

The Mountains Will Abide

A lullaby by Peter Brunette

1. Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine.
Let me brush away that tear.
You've been making strange, worried climate change
Will undo all you hold dear.
Here's a tune I took from a babbling brook
High upon a mountainside.
Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS: For the mountains will abide,
Where the golden eagles glide,
And the streams will run,
Little sleepy one,
For the mountains will abide.

2. Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
For I promise you one day
We will take the trail through the shady vale
To the fields where bighorns play.
There's a chickadee singing in a tree
With a bluebird by his side.
Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS

3. Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
For we'll venture, by and by,
To an open moor where the streams are pure
As the snowclad peaks on high,
Where the future seems wider than your dreams—
And I know your dreams are wide.
Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS