

## At the Foot of Yonder Mountain

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At the foot of yonder mountain there runs a clear stream,  
At the foot of yonder mountain there lives a fair queen;  
She's handsome, she's proper, and her ways are complete.  
I ask no better pastime than to be with my sweet.

But wby sbe won't have me I well understand;  
She wants some freeholder and I have no land.  
I cannot maintain her on silver and gold,  
And all the other fine things that my love's bouse should hold.

Oh I wish I were a penman and could write a fine hand!  
I would write my love a letter from this distant land.  
I'd send it by the waters just for to let her know  
That I think of pretty Mary wherever I go.

Oh I wish I were a bird and had wings and could fly,  
It's to my love's dwelling this night I'd draw nigh.  
I'd sit in her window all night long and cry  
That for love of pretty Mary I gladly would die.

From American Folk Tales and Songs, Chase. Collected from Horton  
Barker.