

O'er the Lonely Mountain

The Pentangle

Far o'er the lonely mountain high
Where the brave golden eagle flies
Skimming o'er the valley searching for food
It's so hard, so hard, so hard to bear
When a hungry mouth cries for more

Circling, ever circling around
Constant, with his eyes to the ground
Watching every movement, hearing every sound
It's so hard, so hard, so hard to bear
When a hungry mouth cries for more
There's no restless runnin' water, no fish to be found
There's no scurryin' in the bushes, small creatures runnin' 'round
No badger, no weasel, no fox on the run
There's no dogs out chasin' rabbits, no poacher with his gun

There's no snakes slippin' and a-slidin' or sleepin' in the sun
There's no trees, God, there's no trees

So beautiful the earth lies below
A perfect lady dressed all in green
Such a rich El Dorado full of life
It's so hard, so hard, so hard to bear
When a hungry mouth cries for more

'Tis surely not a crime to be born
To hunger, woodland down to the ground
To drink from her sweet flowin' stream
It's so hard, so hard, so hard to bear
When a hungry mouth cries for more

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