

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet 11 Thackeray special

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By Jake Thackeray

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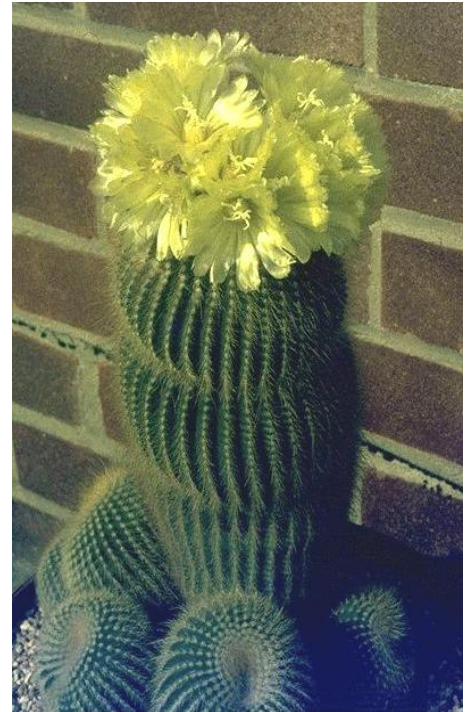
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Cactus

1. When I and my new love my true love got married
Our love our true love very nearly miscarried
And one of the chief the contributing factors
Was when my dear wife fell in love with a cactus
On my wedding day my Auntie Ivy bought us a little pot
A plastic whatnot it contained a spiky cactus
As a present it was tactless
But my wife my life my golden girl she loved it from the start
Though it was old and mouldy she took it to her very heart
2. My snow white my aphrodite my pocket venus
'Twas then that this venomous thing came between us
When we had so much to delect and distract us
Oh why did she cherish this perishing cactus
At first she just felt sorry for this horrid squalid lumpish parasite
A rash compunction for her feelings got beyond her
Every day she grew still fonder
Until this prickly tickly little squirt had got the household quashed
Rent unpaid my tea not made my shirts and socks not washed
3. My poor heart was bleeding from multiple fractures
A dupe and a boob and a cuckold to a cactus
She gave up her duty her food and her slumber
For that potted hedgehog that son of a cucumber
In spite of all my care my lavish blandishments the creature still declined
It pined for something it defied all kinds of fertiliser
it began to fade away and die
and only I know why I recognised the state
For it's a fact that what that cactus lacked was a prickly little soil mate
4. The feelings of grief aren't confined to us only
Like me that poor vegetable was just lonely
For they need the very same things which attract us
So I went and bought him a little lady cactus
We put them spiky cheek to spiky cheek upon our kitchen windowsill
And then withdrew, we knew true love would take its course
and we perforce had something similar to do
And then, well well within the hour
Our happy little cactus plant put out a happy cactus flower
5. Everything is in bloom now and everything's very nice
No spikes by our fireside no thorns up our paradise
Our family's flourishing now and in fact I
Have dozens of kids and a hundred little cacti



Most songs in this booklet were written by Jake Thackeray who was very well know over the last thirty years and often appeared on the TV in the UK. They are not folk songs but they are very amusing and great fun to listen to and sing.

If you have never heard of him it is not really surprising as the songs would not translate well into Hungarian or any other language for that matter!

The other songs are from the 20th century and the North of England.



Leopold Alcocks

1. Leopold Alcocks my distant relation
Came to my flat for a brief visitation
He's been here since February damn and blast him
My nerves and my furniture may not outlast him
Leopold Alcocks is accident prone
He's lost my bathplug he's ruptured my telephone
My antirrhinums my motorbike my sofa
There isn't anything he can't trip over
2. As he roams through my rooms all my pussy cats scatter
My statuettes tremble then plummet then shatter
My table lamps tumble with grim regularity
My cut glass has crumbled and so has my charity
Leopold Alcocks, an uncanny creature
He can't take tea without some misadventure:
He looks up from his tea cup with a smile on his features
And a piece of my porcelain between his dentures.
3. He's upset my goldfish, he's jinxed my wisteria
My budgie's gone broody, my tortoise has hysteria.
He cleans my tea pots, my saucepans, with Brasso
And leaves chocolate fingerprints on my Picasso.
Leopold Alcocks never known to fail
Wading his way through my frail Chippendale
One blow from his thighs which are fearsomely strong
Would easily fracture the wing of a swan
4. Well I brought home my bird for some Turkish moussaka
Up jumped old Leopold and I know when I'm knackered
He spilt the vino the great eager beaver
Drenching her jump suit and my joix-de-vivre
Leopold Alcocks stirring my spleen
You are the grit in my life's vaseline
A pox on you Alcocks you've been here since February
Go home and leave me alone with my debris
5. So Leopold Alcocks my distant relation
Has gone away home after his visitation
I glimpsed him waving bye-bye this last minute
Waving his hand with my door knob still in it

Seth Davy

1. He sat on the corner of Bevington Bush
Astride of an old packing case
And the dolls on the end of his plank went on dancing
As he crooned with a smile on his face

Chorus:

Come day go day
Wished in my heart for Sunday
Drinking buttermilk all the week
Whisky on a Sunday

2. His tired old hands tapped the wooden beam
His dolls they danced the gear
A far better show than you ever would see
At the Pivvy or on New Brighton Pier

Bantam Cock

1. It was a grand upstanding bantam cock
Who was brisk and stiff and spry
With a springy step and a jaunty plume
And a purposeful look in his eye,
in his little black blinking eye, he had
2. I took him to my coop and I introduced him
To my seventeen wide eyed hens
He tupp and he tupp as a hero tups
Then he bowed to the waist to them all and then,
He upped and he tupp 'em all again, he did
3. Then upon the peace of my ducks and my geese
He rudely did intrude
With glazed eyes and open mouth
They bore it all with fortitude,
and a little bit of gratitude, they did
4. He jumped my giggling guinea foul
And thrust his attentions upon
My twenty hysterical turkeys and
A visiting migrant swan,
but the bantam thundered on, he did
5. He ravished my fantail pigeons
And my lilly white columbines
And while I was lookin' at the budgerigar
He jumped my parrot from behind,
he was sittin' on my shoulder at the time, he was
6. Then all of a sudden with a gasp and a gulp
He clasped his hands to his head
Fell flat on his back with his toes in the air
My bantam cock lay dead,
and the vultures circled overhead, they did
7. What a noble brute what a champion cock
What a way to live and die
I was diggin' him a grave to save his bones
From the hungry buzzards in the sky,
when the bantam opened up a sly little eye
8. He gave me a grin and a terrible wink
The way that rapists do
You see them big daft buggers up there
They'll be down in a minute or two,
they'll be down in a minute or two

Not by Jake Thackeray but an old Liverpool song

Sister Josephine

1. Oh Sister Josephine what do all these policemen mean
By coming to the convent in a grim limousine
After Sister Josephine
While you Sister Josephine you sit with your boots up on the altar screen
You smoke one last cigar
What a funny nun you are

The policemen say that Josephine's a burglar in disguise
Big bad Malcolm fifty years on the run
The sisters disbelieve it; No that can't be Josephine
Just think about her tenderness toward the younger nuns

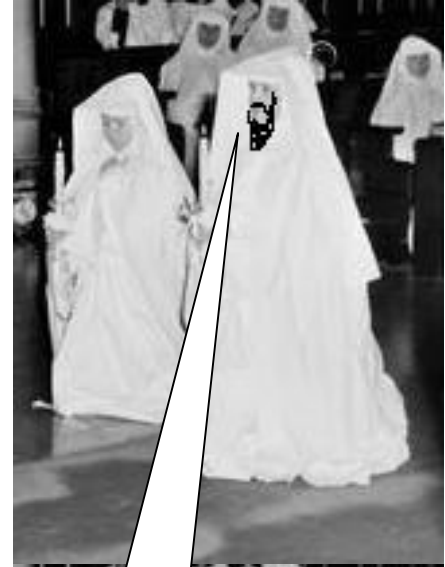
2. Oh Sister Josephine they're searching the chapel where you've been seen
The nooks and crannies of the nun's canteen
After Sister Josephine
While you Sister Josephine you take one farewell Benedictine
Before your au revoir
A right funny nun you are

Well admittedly her hands are big and hairy
And embellished by a curious tattoo
And admittedly her voice is on the deep side
And she seems to shave more often than the other sisters do

3. Oh Sister Josephine founder of the convent pontoon team
They're looking through your collection of bunny magazines
After Sister Josephine
While you Sister Josephine you take a farewell sniff of benzadrine
From the convent budgerigar
A bloody funny nun you are

Well no longer will her snores ring through the chapel during prayers
Nor her lustful moanings fill the stilly night
No more empty bottles of altar wine come clonking from her cell
No longer will the cloister toilet seat stand upright

4. Oh Sister Josephine slipping through their fingers like Vaseline
Leaving them to clutch your empty crinoline
After Sister Josephine
Oh Sister Josephine
sprinting through the suburbs when last seen
Dressed only in your wimple and your rosary
A right funny nun you seem to be



'ave yer gorra light darlin'?

Pendle

1. Oh Pendle oh Pendle thou standest alone
Twixt Burnley and Clitheroe, Whalley and Colne
Where Hodder and Ribbles fair waters do meet
With Barley and Downham content at thy feet

2. Oh Pendle oh Pendle, majestic, sublime
Thy praises will ring till the end of all time
Thy beauty eternal, thy banner unfurled,
Th'art dearest and grandest old hill in the world

3. And when witches fly on a cold winter's night
You must not tell a soul and you'll bolt the door tight
You'll sit by the fire and keep yourself warn
Until once again you can walk in her arms

4. Oh Pendle Oh Pendle o'er moorland and fell
In glorious loveliness ever to dwell
Through life's fateful journey where e'er we may be
We'll cease in our labours and oft think of thee

*Not by Jake Thackeray but a song from Lancashire
about Pendle hill, Lancashire*