## Celtic Thunder, Mountains Of Mourne

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 But for all his great powers he's wishful like me To be back where the dark Mourne sweep down to the sea