



Four Strong Women

(Maurie Mulheron - adapted from a Tom Bridges arr.)

It took a hammer, an act of love,
To turn that jet hawk into a dove.
It took some courage, it took some strength,
To stop that fighter from dealing death.

The Dawn Tune Set

(Arr. Samantha O'Brien)

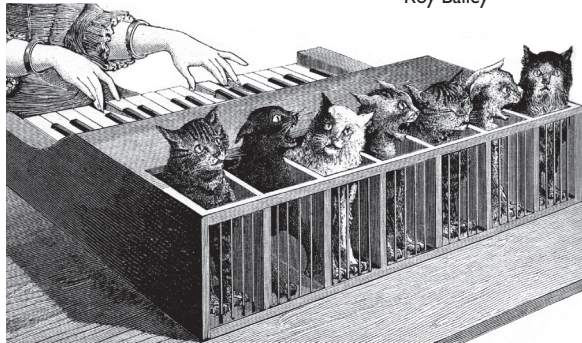
'The Dawn', 'O'Gallaghers Frolics', 'The Gravel Walk'

You send me (Sam Cooke - Arr. Maria Dunn)

A bucket, a broom and a duster (Reg Low)

Loosely Woven

- Peter Bartos vocals
- Suzanne Bartos vocals
- Sonia Bennett vocals, guitar
- Barbara Braithwaite vocals
- Anna Clark-Doyle vocals
- Eric Eisler fiddle, guitar, uke, voc
- Ian Hamilton vocals
- Valerie Hughes vocals
- Glenys Jackson vocals
- Helen Kvelde flute, vocals
- Barry Lees recorders, ukulele, voc
- Gial Leslie vocals



Roy Bailey



- Noni Dickson harp, ukulele, guitar, vocals, choreography
- John Macrae recorders, clarinets, saxophone, vocals
- Fiona Munro fiddle, viola, vocals
- Rima Muir vocals, ukulele
- Glenys Murray vocals, ukulele
- Kevin Murray percussion, vocals
- Samantha O'Brien flute, saxophone, vocals
- Wayne Richmond k/bd, concertina, accordion, vocals
- Pat Russell vocals, ukulele
- Jill Stubington keyboard, vocals



Flora paintings by Sonia Bennett

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

For info contact Wayne: 9939 8802 wayne@humph.org

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



Beauty of the World

St Bartholomew's Church
Sunday 24th August 2008

Old Gondwana

(Words: Denis Kevans Music: Sonia Bennett Arr. Maria Dunn)

I wonder

(Words: Henry Weston Pryce Music: Sonia Bennett Arr. Jill Stubington)



Shir Lashalom - Song of Peace

(Words: Yaakov Rotbit Music: Yair Rosenblum)

Lachen rak shiru shir lashalom
Al tilhashu tfila
Mutav tashiru, shir lashalom
Bitze 'aka gdola.



So go and sing a song of shalom
Don't whisper timid prayers
Go out and shout a song of shalom
So ev'ryone can hear.

The Kakapo's Lament

(Kevin Murray)



Lime Jello, Marshmallow,
Cottage Cheese Surprise (William Bolcom)

Blow Leaves

(Denis Kevans - Arr. Sonia Bennett)

Blow leaves, blow through my mind
Blow all my dreams away
The colour of dreams and of sunsets
The colours of yesterday.





The Feisty Feline *(Kevin Murray)*

My Country

(Words: Dorothy Mackellar Arr: Noni Dickson)

Core of my heart, my country,
Land of the rainbow gold.
For flood and fire and famine,
She pays us back threefold.

Nepean Hawkesbury

(Words & music: Sonia Bennett Arr: Jill Stubington)

Ukulele Lady

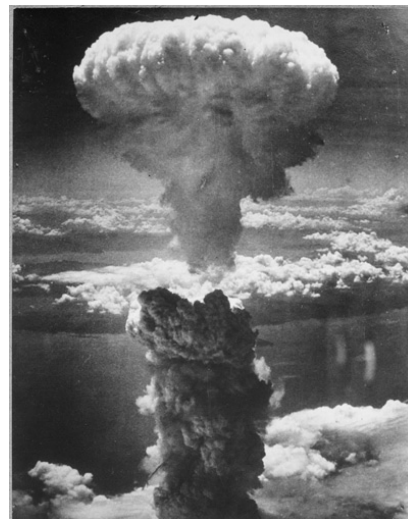
(Gus Kahn & Richard Whiting Arr: Maria Dunn)

If you like a ukulele lady,
Ukulele lady like-a you,
If you like to linger where it's shady, ukulele lady linger too.
If you kiss a ukulele lady, while you promise ever to be true,
And she see another ukulele lady fool around with you.
Maybe she'll sigh, maybe she'll cry,
Maybe she'll find somebody else, bye and bye.
To sing to, when it's cool and shady,
Where the tricky wicki wackies woo.
If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like-a you.

Eve of Destruction *(PF Sloan)*

But you tell me,
Over and over and over again, my friend,
Ah you don't believe,
We're on the eve of destruction.

Interval



Smart bombs, dumb politicians

(Bruce Watson - Arr: Jill Stubington)

Smart bombs and dumb politicians,
Smart bombs and dumb politicians,
Scattergun strategies deployed with precision,
We've got, smart bombs and dumb politicians.



The beauty of the world

(Words: Denis Kevans, Music: Sonia Bennett Arr: Maria Dunn)

Green like me

(Paul Spencer, 1996 - Harmonies: Miguel Heatwole, 1999)

The end of the seas *(Kevin Murray)*

Well it feels like the end of the seas,
No matter what we might wish,
Yes it feels like the end of the ocean's abundance,
Don't know what we can do,
What to do?



Golden Wattle

(Words: Denis Kevans Music: Sonia Bennett Arr: Sam O'Brien)

Golden the wattle, that spreads through this land.
Golden the wattle, to hold in your hand.
Golden the haze from the full wattle trees,
Golden the mornings with Spring on the breeze.



The Aussie Bar-B-Que Song *(Eric Bogle)*

When the steaks are burnin' fiercely, when the smoke gets in your eyes,
When the snags all taste like fried toothpaste and your mouth is full of flies,
It's a national institution, it's Australian through and through,
So come on mate and grab your plate, let's have a bar-b-que!