er-ty.

Load it right away, no delay, do today,
Make your family glad, to have had such a dad,
Tell them not to be alarmed
To be proud their dad's well-armed.

Chorus: Over there, over there, send the word, send the word, over there;
That the right is rising, the right is rising, the right is rising everywhere.
So prepare, say a pray'r, send the word, send the word to beware.
We won't go over, we won't bend o-ver,
And we don't care what they're doing over there.

We'll stop the wet-backs, turn back the Hái-tians,
And we'll close all the borders till it's saner over here.

They call us racists, And xeno-phób-ic,
But we'll stay at home, let Burundi go to Hell.

Chorus: Over there, over there . . .

They call it NAFTA, They call it Máas-tricht,
But it all adds up to slav'ry all the same.

They want us helpless, No guns and pów-der,
Let us stand and shout, "NO MORE WACO's OVER HERE!"

Chorus: Over there, over there . . .

Forget ol' Buckley, Tyrrell and Bén-nett,
For the faith-ful right is alive and fighting here.

They have their King Day, They have their AIDS Week,
Give us pray'r, let us be, start John Randolph Day right now! Chorus: Over there . . .

THE BALLAD OF THE BLUE BERETS

lyrics by Theodore Pappas

music to "The Ballad of the Green Berets" by Barry Sadler

Fighting soldiers from the sky,
Foolish men who jump and die,
Men who do what strangers say,
These men for hire of the blue beret.

Silver globes upon their chest,
These are men, the U.N.'s best,
One hundred men will test today,
All will win the blue beret.

Chorus:

Trained to sit, and clean their plate,
Trained to shoot, when it's too late,
Like sitting ducks, they die and stay,
These human pawns of the blue beret.

Now forget where our fathers died,
Where they fought, and where they lie,
For now we fight on foreign lands,
As the U.N. says, as it commands.

Blood and soil now play no part,
It's human rights that we impart,
Now forget where our flag waves,
For now we wear the blue beret.

Chorus: Trained to sit . . .

Back at home a young wife waits,
Her blue beret has met his fate,
He has died on a fruitless quest,
Leaving her his last request.

If these globes my son should wear,
Making him one of Boo-Boo's best,
Let him beware, by night and day,
Tell him to burn his blue beret.

Chorus: Trained to sit . . .

IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR ATTENTION
by Gilbert and Sullivan

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:
I'm a genuine philanthropist, all other kinds are sham.
Each little fault of temper and each social defect
In my erring fellow creatures, I endeavour to correct.
To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes;
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise;
I love my fellow creatures, I do all the good I can,
Yet ev'rybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

To compliments inflated I've a withering reply;
And vanity I always do my best to mortify;
A charitable action I can skilfully dissect;
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect;
I know ev'rybody's income and what ev'rybody earns;
And I carefully compare it with the income tax returns;
But to benefit humanity however much I plan,
Yet ev'rybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

I'm sure I'm not ascetic; I'm as pleasant as can be;
You'll always find me ready with a crushing repartee.
I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer,
I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer.
To ev'rebody's prejudice I know a thing or two;
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute, and I do.
But although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,
Yet ev'rybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

I'VE GOT A LITTLE LIST

by Gilbert and Sullivan

As some day it may hap-pen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list, I've got a little list
Of society offenders who might will be underground,
And who never would be miss'd, who never would be miss'd!
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs,
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs,
All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat,
All persons who in shaking hands shake hands with you like that,
And all third persons who on spoiling tete-a-tetes insist,
They'd none of 'em be missed, they'd none of 'em be miss'd!
 He'd got 'em on the list, he's got 'em on the list,
 And they'll none of 'em be miss'd, they'll none of 'em be missed!

There's the nigger serenader and the others of his race,
And the piano organist, I've got him on the list!
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,
They never would be miss'd, they never would be miss'd!
Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this and ev'ry country but his own;
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And "who doesn't think she waltz-es, but would rather like to try,"
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist,
I don't think she'd be missed, I'm sure she'd not be miss'd!
 He's got her on the list, he's got her on the list,
 And I don't think she'll be miss'd, I'm sure she'll not be miss'd!

And that Nisi Prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
The Judicial humorist, I've got him on the list!
All funny fellows, comic men and clowns of private life,
They'd none of 'em be miss'd, they'd none of 'em be miss'd!
And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,
Such as What-d'ye-call-him, Thing-'em-bob, and likewise Nevermind,
And 'St-'st-'st and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who,
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,
For they'd none of 'em be miss'd, they'd none of 'em be miss'd!
 You may put 'em on the list, you may put 'em on the list,
 And they'll none of 'em be miss'd, they'll none of 'em be miss'd.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF FREEDOM

lyrics by Ralph Raico, adapted for the John Randolph Club by Murray Rothbard
music to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Look up there, Randolph members, see the black banners unfurled,
How they wave in expectation of a new and better world.
The lines are drawn, the ranks are firm, the challenge has been hurled,
John Randolph marches on.

Chorus:

Freedom, freedom, blessed freedom
Freedom, freedom, blessed freedom
Freedom, freedom, blessed freedom
We shall at last be free.

All of freedom's blessed martyrs are here marching by our side,
Ours the spirit ours the cause for which they smiling bled and died,
Ours now to cut the fetters which the mind of man have tied,
We shall at last be free.

Chorus:

Freedom, freedom, blessed freedom
Freedom, freedom, blessed freedom
Freedom, freedom, blessed freedom
We shall at last be free.

One by one the states are dying, see the age-old monsters fall,
As the world resounds in answer to the Randolph Club's loud call.
We'll not rest until all states are gone and men are freemen all,
And that day lies at hand.

Final Chorus:

Onward, onward Randolph brothers,
Onward, onward Randolph brothers,
Onward, onward Randolph brothers,
For that day lies at hand.

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED
additional lyrics by Murray Rothbard

We're fighting for our freedom,
We shall not be moved.
We're fighting for our freedom,
We shall not be moved,
 Just like a tree that's standing by the water,
 We shall not be moved.

We want our Old Republic,
We shall not be moved, etc..

Paleos together,
We shall not be moved, etc.

The middle class behind us,
We shall not be moved, etc.

Restore the Tenth Amendment,
We shall not be moved, etc.

Citizens' militia,
We shall not be moved, etc.

U.S. out of Haiti,
We shall not be moved, etc.

Deport the illegals,
We shall not be moved, etc.

U.S. out of NAFTA,
We shall not be moved, etc.

Get rid of Janet Reno,
We shall not be moved, etc.

We're taking back our culture,
We shall not be moved, etc.

DIXIE LAND

by Daniel Emmett

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, Look away! Look away! Dixie
Land.

In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, Look away! Look away! Dixie
Land.

Chorus:

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, Away, Away down South in Dixie.
(Repeat)

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"
Willyum was a gay deceaber;
Look away, etc.
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder.
Look away, etc.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away, etc.
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart.
Look away, etc.

Now here's health to the next old Missus,
An' all the gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away, etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song tomorrow.
Look away, etc.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away, etc.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble.
Look away, etc.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG

by Harry McCarthy

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star.

As long as the old Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers, kind were we and just.
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gain'd th' Eleventh Star.

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.—*Cho.*

Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the Right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.—*Cho.*

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impell'd by her example, now other states prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.—*Cho.*

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.—*Cho.*

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given—
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven.—*Cho.*