

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