CASEY JONES
Traditional (Mississippi John Hurt)

One Sunday mornin', look showerin' rain 'Round the bend come the pas-senger train
In the cabin was Casey Jones Noble engin-ner but he's dead and gone

Mrs. Casey she hear-rd the news Sittin' on her bed, she was lacin' up her shoes
Children, children now ca--tch your breath You draw a pension at your Pa-pa's death

Children, children now get your hat Tell me Mama what do you mean by that?
Get your hat, put it on your head Go on to town, see your papa is dead


Casey said be--fo--re he died Fix the blinds so that the bums can't ride
If they ride, let them ride the rods Put their trust in the hand of God

Casey said be--fo--re he died Two more roads that I want to ride
Peo-ple said, what roads Casey can you say? The Colo-rado and the San-ta Fe