

## Mt. Mountain

Kelly

Yes now I shall think of that

heart bro - ken Maid wherein Days of my Child - hood I knew

All night she would weep in the cold willow shade and her

Tears mingled warm with the Dew I have heard her ex -

- claim as her wild bed she prest her wild bed all dripping and

chill I have heard her ex - claim as her wild bed she

pleas't in pi - ty poor be - som lie still lie still lie

still lie still.

The Youth whom the lov'd had been torn from her Arms,  
 By a fate too severely unkind;  
 Thus wither'd alas was the Rose of her Charms,  
 And Clouded the Beams of her Mind:  
 Sweet mourner thy fortunes may haply be mine,  
 And I feel in my Heart that they will;  
 Then' sad shall I say with a sorrow like thine,  
 In pity sou'd Bosome lie still.