



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Voice Studio Recital

John Cozza and Ryan Enright, piano

*Let Their Voices be Heard:
A Celebration of Black and African American Composers*

Till I wake (*5 Songs of Laurence Hope*)
Creole Girl (*Nightsongs*)

Annabelle Terry, soprano

H.T. Burleigh (1866-1949)
H. Leslie Adams (1932-2024)

Give me Jesus
The Daffodils (*Three Simple Songs*)

Merrissa Brambila, soprano

arr. by H.T. Burleigh
Adolphus Hailstork (b. 1941)

I dream a world
Soliloquy

Brianna Brock, soprano

Uzee Brown, Jr (b. 1950)
John W. Work (1901-1967)

Amazing Grace
Love let the wind cry...How I adore thee

Rachel Ashlin, soprano

H. Leslie Adams (1932-2024)
Undine Moore (1904-1989)

Compensation
For you there is no song

Nathan Montevirgen, baritone

Charles Lloyd, Jr. (b. 1948)
H. Leslie Adams

A Song Julius
Cassandra's Lullaby (*A Christmas Miracle*)

Ellie D'Elia, soprano

P. Williams (b. 1954)
Mark Fax (1911-1974)

Seven Days (*Child's World*)

Allisen Fong, soprano

Mable Bailey (b. 1949)

continued on reverse



MONDAY, 2:00 P.M.
NOVEMBER 4, 2024
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

The breath of a rose
Night

Deidra Hall, soprano

William Grant Still (1895-1978)
Florence Price (1887-1953)

Soliloquy (*Haunted/You are there*)
A Death song

Aryan Singh, baritone

Thomas H. Kerr, Jr (1915-1988)
Howard Swanson (1907-1978)

Balm in Gilead
Deep River

Kyungah, Lim, soprano

arr. by H.T. Burleigh

Compensation (*A set of 3 Dunbar Poems*)
Havana Dreams (A Heart on the Wall)

Zoë Garcia, coloratura

Betty Jackson King
Robert Owens (1925-2017)

All vocalists are students of Julie Miller.

TEXTS
VOICE STUDIO – 11/4/24

Till I wake

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly...
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop
In the wind from the south;
So I may when I wake – if there be an awakening
–
Keep what lulled me to sleep –
The touch of your lips on my mouth.
— *Laurence Hope*

Creole Girl

When you dance, do you think of Spain,
Purple skirts and clipping castanets,
Creole Girl?
When you laugh, do you think of France,
Golden wine and mincing minuets,
Creole Girl?
When you sing, do you think of young America,
Grey guns and battling bayonets?
When you cry, do you think of Africa,
Blue nights and casual canzonets?
When you dance, do you think of Spain,
Purple skirts and clipping castanets,
Creole Girl?
— *Leslie Morgan Collins*

Give me Jesus

Oh, when I come to die,
Give me Jesus.
You may have all this world,
Give me Jesus,

Dark midnight was my cry,
Give me Jesus.
You may have all this world,
Give me Jesus

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.

The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed -- and gazed -- but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.
— *William Wordsworth*

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!
— *Langston Hughes*

Soliloquy

If death be only half as sweet as life,
I will not fear.
I'll shed no tear,
Nor will I ask my friends to weep;
But quietly go, like melting snow
Upon a mountain's steep gray height.
Or wafted gently on a breeze
I'll drift among the trees
Like lovers' laughter
Echoing down a lane.
Or I will follow, willingly,
The soft spring rain
Around the river's bend.
*If death be only half as sweet as life,
I will not fear to go,
I love life so!*
— Myrtle Vorst Sheppard

Love let the wind cry...How I adore thee

Love let the wind cry
On the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees
And the tall hemlocks
With the great voice of
Thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent
In the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily
Out of the gray mist
Of primal chaos
Cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm
Of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bursting
On the white seaboard
Titan and tireless,
Tell, while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace you fill my heart with song,
A song of love that lasts the whole day long!
Amazing Grace, surround me
with the strength of your caress,
Renew my trust that I'm forever blessed!
Amazing Truth speak to me with your voice,
Uniting all within that says, "Rejoice!"
Amazing Truth unfold the joy that only you can
bring,
The joy that comes when I begin to sing!
Abiding hope, abiding faith
Abiding strength that comes to me.
Abiding life, abiding love,
Abiding song of eternity!
Amazing Grace, surround me
with the strength of your caress,
Renew my trust that I'm forever blessed!
Amazing Grace you fill my heart with song,
A song of love that lasts the whole day long!
A song of peace that frees my heart and lifts me
high above,
Amazing Grace, you fill me with your love!
— H. Leslie Adams

Love, let the clear call
Of the tree cricket,
Fairest of creatures,
Green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling
Resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

Let the glad lark-song
Over the meadow,
That melting lyric
Of molten silver,
Be for a signal
To listening mortals,
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds,
Surer, serener,
Fuller of passion
And exultation,
Let the hushed whisper
In thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.
— Sappho, translated by H.T. Wharton

Compensation

Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in His great compassion
Gave me the gift of song.
— *Paul Laurence Dunbar*

A Song

Thou art the soul of a summer's day,
Thou art the breath of the rose.
But the summer is fled
And the rose is dead;
Where are they gone, who knows?

Thou art the blood of my heart o' hearts,
Thou art my soul's repose
But my heart grows numb
And my soul is dumb;
Where art thou, love, who knows?

Thou art the hope of my after years —
Sun for my winter snows;
But the years go by
'Neath a clouded sky.
Where shall we meet, who knows?
— *Paul Laurence Dunbar*

Seven Days

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday,
Seven days! Guess what I think?
Monday, lemon. Tuesday, Chocolate.
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
icecream.
Seven days, But one I hate is Monday.
— *Mabel Bailey*

For you there is no song

For you there is no song,
Only the shaking of the voice that meant to sing,
The sound of the strong voice breaking.
Strange in my hand appears the pen,
And yours broken
There are ink and tears on the page.
Only the tears have spoken.
— *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

Cassandra's Lullaby

I'm a going to fetch a star or two,
And lay them winking down on you.
Little baby, precious baby,
Sleeping right here in my arms.
Ain't no harm gonna creep
While you sleep, baby brother.
You are smiling mighty nice,
Must be dreaming 'bout little Christ.
When you wake, there'll be milk to drink,
And the star to see.
I'm a going to fetch a star or two,
And lay them winking down on you.
Little baby, precious baby,
Sleeping right here in my arms.
— *Owen Dodson*

The Breath of a Rose

Love is like dew
On lilacs at dawn:
Comes the swift sun
And the dew is gone.

Love is like star-light
In the sky at morn:
Star-light that dies
When day is born.

Love is like perfume
In the heart of a rose:
The flower withers,
The perfume goes—

Love is no more
Than the breath of a rose,
No more
Than the breath of a rose.
— *Langston Hughes*

Night

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,
She lights her stars, and turns to where,
Beneath her silver lamp the moon,
Upon a couch of shadow lies
A dreamy child,
The wearied Day.
— *Louise C. Wallace*

Soliloquy (Haunted/You are there)

You haunt me at night,
You haunt me by day.
I find your face able in some wondrous way,
To brighten my mood from its dark shades of gray.
You are there, Evry' where!
On drab, routine mornings
We put on our masks
of courteous interest and face
our dull tasks.
My fresh animation and the bright smile
I'm starting to wear.
Won't you share?
It may best be attributed
to self-esteem,
Of all lonely torments,
my heart's been swept clean.
For the new thrill of hearing those words,
I'd begun to despair.
How I care!
You create my fantasies.
Fill them with grace.
Illumine my daydreams
and sharpen my taste.
For all that is wonderful, shared and sublime
You are there, Evry where!
Haunting me till the ending of time.
— *Thomas H. Kerr*

Theology

There is a heaven, for ever, day by day,
The upward longing of my soul doth tell me so.
There is a hell, I'm quite sure; for pray,
If there were not, where would my neighbours go?
— *Paul Laurence Dunbar*

A death song

lay me down beneath the willows in the grass,
Where the branch will go a-singin' as it pass.
And when I'm lyin' low
I can hear it as it goes singin',
"Sleep my honey, take your rest at last."

Lay me nigh to where it makes a little pool.
And the water stands so quiet like and cool.
Where the little birds in the spring used to come
and drink and sing,
And the children waded on their way to school.

Let me settle when my shoulders drop their load.
Nigh enough to hear the noises in the road.
For I think the last long rest
Goin to soothe my spirit best,
If I'm lying 'mongst the things
I've always known.
— *Paul Laurence Dunbar*

Love Come and Love Gone

Consider me a memory, a dream that passed
away;
Or yet a flower that has blown and shattered in a
day;
For passion sleeps, alas,
and keeps no vigil with the years
And wakens to no conjuring of orisons or tears.
Consider me a melody that served its simple turn,
Or but the residue of fire that settles in the urn,
For love defies pure reasoning and undeterred
flows
Within, without the vassal heart—its reasoning,
who knows?
— *Georgia Douglas Johnson*

Balm in Gilead

There is a Balm in Gilead,
To make the wounded whole
There is a Balm in Gilead,
to heal the sin-sick soul

Sometimes I feel discouraged,
And think my work's in vain,
But then the Holy Spirit,
Revives my soul again

There is a Balm in Gilead,
To make the wounded whole
There is a Balm in Gilead,
to heal the sin-sick soul

If you can preach like Peter,
If you can pray like Paul,
Go home and tell your neighbor,
"He died to save us all"

There is a Balm in Gilead,
To make the wounded whole
There is a Balm in Gilead,
to heal the sin-sick soul

Havana Dreams

The dream is a cocktail at Sloppy Joe's --
(Maybe -- nobody knows.)
The dream is the road to Batabano.
(But nobody knows if that is so.)

Perhaps the dream is only her face --
Perhaps it's a fan of silver lace --
Or maybe the dream's a Vedado rose --
(Quien sabe? Who really knows?)
— *Langston Hughes*

Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into
campground.
Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast?
That promised land, where all is peace?

Compensation

Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in His great compassion
Gave me the gift of song.

Because I have loved so vainly,
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master in infinite mercy
Offers the boon of Death.
— *Paul Laurence Dunbar*