

Those Spirling
Rangles.

Words & music by
Grace Potter

THOSE STIRLING RANGES.

Words & Music Grace Foster.

Verse

E^b

I've travel'd many countries Both far & fair to see; But of
Sometimes they're cast in shadows Vio - let, purple, blue: And

F^m

F^m *B^b* *E^b*

those man-y countries None did beckon me Like a
oit we cannot see them for clouds of gloomy hue Then our

E^b *F^m*

line of mountain ranges Be - neath a bright blue sky They
gaze persists in turning Un - til they reappear Ah

F^m *E^b* *B^b* *E^b*

call both friends & strangers, I shall love them til I die.
Yes! our hearts are yearning For those Ranges we hold dear. Those

Chorus

E^b *B^b*

long blue Stirling Ranges they call & call to me

B^b

With their wond'rous changes They rise in majes - ty. They're

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Fm Eb Bb Eb F

always calm & peaceful They're always proud & strong A place so blessed by

F Bb Eb

nature Is where we all belong. Some day I'll be re ..

Fm

turning, Ex-plore their lofty heights That view with calm and

1st Eb Bb Eb

learning - E - tern-al days and nights. Those

2nd Bb Fm Bb7 Eb

tern - al days and nights

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Note :- Red desinant notes - last chorus only.