



"I hate a song that makes you think that you're not any good. I hate a song that makes you think that you are just born to lose. Bound to lose. No good to nobody. No good for nothing. Because you are either too old or too young or too fat or too slim or too ugly or too this or too that ... songs that run you down or songs that poke fun of you on account of your bad luck or your hard traveling. I am out to fight those kinds of songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood."

## Gray Panthers of San Francisco

Printed in-house

## Gray Panther Sing Out Woody Guthrie 100th Anniversary

Welcome

Patricia Jackson,  
Gray Panthers SF

On Woody Guthrie

Michael Lyon,  
Gray Panthers SF  
Woody

Video– DemocracyNow!

Occupella

A Visit from Frances Perkins

Caty Powell  
Gray Panthers SF

Video—Bill Moyers

Woody for us Today

Rockin' Solidarity Labor Chorus

Finale Everyone singing!

### Thank You to Our Wonderful Performers!



**Rockin' Solidarity Labor Chorus:** <http://tinyurl.com/7uttvnp>

**Bonnie Lockhart:** <http://tinyurl.com/7br4qle>

**Hali Hammer:** <http://tinyurl.com/83zdba2>

**Occupella:** <http://tinyurl.com/8yf3edo>

During Performances, Please listen to solo singers; join in on the chorus

**Union Maid**  
**Words and Music by Woody Guthrie**

There once was a union maid, she never was afraid  
Of goons and ginks and company finks and the deputy sheriffs who made the  
raid.

She went to the union hall when a meeting it was called,  
And when the Legion boys come 'round  
She always stood her ground.

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 'til the day I die.

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 National Guard  
And this is what she'd say

A woman's struggle is hard, even with a union card.  
She's got to stand on her own two feet, and not be a servant to the male elite.  
It's time we take a stand, keep working hand in hand  
There is a job that's gotta be done and a fight that's gotta be won.\*

\*(An updated verse from Occupella!)

Come and sing with Occupella!

[www.ocupella.org](http://www.ocupella.org) for current calendar and downloadable songbook.

**What is a Folk Song?**

A folk song is what's wrong and how to fix it or it could  
be who's hungry and where their mouth is or  
who's out of work and where the job is or  
who's broke and where the money is or  
who's carrying a gun and where the peace is.

Woody Guthrie

**I've Got To Know**  
**Words and Music by Woody Guthrie**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Times are getting' Hard**  
**Words and Music by Woody Guthrie**

Times are getting' hard boys  
Money's getting' scarce  
If times don't get no better boys  
Gonna leave this place  
Take my true love by the hand  
Lead her from the town  
Say goodbye to ev'ryone  
Goodbye to ev'ryone

Take my bible from the bed  
Shotgun from the wall  
Take old Sal and hitch her up  
The wagon for to haul  
Pile the chairs and beds on high  
Let nothing touch the ground  
Sal can pull and we can push  
We're bound to leave this town

Made a crop a year ago  
It withered to the ground  
Tried to get some credit  
But the man he turned me down  
Goin' to California  
Where everything is green  
Gonna have the best old farm  
That you have ever seen.

## WHY, OH WHY

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

Why can't a dish break a hammer?  
Why oh why oh why?!  
'Cause a hammer's a hard head.  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye.  
Why, oh why, oh why oh, why?  
Why, oh why, oh why?  
Because because because because  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye  
Why can't a bird eat an elephant?  
Why, oh why, oh why?  
'Cause an elephant's got a pretty hard skin.  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye.  
Why can't a mouse eat a streetcar?  
Why, oh why, oh why?  
'Cause a mouse's stomach could never get big enough to hold a  
streetcar.  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye.  
Why does a horn make music?  
Why, oh why, oh why?  
Because the horn-blower blows it.  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye  
Why does a cow drink water?  
Tell me why n why?  
Because the cow gets thirsty just like you or me or anybody else.  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye.  
Why don't you answer my questions?  
Why, oh why, oh why?  
'Cause I don't know the answers.  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye.  
What make the landlord take money?  
Why, oh why, oh why?  
I don't know that one myself.  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye.  
Why's there no pennies for ice cream  
Why, oh why, oh why?  
You put all the pennies in the telephone.  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye.

Why can't a rabbit chase an eagle?  
Tell me why, oh why?  
'Cause the last rabbit that took out and chased after an eagle didn't come  
out so good and that's why rabbits don't chase after eagles that's all I  
know about rabbits and eagles?  
Because because because.  
Why ain't my grandpa my grandma?  
Why, oh why, oh why?  
Same reason your dad's not your mommy.  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye.  
Why couldn't the wind blow backwards?  
Why, oh why, oh why?  
'Cause it might backfire and hurt somebody and if it  
hurt somebody it'd keep on hurting them  
Goodbye goodbye goodbye.

"...I am out to sing the songs that make you take pride in yourself and in your work. And the songs that I sing are made up for the most part by all sorts of folks just about like you. I could hire out to the other side, the big money side, and get several dollars every week just to quit singing my own kind of songs and to sing the kind that knock you down still farther and the ones that poke fun at you even more and the ones that make you think that you've not got any sense at all. But I decided a long time ago that I'd starve to death before I'd sing any such songs as that. The radio waves and your movies and your jukeboxes and your songbooks are already loaded down and running over with such no good songs as that anyhow."

Woody Guthrie

**Roll On Columbia**  
**Words by Woody Guthrie, Music based on "Goodnight,**  
**Irene" (Huddie Ledbetter and John Lomax)**

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

*CHORUS: Roll on, Columbia, roll on.*  
*Roll on, Columbia, roll on.*  
*Your power is turning our darkness to dawn,*  
*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.

**CHORUS**

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

**CHORUS**

It's there on your bank 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.

**CHORUS**

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,  
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

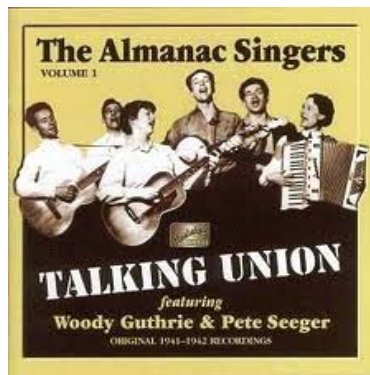
**CHORUS**



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

#### CHORUS

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 hard fight,  
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.



*Pete Seeger met Woody Guthrie at a benefit concert for displaced farm workers. That year, Seeger joined Guthrie on a trip to Texas and California to visit Guthrie's relatives. Lee Hays and Millard Lampell had rented a New York City apartment together in October 1940, and on his return Seeger moved in with them. They called their apartment Almanac House, and it became a center for leftist intellectuals as well as crash pad for folksingers, including (in 1942) Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. They sang together as the Almanac Singers, doing pro-union and anti-racism songs. On May day of 1941, they entertained a rally of 20,000 striking transit workers in Madison Square Garden, where they introduced the song "Talking Union."*

**Pretty Boy Floyd**  
**Words & Music by Woody Guthrie**

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,  
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,  
Vulgar words of anger,  
An' his wife she overheard.

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

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

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

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

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

Well, you say that I'm an outlaw,  
You say that I'm a thief.  
Here's a Christmas dinner  
For the families on relief.

Yes, as through this world I've wandered  
I've seen lots of funny men;  
Some will rob you with a six-gun,  
And some with a fountain pen.

And as through your life you travel,  
Yes, as through your life you roam,  
You won't never see an outlaw  
Drive a family from their home.

"It's round the world I've traveled; it's round the world I've roamed;  
but I've yet to see an outlaw drive a family from its home"



Woody Guthrie

**Plane Wreck at Los Gatos**  
**(also known as "Deportee")**  
**Words by Woody Guthrie, Music by Martin Hoffman**

The crops are all in and the peaches are rott'ning,  
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps;  
They're flying 'em back to the Mexican border  
To pay all their money to wade back again

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,  
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria;  
You won't have your names when you ride the big airplane,  
All they will call you will be "deportees"

My father's own father, he waded that river,  
They took all the money he made in his life;  
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees,  
And they rode the truck till they took 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 that Mexican border,  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

We died in your 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 grow our big orchards?  
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?  
To fall like dry leaves to rot on my topsoil  
And be called by no name except "deportees"?

**Do Re Mi**  
**Words and Music by Woody Guthrie**

Lots of folks back East, they say, is leavin' home every day,  
Beatin' the hot old dusty way to the California line.  
'Cross the desert sands they roll, gettin' out of that old dust bowl,  
They think they're goin' to a sugar bowl, but here's what they find  
Now, the police at the port of entry say,  
"You're number fourteen thousand for today."

Oh, if you ain't got the do re mi, folks, you ain't got the do re mi,  
Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia,  
Tennessee.  
California is a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or see;  
But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot  
If you ain't got the do re mi.

You want to buy you a home or a farm, that can't deal nobody harm,  
Or take your vacation by the mountains or sea.  
Don't swap your old cow for a car, you better stay right where you are,  
Better take this little tip from me.  
'Cause I look through the want ads every day  
But the headlines on the papers always say:

If you ain't got the do re mi, boys, you ain't got the do re mi,  
Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia,  
Tennessee.  
California is a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or see;  
But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot  
If you ain't got the do re mi.

**Hard Travelin'**  
**Words and Music by Woody Guthrie**

I've been havin' some hard travelin', I thought you knowed  
I've been havin' some hard travelin', way down the road  
I've been havin' some hard travelin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin'  
I've been havin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been ridin' them fast rattlers, I thought you knowed  
I've been ridin' them flat wheelers, way down the road  
I've been ridin' them blind passengers, dead-enders, kickin' up cinders  
I've been havin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been hittin' some hard-rock minin', I thought you knowed  
I've been leanin' on a pressure drill, way down the road  
Hammer flyin', air-hose suckin', six foot of mud and I shore been a muckin'  
And I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been hittin' some hard harvestin', I thought you knowed  
North Dakota to Kansas City, way down the road  
Cuttin' that wheat, stackin' that hay, and I'm tryin' make about a dollar a  
day  
And I've been havin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been working that Pittsburgh steel, I thought you knowed  
I've been a dumpin' that red-hot slag, way down the road  
I've been a blasting, I've been a firin', I've been a pourin' red-hot iron  
I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been layin' in a hard-rock jail, I thought you knowed  
I've been a laying out 90 days, way down the road  
Damned old judge, he said to me, "It's 90 days for vagrancy."  
And I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been walking that Lincoln highway, I thought you knowed,  
I've been hittin' that 66, way down the road  
Heavy load and a worried mind, lookin' for a woman that's hard to find,  
I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

**This Land Is Your Land**  
**Words and Music by Woody Guthrie**

This land is your land This land is my land  
From California to the New York island;  
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters  
This land was made for you and Me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,  
I saw above me that endless skyway:  
I saw below me that golden valley:  
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;  
And all around me a voice was sounding:  
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,  
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,  
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:  
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking I saw a sign there  
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."  
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,  
That side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,  
By the relief office I seen my people;  
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking  
Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me,  
As I go walking that freedom highway;  
Nobody living can ever make me turn back  
This land was made for you and me.



## Who are the SF Gray Panthers?

**We are:**  
*Progressive, environmentalist,  
anti-racist, anti-war*

**We advocate and endorse positions and actions for peace and social justice, for universal healthcare, for human rights and civil liberties, for electoral reform, and against privatization of public resources.**

**We organize to save Social Security. We support a universal single payer healthcare system that covers everyone equally. We work to defend the Bill of Rights; to repeal the Patriot Act and to eliminate environmental racism.**



**We propose a human rights amendment to the California constitution,** to encourage respect for and observance of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

**We demand full rights for immigrants, whether documented or not! Stop racial profiling of Blacks, Latinos, and Muslims. Stop deportations.**

**Stop the wars.** They drain our resources and kill and maim men and women who join the military when they can't find jobs.

**We demand HANDS OFF SOCIAL SECURITY! Scrap the payroll tax cap** that lets the rich not pay their share. **No privatization!**

**We agitate on every occasion for universal, single payer healthcare:** equal, comprehensive, affordable care for all.

**We demand No Cuts to Medicare and Medicaid,** no caps on Medicare and Medicaid spending while health care profits drive up our medical costs.



**San Francisco Gray Panthers**  
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**Join Us!**

**Thank you for Sponsoring this Event!**

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