

Linstead Market

(Traditional Jamaican mento song arr. by Anne Louise -Turgeon inspired by Miss Lou)
(Jamaican creole)

Carry mi ackee, go a Linstead Market
Not a quattie wut sell
Carry mi ackee, go a Linstead Market
Not a quattie wut sell.

I carried my ackee fruit going to Linstead Market,
Not a penny-worth sold.
I carried my ackee fruit going to Linstead Market,
Not a penny-worth sold.

(Lawd what a night, not a bite
What a Saturday night
Lawd what a night, not a bite
What a Saturday night.)

Lord what a night, not a bite*,
What a Saturday night.
Lord what a night not a bite,
What a Saturday night.

Everybody come feel up, feel up
Not a quattie wut sell
Everybody come feel up, feel up
Not a quattie wut sell.

Everybody came to squeeze it, squeeze it,
Not a penny-worth sold.
Everybody came to squeeze it, squeeze it,
Not a penny-worth sold

(Chorus)

All dem pickney dem a linga linga
Fi weh dem mumma no bring
All dem pickney dem a linga linga
Fi weh dem mumma no bring.

All the children they lingered, lingered,
For what their mama didn't bring**
All the children they lingered, lingered,
For what their mama didn't bring.

(Chorus)

*Nobody wanted to buy anything

**Meaning the mother couldn't bring any food home because she wasn't able to sell anything at the market

Nineveh

(Assyrian song composed and translated by William Daniel)

Let me fall into your arms
Nineveh queen of creation
So I can breathe in your soil
To bring strength to my weary soul
Let me stare at your ruins
To your old buildings with warmth I kiss
Let me wipe down your panels with my tears
And tell you your greatest past
Enlighten me oh old rock

About tales of triumph
That may awaken my weary heart
And fear may come out from the depth of my soul
You who nurtured our men
They say your name is written on my forehead
Blood runs through my veins
The blood of our mighty Assyria

The command of our mother is thus
To all dwellers of the mountains and plains
To be united in love and strength
Proclaim to our people my son
Next to old Nineveh, a new Nineveh we shall build
And whenever you feel weary and exhausted
You should lean on my shoulder
To get strength from our greatest Nineveh

Pari Arakil

Kind Stork

(Music by Aleqsey Heqimyan, Lyrics by Ashod Krashi,
translated to English from Amernian by Roupen Matavossian)

Yes votch andoun em, votch el
darakir ounem hankrvan, ounem
otevan. Azad Hayrenik, yertchanig yergir.

I am neither homeless nor exiled, I have
a shelter, I have accommodation.
Free homeland, happy country.

Pari arakil, parov arakil. Arakil amran, im
dan mod abrir, pakhdi arakil pouyn
hyousir dzarin partou gadarin.

Good little stork, stork of springtime. Stork of
summertime live near my house. Build your nest
nearby, bringing me good luck.

Im paligneri asdtern en shoghoun
Housov antaram varterovarman. Vshders
taran jbidner shoghoun.

The stars of my children are shining full of
hope. Transferring my grief into
flowers full of joy.

Parov arakil, pari arakil arakil karnan,
arakil amranIm dan mod abrir, pakhdi
arakil pouyn hyousir dzarin partou gadarin.

Good little stork, stork of springtime. Stork of
summertime live near my house. Build your nest
nearby, bringing me good luck.

Весна

(Music: Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
Lyrics: Aleksey Pleshcheyev)
(Russian)

Травка зеленеет,
солнышко блестит;
Ласточка с весною
в сени к нам летит.
С нею солнце краше
и весна милей
Прощебечь с дороги
нам привет скорей!

Дам тебе я зерен,
А ты песню спой,
Что из стран далеких
принесла с собой...

Spring

The grass turns green again,
The sun begins to shine
The swallow carrying spring
flies to our homes.
With the swallow, the sun shines brighter
and the spring is sweeter
Chirp as you arrive,
a greeting to us!

I will give you seeds
and you sing the song
you've brought
from faraway lands.

Drei Jiddisches Lieder (selections)

(Music by Viktor Ullmann)

(Yiddish)

II. Margaritkelech

In veldl, baym taykhl,
dort zenen gevaksn
Margaritkelech eylent un kleyn,
vi kleyninke zunen mit vaysinke shtralen,
mit vaysinke tralalala.

Gegangen iz Khavele
shtil un farkholemt
culozn di goldblonde cep,
dos heldz'l antbloyzt un gemurm'lt,
Gezungen, a lidele tralalala.

Daisies

In the little forest by the river,
there they grew Daisies
lonesome and small
Like tiny suns with little white rays
With little white: tra la la la.

Chavele is going all quiet
and wrapped up in dreams
Her golden blonde locks are flowing
Her little neck, bare and whispering
Sang a little song: tra la la la

Di zun is fargangen
der bokher farshvundn
un Khavele zits nokh in vald.
Zi kunt in der vayt un murml't farkholemt
Dos lidele tralalala.

The sun has gone down,
the boy has disappeared
And Chavele still sits in the forest
She looks in the distance and murmurs dreamily
this little song: tra la la la

III. A Mejdle in die Johren

Ikh bin sheyn Mejdle in die Johren,
vos hostu mir mayn kopf fardreyt?
Ikh volt sheyn lang a kale gevor'n
Un efsher take khasene gehat.

Du host mir tsugezogt mikh nemen,
ikh hob oyf dir lang shoyng gevar't;
far vos zolstu, dushenyu,
mikh farsheimentsi hostu dikh in mir genart?

A Young Woman

I'm already a young woman
Why have you spun my head around?
I would have already become a bride
and had a wedding.

You promised to take me with you
And I have waited for you
Why should you, my dear, put me to shame
Why have you made me a fool?

Marie

(Music by Ron Hynes)

Twillingate's a million miles away.
The orchestra's in tune and waits to play.
Send a horse-drawn carriage straight away
For Marie Toulinguet.

I don't feel like I belong.
Some days I'm not that strong.
Life is much too fast for a young girl
So far from home.
So far from home.

Better watch out for what you wish.
I can't believe I used to dream of this.
Now I dream for what I miss.
Now I miss my home.
Now I miss my home.

Twillingate's a million miles away.

The orchestra's in tune and waits to play.
Send a horse-drawn carriage straight away
For Marie Toulinguet.
For Marie Toulinguet.

And the name on the marquee isn't mine.
It's a stage name to complete a grand design.
Still it's swell the small-town singer, so sublime
Like warm Italian sunshine.

I'm just Georgina back at home.
Not so special. Not famous or well known.

Just a Stirling girl from Twillingate that a tiny twist of fate
Smiled upon
Fate smiled upon.
Twillingate's a million miles away...

ԴԼԵ ՅԱՄԱՆ Le Le Yaman

Lament

(Music by Komitas Vardapet)

Mer tun,
Dzer tun dimac, dimac
Dle yaman,
Heriq anes achqov imac
Yaman yaman yar

Alas, alas,
Our homes face each other.
Oh, alas
Isn't it enough that my eyes send you a sign?
Alas, alas, o my love!

Dle yaman
Arev dipav Masis sarin,
Dle yaman,
Karot mnaci es im yarin,
Yaman yaman yar

Alas, alas,
The sun has touched Mount Ararat
Oh, alas
Still I remain yearning for my love.
Alas, alas, o my love!

Steal Away

(Music by Wallace Willis, arr. by Harry T. Burleigh)

Steal away, steal away
Steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home

I ain't got long to stay here

My Lord, He calls me
He calls me by the thunder
The trumpet sounds within my soul
I ain't got long to stay here

Steal away, steal away
Steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home
I ain't got long to stay here

Green trees are bending
Poor sinners stand a-trembling
The trumpet sounds within my soul
I ain't got long to stay here

Steal away, steal away
Steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home
I ain't got long to stay here

Over the Rainbow

(Music by Harold Arlen, Lyrics by Yip Harburg)

Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby
Somewhere over the rainbow, Skies are blue,
And the dreams that you dare to dream, really do come true...
Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops, that's where you'll find me
Somewhere over the rainbow, blue birds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow, why then, oh why can't I?
If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow
Why, oh why can't I?