

Brown Mountain Light

The Kingston Trio

In the hills of North Carolina, since the times of the early settlers,
A strange light has been witnessed near the top of Brown Mountain.
To this day, no one can explain the mystery of the Brown Mountain Light.

High on the mountain and down in the valley below.
It shines like the crown of an angel
And fades as the mist comes and goes.
Way over yonder, night after night until dawn.
A faithful old slave, come back from the grave
(Searchin') for his master who is long, long gone.

In the days of the old covered wagon,
When they camped on the flats for the night
With the stars growing dim on the old high gorge rim,
They would watch for the Brown Mountain Light.

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Long years ago a southern planter
Came hunting in this wild land alone,
And here, so they say, the hunter lost his way
And never returned to his home.

His trusty old slave brought a lantern
And searched, but in vain, day and night.
The old slave is gone but his spirit wanders on
And the old lantern still casts its light.

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