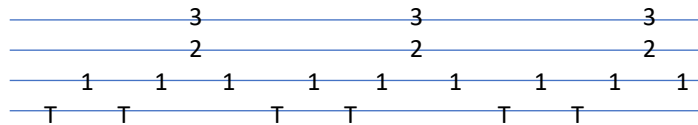


# The Mountains of Mourne

Percy French & Houston Collisson 1896

Artists: The Fureys, Don McLean & many more

Key C 3/4



[C] [C] [F] [Dm] [G7] [G7] [F] [C] [C] (As first two lines of verse)

Oh, [C] Mary, this London's a [F] wonderful [Dm] sight  
With [G7] people here working by [F] day and by [C] night  
They [C] don't plant potatoes nor [F] barley nor [Dm] wheat  
But there's [G7] gangs of them diggin' for [C] gold in the street  
At least [G7] when I asked them, that's [C] what I was [Am] told  
So I [C] just took a [Am] hand at this [Dm] diggin' for [G7] gold  
But for [C] all that I've found there, I [F] might as well [Dm] be  
Where the [G7] Mountains of Mourne sweep [F] down to the [C] sea

I be[C] lieve that when writin' a [F] wish you ex[Dm]pressed  
As to [G7] how the fine ladies of [F] London were [C] dressed  
But [C] if you'll believe me, when [F] asked to a [Dm] ball  
They [G7] don't wear no tops to their [F] dresses at [C] all  
Oh, I've [G7] seen them myself and you [C] could not in [Am] truth  
Tell [C] if they were [Am] bound for a [Dm] ball or a [G7] bath  
Don't be [C] startin' them fashions now, [F] Mary, mo [Dm] croi\*,  
Where the [G7] Mountains of Mourne sweep [F] down to the [C] sea

[C] [C] [F] [Dm] [G7] [G7] [F] [C] (As last two lines of verse)

You re[C] member young Peter Mc[F] Laughlin, of [Dm] course  
Now [G7] he's over here at the [F] head of the [C] force  
I [C] saw him one day I was [F] crossing the [Dm] Strand  
And he [G7] stopped the whole street with a [F] wave of his [C] hand  
And [G7] there we stood talking of [C] days that are [Am] gone  
While the [C] whole popul[Am] ation of [Dm] London looked [G7] on  
But for [C] all his great powers, he's [F] wishful like [Dm] me  
To be [G7] back where the dark Mourne sweeps [F] down to the [C] sea

There's [C] beautiful girls here, oh [F] never you [Dm] mind  
[G7] Beautiful shapes nature [F] never de[C] signed  
[C] Lovely complexions of [F] roses and [Dm] cream  
But [G7] let me remark with re[F] gard to the [C] same  
That [G7] if at those roses you [C] venture to [Am] sip  
The [C] colours might [Am] all come [Dm] away on your [G7] lip  
So I'll [C] wait for the wild rose that's [F] waitin' for [Dm] me  
Where the [G7] Mountains of Mourne sweep [F] down to the [C!] sea.