

ensemble, was one of two Black musicians in The Walnut Theatre in Philadelphia (the other Black was his brother) and taught and performed in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. He finally settled in New York City.

HENRY F. WILLIAMS (1813 - c. 1893) was born in Boston and studied music there. As a young man, he lived in Philadelphia while a member of Johnson's Band, but he returned to Massachusetts to teach, compose, arrange and perform in local bands and orchestras. Williams arranged much of the music for white bandmaster Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore. In 1872 he performed under Gilmore's direction in an orchestra of 2000 musicians at the World's Peace Jubilee.

His compositions included a dance suite entitled *Parisien Waltzes* (1854), the songs *Lauriette* (1840), *Come, Love and List Awhile* (1842), *It Was By Chance We Met* (1866) and *I Would I'd Never Met Thee* (1876). Williams also composed polkas, mazurkas, quadrilles, overtures and anthems.

Membership in Johnson's Band gave to scores of competent Black musicians fleeting fame and secure employment during a time when classicism was gaining in concert halls that featured Black performers.

JUSTIN HOLLAND (1816-86), born in Norfolk County, Virginia, was the son of a farmer. Early determining that farm life in the repressive South was not for him, he left for Boston at the age of 14. There, he received his first guitar and flute lessons from two members of Ned Kendall's Brass Band. He attended Oberlin College in 1841 to further his studies, and moved to Cleveland, Ohio in 1845 where he began teaching his guitar.

Holland's determination to achieve mastery of the instrument in the manner of the European artists led him to study Italian, French and Spanish in order to study in the languages(s) of the acknowledged Virtuosi. Further,

he felt unsatisfied with the verbal and written explanations given as to the theory of the production of harmonic tones on the guitar; consequently, he did nothing for two week except observe the vibrations made when he plucked the strings of his instrument. His scientific research allowed him to become a widely quoted authority on acoustics.

Holland arranged over 300 pieces for the guitar; most of which were sent to him, unsolicited, by publishers.

The work for which he is chiefly noted is *Holland's Comprehensive Method for the Guitar* (1874); a standard for many years.

Accolades came to him from Europe and America, and it was adjudged to be the best prepared manuscript on the guitar. His second work, *Holland's Modern Method for the Guitar*, was published in 1876. These two books made him the authority on the guitar until recent times; and in music catalogues, he was the expert most often cited under the heading of *Guitar Music*.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR GREENFIELD (1809-76) was born a slave in Natchez, Mississippi, but was adopted by a kindly Quaker and taken to Philadelphia as a youth. There, her mentor, Mrs. Greenfield, discovered the remarkable beauty and purity of tone that her word possessed in a clear, sweet soprano.

Although her religion forbade the inclusion of secular music in the home, or the pursuit of such a career, Mrs. Greenfield gave to Elizabeth as much support as she could without compromising her principles. Upon her death, she left Elizabeth a bequest in her will that enabled Miss Greenfield to pursue her studies with renewed and insatiable vigor.

Labeled "The Black Swan," she began to acquire some stage presence and professionalism by singing in concert halls throughout the North and Canada. After performing for the Buffalo Musical Association in 1857, she was favorably compared to the greatest



ELIZABETH GREENFIELD

I have a Dream

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves, who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we've come to our nation's Capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men—yes, Black men as well as white men—would be guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds." But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation.

So we've come to cash this check—a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of NOW. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of Democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But that is something that I must say to my people who stand on

the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of opening our rightful place, we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred.

We must forever combat our struggle on the high plane of dignity and respect. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again, we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. And they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who ask the trivial question, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unparalyzing horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating "For Whites Only." We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the victims of injustice. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.

I say to you today, my friends, so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. I have a dream...

That one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression,

will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream.

That my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but the content of their character. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day, live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but the content of their character. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vast racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, one day right there in Alabama little Black boys and Black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plane and crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day. This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning: "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing, land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring, and if America is to be a great nation, this must become true."

So let freedom ring—from the prodigious hills of New Hampshire, let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York, let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado! Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California!

But not only that, let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia!

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee!

Let freedom ring from every hill and mole hill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring, and when this happens...

When we allow freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, Black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual: "Free at last! Free at last! Thank God almighty, we are free at last!"



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