

# CHILLY MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

## Will Gunter

Be mine in the wind, in the chill, pine air,  
On the rocky, slick slope where the trees run bare  
    As the frozen deer tracks give our path clear way,  
    And the lights o'er the clouds light the wood, night as day  
Trudge we deep through the snow, searching not for the spring,  
We know all too well, that even this - time will bring  
    'round every turn, we expect, to see what we will find,  
    But down the straight and noble path, we keep no grasp of time

Be mine tonight, tonight, my dear-  
    Beloved one of worry  
Be mine tonight, tonight, my dear-  
    Forgotten wood, still burning

Oh, be mine, all mine tonight, but what you keep within,  
Let out what has been under-side, and up-side who you've been  
    For I will know you all, that is, the past and not so pleasant,  
    And future will confirm the talk, that all is lived in present  
So trudge we deep into the ice, surrounded by the winter,  
Though darker skies have been foreseen, it won't stay dark forever  
    The beaver dams are firm and strong, made ready for the slumber,  
    No detriment shall e'er befall, the creatures in the lumber  
The fog of us, of thickened breath, protruding as a spell,  
Begs not a single thought of warmth - we know our mission well  
    Keep strong the path, as straight as dared, not casting wishful eyes,  
    Unto the world that kills the soul, the ones we left behind

Be mine tonight, tonight, my love-  
    No better purpose have we  
Be mine tonight, tonight, my love-  
    Give all for His great glory  
Be all that was, that is, that will,  
    Care not for what has perished  
Your tired face, tells more of grace,  
    Than of the ones you blemished  
Be mine tonight, tonight, my love-  
    Give all for His great glory  
Be all that was, that is, that will,  
    Care not for what has perished  
Your tired face, tells more of grace,  
    Than of the ones you blemished