

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 25

Geordie

1. As I came over London bridge
One misty morning early
I overheard a fair pretty maid
Lamenting for her Geordie
2. Come bridle me my silk white steed
Come bridle me my pony
That I may ride to fair London town
To plead for the life of Geordie
3. And when she entered in the hall
There were Lords and Ladies plenty
Down on her bended knee she fell
To plead for the life of Geordie
4. Oh Geordie stole nor cow nor calf
Nor sheep he ne'er stole any
But he stole sixteen of the king's wild deer
And sold them in Bohenny
5. Oh six pretty children have I got
The seventh lies in by body
I'd freely part with them everyone
If you'll spare me the life of Geordie
6. The judge looked o'er his left shoulder
And said, my dear, I'm sorry
My pretty maid you've come too late
As he's condemned already
7. My Geordie will be hung in golden chains
That's not the fate of many
For he was born of the king's royal blood
And he courted a virtuous lady
8. I wish I were in yonder grove
Where times I have been many
With my broad sword and my pistol too
To fight for the life of Geordie

Banana Boat Song

Hey Mr. Tally man, tally me banana
Daylight come and I wanna go home"

Chop banana til the morning come. Daylight come...(x2)

Day-o, day-o, Daylight come...(x2)

A beautiful bunch of ripe banana, Daylight come...
Hide the deadly black tarantula, Daylight come...

Come mister tally man, tally me banana, Daylight come.x2

I pack up all me things and I go to sea, Daylight come...
Then all these banana see the last of me. Daylight come...

Come mr. tallyman..."

Guantanamo (Jose Marti)

Guantanamo guajira Guantanamo (x2)

Yo soy un hombre sincero de donde crece la palma (x2)
Yantes de morir me quiero Echar mis versos del alma.

Banana Boat Song
Battle of 'Astings
Battle of New Orleans
Bear Went Over the Mountain
Biddy Mulligan
Blacksmith Courted Me
Blood Red Roses
Blow ye winds

Mary Hamilton

Word is to the kitchen gone
and word is to the hall,
And word is up to Madam the Queen
and that is the worst of all.
That Mary Hamilton's born a child,
to the highest Stuart of all.

"Arise, arise Mary Hamilton,
Arise and tell to me,
What hast thou done with thy wee baby
I heard and I saw weep by thee ?"

"I put him in a tiny boat,
and cast him out to sea,
That he might sink or he might swim,
but he'd never come back to me."

"Arise, arise Mary Hamilton,
Arise and come with me;
There is a wedding in Glasgow town,
this night we'll go and see."

She put not on her robes of black
nor her robes of brown.
But she put on her robes of white,
to ride into Glasgow town.

And as she rode into Glasgow town
the city for to see,
The baliff's wife and the provosts wife
cried "ach and alas for thee."

"Ah you need not weep for me," she cried,
"you need not weep for me.
For had I not slain my own wee babe
this night I would not die."

"Ah little did my mother think
when first she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel to
and the death I was to die."

"Last night I washed the Queen's feet
and put the gold in her hair,
And the only reward I find for this
is the gallows to be my share."

"Cast off, cast off my gown," she cried
"but let my petticoat be,
And tie a napkin 'round my face
The gallows I would not see."

Then by and by came the King himself,
looked up with a pitiful eye,
"Come down, come down Mary Hamilton,
Tonight, you'll dine with me."

"Ah hold your tongue, my soverign leige,
and let your folly be;
For if you'd a mind to save my life,
you'd never have shamed me here."

"Last night there were four Marys,
tonight there'll be but three.
There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton
and Mary Carmichael and Me

Both Sides Now
Ca' the Ewes
Delaney's Donkey
D-Day Dodgers
Deep River
East Virginia
Geordie
Guantanamo
Knocker-Up
Mary Hamilton
Michael Finnegan
Spinning Wheel

Battle of New Orleans

(Jimmy Driftwood; tune: Eighth of January, trad.)

Well, in 18 and 14, we took a little trip
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Missisip
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
And we met the bloody British in the town of New Orleans

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began a running
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Well, I seed Marse Jackson come a-walkin' down the street
And a-talkin' to a pirate by the name of Jean Lafitte;
He gave Jean a drink that he brung from Tennessee,
And the pirate said he'd help us drive the British to the sea.

Well the French told Andrew, "You had better run
For Packenham's a-comin' with a bullet in his gun."
Old Hickory said he didn't give a damn
He's a-gonna whup the britches off of Colonel Packenham.

Well, we looked down the river and we seed the British come
And there must have been a hundred of them beating on the drum
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring
While we stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

Old Hickory said we could take em by surprise
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked em in the eyes
We held our fire till we seed their face well
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave em well..

Well they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't catch em
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Well we fired our cannons till the barrels melted down
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round
We filled his head with minie balls and powdered his behind
And when we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind

They lost their pants and their pretty shiny coats
And their tails was all a-showin' like a bunch of billy goats.
They ran down the river with their tongues a-hanging out
And they said they got a lickin', which there wasn't any doubt.

Well we marched back to town in our dirty ragged pants
And we danced all night with the pretty girls from France;
We couldn't understand 'em, but they had the sweetest charms
And we understood 'em better when we got 'em in our arms.

Well, the guide who brung the British from the sea
Come a-limping into camp just as sick as he could be,
He said the dying words of Colonel Packenham
Was, "You better quit your foolin' with your cousin Uncle Sam."

Well, we'll march back home, but we'll never be content
Till we make Old Hick'ry the people's president.
And every time we think about the bacon and the beans
We'll think about the fun we had way down in New Orleans.

The Bear Went Over the Mountain

1. The bear went over the mountain (x3)
To see what he could see,
And what do you think he saw (x2)
The other side of the mountain (x3)
That's what he did see
2. He saw another mountain (3x)
And what do you think he did?
And what do you think he did?(x2)
He climbed the other mountain (3x)
And what do you think he saw?
And what do you think he saw? (x2) (repeat 2)

Spinning Wheel

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting
is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.

cho: Merrily cheerily noiselessly whirring
Swings the wheel spins the wheel while the foot's stirring
Sprightly and lightly and merrily ringing
Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

Eileen, a chara, I hear someone tapping
'Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping
Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing
'Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying.

What's the noise that I hear at the window I wonder?
'Tis the little birds chirping, the holly bush under
What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on?
And singing all wrong the old song of the "Coolin"?

There's a form at the casement, the form of her true love
And he whispers with face bent, I'm waiting for you love
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly
And we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly.

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers
Steps up from the stool, longs to go and yet lingers
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother
Puts her foot on the stool spins the wheel with the other

Lazily, easily, now swings the wheel round
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Blacksmith Courted Me

A blacksmith courted me, I loved him dearly
He played upon his pipes both neat and trimly
With his hammer in his hand he strikes so steady
He makes the sparks to fly all round his smithy

I love to watch my love with his hammer swinging
I love to hear it fall on the anvil ringing
The note is loud and clear, the sparks are flying
My love is handsome then, there's no denying

My love's at the bellows now, the fire is roaring
It's getting mighty hot the flames are soaring
Nothing can be more gay when the flames are going
And at night 'tis bright as day when my love is blowing

Where is my love a-gone with his cheeks like roses?
He's gone across the fields gathering primroses
The sun does shine too clear, it will burn his beauty
I will go seek my love to do my duty

Strange news is come to town, strange news is carried
Strange news flies up and down: my love is married
I wish him joy though he's my love no longer
For I love my old love still, my blacksmith yonder

What did you promise me when you lay beside me?
You promised to marry me and not deny me
It's witness I've got none but the Almighty
And he will punish you for slighting of me

I looked in a glass, my head I shook
To think I loved a lad who was false-hearted
I wish him well to do, he does not hear me
I shall not die for love, he need not fear me

Printed in Seeds of Love by Stephen Sedley
Collected by Cecil Sharp from a York broadside c 1825
sometimes a shoemaker (recorded by Steel Eye Span?)

Blood Red Roses

Our boots and clothes are all in pawn
Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.
And its flamin' drafty 'round Cape Horn,
Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.

Oh, you pinks and posies, Go down, youGo down.

My dear old mother said to me,
My dearest son, come home from sea.

It's 'round Cape Horn we all must go
'Round Cape Horn in the frost and snow.

You've got your advance, and to sea you'll go
To chase them whales through the frost and snow.

It's 'round Cape Horn you've got to go,
For that is where them whalefish blow.

It's growl you may, but go you must,
If you growl too much your head they'll bust.

Just one more pull and that will do
For we're the boys to kick her through.

Both Sides Now

(Joni Mitchell)

Bows and flows of angel hair
And ice-cream castles in the sky
And feather canyons everywhere
I've looked to clouds that way.
But now they only block the sun,
They rain and snow on everyone.
So many things I would have done
But clouds got in my way.
I've looked at clouds from both sides now,
From up and down, and still somehow,
Its cloud illusions I recall,
I really don't know clouds at all.

Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels
The dizzy dancing way you feel
As every fairy tale comes real
I've looked at clouds that way.
But now its just another show
you leave 'em laughing when they go
And if you care don't let them know
Don't give yourself away.
I've looked at love from both sides now
From give and take and still somehow
It's love's illusions I recall
I really don't know love at all.

Tears and fears and feeling proud
To say "I love you" right out loud
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds
I've looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange
They shake their heads, they say I've changed
But something's lost and something's gained
In living every day.
I've looked at life from both sides now
From win and lose and still somehow
It's life's illusions I recall
I really don't know life at all.

The Knocker-Up

A pal of mine once said to me,
Will you knock me up at half-past three?"
And so promptly at half-past one,
I knocked him up and said, "O John,
I've just come round to tell ya (x3)
You've got two more hours to sleep!"

Blow Ye Winds in the Morning

'Tis advertised in Boston,
New York, and Buffalo:
Five hundred brave Americans
a-whalin' for to go.

Chorus:
Singing Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds, heigh-ho!
Clear away your runnin' gear,
And blow, boys, blow!

They send you to New Bedford,
that famous whaling port,
And give you to some land sharks
to board and fit you out.

They send you to a boardin' house,
there for a time to dwell;
The thieves there they are thicker
than the other side of Hell.

They tell you of the clipper ships
a-runnin' in and out,
And say you'll take five hundred sperm
before you're six months out.

And now we're out to sea, my boys,
the wind comes on to blow;
One-half the watch is sick on deck,
the other half below.

The skipper's on the quarterdeck
a-squintin' at the sails,
When up aloft the lookout spots
a mighty school of whales.

Then lower down the boats, my boys,
and after him we'll travel,
But if you get too near his tail,
he'll kick you to the Devil.

When we've caught a whale, my boys,
we'll bring 'im alongside,
Then over with our blubber-hooks
and rob him of his hide.

When we get home, our ship made fast,
when we get through our sailin',
A brimming glass around we'll pass,
and damn this blubber whalin'.

Michael Finnegan

There was an old man called Michael Finnegan,
He grew whiskers on his chinnigan.
The wind came out and blew them inigan,
Poor old Michael Finnegan... begin again.

There was an old man called Michael Finnegan,
Ran a race and thought he'd winnigin
Got so buffed (?) that he had to go innigin
Poor old Michael Finnegan... begin again.

He kicked up an awful dinnigan
'Cause they said he must not sinnigan
He went fishing with the pinnigan (?)
Caught a fish but walked it innigan

Climbed a tree and barked his shinnigan
Took off several yards of skinnigan
He grew fat and then grew thinnigan
And thus he died and had to beginnigan

Poor old Michael Finnegan.

Broom of the Cowdenknowes

How blithe each morn was I tae see
My lass came o'er the hill
She skipped the burn and ran tae me
I met her with good will.

O the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom
The broom o the cowdenknowes
Fain would I be in the north country
Herding her father's ewes

We neither herded ewes nor lamb
While the flock near us lay
She gathered in the sheep at night
And cheered me all the day

Hard fate that I should banished be
Gone way o'er hill and moor
Because I loved the fairest lass
That ever yet was born

Adieu, ye cowdenknowes, adieu
Farewell all pleasures there
To wander by her side again
Is all I crave or care

The Battle of 'Astings

(Edgar)

I'll tell of the Battle of 'astings,
as 'appened in days long gone by,
When Duke William became t' King of England
and 'arold got shot in the eye.

'Twere this way: one day in October
The Duke, who were always a toff,
And 'aving no battles on at the moment,
'ad given all 'is lads t' day off.

They'd all took some boats t' go fishing,
When some chap in t' Conqueror's ear,
Says, "Eh, let's go an put t' breeze up t' Saxons."
Said Bill, "Bugger me, That's a good idea."

Then turning around to his sodjers,
He lifted his great Norman voice,
Said, " 'ands up who's going to England,"
What were swank, as they 'adn't no choice.

So they set sail about teatime,
And t' sea were so calm and so still
'at quarter to ten the next morning
They arrived at a place called Bexill.

When 'arold 'ad saw that they'd landed,
'e came up with venom and hate,
Saying, "If tha's come for regatta,
Tha's come 'ere a fortnight too late."

But William arose cool and haughty,
And said, "Give us none of your cheek,
And you'd best have your throne reupholstered,
'I'll be wanting to use it next week."

When 'arold heard this here defiance
With rage, he turned purple and blue,
And shouted some rude words in Saxon
To which William answered "And you!"

It were a beautiful day for a battle,
The Normans set off with a will,
And when they'd all duly assembled,
They tossed for the top of the 'ill.

King 'arold, 'e won the advantage,
On t' 'illtop 'e took up 'is stand,

With 'is knaves and 'is cads all around 'im,
On 'is 'orse, with 'is 'awk in 'is 'and.

Now, the Normans had nowt in their favour,
Their chance for a victory were small,
For t' slope of t' field were agin' 'em
And t' wind in their faces, and all.

The kickoff was sharp at 2:30,
And as soon as the whistle 'ad went
Both sides started bashing each other,
Till the swineherds could 'ear 'em in Kent.

The Saxons 'ad best line of forwards,
Well armed with buckler and sword,
But t' Normans 'ad best combination,
So when 'alftime come neither 'ad scored.

Then t' Duke called 'is cohorts together,
And said, "Let's pretend that we're beat,
And when we get Saxons on level,
We can cut off their means of retreat."

So they ran and the Saxons ran after,
Just exactly as William 'ad planned,
Leaving 'arold alone on the 'illtop,
On 'is 'orse, with 'is 'awk in 'is 'and.

When William 'ad saw what 'ad 'appened,
'is bow and an arrow 'e drew,
'E went straight up to 'arold and shot 'im,
--'E were offside, but what could they do?

Then Normans turned round with a fury,
And gave back both parry and thrust,
Till battle were all over bar shouting,
And you couldn't see Saxons for dust.

And after the battle were over,
There, sitting so stately and grand,
Was 'arold, with eyeful of arrow,
On 'is 'orse, with 'is 'awk in 'is 'and.

Recorded by Stanley Holloway on Fivepenny Pieces

Ca' the Ewes tae the Knowes

Ca' the ewes tae the knowes
Ca' them where the heather grows
Ca' them where the burnie rowes
My bonnie dearie

Hark a mavis evening song
Soundin' Cluden's woods amang
Then a foldin' let us gang
My bonnie dearie

We'll gae doon by Cludenside
Through the hazels spreading wide
All the ways that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly

Doon the Cluden silent hours
All in moonshine midnight hours
All the dewy buddin' flowers
The fairies dance so cheery

Ghaist nor boggle shall thou fear
Thou art to love Heaven so dear
Naught of ill shall come you near
My bonnie dearie

Fair and lovely as thou art
Thou hast stolen my very heart
I can die but canna part
Wi' my bonnie dearie

Biddy Mulligan, the Pride of the Coombe

You may travel from Clare to the county Kildare
From Francis Street back to the Coombe;
But where would you see a fine widow like me?
Biddy Mulligan the pride of the Coombe, me boys,
Biddy Mulligan the pride of the Coombe.

I'm a buxom fine widow, I live in a spot
In Dublin, they call it the Coombe.
Me shops and me stalls are laid out on the street,
And me palace consists of one room.
I sell apples and oranges, nuts and sweet peas,
Bananas and sugar stick sweet.
On a Saturday night I sell second-hand clothes,
From the floor of me stall in the street.

I sell fish on a Friday, spread out on a board;
The finest you'll find in the sea.
But the best is my herrings, fine Dublin Bay herrings,
There's herrings for dinner and tea.
I have a son, Mick, he's great on the flute,
He plays in the Longford Street band;
It would do your heart good for to see him march out
On a Sunday for Dollymount Strand.

In the park, on a Sunday, I make quite a dash;
The neighbors look on in surprise.
With my Aberdeen shawlie thrown over my head,
I dazzle the sight of their eyes.
At Patrick Street corner, for sixty-four years,
I've stood, and no one can deny
That while I stood there, nobody could dare
To say black was the white of my eye.

The D-Day Dodgers

We're the D-Day Dodgers, way off in Italy
Always on the vino, always on the spree;
Eighth Army scroungers and their tanks,
We live in Rome, among the Yanks.
We are the D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy;(2X)

We landed in Salerno, a holiday with pay,
The Jerries brought the bands out to greet us on the way.
Showed us the sights and gave us tea,
We all sang songs, the beer was free
To welcome D-Day Dodgers to sunny Italy.

Naples and Casino were taken in our stride,
We didn't go to fight there, we went just for the ride.
Anzio and Sangro were just names,
We only went to look for dames
The artful D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy.

Dear Lady Astor, you think you're mighty hot,
Standing on the platform, talking tommyrot.
You're England's sweetheart and her pride
We think your mouth's too bleeding wide.
We are the D-Day Dodgers, in sunny Italy.

Look around the mountains, in the mud and rain,
You'll find the scattered crosses, some that have no name.
Heartbreak and toil and suffering gone,
The boys beneath them slumber on.
They are the D-Day Dodgers who stay in Italy.

Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground.

Oh don't you want to go to the gospel feast
That promised land where all is peace

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground.

Delaney's Donkey

Now Delaney had a donkey that everyone admired,
tempo'rily lazy and permanently tired
A leg at ev'ry corner balancing his head,
and a tail to let you know which end he wanted to be fed
Riley slyly said "We've underrated it,
why not train it?" then he took a rag
They rubbed it, scrubbed it, they oiled and embrocated it,
got it to the post and when the starter dropped his flag

There was Riley pushing it, shoving it, shushing it
Hogan, Logan and ev'ryone in town
lined up attacking it and shoving it and smacking it
They might as well have tried to push the Town Hall down
The donkey was eyeing them, openly defying them
Winking, blinking and twisting out of place
Riley reversing it, ev'rybody cursing it
The day Delaney's donkey ran the halfmile race

The muscles of the mighty never known to flinch,
they couldn't budge the donkey a quarter of an inch
Delaney lay exhausted, hanging round its throat with a grip
just like a Scotchman on a five pound note
Starter, Carter, he lined up with the rest of 'em.
When it saw them, it was willing then
It raced up, braced up, ready for the best of 'em.
They started off to cheer it but it changed its mind again

There was Riley pushing it, shoving it and shushing it
Hogan, Logan and Mary Ann Macgraw, she started poking it,
grabbing it and choking it
It kicked her in the bustle and it laughed "Hee - Haw!"
The whigs, the conservatives, radical superlatives
Lib'rals and Tories, they hurried to the place
Stood there in unity, helping the community
The day Delaney's donkey ran the halfmile race

The crowd began to cheer it. Then Rafferty, the judge
he came to assist them, but still it wouldn't budge
The jockey who was riding, little John MacGee,
was so thoroughly disgusted that he went to have his tea
Hagan, Fagan was students of psychology,
swore they'd shift it with some dynamite
They bought it, brought it, then without apology
the donkey gave a sneeze and blew the darn stuff out of sight

There was Riley pushing it, shoving it and shushing it
Hogan, Logan and all the bally crew,
P'lice, and auxili'ary, the Garrison Artillery
The Second Enniskillen's and the Life Guards too
They seized it and harried it, they picked it up and carried it
Cheered it, steered it to the winning place
Then the Bookies drew aside, they all committed suicide
Well, the day Delaney's donkey won the halfmile race

East Virginia

I was born in east Virginia, North Carolina I did roam
There I met a pretty fair maiden, Her name and age I do not know

Her hair it was of a brightsome color, And her lips of a ruby red
On her breast she wore white lillies, There I longed to lay my head

Well in my heart you are my darling, And at my door you're welcome in
At my gate I'll meet you my darling, If your love I could only win

I'd rather be in some dark holler, Where the sun refused to shine
Than to see you another man's darling, And to know that you'll
never be mine

Well in the night I'm dreaming about you, In the day I find no rest
Just the thought of you my darling, Sends aching pains all through
my breast

Well when I'm dead and in my coffin, With my feet turned
toward the sun
Come and sit beside me darling, Come and think on the way
you done