

Texts and Translations

The Turtle Dove

Traditional

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
For though I roam I'll come back again,
If I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
If I roam ten thousand miles.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Or the rocks never melt with the sun,
But I never will be false to the bonny lass I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

So fair thou art, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will be false to the bonny lass I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

O yonder sits that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

The Lark in the Clear Air

Sir Samuel Ferguson (1810–1886)

Dear thoughts are in my mind
And my soul soars enchanted,
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day.
For a tender beaming smile
To my hope has been granted,
And tomorrow she shall hear
All my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love,
All my soul's adoration;
And I think she will hear me
And will not say me nay.
It is this that fills my soul
With its joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day.

En Roulant

Traditional

En roulant ma boule roulant...
Rolling, my ball rolls

Way back at home there is a pond,
Three bonnie ducks go swimming round.
The prince went off a hunting bound,
His gun so big with silver crowned.
He neared the ducks without a sound,
The black he saw, the white he downed.
O, Prince, that was a wicked wound,
To kill the bird that I had owned.

Seal Lullaby

Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936)

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o'er the combers,
looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.

Where billow meets billow,
there soft be thy pillow.
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee,
nor shark overtake thee
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

The Preacher and the Bear

Traditional/Joe Arzonia

Now a preacher went out a-huntin',
'Twas on one Sunday morn',
It was ag'in his religion,
But he took his gun along.

He shot himself one very fine quail
And one old measly hare
And then on his way returnin' home
He met a great big grizzly bear!

Well that bear got down in the middle of the road
Down on all fours like a great big toad,
He looked that bear right square in the eye,
And the preacher looked at him and he said, "bye-bye!"

That bear got close, he came movin' in,
The preacher looked up and he grabbed a limb,
Climbed up a tree and he turned about,
Cast his eyes to the skies and he did shout:

"Oh, don'tcha know that the Lord delivered Daniel from the lion's den,
Also delivered Jonah from the belly of the whale and then
The three Hebrew children from the fiery furnace
So the good book do declare.
Well now, Lord, Lord, if you can't help me,
Please don't help that bear!"

Just about then the limb let go
And the preacher came a-tumbalin' down,
Oh, it was a sight to see him
Just before he hit the groun'!
He struck the earth with an awful moan,
It sure was a terrible sight,
The preacher and the bear, they danced around,
And had themselves a fight!

They rolled aroun' there on the groun'
The preacher was up and then he was down,
He said, "If I could get outta here alive,
The good ol' book I would abide,
I'll never sin on Sabbath day,
When Sunday come, I'll pray and pray."
He got himself up and he turned about,
Cast his eyes to the skies and he did shout...

Loch Lomond

Traditional

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love
were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Oh! Ye'll take the high road,
and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas then that we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where, in purple hue, the highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing, and the wildflowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters sleeping.
But the broken heart will ken,
nae second spring again,
and the world knows not how we are grieving.

Miserere mei

Psalm 51

Miserere mei, Deus,
secundum magnam misericordiam tuam;
et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum,
dele iniquitatem meam.

*Have mercy upon me, O God,
according to thy lovingkindness:
according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies
blot out my transgressions.*

In Remembrance

Traditional/Jeffery L. Ames (b. 1969)

Lux aeterna, Luceat eis, Domine
Turn to me and be gracious,
for my heart is in distress.
Oh God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?
My tears linger at night,
but joy comes in the morning light.
Lord, in your infinite mercy, grant them rest.
Rest forever more.

The Pasture

Robert Frost (1874–1963)

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long. – You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long. – You come too.

All Too Soon

Stephen Hatfield (b. 1956)

No one's in doubt that the children singing
All too soon shall be women and men
And the bonny new land
That we shaped with our hand
It'll roll to the ocean again.

No one's in doubt that the tale we're bringing
Can't turn time back to where he was then
For the old ways they change
But the new is so strange
Will it ever be simple again?

No one's in doubt that the children singing
All too soon shall be women and men
And the canny old land
That we never could command
It'll roll to the ocean again.

Grampa was in the war, and when he came back to Nova Scotia
He had a bride in tow, who had no English but Yes and No Sir
What made her leave her home to be with someone she hardly knew?
(What would make her leave her home?)
How she must have hated to feel alone, she must have cried when the day was through
(I would hate to feel so alone)

Oh and this was a part of earth
Where you could hold onto one another
This was a line of work
A-where the whole town was like your brother

Ah but now it's getting hard to stay
The children move to a bigger city
And there is really nothing you can say
But what a shame, and what a terribly pity

Haven't got a notion, how to stop the motion,
rolling to the ocean, that's the magic potion
(Roll on down the bay)
Haven't got a notion, how to stop the motion,
rolling to the ocean, that's the magic potion
(Fundy to Biscay)

They say,
The world is getting smaller every day, oh every day
But to make it pay
Well everybody has to move away, so far away

You know,
How much a Maritimer hates to go, and isn't it so,
Just how much we owe
To the land that watched our parents grow
When life was oh, so deep and slow
And hard, but deep, and proud
Was the life we were once allowed,
We knew our soul never could be bowed,

Dealing with the ocean, when you're Nova Scotian, turns into a sign of family devotion
(You deal with what you know)
Dealing with the ocean, when you're Nova Scotian, turns into a sign of family devotion

Grampa was in the war, and when he came back to Nova Scotia
He had a bride in tow, who had no English but Yes and No Sir
What made her leave her home to be with someone she hardly knew?
(Don't cast me off discourteously)
How she must have hated to feel alone, she must have cried when the day was through
(For I have loved you so long)

I'm Gonna Sing 'Til the Spirit Moves in My Heart

Moses Hogan (b. 1957–2003)

I'm gonna sing 'till the Spirit moves in my heart
I'm gonna sing 'till Jesus comes

It was grace that brought me
It was grace that taught me
It was grace that kept me
And it's grace that will lead me home

I'm gonna pray 'till the Spirit moves in my heart
I'm gonna pray 'till Jesus comes

Can't you feel the spirit moving?

I'm gonna shout 'till the Spirit moves in my heart
I'm gonna shout 'till Jesus comes
I'm gonna sing till my Jesus comes

Ave Maria

*Text setting and arrangement by
Patrick M. Liebergen*

Ave Maria, Ave Maria.
Amen. Amen.

Frobisher Bay

James Gordon (b. 1955)

Cold is the arctic sea
Far are your arms from me
Long will this winter be
Frozen in Frobisher Bay

“One more whale,” our captain cried
“One more whale and well beat the ice.”
But the winter star was in the sky
The seas were rough the winds were high.

Deep were the crashing waves
That tore our whalers mast away
Dark are these sunless days
Waiting for the ice to break.

Strange is a whaler's fate
To be saved from the raging waves
Only to waste away
Frozen in this lonely grave.

Walk a Mile

Pepper Choplin (b. 1957)

Walk a mile in your neighbor's shoes.
You'll understand them better if you do.

Walk a mile and see the world through your
neighbor's eyes.
So many things you'll come to realize.

Walk a mile and live a day in their
neighborhood.
You'll understand them better if you could.

You'll come away with a different point of view,
If you walk a mile, see the world, live a day,
walk a mile in your neighbor's shoes.

Hello Mary Lou

*Gene Pitney (1940–2006)
and Cayet Mangiaracina (b. 1935)*

You passed me by one sunny day
Flashed those big brown eyes my way
And oh I wanted you for ever more.
Now I'm not one that's get around
I swear my feet's stuck to the ground
And though I never did meet you before,
I said:

Hello Mary Lou, goodbye heart
Sweet Mary Lou I'm so in love with you.
I knew Mary Lou, we'd never part
So hello Mary Lou, goodbye heart.

I saw your lips, I heard your voice
Believe me I just had no choice
Wild horses couldn't make me stay away
I thought about a moonlit night
My arms around you good and tight
That's all I had to see for me to say
Hey,hey,hey.

Cloths of Heaven

William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams,
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

La biche

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

Ô la biche: quel bel intérieur
d'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux abonde;
combien de confiance ronde
mêlée à combien de peur.
Tout cela, porté par la vive
gracilité de tes bonds.
Mais jamais rien n'arrive
à cette impossessive
ignorance de ton front.

*Oh, the doe: what a beautiful interior
of ancient forests abounds in your eyes;
so much full confidence
mixed with so much fear.
All this, carried by the strong
slenderness of your leaps.
But nothing ever happens
to this unpossessible
unknowing of your brow.*

Le cygnet

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

Un cygne avance sur l'eau
tout entouré de lui-même,
comme un glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants
un être que l'on aime
est tout un espace mouvant.

*A swan moves over the water,
surrounded by itself,
like a gliding painting.
So too, at certain moments,
a being which one loves
is entirely a moving space.*

Il se rapproche, doublé,
comme ce cygne qui nage,
sur notre âme troublée,
qui à cet être ajoute
la tremblante image
de bonheur et de doute.

*It draws near, duplicated,
like this swimming swan,
to our troubled soul,
which adds to this being
the trembling image
of joy and doubt.*

Sweet Suffolk Owl

Anonymous, attributed to Thomas Vautor

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo! Te whit, te whoo!

Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls;
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo! Te whit, te whoo!

Owls

Edward Elgar (1857–1934)

What is that? ... Nothing;
The leaves must fall,
and falling, rustle;
That is all:
They are dead as they fall,
They are dead at the foot of the tree;
All that can be is said.
What is it? ... Nothing.

What is that? ... Nothing;
A wild thing hurt but
mourns in the night,
And it cries in its dread,
Till it lies dead at the foot of the tree;
All that can be is said.
What is it? ... Nothing.

What is that? ... Ah!
A marching slow of unseen feet,
That is all:
But a bier, spread with a pall,
Is now at the foot of the tree;
All that could be is said.
Is it ... what? ... Nothing.

The Blue Bird

Mary Coleridge (1861–1907)

The lake lay blue below the hill,
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue,
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.

The Lamb

William Blake (1757–1827)

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

Animal Crackers

Ogden Nash (1902–1971)

The Panther

The panther is like a leopard,
Except it hasn't been peppered.
Should you behold a panther crouch,
Prepare to say Ouch.
Better yet, if called by a panther,
Don't anther.

The Cow

The cow is of the bovine ilk;
One end is moo, the other, milk.

The Firefly

The firefly's flame
Is something for which science has no name
I can think of nothing eerier
Than flying around with an unidentified glow on a
person's posteerier.