

Up on the Piney Ridge - a northern bluegrass song



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G C G C(7) G
Up on the Piney Ridge, where the wind blows free,
 D G D
Up on the high ground is where I want to be;
 G C(7)
I love those rolling hillsides in summer or snow,
 G D G
On the Great Pine Ridge north of Lake Ontario.

(two extra beats here for a turnaround)

Up on the Piney Ridge, in the maple wood,
In spring the sap is boiling, and my, it smells so good;
In fall the crimson treetops all put on quite a show,
On the Great Pine Ridge north of Lake Ontario.

(instrumental break)

In winter on the Piney Ridge, up in the snow,
There're skis and boards and snowmobiles, kids with sleds in tow,
And no one seems to mind that it's 29 below,
On the Great Pine Ridge north of Lake Ontario.

Up on the Piney Ridge, in the summer time,
The days are warm and sunny, and the evenings cool and fine;
Bluegrass picking at the corn roast, by the bonfire's glow,
On the Great Pine Ridge north of Lake Ontario.

(instrumental break)

Up on the Piney Ridge, all gravel and sand,
Don't wait too long to see this green and pleasant land;
There are big holes in the Piney Ridge everywhere you go,
'Cause the gravel trucks are hauling it away to Toronto.

Repeat 1st verse