

# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS



FOLK SONG FÊTE

## Byker Hill

Chorus: Byker Hill and Walker Shore me boys,  
Byker Hill and Walker Shore me boys,  
Byker Hill forevermore me lads  
Byker Hill, Byker Hill, Byker Hill forevermore.

Down by the pit we'll go me laddies,  
Down the pit we'll go me laddies,  
It's down the pit we'll go me laddies,  
It's Byker Hill for evermore me lads.

When first I went down to the dirt  
I had no cowl nor no pitshirt  
Now I've gotten two or three  
Walker Pit's done well by me

## The Earth Adorned

The earth adorned in verdant robe  
Sends praises upward surging,  
While soft winds breathe on fragrant flowers  
From winter now emerging.  
The sun shines bright  
Gives warmth and light  
To budding blossoms tender,  
Proclaiming summer's splendor.

From out the wood, the birds now sing  
And each its song now raises,  
To join with all the Universe  
In voicing thankful praises.  
With hope and joy  
Their songs employ  
A rapturous exultation  
In praise of God's creation.

## Traditional English/arr. Wilby

Porthole doctors get two shillin'  
And track men they get one and sixpence,  
The older me get half-a-crown  
And that's just for rolling up and down me boys.

Geordie Charlton, he had a pig  
And he hit it with a shovel  
And it danced a jig all the way  
From here to Byker Hill me boys.

## Waldemar Åhlén (1894-1982)

O God, amid these joys of life,  
Creation's glory beaming,  
Grant us the grace to keep your word  
And live in love redeeming.  
All flesh is grass,  
The flowers fade,  
And time is fleeting ever;  
God's word remains forever.

*~Carl David af Wirsén (1842 1912)  
Trans. Jennings*

## Estrella é lua nova

É! Makumba\* bêbê! Niâ!  
Estrella do céu é lua nova  
cravejada de ouro

*\*Note from the score: Macumba is an Afro-Brazilian cult. This is probably a song to cast some spell during the new moon.*

## Turtle Dove

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

So fair though art my bonny lass  
So deep in love am I  
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass  
I love  
Till the stars fall from the sky my dear  
Till the stars fall from the sky

## Arirang

Arirang Arirang Arariyo  
Arirang gohgaeroh nummuhganda.  
Nahreul buhreegoh gashineun neemeun  
shimneedo motgahsuh balbyungnanda.

## Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

É! Makumba\* bêbê! Niâ!  
Star in the sky and new moon  
Crowned of gold.

## Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

The sea will never run dry, my dear  
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun  
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass  
I love  
Till all these things be done my dear  
Till all these things be done

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove  
He doth sit on yonder high 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

## Traditional Korean/arr. Steve Ko

Arirang, Arirang, Arariyo...  
My beloved one is leaving over Arirang hill.  
My beloved one who abandons me  
will get sore feet within ten ri\*

*\*ten ri (shimnee in the text) is about a quarter of a mile, symbolizing a short distance.*

## Alouette

Alouette, gentille alouette,  
Alouette, je te plumerai.

Je te plumerai les yeux.  
Et les yeux!  
Et le bec!  
Et la tête!  
Alouette!

## Traditional French-Canadian Playsong/arr. Sund

Lark, nice lark,  
Lark, I will pluck you.

I will pluck your eyes.  
And your eyes!  
And your beak!  
And your head!  
Lark!

## Der bucklichte Fiedler

Es wohnt ein Fiedler zu Frankfurt am Main,  
der kehret von lustiger Zeche heim;  
und er trat auf den Markt, was schaut er dort?  
Der schönen Frauen schmausten gar viel'  
an dem Ort.

"Du bucklichter Fiedler, nun fiedle uns auf,  
wir wollen dir zahlen des Lohnes vollauf!  
Einen feinen Tanz, behende gegeigt,  
Walpurgis Nacht wir heuer gefeir't!"

Der Geiger strich einen fröhlichen Tanz,  
die Frauen tanzten den Rosenkranz,  
und die erste sprach: "mein lieber Sohn,  
du geigtest so frisch, hab' nun deinen Lohn!"

Sie griff ihm behend' unter's Wams sofort,  
und nahm ihm den Höcker vom Rücken fort:  
"so gehe nun hin, mein schlanker Gesell,  
dich nimmt nun jedwede Jungfrau zur Stell!."

## Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

There lived a fiddler in Frankfort on Main,  
Who home from his revels returned again;  
When he came to the fair, what saw he there?  
Ah, lovely ladies, both merry and rare!

"Thou humpbacked young fiddler, come play  
us a tune,  
We'll give you, in full, your reward very soon.  
Play your finest dance, light, lively and gay,  
Walpurga feast we hold here today."

The fiddler played them a joyous dance,  
The ladies danced it, "The Rosenkranz."  
Then one said to him: "My darling son  
Thy dance is so fresh, reward thou hast won!"

And quickly from under his doublet she tore  
The hump from his back, 'twas seen no more;  
"Now go, go thy way, my slender young  
blade,  
For now thou art sure to win any maid!"

## Kilden

Jeg vet om en kilde som ingen kan tømme,  
og ut fra den rinner der levende strøomme.  
Så kom da, enhver som et beger kan trenge,  
men kom uten penge, og dryg ei for lenge.

Den kilde er Jesus, den kjærlige, gode,  
med liv og med fred og med sannhet  
og nåde.  
Kom drikk da, og styrk deg, det vil jeg  
deg råde,  
men kom uten penge, og dryg ei for lenge.

Et kar til å øse med har du i bønner,  
Gud Fader deg hører i navnet til Sønnen.

Det evige livet av nåde er lønnen,  
men kom uten penge, og dryg ei for lenge.

Så kom da og tvett deg i renhetens kilde,  
men skynd deg for ellers det kan bli for silde.  
Din evige frelse du må ei forspille,  
men kom uten penge, og dryg ei for lenge.

## Traditional Norwegian/arr. Pederson

I know of a fountain that no one can drain  
And from it flows a living stream.  
Then came everyone that a cup could need  
But come without money, and spare none for  
too long.

That source is Jesus, the loving, good one,  
With life and with peace and with truth and  
grace.  
So drink then, and strengthen yourself, I will  
advise you,  
But come without money, and spare none for  
too long.

You have a vessel to pour into the prayer  
God the Father belongs to you in the name of  
the Son  
Eternal life by grace is the reward  
But come without money, and spare none for  
too long.

Then come and wash yourself in the fountain of  
purity  
But hurry and do not delay.  
Your eternal salvation you must not waste  
But come without money, and spare none for  
too long.



## **Tykus Tykus**

Tai tykus bernelis,  
Tai tykus raitelis,  
Tai tykiai privilioj  
Mergelę klėtėlėn.

Žalią rūtų vainikėlį

Tai tykiai nuėmė  
Rūtų vainikėlį,  
Tai tykiai numovė  
Aukselio žiedelį.

Bernelis pabudo,  
Nelaimę pajuto, -  
An žirgelio sėdo,  
In vainelę jojo.

## **Traditional Lithuanian/arr. Augustinas**

What a quiet lad,  
what a calm rider,  
how quietly he enticed away  
a maiden into the granary.

Green rue crown

How calmly he took away  
her maidenhood,  
how quietly he worked off  
her golden ring.

But suddenly he awaked  
and sensed danger, -  
took a horse  
and moved away to the battle.

## **Diu Diu Deng**

Going up to the tunnel in the mountain,  
the water in the cave is dropping down.  
Going up to the tea mountain,  
enjoy looking at the tea-picking girls.

## **Traditional Taiwanese/arr. Yi**

## **Kas tie tadi**

Kas tie tadi kas dziedaja, bez saulites vakar?  
Tie ir visi bara berni bargu kungu klausitaj.  
Kurin ugun silda gaisu slauka gauzas asara,  
Krimta cietu pelav maizi avotina mercedam.  
Aaulit lasa uziekdamas zelta rasas lasites:  
Ta nebija zelta rasa, tas barinu asarin

## **Traditional Latvian/arr. Sametz**

Who are they who weep at sunless evening?  
They are orphans subject to a cruel master.  
So dry the tear, dip the crust of bread  
and huddle closer to the fire.  
The little sun gathers rising golden dewdrops.  
That was not golden dew: those were little  
orphan's tears.

## **Minoi Minoi**

Minoi minoi minoi  
Minoi pei o se loi  
A siva siva ua gaoioi  
Lololo pei o se pe'epe'e ua loiloi  
Suiti suamalie pei ose se poi.

Aue la'u lupe lu pe  
Tagitagi aue  
O lo'u loto lea tau i na fa 'a pea,  
Tauina fa ' pele pele, minoi minoi.

## **Amazing Grace**

Amazing grace how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost, but now I'm found  
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear  
And grace my fears relieved  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

## **Shenandoah**

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you  
And hear your rolling river  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you  
way, we're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.

I long to see your smiling valley  
And hear your rolling river  
I long to see your smiling valley  
way, we're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.

## **Traditional Samoa/arr. Marshall**

Move, move, move  
Move like an ant  
When it dances it moves  
Rich is the coconut milk  
Sweet like banana poi

My dove, my dove  
Cry, cry bitterly  
My heart is to take care of you  
To endear you to move to me.

## **Traditional American/arr. Cano**

When we've been here ten thousand years  
Bright, shining as the sun  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.

## **Traditional American/arr. Erb**

Tis seven long years since last I've seen you  
And hear your rolling river  
'Tis seven long years since last I've seen you  
way, we're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.

## Kanarbik

Kurb lilla kanarbik  
meeletult lõõskab  
päikese vimane virgendus silmis,  
Muidu kõik on kui ikka,  
need samad on nurmed,  
need samad on teed,  
ainult nende peal põleb,  
maailma surune leek.

## Veljo Tormis (1930-2017)

Sad purple heather bell frantically blazes  
Capturing aftermost flickering sunlight.  
And all else is as ever,  
As ever the meadows.  
As ever the roads,  
Only over them burning,  
Flaring a planet a flame.  
~Vivi Luik (b. 1946)

## Oh ma vaene poisike!

Ai miä polloine poiga  
Jovvuin kolmehe kovvaaha.  
Jovvuin kolmehe kovvaaja,  
Kaheksaha kargi jaha: ai, ai.  
Heboi sehe hirnuvaha,  
Venehesse voodavaha,  
Naisseehe kusirippaaha.

Ai miä polloine poiga,  
kui miä pääsisin kolmesta kovasta,  
kaheksasta kargijasta?  
Tuli susi, söi heppoisen,  
Tuli taudi, tappoi naisen,  
noisi vesi, vei venneehen.

## Indodana

Ngob'umthatile eh umtwana wakho  
Uhlale nathi hololo helele  
Indodana ka Nkulunkulu  
Bayi'bethelala hololo helele  
Oh Baba!, Baba, Baba Yehova!

## Veljo Tormis (1930-2017)

Oh, poor boy that I am,  
three misfortunes have befallen me.  
Three misfortunes have befallen me,  
eight mishaps have come upon me:  
a neighing horse,  
a leaking boat,  
a wretched wife.

O poor boy that I am,  
how could I escape the three misfortunes,  
and the eight mishaps?  
A wolf came and killed the horse,  
plague came and killed the wife,  
the flood came and carried away the boat.

## Traditional South African/arr. Barrett

You took Your own son  
Who lived amongst us  
The Son of God  
Was crucified  
Oh Father, Jehovah!