LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA
VIRTUAL EDITION

Saturday, October 3, 2020; 7:30PM • Paristown Hall

Teddy Abrams, conductor • Davóne Tines, baritone

Program

John Rosamond Johnson James Weldon Johnson (Lyrics) Davóne Tines, baritone	Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing (5 min.)
Jessie Montgomery	Starburst (3 min.)
Samuel Barber/ Matthew Arnold Davóne Tines, baritone	Dover Beach (9 min.)
Caroline Shaw Albert Brumley (1929) attributed to Lloyd Chandler (ca 1920) Davóne Tines, baritone	By and By (10 min.) IV. I'll Fly Away III. O Death
Davóne Tines /Igee Dieudonné (ARR. Matthew Aucoin) Davóne Tines, baritone	VIGIL (4 min.)
Ludwig van Beethoven	Symphony No. 3 in E-flat Major, Op. 55 "Eroica" (42 min) I. Allegro con brio

LYRICS

Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing (1899)
Music: John Rosamond Johnson (1873-1954)
Lyrics: James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938)

Lift ev'ry voice and sing
'Til earth and heaven ring
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning 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

Dover Beach (1931) - Samuel Barber (1910 –1981)
Poem of the same name written in 1867 by Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

The sea is calm to-night
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast, the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand
Glimmering and vast, out in the moonlit bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray,
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched sand
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling
At their return, up the high strand
Begin and cease, and then again begin
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery: we
Find also in the sound a thought
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams
So various, so beautiful, so new
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night

By and By (2010) - Caroline Shaw
IV. I'll Fly Away - Albert Brumley (1929)

Some bright morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To that home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away

I'll fly away oh glory
I'll fly away
When I die hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life are over
I'll fly away
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly
I'll fly away

Oh how glad and happy when we meet
I'll fly away
No more cold iron shackles on my feet
I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joys will never end
I'll fly away

III. O Death - original attributed to Lloyd Chandler, ca 1920

O Death,
O Death,
Won't you spare me over til another year?

Well what is this that I can't see
With ice cold hands taking hold of me?
"Well I am Death none can excel
I'll open the door to heaven or hell."

Whoa Death, someone would pray,
Could you wait to call me til another day
The children played, the preacher preached,
Time and mercy is out of your reach.

"I'll fix your feet so you can't walk.
I'll lock your jaw so you can't talk.
I'll close your eyes so you can't see.
This very hour come and go with me.

In death I come to take the soul
Leave the body and leave it cold
To drop the flesh off from the frame
The earth and worms both have a claim."

O Death,
O Death,
Won't you spare me over til another year?

My mother came to my bed
Placed a cold towel upon my head
My head is warm, my feet are cold
Death is movin' upon my soul.

O Death how you're treatin' me
You close my eyes so I can't see
You're hurtin' my body, you make me cold
You run my life right out of my soul.

O Death please consider my age
Please don't take me at this stage
My wealth is all at your command
If you'll remove your icy hands.

"Oh the young, the rich, the poor
All alike to me, you know
No wealth, no land, no silver or gold
Nothing satisfies me but your soul."

O Death,
O Death,
Won't you spare me over til another year.

VIGIL (2020)- Davóne Tines / Igee Dieudonné/ ARR. Matthew Aucoin

Where there is darkness we'll bring light.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah