

# Merry Mountain

As we was a-walkin' in West Virgin-i-ae,  
We came upon a mountain where some happy people stay.  
They call it "Merry Mountain" where strangers come like we.  
We got ourselves adopted by a mountain family.

**Refrain:** So help prevent strangers  
and make a friend today,  
and we'll all learn to live and love  
the Merry Mountain way.

We went up to the farm house and knocked upon the door.  
A man with whiskey breath appeared and commenced to ask,  
"What for you come a-knockin' on my door?"  
We said that we were strangers and so he said...  
"Well, come on in! A strangers always welcome here  
no matter where he's been.

## Refrain

He called out to the missus who was cookin' corn and peas  
and said, "Hey Mable, Come in here cause weez got company!"  
We ate a tidy morsel and passed around the crock.  
And struck up all them good ole tunes  
cause we don't know no Bach.

Many years have come and gone since we was up that way,  
But the Merry Mountain attitude is still with us today.  
We learned to treat a stranger the way we treat a friend.  
And so with that small lesson, folks, this little tune will end.

## Refrain