

# 'The Roadside Stage'

(Composed by Jackie Daly for Kanturk Arts Festival, 2009)

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Roadside Stage'. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff is the melody, written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is a harmonic accompaniment, also in treble clef. The third staff is a bass line, written in bass clef. The title 'The Roadside Stage' is written in a cursive font above the first staff. The music is a simple, folk-style melody with a steady rhythm.

In Kanturk town of old renown  
I spent my younger days;  
This part of rebel county  
Is well versed in homely ways,  
Where *Allo* and the *Dallo*  
Both those rhyming waters twine  
And drifts as one to *Bluepool*  
By the clockhouse keeping time.

My father was a postman,  
That's the job he loved to do;  
The music and road bowling  
Were the pastimes that he knew.  
At *Sally's Cross* he'd loft a bowl  
And throw a handy score,  
Then play a session in a bar  
With patrons wanting more.

And here's to great *Bill Sullivan*,  
The roadside stage he made;  
Above in Knocknacolon  
By his home the floor was laid.  
And once the music found itself  
All in the open air,  
'Twas then the polkas and the slides  
Were played with verve and flair.

*Jim Keefe* he asked me kindly  
Why I didn't seem to dance;  
I said the mighty music  
Was the thing did me entrance.  
He bade me bring the *squeeze box*  
For to try a tune or two;  
And that was how I found a place  
Among that gallant crew.

It was *The Seán Lynch Céili Band*  
That really knew the score;  
The music of *Sliabh Luachra*  
Kept the dancers on the floor.  
The tapping toes were no mean feat  
For stamping round with joy,  
Those airy days of yesteryear  
When I was just a boy.

I've travelled o'er the country  
For I like to roam about;  
The way things were is altered now,  
Of that there is no doubt.  
The roadside stage is over but  
It did the place enhance;  
The town is still a haven for  
Good music, song and dance.

Farewell to Knocknacolon  
And the arbour we knew there;  
So many lively sets were danced  
In this locale so fair.  
It seldom finished early then  
We used to hold our ground, for –  
'Twas easy play for decent people:  
That's the way we found.



*Jackie Daly*