

The Mountains Will Abide

Words and music by Peter Brunette

1.

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

CHORUS:

G D

For the mountains will abide,
A7

Where the golden eagles glide,
D D7 G Em

And the streams will run, little sleepy one,
A7 D

For the mountains will abide.

2.

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

D7 G Em

Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine
A7 D D7
For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS:

G D

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

3.

D A7 D

Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
G A7 D
For we'll venture, by and by,
A7 D
To an open moor where the lakes are pure
G A7
As the snowclad peaks on high,
D G A7
Where the future seems wider than your dreams—
D
And I know your dreams are wide.
D7 G Em
Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine
A7 D D7
For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS:

G D

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