

# 'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 19

## When Johnny Comes Marching Home

1. When Johnny comes marching home  
Hurrah, hurrah  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then  
Hurrah, hurrah  
The men will cheer, the boys will shout  
The ladies they will all turn out

### Refrain:

And we'll all feel gay  
When Johnny comes marching home

2. The old church bells will peal with joy hurrah (x2)  
To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah (x2)  
The village lads and lassies say  
With roses they will strew the way

3. Get ready for the Jubilee  
We'll give the heroes three times three  
The laurel wreath is ready now  
To place upon his royal brow

4. Let love and friendship on that day  
Their choicest treasures then display  
And let each one perform some part  
To fill with joy the warrior's heart

## Wild Mountain Thyme (Will ye go lassie go)

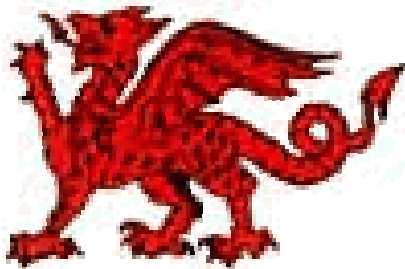
1. Oh the summer time is comin'  
And the leaves are sweetly bloomin'  
And the wild mountain thyme  
O'er the mountains is perfumin'

**Chorus:** Will ye go lassie go  
And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the bloomin' heather  
Will ye go lassie go

2. I will build my love a bower  
By yon pure crystal fountain  
And in it I will plant  
All the flowers o' the mountain

3. I will roam the mountains wide  
O'er the deep glens so dreary  
And return with my spoils  
To the bower o' m' deary

4. If my true love she were gone  
Then I'd surely find another  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the purple heather



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## Talking Union

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If you want higher wages let me tell you what to do;  
You got to talk to the workers in the shop with you;  
You got to build you a union, got to make it strong,  
But if you all stick together, boys, it won't be long.  
You get shorter hours, better working conditions.  
Vacations with pay, take the kids to the seashore.

It ain't quite this simple, so I better explain  
just why you got to ride on the union train;  
'Cause if you wait for the boss to raise your pay,  
We'll all be waiting till judgment day. '  
We'll all be buried-gone to Heaven-  
Saint Peter'll be the straw boss then, boys.

Now, you know you're underpaid, but the boss says you ain't;  
He speeds up the work till you're about to faint.  
You may be down and out, but you ain't beaten,  
You can pass out a leaflet and call a meetin'  
Talk it over-speak your mind  
Decide to do something about it.  
Course, the boss may persuade some poor damn fool  
To go to your meeting and act like a stool;  
But you can always tell a stool, though, that's a fact,  
He's got a rotten streak a-running down his back;  
He doesn't have to stool-he'll make a good living  
On what he takes out of blind men's cups.

You got a union, row, and you're sitting pretty;  
Put some of the boys on the steering committee.  
The boss won't listen when one guy squawks,  
But he's got to listen when the union talks  
He'd better-be mighty lonely  
Everybody decided to walk out on him.

Suppose they're working you so hard it's just outrageous,  
And they're paying you all starvation wages,  
You go to the boss, and the boss will yell,  
"Before I raise your pay I'd see you all in hell."  
Well, he's puffing a big cigar and feeling mighty slick,  
'Cause he thinks he's got your union licked.  
He looks out the window, and what does he see  
But a thousand pickets, and they all agree  
He's a bastard-unfair- slave driver  
Bet he beats his wife.

Now, boys, you've come to the hardest time;  
The boss will try to bust your picket line;  
He'll call out the police and the national guard,  
They'll tell you it's a crime to have a union card.  
They'll raid your meeting, and hit you on the head,  
They'll call every one of you a doggone red  
Unpatriotic-Moscow agents, bomb throwers, even the kids.

But out in Detroit here's what they found,  
And out in Frisco here's what they found,  
And out in Pittsburgh here's what they found,  
And down at Bethlehem here's what they found,  
That if you don't let redbaiting break you up,  
If you don't let stool pigeons break you up,  
If you don't let vigilantes break you up,  
And if you don't let race hatred break you up  
You'll win-what I mean take it easy-but take it.

### Villikins And His Dinah

1. 'Tis of a rich merchant I'm going to tell  
Who had for a daughter an uncommon nice girl  
Her name it was Dinah just 16 years old  
With a very large fortune in silver and gold  
**Refrain:** To me too re lai oo re lai oo re lai ay
2. When Dinah was a walkin' in the garden one day  
Her father came up to her and thus to her did say  
Go dress yourself Dinah in gorgeous array  
And I'll bring you home a husband both galliant and gay  
**Refrain:** To me too re lai oo re lai oo re lai ay
3. Oh father dear father the daughter she said  
I don't feel inclined to be married  
And all my large fortune I'd gladly give o'er  
If you'd let me live single a year or two mo'er  
**Refrain:** To me too re lai oo re lai oo re lai ay
4. Oh daughter dear daughter the father he cried  
I don't feel inclined to be this man's bride  
I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin  
And you won't reap the benefit of not a single pin  
**Refrain:** To me too re lai oo re lai oo re lai ay
5. As Villikins was a walking his garden all round  
He saw his dear Dinah lying dead upon the ground  
And a drop of cold poison all down by her side  
And a billet do as said as how it was by poison she died  
**Refrain:** To me too re lai oo re lai oo re lai ay
6. Now all you young men who would thus fall in love  
Nor do not that by no means disliked by your governor  
And all you young maidens mind who you claps eyes on  
Think of Villikins and his Dinah not forgetting the poison  
**Refrain:** To me too re lai oo re lai oo re lai ay

### Wayfaring Stranger

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,  
A-traveling through this world of woe;  
But there's no sickness no toil nor danger,  
In that bright world to which I go.

I'm going there to see my father,  
I'm going there no more to roam,  
I'm just a-going over Jordan,  
I'm just a-going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,  
I know my way is steep and rough,  
But beauteous fields lie just beyond me,  
Where souls redeemed their vigil keep.

I'm going there to meet my mother,  
She said she'd meet me when I come;  
I'm only going over Jordan,  
I'm only going over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory,  
When I get home to that bright land;  
I want to shout Salvation's story,  
In concert with that bloodwashed band.

I'm going there to meet my Saviour,  
To sing His praises for evermore;  
I'm only going over Jordan,  
I'm only going over home.

### Universal Soldier

1. He's five foot two and he's six foot four  
He fights with missiles and with spears  
He's all of 31 and he's only 17  
Been a soldier for a thousand years
2. He's a Catholic a Hindu an atheist a Jane  
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew  
And he knows he shouldn't kill and he knows he always will  
Killin' for me my friends and me for you
3. He's fightin' for Canada he's fightin' for France  
He's fightin' for the USA  
He's fightin' for the Russians and he's fightin' for Japan  
And he thinks he'll put an end to war this way
4. He's fightin' for democracy he's fightin' for the reds  
He says its far the peace of all  
He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's to die  
And he never sees the writing on the wall
5. But without him how could Hitler have condemned him  
at Dachau  
Without him Caesar would have stood alone  
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war  
And without him all this killin' can't go on
6. He's the Universal Soldier and he really is to blame  
His orders come from faraway no more  
They come from here and there and you and me  
and brothers can't you see  
That it's not the way to put an end to war

### Enniskillen Dragoons

Our troop was made ready at the dawn of the day  
From lovely Enniskillen they were marching us away.  
They put us then on board a ship to cross the raging main,  
To fight in bloody battle in the sunny land of Spain.

Chorus:  
Fare thee well Enniskillen, fare thee well for a while  
And all around the borders of Erin's green isle;  
And when the war is over we'll return in full bloom  
And you'll all welcome home the Enniskillen Dragoons.

Oh Spain it is a gallant land where wine and ale flow free  
There's lots of lovely women there to dandle on your knee  
And often in a tavern there we'd make the rafters ring  
When every soldier in the house would raise his glass and sing

Well we fought for Ireland's glory there and many a man did fall  
From musket and from bayonet and from thundering cannon ball  
And many a foeman we laid low, amid the battle throng  
And as we prepared for action you would often hear this song

Well now the fighting's over and for home we have set sail,  
Our flag above this lofty ship is fluttering in the gale:  
They've given us a pension boys of four pence each a day  
And when we reach Enniskillen never more we'll have to say.



## Dixie

Daniel D. Emmett

I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
Old times there are not forgotten,  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!  
In Dixie Land where I was born in

Early on one frosty mornin',  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!

Chorus:  
Then I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!  
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand  
To live and die in Dixie, away, away,  
Away down south in Dixie, away, away,  
Away down south in Dixie.

Old Mrs. marry Will the Weaver,  
William was a gay deceiver,  
Look away, etc.

But when he put his arm around her,  
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,  
Look away, etc.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,  
But that did not seem to grieve her,  
Look away, etc.

Old Mrs. acted the foolish part,  
And died for a man that broke her heart,  
Look away, etc.

## Will Ye No Come Back Again

1. Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'  
Safely o'er the friendly main  
Many's the heart will break in twa  
Will ye no' come back again

Chorus:  
Will ye no' come back again  
Will ye no' come back again  
Better loved ye canna be  
Will ye no' come back again

2. Ye trusted in your Hieland men  
They trusted you dear Charlie  
They kent you're hiding in the glen  
Death and exile bearing



## Wraggle Taggle Gypsies

1. Three gypsies stood at the castle gate  
They sang so high and they sang so low  
The lady sat in her chamber late  
Her heart it melted away as snow
2. They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill  
That fast her tears began to flow  
And she laid down her silken gown  
Her golden rings and all her show
3. She plucked off her high heeled shoes  
A made of Spanish leather-o  
She stood in the street with her bare, bare feet  
All out in the wind and weather-o
4. Oh saddle to me my milk white steed  
And go and fetch me my pony-o  
That I may ride and seek my bride  
That is gone with the raggle taggle gypsies-o
5. Oh he rode high and he rode low  
He rode through woods and copses-o  
Until he came to an open field  
And there he spied his lady-o
6. What makes you leave your house and land  
Your golden treasures for to go  
What makes you leave your new wedded lord  
To follow the raggle taggle gypsies-o
7. What care I for my house and land  
What care I for my treasure-o  
What care I for my new wedded lord  
I'm off with the raggle taggle gypsies-o
8. Last night you slept in a goose feather bed  
With the sheet turned down so bravely-o  
Tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field  
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies-o
9. What care I for my goose feather bed  
With the sheet turned down so bravely-o  
Tonight I'll sleep in a cold open field  
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies-o

## Fiddler's Green

As I walked down the dockside one evenin' so fair,  
To view the still waters and take the salt air,  
I heard an old fisherman singin' this song,  
Saying, "Take me away boys. Me time is not long."

Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper.  
No more on the docks I'll be seen.  
Just tell me old shipmates I'm takin' a trip, mates  
And I'll see you one day in Fiddler's Green.

Now, Fiddler's Green is a place, I've heard tell,  
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell,  
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play  
And the cold coasts of Greenland are far, far away.

Yes, the weather is fair and there's never a gale,  
And the fish jump aboard with one swish of their tail.  
You can lie in your hammock, there's no work to do,  
And the skipper's below makin' tea for the crew.

Now, I don't need a harp nor a halo, not me.  
Just give me a ship and a good rollin' sea.  
And I'll play me old squeeze-box as we roll along  
With the wind in the riggin' to sing me this song.

### John Barleycorn

There were three men came out of the west  
their fortunes for to try  
And these three men made a solemn vow  
John Barleycorn should die  
They ploughed they sowed they harrowed him in,  
threwed clods upon his head  
And these three men made a solemn vow  
John Barleycorn was dead

They let him lie for a very long time  
till the rain from heaven did fall  
Then little Sir John sprung up his head  
and soon amazed them all  
They let him stand till midsummer's day  
till he looked both pale and wan  
And little Sir John he grewed a long beard  
and so became a man

They hired men with scythes so sharp  
to cut him off at the knee  
They rolled him and tied him around the waist  
and served him most barbarously  
They hired men with sharp pitchforks  
who pricked him to the heart  
And the loader he served him worse than that  
for he bound him to the cart

They wheeled him round and round the field  
till they came unto a barn  
And there they made a solemn mow  
of poor John Barleycorn  
They hired men with the crab tree sticks  
to cut him skin from bone  
And the miller he served him worse than that  
for he ground him between two stones

Here's little Sir John in a nut brown bowl  
and brandy in a glass  
And little Sir John in a nut brown bowl  
proved the stronger man at last  
And the huntsman he can't hunt the fox  
nor so loudly blow his horn  
And the tinker he can't mend his kettles or his pots  
without a little of Barleycorn

### Handsome Molly

Wish I was in London, Or some other seaport town;  
I'd set my foot in a steamboat, I'd sail the ocean 'round.

While sailing a round the ocean,  
While sailing a round the sea,  
I'd think of handsome Molly, Wherever she might be.

She rode to church a-Sunday,  
She passed me on by;  
I saw her mind was changing  
By the roving of her eye.

Don't you remember, Molly,  
When you gave me your right hand?  
You said if you ever marry  
That I'd be the man.

Now you've broke your promise,  
Go home with who you please,  
While my poor heart is aching  
You're lying at your ease.

Hair was black as a raven,  
Her eyes was black as coal,  
Her cheeks was like lilies  
Out in the morning grown.

### Drover's Dream

One night when drovin' sheep, my companions lay asleep  
There was no star to llluminate the sky  
I was dreamin' I suppose, for my eyes were partly closed  
When a very strange procession passed me by

First there came a Kangaroo with a swag of blankets blue  
A Dingo ran beside him as his mate  
They were travellin' mighty fast but they shouted as they passed  
We'll have to run along, it's getting late

The Pelican and the Crane, had come in from off the plain  
To amuse the company with the highland fling  
The dear old Bandicoot played a tune upon his flute  
And the koala bear sat 'round him in the ring

The Drongo and the Crow sang songs of long ago  
The Frill-necked Lizard listened with a smile  
And the Emu standing near with his claw up to his ear  
Said "the funniest thing I've heard for quite a while"

Three frogs from out the swamp where the atmosphere is damp  
Came bounding in and sat upon some stones  
They each unrolled their swags and produced from little bags  
The violin, the banjo and the 'bones

The Goanna and the snake and the Bunyip wide awake  
With an Alligator dancing Soldier's Joy  
In the spreading Silky-Oak, the old Jackass cracked a joke  
And the Magpie sang The Wild Colonial Boy

Some Brolga's darted out from the Tea tree all about  
And performed a set of lancers very well  
Then the parrot green and blue gave the orchestra it's cue  
To strike up The Old Cabin in the dell

I was dreaming I suppose of these entertainin' shows  
But it never crossed my mind I was asleep  
Till the boss beneath the cart woke me up with such a start  
Yelling "Lionel, where the hell are all the sheep"

### Fine Girl You Are

1. Fare thee well my lovely Dinah, a thousand times farewell  
For I am going to leave you now, the truth to you I'll tell  
And the secrets of my mind – fine girl you are  
You're the girl that I adore  
And now I live in hope to see  
The holy ground once more – fine girl you are  
You're the girl that I adore  
And now I live in hope to see  
The holy ground once more
2. And now the storm is raging, and we are for from Cove  
And the poor old ship she's a sinkin' fast  
and the riggins they are torn  
And the secrets of my mind – fine girl you are  
You're the girl that I adore  
And now I live in hope to see  
The holy ground once more – fine girl you are  
You're the girl that I adore  
And now I live in hope to see  
The holy ground once more
3. And now the storm is over and we are safe in Cove  
And we'll drink a toast to the Holy Ground  
and the girls that we adore  
And we'll drink strong ale and porter  
And we'll make the taproom roar  
And when our money is all spent  
We'll go to see once more - fine girl you are  
You're the girl that I adore  
And when our money is all spent  
We'll go to see once more - fine girl you are