

## **The Blue Ridge Rangers**

### **"Blue Ridge Mountain Blues"**

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(Traditional)

When I was young and in my prime (in my prime!),  
I left my home in Caroline.  
Now all I do is sit and pine, for all those folks I left  
behind.

I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues, and I sat right  
here to say,  
"My grip is packed to travel, and I'm back to ramble,  
To my Blue Ridge far away."

I'm goin' to stay right by my Pa, I'm goin' to do right by  
my Ma,  
I'll hang around the cabin door, no work or worry  
anymore.

I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues, goin' to see my  
old oak tree,  
Gonna hunt the possum where the corn cob blossom,  
In my Blue Ridge far away.  
Woo!

I see a haze of snowy white, I see a window with light,  
I seem to hear them both sigh, "Where is my wand'rin  
boy tonight?"

I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues, and I stay right  
here to say,  
"Every day I'm countin' 'til I climb that mountain,  
In my Blue Ridge far away."

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