

Kingston Trio, The

"Brown Mountain Light"

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Scott Wiseman

Spoken: In the hills of North Carolina,
since the times of the early settlers, a strange light has
been witnessed near the top of Brown Mountain.
To this day, no one can explain the mystery of
the Brown Mountain Light.

Chorus:

High on the mountain and down in the valley below.
It shines like the crown of an angel and fades as the
mist comes and goes.
Way over yonder, night after night until dawn.
A faithful old slave, come back from the grave
(searchin')
For his master who is long, long gone.

In the days of the old covered wagon,
when they camped on the flats for the night
With the stars growing dim on the old high gorge rim,
they would watch for the Brown Mountain Light.

(Chorus)

Long years ago a southern planter came hunting in this
wild land alone,
And here, so they say, the hunter lost his way and
never returned to his home.
His trusty old slave brought a lantern and searched,
but in vain, day and night.
The old slave is gone but his spirit wanders on and
the old lantern still casts its light.

(Chorus)

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