Ballad of Adobe Creek

Tune: William Walker, “Sweet Prospect”
Words: © 2017 D. Harper

Am E m Am G Am E m Am

1. "Twas__ in__ Oh__ lon__ ne people's time A__ do__ be Creek flowed free;
2. When__ Eu__ ro__ pe__ an set__ tlers came, Their thirs__ ty cat__ tle drank
3. Then__ far__ mers plant__ ed fields so green Be__ neath the sun so bright,
4. Soon__ hou__ ses spread a__ long the creek, But came a dread__ ful flood;
5. Down__ from the peaks where Live__ Oaks grow, Past hou__ ses and high__ ways:

Am E m Am G Am E m Am

With__ wil__ low trees its banks were lined, A__ pret__ ty sight to see.
The__ cool__ ing wat__ ers, and then grazed A__ long the gras__ sy banks.
And__ all__ their crops grew like a dream: A__ land of heart’s de__ light.
Its__ banks were lined with grey con__ crete: No more the liv__ ing mud.
For__ four__ teen miles the wat__ ers flow Un__ till they reach the bay:

G Am E m Am G Am E m Am

Oh, from Black Moun__ tain, to the bay, Lit by the gold__ en sun,

Am C Am G G Am E m Am

A__ do__ be Creek flows gent__ ly down, Long may its wat__ ers run.