

Voice House Complete Songbook

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1

The Bantry Girls' Lament

Oh who will plough the fields now - or who will mow the corn?
 And who will wash the sheep now - and see that they're nicely shorn?
 Oh the stack that's in the haggard, unthrashed may it remain
 Since Johnny's gone a-thrashing the dirty king of Spain.

Oh the girls from the Banogie in sorrow may retire
 And the piper and his bellows may go home and blow the fire
 For Johnny, lovely Johnny, is sailing o'er the main
 Along with other patriots - to fight the King of Spain.

Oh the boys will sorely miss him when money more comes round
 And grieve that their bold captain is nowhere to be found.
 The Peelers roughed and idle against their will and grain
 For the valiant boy who gave them work -now peels the king of Spain.

At wakes and hurling matches your like we'll never see
 Till you come back again to us a stoirin og mo chroi.
 Then won't you thrash the buckeens that show us such disdain
 Because our eyes are not so bright as those you'll see in Spain.

If cruel fate will not permit our Johnny to return
 His heavy loss we Bantry girls will never cease to mourn.

We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot and die in grief and pain
Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride in the foreign fields of Spain.

money more - probably an anglicisation of, and word play on, Mi an Phomair, or month of the harvest

2

Downtown Tony Hatch

When you're alone and life is making you lonely
You can always go -downtown
When you've got worries, all the noise and the hurry
Seems to help, I know – downtown

Listen to the music of the traffic in the city
Linger on the sidewalks where the neon signs are pretty -
How can you lose?

The lights are much brighter there
You can forget all your troubles, forget all your cares -
And go Downtown - where all the lights are bright
Downtown - waiting for you tonight
Downtown – you're gonna be all right now.

Don't hang around and let your troubles surround you
There are movie shows -downtown
Maybe you know some little places to go to
Where they never close -downtown

Listen to the rhythm of a gentle bossa nova
You'll be dancing with it too before the night is over - Happy again

The lights are much brighter there
You can forget all your troubles, forget all your cares
And go Downtown - where all the lights are bright
Downtown - waiting for you tonight
Downtown – you're gonna be all right now.

3

Foolish Notion Holly Near

Why do we kill people
Who are killing people,
To show that killing people
Is wrong?
What a foolish notion
That war is called devotion
When the greatest warriors
Are the ones who stand for peace.

War toys are growing stronger,
The problems stay the same -
The young ones join the army
While General What's-his-name
Is feeling full of pride
That the army will provide -

But does he ask himself ... Why ...

Death row is growing longer
The problems stay the same -

The poor ones get thrown in prison
While warder what's-his-name
Is feeling justified
But when will he be tried
For never asking Why ...

(Coda)

Children are so tender
They will cross the earth
If they think they're saving a friend -
They get drawn in by patriotic lies
Right before our eyes
They leave our home
And then they find out, once they're all alone
They're asking the age-old question - Why ...

Freedom Come Aa Ye

(Words : Hamish Henderson Music : 'The Bloody Fields of Flanders')

Roch the win in the clear day's dawin
 Blaws the clouds heilster-gowdie owre the bay
 But there's mair nor a roch win blawin
 Thro the Great Glen o the warl the day
 It's a thocht that wad gar our rottans
 Aa thae rogues that gang gallus fresh an gay
 Tak the road an seek ither loanins
 For thair ill-ploys tae sport an play

Nae mair will our bonnie callants
 Merch tae war whan our braggarts crouselly craw
 Nor wee weans frae pitheid an clachan
 Mourn the ships sailin doun the Broomielaw
 Broken faimilies in lans we've hairriet
 Will curse 'Scotlan the Brave' nae mair, nae mair
 Black an white ane-til-ither mairriet
 Mak the vile barracks o' thair maisters bare

Sae come aa ye at hame wi freedom
 Never heed whit the houdies croak for Doom
 In yer hous aa the bairns o Adam
 Can fin breid, barley-bree an paintit room
 Whan MacLean meets wi's friens in Springburn
 Aa thae roses an geeans will turn tae blume
 An a black laud frae yont Nyanga
 Dings the fell gallows o the burghers doun.

Tauya's song/ Gazoleen

Don't you know
 There's a lot of nonsense that's a lot of fun and
 There's a lot of nonsense that's not -
 We are singing something learned at the mission
 Something that the rest forgot

There's a lot of
 People in the world singing songs in English
 Just because they think they sound brill
 And they haven't got a clue what they're singing
 Rhythm's (Music's) the main thing still.

Here's Tauya's (Gazoleen-ee!)
 Song about we don't know what, he
 Learned it from his Granny who
 Learned it at the Morgenster Mission
 She went to school there back in the thirties
 Now we give our thanks to them,

(Tauya and) His Ambuya - (or starting high): To Tauya
 Tauya and Ambuya Tauya and Ambuya
 Now there's a funny thing,
 That sounds just like a song
 Cos it rhymes
 We are singing Tauya's song from Zimbabwe
 Singing it another time.

Chela Western Georgian

A man calling to his two bulls 'Visho & Buska'

Asho Chela Visho Buska

(ch.) ou nana na - na i a nanina

o → ou na - na na --- na

(ch.) ou na - nan na - na i a nanina

o → ou na - na - na - na

(ch.) ou na na na na i a nanina

There is Power....

There is power (x3)...in the love of the heart
 There is healing (x3)...
 There is peace (x3)...

Agbarambe (x3)... ninu eje Jesu
 Iwo Sambe (x3)...
 A la fiambe (x3)...

Rollin' down to Old Maui

It's a rough tough life of toil and strife
 We whalemens undergo
 And we don't give a damn when the day is
 done
 How hard them winds do blow
 For we're homeward bound it's a damn fine
 sound
 With a good ship taut and free
 And we don't give a damn when we drinks
 our rum
 With the girls of Old Maui

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys,
 Rolling down to Old Maui,
 We're homeward bound, from the Arctic
 ground,
 Rolling down to Old Maui.

Once more we sail with a Northerly gale
 Through the ice, and sleet and rain
 And them coconut fronds in them tropic
 lands
 We soon shall see again
 Six hellish months have passed away
 On the cold Kamchatka sea
 But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
 Rolling down to Old Maui

We'll heave the lead where old Diamond
 Head
 Looms up on old Wahu
 Our masts and yards are sheathed in ice
 And our decks are hid from view
 For the horrid ice of the sea-cut isles
 That deck the Arctic sea
 Are miles behind in the icy wind
 Since we steered for Old Maui.

How warm the breeze of the Southern Seas
 Now the ice is far astern
 And them native maids in them tropic
 glades
 Is awaiting our return
 Even now their big, brown eyes look out
 Hoping some fine day to see
 Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales
 Rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we sail with a Northerly gale
 Towards our Island home
 Our mainmast sprung, all whaling done
 And we ain't got far to roam
 Our stans'l booms is carried away
 What care we for that sound
 A living gale after us
 Thank God we're homeward bound

And now we're anchored in the bay
 With the Kanakas all around
 With chants and soft aloha-oos
 They greet us homeward bound
 And now ashore we'll have good fun
 We'll paint them beaches red
 Awakening in the arms of an Wahee maid
 With a big fat aching head
 Are miles behind

The Rantin Dog, The Daddie O't

R. Burns

Wha ma babie clouts will buy?
 Wha will tent me when I cry?
 Wha will kiss me whaur I lie?
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the faut?
 Wha will buy the groanin' maut?
 Wha will tell me how tae ca't?
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie chair
 Tell me wha' will sit beside me there?
 Gie me Rab, I'll seek nae mair
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will crack tae me my lane?
 Wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
 Wha will kiss me ower again?
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Ladom Se, Goro Zalade Bulgarian
arr. Philip Koutev

1) Ladom se, ladom se goro
 ladom se goro zalade
 lov džie, lov džie na lov,
 lov džie na lov poidošē

2) Nikola, Nikola saka
 Nikola saka da ide
 Nikolu, Nikolu majka,
 Nikolu, majka ne pusta

3) Ne odi, ne odi sinko,
 ne odi sinko Nikole
 će imaš, će imaš sinko,
 će imaš sinko dušmanje

Shade fell on the hillside.
 Nikola wants to go hunting.
 His mother says, "No don't go son,
 you'll meet enemies."

Song of Peace Lloyd Stone Music: "Finlandia" - Jean Sibelius, 1865-1957

This is my song, O God of all the nations
 A song of peace for lands afar and mine
 This is my home, the country where my heart is
 Here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine
 But other hearts in other lands are beating
 With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean
 the sunlight streams on clover leaf and pine
 But other lands have sunlight, too, and clover
 And skies are everywhere as blue as mine
 O hear my song, thou God of all the nations
 A song of peace for their land and for mine.

Somos el Barco/ We are the Boat

by Lorre Wyatt

Chorus:

Somos el barco, somos el mar
Yo navego en ti, tu navegas en mi
We are the boat, we are the sea
I sail in you, you sail in me.

The stream sings it to the river
The river sings it to the sea
The sea sings it to the boat
That carries you and me.

The boat we are sailing on
Was built by many hands
The sea we are sailing on
Touches every sand.

So with our hopes we raise the sails
To face the wind once more
And with our hearts we chart the course
Never sailed before.

Oh the voyage has been long and hard
And yet we're sailing still
With a song to help us pull together
If we only will

Close Your Eyes 1971 James Taylor

Well the sun is slowly sinking down
And the moon is slowly rising
So this old world must still
be spinning round
And I still love you.

So close your eyes
You can close your eyes,
It's all right.
I don't know no love songs
And I can't sing the blues any more
But I can sing this song
And you can sing this song
When I'm gone.

It won't be long until another day
We're gonna have a good time
And no-one's gonna take
that time away
You can stay as long as you like.

All the love you give me, I can use it all
 Starting from a baby to a grandchild's call
 You are in the springtime, you are in the fall
 And all the love you give me is the best love of all.

Tops

When I think – of the love – that lies over us all
 I remember the touch of a grandchild's call
 You re in the spring and in the fall
 All – your love – best of all.

Bass

All your love – I need it all,
 I will hear your call
 I am in the spring – and in the fall
 All – my love – best of all.

Oj Livado Rosna Travo

Oj livado, rosna travo, javore, javore
 Koj po tebi cuva stado, zla-ato moje (X 2)

Cuvala ga djevojcica, javore, javore
 Od sedamnaest godinica, zlato moje (X 2)

Ovce cuva pesmu peva, javore, javore
 Moj dragane, sto te nema, zlato moje (X 2)

Gde si dragi, ovih dana, javore, javore
 Kad ja ovce cuvam sama, zlato moje (X 2)

Come Rest

Morag Carmichael

Come rest your head, the travails of the day are done
 It's time to sleep and dream the cares of day away –
 Come rest, come rest, and trust the darkness of the night
 Your dreams may show you where your path may lead
 Tomorrow is another day
 Tomorrow is another day.

Call me when you're coming to town
Just as soon as your plane puts down
Call me on the telephone
But only if you're travelling alone
Counting down the hours
Through the sunshine and the showers
Today's the day
You're finally going to come my way.

Let's make a date to see a movie (movie)
Some foreign film from gay Paris (ooee – Paree)
I know you like to think you've got taste
So I'll let you choose the time and the place
Have some dinner for two
In some east-side rendezvous
And then we'll walk
Arm in arm around the block and talk

*Tonight you're mine
Let's not waste time*

I do believe the die is cast
Let's try and make the night-time last
And I don't know where it's coming from
But I want to kiss you till my mouth gets numb
I want to make love to you
Till the day comes breaking through
And when the sun is high in the sky
We'll kiss and say goodbye.

I Will Guide Thee

Trad. Arr. Amidon / Burgess

If you cannot sing like angels
 If you cannot preach like Paul
 You can tell the love of Jesus
 You can say he died for all.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee
 I will guide thee with mine eyes
 All the way from earth to heaven
 I will guide thee with mine eyes.

If you cannot give your thousands
 You can give the widow's mite For
 the least you do for Jesus
 Will be precious in his sight.

Hark the voice of Jesus calling Who
 will come and work today?
 Fields are ripe and harvest ready,
 Who will bear my soul away?

Mulungu Angate

Malawian

Mulungu angate, angate, angate
 Mulungu angate sa lepera X 2

Ndiye Alepha Omega
 Woyamba, wotsirisa
 Wachipulumuka cha moyo wanga

Mulungu Translation

Oh the Spirit can do it, can do it, can do it
 The Spirit can do it, no problem X 2

It is alpha and omega, the beginning and the end
 The comforter and the Saviour of my heart

Oh the Spirit . . .

Always Burning Sun

Yvonne Burgess (g#)

Always burning sun, for us
Spinning on our tiny world
You rise, set, rise, set so we
go on and on

Always changing moon, for us
Following our burning Sunday
You wax and wane, wax and wane
So we grow light and dark

Always shining stars, for us
Mapping out our tiny lives
You come and go, come and go
So we shine out and hide

Always turning tides, for us
Shifting on our tiny world
You rise and fall, rise and fall
So we are washed and dried

Always yielding earth, for us
Feeding all our tiny worlds
You breathe like us, breathe like us
So
we are one with you

Always moving clouds, for us
Flying round our tiny worlds
Gather and give, Gather and give
So we too come and go

Always burning sun, ...
... So we go on and on

Santelivit Davdnebi

Santelivit davdnebi
Shakarivit davtkbebi
satrpos hmas ro gavigep
genatsvale, mkvadari
viko avgdebi (twice)

Vitsi, mravals ukvarhar
Mravalni shegnatrian

Magram, chemebr eshhita
genatsvale,

April Moon

Shining so bright
Shining so high in the sky
Are you Shining for me?
April moon - shine in my heart
You let me know I am part
of the beauty I see -

You are so beautiful,
You draw everything to you
And when I look at you, I feel
That I owe everything to you
I am so hypnotised, I gaze
Only on your face
You bring all things round (to you)

Rain and Shine

*Rain and shine, sleet or snow
Me and my doneygal, bound to go.*

We ride the range from sun to sun
A cowboy's work is never done

A cowboy's life is a weary thing
It's rope and it's ride and it's brand and it's
sing.

Get along doneygal through the rain and
hail
Drivin them dogies along the trail.

Be you with me and I with you Santelivit Davdnebi (translation)

I shall melt like a candle
I shall be sweet like sugar
When I hear my sweetheart's voice
I will live again,
even if I am dead

I know, many love you
I know, many want to be with you

But remember, darling,

vervin getkvis mikvarxar.

Batonebo

Batonebo mo-u-o-khet
Mo-u-o-khet batonebo (x2) -Chorus

Lamazi batonebia
I-a da vardi penia. (x2)

Ga-u-kyar-dat batonebsa
Da utsbat piri ibrunao (x2)

Kandisa

Indian Ocean/ Goan-Syrian Christian chant,
in
Aramaic

Kandisa Alahaye Kandisa Esana
Aalam Balam Aalam
Amenu Aamen

Sliha Mar Yose, Almaduba Kudisa
Aangen Dhanusa Nehave
Dukharana

Kandisa Aalaha Kandisa Esana
Kandisa La Ma Yosa
Isaraha Malem

(Kandisa means Praise)

Mayenziwe

Mayenziwe 'ntando yakho
Be not afraid, I am with you
We sing for joy, for joy we sing

No-one will tell you
"I love you" like me.

Iripo nzimbo

Iripo nzimbo
Iripo ya vatema
I-i-ri-po-o-o
Iripo ya vatema

Va Nehanda vanoziva kuti
Iripo nzimbo iyo
I -i-ri-po...
Va Chitepoj vabereki vanoziva kuti ...

Vine and Fig Tree

And everyone 'neath the vine and fig tree
Shall live in peace and unafraid (twice)

Into ploughshares beat their swords
Nations shall make war no more (twice)

Memoranda

A prayer to heal divisions between the peoples
of North and South Korea by Geong Wanhee

O so seo, 0 so seo
Pyung wha ye im gum,
Uriga han mom,
Irugea ha so seo.

(Seo pronounced sho)

Shto Mi E Milo

Shto mi e milo,
milo im drago
Vo Struga arede. memo,
Dukjan da imam. X 2

(Chorus)Lele varaj, mome
Mome Kalino
repeat italics of previous verse

Na kerpencite,
mamo, da sedam
Strudshkite mome, mamo
Momi da gledam

Koga na voda,
voda mi odat
So tia stomni. mamo
Stomni shareni

Na ovaj izvor,
izvor studeni,
Tarn da se strushki. memo,
struzki soberat

Translation

How pleased and happy I would be
to have a shop
in the town of Struga

Hey, Kalina

To sit in front of my shop and watch the girls
of Struga

When they go for water
With their bright coloured jugs

To that cold well
to meet there with their friends.

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Angel Band

My latest sun is sinking fast
My race is nearly run
My strongest trials now are past
My triumph has begun

(chorus)

O come, angel band
Come and around me stand
O bear me away on your snow-white wings
To my immortal home (x2)

O bear my longin heart to Him
Who bled and died for me
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin
And gives me victory

Chorus

Pavane Toinot Arbeau, 1589

Belle, qui tiens ma vie captive dans tes yeux
Qui m'as l'ame ravie d'un souriz gracieux
Viens tot me secourir, ou me faudra mourir X 2

Pourquoi fuis-tu, mignarde, si je suis pres de toy
Quand tes yeux je regarde je me perds dedans moy
Car tes perfections changent mes actions X2

Approche donc ma belle, approche toy mon bien
Ne me sois plus rebelle puisque mon coeur est tien
Pour mon mal appaiser, donne moy un baiser X 2

I walk along the city streets you used to walk along with me
 And every step I take recalls how much in love we used to be

*Oh how can I forget you
 When there is always something there to remind me? (X2)
 I was born to love you - and I will never be free
 You'll always be a part of me - oh wo-wo-wo*

When shadows fall I pass the small cafe where we would dance at night
 And I can't help recalling how it felt to kiss and hold you tight -

Oh how can I ..

If you should find you miss the sweet and tender love we used to share
 Just come back to the places where we used to go and I'll be there

Oh how can I ..

Farthest Field

David Dodson

There is a land high on a hill
 Where I am going – there is a voice that calls to me
 The air is sweet, the grasses wave
 The wind is blowing away up in the farthest field

*Chorus:
 Walk with me and we will see the mystery revealed
 When one day we wend our way up to the farthest field.*

The sun will rise, the sun will set
 Across the mountains, and we will live with beauty there
 The fragrant flowers, the days and hours
 Will not be counted, and peaceful songs will fill the air.

I know one day I'll leave my home
 Here in the valley and climb up to that field so fair
 And when I'm called and counted in,
 The final tally, I know that I will see you there.

Oh my dear friends I truly love
 To hear your voices alifted up in radiant song
 Though through the years we all have made
 Our separate choices, we've ended here where we belong.

Reconciliation

Now summer time has gone
And autumn winds are threatening
To blow our love away
Tis then love will be tested
Arm in arm we'll stand
Side by side together
To face the common foe
Who would tear our lives asunder

Toora-loora-lay, toora-loora-laddie
Toora-loora-lay
Toor -loora -lay.

o ye fair weather friends
Where are you now I need you?
Gone like the autumn sun
On dark December mornings.
When hard times come around
Like cold and stormy weather
There's only you and I (my love)
To shelter one another.
Now there's a time to fight
And there's a time for healing
As the sun will melt the snow
On clear bright April mornings:
One fight has run its course
Now let us start to heal it
Let us both embrace Sweet
reconciliation.

Our fears will come again
To test the trust between us
As a frost can check the crop
In early months of summer:
I take your fear as mine
Will you take mine as yours?
Then at last our hearts
Can open to each other.

An Diran

An diran tan solde
 an diran tan solde
 The tide at thy head and feet
 The wind about thy shoulder

Though thee sun should know thy face
 though the wind bring back thy name
 They'll not bring thee back again
 That walk the sea in sorrow

Far from me is singing gone
 Far from me is laughter gone
 They will never bring thee home
 that walk the sea in sorrow

Now the deeps are home for thee
 now the seal thy keeper be
 Now the seabird hear thy cry
 The windy world over

Call the wild outstepping sea
 Call the wind to comfort thee
 May she bear thee peacefully
 The windy world over.....

On Children

(by Kalil Ghibran, music by Ysaye M Barnwell)

Your children are not your children.
 They are the sons and daughters
 Of life's longing for itself.
 They come through you,
 But they are not from you
 And though they are with you
 They belong not to you.

You can give them your love
 But not your thoughts –
 They have their own thoughts.
 They have their own thoughts.
 You can house their bodies but not their souls -
 For their souls dwell in a place of tomorrow
 Which you cannot visit,
 Not even in your dreams.

You can strive to be like them
 But you cannot make them just like you.
 (x4)

Dark the Night

Dark the night and long till day
Do not bid us further stray

Now the sun it does decline
Pour the beer and pour the wine
Let us lead your thoughts astray
From the world and from the day

Chorus

We bring songs of history
Love and war and mystery
We can lead you from despair
Or can chill the darkening air

Chorus

You can choose to pass us by
With a cruel or scornful eye
We will see the ending through
And then we'll turn and say to you

Dark Island

Away to the westward I'm longing to be
Where the beauties of heaven unfold by the sea
Where the sweet purple heather blooms fragrant and free
On a hilltop high above the Dark Island

Oh, isle of my childhood I'm dreaming of thee
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree
Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island

So gentle the breeze that ripples the bay
Where the stream joins the ocean and the young children play
On the strand of pure silver I'll welcome each day
And I'll roam forever more the Dark Island

The gem of the Hebrides bathed in the light
Of the midsummer dawning that follows the night
How I yearn for the cry of the seagulls in flight
As they circle above the Dark Island

The Parting Glass

Of all the money e'er I had
I've spent it in good company
And all the harm I've ever done
Alas, it was to none but me –
And all that I've done through want of wit
To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass –
Goodnight – and joy be to you all.

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town
Who surely has my heart beguiled –
Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips
I own she has my heart in thrall
So fill to me the parting glass –
Goodnight – and joy be to you all.

Of all the comrades that I've had
They are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that I've had
They wish me one more day to stay –
But since it falls into my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call –
Goodnight – and joy be to you all.

Killing Me Softly Fox/Gimbel

I heard he sang a good song
 I heard he had a style
 And so I came to see him, to listen for a
 while;
 And there he was, this young boy,
 A stranger to my eyes,

Strumming my pain with his fingers,
 Singing my life with his words –
 Killing me softly with his song (x2)
 Telling my whole life with his words
 Killing me softly with his song.

I felt all flushed with fever
 Embarrassed by the crowd
 I felt he found my letters
 And read each one out loud.
 I prayed that he would finish
 But he just kept right on – strumming

He sang as if he knew me
 In all my dark despair
 And then he looked right through me
 As if I wasn't there –
 But there he was, this stranger,
 Singing clear and strong – strumming

I Can't Help (Falling in Love With You)

Wise men say only fools rush in
 But I can't help falling in love with you.
 Shall I stay ? Would it be a sin
 If I can't help falling in love with you.
 Like a river flows
 Surely to the sea
 Darling, so it goes
 Some things are meant to be –
 Take my hand, take my whole life too
 For I can't help falling in love with you.

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes Kern/Harbach

They ask me how I knew
 My true love was true –
 I of course replied
 "Something deep inside
 Cannot be denied"

They said, some day you'll find,
 All who love are blind –
 When your heart's on fire
 You must realise
 Smoke gets in your eyes.

So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed
 To think they could doubt my love
 Yet today my love has flown away
 I am without my love –

Now laughing friends deride
 Tears I cannot hide –
 So I smile and say,
 "When a lovely flame dies,
 Smoke gets in your eyes".

Wichita Lineman J Webb

I am a lineman for the county
 And I drive the main road
 Searching for the sun for another overload.

I hear you singin' in the wires
 I can hear you through the whine
 And the Wichita Lineman is still on the line.

I know I need a small vacation
 But it doesn't look like rain.
 And if it snows that stretch down south
 won't ever stand the strain.

And I need you more than I want you And I
 want you for all time
 And the Wichita Lineman is still on the line.

Pokare Kare

Pokare -kare ana
 Nga waio Rotorua
 Whiti atu koe hine
 Marino ana e.

E hine e, e Hoki mai ra
 Kamata au i – te aroha e.

Tuhi atu taku reta
 Tuku atu taku ringi
 Kia kite to iwi
 Raru raru anae.

Whati whati taku pene
 Ka pau aku pepa
 Ki taku aroha
 Mau tonu ana-e.

Though troubles are the waters
 Of the Lake of Rotorua
 Yet at thy approach beloved
 How tranquil they become.

Away my love
 Come to me soon
 Or I will surely die
 For love of thee.

I have written you a letter
 And enclosed with it a ring
 If your people should see them
 Then the trouble would begin.

Sakura from Naoko

Sakura sakura
 Yayoi no sorawa
 Miwatasu kagiri

Kasumi ka kumoka
 Wioi zo izuru

Iza ya, iza ya
 Mi-ini-yuka-nn.

March, March
 In the sky only cherry blossom
 As far as you can see

Like mist or clouds
 Just the scent coming

Now – now –
 Shall we go and see?

I Want to Sing in Harmony

I want to sing in harmony.
 I want to tell the world to sing along with me.
 (x2)

iyo – yo –eh
 (iyo, iyo)

Come and sing in harmony
 Come and tell your friends to sing along
 with me.
 (x2)

(+ echoes, DIY harmony)

The Briar and the Rose (Tom Waits)

I fell asleep down by the stream
 And there I had the strangest dream
 And down by Brennan's Glenn there grows
 A briar and a rose

There's a tree in the forest
 But I don't know where
 I built a nest out of your hair
 And climbing up into the air
 A briar and a rose

I don't know how long it has been
 But I was born in Brennan's Glenn
 And near the end of spring there grows
 A briar and a rose

I picked the rose one early morn
 I pricked my finger on a thorn
 It had grown so high, it's winding wove
 The briar around the rose

I tried to tear them both apart
 I felt a bullet in my heart
 And all dressed up in springs and clothes
 The briar and the rose

And when I'm buried in my grave
 Tell me so I will know
 Your tears will fall to make love grow
 The briar and the rose

The Riddle Song (Old Appalachian song)

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone,
 I gave my love a chicken that has no bone,
 I gave my love a ring that has no end
 I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
 How can there be a chicken that has no
 bone?
 How can there be a a ring that has no end?
 How can there be a baby with no cryin'?

A cherry when it's bloomin', it has no stone.
 A chicken when it's pippin', it has no bone.
 A ring when it's rollin', it has no end.
 A baby when it's sleepin', there's no cryin'.

Red Red Wine

Red, red wine
 Goes to my head
 Makes me forget that I
 Still need you so

Red, red wine
 It's up to you
 All I can do, I've done
 But memories won't go
 No, memories won't go

I'd have sworn
 That with time
 Thoughts of you
 Would leave my head
 I was wrong
 And I find
 Just one thing makes me forget

Red, red wine
 Stay close to me
 Don't let me be alone
 It's tearin' apart
 My blue, blue heart

Joshua fought the battle of Jericho

*Joshua fought the battle of Jericho,
 Jericho, Jericho,
 Joshua fought the battle of Jericho,
 And the walls came tumblin' down.*

You may talk about the men of Gideon,
 You may talk about the men of Saul,
 There's none like good old Joshua
 At the battle of Jericho.

Up to the walls of Jericho,
 They marched with spears in hand.
 "Come blow them ram horns",
 Joshua cried,
 "Cause the battle is in our hands".

Then the lamb ram, sheep horns began to
 blow,
 Trumpets began to sound,
 Joshua commanded the people to shout,
 And the walls came tumblin' down

It's Good to See You (Allan Taylor)

It's good to see you, so good to see you
Oh how I've missed you since I've been gone
I've crossed the oceans, travelled through many lands
It's good to see you, to be in your home

There is something in me that needs to wander
There is many a land I have to see
When I'm far away in a land of strangers
I know my good friends think on me

When a man is down, down on his fortune
He stands alone, sometimes alone
He looks around him, looking for an open hand
Sometimes there's one, sometimes there's some.

It's a wonder when it comes to friendship
No matter how far away, no matter how long
It's a constant thread that's never broken
It ties me to my friends and home.

Come by the Hills

Oh, come by the hills tae the land where fancy is free.
Stand where the peat meets the sky and the lochs meet the sea.
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun.
And the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done.

Oh, come by the hills tae the land where life is a song.
Sing where the birds fill the air with their joy all day long.
Where the trees swing in time and even the wind is in tune.
And the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done.

Oh, come by the hills tae the land where legends remain.
Where stories of old fill the hearth and may yet come again.
Where our past it is lost, but our future is yet tae be won.
And the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done

The Slave's Lament (Attributed to Robert Burns, 1792)

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,
 For the lands of Virginia,-ginia, O:
 Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
 And alas! I am weary, weary O:

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
 Like the lands of Virginia,-ginia, O:
 There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
 And alas! I am weary, weary O:

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
 In the lands of Virginia,-ginia, O;
 And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
 And alas! I am weary, weary O:

The Rigs O' Barley (Robert Burns, 1783)

Melody "Corn Rigs are bonie" seq. by Randy Ralph

It was upon a Lammas night
 When corn rigs are bonnie, O!
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light
 I held awa' to Annie, O!
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed
 Till 'tween the late and early, O!
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me thro' the barley, O!

Chorus

*Corn rigs an' barley rigs
 An' corn rigs are bonnie-O
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie, O!*

The sky was blue, the wind was still
 The moon was shining clearly, O!
 I set her down wi' right good will
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O!
 I kent her heart was a' my ain
 I loved her most sincerely, O!
 I kissed her owre and owre again
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O!

Hymn to St Magnus (12th C)

Nobilis, humilis, magne martyr stabilis
 Habilis, utilis, comes venerabilis
 Et tutor laudabilis, tuos subitos
 Serva carnis fragilis mole positos.

Chorus

I locked her in my fond embrace
 Her heart was beating rarely, O!
 My blessings on that happy place
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O!
 But by the moon and stars so bright
 That shone that hour so clearly, O!
 She aye shall bless that happy night
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O!

Chorus

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear
 I hae been merry drinkin', O!
 I hae been joyful gath'rin' gear
 I hae been happy thinkin', O!
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly, O!
 That happy night was worth them a'
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O!

*Chorus***Gomo Ria Ria**

Gomo ria ria
 Nhai maiwe-e
 Gomo rakafira vaNehanda
 vaChitepo.

ZANU yo tonga, ZANU yo tonga
 Gomo RIA
 Gomo rakafira vaNehanda

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone
Say, could that lad be I
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rhum on the port
Eigg on the starboard bow
Glory of youth glowed in his soul
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone
Say, could that lad be I
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there
Give me the sun that shone
Give me the eyes, give me the soul
Give me the lad that's gone.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone
Say, could that lad be I
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas
Mountains of rain and sun
All that was good, all that was fair
All that was me is gone.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone
Say, could that lad be I
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

(Half of the tune is an old sea-shanty noted down in 1879 by Miss A. McLeod, who later became Lady Wilson. She herself added the other half of the tune. The usual words are those composed in 1884 by Sir Harold Boulton.)

Only You

Looking from a window above
It's like a story of love
Can you hear me
Came back only yesterday
We're moving farther away
Want you near me

All I needed was the love you gave
All I needed for another day
And all I ever knew - only you
Sometimes when I think of your name
And it's only a game
And I miss you
Listenin' to the words that you say
It's getting harder to stay
But I need you.
chorus

"Ba-da" break

chorus

This is gonna take a long time
And I wonder what's mine
I can't take no more
Wonderin' if you'll understand
It's just the touch of your hand
Behind closed doors
chorus

Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt –
Parsley, sage . . .
Without no seams nor needlework
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well
Where water ne'er sprang nor drop of rain fell

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born

Tell her to find me an acre of land –
Between the salt water and the sea strand
Then she'll be . . .

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather –
And to gather it all in a bunch of heather

Are you going to Scarborough Fair . . .

Ode to Contentment**Shaker Traditional**

Come, contentment, lovely guest
Reign unrival'd in my breast
Thou alone wilt do

*Thou alone canst fill the soul
Every passion canst control
When the stormy billows roll
Thou canst bear me through*

Yesterday

Yesterday – all my troubles seemed so far away
 Now it looks as though they're here to stay
 Oh I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly – I'm not half the man I used to be
 There's a shadow hanging over me
 Oh, yesterday came suddenly

Why she had to go I don't know
 She wouldn't say –
 I said something wrong,
 Now I long for yesterday –

Yesterday – love was such an easy game to play
 Now I need a place to hide away
 Oh I believe in yesterday.

Ooooh - yesterday.

The Elm Dance Anastasia Geng - music Latvian

Ko man dosi mamulite
 Par muzigu dzivo sanu X 2

Iz-plaukst zelta abelite
 Un ka ri- i- ta migla skan X 2

Ko tas dos tev mamulite
 Ka tavs delis neno mirst X 2

Goes with a dance, to remind us of those living in Chernobyl

Ten Thousand Charms Shape Note, Hal Kunkel 1996

Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace
 Streams of mercy, never-ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise –

I will rise – and go to Jesus! He'll embrace me in his arms
 In the arms of my dear Saviour Lo! There are ten thousand charms

Teach me some melodious sonnet
 Sung by flaming tongues above –
 Praise the mount – O fix me on it –
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
 That saved a wretch like me
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.

Twas grace that taught me heart to fear
 And grace that fear relived –
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
 I have already come –
 Tis grace that brought me safe thus far
 And grace will lead me home.

When we've been here 10,000 years
 Bright shining as the sun
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun

Rolling Home (John Tams)

Round goes the wheel of fortune
Don't be afraid to ride
There's a land of milk and honey
Waits on the other side
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty
You'll never need to roam
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

*Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling, when we go rolling home*

The gentry in their finery
Do prosper night and morn
While we unto the fields must go
To plough and sow their corn
The rich may steal the power
But the glory's ours alone
When we go rolling home (etc)

The frost is on the hedgerow
The icy winds do blow
And we poor weary labourers
Track through the ice and snow
Our dreams fly up to glory
Up where the larks do go
When we go rolling home (etc)

The summer of resentment
The winter of despair
The journey to contentment
Is set with trap and snare
Stand to and stand together
Your labour's yours alone
When we go rolling home (etc)

Then pass the bottle round
And let the toast run free
Here's a health to every labourer
Wherever he may be
Fair wages our endeavour
Let's reap what we have sown
When we go rolling home (etc)

The Beautiful Slow Opening of the Heart

This is the beautiful slow opening of the heart (x2)

We live in the heart of a rose
 It is dark in the heart of a rose
 As the rose opens, the darkness fades
 And our eyes begin to see
 The perfect colours
 Of the world around
 Of ourselves and of the sky
 And our radiance fills the world .

Maria na Marita

Maria na Marita
 Vakataura na Ishe
 Ndai magara pano
 Lazaro aifa.

Nyarara Mariawo (x3)
 Lazaro aifa

Mary and Martha were weeping
 "Jesus," they said as they cried.
 "If you had stayed here with us

Lazarus would never have died.

The Silver Rain from the Bruderhof via Peter Amidon

The silver rain, the shining sun,
 And fields where scarlet poppies run,
 And all the ri-i-ipples of the wheat
 Are in the bread that I do eat –

For when I sit at every meal
 And say a grace, I always feel
 That I am eating rain and sun,
 And fields where scarlet poppies run.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears to our believing eyes –
The earth and seas are passed away, and the – old rolling skies!
The New Jerusalem comes down, adorned with shining grace.

From the third heav'n where God resides – that holy, happy place –

Sittin Here In Limbo

Jimmy Cliff

Sittin here in Limbo
 But I know it won't be long
 Sittin here in Limbo
 Like a bird without a song
 Well they're puttin up resistance
 But I know that my faith will lead me on.

Sittin here in Limbo
 Waiting for the dice to roll
 Sittin here in Limbo
 Got some time to search my soul
 Well they're puttin up resistance
 But I know that my faith will lead me on.

I don't know where life will lead me
But I know where I've been
I can't say what life will show me
But I know what I've seen
Tried my hand at love and friendship
But now that is past and gone
This little boy/girl is moving on . . .

Sittin here in Limbo
 Waiting for the tide to flow
 Sittin here in Limbo
 Knowing tthat I have to go
 Well they're puttin up resistance
 But I know that my faith will lead me on.

Bridge - Verse 3 repeat

A La Nanita Traditional Latin American Spanish, arr Tony Baker & Yvonne Burgess

A la nanita nana, nanita ea, nanita ea
 Mi Jesus tiene sueno bendito se-a, bendito se-a (repeat)

Fuente cilla que corres clara y sonora
 Rui senor de la selva cantando llorras
 Callado mientras la cuna
 Se balancea
 A la nanita nana, nanita e-a.

Rock a bye baby, go to sleep now
 My little Jesus, go to sleep, god bless you
 Little sparkling fountain, clear and musical
 Nightingale of the woods, singing all night long.
 Hush while the cradle's rocking, swinging high in the wind
 Rock a bye baby, go to sleep now.

Bridge Over Troubled Water

Simon & Garfunkel

When you're weary, feeling small
 When tears are in your eyes, I'll dry them all
 I'm on your side, oh, when times get rough
 And friends just can't be found
 Like a bridge over troubled water,
 I will lay me down (repeat 2 lines)

When you're down and out, when you're on the street
 When evening falls so hard, I will comfort you
 I'll take your part when darkness comes
 And pain is all around
 Like a bridge over troubled water,
 I will lay me down . . .

Sail on, silver bird, sail on by
 Your time has come to shine
 All your dreams are on their way
 See how they shine, oh, if you need a friend
 I'm sailing right behind
 Like a bridge over troubled water
 I will ease your mind (repeat 2 lines)

Fiela

South African Traditional, from Matlakala Bopape

Fiela, fiela, fiela ngwanyana
 Fiela ngwanyana
 O se jele matlakaleng (repeat)

Mmatswale ke tshobolo
 Tshobolo ya mosadi
 Fiela . . .

Sweep, sweep, girl
 And don't dine in dirt -
 Your mother in law is a shrewd woman.

Holding the World

Yvonne Burgess

Holding the world in an open hand
 Like you – like you
 Waiting for us till we understand
 This is what you do –
 You don't try to rush us, or make us feel small
 At all, not at all
 No, you hold us all in your open hand
 So we don't fall.

Middles

Holding in a open hand just like you
 Waiting for us till we understand
 This is what you do, what you do
 You don't try to make us fell small
 At all, not at all
 No, you hold us all so that we don't fall.

Bass

Holding the world like you, like you
 Waiting for us – oh – this is what you do
 No rush – no feeling small at all, not at all

You hold us all so that we don't fall.

Bill Withers

Some time in our lives
We all have pain, we all have sorrow
But, if we are wise, we know there's
AI – ways tomorrow

Lean on me, when you're not strong
I'll be your friend, I'll help you carry on
For it won't be long
Till I'm gonna need somebody to lean on.

Please swallow your pride
If I have things you need to borrow
For no-one can fill those of your needs
That you won't let show

You just call on me brother, when you need a hand
We all need somebody to lean on
I might just have a problem that you'll understand
We all need somebody to lean on

If there is a load you have to bear
That you can't carry
I'm right up the road, I'll share your load
If you just call me

Lean on me . . . repeat verse 3.

Love, love is a choice
A promise made
Love, love is a quest
In hearts alive
Love, love is a song
Of faith and fear
And love will carry you home

Love, love is a flame
Intense and free
Love, love is a storm
In desert skies
Love, love is a flood
Of torrent tears
And love will carry you home

Love that loves for beauty's sake
Will soon as beauty die (repeat)

Love, love is a sea
Too long, too deep
Love, love is a dream
In heaven born
Love, love is a piece
Of kingdom come
And love will carry you home.

Ma Julieta Dama

Pase-el agua, ma Julieta, dama
 Pase-el agua, venite vous a moy (repeat)

Jumen a nay en un vergel (repeat)

Tres rosetas fui culler, ma Julioleta, dama
 Pase-el agua, venite vous a moy.

Malaika

Malaika, nakupenda malaika (X2)
 Na mi ni fan yeje
 Ki jana mwenzio
 Nashindwa na mali sinawe
 Ninge kuoala malaika

Kidege – hukuwaza kidege (X2)
 Na mi ni fan yeje
 Ki jana mwenzio
 Na shindwa na mali sinawe
 Ninge kuoala kidege

Pesa za sumboa roho yangu (X2)
 Ninge kuoala mauwe
 Ninge kuoala sasa
 Na shindwa na mali sinawe
 Ninge kuoala malaika.

Maro Marie

Bulgarian traditional from Dessi Stefanova

Maro marie Ma-ri-e
 Pile Marie, Marie – le – de.

1. Sluntse se slega da zaide
2. Tam deka sluntse ke zaide
3. Tamo e ravna ravnishka
4. Na ravnishkata zelen bor
5. Pod bora sedi terzie

Midwives

When my soul was still in heaven
I would hear the songs of love –
So much love was sung around me
I have never known anything but love.

Though I've suffered many sorrows
When my love was not returned
I have love that lasts forever
In the songs my heart has learned.

Middles

When I was in heaven
I heard songs of love
So much love was sung
I only know love

Though I've suffered sorrow
When my love was lost
I have love that lasts
Songs that my heart learned.

Bass

When I was there / I heard love songs
So much love sung / I only know love

Though I've suffered / Many sorrows
I have heart songs / In my heart learned

Misty Blue

The Proclaimers

When the inspiration is above my station
 Thoughts are melancholy, and I let them pass
 I tend to view this nation through the condensation
 On a dirty glass.

When the singer solemn was a bonnie laddie
 When she brushed his hair with a watered comb
 Then he could have dandered, and he could have shown ye
 Seven hills like Rome

If misty eyes can witness
 Love and affection, love and affection
 Why does the heart still resist?
 What the hell is wrong with you?
 I've got eyes of misty blue!
 All the things I want to do are all
 I ever wanted to

As the laddie grew, and he looked around him
 At the thugs and rapists in their stolen suits
 Louder beat the rhythm of his bloody heart
 Telling him to shoot

Thoughtless competition, like a home-made prison
 Made him fix his vision on a certain fate
 What's the use in winning all the world's creation
 If you won't create?

Nkosi Mdali Wethu

Nkosi, Mdali wethu
 Sixolele
 Si pathe nge sandwa sakho
 Thina bantwana bahko!

U si hlanganise nkose
 U si hlanganise bawo
 U si hlanganise thixo
 Thina bantwana bahko

Nonqause's Dream

South African traditional, from Matlakala Bopape

Bass

Langa lo shoni mini
Ntombi ka-mhlakazana
Nonqause si so kwenze njani na?
Bathi so buyi nkomo so bawo!

I so khali ndodi, kali ndodi
Ihkomo si phelile!
Be bambi samsi bo
Phupho ndini luka
Nonqause bo!

Tops

Be vume bonke benga kholwa bo
Ukuthi ba bulay'imfuyo bo
Imfuyo ba ixabisile bo
Na ba phanzi se ba hlonele bo!

(Sonke) I so sheswa bo
Inkomo za madoda bo
Be sale be bambe
Be sanzi bo
Phupho ndini luka Nonqause bo.

Paese Mio Jose Feliciano
via Moira Kielner

Paese mio, che stai sulla collina
Disteso come un vecchio addormentato
La noia, l'abbandono niente
Son la tua malattia
Paese mio, ti lascio e vado via

Che sara, che sara, che sara
Che sara della mia vita chi lo sa
So far tutto o forse niente
Do domani sivedra
E sara sara quel che sara

Amore mio ti bacio sulla bocca
Che fu la fonte del mio primo amore
Ti do l'appuntamento
Come e quando non lo so
Ma so soltanto che ritornero

Che sara . . . chi lo sa
Con me porto la chitarra
E se la notte piangero
Una nenia di paese suonero

Gli amici miei son quasi tutti via
E gli altri partiranno dopo me
Peccato perche stavo bene in loro
compagnia
Ma tutto passa tutto se ne va

Che sara . . . (as 1st time)

Translation Moira

My village which stands upon the hill
Stretched out like an old man sleeping
Boredom, abandonment, nothing
Are your disease
My village, I'm leaving you and going away

What will be, what will be, what will be?
What will become of my life, who knows?
I can do anything, or maybe nothing,
From tomorrow, we shall see
And what will be, will what will be.

My love, I kiss you on the mouth
Which was the fount of my first love
I'll make a date (with you)
How and when I do not know
I only know that I shall return.

What will be . . .
With me I'll take my guitar
And if at night I cry
I shall play a village tune

My friends are almost all gone
And the others will leave after me
Such a shame, for I enjoyed their company
But everything changes, everything
disappears.

The Past is History

Yvonne Burgess

The past is history
 Tomorrow is a mystery
 But the present, the present is a gift
 Oh yes –

In the traffic, with your sore heart
 By a river, wherever you are

Stop trawling the past, stop fishing the future

Be here now, cos you know it's the only place to be

Sunshine on Leith

The Proclaimers

Ma heart was broken, ma heart was broken
 Sorrow – sorrow – sorrow – sorrow
 Ma heart was broken, ma heart was broken –
 You saw it – you claimed it – you touched it – you saved it –

Ma tears are dryin – ma tears are dryin
 Thank you – thank you – thank you – thank you
 Ma tears are dryin – ma tears are dryin
 Your beauty – and kindness – your tears cleared ma blindness

While I'm worth my room on this earth
 A will be with you
 While the Chief puts sunshine on Leith
 A'll thank him – for his work – and your birth – and ma birth
 Yeah yeah yeah yeah

SomoSomo

Ay – ap daye I hear a wonderful song on the air
 I hear a rockin and a rollin, this is Africa calling us all -

Ay – ap daye, I hear a million songs on the air
 I hear a rhythm rearranging, this is Africa changing us all.

Loch Tay Boat Song

When I've done my work of day, and I row my boat away
Doon the waters o' Loch Tay, as the evening light is fading
And I look upon Ben Lawers, where the after-glory glows
And I think on two bright eyes, and the melting mouth below -

She's beauteous *nighean ruadh*, she's my joy and sorrow too,
And although she is untrue, well I cannot live without her,
For my hearts's a boat in tow, and I'd give the world to know
Why she means to let me go, as I sing ho-ree, ho-ro.

Nighean ruadh, your lovely hair has more glamour, I declare
Than all the tresses rare tween Killin and Aberfeldy –
Be they lint-white, brown or gold, be they blacker than the sloe,
They are worth no more to me than the melting flakes of snow.

Her eyes are like the gleam o' the sunlight on the stream,
And the song the fairies sing seems like songs she sings at milking –
But my heart is full of woe, for last night she bade me go
And the tears begin to flow as I sing ho-ree, ho-ro.

Every Time We Say Goodbye

Cole Porter

Every time we say goodbye, I die a little
 Every time we say goodbye, I wonder why a little
 Why the Gods above me, who must be in the know
 Think so little of me, they allow you to go –

When you're near, there's such an air of spring about it
 I can hear a lark somewhere, begin to sing about it
 There's no love song finer
 But how strange the change from major to minor

Maiti Kune

Maiti kune sadza here? i bhora chete (x2)
 A-oo maziromo papata i - i bhora chete! (x2)

You said there would be sadza, eh? There's only football
 A-oo. The big dry mouth – huh! it's only football

Lonesome Blues

Samantha Parton - The Be Good Tanyas

Some blues are just blues, mine are the lonesome blues (X 2)
 All the birds flew south for the winter
 Left me these lonesome blues.

My baby left me, hitched a train down south (X 2)
 I still taste his kisses
 Like candy in my mouth.

I wish I had wings, just like an aeroplane (X 2)
 Fly down, find my baby
 Never be lonesome again.

Some blues are just blues, mine are the lonesome blues (X 2)
 All the birds flew south for the winter
 Left me these lonesome blues.

All the birds flew south for the winter
 Left me these lonesome blues.

If you travel far or tarry long, away from love and refuge
 If you've lost your way from right to wrong – still my heart is true
 If the seven seas rise up between and you sail to distant wonders
 I will wait upon some foreign shore and live on dreams of love.

Of all the things I never said, and all the hope inside me
 I am still the keeper of the flame that will not be denied –
 There is beauty in the silent bird, there is light where none can see it,
 There is truth where no-one says a word, there is love for you and me.

And the secret life of roses that bloomed out of the sun
 Is like the love that I keep for you – it never will be done
 And the stars we wish on up in the sky – they fade into the night
 But my love will grow where no-one knows
 Like a rose's secret life.

And the stars . . . rose's secret life (repeat)

Vaifamba

Traditional Zimbabwean

Tops: Vakuru vedu, kana vai upenyu
 Vaka-ti-gamuchira
 Pane basa guru

Vaifamba (X2) Vaifamba kare ne tsoka

(Repeat)

[Fey-o](#) (Feuilles – O)

Haitian Creole healing song

Fey – o, sove la vi moi
 Nan misay mwa ye – o (X 2)

Pitit moi malad
 Mwa kouri kay gangan
 Silo – o –o
 Pitit moi malad
 Mwa kouri kay gangan
 Si lu bon gangan
 Sove la vi moi
 Na misay mwa ye – o

(repeat last line at end)

My Favourite Things

Words: Marlene Stuart

In Voice House and Pop Choir, whatever the weather,
Singing and laughing we join in together,
Basses and tenors and altos and tops,
We are all willing to give it a shot –

Bending and stretching, we swing up and down,
Hoping to make it our very best sound,
Led by Yvonne we all sing-along,
Everyone has their own favourite song.

Some are happy, some are sad,
Some leave us feeling glad,
When we get together and sing “Garai Pano”,
We simply don’t feel so bad . . .

Da Doo Ron Ron for Voice House

Words: Yvonne Burgess

They meet up on a Wednesday, and *they sing all right*
Da doo ron ron ron, da doo ron ron
Somebody told me *it was Voice House night*
Da doo ron ron, da do ron ron.

Uh – huh – huh, yeah, *they sing all right*
Uh – huh – huh, yeah, *it’s Voice House night*
Uh – huh – huh – *and when they start to groove –*
Da doo ron ron, da do ron ron.

They knew what they were doin when *they hit those songs*
Before I knew it *I was singing along . . .*

They start to sing at 7 and *they sound so fine*
Then they go to Peckham’s and *they drink some wine . . .*

Now I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?
It goes like this – the fourth, the fifth,
The minor fall, the major lift,
The baffled king composing Hallelujah –

Hallelujah X 4

You say I took the name in vain
That I don't even know the name
But if I did, well really, what's it to you?
There's a blaze of light in every word –
It doesn't matter which you heard,
The holy or the broken Hallelujah –

Hallelujah.

Well baby, I've been here before,
I've seen this room and I've walked this floor
I used to live alone before I knew you.
I've seen your flag on the marble arch
But love is not a victory march –
It's cold and it's a broken Hallelujah –

Hallelujah.

Well maybe there's a God above
But all I've ever learned from love
Was how to shoot somebody who outdrew you –
It's not a cry that you hear at night,
It's not somebody who's seen the light,
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah –

Hallelujah.

I did my best, it wasn't much –
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch,
I've told the truth I didn't come to fool you –
And even though it all went wrong
I'll stand before the Lord of Song
With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah –

Hallelujah (X 17)

The Cool of the Day**Jean Ritchie**

My Lord, He said unto me – Do you like my garden so fair?
 You may live in this garden if you keep the grasses green
 And I'll return in the cool of the day

*Now is the cool of the day
 Now is the cool of the day
 This earth is a garden, the garden of our Lord
 And He walks – in the garden – in the cool of the day.*

My Lord, He said unto me – Do you like my garden so pure?
 You may live in this garden if you keep the waters clean

My Lord, He said unto me – Do you like my pastures of green?
 You may live in this garden if you will feed my lambs

My Lord, He said unto me – Do you like my garden so free?
You may live in this garden if you keep the people free

South African Lullaby

And now it's time to go to bed
 (Time to go to bed)
 Lay down your sleepy little head
 (Lay down your head)
 Upon the pillow soft and (warm)
 Lay down, down upon the pillow warm (X 2)

Lay your sleepy head upon my arm
 Let your dreamy thoughts go drifting down

O – li li li – o, O – li lu lu (X 2)

Lay your sleepy head . . .

So Le Muntagne

Corsican, Jean-Etienne

So le muntagne d'Orezza
Chi m'ha nu resu
Felice.

U cantu di lu colombu
Cun quellu (di)a
Bernice.

Chi a teniamu caru
Tuttu lu mondu
La dice

Summertime

George Gershwin

Summertime – and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin', and the cotton is high –
Oh your Daddy's rich, and your Mama's good-lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornins
You're gonna rise up singin'
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take to the sky
But till that mornin'
There ain't nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mamma standin' by.

Swallow Song

Come wander quietly and listen to the wind
 Come here and listen to the sky
 Come walking high above the rolling of the sea
 And watch the swallows as they fly.

There is no sorrow like the murmur of their wings
 There is no choir like their song
 There is no power like the freedom of their flight
 While the swallows roam alone.

Do you hear the calling of a hundred thousand voice?
 Do you hear the echo in a stone?
 Do you hear the angry bells a-ringing in the night?
 Do you hear the swallows, when they've flown?

And will the breezes blow the petals from your hand?
 And will some loving ease your pain?
 And will the silence strike confusion from your mind?
 And will the swallows come again?

Thula Thula

**Traditional Zulu lullaby,
 from Ntomb'khona Diamini & Jane Schonveld**

Thula thu, thula mama, thula thula X 2

*Thula, thula mama, thula, thula mama
 Thula, thula iti – thu X 2*

Kukhwi inkanyezi emhole le-khaya
 Eghi buya-bo ubuye le-khaya X 2

Sobe sikhona nxa-bonke beshoyo
 Bethi buya-bo ubuye le-khaya

Thula, thula, thula sa-na
 Thula, thula, thula ma – ma
 Thula, thula, thula sana
 Thula, thula, thula-bo

Echo: Thula ma – a
 Xo-la- sa – na
 Thula ma – a

Thula

Introduction – 4 bars

*When you go, will you send back a letter from America?
Take a look up the railtrack from Miami to Canada.*

Well I broke off from work – the other day
I spend the evening thinking about
All the blood that flowed away
Across the ocean – to the second chance –
I wonder how it got on
When it reached the Promised Land? (slow 4)

When you go . . .

I've looked at the ocean, tried hard to imagine
The way you felt, the day you sailed
From Wester Ross to Nova Scotia
We should have held you, we should have told you
But you know our sense of timing –
We always wait too long (3 beats)

When you go . . . 4 bars instrumental

Lochaber no more – Sutherland no more
Lewis no more – Skye no more (X 3)

I wonder my blood – will you ever return
To help us kick the life back to a dying mutual friend
' Do we not love her? I think we all tell you about her . . .
(at once) Do we have to roam the world
To prove how much it hurts.

When you go . . .

Bathgate no more – Linwood no more
Methil no more – Irvine no more (X 4)

Gatoets fatoe loe dutse moy
 Ker meri della moy ku – tsa moy
Oi nam shi da – re- er mi – ra – soe

Gatoets fatoe poerile moy
 Kum koe tana armile moy
Oi nam shi da-re-er mi – ra – soe.

Gatoets fatoe hainele moy
 Ker meri kum koeta mi – re moy
Oi nam . . .

Pests munts la alte kurts moy
 La poerints nekunoskuts moy
Oi nam . . .

Yesh moykutsoe poen afaroe
 Shi pune tortoe la soare
Oi nam . . .

Shi pune tortoe la soare
 Su nai stau ku dumnetale
Oi nam . . .

I only want to be with you

Hawker/Raymond

*I don't know what it is that makes me love you so
I only know I never want to let you go
Cos you've started something, oh can't you see
That ever since we met you've had a hold on me
It happens to be true - I only want to be with you.*

*It doesn't matter where you go or what you do
I want to spend each moment of the day with you
Oh look what has happened with just one kiss
I never knew that I could be in love like this
Its crazy but its true - I only want to be with you.*

*You stopped and smiled at me, asked if I'd care to dance
I fell into your open arms and I didn't stand a chance
Now listen honey
I just want to be beside you every where
As long as we're together honey I don't care
Cos you've started something, oh can't you see
That ever since we met you've had a hold on me
No matter what you do - I only want to be with you.*

Rosa's Lovely Daughters

Robb Johnson (Starts B)

Who's that walking miles for water?
Who's that working all day long?
In the hot south, in the cold north,
Who are they so proud and strong?

From the workbench in the back room
To the cradle beside the bed
From the strikers to the peace-campers
Who are they seeing red?

The fathers handshake their bargains
And their good wives stand around and they
weep
but their hearts sing when they're dancing
We are no mans to give or to keep

We are singing, we are dancing
We are marching through the town
For we are wildfire in the city
And we'll bring the system down!

(Chorus)

*We are Rosa's lovely daughters
We are no man's blushing bride
We are Rosa's lovely daughters
And we will not be denied*

I'm Gonna Be (500 miles)

The Proclaimers

When I wake up, well I know i'm gonna be,
 I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you
 When I go out, yeah I know I'm gonna be
 I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you
 If I get drunk, well I know I'm gonna be
 I'm gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you
 And if I haver up, Yeah I know I'm gonna be
 I'm gonna be the man who's havering to you

*But I would walk 500 miles
 And I would walk 500 more
 Just to be the man who walks a thousand miles
 To fall down at your door*

When I'm working, yes I know I'm gonna be
 I'm gonna be the man who's working hard for you
 And when the money, comes in for the work I do
 I'll pass almost every penny on to you
 When I come home (When I come home), well I know I'm gonna be
 I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you
 And if I grow-old, (When I grow-old) well I know I'm gonna be
 I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you

Chorus

*da da da (da da da)
 da da da (da da da)
 Da Da Da Dun Diddle Un Diddle Un Diddle Uh Da - (x2)*

When I'm lonely, well I know I'm gonna be
 I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you
 And when I'm dreaming, well I know I'm gonna dream
 I'm gonna dream about the time when I'm with you
 When I go out (When I go out), well I know I'm gonna be
 I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you
 And when I come home (When I come home), yes I know I'm gonna be
 I'm gonna be the man who comes back home with you
 I'm gonna be the man who's coming home with you

Chorus

*da da da (da da da)
 da da da (da da da)
 Da Da Da Dun Diddle Un Diddle Un Diddle Uh Da - (x4)*

Chorus

The 7th Generation

Seven generations hence
 Is where to look to
 Seven ...
 We need to bear in mind in all we do - (x4)

Will the earth flourish?
 And all her creatures
 nourish?
 Will the people thrive - (x3)

That I should know your face

The Atkinsons, from North Carolina

That I should know your face, my love
 Like sorrow knows the morning dove,
 That I should hold you to my breast –
 Come back to me is my request.

I'll put my fair hand to this soil,
 My back bent low to sun and toil –
 I'll put my plough to fields of stone
 And count the stars till you come home.

I've travelled long from yonder shore,
 My lips to touch true love once more.
 I've come to you a long hard road,
 And I'll not ever let you go.

My own true love, remember me
 When once again my eyes you see –
 My heart lies in a darkened place
 That you should know my weary face

verse 1 repeat

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

The joys of love are but a moment long
The pain of love endures a whole life long

J'ai tout quitte pour l'ingrate Sylvi-i-e
Elle me quitte et prend un autre amant

Your eyes kissed mine, I saw the love in them shine
You brought me heaven right then when your eyes kissed mine

My love loves me – and all the wonders I see
A rainbow shines in my window, my love loves me

J'ai tout quitte . . .

And now he's gone, like a dream that fades into dawn
But the words stay locked in my heartstrings,
"My love loves me".

Plaisir d'amour . . .

Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie
Je t'aimerai, me repetait Sylvie
L'eau coule encore : elle a change pourtant

Sae Will We Yet

(Walter Watson/Tony Cuffe (ca. 1854))

Sit doon here my cronies, and gie us your crack
 Let the wind tak' the care o' this life on its back
 For oor hearts to despondency we never will submit
 For we've aye ways been provided for and, sae will we yet
 And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet
 For we've aye ways been provided for and, sae will we yet

So fill us a tankard o' nappy brown ale
 It'll comfort our hearts and enliven the tale
 For we'll aye be the merrier the langer that we sit
 For we drank thegither mony's the time and, sae will we yet
 And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet
 For we drank thegither mony's the time and, sae will we yet

Here's a health tae the farmer, and prosper his plough
 Rewarding his ardent toil all the year through
 For it's seed-time and harvest we ever will get
 For we've lippen'd aye tae Providence and, sae will we yet
 And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet
 For we've lippen'd aye tae Providence and, sae will we yet

So fill up your glass, let the bottle gae roun'
 For the sun it will rise, tho' the moon hae gaen doon
 And tho' the room be rinnin roun' about it's time enough tae flit
 When we fell we aye got up again and, sae will we yet
 And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet
 When we fell we aye got up again and, sae will we yet

Wimmin O' Dundee

Sheena Wellington (Starts E)

The men they were na lazy
But the work was hard tae find
The parish and the means test they'd tae face
But a lassie's hands are nimble and a lassie's wages sma'
So the wimmin kept the bairns o' Dundee fed

(Chorus)

*The wailin' o' the bummer and the clackin' o' the looms
Brought the wimmin o' Dundee oot o' their beds
And they walked tae mills and factories
And the wrought frae seven tae five
And the wimmin kept the bairns o' Dundee fed*

Noo ma mither an' ma granny an' ma aunties yin an' a'
Went tae the looms the day they left the school (skale)
They didnae work for freedom, independence or the rest
They jist worked tae get some kitchen for their kale

The rhythm o' their livin' was the clackin' o' the looms
Their youth and health and strength was lost tae jate
But the weavers and the spinners and the winders o' Dundee
Had the spirit that the hard times didnae bate

You may boast o' noble lineage and sing o' yer Heilan' clan
And halesome gallant chiefs wha share your name
But ma line's as guid as ony and I'm very proud tae say
It was frae a Dundee weaver that I came

Bilvavi - Arisaig. Words by Yvonne Burgess

The sound of the water is soothing
 The memories in my mind -
 Like ripples of light they are moving
 And changing with weather and time.

The water will wash away all that is false
 And bring out the colours of true
 The water will leave behind all that is past
 And bring us the tide of the new.

Teach Your Children. (Crosby, Stills & Nash)

You - who are on the road
 Must have a code - that you can live by -
 And so - become yourself,
 Because the past - is just a goodbye -

Teach - your children well -
 Their father's hell - did slowly go by -
 And feed - them on your dreams -
 The one they pick's - the one you'll know by -

**Don't you ever ask them why,
 If they told you, you will cry,
 So just look at them and sigh
 And know they love you.**

And you - of tender years
 Can't know the fears - that your elders grew by -
 And so - please help them with your youth -
 They seek the truth - before they can die.

(with above, counter melody)
*Can you hear and do you care, and
 Can't you see we must be free to
 Teach your children what you believe in -
 Make a world we all can live in -)*

Teach - your parents well
 Their children's hell - did slowly go by
 And feed - them on your dreams
 The one they pick's - the one you'll know by

Don't you ever ask them why -

Five Swans. (Traditional German, recorded by Hannes Wader)

Es zogen einst funf wilde Schwane
 Schwane leuchtend, weiss und schon (X 2)
Sing, sing was geschah -
Keiner ward mehr gesehn, ja (X 2)

Es zogen einst funf junge Burschen
 Stolz und kuhn zum Kampf hinaus (X 2)
Sing, sing was geschah -
Keiner kam mehr nach Haus, ja (X 2)

Es wuchsen einst funf junge Birken
 Schlank und grun am Bachesrand (X 2)
Sing, sing was geschah -
Keine in Blüten stand, ja (X 2)

Es wuchsen einst funf junge Madchen
 Schlank und schon am Ebelstrand (X 2)
Sing, sing was geschah -
Keine den Brautkranz wand, ja (X 4)

Five Swans

Once I saw five swans a-gliding
 Shining, snow-white swans so fair (X 2)

Sing, sing what happened then -
None of those swans was seen again
Sing, sing what happened then -
Not one was seen again.

Once I saw five young lads marching
 Proud and brave they marched to war (X 2)

Sing, sing what happened then -
None of those lads came home again -
Sing, sing . . . came home.

Once there grew five slender birches
 Green and graceful by the stream (X 2)

Sing, sing what was so -
None of them was in bloom, no -
sing, sing . . . was in bloom.

Once there grew five bonnie lassies
 Fair and graceful by the stream (X 2)

Sing, sing what they say -
None of them had a wedding day -
Sing, sing . . .

None of them ever wed.

I'm On My Way. The Proclaimers

I'm on my way - from misery to happiness today

Ah-ha (**echo**) Ah-ha (**echo**)

(repeat)

I'm on my way - to what I want from this world

And years from now - you'll make it to the next world

And everything - that you receive up yonder

Is what you gave - to me the day I wandered -

I took a right, I took a right turning yesterday

Ah-ha . . .

I took a right, I took a right turning yesterday

Yeh - yeh - yeh

I took the road - that brought me to your home town

I took the bus - to streets that I could walk down

I walked the streets - to find the one I'd looked for

I climbed the stair - that led me to your front door

And now that I don't want for anything

Oo - oo

I'd have Al Jolson sing, "I'm sitting on top of the world".

I'll do my best, I'll do my best to do the best I can

Ah - ha (**echo**) - **repeat**

To keep my feet - from jumping from the ground, dear

To keep my heart - from jumping through my mouth, dear

To keep the past, the past and not the present

To try and learn - when you teach me a lesson

And now that I don't want for anything

Oo - oo

I'd have Al Jolson sing, "I'm sitting on top of the world"

Back to verse 1 again

I'm on my way - to what I want from this world

And years from now - you'll make it to the next world

And everything - that you receive up yonder

Is what you gave - to me the day I wandered

I'm on my way - repeat

Moscow Nights

Nothing can be heard in the gardens deep
 Everywhere is hushed till the dawn -
If you only knew - how much I long for you -
And the peace of our Moscow nights (X 2)

Waters of the fountains and waters still -
 Silver like the moon flows the stream -
Someone's song is heard - or there is not a word -
In this emptiness all is one. (X 2)

Tell me, oh my love, why you look away -
 Why are you so shy of my gaze?
Though I long to share - my love, I hardly dare
Let you know what is in my heart. (X 2)

Now it won't be long till the day dawns red
 Now my love, oh answer my prayer
And remember when - we dreamed together then,
In the silence of Moscow nights. (X 2)

May You Never (John Martyn)

May you never lay your head down without a hand to hold,
 May you never make your bed out in the cold -

May you never lose your temper if you get in a bar-room fight -
 May you never lose your woman overnight.

You're just like a great strong brother of mine
 And you know that I love you true -
 You never talk dirty behind my back
 And I know that there's those that do -
 Oh please, won't you please, won't you bear it in mind
 Love is a lesson to learn in our time -
 Please won't you, please won't bear it in mind for me.

May you never . . . overnight.

You're just like a good close sister to me
 And you know that I love you true
 You hold no blade to stab me in the back
 And I know that there's some that do.

Oh please . . .

Vakomana Ve Hondo (Zimbabwe Liberation Song)

A

Now we see them coming home - *vakomana ve hondo* -
Never saying what they've seen -
Never saying what they've done.

B

Welcome, my son - come in - sit down
You're tired - we too -
We've been longing so - to see you.

C

You've picked up the gun to save our land
You fought for the freedom we had lost
And now we have won the bitter war -
One step on the way to what is just -

B 1

Welcome, my son - we've been longing so - to see you
Come in, sit down - there's a lot to say, and hear too.

D

Every time I hear the call - telling us we have to fight for peace -
Then my heart begins to fall - here we go again/ will it never cease?
We fly them off to battle and we fly them home again -
Never learning from the past (that) all that war can do is make more pain.

B

Welcome, my son - come in - sit down
You're tired - we too -
We've been longing so - to see you.

Try to see it my way –
 Do I have to keep on talking till I can't go on?
 While you see it your way,
 Run the risk of knowing that our love may soon be gone –
We can work it out, we can work it out –

Think of what you're saying –
 You can get it wrong and still you think that it's all right –
 Think of what I'm saying –
 We can work it out and get it straight, or say goodnight –

*Life is very short, and there's no time
 For fussing and fighting, my friend –
 I have always thought that it's a crime,
 So I will ask you once again –*

Try to see it my way –
 Only time will tell if I am right or I am wrong –
 While you see it your way –
 There's a chance that we may fall apart before too long
 We can work it out *bridge*

The Secret Place**Dennis Lee**

There's a place I go inside myself
 Where nobody else can be,
 And none of my friends can tell it's there –
 Nobody knows but me.

It's hard to explain the way it feels,
 Or even where I go.
 It isn't a place in time or space,
 But once I'm there, I know.

(hmmm X 4)

It's tiny, it's shiny, it can't be seen,
 But it's big as the sky at night –
 I try to explain and it hurts my brain,
 But once I'm there, it's right.

There's a place I know inside myself,
 And it's neither big nor small,
 And whenever I go, it feels as though
 I never left at all.

(hmmm X4)

The Good old Way

Lift up your hearts, Emmanuel's friends
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends
Let nothing cause you to delay
But hasten in the good old way.

*For I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul
I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul
And I know I have, and I feel I have
A sweet hope of glory in my soul.*

Our conflicts here, though great they be
Shall not prevent our victory
If we but strive and watch and pray
Like soldiers in the good old way.

Though Satan may his powers employ
Our happiness for to destroy
Ye never fear, we'll gain the day
By marching in the good old way

Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend
Remember glory is at the end
Our God will wipe our tears away
When we have run the good old way.

And far beyond this mortal shore
We'll meet with those who have gone before
And shout to think we have gained the day
By marching in the good old way.

Dear Someone Gillean Welch

I wanna go all over the world
 And start livin free –
 I know that there's somebody who
 Is waiting for me
 I'll build a boat steady and true
 As soon as it's done
 I'm gonna sail along in a dream
 Of my dear someone.

One little star smiling tonight
 Knows where you are –
 Stay, little star, steady and bright
 To guide me afar
 Rush, little wind, over the deep
 For now I've begun
 Hurry and take me straight into the arms (down)
 Of my dear someone
 Hurry and take me into the arms
 Of my dear someone.

Only Remembered Coopes, Boyd and Simpson

Fading away like the stars in the morning
 Losing their light in the glorious sun
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling
Only remembered for what we have done

Only remembered, only remembered . . .

Only the truth that in life we have spoken
 Only the seeds that in life we have sown
These shall pass onwards when we are forgotten
Only remembered for what we have done (Chorus)

Who'll sing the anthem, and who'll tell the story?
 Will the line hold, will it scatter and run?
Shall we at last be united in glory
Only remembered for what we have done. (Chorus)

Repeat last line at end.

Make My Heart Fly The Proclaimers

Please don't go rushing by
 Stay and make my heart fly *(repeat)*

Cos I never seem to notice time
 When you're with me
 You can tell it to the birds
 I'll tell the bees –
 Please don't go . . . heart fly

I can't do any more
 To get inside your door *(repeat)*

Missalou traditional Greek, words by Yvonne Burgess

Come – and be my dancing dear
 Let me hold your hand in mine
*I long to hold you in my loving arms again
 For I have thought of you so long. (X 2)*

Come – and be my true love, dear
 Let me hold your hand in mine
*We'll dance and sway together as the music plays
 And I will hold your hand in mine. (X 2)*

Mornings, when the world is new
 And you have laid your hand in mine
*I'll sing a song of love to greet the rising sun
 And I will hold your hand in mine. (X 2)*

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Goodnight to You (Soraidh Leibh)
trad. Gaelic, translation by YB

Sori levy es uich e vale
Uiche vale fyana chtley
Guyam slaje na fi mane
Uiche vale fyana chtley

Ne'er a pipe and ne'er a fiddle
Wakes my heart to joy like this –
Human voices soothe my spirit
Singing touches like a kiss.

Sweet goodnight and blessings on you
May your dreaming happy be
May your heart be strong and willing
May your dreaming happy be.

Don't be daunted by betrayal
Life is full of goodness too
If we hold to truth and kindness
Light and comfort will come through.

Sori leyv

Agolo Angelique Kidjo

Ki machi fol ya leni
Ita funko fo – aye
E – e mache fako ipe
Ite puele mat kumwa

Ita a ye ile (aye!)
Kita tum sum waye (X 2)

Black is Black Los Bravos**Intro (X4)**

Black is black – I want my baby back
 It's grey, it's grey –
 Ever since she went away oh – oh
What can I do?
Cos I – I – I – I – I am feeling blue.

If I had my way – she'd be back today
 But she don't intend – to see me again oh - oh
What can I do ? . . .

Bridge:

I can't choose – there's too much to lose
 My love's still strong – (scream)
 Maybe if she would come back to me –
 I can't go on

Bad is bad – and I feel so sad
 It's time, it's time – that I found peace of mind, oh - oh
What can I do? . . .

I can't choose . . .

Black is black . . .

California Dreaming Mamas & Papas

Now the leaves are brown
 And the sky is grey
 I went for a walk
 On a winter's day
 I'd be safe and warm
 If I was in LA
California dreaming
On such a winter's day.

Stepped into a church
 I passed along the way
 I got down on my knees
 And I began to pray
 You know the preacher likes the cold
 He knows I'm gonna stay
California dreaming
On such a winter's day.

A Bunch of Thyme traditional

Come all you maidens young and fair
All you that are blooming in your prime –
Always beware, and keep your garden fair –
Let no man steal away your thyme.

*For time, it is a precious thing
And time brings all things to my mind –
Time with all its labours
Along with all its joys –
Oh thyme brings all things to my mind.*

Once she had a bunch of thyme
She thought it never would decay –
Then came a lusty sailor
Who chanced to pass her way
He stole her bunch of thyme away.
Chorus

The sailor gave to her a rose,
A rose that never would decay –
He gave it to her to keep her well minded
Of the night he stole her thyme away.

Chorus – verse 1 – *Chorus* with last line:

Time brings all things to an end.

Concrete and Clay Unit Four Plus Two

You to me
 Are sweet as roses in the morning
 And you to me
 Are soft as summer rain at dawn,
 In love we share –
 That something rare –

*The sidewalks in the street –
 The concrete and the clay beneath my feet
 Begin to crumble
 But love will never die
 Because we'll see the mountains tumble
 Before we say goodbye
 My love and I will be
 In love eternally –
 That's the way – mmm –
 That's the way it's meant to be.*

All around
 I see the purple shades of evening
 And on the ground
 The shadows fall and once again
 You're in my arms
So tenderly – chorus

From Me to You Lennon/McCartney

If there's anything that you want,
 If there's anything I can do
 Just call on me and I'll send it along
With love from me to you.

I've got everything that you want
 Like a heart that's oh so true
 Just call on me and I'll send it along
With love from me to you.

I've got arms that long to hold you
 And keep you by my side
 I've got lips that long to kiss you
 And keep you satisfied –

Repeat verse 1

I Can See Clearly Now Johnny Nash

I can see clearly now the rain is gone
 I can see all obstacles in my way
 Gone are the dark clouds that had me blind
 It's gonna be a bright, bright sunshiny day (X 2)

I think I can make it now the pain is gone
 All of the bad feelings have disappeared
 Here is the rainbow I've been prayin for
 It's gonna be a bright, bright sunshiny day (X 2)

Look all around, there's nothing but blue skies
 Look straight ahead, nothing but blue skies - - -

Had I A Golden Thread Pete Seeger, arr. Pater Amidon

Had I a golden thread, and needle so fine
 I'd weave a magic strand of rainbow design
Of rainbow design.

I'd weave the bravery of women giving birth
 I'd weave the innocence of children of this earth
Children of this earth.

Far o'er the waters I'd stretch my rainbow band
 To every human being, so they would understand,
So they would understand.

Tell my brothers and sisters of my rainbow design,
 Bind up this sorry world with heart and hand and mind,
Heart and hand and mind.

Far o'er the waters I'd stretch my rainbow band
 To every city, and through every land
Through every land.

Harriet Tubman

One night I dreamed I was in slavery
 'Bout 1850 was the time
 Sorrow was the only sign
 Nothing about to ease my mind

Out of the night appeared a lady
 Leading a distant pilgrim band
 'First mate!' she cried, pointing her hand
 'Make room aboard for this young woman'.
Come on up, uhuhuh – I got a life line
Come on up to this train of mine (X 2)
She said her name was Harriet Tubman
And she drove for the Underground Railroad.

Hundreds of miles we travelled onward
 Gathering slaves from town to town
 Seeking every lost and found
 Setting those free that once were bound

Somehow my heart was growing weaker
 I fell by the wayside sinking sand
 Firmly did this lady stand
 She lifted me up and took my hand
chorus

**Who are these children dressed in red?
 They must be the ones that Moses led. (X 2)**

I Don't Want to Talk About It Danny Whitten

I can tell by your eyes
 That you've prob'ly been cryin forever
And the stars in the sky don't mean nothing to you,
They're a mirror –

I don't want to talk about it,
How you broke my heart -
If I stay here just a little bit longer,
If I stay here, won't you listen to my heart?
Wo, my heart.

If I stand all alone,
 Will the shadow hide the colour of my heart?
 Blue for the tears, black for the night's fears
 The stars in the sky . . .

It's My Party Lesley Gore

*It's my party, and I'll cry if I want to
Cry if I want to, cry if I want to –
You would cry too if it happened to you.*

Nobody knows where my Johnny has gone
But Judy left the same time
Why was he holding her hand
When he's supposed to be mine? (*chorus*)

Play all my records, keep dancin' all night
But leave me alone for a while
Till Johnny's dancin' with me
I've got no reason to smile (*chorus*)

Judy and Johnny just walked through the door
Like a queen with her king
Oh what a birthday surprise
Judy's wearing his ring (*chorus X 2*)

La Laine des Moutons traditional French Canadian

La laine des moutons
C'est nous qui la tondaine
La laine des moutons
C'est nous qui la tondons
Tondons, tondons
La laine des moutaines
Tondons, tondons
La laine des moutons.

La laine des moutons
C'est nous qui la lavaine
La laine des moutons
C'est nous qui la lavons –
Lavons, lavons . . .

La laine . . .
C'est nous qui la cardine/cardons

La laine . . .
. . . filaine /filons

La laine . . .
. . . chantaine/ chantons

repeat verse 1

Pulling Hard Against the Stream Willie Scott

In this world I've gained my knowledge
 And for it I've had to pay -
 Though I never went to college
 I have heard the poet say:
 Life is like a mighty river
 Rolling on from day to day -
 We are vessels launched upon it
 Sometimes wrecked and cast away

**Then do your best for one another
 Making life a pleasant dream
 Help a worn and weary traveler
 Pulling hard against the stream.**

Mony a blithe, guid-hearted woman
 Mony a noble-minded man
 Then assist them if you can.
 Some succeed at every turning,
 Fortune favours every scheme
 Not a friend and not a shilling
 Pulling hard against the stream.

If a wind is in your favour
 And you've weathered every squall
 Think of those who luckless labour
 Never get their wind at all.
 Working hard, contented, willing
 Struggling through most oceans wide -
 Not a friend and not a shilling
 Pulling hard against the tide.

Then do your best . . .

Don't give way to foolish sorrow,
 Let this keep you in good cheer -
 Brighter days must come tomorrow
 If you try and persevere.
 Darkest night must have a dawning
 Though the sky be overcast -
 Lowest days must have their turning
 And the tide will turn at last.

Then do your best . . .

Penny Lane**Lennon/ McCartney**

In Penny Lane there is a barber showing photographs
 Of every head he's had the pleasure to know
 And all the people that come and go
 Stop and say hello.

On the corner is a banker with a motorcar
 The little children laugh at him behind his back
 And the banker never wears a mac
 In the pouring rain – very strange.

*Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes
 There beneath the blue suburban skies
 I sit and meanwhile back*

In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hourglass
 And in his pocket is a portrait of the queen
 He likes to keep his fire engine clean
 It's a clean machine –

*Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes
 Full of fish and finger pies in summer
 Meanwhile back*

Behind the shelter in the middle of the roundabout
 A pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray
 And though she feels as if she's in a play, she is anyway

In Penny Lane, the barber shaves another customer
 We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim
 And then the fireman rushes in
 From the pouring rain – very strange. (*Chorus*)

The Salley Gardens**W.B. Yeats**

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet
 She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet
 She bade me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree
 But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field down by a river my love and I did stand
 And on her leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand
 She bade me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs
 But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More**The Walker Brothers**

Loneliness is a cloak you wear
A deep shade of blue is always there

*The sun ain't gonna shine any more
The moon ain't gonna rise in the sky
The tears are always clouding your eyes
When you're without love – baby*

Emptiness is a place you're in
Nothing to lose, but no more to win
Chorus

Lonely without you, baby
Girl I need you, I can't go on –

Chorus (X3)

Walk My Path**Brian Bedford**

*Walk my path and I will lead you
Speak my words and hear my voice
Be my eyes and you will see me
Feel my sorrows and know my joys.*

Be my hands and I will hold you
On my shoulders rest your head
In your thoughts you'll always find me
In my footsteps safely tread
chorus

At my table I will feed you
In my house you'll always know
Somewhere safe that you can come to
When you're lost and when you're low
chorus

I am you, you must remember
If you leave me I am blind
Speak my name the sound will linger
And I will find you in my mind.
chorus

These Coal Town Days Jez Lowe

**Howay man, they're liars and they're cheats (X3)
Howay man, they're liars and cheats!**

**And there'll be tears in the eyes of the weak
And in the eyes of the most strong-hearted
Tears in the eyes of the miners and wives
When these coal town days are done.**

And it's towered above this town
Since this century first started
But the towers will be all torn down
And a whole way of life hauled away
chorus

Men have worked it in fear and rage
And they've cursed it to hell in its darkness
But they'll walk from that last shift's cage
And they'll curse what the future's to bring
chorus

And the fight between the men and the mine
And the lives and the blood that it cost us
It was never to be lost or won
Because the powers that be ruled the day
chorus

Today Joan Corney; music Yvonne Burgess

It matters not what went before, nor yet tomorrow's dawn
What has passed, and will no more cast shadow on a new day born
Will carry through the broken threads to weave and weave,
To weave and weave, to weave and weave
A tapestry anew.

*The water is wide, I can't get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Build me a boat that will carry two
And we both shall row, my love and I*

There is a ship that sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I sink or swim

I leaned my back against an oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
And so did my false love to me.

Oh love is handsome and love is fair
And love is kind, when first it's new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And melts away like the morning dew.

Waterloo Sunset**the Kinks**

Dirty old river, must you keep rolling
Flowing into the night
People so busy, makes me feel dizzy
Taxi lights shine so bright
But I don't - need no friends
*As long as I gaze on Waterloo sunset
I am in paradise.*

Terry meets Julie, Waterloo Station
Every Friday night
But I am so lazy, don't want to wander
I stay at home at night
But I don't - feel afraid
*As long as I gaze on Waterloo sunset
I am in paradise.*

Every day I look at the world from my window
(Ooooh) Chilly, chilly is the evening time
Waterloo sunset's fine –

Millions of people swarming like flies
Round Waterloo Underground
But Terry and Julie cross over the river
Where they feel safe and sound
And they don't - need no friends
*As long as they gaze on Waterloo sunset
They are in paradise.*

You're Just Too Good to be True Crewe & Gaudio

You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you
You'd be like heaven to touch
I wanna hold you so much
At long last love has arrived
And I thank God I'm alive
You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you.

Pardon the way that I stare
There's nothing else to compare
The sight of you makes me weak
There are no words left to speak
But if you feel how I feel
Please let me know that it's real
You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you.

Da-da, da-da

*I love you baby, and if it's quite all right
I need you baby to warm a lonely night
I love you baby – trust in me when I say
Oh pretty baby, don't bring me down I pray
Oh pretty baby, now that I've found you, stay
And let me love you baby, let me love you –*

Repeat verse 1 and chorus