

'Singlish Folk'

Broadsheet

No.16

As I Roved Out

As I roved out on a bright May morning
To view the meadows and flowers gay
Whom should I spy but my own true lover
As she sat under yon willow tree

I took off my hat and I did salute her
I did salute her most courageously
When she turned around well the tears fell from her
Sayin' "False young man, you have deluded me

A diamond ring I owned I gave you
A diamond ring to wear on your right hand
But the vows you made, love, you went and broke them
And married the lassie that had the land"

"If I'd married the lassie that had the land, my love
It's that I'll rue till the day I die
When misfortune falls sure no man can shun it
I was blindfolded I'll ne'er deny"

Now at nights when I go to my bed of slumber
The thoughts of my true love run in my mind
When I turned around to embrace my darling
Instead of gold sure it's brass I find

And I wish the Queen would call home her army
From the West Indies, Amerikay and Spain
And every man to his wedded woman
In hopes that you and I will meet again.

Imagine

Imagine there's no heaven,
It's easy if you try,
No hell below us,
Above us only sky,
Imagine all the people
living for today...

Imagine there's no countries,
It isn't hard to do,
Nothing to kill or die for,
No religion too,
Imagine all the people
living life in peace...

Imagine no possessions,
I wonder if you can,
No need for greed or hunger,
A brotherhood of man,
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world...

You may say I'm a dreamer,
but 'm not the only one,
I hope some day you'll join us,
And the world will live as one.

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Schooldays Over

(Ewan MacColl)

Schooldays over, come on then John,
Time to be getting' your pit boots on
On with your sack and moleskin trousers,
It's time you was on your way
Time you were learnin' the pitman's job,
and earnin' a pitman's pay

Come on then Jim, it's time to go,
time you were workin' down below
Time you were handling a pick and shovel,
you start at the pit today
Time you were learning the collier's job,
and earning a collier's pay

Come on then Dai, it's almost light,
time you were off to the anthracite
The morning mist in on the valley,
it's time you were on your way
Time you were learning the miner's job,
and earning a miner's pay

The Water is Wide – O Waly Waly

The water is wide, I can't cross over
and neither I have wings to fly
give me a boat that can carry two
and both shall row - my love and I

Now love is gentle, and love is kind
the sweetest flower when first it's new
but love grows old, and waxes cold
and fades away like morning dew

I laid my back against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree
But first it bended then it broke
And thus did my true love to me

There is a ship, she sails the sea
she's loaded deep as deep can be
but not as deep as the love I'm in
I know not how I sink or swim

The water is wide, I can't cross over
and neither I have wings to fly
give me a boat that can carry two
and both shall row - my love and I
and both shall row - my love and I

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The Butcher Boy

In London city, where I did dwell,
A butcher boy I loved right well;
He courted me my life-a-way,
But now with me he will not stay.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I was a maid again;
A maid again I ne'er will be
'Till cherries grow on an ivory tree.

"I wish my baby it was born
And smiling on its daddy's knee;
And me, poor girl, to be dead and gone,
With the long grass growing over me."

She went upstairs to go to bed,
And calling to her mother, said,
"Give me a chair till I sit down
And a pen and ink till I write down."

At every word she dropped a tear,
At every line cried, "Willie, dear,
Oh, what a foolish girl was I,
To be led astray by a butcher boy."

He went upstairs and the door he broke;
He found her hanging from a rope.
He took his knife and cut her down,
And in her pocket these words he found:

"Oh, make my grave large, wide and deep.
Put a marble stone at my head and feet;
And in the middle a turtledove,
That the world may know that I died for love."

Early one morning

1. Early one morning just as the sun was rising
I heard a maiden sing in the valley below
Oh don't deceive me
Oh never leave me
How could you use such a poor maiden so
2. Gay is the garland and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on your brow
3. Thus sang the maiden her sorrows thus bewailing
Thus sang the poor maiden in the valley below

Can't buy me love

Can't buy me love, love
Can't buy me love

I'll buy you a diamond ring my friend if it makes you feel alright
I'll get you anything my friend if it makes you feel alright
'Cause I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love

I'll give you all I got to give if you say you love me too
I may not have a lot to give but what I got I'll give to you
I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love

Can't buy me love, everybody tells me so
Can't buy me love, no no no, no

Say you don't need no diamond ring and I'll be satisfied
Tell me that you want the kind of thing that money just can't buy
I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love

Chastity Belt

Oh pray gentle maiden may I be your lover
Condemn me no longer to mourn or to weep
Cut down for a heart I lie wounded and dying
Let down your drawbridge I'll enter your keep

enter your keep, nonny nonny
enter your keep, nonny nonny
Let down your drawbridge I'll enter your keep

Alas noble errant I am but a maiden
I'm married to Sir Oswald the cunning old Celt
He's gone to the wars for twelve months or longer
And taken the key to my chastity belt

chastity belt, nonny nonny
chastity belt, nonny nonny
taken the key to my chastity belt

Near not, gentle maiden, for I know a blacksmith
To his forge we will go, on his door we'll knock
We'll try to avail us of his specialised knowledge
And see if he's able to unpick your lock

unpick your lock, nonny nonny
unpick your lock, nonny nonny
See if he's able to unpick your lock

Alas sir and madam, I fear I'm unable
My specialised knowledge is of no avail
I can't find the secret of your combination
The silly old bastard has fitted a yale

fitted a yale, nonny nonny
fitted a yale, nonny nonny
silly old bastard has fitted a Yale

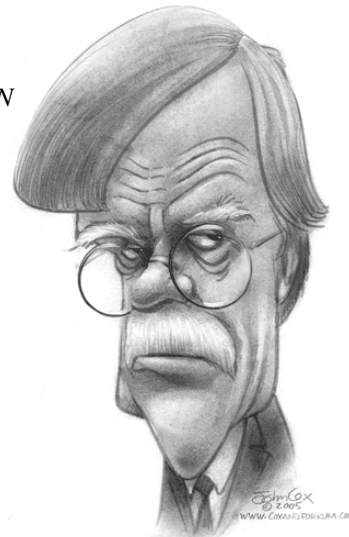
I'm back from the wars with sad news of disaster
A terrible mess-up I have to abide
Whilst we were crossing the Straits of Gibraltar
I carelessly dropped the key over the side

Over the side, nonny nonny
Over the side, nonny nonny
Carelessly dropped the key over the side

Alas and alack I am locked up forever
When up spake a page boy, said leave it to me
If you will allow me to enter your chamber
I'll open you up with my duplicate key

duplicate key, nonny nonny
duplicate key, nonny nonny
I'll open you up with my duplicate key

Theme Song: Can't Buy me Love!
John Bolton, US Ambassador to UN



Clementine

1. In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavatin' for a mine
Lived a miner, forty niner
And his daughter Clementine

Chorus:

*Oh my darlin' Oh my darlin'
Oh my darlin' Clementine
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry Clementine*

2. Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine
3. Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine
4. Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine
But alas I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine
5. In the corner of the churchyard
Where the myrtle boughs entwine
Grown the roses in their posies
Fertilised by Clementine
6. Then the miner, forty niner
Soon began to peak and pine
Thought he ough ter jine his daughter
Now he's with his Clementine
7. In my dreams she still doth haunt me
Robed in garments soaked in brine
Though in life I used to hug her
Now she's dead I'll draw the line
8. How I missed her How I missed her
How I missed my Clementine
But I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine

Bogie's Bonnie Belle

1. As I ga'ed in by Huntley town one mornin' for tae fae
I fell in with Bogie in Caerney and with him I did agree
Tak' o'er his twa best horses or cart or harrow or plough
Or do anythin' about farm work I very well could do
2. Now Bogey had a daughter her name was Isabel
She was the flower o' the mountain and the primrose o' the dell
And when she went out walkin' she chose me for her guide
Down by the burn Nakerny to watch small fishes glide
3. When seven long months were past and gone this lassy lost her bloom
The red fell from her rosy cheeks and her eyes began to swoon
When nine long months were past and o'er she brought forth to me a son
And I was curly called for to see what could be done
4. I said that I would marry her but no that would na do
For you're no a match for ma bonny belle and she's o a match for you
And now she's married to a tinkler chap abides in Huntley town
He sells pots and pans and paraffin lamps and scours the country round

Hey Jude

Hey Jude, don't make it bad.
Take a sad song and make it better.
Remember to let her into your heart,
Then you can start to make it better.

Hey Jude, don't be afraid.
You were made to go out and get her.
The minute you let her under your skin,
Then you begin to make it better.

And anytime you feel the pain, hey Jude, refrain,
Don't carry the world upon your shoulders.
For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool
By making his world a little colder.

Hey Jude, don't let me down.
You have found her, now go and get her.
Remember to let her into your heart,
Then you can start to make it better.

So let it out and let it in, hey Jude, begin,
You're waiting for someone to perform with.
And don't you know that it's just you, hey Jude, you'll do,
The movement you need is on your shoulder.

Hey Jude, don't make it bad.
Take a sad song and make it better.
Remember to let her under your skin,
Then you'll begin to make it
Better better better better better better, oh.

Na na na, na na na na, na na na, hey Jude...

Catch the wind

1. In the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty I want to be
In the warn hold of your love in mine
To feel you all around me and to take your hand along the sand
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind
2. When sundown pales the sky I want to hide a while behind your smile
And everywhere I'd look your eyes I'd find
For me to love you now would be the sweetest thing would make me sing
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind
3. When rain has hung the leaves with tears I want you near to kill my fears
To help me to leave all my blues behind
For standing in your heart is where I want to be I long to be
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind



Down in old Invertotty

1. It was down in old Invertotty
The gestapo were out on their beat
Looking for murder and arson
And drunks as they rolled down the street
2. One of the Chief Constable's agents
Had a note book quite full of names
Fourteen women, three men and a dog
For peeing up closes and lanes
3. It was twelve o'clock when they found it
Lying there just like a log
It was a badly bashed about body
With tyre marks scorched up its fizzog
4. They went through the usual procedure
Kicked it to make sure it was dead
Went through its pockets and shared out its cash
And took off its boots while it bled
5. Then they carried off the body
One at its head and its feet
Took it up to an alley way
And dumped it on another man's beat
6. It was four o'clock when they re-found it
Propped up in an old chip shop door
It was naked by now with a note round its neck
Not wanted on beats three or four

Ellan Vannin

1. At one a.m. in Ramsay Bay
Captain Tear was heard to say
Our contract says deliver the mail
In this rough weather we must not fail

Chorus:

Oh Ellan Vannin of the Isle of Man company
Oh Ellan Vannin lost in the Irish Sea

2. With a crew of twenty one Manx men
And passengers Liverpool business men
Farewell to Mona's Isle farewell
This little ship is bound for hell
3. Half a mile from the Bar light ship
By a mighty wave Ellan Vannin was hit
She sank in the waters of Liverpool Bay
And there she lies until this day
4. Few Manx men now remember
The third day of the month December
That terrible storm of '99
When Ellan Vannin sailed for the very last time

Farewell she

1. Oh fare thee well cold winter and fare thee well cold frost
Nothing have I gained and my own true love I've lost
I'll rest when I am weary I'll drink when I'm dry
But before I'd humble to my love I'd lay me down and die
2. Last night I met my true love in yonder shady grove
I met her with a smile and she gave to me a blush
I said that I would wait for her as she did pass me by
But before I'd humble to my love I'd lay me down and die
3. Take half a pound of reason and a quarter pound of sense
A small pinch of time and so much of prudence
Put them all together and you will plainly see
She's a cold deluded lover let her go, farewell she

East Virginia

1. I was born and raised in East Virginia
South Carolina I did go
There I met a pretty young woman
He name and age I do not know
2. Her hair was of some bright colour
And her lips were ruby red
And her breasts were white as lilies
Where I long to lay my head
3. I'd rather be in some dark holler
Where the sun refuse to shine
Than to see her with another
And to know she'll never be mine

Freeborn Man

1. I'm a freeborn man of the travelling people
Got no fixed abode with nomads I am numbered
Country lanes and by-ways were always my ways
I never fancied being numbered
2. Oh we knew the woods and the resting places
Where small birds sang when winter time was over
Then we'd pack our loads and be on the road
These were good old times for the rover
3. Oh we kent life hard and we kent life easy
And kent the life when winter time was drawing
At the summer fair we'd be meeting there
Till the summer sun sets in the morning
4. Sometimes we'd meet up with other people
Stay and talk a while as time was not our master
Then along we'd plod with our horse and dog
Nice and easy no need to go faster
5. Now ye freeborn men of the travellin' people
Be ye tinker, rolling stone or gypsy rover
New ways are growing old ways are going
Your travellin' days will soon be over

Good King Arthur's Days

1. In good King Arthur's days
He was a goodly king
Three sons out of four he drove from the door
Because they would not sing
Because they would not sing,
because they would not sing
Three sons out of four he drove from the door
Because they would not sing
2. The first he was a miller
The second he was a weaver
The third he was a little tailor
With a broad cloth under his arm
With a broad cloth under his arm (x2)
The third he was a little tailor
With a broad cloth under his arm
3. Well the miller was drowned in his dam
The weaver was hung in his yarn
And the devil ran away with the little tailor
With a broad cloth under his arm
With a broad cloth under his arm (x2)
And the devil ran away with the little tailor
With a broad cloth under his arm