

# Old Home Place

Dean Webb - Mitchell Jayne

It's been ten long years since I left my home  
In the hollow where I was born  
Where the cool fall nights make the wood smoke rise  
And the foxhunter 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

What have they done to the old home place  
Why did they tear it down  
And why did I leave the plow in the field  
And look for a job in the town

Well my girl she 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 they fly south and the cold wind blows  
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