

Mountains Of Mourne

Celtic Thunder

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight
The people here are working by day and by night
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat
But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold in the street

At least, when I asked them, that's what I was told
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold
But for all that I've found there I might as well be
In the place where the dark Mournes sweep down to the sea

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 those roses you venture to sip
Colors might fall come away on your lips
So I'll wait for the white rose that's waitin for me
In the place where the dark Mournes sweep down to the sea

You remember young Davey McClaren of course
Well sure now he's round here with the rest of the force
I saw him one day as I was crossin the strand
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand

And as we stood talkin 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 Mournes sweep down to the sea

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