



Song Sheet

National Day of Arts in Care Homes
Online concert with Live Music Now
Friday 24 September, 3PM

bit.ly/LMNArtsInCareHomesDay

1. I'm Beginning to See the Light

Performed by Hopkins Oliver Duo

(Music by Duke Ellington, lyrics by Don George)

I never cared much for moonlit
skies
I never winked back at fire flies
But now that the stars are in your
eyes
I'm beginning to see the light

I never went in for afterglow
Or candlelight on the mistletoe
But now when you turn the lights
down low
I'm beginning to see the light

*Used to ramble through the park
Shadowboxing in the dark
Then you came and caused a spark
That's a four-alarm fire now

I never made love by lantern shine
I never saw rainbows in my wine
But now that your lips are burning
mine
I'm beginning to see the light

I never cared much for moonlit
skies
I never winked back at fire flies
But now that the stars are in your
eyes
I'm beginning to see the light

I never went in for afterglow
Or candlelight on the mistletoe
But now when you turn the lights
down low
I'm beginning to see the light*

2. Little Birdie

*Performed by Simon Robinson
(Traditional, USA, Bluegrass)*

Little birdie, little birdie,
Come sing to me your song;
Sing it now while I'm with you
I can't take it where I'm goin'.

Little birdie, little birdie,
What makes your wings so blue?
It's because I wish I was flyin'
Flyin' high with you.

Little birdie, little birdie,
What makes your wings so red?
It's because I wish I was flyin'
Flyin' with you instead.

Little birdie, little birdie,
Come sing to me your song;
Sing it now while I'm with you
I can't hear it when I'm gone.

3. Down by the Salley Gardens

*Performed by Nicole Boardman,
mezzo-soprano and Giordano
Ferla, piano
(Arr. Carol Barratt, lyrics by W.B.
Yeats)*

Down by the Salley Gardens, my
love and I did meet
She passed the Salley Gardens
with little snow-white feet

She bid me take life easy, as the
leaves grow on the tree
But I, being young and foolish,
with her I did not agree

In a field by the river, my love and I
did stand
And on my leaning shoulder she
laid her snow-white hand

She bid me take life easy, as the
grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish and
now I am full of tears

Down by the Salley Gardens, my
love and I did meet
And she passed the Salley Gardens
with little snow-white feet
She bid me take life easy, as the
grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish and
now I am full of tears

4. Gwahiddiad - I am Coming Lord,

*Performed by Cainc
(Lewis Hartsough - original and
Rev. John Roberts - Welsh)*

Mi glywaf dyner lais,
Yn galw arnaf fi,
I ddod a golchi 'meiau gyd,
Yn afon Calfari.

Arglwydd, dyma fi
Ar dy alwad di,
Golch fi'n burlan yn y gwaed
A gaed ar Galfari.

Yr Iesu sy'n fy ngwadd,
I dderbyn gyda'i saint,
Ffydd, gobaith, cariad pur a hedd,
A phob rhyw nefol ffraind.

Arglwydd, dyma fi
Ar dy alwad di,
Golch fi'n burlan yn y gwaed
A gaed ar Galfari.

Gogoniant byth am drefn,
Y cymod a'r glanhad;
Derbyniaf Iesu fel yr wyf,
A chanaf am y gwaed.

Arglwydd, dyma fi
Ar dy alwad di,
Golch fi'n burlan yn y gwaed
A gaed ar Galfari.

5. Molly Malone

*Performed by Rise Trio: Pip &
Michael Bryan and Hedi Pinkerfiel
(James Yorkston)*

In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly
Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger
And sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her mother and father
before
And they both wheeled their
barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh"

She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet
Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh"

6. Child Memory

Akeim Toussaint Buck

(Akeim Toussaint Buck)

Let, let me tell you a story

A story about me...

Let, let me tell you a story

'Bout who I've been

Climbing trees

Walking home from the west to
the east

Skipping stones across the sea

My dreams don't just happen

No, no, no no...

I'm a daydreamer

My life full of lights

Now that I've grown up

Not everything's what I thought
it'd be

Now that I've grown up, I live a
child-like fantasy

Now that I've grown up

Not everything's what I thought
it'd be

Now that I've grown up, I live a
child-like fantasy

Adventures of wonder

Adventures over the under

Adventures with thunder

Oh our imaginations run and run
and run and run...

So much has changed over time
I find myself in a new land...

7. We'll Gather Lilacs

*Performed by Storia Duo with Sian
Dicker, soprano & Daria Bitsuik,
piano*

(Ivor Novello)

Although you're far away

And life is sad and grey

I have a scheme, a dream to try

I'm thinking, dear, of you

And all I meant to do

When we're together, you and I

We'll soon forget our care and
pain

And find such lovely things to
share again

We'll gather lilacs in the spring
again

And walk together down an
English lane

Until our hearts have learned to
sing again

When you come home once more

And in the evening by the

firelight's glow

You'll hold me close and never let
me go

Your eyes will tell me all I want to
know

When you come home once more

We'll learn to love anew
The simple joys we knew
And shared together night and day
We'll watch without a sigh
The moments speeding by
When life is free and hearts are
gay
My dream is here for you to share
And in my heart my dream
becomes a prayer

8. Bwmba

*Performed by Beth Williams Jones
and Sam Humphreys of Calan
Traditional, Welsh*

Pan oeddwn i gynt yn fachgen,
Heb feddwl gwaeth nag amgen,

Fe rois fy mryd ar ferched glân
I hala'r byd yn llawen.

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Fe rois fy mryd ar ferched glân
I hala'r byd yn llawen.

O'r diwedd mi briodes,
A'r lana' ferch a weles;

Sa'n well imi, wir ddyn byw,
Briodi â Gwyddeles!

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Sa'n well imi, wir ddyn byw,
Briodi â Gwyddeles!

Ni fedre weu na gwinio,
Na golchi'n lan na smwddo,

Na chwirow patshyn ar fy mritsh,
Fe haedde'r bitsh ei chico!

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Na chwirow patshyn ar fy mritsh,
Fe haedde'r bitsh ei chico!

Ni fedre dderwyn dafed,
Na medru cwiro sane,

Ond un peth fedre'n eitha' da,
Sef gweitho twmplins fale.

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Ond un peth fedre'n eitha' da,
Sef gweitho twmplins fale.

Rhyw fore penderfynes,
I siarad â'r hen lodes:

Os na fuse'n altro'r drefen hon.
se'n raid iddi gal y gwes.

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Os na 'se'n altro'r drefen hon.
Se'n raid iddi gal y gwes.

Ond, "Thank you, Miss", daeth
Ange,
Ymaflodd yn ei sodle;

Fe ath â'r bitsh i mas o'r byd –
Y very thing oedd eisie

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Fe ath â'r bitsh i mas o'r byd –
Y very thing oedd eisie!

Pan oeddwn i gynt yn fachgen, Heb
feddwl gwaeth nag amgen,

Fe rois fy mryd ar ferched glân
I hala'r byd yn llawen.

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Fe rois fy mryd ar ferched glân
I hala'r byd yn llawen.

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Fe rois fy mryd ar ferched glân
I hala'r byd yn llawen.

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Fe rois fy mryd ar ferched glân
I hala'r byd yn llawen.

Bwmba bwmba bwmba dwdl ei.
Bwmba bwmba beio,

Fe rois fy mryd ar ferched glân
I hala'r byd yn llawen.

9. Wild Mountain Thyme

*Dovetail Trio with Rosie Hood,
Jamie Roberts and Matt Quinn
(Francis McPeake)*

Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly
blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming
heather.
Will ye go, lassie go?

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
Near yon pure crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile,
All the flowers of the mountain.
Will ye go, lassie go?

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

If my true love, she were gone,
I will surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming
heather.
Will ye go, lassie go?

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

Oh, the autumn-time is coming
And the leaves are gently falling
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming
heather.
Will ye go, lassie go?

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?



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