

# WOODY'S CHILDREN

By Doug Mishkin

[in the key of G]

G      Am7-D7                      G  
We are all                      Woody's Children

            Am7-D7                      G  
We are all                      glory-bound

            Am7-D7                      G      Em  
When we smile, when we sing his songs

            Am7                      D7      G  
We show we know, the truth he found

            Am7-D7      G  
In your Oklahoma home

            Am7-D7                      G  
A troubadour, all set to roam

            Am7      D7                                      G  
You and your family, felt the Dust Bowl blow

            Am7-D7                                      G  
You sang your songs, and let us know

            Am7-D7                                      G  
You rode the rails, as hobos do

            Am7-D7                                      G  
Saw hard-hit people, scraping through

            Am7-D7                                      G  
Took scattered voices, feeling small

            Am7      D7                                      G  
You made a glorious chorus of us all

Am7 D7 G  
Every businessman or woman, in a suit  
Am7 D7 G  
Every migrant farmer pickin' fruit  
Am7-D7 G  
When they listen to your song  
Am7 D7 G  
They know there's one family where we belong

Am7-D7 G  
You raised us well, so we became  
Am7-D7 G  
Your children proud, to share your name  
Am7-D7 G  
Bound for glory, you showed the way  
Am7-D7 G  
Bound together, that's how we'll stay

Am7-D7 G  
Now we children, know what to do  
Am7 D7 G  
It takes hard work, to make a song come true  
Am7-D7 G  
Our time is now, to follow through  
Am7 D7 G  
It's time to make this land for me and you

# WOODY'S CHILDREN

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[in the key of E, as on the recorded version – played in D, capo on second fret]

D      Em7-A7                      D  
We are all                      Woody's Children  
                    Em7-A7                      D  
We are all                      glory-bound  
                    Em7-A7                      D      Bm  
When we smile, when we sing his songs  
                    Em7                      A7                      D  
We show we know, the truth he found

                    Em7-A7      D  
In your Oklahoma home  
                    Em7-A7                      D  
A troubadour, all set to roam  
                    Em7      A7                                      D  
You and your family, felt the Dust Bowl blow  
                    Em7-A7                                      D  
You sang your songs, and let us know

                    Em7-A7                      D  
You rode the rails, as hobos do  
                    Em7-A7                                      D  
Saw hard-hit people, scraping through  
                    Em7-A7                                      D  
Took scattered voices, feeling small  
                    Em7      A7                                      D  
You made a glorious chorus of us all

Em7            A7            D  
Every businessman or woman, in a suit  
Em7   A7            D  
Every migrant farmer pickin' fruit  
Em7-A7            D  
When they listen to your song  
Em7   A7                    D  
They know there's one family where we belong

Em7-A7            D  
You raised us well, so we became  
Em7-A7                    D  
Your children proud, to share your name  
Em7-A7                    D  
Bound for glory, you showed the way  
Em7-A7                    D  
Bound together, that's how we'll stay

Em7-A7                    D  
Now we children, know what to do  
Em7    A7                    D  
It takes hard work, to make a song come true  
Em7-A7                    D  
Our time is now, to follow through  
Em7    A7                    D  
It's time to make this land for me and you