

# LONG GONE

(From *BOWLIN' GREEN*)



BARBELLE

REWARD  
DEAD  
OR ALIVE  
LONG JOHN

WORDS BY  
**CHRIS SMITH**  
MUSIC BY  
**W.C. HANDY**

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# LONG GONE

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Words by  
CHRIS SMITH



Music by  
W. C. HANDY

Piano

*f*

Voice

*Till ready*

1. Did you ev-er hear the sto-ry of  
2. Long John— stood on the

*p* *mf*

long John Dean? A bold, bank rob-ber from  
rail - road tie Wait - ing for a freight - train

Bowl - in' Green, Was sent to the jail - house  
to come by, Freight train - came just

yes - ter - day, Late last night he made his get a - way.\_  
 puff - in' and flyin', Ought a seen Long - John - grab - bin' that blind.\_

Chorus

He's Long - Gone from Ken - tuck - y Long - Gone

ain't he luck - y, Long Gone and what I mean, He's

Long - Gone from Bowl - in' Green. He's Bowl - in' Green.

## Verses

3. They of - fered a re - ward to  
 4. They caught him in Fris - co and to  
 5. A gang of men tried to

*p* *mf*

bring him back E - ven put blood - hounds  
 seal his fate at San Quen - tin they jailed him one  
 cap - ture Dean, So they chas - ed him with a

on his track Dog - gone blood - hounds  
 eye - ning late But out on the o - cean John  
 sub - ma - rine Dean jumped o - ver - board grab - bed the

lost his scent Now no - bod - y knows where Long John went.  
 did es - cape Cause the guard for - got to close the Gold - en Gate.  
 sub - ma - rine And made that gang catch a fly - ing ma - chine.

Chorus

He's Long Gone from Ken - tuck - y  
 John's Long Gone from San Quen - tin  
 Now he's Long Gone and still a - swim - min'

*p-f*

Long - Gone Aint he luck - y Long Gone and  
 Long - Gone and still a - sprint - in' Long Gone I'm  
 Long - Gone with them mer - maid wom - en Long Gone just

what I mean He's Long - Gone from Bowl - in' Green.  
 tell - ing you. Shut your mouth and shut mine too.  
 like a fish My that boys got some am - bish.

6. A vamp thought she had Long John's goat,  
 She took his watch and money right from his coat  
 John stole all she had now she thinks he's a riddle  
 He didn't leave her enough clothes to dust a fiddle.

*Chorus:* He's Long gone from Kentucky,  
 Long gone that guy's some lucky,  
 Long gone from this queen,  
 Long gone from Bowlin' Green.

7. When prohibition said I'll lick John Barleycorn  
 I never thought shed do any harm,  
 But she's chased him strong, didn't stop to wait  
 And blacked his eye in every state.

*Chorus:* Now John's gone and he left me weepin',  
 Long gone but only sleepin',  
 But from the drug we catch his breath,  
 Long gone and scared to death.

# TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO



## Joe Turner Blues

W. C. HANDY

Piano

Voice, Slowly

You'll nev - er miss the wa - ter till your well runs  
I bought a bull - dog for to watch you while you  
Some - times I feel like noth - in' some - thin' threwed a -

dry, \_\_\_\_\_ Till your well runs  
sleep, \_\_\_\_\_ Guard you while you  
way, \_\_\_\_\_ Some - thin' threwed a -

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