

Blue Ridge Mountain Blues

by Cliff Hess (under pseudonym of Cliff Carson) (1924)

G *D7 D7* *G*
When I was young and in my prime, I left my home in Caroline
G *D7 D7* *G*
Now all I do is sit and pine for all the folks I left behind

G *D7* *D7* *G*
I've got the Blue Ridge Mountain blues, I want to hear those hound dogs bay
G *D7* *D7* *G*
I want to hunt the possum where the corn tops blossom in the Blue Ridge far away

G *D7 D7* *G*
I see your window with a light, I see two heads of snowy white
G *D7 D7* *G*
I seem to hear them both recite: "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

G *D7* *D7* *G*
I've got the Blue Ridge Mountain blues, I want to hear those hound dogs bay
G *D7* *D7* *G*
I want to hunt the possum where the corn tops blossom in the Blue Ridge far away

G *D7 D7* *G*
I've always stood by my Ma; I've always stood by my Pa.
G *D7 D7* *G*
I'll hang around that cabin door; no work or worry anymore

G *D7* *D7* *G*
I've got the Blue Ridge Mountain blues, I want to stand right here and say
G *D7* *D7* *G*
My grip is packed to travel and I'll scratch the gravel to the Blue Ridge far away