

The Mountains Of Mourne

Words by
PERCY FRENCH

Traditional melody
Arranged by W. HOUSTON COLLISON

Andante

p

G B7 Am C#o G

Repeat 4 times

1. Oh! Ma - ry! this Lon - don's a

won - der - ful sight, Wid the peo - ple here work - in' by day and by

D7 D7/G G Cm6 G D7 G D7

Em C D7 G C

night; They don't sow po - ta - tes, nor bar - ley, nor wheat, But there's

G G D D#o Em A7

gangs o' them dig - gin' for gold in the street; At least, when I

D7 G C G D7

axed them that's what I was told, So I just took a hand at this

C G Am7 G

dig - gin' for gold, But for all that I found there I might as well

A7 D7 G D7 Em

be Where the Moun - tains o' Mourn - sweep down to the sea.

A7 D7 D11 D7 G C G

poco rall.

a tempo *mf* *pp*

G B7 C C#o G

5. There's beau - ti - ful girls here,

poco rall. *mp a tempo*

D7 C G Cm G G G+ B7

Oh! niv - er mind! Wid beau - ti - ful shapes Na - ture niv - er de -

C Co C A7 G D7 C G

sign'd, And love - ly com - plex - ions all ro - ses and crame, But O'

G B7 Em Em7 A7

Lough - lin re - mark'd wid re - gard to the same; That if at those

G D7 C D7 G C G D7

ro - ses you ven - ture to sip, The col - ours might all come a -

G D7 G G tacet

way on your lip. So I'll wait for the wild rose that's wait - in' for

A7 D7sus4 D7 G B7+ B7 C

poco rall.

very slowly

me Where the Moun - tains o' Moun - sweep down to the sea.

C#° G D7 Am7 D7 C Cm G

The Mountains Of Mourne

1. Oh! Mary! this London's a wonderful sight,
Wid the people here workin' by day and by night;
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat,
But there's gangs o' them diggin' for gold in the street;
At least, when I axed them that's what I was told,
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold,
But for all that I found there I might as well be
Where the Mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.
2. I believe that, when writin', a wish you express'd,
As to how the fine ladies in London were dress'd.
Well, if you'll believe me, when axed to a ball,
Faith they don't wear a top to their dresses at all.
Oh, I've seen them meself, and you could not, in thrath,
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath.
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary Macree
Where the Mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.
3. I've seen England's King from the top of a bus,
I never knew him, tho' he means to know us;
And tho' by the Saxon we once were oppress'd,
Still, I cheer'd, (God forgive me) I cheer'd wid the rest.
And now that he's visited Erin's green shore,
We'll be much better friends than we've been heretofore,
When we've got all we want we're as quiet as can be,
Where the Mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.
4. You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course?
Well, now he is here at the head o' the Force;
I met him today, I was crossin' the Strand,
And he stopp'd the whole street wid wan wave of his hand;
And there we stood talkin' of days that are gone,
While the whole population of London look'd on,
But for all these great powers he's wishful, like me,
To be back where dark Moume sweeps down to the sea.
5. There's beautiful girls here, Oh! niver mind!
Wid beautiful shapes Nature niver design'd,
And lovely complexions all roses and crame,
But O' Loughlin remark'd wid regard to the same;
That if at those roses you venture to sip,
The colours might all come away on your lip.
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
Where the Mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.