

## Christy Moore

### "Rose Of Tralee"

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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 Garda'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 chalice  
At 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 priests  
Trippin' over each other  
To sing ballads  
At half time in the Bingo  
Sure the Nine First Fridays  
Never 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 whose First cousin used to fill  
Hot water bottles for Patrick Sarsfield  
Before the  
Battle of Clongorey  
I had to go on the run.

Gubu Gubu \*Gubu Gubu

I ran so fast that I 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.  
Bejasmus 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 arÃs  
This is some welcome for a returned emigrant  
CÃ©ad MÃile FÃiilte my arse  
With your pioneer pin and your fÃinneAnd 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... Sashaying down  
The Boulevard in 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 says she  
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 sandwichis out of the  
Question?  
  
That's how I met up with The Rose of Tralee

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