

The West River Guide

Archlus "Pete" Craig
as sung by Ermina Pincombe

In one (♩. = 62)

1. Now o-ver the hills in the val-ley, nine miles of dirt road through the woods, Is a
spot that will long be re-mem-bered, it's the spot where the old White-house stood. Now it's
gone but it left us some mem - 'ries, all mem- 'ries to share far and wide
Of that old Foun-tain home in that val-ley, and a home for the West Riv er Guide.

Ms. Pincombe sings this song an octave lower than written. From verse to verse, the rhythm varies considerably from that which is transcribed here. Listen to the audio file as a reference.

2. As you approached it and looked down that valley, it looked like a big western ranch;
But 'twas only a farmhouse in history, built on that West River Branch.
If you stand on the top of a mountain, and you gaze in that valley below,
You can picture that old redskin Indian that claimed it for home years ago.
3. 'Twas a year around home for the Fountains, in summer a fisherman's dream,
And a sightseeing ride in the evening, along that old West River stream.
In the fall 'twas a home for the hunter, from cities they came far and wide;
Each group had a cabin to stay in, and there was one for the West River Guide.
4. There was one guide we all loved to be with, he was rugged, he wore a slouched hat,
And all stories were topped 'round the fireside, by the West River Guide they called Pat.
With all hunters that came to that valley, Pat was the favorite guide;
He knew all of the trails through those mountains, and he knew where the big buck would hide.
5. Now I love to go back 'n' just stand there, it takes me back years; as I look,
I can see Mother there in the kitchen, for she was the West River cook.
I can smell that food now as it's cookin', I can see those big platters of meat,
And the gang all around that old table, relivin' their days as they eat.
6. The cook in the kitchen 'fore daylight, I can still hear that early morn' call
As they came from their cabins for breakfast, in the gusty fresh air in the Fall.
And that old guide that owned that whole valley, he would tell us stories no one could b'lieve,
But he grinned as he left us in wonder, a-wipin' his face with his sleeve.
7. Now it's maintained for the wanderin' litterbug, the state finally owns that whole tract;
But each time that I go to that valley, I wish for those Good Ol' Days back.
Yes, there's memories we just cannot part with, those good times around the fireside;
Now I know we'll all miss that old Whitehouse, and we'll all miss the West River Guide!