

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 31

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All Around My Hat

All around my hat I will wear the green willow
All around my hat for a twelvemonth and a day,
And if anyone should ask me the reason why I'm wearing it
It's all for my true love who is far, far away

Fare thee well cold winter and fare thee well cold frost
Nothing have I gained but my own true love I've lost
I'll sing and I'll be merry when occasion I do see
He's a false deluding young man, let him go farewell he.

The other night he brought me a fine diamond ring
But he thought to have deprived me of a far better thing
But I being careful like lovers ought to be
He's a false deluding young man, let him go farewell he

Here's a half a pound of reason, and a quarter pound of sense
A small sprig of time and as much of prudence
You mix them all together and you will plainly see
He's a false deluding young man, let him go farewell he.

Darling Corey

Wake up, wake up, Darlin' Corey.
What makes you sleep so sound?
Them revenue officers a'commin'
For to tear your still-house down.

Well the first time I seen Darlin' Corey
She was settin' by the side of the sea,
With a forty-four strapped across her bosom
And a banjo on her knee.

Dig a hole, dig a hole, in the medder
Dig a hole, in the col' col' groun'
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the medder
Goin' ter lay Darlin' Corey down.

(above verse frequently used as chorus)
The next time I seen Darlin' Corey
She was standin' in the still-house door
With her shoes and stockin's in her han'
An' her feet all over the floor.

Wake up, wake up Darlin' Corey.
Quit hangin' roun' my bed.
Hard likker has ruined my body.
Pretty wimmen has killed me mos' dead

Wake up, wake up my darlin';
Go do the best you can.
I've got me another woman;
You can get you another man.

Oh yes, oh yes my darlin'
I'll do the best I can,
But I'll never take my pleasure
With another gamblin' man.

Don' you hear them blue-birds singin'?
Don' you hear that mournful sound?
They're preachin' Corey's funeral
In some lonesome buryin' groun'

Dido, Bendigo

1. As I was a walking one morning last autumn
I've overheard some nobles foxhunting
Between some noblemen and the Duke of Wellington
So early before the day was dawning.

Chorus:

There was Dido, Bendigo, Gentry he was there-o
Traveller he never looked behind him.
There was Countess, Rover, Bonnie Lass and Jover
These were the hounds that could find him.

2. Well the first fox being young and
His trials just beginning
He's made straight way for his cover
He's run up yon highest hill
And gone down yon lowest gill
Thinking that he'd find his freedom there forever.

3. Well the next fox being old,
And his trials fast advancing
He's made straight way for the river
Well the fox he has jumped in
But an hound jumped after him
It was traveller who straited him forever.

4. Well they run across the plain
But they soon returned again
The fox nor the hounds never failing
It's been just twelve months today,
Since I heard the squire say,
Hark, forward then me brave hounds forever.

Farewell to Tarwathie

Farewell to Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill
And the dear land o' Crimond, I'll bid you fareweel
I'm bound out for Greenland and ready to sail
In hopes to find riches in hunting the whale

Adieu to my comrades, for awhile we must part
And likewise the dear lass that fair won my heart
The cold ice of Greenland, my love will not chill
And the longer my absence, more loving she'll feel

Our ship is well rigged and she's ready to sail
Our crew, they are anxious to follow the whale
Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blow
Where the land and the ocean are covered with show

The cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare
No seed time nor harvest is ever known there
And the birds here sing sweetly on mountain and dale
But there isn't a birdie to sing tae the whale

There is no habitation for a man to live there
And the king of that country is the fierce Greenland bear
And there will be no temptation to tarry long there
Wi' our ship bumper full, we will homeward repair

Four Strong Winds

Four strong winds that blow lonely,
seven seas that run high,
All those things that don't change, come what may.
But our good times are all gone,
and I'm bound for moving on.
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.

Guess I'll go down to Alberta,
weather's good there in the fall.
Got some friends that I can go to workin' for.
Still I wish you'd change your mind,
if I asked you one more time
But we've been through that a hundred times or more.

If I get there before the snow flies,
and if things are looking good.
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare,
But by then it would be winter,
not enough for you to do.
And those winds sure do blow cold way up there.

Hang Me From a Gooseberry Tree

An Englishman, a Welshman and a Hebrew
They were sentenced to be hanged down Texas way
And they each were asked to choose a tree to swing from
And they started with the Welshman right away

So the Welshman chose a pear tree and was happy
The Englishman said "Any tree will do"
So they chose for him an apple tree to swing from
When suddenly these words came from the Jew

"Hang me please from my favourite tree"
And the judge said "What tree will it be?"
"It's the tree I love best, it's my dying request
Hang me please from a gooseberry tree"

Then the judge said "But surely you know
That a gooseberry tree's awfully low"
"Oh all right then" says Mose
"I will wait til it grows
"Hang me please from a gooseberry tree"

Haul Away Joe

When I was a little lad and so me mother told me,
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.
That if I did not kiss the girls me lips would grow all moldy.
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather.
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.
Way haul away, we'll haul away together.
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

King Louis was the king of France before the revolution.
And then he got his head chopped off it spoiled his
constitution

Saint Patrick was a gentleman. He came from decent people.
He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple.

Once I was in Ireland a'digging turf and taties.
But now I'm on a Yankee ship a'hauling on the braces.

Once I had a German girl but she was fat and lazy.
But now I got a Yankee girl, she damn near drives me crazy.

Way haul away, rock and roll me over
Way haul away, well roll me in the clover.

Jimmy Brown the Newsboy

I sell the morning paper, sir, my name is Jimmy Brown.
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town.
You can hear me yelling "Morning Star", running along the street.
Got no hat upon my head, no shoes upon my feet.

Never mind, sir, how I look, don't look at me and frown.
I sell the morning paper, sir, my name is Jimmy Brown.

My father died a drunkard, sir, I've heard my mother say.
I am helping Mother, sir, as I journey on my way.
My mother always tells me, sir, I've nothing in this world to lose.
I'll get a place in Heaven, sir, selling the "Gospel News".



Marching Through Rochester

A bold fusilier came marching back through Rochester
Off from the wars in the north country,
And he sang as he marched
Through the crowded streets of Rochester,
"Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?"

Who'll be a soldier? Who'll be a soldier?
Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?
And he sang as he marched
Through the crowded streets of Rochester,
"Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?"

The Queen, she has ordered new troops onto the continent
To strike a last blow at the enemy.
And if you would be a soldier
All in a scarlet uniform
Take the King's shilling for Marlboro and me.

Chorus: Take the King's shilling for Marlboro and me.

"Not I," said the butcher, "Nor I," said the baker.
Most of the rest with them did agree.
To be paid with the powder and
The rattle of the cannonball
Wages for soldiers for Marlboro and me.

Chorus: Wages for soldiers for Marlboro and me.

"Now I," said the young man, "have oft endured the parish
queue.
There is no wages or employment for the likes of me.
Salvation or danger, That'll be my destiny.
To be a soldier for Marlboro and me."

Chorus: To be a soldier for Marlboro and me.

Now twenty new recruits came marching back through
Rochester
Off to the wars in the low country.
And they sang as they marched
Through the crowded streets of Rochester,
"Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?"

Chorus: Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?

Lyke Wake Dirge

This ae night, this ae night
Every night and a'
Fire and sleet and candle lighte,
And Christ receive thy saule

When from hence away art past, Every ...
To whinny moor thou com'st at last, And ...

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon
Sit thee down and put them on.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane
The whinnies shall prick thee to the bare bane.

From whinny moor when thou may'st pass
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink
The fire shall never make thee shrink.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane.

This ae night, this ae nighte
Fire and sleet and candle lighte.

Midnight Special

Well you wake up in the morning.
Hear the ding dong ring,
You go a-marching to the table,
See the same damn thing;
Well, it's on a one table,
Knife, a fork and a pan,
And if you say anything about it,
You're in trouble with the man.

Let the midnight special, Shine her light on me;
Let the midnight special, Shine her ever-loving light on me.

If you ever go to Houston.
You better walk right;
You better not stagger,
You better not fight;
Sheriff Benson will arrest you,
He'll carry you down,
And if the jury finds you guilty,
Penitentiary bound.

Yonder come little Rosie,
How in the world do you know,
I can tell her by her apron,
And the dress she wore.
Umbrella on her shoulder,
Piece of paper in her hand,
She goes a-marching to the captain,
Says, "I want my man."

"I don' believe that Rosie loves me"
"Well tell me why"
She ain't been to see me
Since las' July.
She brought me little coffee
She brought me little tea
Brought me damn near ever'thing
But the jailhouse key.

Yonder comes Doctor Adams
"How in the world do you know?"
Well he gave me a tablet
The day befo'
There ain't no doctor
In all the lan'
Can cure the fever
Of a convict man.

Mother and Child Reunion (Paul Simon)

No I would not give you false hope
On this strange and mournful day
But the mother and child reunion
Is only a motion away, oh, little darling of mine

I can't for the life of me
Remember a sadder day
I know they say let it be
But it just don't work out that way
And the course of a lifetime runs
Over and over again

No I would not give you false hope
On this strange and mournful day
But the mother and child reunion
Is only a motion away, oh, little darling of mine

I just can't believe It's so
Though it seems strange to say
I never been laid so low
In such a mysterious way
And the course of a lifetime runs
Over and over again

But I would not give you false hope
On this strange and mournful day
When the mother and child reunion
Is only a motion away

Oh the mother and child reunion
Is only a motion away (x2)

Pace Egging Song

Here's one, two, three jolly lads all in one mind
We have come a pace egging and we hope you'll prove kind
We hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year

And the first that comes in is Lord Nelson you'll see
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round by his knee
And a star on his beast that like silver do shine
And I hope he remembers it's pace egging time

And the next that comes in, it is Lord Collingwood
He fought with Lord Nelson till he shed his blood
And he's come from the sea old England to view
And he's come a pace egging with all of his crew

The next that comes in is our Jolly Jack Tar
He sailed with Lord Nelson all through the last war
He's arrived from the sea, old England to view
And he's come a pace egging with our jovial crew

The next that comes in is old miser Brownbags
For fear of her money she wears her old rags
She's gold and she's silver all laid up in store
And she's come a pace egging in hopes to get more

And the last to come in is old Tospot, you see
He's a valiant old man and in every degree
He's a valiant old man and he wears a pigtail
And all his delight is a drinking mulled ale

Come ladies and gentlemen, sit by the fire
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire
Put your hands in your pockets and treat us all right
If you give nought, we'll take nought, farewell and goodnight

If you can drink one glass, then we can drink two
Here's a health to Victoria, the same unto you
Mind what you're doing and see that all's right
If you give naught, we take naught, farewell and good night

Quare Bungle Rye

Now Jack was a sailor who roamed on the town
And she was a damsel who skipped up and down
Said the damsel to Jack as she passed him by
Would you care for to purchase some
 quare bungle rye roddy rye?
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye

Thought Jack to himself, "Now what can this be?
But the finest of whiskey from far Germany
Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly
And the name that it goes by is
 quare bungle

Jack gave her a pound and he thought nothing strange
Said she, "Hold the basket till I get you your change"
Jack looked in the basket and a baby did spy
Oh, Begorrah, said Jack, this is
 quare bungle

Now to get the child christened was Jack's first intent
For to get the child christened, to the parson he went
Says the parson to Jack, "What will he go by?"
Begorrah, says Jack, Call him
 quare bungle

Said the parson to Jack, "That's a mighty queer name"
Says Jack to the parson, "It's a queer way he came
Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly
And the name that he'll go by is
 quare bungle

Now all you young sailors who roam on the town
Beware of those damsels who skip up and down
Take a look in their basket as they pass you by
Or else they may sell you some
 quare bungle

Reilly's Daughter

As I was sitting by the fire
Eating spuds and drinking porter
Suddenly a thought came into my mind
I'd like to marry old Reilly's daughter.

Chorus:
Giddy i-ae Giddy i-ae Giddy i-ae for the one-eyed Reilly
Giddy i-ae (bang bang bang) Play it on your old bass drum.

Reilly played on the big bass drum
Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter
Reilly had a bright red glittering eye
And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter.

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue
The colonel and the major and the captain sought her
The sergeant and the private and the drummer boy too
But they never had a chance with Reilly's daughter.

I got me a ring and a parson too
Got me a scratch in a married quarter
Settled me down to a peaceful life
Happy as a king with Reilly's daughter.

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs
Who should it be but Reilly out for slaughter
With two pistols in his hands
Looking for the man who had married his daughter.

I caught old Reilly by the hair
Rammed his head in a pail of water
Fired his pistols into the air
A damned sight quicker than I married his daughter.

O, the Shearing's Not for You

O the shearing's not for you, my bonnie lassie O,
O the shearing's not for you, my bonnie lassie O,
O the shearing's not for you, for your back it wouldna' bow,
And your belly's o'er full my bonnie lassie O.

It was in the month of May, my bonnie lassie O,
It was in the month of May, my bonnie lassie O,
It was in the month of May, when the flowers they were gay,
And the lambs did sport and play my bonnie lassie O'

Do you mind on yonder hill, my bonnie laddie O,
Do you mind on yonder hill, my bonnie laddie O,
D'you mind on yonder hill where you swore you would me kill,
If you did'na have your will? my bonnie laddie O.

Do you mind the banks of Ayre, my bonnie laddie O,
Do you mind the banks of Ayre, my bonnie laddie O,
Do you mind the banks of Ayre, where you drew me in your snare,
And you left me in despair, my bonnie laddie O?

O it's you may kill me dead, my bonnie laddie O,
O it's you may kill me dead, my bonnie laddie O,
O I'll not kill you dead nor make your body bleed,
Nor marry you with speed my bonnie lassie O.

For the pipes do sweetly play, my bonnie lassie O,
For the pipes do sweetly play, my bonnie lassie O,
O the pipes do sweetly play and the troops do march away,
And it's here I will not stay, my bonnie lassie O.

O the shearing's not for you, my bonnie lassie O,
O the shearing's not for you, my bonnie lassie O,
O the shearing's not for you, for your back it wouldna' bow,
And your belly's o'er full my bonnie lassie O.

There But for Fortune

(Phil Ochs)

Show me a prison, show me a jail
Show me a prison man whose face is growing pale
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
And there, but for fortune, go you or I

Show me an alley, show me a train
Show me a hobo who sleeps out in the rain
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
And there, but for fortune, go you or I

Show me the whiskey stains on the floor
Show me a drunken man as he stumbles out the door
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
And there, but for fortune, go you or I

Show me a country where the bombs had to fall
Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall
And I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why
And there, but for fortune, go you or I

Three Crows

Three crows sat upon the wa',
Sat upon the wa', sat upon the wa'-a'-a'-a',
Three crows sat upon the wa'
On a cold and frosty morning.

The first crow he flew awa'

The second crow fell and broke his jaw

The third crow was greetin' for his maw

The fourth crow he wisnae there at a'

Wee Cooper of Fife

There was a wee cooper who lived in fife
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
And he has gotten a gentle wife
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo

She wouldna bake, she wouldna brew
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
For spoiling o' her comely hue
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo

Ahe wouldna wash, she wouldna wring,
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
For spoiling o' her gowden ring
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo

She wouldna caird, she wouldna spin
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
For shaming of her gentle kin
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo

The cooper has gone to his woo' pack
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
And laid a sheepskin on his wife's back
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo

It's I'll no lether ye for your kin
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
But I will lether my own sheepskin
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo



Oh, I will bake and I will brew
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
And think nae mair o' my comely hue
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo

Oh, I will wash and I will wring
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
And think nae mair o' my gowden ring
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo

I will caird and I will spin
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
And think nae mair o' my gentle kin
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo

Noo you that have gotten a gentle wife
Nickety, nockety, noo, noo, noo
Just send ye for the wee cooper of Fife [1]
Hey Willie Wallacky, hey John Dougall
Alane quo' rushety, roo, roo, roo

Wind that Shakes the Barley

by Robert Dwyer Joyce (1830-1883)

I sat within a valley green
Sat there with my true love
And my fond heart strove to choose between
The old love and the new love
The old for her, the new that made
Me think on Ireland dearly
While soft the wind blew down the glade
And shook the golden barley

Twas hard the mournful words to frame
To break the ties that bound us
Ah, but harder still to bear the shame
Of foreign chains around us
And so I said, "The mountain glen
I'll seek at morning early
And join the brave united men"
While soft wind shook the barley

Twas sad I kissed away her tears
Her arms around me clinging
When to my ears that fateful shot
Come out the wildwood ringing
The bullet pierced my true love's breast
In life's young spring so early
And there upon my breast she died
While soft wind shook the barley

I bore her to some mountain stream
And many's the summer blossom
I placed with branches soft and green
About her gore-stained bosom
I wept and kissed her clay-cold corpse
Then rushed o'er vale and valley
My vengeance on the foe to wreak
While soft wind shook the barley

Twas blood for blood without remorse
I took at Oulart Hollow
I placed my true love's clay-cold corpse
Where mine full soon may follow
Around her grave I wondered drear
Noon, night and morning early
With aching heart when e'er I hear
The wind that shakes the barley

Yellow Bird

Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.
Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.
Did your lady friend leave the nest again?
That is very bad, Makes me feel so sad.
You can fly away, In the sky away
You more lucky than me.

I also have a handsome friend,
(he not with me today.)
They all the same, the handsome friends
Make 'em the nest. Then they fly away.

Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.
Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me.
Better fly away, In the sky away,
Picker coming soon, Pick from night to noon.
Black and yellow you, Like banana too
They may pick you some day.

Wish that I was a yellow bird,
I fly away with you.
But I am not a yellow bird
So I sit, nothing else to do.