

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet No.14

Contents:

All My Loving
Any Dream Will Do
Big Rock Candy Mountain
Close Every Door
Dirty Blackleg Miners
Draft Dodger's Rag
'Enery the eighth I am

I know an old lady
Liverpool Lullaby
Muirsheen Durkin
Mr Tambourine Man
Steal away to Jesus
Swing Low, sweet Chariot
When a Child is Born
World without love

Any Dream Will Do

I closed my eyes, drew back the curtain
To see for certain what I thought I knew
Far-far away, someone was weeping
But the world was sleeping
Any dream will do

I wore my coat, with golden lining
Bright colours shining, wonderful and new
And in the east, the dawn was breaking
And the world was waking
Any dream will do

A crash of drums, a flash of light
My golden coat flew out of sight
The colours faded into darkness
I was left alone

May I return to the beginning
The light is dimming, and the dream is too
The world and I, we are still waiting
Still hesitating
Any dream will do

A crash of drums, ...

May I return to the beginning ...

Steal Away to Jesus

Chorus:

Steal away, steal away
Steal away to Jesus
Steal away, steal away home
I ain't got long to stay here

My Lord he calls me
He calls me by the thunder
The trumpet sound within my soul
I ain't got long to stay here

Green trees bending
Poor sinner stands a-trembling
The trumpet sound within my soul
I ain't got long to stay here

My Lord he calls me
He calls me by the lightening
The trumpet sound within my soul
I ain't got long to stay here

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Big Rock Candy Mountain

On a summer day in the month of May a burly bum came hiking
Down a shady lane through the sugar cane, he was looking for his liking.
As he roamed along he sang a song of the land of milk and honey
Where a bum can stay for many a day, and he won't need any money

Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees near the soda water fountain,
At the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings on the Big Rock Candy Mountains

There's a lake of gin we can both jump in, and the handouts grow on bushes
In the new-mown hay we can sleep all day, and the bars all have free lunches
Where the mail train stops and there ain't no cops, and the folks are tender-hearted
Where you never change your socks and you never throw rocks,
And your hair is never parted

Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees near the soda water fountain,
At the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings on the Big Rock Candy Mountains

Oh, a farmer and his son, they were on the run, to the hay field they were bounding
Said the bum to the son, "Why don't you come to the big rock candy mountains?"
So the very next day they hiked away, the mileposts they were counting
But they never arrived at the lemonade tide, on the Big Rock Candy Mountains

Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees near the soda water fountain,
At the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings on the Big Rock Candy Mountains

One evening as the sun went down and the jungle fires were burning,
Down the track came a hobo hiking, and he said "Boys, I'm not turning."
"I'm heading for a land that's far away beside the crystal fountains;"
"So come with me, we'll go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, there's a land that's fair and bright,
The handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night
Where the boxcars all are empty and the sun shines every day
On the birds and the bees and the cigarete trees,
The lemonade springs where the bluebird sings In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, all the cops have wooden legs
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
The farmer's trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay
Oh I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow
Where the rain don't fall, the wind don't blow In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, you never change your socks
And little streams of alcohol come a-trickling down the rocks
The brakemen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are blind
There's a lake of stew and of whisky too
And you can paddle all around 'em in a big canoe In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the jails are made of tin,
And you can walk right out again as soon as you are in
There ain't no short-handled shovels, no axes, saws or picks,
I'm a-goin' to stay where you sleep all day
Where they hung the jerk that invented work In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

I'll see you all this comin' fall in the Big Rock Candy Mountains!

Close Every Door

Close every door to me,
Hide all the world from me
Bar all the windows
And shut out the light
Do what you want with me,
Hate me and laugh at me
Darken my daytime
And torture my night
If my life were important I
Would ask will I live or die
But I know the answers lie
Far from this world

Close every door to me,
Keep those I love from me
Children of Israel
Are never alone
For I know I shall find
My own peace of mind
For I have been promised
A land of my own

Just give me a number
Instead of my name
Forget all about me
And let me decay
I do not matter,
I'm only one person
Destroy me completely
Then throw me away
If my life were important I
Would ask will I live or die
But I know the answers lie
Far from this world

Close every door to me

All My Loving

Close your eyes and I'll kiss you,
tomorrow I'll miss you,
remember I'll always be true.
And then while I'm away
I'll write home every day
and I'll send all my loving to you.

I'll pretend that I'm kissing
the lips I am missing
and hope that my dreams will come true.
And then while I'm away
I'll write home every day
and I'll send all my loving to you.

All my loving, I will send to you,
all my loving, darling, I'll be true.

When a Child is Born

A ray of hope flickers in the sky
A tiny star lights up way up high
All across the land dawns a brand a brand new morn
This comes to pass when a child is born

A silent wish sails the seven seas
The winds of change whisper in the trees
And the walls of doubt crumble tossed and torn
This comes to pass when a child is born

A rosy hue settles all around
You got the feel you're on solid ground
For a spell or two no one seems forlorn
This comes to pass when a child is born

It's all a dream and illusion now
It must come soon sometime soon somehow
All across the land dawns a brand new morn
This comes to pass when a child is born.

I know an old lady

1 There was an old lady who swallowed a fly.
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

2 There was an old lady who swallowed a spider,
that wiggled and wiggled and tickled inside her.

3 There was an old lady who swallowed a bird.
How absurd to swallow a bird.

4 There was an old lady who swallowed a cat.
Imagine that, she swallowed a cat.

5 There was an old lady who swallowed a dog.
My, what a hog, to swallow a dog.

6 There was an old lady who swallowed a cow.
I don't know how she swallowed a cow.

7 I know an old lady who swallowed a horse...
She's dead of course!!!

Onto each verse in turn ...

6. She swallowed the cow to catch the dog ...
5. She swallowed the dog, to catch the cat...
4. She swallowed the cat to catch the bird...
3. She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
that wiggled and wiggled and tickled inside her...
2. She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die.

World without love

Please lock me away, and don't allow the day here
inside where I hide with my loneliness.
I don't care what they say.
I won't stay in a world without love.

Birds sing out of tune and rain drops hide the moon
I'm ok, here I'll stay with my loneliness.
I don't care what they say.
I won't stay in a world without love.

So I wait and in a while I will see my true love smile
she may come, I know not when, when she does
I'll know, so baby until then, lock me away
and don't allow the day here.
Inside where I hide with my loneliness

i don't care what they say.
I won't stay in a world without love.

Muirsheen Durkin

In the days I went a courtin', I was never tired resortin'
To the alehouse and the playhouse or many a house
beside,
I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and go right famous
And before I'd return again I'd roam the world wide.

Chorus:
So goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of
working,
No more I'll dig the praties, no longer I'll be fool.
For as sure as me name is Carney
I'll be off to California,
where instead of diggin' praties
I'll be diggin' lumps of gold.

I've courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and in Killarney
In Passage and in Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork.
But goodbye to all this pleasure,
for I'm going to take me leisure
And the next time you will hear from me
Will be a letter from New York,

Goodbye to all the boys at home,
I'm sailing far across the foam
To try to make me fortune in far America,
For there's s gold and money plenty
for the poor and gentry
And when I come back again I never more will stray,

'Enery the eighth

I'm 'Enery the eighth I am
'Enery the eighth I am I am
I got married to the widow next door
She's been married seven times before
Now every one was an 'Enery
She wouldn't have a Billy or a Sam
I'm her eighth old man named 'Enery
'Enery the eighth I am

Swing low, sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet Chariot
Comin' for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet Chariot
Comin' for to carry me home

1. I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home

2. If you get there before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too.
Comin' for to carry me home.

3 The brightest day that ever I saw,
Comin' for to carry me home
When Jesus washed my sins away
Comin' for to carry me home.

4. I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home.
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Draft dodger's rag

I'm just a typical American boy
from a typical American town
I believe in God and Senator Dodd
and in keeping old Castro down
But when it came my time to serve
I knew "better dead than red"
And when I go to that old draft board buddy
this is what I said

Chorus:
Sarge I'm only 18 I've got a ruptured spleen
and I always carry a purse
I've got eyes like a bat, my feet are flat
and my asthma's getting' worse
Think of my career I've got a sweetheart dear
and a poor old invalid aunt
Sides I ain't no fool I'm I'm goin' to school
and I'm workin' in a defence plant

I've got a dislocated disc and a racked up back
I'm allergic to flowers and bombs
And when the bomb shell hits I get epileptic fits
and I'm addicted to a thousand drugs
I've got the weakness woes I can't touch my toes
I can hardly reach my knees
And when the enemy gets close to me
I'd probably start to sneeze

Well I hate Chou-en-Lai and I hope he dies
but I think you ought to see
That someone's got to go over there
and that someone isn't me
I wish you well sarge, give 'em hell,
kill me a thousand or so
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore
then I'll be the first to go

Liverpool lullaby

1. Oh you are a mucky kid
Dirty as a dustbin lid
When he hears the things you did
You'll get a belt from your dad
Oh you have your father's nose
So crimson in the dark it glows
If you're not asleep before the boozers close
You'll get a belt from your dad

2. You look so scruffy lyin' there
Strawberry jam-tats in your hair
In all the world you haven't a care
And I have got so many
It's quite a struggle every day
Livin' on your father's pay
'Cause the bugger drinks it all away
And leaves me without any

3. Although we have no silver spoon
Better days are comin' soon
Nellie's workin' in the Lune
And she'll get paid on Friday
Perhaps one day we'll make a splash
When Littlewoods supply the cash
We'll buy a house in Knotty Ash
And buy your dad a brewery

4. Oh you are a mucky kid
Dirty as a dustbin lid
When he hears the things you did
You'll get a belt from your dad
Oh you have your father's face
You're growin' up a real hard case
But there ain't no one can take your place
So go fast asleep for your mammy.

The Blackleg Miners

Oh it's in the evenin', after dark,
The blackleg miners creep te wark,
Wi' their moleskin trousers an' dorts short,
There go the backleg miners !

They take their picks an' doon they go
Te hew the coal that lies below,
An' there's not a woman in this toon-raw
Will look at a blackleg miner.

Oh, Delaval is a terrible place.
They rub wet clay in a blackleg's face,
An' roond the pit-heaps they run a foot race
Wi' the dorts blackleg miners.

Now, don't go near the Sheghill mine.
Across the way they stretch a line,
Te catch the throat an' break the spine
O' the dorts blackleg miners.

They'll take your tools an' duds as well,
An' hoy them doon the pit o' hell.
It's doon ye go, an' fare ye well,
Ye dorts blackleg miners !

Se join the union while ye may.
Don't wait till your dyin' day,
For that may not be far away,
Ye dorts blackleg miners !

Mr Tambourine Man

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though I know that evenin's empire
has returned into sand,
Vanished from my hand,
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,
I have no one to meet
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man ...

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,
My senses have been stripped,
my hands can't feel to grip,
My toes too numb to step,
wait only for my boot heels to be wanderin'.
I'm ready to go anywhere,
I'm ready for to fade
Into my own parade,
cast your dancing spell my way,
I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man ...

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin',
swingin' madly across the sun,
It's not aimed at anyone,
it's just escapin' on the run
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'.
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time,
it's just a ragged clown behind,
I wouldn't pay it any mind,
it's just a shadow you're seein' that he's chasing.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man ...

Then take me disappearin'
through the smoke rings of my mind,
Down the foggy ruins of time,
far past the frozen leaves,
The haunted, frightened trees,
out to the windy beach,
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky
with one hand waving free,
Silhouetted by the sea,
circled by the circus sands,
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man ...

Bob Dylan

– I suppose we had to have one of his at least