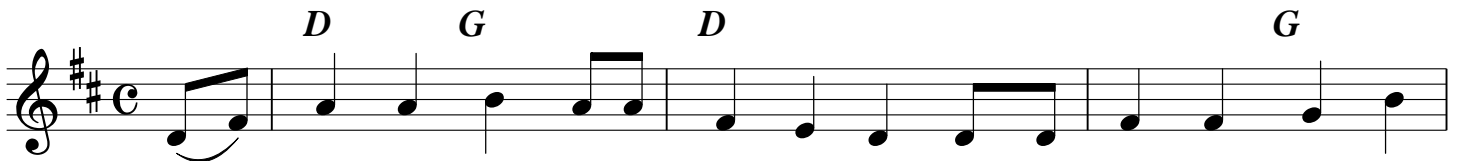


# Mountains of Pomeroy



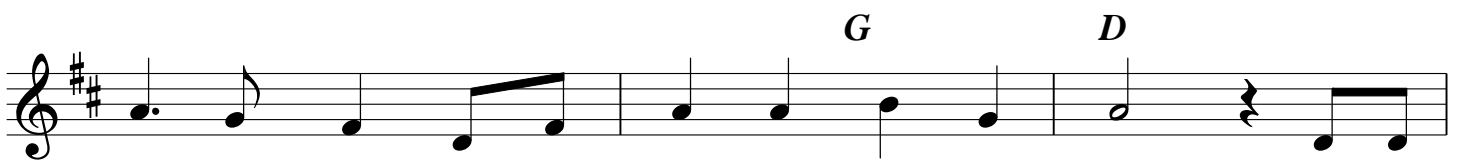
The morn has come, she a - rose and fled From her cru - el kin and  
 "Oh love, oh love, I'm - sore a - fraid For the foe-man's force and  
 "Fear not, fear not, my - love," he cries "For the foe-man's force and



home And searched the wood all ros - y red And the  
 you For they'll track you in the low - land plain And -  
 me No change shall fall what - e'er be - tide On the



tumb - ling tor - rent's foam But the rain came down and the  
 all the val - ley through My - kins - man frowned when -  
 arm that should be free. Come - leave your cru - el



tem - pest roared And did all a - round des - troy And a  
 you were named Oh, your life they would de - stroy 'Oh be -  
 kith and kin And - with your sold - ier flee It's -



pale drowned bride met Ren - al - dine On the moun-tains of Pom - e - roy  
 - ware,' they said, 'Of Ren - al - dine On the moun-tains of Pom - e - roy.'"   
 with my gun I will guard you On the moun-tains of Pom - e - roy"