

(applause)

- Good old Nick. You meant Nick, listen.

- The guitar (mumbles) he let me study. He's a great guy. He's gonna sing a song for us.

- What's his name?

- Nick Atkins.

- Let's sing a couple of songs. You have the song sheet. You've got the song sheet, let's sing a couple of songs. First one, "Oh, Freedom". ♪ Oh, Freedom ♪ Oh, Freedom ♪ Freedom over me ♪ And before I'd be a slave, ♪ I'd be buried in my grave ♪ And go home to my Lord and be free ♪ No more mournin', no more mournin' ♪ No more mournin' over me ♪ And before I'll be a slave ♪ I'll be buried in my grave ♪ And go home to my Lord and be free ♪ No more cryin', no more cryin' ♪ No more cryin' over me ♪ And before I'll be a slave ♪ I'll be buried in my grave ♪ And go home to my Lord and be free ♪ And go home to my Lord and be free ♪ (applause) ♪ We shall overcome, we shall overcome, ♪ We shall overcome someday ♪ Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe, ♪ We shall overcome someday ♪ We'll walk hand in hand, we'll walk hand in hand, ♪ We'll walk hand in hand someday ♪ Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe, ♪ We shall overcome some day ♪ We are not afraid, we are not afraid, ♪ We are not afraid today ♪ Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe, ♪ We shall overcome someday ♪ Black and white together, black and white together ♪ Black and white together now ♪ Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe ♪ We shall overcome someday ♪ (applause) (clapping) ♪ On the main quad, we shall not be moved ♪ On the main quad, we shall not be moved ♪ Just like a tree that's standing by the water ♪ We shall not be moved ♪ Local 77, we shall not be moved ♪ Local 77, we shall not be moved ♪ Just like a tree that's standing by the water ♪ We shall not be moved ♪ \$1.60 wages, we shall not be moved ♪ \$1.60 wages, we shall not be moved ♪ Just like a tree that's standing by the water ♪ We shall not be moved ♪ We'll stay here until we win, we shall not be moved ♪ We'll stay here until we win, we shall not be moved ♪ Just like a tree that's standing by the water ♪ We shall not be moved ♪ The timid generation, we shall not be moved ♪ The timid generation, we shall not be moved ♪ Just like a tree that's standing by the water ♪ We shall not be moved ♪ We shall not be, we shall not be moved ♪ We shall not be, we shall not be moved ♪ Just like a tree that's standing by the water ♪ We shall not be moved ♪ (applause) (helicopter flying overhead)

- Let's see as we place the spirit.

- Anybody out there who can play the guitar? We're looking for somebody who can do "Blowing in the Wind". Here we go.

- Okay, kumbaya people, kumbaya. ♪ Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya ♪ Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya ♪

Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya ♪ ♪ Oh, Lord, kumbaya ♪ Faster? Okay, someone's singin' Lord! ♪ Someone's singin' Lord, kumbaya ♪ ♪ Someone's singin' Lord, kumbaya ♪ ♪ Someone's singin' Lord, kumbaya ♪ ♪ Oh, Lord, kumbaya ♪ Okay.

- Yay.

- Okay, this is an awful big crowd, but we're gonna try Blowin' in the Wind. Okay? Now, you all should have access to a song, see. If you don't, try to find somebody who has one and close up the rank, and everybody sing. Okay, now this is your last chance to sing and we've gotta make our presence felt with our voices. So that the whole darn community and the whole world can hear us sing, okay? Alright. ♪ How many roads must a man walk down ♪ ♪ Before you can call him a man ♪ ♪ And how many seas must a white dove sail ♪ ♪ Before she sleeps in the sand ♪ ♪ And how many times must the cannon balls fly ♪ ♪ Before they're forever banned ♪ ♪ The answer my friend is blowing in the wind ♪ ♪ The answer is blowin' in the wind ♪ ♪ How many years can a mountain exist ♪ ♪ Before it's washed to the sea ♪ ♪ And how many years can some people exist ♪ ♪ Before they're allowed to be free ♪ ♪ Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head ♪ ♪ And pretend that he just doesn't see ♪ ♪ The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, ♪ ♪ The answer is blowin' in the wind ♪ Louder now! ♪ How many times must a man look up ♪ ♪ Before he can see the sky ♪ ♪ And how many years must one man have ♪ ♪ Before he can hear people cry ♪ ♪ And how many deaths will it take till he knows ♪ ♪ That too many people have died ♪ ♪ The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind ♪ ♪ The answer is blowin' in the wind ♪ The chorus, once more! ♪ The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind ♪ ♪ The answer is blowin' in the wind ♪ (applause)

- We want to thank all of you who've come out to the rally today. Those of us who've been on the vigil appreciate, sincerely, very deeply, your support. We welcome you, if you wish to stay with us this afternoon and into tonight, and into tomorrow. We're gonna win. Thank you. (applause and cheers)

- I'd like to speak to and for those of us who are not with you all in the vigil, but are around the outskirts, and particularly the members of the faculty and the Durham community. Many of y'all have expressed concern and have very kindly agreed to bring food tonight. What we wanna do for these people here is bring them a good, hot meal tonight for dinner. It's gonna be cold out here. (cheers) And this is particularly, many of you members of the community and the faculty have wanted to know how you can help. This is what we as students cannot do. If you would go back this afternoon and come back around dinner time, 5:30's a real good time, with hot casseroles, we're doing pretty well now, as far as getting hot things lined up, but please, for those of you in the community, especially, we would greatly appreciate this. To all (mumbles) is replacing the union as a food provider, so please, if you can bring casseroles, do so. We need more sandwiches, and we need breakfast! (applause)

- Alright, alright, alright! I'm hungry, I wanna eat.

- Thank y'all.

- [Martin Luther King Jr.] 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 finds himself an exile in his own land. So we've 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. 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. 1963 is not an end, but a beginning. 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 there is something that I must say to my people. In the process of gaining 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 conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. 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. 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 are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable 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 self-hood 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. 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 veterans of creative suffering. 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, 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 slave

owners 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 by the content of their character. I have a dream today! (cheers) I have a dream that one day, one day right down 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! (cheers) 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. (cheers) 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 hilltops 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 snow-capped 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 molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring. And when this happens, (cheers) and 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!" (overwhelming cheers)