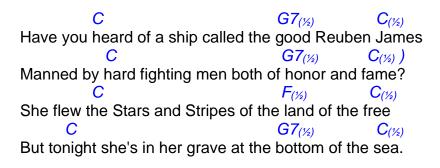
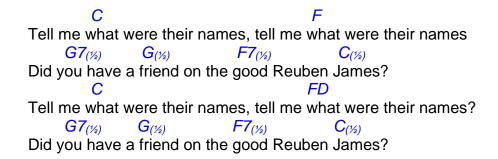
Sinking of the Reuben James by Woody Guthrie (1945)





One hundred men were drowned in that dark watery grave When that good ship went down only forty-four were saved. Twas the last day of October we saved the forty-four From the cold icy waters off that cold Iceland shore.

It was there in the dark of that uncertain night
That we watched for the U-boats and waited for a fight.
Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion roared
And they laid the Reuben James on that cold ocean floor.

Now tonight there are lights in our country so bright In the farms and in the cities they're telling of the fight. And now our mighty battleships will steam the bounding main And remember the name of that good Reuben James.