

# Charlie Landsborough, The Mountains Of Mourne

Dear Mary this London's a wonderful sight  
Oh There's people here workin' by day and by night  
They don't plant potatoes, nor barley, or 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 in writin' a wish you expressed  
As to how the fine ladies in London are dressed  
Well if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball  
Oh They don't wear no tops to their dresses at all  
Oh I've seen them myself and you could not in truth  
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath  
Don't go startin' them fashions, now Mary McCree  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Oh There's beautiful ladies, now never you mind  
Loveliest shapes nature never designed  
lovely complexions of roses and cream  
But let me remark with regard to the same  
For if that those roses you venture to sip  
The color would all come away on your lip  
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me  
In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

You remember young Danny McClearin of course  
Well he's over here with the rest of the force  
I saw him today while I was walking the strand  
And he stopped all the traffic with a wave of his hand  
And as we stood talking of days that had gone  
The whole town of London stood there to look on  
But for all his great power he's wishful like me  
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea  
Where the mountains of mourne sweep down to the sea