

**Celebrating the 10th Anniversary of
the Dubuque Chorale Children's Choirs**



Saturday • April 27 • 7:00 pm

Sunday • April 28 • 2:00 pm

Westminster Presbyterian, Dubuque | Free will donation

Program Supplement

Lyrics

Translations available on page 6 of program

O Joy!

O joy!

Have we forsaken sadness?

Obliterate the madness of little things to sing out.

O joy!

Abandon despair all ye who enter here

Cast off heartbreak

Discard care to sing out.

I cried unto God with my voice,
and He listened to me.

In the day of my trouble, I sought out the Lord;
my pain stretched into night and never ceased:
my soul refused to be comforted.

Then I remembered God and cried out loud;
I sang to myself and my spirit
My opening eyes were seized;
I was so agitated I could not speak.

I have thought of those old days
which I hold in my mind for years to eternity
And I meditate now
on my own heart's song that night
and sing it to my spirit.

O joy!

Have we forsaken sadness?

Obliterate the madness of little things to sing out.

O joy!

Abandon despair all ye who enter here

Cast off heartbreak

Discard care to sing out.

O joy!

Vive L'Amour

Let every good fellow now join in a song,

Vive la compagnie!

Success to each other and pass it along,

Vive la compagnie!

Vive l'amour, vive la compagnie!

Come all you good fellows and join in with me,

Vive la compagnie!

And raise up your voices in close harmony,

Vive la compagnie!

Vive l'amour, vive la compagnie!

Should time or occasion compel us to part,

Vive la compagnie!

These days shall forever enlighten the heart,

Vive l'amour, vive la compagnie!

Let every old bachelor fill up his glass,

Vive la compagnie!

And drink to the health of his favorite lass. Vive—

Let every old married man drink to his wife.

Vive la compagnie!

The joy of his bosom and comfort of life.

Vive la compagnie!

Vive l'amour, vive la compagnie!

A Jubilant Song

O! Listen to a jubilant song,

The joy of our spirit is uncaged,

It darts like lightning!

My soul it darts like lightning!

Listen to a jubilant song,

For we sing to the joys of youth,

And the joy of a glad light-beaming day.

Listen to a jubilant song,

For we sing to the joy of life and youth,

And the joy of a glad light-beaming day.

O! Our spirit sings a jubilant song that is to life

Full of music, a life full of concord, of music,

A life full of harmony!

We sing prophetic joys of lofty ideals.

We sing a universal love awaking in the hearts of men.

O! to have life, a poem of new joys, to shout!
to dance and exult, shout and leap.

O! to realize space and flying clouds, the sun and
moon,

O! to be rulers of life, to be rules of destiny, and of
life.

La la la la la la la la la.

Listen to a song, a jubilant song.

Listen to our song, the joy of our spirit is uncaged.

We dance, exult, we shout and leap.

O! Listen to our song. O!

—Adapted from Walt Whitman

Ubi Caritas

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.

Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.

Exultemus et in ipso jucundemur.

Timeamus et amemus Deum vivum.

Et ex corde diligamus nos sincero.

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.

Amen.

Shiru

Shiru shir chadash

shiru, hariu kol haaretz

pitzchu v'ranenu v'tzameru
hariau kol haaretz
shiru kol haaretz
shiru shir chadash

yismechu hashamayim
v'tagel haaretz
yiram hayam, oomlo oh
ya aloz sadai, v'col asher bo
az y'ranenu kol atzey ya ar
n'harot yimcha oo chaf
yachad harim y'ranenu

Shiru shir chadash
shiru, hariu kol haaretz
shiru shir chadash
SHIRU!

—Adapted from Psalms 96 and 98

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty was a wonderful guy, friendly,
pleasant, a little bit shy.

People liked him from the very first sight. But
Humpty had a drawback, he wasn't too bright.

Da dum, da dum, da dum, dwee bah doot'n
doot'n bah dop bow.

Word came down the King was comin' to town,
bugles, banners, and folks of renown.

Humpty was short, he just came up to my knee.
He needed a place to look out and see.

Humpty, he was a good egg.

Dumpty, such a good egg.

But you've got to use some sense or you'll pay
the consequences, and gravity will pull you back
down to the ground.

Humpty Dumpty climbed up on the wall.

Careful! Steady! you don't want to fall. An egg's
sense of balance is shaky at best.

But the view he had was better than all of the rest.

Dwee bah doot'n doot'n dwee bah doo bah. Da
dum, da bah dop bow.

Soon the King appeared with all of his men, short
ones, tall ones, some of them thin.

Humpty leaned forward to see it all. That's when
he slipped and skidded, and started to fall.

Humpty, he was a good egg.

Dumpty, such a good egg. But you've got to use
some sense or you'll pay the consequence, and
gravity will pull you back down to the ground.

Well, Humpty landed hard on the ground.

Crack! Splat! Not a good sound.

All the horses came with all the King's men, but they couldn't put poor Humpty together again.

Hey, I've got egg on my face!

Looks like he finally cracked up.

At least he came out of his shell!

I guess the yoke's on us.

Bop!

The Happy Wanderer

I love to go a wandering along the mountain track.

And as I go, I love to sing, my knapsack on my back.

Valderi, valdera, my knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream that dances in the sun. (Fa la la la la la la)

So joyously it calls ot me, "Come, join my happy song."

Valderi, valdera, "Come, join my happy song."

Oh, may I go a wandering until the day I die.

(Doodle-loot, doodle-loot, doot doot doot.)

And may I always laugh and sing beneath the clear blue sky.

Valderi, valdera (fa la la la la), beneath the clear blue sky.

Come join my happy song.

Joy and Woe are Woven Fine

It is right, it should be so:
We were made for joy and woe.
And when this we rightly know,
Through the world we safely go.

Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine.
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.

Joy and woe are woven fine.

—William Blake (Adapted by Steve Kupferschmid)

Happy Face Medley

Gray skies are gonna clear up,
Put on a happy face.
Brush off the clouds and cheer up.
Put on a happy face.

Take off the gloomy mask of tragedy.
It's not your style.
You'll look so good that you'll be glad
You decided to smile.

Pick out a pleasant outlook.
Stick out that noble chin.

Wipe off that “full of doubt” look.

Slap on a happy grin.

And spread sunshine all over the place.

Just put on a happy face.

And if you’re feeling cross and bickerish,
Don’t sit and whine.

Think of banana splits and licorice
And you’ll feel fine

I knew a girl so gloomy,
She’d never laugh or sing.

She wouldn’t listen to me.

Now she’s a mean old thing.

So spread sunshine all over the place.

Just put on a happy face.

Hey hobo man, hey, Dapper Dan,

You’ve both got your style, but brother,

You’re never fully dressed without a smile.

Your clothes may be “Beau Brummelly,”

They stand out a mile, but brother,

You’re never fully dressed without a smile!

Who cares what they’re wearing

On Main Street or Savile Row?

It’s what you wear from ear to ear,

And not from head to toe that matters.

So, Senator, so, janitor, so long for a while.
Remember, you're never fully dressed,
Though you may wear the best,
You're never fully dressed without a smile.

So spread sunshine all over the place.
Just put on a happy face and smile,
Smile, just smile!

Sing, My Child

Sing for the promise in each new morning.
Sing for the hope in a new day dawning.
All around is beauty bright!
Wake in the morning and sing, my child.

Dance in the joy of the day unfolding.
Dance as you work and dance as you're learning.
All around is beauty bright!
Take in the day and dance, my child.

But when troubles come and worry is all that can
be found, gather your strength and hear your voice.
Sing, my child.

Laugh in the cool and the fresh of the evening.
Laugh in your triumph laugh in succeeding.
All around is beauty bright!
Rest in the evening and laugh, my child.

Peace in the stillness and dark of the night.

Peace in the dreams of your silent delights.
All around is beauty bright!
Sleep in the night and peace, my child.

But when troubles come and worry is all that can
be found, gather your strength and hear your voice.
Sing, my child.
Dance, my child.
Laugh, my child.
Peace, my child.
Peace, my child, oh, peace, my child.

Banaha

Sisi, sisi, dolada,
Yaku sine ladu banaha.

Hakuna Matata

Hakuna Matata! What a wonderful phrase!
Hakuna Matata! Ain't no passing craze.
It means no worries for the rest of your days.
It's our problem-free philosophy. Hakuna Matata!

All That Hath Life and Breath Praise Ye the Lord!

All that hath life and breath praise ye the Lord,
shout to the Lord alleluia!

Praise the Lord with joyful song, sing to the Lord
with thanksgiving, alleluia, praise Him!

All that hath life and breath praise ye the Lord,
sing to the Lord a new-made song,
praise His name, alleluia.

Unto Thee, O Lord, have I made supplication, and
cried unto the rock of my salvation;
but Thou has heard my voice, and renewed my
weary spirit.

All that hath life and breath praise Him. Praise
Him, alleluia.

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the king of creation.
O my soul praise Him for He is thy health and
salvation.

All that hath life and breath praise ye the Lord!
Praise the Lord with joyful song! Alleluia!

All that hath life and breath praise ye the Lord,
shout to the Lord, alleluia, praise Him!
Praise Him, laud Him, alleluia!

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!

The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

—Lewis Carroll

Joy

Joy, joy! I am wild, I will sing to the trees,
I will sing to the stars in the sky.
I love, I am loved, he is mine,
Now at last I can die!

Joy, joy! I am loved, I will sing. I am wild, I am
loved, I will sing to the stars, I will sing, heartfire,
I am loved!
I am loved, I will love.

Joy, joy! I am sandaled with wind and flame,
I have heartfire and singing to give,
I can tread on the grass or the stars,
Now at last, I can live!
I am loved, I will love.

—Sara Teasdale