

Intro: (harmonica / penny whistle ?) C Am

[G] But for all that I've found there, I [C] might as well [Am] be
Where the [D7] Mountains of Mourne sweeps [C] down to the [G] sea

[G] Oh, Mary, this London's a [C] wonderful [Am] sight
With [D7] people here working by [C] day and by [G] night.
They don't sow potatoes nor [C] barley nor [Am] wheat,
But there's [D7] gangs of them diggin' for [C] gold in the [G] street.
At [D7] least when I asked them, that's [G] what I was [Em] told,
So I [G] just took a hand at this [Am] digging' for [D7] gold.
But for [G] all that I've found there, I [C] might as well [Am] be,
Where the [D7] Mountains of Mourne....sweep [C] down to
the [G] sea.

[G] I believe that when writin' a [C] wish you [Am] expressed,
As to [D7] how the fine ladies in [C] London were [G] dressed.
Well if you'll believe me, when [C] asked to a [Am] ball,
They [D7] don't wear no tops to their [C] dresses at [G] all.
Oh, I've [D7] seen them myself and you [G] could not in [Em] truth,
Tell if.....[G] they were bound for a [Am] ball or a [D7] bath.
Don't be...[G] startin' them fashions now, [C] Mary Ma-[Am]Cree,
Where the [D7] Mountains of Mourne....sweep [C] down to
the [G] sea.

Intrumental: (harmonica / penny whistle ?)

[G] But for all that I've found there, I [C] might as well [Am] be
Where the [D7] Mountains of Mourne sweeps [C] down to the [G] sea

[G] You remember young Peter O' [C] Loughlin, of [Am] course,
Well, [D7] now he is here at the [C] head of the [G] force
I met him today, I was [C] crossing the [Am] Strand
And he [D7] stopped the whole street with a [C] wave of his [G] hand
And [D7] there we stood talkin' of [G] days that are [Em] gone
While the [G] whole population of [Am] London looked [D7] on
But for [G] all these great powers, he's [C] wishful like [Am] me,
To be [D7] back where the dark Mourne....sweeps [C] down to
the [G] sea.

[G] There's beautiful girls here, oh, [C] never you [Am] mind,
With [D7] beautiful shapes nature [C] never de-[G]signed.
And lovely complexions all [C] roses and [Am] cream,
But O' [D7] Loughlin remarked with re-[C]gard to the [G] same
That [D7] if at those roses you [G] ventured to [Em] sip,
The [G] colors might all come a-[Am]way on your [D7] lip.
So I'll [G] wait for the wild rose that's [C] waitin' for [Am] me,
Where the [D7] Mountains of Mourne....

(Slow) sweep [C] down to the [G] sea.....