

## *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.

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