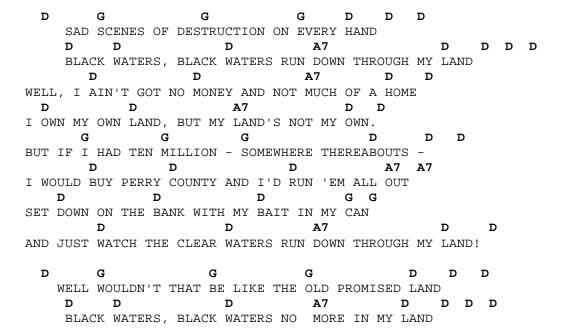
Jean Ritchie

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A7 D D
I COME FROM THE MOUNTAINS, KENTUCKY'S MY HOME
                                 A7
                      D
WHERE THE WILD DEER AND THE BLACK BEAR SO LATELY DID ROAM
           G
                        G
BY COOL RUSHING WATERFALLS THE WILDFLOWERS DREAM
    D
              D
                          A7
AND THROUGH EVERY GREEN VALLEY THERE RUNS A CLEAR STREAM
                   D
                          G G G
NOW THERE'S SCENES OF DESTRUCTION ON EVERY HAND
         D
                  D
                           A7
AND THERE'S ONLY BLACK WATERS RUN DOWN THROUGH MY LAND
 D G
                 G
                           G D D D
    SAD SCENES OF DESTRUCTION ON EVERY HAND
                   D
                            A7
                                           D D D
    BLACK WATERS, BLACK WATERS RUN DOWN THROUGH MY LAND
                 D
                               A7
OH THE QUAIL, SHE'S A PRETTY BIRD, SHE SINGS A SWEET TONGUE
                D A7
IN THE ROOTS OF TALL TIMBERS SHE NESTS WITH HER YOUNG
              G
                          G
BUT THE HILLSIDE EXPLODES WITH THE DYNAMITE'S ROAR
          D
AND THE VOICES OF THE SMALL BIRDS WILL SOUND THERE NO MORE
                   D G G
AND THE HILLSIDES COME A-SLIDING SO AWFUL AND GRAND
AND THE FLOODING BLACK WATERS RISE OVER MY LAND
 D G
                           G D D D
                  G
    SAD SCENES OF DESTRUCTION ON EVERY HAND
                D
                                              D D D
                        A7
    BLACK WATERS, BLACK WATERS RUN DOWN THROUGH MY LAND
                           A7
    D
                D
IN THE RISING OF THE SPRINGTIME WE PLANTED OUR CORN
                D
                            A7
IN THE ENDING OF THE SPRINGTIME WE BURIED A SON
                G
                             G
IN THE SUMMER COME A NICE MAN SAID "EVERYTHING'S FINE;
                          A7 A7
              D
                      D
MY EMPLOYER JUST REQUIRES A WAY TO HIS MINE"
                            G
THEN THEY THREW DOWN MY MOUNTAIN AND COVERED MY CORN
                           A7
                D
AND THE GRAVE ON THE HILLSIDE'S A MILE DEEPER DOWN
           D
                            G
AND THE MAN STANDS AND TALKS WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND
    D D
                        A7 D D
AS THE POISONOUS WATER SPREADS OVER MY LAND.
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