Mountain Fern

Laura Cantrell

She left her home on the mountain as a young girl.
And she travelled and rambled all through the wide world.
And the world was Kentucky, and then Tennessee,
West Virginia to Texas, everything in between.
And her name would be different from place to place,
And her heart might get heavy sometimes.
With a worn prayer book in her guitar case,
In a boarding house room, her banjo she plays.

And the wind blows the mountain fern,
She sways and bends in the breeze.
And our Dixie Darlin' is callin' him,
She's fallin' right down to her knees.
Do you know who to please?

The road it got dusty, hot, long and hard.
Travellin' night noon and mornin' in an old Packard car.
An' though she found fame and fortune on the radio waves,
Well, it never came easy and she longed to be saved.
Those hills in Knoxville with their fine white mist,
Settled over everything.
Put a chill in her heart like the devil's kiss:
In the morning light turns to the King.

And the wind blows the mountain fern,
She sways and bends in the breeze.
And our Dixie Darlin' is callin' him,
She's fallin' right down to her knees.
She finally knows who to please.

And it feels so good to hear your voice,
Rising up with mine,
Oh, that is a joyous noise.
And I hope someday you will understand why my song,
Must be sung for Him, played for Him,
Written for Him as they're given by him, yes.

Oooooh.

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