

The Lantern

Front Range

In dark misty hills of Carolina
Way back where the mountain laurel grows
On cool October nights, with a lantern shining bright
Thereâ€™s something out there walking through the darkness all alone
Creeping through the darkness all alone

Some say heâ€™s just a shadow of the woodlands
Some say he is a spirit of the night
They say heâ€™ll steal your soul, if he catches you alone
And leave you there to bear his lonely light, in the night
Leave you there to carry on his light

My Papa used to tell me in the evening
When autumn leaves lay scattered on the ground
Boy when youâ€™re not at home, you best not be alone
Make sure youâ€™re home before the sun goes down
Donâ€™t be out in the darkness runninâ€™ round

I was young and headstrong so one evening
I took the short-cut through the woodlands on a dare.
As I walked alone, the wind began to moan
And I saw a swinging lantern drawing near, near, near
Saw that swinging lantern drawing near

My feet were frozen still where I was standing
As the ghostly lantern light before me shone
Then from the dark of night, a hand of bone so white
Offered me the lantern for my own, for my own
Traded me the lantern for my soul

Now thereâ€™s one more spirit sleepinâ€™ in the graveyard
And one less boy home safe behind his door
Barefoot in the night, my lantern shining bright
Iâ€™ll wander through these hills for evermore, evermore
Iâ€™ll wander through these hills for evermore

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