

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet No.17

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Gibson Guitar

1. Some people say I don't work boys
And life is all leisure and ease
They say that I ramble about boys
Drink whiskey and do as I please
Well I've rambled all over this country
Know most of the jobs that there are
But I just like to sing my old folk songs
And play my old Gibson guitar
2. I don't have much education boys
And politics aren't for me
I just want a life for my family boys
In a world rich and equal and free
And I pray for the great day a coming
With a hatred of killing and war
And I hope I might even be helping
As I play my old Gibson guitar

The Girl I Left Behind Me (Samuel Lover)

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill
and o'er the moor and valley
Such grievous thoughts my heart do fill
since parting with my Sally
I seek no more the fine or gay
for each doth but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away
with the girl I left behind me

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night
the stars were bright above me
And gently lent their silv'ry light
when first she vowed to love me
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp
kind Heaven thence pray guide me
And send me safely back again
to the girl I left behind me

Hanging Johnny

1. They call me hangin' Johnny
Away-ai-o
Because I hang for money
Hang boys hang
2. Well first I hung my mother
Away-ai-o
My sister and my brother
Hang boys hang
3. A rope a bell a ladder
Away-ai-o
And I'll hang you all together
Hang boys hang

Gentleman Soldier

1. It's of a gentleman soldier as a sentry he did stand
He kindly saluted a fair maid by the waving of his hand
So boldly then he did kiss her and passed it off as a joke
He drilled her into the sentry box wrapped up in a soldier's cloak

Chorus:

And the guns do go with a rat-at-at-at
And the fife's do loudly play
Fare thee well Polly my dear
We must be going away

2. Oh there they tossed and tumbled till the daylight did appear
The soldier rose, put on his clothes saying "Fare you well my dear"
For the drums they are a beating and the fifes do sweetly play
If it weren't for that dear Polly along with you I'd stay
3. Now come you gentleman soldier and won't you marry me
Oh no my dearest Polly such things can never be
For I've a wife already and children I have three
Two wives are allowed in the army but one's too many for me
4. If anyone comes a courtin' you, treat 'em to a glass
If anyone comes a courtin' you say you're a country lass
You needn't even tell them that ever you played this joke
That you ever went into a sentry box wrapped up in a soldier's cloak
5. It's come my gentleman soldier why didn't you tell me so
My parents they will be angry when this they come to know
When nine long months was up and passed this poor girl she brought shame
For she had a little militia boy and she couldn't tell his name

High Germany

O Polly dear, O Polly, the rout has now begun,
And we must march away at the beginning of the drum.
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me,
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.

I'll buy a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride,
And all of my delight shall be riding by your side;
We'll call at every ale house, and drink when we are dry,
So quickly on the road, my love, we'll marry by and by.

O Harry, dear Harry, you mind what I do say,
My feet they are so tender I cannot march away,
And besides, my dearest Harry, though I'm in love with thee,
I am not fit for cruel wars in High Germany.

O cursed were the cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise!
They pressed young Harry from me, likewise my brothers three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany

Hallelujah, I'm A Bum

Why don't you work like other men do?
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

Chorus:

Hallelujah, I'm a bum
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a handout
To revive us again.

Oh, I love my boss, and my boss loves me,
And that is the reason that I'm so hungry.

Oh, springtime has come, and I'm just out of jail,
Without any money, and without any bail.

I went to a house, and I knocked on the door,
The lady said, "Run, bum, you've been here before.

I went to a house, and I asked for some bread;
A lady came out, said, "The baker is dead."

When springtime does come, oh, won't we have fun,
We'll throw up our jobs and we'll go on the bum.

If I was to work, and save all I earn,
I could buy me a bar and have money to burn.

I passed by a saloon, and heard someone snore,
And I found the bartender asleep on the floor.

I stayed there and drank till a copper came in,
And he put me asleep with a slap on the chin.

Next morning in court I was still in a haze
When the judge looked at me, he said, "Thirty days.--

Hush Little Baby

1. Hush little baby don't say a word
Momma's gonna buy you a mockin' bird

Chorus:

Bye and Bye, Bye and bye
You'll be an angel when you die

2. If that mockin' bird don't sing
Momma's gonna buy you a diamond ring

3. If that diamond ring turn to brass
Momma's gonna buy you a lookin' glass

4. If that lookin' glass gets broke
Momma's gonna buy you a billy goat

5. If that billy goat don't pull
Momma's gonna buy you a cart an' a bull

6. If that cart and bull turn over
Momma's gonna buy you a dog called Rover

7. If that dog called Rover don't bark
Momma's gonna buy you a horse and a cart

8. If that horse and cart fall down
You'll still be the prettiest little girl in town

House carpenter

1. Well met, well met my own true love
Well met, well met cried he
I've just returned from the salt, salt sea
All for the love of thee

2. Well I could have married a king's daughter dear
She would have married me
But I have forsaken her crowns of gold
All for the love of thee

3. If you could have married a king's daughter dear
I'm sure you are to blame
For I am married to a House Carpenter
A fine and a nice young man

4. Oh won't you forsake your House Carpenter
And come along with me
I'll take you to where the grass grows green
The banks of the salt salt sea

5. Oh if I were to forsake my house Carpenter
And go along with thee
What have you got to maintain me on
And keep me from poverty

6. Six ships, six ships all out on the sea
Seven more upon dry land
A hundred and ten all brave sailor men
Will be at your command

7. She picked up her own wee babe
Kisses gave him three
Said stay right here with my House Carpenter
And keep him good company

8. They had not been gone but about two weeks
I'm sure it was not three
When that fair maid began to weep
And wept most bitterly

9. Oh why do you weep my fair young maid
Weeping for your golden store
Or do you weep for your House Carpenter
Who never you shall see any more

10. Oh I do not weep for my House Carpenter
Or for any golden store
I do weep for my own wee babe
Who never I shall see any more

11. They had not been gone but about three weeks
I'm sure it was not four
When our gallant ship sprang a leak and sank
Never to rise any more

12. One time around spun our gallant ship
Two times around spun she
Three times around spun our gallant ship
And sank to the bottom of the sea

13. What hills, what hills are those my love
Those hills so fair and high
Those are the hills of heaven my love
And not for you and I

14. What hills, what hills are those my love
Those hills so dark and low
Those are the hills of hell my love
Where you and I must go

If the Ocean was Whiskey

1. If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cried
If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die
Ah, ah, ah – hic- ah
2. But the ocean ain't whiskey and I ain't no duck
So let's round up cattle and then we'll get drunk
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cried
If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die
Ah, ah, ah – hic- ah
3. Oh whiskey, oh whiskey you're no friend to me
You killed my old daddy goldarn you try me
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cried
If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die
Ah, ah, ah – hic- ah
4. If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cried
If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die
Ah, ah, ah – hic- ah

Kumbaya

Chorus:

Kumbaya my lord, kumbaya
Kumbaya my lord, kumbaya
Kumbaya my lord, kumbaya
Oh lord kumbaya

1. Someone's singing lord, kumbaya
Someone's singing lord, kumbaya
Someone's singing lord, kumbaya
Oh lord kumbaya
2. Someone's praying lord, kumbaya
Someone's praying lord, kumbaya
Someone's praying lord, kumbaya
Oh lord kumbaya
3. Someone's sleeping lord, kumbaya
Someone's sleepng lord, kumbaya
Someone's sleeping lord, kumbaya
Oh lord kumbaya

Leave Her, Johnny

I thought I heard the old man say,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her.
You can go ashore and take your pay,
It's time for us to leave her

The winds were foul, the work was hard,
From Liverpool Docks to Brooklyn Yard

She would neither steer nor stay,
She shipped it green both night and day,

She shipped it green and made us curse,
The mate was a devil and the old man worse,

The winds were foul, the ship was slow,
The grub was bad, the wages low,

We'll sing, oh, may we never be
On a hungry bitch the like of she,

Johnny I hardly knew yer

1. Where are your eyes which looked so mild, Haroo, haroo
Where are your eyes which looked so mild, Haroo, haroo
Where are your eyes which looked so mild,
When my poor heart you first beguiled
Why did you skidaddle from me and the child
Johnny I hardly knew yer

Chorus:

With your guns and drums and guns and drums, Haroo, haroo
With your guns and drums and guns and drums, Haroo, haroo
With your guns and drums and guns and drums, The enemy nearly slew yer
My darlin' dear you look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew yer

2. Where are your legs with which you run, Haroo, haroo
Where are your legs with which you run, Haroo, haroo
Where are your legs with which you run,
When you went to carry a gun
Alas your dancing days are done
Johnny I hardly knew yer
3. It grieved me heart to see you sail, Haroo, haroo
It grieved me heart to see you sail, Haroo, haroo
It grieved me heart to see you sail,
From my heart you took leg bail
Like a cod your doubled up head-tail
Johnny I hardly knew yer
4. You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg, Haroo, haroo
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg, Haroo, haroo
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
You're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg
You'll have to be put in a bowl to beg
Johnny I hardly knew yer
5. I'm happy for to see you home, Haroo, haroo
I'm happy for to see you home, Haroo, haroo
I'm happy for to see you home,
All from the island of Ceylon
So low in the flesh so high in the bone
Johnny I hardly knew yer
6. But sad as it is to see you so, Haroo, haroo
But sad as it is to see you so, Haroo, haroo
But sad as it is to see you so,
and I think of you now as an object of woe
Your Peggy'll still keep you on as her beau
Johnny I hardly knew yer

John Brown's Body

1. John Brown's Body lies a mouldering in the grave
John Brown's Body lies a mouldering in the grave
John Brown's Body lies a mouldering in the grave
And his soul is marching on

Chorus:

Glory, glory hallelujah, Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah, And his soul is marching on

2. The stars above in heaven are looking kindly down
The stars above in heaven are looking kindly down
The stars above in heaven are looking kindly down
On the grave of Old John Brown
3. He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord
And his soul is marching on

King Henry

1. King Henry marched forth a sword in his hand
Two thousand horsemen all at his command
In a fortnight the rivers ran red through the land
The year fifteen hundred and twenty
2. The year it is now 1965
It's easier far to stay half alive
Just keep your mouth shut as the planes zoom
and dive
Ten thousand miles over the ocean
3. Simon was drafted in '63
In '64 was sent over the sea
Last month this letter he sent to me
I hope you don't mind what I'm sayin'
4. We've hardly a friend here no hardly a one
We've got a few generals and the just want our guns
It'll take more than that if we're ever to win
We'll have to flatten the country
5. It's my own troops I have to look out for he said
I sleep with a pistol right under my head
He wrote this last month and last week he was dead
Simon came home in a casket
6. I mind my own business I watch my TV
I complain about taxes but pay anyway
In an organised manner my forefathers betray
Who long ago struggled for freedom
7. And each day a new headline screams at my bluff
On TV some general says we must be tough
And each night I stare at this family I love
All spattered and gutted by napalm
8. King Henry marched forth a sword in his hand
Two thousand horsemen all at his command
In a fortnight the rivers ran red through the land
The year fifteen hundred and twenty

Lizzie Lindsay

Chorus:

Will ye gang to the Highlands Lizzie Lindsay
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me
Will ye gang to the Highlands Lizzie Lindsay
My bride and my darlin' to be

1. Tae gang tae the Highlands with you sir
I dinna ken how that can be for I
Ken nae that ye come from
Nor ken I the lad I'm gan wi'
2. Ah Lizzie lass ye dun ken little
If sae be ye dinna ken me
For my name is Lord Ronald McDonald
Your pride and your darlin' to be
3. She's kilted her skirts o' green satin
She's kilted them up to her knee
She's awa' with Lord Ronald McDonald
His bride and his darlin' to be

Last thing on my mind

1. It's a lesson too late for the learning
Made of sand, made of sand,
In a wink of an eye my soul is turning
In your hand, in your hand

Chorus:

Are you going away with no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind
Oh I could have loved you better
Didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

2. You've got reasons a plenty for going
This I know, this I know
And the weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't go
3. As I lie in my bed in the morning
Without you, without you
Each song in my breast dies aorning
Without you, without you

Minstrel Boy

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you will find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Verse added later:

The Minstrel Boy will return we pray
When we hear the news, we all will cheer it,
The minstrel boy will return one day,
Torn perhaps in body, not in spirit.
Then may he play on his harp in peace,
In a world such as Heaven intended,
For all the bitterness of man must cease,
And ev'ry battle must be ended

