

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 5

Sounds of Silence

Hello darkness my old friend,
I've come to talk with you again.
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seed while I was sleeping,
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains
Within the sounds of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone,
Narrow streets of cobble stone.
'Neath the halo of a street lamp,
I turned my collar to the cold and damp,
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night
And touched the sounds of silence.

And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more.
People talking without speaking,
People hearing without listening,
People writing songs that voices never shared,
And no one dared
Disturb the sounds of silence.

"Fools!" said I, "you do not know,
Silence like a cancer grows.
Hear my words that I might teach you,
Take my arms that I might reach you."
But my words like silent raindrops fell...
And echoed in the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon gods they made.
And the sign flashed out its warning,
In the words that it was forming,
It said, "The words of the prophets are written on the
subway walls
And tenement halls."
And whispered in the sounds of silence.

SONGFINDER

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Singlish Folk
Broadsheets

by *Borszéki Judit*

All thro' the night
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From Clare to here
Lakes of
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The Boxer

I am just a poor boy and my story's seldom told
I've squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles,
such are promises
All lies and jest, still the man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest, hmmm

When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a
boy
In the company of strangers
In the quiet of the railway station, runnin' scared
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters, where the
ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know

Li la li...

Asking only workman's wages, I come lookin' for a job, but
I get no offers
Just a come-on from the whores on 7th avenue
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there

Now the years are rolling by me, they are rockin' even me
I am older than I once was, and younger than I'll be, that's
not unusual
No it isn't strange, after changes upon changes, we are
more or less the same
After changes we are more or less the same

Li la li...

And I'm laying out my winter clothes, wishing I was gone,
goin' home
Where the New York city winters aren't bleedin' me,
leadin' me to go home

In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him
down or cut him
'til he cried out in his anger and his shame
I am leaving, I am leaving, but the fighter still remains
Yes he still remains

Li la li...

'Singlish Folk'
Presents an
Evening of Songs in English
at
The HAUER Cukrászda
Rákóczi út 47-49
(near Blaha Lujza tér)
on
Tuesday 7th October
at 7 pm
ENTRY FREE
Everybody is welcome
Supported by the
New ESU of Hungary



Willie o'Winsbury

1. The king has been a prisoner
and a prisoner long in Spain
And Willy o' the Winsbury
has laid long with his daughter at home
2. What ails thee, what ails thee my daughter Janet
you look so pale and wan
Oh have you had any sore sickness
or yet been sleeping with a man
3. I have not had any sore sickness
nor yet been sleeping with a man
It is for you my father dear
for biding so long in Spain
4. Cast off cast off your berry brown gown
you stand naked upon the stone
That I may know you by your shape
whether you be a maiden or no
5. And she's cast off her berry brown gown
she's stood naked upon the stone
Her apron hung low and her haunches were round
her face was pale and wan
6. Was it with a lord or a duke or a knight
or a man of birth and fame
Or was it with one of my serving men
that's lately come out of Spain
7. It wasn't with a lord or a duke or a knight
or a man of birth and fame
It was with Willy o' Winsbury
I could bide no longer alone
8. And the king's called in his merry men all
by thirty and by three
Fetch me this Willy o' Winsbury
for hanged he shall be
9. And when he came the king before
he was clad all in the red silk
His hair was like the strands of gold
and his skin was as white as milk
10. It is no wonder said the king
that my daughter's love you did win
If I were a woman as I am a man
my bedfellow you would have been
11. And will you marry my daughter Janet
by the truth of your right hand
Oh will you marry my daughter Janet
I'll make you the lord of my lands
12. Oh I will marry your daughter Janet
by the truth of my right hand
Oh I will marry your daughter Janet
but I'll not be the lord of your lands
13. He's mounted her on a milk white steed
and himself on a dappled grey
And he's made her the lady of as much land
as she'll ride on a long summers day

Willie Moore

1. Willie Moore was a king he's aged 21
He courted a maiden fair
Her eyes was bright as diamonds in the night
And raven black was her hair
2. He courted he both night and day
Till to marry they did agree
But when they went to get their parent's consent
They said it would never be
3. She threw herself in Willy Moore's arms
As oft she had done before
And as he left her that very night
Young Anna he would see no more
4. Young Ann was known all far and wide
Her friends were all about
And in the brook down by the cottage door
The body of sweet Ann was found
5. She was taken by her weeping friends
And laid in her parent's room
And there was dressed in a shroud of snowy white
And laid in a lonely tomb
6. Willy Moore never spoke that anyone knew
Till at length from his friends did part
And the last I heard of him he was in Montreal
Where he died of a broken heart

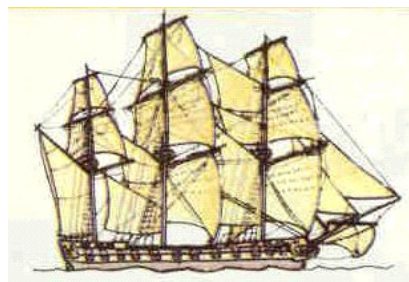
Mingalay Boat Song

Hail ya ho boys, let her go boys
Bring her head 'round, and all together
Hail ya ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingalay

What care we how wild the minch is
What care we for windy weather
Hail ya ho boys, every inch is
Sailing closer to Mingalay

Wives and sweethearts on the hillside
Looking seaward through the heather
Let her go boys, and we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingalay

When the wind is wild with shouting
And the waves mount ever higher
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward
To see us home, boys, to Mingalay



A Man's A Man for A' That.

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an a' that,
Our toils obscure, an a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an a' that.
Their tinsel show, an a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see you birkie ca'd 'a lord,'
What struts, an' stares, an a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
His ribband, star, an a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks an laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an a' that!
But an honest man's aboon his might
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an a' that,
Their dignities, an a' that,
The pith o' sense an pride o' worth.
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
[As come it will for a' that],
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree an a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world, o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

All Through the Night

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee
All through the night
Guardian angels God will send thee
All through the night
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping
Hill and dale in slumber sleeping
I my loving vigil keeping
All through the night

While the moon her watch is keeping
All through the night
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night
O'er thy spirit gently stealing
Visions of delight revealing
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night

Though I roam a minstrel lonely
All through the night
My true harp shall praise sing only
All through the night
Love's young dream, alas, is over
Yet my strains of love shall hover
Near the presence of my lover
All through the night

Hark, a solemn bell is ringing
Clear through the night
Thou, my love, art heavenward winging
Home through the night
Earthly dust from off thee shaken
Soul immortal shalt thou awaken
With thy last dim journey taken
Home through the night

Lakes of Pontchartrain

'Twas on a bright March morning I bid New Orleans adieu.
I took the train from Jackson town, my fortune to renew,
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain,
Which sent my heart a-longing for the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I stepped on board of a railway car, beneath the morning sun,
I rode the roads till the evening, then laid me down again,
All strangers there, no friends to me, till a dark girl towards me came,
And I fell in love with a Creole girl, on the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl, my money here's no good,
if it weren't for the alligators, I'd sleep out in the wood".
"You're welcome here kind stranger, our house is very plain.
But we never turn a stranger out, on the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mammy's house, and treated me quite well,
The hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell.
To try and paint her beauty, I'm sure 'twould be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl, by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me, she said that ne'er could be,
For she had got a lover, and he was far at sea.
She swore that she would wait for him and true she would remain.
Till he returned to his Creole girl, on the banks of Pontchartrain.

So fare thee well my pretty young girl, I never will see you no more,
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness in the cabin by the shore.
And at each social gathering a flowing glass I'll drain,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl, on the banks of Pontchartrain.

From Clare to here

1. Oh there's four who share the room and we work hard for the crack
And getting up late on Sunday I never get to mass

Chorus:

- It's a long, long way from Clare to here (2X)
It's a long, long way and it gets further by the day
It's a long, long way from Clare to here
2. When Friday comes around I'm only into fighting
My ma would like a letter home but I'm too tired for writing
 3. And the only time I feel alright is when I'm into drinking
It eases off the pain a bit and levels out my thinking
 4. Well it almost breaks my heart when I think of Josephine
I promised I'd be coming back with pockets full of green
 5. I dream I hear the piper play but maybe it's a notion
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean

Sally Wheatley

(Dialect – Geordie, Newcastle)

Noo Ah'm myest distressed and sad
tho' Ah once'st was blithe and glad
and cud trip about tha toon both trim and neatly?
Ah was happy neet and morn
But aall soch joys Ah've shunned
since Ah fell sa deep in love wi' Sally Wheatley.

Chorus:

Oh dear me, Ah divent na what to de
for Sally's stole my heart away completely,
and Ah'll niver get it back
for she gans wi' Mr. Black
and they say he's gan ter marry Sally Wheatley.

Alternative chorus:

Oh dear me, What am I gonna' dee
f Sally's stolen my heart away completely,
and Ah'll niver get it back
as she gans wi' Mr. Black
and they say he's gan ter marry Sally Wheatley.

Hoo Ah felt Ah divent naa,
the forst time I Sally saa,
in a threesome reel she hopped about so sweetly,
and Ah might a stood a chance
had Ah asked hor up to dance
but Ah was ower shy ta speak to Sally Wheatley.
Oh dear me.....

Noo as often is the case
ye'll find others in yer place
if you fail ta shove ahead and fettle reetly,
for Ah'd scarcely torned me back
when Ah spied yon Mr. Black-
he wuz jiggin' roond tha room wi' Sally Wheatly.
Oh Dear me...

and he must hev got it reet
when he set hor hyem that neet -
after work dressed up he gans ta see hor neetly
There's great deanger in dealey
and A'd not be sad todeay-
if Ah had a hort Ah'd break't for Sally Wheatley
Oh dear me.....

Steve Jones' web-sites

www.hunglish.net

or

www.steve47.homestead.com

- Information on English Speaking Union -ESU
- meetings
- Words of over two hundred folk songs in
English (go to Steve Jones, subject index,
music)
- Guitar and banjo chords in C and G
- Right hand styles for guitar and banjo

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