



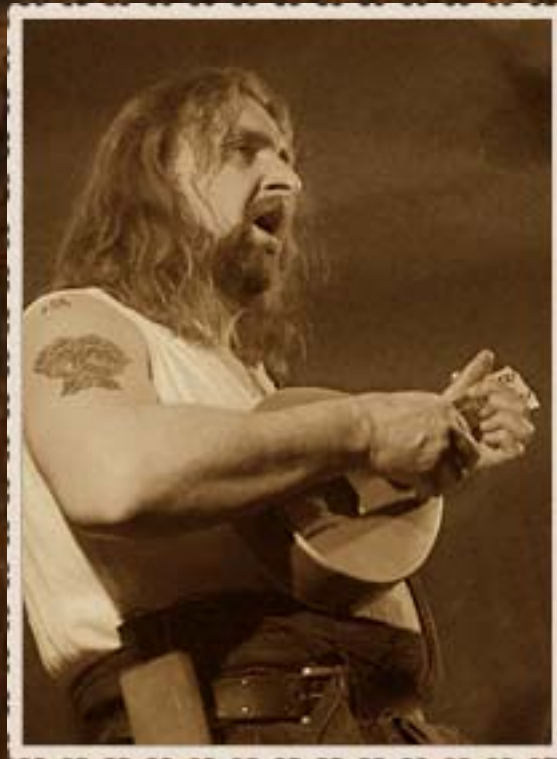


Photo C.F. de Kok

Dieb

fiddle, accordion, tin whistle.





William

vocals, gitouki, bodhrán, tea-chest-bass





Photo C.F. de Kok

Maceál

gitouki, mouth-organ, squeeze box.





The Jolly Beggar



(traditional)

It's of a jolly beggarman came tripping o'er the plain
He came unto a farmer's door a lodging for to gain
The farmer's daughter she came down and viewed him cheek and chin
She says: "He is a handsome man I pray you take him in"

*We'll go no more a roving, a roving in the night
We'll go no more a roving, let the moon shine so bright
We'll go no more a roving*

He would not lie within the barn not yet within the byre
But he would in the corner lie down by the kitchen fire
And then the beggar's bed was made of good clean sheets and hay
And down beside the kitchen fire the jolly beggar lay

The farmer's daughter she got up to bolt the kitchen door
And there she saw the beggar standing naked on the floor
He took the daughter in his arms and to the bed he ran
She says: "Kind sir be easy now, you'll waken our goodman"

Oh now you are no beggar, you are some gentleman
For you have stolen my maidenhead and I am quite undone
"I am no lord, I am no squire, of beggars I be one
And beggars they be robbers all, so you are quite undone"

He took the bed in both his hands and threw it at the wall
Says: "Go you with your maidenhead, your maidenhead and all"





Jock Stuart 

(traditional)

Well my name is Jock Stuart, I'm a canny gaun man
A roving young fellow I've been

Chorus:

So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you won't meet every day

I've got acres of land, I've got men at command
I've got always a shilling to spare

Chorus

So come fill up your glasses, with brandy and wine
Whatever the cost, I will pay

Chorus

Now I took out my gun, with my dog I did shoot
All down by the river Kildare

Chorus

So come fill up your glasses, with brandy and wine
Whatever the cost, I will pay

Chorus





The Drunken Sailor



(traditional)

What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor, early in the morning

Hurray and up she rises
Hurray and up she rises
Hurray and up she rises, early in the morning


Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him, early in the morning

Take him, shake him and try an' wake him
Take him, shake him and try an' wake him
Take him, shake him and try an' wake him, early in the morning

Cut of his willy with a rusty razor
Cut of his willy with a rusty razor
Cut of his willy with a rusty razor, early in the morning

Thát's wat we'll do with the drunken sailor
Thát's wat we'll do with the drunken sailor
Thát's wat we'll do with the drunken sailor, early in the morning



 Lord of the Dance 

(traditional)

"I danced in the morning when the world was young
I danced on the moon, the stars and the sun
I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth
At Bethlehem I had my birth"

*"Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the lord of the dance" said he
"And I'll lead you all wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the dance" said he*



"I danced for the scribes and the Pharisee
They wouldn't dance, they wouldn't follow me
I danced for the fishermen James and John
They followed me and the dance went on"

"I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame
The holy people said it was a shame
They whipped me, stripped me, hung me high
They left me there on the cross to die"

"I danced on a Friday, when the sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the Devil on your back
They buried my body, they thought I'd gone
But I am alive and the dance goes on"

"They cut me down, but I leapt up high
I am the light that will never never die
I'll live in you if you'll live in me
I am the lord of the dance" said he



 De stad Amsterdam 

(Jacques Brel)

In de stad Amsterdam, waar de zeelieden lallen
Tot hun nachtmerries schallen over oud Amsterdam
In de stad Amsterdam, waar de zeelieden, dronken
Als een wimpel zo lam, in de dokken gaan ronken
In de stad Amsterdam, waar de zeeman verzuipt
Vol van bier en van gram, als de morgen ontluikt
In de stad Amsterdam, waar de zeeman ontwaakt
Als de warmte weer blaakt over Damrak en Dam

In de stad Amsterdam, waar de zeelieden bikken
Zilv'ren haringen slikken, bij de staart uit de hand
Van de hand in de tand, smijten zij met hun knaken
En ze zullen hem raken als een kat in het want
En ze stinken naar aal, in hun grof blauwe truien
En ze stinken naar uien, daarmee doen zij hun maal
Na hun maal staan zij op om hun broek dicht te knopen
En dan gaan ze weer lopen en het boert in hun krop

In de stad Amsterdam, waar de zeelieden zwieren
En de meiden versieren, buik aan buik, lekker klam
En ze draaien hun wals als een wentelende zon
Op de klank, dun en vals, van een accordeon
En zo rood als een kreeft happen zij naar wat lucht
Tot opeens met een zucht de muziek het begeeft
Met een air van gewicht voeren zij met wat spijt
Dan hun Mokumse meid weer terug in het licht






In de stad Amsterdam waar de zeelieden zuipen
En maar zuipen en maar zuipen en daarop nog eens zuipen
Zuipen op het geluk van een hoer van de Wallen
Op een Hamburgse hoer, nou ja, van een goed stuk
Van een slet die zichzelf in haar deugd heeft geschonken
Voor een gulden of elf en dan zijn ze goed dronken
Met hun wankelende lijven lozen zij dan hun drank
En ze pissen zoals ik jank om de ontrouw der wijven

In de stad Amsterdam
In de stad Amsterdam
In de stad Amsterdam
In de stad Amsterdam



 Into Folk 

(Bart Peeters)

I've got a homecomputer, I've got lots of compact discs
But as for my taste of music I won't take many risks
I only like the real thing 'cause I'm a happy bloak
My friends are into hip hop but I am into folk

Chorus:

I'm into folk, I'm into folk
I told it to my friends but they thought it was a joke
I'm into folk, I'm into folk
My friends are into hip-hop but I am into folk

I hear it in the country, I hear it in the town
I hear it in the pub where I drink untill I drown
Don't want to take no pills no drugs, no X.T.C. no coke
My friends are into hip hop but I am into folk

Chorus

I practiced on the fiddle, I practiced on the flute
It only takes a banjo to get me in the mood
You can tell my taste of music by the time I start to bolck
My friends are into hip hop but I am into folk

Chorus





Al die willen te kaap'ren varen



(traditional)

Al die willen te kaap'ren varen, moeten mannen met baarden zijn
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden, die hebben baarden
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden zij varen mee

Al die ranzige tweebak lusten, moeten mannen met baarden zijn
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden, die hebben baarden
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden zij varen mee

Al die deftige pijpkes smoren, moeten mannen met baarden zijn
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden, die hebben baarden
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden zij varen mee

Al die de dood en de duivel niet duchten, moeten mannen met baarden zijn
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden, die hebben baarden
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden zij varen mee

Al die willen de walvis kelen, moeten mannen met baarden zijn
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden, die hebben baarden
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden zij varen mee

Al die willen te kaap'ren varen, moeten mannen met baarden zijn
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden, die hebben baarden
Jan, Pier, Tjoris en Corneel, die hebben baarden zij varen mee





Star of the County Down



(traditional)

Near to Banbridge town in the county Down
One morning last July
From a breen green came a sweet colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut brown hair
Such a coaxing elf sure I shook myself
For to see I was really there

*From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
And from Galway to Dublin town
No maid have I seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the county Down*

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head
And I looked with a feeling rare
And I says, says I to a passer-by:
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair"
He smiled at me and he says, says he:
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann
She's the star of the county Down"





She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly
And a smile like a rose in June
And you hung on each note from her lilly-white throat
As she lilted an Irish tune
At the pattern dance you were held in a trance
As she skipped to a reel or a jig
When her eyes she'd roll, she'd coax upon my soul
A spud from a hungry pig

I've travelled a bit but never was hit
Since my roving career began
But fair and square I surrendered there
To the charm of young Rosie McCann
With a heart to let and no tenant yet
Did I meet with a shawl or gown
But in she went and I asked no rent
From the star of the county Down

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
For a smile from my nut-brown Rose
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
'Till my plow turns rust-coloured brown
'Till a smiling bride, by my own fire-side
Sits the star of the county Down





Mairi's Wedding



(traditional)

Chorus:

Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel toe for toe
Arm in arm and row in row, all for Mairi's wedding

Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheiling through the town, all for sake of Mairi

Chorus

Red her cheeks as rowans are, brighter eyes than any star
Fairest o' them all by far, is my darling Mairi

Chorus

Plenty herring, plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her creel
Plenty bonny bairns as weel, that's the toast for Mairi

Chorus





Ride on



(Mc Carthy)

It's true you ride the finest horse, I've ever seen
Standing sixteen one or two with eyes wild and green
It's true you ride the horse so well, hands light to the touch
I could never go with you, no matter how I wanted to

Chorus:

Ride on, I'll see you
I could never go with you, no matter how I wanted to

When you ride into the night, without a trace behind
Wrap your claw around my gut one last time
I try to face the empty space, where you used to lie
I look for a spark to lighten the night through the teardrop in my eye

Chorus





The Irish Rover



(traditional)

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the fair Cobh of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
't Was a wonderfull craft she was rigged for and aft
And oh how the wild winds drove her
She had twenty seven masts and withstood several blasts
And we called her the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lea
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a man from West Meade called Mallone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Ban
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

There was old Mickey Coot who played hard on his flute
And the ladies went down in a dance
There was Darren Kilgour and a charming French whore
Sitting down all the night on his lap
There was Mason McGreig who was drunk as a brick
Oh God he was seldom sober
He went down in the bar and he puked in a jar
Oh God what a mess he left over





We had one million bales of old billy goats' tails
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
We had four million packets of bones
We had five million hogs and six million dogs
And seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bags of the best Sligo rags
In the hold of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in the fog
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
't Was myself and the captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock
The boat it had turned right over
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover





The Old Triangle



(traditional)

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
As the mice were squealing in my prison cell

Chorus:

And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

To begin the morning a screw was balling
Get up you bowsies and clean out your cells

Chorus

In the female prison there were sixtytwo-thousand and a half women
And amongst them I wish I did dwell

Chorus

I pray to Jesus he'd raise the wages
Up from eighty-five pence up to two pound and ten

Chorus



Rapalje - Rakish Paddies

- Celts in Kilts (1997)
1. The Jolly Beggar
 2. King of the Faries
 3. Jock Stuart
 4. Drunken Sailor
 5. William's Favourite
 6. Lord of the Dance
 7. Mrs. McCloud

- Rakish Paddy (1999)
8. Rakish Paddy / Sheilla Coyles
 9. Stad Amsterdam
 10. Into Folk
 11. Cooleys / Maid behind the bar
 12. Al die willen te koop'ren varen
 13. Star of the county Down
 14. Yo-skippeley-dai-dee-doe

- Wack fol the daddy-o (2000)
15. Mairi's wedding
 16. Peter Kelly's favourite
 17. Ride on
 18. Maggie in the woods set
 19. The Irish Rover
 20. Unreels
 21. The old triangle