

AMERICAN WORK SONGS

Songs to Grow On Volume 3

This land is my land

Folkways Records
FC 7027



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MUSIC LP
M
1997
G984
1951
v.3
c.2

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7027

SIDE I

- Band 1: THIS LAND IS MY LAND
(Woody Guthrie)
sung by Woody Guthrie
- Band 2: LUMBERMEN'S ALPHABET
sung by Sam Eskin
- Band 3: DOWN THE HATCH
(fishermen's song)
sung by Bill Bonyon
- Band 4: JERRY GO AND OIL THAT CAR
(roundhouse song)
Harry ("Mac") McClintock
- Band 5: YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T
HOE CORN (farmer's song)
sung by Pete Seeger
- Band 6: COLUMBIA RIVER
(irrigation song)
sung by Woody Guthrie

SIDE II

- Band 1: OLD BLUE
(hunting dog)
sung by Cisco Houston
- Band 2: DOWN IN THE MINES
(miner's song)
sung by Cisco Houston
- Band 3: WHOOPEE TI YI YO
(cowboy song)
sung by Cisco Houston
- Band 4: OLD MAN
(levee song)
sung by Leadbelly
- Band 5: HAUL AWAY JOE
(sea chantey)
sung by Leadbelly

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7027

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THIS LAND IS MY LAND



AMERICAN WORK SONGS

LUMBERMEN'S SONG - *Sam Eskin*

FISHERMEN'S SONG - *Bill Bonyon*

ROUNDHOUSE SONG -
"Mac" McClintock

FARMER'S SONG - *Pete Seeger*

IRRIGATION SONG - *Woody Guthrie*

HUNTING DOG SONG - *Cisco Houston*

MINER'S SONG - *Cisco Houston*

COWBOY SONG - *Cisco Houston*

LEVEE SONG - *Leadbelly*

SEA SONG - *Leadbelly*

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MUSIC LP
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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 ROAMED AND RAMBLER, 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 THE FOG WAS LIFTING,
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU AND ME.

A IS FOR AX AS YOU VERY WELL KNOW,
B IS FOR THE BOYS THAT USE 'EM JUST SO,
C IS FOR THE CHOPPING THAT SOON WILL BEGIN,
AND D IS FOR THE DANGER WE ALWAYS STAND IN.
SING: HI DERRY O, SO MERRY ARE WE,
THERE'S NO ONE ONE-HALF AS HAPPY AS WE,
WITH A HI DERRY O, HI DERRY DONG,
AT THE WOODSMEN'S SHANTY THERE'S NOTHING GOES WRONG.

E IS FOR THE ECHOES THAT THROUGH THE WOODS RING,
F IS FOR THE FOREMAN THE HEAD OF THE GANG,
G IS FOR THE GRINDSTONE THAT SWIFTLY GOES 'ROUND,
AND H IS FOR THE HANDLE SO SMOOTH AND SO ROUND.
SING: HI DERRY O, SO MERRY ARE WE, [ETC.]

I IS FOR IRON WITH WHICH WE MARK PINE,
AND J IS FOR JOLLY BOYS ALL IN THE LINE,
K IS FOR KEEN EDGE AS OUR AXES WE KEEP,
AND L IS FOR THE LICE THAT OVER US CREEP.
SING: HI DERRY O, SO MERRY ARE WE, [ETC.]

M IS FOR THE MOTHS THAT WE CHINK IN, OUR CAMPS,
N IS FOR THE NEEDLE WHICH MENDETH OUR PANTS,
O IS FOR OWLS THAT HOOT IN THE NIGHT,
AND P IS FOR THE PINES THAT WE ALWAYS FALL RIGHT.

Q IS FOR QUARRELS WHICH WE DON'T HAVE 'ROUND,
R IS FOR THE RIVER WHERE WE DRIVE OUR LOGS DOWN,
S IS FOR SLED SO STOUT AND SO STRONG,
AND T IS FOR THE TEAM TO DRAW IT ALONG.

U IS FOR USE WHICH WE PUT OUR TEAMS TO,
AND V IS THE VALLEY WHICH WE DRAW OUR SLEDS THROUGH,
AND W IS FOR WOODS THAT WE LEAVE IN THE SPRING,
AND NOW I HAVE SUNG ALL I'M GOING TO SING.

THAT'S ALL! EXCEPT - SING: HI DERRY O, [ETC.]

DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY BOYS,
DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY SCROD BOYS,

SPLIT 'EM DOWN
DRESS 'EM DOWN
TOSS 'EM DOWN
SALT 'EM DOWN

DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY BOYS,
DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY HAKE (1) BOYS,

SPLIT 'EM DOWN ETC.

DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY BOYS,
DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY HALIBUTS,

SPLIT 'EM DOWN ETC.

DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY BOYS,
DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY MARKET (2) BOYS,

SPLIT 'EM DOWN ETC.

DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY BOYS,
DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY FLOUNDERS,

SPLIT 'EM DOWN ETC.

DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY BOYS,
DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY STEAK (3) BOYS,

SPLIT 'EM DOWN ETC.

DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY BOYS,
DOWN THE HATCH, DOWN MY BULLY HADDOCKS,

SPLIT 'EM DOWN ETC.

1,2,3: TYPES OF COD FISH

COME ALL YE RAILROAD SECTION MEN,
AND LISTEN TO MY SONG,
IT IS OF LARRY O'SULLIVAN
WHO NOW IS DEAD AND GONE.

FOR TWENTY YEARS A SECTION BOSS,
HE NEVER HIRED A RUM,
AND IT'S GO IN AHEAD AND CENTER BACK,
AND JERRY GO AND OIL THAT CAR.

FOR TWENTY YEARS A SECTION BOSS
HE WORKED UPON THE TRACK,
AND BE IT TO HIS CREDIT
HE NEVER HAD A WRECK.

FOR HE KEPT EVERY J'INT RIGHT UP TO THE P'INT,
WITH A TAP OF THE TAMPIN' BAR,
AND WHILE THE BOYS WERE SHIMMYING UP THE TIES
IT'S JERRY WOULD YOU OIL THAT CAR.

AND EVERY SUNDAY MORNING,
UNTO THE GANG HE'D SAY,
ME BOYS PREPARE YE, BE AWARE
THE OLD LADY GOES TO CHURCH TODAY.

NOW I WANT EVERY MAN TO PUMP THE BEST HE CAN
FOR THE DISTANCE IT IS FAR,
AND WE HAVE TO GET IN AHEAD OF NUMBER TEN,
SO JERRY GO AND OIL THAT CAR.

IT WAS IN NOVEMBER IN THE WINTER TIME,
AND THE GROUND ALL COVERED WITH SNOW,
TOM PUT THE HAND CAR ON THE TRACK,
AND OVER THE SECTION GOES.

WITH HIS BIG SOLDIER COAT BUTTONED UP TO HIS THROAT,
ALL WEATHERS HE WOULD DARE,
AND IT'S PADDY, MAC, WOULD YOU WALK THE TRACK,
AND JERRY GO AND OIL THE CAR.

GOD REST YOU LARRY O'SULLIVAN,
TO ME YOU WERE KIND AND GOOD,
YE ALWAYS MADE THE SECTION MEN
GO OUT AND CHOP ME WOOD.

AND FETCH ME WATER FROM THE WELL,
AND CHOP ME KINDLIN' FINE,
AND ANY MAN THAT WOULDN'T LEND A HAND
'T WAS LARRY GIVE HIM HIS TIME.

GIVE MY RESPECTS TO THE ROADMASTER,
POOR LARRY HE DID CRY,
AND LAY ME UP THAT I MAY SEE
THE OLD HAND CAR BEFORE I DIE.

THEN LAY THE SPIKE MAUL ON ME CHEST,
THE GAGE AND THE OLD CROW BAR,
AND WHILE THE BOYS WILL BE FILLING UP THE GRAVE,
O JERRY WOULD YOU OIL THAT CAR?

I'LL SING YOU A SONG AND IT'S NOT VERY LONG,
IT'S ABOUT A YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T HOE CORN;
STRANGE TO SAY I CANNOT TELL
THIS YOUNG MAN WAS ALWAYS WELL.

HE PLANTED HIS CORN IN THE MONTH OF JUNE
AND BY JULY IT WAS KNEE HIGH;
FIRST OF SEPTEMBER COME A BIG FROST,
AND ALL THIS YOUNG MAN'S CORN WAS LOST.

WELL, HE WENT DOWN TO HIS NEIGHBOR'S DOOR
WHERE HE HAD OFTEN BEEN BEFORE;
SAYIN' "PRETTY LITTLE MISS WILL YOU MARRY ME,
PRETTY LITTLE MISS WHAT DO YOU SAY."

HERE YOU ARE A-WANTFUL TO WED
AND CANNOT MAKE YOUR OWN CORNBREAD;
SINGLE I AM, SINGLE I'LL REMAIN,
A LAZY MAN I'LL NOT MAINTAIN.

WELL, HE WENT DOWN TO THE PRETTY LITTLE WIDDER
AND I HOPE BY HECK THAT HE DON'T GIT HER;
SHE GAVE HIM THE MITTEN SURE AS YOU'RE BORN
ALL BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T HOE CORN.

DOWN ALONG THE RIVER JUST SITTING ON A ROCK,
LOOKING AT THE BOATS IN THE BONNEVILLE LOCK;
THE GATES SWING OPEN THE BOAT SAILS IN,
TOUTS HER WHISTLE, SHE'S GONE AGAIN.

GASOLINE GOING UP, WHEAT COMING DOWN.

FILLED UP MY HAT BRIM, DRUNK A LITTLE TASTE,
THOUGHT ABOUT THE RIVER JUST GOING TO WASTE,
THOUGHT ABOUT THE DUST, THOUGHT ABOUT THE SAND,
THOUGHT ABOUT THE PEOPLE, THOUGHT ABOUT THE LAND.

FOLKS RUNNIN' ALL AROUND OVER CREATION LOOKIN'
FOR SOME KIND OF A LITTLE PLACE.

FELLERS BACK EAST DOIN' A LOT OF TALKIN'
SOME A-BALKIN' SOME A-SQUAKIN'
BUT OF ALL THEIR FIGURES AND ALL THEIR BOOKS,
THEM BOYS JUST DIDN'T KNOW THEIR ROYAL SHANOOKS.

SALMONS - THAT'S A GOOD RIVER; JUST NEEDS ANOTHER
BIG STRING OF THEM BIG POWER DAMS UP
THERE ON IT.

PULLED OUT MY PENCIL, I SCRIBBLED THIS SONG
I FIGURED ALL OF THEM SALMON JUST COULDN'T BE WRONG.
THEM SALMON FISH IS PRETTY SHREWD YOU KNOW
THEY GOT POLITICIANS AND SENATORS TOO.

JUST LIKE THE PRESIDENT THEY RUN EVERY FOUR YEARS.

YOU JUST WATCH THIS RIVER THOUGH,
PRETTY SOON EVERYBODY'S GOING TO BE CHANGING THEIR TUNE.
THE BIG GRAND COULEE AND THE BONNEVILLE DAM
'LL RUN A THOUSAND FACTORIES FOR UNCLE SAM.
(EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD)

EVERYTHING FROM FERTILIZER TO SEWING MACHINES
- PLASTIC BEDROOMS -

UNCLE SAM NEEDS HOUSES AND STUFF TO EAT
UNCLE SAM NEEDS WOOL, AND UNCLE SAM NEEDS WHEAT,
UNCLE SAM NEEDS WATER AND POWER DAMS,
AND UNCLE SAM NEEDS PEOPLE AND THE PEOPLE NEED LAND.

'COURSE I NEVER DID LIKE DICTATORS
BUT I THINK THE WHOLE COUNTRY
OUGHT TO BE RUN BY ELECTRICITY.

MY WIFE DIED AND LEFT ME A FARM (3)
THAT'S WHY I'M GOING BACK TO CHARLESTOWN.

WELL, I HAD A DOG AND HIS NAME WAS BLUE (3)
AND I BET YOU FIVE DOLLARS HE WAS A GOOD ONE TOO.

SINGING: HERE BLUE
I CRIED COME ON BLUE.

HE TRED A POSSUM IN A HOLLOW LOG (3)
AND YOU CAN TELL FROM THAT HE WAS A GOOD OLD DOG.

OLD BLUE'S FEET WAS BIG AND ROUND (3)
HE NEVER 'LOWED A POSSUM TO TOUCH THE GROUND.

SINGING: HERE BLUE
YOU GOOD DOG YOU.

I'LL TAKE MY GUN, I'LL TAKE MY HORN
AND GET ME A POSSUM IN THE NEW GROUND CORN.

OLD BLUE BARKED AND I WENT TO SEE,
AND HE HAD A POSSUM UP IN A TREE.

THE POSSUM CRAWLED OUT ON THE LIMB,
BLUE BARKED AT THE POSSUM, POSSUM GROWLED AT HIM.

SINGING: HERE BLUE
YOU CAN HAVE SOME TOO.

WHEN OLD BLUE DIED, HE DIED SO HARD
HE SHOOK THE GROUND IN MY BACK YARD.

SO I DUG HIS GRAVE WITH A SILVER SPADE,
AND I LOWERED HIM DOWN WITH A GOLDEN CHAIN.

AND EVERY LINK I DID CALL HIS NAME
I CALLED HERE BLUE, I'M COMING TOO.

I'M GOING TO TELL YOU SO YOU'LL KNOW (3)
THAT OLD BLUE'S GONE WHERE THE GOOD DOGS GO.

SINGING: HERE BLUE
YOU GOOD DOG YOU.

COME ALL YOU YOUNG FELLOWS
SO YOUNG AND SO FINE,
SEEK NOT YOUR FORTUNE
WAY DOWN IN THE MINES.

IT WILL FORM LIKE A HABIT
AND BEEP IN YOUR SOUL,
'TILL THE STREAM OF YOUR BLOOD
FLOWS AS BLACK AS THE COAL.

IT'S DARK AS A DUNGEON
AND DAMP AS THE DEW,
THE DANGER IS DOUBLED
AND THE PLEASURES ARE FEW.

WHERE THE RAIN NEVER FALLS
AND THE SUN NEVER SHINES,
IT'S DARK AS A DUNGEON
WAY DOWN IN THE MINES.

THERE'S MANY A MAN
I HAVE SEEN IN MY DAY,
WHO LIVED JUST TO LABOR
HIS WHOLE LIFE AWAY.

LIKE THE FIEND WITH HIS DOPE
AND THE DRUNKARD HIS WINE,
A MAN WILL HAVE LUST
FOR THE LURE OF THE MINES.

IT'S DARK AS A DUNGEON
AND DAMP AS THE DEW,
THE DANGER IS DOUBLED
AND THE PLEASURES ARE FEW.

WHERE THE RAIN NEVER FALLS
AND THE SUN NEVER SHINES,
IT'S DARK AS A DUNGEON
WAY DOWN IN THE MINES.

I HOPE WHEN I'M DEAD
AND THE AGES SHALL ROLL,
MY BODY WILL BLACKEN
AND TURN INTO COAL.

THEN I'LL LOOK FROM THE DOOR
OF MY HEAVENLY HOME,
AND PITY THE MINER
A-DIGGING MY BONES.

AS I WAS A-WALKIN' ONE MORNIN' FOR PLEASURE
I SPIED A YOUNG COWBOY A-RIDIN' ALONG.
WELL, HIS HAT WAS SHOVED BACK, AND HIS SPURS
WAS A-JINGLIN',
AND AS HE WAS RIDING HE WAS SINGING THIS SONG.

CHORUS: WHOOPEE TI YI YO GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES
IT'S YOUR MISFORTUNE AND NONE OF MY OWN,
WHOOPEE TI YI YO GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES
YOU KNOW THAT WYOMING WILL BE YOUR NEW HOME.

EARLY IN THE SPRINGTIME WE ROUND UP THE DOGIES,
WE CUT 'EM OUT, BRAND 'EM AND BOB OFF THEIR TAILS;
ROUND UP THE HORSES LOAD UP THE CHUCK WAGON,
THEN THROW THE DOGIES OUT ON THE NORTH TRAIL. CHO.

YOUR MOTHER WAS RAISED WAY DOWN IN TEXAS
WHERE THE JIMSON WEED AND THE CHOLLA IS GROWN,
BUT WE'LL FILL YOU UP ON THOSE PRICKLY PEAR BRIARS
UNTIL YOU ARE READY FOR IDAHO. CHO.

OLD MAN I'M GOING UP THE MISSISSIPPI,
YES I AM, YES I AM.

I'M GOING TO SAIL ON THAT BIG BELA LISA,
YES I AM, YES I AM.

OLD MAN WILL YOUR DOG CATCH A RABBIT,
YOU CAN TAKE HIM AND TRY HIM, YOU CAN TAKE
HIM AND TRY HIM.

OLD MAN WILL YOUR HORSE TOTE DOUBLE,
YOU CAN TAKE HIM AND TRY HIM, YOU CAN TAKE
HIM AND TRY HIM.

OLD MAN WILL YOUR DAUGHTER TAKE COMPANY,
I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T KNOW.

I'M GOING TO SAIL UP THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER,
YES I AM, YES I AM.

I'M GOING TO SAIL ON THAT BIG BELA LIBA,
YES I AM, YES I AM.

WAY HAUL AWAY
WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE.

I'M SAILING UP THE GULF OF MEXICO.

WAY HAUL AWAY
WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE.

I THINK I HEARD THE BIG KATE ADAMS' WHISTLE BLO-W.

WAY HAUL AWAY
WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE.

THAT BIG KATE ADAMS GOING UP THE GULF OF MEXICO-O.

WAY HAUL AWAY
WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE.

I'M SAILING UP FROM MEXICO TO HONOLULU.

WAY HAUL AWAY
WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE.

WAY HAUL AWAY FOR BETTER WEATHER.

WAY HAUL AWAY
WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE. (2)

I ASKED THE BOSS ON THE BIG KATE ADAMS WAS THE
BOAT OVERLOADED - HE SAID:

WAY HAUL AWAY
WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE.

WAY HAUL AWAY FOR BETTER WEATHER.

WAY HAUL AWAY
WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE.