

GOIN' 'ROSS THE MOUNTAIN

I 'atched' this mountain song from Frank Proffitt, Jr., who learned it from his Dad, Frank Proffitt, Sr. They were from the high Appalachian Mountains of Watauga County, NC, and known for their oldtime banjo and dulcimer building. They kept alive the folklife of Appalachian culture, it's music and ballads. I had the pleasure of meeting Frank, Jr. in Watauga County and hearing him play this and other mountain songs. Both father and son died in their 50's, but the legacy of their folk music lives on.

Tuning: DAD

Style: Strum all, except flatpick single notes to follow the melody

From the (wonderful) singing of Frank Proffitt, Jr.
arr. Gwen Caeli www.gwencaeli.com

	D	G	A .	
	Go-in' 'cross the moun-tain,		Oh, fare thee well.	
D	0 0 0	3 3 3 3 3	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1
A	0 0 0	1 1 1 1 1	0 0 0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0 0 0
D	2 2 2 1 0	0 0 0 0 0	1 1 1 2 4 4	4 4 4 4 4 4
	D	G	D	
	Go-in' 'cross the moun-tain to hear my ban - jo tell.			
	0 0 0 0	3 3 2 2 3	3	2 2 2 2 2 2
	3 3 3 3	1 1	0 0 1 1	0 0 0 0 0 0
	2 4 2 2 1	0	0 0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0 0 0

Got my rations on my back
My powder it is dry,
Goin' 'cross the mountain,
Oh, Chrissy, don't you cry.

Goin' 'cross the mountain,
To join the boys in blue,
When this fightins' over,
I'll come back to you.

Goin' 'cross the mountain,
If I have to crawl,
To give old Jeff's men
A little o' my rifle ball.

'Spect you'll miss me when I'm gone,
But I'm goin' through,
When this fightin's over,
I'll come back to you.

Way before it's good daylight,
If nothin' happens to me,
I'll be way down yonder
In old Tennessee.