

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