

The King's Singers

Finding Harmony | Trouver l'harmonie

FEBRUARY 18 FÉVRIER 2023 19:00

I Have A Dream

I CAN HELP SOMEBODY Mahalia Jackson, arr. Stacey V. Gibbs
THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE Harry Dixon Loes, arr. Stacey V. Gibbs
M. L. K. U2, arr. Bob Chilcott

The Singing Revolution

HELISEB VÄLJADEL Urmas Sisask
MU ISAMAA ON MINU ARM Gustav Ernesaks
PÄRISMÄÄLASE LAULUKE Veljo Tormis

The Many Sounds Of Georgia

SHEN KHAR VENAKHI King Demetrius I of Georgia
TSINTSKARO Traditional
GAXSOVS TURPAV Traditional

Lost Songs Of The Highlands

O, CHÍ, CHÍ MI NA MÓRBHEANNA John Cameron, arr. James MacMillan
LOCH LOMOND Traditional, arr. David Overton
PUIRT A' BHEUL: AMADAN GORACH - THA FIONNLACH - CHUIRINN AIR
Traditional, arr. Daryl Runswick

INTERMISSION | ENTRACTE

Chamberfest fan favourites The King's Singers return at long last to Ottawa. Featuring a collection of pieces from around the globe, The King's Singers prove how deeply we can be moved by stories and song, connecting us to them and to each other. This concert is sure to be the start of a fantastic belated Valentine's Day date night!

Favoris des fans du Chamberfest, Les King's Singers reviennent enfin à Ottawa. Mettant en vedette une collection de pièces du monde entier, The King's Singers prouvent à quel point nous pouvons être émus par des histoires et des chansons, en nous unissant à elles et les uns aux autres. Ce concert est sûr d'être le début d'une fantastique soirée de rendez-vous de la Saint-Valentin tardif !

Patrick Dunachie

countertenor / contre-ténor

Edward Button

countertenor / contre-ténor

Julian Gregory

tenor / ténor

Christopher Bruerton

baritone / baryton

Nick Ashby

baritone / baryton

Jonathan Howard

bass / basse

THE MUSICAL REFORMATION

EIN FESTE BURG	Martin Luther & Johann Sebastian Bach
CIVITAS SANCTI TUI	William Byrd
GOD, GRANT WITH GRACE	Thomas Tallis

SPEAR OF THE NATION

NKOSI SIKELEL' IAFRIKA	Traditional, arr. Neo Muyanga
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THE PEOPLE LEFT BEHIND

S'DREMLEN FEYGL	Leyb Yampolsky, arr. Toby Young
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IN OUR TIME

Finding Harmony ends with a set of songs in close-harmony that show how music continues to unite societies in some of the struggles in today's world. Reflecting on moments as recent as the #MeToo Movement and the 2017 Manchester bombings, this concluding chapter is packed with brand new arrangements that show the prevailing power of music in the present day.

Finding Harmony se termine par un ensemble de chansons en harmonie étroite, qui montrent comment la musique continue d'unir les sociétés dans certaines des luttes du monde actuel. Réfléchissant à des moments aussi récents que le mouvement #MeToo et les attentats de Manchester en 2017, ce chapitre conclusif regorge de tout nouveaux arrangements qui montrent le pouvoir dominant de la musique à l'heure actuelle.

Finding Harmony

Programme Notes

This evening's concert is called Finding Harmony. This is a phrase which guides aspects of The King's Singers' activity; from education and commissioning through to recording and filming, Finding Harmony is what the group feels is its purpose 2020 and beyond. It has been a labour of love for us to research, commission, rehearse and record the music that we've chosen to represent the project, and this concert programme has been designed to explore particular songs from throughout history which have either brought communities together behind a common cause, or helped to give identity to people whose culture or language have been threatened. The programme looks at episodes from around the world where singing together has played a key part in the course of history, or continues to shape it today.

One of the most iconic of these episodes is the first one, 'I have a dream'. This explores the American civil rights movement of the twentieth century, where a fearless campaign led by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. fought for equal rights for black Americans in civil society at a time of segregation and oppression. Songs such as African American spirituals, church gospel music, jazz and blues played a huge role in the fight for equal rights, and were at different times used for motivation, celebration or mourning in the turbulence of their struggle. The arranger of This little light of mine, Stacey V. Gibbs (b.1962), grew up in the USA when the civil rights movement was at fever pitch in the 1960 and early 70s, and this song shares a peaceful and positive message which suited perfectly the non-violent methods of Martin Luther King Jr. and his followers. If I can help somebody was written by the 'Queen of Gospel', Mahalia Jackson, whose singing became the soundtrack to the civil rights campaign. She sang at the rally immediately before Martin Luther King gave his iconic speech 'I have a dream', and during the speech she was heard to shout "Tell them about the dream, Martin!". This dream is referenced in the final song of this section – MLK – by Bono, the lead singer from the band U2, whose lyrics address the civil

rights hero directly asking that his 'dreams be realised'. Martin Luther King Jr was named after another revolutionary figure who fought for justice many centuries earlier, and whose story we will explore in the section directly after the intermission.

One of the most significant movements in the history of Western religion and culture was the Protestant Reformation, first set in motion by Martin Luther (1483 – 1546) in 1517. Luther's movement developed an alternative Christian church, which disparaged the spiritual monopoly of the Roman Catholic Church and encouraged people to worship in their own language, without payment of extortionate church taxes, and with a simpler, less ornate liturgy. Instead of complicated polyphonic motets sung in latin, Lutheran church services would instead feature simple hymns in German, which the whole congregation could learn and sing. These hymns – or chorales – became the musical centrepiece of the early protestant church, and Luther's very own hymn, Ein feste burg, became something of an anthem for the Protestant movement, spreading far and wide as a message of defiance to the strong forces which sought to crush this upstart new branch of the Christian faith. This syllabic, simple chorale style found its way to England with the Protestant faith itself in the mid-1500s. Thomas Tallis (c.1505 – 1585) was a composer in the upper echelons of England's musical life through the many changes of monarch in the 16th century, and his musical style adapted swiftly to suit the religious inclinations of each. In 1567, just eight years into the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, Tallis wrote nine Tunes for Archbishop Parker's Psalter which set English translations of psalms to very simple music. These tunes are possibly the prime example of the English protestant musical style, and God grant with grace (Psalm 67, and the eighth tune in the set) is now more commonly known as Tallis' Canon, with the melody being repeated in a different voice part shortly after having been started by the first. Thomas Tallis's friend and pupil William Byrd was a composer

who belonged to the underground 'recusant' Catholic community, who worshipped in secret despite Elizabeth outlawing Catholic worship. Byrd wrote some of his most emotionally-charged music for use in these secret Catholic services. *Ne irascaris, Domine* is from a collection of his music published in 1589 called *Cantiones sacrae*. The second (and most famous) part, *Civitas sancti tui* is a very thinly veiled protest at the persecution of Catholics at the time; 'Jerusalem desolata est' / 'Jerusalem has been laid waste' is thought to draw a parallel with England which, for the Catholics, seemed to have been abandoned by God. For the Catholics who worshipped hurriedly and secretly, with whom this motet was extremely popular, the meaning of Byrd's reference in *Civitas* would have been crystal clear — their shared experience of persecution and religious fear under Elizabeth I would have left little doubt as to the underlying meaning in Byrd's tortured music.

The second and the sixth episodes in *Finding Harmony* look at two battles for freedom which ultimately succeeded in 1992. The first took place in Estonia, and is now referred to as the Singing Revolution. This is a phrase used to describe the non-violent, and largely musical, revolution in the late 1980s, which helped to eject the occupying Soviet communist forces in the early 1990s, as the USSR collapsed. The singing of nationally-known songs in public came to symbolise the power of the people, who could literally not be silenced when they began to sing en masse, despite attempts at censorship by Soviet authorities. This censorship was one of the big inspirations behind the music of the composer Veljo Tormis, whose minimalist work *Parismalaase lauluke* contains just one word: 'Tabu', a thinly disguised setting of the word 'Taboo'. No event summarises the Singing Revolution quite as well as the *Laulupidu* national song festival of July 1960, where the song *Mu isamaa on minu arm* was banned from being sung, by Soviet censors who were worried it would encourage nationalism as it defied the 'official' language of Russian. At the end of the festival, the audience of tens of thousands began to sing the song spontaneously and the authorities were powerless to stop the singing. Since that moment the song has come to represent the peaceful protest which regained Estonia its independence, and which has enabled the

flourishing of Estonian music ever since. Less than two months after that famous *Laulupidu* in 1960, a man was born who would become one of Estonia's best-loved choral composers. This man is *Urmas Siisak*, who studied composition at Tallinn State Conservatoire at the time of the Singing Revolution and whose song *Heliseb väljadel* is a prayer to the Virgin Mary, reflecting the composer's Catholic faith.

Long before Christianity was introduced in much of Europe, a specific style of polyphonic singing had begun to develop in the much fought-over Eurasian country of Georgia. Music has been one very stable presence in the life of the Georgian people, and a proud source of national identity through many centuries of invasion, occupation and colonisation by many external countries and empires. Georgian polyphony is now protected and recognised by UNESCO as a 'masterpiece of intangible heritage of humanity'. The west-Georgian polyphonic style that we are exploring involves three musical parts, one of which is a drone and one of which is a particularly florid line often sung by a soloist. It is a beautiful feature of the style, and particularly audible in *Shen khar venaki* (supposedly written by King Demetrius I of Georgia), that all three parts will sometimes coalesce on to one single note signalling the end of a phrase or verse. Despite the many different linguistic and musical dialects across Georgia, it is not uncommon to find everybody at a Georgian community event joining in songs. For those who don't know the specific melodies or words, there can be hundreds of people at a time joining in the drone, making for a thrilling communal experience which not only connects the people present together in song, but connects them back through generations of countrymen who have sustained and nourished the many sounds of Georgian polyphony.

Another place where music has held together the fabric of society through difficult periods is in the highlands of Scotland. In 1745, Charles Edward Stuart, otherwise known as 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' led a failed attempt from Scotland to claim the British throne. He was backed in his attempt by many Scottish highlanders — armies comprising men from the

hundreds of clan families which occupied the north of Scotland. When this attempted coup was finally crushed in 1746, the English authorities began to hunt down and kill highlanders who had shown disloyalty to the crown. Thousands of them were killed or imprisoned and their land requisitioned. Thousands more began to emigrate across the Atlantic to North America. Over the coming century, this process – known as the highland clearances – continued, leading to the dismantling much ancient Scottish culture. In this dismantling, the clan structure began to fall apart, and with it disappeared much of the tartan used in traditional dress, as well as the playing of traditional instruments such as the bagpipes and fiddle, and much of the Gaelic language. Out of this crumbling, however, evolved a style of folk music style called *Puirt á beul* (or 'mouth music'). In this style, the cheerful rhythms of dance music – which would have previously been played on the bagpipes or fiddle – were instead sung, with Gaelic words inserted to fit the rhythms. The style represented one small way in which old *ceilidh* songs could be preserved in a new form, complete with lyrics in the ever-fading Gaelic language. *Amadan gorach - Tha Flonnlagh - Chuirinn air* is a typical example of three of these songs mashed together, which get faster and faster as the lyrics get more bizarre. Not many people realise its context, but the famous highland song *Loch Lomond* is a sad story from the aftermath of the highland clearances. The singer is mourning her husband, who has been executed in London after being rounded up in the clearances. His body is carted northwards back to Scotland 'on the high road', but they will never meet again by the beautiful *Loch Lomond*. At the tail end of the clearances, 100 years later, one highlander called John Cameron wrote a song called *Chi mi na morbheanna*. He came from an old clan, but in the evaporation of employment opportunities with the clearances, moved to Glasgow where he worked in a shipyard but longed for the beauty of his home. His song depicts the 'misty mountains', 'blue grassy hills' and the 'language I cherish'. Sir James MacMillan, who is himself Scottish, wrote this arrangement for *Finding Harmony* and is engaged deeply in combating remaining divisions within Scotland through the work of his *Cumnock Tryst*.

In the winter of 1991-2, as the Soviet Union was dissolved and Estonia prepared to declare independence, thousands of miles away in South Africa, talks began which started dismantling the cruel Apartheid which had divided South Africa into white and black for the previous forty years. Many years of fighting, campaigning and protesting had led to these talks, and singing was a key tool in this campaign. When Nelson Mandela was first sentenced to jail in 1962 for his part in the early anti-apartheid campaign, he left the courtroom to a chorus of his supporters singing *Nkosi sikelel'i Africa*, an old hymn in the Xhosa language which had become the unofficial anthem of the African National Congress (ANC), and which is now the national anthem of South Africa. During Mandela's incarceration, and particularly in the late 1980s, what began as peaceful protesting began to take on militant tactics, and many people gave their lives as the fight for civil rights in South Africa heated up. Another song which played a large part in motivating and uniting those fighting for their freedom in South Africa was *Ayihlome* – a song particularly associated with the guerrilla fighters of the ANC; its lyrics ask 'Why are you not taking action? Why are you with bended knees? Why are you not fighting, young man?'. In both Estonia and South Africa, it would be unrealistic to suggest that the songs themselves ended occupation and Apartheid respectively. But in both countries, tireless popular campaigns eventually helped to bring about change. These were campaigns fuelled by a solidarity, determination and courage that came from singing together in harmony.

Finding Harmony ends with a selection of songs in the group's signature close-harmony style. These selections will show how music continues to unite societies in some of the struggles of today's world. Reflecting on moments as diverse as the the 2017 Manchester bombings, natural disasters in Central America and the 75th anniversary of the liberation of the Holocaust, *In our time* is packed with brand-new arrangements that reflect on the power of music in the present day.

Mahalia Jackson: If I Can Help Somebody (arr: Stacey V. Gibbs)

If I can help somebody, as I pass along
If I can cheer somebody, with a word or song
If I can show somebody, that he's travel-
ling wrong
Then my living will not be in vain.

My living will not be in vain
Then my living will not be in vain
If I can help somebody, as I pass along
Then my living will not be in vain.

If I can do my duty, as a Christian oft,
If I can bring back beauty, to a world up wrought
If I can spread love's message, as the
Master taught
Then my living will not be in vain.

If I can help someone to understand
Teach someone to lend a helping hand
If I can help somebody as I pass along
My living will not be in vain.

Harry Dixon Loes: This Little Light of Mine (arr. Stacey V. Gibbs)

This little light of mine
I'm going to let it shine
Oh, this little light of mine
I'm going to let it shine

In-a my home wherever I roam, Lord
I'm going to let it shine.

All in-a my home, Lord,
I'm going to let it shine, Lord.

U2: M. L. K. (arr. Bob Chilcott)

Sleep,
Sleep tonight
And may your dreams
Be realised.
If the thundercloud
Passes rain
So let it rain
Rain down on him.
So let it be.

Sleep,
Sleep tonight
And may your dreams
Be realised.
If the thundercloud
Passes rain
So let it rain.
Let it rain,
Rain on him.

Urmas Sisask: Heliseb väljadel
Heliseb väljadel, metsas ja mägedel:
Ave Maria.
Helise Emale, kes üle tähtede, helise kell!

Helise Emale!
Helise õrnake, kanna sa kõrgele.
Helise õrnake ja kanna sa kõrgele
palvet mu poolt.
Maria, mind aita, Maria, mind mu
elus ja surmas.
Kanna hoolt, Maria.

Heliseb väljadel, metsas ja mägedel,
Heliseb kellake, Ema Mariale.

It rings out over the fields,
woods and mountains:
Ave Maria.
Ring for Mother, who is over the stars, ring!

Ring for Mother!
Ring, gentle, carry it high.
Ring, gentle, and carry high my prayer.
Maria, help me, Maria, in my life and death.

Take care (of), Maria
It rings out over the fields, woods and mountains,
Ringing bell, Mother Maria.

Gustav Ernesaks: Mu isamaa on minu arm
Mu isamaa on minu arm,
Kel südant annud ma.
Sull' laulan ma, mu ülem õnn,
Mu õitsev Eestimaa!
Su valu südames mul keeb,
Su õnn ja

rõõm mind
rõõmsaks teeb,
Su õnn ja rõõm
mind rõõm-
saks teeb
Mu isamaa, mu
isamaa!

Mu isamaa on minu arm,
Ei teda jäta ma,
Ja peaksin sada surma ma
See pärast surema!
Kas laimab vööra kadedus,
Sa siiski elad südames,
Sa siiski elab südames,
Mu isamaa, mu isamaa!

Mu isamaa on minu arm,
Ja tahan puhata,
Su rüppe heidan unele,
Mu püha Eestimaa!
Su linnud und mull' laulavad,
Mu põrmust lilled õitsetad,
Mu põrmust lilled õitsevad,
Mu isamaa, mu isamaa!

My fatherland is my love,
To whom I've given my heart.
To you I sing, my greatest happiness,
My blossoming Estonia!
Your pain boils in my heart,
Your pride and joy makes me happy,
My fatherland, my fatherland!

My fatherland is my love,
I shall never leave him,
Even if I must die a hundred deaths
Because of him!
Though foreign envy slander you,
You still live in my heart,
My fatherland, my fatherland!

My Fatherland is my Love,
And I want to rest,
To lie down into your arms,
My sacred Estonia!
Your birds will sing sleep to me,
Flowers will bloom from my ashes,
My fatherland, my fatherland!

Veljo Tormis: Pärismaälase lauluke
Tabu.

King Demetrius I of Georgia: Shen khar venakhi
Shen khar venakhi, akhlad aq'vavebuli.
norchi k'etili, edems shina nerguli.
Da tavit tvisit mze khar da gabrts'q'invebuli.

You are a vineyard newly blossomed.
Young, beautiful, growing in Eden,
You yourself are the sun, shining brilliantly.

Traditional Georgian: Tsintskaro
Tsintskaro chamoviare, tsintskaro
Bichov da tsintskaro chamoviare
Tsin shemkhvda qali lamazi
tsin shemkhvda
Bichov da koka ro edgam
ganzeda
Sitkva vut'khar da
itskina, sitkva vut-
khari
Bichov da ganriskhda
gadga ganzeda

I walked by the
spring; met a
beautiful girl;
the one holding a
jar on her shoul-
der;
I told her a word;
she got angry with me and stood aside.

Traditional Georgian: Gaxsovs Turpav
Gakhsovs t'urpav chvens did baghshi,
Me da shen rom ertad vrbodit.

Shen mosts'q'vit'e Korpa vardi,
Gadmomigde saq'varelso.

Da mitkhari chemo gizho,
Chems sakhsovrads gkondes eso.

Do you remember, beautiful,
the time when we were frolicking in our big garden,

You picked a fresh rose,
and you threw it to me, your lover.

And you told me: my crazy lover,

have this (rose) to remember me.

John Cameron: O, chí, chí mi na mór-bheanna (arr. James MacMillan)
By yon bonnie banks and by yon
bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch
Lomond
Where me and my true love were ever
wont to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond.

Oh ye'll take the high road and
I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

I mind when we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue the Highland
hills we view
And the moon looks out from the
gloamin'.

Traditional: Loch Lomond (arr. David Overton)
O chi, chi mi na morbheanna
O chi, chi mi na corrbheana
O chi, chi mi na coireachan
Chi mi na sgorran fo cheo.

Chi mi gun dail an t-aite 's an d'rugadh mi
Cuirear orm failt' 's a' chanain a thuigeas mi
Gheibh mi ann aoidh agus gradh 'n
uair ruigeam
Nach reicinn air thunnaichean oir.

Chi mi ann coilltean, chi mi
ann doireachan
Chi mi ann maghan bana is
toraiche
Chi mi na feidh air lar nan coireachan
Falaicht' an trusgan de cheo.

Oh, I see, I see the great mountains
Oh I see, I see the lofty mountains
Oh I see, I see the corries
I see the peaks beneath the mist.

I see straight away the place of my birth
I will be welcomed in a lan-
guage that I understand
I will have hospitality and love
when I reach there

For that I would not trade tons
of gold.

I see woods there, I see thickets
I see fair and fertile lands there
I see the deer on the ground of the corries
Shrouded in a blanket of mist.

Traditional: Puirt a' bheul: Amadan
gorach - Tha Flonnlagh - Chuirinn Air
(arr. Daryl Runswick)
Amadan gòrach gòrach, amadan
gòrach saighdear
Amadan gòrach gòrach, chunna mi 'g
òl a-raoir thu

Chunna mi gabhail an rathaid thu
Le d' uile ball airm a' stroighlich
Thu gearan an rathad a bhith garbh
ach, a bhalaich 's ann bha e ro' aimhleathan

You are a stupid old eedjit soldier
I saw you last night in the boozier.

Walking the roadway
dressed up in your army gear
complaining the road was too stony,
but you were staggering drunk there!

Tha Fionnlagh ag innearadh, tha Fionnlagh ag
innearadh
Tha Fionnlagh 's Màiri a' ràcadh na h-innearach

Tha Fionnlagh ag innearadh, tha Fionnlagh ag innearadh
Tha Fionnlagh leis a' bhriogais odhar a' cur fodha na h-innear-
ach
Thèid Màiri a mharbhadh a mharbhadh a
mharbhadh

Thèid Màiri a mharbhadh fon an eallach
arbhair

Finlay is muck-spreading, Finlay is muck-spreading,
Finlay and Mary are raking in the muck today.

Finlay is muck-spreading, Finlay is muck-spreading,
Finlay has slipped and his pants are in a sorry way.

Mary is lugging a cart-full of fodder,
She will be killed if the fodder does a shudder!

Chuirinn air a' phìob air a' phìob air a' phìob e
Chuirinn air a' phìob e mu sheann Dòmhnall Dùghlas

Chuirinn air an fhidhil air an fhidhil air
an fhidhil e
Chuirinn air an fhidhil e 's a rithist air an
trumb e

Play it on the pipes, on the pipes on the bagpipes pipes
Play it on the pipes to annoy Donald Douglas

Play it on the fiddle, on the fiddle, on the fiddle
Play it on the fiddle with the twanging of the jew's harp.

Martin Luther and Johann Sebastian Bach: Ein feste Burg
Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen.
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Not,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.
Der alt böse Feind,
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint.
Groß Macht und viel List
Sein grausam Rüstung ist.
Auf Erd ist nicht seins gleichen.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts getan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren.
Es streit't für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.
Fragst du, wer der ist?
Er heißt Jesus Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein ander Gott.
Das Feld muß er behalten.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn
Und kein' Dank dazu haben.
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.
Nehmen sie den Leib,
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,
Laß fahren dahin.
Sie haben's kein Gewinn.
Das Reich muß uns doch bleiben.

A mighty fortress is our God,
a trusty shield and weapon;
He helps us free from every need
that hath us now overtaken.
The ancient evil foe
now means us deadly woe;
deep guile and his great might
Are his dread arms in fight;
on Earth is not his equal.

With might of ours can naught be done,
soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Valiant One,
whom God Himself elected.
Ask ye now, who is this?
Lord Jesus Christ it is.
He is of Sabbath Lord;
There is none other God;
He holds the field forever.

The Word they still shall let remain
nor any thanks have for it;
He's by our side upon the plain
with His good gifts and Spirit.
And though take they our life,
Our goods, fame, child and wife,
Let these things all be gone,
they yet have nothing won;
The Kingdom ours remaineth.

William Byrd: Civitas sancti tui
Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta.
Sion deserta facta est, Jerusalem desolata est.

Thy holy city has become a wilderness.
Zion has become a wilderness, Jerusalem has been
made desolate.

Thomas Tallis: God, Grant With Grace
(from Tunes for Archbishop Parker's Psalter)
God grant with grace, he us embrace,
In gentle part, bless be our heart:
With loving face shine He in place,
His mercies all on us to fall.

That we Thy way may know all day,
While we do sail this world so frail:
Thy health's reward is nigh declared,
As plain at eye all Gentiles spy.

To God the father first of might,
To Christ his son both God and Lord:
To God of them, the Holy Spir't,
Though three yet one in just accord.

Reign, pow'r, and praise, as due by right,
Ascribe we all in open sight.
From this time forth, as it hath been,
Say we thereto, Amen. Amen.

Traditional South African: Nkosi sikelel' iAfrika
(arr. Neo Muyanga)
UMadel' uth' ayihlome
Wen' uth' ayihlome
UMandel' uth' ayihlom' ihlasele
Siyaya umkhonto wesizw' eLusaka
Wen' uth' ayihlome
USisul' uth' ayihlome

Wen' uth' ayihlome
USisul' uth' ayihlom' ihlasele
Siyaya umkhonto wesizw' eLusaka
Wen' uth' ayihlome

Oliver Tamb' uth' ayihlome
Wen' uth' ayihlome
Oliver Tamb' uth' ayihlom' ihlasele
Siyaya ngomkhonto wesizw' eLusaka
Wen' uth' ayihlome
Zenize nazo
Zenizo qula kwedini
Kwedini ka bawo.

You are taught to hate and fear.
Mandela says arm yourselves
He says you must arm yourselves
Mandela says you must arm yourselves and attack
We are going, using the spear of the nation into
Lusaka He says you must arm yourselves.

Sisul says arm yourselves
He says you must arm yourselves
Sisul says you must arm yourselves and attack
We are going, using the spear of the nation into Lusaka
He says you must arm yourselves.

Oliver Tambo says arm yourselves
He says you must arm yourselves
Oliver Tambo says you must arm yourselves and attack
We are going, using the spear of the nation into Lusaka
He says you must arm yourselves.

[Nkosi, sikelel' iAfrika]
Nkosi, sikelel' iAfrika,
Malupnakanyisw' udumo lwayo;
Yizwa imithandazo yethu
Nkosi sikelela, Nkosi sikelela,

Woza Moya, Oyingcwele.
Nkosi sikelela, Thina lusapho lwayo.

Morena boloka setjhaba sa heso,
Ufedise dintwa le matshwenyeho,
O se boloke setjhaba sa heso.

Lord bless Africa
May her glory be lifted high,
Hear our prayers
Lord bless us, your children.

Come down, Holy Spirit.
Lord bless Africa, your family.

Lord we ask You to protect our nation,
Intervene and end all conflicts,
Protect us, protect our nation.

Leyb Yampolsky: S'Dremlen feygl (arr. Toby Young)
Dremlen feygl af di tsvaygn,
Shlof, mayn tayer kind.
Bay dayn vigl, af dayn nare
Zitst a fremde un zingt:
Lyu-lyu.

S'iz dayn vigl vu geshtanen
Oysgeflokhtn fun glik,
Un dayn mame, oy dayn mame,
Kumt shoyn keyn mol nit tsurik
Lyu-lyu.

Kh'hob gezen dayn tatn loyfn Unter hogl fun shteyn,
Iber felder iz gefloygn
Zayn faryosemter geveyn.
Lyu-lyu.

Birds sit drowsing on the branches,
Sleep, my precious child.
By your cradle in your little nest
Sings a stranger by your side:
Lu-Lu.

Here your cradle had its dwelling
Laced with happiness in store,
And your mother, Oh, your mother,
Will return no more.
Lu-Lu.

I have seen your father running
Under hails of stone,
Flying over fields there echoed
His desolated moan.
Lu-Lu.

FIN