

The Mountains O'Mourne

The Kingston Trio

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight with people here work-
ing 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 too-
k a hand at this diggin' for gold,

But for all that I found there I might as well be where the Mou-
ntains O'Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

I believe that when writing a wish you expressed as to how the
fine ladies in London were dressed,

Well, if you'll believe me when asked to a ball, they don't wea-
r no top to their dresses at all.

Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth say that i-
f they were bound for a ball or a bath,

Don't be startin' them fashions, now, Mary McCree, where the Mo-
untains O'Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind, with beautifu-
l shapes nature never designed,

And lovely complexions, all roses and cream but let me remark w-
ith regard to the same

That if at those roses you venture to sip, the colors might all
come away on your lip,

So, I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me in the pl-
ace where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.