

# Oh buddy won't you roll down the line

As sung by Uncle Dave Macon

Arranged by Randall Rode



G Verse

(pluck)

4/4

D7

G

5

(pluck)

D7

10

G

Chorus

15

20

25

G

1. Repeat instruments only

2. Back to verse



30

Measure 3 and 11 are examples of what I think is called the Galax lick -- you pluck the first string with the left (fretting) hand on the off-beat.

On the original recording it sounds like he's playing up an octave

Uh, oh! Comin' up hard!

Way back yonder in Tennessee, they leased the convicts out.  
They worked 'em in the coal mines against free labor stout;  
Free labor rebelled against it. To win it took some time.  
But while the lease was in effect, they made 'em rise and shine.

Oh, buddy, won't you roll down the line?  
Buddy, won't you roll down the line?  
Yonder come my darlin', comin' down the line.  
Buddy, won't you roll down the line?  
Buddy, won't you roll down the line?  
Yonder come my darlin', comin' down the line.

Repeat Chorus as instrumental

Every Monday morning they've got 'em out on time.  
March 'em down to Lone Rock, said to look into that mine.  
March you down to Lone Rock, said to look into that hole  
Very last word the captain say, "You better get your coal."

Chorus + instrumental Chorus

The beans they are half done, the bread is not so well.  
The meat it is as burnt up and the coffee's black as heck.  
But when you get your task done, you'll gladly come to call.  
Anything you'd get to eat it taste good, done or raw.

Chorus + instrumental Chorus

The bank boss is a hard man, a man you all know well.  
And if you don't get your task done, he's gonna give you hallelujah!  
Carry you to the stockade, and it's on the floor you'll fall.  
Very next time they call on you, you bet you'll have your coal.

Chorus