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Paul Austin Kelly Unleashed on America

Casey Jones

Traditional-- arrangement and additional words by P.A. Kelly

Come all you Rounders, if you want to hear
The story about a brave engineer
Casey Jones was the Rounder's name
Twas on the Illinois Central he won his fame

Refrain

Casey Jones loved a locomotive
Casey Jones, a mighty man was he
Casey Jones final locomotive
Was the Cannonball Special on the old IC

Casey hit Memphis driving No. 4
The engine foreman met him at the roundhouse door
He said Joe Louis can't make this run
So you'll have to pull a double out on No. 1

If I can have Sim Webb and Engine Three-Eighty-Two
Although I'm mighty weary I'll pull her through
Put on my brand new whistle that come in today
Cause I mean to keep her wailin' as we ride and pray

Refrain

Casey Jones climbed up in the cabin
Casey Jones, orders in his hands
Casey Jones got up in the cabin

Started on his final journey to the Promised Land

They pulled out of Memphis nearly two hours late
And soon they were speeding at a terrible rate
The people in their beds knew by the whistle's moan
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones

Gotta have more coal loaded, Fireman Sim!
Open up that door, man, and shovel her in!
Give that boiler everything you got
And you bet we'll get to Canton right on the dot

On April 30, 1900 rainy morn
Down in Mississippi near the town of Vaughn
Sped the Cannonball Special only two minutes late
Travelin' 70 miles an hour when they saw that freight

They saw that its caboose was sitting on the main line
Casey hollered, "Jump out, Sim, while you've got time!"
At three-fifty-two that morning came the end
Casey took his final trip off to the Promised Land

Refrain

Casey Jones, he died at the throttle
Casey Jones, a whistle in his hands
Casey Jones, he died at the throttle
Now he drives a locomotive in the Promised Land

Casey's buried down in Tennessee
Close beside the tracks of the old IC
His spirit lives forever now throughout the land
He's the greatest of all legends to a railroad man

Refrain

Casey Jones, he died at the throttle
Casey Jones, a whistle in his hands
Casey Jones, he died at the throttle
Now he drives a locomotive in the Promised Land

Home On the Range

Words by Dr. Brewster M. Higley

Music by Dan Kelley
arr. by P.A. Kelly

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
And the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

REFRAIN:

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free
And the breezes so balmy and light
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright
(repeat REFRAIN)

Drill Ye, Tarriers, Drill!

Traditional, arr. by P.A. Kelly

Every morning at 7 o'clock
There are twenty tarriers a-drilling a the rock
And the boss comes around and he says, "Keep still!"
Come down heavy on the cast iron drill

Refrain:

And drill ye, tarriers drill!
Drill ye, tarriers drill!
Well, it's work all day for the sugar in your tay
Down behind the railway
And drillye, tarriers, drill!
And blast! And fire!

The boss was a fine man, down to the ground
But he married a lady six feet round
She baked good bread and she baked it well
But she baked it hard as the holes in Hell
(repeat REFRAIN)

The new foreman was Gene McCann
By God, he was a blame mean man
Last week a premature blast went off
And a mile in the air went Big Jim Goff
(repeat REFRAIN)

When next payday came around
Jim Goff a dollar short was found
When he asked what for came this reply
You be docked for the time you was up in the sky
(repeat REFRAIN)

The Bluetail Fly (Jimmy Crack Corn)

Traditional, arr. by P.A. Kelly

When I was young I used to wait
On Master and hand him his plate
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the bluetail fly

REFRAIN:

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Old Master's gone away

One day he ride around the farm
The flies so numerous they did swarm
One chanced to bite him on the thigh
The devil take the bluetail fly
(repeat REFRAIN)

The pony run, he jump, he pitch
He threw my master in a ditch
He died and the jury wondered why
The verdict was the bluetail fly
(repeat REFRAIN)

They lay him under a 'simmon tree
His epitaph is there to see

“Beneath this stone I’m forced to lie
A victim of the bluetail fly!”
(repeat REFRAIN)

John Henry

Traditional, Arr. By P.A. Kelly

When John Henry was a little baby
Sitting on his mama’s knee
Well, he picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel
And said, “This hammer’s gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord!
This hammer’s gonna be the death of me!”

Well, the captain said to John Henry,
“Gonna bring me a steam drill ‘round.
Gonna bring me a steam drill out on the job
Gonna whop! that steel on down, Lord, Lord!
Gonna whop! that steel on down!”

John Henry said to his captain
“You know, a man ain’t nothing but a man.
And before I let that steam drill beat me down
I would die with a hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord!
I would die with a hammer in my hand!”

Well, the man that invented the steam drill
He thought he was mighty fine
But John Henry drove his steel 15 feet
And the steam drill only drove it 9, Lord, Lord!
The steam drill only drove it 9!

John Henry said to his shaker,
“Shaker, why don’t you sing?
Cause I’m swinging 30 pounds from my hips on down!
Just listen to that cold steel ring, Lord, Lord!
Just listen to that cold steel ring!”

The captain said to John Henry,
“I believe that mountain’s caving in!”
John Henry turned to the captain and said,
“Ain’t nuthin’ but my hammer suckin’ wind, Lord, Lord!”

Ain't nuthin' but my hammer suckin' wind!"

John Henry hammered in the mountain
You know his hammer was striking fire
But he worked so hard he broke his poor heart
And he laid down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord!
He laid down his hammer and he died!

Now every Monday morning
When the Bluebird begins to sing
You can hear John Henry a mile or more
You can hear John Henry's hammer ringing, Lord, Lord!
You can hear John Henry's hammer ring!

Buffalo Gals

Traditional, Arr. by P.A. Kelly

As I was walking down the street
Down the street
Down the street
A pretty little gal I chanced to meet
Oh, she was fair to see!

REFRAIN:

Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight?
Won't you come out tonight?
Won't you come out tonight?
Oh, Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight,
And dance by the light of the moon?

I stopped her and we had a talk
Had a talk,
Had a talk
But her feet took up the whole sidewalk
And they left no room for me
(repeat REFRAIN)

I asked her if she's have a dance
Have a dance
Have a dance

I thought that I might have a chance
To shake a foot with her
(repeat REFRAIN)

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking
And her heel kept a knockin'
And her toes kept a rockin'
Oh, I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking
And we danced by the light of the moon!
(repeat REFRAIN)

Down in the Valley

Traditional, arr by P.A. Kelly

Down in the Valley
The valley so low
Hang your head over
Hear the wind blow

Hear the wind blow, dear
Hear the wind blow
Hang your head over
Hear the wind blow

Roses love sunshine
Violets love dew
Angels in heaven
Know I love you

Know I love you, dear
Know I love you
Angels in heaven
Know I love you

Writing this letter
Containing three lines
Answer my question
Will you be mine?

Will you be mine, dear?
Will you be mine?

Answer my question
Will you be mine?

Follow the Drinking Gourd

Traditional, Arr. by P.A. Kelly

When the sun goes back
And the first quail calls
Follow the drinking gourd
The old man's a-waiting just to carry you to freedom
Follow the drinking gourd

REFRAIN:

Follow the drinking gourd
Follow the drinking gourd
The old man's a-waiting just to carry you to freedom
Follow the drinking gourd

The riverbed makes a mighty fine road
Dead trees to show you the way
And it's left foot, peg foot, carrying on
Follow the drinking gourd
(repeat REFRAIN)

I thought I heard the angels say
Follow the drinking gourd
The stars in the heavens gonna show you the way
Follow the drinking gourd
(repeat REFRAIN)

The Erie Canal

Words & Music by William S. Allen

Arr. By P.A. Kelly

I've got a mule,
Her name is Sal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
She's a good old worker
And a good old pal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal

We've hauled some barges in our day,
Filled with lumber, coal and hay
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo

Refrain:

Low bridge, everybody down!
Low bridge, for we're coming to a town!
You can always tell your neighbour
Always tell your pal
If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal

We'd better get along
On our way, old gal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
Cause you bet your life
I'd never part with Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
Get up there, mule!
Here comes a lock
And we'll make Rome by 6 o'clock
Just one more trip and back we'll go
Right on back home to Buffalo

On Top of Old Smokey

Traditional, Arr. by P.A. Kelly

On top of Old Smokey
All covered with snow
I lost my true lover
From courting to slow
For courting's a pleasure
And parting is grief
And a false-hearted lover
Is worse than a thief

A thief will just rob you
And take all your have
But a false-hearted lover
Leads you straight to the grave
The grave will decay you

And turn you to dust
Not a boy in a hundred
That a poor girl can trust

They'll hug you and kiss you
And tell you more lies
Than crossties on a railroad
Or stars in the sky
Some come all ye young maidens
Come and listen to me
Never place you affections
In a green willow tree

For the leaves they will wither
And the roots they will die
And you'll be forsaken
And you'll never know why
On top of Old Smokey
All covered with snow
I lost my true lover
Come a-courting too slow

Groundhog

Traditional, Arr. by P.A. Kelly

In come Daddy from the plow
In come Daddy from the plow
I want some dinner and I want it now
Groundhog!

There's a piece of bread a-layin' on the shelf
There's a piece of bread a-layin' on the shelf
If you want anymore you can get it yourself
Groundhog!

Picked up his gun and he whistled to his dog
Picked up his gun and he whistled to his dog
Off to the wild woods to catch a groundhog
Groundhog!

Two in a rock and two in a log

Two in a rock and two in a log
Good Lordy mercy such a big groundhog
Groundhog!

Run here Sal with a ten foot pole
Run here Sal with a ten foot pole
Twist that groundhog out of its hole
Groundhog!

Daddy returned in an hour and a half
Daddy returned in an hour and a half
Returned with a groundhog big as a calf
Groundhog!

How those children whooped and cried!
How those children whooped and cried!
Love those groundhogs stewed and fried
Groundhog!

Took him home and tanned his hide
Took him home and tanned his hide
Made the best shoestring ever was tied
Groundhog!

The meat's in the cupboard and the hide's in the churn
The meat's in the cupboard and the hide's in the churn
If that ain't groundhog, I'll be durned
Groundhog!

In come Sal with a snigger and grin
In come Sal with a snigger and grin
Groundhog gravy all over her chin
Groundhog!

Come here Ma and look at Sam
Come here Ma and look at Sam
He's et all the meat and he's sopping out the pan!
Groundhog!

Ain't No More Cane on the Brazos

Traditional, Arr. by P.A. Kelly

Ain't no more cane on this Brazos by the border.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well, we done ground it all to molasses.

Oh, oh, oh.

When I came down here had a number for my name.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well they chained us together and we started cuttin' cane.

Oh, oh, oh.

I wish you was here in 19 and 10.

Oh, oh, oh. (Well they was...)

They was drivin' the women just like they was men.

Oh, oh, oh.

I wish you was here when the storm winds came.

Oh, oh, oh.

Left a man lyin' dead and we cut him off the chain.

Oh, oh, oh.

If I had a sentence like ninety-nine and nine.

Oh, oh, oh. (There ain't no...)

Ain't no dogs on this Brazos could keep me on that line.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well, Alberta, why don't you let your hair hang down.

Oh, oh, oh.

Let it hang right down, 'till it touches the ground.

Oh, oh, oh.

Why don't you go down, ol' Hannah, don't you rise up no more.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well, they worked me so hard, that I can't work no more.

Oh, oh, oh.

Ain't no more cane on this Brazos by the border.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well, we done ground it all to molasses.

Oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh.