

A close-up photograph of a guitar headstock. The headstock is made of light-colored wood and features the text "Six of One" in a large, elegant cursive font, with "Enda Kenny" written below it in a smaller, similar font. The headstock is equipped with six white, diamond-shaped tuning pegs arranged in three pairs. The strings are visible, extending from the pegs down to a white bridge saddle. The background is a vibrant, multi-colored patterned fabric, possibly a rug or tapestry, with geometric and floral motifs in shades of red, blue, green, and yellow.

*Six of One*  
*Enda Kenny*

## MARY CHRISTINA

© Enda Kenny (APRA/AMCOS) 1996

*My memories of Auckland, NZ. "City of Sails", are haunted by two boats: one was the QE2 and the other a small craft bearing my mother's Christian names. I was reminded of how infrequently I write to the queen - Happy Birthday Ma. (Ruapehu and Taranaki are volcanoes on the North Island - one shouts, the other sleeps.)*

Mary Christina, Queen of the Sea

When I'm in the south land you come sailing to me

On a river (on a river of dreams)

In the night (in the nighttime)

You come sailing (you come sailing to me)

When I'm in danger, when I am low

You always find me, somehow you always know

On a river

In the night

You come sailing

*And the long white cloud lies under the long black veil  
And down in the city of sails the children are sleeping  
Tattooed faces walk the street*

*You can touch the earth, feel its heartbeat*

*Ruapehu steaming, Taranaki dreaming*

And Mary Christina, Queen of the Sea

In the eye of a cyclone you come sailing to me

On a river

In the night

You come sailing

Like a swan among cygnets you watch over me

I'm safe in your harbour even when I'm all at sea

On a river

In the night

You come sailing

And Mary Christina, Queen of the Sea

When I'm in the south land you come sailing to me

On a river

In the night

You come sailing

You come sailing

## DEVIL'S ISLAND

© Bernard Carney (AMCOS) 1994

*Earlier this year I flew over Robben Island into Cape Town, South Africa, and thought of Mandela. A fortnight later I flew over the tourist resort of Rottneest Island returning to Australia. While one country acknowledges its dark history, the other continues to deny and perpetuate it.*

The afternoon was fading as the boat pulled into landing

A flock of seagulls following this rusty creaking boat

A string of shackled prisoners, silent, sick from hunger

Shivered as the island's winter winds began to blow

Native northern tribesmen sent to Devil's Island

Victims of some pioneering penal prejudice

Cramped in freezing cells

With filth and soil and meagre blankets

A nest of rats would never live in squalor such as this

*There on Devil's Island*

*Prisoners of the crown*

*There on Devil's Island*

*Far from tribal ground*

1883 the history books will not remember

Influenza fever took its sudden deadly hold

Spreading like a bushfire, meeting no resistance

Fanned by the aching undernourishment and cold

Ten a day were taken from their cells on Devil's Island

Placed in unmarked graves

Without a name, without a word

Finally released from all this suffering and torment

Their spirits flying northward

Like the winter wading birds

A hundred years or more have aged

The sands of Rottneest Island

The treacherous old gaol is now a modernised hotel

The bad old days are played down

But all around the mainland

The natives of this country are still dying in their cells

The afternoon was fading as the boat pulled into harbour

Evening shadows conjure up some distant silhouette

Hard to believe there was a dark side to this beauty

So much to remember yet so easy to forget

## ELLEN

© Enda Kenny (APRA/AMCOS) 1996

*Ellen is the long awaited and much loved daughter of an Adelaide engineer and an extraordinary nurse, living proof that the IVF program can bring smiles all 'round. When she grows out of her jumpsuit I'm sure she'll grow into someone special.*

Ellen there's no tellin' what a girl like you can do

You can fly an aeroplane and fly a rocket too

You can turn a cartwheel and tumble down a hill

And if you want to do it girl you will

You can make a movie, write a novel, write a song

You can do it all you know, you can do no wrong

You can run a marathon, sail to a distant shore

All these things are possible and more

*You can walk a high wire, you can be a clown*

*You can tame a lion when the circus comes to town*

*You can build a tree house*

*And build your own house too*

*Nothing is impossible for you*

And who knows what you'll want to be

An engineer, a nurse

Maybe you'll do better girl, but hey! You could do worse

You might want to live here or in some other place

You can do the choosing Ellen Grace

Ask and we will answer, guide you on your way

Tomorrow's for the choosing,

We will help you through today

You can build a tree house or build your own house too

Nothing is impossible for you

Ellen there's no tellin' what a girl like you can do

Whatever you dream of

Whatever you dream of

Whatever you dream of may it all come true

## THE MARY ELLEN CARTER

© Stan Rogers (Fogarty's Cove Music, Can.)

*It's been ten or more years now and I don't think I'll ever tire of singing this one.*

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain

The skipper he'd been drinking

And the mate he felt no pain

Too close to Three Mile Rock

And she was dealt her final blow

And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low

There was just us five aboard her

When she finally was awash

We fought like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost

But the groan she gave as she went down

It caused us to proclaim

That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again

Well, the owners wrote her off;

Not a nickel would they spend

"She gave twenty years of service, boys,

Then met her sorry end

But insurance paid the loss to us,

Now let her rest below"

And they laughed at us and said we'd have to go

But we talked of her all winter,

Some days around the clock

She's worth a quarter million boys afloat and at the dock

And with every jar that hit the bar

We swore we would remain

And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Rise again  
Rise again  
That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men  
All those who loved her best  
And were with her till the end  
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

All spring now we've been with her  
On a barge lent by a friend  
Three dives a day in a hard hat suit  
And twice I've had the bends  
Thank god it's only sixty feet  
And the currents here are slow  
Or I'd never have the strength to go below  
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents  
Dogged hatch and porthole down  
Put cables to her 'fore and aft and girded her around  
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air  
And then take up the strain  
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

For we couldn't leave her there, you see,  
To crumble into scale  
She'd saved our lives so many times,  
Running through the gale  
And the laughing, drunken rats  
That left her to a sorry grave  
They won't be laughing in another day...  
And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow  
With smiling bastards lying to you  
Everywhere you go  
Turn to, and put out all your strength  
Of arm and heart and brain  
And, like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again!

Rise again  
Rise again  
Though your heart it be broken and life about to end  
No matter what you've lost  
Be it a home, a love, a friend  
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

## ONE NIGHT IN MELBOURNE

© Enda Kenny/Ken Ferguson (APRA/AMCOS) 1996  
On consecutive nights - okay, so I cheated, it was two  
nights - I heard the pool balls rattle as Headbellys and  
Furphies whirled away in the corner. They don't do that in  
Fremantle, where Ken Ferguson added a verse a year later,  
but they still do it at The Lomond (Thursdays: tram 96  
terminus).

They stand in the corner playing their heart out  
You stand at the table playing at pool  
I sit on a barstool looking at both of you  
I wonder which one of us thinks he's a fool

No name in the papers, no sign on the door  
You must ask yourself what you're doing it for  
For love or for music, for something to do  
It's old and it's stolen, borrowed and blue

*Fiddle bow flying, rhythm and strings*  
*One of those nights or one of those things*  
*One eye on the clock and one foot in the door*  
*One night in Melbourne, a few dollars more*

The triangle's lifted, the balls fly apart  
But the words of the songs fly straight to the heart  
The barflies are leaving, abandon the flight  
The dreams and the stories fly into the night

It's everything life is it's happening it's real  
It's a turn of the cards it's the way that you feel  
It's who gets the black ball and who makes mistakes  
It's who gets the money and who gets the breaks

## MICHELLE

© Enda Kenny (APRA/AMCOS) 1997  
Michelle (Smith) De Bruin is the finest female Olympian  
since Dawn Fraser. Thanks to a rumour started by Janet  
Evans (USA), and perpetuated by the British press, she is  
also one of the world's most drug-tested athletes. The same  
press, eager to suggest "guilt by association", have never  
reported that her husband and coach was cleared of the  
charges for which he served a four-year suspension. She  
may not have swooshes or stripes on her swimming  
costume but I think she's dynamite.

*I wrote this song for you Michelle*  
*I'm proud of what you've done*  
*From Seoul in 1988 I see how far you've come*  
*I see the hatred of the press who try to put you down*  
*Erin's daughter, queen of the water*  
*Pride of old Kilkenny town*  
*Erin's daughter, queen of the water*  
*Pride of old Kilkenny town*

You were always in the outside lane  
No-one even knew your name  
Every morning you would train  
Down in the pool at four  
In Vienna you were back page news  
Your time had come  
You'd paid your dues  
Two gold and then a silver  
But there were bigger things in store

From champion of Europe to Atlanta one fine day  
Where the Aussies watched the Russians  
And the Russians watched the USA  
But no-one watched the outside lane  
When you came storming home  
Three gold and one bronze later  
We were singing out your name

And we sang "Michelle, ma belle...  
Sont les mots" and something else  
I never spoke French very well  
Ah! But then the rumour started  
And they stole your finest hour  
Pommie papers paddy bashing  
When the grapes turned sour

So you married a man who'd once been banned  
But he's not in the pool  
They can dig out all the dirt they like  
But you're nobody's fool  
Perhaps if you'd been British or born in the USA  
They might not have been so jealous  
And you might have had fair play

*I wrote this song for you Michelle*  
*I'm proud of what you've done*  
*From Seoul in 1988 I see how far you've come*  
*I see the hatred of the press who try to put you down*  
*Erin's daughter, queen of the water*  
*Pride of old Kilkenny town*  
*Erin's daughter, queen of the water*  
*Pride of old Kilkenny town*

## HOME TO ME

© Tom Paxton (Accabonnac Music, Inc.) 1994  
*Next best thing to a bottle of wine.*

Tell the rose not to bloom, the stream to flow  
Tell the rain not to fall, the tree to grow  
Tell the high summer sky to lose its blue  
But don't tell me that I don't belong with you

*For you could send me away and I would go*  
*I would go but I would not go too far*  
*You could send me home but you would know*  
*Home to me is anywhere you are*

When I met you there was nothing to decide  
It was simply something happening inside  
I felt strange for a minute, then I knew  
That I finally felt complete when I found you

There are those who never really know their minds  
They're confused and they're not the staying kind  
They don't know what they're really looking for  
I don't suffer from that problem anymore

## OLD BONES

© Jez Lowe (Lowe Life Music)

*Jez is my favourite left handed songwriter. Sorry Paul.*

When I was young my father said to me, he said to me  
Never take advice when it comes for free  
You can have all the riches of the golden kind  
But without the riches of your peace of mind

*You won't make old bones  
You won't make old bones  
You won't make old bones, you'll see*

And as the old folk sit and curse time's slipping sand  
(time's slipping sand)  
I sit and curse the time upon my hands  
And the north wind blows like a song of the sea  
The song it carries comes plain to me, it says...

And some folk make remark on my furrows and frown  
They say the only way's to get up  
When they turn you down  
But everybody gives the same advice  
They say go. Sign up for a soldier's life or ...

So I went to the army like everybody told me to do  
They said "We'd love to make a soldier out of you"  
But before I put my name on the line  
My father's words came to me in time, they said....

I said your guns and your drums  
They're not for the likes of me  
Though my future it might be bleaker than bleak can be  
Cause you talk of many owing much to few  
When all that I wanted was a job to do. You said...

So you people in power and position,  
I tell you beware, you'd better beware  
Of your facts and your figures  
That tell you what when and where  
For your facts and your figures are the likes of me  
So don't try and tell me how my life should be, or you...

## THE CAUSE

© Mick Ryan (MCPS/PRS, UK) 1995

*Mick Ryan from Bournemouth is a fine singer I met while touring in the UK in 1995. He has many songs as powerful as this one.*

It's a fine green country with an ever open hand  
But revenge and bloody murder lie heavy on the land  
They fall before the terror tide like castles in the sand  
And the cause is lost forever on the way  
And it's not worth the pain and it's not worth the strife  
It can't hold a candle to a single blown out life  
And it's not worth the death of a father, child or wife  
For the cause is lost forever on the way

*And they've gone, gone forever  
And the dead are getting deader every day  
And it's no, nay, never  
For the cause is lost forever on the way*

It's all for a union and it's all for a border  
It's all for a colour that the killer gives the order  
To keep the old religion they bring death and disorder  
And the cause is lost forever on the way  
And it's all against the border  
And it's for a different nation  
It's for a different colour that they show no hesitation  
To blow away the innocent in endless desecration  
For the cause is lost forever on the way

For the union, for the nation,  
For the orange, for the green  
For the parson, for the priest,  
For the pope and for the queen  
For the past, for the present,  
For the love, the hate, the dream  
Ah the cause is lost forever on the way  
For King Billy, for James Connolly,  
The sash my father wore  
For the croppy, for the prentice,  
For the landlord at the door  
For plantation, emigration and an ancient running sore  
The cause is lost forever on the way

Safe across the broad Atlantic  
There in Boston and New York  
They sing the myths of history  
And talk their bar-room talk  
And they lay their money down  
To keep the dove beneath the hawk  
And the cause is lost forever on the way  
Oh they sing about the old land  
As they make their bold collection  
They sing about those heroes and heroic insurrection  
And for those their money murders  
There will be no resurrection  
The cause is lost forever on the way.

## SECONDS OUT

© ENDA KENNY (APRA/AMCOS) 1996

*I've always been amused by how much everyday language draws from the boxing ring - so I threw my hat in instead of the towel. A Mick's metaphor!*

Seconds out, you should have known  
The bell rings, you're on your own  
Will you go the distance, will you drop your guard  
Arms length for a little while  
Dance around and show your style  
But you know when it hits it's always hard

Seconds out, another round  
You can hear a ringing sound  
Should have thrown the towel in long ago  
Just when you've found your feet again  
Suddenly it's count to ten  
You should have seen it coming, that you know.

*You're back against the ropes again and reelin'  
Lookin' to your corner for a sign  
And no-one understands the way you're feelin'  
So you tell 'em it's alright you're doin' fine*

Seconds out, it's on again  
You fight until you're gone again  
And someone comes to pick you off the floor  
Wake up in a strange bed  
With strange voices in your head  
And still, you keep coming back for more

## THE SOUTHERN CROSS IS CALLING ME

© Joe Paolacci (APRA/AMCOS)

*The optimism of Australia's post-war migrants deserves admiration and celebration. I rent a house in Carlton and know where to get the world's best gnocci.*

He hasn't had a break, you know, in twenty-seven years  
Non-stop in a barber shop he owned near Station Pier  
He came from sunny Naples just after WWII  
With aching heart, he'd played his part,  
And bid his folks adieu

*So goodbye sunny Naples  
My loving family too  
The Southern Cross is calling me  
To build a life that's new  
I'm off to see Australia  
The work is plenty there  
My bag is packed, I won't look back  
I'll make a pile, I swear*

He took a boat to Melbourne  
Employment was in plenty  
And he got a job, with a Yankee mob  
In motor car assembly  
He rented up in Carlton  
And money careful spent  
With families four and sometimes more  
He shared his every cent

And "g'day mate" they say to him  
He answers "same to you"  
He feels so queer, they all drink beer  
And yell "it's your shout Blue"  
This goes on till six o'clock when the barman yells  
"It's time"  
Then it's down the hatch, there's a train to catch  
On the Gardenvale line

He met a girl from Williamstown  
And courted her at mass  
She stole his heart, right from the start  
This freckled Aussie lass  
They looked up Father Murphy  
Got married in great haste  
And they honeymooned in a tiny room  
They found near Elgin Place

## SISTER, BROTHER

© Enda Kenny (APRA/AMCOS) 1996

*Written in England for the Norman Tubercular Choir.*

There are more tunes than there is time  
There are more words than I can rhyme  
There are more songs than I can sing  
That's why I'm giving this one everything

There are more notes than I can play  
And this is more than I can say  
But it's the best that I can do  
Now the rest is up to you

For we are more when we are one  
And heaven knows, when we've begun  
To raise our voice ... Where it may lead  
We'll worry not for what we need

What do we need  
We don't need more  
We don't need riches or gold in store  
We only need to be as one

Sister,  
Brother,  
Father,  
Mother,  
Daughter,  
Son

# noises

	guitar, vocals	Enda Kenny
2nd guitar		Neil Adam
fiddle		Lindsay Martin
oboe, cor anglais		Jenny Lowe
fretless bass		Hugh McDonald
harmonies -		Marcia Howard &
1,2,5,12		Rose Bygrave
2nd fiddle -5		Dave O'Neill
slide guitar -5		Kristina Olsen
harmonies -		Helen Wright &
6,7,8,10,12		Stephen Wright
whistles - 6,9		Barb Scott
double bass - 7,12		Bruce Packard

Special thanks

To Lindsay, Helen, Stephen, Jamie and Melanie. This is our third CD together. Ta!

To Cameron for the extra cover.

To Dave and Kristina for guesting on track 5. (Kristina plays a Beltona steel-bodied slide guitar.)

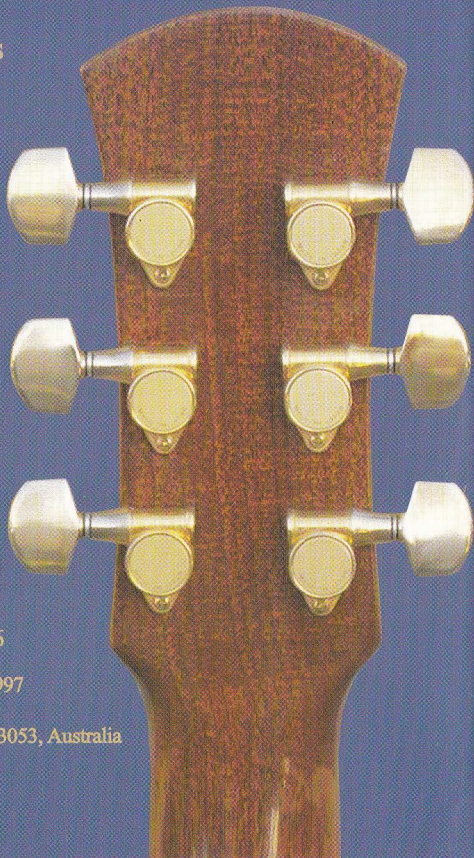
To Hugh, Anna (and bump) in Kew and my UK agent Finola for not offering me Earl Grey Tea during rehearsals.

This album is dedicated to Christina who used to be known as bump.

Please do not duplicate this CD. Unauthorised copying or recording infringes copyright; it also affects the viability of independent artists. We appreciate your support.

... and half a dozen of the others

1. Mary Christina	4:29
2. Devil's Island (Carney)*	5:40
3. Ellen	3:22
4. The Mary Ellen Carter (Rogers)*	5:05
5. One Night in Melbourne*	5:45
6. Michelle	4:07
7. Home to Me (Paxton)*	3:23
8. Old Bones (Lowe)*	4:52
9. The Cause (Ryan)*	5:24
10. Seconds Out	3:13
11. The Southern Cross is Calling Me (Paolacci)*	5:03
12. Sister, Brother	2:14
 Total Running Time	 53:16



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except where indicated \* (see booklet)  
Distribution/mailling list: P.O. Box 5018, Carlton 3053, Australia  
Phone/Fax: 61 3 9349 2417