

Brown Mountain Light  
(Scott Wiseman)

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

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