Rumblín' Yiddísh Tune Set (*Traditional*) (Sher/Battare Prosciutto/Fun Tashlach/Freylach for Adrianne/Jovano)



Leaving You (Kevin Murray) Leaving you, while loving you, Dear God it hurts. All that I want is you, All that I need is you, All that I crave for will soon be no more.

Sing till the power of the Lord comes down (Spiritual)

Sing till the power of the Lord comes down, Sing till the power of the Lord comes down, Lift up your head, don't be afraid, Sing till the power of the Lord comes down.

This world is one great battlefield, With forces all arrayed. But if in my heart I do not yield, Oh, I will overcome some day.

Loosely Woven

Barbara Braithwaite vocals Judie Eddington vocals Anneli Elliot fiddle Bob Foggin fiddle, vocals Kate Freyburg vocals James Johnson accordion, drum John Kibby vocals, percussion Gial Leslie vocals John Macrae recorder, vocals Monique Manera vocals Rima Muir vocals



Glenys Murray vocals Kevin Murray drum Wayne Richmond keyboard, concertinas, accordion Pat Russell vocals Lena Simpkins poetry Jill Stubington vocals, concertina, keyboard Kathleen Swadling vocals, guitar Trevor Swadling vocals, guitar, harmonica Peter Tebbutt vocals Pam Townend vocals

To subscribe to the Loosely Woven email list, send a message to: looselywoven-on@humph.org

For info contact Wayne: 9913 7788 wayne@humph.org

See photos & stuff on the Loosely Woven web site at: humph.org



2pm, Sunday 1st May, 2005 St Davids Uniting Church, Dee Why Rumblin' Sound (Trevor Swadling) Now the rain is falling down, The water is on the ground. The skyline that's turned to black, Comes a time, you can't turn back.

Verse 4: I can smell the rain on the wind, Energies abound. Storm clouds are gathering, Can't you hear that distant sound? Can't you hear that rumbling sound?

Breaths (Lyrics: Birago Diap Music: Ysaye Barnwell - Sweet Honey in the Rock)

Ode to Billy Joe (Bobby Gentry)

Quiet Waters (Kevin Murray)

The Garden Party (Philip Rush)





l'm Gonna Síng (Traditional Spiritual) Con el Viento (Renaissance Spanisb)

Weela Wallía (Traditional Irish) ... weela weela wallia ... down by the river Sallia.

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Bush Night Song (Richard Baylis & William G James)

That 50s Beat (*Kevin Murray*) Yeah just feel that beat, that's my kind of music. It's such a treat, just gotta dance, to that beat. *The whole room sways, in a nostalgic haze, To that 50s beat.*

It's the latest craze, reliving the greatest days, Of that 50s beat.

Can't help but dancing, move to that sound. Swing your hips, as you stomp the ground. *The whole room sways, in a nostalgic haze, To that 50s beat.*

It's the latest craze, reliving the greatest days, Of that 50s beat.

Music gives us life, nurtured by its rhythm. Get outta your seat, just gotta dance, to that beat. *The whole room sways, in a nostalgic haze, To that 50s beat.*

It's the latest craze, reliving the greatest days, Of that 50s beat.



The Last Thing on My Mind (Tom Paxton) Are you going away with no word of farewell? Will there be not a trace left behind? Well, I could have loved you better, Didn't mean to be unkind. You know that was the last thing on my mind. Verse 5:

It's a lesson too late for the learning, Made of sand, made of sand. In the wink of an eye my soul is turning, In your hand, in your hand. Let it go (Words: Michael Leunig Tune: Suzann Frisk Arr: Fay White) Let it go, let it out, Let it all, unravel. Let it free, and it can be, A path, on which to travel.

The Gospel Train (Negro Spiritual - adapted from an arrangement by Arthur S. Loam) Get on board, lil' children, Get on board, lil' children, Get on board, lil' children, There's room for many a more.

Bonjour mon coeur (Orlando de Lassus) Segaba (Traditional Spanish)

Ndí ne Síphonono (Zulu folk song)

Wor Nanny is a mazer (Traditional) Wor Nanny is a mazer And a mazer she remains. And as long as I live, I'll never forget, The day we lost the train.



Ferry me across the water (Words: Christina Rossetti Music: Lyn Williams)



Rumblin' Finnish Waltz Set (Traditional) (The Church Waltz/An old Jeppo Waltz)

> Líttle bít of your love (Trevor Swadling, 2004) I would die for, a little bit of your love, I will cry for, a little bit of your love, I would try for, a little bit of your love.



Interval

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