

Mountains

David Gregory

Voice

Will you come to the mount-ains my lit-tle darl - ing? Will you come to the
 mount-ains with me? Where the alpine flowers carp-et the mead - ows, It's there, on-ly
 there, we'll be free.

CHORUS:

Will you come to the mountains, my little dar-ling?

Will you come to the mountains with me?

Where the alpine flowers carpet the meadows,

It's there, only there, we'll be free.

VERSES:

The Rockies rise straight from the Prairies,
 Where the elk and the mountain goats roam,
 There's a ranch nestling down in the foothills,
 I love, but I'll never call home.

We'll sit on the shores of the Island,
 Just across from the Cowichan Bay,
 Watch the clouds drift over St. Helen's,
 Hike the West Coast Trail all the way.

Let's fly back to the Old Country,
 Through the Dales and Lakeland we'll stray,
 From Striding Edge on Helvellyn
 To Shap summit in a long summer's day.

I remember we climbed the Wildspitze,
 'Neath the snow-bridge does that crevasse still yawn?
 Making footholds with crampons and ice-axe,
 Red sun, distant cowbells, pale dawn.

A railway halt in the middle of nowhere,
 In the Peloponnese once again,
 The wind howls on top of Olympus
 Forsaken by the gods and by men.

From the port of Miletus climb inland,
 High up to the Syrian Gate,
 Find the source of Tigris and Euphrates
 In the empire of Cyrus the Great.

There's a road winds its way up from Susa,
 Through the Zagros to Persepolis,
 In the footsteps of Darius and Xerxes,
 With Alexander we'll roam to the East.

The Annapurna circle awaits us,
 Tea houses, thin air, Katmandu,
 A trek round the roof of the world,
 It's a dream but you know dreams come true.