

That High Lonesome Sound

Written by Peter Rowan

1. Well, get your Mama, get your Papa, get your sister, get your brother,
Aunt Lucy's gonna show Uncle John,
How to do the boogie-woogie, while kissin' cousins dosie-do,
Until the break of dawn.

Y'all come with one another, just to do a little pickin',
Everybody now gather round.
The camp fire's burnin' an' tonight my heart is yearnin',
For the sight of that old camp ground.

chorus: And that high lonesome sound,
When that evenin' sun goes down.
I'm gonna dance right off the ground,
When I hear the fiddle play that high lonesome sound.

2. Yeah, come on over, baby, now, I'm sure we're gonna have some fun,
Enjoyin' the country view.
Toe-tappin' syncopated, music playin' loud,
An' the girls are lookin' mighty pretty too.

Look at ol' Grand Pappy, he's feelin' kinda snappy,
It seems like he just don't care.
He's over ninety-three, he's as spry as you or me,
Just dancin' to the music in the air.

chorus:

solo: fiddle/banjo

3. Well yonder comes a mandolin.

And the banjo's right in tune.

The bull fiddle's slappin' leather.

I'm a'howlin' at the moon.

Hey, Mr Fiddle Man, play us all a little jam tune.

Yeah, that's the way Monroe says, Uncle Pen taught him to play,
Ridin' on the back of a mule.

chorus:

coda: When I hear the fiddle play that high lonesome sound