

In Remembrance:

A Tribute to Mary Legge

Sunday, June 11, 2023

Program Order and Lyrics

The Lake Isle of Innisfree Eleanor Daley
Il est bel et bonPierre Passereau arr. Norman Greyson
Will the Circle Be UnbrokenTrad. Appalachian arr. J.D. Moore

Rosedale Presbyterian Church Choir

There is No Rose Philip Stopford
Lobet den Herren (Motet VI) BWV 230 J.S. Bach
The Road Home Stephen Paulu

Pentheria and RPC

In Remembrance Eleanor Daley

Shiru Allan E. Naplan
Ta na Solbici (And so we dance in Resia)..... Samo Vovk
No One Is Alone Stephen Sondheim arr. Joey Williamson
Salaam Alaikum (Peace Unto You) Kofi J.S. Gbolonyo
Èto Enye Agbe (Three Symbolizes Life) Divine Gbagbo
One More Colour Jane Siberry arr. Suba Sankaran
Sing Gently Eric Whitacre

Alumni Sing-A-Long

Music When Soft Voices Die Hugh Garland

Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made
And I will live alone in the bee-loud glade
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow
Where midnight's all a-glimmer and noon a purple glow
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings
And the evening full, full of the linnet's wings
I will arise and go now for always night and day
While I stand on the roadside or on the pavements gray
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore
I hear it in the heart, I hear it in the deep heart's core

Music: Eleanor Daley **Lyrics:** W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)

Il est bel et bon

Il est bel et bon, bon, bon, commère, mon mari.
Il était deux femmes toutes d'un pays,
disant l'une à l'autre : « Avez bon mari? »
Il ne me courroucé ne me bat aussi.
Il fait le ménage, il donne aux poulailles,
et je prends mes plaisirs.
Commère ç'est pour rire quand les poulailles crient : « Co co dae »
Petite coquette, qu'est ceci?

Translation

He is handsome and good, friend, my husband.
There were two women of the country,
saying to one another : « Do you have a good husband? »
He doesn't get angry at me or beat me either.
He does the chores, he feeds the chickens,
and I take my pleasure.
Friend, it is funny when the chickens call out : « Co co dae »
Little chick, what is this?
Literally translated "gossiper"

Music: Pierre Passereau
Arrangement by Norman Greyson A.S.C.A.P.

Will the Circle Be Unbroken

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, Lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waitin'
If we try, Lord, if we try.
I was singing with my sisters
I was singing with my friends
And we all can sing together
'Cause the circle never ends.
I was born down in the valley
Where the sun refuse' to shine
But I'm climbing up to the highland
Gonna make that mountain mine!

Music: Traditional Appalachian **Lyrics:** Betsy Rose, Cathy Winter, and Marcia Taylor
Arranged by J. David Moore

In Remembrance

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep
I am the thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight-ripened grain,
I am the gentle morning rain.
And when you wake in the morning's hush,
I am the sweet uplifting rush of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there, I did not die.

Music : Eleanor Daley **Lyrics :** Anonymous

Shiru

Shiru shir chadash
shiru, hari'u kol ha'aretz.
Pitz'chu v'ranenu v'zameru, hari'u kol ha'aretz.
Yismechu hashamayim v'tagel ha'aretz,
Yir'am hayam u'melo'o, ya'aloz sadai v'chol asher bo,
Az yeranenu kol atzey ya'ar.
Neharot yimcha'u chaf, yachad harim y'raneinu.

Translation

*Sing, sing a new song; sing strongly, all the earth.
Break forth into joyous songs of praise!
Let the heavens rejoice and the earth exult,
The sea and all within it thunder, the fields and all within them be joyful.
Let all the trees of the forest shout with joy.
Let the rivers clap their hands and the mountains sing joyously together.*

Music: Allan E. Naplan **Lyrics:** adapted from Psalms 96 and 98

Ta Na Solbici

Ta-na Solbici se poračalo
Ja lo li li le lo le le lo li lo
so nöge na glas tärmale da so Bilo rizglasnile
Jo lo la li le la – la la li le lo li le lo, li le lo, jo la la li le
od Čanina tintinalo, od Čanina
Ta-na Solbici se poračalo
Ja lo li li le lo le le lo li lo
so nöge na glas tärmale da so zwun rizglasnile
Jo lo la li le la – la la li le lo li le lo, li le lo, jo la la li le
od Čanina tintinalo, od Čanina
Le la – höra, visoka höra ta Čaninawa

Translation

*There was a wedding in village Solbica/Stolvizza [typical Resian folk refrains built from these syllables]
feet (nöge) were hitting floor so loudly that drown out the church bell [typical Resian folk refrains built from these syllables]*

*it was echoing off the mountain Kanin or Čanin, [it is a mountain above Solbica village] There was a
wedding in village Solbica/Stolvizza [typical Resian folk refrains built from these syllables]
feet (nöge) were hitting floor so loudly that drown out the church bell [typical Resian folk refrains built from these syllables]*

*it was echoing off the mountain Kanin or Čanin, [it is a mountain above Solbica village] mountain (höra),
high mountain of Kanin*

Music : Samo Vovk **Lyrics:** S. Vovk, B. Grahor (translation to Resian language: L. Jence, S. Paletti, M. Sekli)

Arrangement by Carmen Manet

No One is Alone

Mother cannot guide you Now you're on your own
Only me beside you Still, you're not alone
No one is alone, truly No one is alone
Sometimes people leave you Halfway through the wood
Others may deceive you You decide what's good
You decide alone But no one is alone
I wish...I know. Mother isn't here now
Wrong things, right things Who knows what she'd say?
Who can say what's true? Nothing's quite so clear now
Do things, fight things Feel you've lost your way?
But--You decide, but You are not alone
Believe me, No one is alone
No one is alone Believe me Truly
You move just a finger Say the slightest word
Something's bound to linger Be heard
No acts alone Careful No one is alone
People make mistakes Fathers Mothers
People make mistakes
Holding to their own Thinking they're alone
Honor their mistakes Fight for their mistakes

Everybody makes One another's terrible mistakes
Witches can be right Giants can be good
You decide what's right You decide what's good
Just remember Just remember
Someone is on your side Someone else is not
While we're seeing our side Maybe we forgot
They are not alone No one is alone
Hard to see the light now Just don't let it go
Things will come out right now We can make it so
Someone is on your side No one is alone

Music and Lyrics: Stephen Sondheim
Arranged by Joey Williamson

Salaam Alaikum

Salaam Alaikum le, alaikum le
May peace be unto you
May peace be in your heart
May peace be in your home
May peace be in our world
Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, oh yes

Music: A Ghanaian Folksong
Arranged by JS Kofi Gbolonyo

Etoe Enye Agbe (Three Symbolizes Life)

E toe ny'a gbe
e toe ny'a gbe lo
e toe ny'a gbe la
O se yee yee a yee

Translation

Trinity is life

(Onomatopoeic expression) an affirmation

Music: An Ewe Traditional Song
Arranged by Divine Gbagbo

One More Colour

"Is it lasting?"
And in asking
The sphere becomes a line
A dotted line
And to follow it
You must make a jump each time

A dotted page
A dotted hillside
A blast of dots

A blind reader
And a flock of sheep
And a blast of trumpet shots

Here, all we have here is sky
All the sky is is blue
All that blue is is one more colour now

A basket of apples
By the back door
Beneath the sweater pegs
The autumn leaves
Lift along the street
A pair of dancing legs

Music: Jane Siberry
Arranged by: Suba Sankaran

Sing Gently

May we sing together, always
May our voice be soft
May our singing be music for others
And may it keep others aloft
Sing, sing gently, always
Sing, sing as one (as one)
May we stand (may we stand) together, always
May our voice be strong
May we hear the singing and
May we always sing along (along)
Sing, sing gently, always
Sing, sing as one (as one)
Singing gently as one

Music and Lyrics: Eric E. Whitacre

Music When Soft Voices Die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Music: Hugh Garland **Lyrics:** Percy Bysshe Shelley