

Tim O'Brien

"Mountaineer Is Always Free"

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I'm one of the few, I'm proud to be standing
I walked up the pier from the coffin ships landing
My clothes were just rags, no use for this weather
But my back was strong, my hands tough as leather

I climbed up these hills till I came to the spot where I
stand
I cleared these fields and I pulled up the stumps with
my hands
No more a wanderer, no more a refugee
A mountaineer is always free

Took a Cherokee bride, she gave me five babies
And I sang at the wakes, I cried at the weddings
I taught all my children the songs of my youth
To dance to the fiddle and practice the truth

I carried them up on my shoulders to where they could
see
The whole world before them just so they would know
what it means
No more a wanderer, no more a refugee
A mountaineer is always free

No kings, no landlords to treat us like beggars and
thieves
No one but God here to fear or to look down on me
No more a wanderer, no more a refugee
A mountaineer is always free

No more a wanderer, no more a refugee
A mountaineer is always free

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