

Blue Ridge Mountain Blues

Bill Monroe

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(Album: Bluegrass Special [Decca]; Monroe) When I was young 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 I stand right there to say

My grip is packed to travel

And I'm scratching gravel

For that blue ridge far away I'm gonna stay right by my ma

I'm gonna do right by my pa

Lay around the cabin door

No work on worry anymore

I've got those blue ridge mountain blues

What to see my old day tray

What to hunt the possum

Where the corn top blossom

On that blue ridge far away I see a window with the light

I see two heads of snowly white

It seems I can hear them both recite

Where is my wondering boy tonight

I'm got those blue ridge mountain blues

And I stand right here to say

Every day I'm counting

Still I climb that mountain

Oh, that blue ridge far away

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