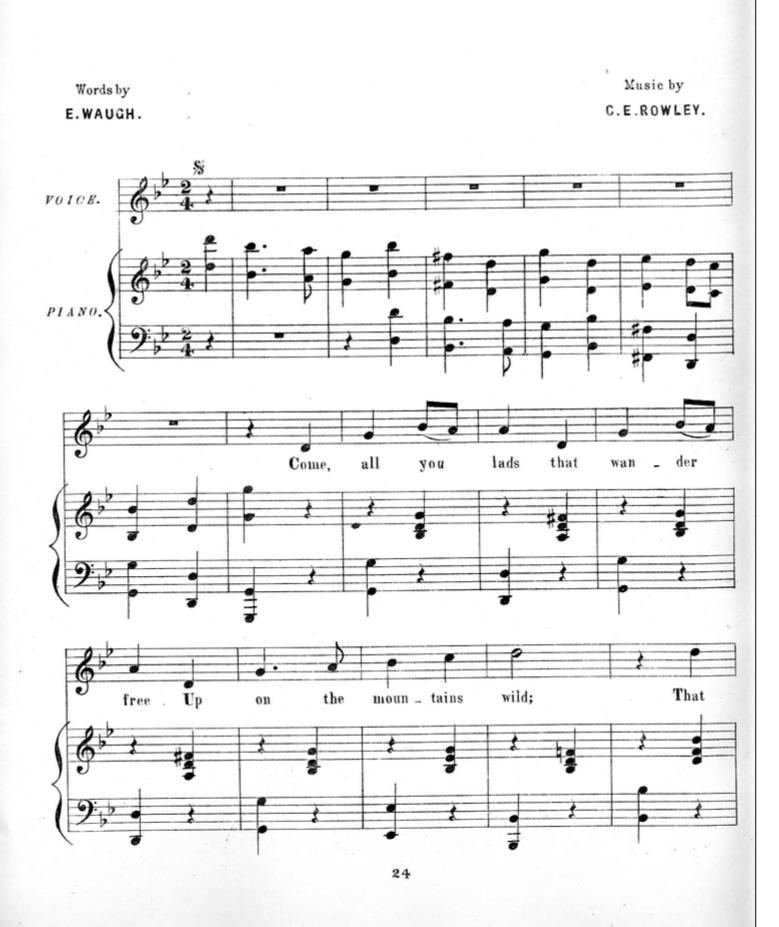
MOUNTAINEER'S SONG.



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

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,



