

# Mountains O' Mounne

Don McLean

1. Oh Ma-ry this Lond-on's a won-der-ful sight\_\_\_\_  
With peop-le here work-ing by day and by night\_\_\_\_  
They don't sow 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\_\_\_\_  
In the place where the dark Mounne sweeps down to the sea\_\_\_\_

Instr: || G | % | C | Am | D | D7 | G | % ||

2. I be-lieve that when writ-in' a wish you ex-pressed\_\_\_\_  
As to how the fine lad-ies in Lond-on were dressed\_\_\_\_  
Well if you'll be-lieve me when asked to a ball\_\_\_\_  
They don't wear no tops to their dres-ses at all\_\_\_\_  
Oh I've seen them my-self and you could not in truth\_\_\_\_  
Tell if they were bound for a ball or a bath\_\_\_\_  
Don't be start-in' them fash-ions now Ma-ry Mc-Cree\_\_\_\_  
In the place where the dark Mounne sweeps down to the sea\_\_\_\_

Instr: || G | % | C | Am | D | D7 | G | % ||  
|| G | % | C | Am | D | D7 | G | % ||

3. There's beaut-i-ful girls here oh nev-er you mind\_\_\_\_  
Beaut-i-ful shapes nat-ure nev-er de-signed\_\_\_\_  
Love ly com-plex-ions of ros-es and cream\_\_\_\_  
But let me re-mark with re-gard to the same\_\_\_\_  
But if at those ro-ses you ven-ture to sip\_\_\_\_  
The col-ors might all come a-way on your lip\_\_\_\_  
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's wait-in' for me\_\_\_\_  
In the place where the dark Mounne sweeps down to the sea\_\_\_\_

Instr: || G | % | C | Am | D | D7 | G | % ||

4. You re-mem-ber young Diddy Mc-Clar-en of course\_\_\_\_  
 Well he's o-ver here with the rest of the force\_\_\_\_  
 I saw him one day as he stood on the strand\_\_\_\_  
 Stopped all the traf-fic with a wave of his hand\_\_\_\_  
 As we were talk-ing of days that are gone\_\_\_\_  
 The whole town of Lond-on stood there to look on\_\_\_\_  
 But for all his great pow-ers he's wish-ful like me\_\_\_\_  
 To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea\_\_\_\_