

## **Celtic Thunder**

# **"The Mountains Of Mourne"**

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### **"The Mountains Of Mourne"**

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight  
With people here workin' 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 found there I might as well be  
In the place where the dark Mourne 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 that those roses you venture to sip  
The colours might all come away on your lips  
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me  
In the place where the dark Mourne sweep down to the  
sea.

You remember young Davey Mc Clarin 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 Mourne sweep down to the  
sea

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