



Lingua Franca

Lingua Franca is an a cappella world music quartet whose name stands for "music as the common tongue." Among its members, the quartet has visited 23 countries (as well as all provinces of Canada and virtually all 50 states) and speaks over a dozen languages. Their powerful harmonies blend in a joyful and infectious celebration of the universal language of music.

(left to right)
Lynn Noel, Ed Softky, Liz Lewis, Alan Field

Recorded by Steve Friedman at Melville Park Studio, Jamaica Plain, MA

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|----------------|------|
| 1. John Ball | 2:14 |
| 2. Plovi Barko | 2:09 |
| 3. Belo Lice | 2:31 |
| 4. Deportee | 5:07 |
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Find Lingua Franca on the Web at:

<http://users.rcn.com/esoftky/LinguaFranca/index.html>

John Ball

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Liz & Ed and Lynn learned this independently, but we were all inspired by WaterSign's spirited rendition of Sydney Carter's stirring tale of a medieval union organizer. John Ball led the peasants' revolt of 1381, inquiring, "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" But Richard II could not free the serfs, and his "hedge priest" was executed as a heretic.

Who will be the lady, who will be the lord,
When we are ruled by the love of one another?
Who will be the lady, who will be the lord,
In the light that is coming in the morning?

*Sing, John Ball and tell it to them all
Long live the day that is dawning
For I'll crow like a cock, I'll carol like a lark
For the light that is coming in the morning*

Eve is the lady, Adam is the lord
When we are ruled by the love of one another.
Eve is the lady. Adam is the Lord
In the light that is coming in the morning.

Labor and spin for fellowship I say,
When we are ruled by the love of one another,

Labor and spin for fellowship I say,
In the light that is coming in the morning.

All shall be ruled by fellowship I say,
When we are ruled by the love of one another.
All shall be ruled by fellowship I say,
In the light that is coming in the morning.

Find this song on the Web at:

<http://www.numachi.com/cgi-bin/rickheit/dtrad/lookup?ti=JOHNBALL&tt=JOHNBALL>

Plovi Barko

Ed and Liz learned this from Mary Kay Brass at a Balkan workshop. "Sail your boat, Anka. Sweet Anka, your eyes are blue as the sea, my sweetheart."

|: Plovi, barko, duboko je more :|
Anko, Ančice, dušo i srce moje.

|: Plovi barka i u barci Anka. :|
Anko, Ančice, dušo i srce moje.

|: Tvoje oko ko more duboko :|
Anko, Ančice, dušo i srce moje.

Find this song on the Web at:

<http://www.orka.hr/orkapj165.html>

Belo Lice

Traditional Macedonian/Serbian

Ed and Liz learned this from Mary Kay Brass at a Balkan workshop at Pinewoods. The singer is a young man singing to his love, who does not return his affections. "Ah, I love the fair face of my sweetheart. I love her black eyes, her thin eyebrows, her honey lips. But it's no use—you swarthy unfaithful one!"

Belo lice ljubam jas, belo lice ljubam jas
I da ljubam i da gledam, i da ljubam i da gledam
Vajde nema dušo moja.

*Šekerna, šekerna, ti kaleša neverna
Šekerna, šekerna, ti kaleša neverna.*

Crni oči ljubam jas, crni oči ljubam jas
I da ljubam i da gledam, i da ljubam i da gledam
Vajde nema dušo moja

Medno uste ljubam jas, medno uste ljubam jas
I da ljubam i da gledam, i da ljubam i da gledam
Vajde nema dušo moja

Find this song on the Web at:

<http://www.yurope.com/people/sen/The.Book.Of.Home/starogradske/pesme/sekerna.html>

http://www.unet.com.mk/starimakpesni/belo_lice.htm

Deportee

The Folk Song Society of Greater Boston invited us to develop this bilingual version for their spring 2000 production of **Bound For Glory: The Words and Music of Woody Guthrie**. It's become one of our favorite arrangements to sing.

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps;
They're flying 'em back to the Mexico border
To pay all their money to wade back again

CHORUS:

*Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,
Adiós mis amigos, Jesús y María;
You won't have your names when you ride the big airplane,
All they will call you will be "deportees"*

Mi padre se vino a buscar la riqueza
¿De que le sirvió? Siempre pobre murió
Mis hermanas y hermanos también se cruzaron
A morir con el sueño de una vida mejor.

REFRÁN:

*Adiós a mi Juan, adiós Rosalita,
Adiós mis amigos Jesús y María,
No los nombraron cuando se murieron;
Sólo les llamaron los deportados*

Y así es la vida de una campesina,
Y así es la vida de un trabajador,
Por ir a sudar y sufrir en los campos,
Y sólo le llaman un deportado.

REFRÁN

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,
A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills,
Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says, "They are just deportees."

CHORUS

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
To fall like dry leaves to rot on my topsoil
And be called by no name except "deportees"?

CHORUS

© 1961 Ludlow Music, Inc. English lyrics as reprinted in Pete Seeger (ed.), **The Nearly Complete Collection of Woody Guthrie Folk Songs**, London, 1973
Spanish lyrics as performed by the Chicano/Latino ensemble *Alma* on their recording, **I Have Been Here Forever** (see website below).

Find this song on the Web at:

<http://www.geocities.com/Nashville/3448/deportee.html>

<http://home.earthlink.net/~almas2/index.htm>

Akanamandla

We love the strength and syncopation of this call-and-response from **Freedom Is Coming**, an out-of-print collection of South African freedom songs. The call-and-response format is common in South African church music, where everyone participates. (Ask us for Liz's MBA version, **Econometrics!**)

Akanamandla, hallelujah
Akanamandla, usatane.

He has no power, hallelujah
He has no power, usatane

He has been cheated, hallelujah
He has been cheated, usatane

He flees far from us, hallelujah
He flees far from us, usatane

Akanamandla, hallelujah
Akanamandla, usatane.

We cannot find this song on the Web! E-mail us if you do.