

The Kingston Trio, The Mountains O'Mourne

P. French/H. Collisson

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight with people here working 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 O'Mourne sweep down to the sea

I believe that when writing 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 meself and you could not in truth say that if they were bound for a ball or a bath
Don't be startin' them fashions, now, Mary McCree, where the Mountains O'Mourne sweep down to the sea

There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind, with beautiful shapes nature never designed,
And lovely complexions, all roses and cream but let me remark 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 in the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea