

Saturday, November 16

3:00

First Baptist Church

Concert Chorale

Echoes of Awe: Everyday Wonder in Song

Conductor: Dr. Kari Adams

Collaborative Piano: Carter Thiemann

Graduate Conductors: Melissa Montoya, Carmen Ramirez, Casey Wood

### **Text and Translations**

#### **Exsultate Justi**

Exsultate Justi

Exultate, justi, in Domino;  
rectos decet collaudatio.

Translation

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye just;  
praise befits the upright.

Confitemini Domino in cithara;  
in psalterio decem chordarum  
psallite illi.

Give praise to the Lord on the harp;  
sing to him with the psaltery, the instrument of ten  
strings.

Cantate ei canticum novum;  
bene psallite ei in vociferatione.

Sing to him a new canticle,  
sing well unto him with a loud noise.

– Psalm 33:1-3

#### **I Dream A World**

I dream a world where man  
No other man will scorn,  
Where love will bless the earth  
And peace its paths adorn.  
I dream a world where all  
Will know sweet freedom's way,  
Where greed no longer saps the soul  
Nor avarice blights our day.  
A world I dream where black or white,  
Whatever race you be,  
Will share the bounties of the earth  
And every man is free,

Where wretchedness will hang its head  
And joy, like a pearl,  
Attends the needs of all mankind  
Of such I dream, my world!  
– By Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

## Rasa Nusantara

Rasa Nusantara	Translation
Nasi kunyit sayang gulailah yang ayam Belanga ayam Mari dimakan di atas pinan	Turmeric rice with chicken curry! Clay-pot chicken Let's eat this with the areca nut
Wa wa bulan wa bulan cerah putih Balik mana rumah Tok Wan Balik sini rumah Tok Teh Cank cili cila oh Hujung padang obek, obek Bernunyi gendang gong Menari molek, molek Embun sok sek, embun sok sek, embun sok sek, Anak diusir terum bang ambing	The moon is clear and white Where are you going? Tok Wan's house? Going back to Tok Wan's house. The sound of the drums/gong Beautiful dancing. The sound of drums Pretending not to know, one can only guess what is in one's heart.
Ketipak, ketipak, ketipung suara gendang bertalu talu Pura, pura, bingung hati Dalam si a pu ta hu Kolam di dusun dek airnya pnuh Hujanlah rintik belum ber-la-lu Senjata racun dek taida membunuh Cinta yang murni Dibawa mati	The pond in your orchard is full The drizzling rain has not passed yet Your poisonous weapon does not kill A love that is pure lasts until death
Di Pariaman oi baralek gadang Di bulan Tabuik sabana rami Kami tarikan tarinyo indang Salah jo jangga maafkan kami Kabekkan jawi Di tengah padang Baoklah pulang hoi Di hari sanjo Kami menari Jo tari indang Paubek hati hoi Urang basamo Di din ba din din...	There is a big engagement party in Pariaman There are many in the Tabuik month We dance the Endang Forgive us if we are wrong Tie the buffalo In the middle of the field Bring it home at dusk We dance the Endang It tugs on everyone's hearts

– Malay folk songs

## **The Painter's and the Poet's Fire**

How did those prospects give my soul delight,  
A new creation rushing on my sight?  
When first thy pencil did those beauties give,  
And breathing figures learnt from thee to live,  
Still, wond'rous youth! each noble path pursue,  
On deathless glories fix thine ardent view:

Still may the painter's and the poet's fire  
To aid thy pencil, and thy verse conspire!  
And may the charms of each seraphic theme  
Conduct thy footsteps to immortal fame!

But when these shades of time are chas'd away,  
And darkness ends in everlasting day,  
On what seraphic pinions shall we move,  
And view the landscapes in the realms above?

There shall thy tongue in heav'nly murmurs flow,  
And there my muse with heav'nly transport glow:

And may the muse inspire each future song!

– Phillis Wheatley Peters (1753-1784), adapted by Kara Stacy Bedwell from *To S. M. A Young African Painter, On Seeing His Works*

## **Take Me to the Water**

Take me to the water.  
Take me to the sea.  
Take me to the river so that my spirit can be free.  
Gonna lay my burdens down, down by the riverside.  
Gonna wade in the water, the water that flows both deep and wide.  
Oh, take me, take me, take me to the water.

Gonna lay down my burden, down by the riverside.  
Down by the riverside. Down by the riverside.  
Down by the riverside.  
Gonna lay down my burden, down by the riverside.  
Oh, take me, take me, take me, to the water.

Gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside.  
Down by the riverside. Down by the riverside.  
Down by the riverside.  
Gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside.  
Oh, take me, take me, take me, to the water.

Wade in the water. Wade in the water, children. Wade in the water.  
God's a-gonna trouble the water.  
Oh, oh, oh!

Take me, take me, take me, to the water!

– Rollo Dilworth (b. 1970)

### **They Are Mother**

What shall I call this force I know  
Who do I come to when I wonder  
The space that holds me when I'm low  
More than a parent, friend, or lover

They are Mover  
They are Maker  
They are Mother, mm  
They are Mother, mm

They are the breath I see in cold  
The ready muscle in the sprinter  
They are the glitter and the gold  
The steady heat lamp in the winter

They are Mover  
They are Maker  
They are Mother, mm  
They are Mother, mm

They nod and know  
They need nothing  
They're god and grow  
They bleed blessings

They are solitude  
They are multitude

They are gratitude

Laugh lines around the all-seeing eye  
And I can lean into the sky  
Laugh lines around the all-seeing eye  
And I can lean into the sky

– Jennifer Lucy Cook (b. 1988)

### **How Can I Cry?**

I'm walking slowly, taking in the cloudy day  
A river of people passes me and goes away  
I'm feelin' weary  
I'm feelin' like I'm wasting time  
The troubles in my life just ain't worth a dime

Sisters and brothers, forgive me for the things I say  
I'm losing the meaning, I'm losing sense of night and day  
The sun that I'm seein' it is the same around the earth  
So why is our freedom ruled by our birth?

And how can I cry about freedom  
When I've lived a whole life of liberty?  
And how can I sing about suff'ring and pain?  
I sing for all the souls who do not complain.

Tomorrow and justice seem so high and far away  
While people are hungry, mistreated each and every day  
Whatever, oh can I do?  
I'm standin' here on solid ground  
I sing for the silent people  
Lord, hear our sound.

And I'm wond'rin' why  
blues and blacks and grays  
Are cov'ring my world?  
What is the mystery of the dove  
That she stays so long away?  
Why are my sisters singin' songs  
Of their pain so beautif'ly?  
Why are my brothers crying tears of silence so helplessly?

And how can I cry...

– Moira Smiley (b. 1976)

### **Sure On This Shining Night**

Sure on this shining night  
Of star made shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
I weep for wonder wand'ring far  
alone  
Of shadows on the stars.  
– James Agee (1909-1955)

### **Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down**

Ain't no grave can hold my body down.  
They ain't no grave can keep a sinuh underground.  
Oh I will listen for the trumpet sound.  
Ain't no grave can hold my body down.

You know they rolled a stone on Jesus.  
And then they tried to bury me.  
But then the Holy Ghost it freed us  
So we could live eternally.

Sistuh you better get your ticket  
If you wanna ride.  
In the morning when Jesus calls my numbuh,  
I'll be on the other side.

Ain't no grave is gonna hold me.  
Ain't no man is gonna bury me.  
Ain't no serpent gonna trick me.  
Ain't no grave can hold my body down.

I will fly to Jesus  
In the mornin' when I die.  
I know he will take me

Home to live with him on high.

I will fly to Jesus in the mornin  
Don't look here. I'll be way up in the sky.  
Soon one day he's gonna call me up to heaven  
For a chariot ride.

Ain't no grave dug deep enough to hold me.  
Ain't no devil been slick enough to trick me.  
Ain't no grave digger man enough to bury me  
You cain't hold me down!

– Paul Caldwell (b. 1963) & Sean Ivory (b. 1969)

### **A Thank You Note to the Universe**

Last night I whispered  
a thank you note to the universe  
for it made oceans and stars  
equally beautiful and accessible  
for all of us; I breathe the same air  
as the people I love and the people I lose  
the particles of their existence are still  
surrounding me and this is how loneliness  
doesn't know how to find me alone

– Noor Unnihar (b. 1997), from *yesterday i was the moon*



