

Connie Dover

"How Can I Live At The Top Of The Mountain"

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How can I live at the top of the mountain
With no money in my pocket and no gold for to count
it?
But I would let the money go all for to please her fancy
And I would marry no one but my bonnie blue-eyed
lassie

She's my bonnie blue-eyed lassie with an air so sweet
and
Tender
Her walk, like a swan that floats, and her waist so small
And slender
Her golden hair in ringlets fell all on her snow-white
Shoulders
And I'd ask her for to marry me, and there's no one
could
Be bolder

Some people say that she is very low in station
And other people say she'll be the cause of my
ruination,
But let them all say what they will, to me she will prove
Constant still
Till the day that I die she will be my own lovely lady

Lightly swims the swan o'er the clear and flowing water
And blithely sings the nightingale, so happy to behold
Her
The winds do blow, the moorcocks crow, the moon, it
Shines so deeply
But deeper by far is my love for my own lady

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