

3<sup>rd</sup> Grade Lassen County History Day

Pioneer Music

Practice Packet



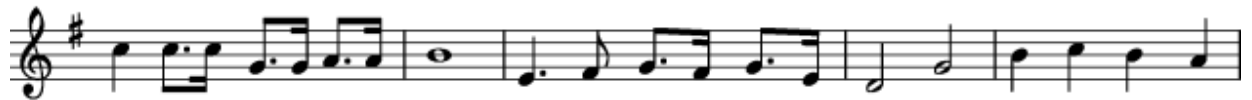
# I've Been Working on the Railroad



I've been wor- kin' on the rail- road, All the live- long day. I've been wor- kin' on the



rail- road, Just to pass the time a- way. Don't you hear the whis- tle blo- wing,



Rise up so ear- ly in the morn? Don't you hear the cap- tain shou- ting: "Di- nah blow your



horn!" Di- nah won't you blow, Di- nah won't you blow? Di- nah won't you blow your



horn, your horn? Di- nah won't you blow, Di- nah won't you blow?



Di- nah won't you blow your horn? Some- one's in the Kit- chen with Di- nah.



Some- one's in the kit- chen I know, I know, Oh some- one's in the kit- chen with Di- nah,



Strum- min' on the old ban- jo. Fee Fi fid- dle- dee I o, Fee fi fid- dle- dee I



o, I o, I Fee fi fid- dle- dee I o, Strum- min' on the old ban- jo.

## Old Joe Clark



1. Old Joe Clarke he had a house sixteen stories high; Ev'ry story in  
 2. I went down to Old Joe's house, never been there before; He slept on a



1. that house was filled with chicken pie. Round and round, Old Joe Clark  
 2. featherbed and I slept on the floor.



Round and round I say; Round and round, Old Joe Clark, I haven't log to stay.

## On Top of Old Smoky



1. On top of old Smo - ky all co-vered with snow, I  
 2. O courting's a plea - sure, but parting's a grief, And  
 3. A thief will but rob you, of all that you save, But  
 4. The grave will decay you, and turn you to dust, But



1. Lost my true lo - ver, by courting too slow.  
 2. A false-hearted lo - ver, is worse than a thief.  
 3. A false-hearted lo - ver, sends you to your grave.  
 4. A false-hearted lo - ver, you never can trust.

# This Land is Your Land



Refrain: This land is your land, this land is my land. From Cali-  
 1. As I was walking that ribbon of highway. I saw a -  
 2. I've roamed and rambled and followed my foot - steps to the spark-  
 3. When the sun comes shining and I was stro - lling and the wheat fields



Refrain: fornia, to the New York Island; From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream  
 1. bove me that end - less skyway. I saw be - low me that golden  
 2. ling sands of her diamond deserts, and all a - round me a voice was  
 3. wav - ing and the dust clouds rolling as the fog was lift - ing a voice was



Refrain: Wat - ers; This land was made for you and me (Refrain)  
 1. Val - ley; This land was made for you and me (Refrain)  
 2. Sounding, This land was made for you and me (Refrain)  
 3. Chant - ing This land was made for you and me (Refrain)

## Buffalo Gals

(Susanville)

Buffalo Gals won't you come out tonight,

Come out tonight, Come out tonight?

(Susanville)

Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight,

And dance by the light of the moon?

(Susanville)

Oh, yes, pretty boys, we're comin' out tonight,

Comin' out tonight, comin' out tonight.

(Susanville)

Oh, yes, pretty boys, we're comin' out tonight

And dance by the light of the moon.

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'

And her heel kept a-rockin' and her toe kept a-knockin'

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'

And we danced by the light of the moon.

# Polly Wolly Doodle



Oh I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly- wol- ly- doo- dle all the day, My  
Oh, my Sal, she is a maiden fair, Sing Pol-ly wol-ly doo -dle all the day, With



Sal-ly am a spun-ky gal, Sing Pol-ly- wol- ly- doo- dle all the day, Fare thee  
Cur-ly eyes and laughing hair, Sing Pol-ly wol-ly doo-dle all the day,



well, fare thee well, fare thee well my fai-ry fay, For I'm gwine to Loo-si-a-na for to



see my Su-si-an-na sin-ging Pol-ly- wol- ly- doo- dle all the day.

## Oh, Susanna



I come from Al- a- ba- ma with a ban- jo on my knee, I'm gwine to Lou- si-  
I had a dream the oth-er night, when ev'ry - thing was still. I thought I saw Sus-



a- na my Su- san- na for to see. It rained all night the day I left, the wea- ther was so  
An - na a-coming down the hill. The buck wheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her



dry; The sun so hot I froze to death, Su- san- na don't you cry, - Oh Su-  
eye. Says I, "I'm coming from the South, Su- san- na don't you cry, -



san- na, O don't you cry for me, For I come from Al- a- ba- ma with a ban- jo on my knee.

## Old Dan Tucker

Old Dan tucker was a mighty man,  
He washed his face in a frying pan,  
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,  
Had a toothache in his heel.

Chorus:

So, get out the way, Old Dan Tucker,  
You're too late to stay for summer,  
Supper's over and breakfast cookin'  
Old Dan Tucker's standin' there lookin'.