

Blue Ridge Mountain Blues

(Written by Cliff Hess 1924. This version recorded by Doc Watson 1963.)

(A)When I was young and in my (E7)prime
I left my home in Caro(A)line
Now all I do is sit and (E7)pine
For all those folks I left be(A)hind.

(A)I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain (E7)blues
And I stand right here to (A)say
My grip is packed to travel and I'm (D)scratching gravel
For that (E7)Blue Ridge far a(A)way

(A)Well I'm gonna stay right by my (E7)Pa
And I'm gonna do right by my (A)Ma
I'll hang around that cabin (E7)door
No work or worry any(A)more

(A)I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain (E7)blues
Gonna see my Old Dog (A)Tray
Gonna hunt the possum where the (D)corn tops blossom
On that (E7)Blue Ridge far a(A)way

(A)Now I see a window with a (E7)light
I see two heads of snowy (A)white
It seems I hear them both re(E7)cite
Where is my wandering boy to(A)night

(A)I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain (E7)blues
And I stand right here to (A)say
Every day I'm counting 'til I (D)find that mountain
On that (E7)blue ridge far a(A)way.

