

Myrtyl - J.E.Moores © Dec. 1995

Em - "inner"G - G:

Far beyond the ridge
River rise and flow
Myrtyl packs his stuff and things
Knows not where to go

Wind it burns his eyes
Face so red and cold
Dredging up strength with every step he takes
His body bent and old

chorus:

G
If I make it 'till spring
A/2
I'll pack my stuff and my things
A/3 A
Somewhere down south I will go
G A/2
Leave the frozen rain and chilling winds
A/3 A
Curse this goddamn snow!

Em - "inner"G - G:

Far beyond the ridge
River's icy freeze
Myrtyl packed his stuff and things
Falls down to his knees

[chorus]