

MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE-crd

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1. Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight
 with people here working by day and by night.
 They don't sow potatoes nor barley nor wheat,
 but there's gangs of them diggin' 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 diggin' for gold.
 But for all that I've found there, I might as well be,
 in the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.
2. I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed,
 as to how the fine ladies in London were dressed.
 But if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball,
 they don't wear no tops to their dresses at all.
- Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth,
 tell if they were bound for a ball or a bath.
 Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary McRee,
 in the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.
- C - Am - D - G - C - Am - D - G
3. There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind,
 beautiful shapes nature never designed.
- Lovely complexions of roses and cream,
 but let me remark with regard to the same.
- That if at those roses you ventured to sip,
 the colors might all come away on your lip.
 So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me,
 in the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.
4. You remember young Danny McClaren, of course,
 but he's over here with the rest of the force.
 I saw him one day as he stood on the Strand,