

French Broad

William Walker, 1831 88. 88. (L. M.)

Transcribed from *Southern Harmony*, 1847 and *Christian Harmony*, 1867.

E minor

William Walker, 1847
Alto by William Walker, 1867

Tr.
1. High o'er the hills the mountains rise, Their summits tower toward the skies; But far above them I must dwell; Or sink beneath the flames of hell. But
2. Oh, God! for-bid that I should fall And lose my ev - er - las - ting all; But may I rise on wings of love, And soar to the blest world above. But

A.
3. Although I walk the mountains high, Ere long my bo - dy low must lie, And in some lonesome place must rot, And by the li - ving be for - got. And
4. There it must lie till that great day, When Gabriel's awful trump shall say, A - rise, the judgment day is come, When all must hear their final doom. A -

T.
5. If not prepared, then I must go Down to e - ter - nal pain and woe, With devils there I must remain, And never more re - turn a - gain. With
6. But if prepared, oh, blessed thought! I'll rise a - bove the mountain's top, And there remain for ev - er - more On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore. And

B.
7. Oh! when I think of that blest world, Where all God's people dwell in love, I oft - times long with them to be And dwell in heav'n e - ter - nal - ly. I
8. Then will I sing God's praises there, Who brought me through my troubles here I'll sing, and be for - ev - er blest. Find sweet and everlasting rest. I'll

"This song was composed by the author [William Walker] in the fall of 1831, while traveling over the mountains, on French Broad River, in North Carolina and Tennessee" (*Southern Harmony* 1847, p. 265).

"I learned the air of this tune of my dear mother, when only five years old" (William Walker 1867): about 1814.

This is related to several English folk songs (Jackson 1953a, No. 97).

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

The original has a *fermata* on the last note of measure 6; replaced by a tied half-note in next measure; the rest of tune re-barred.