

Song Lyrics for Album: Between the Fish and the Moon

Ade zur Guten Nacht - Traditional German folksong

Ade zur guten Nacht!
Jetzt wird der Schluss gemacht,
Dass ich muss scheiden.
Im Sommer wächst der Klee
Im Winter schneits der Schnee,
Da komm ich wieder.

Farewell and goodnight!
The end is now in sight,
The time's come for parting.
In summer the clover grows,
In winter the snow falls,
Then I'll come back again.

Alma Redemptoris Mater – 10th century anonymous

Koomi Lach- Jen Gilleran, The song of songs c. Jen Gilleran/ Pharaoh's Daughter

Arise my love and come away!

Alma redemptoris mater
Quae pervia caeli porta manes,
Et stella maris,
Succurre cadenti
Surgere qui curat populo
Tu quae genuisti, natura mirante,
Tuum sanctum genitorem:
Virgo prius ac posterius,
Gabrielis ob ore sumens illud Ave
Peccatorum miserere.

Ardaigh Cuain – Traditional Celtic. Arr. Michael McGlynn c. W.B. Music Corp. O/B/O Warner/Chappell Music Ltd.

'A mbeinn fein in Ardaigh Cuain
'N aice'n tsleibh'ud 'ta 'bhfad uaim
Ba annamh liom gan dul ar cuairt
Go glean na gcuach De'
Domhnaigh. Agus och och 'Eire 'lig is
O'! Se' mo chroi'ta'trom agus bronach.

Nach tuirseach mise anseo liom fein
Nach n-airim guth coiligh, lon dubh
No `traon Gealbhan, smolach,
Naoscach fein, 'S chan aithnim fein an
Domhnach. Agus och och Eire 'lig is
'o! 'Se mo chroi ta trom agus bronach.

Between the Moonlight and the Morning Star - Susan Berman, Larry Sargent. By Generous permission of Susan Berman and Larry Sargent

Between the moonlight and the morning star (2x)

Armies of fathers, fields of darkness
Abandoned bodies in rows of sweet corn
And the Angel of Mercy, Queen of the Harvest
Gathers pollen from her fallen wings

Between the moonlight and the morning star (2x)

From silence comes breath, rage, roar, song, prayer,
In the wind
calm, breath, song, prayer,
In the wind, ah-ah-ah-ah

River of death runs deep and runs cold
I hear my mother calling from the other shore
Mama oh Mama, let your sweet voice guide me
Through this valley of shadows to your loving arms

Between the moonlight and the morning star (2x)

White Dawn Woman of sanctuary
A refugee chorus serenades you
With anthems of hope and liberation
Send out your mourning doves to sing them across

Between the moonlight and the morning star (2x)

Blessing – traditional Ukranain arr. Alexis Kolchan, Evanc Coffie, Henry Zacharias. Adapted by Heidi, Annie c.

i oh teh tsi mah ti
svo yeh mu ditya hin
kootschah svi voo makh

iv dreh te rastav do brit schas
bla ho slo vi semleh
bla ho slo vi semleh

iv dru hi rastav do brit schas
bla ho slo vi semleh
bla ho slo vi semleh

i oh teh tsi mah ti
svo yeh mu ditya hin
vrit veh li ki makh

i oh teh tsi mah ti
svo yeh mu ditya hin
fiks tcha sli vi makh

Dem Zeydns Nigndl – Shike Driz. Saul Berezovsky

Gehert hob ikh dertseyln,
Az in dem vayn dem altn
Hot aley n der zeydenyu
A nigndl bahaltn.
Gis mir on, mayn tayere
A bekherl mit vayn
Lekhayim vel ikh trinkn,
Gezunt zolstu mir zayn!

Chorus:

Ai, ai, ai, a glezele mit vayn
Ai, ai, ai gezunt zolstu mir zayn!
Gehert hob ikh dertseyln
Un s'iz mistam keyn lign,
Az in der tsveyter koyse
Ligt dem zeydns nign.
Gis mir on, mayn tayere,
A glezele mit yayin!
Far ala mayne libe
Vel ikh oystrinken lekhayim!

Gehert hob ikh dertseyln,
Az dortn muz er lign
Az oyfn dno fun dritn kos
Der nign-she-benign,
Gis mir on, mayn tayere,
Dem same bestn yayin,
Lomir take far dem nign
Oystrinken lekhayim!
Lekhayim vel ikh trinkn

Gezunt zolstu mir zayn

Grandfather's little melody
I have heard people say
That my grandfather himself
Hid a little tune
In the old wine.
Pour me a goblet, my dear.
I'll drink a toast
To your good health.

I have heard people say
And it's probably true,
That Grandfather's tune is to be found
In the second cup.
Pour me, my dear,
A glass of wine.
I'll drink a toast
To my dear ones.

I have heard people say
That it must be there,
At the bottom of the third cup,
The tune to end all tunes.
Pour me, my dear,
From the very best wine.
Let's drink a toast
To the melody.

Fraoch a Ronaigh- traditional Celtic, version learned from Mouth Music, arr.
Susan Gallagher Borg and Heidi, singers/musicians

Fraoch a Ronaigh, muran a Bhalaigh (2x)
Crois iar non cliar, crois iar Sholais (3x)
Beinn Dubh Sholais, Aird a' Bhorain

'S fhada bhuam Grimnis, Lirinis, Cairinis (4x)

Froach a Ronaigh, muran a Bhalaigh (2x)
Crois iar non cliar, crois iar Sholais (3x)
Beinn Dubh Sholais, Aird a' Bhorain (2x)

I Pharadisi – traditional South African

I Pharadisi ikhaya labafile
I Pharadisi ikhaya labafile
I Pharadisi ikhaya labafile
Kulapho sophumla, Khona I Pharadisi

I Pharadisi, where all the dead are living (3x)
May we one day join them all there, I Pharadisi

Keep Your Hand on the Plow - traditional African-American spiritual

Paul and Silas bound in jail
Didn't have no-one to go their bail
Keep your hand on that plow, hold
on.
Hold on, hold on
Keep your hand on that plow, hold
on.

Paul and Silas began to shout
The jail door opened and they
walked out

Keep your hand . . .

God gave Noah the rainbow sign
No more water, the fire next time,
keep . . .

The only chain a man can stand
is the chain from hand to hand
Keep your eye on that prize, hold on
. . .

Oh Jerusalem – traditional African- American spiritual

Oh Jerusalem, Oh Jerusalem
Sweet little baby born in the stable,
Oh Jerusalem in the morn

Mary's baby born today
Wrapped in swaddling clothes
Laid him in a manger Lord,
Oh that's how the story was told
Oh, Jerusalem in the morn

Oh Jerusalem . . .

Fighting in the city
Where baby Jesus grew
Calling on the Prince of Peace
We send a prayer to you
Oh Jerusalem in the morn

Oh Jerusalem . . .

Walking through Jerusalem
I see the signs of war

Calling on the Prince of Peace
To walk the streets once more
Oh Jerusalem in the Morn

Oh Jerusalem . . .

Walking in Jerusalem
Just like the Prince of Peace
Praying for Jerusalem
May all the fighting cease
Oh, Jerusalem in the morn.
Oh, Jerusalem. . .

On the Wild Steppes Beyond the Baikal – traditional Russian, version
learned from Anatoly Gridenko's Moscow Male Voice Choir

A Political exile yearns for home

Po dikim stepyam zabykalia
Gdye zolowto royut v gorakh
Bradyaga sood boo proklinaya
Tastchilsya s soomoy na pletchakh

On the Wild Steppes beyond Baikal,
Where people search for gold,
A poor man bearing a bag on his back
Wanders, bemoaning his fate.

Bayjhall iz tyurmiu tyomnoy nawtchyu
V tyourmye awn za pravdu stradal
Byerjhat bolsheh nye bilo mawtchi
Pred neem rasstillalsya Baikal

For telling the truth, he found himself
in prison.
One dark night he escaped.
He has not enough strength to go any
further.

Bradyaga k Baikalu padkhawdeet
Ribatskuyu lowdku beereewtt
E groostnuyu pyesnyu zavawdit
Pra rawdinu chto toe poyawt

In front of him there lies Lake Baikal.

Bradyaga Baikal peereeyekhal
Navstraychu radimaya motye
Ach zdravstvuee, ach zdravstvuee
roadnaya
Zdarov lee atyets moy e brat?

He comes up to it
And climbs on to a fisherman's boat.
There he sings a song,
A sad song about his own country.

Atyets tvoy davno oojh v moegeellay
Zyemlyoyoo searoyu zakreat
Ah brat tvoy davno oojh v Sibirii
Davno kandalami greemeet

He crosses the lake,
His mother comes to meet him.
O my dear mother, let me embrace
you,
Are my father and my brother well?

Por la sivdad de Aragon
Todo varon ke ijos tiene
A la gerra se va ir

Your father has been dead for a long
time;
He is at rest in the damp earth.
And your brother is serving his prison
sentence,
Wearing chains, somewhere in
Siberia.

Ay avia un vizziko
Un vizziko duvlado en doz
Bindiiziendo al pan I al vino,
I al Dio ke se lo dio

Maldiziendo a su espoza,
Maldizion de korason
ke siete ijaz le paryo
Sin ningun ijo varon...

Qyria Yefefia – Ora Sittner
A song of Yemeni Jews

Qyria yefefia
Masos me'harayich

Ir neemana
At le'malkech ve'sarayich
Yom ezkera, ezkera
Yif'at tsevayich

Lach kalta nafshi
Li'shkon chatserayich

U'mi yitneni, mi yitneni
A'ouf kayonna

Eshaka' Vanayich
Achonon afarayich

Lo shakta nafshi
Mi'yom nedod raya

Mi'yom Ge'lot Vanayich
M'beit meguravich

City of all beauty, joy of all cities,
Loyal to your Princes and your King.
Your vibrant colors, I recall every day.
My soul is longing, to reside in your
courts.
Would that I have suddenly, the
wings of a dove,
I would come to remove, your dust
and your stones.
Never have I found, peace in my soul
Since from your walls, the people
were exiled.
City of all beauty, joy of all cities.

River of Jordan – Hazel Hauser, version learned from Bluegrass Gospel Project

To the river of Jordan our savior went one day
And we read that John the Baptist met him there
When John baptized Jesus in Jordan's rushing waters
The mighty power of God filled the air.

I'm on my way/ to the river of Jordan
Gonna wade right in/in the rushing waters
I'm goin' down/to the river of Jordan
And let the cool waters soothe my soul

King Naaman was stricken with dreaded leprosy
And he sent for a man of God to pray
But Elijah said to Naaman go dip yourself in Jordan
And let the cool water wash your spots away

So he went right down/to the river of Jordan

He went right in/in the rushing water
He dipped himself/he dipped himself
In the river of Jordan
And the cool waters made him whole

Oh the river of Jordan is many miles away
This mighty river I may never see
So I'll find myself an altar in an old fashioned church
My river of Jordan that will be

I'm on my way/ to the river of Jordan
Gonna wade right in/in the rushing waters
I'm goin' down/to the river of Jordan
And let the cool waters cleanse my soul

Shalom aleychem – traditional Hebrew, version learned from Fortuna

Shalom aleychem	Peace be with you
Malachei hashalom	Angels of the highest,
Malachei elyon	Angels of heaven
Mimelech malachei hamelachim	Of the king of king of all kings
Hakadosh baruch hu	The saint, blessed be he.

Boachem leshalom
Malachei hashalom
Mimelech malachei hamelachim
Hakadosh baruch hu

Silent Night – Joseph Mohr, Franz Gruber (Czech lyrics by Otilie Cebe-Hebersky)

German:	Czech:
Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht	Ticha nots, svata nots
Alles schläft, einsam wacht	Vshuda ticno, Vshechno yassne
Nur das traute hochheilige Paar	Svata ditya dak nyasjeneh
Holder Knabe in lockigem Haar	Ay yemene su
Schlaf in himmlische Ruh (2x)	Spee vnebes skem miru (2x)

English:
Silent night, holy night
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace (2x)

Soma so la de sase - Bobby McFerrin c. Probnoblem Music

ah mi no tah so mae o shaena
soma so la de sase
ah ki o tah so lae asha
soma so la de sase

is there a mind behind the voice,
are we awake or sleeping?
is there a hand to guide the choice,
is there rest from our weeping?
where is the rare one?
where is the sage?
who has the words of beauty?
who will awaken us from sleep?
who will perform this duty?

ah mi no tah...

soma so de la de sase

The Spirit Returns – Rory Block c. Happy Valley Music OBO Brown Foot Pub. Co.

Lord, lord I say, The spirit returns,
Oh yeah, yes it does

Listen, Chief Left Hand was an
Indian
Lived down in Colorado way
Till the white man came along
And sent all the Indians away

Lord, they tried to arrest him
They told him he couldn't stay
And he held out his hand
He said "The spirit returns," oh yeah
He said "The spirit returns"

Now, down through the ages
Men and women of faith
Yes, they stood by the truth
Despite what some people would say
Now they shot them,

They hanged them
They burned at the stake
If the body is dust, then you know
I say, the spirit returns, oh yeah

I say the spirit returns
You know the spirit returns
They say the spirit returns

Now there's a bear on the mountain
He wanders among the trees
Lord his soul is at peace with the
earth
And he knows he is free, yes he
does
As he walks through his home
In the green rolling land
There is know doubt in his mind
He knows the spirit returns, oh yeah
He knows the spirit returns

Until We Meet Again - Maclean

Till we meet again
I wish you well
I hope your light shines easily
And when we meet again
It doesn't matter how we've done
On holy shores
I'll see you further on

You may struggle
You may toil

To support the walls around you
All lonely burn the midnight oil
Till the pool of light shines on you

Till we meet again...

This day is almost done
And in the space between
We'll be a braid of words to come
But we will gently dream, dream on.

Till we meet again . . .