

## The Preacher and The Slave- Joe Hill 1911

                  F                                  Bb                  F  
Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
          F  C  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
          F                                  Bb                  F  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
          F                                  C                  F  
They will answer with voices so sweet

### CHORUS:

          F  C  
You will eat (You Will Eat) bye and bye (Bye and Bye)  
          C  F  
In that glorious land in the sky (Way Up High)  
          F  Bb  
Work and pray (Work And Pray) live on hay (Live On Hay)  
          F                                  C                  F  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die (That's A Lie!)

The starvation army they play,  
They sing and they clap and they pray  
'Till they get all your coin on the drum  
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:

### CHORUS

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,  
They holler, they jump and they shout.  
Give your money to Jesus they say,  
He will cure all diseases they say

## CHORUS

If you fight hard for children and wife --  
Try to get something good in this life --  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

## Chorus

Workingmen of all countries, unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight;  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

## FINAL CHORUS:

You will eat (You Will Eat) bye and bye (Bye And Bye)  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry. (Bake A  
Pie)

Chop some wood (Chop Some Wood) 'twill do you good  
(Do You Good)

And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

## The Dying Cowboy

Bb

F

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie  
These words came low and mournfully  
From the pouted lips of a youth who lay

C

F

On his dying bed at the close of day

### CHORUS:

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie  
Where the coyote howls and the wind blows free  
In a narrow grave just 6 by 3  
Bury me not on the low prairie

It matters not I've oft been told  
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold  
Yet grant oh grant this wish to me  
Bury me not on the lone prairie

### CHORUS

He wailed in pain and o'er his brow  
Death's shadows fast were gathering now  
He thought of his friends and his home but nigh  
As the cowboys gathered to see him die

### CHORUS

We took no heed of his dying prayer  
In a narrow grave we buried him there  
In a narrow grave just 6 by 3  
We buried him there on the lone prairie

### CHORUS

## Lightning Long John

CHORUS:

Well it's Long John  
He's Long Gone  
Well it's Long John  
He's Long Gone

Well if I had listened  
What did Rosie say  
I could have been at home  
In Rosie's bed

Well if didn't listen  
Got to runnin' round  
First thing I know  
I was jailhouse bound

Well I got in jail  
With my mouth pulled down  
Well now I'm in the pen  
And I can't get out

CHORUS

Where John lay  
Was a pair of shoes  
Was the funniest shoes

You ever did see

Had a heel in front  
And a heel behind  
Well we didn't know where  
Where that boy was goin

CHORUS

Well in 2 or 3 minutes  
Let me catch my wind  
And in 2 or 3 minutes  
I'm goin again

Gonna call this summer  
Aint gon'call no more  
If I call next summer  
Be in Baltimore

CHORUS

A tenderfoot John  
With his long clothes on  
Just a skipping through the  
corn

CHORUS

## Dark As A Dungeon- Merle Travis 1946

A D E7

Come and listen you fellows, so young and so fine,

A D A

And seek not your fortune in the dark, dreary mines.

A D E7

It will form as a habit and seep in your soul,

A D A

'Till the stream of your blood is as black as the coal.

### CHORUS:

E7 D A

It's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,

E7 D A

Where danger is double and pleasures are few,

A D E7

Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines

A D A

It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mine.

It's a-many a man I have seen in my day,  
Who lived just to labor his whole life away.  
Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine,  
A man will have lust for the lure of the mines.

CHORUS

I hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll,  
My body will blacken and turn into coal.  
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,  
And pity the miner a-diggin' my bones.

CHORUS

The midnight, the morning, or the middle of day,  
It's the same to the miner who labors away.  
Where the demons of death often come by surprise,  
One fall of the slate and you're buried alive.

CHORUS

