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## 16TH ANNUAL DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. TRIBUTE CONCERT

JANUARY 21, 2018  
SYMPHONY HALL

LYNNE JOY JENKINS, Guest Conductor  
ANTHONY TRECEK-KING, President and Artistic Director

<b>We are the Ones We Been Waiting For</b>	Bernice Johnson Reagon
<b>Lord, How Come Me Here?</b>	Traditional Spiritual arr. Evelyn Simpson-Curenton
<b>Harriet Tubman</b>	Walter Robinson arr. Kathleen McGuire
<b>Resignation</b>	Florence B. Price
<b>Emlanjeni</b>	Traditional Zulu
<b>The March of the Women</b>	Ethel Smyth
<b>Letter from a Girl to the World</b>	Andrea Ramsey
<b>Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around</b>	African American Spiritual arr. Rollo Dilworth
<b>Glory from "Selma"</b>	John Legend & Common arr. Stephen Feigenbaum
<b>How Can I Cry?</b>	Moira Smiley
<b>We Shall Walk Through the Valley</b>	Negro Spiritual arr. Undine Smith Moore
<b>Think (Freedom)</b>	Aretha Franklin & Ted White arr. Mark Brymer
<b>At the Table</b>	Richard Smallwood
<b>Let the River Run</b>	Carly Simon arr. Craig Hella Johnson

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## LYRICS

**WE ARE THE ONES WE BEEN WAITING FOR**  
Music by Bernice Johnson Reagon  
Words by June Jordan

We are the ones we been waitin' for.

**LORD, HOW COME ME HERE?**  
arr. Evelyn Simpson-Curenton

Lord, how come me here?  
I wish I never was bo'n.

Dere aint no freedom here, Lord,  
I wish I never was bo'n.

Dere's so much evil here, Lord,  
I wish I never was bo'n.

Dey sol' my chiren away, Lord,  
I wish I never was bo'n.

Lord, how come me here?  
I wish I never was bo'n.

**HARRIET TUBMAN**  
Words and Music by Walter Robinson  
arr. Kathleen McGuire

One night I dreamed I was in slavery,  
'bout eighteen-fifty was the time.  
Sorrow was the only sign;  
nothing around to ease my mind.

Out of the night appeared a lady  
leading a distant pilgrim band.  
"First mate," she yelled, pointing her hand,  
"Make room aboard for this young wman,"

An' Sayin', "Come on up," puh, huh, huh,  
I got a lifeline, Come on up to this train of mine."  
said her name was Harriet Tubman,  
And she drove for the Underground Railroad

Hundreds of miles we traveled onward,  
gathering slaves from town to town  
Seeking ev'ry lost and found,  
setting those free that once were bound.

Somehow my heart was growing weaker,  
fell by the wayside's sinking sand.  
Firmly did this lady stand.  
Lifted me up and took my hand.

An' Sayin', "Come on up," puh, huh, huh,  
I got a lifeline, Come on up to this train of mine."  
said her name was Harriet Tubman,  
And she drove for the Underground Railroad  
who are these children dressed in red?

They must be the ones that Moses led.  
An' Sayin', "Come on up, Underground Railroad. Come on up!"

## RESIGNATION

**Words and Music by Florence B. Price**

My life is a pathway of sorrow;  
I've struggled and toiled in the sun  
with hope that the dawn of tomorrow  
would break on a work that is done.

My Master has pointed the way  
he taught me in prayer to say;  
"Lord, give us this day and our daily bread."  
I hunger, yet I shall be fed.

My feet, they are wounded and dragging;  
My body is tortured with pain;  
My heart, it is shattered and flagging,  
What matter, if, Heaven I gain.

Of happiness once I have tasted;  
Twas only an instant it paused  
tho brief was the hour that I wasted  
For ever the woe that it caused.

I'm tired and want to go home  
My mother and sister are there;  
They're waiting for me to come  
Where mansions are bright and fair.

## EMLANJENI/EYELELE

Zulu

**Verses and arrangement by Jimmy Mulovhedzi  
Transcribed by Tova Olson**

Emlanjeni eBabiloni	<i>By the rivers of Babylon</i>
Sathivuthu sahlala phansi	<i>Where we all sit down</i>
Salila izinyembezi	<i>And cried</i>

Somandla siyabonga	<i>Lord we thank you</i>
Ngothando osiphe lona	<i>For your love</i>
Sikhala sihlupheka	<i>Through our troubles</i>
Uyazisul' izinyembezi	<i>You wipe our tears</i>

Yele yelele Jehovah	<i>Praise Jehovah</i>
Yele Modimo	<i>Praise the Lord</i>

## THE MARCH OF THE WOMEN

**Music by Ethel Smyth**

**Text by Cicely Hamilton**

Shout, shout, up with your song!  
Cry with the wind, for the dawn is breaking;  
March, march, swing you along,  
Wide blows our banner, and hope is waking.  
Song with its story, dreams with their glory  
Lo! they call, and glad is their word!  
Loud and louder it swells,  
Thunder of freedom, the voice of the Lord!

Long, long, we in the past  
Covered in dread from the light of heaven,  
Strong, strong, stand we at last,  
Fearless in faith and with sight newgiven.  
Strength with its beauty, Life with its duty,  
(Hear the voice, oh hear and obey!)  
These, these, beckon us on!  
Open your eyes to the blaze of day.

Comrads, ye who have dared  
First in the battle to strive and sorrows,  
Scorned, spurned, nought have ye cared,  
Raising your eyes to a wider morrow,  
Ways that are weary, days that are dreary,  
Toil and pain by faith ye have borne;  
Hail, hail, victors ye stand,  
Wearing the wreath that the brave have worn!

Life, strife, these two are one,  
Nought can ye win but by faith and daring.  
On, on, that ye have done  
But for the work of today preparing.  
Firm in reliance, laugh a defiance,  
(Laugh in hope, for sure is the end)  
March, march, many as one,  
Shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend.

## **LETTER FROM A GIRL TO THE WORLD**

**Music by Andrea Ramsey**

**Text by the writings of 7th & 8th grade members of Bel Canto,  
Washington Junior High in Bentonville, Arkansas - 2006-2007**

In my heart there are hopes and dreams and all different beautiful things.  
In my heart there's a sunrise glowing and a warmth that holds me there.  
And I think of the beauty in the world all around,  
in the clouds that roll across the sky,  
in the clean smell of the rain and the colors of the fall,  
and it makes me happy and I wish that others saw it too.

If you love your children, are you sure they know?  
Have you said the words out loud?  
We want to hear them!  
Are you listening with your heart when they're sharing theirs?  
Have you given us a chance to make you proud?  
Do you know who I am? Do you really know?  
'Cause you can't tell by looking at me:  
that underneath all this happiness inside there's a part of me nobody sees.

I wonder who I am. Who am I?  
I wonder who I'll be. Who will I be?  
What will my life become?  
There are just so many questions inside me.  
Am I good enough? Am I pretty enough?  
Can I learn not to care what others think?  
Can I make a difference in someone else's life,  
and can others see their love in me?

## **AIN'T GONNA LET NOBODY TURN ME AROUND**

**African American Spiritual with additional text by Langston Hughes  
arr. Rollo Dilworth**

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around,  
turn me around, turn me around.  
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around,  
I'm gonna keep on walkin', keep on talkin',  
marchin' up to Freedom Land.

There are words like Freedom,  
sweet and wonderful to say.  
On my heartstrings freedom sings  
all day everyday.

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around,  
turn me around, turn me around.  
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around,  
I'm gonna keep on singin', keep on shoutin',  
marchin' up to Freedom Land.

There are words like Liberty  
that almost make me cry.  
If you had known what I know,  
you would know why.

I cannot turn around. No!  
Cannot turn around. No turning back!  
No, no, no, no. Can't turn around!

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around,  
turn me around, turn me around.  
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around,  
I'm gonna keep on walkin', keep on talkin',  
keep on singin', keep on shoutin',  
marchin' up to Freedom Land.

## **GLORY**

**John Legend and Common  
arr. Stephen Feigenbaum**

One day when the glory comes  
It will be ours, it will be ours  
Oh one day when the war is won  
We will be sure, we will be sure  
Oh glory (Glory, glory)

Hands to the Heavens, no man, no weapon  
Formed against, yes glory is destined  
Every day women and men become legends  
Sins that go against our skin become blessings  
The movement is a rhythm to us  
Freedom is like religion to us  
Justice is juxtapositionin' us  
Justice for all just ain't specific enough  
One son died, his spirit is revisitin' us  
Truant livin' livin' in us, resistance is us  
That's why Rosa sat on the bus  
That's why we walk through Ferguson with our hands up



When it go down we woman and man up  
They say, "Stay down," and we stand up  
Shots, we on the ground, the camera panned up  
King pointed to the mountain top and we ran up

One day when the glory comes  
It will be ours, it will be ours  
Oh one day when the war is won  
We will be sure, we will be sure  
Oh glory (Glory, glory)

Now the war is not over, victory isn't won  
And we'll fight on to the finish, then when it's all done  
We'll cry glory, oh glory (Glory, glory)  
Oh (Glory, glory)  
We'll cry glory, oh glory (Glory, glory)

Selma's now for every man, woman and child  
Even Jesus got his crown in front of a crowd  
They marched with the torch, we gon' run with it now  
Never look back, we done gone hundreds of miles  
From dark roads he rose, to become a hero  
Facin' the league of justice, his power was the people  
Enemy is lethal, a king became regal  
Saw the face of Jim Crow under a bald eagle  
The biggest weapon is to stay peaceful  
We sing, our music is the cuts that we bleed through  
Somewhere in the dream we had an epiphany  
Now we right the wrongs in history  
No one can win the war individually  
It takes the wisdom of the elders and young people's energy  
Welcome to the story we call victory  
The comin' of the Lord, my eyes have seen the glory

One day when the glory comes  
It will be ours, it will be ours  
Oh one day when the war is won  
We will be sure, we will be sure  
Oh glory (Glory, glory)

## **HOW CAN I CRY?** **Words and Music by Moira Smiley**

Walkin' slowly takin' in the cloudy day  
a river of people passes me and goes away  
I'm feelin' weary feelin' like I'm wasting time  
the trouble in my life just ain't worth a dime

Oh sisters and brothers forgive me for the things I say  
Im losing the meaning I'm losing sense of night and day  
The sun that I'm seein' 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 seems so high and far away  
while people are hungry mistreated each and ev'ry day  
whatever can I do Im standin' here on solid ground  
I sing for the silent people Lord hear our sound!

I'm wond'rin' why blues and blacks and greys are cov'ring the 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 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

## **WE SHALL WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY** **Negro Spiritual**

arr. Udine Smith Moore

Lord, we shall walk in peace.  
We shall walk through the valley in peace.  
If Jesus, himself shall be our leader,  
We shall walk through the valley in peace.

There will be no trials there,  
If Jesus, himself shall be our leader,  
We shall walk through the valley in peace.  
Lord, we shall walk in peace.

## **THINK (FREEDOM)**

**Words and Music by Aretha Franklin and Ted White  
arr. Mark Brymer**

Think, think about what you're trying to do to me  
Yeah, Think,  
That your mind gon' let yourself be free

Let's go back let's go back  
Let's go way on back when  
I didn't even know yo  
couldn't been too much more than ten  
I ain't no psychiatrist, ain't no doctor with degrees  
It don't take too much-a high IQ  
To see what you're doin' to me

Yeah, think, think about what you're trying to do to me  
Yeah, Think.  
let your mind go, let yourself be free  
Oh, freedom, yeah, freedom!

There ain't nothin' you could ask  
I could answer you but I won't  
I was gonna change, but I'm not  
If you keep doin' things I don't

Think about what 'cha try'na do to me  
Think, let your mind go, let yourself be free!

People walkin' round ev'ry day  
Playin' games, and takin' score.  
Try'na to make other people lose their minds,  
well I be careful, don't lose yours. Yeah.

Freedom, yeah, freedom! Think about it.

There ain't nothin' you could ask,  
I could answer you but I won't.  
I was gonna change, but I'm not  
'If you keep doin' things I don't.

Hey, think, think about what'cha try'na do to me  
Baby! Think!  
Let your mind go, let yourself be free.

You need me, and I need you,  
without each other there ain't nothin' people can do.  
Freedom, yeah, freedom!

## **AT THE TABLE**

**Words and Music by Richard Smallwood**

Come on in where the table is spread,  
and the feast of the Lord is going on!

Joy is here where the table is spread,  
and the feast of the Lord is going on!

Seekin' healing for body, (It's over here,)  
seekin' for the healing of your soul. (over here!)  
Seekin' for you souls' salvation, (It's over here,)  
if you want the Lord to make you whole! (over here!)

Love is here where the table is spread,  
and the feast of the Lord is going on!

If you need more strength and more power, (It's over here,)  
relief from your burden and your pain. (over here!)  
Seeking for some joy in your sorrow, (It's over here,)  
feast and you will never be the same. (over here!)

Peace is here where the table is spread,  
and the feast of the Lord is going on!

## **LET THE RIVER RUN**

**Words and Music by Carly Simon  
arr. Craig Hella Johnson**

Coming to the edge,  
running on the water

Let the river run,  
Let all the dreamers  
wake the nation.  
come, the New Jerusalem.

Silver cities rise;  
The morning lights  
the streets that meet them.  
And sirens call them on  
With a song.

It's asking for the taking,  
trembling, shaking.  
Oh, my heart is aching.

We're coming to the edge,  
Running on the water,  
coming through the fog,  
your sons and daughters.