

CON BRIO

Seoithín Seó

Seoithín seó, seothú leó,
seoithín seó, 's tú mo leanbh.
Seoithín seó, seothú leó,
lú ló ló, 's tú mo leanbh.

Seoithín Seó" is an untranslatable, comforting lullaby for a sleeping baby. It is a term of endearment and is associated with Irish traditional music. Literally, it means "little one" or "darling."

Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night, when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?
Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are lost at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes
And then by he comes back at the gallop again.
Galloping...

Banbury Cross

Ride a wild horse to Banbury Cross to
see a fine lady on a white horse.
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
she shall have music ev'rywhere she goes.
(*Make beautiful music, ev'rywhere she goes.*)
Deep in the ocean, out on the land,
lost in the desert, buried in sand,
high on a mountain, floating in air,
there shall be music ev'rywhere.
She shall have music, ev'rywhere she goes.

Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a song!
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
And when the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish

To set before a king?
The king was in his counting house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.

CONCERT CHOIR

Tune Your Heart

Bright morning birdsong and grass, wet with dew,
Sleeping eyes open, flowers do, too.
Tune to the daybreak with warm, open arms,
Breathe in the dawning; tune your heart.
Oh, doesn't every day begin with wonder?
Couldn't every morning open dreams?
What if we all did more noticing?
What might we hear and see?
Soft falling shadows and cool, evening breeze,
Clear song of crickets; tall, swaying trees.
Tune to the moonlight and tune to the stars,
Night skies are calling, tune your heart.
Oh, isn't every night a kind of magic?
Shooting stars and sky that breathes;
All through the night, winds are whispering;
Shimmering moonlit leaves.
Tune to this moment, tune to your soul,
Tune to your heart, breathe, and let go.

Just One Step

One drop needs another for rain.
One spark doesn't guarantee flame.
One tree doesn't promise a wood,
One wish will not make the world good,
But just one step, one small step,
Turns a couldn't to could.
One cloud may not vanish the sun.
One hand will not make the clock run,
One flash doesn't mean it will storm,
One bee doesn't equal a swarm,
But just one step, one small step,
Can help you transform.
Into another kinder you,
Seeing the world afresh and new,
Planting the seeds for love to grow,
I'll let it show.

I'm on my way,
Yes, I'm on my way!
One step after tiny step,
Keeps you climbin' up that mountain.
Move onwards, and upwards!
I'm moving forward into possibility,
I'm moving forward t'ward a new reality.
One tree doesn't promise a wood,
One wish will not make the world good,
But just one step, one small step,
Can help you transform.

Dancing Song

People say the Magyars now
No more are light-footed!
That's because their shoes and clothes
Aren't for dancing suited.
What they need are jingling spurs,
Boots of crimson leather,
Brooches set with pearls and gems.
Caps with egret feather.
That befits a Magyar!
Polish linen is my shirt,
But all torn and jagged,
Crimson leather are my boots,
But the soles are ragged,
Mended then my boots must be,
Ev'ry rent and tatter,
Though they're patched and shabby
For the dance it does not matter.
Once I caught a monster gnat,
With my sword I struck it,
Then I melted down its fat,
More than filled a bucket,
Cobbler, cobbler, mend my boot,
You'll be paid, so that's that,
Though I may not have a coin,
You shall have my gnat's fat.
Who dares to say the Magyar cannot dance?
Ho! If he can't I'd like to know who else can?
Dance Magyar, Dance Magyar!
Go on dancing, go on prancing,
Go on hopping, never stopping.

Dance!

Dance to the rhythm, the rhythm of your own drum.
We can all be different, there's no fear or shame.
Oh, but I still love you, love you just the same.
Dance to the rhythm, the rhythm of your own drum.

Children Will Listen

How do you say to a child in the night
"Nothing's all black, but then nothing's all white?"
How do you say "It will all be all right"
When you know that it might not be true?
What do you do?
Careful the things you say, children will listen.
Careful the things you do, children will see and learn.
Children may not obey, but children will listen.
Children will look to you for which way to turn,
To learn what to be!
Careful before you say "Listen to me."
Children will listen!
Careful the wish you make, wishes are children.
Careful the path they take, wishes come true, not free.
Careful the spell you cast, not just on children.
Sometimes the spell may last past what you can see
And turn against you!
Careful the tale you tell, *That* is the spell.
Children will listen!
Guide them but step away, children will glisten!
Temper with what is true, and children will turn
If just to be free!
Careful before you say "Listen to me."
Children will listen!

CANTANTI SINGERS

Two Japanese Proverbs

Hito wa ochime ga daiji
Makeru ga kachi

Translation:

"One's true character can be seen in adversity"
"Sometimes the best gain is to lose"

Abendlied

Bleib bei uns,
denn es will Abend werden,
und der Tag hat sich geneiget.

Translation:

Bide with us,
for evening shadows darken,
and the day will soon be over.

We Are

We are

What is the world to us
Who can we be for the world
If you could know for one moment who can we be
The flow of the sky and its unfolding
We are a morning star and one at evening
We are beyond the names we love
Beyond all names
We are all one singing
We are all born of fathers and mothers
We are all one singing
We are all rivers the roar of waters
We are
There is a star at morning and one at evening
They are no more the names we give them than we
are
Ev'rything singing beyond itself
Beyond the names we love to give them
Ev'rything swelling beyond its pow'rs
Ev'rything lifted up in the singing
We are the flow of sky and its unfolding
We are hundreds of hoof-beats on hard ground
We are sparks that scatter through the world
From original fire we come
Sometimes no home for us on the earth
No place to lay our heads
We are all born of fathers and mothers
We are all rivers the roar of waters
We are all one singing beyond the names
If you could know for one moment
How it is to live in our bodies within the world
You ask too much of us
You ask too little
Ev'rything brimming in us
Ev'rything dark in its barrel
Everything singing beyond itself
Ev'rything swelling beyond its pow'rs
Ev'rything lifted up in the singing
We shall be now
We shall not look before
And after we shall know in full
We shall be now
We, the mystic,
We are the sky and its unfolding
We are the roar of waters
Ev'rything singing and ev'rything swelling
Beyond its powers
We are all one singing
We are

You Do Not Walk Alone

May you see God's light on the path ahead
When the road you walk is dark.
May you always hear,
Even in your hour of sorrow,
The gentle singing of the lark.
When times are hard
May hardness never turn your heart to stone,
May you always remember when the shadows fall
You do not walk alone.

Soon We Will Be Done

Done with hatred and done with war;
come lift the lonely, come lift up the poor.
Soon we will be done with the troubles of the world
when heaven comes to earth.
No more weepin' and wailin'
when heaven comes to earth.
Done
with the racism, and sexism, and all the isms and
prisons that bind us,
that blind us from the hurt of another.
I want to be done,
with addiction, with any affliction that takes a hold
and won't let go,
and speaks in lies and fiction.
I want to be done,
with the things that divide us instead of unite us,
like the walls we build, the hate instilled,
we fill with judgement inside us.
I want to be done,
done with the violence, and the silence when facing
injustice,
but I wonder if you'd trust us if love was our
compass.
SOON, when we come together, when
WE stand up for each other, we
WILL offer these hands and feet and
BE love, compassion, and grace; come heaven to
earth, oh, Thy (we) will be
DONE.

CANTABILE

Fly!

There are doorways I must take, no one know what
awaits
But the fun lies in the unknown:

They don't happen to me, they only happen for me.
Any choice takes me closer where I need to be.
Step out of your space, there's fear of falling.
What if we fly?
Fly! Let's give it a try!
When the world tries to tell us we need to fit into
boxes,
Let's just dance our way out of the colouring lines.
There's a me-shaped space that's all mine to feel
safe,
A special place that I deserve to embrace.
Step out of your space, there's a fear of falling.
What if we fly?
Fly! Let's give it a try!

Lullaby for the Newly Hatched

All through the night,
Walk toward the moon,
Walk toward the light,
You'll be there soon.
When brightest light is false light
Eclipsing the moon and the stars,
Where waves have washed over the right path,
I can only take you so far.
You'll tunnel your way toward the sky,
The higher you go the lighter the sand.
Follow the light that you know
When you are nearer you'll understand.

Malakatumba

Saia emia, emia longa,
Sainbetu Tumba tumbakaterro.
Emia longa. Tumba.
Malakatumba tumba tumbata
Malakatumba tumbatero
Malakatumba temba tumba tumbata.
Saia wetoo
Saia mi sain betu emia longa. Saiami.
Wariaria
Tumbé!

Malakatumba was born as a game, using imitating sounds. Each vocal part builds with colorful harmonies and the use of body percussion adds a festive and joyful element.

Time After Time

Lyin' in my bed I hear the clock tick and think of
you.

Caught up in circles, confusion is nothing new.
Flashback, warm nights almost left behind.
Suitcase of mem'ries time after time.
Sometimes you picture me, I'm walkin' too far
ahead.
You're callin' to me, I can't hear what you've said.
Then you say, "Go slow." I fall behind.
The second hand unwinds.
If you're lost, you can look and you will find me
Time after time.
If you fall, I will catch you, I'll be waiting
Time after time.
After my picture fades and darkness has turned to
gray,
Watchin' through windows, you're wond'rin' if I'm
okay.
Secrets stolen from deep inside.
The drum beats out of time.

I've Got Joy

When I wake in the morning,
I feel the sunshine on my face
Clothe myself with gratitude
That's the joy of a brand new day

Flowing like a river,
Washing over everything
Nobody can take my joy but
Everybody can help me sing

I've got joy down in my soul
I've got joy down in my soul

Joy will always be my song,
No matter what the clouds may bring
Stick my chest out, shoulders back,
Stand up tall,
Then open my mouth and sing

TREBLE SINGERS

Come, Ye Makers of Song

Come, ye makers of song; come away.
Tune all your voices and instruments play,
To celebrate this triumphant day.
Sound the trumpet, till around
You make the list'ning shores rebound.
On the sprightly hautboy play,

All the instruments of joy
That skillful numbers can employ
To celebrate the glories of this day.
Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Wake the harp, inspire the flute,
Sing praise to those whose heav'nly choirs
In cheerful lays do all inspire.

Desert Song

I bet when you see the ocean
You're drawn to the strength inside the waves.
But if you get caught within the ocean,
The undertow will let you lose your way.
I bet when you reach the ocean
Can't wait to sink your toes into the sand.
Instead, you will sink in to the ocean.
And watch your heart pulled slowly from your
hands.
She's calling.
Someday you will reach the desert.
Held by the warmth within the skies
Breathe in the exhale of the desert,
And see yourself reflected in her eyes
The moment you reach the desert, you realize
She's been singing a song of life and love, to your
surprise
You're singing with the desert
You've always known the words to sing along
You have a voice to share your song
You're coming home where you belong
She's calling.

Makedonska Humoreska

Samo se karame, samo se tepame,
Ej! Karaj!
I tova ljubov je, aman.
Ot kak' se ze dosme sve pare strosisme
Se ispropadosme, aman.
Rumbaba, rumba.

Refugee

In your world, I'm a refugee.
In your world, I must flee, I'm not free.
Bring me shelter. I will not harm you.
Bring me shelter, please.
Bring me shelter. I will not harm you.
I would shelter you.
I am only what you are.
Imagine your unbreakable world was broken

No more rules to protect you.
Who was I?
In my world, I was standing strong.
In my world, my heart did belong.
And now it's gone, there is only longing.
Refugee.

Turning

My soul cries out with a joyful shout
That the God of my heart is great,
And my spirit sings of the wondrous things
That you bring to the ones who wait.
You fixed your sight on your servant's plight,
And my weakness you did not spurn,
So from east to west shall my name be blest.
Could the world be about to turn?
My heart shall sing of the day you bring
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near,
And the world is about to turn.
Though I am small, my God, my all,
You work great things in me.
And your mercy will last from the depths of the past
To the end of the age to be.
Your very name puts the proud to shame,
And to those who would for you yearn.
You will show your might, put the strong to flight,
For the world is about to turn.
From the halls of power to the fortress tower,
Not a stone will be left on stone.
Let the king beware for your justice tears
Ev'ry tyrant from his throne.
The hungry poor shall weep no more,
For the food they can never earn;
There are tables spread, ev'ry mouth be fed,
For the world is about to turn.
Though the nations rage from age to age,
We remember who holds us fast:
God's mercy must deliver us
From the conqueror's crushing grasp.
This saving word that our forebears heard
Is the promise that holds us bound,
'Til the spear and rod can be crushed by God,
Who is turning the world around.

COMBINED CHOIRS

Turn the World Around

We come from the fire, living in the fire.

Go back to the fire, turn the world around.

We come from the water, living in the water.
Go back to the water, turn the world around.

We come from the mountain, living in the mountain.
Go back to the mountain, turn the world around.

Whoa, so is life.

Do you know who I am?
Do I know who you are?
See we one another clearly?

Do you know who we are?

Whoa, so is life, a ba tee wah ha! So is life.

Water make the river, river wash the mountain.
Fire make the sunlight, turn the world around.

Heart is of the river, body is the mountain.
Spirit is the sunlight; turn the world around.

We are of the spirit, truly of the spirit,
Only can the spirit turn the world around.