

Merry Mountain Child

TYG 42

The musical score is written on five staves in G minor (three flats) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with some changes in meter (3/4 and 2/4) indicated by the time signatures. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Come strike the harp, I long to hear those mer - ry tales of old, Ere
youth has lost its flower - y wreath and lov - ing hearts grow cold, And lov - ing, lov - ing
hearts grow cold. For it brings me back those hap - py times when roam - ing free and wild, I
played a - bout my nat - ive home, I played a - bout my nat - ive home, I
played a - bout my nat - ive home, a mer - ry mount - ain child.

1. Come strike the harp, I long to hear those merry tales of old,
Ere youth has lost its flowery wreath and loving hearts grow cold,
And loving, loving hearts grow cold.
For it brings me back those happy times when roaming free and wild,
I played about my native home, I played about my native home,
I played about my native home, a merry mountain child.
2. Oh, tell me not of other lands across the deep blue sea,
This little isle of freedom's sons, it's dearer far to me,
It's dearer, dearer far to me,
But tell me of that rural cot where happy faces smile,
And pleasant voices call me there, etc., a merry mountain child.
3. I wandered far through distant climes where dark-eyed daughters dwell,
And beauty charms the yielding soul with her resistless spell,
With her, with her resistless spell.
But oft-times turned my face away where youth and beauty smile,
To think of all the joys that blessed, etc.
4. Then strike the harp I long to hear those merry tales again.
Oh, let me linger o'er those tones, that native mountain strain,
That native, native mountain strain,
For it brings me back those happy times, that bleak and stormy wild,
Where nature makes me glad to be, etc.