I'VE GOT THE "BLUE RIDGE BLUES"

Lyric by CHAS. A. MASON

Moderato

Music by CHAS. S. COOKE and RICHARD A. WHITING

VOICE

You hear 'em brag a-bout Geor-gia, Where hos-pi-tal-i-ty's fine
I've spent my time a-long Broad-way, I've had my share of its wine

You hear 'em prais-in' Cal-i-fornia With its won-der-ful clime The plains and
You could-not lose me in New Or-leans All its se-crets are mine And thoughts of

o-cean bright lights! Claim their de-votion Each spot is
The cit-y's night sights Bring scenes that

like a gar-den of E-den With its mem-ories sub-lime
al-tho' might-y al-lur-ing Arent the kind that will bind
CHORUS

But if you want my heart to burst wide open
Mention Blue Ridge Days—Just start me thinking of my

folks down yonder
And their Blue Ridge ways—Where the sunsets seem so mellow—And all the

fields are green and yellow
Gold-en Rod is rear-ing
In the cab-in clear-ing
Smoke a-trail-ing up the val-ley

Bacon in the pan
Oh June I yearn to see the love-light
In your Blue Ridge Eyes—I want to

wander with you up the pine-trail
'Neath the Blue Ridge skies—I want to see my Un-cle Judd and

Where they nev-er trav-el round un-

hear the lat-est news And help 'em hide the li-quot from the snoop-in' Rev-e-nues
You Bo, you know
Sun-shine moon-shine

lets go thru the gap
that's what makes me pine
I've got the Blue Ridge Blues
But if you Blues

I've got the "Blue Ridge Blues"