

Mp3 O'malley's March - Celtic Fury



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The Furious Five: O'Malley's March "The title is quite fitting. The Celtic part, I think, speaks for itself. And the Fury part... well, the music speaks for that. 14 MP3 Songs WORLD: Celtic, ROCK: Folk Rock Details: Martin O'Malley- lead vocal, bodhran, guitar, whistle on "Streets of Baltimore" Paul Levin - uilleann pipes, wooden flute Bob Baum - base guitar, backup vocals Jamie Wilson - drums, cajon, djembe, vocals Jared Denhard - celtic harp, trombone, whistle on "Leaving Home Once More" Special Guest Musicians Terry O'Neill, fiddle (Courtesy of the Great O'Neill) Peter Fitzgerald, tenor banjo (courtesy of Mr. Mrs. Fitzgerald) Maureen McCusker, Lass Kickin' vocals We've tried to capture the same full spectrum of traditional music and contemporary influence that you would hear at our live performances. Jamie and Bob go to town with fat-back drumming and funky bass licks on a couple of re-worked pub favorites, Black Velvet Band and Barnyards of Delgarty; but you'll also hear traditional pieces. From O'Carolan's timeless melody, Young Catherine, to Paul's slow air on the wooden flute, The Golden Barley, and Jared's harp on Eamann An Chnoic, we'll storm into lively sets of jugs, reels, and polkas. There are songs of rebellion about The Great O'Neill and Ned of the Hill and the young men who fought and died in 1920 in the Valley of Knochane. There are also songs of emigration, ranging from the exile of Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore to the new world hope of The Streets of Baltimore, and finally to the modern-day regrets of Leaving Home Once More. CITY PAPER Vol.21 No. 15 - 04/09/97 - 04/16/97 Lee Gardner, Baltimore's Free Alternative Weekly "Celtic Fury, "This is not your auld da's Irish traditional,... The rollicking energy the band channels, ... could probably get pint glasses waving in just about any pub anywhere ... Wilson (on the drums) and Baum (on the bass) provide a modern pulse throughout, adding a strange "La Bamba"-like swing to the unlikely "Barnyards of Delgaty", and ... providing an almost fusionoid rhythmic riptide to a medley of reels... Jared Denhard's celtic harp and Paul Levin's pipes prove to be the musical

backbone of the performances, especially with Levin's grace and bite on the airs, jigs and reels." MUSIC MONTHLY April, 1997 / Issue #151 Vol. 14 #4, Kelly Connelly, The Furious Five: O'Malley's March "The title is quite fitting. The Celtic part, I think, speaks for itself. And the Fury part... well, the music speaks for that. Each song... be it a slow, gentle air, a lively, get-up-and-dance number, or anything in between... is imbued with an undeniable passion that the word "fury" would suggest... Whether or not you like Irish music, you really don't know what you're missing if you haven't checked out O'Malley's March. They play regularly in the Baltimore / Washington area... of course, the proper setting in which to experience them is an Irish pub. But, if you can do without a pint of perfectly drawn Guinness, pick up Celtic Fury and do your best Irish jig in the privacy of your own home." Mixed, Recorded, and Mastered by John Grant at Secret Sound Studios, Baltimore, Maryland, 1996 and 1997. Chief Bard, Jared Denhard Produced by O'Malley's March with special thanks to our friends Tom Kathy Scott. 1997 O'Malley's March. All rights reserved. Unauthorized reproduction or recording prohibited. All tracks arranged by O'Malley's March. The Great O'Neill, Streets of Baltimore, Leaving Home Once More, written by Martin O'Malley. The Golden Barley written by Paul Levin. All other songs and tunes traditional except for track No. 12, Ned of the Hill, written by Terry Woods Ron Kavana, 1991, Special Delivery Records. 1992 Green Linnet, all rights reserved.

SOME LYRICS: Streets of Baltimore (Lyrics and music by Martin O'Malley) To work the land from dawn to dusk was Fathers highest goal. And I sat myself to do the same when the dear Lord took his soul. But the land we worked was not our own and the fruit of my two hands was carted off to England to suit the Landlords plans. By the black year 47 the landlords game was plain Starvation was the rent wed pay in a country filled with grain. Mid sobs of hungry children we left the shamrock shore And traded desperation for the home of Baltimore. Chorus: Come up on the deck this morning and give your hand to me. And see the flag that flies above this new land of the free. Come up on the deck this morning and dance upon the shore. And walk with me to freedom through the streets of Baltimore. Our voyage was a hard one on Atlantics icy waves. Free passage on a coffin ship the landlord used as slaves. Trading every scrap we had to keep the children well paying for salvation from that rolling wretched hell. With every passing day it seemed we buried friends at sea and wondered if wed stayed at home how worse our plight could be. With fever, rage at fore and aft we finally reached the bay and thanked the Lord that died for us wed lived until that day. (chorus) Well, from that day to this one Ive made it on my own with a helping hand from Father Mac and the mighty B&O. A little house near St. Johns and a grandchild on the way. We often light

a candle as we think about that day. For to leave our homes in Ireland it left us numb with pain. And the parents that we left behind we never saw again. If I live to be one hundred on Americas brave shore. I never will forget the day we came to Baltimore. (chorus) Martin O'Malley Leaving Home Once More (Lyrics and music by Martin O'Malley) This strange uneasy feeling that grips your heart today as you double check for passports and you hurry on your way. And your body feels the week of sleep your spirit wouldnt take as you tumble towards the airport through the memories of your wake. And with every curving of the road there are sites youve never seen but your visit now has slipped away like those passing fields of green. Youre heading back across the sea your families across the fold but your hearts confused as it can be cause it feels youre leaving home. Is it some ancient memory or the fear of never more? The immigrant whose blood you share is leaving home once more. Those evening walks in Galway as the misty rain came down and your shelter was that session on the other side of town The rides around Killarneys woods a fire we found that day the hallowed place of Fnian men they could not lock away. And through the open countryside youd wander and youd roam with that eerie feeling that somehow you were home Youre heading back across the sea your family is across the fold But your hearts confused as it can be cause it feels youre leaving home Is it some ancient memory or the fear of never more? The immigrant whose blood you share is leaving home once more. Those last coins in your pocket now have reached their destiny. This bar at Shannon airport is the last site here youll see. Its time now to return again to your world of bills and debt where your children's years go rushing by and priorities are set. The chocked up feeling in your throat the tear you cant explain as she gently takes you by the arm and drags you to the plane. Youre heading back across the sea your families across the fold but your hearts confused as it can be cause it feels youre leaving home. Is it some ancient memory or the fear of never more? The immigrant whose blood you share is leaving home once more. Martin O'Malley

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