

# 'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 21

## Contents:

Dixie	Fiddler's Green
Drover's Dream	Farewell She
Enniskillen Dragoons	Handsome Molly
Fine Girl You Are	John Barleycorn

### 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 1 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.

### Fiddler's Green

John Connelly

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 a song.

### 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 fourpence each a day  
And when we reach Enniskillen never more we'll have to say.

### 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

### **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 growed 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 luminate 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 Teatree 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"

### **Farewell she**

1. Oh fare thee well cold winter and fare thee well cold frost  
Nothing have I gained and my own true love I've lost  
I'll rest when I am weary I'll drink when I'm dry  
But before I'd humble to my love I'd lay me down and die
2. Last night I met my true love in yonder shady grove  
I met her with a smile and she gave to me a blush  
I said that I would wait for her as she did pass me by  
But before I'd humble to my love I'd lay me down and die
3. Take half a pound of reason and a quarter pound of sense  
A small pinch of time and so much of prudence  
Put them all together and you will plainly see  
She's a cold deluded lover let her go, farewell she

