

Little Cabin in the Cascade Mountains

words & music by Harold Weeks
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This song was recorded on the Victor Label (40267) on May 19, 1930, with Bud Billings and Carson Robison as a "vocal duet with orchestra". The song was written by Harold Weeks; I first heard it from the record in Howard Myers' wonderful collection of country recordings. It's bound to set your toes tappin'!

CHORUS

There's a little cabin in the Cascade Mountains, And it's
where I long to be, Where the tall trees frown and the
streams come tumblin' down And the trout leap lus-ti-
ly. Where the hills lay hazy, and the sun shines lazy, and the
day ends peaceful-ly. Oh that little cabin in the
Cascade Mountains Is a paradise to me. Fine

VERSE

Way up in the mountains many miles from here,
 There's a little ca-bin, that to me is dear.
 Fishin' in the summer, huntin' in the fall,
 It's a hummer any time at all. Get up in the mornin'
 feelin' extra fine, Birdies start to singin',
 sun begins to shine. Breakfast in a hur-ry,
 got a job to do; Gonna loaf around the whole day
 through — There's a

CHORUS

D.S. al fine

Get my tackle ready, string my fishin' pole,
 Gonna catch a whopper at my favorite hole.
 Standin' in the river, water all about,
 Flickin' flies to fool the hungry trout.
 Sittin' in the evenin', by the cabin door,
 Fish and bacon fryin', couldn't ask for more.
 Soon as I have eaten, gonna hit the hay,
 Drop away to end the perfect day.

Repeat chorus