GWYNETH WALKER Let US Break Bread Together

for String Orchestra or String Quartet

with optional readings from the song

Let Us Break Bread Together

and the poem The New Colossus

Let Us Break Bread Together

duration: 3-4 minutes

As we celebrate the 250th anniversary of the United States (1776-2026), we remind ourselves that our land strives to be a compassionate land. We welcome the stranger. *Give me your tired, your poor*... We break bread together.

Let us Break Bread Together

African-American spiritual
may be read aloud by one, or several, readers in alternation
before the start of the playing

Let us break bread together, on our knees.

Let us break bread together, on our knees.

When I fall on my knees, with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy on me.

Let us love one another, on our knees.

Let us love one another, on our knees.

When I fall on my knees, with my face to the rising sun,

O Lord, have mercy on me.

Let us rise up together, all as one.

Let us rise up together, all as one.

When I rise from my knees, with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy, Lord, have mercy,
O Lord, have mercy on me –

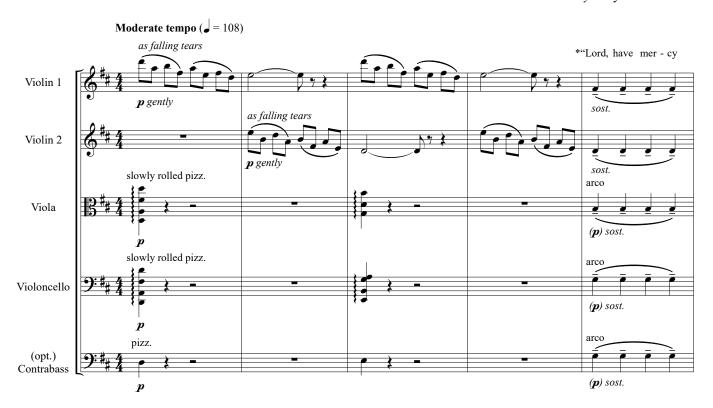
And bring us peace.

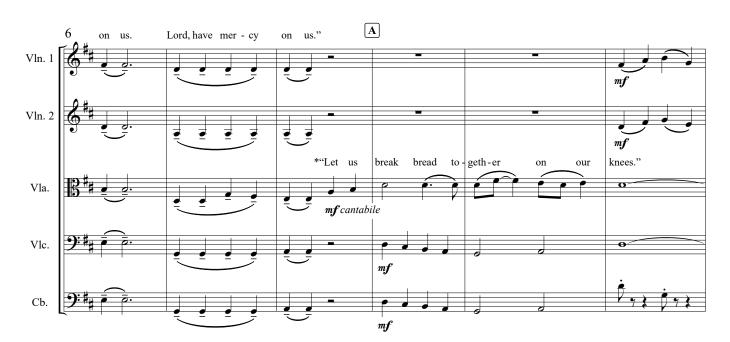
Walker is beloved by performers and audiences alike for its energy, beauty, reverence, drama, and humor. Dr. Gwyneth Walker (b. 1947) is a graduate of Brown University and the Hartt School of Music. She holds B.A., M.M. and D.M.A. degrees in Music Composition. A former faculty member of the Oberlin College Conservatory, she resigned from academic employment in 1982 in order to pursue a career as a full-time composer. For nearly 30 years, she lived on a dairy farm in Braintree, Vermont before returning to live in her childhood hometown of New Canaan, Connecticut.

Let Us Break Bread Together

for String Orchestra or String Quartet

African-American Spiritual arr. by Gwyneth Walker





^{*}Song lyrics are provided for thematic identification only and are not to be sung.



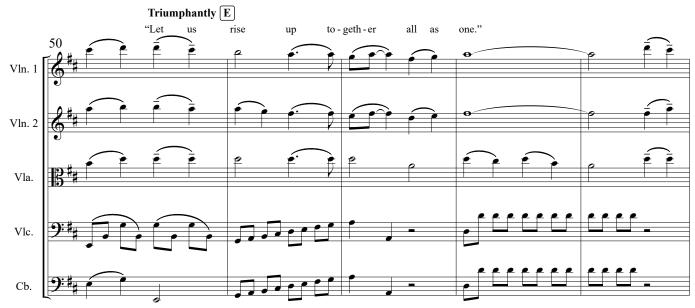




Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless tempest-tost to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

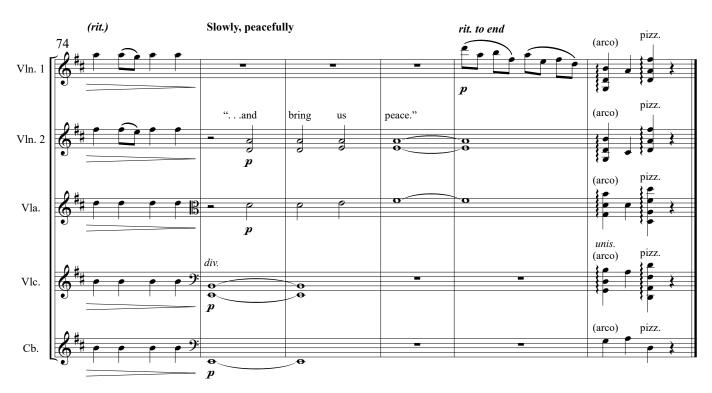
- from *The New Colossus* by Emma Lazarus, 1883











3-4 minutes March 20, 2025 New Canaan, Connecticut