

## Old Home Place

It's been (G)ten long (B7)years since I (C)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 a 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 (B7)away to (C)Charlottes(G)ville  
and worked in a (D)sawmill or (G)two.

(CHORUS)

(D)What have they done to the (G)old home place,  
(A)why did they tear it (D)down?

And (G)why did I (B7)leave my (C)plow in the (G)field,  
and look for a (D)job in the (G)town.

Well, the (G)girl 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 fly (B7)south and the (C)cold wind (G)moans  
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.

(CHORUS)

Oh (G)why did I (B7)leave my (C)plow in the (G)field,  
and look for a (D)job in the (G)town.