

Calypso

Michelle Scally Clarke

Calypso, Calypso
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The stories of our soul
Griot and kaiso

The British colonial authorities
Did reap and soil and steal
The wounds are still so deep

What has been done cannot change
No apologies lent sincerely made
Till the wound is healed the fact remains
What they do has not changed
They just change the words
To play the game

Canboulay, Canboulay
Canboulay, Canboulay

1881
banned percussion in the Caribbean
no more drumming
fear of us communicating

2020
Brexit in, Carnival stop
Under the mask
Lock us down keep us in
Yet celebrate the score
Of your football win

Leeds united!

But you can't repress creation
boom, chandler, fuller and cutter
hand, bunning, boving-
Tin cry information
A revolution
The birth of the steel pan
Hand in hand, hand in hand

political with the need to breathe
Telling the story of our journey
Retelling the story of our journey
our stories, in the language we speak

And we raise our spirits, you can't touch we
We have irony in our belly,
An' the fire to succeed

Strong is the bell of love, the drum of passion
Strong is the power of love, that forward progression
Strong is the truth that raises a nation
Strong is the pan of its people

Kitchener to Bugsie sharp,
The passion of the pan man
in my yard
Renegade, Sparrow man
Minor key to England

Beat the drum, beat the drum
Beat the pan, beat the pan
Voice of Calypso
Raise your hand
Ring the bell, ring the bell
Sound the horn, sound the horn
We come along way
from we born

Beat the pan, beat the pan
Beat the pan, beat the pan
Follow the general with the hammer in his hand
Beat the pan, beat the pan
Beat the pan, beat the pan
Voice of Calypso
Raise your hand

What they do
Will not change
They just change the words
To play the game.
What they do will not change
Change the words to the game

NOTE

Original music by Christella Litras, inspired by Mighty Sparrow's 'Slave'