John Henry

The man that invented the steam drill

Thought he was mighty fine

But John Henry made fifteen feet

The steam drill only made nine, Lord, Lord

The steam drill only made nine.

John Henry hammered in the mountain

His hammer was striking fire

But he worked so hard, he broke his poor heart

He laid down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord

He laid down his hammer and he died

John Henry had a little woman

Her name was Polly Ann

John Henry took sick and went to his bed

Polly Ann drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord

Polly Ann drove steel like a man.

John Henry had a little baby

You could hold him in the palm of your hand

The last words I heard that poor boy say

"My daddy was a steel driving man, Lord, Lord

My daddy was a steel driving man."

They took John Henry to the graveyard

And they buried him in the sand

And every locomotive comes a-roaring by

Says "There lies a steel-driving man, Lord, Lord

There lies a steel-driving man."

Well every Monday morning

When the bluebirds begin to sing

You can hear John Henry a mile or more

You can hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord

 You can hear John Henry's hammer ring.