

There Goes The Mountain

Tom Paxton

There goes the mountain, father of fir trees,
Home for the grizzlies, under its snow.
Shorn of its timber, torn by the monsters.
Taken by truckloads to the great plains below.

There goes the mountain, the avalanche maker,
Heaven's caretaker, breeder of streams.
There goes the mountain, maker of thunder.
Torn down for the plunder. Remembered in dreams.

There goes the mountain, greeter of sunrise,
Giant by starlight, the highest and best.
The roar of the engines, the first in its lifetime
Will take what man values and spit out the rest.

And there goes the mountain, the avalanche maker,
Heaven's caretaker, breeder of streams.
There goes the mountain, maker of thunder.
Torn down for the plunder. Remembered in dreams.

Lord of the highlands, home for the eagles.
Catcher of snowfall for millions of years.
Bleeding in mudslides, robbed of its insides.
Prey to the skills of the bold engineer

And there goes the mountain, the avalanche maker,
Heaven's caretaker, breeder of streams.
There goes the mountain, maker of thunder.
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