

Daniel O'Donnell

"The Mountains Of Mourne"

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Oh, Mary this London's a wonderful sight
With the 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
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the
sea.

I believe that when writin' 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 wear no top to their dresses at all.

Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth
They say that if they were bound for a ball or a bath
Don't be startin' them fashions, now Mary McCree
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the
sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin of course
Well, now he is here at the head of the force
I met him today, I was crossing the Strand
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his
hand.

And there we stood talking of days that are gone
While the whole population of London looked on
But for all these great powers, he's wishful, like me
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the
sea.

--- Instrumental ---

There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind
With beautiful shapes nature never designed
And lovely complexions all roses and cream
But O'Loughlin remarked with 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
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the
sea...

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