

On this album, I've enjoyed crossing over styles, giving classical songs a folk flavour and singing folk songs in a classical style. Ireland is a recurring theme, the influence coming both from my ancestry, and from the wonderful holidays that I've had in Kerry. I love singing these songs as they fit beautifully in the voice, and I hope you enjoy them too.

Thank you

Thanks to all the great musicians who contributed to this recording.
Thank you also to Susanne John – my very patient singing teacher, and most of all to my family, my husband Andrew and my daughter Madeleine for their continued support and encouragement.

Ilona Sandor	Piano (Tracks 2,4,9,10,11,13)
Nils Nolte	Flutes (Tracks 1,2,3,5,6,7,8,10,12,13)
Andrea Doig	Piano (Tracks 1,3,5,6,7,8,12,14)
Jürgen Schmitt	Bodhrán (Track 3)
Barbara Mayr	Harp (Tracks 15,16)

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ANDREA DOIG

SERENITY
SONGS FOR THE SOUL

Hallelujah

Leonard Cohen
arr. Andrea Doig

In this version, Leonard Cohen takes a holiday in Ireland

I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played and it pleased the Lord,
But you don't really care for music, do you?

It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth,
The minor fall, the major fifth,
The baffled king composing Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Maybe I have been here before,
I know this room, I've walked this floor.
I used to live alone before I knew you.

I've seen your flag on the marble arch,
Love is not a victory march.
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah.

Hallelujah.....

There was a time you let me know
What's really going on below.
But now you never show it to me, do you?

And remember when I moved with you,
The holy dark was moving too.
And every breath we drew was Hallelujah.

Hallelujah.....

Maybe there's a God above,
And all I ever learned from love
Was how to shoot at someone who outdrew you.

And it's not a cry you can hear at night,
It's not somebody who's seen the light.
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah.

Hallelujah.....

Scarborough Fair

Traditional
arr. David Downes

An old English folksong where the singer tells the listener to ask her former lover to perform for her a series of impossible tasks. If he completes these tasks, she will take him back.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there.
He once was a true love of mine.

Tell him to make me a cambric shirt.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Without no seams nor needlework.
Then he'll be a true love of mine.

Tell him to find me an acre of land.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Between the salt water and the sea strand.
Then he'll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there.
He once was a true love of mine.

My heart will go on

James Horner, Will Jennings (Titanic)

Every night in my dreams I see you.
I feel you, that is how I know you go on.
Far across the distance and spaces between us
You have come to show you go on.

Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on.
Once more you open the door
and you're here in my heart,
And my heart will go on and on.

Love can touch us one time and last for a lifetime
And never let go till we're gone.
Love was when I loved you, one true time I hold to.
In my life we'll always go on.

Near, far.....

You're here, there's nothing I fear
and I know that my heart will go on.
We'll stay forever this way.
You are safe in my heart,
And my heart will go on and on.

Love me Sweet

Carl Vine c.1993

This song was written for the Australian TV mini series 'The Battlers'. The words are adapted from the poem 'A Man's Regiments' by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Love me sweet with all your heart.
Feeling, thinking, seeing.
Love me with your lightest glance.
Love me in full being.

Love me with your open arms,
In their frank surrender.
With the vowing of your lips
In their silence tender.

Ave Maria

1. Bach / Gounod
2. Caccini

I recorded both these beautiful Ave Marias live in the Evangelische Auferstehungskirche in Bad Vilbel. This charming little church dates back to 1298.

Loch Lomond

Traditional

arr. Ilona Sandor and Andrea Doig

This famous old song tells of two Jacobite soldiers in the 1745 uprising. One of the soldiers was captured and sentenced to death. The song says that the spirit of the dead soldier would reach Scotland before his comrade, who would struggle home over the mountains.

By yon bonnie banks and yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Oh ye'll tak' the high road
And I'll tak the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye.
But I and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Tw'as there that we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond.
Where in soft purple hue the Highland hills we view
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

Oh ye'll tak' the high road
...

The wee bird may sing and the wild flowers spring
And in sunshine the waters be sleeping
But the broken heart kens nae the second spring again
Tho the waefu may cease fray their greeting.

Oh ye'll tak' the high road
...

Be thou my Vision

Traditional

arr. The Martins, Robert White Johnson

The words of this beautiful song date back to the 8th Century and have long been part of the Irish monastic tradition.

Be thou my vision, o Lord of my heart.
Nought be all else to me, save that thou art.
Thou my best thought by day or by night.
Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom and thou my true word.
I ever with thee and thou with me Lord.
Thou and thou only, first in my heart.
Great God of Heaven, my treasure thou art.

Great God of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, o bright Heaven's sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall.
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all!
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all!

Panis Angelicus

Cesar Franck

Panis angelicus fit panis hominum;
Dat panis coelicus figuris terminum:
O res mirabili! manducat Dominum
pauper, servus et humilis

Amazing Grace

Traditional

arr. Andrea Doig

A well known song with a new sound, with special thanks to Jürgen Schmitt for his accompaniment on the Bodhran (Irish drum)

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost but now am found,
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear,
the hour I first believed.

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come,
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

Somewhere over the Rainbow

Harold Arlen, E.Y. Harburg (Wizard of Oz)

Judy Garland was another great inspiration of mine.

When all the world is a hopeless jumble
and the raindrops tumble all around
heaven opens a magic lane.

When all the clouds darken up the skyway
there's a rainbow highway to be found
leading from your window pane,
to a place behind the sun
just a step beyond the rain.

Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high,
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby.
Somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue
And the dreams that you dare to dream
really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star
and wake up where the clouds are far behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemondrops
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me.

Somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly.
Birds fly over the rainbow, why then, oh why can't I?

If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow
Why oh why can't I?

One Hand, One heart

Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim
(West side story)
arr. Andrea Doig

A simple but gorgeous love song.

Make of our hands one hand.
Make of our hearts one heart.
Make of our vows one last vow.
Only death will part us now.

Make of our lives one life.
Day after day one life.
Now it begins, now we start.
One hand, one heart.
Even death won't part us now.

Black is the Colour

Traditional

arr. John Jacob Niles and Andrea Doig

*I first heard this song in Dingle, Ireland,
sung by the great local singer Eilis Kennedy.
I loved its haunting melody and was
inspired to learn it.*

Black is the colour of my true love's hair.
His lips are like some rosy fair.
The finest face and the gentlest hands.
I love the ground where on he stands.

I love my love and well he knows.
I love the grass where on he goes.
If he on earth no more I did see.
My life will quickly fade away.

I'll climb up the mountains for to mourn and weep.
For satisfied I'll never sleep.
I'll write to him in a few little lines.
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

The winter is past and the leaves are green.
The time is gone that we have seen.
But still I long for the day to come
When he and I will be as one.

Black, black, black is the colour of my true love's hair.
His lips are like some fosal fair.
The finest face and the gentlest hands.
I love the ground where on he stands.

Salley Gardens

Traditional

arr. Herbert Hughes and Andrea Doig

*The words were written by W.B. Yeats.
He called it 'An old song resung' because
he reconstructed the song from three lines
imperfectly remembered by an old peasant
woman who often sang it to herself.*

Down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet.
She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree.
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand
And leaning on my shoulder she placed her snow white hand.
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs.
But I was young and foolish and now am full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet.
She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the grass grows on the weirs.
But I was young and foolish and now am full of tears.

She moved through the fair

Traditional

arr. Herbert Hughes and Andrea Doig

*This ancient song tells of a young man
who watches his lover walking through
the crowds at a fair. She is telling him,
it won't be long until their wedding day.
But she is a ghost which suggests that
he will die soon.*

My young love said to me my mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind.
And she stepped away from me and this she did say.
It will not be long love till our wedding day.

She stepped away from me and she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her move here and move there.
And then she turned homeward with one star awake.
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in.
So softly she came that her feet made no din.
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say.
It will not be long love till our wedding day.

I could have danced all the night

Frederick Loewe (My Fair Lady)

*At about age 5 I was taken to see a
double matinee, 'My Fair Lady'
together with 'The Sound of Music'.
Julie Andrews' gorgeous clear voice
first inspired me to sing.*

Bed, bed, I couldn't go to bed.
My head's too light to try to put it down.
Sleep, sleep, I couldn't sleep tonight.
Not for all the jewels in the crown.

I could have danced all night.
I could have danced all night,
And still have asked for more.
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before.

I'll never know what made it so exciting.
Why all at once my heart took flight.
I only know when he began to dance with me
I could have danced, danced, danced all night.