

Michal Dawson Connor



LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER

FOR SATB CHOIR A CAPPELLA

Michal Dawson Connor

LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER

for SATB choir a cappella

An indomitable sense of hope, and unvarnished sorrow, permeate each line and melody of these unforgettable songs- forged in the anvil of abject misery and despair, aching for freedom's light.

Humiliated beyond all human reckoning, and given no respite from the daily drudgery of endless toil- these fiercely resilient souls somehow persevered, despite the harshest obstacles- leaving behind a true golden legacy of words and music to cherish.

In his famous autobiography, Frederick Douglass wrote:

"Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart; and he is relieved by them, only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears."

I am deeply honored to present these musical footprints of my proud ancestors- and hope that by singing them, we pause to remember the undaunted courage and grit of the men and women who originally composed them.

— MICHAL DAWSON CONNOR

Catalog No. MDC-008

Copyright © 2010 by Michal Dawson Connor. All rights reserved
Unauthorized photocopying or reproduction of any part of this material is
prohibited.

Visit Swirly Music for more music by Michal Dawson Connor and others.

www.SwirlyMusic.org



Let Us Break Bread Together

for SATB choir *a cappella*

Spiritual

Arr. Michal Dawson Connor

Con Eloquenza (♩=70)

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

p
Con Eloquenza (♩=70)

What won-drous love is this, oh my soul, oh my soul, what won-drous love is

S
A
T
B

6
mp
Con Eloquenza (♩=70)

this oh my soul? Oh, what end-less bliss, won-drous love is this, oh my

Oh, what end - less, won-drous love is this, oh my,

Oh, what end - less, won-drous love is this, my

Oh, what end - less, won-drous love is this, my

rit. A tempo

13

Soul! Let us break bread to - geth-er on our knees, oh Lord. Oh, let us

Ah, my soul! Let us break bread to - geth-er on our knees, Lord. Oh, let us

Tsoul, my soul! Let us break bread to - geth-er on our knees, Lord. Oh, let us

Bsoul, my soul! Let us break bread to - geth-er on our knees, Lord. Oh, let us

rit. A tempo

19

break bread to - geth-er on our knees. When I fall on my

Abreak bread to - geth-er on our knees, our knees. When I fall on my

Tbreak bread - pray - ing on our knees, our knees. When I fall down on my

Bbreak bread to - geth-er on our knees, our knees. When I fall down on my

f

f

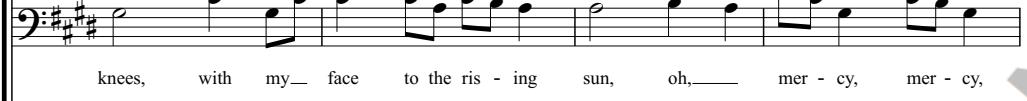
f

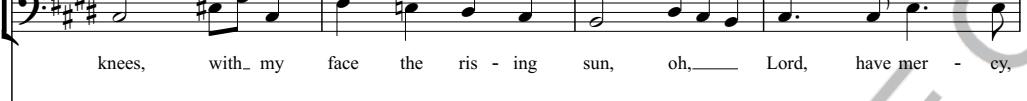
f

24

Soprano (S) 

Alto (A) 

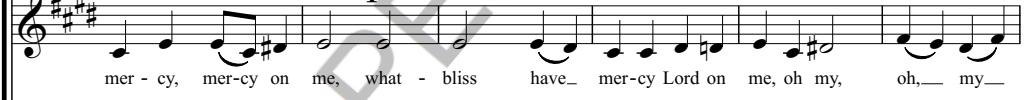
Tenor (T) 

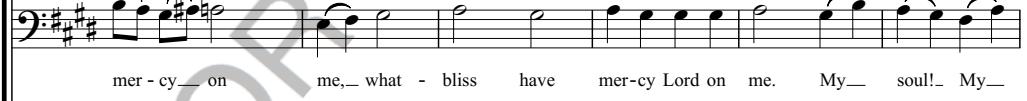
Bass (B) 

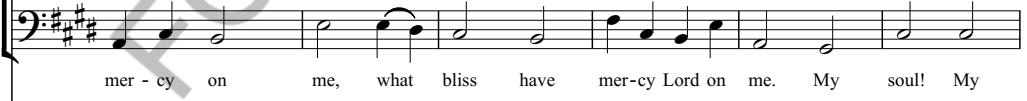


28

Soprano (S) 

Alto (A) 

Tenor (T) 

Bass (B) 



34

S *f*
drink_ wine to - geth - er on our knees, on our knees. Let us

A *f*
soul! Let us drink wine to - geth-er on our knees, on our knees. Let us

T *f*
soul! drink_ wine to - geth - er on our knees, on our knees. Let us

B *f*
soul! drink wine to - geth - er on our knees, on our knees. Let us

39

S
drink wine to - geth-er on our knees. When I fall on my

A
drink_ wine to - geth - er on our knees. When I fall on my

T
drink_ wine to - geth - er on our knees. When I fall on my

B
drink wine to - geth - er on our knees. When I fall on my

44

Soprano (S): knees, with my face to the ris - ing sun, oh____ Lord have____ mer - cy on,

Alto (A): knees, with my face to the ris - ing sun, oh____ Lord have____ mer - cy on,

Tenor (T): knees, with my face to the ri - sing sun, oh____ Lord have____ mer - cy on,

Bass (B): knees, with my face the ris - ing sun, oh____ Lord have____ mer - cy on,

49

Soprano (S): Lord have mer - cy, mer - cy Lord on me. What

Alto (A): Lord have mer - cy, mer - cy Lord on me. What

Tenor (T): Lord have mer - cy, mer - cy Lord on me. What

Bass (B): Lord have mer - cy, mer - cy Lord on me. What

mp

52 **rit.**

S 
end - less bliss, and when from death I'm free, I'll sing. on.

A 
end - less bliss, when from death I'm free, I'll sing, on, I'll sing on.

T 
end - less bliss, when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on.

B 
end - less bliss, when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, sing on.

rit. 