

Song Lyrics to Album: Return to the Land of Your Soul

Apache Honoring Song- Traditional Apache

Yo way yo, yo way yo way
Yo way yo hi ya, yo way yo hi ya
Yo way yo hey ya, hey yo, hey ya,
Hey yo , he-ey, hey yo, hey ya, hey yo yo way, hi-i-i.

Ave Maria- J.S. Bach, Charles Gounod

Ave Maria, gratia plena, dominus tecum,
Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Sancta Maria, Sancta Maria,
Maria, ora pro nobis, nobis peccatoribus
Nunc et in hora, in hora mortis nostrae, Amen

Ave Maria, mighty yet lowly, pure and most holy, hear from Thy starry throne
our prayer: though faithless friends may grieve us, wealth and fortune leave us,
grant to our grief and to our pain thy tender care. Sancta Maria, when we are
tearful, when we are fearful, give to us aid, to us thine aid of prayer, Amen

Avinu Malkeinu- Traditional Hebrew, arr. Max Janowski and Heidi, singers. Liturgical song for the High Holy Days: " Our Creator, inscribe us for blessing in the book of life"

Avinu malkeinu sh'ma kolaynu
Avinu malkeinu hatanu l'faneha
Avinu malkeinu hamol aleinu v'al olalaynu v'tapeinu
Avinu malkeinu kalei dever v'herev v'raav meialeinu
Avinu malkeinu kotveinu b'seifer chayim tovim
Avinu malkeinu hadeish aleinu shanah tovah

Our creator, our sovereign, we have done wrong in your presence.
Our creator, our sovereign, we have no one to rule over us but you.
Our creator, our sovereign, help us for the honor of your name.
Our creator, our sovereign, renew for us a good year.
Our creator, our sovereign, nullify the plans of any who may seek to do us harm.
Our creator, our sovereign, grant forgiveness and atonement for all Of our
transgressions.
Our creator, our sovereign, send thorough healing to all those who ail.
Our creator, our sovereign, inscribe us for good fortune in the Book of Life.

Bisan – Author unknown, made famous by Farouz

A Palestinian exile yearns for the village that was home
Kanat lana min zaman
Bayyaraton jamila wa dai `aton dhalila
Yanamu fi afya iha nisan dai `atuna
Kanas muha Bisan

Khuthuni ila Bisan, ila dia `atish shita iyyah
Hunaka yashi `ul hanan, `alal hafafiren ramadiyyah

Athkuru ya Bisan, ya mal `abat tufula
Afya ukil khajula, wa kullu shai en kan
Babon wa shubbakan, baituna fi Bisan

Khuthuni, khuthuni ma `al hasasin
Ilath thi alil lati tabki
Rufufon minal `aidin, `ala haninen laha tahki
Khuthuni ila Bisan

Es Ist Ein Ros' Entsprungen- Traditional German carol, harmonization by
Michael Praetorius

Es ist ein Ros' Entsprungen
Aus einer Wurzel zart
Als uns die Alten sungen:
Aus Jesse kam die art.
Und hat ein Blümlein bracht
Mitten im kalten Winter
Wohl zu der halben Nacht

Ein Stern mit hellem Scheine
Drei König fuhr't geschwind
Aus Morgenland mit eile
Zum neugeborenen Kind,
Brachten ihm reichen Gold
Und schenkten ihm mit Freuden
Myrrh, Weihrauch, kostlich Gold

There is a rose that has sprung up
From a tender, delicate root.
As the old ones have sung to us:
From Jesse came this race, this way.
And has brought forth a little flower
In the middle of the cold winter
At midnight.

A star with a bright shine
Three kings followed swiftly
From the orient with haste
To the newborn child,
Brought him rich gold
And presented to him with joy,
Myrrh, Frankincense, costly gold.

How Can I Keep from Singing? - Rev. R Lowry, Anne Warner

My life flows on in endless song, above Earth's lamentation
I hear the real, though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear that music ringing
It sounds and echo in my soul: How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars, I hear the truth, it liveth
What though the darkness round me close, songs in the night it giveth
No storm can shake my inmost calm while to that rock I'm clinging
Since Love is Lord of heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing?

John o' Dreams – Bill Caddick, adapted from Tchaikovsky's symphony #6

When midnight sings, good people homeward tread
Seek now your blankets and your feather bed
Home is the rover, his journey over
Yield up the nighttime to old John o' Dreams (2x)

Across the hill the sun has gone astray
Tomorrow's cares are many dreams away
The stars are flying, your candles dying
Yield up the darkness to old John o' Dreams (2x)

Both man and master in the night are one
All things are equal when the day is done
The prince and plowman, the slave and freeman
All find their comfort in old John o' Dreams (2x)

Now as you sleep the dreams come winging clear
The hawks of morning cannot harm you here
Sleep is your river, float on forever
And for your boatman choose old John o' Dreams (2x)

Karitas - Hildegard von Bingen, version learned from Gail Ireland

Karitas habundat in omnia
De imis excellentissima super sidera
Atque amantissima in omnia,

Quia summo regi osculum pacis
dedit.

Divine Love gives herself to all things
from the depths
exalted to above the highest stars

cherishing all/for to the high king
she has given the kiss of peace.

Lake Isle of Innisfree – Joseph Daniel Sobol, William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I plant there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

La Yave De Espanya – Flory Jagoda,

Sung in Ladino, the language of Spanish Jews
A Sephardic (Spanish) Jew, long in exile, still holds the key to her home in Spain

Onde este la yave ke estava en kashon
Miz nonus la trusheron kon grande dolor
Miz nonus la trusheron kon grande dolor
De su kaza de Espanya, de Espanya
De su kaza de Espanya, de Espanya
S'huenyoz de Espanya
S'huenyoz de Espanya

Onde esta la yave ke estava en kason
Miz nonus la trusheron kon grande amor
Disheron a loz fijoz esto ez il korason
De muestra kaza de Espanya, De Espanya (2x)

S'huenyoz de Espanya (2x)

Onde esta la yave ke estava in kason
Miz nonus la trusheron kon grande amor
La dieron a loz nietos a meter la a kason
Muestra yave de espanya, de espanya (2x)

S'huenyoz de Espanya (4x)

Motherless Child African-American spiritual

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, a long way from home.
Sometimes I feel like I'm already gone, a long way from home.

Nadal De Luintra – Traditional carol from Galicia

Mary wandering on the road, seeking a place to give birth to the light

Cara a Belén camiña unha nena ocupada,
fermosa, en canto a ela, san Xosé a acompaña
Chegaron a Belén e pediron pousada.
Responderon de adentro con voz alborotada:

¿Quen chama á mina porta, quen á porta me chama?
Somos Xosé e María que pedimos pousada.
Se traen cartos que entren e se non que se vaian.
Cartos non traerei, mais que un real de prata.

Isos son poucos cartos, quedaron noutra parte.
San Xosé se apenaba, María o consolaba
Non te apenes Xosé, non te apenes por nada,
¿que mais cartos ti queres, isto que me acompaña?

Qyria Yefefia – Ora Sittner

Qyria yefefia
Masos me'harayich

A'ouf kayonna

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

Eshaka' Vanayich
Achronen afarayich

Lo shakta nafshi
Mi'yom nedod raya

Lach kalta nafshi
Li'shkon chatserayich
City of all beauty, joy of all cities,
U'mi yitneni, mi yitneni
Loyal to your Princes and your King.
Your vibrant colors, I recall every day.

Mi'yom Ge'lot Vanayich
M'beit meguravich

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.

Return Again – Learned from A Traveling Jewish Theater

Return again, return again
Return to the land of your soul (2x)

Return to who you are
Return to what you are
Return to where you are
Born and re-born again

Return again, return again
Return to the land of your soul

Shtiler Shtiler – Alex Wolkovinski, Shmerke Kaczerginski

A song of the Vina Ghetto; Alex was 11 when he wrote the words

Shtiler, shtiler, lomir shvaygn.
Kvorim vaksn do.
S'hobn zey farflanst di sonim:
Grinen zey tsum blo.
S'firn vegn tsu ponar tsu,
S'firt keyn veg tsurik,
Iz der tate vu farshvundn
Un mit im dos glik.
Shtiler, kind mains, veyn nit, oytser,
S'helft nit keyn geveyn,
Undzer umglik veln sonim
Say vi nit farshteyn.
S'hobn breges oykh di yamen
S'hobn tfises oykhet tsamen,
Nor tsu undzer payn
Keyn bisl shayn,
Keyn bisl shayn.

Slow Horses - source unknown

Slow, horses, slow
As through the woods we go
We would count the stars in heaven
Hear the grasses grow

Watch the cloudlets few
Dapple the deep blue
With our open palms outstretched
Catch the blessed dew

This Little Light of Mine/ I Saw the Light- traditional Gospel

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine (3x)
Let it shine, let it shine , let it shine.

Through Shadows Dark- Traditional Aboriginal Lullaby, version learned from
Pamela Balingham

Though shadows dark
On your bed of bark
Have no fear
For mama's near
Oh—oh—oh

Touman Iarom – Traditional Ukranian, arr. Alexis Kolchan, Julian Kytasty

Touman iarom touman dolinoyu touman iarom
Touman dolinoyu

Zatu manom nicha holneh vidno kilki vidno
Duba sehleh nobo

Pitim dubom krinitsyasto yala, ptikhrinitsi
Gyuka vahdu grala

Typu stilah zolotevidertseh za su tilah
Koza kovi sertseh

Hoychdo steh yeh vidertsehdi stahneh, ty zim no yu
Naru shnitchyuk stahneh

Obi zvazya kozacheckos hayu obi zvaozya
Kozachenkos hayu

Ha yah stru yeh vidertsedi stahnu a ya stro yeh
Vidertsehdi stahnu

Yasto boyu narushnitschluk stahnu yasto boyu

Naru shnitschluk stahnu

Zuni Sunrise – Will Numkena, traditional Zuni chant

Ah-hey, da-ho, da-hey

Hey, da-ho, da-hey

Ah hey da-ho, ah-ya hey da-ney (2x)

Ah ya ha-way, oh hey do-na ah-way (2x)

Ah-hey, da-ho, da-hey