

Eight More Miles to Louisville

© Grandpa Jones

Colorado dulcimer player Willie Jaeger introduced this song to the local dulcimer community, and it has been a favorite since. It is sometimes played as a singing song, and it has great words. Other times it's played as a square-dance tune.

Words and Music by Louis Marshal Jones, © 1947 by Hill & Range songs, Inc
Copyright Renewed and Assigned to Fort Knox Music Inc. and Trio Music Co.
International Copyright Secured, all Rights Reserved, Used by Permission

Key of D
Ionian Melody
Tune D A DD
Strummed

$\text{♩} = 100$

Verse

		D	A	D	G	D	A	D
	I've	tra-veled 'round this	coun - try wide	seek - ing for - tune	fair.			
Bass D	0	0 0 1 1	0 0 0	0 0 1 1	0			
Middle A	0	0 0 0 0	0 0 1	0 0 0 2	0			
Treble DD	0	0 0 1 1	2 2 3	2 0 1 1	0			

	A	D	G	D	A
	Up and down	two coast - lines	I've	been most eve - ry	where.
Bass D	0 0 1	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0	1
Middle A	0 0 0	0 0 1 1	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0	0
Treble DD	0 0 1	2 2 3 3	4 5 4 2	1	

	G	D	A
	Port - land east and	Port - land west and	back a - cross the — line. I'm
Bass D	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0 0 1 1
Middle A	3 3 3 3	3 3 3 3	3 3 3 3 3 0 0
Treble DD	3 3 5 5	5 4 4 4	4 5 4 2 1 1 1

	D	A	D	G	D	A	D
	on my way this	ver - y day to that	old home town of	mine.			
Bass D	0 0 1 1	0 0 0 0 0	0 0 1 1	0			
Middle A	0 0 0 0	0 0 1 1 1	0 0 0 2	0			
Treble DD	0 0 1 1	2 2 3 3 3	2 0 1 1	0			

Eight More Miles to Louisville, Page Two

Chorus

D				G				D				
Eight more miles and				Lou - is - ville will				come in - to my view.				
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	2
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	0
4	4	4	2	4	5	4	2	1	0	0	1	2

D				E				A					
Eight more miles and				this old — world I'll				nev - er more be blue. I					
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	5	5	4	4
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	4	4	4
4	4	4	2	4	5	4	2	1	1	5	5	4	4

G				D				A				
knew some day that				I'd be back I				knew it from the start.				
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	0
3	3	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	2	1

D		A		D		G		D		A		D	
Eight more miles to		Lou - is - ville, the		home town of my		heart.							
0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	
0	0	1	1	2	2	3	3	2	0	1	1	0	

Everybody's got a gal that he loves best of all.
 Mine lives down in Louisville, she's long and she is tall.
 She's not the kind that you can find ramblin' round this land.
 I'm on my way this very day to seek her heart and hand.

Now I can picture in my mind the place we'll call our home.
 A humble little cabin where we never more will roam.
 The place that's right for this love sight is in them bluegrass hills,
 Where gently flows the Ohio in a place called Louisville.