

Casey Jones, The Union Scab
By:Joe Hill
an American folk song

The workers on the SP Line
For strike sent out a call,
But Casey Jones, the engineer,
He wouldn't strike at all.
His boiler, it was leaking,
And its drivers on the bum.
And his engine and its bearings,
They were all out of plumb.

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running.
Casey Jones was working double time.
Casey Jones got a wooden medal
For being good and faithful on the SP Line.

The workers said to Casey,
"Won't you help us win this fight?"
But Casey said, "Let me alone.
You'd better take a hike."
Then, someone put a bunch
Of railroad ties across the track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom.
Casey Jones broke his bloomin' spine.
Casey Jones was an Angeleno.
He took a trip to heaven on the SP Line.

When Casey got to heaven,
Up to that Pearly Gate,
He said, "I'm Casey Jones,
The guy who pulled the SP freight."
"You're just the man," said Peter,
"Our musicians went on strike.
You can get a job a-scabbing
Any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven.
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine.
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels
Just like he did to workers on the SP Line.

The angels got together,
And they said it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around
A-scabbing everywhere.
The Angels' Union Number Twenty-three,
They sure were there.
And they promptly fired Casey
Down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to hell a-flyin'.
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "oh, fine.
Casey Jones, get busy shov'ling sulfur.
That's what you get for scabbing on the SP Line."