

Old Home Place

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Thanks to Cy Sineath

It's been ten long years since I left my home
In the hollow where I was born.
Where the cool fall nights make the wood smoke rise.
And the fox hunter blows his horn.

I fell in love with a girl from the town.
I thought that she would be true.
I ran a--way to Charlottes--ville.
And worked in a sawmill or two.

What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave the plow in the field
And look for a job in the town.

Well my girl she ran off with somebody else.
The taverns took all my pay.
And here I stand where the old home stood
Before they took it away.

Now the geese they fly south and the cold wind blows
As I stand here and hang my head.
I've lost my love I've lost my home.
And now I wish that I was dead.

What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave the plow in the field
And look for a job in the town.