

The Mountains Will Abide

Words and music by Peter Brunette

1.

^D Pretty ^{A7} babe of mine, don't you ^D fret and pine.
^G Let me ^{A7} brush away that ^D tear.
^{A7} You've been making strange, worried ^D climate change
^G Will undo all you ^{A7} hold dear.
^D Here's a ^G tune I took from a ^{A7} babbling brook
^D High upon a mountainside.
^{D7} Pretty babe of mine, don't you ^G fret and ^{Em} pine
^{A7} For the ^D mountains will ^{D7} abide.

CHORUS:

^G For the ^D mountains will abide,
^{A7} Where the golden eagles glide,
^D And the ^{D7} streams will run, little ^G sleepy one, ^{Em}
^{A7} For the ^D mountains will abide.

2.

^D Pretty ^{A7} babe of mine, don't you ^D fret and pine,
^G For I ^{A7} promise you one ^D day
^{A7} We will take the trail through the ^D shady vale
^G To the fields where ^{A7} bighorns play.
^D There's a ^G chickadee singing in a ^{A7} tree
^D With a bluebird by his side.

Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine
For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS:

For the mountains will abide,
Where the golden eagles glide,
And the streams will run, little sleepy one,
For the mountains will abide.

3.

Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
For we'll venture, by and by,
To an open moor where the lakes are pure
As the snowclad peaks on high,
Where the future seems wider than your dreams—
And I know your dreams are wide.
Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine
For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS:

For the mountains will abide,
Where the golden eagles glide,
And the streams will run, little sleepy one,
For the mountains will abide.