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e alla traduttrice Marina Valmaggi

Freedom

Spiritual

Oh, freedom, oh freedom, oh freedom
over me!

and before I'll be a slave
I'll be burried in my grave
and go home to my Lord
and be free.

No more shouting over me!

No more crying over me!

Prayer of consecration

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P. Tiboni, M. Valmaggi

Mary, you are the Mother of Christ,
Mother of the Communion
your Son is granting us,
as a gift ever new and powerful,
which is a taste of new life.
Through you
we hereby consecrate
our whole selves,
all the joys and sufferings
your Son will choose for us,
and our very lives,
so that you become
the Mother of Life
and that Christ give everyone
the same taste of new life
he has given us. Amen.

Veni Sancte Spiritus
Veni per Mariam

Along the Jordan River

Paola Panicali

Along the Jordan river
there's a group of walking men
I cannot see their faces
and I cannot hear their names
but from back in ancient times
many Prophets have told of them
and I know I will go and see.

Along the Jordan river
there's a fascinating Man
now I can look at His eyes
and Jesus is His name.
He's telling of His Father,
really you cannot understand,
and I know I must stay and see

Deep inside a fire burns my soul,
heats my heart while
a new awareness grows,
without Him I can't understand
the things anymore,
deep inside I know He is the Lord.

Along the streets of my city
I met a group of working men,
I've always known their faces
and I surely know their names,
but something new has happened
in their hearts and in their eyes
and I know I must stay and see.

Deep inside a fire burns their souls,
heats their hearts while
a new awareness grows,
without Him they can't understand
the things anymore
deep inside they know He is the Lord.

Along the paths of my life
lots of questions come and go
sometimes they made me cry
'cause I didn't know who to ask "why?"
but now I've met the Lord of life,
He lives strongly in these men,
and I know I must stay and sing.

Deep inside a fire burns my soul,
heats my heart while
a new awareness grows,
without Him I can't understand
the things anymore
deep inside I know He is the Lord.

The woman at the well

spiritual

Jesus met the woman at the well
and he told her everything she'd ever done.

He said: Woman, woman, where is your husband?
and I know everything you've ever done.

She said: Jesus, I have no husband
and you don't know everything I have ever done.

He said: Woman, woman, you've got five husbands
and the one you've got now is not your own.

She said: This man, this man must be a prophet
for he told me every thing I have ever done!

Jesus met the woman at the well
and he told her everything she'd ever done.

Both sides the Tweed

Dick Gaughan

What's the spring-breathing jasmin and rose,
what's the summer with all its gay train,
or the splendour of autumn to those
who've bartered their freedom for gain?

Let the love of our land's sacred rights
to the love of our people succeed,
let friendship and honour unite
and flourish on both sides the Tweed

No sweetness the senses can cheer
which corruption and bribery bind,

no brightness that gloom can e'er clear
for honour's the sun of the mind

Let virtue distinguish the brave
Place riches in lowest degree,
think them poorest who can be a slave
them richest who dare to be free

The rose of Tralee

traditional Irish song

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain
The sun was reclining beneath the blue sea,
As I walked with my love to the pure crystal fountain
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,
But t'was not her beauty alone that won me,
O, no! T'was the truth in her eyes ever dawning
That made me love Mary the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading
And Mary, all smiling, was listening to me.
The moon through the valley its pale rays was shedding
when I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

Though lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,
It was not her beauty alone that won me;
O, no! T'was the truth in her eyes ever dawning
That made me love Mary the Rose of Tralee.

Give me Jesus

spiritual

In the morning, when I rise,
give me Jesus.

Give me Jesus, give me Jesus!
You can have all the world,
but give me Jesus.

Dark midnight was my cry:
give me Jesus.

Oh, when I come to die,

give me Jesus.

Only our rivers run free

Michael Mc Connell

When apples still grow in December,
when blossoms still bloom from each tree,
when leaves are still green in November,
it's then that our land will be free.

I've wandered her hills and her valleys
and still thro' my sorrow I see
a land that has never known freedom
and still only our rivers run free

I drink to the death of her manhood
those men who'd rather have died
than to live in the cold chain of bondage
to bring back their rights where denied

Oh, where are you now, when we need you?
What burns where the flame used to be?
Are you gone with the snow of last winter
and will only our rivers run free?

How sweet is life, but we're crying.
How mellow the wine, but it's dry.
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying.
How gentle the wind, but it sighs.

What good is the youth when it's aging?
What joy is in eyes that can't see?
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers
and when only our rivers run free.

Our father *

Music by Vincenzo Bocciro

Our Father, who art in Heaven,
hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on earth,
as it is in Heaven.

Give us in this day
our daily bread
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive
those that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
Amen