

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Love of the mountains

Two trees on the hillside of the mountain
Always looking' up toward the sky
Reminds me of my Papa and Mama
Who lived there eighty years before they died

Now a bright moon is shining in the valley
An old wagon leans against a stack of hay
Two graves on a hillside by a cabin
My Mom and Dad are resting there today

The burning of the greenwood on the fireplace
The fallen snow around the redweed tree
The branches of the laurel by the creek bed
And the ripplin' waters the little stream

* Refrain

Papa used to talk about the young days
When he and Mama first settled there
He spoke about the love of the monutains
That he and Mama shared together there

* Refrain