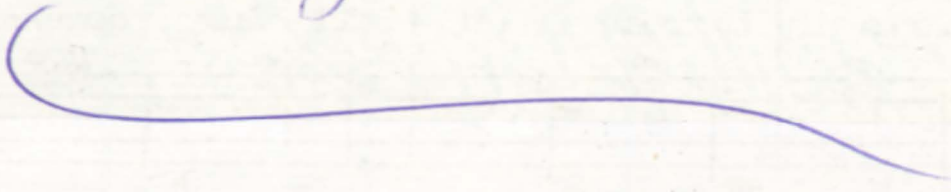



Those Spirling
Ranges.



Words & music by
Grace Foster



THOSE STIRLING RANGES.

Words & Music Grace Foster.

Verse

E^b

Fm

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

Fm

B^b

E^b

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

E^b

Fm

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

Fm

E^b

B^b

E^b

call both friends & strangers, I shall love them til I die. Those
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

Eb Bb Eb

1st

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

Bb Fm Bb7 Eb

2nd

tern - al days and nights

2

Note :- Red diamonds notes - last chorus only.