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# The Mountains High

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## THE MONKEY TURNED BARBER.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

**A** Frolicksome spark in Dublin did dwell,  
Came over to Liverpool which for him was not  
He went into a barber's shop for to be shaved, (well,  
Were a great heavy beast unto Pat ill behaved.

The barber being out and his wife not within,  
There was nought but this monkey who looked at Pat  
Very grim.

Good morning, good father then Paddy did say,  
You've long been a barber your head's very grey.

Can you shave a wild Irishman just come from the sod,  
The monkey look'd in Pat's face gave a wink and a nod  
He took up the lather box into his paw,  
And knock'd up a lather, so lather'd Pat's jaw.

The razor he then began quickly to use,  
And at the first stroke took off part of Pat's nose;  
He lathered and shaved and cut him full sore,  
Like a bull at a stake poor Paddy did roar.

Then in comes the barber and trembling with fear,  
To see the wild Irishman to stamp and to swear,  
What's the matter my friend, my friend returned he,  
Don't you see how that big rogue your father served me

Indeed I've no father long time he's been dead,  
Its your grandfather then with his ugly big head  
He's gone up the chimney he dare not come down,  
By my soul if I had him I'd crack his old crown.

Then crying out murder Pat run up the street,  
And one of his countrymen chanced for to meet,  
Who seeing him bleeding pity'd his case,  
Saying arrah dear honey, and who cut your face

Why I went to a barber's shop just to be shaved  
Where a great ugly beast to me ill behaved.  
He lathered and shaved me and cut me you see,  
He's dressed like a man but turns out a monkey.

Why sure man alive you must have been mad,  
To sit while he cut your nose and chin so bad,  
But come to a grog shop the story to tell,  
We'll try if good whiskey won't make your face well



## THE MOUNTAINS HIGH.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

**O**NE night upon my rambles from my true love  
again,

I met a farmer's daughter all on the lonesome plain;  
I said my pretty fair maid your beauty shines so clear,  
All in this lonesome plain I'm glad to find you here.

She said young man be civil my company forsake,  
For in my opinion I think you are a rake,  
but if my parents they should know my life at they would  
try,

For keeping of your company all on the mountains high.

It is true I'm no rake, but brought up in Venus plain,  
Seeking for concealment all on the lonesome plain,  
Your beauty so enticed me I could not pass by,  
With my gun I'll guard you on the mountains high.

With that my pretty fair maid she stood all in amaze,  
With eyes as bright as amber all on me she did gaze,  
With her cherry cheeks and ruby lips, she's the lass to  
whom I fly,

She fainted in my arms on the mountain so high.

I did my best endeavours to bring her too again,  
With that she kindly asked me pray what is your name  
Go you to yonder forest my castle there you'll find,  
Wrote in lonesome history called Randal Rine.

I said my pretty maid don't let your parents know,  
For if you do they'll ruin you, and prove your overthrew,  
For if you should come for me perhaps you'll me find,  
Go you to yonder castle and call for Randal Rine.

Come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me  
And do your best endeavours to shun bad company,  
Or else like me you'll surely rue untill the day you die,  
Beware of the lonesome roads all on the mountains high.