

The Ballad of Casey Jones

by Wallace Saunders

Come all you rounders if you want to hear
The story of a brave engineer
Casey Jones was the rounder's name....
Come all you rounders if you want to hear
The story of a brave engineer
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On the "six-eight" wheeler, boys, he won his fame
The caller called Casey at half past four
He kissed his wife at the station door
He mounted to the cabin with the orders in his hand
And he took his farewell trip to that promis'd land

Chorus:

Casey Jones--mounted to his cabin
Casey Jones--with his orders in his hand
Casey Jones--mounted to his cabin
And he took his... land (last line of each verse)

He looked at his water and his water was low
He looked at his watch and his watch was slow
He turned to his frieman and this is what he said
"Boy, we're going to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead"
He turned to the fireman, said "Shovel on your coal
Stick your head out the window, see the drivers roll
I'm gonna drive her til she leaves the rail
For I'm eight hours late by that Western Mail"

Chorus: Casey Jones--I'm gonna drive her
Casey Jones--til she leaves the rail
Casey Jones--I'm gonna drive her
For I'm eight...

When he pulled up that Reno hill
He whistled for the crossing with an awful shrill
The switchman knew by the engine's moan

That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones
When he was within six miles of the place
There No. 4 stared him straight in the face
He turned to his fireman, sai "Jim, you'd better jump
For there're two locomotives that are going to bump.

Chorus: Casey Jones--two locomotives
Casey Jones--going to bump
etc.

Casey said just before he died
"There're two more roads I would like to ride"
The fireman said "Which ones can they be?"
"O the Northern Pacific and the Santa Fe"
Mrs. Jones sat at her bed a sighing
Just to hear the news that her Casey was dying
"Hush up children, and quite your cryin'
For you've got another poppa on the Salt Lake Line

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BALLAD OF CASEY JONES (Alternate Traditional version)

Come all you rounders for I want you to hear
The story told of a brave engineer;
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On a heavy six-eight wheeler he rode to fame.

Caller called Jones about half-past four,
Jones kissed his wife at the station door,
Climbed into the cab with the orders in his hand,
Says "This is my trip to the promised land."

Through South Memphis yards on the fly,
He heard the fireman say, "You've got a white-eye,"
All the switchmen knew by the engine's moans,
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones

It had been raining for more than a week,
The railoraod track was like the bed of a creek.
They rated him down to a thrity mile gait,
Threw the south-bound mail about eight hours late.

Fireman says, "Casey, you're runnin' too fast,
You run the block signal the last station you passed."
Jones says, "Yes, I think we can make it though,
For she steam much better than ever I know."

Jones says, "Fireman, don't you fret,
Keep knockin' at the firedoor, don't give up yet;
I'm goin' to run her till she leaves the rail
Or make it on time with the south-bound mail."

Around the curve and a-down the dump
Two locomotives were about to bump.
Fireman hollered, "Jones, it's just ahead,
We might jump and make it but we'll all be dead."

'Twas around this curve he saw a passenger train;
Something happened in Casey's brain;
Fireman jumped off, but Casey stayed on,
He's a good engineer but he's dead and gone--

Poor Casey was always all right,
He stuck to his post both day and night;
They loved to hear the whistle of old Number Three
As he came into Memphis on the old K.C.

Headaches and heartaches and all kinds of pain
Are not apart from a railroad train;
Tales that are earnest, noble and gran'
Belong to the life of a railroad man.
