

CLASSICAL UPRISING
ORATORIO CHORALE • PORTLAND BACH EXPERIENCE • YOUTH CHOIRS

presents

Amazing Grace

The American Spiritual

Saturday, February 6, 2021, at 7:00 p.m.
Sanford Performing Arts Center
Livestream

Reginald Mobley, countertenor
JanaeSound, alto
Nathaniel Menifield, baritone
Jill Duson, reader
Scott Wheatley, piano

In collaboration with
the Sanford Performing Arts Center,
the Handel and Haydn Society,
and Indigo Arts Alliance

ORATORIO CHORALE

Sopranos

Natalie Blackington
Gabrielle LaRoche
Julie Marsh

Tenors

Peter Garlid
Scott Hanson
Sheila McDonald
Jonas Rimkunas

Altos

Nancy Farrand
Kitty Garlid
Carrie Strasburger

Basses

Daniel LaVerriere
Nathaniel Menifield
John Todd
Scott Wheatley

PRODUCTION STAFF

Emily Isaacson, Classical Uprising Artistic Director
Emily Southard, Classical Uprising Managing Director
Lynne Beasley, Classical Uprising Producer
Brett Williams, Sanford Performing Arts Center Director
Sarah Schnell, WSSR-TV Studio Manager
Nick Pires, Sound Director
Eric Lehmann, Lighting Director
Gwyn Chilcoat, Classical Uprising Intern
Paige Busse, Classical Uprising Intern

PROGRAM NOTES

Judith Casselberry, Associate Professor of Africana Studies at Bowdoin College

Additional notes for “How Much Longer Must We Wait” by Del’Shawn Taylor and for
“Amazing Grace” (arr. Jonathan Woody) by Gwyn Chilcoat

PROJECTIONS

Daniel Minter (United States, born 1961)
A Distant Holla, Currency Exchange, 2018
Acrylic and oil on canvas, carved poplar, mahogany, oak, and pine,
with cotton, copper, steel, hemp, tin, and plaster, 64 x 41 1/2 x 6 1/2 in.
Portland Museum of Art, Maine. Museum purchase with support from the
Freddy and Regina Homburger Endowment for Acquisitions, 2019.1a-d
Image courtesy of Luc Demers

PROGRAM

Songs in blue text, readings in black
Lyrics begin on page 12

• PRE-EMANCIPATION – FOLK SPIRITUALS – CONGREGATIONAL STYLE •

Over My Head

Reginald Mobley, Chorale

African American Spiritual

Excerpt from *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*

Jill Duson, reader

Frederick Douglass (c. 1818–1895)

They told a tale of woe...tones loud, long, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for deliverance from chains.

Were You There?

Nathaniel Menifield, Chorale

Traditional Spiritual

Arr. Patrick Dupré Quigley (b. 1977)

Excerpt from *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*

Frederick Douglass (c. 1818–1895)

I have often been utterly astonished....to find persons who could speak of the singing, among slaves, as evidence of their contentment and happiness. It is impossible to conceive of a greater mistake. ... 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.

Witness

Nathaniel Menifield

African American Spiritual

Arr. Jonathan Woody (b. 1983)

The Slave Mother

Heard you that shriek? It rose
So wildly on the air,
It seem'd as if a burden'd heart
Was breaking in despair.

Saw you those hands so sadly
clasped—
The bowed and feeble head—
The shuddering of that fragile form—
That look of grief and dread?

Frances Ellen Watkins Harper (1825–1911)

He is not hers, for cruel hands
May rudely tear apart
The only wreath of household love
That binds her breaking heart.

His love has been a joyous light
That o'er her pathway smiled,
A fountain gushing ever new,
Amid life's desert wild.

Saw you the sad, imploring eye?
Its every glance was pain,
As if a storm of agony
Were sweeping through the brain.

She is a mother pale with fear,
Her boy clings to her side,
And in her kirtle vainly tries
His trembling form to hide.

He is not hers, although she bore
For him a mother's pains;
He is not hers, although her blood
Is coursing through his veins!

His lightest word has been a tone
Of music round her heart,
Their lives a streamlet blent in one—
Oh, Father! must they part?

They tear him from her circling arms,
Her last and fond embrace.
Oh! never more may her sad eyes
Gaze on his mournful face.

No marvel, then, these bitter shrieks
Disturb the listening air:
She is a mother, and her heart
Is breaking in despair.

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child
JanaeSound, Chorale

African American Spiritual
Arr. Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)

• EMANCIPATION, JANUARY 1, 1863 AND POST EMANCIPATION •

Excerpt from *The Emancipation Proclamation*, as issued by
President Abraham Lincoln on September 22, 1862

A proclamation was issued by the President of the United States...That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State...shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free...

Song of Freedom
Chorale

Traditional Spirituals (*Oh, Freedom and Over My Head*)
Arr. Victor C. Johnson (b. 1978)

Excerpt from *Speech on the 20th Anniversary*
of the Emancipation Proclamation

Frederick Douglass (c. 1818–1895)

No people ever entered the portals of freedom under circumstances more unpropitious than the American freedmen. They were thrown overboard in an unknown sea, in the midst of a storm without planks, ropes, oars or life preservers and told they must swim or perish. They were without money, without friends, without shelter and without bread. The land which they had watered with their tears, enriched with their blood tiller's with their hard hands, was owned by their enemies. They were told to leave their old quarters and seek food and shelter elsewhere. In view of this condition of things the marvel is not so much that they have made little progress, but that they are not exterminated.

Steal Away
Reginald Mobley, Chorale

Traditional Spiritual
Arr. Patrick Dupré Quigley (b. 1977)

• **CONCERTIZED SPIRITUALS AND GOSPEL** •

Excerpt from *The Souls of Black Folk*

W.E.B. Du Bois (1868–1963)

...[O]ur gift of the Spirit has [not] been merely passive. Actively we have woven ourselves with the very warp and woof of this nation—we fought their battles, shared their sorrow, mingled our blood with theirs, and generation after generation have pleaded with a headstrong, careless people to despise not Justice, Mercy, and Truth, lest the nation be smitten with a curse. Our song, our toil, our cheer and warning have been given to this nation in blood brotherhood. Are not these gifts worth the giving? Is not this work and striving? Would American have been American without her Negro people? (162–63).

Mary Had a Baby
JanaeSound, Chorale

Traditional Spiritual
Arr. Roland Carter (b. 1942)

Wade in the Water
Reginald Mobley, JanaeSound, Chorale

Traditional Spiritual
Arr. Moses Hogan (1957–2003)

• **20TH CENTURY** •

Excerpt from *The Souls of Black Folk*

W.E.B. Du Bois (1868–1963)

The Nation has not yet found peace from its sins; the freedman has not yet found freedom in his promised land. Whatever of good may have come in these years of change, the shadow of a deep disappointment rests upon the Negro people...Through all the sorrow of the Sorrow songs there breathes a hope—a faith in the ultimate justice of things. The minor cadences of despair change often to triumph and calm confidence. Sometimes it is faith in life, sometimes a faith in death, sometimes assurance of the boundless justice in some fair world beyond. But whichever it is, the meaning is always clear: that sometime, somewhere, men will judge men by their souls and not by their skins. Is such a hope justified? Do the Sorrow songs ring true?

Precious Lord
Reginald Mobley

Thomas Dorsey (1899–1993)

Excerpt from *Let America Be America Again* (1935)

Langston Hughes (1902–1967)

[...] The free?
Who said the free? Not me?
Surely not me? The millions on relief
today?
The millions shot down when we
strike?
The millions who have nothing for our
pay?
For all the dreams we've dreamed
And all the songs we've sung
And all the hopes we've held
And all the flags we've hung,
The millions who have nothing for our
pay—
Except the dream that's almost dead
today.

O, let America be America again—
The land that never has been yet—
And yet must be—the land where
every man is free.
The land that's mine—the poor man's,
Indian's, Negro's, ME—
Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith
and pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose
plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream
again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you
choose—
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on
the people's lives,
We must take back our land again,
America!

O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath—
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our
gangster death,
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth,
and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the
rivers.
The mountains and the endless plain—
All, all the stretch of these great green
states—
And make America again!

City Called Heaven
JanaeSound, Chorale

Arr. Josephine Poelinitz (b. 1942)

**Excerpt from *If You Don't Go, Don't Hinder Me:*
*The African American Sacred Song Tradition***

Bernice Johnson Reagon (b. 1942)

Spirituals record the struggle of a people to survive, but like no other history, they have the power to touch the souls and stir the emotions of people who sing and hear them. This African American song, with its evolution within American society—like a great river shooting off hundreds of tributaries to be joined together somewhere further down the way—gives us the richest opportunity to view the African American song tradition in a way that unleashes the powerful human story it holds.

Over My Head
Reginald Mobley, Chorale

Traditional
Arr. Patrick Dupré Quigley (b. 1977)
Word change by Bernice Johnson Reagon c. 1960

• **BLACK LIVES MATTER** •

How to make yourself small or how to be black and survive

Porsha Olayiwola (b. 1988)

crouch down

low

do not extend your limbs to their full stature

bend your knees

allow your bones to fold or

crack

shrivel

let your skin hug to you

like a casket, keep it close

your tongue is thunderous

to dilute the roar, divert your eyes

observe only the pavement

how it is a

massive

shadow

spread

for us

a grave

see only the ants

melanoid and minuscule

scampering by

unscathed

How Much Longer Must We Wait
Nathaniel Menifield

Del'Shawn Taylor (b. 1993)

little prayer (2017)

Danez Smith

let ruin end here

let him find honey

where there was once a slaughter

let him enter the lion's cage

& find a field of lilacs

let this be the healing

& if not

let it be

* * * * *

SOLOISTS



Reginald Mobley, countertenor

Particularly noted for his “shimmering voice, a voice which also allows lucid and pure levels” (BachTrack), countertenor Reginald Mobley is highly sought after for baroque, classical, and modern repertoire.

Reginald leads a very prolific career in the United States. In March 2020, he became the first ever programming consultant for the Handel and Haydn Society following several years of leading H+H in his community engaging Every Voice concerts. He is a regular guest with Cantata Collective, Musica Angelica, Agave Baroque, Charlotte Bach Akademie, Seraphic Fire, Quodlibet, Pacific Music Works, Bach Collegium San Diego, San Francisco Early Music Society, and Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra. Recent engagements have included concerts and recordings with organizations such as Opera Lafayette, Miller Theatre (Columbia University), Blue Heron, Chatham Baroque, and Washington Bach Consort.

In Europe, his career is expanding; in the UK, he has toured with the Monteverdi Choir and English Baroque Soloists for the last five years, and has performed with the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Academy of Ancient Music, and was due to make his debut with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra in June 2022. He was also invited to perform with the OH! (Orkiestra Historyczna) in Poland and the Vienna Academy in Austria (Musikverein), gave a recital (with a Spiritual programme) at the Musée d’Orsay in Paris, and toured with the Freiburger Barockorchester under Kristian Bezuidenhout, Balthasar Neumann Chor & Ensemble, and the Bach Society in Stuttgart.

In autumn 2021, he will perform the role of Ottone in *L’incoronazione di Poppea* with the Budapest Festival Orchestra for a series of concerts in Europe, and he has been invited to sing *Messiah* with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in December 2021. Reginald is expecting to be touring Australia in April 2022 together with Bach Akademie Australia.

His recordings have been received with critical acclaim, including several Grammy nominations, most recently for his work on *A Lad’s Love* with Brian Giebler on BRIDGE 9542 label, which has been nominated for a Grammy Award for Best Classical Solo Vocal Album. He has also been featured on several albums with the Monteverdi Choir and Sir John Eliot Gardiner, including a recording of Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion* and *Magnificat*. His own projects include *Peace in Our Time* on Vgo Recordings label with frequent collaborators, Agave Baroque. He also looks forward to the release of *American Originals* with Agave Baroque, which celebrates the music of composers of color.



JanaeSound, alto

JanaeSound (BMI) , a powerhouse rock singer, hails from St. Louis where she began cultivating her love for music at the tender age of nine through the Opera Theatre of St. Louis. Known for her laser focus and unshakeable drive, JanaeSound was unsurprisingly tapped to open for FloRida for NOW 96.3 NOW Night Out. Currently based in Portland, Maine, JanaeSound has performed at Rock Row, Merrill Auditorium, Thompon's Point, and State Theatre. JanaeSound has also performed at the Heart Soul & Substance Festival, Sunaana Winter Music Festival, Bitter End (NYC), Pianos (NYC), Delancey (NYC), Nuyorican Poets Cafe (NYC), AllRoads

Music Festival, Harvest Moon Festival, Federal Frenzy (OH), The Mint (LA), Hotel Café (LA, BMI Showcase), House of Blues (Foundation Room, Chicago), Continental Club (TX).

She is known for producing the most diverse showcase in Maine, BeyDay, which featured 38 people of color, 33 women of color and 31 Black/African artists. During the pandemic she produced, curated, and performed in a groundbreaking showcase of Black artists called Juneteenth! which was pre-recorded live at the empty State Theatre and raised 10k for local organizations that empower Portland's Black Community. Janaesound is also the founder of Coded By Young Women Of Color, a nonprofit that educates, empowers, and engages young WOC in computer science and emerging tech like AR/VR. Learn more at cywoc.org.



Nathaniel Menifield, baritone

A Maine native, lyric baritone Nathaniel Menifield is earning high praise, particularly for his performances on the concert stage. Most recently, he served as the baritone soloist in the 2016 performances of Maurice Duruflé's *Requiem* with the Stanford Symphonic Chorus and the Peninsula Symphony (CA), and again in 2017 with the St. Andrew's Choir of Saratoga, CA. In 2017, he was named the winner of the competitive Polk Prize in Music Performance from Stanford University. His frequent collaborations with the Portland (ME) Choral Art Society and the Portland Symphony Orchestra have led to recent performances as a soloist in W.A. Mozart's *Requiem*; in the 2015 New England premiere of Robert Cohen's *Alzheimer's Stories*; and in Carl Rütti's striking 21st-century work, *In Paradisum*. Of the latter, the *Portland Press Herald* claimed, "The rendition by [...] baritone Nate Menifield could not have been better." In 2014, he was a featured soloist in the Portland CAS/PSO performances of Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia* and Leonard Bernstein's

Chichester Psalms.

Equally at home on the operatic stage, Mr. Menifield can often be seen on the stage of Portland's Merrill Auditorium. Its 2015–2016 season saw him in the roles of Guglielmo in scenes from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and Le médecin in Francis Poulenc's *Dialogues des Carmélites*. Other notable operatic roles include King Melchior in Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* and Pandolfe in Massenet's *Cendrillon*, both performed with the University of Southern Maine School of Music.

Frequently in demand as a teacher, guest conductor, adjudicator, and performer, Mr. Menifield attended Harvard College, where he studied French & Francophone Studies and sang with the Harvard-Radcliffe Collegium Musicum and the Kuumba Singers. In 2009, he earned the Bachelor of Music degree in music education from the University of Southern Maine School of Music, and has since been a high school music educator and choral director in Southern Maine. He also holds the Master of Arts degree in Policy, Organization, and Leadership Studies from the Stanford Graduate School of Education.



Jill Duson, Reader

A recent retiree and “serial volunteer,” Jill Duson retired after 21 years in elected office in the City of Portland, during which she served two terms as Mayor, 19 years as an At-Large City Councilor and three years on the Portland School Board. A retired attorney, Duson has served in a variety of executive leadership positions in Maine State Government, including Director of the Bureau of Rehabilitation Services and Director of Compliance at the Maine Human Rights Commission. Currently a member of the advisory circle of the Indigo Arts Alliance, Duson expects to add one or two additional volunteer commitments to her plate in the Spring.



Scott Wheatley, piano

Baritone Scott Wheatley, a native of Kansas, holds degrees from the University of Missouri/Kansas City Conservatory of Music and the University of South Florida. He has performed with opera companies in Kansas City, New York, Florida, and Connecticut, and has been a soloist with the Collegiate Chorale in New York and in performances in Israel and Switzerland. Scott is on faculty at the University of Southern Maine and serves as music director at First Parish Unitarian Universalist Church in Portland. He also enjoys an active career as a coach/accompanist collaborating with both singers and instrumentalists. He is assistant music director of the Oratorio Chorale.



Emily Isaacson, Artistic Director and Conductor

Dr. Emily Isaacson is a conductor fiercely committed to reimagining classical music for today’s audience. She is the artistic director of Classical Uprising, a performing arts company that believes classical music must rise up, challenge current norms, and re-envision where, how, and for whom we are making music. Classical Uprising includes Oratorio Chorale, a symphonic chorus, Portland Bach Experience, a series of immersive music festivals, and the Classical Uprising Youth Choirs for singers K-12. One of only a handful of female conductors in the country, Isaacson was named the 2018 Maine Artist of the Year by the Maine Arts Commission, one of 50 Mainers Leading the State by Maine Magazine, and the 2018 face of Maine’s Women’s Work. In 2008 Isaacson helped to launch Roomful of Teeth, a GRAMMY-winning new vocal music ensemble, and in 2015 and 2018 won third place in the American Prize in Choral Conducting She has taught at Clark University, Bowdoin College, and the University of Illinois. She lives in Portland, ME, with her husband, daughter, and son.

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PROGRAM LYRICS

Over My Head

Reginald Mobley, Chorale

African American Spiritual
Arr. Patrick Dupré Quigley (b. 1977)

Over my head, I hear music in the air,
Over my head, I see freedom in the air
Over my head, I see justice in the air,
There must be a God somewhere.

Were You There?

Nathaniel Menifield, Chorale

Traditional Spiritual
Arr. Patrick Dupré Quigley (b. 1977)

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when they rolled the stone away?
Were you there when they rolled the stone away?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they rolled the stone away?

Witness

Nathaniel Menifield

African American Spiritual
Arr. Jonathan Woody

Who'll be a witness for my Lord?
Who'll be a witness for my Lord?
My soul will be a witness for my Lord,
mm ... mm ...

There was a man of the Pharisees,
his name was Nicodemus and he didn't believe.
The same man came to Christ by night,
wanted to be taught out of human sight.
Nicodemus was a man who desired to know
how a man could be born when he is old.
Christ told Nicodemus as a friend:

“Man, you must be born again!” he said,
“Marvel not, man, if you be wise.
Repent, believe and be baptized!
Then you'll be a witness for my Lord.”
Then you'll be a witness for my Lord,
mm ... mm ...

You've heard about Samson, from his birth
he was the strongest man
who ever lived on earth.
Way back yonder in ancient times,
he killed ten thousand of the Philistines!

Then old Samson went a'wanderin' 'bout,
Samson's strength was never found out,
'Till his wife sat upon his knee, she said,
"Tell me where your strength lies, if you
please!" Old Delilah, she talk so fair,
Samson said, "Cut off-a my hair!
Shave my head just as clean as your hand,

and my strength will come like a natural man."

Samson was a witness for my Lord,
Samson was a witness for my Lord,
my soul will be a witness for my Lord!
There's another witness, there's another witness!
My soul, my soul, is a witness for my Lord!

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child

JanaeSound, Chorale

African American Spiritual
Arr. Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
A long way from home.

Sometimes I feel like I got no friends,
A long way from home.

Sometimes I feel like I got no friends,
Sometimes I feel like I got no friends,

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost home,
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost home,
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost home,
A long, long way from home.

Song of Freedom

Chorale

Traditional Spirituals (*Oh, Freedom* and *Over My Head*)

Arr. Victor C. Johnson (b. 1978)

Oh, freedom,
Oh, freedom over me.
And before I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
and go home to my Lord and be free.

In the far-off distance
I hear freedom's noble song.
Oh, freedom.
And before I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
and go home to my Lord and be free.

No more moanin',
No more groanin',
No more toil or woes for me.
And before I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
and go home to my Lord and be free.

Over my head, I see freedom in the air.
Over my head, I see freedom in the air.
There must be a God somewhere.
Oh, freedom, somewhere!
There's freedom in the air!

Steal Away

Reginald Mobley, Chorale

Traditional Spiritual
Arr. Patrick Dupré Quigley (b. 1977)

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus.
Steal away, steal away home,
I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus.
Steal away, steal away home,
I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord, He calls me,
He calls me like the thunder!
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul!
I ain't got long to stay here.

Green trees are bendin',
and sinners stand a-tremblin',
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul!
I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus.

Steal away, steal away home,
I ain't got long to stay here.

Mary Had a Baby
JanaeSound, Chorale

Traditional Spiritual
Arr. Roland Carter (b. 1942)

Mary had a baby, Oh my Lord!
Mary had a baby, Oh my Lord!
Where was He born?
Born in a manger low.
What did they call Him?
Some call Him one thing
But I'll call Him another,

Some say Immanuel.
I'll call him Sweet Little Jesus Boy —
I'll call Him Jesus,
Wonderful counselor,
Everlasting Father,
He's the Prince of peace
Oh, yes, oh my Lord.

Wade in the Water
Reginald Mobley, JanaeSound, Chorale

Traditional Spiritual
Arr. Moses Hogan (1957–2003)

Wade in the water,
Wade in the water, children,
Wade in the water,
God's gonna trouble the water.

See that band all dressed in red.
Well it looked like the band that Moses led.

See that host all dressed in white,
The leader looks like an Israelite.

Wade in the water,
Wade in the water, children,
Wade in the water,
God's gonna trouble the water.

Precious Lord
Reginald Mobley

Thomas Dorsey (1899–1993)

Precious Lord, take my hand,
Lead me on, help me stand,
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;
Through the storm, through the night,
Lead me on to the light,
Take my hand, precious Lord,
lead me home.

Hold my hand lest I fall,
Take my hand, precious Lord,
lead me home.

When my way grows drear,
precious lord, linger near,
When my life is almost gone,
Hear my cry, hear my call,

When the darkness appears,
And the night draws near,
Ad the day is past and gone,
At the river I stand
Guide my feet, guide my hand,
Take my hand, precious Lord,
lead me home.

City Called Heaven
JanaeSound, Chorale

Arr. Josephine Poelinitz (b. 1942)

I am a poor pilgrim, a pilgrim of sorrow,
I'm left in this old wide world alone!
Oh, I an't got no hope, no hope for tomorrow,
I'm trying to make it, make heaven my home.

Sometimes I'm tossed and I'm driven, Lord,
Sometimes I just don't know which way to turn,
Oh I heard of a city, of a city called heaven,
I'm trying to make it, make heaven my home.

Over My Head
Reginald Mobley, Chorale

Traditional

Arr. Patrick Dupré Quigley (b. 1977)

Word change by Bernice Johnson Reagon c. 1960

Over my head, I hear music in the air,
Over my head, I see freedom in the air
Over my head, I see justice in the air,
There must be a God somewhere.

How Much Longer Must We Wait
Nathaniel Menifield

Del'Shawn Taylor

How much longer must we wait for your
progress?
How much longer must we wait to hear
freedom's song?
How much longer must we wait?
How much more can our hearts take?
How much longer must we wait?
Oh Lord.

We've waited our mother's time, our father's
time, our brother's and sister's too.
We've been emancipated by a proclamation, had
amendments passed, but you find a way to make
our oppression last.

How much longer must we wait for your
progress?
How much longer must we wait to see justice
roll?
How much longer must we wait?
How much more can our hearts take?
How much longer must we wait?
Oh, my lord!

How many more of us have to die before your
progress?
How much longer must we be beaten and
trodden upon?
How much longer must we wait 'til you won't
judge us by our race, but look in our hearts.

How much longer
How much longer
How much longer?
How much longer?
No longer.

Amazing Grace
Reginald Mobley, JanaeSound, Chorale

John Newton (1725–1807)

Arr. Jonathan Woody

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.

How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

Bright morning stars are shining,
Day is breaking in my soul,

Bright morning stars are shining,
Day is breaking in my soul.

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.