

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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