

I Cantori
Robert L. Harris, conductor

soprano

Peggy Breese
Holly Carson
Mari Harris
Catherine Rogers
Suzanne C. Wages

alto

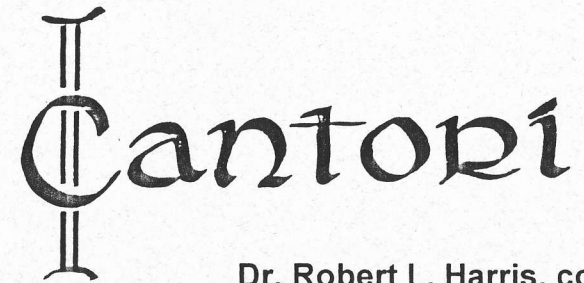
Donna C. Berry
Neva Bottcher
Edie Hockspeier
Carla McCurry
Denise Norman
Elizabeth Van Beest

tenor

Tag Bridges
Randall Canady
Raymond R. Ellis, Jr.
Ben Oliver
Tim Wheelles
Billy Wooten

bass

Daniel C. Cohen
Gene L. Jarvis
Gregory Martin
Preston Powers
Fred White
James Worrell



Dr. Robert L. Harris, conductor

presents

*Folk Songs and
More!*

Skidaway Island United Methodist Church
Monday, October 7 2002

Lutheran Church of the Ascension
Thursday, October 10

Ireland

Rakes of Mallow

David Mooney

Thugamar fein an samhradh Linn

*The May dell, the summer maiden,
Up every hill and down every dale,
Splendid girls dressed in bright dresses
We brought the summer with us.*

Refrain:

*Summer, summer, milk for the calves
We brought the summer with us,
Golden summer of bright daisies,
We brought the summer with us.*

*We brought it with us from the branchy wood
We brought the summer with us,
Golden summer of setting suns,
We brought the summer with us. Refrain:*

*The lark sings as she soars through the skies,
Bees and flies and blossoms on trees,
The cuckoo and all the birds wing out with pleasure
We brought the summer with us. Refrain.*

The Parting Glass

Raymond R. Ellis, jr., baritone

arr. Robert L. Harris

China

Fengyang Song

*Gongs and drums are in my hands,
I am singing a song while playing drums and gongs,
Other songs I don't know how to sing,
I can only sing a Fengyang song.*

Chen Yi

Japan

Sakura, Sakura

*Cherry blossoms in the March sky as far as one can see
Are they mist, are the clouds wafting through the air?
Let's go and see.*

Chen Yi

Korea

Arirang

Chen Yi

*Arirang, Arirang hills,
Going over the Arirang hills,
My darling is leaving me behind;
Won't make it ten miles before falling ill.*

*Arirang, Arirang hills,
Going over the Arirang hills,
The blue sky is full of stars;
Our lives are full of troubles.*

*Arirang, Arirang hills,
Going over the Arirang hills,
A bountiful year will come, a bountiful year is coming
A bountiful year is coming throughout the land.*

*Arirang, Arirang hills
Going over the Arirang hills,
I thought about everything in this world;
Bubbles blowing on the water.*

Russia

In the Field a Birch Tree Was Standing Pavel Chesnokov

*In the field a birch tree was standing,
In the field the curly one was standing,
Liuli, liuli, was standing.*

*No one's there to prune the birch tree's branches
No one's there to prune its curly branches
Liuli, liuli prune the branches.*

*I shall go the birch tree
I shall prune its white branches,
Liuli, liuli, its white branches.*

*I will cut three twigs from the birch tree,
From the twigs three whistles I will make me,
Liuli, liuli, from the birch tree, I will make me.*

*I shall start to blow my three whistles,
I shall play a tune on my whistles,
Liuli, liuli, blow my whistles.*

Evening Bells

A. Sveshnikov

Evening bells! How many thoughts they bring to mind.

*Of youthful days in my native land where I was in love,
where my father's house stood,*

*And how, when I said good-bye to it forever,
I heard those bells for the very last time.*

*And how many are no longer alive who were happy
and young back then.*

Evening bells . . .

Billy Wooten, tenor

England

John of Fornsette

*Summer is ycomen in, Loudly sing cuckoo! c. 1239
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead, and Springeth wood anew.
Ewe now bleateth after lamb, low'th after calf the cow;
Bullock starteth, buck now verteth, Merry sing cuckoo.
Well sing'st thou cuckoo, and cease thou never now.*

intermission

Venezuela

El Barquito

Alberto Grau

*Once upon a time there was a very little boat
which did not know how to navigate.*

*One, two, three, four weeks went by,
and it could not find its way.*

*The usual storms and hurricanes occurred,
and still it could not sail.*

*And if the story doesn't seem to boring,
we will tell it to you once more.*

Greece

Yerakina

arr. Nicholas R. Lesbines

*Yerakina runs to fill her water jug at the spring;
with cool water for her love.
How her bangles ring.*

*Yerakina reaches down to fill her water jug
and tumbles in.
How her bangles ring.*

*All the village years her cries and run to save her,
her love comes running, too.
How her bangles ring*

Cherubic Hymn

traditional

*Amen. We who mystically represent the cherubim sing
unto the life giving Trinity the thrice holy hymn. Let us lay
aside the cares of this life that we may receive the King of all.*

Australia

Waltzing Matilda

Thomas Wood

James Worrell, bass

USA

Row, Row, Row

arr. David Dusing

Holly Carson, soprano