

Terrence

Ho



Angibles

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Terrence Ho: vocals, guitar

Ed Legare: keyboards, guitar, bass guitar

Music and lyrics by Terrence Ho for all songs except Пусть берут
неуклюже

All songs recorded and produced at
BrownDog Studios, Gainesville, FL, USA | 2022-2023

The title of this album comes from my years as an early childhood music
teacher at Bubbles Academy in Chicago, IL, USA. Some of the students
in my "gentle separation" classes couldn't quite pronounce "animals"
correctly, saying "angibles" instead. As such, I dedicate this short album to
all of my students from twelve years of teaching.

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All drawings and design by Terrence Ho
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Stegos from the Sky | New Haven, CT, USA | 2010
Zebra | Gainesville, FL, USA | 2021
Fred the Hippo | Gainesville, FL, USA | 2021
Henry the Loch Ness Turtle | Gainesville, FL, USA | 2021
Pushen Cat | Gainesville, FL, USA | 2021
Bunny Elliot | Gainesville, FL, USA | 2021
Strexie | Gainesville, FL, USA | 2021
Крокодил Гена и Чебурашка | Kabardinka, Russia | 2018
Angibles on Couch | Gainesville, FL, USA | 2023
Angibles on Bearwallow Mountain | Asheville, NC, USA | 2021



Big & Grey

There lived a lonely creature in the jungle.
Though quite frightening, gentle as can be,
But being scary can become quite lonesome by yourself.
Fred just wanted friends to share his tree.

One day Fred met Ele by the river,
And Ele didn't run away in fear.
Fred said, "Aren't you scared? I'm a Hippopotamus."
And Ele raised his trunk to wipe a tear.

"No one ever spoke to me before you came along.
Do you think we maybe could be friends.
We could start a sumo team or even write a song
'Bout what it's like to be so big and grey."

Fred and Ele learned to trust each other.
They discovered how much fun it is to smile.
The animals around them heard the thunder of their steps,
Sharing stories of their lives beside the Nile.

And Fred said,

"No one ever spoke to me before you came along.
I'm so glad to have you as my friend.
We should go for mud wrestling or even write that song
'Bout what it's like to be so big and grey.
I think I finally like that I'm this way."

A rhino joined their piano protest,
And they formed a pachyderm crew.
Crossed oceans and continents to friend a walrus,
A manatee, and a dugong too.

After many strange adventures they disbanded,
Each creature to his river or her plain.
They promised to write letters and to make more friends at home,
So confident and proud of this refrain.

"No one ever spoke to us before they came along.
Now I have oh so many friends.
Now we talk on Starcraft II or Skype to sing our song
'Bout what it's like to be so big and grey.
I know my friends will never go away."



Henry the Loch Ness Turtle

Deep down and under the kingdom of Scotland,
The kindest reptile once swam.
Said sorry to fishes before he would eat them,
Though fishes do not understand
To practice his English for that day he dreamed of
When he might make friends up on land.

When at last he emerged with dazzling rainbows
Astream down his huge pearly shell,
The humans shot arrows, and none of them heard
The speech Henry delivered so well.
So he wept a river that flowed to the ocean,
Where he would be safe from their yells.

CHORUS

He lived with the dinosaurs long long ago
And laughs with the whales in the sea.
He chases off bullies but everyone knows
He's the best friend that could ever be.
As big as a nation, and shy and so patient,
The children all long to meet
Henry the Loch Ness Turtle.

He swam to the Arctic to chat with the orcas
And asked all the birds in the air
They said it was pointless and he grew despondent
Until he met Paddington Bear,
Who said "Find a child, to love and to cherish,
For children are honest and fair."

Centuries later in cold Massachusetts,
He saw Priya crying alone.
So they talked and they talked as she lay on his shell
Of the meanies who jeered "go back home!",
And swift as a falcon their tears turned to wonder
That this bright big world was their own.

CHORUS

Priya grew older, and Henry paid visits,
Together with more and more friends.
Her hair turned to grey and she wondered and worried,
"Would she ever see him again?"
So she built a raft and sailed to the ocean
To smile one more time with her friend.

Deep down and under the verdant kelp forests,
The kindest reptile still plays.
He swims with the children who love every color
In the magical reef, so they say.
Where Priya and Henry and their friends and his friends
Play hide and go seek to this day.

CHORUS



Bird or Beast

He flew through the forest on a leisurely route
Using his ears to search for fruit.
Oh my isn't that – a papaya, with a wonderful taste
A few bites for lunch, but the rest – to waste?

And so off he soared, 'mongst the treetops telling all of the birds,
So excited to share, but none of them stirred.
"But where are his feathers," went the whisper of the wind in the leaves,
"That leather just looks wrong, he must be a thief."

"Why do they smile but turn their backs to me?
Am I not part of that family?"

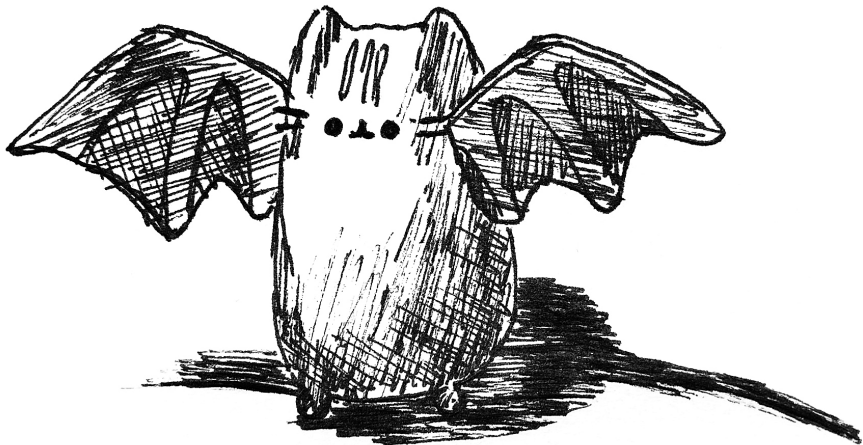
Down in the foliage, he befriended the beasts
Their eyes all aglow as he spoke of the feast.
But when he took off to show them they gasped and shrieked,
"It's not natural how he moves, without using his feet."

"Why do they smile but turn their backs to me?
Am I not part of their family?"

The papaya spoiled, the seasons turned,
The murmurs died away.
He slept at day, and ate at night,
But his sadness still remained.

And so life continued, ever quiet and alone.
Eating cherries in the cave he called his home.
Then one day he saw, an echidna getting mocked for her eggs,
A platypus consoled her, and bat fell down to beg.

"Bird or beast, doesn't really matter to me
Please would you be my family?"



Forever & a Day

A bag of Lender's bagels at the end of the row
in the grocery store,
raisin-cinnamon for fifty-nine cents.
Father said remember twenty years ago,
and although he's no more,
I'll still see them clear for many years hence.

The promise of adventure 'neath the oaken glade,
Spanish moss trailing low; she beckons with delight in her smiles,
So pretty at me across the creek in the shade,
this place that only we know, evergreen in our hearts all this while.

I seek her hiding somewhere in the bushes around
the Unitarian ground; I find her once but never again.
We scrawl dirty mad libs in the back of a van,
a scroll and bow in our hands, and nothing was impossible then...

When we knew we'd last forever and a day,
In endless games of hide and seek.
Though trails and streams so surely wear away,
That dappled smile still warms my cheeks.

Glistening with peace in the sweltering air,
slightest breeze on bare skin; chalked fingers brush a cool bulge of stone.
Power and grace dancing skyward to where
I call exultant to him. He joins me there and I'm not alone.

The soft rush of water in the coy pond below
fifteen stories of space; I tremble in her warm winter grip.
A questioning glance sets her brown eyes aglow,
half a moon on her face, cast in shadow with the meeting of lips.

Where we knew we'd last forever and a day,
In endless fields of scree and bliss.
Though winter moonlight quickly ebbs away,
No tide can wash the sweetness from that kiss.

The scent of green apple in the flow of black hair
avar with cinnamon red; they tug me 'round the billiard hall.
Coy smiles belie our game of cutthroat, aware
of the duress in my head. We take up our cues and lose all.

Butterflies flit through the forest above.
Her nervous shimmering eyes speed the beat of my heart in her hand.
Shadowed white walls embrace our stories of love,
and our fumbled goodbyes; She smiles a parting writ in the sand.

Still I knew we'd last forever and a day,
In endless games of pool charades.
Though brilliant wingbeats swiftly turn to gray,
The soft warmth of her fingers never fades.

A bag of Lender's bagels at the end of the row,
In the grocery store,
raisin-cinnamon for fifty-nine cents.
Father said remember twenty years ago,
and although he's no more,
I'll still see them clear for many years hence.



Toy Box

Stumble down the staircase you once slid.
No steps worn, yet warm you find them still.
Dust of ages billows 'neath your breath.
Fingers clumsy clutching at the latch.

Yellow Legos once a submarine
To explore the ocean with this mask and fins.
Spaceship whites, and greys, and panes of blue –
You had to know your pilots could see through...

Far away. To a sky where you might join them.
One fine day. When finally you grow up.

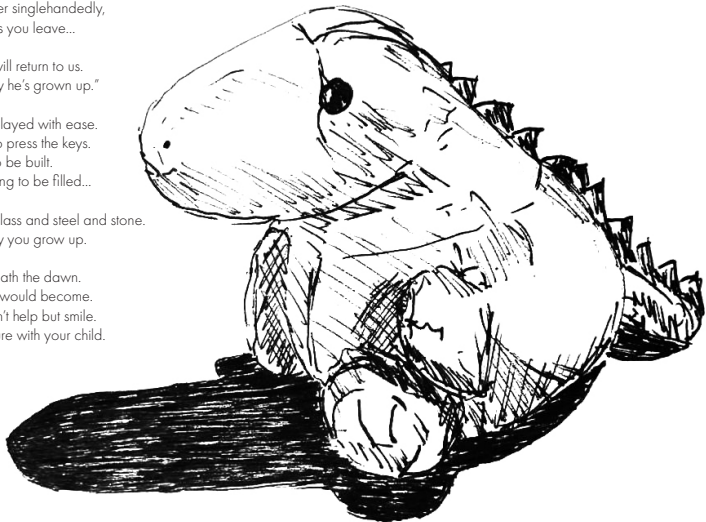
Excavate for fossils by the sea
To save the castle from the dragon queen.
Ride a T-Rex out to fight her singlehandedly,
The citizens all cheering as you leave...

And they say, "Our hero will return to us.
One fine day, when finally he's grown up."

Melodies that once you played with ease.
Fingers grown too large to press the keys.
Pastel drawings of cities to be built.
Play-dough houses begging to be filled...

And that clay will turn to glass and steel and stone.
One fine day, when finally you grow up.

Morning mist aglow beneath the dawn.
Linger on the dreams you would become.
Little feet below – you can't help but smile.
It's time to share this treasure with your child.



ПУСТЬ БЕГУТ НЕУКЛЮЖЕ (Let Them Run Clumsily)

Пусть бегут неуклюже
Пешеходы по лужам,
А вода по асфальту рекой.
И неясно прохожим
В этот день непогожий,
Почему я веселый такой?

А я играю на гармошке
У прохожих на виду.
К сожаленью, день рождения D
Только раз в году.

Прилетит вдруг волшебник
В голубом вертолете
И бесплатно покажет кино.
С днем рождения поздравит
И, наверно, оставит
Мне в подарок пятьсот эскимо.



Big & Grey [4:06]

Music and lyrics by Terrence Ho
Chicago, IL, USA | 2012
Terrence Ho: vocals, guitar
Ed Legare: bass guitar

Henry the Loch Ness Turtle [3:55]

Music and lyrics by Terrence Ho
Bangkok, Thailand | 2012
Terrence Ho: vocals, guitar
Ed Legare: keyboards, bass guitar

Bird or Beast [2:22]

Music and lyrics by Terrence Ho
Hsinchu, Taiwan/R.O.C. | 2015
Terrence Ho: vocals, guitar
Ed Legare: keyboards, bass guitar

Forever & a Day [4:24]

Music and lyrics by Terrence Ho
Gainesville, FL, USA | 2011
Terrence Ho: vocals, guitar
Ed Legare: bass guitar

Toy Box [3:52]

Music and lyrics by Terrence Ho & Thanakhom Muandej
Kanchanaburi, Thailand | 2013
Terrence Ho: vocals, guitar
Ed Legare: guitar, keyboards, bass guitar

Пусть бегут неуклюже (*Let Them Run Clumsily*) [1:39]

Music by Vladimir Shainsky
lyrics by Alexander Timofeevskiy
Чебурашка (Cheburashka) | 1971
Originally performed by Vladimir Ferantopov (as Krokodil Gena)
Terrence Ho: vocals, guitar
Ed Legare: bass guitar



