

# The Mountains Of Mourne

Words & Music by Percy French & Houston Collisson

Moderately

*mp* 1. Oh Mar - y this Lon - don's a won - der - ful

sight, Wid the peo - ple here work - in' by day and by

night. They don't sow pot - a - toes nor bar - ley nor

wheat, But there's gangs o' them dig - gin' for gold in the

street. *mf* At least when I axed them that's what I was

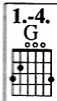
told, So I just took a hand at this dig - gin' for

gold, *mp* But for all that I found there I might as well

**Chords:** G, D7, Em, C, D7, G, C, G, D7, D<sup>#</sup>dim, Em, A7, D9, D7, G, G, D7, G, A7, D7, G, Em, D7, G, D7, Em



be where the moun - tains o' Mourne sweep



down to the sea. 2. I be - down to the sea.

3. I've \_\_\_\_\_  
4. You \_\_\_\_\_  
5. There's \_\_\_\_\_

2. I believe that when writin', a wish you expressed,  
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed.  
Well if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball,  
Faith, they don't wear a top to their dresses at all.  
Oh, I've seen them meself, and you could not, in thrath,  
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath.  
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary Macree,  
Where the mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.

3. I've seen England's King from the top of a bus,  
I never knew him, tho' he means to know us.  
And tho' by the Saxon we once were oppressed,  
Still I cheered (God forgive me) I cheered with the rest.  
And now that he's visited Erin's green shore,  
We'll be much better friends than we've been heretofore,  
When we've got all we want we're as quiet as can be,  
Where the mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.

4. You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course?  
Well now he is here at the head o' the force.  
I met him today, I was crossin' The Strand,  
And he stopped the whole street wid wan wave of his hand.  
And there we stood talking of days that are gone,  
While the whole population of London looked on,  
But for all these great powers he's wishful, like me,  
To be back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

5. There's beautiful girls here, oh! niver mind!  
Wid beautiful shapes nature niver designed.  
And lovely complexions all roses and crame,  
But O'Loughlin remarked wid regard to the same.  
"That if those roses you venture to sip,  
"The colours might all come away on your lip."  
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me,  
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.