

A man with a mustache, Mick Cifern Walsh, is seated on a wooden bench in a pub, playing an acoustic guitar. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt. The background features a red wall adorned with various posters and framed pictures. To the left, a harp is visible on a stand. The overall atmosphere is warm and intimate, typical of a traditional Irish pub.

Mick Cifern Walsh

Musician & Songwriter

Put the
ha'penny down

This thirteen track album comprises of seven new songs I wrote, three sets of tunes and three other songs. Of these, one each is sung by my daughter and my son and the other one by Matt Hyland is sung by myself. I would like to thank John Spillane for giving me permission to put Passage West (sung by my son Gerry) on this recording. My daughter Bronagh sings She Moved Through the Fair. The late Al O'Donnell was a Dublin singer I used frequently listen to playing in Slattery's Capel Street Dublin and that's where I got the song called Matt Hyland, sung by myself.

Mick Walsh, Kilkenny 2019.

1. Put the Ha'penny Down

(Mick Citerm Walsh)

*Put The Ha'penny down on the Railway Line,
Change to a penny help buy Woodbines,
Then to Mrs Kelly's shop be there at nine,
Harp side up I'll get five this time.*

*One fine day she found me out ,
That's a ha'penny young layabout,
Come back later when you have the mon,
A lad like you should be out in the sun.*

*Sink your fingers Be Jame Bowes said,
Concentrate on the drill ahead,
Take your time and do it wright,
Plenty of money for Saturday night.*

*He gave us wages he paid us well ,
Down on our knees sore as hell,
Money in our pockets for cigarettes,
Beet train passed by at ten to ten.*

*Post office switchboard in the town,
I plugged them in and I plugged them out,*

*A call from London every Sunday at noon,
Lonely emigrant looking for some news.*

*Railway station up the road,
People heading for the boat,
To start a life somewhere new,
Leaving home from where they grew.*

*Railway gates opening then again closing,
Traffic always coming and going,
Passenger trains coming down the tracks,
People wave out and we waved back.*

*Then one day they closed it down,
No more trains coming to our town,
They said it cost too much to run,
That was the end of all our fun.*

*Put the Ha'penny down on the Railway line,
Change to a penny help buy Woodbines
Then to Mrs Kelly shop be there at nine,
Harp side up I'll get five this time.*

2. Tomorrows Never Come
Song for the Homeless
(Mick Citerm Walsh)

*The clock has turned twelve after midnight,
It's hard to sleep in this room,
Not long before twill be daylight,
When I'll see all the flowers in bloom.*

Chorus

*They say tomorrows never come,
Everyday of the year,
Yesterdays forever gone,
They are history.*

*Here I sit and I ponder,
As the clock keeps ticking away,
My mind is wandering and wandering,
As to what I will do today.*

Chorus

*I hear a man choking and coughing,
Another one raves in his sleep,
The loud snoring man sleeps while he can,
Tomorrow he is out on the street.*

Chorus

*An old man sits down on a park bench,
Tired from walking all day,
A young woman lying in a doorway,
Nearing her thirtieth birthday.*

Chorus

*People sleeping on streets tonight,
No place else to lie down,*

*The rain outside is starting to fall,
Damp felling lying on the ground.*

Chorus

*In this place we call home,
Our family and friends by our side,
Always best to remember ,
Those who find it hard to survive.*

Chorus

3. Cook in the Kitchen
/ Going to the Well for Water
(Set of Irish Jigs)

4. Passage West
(Composer: John Spillane)
(Singer: Gerry Walsh)

5. Those Days Long Since Gone
(Mick Citerm Walsh)

*When I was ten years old,
I wrote my name upon a stone,
That was many years ago,
Now its all mobile phones.*

Chorus

*Those days now are long since gone,
All the time had so much fun,
Through the fields wed run and run,
All tired when the day was done.*

*Raised beside the Railway Line,
Through my window lights did shine,*

*Trains a coming down the track,
Passing fields of big haystacks.*

Chorus

*We picked the berries in the wood,
Those were days of our boyhood,
Kissed the girls when we could,
In the fields where we stood.*

Chorus

*Then came thirteen years of age,
Mind began to turn a page,
Teenage years a different stage,
Working part time for a wage.*

Chorus

*Back when I was twenty one,
Playing tunes and singing songs,
Drinking beer out in the sun,
People always sang along.*

Chorus

6. Johnny's Wedding Set
(Irish Polkas)

7. The Beast (Storm Song)
(Mick Citerm Walsh)

*I woke up early this morning,
To see Emma about the storm,
Snow was a lying on the ground,
Footprints tell me cats still around*

Chorus

*Listen to the news on the radio,
Weather updates are all the go,
The beast from the east is a coming soon,
They say it will be here late afternoon.*

Chorus

*No birds singing this morning,
They need more food to ride the storm,
Rescue people on full alert,
All homeless now should have a berth.*

Chorus

*Buying bread by the bakers dozen,
Old people now need lots of loving,
Check out people now living alone,
Make sure their now safe in their home.*

Chorus

*If the great Tom Crean was around today,
You'd wonder what he would have to say,
The whole country now on its knees,
Waiting for the end of the blizzard breeze.*

Chorus

*As I sit here now by my own fireside,
Sure I hope it will not bring high tides,
Take care all in this cold night,
Hope everyone will sleep tight.*

Chorus

8. She Moved Through the Fair
(Traditional)

9. Marathon Sunday
(Mick Citerm Walsh)

*We are all set now for Marathon Sunday,
We will all be running the streets of Dublin,
Supercharged atmosphere crowd filled streets,
Waiting at the finish they'll give us cheer,*

Chorus

*We've trained all year on the roads around
here,*

*Now the time has come to up our gear,
I've jogged in the sun hail rain and the snow,
We are down at the start ready to go.*

*It started way back in nineteen eighty
Some people thought the idea was crazy,
Runners come here from far and near,
At the end of the race might drink a beer.*

Chorus

*The starter will be there with his gun,
Getting us ready to begin our run,
Dublin's Lord Mayor down at the start,
As we increase the beat of our heart.*

Chorus

*All athletes lets join together,
And hope that we will get fine weather,
I once ran it on a windy day,
For forty two k it was hard to stay.*

Chorus

*As we pass through the Phoenix Park,
It will bring back memories of days long past,*

*All along the Streets of Dublin.
I hope my feet don't start hurting.*

Chorus

*And then when i get to the finish line,
I'll collect my medal hope all will be fine,
Meet friends for a few drinks,
Back home again for forty winks.*

Chorus

10. Matt Hyland (Traditional)

11. Here's a Health to the Motor Trade
(Retirement Song)

*School day were over,
For a year seldom sober,
Time to get a steady job someone said to me,
The rest became history.*

*Living in a small town ,
Now was the showdown,
To Dublin City I did go,
Hitching a lift in the open road.*

*Iveagh Hostel my first digs ,
Started looking for some gigs,
Till a motor trade job came my way,
With promises of a weekly pay.*

*Working in the Spare Parts,
They gave me a quick start ,
Ballyfermot destination for me,
Working there for fifteen long years.*

Then came the recessions

*It was back to the music sessions,
Playing music almost everywhere,
Got in trouble with the guards in County Clare
Moved to Kilkenny got a job working for Billy,
Then Mary got a phone call one day,
County Clare guards caught up on me,
Got put off the road for one long year.*

*The times have moved on,
Motor cars have come and gone,
Engines keep changing nearly every year,
Like transmissions five and six speed gears.
Here's a health to those motor trade people
everywhere,
Like Mary, Billy and others out there,
Nearly thirty years working with them,
I'll never see the likes of them again.*

First verse again

Track 12. Katyusha / Never on a Sunday
(Polka Set) (Trad)

13. All Because it's Christmas
(Mick Citerm Walsh)

*When Halloween is over and Christmas ads
appear,
Children write to Santa, it's that time of year,
The farmers bring their turkeys to the market
place,
Shops prepare their price lists for whiskey wine
and beer.*

Chorus

*Christmas trees, Christmas lights, Christmas
cards, candle lights,
Warm glow'y fires, cold snow'y nights,
Carol singing, bells ringing, presents bringing,
whiskey drinking,
All because its Christmas, all because its
Christmas.*

Chorus

*People home on holidays at this time of year,
Airports very busy coping with the cheer,
Railway stations full up with people in their
bars,
While others collect their relatives in their
motor cars.*

Chorus

*The Bells they are a ringing in the chapel in
the town,
Services taking place for people all around,
There's a crib down in the corner, children go
to see
Stained glass windows overhead beside the
Holly Tree.*

Chorus

*Horse Racing on the TV on Saint Stephens
Day,
Bookie shops full up hoping not to pay,
Wren Boys in the City, Wren Boys in the towns,
Playing music singing songs tradition does
allow.*

Chorus

*When its all over and back to work we go,
The shops they want us back again to spend a
little more,*

*Sales signs appear on windows all around,
New Years Eve is here again, let's have one
more round.*

Chorus.

Alan Hughes	Ten String Cittern made by Eamonn Murray, Six String Greek Tzouras, Six String Guitar, Harmonica, plays on all tracks.
Lotta Virkkunen	Violin on eight songs
Eva Phelan	Cello on eight songs
Anne-Karoline Distel	Violin on two trad tracks
Bronagh Walsh	Vocals on She Moved Through The Fair
Gerry Walsh	Vocals on Passage West and Six String Guitar on trad tracks
Orla Phelan	Vocal Harmonies
Matt Farrell	Bodhran and Spoons on two tracks
Mick Citeren Walsh	Twelve String Guitar, Ten String Cittern made by Paddy Cleere, Six String Guitar made by Paddy Cleere, Tenor Banjo made by Tom Cussins Clareen Banjos, Vocals.

This Album was recorded, mixed and produced by Joseph O'Faolain at his studio in Freshford, Co. Kilkenny.

Photography Seamus Costello

Photo location John Cleere's Pub & Theatre, Kilkenny City

I would like to dedicate this album to my family and friends who have supported me in my music down the years, not forgetting my music friends who have passed on.

Mick Walsh, April 2019.

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1. *Put the Ha'penny Down* (Mick Citerm Walsh) 3.28
 2. *Tomorrows Never Come* (Mick Citerm Walsh) 3.44
 3. *Cook in the Kitchen/Going to the Well for Water* (Trad) 3.41
 4. *Passage West* (John Spillane) 4.36
 5. *Those Days Long Since Gone* (Mick Citerm Walsh) 3.30
 6. *Johnny's Wedding Set* (Trad) 3.06
 7. *The Beast (Irish Storm Song)* (Mick Citerm Walsh) 5.08
 8. *She Moved Through the Fair* (Trad) 3.04
 9. *Marathon Sunday (Dublin Marathon Song)* (Mick Citerm Walsh) 3.51
 10. *Matt Hyland* (Trad) 5.06
 11. *Here's a Health to the Motor Trade (Retirement Song)*
(Mick Citerm Walsh) 3.33
 12. *Katyusha/Never on a Sunday* (Trad) 4.15
 13. *All Because it's Christmas* (Mick Citerm Walsh) 4.02

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