

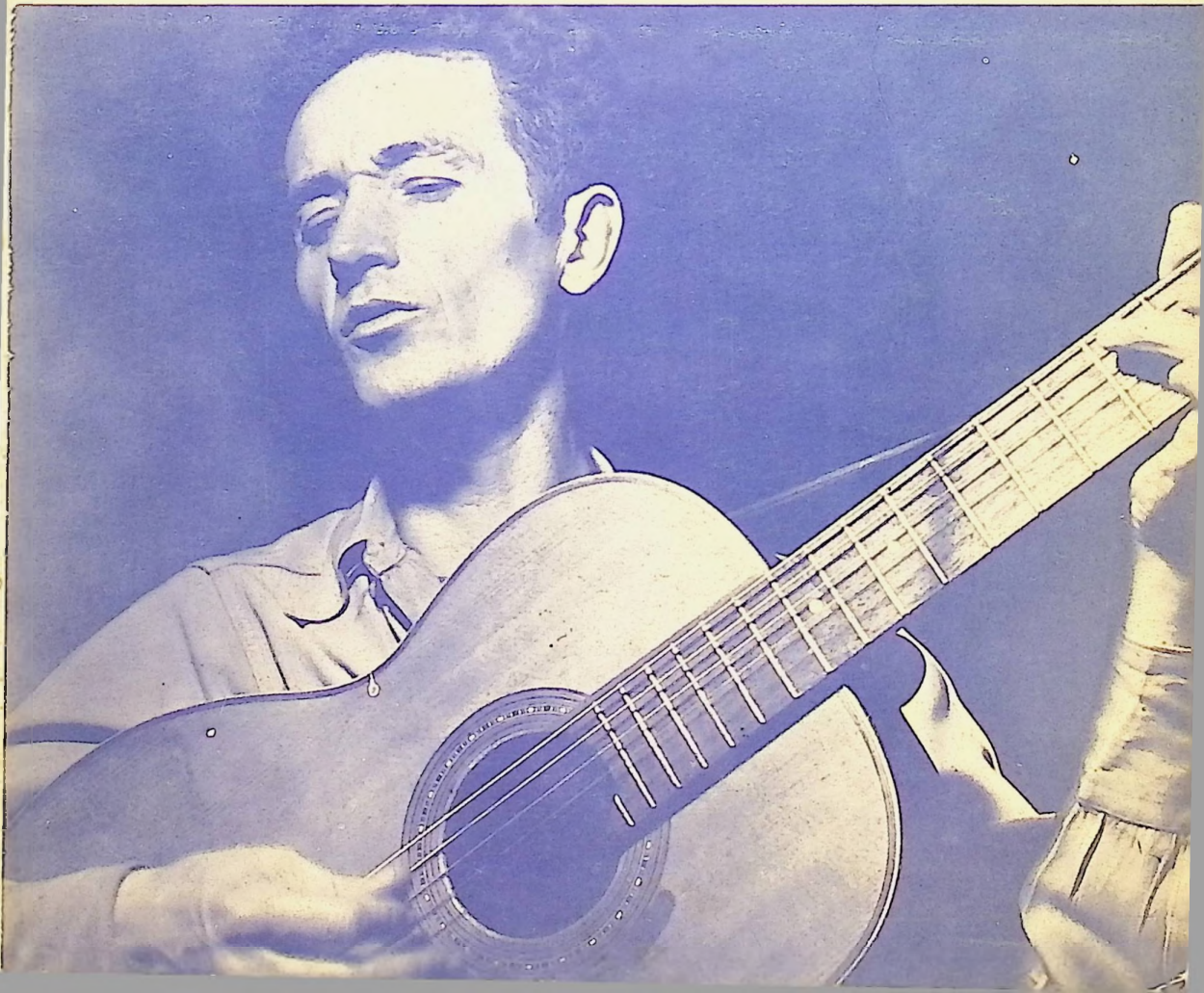
# CALIFORNIA TO THE NEW YORK ISLAND

Being a pocketfull of Brags, Blues, Bad-Men Ballads, Love Songs, Okie Laments and Children's Catcalls by

## WOODY GUTHRIE

Published by The Guthrie Children's Trust Fund, New York City

Woven into a Script suitable for a Concert, Clambake, Hootenanny or Community Sing by Millard Lampell



\$1.95



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# AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE ABOUT THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC

by Pete Seeger

Woodrow Wilson Guthrie, one of the great folk song balladmakers of this century, wrote more than a thousand songs between 1932 and 1952. Some may never be worth singing. Others may stand the test of time, and like "Auld Lang Syne" or "Go Tell Aunt Rhody", become world classics. His method of composition was to pound out verse after verse on the typewriter, or in his precise, country style handwriting, and try it out on his guitar as he went along. Later the song could be pruned down to usable size.

He put his rhymes to tunes which were, more often than not, slightly amended versions of old folk melodies. Thus "Philadelphia Lawyer" used the tune of "The Jealous Lover Of Lone Green Valley". "Pastures of Plenty" used one of the many versions of "Pretty Polly", and "Roll On Columbia" adapted "Goodnight Irene". He was often not exactly conscious of where he got the tune, until it was pointed out to him.

"So Long" used the melody of "The Ballad of Billy The Kid" and "Reuben James" used "Wildwood Flower", a tune recorded by the Carter Family, well-known country recording artists of the 1930's (and from whose records Woody learned many songs, as well as his style of guitar playing).

To both of these last songs, however, he added a chorus worthy of any good composer. He fiddled around with the melody of the verse, until he compounded and developed elements of it into a singable refrain.

The songs were rarely written to order. Anything worth discussing was worth a song to him: news off the front page, sights and sounds of the countrysides he traveled through, and thoughts brought to mind by reading anything from Rabelais to Will Rogers. Though some songs became top sellers on the hit parade, he never composed with the hit parade in mind. In fact, he had a rather disparaging attitude toward Tin Pan Alley and any kind of commercial success. Songs were composed for himself and friends to sing, and he had faith that a good song would get around in spite of the music industry.

When we first proposed in 1956 to put on a whole evening of the songs of Woody Guthrie, some said: "Oh no! It can't be done successfully. All the songs would sound alike."

It is true that most of the songs use the same major tonic, dominant, and subdominant harmonies in familiar sequence. Most are in a moderate 2/4 or 4/4 time. But the

lyrics of the songs cover a wide range of subject matter, and eight or ten singers with widely different voices and temperament shared the singing chores. In the performance there was no lack of musical variety whatsoever.

A mellifluous baritone took "Pastures of Plenty". Two teenage girls sang "Do Re Mi" with sweet country-style harmony. Two rougher voiced men swapped verses on "Hard Travelling"; they tore off the last verse with gusto. The entire audience joined in on the choruses of many songs.

Any group of singers who love American folk music can successfully perform this cantata by similarly distributing solos, duets, group numbers, and audience songs so that no one singer is overworked. If any of the singers are in doubt about how to perform a number, have them listen to such recordings of American Folk Music as the Folkways LP Series, "Anthology of American Folk Music." This is the genre to which this music belongs. Many of the songs have been recorded by Woody himself (see discography on P. 44). But a caution here. Beware of trying to imitate Woody's singing too closely — it will sound fake and phony.

1. Don't try and imitate his accent.
2. Don't try and imitate his flat vocal quality.
3. In short, be yourself.

What any singer can learn from Woody's method of performance are such things as this:

1. A matter-of-fact, unmelodramatic, understatement throughout.
2. Simplicity above all — and getting the words out clearly. They are the most important part of the song.
3. Irregularity.

This last perhaps needs explanation: to avoid a sing-song effect, from repeating the same simple melody many times, Woody, like all American ballad singers, held out long notes in unexpected places, although his guitar strumming maintained an even tempo. Thus no two verses sounded alike. Extra beats were often added to measures. The melodies are usually changed rhythmically from verse to verse, to fit the words exactly. Rarely if ever are ritards used at the end of a song. When the last verse is over, the song usually stops. (In this script the guitar strumming often fades down under the narration preceding the next song.) Tempos of each song remain constant from first verse to last. Sudden crescendoes and pianissimos are abjured.

Accompaniment should be guitar, or some other simple folk instrument, like banjo, ukelele, or soft accordion. It would be best to steer clear of pianos completely, since they would continually distract the listener from the general folksinging atmosphere. The chords written above the melody are purposely simple. Don't try to pretty them up or to embellish the harmony too much, or you will destroy the music. The exact keys, of course, can be changed to suit the singer. A guitar capo will be a useful device here. Woody had a voice of average range, and the songs are, by and large, easy to sing — difficult perhaps only in that they are often the essence of simplicity. If you want an audience to sing with you, remember that you shouldn't ask them as a rule to sing above C, or the A, an octave and a third below. In parentheses before each song are given some brief suggestions for the manner of treatment.

## INDEX of SONGS

Biggest Thing That Man Has Ever Done, The .....	38
Curly-Headed Baby .....	12
Do-Re-Mi .....	24
Go To Sleep My Little Hobo .....	23
Going Down This Old Dusty Road .....	17
Grand Coulee Dam .....	30
Gypsy Davy .....	14
Hard Traveling .....	27
I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water .....	13
Jackhammer John .....	34
John Hardy .....	16
Oklahoma Hills .....	9
Pastures of Plenty .....	26
Philadelphia Lawyer .....	8
Put Your Finger in the Air .....	44
Pretty Boy Floyd .....	19
Reuben James .....	37
Roll On Columbia .....	31
Round, Round Hitler's Grave .....	40
Sleep Eye .....	43
So Long It's Been Good To Know You .....	10
Talking Dust Bowl .....	20
Talking Merchant Marine .....	39
This Land Is Your Land .....	45
This Train Is Bound For Glory ..	7, 11, 28
Union Maid .....	35
Vigilante Man .....	22
Wake Up .....	42
Way Up In That Northwest .....	29, 33

**PRODUCTION NOTES:** The following script consists, in the greatest part, of some writings and songs of Woody Guthrie. The program was deliberately designed to be flexible in production. It was performed in New York with a single Narrator, half a dozen singers, and an amateur children's dance group. Actually, the program could be performed by one Narrator and a singer — or by two Narrators and anywhere up to a dozen singers and chorus.

The staging was kept extremely simple. The Narrator was at **STAGE RIGHT**, and the singers grouped in a half-circle at **STAGE LEFT**. There are, as will be seen, no formal introductions of songs or performers. This was done to keep a flow of continuity. The performers were cued by a Director in the pit, and moved quietly **DOWNSTAGE** into position during the last lines of speech leading into the songs.



# This Train Is Bound for Glory

Words and music adapted by  
Woody Guthrie

*(Let the ensemble on the stage present this as an opening choral number, singing the first verse and then continuing under the narrator.)*

The musical score consists of four staves of music in the key of E major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (E, B7, A) and first endings (1) are placed above the staff lines.

Staff 1: *E*  
This train is bound for glo-ry, this train.

Staff 2: *1* *B7* *1*  
This train is bound for glo-ry, this train.

Staff 3: *E* *A*  
This train is a - leav - ing town, hit - ting the road and

Staff 4: *E* *B7* *E*  
head - ing on down. This train is bound for glo-ry, this train! \_\_\_\_\_

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*(Chorus continues humming the song under the narrator.)*

## NARRATOR

His name is Woodrow Wilson Guthrie . . . a bit of information which may come as kind of a surprise. Most people don't know he's got any other name but just Woody.

He started out from Oklahoma, and he traveled all of the forty-eight states and most of the seven seas. And wherever he went he made music. He sang and he whistled, he hummed and he hooted, he played the guitar, the mouth harp, the mountain fiddle and the mandolin. If he couldn't lay his hands on a guitar, why he could just bang out a song with a couple of spoons. Or tap out a tune with his bare hands on a tin can.

Nobody does know just how many songs he made up. A collector claims to have counted up over a thousand. But that would just be the ones that Woody took the trouble to write down. It wouldn't include the ones that slipped away in the dusty wind, the ones that vanished in the clank and rattle of a freight train crossing through the hills in the darkness.

All right, let's say he made up a thousand songs. Songs with love in them, songs with loneliness and sorrow in them, songs with a fierce and stubborn will to survive. Some of them, the chances are, you never heard.

# Philadelphia Lawyer

Words by (and music adapted by)  
Woody Guthrie

Way out in Re-no, Ne - va - da, where  
ro - mances bloom and fade, There was a Phi - la  
del-phi - a law-yer in love with a Hol - ly-wood maid.

Come love and we will wander,  
Out where the lights are so bright,  
I'll win you a divorce from your husband,  
And we can get married tonight.

Now Bill was a gun-toting cowboy,  
Six notches carved on his gun;  
And all of the boys around Reno  
Left Bill's Hollywood darling alone.

One night when Bill was returning,  
From riding the range in the cold,  
He thought of his Hollywood darling,  
Her love was as lasting as gold.

As Bill drew near to her window,  
Two shadows he saw on the shade,  
It was the great Philadelphia lawyer  
Making love to Bill's Hollywood maid.

The night was as still as the desert,  
The moon hanging high overhead,  
Bill listened awhile at the window,  
He could hear every word that they said.

Your face is so pretty and lovely,  
Your form so fair and divine;  
Come go back with me to Philadelphia,  
And leave this wild cowboy behind.

Now tonight back in old Pennsylvania,  
Beneath those beautiful pines,  
There's one less Philadelphia lawyer  
In old Philadelphia tonight.

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## NARRATOR

And some of them were played on every radio station and juke box in the country.

# Oklahoma Hills

Words and music by  
Jack and Woody Guthrie

(Best sung by a soloist, or duet. Keep it brisk and unsentimental.)

Man-y a month has come and gone since I wan-dered from my

home in those Ok - la - ho - ma hills where I was born.

Man-y a page of life has turned, Man-y a les-son I have

learned, while I feel like in those hills I still be - long.

**CHORUS**

Way down yon-der in the In-di - an Na-tion I ride my po-ny on the

Re - ser - va - tion, in those Ok - la - ho - ma hills where I was born Oh,

way down yon-der in the In - di - an Na - tion, A cow - boy's life is my

oc - cu - pa - tion, on those Ok - la - ho - ma hills where I was born.

But as I sit here today,  
 Many miles I am away,  
 From the place I rode my pony through the  
 draw;  
 While the oaken black jack trees  
 Kiss the purple prairie breeze,  
 In those Oklahoma hills where I was born.  
 (chorus)

Now as I turn life a page  
 To the land of the great old sage,  
 In those Oklahoma hills where I was born;  
 While the black oil it rolls and flows,  
 And the snow white cotton grows,  
 In those Oklahoma hills where I was born.  
 (chorus)

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### NARRATOR

And some of them were hummed and whistled and passed along until they became part of the weave of the life of this land. And people would swear to you that they were old folk songs, drifted up through the hickory smoke of history.

## So Long, It's Been Good To Know You

Words and music by  
 Woody Guthrie

*(It's ideal for soloists to swap verses and let the audience join in on the chorus.  
 Sometimes two people can take a verse in unison.)*

C G7  
 I've sung this song, but I'll sing it a - gain, of the  
 C G7 C  
 place that I lived on the wild wind-y plains, in the month of  
 F C  
 A-pril, the coun-ty called Gray, here's what all of the  
 G7 C CHORUS  
 peo-ple there say: Well, it's so long, it's been good to

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know you; So long, it's been good to know you; So long, it's  
 been good to know you; this dus-ty old dust is a - get - ting my home,  
 and I got to be drift - ing a - long

A dust storm hit and it hit like thunder;  
 It dusted us over, it dusted us under;  
 It blocked out the traffic, it blocked out the sun,  
 And straight for home all the people did run,  
 singing: (CHORUS)

The sweethearts sat in the dark and sparked,  
 They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark;  
 They sighed and cried and hugged and kissed;  
 Instead of marriage, they talked like this:  
 "Honey, (CHORUS)

The telephone rang and it jumped off the wall,  
 And that was the preacher a-making his call.  
 He said, "Kind friends, this might be the end,  
 You've got your last chance at salvation of sin." (CHORUS)

The churches was jammed, the churches was packed,  
 That dusty old dust storm blowed so black,  
 That the preacher could not read a word of his text,  
 So he folded his specs, and he took up collection, said: (CHORUS)

#### NARRATOR

Woody's songs have a way of taking hold, because they speak in the voice of the people that you can't beat down, you can't scare and you can't starve out. They are songs with the rhythm of work in them, with the echo of anger against poverty and meanness. Songs filled with the determination of a people to damn well endure. If you are looking for a way to say what the best in America is, you won't find a purer statement than these songs. From now on, all the words you hear, spoken or sung, are by Woody Guthrie.

## This Train Is Bound for Glory

*(Ensemble repeats 1st verse of "This Train" and then the rest of the verses, with a soloist leading on the 1st and 4th lines.)*

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, nor big shot rambler,  
 This train is bound for glory, this train.

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

This train don't carry no rustlers, etc.  
Sidestreet walkers, two-bit hustlers,  
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train is a union rider, this train, etc.  
No scab train can stay beside her,  
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train don't carry no smokers, etc.  
Lying tongues or two-bit jokers,  
This train is bound for glory, this train.

#### NARRATOR

My mother's name was Nora Belle Tanner, and then she changed it to Nora Belle Guthrie. Her mother was Mrs. Lee Tanner, one of the earliest log cabin school teachers in Okfuskee County, Oklahoma.

It was in the quicksands and muds of the river's rising, the wind that blew and whipped from east to west in a split second, the lightning that splintered the barn loft, the snakey-tailed cyclone, prairie cloudbursts, the months of fiery drouth that crippled the leaves; in the timber fires, in the fights of men against all of these, that I was born, the third child in our family, and heard my mother sing to my brother Roy, and to my sister Clara . . .

## Curly-Headed Baby

Words and music adapted by  
Woody Guthrie

(A very soft song. Can be solo or duet.)

The musical notation is written on two staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, with chords D, A7, and D indicated above the notes. The second staff contains the melody for the second line, with chords A7, D, D7, G, A7, and D indicated above the notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

She's my cur-ly-head - ed ba-by. Used to set on dad-dy's  
knee. She's my cur-ly-head-ed ba-by \_\_\_\_\_ comes from sun-ny Ten-nes-see.

I have loved her since I met her,  
She is all the world to me.  
She's my curly headed baby,  
Come from sunny Tennessee.

I'm a-gonna tell you 'bout these women,  
I'm gonna tell you what they do.  
Hang their head upon your shoulder,  
Flirt around with another, too.

I'd rather be in some dark holler  
Where the sun refuse to shine,  
Than to see you with another  
When you promised to be mine.

I was happy when I kissed her,  
And she gave her love to me.  
She's the prettiest little baby  
That ever fell in love with me.

She's my curly headed baby,  
And I hope someday to be  
Walking by her side forever  
Down in sunny Tennessee.

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### NARRATOR

My father's name was Charles Edward Guthrie, born down in Bell County, Texas, in the scrub-oak and short cotton country. They call him Charlie, and he had almost as much of the singing blood in him as Mama had. He was Clerk of the County Court for several years, and our house was full of the smells of big leather law books, and the poems of pomp and high dignity that he memorized and performed for us with the same wild pioneer outdoor chant as he sang his Indian square-dances and Negro Blueses. . . .

## I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water

(Solo)

The musical score is written on three staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a G chord and contains the lyrics: "I'd rath-er drink mud-dy wa-ter, sleep in a hol-low log-". The second staff begins with a C chord and contains the lyrics: "I'd rath-er drink mid-dy wa-ter - sleep in a hol-low log". The third staff begins with a D7 chord and contains the lyrics: "than stay here on this old riv-er, be treat-ed like a dir-ty dog." The third staff also features a triplet of eighth notes and ends with a G chord.

### NARRATOR

When they threw the oil field open, lots of jobs sprung up with good wages; and the pool halls, road houses, and hotel lobbies filled up with hard-working men and women of all colors — pushing and shoving, wheeling and dealing, trying to make a living. Traveling musicians hit town, made the rounds, and rambled on down the road. As fast as they'd light on the streets, I'd locate them and park myself on a car fender close by and listen to them play.

Ear Players, folks called them, because they picked up their music and singing without reading the notes, and learnt more and more songs everywhere they went; fiddlers that made their violins out of old oil cans, trick bow fiddlers, blues and religious players that begged for nickels up and down the street. Preachers talked on hellfire

and damnation and played music for their tips. Blind and crippled people rattled old tin cups. War veterans played mouth organs through shrapnel holes in their throats. Negroes blew the railroad blues with their nose. Indians chanted up and down the curb. Ballad singers of all kinds and colors hit the oil towns . . . and there was very little of their kind of singing that I didn't soak up.

(Rest of Blues — Solo)

I'm going up north and I won't be back till  
fall (2)  
If times don't change, I won't be back at all.

Ain't it hard to tumble when you got no  
place to fall? (2)  
I ain't got no home in this wide world at all.

Big hipp-ted woman, meat shaking on her  
bones (2)  
Every times she wiggles, a poor man's  
dollar is gone.

I'm heading up north where the water tastes  
like wine (2)  
This old Texas water tastes like turpentine.

### NARRATOR

Okemah, Oklahoma, where I come from was one of the singingest, square-dancingest, drinkingest, yellingest, preachingest, walkingest, talkingest, laughingest, cryingest, shootingest, fist fightingest, bleedingest, gamblingest, gun, club and razor carryingest of our ranch and farm towns, because it blossomed into one of our first Oil Boom Towns.

Here came the Lawyer Man, Doctor Man, Merchant Man, Royalty Man, Pipe Liner Man, the Cowboy and the Cowman, the ladies for all of these, the girls, the mistresses for the Pool Stick and Domino Sharker, the Red Light Pimper and the Sidewalk Barker.

I sold newspapers, sang all the songs I picked up, and learned to jig-dance along the sidewalks.

My dad met the newcomer, talked, traded, and built us a new six-room house. But the speed and hurry, all of this pound and churn, roar and spin, this staggering yell and nervous scream of our little farm town, turning into an Oil and Money Rush, it was too much of a load on my mother's quieter nerves. She commenced to sing the sadder songs in a loster voice, to gaze out our window and to follow her songs out and up and over and away from it all, away over yonder in the minor keys . . .

## Gypsy Davy (Solo)

Traditional ballad as adapted by  
Woody Guthrie



It was late last night when the boss came / a - ask-in'for his la-dy  
home





The on - ly an - swer that 'he got, "She's



gone with the Gyp-sy Da -vey, she's gone with the Gyp-sy Dave \_\_\_\_\_

Go saddle for me my 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.

Well I had not rode to the midnight moon  
When I saw the campfire gleaming.  
I heard the notes of the big guitar  
And the voice of the Gypsies singing  
That song of the Gypsy Dave.

There in the light of the camplng fire,  
I saw her fair face beaming.  
Her heart in tune to the big guitar  
And the voice of the Gypsies singing  
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 Davey,  
And sing with the Gypsy Davey  
That song of the Gypsy Dave? \*\*

Yes I've forsaken my husband dear  
To go with the Gypsy Davey,  
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  
And go with the Gypsy Dave;  
But the tears come a-trickling down her  
cheeks  
To think of the blue-eyed baby,  
Pretty little blue-eyed babe.

Take off, take off your buckskin gloves  
Made of Spanish leather;  
Give to me your lily-white hand  
And we'll ride home together,  
We'll ride home again.

No, I won't take off my buckskin gloves,  
They're made of Spanish leather.  
I'll go my way from day to day  
And sing with the Gypsy Davey,  
That song of the Gypsy Davey,  
That song of the Gypsy Davey,  
That song of the Gypsy Dave, \*\*\*

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#### NARRATOR

When you play music by ear, it don't mean you wiggle your ears while you're playing it. You just use your ears to remember what you hear. You sort of write down a bunch of sounds somewhere in your head and save them for future use. Sometimes you hear a tune and catch some of the words, and for a long time you go around with it roaring through your head like a lost steamboat.

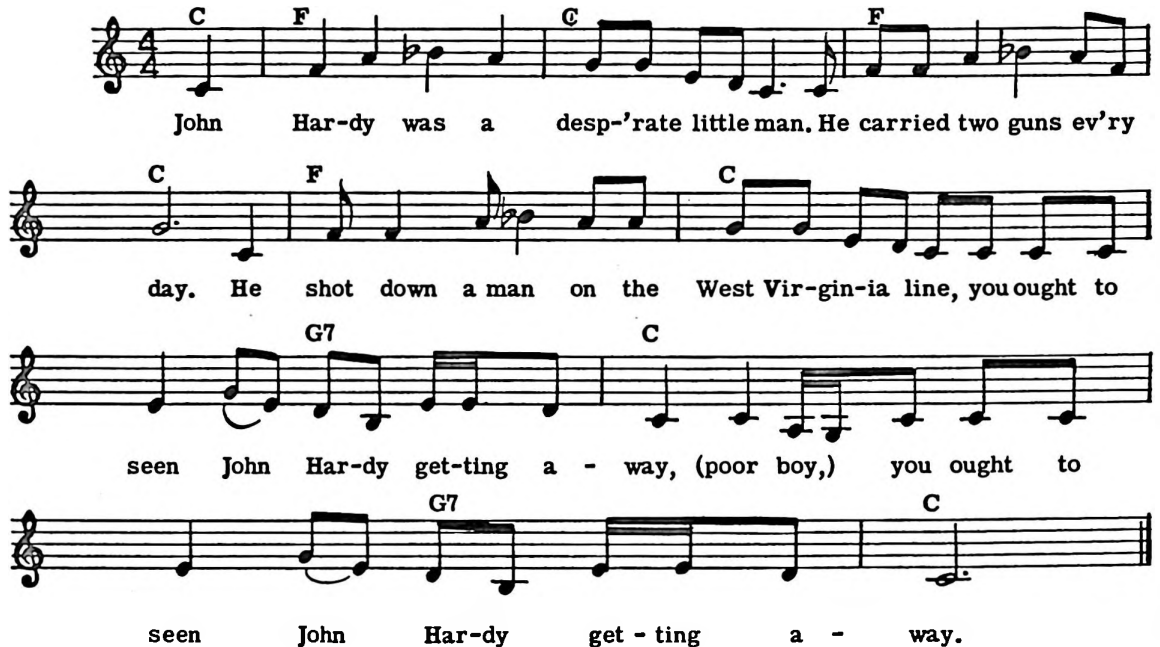
My mother was an ear musician. She lived seven miles out of the little county seat, Okemah, Oklahoma. Songs meant a lot to her and she collected hundred of them

in her head, and she chorded on the piano and sung tales and stories that taught me the history of our section of the country, its weather, cyclones, pretty women, love affairs, disasters and its outlaws.

## John Hardy

Traditional ballad Arrangement  
and adaptation by  
Woody Guthrie

(Solo)



John Har-dy was a desp-'rate little man. He carried two guns ev'ry  
day. He shot down a man on the West Vir-gin-ia line, you ought to  
seen John Har-dy get-ting a - way, (poor boy,) you ought to  
seen John Har-dy get - ting a - way.

John Hardy started for that Freestone Bridge,  
There he thought he'd be free,  
When up stepped the marshall and took him by  
the arm,  
Said, "Johnny, come and go with me, poor boy,  
Johnny, come and go with me."

John Hardy sent for his ma and pa  
To come for to go his bail;  
But no bail was allowed for murderin' a man,  
So they laid John Hardy back in jail. poor boy,  
They shoved John Hardy back in jail.

John Hardy stood in his jail cell,  
The tears running down each eye,  
Said, "I been the death of many a poor man,  
And now I'm ready to die,  
And now I'm ready to die."

"I've been to the East, I've been to the West,  
I've traveled this wide world around,  
I've been to the river and I've been baptized,  
And now I'm on my hangin' ground, poor boy,  
And now I'm on my hangin' ground."

They hung John Hardy on the following morn,  
They strung him up in the sky,  
The last words I heard that poor boy say,  
"My six-shooter never told a lie,  
My six-shooter never told a lie."

## NARRATOR

I won't say that my guitar playing nor singing is anything fancy on a stick. I know that my voice is not one of the smooth-riding kind, because I don't want it to sound smooth.

None of the folks that I know have got smooth voices like dew dripping off the petals of the morning violet, and still they can and do sing louder, longer, and with more guts than any smooth voice that I ever heard. I had rather sound like the ashcans of the early morning, like the cab drivers cursing at one another, like the longshoremen yelling, like the cowhands whooping, and like the lone wolf barking.

# Goin' Down This Old Dusty Road

Additional words and music adapted by  
Woody Guthrie

*(Solo, duet, group, or audience. Suggest swapping verses between groups.)*



I'm blow-ing down this old dust-y road, Lord, Lord, I'm



blow-ing down this old dusty road\_\_\_. I'm blow-ing down this



old dust-y road, Lord, Lord, and I ain't gonna be treat-ed this-a-way\_\_.

Lost my farm down in old Oklahoma  
Lost my farm down in old Oklahoma  
Lost my farm down in old Oklahoma  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

I'm a goin' where the water tastes like  
wine (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

I'm a goin' where these dust storms never  
blow (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

They say I'm a dust bowl refugee (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

I'm a lookin' for a job at honest pay (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

My children need three square meals a  
day (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

Takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my feet (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

Your two dollar shoe hurts my feet (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

I'm a goin' where them grapes and peaches  
grow (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

I been a living on a cold navy beans (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

I aint afraid of no god dam deputy sher'f (3)  
And I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

I'll get me a cop if they get me (3)  
I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

You bastards, you better leave me alone (3)  
'Cause I ainta gonna be treated this a way.

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## NARRATOR

Pretty Boy Floyd was borned and raised right down in there where I was. I talked to lots of folk that knowed him personal. Said he wasn't much of a bad feller. Something went haywire and Pretty Boy took to outlawing. He went to packing shooting irons, blowing his way into the banks where the people's money was. Grabbed big sacks and took it out and strewed and scattered it everywhere, and give to the poor folks all up and down the county. He had the right idea but he had the wrong system.

This song is one I fixed up about Pretty Floyd. We ain't never had a governor back home that was half as popular as Pretty Boy. He tried and done it wrong. The governor didn't even try . . .

## Pretty Boy Floyd

Words and music by  
Woody Guthrie

(Solo)

If you'll gath - er 'round me chil - dren, a  
sto-ry I will tell, a - bout Pret-ty Boy Floyd, the  
out-law; Ok-la- ho - ma knew him well \_\_\_\_\_.

It was in the town of Shawnee,  
It was 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 she overheard.

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,  
And the deputy grabbed a gun,  
And in the fight that followed,  
He laid that deputy down.

He took to the trees and timbers,  
And he lived a life of shame,  
Every crime in Oklahoma  
Was added to his name.

Yes he took to the trees and timbers  
On that Canadian River's shore,  
And pretty Boy found a welcome  
At a many a farmer's door.

There's many a starving farmer,  
The same old story told,  
How this outlaw paid their mortgage  
And saved their little home.

Others tell you 'bout a stranger  
That come to beg a meal,  
And underneath his napkin  
Left a thousand dollar bill.

It was in Oklahoma City  
It was on a Christmas Day,  
There come a whole car load of groceries  
With a letter that did say:

You say that I'm an outlaw,  
You say that I'm a thief;  
Here's a Christmas dinner  
For the families on relief.

Now as through this world I ramble  
I see lots of funny men,  
Some will rob you with a six-gun,  
And some with a fountain pen.

But as through your life you travel,  
As through your life you roam;  
You won't never see an outlaw  
Drive a family from their home.

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### NARRATOR

I got a few little jobs — helping a water-well driller, hoeing figs, irrigating strawberries in the sandy land, laying roofs, hustling sign jobs with a painter.

I followed the oil towns and found myself as far west as Hobbs, New Mexico. I'd learned how to play a guitar, a few of the easy chords, and was making saloons like a preacher changing from street corner to street corner. I slept in jails when my kitty didn't do so good, and in cheap hotels whenever I had money. I made everything and nothing: from one cent to fifty-four dollars one single night.

I hit Pampa in the Panhandle of Texas, and stuck there a while. Then the dust storms begun blowing blacker and meaner, and the rain was getting less, and the dust more and more. I made up a little song that went:

## Talking Dust Bowl

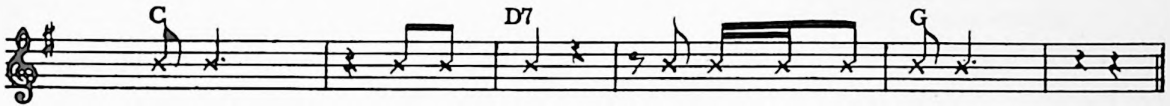
Words by  
Woody Guthrie  
Music: Traditional talking blues

(Solo)

The musical notation is written on two staves in G major, 2/4 time. The first staff contains the first line of lyrics: "Back in nine-teen twen-ty se-ven, I had a lit-tle farm, and I". Above the staff are guitar chords: G (over the first measure), C (over the second measure), and D7 (over the third measure). The second staff contains the second line of lyrics: "called that hea-ven. Pri - ces up, and the rain come down; I". Above the staff are guitar chords: G (over the first measure) and C (over the second measure). The notes are represented by 'x' marks on the staff lines.



hauled my crops all in-to town, got the mo-ney....bought clothes and



gro - ceries.....fed the kids.....and raised a big fa-mily.

But the rain quit and the wind got high,  
Black old dust storm filled the sky;  
I traded my farm for a Ford machine,  
Poured it full of this gas-i-line  
And started -- rockin' and a-rollin'  
Deserts and mountains -- to California.

Man alive, I'm a-tellin' you,  
The fiddles and guitars really flew,  
That Ford took off like a flyin' squirrel,  
Flew half-way around the world.  
Scattered wives and children  
All over the side of that mountain.

Way up yonder on a mountain road,  
Hot motor and a heavy load,  
Goin' purty fast, wasn't even stoppin',  
Bouncin' up and down like popcorn  
a-poppin',  
Had a breakdown -- kind of a nervous  
bustdown,  
Mechanic feller there charged me five bucks  
said it was EN-gine trouble.

Got to California so dad gum broke,  
So dad gum hungry I thought I'd choke;  
I bummed up a spud or two,  
Wife fixed up some tater stew.  
We poured the kids full of it. . .  
Looked like a tribe of thy-mometers  
a-runnin' around.

Way up yonder on a mountain curve,  
Way up yonder in the Piney Wood,  
I give that rollin' Ford a shove,  
Gonna coast just far's I could,  
Commenced a-rollin' . . . pickin' up  
speed,  
Come a hair-pin turn. . . and I  
Didn't make it.

Lord, man, I swear to you,  
That was shorely mighty thin stew.  
So damn thin, I really mean,  
You could read a mag-i-zine,  
Right through it. . . look at pictures, too.  
Purty whisky bottles. . . naked women.  
Always have thought, always figgered,  
If that damn stew'd a-been a little bit  
thinner,  
Some of these here politicians  
Could of seen through it.

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**NARRATOR**

'37 was a dusty year  
And I says, Woman, I'm leavin' here.

And on one dark and dusty day, I pulled out down the road that led to California,  
citizens groups, deputy thugs, mean harness bulls, and vigilantes.

# Vigilante Man

Words and music by  
Woody Guthrie

(Solo)

Musical notation for the song 'Vigilante Man' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is written on a single treble clef staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, A7, D, G, D, A7, D. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Tell me what is that Vi - gi - lan - te man?  
 What, is that Vi - gi - lan - te man? Does he car - ry a  
 gun and a pis - tol in his hand? I've heard his name all o - ver the land.

Have you seen that Vigilante man?  
Have you seen that Vigilante man?  
Have you seen that Vigilante man?  
I been hearing his name all over this land.

Oh, why does a Vigilante man?  
Why does a Vigilante man  
Carry that sawed-off shotgun in his hand?  
Would he shoot his brother and sister down?

Rainy night, down in the engine house;  
Sleepin' just as still as a mouse;  
Man come along and chased us out in the  
rain,  
Was that a Vigilante man?

I've rambled around from town to town,  
I've rambled around from town to town,  
And they herded us around like a wild herd  
of cattle;  
Was that the Vigilante men?

Stormy days we'd pass the time away,  
Sleepin' in some good warm place;  
Man come along and we gave him a little  
race.  
Was that a Vigilante man?

Have you seen that Vigilante man?  
Have you seen that Vigilante man?  
Have you seen that Vigilante man?  
I have heard his name all over the land.

Preacher Casey was just a working man,  
And he said, "Unite, all you working men!"  
Killed him in the river, some strange man.  
Was that a vigilante man?

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## NARRATOR

The further west you walk, the browner, hotter, stiller and emptier the country gets. I met the hard-rock miners, old prospectors, desert rats, and whole swarms of hitchhikers, migratory workers — squatted with their little piles of belongings in the shade of the big sign boards, out across the flat, hard-crust, gravelly desert. Kids chasing around in the blistering sun. Ladies cooking scrappy meals in sooty buckets, scouring the plates clean with sand. All waiting for some kind of a chance to get across the California line.

The young folks in work pants, khaki and whipcord, slacks and cotton dresses, would gather around us and sing too. But sometimes they'd stand real quiet and listen. I knew what they was thinking about: California and the new country and the work. Born to work hard, living without working was a pain and a torment. And to be idle was a question they couldn't answer.

# Go To Sleep My Little Hobo

(Solo or two women's voices)

Author Unknown

The musical score is written on three staves in the key of E major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is accompanied by chords E and A. The lyrics are: (chorus) Go to sleep my lit-tle ho-bo. The second staff continues the melody with chords B7 and E. The lyrics are: 1. Do not think a-bout to-mor-row. The third staff continues with chords A and B7. The lyrics are: Let the towns drift slow-ly by. Can't you hear the steel rails. Let to-mor-row come and go. To-night you've got a / warm nice. The fourth staff continues with chords A and B7. The lyrics are: hum-min' ? That's a ho-bo's lul-la-by. box car, Safe from all this wind and snow.

I know the police cause you trouble.  
They cause trouble everywhere.  
But when you die and go to heaven,  
You'll find no policemen there.

(chorus)  
Go to sleep my little hobo  
Let the towns drift slowly by  
Can't you hear the steel rails hummin'  
That's a hobo's lullaby.

### NARRATOR

There's a whole big army of us rambling workers — call us migrants. Hundreds of thousands of people fighting against all kinds of odds to keep their little families sticking together; trickling along the highways and railroad tracks; living in dirty little shack towns, hunkered down along the malaria creeks, squatting in the wind of the dust-blown plains, and stranded like wild herds of cattle out across the blistered deserts.

A whole army of us. It's a big country. But we can take it. We can sing you songs so full of hard traveling, and hard sweating and hard fighting you'll get big clear blisters in the palms of your hands just listening to us.

## Do Re Mi

Words by (and music adapted by)  
Woody Guthrie

(Solo or duet)

Lots of folks back east, they say; leav-ing home

ev - 'ry day, beat-ing a hot old dus-ty trail to the Ca - li-for-nia

line. Cross the des - ert sands they roll, get - ting out of that

old dust-bowl think they're go-ing to a su-gar bowl, but

- here's what they find. For the po - lice at the

port of en - trance say, "You're num - ber four - teen  
 thou - sand for to - day." Oh, if you ain't got the Do Re  
 Mi, boys, if you ain't got the Do Re Mi, Bet-ter go back to  
 beau - ti - ful Tex-as, Ok - la - ho - ma, Kan - sas Geor - gia, Ten - nes  
 see. Ca - li - for - nia's a Gar - den of E - den, a  
 pa - ra - dise to live in or see. But be - lieve it or  
 not, you won't find it so hot, if you ain't got the Do Re Mi.

If you want to buy a home or farm,  
 That can't do nobody harm,  
 Or take your vacation by the mountain or sea.  
 Don't swap your old cow for a car,  
 You'd better stay right where you are;  
 Better take this little tip from me.  
 'Cause I look through the want ads every day,  
 But the headlines in the papers always say, Oh --  
 If you ain't got the Do Re Mi, etc.

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### NARRATOR

I come to work. I'm a hard man from a hard place, and I come down a hard road. I know all of the words there is, cuss words to work with, all kinds of words to sing with, and words to talk to my wife in the dark with. I ain't nothing much but a guy walking along. You can't hardly pick me out in a big crowd, I look so much like everybody else. Streets. Parks, Big places. I travel, Hell, yes, I travel. Ain't you glad I travel and work? If I was to stop, you'd have to up and leave your job and start traveling, because there's a hell of a lot of traveling that's got to be done.

## Pastures of Plenty

Words by (and music adapted by)  
Woody Guthrie

(Solo)

*D* *(Bm)*

It's a might- y hard row that my poor hands has hoed.

*D*

My poor feet has tra-veled a hot dus - ty road.

Out of your Dust Bowl and west - ward we rolled and your

*(Bm)*

des - erts was hot and your moun - tains was cold.

I worked in your orchards of peaches and  
prunes,  
I slept on the ground in 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 make all your crops,  
Well, it's up north 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 has  
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.

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**NARRATOR**

Work is the thing. The biggest and the best thing you can sing about is work — songs where the very time itself is set to the rhythm of a fast whistling train, or a steamboat lost in the fog, or an air-hammer sucking wind, a horse loping home, the rattle and banging of a red-hot steel mill, or the quiet booming and chugging of a new oil field as you look out across the country.

Work is the main thing. Just learn where the work is: that's where you'll find the real honest American music and songs being made up.

**Hard Travelin'**

Words and music by  
Woody Guthrie

(Duet)

G

I been a - hav-in' some hard trav-el-in', I thought you knowed;

G D7

I been a-hav-in' some hard trav-el-in', way down the road.

G C

I been a-hav-in' some hard trav-el-in', Hard ram-bl-in', Hard gam-bl-in',

D7 Refrain after each verse

G C G

I been a - hav-in' some hard trav-el - in', Lord \_\_\_\_\_.

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I been a-workin' in a hard rock tunnel,  
 I thought you knowed;  
 I been a-leanin' on a pressure drill,  
 way down the road.  
 Hammer flyin', air hose suckin',  
 Six feet of mud, I sure been a-muckin' . . .

I been hittin' some hard harvestin',  
 I thought you knowed;  
 I been hittin' some rough handlin',  
 Way down the road.  
 Cut that wheat and stack that hay,  
 Tryin' to make about a dollar a day . . .

I been a-workin' that Pittsburgh steel,  
 I thought you knowed;  
 I been a-workin' that red-hot slag,  
 Way down the road.  
 I been a-blastin', I been a-firin',  
 I been a-duckin' red-hot iron . . .

I been a-hittin' that Lincoln Highway,  
 I thought you knowed;  
 I been a-hittin' that sixty-six,  
 Way down the road.  
 Heavy load and a worried mind,  
 Lookin' for a woman that's hard to find . . .

**NARRATOR**

From Barstow to San Bernardino to Los Angeles to everywhere, I set my hat on the back of my head and strolled from town to town with my guitar slung over my shoulder. I sung on Reno Avenue in Oklahoma City, and Community Camp and Hooversville, on the flea-bit rim of the City's garbage dump; in the city jail in Denver, in Raton and Dodge City; I sung long tales and ballads for the railroad gangs on the Texas plains, the road workers along the border. In Portland I sung for a lot of ship scalers, inland boatmen, and timber workers. I hit Chicago on a wild cattle train from Minneapolis and sung in a dozen saloons across the street from the big packing-houses, with the Swedes, the Slavs, Russians, Norwegians, Irish, Negroes. It looked like everybody leaned on everybody's shoulder, and the songs and tunes didn't have any race or color much, because what's right for a man anywhere is right for you wherever you are.

**This Train Is Bound for Glory**

Words and music adapted by  
 Woody Guthrie

(Ensemble)

The musical score is written on four staves of music in the key of E major (one sharp). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (E, B7, A) and first endings (1) are placed above the staff lines.

Staff 1: E  
 This train is bound for glo-ry, this train.

Staff 2: 1 B7 1  
 This train is bound for glo-ry, this train.

Staff 3: E A  
 This train is a - leav - ing town, hit - ting the road and

Staff 4: E B7 E  
 head - ing on down. This train is bound for glo-ry, this train!

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# Way Up In That Northwest

Words by Woody Guthrie  
Music: Traditional

(Ensemble)

Way up in that North - west land of the skies \_\_\_\_\_  
\_, Co - lum - bi - a Ri - ver's head - wa - ters rise \_\_\_\_\_.

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(Chorus continues humming under narrator)

## NARRATOR

The Pacific Northwest is one of my favorite spots in this world, and I'm one walker that's stood way up and looked way down across aplenty of pretty sights in all their veiled and nakedest seasons. Thumbing it. Hitching it. Walking and talking it. Chalking it. Marking it. Sighting it and hearing it. Seeing and feeling and breathing and smelling it in, sucking it down me, rubbing it in all the pores of my skin, and the winds between my eyes knocking honey in my comb.

The Pacific Northwest has got mineral mountains. It's got chemical deserts. It's got rough run canyons. It's got sawblade snowcaps. It's got ridges of nine kinds of brown, hills out of six colors of green, ridges five shades of shadows, and stickers the eight tones of hell.

I pulled my shoes on and walked out of every one of these Pacific Northwest Mountain towns drawing pictures in my mind and listening to poems and songs and words faster to come and dance in my ears than I could ever get them wrote down . . .

# Grand Coulee Dam

Words by (and music adapted by)  
Woody Guthrie

(Solo, or several soloists swapping verses.)

Well, the world has sev-en won - ders that the  
trav-lers al-ways tell, Some gar-dens and/towers, I guess you know them well; but  
some  
now the great-est won-der's in Un-cle Sam's fair land, It's the  
King Co-lum-bia Ri-ver and the Big Grand Cou - lee Dam.

She heads up the Canadian mountains where the rippling waters glide,  
Comes a rumbling down the canyon just to meet the salty tide  
Of the wide Pacific Ocean where the sun sets in the West,  
And the Big Grand Coulee country in the land I love the best.

At the Umatilla Rapids, at the Priest and at Cascades,  
Mighty men have carved a history of the sacrifices made.  
In the thundering, foaming waters of the big Shelilo Falls,  
In the Big Grand Coulee country that I love the best of all.

She winds down the granite canyon and the bends across the lea,  
Like a prancing, dancing stallion down her seaway to the sea;  
Cast your eyes upon the biggest thing yet built by human hands,  
On the King Columbia River, it's the big Grand Coulee Dam.

In the misty crystal glitter of that wild and windward spray,  
Men have fought the pounding waters and have met a watery grave.  
Yes, it tore their boats to splinters, but it gave men dreams to dream,  
Of the day that Coulee Dam would cross that wild and wasted stream.

There at Bonneville on the river is a green and beautiful sight,  
See the Bonneville Dam a-rising in the sun so clear and white;  
While the leaping salmon play along the ladder and the rocks,  
There's a steamboat load of gasoline a-whistling in the locks.



Uncle Sam he took the challenge in the year of 'thirty-three,  
 For the farmer and the factory and for all of you and me.  
 He said, "Roll along, Columbia, you can ramble to the sea,  
 But river, while you're rambling, you can do some work for me."

Now in Washington and Oregon you hear the factories hum,  
 Making chrome and making manganese and light aluminum,  
 And the roaring flying fortress wings her way for Uncle Sam,  
 Spawned upon the King Columbia by the big Grand Coulee Dam.

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### NARRATOR

I saw the Columbia River and the big Grand Coulee Dam from just about every cliff, mountain, tree, and post from which it can be seen. I made up twenty-six songs about the Columbia and about the dam and about the men, and these songs were recorded by the Department of Interior, Bonneville Power Administration out in Portland. The records were played at all sorts and sizes of meetings where people bought bonds to bring the power lines over the fields and hills to their own little places. Electricity to milk the cows, kiss the maid, shoe the old mare, light up the saloon, the chili joint window, the schools, and churches along the way, to run the factories turning out manganese, chrome, bauxite, aluminum and steel.

## Roll On Columbia

Words by (and music adapted by)  
 Woody Guthrie

(Entire audience on chorus. Suggest groups swapping verses.)



Green Doug-las      firs where the      wat- ers cut through,

down her wild moun- tains and can- yons she flew.      Can-

a- dian North - west to the      o - cean so blue, it's

roll on, Co- lum - bia, roll on.

Roll on, Co - lum - bia, roll on,

Roll on, Co - lum - bia, roll on. Your

pow - er is turn - ing our dark - ness to dawn, (so)

roll on, Co - lum - bia, roll on!

Handwritten notes: "FINGER" with arrows pointing to notes on the second and third staves, and "ST-16" and "FR-16" with arrows pointing to notes on the third and fourth staves.

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

It's there on your banks that we fought  
 many a fight,  
 Sheridan's boys in the blockhouse that night,  
 They saw us in death but never in flight,  
 Roll on Columbia, roll on. . . .

At Bonneville now there are ships in the  
 locks,  
 The waters have risen and cleared all the  
 rocks.  
 Shiploads of 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,  
 It's roll on Columbia, roll on. . . .

These mighty men labored by day and by  
 night,  
 Matching their strength 'gainst the river's  
 wild flight,  
 Through rapids and falls they won the hard  
 fight,  
 Roll on Columbia, roll on. . . .

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### NARRATOR

When a song or a ballad mentions the name of a river, a town, a spot, a fight, or the sound of somebody's name that you know and are familiar with, there is a sort of quiet kind of pride comes up through your blood. And if it is a true song about a true job of work, or about something that really did happen and which you had

your hand in oh, well, then it gets to be something you grab the first thing if your house catches fire and there's not no water around. It lasts you through several suits of clothes, plays, dances, movies, and lasts you even on down through children, mates, wives and husbands.

These Pacific Northwest songs and ballads have got all of these personal feelings for me because I was there on these very spots and very grounds before, when the rockwall canyon stood there laughing around at me, and while the crazybug machines, jeeps, jacks, dozers, mixers, trucks, cars, lifts, chains and pulleys and all of us beat ourselves down every day yelling and singing little snatches of songs we was too hot and too busy and too tired to set down with our pen and pencil right then while the thing was being built.

This is the main thing I tried to get at here in these Pacific Northwest songs.

## Way Up In That Northwest

Words by Woody Guthrie

Music: Traditional

(Suggest groups swapping verses.)

Way up in that North-west land of the skies

Co-lum-bi-a Ri-ver's head-wa-ters rise

Mountain to mountain all covered with snows,  
I'll follow that river wherever she goes.

Winter and summer, springtime and fall,  
She makes her way down her high canyon wall.

Bright rippling waters, sparkling so bright,  
Seldom you see such a beautiful sight.

It's ninety-two miles northwest of Spokane,  
There you will see her Grand Coulee Dam.

Woodwork and steel, and cement and sand,  
Biggest thing built by the hand of a man.

Power that sings, boys, turbines that whine,  
Waters back up to the Canadian Line.

400 miles of waters will stand,  
Rich farms will come from hot desert sand.

Waters will flow with the greatest of ease,  
A hundred miles west, boys, and a hundred miles east.

Factories that work for Old Uncle Sam,  
Run on the power from Grand Coulee Dam.

Ships on the ocean, ships in the skies,  
Inch after inch her waters will rise.

High lines will top your mountains and hills,  
Driving your shops and factories and mills.

Niagra Falls sends mist to the sky,  
But Grand Coulee Dam is just twice as high.

She's 4300 feet crost her top,  
5 hundred and 50 down to her rock.

I'll settle this land, boys, and work like a  
man,  
I'll water my crops from Grand Coulee Dam.

Grand Coulee Dam, boys, Grand Coulee Dam,  
Biggest thing built by the hand of a man.

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**NARRATOR**

I just happen to believe in my soul that the rough people in this world are the best singers, the hard-hit people, the hard hitting people. The ones you meet in a mining town saloon, the ones you see and hear aboard ship, the ones that you hear dropping the tall timber, the men singing with their cotton bales, their bucking tongs, their jackhammers, picks, shovels, tractors and machinery of all kinds.

**Jackhammer John**

(Solo or duet)

Words by (and music adapted by)  
Woody Guthrie

The musical score for 'Jackhammer John' is written in G major and 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Jack ham - mer John was a Jack ham - mer man built your roads and build - ings too, and born with a Jack ham - mer in his hand. Lord, Lord, and he I'm a gon na build a dam or two Lord, Lord, well I had them Jack ham mer blues. I got them Jack ham - mer blues.' The score includes various musical notations such as chords (D, G, D), rests, and dynamic markings.

I was borned in Portland Town,  
Built every port from Alaska down;  
Lord, Lord, well I got them . . . etc.  
Built your bridges, dug your mines,  
Been in jail a thousand times,  
Lord, Lord, well I got them. . . etc.

Jackhammer, Jackhammer, where you been?  
Been out a-chasin' them gals again;  
Lord, Lord, well I got them . . . etc.  
Jackhammer man from a Jackhammer town,  
I can hammer on a hammer till the sun goes  
down,  
Lord, Lord, well I got them . . . etc.

I hammered on the Boulder, hammered on  
the Butte,  
Columbia River on a Five Mile Chute;  
Lord, Lord, well I got them . . . etc.  
Workin' on the Bonneville, hammered all  
night,  
A-tryin' to bring the people some electric  
light,  
Lord, Lord, well I got them . . . etc.

I hammered on Bonneville, Coulee, too,  
Always broke when my job was through,  
Lord, Lord, well I got them . . . etc.  
I hammered on the river from sun to sun,  
Fifteen million salmons run;  
Lord, Lord, well I got them . . . etc.

I hammered in the rain, I hammered in the  
 dust,  
 I hammered in the best, and I hammered in  
 the worst;  
 Lord, Lord, well I got them . . . etc.  
 I got a Jackhammer gal just as sweet as pie,  
 And I'll hammer on my hammer till the day  
 I die,  
 Lord, Lord, well I got them . . . etc.

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**NARRATOR**

I guess the first time I heard about a union, I wasn't no more than eight years old. What I heard was the story of the two rabbits. It was a he rabbit and a she rabbit that a pack of hounds chased all over the countryside. And finally these rabbits they holed up in a hollow log. And outside the dogs were howling. And the he rabbit turned to the she rabbit, and he said, "What do we do now?" And the she rabbit, she just give him a wink. She says, "We stay here till we outnumber 'em."

I been a member of nine jillion different unions. And we didn't have no big newspapers or radio stations telling our side of the story. We didn't have no judges and no police force. But we had people.

**Union Maid**

Words by (and music adapted by)  
 Woody Guthrie and The Almanac Singers

*(Soloist and audience)*

The musical score for "Union Maid" is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are: "There once was a union maid, she never was afraid of goons and ginks and companyfinks, And the deputy sheriffs that made the raids; She went to the union hall when a meeting it was". The chords are indicated above the notes: A7, D, G, D, A7, D, E7, A7, D, G.

D A7 D A7 E

called, And when the com-p'ny boys came 'round, She al-ways stood her ground.

CHORUS G D

Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stick-ing to the un - ion,

A A7 D

I'm stick-ing to the un - ion, I'm stick-ing to the un - ion,

G D

Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stick-ing to the un - ion,

A A7 D

I'm stick-ing to the un - ion 'Til the day I die.

This union maid was wise  
 To the tricks of company spies,  
 She couldn't be fooled by a company stool,  
 She'd always organize the guys.  
 She'd always get her way  
 When she asked for better pay,  
 She'd show her card to the National Guard,  
 And this is what she'd say: (CHORUS)

Now, you gals who want to be free,  
 Just take a little tip from me,  
 Get you a man who's a union man  
 And fight together for liberty.  
 Married life ain't hard  
 When you've got a union card,  
 A union man leads a happy life  
 When he's got a union wife. (CHORUS)

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#### NARRATOR

The last union I belonged to was the National Maritime Union. That was during World War II. I shipped out on a beat-up old freighter with my two seaman buddies, both good union men. We played our guitars, and I took along a fiddle and a mandolin. Our first boat was torpedoed off the coast of Sicily.

# Reuben James

Words and Additional music by  
Woody Guthrie and The Almanac Singers

(Soloist and audience)

(Guitarists: If playing in Bb presents problems, sing the song in A — or use a capo on the first fret — and play the chords in parentheses.)

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like. Chords are indicated above the staff, with alternative chords in parentheses. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Have you heard of a ship called the good Reu- ben  
James. Manned by hard fight- ing men, both of hon- or and  
fame. She flew the stars and stripes of the land of the  
free, but to- night she's in her grave at the bot- tom of the sea.

**CHORUS**  
Tell me what were their names? Tell me what were their  
names? Did you have a friend on the good Reu- ben James? What were their  
names? Tell me what were their names? Did you have a friend on the good Reu- ben James?

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It was there in the dark of that uncertain night,  
 That we watched for the U-boat and waited  
 for a fight;  
 Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion  
 roar,  
 And they laid the Reuben James on the cold  
 ocean floor. (CHORUS)

Now tonight there are lights in our country so  
 bright,  
 In the farms and the cities they are telling of  
 this fight,  
 And now our mighty battleships will steam  
 the bounding main,  
 And remember the name of the good Reuben  
 James. (CHORUS)

**NARRATOR**

I was in the merchant marines' three invasions, torpedoed twice, carried my guitar  
 every drop of the way. I fed fifty gunboys, washed their dirty dishes, scrubbed their  
 greasy messroom, and never graduated up or down in my whole eleven months.

We walked all around over North Africa, the British Isles, and Sicily, and sung  
 underground songs for underfed fighters.

**The Biggest Thing Man Has Ever Done**

Words by (and music adapted by)  
 Woody Guthrie

(Solo)

*P-I-A - P-I-A*

The musical score is written on four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is simple, consisting of quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: C for the first measure and G7 for the second measure. The lyrics are: "I'm just a lone-some tra-vel-ler, the great his-tor-i - cal". The second staff continues the melody with chords C, F, and C. The lyrics are: "bum. High-ly ed-u - ca-ted, from hist - 'ry I have come. I". The third staff has chords F and C. The lyrics are: "built the Rock of A - ges, it was in the year of One, and". The fourth staff has chords G7 and C. The lyrics are: "that was a - bout the big-gest thing that man has ev - er done."

I worked in the Garden of Eden, that was in the Year of Two;  
 Joined the Apple Pickers' Union, I always paid my dues.  
 I'm the man that signed the contract to raise the Rising Sun,  
 And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.



I was straw boss on the Pyramids, the Tower of Babel, too;  
I opened up the Ocean, let the migrant children through.  
I fought a million battles and I never lost a one,  
And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.

I beat the daring Roman, I beat the daring Turk,  
Defeated Nero's army with thirty minutes work.  
I fought the greatest leaders and I licked them every one,  
And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.

I was in the Revolution when we set the country free;  
It was me and a couple of Indians that dumped the Boston tea;  
We won the Battle of Valley Forge, the Battle of Bully Run,  
And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.

There was a man across the ocean, I guess you knew him well,  
His name was Adolph Hitler, Goddamn his soul to Hell;  
We kicked him in the panzers and put him on the run,  
And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.

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## Talking Merchant Marine

(Solo)

Words by  
Woody Guthrie  
Music: Traditional Talking Blues

In bed with my woman, just a-singin' the blues,  
And I heard the radio a-tellin' the news;  
Said the big Red Army took a hundred tons  
And the Allies dropped them two-ton  
bombs;  
I started hollerin', yellin',  
Dancin' up and down like a bull frog.

Door bell rung, in come a man,  
I signed my name, I got a telegram;  
Says -- If you want to take a vacation trip,  
Get a dish-washin' job on a liberty ship.  
Woman a-cryin', me a-flyin',  
Out of the door and down to the line.

'Bout two minutes I run ten blocks,  
I come to the ships there on the dock,  
I walked up the plank and signed my name,  
They blew the whistle and I'm gone again,  
Right on out into the stream,  
Ships as far as the eye could see,  
My old lady just a-waitin'.

Ship loaded down with TNT,  
All stretched out across the rollin' sea;  
I stood on the deck and watched those fishes swim,  
Prayed them fishes wasn't made of tin;  
Sharks and porpoises,  
Jelly beans, rainbow trouts, mud-cats, Jugars,  
All over the water.

This convoy is the biggest I ever seen,  
It stretches out across the sea,  
And the ships blow their whistles and ring  
their bells,  
Gonna blow the Fascists clean to Hell!  
Winnin' some freedom, liberty,  
Stuff like that.

Well, I walked to the tail, I stood on the  
stern,  
And I looked at the big brass screw blade  
turn,  
Listened to the sound of the engines pound,  
Sixteen feet every time it goes around;  
Look out you Fascists!

I'm just one of the merchant crew,  
Belong to the union called the NMU,  
I'm a union man from head to toe,  
I'm USA -- and CIO!  
Fightin' out here on the water,  
Gonna win us some freedom  
On good dry land.

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# Round and Round Hitler's Grave

Words by  
Woody Guthrie and Millard Lampell  
Music adapted by  
Woody Guthrie

(Solo and ensemble. Do not try to involve the audience — it will slow down the song too much. Capo up one fret and play in E. Do not place key too comfortably low — (The song will lose intensity.)

I wish I had a nickel, I wish I had a peck, I  
wish I had a rope to tie a - round old Hit - ler's neck Hey!  
Round and round, Hit-ler's grave, Round and round we'll go.  
Gon-na lay that poor boy down. He won't get up no more.

Mussolini won't last long  
Tell you the reason why  
we're a-gonna salt his beef  
And hang it up to dry.  
(CHORUS)

I'm a-going to Berlin  
To Mister Hitler's Town  
I'm gonna take my forty-four  
And blow his playhouse down.  
(CHORUS)

The German Army general staff  
I guess they missed connections,  
They went a hundred miles a day  
But in the wrong direction.  
(CHORUS)

Hitler went to Russia  
In search of Russian oil,  
But the only oil he'll find there  
Is a pot in which he'll boil.  
(CHORUS)

Mister Hitler's traveling mighty fast  
But he's on a single track.  
He started down that Moscow road  
But now he's coming back.  
(CHORUS)

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#### NARRATOR

I don't know what this stuff called time is made out of. Don't even know where it boils up and steams up from, don't even know where time rolls back to. I don't know what I, my own self, am made out of, because just about every day I find out that I'm made out of something new, like time its own self is.

You could just take a handful of these things you call days and weeks, and things you say are months, and hold them in your hand like this, and blow them up into the air like a feather out of old Aunt Rhodie's Pillow, and you'd find me out there back in Oklahoma, out on my Grandma's farm paying a visit.

I can hear Grandma clucking around with her laying hens, talking to her turkeys, and chattering away at the baby chicks.

Then I hear the fire whistle blowing away off seven miles across the hills and the trees.

A car drives up in a cloud of hot steam and my brother Roy jumps out. He tells us that the fire whistle was for our house, and that my sister Clara has been burned so bad she might not be able to pull through.

Grandma carries me up into the car and Roy drives us back to Okemah as fast as the thing can take us. I walk in at the door where everybody is crying all around the house. School teachers, neighbors, boys, girls, relatives, and everybody else.

Clara calls me in to the side of her bed and makes me laugh at everybody that's crying. She makes me swear and promise not to cry like old papa and like mama sitting there by her bed. I told her that I'd not cry no matter what happened.

And Clara turned her eyes to ask her school teacher, "Did I pass?" And I heard the teacher lady tell Clara, "Yes. You passed." And I saw the teacher touch her fingers to both of Clara's eyes and push them closed.

I never did cry. I held it back so tight it blinded me, and I ran around and around our house holding my breath till I finally fell down into Papa's arms.

I cried once when I looked at Clara in the glass of her coffin down under the big tent of some kind of a traveling religious show where most of the eyes and faces of everybody in and around Okemah come to say good things about the little fourteen-year-old girl that had helped every family in town in some way or another.

Mama never did get over it. She'd kept Clara at home to help do the ironing on Clara's examination day. The coal oil stove blew up and caught her dress on fire. Several neighbors chased her around the house, but nobody could catch her, and the wind just made her dress burn that much faster.

Don't you cry. Don't you ever break down and cry the way that your old brother Roy did. And the way your roughy tough Papa did. Not like your Mama cried when she set there with her eyes all red and hot. Laugh like me. Be like me. Smile like I smile.

*(Three Satyric Dances — See P. 47 for suggested choreography.)*

# Wake Up

(Solo)

Words and music by  
Woody Guthrie

D

Wake up - wake up wake up wake up \_\_\_\_\_. Wake

A7 D

up wake up wake up wake up \_\_\_\_\_. Wake up wake

G A7 D

up wake up wake up \_\_\_\_\_. Wake up wake up wake up wake up \_\_\_\_\_.

Open eyes open eyes open eyes open eyes.  
Open eyes open eyes open eyes open eyes.  
Wake up wake up wake up wake up.  
Open eyes open eyes open eyes open eyes.

Stretch arms (4x)  
Stretch arms (4x)  
Wake up (4x)  
Stretch arms (4x)

Stretch feet (4x)  
Stretch feet (4x)  
Wake up open eyes and stretch your arms  
Stretch feet (4x)

Stretch hands and toes and hands and toes,  
And hands and toes and hands and toes  
Wake up and stretch your arms and feet.  
Stretch hands and toes and hands and toes.

wake up and play with all your toys.  
Wake up (4x)  
Play with all the girls and boys.  
Wake up (4x)

Wake up (4x)  
Wake up and see the sun shine in.  
Listen to all the things outside.  
wake up (4x)

Wake up (4x)  
Wake up (4x)  
Wake up (4x)  
Wake up (4x)

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# Sleep Eye

Words by (and music adapted by)  
Woody Guthrie

(Solo)

G C D7

Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep my lit - tle  
Close the eye, close the eye, close the eye my lit - tle

G C D7

sleep eye\_.  
sleep eye\_.

One eye closed and go to sleep, go to sleep my lit-tle

G D G

sleep eye\_.

Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep my lit-tle sleep eye\_.

One eye closed, two eyes closed,  
Go to sleepy, little sleep-eye.

One hand asleep, two hands asleep,  
Go to sleep, my little sleep-eye.

Dream a dream, dream a dream,  
Dream a dream my little sleep-eye.

Big dream, little dream, you got to go dream,  
Go to sleepy, little sleep-eye.

Sleepy-sleep, sleepy-sleep,  
Sleepy-sleep, little sleep-eye.

Go to sleep, go to sleep,  
Go to sleepy, little sleep-eye.

# Put Your Finger in the Air

Words by (and music adapted by)  
Woody Guthrie

(Solo)

The musical notation is written on a single treble clef staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols G, D, G, C, D7, and G are placed above the staff at various points. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Put your fin-ger in the air - in the air- Put your  
fin - ger in the air in the air. Put your fin-ger in the air - Put it  
there and leave it there, Put your fin-ger in the air in the air.

Put your finger on your head, on your head.  
Put your finger on your head, on your head.  
Put your finger on your head,  
Tell me is it green or red,  
Put your finger on your head, on your head.

Put your finger on your nose, on your nose.  
Put your finger on your nose, on your nose.  
Put your finger on your nose  
And feel the cold wind blow,  
Put your finger on your nose, on your nose.

Put your finger on your shoe, on your shoe.  
Put your finger on your shoe, on your shoe.  
Put your finger on your shoe  
And leave it a day or two,  
Put your finger on your shoe, on your shoe.  
Put your finger on your finger, on your  
finger.  
Put your finger on your finger, on your  
finger.  
Put your finger on your finger  
And your finger on your finger.  
Put your finger on your finger, on your  
finger.

Put your finger on your chin, on your chin.  
Put your finger on your chin, on your chin.  
Put your finger on your chin,  
That's where the food slips in.  
Put your finger on your chin, on your chin.

Put your finger on your cheek, on your  
cheek.  
Put your finger on your cheek, on your  
cheek.  
Put your finger on your cheek  
And leave it about a week.  
Put your finger on your cheek, on your  
cheek.

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### NARRATOR

I hate a song that makes you think that you're 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 either too old or too young or too fat or too thin or too ugly or too this or too that. Songs that run you down or songs that poke fun at you on account of your bad luck or your 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 songs that will prove to you that this is your world and that if it has hit you pretty hard and knocked you for a dozen loops, no matter how hard it's run you down and rolled over you, 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 your self and in your work. And the songs I sing are made up for the most part by all sorts of folks just about like you.

## This Land Is Your Land

Words and music by  
Woody Guthrie

*(Entire ensemble, standing. The audience may be involved if the song is sung more than once through. Words can be printed in program distributed to audience.)*

G C G

This land is your land, this land is my land,

D7 G

From Ca - li - for - nia to the New York Is - land.

C

From the red-wood for - est to the Gulf Stream

G D7 G

wa - ters..... this land was made for you and me \_\_\_\_.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway  
I saw above me that endless skyway,  
I saw below me that golden valley,  
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my  
footsteps,  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond  
deserts,  
All around me a voice was sounding,  
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun come shining, then I was  
strolling,  
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust  
clouds rolling,  
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting,  
This land was made for you and me.

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**THREE SATYRIC DANCES:**

**MUSIC:** "WAKE UP" "DANCE AROUND" "GO TO SLEEP" recorded by  
Woody Guthrie

**CAST:** 6 to 16 dancers (perhaps the college dance club).

**COSTUMES:** A romper like suit or a short dress with bloomers showing beneath.  
Using different colors, suggests a group of Pre-Schoolers.

**SET:** A strong box 16" square is placed upon a platform approximately 12" high.  
There should be ample room to dance around the platform and on the platform  
as well.

**SUGGESTED CHOREOGRAPHY:**

**"WAKE UP:"**

As the curtain rises a mass of arms, legs, heads and bodies appear to be asleep piled upon the platform and center box. With each verse the dancers, in small groups, awaken "eyes, arms, legs" etc. following the words of the song, only to drop into sleep again and again until the last verse. Here the full group finally does awaken, ending in a long line across the foot of the stage facing the audience. They stand staring at the audience in childlike poses, leaning on one another, peering over and under arms and legs. On the last line one little dancer slides down to the floor directly in front of the line, wide mouthed!

**"DANCE AROUND:"**

As the song suggests, small groups break away from the "line" position, ending in a semi-circle back stage. One small group circles center stage. They "Hold up hands, walk on toes" etc. as the outer group claps, laughs, and reacts joyously to what they see. Soon everybody joins in and dances round and round until all appear to be dizzy. At the end some have fallen to the floor in funny poses while others are standing with bodies drooped, hands extended etc. as though about to fall any minute.

**"GO TO SLEEP"**

In rondo form each small group dances a quiet lullaby. As each group yawns and stretches they gently lower to the floor ending in funny sleeping positions.

**NOTES:**

There are any number of Woody's children's songs which could make good dances. I chose these in particular because they were similar in quality and the repetitiveness of the words and music gave ample time to develop the movement phrases. Although these songs originally were enjoyed by youngsters we found that "spoofing" the Nursery Days was fun for our adult audience. Keep the spirit light, exaggerated, constant movement at all times, with occasional "unexpected" freezing of action.

For further details you may write to  
MARJORIE MAZIA  
1618 Sheepshead Bay Road  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

# WOODY GUTHRIE

On

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*"From California to the New York Island"* is published by The Guthrie Children's Trust Fund. The Fund was founded in 1956 for the purpose of collecting, publishing, and protecting the rights and interests of the literary and musical works of Woody Guthrie. The sole beneficiaries of The Fund are the children of Woody Guthrie.

At the time of publication of this script, Woody Guthrie remains as a patient at the New Jersey State Hospital at Grey-stone Park, New Jersey.

All inquiries regarding the purposes of The Fund should be addressed to:

THE GUTHRIE CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND  
Room 901  
200 West 57th Street  
New York, N. Y.

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# CALIFORNIA TO THE NEW YORK ISLAND

Being a pocketfull of Brags, Blues, Bad-Men Ballads, Love Songs, Okie Laments and Children's Gatecalls by

## WOODY GUTHRIE

Published by The Guthrie Children's Trust Fund, New York City

Woven into a Script suitable for a Concert, Clambake, Hootenanny or Community Sing by Millard Lampell

