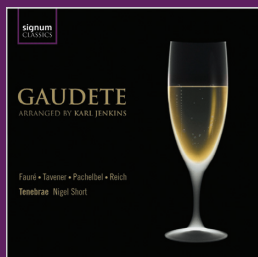
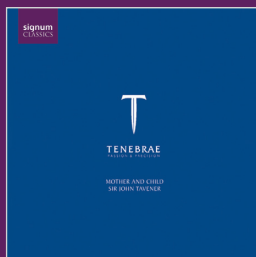


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Lullabies and Goodbyes

cantabile
Malcolm Martineau - piano

LULLABYES AND GOODBYES

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	Total Time		[74.40]

cantabile

Richard Bryan *Counter-tenor* / Robin Green *Tenor* / Mark Fleming *Tenor* / Michael Steffan *Baritone*
with Malcolm Martineau *Piano*

www.lullabysandgoodbyes.com www.cantabile.com www.signumrecords.com

BIOGRAPHIES

MALCOLM MARTINEAU

Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge and studied at the Royal College of Music. He is now amongst the world's leading accompanists. He appears throughout Europe, North America, the Far East and Australasia with many of the world's greatest singers and records widely for the major recording companies.



Recorded at Angel Studios, London, England,
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cantabile

Richard Bryan *Counter-tenor* / Robin Green *Tenor*
Mark Fleming *Tenor* / Michael Steffan *Baritone*

The London Quartet, Cantabile, are one of Britain's longest-established vocal ensembles. Since they became widely known in the early nineteen-eighties they have mastered a wide array of musical styles which they have taken to a worldwide audience, always remaining true to their core vocal texture which is unmistakably rooted in the great English choral tradition. Cantabile's origins at Cambridge University lay in revue as well as in music, and their flair for the stage continues to keep them in demand in theatres and cabaret as well as in concert halls and at festivals; indeed, they featured for over a year in London's West End. They have appeared in an enormous variety of venues, singing programmes encompassing early polyphony, jazz and contemporary music. Although essentially an *a cappella* group, they have appeared with a range of leading artists and ensembles, from big band to symphony orchestra. This is their second album with Malcolm Martineau.

Cantabile wish to thank: Kate; Lynne, Jack, Molly and Max; Kathy, Laurie and Jamie; Tan and Tom.

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Counting Up My Toes

Music: David Cullen
Text: Unknown
Written for Cantabile
Published by: Oxford University Press (available in **Encores for Choirs 2** compiled by Peter Gritton (ISBN / ISMN: 0-19-343632-9))

Any night that I can't sleep
And have no time for counting sheep
I know that I can always doze
If I start counting up my toes.
I know that when I get to ten
My eyes begin to close;
Those magic numbers bring me slumbers
When I'm counting up my toes.

One for Daddy; one for me;
And one for Teddy; that makes three;
And dear old Santa, one for him;
Because he's stuck there up the chim-ney;
One for Nanny, though she's flat-chested;
And one for the cat;
And both my Grannies – such old dears –
Though they have both been dead for years.

To complete the family group
A couple for Mummy ('cos she's super).
Now I've counted up to ten,
And I can start to doze again.

But peaceful sleep would not be mine
If I could only number nine;
'Cos I would wonder with a shock
If I had left one in my sock.

When I've counted up my toes
And got to ten I start to doze;
And so the question's never put:
How many I've got on the other foot?

LULLABYES AND GOODBYES

Lullabies and Goodbyes is a project close to our hearts and one we have been discussing amongst ourselves for some time; we are therefore very pleased that it should come to realisation as our first CD for Signum Records, especially with Adrian Peacock at the helm. It is our first full studio album since **On the Tracks of the Comedian Harmonists**, on which we were accompanied by our old friend Malcolm Martineau, and we were delighted that Malcolm could again find time in his extraordinary schedule to join us. We can't recall ever spending so much time in narrowing down the available choice of repertoire for a CD. In the case of **Bilbo's Last Song**, set so beautifully both by Stephen Oliver and by Donald Swann, we decided the only thing for it was to include both versions. Each has its own special resonance for us; Stephen's incidental music to the BBC's **Lord of the Rings** was what brought him to prominence just before we appeared in the West End musical **Blondel**, which he wrote with Tim Rice; and around the same time we sang **Bilbo's Last Song** with Donald in a concert in London – the four-part scoring of the final bars is his own.

The music of other old friends appears on this album. We've known Guy Turner since college days; **My Lagan Love** is another in a canon of superlative arrangements with which he has been regaling us for more than twenty years. Should the listener remain awake to the end of the disc, they will hear in **Counting Up My Toes** one of the several real gems David Cullen has written for us. David – best known for his orchestrations for Andrew Lloyd Webber – produced and arranged all the titles on our album **Music of the Night**.

This CD has offered us the opportunity to do what we love most: to arrange and to sing repertoire from as wide a range of sources as possible. Thus we have chosen folk-song, jazz, musical, opera, *Lied* – and even snuck in one of our own lullabies. All four of us have, after all, paced the floor, babe in arms, singing all our various children (and often ourselves) to sleep...

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Lullabye (Goodnight, My Angel)

Words and music: Billy Joel (b. 1949)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Published by: Impulsive Music (EMI April Music)

Goodnight my angel,
Time to close your eyes,
And save these questions for another day.
I think I know what you've been asking me;
I think you know what I've been trying to say.
I promised I would never leave you,
And you should always know:
Wherever you may go,
No matter where you are,
I never will be far away.

Goodnight, my angel,
Now it's time to sleep;
And still so many things I want to say.
Remember all the songs you sang for me
When we went sailing on an emerald bay.
And like a boat out on the ocean
I'm rocking you to sleep.
The water's dark and deep;
Inside this ancient heart
You'll always be a part of me.
Goodnight, my angel,
Now it's time to dream,
And dream how wonderful your life will be.
Someday your child may cry,
And if you sing this lullabye,
Then in your heart
There will always be a part of me.

Someday we'll all be gone
But lullabies go on and on... They never die;
That's how you
And I
Will be.

Evening Prayer
(from **Hansel and Gretel**)

Music: Engelbert Humperdinck (1854 - 1921)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: Adelheid Wette (1858 - 1916)
Translated by: David Pountney (b. 1947)
Unpublished

Light shimmers from the Lode Star
To show the angels where you are,
Then they will bring you safely to the land of dreams.
My dreaming, dreaming children, such happy-seeming children,
Linger in the land of dreams!

Sandman, good-night;
Let's say our prayers before we sleep.

Where each child lays down this head
Angels gather round the bed.
Two will stand above me;
At my feet two love me.
Two upon my right hand;
On my left two more stand.
Two will give me warning;
Two announce the morning.
Two to show me God in Heaven;
Two times seven
Will show the way to Heaven!

Goin' Home
(from the 9th Symphony '**From The New World**')

Music: Antonín Dvořák (1841 - 1904)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: William Arms Fisher (1861 - 1948)
Unpublished

Goin' home, goin' home
I'm a-goin' home;
Quiet-like, some still day,
I'm jes' goin' home.

It's not far, jes' close by,
Through an open door;
Work all done, care laid by,
Gwine to fear no more.

Mother's there 'spectin me,
Father's waitin' too;
Lots o' folk gathered there,
All the friends I knew.

Home, home,
I'm goin' home!

Nothin' lost, all's gain,
No more fret nor pain,
No more stumblin' on the way,
No more longin' for the day,
Gwine to roam no more!

Mornin' star lights the way
Res'less dream all done.
There's no break, there's no end,
Jes' a livin on;
Wide awake, with a smile
Jes a-goin' on.

Goin' home, goin' home,
I'm jes' goin' home;
It's not far, jes' close by
Through an open door.

I'm jes' goin' home.
Goin' home.

Our Revels Now Are Ended
(Prospero's Speech from **The Tempest**, Act 4 Scene 1)

Music: John Dankworth (b. 1927)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)
Published by: Key Music

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Bilbo's Last Song
(from **The Lord of the Rings**)

Music: Stephen Oliver (1950 - 1992)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: John Ronald Reuel Tolkien (1892 - 1973)
Published by: Novello and Co. (Music Sales)

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
But journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stony wall.
Foam is white and waves are grey;
Beyond the sunset leads my way.
Foam is salt, the wind is free;
I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,
The wind is east, the moorings fret.
Shadows long before me lie,
Beneath the ever-bending sky,
But islands lie behind the Sun
That I shall raise ere all is done;
Lands there are to west of West,
Where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star,
Beyond the utmost harbour-bar,
I'll find the heavens fair and free,
And beaches of the Starlit Sea.
Ship, my ship! I seek the West,
And fields and mountains ever blest.
Farewell to Middle-earth at last.
I see the Star above my mast!

Stay Awake
(from **Mary Poppins**)

Words and music: Richard Morton Sherman (b. 1928) and
Robert Bernard Sherman (b. 1925)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Published by: Warner / Chappell Artemis Music

Stay awake, don't rest your head;
Don't lie down upon your bed.
While the moon drifts in the skies,
Stay awake, don't close your eyes.

Though the world is fast asleep,
Though your pillow's soft and deep,
You're not sleepy as you seem;
Stay awake, don't nod and dream.

Barcarolle
(from **Les Contes d'Hoffmann**)

Music: Jacques Offenbach (1819 - 1880)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: Paul Jules Barbier (1825 - 1901)
Unpublished

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses;
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô belle nuit d'amour!
Le temps fuit et sans retour
Emporte nos tendresses;
Loin de cet heureux séjour
Le temps fuit sans retour.

Zephirs embrasés
Versez-nous vos caresses,
Zephirs embrasés
Versez-nous vous baisers!

Barcarolle

Beautiful night, oh night of love,
Smile on our joys;
Night, sweeter than the day,
Oh beautiful night of love!
Time flies and without turning back
Carries off our tender feelings;
Far from this happy moment
Time flies without turning back.

Burning Zephyrs,
Pour your caresses upon us,
Burning Zephyrs
Pour your kisses upon us!

Hushabye Mountain
(from **Chitty Chitty Bang Bang**)

Words and music: Richard Moreton Sherman (b. 1928) and
Robert Bernard Sherman (b. 1925)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Published by: EMI United Partnership Limited

A gentle breeze from Hushabye Mountain
Softly blows o'er Lullaby Bay.
It fills the sails of boats that are waiting,
Waiting to sail your worries away.
It isn't far to Hushabye Mountain,
And your boat waits down by the quay;

The winds of night so softly are sighing;
Soon they will fly your troubles to sea.
So close your eyes on Hushabye Mountain;
Wave goodbye to cares of the day
And watch your boat from Hushabye Mountain
Sail far away from Lullaby Bay.

Wiegenlied (Opus 49 No. 4)

Music: Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: Verse 1 **Des Knaben Wunderhorn** (edited by
Achim von Arnim [1781 - 1831] and Clemens
Brentano [1778 - 1842])
Verse 2 Georg Scherer (1824 - 1909)

Unpublished

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Näglein besteckt,
Schlupf' unter die Deck';
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut Nacht,
Von Englein bewacht,
Die zeigen im Traum
Dir Christkindleins Baum.
Schlaf' nun selig und süß,
Schau im Traum 's Paradies.

Lullaby

Good evening, good night,
Bedecked with roses,
Covered with carnations,
Slip under the blanket;
Early tomorrow, God willing,
You will be woken again.

Good evening, good night,
Guarded by little angels,
Who show you in your dreams
The tree of the Christ-child.
Sleep now blissfully and sweetly,
Behold Paradise in your dreams.

Lullaby (Hush Macushla)

Words and music: Cantabile
Unpublished

Hush, Macushla, don't you cry;
The stars are in the sky.
Hush, Macushla, now don't you sigh;
Believe your dreams and fly.

Close your eyes, be free;
Such wonders you will see;
Softly lost in sleep you'll be.

Hush, Macushla.

Nacht und Träume (Opus 43, No. 25 D.827)

Music: Franz Peter Schubert (1797 - 1828)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: Matthäus Kasimir von Collin (1779 - 1824)
Unpublished

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Night and Dreams

Holy Night, you sink down;
Dreams, too, float down
Like your moonlight through space,
Through the quiet hearts of men;
They listen with delight
They call out when day awakens:
Return again, holy night!
Fair dreams, return again!

Discendi, O Sonno Vago
(from *La Muta di Portici*)

Music: Daniel-François Esprit Auber (1782 - 1871)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: Eugène Scribe (1791 - 1861)
and Germain Delavigne (1790 - 1868)
Translation: Calisto Bassi (1800 - 1860)

Discendi o Sonno vago
Conforto a un mesto core.
Discendi o Sonno per lei,
Per lei dal ciel.

E sperda appien l'ìmagio
Nel sogno più ridente;
E sperda appien l'ìmagio
Del suo destin crudel.

Ah, scendi, o Sonno, ah, scendi
La pace e calma le rendi.
Nel sogno più ridente
Scordar quel cor soffrente
Puo il fato suo crudel, si, si
Il fato suo crudel.

Slumber Song

Drop down, O beautiful Sleep
Comfort to a sad heart.
Come down, O Sleep, for her,
For her from the heavens.

And dispel completely the vision,
In happy dream,
Dispel completely the vision
Of her own cruel destiny.

Ah, come down, O Sleep, ah, come down
And give back peace and calm to her.
In happy dream.
This suffering heart
May forget its cruel fate,
Its cruel fate.

Lullaby

(after the **Lullaby** for String Quartet)

Music: George Gershwin (1898 - 1937)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Words: Cantabile
Published by: Warner Chappell Music Limited / Catalyst
Music Publishing Limited.

Go lullabye,
Bye, bye.
Under starlit skies
Baby, close your eyes.

Now day is done
The setting sun
Is sinking beneath the West.

Sky shining red;
Time now for bed;
Time now for you to rest.

Dusk full of mystery
Cools the sun-kissed sea;
Twilight now paints the sky.
Shadows around the bay
Outstay the day.

Gently the palm trees
Sway in the calm breeze,
Soothing you with a sigh.
Night comes to hold you,
Gently enfold you,
In a ragtime lullaby

Bilbo's Last Song

(from **The Road Goes Ever On**)

Music: Donald Swann (1923 - 1994)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: John Ronald Reuel Tolkien (1892 - 1973)
Published by: Albert House Press

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
But journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stony wall.
Foam is white and waves are grey;
Beyond the sunset leads my way.
Foam is salt, the wind is free;
I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,
The wind is east, the moorings fret.
Shadows long before me lie,
Beneath the ever-bending sky,
But islands lie behind the Sun
That I shall raise ere all is done;
Lands there are to west of West,
Where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star,
Beyond the utmost harbour-bar,
I'll find the heavens fair and free,
And beaches of the Starlit Sea.
Ship, my ship! I seek the West,
And fields and mountains ever blest.
Farewell to Middle-earth at last.
I see the Star above my mast!

Haere Rā*

Music: Traditional Swiss / Clement Scott (1841 - 1904)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: Erimā Maewa Kaihau (1879 - 1941)
Translation: Shane Heremaia (b. 1971)
Unpublished

Haere rā, te manu tangi pai
E haere ana koe ki pāmamao.
Haere rā, ka hoki mai anō
Ki te tau e tangi atu nei.

Farewell

Farewell, beautiful singing bird;
You are going far away
Farewell, return again to your grieving sweetheart.

* known in English as 'Now is the Hour'

Hawaiian Lullaby

Words and music: Malcolm Sargent (1895 - 1967)
Published by: Boosey and Hawkes
Arranged by: Cantabile

Makanani, Malulani,
Leilani, Kealoha;
Makanani, Malulani,
Makalani Kealoha
Iki Pepe.

Little Baby! On Christmas morn,
Little Baby! Then Christ was born.
While the flowers fold their buds and their blossoms in sleep,
He and I o'er thy slumbers our loving watch keep.

Composer's note: "The Hawaiian words are terms of endearment:-
'With beautiful eyes'; 'Divine child'; 'Beloved one'; 'Little baby'."

Lullaby of Birdland

Music: George Shearing (b.1919)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: George David Weiss (b. 1921)
Published by: EMI Music Publishing (WP) Limited

Lullaby of Birdland, that's what I
Always hear when you sigh.
Never in my word land
Could there be words to reveal
In a phrase how I feel.

Have you ever heard two turtle doves
Bill and coo when they love?
That's the kind of magic
Music we make with our lips
When we kiss.

And there's a weepy ol' willow;
He really knows how to cry.
That's how I'd cry in my pillow
If you should tell me
Farewell and goodbye.

Lullaby of Birdland whisper low
Kiss me sweet and we'll go
Flyin' high in Birdland,
High in the sky up above;
All because we're in love.

Oblivion

(after **Arnalta's Lullaby** from **L'Incoronazione di Poppea**)

Music: Claudio Monteverdi (1567 - 1643)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: Cantabile
Unpublished

Oblivion is waiting;
No time for more debating;
Far too late for hesitating.

Before your eyes closed,
You smiled at me so sweetly;
You held my hand
So tightly;
I kissed you, and felt your breath come and go
So lightly.

Oblivion is waiting;
No more tears or fears;
Your pain is ending.
So sleep now, my dearest, my sweetest;
So sleep now, my darling.

Schlafendes Jesuskind
Gemalt von Franc. Albani
(from *Mörke Lieder*, No. 25)

Music: Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: Eduard Friedrich Mörike (1804 - 1875)
Translation: Eric Sams (1926 - 2004)
Unpublished

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind! am Boden,
Auf dem Holz der Schmerzen eingeschlafen,
Das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll spielend,
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;
Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!

O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder
Hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen
Wimpern sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!
Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!

Sleeping Christ-child
As painted by Francesco Albani (1578 - 1660)

Son of the Virgin, child of Heaven, lying on the floor
asleep on the wood of suffering
that the pious painter has placed -
a meaningful allusion - under your light dreams;
You flower, even in the bud, darkling and sheathed,
still the glory of God the Father!

O, who could see,
behind this brow, these dark lashes,
what softly-changing pictures are being painted!
Son of the Virgin, child of Heaven!

Moonshine Lullaby
(from *Annie Get Your Gun*)

Words and music: Irving Berlin (1888 - 1989)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Published by: Warner Chappell Music Limited

Behind the hill
There's a busy little still
Where your Pappy's working in the moonlight;
Your lovin' paw
Isn't quite within the law,
So he's hiding there behind the hill.

Bye, bye, Baby,
Stop your yawning;
Don't cry Baby,
Day will be dawning.
And when it does
From the mountain where he wuz,
He'll be coming with a jug of moonshine.
So count your sheep;
Mamma's singing you to sleep
With a Moonshine Lullaby.

Dream of Pappy, very happy
With his jug of mountain rye;
So count your sheep,
Mamma's singing you to sleep
With the Moonshine Lullaby.

Cancion de Cuna para dormir a un Negrito
(from **Cinco Canciones Negras**)

Music: Xavier Montsalvatge (1912 - 2002)
Arranged by: Cantabile
Text: Ildefonso Pereda Valdés (1899 - 1996)
Published by: Peer Music

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe tan chiquitito,
El negrito que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.
Con lindas motitas,
Con ojos grandotes como dos ventanas
que miran al mar.

Cierra los ojitos,
Negrito asustado,
El mandinga blanco te puede comer.
¡Ya no eres esclavo!
Y si duermes mucho
El señor de casa promete complar traje con botones
Para ser un "groom".

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe duérmete negrito,
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.

Cradle-song to send a little black boy to sleep

Hushabye, hushabye, hushabye, you tiny one:
The little black boy who doesn't want to sleep.
With your head like a coconut, a little coffee bean.
With pretty freckles,
With wide-open eyes like two windows
that look out to the sea.

Close your tiny eyes,
Frightened little black boy;
The white bogey-man may eat you up.
You are no longer a slave!
And if you sleep a lot
The master of the house promises to buy you a suit with buttons,
So you can be a "groom".

Hushabye, hushabye, hushabye; go to sleep little black boy,
With your head like a coconut, a little coffee bean.

My Lagan Love

Music: Irish traditional
Arranged for
Cantabile by: Guy Turner (b. 1955)
Text: Seosamh MacCathmhaoil
(Joseph Campbell) (1881-1944)

Where Lagan stream sings lullaby, there blows a lily fair.
The twilight gleam is in her eyes, the night is on her hair,
And like a lovesick lenanshee¹ she hath my heart in thrall.
Nor life I own, nor liberty; for love is lord of all.

And often when the beetle's horn hath lulled the eve to sleep
I steal unto her shieling lorn² and thro' the dooring peep.
There on the cricket's singing stone, she stirs the bogwood fire
And hums in sad, sweet undertone the song of heart's desire.

¹ lenanshee: the léanan sídhe (faery mistress) is a malicious figure
who frequently crops up in Gaelic love stories

² shieling lorn: forsaken (shepherd's) hut