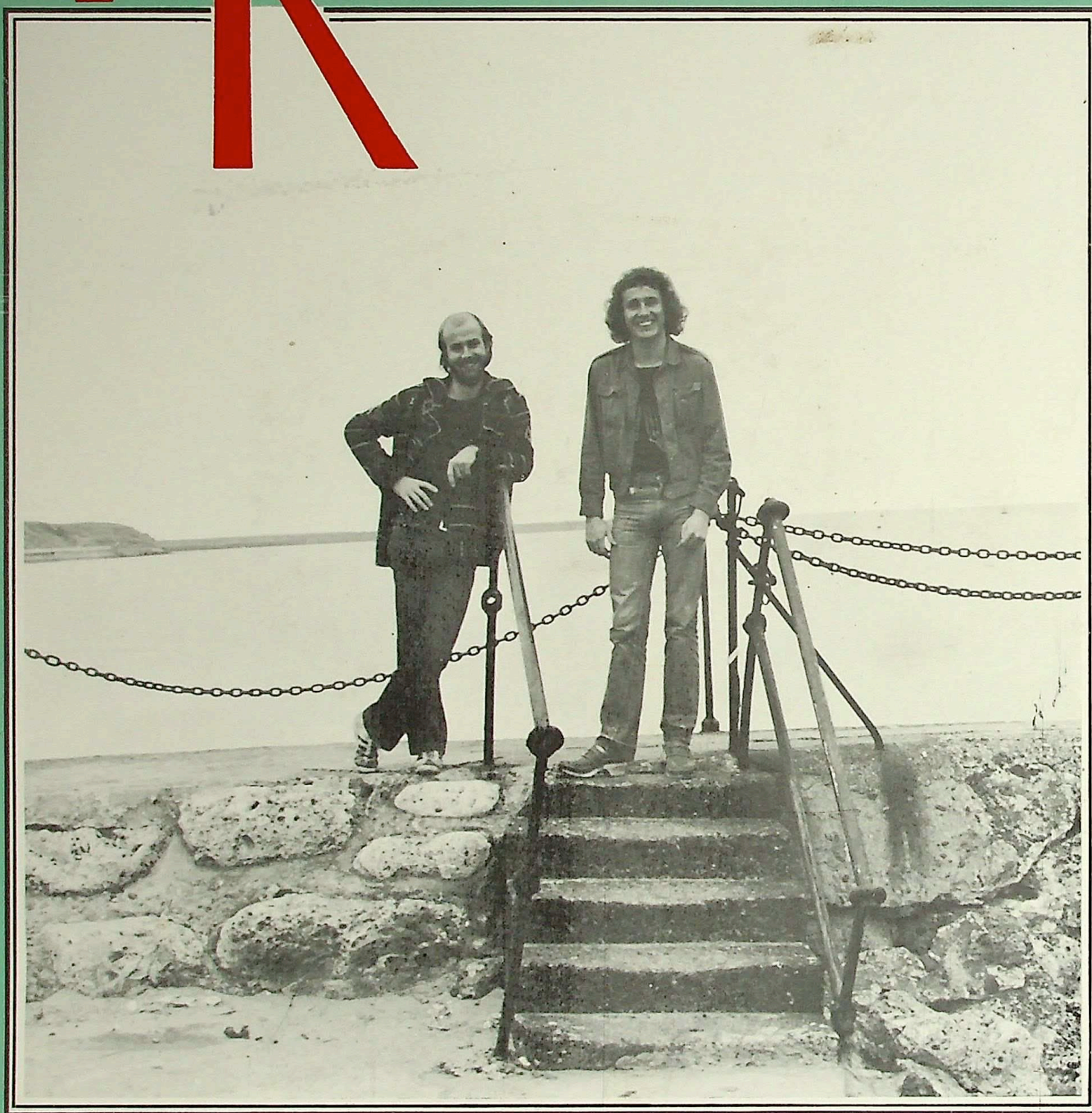


# Tom McConville & Kieran Halpin



port of call



## BLARNEY ROSES.

Chorus.  
Can anybody tell me where the Blarney Roses grow  
It might be down in Limerick town, it might be in Mayo.  
It's somewhere in the Emerald Isle, and this I want to know  
Can anybody tell me where the Blarney Roses grow.

It was over in old Ireland, near the town of Custendall  
One morn I met a damsel there, the fairest of them all.  
It was with my young affections and my money she did go  
And she told me she belonged to where the Blarney Roses grow.

Her cheeks were like red roses and her hair a raven hue  
Before she had done with me, she had me raving too.  
She sorely left me stranded, not a coin she left, you know,  
Did the damsel that belonged to where the Blarney Roses grow.

There's roses in Killarney and there's some in County Clare,  
But upon my word, the roses, boys, I can't find anywhere.  
She blarneyed me, for by the power she left me broke, you know  
Did the damsel that belonged to where the Blarney Roses grow.

A chushla grá mo chroi young man, she murmured soft to me  
If you belong to Ireland, it's yourself belongs to me.  
Her Donegal come-all-ye brogue, it captured me, you know,  
Bad luck to her and bugger the place where the Blarney Roses grow.

**Tom - Vocals, fiddle**  
**Kieran - Harmony vocals, guitar**  
**Bob - Harmony vocals, guitar**

## THE LOW ROAD.

You know now I answer to none but my maker  
My conscience will guide me through many's the storm,  
I've nothing against you but the way you turned against me,  
And I've nothing to leave you but memories.

Now sad is the heart that had once held you sacred  
And lost is the soul I gave you to mind,  
For gone is the loving that flowed deep between us,  
And long is the day and the night-time.

It's not for the want of a-working I leave you,  
It's not that adventure has led me away,  
But the sunlight has set on a saddened horizon  
And this ship is leaving the bay.

I pray given time you will learn to forgive me,  
I pray given time I will learn to forget,  
For true love runs roughly and you and I stumbled,  
And now it's with sadness I leave you.

**Kieran - Vocals, guitar**  
**Tom - Fiddles**

## DOCTOR GILBERT/LADS OF LAOISE

**Tom - Fiddle**  
**Kieran - Guitar**

## TRIP THROUGH HOLYHEAD.

Fifty-Three and the factory's closing  
There's not enough work to go round,  
My brother he stuck to the farming  
And I headed for London Town.  
South Camden and I'm in my lodgings  
My room is both dirty and small  
But the landlady's simple and friendly,  
It makes up for the damp on the wall  
Makes up for the damp on the wall.

Seven-thirty A.M. in the morning,  
Myself and the lads on the roads,  
The noise of the dozers is deafening  
And the work is a sight to behold.  
And the sub is a gift sent from heaven  
It'll bide me until I get paid,  
It'll pay for the rent and the drinking  
And leave me a bit for to save  
And leave me a bit for to save.

Now I've worked for Laing and for Wimpey,  
I've been sent from Billy to Jack,  
I've worked 'til there's nothing left in me  
And I've worked 'til they've broken my back.  
Come pay day I'm out on the banter  
Well there's not a lot else for to do,  
Well I've sent a few bob to my parents  
And the rest is for me and you  
The rest is for me and for you.

Come Christmas I'm standing in Euston  
My brown leather suitcase in hand,  
The nine-thirty waiting to take me  
Back over to sweet Inismaan.  
And it's out beyond Watford and Rugby  
By Chester I've had my eighth beer,  
Past Bangor and the cold Straits of Menai,  
And finally Holyhead Pier  
And finally Holyhead Pier.

You would think the whole country of Erin  
Was waiting to get on the boat,  
There are accents from Antrim to Kerry  
From Westport to the high hill of Howth.  
And in no time we're into Dun Laoire  
With the dawn rising clear in the sky,  
I'm on the last leg of my journey  
It's hello to the fair Aran Isles,  
Hello to the fair Aran Isles.

There's much jubilation and laughter,  
It's true that there's no place like home.  
All of my friends and relations,  
But too soon I have to be going.  
For there's not enough work in this country,  
And there's not enough land to go round,  
So thousands of others just like me  
Are heading out for London Town,  
We're heading out for London Town.

**Tom - Vocals**  
**Kieran and Bob - Harmony Vocals.**

## HIGH GERMANY.

Woe be to the order that took my love awa'  
And woe be to the cruel cause that bade my tears downfall,  
And woe be to the bloody wars of high Germany,  
For they have taken my love and left a broken heart to me.

The drum beat in the morning before the break of day,  
And the wee, wee fife led loud and clear while yet the morn was grey,  
And aye the bonny flag unfurled, a gallant sight to see  
And woe to me for my soldier lad was marched to Germany.

And long, long is the travelling to the bonny pier of Lieth,  
And bleak it was to gang there with a snow-drift in your teeth,  
And aye the wind blew sharp and strong and the tears froze in my e'en,  
When I gaed there to see my love embark for Germany.

And I gazed o'er the cruel, cruel sea as long as could be seen,  
The wee small sail upon the ship my own true love was in,  
And aye the wind blew sharp and strong and the ship sailed speedily,  
And rage and cruel wars have twined my bonny boy from me.

**Kieran - Vocals, guitar**  
**Tom - Fiddle**  
**Bob - Harmonium**

## TAILOR TO MY TRADE.

Come all young men where're you be and listen to my lamentation,  
I courted a girl of beauty rare and loved her beyond admiration.  
Soon in time she became my wife, it wasn't for love it was for riches,  
And then in time it caused great strife, to see which one would wear the britches.

Paddy Kane it is my name, me height it is five foot eleven,  
My wife she is not very tall, she measures only four feet seven.  
How often do we shout and bawl with nothing going but rogues and witches,  
Her head comes often to the wall, still she says she'll wear the britches.

I am a tailor to my trade, at cutting out I am quite handy,  
But all the money that I make, she leaves it out on tea and brandy.  
The hedges I have nearly stripped, I've left them bare of rods and switches,  
Her hide with blows I have left black, still she says she'll wear the britches.

One morning at the tea and eggs, contented sitting by the fire,  
She threw the teapot at my legs, it made me leap and then retire,  
How often do I shout and moan as I go hopping on my crutches,  
I wished I'd broke my collar-bone, the day I let her wear the britches.

So come all young men where're you be, don't wed a maid if she's enchanting,  
For if you do when she is young with all young men she'll be gallanting.  
Now my advice to any young man is marry for love and not for riches,  
If you can't get a maid with a civil tongue who'll give you leave to wear the britches.

**Kieran - Vocals, bouzouki**  
**Tom - Fiddle**  
**Bob - Guitar**

## HARD LUCK STORIES.

You thread these dark years of history  
With hard luck stories on every side,  
You fought your neighbour, you killed your brother too,  
You lost your way but not your pride.

Chorus.

Now no more wars need fighting,  
No more wrongs need righting  
No more plague will blight - you've only yourself to blame.

Life holds no surprises,  
No more compromises,  
Don't you realise - you're throwing it all away.

Your life holds memories of slavery,  
Your days held nightmares of bought and sold,  
You've run times gauntlet, you've won the right to be free,  
You've lost your tongue but not your soul.

They've no more lies to tell you,  
No more dreams to sell you,  
No more fools will help - you've only yourself to blame.

**Kieran - Vocals, guitar**  
**Tom - Fiddle**

## McGUIRE'S/MARTIN WYNN'S

**Tom - Fiddle**

## BANKS OF THE BANN.

When first into this country a stranger I came,  
I placed my affection on a comely young dame,  
She being fair and tender, her waist small and slender,  
False nature has formed her for my overthrow.

On the banks of the Bann boys, it was there that she came,  
She appeared like an angel of Egypt's fair fame,  
Her eyes like the diamonds or stars lightly shining,  
She's one of the fairest in the world that I've seen.

Well it was her cruel parents that first caused the row,  
Because they are wealthy and born of high brow,  
Still I did endeavour to give my love favour,  
Although she is come of a high family.

Well, my name it is Delaney and it brings me no shame,  
And if I'd saved money you'd bow to my name,  
But drinking and sporting like rambling and courting,  
Are the cause of my ruin and my absence from home.

Well if I had all riches that are in the world,  
I'd put rings on her fingers and silk round her curls,  
There on the banks of the lovely Bann river,  
In all kinds of splendour I'd dwell with my dear.

**Kieran - Vocals**  
**Tom - Fiddles**  
**Bob - Guitar**

## PORT OF CALL.

You've spent your life in service, you've apprenticed long enough,  
You learned to love the ocean both becalmed and deathly rough,  
Now you wait in patient silence for some long abandoned ship,  
To call you up for duty and one more longed-for trip.

Still Henry comes to see you and helps to dry your tears,  
With his love of country music, and half a dozen beers,  
And he takes you from your sorrow, and takes you on the town,  
Says if you can't forget the ocean, there's danger you might drown.

Chorus.

No sixty year old sailor is wanted on the sea,  
No forty years of sailing will get them to agree,  
No twenty years of reasoning will ever make them see,  
And no amount of money will ever set you free.

Still Henry's young and happy, he can only do so much,  
And you realise he loses you when you start losing touch,  
And in this dirty, smoky bar-room you stare blindly at your past,  
And you see the ghost of every coast appearing in your glass.

And you did your bit for Europe, for your King and your country,  
But they soon forgot your sacrifice in the wake of victory,  
And these empty bottles ask you, was it peace or was it war,  
Was it love or just frustration, that brought you down so far.

And all these years of waiting, will they be worth it after all,  
Because there's only one more voyage, just one more Port of Call.....

**Kieran - Vocals, guitar**  
**Tom - Fiddle**  
**Bob - Harmony vocals, piano**

PRODUCED BY GEOFF HESLOP  
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Geoff and Mickey for making the sessions as enjoyable as they were and  
to all our unmentionable friends everywhere.

Musicians - TOM McCONVILLE - Vocals, fiddles.  
KIERAN HALPIN - Vocals, guitar, bouzouki.  
BOB FOX - Guitar, piano, harmonium, harmonies.

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