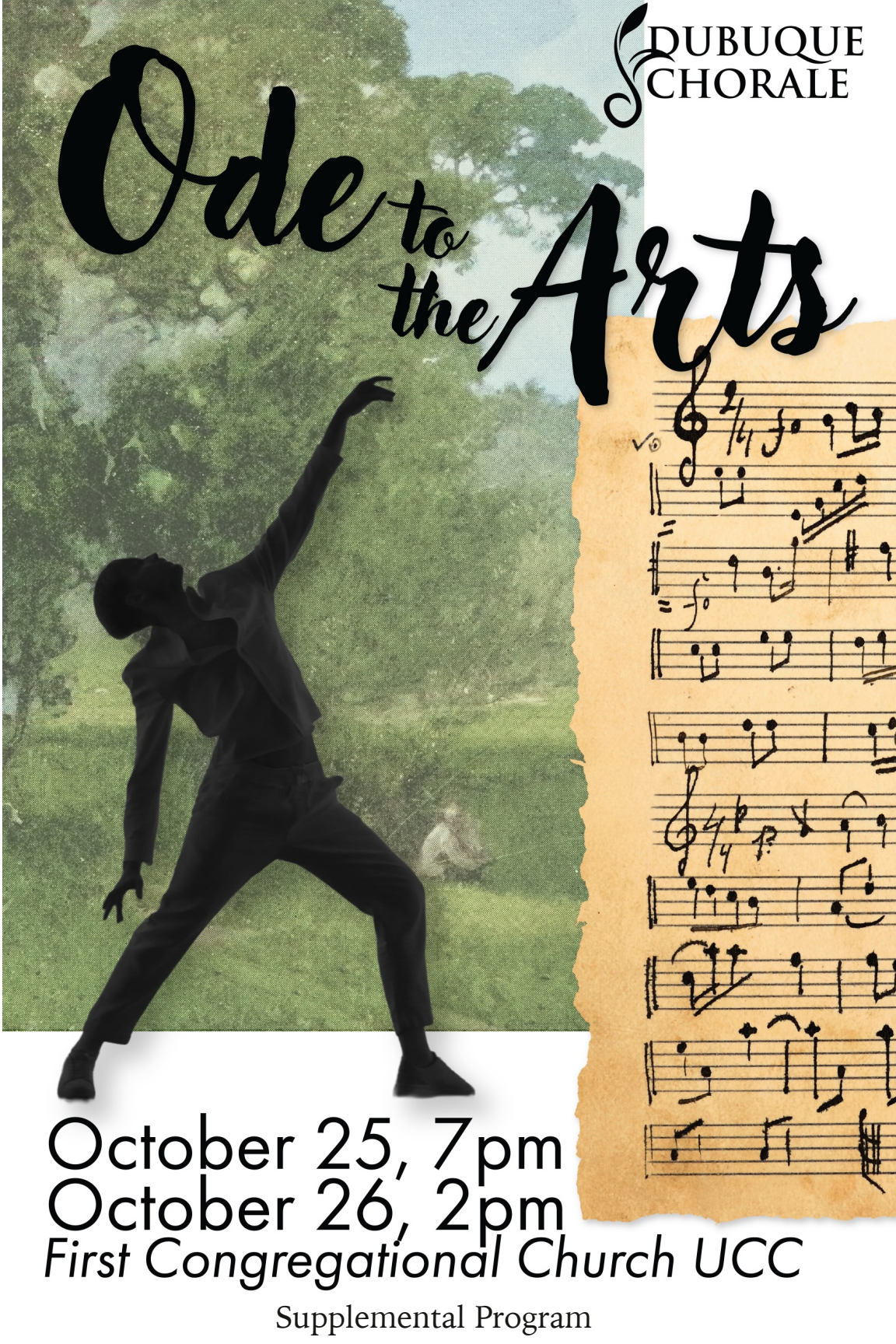




DUBUQUE  
CHORALE

# Ode to the Arts

October 25, 7pm  
October 26, 2pm  
First Congregational Church UCC

Supplemental Program

# *Lyrics*

## **Some Nights**

Some nights I stay up cashing in my bad luck,  
Some nights I call it a draw.

Some nights I wish that my lips could build a  
castle,

Some nights I wish they'd just fall off.

But I still wake up, I still see your ghost.

Oh Lord, I'm still not sure what I stand for.

Oh, what do I stand for? What do I stand for?

Most nights, I don't know anymore.

This is it, boys, this is war.

What are we waiting for?

Why don't we break the walls already?

I was never one to believe the hype,

Save that for the black and white.

I try twice as hard, and I'm half as liked

But here they come again to jack my style.

And that's all right,

I found a martyr in my bed tonight.

She stops my bones from wondering

Just who I am, who I am, who I am.

Oh, who am I? Mm-mm.

Well, some nights I wish that this all would end

'Cause I could use some friends for a change.

And some nights I'm scared you'll forget me again,

And some nights I always win. I always win.

But I still wake up, I still see your ghost.  
Oh Lord, I'm still not sure what I stand for.  
Oh, what do I stand for? What do I stand for?  
Most nights, I don't know

Oh, come on. So this is it?  
I sold my soul for this?  
Washed my hands of that for this?  
I miss my mom and dad for this?  
No, when I see stars, when I see,  
When I see stars, that's all they are.  
When I hear songs they sound like this one  
So come on, oh, come on.

The other night, you wouldn't believe  
The dream I just had about you and me.  
I called you up, but we'd both agreed  
It's for the best you didn't listen.  
It's for the best we get our distance, oh.

## **I Whistle a Happy Tune from *The King and I***

Whenever I feel afraid,  
I hold my head erect  
And whistle a happy tune,  
So no one will suspect I'm afraid.

While shivering in my shoes,  
I strike a careless pose  
And whistle a happy tune  
And no one ever knows I'm afraid.

The result of this deception



Is very strange to tell.  
For when I fool the people I fear,  
I fool myself as well.

I whistle a happy tune  
And every single time,  
The happiness in the tune  
Convinces me that I'm not afraid.

Make believe you're brave  
And the trick will take you far.  
You may be as brave  
As you make believe you are.

—Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

## **Be Still**

Be still and know that I am God  
The patterns of this world are of this world  
Do not conform to earthly plans  
But be transformed by the renewing of your mind  
And learn my plan for you and your life  
My good and perfect plan  
Be still and know that I am God

—Based on Psalm 46:10 and Romans 12:2

## **Music Alone Shall Live**

All things shall perish from under the sky.  
Music alone shall live, music alone shall live,  
Music alone shall live, never to die.

**And you love me**

And you love me

I love you.

You are, then, cold coward.

Aye; but, beloved,

When I strive to come to you,

Man's opinions, a thousand thickets,

My interwoven existence,

My life,

Caught in the stubble of the world

Life a tender veil—

This stays me.

No strange move can I make

Without noise of tearing

I dare not.

If love loves,

There is no world

Nor word.

All is lost

Save thought of love

And place to dream.

And you love me?

I love you.

You are, then, cold coward.

Aye; but, beloved—

—Poem by Stephen Crane

## The Poet Sings

She's somewhere in the sunlight strong,  
Her tears are in the falling rain,  
She calls me in the wind's soft song,  
And with the flowers she comes again.

The loneliness and misery  
Are silenced by a melody.  
"Stay the course, light a star,  
Change the world where'er you are."

She's somewhere and I hear her sing,  
Her words in timeless memory:  
"Stay the course, light a star,  
Change the world where'er you are."

Somewhere the night wind carries her,  
A silver moonbeam lights her way.  
Antares is her messenger,  
And every sun and moon her stay.

Dark voices from the shadows call,  
But listen, and her voice recall  
Moriah, Moriah!  
"Stay the course, light a star,  
Change the world where'er you are."

She's somewhere and I hear her sing,  
Her words in timeless memory:  
"Stay the course, light a star,  
Change the world where'er you are."

—Lyrics by Richard Le Gallienne and Z. Randall  
Stroope

## Sunday from *Sunday in the Park with George*

Sunday,  
By the blue  
Purple yellow red water  
On the green  
Purple yellow red grass  
Let us pass  
Through our perfect park  
Pausing on a Sunday

By the cool  
Blue triangular water  
On the soft  
Green elliptical grass  
As we pass  
Through arrangements of shadows  
Toward the verticals of trees  
Forever . . .

By the blue  
Purple yellow red water  
On the green  
Orange violet mass  
Of the grass  
In our perfect park  
Made of flecks of light  
And dark  
And parasols

People strolling through the trees  
Of a small suburban park  
On an island in the river  
On an ordinary Sunday

## At Such a Dizzy Height

We float, we go the window,  
We want to fly out,  
Bright walls turn around us.

We fly out over fields full of flowers,  
Over rooftops, over tightly shuttered houses.  
We dream secret dreams, thirsting for love,  
Soif d'amour.

Now, the candle flares up to the moon,  
Now, the moon flies down to our arms.  
The very road prays,  
The houses weep.  
The sky sails past on all sides.  
The stars come out,  
They are my stars,  
My sweet stars.  
They journey out with me,  
They wait for me until I return

The stars come out, they are my stars.  
My sweet stars.  
Poor things, forgive me;  
I've left you alone up there  
At such a dizzy height.

Our dreams, our secret dreams,  
They thirst for love,  
Only for love.  
Nos rêves, nos rêve secrets,  
Soif d'amour.

—Words of Marc Chagall & Bella Chagall, adapted  
by Robin Lane from multiple sources



## Mouth Music

Horo harra dalla horo harra dalla horo halla dalla  
hind ye handan

Dance to your shadow when it's good to be livin'  
lad

Dance to your shadow when there's nothing better  
near ye

Horo harra dalla horo harra dalla horo halla dalla  
hind ye handan

Hin hin harra dalla hin hin harra dalla hin hin harra  
halla hin harra dalla ro

There are tunes in the river otter  
Pools in the river water  
Pools in the river and the river calls him

Hin hin harra dalla hin hin harra dalla hin hin harra  
dall hin halla dalla ro

Horo harra dalla horo harra dalla horo halla dalla  
hind ye handan

## Tantsulaul (Dancing Song)

Let our Mari come,  
I shall get her on her feet.  
Ait-tali-rali-raa, ali-ramp-tamp-taa,  
Utireetu, utireetu, trallallaa.  
My sock heels have holes  
Like an old mare's blaze.  
My ears are singing as if  
Jüri from next door were playing the pipes.

## Canto de Pilón (Pestle Song)

Grind and grind, María, grind the corn  
Today, today, today, today I ground all the corn  
Today, today, today, today, that mother ordered to  
grind  
I ground, María ground, and also Pilar ground

## Connected

I am you are me.  
That's what I said, I am you are me.  
Don't you see?

It seems like I'm over here, and you're over there,  
But there is something between us that's greater  
than air.

See through the confusion, it's not hard to do,  
It's just an illusion this me and you.

I am you, you are me. It's a fact subatomically.  
I am a part of you, you are a part of me,  
And so together, we are one body.  
I am inside your head, you are inside my heart.  
We fit together, perfect from the start!