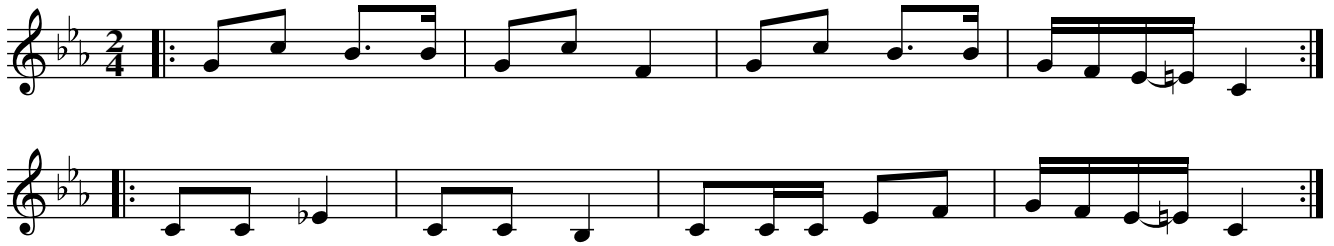


Cluck Old Hen



My old hen was a good old hen
She laid eggs for the railroad men
Sometimes eight and sometimes ten
She laid eggs for the railroad men

Cluck old hen, cluck and sing
Ain't laid an egg since late last spring
Cluck old hen, cluck and squall
Ain't laid an egg since late last fall

My old hen was a good old hen
She laid eggs for the railroad men
Sometimes one sometimes two
Sometimes enough for the whole damn crew

Cluck old hen, cluck when I tell you
Lay more eggs or I'm gonna sell you
Cluck old hen, cluck in the lot
Lay more eggs or you're going in the pot

Greasy Coat



Lyrics (sung on the first half of the A section)

I don't drink and I don't smoke, I don't wear no greasy coat
I don't spit and I don't chew, I don't kiss the girls that do
I don't cheat and I don't lie, All you sinners are gonna die
I don't stink and I don't smell, all you sinners can go to hell

Oh! Susanna



Oh, I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry
The sun so hot, I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry

Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still
I thought I saw Susanna, coming down the hill
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye
I said, I'd come from Southern Lands, susanna, don't you cry

Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around
And when I find my darling gal I'll fall upon the ground
But if I don't find her, this man'll surely die
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry

Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee

Angeline the Baker



Angeline the baker, age of 43
Fed her sugar candy, but she still won't marry me
Angeline the baker, Angeline I know
Should have married Angeline, just twenty years ago

Her father was a miller, his name was Uncle Sam
I never can forget her, no matter where I am
She said couldn't do hard work, because she was not stout
Baked the biscuits every day and poured the coffee out

Angeline the baker, age of 43
Angeline, I love her so, but she won't marry me
Angeline the baker, Angeline I know
Should have married Angeline, twenty years ago

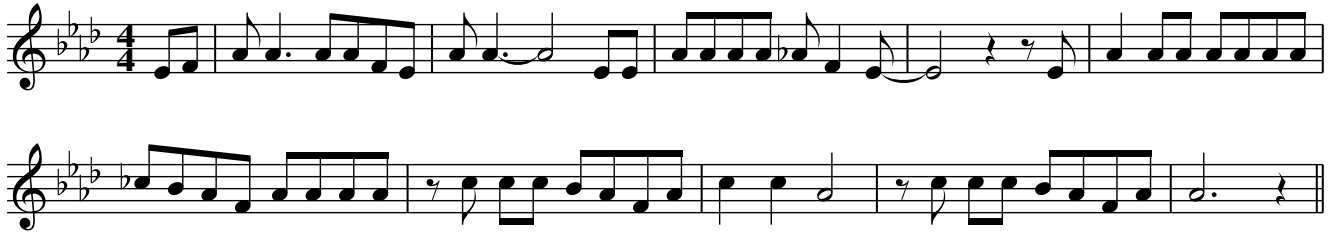
I once bought her a brand new dress, it was neither black nor brown
It was the colour of stormy skies, before the rain comes down
Sixteen horses in my team, the leader he was blind
I dreamed that I was dying, and I saw my Angeline

Angeline the baker, age of 43
The way I always loved her, beats all you've ever seen
Angeline the baker, Angeline I know
Should have married Angeline, twenty years ago

Angeline is beautiful, Angeline is tall
They say she broke her ankle out a-dancing at the ball
The last time that I saw her, it was at the county fair
Her father ran me almost home and told me to stay there

Angeline the baker, age of 43
Fed her sugar candy, but she still won't marry me
Angeline the baker, Angeline I know
Should have married Angeline, twenty years ago

The Ballad of John Henry



When John Henry was a little baby,
Sitting on his pappy's knee,
He grabbed a hammer and a little piece of steel,
Said, "This hammer'll be the death of me, Lord, Lord.
This hammer'll be the death of me."

Now, the captain he said to John Henry,
I'm gonna bring that steam drill around.
I'm gonna take that steam drill out on the job,
I'm gonna whop that steel on down, Lord, Lord.
Gonna whop that steel on down."

John Henry told his captain,
"That a man ain't nothing but a man,
But before I let that steam drill beat me down,
I'll die with my hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord.
I'll die with my hammer in my hand."

John Henry said to his shaker,
"Now, shaker, why don't you sing?
'Cause I'm throwing twelve pounds from my hips on down.
Just listen to that cold steel ring, Lord, Lord.
Just listen to that cold steel ring."

The man that invented the steam drill,
He thought he was mighty fine.
But John Henry, he made fourteen feet
While the steam drill only made nine, Lord, Lord.
The steam drill only made nine.

John Henry hammered on the mountain
Till his hammer was striking fire.
He drove so hard he broke his poor heart.
Then, he laid down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord.
Laid down his hammer and he died

They took John Henry to the graveyard,
And they buried him in the sand.
And every locomotive comes rolling on by
Says, "Here lies a steel-driving man, Lord, Lord.
Here lies a steel-driving man."

Now, some say he was born in Texas,
And some say he was born in Maine.
But I don't give a damn where that poor boy was born.
He was a steel-driving man, Lord, Lord.
He was a steel-driving man

The Ballad of Casey Jones

♩ = 100

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 100 beats per minute. It consists of six staves of music. The melody is written in treble clef. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: C, D7, G7, F, and C. The melody is a simple, catchy tune that follows the lyrics. The chords are played in a way that supports the melody, with some chords being sustained for longer periods than others. The overall feel is that of a classic blues or folk song.

Come all you rounders if you wanna hear
the story about a brave engineer
Casey Jones was the roller's name
on a 6-8 wheeler course he won his fame
Caller called Casey bout half past four
he kissed his wife at the station door
He climbed in the cabin
with his orders in his hand
Said this is the trip to the Promised Land

Casey Jones climbed in the cabin
Casey Jones orders in his hand
Casey Jones leanin' out the window
taking a trip to the Promised Land

Through South Memphis Yards on a fly
rain been a fallin' and the water was high
Everybody knew by the engine's moan
that the man at the throttle was Casey Jones
Well Jones said fireman now don't you fret
Sam Webb said we ain't a givin' up yet
We're eight hours late with the southbound mail
We'll be on time or we're leavin' the rails

Casey Jones climbed in the cabin
Casey Jones orders in his hand
Casey Jones leanin' out the window
taking a trip to the Promised Land

Dead on the rail was a passenger train
blood was a boilin' in Casey's brain
Casey said hey now look out ahead
jump Sam jump or we'll all be dead
With a hand on a whistle and a hand on a brake
north Mississippi was wide awake
I see railroad official said
he's a good engineer to be a laying dead

Casey Jones climbed in the cabin
Casey Jones orders in his hand
Casey Jones leanin' out the window
taking a trip to the Promised Land

Headaches and heartaches
and all kinds of pain
all the part of a railroad train
Sweat and toil the good and the grand
part of the life of a railroad man

Casey Jones climbed in the cabin
Casey Jones orders in his hand
Casey Jones leanin' out the window
taking a trip to the Promised Land |

It's Dark as a Dungeon

Merle Travis

C Em F G7 C Em F C

C Em F G7 C Em F

C G F C G

F C C Em F G C

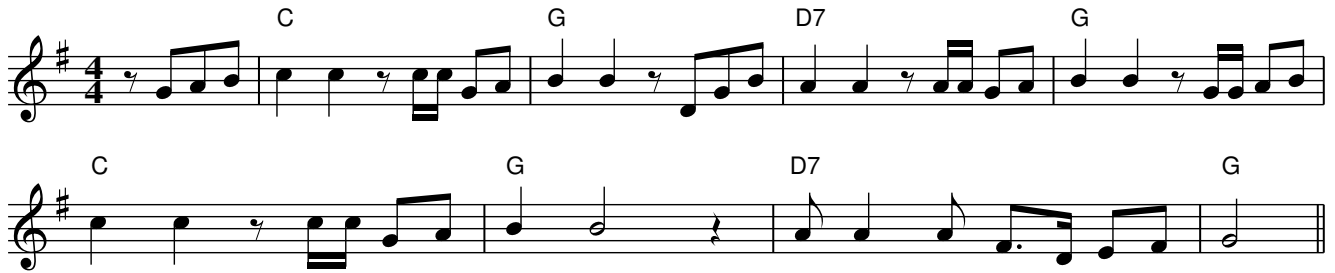
Em F C

Come and listen you fellers so young and so fine
And seek not your fortune in the dark dreary mines
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
'Til the stream of your blood is as black as the coal

It's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew
Where danger is double and pleasures are few
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines

This Land is Your Land

Woody Guthrie



This land is your land, and this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
And I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me

I roamed and rambled, and I've followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
All around me, a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me

There was a big, high wall there that tried to stop me
A sign was painted said "Private Property"
But on the backside, it didn't say nothing
This land was made for you and me

When the sun come shining, then I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me

This land is your land, and this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me

Pig in a Pen

8 Bars for Solos :)

I got a pig at home in a pen corn to feed 'im on
All I need is a pretty little girl to feed 'im when I'm gone.

Goin' on the mountain to sow a little cane
Raise a barrel of Sorghum sweet lil' Liza Jane.

Black cloud's a-risin' surest sign of rain
Get the old grey bonnet on Little Liza Jane.

Yonder comes that gal of mine how you think I know
Can tell by that Gingham gown hangin' down so low.

Bake them biscuits baby bake 'em good n' brown
When you get them biscuits baked we're Alabama bound.

When she sees me comin' she wrings her hands and cries
Yonder comes the sweetest boy that ever lived or died.

Now when she sees me leavin' she wrings her hands and cries
Yonder goes the meanest boy that ever lived or died.

Pretty Polly



Oh I used to be a Rambler, I stayed around in town
I used to be a Rambler, I stayed around in town
I courted pretty Polly, such beauty never been found

Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, oh yonder she stands
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, oh yonder she stands
With rings on her fingers and lily-white hands

Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come take a walk with me
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come take a walk with me
Oh when we get married some pleasure to see

He led her over hills and valleys so deep
He led her over hills and valleys so deep
At last pretty Polly, she began to weep

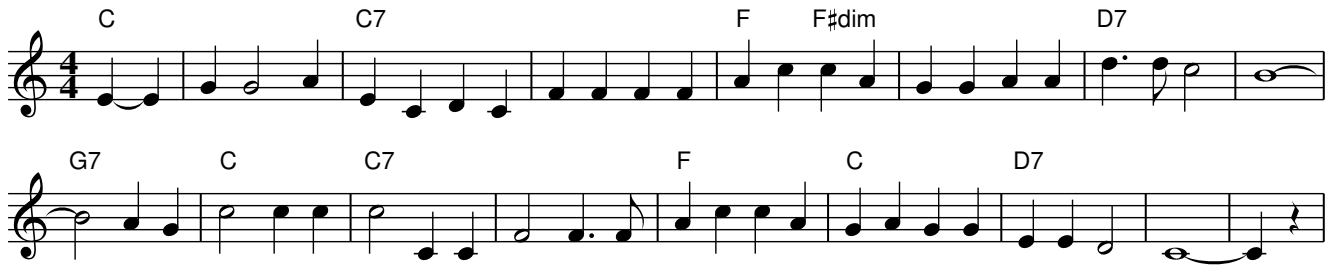
Says "Oh Willie, oh Willie, I'm 'fraid of your way
Oh Willie, oh Willie, I'm afraid of your way
You're minded to ramble and lead me astray"

Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you guessin' about right
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you guessin' about right
I dug on your grave two-thirds of last night

They went on a piece farther and what did she spy?
She went on a piece farther and what did she spy?
A new dug grave and a spade lying by

She threw her arms around him and began for to weep
She threw her arms around him and began for to weep
At last pretty Polly, soon fell asleep

Wreck of the Old '97



They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
They said, "Steve you're way behind time
This is not '38, this is old '97
Put her into Spencer on time"

Then he turned around and said to his big greasy fireman
"Hey, shovel on a little more coal
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain
Watch old '97 roll"

[BREAK FOR SOLOS]

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
In a line on a three mile grade
It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes
You see what a jump he made

He was goin' down the grade makin' 90 miles an hour
His whistle broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Scalded to death by the steam

[BREAK FOR SOLOS]

Well now, all you ladies, you better take a warnin'
From this time on and learn
Never speak harsh words to your true lover husband
He may leave you and never return

Goodnight Irene

Chords: D, E, A, Em, A, D, A; D, D7, G, E, A, A7, D; A, D, E, A, Em, A, D; A, D, D7, G, E, A, A7, D.

Irene, goodnight
 Irene, goodnight
 Goodnight, Irene
 Goodnight, Irene
 I'll see you in my dreams

Last Saturday night I got married
 Me and my wife settled down
 Now, me and my wife are parted
 I'm gonna take another stroll downtown

Irene, goodnight
 Irene, goodnight
 Goodnight, Irene
 Goodnight, Irene
 I'll see you in my dreams

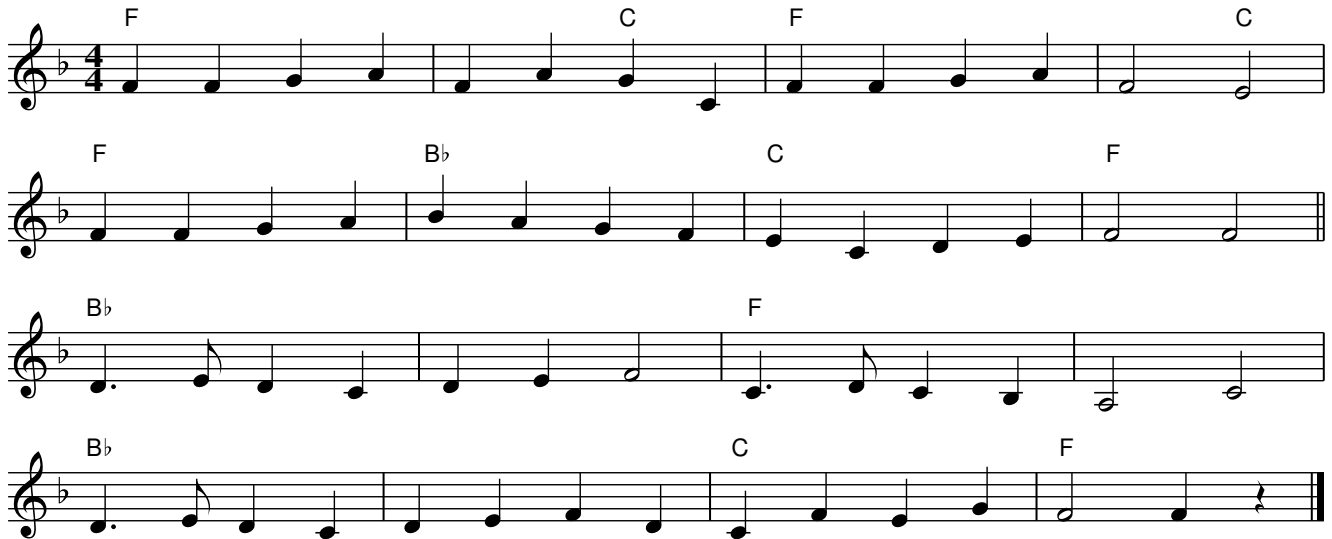
Sometimes I live in the country
 Sometimes I live in town
 Sometimes I take a great notion
 To jump into the river and drown

Irene, goodnight
 Irene, goodnight
 Goodnight, Irene
 Goodnight, Irene
 I'll see you in my dreams

Stop ramblin', stop your gamblin'
 Stop staying out late at night
 Go home to your wife and family
 Stay there by your fireside, bright

Irene, goodnight
 Irene, goodnight
 Goodnight, Irene
 Goodnight, Irene
 I'll see you in my dreams

Yankee Doodle



Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni'.

[Chorus]

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

Fath'r and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

[Chorus]

And there was Cap'n Washington,
Upon a slappin' stallion
Givin' orders to his men
I guess there was a million

[Chorus]

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted dreadfully to get
To give to my Jemima.

[Chorus]

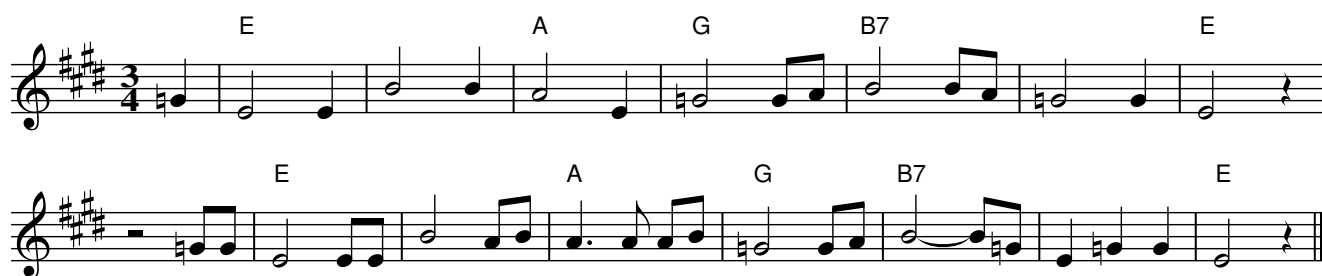
And there I see a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

[Chorus]

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
and makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

[Chorus]

Where Did You Sleep Last Night



My girl, my girl, don't lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through

My girl, my girl, where will you go
I'm going where the cold wind blows
In the pines in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through

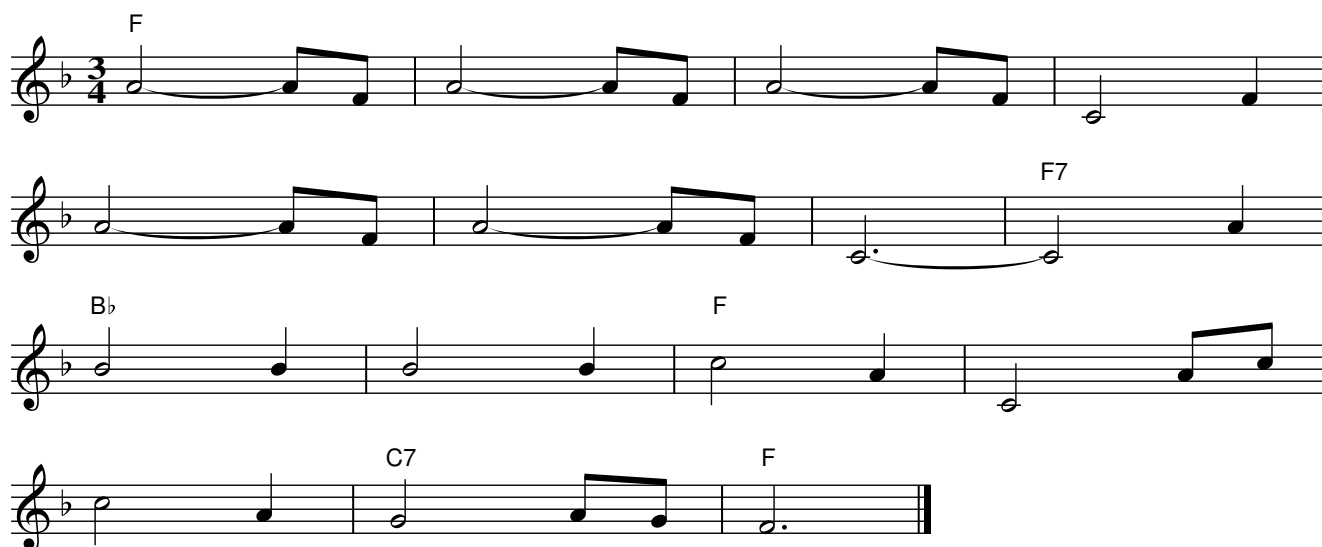
Her husband, was a hard working man
Just about a mile from here
His head was found in a driving wheel
But his body never was found

My girl, my girl, don't lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through

My girl, my girl, where will you go
I'm going where the cold wind blows
In the pines in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through

I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry

Hank Williams



Hear that lonesome whippoorwill
He sounds too blue to fly
The midnight train is whining low
I'm so lonesome I could cry

I've never seen a night so long
When time goes crawling by
The moon just went behind the clouds
To hide its face and cry

Did you ever see a robin weep
When leaves begin to die?
That means he's lost the will to live
I'm so lonesome I could cry

The silence of a falling star
Lights up a purple sky
And as I wonder where you are
I'm so lonesome I could cry