Emmet's Mountain Song - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Emmet's "Mountain Song"
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Oh! shust look at me now
I ras a mountain guide,
Und de ladies und de. shentlemen,
In me dey do confide, dey do confide,
Und ven de strangers come to town,
To climb up de mountain top,
Ven dey don't go mit me,
Upon de road dey shtop,
Und de ladies got so 'fraid,
Dat de shentlemens leave dem behind, behind, behind,
De shentlemens leave 'em behind.

Chorus.
Climb up, climb up, climb up de mountain high,
De ladies are fond of fun, und never go back on me
Climb up, climb up, climb up de mountain high,
Dey like de fun, und never go back on me.

- Und ven de ladies climb,
I help dem up so nice,
Und ven ve reach de mountain top
I alvays try de ice, I try de ice.
Und ven de traveler's most tired out,
I sing und make some fun,
Und ven ve reach'd de chalet,
I fire de great big gun,
Und de echo you vill hear,
Like de break of a thunder storm, dat's so, dat's so,
Like de break of a thunder storm.-Chorus.