

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 8

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How Can I Tell You

How can I tell you that I love you, I love you
but I can't think of right words to say
I long to tell you that I'm always thinking of you
I'm always thinking of you, but my words
just blow away, just blow away
It always ends up to one thing, honey
and I can't think of right words to say

Wherever I am girl, I'm always walking with you
I'm always walking with you, but I look and you're not
there

Whoever I'm with, I'm always, always talking to you
I'm always talking to you, and I'm sad that
you can't hear, sad that you can't hear
It always ends up to one thing, honey,
when I look and you're not there

I need to know you, need to feel my arms around you
feel my arms around you, like a sea around a shore
and -- each night and day I pray, in hope
that I might find you, in hope that I might
find you, because heart's can do no more
It always ends up to one thing honey, still I kneel upon the
floor

How can I tell you that I love you, I love you
but I can't think of right words to say
I long to tell you that I'm always thinking of you
I'm always thinking of you....
It always ends up to one thing honey
and I can't think of right words to say

Lowlands Away

(Trad)

This beautiful slow shanty is derived from the sea song

I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands, Lowlands away my John
I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands away

I dreamt and saw my own true love
Lowlands, Lowlands away my John
I dreamt and saw my own true love
Lowlands away

I dreamt my love was drowned and dead
Lowlands, Lowlands away my John
I dreamt my love was drowned and dead
Lowlands away

The Rattlin' Bog

Chorus:

Ho-ro a rattlin' bog,
a bog down in the valley-o,
A rare bog a rattlin' bog,
a bog down in the valley-o,

Verses:

1. And in that bog there was a tree,
a rare tree, a rattlin' tree,
a tree in the bog
and the bog down in the valley o

2. Now on that tree there was a limb,
3. Now on that limb there was a branch
4. Now on that branch there was a twig,
5. Now on that twig there was a nest,
6. Now in that nest there was an egg,
7. Now in that egg, there was a bird,
8. Now on that bird there was a feather,
9. Now on that feather there was a flea,

9. flea on the feather with the
8. feather on the bird with the
7. bird in the egg, with the
6. egg in the nest, with the
5. nest on the twig, with the
4. twig on the branch, with the
3. branch on the limb, with the
2. limb on the tree, with the tree in the bog and the bog
down in the valley-o.

Greensleeves

1. Alas my love you do me wrong
To cast me out so discourteously
For I have loved you oh so long
Delighting in your company

Chorus:

Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
Oh but my lady Greensleeves

2. If you intend thus to disdain
It doth the more enrapture me
And even so I still remain
A lover in captivity

3. Alas my love that you should own
A heart of wanton vanity
So must I meditate alone
Upon your insincerity

4. Ah Greensleeves now farewell, adieu
To god I pray to prosper thee
For I am still thy lover true
Come once again and love me

Morning Has Broken

music: traditional, words: Eleanor Farjeon

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the Word

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
like the first dewfall on the first grass
praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,
born of the one Light Eden saw play
praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's recreation of the new day

MacPherson's Lament

Fareweel, ye dungeons dark and strong,
Fareweel, Fareweel tae thee.
MacPherson's time will nae be lang
On yonder gallows tree.

Ch: Sae rantin'ly, sae wantonly
Sae dauntin'ly gaed he
He played a tune and danced it roon'
Below the gallows tree.

'Twas by a woman's treacherous hand
That I was condemned to dee.
Below a ledge at a window she stood
And a blanket she threw o'er me.

The Laird o' Grant, that hieland sant
That first laid hands on me,
He played the cause on Peter Broon
Tae let MacPherson free.

Untie these bands frae off my hands
And gie to me my sword.
There's no' a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

There's some come here tae see me hanged
And some to buy my fiddle.
But before I do part wi' her
I'll brak her thro' the middle.

He took the fiddle in both of his hands
And he broke it o'er a stone.
Says, "There's nae ither hand shall play on thee
When I am dead and gone."

O little did my mother think
When first she cradled me,
That I would turn a rovin' boy
And die on the gallows tree.

The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Banf
Tae let MacPherson free,
But they pit the clock a quarter before
And hanged him tae the tree.

Moonshadow

Oh, I'm bein' followed by a moonshadow,
moon shadow, moonshadow
Leapin and hoppin' on a moonshadow,
moonshadow, moonshadow---

Verse 1:
And if I ever lose my hands,
lose my plough, lose my land,
Oh if I ever lose my hands,
Oh if----- I won't have to work no more.

Verse 2
And if I ever lose my eyes,
if my colours all run dry,
Yes if I ever lose my eyes,
Oh if----- I won't have to cry no more.

Refrain

Verse 3:
And if I ever lose my legs,
I won't moan, and I won't beg,
Yes if I ever lose my legs,
Oh if----- I won't have to walk no more.

Verse 4: And if I ever lose my mouth,
all my teeth, north and south,
Yes if I ever lose my mouth,
Oh if----- I won't have to talk...

Verse 5:
Did it take long to find me?
I asked the faithful light.
Did it take long to find me?
And are you gonna stay the night?

Lark In The Clear Air (Sir Samuel Ferguson)

Kind thoughts are in my mind
And my soul soars enchanted,
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day.
For a tender beaming smile
To my hope has been granted,
And tomorrow she shall hear
All my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love,
All my soul's adoration,
And I think she will hear
And will not say me nay.
It is this that gives my soul
All its joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day.

recorded by Sidney MacEwan in 1932
lyrics by Sir Samuel Ferguson of Belfast circa 1850
trad tune 'Caisleán U, N_ill' collected by Lady Ferguson in
the west of Ireland
from the book "A Song For Ireland" by Mary O'Hara

Jacobites by name

Chorus:

Oh ye Jacobites by name lend an ear, lend an ear
Oh ye Jacobites by name lend an ear
Oh ye Jacobites by name your faults I will proclaim
Your doctrines I will blame
You will hear, you will hear
Your doctrines I will blame you will hear

1. What is right and what is wrong, by the law, by the law
What is right and what is wrong, by the law
What is right and what is wrong the weaker man the
The sharp sword and the long strong
For to draw for to draw
The sharp sword and the long for to draw
2. What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar
What makes heroic strife famed afar
What makes heroic strife to wet the assassin's knife
And hound the bairn's life
In bloody war, bloody war
And hound the bairn's life in bloody war



Amazing Grace

Words by John Newton 1779

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas Grace that taught my heart to fear,
And Grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come.
'Tis Grace hath brought me safe thus far
And Grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me.
His Word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

Vincent

Starry, starry night
Paint your palette blue and grey
Look out on a summer's day
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul.
Shadows on the hills
Sketch the trees and the daffodils
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
In colours on the snowy linen land.

Now I understand
What you tried to say, to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free:
They would not listen; they did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now.

Starry, starry night,
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze
Swirling clouds in violet haze
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue
Colours changing hue
Morning fields of amber grain
Weathered faces lined in pain
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand.

Now I understand
What you tried to say, to me
And how you suffered for your sanity,
And how you tried to set them free:
They would not listen; they did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now.

For they could not love you
But still, your love was true
And when no hope was left inside
On that starry, starry night
You took your life as lovers often do
But I could've told you, Vincent:
This world was never meant
For one as beautiful as you.

Starry, Starry night
Portraits hung in empty halls
Frameless heads on nameless walls
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget
Like the strangers that you've met
The ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn, a bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.

Now I think I know
What you tried to say, to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free:
They would not listen; they're not listening still
Perhaps they never will.

Widdicombe fair [traditional]

Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare
All along, down along, out along lee
For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney
Peter Davey, Daniel Whiddon, Harry Hawk
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

And when shall I see again my grey mare?
All along, down along, out along lee
By Friday soon, or Saturday noon
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney
Peter Davey, Daniel Whiddon, Harry Hawk
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

Then Friday came and Saturday noon
All along, down along, out along lee
But Tom Pearse's mare has not trotted home.
With Bill Brewer etc.

So Tom Pearse he got up to the top of the hill
All along, down along, out along lee
He see'd his old mare down a-making her will.
With Bill Brewer etc.

So Tom Pearce's old mare, she took sick and died
All along, down along, out along lee
And Tom, he sat down on a stone and he cried.
With Bill Brewer etc.

But this isn't the end of this shocking affair
All along, down along, out along lee
Nor though they be dead of the horrid career.
With Bill Brewer etc.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night
All along, down along, out along lee
Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear ghastly white.
With Bill Brewer etc.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans
All along, down along, out along lee
From Tom Pearse's old mare and a rattling of bones.
With Bill Brewer etc.

Johnny's gone for a soldier

1. With fife and drum he marched away
He would not heed what I did say
He'll not come back for many a day
Johnny's gone for a soldier

Chorus:

Shule, shule shule agra
Sure and sure and he loves me
When he comes back he'll marry me
Johnny's gone for a soldier

2. I'll go up to Portland Hill
And there I'll sit and cry my fill
And every tear would turn a mill
Johnny's gone for a soldier

3. I'll sell my rod I'll sell my reel
I'll likewise sell my spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
Johnny's gone for a soldier

4. I'll dye my petticoat crimson red
And through the world I'll beg my bread
I'll find my love alive or dead
Johnny's gone for a soldier

The Sick Note

Dear sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey
And I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today

Whilst working on the fourteenth floor some bricks I had to clear,
But to throw them down from such a height was not a good idea,
The foreman wasn't very pleased, him being an awkward sod,
And he said I'd have to cart them down the ladders in my hod.

Now clearing all those bricks by hand, it was so very slow,
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below,
But in my haste to do the job I was too blind to see,
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

So when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead,
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead,
I shot up like a rocket, till to my dismay I found,
That halfway up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

The barrel broke my shoulder as to the ground it sped,
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head,
I hung on tightly, numb with shock from this almighty blow,
And the barrel spilt out half its bricks some fourteen floors below.

Now when those bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,
I then out-weighed the barrel, and so started down once more,
Still clinging tightly to the rope, my body wracked with pain,
When halfway down, I met the bloody barrel once again.

The force of this collision halfway up the office block,
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty state of shock,
Still clinging tightly to the rope, I fell towards the ground,
And I landed on the broken bricks the barrel scattered round.

I lay there groaning on the ground I thought I'd passed the worst,
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and then the bottom burst,
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope,
And as I lay there bleeding on the ground - I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel then being heavier, it started down once more,
And it landed right across me as I lay upon the floor,
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say,
I hope you understand why Paddy's not at work today.



Turn, Turn, Turn

(adapted from Ecclesiastes by Pete Seeger)

To everything, turn, turn, turn
There is a season, turn, turn, turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together

A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace
A time to refrain from embracing

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time of love, a time of hate
A time of peace, I swear it's not too late

Tom Bowling

(Charles Dibdin)

Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty, his heart was kind
and soft;
Faithful below, Tom did his duty
And now he's gone aloft
And now he's gone aloft

Tom never from his word departed
His virtues were so rare:
His friends were many and true hearted
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly
Ah! Many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy
For Tom is gone aloft
For Tom is gone aloft

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd
For tho' his body's under hatches
His soul is gone aloft
His soul is gone aloft

Charles Dibdin (1745-1814)

To Morrow Recorded by Bob Gibson

I started on a journey, about a year ago
To a little town called Morrow in the state of Ohio
I've never been much of a traveller, so I really didn't know
That Morrow was the hardest place I'd ever try to go!

I went down to the station for my ticket and applied
For tips regarding Morrow not expecting to be guyed (means fooled)
Said I, "I'd like to go to Morrow and return
No later than tomorrow, for I haven't time to burn."

Said he to me, "now let me see if I have heard you right--
You'd like to go to Morrow and return tomorrow night"
"You should have gone to Morrow yesterday and back today
For the train today to Morrow is a mile upon its way...."

"If you had gone to Morrow yesterday now don't you see
You could have gone to Morrow and returned today at three.
For the train today to Morrow, if the schedule is right
Today it goes to Morrow and returns tomorrow night.

Said I, "My friend, it seems to me you're talking through your hat
There is a town called Morrow on the line, now tell me that!"
"There is," said he, "but take from me a quiet little tip
To go from here to Morrow is a fourteen hour trip.

"The train today to Morrow leaves today at 8:35
At half-past ten tomorrow is the time it should arrive
So if from here to Morrow is a fourteen hour jump
Can you get anywhere tomorrow and get back today, you chump?"

"Said I, "I'd like to go to Morrow, so can I go today
And get to Morrow by tonight if there is no delay?"
"Well, well", said he to me, "and I've got no more to say
Can you get anywhere tomorrow and get back again today?"

Said I, "I guess you know it all, but kindly let me say
How can I get to Morrow if I leave this town today?"
Said he, "You cannot get to Morrow anymore today
For the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon its way!"

I was so disappointed I was mad enough to swear,
The train had gone to Morrow and it left me standing there.
The man was right in tellin' me that I was a howlin' jay
I could not go to Morrow, so I guess in town I'll stay.

