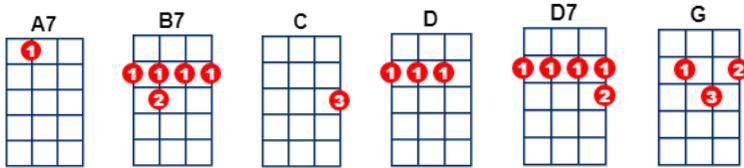


## Old Home Place – by Mitch Jayne and Dean Webb



**Picking: 3<sup>rd</sup> string thumb then 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> string together with 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> finger**  
**Intro: [1, 2, 3, 4] [G] [G]**

It's been [G] ten long [B7] years since [C] I left my [G] home  
 In the hollow where I was [D] born.  
 Where the [G] cool fall [B7] nights make the [C] wood smoke [G] rise.  
 And the fox hunter [D] blows his [G] horn.

I [G] fell in [B7] love with a [C] girl from the [G] town.  
 I thought that she would be [D] true.  
 I [G] ran a-[B7]-way to [C] Charlottes-[G]-ville.  
 And worked in a [D] sawmill or [G] two.

[D] What have they done to the [G] old home place?  
 [A7] Why did they tear it [D7] down?  
 And [G] why did I [B7] leave the [C] plow in the [G] field  
 And look for a [D] job in the [G] town.

**[G] [B7] [C] [G] [D] [G] [B7] [C] [G] [D] [G] (repeat for additional solos)**

Well, my [G] girl she ran [B7] off with [C] somebody [G] else.  
 The taverns took all my [D] pay.  
 And [G] here I [B7] stand where the [C] old home [G] stood  
 Before they [D] took it [G] away.

Now the [G] geese they fly [B7] south and the [C] cold wind [G] blows  
 As I stand here and hang my [D] head.  
 I've [G] lost my [B7] love I've [C] lost my [G] home.  
 And now I [D] wish that I was [G] dead.

[D] What have they done to the [G] old home place?  
 [A7] Why did they tear it [D7] down?  
 And [G] why did I [B7] leave the [C] plow in the [G] field  
 And look for a [D] job in the [G] ↓↑↓↑ town. [G]↓ [C]↓ [G]↓