

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 32

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Cindy (version 2)

You ought to see my Cindy
She lives away down South
She's so sweet the honey bees
Swarm around her mouth

Get along home Cindy Cindy
Get along home
Get along home Cindy Cindy
I'll marry you some day

I wish I were an apple
A hangin' on a tree
And every time my Cindy'd pass
She'd take a bite o' me

When Cindy got religion
She shouted all around
She got so full o' glory
She shook he stockings down

I kissed my Cindy the other night
An' I had to do it sneaky
I missed and kissed her on the nose
An' the goddam thing was leaky

She lived down by the sewer
An' by the sewer she died
The papaers wrote a piece on it
They called it sewer-side (suicide)

Don't jump off the roof Dad

1. 'Daddy came home from work tired
The boss had been driving him mad.
The kids started fighting, the dog bit him too
His dinner was nothing but warmed over stew.
I guess it was then he decided
Up to the rooftop he'll go
He was about to jump off when
The kids started howling below

2. Mother soon heard the commotion
She rushed out to see what it was
And that's when saw him right there on the edge
Ready to fall with the weight of the sledge
She let out a scream and yelled sweetheart
Don't do this terrible deed
Then she got down on her knees and
Tearfully started to plead

Chorus:
'Oh Don't jump off the roof, Dad
You'll make a hole in the yard
Mother's just planted petunias
The weeding and seeding was hard
If you must end it all, Dad
Won't you please give us a break
Just take a walk to the park, Dad
And there you can jump in the lake.'

Galway City: *The original lyrics are The Spanish Lady. A ballad by the name of Spanish Lady was registered in England December 14, 1624 with the Stationers' Company.*

Bridgit O'Malley

Oh Bridgit O'Malley, you left my heart shaken
With a hopeless desolation, I'd have you to know
It's the wonders of admiration your quiet face has taken
And your beauty will haunt me wherever I go.

The white moon above the pale sands, the pale stars above the thorn tree
Are cold beside my darling, but no purer than she
I gaze upon the cold moon till the stars drown in the warm sea
And the bright eyes of my darling are never on me.

My Sunday it is weary, my Sunday it is grey now
My heart is a cold thing, my heart is a stone
All joy is dead within me, my life has gone away now
For another has taken my love for his own.

The day it is approaching when we were to be married
And it's rather I would die than live only to grieve
Oh meet me, my Darling, e'er the sun sets o'er the barley
And I'll meet you there on the road to Drumslieve.

Oh Bridgit O'Malley, you've left my heart shaken
With a hopeless desolation, I'd have you to know
It's the wonders of admiration your quiet face has taken
And your beauty will haunt me wherever I go.

Galway City

As I roved out thro' Galway city
At the hour of twelve at the night,
Who should I see but a handsome damsel,
Combing her hair by candlelight.
"Lassie, I have come a courtin'
Your kind favours for to win;
And if you'll but smile upon me,
Next Sunday I'll call again."

Chorus
Raddy a the too dum, too dum too dum
Raddy a the too dum doo dum day, (x2)

"So to me you came a courting,
My kind favours for to win;
But t'would give me the greatest pleasure
If you never did call again.
What would I do when I go walking,
Walking out in the morning dew?
What would I do when I go walking,
Walking with a lad like you?"

"Lassie I have gold and silver;
Lassie, I have houses and lands;
Lassie, I have ships on the ocean;
They'll be all at your command."
"what do I care for your ships on the ocean?
What do I care for your houses and lands?
What do I care for your gold and silver?
All I want is a handsome man.

Did you ever see the grass in the morning?
All bedecked with jewels rare?
Did you ever see a handsome lassie,
Diamonds sparkling in her hair?
Did you ever see a copper kettle
Mended with an ould tin can?
Did you ever see a handsome damsel,
Married off to an ugly man?

Lillie Bolero

Ho brother Teague, Dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
*Lero, lero, lilli burlero,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Lero, lero, lero lero
Lilli burlero, bullen a la*

Ho, by my Soul, it is a Talbot;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
And he will cut all de English throat
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Though, by my soul, de English do prate,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
De law's on dere side and de devil knows what,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

But if Depense do come from de Pope
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
We'll hang Magna Carta demselves on a rope
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

And de good Talbot is now made a Lord,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
And with his brave lads he's coming aboard,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Who all in France have taken a swear,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Dat day will have no Protestant heir,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

O but why does he stay behind?
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Ho, by my soul, 'tis a Protestant wind,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Now that Tyrconnel is come ashore,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
And we shall have comissions galore.
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

And he dat will not go to Mass,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Shall be turned out and look like an ass,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Now, now de hereticks all will go down,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
By Christ and St. Patrick's the nation's our own,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Dere was an old prophercy found in a bog,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Dat our land would be ruled by an ass and a dog,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

So now dis old prophecys coming to pass,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
For James is de dog and Tyrconnel's de ass,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la

According to legend this tune first appears in 1641 in Ulster. Richard Talbot (1630-1691), a Catholic and royalist, had been made Earl of Tyrconnel after the Restoration and King James II later appointed him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1686). He pursued strong pro-Catholic policies. Even after James was deposed in England Tyrconnel governed Ireland in James' name. Irish Catholic forces were eventually defeated by William. English and Irish Protestants took up the song as their melody during that time.

Garry Owen

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me, each jovial blade
Come, drink and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus:

*Chorus
Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory.*

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
We are the boys no man dares dun
If he regards a whole skin.

Chorus

Our hearts so stout have got no fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came
Where'er we go they fear the name
Of Garryowen in glory.
Chorus

Cutty Wren

The wren is known as the King of the Birds, because there is a fable in which a competition takes place to decide which bird is supreme. It is decided that he that flies highest is the monarch. The wren craftily hitches a ride on the back of the eagle and wins. Also the wren was sacred to the Druids and the custom of catching and killing wrens at Christmas time would not be incompatible with this history of reverence. It would be protected all year and then ritually slain as a sacrifice at the appropriate time. As with all possible remnants of ancient religions, their meaning becomes obscured and their enactment trivialized, and so this song until recently was attached to the Christmas tradition ofwassailing and the demanding of monies.

*"O where are you going?" said Milder to Maulder
"O we may not tell you," said Festle to Foes
"We're off to the woods," said John the Red Nose*

*"What will you do there?" said Milder to Maulder
"O we may not tell you," said Festle to Foes
"We'll hunt the Cutty Wren," said John the Red Nose*

*"How will you shoot her?" said Milder to Maulder
"O we may not tell you," said Festle to Foes
"With bows and with arrows," said John the Red Nose*

*"That will not do then," said Milder to Maulder
"O what will do then?" said Festle to Foes
"Big guns and big cannons," said John the Red Nose*

*"How will you bring her home?" said Milder to Maulder
"O we may not tell you," said Festle to Foes
"On four strong men's shoulders," said John the Red Nose*

*"That will not do then," said Milder to Maulder
"O what will do then?" said Festle to Foes
"Big carts and big waggons," said John the Red Nose*

*"How will you cut her up?" said Milder to Maulder
"O we may not tell you," said Festle to Foes
"With knives and with forks," said John the Red Nose*

*"That will not do then," said Milder to Maulder
"O what will do then?" said Festle to Foes
"Big hatches and cleavers," said John the Red Nose*

*"Who'll get the spare ribs?" said Milder to Maulder
"O we may not tell you," said Festle to Foes
"We'll give them all to the poor," said John the Red Nose*

Green Bushes

(Tune: John the Red Nose)

As I was a walking one morning in Spring,
For to hear the birds whistle and the nightingales sing,
I saw a young damsel, so sweetly sang she:
Down by the Green Bushes he thinks to meet me.

I stepped up to her and thus I did say:
Why wait you my fair one, so long by the way?
My true Love, my true Love, so sweetly sang she,
Down by the Green Bushes he thinks to meet me.

I'll buy you fine beavers and a fine silken gownd,
I will buy you fine petticoats with the flounce to the ground,
If you will prove loyal and constant to me
And forsake you own true Love, I'll be married to thee.

I want none of your petticoats and your fine silken shows:
I never was so poor as to marry for clothes;
But if you will prove loyal and constant to me
I'll forsake my own true Love and get married to thee.

Come let us be going, kind sir, if you please;
Come let us be going from beneath the green trees.
For my true Love is coming down yonder I see,
Down by the Green Bushes, where he thinks to meet me.

And when he came there and he found she was gone,
He stood like some lambkin, forever undone;
She has gone with some other, and forsaken me,
So adieu to Green Bushes forever, cried he.

*Copies of the broadsides can be found at the Bodleian Library.
One copy of Sweet William (printed between 1813 and 1838)*

Holy Ground

Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah,
a thousand times adieu.
We are bound away from the Holy Ground
and the girls we love so true.
We'll sail the salt seas over
and we'll return once more,
And still I live in hope to see
the Holy Ground once more.
Chorus: *You're the girl that I adore,
And still I live in hope to see
the Holy Ground once more.*

Now when we're out a-sailing
and you are far behind
Fine letters will I write to you
with the secrets of my mind,
The secrets of my mind, my girl,
you're the girl that I adore,
And still I live in hope to see
the Holy Ground once more.

Oh now the storm is raging
and we are far from shore;
The poor old ship she's sinking fast
and the riggings they are tore.
The night is dark and dreary,
we can scarcely see the moon,
But still I live in hope to see
the Holy Ground once more.

It's now the storm is over
and we are safe on shore
We'll drink a toast to the Holy Ground
and the girls that we adore.
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 sea once more.

Mountains of Mourne

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight
With people here workin' by day and by night
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat
But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold in the street
At least when I asked them that's what I was told
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold
But for all that I found there I might as well be
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed
Well if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball
They don't wear no top to their dresses at all
Oh I've seen them meself and you could not in truth
Say that if they were bound for a ball or a bath
Don't be startin' them fashions, now Mary McCree
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here, oh never you mind
With beautiful shapes nature never designed
And lovely complexions all roses and cream
But let me remark with regard to the same
That if that those roses you venture to sip
The colors might all come away on your lip
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

*Written by Percy French in 1896 in collaboration with his partner
Dr. W. Houston Collisson. French wrote the words one day when
the Mountains were visible from the Hill of Howth and sent the lyrics
to Collisson on the back of a postcard. Thomas Moore (1779-
1852) wrote the lyrics Bendemeer's Stream to the same melody.*

Boulavogue

At Boulavogue as the sun was setting
On the bright May meadows of Shelmaliar,
A rebel hand set the heather blazing
And brought the neighbours from far and near.
Then Father Murphy from old Kilcormack
Spurred up the rocks with a warning cry;
"Arm, arm," he cried, "for I've come to lead you;
For Ireland's freedom we'll fight or die."

He led us on 'gainst the coming soldiers;
The cowardly yeomen we put to flight.
'Twas at the Harra the boys of Wexford
Showed Bookies' regiment how men could fight.
Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
Search ev'ry kingdom that breathes a slave,
For Father Murphy from the county Wexford
Sweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.

At Vinegar Hill o'er the pleasant Slaney
Our heroes vainly stood back to back,
And the Yoes at Tullow took Father Murphy
And burned his body upon the rack.
God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy,
And open heaven to all your men;
For the cause that called you may call tomorrow
In another fight for the green again.

*This tune was written by J. P. McCall during the second half of the
nineteenth century. It was originally known as Youghal Harbor. It
is also known as Father Murphy. Boulavogue is a town in
Wexford. During the Irish Uprising of 1798 only the Wexford
uprising had some success. This was in part due to the efforts of
Father John Murphy. The Wexford rebels were defeated at
Vinegar Hill and Father Murphy and the other rebel leaders were
hanged.*

*The "Holy Ground" was popular on the docks of Cork and Cobh
as well as on the ships. The tune was originally a capstan shanty -
a song sung as sailors turned the capstan to raise the anchor.*

Rose of Tralee: *These words are by C. Mordaunt Spencer and the music is by Charles W. Glover. The song was originally published in London circa 1845.*

The Rose of Tralee

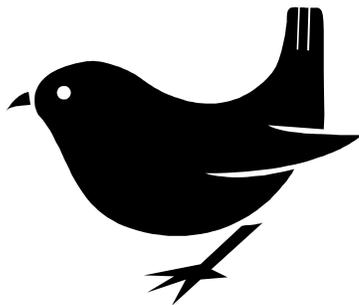
The pale moon was rising
above the green mountain;
the sun was declining
beneath the blue sea
when I strayed with my love
to the pure crystal fountain
that stands in the beautiful
vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair
as the rose of the summer
yet 'twas not her beauty
alone the won me
Oh, no! 'twas the truth
in her eye ever dawning
that made me love Mary,
the Rose of Tralee

The cool shades of evening
their mantle was spreading,
and Mary, all smiling,
was listening to me,
The moon through the valley,
her pale rays was shedding
when I won the heart
of the rose of Tralee

Though lovely and fair
as the rose of the summer
yet 'twas not her beauty
alone the won me
Oh, no! 'twas the truth
in her eye ever dawning
that made me love Mary,
the Rose of Tralee

The Cutty Wren (Little Wren)



Cliffs of Doneen

You may travel far far
from your own native land,
Far away o'er the mountains,
far a-way o'er the foam,
But of all the fine places
that I've ever been
Sure there's none can compare
with the cliffs of Doneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains,
fine sights you'll see there
You'll see the high rocky mountains
o'er the west coast of Clare
Oh the town of Kilkee
and Kilrush can be seen
From the high rocky slopes
round the cliffs of Doneen.

It's a nice place to be
on a fine summer's day
Watching all the wild flowers
that ne'er do decay
Oh the hares and lofty pheasants
are plain to be seen
Making homes for their young
round the cliffs of Doneen.

Fare thee well to Doneen,
fare thee well for a while
And to all the kind people
I'm leaving behind
To the streams and the meadows
where late I have been
And the high rocky slopes
round the cliffs of Doneen.

