*The Calling - Song Lyrics*

  **1. The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face**

 *Ewan MacColl Storm King Music, Inc*

The first time ever I saw your face

 I thought the sun rose in your eyes

 And the moon and stars were the gifts you gave

 To the dark and the empty skies, my love,

To the dark and the empty skies.

The first time ever I kissed your mouth

I felt the earth move in my hand

Like the trembling heart of a captive bird

 That was there at my command, my love

 That was there at my command.

 The first time ever I lay with you

And felt your heart so close to mine

 And I knew our joy, it would fill the earth,

  And last till the end of time my love

 It would last till the end of time my love

The first time ever I saw your face.

**2.The Calling**

*Méav / Craig Leon.  Based on a traditional Galician melody.*

*Peermusic UK*

So many paths not taken

So many words unsaid -

Though I travel far, they bind me

In a web of golden thread

I can hear a far-off calling

As the water flows ahead

I am waiting for the river-man

In the hidden riverbed

On the bank, three women passing

They measure time for me -

In the mirror of the water

They can but darkly see

I will walk beyond the meadows

With a child in either hand

Through the river’s many shadows

We will pass from land to land

All the promises unspoken

Lie like fallen leaves on the ground

But the thread is still unbroken

And the hidden may be found

When the wheeling birds are leaving

They pass the sinking sun

We will travel with the river-man

Until time and time is run.

**3.Light Flight**

*Bert Jansch / Danny Thompson / Jacqui McShee / John Renbourn /Terry Cox Swiggeroux Music Ltd / SGO Music Publishing Ltd*

Let's get away, you say, find a better place

Miles and miles away from the city's race,

Look around for someone lying in the sunshine

Marking time, hear the sighs, close your eyes…

Bada-pa do-da dada-pa do-da da..

Stepping from cloud to cloud passing years of light

Visit the frosty start in the backward flight

Soaring rounds of visions, never mind the meaning

Hidden there, moving fast, it won't last...

Time passes all too soon, how it rushes by,

Now a thousand moons are about to die

No time to reflect on what the time was spent on,

Nothing left, far away, dreamers fade…

Strange visions pass me by,

winging swiftly as a sigh

Over the water, Ah…

Swirling, the waters rise up above my head

Gone are the curling mists how they all have fled.

Look, the door is open, step into the space

Provided there- if you dare, if you dare…

**4.Listen, listen**

*Sandy Denny Warlock Music Ltd*

The young boy rose his pretty face,

All for to feel the salty spray.

When storms are mustering, they say,

I'll come and take you all away.

I am a traveller by trade,

I only have what I have made.

A fortune teller too they say,

And I can take you all away.

Do do ….

Listen, listen to him do,

He is the one who is for you.

Listen, they say,

He'll come and take us all away.

And over there the young man stayed

Upon on the rocks so rough and grey

Watching the boy, watching the day

Thinking of how he came to be.

A young man he, he is so real,

And never more to go astray.

He is of value now they say,

And he can take himself away.

Listen, listen to him do,

He is the one who is for you.

Listen, they say,

He'll come and take us all away.

**5. The songline to home**

*Méav / Craig Leon.  Based on melody of ‘Eleanor Plunkett’ by Turlough O'Carolan (1670-1738) Peermusic UK*

When you open your eyes

To another grey sky

Do your dreams slip away?

Do you long for the night

When you turn from the light

And escape from the day?

As you lie in a broken place

Where you know no-one’s face

If you don’t belong

Listen for my song

Find the song-line to home

And you're never alone.

As you wander through each day

When you can’t find a way

As you move along

You might hear this song

Find the song-line to home

And you're never alone.

On an echoing street

I can feel your heart beat

I am drawing you near

For a moment of peace

Your journey will cease

And my voice you will hear

When your path's lost without a trace

You can still find this place

Though we are apart

This map’s in your heart

Far from me or near

Still your voice I’ll hear

Over land and sea

Sing it back to me

And you're never alone

Find the songline to home

Find the songline to home

And you're never alone.

**6. Poor wayfaring stranger**

*Traditional.  Arranged by Craig Leon / Méav Peermusic UK*

I’m just a poor wayfaring stranger

A-traveling through this world of woe

But there's no sickness, toil or danger

In that bright land to which I go

I'm going there to see my father

I'm going there no more to roam

I'm just a-going over Jordan

I'm just a-going over home

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me

I know my way is rough and steep

Yet golden fields lie just before me

Where those redeemed their vigils keep

I'm going there to see my mother

She said she'd meet me when I’d come

I'm only going over Jordan

I'm only going over home

I’m just a poor wayfaring stranger

A-traveling through this world of woe

Yet there's no sickness, toil or danger

In that bright land to which I go

I'm going there to see my father

I'm going there no more to roam

I'm just a-going over Jordan

I'm just a-going over home

**7. Sovay**

*Traditional.  Arranged by Craig Leon / Méav*

*Peermusic UK*

 Sovay, Sovay all on a day

She dressed herself in man's array

With a brace of pistols all by her side

To meet her true love,

To meet her true love, she did ride.

As she was galloping over the plain

She met her true love and bid him stand

"Stand and deliver, young man" she said

And if you do not,

If you do not, your life I'll have.

He delivered up his golden store

She says “Kind sir, there is one thing more -

That diamond ring that I see you wear -

Oh hand it over, hand it over, and your life I'll spare".

"From my diamond ring I never would part

For it's a token from my sweetheart -

Shoot and be damned then you rogue, " said he,

"And you'll be hanged,

You'll be hanged for murdering me!”

Next morning in the garden green,

Young Sovay and her true love were seen

He spied his watch hanging by her clothes

Which made him blush,

Made him blush like any rose.

"What makes you blush, you silly young thing

I thought to have your diamond ring.

'Twas I that robbed you all on the plain,

So take your watch, love,

Take your watch and your gold again.

I only did it for to know

If you would be a man or no

If you hadn’t been man enough,” she said,

“I’d have pulled the trigger and shot you dead.”

**Shenandoah**

*Traditional.  Arranged by Craig Leon / Méav*

*Peermusic UK*

Oh Shenandoah,

I long to see you,

Away you rolling river,

Oh Shenandoah,

I long to see you,

Away, I'm bound away,

'cross the wide Missouri.

‘Tis Seven long years

 Since last I’ve seen you

And hear your rolling river,

Tis Seven long years

Since last I’ve seen you

Away, I’m bound away,

‘cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah,

I long to see you,

Away you rolling river,

Oh Shenandoah,

I long to see you,

Away, I'm bound away,

'cross the wide Missouri.

**9.Once you were my lover**

*Méav / Craig Leon.  Based on the traditional Breton folk song ‘Tri Martolod’.*

*Peermusic UK*

Tri Martolod so young tra la la, la la la la

Tri Martolod so young they sailed away to sea

Tri Martolod so young tra la la, la la la la

Tri Martolod so young they set sail from Brittany

A storm began as they set sail

The waves swelled high around them

The winds were strong,

The journey long

They landed in Newfoundland.

They anchored down beside a mill

And met a girl who worked there

She said to one “ I know you well

For once you were my lover -

A ring you bought in Nantes for me

And promised we would marry

I waited for a year or more

Why so long did you tarry?”

‘I was, they said, too poor to wed

And could no longer see you,

One day, three martolod, we fled -

The storm it blew us to you”

“Your destiny is here with me

Our love will always feed us -

We’ll live like birds so wild and free

Wherever life may lead us!”

**10.Glimmering girl**

*Méav / Craig Leon.  Lyrics from ‘The Song of Wandering Aengus’ by WB Yeats.*

*Peermusic UK*

I went out to the hazel wood,

Because a fire was in my head,

And cut and peeled a hazel wand,

And hooked a berry to a thread;

And when white moths were on the wing,

And moth-like stars were flickering out,

I dropped the berry in a stream

And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor

I went to blow the fire a-flame,

But something rustled on the floor,

And some one called me by my name:

It had become a glimmering girl

With apple blossom in her hair

Who called me by my name and ran

And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering

Through hollow lands and hilly lands,

I will find out where she has gone,

And kiss her lips and take her hands;

And walk among long dappled grass,

And pluck till time and times are done

The silver apples of the moon,

The golden apples of the sun.

**11.Glasgow’s burning**

*Méav / Craig Leon.  Based on the traditional Scots folk song ‘Alasdair Mhic Cholla Ghasda’.*

Alasdair Mhic

Cholla Ghasda

As do laimh-s' gun

Earbainn tapaidh

Mharbhadh Tighearna

Ach-nam-Breac leat

Chula mi’n de

Sgeul nach bait leam

Glaschu a bhith

Dol 'na lasair

Glaschu a bhith

Dol 'na lasair

'S Obair-Dheathain

'N deidh a chreachadh

Translation:

Alastair, son of gallant Cholla,

From your arms I would expect heroic deeds.

The Lord of Each nam Breac was killed by you

I heard yesterday a strange story

That Glasgow was going up in flames

And Aberdeen was being pillaged

**12.Black is the colour**

*Traditional.  Arranged by Craig Leon / Méav Peermusic UK*

Black is the colour of my true love's hair

His face so soft and wondrous fair

The purest eyes and the gentlest hands

I love the ground on where he stands

I love my love and well he knows

I love the ground on where he goes

I still I wish that the day would come

When he and I will be as one.

Black is the colour of my true love's hair

His face so soft and wondrous fair

The purest eyes and the gentlest hands

I love the ground on where he stands.