

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Going Across the Mountain

Going Across the Mountain

Going across the mountain,
Oh, fare you well;
Going across the mountain,
You can hear my banjo tell.

Got my rations on my back,
My powder it is dry;
I'm a-goin' across the mountain,
Chrissie, don't you cry.

Going across the mountain,
To join the boys in blue;
When this war is over,
I'll come back to you.

Going across the mountain,
If I have to crawl,
To give old Jeff's men
A little of my rifle ball.

Way before it's good daylight,
If nothing happens to me,
I'll be way down yander
In old Tennessee.

I expect you'll miss me when I'm gone,
But I'm going through;
When this war is over,
I'll come back to you.

Going across the mountain,
Oh, fare you well;
Going across the mountain,
Oh, fare you well.

(As sung by Frank Proffitt on the album "Frank Proffitt of Reese, North Carolina," Folk-Legacy CD). Frank's grandfather, a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, chose to "go across the mountain to join the boys in blue" and fight against the Confederacy.

