WOODY GUTHRIE SINGS FOLK SONGS, VOL. 2

KEEP MY SKILLET GOOD AND GREASY
TALKING HARD LUCK BLUES
WHOOPPEE 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

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2484
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 1922 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 countrysides 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 1, 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-boozey
All the time, time, time
Keep her good and drunk and goozy
All the time

Keep her good and drunk and a-boozey
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
I'll hang around your shanty
All the time

2
All the time, time, time
I'll hang around your shanty
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 ornestes 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 munks 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 walked 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, 'seiter 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:
Whooppee ti yi yo, get along little dogies,
It's your misfortune and none of my own.
Whooppee 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.
Whooppee 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
Rang on the wail, but the sadest 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)
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.

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)
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 Lakeshurg 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.
I'm a-walkin' down the road with my hat in my hand
Lookin' for a woman who needs a worried man
Hey, hey, baby take a whiff on me.

(Chorus)
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.

(Chorus)
Meet a lot of woman out a-raslin' around
But the Boston women are the beat 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.

(Chorus)

Side II, Band 6: Make me a pallet down on your floor
Make me a pallet down 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.

Side II, Band 7: Buffalo Gal

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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