Male Choirs Association of Australia

Male Choirs’ Festival

Sydney Town Hall

30th October 2022

Music Lyrics

Anthem

No man, no madness

Though their sad power may prevail

Can possess, conquer, my country's heart

They rise to fail

She is eternal

Long before nations' lines were drawn

When no flags flew, when no armies stood

My land was born

And you ask me why I love her

Through wars, death, and despair

She is the constant, we, who don't care

And you wonder will I leave her

But how?

….

I cross over borders but I'm still there now

Ah………..

How can I leave her?

Where would I start?

Let man's petty nations tear themselves apart

My land's only borders lie around my heart

**Ave, verum corpus**

Ave verum, verum corpus,

Natum de Maria Virgine,

Vere passum, immolatum

In cruce pro homine

Cuius latus perforatum

Unda fluxit et sanguine:

Esto nobis praegustatum

In mortis examine

In mortis examine.

Bring Him Home

God on high…

Hear my prayer…

In my need…

You have always been there

He is young….

He's afraid….

Let him rest…

Heaven blessed.

*(Bring him home,*

*Bring him home*

*Bring him home)*

Ooh…

He's like the son I might have known

If God had granted me a son.

The summers die

One by one

How soon they fly

On and on

And I am old

And will be gone.

Bring him peace

Bring him joy

He is young

He is only a boy

You can take

You can give

Let him be

Let him live

If I die

Let me die

Bring him home

Bring him home

Bring him home.

Calon Lân

Ooh, ooh.

I don’t ask for easy living,

Gold and pearls are not for me,

But I crave a heart of goodness,

(*Which*) will lead me lord to thee.

Heart so pure, so full of beauty,

Finer far than flowers,

Only hearts like this keep singing,

Through life’s darker, sadder hours.

ooh…

When we find that we are looking,

At what earthly gain could be,

Then we need our heart to guide us

On to purer things with thee.

Heart so pure, so full of beauty,

Finer far than natures flowers,

Only hearts like this keep singing,

Through life’s darker, sadder hours.

Ooh..

In the evening of my life Lord,

When from earthly friends I part,

For the sake of God, my Saviour

Let me keep my loving heart.

Heart so pure, so full of beauty,

Finer far than flowers,

Only hearts like this keep singing,

Through life’s darker, sadder hours.

Calon lân (*yn llawn daioni*),

Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:

Dim ond calon lân all ganu

Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.

Calon lân ooh

Calon lân, Calon lân

Friendship in Song

Can you hear it, the sound we share?

You and I, side by side,

A song is born, and through us all

Something stirs so rich and warm

The sound of music in our soul

And we are one for each other once more

Can you feel it? It’s something rare

To sing with you through the years

Brings me hope, makes me whole

And to see the crowd in tears

Overcome by what they hear

Ignites the passion of music in me

Can you see it, the Orange countryside?

Amber leaves as they fall

Among the orchards and the vines

From the mountains sing out loud

For the golden life of ours

And our friendship, friendship in song

Friendship in song, friendship in song

Friendship in song.

You are my strength to carry on

I hear your voice and I am strong

You are the healer of a broken heart

When I’m alone I still hear our part

This is magic, what we’ve found

Looking sharp, feeling proud

You and I forever bound

Man to man, friend to friend

On a journey with no end

That’s our friendship, friendship in song

Friendship in song, friendship in song

Sing out loud, sing out proud, sing out strong

Friendship in song, friendship in song

Here we belong, friendship in song.

Silver Trumpet

(*Well, I've never been to Heaven*,) but I've been told,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, (*Gabriel*);

(*The gates are made of pearl*) and the streets are

made of gold,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

(*O*) hand me down, O hand me down,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel

(*Send it down*), hand it down,

Any ol' way, just get it down

Hand me down my silver trumpet Lord.

(*If religion were a thing*) that money could buy

Hand me down my silver trumpet, (*Gabriel*);

(*The rich would live*) and the poor would die,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

(*O*) hand me down, O hand me down,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel

(*Send it down*), hand it down,

Any ol' way, just get it down

Hand me down my silver trumpet Lord.

(*Well now, if you want a*) silver trumpet like mine,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, (*Gabriel*):

(*You'd better learn to play*) and in plenty of time,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.

(*O*) hand me down, O hand me down,

Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel

(*Send it down*), hand it down,

Any ol' way, just get it down

(*Hand me down my silver trumpet*) O hand it down.

My Lord, What a Morning

Refrain:

My Lord, what a morning,

(*Oh*), my Lord, what a morning

My Lord, what a morning,

When the stars begin to fall.

You’ll hear the trumpet sound

To wake the nations underground,

Looking to my God’s right hand

When the stars begin to fall.

[Refrain]

You’ll hear the sinners mourn

To wake the nations underground,

Looking to my God’s right hand

When the stars begin to fall.

[Refrain]

Rachie

For the brave and loyal

’Neath his banner bold,

Jesus ever Royal

Holds a crown of gold.

To God’s faithful army

Satan’s mobs must yield.

We too have our du y

On the battlefield.

For the brave and loyal

’Neath his banner bold

Jesus ever Royal

Holds a crown of gold.

Forward we are marching

Bravely in God’s name

See hells hoards approaching

With spears of flame!

Our ranks never falter,

Stretched out deep and wide,

With the mighty victor

Jesus on our side.

For the brave and loyal

’Neath his banner bold

Jesus ever Royal

Holds a crown of gold.

Alleluia, Alleluia

Praise him now and ever more

Alleluia, Alleluia

Praise him now and ever more

Amen

She

(*She may be the face I can't forget
A trace of pleasure or regret
May be my treasure or the price I have to pay*)
She may be the song that summer sings
May be the chill that autumn brings
May be a hundred different things
Within the measure of a day

She may be the beauty or the beast
May be the famine or the feast
May turn each day into a Heaven or a Hell
She may be the mirror of my dreams
A smile reflected in a stream
She may not be what she may seem
Inside her shell

Ooh..

She, who always seems so happy in a crowd
Whose eyes can be so private and so proud
No one's allowed to see them when they cry
She may be the love that cannot hope to last
May come to me from shadows of the past
That I remember 'til the day I die

She may be the reason I survive
The why and wherefore I'm alive
The one I'll care for through the rough and ready years
Me, I'll take her laughter and her tears
And make them all my souvenirs
For where she goes I've got to be
The meaning of my life is She

She
Oh, she

Shenandoah

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you

Away, you rolling river

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you

Away, I’m bound to go, ‘Cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter

Away, you rolling river

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter

Away, I’m bound to go, ‘Cross the wide Missouri

Tis seven long years, since last I see thee

Away you rolling river

Tis seven long years, since last I see thee

Away, I’m bound to go ‘Cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you

Away, you rolling river

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you

Away, …..I’m bound to go…..‘Cross the wide Missouri

Sixteen Tons

Hey! Hey! lis ten to me …. Lis-ten to me!

Some people say a man is made outta mud

A poor man's made outta muscle and blood

Muscle and blood and skin and bones

(*A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong*)

… You load 16 tons, what do you get?

Another day older and deeper in debt

St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

I owe my soul to the company store

… I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine

I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine

I loaded 16 tons of number nine coal

(*And the straw boss said, "Well, a-bless my soul")*

… You load 16 tons, what do you get?

Another day older and deeper in debt

St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go

I owe my soul to the company store

To the company store

… If you see me comin', better step aside

A lotta men didn't, a lotta men died

One fist of iron, the other of steel

If the right one don't get you

Then the left one will

… You load 16 tons, six-teen tons,

you load six-teen, six-teen tons

six-teen tons of number nine coal

I owe my soul to the company store

SIX-TEEN TONS!

Tell my father

Tell my father that his son

Didn't run, or surrender

That I bore his name with pride

As I tried to remember

You are judged by what you do

While passing through

As I rest 'neath fields of green

Let him lean on my shoulder

Tell him how I spent my youth

So the truth could grow older

Tell my father when you can

I was a man

(*Tell him we will meet again*)
Where the angels learn to fly
Tell him we will meet as men
For with honor did I die
Tell him how I wore the Blue
Proud and true through the fire
Tell my father so he'll know
I love him so

(*Tell him we will meet again*)
Where the angels learn to fly
Tell him we will meet as men
For with honor did I die
Tell him how we wore the blue
Proud and true like he taught us
Tell my father not to cry
Then say goodbye

There Is Nothin' Like a Dame

… We've got sunlight on the sand

We've got moonlight on the sea

We've got mangoes and bananas you can pick right off a tree

(*We've got volleyball and ping-pong and a lot of dandy games*)

What ain't we got?

We ain't got dames

… We get packages from home

We get movies, we get shows

We get speeches from our skipper

And advice from Tokyo Rose

We get letters doused with perfume

We get dizzy from the smell

What don't we get?

You know darn well

*(… We've got nothing to put on a clean white suit for*

*What we need is what there ain't no substitute for)*

… There is nothing like a dame

Nothing in the world

There is nothing you can name

That is anything like a dame

… We feel restless, we feel blue

We feel lonely and in brief

We feel every kind of feeling

But the feeling of relief

We feel hungry as the wolf felt when he met Red Riding Hood

What don't we feel?

We don't feel good

… There is nothing like a dame

Nothing in the world

There is nothing you can name

That is anything like a dame

… There are no books like a dame

And nothing looks like a dame

There are no drinks like a dame

And nothing thinks like a dame

Nothing acts like a dame

Or attracts like a dame

There ain't a thing that's wrong with any man here

That can't be cured by putting him near

A girly, womanly, female, feminine dame

When the Saints go Marching in

Glory, glory hallelujah!

The Lord goes marching in.

Oh, when the saints go marching in,

Oh, when the saints go marching in:

Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,

When the saints go marching in.

(*And*) when the revelation comes, &c.

Oh, when the new world is revealed, &c.

Oh, when they gather round the throne, &c.

Hallelujah, brothers, hallelujah, sisters!

Hear the music going round and around,

While the saints go marching up into glory,

Oh, hear those angel trumpets sound.

And when they crown him King of Kings, &c.

And when the sun no more will shine, &c.

(*And when the moon has turned to blood, &c.*)

Ooh…..

Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,

When the moon has turned to blood

(*And on that*) hallelujah day,

Hallelujah, brothers, hallelujah, sisters!

Hallelujah day,

Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,

On that hallelujah,day.

Oh, when the saints go marching in,

Oh, when the saints go marching in:

Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,

When the saints go marching in.

Glory, glory, glory hallelujah

You Raise Me Up

When I am down and, oh my soul, so weary;
When troubles come and my heart burdened be;
*(Then, I am still and wait here in the silence,)*
Until you come and sit awhile with me.

Ooh…..

(*You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;*)
You raise me up? To more than I can be.

There is no life no life without its hunger;
Each restless heart beats so imperfectly;
(*But when you come and I am filled with wonder,*)
Sometimes, I think I glimpse eternity.

Ooh…..

(*You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;*)
You raise me up? To more than I can be.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
*(I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;)*You raise me up? To more than I can be.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up? To more than I can be

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
(*I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;*)
You raise me up? To more than I can be

You raise me up? To more than I can be..