

# The Voice House - Autumn 2007 to Winter 2008

**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)

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## **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.

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## Lean on Me

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.

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## Love is a Choice

Yvonne Lyon

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.

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## 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

# The Voice House - Autumn 2007 to Winter 2008

## 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

# The Voice House - Autumn 2007 to Winter 2008

## **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

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## 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.

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**Paese Mio** Jose Feliciano  
via Moira Kielner

**Translation** Moira

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

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

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

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.

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

Che sara . . . (as 1<sup>st</sup> time)

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## **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.

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## 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.

## Plaisir d'Amour

J. Martini

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 . . .*

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## 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.

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## **The Secret Life of Roses**

Tune: Phil Cunningham Words: Roseanne Cash

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)

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## **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 . . .

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