

Bill Monroe, The Old, Old House

There's an old old house that once was a mansion
On a hill overlookin' the town
Where time's left a wreck where once was a beauty
And soon the old house will tumble down

When the leaves begin to fall in the autumn
And the raindrops drip from the trees
There's an old old man who walks in the garden
And his head is bowed in memory.

They say he built the mansion for the love of a woman
And they planned to be married in the fall
But her love withered in the last days of summer
And the house stands empty after all.