

Tarkio, Mountains Of Mourne

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight
There's people here working by day and by night
They don't sew potatoes nor barley nor wheat
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 took me a hand at this digging 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

You remember old Peter O'Loughlin of course
He's here now at the head of the force
I saw him today he was crossing the strand
He stopped the whole line with a wave of his hand

And as we stood talking the days that are gone
The whole population of London looked on
But for all his fine powers he's wishful like me
To be where the dark Mournes sweep down to the sea

There's beautiful girls here oh, never you mind
With beautiful shapes nature never designed
With lovely complexions all roses and cream
But O'Loughlin remarked with regards to the same
"Of all these fine flowers 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

Oh Mary, this London's a wonderful sight