

Lyrics

Sally Bytheway Singers — Spring 2025

Falling Water

Rollo Dilworth / Brian Newhouse

Spirit of the falling rain,
send it warm and strong and deeply.

Falling free to seeds unseen
rocking with a dream for water,
the glorious gift of the falling water.

Spirit of the falling rain,
send it warm and strong and deeply.

We shall receive that falling water.
It calls us to rise and to stand free in the blue of sky.

From the Start

Laufey & Spencer Stewart, arr. Michele Weir

Don't you notice how
I get quiet when there's no one else around?
Me and you and awkward silence.
Don't you dare look at me that way.
I don't need reminders of how you don't feel the same.

Oh the burning pain
Listening to you harp on about some new soulmate:
"She's so perfect, blah, blah, blah."
Oh, how I wish you'll wake up someday,
run to me, confess your love.
At least just let me say

that when I talk to you, oh, Cupid walks right through
and shoots an arrow through my heart.
And I sound like a loon, but don't you feel it too?
Confess I loved you from the start.

What's a girl to do?
Lying on my bed staring into the blue,
unrequited, terrifying.
Love is driving me a bit insane.
Have to get this off my chest,
I'm telling you today

that when I talk to you, oh, Cupid walks right through
and shoots an arrow through my heart.
And I sound like a loon, but don't you feel it too?
Confess I loved you from the start.

Confess I loved you,
just thinking of you,
I know I've loved you from the start.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah

Traditional African-American Spiritual, arr. Howard Helvey

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Since I laid my burdens down.

I've shown courage through the trials
Since I laid my burdens down.

I am hopeful for the future
Since I laid my burdens down.

I am thankful for the journey
Since I laid my burdens down.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Since I laid my burdens down!

How High the Moon

Nancy Hamilton / Morgan Lewis, arr. Jay Althouse

How high the moon, how high.

Somewhere there's music, how faint the tune.
Somewhere there's heaven, how high the moon.
There is no moon above when love is far away too,
till it comes true that you love me as I love you.

Somewhere there's music, it's where you are.
Somewhere there's heaven, how near, how far.
The darkest night would shine if you would come to me soon.
Until you will, how still my heart, how high the moon.

How high the moon, how high.

I Will Sing with the Spirit

John Rutter

I will sing with the spirit, alleluia.

And I will sing with the understanding also: alleluia.

I will sing with the spirit, alleluia.

Jubilate Deo

Joel Raney

Jubilate Deo.
Worship the Lord with gladness.
Sing to the Lord with joy.
Jubilate Deo.
Come into God's presence with a song.

Be joyful in the Lord, serve the Lord with gladness.
Enter His courts with praise.
For the Lord is good, His love endures forever.
Give thanks and praise His name.

Jubilate Deo, omnis terra,
make a joyful noise to the Lord.
Know that the Lord is God, He is God!

Jubilate Deo.
Worship the Lord with gladness.
Sing to the Lord with joy.
Jubilate Deo.
Make a joyful noise to the Lord.

For we are His people,
we are the sheep of His pasture.
For it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.
Now we sing joyfully to God.

We sing jubilate Deo, omnis terra,
Know that the Lord is God, He is God!

Jubilate Deo.
Worship the Lord with gladness.
Sing to the Lord with joy.
Jubilate Deo.
Make a joyful noise to the Lord.

Sing jubilate Deo!

Music Everywhere

Ryan Murphy / S.W. Foster

Music in the valley, Music on the hill,
Music in the woodland, Music in the rill,
Music on the mountain, Music in the air,
Music in the true heart, Music everywhere.

Music by the fireside, Music in the hall,
Music for the weary, Music for us all.
Music in our laughter, Music in our care,
Music in our gladness, Music everywhere.

Oh, Oh, Oh

Sing with joyful voices, Friends and loved ones dear,
Join the happy chorus, Let all people hear!
Love is everlasting, Life's a gift we share,
Swell the glorious anthem: Music everywhere!

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Samuel F. Smith, arr. Mack Wilberg

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

Old Joe Clark

Traditional American Folk Song, arr. Greg Gilpin

'Round and around, 'round and around, 'round and
fare thee well, old Joe Clark!

Fare thee well, old Joe Clark, fare thee well, I say.
Fare thee well, old Joe Clark, I best be on my way.

Old Joe Clark, he had a house, fifteen stories high,
and every story in that house was filled with chicken pie.
I went down to old Joe's house;
he invited me to supper.
I stumped my toe on the table leg
and stuck my nose in the butter.

Fare thee well, old Joe Clark, fare thee well, I say.
Fare thee well, old Joe Clark, I best be on my way.

Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat;
she would neither sing, nor pray.
Stuck her head in a buttermilk jar and washed her sins away.

Old Joe Clark, he had a mule.
his name was Morgan Brown.
And every tooth in that mule's head
was sixteen inches 'round.

Fare thee well, old Joe Clark, fare thee well, I say.
Fare thee well, old Joe Clark, I best be on my way.

Best be on my way.
Farewell, farewell, farewell!

Silence the Stones

Craig Courtney / Susan Bentall Boersma

We must silence the stones with our praise,
We must sing to the Ancient of Days.
Stones are ready to shout if we fail to cry out.
We must silence the stones with our praise.

Mountains quake at the sound of God's voice.
Let His people before Him rejoice.
Those He chose to redeem
come and join in the theme
We must silence the stones with our praise.

Lift His name! Give Him praise!
Every hand to Him raise!
With one voice to Him sing:
Mighty God, the Creator, Redeemer, Sustainer and King!

Hallelujah, now sing the amen!
Hallelujah! All glory! Amen!
From His throne our God reigns.
Sing out loud the refrain.
We will silence the stones with our praise.

Lift His name! Give Him praise!
Every hand to Him raise!
With one voice to Him sing:
Mighty God, the Creator, Redeemer, Sustainer and King!

We must silence the stones.
Amen! Amen! Amen! Silence the stones!

Still I'll Rejoice

Pepper Choplin

Though the fig tree does not blossom
and there are no grapes on the vine,
still I'll rejoice in the Lord.

Though the olive crop may fail
and the fields produce no food,
still I'll rejoice, I will rejoice in the Lord.

For the Lord is my strength and light,
through His power I will climb the heights,
and I will celebrate in the God of my salvation.

I will live my life through faith,
and when trouble will come my way
I will wait on the Lord.
And I'll rejoice in the Lord, the God of my salvation,

Though my sheep have all perished and gone,
there are no cattle left in the stall,
still I'll rejoice in the Lord.

Though there is danger all around,
my body trembles at the sound,
still I'll rejoice in the Lord.

For the Lord is my strength and light,
through His power I will climb the heights,
and I will celebrate in the God of my salvation.

I will live my life through faith,
and when trouble will come my way
I will wait on the Lord.
And I'll rejoice in the Lord, the God of my salvation,

Though the fig tree does not blossom
and there are no grapes on the vine,
still I'll rejoice in the Lord.

The Call

Mack Wilberg / George Herbert

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life;
Such a Way as gives us breath,
Such a Truth as ends all strife,
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength;
Such a Light as shows a Feast,
Such a Feast as mends in length,
Such a Strength as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart;
Such a Joy as none can move,
Such a Love as none can part,
Such a Heart as Joys in love.

Walk a Mile

Pepper Choplin, arr. Mark Hayes

Walk a mile in your neighbor's shoes.
You'll understand them better if you do.

Walk a mile and see the world through your neighbor's eyes.
There's so many things you'll come to realize.

Walk a mile and live a day in their neighborhood.
You'd understand them better if you could.

You'll come away with a different point of view.
Walk a mile, see the world, live a day,
walk a mile in your neighbor's shoes, their shoes.
Walk a mile.