

Mountains of Mourne [G]

Intro, G C Am D G D G C Am D G

G D7 Em C
Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight
D7 G C G
With people here working by day and by night
D7 Em A7
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley nor wheat
D9 D7 G
But there' gangs of them digging for gold in the streets
D7 G
At least when I asked them that's what I was told
A7 D7
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold
G D7 Em Am
But for all that I found there I might as well be
D7 G C G
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Verse 2

G D7 Em C
I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed
D7 G C G
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed
D7 Em A7
Well, if you believe me, when asked to a ball
D9 D7 G
Faith, they don't wear no top to their dresses at all.
D7 G
Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in trath
A7 D7
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath
G D7 Em Am
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary Macree,
D7 G C G
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Verse 4

G D7 Em C
You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course
D7 G C G
Well, now he is here at the head of the force
D7 Em A7
I met him today, I was crossing the Strand

D7 G
 And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand
 D9 D7 G
 And there we stood talkin' of days that are gone
 A7 D7
 While the whole population of London looked on
 G D7 Em Am
 But for all these great powers he's wishful like me
 D7 G C G
 To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

Verse 5

G D7 Em C
 There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind
 D7 G C G
 With beautiful shapes nature never designed
 D7 Em A7
 And lovely complexions all roses and cream
 D7 G
 But O'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same
 D9 D7 G
 That if at those roses you venture to sip
 A7 D7
 The colours might all come away on your lip
 G D7 Em Am
 So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
 D7 G C G
 Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.