

Brown Mountain Light

The Country Gentlemen

In the days of the old covered wagon,
Where they camped on the flats for the night,
With the stars shining dim o'er the old canyon rim,
They watched for that Brown Mountain light.

High on the mountain,
Deep in the canyon below,
It shines like the crown of an angel,
It fades as the mist comes and goes.

Way over yonder,
Night after night until dawn,
A lonely old slave comes back from the grave,
Searching, searching, searching for his master who's long gone on.

Many years ago a southern planter,
Came hunting in this wild world alone,
Then so they say the hunter lost his way,
And never returned to his own.

His trusting old slave brought a lantern,
And searched day and night but in vain,
Now the old slave has gone but his spirit lingers on,
And the lantern still cast its light.

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Lyrics submitted by Jud.

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