

# The Cairngorm Mountain Song

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**f#mol**

How old do you think our hills are?

**A**

my father asked me,

**f#mol**

Much older than they look through our

**A**

eyes\_ today,

**f#mol**

And why do you think they all look

**A**

so soft and rollin'?

**f#mol**

T'was nature's way of meltin' time

**A**

away

**D**

Those hills, they sleep \_\_under our

**A**

nor\_thern skies,

**D**

And stars have shone o'er them for

**A**

millions of years,

**D**

**A**

And we, of this time's life, we walk the  
paths

**D**

Of the oldest hills our wee green Earth

**A**

has seen

Why do you think the waters here are  
\_ so cold, my daughter?

The oldest ice on Earth is flowing  
through \_\_our land,

And do you see those wee green  
plants grow'n \_\_beneath the heather?

They feed on soil the glaciers left  
behind

The waters fall and carve lines through  
rock and sand,

The eagles fly through country safe  
and free,

Our fore\_\_fathers left gems here \_they  
built \_by hand,

Stone walls, huts and things we no  
more need

- Instrumental -

I can understand why my parents\_\_ chose  
to live here

It's such\_\_a pretty place to be

The sky \_\_ (it) changes colour every hour

And the people here smile and sing those  
songs of cheer