

# The Mountains Will Abide

Words and Music by  
Peter Brunette

**Moderately, with a light swing** ♫ ≈ 108

## VerSES

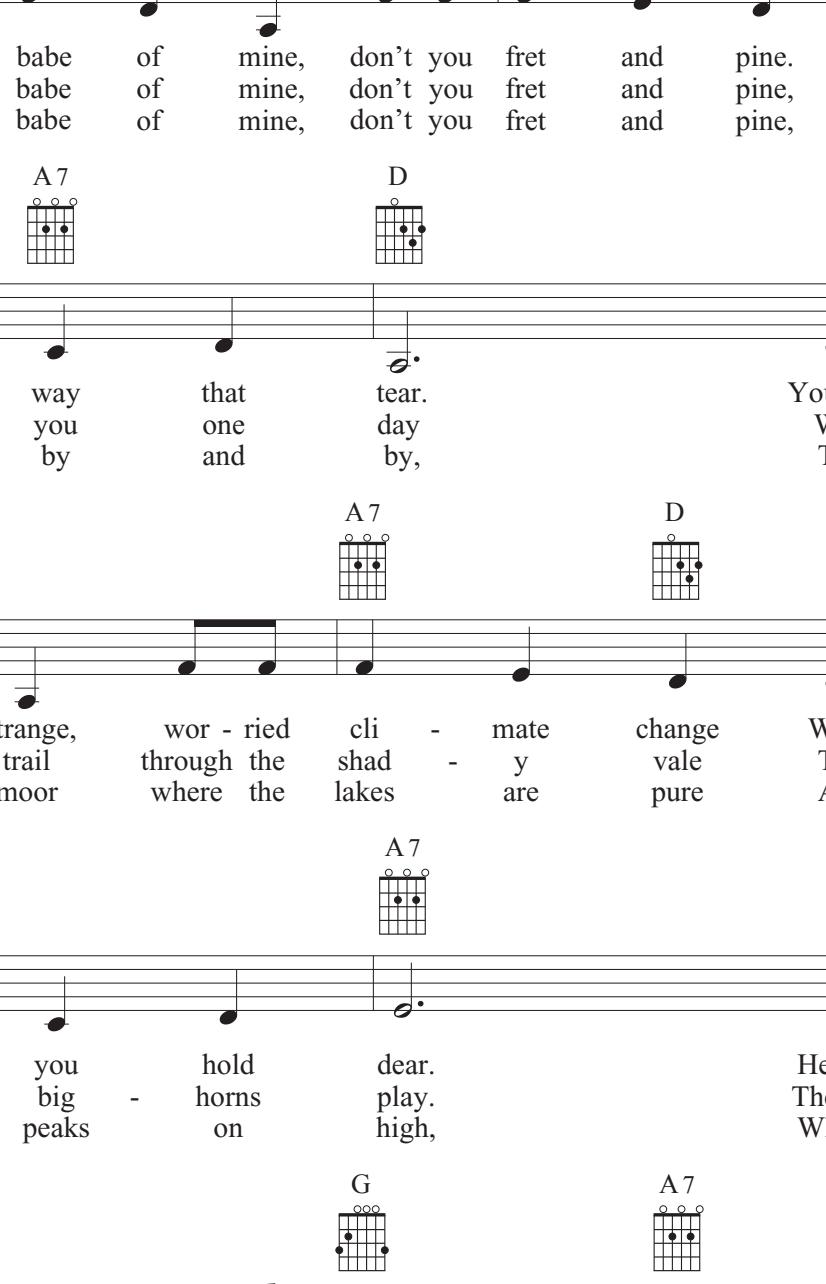
1. Pret-ty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine. Let me For I For we'll

brush - a - way that tear. You've been  
prom - ise - you one day. We will  
ven - ture, by and by, To an

mak - - ing strange, wor - ried cli - - mate change Will un -  
take o - - the trail through the shad - - y vale As the  
pen moor where the lakes are pure To the

do fields all you hold dear. Here's a  
snow - where big peaks - horns play.  
- clad peaks on high. There's a  
- Where the

tune I took from a bab - bling brook High up -  
chick - a - dee sing - ing in tree With a  
fu - ture seems wid - er than your dreams -  
- And I



11

D



on blue - a bird moun - tain - side. side. wide. } Pret - ty

13

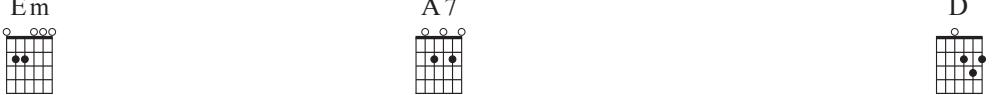
D 7      G



babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,

16

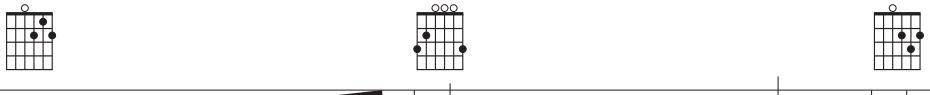
Em      A 7      D



For the moun - tains will a - bide..

19

D 7      Chorus      G      D



For the moun - tains will a - bide, Where the

22

A 7



gold - en ea - gles glide, And the

24

D      D 7      G      Em



streams will run, Lit - tle sleep - y one, For the

1, 2.

28 A7 D

moun - tains will a - bide.

{ 2. Pret-ty  
3. Pret-ty

3.

31 A7 D

moun - tains will a - bide.

















