**[1] 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 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
In the place where the dark Mourne
Sweeps down to the sea**

**[2] I believe that when writin'**

**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 no tops to Their dresses at all
Oh, I've seen them myself and
You could not in truth
Tell it if they were bound for a ball or a bath
Don't be startin' them fashions now
Mary McRee
In the place where the dark Mourne
Sweeps down to the sea**

**[3] I’ve seen England’s king**

**from the top of a bus,**

**And I’ve never known him, but he means to know us**

**And tho by the Saxon we once were oppressed,**

**Still I cheered, God forgive me, I cheered with the rest**

**And now that he’s visited Erin’s green shore,**

**We’ll be much better friends than we’ve been heretofore**

**When we’ve got all we want, we’re as quiet as can be**

**Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.**

**[4] You remember young Peter O’Loughlin,of course
Well he's over 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 as we were talking of days that are gone
The whole population of London looked on
But for all his great powers he's wishful like me
To be back where the dark Mourne
Sweeps down to the sea**

**[5] There's beautiful girls here,**

**Oh Never you mind
Beautiful shapes Nature never designed
Lovely complexions of roses and cream
But let me remark with regard to the same
That if at those roses you venture to sip
The colors might all come away on your lip
So I'll wait for the wild
Rose that's waitin' for me
In the place where the dark Mourne
Sweeps down to the sea**