

Milwaukee Choristers
present
EXPLORING HERITAGE CONNECTIONS
Dr. James B. Kinchen, Jr., Conductor
Christine Simon Halverson, Assistant Conductor
Patricia Ilika Black, Accompanist

Special guests
The Brazeal Dennard Chorale
Nina R. Scott, Artistic Director
Augustus O. Hill, Artistic Director
Kerry Price, Accompanist
Andrea Pruitt, Executive Director

The Milwaukee Choristers

Beautiful Savior

Don't You Weep No More, Mary

* **The Gift To Sing**

On Imagination

Sinner, Please Don't Let This Harvest Pass

I, Too

* **April Rain Song**

* **The Sacred Fire**

Mood Indigo

Soon Ah Will Be Done

* Commissioned work

Silesian folk tune
arr. F. Melius Christiansen
R. Nathaniel Dett
Judith M. Baity
Undine Smith Moore
Negro Spiritual
arr. J. Harold Montague
Undine Smith Moore
Robert A. Harris
Robert L. Morris
Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington and Albany Bigard
William L. Dawson

The Brazeal Dennard Chorale

Crucifixion

Be Still And Know

The Lord Is My Shepherd, Alleluia (From: "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes")

Every Time I Feel The Spirit

Over My Head

Is A Light Shining In The Heaven?

My Soul's Been Anchored

Wheels (from "Exegesis")

The Battle Of Jericho

I Know I've Been Changed

The Color Purple (from "The Color Purple")

Adolphus Hailstork
Stacey V. Gibbs
Adolphus Hailstork
Arr. William L. Dawson
Traditional
Arr. John W. Work, Jr.
Arr. Moses Hogan
Augustus O. Hill
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Arr. Damon Dandridge
Arr. Stacey V. Gibbs

Combined Choirs

Siyahamba

Elijah Rock

Lift Every Voice And Sing

Anders Nyberg
arr. Moses Hogan
arr. Roland Carter

The Milwaukee Choristers

Beautiful Savior

Soloist: Sandra Hook

Silesian folk tune
arr. F. Melius Christiansen

In 1903, Christiansen (1871-1955) was hired to teach music and direct the band at St. Olaf College. It was in 1907, while serving as organist at St. John's Lutheran Church, that he reorganized the church choir, resulting in an influx of St. Olaf students and faculty. He directed the choir until 1943, when his son, Olaf, took over. F. Melius continued as the St. John's organist until his death in 1955.

Fair are the meadows, fairer the woodlands, robed in flowers of blooming Spring. Jesus is fairer, Jesus is poorer. He makes our sorrowing spirit sing. Beautiful Savior! Lord of the nations, son of God and son of Man! Glory and honor, praise, adoration, now and forevermore be Thine.

Don't You Weep No More, Mary

R. Nathaniel Dett

During his lifetime, Canada-born Robert Nathaniel Dett (1882-1943) was one of the most successful black composers both in his native land and in the U.S. He was accomplished at the keyboard and performed at Carnegie Hall and at the Boston Symphony Hall as a pianist and choir director. He was the first black student to earn a Bachelor of Arts degree in music from the Oberlin (OH) Conservatory of Music, where he majored in composition and piano. At the Hampton Institute (now Hampton University) in Hampton, VA, Dett founded the School of Music, the Hampton Choral Union, the Musical Arts Society and the Hampton Institute Choir. He was at the school from 1913 to 1932. Dett also taught at Bennett College, a North Carolina school for women, from 1937 to 1942. He died on October 2, 1943 of a heart attack while traveling with a women's chorus that he was conducting on behalf of the USO.

Don't you weep no more, Mary, sigh no more, Martha. Jesus rose, third day in that morning! My Jesus went to Galilee because He promised for to set me free. Rose third day in that morning! They nailed Him to that cursed tree, and there He hung for you and me. Rose third day in that morning! The angel came down from above; he came down on the wings of love. Rose third day in that morning! Oh hallelujah, on that day, the angel rolled the stone away. Rose third day in that morning!

The Gift To Sing

Judith M. Baity

For background on Judith Baity, see page ??

Poem by James Weldon Johnson

James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938) was a poet, teacher, songwriter and civil rights activist. A native of Jacksonville, FL and graduate of Atlanta University, he became principal of the Jacksonville school where his mother taught. In 1895 he founded the *Daily American* newspaper serving the city's black community. While still serving as a public school principal, he studied law and became the first African American to pass the bar exam in Florida. When his younger brother, John, graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music in 1897, the two began collaborating on musical theater. James wrote the lyrics for "Lift Every Voice and Sing," which has come to be known as the Negro National Anthem. He went on to represent the U.S. diplomatic corps in Venezuela and, after returning to the U.S., became an editorial writer for the *New York Age*. He published his first collection of poetry in 1917. A year earlier, he was named field secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. During his final years he wrote a history of black life in New York that focused on the Harlem Renaissance.

Sometimes the mist overhangs my path, and blackening clouds about me cling; but, oh, I have a magic way to turn the gloom to cheerful day -- I softly sing. And if the way grows darker still, shadowed by Sorrow's somber wing, with glad defiance in my throat, I pierce the darkness with a note, and sing, and sing. I brood not over the broken past, nor dread whatever time may bring. No

nights are dark, no days are long, while in my heart there swells a song, and I can sing.

On Imagination

Undine Smith Moore
Poem by Phyllis Wheatley

Virginia-born Moore (1904-1989) is often referred to as “the dean of black women composers.” In 1924, she received the first scholarship from the Juilliard Graduate School to study music at Fisk University in Nashville, TN. She began teaching at Virginia State College (now University) in 1927, where she remained on the faculty until her retirement in 1972. In 1977 she was named “music laureate” of Virginia.

Imagination. Who can sing thy force? Or who describes the swiftness of thy course? Soaring through air to find the bright abode, the empyreal palace of the thundering God. We on thy pinions can surpass the wind and leave the rolling universe behind. From star to star, the mental optics rove, measure the skies and range the realms above. There in one view we grasp the mighty whole and with new worlds amaze the unbounded soul.

Sinner, Please Don't Let This Harvest Pass

Soloist: James Halverson

Negro Spiritual
arr. J. Harold Montague

After attending the Hartford School of Music in his native Connecticut, Montague (1907-1950) went on to earn a Bachelor's degree in music from Oberlin (OH) College and a Master's from Syracuse University. He was Dean of Music at South Carolina State College before joining the faculty of Virginia State College for Negroes in 1933. He chaired the Music Department and directed the choir there until his death, which resulted from a heart attack he suffered while attending a campus baseball game.

Sinner, please don't let this harvest pass and die and lose your soul at last. My God is a mighty man of war! Sinner, please don't let this harvest pass and die and lose your soul at last. I know that my redeemer lives. He lives!

I, Too

Undine Smith Moore
Poem by Langston Hughes

I, too, sing America. I am the darker brother. They send me to eat in the kitchen when company comes. But I laugh and eat well and grow strong. Tomorrow I'll be at the table when company comes. Nobody will dare say to me “Eat in the kitchen” then. Besides, they'll see how beautiful I am and be ashamed. I, too, am America!

April Rain Song

For background on Robert Harris, see page ??.

Robert A. Harris
Poem by Langston Hughes

Langston Hughes (1902-1967) was an American poet, novelist, playwright, short story writer and columnist. He was of both African American and Native American descent. Born in Joplin, MO, he went to live with his grandmother after his parents divorced. Through the black American tradition of oral storytelling, she instilled in him a sense of lasting racial pride. He started writing poetry while in grammar school and, in high school, began also writing short stories and dramatic plays. He graduated from Lincoln University in Chester County, PA. In 1981, his home in Harlem was given landmark status.

Let the rain kiss you. Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops. Let the rain sing you a lullaby. The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk. The rain makes running pools in the gutter. The rain plays a little sleep song on our roof at night, and I love the rain.

The Sacred Fire

For background on Robert Morris, see page ??/

Robert L. Morris
Based on a poem by James Weldon Johnson

Oboe: Alexa Sity
Clarinet: Amanda Ruppenthal

Black, unknown. How came your lips to touch the sacred fire? How, in darkness, did you come to know the power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre? Who first from midst his bonds lifted his eyes, lone and long? Who first from out the still watch, lone and long, feeling the sacred fire, the ancient faith of prophets rise within his dark-kept soul, burst into song? Black and unknown bards of long ago, you woke the power, woke the beauty of the minstrel's lyre. O black and unknown bards, your lips touched the sacred fire!

Mood Indigo

Soloist: Amy Deuchler

Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington and Albany Bigard

Lyrics by Irving Mills
arr. Frederic Fay Swift

Ellington (1899-1974) was recognized in his lifetime as one of our greatest jazz composers and musicians. He began keyboard studies at age 7, influenced early on by ragtime pianists. He taught himself harmony and was only 17 when he made his professional debut. Encouraged by "Fats" Waller, he moved in 1923 from his hometown of Washington, DC, to New York City. According to Wikipedia, the main theme for "Mood Indigo" was provided by Bigard, who learned it in New Orleans from his clarinet teacher. Ellington's distinctive arrangement was first recorded by his band in 1930. This arrangement from the Milwaukee Choristers archives was copyrighted in 1942.

You ain't been blue till you've had that mood indigo. That feelin' goes stealin' down to my shoes while I sit and sigh, "Go 'long, blues." Always get that mood indigo since my baby said goodbye. In the evening, when lights are low, I'm so lonesome I could cry. 'Cause there's nobody who cares about me; I'm just a soul who's bluer than blue can be. When I get that mood indigo, I could lay me down and die.

Soon Ah Will Be Done

William L. Dawson

Dawson (1889-1990) was born in Alabama and graduated from that state's Tuskegee Institute. In 1931, he organized the School of Music at his alma mater and for 25 years conducted the 100-voice Tuskegee Choir. That choir performed by invitation for presidents Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was the first African-American organization to appear at Constitution Hall in Washington, DC (1946). His best known works are arrangements and variations on spirituals. His "Negro Folk Symphony" of 1934 garnered attention at its world premiere by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski.

Soon ah will be done with the troubles of the world. Going home to live with God. I want to meet my mother, I'm going to live with God. Soon ah will be done with the troubles of the world. Going home to live with God. No more weeping and a-wailing. I'm going to live with God. I want to meet my Jesus in the morning, Lord. I want to meet my Jesus. I'm going to live with God!

INTERMISSION

The Brazeal Dennard Chorale

Crucifixion

Adolphus Hailstork

Adolphus Hailstork (b1941) is a Professor of Music and Composer-in-Residence at Old Dominion University in Norfolk, VA. Prior to that, for 20 years, he held similar titles at Norfolk State University, also in Virginia. In 1992, he was named a Laureate in Music of the commonwealth of Virginia.

My Lord. They crucified my Lord and he never said a mumblin' word. My Lord, He never said a

mumblin' word. Not a word. They nailed him to the tree and he never said a mumblin' word. Not a word. They pierced him in the side and he never said a mumblin' word. My Lord, not a word. My Lord he never said a word. Oh, my Lord. He bowed his head and died. My Lord. Oh my Lord, not a word. Not a word, my Lord, a word. And He never said a mumblin' word. My Lord!

Be Still and Know (from "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes")

Stacey V. Gibbs

Be still and know that I am God. I will be exalted above nations and in the earth. Be still and know that I am God. I am God. Know that I am God!

The Lord is my Shepherd, Alleluia (from "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes")

Adolphus Hailstork

Soloist: Alice Tillman

Alleluia. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside still waters. He restoreth my soul. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest me a table before me in the presence of my enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil. My cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. I will lift up mine eyes to the hills. Alleluia.

Every Time I Feel the Spirit

Arr. William Dawson

Every time I feel the spirit, moving in my heart, I will pray. Yes, every time I feel the spirit, moving in my heart, I will pray. Upon the mountain my Lord spoke, out of His mouth came fire and smoke. Looked all around me, it looked so fine, till I asked my Lord, if all was mine. Every time I feel the spirit, moving in my heart, I will pray. Yes, every time I feel the spirit, moving in my heart, I will pray. Jordan River is chilly and cold; it chills the body but not the soul. There ain't but one train upon this track. It runs to heaven and right back. Every time I feel the spirit, moving in my heart, I will pray.

Over My Head

Traditional

Over my head I see trouble in the air. There must be a God somewhere. Over my head I hear music in the air. There must be a God somewhere. Over my head I see glory in the air. There must be a God somewhere.

Is A Light Shining In The Heaven?

Arr. John W. Work, Jr.

Soloist: Yvonne Turner

John W. Work, Jr., ((1872-1925) the son of a church choir director, graduated from Fisk University. He taught Latin and Greek at Fisk, becoming chairman of the Latin and History departments in 1906. From 1923 until his death, he served as president of Roger Williams University in Nashville, Tennessee. Work was a pioneer in collecting, performing, and preserving African-American folk music.

Is a light shining in the heaven? Please shine for me. I come this night, I come to fight, I bring no weapons but I brought the light. Is a light shining in the heaven? Please shine for me. The lightning's flash, the thunder's roll, they make me think about my poor soul. Is a light shining in the heaven? Please shine for me. When every star refuse to shine, I know King Jesus will be mine. Is a light shining in the heaven? Please shine for me.

My Soul's Been Anchored

Arr. Moses Hogan

Soloist: Eugene Starks

New Orleans-born Moses Hogan (1957-2003) was a pianist, conductor and arranger of international renown. He was a graduate of the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts and the Oberlin (OH) Conservatory of Music, and studied at New York's Juilliard School of Music and Louisiana State University. Though he died at the young age of 46, he already had more than 70 published works.

In the Lord. My soul's been anchored, Hallelujah, my soul's been anchored in the Lord. Before I'd stay in hell one day I'd sing and pray my self away. In the Lord. My soul's been anchored, Hallelujah, in the Lord. Gonna shout and pray and never stop until I reach the mountain top. In the Lord. My soul's been anchored, Hallelujah, in the Lord. Do you love him? God Almighty? Are you anchored? My soul's been anchored in the Lord. Will you serve him? God Almighty? Are you anchored? My soul's been anchored in the Lord. Hallelujah, will you praise him? God almighty? Are you anchored? My soul's been anchored in the Lord. Lord I'm anchored, Lord I love you, yes I'll serve you, Lord I praise you. Hallelujah! My soul's been anchored in the Lord.

Wheels (from "Exegesis")

Augustus O. Hill

For background on Augustus Hill, see page ??.

And mind hitched each wheel to the next wheel. Wheel in a wheel. Mind hitched each wheel to the next wheel. Wheel in a wheel. Light to water, water to land. Land to vegetation, wheel in a wheel. Vegetation to the sun, wheel in a wheel. Sun and moon to the stars, stars to life in water. Life in water to prowling beasts on land. Wheel in a wheel. Beasts on land to birds in the air. Wheel in a wheel. And to man. Wheel in a wheel.

The Battle Of Jericho

Arr. Moses Hogan

Joshua fit the battle, the battle of Jericho. Joshua fit the battle of Jericho and the walls come tumblin' down. Talk about your kings of Gideon, talk about your men of Saul, but none like good old Joshua at the battle of Jericho. That mornin'. Joshua fit the battle, the battle of Jericho. Joshua fit the battle of Jericho and the walls come tumblin' down. Right up to the walls of Jericho, he marched with spear in hand. "Go blow that ram horn!" Joshua cried. Then the lamb, ram sheep horns begin to blow and the trumpet begins to sound. Joshua commanded the children to shout! And the walls come a-tumblin' down. Oh Lord, you know that Joshua, he fought the Battle of Jericho. The walls come a-tumblin' down. Jericho, the walls come tumblin' down.

I Know I've Been Changed

Arr. Damon Dandridge

Soloist: Alice Tillman

Damon Dandridge is Director of Choral Activities at Cheyney University, Cheyney, PA.

I know I've been changed 'cause de angels in Heaven done signed my name. You know dat I know I've been changed 'cause de angels in Heaven done signed my name. I prayed all night and I prayed all day too; De angels in Heaven done signed my name. I'll keep praying till I come through. De angels in Heaven done signed my name. You know dat I know I've been changed 'cause de angels in Heaven done signed my name. I stepped in da water and da water was cold. De angels in Heaven done signed my name. It chilled my body but not my soul. De angels in Heaven done signed my name. You know dat I know I've been changed 'cause de angels in Heaven done signed my name. If you don't believe dat I've been redeemed; You know de angels in Heaven done signed my name. Den follow me down to dat Jordan stream. De angels in Heaven done signed my name. You know dat I know I've been changed 'cause de angels in Heaven done signed my name.

The Color Purple (from “The Color Purple”)

Arr. Stacey V. Gibbs

Soloist: Ida Abbington

Obbligato: Alice Tillman

Dear God, dear stars, dear trees, dear sky, dear peoples, dear everything, dear God, God is inside me and everyone else that was or ever will be. I came into this world with God and when I finally looked inside, I found it, just as close as my breath is to me. Rising like the sun is the hope that sets us free. Your heart beat make my heart beat when we share love. Like a blade of corn, like a honeybee, like a waterfall, all a part of me. Like the color purple, where do it come from? Now my eyes are open. Look what God has done. It take a grain of love to make a mighty tree. Even the smallest voice can make a harmony. Like a drop of water keep the river high, there are miracles for you and I. I don't think us feel old at all. I think this is the youngest us ever felt. Amen.

Combined Choirs

(Sequence to be announced)

Elijah Rock

Traditional Spiritual
arr. Moses Hogan

Elijah rock, oh. Come on sister, help me to pray. Tell me my Lord done pass this way. Elijah rock, shout, shout! Elijah rock, coming up, Lordy. Elijah rock, coming up, Lord. Satan ain't nothing but a snake in the grass. He's a conjurer. He's a liar. Hallelujah, Lord! If I could I surely would stand on the rock where Moses stood. Elijah rock. Hallelujah Jesus!

Siyahamba

Anders Nyberg

Nyberg (b. 1955) is a Swedish composer and choral conductor who also has a home in South Africa. He has become known for his releases of South African songs of praise and protest. He has also been involved in film-making. He co-scripted “As It Is In Heaven,” a film about a choir and its conductor that was nominated for an Oscar in 2005 and has become the most-viewed Swedish movie ever produced. “Siyahamba” was originally written in the Afrikaans language and was subsequently translated into Zulu. In 1984, Nyberg arranged “Siyahamba” for a western four-voice setting.

Siyahamba, ekukanyen' kwenkos'.

We are marching in the light of God.

Lift Every Voice and Sing

Arr. Roland Carter

Carter is a Professor of Music at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga and Director of the Chattanooga Choral Society. He's considered an authority on the preservation and performance of African American music.

Lift every voice and sing, 'til earth and heaven ring. Ring with the harmonies of liberty. Let our rejoicing rise high as the listening skies, let it resound loud as the rolling sea. Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us. Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us. Facing the rising sun of our new day begun, let us march on 'til victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod, felt in the days when hope unborn had died. Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet come to the place for which our fathers sighed? We have come over a way that with tears has been watered. We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered, out from the gloomy past, til now we stand at last where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

*God of our weary years, God of our silent tears, Thou who has brought us thus far on the way,
Thou who has by Thy might led us into the light, keep us forever in the path, we pray. Lest our
feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee, lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the
world, we forget Thee. Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand, true to our God,
true to our native land.*

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Special thanks to Whyte Hirschboeck Dudek, S.C., for their sponsorship of tonight's concert.