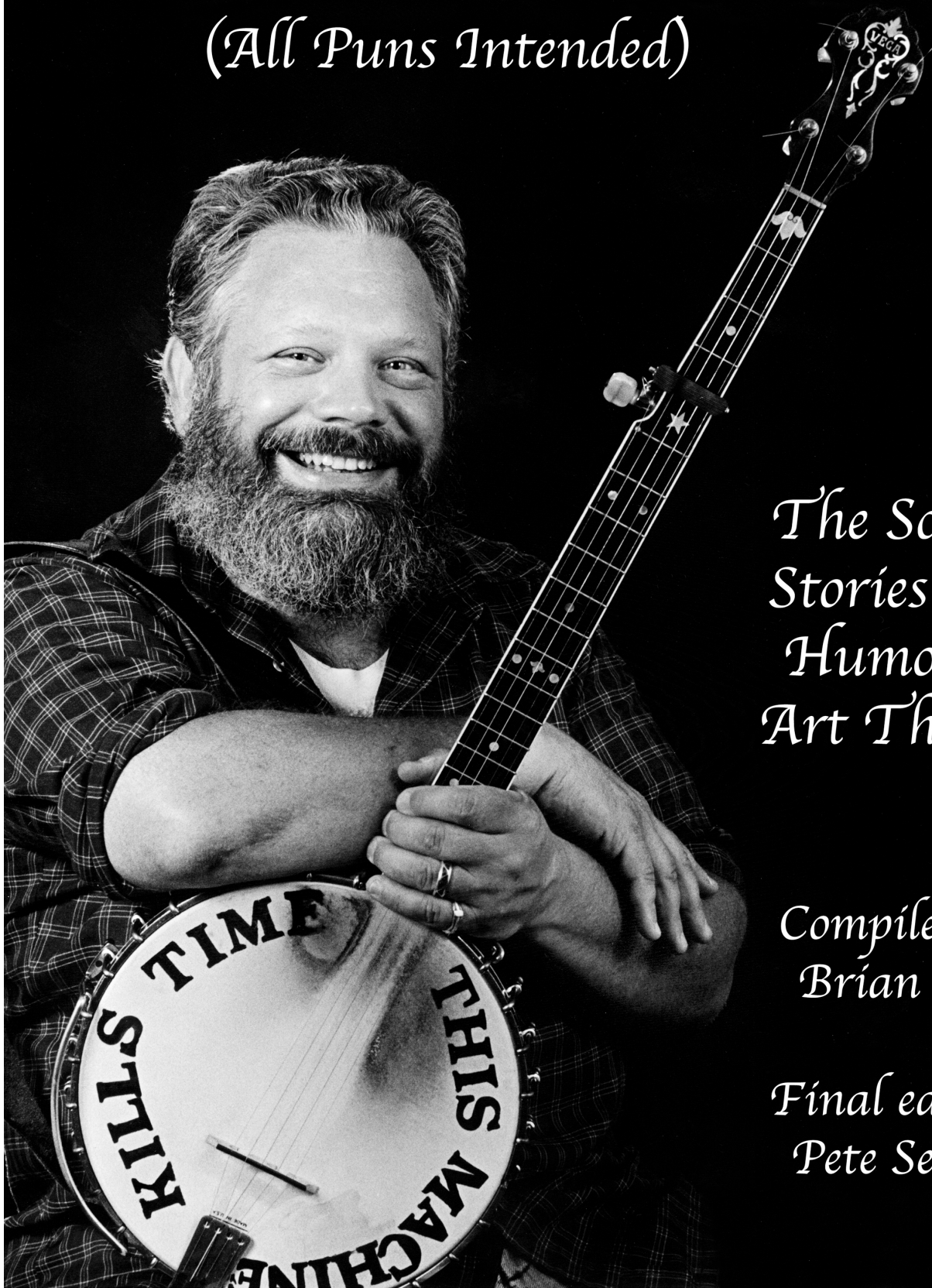


# *Thieme's Like Old Times*

*(All Puns Intended)*



*The Songs,  
Stories and  
Humor of  
Art Thieme*

*Compiled by  
Brian Gill*

*Final edit by  
Pete Seeger*

*“The music was a home thing. It came from people keeping the music in their houses, in their homes, and doing it as a part of their lives. So I’d be sitting around the house playing. Just like the Ritchies down in Kentucky, Jean Ritchie. The music was just part of their lives. It wasn’t a show-biz thing. It wasn’t on stage. It was people sharing.”*

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The Songs, Stories and Humor of

Art Thieme

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# *Thieme's Like Old Times*

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Darcy Farrow

Words & Music by Tom Campbell and Steve Gillette

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# 'The most sharing person I ever met'

The songbook that you hold in your hands is a celebration of the songs, humor, stories and photographs of one of America's great "folksingers", Art Thieme.

And what a rich celebration it is. At a recent Art songfest gathering, a number of us were respectfully referring to ourselves as the Amnesia Choir. "What's the third verse to 'Tennessee Stud'? No, first he sends the letter to his Uncle Fudd, *then* he goes on down to the Rio Grande. ..." but like Art says, when your memory goes, forget it!

So I thought we should have a songbook for these gatherings. The songs lead to the stories and humor, and then the photographs came into focus, all of it woven together in a wonderful tapestry originating from Art's dedication to folk music.

In the early 1970s, I left my small town of Kankakee and was passing through Chicago heading for New York to learn how to play guitar and become a folksinger when I met Steve Goodman. He told me there was no need for me to go all the way to New York to learn about folk music. Steve said, "You go down and see Win Stracke at the Old Town School on Armitage and then head up north to Rogers Park to the No Exit Café." I did just that. After going to the No Exit and hearing Jim Brewer, Howard Berkman and Art Thieme all in one week, I decided Steve was right. Everything I needed to learn was right there in Chicago. So I settled in Rogers Park and got an apartment two blocks away from the No Exit.

Art was in his early 30s then. After watching him do a set at the coffehouse, I would go outside, over by a tree, while he was on break, and try to remember what I had seen him do. I'd practice until he began his next set. I would do this over and over, set after set, until 1 in the morning. Then I would go home to my apartment and stay up until dawn working on the songs I had heard Art sing and play that night.

Going to the No Exit every Thursday night for 20 years was not only like going to a weekly master's class in American folk music and history, but it was also like going to the theatre. Art would take the audience on a story-telling journey with songs. His songs were so visual for the mind, like feature length films, all in a matter of five or six minutes. Everybody in the audience had a different mental image of the people Art was singing about, from Jesse James, Robin Hood and Joe Hill to the cloven-hoofed House Carpenter, East Texas Red or the Buffalo Skinners. The characters and lives Art sang about seemed endless.

Now and then after a good tune, he slowly would reel you into a story you thought was somehow tied into the song he just sang, but suddenly he would lower the boom with a punch-line pun that made the entire audience moan in unison. Then he'd say, "You moan now, but you'll be tellin' it tomorrow." And you know what? We did just that!

I would sit there spellbound for an entire evening sipping Peter Steinberg's Russian Strawberry Tea until 2 a.m. and marvel at all the songs Art would sing. He was singing about real people, events and the true heroes of America – songs about the struggles of the working man and the early union days, the Dust Bowl era, cowboy songs of the Wild West, wailing songs, miner songs, hard travelin' and love songs, all woven together in his own unique style. He spiced things up with tall tales and corny jokes, with comedic timing that rivaled the skill of Jack Benny, Henny Youngman and Will Rogers. Art used his wit and humor to bring people into his world of folk songs, and once you were there, he took you on an incredible journey.

We became great friends, did grassroots television together and sang at schools through the Urban Gateways program. He became a great inspiration and mentor for me, and in his lineage I pass along the songs I learned from him for over 40 years. He is the most sharing person I ever met, and all for the love of the music and songs.

Art's love for Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger runs deep, and he has devoted his life to keeping alive the flame of being a true folksinger. The flame is both aural and visual. Many of his photographs are now in the Smithsonian Institution, along with his vast collection of songs about John F. Kennedy at the Library of Congress. That's a whole 'nother book.

So sit back and enjoy this songbook. It will brighten your day, put a smile on your face and nudge you to tune up your guitar or banjo and sing some of these great songs – not only traditional folksongs from the past but also contemporary folk songs from some of the country's best songwriters.

Thank you, Art, and I'll sing it true, "*I'm a better man for just the knowin' of you.*"

*Brian Gill*  
Moscow, Idaho

# Special thanks

This songbook has been a labor of love, and words cannot express my love and admiration for Art. Several other people have joined me in this quest:

- ❑ Clay Eals for editing assistance and for excerpts from his interviews with Art in 2000 during research for his biography, "Steve Goodman: Facing the Music."
- ❑ Carol Thieme for her amazing memory in recalling songs, lyrics, titles, dates, places and people that the rest of us couldn't.
- ❑ Joe DeAngelo for photos, archival No Exit Café recordings and computer wizardry.
- ❑ Chris Thieme for vintage photographs and newspaper clippings from Art's career.
- ❑ Peter Steinberg, Joe Moore and Brian and Sue Kozin for keeping the flame of the No Exit ablaze for so many years and providing for young singers and artists a place to express themselves.

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# Ballad of Charlie Birger

By Carson Robison

*"First recorded by Vernon Dalhart 1928. His real name was Marion Try Slaughter. He took the other name from two Texas towns."*

On the Banjo, Capo 5

C F C G  
1. I will tell you of a bandit in a great midwestern state

C F G C  
Who never learned his lesson until it was too late

G  
This man was bold and careless and the leader of his gang but

C F G C  
Boldness did not save him when the law said, "You must hang."

C F C G  
2. This bandit's name was Birger, he lived at Shady Rest

C F G C  
The people learned to fear him throughout the middle west

G  
It was out in old West City, Joe Adams was shot down

C F G C  
Then the cry of justice said, "The murderers must be found!"

C F C G  
3. Then Thomason was arrested, he turned state's evidence

C F G C  
Charlie Birger was found guilty for he had no defense

G C G C  
He asked for a re-hearing, but this he was denied

C F G C  
Out in the county jailhouse, to take his life he tried

C F C G  
 4. On the nineteenth day of April in nineteen twenty-eight  
 C F G C  
 Way out west in Benton, Charlie Birger met his fate.  
 G C G C  
 Another life has ended, another chapter done  
 C F G C  
 Another man has gambled in the game that can't be won

C F G C  
 5. Oh, the holy Bible shows us the straight and narrow way,  
 C F G C  
 And if we do not heed it, some time we'll have to pay  
 G C G C  
 We all must face the Master, our final trial to stand  
 C F G C  
 It's there we'll learn the meaning of houses built on sand



A young Art Thieme playing at the No Exit 1964

# Barbara Allen

*"Mentioned in the diary of Samuel Peepys on January 3, 1666 as being the first time this song was heard on the streets of London."*

C G  
1. In Scarlet town where I was born, there was a fair maid dwellin'  
F Am C G C  
Made every youth cry well-a-day, her name was Barb'ra Allen.

C G  
2. 'twas in the merry month of May, when green buds they were swellin'  
F Am  
Sweet William came from the west country  
C G C  
And he courted Barb'ra Allen

C G  
3. He sent his man unto her then to the town where she was dwellin'  
F Am  
Said my master's sick, bids me call for you  
C G C  
If your name be Barb'ra Allen

C G  
4. So slowly, slowly she got up, and slowly she came nigh him,  
F Am C G C  
And all she said as she passed his bed, "Young man, I think you're dying!"

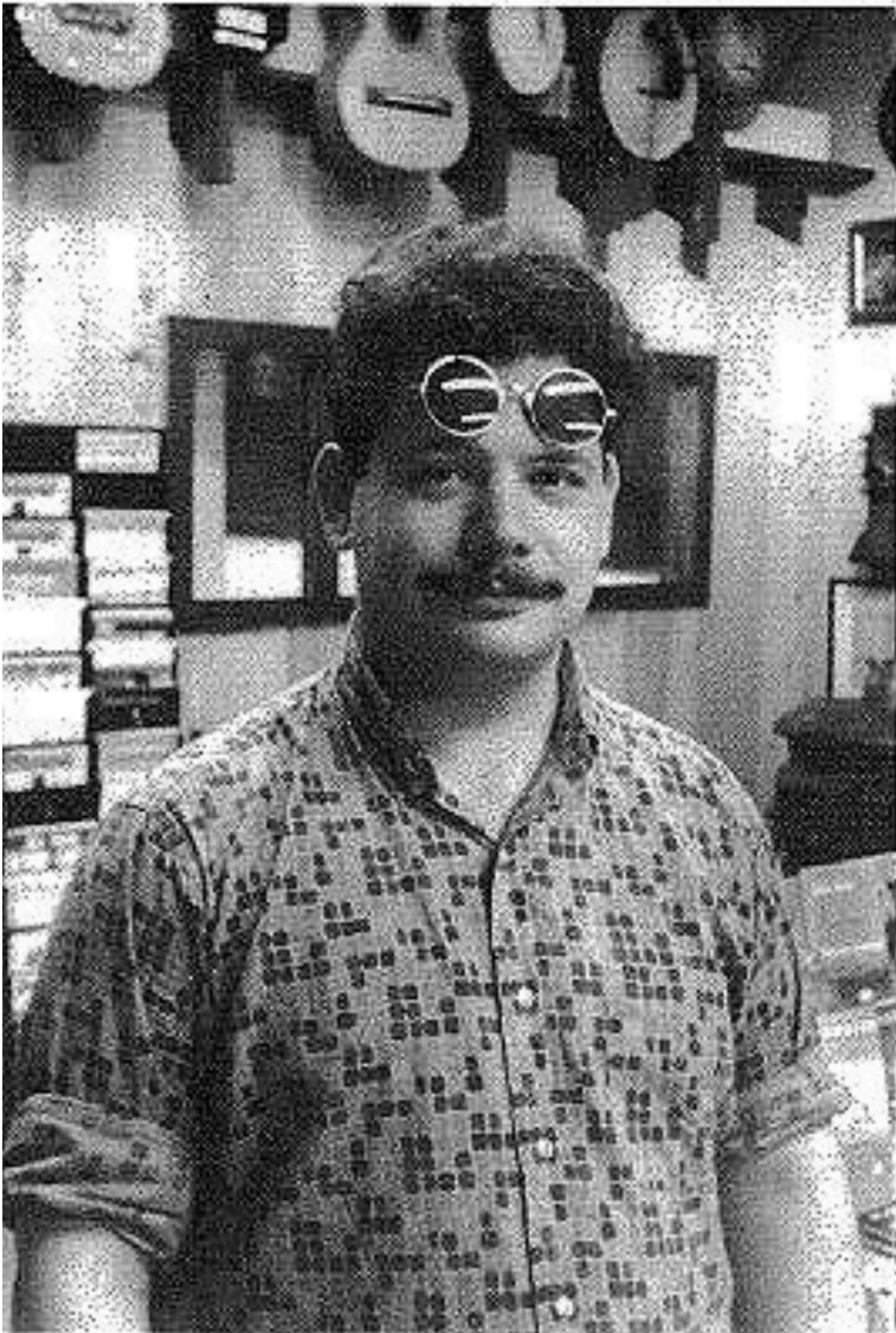
C G  
5. He turned his face unto the wall and death was drawing nigh him.  
F Am C G C  
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all, and be kind to Bar'bra Allen

C G  
6. Then lightly she tripped down the stairs she heard the death bell tollin'  
F Am C G C  
And ev'ry stroke did seem to say, hard hearted Barb'ra Allen

C G  
7. Oh mother, mother, go make my bed and make it long and narrow  
F Am C G C  
Sweet William died for me today, I'll die for him tomorrow

C  
8. They buried Barbara in the old churchyard,  
G  
They buried sweet William beside her  
F Am C G C  
Out of his grave grew a red red rose and out of hers a briar

C G  
9. They grew and grew up the old church wall till they could grow no higher  
F Am C G C  
And at the top twined in a lover's knot the red rose and the briar



*“In 1965 I was assistant manager of the Old Town Folklore Center in Chicago—on North Ave. This was a retail store that served the needs of the Old Town School of Folk Music, which occupied much of the building upstairs.*”





*“Here is RICHARD HARDING tending bar at his Quiet Knight folk / saloon in Chicago---- 1973. After our son, Chris, was born in 1970, I picked that moment to walk out of the last regular job I'd ever hold--besides driving a Chicago Checker Cab for about 6 months. I went to Richard Harding---even before I went to Carol---and announced that I was going to be a full time folksinger. He didn't have any prospects for me---so I went home and told Carol "our" new plans. About a week later, Richard called me and gave me a full week of work opening for guitarist Robbie Basho! ----- After that he hired me to be on week long gigs with Jean Ritchie, Martin Mull, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Utah Phillips, Joe Heaney and several others. There is no way I can thank Richard enough for that work. It got me into playing some larger venues---with better bottom lines involved.”*

# Bayou Sara

*"Bayou Sara was a steamboat that blew up on the southern Mississippi River"*

G C G Bm C G  
I'm up the river, I won't stay long, Bayou Sara she burned down,  
G C G D G  
She burned down to the water line, Bayou Sara she burned down.

Chorus:

G C G Bm C G  
Bayou Sara she burned down,  
G D G D G  
The Bayou Sara she burned down

G C G  
Whistle go "Whee" and the boiler go "Whomp!"  
Bm C G  
Bayou Sara, she burned down,  
G D G D G  
The Deck blew off and I had to jump, Bayou Sara she burned down.

Chorus

G C G Bm C G  
Look over yonder and what did I see, Bayou Sara she burned down.  
G D G D G  
Captain and mate were swimming after me, Bayou Sara she burned down

Chorus

G C G Bm C G  
Look over yonder at what did I see, Bayou Sara she burned down.  
G D G D G  
Two bright angels swimming with me, Bayou Sara she burned down.

G C G Bm C G  
Two bright angels by my side, Bayou Sara she burned down.  
G D G D G  
Gonna get to heaven when I die, Bayou Sara she burned down

G C G Bm C G  
Mississippi is long and wide Bayou Sara she burned down.  
G D G D G  
I got a home on the other side Bayou Sara she burned down

G C G Bm C G  
Jordan River is chilly and cold, Bayou Sara she burned down  
G D G D G  
Chills the body but not the soul, Bayou Sara she burned down.

Chorus

G C G Bm C G  
Well, I swam til I couldn't swim no more, Bayou Sara she burned down  
G D G D G  
The Arkansas City took us on board, Bayou Sara she burned down

G C G Bm C G  
Whose to say be her last trip, Bayou Sara she burned down.  
G C G D G  
Sailin' out on the Mississipp, Bayou Sara she burned down

Chorus



C G  
I didn't kiss Mary Lou but once, and then I had to leave her  
C F G C  
Make's my collar get so tight, I start to burn with fever Chorus

C G  
My rooster used to chase a hen. He just kept getting thinner  
C F G C  
He nearly ran himself to death, so I brought him in for dinner Chorus

C G  
Cotton crops are mighty poor, the weeds are really growin'  
C F G C  
I need a woman pretty bad to help me with the hoein' Chorus



Art at KAKE-TV in Wichita, KS. June, 1979

Photo by Gamble Rogers



E A E  
He said, "Lie down, little Betty, see what tomorrow brings"

A E  
He said, "Lie down, little Betty, see what tomorrow brings"

B7 A E B7  
It may bring sunshine, may bring you that diamond ring"

E A E  
Roll on, Dupree, Roll on, Dupree, Roll on

A E  
Roll on, Dupree, Roll on, Dupree, Roll on

B7 A E  
You done so much rollin' your rollin' days are never done



*This is me (old Art) in 1973---back when I had dark brown hair and was thin. I don't recall where this was or who took it. –  
When your memory goes, forget it!!*

# Bibble A La Do

*"I learned this song from a 1928 78 rpm record of Chubby Parker"*

Capo 2

F G C G  
Come and listen to my song, it's awful pretty and it won't take long

F G Am  
Sung it all the way from here to Hong Kong

F G C  
Come a bibble a la do shy dori

Chorus:

F G C G  
Shu ri shu ri shu ri ru sugar rack a sugar rack a shu ri ru

F G Am F G C  
When I saw my little bobolink come a bibble a la do shy dori

F G C G  
I'm gonna buy me an old grey hoss, the Alleganies I will cross

F G Am F G C  
Gonna find my true love that I lost come a bibble a la do shy dori Chorus

F G C G  
I was down on a south sea isle, folks all greet you with a smile

F G Am  
I wrote back home well, I think I'll stay a while

F G C  
Come a bibble a la do shy dori

F G  
Now I've sailed the seas and I've tried the shore

C G  
Where Englishmen never went before

F G Am F G C  
And I'll never shun wild women anymore come a bibble a la do shy dori

Chorus



F G C G  
Dad went out in a Ford machine, he dropped a match in the gasoline  
F G Am F G C  
Went so high that he's never been seen, come a bibble a la do shy dori

Chorus

F G  
Man came from monkey Darwin said,  
C G  
Where women come from I never read  
F G Am  
But I know where some are goin' when they're dead  
F G C  
Come a bibble a la do shy dori

Chorus

F G C G  
Well, here I sit on Buttermilk Hill, here I sit and cry my fill  
F G Am F G C  
Every tear would turn a mill come a bibble a la do shy dori

F G C G  
My true love has gone to France, there her fortune to advance  
F G Am  
When she gets home we're gonna have a little dance  
F G C  
Come a bibble a la do shy dori Chorus

# Big Combine

Jock Coleman. Tune: "Casey Jones."

E  
Come all you rounders, if you want to hear, the story about a bunch o' stiffs a-harvesting here,  
E B7 E  
The best bunch o' workers ever come down the line it's the harvesting crew on the big combine.

E B7  
There's travelin' men from Sweden in this grand old crew, Canada and Scotland and Oregon too.  
E B7 E  
I've listened to their twaddle for a month or more, never seen a bunch o' harvest stiffs like this before.

E  
Chorus: Oh, you ought to see this bunch o' harvest pippins.  
E B7  
You ought to see, they're really something fine.  
E  
You ought to see this bunch of harvest pippins  
E B7 E  
The bunch o' harvest pippins on the big combine.

E B7  
Oscar, he's from Sweden, as stout as a mule. He can jig and dance and peddle the bull.  
E  
He's an Independent Worker of the World as well.  
B7 E  
Says he loves the independence but the work is hell!

E B7  
Well, he hates millionaires, and he wants to see 'em blow up all the grafters in the land of liberty.  
E B7 E  
Says he's gonna leave this world of politics and strife, stay down in the jungle with a stew can all his life.

E B7  
Chorus: Casey Jones, he knew Oscar Nelson. Casey Jones, he knew Oscar fine.  
E B7 E  
Casey Jones, he knew Oscar Nelson. He kicked him off the boxcars on the S. P. line.

E B7  
The next one I'm to mention, the next in line, it's the lad that punches horses on the big combine,  
E B7 E  
He's the man that tells the horses just what to do, but the things he tells the horses, well, I can't tell you.

E B7  
It's Limp and Dude and Dolly, you get out of the grain. Get over there, Buster. You're over the chain.  
E B7 E  
Pat & Pete & Polly, you get in there and pull. Get over there, Barney, you durned old fool.

Chorus:

E

You out to see, you ought to see our skinner.

B7

You ought to see, he's really something fine.

E

You ought to see, you ought to see our skinner.

E

B7

E

You ought to see our skinner on the big combine.

E

Well, I'm the header-puncher. You can bet that's me.

E

B7

I do more work than all the other three,

E

Workin' with my hands and my arms and my feet,

B7

E

Pickin' up the barley and the golden wheat.

E

I gotta pull the lever and turn the old wheel.

B7

Got to watch the sickle and the draper and the reel,

E

And if I hit a badger hill and pull up a rock,

E

B7

E

They'll say, "Now he's done it, the damn fool, Jock!"

Chorus :

E

I'm that man. I'm the header puncher.

B7

I'm that man, though it isn't in my line.

E

I'm that man. I'm the header puncher.

E

B7

E

I'm the header puncher on the big combine!

*"I learned this from a recording by Glenn Ohrlin on "The Hellbound Train"*

# Billy Vanero

by Eban Rexford, Collected by Luther Royce

*"This was originally a poem known as 'The Epic Ride of Paul Vanerez' "*

1. Billy Vanero heard them say in an Arizona town one day  
That a band of Apache Indians was on the trail of death  
He heard tales of murder done, three men killed at Rocky Run,  
There'll be trouble down at the cow ranch said Vanero under his breath

2. Cow ranch forty miles away in a little place that lay  
In a deep and shady valley of the mighty wilderness  
Half a score of homes were there and in one a maiden fair  
Held the heart of Billy Vanero, it was Vanero's lovely little Bess

3. Low and lower sank the sun he drew rain at Rocky Run  
Where three men died that morning and he stroked his horse's main  
So shall those we go to warn 'ere the coming of the morn'  
If we fail, God help my Bessie, and galloped off again

4. All at once a rifle shot woke the echoes of the spot,  
"I'm wounded," cried Vanero as he swayed from side to side.  
"While there's life there still is hope so onward I will lope  
If we never reach the cow ranch Bessie Lee must know I tried"

G Am  
 5. From a limb a twig he broke, and he dipped his pen of oak  
 D C G  
 In the warm blood that was flowing from the wound above his heart  
 G Am  
 He wrote rise before too late, Apache warriors lie in wait  
 D C G  
 Goodbye, God bless you darling, and he felt the cold tears start

G Am  
 6. Now he made this message fast, loves first one and its last  
 D C G  
 To the horn of his saddle and his lips were white with pain  
 G Am  
 Take the message if not me straight to little Bessie Lee  
 D C G  
 Goodbye, God bless you darling, and he galloped off again

G Am  
 7. It was at dusk a horse of brown when with sweat came riding down  
 D C G  
 On the trail to the cow ranch and stopped at Bessie's door  
 G Am  
 But the rider was asleep and his sleep it ran so deep  
 D C G  
 That she could never wake him though they tried for evermore

G Am  
 8. Now you've heard the story told by the young and by the old  
 D C G  
 Of the trouble down at the cow ranch on the night the Apaches came  
 G Am  
 You have heard tell of the fight how the chief fell in the night  
 D C G  
 And the panic stricken warriors when they heard Vanero's name

G Am  
 9. Now beneath a stone he dreams, up top there's a flower so green  
 D C G  
 That Bessie had laid over him before they laid her by his side

# Blackfly Song

by Canadian singer, Wade Hemsworth  
From his album "Songs of the North Woods" 1949

C Am  
1. It was early in the spring when I decide to go,  
F Em  
To work up in the woods in North Ontario  
C Am  
The unemployment office said that they would send me through  
F Em  
To the Little Abitibi with the survey crew

Chorus:

Am  
And the black flies, the little black flies  
C  
Always a black fly no matter where you go  
Dm F  
I'll die with the black fly a-pickin' on my bones  
F C Am C  
In North Ontario, io, in North Ontario

C Am  
2. Now the man Black Toby was the captain of the crew,  
F Em  
And he said "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do  
C Am  
The want to build a power dam and we must find a way  
F Em  
For to make the little Ab flow around the other way." Chorus

C Am  
 3. So we survey to the east and we survey to the west,  
 F Em  
 Tried to figure out which way to do it best  
 C Am  
 Little Ab, Little Ab, you got me goin' too  
 F Em  
 Goin' crazy on the survey crew Chorus

C Am  
 4. Well, it's blackfly, blackfly, blackfly everywhere  
 F Em  
 Crawlin' in your whiskers, crawlin' in your hair  
 C Am  
 Swimmin' in the soup and a-swimmin' in the tea  
 F Em  
 Oh, the Devil take the blackfly, they keep a-chewin' me Chorus

C Am  
 5. Now the bull cook's name was Blind River Joe  
 F Em  
 If it hadn't been for him, we'd've never pulled through  
 C Am  
 For he bound up our bruises and he kidded us for fun  
 F Em  
 And he fed us on bacon grease and balsam gum Chorus

C Am  
 6. At last the job was over, Black Toby said, "We're through  
 F Em  
 With the Little Abitibi and the survey crew."  
 C Am  
 'twas a wonderful experience and this I know,  
 F Em  
 I'll never go back to North Ontario Chorus





# Blackjack County Chain

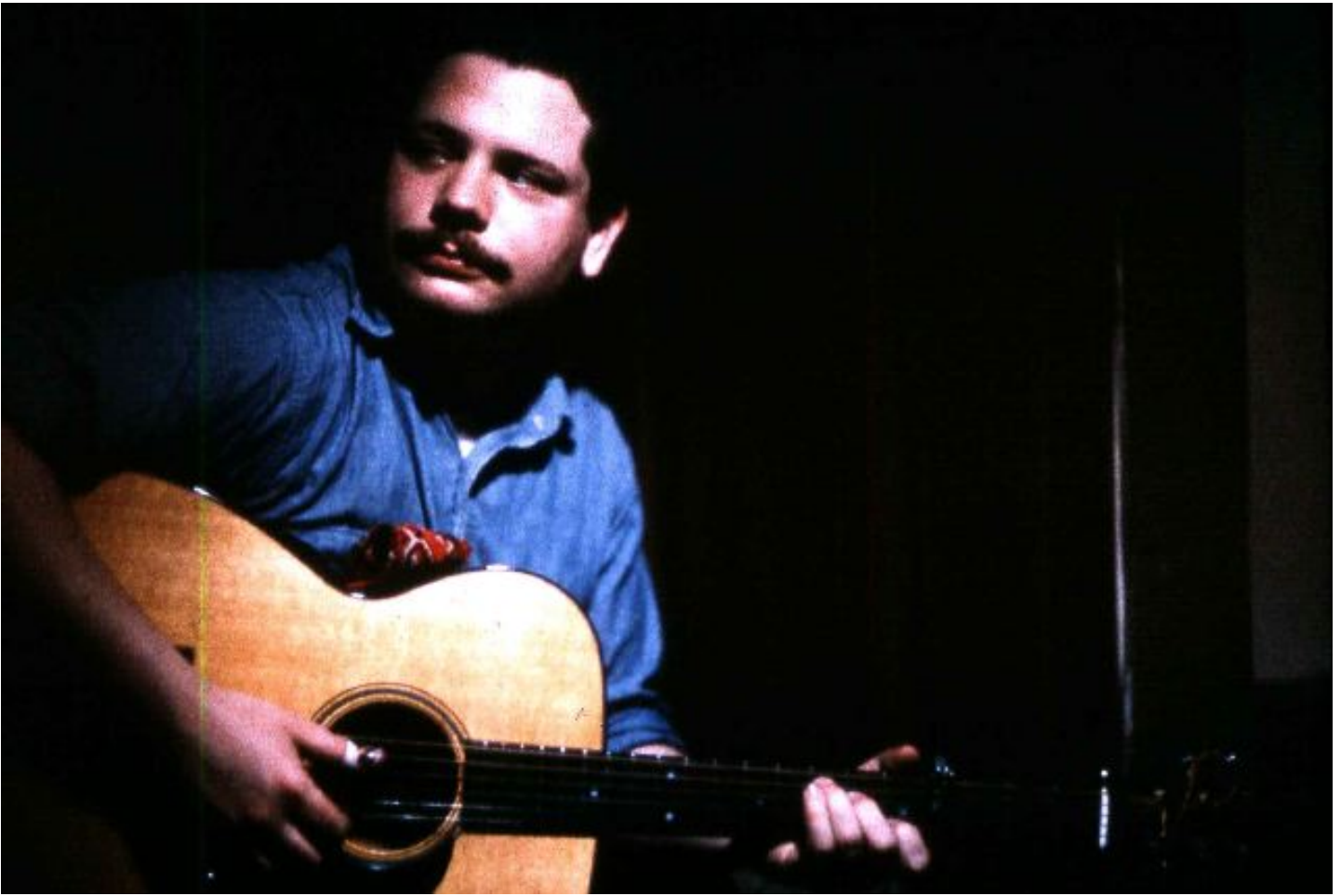
from the singing of Tex Williams  
by R. Lane

Am Em Am  
1. I was sittin' by the road in Blackjack County  
C Em  
Not knowin' that the sheriff paid a bounty  
F C Am  
For men like me who haven't got a penny to their name  
Am Em F G Am  
And he locked my legs in 35 pounds of Blackjack County chain

Am Em Am  
2. And all we had to eat was bread and water  
C Em  
Each day we built the road a mile and a quarter  
F C Am  
And a black snake whip would tear our backs if some poor fool complained  
Am Em F G Am  
And you can't fight back wearing 35 pounds of Blackjack County chain

Am Em Am  
3. And then one night while the sheriff he was a-sleepin'  
C Em  
We all gathered 'round him midnight creepin'  
F C Am  
Lord help me to forget that night out in the cold cold rain  
Am Em F G Am  
When we beat him to death with 35 pounds of Blackjack County chain

Am Em Am  
4. Now the whip marks are all healed and I'm thankful  
C Em  
There ain't nothing but a scar around my ankle  
F C Am  
Most of all I'm glad no man is gonna be a slave again  
Am Em F G Am  
To a black snake whip and 35 pounds of Blackjack County chain



Art Thieme Historical Songs and Ballads  
at Joe Moore's No Exit Café in Evanston 1963

*"There's a reason I stayed at the No Exit for 37 years. I wanted to play to a more intimate setting. Steve Goodman took the challenge of playing places, huge stadiums, and I never was comfortable with that kind of a setting. I'd rather be around a campfire."*

*"To me, tall tales, the folk tales, were a way of making fun of the immensity of nature and how cold was it, how hot was it, how much rain did you get? 'It was so cold, I saw a guy chipping his dog off a fire hydrant,' things like that. 'It was so hot that the corn popped on the stalk, and the cows thought it was snow and froze to death.' It was a way of defusing terribly serious things, the humor, and the songs themselves about serious topics focused on things they wanted to pass down. The great ballads, the ones from Britain that lasted in the Appalachians and other places, the lumbercamp songs, cowboy songs, they were tragic things, usually. I always felt that life is basically tragic, and we think and speak of humor as an escape, comic relief. But if it's relief from something, then it's got to be the basic tragedy of life. But there are great lessons to be learned going through tragedy, and it's opened my eyes in a lot of ways. It was a gift to go through the medical crap I've gone through because I learned so much about myself, what was important and what wasn't. But the songs showed little bits and pieces, and the song was kind of like aiming a camera, and you try to crop it."*

Excerpt from Clay Eals' interview, 2000

# Blue Mountain

Judge F.W. Keller

1. My home it was in Texas my past you must not know  
G C D  
G C G Em G D G  
For I seek a refuge from the law where the sage and pinion grow

Chorus:

G C D  
Blue Mountain, you're azure deep Blue Mountain your sides are steep  
G C G Em  
Blue Mountain with a horse head upon your side  
G D G  
You have won my love to keep

2. For the brand "LC" I ride, there's sleeper calves by the side  
G C D  
G C G Em  
I'll own the "Hip-Side-and-Shoulder" before I grow older  
G D G  
Zapitaro, don't you tan my hide Chorus

3. I trade at Mons' store with bullet holes in the door  
G C G Em  
His calico treasure my pony can measure  
G D G  
When I'm drunk and I'm feeling sore Chorus

4. In the summer they say it's fine, oh the wintery winds don't whine  
G C G Em  
But say there, dear brother, if you want a mother  
G D G  
There's Ev on the old chuck line Chorus

# Buffalo Skinners

*"I learned this off of Pete Seeger's record, American Industrial Ballads."*

Am F Am  
'twas in the town of Jacksboro, in the spring of seventy-three  
C Am  
A man by the name of Crego come stepping up to me  
C Am  
Saying, "How do you do, young feller, and how would you like to go  
Am F Am  
And spend the summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo?"

Am F Am  
It's me being out of employment, to Crego I did say,  
C Am  
"This going out on the buffalo range depends upon the pay."  
C Am  
"I will pay good wages, transportation to and fro  
F Am  
If you will accompany me, and spend the summer through."

Am F Am  
It's now we've crossed Pease River, boys, our troubles have begun  
C Am  
The first old stinker that I cut, Christ! how I cut my thumb!  
C Am  
While skinning the damned old stinkers, our lives they had no show  
F Am  
For the Indians watched to pick us off while skinning the buffalo.

Am F Am  
The season being near over, old Crego he did say  
C Am  
The crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to him that day  
C Am  
Now the boys have never heard of such a thing as a bankrupt law  
Am F Am  
So we left his damned old bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo.

Am F Am  
Oh, it's now we've crossed Pease River, and homeward we are bound  
C Am  
No more in that hell-fired country shall ever we be found  
C Am  
Go home to our wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go  
Am F Am  
For God's forsaken the buffalo range, and the damned old buffalo.

# Bye And Bye

On the Banjo

Chorus:

          G  
Oh, the time of the year that I like the best,  
          C  
The time when the mule walks round the press,  
          G  D  
Gals put on their gingham dress, bye and bye  
          G  
The leaves are red and the ground is cold,  
          C  
Sap's gonna rise so I've been told,  
          G  D          G  
We don't care if the frost is coming, bye and bye

          G  
Down the road came an old tar heel,  
          C  
On his back a sack of meal  
          G  D  
By his side an old hound dog, bye and bye  
          G  
Well he'd trade the meal and the hound dog too  
          C  
For a kiss from the gal that's dressed in blue,  
          G  D          G  
Prettiest gal he's ever seen, bye and bye

Chorus

G  
Well, folks come from here and there,  
C  
Folks come from everywhere,  
G D  
The old mule keeps going around, bye and bye  
G  
Well, they come for to dance, come for to sing,  
C  
Come for to make the rafters ring,  
G D G  
Come for the cane and they come for the sorghum, bye and bye

Chorus

G C  
Folks come from all around wagon tracks tearing up the ground  
G D  
Come for the cane and they come for the spark bye and bye  
G  
So we build a fire 'neath the old iron pot  
C  
Cook up the cane 'til it's boiling hot  
G D G  
In the dark we'll steal a kiss bye and bye.

Chorus

# Cape Girardeau

Adapted by Art Thieme

C Am F C  
Hang me, O hang me, and I'll be dead and gone

C Am F G  
Hang me, O hang me, and I'll be dead end gone

C Am F Am G  
Well, I do not mind the hangin', it's laying in the grave so long,

F G C  
I been all around this world

C Am F C  
Been all around Cape Girardeau, parts of Arkansas

C Am F G  
All around Cape Girardeau, parts of Arkansas

C Am F Am G  
I got so God damn homesick, I said I'd never roam no more

F G C  
I been all around this world

C Am F C  
Standing on the platform smokin' a cheap cigar

C Am F G  
Standing on the platform smokin' a cheap cigar

C Am F Am G  
Just waiting for an old freight train that carries an empty car

F G C  
I been all around this world

C Am F C  
Good morning Mr. Railroad man, what time does your trains roll by

C Am F G  
9:15 and 2:44 and twenty-five minutes to five

C Am F Am G  
Why thank you Mr. Railroad man I'm gonna catch her on the fly

F G C  
I been all around this world



C Am F C  
 I hear that train comin', she's a comin' round the curve  
 C Am F G  
 I hear that train comin', she's a comin' round the curve  
 C Am F Am G  
 She's straining and a blowin' she's strainin' every nerve  
 F G C  
 I been all around this world

C Am F C  
 Hang me, O hang me, and I'll be dead and gone  
 C Am F G  
 Hang me, O hang me, and I'll be dead end gone  
 C Am F Am G  
 Well, I do not mind the hangin', it's laying in the grave so long,  
 F G C  
 I been all around this world

*"This is a version I adapted by piecing together a few different songs from  
 Dave Von Ronk and Ramblin' Jack Elliott."*

# Catfish John

*"I learned this song from Tom Dundee"*

F C F C  
Let us dream of another morning and the time so long ago  
F C G C  
Where the sweet magnolias blossom, the cotton's fields as white as snow

F C F C  
Catfish John was a river hobo and he lived by the river bend  
F C G C  
Looking back I still remember how good it was just to be his friend

Chorus:

C F  
Mama said don't go near that river  
C G  
Don't be hangin' around old catfish John  
C F  
Come the morning I'd always be there  
C G C  
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet delta dawn

F F C F C  
He was born a slave in the town of Vicksburg traded for a chestnut mare  
C F C G C  
Lookin' back I can remember, how his load, it was hard to bear

Chorus

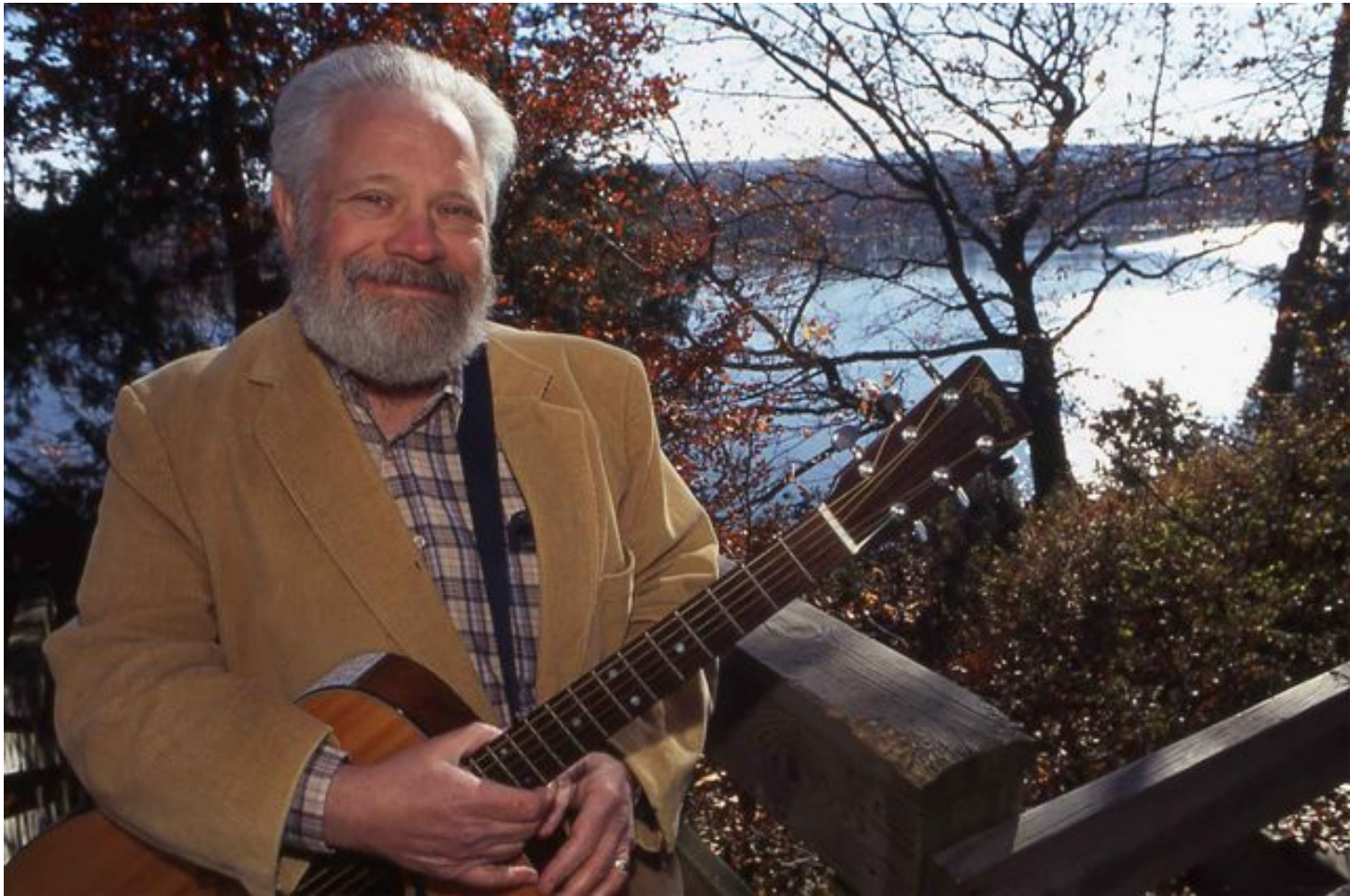
# Come By The Hills

Drop D Bass, Capo 1

D G D  
Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free  
D G D G A7  
Stand where the trees reach the sky and the lakes meet the sea  
D G D A7  
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun  
D G A7 D  
And cares of tomorrow must wait 'til this day is done

D G D  
Oh, come by the hills to the land where life is a song  
D G D G A7  
And stand where the birds fill the air with their joy all day long  
D G D A7  
Where the trees sway in time and even the wind sings in tune  
D G A7 D  
And cares of tomorrow must wait 'til this day is through

D G D  
Come by the hills to the land where legend remains  
D G D G A7  
Where stories of old fill the heart and may yet come again  
D G D A7  
Where our past has been lost and the future has still to be won  
D G A7 D  
And the cares of tomorrow must wait 'til this day is done



Art and the Illinois River 1998

photo by Rich Remsberg

# Conditions They Are Bad

E.S. Nelson

*"I use to listen to Paul Durst sing these words to the tune of Redwing (Union Maid)"*

1. Conditions they are bad, and some of you are sad

You cannot see your enemy, the class that lives in luxury,

You workingmen are poor, will be forevermore

As long as you permit the few to guide your destiny

*Chorus:*

*Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?*

*It is outrageous--has been for ages*

*This earth by right belongs to toilers*

*And not to spoilers of liberty.*

2. The master class is small, but they have lots of "gall."

When we unite to gain our right, if they resist we'll use our might

There is no middle ground this fight must be one round

To victory, for liberty, our class is marching on!      *Chorus*

3. Workingmen, unite! we must put up a fight!

To make us free from slavery and capitalistic tyranny

This fight is not in vain, we've got a world to gain.

Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool, and serve your enemy?      *Chorus*



The night Joe Moore passed the torch of the No Exit Café to Peter Steinberg 1972



Howard Berkman (lower left) gathers circa 1972 at the No Exit Cafe with Chicago folk scene stalwarts (back row, from left) Brian Kozin, Ed Thatcher, Art Thieme, Robin Scheid, (front, from left after Berkman) Howard Linn, Sig Hoffman, Peter Steinberg, Rusty Consigny, and (lower right) Bonny Moser.

# Cotton Eyed Joe

Chorus:

An Old Fiddle Tune

C Am  
Where did you come from, where did you go

C G C  
Where did you come from Cotton-eyed Joe

C Am  
I come for to see you, I come for to sing

C G C  
I come for to show you my diamond ring

C Am C G C  
Hadn't of been for Cotton-eyed Joe I'd a left here a long time ago Chorus

C Am  
Papa loved mama, mama loved men  
C G C  
Mama's in the grave yard, Papa's in the pen Chorus

C Am  
Worked in the big boat, worked in the rain  
C G C  
Buy a little dress for backwater Jane  
C Am  
Jane, Jane what can I do  
C G C  
You keep me worried and you keep me blue Chorus

C Am  
Load 'em and stack 'em and take 'em on down  
C G C  
Put 'em ashore at Evansville town  
C Am  
The river comes up, the streets go down  
C G C  
The river runs through old Evansville town Chorus

# Cowboy's Barbara Allen

*"I learned this version from an old cowboy, Del Bray, in Cheyenne, Wyoming back in 1962."*

G D  
Near Medicine Bow where I was born, there was a fair maid dwelling  
C G Em D G  
Made all the boys ride saddle sore and her name was Barbara Allen.

G D  
'twas in the merry month of May, green buds they were swelling,  
C G Em D G  
Young Billy come to the Western Range, come a courting Barbara Allen.

G D  
'twas in the merry month of June, green leaves they was blooming,  
C G Em D G  
Young Billy on his deathbed lay, just for loving Barbara Allen

G D  
We sent a message out to her place where she was dug in  
C G Em D G  
Saying come and see young Bill today, for we think that he is dying.

G D  
Slowly, slowly she got up, and slowly she went to him and  
C G Em D G  
When she pulled the blanket back said: "Bill, I guess you're dying."

G D  
"Yes, I am sick, I'm very sick, I never shall get better  
C G Em D G  
Until I get the love of one, the love of Barbara Allen."



G D  
She went walking back through the brush, she heard the cattle moaning,  
C G Em D G  
And every moan seemed to say, hard-hearted Barbara Allen.

G D  
Father, oh father, go dig my grave, dig it deep and narrow  
C G Em D G  
Young Billy died for me today, I'm gonna die for him tomorrow

G D  
We buried her in the old churchyard, Bill his grave was nigh her,  
C G Em D G  
And from his grave grew a red red rose, and from hers grew a briar

G  
Well, they tangled 'round the marker rocks,  
D  
They couldn't grow no higher,  
C G Em D G  
And there they tied the true love knot, oh, the rose and the thorny briar.



*"This is Pete Seeger playing a Panjo in Cathy Fink and Marcy Marxer's house. I made this from a bedpan I brought home from the hospital. I put a pick up on it and kids got a kick out of an Electric Bedpan Banjo/ Panjo."*

Photo by Cathy Fink



# Darcy Farrow

Words & Music by Tom Campbell and Steve Gillette  
(C) 1965 RUMPOLE DUMPLE MUSIC, BMI / COMPASS ROSE MUSIC, BMI  
Used with Permission

C F C  
Where the Walker runs down into the Carson Valley plain

Am C G G7  
There lived a maiden, Darcy Farrow was her name

C F C  
The daughter of old Dundee, and a fair one was she

F G Am F C G C  
And the sweetest flower that ever bloomed o'er the range

C F C  
Her lips was sweet as the sugar candy  
Am C G G7

C F C  
Her hair was soft as a bed of goose down

F G Am F C G C  
Her eyes they were as bright as all of the pretty lights

That shine in the night out of Yerrington town

C F C  
She was courted by young Vandermeer  
Am C G G7

C F C  
And quite handsome was he as I hear

F G Am F C G C  
He brought her silver rings and lacy things

And he promised for to wed her 'fore the snow began to fall

C F C  
 But her pony did stumble and she did fall  
 Am C G G7  
 Her dyin' touched on the hearts of us one and all  
 C F C  
 Young Vandy in his pain, put a bullet to his brain  
 F G Am F C G C  
 And we buried them together as the snows began to fall

C F C  
 They sing of Darcy Farrow where the Truckee runs through  
 Am C G G7  
 They sing of her beauty in Virginia City, too  
 C F C  
 At dusty old Sundown to her name they drink a round  
 F G Am F C G C  
 And to young Vandy, whose love was true



Steve Gillette and Cindy Mangsen 1990

# The Death Of Harry Simms

Aunt Molly Jackson and Jim Garland

Am

Come and listen to my story, come and listen to my song

I'll sing to you of a hero who is now dead and gone

I'll sing to you of a young boy, his age it was nineteen

C

Am

He was the bravest union man that I have ever seen

Am

Harry Simms was a pal of mine, we labored side by side

Expecting to be shot on sight, or taken for a ride

By the dirty coal operator gun thugs that roam from town to town

C

Am

Shooting down our union men where e'er they may be found

Am

Harry Simms was walking down the track one bright sunny day

He was a youth of courage, his step was light and gay

He did not know the gun thugs was hiding on the way

C

Am

To kill our brave young hero that bright sunny day

Am

Harry Simms was killed on Brush Creek in nineteen thirty-two

He organized the miners into the NMU

He gave his life in struggle, 'twas all that he could do

C

Am

He died for the union, likewise for me and you

Am

The thugs can kill our leaders and cause us to shed tears

But they cannot kill our spirit if they try a million years

And we will keep on fighting now we all realize

C

Am

A union struggle must go on till we are organized

*Copyright 1947 by People's Songs, assigned to Stormking Music Inc. 1966*

*Note: Harry Simms, an NMU organizer, was gunned down near Pineville, KY, on the way to collect truckloads of food and clothing which had been collected from out-of-state for the striking Brush Creek miners.*



John Hartford (left), Carol and Art in front of the steamboat Julia Belle Swain on the Illinois River at Henry, Illinois 1985

*"I sang folksongs and told jokelore and tall tales on both the steamboat Julia Belle Swain and on the diesel-electric excursion boat the Twilight for ten years----1986 through 1996. Both beautiful boats were designed and built by the master of all river pilots Captain Dennis Trone. What a treat it was to hook up with Denny. Steady work for a folksinger is a rare thing. Sadly, this great man died when his self-built plane crashed in southern Wisconsin. Also shown here with Carol and I is the musical banjo wizard John Hartford of folk/country music fame. John loved piloting the Julia Belle, and visited in his big bus any time he could."*



# Diamond Joe

*"Sung by prisoner Charlie Butler in Parchman Prison, Miss., 1937"*

C G C G  
1. I ain't gonna work in this country, neither on Forrester's farm  
C G D G  
I'm gonna sit til my Maybelle comes, she's gonna call me Tom  
C G Bm C  
Diamond Joe, come and get me Diamond Joe, come and get me  
G D G  
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe

C G C G  
2. Ain't gonna tell you no secrets, ain't gonna tell you no lies  
C G D G  
I'm gonna sit til my Maybelle comes, watch her rollin' on by  
C G Bm C  
Diamond Joe, come and get me Diamond Joe, come and get me  
G D G  
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe

C G C G  
3. I went up on a mountain and I give my horn a blow  
C G D G  
Thought I heard my Maybelle say, "Yonder come my beau."  
C G Bm C  
Diamond Joe, come and get me Diamond Joe, come and get me  
G D G  
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe

C G C G  
4. Sometimes I do think that you're too sweet to die  
C G D G  
Sometimes I think Maybelle, you oughta be buried alive  
C G Bm C  
Diamond Joe, come and get me Diamond Joe, come and get me  
G D G  
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe

# Ding Dang Dong Go The Wedding Bells

C F C  
Froggy went a courting and he did ride

C G C  
Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C  
He said Miss Mouse won't you be my bride

C G C  
Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

Chorus:

C Em  
Here's to Cheshire, here's to cheese

F  
Here's to the pears and the apple trees

C F G  
And here's to the lovely strawberries

C G C  
Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C G C  
Well, without my Uncle Rat's consent Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C G C  
I could not marry the president Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C G C  
Said Uncle Rat, "I'm much afraid Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C  
If you don't marry froggie, you're gonna die an old maid

C G C  
Ding dang dong go the wedding bells Chorus

C F C  
Well, open the oysters, spill the champagne

C G C  
Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C  
Never see a wedding feast like that one again

C G C  
Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C G C  
While they was going hot and strong Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C G C  
The old gray cat come a stealin' along Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C  
Miss mousey she made a dive for a crack

C G C  
Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C  
Puss made a pounce and he broke her back

C G C  
Ding dang dong go the wedding bells Chorus

C F C G C  
Where was the gallant frog all the while Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C G C  
He darn near broke the four minute mile Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C G C  
So here's to the end of him and her Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

C F C G C  
You won't see no tadpoles covered in fur Ding dang dong go the wedding bells

# Dink's Song

*"I first heard this by a Blues singer named Major Wiley, back in Chicago, 1963."*

D Bm Em A7  
1. If I had wings like Norah's dove, I'd fly up the river to the one I love  
Bm G D A7 D  
Fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well

D Bm Em A7  
2. I've got a man, he's long and tall moves his body like a cannon ball  
Bm G D A7 D  
Fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well

D Bm Em A7  
3. One of these days and it won't be long call my name and I'll be gone  
Bm G D A7 D  
Fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well

D Bm Em A7  
4. I remember one night, a drizzling rain all around my heart I felt a pain  
Bm G D A7 D  
Fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well

D Bm Em A7  
5. When I wore my apron way down low, I couldn't keep you from my door  
Bm G D A7 D  
Fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well

D Bm Em A7  
6. Now I wear my apron high scarcely see you passing by  
Bm G D A7 D  
Fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well

D

7. Now I wear my apron up to my chin

Bm

Em A7

You pass my door but you won't come in

Bm G

D

A7

D

Fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well

D

8. If I had listened to what my mama said

Bm

Em A7

I'd be at home in my mama's bed

Bm G

D

A7

D

Fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well



*"Suzanne Dooley, an old friend and former waitress at the No Exit coffeehouse – Here we were singing for children at the Shawano Festival in Wisconsin." Aug 1984*

# Dobie Bill

*"Learned from Cisco Houston's Folkways Record,"*

Art's guitar tuned 1/2 step low

G  
Dobie Bill, he went a-riding through the canyon, in the glow  
D  
Of a quiet summer's evening, he wasn't ridin' slow  
G  
Ridin' easy on the pinto that he dearly loved to straddle,  
D  
With a six-gun and sombrero that was wider than his saddle  
C  
As he's riding he's a hummin' of a simple little song  
G D  
That's a-boomin' through the cactus as he's gallopin' along  
G  
"Oh, I've rid from San Antony through the mesquite and the sand  
D  
I'm a rarin', flarin' bucko, not afraid to play my hand.  
C  
I'm a rootin', shootin' demon and I have my little fun  
G D G  
On my pinto named Apache and Adolphus, that's my gun."  
G  
Now straight to Santa Fe he drifted, and he mills around the town  
D  
Sorta gittin' of his bearin' as he pours his liquor down.  
C  
But he's watchin', always watchin', every hombre in the place,  
G D  
Like he's maybe kinda lookin' for some certain hombre's face.  
G  
Then one night he wanders careless to the place of Monte Sam  
D  
And he does a bit of playin' like he doesn't give a damn.  
C  
Then all at once it's hushed and quiet, like a calm before the blow,  
G D  
And the crowd is tense and nervous, and the playin stopped and slow.

G  
At the bar a man is standin', sneerin' as his glances lay,  
D  
Like a challenge did he fling 'em, darin' Bill for to make his play.  
C  
Two-Gun Blake, the Texas killer, hated, feared wherever known  
G D  
Stood and drank his glass of mescal with assurance all his own.

G  
Then the stare of Blake, the killer, hit the glance of Dobie Bill  
D  
And they held each one the other with the steel of looks that kill,  
C  
Then the tones of Blake came slowly, with a sneer in every word  
G D  
"Well, you've found me!" But the other gave no sign he saw or heard.  
G  
Then Bill arose so slowly, he advanced with a steady pace  
D  
And he grinned, and quick as lightnin', slapped the killer in the face.

C  
"Shoot, you snake!" he whispered hoarsely. "Shoot, you lily-livered cur!  
G D  
You was always strong for killin' now I'm here to shoot for her!"  
G  
Some there was that claimed they saw it, as the killer tried to draw  
D  
But there's no one knows for certain just exactly what he saw  
C  
I'll agree the shootin' started quick as Blake had made his start,  
G D  
Then a brace of bullets hit him fair and certain through the heart.  
G  
His gun hand was a graspin' for the gun he'd get too late  
D  
With the notches on it showin' like the vagaries of fate.  
C  
And standing there above him with a grin upon his face  
G D G  
Bill said, "Nell, I've kept my promise. I have made that scoundrel pay!"



Ed Balchowsky, Studs and Ida Terkel  
at a book signing party for Studs at OTSFM

*“Ed Balchowsky came back from the Spanish Civil War in 1937 addicted to morphine after his arm was lost, and he stayed on drugs the next 30 years. He was a crazy artist. He did huge, sprawling, chalk murals. They used to throw ‘em out behind the Quiet Knight, and we’d go out there and pull them out of the garbage the next day. It was strange, anarchistic, leftist art. Wonderful. Heard some of his oil stuff Oprah Winfrey has in her home. He wound up jumping in front of an El train at North and Clybourne, just north of the Old Town School when it was on North Avenue. He was old and depressed, and he killed himself. He still could play those marching songs of the Spanish Civil War that Pete knew, too. He was an anti-Fascist his whole life and believed strongly in the cause. He always said he was an anti-Fascist rather than Communist. He was a great guy. I really enjoyed him. He went back to Spain and sent some photographs back to me. Bruce Phillips and I used to sit in the dark and listen to him play after a show was over at the Quiet Knight. We were drinking Scotch and listening to him. He knew we were there. He’d do all those songs with one hand. He was a concert pianist before he had lost his arm, so he still had the tendencies, but every so often that stump would come down and accentuate things by hitting this discord on the other side. It was amazing.”*

An excerpt from Clay Eals’ 2000 interview with Art



# Don't Let Your Deal Go Down

*"I heard this from Guy Carawan"*

Capo 1

A7 D7  
You can call me a dog when I'm gone

G C  
You can call me a dog when I'm gone

A7 D7  
But I come over the hill toatin' a forty dollar bill

G C  
Baby, where you been so God damn long

A7 D7  
I've been all around this whole country

G C  
I bummed down in sunny Tennessee

A7 D7  
Anywhere I lay down this weary head of mine

G C  
Bound to be home sweet home to me.

A7 D7 G C  
Daddy taught me how to gamble he never told me gamblin' was a sin

A7 D7 G C  
Daddy taught me how to gamble, but he never did teach me how to win

Chorus:

A7 D7 G C  
Don't let your deal go down. Don't let your deal go down.

A7 D7  
Don't let your deal go down, sweet mama

G C  
Till your last gold dollar's gone.

# Down In The Arkansas

By Jimmy Driftwood

G C G D  
1. I had a cow she slobbered bad, down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D G  
I took her to my old grandad, down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D  
I asked him what to do for it down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D G  
He said, "Son, teach that cow to spit!" way down in the Arkin-saw

Chorus:

G C G D  
Down in the Arkin, down in the Arkin, down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D G  
The sweetest gal I ever knew was down in the Arkin-saw

G C G D  
2. When I was just a little lad, down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D G  
My Ma got married to my dad way down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D  
Grandpa got mad and cussed a-while down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D G  
Til grandma said, "It's the latest style," way down in the Arkin-saw!

Chorus

G C G D  
3. I loved a gal, her name was Lil, down in the Arkin-saw,  
G C G D G  
I hugged that girl all over the hill way down in the Arkin-saw.  
G C G D  
Her Pa got mad and called me "Son" down in the Arkin-saw;  
G C G D G  
He tied the knot with his rifle-gun way down in the Arkin-saw!

## Chorus

G C G D  
4. They had a wedding that couldn't be beat down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D G  
A boy named oats and a girl named wheat down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D  
All the people sang in a major key down in the Arkin-saw  
G C G D G  
They sang what shall the harvest be down in the Arkin-saw



Fritz Schuler (left) and Art at Fritz's Golden Ring Music Store and Folklore Center in Manitowoc, Wisconsin

# East Texas Red

By Woody Guthrie

*"I learned this one from a Cisco Houston recording on Folkways"*

- C F C  
1. Down in the scrub-oak country of the Southeast Texas gulf,  
C D7 G  
There used to ride a brakeman, yes, a brakeman double tough.  
C F C  
He worked the town of Kilgore, and Longview twelve miles down,  
C G C  
And the hobos said little East Texas Red was the meanest bull around.
- C F C  
2. It was on one cold and drizzly day 'long about nine or ten,  
C D7 G  
A couple o' bums on the hunt of a job they stood in the blizzardy wind.  
C F C  
Hungry and cold, they knocked on the doors of the working people all around,  
C D7 G C  
For a piece of meat, a carrot, or a spud for to boil their stew around
- C F C  
3. Now, Red he come on down the line and he waved old number two.  
C D7 G  
He kicked their bucket over a bush and dumped out all of their stew.  
C F C  
One of the boys said, "East Texas Red, you better get your business straight,  
C D7 G C  
'Cause you're gonna ride that little black train just one year from this date."
- C F C  
4. Now, Red he laughed and he clumb the bank and he jumped on the side of a wheeler  
C D7 G  
The boys caught a tanker for Seminole, they went north up to Amarillo.  
C F C  
They caught them a job of oilfield work and followed that pipeline down.  
C D7 G C  
It took 'em to a hell of a lot of places before that year had rolled around.

C F C  
 5. Then on one cold and drizzly day, they caught them a gulf-bound train,  
 C D7 G  
 Shivered and shook with the dough in their pockets to the scrub-oak flats again.  
 C F C  
 They followed the ties past the cinder dump, they come to the very same spot  
 C D7 G C  
 And there the same old 'boes sat down settin' around the same stew pot

C F C  
 6. The smoke from their fire went higher and higher, and Red come down the line.  
 C D7 G  
 He shivered and shook with the snow in his face, he waved old number nine.  
 C F C  
 He followed the ties past the cinder dump, he come to the very same spot,  
 C D7 G C  
 And there he spied the same old 'boes settin' 'round the same stew pot.

C F C  
 7. Red went to his knees and he hollered, "Please, don't pull that trigger on me!  
 C D7 G  
 I did not get my business straight," but he did not get his say.  
 C F C  
 A gun wheeled out from an overcoat and it played the old one-two,  
 C D7 G C  
 And Red was dead when the other men set down to eat their stew.

# Eighty Acres

Words and Music Jerry Rau

Capo 3

- G D C G  
1. Packing up the car today, my wife and kids and all  
G D C D  
Heading on to Kansas City with its buildings tall  
C G B7 C  
I been farming in West Kansas, like my dad and grandad too  
G D C G  
But farming now it's a hard old life, I tell you boys, I'm through

## CHORUS:

C G B7 C  
And I can hear my grandad's voice, a ghost upon the wind  
G D  
Don't leave this farm I've worked to build, don't leave it darling Jim  
C G B7 C  
But grandad we just have to go, though it really seems a sin  
Am C G  
But we just can't make a go on eighty acres  
Am C G  
No, we just can't make a go on eighty acres

- G D C G  
2. Yesterday they sold it all, the tractor and the plow  
G D C D  
They auctioned everything we owned, they're someone else's now  
C G B7 C  
That pickup truck that grandad owned, it brought a handsome bid  
G D C G  
I remember riding next to him, when I was just a kid Chorus

G D C G  
 3. So it's one last look around the place, before we have to go  
 G D C D  
 How we'll make it in the city, the Good Lord only knows  
 C G B7 C  
 I hate to leave my birthplace with its dusty windowsills  
 G D C G  
 But twenty years of toil and sweat has only brought me bills

Chorus

G D C G  
 4. There's the old porch swing where we spent so many hours  
 G D C D  
 Grandad and my grandma, two western Kansas flowers  
 C G B7 C  
 They knew the good and bad of it, as much as anyone  
 G D C G  
 We're leaving now for Kansas City, with the setting sun

Chorus

# Frankie And Johnny

C  
Frankie and Johnny were lovers, Lordie how they could love  
F C  
They swore to be true to each other, just as true as the stars above,  
G C  
He was her man, but he done her wrong

C  
Frankie went down to the barroom, just to get her a bucket of beer  
F C  
She said to the fat bartender, "Has my lovin' man been here?  
G C  
He's my man, but he's been doin' me wrong."

C  
"I ain't gonna tell you no secrets, I don't want to tell you no lies  
F C  
But I saw your man an hour ago with a gal named Alice Bly,  
G C  
If he's your man, he's a-doing you wrong."

C  
Frankie went up that staircase and pulled out a little .44  
F  
Shot three times went root-a-toot-toot,  
C  
Right through that hardwood door,  
G C  
She shot her man, cause he was doin' her wrong



C  
Roll me over on my left, roll me over so slow,  
F C  
Roll me over on my left side, cause these bullets they hurt me so  
G C  
I was your man, but I was doin' you wrong

C  
Last time I saw Frankie, she was sittin' in electric chair  
F  
She was getting ready for to meet her God with  
C  
Sweat pourin' down from her hair  
G C  
She shot her man, cause he was doin' her wrong



Art (left) keeping a sharp eye on Tim Dawe's guitar chords at the No Exit Cafe



Bruce 'Utah' Phillips (left) and Art in Stevens Point, Wi. 1980  
at the Hey Rube Founding Rendezvous, 'bout the time of WBEZ Radio's  
Folk Music program, The Flea Market.

*"Bruce Phillips' humor showed me it was possible to use humor to get people in the mood to accept songs that they otherwise would not. I didn't write songs very much. It was a mission for me to push the traditional, and the humor is what made a career for me."*

# Freight Train

Elizabeth Cotton

Chorus:

C G  
Freight train, freight train going so fast  
G C  
Freight train, freight train going so fast  
E7 F  
Please don't tell what train I'm on  
C G C  
So they won't know where I've gone

C G  
Freight train, freight train, going round the bend  
G C  
Freight train, freight train, gone again  
E7 F  
One of these days, turn that train around  
C G C  
Go back to my home town

C G C  
One more place I'd like to be, one more place I'd love to see  
E7 F  
To watch those Blue Ridge Mountains climb  
C G C  
While I ride old Number Nine

C G C  
When I die please bury me deep down at the end of Chestnut Street  
E7 F C G C  
So I can hear old Number Nine as she goes rolling by

# Getting' In The Cows

Charlie Maguire

Art's Guitar is tuned down ½ step

Chorus:

C G  
Gettin' in the cows, shoo 'em in the barn,  
D G  
Put 'em in the stanchion, turn the radio on,  
C G  
Milk 'em all dry, send 'em out again,  
D G  
Wait a month on the dairy for the check to come in

G C  
1. Well start my day in the sun up dark,  
G D  
I'm goin' down the lane to bring the milk cows up,  
G C  
I've got a holstein and a jersey and a one-eyed steer,  
D G  
Old brown cow that jumps fences like a deer,  
C G  
Dew's on the ground and my feet are wet,  
D G  
I got a light in hand, hat on my head,  
C G  
Going down to the pasture to get my herd,  
D G  
Just chewin' their cud and lookin' at the birds Chorus

G C  
 2. Well, get up you cows, I get 'em on the move,  
 G D  
 Their udders are swinging like water in balloons,  
 G C  
 I take them to the barn and they know their place,  
 D G  
 With the lead one first and I close the gate,  
 C G  
 Bring the cart around, give them all some feed,  
 D G  
 They lick their nose, flap their ears at me,  
 C G  
 I put on the machine and it feels so good,  
 D G  
 Just to let down the milk like a good cow should

G C  
 3. Well, folks say a cow's face is so fine,  
 G D  
 But I see the back ends most of the time,  
 G C  
 I work all summer to put hay in the mow,  
 D G  
 Then work all winter to feed it to the cow,  
 C G  
 The milkin's all done I got the weather report,  
 D G  
 I got my day all planned for my job of work,  
 C G  
 Back to the pasture goes half of my life,  
 D G  
 Now I'm going in the house and hug my wife.



F C  
 Oh the storms may blow, and the wind may rise  
 F C  
 I long to go where the fast mail flies  
 F C F  
 I know she's gone, whatever I say and it won't be long,  
 C Am F G F C  
 Till I make up my mind and go away

F  
 Did you see that fool, he can't hear the whistle  
 C Am  
 A blind old man caught out on the trestle  
 D7  
 He can't go up and he can't go back  
 G  
 Train kept comin', brushed him off the track

F C  
 Oh the storms may blow, and the wind may rise  
 F C  
 I long to go where the fast mail flies  
 F C F  
 I know she's gone, whatever I say and it won't be long,  
 C Am F G F C  
 Till I make up my mind and go away

# Goin' To Cairo

On the Banjo  
Capo 2

G F  
Come on boys, goin' to Cairo, Come on boys, goin' to Cairo  
G F  
Come on boys, goin' to Cairo early in the morn

G F  
Come on gals, let's go with 'em Come on gals, let's go with 'em  
G F  
Come on gals, let's go with 'em early in the mornin'

G  
Won't you look pretty in the ballroom  
F  
Won't you look pretty in the ballroom  
G F G  
Won't you look pretty in the ballroom early in the mornin'

G F  
Come on boys, goin' to Cairo, Come on boys, goin' to Cairo  
G F  
Come on boys, goin' to Cairo early in the morn





# The Golden Vanity

Capo 1

1. There was a little ship, and she sailed upon the sea

The name of the ship was the Golden Vanity

And we feared she would be taken by the Spanish enemy

As she sailed upon the lowland, lowland lowland

As she sailed on the lowland sea.

2. Up steps the cabin boy, boldly out spoke he

Captain, oh captain, what would you give to me

If I do swim along side the Spanish enemy

And sink them in the lowland, lowland lowland

Sink them in the lowland sea

3. The captain he looked down and the captain he lied

Five thousand pounds and my daughter for your bride

If you do swim alongside and sink them in the tide

And sink them in the lowland, lowland lowland, sink them in the lowland sea

4. The cabin boy bared his breast and boldly out swam he

He swam till he came to the side of the Spanish enemy

G Em  
And with his brace and auger in her side he bored holes three  
C D G Em  
And he sunk her in the lowland, lowland lowland  
C D G  
He sunk her in the lowland sea

G Em  
5. Then he swam back to the cheering of the crew  
C D  
The captain did not heed him, for his promise he did rue  
G Em  
And for all his fair untreatings so loudly he did sue  
C D G Em  
Oh, he left him in the lowland, lowland lowland  
C D G  
He left him in the lowland sea

G Em  
6. If it were not for the love that I bear for your men  
C D  
I would sink you the same way that I sunk them  
G Em  
I would sink you the same way that I sunk them  
C D G Em  
I'd sink you in the lowland, lowland lowland  
C D G  
I'd sink you in the lowland sea

G Em  
7. Then his messmates drew him up, but on the deck he died  
C D  
They stitched him in his hammock which was so snowy white  
G Em  
Then they heaved him overboard and he drifted with the tide  
C D G Em C D G  
And he sank in the lowland, lowland lowland, he sank in the lowland sea

# Goodnight Irene

Leadbelly

          C                                  G  C  
Last Saturday night, I got married, me and my wife settled down  
          C                                  F                                  G  C  
Now me and my wife are parted, gonna take another stroll 'round town

## Chorus

          C                  G                          C  
Irene Good night, Irene good night  
          C          C7          F                  G                  C  
Goodnight Irene, good night Irene I'll see you in my dreams

          C                                  G  C  
Sometimes I live in the country, sometimes I live in town  
          C                                  F                                  G  C  
Sometimes I take a great notion, to jump into the river and drown

          C                                  G  C  
I love Irene, God knows I do, I'll love her till the seas run dry  
          C                                  F                                  G  C  
And if Irene turns her back on me, I'll take the morphine and die

          C                                  G  C  
Stop rambling, stop your gambling stop staying out late at night,  
          C                                  F                                  G  C  
Go home to your wife and your family stay there by your fireside bright

C G C  
I've rambled round your cities, rambled around your towns  
C F G C  
I never see a friend I know as I go ramblin' round, boys  
G C  
As I go ramblin' round

C G C  
My parents hoped I would be a man of some renown  
C F G C  
But I am just a refugee as I go ramblin' round, boys  
G C  
As I go ramblin' round

C G C  
Peach trees they get loaded, the limbs they are bending down  
C F G C  
I pick 'em all day for a dollar, boys as I go ramblin' round, boys  
G C  
As I go ramblin' round

C G C  
The peaches they get rotten, and they fall down to the ground  
C F G C  
I see a hungry mouth for every peach as I go ramblin' round  
G C  
As I go ramblin' round

Chorus



C G  
The campfire's gone out and the coffee's all gone  
C  
The boys are all up and they're raising the dawn  
C F  
You're still sitting there, lost in a song

Chorus

C G  
I know that some day I'll be just the same,  
C  
Wearing an apron instead of a name  
C C7 F  
No one can change it, and there's no one to blame

C G  
For the desert's a book writ in lizards and sage,  
C  
Easy to look like an old torn out page,  
C F  
Faded and cracked with the colors of age

Chorus

# The Great Turtle Drive

*"I updated this from Jack Thorp's 1906 version in his book, "Partner of The Wind."*

Well, yes, it had to be way over 100 years back that it happened.

There was this fellow having dinner in a place in Kansas City. On the menu was this turtle soup -- a very rare commodity out on the American frontier. He ordered himself a bowl of that turtle soup, spooned it down and enjoyed it quite a bit.

THEN he got the bill.

After calming down and paying the huge \$50.00 price tag on the one bowl of soup, he got to thinking about all the land terrapins out there on the prairie crawling around south of there. If he could gather a bunch of those turtles together he could make a tidy sum.

Well, this guy went out and hired a crew of fellows that he called Turtle Boys, and he sent them down to southern Texas, where all the land terrapins roamed wild down there. He gave the boys gunny sacks, and they gathered together a big herd of about 30,000 head o' turtle. It was an impressive sight, turtles just about as far as you could see.

One fine summer day, they got out there on the trail and headed 'em north, the idea being to get 'em all the way to the railroad up near Abilene in Kansas. Truth be told, this was a pretty strange scheme. At the rate the land terrapins moved, about four or five feet per day, it would take them more than 30 years to get to market.

But our entrepreneur was one of those Enron-Arthur Andersen, big-tipper, trying-to-impress-them, all businessman kind o' guys, and he was blinded to the realities of his venture by all the dollar signs in his eyes.

Ya gotta kind of picture the details of it. They were riding along, hooting and a-hollering, just trying anything to get 'em to move out. Even shooting off their revolvers wasn't very effective. They fed them beans, hoping it might sort of jet-propel 'em along. (Bad idea.)

At night, the turtle boys would be ridin' around the herd and singin' to 'em. Roping strays, too. (It's not easy to rope a turtle. They just pull in their heads and legs and tail, so the rope slips off.)

One amazing discovery was that the entire herd, all 30,000 land terrapins, had to be flipped over every night. The turtle boys had to dismount from their horses, walk over to the herd, and carefully, one by one, they had to turn over all the turtles onto their backs! Why? To keep 'em from stampeding.

After a week or two of doing this, the turtle boys realized that the turtles' little legs waving around in the air all night tired them out so bad that the next day the animals could only make one or two feet. So they had to cut that out.



It was all trial and error since a trail drive like this had never been done before.

One good thing that came out of all this was that while they were all bedded down for the night, the females would lay eggs. Three weeks later, they would hatch out into a secondary herd following the first herd. Our head man just got more and more dollar signs in his eyes. He had a picture in his mind of a whole long string of hurtle turds -- whew, I mean turtle herds -- all stretched out (as it were) all the way to the railhead up north in Abilene.

Well, eventually they got to the banks of the Red River, that fabled stream that was infamous in the tales and songs of Texas. Sunning himself on the banks of the river was an impressive scholarly looking mud turtle named Studs -- Studs Turtle. Now, he saw this thundering mass o' turtle flesh barreling down the bluff at him with their nostrils all flared and the steam pouring out, and he got a little spooked! He jumped right into the river and swam away. But the land terrapins, being a few straws short of a bale, followed him into the river. Being land terrapins, of course they all sank like a rock -- and drowned.

Folks, as you might imagine (and I hope you are doing just that), this would have put a quick end to what has, through the years, come to be known the annals of western history as The Great Turtle Drive. But the Turtle Boys, being quite resourceful, wouldn't let it end there. They started digging huge pits that they filled with red-hot coals. They pushed boulders into the pits and heated those up until they, too, were just glowing red hot with heat. Then, using small trees as levers, they pushed the hot rocks into the waters of the Red River. Slowly, the water started to heat up -- and then it started to seethe, boil, steam and froth.

For the next year at least, the Red River ran with turtle soup. Pure stuff. It kept the Indians fed through a very bad winter -- and everyone turned out pretty happy when it was all over.

A year later in that same restaurant in Kansas City, that same guy, this time having a nice bowl of beef stew, had another idea. He told his friend, "I just thought of something. If we could do it with turtles, maybe we should try it with COWS." And that was the start of the cattle industry in the American West.

Yeah, all the singers of cowboy songs, and the reciters of cowboy poetry, and the lovers of cowboy movies, and the riders of all those bulls (both the mechanical kind and the real ones), also the Texans who toss the bull in all those bars, they ALL owe this fellow a huge and heartfelt THANK YOU for providing them ALL with a subculture within which they could thrive and get rich and famous.

As my old uncle was so fond of saying, "Fame is proof of how gullible people can be!" And if you are left wondering how I can sit here and tell this to you now, it's because I was there to see it as it all unfolded -- and I have turtle recall!



Art (left) and Pete Seeger at the Folk Alliance in Cleveland, 2000  
*"Pete is the epitome of what it means to be a folksinger. He and Woody and Cisco invented the term, and that is what I, a kid without a strong male role model, wanted to be as soon as I heard the song-tales sung with the supremely portable instruments, the guitar and the 5-string banjo."*



Art's 1960s photograph of the paintings by Peggy Lipshutz at the Old Town School of Folk Music on Armitage. Woody Guthrie, Big Bill Broonzy and Pete Seeger.

# Handful Of Songs

Jerry Rasmussen

1. All that I have is my grandfather's hammer,  
His old railroad watch with the casing all worn,  
And the bible my grandmother bought her last Christmas,  
Left to my mother, now she's passed it on.

Chorus:

Some may leave money from a lifetime of saving,  
Some just their names on a marble stone.  
It's not what you leave, it's the joy of remembering  
And all I can leave you is a handful of songs.

2. Some may leave stories, well tuned in the telling  
Some may leave jokes that can still make you laugh,  
Some may leave lessons, hard in the learning,  
Some just a smile in an old photograph    Chorus

3. Oh, how many days slip away without notice,  
How many friends have we lost on the way,  
How many good times are taken for granted  
And only remembered when they've passed away.

# Hard Times In The Mill

From the singing of Hedy West

This song was recorded as *Cotton Mill Blues* in Atlanta in 1930 by the Lee Brothers Trio

C G

Every mornin' at half-past four you hear the cooks hop on the floor

C G C

It's hard times in the mill my love Hard Times in the Mill

C G

Every morning just at five gotta get up, dead or alive

C G C

It's hard times in the mill my love Hard Times in the Mill

C G

Every mornin' right at six don't that ol' bell make you sick

C G C

It's hard times in the mill my love, Hard Times in the Mill

C

And ol' Pat Goble thinks he's a Hun

G

He puts me in mind of a doodle in the sun

C G C

It's hard times in the mill my love, Hard Times in the Mill

C G

The pulley got hot, the belt jumped off knocked Mr Guyan's derby off

C G C

It's hard times in the mill my love, Hard Times in the Mill

C

Ain't it enough to break your heart

G

You gotta work all day, and at night it's dark

C G C

It's hard times in the mill my love, Hard Times in the Mill

C G  
Section hand he thinks he's a man he ain't got sense to pay off his hands  
C G C  
It's hard times in the mill my love, Hard Times in the Mill

C G  
They steal his ring, they steal his knife steal everything but his big fat wife  
C G C  
It's hard times in the mill my love, Hard Times in the Mill

C  
My bobbin's all out, my end's all down  
G  
The doffer's in my alley an' I can't get around  
C G C  
It's hard times in the mill my love, Hard Times in the Mill

C  
The section hand, standin' at the door  
G  
Ordering the sweepers to sweep up the floor  
C G C  
It's hard times in the mill my love, Hard Times in the Mill

C  
An' every night when I go home  
G  
A piece o' cornbread an' an ol' jawbone  
C G C  
It's hard times in the mill my love, Hard Times in the Mill

# Hard Travelin'

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

*"I first heard this song in 1959 on a CBS television show called 'Folksound USA.'  
The host of the program was Cisco Houston and this is one of two songs he sang."*

G

1. I've been havin' some hard travelin', I thought you knowed

A7 D

I've been havin' some hard travelin', way down the road

G C

I've been havin' some hard travelin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin'

G D G

I've been havin' some hard travelin', Lord

G

2. I've been ridin' them fast rattlers, I thought you knowed

A7 D

I've been ridin' them flat wheelers, way down the road

G C

I've been ridin' them blind passengers, dead-enders, kickin' up cinders

G D G

I've been havin' some hard travelin', Lord

G

3. I've been hittin' some hard-rock minin', I thought you knowed

A7 D

I've been leanin' on a pressure drill, way down the road

G

Hammer flyin', air-hose suckin',

C

Six foot of mud and I sure been a muckin'

G D G

And I've been hittin' some hard travelin', Lord

G

4. I've been hittin' some hard harvestin', I thought you knowed

A7 D

North Dakota to Kansas City, way down the road

G C

Cuttin' that wheat, stackin' that hay, tryin' make about a dollar a day

G D G

And I've been havin' some hard travelin', Lord

G

5. I've been working that Pittsburgh steel, I thought you knowed

A7 D

I've been a dumpin' that red-hot slag, way down the road

G C

I've been a blasting, I've been a firin', I've been a pourin' red-hot iron

G D G

I've been hittin' some hard travelin', Lord

G

6. I've been layin' in a hard-rock jail, I thought you knowed

A7 D

I've been a laying out 90 days, way down the road

G C

Mean old judge, he said to me, "It's 90 days for vagrancy."

G D G

And I've been hittin' some hard travelin', Lord

G

7. I've been walking that Lincoln highway, I thought you knowed

A7 D

I've been hittin' that 66, way down the road

G C

Heavy load and a worried mind, lookin' for a woman that's hard to find,

G D G

I've been hittin' some hard travelin', Lord

# Hello Stranger

Carter Family

C  
1. Hello stranger, put your loving hand in mine  
F C  
Hello stranger, put your loving hand in mine  
G C  
You are a stranger but you're a pal of mine

C  
2. Get up rounder, let a working man sit down  
F C  
Get up rounder, let a working man sit down  
G C  
You are a rounder but you're all out and down

C  
3. Now every time I ride the old boxcar  
F C  
Every time I ride the old boxcar  
G C  
I can see my baby she's peeking through the bars

C  
4. She bowed her head and waved both hands at me  
F C  
She bowed her head and waved both hands at me  
G C  
I'm prison bound but I'm longing to be free

C  
5. Well, I'll see you when your troubles are like mine  
F C  
I'll see you when your troubles are like mine  
G C  
Yes, I'll see you when you haven't got a dime



C  
6. Weeping like a willow and mourning like a dove  
F C  
Weeping like a willow and mourning like a dove  
G C  
There's a gal up the country that I dearly love Repeat Verse 1



Anne Hills at the Old Town School of Folk Music June 1979

# Here's To You Rounders

by Don Lange

*"I was the first to record this song, on Kicking Mule Records"*

C                      Am          F                      G  
1. I never knew my grandad, he was always on the bum  
C                      Am          G                      F  
Every September he'd get on the Southbound and ride  
Em  
Then along about Christmas, me and my brother  
F                      G          C  
We'd get us some coins in the mail but we couldn't spend them,  
Am          G                      F          G          C  
They were all he could send from that Mexico City jail

C                      Am          G  
2. Back in the thirties when the going got tough  
F                      G  
Old grandad, he'd hit the road  
C                      Am          G                      F  
Mother was young then, she only remembers his name  
Em  
Then granny got work in the old canning factory  
F                      G  
She took in some wash on the side  
C                      Am          G  
She promised herself that she'd never forgive him  
F          G                      C  
A promise she kept till she died

Chorus:

F C  
Here's to you rounders and here's to you railroad bums  
G F C  
Hopin' that you make it home soon  
F C Am  
Here's to the women who married for love  
F G C  
And lived with the man in the moon

C Am G  
3. One time near the end, he rolled into town  
F G  
He was riding on the greyhound line  
C Am G F  
I guess he got old and those boxcars were harder to climb  
Em  
He dropped his last dime in a call to my granny  
F G  
But "no" was her only reply  
C Am G  
She hung up the phone, and she cursed him in German  
F G C  
But I saw the pain in her eyes Chorus

C Am F G  
4. I never knew my grandad, he was always on the bum  
C Am G F  
The Salvation Army sent us a note when he died  
Em  
Now me and my brother we carry the memory  
F G  
Of a face we never did see  
C Am G  
Like some foreign coin that lies cold in the pocket  
F G C  
Of a young boy's faded blue jeans Chorus



1977 Art's first album cover, "Outright Boldface Lies" on Kicking Mule. Photo by Rick Harty  
Art's caption for this picture is "Haunted by Poultrygeists."

## The Cottage Cheese Story

I just got back from Wisconsin, a farmer up there while I was coming down from way up north was nice enough to put me up. They've had hard times, you know, had to harvest the crops with a search warrant last year. He told me not to expect a whole lot. At dinnertime they brought out a big bowl of cottage cheese. I took two bites and they grabbed it off the table and stuck it back in the fridge, said, "That's all we're having tonight." I figured okay, hard times and all, I can put up with that. About bedtime he told me they only had one bed. His wife would have to get in first, and he'd get in the middle and then I'd have to crunch up on the edge. I figured all right. About two in the morning the horses started fighting out in the barn and he had to get up and go separate them. Soon as he was gone, his wife turned to me and said, "Well, now's your chance."

So I got up and ate the rest of the cottage cheese.



# Hobo's Last Ride

Recorded by Hank Snow

Words and music by Halcomb & Daffan

*"I first heard this song on a 1928 78 rpm recording by Buell Kazee"*

- G D  
1. In the Dodge City yards of the Sante Fe stood a freight made up for the east  
G  
The engineer with his oil and waste stood groomin' the great iron beast  
C  
Ten cars back in the murky dust a box-car door swung wide  
D G  
And a hobo lifted his pal aboard to start on his last, long ride
- C G  
2. The lantern swung, the freight pulled out the engine it gathered speed  
C D  
The engineer pulled his throttle wide and cluck to his fiery steed  
G D  
Ten cars back in the murky dusk the hobo rolled a pill  
G  
The flare of the match showed his partners' face stark white and deathly still  
G C  
As the train wheels clicked on the couplin' joints a song for the rambler's ears  
D G  
The hobo talked to the still, white form, his pal for many a year
- G D  
3. For a mighty long time we've rambled, Jack with the luck of men that roam  
G  
With the back door steps for a dining room and the boxcar for a home  
G D  
We dodged the bulls on the eastern route and the cops on the Chesapeake  
G  
We rode the Leadville Narrow Gauge in the days of Cripple Creek  
G C  
We drifted down through sunny Cal on the rails of the old S. P.  
D G  
And of all you had, through good and bad a half always belonged to me

G D  
 4. I made a promise to you, Jack if I lived and you cashed in  
 To take you back to the old churchyard and bury you there with your kin  
 G C  
 Well, I'm keepin' my promise to you, Jack, I'm takin' you home on the fly  
 D G  
 It's a decent way for a Bo to go home to the by and by

G D  
 5. I knew that fever had you, Jack and that doctor just wouldn't come  
 He was too busy treatin' the wealthy folks to doctor a worn out bum  
 G D  
 As the train rolled over its ribbon of steel straight through to the east it sped  
 G  
 The engineer in his high cab seat keep his eyes on the rails ahead  
 G C  
 While ten cars back in the empty box a lonely hobo sighed  
 D G  
 For the days of old and his pal so cold who was taking his last long ride.



*"Nimrod Workman---taking a drink standing under a single light bulb downstairs under the stage in Mandel Hall--Univ. of Chicago Folk Festival. He was a West Virginia coal miner and sang acapella songs about the health problems of the miners. He died of Black Lung disease."*

# House Carpenter

Traditional  
On the Banjo, Capo 2

G  
Well met, well met, my own true love well met, well met, cried he  
G F G F G  
I've just returned from the sea, salt sea and it's all for the love of thee

G  
I could have married the king's daughter there I'm sure that you will agree  
F G F G  
I'd have been the Lord of all of the lands on the banks of the bonny blue sea

G  
If you could have married the king's daughter dear I'm sure you are to blame  
F G F G  
Lately, I've been wed to a house carpenter and I think he's a fine young man

G  
Would you forsake your house carpenter and go ride along with me  
F G F G  
I'll take you to where the grass grows green on the banks of the bonny blue sea

G  
They had not been sailing about two weeks, I'm sure it was not three  
F G F G  
When she aspid his cloven hoof and wept most bitterly

G  
They had not been sailing about three weeks, I'm sure it was not four  
F G F G  
When their gallant, gallant ship it sprung a mighty leak and it sank to rise no more

G  
Three times around spun the gallant gallant ship three times around spun she  
F G F G  
Three times around spun the gallant gallant ship she sank to the bottom of the sea







Art (left) having a good laugh with legendary folk singer, Bob Gibson  
at Holstein's in Chicago 1981

*So I said to my one-legged wife, "Peg?"*

# I'm Gonna Leave Old Texas Now

*"Learned from Bob Gibson in 1959, The Cowman's Lament. This little song really says exactly what I feel about my life spent in the American folksong revival: I'm a better man for just the knowin' of you."*

C F C

1. I'm gonna to leave old Texas now

G C

Ain't got no place for the long-horn cow

C F C

They've roped and fenced all over my range

G C

And the people well, there are all so strange

C F C

2. Gonna take my horse and away I'll go

G C

Find a better life down in Mexico

C F C

And so kind friends I'll bid adieu

G C

I'm a better man for the knowing of you

C F C

3. The hard, hard ground shall be my bed

G C

And my saddle seat shall hold my head

C F C

And when my ride on Earth is done

G C

I'll take my chances with the Holy One

C F C

4. I'll tell Saint Peter that I know

G C

A cowboy's soul ain't white as snow

C F C G C

Yet in that far-off cattle land he sometimes acted like a man

# In And Around Nashville

On the Banjo  
Capo 1

*"From a record called 'Uncle Dave Macon's Fabulous Solo' "*

C  
Oh the roosters they lay eggs around Nashville,  
F C  
Oh the roosters they lay eggs around Nashville,  
C G F C  
Well the roosters they lay eggs, they're as big as old beer kegs,  
C G C  
They've got whiskers on their legs around Nashville.

*"Uncle Dave Macon...*

*Of course Uncle Dave was at the Grand Ole Opry,  
or the granola opry if you want to be natural about it,  
for many years. This is one of those little songs that sort  
of put down one geographical area. They're kind of like the  
forerunner to ethnic jokes and light bulb jokes and things  
like that."*

C  
Oh they chew tobacco thin around Nashville,  
F C  
Oh they chew tobacco thin around Nashville,  
C G F C  
Well they chew tobacco thin, and it runs down on their chin,  
C G C  
And they lick it in again around Nashville.

C  
Well the women dress knee-high around Nashville,  
F C  
All the women dress knee-high around Nashville,  
C G F C  
Well the women dress knee-high, and as they go walking by,  
C G C  
It makes the old men cry around Nashville.

C  
Now potatoes they grow small around Nashville,  
F C  
Oh potatoes they grow small around Nashville,  
C G F C  
Well potatoes they grow small, and they dig them in the fall,  
C G C  
And they eat them coats and all around Nashville.

C  
Herbert Hoover was elected from Nashville,  
F C  
Herbert Hoover was elected from Nashville,  
C G F C  
Herbert Hoover was elected, Al Smith he was rejected,  
C G C  
But he's very high respected around Nashville.

C  
If you want to get a drink around Nashville,  
F C  
If you want to get a drink around Nashville,  
C G F C  
If you want to get a drink, give the Democrats a wink,  
C G C  
And you'll get it 'fore you think around Nashville.

# Is Your Lamps Gone Out?

*"From a book of poems by Mary Wheeler called 'Steamboat Days.'  
I first heard Dillon Bustin perform this in Bloomington, Indiana"*

Chorus:

C G C D G  
Is your lamps gone out, is your lamps gone out?  
G D  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?  
C G C D G  
Is your lamps gone out, is your lamps gone out?  
G D G  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?

C G C D G  
1. Oh, the tallest tree in Paradise,  
G D  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?  
C G C D G  
Oh, the Christians they call it the tree of life  
G D G  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?

Chorus

C G C D G  
2. Come on sister and follow me  
G D  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?  
C G C D G  
I will show you the man that set me free  
G D G  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?

## Chorus

C G C D G  
3. If religion was a thing that money could buy  
G D  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?  
C G C D G  
Oh, the rich they would live and the poor would die  
G D G  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?

## Chorus

C G C D G  
4. The Jordan River is chilly and cold  
G D  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?  
C G C D G  
Oh, it chills the body, but not the soul  
G D G  
What you're gonna do in Egypt when your lamps gone out?

## Chorus

# Jerry, Go And Oil That Car!

An Old Irish Railroad Song

*"As sung by an old Wobbler, Harry "Haywire Mac" McClintock"*

C Am G  
Come all you railroad section men and listen to my song,

C  
It is of Larry O'Sullivan who is now dead and gone.

F C Am G  
For twenty years a section boss he never hired a tar,

C C F C  
And it's joint ahead and center back and Jerry, go and oil that car!

C Am G  
For twenty years a section boss he worked upon the track,

C  
And be it to his credit, that he never did have a wreck,

F C  
For he kept every point right up to the joint

Am G  
With the tap of the tampin bar

C  
And it's while the boys are a-shimmin' up the ties,

C F C  
It's "Jerry, go and oil that car!"

C Am G  
And every Sunday morning old Larry he would say:

C  
"Me boys, prepare now be aware the old lady goes to church today.

F C  
And I want every man for to pump the best that he can,

Am G C F  
For the distance it is far and we have to get her in ahead of number nine

C F C  
So, Jerry, go and oil that car!



C Am G  
It was in November in the wintertime the ground all covered with snow,  
C  
We'd place the hand car on the track and over the section we'd go  
F C  
With his big soldier coat buttoned up to his throat  
Am G C  
All weather he would dare and it's joint ahead and center back and  
C F C  
Jerry, go and oil that car!

C Am G  
"Give my respects to the Roadmaster," old Larry he did cry  
C  
"And set me up, that I may see the old handcar before I die  
F C Am  
Then place the spike-maul on my chest, the clamp and the old claw bar  
C  
And while the boys do be fillin' in me grave,  
C F C  
It's, Jerry, go and oil that car!"

# John Hardy

*"I played this song on the banjo in both G major and G minor tuning"*

C G C G  
John Hardy was a gamblin' man, carried a razor everyday

C G  
Shot him a man on that West Virginia Line

Oughta seen John Hardy getting' away

G D G  
Oughta seen John Hardy getting' away

C G C G  
John Hardy ran to the Freestone Bridge, there he thought he was free

C G  
But the sheriff come up with his deputy men

D G  
Sayin', "John Boy, come along with me, John Boy, come along with me

C G C G  
John Hardy had a pretty little gal, the dress she wore was blue

C G  
She cried out with a loud little shout

D G  
"John Boy, I've been true to you, John Boy, I've been true to you."

C G C G  
John Hardy had him a Ma and Pa, they came for to go his bail

C G  
No bail aloud on a murderin' charge,

D G  
They threw John Hardy back in jail, they threw John Hardy back in jail

C G C G  
 I been to the east and I been to the west, I been this whole world around  
 C G  
 I been to the river and I been baptized,  
 D G  
 Now take me to my hangin' ground, now take me to my hangin' ground  
 C G C G  
 They took John Hardy to the hangin' tree, hung him up in the sky  
 C G  
 The very last words I ever heard that poor boy say was  
 D G  
 My six gun never told a lie, my six gun never told a lie.



*"That is Art in front of the Tribune Tower in Chicago and it was taken by the Tribune's photographer to illustrate yet another article written about me by the late Lynn Van Matre. Her writing let a very large amount of people know about my music and where they might hear me. I will always be thankful for having her support ---- and her friendship. By permission, I used this as a publicity photo for long time."*

# Julia Belle Swain

Art Thieme 1988

E A E  
Oh, the Julia Belle Swain took my baby away

A E  
Oh, the Julia Belle Swain took my baby away

B7 A E  
And the Old Twilight bound to bring her home some old day

E A E  
She's standing on the levy her feet all soakin' and wet

A E  
She's standing on the levy her feet all soakin' and wet

B7 A E  
She's askin' every man, askin' every man that she met

E A E  
Honey, if you aint got five dollars, just give me a lousy dime

A E  
Honey, if you aint got five dollars, just give me a lousy dime

B7 A E  
Gotta get some money to feed that old man of mine

E A E  
I went down to the warf boat and I looked up on the board

A E  
I went down to the warf boat and I looked up on the board

B7  
Said, there's hard times here children,

A E  
There's better ones on down the road





*"This side of my saw always seems to play sharp!"*  
Art with his Clarence Mussehl-made musical saw at the Duneland Festival

# The Kansas Cyclone

To the tune of Shady Grove  
G minor Tuning, Capo 2

Gm F Gm  
I used to own the Double D, but I'm punchin' steers today  
Gm F Gm  
A twistin' cyclone come along and blowd my ranch away

Gm F Gm  
It struck the first of April and as it's goin' hence  
Gm F Gm  
It took the barn and chicken house and a mile or two of fence

Gm F Gm  
It took the wife, took the kids, the cows and horses, too  
Gm F Gm  
Never left me nothin' but the mortgage which is due

Gm F Gm  
And that is why I'm punchin' on the Kansas plains today  
Gm F Gm  
Paying for the cattle that the cyclone blowd away

# Keweenaw Light

Craig Johnson

C F  
1. I've traveled this country from the Keweenaw headlands  
C G  
Where the wild gulls do cry from the rocks to the sea,  
C F  
From the cold inland ocean to the Manitou Island,  
C G C  
Far away from my home, strange places to see.

Chorus:

F C  
And the stars will shine bright on the south shore tonight  
D G  
And the Keweenaw light sweeps over the bay  
C F  
And if dreams could come true, I'd still be there with you  
C G C  
On the banks of cold waters at the close of the day.

C F  
2. I've drifted through the boomtowns, of a century dying  
C G  
Past the ruins of the smelters and the rusted head frames.  
C F  
Down through Mohawk, and Ahneek, Centennial and Lorean  
C G C  
And a hundred sad places that have passed without name

Chorus



C F  
 3. I've counted the crossties, dry bones of the railroad,  
 C G  
 That stretch from the sunrise to the close of the day,  
 C F  
 And I've counted the miles between me and my true love,  
 C G C  
 The miles and the highways that carried me away

### Chorus

C F  
 4. Now the leaves have turned gold, summer's neigh over,  
 C G  
 The wild geese sweep low over Lake Manganese  
 C F  
 In this far away land you can walk by slow rivers  
 C G C  
 Along side cold waters 'neath the whispering trees.

# Lady Margaret

On the Banjo  
G Mt. Minor Tuning  
gDGCD Capo 2

A North Carolina couplet from Frank Warner:

“Love it is a killin' fit and beauty it's a blossom,

But if you want your finger bit just stick it at a possum!

In the 1950s I got bit --- and I have been infected happily ever since with  
a love for the exquisitely vivid historical tales told in American folksongs.

But the possum died within a fortnight.”

Lady Margaret sat in her high hall door

Combing back her long yellow hair

She spied Sweet William and his new wedded bride

Ridin' in the courtyard there

She threw down her ivory comb

She threw down her long yellow hair

She threw herself from her high hall window

Was never again seen there

The day being past, the night comin' on,

The people being fast sound asleep

Lady Margaret she rose from her clay cold coffin

And stood there at his bed feet

Saying, "How do you like your pillows, how do you like your sheets  
How do you like your new wedded bride  
Laying in your arms asleep

It's well I like my pillows, better I like my sheets  
Best of all I love Lady Margaret that stands there at my bed feet

He went and saddled his fastest steed as fast as he could ride

He rode til he came to Margaret's castle there he went inside

Is Margaret in the kitchen, is Margaret in the hall

Lady Margaret's laying in her clay cold coffin

With her face turned to the wall

Once he kissed her on the cheek, twice upon the chin

Three times he kissed her clay corpsey lips

And it pierced his heart within

Repeat Verse 1

# Lakes Of Pontchartrain

On the Banjo  
Capo 2

*"A Louisiana song from the early 1800s"*

G C D G  
It was on the third of January, I bid Cairo town adieu  
G C G Em  
Traveled on down the river road, my fortune to renew  
G C G Em  
No money in my pocket, no credit could I gain  
G C D G  
And my mind had turned with longing for the lakes of Pontchartrain

G C D G  
I swung on board of a railroad car just as the day did dawn  
G C G Em  
I rode the rods from sun to sun and I lit down again  
G C G Em  
And as the shades of evening fell the low ground I did gain  
G C D G  
And there I met with a Creole girl by the shores of Pontchartrain

G C D G  
I said, "My lovely Creole girl, my money does me no good  
G C G Em  
If it were not for all the alligators, I would sleep out in the woods"  
G C G Em  
"You're welcome here, kind stranger, though our cottage is quite plain  
G C D G  
We never turn a stranger out to the wilds of Pontchartrain"

G C D G  
She took me into her mother's house and treated me right well  
G C G Em  
Her hair hung down in ringlets and on her shoulders fell  
G C G Em  
I tried to paint her beauty, but alas, it was in vain  
G C D G  
So handsome was my Creole girl by the shores of Pontchartrain

G C D G  
I asked her if she'd marry me, she said that it never could be  
G C G Em  
Said that she had a lover dear and he was out to sea  
G C G Em  
She said that she had a lover dear and true she would remain  
G C D G  
Till he returned to claim his bride by the shores of Pontchartrain

G C D G  
"So it's here's to you, my Creole girl, who I ne'er shall see no more  
G C G Em  
But I'll ne'er forget your kind caress in the cottage by the shore  
G C G Em  
And at each social gathering, a flowing bowl I'll drain  
G C D G  
And I'll drink a health to the Creole girl by the shores of Pontchartrain"



Rich Warren (left), host of the long-running folk radio show, **The Midnight Special** on WFMT in Chicago. Hosted first by Mike Nichols and Fleming Brown, the show really took off when hosted by Ray Nordstrand and Norm Pellegrini in the 1950s, '60s, '70s and on into the 1980s. Rich Warren now carries on in that same great tradition. Jan. 1, 1995

# Long Black Veil

Danny Dill and Marijon Wilkin

C

1. Ten years ago on a cold dark night

G

F

C

Someone was killed 'neath the town hall light

C

The people who saw they all agreed

G

F

C

That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me

Chorus:

F

C

F

C

She walks these hills in a long black veil

F

C

F

C

Visits my grave when the night winds wail

C

F

C

Nobody knows, nobody sees

F

G

C

Nobody knows but me

C

2. The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi?"

G

F

C

If you were somewhere else, then you won't have to die"

C

I spoke not a word, though it meant my life

G

F

C

For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife Chorus

C

3. The scaffold is high and eternity near

G

F

C

She stands in the crowd and she sheds not a tear

C

But sometimes at night when the cold winds moan

G

F

C

In a long black veil she cries o'er my bones Chorus

# Many A River That Waters The Land

By Win Stracke

1. I've crossed the Des Plaines & forded the Vermilion  
Swum the Little Wabash & followed the Apple  
Calumet's muddy, the Rock River clear  
But down by the Embarras I courted my dear

Chorus: Lie, lie, lie, lee lee lee, give me your hand  
Lie, lie, lie, lee lee lee, give me your hand  
Lie, lie, lie, lee lee lee, give me your hand  
There's many a river that waters the land

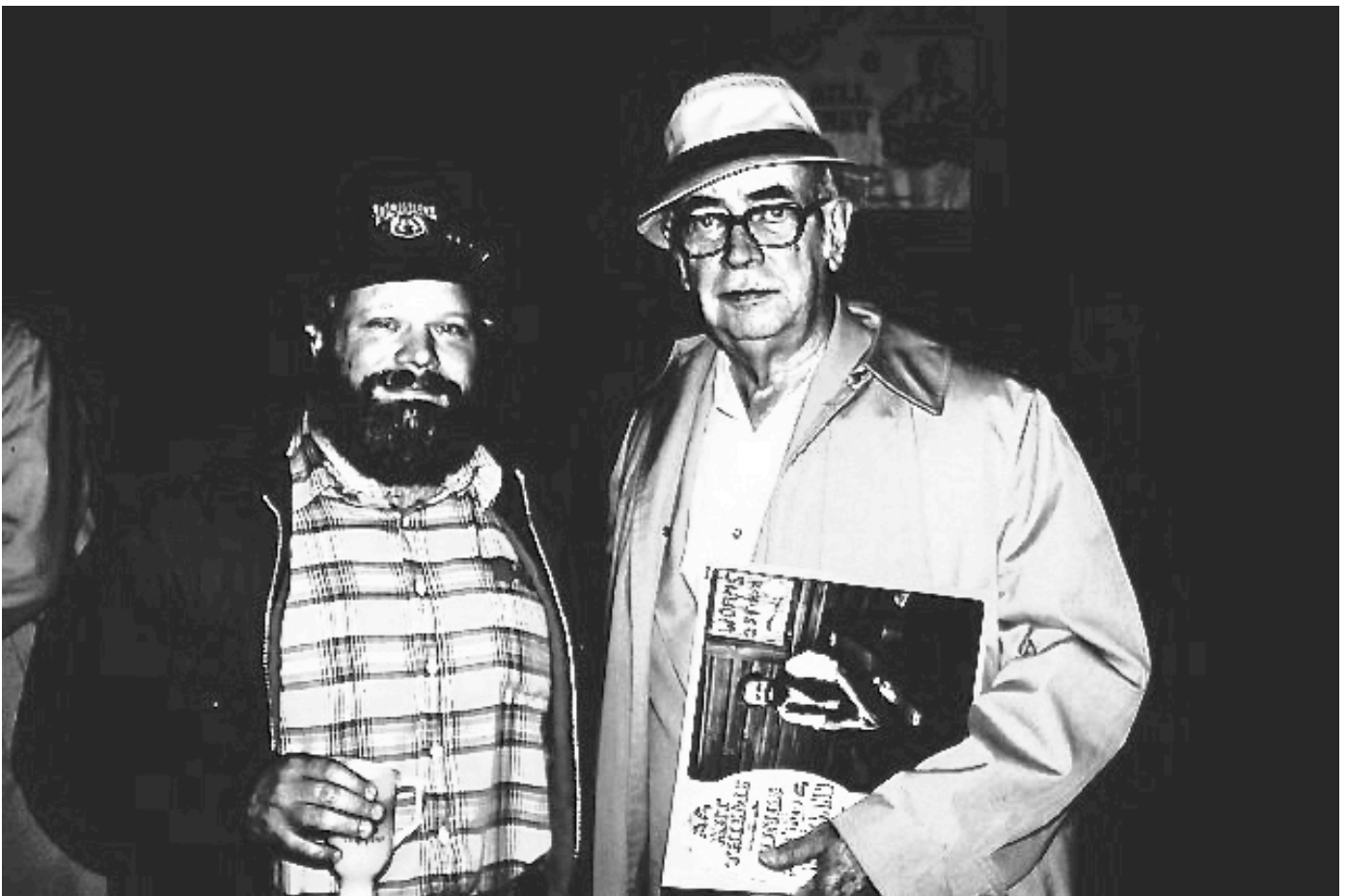
2. The broad Illinois flows glossy and gliding  
The crooked Kaskaskia flows weaving and winding  
Old Abe Lincoln's Sangamon, it crosses the plain  
But I never will walk by the Embarras again

3. She hugged me and she kissed me, called me her dandy  
The Mackinaw's rocky, the Kankakee sandy  
She kissed me, she hugged me, she called me her own  
Down by the Embarras she left me alone



C F C  
 4. The girls of Fox River they're plump and they're pretty  
 C D G  
 The Spoon and Macoupin have many a beauty  
 C F C  
 Chicago flows slowly past girls by the score  
 Em G C  
 So down by the Embarras I'll wander no more

*"Embarras," pronounced "AM-BRAW." These are all Illinois rivers.*



Art (left) with Win Stracke, founder of the Old Town School of Folk Music at Holstein's 1980s

*"I did some of Win Stracke's songs. 'State of Illinois' became a theme song for me. Great man. Mentor for me."*

## *Martin, Bogan and Armstrong*

*"I shared a farmhouse with Martin, Bogan and Armstrong for the week I played with them in Rockford at that club up there. They sat around the table all the time. It was like listening to the Dozens. They'd one-up each other verbally all the time. Somebody who didn't know would think they didn't like each other, that it was an argument. But it wasn't an argument. They loved each other. And they just played cards around the kitchen table all week long. And then when it was time for the gig, we'd drive into Rockford and go into Charlotte's Web, where we were playing. It was a great experience. I loved those guys. It was expanding for me. I was getting to know people who were out of my culture, too, learning, in that sense. It's always been that way in folk music, for me to get to a place where I'm not at and to understand people better. They were just wonderful guys. I never saw them argue. They were always kidding each other and trying to one-up. Ted Bogan had a smile that was always on his face. His face was shaped that way. It's like Mississippi John Hurt. They were just up tempo all the time. It was non-stop talking, and Ted Bogan would sit in the back and just smile the whole trip. Hardly said a word, very quiet. Carl would hold it in till he got uptight about something then blurt it out, and that started the rest of them with the put-downs that were in good nature."*

*"I always thought that Howard was really the dominant personality, both on stage and off. Howard was just energy all the time, talking about this and that. He told me the history of the song 'Bill Bailey' in the car on the way back from Rockford. It was written by Hughie Cannon. Willard Bailey loved to drink in the bar, go out and leave his wife at home. After a certain time, she came and stood in the front, women weren't allowed in, and she'd scream for him, 'Will Bailey, get your ass out of there?' And it would go on and on until people started mocking Bailey and making fun of him. His wife always came down there at a certain point before closing time and just tried to get him to go home. So this Hughie Cannon took it and made it 'Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?' to make fun of this guy. And it took off."*

*"Howard also told me that a fine-toothed comb was how you combed lice out of your hair. You used the fine-tooth comb because you could get the nits. Nit-picking."*

Excerpt from Clay Eals' interview 2000



Backing one-armed harmonica player John Wrencher at the 1970 University of Chicago Folk Festival are (from left) Carl Martin, John Lee Granderson and Ted Bogan

*"This is the way I first saw the group that later became known to us in Chicago as Martin, Bogan and Armstrong. This is their configuration at the 1970 University Of Chicago Folk Festival: Carl Martin, John Lee Granderson, Ted Bogan and the superb one-armed Chicago harp (harmonica) player John Wrencher standing up front. I suspect Howard Armstrong couldn't make it that night in Mandel Hall---57th St. and University on Chicago's south side."*

# Master Of The Sheepfold

Sarah Pratt McLean Green  
Capo 2

Chorus:

G D G  
Oh the master guards the sheepfold bin  
C D  
He wants to know, "Is my sheep brung in?"  
G C Bm Am  
And he's callin', he's callin' Callin' softly, softly callin'  
G D7 G  
For them all to come gatherin' in

1. Oh the master of the sheepfold, who guards the sheepfold bin  
G D G G D G  
C G D  
Went out on the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins  
Em Bm Em C  
And he said to his hireling shepherd, "Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"  
G C G D G  
And he said to his hireling shepherd, "Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"

Chorus

2. And the hireling shepherd answered, "Oh there's some that's wan and thin  
G D G G D G  
C G D  
And some that's got all weathered and they won't come gatherin' in  
Em Bm Em C  
They is lost and good for nothing, but the rest they is all brung in  
G C G D G  
They is lost and good for nothing, but the rest they is all brung in

Chorus

3. And the master of the sheepfold, who guards the sheepfold bin  
Went out on the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins  
And he let down the bars to the sheepfold, callin' soft, "Come in, come in"  
And he let down the bars to the sheepfold, callin' soft, "Come in, come in"

Chorus

4. Then up through the gloom in the meadow,  
Through the long nights rain and wind  
Up through the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins  
Come the long lost sheep of the sheepfold, they all come gatherin' in  
Come the long lost sheep of the sheepfold, they all come gatherin' in

Chorus

# Me And Jimmie Rodgers

by Shel Silverstein and Bob Gibson

G C D G  
Me and Jimmie Rodgers used to ride them rollin' boxcars in the summer time  
G C D G  
Jimmie, he'd play his guitar, I'd lay back and watch the stars and sip my wine

C G  
Me and Audie Murphy we'd crawl out on our bellies through the German lines  
D C  
Audie, I won't leave you here, I'll pull you through  
G  
'Cause buddy, you're a pal of mine

G C D G  
Didn't me and Phil Rizzuto, move 'round like lightnin' on the double play?  
G C D G  
I'd look over in the stands and Marilyn would see me and she'd smile and wave

C G  
Hell, no, Coach Lombardi, this broken back ain't nothin' if the game is saved  
D C G  
And tell the fellas if I die just put a little golden football on my grave

G C D G  
Me and Tony Zale, we used to spar for hours up in Stillman's Gym  
G C D G  
Knowin' someday it would be the garden and the championship for me or him

C  
And Coop, if no one in this town is man enough  
G  
To stand with you when Frank Miller comes  
D  
Come 'High Noon', I'll walk with you,  
C G  
I may be young but I know how to use a gun

C  
John Wayne, he once said to me, "The Japs have got the island  
G  
And we've got to save the old red, white and blue and  
D C  
Someone's got to swim out to that submarine and warn 'em  
G D  
You know I hate like hell to ask you to."

C  
Say there, Betty Grable, I know that you could be a star  
G  
But with my drinkin', I'd just hold you back  
D  
So, go on, and sign the contracts, kid  
C G  
I'll read about you in some old newspaper  
D  
Blowing through some lonesome hobo shack

G C D G  
Me and Jimmie Rodgers we still ride them rollin' boxcars in the summer time  
G C D G  
Jimmie, he plays his guitar, I lay back and watch the stars and sip my wine

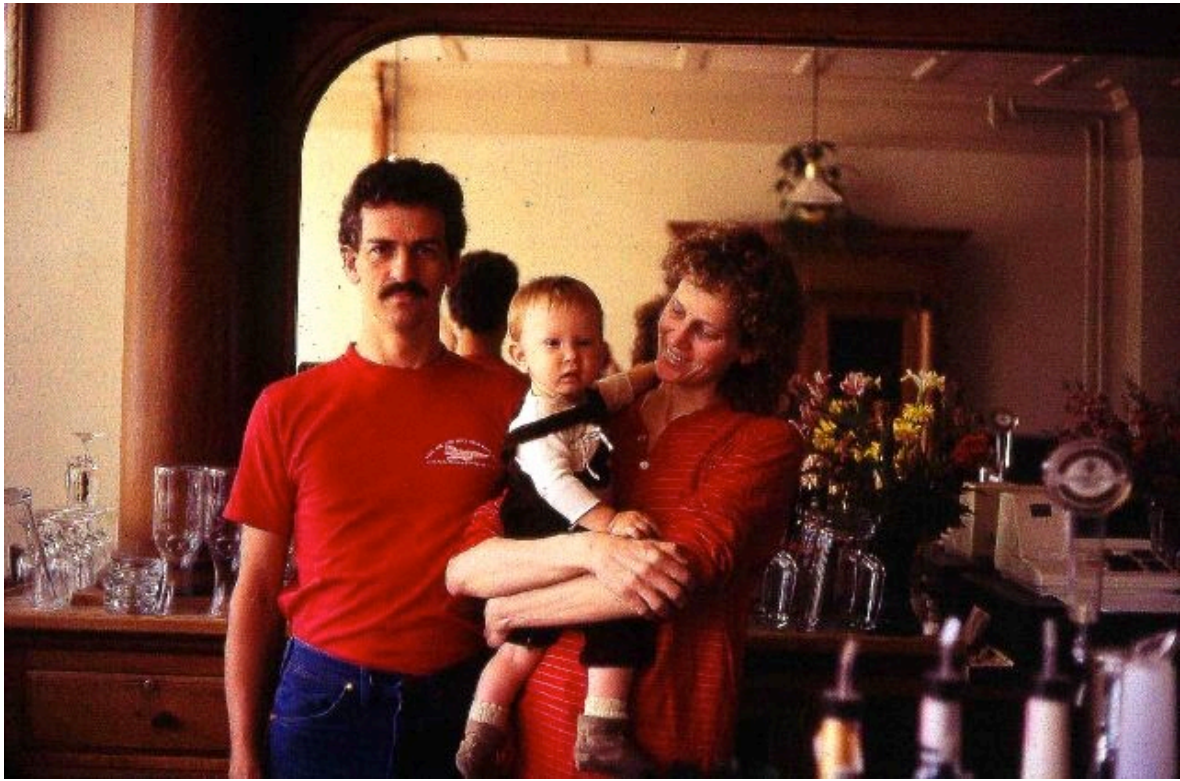


Fred Holstein (left) and Art at WFMT Radio

*Like my uncle used to say, "When the goin' gets tough, the weird turn pro."*







Bill Camplin, Kitty Welch & Satchel Page at their club the Café Carpe in Ft. Atkinson, Wi.



*"The song I wrote was called "That's The Ticket". It concerned a young girl named Nancy who ran a shoe repair shop. In this photo you can see me with a pair of my shoes that really do need new soles."*

# Molly Darling

Willian Shakespeare Hays 1872

G A7 D  
Won't you tell me, Molly darling, that you love none but me?  
G F# A7 D  
Cause I love you, Molly darling, you mean all the world to me.  
C G A7 D  
Won't you tell me, Molly darling, place your little hand in mine.  
G C G D G  
Take my heart, sweet Molly darling. Say that you will give me thine

Chorus:

C G C G A7 D  
Molly, dearest, sweetest, fairest, Molly darling, tell me this  
G C G D G  
Do you love me, Molly darling? Let your answer be a kiss

G A7 D  
Stars are shining, Molly darling, through the misty veil of night  
G F# A7 D  
They are modest, Molly darling, while fair Luna sheds her light.  
C A7 D  
No one listens but the flowers, while they hang their heads in shame  
G C G D G  
They are modest, Molly darling, when they hear me call your name

Chorus

G A7 D  
I must leave you, Molly darling, tho' the parting gives me pain.  
G F# A7 D  
When the stars shine, Molly darling, I will meet you here again.  
G A7 D  
Oh goodnight, Molly, goodbye, loved one happy may you ever be.  
G C G D G  
When you're dreaming, Molly darling, don't forget to dream of me.

# Night Rider's Lament

(Why Do You Rope For Your Money?)

by Mike Burton

G C G D  
1. As I went out a riding the graveyard shift midnight to dawn  
C G  
The moon was as bright as a reading light  
D G  
For a letter from an old friend back home

Chorus: he said,

C D G C D G  
Why do you ride for your money why do you rope for short pay  
C D G C  
You ain't gettin nowhere you ain't gettin' your share  
Bm Am D G  
Oh, you must have gone crazy out there

G C  
2. He said last night I run into Penny  
G D  
She's married and she has a good life  
C G  
Oh, you sure missed the track when you never come back  
D G  
She's the perfect professional's wife Chorus

She said:

C D G C D G  
Why does he ride for his money why does he rope for short pay

C D G C  
He ain't gettin nowhere he ain't gettin' his share

Bm Am D G  
Oh, he must have gone crazy out there

C D G  
3. But they ain't never seen the Northern Lights

C D G  
Never seen the hawk on the wing

C D G C  
Ain't never seen the spring hit the great divide

Bm Am D G  
They ain't never heard old camp cookie sing

G C  
4. Well I read up the last of my letter

G D  
I tore off the stamp for black Jim

C G  
Billy rode in to relieve me,

D G  
He looked at my letter and he grinned

Chorus

Repeat Verse 3

# Nine Pound Hammer (Roll on Buddy)

Charlie Bowman / Merle Travis

*"From a 1928 78 rpm recording by Al Hopkins and his Buckle Busters"*

Chorus:

          E                                  A  
Roll on buddy! Don't you roll so slow.  
          E    B7                          E  
How can I roll, when the wheels won't go

                          E                                  A  
This nine pound hammer it's a little too heavy  
          E    B7                          E  
For my size, buddy, for my size

                          E                                  A  
I'm a- goin' on the mountain going early in the morning  
          E    B7                          E  
Never comin' back, never comin' back.

                          E                                  A  
It's a long way to Harlan, it's a long way to Hazard  
          E    B7                          E  
Just to get a little brew, just to get a little brew

          E                                  A  
When I'm long gone, you can make my tome stone  
          E    B7                          E  
Out of number nine coal, out of number nine coal

          E                                  A  
Roll on buddy! Make your time  
          E    B7                          E  
Cause I'm broke down and I can't make mine Roll on



# Oh, Shenandoah

C F C F Em  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you away, you rollin' river

F G Am  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you

C Em Am F C G C  
Away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri

C F C F Em  
Old Bridger loved an Indian maiden away, you rollin' river

F G Am C Em Am F C G C  
With furs his canoe was laden away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri

C F C F Em  
The chief he made one hell of a holler, away, you rollin' river

F G Am C Em Am F C G C  
He didn't want the white man's dollar away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri

C F C F Em  
He gave the chief some rot gut whiskey away you rollin' river

F G Am C Em Am F C G C  
Got him drunk and stole his daughter away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri

C F C F Em  
My wife, my love, I'll never leave you, away you rollin' river

F G Am C Em Am F C G C  
My wife, my love, I'll not deceive you, away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri

C F C F Em  
They traveled across the Rocky Mountains, away you rollin' river

F G Am C Em Am F C G C  
And settled by some crystal fountain, away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri



# Old Joe Clark

On the Banjo  
Capo 2

G

I won't go to Old Joe's house, tell you the reason why

G

F

G

He blows his nose in old corn bread, calls it pumpkin pie

Chorus:

G

F

Fare the well old Joe Clark, fare the well I say

G

F

G

Fare thee well old Joe Clark, I'm a goin' away

G

When old Joe Clark comes to my house, he treats me like a pup

G

F

G

He runs my hound dog under the porch and drinks my whiskey up

G

He puts my banjo in my hand, tells me what to play

G

F

G

Dances with my pretty little gal 'til the break of day

G

Get out of the way for old Joe Clark, hide that jug of wine

G

F

G

Get out of the way for old Joe Clark, he ain't no friend of mine

G

Old Joe Clark he had a mule, his name was Morgan Brown,

G

F

G

And every tooth in that mule's head was sixteen inches around

G

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son, preached all over the plain,

G

F

G

The only text he ever knew was "high low jack and the game."

# On The Wilderness Road

by Jimmy Driftwood

A D  
1. I once had a fortune and a place of abode  
A E D  
But I gave 'em away for the Wilderness Road  
A D  
When I couldn't pay all the debts that I owed  
A E D  
I started to travelin' on the Wilderness Road

A D  
2. High over the mountains, through the beautiful vales  
A E D  
I counted the cabins on the buffalo trails  
A D  
I crossed the Kentucky, crossed the Tennessee  
A E D  
I crossed Big Muddy and the lone prairie

Chorus:

A D  
On the Wilderness Road, on the Wilderness Road  
A E D  
I've been a-travelin' a long, long time on the Wilderness Road

A D  
3. I met all the people 'way back in the hills  
A E D  
I prayed in their graveyards and I drunk at their stills  
A D  
I heard of their joys and I heard of their wrongs  
A E D  
In their wonderful stories and their beautiful songs



# Pastures Of Plenty

By Woody Guthrie

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

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

Am  
California, Arizona, I harvest your crops  
C Am  
Well its North up to Oregon to gather your hops  
C Am  
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine  
F Am  
To set on your table that light sparkling wine

Am  
Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground  
C Am  
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down  
C Am  
Every state in the Union us migrants have been  
F Am  
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win

Am  
It's always we ramble, that river and I  
C Am  
All along your green valley, I will work till I die  
C Am  
My land I'll defend with my life if need be  
F Am  
Cause my Pastures of plenty must always be free



# Paul Durst

*"In 1961 I was 20 years old and I boarded an Illinois Central train to haul my 60 pound Webcor 2-track reel-to-reel tape machine all the way from the North side of Chicago to 57th street on the South side (an area called Hyde Park). There was a shop there called THE FRET SHOP run by Pete Leibundguth---a folk fan and instrument collector. There was an old man named Paul Durst living in Pete's back room at the shop. He was 93 years old. Had a long gray beard. I simply had to make some tape recordings of Paul because, the day before, he had told me he had been PRESENT AT THE LUDLOW MASSACRE!"*

*"Now, Paul was born in 1868---and, for me, an urban kid, talking to Paul was like taking a trip in a time machine. Among other things, Paul could still play some fiddle & sing the old Wobbly songs of his union---the Industrial Workers Of The World--the I.W.W. When younger, Paul worked as an agricultural migratory worker---always with his fiddle on his back and hoboeing from job to job. He told me he was sound asleep under the boardwalk in Chicago when the bomb went off at the Haymarket riot!*

*He'd been to Europe with Buffalo Bill Cody as a part of Bill's Wild West Show! In Germany they introduced HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE into Europe as Bill's cattle for the show were found to be infected! All of 'em had to be killed & Bill returned broke from the trip. (He was later re-financed by none other than P.T. Barnum--another great showman!) He and a friend had built a raft of Northern timber and taken it from Minnesota to Louisiana on the Mississippi River where they sold it for the lumber since that particular wood was rare in the South!*

*Paul Durst's recollections of the Ludlow Massacre were that the miners, who he was with in the tents out of solidarity with their union's strike, were surrounded by the machine guns and 'something like a metal wire was electrified somehow and when you touched it, it burnt your hands'! All I can figure that might've been was something metal got heated when the "National Guard" set fire to the tents and everything. That heat might've been mistaken for an electric shock. It's hard to say... I've still got that tape."*

# Pinery Boy

*An old British song originally called "The Sailor Boy"*

Capo 4

Em C Em  
1. Oh, a timber raftsman's life is a weary life,  
C Bm  
It robs young girls of their hearts delight  
Em C Em  
It causes them to weep, it causes them to mourn  
C Em C Em  
For the loss of a true love never to return

Em C Em C Bm  
2. Father, Oh father, build me a boat, and on the Wisconsin I will float,  
Em C Em C Em C Em  
And every raft that I pass by there will I inquire for my sweet Pinery Boy

Em C Em C Bm  
3. As she floated on down the stream she saw three rafts all in a string  
Em C Em  
She hailed the pilot as they drew nigh,  
C Em C Em  
And there she did inquire for her sweet Pinery Boy

Em C Em C Bm  
4. Pilot, oh pilot, come tell me true, is my sweet William among your crew?  
Em C Em  
Oh, answer me quickly and give me joy,  
C Em C Em  
None do I love better than my sweet Pinery Boy



Em                    C            Em  
5. "Oh, fair maiden, he is not here  
C                                    Bm  
He's drowned in the dells it's I do fear  
Em                    C            Em  
'twas at Lone Rock as we passed by,  
C            Em            C                    Em  
Oh, there we left him, your sweet Pinery Boy."

Em                    C            Em  
6. She wrung her hands and she tore her hair,  
C                                    Bm  
She acted like a maiden in great despair,  
Em                    C            Em  
She dashed her boat up against Lone Rock  
C            Em            C                    Em  
You'd a-thought this young girls heart was broke

Em                    C            Em  
7. Dig me a grave both wide and deep,  
C                                    Bm  
Place a marble slab at my head and feet  
Em                    C            Em  
And on my breast a turtle dove  
C            Em            C                    Em  
To tell the world that I died for love



Art and Carol in Depoe Bay, Oregon 1968



*"I took this in Newport during the Oregon Primary in 1968. Robert and Ethel Kennedy are shown. The Oregon primary was won by Sen. Eugene McCarthy. Robert then went on to California and two weeks later he was assassinated."*

# Portland County Jail

On the Banjo

C

F

G

1. I'm a stranger to your city, my name is Paddy Flynn

C

I got drunk the other night the coppers pulled me in

C

F

Had no one to pay my fine no one to go my bail

G

C

They locked me up for ninety days in the Portland County Jail

C

F

G

2. Such a bunch of devils no one ever saw

C

Robbers, thieves and highwaymen even breakers of the law.

C

F

They sang a song the whole night long, curses fell like hail

G

C

Bless the day that takes me away from the Portland County jail.

C

F

G

3. The only friend that I had there was happy Sailor Jack,

C

He told me of the trains he'd robbed and all the safes he'd cracked

C

F

He'd robbed them in Seattle, he'd robbed the western mail

G

C

It would freeze the blood of an honest man in the Portland County Jail

C

F

G

4. The only friend that I have left is Officer McGurk

C

He says I am a low-down bum a drunkard and a shirk

C

F

Each Saturday night when I get drunk he throws me in the can

G

C

And you can see he's made of me an honest working man

# Pretty Boy Floyd

by Woody Guthrie

1. If you'll gather 'round me, children, a story I will tell  
'Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well  
It was in the town of Shawnee, on a Saturday afternoon,  
His wife beside him in his wagon as into town they rode  
There a deputy sheriff approached him in a manner rather rude  
Using vulgar words of anger that Miss Floyd she overheard  
Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain, and the deputy grabbed his gun  
In the fight that followed he laid that deputy down

2. Then he took to the trees and timber to live a life of shame  
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name  
Yes, he took to the trees and timber on Canadian river shore  
Pretty Boy found a welcome at many a farmer's door  
There's 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 one that come to beg a meal  
Underneath his napkin left a thousand-dollar bill

C Am F C  
3. It was in Oklahoma City, it was on a Christmas Day,

F G  
There was a whole carload of groceries

F C  
Come with a note to say:

C Am F C  
"Well, you say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief

F G F C  
Here's a Christmas dinner for the families on relief."

C Am F C  
4. As through this world you ramble, you'll meet lots of funny men

F G F C  
Some will rob you with a six-gun, and some with a fountain pen

C Am F C  
As through this world you ramble, as through this world you roam

F G F C  
You won't never see an outlaw drive a family from their home





In Fritz Schuler's shop in Manitowoc, Wi. Early 1980s photo by Mary Schuler

# Pretty Polly

Am  
Polly, Pretty Polly, come go along with me,  
C Em  
Polly, Pretty Polly, come go along with me,  
Am  
Before we get married some pleasure to see

Am  
She jumped up beside him and away they did ride  
C Em  
She jumped up beside him and away they did ride  
Am  
O'er the green mountains and the valleys so wide

At last Pretty Polly began for to cry (2x)  
Spied a new dug in grave with a spade lying by

Oh Willie, oh Willie, I'm scared of your ways (2x)  
I'm afraid you will lead my poor body astray.

Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly your weepin' is right (2x)  
I dug on your grave the better part of last night

He pierced her to the heart and her hearts blood did flow (2x)  
Into the grave Pretty Polly did go

Then he threw a little dirt over her and started for home (2x)  
Leaving no one behind but the wild birds to mourn.

A debt to the devil poor Willie he must pay (2x)  
For killin' Pretty Polly and riding fast away

# Ramblin' Gambler

*"...learned this one from the singing of Ramblin' Jack Elliott."*

- C Am  
1. I am a ramblin' gambler, and I gamble down in town.  
C C/B Am  
Whenever I meet with a deck of cards,  
F C G C  
I lay my money down, boys, I lay my money down
- C Am  
2. I've gambled up in Washington, gambled down in Maine,  
C C/B Am F C  
I'm on my way to Georgia to knock down my last game,  
G C  
Boys, knock down my last game
- C Am  
3. I had not been in Washington, many more weeks than three,  
C C/B Am  
I fell in love with a pretty little girl,  
F C G C  
She fell in love with me, she fell in love with me
- C Am  
4. She took me in her parlor, cooled me with her fan,  
C C/B Am  
She whispered low in her mama's ear,  
F C G C  
"I love this gamblin' man, Ma, I love this gamblin' man."
- C Am  
5. Daughter, my dear daughter, how can you treat me so,  
C C/B Am F C  
To leave your poor old mama here, and with this gambler go,  
G C  
And with this gambler go?"



C Am  
 6. Mama, my dear mama, you know I love you well,  
 C C/B Am  
 But the love I hold for a gamblin' man  
 F C G C  
 No human tongue can tell, Ma, no human tongue can tell.

C Am  
 7. I'd never marry a farmer, he's always in the rain  
 C C/B Am F C  
 I'd rather marry a gamblin' man with a big gold watch and chain,  
 G C  
 Ma, big gold watch and chain

C Am  
 8. I'd never marry a railroad man, the reason I'll tell you why,  
 C C/B Am F C  
 Never did see a railroad man who wouldn't tell his wife a lie,  
 G C  
 Ma, wouldn't tell his wife a lie

C Am  
 9. I hear the train a-comin', it's comin' around the curve,  
 C C/B Am F C  
 Whistling and a-blowin' and a-strainin' every nerve,  
 G C  
 Ma, strainin' every nerve.

C Am  
 10. It's good-bye, good-bye, mama, see you if I can but  
 C C/B Am  
 If you ever see me comin' home,  
 F C G C  
 It will be with a gamblin' man, Ma, be with a gamblin' man

# Red Iron Ore

Am Em  
1. Come all you bold sailors that follow the Lakes  
F Dm Am  
On an iron ore vessel your living to make  
Am Em Dm  
We shipped in Chicago, bid adieu to the shore,  
Am Em Am  
Bound away to Escanaba for red iron ore  
Am Em Am  
Derry down, down, down derry down

Am Em  
2. In the month of September, the seventeenth day,  
F Dm Am  
Two dollars and a quarter was all they would pay,  
Am Em Dm  
On Monday morning oh, a trip we did take  
Am Em Am  
On a ship called The Roberts sailing out in the Lake.  
Am Em Am  
Derry down, down, down derry down

Am Em  
3. The wind from the southward it blew a fresh breeze,  
F Dm Am  
And up through Lake Michigan the Roberts did sneeze  
Am Em Dm  
Up through Lake Michigan the Roberts did roar,  
Am Em Am  
And on Wednesday morning we passed through death's door.  
Am Em Am  
Derry down, down, down derry down

Am Em  
4. Our packet she howled across the mouth of Green Bay,  
F Dm Am  
From her split waters she threw the white spray,

Am Em Dm  
We rounded out Sand Point, and our anchor let go,  
Am Em Am  
We furled in the canvas and the watch went below  
Am Em Am  
Derry down, down, down derry down

Am Em  
5. Next morning we settled alongside the Exile  
F Dm Am  
And soon we made made fast to that iron ore pile,  
Am Em Dm  
We lowered the chute and like thunder did roar,  
Am Em Am  
Filling up the ship with that Red Iron Ore  
Am Em Am  
Derry down, down, down derry down

Am Em  
6. Some sailors took shovels while others took spades,  
F Dm Am  
And some went to sluicing, each man to his trade  
Am Em Dm  
We looked like red devils, our backs they got sore  
Am Em Am  
We cursed Escanaba and that red iron ore  
Am Em Am  
Derry down, down, down derry down

Am Em  
7. We sailed her to Cleveland, made fast stem and stern  
F Dm Am  
And with our companion we'll spin a good yarn.  
Am Em Dm  
Here's a health to the Roberts, she's tall and she's true  
Am Em Am  
Here's a health to the bold boys who make up her crew  
Am Em Am  
Derry down, down, down derry down

# Red River Shore

1. At the foot of yonder mountain where the fountain does flow

There's a fond creation where the soft winds do blow

There lived a fair maiden, she's the one I adore

The one I will marry on the Red River shore

2. I asked her old father would he give her to me,

"No, sir, she won't marry no cowboy," said he.

So I jumped on my broomtail and away I did ride,

Leavin' my true love on the Red River side

3. She wrote me a letter and she wrote it so kind,

And in that letter these words you will find,

"Come back to me, darlin', you're the one I adore,

The one I will marry on the Red River shore.

4. Well, I jumped on my broomtail and away I did ride,

To marry my true love on the Red River Side,

But her dad learned our secret and with twenty and four,

Came to fight this young cowboy on the Red River shore

G C G  
5. I drew my pistol, spun round and around,  
G D  
Six men were wounded, and seven were down,  
G C G  
No use for an army of twenty and four,  
C Bm C G  
I'm bound for my true love on the Red River shore.

G C G  
6. Hard is the fortune of all woman kind,  
G D  
They're always controlled and they're always confined  
G C G  
Controlled by their parents until they be wives,  
C Bm C G  
Then slaves to their husbands the rest of their lives.

*“This is a cowboy song version of "EARL BAND" -- Child #7 This is close to the version printed in 1910 by John Lomax, as sung for him by Mrs. Minta Morgan of Bells, Texas. Alan Lomax used to sing it around, but he sang "bronco" where I sing "broomtail". I changed it to broomtail when a woman from Winfield, Kansas told me that "broomtail" was the way they had sung it as kids. She ought to know since Winfield sits right a-straddle of the old Chisum Trail. I recorded this song on my old LP for Folk Legacy Records \_Art Thieme-ON THE WILDERNESS ROAD”*



Art and Carol in their apartment in Peru, Illinois 2003

# Ridin' Down the Canyon

by Gene Autry & Smiley Burnett

*"I saw Gene perform this on stage at the Oriental Theater in Chicago.*

*Gene Autry and Smiley Burnett wrote Riding Down The Canyon in the back seat of a car on the way to a gig near Chicago when both were with the WLS NATIONAL BARN DANCE in that city. It surely paints a lovely picture. Cowboys Lament is a famous traditional cowboy ballad."*

C E7 F C  
When evening chores are ended at our ranch house on the trail  
F G C G  
And all we've got to do is sit around  
C E7 F C  
I saddle up my pony and ride off down the trail  
F G  
To watch the desert sun go down

C E7 F C  
Ridin' down the canyon to watch the sun go down  
F G C G  
A picture that no artist e'er could paint  
C E7 F C  
White faced cattle lowin' on the mountian side  
F G  
The coyote she's howlin' to it's mate

C7 F  
Cactus plants are blossom, sagebrush every where  
D7 G  
Granite spires are risin' all around  
C E7 F C  
I tell you friends it's heaven to go ridin' down the trail  
F C  
To watch the desert sun go down

# Rock River Valley

by Art Thieme

1. I will sing you a song of the place I once called home  
Where white water flowed past the fields of blackest loam  
How my heart returns to the fields I once did roam  
In the green and flowing Rock River Valley

Chorus:

Where Black Hawk of old he brought his starving band  
Young Abe Lincoln came to fight and grew to be a man  
Where the dreams of a boy soar high above the land  
In the green and flowing Rock River Valley

2. It was there I lay in my warm bed on starry winter nights  
With goblins all around me and my head tucked in so tight  
And I heard the screaming squealing freights  
Running westward in their flight  
Through the green and flowing Rock River Valley



F C  
Where Black Hawk of old he brought his starving band  
F C G  
Young Abe Lincoln came to fight and grew to be a man  
E7 Am F C  
Where the dreams of a boy soar high above the land  
C G C  
In the green and flowing Rock River Valley

C F C  
3. When I am far away from Koshkonong's green tide  
C D G  
I'll think of all those pretty gals that walked there by my side  
C F C  
And the summer bee buzz pollen days of memories that glide  
C G C  
Through the green and flowing Rock River Valley

F C  
Where Black Hawk of old he brought his starving band  
F C G  
Young Abe Lincoln came to fight and grew to be a man  
E7 Am F C  
Where the dreams of a boy soar high above the land  
C G C  
In the green and flowing Rock River Valley

# Roll On Columbia

Words by Woody Guthrie, Tune: Goodnight Irene

C

G

1. Green Douglas firs where the waters cut through

C

Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew.

F

Canadian Northwest to the ocean so blue,

G

C

Roll On, Columbia, Roll On!

Chorus:

C

G

C

Roll On, Columbia, Roll On, Roll On, Columbia, Roll On.

F

Your power is turning our darkness to dawn,

G

C

Roll On, Columbia, Roll On!

C

G

2. Other great rivers add power to you,

C

Yakima, Snake and the Klickitat, too,

F

Sandy Willamette and Hood River, too

G

C

Roll On, Columbia, Roll On! Chorus

C

G

3. Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest,

C

An empire he saw in the Pacific Northwest.

F

Sent Lewis and Clark and they did the rest;

G

C

Roll On, Columbia, Roll On! Chorus

C G  
4. It's there on your bank we fought many a fight,  
C  
Sheridan's boys in the blockhouse that night,  
F  
They saw us in death but never in flight  
G C  
Roll On, Columbia, Roll On! Chorus

C G  
5. At Bonneville now there are ships in the locks,  
C  
The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks,  
F  
Shiploads of plenty will steam past the docks,  
G C  
Roll On, Columbia, Roll On! Chorus

C G  
6. And on up the river is Grand Coulee Dam,  
C  
The mightiest thing ever built by a man,  
F  
To run these great factories and water the land,  
G C  
Roll On, Columbia, Roll On! Chorus

C G  
7. These mighty men labored by day and by night,  
C  
Matching their strength 'gainst the river's wild flight,  
F  
Through rapids and falls they won the hard fight,  
G C  
Roll On, Columbia, Roll On! Chorus

# Saginaw, Michigan

Bill Anderson and Don Wayne

          G   D              G  
I was born, in Saginaw Michigan,  
          C      G              D  
I grew up in a house on Saginaw Bay,  
          G                              C  
My dad was a poor hard working Saginaw fisherman,  
          G                              D          G  
Too many times he'd come home with too little pay

          D                      G  
I loved a girl, in Saginaw Michigan,  
          C              G              D  
The daughter of a wealthy wealthy man,  
          G                              C  
But he called me that son of a Saginaw fisherman,  
          G              D              G  
Not good enough for to win his daughter's hand

Chorus:

          C                      G  
Now I'm up here in Alaska, looking around for gold,  
          D                              G  
Like a crazy fool I'm digging in this frozen ground so cold,  
          C                              G  
And I pray some day that I'll strike it rich and then,  
          D                              G  
I'll go back home and claim my love in Saginaw, Michigan.

I wrote to my girl, in Saginaw, Michigan,  
I said, "Honey I'm coming home please wait for me,  
You can tell your dad I'm coming back a richer man,  
I hit the biggest strike in Klondike history".

Her dad met me in Saginaw, Michigan,  
He gave us a great big party with champagne,  
Then he said, "Son, you're a wise young ambitious man,  
Would you sell your old father in law your Klondike claim"?

Chorus:

Now he's up there in Alaska, digging in the cold cold ground,  
That greedy fool is lookin' for the gold I never found,  
It serves him right and no one here is missing him,  
Least of all the newlyweds of Saginaw, Michigan.  
The happiest man and wife in Saginaw Michigan



Art and musical saw at The Duneland Festival in Indiana

# Sally Ann

On the Banjo  
Capo 4

1. Did you ever see a muskrat, Sally Ann, pickin' a banjo, Sally Ann  
G Em G D  
G C G  
Draggin' his long tail through the sand, I'm gonna marry you Sally Ann  
G D G  
I'm gonna marry you, Sal Sal, I'm gonna marry you Sally Ann

2. Sally got a meat skin hid away, Sally got a meat skin hid away,  
G Em G D  
G C G  
Sally got a meat skin hid away, gonna get a meat skin someday  
G D G  
I'm gonna marry you, Sal Sal, I'm gonna marry you Sally Ann

3. Grease that skillet Sally Ann, grease that skillet Sally Ann,  
G Em G D  
G C G  
Grease that skillet Sally Ann, pop the pork chop in the pan

4. Make my living in Sandyland, make my living in Sandyland,  
G Em G D  
G C G  
Make my living in Sandyland, I'm gonna marry you Sally Ann  
G D G  
I'm gonna marry you, Sal Sal, I'm gonna marry you Sally Ann

# Shady Grove

Am for guitar, Capo 2

Am G Am  
Friday night my wife died, Saturday she got buried  
Am G Am  
Sunday was my courting day, Monday I got married

Am G Am  
Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove I know  
Am G Am  
Shady Grove, my true love, bound for Shady Grove

Am G Am  
First time I seen my Shady Grove standing in the door  
Am G Am  
Shoes and stockings in her hand, little bare feet on the floor

Am G Am  
Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove my darling  
Am G Am  
Shady Grove, my true love, going home to Harlan

Am G Am  
Once I had an old banjo, it was strung with twine  
Am G Am  
The only song that I could play was trouble on my mind

Am G Am  
It's raining, it's hailing, I know by the sky  
Am G Am  
My true love don't marry me rekon I will die



Am                    G                    Am  
I went down to Lynchburg town to get me a jug of gin  
         Am                    G                    Am  
They hitched me to a whippin' post, give me hell again

Am                    G                    Am  
I went back to Lynchburg town to get me a jug of wine  
         Am                    G                    Am  
They hitched me to a whippin' post, give me forty nine

Am                    G                    Am  
Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove my dear  
Am                    G                    Am  
Shady Grove, my true love, bound to leave you here

Am                    G                    Am  
The higher up the cherry tree, sweeter grow the cherries  
         Am                    G                    Am  
The more you hug and kiss a gal, the quicker she gonna marry

Am                    G                    Am  
Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove my dear  
Am                    G                    Am  
Shady Grove, my true love, bound to leave you here

Am                    G                    Am  
A kiss from pretty little Shady Grove is sweet as brandy wine  
         Am                    G                    Am  
There ain't no girl in this old world that's prettier than mine

# Shady Grove

On the Banjo  
Gm tuning, Capo 4

Gm F Gm  
Friday night my wife died, Saturday she got buried  
Gm F Gm  
Sunday was my courting day, Monday I got married

Gm F Gm  
Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove I know  
Gm F Gm  
Shady Grove, my true love, bound for Shady Grove

Gm F Gm  
First time I seen my Shady Grove standing in the door  
Gm F Gm  
Shoes and stockings in her hand, little bare feet on the floor

Gm F Gm  
Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove my darling  
Gm F Gm  
Shady Grove, my true love, going home to Harlan

Gm F Gm  
Once I had an old banjo, it was strung with twine  
Gm F Gm  
The only song that I could play was trouble on my mind

Gm F Gm  
It's raining, it's hailing, I know by the sky  
Gm F Gm  
My true love don't marry me rekon I will die

Gm                    F                    Gm  
I went down to Lynchburg town to get me a jug of gin  
                         Gm                    F                    Gm  
They hitched me to a whippin' post, give me hell again

Gm                    F                    Gm  
I went back to Lynchburg town to get me a jug of wine  
                         Gm                    F                    Gm  
They hitched me to a whippin' post, give me forty nine

Gm                    F                    Gm  
Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove my dear  
Gm                    F                    Gm  
Shady Grove, my true love, bound to leave you here

Gm                    F                    Gm  
The higher up the cherry tree, sweeter grow the cherries  
                         Gm                    F                    Gm  
The more you hug and kiss a gal, the quicker she gonna marry

Gm                    F                    Gm  
Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove my dear  
Gm                    F                    Gm  
Shady Grove, my true love, bound to leave you here

Gm                    F                    Gm  
A kiss from pretty Shady Grove is sweet as brandy wine  
                         Gm                    F                    Gm  
There ain't no girl in this old world that's prettier than mine



Jim Craig and young daughter, Heather, at the OTSFM May 1979  
*“Jim, to my way of thinking, has the best voice for folkie things of just about anyone who ever passed through Chicago. These days he can be found doing concerts every once in a while. Mainly though, Jim is the owner operator of a great little music shop in Evanston, Illinois, called Hogeye Music.”*

# Shake Sugaree

Elizabeth Cotton

Capo 8

C

1. I'm gonna sing you a song it's not very long

F C

Gonna sing it right, sing it all night long

Chorus:

F Am Em F

Oh, Lordy me didn't we Shake Sugaree?

C G C

Everything I had is done and gone

C

2. Well, I've got a secret that none can tell

F C

I'm a goin' to heaven in a split pea shell

C

3. First star to the right straight on til morn

F C

I've never seen the likes babe, since I been born

C

4. Well, one of these days and it wont be long

F C

Gonna look for me gal, and I'll be gone

C

5. If I had wings like Noah's dove

F C

I'd fly across the river to the gal I love

C

6. Well, I sung my song, didn't take very long

F C

I sung it right, sing it all night long

# Shanty Boy On The Big Eau Claire

Capo 3

D G C G  
Every girl has her troubles, likewise a man has his  
C G C G  
I'll relate to you the agony of a fellow story biz  
C G C G  
It relates about affections of a damsel young and fair  
D G C G  
And an interesting shanty boy from off the Big Eau Claire

D G C G  
This young and dauntless damsel was of noble pedigree  
C G C G  
Her mother she ran a milliner's shop in the town of Mosinee  
C G C G  
Kept waterfalls and ribbons and imitation lace  
D G C G  
For all the high-toned people in that great and festive place

D G C G  
The shanty boy was handsome, he had a curly head of hair  
C G C G  
No better man could there be found from off the Big Eau Claire  
C G C G  
The Milliner said that her daughter, a shanty boy never should wed  
D G C G  
And Sue was truly saddened by the things her mother said

D G C G  
The milliner took up all her goods and went and hired a hack  
C G C G  
And she opened up another shop way down in Fond Du Lac  
C G C G  
Sue grew broken hearted, she was weary of her life  
D G C G  
She dearly loved that shanty boy but was forbidden to be his wife

D G C G  
So when brown autumn came along and ripened all the crops  
C G C G  
She lighted out for Baraboo and she went to pick him hops

C G C G  
But in that occupation she found but little joy  
D G C G  
Cause her mind kept returning to her shanty boy

D G C G  
She caught the scarlet fever, she lay ill a week or two  
C G C G  
In Asa Baldwin's pest-house, in the town of Baraboo  
C G C G  
The doctors tried but all in vain her helpless life to save  
D G C G  
Now millions of young hop lice are dancing on her grave

D G C G  
When this new reached the shanty boy he quickly did proceed  
C G C G  
He hid his saw in a hollow log and so he soon he did leave  
C G C G  
And he hired out as a holler, on a fleet of sailor jack's  
D G C G  
But the milliner's daughter's funeral to his mind came frequent back

D G C G  
He fell off of a rapids-place at the falls of Mosinee  
C G C G  
Which ended all his fate for love and all his misery  
C G C G  
And now the broad Wisconsin rolls its waves above his bones  
D G C G  
His companions are the catfish and his grave a pile of stones

D G C G  
The milliner now is bankrupt, and her shop is gone to wrack  
C G C G  
She talks quite strong of moving away from Fond du Lac cause  
C G C G  
Her pillow it is haunted by her daughter's auburn hair  
D G C G  
And the ghost of the young shanty-boy from off the Big Eau Claire

# The Shining Birch Tree

Wade Hemsworth

Capo 2

C G C  
1. Oh you girls in the village, you girls in the town!

C G  
It's a long time, a very long time

C Am Dm C F Em  
For a man who's been loggin' out on his own, out on his own

G C  
Where the whisky jack's a-whistling so cheerful and free

G C Am  
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree,

Dm G C  
And the shining birch tree

C G C  
2. Now it's all very well in the full of the day  
G

When there's no time, not very much time

C Am Dm C  
For a man to keep thinking of the things that don't pay

F Em  
The things that don't pay

G C  
Where the rapids are rushing so wild and so free

G C Am  
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree,

Dm G C  
And the shining birch tree

C G C  
3. But in the cool of the evening when the camp settles down  
G

And the night is cold, so very cold

C Am Dm C F Em  
And old Rory Bory starts shifting around, shifting around



G C  
You'll think of the warm lips and the laughter so free  
G C Am  
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree,  
Dm G C  
And the shining birch tree

C G C  
4. Come the in-between season it's the freeze after thaw,  
C G  
And it's let's go - hey, look out let's go,  
C Am Dm C F Em  
We're off for some time with the girls of the town, the girls in the town.  
G C  
He's a popular guy when his money flows free  
G C Am  
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree,  
Dm G C  
And the shining birch tree

C G C  
5. And when the huskies are a-howling in the cold winter's dawn,  
C G  
It's then we'll recall, oh how we'll recall  
C Am Dm C F Em  
That we spent all our cash with the girls in the town, the girls in the town.  
G C  
So boys save your money or you'll all be like me  
G C Am  
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree,  
Dm G C F C  
And the shining birch tree

# So Long, It's Been Good To Know You

By Woody Guthrie

A E  
1. I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,  
A E  
Of the places I lived on the wild windy plains,  
A D  
In the month called April, county called Gray,  
E  
And here's what all of the people there say:

Chorus:

A E A  
So long, it's been good to know yuh So long, it's been good to know yuh  
D  
So long, it's been good to know yuh  
E A  
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home, and I got to be driftin' along

A E  
2. A dust storm hit, and it hit like thunder  
A E  
It dusted us over, and it covered us under  
A D  
Blocked out the traffic and blocked out the sun,  
E  
Straight for home all the people did run, singin' Chorus

A E  
3. We talked of the end of the world, and then  
A E  
We'd sing a song an' then sing it again.  
A D  
We'd sit for an hour an' not say a word,  
E  
And then these words would be heard Chorus

A E  
4. Sweethearts sat in the dark and sparked,  
A E  
They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark.  
A D  
They sighed and cried, hugged and kissed,  
E  
Instead of marriage, they talked like this "Honey..." Chorus

A E  
5. Now, the telephone rang, an' it jumped off the wall,  
A E  
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.  
A D  
He said, "Kind friends, this may be the end  
E  
An' you got your last chance of salvation of sin!"

A E  
6. The churches was jammed, and the churches was packed,  
A E  
An' that dusty old dust storm blowd so black.  
A D  
Preacher could not read a word of his text,  
E  
An' he folded his specs, an' he took up collection, Said, Chorus

# Spanish Ladies

Drop D Bass

D G A7  
I've been a sea-cook and I've been a clipperman

D  
I can dance, I can sing, I can walk the jib-boom

D G A7  
I can handle a harpoon, I can cut a fine figure

D G A7 D  
Whenever you get me in a boat's standing room

Chorus (after each verse):

D G A7  
We'll rant and we'll roar like trueborn young whalermen

D  
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck or below

D G A7  
Until we see bottom inside the two sinkers

D G A7 D  
And it's straight up the channel to Huasco we'll go

D G A7  
I was in Talcahuano last year in a whaler

D  
And I bought some gold brooches for the girls of the bay

D G A7  
Well I bought me a pipe there they called it a meerschaum

D G A7 D  
But it melted like butter all on a hot day

D G A7  
I went to a dance one night in old Tumbez  
D  
There was plenty of girls there as fine as you'd wish  
D G A7  
There was one pretty maiden a-chewing tobacco  
D G A7 D  
Just like a young kitten a-chewing fresh fish

D G A7  
Here's a health to the girls of old Talcahuano  
D  
Here's a health to the girls of far-off Maui  
D G A7  
Now won't you be merry, don't you be melancholy  
D G A7 D  
An' it's marry a whaler that's sailin' at sea

# The Spinning Mills Of Home

Si Kahn  
Capo 2

G  
Early Monday morning, I keep thinking that I'm late for work.  
C D  
Why didn't someone wake me? Guess the mills are down again.  
G  
For years I've been trying to raise my kids on card-room wages;  
C G  
It's time to hit the road try my luck up North again.

Chorus:

D  
On the highway headed south,  
C F  
On the highway headed north, back and forth  
C G  
Sometimes I feel like a rolling stone.  
G C  
From the rolling mills of Gary to the rolling hills  
G  
And the spinning mills of home.

G  
All along the river Railroad tracks turn red and rusty,  
C D  
Cotton fields are dry and dusty, you can taste it in your mouth.  
G  
I've heard people say how they've got one foot in the grave  
C G  
I've got one in Indiana and the other one's in the south.

Chorus

G

I wish someone would write it down

That way someone who knows the work

C

Can gauge the labor, have it bought and sold

G

Like cotton, by the pound.

G

It's just too hard to choose between

A job back home for lousy pay

C

And makin' real good wages

G

In some northern factory town.

D

On the highway headed south,

C

F

On the highway headed north, back and forth

C

G

Sometimes I feel like a rolling stone.

G

C

From the rolling mills of Gary to the rolling hills

G

And the spinning mills of home.

# Stagolee

C E7 F C  
Stagolee went to the levee just about the break of day  
C E7 D7 G  
He spied Billy Gamblin and they sat down to play  
C E7 F C  
Gambled mighty early, and they gambled mighty late  
C E7 D7 G C  
Stagolee threw a seven, Billy swore that he'd thrown an eight

C E7 F C  
Well, come all you good people, what do you think about that  
C E7 D7 G  
Stagolee killed Billy, it was over a Stetson hat  
C E7 F C  
It was down in New Orleans in a place called Lyons Club  
C E7 D7 G C  
Every step you're steppin', brothers, in Billy de Lyon's blood

C E7 F C  
Well, the sheriff said to the deputies, bring him back alive  
C E7 D7 G  
How the hell can we bring him in when he totes a big .45  
C E7 F C  
Deputies took their pistols and they put them up on the shelves  
C E7 D7 G C  
If you want Mr. Stagolee you'll have to get him all by yourself



C E7 F C  
 Stagolee went walking down the great Northern track  
 C E7 D7 G  
 He walked so fast and he walked so far, he never did come on back  
 C E7 F C  
 Stagolee kept walking, and he walked right down to hell  
 C E7 D7 G C  
 The devil said, "We got devils here and we don't need you as well."

C E7 F C  
 Now the devils little children, they went running right up the wall  
 C E7 D7 G  
 Said, "You better catch him daddy before he murders us all."  
 C E7 F C  
 Stagolee turns to the devil and the very words that he said  
 C E7 D7 G C  
 "The man I run away from ain't been born and his mammy's dead."

C E7 F C  
 Stagolee, Stagolee, he's the meanest man in town  
 C E7 D7 G  
 When that man is dealin', you better lay your money down  
 C E7 F C  
 Down in New Orleans in a place called Lyon's Club  
 C E7 D7 G C  
 Every step you're steppin', brothers, in Billy de Lyon's blood

# State Of Arkansas

*"I got this song from Lee Hayes of the Weavers"*

*Capo 1*

- C F C  
1. My name is old Art Thieme, from Charlestown I come  
F C Am G  
I've traveled this wide world over, some ups and downs I've had  
F C Am G  
I've traveled this wide world over, some ups and downs I saw  
C Am F C  
But I never knew what mis'ry was till I hit old Arkansas,  
F C  
Till I hit old Arkansas
- C  
2. Well, I got off the train in Little Rock and it was cold  
C Am G F C  
I ducked behind the depot, just to dodge that blizzard wind  
F C Am G  
I met a walking skeleton, his name was Thomas Quinn  
F C Am G  
His hair hung down in rat-tails on his lean and lantern jaw  
C Am F C F C  
He invited me to his hotel said, "The best in Arkansas, best in Arkansas."
- C Am G F C  
3. I followed my conductor down to his respective place  
F C Am G  
Pity and starvation could be seen on every face  
F C Am G  
His bread it was corn dodger, his meat I could not chew  
C Am F C  
But he charged me a half a dollar in the State of Arkansas  
F C  
In the State of Arkansas

C Am G F C  
 4. I'm going to the Injun territory, gonna live outside the law  
 F C Am G  
 Gonna bid farewell to the cane breaks in the State of Arkansas  
 F C Am  
 If you ever do see me back again, I'll extend to you my paw  
 C Am G F C  
 But it'll be though a telescope, from here to Arkansas  
 F C  
 From here to Arkansas



*“This is Uncle Floyd Holland frailing his banjo on the square in Mountain View, Arkansas--- 1967. This is Stone County where Jimmy Driftwood lived in the town of Timbo. Cowboy singer Genn Ohrlin had a ranch near here. Carol and I slept a few nights on the floor of Glenn's old house--along with about 50 other folks from the Old Town School of Folk Music in Chicago. We awoke each morning covered in ticks. We were still finding ticks on each other a month later back home in Chicago. Those Arkansas people sure did make some fine music.”*

# State of Illinois (Elanoy)

*“from Carl Sandburg’s 1927 book ‘The American Songbag’ “*

C Am F C  
1. Way down upon the Wabash, such land was never known  
F C Am G  
If Adam had passed over it, the soil he'd surely own  
F C Am G  
He'd say it was the garden that he'd lived in as a boy  
C Am F C  
And straight way pronounce it Eden in the State of Elanoy

Chorus:

F C Am G  
So move your family westward, bring all your girls and boys  
C Am F C  
And rise to wealth and honor in the state of Elanoy

C Am F C  
2. She's bounded by the Wabash, Mississippi and the Lakes  
F C Am G  
There's milk-sick in her rolling hills, in her swamps there's snakes  
F C Am G  
But these are slight diversions and take not from the joys  
C Am F C  
Of living in this garden spot, the state of Elanoy

Chorus:

F C Am G  
So move your family westward, bring all your girls and boys  
C Am F C  
And cross the Shawnee ferry to the state of Elanoy

C Am F C  
 3. It was here the queen of Sheba came, with Solomon of old  
 F C Am G  
 With a wagonload load of spices, pomegranates and fine gold  
 F C Am G  
 And when she saw this lovely land her heart was filled with joy  
 C Am F C  
 Straightway she said, "I'd like to be a queen in Elanoy." Chorus

C Am F C  
 4. Way up in the northward, right on the borderline  
 F C Am G  
 A great commercial city, Chicago, you will find  
 F C Am G  
 Her men are all like Abelard, her women like Heloise  
 C Am F C  
 All honest virtuous people, cause they come from Elanoy Chorus



Peg Compton and Brian Gill going over a set list at the No Exit Café 1982

# Stealin', Stealin'

A A7 D Dm  
Stealin', stealin'. Pretty Mama don't you tell on me  
A E A  
I'm stealin' back to my same old used-to-be

A  
Put your arms around me like a circle 'round the sun,  
D  
Won't you love me baby, like my easy rider done.  
A E A A E A  
You don't believe I love you, look at the fool I've been  
A E A A E A  
You don't believe I'm sinkin', look at the hole I'm in.

A  
The woman I'm a-lovin', she's just my height and size  
D  
She's a married woman, come to see me sometime

A E A E A  
You don't believe I love you, look at the fool I've been  
A E A A E A  
You don't believe I'm sinkin', look at the hole I'm in

A A7 D Dm  
Stealin', stealin', Pretty Mama don't you tell on me  
A E A  
I'm stealin' back to my same old used-to-be

A  
My gal likes her peppermint nice and hot  
D  
She says my candy stick just hits the spot

A E A E A  
You don't believe I love you, look at the fool I've been  
A E A A E A  
You don't believe I'm sinkin', look at the hole I'm in.

A A7 D Dm  
Stealin', stealin'. Pretty Mama don't you tell on me  
A E A  
I'm stealin' back to my same old used-to-be



Art at Mandell Hall, University of Chicago Folk Festival 1988

## Steve Goodman



Steve Goodman with Randy Sabien (left), and Tom Dundee at WFMT New Year's Bash 1981

*"When Steve was coming up, he had tremendous promise, and in a way, he was the leader, but it was more his presence. His talent was so obvious that everybody knew it was going to be a matter of time. In that sense, folk music was not competitive, so you didn't think in terms of leadership. But as a performer, he was head and shoulders above a lot of us who weren't interested in performing so much as just being folksingers, and that meant being a little more like Woody. We put pebbles in our boots so we might have the same pain that Woody had and write songs like he had, but they were in the traditional vein. We were singing the older songs, and it was more of a throwback to the frontier when people were moving west. Steve was very urban and taking it in a direction that spun off from what Bob Gibson had done with the music. Bob was the first star in Chicago. Steve was going in that direction, real entertainment for big concerts, where a lot of us just felt uncomfortable with that. We preferred a coffeehouse. Steve took the challenge of playing places, huge stadiums, and I never was comfortable with that kind of a setting. I'd rather be around a campfire. But he was obviously one who could handle that. Steve was one of those who could move out and jump. And to this day I'm amazed at how much that little guy has continued to mean to me."*



# Sundown

On the Banjo  
Capo 2

C

1. Hi, my little darling, smile upon your face,

F

C

I'm gonna buy a ribbon bow to tie around your waist

Chorus:

C

It's nearly sundown, sundown, sun is almost down.

F

C

Bound away to leave you before the sun goes down

C

It's nearly sundown, sundown, sun is almost down

C

2. The roads they are muddy the mountains they are steep

F

C

Bound to see my darlin' before I get to sleep Chorus

C

3. Hi, my little darling, meet me at the gate.

F

C

I want to kiss you one more time before it is too late Chorus

C

4. Hi, my little darling, meet me at the door

F

C

I'm going away to leave you unto some foreign shore Chorus

# Talking Dust Bowl Blues

Words and Music Woody Guthrie

G C D  
Back in nineteen twenty-seven, I had a little farm and I called that heaven  
G C D  
The prices up and the rain come down, and I hauled my crops all into town  
G C D G  
I got the money, bought clothes and groceries, fed the kids, and raised a family

G C D  
Rain it quit and the winds got high, and the black ol' dust storm filled the sky.  
G C  
And I swapped my farm for a Ford machine,  
D G  
And I filled it full of this gas-i-line -- and I started, rockin' an' a-rollin'  
C G D G  
Getting' out of that dust bowl, headin' for California, they called it the Peach Bowl

G C D  
Way up yonder on a mountain road, I had a hot motor and a heavy load,  
G C  
I's a-goin' pretty fast, there wasn't even stoppin',  
D  
A-bouncin' up and down, like popcorn poppin' --  
G C  
Had a breakdown, sort of a nervous bustdown of some kind,  
D G  
There was a feller there, a mechanic feller, said it was en-gine trouble

G C D  
Way up yonder on a mountain road, way up yonder in the piney wood  
G C D  
I give that rollin' Ford a shove, and I thought I'd coast as far as I could  
G C D G  
Commence coastin', pickin' up speed, come a hairpin turn, I didn't make it.

Man alive, I'm a-tellin' you, the fiddles and the guitars really flew  
That Ford took off like a flying squirrel and flew halfway around the world  
Scattered wives and dulcimers, autoharps, all over the side of that mountain.

Well, we finally got out to the West Coast broke,  
So cold and hungry I thought I'd croak and I bummed up a spud or two  
And ma fixed up a tater stew, we poured the kids full of it  
Mighty thin stew, though, you could read a magazine right through it.

Mighty thin kids, too, looked like a tribe of thermometers runnin' round there  
I always did know, I always did figure, if that stew had been just a little bit thinner,  
Some of these here politicians coulda seen through it

# Tennessee Stud

Jimmy Driftwood

- A G  
1. Along about eighteen twenty five, I left Tennessee very much alive  
A  
I never would made it through the Arkansas mud  
G A G A  
If I hadn't been a-ridin on the Tennessee Stud  
A G  
2. I had me some trouble with my sweetheart's Pa one o' her brothers was a bad outlaw  
A G A G A  
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fudd then I rode away on the Tennessee Stud

Chorus:

- A  
The Tennessee Stud was long and lean  
D C E  
The color of the sun and his eyes were green  
A  
He had the nerve and he had the blood  
G A G A  
And there never was a horse like The Tennessee Stud  
A G  
3. Well, I rode on down through a beautiful land come across a big Indian Band  
A G A  
They saddled the ponies with a hoop and a yell and I was off like a bat out of Hell  
A G  
I circled the camp for a time or two, show 'em what a Tennessee horse could do  
G A G A  
The Indian boys never got my blood cause I was riding on a Tennessee Stud

- A  
4. Well, I rode on down through no man's land  
G  
And crossed that river called the Rio Grande  
A  
I raced my horse with a Spaniard's foal  
G A  
Til I got me a skin full of silver and gold

A G  
5. Me and the gambler we couldn't agree we got into a fight over Tennessee  
A G A  
We both slapped leather, he fell with a thud and I got away on the Tennessee Stud

Chorus

A G  
6. Well I got just as lonesome as a man could be dreamin of my girl in Tennessee  
A  
The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue  
A G A  
'cause he was dreamin' bout his sweetheart too

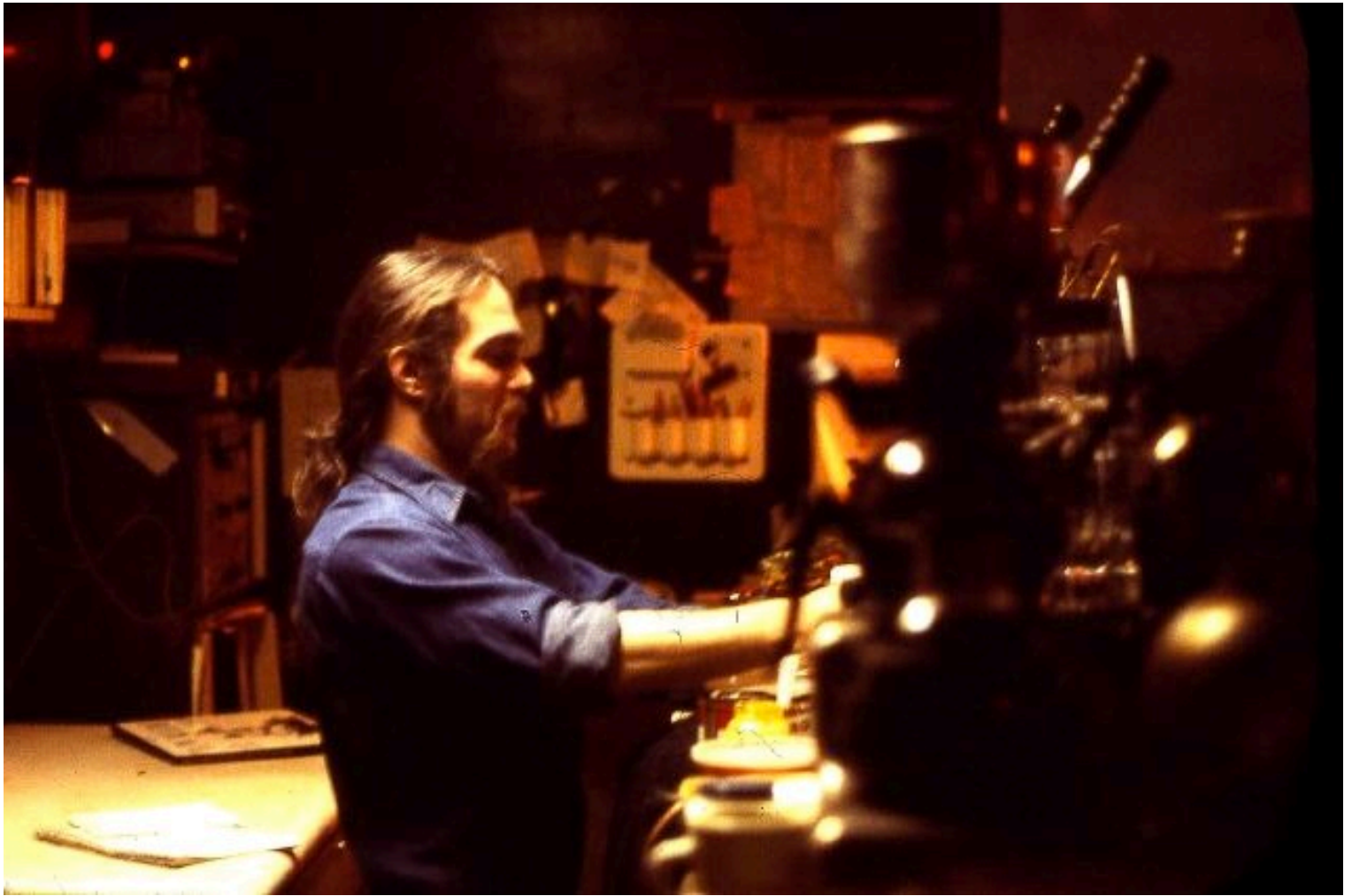
A G  
7. We rode right back across Arkansas I whooped her brother and I whooped her Pa  
A G A  
When I found that girl with the golden hair she was a-ridin on a Tennessee Mare

Chorus

A G  
8. Stirrup to stirrup and side by side we crossed them mountains and the valleys wide  
A  
We came to big muddy and then we forded a flood  
G A G A  
On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud

A  
9. There's a pretty little baby on the cabin floor  
G  
And a little horse colt outside the door  
A  
I love the gal with the golden hair  
G A G A  
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare

Chorus



Peter Steinberg, second owner of the No Exit Café at the Pavoni 1975

*“During the thirty-seven years I played at “The Exit” (as we often called the grand little place) it was owned, first, by Joe Moore, then, by Peter Steinberg, and last by Brian and Sue Kozin. They've all been wonderful friends who provided great coffee, unique bathroom graffiti plus probing and inspiring conversation on more than a just a few occasions. It was a combination oasis, living room, hash house, library, and personal true-love dating service - all right there by the Chicago Transit Authority elevated train tracks for ease of access.”*

“When Art was on stage at the No Exit, there was a kind of magic in the air. With humor, grace and quite a bit of social commentary, Art's songs, stories and corny jokes transported us into life and times past and brought that history right back home for us to enjoy.”

Peter Steinberg

# Thanksgiving Eve

by Bob Franke  
Capo 1, Drop D Bass

          D          G          D          G  
It's so easy to dream of the days gone by  
          D          A7          D  
It's a hard thing to think of the times to come  
          D          G          D          G  
And the grace to accept every moment as a gift  
          D          A7          D  
Is a gift that is given to some

Chorus:

                  A7                  C          A7  
What can you do with your days but work and hope  
                  G                  Em          A7  
Let your dreams bind your work to your play  
          D          G          D          G  
What can you do with each moment of your life  
          D          G          A7  
But love 'till you've loved it away  
          D          A7          D  
Love 'till you've loved it away

          D          G          D          G  
There are sorrows enough for the whole world's end  
          D          A7          D  
There are no guarantees but the grave  
          D          G          D          G  
But the lives that we lead and the times that we share  
          D          A7          D  
Are treasures too precious to say

Chorus

# That's The Ticket

Art Thieme  
Guitar Tuned down ½ Step

C F C  
Lovely Nancy ran a shoe repair shop

G  
Her loving Willie brought her his boots

C F C  
For to have the soles with leather bound up

F C  
And to have the heels elevate his foot.

C F C G  
"I have two pair of leather sea boots one pair it is plumb wore through

C F C F C  
I'll leave this pair for soles and polish I'll wear the others and think of you."

C F C G  
"Yes, fair maid, I'm going sailing for seven years upon the sea

C F C F C  
What is there for us to split between us a symbol of our love to keep?"

C F C G  
"Willie dear, here's your claim ticket numbered eight thousand and forty-nine

C F C  
I'll keep mine and you may cherish your half

F C  
As a love to-ken to last through time."

C F C G  
He took his ticket and went a-sailing, sailed the seas for seven years

C F C  
And at last his boots with holes were riddled

F C  
And he figured it was time to return to her.

C F C G  
So on one fair October morning he walked into the old shoe place

C F C  
His coat hid ticket eight-oh-four-nine

F C  
And his love stared blankly at his bearded face

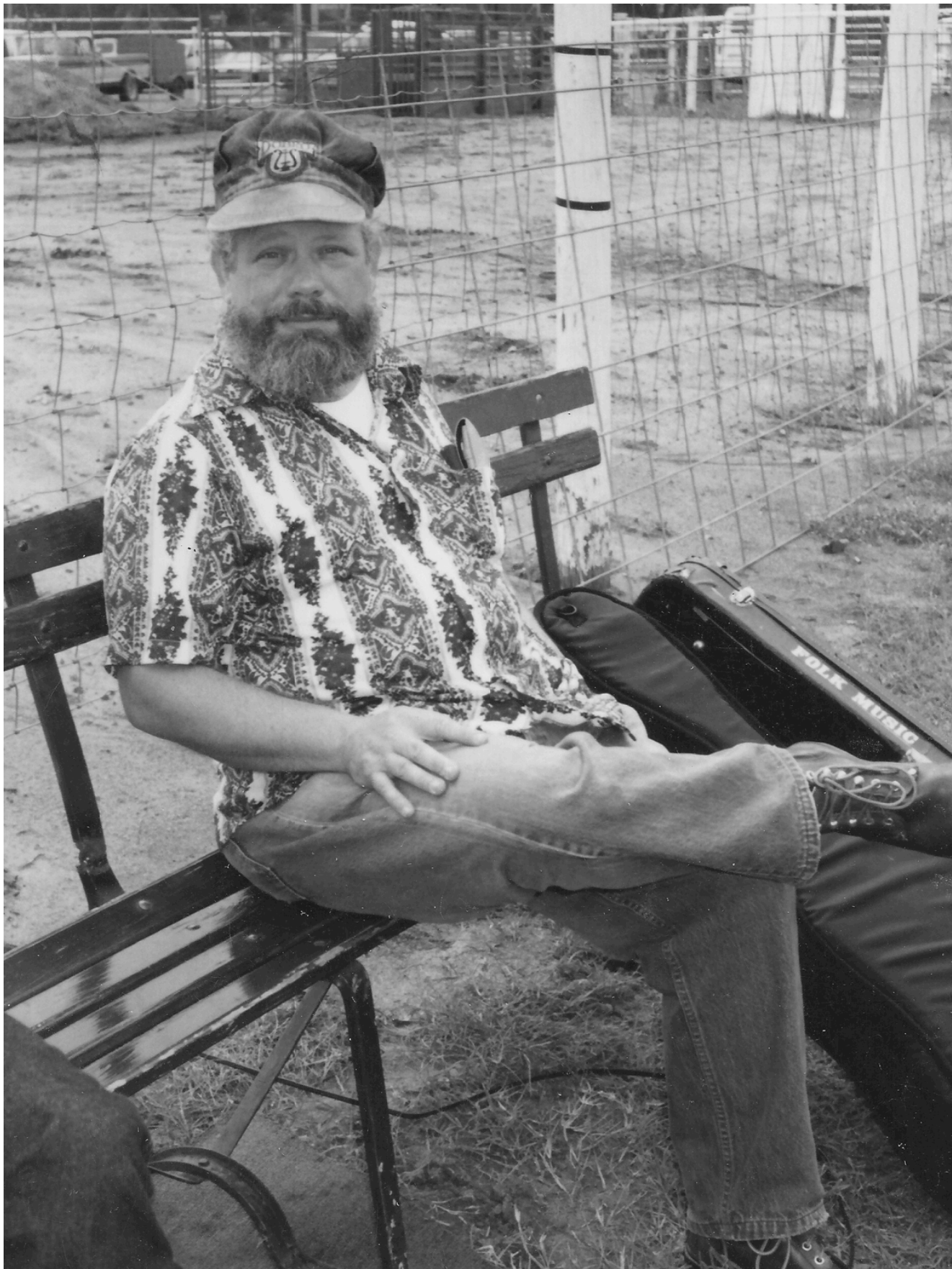


C F C G  
"Oh fair maid, pray be my bride." "No, old man, that cannot be.  
C F C  
I have a young love out upon the ocean  
F C  
When his boots wear out he'll return to me."

C F C G  
He threw open his old worn raincoat, flashed the ticket, eight-oh-four-nine,  
C F C  
"Nancy dear, it's me, I'm your true lover  
C F C  
Returned for my boots, and to make you mine."

C F C  
"Willie dear, you have returned  
C G  
We'll be married by the old church door  
C F C  
But the boots you left for soles and heels and polish  
C F C  
They won't be ready till Friday at four."

C F C  
This young couple were childhood sweethearts  
C G  
She was a child and he was a hood  
C F C  
They lived a life of blissful pure devotion  
C F C  
Their song is now ended and I think that's good.



Art at Winfield 1985

# The Soo Line

By Craig Johnson

C

1. Like fire in the jack-pines morning is a-breaking

F C

Out along the south shore down along the Soo Line.

C F

Day shift going down, the night shift's in the dry,

C G C

Out along the south shore, down along the Soo Line.

C

2. I stopped in Marenisco, there's trouble in the town.

F C

Friday being the last pay day the mills are closing down.

C F

Young men walking home, they got leaving on their mind,

C G C

Out along the south shore down along the Soo Line.

C

3. Old men on the highway, their backs are bended down,

F C

Blackbirds on the barbed wire all along the caving ground.

C F

Headframes in he long fields, ghosts of better times,

C G C

Out along the south shore, down along the Soo Line

C

4. It was midnight in them high hills, we were lying side by side,

F C

Waiting for the moonrise, warming to the wine.

C F

Gazing in your dark eyes, deeper than the sky

C G C

Leaving in the morning, down below the Soo Line

# Oh, The Wind And Rain

G C F G  
There were two young sisters lived by the riverside Oh, the wind and rain

C F G  
Two young sisters lived by the riverside Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

G C F G  
Now the miller gave to one a beaver hat Oh, the wind and rain

C F G  
The other sister thought hard about that Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

G C F G  
One pushed the other in the water so wide Oh, the wind and rain

C F G  
One pushed the other in the water so wide Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

G C F G  
She floated on down to the old mill dam, oh, the wind and rain

C F G  
She floated on down to the old mill dam, oh, the dreadful wind and rain

G  
Charles Miller fished her out with his long hooked pole

F G  
Oh, the wind and rain

C  
Charles Miller fished her out with his long hooked pole

F C  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

G C F G  
Now down the road come a fiddler fair Oh, the wind and rain  
C F G  
Made a fiddle bow from her long curly hair Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

G C F G  
He made a fiddle from her breastbone Oh, the wind and rain  
C F G  
The tone could melt a heart of stone Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

G C F G  
And he made fiddle pegs of her little finger bones Oh, the wind and rain  
C

And he made fiddle pegs of her little finger bones  
F C  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

G C F G  
But the only tune that the fiddle could play was, Oh, the wind and rain  
C

The only tune that the fiddle could play  
F C  
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain

G C F G  
There were two young sisters lived by the riverside Oh, the wind and rain  
C F G  
Two young sisters lived by the riverside Oh, the dreadful wind and rain



Chorus

E

My mother became my father, my father became my mom

My uncle takes silicone injections and my aunt calls herself John

Some of silicone got mixed in with a batch of refried beans

E7

Made the best damn silicon-carny you have ever seen                      Chorus

E

A patronage worker died one day at city hall

The undertaker came at noon to make his grizzly call

He didn't get back to the mortuary 'til six o'clock and he said

E7

I had to wait around 'til quittin' time to figure out which one was dead

Chorus

E

There are hookers in New York City, winos in D.C.

Moonshine out in Frisco, murders in Tennessee

Gamblin' in New Orleans, corruption all around

E7

Hell, I bet you find them all in old Chicago Town

Chorus

# This Land Is Your Land

by Woody Guthrie

Chorus:

                  C                                  G  
This land is your land, this land is my land  
                  D                                  G  
From California, to the New York Island  
                                  C                                  G  
From the redwood forest, to the gulfstream waters  
                  D                                  G  
This land was made for you and me

                  C                                  G  
1. As I was walking a ribbon of highway  
                  D                                  G  
I saw above me an endless skyway  
                  C                                  G  
I saw below me a golden valley  
                  D                                  G  
This land was made for you and me   Chorus

                  C                                  G  
2. I roamed and I rambled and I followed my footsteps  
                  D                                  G  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts  
                  C                                  G  
While all around me a voice was sounding  
                  D                                  G  
This land was made for you and me   Chorus

                  C                                  G  
3. Well, the sun came shining as I was strolling  
                  D                                  G  
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling  
                  C                                  G  
The fog was lifting and a voice was chanting  
                  D                                  G  
This land was made for you and me   Chorus



C G  
 4. In the square of the city, 'neath the shadow of the steeple  
 D G  
 By the relief office I saw my people  
 C G  
 And some were stumblin' and some were wonderin'  
 D G  
 If this land was made for you and me Chorus

C G  
 5. Maybe you been workin' just as hard as you're able  
 D G  
 And you just got crumbs from the rich man's table  
 C G  
 Maybe you been wonderin' if it's truth or fable  
 D G  
 If This Land Was Made For You And Me Chorus

C G  
 6. Nobody living can ever stop me  
 D G  
 As I go walking my freedom highway  
 C G  
 Nobody living can make me turn back  
 D G  
 This Land Was Made For You And Me Chorus

C G  
 7. Was a great high wall there that tried to stop me  
 D G  
 Was a great big sign there, said, "Private Property"  
 C G  
 But on the other side it didn't say nothin'  
 D G  
 That side was made for you and me Chorus

# Titanic

by Huddie Ledbetter 'Leadbelly'  
Capo 1

C C7 F  
It was midnight on the sea band was playing, "Nearer My God to Thee"

C G  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C C7 F  
It was midnight on the sea band was playing, "Nearer My God to Thee"

C G C  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C C7 F  
Titanic, she got her load, Captain hollered, "All aboard"

C G  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C C7 F  
Titanic, she got her load, Captain he hollered, "All aboard"

C G C  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C C7 F  
Titanic come around the curve and she bumped into a big iceberg

C G  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C C7 F  
Titanic come around the curve and she bumped into a big iceberg

C G C  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C                      C7                      F                      C  
Titanic was sinking down, there were lifeboats all around.

C                      G  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C                      C7  
There were lifeboats around,  
F

Savin' women and children, lettin' men go down.

C            G                      C  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C                                      C7            F  
Jack Johnson want to get on board, Captain said, "I ain't haulin' no coal."

C                      G  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C                                      C7            F  
Jack Johnson want to get on board, Captain said, "I ain't haulin' no coal."

C            G                      C  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C                                      C7  
When he heard bout the mighty shock,  
F

Should of seen him do the Eagle Rock

C                      G  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

C                                      C7  
When he heard bout the mighty shock,  
F

Should of seen him do the Eagle Rock

C            G                      C  
Fare thee, Titanic, fare thee well

Repeat Verse 1

# Uncle Eph's Got the Coon

1. Well, I hitched my horse up to my hack

C G

C

Buckled my banjo to my back

C F

The buckle broke and the banjo flew

G C

Devil got the buckle and the banjo too

Chorus:

C G C

Uncle Eph's got the coon and gone on, gone on, gone on

C G

Uncle Eph's got the coon and gone on, and left us lookin' up a tree

2. What kind of slippers do the angels wear

C G

C

Slippin' and slidin' on the golden stairs?

C F

Golden slippers and silver socks

G C

Drop your nickels in the missionary box Chorus

3. Wake up, sister, don't you sleep so late

C G

C

Keep your eyes on the golden gate

C F

Get out there and dance by the light of the moon

G C

Here comes Eph just a fetchin' in the coon Chorus

C G  
 4. When Ephraim told this world goodbye  
 C  
 He went to his heavenly home on high  
 C F  
 Told Saint Peter for to make him room  
 G C  
 Here comes Eph, just a fetchin' in the coon Chorus



(From left) Art Thieme, Don Stevens and the late, great owner of Folk Legacy Records, Sandy Paton. *"I sure do miss Sandy Paton! Just about every day I want to pick up the phone and call Sandy. Through the years, he sure was important to me. I've no idea where this was taken, but I'm sure glad some good person took it."*

# Union Maid

Woody Guthrie  
Additional verses by Faith Petric

1. There once was a union maid who never was afraid  
Of goons and ginks and company finks  
And deputy sheriffs who made the raids  
She went to the union hall when a meeting it was called,  
And when the company boys came 'round she always stood her ground

Chorus:

Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,  
I'm sticking to the union, I'm sticking to the union  
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,  
I'm sticking to the union till the day I die

2. This union maid was wise to the tricks of company spies,  
She couldn't be fooled by a company stool she'd always organize the guys  
She always got her way when she struck for better pay  
She'd show her card to the company guard and this is what she'd say

*The following verses were contributed by the late Faith Petric for this songbook at the request of Pete Seeger. Over many years Faith collected and even wrote some of the following lyrics for Union Maid.*

G C G  
You women who want to be free, take a little tip from me  
C G A7 D  
Break out of that mold we've all been sold, you got a fighting history  
G C G  
The fight for women's rights with workers must unite  
C G D G  
Like Mother Jones, move them bones to the front of every fight Chorus

G C G  
Women who want to be free, take a tip from me  
C G A7 D  
Get you a job that's a union job and fight like hell for liberty  
G C G  
Single life ain't hard when you got a union card  
C G D G  
You might even have a happy life as a Union man and wife Chorus

G C G  
You guys who want to be free take a tip from me  
C G A7 D  
Get you a gal who's a union gal, then stick together and work like hell  
G C G  
Life won't be so hard if you each got a Union card  
C G D G  
With a union gal you'll do all right 'cause you both know how to fight Chorus

G C G  
We modern Union Maids are also not afraid  
C G A7 D  
We walk the line, leave jobs behind and we're not just the ladies aid  
G C G  
We fight for equal pay, and we will have our say  
C G D G  
We're workers, too, the same as you and fight the Union way Chorus

G C G  
 Waitresses and maids and others underpaid  
 C G A7 D  
 Childcare workers and filing clerks, let's all be wise and organize  
 G C G  
 Sisters, we'll just begin when we vote the Union in  
 C G D G  
 When every job is a union job, then everyone will win Chorus

G C G  
 A woman's life is hard even with a union card  
 C G A7 D  
 You've got to stand on your own two feet and not be a servant of the male elite  
 G C G  
 It's time to take a stand, keep working hand in hand  
 C G D G  
 There is a job that's got to be done and a fight that's got to be won Chorus

G C G  
 Now folks just listen to me, everybody wants to be free  
 C G A7 D  
 Young and old and woman and man can work together hand and hand  
 G C G  
 We'll make the world a better place, there's just one human race  
 C G D G  
 And one big union of human kind is what I have in mind Chorus

G C G  
 When this song was first sung, the fight had just begun  
 C G A7 D  
 And Union Maids in the needle trades organized till the job was done  
 G C G  
 And in Ladies Auxiliaries of giant factories  
 C G D G  
 We won new pride working side by side in union victories Chorus



G C G  
 Now union maids are found in coalmines underground  
 C G A7 D  
 Soaring to new heights in construction sites and they'll never keep us down  
 G C G  
 In offices and schools we'll redefine the rules  
 C G D G  
 Working every day for comparable pay with union men we say Chorus

G C G  
 Women who want to be free, just take a little tip from me  
 C G A7 D  
 Get a job that's a union job and take a stand for equality  
 G C G  
 Equal work gets equal pay, must be the Union way  
 C G D G  
 Take that stand, work hand in hand, for jobs with dignity Chorus

G C G  
 There once was a senior maid who never was afraid  
 C G A7 D  
 Of legislators who try to ignore the improvements she was working for  
 G C G  
 To Sacramento she would go and the people there would know  
 C G D G  
 That senior power is growing by the hour and isn't going to slow Chorus

G C G  
 This senior maid was wise to the tricks of the lobbyist guys  
 C G  
 She couldn't be fooled by some phony 'rules'  
 A7 D  
 She'd write and fight and organize  
 G C G  
 She'd always get her way when she went to have her day  
 C G D G  
 She'd show her plan to the government man and this is what she'd say Chorus

# Wabash Cannonball

D G  
1. From the waves of the Atlantic to the wide Pacific shore  
A7 D  
From the rocky coast of Oregon to ice bound Labrador  
D G  
There's a train of doozy layout she's quite well known to all  
A7 D  
It's the hobo's accommodation called the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus:

D G  
Oh listen to the jingle to the rumble and the roar  
A7 D  
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore  
D G  
Hear the mighty rush of her engine hear that lonesome hobo's call  
A7 D  
As we ride the rods and break beams on the Wabash Cannonball

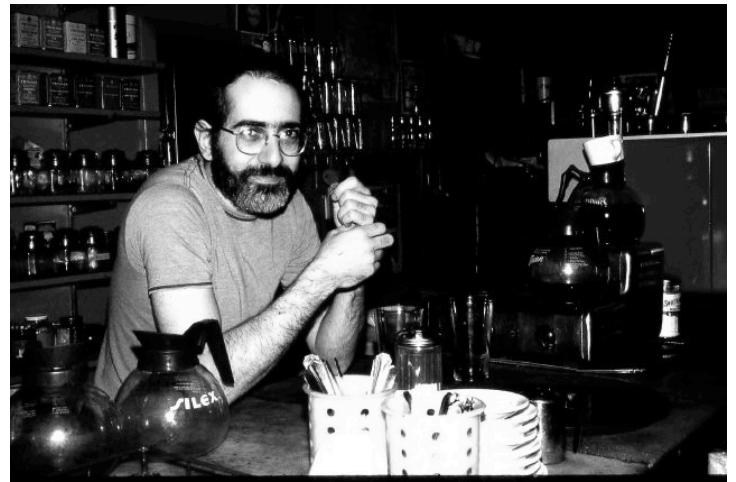
D G  
2. This train she runs through Quincy, Monroe and Mexico  
A7 D  
It's into Kansas City, oh, she isn't driving slow  
D G  
And she tears right into Denver and she makes an awful squall  
A7 D  
They all know her by her whistle it's the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus

D G  
 3. Your eastern states are dandy, so the travelers often say  
 A7 D  
 The Chicago and Rock River well, it's out along the way  
 D G  
 Through the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall  
 A7 D  
 We're all riding through the jungle camps on the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus

D G  
 4. Here's to Montana Whitey may his name forever stand  
 A7 D  
 And always be remembered by the beaus throughout the land  
 D G  
 His earthly race is over and the curtains 'round him fall  
 A7 D  
 We'll carry him home to victory on the Wabash Cannonball Chorus



Sue Kozin,

1983

Brian Kozin,

1979

"It's easier to tuna--fish," from the stage. Here they come, the puns and the stories and the songs. "while I am up here floundering around." Art Thieme is a great collector of all forms of folk life. We all had our favorite songs and stories. For 40 plus years Art traveled and sang them in clubs, at folk festivals and on riverboats. Enjoy this songbook and listen for the sounds of a great entertainer.

Sue and Brian Kozin, third owners of the No Exit Cafe

# Walkie In The Parlor

*"I saw the Boyer and Beers families from Missouri sing this back in the 1970s."*

Capo 1

C F C  
Well, first they made the Earth, then they made the sky,  
C F C  
Then they made the little clouds and hung 'em up there to dry  
C F C  
And then they made the Moon above, made the Sun to shine,  
C F C  
Then they made the pretty stars from little babies' eyes

Chorus:

C  
Walkie in the parlor, boys, walkie in I say  
G  
Walkie in the parlor, boys, and hear the banjo play.  
C G  
Walkie in the parlor, boys, and hear the banjo ring  
C F C  
And watch my honey's fingers as she picks upon the strings

C F C  
Well, then they made the possum and then they made the quail  
C F C  
And next they made the old raccoon with a ring around his tail  
C F C  
Then they made Mr. Elephant so big and large and stout,  
C F C  
But you know that he was not satisfied until he got his snout.

Chorus

C F C  
Then they made old Adam laid him out on the ground

C F  
And they gave him a dose of laudanum

C  
Just to make him sleep so sound.

C F C  
Then they took a couple of ribs all from old Adam's side

C F C  
And they made him a nice young Irish girl for to be his loving bride

### Chorus



Art's son, Chris with family: Siera, Byron, Eviey, Chloe, and Kat with Daisy in her lap



# Waterbound

D A7  
Waterbound, an' I can't get home Waterbound, an' I can't get home  
D G D A7 D  
Waterbound, an' I can't get home way down the Illinois River

D  
1. Me and Carol and Chris goin' home  
A7  
Me and Carol and Chris goin' home  
D  
Me and Carol and Chris goin' home  
D A7 D  
Before the water rises

D  
2. The old man's mad, an' I am glad  
A7  
The old man's mad, an' I am glad  
D  
The old man's mad, an' I am glad  
D A7 D  
Cause I'm gonna get his daughter

D  
3. If he don't give her up, we're gonna run away  
A7  
If he don't give her up, we're gonna run away  
D  
If he don't give her up, we're gonna run away  
D A7 D  
Before the water rises

# Way Down The Road

By Craig Johnson

G

1. Back in the year of '33 we were still down in Tennessee

D

Gettin' by took all your time, Way Down the Road

G

The word went out in '41 Uncle Sam's gonna get the big job done,

G

D

G

We hired out at Willow Run, Way Down the Road

Chorus:

C

Blow your whistle, up through the pines,

G

Out across the mountains in the Clinchfield Line,

G

Em

G

D

G

Blow for better times, Way Down the Road.

G

2. Well we come from the mountains and the damp coal mines,

Started in to working on Henry's lines,

G

D

Eight hours steady and overtime, Way Down the Road

G

The city folks didn't want us around, moved us out to the edge of town,

G

D

G

Salt box houses on the bulldozed ground, Way Down the Road

G

3. We were strong backs bending in the welder's light,

Rivet guns pounding on a windy night,

D

A rich man's war, a poor man's fight, Way Down the Road.



G  
Punch in, punch out, make your time,

Hurry with the turret boys, you're getting behind,

G D G  
The bombers roared low in the blackout skies, Way Down the Road

Chorus

G  
4. You try to pay the rent money, you try to save a buck,

Patching up the tires on a wore-out truck,

D  
City folks pass and holler "Hey, Kentuck", Way down the road.

G  
You say you'll move back south when the war gears down,

Your dreams die easy when your check comes round,

G D G  
Caught between the mountains and a factory town, Way Down the Road

Chorus

G  
5. Now the plant's closed down and the gates are closed,

New cars rust in the rain and snow,

D  
Let me sleep where the gum-stick laurel grows, Way Down the Road.

G  
You can bury me down in Tennessee,

You live for a dollar - let my tombstone read

G D G  
"He died unknown in a strange country, Way Down the Road." Chorus

# What Does The Deep Sea Say?

On the Banjo

*"I learned this tune from two brothers, Bill and Earl Bolick, better known as the Blue Sky Boys"*

Chorus:

G  
Tell me, what does the deep sea say?  
C G  
Tell me, what does the deep sea say?  
G Bm Am  
It moans and it groans, it slashes and it foams  
G D G  
And it rolls on its weary way

G  
The big boat is comin' 'round the bend  
C G  
Oh, the steamboat she's comin' round the bend  
G Bm Am  
She ain't doin' nothin' but killing off good men  
G D G  
The steamboat she's comin' 'round the bend Chorus

G  
Every time I hear the steamboat blow  
C G  
Everytime I hear the big boat blow  
G Bm Am  
My mind gets to ramblin', my feet are bound to go  
G D G  
Every time I hear the big boat blow

G  
Oh, Vicksburg is a mighty hilly town  
C G  
Yes, Vicksburg is a mighty hilly town  
G Bm Am  
The Yankees on the river sure did blow it down  
G D G  
Vicksburg is a mighty hilly town. Chorus

G  
Fireman keep here rolling on for me  
C G  
Got to make it down to Memphis Tennessee cause  
G Bm Am  
My back is getting tired and my shoulder's getting sore  
G D G  
Fireman keep her rolling on for me

G  
The river's always been this rouster's home  
C G  
The river's always been this rouster's home  
G Bm Am  
Gonna sit and watch the big boats, never want to roam  
G D G  
The river's always been this rouster's home chorus



*"Blind Jim Brewer, Jim played at the No Exit in Chicago on Wednesday nights all the years that I played there every Thursday night. He was an original. He was the real thing, a blues man, a straight singer. He was from Mississippi, and he did a good job. I don't think he wrote any songs, but he may have adapted them from the people he learned from like Big Bill Broonzy. He played at Maxwell Street."*

# Will You Go Lassie?

From the family of Ireland

Oh, the summer time is coming and the trees are sweetly turning  
And the wild mountain thyme blooms around the purple heather  
Will you go lassie, go?

Chorus

And we'll all go together to pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather Will you go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower by yon clear crystal fountain  
And on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain  
Will you go lassie, go?

Chorus

If my true love will not go I will surely find another  
To pull wild mountain thyme all around the purple heather  
Will you go lassie, go?

Chorus

# Zack, The Mormon Engineer

*"...from a 10 inch LP on Folkways, called Mormon Folk Songs"*

D A7  
1. Zack, went out to Utah, in the year of eighty three,  
D A7 D  
A right good Mormon gentleman and a bishop too was he.  
D A7  
He drove a locomotive for the Denver and R. G.,  
D A7 D  
With women he was popular, as popular as could be.

Chorus

G D A7  
And when he'd whistle ooh! ooh! Ma would understand  
D A7 D  
That Zack was headed homeward on the Denver Rio Grande

D A7  
2. Old Zack, he had a wife in every railroad town.  
D A7 D  
In every town that he passed thru he had a place for to lay him down  
D A7  
When the his train was coming, he wanted her to know,  
D A7 D  
As he passed by her homestead his whistle he would blow. Chorus

D A7  
3. Now Zack, he loved all of his wives, he loved them all the same  
D A7 D  
But always little Mabel was the one that he would name.  
D A7  
And as he passed her homestead he'd blow his whistle loud,  
D A7 D  
When she'd throw a kiss to him old Zack would look so proud.

Chorus

D A7  
 4. Now you've heard my story and you know that it is true  
 D A7 D  
 Old Zack, he had a wife in every town that he passed through.  
 D A7  
 They wanted him to transfer out to the old U. P.  
 D A7 D  
 But Zack said, "No" because his wives were on the D. R. G. Chorus  
 D A7 D  
 ....and I'm bound for California with my washbowl on my knee



# Just Plain Folk and Glad Of It

*Editor's note from National Public Radio: Musician and raconteur Art Thieme is co-host of WBEZ's weekly live folk festival The Flea Market. His own flair has endeared him to in Chicago audiences for years. Thieme brings his talents to these live two-hour programs in songs, stories, and humor cultivated over a fascinating, and sometimes difficult career, as described in the following article (Chicago Tribune, March 22, 1983).*

**By Lynn Van Matre**

It is a Thursday night at the No Exit, a rather amazing Rogers Park coffeehouse where minutes and hours, as we know them, apparently stopped marching on somewhere between the Beatnik Era and the early '60s folkie boom.

Clearly, the turf is time-warped.

The rough-hewn, cluttered decor is a comfortable collection of old-line coffeehouse clichés: faded, painted-on checkerboard-top wooden tables; tea and cappuccino brew cozily in one corner; assorted unexplained trophies, busts, and bits of junk perch haphazardly on shelves or hang from hooks on the walls.

The No Exit, Chicago's longest-lived folk coffeehouse, has been on the scene at one site or another with one owner or another since the late 1950s — surviving, local folksinger Art Thieme figures, because it never over expanded during the boom times (and therefore never hit a sour note when times loomed lean again).

Thieme has been appearing at the North Side club for more than 20 years now, having launched his No Exit career shortly after he made his performing debut in 1959 at a Hyde Park coffeehouse called the Limelight.

“Admission was a dollar, and the deal was that I would get 25 percent of the door,” recalls the singer, who was 16 at the time. “I took home a quarter. One guy showed up and paid his dollar, and I did two sets for him. It cost me more to get home that night than I earned. Not long after that, I started playing at the No Exit . . .”

The thrill, for Thieme, is the tales the songs tell — stories of centuries-old intrigue, romance, tragedy, pictures out of history.

It's like stepping into a time machine, with all the distraction of the era gone, and seeing only what the song wants you to see, talking about life in vivid, poetic terms.

“I see myself as a vehicle for the music,” says the self-taught musician, who accompanies himself on guitar, banjo and musical saw.

“To me, getting the story out is the most important thing. That was what led me into folk music, really. I got fed up with the lyrics of the pop songs I heard on the radio as a teenager in the late '50s -- the Chuck Berry and Bill Haley stuff -- and started looking around for something else.”



A friend introduced Thieme to the hootenannies then in progress at such now-defunct Old Town clubs as the Gate of Horn and Mother Blues, and he was hooked.

“I grew up in a high-rise, and my parents had always warned me against the beatnik folk music scene,” he says. “Naturally, that was where I wanted to be, watching people like Bob Gibson and Josh White and Joan Baez.

“There was a time when I was serious beyond belief onstage,” says the singer, who changed his tune some years back and now keeps up an amiable stream of deadpan patter:

“I wanted to form a group with Elvis Presley, Patti Page, and Rosemary Clooney - Presley, Page, Rosemary, and Thieme.

“I looked in the mirror today and saw six rabbits walking backwards on my head - a receding hare line.

“Stopped off at a fast-food franchise in Harrisburg, Pa., a while back for some nuclear fission chips. They gave me atomic ache.”

A four-year stint at the Spot, a notoriously noisy college-crowd hangout in Evanston, proved highly educational. “I learned that I don’t want to work there again, and I also learned a lot about working for people who don’t care.

“I don’t adapt the songs, but I do adapt the show in inserting humor, folk tales, puns, whatever it takes to get people to listen to music they’re not familiar with.”



Carol Obertubbesing (left) and Amy Beth presenting Art with a Lifetime Achievement Award from the Woodstock Folk Festival in Woodstock, Illinois. 2002



## Discography

- *Outright Bold-Faced Lies*, 1977 Kicking Mule Records
- *Songs Of The Heartland*, 1980 Kicking Mule Records
- *That's The Ticket*, 1983 Folk-Legacy Records
- *On the Wilderness Road*, 1986 Folk-Legacy Records
- *On The River*, 1988 Folk-Legacy Records
- *The Older I Get, The Better I Was*, 1998 Waterbug Records
- *Art Thieme LIVE: Chicago Town & Points West*, 2006 Folk-Legacy Records

### **Outright Bold-Faced Lies 1977**

- The Cottage Cheese Story
- Sally Ann
- Fare Thee Well Titanic
- The Great Turtle Drive
- Billy Vanero
- Scotland The Brave
- The State Of Illinois
- Here's To You Rounders
- The Cowboy's Barbara Allen
- Blue Mountain
- The Split Dog
- Railroad Blues And Nine Pound Hammer  
recorded live in concert at the Old Town School Of Folk Music by Ed Denson

### **Songs Of The Heartland 1980**

- Hanging Of Charlie Birger
- Down By The Embarass
- Death Of Robin Hood
- Cow That Committed Suicide
- Been All Around This World
- Kansas Cyclone
- Night Rider's Lament
- Shanty Boy On The Big Eau Claire
- What Did The Deep Blue Say
- Red Iron Ore

- Walkie In The Parlor
  - In 1845
  - Rock River Valley
  - Red River Valley
- recorded at Birdland Studio, Chicago; prod. by Emily Friedman

### **That's The Ticket 1983**

- The Hobo's Last Ride
  - Getting In The Cows
  - Cotton-Eyed Joe
  - Uncle Eph/The Great Raccoon Hunt
  - The Keweenaw Light
  - The Soo Line (Fire in the Jackpine)
  - Me And Jimmy Rodgers
  - Dobie Bill
  - The Big Combine
  - That's The Ticket
  - Zack, The Mormon Engineer
  - The Santa Fe Trail
  - East Texas Red
  - Shake Sugaree
- recorded by Sandy Paton

### **On the Wilderness Road 1986**

- The Shining Birch Tree
  - The Pinery Boy
  - The Bullhead Boat
  - Red River Shore
  - The Spinning Mills Of Home
  - Sundown
  - The Master Of The Sheepfold
  - Bibble-a-la-doo
  - Down In The Arkansas
  - Portland County Jail
  - Wabash Cannonball
  - Mister Garfield
  - On The Wilderness Road
- recorded by Sandy Paton

## **On The River 1988**

- Mike Fink's Bet
- Stagolee
- Bayou Sara
- The Julia Belle Swain Blues
- Lost Jimmy Whalen
- What Does The Deep Sea Say
- Goin' To Cairo
- The Lake Of Pontchartrain
- Waterbound
- The Embarrass
- The BIG Catfish
- The Shanty Boy
- Rock River Valley

## **Live At Winfield 1995**

- The Golden Vanity
- Mr. Rabbit & Turkey In The Straw
- Guabi, Guabi
- Landlady's Daughter
- Cottage Cheese Story
- Molly & Tenbrooks
- Portland County Jail
- Great Turtle Drive
- Eighty Acres (Jerry Rau)
- Talkin' Dust Bowl Blues (Woody Guthrie)
- Cement Mason Story
- The State of Illinois
- State of Arkansas
- Thanksgiving Eve (Bob Franke)
- Banjo Medley
- Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring
- What Does The Deep Sea Say?
- Old Joe Clark
- Miserlou
- Tammy
- The Bells Of St. Mary's
- Joe Clark
- Chivalrous Shark

*"The Walnut Valley Festival in Winfield, Kansas did, as a benefit for me when I was having a decade of spine surgery, a live cassette called ART THIEME LIVE AT WINFIELD."*

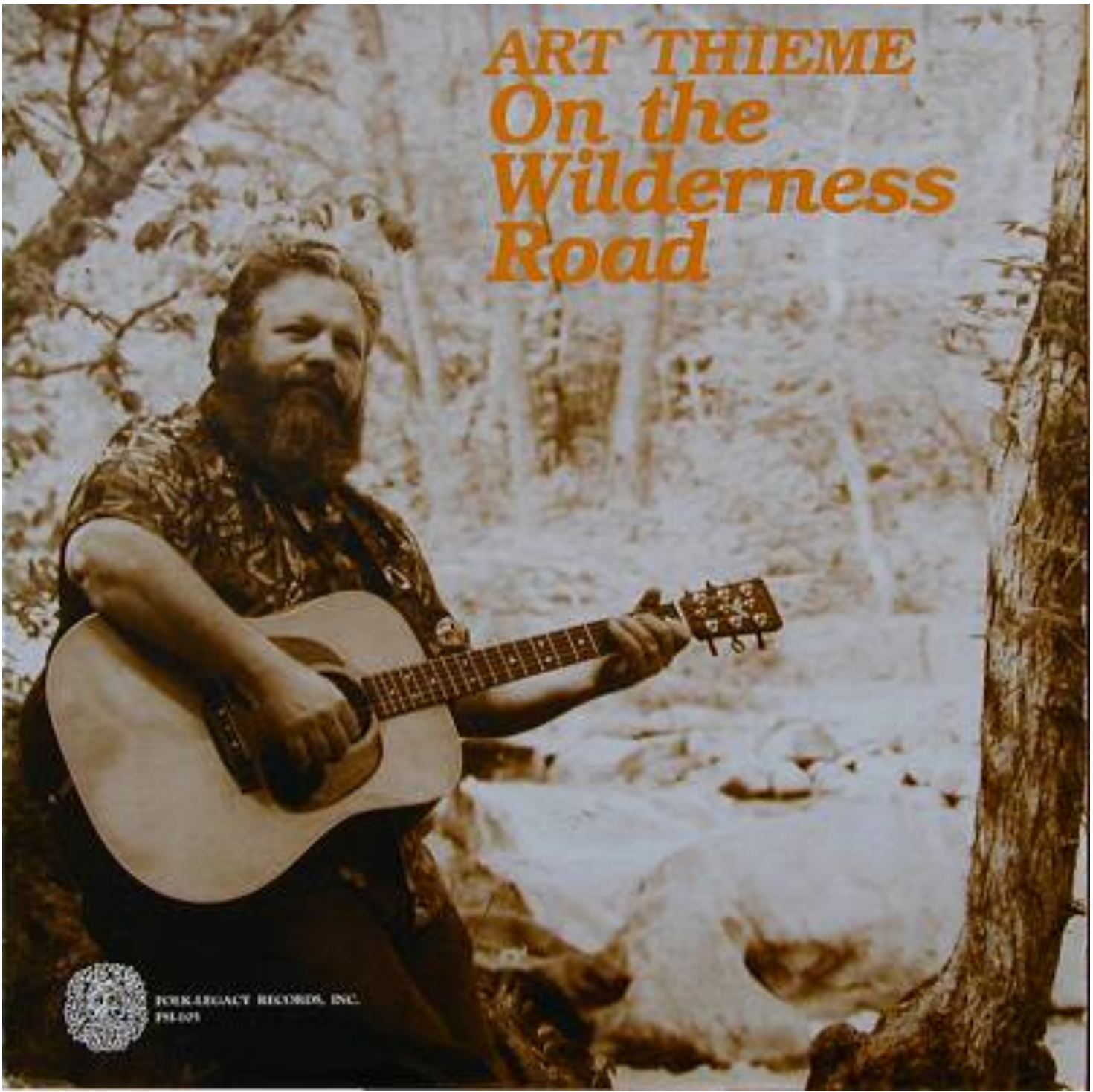
## **The Older I Get, The Better I Was 1998**

- Red Iron One
- Jerry, Go & Oil That Car
- A Lock & Dam Tale
- In & Around Nashville
- A Lumber Camp Tale
- The Pokegama Bear
- The Great Silkie Of Sule Skerry
- The Master Of The Sheepfold
- Why White Men Cannot See Cleary
- Bye & Bye
- A Ghostly Tale
- A North Country Tragedy
- Robin Hood's Death
- Way Down The Road
- Tennessee Stud
- Walkie In The Parlor
- Fair Margaret & Sweet William
- Betty & Dupree's Blues
- In 1975
- Is Your Lamps Gone Out?
- Cowboy's Barbara Allen
- A Handful Of Songs

## **Art Thieme LIVE: Chicago Town & Points West 2006**

- Chicago Town Blues
- Wreck Of The Tennessee Gravy Train
- Diamond Jo
- Jim Bridger And The Winter Of 1830
- Sioux Indians
- When I Was A Cowboy / Roy & Trigger
- Stealin'
- A Scottish Soldier
- Lazy Bones
- Groundhog
- The Hills Of Roane County
- Molly Darling / Mary Charlotte Anne McGhee
- The Biggest Whatever
- San Antonio Rose
- Soho On Saturday Night / No More Booze
- Hard Times In The Mill / A Dollar Ain't A Dollar Anymore
- I'm Gonna Leave Old Texas Now

ART THIEME  
*On the  
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