

# THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

*Performed by:* Frankie & Stephanie Nash

*Lyrics by:* WP French

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 digging for gold in the streets.  
At least when I asked them that's what I was told.  
I just took a hand at this digging for gold.  
But for all that I found there I might as well be,  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

I believe that when writing a wish you expressed,  
As to how the fine ladies in London do dress.  
Well I do believe when asked to a ball,  
They don't wear no tops to their dresses at all.  
I seen them myself and I couldn't in troth,  
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath.  
Oh don't start those fashions my Mary Machree,  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweeps down the sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin 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 a wave of his hand.  
And there we stood talking 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 sweeps down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here but one never minds,  
Beautiful lips nature never designed.  
Lovely complexion all roses and prim,  
O'Loughlin remarked with regards to their skin,  
'If those roses one would venture to sip,  
Their colour might all come away on your lip.'  
I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting for me,  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweeps down to the sea.