

Patty Larkin

"Hotel Monte Vista"

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Hotel Monte Vista
by Patty Larkin
Well she came down from the mountains
On her only wedding day
And the water from the fountains
Tasted like the wine in May
At the Hotel Monte Vista
They waited for Emily
To marry her sweet mister
Joe Clark Riley was his name

80 dollars 80 dollars
For a three tiered wedding cake
In a long white veil and slippers
The ones her mama made
On the mantel fresh cut flowers
Two glasses for champagne
And Virginia played piano
I'll Be Loving You Always

Well the wedding party gathered
And the room was bathed in blue
They all turned their heads and wondered
At Joe Riley in a suit
And his father the traveling preacher
Stood there like how do you do
Everybody looked like Sunday
Sunday 1942

Down the stairway down the stairway
Step by step came Emily
Her face all pale and ashen
She looked away so longingly
In a heatbeat and a heartbeat
The Wedding March began
And she walked up with her daddy
And took Joe Riley's hand

Go tell mama go tell papa
I am not feeling well
I am running to meet my maker

And I have a tale to tell
There was me and there was Emmy
We were floating on a lake
And she cried out Lord forgive me
Such a true love to forsake

The Hotel Monte Vista sits high upon a hill
It's been there one hundred years now
It will stand one hundred still
Now the mountains now the mountains
Are a faded memory
The only thing I remember is the fairest Emily

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