

PRAIRIE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY

October 10 2004

"Woody Guthrie - How Does He Speak to UUs?"

Presented by Dan Proud and Mike Briggs

Prelude: *The Hobo's Lullaby*

Welcome - Mike

Chalice Lighting - Dan

*This Land Is Your Land**

Children's Songs

Mail Myself to You

Howdido

Joys and Concerns

Offering, with song: *So Long, It's Been Good to Know Ya**

Reading: *The Seven Principles*

Woody Guthrie's Life and Work, with songs:

Oklahoma Hills

Hard Travelin'

*Union Maid**

Discussion

Introduction of Guests and Visitors

Prairie Announcements

Closing Words - Mike

Postlude: *Jackhammer John*

* Sing along as you are able

Announcements

Pledge Time at Prairie Please send your pledge for 2005, by *Sunday October 24*, by letter or email to Kathy Converse: conversekrtm@msn.com or 630 Pickford St, Madison WI 53711

Fall Frolic Religious Education overnight will be held November 6-7. More details later.

Annual Meeting We'll meet after the service November 14 to consider next year's budget and hear reports from officers and committees, including the Ministerial Search Committee and the Ad Hoc Fitchburg Site Committee.

Calendar

Saturday October 16, 6:00 pm Potluck supper at Prairie with the Rev. Nels Oas.

Saturday October 16, 7:30 pm Prairie Playreaders, at Mona Birong's, 599 Glen Dr. Call 233-5995 to confirm.

Sunday October 17 Our service, "Politics, Public Issues and Preaching," will be led by the Rev. Nels Oas.

Sunday October 24 Bob Lawrence's service, "Have there ever been examples of tolerant, creative or progressive Islamic civilizations?" is the second of his series on Islam.

Sunday October 31 Our annual Day of the Dead service, led by Orange Schroeder.

More details of all these events in the current issue of
Prairie Fire

Howdido

You stick out your little hand
At every woman, kid and man,
And you wave it up and down,
Howdido, howdido
And you wave it up and down,
Howdido, howdido

*Howdido's a doodle doody
Howjie hijie heejie hojie
Howjie hojie heejie hijie
Howdido, howdido,
Hidie hojie heejie hijie, howdido*

On my sidewalk, in my street
Ev'rybody that I meet
Well, you wave it up and down,
Howdido, howdido,
Howdi doocie doodle doocie, howdido

*Howdi doocie doodle doocie,
Howjie hijie heejie hojie
Howjie hojie heejie hijie
Howdido, howdido,
Howdi doocie doodle doocie, howjado*

So Long It's Been Good to Know Ya

I've sung this song, and I'll sing it again
Of the place where I lived, on the wild windy plain
In a month called April, a county called Gray
Here is what all of the people there say: (Well, it's...)

*So long, it's been good to know ya;
So long, it's been good to know ya;
So long, it's been good to know ya.
But this dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I've gotta be driftin' along.*

Well the dust storm came, it came like thunder
It dusted us over, it dusted us under;
It blocked all the traffic and blocked out the sun,
And straightway for home all the people did run (singin'...)

So long . . .

The telephone rang. It jumped off the wall,
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.
He said, "Kind friends, this may be the end
You have your last chance at salvation from sin!"

So long . . .

Well, the churches was jammed and the churches was
packed,
But that dusty old dust storm it blew so black
That the preacher could not read a word of his text,
So he folded his specs, took up a collection, (Sayin'...)

So long . . .

This Land Is Your Land

*This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island,
From the redwood forest to the gulf stream water,
This land was made for you and me.*

As I went 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.

This land . . .

I roamed and I rambled and I followed my footsteps
O'er the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
While all around me a voice was sounding, saying
This land was made for you and me.

This land . . .

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

This land . . .

As I went walking, I saw a sign there;
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!

This land . . .

Union Maid

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 Legion boys came '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 till 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.

Oh, you can't scare me . . .

You gals who want to be free, just take a little tip from me:
Get you a man who's a union man
And join the Ladies' Auxiliary
Married life ain't hard when you got a union card,
And a union man has a happy life
When he's got a union wife.

Oh, you can't scare me . . .