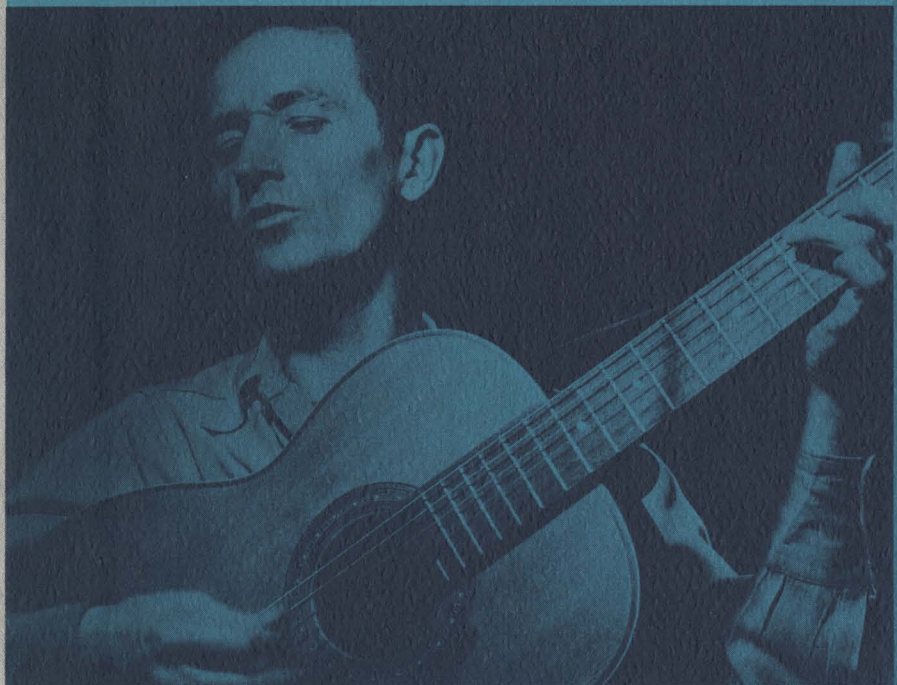


WOODY GUTHRIE

SINGS FOLK SONGS, VOL. 2



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2484

KEEP MY SKILLET GOOD AND GREASY
TALKING HARD LUCK BLUES
WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GET ALONG LITTLE DOGIES
A PICTURE FROM LIFE'S OTHER SIDE
HEN CACKLE
DANVILLE GIRL
PUT MY LITTLE SHOES AWAY
SALLY GOODIN
HARD AIN'T IT HARD
GAMBLIN' MAN
THE WRECK OF THE OLD '97
TAKE A WHIFF ON ME
MAKE ME A PALLET DOWN ON YOUR FLOOR
BUFFALO GAL
GOIN' DOWN THIS ROAD FEELIN' BAD

**WITH
CISCO HOUSTON
AND
SONNY TERRY**

WOODY GUTHRIE SINGS FOLK SONGS, VOL. 2 FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2484

FA 2484

WITH GISCO HOUSTON AND SONNY TERRY

PROPERTY OF
FOLKLIFE PROGRAM
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

RETURN TO ARCHIVE
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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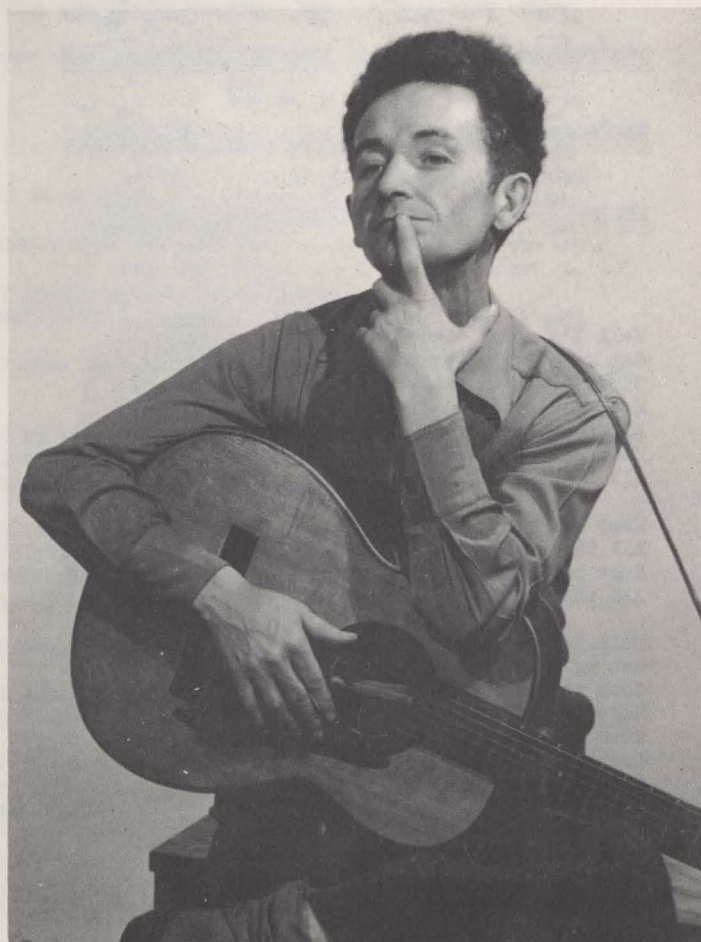
FA 2484

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album # FA 2484
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WOODY

GUTHRIE



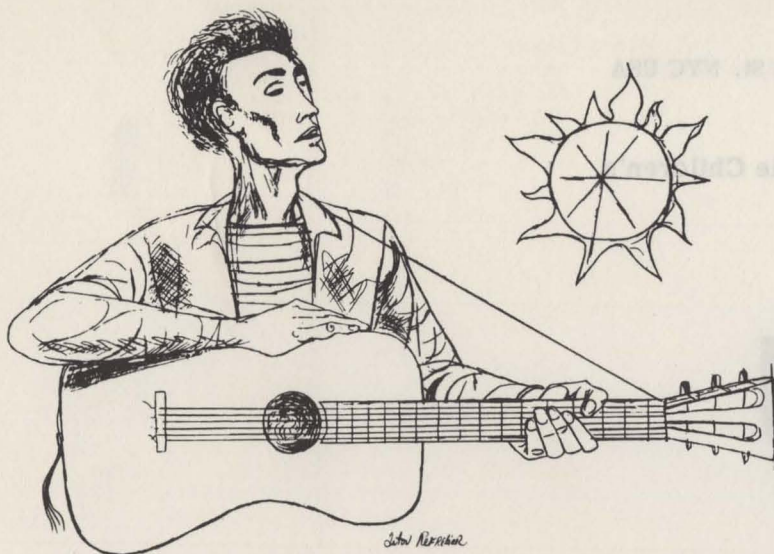
Sings Folksongs

with

CISCO HOUSTON

and

SONNY TERRY



WOODY GUTHRIE

Sings Folksongs

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE ABOUT THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC

by Pete Seeger

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

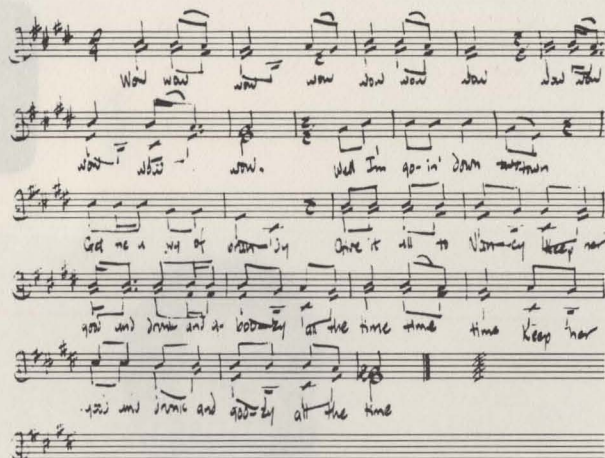
He put his rhymes to tunes which were, more often than not, slightly amended versions of old folk melodies. Thus "Philadelphia Lawyer" used the tune of "The Jealous Lover Of Lone Green Valley". "Pastures of Plenty" used one of the many versions of "Pretty Polly", and "Roll On Columbia" adapted "Goodnight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

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

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

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

SIDE I, Band 1: KEEP MY SKILLET GOOD AND GREASY



Well I'm goin' down town
Get me a jug of brandy
Give it all to Nancy
Keep her good and drunk and a-boozy
All the time, time, time
Keep her good and drunk and goozy
All the time

Keep her good and drunk and a-goozy
All the time, time, time
Keep her good and drunk and goozy
All the time.

Well I'm goin' down town
Get me a sack of flour
Cook it every hour
Keep my skillet good and greasy
When I'm gone, gone, gone,
Keep my skillet good and greasy
When I'm gone.

Keep my skillet good and greasy
When I'm gone, gone, gone
Keep my skillet good and greasy
When I'm gone.

Wow, wow, wow, ... etc.

Baby if you say so
I never will work no more
I'll hang around your shanty
All the time, time, time
I'll hang around your shanty
All the time.

I'll hang around your shanty
All the time, time, time
I'll hang around your shanty
All the time.

Wow, wow, wow, ... etc.

SIDE I, Band 2: TALKING HARD LUCK BLUES

While we're on the subject of hard work,
I just want to say that I always was a man to work,
I was born working and I worked my way up by hard
work,

I ain't never got no where yet but I got there by
hard work,

Work of the hardest kind.

I've been down and I've been out,

I've been disgusted and busted and I couldn't be
trusted,

I worked my way up and I worked my way down

I've been drunk and I've been sober,

And I've been baptized and I got hijacked,

I've been robbed for cash and I've been robbed on
credit,

Worked my way in jail and worked my way out of
jail,

Woke up 'lot of mornings and I didn't know where
I was at.

The hardest work I ever done was when I was tryin'
to get myself a worried woman to
help ease my worried mind.

I'm gonna tell you just how much work I had to do
to get this woman I was tellin' you about.

I shook hands with ninety-seven of her kin folks
and her blood relatives,

And I done the same with eighty-six people who were
just her friends, and her neighbors.

I kissed seventy three babies

And I put dry pants on thirty four of them as well
as others,

I done the same thing several times as well as alot of
other things just about.

I held a hundred and twenty-five wild horses like this.
And I put saddles and bridles on more than that,
Harnessed some of the craziest and wildest teams in
that whole country.

I rode fourteen loco broncos to stand still,

I let forty-two bound dogs lick me all over.

Seven times I was bit by hungry dogs,

And I was chewed all to pieces by water mucks and some
rattle snakes on two river bottoms.

I chopped and I carried three-hundred of stove wood,
and fourteen arm-loads

A hundred and nine bucket of coal,

I carried a gallon of kerosene eighteen miles over the
mountain,

I got lost.

I lost a good pair of shoes in a mud hole,

And I chopped and I weeded forty-eight rows of short
cotton,

Thirty acres of bad corn

I cut the stigger weeds out of eleven back yards,

All on account a-cause I wanted to show her I was a
man and I liked to work.

I cleaned out nine barn lofts,

I cranked thirty-one cars all makes and models.

Pulled three cars out of mud holes,

And four or five out of snow-drifts.

I dug five cisterns of water for some of her friends,

Run all kinds of errands.

Played the fiddle for nine church meetings,

I joined eleven separate Denominations.

I joined up and I signed up with seven best trade
unions I could find,

Paid my dues six months in advance.

I waded forty-eight miles of swamps and six big
rivers,

I walked across two ranges of mountains,

Crossed three deserts.

I got the fever, sun stroke, malaria, flu, moon

struck, 'sciter bit, poison ivy, seven

year itch and the blind staggers.

I was given up for lost and dead a couple of times,

Struck by lightening, struck by Congress, struck by
friends and kinfolk,

As well as by three cars on highways and alot of
times in people's hen houses,

I've been hit and run down, run over and walked on
and knocked around.

I'm just sittin' here now tryin' to study up on

what else I can do to show the woman how

I still ain't afraid of hard work.

SIDE I, Band 3: WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GET ALONG LITTLE DOGIES

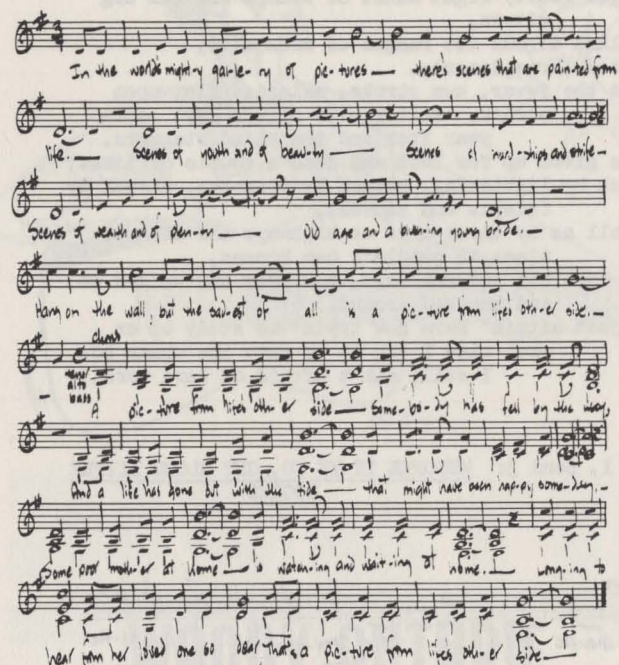
CHORUS:

Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies,
It's your misfortune and none of my own.
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies,
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

That cattle trail's rough, it's a hard road to travel,
That old Jack o' Diamonds is a hard card to play.
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies,
Get along little dogies and be on your way.

(CHORUS)

Some boys a-hit this old cattle trail for pleasure,
That's where they get it most awfully wrong;
I wish I could tell you the troubles they give us,
As we go rolling these dogies along.



In the world's mighty gallery of pictures — there's scenes that are painted from
 life. — Scenes of youth and of beauty — scenes of hardships and strife —
 Scenes of wealth and of plenty — Old age and a blushing young bride —
 Hang on the wall, but the saddest of all is a picture from life's other side —
 And a life has gone out with the tide — that might have been happy some day —
 Some poor mother at home is watching and waiting at home — longing to
 hear from her loved one so dear — That's a picture from life's other side —

In the world's mighty gallery of pictures
 There's scenes that are painted from life
 Scenes of youth and of beauty
 Scenes of hardships and strife
 Scenes of wealth and of plenty
 Old age and a blushing young bride
 Hang on the wall, but the saddest of all
 Is a picture from life's other side.

CHORUS:

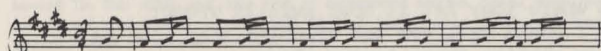
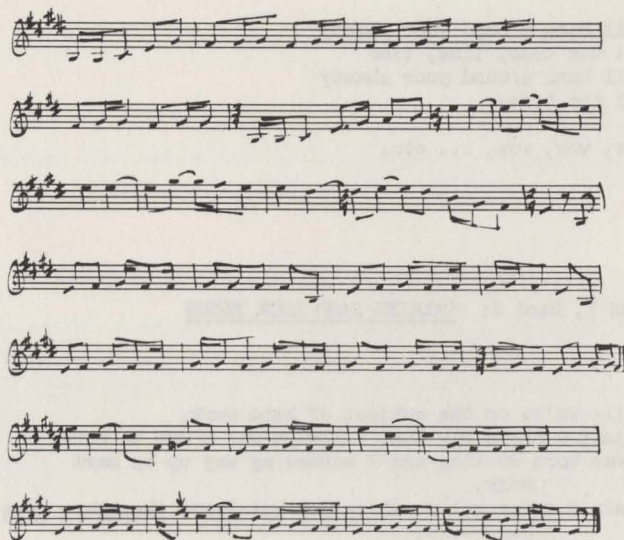
A picture from life's other side
 Somebody has fell by the way
 And a life has gone out with the tide
 That might have been happy some day
 Some poor mother at home
 Is watching and waiting alone
 Longing to hear from her loved one so dear
 That's a picture from life's other side.

Now the first scene is one of two brothers
 Their paths them both differently led
 One lived in luxury and riches
 And the other one begged for his bread
 One night they met on the highway
 Your money, your life sir, one cried
 Then with his knife took his own brother's life
 That's a picture from life's other side

Now the next scene is down by the river
 A heart broken mother and babe
 In the harbor light glare see them shiver
 Outcasts that no one will save
 Once she was a true woman
 Somebody's darling and pride
 God help her she leaps, there's no one to leap
 That's a picture from life's other side

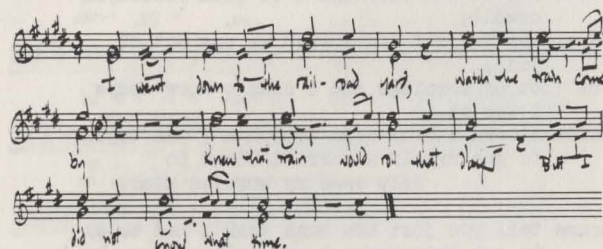
(CHORUS)

INSTRUMENTAL (TWO PART)

ψ = slightly over than actual pitch

SIDE I, Band 6: DANVILLE GIRL



I went down to the railroad yard, watch that train
 come by,
 I knew the train would roll that day but I did not
 know what time.

I did not know what time, poor boys, I did not
 know what time,
 Knew the train would roll that day but I did not
 know what time.

Good morning Mister Railroad Man, what time does
 your train roll by?
 Nine-sixteen and two-forty-four, twenty-five minutes
 til five.

Nine-sixteen, two-forty-four, twenty-five minutes
 til five,
 Thank you Mister Railroad Man, I wanna watch your
 train roll by.

Standing on the platform, smoking a big cigar,
 Waitin' for some old freight train that carried
 an empty car.

I rode her down to Danville Town, got stuck on a
 Danville girl,
 Bet your life she was a pearl, she wore that
 Danville curl.

She wore her hat on the back of her head like
 high-tone people all do,
 But the very next train come down that track,
 I bid that girl adieu.

I bid that girl adieu, poor boy, I bid that girl
 adieu,
 The very next train come down that track, I bid
 that girl adieu.

SIDE I, Band 7: PUT MY LITTLE SHOES AWAY

Mother dear come bathe my forehead
For I'm growing very weak
Let one drop of cooling water
Fall upon my burning cheek.

Tell my darling little playmates
That I never more shall play
Give them all my toys and my
Put my little shoes away.

CHORUS:
You will do this won't you mother
Put my little shoes away
Give my toys to all my playmates
Put my little shoes away.

Santy Claus he brought them to me
With alot of other things
Then I think he brought an angel
With a pair of golden wings.

Soon the baby will be larger
Then they'll fit his little feet
For he looks so cute and pretty
When he walks along the street.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 1: SALLY GOODIN

I looked down the road I seen my Sally Goodin
Thought to my soul I'd
Kill my-self a- run-nin', I looked down the road and I seen my Sally Goodin
Thought to my soul I'd
Kill my-self a- run-nin'.

Strawberry pie, gooseberry pudding
I'd give it all away to see Sally Goodin.
Strawberry pie, gooseberry pudding
I'd give it all away to see Sally Goodin.

I had a piece of pie and I had a piece of pudding
But I'd give it all away to see Sally Goodin.
I had a piece of pie and I had a piece of pudding
But I'd give it all away to see Sally Goodin.

SIDE II, Band 2: HARD AIN'T IT HARD

The first time I seen my true love,
He was walkin' by my door,
The last time I saw his false-hearted smile
Dead on his coolin'-board.

CHORUS:
It's hard, and it's hard, ain't it hard,
To love one that never did love you;
It's hard, and it's hard, ain't it hard, great God,
To love one that never will be true.

There is a house in this old town,
That's where my true love lays around.
Takes other women right down on his knee
Tells them a tale that he won't tell me.

(CHORUS)

Don't go to drinkin' and to gamblin',
Don't go there your sorrows to drown.
This hard-liquor place is a low-down disgrace,
The meanest damn place in this town.

(CHORUS)

It was late last night when my true love come in,
Rappin', rappin' on my door,
I jumped out in a fit of jealousy
Said, "True love, don't knock here anymore."

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 3: GAMBLIN' MAN

My mother called me to her bed-side, These words she
said to me. You don't quit your ramblin'
nappin', gonna get you in the pe-ni-ten-ten-ry.

My mother called me to her bed side
 These words she said to me
 You don't quit your ramblin' ways
 It's gonna get you in the penitentiary.

Gonna get you in the penitentiary, poor boy
 Gonna get you in the penitentiary
 You don't quit your reckless ways
 They're gonna get you in the penitentiary.

So I set myself down in a gamblin' game
 And I could not play my hand
 Thinkin' about that woman I love
 Run away with another man.

Run away with another man, poor boy
 Run away with another man
 Just thinkin' about that woman I love
 Run away with another man.

Cards come around the table, Lord
 And I had such a worried mind
 My stack of gold dollars I waisted away
 And I lost about ninety-nine.

I lost about ninety-nine, poor boy
 I lost about ninety-nine
 My stack of gold dollars I waisted away
 And I lost about ninety-nine.

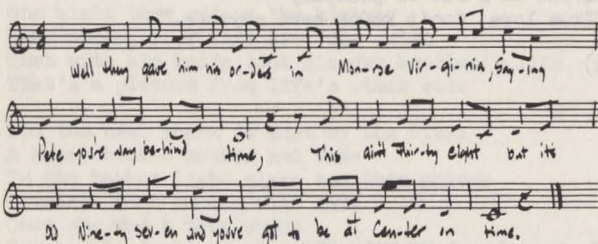
It wasn't very long till I seen him again
 He run away, left her behind
 And I laid him down with my old forty four
 And the judge give me ninety-nine.

Well, the judge give me ninety-nine, poor boy
 And he give me ninety-nine
 I laid a man down with my big forty four
 And the judge give me ninety-nine.

Well, the jury said that I had to pay
 And the clerk he wrote it down
 And the judge called out my number
 Two sixes upside down.

Two sixes upside down, poor boy
 Two sixes upside down
 The judge called out my number
 Two sixes upside down.

SIDE II, Band 4: THE WRECK OF THE OLD '97



Well, they give him his orders in Monroe, Virginia,
 Saying, "Pete, you're way behind time,
 This ain't '38, but, it's Old '97
 And you've got to be at Center on time."

Well, he turned around to his black, greasy
 fireman,
 Said, "Shovel in a little more coal,
 When we cross that White Oak Mountain
 You can watch Old '97 roll.

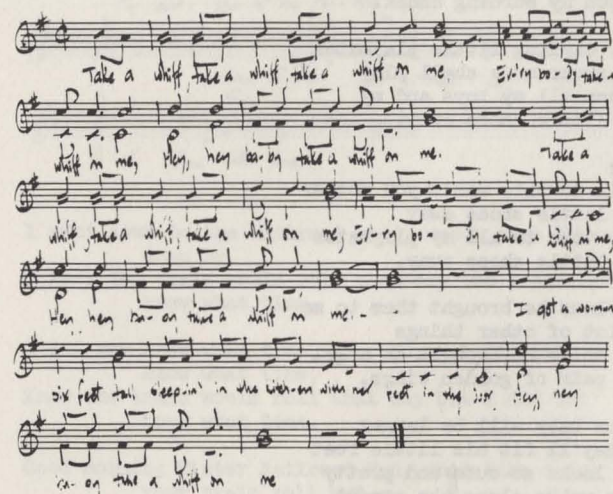
Well, it's a mighty rough road from Lakesburg
 to Danville,
 And a line on a three mile grade;
 It is on this grade that he lost his air-brakes
 And you see what a jump he made.

He was a-goin' down the grade, makin' ninety miles
 an hour,
 And his whistle broke out in a scream;
 It was on that grade that he lost his air-brakes
 And you see what a jump he made.

He was a-goin' down the grade, makin' ninety miles
 an hour
 And his whistle began to scream;
 And we found him in the wreck with his hand on his
 throttle
 And scalded to death by the steam.

Well, ladies, you can all take warning
 From this time now and on;
 Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband,
 He might leave you and never return.

SIDE II, Band 5: TAKE A WHIFF ON ME



CHORUS:

Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff on me
 Everybody take a whiff on me
 Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff on me
 Everybody take a whiff on me
 Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

I got a woman six foot four
 Sleepin' in the kitchen with her feet in the door
 Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

Two old maids a-fishin' in the creek
 They ain't caught a man since a-way last week
 Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

(CHORUS)

Want to get a woman let me tell you a word
 Grease your hair down as slick as lard
 Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

Lookin' for a woman who needs a worried man
Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

Walkin' down the road, the road is mighty muddy
Slippin' and slidin' and I can't stand steady
Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

I know my woman ain't a-treatin' me right
She don't get home till the day gets light
Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

Meet alot of woman out a-ramblin' around
But the Boston women are the best that I found
Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

Sing your song all night long
Sing to my woman from midnight on
Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

I danced all night with a bottle in my hand
A bottle in my hand, a bottle in my hand
I danced all night with a bottle in my hand
right over to that promised land.

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'
Her heels kept a-rockin' and her toes kept
a-knockin'

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'
And we danced by the light of the moon.

I've got a gal who lives on the hill
Lives on a hill, lives on a hill
I've got a gal who lives on a hill
Lover won't you come out tonight.

Make me a pal, let them in your floor, Make me a bed right
down in your floor, I'll rest my head and rest on your floor.

Make me a pallet down on your floor
Make me a bed right down on your floor
I'll rest my head and a bed on the floor.

I danced all night with a cot-tle in my hand, I cot-tle in my hand, I
cot-tle in my hand, I danced all night with a cot-tle in my hand and I
- right si- ed to the str-mind and. I danced with a girl with a
rose in her hair in her hands kept a- str-mind and her eyes soft a- baw-er-in, I
danced with a girl with a rose in her str-mind and we danced on the lips of the
men.

Handwritten musical score for the song "I'm a goin' down this red feelin' bad". The score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the lyrics "I'm a goin' down this red feelin' bad" and "I'm a". The second staff contains "go-in' down this red feelin' bad" and "I'm a goin' down this". The third staff contains "red feelin' bad, bad, bad, and I can't go on - na be treat-ed this way." The fourth staff contains a double bar line and a repeat sign.

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

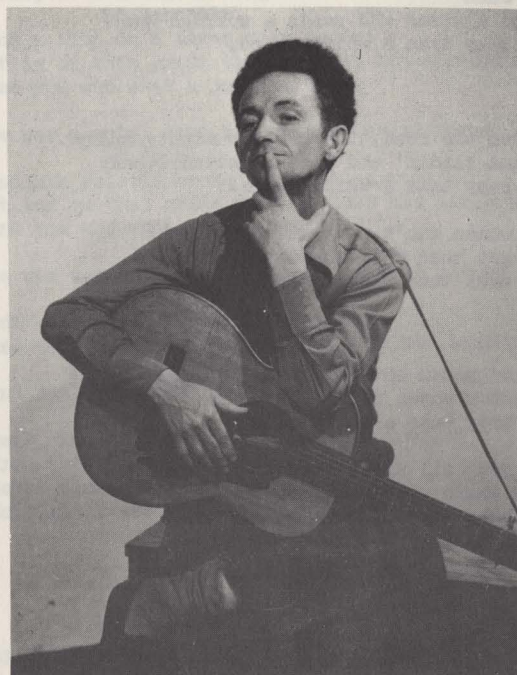
I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine
I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine
I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine, wine, wine,
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my feet
Takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my feet
Takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my feet, Lord, Lord
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

Your two dollar shoe hurts my feet
I said,
Your two dollar shoe hurts my feet
Your two dollar shoe hurts my feet, Lord, Lord
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

I ain't gonna be treated this a-way,
I ain't gonna be treated this a-way
Well, I ain't gonna be treated this a-way, Lord, God
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

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