All of the material in this booklet has little or nothing to do with folk music, except that it is good to sing and memorable. In addition songs need to be accompanied on an instrument, the guitar mostly, and these fit very well. So we must not judge them on the same lines as what we term folk music as the cultural elements are clearly different and the music is far more artistic.

**Joseph and his Technicolour Dreamcoat**

**Any Dream will do**

In the early 1970s Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber created a rock opera based on the Bible story of Joseph and his ‘coat of many colours’. This was Joseph and his Technicolour Dreamcoat. There were a number of songs which lent themselves to performance in folk circles. Most people know the story so we can just listen, sing or enjoy them.

I closed my eyes, drew back the curtain

To see for certain what I thought I knew  
Far-far away, someone was weeping  
But the world was sleeping  
Any dream will do  
  
I wore my coat, with golden lining  
Bright colours shining, wonderful and new  
And in the east, the dawn was breaking  
And the world was waking  
Any dream will do  
  
A crash of drums, a flash of light  
My golden coat flew out of sight  
The colours faded into darkness  
I was left alone  
  
May I return to the beginning  
The light is dimming, and the dream is too  
The world and I, we are still waiting  
Still hesitating  
Any dream will do

A crash of drums, ...

May I return to the beginning ...

**Close Every Door**

Close every door to me,  
Hide all the world from me  
Bar all the windows  
And shut out the light  
Do what you want with me,  
Hate me and laugh at me  
Darken my daytime  
And torture my night

*Close every door contd.*

Just give me a number  
Instead of my name  
Forget all about me  
And let me decay  
I do not matter,  
I'm only one person  
Destroy me completely  
Then throw me away

If my life were important I  
Would ask will I live or die  
But I know the answers lie  
Far from this world

Close every door to me **….**

If my life were important I  
Would ask will I live or die  
But I know the answers lie  
Far from this world

Close every door to me,  
Keep those I love from me   
Children of Israel  
Are never alone  
For I know I shall find  
My own peace of mind  
For I have been promised  
A land of my own

Above: Joseph interprets dreams while in Potiphar’s jail

**The Lion King**



**Can You Feel the Love Tonight**

There's a calm surrender to the rush of day

When the heat of a rolling wind can be turned away   
An enchanted moment, and it sees me through  
It's enough for this restless warrior just to be with you

And can you feel the love tonight  
It is where we are  
It's enough for this wide-eyed wanderer  
That we got this far  
And can you feel the love tonight  
How it's laid to rest  
It's enough to make kings and vagabonds  
Believe the very best

Images from the cartoon film, the LION KING. The song written and performed by Elton John.

There's a time for everyone if they only learn  
That the twisting kaleidoscope moves us all in turn  
There's a rhyme and reason to the wild outdoors  
When the heart of this star-crossed voyager beats in time with yours



**Half a Sixpence**

**‘Enery the eighth**

Tommy Steel was a rock musician of the 60s. Half a Sixpence was a film made featuring many well-known popular songs

I’m ‘Enery the eighth I am

‘Enery the eighth I am I am

I got married to the widow next door

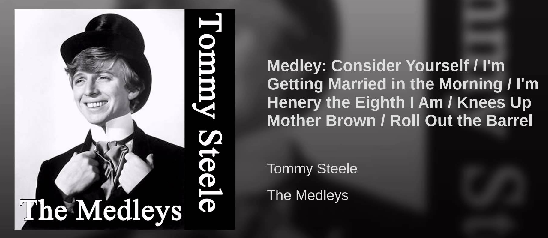
She’s been married seven times before

Now every one was an ‘Enery

She wouldn’t have a Billy or a Sam

I’m her eighth old man named ‘Enery

‘Enery the eighth I am



**Robin Hood – Prince of Thieves**



**I do it for you**

Look into my eyes - you will see  
What you mean to me  
Search your heart - search your soul  
And when you find me there you’ll search no more  
Don’t tell me it’s not worth tryin’ for  
You can’t tell me it’s not worth dyin’ for  
You know it’s true  
Everything I do - I do it for you  
  
Look into my heart - you will find  
There’s nothin’ there to hide  
Take me as I am - take my life  
I would give it all I would sacrifice

Don’t tell me it’s not worth fightin’ for  
I can’t help it there’s nothin’ I want more  
Ya know it’s true  
Everything I do - I do it for you

There’s no love - like your love  
And no other - could give more love  
There’s nowhere - unless you’re there  
All the time - all the way  
  
Don’t tell me it’s not worth tryin’ for  
I can’t help it there’s nothin’ I want more   
I would fight for you - I’d lie for you  
Walk the wire for you - ya I’d die for you  
  
Ya know it’s true  
Everything I do - I do it for you

A very catchy tune coming from a reasonable film. The tune so stuck in my mind that I had to put guitar chords to it and use it in Singlish. It’s an interesting introduction to the myths of Robin Hood, the name already familiar in the 7th Century.

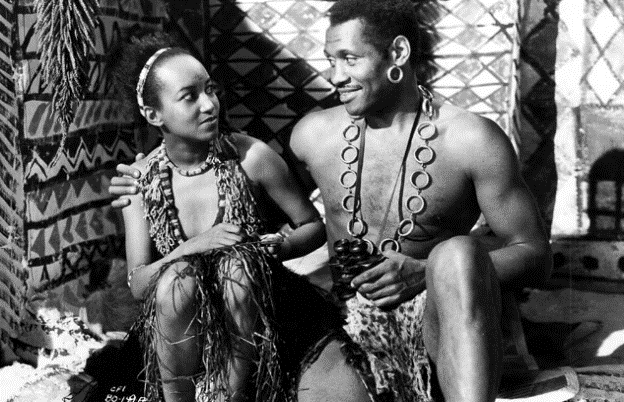
Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio – Maid Marian

Kevin Costner – Robin Hood

Morgan Freeman – Azeem

Alan Rickman – Sheriff of Nottingham

**Sanders of the River**



**My Little Black Dove**

My little black dove, Curl up in your nest of love   
The moon is a charm to keep you from harm  
Safe here at my breast

The stars all are alive to watch over you all night  
The river of sleep flows gentle and deep  
To rock you to rest

So sleep little one till darkness is by  
Sleep till the sun rises up in the sky

Little Black Dove, sung by Nina Mae McKinney was also from ‘Sanders of the River’ (Alexander and Zoltan Korda 1935). The picture is of Robeson and McKinney from the film.

My little black dove curl up in your nest of love   
And go to your rest asleep at my breast

**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

Right top: Congo; slaver’s canoe. This dugout canoe, made from a single tree requires skill to control

Right: Congo; war canoe – tribesmen prepare to hunt for slaves to sell to coastal traders.

Zoltan Korda heard the first part as he travelled through the Congo on location. The second part for the film Sanders of the River was added for the film story. Paul Robeson hated the film and thought the songs degrading.

The verses continue …

‘Sandy the strong, Sandy the wise

Righter of wrongs, hater of lies

Laughed as he fought, fought as he played

As he has loved now let it be made etc.’

The original African version would almost certainly have been the repetition of the first lines only. The words of African songs tend to be repetitive and of little consequence. They are just mouth music.

**Sharpe (TV series)**

**Over the Hills and Far Away**

Hark now the drums beat up again    
For all true soldier gentlemen    
So let us list and march I say    
And go over the hills and far away

Chorus:

Over the hills, and o'er the main    
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain    
King George commands and we obey    
And go over the hills and far away

Come gentlemen that have a mind    
To serve a king that's good and kind    
Come list and enter in to pay    
And go over the hills and far away

Here's forty shillings on the drum    
For those that volunteer to come    
With shirts and clothes and present pay    
When over the hills and far away

Hear that brave boys, and let us go    
Or else we shall be prest you know    
Then list and enter in to pay    
And go over the hills and far away

The constables they search about    
To find such brisk young fellows out    
Then let's be volunteers I say    
Over the hills and far away

Since now the French so low are brought    
And wealth and honour's to be got    
Who then behind would sneaking stay?    
When over the hills and far away

No more from sound of drum retreat    
When Marlborough and Galway beat    
The French and Spaniards every day    
Over the hills and far away

He that is forced to go and fight    
Will never get true honour by't    
Whilst volunteers shall win the day    
When over the hills and far away

He that is forced to go and fight    
Will never get true honour by't    
Whilst volunteers shall win the day    
When over the hills and far away

Above: Sharpe with the chosen men (men selected for special duties and given special priviliges).

The rifle batallions fought in Europe and North America and acted as skirmishers (sent forwards in pairs to shoot officers of the opposing army and disrupt attacking formations.

What tho' our friends our absence mourn    
We all with honours shall return    
And then we'll sing both night and day    
Over the hills and far away

Prentice Tom may well refuse    
To wipe his angry master's shoes    
For now he's free to sing and play    
Over the hills and far away

Come on then Boys and you shall see    
We every one shall Captains be    
To Whore and rant as well as they    
When o'er the Hills and far away

For if we go 'tis one to Ten    
But we return all Gentlemen    
All Gentlemen as well as they    
When o'er the Hills and far away

*Sharpe is first seen as a Sergeant in a regular, line regiment.*

*He is given a field commission by General Arthur Wellesley, later Duke of Wellington and transfers to the 95th rifles for the rest of his career – see right*

Over rivers, bogs and springs    
We all shall live as great as kings    
And plunder get both night and day    
Over the hills and far away

And we shall live more happy lives    
Free of squalling brats and wives    
Who nag and vex us every day    
So it's over the hills and far away

**The Graduate**

Dustin Hoffman played the lead in a very well-known and liked film, the graduate. The story is of little consequence, however, there are two songs from the film which are very well known. The songs were written and sung by ‘Simon and Garfunkel’ we are told, but one of the songs is clearly not written, only adapted from an old English folk song ‘Scarborough Fair’ The version I perform is one by Martin Carthy, performer in the years prior to the release of the graduate using the same tune. There are other versions with different tunes too.

I call this an ‘unlove’ song as his ‘lover’ is asked to do things which are clearly impossible. In fact he’s saying that he wouldn’t marry her if she were the last person on the planet!

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** **

**Scarborough Fair**

Chorus:

Are you going to Scarborough Fair, Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Remember me to one who lives there, For she once was a true love of mine

* Cambrick – fabric origionally from the French commune of Cambrai, a fine plain woven cloth used to make clothing.
* Washing in a well without water?
* Dried on a thorn bush over 4,000 years old according to some interpretations of the bible?
* Sea strand = beach. There is no land between the beach and the sea!
* Ploughed with a long thorn (or lambs horn?
* A leather sickle? Feather ties?

Tell her to make me a cambrick shirt

Without any seams or needlework

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well

Where water ne’er sprung nor drop of rain fell

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn

Which never saw blossom since Adam was born

Tell her to buy me an acre of land:

Between the salt water and the sea strand.

Tell her to plough it with a long thorn

And to sow it all over with one peppercorn

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather

And tie it all up with one peacock’s feather

**Sounds of Silence**

And the people bowed and prayed

To the neon gods they made.

And the sign flashed out its warning,

In the words that it was forming,

It said, "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls

And tenement halls."

And whispered in the sounds of silence.



The song was written by Paul Simon over a period of several months in 1963 and 1964. Released in October 1964, the album was a commercial failure and led to the duo breaking up.  The single was released in September 1965.

Generally considered a classic folk rock song, the song was added to the National Recording Registry in the Library of Congress for being "culturally, historically, or aesthetically important" in 2013 along with the rest of the *Sounds of Silence* album.

Hello darkness my old friend,

I've come to talk with you again.

Because a vision softly creeping

Left it's seed while I was sleeping,

And the vision that was planted in my brain

Still remains

Within the sounds of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone,

Narrow streets of cobble stone.

'Neath the halo of a street lamp,

I turned my collar to the cold and damp,

When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light

That split the night

And touched the sounds of silence

.

And in the naked light I saw

Ten thousand people, maybe more.

People talking without speaking,

People hearing without listening,

People writing songs that voices never shared,

And no one dared

Disturb the sounds of silence.

"Fools!" said I, "you do not know,

Silence like a cancer grows.

Hear my words that I might teach you,

Take my arms that I might reach you."

But my words like silent raindrops fell...

And echoed in the wells of silence.

**Show Boat**

***Show Boat*** is a musical in two acts, with music by Jerome Kern and book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, based on Edna Ferber's best-selling novel of the same name. The musical follows the lives of the performers, stagehands and dock workers on the *Cotton Blossom*, a Mississippi River [show boat](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Showboat), over 40 years from 1887 to 1927. Its themes include racial prejudice and tragic, enduring love. The musical contributed such classic songs as "Ol' Man River", "Make Believe", and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man".

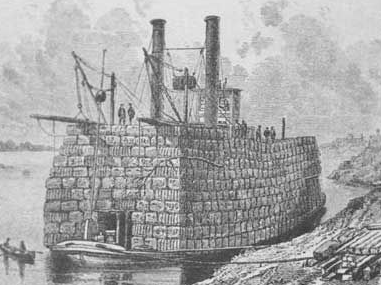
**Ol Man River**

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!

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.

River boat loaded with cotton bales. A cart full of cotton bales



Above: Sternwheeler steam boats at Vicksberg 1907 – taking on a cotton cargo in bales.

Avery Robinson composed Water Boy "a Negro convict song," in 1922. Folklorist Alan Lomax wrote in 1939 "that portions of "Water Boy" were sung before 1922. Robinson wove together material from different sources to make the song. "Water Boy," as it stands, is not a folk-song in the opinion of either John A. Lomax or myself, but if its popularity continues, it may, of course, become one."

Robinson originally wrote it for Roland Hayes, a lyric tenor, the first African American male concert artist to receive wide international acclaim. Later, Robinson worked with Paul Robeson, a deep bass.

The irony of beautiful music arising from prisoners in horrific conditions is astounding.

**Waterboy**

Waterboy, where are you hiding   
If you don't come, I’m gonna tell your daddy

There ain't no hammer, that's on a this mountain   
That rings like mine boy, that rings like mine   
I done bust this rock boy, from here to the Macon   
All the way to the jail boy, way back to the jail   
  
You Jack ´o diamond, you Jack ´o diamond   
Know you of old boy, I know you of old   
You done rob my pocket, you done rob my pocket   
Of silver and gold boy, my silver and gold

There ain't no sweat boy, that's on a this mountain   
That runs like mine boy, that runs like mine

I done bust this rock boy, from here to the Macon   
All the way to the jail boy, way back to the jail

Right: African American convicts working with axes and singing in wood yard, Reed Camp, South Carolina. Photo: Alan Lomax, 1934.



Above: Chain gang prisoners and guards, Thomasville, Georgia. Photo: Joseph John, c 1890. Pictures courtesy of the Library of Congress.

**Paul Robeson**



Not all of the songs included in the programs of Paul Robeson's earliest concerts were spirituals. Throughout his concert career, one of his favorite songs was “Water Boy,” a black secular song written by the well-known white composer, Avery Robinson. Some years ago, Robeson says: I found an interesting reference to that song in my father's 1929 diary: “Of course, technique might help me grow... but that might not make me a greater artist. 'Water Boy' is my best record, made when I was untrained.”

Seventeen years later, in 1946, his intuitive affinity for the song was confirmed when he received a letter, accompanied by an African battle axe, from a member of an anthropological expedition to a remote village in southern Angola. Several records had been played on a portable gramophone for the assembled villagers, and one of the songs was my father's rendition of “Water Boy.” As the song ended, the village chief rose, went to his hut, and brought back a ceremonial battle axe which he laid before the gramophone as a gift to "the great chief across the water”. One might wonder how Paul Robeson could speak to the heart of an African chief through a song written by a white composer, but my father was not surprised. By then his search for his African cultural heritage had led him to research the origins of "Water Boy." He discovered that Robinson had heard the song sung by a black Alabama chain gang in a particular county of Alabama where the culture of rural blacks had its origins in southern Angola.

**Inn of the Sixth Happiness**

film based on the true story of Gladys Aylward, a tenacious British maid, who became a missionary in China during the tumultuous years leading up to the Second World War. The film stars Ingrid Bergman as Aylward and Curt Jürgens as her love interest, Colonel Lin Nan, a Chinese officer with a Dutch father. Robert Donat, who played the mandarin of the town in which Aylward lived, died before the film was released. The musical score was composed and conducted by Malcolm Arnold.



***Sir Malcolm Henry Arnold****,CBE (21 October 1921 – 23 September 2006) was an English composer. His output of works features music in many genres, including a cycle of nine symphonies, numerous concertos, concert works, chamber music, choral music and music for brass band and wind band. He wrote extensively for the theatre, with five ballets specially commissioned by the Royal Ballet, as well as two operas and a musical. He also produced scores for more than a hundred films, among these The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957), for which he won an Oscar.*

The film was shot in Snowdonia, North Wales. Most of the children in the film were Chinese children from Liverpool, home to one of the oldest Chinese communities in Europe.

The film culminates with the column of children, led by Aylward, marching into the town, singing the song "This Old Man" to keep up their spirits.

**This Old Man**

1. This old man he played one, He played nick-nack on my drum

Chorus:

With a nick-nack paddy-wack give a dog a bone

This old man came rolling home

2. This old man he played two, He played nick-nack on my shoe

3. This old man he played three, He played nick-nack on my knee

4. This old man he played four, He played nick-nack on my door

5. This old man he played five, He played nick-nack on my hive

Below Left: Ingrid Bergman. Below Right (circled) the real Gladys Aylward

6. This old man he played six, He played nick-nack on my sticks

7. This old man he played seven, He played nick-nack up to heaven

8. This old man he played eight, He played nick-nack on my gate

9. This old man he played nine, He played nick-nack on my line

10. This old man he played ten, He played nick-nack on my hen

(alternative: now and then)



