

Snowbound - a bluegrass song for the winter season

© 2007 A. Delong. Copying for non-commercial purposes permitted.

Snowbound

On New Year's Eve down at Grandpa Bill's
 We were holding a mighty find hoedown,
 When out of the west blew a blizzard storm
 And dropped three feet of snow down.

The drifts piled up all over the road,
 And the hydro pole was blown down;
 As we stood in the dark old Grandpa Bill
 Said, "Folks, looks like we're snowbound!"

Chorus:
 Snowbound, snowbound, what'll we do?
 We have no place to go now;
 So we'll dance all night by the lantern light
 While we wait for the coming of the snowplough;
 Yes, we'll wait for the coming of the snowplough.

(fiddle break)

Uncle George lit the coal oil lamps,
 And we pushed the chairs out wider
 Then Grandma Nell sent down to the cellar
 For another jug of apple cider.

Fiddler Bob played "Speed the Plough"
 Till he had to put his bow down,
 Then little Maggie jumped up on the chair
 And struck up "Billy in the Lowground".

Chorus

We danced Strip the Willow and the Snowflake Reel,
 And we swung to the Texas Star now,
 Then Grandpa called out, "Sun's coming up!
 That snowplough can't be far now.

Hear that rumble coming down the lane
 And see that flying snow now!
 Let's raise a cheer for a grand New Year
 And a toast to the coming of the snowplough.

Chorus