

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 18

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Man of constant sorrow

1. I am a man of constant sorrow
I've been in trouble all my days
I've bid farewell to old Kentucky
The place where I was born and raised
2. It's six long years I've been in trouble
No pleasures yet on earth I've found
But from this room I'm bound to ramble
I have no fiends to help me now
3. It's fare thee well my own true lover
I never expect to see you again
For I'm bound to ride this old
Northern Railroad
Where I'll die on its train
4. You can bury me in some dark valley
For many years where I may lay
Then you will learn to love another
While I am sleepin' in my grave
5. Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger
Your face I ne'er will see no more
But there is one promise that is given
I'll meet you on God's golden shore

Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

Chorus:
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus,
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Glory hallelujah!

Verses:
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down
Oh, yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground
oh, yes, Lord!

Now, you may think that I don't know, etc.
But I've had my troubles here below, etc.

One day when I was walkin' along,
The sky opened up and love came down.

What make old Satan hate me so?
He had me once and had to let me go.

I never shall forget that day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

Man that waters the workers beer

Chorus:

I'm the man the very fat man that waters the workers beer
I'm the man the very fat man that waters the workers beer
And what do I care if it makes him ill
If it makes him terribly queer
I've a car, a yacht and an aeroplane and I waters the workers beer

1. Now when I waters the workers beer I puts in strich-e-nine
Some methylated spirits and a quart of paraffin
But such a brew so terrible strong
Would make him so terrible queer
So I reaches my hand for the watering can and I waters the workers beer
2. Now a drop of good beer is good for a man who's thirsty an' tired an' hot
So I often have a drop myself from a very special lot
But a strong and healthy working class
Is the thing that I most fear
So I reaches my hand for the watering can and I waters the workers beer
3. So ladies fair beyond compare be ye maid or wife
Sometimes lend a thought to one who leads a wandering life
For the water rates are terrible high
And the meths is terrible dear
And there isn't the profit there used to be in watering workers beer

Moonshiner

1. I've been a moonshiner for many a year
And I've made me a livin from whiskey and beer
I'll go to some holler and set up my still
And I'll make you a gallon for a ten dollar bill

Chorus:

I'm a rambler I'm a gambler I'm a long way from home
And if you don't like me then leave me alone
I'll eat when I'm hungry and I'll drink when I'm dry
An' if the moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die

Manchester Rambler

1. I've tramped over Snowdon, I've camped upon Crowdon, I've slept by the
wainstones as well
I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder and many's the tale I can tell
My rucksack has oft been my pillow, the heather has oft been my bed
But sooner than part from the mountains I think I would rather be dead

Chorus:

I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way
I get all my pleasures the hard moorland way
I may be a wage slave on Monday
But I am a free man on Sunday

2. The day was just ending as I was descending from Grindsbrook just by Upper Tor
When a voice said "eh you" in the way keepers do, he'd the worse face the I ever saw
The words that he said were unpleasant and in the teeth of his fury I said
That sooner than part from the mountains I think I would rather be dead
3. He called me a louse he said think of the grouse, well I thought but I just couldn't
see
How old Kinder Scout and the moors round about couldn't take both the poor grouse
and me
He said all this land is my master's and at that I stood shaking my head
No one has the right to own mountains any more than the deep ocean bed
4. So I'll wander at will over mountain and hill and I'll lie where the bracken lies deep
I belong to the mountains and the grey crystal fountains where the grey rocks lie
rugged and steep
I've seen the white hare in the gully and the curlew fly high overhead
And sooner than part from the mountains I think I would rather be dead

North Country Maid

1. A north country maid
up to London had strayed
Alas with her nature
it did not agree
Oh she laughed and she sighed
and most bitterly cried
I wish once again
in the north I could be

Chorus:

Where the oak and the ash
and the bonny rowan tree
Are all growing green
in the north country

2. Alas did I roam
I regret my dear home
Where lads and young lasses
are making the hay
Where the bells they do ring
and the birds so sweetly sing
And the fields and the meadows
are pleasant and gay

Oh, Mary Don't You Weep

If I could I surely would,
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.
Pharoah's army got drowned,
Mary don't you weep.

Chorus:

Oh, Mary don't you weep don't you mourn,
Oh, Mary don't you weep don't you mourn,
Pharoah's army got drownded,
Oh, Mary don't you weep.

Mary wore three links of chain,
Every link was Jesus name.
Pharoah's army got drownded
Oh, Mary don't you weep.

Mary wore three links of chain,
Every link was Freedom's name, etc.

One of these nights about twelve o'clock,
This old world is gonna reel and rock.

Moses stood on the Red Sea shore,
Smotin' the water with a two-by-four.

God gave Noah the rainbow sign,
No more water but fire next time.

The Lord told Moses what to do,
To lead those Hebrew children through.



Out in the backyard

1. Out in the backyard my granny was sittin'
Hummin' and rockin' and casually knittin'
When up to the front door came big Jock McLennon
The local police force and another man with him
2. Oh father dear father oh father lord save us
The local police force has come to enslave us
And my big brother Jim started cursin' and spittin'
Whilst out in the backyard my granny was knittin'
3. Of father dear father pray tell us what's cookin'
The local police force says "ach we're just lookin'
We're lookin' for things like heroin and morphia
And if you've got any onna ya, we'll take it offa ya
4. They looked in the kitchen they raked through the midden
But they couldn't find where the hemp was all hidden
The looked in the lavvy, dismantled the bog chain
But couldn't yet find not a trace of the cocaine
5. Come 5 o'clock, 6 o'clock they had to go away
The local police force says they'll get us some day
While out in the backyard my granny was sittin'
Cocaine in her needles with hemp she was knittin'

Old man atom

Gonna preach yer all a sermon 'bout old man atom
I don't mean the Adam in the bible Atom
I don't mean the feller that mother Eve mated
I mean the atom which science liberated
Mr Einstein said he was scared, And brother if he's scared, I'm scared
Refrain: Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Almagordo, Bikini

If you scared of the A bomb here's what you'd better do
Better get all the people in the world with you
Get 'em all together and let out a yell
And the first thing you know they've blown this world plum in two
Refrain: Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Almagordo, Bikini

You know, science used to be such a simple joy
The cyclotron was just a supertoy, Folks got born that work and marry
And atom was a word in the dictionary, Then it happened ...
Science boys from every clime, They all pitched in with overtime
Before you knowed it the jobs all done
They'd hitched up the power of the goldarn sun
Splittin' atoms while diplomats were splittin' hairs
Now we gotta extinguish every goldarn atom that can't speak English
Refrain: Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Almagordo, Bikini

Well it's up to the people 'cause the atom don't care, you can't fence him in
He's just like air and don't give a damn about politics
Or who got who in the whichever fix, He's just content to sit around
And have his nucleus bombarded by neutrons
Refrain: Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Almagordo, Bikini

But the atom's international, in spite of hysteria,
Still lourishes in Utah an' in Siberia. And whether you're red, white, black or
brown, The question is this, when you boil it down:
To be or not to be! That is the question. . . 'William Shakespeare'.
And the answer to it all ain't military like,
"Who gets there firstest with the mostest atoms,"
But the people of the world gotta decide their fate,
We gotta stick together or disintegrate.

Refrain: Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Almagordo, Bikini
New York, London, Moscow too, Shanghai, Paris lourdi up the flu
You can choose between the brotherhood of man, Or smithereens

Yes, you can have peace in the world
Or the world in pieces

Once I had a true love

1. Once I had a true love and now I've got none
Once I had a true love and now I've got none
She's gone and leave me
She's gone and leave me
She's gone and leave me
to weap and to moan
2. Last night in sweet slumber I dreamed I did see
Last night in sweet slumber I dreamed I did see
My own dearest true love come smilin' by me
My own dearest true love come smilin' by me
3. But when I awakened I found it not so
But when I awakened I found it not so
My eyes like fountains with tears overflowed
My eyes like fountains with tears overflowed
1. I'll wander through England through France
and through Spain
I'll wander through England through France
and through Spain
My life I will venture on the watery main
My life I will venture on the watery main
5. Once I had a true love and now I've got none
Once I had a true love and now I've got none
She's gone and leave me
She's gone and leave me
She's gone and leave me
to weap and to moan

Railroad Bill

Chorus:

Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill
He's never worked and he never will
And it's ride old Railroad Bill

1. Railroad Bill comin' down the hill
Lightin cigars with a ten dollar bill
And its ride old Railroad Bill
2. Buy me a chicken you can send me the wing
They think I'm workin' but I ain't done a thing
And its ride old Railroad Bill
3. Railroad Bill is a very bad man
Killed his momma shot her round at his dad's
And its ride old Railroad Bill
4. Railroad Bill is a very bad man
Took all the chickens that poor farmer had
And its ride old Railroad Bill

Stanley and Dora

1. Stanley and Dora were lovers
Lived down in old Scotty road
They were livin' it up in the cavern
And wearing those way out clothes
He was her Stan A real gone Beatles fan
2. Dora she worked at the Gaumont
The best usherette in the flix
Gave Stan a seat for one-and-nine
which was worth about four-and-six
He left his cosh In his mackintosh

Parting glass

1. Of all the money that e'er I had I've spent it in good company
And of all the harm that e'er I've done, alas it was to none but me
And all I've done for want of whit to memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all
2. If I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit a while
There is a fair maid in the town who surely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips my own she has my heart in thrall
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all
3. Now of all the friends that e'er I've had they're sorry for my going away
And of all the sweethearts that e'er I've known would wish me one more
day to stay
But since it falls unto my luck that I should rise and you should not
Then I'll gently rise and I'll softly call "Goodnight and joy be with you all"

Rye Whiskey

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey 1 cry,
If I don't get rye whiskey, 1 surely will die.

Way up on Clinch Mountain I wander alone,
I'm drunk as the devil, just leave me alone.

I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry,
If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till 1 die.

It's whiskey, rye whiskey, you're no friend to me,
You killed my poor daddy, Goddam you try me.

It's whiskey, you villain, you've been my downfall,
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me, but I love you for all.

Oh baby, oh baby, I've told you before,
To make me a pallet, I'll lay on the floor.

Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.

They say I drink whiskey, but my money's my own,
And if they don't like me, they can leave me alone.

It's beefsteak when I'm hungry, rye whiskey when I'm dry,
Greenbacks when I'm hard-up, and heaven when I die.

If the ocean was whiskey, and 1 was a duck,
I would dive to the bottom to get one sweet sup.

But the ocean ain't whiskey, and I ain't no duck,
So I'll play jack Of Diamonds and try to change my luck.

jack Of Diamonds, jack Of Diamonds, I know you of old,
You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold.

3. Stanley he sat on the back row
Watchin' the rock and roll show
The manager he didn't like it
When he shouted "go man go"
Gave him a sock Said now rock round the clock
4. Well Dora was quickly promoted
To the circle she rose in a dream
And who should she see but her Stanley
With the girl who sold ice-cream
He'd chucked her up For an Eldorado nine-penny cup
5. Well fate played a hand for young Dora
For Stan and the girl who sold ice-cream
They were killed in a rush for the exit
When they played Gog Save The Queen
God save our Stan The only one who can

Strike the Bell - a pumping shanty

Aft on the poopdeck
Walking about
There is the second mate
So sturdy and so stout
What he is thinking of
He only knows himself
Oh, we wish that he would hurry up
And strike, strike the bell

*Strike the bell, second mate
Let us go below
Look away to windward
You can see it's going to blow
Look at the glass
You can see that it is fell
We wish the you would hurry up
And strike, strike the bell*

Down on the maindeck
Working at the pumps
There is the larboard watch
Ready for their bunks
Over to windward
They see a great swell
They're wishing that the second mate
Would strike, strike the bell

Aft at the wheel
Poor Anderson stands
Grasping the spokes
In his cold, mittened hands
Looking at the compass
The course is clear as hell
He's wishing that the second mate
Would strike, strike the bell

For'ad in the fo'c'sle head
Keeping sharp lookout
There is Johnny standing
Ready for to shout
"Lights' burning bright, sir
And everything is well"
He's wishing that the second mate
Would strike, strike the bell

Aft the quarterdeck
The gallant captain stands
Looking to windward
With his glasses in his hand
What he is thinking of
We know very well
He's thinking more of shortening sail
Than strike, strike the bell

There but for fortune

1. Show me the prison, show me the jail
Show me the prisoner whose life has gone stale
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
There but for fortune go you or I, you or I
2. Show me the whiskey stains on the floor
Show me the drunkard as he stumbles through the door
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
There but for fortune go you and I, you and I
3. Show me the cities, the buildings so tall
Show me the ruins where the bombs had to fall
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
There but for fortune go you and I, you and I

Sourwood Mountain

1. Chickens a crowin' on Sourwood Mountain
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
Too many pretty gals I can't count them
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
Refrain:
I've got a girl at the head o' the holler
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
She won't come and I won't foller
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
2. I've got a gal a blue eyed daisy
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
She won't come and I'll go crazy
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
Refrain:
I've got a girl at the head o' the holler
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
She won't come and I won't foller
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
3. I've got a gal across the river
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
Two more jumps and I'll be with her
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
Refrain:
I've got a girl at the head o' the holler
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day
She won't come and I won't foller
Hey de ding dang diddle um a day

Times they are a changin'

1. Come gather round people wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you'd better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a changin'
2. Come senators, congressmen please head the call
Don't stand in the doorway don't block up the hall
For he who is hurt will be he who has stalled
Theres a battle outside and its ragin'
It'll soon break your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a changin'
3. Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticise what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
The old order's rapidly changin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a changin'



Sweet Thames Flow Softly

Ewan MacColl / Stormking Music Co. PRS

I met my girl at Woolwich pier,
Beneath a big crane standing,
And all the love I felt for her,
It passed all understanding.

Took her sailing on the river--
Flow, sweet river, flow,
Londontown was mine to give her--
Sweet Thames, flow softly.

Made the Thames into a crown--
Flow, sweet river, flow--
Made a brooch of that silver town--
Sweet Thames, flow softly.

From Rotherhithe to Putney Bridge
My love I was declaring.
And she from Queue to Islewood,
Her love for me was swearing.

Love had set my heart a'burning--
Flow, sweet river, flow--
I never saw the tide was turning--
Sweet Thames, flow softly.

Gave her Hampton Court to twist--
Flow, sweet river, flow--
Into a bracelet for her wrist--
Sweet, Thames, flow softly.

But now, alas, the tide has changed
My love, she has gone from me.
And winter's frost has touched my heart
And left its blight upon me.

Creeping fog is on the river--
Flow, sweet river, flow--
Sun and moon and stars gone with her--
Sweet Thames, flow softly.

Swift, the Thames flows to the sea
Flow, sweet river, flow--
Bearing ships and part of me--
Sweet Thames, flow softly.

Sammy's Bar

I went down to Sammy's Bar,
Aye the last boats were leaving
By the shores or Fia Strar,
Haul away the Dijksha

Where have you been all the day,
Down in Sabnta Fia Bay,

How did sand get in your hair
Darling Johnny put it there

He's a better man by far
Since he bought that fancy car

Seven days I drank no wine,
Waiting for that man of mine,

Then one day in Pauloff's square,
At a paper I did stare,

Johnny tried a hairpin bend,
For my love it was the end,

I'm going back to Sammy's bar,
I don't need no Yankee car,

Shenandoah

1. Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you
Away you rollin' river
Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you
Away I'm bound to go, cross the wide Missouri
2. Oh Shenandoah I love your daughter
Away you rollin' river
She sent me sailing 'cross the water
Away I'm bound to go, cross the wide Missouri
3. Oh Shenandoah I took a notion
Away you rollin' river
To sail across the briny ocean
Away I'm bound to go, cross the wide Missouri
4. Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you
Away you rollin' river
Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you
Away I'm bound to go, cross the wide Missouri

She Moved Through The Fair

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind."
And she stepped away from me and this she did say
It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

As she stepped away from me and she moved
through the fair
And fondly I watched her move here and move there
And then she turned homeward with one star awake
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying, no two e'er were wed
But one had a sorrow that never was said
And I smiled as she passed with her goods and her
gear
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in
So softly she came that her feet made no din
As she laid her hand on me and this she did say
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day."

South Australia

1. In South Australia I was born
Heave away, haul away
In South Australia round Cape Horn
We're bound for South Australia
2. There ain't but one thing grieves my mind
Heave away, haul away
To leave my wife and child behind
We're bound for South Australia
3. I'll tell you the truth I'll tell you no lie
Heave away, haul away
If I don't love that girl I'll surely die
We're bound for South Australia
4. But now I'm bound for a southern strand
Heave away, haul away
With a bottle of whisky in my hand
We're bound for South Australia
5. And as we wallop round Cape Horn
Heave away, haul away
You'll wish to god you'd never been born
We're bound for South Australia

Trip in 1913

Woody Guthrie Copyright 1961 by Sanga Music Inc.

Take a trip with me in nineteen thirteen,
To Calumet, Michigan in the copper country,
I'll take you to a place called -Italian Hall,"
Where miners are having their big Christmas ball.

I will take you in a door and up a high stairs,
Singing and dancing is heard everywhere,
I will let you shake hands with the people you see,
And watch the kids dance 'round the big Christmas tree.

You ask about work and you ask about pay,
They'll tell you they make less than a dollar a day,
Working the copper claims, risking their lives,
So it's fun to spend Christmas with children and wives.

There's talking and laughing and songs in the air,
And the spirit of Christmas is there everywhere,
Before you know it you're friends with us all,
And you're dancing around and around in the hall.

Well a little girl sits down by the Christmas tree lights,
To play the piano, so you gotta keep quiet,
To hear all this fun you would not realize,
That the copper boss thug-men are milling outside.

The copper boss thugs stuck their heads in the door,
One of them yelled and screamed, -There's a fire!"
A lady, she hollered, -There's no such a thing,
Keep on with your party, there's no such a thing."

A few people rushed, and it was only a few,
'It's just the thugs and the scabs fooling you."
A man grabbed his daughter and carried her down,
But the thugs held the door and he could not get out.

And then others followed, a hundred or more,
But most everybody remained on the floor,
The gun-thugs they laughed at their murderous joke,
While the children were smothered on the stairs by the door.

Such a terrible sight I never did see,
We carried our children back up to their tree,
The scabs outside still laughed at their spree,
And the children that died there were seventy-three.

The piano played a slow funeral tune,
The town was lit up by a cold Christmas moon,
The parents they cried and the miners they moaned,
"See what your greed for money has done."



The beggar

1. I'd just as soon be a beggar or a king
The reason I'll tell you for why
A king can't swagger nor drink like a beggar
Nor be half so happy as I

Chorus:

Let the back and the sides go bare my boys
Let my hands and feet go cold
But give unto the belly boys beer enough
Whether it be new or old

2. I've a sixpence in my pocket and I've worked hard for it
Kind landlord here it is
Neither Jew nor Turk will make me work
While beggin' is as good as it is
3. Sometimes we call at a nobleman's hall
To beg for ale and beer
Sometimes we are lame sometimes we are blind
Sometimes too deaf to hear
4. Sometimes we lie like hogs in a sty
With a flock of straw on the ground
Sometimes eat a crust which has rolled in the dust
And be thankful that it may be found

Ten thousand years ago

1. I was born about ten thousand years ago
There ain't nothin' in this world that I don't know
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses playin' ring around the roses
An' I'll whop the guy that says it isn't so
2. I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er
I saw Adam and Eve driven from the door
And from behind the bushes peepin' I saw the apple
they was eatin'
An' I'll swear I was the guy what ate the core
3. I rode the Brontosaurus when alive
I taught the tsar of Russia how to drive
And when I was playing golf with that famous Viking Rolf
I hit one round the world with just one drive
4. I saw Jonah when he shoved off in the whale
I swore he'd never live to tell the tale
But old Jonah'd eaten garlic and he gave the whale the cholice
So he coughed him up and let him out of jail
5. I played a swingin' saxbut in the band
The first man to get Cleopatra's hand
And for Pharoe's little kiddies I built all the Pyramiddies
And to the Sahara I carried all the sand
6. I saw moses as he laid the village cold
I saw Daniel tame the lions in their hold
I helped build the Tower of Babel just as high as they was able
And I swear there's lots of things that I ain't told
7. I was born about ten thousand years ago
There ain't nothin' in this world that I don't know
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses playin' ring around the roses
An' I'll whop the guy that says it isn't so