Those Old Cumberland Mountain Farm Blues

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It is hard to be bound down in prison,
Bu it's worse on these Cumberland Mountain farms.
Rather be in some old penitentiary,
Or up in old iron Tennessee.

How weary I've climbed them old mountains,
Through the rain and the sleet and the snow.
Tip yo' hat when you meet Mister Rid ges,
Bow yo' head when you meet Captain Ross.

Young ____ ____, he run a commissary
Mister, you bet he was a thief,
He sold apples at fifty a dozen
And potatoes at fifty cents a piece.

When the Coffee County boys came to the mounting,
They expected to get a lot to eat,
But when they called them in to dinner,
rhey got salmon, corn dodgers and meat.

It is seventy miles to Chattanooga,
It's a hundred and twenty to Bassell,
It's a thousand miles from here to civilization,
But it's only a few steps from here to hell.

Young people, you've all heard my story
And I hope you don't think it all wrong.
If you doubt the words I have told you
See Red Campbell, for he composed this song.

From Hard Hitting Songs, Guthrie et al.
tune sl. variant on PRSNRSNG
Collected from Nicholas Ray, AL