

Celtic Thunder, The Mountains Of Mourne

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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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