

OLD HOME PLACE (MITCH F. JAYNE, DEAN WEBB, 1963)

G B7 C G
It's been ten long years since I left my home

D
In the hollow where I was born.

G B7 C G
Where the cool fall nights make the wood smoke rise,

D G
And a fox hunter blows his horn.

Chorus:

D G
What have they done to the old home place,

A D
why did they tear it down?

G B7 C G
And why did I leave the plow in the field,

D G
And look for a job in the town.

I fell in love with a girl from the town
I thought that she would be true.
I ran away to Charlottesville
and worked in a sawmill or two.

Well, the girl 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 fly south and the cold wind moans
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.