

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight  
With people here working by day and by night  
They don't sow potatoes or barley or wheat  
But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold on the streets  
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 when writin' a wish you expressed  
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed  
Well if you believe me, when asked to a ball  
Faith they don't wera a top 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 be startin' them fashions now Mary Macree  
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea

I've seen England's king from the top of a bus  
I've never known him though he means to know us  
And tho' by the Saxon we once were oppressed  
Still i cheered, God forgive me, I cheered with the rest  
And now that he's visited Erin's green shore  
We'll be much better friends than we've been heretofore  
When we've got all we want, we're as quiet as can be  
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea

You remember young Peter O'Laughlin of course  
Well now he is here at the head of the force  
I met him today, I was crossing the strand  
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand  
And there we stood talkin' of days that are gone  
While the whole population of London looked on  
But for all these great powers he's wishful like me  
To be back where the dark 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 O'Laughlin remarked with regard to the same  
That if at those roses you venture to sip  
The colours might all come away on your lip  
So I'll wait for the wild rose, that's waitin' for me  
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea