

Deanne Kennedy



I Glad Fuh De Res'

Uh now gettin' pension at las',
Never thought it would come 'round suh fas';
'Cause I start out from small -
Din have no choice at all,
And my education by-pas'.

I did movin' by dawn every day,
I din know 'bout no other way -
That is jus' how tings stop,
Yuh work till yuh drop,
And yuh hold out yuh han' fuh yuh pay.

CHORUS

*But I glad fuh de res',
I real glad,
I really cahn say
Dat I sad;
Is fuh dem dat I toil,
An' I work wid de soil,
So I real glad fuh dem,
I real glad.*

I cook up whatever I find,
An' if it din much, I din mind,
'Cause boy, yuh cud bet,
I cud mek dat food stretch,
An' even have some lef' behind.

An' I tell yuh, I in mekkin' nuh sport -
Cane loadin' it nuh easy work;
De men does be cuttin',
I in say dat in nuthin',
But we had was tuh carry de load.

—//—
Calabash

CHORUS

An' some people did get plenty fun
Wen dey se all de clothes we put on,
We straw hats and we skirts
An' we big long sleeve shirts,
But nuh man din gine kill we wid sun.

All de stockings an' socks dat yuh see,
An de old pumps dat we had pun we feet -
Dem protec' we at work,
From de tings in de dirt,
Especially dem santapede.

CHORUS

Now I look out my window an' see,
An' hear de news on TV,
Dat tings rearrange,
An' yuh gettin' more change,
But dat's quite alright wid me.

Wuh dem mekkin' dese days in uh week,
Cuddah buy me uh house, land and sheep;
An' some travellin' by truck
But I din have such luck -
I had tuh depend on my feet.

CHORUS

I wun tell yuh uh lie — it did hard,
Wen yuh reach inside dat factory yard,
Yuh did tired fuh spite,
But yuh cun stop till night,
An' de sweat drippin' off like hot lard.

But looka how we advance,
An' betterin' we circumstance,
We got reapin' machines
Dat does work like uh dream,
Nowadays - I wun stand uh chance.

—//—
Calabash

CHORUS

I tek notice, how every Cropover,
De King an' de Queen roll in clover,
Fuh de cuttin' an' loading,
Yuh now gettin' someting,
An' uh costume tuh put on, moreover.

I glad fuh de lil recognition,
An' I glad fuh de bettuh conditions,
But deep down in muh heart,
I feel dem should get cars,
An' I holdin' fast tuh my position.

CHORUS

All my children went secondary
De tings dat dey know does surprise me,
Educated, my boy!
But dem still unemployed,
An' nobody earning besides me.

I plantin'an' sellin', 'cause pension
Cahn feed alluh mine, plus grand children,
Dem in' raise up in land,
Dem got education -
Cahn' expect dem tuh "lower" dem station.

CHORUS

I would glad fuh some res'
I would glad,
But I really cahn' say
Dat I sad,
I gine work till I dead,
An' earn my own bread,
An' I in' care who say I mad.

