The Ghost of Casey Jones

Moderato

WILL H. LYNCH

"Now listen, tell me, do you hear a loud, un-can-ny sound? Like some-bod-y moan-ing, some-bod-y groan-ing; this is what it said: "You've got a new hus - band, got a new hus - band."

I'm a-fraid that there must be some kind of ghost a-round," Cried Mis - ter Ghost walked up a step and then he wagged his head: He's

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Mrs. Casey Jones, "Oh, hear it sighing, hear it crying,
on the Salt Lake Line. Oh, I'll come creeping, when you're sleeping,
in such wierd-ly tones. It's coming nearer and it's clearer,
don't you un-der-stand. That after you both die, you see, then

My feet will not move from the ghost of Casey Jones,
you'll have him and me, when you get to the Promised Land?

CHORUS

It's the ghost, It's the ghost. It's the ghost of Casey Jones; hear the
It's the ghost, It's the ghost,
ghost, Hear the ghost, Hear his awful, awful moans. See, it
talks—see, it talks—see, it talks—and it's
to you! And as it wags its head it cries: "I want you, I'm going to
haunt you!" It's the voice, It's the voice, It's the voice of Casey

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Jones. It's the eyes, It's the eyes, It's the eyes of Cas - ey
Its the eyes. Its the eyes.

Jones; See 'em stare, see 'em stare, see 'em star - ing at you. See 'em
Just see his eyes;

glare, see 'em glare, see 'em glar - ing at you. Take care! Be - ware! of the

ghost of Cas - ey Jones. It's the Jones.

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