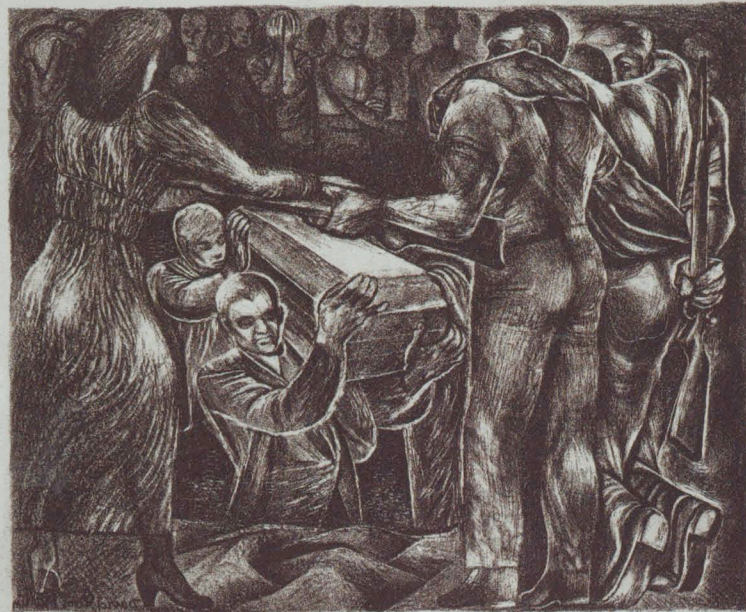


# STRUGGLE Woody Guthrie



Smithsonian/Folkways Records  
Office of Folklife Programs  
955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 2600  
Smithsonian Institution  
Washington DC 20560  
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Printed in Canada

**WOODY GUTHRIE****Struggle**

1. **Struggle Blues** 2:00
2. **A Dollar Down** 1:37
3. **Get Along Little Doggies** 3:01
4. **Hang Knot** 2:13
5. **Waiting at the Gate** 2:49
6. **The Dying Miner** 2:54
7. **Union Burying Ground** 3:02
8. **Lost John** 2:50
9. **Buffalo Skinners** 3:13
10. **Pretty Boy Floyd** 3:03
11. **Ludlow Massacre** 3:29
12. **1913 Massacre** 3:35

Woody Guthrie guitar, harmonica, vocals  
Cisco Houston guitar and vocals  
Sonny Terry harmonica

**Dedicated to Marjorie Guthrie and Pete Seeger**

Cover litho by David Stone Martin  
Cover design by Ronald Clyne  
Recordings and notes by Moses Asch  
Additional notes and editing, Anthony Seeger  
Additional research by Lori Taylor, Jeff Place  
Digital remastering supervised by Mickey Hart  
Reissue production coordination, Matt Walters.  
*Originally issued in 1976 as Folkways FA 2485.*  
*Additional notes enclosed.*



This album presents a group of songs of labor and struggle sung by one of America's great songwriters, Woody Guthrie. The songs were recorded in the 1940s by Moses Asch, founder of Folkways Records. Moses Asch issued 2,168 different albums on the Folkways label between 1947 and 1987, and many of them documented the voices and experiences of working people, minority groups, and communities fighting for their rights around the world. "Struggle" was originally released in 1976 for the bicentennial of the American revolution, and Moses Asch's album notes are his message to the American people about the significance of the American revolution and the violence of the continuing struggle for human rights and equity in the United States. Because of the historical significance of both the recordings and the notes, we have not added any audio material and have made only minor stylistic changes in Moses Asch's text. We have, however, included an updated discography and bibliography for those interested in learning more about Woody Guthrie or in listening to more of his songs.

Anthony Seeger  
Smithsonian/Folkways Records  
Office of Folklife Programs



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## WOODY GUTHRIE

### Struggle

1. **Struggle Blues** 2:00  
Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston  
(Woody Guthrie, Woody Guthrie Publications Inc., BMI)
2. **A Dollar Down** 1:37  
Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston  
(Cisco Houston, Sanga Music Inc., BMI)
3. **Get Along Little Doggies** 3:01  
Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston  
(Cisco Houston, Stormking Music Inc. BMI)
4. **Hang Knot** 2:13  
Woody Guthrie  
(Woody Guthrie, TRO-Ludlow Music Inc., BMI)
5. **Waiting at the Gate** 2:49  
Woody Guthrie  
(Woody Guthrie, Woody Guthrie Publications Inc., BMI)
6. **The Dying Miner** 2:54  
Woody Guthrie  
(Woody Guthrie, TRO-Ludlow Music Inc., BMI)
7. **Union Burying Ground** 3:02  
Woody Guthrie  
(Woody Guthrie, Woody Guthrie Publications Inc., BMI)
8. **Lost John** 2:50  
Woody Guthrie, Sonny Terry, Cisco Houston  
(Woody Guthrie, Woody Guthrie Publications Inc., BMI)
9. **Buffalo Skinners** 3:13  
Woody Guthrie  
(Woody Guthrie Publications Inc., BMI)
10. **Pretty Boy Floyd** 3:03  
Woody Guthrie  
(Woody Guthrie, Fall River Music Inc., BMI)
11. **Ludlow Massacre** 3:29  
Woody Guthrie  
(Woody Guthrie, Sanga Music Inc., BMI)
12. **1913 Massacre** 3:35  
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Woody Guthrie guitar, harmonica, vocals  
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#### Credits:

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**Other Woody Guthrie Recordings on Folkways**

Digitally remastered reissues on CD, LP and cassette distributed by Rounder Records include "Folkways: The Original Vision" (SF40001); and "Woody Guthrie Sings Folksongs" (SF40007).

Other titles will be reissued in a similar way, call the Office of Folklife Programs for information.

This album presents a group of songs of labor and struggle sung by one of America's great songwriters, Woody Guthrie. The songs were recorded in the 1940s by Moses Asch, founder of Folkways Records. Moses Asch issued 2,168 different albums on the Folkways label between 1947 and 1987, and many of them documented the voices and experiences of working people, minority groups, and communities fighting for their rights around the world. "Struggle" was originally released in 1976 for the bicentennial of the American revolution, and Moses Asch's album notes are his message to the American people about the significance of the American revolution and the violence of the continuing struggle for human rights and equity in the United States. Because of the historical significance of both the recordings and the notes, we have not added any audio material and have made only minor stylistic changes in Moses Asch's text. We have, however, included an updated discography and bibliography for those interested in learning more about Woody Guthrie or in listening to more of his songs.

Anthony Seeger  
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#### Smithsonian Folkways Records

Folkways Records was one of the largest independent record companies of the mid-twentieth century. Founded by Moses Asch in 1947 and run as an independent company until its sale in 1987, Folkways was dedicated to making the world of sound available to the public. Nearly 2,200 titles were issued, including a great variety of American folk and traditional music, children's songs, world music, literature, poetry, stories, documentaries, language instruction and science and nature sounds.

The Smithsonian acquired Folkways in order to ensure that the sounds and the genius of the artists would continue to be available to future generations. Every title is being kept in print and new recordings are being issued. Administered by the Smithsonian's Office of Folklife Programs, Folkways Records is one of the ways the Office supports cultural conservation and continuity, integrity, and equity for traditional artists and cultures.

Several hundred Folkways recordings are distributed by Rounder Records. The rest are available on cassette by mail order from the Smithsonian Institution. For information and catalogs telephone 202/287-3262 or write Folkways, Office of Folklife Programs, 955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 2600, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, U.S.A.





## STRUGGLE WOODY GUTHRIE

Smithsonian/Folkways SF 40025  
Recorded and annotated  
by Moses Asch

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Anthony Seeger  
Smithsonian/Folkways Records  
Office of Folklife Programs  
Smithsonian Institution

Notes by Moses Asch

Dedicated to Marjorie Guthrie and  
Pete Seeger.

To the memory of Woody Guthrie: This record is of special significance for it is a dedication to the two people who more than anyone else helped to keep

Woody Guthrie with us. First his wife Marjorie, who, despite a hard life with Woody — even a divorce — never lost faith and keeps his spirit and songs alive in her involvement and absorption in fighting for the cure and enlightenment on the dread disease that conquered Woody. Pete Seeger, because of his enthusiastic deliverance and his dedication to the songs of the people, always made sure that a Woody Guthrie song was included in his public repertoire, a song that was unknown to most of his audience. Thus he introduced hundreds of new Woody Guthrie songs to countless people.

This album came about this way: It was originally called "Struggle: Documentary #1" and I issued it in 1946 on Asch Records. I had recorded the 6 songs, Pretty Boy Floyd, Buffalo Skinners, Union Burying Ground, Lost John, Ludlow Massacre, on Woody's insistence that there should be a series of records depicting the struggle of working people in bringing to light their fight for a place in the America that they envisioned. He brought out the establishment that tried to put this idea down.

Woody was very well versed in this struggle. It took me six months of research to put out the pamphlet with the background to these six songs. I had travelled to Denver, San Francisco and the book shops of New York to get the information as well as the various union archives. Ben Shahn supplied me with the photos and David Stone Martin designed the lithograph made on stone of which this cover is a reproduction.

The other songs are from my recordings of Woody during the many years that he was associated with me in Asch, Disc, and Folkways Records.

This album is made possible because Marjorie Guthrie has been after me all these years. I waited for the Bicentennial to give the struggling people a chance to know that one of their own did not let them down and his songs go on and on and on.

Moses Asch  
Director Folkways Records  
N.Y.C. January 1976

The American Revolution was fought by many as a war not only against the unjust rule of George the Third but to establish a free country with a "Bill of Rights" where all men created equal might live in the pursuit of happiness.

When the first Supreme Court justice declared that property rights were the first consideration above personal rights, many of the revolutionary heroes left the country—among them Commodore John Paul Jones who led the small American navy that defeated the mighty British fleet.

There were those who remained to fight the politicians (Whigs) and the religious groups allied with the reactionary principals of property rights. One of the progressive groups, the Shakers, was founded by Mrs. Ann Lee of Neskeguna, New York, in 1776. Based on a communal society, spiritually and in a religious sense of common good, this was the first of the many attempts to maintain the teachings and philosophy of the first settlers, until the "robber baron" era of 1860-1900.

Others followed. They were: George Rapp colony founded in 1803, Robert Owen in 1824, Charles Finney in 1831, Albert Brisbane in 1844, John Collins in 1846.

These "new harmonies" and "utopias" were doomed to fail, since "fundamentally this American socialism meant nothing more than a union of homes and labor" [see number 1 in "references" below]. Karl Marx was yet to appear on the scene and through his work "Das Capital" give the world a practical basis for social understanding.

As early as 1827, however, the working man began to see the invention of machines as a colossus of slavery, dooming him to incredible hours of work (men went to work with the sun and quit with the sun) and starvation wages to eke out a pitiful existence. Without any knowledge of organized resistance the working man began to "strike" against these conditions each in his own way. A series of sporadic strikes (general strike of Philadelphia among them) brought about the unification of the forces of labor against invested interests. Collective unionism sprang up and by the end of the Civil War there was a national union of laboring men with a purpose.

On August 20, 1866, delegates from three score trade unions formed the National Labor Union. Their first resolution was "the first and great necessity of the present, to free labor of this country from capitalist slavery, is the passing of a law by which eight hours shall be the normal working day in all states in the American Union." [2]. After futile attempts at arbitration this resolved itself into collective struggle or in its passive form "to strike."

Chicago, then the center of labor union activity had many strikes which, during the depression of 1878-1885, were brutally suppressed by the militia, police and hired gunmen. In desperation a parade was organized by the unions on May 1, 1886, to openly demonstrate for an eight hour workday, but in order to avoid bloodshed it was cancelled. Two days later when August Spies was speaking to a group of locked out McCormick employees, scabs came out and a pitched battle took place. The police took over and killed several people. The famous "revenge" posters

appeared on the streets and a protest meeting was called in Haymarket Square for that evening. The meeting was quiet and because as he said "nothing is likely to require interference" the police inspector in charge went home [3]. Then Police Captain Shaack gave the order for the police to move in, dividing them into four groups and covering all avenues of escape [4]. A bomb was thrown and what is known as the Haymarket Massacre ensued. From this time on terrorist methods of strike breaking became a common practice.

Lawrence, Massachusetts. Textile strike, January 11, 1912. "There was much bitterness and violence and the troops were called in to defend the mills" (12 strikers killed) [5].

At Everett, Washington, August 19, 1916, Lumber Strike. "Clubs, brass knuckles, hose, fists and feet were all used and the pickets were badly beaten. While this was going on the police stood idly by and watched it without it without interference. That night the strikers and their friends...met the thugs in open fight. The scabs were badly beaten and hastily retreated. The police then rushed the strikers with drawn guns" [6].

Centralia, State of Washington, November 11, 1919. Centralia Parade, Lumber Strike. "At the words 'Let's Go' from both ends and in the middle the contingent started on the run for the union headquarters. There was a crashing of glass...then there was a shot...three more shots...a small volley..." [7].

The Battle of Evarts, Kentucky (Harlan County). Coal Mine Strike, May 5, 1931. "Defense witness testified Daniel and his men began shooting at the pickets before stopping their cars. That the pickets scattered and hid behind rocks and in small depressions for protection from the gunmen's withering fire. To gain a more advantageous position Daniels and his men got out of the cars with their rifles and advanced towards the trapped pickets" [8].

September 4, 1934. Burlington, North Carolina. Mill Strike. "The guards pushed and shoved in the crowd of pickets and came on with their bayonets and shouted 'Get on rats.' They turned the hose on us and near drowned us. They threw tear gas" [9].

The Ludlow Massacre and the 1913 Massacre which took place in Calumet follow in this course of events.

**References.** The references in the original essay were incomplete; we have made an effort to find the sources whenever possible. [1] Robert Allerton Parker, *A Yankee Saint*. Philadelphia: Porcupine Press 1972. [2] Alexander Trachtenberg, "History of May Day" (full reference not available). [3] Louis

Adamic, *Dynamite*. New York: The Viking Press 1931. [4] Michael Schaack, *Anarchy and Anarchists*. New York: Arno Press, 1977. [5] Frederick L. Allen, comments in Agnes Rogers (ed.) *The American Procession: American Life Since 1800 in Photographs*. New York & London: Harper and Brothers 1933. [6] Ed. Delany, "The Bloodstained Trail" in *The Industrial Worker*, Seattle (full reference not available). [7] *The Centralia Case: Three Views of the Armistice Day Tragedy at Centralia, Washington, November 11, 1919*. New York: Da Capo Press 1971. [8] possibly refers to Lee Pennington, *Songs of Bloody Harlan*. [9] Walt. Pickard, "Burlington Dynamite" (full reference not available). [10] Jeannette Bell Thomas, *Ballad Makin' in the Mountains of Kentucky*. New York: Oak Publications 1964. [11] Original reference refers to E. Lawson, "Twenty Years on the Chain Gang," but the full reference is unavailable.

#### Notes on the Songs

**Struggle Blues** (Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston)

*Harmonica solo with guitar.*

**A Dollar Down and a Dollar a Week** (Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston)

Ade Olaj E-E  
Ade Olaj E-E  
E-E-E-E-E

A friend of mine bought an automobile,  
At a dollar down and a dollar a week.  
Every time he turned the wheel,  
It was a dollar down and a dollar a week.

He went riding down the road,  
Pinched this girl upon her cheek.  
Speed cop took him to the judge,  
He got a dollar down and a dollar a week.

Sixty days he laid in jail,  
At a dollar down and a dollar a week,  
Another man was a lovin' his gal,  
At a dollar down and a dollar a week.

When he got out he shot the man,  
And laid him in the graveyard six feet deep.  
And when he bought the graveyard spot,  
It was a dollar down and a dollar a week.

Ade olaj E-E  
Ade olaj E-E  
Ade olaj E-E  
E-E-E-E-E (repeat)

**Get Along Little Doggies** (Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston)

Oh, little doggies,  
It's your misfortune and not of my own.  
Whoop-ee-ti-yi-o get along little doggies,

You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

A cattle trail drunk and a hard road to travel,  
That old Jack O' Diamonds is a hard card to play.  
Get along, get along, get along little doggies,  
Get along little doggies and be on your way.

Whoop-ee-ti-yi-o get along little doggies,  
It's your misfortune and not of my own.  
Whoop-ee-ti-yi-o get along little doggies,  
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

Some boys have hit this old cow trail for pleasure,  
But that's where they get it most awful wrong.  
I wish I could tell you the troubles they give us,  
As we go rolling these doggies along.

Whoop-ee-ti-yi-o get along little doggies,  
It's your misfortune and not of my own.  
Whoop-ee-ti-yi-o get along little doggies,  
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

**Hangknot** (Woody Guthrie)

Did you ever see a hangman tie a hang-knot?  
Did you ever see a hangman tie a hang-knot?  
I've seen it many a time and he winds, he winds,  
After thirteen times he's got a hangknot.

Tell me will that hangknot slip, no it will not,  
Will that hangknot slip, no it will not.  
Slip around your neck, but it won't slip back again,  
Hangknot, hangknot, that hangknot.

Did you ever lose your father on a hangknot?  
Did you ever lose your father on a hangknot?  
They hung him from a pole, and they shot him full of holes,  
Left him there to rot on that hangknot.

Tell me who makes the laws for that hangknot?  
Who makes the laws for that hangknot?  
Who says who will go to the calaboose?  
Get the hangman's noose on a hang-knot.

I don't know who makes the law for that hangknot.  
I don't know who makes the law for that hangknot.  
But the bones of many a men are whistling in the wind,  
Just because they tied their laws with a hangknot.

**Waiting at the Gate** (Woody Guthrie)

Tell the miners' kids and wives,  
There's a blast in the number five.  
And the families I see standing at the gate.  
The inspector years ago said number five's a deadly hole,  
And the men most likely won't come out alive.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.  
Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,  
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.

The inspector told the boss, it was more than a year ago,  
You're risking these men's lives in number five.  
That hole's full of fumes and dust, full of high explosive gas,  
But the boss said we'll just have to take the chance.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.  
Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,  
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.

Well the men in the number five kissed their wives and kids goodbye,  
Then they walk with their lunch kits up the hill.  
Everybody told the owner that this deadly day would come,  
But he said we had to work to pay our bills.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.  
Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,  
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.

Well I tried to get a look of the face I often know,  
As the men are carried out wrapped up in sheets.  
I can hear the church bells ringing for the one hundred eleven dead,  
I can hear the families weeping in the streets.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.  
Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,  
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.

This explosion struck on Wednesday,  
And I stood by the gate till Saturday,  
Till they laid my daddy out with the other men.  
In the pocket of his shirt I found a little note he wrote,  
Never go down in a dangerous mine again.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.

Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,  
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.

**The Dying Miner** (Woody Guthrie)

In a half and an hour ago,  
Way down in this tunnel of coal,  
Gas caught fire from somebody's lamp.  
And the miners are choking in smoke.

Goodbye to Dickie and Honey,  
Goodbye to the wife that I love.  
One of these men not coming home,  
Tonight when the work whistle blows.

Dear sisters and brothers goodbye,  
Dear mother and father goodbye.  
My fingers are weak and I cannot write,  
Goodbye Centralia, goodbye.

It looks like the end for me,  
And all of my buddies I see.  
We're all writing letters to children we love,  
Please carry our word to our wives.

We found a little place in the air,  
Crawled and drug ourselves here.  
But the smoke is bad and the fumes coming in,  
And the gas is burning my eyes.

Dear sisters and brothers goodbye,  
Dear mother and father goodbye.  
My fingers are weak and I cannot write,  
Goodbye Centralia, goodbye.

Forgive me for the things I done wrong,  
I love you lots more than you know.  
When the night whistle blows and I don't come home,  
Do all that you can to help mom.

I can hear the moans and groans,  
More than a hundred good men.  
Just work and fight and try to see,  
That this never happens again.

Dear sisters and brothers goodbye,  
Dear mother and father goodbye.  
My fingers are weak and I cannot write,  
Goodbye Centralia, goodbye.

My eyes are blinded with fumes,  
But it sounds like the men are all gone.  
'Cept Joe Valentini, Fred Gussler and George,  
Trapped down in this hell hole of fire.

Please name our new baby Joe,  
So he'll grow up like big Joe.  
He'll work and he'll fight and he'll fix up the mines,  
So fire can't kill daddy no more.

Dear sisters and brothers goodbye,  
Dear mother and father goodbye.  
My fingers are weak and I cannot write,  
Goodbye Centralia, goodbye.

## Union Burying Ground (Woody Guthrie)

*From persecution and tyranny the Pilgrims fled to America, and the social upheavals which rocked Europe in the 18th and 19th centuries were reflected in the hymn songs of the colonists. In church the people sang in unison of a better world to come. And later, at the camp meetings of the Shakers and the Baptists, the spirituals which had for centuries been sung to folk tunes became a part of a ceremony in which the congregation clapped and danced and shouted at their "holiness" meetings.*

*It was not long before this great emotional appeal found its way into the union hall. For the worker struggling to improve his condition, it was a natural transition to the militant spiritual, and he was completely at home in such songs as "Pie in the Sky (The Preacher and the Slave)" and "Alleluia, I'm a Bum," or,*  
"Toiling millions now are waking,  
See them marching on,  
All the tyrants now are shaking,  
Ere their power's gone."

*Most often he knew the melody, and the words wrung from bitter experience were like a weapon with which he could destroy evil. Sung by a crowd of people, these spirituals could inspire united action and it was, therefore, not unusual for the unions to encourage spiritual singing. Woody Guthrie, who understood the practical application of this, composed union words to many a folk melody. The punch line of this one is,*  
"Every new grave brings a thousand members."

I see they're lowering right new coffin,  
I see they're letting down right new coffin,  
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.  
And the new dirt's falling on a right new coffin,  
The new dirt's falling on a right new coffin,  
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.  
O, tell me who's that they're letting down, down,  
Tell me who's that they're letting down, down,  
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.  
Another union organizer,  
Another union organizer,  
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.  
A union brother and a union sister,  
A union brother and a union sister,  
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.  
A union father and a union mother,  
A union father and a union mother,  
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.  
Well, I'm going to sleep in a union coffin,  
I'm going to sleep in a union coffin,

Way over in that Union Burying Ground.  
Every new grave brings a thousand new ones,  
Every new grave brings a thousand members,  
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.  
Every new grave brings a thousand brothers,  
Every new grave brings a thousand sisters,  
Way over in that Union Burying Ground.

**Lost John** (Woody Guthrie, Sonny Terry, Cisco Houston)

"Lost John—Sonny Terry's—he picked it up down around the tobacco sheds. A little story of a man lost somewhere. I have heard a hundred versions of Lost John. Sonny's is the best. Sonny Terry brought Lost John, and Lost John brought Sonny Terry."

Woody Guthrie

*John L. Spivak says, "In the chain gang he will live in a cage like a wild animal, a cage crawling with vermin; he will be worked on the Georgia roads from sunrise to sunset. He faced an iron collar around his neck and chains around his feet. He will be left hanging in stocks from wrists and ankles, until he becomes unconscious. And should he escape death by torture . . . and I found no record of any prisoner who lived out ten years on the Georgia chain gang . . . he may be shot . . . trying to escape" [11].*

*The Negro suffered most on the Chain Gang, and in his hopelessness he found protest in such songs as the famous "Chain Gang" work songs of which Leadbelly and Josh White are famous Negro interpreters.*

*The harmonica even more than the guitar "talks" to the player, and the back road musician can get more feeling of movement in it. Some famous American harmonica pieces are "Fox Chase," "Train Blues," "Harmonica Breakdown," and "Wild Geese."*

*Blind Sonny Terry is well known to the folksong collector and, with Woody Guthrie commentary in this song, one feels with the escaped convict the terror of the bloodhound chase winding through the marshes and wilds of the southern countryside.*

**Buffalo Skinners** (Woody Guthrie)

*Traditionally the work song with social background as story material is considered the original composed song in America. "Buffalo Skinners" comes to us from the days when the Continental Railroad was being built.*

*Buffalo Bill (William Cody) was hired to supply food to the construction workers, because he knew the buffalo trails along the railroad where the buffalo*

*was plentiful and free. An agent of Buffalo Bill, knowing how to turn an "honest dollar" by a publicity stunt, soon tied up the romance of the wild west with expensive buffalo hide and the future "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." Buffalo hide, a by-product of the meat, was saved and shipped East where soon there was hardly a home without the black shining skin as a floor mat or wall decoration.*

*Naturally, prospectors of buffalo skins for the lucrative eastern market came west and soon the prairies were scattered with buffalo carcasses. When the buffalo became scarce, with this unwanted killing for skins, these disgruntled entrepreneurs started to cheat their workers.*

*This song became very popular and many a "Crego" [the name of the drover in some versions of the song] was left behind as a warning that justice could be carried out in even more ways than the legendary Judge Bean could think of executing.*

Come all you old time cowboys,  
And listen to my song.  
Please do not grow weary,  
I'll not detain you long.  
Concerning some wild cowboys,  
Who did agree to go,  
Spend the summer pleasant,  
On the trail of the Buffalo.  
I found myself in Griffin,  
In the spring of '83,  
When a well known famous drover,  
Came walking up to me.  
Said, "How do you do, young fellow,  
Well how would you like to go,  
And spend the summer pleasant,  
On the trail of the Buffalo?"  
Well I being out of work right then,  
To the drover I did say,  
"Going out on the Buffalo Road,  
Depends on the pay.  
If you will pay good wages,  
And transportation to and fro,  
I think I might go with you,  
On the hunt of the Buffalo."  
"Of course I'll pay good wages,  
And transportation too,  
If you will agree to work for me,  
Until the season's through."  
But if you do get homesick,  
And try to run away,  
You will starve to death,  
Out on the trail and also lose your pay."  
Well with all his flattering talking,  
He signed up quite a train,  
Some 10 or 12 in number,  
Some able bodied men.  
The trip it was a pleasant one,  
As we hit the westward road,  
Until we crossed old Boggy Creek,  
In old New Mexico.  
There our pleasures ended,  
And our troubles began.  
A lightning storm hit us,  
And made the cattle run.  
Got all full of stickers,  
From the cactus that did not grow,  
And the outlaws watching,  
To pick us off in the hills of Mexico.  
Well our working season ended,

And the drover would not pay,  
If you had not drunk too much,  
You are all in debt to me.  
But the cowboys never had heard,  
Such a thing as a bankrupt law,  
So we left that drover's bones to bleach,  
On the Plains of the Buffalo.

**Pretty Boy Floyd** (Woody Guthrie)

*Literature of the people as it is known to us started with the Homeric ballads and the sagas which were intoned. Later the balladeers, using this form, went from court to court and sang of their experiences and of the happenings of the world outside. You could call it the first "talking newspaper."*

*In America this form of storytelling was very common in the suburbs and rural areas until the advent of the radio. The lonely ranch or villager heard little of the "great" news and there are numberless stories of people living in the country who did not even know the president or if a war was being fought and by whom. The phonograph was the first mechanical instrument to bring to the rural family the voices of people outside of their own, and as the unknown but famous operas and symphonies became available to the city people, the rural family could now learn and sing along with such ballads as "The Prison Fire," "The Fate of Polly Moran," "The Dirigible Disaster," etc.*

*Naturally, ballads about Robin Hoods were always popular. The symbol of the people against foreclosures or seizure of land by banks, insurance companies, railroads and oil companies. They follow the form of ancient ballads in that they "tell a story and point a moral. Sometimes the ballad made by a bard had to do with tragedy, disaster, religion, war. But always he fashions it into verse and suits it to tune" [10].*

*There are many types of ballads about legendary heroes in the American scene. They include bad men, tall tale (Paul Bunyan) and the hero. Two of the most popular are: the outlaw, the Robin Hood - who "Stole from the rich, and gave to the poor, he'd a hand and a heart and a brain (Jesse James) and the bad man or desperado - "Yes my name is Sam Hall, and I hate you one and all. Yes, I hate you one and all, God damn your eyes."*

*Baby Face Nelson, in our contemporary life, is the bad man type. While of the Robin Hoods, there is no better illustration than that of Pretty Boy Floyd. Ask any Midwesterner.*

If you'll gather round me children,  
A story I will tell,  
Of Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw,  
Oklahoma knew him well.  
It was in the town of Shawnee,  
It was Saturday afternoon,  
His wife beside him in his wagon,  
As into town they rode,  
There the Deputy Sheriff approached him,



In a manner rather rude,  
Using vulgar words of language,  
And his wife she overheard.  
Pretty Boy grabbed the log chain,  
And the deputy grabbed his gun,  
And in the fight that followed  
He laid that deputy down.  
How this outlaw paid their mortgage,  
And saved their little homes,  
Others tell you of a stranger,  
\*\*That came to beg a meal,  
And underneath his napkin,  
Left a thousand dollar bill.  
It was in Oklahoma City,  
It was on a Christmas day,  
There came a whole car load of groceries,  
With a letter that did say,  
"Well you say that I'm an outlaw,  
You say that I'm a thief,  
Here's a Christmas dinner,  
For the families on relief."  
Now as through this world I ramble,  
I see lots of funny men,  
Some will rob you with a six gun,  
Some with a fountain pen,  
But as through your life you travel,  
And as through your life you roam,  
You will never see an outlaw,  
Drive a family from their home.

#### Ludlow Massacre (Woody Guthrie)

*"I made up these like I was there on the spot, the day, and the night that it happened. This is the best way to make up a song like this. When you read the life work of Mother Ella Reeves Bloor 'We are many' you will see this story of the Ludlow Massacre, you will be there, you will live it.*

*"Ludlow Massacre was one of the hundred of battles fought to build trade unions. I want to sing a song to show our soldiers that Ludlow Massacres must not ever come back to us to kill 13 children and a pregnant woman, just to force you to work for cheap wages."*

Woody Guthrie

It was early springtime when the strike was on,  
They drove us miners out of doors,  
Out from the houses that the Company owned,  
We moved into tents up at old Ludlow,  
I was worried bad about my children,  
Soldiers guarding the railroad bridge,  
Every once in a while a bullet would fly,  
Kick up gravel under my feet.  
We were so afraid you would kill our children,  
We dug us a cave that was seven feet deep,  
Carried our young ones and pregnant women  
Down inside the cave to sleep.  
That very night your soldiers waited,  
Until all us miners were asleep,  
You snuck around our little tent town,  
Soaked our tents with your kerosene,  
You struck a match and in the blaze that started,  
You pulled the triggers of your gatling guns,  
I made a run for the children but the fire wall stopped me,

13 children died from your guns.  
I carried my blanket to a wire fence corner,  
Watched the fire till the blaze died down,  
I helped some people drag their belongings,  
While your bullets killed us all around.  
I will never forget the look on the face,  
Of the men and women that awful day,  
When we stood around to preach their funerals,  
And lay the corpses of the dead away,  
We told the Colorado Governor to phone the President,  
Tell him to call off his national guard,  
But the National Guard belonged to the Governor,  
So he didn't try so very hard.  
Our women from Trinidad they hauled some potatoes,  
Up to Walsenburg in a little cart,  
They sold their potatoes and brought some guns back,  
And they put a gun in every hand.  
The state soldiers jumped us at the wire fence corners,  
They did not know we had these guns,  
And the Red-neck miners mowed down these troopers,  
You should have seen those poor boys run,  
We took some cement and walled the cave up,  
Where you killed those 13 children inside,  
I said, "God bless the Mine Workers Union,"  
And then I hung my head and cried.

#### 1913 Massacre (Woody Guthrie)

*"Copper Miner Christmas—also from the life of Mother Bloor is another incident they lived through. Copper miners made less than a dollar a day. They had a Christmas Ball at Calumet, Michigan to raise money for strikers and union families. Copper boss thugs yelled 'fire' in the door and seventy-three children smothered to death on the stairs."*

Woody Guthrie

Take a trip with me in 1913,  
To Calumet, Michigan, in the copper country.  
I will take you to a place called Italian Hall,  
And the miners are having their big Christmas ball.  
I will take you in a door and up a high stairs,  
Singing and dancing is heard everywhere.  
I will let you shake hands with the people you see,  
And watch the kids dance around the big Christmas tree.  
You ask about work and you ask about pay,  
They'll tell you they make less than a dollar a day.  
Working the copper claims, risking their lives,  
So it's fun to spend Christmas with children and wives.

There's talking and laughing and songs in the air,  
And the spirit of Christmas is there everywhere.  
Before you know it you're friends with us all,  
And you're dancing around and around the hall.  
Well, a little girl sits down by the Christmas tree lights,  
To play the piano so you gotta keep quiet.  
To hear all this fun you would not realize,  
That the copper boss' thug men are milling outside.  
The copper boss' thugs stuck their heads in the door,  
One of them yelled and he screamed, "There's a fire."  
A lady she hollered, "There's no such a thing."  
Keep on with your party, there's no such a thing."  
A few people rushed and it was only a few,  
"It's just the thugs and the scabs fooling you."  
A man grabbed his daughter and carried her down,  
But the thugs held the door and he could not get out.  
And then others followed, a hundred or more,  
But most everybody remained on the floor.  
The gun thugs they laughed at their murderous joke,  
While the children were smothered on the stairs by the door.  
Such a terrible sight I never did see,  
We carried our children back up to their tree.  
The scabs outside still laughed at their spree,  
And the children that died there were 73.  
The piano played a slow funeral tune,  
And the town was lit up by a cold Christmas moon.  
The parents they cried and the miners they moaned,  
"See what your greed for money has done."

Woody Guthrie guitar, harmonica, vocals  
Cisco Houston guitar and vocals  
Sonny Terry harmonica

#### Credits:

Cover litho by David Stone Martin  
Cover design by Ronald Clyne  
Recordings and notes by Moses Asch  
Additional notes and editing,  
Anthony Seeger  
Additional research by Lori Taylor,  
Jeff Place  
Digital remastering supervised by Mickey Hart

**Other Woody Guthrie Recordings on Folkways**  
Digitally remastered reissues on CD, LP and cassette distributed by Rounder Records include "Folkways: The Original Vision" (SF40001); and "Woody Guthrie Sings Folksongs" (SF40007). Other titles will be reissued in a similar way, call the Office of Folklife Programs for information.

Titles currently available on cassette from the Office of Folklife Programs include "Dust Bowl Ballads" (FA5212); "Ballads of Sacco and Vanzetti" (FA5485); "Songs to Grow On for Mother and Child" (FC7015); "Songs to Grow On" (FC7675); "This Land is Your Land" (FTS 31001); "Woody Guthrie, Poor Boy" (FTS 31010).

**Additional reading.** By Woody Guthrie: *Bound for Glory*, New York: E.P. Dutton & Co. 1943; *Born to Win*, New York: The MacMillan Company 1965; *Woody Sez*, New York: Grosset & Dunlop 1975; *Seeds of Man: An Experience Lived and Dreamed*, New York: E.P. Dutton & Co. 1976. Songbook: *Woody Guthrie Folk Songs: A Collection of Songs by America's Foremost Balladeer*, New York: Ludlow Music 1963. Biography: Joe Klein, *Woody Guthrie: A Life*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf 1980. Further information: Woody Guthrie Archives, 250 West 57th Street room 710, New York, NY 10019.

#### Smithsonian Folkways Records

Folkways Records was one of the largest independent record companies of the mid-twentieth century. Founded by Moses Asch in 1947 and run as an independent company until its sale in 1987, Folkways was dedicated to making the world of sound available to the public. Nearly 2,200 titles were issued, including a great variety of American folk and traditional music, children's songs, world music, literature, poetry, stories, documentaries, language instruction and science and nature sounds.

The Smithsonian acquired Folkways in order to ensure that the sounds and the genius of the artists would continue to be available to future generations. Every title is being kept in print and new recordings are being issued. Administered by the Smithsonian's Office of Folklife Programs, Folkways Records is one of the ways the Office supports cultural conservation and continuity, integrity, and equity for traditional artists and cultures.

Several hundred Folkways recordings are distributed by Rounder Records. The rest are available on cassette by mail order from the Smithsonian Institution. For information and catalogs telephone 202/287-3262 or write Folkways, Office of Folklife Programs, 955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 2600, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, U.S.A.