

## Freight Train

Lyrics and Tune: Elizabeth Cotten (1905)

### Chorus

Freight train, freight train, run so fast.  
Freight train, freight train, run so fast.  
Please don't tell what train I'm on.  
They won't know what route I'm going.

When I'm dead and in my grave,  
No more good times here I crave.  
Place the stones at my head and feet,  
And tell them all I've gone to sleep.

### Chorus

When I die, Lord, bury me deep,  
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street.  
I can hear Old Number Nine  
As she comes rolling by.

### Chorus 2x

Background - Libba Cotten was born and raised in Chapel Hill, NC. As a young child, she taught herself to play a guitar. But, since she was left-handed, she flipped it upside down and played the melody with the thumb, a style now known as Cotten picking. She started writing her own songs in her teens and "Freight Train" is one of them. The song reminds her of the train that passed by her childhood home.

## The Green Grass Grows All Around

Oh in the woods (oh in the woods)  
There was a tree (there was a tree)  
The prettiest little tree (the prettiest little tree)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the tree was in the hole and the hole was in the ground.

Chorus

And the green grass grew all round, all around,  
The green grass grew all around.

And on that tree (and on that tree)  
There was a limb (there was a limb)  
The prettiest little limb (the prettiest little limb)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

Chorus

Now on that limb (now on that limb)  
There was a branch (there was a branch)  
The prettiest little branch (the prettiest little branch)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree  
And the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

Chorus

Now on that branch (now on that branch)  
There was a twig (there was a twig)  
The prettiest little twig (the prettiest little twig)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

Chorus

Now on that twig (now on that twig)  
There was a nest (there was a nest)  
The prettiest little nest (the prettiest little nest)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the nest on the twig and the twig on the branch  
And the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree  
And the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

Chorus

Now in that nest (now in that nest)  
There was an egg (there was an egg)  
The prettiest little egg (the prettiest little egg)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the egg in the nest and the nest on the twig  
And the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

Chorus

Now in that egg (now in that egg)  
There was a bird (there was a bird)  
The prettiest little bird (the prettiest little bird)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the bird in the egg and the egg in the nest and the nest on the twig  
And the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

Chorus

And on that bird (and on that bird)  
There was an eyelash (there was an eyelash)  
The prettiest little eyelash (the prettiest little eyelash)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Eyelash on the bird and the bird in the egg and the egg in the nest  
The nest on the twig, the twig on the branch  
And the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree  
And the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

And on that eyelash (and on that eyelash)  
There was a bug (there was a bug)  
The prettiest little bug (the prettiest little bug)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
The bug on the eyelash, the eyelash on the bird, the bird in the egg,  
The egg in the nest, the nest on the twig,  
The twig on the branch, the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

And on that bug (and on that bug)  
There was a wing (there was a wing)  
The prettiest little wing (the prettiest little wing)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now wing on the bug, the bug on the eyelash, the eyelash on the bird  
And the bird in the egg and the egg in the nest, the nest on the twig  
And the twig on the branch, the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

And on that wing (and on that wing)  
There was a germ (there was a germ)  
The prettiest little germ (the prettiest little germ)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the germ on the wing and the wing on the bug  
And the bug on the eyelash and the eyelash on the bird  
And the bird in the egg, the egg in the nest and the nest on the twig,  
The twig on the branch and the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

Background - This folk song is an example of a cumulative song because it grows and grows . Since it has a long oral tradition, nobody knows who composed it.

## Home on the Range

Lyrics: Dr. Brewster M. Higley (1872)

Tune: Daniel E. Kelley

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

### Chorus

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.

How often at night when the heavens are bright  
With the light of the glittering stars  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

### Chorus

Then give me a land where the bright diamond sand  
Flows leisurely down to the stream  
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along  
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Oh I would not exchange my old 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.

Background - While homesteading in Kansas, Dr. Higley wrote this poem which was published in several magazines. This classic western folk song is considered the unofficial anthem of the west. Different authors tweaked the lyrics and, in 1947, Kansas adopted it as its state song.

### Jim Along Josie (Version A)

Hey, Jim along, Jim along Josie. Hey, Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Hey, Jim along, Jim along Josie. Hey, Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Now walk Jim along, Jim along Josie. Walk Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Walk Jim along, Jim along Josie. Walk Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Now skip Jim along, Jim along Josie. Skip Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Skip Jim along, Jim along Josie. Skip Jim along, Jim along Joe.

And jump like a kangaroo, Jim along Josie.  
Jump like a kangaroo, Jim along Joe.  
Jump like a kangaroo, Jim along Josie. Jump like a kangaroo, Jim along Joe.

And fly like an eagle, Jim along Josie. Fly like an eagle, Jim along Joe.  
Fly like an eagle, Jim along Josie. Fly like an eagle, Jim along Joe.

Now spin Jim along, Jim along Josie. Spin Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Spin Jim along, Jim along Josie. Spin Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Background - This song started out as a black face minstrel piece in the mid-1800s. Oral tradition dropped the verses and turned the chorus into a children's ditty with odd lyrics. The opportunities to incorporate movements and to invent new verses make it popular with young audiences.

## Jim along Josie (Version B)

Hey, Jim along, Jim along Josie. Hey, Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Hey, Jim along, Jim along Josie. Hey, Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Walk Jim along, Jim along Josie. Walk Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Walk Jim along, Jim along Josie. Walk Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Hop Jim along, Jim along Josie. Hop Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Hop Jim along, Jim along Josie. Hop Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Run Jim along, Jim along Josie. Run Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Run Jim along, Jim along Josie. Run Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Jump Jim along, Jim along Josie. Jump Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Jump Jim along, Jim along Josie. Jump Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Tiptoe along, Jim along Josie. Tiptoe along, Jim along Joe.  
Tiptoe along, Jim along Josie. Tiptoe along, Jim along Joe.

Crawl along, Jim along Josie. Crawl along, Jim along Joe.  
Crawl along, Jim along Josie. Crawl along, Jim along Joe.

Swing along, sing along, Jim along Josie.  
Sing along, swing along, Jim along Joe.  
Swing along, sing along, Jim along Josie.  
Swing along, sing along, Jim along Joe.

Roll Jim along, Jim along Josie. Roll, Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Roll Jim along, Jim along Josie. Roll Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Oh, jump Jim along, Jim along Josie. Jump Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Jump Jim along, Jim along Josie. Jump Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Run Jim along, Jim along Josie. Run Jim along, Jim along Joe.  
Run Jim along, Jim along Josie. Run Jim along, Jim along Joe.

Let's sit down now Jim along Josie.

## Ridin' in the Buggy

Ridin' in the buggy, Miss Mary Jane, Miss Mary Jane.  
Ridin' in the buggy, Miss Mary Jane, I'm a long ways from home.

Chorus

Who moan for me? Who moan for me?  
Who moan for me, my darling? Who moan for me?

Sally's got a house in Baltimore, in Baltimore, in Baltimore.  
Sally's got a house in Baltimore and it's full of chicken pie.

Chorus

I've got a girl in Baltimore, in Baltimore, in Baltimore.  
I've got a girl in Baltimore and she's sixteen stories high.

Chorus

Fare thee well my little bitty Ann, my little bitty Ann, my little bitty Ann.  
Fare thee well my little bitty Ann, for I'm goin' away.

Chorus

Background - Dr. W. F. More reported that when he was a boy in York County he overheard slaves singing different dance songs. A collection of African-American folk songs were collected and published by folklorist Dorothy Scarborough in 1925. She believed that radio threatened the survival of folk songs so she traveled the country using a hand-powered dictaphone as a "song catcher."



## She'll Be Coming around the Mountain

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.  
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.  
She'll be coming round the mountain, she'll be coming round the mountain.  
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.

### Optional Opening

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes. 2x  
She'll be coming round the mountain blowing steam off like a fountain.  
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes. 2x  
She'll be driving six white horses, she'll be driving six white horse.....

Oh we'll all go out to meet her when she comes. 2x  
Oh we'll all go out to meet her, oh we'll all go out to meet her.....

Oh we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes. 2x  
Oh we'll kill the old red rooster cause he don't crow like he used to.....

And we'll have chicken and dumplings when she comes. 2x  
And we'll have chicken and dumplings and we'll have chicken and dumplings....

She'll be wearing red [pink] pajamas when she comes. 2x  
She'll be wearing red [pink] pajamas, she'll be wearing red [pink] pajamas....

Oh she'll have to sleep with Grandma when she comes. 2x  
Oh she'll have to sleep with Grandma, oh she'll have to sleep with Grandma....

Background - This first person to publish this song was none other than Carl Sandburg in his book, *The American Songbag* (1927) although the song is much older. Some believe it celebrates the arrival of a supply train, which, like boats, is feminine. Some believe it has to do with an underground labor union for coal miner. Others think it came on a slave-era spiritual called "When the Chariot Comes" because of similar melody, structure, and lyrics. The chariot represents King Jesus coming to earth in a chariot loaded with bright angels during the end times.