

# James Talley

DOUBLE  
LENGTH  
CD!



*Woody Guthrie and  
Songs of My Oklahoma Home*

“I hate a song that makes you think that you are 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 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 poke fun at you on account of your bad luck or hard traveling.

“I am out to fight those songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood. I am out to sing songs that will prove to you that this is your world and that if it has hit you pretty hard and knocked you for a dozen loops, no matter what color, what size you are, how you are built, 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**



## Voices of Oklahoma and Passwords for Freedom

*In compiling the notes for this album, I sent out a few advance copies to friends in the United States and abroad. I am constantly amazed at how music gets disseminated around the globe, and I found that Woody Guthrie, and I, had fans in places we never knew. The following pieces are from two journalists in Europe. Jane Weber is a journalist and radio programmer for Radio Slovenia, which until about a decade ago was behind the Iron Curtain; Marco Denti is a renowned Italian journalist. Both of them have been supporters of my music for many years, and it was humbling and an honor to me when each of them offered to add their comments to the notes of this album. Their comments are as follows.*

—JT

**V**oices of Oklahoma . . . I first read about the music of Woody Guthrie in the biography of Bob Dylan, written by Anthony Scaduto. We Slovenes, being an extremely small nation, had the good fortune that several of the most important works about American music were quickly translated into our language. In addition to Dylan's biography, these books also included Woody Guthrie's autobiography, *Bound for Glory*. Nevertheless, for those of us living behind the Iron Curtain, this music was often very hard to obtain. In the record shops they did, in fact, have Bob Dylan's records, but of Woody Guthrie there was not a trace. Our trips to the West — usually to neighbouring Italy — were mainly intended for hunting down sturdy blue jeans and records with American music.

From one of these journeys I returned on the old local train, so full of wheeler-dealers from the Balkans that I had to stand all the way home on the three-hour journey to the Italian border town. On that trip, I was bringing back an old recording of Guthrie's music, produced by Folkways Records, and I can hardly describe the feelings that overcame me on first listening.

I had already known the composition *This Land Is Your Land* from performances by other musicians, but Guthrie's own interpretation opened up for me a new view of America and its rich musical heritage.

Many years later, my travels led me to Nashville. I stayed for about a week in the city, and among the first of the musicians I contacted to request an interview for Slovene National Radio was James Talley. He was extremely pleasant, and not at all surprised when I told him that I came from this distant country and was a fan of his. It seems that he was used to receiving calls from enthusiasts. I knew that he was a great admirer of Woody Guthrie.

Indeed, in Talley's own songs, as with Guthrie's, one can feel the attachment to the ordinary American. I could hear in his speech, as well, with the Oklahoma vowel sounds, his relation to Woody. Even before we had begun the official interview, Talley had played for me a cassette of his then-new recordings of Guthrie's songs. I had not heard anything so fresh in a long time! Although I am quite familiar with all the tribute albums dedicated to the memory of Woody Guthrie, most of these recordings do not mean a great deal to me. Despite the poor sound quality, I still preferred listening

## James Talley Discography

The albums on the following pages are also available by James Talley. These will all soon be released on the Cimarron Records, Inc. imprint.

For additional information on the status of upcoming releases, please visit the following sites on the World Wide Web:  
[www.jamestalley.com](http://www.jamestalley.com) and  
[www.cimarronrecords.com](http://www.cimarronrecords.com)



**GOT NO BREAD,  
NO MILK, NO MONEY,  
BUT WE SURE GOT  
A LOT OF LOVE**

Original Capitol Records/  
Torreon Productions, 1975;  
Cimarron Records Issue No. 1001



**TRYIN' LIKE THE DEVIL**

Original Capitol Records/  
Torreon Productions, 1976;  
Cimarron Records Issue No. 1002

to the original Guthrie recordings, for they seemed to me to be much more authentic.

When I first heard James Talley's recordings of Guthrie's songs, however, they were so impressive to me that I began searching for a record company which might make his music available on compact disc. James and I began corresponding about this, and I could almost produce a book of the letters and e-mails we exchanged. Finally, however, after many years, James has decided to issue these wonderful recordings on his own Cimarron label. In thinking about all that James has been through, trying to get this music released, I keep reminding myself that even Bob Dylan was turned down by many record companies.

One circumstance from my correspondence with James that seemed dreadfully ironic was when he showed me a letter written by one of the executives from a major label who was inquiring of James whether he was in some way related to Woody Guthrie. If he were, then perhaps the record company would be interested. But in this case I am convinced that blood is not what is important. The facts are: James Talley is from Oklahoma; he grew up with Guthrie's music; and his family's history was very similar to Guthrie's. Life's experiences

and the environmental and social influences that shape us are far more important than genes.

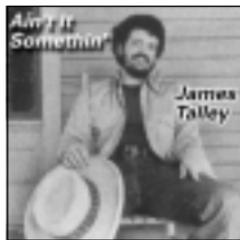
What is important for me in these recordings is that the unforgettable songs of Woody Guthrie are revived in a new light. I truly hope that they will induce young listeners to decide to listen to Guthrie's originals, and if possible to Talley's earlier albums, which are also classics in themselves. This then is a circle, from Guthrie and Dylan to Talley and beyond, which meanders like a river through the history of American music. It is one of the most beautiful things in the treasury of the New World. Both musicians and the listeners can return again and again to that lovely river bank, and be assured that the present does not forget the past. James Talley is not simply a nostalgist, for he sings the songs of Woody Guthrie as his own, and he finds a small part of himself within them.

Two years ago, following Bob Dylan's lead, a recording was issued in memory of Jimmie Rodgers; I was disappointed because it did not feature either Doc Watson or Jimmie Dale Gilmore, two musicians who exemplify in the finest fashion the legacy of the most celebrated yodeller. Likewise, in the otherwise carefully prepared recordings of the songs of Woody Guthrie and



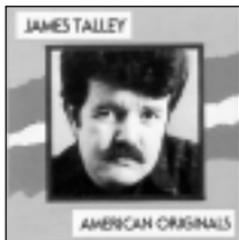
### **BLACKJACK CHOIR**

Original Capitol Records/  
Torreon Productions, 1977;  
Cimarron Records Issue No. 1003



### **AIN'T IT SOMETHIN'**

Original Capitol Records/  
Torreon Productions, 1977;  
Cimarron Records Issue No. 1004



## AMERICAN ORIGINALS

Torreon Productions, 1985;  
Originally released without license  
by Bear Family Records, Germany;  
Cimarron Records Issue No. 1005



## LOVE SONGS AND THE BLUES

Torreon Productions, 1989;  
Originally released without license  
by Bear Family Records,  
Germany; Cimarron Records  
Issue No. 1006

Leadbelly, issued in 1988 under the title *Folkways: A Vision Shared*, one searches in vain for the name of James Talley, only to find a mention of him by Peter Guralnick in the package notes. (Guralnick must have also wondered why James Talley was not invited to share in the “vision”.) It is for this reason that I am so pleased to see James’s album, *Woody Guthrie and Songs of My Oklahoma Home*, being finally released. I am frankly not impressed when contemporary recording artists re-record the songs of the old masters, whom they were introduced to only yesterday from some producer. James Talley has lived through these songs, long before he recorded them on tape; so let people hear the man upon whom Woody Guthrie had a real influence. Listen, and I think you will agree with me — this is one of the best albums of Woody Guthrie’s songs that has ever been recorded.

—Jane Weber, Radio Slovenia  
August 1999

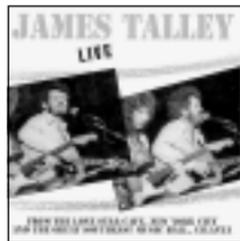
**T**HERE'S A STRAIGHT LINE from Woody Guthrie to Bob Dylan to Bruce Springsteen and finally to James Talley. Their lives, songs, visions, and achievements are different, it's true, but their point of view is the same. There are many ways to be an American songwriter; but it is the finest tradition of American songwriting which leads to the fundamental role and importance of popular music — to honor ordinary people, their work, love, and life. James Talley understood this the first time he read *Born To Win*, the autobiographical writings of Woody Guthrie, so his current tribute to Woody Guthrie is sort of a definitive point of return.

He brings everything back home; there are all of his own Okie roots, as well as all the best of Woody Guthrie's stuff. It sounds rough and brilliant at the same time, because for James, playing and singing these songs is so spontaneous and natural. In a true sense, he has respected the lesson he learned many years ago from Pete Seeger: "Don't try to write what you think are folk songs. You are from the Southwest, that is your world, and that's the strength and beauty of your songs. Continue to write what you know, the things around you, the things you have seen. Write from your own experience and from what is in your heart."



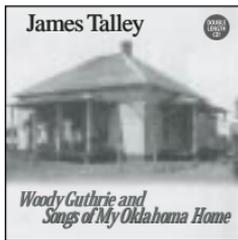
### THE ROAD TO TORREÓN

Torreón Productions, 1992;  
Originally released without license  
by Bear Family Records, Germany;  
Cimarron Records Issue No. 1007



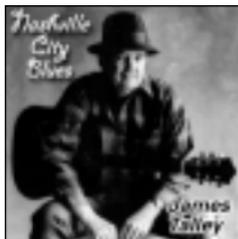
### JAMES TALLEY: LIVE

Torreón Productions, 1994;  
Originally released without license  
by Bear Family Records, Germany;  
Cimarron Records Issue No. 1008



## WOODY GUTHRIE AND SONGS OF MY OKLAHOMA HOME

Torreón Productions, 1999;  
Cimarron Records Issue No. 1009



## NASHVILLE CITY BLUES

Torreón Productions  
Upcoming Release year 2000;  
Cimarron Records No. 1010

In his career and life, James Talley has known and seen a many things, but he never lost sight of the essence of songwriting, and what it means to be an American. In Peter Guralnick's beautiful book, *Lost Highway*, he said: "We need clarity and simplicity today more than ever. It seems as if people have just lost their roots. And you know, when a person's lost his roots, he's just adrift without an anchor."

Following a line traced from James's album, *The Road to Torreón*, and those travels through the New Mexico villages with Cavalliere Ketchum that led to a beautiful record and book boxed set, *Woody Guthrie And Songs of My Oklahoma Home* is a clear and solid example of such memorable songwriting. You can listen to *Vigilante Man* and think about John Steinbeck. You can absorb the poetry of *This Land Is Your Land*, and recall once again James Agee, or remember looking through a Walker Evans photo book. There was misery, and dignity, in a time long ago —between the two world wars — and with these songs you also know it has not gone away. These are songs that Woody Guthrie wrote, and James Talley sings, but they belong to the people because the message of *I Ain't Got No Home* or *Pastures of Plenty* is timeless.

So here we have *Woody Guthrie and Songs of My Oklahoma Home*; it is more than a tribute to Woody Guthrie. It is a courageous echo of a never forgotten past, when songs were not merely commercial spots or MTV video clips, but something that people knew, sang, and with which they communicated. Passwords for freedom. And that is more important to remember now than ever.

—**Marco Denti, Lodi, Italia**  
**August 1999**

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## Woody Guthrie and Songs of My Oklahoma Home

*A few thoughts ...*

Who we are at present is defined by our vision of our past, how we perceive how we arrived at where we are today. I was born in Oklahoma, into a family of Okies. My father took great pride in being from Oklahoma. Oklahoma had just come through a terrible time, the Great Depression of the 1930s. As a boy growing up I heard about these times often. Even today, my mother, who is now in her eighth decade, continues to speak of those times. As a girl, she grew up on a bleak, windswept Oklahoma farm. Life was hard; they were poor. It was dusty and hot in the summer, and bitter cold in the winter. Farm work, especially non-mechanized farming with teams of plow horses, was hard work. She elected to work her way through Oklahoma State University to become a school teacher. With not a soul to assist her, it took her eight years during the height of the Depression. She still wonders to this day what would have become of her, had she not had the drive and determination to get her education. We can not escape our past; if we are lucky, we can outdistance it a little.

The job of the artist is to record his time, and through the experiences of his own life, and filtered through his vision, leave some sort of record. When I was a young man living in Albuquerque, New Mexico, Pete Seeger came to play a concert at the University of New Mexico, where I was a recent fine arts graduate. That was 1967. Pete was kind enough to come over to the little adobe house I was renting near Old Town the next day, and listen to a few of my songs. We then talked for a while, and he gave me some gracious encouragement. I have always



Dorothea Lange. Library of Congress

remembered the advice he gave me that day. He said, “Don’t try to write ‘folk songs’ like you think people might write in New York City; you are from the Southwest, write about what you know, write about your life, what you have seen, and the songs will take care of themselves.” Since that time, those words have always been my guiding principles. An artist is allowed his bias, for that is part of his vision, his unique interpretation.

**T**he Great Depression was a time of enormous change in the United States. Until that time, the nation had seen itself as a nation of citizen farmers. People worked the land; they grew their own food, and raised their own stock. When the crops were harvested, they hoped there would be a little extra left to sell for a small profit. Throughout the centuries, however, the Great Plains of American have been subject to prolonged periods of drought, which sometimes lasted for many years. During the Great Depression, this was the case: The rain simply did not come. The rain stopped, the wind blew, the crops failed, and the cattle and livestock died for want of grass, the food that sustained them. At the same time the United States and the more advanced countries of the world were entering the mechanical

age. Cotton was no longer picked by thousands of hands, but by mechanical cotton pickers. Tractors could plow five hundred acres a day, where a man, two mules, and a plow could only plow two or three. Tractors required no food, no hay, no oats. You could park a tractor under a shed at night and forget about it. The next morning you could start it up and plow another five hundred acres. Horses and mules became objects of romance and affection; they were no longer essential to production.

**B**ut what did this do to those who had tilled the land, those whose very lives *were* the land? Changes that seem so good, and change so much, create other changes that are sometimes extremely painful. With mechanization, and the increased productivity it could sustain, the human manpower and energy that had been needed and expended for hundreds of years became redundant and unnecessary. The result was an exodus from the farm belts of the South and the Great Plains to the nation's cities. There, there was work, factory work, making tractors, automobiles, and other mechanized products. Farm families were uneducated for many of the jobs becoming available in factories and in the cities. They had to retrain to survive, but retraining





Dorothea Lange

takes time and costs money. Of course, there was always someone who would work his fellow man to death for the lowest wage possible. This circumstance necessitated the movement toward workers' unions, with more change and more pain. (*And think about today's changing world, with legions of uneducated Americans, and factory assembly jobs now increasingly being transferred to low-wage sweatshops in Central America and Asia. We speak of human rights, but who wants to pay more for their stereo components, or their computer, or their shoes and clothes? We are all guilty as sin, and the world continues to change.*) Think of these changes in the 1930s, and of all their human variations. Couple this with the drought and the Dust Bowl of that period on the Great Plains, and you can perhaps begin to fathom the magnitude and human complexity of that time.

**O**f course it is easy, looking back through the clear glass of history to see the broad overview; but when you are in the trenches, when it is your children who are starving, things are never quite so clear. Working Americans today live from payday to payday, on the margin, just as the small farmers in the thirties lived from crop to crop. Some things change very little. Today, if interest rates

rise just a hair, the real estate industry goes flat and the stock market falters. During the Depression, all people could see directly in front of them was that business was failing and life was falling apart. Dreams were collapsing, and families were going deeper and deeper in the hole, and into debt, with no income or hope of ever redeeming themselves. Bankruptcies and foreclosures were rampant. At the same time that oil barons like the Phillips brothers and others were making untold fortunes in Oklahoma oil, hundreds of thousands were displaced and out on the highways, busted and stranded, looking for the energy and the means to survive. John Steinbeck tells the story about as well as anyone in his masterwork novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*.

**T**he Dust Bowl was generally associated with the Okies, but we must also remember that the Great Depression was felt all over the country, from the bread lines in New York City to the migrant fruit pickers in California. My own mother remembers how they struggled through it, and how they often looked to the west from their farm north of Stillwater, and saw the sky over western Oklahoma just black with the dust. She remembers families and men on the move coming by their farm, and stopping to beg a





Walker Evans

meal. She said, “We never had much ourselves, but my mother would always try to feed them something.”

It was out of this Dust Bowl-Okie life that Woody Guthrie came to manhood. He was born in Okemah, Oklahoma, just two years after my own father was born in Welch, Oklahoma, and two years before my mother was born in Longton, Kansas. He was a product of the same era. They all came to maturity at the same time, in the same region of the nation, during the Great Depression of the 1930s. The same events defined them. Woody, like so many of the Okies, hit the road to California and points west, as a young man trying to find work and figure it out. Where was the promise? At some point, I think, he made the decision that it was his place in this world to document what he saw and what he was feeling about the events unfolding around him. He would leave the record of this time. He told his story in simple narrative songs, and he never wasted a line. No one taught him the “craft” of song writing; in fact he disdained commercial songwriters, who wrote “silly” and “jerky” songs; but he was a natural as a songwriter. He had an innate sense of form and structure, and of how to tell a story. One feels that his passion was so strong that the songs virtually sprang

forth, much as they seemed to from Hank Williams, another star that burned briefly like a dynamite fuse. These unconventional, rule-breaking songs, then, have been passed on from one person to another. They have been recorded again and again, and passed down to future generations. Woody found what was important to him; he found what many people never find; he found his passion and his mission, his place in this world. He also paid a price with his personal life for following that dream. He had his own problems, with making a living, with wives, and children, and family, as we all do; and eventually with a prolonged illness and death in his middle age. In his songs, he spoke simply and directly, yet with eloquence and always with feeling. To this day, what stands most powerfully are the songs he wrote about the Okies and the Dust Bowl years. To me these songs are unmatched in their raw power and in their humanity.

I first heard these songs as a boy, living in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where my parents had moved after a five-year residence in the state of Washington. My own father, who had a beautiful tenor voice, and who could play a little guitar, used to sing *Oklahoma Hills* to me. I'm not sure he ever knew





Ben Shahn, Library of Congress

who wrote it, until I discovered it in high school. It was one of his favorite songs. My father never met a stranger; he was like Will Rogers. If you engaged him in conversation, which wasn't too hard, you would know right away that he was from Oklahoma, and proud of it. He and my mother met during World War II when they were both working at Oklahoma Ordinance, a gunpowder plant near Pryor, Oklahoma. When I was eighteen months old, he went to Richland, Washington, to work on a construction phase of the Hanford Works, the plutonium factory where the fissionable material for the *Fat Man* bomb that was dropped over Nagasaki, Japan, was made. When I was three years old, we all moved to Washington, where my father worked as a chemical operator at Hanford, and my mother took a job as a school teacher in the Richland Public Schools. We stayed in Washington, there on Columbia River, for five years before moving to Albuquerque, New Mexico. My father died at age fifty-seven, and I will always feel that his work around the radioactivity at Hanford contributed to his early death.

**W**hen I first hear the songs of Woody Guthrie, after all the stories my parents had told me over the course of their lives,

I felt I was hearing the voice of my own people. I identified with these songs like no others. I learned them all, and sang them all. Even to this day, when I sit down and pick up a guitar, if I play more than a few songs, one of these Woody Guthrie songs will come rolling forth. That is one of the wonderful things about songs; they are passed on, and they become the possession of the singer. He may interpret them as he chooses, for his own pleasure. These songs then, have become my own; they are as much a part of me as are my own original compositions, for they are about me, and from where I came. They are part of the fabric of my own fragile dreams. They are part of my people, my heritage. They are part of my image of myself, and my vision of America and of life.

**I**n recording these songs, I wanted to be true to the spirit of not only Woody Guthrie, but also of the people whom he sang about. I wanted my vision of these songs to be as true as possible to the spirit of the man and the times, as I have felt it. I wanted the listener to feel the poetry and passion of Woody's words, as it lives and breathes in these songs. After listening to these recordings, I hope new generations of listeners will feel, and come to





Marion Post Wolcott

understand, this period of America's history. Perhaps it might make them think just a little about our current civilization, and how we treat one another today. The forest is always hard to see, because there are so many trees in it, and the human race is still camped in the wilderness. Our only growth, as human beings, comes from the lessons we learn from our past.

It is unfortunate that, in today's music business, what the public is exposed to on the radio is dominated by the very music that Woody so disdained: music controlled by bean counters, profiteers, guardians of the bottom line, and creators and promoters of disposable songs. There is precious little to sustain the human heart. Because of this, I realize it may take years before you who are reading this will be able to listen to my interpretations of these songs, for these are not popular songs in the present world of commercial music, as they were not in Guthrie's own time. They speak too much of the truth. But I am convinced that history is the truer arbiter of the world's "Greatest Hits," and I know the world will never forget these songs. I also know that as long as I live, I never will either.

—**James Talley**  
**Nashville, Tennessee, 1999**

## The Recordings

These songs were recorded in October 1994, at Stepbridge Studios in Santa Fe, New Mexico. I realize it has taken us far too long to release these recordings, but here they are at last.

In 1994, Gregg Thomas, who had played drums on two of my previous albums, was living in Santa Fe. I had returned to New Mexico that summer to spend a few days at Philmont Scout Ranch in Cimarron, where I had worked in the horse department thirty-two years earlier after graduating from high school in Albuquerque. Bill Cass, who worked with me there in 1962, was taking a group of boys from his home state of Pennsylvania that summer, and had invited me to spend a few days backpacking with them at the ranch.

After climbing Mt. Baldy (12,444 feet) with Bill — not bad for a 50 year old — I returned through Santa Fe and stopped in to see Gregg Thomas. As we were talking, he mentioned our mutual friend — sax and keyboard player Marty Grebb. He said, “Marty always said we should record another album like your first album (*Got No Bread, No Milk, No Money, But We Sure Got a Lot of Love*), with that wonderful acoustic feel.” I said, “It’s funny you should mention that, because I have been considering recording an album of Woody Guthrie’s songs. You know how much those songs mean to me; and if I do it, I want to do it simply and acoustically.” Gregg laughed, and said, “Yeah, you could do a television special on MTV and call it, ‘Never was plugged!’”

So, in October 1994, I returned to Santa Fe to record my favorite Woody Guthrie songs. We spent three days rehearsing the songs at Gregg’s new adobe house (which

he built himself, and had just completed), and then we went into the studio. We recorded for four days, and mixed the sessions in three. (But wow, those were long days!) The players were all New Mexico musicians, and they captured, I felt, a wonderful dusty, magical quality in the recordings, which I am sure we could not have attained had I recorded them in Nashville.

The personnel, then, are as follows:

**John Griffin:** Acoustic bass

**Richard Hardy:** Mandolin, mandola, mandocello, and vocals

**John Potrykus:** Dobro, second guitar, steel guitar, and vocals

**Tim Stroh:** Recording and remix engineer

**James Talley:** Acoustic guitar and lead vocals

**Gregg Thomas:** Drums and vocals

**Thomas Blues Uhde:** Harmonica

My sincere thanks to all the above for doing such a fine job in assisting me with this project so dear to my heart, and for staying in touch over the years and continuing to offer their encouragement. To Gregg Thomas, a special thanks for his assistance in assembling the band, and for his talents in co-production. Thanks also to my wife Jan, and of course our little blue heeler, Shiloh, who gives us so much love (don't trust anyone who is not a dog person); and to my dear Okie mother, Florence, who taught me, by example, determination and to believe in myself. Thanks to Pat and Donna King for the good times and quarters in Albuquerque. Thanks to my old compadre, Cavalliere Ketchum, for his assistance, suggestions, and wonderful photography over so many years. Thanks to Peter Guralnick, who has remained a true friend for more than twenty years. Thanks to Bob Knittel and Bob Child for all

their enduring assistance. Thanks to my European friends and believers: Hans Ziemann and Walter Fuchs for over twenty years of support and encouragement; and Jane Weber, Marco Denti, and Paolo Caru. And to Katie Bess and Analee Canto, formerly with Capitol Records, and Rick Williams for all their years of faithful support, effort and encouragement. Thanks to Greg Johnson at The Blue Door in Oklahoma City. Thanks to Nora Guthrie, Woody's daughter, for providing the photograph of her father, and her ever so kind remarks to me — saying this album was “beautiful,” and that it reminded her of her father was enough for me. And David Lessoff, thank you, too. Once again, we're going to the well. —**JT**

### *Photography*

- Recent James Talley photographs by Jim McGuire Photography, Nashville
- Booklet front cover: Og and Mary Carr's farmhouse, Mehan, Oklahoma, circa 1944. James Talley is standing next to the center post. Photograph by Florence J. Talley
- Booklet back cover and CD: The 1937 Chevy we drove to Washington state from Commerce, Oklahoma, circa 1947. Photograph by Florence J. Talley
- Other photography from The Farm Security Administration files, Library of Congress (Public Domain)
- 1947 photograph of Woody Guthrie, courtesy of the Woody Guthrie Archives

Recorded and mixed by Tim Stroh at Stepbridge Studios

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## The Songs

BELLE STARR

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

DUST PNEUMONIA BLUES

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

EAST TEXAS RED

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

DO-RE-MI

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

DEPORTEE

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

VIGILANTE MAN

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

I AIN'T GOT NO HOME

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

ROLL ON COLUMBIA

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

LADIES AUXILIARY

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

GYPSY DAVY

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

RED WING

Hardhit Music, Nashville

PRETTY BOY FLOYD

Fall River Music, New York

TALKIN DUST BOWL

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

MORE PRETTY GALS THAN ONE/  
POOR BOY

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York,  
and Stormking Music, New York

DUST BOWL REFUGEE

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

PASTURES OF PLENTY

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

OKLAHOMA HILLS

Michael H. Goldsen and  
Unichappel Music, Inc., Los Angeles

GRAND COULEE DAM

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

SO LONG IT'S BEEN  
GOOD TO KNOW YOU

Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York

THE SINKING OF THE REUBEN JAMES

Universal Music Publishing Group, Los Angeles

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Ludlow Music-TRO, New York

All songs, except *Red Wing*, by Woody Guthrie, or adapted from traditional sources by Woody Guthrie. (The melody of *Goodnight Irene*, which Woody used often, and was obviously one of his favorites, is by Huddie Ledbetter.)

*Red Wing* was arranged and adapted by James Talley. (*Red Wing* was one of my grandmother Mary's favorite songs, and was the melody to which Woody wrote his song *Union Maid*.)

Because these songs are from an oral tradition, and I have learned them from various sources over the past thirty-five years, some changes have been made from the original lyrics and arrangements as copyrighted by Woody Guthrie's publishers. In some cases I made conscious changes, such as in the songs *More Pretty Gals Than One*, and *Poor Boy*, which I combined into a medley — they were both written to the same melody, and I felt they worked well together in this fashion. Please know, however, that despite some changes from Guthrie's original recorded lyrics, every effort has been made in these recordings to convey the essence and spirit of these songs, and to maintain their message and their integrity as originally penned by Woody himself.

For those who desire the original songs, as written and performed by Woody Guthrie, his original recordings are still available, and I highly recommend them. For printed copies of his original lyrics, you may write to his publishers listed.

# *Woody Guthrie and Songs of My Oklahoma Home*

Belle Starr  
Dust Pneumonia Blues  
East Texas Red  
Do-Re-Mi  
Deportee  
Vigilante Man  
I Ain't Got No Home  
Roll On Columbia  
Ladies Auxiliary  
Gypsy Davy  
Red Wing  
Pretty Boy Floyd  
Talkin' Dust Bowl Blues  
More Pretty Gals Than One/Poor Boy  
Dust Bowl Refugee  
Pastures of Plenty  
Oklahoma Hills  
Grand Coulee Dam  
So Long It's Been Good To Know You  
The Sinking of the Reuben James  
This Land Is Your Land



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