

# Sixteen Tons

## Bass for Standard Key

Merle Travis

Medium [Tennessee Ernie Ford 1955] ( $\text{d} = 140$ )

**Intro**

N.C.

Some

**Verse**

N.C.

people say a man is made out of mud. A poor man's made out of

muscle and blood. Muscle and blood and skin and bones, a

mind that's weak and a back that's strong. You load

**Chorus**

six - teen tons, what do you get? An - oth - er day old - er and

To Coda Last Time  $\oplus$

deeper in debt. Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go. I owe my soul to the company store.

I was

# Sixteen Tons

## ∅ Coda

The musical score for the Coda section begins at measure 25. It features a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go..." are followed by "I owe my soul to the company store." The score includes dynamic markings such as "rit.", "freely", and "a tempo N.C.", and chord symbols like B<sub>MI</sub>, E<sub>MI</sub>, N.C., F<sub>#</sub><sup>7</sup>, and B<sub>MI</sub>.

**Verse 1** Some people say a man is made out of mud  
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood  
Muscle and blood and skin and bones  
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

**Chorus** You load sixteen tons, what do you get?  
Another day older and deeper in debt  
Saint Peter, don't you call me, 'cause I can't go  
I owe my soul to the company store

**Verse 2** I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine  
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine  
I loaded sixteen tons of number 9 coal  
And the straw boss said, Well a-bless my soul!

**Chorus**

**Verse 3** I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain  
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name  
I was raised in the canebrake by an old mama lion  
Can't no high-toned woman make me walk the line

**Chorus**

**Verse 4** If you see me comin' better step aside  
A lot of men didn't, a lot of men died  
One fist of iron, the other of steel  
If the right one don't getcha, then the left one will

**Chorus** You load sixteen tons, what do you get?  
Another day older and deeper in debt  
Saint Peter, don't you call me, 'cause I can't go  
I owe my soul to the company store