

## Ian Tyson

### "Old House"

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Way out there in the hills  
Where the sage grows high  
On the pass where the wind blows dry  
Stands the house in the hills  
The Old House in the hills

All alone, 90 summers  
Have blackened her walls  
90 autumns have silenced the halls  
Of the house in the hills

Empty now, gone to darkness  
The candle's glow  
And the echos of mandolins  
Died within her long ago

But there was a time  
In the days when the herds came through  
In the days when the land was new  
Cattle was king  
She was the jewel of the range

Like a jewel  
Her nights shining on and on  
Full of laughter and song  
The old house in the hills

Dry years came  
Hard times came  
Bad things were done  
They say a child was hurt  
A man was hung  
At the house in the hills  
Those high sagebrush hills

And they left her there  
Empty now, almost gone  
Only the wind now to sing her song  
In those high sagebrush hills

It's times I swear

Autumn days as I ride by there  
I can still hear those mandolins  
Soft crying deep within

The old house in the hills  
A calf bawls in the fading light  
Prairie rolls away to meet the night  
From the house in the hills  
The old house in the hills

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