

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Lone Rock Song

Lone Rock Song

See a man a'going  
Across the little hill,  
Made me think of a little boy  
Goin'to a mill.

cho: Buddy won't you roll down the mountain  
Buddy won't you roll down the line,  
Yonder come my darlin'  
Comin'down the line.

He'll come down to the mine,  
He'll poke his head in the hole,  
The very first word you'll hear him say,  
Nigger gimme that coal.

See them guards a clustering  
Pulling for the shore,  
Their shotguns on their shoulders,  
The convicts on before.

Roving'round the mountain,  
Their guns loaded with lead,  
All the guards was a-guardin' fo'  
Was his fat meat and his bread.

There was a cross entry in Lone Rock.  
Charlie Medlick drove it through,  
News came that Charlie was dead,  
And his friends was grievin'too.

They took him to the stockade,  
And there three hours lay,  
Walker a'takin' him in his cart,  
And they hauled him to his grave.

I can't go back to Georgia,  
I can't go back to France,  
I'll go back to New Orleans,  
To give my girl a chance.

I wish I was in Ireland,  
Seated in my chair,

Mornin'paper in my hand  
And by my side my dear.

The foreman he was bank boss,  
And he knows the rule,  
If you don't get your task,  
He's sure to report you.

And when he does report you,  
The warden with a squall,  
Bend your knees  
Across that doo'r piece fall.

And after you are counted  
Then they'll ring the bell,  
And from that to eight o'clock  
The Nigger catches hell.

From Only a Miner, Green

Collected from William Ely "Uncle Jesse" James in 1937; He had learned it  
from black convicts ca. 1900. No tune supplied, but can be worked in with  
tunes of either ROLDWNLN or ROLDWNL2. RG

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