

Mountains Of Mourne

Celtic Mist

Intro 3/4: || D | % | G | Em | A | A7 | D | A7 ||
|| D | % | G | Em | A | A7 | D | % ||

1. Oh Ma-ry this Lond-on's a won-der-ful sight____
With the peop-le here work-ing by day and by night____
They don't grow pot-a-toes nor bar-ley nor wheat____
But there's gangs of them dig-gin' for gold in the street____
At least when I asked them that's what I was told____
So I just took a hand at this dig-gin' for gold____
But for all that I've found there I might as well be____
Where the Mount-ains Of Mourne sweep down to the sea____

2. Re-mem-ber young Pet-er O'Laugh-lin of course____
He's o-ver here now at the head of the force____
I met him to-day as I walked down the strand____
Sure he stopped all the traf-fic with one wave of his hand____
As we stood there and talked of the days that were gone____
To the whole pop-u-lat-ion of Lond-on looked on____
But for all his great pow-ers he's long-ing like me____
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea____

3. There's beaut-i-ful girls here I sure nev-er you mind____
With wond-er-ful shapes nat-ure nev-er de-signed____
Love ly com-plex-ion all ros-es and cream____
As Laugh-lin re-marked with re-gards to the same____
But if at those ro-ses you hap-pen to sip____
Till the col-or would all come a-way on your lips____
So I'll wait for my wild rose who's wait-in' for me____
Where the Mount-ains Of Mourne sweep down to the sea____

4. Repeat Verse 1...