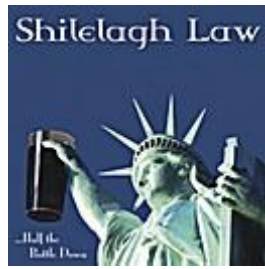


Mp3 Shilelagh Law - ...half The Bottle Down



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Think Clancy Brothers on speed. Traditional and original Irish songs and tunes performed with reckless abandon; just try listening without downing a pint. 14 MP3 Songs WORLD: Celtic, FOLK: Traditional Folk

Details: The year is 1972. Terence Brennan, a disgruntled Vietnam Vet, has been wandering the world since being discharged with a Section 8. He travels with just a walking stick, a small backpack, and his collection of Dusty Springfield 8-tracks. He eventually ends up in a small village on the west coast of Ireland, working on a fishing boat by day and learning to play the bodhran by night. It is a good, honest living, but he feels there is more, and he heads back home to America. While hiking in the Adirondacks one day, he comes across a strange man deep in the wilderness, with wild hair and poor hygiene. He tries to give the man a wide berth, but the fellow jumps in front of him and points to the bodhran strapped to his back. "With that, you will achieve greatness," he says mysteriously. "Who are you?" Terence asks. "I am Richard Popovic, and together we will create the finest Irish music that this world has ever seen!" "But aren't you Polish?" "Never mind that," Richard says. "We must go and find the third link in the chain." "Where is that?" "St. Louis, Missouri." So Richard and Terence hopped into Terence's mustard-yellow El-Camino and made their way to St. Louis, until they came to the mecca of American intoxication, the Anheuser-Busch brewery. Deep in the bowels of the plant did they descend, level after level, making their way between huge vats of frothy brew. On the deepest level, as they neared the furthest corner, they could hear a deep, rough voice singing "Drunken Sailor" over and over and over. They approached cautiously. "Steve, we have come. It is time for you to fulfill your destiny." "Wha?" Steve slurred. "Who are you?" "We are but two pieces of the puzzle, Steve. You are the third. You must come with us." "Will there be beer there?" "Yes, all you can drink." "OK, let's go." The three lads set out and played many gigs, but nothing seemed right. Though they penned such memorable tunes as the "Three's Company"

theme song and worked for awhile playing the soundtrack music for "Starsky and Hutch," it seemed there had to be more. They kept toiling, playing show after show and searching for the greatness they knew they could attain. Then, one day, on a small home-made raft that somehow made it all the way across the Atlantic, from Ireland to New York, Denis McCarthy arrived. Shivering and soaking wet, he clutched his fiddle in one hand and an unlit pipe in the other. Terence, Richard and Steve tracked him down to the Burger King on 242nd street, where he was busy assembling Whoppers. "Denis, you are the fourth and final piece of the puzzle." "What the hell are you talking about?" he growled, brandishing a tub of special sauce menacingly. "Look, do you want to play tunes, drink beer and meet chicks? Do you want to re-define Irish music? Do you want to be part of a groundbreaking musical experiment that knows no boundries and crosses all borders? What we want to know is--do you want to make music history?" Denis paused. "Did you say something about beer?" There you have it folks. Shilelagh Law has been playing jigs, reels, and tunes ever since, taking New York by storm and emptying pint glasses with abandon. No song is too stupid! No keg is too full! No talent is apparent! Shileagh Law--the legend continues.

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