

# 'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 2

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### Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Remember me to one who lives there  
She was once a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt:  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Without no seams nor needle work  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well:  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Where water never sprung, nor drop of rain fell  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to buy me an acre of land:  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Between the salt water and the sea strands,  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to plough it with a lamb's horn:  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
And sow it all over with one peppercorn  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather:  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
And tie it up all with a peacock's feather  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Remember me to one who lives there  
She was once a true love of mine.

### Down by the Riverside

I'm gonna lay down my burden,  
down by the riverside,  
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside  
I'm gonna lay down my burden,  
down by the riverside,  
I'm gonna study war no more

Chorus  
I ain't a gonna study war no more (6 times)

Well, I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,  
(Where?) down by the riverside  
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside  
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,  
(A-ha) down by the riverside  
I'm gonna study war no more

Chorus

### Molly Malone

1. In Dublin's fair city,  
Where girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
As she pushed her wheelbarrow  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"!

*Chorus:*  
Alive, alive oh! alive, alive oh!  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"!

2. Now she was a fishmonger,  
And sure 'twas no wonder,  
For so were her mother and father before,  
And they each wheeled their barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"!  
*Chorus:*

3. She died of a fever,  
And no one could save her,  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"!

### Its a Long Way to Tipperary

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,  
As the streets were paved with gold, sure ev'ry one was gay,  
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,  
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go,  
It's a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know!  
Goodbye Piccadilly! Farewell Leicester Square!  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there!

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',  
Saying "Should you not receive it, write and let me know!  
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear", said he,  
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me"

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',  
Saying "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so,  
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,  
For love has fairly drove me silly - hoping you're the same!"

***Most of you will only have heard the chorus but here are the verses too!***

### **Black Velvet Band**

Chorus:  
Her eyes they shone like diamond  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulder  
Tied up in a black velvet band

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprenticed in trade I was bound  
And many an hour of sweet happiness  
Have I spent in that neat little town  
Till sad misfortune came over me  
Which caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band

Well, I took a stroll down Broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I meet but this pretty young maid  
Come dancing along the highway  
She was both fair and handsome  
Her neck it was just like a swan's  
And her hair hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band.  
Chorus

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid  
And a gentleman passing us by  
I knew she meant to do him some harm  
By the look in her roguish black eyes.  
A gold watch she took from his pocket  
And placed it right into my hand  
And the very first thing I said was  
Bad luck to the black velvet band.  
Chorus

Before judge and jury  
Next morning I had to appear  
The judge, he says to me, "Young man  
Your case it is proven clear  
I'll give you seven years penal servitude  
To be spent far away from the land  
Far away from your friends and companions  
Betrayed by the black velvet band  
Chorus

### **Freight Train**

Freight train, Freight train going too fast  
Freight train, Freight train going too fast  
Please don't don't tell 'em what train I'm on  
So they won't know where I'm gone

When I die just bury me deep  
Down at the end of old 'Chestnut Street'  
Lay this stone at my head and my feet  
And tell 'em all I've gone to sleep

When I die just bury me deep  
Down at the end of old 'Chestnut Street'  
So I can't hear old number nine  
As she goes rollin' on by

Freight train, Freight train going too fast  
Freight train, Freight train going too fast  
Please don't don't tell 'em what train I'm on  
So they won't know where I'm gone

### **Dark as a dungeon**

1. Come all you young fellows so brave and so fine  
And seek not your fortune in a dark dreary mine  
It may form as a habit and seep in your soul  
Till the streams of your blood run as black as the coal

#### **Chorus:**

It's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew  
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few  
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines  
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mine

2. There's many a man I have known in my day  
Who seeks not to labour his whole life away  
Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine  
A man may have a lust for the lure of the mine

3. I hope when I die and the ages shall roll  
My body will blacken and turn into coal  
As I look from the door of my heavenly home  
I pity the miner a diggin' my bones

### **Drunken Sailor**

1. What shall we do with the drunken sailor  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor  
Early in the morning

#### **Chorus:**

Hoo-ray and up she rises  
Hoo-ray and up she rises  
Hoo-ray and up she rises  
Early in the morning

2. Put him in the longboat till he's sober  
Put him in the longboat till he's sober  
Put him in the longboat till he's sober  
Early in the morning

3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over  
Pull out the plug and wet him all over  
Pull out the plug and wet him all over  
Early in the morning

4. Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him  
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him  
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him  
Early in the morning

5. Shave him on the belly with a rusty razor  
Shave him on the belly with a rusty razor  
Shave him on the belly with a rusty razor  
Early in the morning

6. That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor  
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor  
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor  
Early in the morning

*Note: This is a sea shanty, a song which seamen used to sing as they worked on board the ship. The word shanty is thought to have come from the French word 'Chanter' – to sing. Many words in English are of foreign origin and were imported by sailors or soldiers (e.g. Char - from India and east Asia - in the north of England means tea)*

### Deep Blue Sea

#### **Chorus:**

Deep blue sea honey deep blue sea  
Deep blue sea honey deep blue sea  
Deep blue sea honey deep blue sea  
It was Willy what got drowned in the deep blue sea

1. Dig his grave with a silver spade  
Dig his grave with a silver spade  
Dig his grave with a silver spade  
It was Willy what got drowned in the deep blue sea
2. Lower him down with a golden chain  
Lower him down with a golden chain  
Lower him down with a golden chain  
It was Willy what got drowned in the deep blue sea

### Fire Down Below

1. Fire in the galley,  
Fire down below  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys  
There's fire down below

#### **Chorus:**

Fire, fire  
Fire down below  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys  
There's fire down below

2. Fire in the forepeak,  
Fire down below  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys  
There's fire down below
3. Fire up aloft boys,  
Fire down below  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys  
There's fire down below
4. Fire in the galley,  
Fire down below  
It's fire in the cabin boys  
The captain doesn't know

## **'Singlish Folk'**

sessions take place on the

**2nd Tuesday of the month  
(except July-Aug)**

at the

**Hauer Cukrászda, Rákóczi út  
47-49 from 7 pm to 9 pm.**

**Everybody is welcome  
Entry is free**

### The Fox

The fox went out on a chilly night,  
Prayed for the moon to give him light,  
For he'd many a mile to go that night,  
Before he reached the town-o  
Town-o, town-o  
He'd many a mile to go that night,  
Before he reached the town-o.

He ran till he came to a great big bin  
The ducks and the geese were put therein,  
Said, a couple of you will grease my chin  
Before I leave this town-o, etc.

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck  
Slung the little one over his back,  
He didn't mind their quack-quack-quack  
And the legs all dangling down-o, etc.

Old mother pitter-patter jumped out of bed  
Out of the window she cocked her head  
Crying, john, john, the grey goose is gone  
And the fox is on the town-o, etc.

john, lie went to the top of the hill  
Blew his horn both loud and shrill;  
The fox, lie said, 1 better flee with my kill  
He'll soon be on my trail-o, etc.

He ran till lie came to his cozy den  
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten,  
They, said daddy, you better go back again,  
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o, etc.

Then the fox and his wife without any strife  
Cut up the goose with fork and knife,  
There never had such a supper in their life  
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o, etc.

### Going Across the Mountains

Going across the mountains, oh fare thee well  
Going across the mountains, don't you hear my banjo tell  
Got my rations on my back, my powder it is dry  
*Going across the mountains, Crissy don't you cry*

Long before its good daylight, if nothing happens to me  
I'll be way down yonder, in old Tennessee  
Going across the mountains, to join the boys in blue  
When this fighting's over, I'll come back to you

Going across the mountains if I have to fall  
To give ol' Jeff's men a little 'ma rifle ball  
Going across the mountains oh fare thee well  
*Going across the mountains Crissy fare thee well*

Going across the mountains, oh fare thee well  
Going across the mountains, don't you hear my banjo tell  
Got my rations on my back, my powder it is dry  
*Going across the mountains, Crissy don't you cry*

*Note: A mountain banjo song from the time of the  
American civil war. He's going to join 'the boys in blue',  
the Union army fighting the Confederate states*

### Green grow the rushes-o

1. I'll sing you one-o  
Green grow the rushes-o  
What is your one-o  
One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so
2. I'll sing you two-o  
Green grow the rushes-o  
What is your two-o  
Two, two the lilly white boys  
All dressed up in green-o  
One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so
3. I'll sing you three-o  
Green grow the rushes-o  
What is your three-o  
Three, three the rivals  
Two, two the lilly white boys  
All dressed up in green-o  
One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so
4. I'll sing you four-o  
Green grow the rushes-o  
What is your four-o  
Four for the gospel makers
5. Five for the symbols at your door
6. Six for the six proud walkers
7. Seven for the seven stars in the sky
8. Eight for the April rainers
9. Nine for the nine bright shiners
10. Ten for the ten commandments
11. Eleven for the eleven went up to heaven
12. Twelve for the twelve apostles

### I'll tell me Ma

I'll tell me ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pull my hair, they stole me comb  
But that's alright 'till I go home  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the belle of Belfast City  
She is a courtin' one two three  
Pray won't you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fightin' for her  
They knock at the door and they ring at the bell  
Saying, 'Oh me true love, are you well?'  
Out she comes, white as snow  
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes  
Ould Johnny Morrissey says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fella with the rovin' eye

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
And the snow comes travellin' through the sky  
She's as sweet as apple pie  
She'll get her own lad by and by  
When she gets a lad of her own  
She won't tell her ma when she gets home  
Let them all come, as they will  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

### In my Liverpool Home

1. I was born in Liverpool down by the docks  
My religion was Catholic, occupation hard knocks  
In stealin' from lorries I was adept  
And under old overcoats we always slept

#### **Chorus:**

- In my Liverpool home, in my Liverpool home  
We speak with an accent exceedingly rare  
Meet under a statue exceedingly bare  
And if you want a Cathedral we've got one to spare  
In my Liverpool home
2. Way back in the forties the world it went mad  
The Jerries they threw at us all that they had  
When the dust and the smoke had all cleared from the air  
Thank god said me old man the pier head's still there
  3. When I grew up I met Bridgett McCann  
She said you're not much but I'm needin' a man  
I want sixteen kids and a flat out in Speke  
Well the flesh it was willin' but the spirit was weak
  4. When me time comes and the man up there says  
Come sup up your guinness it's the end of your days  
Take me ashes to Goodison and scatter them around  
And they won't win a match whilst I'm hauntin' the ground

### Whiskey In The Jar

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains  
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting.  
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier.  
Saying stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,

*musha ring dumma do damma da  
whack fol me daddy 'ol  
whack fol me daddy 'ol  
there's whiskey in the jar*

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.  
I put it in my pocket and I brought it home to Jenny.  
She said and she swore, that she never would deceive me,  
but the devil take the women, for they never can be easy

I went into my chamber, for to take a slumber,  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.  
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water,  
then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.

It was early in the morning, before I rose to travel,  
up came a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrel.  
I first produced my pistol, for she'd stole away my rapier,  
but I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

If anyone can help me, it's my brother in the army,  
if I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney.  
And if he'll come save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny,  
and I swear he'll treat me better than me own me darlin' Jenny

Now some men take delight in the carriages a rollin',  
but others take delight in the hurley an' the bowlin'.  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,  
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

*Note: There are lots of versions of these words but they all basically say and sound the same!*