



The Mountains of Mourne

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,
With the 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've found there, I might as well
be

Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down
to the sea.

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