

'Singlish Folk'

Broadsheet

Number 9

Silver Dagger

1. Don't sing love songs you'll wake my mother
She's sleeping here right by my side
And in her right hand a silver dagger
To say that I won't be your bride

2. My father was a handsome devil
He had a chain five miles long
On every link a heart did dangle
Of another made he loved and gone

3. Go court another handsome maiden
And hope that she will be your wife
For I have been warned and I've decided
To sleep alone all of my life

Who's gonna shoe your pretty little foot

1. Who's gonna shoe your pretty little foot
Who's gonna glove your hand
Who's gonna kiss your red rosy lips
Who's gonna be your man
I don't need no man
I don't need no man
Pa's gonna shoe my pretty little foot
I don't need no man

2. The only train I ever did see
Was a hundred coaches long
The only boy I ever did love
Was on that train and gone
On that train and gone
On that train and gone
The only boy I ever did love
Was on that train and gone

My little black dove

My little black dove
Curl up in your nest of love
The moon is a charm
To keep you from harm
Here at my breast

The stars all are alive
To watch over you all night
The river of sleep
Blows gentle and deep
To rock you to rest

So sleep little one
Till darkness is by
Sleep till the sun
Rises up in the sky

My little black dove
Curl up in your nest of love
And go to your rest
Asleep at my breast
My little black dove

Contents:

All along the Rossendale
Ballad of Springhill
Byker Hill
Casey Jones
Colours
Country Boy
Gresford disaster
Greenland Whale Fish

Henry Martin
Little Black Dove
Joseph Baker
Mermaid
Nine hundred miles
Peterloo Massacre
Silver Dagger
Song for Ireland
Trouble on my mind
Who's gonna shoe

All along the Rossendale

1. The cotton mills are closing down all over Lancashire
From Burnley to the Mersey from Oldham to the Wyre
And all along the Rossendale you can hear the weavers cry
As the wind across the Pennines moans a low and deathly sigh

2. Save our sheds from unemployment that's all that we demand
We're clemmin' and we're starving with no money in our hands
Redeployment is the answer from Whitehall's empty mouth
Bring your friends and family there's a job for you down south

3. And meanwhile for the last time the factory whistle blows
The profit margin's falling and capital's run low
And the stockbrokers of Altrincham are selling all their shares
Don't give a damn for the working man, no one really cares

4. As the sun sets over Pendle and the rain begins to fall
The Government at Westminster ignores the weavers call
And the glory that was England dies beneath those coal black hills
A vision of Jerusalem and those dark satanic mills

Trouble on my mind

1. Once I had an old banjo
And it was strung with twine
The only song that I could sing
Trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind, boys, trouble on my mind
Chorus:
Trouble, trouble, trouble on my mind
If trouble it don't kill me boys I'll live a long, long time
Live a long, long time boys
Live a long, long time

2. I went down to Ginsburg
To get me a bottle of wine
They tied me to the whippin' post
And give me ninety nine
Give me ninety nine, boys, give me ninety nine

3. I went down to Ginsburg
To get me a bottle of gin
They tied me to the whippin' post
And give me hell again
Give me hell again, boys, give me hell again

4. It's rainin' it's hailin'
It's fallin' from the sky
My true love's gone back on me an'
Surely I will die
Surely I will die, boys, surely I will die

Ballad of Springhill

1. In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
Down in the dark of a Cumberland mine
There's blood on the coal and the miners lie
In the roads that never saw sun nor sky,
in the roads that never saw sun nor sky
2. In the town of Springhill you don't sleep easy
Often the earth will tremble and roar
When the earth is restless miners die
Bone and blood is the price of coal,
bone and blood is the price of coal
3. In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
Late in the year of fifty eight
The rain still falls and the sun still shines
But its dark as a grave in the Cumberland mine,
dark as a grave in the Cumberland mine
4. Down at the coal face miners working
Rattle of the belts and the cutters blade
A rumble of rock and the wall close round
The living and the dead men two miles down,
the living and the dead men two miles down
5. Twelve men lay two miles from the pitshaft
Twelve men lay in the dark and sang
Long hot days in a miner's tomb
It was three feet high and a hundred long,
three feet high and a hundred long
6. Three days past and the lamps gave out
And Caleb Rushton he up and said
There's no more water nor light nor bread
So we'll live on songs and hope instead,
we'll live on songs and hope instead
7. Listen for the shouts of the bare faced miners
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team
Six hundred feet of coal and slag
Hope imprisoned in a three foot seam,
hope imprisoned in a three foot seam
8. Eight days past and some were rescued
Leaving the dead to lie alone
Through all their lives they dug a grave
Two miles of earth for a marking stone,
two miles of earth for a marking stone

Byker Hill

1. If I had another penny
I would have another gill
Then I'd make the piper play
The bonny lass of Byker Hill

Chorus:
Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for evermore
Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for evermore

2. Oh the pitmen and the steelmen
They drink bumble made of gin
Then to dance they do begin
To the tune of Elsey Molly
3. If I had another penny
I would have another gill
Then I'd make the piper play
The bonny lass of Byker Hill

Nine hundred miles

1. I'm ridin that train with tears in my eyes
Tryin' to read a letter from my home
If that train runs me right
I'll be home Saturday night
I'm nine hundred miles from my home
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow
And that long lonesome train awaits me now
2. Now that train I ride on is a hundred coaches long
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles
Well that long whistle's callin'
It's a long long way to go
I'm nine hundred miles from my home
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow
And that long lonesome train awaits me now
3. I'm ridin that train with tears in my eyes
Tryin' to read a letter from my home
If that train runs me right
I'll be home Saturday night
I'm nine hundred miles from my home
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow
And that long lonesome train awaits me now

Casey Jones (Joe Hill's)

1. Oh the workers on the S.P. line to strike put out a call
But Casey Jones the engineer he wouldn't strike at all
His boiler it was leaking and the driver's on the bum
And the engine and the bearings they were all out o'
plumb
Casey Jones kept his junk pile runnin'
Casey Jones was doin' double time
Casey Jones he got a wooden medal
For being good and faithful on the S.P. line
2. Now the workers said to Casey won't you help us win
this strike
Casey said let me alone you'd better take a hike
Now Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the wheezy track
And Casey hit the river with and awful smack
Casey Jones hit the river bottom
Casey Jones broke his bloomin' spine
Casey Jones became and Angelino
And took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line
3. Now Casey got to heaven way up to those pearly
gates
He says I'm Casey Jones the guy who pulled the S.P.
freight
You're just the man said Peter our musicians are on strike
You can get a job a scabbin' any time you like
Casey Jones got a job in Heaven
Casey Jones was doin' mighty fine
Casey Jones went scabbin' on the Angels
Just as he did to workers on the S.P. line
4. Well the Angels got together, they said it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around a scabbin' everywhere
The Angels union number 23 they sure were there
And promptly fired Casey down the golden stair
Casey Jones went to hell a flyin'
Casey Jones, the devil said oh fine
Casey Jones get busy shovellin' sulphur
It's what you get for scabbin' on the S.P. line

Country Boy

1. Now do I be a fair young country boy
My father came from Fareham
He had another six just like I
By Christ how he could rare 'em
Now do my mum makes dumplings nice
I'd bet you'd like to try 'em
I've never found me a better one
A country boy like I am
Chorus:
I can plough and milk a cow, I can reap and sow
I'm fresh as a daisy which grows in the fields
And they calls I Buttercup Joe

2. Now there's a pretty girl that I love
They calls her our Mary
Her works busy as a bumble bee
Down in old Jones's dairy
Now her can cook and her can sew
And use a smoothing iron
I'm gonna take for a wife
A country boy like I am

4. I'm gonna buy us our own farm
When I've put by some money
We'll put bees in sacks of corn
And they'll make us bread and honey
We'll have oats in all the fields
And a big ost house to dry 'em
We'll brew the best ale in the land
A country boy like I am

3. Now Mary her wants family
And I will not oppose it
She's got one of 'em on the way
And I don't think that she knows it
We'll get married in a church
Before its lambing time
And settle down to raise some girls
And country boys like I am

Colours

Yellow is the colour of my true love's hair,
In the morning, when we rise,
In the morning, when we rise.
That's the time, that's the time, I love the best.

Green's the colour of the sparklin' corn,
In the morning, when we rise,
In the morning, when we rise.
That's the time, that's the time, I love the best.

Blue's the colour of the sky-y,
In the morning, when we rise,
In the morning, when we rise.
That's the time, that's the time, I love the best.

Mellow is the feeling that I get,
When I see her, m-hmm,
When I see her, oh yeah.
That's the time, that's the time, I love the best.

Freedom is a word I rarely use,
Without thinking, m-hmm,
Without thinking, oh yeah.
Of the time, of the time, When I've been loved.

Greenland Whale Fish

1. It was 1844 on June the thirteenth day
When our gallant ship her anchor weighed
And for Greenland bore away
For Greenland bore away

2. Oh Greenland is a dreadful place, it's a land that's seldom green
Where there's ice and there's snow and the whale fishes blow
And the daylight's seldom seen
The daylight's seldom seen

3. Our lookout he stood on the crosstrees tall, a spyglass in his hand
There's a whale, there's a whale; there's a whale fish he cried
And she blows at every span
She blows at every span

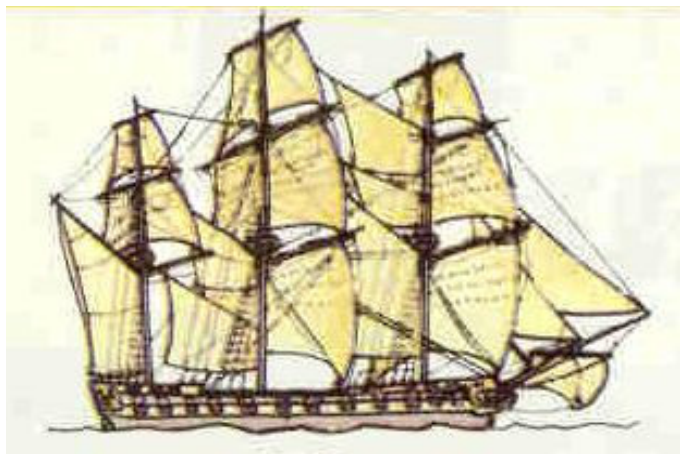
4. The Captain he stood on the quarterdeck and a fine old man was he
Overhaul, overhaul, let your davit tackles fall
And lower your boats to the seas
And lower your boats to the seas

5. The harpoon struck and the line payed out, the whale gave a
flounder with her tail
The boat capsized and we lost thirty men
And we never caught that whale
We never caught that whale

6. Well the losing of that fine sperm whale it grieved our Captain sore
But the losing of so many gallant men
Sure it grieved him ten times more
It grieved him ten times more

7. Up anchor now our Captain cried, the north star does appear
And we'll have to leave this cold country
And for England we will steer
For England we will steer

8. Oh Greenland is a dreadful place, it's a land that's seldom green
Where there's ice and there's snow and the whale fishes blow
And the daylight's seldom seen
The daylight's seldom seen



Joseph Baker

1. Oh you sporting men of Chester
I bid you all to hear
Of a man called Joseph Baker
Who lived near Delamere
He ran faster than the old grey fox
Further than the hounds
Of all the men who challenged him
No equal could be found

2. He rose up every morning
Before the day was clear
And through the shady forest
Pursued the Royal Deer
He chased the mist from off the fields
The wind all up the hill
He raised the dust along the roads
Chased the stream down to the mill

3. Sportsmen came from far and near
To challenge Baker's speed
In every race at every place
They vowed to do that deed
A tailor came from Frodsham
A soldier came from Hale
A sailor came from Birkenhead
And a butcher came from Sale

4. He was never beaten in a race
Until that fateful day
When death at last defeated him
And took his breath away
And if you should watch on a winter's night
You'll see him running still
As his ghost runs down from Kelsall church
All up to Helsby hill

(Joseph Baker reputed to be the first man to run a mile in less than 5 minutes)

Gresford Disaster

1. Oh you've heard of the Gresford disaster
Of the terrible price that was paid
Two hundred and forty-two colliers were lost
And three men of the rescue brigade

2. It occurred in the month of November
At three in the morning that pit
Was wracked by a violent explosion, dear God
In the Dennis where gas lay so thick

3. Now the gas in the Dennis deep section
Was packed like the snow in a drift
And many a man had to leave the coal face
Before he had worked out his shift

4. Now a fortnight before the explosion
To the shot firer Tomlinson cried
If you fire that shot then we'll be all blown to hell
And no one can say that he lied

5. Well the fireman's reports they are missing
A record of forty-two days
The colliery manager had them destroyed
To cover his criminal ways

The Mermaid

It was Friday morn when we set sail
and we were not far from the land
When our captain he spied a fair pretty maid
with a comb and a glass in her hand

Chorus:

And the ocean waves did roll,
and the stormy winds did blow
And we jolly sailor boys we're up we're up aloft
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below
And the landlubbers lying down below

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
and a fine old man was he
"This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom,
we shall sink to the bottom of the sea"

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship,
and a fine spoken man was he
"Well I have a wife in Salem by the sea,
and tonight she a widow will be"

Then up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship,
and a brave young lad was he
"Well I have a girlfriend in Brooklyn by the sea,
and tonight she'll be weeping for me"

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
and a jolly old butcher was he
"I care much more for my pots and my pans
than I do for the bottom of the sea"

Then one time 'round spun our gallant ship,
and two times 'round spun she
Three times 'round spun our gallant ship
and she sank to the bottom of the sea



6. Down there in the dark they are lying
They died for nine shillings a day
They worked out their shift and now they must lie
In the darkness until judgement day

7. Oh, the Lord Mayor of London's collecting
To help both the children and wives
The owners have bought some white lilies, dear God
To pay for the colliers lives

Song for Ireland

Walking all the day
By all towers where falcons build their nests
On silver wings they fly,
For they know the call for freedom in their breasts,
We saw Black Head against the sky
With twisted rocks that run down to the sea
Living on your Western shore,
Saw summer sunsets, I asked for more,
I stood by your Atlantic Sea,
And sang a song for Ireland

Drinking all the day,
In old pubs where fiddlers love to play,
Saw one take the bow,
To play a reel that was so grand and gay,
Stood on Dingle Beach and cast,
In the wild foam for the Atlantic bass,
When living on your Western shore,
Saw the summer sunset, I asked form more,
I stood by your Atlantic Sea,
And sang a song for Ireland

Laughing all the day,
With true friends who try to make you stay,
Telling jokes and news,
And singing songs to pass the night away,
We watched the Galway salmon run,
Like silver dancing, darting in the sun,
When living on your Western shore,
Saw the summer sunset, I asked for more,
I stood by your Atlantic Sea,
And sang a song for Ireland

Dreaming in the night,
I saw a land where no man had to fight,
And waking in your dawn,
I saw you crying in the morning light,
Lying where the falcons fly,
They twist and turn all in your air-blue sky,
Living on your western shore,
Saw the summer sunset, I asked no more,
I stood by your Atlantic sea,
And sang a song for Ireland

Henry Martin

1. There were three brothers in merry Scotland
In merry Scotland there were three
And they cast lots as to which of them should go,
For to turn robber all on the salt sea should go

2. The first lot it fell upon Henry Martin
The youngest of the three
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea the salt sea
For to maintain his two brothers and he the salt sea

3. They had not been sailing but a short winter's night
And part of a cold winter's day
When they espied a rich lofty ship, lofty ship, lofty ship
Bearing down on them all on a straight way

4. Oh lower your mainsail and brail up your mizzen
And bring your ship under my lee
Or I'll give to you a true cannon ball cannon ball cannon
And all your dear bodies drown in the salt ball

Peterloo (Harvey Kershaw)

On Peter'sfield in Manchester in t' year one eight one nine
Cotton folk o' Manchester to protest did combine
Corn Laws had browt their cripplin' tax
And t'price o' food near broke folk's back
And set a leet to smoulderin' flax
And bristled mony a spine

Chorus:
Salute once more these men of yore
Who were to conscience true
And give their blood fer t'common good
On the field of Peterloo

Sixteenth day of August browt the sound o' marchin' feet
When workers 50,000 strong on Peter's field did meet
In mount street from an upstairs room
The magistrates looked down in gloom
To see this rabble o' the loom
Vengeance they thowt was sweet

Then t'riot act were gabbled out at Parson Haye's
command
For this 'ere Rochdale vicar made wi' t'richest livin' in't
land
But folks at meetin' never knew
O' riot act till bugles blew
And mounted red-coats come in view
Wi' sabres in their hands

Those soldiers mowed folk down like flies, their sabres
dripped wi' blood
They gormed ner man ner woman's cries but pierced
them where they stood
Eleven dead that day were named
And hundreds more were hurt and maimed
While tyrants watching unashamed
Said 'it'll do 'em good'

Fer many a year fowk struggled on till 1832
Reform act come, corn laws were gone and food were
chepper too
John Bright and Cobden paved the way
And now where Petersfield once lay
The Free Trade Hall it stands today
On t' field of Peterloo.

5. Oh no I won't lower my lofty topsails
Or bring my ship under your lee
And I won't give to you my rich merchant goods, merchant goods,
Or turn my port guns to the sea merchant goods

6. So broadside to broadside and at it they went
For fully two hours or three
Till Henry Martin gave to him the death shot the death shot, the
Straight down to the bottom went she death shot

7. Bad news, bad news to old England came
Bad news to fair London town
There's a rich merchant ship and she's cast away, cast away, cast
Captain and all of her merry men drowned away