

Woody Guthrie in three parts:

Oklahoma Hills

Many a month has come and gone since I
wondered from my home in those
Oklahoma hills where I was born.
Many a page of life has turned, many a
lesson I have learned, I feel like in those hills
I still belong.

(Chorus)

*Way down yonder in the Indian nation, I
ride my pony on the reservation in those
Oklahoma hills where I was born.
Way down yonder in the Indian nation, a
cowboy's life is my occupation in those
Oklahoma hills where I was born.*

But as I sit here today, many miles I am
away from the place I rode my pony
through the draw, Where the oak and black
jack trees kiss the playful prairie breeze in
those Oklahoma hills where I was born.

(Chorus)

Now as I turn life a page to a land of the
great Osage in those Oklahoma hills where I
was born, Where the black oil rolls and
flows and the snow-white cotton grows, in
those Oklahoma hills where I was born.

(Chorus)

Roll On, Columbia

(Chorus)

Roll on, Columbia roll on. Roll on, Columbia
roll on. Your power is turning our darkness
to dawn, so roll on, Columbia roll on!

Green Douglas firs where the waters cut
through. Down the wild mountains and
canyons she flew. Canadian Northwest to
the oceans so blue, Roll on Columbia, roll
on!

Other great rivers add power to you,
Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat too, Sandy
Willamette and Hood River too, Roll on
Columbia roll on.

Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him
rest, an empire he built in the Pacific
Northwest. Sent Lewis and Clark and they
did the rest, Roll on Columbia, roll on.

It's there on your banks that we fought
many a fight, Sheridan's boys in the
blockhouse that night, They saw us in death
but never in flight, Roll on Columbia, roll on.

At Bonneville now there are ships in the
locks, the waters have risen and cleared all
the rocks, Shiploads of plenty will steam
past the docks, So roll on Columbia, roll on.

And on up the river is the Grand Coulee
Dam, The mightiest thing ever built by a
man, To run the great factories and water
the land, It's roll on, Columbia, roll on.

These mighty men labored by day and by
night, Matching their strength 'gainst the
river's wild flight, Through rapids and falls
they won the fight, Roll on Columbia, roll
on.

Hard Travelin'

I've been having some hard traveling, I thought you knowed, I've been having some hard traveling way down the road, I've been having some hard traveling, hard rambling, hard gambling, Been a having some hard traveling, Lord.

I've been a riding them fast rattlers, I thought you knowed, I've been a-riding them flat wheelers way down the road, I've been a-riding them blind passengers, dead enders, kicking up cinders, I've been a-having some hard traveling, Lord.

I've been a-hitting some hard rock mining, I thought you knowed, I've been a-leaning on a pressure drill way down the road, Hammer flying, air hose a sucking, six foot of mud and I sure been a-mucking, And I've been hitting some hard traveling, Lord.

I've been a-hitting some hard harvesting, I thought you knowed, North Dakota to Kansas City way down the road, Cutting that wheat and stacking that hay, and I'm trying to make about a dollar day, And I've been a-having some hard traveling, Lord.

I've been a-working that Pittsburgh steel, I thought you knowed, I've been a-dumping red-hot slag way down the road, I've been a blasting, I've been a firing, I've been a-pouring red hot iron, And I've been a-hitting some hard traveling, Lord.

I've been a-laying in a hard rock jail, I thought you knowed, I've been a-laying out ninety days way down the road, Damned old judge he said to me, "It's ninety days for vagrancy," I've been a-hitting some hard traveling, Lord.

I Ain't Got No Home

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-rambling 'round, I'm just a wan-d'r'in' work-in' man and I go from town to town. Police make it hard where-ev-er I may go, and I ain't got no home in this world any-more.

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road; It's a hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod. Rich man took my home and he drove me from my door, And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I was farmin' on the shares and always I was poor; My crops I lay into the banker's store. My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor, And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn; I been working mister, since the day that I was born. Now I worry all the time like I never did before 'cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Now as I look around it's mighty plain to see, this wide and wicked world is a funny place to be. The gambling man is rich and the working man is poor, And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Deportee

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting, the oranges piled high in their creosote dumps. You're flying 'em back to the Mexican border, to pay all their money to wade back again.

(Chorus)

*Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
Adios mis amigo, Jesus y Maria; you won't
have your names when you fly the big
airplane, all they will call you will be
deportees.*

My father's own father, he waded the river,
they took all his money he made in his life;
my brothers and sisters come working the
fruit trees, and they rode the trucks till they
broke down and died.

Some of us are illegal and some are not
wanted, our work contract's out and we
have to move on; Six hundred miles to the
Mexican border, they chase us like outlaws,
like rustlers, like thieves. (Chorus)

We died in hills, we died in your deserts, we
died in your valleys and died on your plains,
we died 'neath your trees and we died in
your bushes, both sides of the river, we
died just the same.

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos
Canyon, a fireball of lightning, and shook all
our hills. Who are all these friends, all
scattered like dry leaves? The radio says
they are just deportees.

Is this the best way we can grown our big
orchards? Is this the best way we can grow
our good fruit? To fall like dry leaves to rot
on our topsoil and be called by no name
except deportees? (Chorus)

Pastures of Plenty

It's a mighty hard road that my poor hands
have hoed; my poor feet have traveled a
hot dusty road. Out of your dust bowl and
westward we rolled, and your desert was
hot and your mountains were cold.

I worked in your orchards of peaches and
prunes, slept on the ground in the light of
your moon, on the edge of the city you've
seen us and then, we come with the dust
and we go with the wind.

California and Arizona, I work all your crops,
and it's up north to Oregon to gather your
hops, dig the beets from your ground, cut
the grapes from your vine, to set on your
table your light sparkling wine.

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert
ground, from the Grand Coulee Dam where
the water runs down, every state in the
union us migrants have been, we work in
this fight, and we'll fight till we win.

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

We come with the dust, and we go with the
wind.