

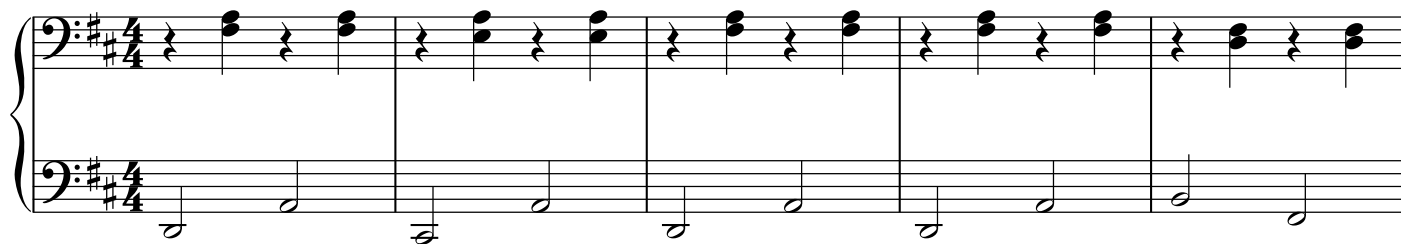
City Of New Orleans

Secondo

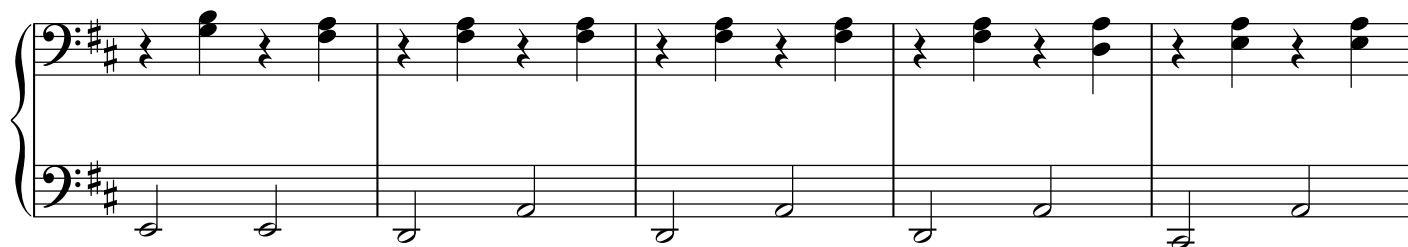
Steve Goodman, 1948-1984

arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

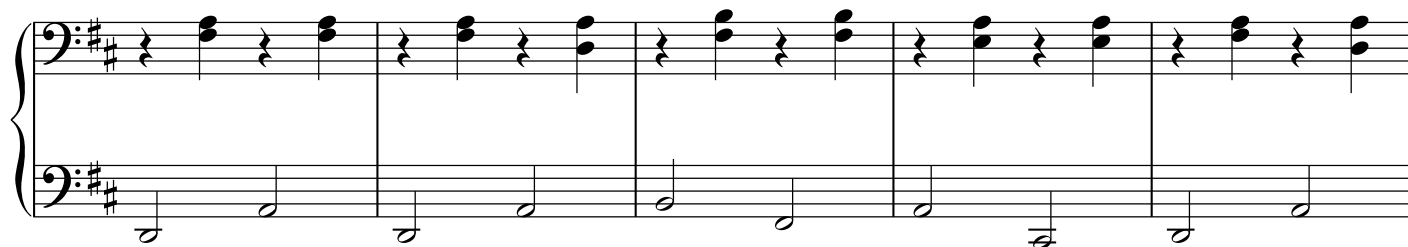
1



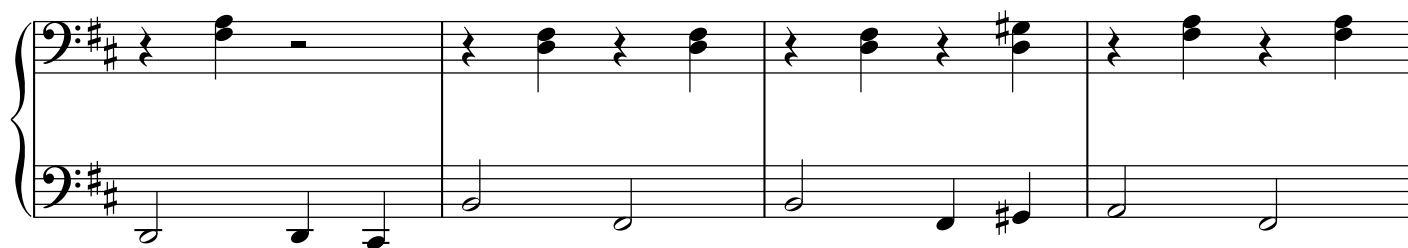
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11



16



20



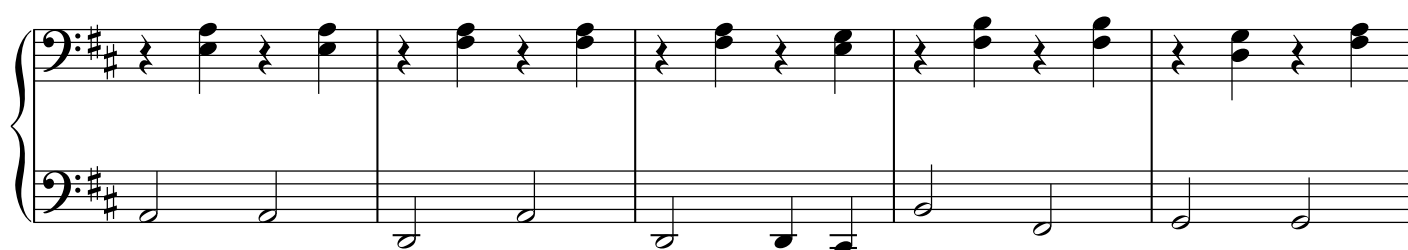
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29



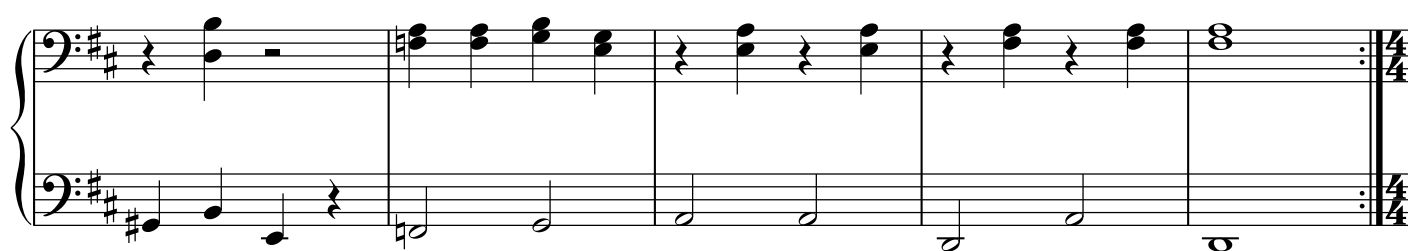
34



39



44



City Of New Orleans

Primo

Steve Goodman, 1948-1984

arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

1 *8va*

Rid - ing on the Cit - y of New Or leans, Il - li - nois Cen - tral
Night - time on the Cit - y of New Or leans, Chang - ing cars in

6 *8va*

Mon - day morn - ing rail. Fif - teen cars and fif - teen rest - less
Mem - phis, Ten - nes - see; Half - way home, we'll be there by

11 *8va*

rid - ers, Three con - duc - tors and twen - ty five sacks of mail.
morn - ing, Through the Mis - sis - sip - pi dark - ness roll - ing down to the sea.

16 *8va*

All a - long the south - bound od - ys - sey, the train pulls out of Ken -
But all the towns and peo - ple seem to fade in - to a

20 *8va*

- ka kee And rolls a - long past hous - es, farms, and fields,
bad dream, And the steel rail still ain't heard the news.

25 *8va*

Pass-ing towns that have no name and freight-yards full of old work men, and the
The con-duc-tor sings his song a-gain, The pass-en-gers will re-frain

29 *8va* Chorus

grave-yards of the rust-ed au-to-mo-biles, Good-morn-ing, A-
This train's got the dis-ap-pear-ing rail-road blues. Good-night A-

34 *8va*

mer-i-ca, how are you? Said, don't you know me, I'm your na-tive
mer-i-ca, how are you? Said, don't you know me, I'm your na-tive

39 *8va*

son. I'm the train they call the Cit-y of New Or-leans,
son. I'm the train they call the Cit-y of New Or-leans,

44 *8va*

I'll be gone five hun-dred miles when the day is done.
I'll be gone five hun-dred miles when the day is done.