

John Henry

Bill Monroe

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
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 told his captain
(What it is?)
I want to go to bed
Now fix me a pallet of straw to lay down
Got money roarin' in my head, Lord, Lord
Got money roarin' in my head

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