

Sixteen Tons

Kate Smith Key

Merle Travis

Medium [Tennessee Ernie Ford 1955] (♩ = 140)

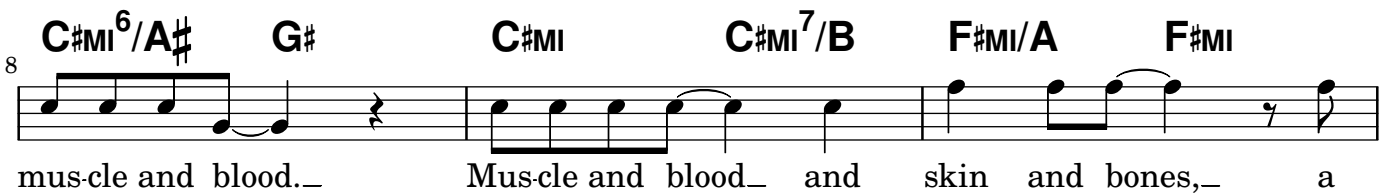
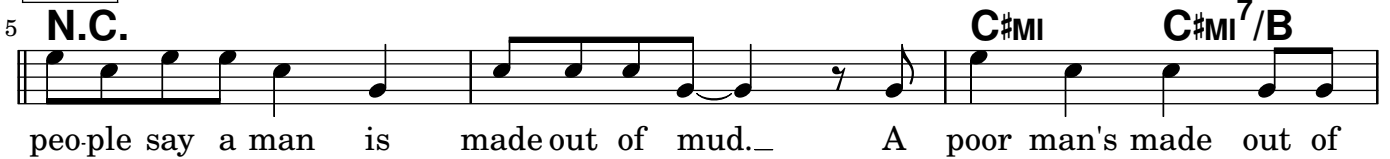
Intro

N.C.



Verse

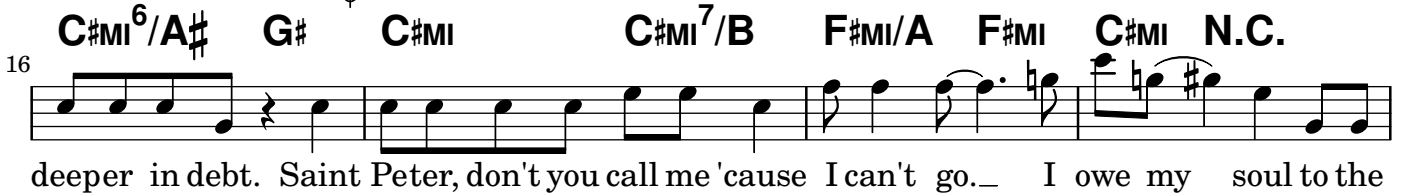
N.C.



Chorus



To Coda Last Time ⊕



Sixteen Tons

⌘ Coda

25 **C#MI** *rit.* **F#MI** **N.C.** *freely*
8 Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go. I owe my soul

30 *a tempo* **N.C.** **G#7** **C#MI**
to the compa-ny store.

The musical notation for the Coda is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It begins at measure 25 with a common time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Above the staff, chord symbols are provided: C#MI, F#MI, and N.C. (No Chord). Performance markings include 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'freely'. The lyrics 'Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go. I owe my soul' are written below the staff, with a fermata over the word 'soul'. The notation continues to measure 30, where the lyrics 'to the compa-ny store.' are written. Above the staff, the chord symbols N.C., G#7, and C#MI are shown, along with the marking 'a tempo'. The piece ends with a double bar line.

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