

Michael Nesmith, The Back Porch And A Fruit Jar

Along came the F.F.V., the swiftest on the line
She was running down the C&O road just twenty-five minutes behind
Running into Sewall, the headquarters on the line
And receiving very strict orders from the station right behind

Georgie's mother came to him, her bucket on her arm
And she said "My darling son, be careful how you run
There's many a man that's lost his life just trying to make lost time
But if you run your engine right you'll get there right on time";

Up the tracks she darted, and into a rock she crashed
Upside down the engine turned and poor Georgie's head was smashed
His head lay against the firebox door and the flames were running high
And he said, "I'm proud to be born for an engineer with C&O road to die";

The doctor said to Georgie, "My darling boy, be still
Your life may yet be saved if it is God's precious will";
"Oh no"; cried he, "That will not do - I'd rather die so free
I want to die for the engine I love: One hundred and forty-three";

The doctor said to Georgie, "Your life cannot be saved";
He was murdered on a railway and laid in a lonesome grave
And his eyes were covered up with blood and his eyes they could not see
So the very last words poor Georgie cried were, "Nearer my God to thee";

Late in the evening at about sundown
High on the hill, up above the town
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordy, how it would ring
You could hear it talk and you could hear it sing

Oh the people come from far away
Dance all night till the break of day
When the caller hollered the "Do-si-do";
You knew Uncle Pen was ready to go

Late in the evening at about sundown
High on the hill, up above the town
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordy, how it would ring
You could hear it talk and you could hear it sing

He played a tune they called the "Soldier's Joy";
And the one that they called the "Boston Boy";
The greatest of all was the "Jennie Lynn";
To me, that's where good fiddlin' begins

Late in the evening at about sundown
High on the hill, up above the town
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordy, how it would ring
You could hear it talk and you could hear it sing

I'll never forget that mournful day
When old Uncle Pen was called away
He hung up his fiddle and he hung up his bow
And he knew it was time for him to go

Late in the evening at about sundown
High on the hill, up above the town
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordy, how it would ring
You could hear it talk and you could hear it sing

You could hear it sing
You could hear it sing
A'you could hear it sing
You could hear it sing

