



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**John DuBois, tenor**  
**Sara Steele, piano**

Sunday, April 28, 2024

7:00pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Sancta Mater istud agas (*Stabat Mater*)

Franz Joseph Haydn  
(1732-1809)

Courtney Parnitke, soprano

*Cuatro Canciones Argentinas*

Desde que te conoci  
Viniendo de Chilecito  
En los surcos del amor  
Mi garganta

Carlos Guastavino  
(1912-2000)

L'esule (*Peches de Vieillesse*)

Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)

Il Fervido Desiderio (*Tre Ariette*)

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

Il Barcaiolo (*Nuits d'été à Pausilippe*)

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

Go Down Moses

Traditional  
Arr. Hall Johnson  
(1888-1970)

**Intermission**

Verlust  
Die Mainacht

Fanny Hensel-Mendelssohn  
(1805-1847)

You Matter to Me (*Waitress*)

Sara Bareilles  
(1979-present)

Kaylyn Davis, mezzo-soprano

Selections from *Old American Songs*

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

The Boatmen's Dance

Simple Gifts

Zion's Walls

At the River

Ching-A-Ring Chaw

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for BM in Voice Performance.

Mr. DuBois is a student of Dr. James D. Rodriguez

The use of recording equipment or flash photography is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

## Program Notes

### **Sancta Mater istud Agas (*Stabat Mater*)**

**Haydn**

Haydn was influenced by his father's love for music. At eight years-old, Haydn's talent was discovered by the music director of Vienna's St Stephen's Cathedral and was immediately recruited for the choir of men and boys. He was known for being a troublemaker at the cathedral, including a moment where he cut off one of the boy's pig tails (at the time, young choir boys wore pigtails), which caused him to be expelled from the choir school. He struggled to find his way in Vienna but was then hired as a court composer and musician in Vienna. Later in his career, he became a father of classical music, and wrote 104 symphonies, 50 concertos, 84 string quartets, and 24 staged works. As a Roman Catholic, Haydn wrote numerous sacred works, including 12 masses. The *Stabat Mater* liturgy was prescribed in the Roman Catholic Church as a sequence for Mass of the Seven Sorrows of Mary. It is traditionally sung on the Friday before Holy Week. Haydn successfully composed his version of 14 movements and scored for choir, orchestra, soprano, mezzo-soprano, tenor, and bass soloists in 1767, making him one of my favorite composers of all time.

#### **Latin Text:**

Sancta Mater istud Agas,  
Crucifixi fige plagas cordi meo valide

*-13<sup>th</sup> century Latin Hymn*

#### **English Translation:**

Holy Mother, grant that the wounds of the  
Crucified drive deep into my heart

*-English Translation by Edward Caswall*

### **Cuatro Canciones Argentinas**

**Guastavino**

Known as the Schubert of Argentina, Carlos Guastavino was born in Santa Fe, Argentina in 1912. In his youth, his father coersed him to follow a career in science; however, due to his exquisite musical talents, he entered the National Conservatory of Buenos Aires. After graduation, he was awarded a full scholarship to pursue music in Britain, where his piece, *Tres Romances Argentinas*, was premiered by Walter Goehr and the BBC Symphony Orchestra. Guastavino incorporated traditional folk musical elements of Argentina in his compositions. He was invited to tour China and the USSR to promote his music including famous art songs *Se Equivoco La Paloma*, *La Rosa y el Sauce*, and *Cuatro Canciones Argentinas*. This cycle includes four folksongs and was completed in 1949. It represents Guastavino's influence of Argentinian folk music and his nationalist views. Argentina, with its deep musical history, is often referred as the "Europe of the Americas." I selected this cycle to promote Argentina's musical heritage,

something I am very passionate about due to its richness and a reminder of my maternal grandfather, who loves this style of music.

**Spanish Text:**

**Desde que te Conoci**

Desde que te conocí; Te hiciste dueña de mí.  
Yo no te ofrezco grandezas vida?  
Solo el amor que te di  
El amor con el amor. El desdén con el desdén.  
Y la ingratitud se paga, vida; Con la ingratitud también.  
Cuando nada te debía; Toda el alma me robaste.  
Y recuerda que pecaste; La drona del alma mía. Y hasta otro día.  
Qué Consuelo puedo darte y al tiempo de mi partida.  
Te dejo mi corazón. Te dejo toda mi vida y hasta otro día.  
También te dejo una palma. Con un letrero que dice: Adios vida del alma  
y hasta otro día.

*-Anonymous*

**English Translation:**

**Since I have met you**

Since I met you; you have owned me  
Do I not tease your great life?  
Only the love I gave you.  
Love with love. Disdain with disdain.  
And ingratitude is paid with life; with ingratitude as well.  
When nothing was owed you; You stole my soul.  
And remember that you sinned; thief of my soul.  
And until another day.  
What comfort can I give you. And at the time of my departure, I leave you my heart.  
I leave you my life. And until another day.  
Also I leave you a hand. With a sign that says: Good-bye vine of my soul,  
and until another day.

*-English Translation by Jesús de Hoyos Jr.*

**Spanish Text:**

**Viniendo de Chilecito**

Viniendo de Chilecito,  
en el camino encontré.  
A una riojana linda que ella me  
quiso y me enamoré,  
Chilecito flor de mi hogar.  
Por donde quiera que

vaya de la riojana m'hei de acordar.  
Para olvidar las penas que ya me matan en Tabacal.

*-Anonymous*

**English Translation:**  
**Coming from Chilecito**

Coming from Chilecito, on the path I found.  
To a grape farm maiden that she loved me and I fell for her.  
Chilectio flower of my home.  
Where I go from the maiden I agree.  
To forget the pains that I have, I kill them in Tabacal.

*-English Translation by Jesús de Hoyos Jr.*

**Spanish Translation:**  
**En los surcos del amor**

En los surcos del amor donde se siembran los celos.  
He recogido pesares nacidos de mis desvelos.  
En que tribunal has visto mal pagadora.  
Condenar a un inocente, bella traidora.  
En los surcos del amor donde se siembran los celos.

*-Anonymous*

**English Translation:**  
**In the furrows of love**

In the furrows of love where jealousy is sown.  
I collected sorrows born from my sleepless.  
In which trial have you seen poor payers.  
Condemn an innocent beautiful traitor.  
In the furrows of love where jealousy is sown.

*-English Translation by Jesús de Hoyos Jr.*

**Spanish Translation:**  
**Mi Garganta**

Mi garganta no es de palo  
Ay! Pobre de mi, de mi paloma  
Ni hechura de carpintero donde andará  
Esa cholita traidora.  
Y así cantando y bailando  
Ay! Pobre de mi, de mi paloma  
Chiquita vengo ganando donde andará

Esa cholita traidora.

-Anonymous

**English Translation:  
My Throat**

My throat is not a stick  
Ah! Poor me, of my dove  
Not made by a carpenter where we will walk  
That sweet traitor.  
And so singing and dancing  
Ah! Poor me, of my dove  
Little girl I have been winning wherever I go  
That sweet traitor

-English Translation by Jesús de Hoyos Jr.

**L'esule**

**Rossini**

We know Rossini for works including *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Guillaume Tell*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *La Donna del Lago*, and *Petite Messe Solennelle*. What is not promoted frequently in the concert halls are his art songs. On a side trip to Rome, he wrote his most famous opera, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. After incredible success in Italy, he and Isabella Colbran moved to Paris, France, to immerse themselves in French music. While in Paris, he reached his French musical peak with *Guillaume Tell*. *L'esule* was written as a part of his song cycle, *Peches de Vieillesse*, inspired by Italy's first attempt for independence from their monarchy in 1831.

**L'Esule**

Qui sempre ride il cielo,  
qui verde ognor la fronda,  
qui del ruscello l'onda  
dolce mi scorre al pie';  
ma questo suol non è  
la Patria mia.

Qui nell'azzurro flutto  
sempre si specchia il sole;  
i gigli e le viole  
crescono intorno a me;

ma questo suol non è  
la Patria mia

Le vergini son vaghe  
come le fresche rose  
che al loro crin compose  
amor pegno di fe';  
ma questo suol non è  
la Patria mia.

Nell'Itale contrade  
è una città Regina;  
la Ligure marina  
sempre le bagna il pie'.  
La ravvisate, ell'è  
la Patria mia.

*-Giuseppe Torre*

**English Translation:  
The Exile**

Here always laughing is the sky,  
here ever green is the bough,  
here the brook's wave  
sweetly flows over my feet;  
but this soil is not  
my homeland.

Here in the blue wave  
always reflected is the sun;  
the lilies and the violets  
grow around me;

but this soil is not  
my homeland.

The virgins are pretty,  
like the fresh roses  
from which they make for their hair  
tokens of their faithful love;  
but this soil is not  
my homeland.

In the Italian countryside  
there is a queen among cities;  
the Ligurian coast  
always bathes your feet.  
You recognize it, it is  
my homeland.

*-English translation by Dennis Gotkowski*

## **Il Fervido Desiderio**

## **Bellini**

Along with his counterparts, Rossini and Donizetti, Bellini was a master of Bel Canto. He moved to Naples, Italy, to enroll at the Real Collegio di Musica. While in Naples, he was immersed in Rossini's music, whose operas thrived in the Neapolitan opera stages. After Bellini graduated from the conservatory, he was commissioned by Napoli's, Teatro di San Carlo, to write *Bianca e Fernando*. After vast success in Naples, he was commissioned by Milan's, Teatro alla Scala, to write, *Il Pirata*, which made Bellini one of Italy's leading opera composers. Furthermore, he wrote his operas *I Puritani*, and *Norma*. In the neoclassical era, it was common for Italian opera composers to produce three or four operas a year. Bellini believed his compositions needed additional time to craft, which led to a drop in his reputation in the Italian opera houses. *Il Fervido Desiderio* comes from Bellini's cycle, *Tre Ariette*, with text by an anonymous poet.

### **Italian Text: Il Fervido Desiderio**

Quando verrà quel dì  
che riveder potrò



quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel di  
che in sen t'accoglierò,  
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

*-Anonymous*

### **English Translation:**

#### **The Fervent Wish**

When will that day come  
when I may see again  
that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come  
when I welcome you to my bosom,  
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

*-English Translation by Camilla Bugge*

## **Il Barcaiolo**

## **Donizetti**

Donizetti was born in the northern Italian city of Bergamo and is known as a bel canto master. After showcasing musical talent, he enrolled in the Lezioni Caritatevoli, where he studied under Giovanni Simone Mayr, the maestro di capella of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. He furthered continued his studies at the Accademia Filarmonica di Bologna. After graduation, Donizetti received his first commission from the Teatro di San Luca in Venice, premiering, *Enrico di Borgogna*. He returned to Bergamo for a music hiatus, subsequently moving to Rome, where his opera, *Zoraide di Grenata*, became successful. Donizetti was commissioned in Naples to write operas, including *Don Pasquale*, and *L'elisir d'amore*. His operas showcase comic and tragic settings influenced by his life. In the span of eight years, he lost his parents, wife, and children leading to him to depression. After debuts in Paris, Donizetti hoped to claim the director post of the Naples Conservatory. His name in Italy faded, and his mental health worsened. *Il Barcaiolo* comes from his cycle, *Nuits d'ete a Pausilippe*. The poem is by lawyer, politician, and librettist, Leopoldo Tarantini. I am passionate about bel canto art songs and operas. After performing Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti during my TCU studies, I hope to one day perform the tenor roles from their operas.

### **Italian Text:** **Il Barcaiolo**

Voga, voga, il vento tace,  
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,  
solo un alito di pace  
par che allegri e cielo e mar:  
voga, voga, o marinar.

Or che tutto a noi sorride,  
in sí tenero momento,  
all'ebrezza del contento  
voglio l'alma abbandonar.  
Voga, voga, o marinar.

Chè se infiera la tempesta,  
ambedue ne tragge a morte,  
sarà lieta la mia sorte  
al tuo fianco vuò spirar [sí].  
Voga, voga, o marinar.

*-Leopoldo Tarantini*

**English Translation:**

**The Boatman**

Row, row, the wind has died,  
the water is pure, the sky bright,  
only a breath of peace  
seems to cheer both sky and sea.  
Row, row, sailor.

Now that everything smiles upon us,  
in such a tender moment,  
to the exhilaration of happiness  
I want to abandon my soul.

Row, row, sailor.

Because if a storm should rage  
and carry us both to our death,  
it will be my happy fate  
to die at your side.

Row, row, sailor.

*-English Translation by John Glenn Paton*

## **Go Down Moses**

## **Johnson**

Along with his counterparts Harry T. Burleigh, R. Nathaniel Dett, and Eva Jessye, Hall Johnson uplifted the African American spiritual to an art form. Born in 1888 in Athens Georgia, he taught himself the violin after listening to a recital given by Joseph Henry Douglas, grandson of Frederick Douglas. He played the violin and viola professionally, while attending the Julliard School for an extensive education. Further in his career, he became interested in choral music, and formed the Hall Johnson Negro Choir. They become well known in their involvement in Broadway, national and international tours, radio versions, and Hallmark Hall of Fame television broadcasts of Marc Connelly's, *The Green Pastures*. Johnson arranged music, conducted his choir, and appeared in Hollywood films and cartoons. In 1939, his play, *Run, Little Chillun*, premiered in Broadway. Six years later, 1946, he wrote his Easter cantata, *Son of Man*, which premiered at New York's City Center. Hall originally arranged the popular spiritual, *Go Down Moses*, for his choir in 1931, for debut at the Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia. The spiritual refers to the Bible story of Moses and the liberation of Jews from slavery in Egypt. The spiritual derives from records of being a code song for Harriet Tubman and slaves to communicate while traversing the Underground Railroad to escape slavery in Maryland.

### **Text:**

When Israel was in Egypt Lan'  
Let my people go  
Oppressed so hard they could not stan'  
Let my people Go

### **Refrain:**

Go Down Moses  
Way down in Egyp' Lan'  
Tell ol' Pharoah  
To let my people go

“Thus saith the Lord” bold Moses said,

Let my people go  
If not I'll smite your first-born dead  
Let my people go

*-Traditional African American spiritual*

## **Verlust Die Mainacht**

## **Hensel-Mendelssohn**

Fanny Hensel was born in 1805 in Hamburg Germany to a wealthy Jewish family. Along with her brother, she received an extensive music education against her father's wishes and her brother's lack of support. After her family moved to Leipzig, Germany, Hensel married the painter, Wilhelm Hensel, whose active support of her gifts encouraged her to continue music. In addition to art, Wilhelm Hensel was also a poet. His poetry inspired her music and her music inspired his artwork. At the Mendelssohn family home, she organized the *Sonnstagsmusiken*, a series of informal private concerts in their family home garden room, attracting guests such as Franz Liszt, Robert and Clara Schumann, and the poet Heinrich Heine. Additionally, scholars have found evidence that much of Felix's works were written by Fanny. During a family trip to Rome, musicians noticed her talent, and also encouraged her to keep composing. She wrote numerous works including her cantata *Job*, *Overture in C*, *Das Jahr*, and *Bergeslust*. *Verlust* comes from her song cycle, *Zwölf Gesang*, which was a project discouraged by Felix Mendelssohn to publish under her name. The poetry is by renowned German poet, Heinrich Heine, of Düsseldorf Germany. The cycle was later completed by Felix; however, six movements were composed by Fanny. *Verlust* translates to loss, speaking of personal pain. *Die Mainacht* comes from her cycle, *Sechs Lieder*, with poetry by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty. The poem talks about nature relating to sorrow and love loss, a storyline element traditional in the romantic era.

### **Verlust**

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,  
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,  
Sie würden mit mir weinen,  
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,  
Wie ich so traurig und krank,  
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen  
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,  
Die goldenen Sternelein,  
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,  
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,  
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:

Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,  
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

*-Heinrich Heine*

**English Translation:**

**Loss**

If the little flowers knew  
How deeply my heart is hurt,  
They would weep with me  
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew  
How sad I am and sick,  
They would joyfully make the air  
Ring with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,  
Those little golden stars,  
They would come down from the sky  
And console me with their words.

But none of them can know;  
My pain is known to one alone;  
For she it was who broke,  
Broke my heart in two.

*-English Translation by Richard Stokes*

**Die Mainacht:**

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Träne rinnt

*-Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty*

**English Translation:**

**May Night**

When the silvery moon gleams through the bushes,  
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,

And the nightingale is fluting,  
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves  
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,  
Seek darker shadows,  
And the lonely tear flows down.

*-English Translation by Richard Stokes*

## **You Matter to Me (Waitress)**

**Sara Bareilles (1979-present)**

Sara Bareilles was born in 1979 in Eureka California and is a five-time Grammy Award-nominated singer and songwriter. During her childhood she was severely bullied for her weight. She became passionate about music and theater while performing in her school choirs and musical theater productions. After graduation, she attended the University of California, Los Angeles, where she found her voice while singing in an a capella vocal ensemble. Bareilles set a name for herself by singing in clubs, open mic nights, and eventually festivals. In 2003, she landed a recording of her song, *Careful Confessions*, landing her a contract with Epic Records. Her career flourished, including selling more than 3 million copies of her albums and promotions from iTunes. In 2016, she landed her first Broadway project as a composer, with the musical, *Waitress*, based on the 2007 film adaptation starring, Keri Russell. The story is centered on Jenna, a small town pie baker and diner waitress, who is unhappy in her marriage and finds out she is pregnant. She becomes close to her doctor, and they both fall in love. *You Matter to Me* is sung when Dr. Pomatter surprises Jenna at work. Through the duet, Jenna tells Dr. Pomatter how much he has meant to her in the long run.

[DR. POMATTER]

I could find the whole meaning of life in those sad eyes  
They've seen things you never quite say, but I hear  
Come out of hiding, I'm right here beside you  
And I'll stay there as long as you'll let me

Because you matter to me  
Simple and plain and not much to ask from somebody  
You matter to me  
I promise you do, you, you matter too  
I promise you do, you'll see  
You matter to me

[JENNA]

It's addictive the minute you let yourself think  
The things that I say just might matter to someone  
All of this time I've been keeping my mind on the running away  
And for the first time, I think I'd consider the stay

Because you matter to me  
Simple and plain and not much to ask from somebody  
You matter to me  
I promise you do, you, you matter too  
I promise you do, you'll see  
You matter to me

[BOTH]

You matter to me  
Simple and plain and not much to ask from somebody  
You matter to me

[JENNA]

I promise you do

[DR. POMATTER]

Come out of hiding I'm right here beside you  
As long as you'll have me

You, you matter too

I promise you do

I do, promise you do

You matter to me

You matter to me

[BOTH]

You'll see

You matter to me

-Sara Bareilles

## Old American Songs

## Copland

Aaron Copland was born in 1900 in Brooklyn, New York, to Jewish immigrants from Lithuania. At an early age, Aaron learned piano from his sister. At 16, he went to Manhattan to study with Rubin Goldmark, well-respected piano instructor, who also taught him the fundamentals of counterpoint and composition. To immerse himself in classical music, Aaron attended many concerts at the New York Symphony and the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He traveled to France to study at the Summer School of Music for American students in Fontainebleau. While there, he studied composition courses with composer Nadia Boulanger and organist Virgil Thompson, famed American organist. Copland pondered how to create an American classical sound. While in France, he met Serge Koussevitsky, director of the Boston Symphony, who commissioned him to compose his *Symphony for Organ and Orchestra*. He also wrote famous works including, *Fanfare for the Common Man*, *Rodeo*, and *El Salon Mexico*. In addition to classical works, Copland was influenced by jazz, international popular music, film, and ballet music, which led him to compose his most famous work, *Appalachian Spring*.

*Old American Songs* was commissioned by, Benjamin Britten, for his Music and Arts Festival in Aldeburgh, England. The premiere was sung by Britten's husband, Peter Pears with Britten at the piano. Copland only wrote the first set for the festival: *Boatmen's Dance*, *The Dodger*, *Long Time Ago*, *Simple Gifts*, and *I Bought me a Cat*. After the 1951 American premiere, he composed a second set: *The Little Horses*, *Zion's Walls*, *The Golden Willow Tree*, *At the River*, and *Ching-a-Ring-Chaw*.

The song cycle is a compilation of hymns, minstrel songs, and folksongs of the United States. The first selection, *The Boatmen's Dance*, takes audiences to the Ohio River Valley, and

the steam riverboat culture of America. Originally, the piece was by Dixie composer, Daniel Decatur Emmet, who was associated with minstrel shows, carnival shows that made fun of African Americans. Due to the heavy racism, Copland rearranged it. *Simple Gifts* is based on a melody written by Elder Joseph Brackett. It has been featured on many commercials in popular culture and in his ballet, *Appalachian Spring*.

*Zion's Walls* is an old Revivalist tune from the Revivalism era of the United States, which was a rebirth of new theological ideas for Protestant religions in America. This led to the founding of many faiths, such as the United Methodist, Presbyterian, Church of Christ, and Baptist faiths. *At the River* is an old hymn tune by Baptist preacher, Robert Lowry, who was known for his powerful sermons and his side studies of hymnology. *Ching-a-Ring-Chaw* is an old minstrel tune. As with *Boatmen's Dance*, Copland rearranged it to avoid negative racial connotations.

### **The Boatmen's Dance:**

High row the boatmen row,  
Floatin' down the river the Ohio.

The boatmen dance, the boatmen sing,  
The boatmen up to ev'rything,  
And when the boatman gets on shore  
He spends his cash and works for more.

Then dance the boatmen dance,  
O dance the boatmen dance.  
O dance all night 'til broad daylight,  
And go home with the gals in the mornin'.  
High row the boatmen row,  
Floatin' down the river the Ohio.

I went on board the other day  
To see what the boatmen had to say.  
There I let my passion loose  
An' they cram me in the callaboose.

Then dance the boatmen dance,



O dance the boatmen dance.  
O dance all night 'til broad daylight,  
And go home with the gals in the mornin'.

High row the boatmen row,  
Floatin' down the river the Ohio.

The boatman is a thrifty man,  
There's none can do as the boatman can.  
I never see a pretty gal in my life  
But that she was a boatman's wife.

Then dance the boatmen dance,  
O dance the boatmen dance.  
O dance all night 'til broad daylight,  
And go home with the gals in the mornin'.

High row the boatmen row,  
Floatin' down the river the Ohio.

*-Daniel Decatur Emmett*

### **Simple Gifts**

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free  
'tis the gift to come down where [you]<sup>1</sup> ought to be  
And when we find ourselves in the place just right  
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained  
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed  
To turn, turn will be our delight  
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free  
'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be  
And when we find ourselves in the place just right  
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

*-Elder Joseph Brackett*

### **Zion's Walls**

Come fathers and mothers,  
Come sisters and brothers,  
Come join us in singing the praises of Zion.  
O fathers, don't you feel determined  
To meet within the walls of Zion?  
We'll shout and go round  
The walls of Zion.

*-Anonymous*

### **At the River**

Shall we gather by the river,  
Where bright angel's feet have trod,  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God.  
Yes, we'll gather by the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints by the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.  
Yes, we'll gather by the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,

Gather with the saints by the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

*-Rev. Robert T. Lowry*

### **Ching-a-Ring Chaw**

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,

Ho a ding-a-ding kum larkee,

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,

Ho a ding kum larkee.

Brothers gather round,

Listen to this story,

'Bout the promised land,

An' the promised glory.

You don't need to fear,

If you have no money,

You don't need none there,

To buy you milk and honey.

There you'll ride in style,

Coach with four white horses,

There the evenin' meal,

Has one two three four courses.

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,

Ho a ding-a-ding kum larkee,

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,

Ho a ding kum larkee.

Nights we all will dance  
To the harp and fiddle,  
Waltz and jig and prance,  
"And Cast off down the middle!"  
When the mornin' come,  
All in grand and splendour,  
Stand out in the sun,  
And hear the holy thunder!  
Brothers hear me out,  
The promised land's a-comin'  
Dance and sing and shout,  
I hear them harps a strummin'.  
Ching-a-ring-a ching  
Ching ching, ching a ring ching  
Ching-a-ring-a ching ching,  
Ching-a-ring-a ching ching,  
Ching-a-ring-a,  
Ching-a-ring-a,  
Ching-a-ring-a,  
Ring, ching ching ching CHAW!

*-Old Minstrel Tune*