

**Our Mother The Mountain  
The Wainwright Sisters**

[Intro]

**Am**

[Verse]

**Am**

My lover comes to me with a rose on her bosom

**C G Em Am**

The moon s dancing purple all through her black hair

**Am**

And a ladies-in-waiting she stands neath my window

**C G Em Am**

And the sun will rise soon on the false and the fair

[Chorus]

**G Em Am**

Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a

**G Em Am**

Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a

[Verse]

**Am**

She tells me she comes from my Mother the Mountain

**C G Em Am**

Her skin fits her tightly and her lips do not lie

**Am**

She silently slips from her throat a medallion

**C G Em Am**

Slowly she twirls it in front of my eyes

[Chorus]

**G Em Am**

Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a

**G Em Am**

Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a

[Verse]

**Am**

I watch her, I love her, I long for to touch her

**C G Em Am**

The satin she s wearing is shimmering blue

**Am**

Outside of my window her ladies are sleeping

**C G Em Am**

My dogs have gone hunting, the howling is through

[Chorus]

**G Em Am**

Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a  
          **G**          **Em**          **Am**  
Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a

[Verse]

**Am**  
So I reached for her hand and her eyes turned to poison  
          **C**                  **G**                  **Em**                  **Am**  
And her hair turns to splinters and her flesh turns to brine  
**Am**  
She leaps cross the room, she stands in the window  
          **C**                  **G**                  **Em**                  **Am**  
And screams that my first-born will surely be blind

[Verse]

**Am**  
She throws herself out to the black of the nightfall  
          **C**                  **G**                  **Em**                  **Am**  
She s parted her lips, but she makes not a sound  
**Am**  
I fly down the stairway and I run to the garden  
          **C**                  **G**                  **Em**                  **Am**  
No trace of my true love is there to be found

[Chorus]

**G**          **Em**          **Am**  
Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a  
          **G**          **Em**          **Am**  
Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a

[Verse]

**Am**  
So walk these hills lightly and watch who you re loving  
          **C**                  **G**                  **Em**                  **Am**  
By Mother the Mountain, I swear that it s true  
**Am**  
Love not a woman with hair black as midnight  
          **C**                  **G**                  **Em**                  **Am**  
Her dress made of satin, all shimmering blue

[Chorus]

**G**          **Em**          **Am**  
Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a  
          **G**          **Em**          **Am**  
Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a

[Chorus]

**G**          **Em**          **Am**  
Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a  
          **G**          **Em**          **Am**  
Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a