

SM 2458

# The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine

Words by  
BALLARD MACDONALD

Music by  
HARRY CARROLL

Moderato

On a moun - tain  
I can hear the

in Vir - gin - i - a stands a lone - some pine,  
tink - ling wa - ter - fall, far a - mong the hills,

Just be - low is the cab - in home, Of a lit - tle  
Blue - birds sing each so mer - ri - ly To his mate in

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girl of mine. Her name is June, and ver - y, ver - y soon,  
rap - ture trills; They seem to say "Your June is lone - some too,"

She'll be - long to me, For I know she's  
Long - ing fills her eyes, She is wait - ing

wait - ing there for me, 'Neath that lone pine tree.  
for you pa - tient - ly, Where the pine tree sighs.

*rall.*

## REFRAIN

In the Blue Ridge Moun-tains of Vir - gin-ia, On the trail of the lone-some

pine — In the pale moon-shine our hearts entwine, Where she carved her name and

I carved mine; Oh, June, — like the moun-tains I'm blue — Like the

pine — I am lone-some for you, In the Blue Ridge Moun-tains of Vir-

gin - ia, On the trail of the lone-some pine. — In the pine.

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