

BLUERIDGE CABIN HOME

There's a well - beaten path on this ol' mountain side

Where I wandered when I was a lad.

There I wandered along to the place I called home

To those Blueridge hills so far away.

Oh I love those hills of ol' Virginia,

From those Blueridge hills I did roam.

When I die won't you bury me on the mountain

Far away to my Blueridge Mountain Home.

Well my thoughts ramble back to the ramshackle shack

In those Blueridge hills far away.

There my mother and dad are laid there to rest;

They are sleeping in peace together there. CHORUS

I return to that ol' cabin home with a sigh,

I've been longing for days gone by.

When I die won't you bury me on this ol' mountain side,

Make my resting place upon the hill so high. CHORUS