

Two Sisters (The Wind and Rain)

There were two sisters went
 walking down a stream
 Oh the wind and rain
 The older one pushed the younger
 one in
 Crying oh the dreadful wind and
 rain
 Cause Johnny gave the younger one
 a gay gold ring
 Didn't give the other one anything
 So she pushed her into the river to
 drown
 Watched her as she floated down
 She floated till she came to the
 miller's pond
 Crying father oh father there swims
 a swam
 Then out of the woods came a
 fiddler fair
 And he plucked 30 strands of her
 long yellow hair
 And he made a fiddle bow of her
 long yellow hair
 And he made fiddle pegs from her
 long finger bones
 And he made a little fiddle of her
 little breastbone
 Whose sound can melt a heart of
 stone
 And the only tune that the fiddle
 would play
 And the only tune that the fiddle
 would play

Policeman

Police come didn't want to go this
 morning 3x
 Shoot him in the head with my 44
 this morning
 2 little children playing in the bed
 this morning 3x
 One turned over to the other and
 said good morning
 I know something I ain't gonna tell
 this morning 3x
 Want to go to heaven in a coconut
 shell this morning
 Bullfrog jump from bank to bank
 this morning 3x
 Skeeters go back from shank to
 shank this morning
 Great big feller lying on a log this
 morning 3x
 Finger on the trigger and his eye on
 the hog this morning
 Down went the trigger and bang

went the gun this morning 3x
 Wish I had a wagon and a hole in
 one this morning

Your Long Journey

God's given us years of happiness
 here
 Now we must part
 And as the angels come and call for
 you
 The pangs of grief tug at my heart
 Oh my darling, my darling
 My heart breaks as you take your
 long journey
 Oh the days will be empty the
 nights so long
 Without you my love
 And as God calls for you I'm left
 alone
 But we will meet in heaven above
 Fond memories I'll keep of happy
 days
 On earth we trod
 And when I come we will walk
 hand in hand
 As one in heaven in the family of
 God

Time Has Made a Change

Time has made a change
 Since my childhood days
 Many of my friends have gone
 away
 Some I never more in this life shall
 see
 Time has made a change in me
 Time has made a change in the old
 homeplace
 Time has made a change with each
 smiling face
 And I know my friends can plainly
 see
 Time has made a change in me
 In my childhood days I was well
 and strong
 I could climb a hilltop all day long
 I am not today what I used to be
 Time has made a change in me
 When I reach my home in that land
 somewhere
 With my friends who meet me over
 there
 Free from pain and care I'll ever be
 Time has made a change in me

Reuben's Train

Reuben made a train went from

England to Spain
 Couldn't get no letters from his ma
 Oh me, oh my, couldn't get no
 letters from his ma
 Reuben got killed on the C&O line
 Poor body never been found
 They found his head in the driver's
 wheel
 Bout a mile and a half from town
 You don't believe I'm gone just
 watch this train I call home
 900 miles away from my home
 I'm 900 miles away from my wife
 and my child
 I wish I was 900 more
 I never did love but that one little
 girl
 And I'm sorry I ever loved her
 She had rosy cheeks and ruby lips
 Lord you should have heard her
 lying tongue
 You must have been drunk when
 you pawned your watch and trunk
 Trying to get your baby out of jail
 Oh me....
 That woman tells me so I'll never
 railroad no more
 Sidetrack my train and go home
 Oh me...
 Reuben made a train and he put in
 on the track
 You could hear that whistle blow a
 hundred miles
 Oh me...

Crawdad Song

You get a line, I'll get a pole, honey
 You get a line, I'll get a pole, babe
 You get a line, I'll get a pole
 We'll all go down to the crawdad
 hole
 Honey, baby, mine
 Hurry up, babe, you slept too late,
 honey
 Hurry up, babe, you slept too late,
 babe
 Hurry up, baby, you slept too late
 The crawdad man went past your
 gate
 Honey, baby, mine
 Yonder come a man with a sack on
 his back, honey
 Yonder come a man with a sack on
 his back, babe
 Yonder come a man with a sack on
 his back
 He's totin' all the crawdads he can

pack
 Honey, baby, mine
 Whatcha gonna do when the lake
 runs dry, honey
 Whatcha gonna do when the lake
 runs dry, babe
 Whatcha gonna do when the lake
 runs dry
 Sit on the bank, watch the crawdads
 die
 Honey, baby, mine
 What did the hen duck say to the
 drake, honey
 What did the hen duck say to the
 drake, babe
 What did the hen duck say to the
 drake
 Ain't no crawdads in that lake
 Honey, baby, mine

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah
 Pilgrim through this barren land
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty
 Hold me with Thy powerful hands
 Bread of heaven, feed me now and
 evermore
 Bread of heaven, feed me now and
 evermore
 Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through
 Strong Deliverer, be Thou still my
 Strength and Shield
 Strong Deliverer, be Thou still my
 Strength and Shield
 When I tread the verge of Jordan
 Bid my anxious fears subside
 Death of death, and hell's
 destruction
 Land me safe on Canaan's side
 Songs of praises, I will ever give to
 Thee
 Songs of praises, I will ever give to
 Thee

The Mines of Avondale

Come Christians all both great and
 small, I pray you'll lend an ear,
 And listen with attention while the
 truth I will declare;
 When you hear this lamentation it
 will cause you to weep And to wail,
 About the suffocation in the mines
 of Avondale.
 On the sixth day of September,

eighteen sixty-nine.
 Those miners all then got a call, to
 go work in the mine;
 But little did they think that day that
 death would soon prevail,
 Before they would return again
 from the mines of Avondale.
 The women and the children, their
 hearts were filled with joy.
 To see their men go to their work,
 and likewise every boy;
 But a dismal sight in broad daylight
 soon made them all turn pale,
 When they saw the breaker burning
 o'er the mines of Avondale.
 From here and there, and
 everywhere, they gathered in a
 crowd.
 Some tearing at their clothes and
 hair, some shouting right out aloud:

"Get out our husbands and our sons,
 for death is going to steal
 Their lives away without delay, in
 the mines of Avondale."

But oh, alas, there was no way one
 single soul to save.

For there is no second outlet in that
 subterranean cave;

No tongue can tell the awful fright
 and horror that prevailed

Among those dying victims in the
 mines of Avondale.

A consultation then was held, the
 called for volunteers

To go into that dismal shaft and
 seek their comrades dear;

Two Welshmen brave without
 dismay, and courage without fail,

Went down that shaft without delay
 in the mines of Avondale.

But when the bottom they had
 reached and sought to make their

way.
 One of them died for want of air,

and the other without delay,
 Did give the sign to hoist him up,

where he told the dreadful tale,
 That all were lost forever in the

mines of Avondale.

The next two men that they sent
 down, they took of them good care;

And Every effort then was made to
 send down some good air,

As they traversed every chamber,
 and this time did not fail

To find those miners' bodies in the
 mines of Avondale.

Sixty-seven was the number that
 they at first had found.
 It seemed they were bewailing their
 fate beneath the ground;
 They found the father with his son
 wrapped in his arms so pale,
 It was a heart-rending scene in the
 mines of Avondale.
 Now to conclude and make an end
 their number I'll pen down.
 One hundred and ten, all brave,
 strong men, were smothered under
 ground;
 They are in that grave till their last
 day, and their widows may well
 bewail.
 And The orphans' cries still rend the
 skies all 'round o'er Avondale.

MINER'S PRAYER

I keep listening for the whistle in
 the morning
 But the mines are still; no noise is
 in the air.

And our children wake up hungry in
 the morning

For the cupboards are so empty and
 so bare.

And their little feet, they are so
 cold, they stumble

And we have to pin their rags upon
 their backs.

And our homes are broken down
 and very humble,

And the winter wind comes pourin'
 through the cracks.

Oh, it's hard to hear the hungry
 children crying

When I have to hands that want to
 do their share.

Oh, you rich men in the city, won't
 you have a little pity

And just listen to miner's prayer?
 Just beneath the frozen ground the

coal is laying,
 Only waiting 'till we seek it from its

bed.

And above the ground, each miner
 stands there praying

While each miner's wife bows down
 her weary head.

Oh, we only ask enough to clothe
 and feed them

And to hear the hungry children
 laugh and play.

Oh, if we could give these things to
 those who need them,

I know that would be a miner's
happy day

Captain Kidd

My name is Captain Kidd, as I
sailed, as I sailed

My name is Captian Kidd, as I
sailed

My name is Captian Kidd, God's
laws I did forbid

And most wickedly I did, as I
sailed, as I sailed

Oh, my parents taught me well, as I
sailed, as I sailed

My parents taught me well, as I
sailed

My parents taught me well to shun
the gates of Hell

But against them I rebelled, as I
sailed, as I sailed

Well, I murdered William Moore, as
I sailed, as I sailed

I murdered William Moore, as I
sailed

I murdered William Moore and I
left him in his gore

Forty leagues from shore, as I
sailed, as I sailed

And being cruel still, as I sailed, as
I sailed

And being cruel still, as I sailed

And being cruel still the gunner I
did kill

And his precious blood did spill, as
I sailed, as I sailed

Well, my repentance lasted not, as I
sailed, as I sailed

My repentance lasted not, as I sailed,

My repentance lasted not, my vows

I soon forgot

Damnation was my lot, as I sailed,
as I sailed

To execution dock I must go, I must
go

To execution dock I must go

To execution dock, lay my head
upon the block

And no more the laws I'll mock, as I
sail, as I sail

1 I'm just a poor wayfaring
stranger,
I'm trav'ling through this world
below;
There is no sickness, toil, nor
danger,

In that bright world to which I go.

I'm going there to see my father,
I'm going there no more to roam;
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.

2 I know dark clouds will gather
o'er me,

I know my pathway's rough and
steep;

But golden fields lie out before me,
Where weary eyes no more shall
weep.

I'm going there to see my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I
come;

I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.

3 I want to sing salvations story,
In concert with the blood-washed
band;

I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land.

I'm going there to see my brothers,
They passed before me one by one;
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.

4 I'll soon be free from every trial,
This form will rest beneath the sod;
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter in my home with God.

I'm going there to see my Saviour,
Who shed for me His precious
blood;

I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
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