

## LYRICS

**BUELL KAZEE – *BUELL KAZEE***

**JUNE APPAL RECORDING 009**

### **Roll On, John**

*Oh, roll on, John.*

*Don't roll so slow.*

*When the sun goes down,*

*You'll roll no more.*

*Oh, who's been here,*

*Since I've been gone?*

*It's old Aunt Jennie*

*With a nightcap on.*

*Oh, I dreamed last night,*

*Oh, Cora Lou was dead*

*With an apron string*

*Tied around her head.*

*Oh, roll on, John,*

*And make your time.*

*For I'm broke down,  
And I can't make mine.*

## **Jay Gould's Daughter**

*On a Monday morning it began to rain,  
Around the bend came a passenger train.  
On the bumpers was Hobo John,  
He's a good old hobo, but he's dead and gone.  
He's dead and gone.  
He's dead and gone.  
He's a good old hobo, but he's dead and gone.*

*Charlie Snyder was a good engineer.  
He told his fireman not to fear,  
"All you needed was water and coal.  
Put your head out the window, watch the drivers roll ... (etc.)"*

*Jay Gould's daughter said before she died,  
"There is one more road that I'd like to ride."  
"Tell me, Daughter, what could that be?"  
"It's the Sounthern California on the Sante Fe ..."*

## **The Lady Gay**

*There was a lady and a lady gay,  
And children, she had three.  
She sent them away to the north country,  
To learn their grammarie.\**

*They had not been there very long,  
Scarcely six months and a day,  
When death, cold death came hastening along, And took those babes away.*

*“There is a king in heaven,” she cried.  
“He wears a golden crown. Pray, send me down my three little babes,  
Tonight or in the morning soon.”*

*It was just about Old Christmas time,  
The night’s being long and clear.  
She looked and she saw her three little babes, Come running home to her.*

*She set a table both long and wide,  
And on it she put bread and wine,*

*“Come eat, come drink, my three little babes, Come eat, come drink of mine.”*

*“We want none of your bread, Mother.*

*Neither do we want your wine,*

*For yonder stands our Savior dear,*

*And to Him we must resign.”*

*She fixed a bed in a little back room,*

*And over it she put white sheets,*

*And over it the golded spread*

*Where those three babes might sleep.*

*“Take it off, take it off,” cried the oldest one.*

*“Take it off, take it off,” cried she,*

*“For yonder stands our Savior dear,*

*And with him you soon will be.”*

*“Green grass grow over our bed, Mother,*

*Cold clay lies under our feet,*

*And every tear you shed for us,*

*It wets our winding sheet.”*

- glamourie, Scottish for witchcraft

## **Steel A-Goin' Down**

*Steel a-goin' down under my old hammer,  
Forty-four long years, I've carried along.  
Steel a-goin' down, and my hammer's getting' heavy,  
Forty-four long years, I've sung 'em my song.*

*In the evening burns a light soft and low  
In that little shanty where I long to go.  
Steel a-goin' down, and my hammer's gettin' heavy.  
I'm a-gettin' weary. I'm a-goin' home.*

*Steel a-goin' down, under my old hammer.  
I'm a-gettin' weary in-a-my bones.  
Steel a-goin' down, and my hammer's gettin' heavy.  
I'm a-gettin' weary, workin' alone.*

*Soon that lonesome whistle blow loud and long,  
And they'll look around for me, but I'll be gone.  
Steel a-goin' down, gonna swing my hammer.*

*I'm a-gettin' weary, I'm a-goin' home.*

*Steel a-goin' down under my old hammer,*

*I'm a-gettin' weary, workin' so long.*

*Steel a-goin' down, and my hammer's getting' heavy.*

*Soon be another singin' my song.*

*Over there beyond the dark comes a call,*

*So I'll lay my hammer down and leave it all.*

*Steel a-goin' down, I'm a-layin' down my hammer.*

*Hear the whistle blowin', I'm a-goin' home.*

## **The Roving Cowboy**

*Come all you roving cowboys, bow down your souls by land.*

*I'll tell you a story while you around me stand.*

*I'm going to quit this Wild West, this bleak and stormy plain,*

*Where the Indians are I leave you to never return again.*

*I've crossed the Rocky Mountains, I've crossed the rocky hills.*

*I've crossed the Rocky Mountains where many a brave man fell.*

*I've seen the distant country, the Indian and the wild.*

*I'll never forget my old, old home and mother's sweetest smile.*

*There was an old rich merchant who lived a neighbor by.*

*He had an only daughter, on her I cast my eye.*

*She was most tall and handsome, blue-eyed and curly hair.*

*There ain't no one in this wide world to her I can compare.*

*This lady, fair and handsome, sat closely by my side.*

*She promised me so faithfully that she would be my bride.*

*I kissed away the flowing tears bedimming her blue eyes.*

*I'll never forget that darling girl, I'll love her till I die.*

*I asked her if she' be willing if I crossed over the plain.*

*She said it made no difference if I returned again.*

*She said that she'd be true tome till death would be unkind.*

*We kissed, shook hands and parted, I left my girl behind.*

*As one day I was a-rambling down on the public square,*

*The mail coach had arrived there. I met the mail boy there.*

*He handed me a letter which made me understand*

*That the girl I left behind me had married another man.*

*Come all you rambling, gambling boys and listen while I tell -*

*If it does no good to listen, I'm sure it'll do you no harm -*

*If you ever court a fair young maid, just marry her while you can,*

*For if you ever corss o'er the plain, she'll marry another man.*

## **Banjo Medley**

(Instrumental)

### **Look Up, Look Down That Lonesome Road**

*Look Up, look down that lonesome road.*

*Hang down your head and cry.*

*True love, true love, what have I done,*

*That you should treat me so?*

*You've caused me to walk that lonesome road*

*That I've never walked before*

*The longest train I ever saw*

*Was on that Georgia line.*

*The engine went down at six o'clock,*

*And the cab went down at nine.*

*The prettiest girl in this wide worldwide  
Was standing on behind.*

*The whistle blew, and the bell did ring,  
The engine rolled ahead.*

*The train did wreck in a mile of town,  
And dilled my true love dead.*

*If I had wings like Noah's dove,  
I'd fly to my true love's door.*

*I'd walk the porch from post to post,  
Hang down my head and cry.*

*Look up, look down that lonesome road,  
Hang down your head and cry.*

## **The Orphan Girl**

*“No home, no home,” cried the orphan girl,  
As she stood at the prince's hall.  
Trembling she stood on the marble steps,  
And leaned on the marble wall.*

*Her clothes were thin, and her feet were bare,  
And the snowdrops covered her hair.*

*“Oh, give me a home,” she mournfully cried,  
“A home and a piece of bread.”*

*“A father's love I never knew,”  
And the tears dropped from her eyes.*

*“My mother sleeps in a new-made grave,  
It's an orphan here tonight.”*

*The night was dark, and the snow fell fast,  
As the rich man closed his door.*

*His proud lips curled as he scornfully said,  
“No home, no bread for the poor.”*

*“I must not freeze,” the orphan cried,  
As she sank on the steps of the door.  
She wrapped her feet in her tattered dress,*

*All covered with sleet and snow.*

*The night rolled on, and the midnight storm*

*Rolled on like a funeral knell.*

*The earths seemed wrapt in a winding sheet,*

*And the chilly snow still fell.*

*The rich man slept on his velvet couch,*

*And he dreamed of his silver and his gold,*

*While the orphan slept on her bed of snow*

*And murmured, "so cold, sol cold."*

*When the morning dawned, the little girl*

*Still lay at the rich man's door,*

*But her soul had fled to its home above,*

*Where there's room and bread for the poor.*

*On more she stood at the rich man's door*

*And moaned in misery and cold,*

*With a crown on her head and a harp in her hand,*

*She sang on the streets of gold.*

## **Black Jack Davy**

*The squire came riding home at night,  
Inquiring, "Where's my lady-o?"  
The answer that came back to him,  
"She's gone with the Black Jack Davy-o,  
She's gone with the Black Jack Davy-o."*

*"Go saddle up my milk white steed,  
And spread the blanket on him so.  
I'll ride all night, I'll ride all day,  
I'll overtake my lady-o ..."*

*He rode till he came to the river side.  
It looked so dark and dreary-o,  
But there he spied his lady fiar,  
Along with the Black Jack Davy-o ..."*

*"Will you forsake your house and land?  
Will you forsake your baby-o?  
Will you forsake your wedded lord,  
To go with the Black Jack Davy-o ...?"*

*"Yes, I'll forsake my house and land.*

*Yes, I'll forsake my baby-o.  
Yes, I'll forsake my wedded lord,  
To go with the Black Jack Davy-o..."*

*"Last night I lay on a warm feather bed,  
By the side of my little baby-o.  
Tonight I'll lie on a cold river bank,  
By the side of my Black Jack Davy-o..."*

## **The Blind Man**

*Mid sorrow, mid sadness I am destined to roam.  
Forlorn and foresaken, I wander alone,  
For all the works of Nature are hidden from my view.  
The pleasures of life I must ever bid adieu.*

*I can hear the merry laughs while gathered in the throngs,  
When friend greets friend as they hurry along,  
In groups on their way for some pleasure to find.  
O, God, what affliction it is to be blind!*

*I can hear the babbling brook as it rolls on its way,*

*Reflecting its waters on bright summer days.*

*Its sweet and low murmurs are pleasant to me.*

*Its bright and sparkling waters I nevermore can see.*

*I can feel the gentle breeze as it seeps o'er the field,*

*Brining in sweet fragrance the flowers do yield.*

*Their sweet and fragrant odors are pleasing to me.*

*Their bright and gay colors I nevermore can see.*

## **O, Thou in Whose Presence**

*O, Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,*

*On whom in affliction I call,*

*My comfort by day, and my song in the night,*

*My hope, my salvation, my all.*

*The roses of sharon, the lillies that grow*

*In veils on the banks of the stream*

*His cheeks in the beauty of excellence flow,*

*His eye all invitingly beams.*

*His vice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,*

*Is heard through the shadows of death.*

*The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet.*

*The air is perfumed with his breath.*

*He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,*

*And myriads wait for his word.*

*He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice,*

*Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.*

*Dear Shepherd, I hear and will answer thy call.*

*I know the sweet sound of thy voice.*

*Restore and defend me, for thou art my all.*

*In thee will I ever rejoice.*

## **Amazing Grace**

*Amazing grace, how sweet the sound*

*That saved a wretch like me.*

*I once was lost but now am found,*

*Was blind but now I see.*

*How long, Dear Savior, O, how longest  
Have we on earth to stay?*

*Roll on, roll on, ye wheels of time,*

*and bring a joyful day.*

**Bonus Track lyrics coming soon ...**