

# Blue Ridge Mountain Blues

1) GGDD DDGG GGDD DDGG (1X)

2) GGDD DDGG GGCC DDGG (1X)

Old-Time  
As played by Martin Fisher  
Nt: Ray Mathes

*Tempo=120*

When I was young and in my prime  
I left my home in Caroline  
Now all I do is sit and pine  
For all the folks I left behind

I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain blues  
And yes I'm standing here to say  
My grip is packed to travel  
And I'm scratching gravel  
For that Blue Ridge far away

I see a window with a light  
I see two heads of snowy white  
Seems I can hear them both recite  
"Where is my wondering boy tonight"

I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain blues  
Down where the sighing pine trees sway  
You know I'm gonna wonder  
To the folks down yonder  
In that Blue Ridge far away

I know the day that I return (return)  
There'll be a shindig in the barn  
People from miles around will swarm  
There'll be some fiddlin' too, gosh darn!

I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain blues  
Oh I can hear those hound dogs bay  
And every day I'm countin'  
Till I climb that mountain  
In the Blue Ridge far away

I'm gonna do right by my pa  
Likewise I'll do right by my ma  
Just hang around the cabin door  
Not work nor worry anymore

I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain blues  
I wanna see my old dog tray  
We're gonna hunt the possum  
Where the corn tops blossom  
On the Blue Ridge far away