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COOK

CALYPSO O29YLA3

through the looking glass

An album of riotous humor for calypsophicantes.

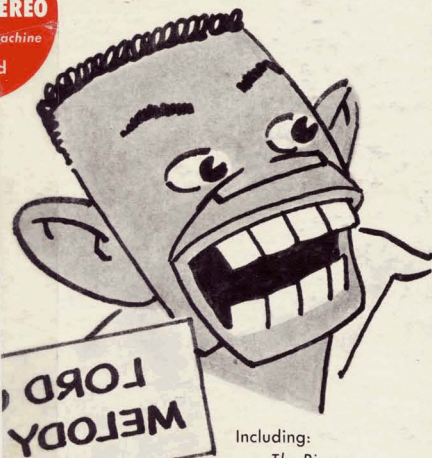
The incomparable **Lord Melody** speaks of the agony of super-required love.*

compatible

SUPER-STEREO

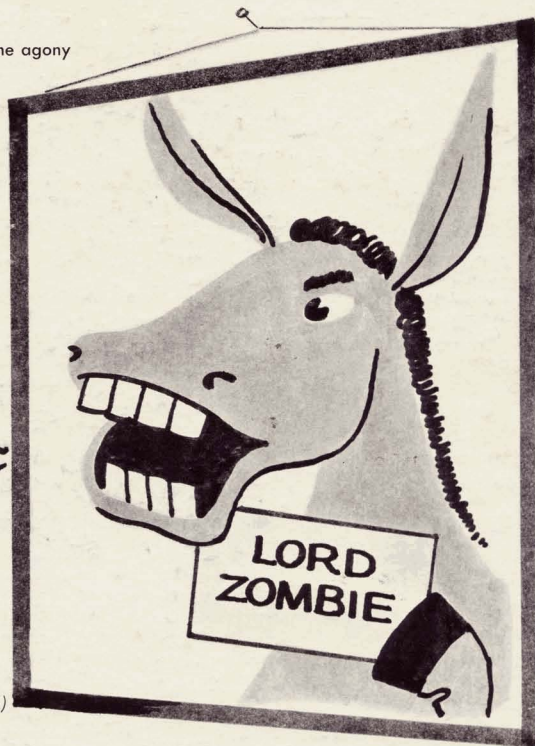
plays on any machine

927 — sd



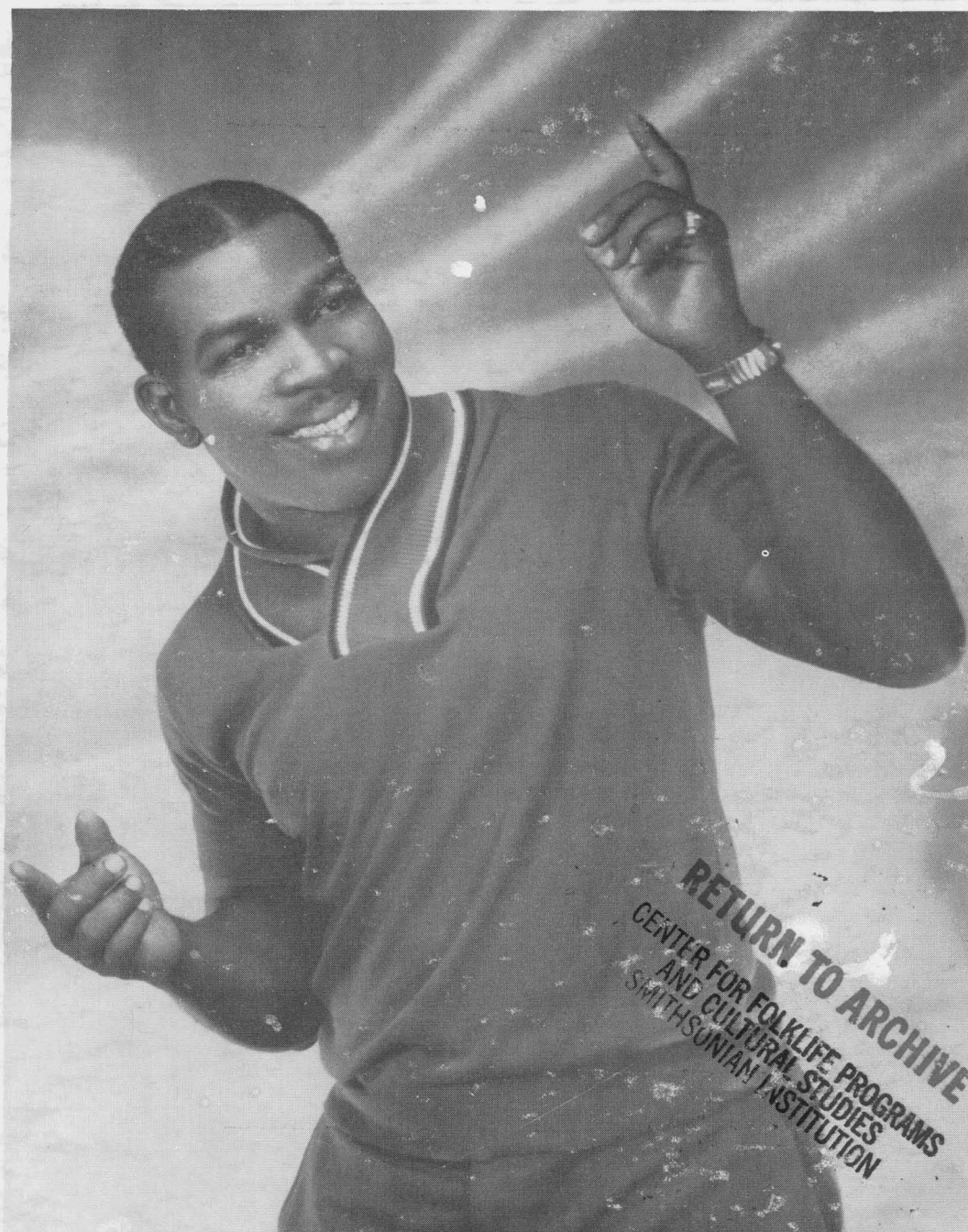
Including:

The River
Kathleen
The Jumbie (zombie)
Si Senor
The Letter



plus five smash carnival hits, with
the Cook Calypso Combo directed by Jerry Daniels.

*With almost every line guaranteed understandable!



Compositions By FITZROY ALEXANDER

THE RIVER

Don't blame me,
She invite me
To the river for a swim (repeat)
The water cold, Ah afraid to bathe,
She watching me, she was afraid,
Ah hold she hand, she tug away and jump.

Chorus:

Me and you sister
Went in the river,
You sister jump in the water,
Ah jump in after —
I'll never forget
Everything was set,
But I didn't get —
She told me yes, She told me no,
She told me No, No, No, No, No, No,
Look you bad luck this morning,
Bathe if you bathing —

ALEXANDER THE MURDERER

They playing hooligan,
But Ah bound to cut off a hand (repeat)
They don't live no way, they don't work
no way,
They don't exercise, they ent strong,
And when the night come,
They sleeping in ah ole shack in
Shanty Town.

Chorus:

Well Ah warning dem hooligans dey
got in de Island
To let dem know:
I am a man carry me guns wherever I go:
Ah got gun fever, Ah start to shiver,
Ah got to follow the footsteps of me
father
Alexander the Murderer.

KATHLEEN

After you make me love you, darling you
leaving,
Kathleen you have me grieving (repeat)
You make me eat what Ah had to rub.
You treat me just like a blooming snob,
You make me feel I'm a pappyshow,
And now you want to go.

Chorus:

Sweet Kathaleena, sweet Kathaleena —
Darling don't go,
Ah don't want a next man in de whole
world to know,
You sweet for so.
Kathleen, Kathleen,
Ah'll take you home my dear,
Ah'll give you all I possess
Just to rest me head on you chest —

HUNGRY BARBERS

Goal! Goal!
More goal, like the goalie hand have hole;
(repeat)
Barbers didn't have condition at all,
Dem hungry barbers can't play football,
Dey can't play cricket, dey can't play
draff,
So we gie dem four and we start to laff.

Chorus:

Who was the goalie?
Who score de goal in de "V"? Lord
Melody.
Who was the goalie?
Dem hungry barbers suifer bitterly;
Who was the goalie?
Hungry long-leg knock-knee Zakaree.

THE LETTER

What a letter! What a letter!
Oh me lawd I'll never forget her. (repeat)
Short and snappy and sweet at the
ending,
All the words were certainly blending,
Like she study composition
And win a degree for writing she man.

Chorus:

You should come back tonight, Melody,
You should come back tonight,
And gie me what you gie me last night,
What you gie me last night belongs to me,
Darling, you sweeter than sweetie!

TURN BACK MELODY

Turn back, Lord Melody, turn back —
Ah go fight dem, Ah go fight dem.
Turn back, Lord Melody, turn back —
Ah go fight, Ah go fight, Ah go fight —
Turn back, Lord Melody, turn back —
Well dey playin' bad but dey hungry.
Turn back, Lord Melody, turn back —
Ah go kill de fus' man dat lash me!

THE JUMBIE

Good Heavens, the young lady shout,
Good Heavens, junior shut you mout
(repeat)
That is the great Lord Melody,
Who sang the Iceman song for we;
You should be proud to see his face—
The little boy turn round and start to
make race:

Chorus:

Mammy, Ah see a jumbie in de back
Oh gosh;
Mammy tell daddy to turn back —
That's Lord Melody — No, is a jumbie

JOSEPH

Joseph, don't bite,
Joseph, not tonight (repeat)
Every night is the same old nancy story;
Every time you should kiss me you bittin'
me;
I don't like the way you do your loving;
I really don't like the way you biting.

Chorus:

Joseph don't do that (dout bite me)
Joseph don't do that (don't bite)
Joseph every night
Like you want to bite,
Joseph darling, Ah fine you biting—
Too much!

BELMONT JACKASS

Man you marry a tramp and you cable
me to come
Melo come.
And the day of the wedding she loaded
with Rum
Rum, rum.
And the ring you presented was made
out ah brass,
Dat is how Ah know you lousy wedding
couldn't last. (Sparrow)

Chorus:

When you wife walking,
People say she shaking,
She should wear a corset, for the goods
she carrying,
She should wear a harness, she face like
a mass,
Dat is why de boys call she —
Belmont Jackass.

SI SENOR

Wanita my darling you sure you love
me?
Si Senor.
You feel in your heart you will marry
to me?
Si Senor.
You promise to love me the rest of your
life?
Si Senor.
I love Wanita, my sweetheart from
Venezuela
(River come down)
Oh Wanita, my sweetheart from
Venezuela.

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MELODY'S TOP TEN

COOK

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