



## Concert Lyrics

### **WATER FOUNTAIN**

Music and lyrics by Nathaniel Brenner and Merrill Garbus  
Arr. by Kristopher Fulton

No water in the water fountain - No side on the sidewalk  
If you say, Old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there?  
Nothing much to do when you're going nowhere  
Woohaw! Woohaw! Gotcha,  
We're gonna get the water from your house

No water in the water fountain - No wood in the woodstock  
If you say, Old Molly Hare, Whatcha doin' in there?  
Nothing much to do when you're going nowhere  
Woohaw! Woohaw! Gotcha,  
We're gonna get the water from your house

Nothing feels like dying like the drying of my skin and lawn,  
Why do we just sit here while they watch us wither till we're gone?  
I can't seem to feel it, I can't seem to feel it  
I can't seem to feel - I'll kneel - I'll kneel the cold steel.

You will ride the whip, you'll ride the crack - No use in fighting back  
You'll sledge the hammer if there's no one else to take the flak  
I can't seem to feel it, I can't seem to find it  
Your fist clenched my neck - we're neck and neck and neck...

No water in the water fountain, no phone in the phone booth  
If you say, Old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there  
Jump back jump back! Daddy shot a bear  
Woohaw! Woohaw! Gotcha we're gonna get the water from your house

I saved up all my pennies and I gave them to the special guy  
When he had enough of them he bought himself a cherry pie  
He gave me a dollar, a blood-soaked dollar - I cannot get the spot out but it's okay  
It still works in the store.

Greasy man come and dig my well, Life without your water is a burning hell  
Stuff me up with your home-grown rice, Anything make me look nice  
se pou zan-mi mwen - se pou zan-mi mwen

And a two-pound chicken tastes better with friends  
A two-pound chicken taste better with two  
And I know where to find you, so listen to the words I said  
Let it sink into your head, a vertigo round-and-round-and round  
Now I'm in your bed, How did I get ahead?

Whoo! Thread, your fingers, fingers through my hair  
Give me a dress, give me a dress, I'll give a thing a caress  
Wouldja! Wouldja! Wouldja! listen to the words I say  
Sound like a floral bouquet, a lyrical round-and-round-and round  
Okay take a picture, it will last all day, hey  
And you say old Molly Hare, Hare - Nothing much to do when you're going nowhere

No water in the water fountain - floral bouquet, a lyrical round-and-round-and round  
No side on the side walk, okay take a picture it will last all day - Your fingers through my hair  
We're gonna get the water from your house (3x)

### **HOPE FOR THE WORLD**

Music by Jacob Narverud, lyrics by Robert Bode

We sing of yellow dragonflies  
And brilliant orange sunsets  
We sing of dappled forests  
And oceans, dancing with life.

We sing of generations of  
Lined and loving faces  
And eyes, clear in knowing.

We sing for the hope of the children  
We sing of hope for the world,  
And the new rooster song  
Fresh each morning, we sing.

We sing of blessed yesterdays  
And holy tomorrows  
We sing of changing colors:  
The seasons, shining with light.

Where yellows and oranges  
Forests and oceans wait for us  
Wait to find hope for the world

We sing! We sing!  
For hope, we sing, we sing  
We sing For hope, we sing

We sing of yellow dragonflies  
And brilliant orange sunsets  
We sing of dappled forests  
And oceans, dancing with life.  
We sing for hope we sing . . . We sing!

## **BRING ME LITTLE WATER, SILVY**

Music and Lyrics by Huddie Ledbetter; Arr. by Moira Smiley

Body percussion by Evie Ladin

Bring me little water, Silvy, Bring me little water now  
Bring me little water, Silvy, Ev'ry little once in a while  
Silvy come a runnin' bucket in her hand  
I will bring a little water fast as I can

Bring it in a bucket Silvy, bring it in a bucket now  
Bring it in a bucket Silvy, Ev'ry little once in a while  
Can't you see me comin', Can't you see me now  
I will bring a little water, Ev'ry little once in a while

## **KAWOUNO WAN GI PI**

Music & Lyrics by Vivian Aluoch & Vivian Anyango

Arr. by Brian Tate

Kawouno Wan Gi Pi is a song from Kenya, in the Dholuo language. The words express joy and gratitude for the gift of water, and the importance of making peace with our surroundings and with ourselves.

### Translation

Kawouno wan gi pi                      Today we have water

Erokamano                                Thank you

Wololore                                  La la la la

Kawouno wan gi pi                      Today we have water

Erokamano                                Thank you

Wamor ahinya                          We are so happy

Imiyo wan gi pi                         You've given us water

Erokamano                                Thank you

Wololore                                  La la la la

Imiyo wan gi pi                         You've given us water

Erokamano                                Thank you

Wamor ahinya                          We are so happy

## **WOODSMOKE AND ORANGES**

Music and lyrics by Ian Tamblyn

Arr. by Rebecca Campbell

By woodsmoke and oranges, path of old canoe,  
I would course the inland ocean to be back to you.  
No matter where I go to, it's always home again  
To the rugged Northern shore and the days of sun and wind,  
in the land of the silver birch, cry of the loon.  
There's something in this country that's a part of me and you.

We nosed her in by Pukaskwa, out for fifteen days,  
To set paddle and the spirit at the mercy of the waves.  
The wanigans were loaded down and a gift left on the shore,  
For it's best if we surrender to the rugged northern shore.

In the land of the silver birch, cry of the loon.  
There's something in this country that's a part of me and you.

The waves smashed the smoky cliffs of Old Woman Bay,  
Where we fought against the back-swell and then were on our way.  
I would talk with you of spirits by the vision pits we saw them.  
Walk the agate beaches of the mighty Gargantua  
in the land of the silver birch cry of the loon.  
There's something in this country that's a part of me and you.

I've turned my back upon this thing tried to deny the coast-line of my dreams,  
but it turns me by and by.  
It tossed the mighty ship around, smashed the light-house door,  
sent shivers up my spine, Oh, the rugged northern shore.  
in the land of the silver birch, cry of the loon.  
There's something in this country that's a part of me and you.

No matter where I go to 'tsal-ways home again,  
to the rugged northern shore and the days of sun and wind.

## **TUNDRA**

By Ola Gjeilo

Oh, oh, wide,  
Worn and weathered  
Sacred

Of green and white, and granite grey  
Snowy patches strewn,  
Anchored to the craggy earth  
Snowy patches strewn  
Anchored to the craggy earth

Unmoving, unmoving;  
While clouds dance  
Across the vast, eternal sky,  
Eternal sky

While clouds dance across the vast eternal sky - Oh

## **ANIMAL CRACKERS (Vol. II)**

Music by Eric Whitacre, lyrics by Ogden Nash

### i. The Canary

The song of canaries never varies, never varies  
The song of canaries never varies, never varies  
The song never varies, never varies (6x)  
And when they're moulting, they're pretty revolting.

### ii. The Eel

I don't mind eels, except as meals,  
And the way they feels . . . Eew, eew, eew, eew – yuck!

### iii. The Kangaroo

O Kangaroo, o kangaroo  
Be grateful that you're in the zoo.  
And not transmuted by a boomerang  
Into zestful, tangy kangaroo meringue  
who, who, whoo.....PKH!

### **MORE WATERS RISING**

Music and lyrics by Saro Lynch-Thomason  
Arr. by Saunder Choi

There are more waters rising, this I know, this I know.  
There are more waters rising, this I know.  
There are more waters rising, they will find their way to me.  
There are more waters rising, this I know, this I know.  
There are more waters rising, this I know.

There are more fires burning, This I know ...  
There are more mountains falling, This I know ...  
I will wade through the waters, this I know, this I know.  
I will wade through the waters, this I know.  
I will wade through the waters, when they find their way to me.  
I will wade through the waters, this I know, this I know.  
I will wade through the waters, this I know.

I will walk through the fires, This I know ...  
I will rebuild the mountains, This I know ...

There are more waters rising, this I know, this I know.  
There are more waters rising, this I know.  
There are more waters rising, they will find their way to me.  
There are more waters rising, this I know, this I know.  
There are more waters rising, this I know.

### **FRAGILE**

Music by Timothy Takach, Lyrics by Joyce Sutphen

You now know that anything could happen;  
things that never happened before,  
things that only happened  
in movies and nightmares  
are happening now,  
as if nothing could stop them.

You know now that you are not safe,  
you know you live in fragile skin and bones,  
that even steel and concrete can melt away,  
and that the earth itself can come unhinged,  
shaken from its orbit around the sun.

You know, now that anything can happen,  
it's hard to know what will,  
and what will you do  
now that you know?  
What words will you say  
now that you could say anything?  
What hands will you hold?  
Whose heart will beat inside you?

### **EARTH BLESSING**

Music by J David Moore, Text by Jack Manno

May earth's song reach us in our deepest and wildest places.

May it be heard as we move upon her, as we partake of her sustenance,  
as we nestle in her waters and grasses.

May we hear the voices of the stones, the winds and waters,  
creatures and plants, above the human chatter,  
softly but not silently, so we can heed them when we must.

May all those who try to conquer earth's powers learn instead from  
compost and humus, and take from them humility,  
knowing any force conquered is lost forever to the conqueror.

May compassion wrack the polluter's heart,  
so stunned the earth's gifts their poisons cannot be released.

At long last, may earth's protectors throw grand parties  
where victory is declared in a mighty sigh of relief.

May this exhalation resound in ocean depths,  
reverberate in humpback flesh and please all the watery souls.

May whales and wolves rejoice with weird shouts that all is well.

May we have a world's celebration where everyone stays put,  
our roots seeking amusements together deep in the earth,  
our branches entwined in the winds.  
May our grandchildren's grandchildren share legends of when we  
brought about the end of the time of arrogance and waste.

May they toss stones from shores, hearing our names echo in the ripples.  
So may it be.

### **HERE ON THESE BRANCHES**

Music and lyrics by Sarah Quartel

Deep in the forest a chickadee chorus or two  
sit on their branches, humming songs  
they had heard before and learned a long time ago,  
back when the winds were young.

Into their clearing a golden-haired girl passing through,  
mesmerized by their singing. Tunes so familiar to our girl,  
but from where she can't say. All she can hear is...)

Feathers and melodies surrounding the golden-haired girl pull her  
and wrap her tightly into the wings of these curious things, so lovely.  
And all she can say is: What can this be, circling me? What can this be, circling me?  
I've heard it somewhere else, but I don't know Where it is from, what it has done

Slowly, then, wrapped in the melody she feels the wind ruffling her skin so gently.  
Filling her lungs with the chickadee song, she hums, caught in this feathered flurry.  
Stretches an arm, but now a wing she has formed, and her feathers, golden, they shine so brightly.  
Catching a breeze, she floats to a brand with the others, Joining their singing

What can this be, circling me What, I've heard it somewhere else but I don't know where it is from.  
What shall become of me here, Here on these branches?

Feathers I have, yet I am glad - yet I am happy, with down and fluff,  
To warble... What can this be, circling? - What can this be, circling me?

### **THE ARK**

Gerry Rafferty; arr. J. David Moore

See the dark night has come down on us  
The world is livin' in its dream  
But now we know that we can wake up from this sleep  
And set out on the journey  
Find a ship to take us on the way.

The time has come to trust that guiding light  
And leavin' all the rest behind  
We'll take the road that leads down to the waterside  
And set out on the journey  
Find a ship to take us on the way.

And we'll sail out on the water  
Yes we'll feel the seas roll  
Yes we'll meet out on the water  
Where are all strangers are known.

If you travel blindly, if you fall  
The truth is there to set you free  
And when your heart can see just one thing in this life  
We'll set out on the journey  
Find a ship to take us on the way.

And we'll sail out on the water  
Yes we'll feel the seas roll  
Yes we'll meet out on the water  
Where are all strangers are known.

See the dark night has come down on us  
The world is livin' in its dream  
But now we know that we can wake up from this sleep  
And set out on the journey  
Find a ship to take us on the way.

And we'll sail out on the water  
Yes we'll feel the seas roll  
Yes we'll meet out on the water  
Where are all strangers are known.

### **TIDES OF OCEAN**

Music by Matthew Orlovich; lyrics by Victor Carell

I stand over tides of ocean, an eager grace at my feet  
The rhythm of speed surrounds me and my heart throbs with its beat,  
with its beat the rhythm of speed surrounds me,  
the rhythm of speed, the rhythm of speed

The winds play at my nostrils and clear stars tremble near  
The taut twang of the bow-sprit sings music to my hear, to my ear  
the rhythm of speed surrounds me, the rhythm of speed surrounds me

The tumbling waves dash madly In the cauldron far below  
And creaking booms swing sadly Obscuring the moonlit glow,  
the moonlit glow, the moonlit glow, the moonlit glow

A moon-path stretches ghostly across the sea its hand  
Like jewels in a mirrored band, across the sea its hand  
and flying fish flash sparks like jewels,  
like jewels in a mirrored band, a mirrored band

Night birds in a flowing lane raucously fly the ship,  
As onward, on winged feet we start our southward dip  
As onward, on winged feet we start our southward dip

And now, behold our course Rising form the dark of space,  
A cross of gleaming stars reflects the joy upon my face

My body thrills with life, my spirit wildly bounds,  
My soul absorbs the triumph of all these joyous sounds  
I stand over tides of ocean, an eager grace at my feet  
The rhythm of speed surrounds me  
And my heart throbs with its beat

### **SINGKAP SIAGA**

Music, vocables and body percussion by Dr. Tracy Wong

Singkap = to open, to reveal, quick change

Siaga = every ready

Singkap Siaga

Gong, tsng gong, gong dak-dak gong - gong, gong, ding – ding – ding....

## **WOYAYA**

Words & Music by Sol Armarfio

arr. J. David Moore

We are going, heaven knows where we are going  
But we know within and we will get there,  
Heaven knows how we will get there but know we will  
Yes We will get there, heaven knows how we will get there  
But know we will

It will be hard we know and the road will be muddy and rough  
But we'll get there, heaven knows how we will get there  
But We know we will - Woyaya

We are going, heaven knows where we are going  
But we know within and we will get there,  
Heaven knows how we will get there - But know we will

It will be hard we know and the road will be muddy and rough  
But we'll get there, heaven knows how we will get there  
But We know we will - Woyaya

Woyayadiyaya, woyaya - woyayadiyaya, woyaya,