

John McDermott, The Mountains Of Mourne

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight
With the people here working by day and by night
They don't sow potatoes nor barley nor wheat
But there's gangs of them that's what I've been told
So I just ook a hand at this digging for gold
But all that I found there I might as well be
Where the mountains of 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 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 starting them fashions now, Marry Machree
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to 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 one 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 dark Mourne sweeps 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'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same:
"That if all those roses you venture to sip,
The colour might all come away on your lip"
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting for me
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea