



Black History Month Concert

Presented by the MSM Black Student Union

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 2023 | 7:30 PM
NEIDORFF-KARPATI HALL

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Black History Month Concert

PROGRAM

Welcome

Jaydon Beleford

JOHN ROSAMOND JOHNSON
(1873–1954)

Lift Every Voice and Sing
(Poem by James Weldon Johnson)

Danyel Brewer, alto

WILLIAM GRANT STILL
(1895–1978)

Romance

Jonathan Gilbert, saxophone
Riko Higuma, piano

AMY BEACH
(1867–1944)

“Take, O take those lips away”
from *Three Shakespeare Songs*, Op. 37

Adaiah Naji Ogletree, soprano
Derrick Byars, piano

ADOLPHUS HAILSTORK
(b. 1941)

Three Smiles for Tracey
Swiftly
Gently
Sprightly

Kah’lin Jordan, clarinet

TRAD. SPIRITUAL
(arr. Gerald Mannin)

Lord, How Come Me Here

Jalynn Stewart, soprano
Blue Shelton, flute

HOWARD SWANSON
(1907–1978)

The Negro Speaks of Rivers
(Poem by Langston Hughes)

Fernando Watts, baritone
Derrick Byars, piano

Intermission

GOSPEL HYMN
(arr. Edwin Hawkins)

Oh, Happy Day

CHARLIE SMALLS
(1943–1987)

Brand New Day from *The Wiz*

BOBBY WOMACK
(1944–2014)

Breezin'

Reaching for the Arts Choir

DUKE ELLINGTON
(1899–1974)

In a Sentimental Mood

Erika Johnson, soprano
William Hill, piano
Blue Shelton, flute
Nolan Nwachukwa, bass
Josh Green, drums
With dancer **Trey Sargent**

MARGARET BONDS
(1913–1972)

The Negro Speaks of Rivers
(Poem by Langston Hughes)

Hannah Jones, mezzo-soprano
Marco Rizzello, piano

VALERIE COLEMAN
(b. 1970)

Danza de la Mariposa (Dance of the Butterfly)
Blue Shelton, flute

CHARLIE SMALLS

Be A Lion from The Wiz
Moira O'Connor, soprano
Derrick Byars, piano

MUSIC & LYRICS BY
ALLEE WILLIS, BRENDA
RUSSELL & STEPHEN BRAY

I'm Here from The Color Purple
Samara Teine-'Aulelei Bowden, soprano
Elisee Ngbo, piano
Chris Ramirez, bass guitar
Danno Peterson, drums

TRENTON MICHAEL
(b. 2004)

Moon & Sun
Trenton Michael, tenor
Johannah George, soprano,
and **Madison Smith**, alto, background vocals

TEXTS

Lift Every Voice and Sing

Lift every voice and sing,
'Til earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the 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,
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.

—James Weldon Johnson

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen
its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

—Langston Hughes

TRADITIONAL AND GOSPEL LYRICS

Lord, How Come Me Here

Lord, how come me here?
Lord, how come me here?
Lord, how come me here?
I wish I never was born

There ain't no freedom here, Lord
There ain't no freedom here, Lord
There ain't no freedom here, Lord
I wish I never was born

They treat me so mean here, Lord
They treat me so mean here, Lord
They treat me so mean here, Lord
I wish I never was born

They sold my chillen away, Lord
They sold my chillen away, Lord
They sold my chillen away, Lord
I wish I never was born

Oh, Happy Day

Oh, happy day (Oh, happy day)
Oh, happy day (Oh, happy day)
When Jesus washed (When Jesus washed)
Oh, when He washed (When Jesus washed)
When Jesus washed (When Jesus washed)
He washed my sins away (Oh, happy day)
Oh, happy day (Oh, happy day)

Oh, happy day (Oh, happy day)
Oh, happy day (Oh, happy day)
When Jesus washed (When Jesus washed)
Oh, when He washed (When Jesus washed)
When Jesus washed (When Jesus washed)
He washed my sins away (Oh, happy day)
Oh, it's a happy day (Oh, happy day)
He taught me how (He taught me how)
To watch and fight and pray
Watch and pray

And live rejoicing every day
Every day

Oh, happy day (Oh, happy day)
Oh, happy day (Oh, happy day)
When Jesus washed (When Jesus washed)
Oh, when He washed (When Jesus washed)
When Jesus washed (When Jesus washed)
He washed my sins away (Oh, happy day)
Oh, happy day (Oh, happy day)

He taught me how (He taught me how)
To watch and fight and pray
Watch and pray

And live rejoicing every day (Good god)
Every day

Oh, happy day (Oh, happy day)
Oh, it's a happy day (Oh, happy day)
Oh, lord (Oh, happy day)
Mmm, good God (Oh, happy day)
Oh yeah (Oh, happy day)
Mmm, oh (Oh, happy day)

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