

# Ballad Of Oxford

Phil Ochs

I'll sing you a song about a southern town where the devil had his rule  
When marshalls faced an angry mob to send one man to school  
His name was jimmy meredith  
The tide he helped to turn  
For he chose to stay on that terrible day  
The land was soon to learn

There was blood, red blood, on their hands,  
Yellow dirt on their clothes  
What they thought they were doing,  
Only God and the devil knows  
There was hate, cold hate, in their hearts,  
Shot from their souls like a gun  
And as they threw their stones and bricks,  
They screamed, "see what you have done!"

The governor made a promise he would keep the trouble down  
But when the mob got ugly no troopers could be found  
And men were filled with hate and fear,  
They screamed into the night  
The rebel flag waved in the air  
The symbol of state's rights

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Gas was fired into the mob after each attack  
And though the gas was running low, they never fired back  
And when the smoke had cleared and the fury felt it's pain  
Two men were dead and a hundred bled  
The south had risen again

So listen mr barnet, and mr walker, too  
The times are changing mighty fast, they'll roll right over you  
But someday you'll head for the south, to the southern tip of hell  
And it's hot down there, white-hot down there  
Let's hear your rebel yell!

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