

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 28

Ar hyd y nos. (Welsh)

Holl amrantau'r sêr ddywedant, Ar hyd y nos.
Dyma'r ffordd i fro gogoniant, Ar hyd y nos.
Golau arall yw tywyllwch,
I arddangos gwir brydferthwch,
Teulu'r nefoedd mewn tawelwch
Ar hyd y nos.

O mor siriol gwena seren, Ar hyd y nos,
I oleuo'i chwaer ddaearen, Ar hyd y nos,
Nos yw henaint pan ddaw cystudd,
Ond i harddu dyn a'i hwyrdydd
Rhown ein golau gwan i'n gilydd
Ar hyd y nos.

Beneath the Csitar hills
(Original Hungarian trans: SJ & friends)

Many years the snow lay deep
Beneath the distant Csitar hills
As you rode they say my dearest
From your saddle you did spill
With one arm the other broken
How can you embrace me now?
Dear you are my only true love
To be yours I know not how

Over yonder birds are flying
There beneath the clear blue sky
How I'd love to send these words swift
To my rose if you would fly
Fly bird, fly and take my promise
To the girl who waits for thee
To my dearest darling dove
Who never should lament for me

In the forest down there yonder
Distant forest cold and bare
Deep within there lies a wood
And in the wood two bushes there
One above my shoulder arches
My dear heart the other binds
So dear angel, little angel,
Mine you'll be, my own in time

Take me Home, Country Roads

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, flowing like the breeze.

(Chorus) Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama
Take me home, country roads.

All my memories gather 'round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusky, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

I hear her voice, in the morning hour she calls to me
Radio reminds me of my home far away
Driving down the road I get a feeling
That I should have been home yesterday (yesterday)

Ar hyd y nos
Beneath the Csitar Hills
Canoe Song
Country Roads
Curly Headed Baby
Fields of Gold (Sting)
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho
Lumberjack Song (Monty Python)
Old Man River (Showboat)
Swanee River

Joshua Fought The Battle Of Jericho

Joshua fought the battle of Jericho
Jericho Jericho
Joshua fought the battle of Jericho
And the walls come tumbling down

God knows that
Joshua

Good morning sister Mary
Good morning brother John
Well I wanna stop and talk with you
Wanna tell you how I come along
I know you've heard about Joshua
He was the son of Nun
He never stopped his work until
Until the work was done

God knows that
Joshua

You may talk about your men of Gideon
You may brag about your men of Saul
There's none like good old Joshua
At the battle of Jericho
Up to the walls of Jericho
He marched with spear in hand
Go blow them ram horns, Joshua cried
'Cause the battle is in my hands

God knows that
Joshua

Up to the walls of Jericho
He marched with spear in hand
Go blow them ram horns, Joshua cried
'Cause the battle is in my hands
Then the lamb ram sheep horns began to blow
The trumpets began to sound
Old Joshua shouted glory
And the walls came tumblin' down

Joshua

You may talk about your men of Gideon
You may brag about your king of Saul
There none like Joshua
At the battle of Jericho
They tell me, great God that Joshua's spear
Was well nigh twelve feet long
And upon his hip was a double edged sword
And his mouth was a gospel horn
Yet bold and brave he stood
Salvation in his hand
Go blow them ram horns Joshua cried
'Cause the devil can't do you no harm

God knows that
Joshua (x2 slow to finish)

Ol' Man River

Ol' man river, Dat ol' man river
He mus' know sumpin', But don't say nuthin',
He jes keeps rollin', He keeps on rollin' along

He don' plant taters, He don't plant cotton,
An' dem dat plants 'em, is soon forgotten,
But ol' man river, He jes keeps rollin' along.

You an' me, we sweat an' strain,
Body all achin' an' racket wid pain,
Tote dat barge!, Lif' dat bale!
Git a little drunk, An' you land in jail.

Ah gits weary, An' sick of tryin'
Ah'm tired of livin', An' skeered of dyin',
But ol' man river, He jes' keeps rolling' along.

Coloured folks work on de Mississippi,
Coloured folks work while de white folks play,
Pullin' dose boats from de dawn to sunset,
Gittin' no rest till de judgement day.

Don't look up, An' don't look down,
You don' dast make, De white boss frown.
Bend your knees, An' bow your head,
An' pull date rope, Until you' dead.

Let me go 'way from the Mississippi,
Let me go 'way from de white man boss;
Show me dat stream called de river Jordan,
Dat's de ol' stream dat I long to cross.

O' man river, Dat ol' man river,
He mus' know sumpin', But don't say nuthin'
He jes' keeps rollin', He keeps on rollin' along.
(Echo: Long ol' river forever keeps rollin' on...)

He don' plant tater, He don' plant cotton,
An' dem dat plants 'em, Is soon forgotten,
but ol' man river, He jes' keeps rollin' along.
(Echo: Long ol' river keeps hearing dat song)

You an' me, we sweat an' strain,
Body all achin an' racked wid pain.
Tote dat barge!, Lif' dat bale!
Git a little drunk, An' you land in jail.

Ah, gits weary, An' sick of tryin'
Ah'm tired of livin', An' skeered of dyin',
But ol' man river, He jes' keeps rollin' along!

(Wikipedia: Ojibwe (Native American tribe in Canada)
word *misi-zibi* meaning 'great river' (*gichi-zibi* 'big river'
at its headwaters))



Canoe Song

Ayeoko, yegobde (x2)

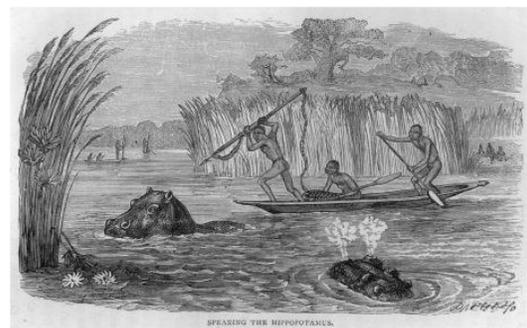
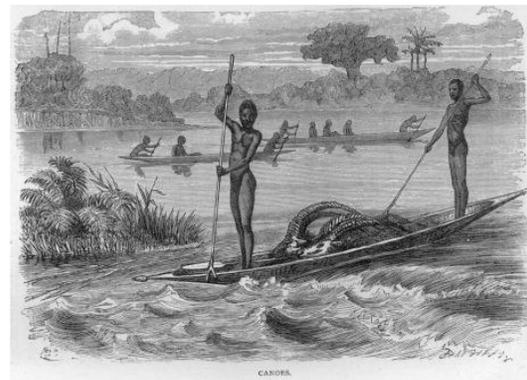
Ayeoko (x3)

Ayeoko, yegobde (x2)

The current swings, the water sings a river rhyme

Oh, light is the burden of labour
When a man bends his back with his neighbour
So each for a-a-all
We stand or fa-a-all
And each for all until we reach our journey's end

(Paul Robeson sang this in the film Sanders of the River. He was so unhappy with the film that he insisted that all trace of it should be removed – so we publish here that part which would not offend. This is an African song adapted and the first 3 lines would appear to be the original song from the Congo collected by Zoltan Korda)



Old Folks At Home (Swanee River)

1. Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away
That's where my heart is turning ever
That's where the old folks stay
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home

Chorus:

All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam
Oh Lordy, how my heart grows weary
Far from the old folks at home

2. All 'round the little farm I wandered,
When I was young
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die

Chorus:

3. One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove
When shall I see the bees a humming,
All 'round the comb
When shall I hear the banjo strumming,
Down by my good old home

Chorus:

Curly Headed Baby

Oh my baby, my curly headed baby
We'll sit below de sky and sing a song to de moon
Oh my baby, my little nigger (or darkie) baby
Yo' daddy's in de cotton field a workin' for de coon
So lulla lulla lulla lulla by by
Do you want the moon to play wid
Or De stars to run away wid
Dey'll come if you don't cry
So lulla lulla lulla lulla by by
In de mammy's arms be creepin'
An' soon you'll be a sleepin'
lulla lulla lulla lulla by by

Oh my baby, my curly headed baby
I'll dance yer fast to sleep an' lub you so as I sing
Oh my baby, my little darkie baby
I'll tuck yer head like little bird below its mammy's wing
So lulla lulla lulla lulla by by
Do you want the moon to play wid
Or De stars to run away wid
Dey'll come if you don't cry
So lulla lulla lulla lulla by by
In de mammy's arms be creepin'
An' soon you'll be a sleepin'
lulla lulla lulla lulla by by

The use of the words 'negro' and its derivative 'nigger' and of the word 'coon' is very offensive in today's anti-racist world. In later versions of the song the word 'darkie' was used but that has become as offensive as the words it replaced. Paul Robeson in the 1930s sang this song with the word 'darkie'. We should recognize the offensive nature of the word as we sing but we cannot ignore a good song! Perhaps we can use 'dark skinned' which has not, as yet, any offensive links.

The Lumber Jack Song

I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay
I sleep all night and I work all day
He's a lumberjack and he's okay
He sleeps all night and he works all day

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch
I go to the lavatory
On Wednesdays I go shopping
And have buttered scones for tea
He cuts down trees...

He's a lumberjack...

I cut down trees, I skip and jump
I love to press wild flowers
I put on women's clothing
And hang around in bars
He cuts down trees...

I cut down trees, I wear high heels
Suspenders and a bra
I wish I'd been a girlie
Just like my dear papa
He cuts down trees...

(From Monty Python's Flying Circus – not a folk song but a piece of typical British humour from the 1970s/80s)



Fields Of Gold

You'll remember me when the west wind moves
Upon the fields of barley
You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky
As we walk in the fields of gold

So she took her love
For to gaze awhile
Upon the fields of barley
In his arms she fell as her hair came down
Among the fields of gold

Will you stay with me, will you be my love
Among the fields of barley
We'll forget the sun in his jealous sky
As we lie in the fields of gold

See the west wind move like a lover so
Upon the fields of barley
Feel her body rise when you kiss her mouth
Among the fields of gold
I never made promises lightly
And there have been some that I've broken
But I swear in the days still left
We'll walk in the fields of gold
We'll walk in the fields of gold

Many years have passed since those summer days
Among the fields of barley
See the children run as the sun goes down
Among the fields of gold
You'll remember me when the west wind moves
Upon the fields of barley
You can tell the sun in his jealous sky
When we walked in the fields of gold
When we walked in the fields of gold
When we walked in the fields of gold

(A very catchy tune – the song by 'Sting' – 1990s)

