

Mountain Duel

From my love there came a let - - ter
La la la la la la la la la la la. Sent from To - wyn,
where I met her La la la la la la la la la la la.
"Come to me, my love, come quick-ly," La la la la la la la la la
Go I must, or else I'd fret her. La la la la la la la la la la la.

From my love there came a letter
(La la la la la la la la la la.)
Sent from Towyn, where I met her
(La la la la la la la la la la.)
Come to me, my love, come quickly,"
(La la la la la la la la la la)
Go I must, or else I'd fret her.
(La la la la la la la la la la.)

Mountain path was hawthorn prickly
Yet my love had said, "Come quickly",
First I climbed, the mountain crested,
Now the grey mist gathered thickly.

By the crags the eagles nested,
Wind-blown ghosts I bravely breasted,
Bound for Towyn, never daunted
Valley path I blindly quested.

Wandered gulleys, shadow haunted,
Tripped and torn and crow-call taunted,
Saved by sun as bright as May-dew,
Down the road to Towyn jaunted.

This reward my sweetheart jewel,
Gave me for my mountain duel,
"Call this quickly? What delayed you?"
Love can be so very cruel.