

The MOUNTAINS of MOURNE

[D] OH MARY THIS LONDON'S A [G] WONDERFUL SIGHT,
WITH THE [A] PEOPLE HERE WORKING BY [G] DAY AND BY [D] NIGHT
[D] THEY DON'T SOW POTATOES NOR [G] BARLEY NOR WHEAT
BUT THERE'S [A] GANGS OF THEM DIGGING
FOR [G] GOLD IN THE [D] STREET!
- AT [A] LEAST WHEN I ASKED THEM, THAT'S [D] WHAT I WAS TOLD
SO I [BM] JUST TOOK A HAND AT THIS [G] DIGGING FOR [A] GOLD
BUT FOR [D] ALL THAT I [D7] FOUND THERE
[G] I MIGHT AS WELL [D DIM] BE
WHERE THE [A] MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE
SWEEP [G] DOWN TO THE [D] SEA.

YOU REMEMBER YOUNG PETER O'LOUGHLIN OF COURSE
WELL, HE'S OVER HERE NOW AT THE HEAD OF THE FORCE
I MET HIM TODAY, I WAS CROSSING THE STRAND,
AND HE STOPPED THE WHOLE STREET
WITH ONE 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.

THERE'S BEAUTIFUL GIRLS HERE - OH, NEVER YOU MIND
WITH BEAUTIFUL SHAPES NATURE NEVER DESIGNED
AND LOVELY COMPLEXIONS, ALL ROSES AND CREAM (= *CRAME*)
BUT O'LOUGHLIN REMARKED WITH REGARD TO THE SAME:
THAT IF AT THOSE ROSES YOU'D VENTURE TO SIP,
THE COLOURS MIGHT ALL COME AWAY ON YOUR LIP!
SO I'LL WAIT FOR THE WILD ROSE
THAT'S WAITING FOR ME,
WHERE THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE
SWEEP DOWN TO THE SEA.