

UNI Concert Chorale

Texts and Translations

4 November 2021

Hold On!

Music: Jester Hairston

Text: Traditional Spiritual

Performed with the UNI Singers

Keep your hand on the plow, Hold on!

Nora, Nora let me come in the door's all fastened and the winders pinned.

Nora said you done lost your track, you can't plow straight and keep a-lookin' back.

If you want to get to heaven let me tell you how, just keep your hand on the gospel plow.

If that plow stays in your hand, land you straight in the Promised Land.

Mary had a golden chain, every link spell my Jesus' name.

Keep on climbin' and don't you tire, every rung goes higher and higher.

The Gift to Sing

Music: Marianne Forman

Text: James Weldon Johnson

Sometimes the mist overhangs my path,

And blackening clouds about me cling;

But, oh, I have a magic way

To turn the gloom to cheerful day—

I softly sing.

And if the way grows darker still,

Shadowed by Sorrow's somber wing,

With glad defiance in my throat,

I pierce the darkness with a note,

And sing, and sing.

I brood not over the broken past,

Nor dread whatever time may bring;

No nights are dark, no days are long,

While in my heart there swells a song,

And I can sing.

“La nuit en mer” from *Trois Chanson Bretonnes*

Music: Henk Badings

Text: Théodore Botrel

La nuit en mer

*La brise enfle notre voile
Voici la première étoile
Qui luit!
Sur le flot qui nous balance,
Amis, voguons en silence,
Dans la nuit.
Tous bruits viennent de se taire;
On dirait que tout, sur terre,
Est mort :
Les Humains comme les choses,
Les oiseaux comme les roses
Tout s’endort!*

*Mais la Mer c’est la Vivante,
C’est l’immensité mouvante
Toujours,
Prenant d’assaut les jetées,
Dédaigneuse des nuitées
Et des jours!...
Hormis Elle, rien n’existe
Que le grand Phare et son Triste
Reflét;
A la place la meilleure,
Mes amis, jetons sur l’heure
Le filet!*

*Puis, enroulés dans nos voiles
Le front nu sous les étoiles,
Dormons!
Rêvons en la Paix profonde,
À tous ceux qu’en ce bas-monde
Nous aimons!
Dormons sur nos goélettes
Comme en nos bercelonnettes
D’enfants...
Et demain à marée haute
Nous rallierons la Côte,
Triomphants!...*

Night at Sea

The gentle breeze swells our sail;
Here is the first star
To shine!
Upon the waters that rock us,
Friends, let us sail silently
Into the night.
Every sound has begun to fall silent;
You would think that everything upon earth
Is dead--
People as well as things,
Birds as well as roses.
Everything is falling asleep!

But the Sea, it is the Living Entity,
Immensity in motion
Always,
Taking jetties by storm,
Contemptuous of both night
And Day!
Apart from It, nothing exists
Except the great Lighthouse and it’s Sad
Reflection.
My friends, let us cast our nets
Without delay where the fishing
Is best!

Then, swathed in our sails
And with faces naked to the stars,
Let us sleep!
Let us dream in utter Peace
About all those we love
Here below!
Let us sleep on our schooners
As if in our children’s
Hammocks.
And tomorrow at high tide
We will assemble at the Coast
Exultant!

Kveldsang for Blakken

Music: Edvard Grieg

Text: Nordahl Rolfsen

Kveldsang for Blakken

*Fola, fola, Blakken
Nu er Blakken god og træt;*

Good-night song for Dobbin

Blakken, my dear foal,
Blakken is so weary now.

*Blakken skal bli god og mæt.
Aa fola, fola, Blakken!*

*Uf, den leie bakken
og den lange, stygge vei!
Den var riktig dryg for dig,
du gamle, gamle Blakken.*

*Far han kasted frakken;
Blakken kan ei kaste sin;
svetter i det gamle skind,
den snilde, snilde Blakken.*

*Snart skal Blakken sove.
Ikke mere slit i dag,
ikke mere sæleknag!
og ikke mere traave!*

*Fola, fola, Blakken!
Gaar du ind i stallen din,
kommer vesle gutten ind
og klapper dig paa nakken.*

*Ser du gutten smile?
Hører du det bud han har?
Han skal hilse dig fra far:
morgen skal du hvile.*

*Drøm om det, du Blakken:
Bare æde, bare staa,
kanskje rundt paa tunet gaa
med veslegut paa nakken.*

Blakken soon will eat his fill,
O Blakken, my foal!

Alas, the hill has tired you
and the long road has worn you out!
It was almost too much for you,
my old Blakken!

Father took off his jacket;
Blakken cannot take off his,
sweating in his ageing hide,
O, my gentle Blakken!

Blakken will be soon asleep.
No more toil today.
No more chafing reins!
No more heavy burdens!

Blakken, my dear foal,
if you go inside your stall
the little boy will come
and stroke your neck.

Do you see how the boy smiles?
Do you hear what he has to say?
He brings a greeting from his father:
tomorrow you shall rest.

Dream about it, Blakken:
a day of only food and rest,
and perhaps a walk around the farmyard
with the little lad upon your back.

Round Me Falls the Night

Music: Annabel Rooney

Text: William Romanis

Round me falls the night;
Saviour, be my light;
through the hours in darkness shrouded
let me see thy face unclouded;
let thy glory shine
in this heart of mine.

Earthly work is done,
earthly sounds are none;
rest in sleep and silence seeking,
let me hear thee softly speaking;
in my spirit's ear
whisper, 'I am near.'

Blessèd, heavenly Light,
shining through earth's night;
voice, that oft of love hast told me;
arms, so strong to clasp and hold me;
thou thy watch wilt keep,
Saviour, o'er my sleep.

The Bird's Lullaby

Music: Sarah Quartel

Text: E. Pauline Johnson

Sing to us, cedars; the twilight is creeping
With shadowy garments, the wilderness through;
All day we have carolled, and now would be sleeping,
So echo the anthems we warbled to you;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

Sing to us, cedars; the night-wind is sighing,
Is wooing, is pleading, to hear you reply;
And here in your arms we are restfully lying,
And longing to dream to your soft lullaby;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

Sing to us, cedars; your voice is so lowly,
Your breathing so fragrant, your branches so strong;
Our little nest-cradles are swaying so slowly,
While zephyrs are breathing their slumberous song.
And we swing, swing,
While your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

“Beati Quorum Via” from *Three Latin Motets, Opus 38, No. 3*

Music: Charles Villiers Stanford

Text: Psalm 119:1

*Beati quorum via integra est,
qui ambulant in lege Domini.*

Blessed are the undefiled in the way,
who walk in the law of the Lord.

The Battle of Jericho

Music: Moses Hogan

Text: Traditional Spiritual

Joshua fit the Battle of Jericho and the walls come tumbalin' down.

Talk about your kings of Gideon,
talk about your men of Saul,
but none like good old Joshua at the Battle of Jericho.

Right up to the walls of Jericho,
he marched with spear in hand.
"Go blow that ramhorn!" Joshua cried.
'Cause the battle am in my hand.

Then the lamb, ram, sheep honrs begin to blow
and the trumpet begins to sound.
Joshua commanded the children to shout!
And the walls come a tumbalin' down.