MY WIFE TOOK DOWN AND DIED

Woody Guthrie wrote this song in 1940, and it was published that year in his album of ***Dust Bowl Ballads.*** Woody performs it in his inimitable boom-chuk upbeat style, which you can listen to here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GTnVMulDTYA. I have also heard this song performed as a slow, mournful lament, like this version by Billy Bragg: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v7K_as6T20s. I like both versions so much that I chose to put them both out here. I have transcribed the chords to Woody's version. If anyone wants the more elaborate chords for the Billy Bragg version, Email me (posted on the last page of this issue), and I will work them out and send them to you. You can get most of them just by watching Billy's left hand in the video. Both versions are also available on the HFMS Audio Archive page at http://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/HFS_Audio_Archive.html.

D G D
I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round,
D A
Just a wandrin' worker, I go from town to town.
D G D
And the police make it hard wherever I may go
D D A D
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

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

Was a-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 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 world is such a great and a funny place to be;
Oh, the gamblin' man is rich an' the workin' man is poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.