

## Mp3 O'malley's March - Live



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I first saw O'Malley's March seven years ago, in a cavernous American Legion hall, at their first CD release Party. True to their Celtic roots, they had a smoke machine. You haven't lived till you've heard "Black Velvet Band" from what appears to be a c 15 MP3 Songs WORLD: Celtic, ROCK: Folk Rock

Details: I first saw O'Malley's March seven years ago, in a cavernous American Legion hall, at their first CD release Party. True to their Celtic roots, they had a smoke machine. You haven't lived till you've heard "Black Velvet Band" from what appears to be a cloud bank at 30,000 feet. O'Malley's March has never been afraid to push the envelope, to make their songs fun and accessible while remaining true to the spirit of Irish music. Now here is their fourth CD. It's also their first "live" recording, conveying a real sense of the band's on-stage excitement, only without the cover charge, \$5 beers and cigarette haze. From the plaintive "Wait For Me" to the hope-filled "Streets of Baltimore" to the rollicking Pogues anthem "Streams of Whiskey," these songs reflect the mix of traditional folk tunes and contemporary influences that continue to shape the band. Two founding members, Paul Levin and Bob Baum, have passed on. They are sorely missed. But the timeless themes of love and longing, of rebellion and emigration, still echo from Martin's vocals, Jared's harp, Jamie's drums, from Ralph on the guitar and Pete on the bass. And the two talented "Kids," Sean on the accordion and Jim on the fiddle, infuse O'Malley's March with a fresh, edgy dynamic. It has been a privilege and a pleasure to watch these guys all these years, and I would say that even if they hadn't brought me many Harps, which, God bless 'em, they have. Kevin Cowherd Feb. 2004 The Players: Jared Denhard - harp, trombone, highland pipes whistle Jim Eagan - fiddle Sean McComiskey - button accordion Pete Miller - electric bass, Zeta upright crossover electric bass, and vocals Martin O'Malley - vocals, acoustic guitar, whistle Ralph Reinoldi - 6 12 string electric guitar, octave mandolin, mandolin, vocals Jamie Wilson - drums, vocals HERE ARE SOME LYRICS:

Wait For Me (lyrics music by Martin O'Malley) There's a young man at the harbor, And he stares across the sea. With family all around him Gripping fears of what might be. Before he leaves to save his future, He wipes the tears so she might see. Finally turns to kiss his mother, Wait for me. From the first days of his exile, He relies on hope and pride. Finds love in his new country, Asks his young girl to be his bride. And the years fly by quickly, In this new land of the free. He grieves alone for his parents, Wait for me. Well, his sons, they won the World Wars, His daughters grew up fine and strong. His descendants, they were many, And his days were bright and long. When they waked him, there was whiskey, Bells of Ireland, his greenery. Irish songs of sweet remembrance, Wait for me. Theres an old man at the airport, Back across the years so long. Hes kept his grandpas promise, His kids still sing the songs. Before he bids farewell to Ireland, And flies home across the sea, He can hear his own heart saying, Wait for me. Oro! Se do bheatha waille. (Hail! Welcome home.) Martin O'Malley Farewell Clonbur (lyrics music by Martin O'Malley) Farewell Clonbur, your green valleys and your streams your lake isles and your mountains where I have lately been. May the kindness of your people like your gentle peace endure. Farewell, farewell, farewell Sweet Clonbur In a world more full of sorrows than you can understand theres a place where all your worries are eased by Gods great hand. Where the journey of a lifetime is a short road from the shore to the ancient lake isle castle that guards the rising past To sweet Clonbur In the quiet of the evening as the sunset paints the sky take a walk down by her mild ports repeat then wonder why if truth, and love, and beauty are the things that will endure why do I morn to leave a while the friends and soft green hills Of sweet Clonbur Farewell Clonbur your green valleys and your streams your lake isles and your mountains where I have lately been. May the kindness of your people like your gentle peace endure farewell, farewell, farewell Sweet Clonbur Martin O'Malley The song was written after its author visited the hometown of his Irish heritage, Clonbur. "This quiet village, near Cong and the Mayo border, is an ideal centre for the trout angler as it nestles easily between the two great lakes of Corrib and Mast. For the more adventurous, Mount Gable lies just 2 km to the West, and is an easy climb of about one hour's duration. The effort is worthwhile because the views of Lough Corrib stretching away to the south, Lough Mask to the north and the Connemara mountains to the west are simply stupendous." galway.goireland.com 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 South Baltimore Lullabye (lyrics music by Martin O'Malley) Where the city lights dance on the waves, And the cool breeze blows off the bay, When your limbs lie down, as your rest is found, At the dimming of the day, I know then that I'll think of you, And I pray you'll think of me, May St. Mary's light guide you tonight, As the stars watch over the sea. As the years go by, and the banshee's cry, Marks the time that souls must flee, From our short time here, to the rest that's near, When the calm returns to the sea, Though time and space pull us apart, In my heart you'll always be, So, may St. Mary's light guard you tonight As the stars watch over the sea. May St. Mary's light guide you tonight, As the stars watch over the sea. Martin O'Malley

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