

# 'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 20

## Contents:

A Roving	Bluey Brink
Abilene	Bobby Shafto
Admiral Benbow	British Grenadiers
All My Trials Lord	Camptown Races
All The Pretty Little Horses	Click Go The Shears
Annie's Song	Cobbler
April Come She Will	Cod Liver Oil And The Orange Juice
Banks Of The Ohio	Cosher Bailey
Beans In Your Ears	Cuckoo
Billy Boy	Ring The Bell, Watchman

### April come she will

1. April oh come she will  
When streams are ripe and filled with rain  
May she will stay  
Resting in my arms again
2. June you'll change your tune  
In restless walks you'll prowl the night  
July you will fly  
And give no warning to your flight
3. August, die she must  
The autumn leaves grow chilly and cold  
September I remember  
A love once new has now grown old

### All the pretty little horses

Hush a bye, don't you cry  
Go to sleep-a-little baby  
When you awaken you shall have cake  
And all the pretty little horses

Blacks and bays, dapples and greys  
Coach and six-a-little horses

Way down yonder, down in the meander  
There's a poor little lambie  
The birds and the butterflies peckin' out its eyes  
Poor little thing cried mammie

Hush a bye, don't you cry  
Go to sleep-a-little baby  
When you awaken you shall have cake  
And all the pretty little horses

### Abilene

#### Chorus:

Abilene, Abilene  
Prettiest town I've ever seen  
Pretty girls don't treat you so mean  
In Abilene

1. Laid awake most of the night  
Wait for that freight train to roll out of sight  
Wishin' I could be back home  
In Abilene
2. Nothing's pretty, nothing's free  
There's nothing in this old town for me  
Wishin' I could be back home  
In Abilene

### Annie's song

1. You fill up my senses, like a night in the forest  
Like the mountains in springtime, like a walk in the rain  
Like a stone in a desert, like a sleepy blue ocean  
You fill up my senses, come fill me again
2. Come let me love you, let me give my life to you  
Let me drown in your laughter, let me die in your arms  
Let me lay down beside you, let me always be with you  
Come let me love you, come love me again
3. You fill up my senses, like a night in the forest  
Like the mountains in springtime, like a walk in the rain  
Like a stone in a desert, like a sleepy blue ocean  
You fill up my senses, come fill me again

### All my trials lord

1. Hush little baby don't you cry  
You know your mammy was born to die  
All my trials lord soon be over

#### Refrain:

Too late my brothers  
Too late but never mind  
All my trials lord soon be over

2. The river of Jordan is muddy and cold  
Well it chills the body but not the soul  
All my trials lord soon be over
3. I've gotta little book with pages three  
And every page spells liberty  
All my trials lord soon be over

#### Refrain:

Too late my brothers  
Too late but never mind  
All my trials lord soon be over

4. If livin' were a thing that money could buy  
Well the rich would live and the poor would die  
All my trials lord soon be over
5. There grows a tree in paradise  
And the pilgrims call it the tree of life  
All my trials lord soon be over

#### Refrain:

Too late my brothers  
Too late but never mind  
All my trials lord soon be over

### Admiral Benbow

1. Come all ye seamen bold and draw near  
and draw near  
Come all ye seamen bold and draw near  
It's of an Admiral's fame  
Oh brave Benbow was his name  
How he fought all on the main  
You shall hear, you shall hear
2. Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight for to fight  
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight  
Brave Benbow he set sail  
In a fine and pleasant gale  
But his captains they turned tail  
In a fright in a fright
3. Says Kirby unto Wade we will run, we will run  
Says Kirby unto Wade we will run  
For I value no disgrace  
Not the loosing of my place  
But the enemy I won't face  
Nor his gun, nor his gun
4. The Ruby and Benbow fought the French  
fought the French  
The Ruby and Benbow fought the French  
They fought them up and down  
Till the blood came trickling down  
Till the blood came trickling down  
Where they lay, where they lay
5. Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot, by  
chain shot  
Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot  
Brave Benbow lost his legs  
And on all his stump he begs  
Fight on my English lads  
It's our lot, it's our lot
6. The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow,  
cries Benbow  
The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow  
Let a cradle now in haste  
On the quarterdeck be placed  
That the enemy I may face  
Till I die, till I die

### A roving

1. In Amsterdam there lived a maid  
Mark well what I do say  
In Amsterdam there lived a maid  
And she was mistress of her trade  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid

### Chorus:

- A roving, a roving  
Since roving's been my ruin  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid
2. Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown  
Mark well what I do say  
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown  
Her hair in ringlets hanging down  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid
  3. I put my arm around her waist  
Mark well what I do say  
I put my arm around her waist  
She said young man you're in great haste  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid

### Banks of the Ohio

I asked my love to take a walk,  
Just a little way's with me.  
An' as we walked, Then we would talk  
All about our wedding day.

### CHORUS:

"Darlin', say that you'll be mine;  
In our home we'll happy be,  
Down beside where the waters flow,  
On the banks of the Ohio."

I took her by her pretty white hand,  
I led her down the banks of sand,  
I plunged her in, Where she would drown,  
An' watched her as she floated down.

Returnin' home between twelve and one,  
Thinkin', Lord, what a deed I've done;  
I'd killed the girl, I love, you see,  
Because she would not marry me.

The very next day, at half past four,  
The sheriff walked right to my door;  
He says, "Young man, Don't try to run.  
You'll pay for this awful crime you've done."

### Bobby Shafto

1. Bobby Shafto's gone to sea  
Silver buckles on his knee  
He'll come back and marry me  
Bonny Bobby Shafto
2. Bobby Shafto's bright and fair  
Combing down his yellow hair  
He's my ain for ever mair  
Bonny Bobby Shafto
3. Bobby Shafto's tall and slim  
Always dressed so neat and trim  
Lassies they all keek at him  
Bonny Bobby Shafto

### Cuckoo

1. The cuckoo she's a pretty bird  
She sings as she flies  
She brings us glad tidings  
She tells us no lies  
She cups all sweet flowers  
Just to make her face small  
And she never hollers cuckoo  
Till summer's gone
2. Well meeting's a pleasure  
And parting's a grief  
But a false hearted lover  
Is worse than a thief  
She'll hug you and kiss you  
And tell you more lies  
Than the green leaves on the willow  
And the stars in the sky
3. The cuckoo she's a pretty bird  
She sings as she flies  
She brings us glad tidings  
She tells us no lies  
She cups all sweet flowers  
Just to make her face small  
And she never hollers cuckoo  
Till summer's gone

### **Cobbler** Adapt. Tommy Makem

Oh, me name is Dick Darby, I'm a cobbler,  
I served me time at old camp.  
Some call me an old agitator,  
But now I'm resolved to repent.

**Chorus:**  
With me ingtwing of an ingthing of an i doo,  
With me ingtwing of an ingthing of an i day  
With me roo-boo-boo roo-boo-boo randy  
And me lap stone keeps beating away.

Now me father was hanged for sheep-stealing,  
Me mother was burned for a witch,  
Me sister's a dandy housekeeper,  
And I'm a mechanical switch.

Ah, it's forty long years I have travelled,  
All by the contents of me pack;  
Me hammer, me awls and me pinchers,  
I carry them all on my back.

Oh, me wife she is humpy, she's lumpy,  
Me wife she's the devil, she's cracked;  
And no matter what I may do with her,  
Her tongue it goes clickety-clack.

It was early one fine summer's morning,  
A little before it was day;  
I dipped her three times in the river  
And carelessly bade her "good day!"

### **Cosher Bailey**

Cosher Bailey had an engine  
which was always needing mending  
And according to its power  
it could do four miles an hour

**Chorus:**  
Did you ever see, Did you ever see  
Did you ever see such a funny thing before

Cosher bought her second hand  
and he painted her so grand  
When the driver came to oil her  
man she nearly bust her boiler

Cosher had a sister Anna  
who did play the grand piana  
She did also play the fiddle  
down the sides and up the middle

On the night run up the Gower  
she did twenty miles and hour  
When she whistled through the station man  
she frightened half the nation

Cosher had a cousin Rupert  
who played scrum half for Newport  
When they played against Llanelly  
someone kicked him in the belly

In the choir on Friday night  
Cosher sings with all his might  
And his version of Cwm Rhondda  
makes the angels jive up yonder

Cosher Bailey he did die,  
in his coffin he did lie  
Then they heard somebody knocking  
Cosher Bailey "only joking"

### **Camptown Races**

1. The Camptown ladies sing this song  
Doo-dah, doo-dah  
The Camptown race track's five miles long  
Doo-dah, doo-dah, day  
I come down there with my hat caved in  
Doo-dah, doo-dah  
I go back home with a pocket full of tin  
Doo-dah, doo-dah, day

**Chorus:**  
Gwine to run all night  
Gwine to run all day  
I'll bet my money on a bob tail nag  
Somebody bet on the bay

2. The long tail filly with the big black hoss  
They fly the track and they both cut across  
The blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole  
Can't touch the bottom with a ten foot pole
3. Old muley cow come on the track  
The bob tail fling her over her back  
Then fly along like a railroad car  
And run a race with a shootin' star
4. Oh, see them flyin' on a ten mile heat  
Around the racetrack then repeat  
I win my money on the bob tail nag  
I keep my money in an old tow bag

### **British Grenadiers**

1. Some talk of Alexander  
And some of Hercules  
Of Hector and Lysander  
And such great names as these  
But of all the world's brave heroes  
There's none that can compare  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row  
For the British Grenadiers
2. And when the siege is over  
We to the town repair  
The townsmen cry "Hurrah boys  
Here come the Grenadiers  
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys  
Who know no doubts or fears"  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row  
For the British Grenadiers
3. Then let us fill a bumper  
And drink a health to those  
Who carry cape and pouches  
And wear the louped clothes  
May they and their commanders  
Live happy all their years  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row  
For the British Grenadiers



## Bluey Brink

There once was a shearer by name Bluey Brink  
A devil for work and a terror for drink  
He could shear a full hundred each day without fear  
And drink without winking four gallons of beer

Now Jimmy the barman who served out the drink  
He hated the sight of this here Bluey Brink  
Who stayed much too late and who came much too soon  
At morning, at evening, at night and at noon

One day as Jimmy was cleaning the bar  
With sulphuric acid he kept in a jar  
Along comes this shearer a bawling with thirst  
Saying whatever you've got Jim just give me the first

Now it aint in the history, you wont find it in print  
But that shearer drunk acid with never a wink  
Saying that's the stuff Jimmy why strike me stone dead  
This'll make me the ringer of Stephenson's shed

All through that long day as he served up the beer  
Poor Jimmy was sick with his trouble and fear  
Too anxious to argue too worried to fight  
He saw that poor shearer a corpse in his fright

But early next morning when he opened the door  
Well there was that shearer a yelling for more  
With his eyebrows all singed and his whiskers deranged  
And holes in hide hide like a dog with the mange.

Says Jimmy and how did you find the new stuff?  
Says Bluey it's fine but I've not had enough  
It gives me great courage to shear and to fight  
But why does that stuff set me whiskers alight?

I thought I knew grog, but I must have been wrong  
The stuff that you gave me was proper and strong  
It set me to coughing and you know I'm no liar  
But every damn cough set me whiskers on fire

## Notes

From the singing of A.L.Lloyd. Simon McDonald of Creswick Vic, sings another version called 'Bill Brink' which is closer to Tex Morton's version recorded in the late 1930's.

## Billy Boy

1. Where have you been all the day, Billy boy, Billy boy  
Where have you been all the day, Charming Billy  
I have been to seek a wife, she's the joy of my life  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother
2. Did you bid her come in, Billy boy, Billy boy  
Did you bid her come in, Charming Billy  
Yes she bade me come in, there's a dimple on her chin  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother
3. Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy  
Can she make a cherry pie, Charming Billy  
She can make a cherry pie, quick as you can with an eye  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother
4. Can she cook a bit of steak, Billy boy, Billy boy  
Can she cook a bit of steak, Charming Billy  
She can cook a bit of steak, aye and make a griddle cake  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother

## Beans In Your Ears

1. Mother says not to put beans in your ears  
Beans in your ears, beans in your ears  
Mother says not to put beans in your ears  
Beans in your ears
2. Why should I want to put beans in my ears  
Beans in my ears, beans in my ears  
Why should I want to put beans in my ears  
Beans in my ears
3. You can't hear your teacher with beans in your ears  
Beans in your ears, beans in your ears  
You can't hear your teacher with beans in your ears  
Beans in your ears
4. Hey maybe its fun to put beans in your ears  
Beans in your ears, beans in your ears  
Hey maybe its fun to put beans in your ears  
Beans in your ears
5. Hey Charlie look at me I've got beans in my ears  
Beans in my ears, beans in my ears  
Hey Charlie look at me I've got beans in my ears  
Beans in my ears
6. I think that all grown ups have beans in their ears  
Beans in their ears, beans in their ears  
I think that all grown ups have beans in their ears  
Beans in their ears



Steve Jones doing 'Singlish'  
in a Budapest school

### Click go the Shears

Out on the board the old shearer stands  
Grasping his shears in his long bony hands  
Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied "joe"  
Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go

#### Chorus

Click go the shears boys, click, click, click  
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick  
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow  
And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "joe"

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair  
Is the boss of the board, with eyes everywhere  
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen  
Paying strict attention if it's taken off clean

The colonial-experience man he is there, of course  
With his shiny leggin's just got off his horse  
Casting round his eye like a real connoisseur  
Whistling the old tune "I'm the Perfect Lure"

The tar-boy is there awaiting in demand  
With his blackened tar-pot and his tarry hand  
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back  
Here's what he's waiting for "Tar here Jack!"

Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques  
Roll up your swag for we're off on the tracks  
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree  
And everyone that comes along it's, "Come and drink with me!"

Down by the bar the old shearer stands  
Grasping his glass in his thin bony hands  
Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg  
Glory he'll get down on it ere he stirs a peg

There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands  
Whilst all around him every shouter stands  
His eyes are on the cask which is now lowering fast  
He works hard he drinks hard and goes to hell at last

You take off the belly-wool clean out the crutch  
Go up the neck for the rules they are such  
You clean round the horns first shoulder go down  
One blow up the back and you then turn around

Click, click, that's how the shears go  
Click, click, so awfully quick  
You pull out a sheep he'll give a kick  
And still hear your shears going click, click, click

Notes: First published in the Twentieth Century in 1946 in an article by Percy Jones. This version from the singing of A.L.Lloyd Printed in Stewart and Keesing's Old Bush Songs with the following note: "From Dr Percy Jones's collection, with one additional stanza, "Now Mister Newchum" etc., collected by John Meredith from Mrs Sloane, of Lithgow, New South Wales. "Mrs Sloane is 60, and learnt most of her songs from her mother in the early part of this century. Mrs Sloane plays button-accordion, fiddle, mouth-organ and jewsharp, and her mother, Mrs Frost, played concertina, accordion and jews-harp." The word "Joe" is presumably a corruption of "Yowe" "Newe." Old Bush Songs also prints the following fragment and accompanying note:

Collected by John Meredith, with the note: "Sung by Jack Luscombe of Ryde, aged 81: started picking up at 11, and shearing at 15. Was in the '91 strike at 18. Both songs learned in the 90s."

### Ring The Bell, Watchman

(Henry Clay Work)  
A.L.Lloyd adds this to his version of the song.  
'Click go the Shears' uses the tune and form of the North American song 'Ring the Bell Watchman'

High in the belfry the old sexton stands  
Grasping the rope with his thin bony hands  
Fix'd is his gaze as by some magic spell  
Till he hears the distant murmur  
Ring, ring the bell

#### Chorus

Ring the bell, watchman! ring! ring! ring!  
Yes, yes! the good news is now on the wing.  
Yes, yes! they come and with tiding to tell  
Glorious and blessed tidings. Ring, ring the bell!

Baring his long silver locks to the breeze  
First for a moment he drops on his knees  
Then with a vigor that few could excel  
Answers he the welcome bidding  
Ring, ring the bell

Hear! from the hilltop, the first signal gun  
Thunders the word that some great deed is done  
Hear! thro' the valley the long echoes swell  
Ever and anon repeating  
Ring, ring the bell

Bonfires are blazing and rockets ascend  
No meagre triumph such tokens portend  
Shout! shout! my brothers for "all, all is well!"  
'Tis the universal chorus  
Ring, ring the bell

### Cod Liver Oil And The Orange Juice

1. Out of the East there came a hard man  
Oh oh oh, all the way from Brigtown  
Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil and the orange juice
2. He went into a pub and come out paralitic  
Oh oh oh, VP and cider  
Oh oh oh what a hell of a mixture, cod liver oil and ...
3. Does this bus go to the Denistown Palais  
Oh oh oh, I'm lookin' for a lumber  
Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil and ...
4. In the dancin' he met hairy Mary  
Oh oh oh, the flower o' the Gorbals  
Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil and ...
5. Now then Mary are you dancin'  
Oh oh no, its just the way I'm standin'  
Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil and ...
6. Now then Mary can I run you hame  
Oh oh oh, I've got a pair of sand shoes  
Oh oh oh helluva funny, cod liver oil and ...
7. Down the backclose and into the dunny  
Oh oh oh, it was ne for the first time  
Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil and ...
8. Out came her mammy she was lookin' for the cludgie  
Oh oh oh, I bugged off sharpish  
Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil and ...
9. Now hairy Mary she had a little baby  
Oh oh oh, her father's in the army  
Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil and ...