

**THE WOODY GUTHRIE FOLK JAM  
SUNDAY, JULY 15, 2007**



**CHICAGO FOLK & ROOTS  
FESTIVAL**

**WELLES PARK, CHICAGO, IL**

**WITH YOUR HOST  
MARK DVORAK**

songs in alphabetical order

# **BLOWIN 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 rambler  
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, California, 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, California, 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 Davy  
that song of the Gypsy Dave

# HARD AINT 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

# HOBOS 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

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

# 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

# IM 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

# 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  
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  
while the black oil rolls and flows and the snow white cotton grows  
in those Oklahoma hills where I was born

# 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 your city you 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 a 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 will always be free

# 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'.

# 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, 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

# 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 ITS BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YUH

I've sung this song but I'll sing it again  
of the place that I lived on the wild windy plains  
in the month of April, county called Gray  
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, singin

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

now the telephone rang and it jumped off the wall  
that was the preacher a makin his call  
he said kind friends this must be the end  
and you got your last chance at salvation of sin

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

# 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

# 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.

# THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

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 lan  
    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

# 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