

# 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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