1847

The Mountaineer's Farewell

John C. Baker

THE MOUNTAINEER'S FAREWELL.

Words and Music by John C. Baker, of the Bakers.

WITH EXPRESSION AND TENDERNESS.

Treble

I have come from the mountains of the "Old Granite State," Where the hills are so lofty, mag-

Alto.

Tenor.

I have come from the mountains of the "Old Granite State," Where the hills are so lofty, mag-

Bass.

nificent and great, I have left kindred spirits in the land of the blest, When I

nificent and great, I have left kindred spirits in the land of the blest, When I

ad lib: *ad lib:*

bade them adieu for the far distant west. O! thy mountains! O! thy vallies! in my

ad lib: *ad lib:*

ad lib: *ad lib:*

bade them adieu for the far distant west O! thy mountains! O! thy vallies! in my

ad lib: *ad lib:*

p

own Native State; I have come from the mountains of the "Old Granite State", Where the

p

p

own Native State; I have come from the mountains of the "Old Granite State", Where the

p

hills are so lofty magnificent and great. 2d. Verse. O! thy hills and thy

hill are so lofty magnificent and great. 2d. Verse. O! thy hills and thy

vallies are sacred all to me, No matter what in lands of others I may see, I may

vallies are sacred all to me, No matter what in lands of others I may see, I may

view scenes so sunny, so fair and so smooth, Then I'll think of my cottage that stands in the grove;

view scenes so sunny, so fair and so smooth, Then I'll think of my cottage that stands in the grove;

ad lib: *Slow.*

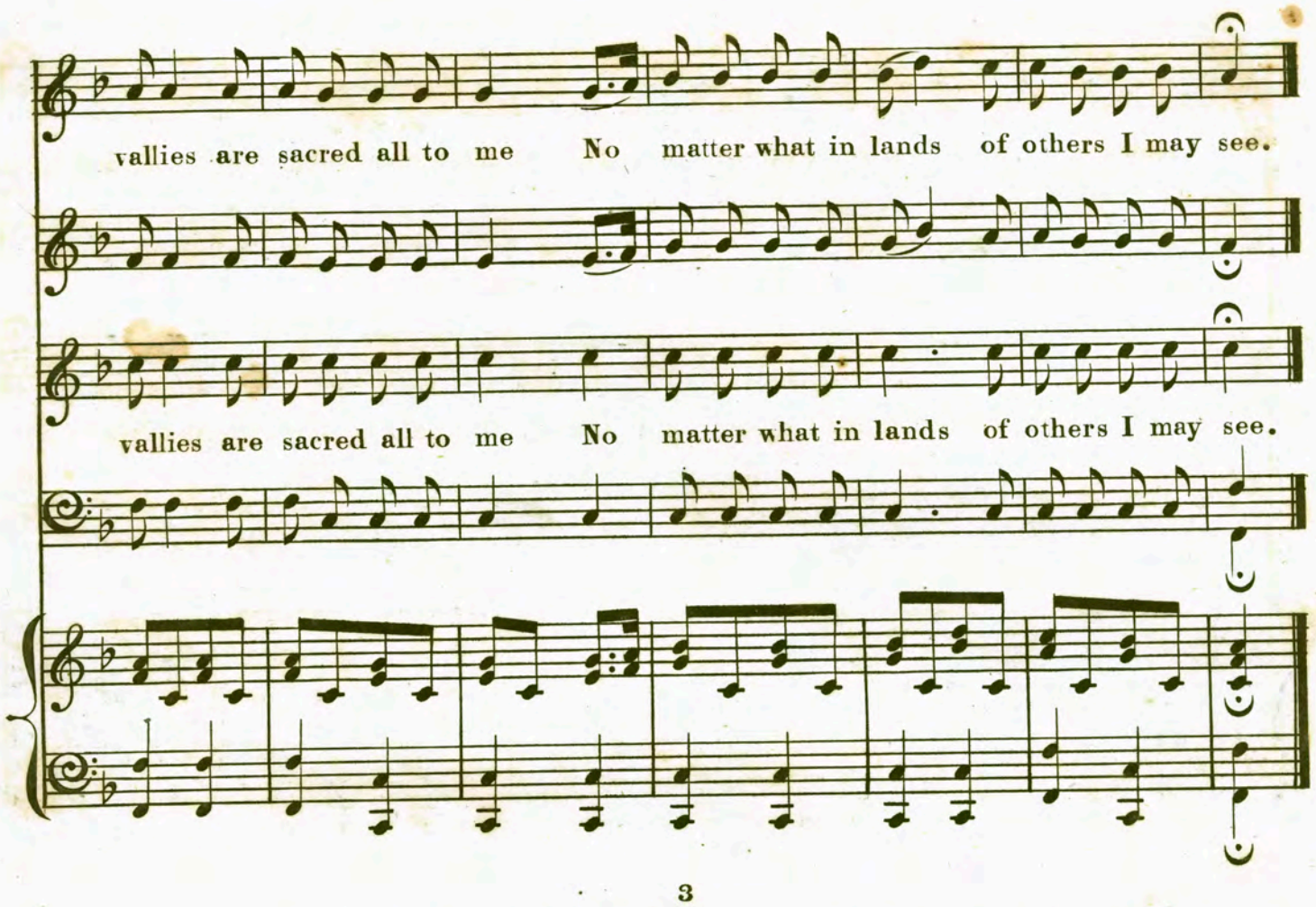
O! my childhood! O! that homestead! in my own Native State O thy hills and thy

ad lib: *Slow.*

ad lib: *Slow.*

O! my childhood! O! that homestead! in my own Native State O thy hills and thy

ad lib: *Slow.*



3

When I think of the Fair who once was my pride,
As she roved among the mountains so closely by my side
Then I sigh for the days that never will come back,
For she sleeps on the shore of the bold Merrimac
O! that loved one! O! that grave-yard! in my own Native State
I will oft think of her who once was my pride
As she roved among the mountains so closely by my side.

4

A mother dear I've lost, she's gone to the grave
She was the dearest blessing that God ever gave,
Now I go to the spot, where buried is the loved,
And I seem to hear her singing with the Angels above,
O! my mother! I bless her ashes, in my own Native State
A mother dear I've lost, she's gone to the grave
She left her Orphan weeping, to go to God who gave.