

# Romano Drom songbook

Songs by

Ambrose Cooper, Kerieva  
& Others

Arranged by Kerieva for

**Shun to these kushti gillies!**

You can hear some of the songs in this book at: [www.grthm.co.uk](http://www.grthm.co.uk)

**Give us a song**

If you've got a Gypsy, Roma and Traveller song to contribute to this book,  
please send the words, guitar chords and music if you can to: [info@grthm.co.uk](mailto:info@grthm.co.uk)

For more on Gypsy Roma Traveller History Month please visit: [www.grthm.co.uk](http://www.grthm.co.uk)



The Gypsy Media Company

**Gypsy Roma Traveller History Month, June 2009**



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*Gypsy Roma Traveller*  
**HISTORY MONTH** June 2009



## Kerieva

Romany musician and activist Kerieva can entertain one moment and inspire the next. She's equally at home playing the violin or singing on a stage or rabble rousing in Romany slums from Glasgow to Budapest. Her heritage is as diverse as her interests, she's part Irish and part Manouche (French Romany).

Her music traverses through a beguiling mix of influences – Gypsy jazz, ska, rhumba, cabaret and trad - sung in an array of languages including various dialects of Romanes, (the Gypsy language), enabling her to inhabit convincingly the characters of her songs.

Watching Kerieva live you can expect a theatrically expressive performance as she hauntingly recreates through the intensity of her voice, the sounds, flavours and visual landscapes of her intriguing life.



## Ambrose Cooper

Ambrose Cooper is almost unique amongst British Gypsy performers. Like most he loves country music, he's keen on English folk too. But unlike many others he sings about recent Gypsy experiences and sets it all down to a country rhythm. The songs he's written over the years are known and sung by Gypsies all across England, yet he rarely gets the credit for what he's created. For Ambrose, singing is a passion and not a profession. But we've captured some of his best songs and published them in this book.

"My grandad used to get his living with his violin years ago," says Ambrose "They'd make a fire and get a board to tap dance on and he'd play jigs and reels on the fiddle. That was their entertainment. "

"The trouble is now, everything is already made for you. You've got CDs, backing tapes and karaoke and the music is already there. The younger generation don't play instruments like they used to. Karaoke's alright, but its not real music, is it?"

**A Pub With No Beer** Gordon Parsons

4

**Chaje Shukarije** Esma Redzepova

5

**Chirikloro Mirikloro** Vera Bila

6

**Djelem Djelem** Zarko Jovanovic

7

**Traveller's Blues** Ambrose Cooper

8

**Nje Buditsche** Kerieva

9

**Old Motors** Ambrose Cooper

10

**My Father's the King of the Gypsies** Ambrose Cooper

11

**Three Cities** Kerieva

12

**Short of a Quid** Slim Dusty

14




## Short of a Quid


By Slim Dusty

Adapted lyrics by Ambrose Cooper

VIOLIN  
INTRO



VERSE



Well-I've list-ened with Pat-i-ence to all your sad tales, when you're short of a smoke or the  
pub's got no ale - But tell me you Gyp-sies I don't want you to kid, have you  
ev-er been trav-el-ling short of a quid. -

### Other Verses

Have you been to a farmer for a hop-training job,  
Where a traveller's not welcome by the local born mob.  
You've probably done the same thing as I did,  
Stood around in the bar and was short of a quid.

As I gazed at the gorger men quenching their thirst,  
My lips were so dry I thought they would burst.  
I reckoned someone would notice but no-body did  
They've apparently never been short of a quid.

The landlord his looks were black as the night,  
And I heard someone whisper, 'this bloke's on the bite'.  
So I held up my wrist-watch and called for a bid,  
But no one would buy it or lend me a quid.

Oh you blokes who have money to travel in style,  
May laugh at my story but I too can smile.  
To the Traveller and Gypsy I'll raise my old head,  
'Cause they know what it's like to be short of a quid.

If the pub has no beer you can always drink rum,  
While you wait with your mates for the quota to come.  
But your forehead gets wrinkled like the hat on your head,  
When you stand in the bar and you're short of a quid.

Well I've listened with patience to all your sad tales,  
When you're short of a smoke, or the pub's got no ale,  
But tell me you Gypsies I don't want you to kid,  
Have you ever been travelling short of a quid.

Gypsy Roma Traveller  
HISTORY MONTH June 2009



## Romano Drom songbook

**Gypsies, Roma and Travellers have developed their own traditions in music, story-telling, poetry, art and design, and dance.**

This small collection of songs written and performed by Gypsies, Roma and Travellers has been compiled with the help of Ambrose Cooper and Kerieva who have also contributed some of their own songs. They reflect a diverse range of music for you to learn, play and perhaps perform.

Gypsies and Travellers have developed their own traditions in music, story-telling, poetry, art and design, and dance. Our influence on artistic achievements in all these areas has been immense. We have helped forge such unique artistic expressions such as the art of flamenco in Southern Spain and sustain it to this day.

The Travelling community has always included some of the most talented musicians of any period. Most people have heard of the great guitarist Django Reinhardt, a Belgian Sinto Gypsy and one of Europe's first great Jazz musicians. Today Taraf de Haïdouks,

Fanfare Ciocarlia and Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra are among the most popular orchestral performers in the world. The critically-acclaimed rock band Gogol Bordello are fusing traditional Gypsy music with new forms for a wider audience to promote Romani rights. As are KAL, the hottest Gypsy band from Belgrad who are touring the UK as part of GRTHM 2009.

In the past, many classical composers such as Debussy and Liszt were inspired by traditional Gypsy music. Now youth from the Travelling communities are starting to express their heritage through new musical forms: in the UK, artists such as Tommy Pearce, Addy Lee, Jamal Jimenez and Jentina Chapman are part of a growing Gypsy Rap movement which is taking GRT music in new directions.

Thank you for downloading our Romano Drom songbook. Enjoy.



# A Pub With No Beer

Version sung by Ambrose Cooper

Written by Gordon Parsons, Recorded by Slim Dusty, 1957

Old time Waltz

Now it's a long summer way from your king-dom but a  
camp fire at night where the wild wind blows cold there's  
noth-ing so lone-some more as a stand in a  
or a pub with no beer

## Other Verses

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come  
There's a far-away look on the face of the bum.  
The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's acting queer  
What a terrible place is a pub with no beer.

Then the stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat  
He walks up to the bar and pulls a wad from his coat  
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer  
As the barman said sadly, "The pub's got no beer".

Then the swaggy comes in smothered in dust and flies  
He throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his eyes.  
But when he gets told he says, "What's this I hear?  
I've crouched fifty flaming miles to a pub with no beer!"

Old Billy the Blacksmith, first time in his life  
Has gone home cold sober to his darling wife.  
He walks in the kitchen, she said "you're early my dear,"  
Then he breaks down and he tells her, "The pub's got no beer!"

There's a dog on the veranda, for his master he waits  
But the boss is inside making wine with his mates.  
He hurries for cover and he cringes in fear  
It's no place for a dog round a pub with no beer.

Now it's-a lonesome away, from your kindred and all,  
By a campfire at night, where the wild wind blows cold.  
There's nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear,  
As to stand in a bar of a pub with no beer.

**INSTRUMENTAL**  
I'm fall-ing-a-gain from that tall building.  
Who is this song about now an-y way? the tap-es-try's still in my closet....  
all con-fu-sion and the bruises-are-still there my sen-ses stir and  
tell me to be-ware the urge to run will nev-er leave  
I'll never tell you ab-out ex-ile and-re-turning to my in-  
3 Cities... (whispered) I'm not that cruel  
ah... ah...

**VERSE 3**  
**CHORUS 3**

Like a magnet, you pull me back  
Into a darkened past.  
You pull me  
to go places that I never should no more.

## Chorus

My senses stir and tell me to beware  
The urge to run will never leave me.  
And as I'm just about to  
put on my hat and say so long  
You kill me with...

That look in your eye.  
It says 'what the hell is wrong with you?'  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
I am the lone wolf on the mountain.

## Chorus

My senses stir and tell me to beware  
The urge to run will never leave me.  
And as I'm just about to tell you  
all these bitter sweetened things  
You pull me back...

Under your spell.

## Instrumental (Verse and chorus)

I'm falling again from that tall building.  
Who is this song about now anyway?  
The tapestry's still in my closet  
All confusion and the bruises are still there.

## Chorus

My senses stir and tell me to beware  
The urge to run will never leave me.  
I'll never tell you about exile and returning  
To my dreams  
In a forgotten world.  
(three cities)

I'm not that cruel.



# Three Cities

Words and Music by Kerieva

Picked guitar laid back mid-tempo

Like a mag-net you - pull me back in to a  
dark-ened past you pull me to go places that  
never should no more my sen-ses stir and tell me to be-ware  
the urge to run will never - leave and as I'm just ab-out to  
put on my hat and say, so long' You- Kill - me with that  
look in your eyes it says what the hell is wrong with you?  
Sor-ry I am the lone Wolf on the mount-ain. my sen-ses stir- and  
tell me to be-ware, the urge to run will never - leave,  
and as I'm just a-bout to tell you all these bit-ter sweet-ened things... you Pull - me back  
under your spell....

# Chaje Shukarije

by Esma Redzepova

Chaj- or- ij- a šuk-ar - ij- a Na- phi-run-de pal- a- man-de  
Na- phi-run-de pal- a man-de Cha-je (Cha-je!)  
Hal-am pek-lijan man (Chaja šuk-ar-ij-a!) o- vseh-i dil-jan  
(Chaja šuk-ar-ij-a!) av- a dikh man cha-je  
Ah ..... Ah ..... Ah .....  
Ah .....

## Translation

Young Gypsy girl is so beautiful  
that she enchants a boy  
through her walk and beauty

He begs her to stay a little,  
just for a moment,  
to turn back and look at him

But she just walks by proudly  
Looking beautiful and does not look at he  
Who is burning with desire.

Esma Redzepova, the queen of Romani singers, wrote 'Chaje Shukarije' when she was about 11 years old, and many other fine songs during the 1960's and 1970's.

She was not able to record 'Chaje Shukarije' in her native Bulgaria as Gypsy performances and records at that time were strictly forbidden-part of the communist ideological doctrine for that country- so she recorded the song in Yugoslavia where regulations were a lot more liberal. However, when she approached radio stations they refused to play the song because of her Roma background, that is, unless she would agree that the song become a 'public domain'.

This is a very sad tale and so common in Gypsy music; the real hit Esma wrote became public for everyone, including Goran Bregovic who appropriated rights to the song, whilst she has never received any of the credit she so justly deserves.

So if you get the chance, enjoy Esma's version of this joyous song as it's definitely the best!



# Chirikloro Mirikloro – Traditional Čardáš

Words and music - Vera Bila



Singer Vera Bila was born May 22, 1954 in Rokycany from the Gina family of musicians. At the age of 15 she started living with her husband Frantisek, with whom she adopted a son, also Frantisek, ten years later. She began her singing career at family celebrations, weddings and parties with the dulcimer music of her father, Karol Gina. today she appears with her own band, Kale, in concerts all over Europe and North America.

"When God didn't give me children, he replaced it with something else," says Vera Bila.

Čirikloro mirikloro  
Lidža mandar mro jiloro  
Lidža, lidža mra pheňake  
Ola lačha manušňake  
Lidža, lidža mra pheňake  
Ola lačha manušňake

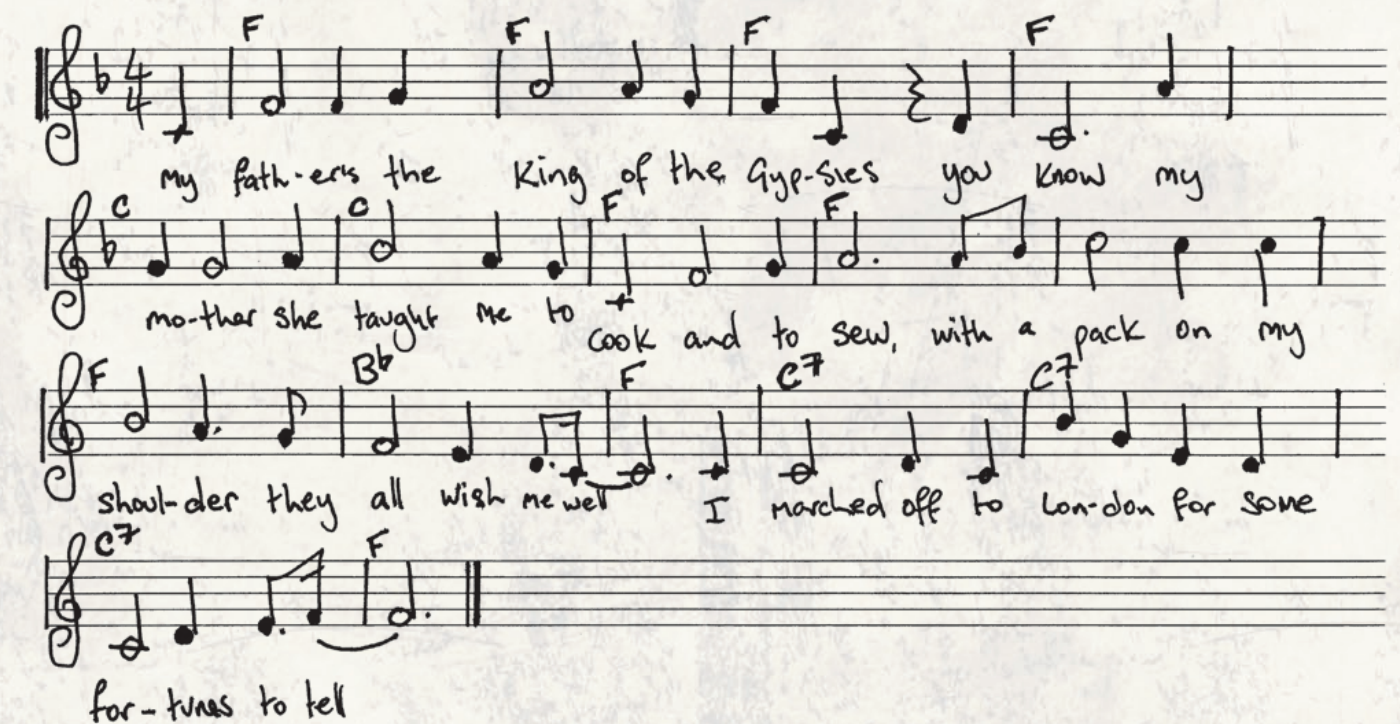
Upre!

[Usually sung twice with first verse slightly less rhythmical, bursting into life for the second. Same speed throughout.

"Beautiful little bird, little pearl, take my heart, bring it to my sister..."]

# My Father's the King of the Gypsies

by Ambrose Cooper



## Other Verses

As I was a walking down through London street  
A handsome young squire I chanced for to meet  
He said "are you my little brown eyes, I like them so well.  
Oh my little Gypsy girl you my fortune tell"

"Oh yes sir, Oh yes sir, please give me your hand,  
your vows is your money, your riches your land.  
You've servants that await on you and in your carriage ride  
But I'm the little Gypsy girl who is to be your bride."



# Old Motors

Written by Ambrose Cooper

Handwritten musical score for "Old Motors". The score is written on four staves in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The first staff is labeled "VERSE" and contains the lyrics "Now You've got some old mo-tors that are go-ing ev- ery day". The second staff is labeled "CHORUS" and contains the lyrics "some of them, they need a tow- before you can get a- way.". The third staff contains the lyrics "I like a bed- ford, Don't mind a Aust. -in". The fourth staff contains the lyrics "'long as it's a go-ing boys, it's good e- nough for me.". Chords are written above the notes: B, E, B, F#7, B, E, B, F#7.

## Other Verses

I jumped in my old lorry Drove it up Horsemonden outside 'The Gun' There I'd see poor old Kolo, He said he's had every one	He said, "I've just come from Marden Had a job to make it up the hill Got a bit of money about me, I'll have a chop and deal"	Old Stewy was a'playing his mouth organ Standing against the door Little Levy was a dancing boy Up and down the floor
Little Nelson Barton Had an old Bedford van Said I'll give you ten to chop So boy, I smacked his hand	I had a deal with Mosey Gave him two quid back for luck I drove straight out of Goudhurst In this old J2 truck	Old Rima walked up to the bar With his cauliflower ear The landlord he said "Sorry Jack, There's no more beer served here"
I drove straight out of Horsemonden Shot straight across the green I drove up into Goudhurst And this is who I've seen	I drove back into Yalding (Kent) Flat out down Winstead hill At the front of Yording "Bull" I see Jacker's Bill	Chorus I like a Transit, don't mind a Datsun Long as it's a going boys, she's good enough for me.
I see old Frank's Mosey Outside of the pub He had an old J2 boy, But she wasn't worth two bob	Inside there was old Levy, Jasper and his crew, All of old Jim Newlands's boys and little Snobby too	

# Djelem Djelem - The Romani Anthem

Written by Zarko Jovanovic, 1969

Handwritten musical score for "Djelem Djelem - The Romani Anthem". The score is written on three staves in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The first staff contains the lyrics "Djel- em djel- em lun- gon e drom- ents - a Mal- a dil- em". The second staff contains the lyrics "bax- tal- e Rom ents- a Ay- Ay Ro- na- le -". The third staff contains the lyrics "Ay. - Cha- va- le Ay Cha- va- le". Chords are written above the notes: Bbm, Bbm, F7, F7, Ebm, F7, Bbm, C#, Bbm, F7, Bbm, F7, Bbm.

Adopted as the official Romani anthem at the First World Romani Congress in London, April 8th 1971.

"In 1971 the International Gypsy Committee organized the first World Romani Congress. This took place in a location near London... funded in part by the World Council of Churches and the Indian Government; representatives from India and some 20 other countries were in attendance. At the congress, the green and blue flag from the 1933 conference, now embellished with the red, sixteen-spoked chakra, was reaffirmed as the national emblem of the Romani people, and the anthem, Djelem Djelem, since sung at all congresses, was adopted."

"The World Romani Congress has adopted a Romani flag which is respected by all the Roma the world over. It comprises of blue and green traditional colours with the red wheel in the centre. Blue is the blue sky and the heavens. Green is the land, organic and growing. The blue symbolizes eternal spiritual values; the green earthly values. The wheel in the centre symbolizes movement and progress. It may not be out of place to point out here that the Indian national flag has also got Ashok Chakra in the centre."

1. The Eastern European Roots of Romani Nationalism by Ian Hancock. 1991  
2. From Roma, by WR Rishi. Punjabi University, Patiala, India, 1976 & 1996

Djelem, djelem, lungone dromensa  
Maladilem baxtale Romensa  
Djelem, djelem, lungone dromensa  
Maladilem baxtale Romensa.  
Ay, Romale, Ay, Chavale,  
Ay, Romale, Ay, Chavale.  
Ay Romale, katar tumen aven  
Le tserensa baxtale dromensa  
Vi-man sas u bari familiya  
Tai mudardya la e kali legiya.  
Aven mansa sa lumiake Roma  
Kai putaile le Romane droma  
Ake vryama - ushti Rom akana  
Ame xutasa mishto kai keraa.  
Ay, Romale, Ay Chavale,  
Ay, Romale, Ay Chavale.

## English Translation by Ron Lee

I have travelled over long roads  
I have met fortunate Roma  
I have travelled far and wide  
I have met lucky Roma  
Oh, Romani adults, Oh Romani youth  
Oh, Romani adults, Oh Romani youth  
Oh, Roma, from wherever you have come  
With your tents along lucky roads  
I too once had a large family  
But the black legion murdered them  
Come with me, Roma of the world  
To where the Romani roads have been opened  
Now is the time - stand up, Roma,  
We shall succeed where we make the effort.  
Oh, Roma adults, Oh, Roma youth  
Oh, Roma adults, Oh, Roma youth.

## Romani Version

Gyelem, gyelem, longone dromensa,  
Maladilem bakhtale Romensa.  
A, Romale, katar tumen aven,  
E tsarensa, bakhtale dromensa.  
A, Romale,  
A, Chhavale.  
Vi mansa su bari familiya,  
Mudardala e kali legiya;  
Aven mansa sar e lumnyatse Roma  
Kai phutaile e Romane dromensa.  
Ake vriama, usti Rom akana,  
Amen Khudasa misto kai keraa.  
A, Romale,  
A, Chhavale.



# Traveller's Blues

Written by Ambrose Cooper

Fingerpicking style

INTRO

No-bod-y knows a-bout the trav-ell-ers blues

'til you start to trav-el a-round. Them old police-men won't

let you stay they move you from town to town they'll

move you here and they'll move you there they'll just move you -

any-where this is when you say why did I start this

trav-ell-ing life? No-bod-y knows - but - me

there all you gor-ger people all can laugh but we don't need your sym-pa-

-thy for aft-er I've paid for the trailer I stole I'd

leave this old jol worth my weight in gold why did I start this trav-ell-ing life?

No-bod-y knows but - me when you re-a-lise that you're

all a-lone trav-ell-ing from place to place you ask the council to pro-

-vide a site but they say it's a dis-grace. Then you get up-tight and you

start to fight, the next thing you know you're back in jail all night

this is when you say why did I start this trav-ell-ing life?

No-bod-y knows but - me.

# Nje Buditsche

Traditional song performed by Kerieva

INTRO.

05- i nje bud- i - - tsche dhu-me man-mal- a- doh- war

aj- i pag- a- sol- usch- ka, Rom- a- le nihi saj djom CHORUS

oh- oh aj- - lju- ba tscha-jer- i tschat- schiom da-le Aj pag- a

-sol- usch- ka, Rom- a- le nihi saj djom.

VERSE 2 + CHORUS  
VERSE 3 + CHORUS