

# Me and the Rose

Christy Moore

Listen for a while  
And I'll tell you the story  
of How I fell in love with The Rose Of Tralee  
It was about five o'clock in the morning  
I was only after gettin' off the mail boat.  
I was walking down the North Wall  
Minding me own business  
With me suitcase under me arm  
Sitting down every minute  
'Til a voice behind me went  
Hello, hello, hello  
Where do you think you're going  
at this hour of the morning?  
I turned around  
And who do you think was standin' behind me  
Only the Rose of Tralee  
And she wearin' a grand new blue Ban Gardaí's uniform  
I thought she was a super  
How's it going there Rose  
Jasus girleen the last time I saw you  
was down below there in The Dome  
upstairs in the tent with Gaybo in the Pretty Polly  
tights  
And all them beauty queens from  
Tashkent, Istanbul, Bangkok and Liverpool  
and.....  
How's she cuttin there Rose...  
Can you account for your movements sez she  
Ah Rose, there's no need to be like that  
But I can give you all the movements you want  
You'd better sharpen your pencil  
You're goin' to be busy little woman  
Christy's got a memory like a super-grass  
I can remember things that never happened at all,  
The first thing I can remember  
Is the 7th of May 1945  
At the back of Donnelly's Hollow  
The night before  
Pa Connolly drove the Roadstone lorry  
Into the Seven Springs  
And St. Brigid started rollin' out the Tintawn  
Across the Curragh of Kildare  
Then I woke up one morning  
It was after gettin conscripted into the altar boys  
I was ringin the bells and swingin the thurible  
Sure the smell of the incense  
Would remind you of the inside of an Arab's tent  
And no sign of Ghaddafi nowhere  
In those days Down in Newbridge Co. Kildare  
An altar boy would get a pound for a funeral  
Two pound for a wedding  
And a good kick up in the arse  
If he didn't put enough wine in the chaliceAt he early  
mass.  
Ah!"Ita Missa Est" says Rose  
"Gloria Tibi Domine" says I  
I didn't know you had to have the Latin

To get into Templemore  
I love to hear the old bit of Latin  
The old Tridentine  
"Kyrie Eleison"  
I can't stand them Folk Masses  
All them trendy priestsTrippin' over each other  
To sing balladsAt half time in the Bingo  
Sure the Nine First FridaysNever killed anyone  
Well ! The next thing I knew, Rose  
I was servin' me time to be  
A corner boy up in the Curragh Camp  
I was trying to teach the sheep how to talk Irish  
Then I got a job selling lambs balls to mushroom  
farmers  
that couldn't afford horseshite  
One day I was walkin' across the Curragh of Kildare  
And I fell into an officer's mess  
I ended up in the F.C.A.  
Squarebashin' around the wet canteen  
Until the commanding officer heard  
That me Granny once confessed  
To a fellow whose Sister's brother in law was  
Married to a man whoseFirst cousin used to fill  
Hot water bottles for Patrick SarsfieldBefore the  
battle of Clongorey  
I had to go on the run.  
Gubu Gubu \*Gubu Gubu  
I ran so fast thatI ended up in Paddington  
A million miles away from The Land Of saints and  
scholars  
I was  
Diggin' Footins Scrapin' Pots  
Pullin' cable Startin' Drotts  
Boilin' Kettles Makin' Tea  
Diggin' Deep Rose and Thrown Away  
I was a disposable PaddyServin' me time to be a  
Co-Pilot on a kango hammer in Shepherd's Bush  
Doin' 86 MPH on a JCB down the Kilburn High Road  
When the SPG flagged me down and held me under the PTA  
Until I got away and went underground with the Green  
Murphy  
One Thursday night I was headin' down the Hammersmith  
Broadway  
I met a friend of mine from Ballaghadereenin the Co.  
Roscommon  
Who was a demolition expert - Georgian houses were his  
speciality  
Any chance for a start?What would you know about  
demolition? (I've been well known to demolish a rake of  
large bottles)  
Well, Monday mornin' came  
Myself, Roger Sherlock, Liam Farrell,Martin Byrnes,  
Raymond Roland Tony Rohr  
We was paintin' a door  
We gave her six coats and three coats more- that was  
just the undercoat  
The ganger was fond of a tune-thursday never came too  
soon  
We were gettin' five pounds a day and all we could ate  
But it's an awful job Tryin' to eat all day  
To make a long story short, Rose  
I went lookin' for digs  
I went up and knocked at the door,this big English

woman comes out  
 took one look at me and she went  
 Get away from my door sez she  
 There'll be absolutely no blacks nor paddies gettin' in  
 here.'  
 So I let on I was a white South African  
 And I tried to join the British Army to better myself  
 I volunteered as sub-contractor buildin' houses with no  
 doors nor handles on them  
 The recruiting officer says to me  
 'What ye bin doin' lately then, Paddy?  
 I was helpin' O'Brien to shift it Sir says I  
 Before that I was spreadin' the toxic all over the  
 Golden Vale  
 Helpin' Mr. Gallagher cover Stephen's Green in concrete  
 Sir  
 Helpin' Sam Stevenson block all the daylight out of  
 Dublin  
 Helpin' Dr. Smurfit relocate the Liffey  
 Helpin' Lord O'Reilly to count the golden beans  
 I was dolin' out the Diddly-Eye for Dr. Darragh  
 Puttin in the bugs for Cathaoirleach  
 Vacuum packin' T-Bone steaks for Larry Maith an Fear  
 seekin' out the heart of the Green Core.  
 Bejasus Paddy you're overqualified for the British Army  
 I'm afraid I'll have to deport you out of England.  
 and he did.....Total Exclusion  
 Here I am, RoseAr ais arís  
 This is some welcome for a returned emmigrant  
 Céad Míle Fáilte my arse  
 With your pioneer pin and your fáinneAnd your white  
 star for not cursing  
 Jaysus, it would be more in your line to give me a lift  
 in the squad car into town  
 And she did.  
 There wew were Cruisin' down Capel Street in the White  
 Squad  
 Looking for the Early Morning House  
 will ye look Rose There's Paddy Slattery.  
 'You're welcome home, Christy', says Paddy  
 Big Slate!  
 'I suppose you and your girlfriend are looking for a  
 drink'  
 Well, off came the cap. She flung it into the back seat  
 of the squad  
 And in with her like a bat out a hell (left right, left  
 right)  
 'I'll have a Brandy with a small drop of Port I never  
 drink pints when I'm on duty'  
 Brandy and Port!  
 T'was like throwin' water into a barrel of sawdust  
 She lowered it up and of course.....No wallet  
 Roll on the Holy Hour', says I  
 I'll see you tonight sez she 'twill be my twist'  
 Ladies and Gentlemen there I was outside the GPO waitin  
 for The most beautiful Kerry woman in the whole wide  
 world  
 Here she comes, Holy Mother of Sweet Divine Jesus in  
 Heaven would you ever look at.that .... Sashaying down  
 the Boulevardin her Doc's and her 501's  
 Hey Rose!..... Over here.....  
 'What's on your mind big fellah' says she to me  
 (I was wearin me platforms)

I wouldn't mind a bit of a dance, Rose  
She took me to a disco in the Gardai club in Harcourt  
Street  
Le Baton Rouge.....A tidy little spot up Harcourt  
Street  
Watch out for the quadruple parking, bald tyres and no  
tax discs  
In there.. Wall to wall moustaches, gay bikers on acid  
Myself and the Rose of Tralee danced the night away  
Until about five O'clock in the morning when she says  
to me  
'Fancy comin' back to my place then Lofty?'  
Does a bear shite in the woods?  
Away with us, me hangin out of her on the back of the  
Honda50  
Up through Rathmines and Rathgar into Ranelagh,  
pullin into the 24-7 open 9-11, 6 days a week  
Two donor kebabs and the Leinster Leader  
Up to her place then Two up, two down,  
She pulled the cork out of the Blue Nun  
And I got sick all over the Rottweiler  
And she put some music on Lovely new CD.,,,,,,, Daniel  
"Oh then fare thee well sweet Donegal  
The Roses and Gweedore"  
Oh Rose. Oh Daniel  
Ah Here, I suppose a rasher sandwich is out of the  
question?  
That's how I met up with The Rose of Tralee