I'll go up on the mountain top
And plant me a patch of cane,
I'll make me a jug of molasses
For to sweeten little Liza Jane.

Hurry up, pretty little gal,
Hurry up Liza Jane,
Hurry up, poor little gal,
She died on the train.

I went to see my Liza Jane,
She was standin' in the door,
Her shoes and stockings in her hand
And her feet all over the floor.

The hardest work I ever did
Was a-brakin' on the train,
The easiest work that I ever did
Was a-courtin' Liza Jane

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