

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.
Bejassus 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