

# 'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 28

**Ar hyd y nos.** (Welsh)

Holl amrantau'r sêr ddywedant, Ar hyd y nos.  
Dyma'r ffordd i fro gogoniant, Ar hyd y nos.  
Golau arall yw tywyllwch,  
I arddangos gwir brydferthwch,  
Teulu'r nefoedd mewn tawelwch  
Ar hyd y nos.

O mor siriol gwena seren, Ar hyd y nos,  
I oleuo'i chwaer ddaearen, Ar hyd y nos,  
Nos yw henaint pan ddaw cystudd,  
Ond i harddu dyn a'i hwyrdydd  
Rhown ein golau gwan i'n gilydd  
Ar hyd y nos.

**Beneath the Csitar hills**  
(Original Hungarian trans: SJ & friends)

Many years the snow lay deep  
Beneath the distant Csitar hills  
As you rode they say my dearest  
From your saddle you did spill  
With one arm the other broken  
How can you embrace me now?  
Dear you are my only true love  
To be yours I know not how

Over yonder birds are flying  
There beneath the clear blue sky  
How I'd love to send these words swift  
To my rose if you would fly  
Fly bird, fly and take my promise  
To the girl who waits for thee  
To my dearest darling dove  
Who never should lament for me

In the forest down there yonder  
Distant forest cold and bare  
Deep within there lies a wood  
And in the wood two bushes there  
One above my shoulder arches  
My dear heart the other binds  
So dear angel, little angel,  
Mine you'll be, my own in time

**Take me Home, Country Roads**

Almost heaven, West Virginia  
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River  
Life is old there, older than the trees  
Younger than the mountains, flowing like the breeze.

(Chorus) Country roads, take me home  
To the place I belong  
West Virginia, mountain mama  
Take me home, country roads.

All my memories gather 'round her  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water  
Dark and dusky, painted on the sky  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

I hear her voice, in the morning hour she calls to me  
Radio reminds me of my home far away  
Driving down the road I get a feeling  
That I should have been home yesterday (yesterday)

Ar hyd y nos  
Beneath the Csitar Hills  
Canoe Song  
Country Roads  
Curly Headed Baby  
Fields of Gold (Sting)  
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho  
Lumberjack Song (Monty Python)  
Old Man River (Showboat)  
Swanee River

**Joshua Fought The Battle Of Jericho**

Joshua fought the battle of Jericho  
Jericho Jericho  
Joshua fought the battle of Jericho  
And the walls come tumbling down

God knows that  
Joshua .....

Good morning sister Mary  
Good morning brother John  
Well I wanna stop and talk with you  
Wanna tell you how I come along  
I know you've heard about Joshua  
He was the son of Nun  
He never stopped his work until  
Until the work was done

God knows that  
Joshua .....

You may talk about your men of Gideon  
You may brag about your men of Saul  
There's none like good old Joshua  
At the battle of Jericho  
Up to the walls of Jericho  
He marched with spear in hand  
Go blow them ram horns, Joshua cried  
'Cause the battle is in my hands

God knows that  
Joshua .....

Up to the walls of Jericho  
He marched with spear in hand  
Go blow them ram horns, Joshua cried  
'Cause the battle is in my hands  
Then the lamb ram sheep horns began to blow  
The trumpets began to sound  
Old Joshua shouted glory  
And the walls came tumblin' down

Joshua .....

You may talk about your men of Gideon  
You may brag about your king of Saul  
There none like Joshua  
At the battle of Jericho  
They tell me, great God that Joshua's spear  
Was well nigh twelve feet long  
And upon his hip was a double edged sword  
And his mouth was a gospel horn  
Yet bold and brave he stood  
Salvation in his hand  
Go blow them ram horns Joshua cried  
'Cause the devil can't do you no harm

God knows that  
Joshua ..... (x2 slow to finish)

## Ol' Man River

Ol' man river, Dat ol' man river  
He mus' know sumpin', But don't say nuthin',  
He jes keeps rollin', He keeps on rollin' along

He don' plant taters, He don't plant cotton,  
An' dem dat plants 'em, is soon forgotten,  
But ol' man river, He jes keeps rollin' along.

You an' me, we sweat an' strain,  
Body all achin' an' racket wid pain,  
Tote dat barge!, Lif' dat bale!  
Git a little drunk, An' you land in jail.

Ah gits weary, An' sick of tryin'  
Ah'm tired of livin', An' skeered of dyin',  
But ol' man river, He jes' keeps rolling' along.

Coloured folks work on de Mississippi,  
Coloured folks work while de white folks play,  
Pullin' dose boats from de dawn to sunset,  
Gittin' no rest till de judgement day.

Don't look up, An' don't look down,  
You don' dast make, De white boss frown.  
Bend your knees, An' bow your head,  
An' pull date rope, Until you' dead.

Let me go 'way from the Mississippi,  
Let me go 'way from de white man boss;  
Show me dat stream called de river Jordan,  
Dat's de ol' stream dat I long to cross.

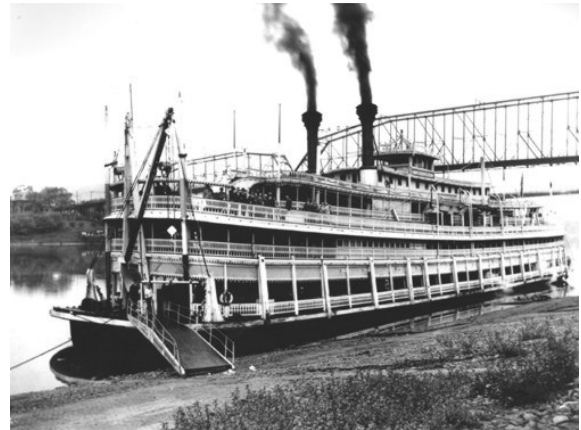
O' man river, Dat ol' man river,  
He mus' know sumpin', But don't say nuthin'  
He jes' keeps rollin', He keeps on rollin' along.  
(Echo: Long ol' river forever keeps rollin' on...)

He don' plant tater, He don' plant cotton,  
An' dem dat plants 'em, Is soon forgotten,  
but ol' man river, He jes' keeps rollin' along.  
(Echo: Long ol' river keeps hearing dat song)

You an' me, we sweat an' strain,  
Body all achin an' racked wid pain.  
Tote dat barge!, Lif' dat bale!  
Git a little drunk, An' you land in jail.

Ah, gits weary, An' sick of tryin'  
Ah'm tired of livin', An' skeered of dyin',  
But ol' man river, He jes' keeps rollin' along!

(Wikipedia: Ojibwe (Native American tribe in Canada)  
word *misi-zibi* meaning 'great river' (*gichi-zibi* 'big river'  
at its headwaters))



## Canoe Song

Ayeoko, yegobde (x2)

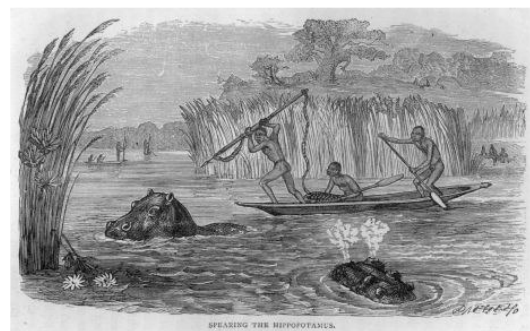
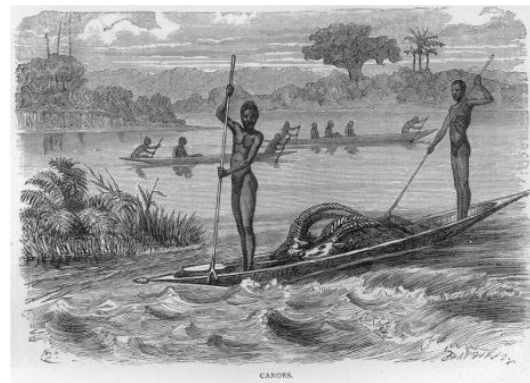
Ayeoko (x3)

Ayeoko, yegobde (x2)

The current swings, the water sings a river rhyme

Oh, light is the burden of labour  
When a man bends his back with his neighbour  
So each for a-a-all  
We stand or fa-a-all  
And each for all until we reach our journey's end

*(Paul Robeson sang this in the film Sanders of the River. He was so unhappy with the film that he insisted that all trace of it should be removed – so we publish here that part which would not offend. This is an African song adapted and the first 3 lines would appear to be the original song from the Congo collected by Zoltan Korda)*



### Old Folks At Home (Swanee River)

1. Way down upon the Swanee River,  
Far, far away  
That's where my heart is turning ever  
That's where the old folks stay  
All up and down the whole creation,  
Sadly I roam  
Still longing for the old plantation  
And for the old folks at home

Chorus:

All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam  
Oh Lordy, how my heart grows weary  
Far from the old folks at home

2. All 'round the little farm I wandered,  
When I was young  
Then many happy days I squandered,  
Many the songs I sung  
When I was playing with my brother,  
Happy was I  
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,  
There let me live and die

Chorus:

3. One little hut among the bushes,  
One that I love  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
No matter where I rove  
When shall I see the bees a humming,  
All 'round the comb  
When shall I hear the banjo strumming,  
Down by my good old home

Chorus:

### Curly Headed Baby

Oh my baby, my curly headed baby  
We'll sit below de sky and sing a song to de moon  
Oh my baby, my little nigger (or darkie) baby  
Yo' daddy's in de cotton field a workin' for de coon  
So lulla lulla lulla lulla by by  
Do you want the moon to play wid  
Or De stars to run away wid  
Dey'll come if you don't cry  
So lulla lulla lulla lulla by by  
In de mammy's arms be creepin'  
An' soon you'll be a sleepin'  
lulla lulla lulla lulla by by

Oh my baby, my curly headed baby  
I'll dance yer fast to sleep an' lub you so as I sing  
Oh my baby, my little darkie baby  
I'll tuck yer head like little bird below its mammy's wing  
So lulla lulla lulla lulla by by  
Do you want the moon to play wid  
Or De stars to run away wid  
Dey'll come if you don't cry  
So lulla lulla lulla lulla by by  
In de mammy's arms be creepin'  
An' soon you'll be a sleepin'  
lulla lulla lulla lulla by by

*The use of the words 'negro' and its derivative 'nigger' and of the word 'coon' is very offensive in today's anti-racist world. In later versions of the song the word 'darkie' was used but that has become as offensive as the words it replaced. Paul Robeson in the 1930s sang this song with the word 'darkie'. We should recognize the offensive nature of the word as we sing but we cannot ignore a good song! Perhaps we can use 'dark skinned' which has not, as yet, any offensive links.*

### The Lumber Jack Song

I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay  
I sleep all night and I work all day  
He's a lumberjack and he's okay  
He sleeps all night and he works all day

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch  
I go to the lavatory  
On Wednesdays I go shopping  
And have buttered scones for tea  
He cuts down trees...

He's a lumberjack...

I cut down trees, I skip and jump  
I love to press wild flowers  
I put on women's clothing  
And hang around in bars  
He cuts down trees...

I cut down trees, I wear high heels  
Suspenders and a bra  
I wish I'd been a girlie  
Just like my dear papa  
He cuts down trees...

*(From Monty Python's Flying Circus – not a folk song but a piece of typical British humour from the 1970s/80s)*



### Fields Of Gold

You'll remember me when the west wind moves  
Upon the fields of barley  
You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky  
As we walk in the fields of gold

So she took her love  
For to gaze awhile  
Upon the fields of barley  
In his arms she fell as her hair came down  
Among the fields of gold

Will you stay with me, will you be my love  
Among the fields of barley  
We'll forget the sun in his jealous sky  
As we lie in the fields of gold

See the west wind move like a lover so  
Upon the fields of barley  
Feel her body rise when you kiss her mouth  
Among the fields of gold  
I never made promises lightly  
And there have been some that I've broken  
But I swear in the days still left  
We'll walk in the fields of gold  
We'll walk in the fields of gold

Many years have passed since those summer days  
Among the fields of barley  
See the children run as the sun goes down  
Among the fields of gold  
You'll remember me when the west wind moves  
Upon the fields of barley  
You can tell the sun in his jealous sky  
When we walked in the fields of gold  
When we walked in the fields of gold  
When we walked in the fields of gold

*(A very catchy tune – the song by 'Sting' – 1990s)*

