

Bluegrass, White Snow

D G

Back up in the hills. There's a Christ - mas long a - go.
Life back then was rough, But No one seemed to care.

5 D A D

Friends and fam - ily ga - ther round the old pot - bel - ly stove. The night was freez - ing
All the hard times melt - ed as the mu - sic filled the air. So when my skies are

10 G D

cold gray, From a hea - vy snow that day. We'd warm our hearts with old - time songs and
And the snow falls to the ground. I re - call that Christ - mas night And

15 A D D

dance the night a - way. Blue - grass White snow mem - o -
all those joy - ful sounds.

22 G

ries and an old ban - jo. Get your fid - dle out, Ro - sin up that

28 D D A D A

bow. Blue - grass, white snow. Tho' that old black

35 D G D

stove is gone where we used to con - gre - gate. Come this Christ - mas I'll be home and

40 A CODA D

we'll all ce - le - brate. (Blue...) Blue - grass, White snow.