

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

LETTER FROM ANNA CANONI

Dear listener,

I welcome you into our family's living room. As you play these intimate recordings of my grandfather at home in Brooklyn in the early 1950s, I hope you feel a sense of closeness to Woody. The songs he shares on these tapes are rough and raw. They are his musical introduction to his new publisher, Howie Richmond at TRO – The Richmond Organization, who said, “with Woody all it needed was to be shared.”

As you'll hear, Woody refers to these as “sample tapes...dim hints and vague suggestions”. He reminds Howie that although they are completed thoughts, they are also still “highly gear shiftable”. People have asked why share these recordings now? Although we have always known about them, it's thanks to our incredible audio engineering and restoration team; Steve Rosenthal, Sean McClowry, and Jessica Thompson who were able to remove the loud hums and tape noises that appeared across all the recordings. When I listened to these recordings again, the simplicity of the tone and gentleness of his voice became rooted in my heart, his words leaped out of the speakers, and the raw truth of his words knocked me out! I thought in these times perhaps the world could use a dose of Woody Guthrie.

I have always felt a little late to the party of Woody Guthrie, the kid in the family who's always playing catch up to stories I wasn't around to witness. I have come to learn that that's not the whole truth. The beauty of Woody's work is that you're never too late to join in. He's always here for you, no matter the time. His work, although specific to a story or a moment, can pierce you with simple truths and life lessons that resonate in any time, in any era. His songs are like evergreens, always ready for you, no matter how much time has passed. So, don't worry if you weren't there. Most of us weren't. Don't fret if you didn't pick up on his songs the first times you heard them. He'll come back around.

I am constantly amazed by Bob Dylan's understanding of Woody's work when he said, “you can listen to Woody Guthrie and actually learn how to live.” So, as you listen to what Woody has to say on these recordings and I hope it helps you on your journey, as he has helped me. The way my mother Nora Guthrie has always put it, we are Woody's coal holders. It's our job to keep the coals of his ideas burning for the next group of people, so that they may come along and ignite the flame back up. Woody will lay low, content to wait in the background, embers hot and ready. Then the times change and his fire starts roaring again, where we can pull from him, the words, the music, the lessons, and find some guidance to help us through our hard times, through the fight.

With love and peace,

Anna Canoni

Producer, President of Woody Guthrie Publications, and Woody's granddaughter

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VINYL JACKET:

"I just want you to know, sort of plain as I can tell you, that I have never yet put a song on tape or record, or wrote it down, or printed it down, or typed it up, or anything else that I really thought was a through and a finished, and a done song, and it couldn't be improved on, couldn't be changed around, couldn't be made better. That is ten times more true of all these little sample tapes that I've been sending you, in such big numbers, because the very fact that they are in such big numbers...shows you everyone's a sort of rough, dim hint, or little sometimes just a vague suggestion of what I really want to get at in a song..."

Woody at Home is a two-volume secret treasure trove of Woody's home recordings—recordings that Woody was unable to release in his lifetime, a life cut short by Huntington's disease. Never intended for commercial release, these raw and intimate home tapes were recorded in 1951-1952 at the family's apartment in Beach Haven, Brooklyn. Woody made them as his musical introduction to his new publisher. Now, thanks to the leaps made in technology, Woody's voice, ideas, and recordings are a guiding and candid voice. Woody sings about historic events, stories of the disenfranchised and ignored, love, and of course, the fight against fascism.

"There never was a sound that was not music. There's no real trick of creating words to set to music—once you realize that the word is the music and the people are the song." - WG

Woody Guthrie arrived in New York City on February 16, 1940, armed with a satchel of lyrics he had written. In the days of big band and Tin Pan Alley, folk music was just beginning to get established in Greenwich Village. After being rejected by the major publishing companies on Tin Pan Alley in New York, Woody got his first publishing deal in 1950 with a new startup, TRO, founded by music publisher Howie Richmond. As Howie recalled, "Woody was a hero to me before I ever met him and before I was a publisher. I heard Woody perform on a number of occasions before meeting him at a hootenanny in New York. He sensed my enthusiasm for his work. My goal was to hear everything he wanted to play. It was love and joy for me, from my heart. He came up to my office on 52nd Street and spent a couple of hours sharing his incredible repertory with me."

By 1950, two-channel tape recorders allowing recordings in stereo appeared in the United States for the first time. Able to get his hands on one of the new machines, Howie sent the recorder to Woody in Brooklyn to further encourage his output. Woody, his wife Marjorie and their three children had relocated to a red brick apartment in Beach Haven, Brooklyn in October 1950. Using his new tape recorder from "the safety of my home," Woody spoke, rambled, sang, and gave new context and intimate reflections into his songs using the single mic reel-to-reel machine. The first tape was submitted to TRO in January of 1951, and Woody immediately asked for more. "When tape machines came on the market, Woody began sending me tapes he

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had made at his home in Brooklyn, often several reels a week,” Howie said. “With Woody’s music, all it needed was to be shared.”

For Woody, to be at home producing his music at his leisure allowed a different focus and sense of safety. Writing was a fixation for Woody. Pete Seeger once said, “Anything worth discussing was worth a song to Woody.” His inspirations might come from a newspaper article, a movie, a conversation, or just from observing people. His lyric sheets are filled with quips, notes, and anecdotes that give insight into his personality, motivations, and process. Being a songwriter was more a matter of having something to say than developing special skills for Woody. One of the most prolific songwriters of his era, Woody’s output was constant.

“Any event which takes away the lives of human beings, I try to write a song about what caused it to happen and how we can all try to keep such a thing from happening again. I can’t invent the news every day. Nobody can. But I can do my little job, which is to fix the day’s news up to where you can sing it. You’ll remember it lots plainer if I can make it easy for you to sing the daily news at your job or else at your play hours.” - WG

“Woody wanted his songs and recordings to succeed, believing they were as good as any other popular songs and recordings of the day,” Howie said. “But Woody was writing songs about the struggles of ordinary people faced with hard luck and tough times. He touched every subject fearlessly and honestly and gave hope to those in greatest need.”

“A songwriter should more or less be the recording machine for other people’s worries, blues, mix-ups, and fights. Not only in small personal senses, but broad social ways and in the broader esthetic ways. To squeeze the kernel of useable good out of all his experiences and then to report by written word what good is to be had in the worst of things and what bad is in the best.” - WG

In July 1952, Woody was first admitted to Brooklyn State Hospital. In and out of hospitals for the next few years, Woody finally received a diagnosis of Huntington’s chorea in 1956, a disease that he had inherited from his mother, Nora Belle. He would spend the rest of his life in and out of hospitals, including Greystone Park Psychiatric Hospital in New Jersey (1956–1961), Brooklyn State Hospital (1961–1966), and finally Creedmoor Hospital (1966–1967), where he passed.

The last of the home tapes—the last Woody Guthrie recordings made—were submitted to TRO in December 1952. In total, 32 tapes and more than 300 recordings of Woody at home were submitted.

“Woody is just Woody,” John Steinbeck wrote. “Thousands know him by no other name. He is a voice with a guitar. He sings the songs of a people and I suspect that he is, in a way, that people. Harsh voiced and nasal, his guitar hanging like a tire iron on a rusty rim, there is nothing sweet about Woody, and there is nothing sweet about the songs he sings. But there is something more

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important for those who will listen. There is the will of a people to endure and fight against oppression. I think we call this the American spirit.”

NOTES ON THE TRANSFER AND RESTORATION PROCESS **by Steve Rosenthal, Jessica Thompson, and Sean McClowry**

Woody Guthrie’s original tapes were made in his home using a consumer tape recorder that played and recorded at a very slow speed, 3 3/4 inches per second. To restore as much fidelity and character as possible in a way that matched the tenor and spirit of Woody’s songs, several combinations of tape heads and settings were researched.

After testing the tapes on multiple reel-to-reel tape machines, the best sonic match was a fully restored Ampex 350 Tape Recorder from the same years that Woody’s tapes were first recorded. The Ampex 350 was introduced in 1950 and quickly became one of the most important early professional tape recorders of its era. Ampex, one of the original technology companies located in what would become Silicon Valley in California, made professional audio recorders that used vacuum tubes and large, heavy transports. To transfer the Woody tapes, a fully restored Ampex 350 Tape Recorder was played through a Mytek Brooklyn Analog to Digital Converter and recorded at 24 bit/192kHz into Avid Pro Tools, where we could take advantage of digital editing and restoration software while staying true to the original sonic character heard uniquely on the original tapes.

Mastering tools primarily consisted of two pieces of software developed using technology with deeply sophisticated algorithmic processing. A stem separation tool to “unmix” the sounds into their own stems, or tracks, allowed a rebalance of the guitar and vocals. (Woody was not a recordist, and these were not studio recordings, so sometimes his vocals drowned out his guitar strumming.) Another tool was used that neatly pulled out most of the 60-cycle hum that washed over the original recordings and separated it into its own “bass” stem. Woody’s recordings are mono, and they truly capture moments in time. However, those moments were buried under the detritus of having been recorded onto a slow speed quarter-inch analog tape over 70 years ago. With the worst “noise” out of the way, and the guitars and vocals better balanced, a gain was used to sculpt and refine the recording. A spectral editor further helped attenuate a single fundamental from an overzealous guitar pluck, or tuck in a vocal that came out a bit too exuberantly. Very little equalization or compression was used.

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VOLUME 1

1. This Land Is Your Land (Woody's Home Tape) (3:00)
2. Biggest Thing That Man Has Ever Done (2:53)
3. Howie, I'd Like To Talk To Yuh (spoken word) (2:25)
4. Deportee (Woody's Home Tape) (3:47)
5. Great Ship (2:53)
6. Pastures of Plenty (3:11)
7. Jesus Christ (4:39)
8. I'm a Child Ta Fight (2:23)
9. Innocent Man (3:32)
10. I've Got To Know (4:17)
11. Backdoor Bum and the Big Landlord (3:18)

VOLUME 2

12. I Just Want To Tell You Fellers (spoken word) (0:55)
13. Peace Call (4:11)
14. Ain't Afraid To Die (3:35)
15. Buoy Bells from Trenton (3:54)
16. Einstein Theme Song (with spoken word) (1:19)
17. One Little Thing An Atom Can't Do (3:35)
18. Forsaken Lover (4:15)
19. My Id & My Ego (3:20)
20. Lifebelt Washed Up (5:17)
21. Funny Mountain (1:57)
22. You Better Git Ready (2:42)

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1. THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND (WOODY'S HOME TAPE)

As I go walking a ribbon of highway
I see all around me a blue, blue skyway
Everywhere around me this wind a-keeps a-whistlin'
This land is made for you and me

This land is your land, and this land is my land
From the Red Wood Forest, to the New York Island
From the snow-cappy mountain, to the Gulf Stream waters
This land is made for you and me

I'm a-chasin' my shadow all across this road map
To the wheat field wavin', to the corn field dancin'
As I keep a-walkin', the wind keeps a-talkin'
This land is made for you and me

I can see your mailbox, I can see your doorstep
I can feel my wind rock your tip top treetops
All around your house there, a sunbeam whispers
This land is made for you and me

This land is your land, and this land is my land
From the Red Wood Forest, to the New York Island
From the snow-cappy mountain, to the Gulf Stream waters
This land is made for you and me

I'm a-havin' my farmer to scatter new seed
Showin' my builder how to build your love house
You just keep a-dancin' while I keep a-singin'
This land is made for you and me

This land is your land, and this land is my land
From the Red Wood Forest, to the New York Island
From the snow-cappy mountain, to the Gulf Stream waters
This land is made for you and me

2. BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE

I'm just a lonesome traveler, The Great Historical Bum
Highly educated from history I have come
I built the Rock of Ages, 'twas in the Year of One
And that was about the biggest thing that man had ever done

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I worked in the Garden of Eden, 'twas in the year of two
Once the pickers of the apple, I'm the champion picker, too
I'm the man that signed the contract to raise the rising sun
And that was about the biggest thing that man had ever done

I was head boss on the Pyramid, the Tower of Babel, too
Opened up the Red Sea to pass my children through
I fought a million battles and never lost a one
And that was about the biggest thing that man had ever done

I stopped old Caesar's Romans, and I stopped the Kubla Khan
Took but half an hour's work to beat the Pharaoh's bands
Knocked old Kaiser Bill flat, I dumped the bloody Huns
And that's about the biggest thing that man has ever done

I led the Revolution when we set the country free
Me and a couple of Indians gals that dumped the Boston tea
Won the battle at Valley Forge, and the battle of Bully Run
And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done

Next, we won the slavery war, some other folks and me
And every slave from sea to sea was all turned loose by me
I divorced old Madam slavery, and I wed this freedom dame
And that's about the biggest thing that man has ever done

I'm living with my freedom wife in a great big land we built
It takes all these forty eight States for me to now spread my quilt
Our kids are several millions now; they run from sun to sun
And that's about the biggest thing that man has ever done
I'd better quit my talking now, 'cause I told you all I know
But please remember, pardner, wherever you may go
I'm older than your oldest folks, and I'm younger than the young
And I'm about the biggest thing that man has ever done

3. HOWIE, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YUH (SPOKEN WORD)

Howie, I'd like to talk to you a couple of words about, uh...this idea of changing songs around, and all that stuff. Sort of roughly what we got at a little inch or two at a time, every time I've tried to visit you there in the office. But when I'm sitting around at home like this by myself, uh...it's a whole lot easier for me to talk like I want to talk, and say what I want to say, sort of in my own slow way. Lastly, no ten or fifteen telephones ringing. And I know the office is a pretty poor place to sit down and have a good long chat about anything, unless we have it around

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after midnight, or something like that, with all the telephones off the hook. That's your business, is telephones, and I know how well you tend to them. Because...Lord knows I think you're the best in your field. If I didn't think that I wouldn't have ever signed my name and your name on the same page of contracts. But I just want you to know, sort of plain as I can tell you, that I have never yet put a song on tape or record, or wrote it down, or printed it down, or typed it up, or anything else that I really thought was a through and a finished, and a done song, and it couldn't be improved on, couldn't be changed around, couldn't be made better. That is ten times more true of all these little sample tapes that I've been sending you, in such big numbers, because the very fact that they are in such big numbers...uh, shows you everyone's a sort of rough, dim hint, or little sometimes just a vague suggestion of what I really want to get at in a song. I just want you to know that all of these things are highly gear-shiftable, changeable. That's about all I got to say.

4. DEPORTEE (WOODY'S HOME TAPE)

The crops are all in and the fruit balls are rott'ning
The oranges stacked in their creosote dumps
They're flying me back to the ol' Mexican border
To pay all my money to walk back again

Goodbye to you, Juan, goodbye, Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
I don't have a name when I ride this big airplane
They just call me, "One more deportee"

My father's own father, he waded that river
He took all the money he made in his life
My sisters and brothers come up picking your fruit crops
To ride your wild trucks and die off like flies

Some days I'm not legal;
Some days days I'm not wanted;
My contract is gone, so I hafta move on
More than six hundred miles
You chase me towards that border
Worse than maddogs or thieves or outlaws, either one.

Goodbye to you, Juan, goodbye, Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
I don't have a name when I ride this big airplane
They just call me, "One more deportee"
I fell dead in your hills, I fell dead in your valleys

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Fell dead on your desert and sick on your plains
You killed me in trees, and you killed me in bushes
On both sides of the Rio, I die just the same

Goodbye to you, Juan, goodbye, Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
I don't have a name when I ride this big airplane
They just call me, "One more deportee"

Our sky plane caught fire
Over Los Gatos Canyon;
My fireball of lightning shook all of your hills;
I see all my good friends blow here just like dry leaves
The radio calls us "Just some more deportees".

Is this the best way you can grow our big orchard?
Is this the best system to grow some good fruit?
To die in your aircrate
To fertilize your topsoil
To be called by no name, except "one more deportee"?

Goodbye to you, Juan, goodbye, Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
I don't have a name when I ride this big airplane
They just call me, "One more deportee"

5. GREAT SHIP

Lusitania was her name
And great was her fame
And great was the shame
When that good ship went down

On the seventh day of May
In nineteen fifteen
This good ship sail'd high
And the good ship went down

I looked at my clock
Felt the iceberg had shock
Felt the whole ship a-rockin
When this good ship went down

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Lusitania was her name
And great was her fame
And great was her shame
When that good ship went down

That explosion was a sight
My face white with fright
I knew that death was my plight
When this great ship went down

All my friends, none did smile
I saw mother and child
I saw those cold waves run wild
When that great ship went down

I felt so sad to know
That this high-leaping foam
Would now be my home
When this good ship went down.

Told my sweetheart, we kiss
Our last earthly kiss
In this cold ocean mist
While this great ship goes down

Lusitania's her name
And great was her fame
And great was the shame
When this good ship went down

I speak a prayer in my heart
For you souls that depart
You be torn not apart
When this great ship goes down

I speak a prayer in my heart
For you souls that depart
You be torn not apart
When this great ship goes down

Lusitania was her name
And great was her fame

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And great was the shame
When this good ship went down

Lusitania was her name
And great was her fame
And great was the shame
When this great ship went down

6. PASTURES OF PLENTY

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hand has hoed
And my poor feet have traveled a hot and a dusty road
Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled
And your mountains were hot and your desert is cold

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

California, Arizona, I make all your crops
Then it's North up to Oregon, gather your hops
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine
To set on your table, your light and sparkling wine
To set on your table, your light and sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from the dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the water runs down
Every state in the Union us migrants have been
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight until we win

Well, it's always we rambled, that river and I
All along your green valley, I'll work till I die
My land I'll defend with my life if need be
Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free

Well, it's always we rambled, that river and I
All along your green valley, I'll work till I die
My land I'll defend with my life if need be
Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free

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7. JESUS CHRIST

Jesus Christ was a man, he traveled through this land
A hard-working man and brave
He said to the rich, "Share your goods with all the poor"
So they laid Jesus Christ in His grave

Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand
A hard-working man and brave
One dirty coward called Judas Iscariot
Has laid Jesus Christ in His Grave

When Jesus come to town, all the working folks around
Believed what he did say
It was these bankers and these preachers, they nailed Him on the cross
And they laid Jesus Christ in his grave

Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand
A hard-working man and brave
One dirty coward called Judas Iscariot
Has laid Jesus Christ in His Grave

Jesus went to the preacher, He went to the sheriff
Told them all the same
"Sell all of your jewelry and give it to the poor"
Has laid Jesus Christ in His Grave

Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand
A hard-working man and brave
One dirty coward called Judas Iscariot
Has laid Jesus Christ in His Grave
The poor, hardworking people, did follow Him around
They sung and shouted gay
The cops and the soldiers, they nailed him in the air
And they laid Jesus Christ in His Grave

Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand
A hard-working man and brave
One dirty coward called Judas Iscariot
Has laid Jesus Christ in His Grave

All the people held their breath when they heard of Jesus' death
Everybody wondered why

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It was the rich landlord and the soldiers that he hired
To nail Jesus Christ in the sky

Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand
A hard-working man and brave
One dirty coward called Judas Iscariot
Has laid Jesus Christ in His Grave

This song was written in New York City
Of rich man, preacher, and slave
If Jesus was to preach what He preached in Galilee,
They would lay poor Jesus in His grave.

Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand
A hard-working man and brave
One dirty coward called Judas Iscariot
Has laid Jesus Christ in His Grave

8. I'M A CHILD TA FIGHT

I'm ruff, I'm tuff, I'm double tuff
Cast iron through and through
My eyeballs both are forty fours,
And my teeth are thirty twos.
I'm a child ta fight!
I'm a child ta fight!
Hey all you fascists, here I come!
I'm a child ta fight.

I've marched in fifty armies;
I've won two hundred wars;
I'm gonna lay them fascists down
If it takes me a thousand years.
Nobody big enough to bully me;
Cain't slap my folks around;
Grab my ole squirrely gun in my hand,
I'll bring you superboys down!

I'm a child ta fight,
I'm a child ta fight!
Look out you fascists, here I come!
I'm a child ta fight!

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I'm a child ta fight,
I'm a child ta fight!
Look out you fascists, here I come!
I'm a child ta fight!

Hitler blasted Europe down
From Russia down to Spain;
I'ma gonna take my choppin' axe
An' bust that Hitler chain!
My toes are made of pigiron;
My hands are tempered steel
Grab me a 'zooky and a war tank, yes
And stop that Hitler heel.

I'm a child ta fight,
I'm a child ta fight!
Look out you fascists, here I come!
I'm a child ta fight!
You fascists got my temper up,
You supers got me mad;
Before my fists gits through with you,
You're gonna look poorly sad
It's when I crossed that ocean foam
With my rifle on that hut,
I shot so daddbern many ways,
I opened up a dozen fronts.

I'm a child ta fight,
I'm a child ta fight!
Look out you fascists, here I come!
I'm a child ta fight!

I'm a child ta fight,
I'm a child ta fight!
Look out you fascists, here I come!
I'm a child ta fight!

9. INNOCENT MAN

An innocent man
Went down that chain-gang line;
An innocent man

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Is a pretty hard man to find.

An innocent man
Done went to Alcatraz;
That innocent man
Got a good long time to pass.

I'm an innocent man
Got a work chain 'round my leg;
I'm an innocent man
Got ninety-nine years to pay.

I'm an innocent man
They've got me on this rock;
I'm an innocent man
But the big steel door is locked.

I'm an innocent man
I wouldn't do you harm;
I'm an innocent man
But, I'm slavin' on the county farm.

I'm an innocent man
My judge done give me life;
I'm an innocent man
My lawyer took my wife.

I'm an innocent man
This lockup tank is full;
I'm an innocent man
I didn't have no inside pull.

I'm an innocent man
I got my lifetime here to wait;
Your guilty man
Sprees around in a Cadillac Eight.

That guilty man
Got a mansion here in town;
This innocent man
Two sixes upside down.

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Your guilty man
Smokes a big two-bit cigars;
I'm an innocent man
I've got my hard, hard steel bars.

You're a guilty man
He lives on chicken and wine;
I'm an innocent man
I eat beans most all the time.

That guilty man's
Got an office in your town;
I'm an innocent man
On a chain gang lifetime bound.

That guilty man's
Got an office in your town;
I'm an innocent man
On a chain gang lifetime bound.

10. I'VE GOT TO KNOW

I've got to know, yes, I've got to know, friend
Hungry lips ask me wherever I go
Comrades and friends all falling around me
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know

Why do your war boats ride on my waters?
Why do your death bombs fall down from my skies?
Tell me, why do you burn my farm and my town down?
I've got to know, friend, I've got to know

What makes your boat haul death to my people?
Nitroblock busters, big cannons, and guns
Why doesn't your ship bring food and some clothing?
I've sure got to know, folks, I've sure got to know!

Why can't my two hands get a good pay job?
I can still plow, plant, I can still sow, reap
Why did your lawbook chase me off my good land?
I'd sure like to know, friend, I've just got to know

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I've got to know, yes, I've got to know, friend
Hungry lips ask me wherever I go
Comrades and friends all falling around me
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know

What good work did you do, I'd like to ask you
To give you my money right out of my hands?
I built your big house here to hide from my people
Why did you hide, so? I'd like to know

You keep me in jail and you lock me in prison
Your hospital's jammed and your crazy house full
What made your cop kill my trade union worker?
You'll have to talk plain, 'cause I sure got to know

Why can't I get work and cash a big paycheck
Why can't I buy things in your place and your store?
Why do you close my plant down, down
I'm asking you man, 'cause I sure got to know

I've got to know, yes, I've got to know, friend
Hungry lips ask me wherever I go
Comrades and friends all falling around me
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know

11. BACKDOOR BUM AND THE BIG LANDLORD

Away on up yonder, in the blue-green sky
Where the good angels go to fly
A back-door bum and a big landlord
Went a walking side by side
Said the big landlord to the back-door bum
"My feet's getting' also tired"
Said the back-door bum to the big landlord,
"We'll camp and a-build a fire."

This landlord said, "I just got here
From a planet called the earth;
I wouldn't know how to build a camp,
Much less, to build a fire."
The old hobo said, "Yes, I know,
But you'll freeze dead tonight

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

If we don't make a big bonfire
To make this night look bright."

The landlord sat and scratched his head
While the old bum scouted around
For some phosphorous logs to rub with stars
As the dark come tumbling down;
His blaze got bright just as the night
Got darker than my darkest star
His fire looked like a newborn star,
In my universe that night.

This big landlord reached in his belt
And he counted his golden chips
The bum boiled up a starry stew
And he smacked his hungry lips
He said, "You'd sure better fill your guts
With some comet stew tonight."
"No, thank you," grunted the landlord,
"I've lost my appetite."

The side street bum ate down his stew
Then pulled out a whittling knife
Cut a reedy whistle from a woody limb
And he played in the starshine bright
The landlord frothed at the mouth and says,
"Please let your music wait
I'm counting out enough gold money
To get in the pearly covered gate."

The bum rolled over and went to sleep
And the landlord stayed awake;
Gold and silver he counted all night
Till the sun come daylight to break
They broke their camp and walked and climbed
Up a canyon some made from clouds;
That landlord couldn't keep up with the bum
'Cause his moneybag pulled him down'.

"Passport nor coins I've not got."
The bum joshed the guard at the gate
"I'll blow you a tune on my panpipe flute."

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

All the hands passed him down their street.
That big old landlord was half a day late
Holding coins in both o' his hands
One said, "Our city is build of gold.
Your coins you can never spend."

The landlord yelled, "I'll buy this place.
Take me to the boss of your gate.
I'll buy me a judge Medina or two.
Raise your rents. Kick you out in the street."
The guard pushed a button and opened a shaft;
He shot the landlord off to Hell.
Now the Devil is dipping his fork in the gold.
But the landlord's dollars didn't melt.

12. I LIKE THIS TAPE (SPOKEN WORD)

I just want to tell you fellers that I'm awful glad sending this batch of songs to you. This sounds like about the best tape I made so far. Some of the other tapes though got some parts on them that are at least worth listening to, some of the parts around the house here, where me and the kids all banging their slips together, while Marge was out working, I was here at home watching the kids by myself. So the kids tapes I'm sending you, the ones with me and the kids on them, I don't want you sending them back or anything like that. I just want you to keep them and play them, and see the place from whence all good folk songs breed and spring. Hope Howie had a good vacation in Mexico. Glad to see him back. You can get an awful good bowl of chili right here in New York.

13. PEACE CALL

Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I hear the bugle sounding,
Booming around my land, my city and my town;
Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the horn and voices ring louder,
While my bugle calls for peace.

Open your eyes to the paradise,
To the peace of the heavenly angels,
Chase away that woeful shadow dancing on your wall;
Look to the skies of peace, oh friends,
Of peace of the heavenly Father;

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

Get ready for the bugle call of peace.

Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I hear the bugle sounding,
Booming around my land, my city and my town;
Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the horn and voices ring louder,
While my bugle calls for peace.

Thick war clouds will throw its shadows,
Darkening the world around you,
But in my life of peace your dark illusions fall;
Think and pray my union way,
Kiss everybody around you;
Get ready for my bugle call of peace.

Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the bugle sounding,
Booming around my land, my city and my town;
Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the horn and voices ring louder,
While my bugle calls for peace.

If these war storms fill your heart
With a thousand kinds of worry,
Keep to my road of peace, you'll never have to fear;
Keep in the sun and look around
In the face of peace and plenty;
Get ready for my bugle call of peace.

Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the bugle sounding,
Booming around my land, my city and my town;
Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the horn and voices ring louder,
While my bugle calls for peace.

I'll clear my house of the weeds of fear
And turn to the friends around me,
With my smile of peace, I'll greet you one and all;
I'll work, I'll fight, I'll sing and dance,
Of peace of the youthful spirit;

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

Get ready for my bugle call of peace.

Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the bugle sounding,
Booming around my land, my city and my town;
Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the horn and voices ring louder,
While my bugle calls for peace.

Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the bugle sounding,
Booming around my land, my city and my town;
Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.
I can hear the horn and voices ring louder,
While my bugle calls for peace.

14. AIN'T AFRAID TO DIE

I ain't afraid to die, I'm afraid t' die by myself!
Ain't afraid t' die, just afraid t' go by myself!
I ain't afraid t' die, 'Fraid t'die by myself!
'Fraid, 'fraid, Oh, 'fraid; I'm 'fraid t' die by myself!

I ain't afraid to work, I'm afraid t' work by myself!
Ain't afraid t' work, just afraid t' work by myself!
Not afraid o' this work. Don't like a-workin' by myself;
I don't like, I don't like, like to work, work by myself.

I ain't afraid to dance, just hate to dance by myself;
Ain't afraid to dance, but I can't dance by myself;
Not a-scared about dancin' Just hate to dance by myself;
Hate, hate, I just hate, hate Hate to dance by myself

I'm glad to hear, that I'll meet you after death;
I'm glad to hear that I'll meet you after death
Sure mightly glad to get word, goin' to meet you after death;
Glad I can hug and kiss, And kiss you after death.

My eyes are closed. Goin' to see you in the sky:
My eyes are closed. Goin' to see you in the sky:
My eyes are closed. Goin' to see you in the sky:
Goin' to see, see, see, see, see, See you in the sky.

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

My lips are dry, goin' to kiss you in the sky;
My lips are all dry, goin' to kiss you in the sky
My lips are dry, goin' to kiss you in the sky;
Goin' to kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss you, Kiss you in the sky.

My hands gone cold, goin' to touch you in the sky;
Both hands gone cold, goin' to rub you in the sky
Both o' my hands gone cold, goin' to rub you in the sky;
Goin' to rub, rub, rub, rub you, rub you in the sky.

15. BUOY BELLS FROM TRENTON

Bling, blang, blong, I can hear them,
Ringing louder as my stormy waters rise;
Bling, blang, blong, I can hear them
Ringing for my boys, framed, not to die.

When my buoy bells keep ringin',
I can hear them on the wind,
Ringin' out to bring my sailors home,
They should sound like bells of liberty,
but they ring like bells of death
For my six sons Trenton in Death Row marked to die.

Bling, blang, blong, I can hear them,
Ringing louder as my stormy waters rise;
Bling, blang, blong, I can hear them
Ringing for my boys, framed, not to die.

I shipped on these same waters
And I heard my channel bells,
Got my ship to beat that racial hate;
I sailed home past bells of warning
And I find you marked to die
Just for being born with a dark skin on your face.

Bling, blang, blong, I can hear them,
Ringing louder as my stormy waters rise;
Bling, blang, blong, I can hear them
Ringing for my boys, framed, not to die.

Now my bells ring o'er my rooftops,

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

Hear 'em ring on every tree;
Take me back to the Civil War I fought to set you free;
If your Trenton court can kill you
Six for one and one a day,
The race hate gang is still at work my bells are telling me.

Bling, blang, blong, I can hear them,
Ringing louder as my stormy waters rise;
Bling, blang, blong, I can hear them
Ringing for my boys, framed, not to die.

Yes, my bouy bells 'round Boston
Rang in blood one hateful night,
Old Judge Thayer let Sacco and Vanzetti die;
He called 'em wops and radical rats
That same old racial hate
Ran through the judge and jury's heart, and your death line they signed.

16. EINSTEIN THEME SONG (SPOKEN WORD)

You know, Professor Albert Einstein told me one day while he was riding a box car, he said he's gonna invent a theory that'll do away with race hate, and race fightin's, and race bombings, and all this Jim Crow stuff, just provin' to people that there ain't so such places up north, and down south, and out west, and back east, and all that stuff. He said this whole world was just like a little rubber ball, so if you just took a bunch of hat pins through it, that no hat pin would point east, or no hat pin would point up or down, or east or west, or south or north, or any other directions. So, you couldn't be from any of them places, so you couldn't hate anybody else who was from them places.

Well, if I can't go east...north or south
And if I can't go north or south
I can still go in and out
And I can still go round and around

I can still go round and around
I can still go round and around
I can still go in and out
I can still go round and around

If I can't go east or west
If I can't go north or south
I can still go in and out

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

And I can still go round and around
And I can still go round and around

17. ONE LITTLE THING AN ATOM CAN'T DO

In the nearby day to come
When we whip this atom bomb,
And when we use its pills of power to build houses to the sky;
Atom power is bound to be,
But the biggest miracle that you'll see
Will be one little thing the atom can't do.

One little thing the atom can't do,
One little thing the atom can't do;
It can't hug and kiss your cheek,
It can't call you honey dumpling;
No, that's one little thing the atom can't do.

You can drop your atom pill
Down in the gas tank of your car;
And it'll roll you round this world
And shine your shoes ten times a day;
It can't show you how to court or kiss;
It can't sing songs about your lips;
No, that's one little thing the atom can't do.

One little thing the atom can't do,
One little thing the atom can't do;
It can't hug and kiss your cheek,
It can't call you honey dumpling;
No, that's one little thing the atom can't do.

Atom wheels can take you rolling
Down to the shade of lover's lane;
Atom sody will taste good
With atom sandwiches you bring;
But when love's lips get wet and woozeldy,
When my love light shines in your eyes;
Hmm, well, that's one little thing the atom can't do.

One little thing the atom can't do,
One little thing the atom can't do;

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

It can't hug and kiss your cheek,
It can't call you honey dumpling;
No, that's one little thing the atom can't do.

Atom bells can ring my wedding;
Atom songs can fill my home;
Atom this and atom that,
My atom smile I can put on;
But when mommy an' daddy nature
Teach you all the tricks they knew,
That's one little thing the atom can't do.

One little thing the atom can't do, do, do,
One little thing the atom can't do;
It can't hug and kiss your cheek,
It can't call you honey dumpling;
No, that's one little thing the atom can't do.

One little thing the atom can't do, do, do,
One little thing the atom can't do;
It can't hug and kiss your cheek,
It can't call you honey dumpling;
No, that's one little thing the atom can't do.

18. FORSAKEN LOVER

I will tell a sad sad story
I a-gonna tell this story true
About an old forsaken lover
Of my heart broke sad and blue.

It was on one summery evenin'
It was on a day so clear
Sailed across that lonesome ocean
From this girl he loved so dear.

How I miss you, how I miss you
How I wisht that you were here
I'm your old forsaken lover
And my poor heart is sad and drear

If you see my rambling darling

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

If you see my soldier love
Tell him that his lonely darling
Waits for him back home alone.

High upon this Ozark mountain
My soldier's love so far away
Sad and lonely, sad and lonely,
I cry by night, and I weep by day

I'm your old forsaken lover
On this river bank alone
My eyes have never been dry one minute
Since that war took you and gone

My life looks like a stormy cloud bank
Where no sun can ever shine through
My sweet wind howls and cries around me
Since that warship sailed with you

When my heart gets heavy laden
When my eyes can cry no more
I fall down by my budding roses
And pray for god to end this war

For my mango wood is weeping
Where my red rippling waters glide
I prayed to god to bring my soldier
Back to take me for his bride

I'm your old forsaken lover
On this river bank alone
My eyes have never been dry one minute
Since that war took you and gone

19. MY ID & MY EGO

Every time I see you shakin' it around;
Every time I see you wiggle it around,
My blood runs hot
And my words freeze cold;
My id starts chasin' my ego 'round.

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

My id starts chasin' my ego around;
My id starts knockin' my ego down;
You shake, shake, shakin' it up and down
My id goes t' pushin' my ego around.

Honey, every time I see you pacin' this floor;
Every time I see you open this door;
Every time I see your neckline lower
My id and my ego wrestle, fight more

My id starts chasin' my ego around;
My id starts knockin' my ego down;
You shake it up, you shake it down
My id goes t' pushin' my ego around.

Every time you snap a little snapp;
Every time you strap a little strappppp;
Every time you zip your zipper,
My id goes startin' another scrap.

My id starts chasin' my ego around;
My id starts knockin' my ego down;
Every time you zippin' it up and down,
My id goes t' pushin' my ego around.

When ya toss y'r nylones on my bed;
When ya hang y'r street clothes on this peg;
When y' warsh y'r duds from a hard day's work,
My id comes aboxin' my ego's head.

My id comes a-chasin' my ego around;
My id comes knockin' my ego down;
Every time you go to hangin' your clothes around
My id goes t' pushin' my ego around.

Look outta my window, along my street;
See see you come a-pracin' along so sweet;
I see the biggest little battle ever hit this place
My id starts a-droppin' my ego's feet

My id starts chasin' my ego around;

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

My id starts chasin' my ego down'
Every time you come here shakin' it around;
My id goes t' pushin' my ego down
My id goes a-boxin' my ego down
My id goes t' boxin' my ego down.

20. LIFEBELT WASHED UP ON THE SHORE

I walked on my beach sand here today
Before the crowd comes down to swim and play;
I see a raggedy bundle colored blue and grey,
'Twas a life belt washed up from the sea.

Just a lifebelt washed up on the shore;
You've been drifting in the sea a year or more;
Your strings and cords are tied and you move like a man alive
You're just a lifebelt washed up on the shore.

Did they catch you out sleeping on the deck?
Did they trap you down in that engine room?
Did they strangle you in oil or did they burn you in the fire?
You're a lifebelt, you can't hear my words.

Just a lifebelt washed up on the shore;
Drifting in the sea a year or more;
Your strings and cords are tied and you move like a man alive
You're just a lifebelt washed up on the shore.

Did they get you on the bridge or in the hatch?
Was it London? Gibraltar? or Murmansk?
Pretty warm green South Pacific, or the icy North Atlantic?
But a lifebelt can't say Yes or No.

Just a lifebelt washed up on the shore;
You've been drifting in the sea a year or more;
Your strings and cords are tied and you move like a man alive
You're just a lifebelt washed up on the shore.

Was you a G.I. or maybe a Merchant Marine?
Brasshat? Bozun? Cook? Or keep machines?
In the dark or in the light, was it daytime, was it night?
You're just a lifebelt, you haven't said a thing.

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

Did you drift here to see what's going on?
How the big wheel's running little wheels at home?
About a workjob or just a-whistlin' at the girly splashing past?
But an empty lifebelt can't talk like a man.

Just a lifebelt washed up on the shore;
You've been drifting in the sea a year or more;
Your strings and cords are tied and you move like a man alive
You're just a lifebelt washed up on the shore.
You're just a lifebelt washed up on the shore.

Well, the sun's hot and the folks come walking down;
They swim here from a hundred towns around;
I will pull you from the water and I'll drop you on the sand.
You're a lifebelt, you'll mumble not a word.

Lots of swimmers are poor, and a few are rich.
In their swim suits I can't tell which is which,
Now the life guard picks you up and he drops you in a trash can,
And your folks never did know you made it home.

Just a lifebelt washed up on the shore;
You've been drifting in the sea a year or more;
Your strings and cords are tied and you move like a man alive
You're just a lifebelt washed up on the shore.

21. FUNNY MOUNTAIN

Funny mountain,
Sunny mountain,
Give me back my lover;
My love that you stole from me;
Funny mountain
Sunny mountain,
Give me back my true lover;
The love you hasted away.

Sunny mountain,
Foggy mountain,
You're a mighty funny mountain;
To hide my sweet love from me;
Grassy mountain

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

Cloudy mountain,
I'll dig you to the ground
To find my dear true love again.

Funny mountain,
Sunny mountain,
Give me back my lover;
My love that you stole from me;
Funny mountain
Sunny mountain,
Give me back my true lover;
The love that you hasted away.

Rocky mountain,
Scraggy mountain,
Where'd you hide my pretty partner?
Tell me, where did you steal my love away?
Why'd you give my love to me
Sunny mountain,
And then haste my dear love, true love from me?

Funny mountain,
Sunny mountain,
Give me back my lover;
My love that you stole from me;
Funny mountain
Sunny mountain,
Give me back my true lover;
The love that you hasted away.

Funny mountain,
Funny mountain,
Give me back my true lover;
My love that you stolen from me;
Funny mountain
Sunny mountain,
Give me back my true lover;
The love you hasted away.

22. YOU BETTER GIT READY

I had a dream the other night,

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

Sing on, brother, sing;
About this war we've got to fight,
Sing on, brother, sing;
I dreamt the devil come to me,
And woke me up from out of my sleep,
Here is what he says to me:
Sing on, brother, sing!

You better get ready, brother,
You better get ready, sister,
You better get ready, 'cause you know you've got to fight;
You better get ready, brother,
You better get ready, sister,
You better get ready, 'cause you may be called tonight.

I raised up from out of my bed,
Sing on brother, sing!
To the devil this I said,
Sing on brother, sing!
Pray, tell me, sir, what brings you here?
Trifling, gambling, wine or beer?
Or is my death now drawing near?
Sing on brother, sing!

You better get ready, brother,
You better get ready, sister,
You better get ready, 'cause you know you've got to fight;
You better get ready, brother,
You better get ready, sister,
You better get ready, 'cause you may be called tonight.

The devil opened his big black book,
Sing on brother, sing;
He opened it up and took a look,
Sing on, brother, sing;
He read off Adolph Hitler's name,
And said – Oh Hell just ain't the same,
Compared to them Nazis, Hell is too tame
Sing on, brother, sing!

You better get ready, brother,
You better get ready, sister,

WOODY AT HOME: VOLUMES 1 + 2

LINER NOTES

You better get ready, 'cause you know you've got to fight;
You better get ready, brother,
You better get ready, sister,
You better get ready, 'cause you may be called tonight.

I then pulled on my fighting pants,
Sing on, brother, sing;
The devil of hell he sung and danced,
Sing on, sister, sing;
He said, — if you go and win this war,
Chase that super race out for sure,
I'll never raise hell on earth no more!
Sing on, pardner, sing!

You better get ready, sister,
You better get ready, brother
You better get ready, 'cause you know you've got to fight;
You better get ready, father,
You better get ready, mother,
You better get ready, 'cause you may be called tonight.