

2009 Festival Song and Tune Book for Finale

IKO IKO

1

(for ukuleles)

F

My grandma and your grandma

C

Were sittin' by the fire

C

My grandma told your grandma

F

I'm gonna set your flag on fire

CHORUS:

F

Talkin' 'bout hey now, hey now! Hey now, hey now!

C

Iko, iko unday

C

Jockamo feeno ay nanay

F

Jockamo fee nanay

Look at my king all dressed in red lko, iko, unday I betcha five dollars he'll kill you dead Jockamo fee nanay

{CHORUS}

My flag boy and your flag boy Were sittin' by the fire My flag boy told your flag boy I'm gonna set your flag on fire

{CHORUS}

See that guy all dressed in green lko, iko, unday
He's not a man, he's a lovin' machine
Jockamo fee nanay

{CHORUS}

"Iko Iko" is a much-covered New Orleans song that tells of a parade collision between two "tribes" of Mardi Gras Indians. The lyrics are derived from Indian chants and popular catchphrases.

The song, under the original title "Jock-A-Mo", was written in 1953 by James "Sugar Boy" Crawford in New Orleans, but has spread so widely that to popular belief, it is commonly assumed to be a much older folk song.

The song is closely identified as a Mardi Gras song, but it is equally known as a Top 40 hit. The main melody bears a strong resemblance to the guitar riff in "Son de la Loma" recorded by the Trio Matamoros. "Son de la Loma" was written by Miguel Matamoros sometime before May 8, 1925.

The story tells of a "spy dog" or lookout for one band of Indians encountering the "flag boy" or guidon carrier for another band. He threatens to set the flag on fire.

The lyrics of the song are based on Louisiana Creole French. The phrase Iko Iko may have been derived from one or more of the languages of Gambia, possibly from the phrase Ago!, meaning "listen!" or "attention!". The line from the chorus, Jock-a-mo feen-o and-dan-day echoes the original title amidst Creole palaver.

The song was popularised by The Dixie Cups in 1965. Their version came about by accident. They were in a New York City studio for a recording session when they began an impromptu version of "Iko Iko", accompanied only by drumsticks on a coke bottle. The tape happened to be running and session producers Leiber and Stoller added bass and drums and released it.

from Wikipedia

This booklet compiled by David De Santi with the assistance of John Broomhall, Nick Rheinberger, Alan Musgrove, Jane Brownlee, Manthy Loucataris.

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Am Dm Am E7 Am Dm Am E7 Am

Una mattina mi son svegliato, o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao! Una mattina mi son svegliato, e ho trovato l'invasor.

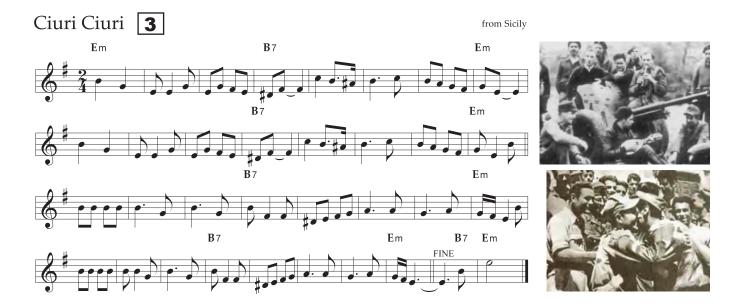
O partigiano, portami via, o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao! O partigiano, portami via, ché mi sento di morir.

E se io muoio da partigiano, (E se io muoio su la montagna) o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao! E se io muoio da partigiano, (E se io muoio su la montagna) tu mi devi seppellir'.

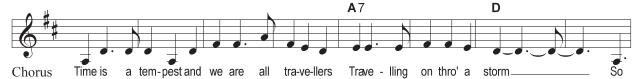
E seppellire lassù in montagna, (E tu mi devi sepellire) o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao! E seppellire lassù in montagna, (E tu mi devi sepellire) sotto l'ombra di un bel fior. Tutte le genti che passeranno, (E tutti quelli che passeranno) o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao! Tutte le genti che passeranno, (E tutti quelli che passeranno) Mi diranno Che bel fior! (E poi diranno «Che bel fior!)

È questo il fiore del partigiano,
(E questo é il fiore del partigiano)
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
È questo il fiore del partigiano,
(E questo é il fiore del partigiano)
morto per la libertà!

The song Bella Ciao was sung by the left antifascist resistance movement in Italy comprised of anarchists, communists, socialists and other antifascist partisans. The author of the lyrics is unknown, and the music seems to come from an earlier folk song sung by riceweeders in the Po Valley.



Time is a Tempest John Broomhall First and last verse D A7 Time is a tem- pest and we are all tra-ve-llers We are all tra-ve-llers, we are all tra-ve-llers





lift up our voi - ces and sing of the wind and rain Sing of the wind and rain, sing of the wind and rain



Time is a tempest and we are all travellers We are all travellers, we are all travellers Time is a tempest and we are all travellers Travelling on thro' a storm

CHORUS

So lift up our voices and sing of the wind and rain Sing of the wind and rain, sing of the wind and rain Lift up our voices and sing of the wind and rain We're travellin' on thro' a storm

They've poisoned the oceans and dammed the great rivers Bullzdozed each jungle, they're takers not givers And they say that it's progress, well it gives me the shivers We're in for a winter that's cold

Our cities are crowded, the forests have fallen War clouds above, angry voices keep callin' Five minutes to midnight is no time for stallin' Just time to share your love

So we'll keep our arms wide thro' all kinds of weather Where there's sorrow and suffering, may we be there together And we'll turn this around tho' it takes us forever What else in the world can we do?

But there are places of beauty with pathways to guide us Sunrise and sunsets are never denied us Deep in out hearts no walls divide us We may yet find our way through the stars