

MOUNTAINEER'S SONG.

Words by
E. WAUGH.

Music by
C. E. ROWLEY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The voice part starts with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The lyrics are: "Come, all you lads that wan - der free Up on the moun - tains wild; That".

Come, all you lads that wan - der

free Up on the moun - tains wild; That

2.

I care not for the stately hall,
It is no place for me,
My . . .

. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .

CHORUS. Then, let the winds blow high or low,

3.

The king may wear his jewelled crown
Upon a weary head;
The . . .

. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .

CHORUS. Then, let the winds blow high or low,

4.

For me o'erhead, the heavens are spread,
With hill and dale below;
Each . . .

. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .

CHORUS. Then, let the winds blow high or low,

5.

For me, in posied mantle green,
Glad nature decks the spring
For . . .

. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .

CHORUS. Then, let the winds blow high or low,

2.

. . .
 . . .
 . purse is light, my wants are small,
 My heart is fain and free;
 In lowly nest I take my rest,
 And shelter from the cold;
 I bend to no man's haughty crest,
 I envy no man's gold.
 CHORUS. Then, let the winds blow high or low,

3.

. . .
 . . .
 . couch on which he lays him down
 May be a sleepless bed;
 The massive walls of courtly halls
 May close him in with care;
 In knightly towers, and guarded bowers,
 Black grief may find him there.
 CHORUS. Then, let the winds blow high or low,

4.

. . .
 . . .
 . murmuring stream, each sunny gleam,
 And all the winds that blow;
 Where'er I stray, my lonely way
 Strewn with delight I find;
 My greatest wealth is rustic health,
 My bliss a peaceful mind.
 CHORUS. Then, let the winds blow high or low,

5.

. . .
 . . .
 . me, amidst the vernal scene,
 The happy wild-birds sing;
 For my delight, each lovely sight
 The changing season thrills;
 For me, the wild breeze, day and night,
 Harps on the heathery hills.
 CHORUS. Then, let the winds blow high or low,

love, sweet na - ture's li - ber - ty, And will not be be -

- guiled; With you, as blithe as moor - land wind, I'll

rove by hill and glen; Life's great - est bliss we

oft shall find Far from the haunts of men.

a tempo.
CHORUS.

Then, let the winds blow high or low, Be - neath the changeful

sky, This world so fine shall all be mine un -

- til the day I die, This world so fine shall

all be mine un - til the day I die.

D. C. al ff