

Dance to Your Shadow when it's good to be living, lad
Dance to your shadow when there's nothing better near you.
when it's fine . . .

Horo haradal, hind ye haradal
Horo haradal, hind ye han dan (X 2)

Dance to your shadow when it's hard/ sore to be living, lad
Dance to your shadow when there's nothing better near you

Dance to your shadow, letting Fate to her fiddle, lad
Dance to your shadow when there's nothing better near you
. . . for it's fine to be living, lad

Horo haradal . . .

Ban do reepanean, a hi chis de ripanian
Ban doa' reepanean, a rual ah mu chawnsa (X 2)

When Will I Be Loved?

I've been made blue, I've been lied to
When will I be loved?
I've been turned down, I've been pushed 'round
When will I be loved?

When I meet a new girl that I want for mine
She always breaks my heart in two,
It happens every time

I've been cheated, been mistreated
When will I be loved

When I meet a new girl
When will I be loved? X 3

May You Never

May you never lay your head down without a hand to hold
May you never make your bed out in the cold

May you never lose your temper if you get ~~hit~~ in a bar room fight
May you never lose your woman overnight. *lover*

You're just like a great strong brother of mine
And you know that I love you true -
You never talk dirty behind my back
And I know there's those that do -
Oh please, won't you please, won't you bear it in mind
Love is a lesson to learn in our time -
Please won't you, please won't you bear it in mind for me.

May you never . . . overnight.

You're just like a good close sister to me . . .
You hold no blade to stab me in the back
And I know that there's some that do
Oh please . . .

Fiela, fiela, fiela ngwanyana
Fiela ngwanyana, ose jele matlakaleng! (X 2)

Mmatswale ke tsho-bo-lo
Tshobolo ya mosadi!
Fiela ngwanyana - ose jele matlakaleng! (X 2)

Sweep, sweep, sweep in the morning -
Don't eat in the dirt!

Your mother-in-law's a shrewd woman!

John Martyn

Sakura from Naoko

Sakura sakura
Yayoi no sorawa
Miwatasu kagiri

Kasumi ka kumoka
Wioi zo izuru

Iza ya, iza ya
Mi-ini-yuka-nn.

March, March
In the sky only cherry blossom
As far as you can see

Like mist or clouds
Just the scent coming

Now - now -
Shall we go and see?

An Diran

*Godday Bok
R355.*

An diran tan solde
an diran tan solde
The tide at thy head and feet
The wind about thy shoulder

Though the sun should know thy face
though the wind bring back thy name
They'll not bring thee back again
That walk the sea in sorrow

Far from me is singing gone
Far from me is laughter gone
They will never bring thee home
that walk the sea in sorrow

Now the deeps are home for thee
now the seal thy keeper be
Now the seabird hear thy cry
The windy world over

Call the wild outstepping sea
Call the wind to comfort thee
May she bear thee peacefully
The windy world over.....

Bring Me a Boat
(Kate Rusby/P. Cunningham)

258 (A.K.)
Bring me a boat to cross to my dear,
I stand here alone, with my sweetheart so near,
Bring me a boat to cross o'er the Tyne,
For it's deep murky waters part his heart and mine.

CHORUS

And the Tyne it flows on and out to the sea,
If a boat I am granted then safe let me be,
Gently I'll go, for gently I'll row,
As gently you breathe as you ebb and you flow.

Does he know I stand each day on the shore,
Does he know I'd give all to see him once more,
Does he know I've wept ten thousand times o'er,
And is he still waiting as he was before.

CHORUS

The boatman he wants the gold I can't give,
My parents are poor so I've nothing to give,
Only my heart and that will not float,
So please don't deny me and bring me a boat.

CHORUS (twice)

Bonny at Morn

The sheep's in the meadows,
The kye's in the corn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

Canny at night,
Bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

The bird's in the nest,
The trout's in the burn,
Thou hinders thy mither
At mony a turn.

We're all laid idle
Wi' keeping the bairn,
The lad winnot work
And the lass winnot lairn.

YE BANKS AND BRAES

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return!

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine
And ilka bird sang o' its Luvie
And fondly sae did I o' mine:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause luvie stole my rose -
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

CA' THE YOWES

CHORUS

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grow,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.*

Hark, the mavis e'ening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang
Then a fauldin let us gang
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and Heav'n sae dear,
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart,
I can die - but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

The Hills of Ardmorn

Oh that I could hear the birds again
In the fields of Ardmorn
Where the sun lies over Sulum Voe
And the mist - silent all around.

Oh that I could see the bracken red
In the hills of Ardmorn
And the moss green in between
And the rain falling softly down.

Oh that I could scent the breeze again
In the fields newly turned
And the storm clouds high above
And the gulls circling all around.

repeat first verse

Garai pano x 3

(sit here)

Ishé ano-uya

(the spirit will come)

A

hold on + watch it
turn round
+ it will " "

B (high) when you tell
it like it is, you
turn it around

C 'tell' it like it is
ilanga mo

D It's easy like this