

The Voice House

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
vaChitepo.