

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
(2.) babe of mine, don't you fret and pine, For I
(3.) babe of mine, don't you fret and pine, 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 the trail through the shad - y are To the
o - pen moor where the lakes are pure As the

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

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

11

on a moun - tain - side. } Pret - ty
blue - bird by his side.
know your dreams are wide.

13

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

16

For the moun - tains will a - bide.

19

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

22

gold - en ea - gles glide, And the

24

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

1, 2.

A7

D

28

moun - tains will a - bide. _____

{ 2. Pret - ty
3. Pret - ty

3.

A7

D

31

moun - tains will a - bide. _____

