

the Dubuque Chorale presents

HUES OF HARMONY



*Directed by Dr. Amanda Huntleigh,
Karmella Sellers, Victoria Bausman, and Than Chesher*

Saturday, May 6, 7:00 PM

Sunday, May 7, 2:00 PM

Westminster Presbyterian Church,
2155 University Ave, Dubuque, IA

Free-will donation // dubuquechorale.org

Program Supplement

Lyrics

A Palette To Paint Us As We Are

Give us a palette to paint us as we are.
Enough of black and white, yellow and red,
Those false colors that sham at fact.

Coffee, and chocolate, and café au lait,
Ivored saffron, and saffroned ivory,
Bronze, and brass, copper, and rose gold,
Tea and pale butter, golden almond,
Infinite varieties of browns and tans,
Pale rose, pink and soft rose cream,
Mahogany, oak, cedar, and champagne.

These are the colors of people I see,
Not black and white, not yellow and red.
Those false colors no longer will do.
Give us a palette to paint us true.

—Gerald Rich

Orange-Mounts of More Soft Ascent

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gushed with more pride than do a wretch's
tears?—

Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?—

Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

—John Keats

Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair.
Her smile is something wondrous fair.
A glowing face, and gentle hands;
I love the ground whereon my true love stands;
I love the ground whereon she stands.

Oh, the winter's past and leaves are green.
And the time has passed that we have seen.
But still I hope the time will come
When she and I will be as one.

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair.
Her smile is something wondrous fair.
A glowing face, and gentle hands;
I love the ground whereon my true love stands;
I love the ground whereon she stands.

Calme des Nuits

See program p. 12 for text and translation

Flower of Beauty

She is my slender small love,
my flow'r of beauty fair
From the whiteness of her little feet
to the shining of her hair;
More fair she is than April rain
on daffodil or tree:
She is my slender small love,
my flow'r of beauty, she.
I know she walks in the evening
down by the riverside,
And the grasses lean to kiss her robes
who soon will be my bride:
More dear to me her little head
than earth or sky or sea!
She is my slender small love,
my flow'r of beauty, she.

—Sydney Bell

What Is Pink?

What is pink? a rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? a poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? the sky is blue
Where the clouds float thro'.

What is white? a swan is white
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? the grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? why, an orange,
Just an orange!

—Christina Rossetti

My Delight and Thy Delight

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night:
My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live, and laughing higher:
Thro' the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun.
Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strewn,
Why each atom knows its own,

How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:
This he taught us, this we knew,
Happy in his science true,
Hand in hand as we stood
‘Neath the shadows of the wood,
Heart to heart as we lay
In the dawning of the day.

—Robert Bridges

The Gartan Mother’s Lullaby

Sleep, my child, for the red bee hums
The silent twilight falls.
The Banshee from the grey rock comes,
To wrap the world in thrall.

A lyanyan, O my child, my joy.
My love, my heart’s desire,
The cricket sings you a lullaby,
Beside the dyin’ fire.

Dusk is drawn and the Green Man’s thorn
Is wreathed in rings of fog.
Sheevra sails his boat ‘til morn
Upon the starry bog.

A lyanyan, O the pale half-moon,
Hath brimmed her cusp in dew,

And weeps to hear this sad, sleep tune,
I sing, my love, to you.

The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill.
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.

—Mary E. Coleridge

Goodbye, Yellow Brick Road

When are you gonna come down?
When are you going to land?
Should have stayed on the farm.
Should have listened to my old man.

No, you can't hold me forever.
I didn't sign up with you.
I'm not a present for your friends to open.
This girl's too young to be singing the blues, oh.
So goodbye, yellow brick road
Where the dogs of society howl.

You can't plant me in your penthouse.
I'm going back to my plow.

Back to the howling old owl in the woods.
Hunting the horny back toad.
Oh, I've finally decided my future lies
Beyond the yellow brick road.

What do you think you'll do then?
I'll bet they shoot down the plane.
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics
To set you on your feet again.

Maybe you'll get a replacement.
There's plenty like me to be found.
Mongrels who ain't got a penny
Sniffing for tidbits like you.
On the ground, oh.

So goodbye yellow brick road,
Where the dogs of society howl
You can't plant me in your penthouse.
I'm going back to my plow.

Back to the howling old owl in the woods.
Hunting the horny back toad.
Oh, I've finally decided my future lies
Beyond the yellow brick road
Ah, ah.

America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,

For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain

America! America! God shed His bounteous grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

O beautiful that ancient feet

Beneath the countless stars,

Ten thousand years in beauty walked,

Through wilderness unmarred.

And fateful then, that sailing fleets

A new world sought, and found,

And whose bright promise wrought a doom

Whose echoes yet resound.

America! America!

May God forgive thy vying strains.

Thy pride yet tame with rightful shame,

That others' loss bought selfish gain.

O sorrowful for captive feet

In chains against their will,

Who toiled through centuries of wrong

To triumph still;

Whose heroes proved so beautiful
In claims of lawful rights,
Who more than self thy justice loved,
And mercy more than life.

America! America!
May God yet mend thine every flaw,
Redeem thy soul and be made whole,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years.
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.

America! America!
From farthest shores thy people stream,
The multitude that seek thy good,
And share a common dream.

America! America!
God shed His bounteous grace on thee,
Thy beauty crown with unity,
From sea to shining sea!

—Katharine Lee Bates, Shawn Kirchner

De colores

See program p. 12 for text and translation

Red Are Strawberries

Red are strawberries, redder than red roses.
Heigh ho tra-la-la, redder than red roses.
Red are strawberries, redder than red roses.
Green the leaves are falling.

Doraji

See program pp. 12-13 for text and translation

Mary Had a Little Blues

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was black as soot.
And everywhere that Mary went its sooty foot it put.

Oh, ba-ba Mary,
Sing ba-ba to your blues.
Leave that sheep behind, girl,
And get yourself to school.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rules.
It made the children laugh and play,
Oh man it was not cool.

Oh, ba-ba Mary, (Ba-ba, ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba)
Sing ba-ba to your blues.
Take that sheep back home girl
And keep yourself in school.

Oh, little Bo Peep
Has gone and lost her sheep,
And doesn't know what to do.
Little Boy Blue, we're counting on you
To keep Peep from feeling so blue.

Mary went back to school one day,
But she's no longer blue.
Mary went on to do great things.
Poor lamb is in a stew.

Oh, ba-ba Mary, (Ba-ba, ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba)
Sing ba-ba to your blues.
Left that sheep behind her and kept herself in
school. Un-huh.

Alle meine Kleider

See program p. 13 for text and translation

True Colors

You with the sad eyes,
Don't be discouraged.
Oh I realize it's hard to take courage
In a world full of people,
You can lose sight of it all.
And the darkness inside you
Can make you feel so small.

But I see your true colors shining through.

I see your true colors,
And that's why I love you.
So don't be afraid to let them show.
Your true colors,
Your true colors are beautiful,
Like a rainbow.

Show me a smile, then,
Don't be unhappy.
Can't remember when I last saw you laughing.
If this world makes you crazy
And you've taken all you can bear.
You call me up,
Because you know I'll be there.

And I see your true colors shining through.
I see your true colors,
And that's why I love you.
So don't be afraid to let it show.

Your true colors,
Your true colors are shining through.
I see your true colors,
And that's why I love you.
So don't be afraid to let them show.
Your true colors,
Your true colors are beautiful,
Like a rainbow.