

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Train on the Island

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Train on the island, hear the whistle blow  
Go and tell my true love, I'm sick and I can't go

Train on the island, listen to her squeal  
Go and tell my true love how happy I do feel

Train on the island, heading for the West  
Me and my man done split up, perhaps its for the best

Bring me a sip of water, bring it in a cup  
Me and my man done split up, and we're never gonna make up

Show me the crow that flies so high and show me the one that  
falls  
If I can't get the man I love, I don't want none at all

Went out over the mountain, to hear that banjo ring  
Went out over the other side just to hear my darling sing

Make me a banjo out of a gourd, string it up with twine  
The only tune that it would play, I wish that man were mine