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 Αm 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 С Em G Am Slowly she twirls it in front of my eyes [Chorus] Em G 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 С G Em Am The satin she s wearing is shimmering blue Αm Outside of my window her ladies are sleeping С 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 С 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 С G Em Αm And screams that my first-born will surely be blind [Verse] Am She throws herself out to the black of the nightfall Em C G Am She s parted her lips, but she makes not a sound Am I fly down the stairway and I run to the garden С G Em Am No trace of my true love is there to be found [Chorus] Em Am G 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 Am С G Em By Mother the Mountain, I swear that it s true Αm 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 Em G Am Singing too-rah loo-re-la-a