


# Adobe Creek

Tune: William Walker, "Sweet Prospect"  
 Words: © D. Harper


♩. = c.84

Am Em Am G Am Em Am




1. 'Twas \_\_\_ in \_\_\_ Oh - lon - ne peo - ple'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 hous - es and high - ways:

6 Am Em Am G Am Em 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.  
 Creek \_\_\_ 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:

11 G Am Em Am G Am Em Am



Oh, from Black Moun - tain, to the bay, Lit by the gold - en sun, \_\_\_\_\_

16 Am C Am G G Am Em Am



A - do - be Creek flows gent - ly down, Long may its wat - ers run.