

Full Text of the Service at White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church
Sunday, November 29, 2020

PRELUDE MUSIC

I'm Gonna Sing (African American Spiritual; arr. Don Besig) WBUUC Choir

I'm gonna sing when the spirit says sing
I'm gonna sing when the spirit says sing
I'm gonna sing when the spirit says sing
and obey the spirit of the Lord.

I'm gonna pray, I'm gonna pray,
I'm gonna pray when the spirit says pray
I'm gonna pray when the spirit says pray
I'm gonna pray when the spirit says pray
and obey the spirit of the Lord.

I'm gonna shout, shout, shout
When the spirit says shout, shout, shout
When the spirit says shout, shout, shout
and obey the spirit of the Lord.

I'm gonna sing, I'm gonna pray, I'm gonna shout, Alleluia,
Sing, pray, shout, Alleluia,
Sing Alleluia
and obey the spirit of the Lord.

Wade in the Water (African American Spiritual; arr. Bruce Trinkley) WBUUC Choir

Wade in the water, wade in the water, children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna trouble the water.
See that band all dressed in white (God's a-gonna trouble the water)
The leader looks like an Israelite (God's a-gonna trouble the water)

Wade in the water, wade in the water, children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna trouble the water.
See that band all dressed in red (God's a-gonna trouble the water)
It looks like a band that Moses led (God's a-gonna trouble the water)

Wade in the water, wade in the water, children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna trouble the water.

GIVING VOICE TO THE SPIRIT

I Know This Rose Will Open

I know this rose will open
I know my fears will burn away
I know my soul will unfurl its wings
I know this rose will open.

Look to the People

We're gonna look to the people for courage
in the hard times comin' ahead.
We're gonna sing a shout, we're gonna work it on out
in the hard times comin' ahead.
With the people's courage, with the people's courage,
with the people's courage we can make it.

We're gonna look to the children for courage
in the hard times comin' ahead.
We're gonna sing a shout, we're gonna work it on out
in the hard times comin' ahead.
With the children's power, with the children's wisdom,
for the children's future we can make it.

The Revolution Has Come

What a time to be alive, what a time to be alive;
the Revolution has come.
What a time to be alive, what a time be alive;
when we stand up we've already won.

We've won, we've won, we've won, we've already won

WELCOME

Good morning, and welcome everyone, to White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church. I am Kathy Sedro, serving on your Board of Directors.

We are a congregation in the free faith tradition, a community of youth, adults and children, dedicated to pluralism in the spiritual search and ethics grounded in action. Our mission is to grow our souls, and serve the world, in love.

Service participants today include Amy Peterson Derrick, Sara Goodman, Victoria Safford, and Carol Caoette, supported by Anna Gehres and Erin Scott. Music today is from Carol Caoette and the WBUUC Choir, directed by Thaxter Cunio, The Lims and the [Portland UU Amity Choir](#).

We are excited to let you know that starting today, if you are with us here on Zoom, you can easily enable captioning on your device - when you tap or hover over your zoom window, you will see the CC symbol, click on it to see options on how to view the captions.

Today, after the service at 11:15, we hope that you will join us for Cyber Social Hour. It's a fun way to meet others, see old friends, and share a little conversation in small facilitated groups. We'll put the Zoom link and easy instructions in the chat box.

We're glad you're here! Welcome to our church.

And now, a special announcement from the 2020 Auction Committee.

Video Announcement

Get Thee to the Auction Boogie (adapted from Santa Baby by Joan Javits, Phil Springer and Tony Springer). Lyrics by Dana Boyle and Laura Stone-Jeraj (starring Alia Jeraj)

Santa Baby, just slip a warm shawl under the tree, for me,
I've been an awful good girl, Santa Baby,
so hurry to the auction today - (and grab that shawl!)
Santa Honey, I need some lovely art to spruce up my digs,
And I could use some comfort food too, Santa Honey,
So hurry to the auction today. (It's on-line and so easy!)
Think of all we've put up with (Four long years!)
Think of all the pals we've missed (Keeping us safe)
We could really use a lift,
So please check off our holiday lists.
Santa Cutie, I'm staring at my walls full of dread, so dead.
They really need a fresh coat of paint, Santa Baby
Please send a handyman to my place.
Santa Sweetie, what I wouldn't give to be on the road,
Chasing down the rainbows, leaving my abode.
Please let me plan a good trip tonight.
Santa Baby, please let me choose a sermon to feed my soul,
Or meditate mindfully to make me whole, Just help me get a bid in today.
Reverend Sarah says we need a break,
Victoria said, "take care of yourself" - whatever it takes!
I'd like a different outfit to wear on Zoom
Something sparkly too! I hope you'll hear my message tonight!
Santa Honey, and speaking of my time on the air, unfair
That we can't get together, but I don't care -
We'll sing on our computers some night.
Santa Honey - get me to the Auction today -
Santa Baby - please check on all my bids,
Santa Honey, please hurry to the Auction today!

CALL TO WORSHIP (Rev. Rebecca Edmiston Lange, adapted)

Come in

Come into this space which we make holy by our presence.

Come in with all your vulnerabilities and strengths,

fears and anxieties, loves and hopes,

for here you need not hide, nor pretend,

nor be anything other than who you are

and who you are called to be.

Come into this space where we can heal and be healed, forgive and be forgiven.

Come into this space where the ordinary is sanctified,

the human is celebrated, the compassionate is expected.

Come into this space –

Together we make it a holy space.

Kate Christopher and Phil Williams will light the chalice.

LIGHTING THE CHALICE Tom Degree and Dean S **NO TEXT AVAILABLE**

OPENING WORDS (in unison)

Love is the spirit of this church, and service is its law. This is our great covenant:

to dwell together in peace, to seek the truth in love, and to help one another

HYMN

For the Earth Forever Turning (Singing the Living Tradition, #163)

For the earth forever turning,

for the skies, for every sea;

for our lives, for all we cherish,

sing we our joyful song of peace.

For the mountains, hills, and pastures,

in their silent majesty;

for the stars, for all the heavens,

sing we our joyful song of peace.

For the sun, for rain and thunder,

for the seasons' harmony,

for our lives, for all creation,

sing we our joyful praise to Thee.

For the world we raise our voices,

for the home that gives us birth;

in our joy we sing returning,

home to our bluegreen hills of earth.

STORY - Amy

WELCOME THE NIGHT

By Amy Peterson Derrick

Jess loved the feeling of the grass on her bare feet, the cool dirt of the vegetable garden, and the warm sun on her face. She loved how she felt free each time the breeze touched her cheeks as she rode her bike down the street with her friends.

In the summer, she could fill the long hours of each day by climbing trees, rolling down grassy hills, playing hide and seek, and gazing up at the great, blue sky, watching in wonder as the clouds slowly rolled by. Each bright summer day meant a new adventure for Jess; each journey ending only because night would come. So, at dusk, Jess would return home, covered in dirt and grass and pollen, and she would go to bed, dreaming of tomorrow's joyful adventures in the sun.

Summer was Jess's favorite.

When fall came each year, though Jess lamented the shorter days, she still looked forward to daydreaming as she crunched through the leaves, picking sunflowers and savoring the last few morsels from the garden..

But winter... winter was something different altogether. There were itchy socks and sweaters, and scarves that tickled her nose.

It was cold and dry, and the wind that once signaled her freedom now stung at her cheeks. And without all the flowers and worms and vegetables, the few hours of sunlight somehow seemed less... bright. And then Jess met Sam.

One cold, snowy winter evening, when Jess was feeling particularly bored and irritated by the season, she paced around the house longing for the days of summer.

Suddenly, something strange caught her eye; outside, in a dimly lit yard across the street, she spotted a child, about her age, in a bright red coat, laying on his back in the snow. His mouth wide open to the sky. At first, Jess just rolled her eyes and went back to pacing. She took just a few steps... Then stopped again... and glanced out the window again... and sighed.

Her curiosity had gotten the better of her and there was nothing left to do but to pull on her itchy socks, crawl into her heavy snow pants and coat, and slip on her boots. She put on her hat and scarf that tickled her nose and ventured outside.

The snow squeaked and creaked under her feet as she made her way to this edge of the yard to shout across the street at this new wonder laying in the yard.

"Uhm. Hello... what are you doing?" Shouted Jess, annoyed.

"I'm eating snow!" was the joyful reply.

Jess crossed her arms.

"Why are you eating the snow? Aren't you cold?"

“Want to eat snow, too? I’m Sam. I just moved here.”

And so, with nothing else to do, Jess reluctantly joined Sam. For a moment, they both laid in the snow in the silence, watching their breath drift into the night air and the snowflakes dance gently down toward their faces.

But it wasn’t long before Sam broke the silence;

“Did you know...” he started,

“...that the stars appear to be brighter in the winter than in the summer?”

“...that not all snowflakes are actually different?”

“...that deep under the snow and ice, worms and animals and insects are eating and keeping warm?”

“...that the plant roots and bulbs are sleeping, but ready to grow the moment it gets warm?”

Sam went on and on. He sure did know a lot about winter.

And though Jess didn’t quite understand Sam’s excitement for the season, his energy was infectious and Jess started to feel a little warmer, even as she lay in the snow.

Before long, Jess and Sam were building snow forts, creating stories about the creatures that lived beneath the snow and dreaming about the constellations in the sky.

When they ran out of stories, both collapsed back down into the snow, the stars beginning to peek out from behind the clouds.

“Did you know...” started Sam again

“.. that in some places, the long nights of winter are always for storytelling; I’ll bet that there are as many stories shared on winter nights as there are stars in the sky.”

Jess smiled. She loved imagining people gathered around fires, sharing stories. Somehow the idea of long nights seemed less boring and more... magical.

Soon Jess found the season of cold, short days and long, cold nights to be more bearable whenever she spied Sam in his bright red coat across the street. Jess soon learned that the winter nightfall was no longer the signal that adventures must end—sure, it was a time of itchy scarves, and cold winter wind... but it was also a time for new adventures and snowball fights and stories... and even...Joy.

Summer was still Jess’s favorite time of year, but each year, as summer turned to fall, and fall into winter, Jess found herself looking forward to the warmth, stories, and brightness she found even in the longest winter nights.

MEDITATION - Rev. Victoria Safford

Please join me in a spirit of prayer, the spirit of rest and readiness that is the posture of prayer.

Be at home in your body. be at home in your space,

and know that this space we create together is home to you, too-

we’re holding you here, holding one another, part but together,

woven, not unraveled.

Breathe deep the breath of life, the spirit of life, and know that we are breathing together with every living thing and every person on this planet. I am a living member, said William Ellery Channing, of the great communion of all souls –
and so are you and so am I – all of us.

Breathing in and breathing out, for just a few moments in this busy, noisy world, let's hold silence together.

This morning we hold in our hearts all who are weary and frightened and alone.
We hold those who hold within their bodies the struggles of addiction and mental illness, depression and anxiety, and we hold those who offer care.
We pray for those who are grieving now, the loss of loved ones to Covid-19 and to other illnesses. We pray for them that mourn.

Out of the silence, and into it, I invite you to whisper the names, or speak them aloud, the names of those you are holding today in love and in care.

from Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me,
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be –
I go and lie down where the wood drake rests in his beauty on the water,
and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought of grief.
I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light.
For a time I rest in the grace of the world,
and am free.

AMEN

OFFERING -Kathy

To sustain our online programming, Sunday services, pastoral care, and our work in the wider world toward justice and equity, your church needs your financial support. Please be generous today! Click on the link, or send us a check - we're all in this together!

OFFERTORY

Stonecatcher (Carol Caouette) Portland UU Church Amity choir

One morning I woke up and I knew what to do
I'd catch all the stones that everyone threw
I'd catch all the (anger/sorrow/injustice) that I could in a day
Then I'd take all the stones and I'd throw them away.

Don't ask why, say, "We must all be free."
Don't ask when, say, "You can count on me."

FIRST READING

Our first reading is from [REBECCA L. SPANG](#), a historian who studies the French Revolution, in an article in the Atlantic titled *The Revolution Is Under Way Already: Far from making Americans crave stability, the pandemic underscores how everything is up for grabs.*

In the summer of 1789, as peasants attacked chateaus and revolutionaries vowed to "abolish privilege," many members of the elite felt that their world had suddenly fallen apart. In truth, it had been disintegrating for decades. Today, as in the 1790s, an old order is ending in convulsions. Even before the coronavirus prompted flight cancellations and entry bans, climate activists were rightly telling us to change our modes and patterns of travel. Even before nonessential businesses were shut by government orders, online shopping and same-day deliveries were rapidly remaking retail commerce, while environmental concerns and anti-consumerism were revolutionizing the fashion industry. The pandemic and resulting public-health crisis have caused an abrupt and salutary revaluation in which cleaners, care workers, grocery-store stockers, and delivery drivers are gaining recognition for the essential work they have been doing all along. Taken together, these changes may not look like a revolution—but real revolutions are the ones that nobody sees coming.

The men and women who made the French Revolution—a revolution which, in a few short and hectic years, decriminalized heresy, blasphemy, and witchcraft; replaced one of the oldest European monarchies with a republic based on universal male suffrage; introduced no-fault divorce and easy adoption; embraced the ideal of formal equality before the law; and, for a short time at least, defined employment, education, and subsistence as basic human rights—had no model to follow, no plans, no platform agreed upon in advance. ... they made it up as they went along. ... At the junction Americans face today, however, we need to imitate not the outcome of the French revolution but the energy, creativity, and optimism of the French revolutionaries.

Human beings are responsible both for much of what is wrong *and* for much of what could be right about the world today. But we have to take responsibility. In hindsight a revolution may look like a single event, but they are never experienced that way. Instead they are extended periods in which the routines of normal life are dislocated and existing rituals lose their meaning. They are deeply unsettling, but they are also periods of great creativity. As some Americans take shelter in their homes from a newly arrived threat and others put their health at risk to combat it, we can all mourn lost certainties, but we can also set about

intentionally creating new possibilities. To claim this moment as a revolution is to claim it for human action.

Our Second Reading is from *In the Dark Again* By Sara Nicholson

My husband's out-of-town so I set
Our house on fire. Champagne

And eggs, asparagus for breakfast.
Water for lunch. I eat dinner early

In the late afternoon while the wind
Disorganizes leaves, leaving me

To clean them up. I think that the
Imagination's guided by logic—

A hand that's used to translating
Images of rain to snow. Error-filled,

The night destroys the details of
Poems—the pearls worn by Beethoven

In secret, the rocks H.D. mistook
For seaweed as she walked

In exaltation toward the beach. Is it
Possible to sing the imagination

Into being? ...

MUSIC

Keep on Singing (The Limns - Zacc Fricke)

So I keep on singing as long as I'm believing
Then the world can never hold me down
And it doesn't matter what they're saying
If fear is what they're praying for
Then hate must be the only god they found.

 'Cause when you're holding on so tight
 You're getting ready for a fight
 But when you love something
 You know when to set it down

So I gotta keep on singing 'til I can't go on.

And I keep love at the center of my song.
You know I gotta open up and let it run around.
I just wanna breathe it in and breathe it out.

And life keeps goin'
And without so much as knowin'
Why our lives have already come undone.
It doesn't matter what they're saying
If fear is what they're praying for
Then hate must be the only god they found.
'Cause when you're holding on so tight
You're getting ready for a fight
But when you love something
You know when to set it down

So I gotta keep on singing 'til I can't go on.
And I keep love at the center of my song.
Just gotta let it go and spread it all around.
Just wanna breathe it in and breathe it out.
Breath it out.

So give me Faith like a bird that sings before the dawn,
Hope like a seed waiting underground,
Love like a flower reaching for the sun.
Reaching for the sun.

SERMON

I have recently, and not for the first time, self-identified myself as someone with Attention Deficit Disorder, ADD and like anyone who is learning about a new thing, I tend to see it everywhere. I've wondered lately, does the whole world have ADD?

Although my official diagnostic test 10 years ago had the psychiatrist shaking her head, I do I sometimes struggle with attention, and have found many tools and tricks to keep myself on track and on task.

I keep my hands busy when I need to concentrate, I set reminders and alarms on all my devices to remember tasks, but also to remember to eat lunch, to remember to take breaks.

I don't really think that everyone has Attention Deficit Disorder. My point is I don't know if I know of anyone right now who isn't having trouble concentrating, who isn't losing train of thought, or forgetting names of people they know well. I don't know of anyone who isn't struggling in some way. We have a lot on our plates. This pandemic has stretched out a very long time.

We as individuals have found a lot of ways to cope with this time – shifting expectations, shifting routines. Finding new ways to do familiar things – using our imagination, creativity and ingenuity to drag ourselves through the LONGEST YEAR IN HISTORY.

When stuff shut down soon after the plague hit, many folks turned on their creative taps, and started to make masks, started to learn or relearn how to bake, started to think through how to safely live lives. We had to learn how to share space with folks who are now home all the time.

We had to learn how to keep doing work, church, our social life - online. We had to learn how to Zoom, FaceTime, Google Meet.

Some folks figured out how to safely see, and maybe hug, our extended families, (did you see the pictures of the plastic hugging window - thing?)

We have figured out how to continue to be human. Our imagination has helped us so much with that. And this week, THIS week, we might be close to visualizing a finish line.

We have had to relearn so much, and bring our creative minds to work on some pretty big problems. We've had to make choices and cancel big plans, we've had to grieve a lot this year.

We had to reimagine the patterns of our lives. Reimagine the structures that kept us going through the average times, the before times. We've had to reimagine the way things have always been. Speaking of, reimagining: the Auction this year has been so exciting to see! There is still lots of AMAZING stuff to bid on – experiences and art, crafts and food, gift cards and real human services! And all of it benefiting the congregation.

We also have those two fund-a-need donation funds, one for BLUU: “Black Lives of Unitarian Universalism” and one for When We Meet Again – to get the supplies we will need to come back together safely. I hope, even if you don't want to participate in the auction part of it all, that you will take the time to go over to the auction site and make your donations to these funds.

And, see, I've just reimagined something else – we need to be able to talk about important things together.

Sometimes we need to be reminded that we are capable of surviving more than we think we can.

And sometimes we need to be reminded that it is OK not to be OK. Because this collective stress we are under is causing trauma response in so many folks. We are not able to access our executive functioning in the ways we're used to, slowing down our efficiency, and making us unusually tired. Causing even more stress.

So how do we cope? How do we find ways to relieve the stress and tension? Some of the stuff we normally would do, we can't, but something we can still do is gather (albeit virtually) to cry, to laugh to play.

It is so vital that we are still playing, doing things that make us happy, not just in a moment, but long lasting happy – things that leave a warmth in our belly like a memory of hot cocoa on a cold day, or the weight of a trusting head resting on our shoulder.

When looking for something new to bring me pleasure, when some of the stuff I liked to do is off limits, I found an app called TikTok. It's the new THING, so I resisted it for a little while, (like I always do new things), but now that I'm in, I've found that TikTok is my new joy.

There are, many sides to TikToc, and I am so lucky that I somehow found myself on the lovely, unconditionally supportive, fun, creative, deaf, Native, Queer, Bread making side of TikToc, where I find a few minutes of laughter and joy every evening after the kids have gone to bed. My side of TikToc is all about community support, love for folx that live on the margins, and PLAY – it gives me a little pleasure every day.

One of the things we have to reimagine, to relearn about being human, especially in a time of upheaval, is that our lives are not solely for production. We need to rest, we need to have fun, and we need to feel useful.

Pleasure activist, author, and self-described facilitator, adrinne maree brown writes: “Pleasure is not one of the spoils of capitalism. It is what our bodies, our human systems, are structured for; it is the aliveness and awakening, the gratitude and humility, the joy and celebration of being miraculous.”— adrinne maree brown, *Pleasure Activism: The Politics of Feeling Good*

She goes on to say, “Pleasure activists believe that by tapping into the potential goodness in each of us we can generate justice and liberation, growing a healing abundance where we have been socialized to believe only scarcity exists.”

As individuals we’ve found creative ways to cope with this turmoil, and it’s easing our way through. But we also are part of a larger, shifting culture. A culture that has been shifting constantly, but subtly, forever -but has now shifted into overdrive, with changes happening rapidly.

We are in a time of upheaval – upheaval of cultural norms and expectations – upheaval of structures of inequity and oppression, and it is so very exhausting. This rapid shift has been brewing for years, the foundations of things that have “always been” are showing their age, beginning to crumble.

The founding of this country started with a revolutionary war – but the revolution was fomented through cultural shifts in the 15 years prior. The founders used a vast imagination to form a new way of being, a new way of governing, a way that anticipated and expected change, a way that protected the systems from stagnancy. And this new way still baked in a lack of imagination for growth and change to the extent that our country has changed. The founders had no way to envision a country that looks like ours. Couldn’t imagine the equality and equity that we so desire, because they couldn’t see past the culture they swam in. Similarly, and in the same timeframe, “The [people] who made the French Revolution had no model to follow, no plans, no platform agreed upon in advance. ... they made it up as they went along.” – writes historian Rebecca Spang. The French Revolution shifted the culture so quickly and dramatically, that things became unstable, people embraced violence, and the new ideas of the new republic were quickly distorted and twisted into a new empire.

We certainly don’t want to embrace the process or the outcomes of the French Revolution, but as Spang encourages us we do want to embrace “the energy, creativity, and optimism of the French revolutionaries.” Just like the American revolutionaries, the ideals that come out of those imaginings still resonate, but we cannot forget that they couldn’t have imagined what the world would look like today, which means that our imagination can only take us so far.

And yet, we can and must imagine past what IS towards what CAN BE – with the acknowledgement that we cannot imagine all of the ways that things will be different in 20 years, let alone 200. We cannot imagine the people who will live in this country, if there is a ‘this country’. We cannot imagine, and yet we must imagination to get there!

Spang reminds us: “In hindsight a revolution may look like a single event, but they are never experienced that way. Instead they are extended periods in which the routines of normal life are dislocated and existing rituals lose their meaning.

“They are deeply unsettling, but they are also periods of great creativity. As some Americans take shelter in their homes from a newly arrived threat and others put their health at risk to combat it, we can all mourn lost certainties, but we can also set about intentionally creating new possibilities. To claim this moment as a revolution is to claim it for human action.”

We don’t know where we are going to end up, we don’t know how we’re going to get there, but we know, we know that we are going to get there – together and with creativity and imagination.

HYMN

Woyaya (Singing the Journey, #1020)

We are going, heaven knows where we are going,
but we know within.

And we will get there, heaven knows how we will get there,

but we know we will.

It will be hard, we know,
and the road will be muddy and rough,
but we'll get there,
heaven knows how we will get there,
but we know we will.
Woyaya, woyaya, woyaya, woyaya.

We are going, heaven knows where we are going,
but we know within.
And we will get there, heaven knows how we will get there,
but we know we will.
Woyaya, woyaya, woyaya, woyaya.
Wo-ya-ya-yi-ya-ya, Wo-ya-ya-yi-ya-ya,
Wo-ya-ya-yi-ya-ya, Wo-ya-ya-yi-ya-ya,
YA!

CLOSING WORDS - Kathy

May peace dwell within our hearts, and understanding in our minds
May courage steel our will, and love of truth forever guide us.

FAREWELL

Friends, thank you for joining us. Look for the ENews on Monday and Thursday to find out what's happening at church- let us know how we can help you stay connected.

We have some exciting news about our online auction. The Board set a goal of \$10,000 from the auction to go toward this year's Operating Budget, and as of last night, we were closing in on meeting that goal. We need your help to get there! There are still MANY opportunities to buy exceptional items and experiences. Check out the auction catalog right after today's service, and make your bids by 9:00 p.m. tonight, when the auction closes. And, don't forget, we have generous matching gifts for special projects: Up to \$10,000 will be matched for the When We Meet Again Fund, and we're 20% of the way there. There is also a matching gift of up to \$2,500 for Black Lives UU, and we're 40% there. Your gifts will be doubled up to these amounts and they're so important that you'll still be able to contribute to these 2 funds on the auction website until next Sunday evening, December 13.

At 11:15 join us for Cyber Social Hour. It's actually just half an hour of easy conversation in small groups with friends old and new. AND If you're new to our congregation or visiting today, we invite you to join our ministry staff for a brief welcome orientation today right after the service. You'll see a link in the chat box here at little later.

We're sending love to you all from Maple Street and all of our locations.

Farewell, and stay well, friends, from all of us. So be it. See to it. Amen.

POSTLUDE

Kwa Heri/Goodbye, We'll Meet Again (Swahili Celebration Song, Kenya)

Kwa heri kwa heri
mm pen si kwa heri
kwa heri kwa heri
mm pen si kwa heri
Tu tata na na tena
tu ke sha re wa
tu tata na na tena
tu ke sha re wa

Goodbye, goodbye
loved one, goodbye
goodbye, goodbye
loved one, goodbye
we'll meet again,
God willing,
We'll meet again,
God willing