

Thoughtfully ♩ = 82

Adirondack Memories

Bill Smith

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1. Oh, those beau-ti- ful hills, they hold mem-o- ries for me, Those beau-ti-ful Ad-i ron dack hills, Where the grass

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— is so green and the air is so clear; At night you can hear the whip- poor - will. 2. Those

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beau - ti-ful hills, where the trout jump for flies, The trees stand so straight and so tall. On the side

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— of a hill o- ver look- ing a stream, Is the most love-ly place of them all. 3. There

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stands our old home; it's now si - lent and still, Though our laugh- ter still flows on the breeze. There's a large

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— clump of su- mac where the barn used to stand, And the mead- ows, they have all grown to trees. 4. Now

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this is the place where us child- ren were born; Our ma and our pa worked so hard, For we

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lived off the land, from the fish and the deer, And the gar- dens that were in our back yard. 5. For we

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had a small farm that we worked ev- 'ry day, But it scarce- ly would pay for the cows. And we

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raised our own pigs and our chick- ens and our geese, And the hors- es, they were good with the plough. 6. I can

still see my moth-er with her hair sil-ver- white As she worked a-round that old kit-chen stove, Mak-ing
 pies for us kids from the ber-ries we had picked In the shade of the side of a knoll. 7. Now us
 kids would walk to school, wheth-er sun or rain or snow, 'Bout a mile and a half down the road, And when
 school was let out, we hur-ried home to do our chores, For we all had to car-ry our load. 8. When the
 work was done at night, we car-ried wa-ter from the well, That old wash-ing tub we would fill, And we'd all
 — take our baths and get re mind-ed of our prayers; Ma would send us up the wood-en hill. 9. As I
 sit and rem-i-nisce a-bout our old coun-try home, These mem-o-ries come to me at will, And I
 have to thank God for all the good times we have had In those beau-ti-ful Ad-i-ron-dack hills. 10. Oh, those
 beau-ti-ful hills, they hold mem-o-ries for me, Those beau-ti-ful Ad-i-ron-dack hills, Where the grass
 — is so green and the air — is so clear, And at night you can hear the whip-poor-will.