

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 4

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Seeds of love

1. Oh I sowed the seeds of love
It was in all the spring
In April, May or sunny June
When small birds they do sing
When small birds they do sing
2. Oh the willow tree will twist
And the willow tree will twine
And would I were in a young man's arms
That ever had this heart of mine
That ever had this heart of mine
3. The gardener as he passed by
He bid me take great care
For if I gathered the rose so red
There groweth a sharp thorn there
There groweth a sharp thorn there
4. I said I'd take no care
Till I did feel the smart
And still did press the rose so dear
Till the thorn did pierce my heart
Till the thorn did pierce my heart
5. My garden is now run wild
When I must plant anew
And the beds that once were full of thyme
Are all o'er run with rue
Are all o'er run with rue

Turtle Dove

1. Pretty little turtle dove
Sitting in the pines
Mourning for your own true love
Like I my dear for mine, for mine
Like I my dear for mine
2. Now you've gone and left me
Crying in the rain
Mournin' for my own true love
That's never going to come again, again
That's never going to come again
3. If she were a lazy girl
Sure as I was born
I'd take her down to New Orleans
And trade her all for corn for corn
And trade her all for corn
4. But I'm just a poor little country boy
Money I have none
But there is silver in the sky
And gold in the morning sun, Oh Boy
And gold in the morning sun
5. I went up to the mountain top
To give my horn a blow
Thought I heard my little girl say
Yonder goes my beau, my beau
Yonder goes my beau

Land of the Muskeg

1. Well there's girls in the village and there's girls in the town
And it's a long time, a very long time
When a man is after being out on his own, out on his own
With the whisky-jacks whistling so cheerful and free
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree
The shining birch tree
2. It's all very well in the full of the day
When there's no time, not very much time
For a man to keep thinkin' of the things that don't pay,
things that don't pay
And the rapids are rushin' so grand and so free
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree
The shining birch tree
3. At the end of the day when the camp settles down
And the night is cold, so very cold
And old Rory-Bory is shifting around, shifting around
You'll think of the warm ups and laughter so free
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree
The shining birch tree
4. In the inbetween season, between freeze up and thaw
It's let's go! Hey let's go along
For we're off for some fun with the girls in the town
Girls in the town
He's a popular guy when his money flows free
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree
The shining birch tree
5. The huskies are haulin' through the cold winter night
Then I recall oh how I recall
I've spent all my money on the girls in the town,
girls in the town
So boys save your money or you'll all be like me
In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree
The shining birch tree

Loch Lomond

1. On yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

Chorus:

- Oh ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond
2. 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep steep side o' Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue many Hieland hills we'd view
And the moon coming out in the gloaming

King Cotton

1. See how the lint flies over the moor-land
See how the smoke in the valley clings
See how the slate roofs shine in the drizzle
This is the valley where cotton is king
2. Sleep is washed from their broken faces
Tattered clothes on the flesh does cling
Dust in the lungs and their bodies twisted
This is the valley where cotton is king
3. Work all day to the looms hard rhythm
Toil and sweat till your tired bones ring
Crawl back home as the gaslight flickers
This is the valley where cotton is king
4. This is the land where children labour
Where life and death seem the self same thing
Where many work that a few might prosper
This is the valley where cotton is king
5. See how the lint flies over the moor-land
See how the smoke in the valley clings
See how the slate roofs shine in the drizzle
This is the valley where cotton is king

Poverty knock

1. Up every morning at five
It's a wonder that we're still alive
Tired and yawning upon a cold morning
Its back to the dreary old drive

Chorus:

Poverty poverty knock
my loom it is saying all day
Poverty poverty knock
the gaffers too skinny to pay
Poverty poverty knock
always one eye on the clock
I know I can guttle
when I hear my shuttle
go poverty, poverty knock

2. Tattler should fettle my loom
But he'd rather sit on his bum
He's far too busy a courtin' our Lizzie
That I canna get him to come
3. Lizzie's so easily led
I think that he takes her to bed
She used to be skinny now look at her pinny
I think it's high time they were wed
4. Sometimes a shuttle flies out
And gives some poor bugger a clout
While she lies bleedin' nobody's heedin'
Who's gonna carry her out

Young man who wouldn't hoe his corn

1. Gonna sing you a song and it ain't very long
About a young man who wouldn't hoe his corn
The reason why I cannot tell
That young man was always well
2. He planted his corn in the month of June
By July it was knee high
First of September come a great frost
All that poor man's corn was lost
3. He went to the fence and there peeped in
Weeds and grass grew up to his chin
Weeds and grass they grew so high
Caused that poor young man to sigh
4. So he went down to his neighbours door
Where he had often been before
Pretty little miss will you marry me
Pretty little miss what do you say
5. Here you are a wantin' for to wed
Cannot bake your own corn bread
Single I am and single I remain
A lazy man I'll not maintain
6. You go down to that pretty little widow
And hope like the heck that you don't get hurt
She gave him the hint and sure as you're born
All because he wouldn't hoe his corn

John Henry

1. When John Henry was a little baby
You could hold him in the palm of your hand
He gave a long and a lonesome sight
Said going to be a steel driving man Lord, Lord
Going to be a steel driving man
2. Well they put John Henry in the tunnel
And they put him in the lead to drive
The rock was so tall and John Henry so small
He laid down his hammer and he cried, Lord, Lord
He laid down his hammer and he cried
3. Well John Henry started on the right hand
The steam drill started on the left
Before I'll let that steam drill beat me down
I'll hammer my fool self to death, Lord, Lord
I'll hammer my fool self to death
4. The Captain said to John Henry
I think my tunnel's sinkin' in
Stand back Captain and don't you be afraid
It's only my hammer catchin' wind, Lord, Lord
It's only my hammer catchin' wind
5. Well John Henry hammered in the mountain
Till the handle of his hammer caught fire
He drove so hard that he broke his poor heart
And he laid down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord
He laid down his hammer and he died

Glencoe

1. They came in a blizzard we offered them heat
A roof o'er their heads dry shoes for their feet
We wined them and dined them they ate of our meat
And slept in the house of McDonald

Chorus:

Cold is the snow that sweeps Glencoe and covers the
grave o' Donald
And cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe and murdered
the house of McDonald

2. They came from Fort William with murder in mind
The Campbells had orders King William had signed
Put all to the sword these words underlined
And leave none alive called McDonald
3. They came in the night while the men were asleep
The band of Argylls in snow soft and deep
Like murdering foxes among helpless sheep
They slaughtered the house of McDonald
4. Some died in their beds at the hands of the foe
Some fled in the night and were lost in the snow
Some lived to accuse him that struck the first blow
But gone was the house of McDonald

Blowin' in the wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years must a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
An' how many times can a man turn his head,
An' pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

An' how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
An' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
An' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

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

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

When I'm Sixty-Four

Lennon/McCartney

When I get older losing my hair
many years from now
will you still be sending me a valentine
birthday greeting, bottle of wine
If I'd been out till quarter to three
would you lock the door
Will you still need me
Will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four

You'll be older too
And if you say the word
I could stay with you

I could be handy mending a fuse
when your lights have gone
You can knit a sweater by the fireside
Sunday mornings, go for a ride
Doing the garden, digging the weeds
Who could ask for more
Will you still need me
Will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four

Every summer we can rent a cottage on the Isle
of Wight, if it's not too dear
We shall scrimp and save
Grandchildren on your knee
Vera, Chuck, and Dave

Send me a postcard, drop me a line
stating point of view
indicate precisely what you mean to say
yours sincerely wasting away
Give me your answer fill in a form
mine forever more
Will you still need me
Will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four