

O so seo

(Korea)

O so seo O so seo
pyung wha ye im gum
U-ri-ga han mom,
i-ru-gea ha so seo

Other verses:

O so seo O so seo
Sa ran-ge im gum (...)

O so seo O so seo
Chai yu ye im gum (...)

O so seo O so seo
Ton gir ye im gum (...)

Oj Savice

(Croatia)

(Oy Sa)
Oy sa-vi-tse ti-ya vo-do lad-na
Ti-ya vo-do lad-na

(Pre-ve)
Pre-ve-zi me ta-mo i o-va-mo
Ta-mo i o-va-mo

(Ta-mo)
Ta-mo mi-ye se-lo u-mil-ye-no
Se-l o u-mil-ye-no

Kwaheri

(Kenya)

Kwa-he-ri, kwa-he-ri
M-pen-zi kwa-he-ri

Tu-ta-o-na-na te-na
Tu-ki-ja ri-wa

Maramica na stazi

(Croatia)

Ma-ra-mi-tsa na sta-zi,
di moy lo-la pro-la-zi.
Hey, Hey, Hey,
ma-ra-mi-tsa na sta-le-ta vi-ta
Lola mo-ya ne-za-bo-ra-vit.

Moy se lo-la sha-li-o,
no-va ko-la pra-vi-o
Hey, Hey, Hey,
i up-re-go sha-lie* dva chil-ya-sha
Dva chil-ya-sha ne-ma ko-chi-yash.

Lo-la mo-ya, di si ti,
zhel-na samte vi-di-ti
Hey, Hey, Hey,
lo-la mo-ya, shto mi se ne ya-vish
Da te pi-tam ka-ko zhi-vo ta-rish?

**as in English 'die'*

Feuilles O

(Haitian Creole)

Fey oh! So-ve lavi mwa,
nan mitse mwa ye oh

Fey oh! So-ve lavi mwa,
nan mitse mwa ye oh

Pity mwa malad mwa kouri kai gang gang,
si mi lo

Pity mwa malad mwa kouri kai gang gang,
si lu bon gang gang

sove lavi mwa, nan mitse mwa ye-e-eh oh

Maliarka

(Russian gypsy)

E Ma-li-ar-ki-tsa ge-ya-ve-she-sa
Ya-da Pa-shka-le ge-ya dro-me-sa.

Te na-shas, te na-shas, cha-yo-ri.
Dre da tyom-nen'ko, ne, ra-ya-to-ri.

Refrain:

Ai, dam, tara-da, tara-dam, Tai, tai, tai, tai
Ai, dam, dam, ta-ra ta-ra-dam
Tai, ta-ra, ta-ra, tai, tai

Fenland

(Norfolk)

Boys: XXXOXXXOXXX

Down from the deep in the heart of the fen,
Down from the deep a longboat rises
(and...)

Lower: XXXOXXXOXX

And the sea is a hungry one
and it takes its fill in quiet ways.
Over years as the fenland cries,
the coastline grows.

Middle: XXXXOXXXX

One hundred thousand acres, three times drained
Fenland cuts to reach the sea

Top: XXOXXOXX

Ghosts cling to dust that blows in four directions
across the sky on the wind that steals our soil
(and our...)

Tsena, tsena

(Israeli kibbutz song)

Tse-na tse-na tse-na tse-na,
ha-ba-not u-re-na chay-a-lim ba-mo-sha-va

Al-na al-na al-na al-na,
al-na tit-cha-be-na mi-ben chayil i-sh tsa-va

Gospodi

(Russia)

Go-spo-di pa mi lu-i
Na-s gre-shni-kov
Go-spo-di pa mi lu-i

Heyr Himna smiður

(Iceland)

Heyr, him-na smee-ður,
hvers skáld-ið biður.

Kom-ee myook til mín,
maysk une-in theen.

Thvee hate eh-ow-theeg
Thoo hev-oor skarft-an meeg

Eh-yer thrallk-inn theen,
Thuu ert Drott inn minn

Hamba Natil

(South Africa)

Hamba natil, makulule wethu

Rev. Eli Jenkins prayer

from Under Milk Wood by Dylan Thomas

Music by AHD Troyte taken from an anglican chant

Arrangement by Chris Hoskins 2008

Every morning when I wake,
Dear Lord, a little prayer I make,
O please to keep Thy lovely eye
On all poor creatures born to die

And every evening at sun-down
I ask a blessing on the town,
For whether we last the night or no
I'm sure is always touch-and-go.

We are not wholly bad or good
Who live our lives under Milk Wood,
And Thou, I know, wilt be the first
To see our best side, not our worst.

O let us see another day!
Bless us all this night, I pray,
And to the sun we all will bow
And say, good-bye--but just for now!

A pebble on my tongue

Ali Burns

Ley, ley ley ley, ley ley
Ley, ley ley ley, ley ley

For seven years your name has lain
Smooth and round like a pebble on my tongue

Its constant voice entreating me
Smooth and round like a pebble on my tongue

It tangles my words when I speak
And touches my heart
It tumbles my dreams when I sleep
Invading the dark

Ley, ley...

For seven years...
(Its size and weight disquiet'ning me)

I'm ready to make for the sea
Where the tide meets the sand
I'm ready to take to the sea
With the stone in my hand

And with one sure throw
I will cast (you) to the sea
And with one sure throw
I will cast you to the (smoothing) tide
And with one sure throw.

She moved through the fair

Traditional Irish

My young love said to me, my mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind
And she stepped away from me and this she did say:
It will not be long love 'til our wedding day.

She stepped away from me, and she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her move here and move there
And she went her way homeward with one star awake
As the swans in the evening move over the lake.

The people were saying no two e'er were wed
But one has a sorrow that never was said
And she smiled as she passed me with her goods and her gear
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

I dreamed it last night that my true love came in
So softly she entered her feet made no din
She came close beside me and this she did say:
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day."

Varado

(Georgia)

Va-ra-do o-ri-ra-vo

Va-ra-da-ri ov-rai-da o

Ov-rai-da si-va-rai-da o

Va-ra-do rai-da o

River Chat

(Australia)

Part 1

River, river where do you flow
with your water the colour of tea,
Golden red in your sandy bed,
do you flow to the wide, green sea?

Part 2

No, said the river, I flow inland,
Sink down deep among the rocks and the sand,
Under the gidgee and the mulga tree,
Where the desert people can drink me.

Part 3

Earth belongs to all she belongs to no one,
she belongs to herself.
Earth belongs to all she belongs to no one,
she belongs to herself.

Okolo Hradišča

(Czech gypsy)

O kolo, hrad eesh cha,
Vod yenka tee chee.
Ee jek nam, sho hai yek,
So see nye ne say.

*Ne say mee lasku,
Sva za nu shatku.*

Mee lo va, la son tya,
Sva tee o brasku.

Mee lo va, la son tya
Bee lo to shpa sem.
Ne vye dyel, sho hai yek,
Zhe fa lay shna sem.

*Fa lay shna bee la,
Sva na dyev chee na.*

Ne vye dyel, sho hai yek,
Ya ka pree chee na.

California Dreamin'

(The Mamas and The Papas)

All the leaves are brown (*all the leaves are brown*)
And the sky is grey (*and the sky is grey*)

I've been for a walk (*I've been for a walk*)
On a winter's day (*on a winter's day*)

I'd be safe and warm (*I'd be safe and warm*)
If I was in L.A. (*if I was in L.A.*)

California dreamin' (*California dreamin'*)
On such a winter's day

Stopped into a church (*Ooh...*)
I passed along the way (*Ooh...*)

Well, I got down on my knees (*got down on my knees*)
And I pretend to pray (*I pretend to pray*)

You know the preacher like the cold (*preacher like the cold*)
He knows I'm gonna stay (*knows I'm gonna stay*)

California dreamin' (*California dreamin'*)
On such a winter's day

Maori Song

(New Zealand)

E pa-pa wai-a-ri, ta-ku nei ma-hi.
ta-ku nei ma-hi. he tu-ku roi-ma-ta X2

E au-e ka ma-te au
E hi-ne ho-ki mai ra

Ma-ku e kau te o-hi-koi-ta-nga! X2

*Oh, my love, I am bereft.
I will count your footsteps 'til you return.*

Tue Tue

(Ghana – Ashanti)

Tu-e tu-e barima tu-e tu-e x 2
Abrofa-ba ama ba-wa ba-wa tu-e tu-e x 2
Barima tu-e tu-e x 2

Let the Life I've Lived

(American spiritual)

Let the life I've lived speak for me.
Let the life I've lived speak for me.
When I come to the end of this road,
And I lay down my heavy load,
Let the life I've lived speak for me.

Let the friends I've made speak for me...

Let the work I've done speak for me...

Let the love I've shared speak for me...

Hvem kan segla

(Swedish)

Melody

Hvem kan se-gla for u-tan vind?

Hvem kan ro u-tan or-rar?

Hvem kan schil-jas fron venn-en sin

U-tan at fell-ya tor-rar?

Harmony 1

Oh, Hvem kan se-gla?

Oh, Hvem kan ro u-tan or-rar?

Hvem kan, hvem kan schil-jas fron

U-tan fell-ya tor-rar?

Harmony 2

Hvem kan se-gla

Hvem kan schil-jas

U-tan, tor-rar?

Melody

Ya-i kan se-gla for u-tan vind.

Ya-i kan ro u-tan or-rar.

Men ey schil-jas fron venn-en sin

U-tan at fell-ya tor-rar.

Harmony 1

Oh, Ya-i kan se-gla.

Oh, Ya-i kan ro u-tan or-rar.

Men ey, men ey schil-jas fron

U-tan fell-ya tor-rar.

Harmony 2

Ya-i kan se-gla

Men ey schil-jas

U-tan, tor-rar.

Asikhatali

(S. Africa)

A-si-kha-ta-li no-ma si-bosh-wa
Si-zi-mi-sel'in-ku-lu-le-ko X 2

Un-zi-ma lom-thwa-lo
U-fu-na ma-do-da X 2

Ti-na han-twa-na ba-ze Af-ri-ka
Si-zi-mi-sel'in-ku-lu-le-ko X 2

Un-zi-ma lom-thwa-lo
U-fu-na ma-do-da X 2

Sanctus

(France)

Sanc-tus, sanc-tus, sanc-tus, do-mi-nus
De-us Sah-bah-oth, De-us Sah-bah-oth

Sanc-tus, sanc-tus, sanc-tus, do-mi-nus
De-us Sah-bah-oth, Ho-sa-a-na in the high-est

Sanc-tus, sanc-tus, sanc-tus, do-mi-nus
De-us Sah-bah-oth, De-us Sah-bah-oth

Siyahamba

(South Africa)

Siya-hamba ku-khan-ye-ni kwen-kos

Siya-hamba ku-khan-ye-ni kwen-kos

Unto this land

(Helen Yeomans)

Unto this land, my heart I seal.

To (always) love and cherish as my own.

(And) through my veins her (crystal) waters flow

To the ocean of my soul.

Unto this land, I shall re-turn.

When all my days (up)on this earth are done.

(And) in her arms I'll lay (my body) / (me) down

And my heart will find its home.

Masibambane

(Zimbabwe)

(Ma-si-bam-ba-ne)

Si-be mo-yo man-ye

Si-vus'i-si-zwe se-tu

(Si)-fa-na-ne-la-ma ju-ba

(S'fa-na-ne-la-ma ju-ba)

S'fa-na-ne-la-ma ju-ba

S'fa-na-ne-la-ma ju-ba

S'fa-na-ne-la-ma ju-ba

Ajde Jano

(Serbia)

Ajde is pronounce ***Eye-duh***, ***Jano*** is pronounced ***Yano***

Ajde Jano, kolo da igramo,
ajde Jano, ajde dusho, kolo da igramo.

Ajde Jano, konya da prodamo,
ajde Jano, ajde dusho, konya da prodamo.

Ajde Jano, kutsu da prodamo,
ajde Jano, ajde dusho, kutsu da prodamo.

Da prodamo, samo da igramo,
da prodamo, Jano dusho, samo da igramo.

May your cup always be full

Ali Burns

Bass

We wish you joy and health and love and peace forever

Joy and health and love and peace of mind

Tenor

We wish you all good things for a happy year ahead x4

Alto

We wish you joy

We wish you health

We wish you love

We wish you peace

Tops

May your cup always be full,

and may your table always have enough to share,

May your footsteps always be sure on the road that you travel

Coventry Carol

(anon. 15th century)

Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters two, How may we do
For to preserve this day
This poor youngling
For whom we do sing
By, by, lully lullay

Herod the king, In his raging,
Chargéd he hath this day
His men of might, In his own sight
All young children to slay.

That woe is me, Poor child, for thee,
And ever mourn and say:
For thy parting
Neither say nor sing
By, by, lully lullay.

Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Cradle Song

(words: Isaac Watts 1674-1748)

Hush my babe, lie still in slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Sweetest blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay

Soft, my child: I do not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.