

12/11 The Front Line

In Ballad and Thought

It wasn't so long ago, in the heat of the day
That our enemies came to take our freedom away
Shots were fired, so we ran to the front and
formed a line.

From right to left, and all around, as far as
the eyes could see
With cut-throats in our hand, there we stood,
watching and waiting to greet our enemies

So it was our same old adversaries from the
land of KKK
Who just couldn't seem to leave us alone.
They've come all the way from the USA
Thinking they're gonna frighten us into going
back home

Yes our enemies had gathered themselves
together and conspired to take our freedom away
How could they explain our leaving, what would
they say

When it was discovered that this great rain-
bow family, the family of Jim Jones
Had told America good-by, and headed
for a land of their own

We this great rainbow family of Jones
were not satisfied, were sick and tired
of being denied freedom, justice and equality
and having to endure the racism, ^{and} rejection
~~and poverty~~ in your capitalist society

We didn't like your country, we didn't like your
laws

We were tired of being treated no better than
dogs

We didn't like the conditions in which we had
to live. We didn't like having our people
tortured and killed

We didn't like your treachery, we didn't trust
your lies. and we didn't want to see our
families be a part of your mass genocide

So we, this great rainbow family of Jones
Gave you your country, and got a land of our
own. We were freed from your shackles
by our leader Jim Jones. ~~when he gave us~~
When he gave us Jonestown, Guyana as
our new-found home

It was his desire to give his people
a chance to be happy, a chance to be free
and to give our children their right to
live - free of the pain created by your
capitalist society

This is ours, we're here to stay, we're com-
mitted to this socialist life, because it's the
only way

EE-1-H-25

(3)

on my own land, proud and free. And nobody's
gonna take my freedom from me.

I've come here to learn to love, share and build
and if I can't do this, I don't want to live!

So with cut-throats in hand we had formed a line
as far as the eyes could see.

Our enemies were out there gazing from afar
wondering how far we would go to stay free.

We won't go back, we won't give in. This is our
home in which we're ready to defend.
We dare you to test us by coming in our midst.
We're not afraid, we're specialists!

We stood on the line on into the night. As the
rain poured down upon us.

We sat staring into the darkness of night.
Listening intently to the faintest of sounds.
The baboons far off in the jungle could feel
the danger around us.

And they gathered themselves together in
pang... that took away the stillness.

We sat there and whispered, soaked through
and through. The wetness left little room
for fear or dread. And later the ground
below us became our bed.

EE-1-4-26

and in the early morning hours, but while it was not yet day. We were awoken by the sound of shots

and as we stood in readiness we heard our leader say
This country is being overtaken by the CIA
and the leaders of this country cannot be found
and we know very little of what's really going down.

Our enemies have been out there day and night.
and it looks as though we may have to fight
We're gonna have to stand up for what we believe
It's the only way, if we want to stay free

Our leader paused for a moment and began to say
I'm sorry that your new life had to begin this way
I did not bring you here to die. To give
you freedom and happiness was my desire
But the price of these things is never cheap
A true socialist will gladly die for what
he believes

And in the mid-morning hours of the 2nd day
again our leader conveyed his love, his regret,
and the price we all might have to pay

Our enemies were all around us. Our
friends in government could not be found
Had the socialist leaders betrayed us
So there no one in whom we can trust?

(5) Again and again we heard our leader say,
between his never-ending battles of fighting... fighting
the pain, the pressure... the pain of fighting the
enemy for our lives, fighting the enemy to keep
us free
fighting the enemy from all sides fighting
to give us peace

Had the leaders of this country sold out to the enemy
Why had they picked this time to leave
Did they not care that our leader was fighting
day and night to keep us alive
And on this socialist land we might have to die

And as we stayed there on the line into the day
Waiting and watching for our enemy to show his face
Our leader demanded we fight there on the line
Eat all that you can, the best of all we have
enjoy those last hours as much as you can
Because at any moment we might have to die

Our enemies were all around us, and our
friends could not be found

Our enemies are coming to try to take us away
But we'll make this land our burying ground

And as we sat there, wanting to die

We looked up and saw our leader dragging
himself down the line

With a smile on his lips and tears in his eyes
one by one he touched us, and bade us what
we knew to be our last good-bye EE-1-H-28

god don't have to worry father, you don't have to cry
We're not afraid, we're ready to die
If we must die, then let it be. For death is but
a sweet release

god don't have to worry, you don't have to cry
Because it matters not if we should die

You ~~are~~ ^{we're} know how it feels to be black and free
Nobody here is looking down on me

For once in my life, I'm not being treated
rightly. No ~~white~~ ^{rich} capitalists running us games
on me

Don't have to pretend to be something I don't
want to be. I can be happy just being me

and ~~we~~ we watched our leader drag himself
on down the line

To convey his love, sorrow, and hoping
that we might understand that there might
not be a tomorrow. No, tomorrow might
never come.

So with a smile on his lips, and tears in his
eyes one by one, he bade us good-bye
Our children lay sleeping, prepared to die
Without the pain, fear, or sorrow they
would be spared from the torment... the
never ending ~~hell~~ ^{torments}

Without their father where would they be
To die free of pain would be a sweet
release

EE-1-H-29

①

And our youth - so courageous, proud
independent and free

They have finally known the joy of being treated
with dignity

Nobody here gets beaten and jailed for stealing
a loaf of bread. Nobody here strips you of your
dignity until you feel ~~you~~ ^{you'd} be better off dead

And our heroes - our mothers and fathers who
had suffered so much who had spent their
lives just fighting for survival in a racist
country

A country that used them, abused them, and
kicked them in the streets to die alone

And as our leader bade them fare well

What were they thinking that made it so easy
for ~~them~~ ^{them} to not give a damn!

Jim Crow days and the KKK! The lynchings
the Mobbing, the Killings the Starvings
of the poor, the oppressed in the USA

No Father, you don't have to worry, you don't
have to cry

We identify with some of your hurt and we
share your anger

You don't have to worry, we're not afraid to die

And Father, our leader... He's all we have
the only hope we've ever known

We had him there would be nothing left. To destroy
him would be to destroy all hope for mankind

So like a child, I am with you because you
have chosen me

For now I am yours and you are mine.

Until I am strong enough to make it on my own
forever... or until through death we have to
depart

... Until I am strong enough to make it on my own
Because I must become as my father is to his
children.... but I am not yet ready

Father... the only hope of the world. The only
hope of black and poor people in the land of
KKK, in Africa, all over the world. Surely
he will return. He is the only hope of the
world. But it will be too late. There is no
time....

... We are not yet ready and there is no one to
take his place. We must not allow the enemy
to deprive the world of the only true revolutionary!
We must not allow the enemy to deprive the
world of its only hope!

They out-number us by far. In all of the
universe, is there nothing, no one good?!

Is our father to do it alone? If there were
any good forces in the universe, then we
would summon you. It is not written in

the plans of destiny that this dream that is
becoming a reality should cease to be! EE-1-H-21

God... there is no god, there never was a god,
there never will be a god for people like us!

I saw little children in church one Sunday
and as they began to pray
Three little children, little poor, black, hungry
children, got thrown away.

By a racist member of the KKK
and God never came.

and no god, but the god in me, and no
freedom but the freedom I take... and no
hell but the hell I see... and no Heaven
but the heaven I make!

and as I saw my leader come down the line
with a smile on his lips, and tears in his eyes
How it must hurt you, to have to tell us good-bye
But you don't have to worry, ^{I don't want} you
to cry. It's always been my dream to
commit revolutionary suicide.

If we must die, then let it be. But for you
my enemies, there'll be no victory.

We're not afraid, as you'll soon see.

Should we die in another minute, we'll die for
you men in death we'll have the victory. We'll

die revolutionary socialist executing our enemies
... How soon will I get to be...? EE-1-H-32

Go Father, you don't have to worry, you don't have
to cry. We're specialists now, we're ready to die.
The days we've spent here have been good days.
We'll have nothing to lose, we're not afraid.

Father... the beginning of life for us... a square
justice of the universe... a mighty fathered
yes, we'll make it... at least some of us
will...

... So like a child, I must become as my Father
is to his children

... but I am not yet ready

Father.....

Has he come down through so many generations
... has he suffered so much, undergone so many
trials, so many tests, so many errors to
become a perfected principle... to have
evolved into the most high. Also he come all
this way to be defeated now?! He cannot die
when the fate of the world rests on his shoulder.
He has yet to shake creation, to turn the
world upside down! He cannot die! They must
not take our Saviour away! He's all there is,
the ultimate of all that is good....

And as we stood there watching our God
drag himself on down the line

Driving his people a final track, a last
good by

Remembering his tears, remembering his pain
angrily we waited, anxiously anticipating

EE-1-M-33

⑪
the pleasure of our father's suffering being
avenged.

and as we sat there waiting ... built by the
people's mighty hands.

on our land, our very own land ... the

Tanana trees, the stores so beautiful

so green ... the river ending fields of cut-leaf

grass. Our homes, our buildings

So beautiful, so blessed to be free

They've taken away everything I've ever had

and destroyed everything that I've ever loved

How long is it going to last

Will fighting for what's ours ever be a

part of our past?!

Our enemies were all around us, and our

friends could not be found

They would be coming for us any minute, any

hour.

and our lives would be spared by no natural power.

So we sat there on the line, watching the day

being overtaken by night

and as we waited for our enemies to come in

right ... who would run, surrender, or fight

and as the day was overtaken by night

We paired off in teams ... one was to watch

as the other slept

No one was to surrender, or be taken alive

and if your comrad should decide to run

Get your cut. Let tell him good. by
Just thinking of the torture you'll have to
go through. you can't trust your enemy
they'll only use you
We'll take your life comrad, because we love you

Shells were fired throughout the night
But our enemies never came into our sight
Why didn't they show themselves, we're not afraid
We're tired, we're angry, and quite willing
to make this land our grave

But even in these dark, dark, hours
Our Father, our leader never gave up hope
Even when we knew we would be spared by
no earthly power
Our leader... his body was filled with agonizing
pain and emotional stress
His body was tired and weary from emotional
stress... the fighting spirit remained

and in the early morning hours of the 3rd day
We listened intently as we heard our leader say
as he spoke to socialist countries around
the world

We're in this socialist country fighting
for our lives
and at any time we might have to die
We heard him beg, we heard him plea
We heard him offer his life, to keep his
people free

(13) To peasants, communists, friends and strangers
We heard him beg, we heard him plea
And in a fit of rage he cursed in anger
Take me if you will, but let my people be
I did not bring them here to die. To give them
Life was my desire

And as we sat there on the line quietly
eating our early morning food
We heard our leader plea for a little more time
Come to find a refuge for us. Come to
find a safe place for us
A place where we could be at peace

Over and over we heard him cry. I do not
want to see my people die
We're not a poor people, we have much to give
Just give my people a chance to live

Over and over and on into the night. We
heard our leader's tired weary voice, his
body marked with agonizing pain and
emotional stress

Over and over we heard him beg, we heard
him plea
Give my people ^{sanctuary} ~~peace~~ or give them ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing}
The pain in his voice was unbearable.
The plea in his voice was unforgettable
His love and devotion to us was incomparable

our enemies were tightly surrounding us
our friends had forsaken us
Our leader's plea for the most part remained
unheard

and we sat there waiting for the curtain
to fall
there was nothing we could do but wait, and
so little we could say

But seeing our leader's pain, and ~~re-~~^{re-}
membering his plea

Made us really know and understand that
his only reason for being was to set his
people free

Our enemies were surrounding us
Our leader's plea for the most part had
remained unheard

All of our friends had forsaken us
and we sat there waiting for the curtain
to fall

Who were the ones who had proclaimed
themselves socialists? Surely they knew
we were out here standing on the line
waiting to die at any time

Because we had dared to stand, dared
to fight for a principle that had been
tested and proven to be right

We too had denounced the right for the
left and a fight for this cause is
a fight to the death!

EE-1-H-37

(5) : Where have all the peccolots gone? Have they no principle, have they no backbone? Are we to stand here and die alone?

Yes, even those who were considered our comrades had decided we should be alone.

Did they know so little of our leader Jim Jones? His love, loyalty and devotion for his people they ~~could not~~ ^{didn't} understand.

How many battles would he have to win, how many obstacles would he have to overcome? Before they realized he was no ordinary man.

To betray his people, he was offered money, riches and land.

But he could have all these things just by a clap of his hands.

To sell out his people he's been offered the greatest of material wealth and the highest of power.

But he could have the world at his feet in a matter of hours.

Will you give you refuge for your family?

Why sacrifice their lives to keep others free you've brought them here to a new home.

Protected and cared for them as though they were your own.

You're giving them a new life in a peccolot land. How much can they expect from just a man?

EE-1-N-38

Give yourself of them, and let them be
think of your wife and family
I gave them now, why should it bother you if
they don't understand
you owe them nothing
and after all, you're only a man

How many times has he passed this way before
How many times have temptations knocked on
his door

Socialists, or communists, or whatever you
may be. Why is it so hard to understand his
love for humanity?

How long will you question the principles on
which he stands

How long before you realize he no ordinary man

His love and loyalty is no mystery

Because he's a communist revolutionary
in the highest degree

He couldn't be bought, and he couldn't be used
He had paid the price, and could no longer

Though he was pushed.... sell them out, leave
them. save your family....

He would not be moved!

And as we sat there on the line

the torture of waiting was a slow form
of dying

The Capitalist dog from the CIA. Will send
Socialist youth to blow us away

EE-1-H-39

(13) The capitalists dogs, they were afraid
Why would they send innocent people in
their stead

So in the middle of the night of the 3rd day
We were summoned together to decide
Should we fight them knowing the blood shed
that will be on both sides?

The enemies were clever, they had the upper
hand. Socialists killing socialists blacks
We did not want their blood on our hands

Right or wrong, we were going to die.
But our cause by far was revolutionary suicide
It was poor going to be poor at last
We stood remembering about what was poor
to be our poet

Our land, our homes, our food. So beautiful
is this land of ours
The only place we've ever been free. The
only place we could ever call home
Is going to be taken and used by our enemy

How many ways can one die. If the choice
is revolutionary suicide
Life has been good here, it's been a good day
But our enemies must not have the victory
They must not have the final say
They will not take my freedom from me
They'll find my body already blown away

But the hope and will of our leader never
ceased to be

That we would die together was not a certainty
It was not his will, that we should die.
To give us life was his desire

All didn't have to stay here and die
Our leader had found us sanctuary
We would be at peace

And as we prepared again to go it alone

The good parents & leaders came back home
This is your land you don't have to go

And your enemies will not harass you anymore
Stay here and work, grow, and build
And this land can be yours, for as long as ^{you} live

How long would this promise last
How long before the fighting became a
thing of our past?

We'll always have to fight if we expect to
stay free. The price of freedom is never cheap
Until our leader has turned the world
upside down.

Until the poor and oppressed are no
longer on the ground

This never-ending fight will begin at any
time. She'll be fired and we'll run to
the line. Whether it be morning, noon, day or
night

We'll be forever united in socialist arms
standing together, ready to fight!

EEW
8/2/77

EE-1-H-41