

Poverty Hill
The Kingston Trio

Poverty Hill by The Kingston Trio

C **Bm**
They come in their summery dresses and jackets so fine,
C **Bm**
the rich folks who measure success with a big dollar sign.
C **Bm**
They gaze with delight at the rocks and the scraggly pines.
C **Bm**
They come in the Spring and they stay til the Fall
C **Bm** **D**
On Paradise Mountain away from it all.

Chorus:

C **D** **C** **D**
Stubble and stone make a hard row to hoe.
C **D** **C** **D**
What little will grow, the drought will kill.
C **D**
The summer folks call it Paradise Mountain
C **D**
but we call it Poverty Hill.

C **Bm**
They say we have beautiful faces as grainy as wood.
C **Bm**
And, they d like to live here of all places if only they could.
C **Bm**
Well, we don t get these wood, grainy faces from livin too good.
C **Bm**
It s the rocks and the sun and dust and the heat.
C **Bm** **D**
It s too much of work and too little to eat.

(Chorus)

C **Bm**
They pack and say what a pity that they have to go.
C **Bm**
They say that Old Smokey s so pretty all covered with snow,
C **Bm**
But how we get through the winter they never will know.
C **Bm**

No lard for the pantry. No grist for the meal

C

Bm

D

And winter s are cold over Poverty Hill.

(Chorus)

C

D

Yes, we call it Poverty Hill.