Adirondack Memories

Thoughtfully \( \frac{J}{=} = 82 \)

[Music notation]

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—

[Music notation]

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

2. Those beau-ti-ful hills, where the trout jump for flies, The trees stand so straigh-tand so tall. On the side

[Music notation]

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

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

[Music notation]

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

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

[Music notation]

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

5. For we

[Music notation]

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

[Music notation]

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 mother with her silver-white, As she worked a-round that old kitchen stove, Making pies for us kids from the berries we had picked. In the shade of the side of a knoll, 7. Now us kids would walk to school, whether sun or rain or snow; 'Bout a mile and a half down the road, And when school was let out, we hurried home to do our chores. For we all had to carry our load. 8. When the work was done at night, we carried water from the well. That old washing tub we would fill, And we'd all take our baths and get reminded of our prayers; Ma would send us up the wood-en hill. 9. As I sit and reminisce about our old country home, These memories come to me at will, And I have to thank God for all the good times we had. In those beautiful Adirondack hills, 10. Oh, those beautiful hills, they hold memories for me. Those beautiful Adirondack hills, Where the grass is so green and the air is so clear, And at night you can hear the whip-poor-will.