

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 23

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 flourishes 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

A bucket of the Mountain Dew
Country Roads
Everything I do I do for you
Freedom come all ye
Frosty the Snowman
Hard Day's night
I'll keep you satisfied

I Wish I Was Back In Liverpool
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho
Nancy Whisky
Old Man Atom
O Suzanna
Sixteen Tons
There's a hole in my Bucket

I Wish I Was Back In Liverpool

Chorus:

I wish I was back in Liverpool
Liverpool town where I was born
Where there ain't no trees, no scented greens
No fields of waving corn
But there's lots of girls with peroxide pearls
And the Black and Tan flows free
There's six in a bed by the old pier head
And it's Liverpool town for me

It's seven long years since I wandered away
To sail the wide world o'er
Me very first trip on an old steamship
That was bound for Baltimore
I was seven days sick and I just couldn't stick
That bubbling up and down
So I told them Jack you'd better turn back
For dear old Liverpool town

We dug the Mersey tunnel, boys,
way back in '33
Dug a hole in the ground until we found
An old cold wall ye see
Then the foreman cried:
'Come on outside
the roof is falling down'
Well I'm telling you Jack, we all swam back
To dear old Liverpool town

Well, there's every race and colour of face
There's every kind of name
But the pigeons on the pier head
they treat you all the same
And if you walk above to Parliament Street
You'd see faces black and brown
And I have also seen the orange and green
In dear old Liverpool town

Sixteen Tons

Some people say a man is made outta mud
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood
Muscle and blood and skin and bones
A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong

Chorus:

You load sixteen tons, what do you get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss said "Well, a-bless my soul"

I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name
I was raised in the canebrake by an ol' mama lion
Cain't no-a high-toned woman make me walk the line

If you see me comin', better step aside
A lotta men didn't, a lotta men died
One fist of iron, the other of steel
If the right one don't a-get you then the left one will

Nancy Whisky

I'm a weaver, a Carlton weaver,
I'm a rash and a roving blade
I've got silver in my pockets
and I follow the roving trade
chorus:
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy, Oh

As I went down through Glasgow City,
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell
I went in, sat down beside her,
seven long years I loved her well
chorus

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her,
the more I kissed her, the more she smiled
Soon I forgot my mother's teaching,
Nancy soon had me beguiled
chorus

Now, I rose early in the morning,
to slake my thirst, it was my need
I tried to rise but I was not able,
Nancy had me by the knees
chorus

So I'm going back to the Carlton weaving,
I'll surely make them shuttles fly
For I'll make more at the Carlton weaving
than ever I did in the roving way
chorus

So come all you weavers, you Carlton weavers,
come all you weavers, where e'er you be
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey,
she'll ruin you like she ruined me
chorus

Freedom come all ye

Words : Hamish Henderson

Roch the win i the clear day's dawin
Blaws the clouds heilster-gowdie owre the bay
But there's mair nor a roch win blawin
Thro the Great Glen o the warl the day
It's a thocht that wad gar our rottans
Aa thae rogues that gang gallus fresh an gay
Tak the road an seek ither loanins
For thair ill-ploys tae sport an play

Nae mair will our bonnie callants
Merch tae war whan our braggarts crouselly craw
Nor wee weans frae pitheid an clachan
Murn the ships sailin down the Broomielaw
Broken faimilies in launs we've hairriet
Will curse 'Scotlan the Brave' nae mair, nae mair
Black an white ane-til-ither mairriet
Mak the vile barracks o thair maisters bare

Sae come aa ye at hame wi freedom
Never heed whit the houdies croak for Doom
In yer hous aa the bairns o Aidam
Will fin breid, barley-bree an paintit room
Whan MacLean meets wi's friens in Springburn
Aa thae roses an geeans will turn tae blume
An a black laud frae yont Nyanga
Dings the fell gallows o the burghers doun.
©Hamish Henderson

Country Roads

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, flowing like the breeze.

Chorus
Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama
Take me home, country roads.

All my memories gather 'round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusky, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

I hear her voice, in the morning hour she calls to me
Radio reminds me of my home far away
Driving down the road I get a feeling
That I should have been home yesterday (yesterday)

*The Weekly
'Singlish Folk Night
now meets at the
Robert Burns Intenational Foundation Offices
Budapest, Vaci u. 99
6 to 8 pm (March 2006)
Entry Free
Information on www.singlish.hu*

Joshua fit the battle of Jericho

Chorus:
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho
Jericho Jericho;
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho
And the walls came tumbling down.

1. You may talk about your kings of Gideon,
You may talk about your men of Saul
But there's none like good old Joshua
At the battle of Jericho.

Chorus:

2. Now the Lord commanded Joshua;
"I command you and obey you must;
You just march straight to those city walls
And the walls will turn to dust."
Chorus:

3. Straight up to the walls of Jericho
He marched with spear in hand,
"Go blow that ram's horn," Joshua cried,
"For the battle is in my hand."
Chorus:

4. The lamb ram sheep horns began to blow,
And the trumpets began to sound,
And Joshua commanded, "Now children, shout!"
And the walls came tumbling down.
Chorus:

There's a hole in my Bucket

There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, a hole

Then mend it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
Then mend it, dear Henry, dear Henry, then mend it

With what shall I mend it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I mend it, dear Liza, with what?

With some straw, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
With some straw, dear Henry, dear Henry, some straw

The straw is too long, dear Liza, dear Liza
The straw is too long, dear Liza, too long

Then cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
Then cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry, then cut it

With what shall I cut it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I cut it, dear Liza, with what?

With a axe, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
With a axe, dear Henry, dear Henry, with a knife

The axe is too blunt, dear Liza, dear Liza
The axe is too blunt, dear Liza, too blunt

Then sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
Then sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry, sharpen it

With what shall I sharpen it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I sharpen it, dear Liza, with what?

With a stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
With a stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, with a stone

The stone is too dry, dear Liza, dear Liza
The stone is too dry, dear Liza, too dry

Then wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
Then wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry, then wet it

With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, with what?

With water, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
With water, dear Henry, dear Henry, with water

In what shall I get it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
In what shall I get it, dear Liza, in what?

In a bucket dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
In a bucket dear Henry, dear Henry, in a bucket

There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, a hole

I do it for you – Bryan Adams

Look into my eyes - you will see
What you mean to me
Search your heart - search your soul
And when you find me there you'll search no more
Don't tell me it's not worth tryin' for
You can't tell me it's not worth dyin' for
You know it's true
Everything I do - I do it for you

Look into my heart - you will find
There's nothin' there to hide
Take me as I am - take my life
I would give it all I would sacrifice
Don't tell me it's not worth fightin' for
I can't help it there's nothin' I want more
Ya know it's true
Everything I do - I do it for you

There's no love - like your love
And no other - could give more love
There's nowhere - unless you're there
All the time - all the way

Don't tell me it's not worth tryin' for
I can't help it there's nothin' I want more
I would fight for you - I'd lie for you
Walk the wire for you - ya I'd die for you

Ya know it's true
Everything I do - I do it for you

I'll Keep You Satisfied

You don't need anybody to hold you
Here I stand with my arms open wide
Give me love and remember what I told you
I'll Keep You Satisfied

You don't need anybody to kiss you
Every day I'll be here by your side
Don't go 'way I'm afraid I might miss you
I'll Keep You Satisfied

You can always get a little thing like love anytime
But it's different with a boy like me and a love like mine

So believe everything that I told you
And believe that with me by your side
You don't need anybody to hold you
I'll Keep You Satisfied

You can always get a little thing like love anytime
But it's different with a boy like me and a love like mine

So believe everything that I told you
And believe that with me by your side
You don't need anybody to hold you
I'll Keep You Satisfied

Give me love and remember what I told you
I'll Keep You Satisfied



Hard Day's Night

Lennon/McCartney

It's been a hard day's night,
And I've been working like a dog,
It's been a hard day's night,
I should be sleeping like a log,
But when I get home to you,
I find the things that you do,
Will make me feel alright.

You know I work all day,
To get you money to buy you things,
And it's worth it just to hear you say,
You're gonna give me ev'rything,
So why on earth should I moan,
'Cos when I get you alone,
You know I feel okay.

When I'm home ev'rything seems to be right,
When I'm home feeling you holding me
Tight, tight, yeh.

It's been a hard day's night,
And I've been working like a dog,
It's been a hard day's night,
I should be sleeping like a log,
But when I get home to you,
I find the things that you do,
Will make me feel alright,

So why on earth should I moan,
'Cos when I get you alone,
You know I feel okay.

When I'm home ev'rything seems to be right,
When I'm home feeling you holding me
Tight, tight, yeah.

It's been a hard day's night,
And I've been working like a dog,
It's been a hard day's night,
I should be sleeping like a log,
But when I get home to you,
I find the things that you do,
Will make me feel alright.

You know I feel all right

Oh, Susanna

I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee
I'm going to Louisiana where my true love waits for me
Oh, Susanna! Don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.

Oh It rained all night, the day I left, the weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna! Don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.



Frosty the snowman

Frosty the snowman was a jolly happy soul,
With a corn cob pipe and a carrot nose,
And two eyes made out of coal.
Frosty the snowman is a fairy tale, they say.
He was made of snow but the children know
How he came to life one day.
There must have been some magic
In that old silk hat they found,
For when they put it on his head
He began to dance around.

Frosty the snowman knew the sun was hot that day,
So he said, "Let's run and we'll have some fun
Now before I melt away."
Down to the village, with a broomstick in his hand,
Running here and there all around the square sayin'
"Catch me if you can."
He led them down the streets of town
Right to the traffic cop.
And he only paused a moment when
He heard him holler "stop!"
For Frosty the snowman had to hurry on his way
But he waved good-bye sayin', "Don't you cry,
I'll be back again some day."

O, Frosty, the snowman
Was alive as he could be!
And the children say
He could laugh and play
Just the same as you and me.

Thumpety thump thump,
Thumpety thump thump,
Look at Frosty go!
Thumpety thump thump,
Thumpety thump thump,
Over the hills of snow...

A Bucket of the Mountain Dew

Let grasses and waters flow in a free and easy way,
But give me enough of the rare old stuff that's brewed near
Galway Bay,
Come policemen all from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too,
Oh, we'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip
Of the rare old Mountain Dew

Hi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um,
diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh
Hi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um,
diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still,
Where the smoke curls up to the sky,
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell
That there's poitin brewin nearby.
For it fills the air with a perfume rare,
And betwixt both me and you,
As home we troll, we can take a bowl,
Or a bucket of the Mountain Dew

Now learned men who use the pen,
Have sung the praises high
Of the rare poitin from Ireland green,
Distilled from wheat and rye.
Put away with your pills, it'll cure all ills,
Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew,
So take off your coat and grease your throat
With a bucket of the Mountain Dew.