

PINT SIZE COMPANY



• 18 yrs •





Eileen Og
(Trad. Irish / Trad. Scottish)

Eileen Og, and that the darlin's name is.
Through the barony her features they were famous.
If we loved her, who was there to blame us,
For wasn't she the Pride of Petravore?
But her beauty made us all so shy,
Not a man could look her in the eye.
Boys, oh boys, sure that's the reason why
We're in mournin' for the Pride of Petravore.

Eileen Og, me heart is growin' grey
Ever since the day you wandered far away.
Eileen Og, there's good fish in the sea,
But there's none of them like the Pride of Petravore.

Friday at the fair of Ballintubber,
Eileen met McGrath the cattle jobber.
I'd like to set me mark upon the robber,
For he stole away the Pride of Petravore!
He never seemed to see the girl at all,
Even when she ogled him from underneath her shawl,
Lookin' big and masterful when she was lookin' small
Most provokin' for the Pride of Petravore.

Eileen Og ...

Boys, oh boys, with fate 'tis hard to grapple.
Of my eyes 'tis Eileen was the apple.
Now to see her walkin' to the chapel
With the hardest featured man in Petravore.
And now, boys, this is all I have to say:
When you do your courtin' make no display.
If you want them running after you, just walk the other way,
For they're mostly like the Pride of Petravore!

Eileen Og ...

Fishmonger's Curse
(B. Ilсен)

I roved up to Dublin Town to see my dear old mother
I met a girl both young and fair a beauty like no other
Aside from she was dirty from the ankle to the knee
She caught me staring at her feet so she came unto me

Darling, she said, I am glad that you like what you see
May I offer one or two of my delicacies
I have cockles I have mussels fishes without bone
When I asked her for her name she said Molly Malone

She pulled a barrow through the streets by the skin of her teeth
No alley was too narrow or too steep
But one thing was unbearable her filthy, sweaty, fishy smell so
Molly, Molly was alone

As we spoke there raised a stench that I could hardly breathe
I felt like I was fainting and was all about to leave
But then she started talking about life and family
Her parent both fishmongers they have died just recently

Finally I bought a bag of mussels out of pity
Likewise did the other men who stopped because she's pretty
We tossed away her frouzy food when she left with her wage
She found it there the other day and cried and cursed in rage

She pulled a barrow ...

Molly lost her will to live so she died of a fever
No priest was at the scene to guide her soul as it did leave her
Now her ghost is dwelling in the shadows and the breeze
That is why the city's smell can bring you to your knees

She pulled a barrow through the streets by the skin of her teeth
No alley was too narrow or too steep
Molly is still wandering through the streets of Dublin
And Molly, Molly 's still alone



Maikel

Parson's Farewell / Berendans / Krebbel Reidans
(Trad. English / Trad. Flemish)

Black is the Colour
(Trad. Appalachian)

Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair,
She's the sweetest smile, and the gentlest hands,
And I love the ground, on which she stands.

I love my love and well she knows,
I love the ground, whereon she goes,
And I wish the day, it soon would come,
When she and I can live as one.

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep,
Satisfied, I never can be,
And I write her a letter, just a few short lines,
And suffer death, a thousand times.

Black is the colour ...

Nackt
(J. Dorsheimer)

Tief in der Nacht geht ein Grollen umher
Am Ufer da schäumen die Wellen vom Meer
Von fern her weht die Herrlichkeit übers Land
Trotzend das Boot der Gefahr dort vom Fels
Das Wasser vom Meer schmeckt nach Tod und nach Salz
Es gibt kein Zurück, der Strom der Zeit fließt nach vorn

Es sind immer dieselben Zeichen
Welche uns die Wege weisen
In der Welt mit ihren Gezeiten
Glaube ich nicht an Wiederkehr
Sind geprüft und wollen beweisen
Wo wir steh'n und wie wir heißen
Es wird uns das Herz zerreißen
Wenn wir seh'n wie nackt wir doch sind

Schauernd und zuckend und Schaum vor dem Mund
Im Hintergrund nur das Gemurmel vom Hund
Die Fäuste gen Himmel: Herr, verflucht sei dein Reich
Nicht nur die Angst und die Ratlosigkeit
Im Herzen da macht sich der Weltenschmerz breit
Gekrümmt wie ein Wurm, gefesselt, geknebelt, gebrannt

Es sind immer ...

Weisend der Finger in Richtungen zeigt
Der Baum dort am Hang ist zum Tal hin geneigt
Der Schwarm der Vögel jagt gen Süden davon
Wichtig ist nur noch was uns jetzt gefällt
Bevor irgendjemand die Erde anhält
Und sich der Menschheit Geschichte von alleine erfüllt

Es sind immer ...



Katrin



Jo

Behind this Door
(J. Dorsheimer, K. König)

Locked behind this door a poison lies in wait
I just had to know, went and took the bait
Let me have a look, don't be so uptight
You keep your secrets safe, buried out of sight

But this one thing I know for sure
Everything you love lies locked behind this door

I never dared to look behind that locked-up door
You said too much would break if I should ever know
Please tell me is there really nothing I can do
You always make me stop at arm's length oft that door

Guess I should have known before
Everything you love lies locked behind this door

Locked behind this door's eternity for you
Locked behind this door there is no room for two
Your words cut deep like daggers in my brain
Bullets to the heart, I'm locked out once again

You don't care at all, still I want more
Everything you love lies locked behind this door

Brian Boru
(Trad. Irish)

Tri Martolod
(Trad. Breton)

Tri martolod yaouank (tra la la, la di ga dra)
Tri martolod yaouank o voned da veajiñ

O voned da veajiñ ge
O voned da veajiñ

Gant avel bet kaset (tra la la, la di ga dra)
Gant avel bet kaset betek an Douar Nevez

Betek an Douar Nevez ge
Betek an Douar Nevez

E-kichen maen ar veilh (tra la la, la di ga dra)
E-kichen maen ar veilh o deus mouilhet o eoriou

O deus mouilhet o eoriou ge
O deus mouilhet o eoriou

Hag e-barzh ar veilh-se (tra la la, la di ga dra)
Hag e-barzh ar veilh-se e oa ur servijourez

Pelec'h 'n eus graet konesañs ge
Pelec'h 'n eus graet konesañs

E Naoned, er marc'had (tra la la, la di ga dra)
E Naoned, er marc'had hor boa choazet ur walenn



Buggy



Gillian

The Auld Triangle
(Trad. Irish)

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell
And that auld triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

To begin the morning the warden bawling
Get up out of bed you and clean out your cell
And that auld triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

On a fine spring evening the lag laid dreaming
And the seagulls were wheeling high above the wall
And that auld triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

O the wind was sighing and the day was dying
As I laid praying in my prison cell
And that auld triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

In the women's prison there are 75 women
And I wish I was with them that I did dwell
Then that auld triangle could go jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

Never Did I
(J. Dorsheimer)

As I went a walking way down by the river
Down where the river Main flows into the Rhine
I heard a bird singing a sweet and sad lovesong
It mourned for it's love and I mourned for mine

Ever the years keep on changing their seasons
Ever the times keep on changing our lives
Ever the people keep on changing their feelings
My true love has changed, but never did I

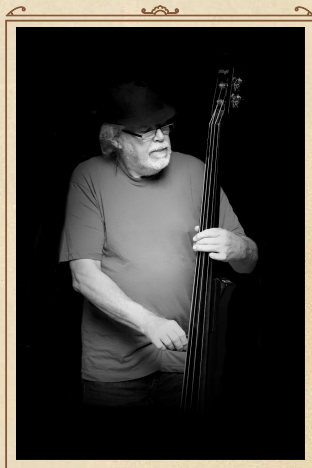
I brought my love flowers, some beautiful red roses
But soon they're all faded and soon they're all gone
And all of my true love's attention has withered
She left me all alone here to cry and to mourn

Ever the years ...

Now all of my days filled with sadness and sorrow
Trouble's by my side for now and for then
Wherever I go and whatever I'm doing
The loss of my love left an old worried man

Ever the years ...

Bonaparte's Retreat / The Trip To Pakistan /
Bonaparte Crossing The Rhine
(A. Bain / N. Kenny / Trad. Irish)



Peter

It was a genuine pleasure playing alongside you
for so many gigs throughout the years.
Farewell and thank you so much for every note
you brought into our songs and hearts.

Recorded 2024-2025

All Songs arranged and produced by Pint Size Company

Buggy: Acoustic Guitar, Mandolin, Vocals

Gillian: Cello

Jo: Bouzouki, Dulcister, Whistle, Vocals

Katrin: Violin, Vocals

Maikel: Concertina, Harmonium, Low Whistle, Synthesizer, Background Vocals

Peter: Double Bass

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