

On Yonder Green Mountain

On — yon - der green moun - tain there a cas - tle doth stand All
decked in green i - vy from the top to the strand. Fine
arch - es, — fine porch - es, and the lime - stone so — bright Is a
pi - lot for poor sai - lors On a dark, — storm - y night.

At the foot of yonder mountain where the tide ebbs and flows,
And ships from the East Indies to Madeira that goes,
Where the red flag is a-flying, and the beating of drums,
And sweet instruments of music and the firing of guns.

It was early Monday morning when we sailed away,
The drums they were beating and sweet music did play.
But most of being married men, it grieved my heart sore
To think of pretty Polly; she's the girl I adore.

But her mind being changeful, it ebbs like the tide
Or some ship on the ocean that is tossed to and fro
From the height of her promotion to the depths of sad woe.
If pretty Polly had been willing, with her I would go.

Now come all you little purling streams that go murmuring by,
Pray direct me to where that my true love doth lie,
For her eyes they invite me, though her tongue still says, "No."
If pretty Polly had been willing, with her I would go.

Note: This song was a great favorite of mine when I was ten or twelve years old. I thought the tune especially beautiful and I used to try to visualize the beautiful castle on the green mountain, which powerfully appealed to my imagination. I used to ask father to sing it to me when we were alone, and I learned it from him. Years later, I found the song in an old song book belonging to an old sailor, apparently bought in New Zealand.