

# 'Old Home Place'

by J.D. Crowe & The New South

Off the 'Hand-Picked: 25 years of Rounder Records'

Transcribed by Brad Kale (bkbgrass@libertybay.com)

Old Home Place

\*Capo 3rd Fret

G B7 C G

It's been ten long years since I left my home

D

In the hollow where I was born.

G B7 CG

Where the cool fall nights make the wood smoke rise,

D G

And a fox hunter blows his horn.

I fell in love with a girl from the town

I thought that she would be true.

I ran away to Charlottesville

and worked in a sawmill or two.

(Chorus)

D G

What have they done to the old home place,

A D

why did they tear it down?

G B7 C G

And why did I leave the plow in the field,

D G

and look for a job in the town.

Well, the girl ran off with somebody else

the taverns took all my pay.

And here I stand where the old home stood

before they took it away.

Now the geese fly south and the cold wind moans

as I stand here and hang my head.

I've lost my love, I've lost my home

and now I wish that I was dead.