

Cry of the Hillborn

Words by Bliss Carman
Music by Jay Ungar

Poetically

A A⁷ D A

I am home-sick for the mountains, my he - ro - ic mother hills, And the
trails and winding woodroads to___ out - looks wild and high. And the

A F#m B⁷ E⁷

long - ing that is on me no___ sol - ace ev - er stills. I would
pale moon waking sun - down where the ledg - es touch the sky. I___

Em⁷ A⁷ D Bm

climb the brooding sum - mits with their old untarnished dreams, Cool my
dream of upland clear - ings where bright cones of sumac burn, And

D A E⁷ A

heart in forest shadows to the lull of falling streams. Hear the
gaunt and gray mossed boulders lie___ deep in beds of fern. My

F#m D E⁷ A

in - no - cence of as - pens that___ bab - ble in the breeze, And the
eyes dim for the sky - line where the pur - ple peaks as - pire. And the

F#m B⁷ E E⁷/G#

fra - grant sudden showers that pat - ter on the trees. I___
forg - es of the sun - set flare up in golden fire. I___

©1998 Swinging Door Music. All rights reserved.

Cry of the Hillborn (cont'd)

A A⁷ D Bm

need the pure strong morn - ings when the soul of day is still, With the
cry for night blue shad - ows on___ plain and hill and dome. The__

D A E⁷ 1. A 2. A

touch of frost that kindles the scar - let on the hill. Lone_
spell of old en - chant - ments the sor - cer - y of home. I__

Em⁷ A⁷ D Bm

need the pure strong morn - ings when the soul of day is still, With the

D A E⁷ A

touch of frost that kindles the scar - let on the hill.

This song is Jay's musical adaptation of a poem of the same name by Bliss Carman (1861-1929). Though Carman was known as Canada's Poet Laureate, he spent many a summer enjoying and writing about New York's Catskill Mountains. We recorded this song with John Kirk, Trish Miller, and Peter Davis on our CD, *The Catskill Collection*.



Bliss Carman