Mountains Of Mourne
Celtic Thunder

Intro (Capo at III): **Bb**, **Eb**, **Cm7**, **F**, **Bb/D**, **Bb**

```
   Bb                   Eb        Cm7
Oh Mary this London s a wonderful sight
    F                           Bb/D       Bb
The people here are workin  by day and by night
                              Eb          Cm7
They don t sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat
            F                          Bb/D        Bb
But there s gangs of them diggin  for gold in the street
   F                                Bb         Gm7
At least when I asked them that s what I was told
     Bb            Cm           Eb          F
So I just took her hand at this diggin  for gold
        Bb         Cm7           Eb             Dm
But for all that I found there I might as well be
   F                    Eb                  Bb/D        Bb
In the place where the dark Mournes sweep down to the sea.
```

(**Bb**, **Eb**, **Cm7**, **F**, **Bb/D**, **Bb**)

(Same as first verse):
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 that those roses you venture to sip
The colours might all come away on your lips
So I ll wait for the wild rose that s waitin for me
In the place where the dark Mourne sweep down to the sea.

(**Bb**, **Eb**, **Cm7**, **F**, **Bb/D**, **Bb**) x2

(Same as first verse):
You remember young Davey Mc Clarin of course
Well sure, now, he s round here with the rest of the force
I saw him one day as I was crossinâ€™ the strand
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand
And as we stood talkinâ€™ of days that are gone
The whole town of London stood there to look on
But for all his great powers he s wishful like me
To be back where the dark Mourne sweep down to the sea
But for all his great powers he s wishful like me
To be back where the dark Mourne sweep down to the sea