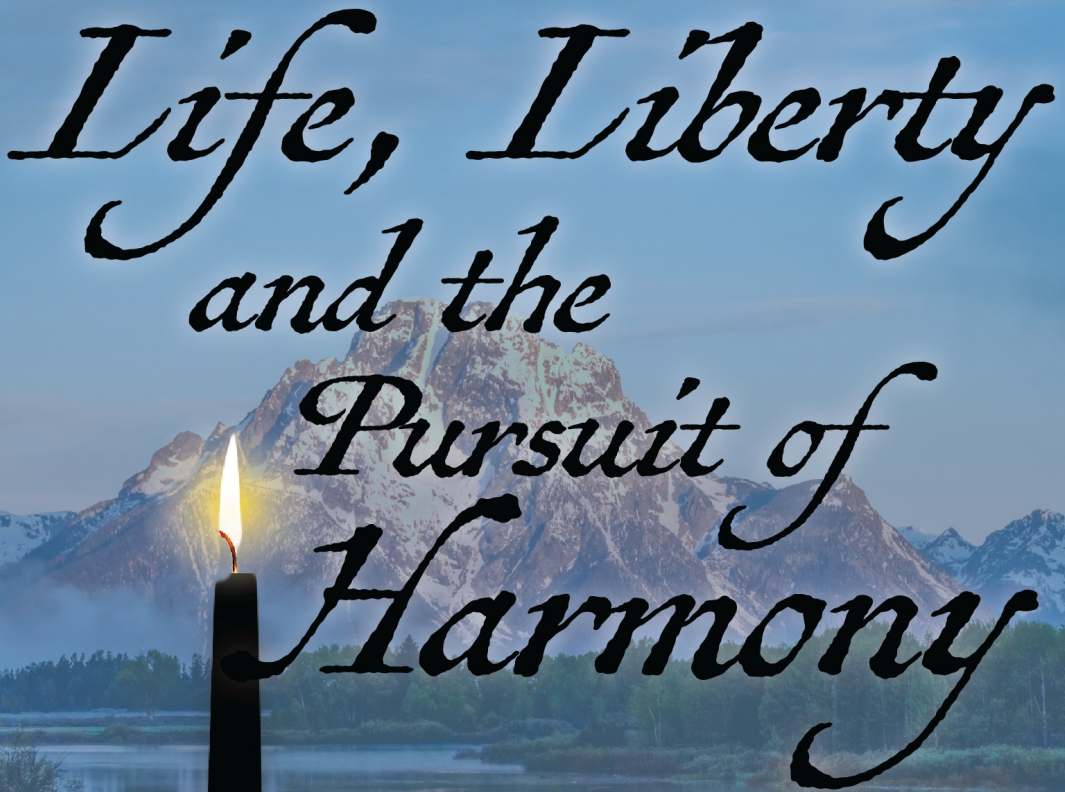


DUBUQUE
CHORALE



*Life, Liberty
and the
Pursuit of
Harmony*



May 2, 7pm
May 3, 2pm

Bread of Life Presbyterian Church
Hilltop Campus

Supplemental Program

Lyrics

Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing

Lift ev'ry voice and sing
'til earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty.
Let our rejoicing rise
high as the list'ning skies.
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has
taught us
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has
brought us!
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on 'til victory is won.

—James Weldon Johnson

Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'tis the gift to come down where we ought to be;
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'twill be in the valley of love and delight.
When true simplicity is gained,
to bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed,
to turn, turn will be our delight,
'til by turning, turning we come round right.

Thou Whose Harmony is the Music of the Spheres

Thou whose harmony is the music of the spheres,
By our presence here with one another,
In thy presence,
May some of the harshness and discord of our
 human lives
Be transmuted into music.
A new song in our hearts may there be,
And a new harmony in our beings,
So we shall return to our many duties,
 with fresh courage,
 with rejoicing,
 and with eagerness.

—Robert French Leavens

What Is Life

“What is life?” we long to know.
Where are we from? Where do we go?
Where do we find the meaning of
what it is to live and love?

Is the answer locked away
like day from night, or night from day?
Though we seek it from afar,
we find it here, right where we are.

It is the briefest flash of light
the firefly sends into the night.
It is the tiny looking glass
of dew upon each blade of grass.

It is the spinning of a thread
the spider weaves into her web.
It is the shadow as it runs
to lose itself in setting suns.

“What is life?” you ask of me.
It is the very air we breathe.
It is the wonder that we see.
It is the daily dance of things.

It is the ebb, it is the flow,
The holding on, the letting go
between the cradle and the stone.
Life is the moment, that alone.

—Pamela Stewart, inspired by the words of the
Native American Crowfoot

Nerea izango zen

He goak ebakiba nizkion
nerea izango zen
en zuen alde egin go.
Bainan horrela
ez zen gehiago xoria
izango,
eta nik xoria nuen maite.

It would have been mine

If I had clipped its wings,
it would have been mine,
it would not have escaped.
But then
it would no longer be a
bird,
and I loved the bird.

I Dream a World

Of such I dream.
I dream a world where man

No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn.
I dream a world
where all will know sweet freedom's way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream
where black or white,
Whatever race you be,
Will share the bounties of the earth
and every man is free,
Of such I dream.
Where wretchedness will hang its head
and joy, like a pearl, attends the needs of all
mankind—
Of such I dream,
I dream a world.

—Langston Hughes

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy

I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy,
a Yankee Doodle, do or die,
a real live nephew/niece of my Uncle Sam,
born on the Fourth of July.

I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She's/he's my Yankee Doodle joy.

Yankee Doodle went to London
just to ride the pony.

I am/He is a Yankee Doodle boy.
I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy,
a Yankee Doodle, do or die.

Yankee Doodle went to town
riding on a pony,
stuck a feather in his hat
and called it macaroni.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy.
Mind the music and the step
and with the girls be handy.

I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy,
a Yankee Doodle, do or die,
a real live nephew/niece of my Uncle Sam,
born on the Fourth of July.

I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She's/he's my Yankee Doodle joy.

South African Suite

1. Tshotsholoza

Tshotsholoza	He ya kwe zon taba
stimela si	phu me zim ba bwe.
wen'u ya ba leka	kwe zon taba
stimela si	phu me zim ba bwe.

Translation description: Tshotsholoza tells the story
of a train bringing a man to Zimbabwe.

2. Siyahamba

Siyahamb' ekukhanyenikwenkos

Translation of Siyhamba:

We Are Marching

We are marching in the light of God.

3. Gabi Gabi

Gabi Gabi bashabaz' al wan
Si yo shi wakhona sidhailu bhuzal wan

Translation of Gabi Gabi:

Come

Come, let us join together and form a movement

We Sing for the Children

We sing for the children who have no voice.
We sing for the children who have no choice.
A song of hope and caring,
a song of peace for those too hungry and too weak,
those too poor, too sick to speak.
We lift our song!

We sing for those who cannot hear,
who feel the music they hold dear
to calm and ease the doubt and fear

We sing for those who cannot see,
who picture what they want to be
And imagine things like you and me.

We sing for the children who have no voice.
We sing for the children who have no choice.
A song of hope and caring,
a song of peace for those too hungry and too weak,
those too poor, too sick to speak.
We lift our song!

We sing for those who cannot cry,
whose joyous laughter fills the sky
with sounds that only children bring,
the sounds of children when we sing!

We sing for the children who have no voice.
We sing for the children who have no choice.
A song of hope and caring,
a song of peace for those too hungry and too weak,
those too poor, too sick to speak.
We lift our song!

A song of peace and understanding,
a song of hope, a song of love,
We sing for the children.

Life

*The lyrics of "Life" are based on the poem "Barter" from
Love Songs by Sara Teasdale*

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,

Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Souring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

—Sara Teasdale

Step by Step

Step by step, the longest march
can be won, can be won.

Many stones can form an arch,
singly none, singly none.
And by union what we will
can be accomplished still.
Drops of water turn a mill,
singly none, singly none.

—Preamble to the constitution of the American
Minors Union (1870)

God of Harmony and Beauty

God of harmony and beauty, waken music still
asleep;

Play through us that one true anthem, that sings
peace to chaos deep.

Graceful music, joyful music, be each song we raise
to you.

Wondrous music, loving music, may each song we
sing be true.

Help us hear creations spectrum, rainbow songs in
morning dew;

Symphonies of awesome wonder, brilliant sounds
of holy hue.

Graceful music, joyful music, release rhythms to
renew.

Wondrous music, loving music, hymns unleashed
from passive pew;

So in hopeful inspiration, excellence in holy art;
Share each gift bestowed upon us, through creating
craft our part.

Graceful music, joyful music, instruments all tuned
to you.

Wondrous music, loving music, perfect pitch with
love endue.

Blessing forth in faithful chorus, deep and high the
notes will flow;

Sounding echoes of your calling in angelic
crescendo.

Graceful music, joyful music, melodies from heav'n

on loan.
Wondrous music, loving music,
Until life above we own. Amen.

—Frederick L. Schuszler

Heal the World

There's a place in your heart,
And I know that it is love.
And this place could be brighter than tomorrow.
And if you really try,
You'll find there's no need to cry.
In this place you'll feel there's no hurt or sorrow.

There are ways to get there
if you care enough for the living.
Make a little space,
Make a better place.

Heal the world,
Make it a better place
for you and for me and the entire human race.
There are people dying;
if you care enough for the living,
make a better place for you and for me.

If you want to know why,
There's a love that cannot lie.
Love is strong, it only cares of joyful giving.
If we try, we shall see
in this bliss, we cannot feel
fear or dread. we stop existing and start living.

Then it feels that always
love's enough for us growing.
Make a better world,
make a better world.

Heal the world,
Make it a better place
for you and for me and the entire human race.
There are people dying;
If you care enough for the living,
Make a better place for you and for me.

And the dream we were conceived in
will reveal a joyful face.
And the world we once believed in
will shine again in grace.

Then why do we keep strangling life,
wound this earth, crucify its soul?
Though it's plain to see this world is heavenly,
be God's glow.

We could fly so high,
let our spirits never die.
In my heart I feel you are all my brothers.
Create a world with no fear
together we'll cry happy tears.
See the nations turn their swords into plowshares.

We could really get there
if you care enough for the living.
Make a little space,
make a better place.

Heal the world,
make it a better place
for you and for me
and the entire human race.

There are people dying;
if you care enough for the living,
make a better place for you and for me.

Heal the world,
make it a better place for you and for me
and the entire human race.

For a better place,
heal the world we live in.
Save it for our children.