"I AM OUT TO SING
THE SONGS THAT
WILL PROVE TO
YOU THAT THIS IS
YOUR WORLD..."

THE WOODY GUTHRIE FOLK JAM CHICAGO SQUARE ROOTS FESTIVAL SUNDAY, JULY 22, 3 PM

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WOODY GUTHRIE

by STEVE EARLE

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When Bob Dylan took the stage at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival, all leather and Ray-Bans and Beatle boots, and declared emphatically and (heaven forbid) electrically that he wasn't "gonna work on Maggie's farm no more," the folk music faithful took it personally. They had come to see the scruffy kid with the dusty suede jacket pictured on the covers of *Bob Dylan* and *Freewheelin'*. They wanted to hear topical songs. Political songs. Songs like "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll," "Masters of War" and "Blowin' in the Wind." They wanted the heir apparent. The Dauphin. They wanted Woody Guthrie.

Dylan wasn't goin' for it. He struggled through two electric numbers before he and the Paul Butterfield Blues Band retreated backstage. After a few minutes he returned alone and, armed with only an acoustic guitar, delivered a scathing "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" and walked.

Woody Guthrie himself had long since been silenced by Huntington's chorea, a hereditary brain-wasting disease, leaving a hole in the heart of American music that would never be filled, and Dylan may have been the only person present at Newport that day with sense enough to know it.

One does not become Woody Guthrie by design. Dylan knew that because he had tried. We all tried, every one of us who came along later and tried to follow in his footsteps only to find that no amount of study, no apprenticeship, no regimen of self-induced hard travelin' will ever produce another Woody. Not in a million years.

Woody Guthrie was what folks who don't believe in anything would call an anomaly. Admittedly, the intersection of space and time at the corner of July 14, 1912, and Okemah, Oklahoma, was a long shot to produce anything like a national treasure.

Woody was born in one of the most desolate places in America, just in time to come of age in the worst period in our history. Then again, the Dust Bowl itself was no accident either.

After the Civil War, the United States government and the railroads, mistakenly believing that the Great Plains would make swell farmland, killed off all the buffalo, effectively neutralizing the indigenous population, and opened up vast expanses of prairie to homesteading. Problem was that the head-high buffalo grass that thrived in the thin topsoil had slowly adapted to its deceptively hostile environment over several thousand years. It took less than seventy years for nonnative water- and mineral-greedy crops to wring every last nutrient from the traumatized earth, creating a vast man-made desert and setting in motion a mass migration of folks from Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma out west to California, where they hoped against hope for a better life.

Most found only bigotry and exploitation at the hands of wealthy fruit and vegetable growers. Woody found an audience. He sang in the migrant camps and on the picket lines up and down the lush interior valleys. A few well-meaning outsiders were sympathetic to the plight of the migrants, but they were college boys who used a lot of big words like "proletariat" and "bourgeoisie" and unintentionally made the Okies feel small. But Woody was one of their own. He spoke their language and he sang their songs, and every once in a while he'd slip in one of those big words in between a tall tale and an outlaw ballad. As he became more outraged he became more radical, but his songs and his patter always maintained a sense of humor and hope. He said, "I ain't a Communist necessarily, but I been in the red all my life."

Woody arrived at his social conscience organically, over a period of years. Socialism made a lot of sense in the Great Depression. Capitalism had, after all, essentially collapsed and wasn't showing any significant signs of reviving in Pampa, Texas, where Woody spent his late adolescence. The ultimate hillbilly autodidact, he divided his time between teaching himself to play several musical instruments only tolerably well and frequent marathon sessions in the public library, where he clandestinely educated himself. He followed his own haphazard curriculum, one book leading him to another in an endless scavenger hunt for answers that invariably posed even deeper questions. An acute interest in psychology segued into medieval mysticism and from there he stumbled into Eastern philosophy and spiritualism. He went through a poetry period, a Shakespeare period, even a law book period. When, a few years later, he began to travel around the Southwest by thumb and freight train, his mind was wide open when he encountered crusty old radicals who handed out copies of *The Little Red Song Book*

and preached the Gospel of Union. It was only natural that when he began to make up his own songs, he drew on the despair and pain he had witnessed all his life and the lofty ideas that ricocheted around in his head for inspiration. He became the living embodiment of everything a people's revolution is supposed to be about: that working people have dignity, intelligence and value above and beyond the market's demand for their labor.

Not that Woody was a rank-and-file worker. In fact, he managed to avoid manual labor more strenuous than sign-painting his entire life. He was, however, born into the working class and managed to distinguish himself not by "pulling himself up by his b

He was no angel, either. Those closest to him sometimes found him hard to love. His family (he had two) sometimes suffered for his convictions, as he constantly sabotaged himself, especially when things were going well financially. In the long run, his political integrity was unassailable, because money and its trappings made him genuinely nervous.

By the time the 1950s blacklists got around to folk singers, Woody wasn't affected, as he was already succumbing to the disease that had institutionalized and eventually killed his mother, and he was slowly slipping away. Ramblin' Jack Elliott got there in time to hang out with him out in Coney Island. By the early 1960s Woody was hospital-bound, but he spent weekends at the home of longtime fan Bob Gleason. Bob Dylan and other up-and-coming folkies made the pilgrimage and sang for him there. When Woody finally died, in the fall of 1967, he was eulogized in the *New York Times* and *Rolling Stone*. He left behind an army of imitators and a catalogue of songs that people will be dusting off and singing for as long as they make guitars.

For me personally, Woody is my hero of heroes and the only person on earth that I will go to my grave regretting that I never met. When I invoked his name in "Christmas in Washington," I meant it. Clinton was being re-elected in a landslide and I had voted for him and I wasn't sure why and I needed something to hang on to, someone to say something. I needed, well...a hero.

Does all this mean that the world would be a different place if Woody had dodged the genetic bullet and lived? You bet your progressive ass! Just imagine what we missed!

Woody publishing his second and third books! Woody on the picket lines with Cesar Chavez and the farmworkers singin' "Deportee"! I could go on forever. I have imagined hundreds of similar scenarios, but then at some point it always dawns on me how selfish I am.

Let him go. He did his bit. Besides, as much as we need him right now, I wouldn't wish this post-9/11 world on Woody. He hated Irving Berlin's "God Bless America" more than any other song in the world. He believed that it was jingoistic and exclusive, so he wrote a song of his own. It goes:

This land is your land
This land is my land
From California
To the New York island
From the redwood forest
To the gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me.



BLING BLANG

bling blang hammer with my hammer zingo zango cuttin' with my saw bling blang hammer with my hammer we'll build a house for the baby-o

you get a hammer and I'll get a nail you catch a bird and I'll catch a snail you bring a board and I'll bring a saw and we'll build a house for the baby-o

I'll grab some mud and you grab some clay so when it rains it won't wash away we'll build a house that'll be so strong the winds will sing my baby a song

run bring rocks and I'll bring bricks a nice pretty house we'll build and fix we'll jump inside when the cold wind blows and kiss our little baby-o

you bring a ladder and I'll get a box build our house out of bricks and blocks when the snowbird flies and the honeybee comes we'll feed our baby on honey in the comb

BLOWN' DOWN THAT OLD DUSTY ROAD

I'm blowin down that old dusty road I'm blowin down that old dusty road Blowin down that old dusty road, Lord, Lord And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm goin where the chilly winds don't blow I'm goin where the chilly winds don't blow Goin where the chilly winds don't blow, Lord, Lord And I ain't a gonna be treated this a-way

Goin' down the road feelin bad I'm goin down the road feelin bad Goin down the road feelin bad, Lord, Lord And I ain't a gonna be treated this a-way

I'm goin where the climate suits my clothes
Goin where the climate suits my clothes
I'm goin where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm blowin down that old dusty road I'm blowin down that old dusty road Blowin down that old dusty road, Lord, Lord And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

BOUND FOR GLORY

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory,
don't carry nothin but the righteous & holy
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
This train don't carry no gamblers,
liars, thieves or big shot ramblers
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train don't carry no liars, this train
This train don't carry no liars, this train
This train don't carry no liars,
she's streamlined and a midnight flyer
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train don't carry no con men, this train
This train don't carry no con men, this train
This train don't carry no con men,
no wheeler dealers, no here and gone men
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train don't carry no rustlers, this train
This train don't carry no rustlers, this train
This train don't carry no rustlers,
side street walkers, no two bit hustlers
This train is bound for glory, this train

DEPORTEE

the crops are all in and the peaches are rotting the oranges piled in their creosote dumps they're flying em back to the Mexican border to pay all their money to wade back again

good bye to my Juan, good bye Rosalita adios, mis amigos, Jesus y Maria you won't have your names when you ride the big airplanes all they will call you will be deportees

my father's own father, he waded that river they took all the money he made in his life my brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees and they rode the truck till they took down and died

some of us are illegal and some are not wanted our work contract's out and we have to move on six hundred miles to the Mexican border they chase us like outlaws, like rustlers like thieves

we died in your hills, we died in your deserts we died in your valleys and died on your plains we died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes both sides of the river, we died just the same

the sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon a fireball of lightning that shook all our hills who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves the radio says they are just deportees

is this the best way we can grow our big orchards? is this the best way we can grow our good fruit? to fall like dry leaves, to rot on my topsoil and be known by no name except deportee

DO RE MI

lots of folks out east they say are leavin home most every day beatin a hot and dusty way to the California line 'cross the desert sand they roll, gettin out of the old dust bowl they think they're goin to a sugar bowl but here's what they find now the police at the port of entry say you're number fourteen thousand for today

if you ain't got the do re mi folks, you ain't got the do re mi why you better go back to beautiful Texas,
Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee
California's a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or to see but believe it or not, you won't find it so hot if you ain't got the do re mi

you want to buy you a home or farm, that won't do nobody harm or take your vacation by the mountains or the sea don't swap your old cow for a car, you better stay right where you are you better take this little tip from me

cause I look through the want ads every day and the headlines on the papers always say

if you ain't got the do re mi folks, you ain't got the do re mi why you better go back to beautiful Texas,
Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee
California's a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or to see but believe it or not, you won't find it so hot if you ain't got the do re mi

GYPSY DAVY

it was late last night when the boss came home askin 'bout his lady the only answer he received, she's gone with the Gypsy Davy

go saddle for me a buckskin horse and a hundred dollar saddle point out to me their wagon tracks and after them I'll travel after them I'll ride

he had not rode to the midnight moon when he saw the campfire gleamin he heard the notes of the big guitar and the voice of the gypsy singing that song of the gypsy dave

there in the light of the campin fire he saw her fair face beaming her heart in tune with the guitar strings and the voice of the gypsy singin that song of the Gypsy Dave

have you forsaken your house and home? have you forsaken your baby have you forsaken your husband dear to go with the Gypsy Davy and sing with the Gypsy Davy? the song of the Gypsy Dave?

yes I've forsaken my husband dear to go with the Gypsy Davy and I've forsaken my mansion high but not my blue eyed baby not my blue eyed babe

she smiled to leave her husband dear to go with the Gypsy Davy but the tears came a tricklin down her cheeks to think about the blue eyed baby, the pretty little blue eyed baby

take off take off your buckskin gloves made of spanish leather give to me your lilly white hand and we'll ride home together home again we'll ride

no I won't take off my buckskin gloves made of spanish leather I'll go my way from day to day and sing with the Gypsy Davy that song of the Gypsy Davy, that song of the Gypsy Dave

HARD AIN'T IT HARD

there is a house in this old town that's where my true love lays around and he takes other women on his knee and he tells them a little tale he won't tell me

it's a hard and it's hard ain't it hard to love on that never did love you? it's a hard and it's hard ain't it hard, great God to love one that never will be true

first time I seen my true love he was walkin by my door the next time I saw his false hearted smile he was layin dead and cold on the floor

well who's gonna kiss your ruby lips and who's gonna hold you to his breast and who will talk your future over while I'm out ramblin in the West

don't go drinkin or to gamblin don't go there your sorrows to drown that hard liquor place is a low down disgrace it's the meanest old place in this town

HARD TRAVELIN'

I've been havin some hard travelin I thought you knowed I've been havin some hard travelin way down the road I've been havin some hard travelin, hard ramblin, hard gamblin I've been havin some hard travelin Lord

I've been ridin them fast rattlers I thought you knowed
I've been ridin them flat wheelers way down the road
I've been ridin them blind passengers, dead enders kickin up cinders
I've been havin some hard travelin Lord

I've been hittin some hard rock minin I thought you knowed I've been leanin on a pressure drill way down the road hammer flyin, air hose suckin, six feet of mud and I sure been a muckin and I've been hittin some hard travelin Lord

I've been hittin some hard harvestin I thought you knowed North Dakota to Kansas City way down the road cuttin that wheat stackin that hay make about a dollar a day and I've been havin some hard travelin Lord

I've been workin that Pittsburgh Steel I thought you knowed I've been dumpin that red hot slag, way down the road I've been blastin, I've been firin, I've been pourin that red hot iron I've been hittin some hard travelin Lord

I've been layin in a hard rock jail, I thought you knowed I've been layin out ninety days way down the road damned old judge he says to me ninety days for vagrancy and I've been hittin some hard travelin Lord

I've been walkin that Lincoln Highway I thought you knowed I've been hittin that 66 way down the road heavy load and a worried mind lookin for a woman that's hard to find I've been hittin some hard travelin Lord

HOBO'S LULLABY

go to sleep you weary hobo, let the towns drift slowly by can't you hear the steel rail hummin, that's the hobo's lullaby

I know your clothes are torn and ragged, and your hair is turning gray lift your head and smile at trouble, you'll find peace and rest someday

now don't you worry 'bout tomorrow, let tomorrow come and go tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar, safe from all the wind and snow

I know the police cause you trouble, they cause trouble everywhere but when you die and go to heaven, there'll be no policemen there

CORN BREAD from "Woody Sez"

Cornbread is my text for today. Since I been in New York I've rarely been able to run acrost any cornbread like it was back home. Up here they put it 2/3 flour and 1/3 sugar and I've even found it fell so low as to have raisins in it. This is called cake in the west.

What this world needs is a little roughage. That's the key secret of a raising good husky radical livestock and the same goes for people.

Flour cornbread with sugar, is too slick to stick to your ribs, and too smooth to tickle your stomach and has a tendency to let things go by too easy - and roughage is the thing that's needed - it is the thing that will bring you more groceries. After that, you can decorate as you please.

This article was produced under the influence of the second pone 9 x 12 x 18, which was cooked in 1/4 inch of hog lard by a lady, ex-cowgirl, from the wild and wooly Texas plains, where the landscape itself looked like one big pan of cornbread.

I AIN'T GOT NO HOME

I ain't got no home I'm just a roamin round just a wanderin worker as I go from town to town the police make it hard wherever I may go and I ain't got no home in this world anymore

my brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road a hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod rich man took my home and drove me from the door and I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I was farmin on the shares and always I was poor my crops I lay into the banker's store my wife took down and died upon the cabin floor and I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn I been workin mister since the day I was born now I worry all the time like I never did before and I ain't got no home in this world anymore

now as I look around it's a mighty plain to see this world is such a great and funny place to be the gamblin man is rich and the workin man is poor and I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I HATE A SONG

I hate a song that makes you think that you are not any good. I hate a song that makes you think that you are just born to lose. Bound to lose. No good to nobody. No good for nothing. Because you are too old or too young or too fat or too slim, too ugly, too this or too that. Songs that run you down on account of your bad luck or hard traveling.

I am out to fight those kinds of songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood. I am out to sing the songs that will prove to you that this is your world and that if it has hit ya pretty hard and knocked you for a dozen loops, no matter what color, what size you are, how you are built, I am out to sing the songs that make you take pride in yourself and in your work.

And the songs that I sing are made up for the most part by all sorts of folks just about like you.

I could hire out to the other side, the big money side, and get several dollars every week just to quit singing my own kinds of songs and sing the kind that knock you down still farther and the ones that poke fun at you even more and the ones that make you think you've not got any sense at all.

But I decided a long time ago that I'd starve to death before I'd sing any such songs as that. The radio waves and your movies and your jukeboxes and your songbooks are already loaded down and running over with such no good songs as that anyhow.

I'M GONNA MAIL MYSELF TO YOU

I'm gonna wrap myself in paper
I'm gonna daub myself in glue
stick some stamps on the top of my head
I'm gonna mail myself to you

I'm gonna tie me up in red string
I'm gonna tie blue ribbon too
I'm gonna climb up in my mail box
I'm gonna mail myself to you

when you see me in your mail box cut the string and let me out wash the glue off my fingers stick some bubble gum in my mouth

take me out of my wrappin paper wash the stamps off my head pour me full of ice cream sodas put in my nice warm bed

LAY DOWN LITTLE DOGIES

lay down little dogies lay down we both gotta sleep on the cold cold ground the wind's blowin colder and the sun's goin down lay down little dogies lay down

we hit this old beef trail just two months ago we blistered in the wind and we froze in the snow in ten days we're comin to a packin house town so lay yourselves down little dogies lay down

a bad hole of water we drunk and got sick curled up our tails tied our hair back in kinks we got lost in a blind canyon tippy toein around lay yourselves down little dogies lay down

here now we've come to the end of our trail your hair, hide and carcass to the stock yards I'll sell I'll see you in a tin can when you get shipped around lay yourselves down little dogies lay down

LOVE

Love is the only god I'll ever believe in. The books of the Holy Bible never say but just one time just exactly what God is. And in those three little words it pours out a hundred million college educations and says, "God is love." God is really love. Love casts out hate. Love gets rid of all fears. Love washes all clean. Love heals all. Love is universal. Love governs the spin and whirl of this earthly planet all around through your skies here. Love moves and love balances every other planet and star you see above you by the uncounted blue jillions. Love moves and balances fifty billion and more kinds of powers and rays and forces inside every little grain of sand. And love causes peace and harmomy to whirl in a whole new universe on the inside of every little atom. Love catches up with space. Love outruns time. Love is all power. Love is all energy. Love is all strength. Love is all health. Love is all beauty. Love is all pleasures, all joys known. Love is all eternity. Love is here, now.

Command love to work with you and for you. Command love to operated in you and through you, to heal, to help, to lift, to bless, to cleanse and to spread the good word and the good news to a day when human hate and fear and dark lostness is all over and all gone and a day of new bright command is in your hand. Your love commands every known and every unknown kind of universal energy in existence. Command the skies. Command the planets. Command the star lights. Command the very heavens. Command your desire to happen. Destroy this day every law against love. Your love command must forever be just exactly a direct opposite of war's crazy baseless hatreds. Peace. Peace. In sweet peace must be the song of thy tongue tip. Peace is love. And love is peace. Your love command must for all eternity be your peace command. Love is the only thing that can help you now."

OKLAHOMA HILLS

many a month has come and gone since I wandered from my home in the those Oklahoma hills where I was born many a page of life has turned, many a lesson I have learned and I feel back in those hills I still belong

way down yonder in the Indian nation, ridin my pony on the reservation in those Oklahoma Hills where I was born way down yonder in the Indian nation, a cowboy's life is my occupation in those Oklahoma hills where I was born

but as I sit here today, many miles I am away from a place I rode my pony through the draw while the oak and the black jack trees kiss the playful prairie breeze and I feel back in those Oklahoma hills where I was born

now as I turn life a page to the land of the great Osage in those Oklahoma hills where I was born where the black oil rolls and flows and the snow white cotton grows and I feel back in those Oklahoma hills where I was born

OLD CHICAGO

of all the ramblin round I've done walkin around all your towns the sweetest breeze to blow me down was in old Chicago

old Chicago, old Chicago round the lake round where my girls go where the breeze comes here to blow in old Chicago

where the rich folks come to gamble where the poor folks go on a ramble they both walk and talk in the loop in old Chicago

where the stock train runs at midnight where the milk truck runs at day light where the folks don't sleep at all in old Chicago

I wish I was an evening breeze so I could tickle 'round the knees of all the pretty chickadees in old Chicago

PASTURES OF PLENTY

it's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed my poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road out of your dust bowl and westward we rolled and your deserts were hot and your mountains were cold

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes I slept on the ground by the light of the moon on the edge of the city you'll see us and then we come with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops well it's north up to Oregon to gather your hops dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine to set on your table your light sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground from the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down every state in the union us migrants have been we'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win

It's always we rambled that river and I all along your green valley I will work till I die my land I'll defend with my life if it be cause my pastures of plenty must always be free

PEACE CALL

open your heart to the paradise, to the peace of the heavenly angels take away that woeful shadow dancing on your wall take to the skies of peace oh friends, the peace of the heavenly spirit get ready for my bugle call of peace

peace, peace I can hear the bugle sounding roaming round my land, my city and my town peace, peace, peace I can hear the voices singing louder while my bugle calls for peace

thick war clouds throw a shadow and darken the world around you but in my life of peace your dark illusions fall think and pray my along the way, love everyone around you get ready for my bugle call of peace

if these war storms fill your heart with a thousand kinds of worry keep to my road of peace you'll never have to fear keep to the sun and look around in the face of peace and plenty get ready for my bugle call of peace

I'll clear my field of the weeds of fear and turn to the friends around me with my smile of peace I'll greet you one and all I'll work I'll fight, I'll sing and dance of peace of the youthful spirit get ready for my bugle call of peace

PRETTY BOY FLOYD

if you'll gather round me children a story I will tell 'bout Pretty Boy Floyd an outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well

it was in the town of Shawnee, a saturday afternoon his wife beside him in the wagon as into town they rode

there a deputy sheriff approached him in a manner rather rude using vulgar words of language and his wife overheard

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain and the deputy grabbed his gun and in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down

then he took to the trees and the timbers to live a life of shame every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name

but many a starving farmer the same old story told how the outlaw paid their mortgage and saved their little home

others tell you 'bout a stranger who came to beg a meal and underneath a napkin left a thousand dollar bill

it was in Oklahoma City it was on a Christmas Day there was a whole car load of groceries come with a note to say

well you say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief here's a Christmas dinner for the families on relief

yes as through this world I've rambled, I've seen lots of funny men some will rob you with a six gun and some with a fountain pen

and as through your life you travel, yes as through your life you roam you won't ever see an outlaw drive a family from their home

RANGER'S COMMAND

come all of you cowboys all over this land I'll teach you the law of the Ranger's Command to hold a six shooter and never to run as long as there's bullets in both of your guns

I met a fair maiden whose name I don't know I asked her to the roundup with me would she go she said she'd go with me to the cold roundup and drink her hard liquor from the cold bitter cup

we started for the canyon in the fall of the year expecting to get there with a herd of far steer and the rustlers broke on us in the dead hours of night she rose from her warm bed a battle to fight

she rose from her warm bed with a gun in each hand sayin', "come all you cowboys and fight for your land come all of you cowboys and don't ever run as long as there's bullets in both of your guns."

ROLL ON COLUMBIA

green douglas firs where the waters cut through down her wild mountain and canyon she flew Canadian northwest to the ocean so blue roll on Columbia, roll on

roll on Columbia, roll on roll on Columbia, roll on your power is turning our darkness to dawn roll on Columbia roll on

other great rivers add power to you Yakima, Snake and the Klickitat too Sandy Willamette and the Hood River too so roll on Columbia roll on

Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest an empire he saw in the Pacific Northwest sent Lewis and Clark and they did the rest so roll on Columbia, roll on

at Bonneville now there are ships in the locks the waters have risen and cleared all the rocks shiploads a plenty will steam past the docks so roll on Columbia, roll on

and on up the river is Grand Coulee Dam the mightiest thing ever built by a man to run the great factories and water the land so roll on Columbia, roll on

SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YA

I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again of the place that I lived on the wild windy plain in the month called April, county called Grary here is what all of the people there say

so long it's been good to know yuh so long it's been good to know yuh so long it's been good to know yuh this dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home and I got to be driftin' along

a dust storm hit and it hit like thunder it dusted us over and it covered us under blocked out the traffic and blocked out the sun straight for home all the people did run

sweethearts sat in the dark and they sparked they hugged and they kissed in the dusty old dark they sighed and they cried and they hugged and they kissed but instead of marriage they talked like this, honey

the telephone rang an it jumped off the wall that was the preacher a-makin' his call he said, "kind friend this may be the end and you got your last chance at salvation from sin"

the churches were jammed and the churches was packed and the dusty old dust storm blowed so black the preacher could not read a word of his text so he folded his specs and took up collection

SONG TO WOODY by Bob Dylan

I'm out here a thousand miles from home walkin a road other men have gone down I'm seein your world of people and things of paupers and princes and peasants and kings

hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song about a funny old world that's a comin along seems like it's tired and tattered and torn seems like it's dyin and it's hardly been born

but hey Woody Guthrie I know that you know all the things I'm a sayin and many times more i'm singing you the song but I can't sing enough cause not many men have done the things that you've done

here's to Cisco and Sonny and Lead Belly too and all the good people who have traveled with you here's to the hearts and the hands of the men who come up with the dust and are gone with the wind

I'm leavin tomorrow but I could leave today somewhere down the road someway and the very last thing that I'd like to do is to say I've been hittin some hard travelin too

THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU & ME

as I went walking my ribbon on highway I saw above me that endless skyway I saw below me that golden valley this land was made for you and me

this land is your land, this land is my land from California to the New York island from the redwood forest to the gulf stream waters this land was made for you and me

I roamed and I rambled and I followed my footsteps to the sparkling sands of her diamond desert while all around me a voice was sounding this land was made for you and me

now the sun come shining as I was strolling the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling as the fog was lifting a voice was chanting this land was made for you and me

in the square of the city in the shadow of the steeple by the relief office I saw my people they stood there hungry, I stood there whistling this land was made for you and me

as I was walking I saw a sign there and on that sign it said no trespassing but on the other side it didn't say nothing that side was made for you and me

nobody living will ever stop me as I go walking my freedom highway nobody living will make me turn back this land was made for you and me

UNION MAID

there once was a union maid who never was afraid of goons and ginks and company finks and the deputy sheriff who made the raid she went to the union hall when a meeting it was called and when the company boys come round she always stood her ground

oh you can't scare me I'm stickin to the union I'm stickin to the Union, I'm stickin to the Union oh you can't scare me I'm stickin to the Union I'm stickin to the Union till the day I die

this union maid was wise to the tricks of the company spies she couldn't be fooled by the company stools she always organized the guys she always got her way when she struck for higher pay she'd show her card to the national guard and this is what she'd say

you gals who want to be free just take a little tip from me get you a man who's a union man and join the ladie's auxiliary married life ain't hard when you got a union card a union man has a happy life when he's got a union wife

WAR IS A GAME

War is a game played by maniacs who kill each other.

It is murder, studied, prepared and planned by insane minds, and followed by a bunch of thieves.

You can't believe in life, and wear the uniform of death.

There are certain men who never think of any other thing besides slaughter. They are blood soaked butchers and they are believed to be heroes.

Three fifths of the people decide to murder the other two fifths, who must take up killing in order to stay alive.

Locate the man who profits by war and strip him of his profits - war will end. Rather weed out a few flesh eaters from the race than to see ten nations of people hypnotized to murder and to run over the rim of the canyon of death and chalked up in Wall Street's banks as so much per carcass.

We feel sorry for the dads, sons, mothers, sweethearts and all of the little kids that are getting bombed in Britain and Germany. We feel just as sorry for one bunch as the other. A kid is a kid and a bomb is a bomb.

As long as the pore folks fights the rich folks' wars, you'll keep having pore folks, rich folks and wars. it's the rich folks that makes the pore folks it's the pore folks that make the rich folks; and it's the two of them that makes the wars - rich folks ram rodding 'em, and pore folks a-fightin' 'em.

Do away with pore folks. Do away with rich folks. Do away with middle class folks. And you automatically do away with wars.

I would have a lots of fights if I had another feller to fight 'em for me. But since I got to do my own fightin', I try not to have no trouble. Same way with everybody. Make 'em do their own fightin' - and you do away with fightin'.

WHY OH WHY

why oh why oh why oh why oh why oh why oh why because because because goodbye goodbye

why can't a dish break a hammer why oh why oh why 'cause a hammer's got a pretty hard head goodbye goodbye

why can't a bird eat an elephant why oh why oh why 'cause an elephant's got a pretty hard skin goodbye goodbye

why can't a mouse eat a street car why oh why oh why 'cause a mouse's stomach could never get big enough to eat a streetcar goodbye goodbye

why does a horn make music why oh why oh why because the horn blower blows it goodbye goodbye

why don't you answer my questions why oh why oh why 'cause I don't know the answers goodbye goodbye

WORRIED MAN BLUES

it takes a worried man to sing a worried song it takes a worried man to sing a worried song it takes a worried man to sing a worried song I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

I went down to the river and I lay down to sleep I went down to the river and I lay down to sleep I went down to the river and I lay down to sleep when I woke up I had shackles on my feet

twenty two links of chain wrapped around my leg twenty two links of chain wrapped around my leg twenty two links of chain wrapped around my leg and on each link and initial of my name

I asked the judge tell me what's gonna be my fine I asked the judge tell me what's gonna be my fine I asked the judge tell me what's gonna be my fine twenty two years on the rocky mountain line

if anyone should ask you who wrote this song if anyone should ask you who wrote this song if anyone should ask you who wrote this song tell 'em it was me and I sing it all day long