

**Brendan Taaffe -Songleader.**

[www.turtledoveharmony.org](http://www.turtledoveharmony.org) [Brendan@brendantaaffe.com](mailto:Brendan@brendantaaffe.com)

**Farthest Field** - David Dodson

There is a land (*there is a land*) high on a hill (*high on a hill*)  
Where I am going, there is a voice that calls to me  
The air is sweet (*the air is sweet*) the grasses wave (*the grasses wave*)  
The wind is blowing away up in the farthest field

*Walk with me and we will see the mystery revealed*  
*When one day we wend our way up to the farthest field*

The sun will rise, the sun will set  
Across the mountains and we will live with beauty there  
The fragrant flowers, the days and hours  
Will not be counted and peaceful songs will fill the air

I know one day, I'll leave my home  
Here in the valley and climb up to that field so fair  
And when I'm called and counted in  
that final tally, I know that I will see you there

Oh my dear friends, I truly love  
To hear your voices lifted up in radiant song  
Though through the years, we all have made  
Our separate choices, we've ended here where we belong

**More Waters** - Saro Lynch

There are more waters rising, this I know, this I know  
There are more waters rising, this I know, 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, this I know

There are more fires burning...  
There are more mountains falling...  
I will wade through the waters... (3<sup>rd</sup> line: when they find their way to me)  
I will walk through the fires... (3<sup>rd</sup> line: when they find their way to me)  
I will rebuild the mountains (3<sup>rd</sup> line: I will not let them move me)

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## When Gabriel Come Blowin' On His Horn

*traditional 19<sup>th</sup> c. American spiritual, learned from the singing of Pete Sutherland*

*Oh my soul, my soul I'm bound for to rest  
In the arms of the angel Gabriel  
And I'll climb up the hill and look to the west  
Cross over Jordan to the land  
I'm gonna sit me down in my old arm chair  
People, I will never be tired  
Though Satan may speak, I will take my ease  
As I warm myself at the holy fire*

*And I'll shout and I'll dance and I'll rise up, early in the morning  
I will rise and rub my sleepy eyes when old Gabriel come blowing on his horn*

*Oh my soul, my soul I'm bound for to rest  
Rest just as sure as you're born  
I'm gonna sit like a blackbird sitting on his nest  
when old Gabriel come blowing on his horn  
I'm gonna throw my clothes up on the shore  
New garments I will have to wear  
And I'll have brand new shoes, never get the blues  
And the angels will come and curl my hair*

*And I'll shout and I'll dance and I'll rise up, early in the morning  
I will rise and rub my sleepy eyes when old Gabriel come blowing on his horn*

*Oh my soul, my soul I'm bound for to leave  
I'll pack up my glad rags and go  
People harken, never will you grieve  
I'm moving up to glory mighty slow  
I'm gonna eat my meals three times a day  
You bet your life, I won't be late  
I will have lots of fun when the people come  
Cause I'm gonna take the tickets at the gate*

*And I'll shout and I'll dance and I'll rise up, early in the morning  
I will rise and rub my sleepy eyes when old Gabriel come blowing on his horn*

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**My Lord is Writing**

*as sung by the Heavenly Gospel Singers*

My Lord is writing, my Lord is writing, my Lord is writing all the time  
He sees all you do, hears all you say, my Lord is writing all the time

Comes down, comes down, My Lord comes down – *my Lord is writing all the time*

And you shall wear a golden crown – *My Lord is writing all the time*

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down/ But you shall wear a golden crown  
If you get there before I do/ tell all my friends I'm coming through

### **Heart Be Rain**

Brendan Taaffe

B: My heart, my heart, my heart (...) be the river, my heart be the river to the sea

TA: My heart be rain, my heart be the river, my heart be the sea

S: River to the sea, river to the sea, my heart be rain, my heart be rain, my heart,  
my heart be rain my heart

I have circled round God, for a thousand years. Still I do not know. Lord I do not  
know.

Am I a falcon? Or a raging storm? Or a peaceful song?

### **La Cambra es Alandada**

Occitan: poetry Joan-Maria Petit, music Laurent Cavalié, as performed by La Mal Coiffée

La cambra es alandada  
Una femna que se despolha

Dabans lo miralh del'armari  
Se troba encara bela  
Un gat badalha  
Las flors de liri montan al ras de la fenèstra  
S'esclafan de rire...

*The bedroom is open. A woman stands in front of the mirror on the armoire and finds herself beautiful. A cat yawns. The fleur de lis poke their heads over the window sill and laugh.*

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### **Wester Caputh**

Brendan Taaffe. Main text devised by Ali Burns

To the hills (to the hills) I will lift mine eyes  
And I am not afraid  
To the hills I will lift mine eyes  
And I am not afraid.

In sun by day or the moon by night  
My courage, oh my courage will not fade

In sun or the moon by night  
I am not, I am not afraid.

In the morning's smile or the evening veil  
My courage, oh my courage will not fade  
In the morning's smile or the evening veil  
I am not, I am not afraid.

O guide my feet and guard my way  
My courage, oh my courage will not fade  
O guide my feet and guard my way  
I am not, I am not afraid.