

# Rinerdine

One eve - ning as I wan - dered three \_\_\_ miles a - bove Pom - roy, I  
met a far - mer's daugh - ter all on the moun - tains high. I  
says, "My pret - ty fair \_\_\_ maid, your beau - ty shines most clear, And up -  
on the lof - ty moun - tains I am glad to meet you here.

She says, "Young man, be civil, my company forsake,  
For in my great opinion I fear you are a rake.  
And if my parents came to know, my life they would destroy  
For keeping of your company all on the mountains high."

I said, "I am no rake, love, but brought up in Venus' train  
And looking for concealment all in the judge's name.  
Your beauty has ensnared me, I cannot pass you by  
And with my gun I'll guard you all on the mountains high."

This pretty little maiden she fell into a maze,  
With eyes as bright as diamonds upon me she did gaze.  
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips they lost their former dye,  
And then she fell into my arms all on the mountains high.

I had but kissed her once or twice when she awoke again,  
She modestly then asked me, "Pray, sir, what is your name?"  
"If you go to yonder forest, my castle you will find  
Engraved in ancient history, my name is Rinerdine."

I said, "My pretty fair maid, don't let your parents know  
Or they will prove my ruin and fatal overthrow,  
And when you come to look for me, perhaps me you'll not find,  
Then go unto my castle and inquire for Rinerdine."

Come, all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me  
And leave off all night walking, shun all bad company,  
For if you don't you surely rue until the day you die,  
And beware of meeting Rinerdine all on the mountains high.

This is an old song that was sung in my grandfather's family.  
I have heard my mother sing it and also one of my cousins,  
who learned it from his father.