

# 'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet No.17

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### Gibson Guitar

1. Some people say I don't work boys  
And life is all leisure and ease  
They say that I ramble about boys  
Drink whiskey and do as I please  
Well I've rambled all over this country  
Know most of the jobs that there are  
But I just like to sing my old folk songs  
And play my old Gibson guitar
2. I don't have much education boys  
And politics aren't for me  
I just want a life for my family boys  
In a world rich and equal and free  
And I pray for the great day a coming  
With a hatred of killing and war  
And I hope I might even be helping  
As I play my old Gibson guitar

### The Girl I Left Behind Me (Samuel Lover)

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill  
and o'er the moor and valley  
Such grievous thoughts my heart do fill  
since parting with my Sally  
I seek no more the fine or gay  
for each doth but remind me  
How swift the hours did pass away  
with the girl I left behind me

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night  
the stars were bright above me  
And gently lent their silv'ry light  
when first she vowed to love me  
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp  
kind Heaven thence pray guide me  
And send me safely back again  
to the girl I left behind me

### Hanging Johnny

1. They call me hangin' Johnny  
Away-ai-o  
Because I hang for money  
Hang boys hang
2. Well first I hung my mother  
Away-ai-o  
My sister and my brother  
Hang boys hang
3. A rope a bell a ladder  
Away-ai-o  
And I'll hang you all together  
Hang boys hang

### Gentleman Soldier

1. It's of a gentleman soldier as a sentry he did stand  
He kindly saluted a fair maid by the waving of his hand  
So boldly then he did kiss her and passed it off as a joke  
He drilled her into the sentry box wrapped up in a soldier's cloak

#### Chorus:

And the guns do go with a rat-at-at-at  
And the fife's do loudly play  
Fare thee well Polly my dear  
We must be going away

2. Oh there they tossed and tumbled till the daylight did appear  
The soldier rose, put on his clothes saying "Fare you well my dear"  
For the drums they are a beating and the fifes do sweetly play  
If it weren't for that dear Polly along with you I'd stay
3. Now come you gentleman soldier and won't you marry me  
Oh no my dearest Polly such things can never be  
For I've a wife already and children I have three  
Two wives are allowed in the army but one's too many for me
4. If anyone comes a courtin' you, treat 'em to a glass  
If anyone comes a courtin' you say you're a country lass  
You needn't even tell them that ever you played this joke  
That you ever went into a sentry box wrapped up in a soldier's cloak
5. It's come my gentleman soldier why didn't you tell me so  
My parents they will be angry when this they come to know  
When nine long months was up and passed this poor girl she brought shame  
For she had a little militia boy and she couldn't tell his name

### High Germany

O Polly dear, O Polly, the rout has now begun,  
And we must march away at the beginning of the drum.  
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me,  
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.

I'll buy a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride,  
And all of my delight shall be riding by your side;  
We'll call at every ale house, and drink when we are dry,  
So quickly on the road, my love, we'll marry by and by.

O Harry, dear Harry, you mind what I do say,  
My feet they are so tender I cannot march away,  
And besides, my dearest Harry, though I'm in love with thee,  
I am not fit for cruel wars in High Germany.

O cursed were the cruel wars that ever they should rise,  
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise!  
They pressed young Harry from me, likewise my brothers three,  
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany

## Hallelujah, I'm A Bum

Why don't you work like other men do?  
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

Chorus:

Hallelujah, I'm a bum  
Hallelujah, bum again!  
Hallelujah, give us a handout  
To revive us again.

Oh, I love my boss, and my boss loves me,  
And that is the reason that I'm so hungry.

Oh, springtime has come, and I'm just out of jail,  
Without any money, and without any bail.

I went to a house, and I knocked on the door,  
The lady said, "Run, bum, you've been here before.

I went to a house, and I asked for some bread;  
A lady came out, said, "The baker is dead."

When springtime does come, oh, won't we have fun,  
We'll throw up our jobs and we'll go on the bum.

If I was to work, and save all I earn,  
I could buy me a bar and have money to burn.

I passed by a saloon, and heard someone snore,  
And I found the bartender asleep on the floor.

I stayed there and drank till a copper came in,  
And he put me asleep with a slap on the chin.

Next morning in court I was still in a haze  
When the judge looked at me, he said, "Thirty days.--

## Hush Little Baby

1. Hush little baby don't say a word  
Momma's gonna buy you a mockin' bird

Chorus:

Bye and Bye, Bye and bye  
You'll be an angel when you die

2. If that mockin' bird don't sing  
Momma's gonna buy you a diamond ring

3. If that diamond ring turn to brass  
Momma's gonna buy you a lookin' glass

4. If that lookin' glass gets broke  
Momma's gonna buy you a billy goat

5. If that billy goat don't pull  
Momma's gonna buy you a cart an' a bull

6. If that cart and bull turn over  
Momma's gonna buy you a dog called Rover

7. If that dog called Rover don't bark  
Momma's gonna buy you a horse and a cart

8. If that horse and cart fall down  
You'll still be the prettiest little girl in town

## House carpenter

1. Well met, well met my own true love  
Well met, well met cried he  
I've just returned from the salt, salt sea  
All for the love of thee

2. Well I could have married a king's daughter dear  
She would have married me  
But I have forsaken her crowns of gold  
All for the love of thee

3. If you could have married a king's daughter dear  
I'm sure you are to blame  
For I am married to a House Carpenter  
A fine and a nice young man

4. Oh won't you forsake your House Carpenter  
And come along with me  
I'll take you to where the grass grows green  
The banks of the salt salt sea

5. Oh if I were to forsake my house Carpenter  
And go along with thee  
What have you got to maintain me on  
And keep me from poverty

6. Six ships, six ships all out on the sea  
Seven more upon dry land  
A hundred and ten all brave sailor men  
Will be at your command

7. She picked up her own wee babe  
Kisses gave him three  
Said stay right here with my House Carpenter  
And keep him good company

8. They had not been gone but about two weeks  
I'm sure it was not three  
When that fair maid began to weep  
And wept most bitterly

9. Oh why do you weep my fair young maid  
Weeping for your golden store  
Or do you weep for your House Carpenter  
Who never you shall see any more

10. Oh I do not weep for my House Carpenter  
Or for any golden store  
I do weep for my own wee babe  
Who never I shall see any more

11. They had not been gone but about three weeks  
I'm sure it was not four  
When our gallant ship sprang a leak and sank  
Never to rise any more

12. One time around spun our gallant ship  
Two times around spun she  
Three times around spun our gallant ship  
And sank to the bottom of the sea

13. What hills, what hills are those my love  
Those hills so fair and high  
Those are the hills of heaven my love  
And not for you and I

14. What hills, what hills are those my love  
Those hills so dark and low  
Those are the hills of hell my love  
Where you and I must go

### If the Ocean was Whiskey

1. If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck  
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up  
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cried  
If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die  
Ah, ah, ah – hic- ah
2. But the ocean ain't whiskey and I ain't no duck  
So let's round up cattle and then we'll get drunk  
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cried  
If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die  
Ah, ah, ah – hic- ah
3. Oh whiskey, oh whiskey you're no friend to me  
You killed my old daddy goldarn you try me  
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cried  
If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die  
Ah, ah, ah – hic- ah
4. If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck  
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up  
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cried  
If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die  
Ah, ah, ah – hic- ah

### Kumbaya

#### Chorus:

Kumbaya my lord, kumbaya  
Kumbaya my lord, kumbaya  
Kumbaya my lord, kumbaya  
Oh lord kumbaya

1. Someone's singing lord, kumbaya  
Someone's singing lord, kumbaya  
Someone's singing lord, kumbaya  
Oh lord kumbaya
2. Someone's praying lord, kumbaya  
Someone's praying lord, kumbaya  
Someone's praying lord, kumbaya  
Oh lord kumbaya
3. Someone's sleeping lord, kumbaya  
Someone's sleeping lord, kumbaya  
Someone's sleeping lord, kumbaya  
Oh lord kumbaya

### Leave Her, Johnny

I thought I heard the old man say,  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her.  
You can go ashore and take your pay,  
It's time for us to leave her

The winds were foul, the work was hard,  
From Liverpool Docks to Brooklyn Yard

She would neither steer nor stay,  
She shipped it green both night and day,

She shipped it green and made us curse,  
The mate was a devil and the old man worse,

The winds were foul, the ship was slow,  
The grub was bad, the wages low,

We'll sing, oh, may we never be  
On a hungry bitch the like of she,

### Johnny I hardly knew yer

1. Where are your eyes which looked so mild, Haroo, haroo  
Where are your eyes which looked so mild, Haroo, haroo  
Where are your eyes which looked so mild,  
When my poor heart you first beguiled  
Why did you skidaddle from me and the child  
Johnny I hardly knew yer

#### Chorus:

With your guns and drums and guns and drums, Haroo, haroo  
With your guns and drums and guns and drums, Haroo, haroo  
With your guns and drums and guns and drums, The enemy nearly slew yer  
My darlin' dear you look so queer  
Johnny I hardly knew yer

2. Where are your legs with which you run, Haroo, haroo  
Where are your legs with which you run, Haroo, haroo  
Where are your legs with which you run,  
When you went to carry a gun  
Alas your dancing days are done  
Johnny I hardly knew yer
3. It grieved me heart to see you sail, Haroo, haroo  
It grieved me heart to see you sail, Haroo, haroo  
It grieved me heart to see you sail,  
From my heart you took leg bail  
Like a cod your doubled up head-tail  
Johnny I hardly knew yer
4. You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg, Haroo, haroo  
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg, Haroo, haroo  
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,  
You're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg  
You'll have to be put in a bowl to beg  
Johnny I hardly knew yer
5. I'm happy for to see you home, Haroo, haroo  
I'm happy for to see you home, Haroo, haroo  
I'm happy for to see you home,  
All from the island of Ceylon  
So low in the flesh so high in the bone  
Johnny I hardly knew yer
6. But sad as it is to see you so, Haroo, haroo  
But sad as it is to see you so, Haroo, haroo  
But sad as it is to see you so,  
and I think of you now as an object of woe  
Your Peggy'll still keep you on as her beau  
Johnny I hardly knew yer

### John Brown's Body

1. John Brown's Body lies a mouldering in the grave  
John Brown's Body lies a mouldering in the grave  
John Brown's Body lies a mouldering in the grave  
And his soul is marching on

#### Chorus:

Glory, glory hallelujah, Glory, glory hallelujah  
Glory, glory hallelujah, And his soul is marching on

2. The stars above in heaven are looking kindly down  
The stars above in heaven are looking kindly down  
The stars above in heaven are looking kindly down  
On the grave of Old John Brown
3. He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord  
And his soul is marching on

### King Henry

1. King Henry marched forth a sword in his hand  
Two thousand horsemen all at his command  
In a fortnight the rivers ran red through the land  
The year fifteen hundred and twenty
2. The year it is now 1965  
It's easier far to stay half alive  
Just keep your mouth shut as the planes zoom  
and dive  
Ten thousand miles over the ocean
3. Simon was drafted in '63  
In '64 was sent over the sea  
Last month this letter he sent to me  
I hope you don't mind what I'm sayin'
4. We've hardly a friend here no hardly a one  
We've got a few generals and the just want our guns  
It'll take more than that if we're ever to win  
We'll have to flatten the country
5. It's my own troops I have to look out for he said  
I sleep with a pistol right under my head  
He wrote this last month and last week he was dead  
Simon came home in a casket
6. I mind my own business I watch my TV  
I complain about taxes but pay anyway  
In an organised manner my forefathers betray  
Who long ago struggled for freedom
7. And each day a new headline screams at my bluff  
On TV some general says we must be tough  
And each night I stare at this family I love  
All spattered and gutted by napalm
8. King Henry marched forth a sword in his hand  
Two thousand horsemen all at his command  
In a fortnight the rivers ran red through the land  
The year fifteen hundred and twenty

### Lizzie Lindsay

#### Chorus:

Will ye gang to the Highlands Lizzie Lindsay  
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me  
Will ye gang to the Highlands Lizzie Lindsay  
My bride and my darlin' to be

1. Tae gang tae the Highlands with you sir  
I dinna ken how that can be for I  
Ken nae that ye come from  
Nor ken I the lad I'm gan wi'
2. Ah Lizzie lass ye dun ken little  
If sae be ye dinna ken me  
For my name is Lord Ronald McDonald  
Your pride and your darlin' to be
3. She's kilted her skirts o' green satin  
She's kilted them up to her knee  
She's awa' with Lord Ronald McDonald  
His bride and his darlin' to be

### Last thing on my mind

1. It's a lesson too late for the learning  
Made of sand, made of sand,  
In a wink of an eye my soul is turning  
In your hand, in your hand
- Chorus:**  
Are you going away with no word of farewell  
Will there be not a trace left behind  
Oh I could have loved you better  
Didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind
2. You've got reasons a plenty for going  
This I know, this I know  
And the weeds have been steadily growing  
Please don't go, please don't go
  3. As I lie in my bed in the morning  
Without you, without you  
Each song in my breast dies aorning  
Without you, without you

### Minstrel Boy

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone  
In the ranks of death you will find him;  
His father's sword he hath girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him;  
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,  
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain  
Could not bring that proud soul under;  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Verse added later:

The Minstrel Boy will return we pray  
When we hear the news, we all will cheer it,  
The minstrel boy will return one day,  
Torn perhaps in body, not in spirit.  
Then may he play on his harp in peace,  
In a world such as Heaven intended,  
For all the bitterness of man must cease,  
And ev'ry battle must be ended

