

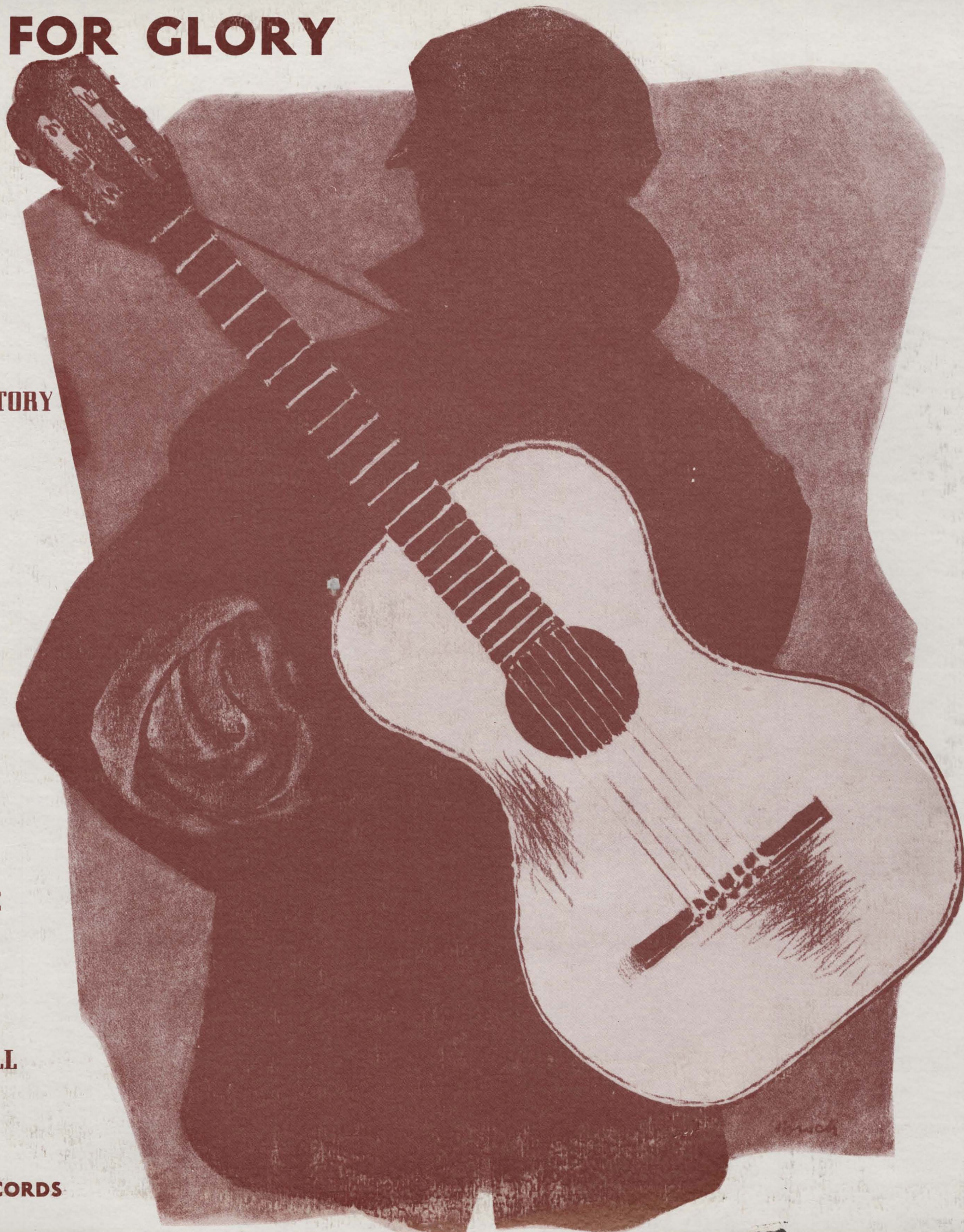
BOUND FOR GLORY

**THE SONGS AND STORY
OF
WOODY
GUTHRIE**

**SUNG BY
WOODY GUTHRIE
TOLD BY
WILL GEER**

**EDITED BY
MILLARD LAMPELL**

FA 2481 FOLKWAYS RECORDS



BOUND FOR GLORY

SIDE I

Band 1. Stagolee

Band 2. Children's Songs:

Little Sack of Sugar

Ship in the Sky

Swim, Swim, Swimmy I Swim

Band 3. Vigilante Man

Band 4. Do Re Me

Band 5. Pastures of Plenty

Band 6. Grand Coulee Dam

SIDE II

Band 1. This Land Is Your Land

Band 2. Talking Fish Blues

Band 3. The Sinking of the Reuben James

Band 4. Jesus Christ

Band 5. There's A Better World A-Comin'

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MILLARD LAMPELL

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

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.

MILLARD LAMPELL

"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 steam boat.

"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 hundreds 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."

STAGOLEE

Stagolee was a bad man
Everybody knows,
Spent a hundred dollars
For just one suit of clothes;
He was a bad man
That mean old Stagolee.

Stagolee loaded cotton
Weighed five-hundred pounds,
Carried along a Gatlin gun
Drug him to the ground;
He was a bad man
That mean old Stagolee.

It was in a hustlin' "B" joint
Where the Mississippi run,
Stagolee killed Billy de Lyons
With a smoking forty-one;
He was a bad man
That mean old Stagolee.

The high sheriff asked the duputy
"How can it be,
You can arrest everybody
But the mean old Stagolee?
He is a bad man
That mean old Stagolee."

The deputy told the new sheriff
"Double up my fee,
I'll go get that outlaw
By the name of Stagolee,
'Cause he's a bad man
That mean old Stagolee."

Gentlemen of the jury
 What do you think about that?
 Stagolee killed Billy de Lyons
 About a five dollar Stetson hat;
 He was a bad man
 That mean old Stagolee.

Billy was in the courthouse
 Kneeling on the floor,
 Stagolee pulled the trigger
 Of his red hot forty-four;
 He was a bad man
 That mean old Stagolee.

Billy said to Stagolee,
 "Please don't take my life,
 I've got three little babes
 And my darlin' loving wife;
 You are a bad man
 Your name is Stagolee."

"What do I care about your two little babes
 Your darlin' loving wife?
 You done stole my brand new hat
 And I'm bound to take your life;
 Because you're a bad man
 And my name is Stagolee."

Billy died in the sawdust
 With his head upon the rail,
 Deputy took old Stagolee
 And he marched him off to jail;
 He was a bad man
 That mean old Stagolee.

The judge said, "Mister Stagolee
 Mister Stagolee,
 I'm goin' to hang your body up
 And set your spirit free;
 You're a bad man
 Your name is Stagolee".

Stagolee on his Gallus (pole)
 He head way up high,
 Twelve o'clock we killed him
 We was all glad to see him die;
 He was a bad man
 That mean old Stagolee.



"Ear Players, folk 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 hell fire 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 blowed 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... A woman singing her kid to sleep...an old man singing to stop his boy from bawling..."

LITTLE SACK OF SUGAR

Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle, jiggle,
 Tickle, tickle, tickle, tickle,
 Little sack of sugar
 I could eat you up.

Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle,
 Pickle, pickle, pickle,
 Little sack of sugar
 I could eat you up.

Hey, hey, hey
 Little sack of sugar,
 Ho! ho! ho!
 Little sack of sweet.

Hee, hee, hee
 My pretty little angel,
 So pretty, pretty, pretty
 I could eat you up.

Hey, hey, hey,
 Little honey-bunny,
 Ho! ho! ho!
 Little turtle dove.

Hee, hee, hee,
 Little sack of 'taters,
 So pretty, pretty, pretty
 I could eat your toes.

Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle, jiggle,
 Tickle, tickle, tickle, tickle,
 Little sack of sugar
 I could eat you up.

Hey, hey, hey,
 My tootsie-wootsie,
 Rangle, tangle, dangle,
 And a honey and a tree,

Ho! Ho! Ho!
 My butterfly-flitters,
 So pretty, pretty, pretty
 I could eat your nose,



SHIP IN THE SKY

A curly headed kid with a sunshiny smile
 Heard the roar of a plane as it sailed through the sky;
 To her playmates she cried with a bright twinkling
 eye;

"My Daddy rides that ship in the sky"

My daddy rides that ship in the sky;
 My daddy rides that ship in the sky;
 Mama's not afraid and neither am I,
 So my daddy rides that ship in the sky.

Then a pug nose kid, as she kicked up her heel,
 Said, "My daddy works in the iron and the steel.
 My Dad makes planes so they fly through the sky;
 And that's what keeps your daddy up there so high".

That's what keeps your daddy up there so high;
 That's what keeps your daddy up there so high;
 You're not afraid, well, neither am I;
 'Cause my dad keeps your daddy up there so high.

A shy little girl, pinched her toe in the sand,
 Says, "My dad he works at the place where they land.
 You tell your Mama don't be afraid,
 My dad'll bring your daddy back home again!"

My dad'll bring your daddy back home again!
 My dad'll bring your daddy back home again!
 Don't be afraid if it gets dark and rains!
 'Cause my dad'll bring your daddy back home
 again!

SWIM SWIM SWIMMY I SWIM

I like to swim in my water (2) Chorus:
 Water, water, and water,
 Swim, swim, swimmy I swim. I like to splash in my water (3)
 And swim, swim, swimmy
 I swim.
 Chorus:
 Swim, swim, swimmy)
 I swim, I swim.) 4
 Chorus:
 I like to kick in my water (2) I like to float in my water (3)
 Water, water and water,
 And swim, swim, swimmy Chorus:
 I swim.



"I got a few little jobs - helping a water-well drill-
 er, 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 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:

'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

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

Well, what is a Vigilante man?
 Tell me, what is a Vigilante man?
 Has he got a gun and a club in his hand?
 Is that a Vigilante man?

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?

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?

Preacher Casey* was just a workin' man;
 And he said, "Unite all you workin' men!"
 Killed him in the river, some strange man.
 Was that a Vigilante man?

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?

I (have) rambled around from town to town;
 I (have) rambled around from town to town
 And they herded us around like a wild herd of
 cattle;
 Was that the Vigilante men?

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.

*See "Tom Joad" Folkways FP 11 Dust Bowl
 Ballads by Woody Guthrie; also John Steinbeck
 "Grapes of Wrath".

"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 hitch-hikers,
 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."

DO RE ME

Lots of folks back east they say
 Leavin' home every day,
 Beatin' a hot old dusty way to th' California line;
 'Crosth' desert sands they roll
 Gettin' outta that old dust bowl,
 Think they're a-comin' to a sugar bowl,
 But here's what they find:

Oh, the police at the port of entry say,
"You're number Fourteen Thousand for
today! Oh!

"If you ain't got th' do re me, folks,
If you ain't got th' do re me,
Better go back t' beautiful Texas,
Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee;
California's a garden of Eden,
A paradise to live in or see;
But, believe it or not,
You won't find it so hot
If you ain't got th' do re me!"

If you wanta buy a home or farm,
That can't do nobody harm,
Or take your vacation by the mountains or sea,
Don't swap your old cow for a car,
Better stay right where you are;
Better take this little tip from me.

'Cause I look thru the want ads every day
But the headlines in the papers always say:
Chorus:

"Yes, guess I'm what you'd call a migrant worker.
Guess you had to think up some kind of name for me.
I travel, yes, if that's what you mean in your red-
tape and your scary offices; but you can just call me
any old word you want to. You just set and call me
off a whole book full of names, but let me be out on
my job while you're doing the calling. That a way,
we can save time and money and get more work turn-
ed out.

"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

It's a mighty hard row that my pore hands has hoed;
My pore feet has travelled a hot, dusty road;
Out of your dustbowl and westward we rolled;
And your deserts was hot and your mountains was
cold.

I worked in yore orchards of peaches and prunes;
I slept on the ground in the light of your moon;
On the edge of your 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 north up to Oregon to gather your hops,
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from
your vine,
To set on your table your light sparkling wine.

Green Pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee dam where the waters run
down;
Ever' state in this 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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PORTLAND ORG FEB 11 1947					
WOODY GUTHRIE					
BOONEVILLE POWER ADMINISTRATION INTERESTED YOUR SINGING COLUMBIA RIVER SONGS AT NATIONAL RURAL ELECTRIC COOPERATIVE CONVENTION AT SPOKANE APRIL 21ST THROUGH 23RD. GOOD CHANCE YOUR SONGS TO COME INTO THEIR OWN OUT HERE WHERE THEY WERE MEANT TO BE SUNG. MIGHT TRY ARRANGE OTHER APPEARANCES. ARE YOU INTERESTED? HOW MUCH BESIDES EXPENSES? CONTACT ME PERSONALLY CARE BONNEVILLE POWER ADMINISTRATION BOX 3537 PORTLAND					
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THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS CUSTOMERS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE					

"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 a plenty of pretty sights in all their veiled and nakedest seasons. Thumbing it. Hitching it. Walking and talking it. Chalkin 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.

GRAND COULEE DAM

Will the world has seven wonders

The travelers always tell;
Some gardens and some towers,
I guess you know them well.

But now, the greatest wonder
Is in Uncle Sam's fair land;
It's that King Columbia river
And the big Grand Coulee Dam.

She heads up the Canadian Rockies

Where the rippling waters glide;
Comes a rumbling down her canyon
To meet that salty tide
Of the wide Pacific Ocean

Where the sun shines in the west;
And that big Grand Coulee country
In the land I love the best.

In the misty crystal glitter

Of the wild and windward spray;
Men have fought the pounding waters
And met a watery grave.

Well, she tore their boats to splinters
But she gave men dreams to dream
Of the day the Coulee Dam would cross
That wild and wasted stream.

Uncle Sam took up 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!"

"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.

"I wish that you might be able to hear one or two of my songs here and get just a taste, a sip, a little snifter, or a whole big flood of all these kinds of new wide open, free airish, sky clear feelings like I had walking, talking, seeing all of your people up here through Oregon, through Washington, then on over down through Utah and Idaho."



Now, in Washington and Oregon
You hear the factories hum,
Making chrome and making manganese
And light aluminum.
And there roars a Flying Fortress
Now to fight for Uncle Sam
On that King Columbia
By the big Grand Coulee Dam.

In the misty, crystal glitter
Of that wild and windward spray;
Men have fought the pounding waters
And met a watery grave.
Well, she tore their boats to splinters
But she gave men dreams to dream
Of the day the Coulee Dam would cross
That wild and wasted stream.

Moss Asches

BIG GRAND COULEE DAM
Words and music by ... Woody Guthrie

WELL THE WORLD HAS SEVEN WONDERS THAT THE TRAVELERS ALWAYS TELL
SOME GARDENS AND SOME TOWERS THAT YOU KNOW THEN WELL
ON THE GREATEST MOUNTAIN IN UNCLE SAM'S FAIR LAND
IT'S THAT KING COLUMBIA RIVER AND THAT BIG GRAND COULEE DAM
SHE HEADS UP THE CANADIAN ROCKIES WHERE THE RIPPLING WATERS GLIDE
COMES A RUMBLING DOWN HER CANYON TO MEET THAT SALTY TIDE
OF THE WIDE PACIFIC OCEAN WHERE THE SUN SHINES IN THE WEST
AND THAT BIG GRAND COULEE COUNTRY IN THE LAND I LOVE THE BEST
IN THE MISTY CRYSTAL GLITTER OF THE WILD AND WINDWARD SPRAY
MEN HAVE FOUGHT THE POUNDING WATERS AND MET A WATERY GRAVE
WELL SHE TORE THEIR BOATS TO SPLINTERS BUT SHE GAVE MEN DREAMS TO DREAM
OF THE DAY THE COULEE DAM WOULD CROSS THAT WILD AND WASTED STREAM
UNCLE SAM TOOK UP 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"

For more copies of this song book: WOODY GUTHRIE
2240 Marston Avenue,
Brooklyn, 14, New York



"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 slim 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

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.

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 foamed 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.

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York Island,
From Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream Waters,
This land was made for you and me.

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

"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 along a lot of boweries, back streets, and Skid Rows. I sung on Reno Avenue in Oklahoma City, and Community Camp and Hooversville, on the flea-bit rim of the 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."

TALKING FISH BLUES

I went down to the fishing hole,
I set down with my fishing pole,
Something grabbed my hook, and got my bait,
Jerked me out in th' middle of th' lake.

(Some jump, I got sunk
(Baptized on credit.

Fishin' down on th' muddy bank,
Felt a pull an' give a big yank,
Hauled out three old rubber boots,
Ford radiator an' a Chevrolet coop.
Handed it in
For National defense.

Settin' in a boat with a bucket of beer,
Hadn't caught nuthin', but didn't much care,
I guess I was pretty well satisfied,
Had my little lady right by my side.
(Taking it easy. Just waiting.
(Worm been gone off that hook for a couple of hours.

When you go fishin', tell y' what t' do,
Go set down by th' greasy lew,
Take a piece of string, tie it on y'r pole,
Throw it 'way out in th' middle of th' hole.
Find you a good shade tree and then just sit down.
Go to sleep, forget all about it.

Jumped into the river and went down deep,
There was a hundred-pound catfish laying there asleep.
Jumped on his back and rode him into town,
Saddled him up, and I come to town.
People come running, looking, dogs a-barking.
Kids a-squalling.

Stagnate waters is a stinking thing,
Sleek on top and all turned green,
And when the water goes bad, the fish all run,
Sit all day and not catch a one.
Except mud wallopers, jugars,
A few little suckers.

I waded out to a sandy bar,
And I caught myself a big alligator 'gar,
Brought him home across my back,
Tail was dragging a mile and a half.
Slipping and flopping, sold him for a quarter.
Shot craps, got in jail.

Early one morning I took me a notion,
To go out a-fishin' in the middle of the ocean.
Throw'd out my line, I caught me a shark,
I didn't get him home 'til way past dark.
He's a man-eater, tough customer.
Just wasn't quite tough enough.

Late last night I had me a dream,
I was out fishin' in a whiskey stream.
Baited my hook with apple jack,
Threw out a drink, bring a gallon back.
Done pretty good 'til creek run dry.
I give the fish back to the finance company.

"I shipped out with my guitar and two seaman buddies,
both good union men, a guitar player and high
tenor singer, and an Italian boy was as good an anti-
fascist head on him as I have ever seen.

"We played our guitars, and I took along a fiddle
and a mandolin. Our first boat was torpedoed off the
coast of Sicily, and we got to visit the old bombed-
out town of four hundred thousand souls, Palermo.

"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 gradu-
ated up or down in my whole 11 months.

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

THE SINKING OF THE REUBEN JAMES

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
On the bottom of the sea.

Chorus:

Repeat (Tell me, what was their names?
(Tell me, what was their names?
(Did you have a friend
(On that good Reuben James?

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
That we saved the Forty-Four
From the cold ocean waters
Of that cold Iceland shore.

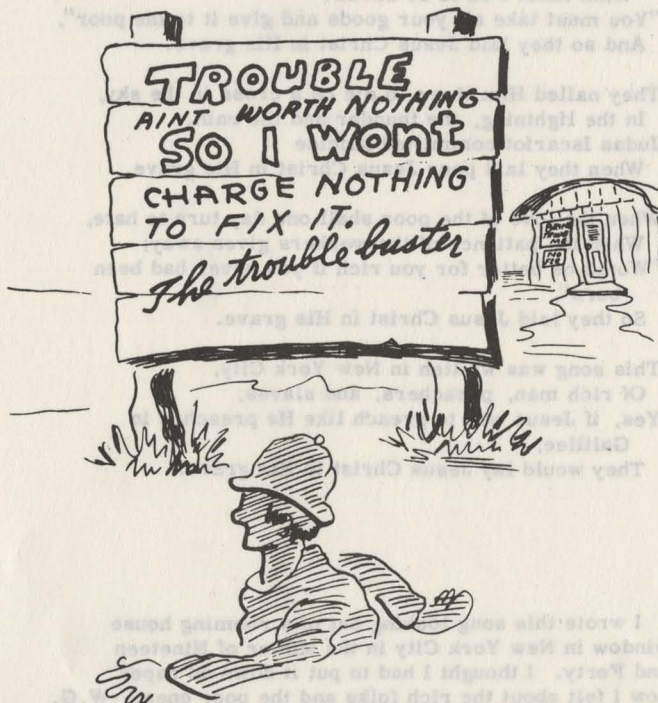
(Chorus)

It was there in the dark
Of that uncertain night;
That we watched for the U Boats
And waited for the fight;
Then a whine and a rock
And a great explosion roared,
And they laid Reuben James
On that cold ocean's 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
Steam the bounding main
And remember the name
Of our good Reuben James.

(Chorus)



"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 ash cans 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."

JESUS CHRIST

Jesus Christ was a man that traveled through this land;
A carpenter, true and brave;
Said to the rich, "Give your goods to the poor",
So they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand;
Carpenter true and brave;
And a dirty little coward called Judas Iscariot
Laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

The people of the land took Jesus by the hand,
They followed him far and wide;
"I come not to bring you peace, but a sword",
So they killed Jesus Christ on the sly.

He went to the sick, he went to the poor;
And he went to the hungry and the lame;
Said that the poor would one day win this world,
And so they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

They nailed Him there to die on a cross in the sky,
In the lightning, the thunder and the rain.
Judas Iscariot committed suicide
When they laid poor Jesus Christ in His grave.

One day Jesus stopped at a rich man's door.
"What must I do to be saved?"
"You must take all your goods and give it to the poor",
And so they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

They nailed Him there to die on a cross in the sky,
In the lightning, the thunder and the rain.
Judas Iscariot committed suicide
When they laid poor Jesus Christ in His grave.

When the love of the poor shall one day turn to hate,
When the patience of the workers gives away;
"Would be better for you rich if you never had been
born",
So they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

This song was written in New York City,
Of rich man, preachers, and slaves;
Yes, if Jesus was to preach like He preached in
Galilee,
They would lay Jesus Christ in His grave.

* I wrote this song looking out of a rooming house window in New York City in the winter of Nineteen and Forty. I thought I had to put it down on paper how I felt about the rich folks and the poor ones.--W.G.

"I tell you about everything in the world and on the world and above the world and about the world, as well as around the world and through the world and in the world and near the world.

"I tell you about the winds and the weathers and the oceans and the lands and the continents that have riz and sunk since this little hunk of dirt first whirled off the burning sun. I tell you of the men and the women that bathed their eyes in the zig zag lightning and hugged and kissed in the rumbling thunder and about every union wheel that ever did run down a union road or down a union rail, and every puff of union smoke that ever did rise up out of a big high union smokestack."

There's a better world a-comin'
I'll tell you why, why, why,
There's a better world a-comin'
I'll tell you why.

We will beat them
On the land, on the sea and in the sky,
There's a better world a-comin'
Tell you why.

There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you see, see, see?
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you see?

When we'll all be Union
And we'll all be Free
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you see?

There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you know, know, know?
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you know?

I'm a Union man in a Union war
It's a Union world I'm fighting for
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you know?

There's a better world a-comin' (3)
Tell you why, why, why,
Don't you see, see, see?
Don't you know, know, know?

Hey, hey, hey,
There's a better world a-comin'
I'll tell you why, why, why,
There's a better world a-comin'
Tell you why.

(etc.)

Out of marching, out of battling,
You can hear the chains a-rattling
There's a better world a-comin'
Tell you why.

LITHO IN U.S.A.