

# Mountaineer Is Always Free

Tim O'Brien

I'm one of the few, proud to be standing  
I walked up the pier from the coffin ships landing  
My clothes were just rags, no use in this weather  
But my back was strong, my hands tough as leather

I climbed up these hills till I came to the spot where I stand  
I cleared these fields and I pulled up the stumps with my hands  
No more a wanderer, no more a refugee  
A mountaineer is always free

Took a Cherokee bride, she gave me five babies  
I sang at the wakes, I cried at the weddings  
I taught all my children the songs of my youth  
To dance to the fiddle and practice the truth

I carried them up on my shoulders to where they could see  
The whole world before them just so they would know what it means  
No more a wanderer, no more a refugee  
A mountaineer is always free

No kings and no landlords to treat us like beggars and thieves  
There's no one but God here to fear or to look down on me  
No more a wanderer, no more a refugee  
A mountaineer is always free