**On the Mountain High**
*Traditional/New lyrics by Nancy McCallion*

One evening as I rambled not far from Delbarton
I met a handsome young man all on the mountain high
He said my pretty maiden your beauty shines most clear
And on this lonely mountain I’m glad that you are here

I said young man be civil my company forsake
For to my great opinion I feel you are a rake
And if my parents knew of it my life they would destroy
For keeping of your company all on the mountain high

But your parents need not know of it as I’ll not know of them
It is your deed not theirs all on the mountain high
You need not make my collar stiff nor hang my clothes to dry
But we might share a bitter joy all on the mountain high

I had myself a look at him and he was a pleasing sight
I did not look too long all on the mountain high
I pulled off my gray stockings and I lay beneath the pine
And I had myself a jolly night all on the mountain high

Come all you pretty fair maidens leave the praying to the saints
There’s wisdom to be heard here in these words of mine
My bones may someday hurt me and bad drink might make me blind
But I won’t regret the deed I done all on the mountain high

*New Lyrics copyright Nancy McCallion 1986
From This Is My Round*