



SyraUke Songbook

Special Woody Guthrie Edition

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1913 Massacre

Words and Music by 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,
Where 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.

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 in the
hall.

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.

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 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 seventy-
three.

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."

At My Window Sad & Lonely

Woody Guthrie, Music by Jeff Tweedy

[A] At my window sad & **[A/G]**lonely
[D] Oftimes do I think of **[A]** thee
[A]Sad and lonely and I wonder
[D] Do you ever think of **[A]**me?

[A]Every day is sad and**[A/G]** lonely
[D] Every day is sad and **[A]**blue
[A] Do you think of me my darling?
[D] As you sail that ocean **[A]**blue?

[A]At my window sad and **[A/G]** lonely
[D] Stand and look across the **[A]**sea
[A] And I sad and lonely wonder
[D] Do you ever think of **[A]**me?

[A]Will you find another **[A/G]** sweetheart
[D] In some far and distant **[A]**land?
[A] Sad and lonely now I wonder
[D] If our boat will ever **[A]**land

[A]Ships may ply the stormy **[A/G]** ocean
[D] Planes may fly the stormy **[A]**sky
[A] Sad and lonely but remember
[D] I will love you till I **[A]**die

Dance A Little Longer

Woody Guthrie

Verse 1

[G] Eats and drinks and [Am] smokes are gone,
[C] Ice on the steps and you [G] can't get home
[G] Hang y'r things on the [Am] peg in the
corner;
[C] Giggle an' wiggle an' [D] dance a little
longer.

Chorus

[G] Dance around, dance a little longer,
[C] Just gotta hold you [D] just a little longer;
[G] Sing and talk, joke a little longer;
[C] Just gotta hold you [D] just a little longer.

Verse 2

[G] Rained three days and [Am] the barditch
full;
[C] I can't get home; it's a [G] muddy old pull;
[G] I live on toppa that [Am] bad hill yonder
[C] That's why I gotta [D] dance a little longer.

Chorus

Verse 3

[G] Tonight's the night that [Am] the muddy
flood come,
[C] Took my house and it [G] tooken my barn;
[G] Drowned my goose and [Am] drowned my
gander,
[C] That's why I gotta [D] dance a little longer.

Chorus

Verse 4

[G] Lightnin' sat my [Am] place on fire
[C] Thunder shook down my [G] floorin' boards;
[G] Wild wind come along [Am] end it stole my
lumber;
[C] That's why I gotta [D] dance a little longer.

Chorus

Verse 5

[G] I tied my ship to a [Am] downtown dock
[C] Tidal wave run in and [G] give it a knock;
[G] It wrecked my boat and [Am] shivered my
timbers;
[C] That's why I gotta [D] dance a little longer.

Chorus

[G] I tied my bicycle [Am] up to a post
[C] And it got stole by a [G] graveyard ghost;
[G] He won't bring it back till you [Am] kiss me
stronger;
[C] That's why I gotta [D] dance a little longer

Chorus

Verse 7

[G] I hadda date tonight witha [Am]gal down
the road,
[C] Told her I'd stop off and [G] dump my load
[G] She's pretty pretty, but [Am] you're lots
pertyooeee;
[C] That's why I gotta [D] dance a little longer.

Chorus

Dear Mrs Roosevelt

Woody Guthrie

[D] Dear Missis Roosevelt, don't hang your head and
[D7] cry
His **[G]** mortal clay is laid away, but his good work
fills the **[D]** sky
this **[A]** world was lucky **[A7]** to see him **[D]** born.

[D] He's born in a money family on that Hudson's
rocky **[D7]** shore,
outrun **[G]** every kid a-growin' up 'round Hyde Park
just for **[D]** fun,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] He went away to grade school and wrote back to
his **[D7]** folks,
he **[G]** drew such funny pictures and always pulling a
[D] joke,
this **[A]** world was **[A7]** lucky to see him **[D]** born.

[D] He went on up towards Harvard, he read his
books of **[D7]** law,
he **[G]** loved his trees and horses, loved everything
he **[D]** saw,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] He got struck down by fever and it settled in his
[D7] leg,
he **[G]** loved the folks that wished him well as
everybody **[D]** did,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

He took his office on a crippled leg, he said to one
and**[D7]** all:
"You **[G]** money changin' racket boys have sure 'nuff
got to **[D]** fall!"
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] In Senate walls and Congress halls he used his
gift of **[D7]** tongue,
to **[G]** get you thieves and liars told and put you on
the **[D]** run,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] I voted for him for lots o' jobs, I'd vote his name
[D7] again,
he **[G]** tried to find an honest job for every idle**[D]**
man,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] He helped to build my union hall, he learned me
how to **[D7]** talk,
I **[G]** could see he was a cripple but he learned my
soul to **[D]** walk,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] You Nazis and you fascists tried to boss this
world by **[D7]** hate,
he **[G]** fought my war the union way and the hate
gang all got **[D]** beat,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] I sent him 'cross that ocean to Yalta and to **[D7]**
Tehran,
he **[G]** didn't like Churchill very much and told him
man to **[D]** man,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] He said he didn't like De Gaulle, nor no Chiang
Kai **[D7]** Shek,
shook **[G]** hands with Joseph Stalin, says: "There's
a man I **[D]** like!"
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] I was torpedoed on my merchant ship the day he
took **[D7]** command,
he was **[G]** hated by my captain, but loved by all
ships **[D]** hands,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] I was a GI in my army camp that day he passed
[D7] away,
and **[G]** over my shoulder talkin' I could hear some
soldier **[D]** say:
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

[D] I guess this world was lucky just to see him **[D7]**
born,
I **[G]** know this world was lucky just to see him **[D]**
born,
this **[A]** world was lucky to **[A7]** see him **[D]** born.

Deportees

Woody Guthrie

[D] The crops are all in and the [G] peaches are [D] rotting
[D] The oranges piled in their [A7] creosote [D] dumps
You're [G] flying them back to the [D] Mexican border
[D] To pay all their money, to [A7] wade back [D] again

Chorus

Good[G]bye to my Juan, good[D]bye Rosalita
Adi[A]os mis amigos, [D] Jesus y Maria
You [G] won't have your names when [D] ride the big airplane
All they will call you will [A7]be depor[D] tee

[D] My father's own father, he [G] waded that [D] river
[D] They took took all the money he [A7] made in his [D] life
My [G] brothers and sisters come [D] working the fruit trees
[D] They rode the trucks 'till they [A7] laid down and [D] died

Chorus

[D] Some of us are illegal and [G] others not [D] wanted
[D] A work contract's out, and we [A7] have to move [D] on
[G] Six hundred miles to the [D] Mexican border
[D] They chased us like rustlers, like [A7] outlaws, like [D] thieves

Chorus

[D] We died in your hills and we [G] died on your [D] deserts
[D] We died in your valleys, we [A7] died on your [D] plains
We [G] died in your trees and we [D] died in your bushes
[D] Both sides of the river we [A7] died just the [D] same

Chorus

[D] The skyplane caught fire over [G] Los Gatos [D] Canyon
[D] A fireball of lightnin' and it [A7] shook all the [D] hills
Who [G] are all these dear friends, they're [D] scattered like dry leaves
[D] The radio says, "They are [A7] just depor[D]tees."

Chorus

Hard, Ain't it Hard

Woody Guthrie

[C]There is a house in this old [F]town,
[C]Where my true love lays [G7]around,
[C]There she'll sit down on [F]another's knee
[C]And she tells them a [G7] tale that she won't tell [C]me.

Chorus

[C]It's hard and it's hard, ain't it [F]hard,
To [C] love one that never did love [G7]you.
It's [C] hard and it's hard, ain't it [F] hard, great God,
To [C] love one that [G7] never will be [C] true.

Well, the first time that I seen my true love,
She was a-walkin' past my door,
And the last time I seen her false-hearted smile,
She was dead on that bar-room floor.

Chorus

Now don't go to drinkin' and a-gamblin'
Don't go there your sorrows to drown,
That hard liquor place is a low-down disgrace,
It's the meanest damn place in this town.

Chorus

Now who's a-gonna kiss your ruby lips,
And who's a-gonna hold you to their breast,
Who's a-gonna talk the future over,
While I'm a-ramblin' in the West?

Chorus

Pastures of Plenty

Woody Guthrie

[C] It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have **[Am]** hoed
[C] My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty **[Am]** road
[C] Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we**[Am]** rolled
[C] And your deserts were hot and your mountains were **[Am]** cold

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes
I slept on the ground in the light of the moon
On the edge of the city you'll see us and then
We come with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops
Well its 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
Every state in the Union us migrants have 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

Pretty Boy Floyd

[E]If you'll gather 'round me, [E7]
children,

[A]A story I will tell

[E]'Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw,

[B7]Oklahoma knew him [E]well.

[E]It was in the town of [E7]Shawnee,

[A]A Saturday afternoon,

[E]His wife beside him in his wagon

[B7]As into town they [E]rode.

There a deputy sheriff approached him
In a manner rather rude,
Vulgar words of anger,
An' his wife she overheard.

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,
And the deputy grabbed his gun;
In the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down.

Then he took to the trees and timber
Along the river shore,
Hiding on the river bottom
And he never come back no more.

Yes, he took to the trees and timber
To live a life of shame;
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name.

But a many a starvin' farmer
The same old story told
How the outlaw paid their mortgage
And saved their little homes.

Others tell you 'bout a stranger
That come to beg a meal,
Underneath his napkin
Left a thousand-dollar bill.

It was in Oklahoma City,
It was on a Christmas Day,
There was a whole car load of groceries
Come with a note to 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."

Yes, as through this world I've wandered
I've seen lots of funny men;
Some will rob you with a six-gun,
And some with a fountain pen.
And as through your life you travel,
Yes, as through your life you roam,
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home.

This Land is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

Chorus

[D]This land is [G]your land, this land is [D]my land,
From Calif[A7]ornia to the New York [D]Island,
From the Redwood F[G]orests to the Gulf Stream wa[D]ters;
[A7]This land was made for you and [D]me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,
I looked above me, there in the skyway,
I saw below me, the Golden Valley;
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled, and followed my footsteps
Through the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me this voice kept saying,
“This land was made for you and me.”

Chorus

As the Sun was shining, and I was strolling
Through the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
I could feel inside me and see all around me,
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

Way Over Yonder in the Minor Key

Woody Guthrie

[G] I lived in a place called Ok-fus [C] lee
[C] And I had a little girl in a holler [G] tree
[G] I said, little girl, it's plain to [C] see,
[C] There ain't nobody that can sing like [G] me
[Am] Ain't nobody that can sing like [Em] me

[G] She said it's hard for me to [C] see
[C] How one little boy got so [G] ugly
[G] Yes, my little girly, that might [C] be
[C] But there ain't nobody that can sing like [G] me
[Am] Ain't nobody that can sing like [Em] me

Chorus

[C] Way over yonder in the minor [Em] key
[Am] Way over yonder in the minor [Em] key
[Am] There ain't nobody that can sing like [Em] me

[G] We walked down by the Buckeye [C] Creek
[C] To see the frog eat the goggle eye [G] bee
[G] To hear that west wind whistle to the [C] east
[Am] Ain't nobody that can sing like [Em] me

[G] Oh my little girly will you let me [C] see
[C] Way over yonder where the wind blows [G] free
[G] Nobody can see in our holler [C] tree
[Am] Ain't nobody that can sing like [Em] me

Chorus

[G] Her mama cut a switch from a cherry [C] tree
[C] And laid it on the she and [G] me
[G] It stung lots worse than a hive of [C] bees
[Am] Ain't nobody that can sing like [Em] me

[G] Now I have walked a long long [C] ways
[C] And I still look back to my tanglewood [G] days
[G] I've led lots of girls since then to [C] stray
[Am] Ain't nobody that can sing like [Em] me

Circle of Fifths

I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII
A	B	C	D	E	F	G
B	C	D	E	F	G	A
C	D	E	F	G	A	B
D	E	F	G	A	B	C
E	F	G	A	B	C	D
F	G	A	B	C	D	E
G	A	B	C	D	E	F

