

WOODY SEZ

The Life & Music of Woody Guthrie

DEvised BY
DAVID M. LUTKEN
WITH NICK CORLEY
AND
DARCIE DEAVILLE
HELEN JEAN RUSSELL
AND ANDY TEIRSTEIN



PAINTING BY CHARLES BANKS WILSON

COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND THE OKLAHOMA STATE SENATE
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WOODY SEZ made its world debut at The 2007 Edinburgh Festival Fringe at the Reid Concert Hall in Bristo Square. The production featured David M. Lutken as Woody, with Darcie Deaville, Helen Jean Russell and Andy Teirstein. It was directed by Nick Corley and produced by The Melting Pot Theater and Paul Lucas Productions by special arrangement with Mary and Pierre Cossette.

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WOODY SEZ
The Life & Music of Woody Guthrie

DL: "Sing, oh muse, of the man who wandered far and wide, and he saw the cities and learned the thoughts of many men, and on the seas he suffered in his heart many woes."

Woody never said that... But he did say, "I've been all around this world and I know more about those Arab villages* those Sicilian bombed-out towns, those British cities knocked to their knees and all 48 of the United States of America; I know more about these people because of the songs I heard them sing than any words I heard them speak in their own native tongues.

*(*Underscore begins: Bound for Glory)*

*ALL: This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is leavin' town, hittin' the road
And rollin' on down
This train is bound for glory, this train.*

(Music continues as underscore)

DL: I first learned about Woody Guthrie and his travels and his music when I was in nursery school back in Texas. We sang 'Bound for Glory,' we sang 'Let's Go Ridin' in the Car, Car', we sang 'This Land is Your Land.' I began to play the guitar when I was ten or eleven; I began my traveling not too long after that. Learning all kinds of folk's songs. But it was always Woody that I loved the best.

*ALL: 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 and the holy
This train is bound for glory, this train
This train, this train...*

DL: Woody says, "You may have been taught to call me by the name of a poet but I am no more of a poet than you are. The only story I've tried to write down has been you."

*ALL: This train is bound for glory, don't carry nothin'
But the righteous and the holy,
This train is bound for glory, this train.*

(Song ends)

DL: Every story needs a jumping off point... In the 1930's and 40's, Woody sang on live radio a good bit, even up in New York City. But like a-many a job, and like his voice, he had trouble holding it down.

(Song: Why Do You Stand There in the Rain?)

*DL: Why do you stand there in the rain,
Why do you stand there in the rain.
Thank God in the U. S. of A. you can disagree all day,
But tell me, why do you stand there in the rain.
Now the guns of Europe roar as they have so oft before
And the warlords play their same old game again
While they butcher and they kill, Uncle Sammy foots the bill...*

AT: Mr. Guthrie, you agreed not to do that kind of material... Thank you, and now ladies and gentlemen, a word from Pepsi Cola...

(Song: Nickel, Nickel)

*HR/DD: Pepsi Cola hits the spot
Twelve full ounces that's a lot*

(Vamp on song continues as underscore)

AT: Mr. Guthrie, we agreed that you would sing appropriate songs and refrain...

DL: Appropriate for who, your Mr. Wall Street Banker sponsor?

AT: Appropriate for the man who signs your paycheck. This 'Grapes-of-Wrath Tom Joad Okie' act of yours may fool some people, but it doesn't fool me. You are getting paid ... so I suggest you get out there and sing something nice, like 'God Bless America.'

*HR/DD: Twice as much for a nickel, too
Pepsi Cola, that's the drink for you.*

(Song ends)

AT: Thanks, girls. And now, 'Back Where I Come From' takes its listeners across America from our studios at Rockefeller Center here in New York. Once again, here's Oklahoma's own home-grown hillbilly himself, Woody Guthrie, to sing 'God Bless America.'

DL: Hello, again folks. I'm mighty glad to be here to sing a song or two to give you all a little of Woody's eye view. But I know you've heard Miss Kate Smith sing 'God Bless America' a sight better than I could, or would want to... but I've studied on that particular song a good bit. And here's what Woody says:

(Song: This Land is Your Land #1)

*DL: This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
God blessed America for me.*

In the shadow of the steeple

By the relief office I saw my people*

As they stood there hungry, I stood there wonderin'*

Is this land made for you and me.*

(AT: What?)

(AT: I warned you....)

(AT: Cut that mike!)

Was a big high wall there that tried to stop me

And on the sign it said, private prop't'y

But on the other side, it didn't say nothin'

That side was made for you and me.

*(Song continues as underscore to *)*

DL. I don't think I got that much of it out on the air, but I wish I had. I walked out of there and just kept on walkin'. Past the men in starched shirts. Past the folks holed-up afraid in their skyscrapers. Past long cement block after long cement block, my head buzzing with music.* I landed at the slummy run down edge of things where people sit on curbs and steps, talking about roaches, rents and landlords. Hoboes standin' around fires in buckets and ash cans. A hundred kids playin' out in the open street. *(Chord)* Thank the good Lord everythin' ain't all slicked up and starched and everybody ain't afraid.

(Song: Why Do You Stand There in the Rain #2)

ALL: Why do you stand there in the rain.

Tell me why do you stand there in the rain.

(Vocal underscore continues)

DL: We sung as loud as the stars would stand, our voices filling the Hudson river's tide and all the ocean.

(Song continues)

ALL: Tell me why do you stand there in the rain

(Song ends)

DL: I had run into my old friend, Will Geer who was starring in a big show on Broadway called 'Tobacco Road.' By the time early morning rolled around, we was sittin' alone on a beat up old barge docked at the edge of the world.

AT: You walked out on 'em? Woody, you keep pullin' them one-man walkouts and you're gonna ruin all your chances here in New York. Unless you want to play out here for the seagulls.

DL: Will, you and Herta both been mighty good to me ever since we was playing Union organizin' skits on the back of tomato trucks out in California. You know, I'd rather play fer my beans and cornbread singing fer folks that knows and lives what Im a singing about than play up in some big tall buildin' just to make money.

AT: Well, 'Tobacco Road' is closing next week and I'll be out of a job too. Woody, you could still go back, maybe it's not too late.

DL: The silence around us seemed to be hollerin' at me. I looked up at those big tall buildings still looming from blocks away...

(Barge sound initiates underscore: Tom Joad #1/Why Do You #3)

DL: Suddenly, the barge we was sittin' on started movin'.

AT: Jump! Quick, I'll catch your guitar.

DL: But I couldn't budge. In the rivers waters I could see the reflection of the fires along the shore and the shadows of people I had known and loved and hurt along the way. Mama and Papa, Clara, Mary, and Ruth and their faces were clear and happy.

AT: Come on!

DL: Don't worry, Will. They wouldn't a had no 'Grapes of Wrath' and Tom Joad if it hadn't a been for 'Tobacco Road.' Besides, you're Will Geer, the star of the show. You'll always find some good work.

AT: And you're Woody, and being out of a big radio job at Rockefeller Center is like gettin' out of jail.

(Song: Tom Joad # 1)

DD: Tom Joad got out of the old McAlester Pen

There he got his parole

After four long years on a man killing charge

Tom Joad come a-walkin' down the road, poor boy

Tom Joad come a-walkin' down the road.

HR: Woodrow....

DL: I was born on Sunday July 14th, 19 and 12 in the brand new state of Oklahoma in the little town of Okemah where the temperature was standing at 99 degrees with not a cloud in the sky.

HR: Woodrow, come in off the porch and let your sister get off to school.

DL: I was around three and we had just moved into a different house, as our beautiful, 7-room yellow house had burnt down. Papa didn't have any insurance and people said it broke him flat. The house we moved into was built of stone and felt cold like a cellar.

(Underscore: Gypsy Davey)

DL: Mama didn't like it too well. My older brother Roy hated it, but my older sister Clara hated it most of all.

DD: You should hear what kind of stories everybody tells about this old house. Kids swelled up in that old bedroom, broke out all over with running sores, and died.

HR: Now, Clara, even having to move or gettin' hungry or bein' sick, everything we do is aimed right at goin' on.... and you best be goin' on to school.

DD: Not a single girl I used to play with will ever play with me again. You're lucky you're too young for school, Woodblock.

(Song: Gypsy Davey)

*HR: It was late last night when the boss came home
A-askin' for his lady
The only answer that he got
She's gone with the Gypsy Davey
She's gone with the Gypsy Davey...*

HR: Woodrow, come sing with me.

(Song continues)

HR/DL: 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...*

(Song continues as underscore. HR hums.)

DL: My mama loved to sing. She sang lullabies to put us to bed and nonsense songs to cheer us up. But most of all, I loved to watch her sing her story and ballad songs, where she'd get caught up and disappear into them.

*HR: There in the light of the campfire
I saw her fair face beaming
HR/DL: Her heart in tune to the big guitar
And the voice of the gypsies singing
That song of the Gypsy Davey.*

*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.*

(Song continues as underscore.)

DL: Mama?

HR: Yes, Woodrow.

DL: That little old mean kid across the alley asked me how many married rings you had on and I told him just one gold one and that you lost your diamond glass one in our big house fire.

HR: Yes.

*HR/DD/DL: 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 son.*

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: And that boy asked me, how come our big new yellow house got burnt up? And then he asked me if... if you struck a match and set it on fire.

(Music stops)

DL: She run her fingers through her hair and then the look on her face twisted and trembled and it scared me awful bad. Her eyes didn't seem to see anybody or anything in that house.* She had pretty dark eyes and you could tell that the gray light from the east window was about all that was shining in her mind.

*(*Underscore begins: Tom Joad)*

(Song: Tom Joad #2)

*DD: Tom Joad walked down to his neighbor's farm
Found his family...*

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: 'Bout a year later, oil was found in and around our little town. Almost overnight, oil derricks went up,* buildings went up, pool halls went up, hotels went up, and their lobbies overflowed with hard-working men and women of all colors, all tryin' to make a livin'. Okemah had become one of the singin'est, square-dancin'est, drinkin'est, yellin'est, preachin'est places on earth, and her streets were filled with music.

*(*Underscore segues to: Jackhammer John)*

DL: Fiddlers with violins made out of old oil cans,

DD: ...trick bow players,

HR: ...blues and religious players,

AT: ...negroes sang and indians chanted.

DL: Ballad singers of all kinds and colors let their voices fill the air. And I set on curbstones and car fenders, with my new French harp, and there wasn't none of it that I didn't soak up.

(Song: Jackhammer John)

*AT: Jackhammer John was a jackhammer man
Born with a jackhammer in his hand
Lord, Lord, I got them jackhammer blues
I built your roads and your bridges, too
Always broke when my job is through
ALL: Lord, Lord, Lord, I got them jackhammer blues.*

*AT: I'm a jackhammer man from a jackhammer town
I can hammer on a hammer 'til the sun goes down
ALL: Lord, Lord, I got them jackhammer blues
AT: Built your bridges and dug your mines
Been in jail a thousand times
ALL: Lord, Lord, Lord I got them jackhammer blues.*

(Song continues)

AT: Play it kid.

(Harmonica break)

AT: Help the kid out...

(Fiddle break)

AT: Take it, girls!

HR/DD: He's a-workin on the Bonneville hammerin' all night

Just a-trying to get the people some electric light

ALL: Lord, Lord, I got them jackhammer blues

AT: I got a jackhammer gal, just as sweet as pie

And im a-gonna hammer 'til the day I die

ALL: Lord, Lord, Lord I got them jackhammer blues

AT: Well, Lord, Lord, Lord, I got them jackhammer blues.

(End of song)

DL: I sold newspapers, sang all the songs I picked up, learned to jig dance along the sidewalks and sung for my first cancered pennies.

(Song: I Ride an Old Paint)

DL/AT: I ride an old paint, I lead an old dan

I'm goin' to Montana to ride the hoolihan

(Instrumental break)

Old Bill Jones had two daughters and a song

One went to Denver and the other one went wrong

His wife, she died in a poolroom fight

So old Bill sings from mornin' till night.

CHORUS: Ride around little dogies and ride around tslow

They're fiery and snuffy and rarin' to go.

(Instrumental break)

(End of song)

DL: By the time I was seven, Papa had gotten back on his feet* buyin' and sellin' and tradin' all kinds of lands and properties and we were able to move into a nicer house again.

*(*Underscore begins: Curly Headed Baby)*

HR: She's my curly headed baby

HR/DD/DL: Used to set on Daddy's knee

She's my curly headed baby

Comes from sunny Tennessee.

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: I also got a little brother George, but none of this seemed to make Mama any better. Sometimes her temper would just descend on her. She would try hard to make things go right, but inside her self she knew something was wrong.

HR: I'd rather be in some dark holler

Where the sun refused to shine

HR/DD: Than to see you go and wander

When you promised to be mine.

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: I was out on my Grandma's farm. I can hear Grandma cluckin' around with her layin' hens, talkin' to her turkeys, chatterin' away with the baby chicks. Then I hear the fire whistle blowin' a-way off, seven miles acrost the hills and the trees. A car drives up and my brother Roy jumps out. The fire whistle was for our house. My sister Clara has been burned bad.

(Song continues)

HR: Shes my curly headed baby

HR/DD/DL: And I hope someday to be

Walking by her side forever

Down in sunny Tennessee.

DL: Grandma carries me up into the car and Roy drives us back to Okemah as fast as the thing can take us. Clara calls me in to the side of her bed and makes me laugh at everybody that's crying. She said, "Woodly, don't you cry."

DD: Promise me that you wont ever cry.

(Underscore fades)

DL: I only cried once, when I looked at Clara in the glass of her coffin.

DL: And I hope someday to be, walking by her side forever...

(End of song)

DL: I will skip a few years and a few songs and will just say that it did not get better. By '27, we were scraping by livin' in a shotgun shack with a lean-to kitchen, on the half deserted east side of town.

(Underscore: Mule Skinner Blues)

DL: Home didn't seem to be that anymore, so I spent as much time anywhere else as I could.

(Song: Mule Skinner Blues)

DL: I'd rather drink muddy water, sleep in a hollow log

DL/AT: I'd rather drink muddy water, sleep in a hollow log

Than to stay here on this river and be treated like a dirty dog.

(Underscore continues)

DL: My little brother and new baby sister had been sent away to live with my Dad's sister Maude down in Texas. Mama's days were mostly bad. Her arms would flail and her face would twitch. She would double over into a terrible hunch and turn into another person.

HR: I'm goin up north, I wont be back till fall...

DL: One Saturday night in June, I wasn't home and Roy was workin as usual.

HR: I'm goin' up north, I wont be back till fall...

DL: Papa was lookin' after Mama, but he'd fallen asleep on the old beat up sofa.

HR: And if times don't change, I won't be back at all.

(Underscore continues)

DL: Papa never told everyone how he ended up on fire, but we knew. Next day, we saw the car and the doctor come and take Mama away to the state asylum. Papa survived and went to stay with Aunt Maude. They took him down to the depot on a stretcher and lifted him through a window into the train. I stood on the platform all alone and watched him pull away.

*AT: Ain't it hard to tumble when you got no place to fall
Ain't it hard to tumble when you got no place to fall
I ain't got no home in this whole wide world at all.*

(Song ends)

DL: I never wanted to travel so much in my life. Just get away.

(Underscore begins: Tom Joad # 3)

DL: By the time I was 16, the opportunities in Okemah dried up, and I headed south, playin' my French harp, hitchin' rides, hoppin' freights.

(Song: Tom Joad # 3)

*DD: The truck rolled away in a cloud of dust
Tommy turned his face toward home
He met Preacher Casey and they had a little drink
But they found that his family they was gone, Lord, Lord
DD/DL: They found that his family they was gone.*

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: I went down south to Houston, Galveston, the Gulf. I played at barber shops, shine stands, pool halls, and with every kind of singer you can think of. I made everything and nothing. I slept out of doors when my kitty didn't do so good, and in cheap hotels whenever I made money. I began to see a lot of others in the same boat. Even whole families livin' on the bum. The politicians up in Washington called it 'The Great Depression.'

(End of song)

DL: I struck back up across Texas to Pampa, where my Dad was. I got a job at Shorty Harris's drug store and he had an old beat up guitar back in the back. Uncle Jeff was a fiddler and he taught me how to chord on it. Pretty soon, we had worked our way up to playin' inside the city limits.

(Song: Oklahoma Hills)

*DL: Many a month has come and gone
Since I've wandered from my home
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Many a page of my life has turned
Many lessons I have learned
And I feel like in them hills where I belong.*

CHORUS:

*ALL: Way down yonder in the Indian nation
Ridin' my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Way down yonder in the Indian nation
Cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born.*

*DL: But as I stand here today
Many a mile I am a way
From the place I rode my pony through the draw
Where the Oakie black jack trees
Kiss the playful prairie breeze
And I feel like in them hills where I belong.*

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: Around this time I got a letter that had been forwarded to me, there was a check made out for a dollar and 50 cents from the Oklahoma Institute for the Mentally Insane. The note said that my momma had died. She had a hereditary disease called Huntington's Chorea and they were enclosing the balance of her cash account... Everything we do is aimed right at goin' on.

*AT/DD/HR: Now as I turn life a page
To the land of the great Osage
AT/DD/HR/DL: In those Oklahoma hills where I was born
Where the black oil rolls and flows
And the snow white cotton grows
And I feel like in those hills where I belong.*

CHORUS

(End of song)

(Underscore: So Long, It's Been Good to Know Ya)

DL: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. We are the corncob quartet. That's my Uncle Jeff over there puttin' on the banjo, plays the fiddle, plays just about everything, except golf. Over here is Aunt Allene, used to be in the circus, and over there playin' the bass is my old pal, Cluster Baker, and you can just call me Woody.

HR/DD/AT: Woody!

DL: I am the one and only right-handed left-handed entertainer in the field and have been told I'd be better off in the field.

HR/DD/AT: Behind a plow!

DL: Well, I've plowed behind a mule and I've dug with a hoe, but Woody says you can raise more cane by diggin' the Republicans. Let's do a song for old Mr. Herbert Hoover.

DD/AT/HR: And all them Republicans.

(Song: So Long It's Been Good to Know Ya)

CHORUS:

*ALL: So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
This dusty old dust is a gettin my home
And I've got to be driftin' along.*

*DL: I've sung this song but I'll sing it again
Of the people I've met on the West Texas Plains
In the city of Pampa, the county of Gray
Here's what all of the people there say: Well, it's...*

CHORUS

*DL: The church houses was jammed and packed
People was sittin' from front to the back
It was so dusty the preacher couldn't read his text
So he folded his specs and he took up collection sayin':*

CHORUS

(End of song)

End Excerpt 1

----- *Excerpt 2* -----

(Tom Joad #5)

DD: Tom Joad rolled down to a jungle camp town...

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: California is a beautiful a place as you can find... to starve to death in. I hated the false front decay of California's fascistic oil and gas and water deals, the ptomaine poison and brass knucks in the jails and prisons, the dumped oranges and peaches rotting, just because there weren't enough profit, rotting, running down into little creosote poisoned streams.

DD: Us workin' folks all got to get together, 'cause

ALL: We ain't got a chance anymore

DL: We ain't got a chance anymore.

(End of song)

(Song: I Ride an Old Paint)

DL: I ride an old paint, I lead an old dan

I'm goin' to Montana to ride the Houlihan

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: It was a 19 and 29 Sedan picked up me and my git box hitchhikin' up the San Fernando Valley. Another family lookin' hard for some kind of work. That car was held together with bubblegum and balin' wire. One window's broke out... There was a gap between every two movin' parts and every part was movin'.

DD/HR/AT: When I die take my saddle from the wall

Put it on my old pony and lead him from his stall

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: There was a middle-sized lady in the front seat grinnin' at her husband—all I seen of him was an old slouch hat. Their boy was drivin' and me and the girl in the back. She had grey eyes and her dark hair curled down around her shoulders. Her name was Ruth.

DD/HR/AT: Ride around little dogies, ride around slow

They're fiery and snuffy and rarin' to go

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: The car turned through a big swingin' gate nto an orchard of loaded trees set out in a deep sandy land.

(Song ends)

DL: A greasy lookin' overseer allowed that there wasn't any work pickin' just yet.

HR: Mister, we gotta get some work.

DD: We cain't wait even one more day.

AT: Them apricots look ripe to me.

DL: He said, the cannery order hadn't come yet. But, they was expectin' the next day. They'd have to wait to work, but he could give 'em twenty-five dollars worth of credit at the company store if they'd sign a paper for their car and trailer.

HR: Mister, that's all we got.

DL: Well, he said, you can take it or leave it.... You've got till tomorrow to make up your mind... There was a big camp down at the bottom of the hill in a grove of tall trees. Twenty-five or thirty families.* People came out to greet the new arrivals. We got 'em set up on a high spot underneath a big cottonwood tree. Everybody sorta borrowed and shared a little supper all around. Broke down cars and homemade trailers. Folks waitin' on work... livin' on company store credit.

*(*Underscore begins: Columbus Stockade)*

*HR/DD: Way down in Columbus Stockade
I'd rather be back in Tennessee
Way down in this lonesome jailhouse
My friends all turned their back on me*

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: Right at dusk, a couple of gals started singin' and folks began to gather. I helped Ruth haul water and wash some tin plates and four-for-a-nickel spoons and forks. The two of us walked down the little trail and she waded out barefoot and dipped up buckets of water. She made a mighty pretty picture standin' there reflecting upside down with the trees and the fires along the shore. She was a warmth and a movement and a life that no man can live good without.

(Song continues)

HR: Well, you can go and leave me if you want to
HR/DD: Never let me cross your mind
ALL: If in your heart, you love another,
Leave me darlin' I don't mind.

(Song continues as underscore, segues into: Dusty Road)

DL: The sun went down on everybody. Ruth and I walked back up to the fire and we heard the news. Sure enough, a notice had been posted up at the store. The work pickin' would be delayed for at least ten days. Folks were talkin' low so the younguns wouldn't hear, wrestlin' in their minds if they could go on that long without signin' up for more store credit, wonderin' if they could pay back what they already owed.

(Song continues)

HR: I'm blowing down this old dusty road
I'm blowing down this old dusty road
DD/HR/DL: I'm blowing down this old dusty road
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

DD: Mr. Banker came and took our farm away
ALL: Mr. Banker came and took our farm away
Mr. Banker came and took our farm away
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: Night got late. You could hear the crickets and the creek off to one side. The air smelled all around like apricots and jalopies and smoke. It was dark up under the trees where the moon couldn't hit us. Men leaned their heads back against tree trunks and listened to the lightnin' bugs turning their lights on and off.

AT: I'm lookin' for a job with honest pay
I'm lookin' for a job with (ALL:) honest pay
I'm lookin' for a job with honest pay
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

(Underscore continues)

DL: Early next mornin', just like a thousand other Hooverilles, somebody's coming.
Somebody's going. Five men are shavin' before the same broken piece of an old looking
glass. I saw Ruth's old Dad walkin' slow up to the store with his signed slip of paper. A
woman right up close is doing laundry in a bucket. There's a dozen women all around all
doin' the same thing, washin', wringin', hangin' up shirts and trousers.* Ruth came with
me to the gate to say goodbye and as I swung out onto the road, I looked back and saw
that old slouch hat headed back down the hill and I knew by the feelin' that I felt that here
was my voice.

*(*End of song)*

(Song: Pastures of Plenty)

*DL: It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands has hoed
My poor feet has traveled a hot dusty road
Out of your dust bowl and westward we rolled
And your deserts was hot and your mountains 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.*

*DL/HR: California, Arizona, I make all your crops
Then its up north to Oregon to gather your hops
DL/HR/DD: Dig the beets from your ground
Cut the grapes from your vine
To set on your table your light, sparkling wine.*

*ALL: Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down
Every state in this Union us migrants has been
And we'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win.*

*ALL: It's always we ramble that river and I
All along your green valleys I'll work 'til I die
My land I'll defend with my life if it be
'Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free
DL: Yes, my pastures of plenty must always be free.*

(End of song)

End Excerpt 2

----- *Excerpt 3* -----

DL: The big rich folks in the U. S. of A. didn't really mind about the war at the beginnin'. It was a long ways off, and they weren't gonna have to go. And they was making plenty of money off it. The poor folks wanted it to stop. "Woody Sez, (*prop newspaper*)
September, 1940: Boy howdy. I'm hotter than a sheep at a county fair, but so is Europe. Hitler has done hijacked Poland and Belgium, Holland and France and is a hollerin' peace while he's bombin' London. We feel sorry for the dads, sons, mothers, sweethearts and all the little kids that are gettin' bombed in Britain, and in Germany. We feel just as sorry for one bunch as the other. A kid is a kid, and a bomb is a bomb."

HR: So Woody and Pete and the Almanac Singers made up songs against fascism, homemade and imported. Songs about peace and stayin' out of the war and not wantin' any wars, rich or poor.

DL: But sometime in the fall of 19 and 41, I began to see the difference between wantin' something to stop and wantin' to stop it.

(Song: Reuben James)

*DL: Have you heard of a ship called the good Reuben James
Manned by hard fighting men both of honor and fame
She flew the Stars and Stripes of this land of the free
But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea.*

*DD: Well, a hundred men went down in that dark and watery grave
When that good ship went down only forty-four were saved
'Twas the last day of October we saved the forty-four
From the cold ocean waters and that cold Iceland shore.*

CHORUS

*ALL: Tell me what were their names tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James
What were their names, tell me what were their names
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James?*

*AT: It was there in the dark of that uncertain night
That we watched for the U-boats and waited for a fight
Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion roared
And laid the Reuben James on that cold ocean floor.*

(Song continues)

*HR: Now, tonight there are lights in our country so bright
In the farms and in the cities they're telling of the plight.
And now our mighty battleships will steam the bounding main
And remember the name of that good Reuben James.*

ALL: CHORUS

(End of song)

(Song: Talkin' Merchant Marine)

*DD: Pete signed up for World's War Two
In nineteen hundred and forty-two
Woody joined the battle, too
When he shipped out with the N.M.U...*

DL: Merchant Marine...

AT: Corporal, U.S. Army, Company B, squad 17!

DD: Gonna blow them fascists...

ALL: To smithereens!

(End of song)

DL: I shipped out on a beat up freighter, the William B. Travis, with my good old buddy Cisco Houston. A long-legged guy that walked on land like he was on a rolling ship. A good singer and a yodeler, he even played silverware. In 1943, our first boat was torpedoed off the coast of Sicily. We were in the Merchant Marines for three invasions. Torpedoed twice, carried our guitars every drop of the way. I fed fifty gunboys, washed their dirty dishes, scrubbed their greasy mess room and never graduated up or down in my whole career.

(Song: The Biggest Thing That Man Has Ever Done)

*DL: I'm just a lonesome traveler, the great historical bum
Highly educated from history I have come
I built the Rock of Ages it was in the year of One*

ALL: And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.

(Song continues)

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

*AT: I was straw boss on the Pyramids, the towel of Babel, too
I opened up the ocean let the migrant children through
I fought a million battles and I never lost a one
ALL: And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.*

*HR: I beat the daring Roman AT/HR: I beat the daring Turk
ALL: Defeated Nero's army with thirty minutes work
I fit the greatest tyrants and I licked them every one
And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.*

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

(Spoons break)

*DL: There is a man across the ocean, I guess you know him well
ALL: His name is Adolf Hitler, he's headed straight for hell
DL: We've kicked him in the panzers and we got him on the run
ALL: And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.*

(End of song)

DL: Between tours, I'd met Marjorie Mazia up in New York City. We had a daughter in February of '43. Cathy Ann.

DD: Daddy, do the car song.

DL: Alright Miss Stacky-bones. In 19 and 45, after the war was over, Marjorie and I got married.

AT: Yeah, sing it again!

DL: We were living out in Brooklyn.

DD: Come on, Daddy.

DL: Pretty soon, I was writing every day with a bunch of kids climbin' all over me.

(Song: Riding in My Car)

DL: Brrrm brm brm brm

ALL: brm brm brm, brrrm b' brrrm,

Brrrm brm brm brm brm

brm brrrm b' brrrm, etc

DL: Take me ridin' in the car car

ALL: Take me ridin' in the car, car

Take you ridin' in the car, car

I'm goin' ridin' in my car.

AT: Daddy, keep goin'!

DL: Well, you go ahead. You know it better than I do.

AT: Click clack open up front door

ALL: Click clack, open up the back door

Front door, back door, clickety clack

I'm goin' ridin' in the car.

DD: Now what's next?

DD: Brrrm brm brm brm

ALL: brm brm brm, brrrm b' brrrm,

Brrrm brm brm brm brm

brm brrrm b' brrrm, etc

DL: Trees and houses walk along

ALL: Trees and houses walk along

A truck and a car and a garbage can

I'm goin' ridin' in the car.

DL: Take me ridin' in the car car

ALL: Take me ridin' in the car, car

Take me ridin' in the car, car

I'm goin' ridin' in the car.

(ALL Repeat last verse)

(End of song)

HR: Cathy Ann, you kids come in here and leave your papa be.

DL: Little Stacky-bones loved to dance. Her mother is a dancer. On her fourth birthday, we got her a record player and a pink dress and she was up on the beat up old sofa in our apartment, just a goin' to town. Somehow the radio pulled out of the wall or the wiring sparked and the whole business caught afire. Marjorie got her to the hospital and called me. I hadn't been at home. Cathy Ann died that night in her bandages, singing her little rhymes. The things you fear shall truly come upon you... Time went on and I kept on. Travelin' and singin' with Pete and Brownie McGee and Blind Sonny Terry and the greatest of 'em all, Leadbelly.

(Song: Cotton Fields)

*ALL: It was down in Louisiana just about a mile from Texarkana
In them old cotton fields back home.*

(Vocal continues as underscore)

DL: Singin' for the plain folks. And gettin' in trouble with the rich folks...

HR: And the police...

DL: And the politicians. I got put on the 'blacklist' and the 'red' list and every other color list which I was mighty proud of.

AT: Even the unions divided up: the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., right wing and left wing.

DL: Woody says right wing, left wing, chicken wing. I sing my songs wherever I can. I began having dizzy spells.* There were spells when I couldn't control my arms and legs. Even my face seemed to twist out of shape. I yelled at my own children. It scared me awful bad. I had to get away.

*(*Underscore begins: Tom Joad # 7)*

(Song: Tom Joad #7)

DD: Tom Joad took flight in the dark rainy night...

(Song continues as underscore)

DL: I knew that my trail would be a story that whirls,

HR: Woodrow...

DL: And a song that spins in the middle of the sun.

HR: Woodrow...

DL: Yes, Mama.

HR: Come sing with me.

(Vocal begins as modal harmony)

DL: Tom run back to where his mama was asleep

And he woke her up out of the bed... He...

DL/ HR: ...kissed goodbye to the mother that he loved

(Vocal underscore continues)

DL: Mama, I've got to get myself into a hospital.

HR: Everything we do is aimed right at goin' on.

DL: Everybody might be just one big soul

Well it looks that a-way to me

Everywhere that you look in the day or the night

That's where I'm a-gonna be, ma....

DL: Wherever little children are hungry and cry

Wherever people ain't free

ALL: Whevever men and women are fightin' for their rights

That's where I'm gonna be, ma

DL: That's where I'm gonna be.

(End of song)

AT: "Sing, oh muse, of the man who wandered far and wide, and he saw the cities and learned the thoughts of many men, and on the sea he suffered in his heart many woes."

HR: Woody was diagnosed with Huntington's Disease not long after an accident in a hobo camp when his right arm was badly burned.

DD: He was never able to play the guitar again.

AT: In a 1977 Rolling Stone interview, Woody's son, Arlo said, "I remember the good days. Him comin' home from the hospital and taking me out to the backyard. Just him and me and teaching me the last three verses to "This Land is Your Land" because he thinks that if I don't learn them, no one will remember. And then, when he can't write or talk or do anything anymore, he hits it big. Bob Dylan and all the others are copying him and he can't react to it. Here's this guy who always had all these words, and now, he can't say anything. But his mind is still there. He's sitting there in a mental hospital and he knows whats going on. And he can't tell anyone how he feels. It's Shakespearean or like some Greek tragedy.

DL: Woody said, "Unless we do hear the work songs, the war songs, love songs and dance songs of all the people everywhere, we are most apt to lose the peace and this world along with it."

(Song: This Land is Your Land)

*DL: Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walkin' my freedom highway
Nobody living can make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.*

*DL/HR/DD: 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.*

CHORUS:

*ALL: This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.*

*DL: I've roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond desserts
ALL: And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me*

CHORUS

*ALL: When the sun came shining and I was strolling
And 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*

CHORUS

(End of song)

(END)