

Community Chorus of Redlands

American Dream: A Memorial Day Tribute
May 25, 2025 | 4:00pm | Trinity Episcopal Church

Texts

The Star-Spangled Banner

John Stafford Smith, arr. Russell Robinson

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

—Francis Scott Key (1779-1843)

Soon Ah Will Be Done

Traditional Spiritual, arr. William L. Dawson

*Soon ah will be don'
A-wid de troubles ob de worl',
Troubles ob de worl',
De troubles ob de worl'.
Soon ah will be don'
A-wid de troubles ob de worl',
Goin' home t'live wid God.*

I wan' t'meet my mother,
I'm goin' t'live wid God.

Refrain

No more weepin' an' a-wailin',
I'm goin' t'live wid God.

Refrain

I wan' t'meet my Jesus,
I'm goin' t'live wid God.

In de mornin' Lord!
I'm goin' t'live wid God.

—Traditional

Amazing Grace

John Newton, arr. Kira Zeeman Rugen

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now am found.
Was blind, but now I see.

Tw'as grace that taught my heart to fear, When we've been there ten thousand years,
And grace my fears relieved, Bright shining as the sun,
How precious did that grace appear We've no less days to sing God's praise,
The hour I first believed. Than when we first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807)

Saints Bound for Heaven

Elisha J. King and William Walker, arr. Lloyd Larson

Our bondage it shall end, by and by, by and by;
Our bondage it shall end, by and by.
From Egypt's yoke set free; hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by, by and by;
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on;
Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on.
Though our hearts are filled with fear, still we know our God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, we'll go on,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

And when to Jordan's streams we have come, we have come;
And when to Jordan's floods, we are come;
O Jehovah rules the tide, and the waters He'll divide,
And the ransomed host shall shout, "We are come, we are come!"
And the ransomed host shall shout, "We are come!"

Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice;
Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice.
Shouting glory to the King till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice;
And through all eternity we'll rejoice!

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

And through all eternity we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice;
And through all eternity we'll rejoice!

—Peter Cartwright (1785-1872) and Samuel Stennett (1727-1795)

Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
 'Tis the gift to come down where you 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
 'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

—Traditional Shaker Song, Joseph Brackett (1797-1882) [atr.]

Long Time Ago

On the lake where droop'd the willow, long time ago,
 Where the rock threw back the billow, brighter than snow.
 Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd, By high and low.
 But with autumn leaf she perish'd, long time ago.
 Rock and tree and flowing water, long time ago,
 Bird and bee and blossom taught her, love's spell to know.
 While to my fond words she listen'd, murmuring low,
 Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd, long time ago.

—Traditional

I Bought Me a Cat

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me,
 I fed my cat under yonder tree.
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a pig, my pig pleased me.
 I fed my pig under yonder tree.
*My pig says, 'Griffey, griffey'.
 Last verse's refrain*

I bought me a duck, my duck pleased me.
 I fed my duck under yonder tree.
*My duck says, 'Quaa, quaa',
 Last verse's refrain*

I bought me a cow, my cow pleased me.
 I fed my cow under yonder tree.
*My cow says 'Baw, baw',
 Last verse's refrain*

I bought me a goose, my goose pleased me.
 I fed my goose under yonder tree.
*My goose says, 'Quaw, quaw',
 Last verse's refrain*

I bought me a horse, my horse pleased me.
 I fed my horse under yonder tree.
*My horse says, 'Neigh, neigh',
 Last verse's refrain*

I bought me a hen, my hen pleased me.
 I fed my hen under yonder tree.
*My hen says, 'Shimmy shack, shimmy shack',
 Last verse's refrain*

I bought me a wife, my wife pleased me.
 I fed my wife under yonder tree.
*My wife says, 'Honey, honey',
 Last verse's refrain*

Zion's Walls

Come fathers and mothers, come sisters and brothers,
Come join us in singing the praises of Zion.
O fathers, don't you feel determined to meet within the walls of Zion?
We'll shout and go round the walls of Zion.

—Traditional Revivalist Song, John G. McCurry (1821-1886) [atr.]

At the River

Shall we gather by the river, where bright angel's feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever flowing by the throne of God.

Yes, we'll gather by the river, the beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river that flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river, soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver with the melody of peace.

—Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Ching-A-Ring Chaw

*Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding-a ding kum larkee,
Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding kum larkee.*

Brothers gather round,
Listen to this story,
'Bout the promised land,
An' the promised glory.

You don't need to fear
If you have no money,
You don't need none there,
To buy you milk and honey.

There you'll ride in style,
Coach with four white horses,
There the evenin' meal,
Has one, two, three, four courses.

Refrain

Nights we all will dance,
To the harp and fiddle,
Waltz and jig and prance,
"Cast off down the middle!"

When the mornin' come,
All in grand and splendor,
Stand out in the sun,
And hear the holy thunder.

Brothers hear me out,
The promised land's a-comin'
Dance and sing and shout,
I hear them harps a strummin'.

Refrain

—Minstrel Song, altered by Aaron Copland to avoid racial connotation

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer;
At the opening of the buds and in rebirth of spring;
At the rising sun and at its going down;
We remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter;
At the rustling of the leaves and beauty of autumn time;
At the start of the year and when it ends;
We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live.

When we are weary and in need of strength;
When we are lost and sick at heart;
When we have joy we crave to share;
We remember them.

—Adapted from *Gates of Prayer: A New Union Prayerbook*

—The audience is invited to join the Chorus in singing the final chorus—

Battle Hymn of the Republic

William Steffe, arr. Peter J. Wilhousky

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

*Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on!*

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

Chorus

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Chorus

—Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910)