

# 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