

Penthelia Singers

A TRIBUTE TO CANADIAN FOLK II

Across the Sea

Heather Masse, Wailin Jennys

Complainte pour Ste. Catherine

Anna McGarrigle and Phillippe Tatarcheff (arr. Suba Sankaran)

Maid on the Shore

arr. Kathleen Allan

O Sister (Keep Me Steady Through the Storm)

Kathleen Allan

Pussy Willows, Cat-tails

Gordon Lightfoot (arr. Larry Nickel)

Songbird

Sarah Quartel

Donkey Riding

Canadian Folk Song (arr. Thomas Bell)

Glory Bound

Ruth Moody, Wailin Jennys

Four Strong Winds

Ian Tyson (arr. Larry Nickel)



ACROSS THE SEA

Heather Masse

I see your face across the sea
You're in the waves surrounding me,
I hear your voice call on the breeze
On this ship out on the ocean.

Sailing across the sea
On a big ship on the ocean
The moon is rising in the East
The stars hang down around her.

The bow is arrowed to the hearts
Of the ones we wish to come home to
But the Newly lit night
Directs this flight singing "the ocean road will guide you"

I see your face across the sea
You're in the waves surrounding me,
I hear your voice call on the breeze
On a ship out on the ocean.

When I wake I'll cast my anchor down and dive below
I'll dive into my lover's arms,
We'll warm the ocean's cold
Cross the sea and to our homes we'll meet again so soon
you'll be with me
Across the sea on a ship out on the ocean

I see you face across the sea
You're in the waves surrounding me,
I hear your voice call on the breeze
On a ship out on the ocean.

COMPLAINTE POUR SAINTE CATHERINE

Anna McGarrigle / Philippe Tatarcheff

Arranged by Suba Sankaran

Moi, j'me promène sous Ste Catherine,
J'profite de la chaleur du métro,
J'ne regarde pas dans les vitrines,
Quand il fait trente en d'ssous de zéro,

*I wander under Ste Catherine,
I take advantage of the subway's warmth,
I'm not window-shopping,
When it's minus thirty,*

(Chorus)
Y'a longtemps qu'on fait de la politique,
Vingt ans de guerre contre les moustiques,

*(Chorus)
We've been doing politics for a long time,
Twenty years fighting mosquitoes,*

Je ne me sens pas intrepide,
Quand il fait fret j'fais pas du ski,
J'ai pas d'motel aux Laurentides,
Le samedi c'est l'soir du hockey,

*I don't feel fearless,
When it's frozen, I don't ski,
I don't own a motel in the Laurentians,
Saturday night is hockey night,*

(Chorus)
Y'a longtemps qu'on fait de la politique,
Vingt ans de guerre contre les moustiques,

*(Chorus)
We've been doing politics for a long time,
Twenty years fighting mosquitoes,*

Faut pas croire que j'suis une imbécile,
Parce que j'chauffe pas une convertible,
La gloire c'est pas mal inutile,
Au prix du gaz c'est trop pénible,

*Don't think I'm silly,
'Cause I don't drive a convertible,
Glory seems useless,
At the gas price, it takes too much effort,*

(Chorus)
Y'a longtemps qu'on fait de la politique,
Vingt ans de guerre contre les moustiques,

*(Chorus)
We've been doing politics for a long time,
Twenty years fighting mosquitoes,*

On est tous frères pis ça s'adonne,
Qu'on a toujours eu du bon temps,
Parce qu'on reste sur la terre des Hommes,
Même les femmes et les enfants,

*We are brothers, and as it happens,
We've always had a good time,
Because we live on mankind's Earth
Even the women and children,*

(Chorus)
Y'a longtemps qu'on fait de la politique,
Vingt ans de guerre contre les moustiques,

*(Chorus)
We've been doing politics for a long time,
Twenty years fighting mosquitoes,*

Croyez pas qu'on est pas chrétiens,
Le dimanche on promène son chien,
La, la...

*Don't think we're not Christians,
On Sundays, we walk our dogs,
La, la...*

MAID ON THE SHORE

Arrangement Kathleen Allan

T'was of a young maiden who lived all alone.
She lived alone on the shore.
There was nothing she could find for to comfort her
mind
But to roam on the shore.

T'was of a young captain who sailed the sea,
Let the winds blow high or blow low,
“I will die, I will die”, this young captain did cry,
“If I don't have that maid from the shore.”

“I have lots of silver, I have lots of gold.
I have lots of costly fine fare o,
I'll divide with my jolly ship's crew,
If they'll row me that maid from the shore.”

By subtle persuasion, he got her on board,
Let the winds blow high or blow low.
And he placed her a way in his cabin below,
“Here's adieu to all sorrows and care.”

She sat herself down in his cabin below.
Let the winds blow high or blow low.
Where she sang so sweet, so soft and complete,
She sang captain and sailors asleep, sleep, sleep..

She robbed him of silver, she robbed him of gold,
She robbed him of costly fine fare o,
And she stole his broadsword instead of an oar,
And paddled her way to the shore.

My men must be crazy,
Your men was not crazy,
My men must be mad,
Your men was not mad,
My men must be deep in despair
Your men was not in despair
For to let you away with your beauty so gay,
And to paddle your way to the shore.
I deluded your sailors as well as yourself,
I'm a maiden again on the shore.

O SISTER
(KEEP ME STEADY THROUGH THE STORM)

Text by D. Allen
Music by Kathleen Allan

O sister, the wind's picking up,
The sky's gone dark too early,
O sister, please by my rain,
Keep us steady through the storm.

O sister, as the lightning breaks,
As the thunder shakes our shoulders,
O sister let it be be our voice/ song
To keep us steady through the storm.

O sister, when your bones are sore,
And your legs can go no further,
O sister, come speak your truth/ come sit with me,
Keep us steady through the storm.

O sisters,
Lift your your voice with mine,
Keep us steady through the storm.

O sister, my body it aches,
My work's been long, I'm weary,
O sister, please sit with me/ please hear my hurts,
Keep us steady through the storm.

O sisters,
Rest your aching heart,
Keep us steady through the storm,

O sisters,
Come and sit with me,
Keep us steady through the storm.

O sister, let it be our voice, our song,
Keep us steady through the storm.

PUSSY WILLOWS, CAT-TAILS

Gordon Lightfoot
Arrangement Larry Nickel

Pussy willows, cat-tails, soft winds and roses,
Rainpools in the wood land, water to my knees.
Shimmering, quivering the warm breath of Spring.
Pussy willows cat-tails, soft winds and roses,

Cat birds and cornfields, daydreams together,
Riding on the roadside, the dust gets in your eyes,
Reveling, disheveling the summer nights can bring
Pussy willows, cat-tails, soft winds and roses.

Slanted rays and colored days, stark blue horizons.
Naked limbs and wheat bins hazy afternoon
Voicing, rejoicing, the wine cups do bring
Pussy willows, cat-tails, soft winds and roses.

Harsh nights and candlelights, wood fires ablazin',
Soft lips and fingertips resting in my soul.
Treasuring, remembering the promise of Spring
Pussy willows, cat-tails, soft winds and roses.

SONGBIRD

Sarah Quartel

I am a songbird, I will sing anything.
Give me a tune, I will spin you gold.
Closer you come to the Songbird weaving,
stronger the thread of the music's hold.
Feel in the breeze of breath, a soaring
song to you, and hear me say:
"I am a Songbird; I will sing anything.
Follow the breeze and come my way!"

One little bird on a branch sits fanning
amber wings to the passersby.
Two little birds in flight are threading
webs of gold in an endless sky.
Three little birds with brushes painting
moonlit sighs in the height of day.
Four little birds with voices gleaming
breathe to the wind singing "come my way!"

Sing little bird so sweetly.
Drown my fears completely.

Five little birds with feathers fluffing
stretch and spread in the midday sun.
Six little birds are cooing, humming,
drawing the eyes of everyone.
Seven little birds in fountains splashing.
Droplets soar, they fawn and play.
Eight little birds raise voices higher,
breathe to the wind singing, "come my way!"

Fly, little Songbirds, to the horizon.
Land meets sky and sky meets sea.
Dance, little Songbirds, flick your feathers,
move the current, carry me!
Sing, little Songbirds, call to your lovers.
Draw them in completely.
You, little Songbirds, you can sing anything.
I follow the wind and I come your way!

DONKEY RIDING

Trad. Canadian
Arrangement Thomas Bell

Were you ever in Quebec
Stowing timber on a deck,
Where there's a king with a golden crown,
Riding on a donkey?

(Chorus)

Hey, ho! Away we go!
Donkey riding, donkey riding.
Hey, ho! Away we go!
Riding on a donkey.

Were you ever off the Horn
Where it's always fine and warm,
Seeing the lion and the unicorn,
Riding on a donkey?

(Chorus)

Donkey riding, donkey riding,
C'mon let's get that donkey riding.
Donkey riding, donkey riding.

Were you ever in Miramashee
C'mon let's get that donkey riding.
Where ye tie up to a tree,
Donkey riding, donkey riding,
And the m'skeeters do bite we
Riding on a donkey?

(Chorus)

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay
Where the folks all shout "Hurray!!
Here comes John with his three months' pay"
Riding on a donkey ?

GLORY BOUND

Ruth Moody

When I hear the trumpet sound,
I will lay my burdens down,
I will lay them deep into the ground,
Then I'll know that I am Glory bound.

I'll be traveling far from home,
But I won't be looking for to roam,
I'll be crossing over the great divide,
In a better home soon I will reside.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

When I'm in my resting place,
I'll look on my mother's face,
Never more will I have to know,
All the loneliness that plagues me so.

So I'm waiting for that train to come,
I know where she's coming from,
Listen, can you hear her on the track?
When I board I won't be looking back.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

FOUR STRONG WINDS

Ian Tyson

Arrangement Larry Nickel

Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high,
All those things that don't change, come what may.
But our good times are all gone, and I'm bound for moving on:
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.

Think I'll go out to Alberta, weather's good there in the fall:
I got some friends that I can go to working for.
Still I wish you'd change your mind if I asked you one more time;
But we've been through that a hundred times or more.

Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high,
All those things that don't change come what may.
But our good times are all gone and I'm bound for moving on:
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.

Still I wish you'd change your mind if I asked you one more time,
But we've been thru' that a hundred times or more,

If I get there before the snow flies, and if things are going good,
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare.
But by then it would be winter, there ain't to much for you to do,
And those winds sure can blow cold 'way out there.

Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high,
All those things that don't change come what may.
But our good times are all gone and I'm bound for moving on:
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.