

# Gone, Gonna Rise Again

Kathy Mattea

I remember the year that my granddad died  
Gone, gonna rise again  
They dug his grave on the mountainside  
Gone, gonna rise again  
I was too young to understand  
The way he felt about the land  
But I could read his history in his hands  
Gone, gonna rise again  
Corn in the crib and apples in the bin  
Ham in the smokehouse and cotton in the gin  
Cows in the barn and hogs in the lot  
You know, he never had a lot  
But he worked like a devil for the living he got  
These apple trees on the mountainside  
He planted the seeds just before he died  
I guess he knew that he'd never see  
The red fruit hanging from the tree  
But he planted the seeds for his children and me  
High on the ridge above the farm  
I think of my people that have gone on  
Like a tree that grows in the mountain ground  
The storms of life have cut them down  
But the new wood springs from the roots in the ground

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