

# Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, New John Henry

John Henry was a little colored boy  
You could hold him on the palm of your hand  
And his papa cried out this lonesome farewell  
Son gonna be a steel drivin' man Lord Lord  
Son gonna be a steel drivin' man

John Henry went upon the mountain  
Looked down on the other side  
Lord the mountain was so tall  
John Henry was so small  
He laid down his hammer and he cried Lord Lord  
He laid down his hammer and he cried

John Henry walked to the top  
Had his captain by his side  
The last words that John Henry said  
Bring me a cool drink of water 'fore I die Lord Lord  
Bring a cool drink of water 'fore I die

Talk about John Henry as much as you please  
Say and do all that you can  
Never was born in these united states  
Nonesuch a steel drivin' man Lord Lord  
Nonesuch a steel drivin' man

John Henry told his captain  
I want to go to bed  
Fix me a pallet of straw to lay down  
Got money roarin' in my head Lord Lord  
Got money roarin' in my head