MULL OF KINTYRE
Words and Music by McCartney-Laine

Moderately slow

Mull of Kintyre Oh mist rolling in from the sea, my desire is
always to be here Oh Mull of Kintyre.

Far have I travelled and much have I seen Dark distant

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mountains with valleys of green. Past painted deserts the

sunset's on fire as he carries me home to the Mull of Kin-

tyre. Mull of Kin-tyre Oh mist rolling in from the

sea, my desire is always to be here Oh Mull of Kin-
tyre.

Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen
Carry me back to the days I knew then. Nights when we
sang like a heavenly choir of the life and the times of the

Mull of Kintyre. Mull of Kintyre Oh mist rolling in from the

sea, my desire is always to be here. Oh Mull of Kintyre.

Repeat and fade

1. 2.