

## Mountains of Mourne

G G7 C Am  
Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight  
D C G  
With people here working by day and by night.  
G7 C Am  
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley nor wheat  
D7 C G  
But there's gangs of them digging for gold in the streets.  
D7 G  
At least when I asked them that's what I was told  
G7 C D7  
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold  
G G7 C Am  
But for all that I found there I might as well be  
D7 C G  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

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I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed  
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed,  
Well, if you believe me, when asked to a ball  
Faith, they don't wear no top to their dresses at all.  
Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth  
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath  
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary Macree,  
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

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I've seen England's king from the top of a bus  
And I've never known him, but he means to know us.  
And tho' by the Saxon we once were oppressed,  
Still I cheered, God forgive me, I cheered with 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 of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

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You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course  
Well, now he is here at the head of the force  
I met him today, I was crossing the Strand  
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand  
And there we stood talkin' 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 the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

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There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind,  
With beautiful shapes nature never designed  
And lovely complexions all roses and cream.  
But O'Loughlin remarked with 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 of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

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The lyrics to the Mountains of Mourne adopt a very conversational style as the singer composes a letter to a friend back in Ireland.

Some people find the song a little too sentimental but it is brilliantly written, and full of wit and humour.

The chords are quite simple and are presented here in the key of G Major. Celtic Thunder play G chord shapes on their recording of the song, but use a capo on the third fret, which transposes the key up to B flat.

For more information about Mountains of Mourne and videos of various performers, visit <http://www.irishmusicforever.com/mountains-of-mourne>

### Chord Converter

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There's lots of information about changing chords, dominant sevenths advanced use of capo, and more to make playing your favourite songs easier.

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