
Acknowledgements

Dr. Steven Brown, Dean of College of Arts, Social Sciences, & Humanities
Dr. Sheila Dunn, Chair: Department of Music & Director of Voice
Hannah Sharp Denaro, Music Department Office Administrator
Jerre Brisky, Director of Center for Fine & Performing Arts
John Marks, Coordinator of Center for Fine & Performing Arts
Dr. Brittan Braddock, Director of Bands & Armchair Aerosol Scientist
Corey McKern, Instructor of Voice, Departments of Music & Theatre
Blake Riley, Director of Collaborative Piano
Dr. Joseph Spaniola, Director of Jazz Studies & Music Theory
Dr. Hedi Salanki-Rubardt, Director of Chamber Music & Piano Program
Dr. Leonid Yanovskiy, Director of Strings
Jordan Galvarino, Cello Instructor
Laura Noah, Percussion Instructor
Dr. Allanda Small-Campbell, Instructor of Voice
~
Dr. Ralph & Patricia Knowles, Choral Awards

Camera Operators

Dylan Bass
Ann Marie Browning
Veronica Matechik
Elena Patterson
Daniel Perkins
Katie Smith
Harmoni Till
Tris Weeks

Hosts

Dylan Bass
Ashley Evans
Alayshia Green
Katie Hilliard
Michael Horton
Abbie Mallory
Elena Patterson
Izzy Schrack
Kaitlyn Speegle
Olivia Wilson



Dr. Grier Williams
School of Music
UNIVERSITY of WEST FLORIDA

presents

Stories of Struggle and Strength

featuring the

UWF Singers

**Dr. Peter Steenblik, Director
Hyunjoo Kim, Collaborative Pianist**

April 20, 2021

Virtual format – filmed in various performance locations

7:00 pm

Stories of Struggle and Strength

April 20, 2021, 7:00 pm

VIRTUAL FORMAT – filmed in various performance locations

Greetings

Sorida – A Zimbabwe Greeting (2002) Rosephanye Powell (b. 1962)
Jensen Cadenhead & Honya Richbourg, percussion

The Baltic States

Anoj Pusėj Dunojėlio (2008) Lithuanian Folk Tune
Katie Smith, solo arr. Vaclovas Augustinas (b. 1959)

Metsa Telegramm (1997) Uno Naissoo (1928-1980)
Morgan Whitehead, percussion

Meestelaulud (2003) Estonian Folk Songs
arr. Veljo Tormis (1930-2017)

mvt. 1 – Meeste Laul (Men's Song)

mvt. 2 – Ehalkäimise-laul (Bundling Song)

Bulgaria

Kafal Sviri (2011) Bulgarian Folk Tune
arr. Petar Liondev (1936-2018)

American Social Protest Movements & Fight for Civil Liberties

All My Trials (1972) Bahamian Spiritual
Abigail Mallory, solo arr. Norman Luboff (1917-1987)
Gabrielle Schrack & Isabelle Schrack, conductors

Considering Matthew Shepard (2016) Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)
mvt. 3 – We Tell Each Other Stories / I Am Open

Katie Smith, solo

mvt. 1 – Cattle, Horses, Sky, and Grass

Dr. Brittan Braddock, clarinet; Sarina Paolini, violin; Caroline Bruns, viola;

Liz McConnell, cello; Max Levesque, bass; Honya Richbourg, marimba & percussion;

Morgan Whitehead, percussion

Northern Scandinavia

Spes [Hope] (2020) Mia Makaroff (b. 1970)

Conclusion

Lift Every Voice and Sing (1905/1978) J. Rosamond Johnson (1873-1954)
arr. Roland Carter (b. 1942)

UWF Singers

Dr. Peter Steenblik, director

Hyunjoo Kim, collaborative pianist

UWF Singers

Bass, Dylan BFA Digital Arts Pensacola, FL
Browning, Ann Marie BA General Studies Pace, FL
Carey, Allison ^ BME Music Education [voice] Navarre, FL
Crook, Jules BME Music Education [voice] Pensacola, FL
Daley, Nicole ~ BM Vocal Performance Pensacola, FL
Dodgen, Brianna + BN Nursing Milton, FL
Egan, Patrice BSBA Marketing Navarre, FL
Ervin, Dylan BSBA General Business Milton, FL
Evans, Ashley ^ BME Music Education [voice] Inverness, FL
Fortune, Joshua BA Music/BA Political Science Troy, AL
Gaddy, Mark *~ BS Cybersecurity / Music minor Navarre, FL
Green, Alayshia ^ BME Music Education [voice] Ft. Walton Beach, FL
Hernandez, Alisha BM Piano Performance Houston, TX
Hilliard, Katie ~* BME Music Education [voice] Pace, FL
Horton, Michael BFA Musical Theatre Claymont, DL
Hutcheson, Blake BS Psychology / BA Music [voice] Republic, MO
Law, Abby BM Horn Performance / BME [horn] Navarre, FL
Mallory, Abbie BME Music Education [voice] Niceville, FL
Matechik, Veronica * BME Music Education [voice] Navarre, FL
McPherson, Michael BA English Liberal Arts Brooklyn, NY
Middleton, Ethan * BM Vocal Performance Pensacola, FL
Mills, Hannah ~ BME Music Education [voice] Shalimar, FL
Morgan, Amanda BA Music [voice] Destin, FL
Mullens, Katlin BME Music Education [voice] Birmingham, AL
Patterson, Elena ~ BA Global Marketing Shalimar, FL
Perkins, Daniel BM Piano Performance Pensacola, FL
Preston, Matthew BS Physics Navarre, FL
Provencher, Mary BA Music Pace, FL
Reynolds, Britney BM Vocal Performance Panama City, FL
Robas, Dylan BS Mechanical Engineering Navarre, FL
Schrack, Gabrielle * BM Vocal Performance Niceville, FL
Schrack, Isabelle * BM Vocal Performance / BME [voice] Niceville, FL
Severin, Imani BM Vocal Performance Palm Coast, FL
Smith, Katie ~ BA Creative Writing/BM Vocal Performance Hartselle, AL
Speegle, Kaitlyn BME Music Education [voice] Pensacola, FL
Swanagan, Isaac BME Music Education [piano] Pensacola, FL
Till, Harmoni ~ BA English Liberal Arts Molino, FL
Travis, Caitlin ~ BFA Studio Art / Music minor Navarre, FL
Warren, Cheyenne BME Music Education [voice] Panama City, FL
Weeks, Tris BM Vocal Performance Pensacola, FL
Whitehead, Morgan BME Music Education [voice] Pace, FL
Wilson, Olivia * BA Communication / BA Music Santa Rosa Beach, FL

^ presidency / * section leaders / ~ choir officers

+ Dr. Ralph & Patricia Knowles Choral Award Recipients

Texts and Translations

Sorida – Rosephanye Powel

Sorida. [Greetings.]

Greetings, my brothers.
Greetings my sisters.
Greet e'vrybody.
Love one another

Sorida. [Greetings.]

Wave to your brothers.
Wave to your sisters.
Greet ev'rybody.
Love one another.

Anoj Pusėj Dunojėlio – Traditional Lithuanian

Anoj pusėj dunojėlio

*Pieve lė žaliavo,
Grėbė pulkas mergužėliu
Grėbdamos dainavo.*

*Nedainuokit, mergužėlės,
Tu graudžiu dainėliu,
Negraudinkit manširdelės,
Jaunam kareivėliui.*

*Gul kareivėlis pašautas,
Nuo karės pašautas,
Stovi juodbėris žirgelis*

*Kamanoms pamautas.
Eik, žirgeli, juodbėrėli,
Ka aš pasakysiu,
Aš ant tavo kamanėliu
Laiškeli rašysiu.*

On the bank of a river
A meadow grew green,
Several maidens were raking grass
And they sang while they worked.

“Do not sing, my maidens,
These doleful songs,
Do not sadden my heart,”
Said a young soldier.

There lay a dead soldier
Shot in the battle,
There also stood his black steed
With his bridle still on.

Come, black steed,
I shall tell you something,
On your little bridle,
I will write a letter.

Metsa Telegramm – Ira Lember (b. 1926)

*Tok, tok, tok, Rähn see telegramme toksib.
Tok, tok, tok, Ärge murdke puude oks!
Tok, tok, tok, üle metsa keset vaikust.
Tok, tok, tok, rähni teadi kõikjal kaigub.*

Hoikde ilu, metsa elu!

*Olgu teile sõbraks ju siin iga pu!
Ja kaitskem metsa kaunist rüüd.
Siis mets meil mühab alati.
Kalinnupesi kaitske pesi nii,
Et kajaks röömus linnu hüüd.*

Tok, tok, tok, the woodpecker knocks a telegram.
Tok, tok, tok, don't break the tree's branches!
Tok, tok, tok, above the forest amidst silence.
Tok, tok, tok, the woodpeckers' message echoing everywhere.

Preserve beautiful forest life!
Every tree is your friend!
And let's protect the forest's beautiful vestment.
Then the forest always murmurs for us.
That birds' nests protect,
So that all echoes joyful birds' calling.

Meeste laul [Men's song] – Traditional Estonian Text

*Meie oleme aga mehed kui metsapullid,
Aru Jaani hallid sõnnid,
Läheme muudkui metsa möirates
Ja tammikusse tallates.*

*Las tulevad aga tuhat Tuudi meest
Ja sada Sauga valla meest,
Küll meie neid siis puistame
Ja margapuuga möödame!*

*Kütame küla külmad saunad,
Teeme terveks haiged neiuud,
Laseme kuppu Kaiele,
Mahakukund Maiele.*

*Ei meie hooli uppumist
Ega karda kaevu kukkumist,
Jookseme otseti ojasse,
Kaksiti karupesasse.*

We are men like wild bulls,
Aru Jaan's grey steers,
Bellowing we go to the woods,
Trampling to the oak grove.

Let them come, the thousand men of Tuudi,
Another hundred from Sauga parish,
We shall scatter them to the winds
And take their measure by steelyard.

We shall heat up the cold village saunas,
Heal sickly maidens,
Put cupping glasses on Kaie,
And on fallen Maie.

We do not fear drowning
Nor falling into a well,
Headlong we plunge into a creek,
Rush into a bear's lair.

We are men like wild bulls,

*Meie oleme aga mehed kui metsapullid,
Aru Jaani hallid sõnnid,
Läheme muudkui metsa möirates
Ja tammikusse tallates.*

Aru Jaan's grey steers,
Bellowing we go to the woods,
Trampling to the oak grove.

Ehalkäimise-laul [Bundling Song] – Traditional Estonian Text

*Mul on igav üksinda
Siin külmas küünis magada.
Hakkas õige astuma
Ja Viuu poole vaatama.
Ukse taha uluma
Ja sisselaskmist paluma.
Hirm on aga minu pääl
Et kuidas külast läbi saan.
Penid on kõik peksetud
Ja väga välja õpetud.
Nad mu ligi tõttavad
Ja kintsust kinni võtavad.
Ei jää mud kui üksinda
Siin külmas küünis magada.*

It bores me to be sleeping alone
In this cold barn.
Should I be going
To drop in at Viuu's?
(Should I start) howling at the door,
Asking to be let in?
But fear has taken hold of me,
For how will I pass through the village?
All the dogs have been beaten
And are very well trained –
They will rush at me
And take a bite at my *thing.
What else can I do
But sleep in a cold barn?

Kafal Sviri – Traditional Bulgarian Text

*Kafal sviri, mamo,
Gore dole, mamo,
Pod seloto.
Ya shte ida, mamo,
Da go vida, mamo,
Da go chuya.
Ako mi e nashencheto,
Shte go lyuba den do pladne,
Ako mi e yabandjüche,
Shte go lyuba dor do jivot.*

A kaval [bagpipe] plays, mother,
Up there, down there, mother,
Below the village.
I am going to see it, mother,
To see it, mother,
And hear it.
If he is one of ours,
I will love him from dawn till dusk,
If he is a stranger,
I will love him all my life.

All My Trials – Traditional Bahamian Text

If religion was a thing that money could buy, the rich would live and the poor would die.

All my trials, Lord, soon be over. Too late, my brothers. – Too late, but never mind.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

Now hush, little baby, don't you cry. You know that man is born to die.

We Tell Each Other Stories / I Am Open – Craig Hella Johnson

We tell each other stories so that we will remember,
Try and find the meaning in the living of our days.

Always telling stories, wanting to remember,
Where and whom we came from,
Who we are.

Sometimes there's a story that's painful to remember,
One that breaks the heart of us all.
Still we tell the story,
We're listening and confessing
What we have forgotten
In the story of us all.

We tell each other stories so that we will remember,
Trying to find the meaning ...

I am open to hear this story about a boy, an ordinary boy
Who never had expected his life would be this story, (could be any boy)
I am open to hear a story.
Open, listen.
All.

Cattle, Horses, Sky, and Grass – Craig H. Johnson, John D. Nesbitt, & Sue Wallis

All.
Yoodle-ooh, yoodle-ooh-hoo, so sings a lone cowboy,
Who with the wild roses wants you to be free.

Cattle, horses, sky, and grass
These are the things that sway and pass
Before our eyes and through our dreams
Through shiny, sparkly, golden gleams
Within our psyche that find and know
The value of this special glow
That only gleams for those who bleed
Their soul and heart and utter need
Into the mighty, throbbing Earth
From which springs life and death and birth.

I'm alive! I'm alive, I'm alive, golden. I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive...

These cattle, horses, grass, and sky
Dance and dance and never die
They circle through the realms of air
And ground and empty spaces where
A human being can join the song
Can circle, too, and not go wrong.
Amidst the natural, pulsing forces
Of sky and grass and cows and horses.

I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive...

This chant of life cannot be heard
It must be felt, there is no word
To sing that could express the true
Significance of how we wind
Through all these hoops of Earth and mind
Through horses, cattle, sky and grass
And all these things that sway and pass.

Spes – Ecclesiastes 8:1, 8 and Nils Aslak Valkeapää (1943-2001)

Quis talis, ut sapiens est? Who is like the wise!
Et quis cognovit solutionem rerum? Who knows the explanation of things?

Biekka oapmi lean I belong to the wind,
Muhto liikká ealán But I live,
Ja dat lea visa eallima dárkkuhus Maybe that is the meaning of life.
Ealán odne dál ja dás I live here and now...
Ja just dat lea madoheapme de in eali sat I won't be alive tomorrow.
ihttin
Nu ja maid dasto That is the way – and so what.

Non est in hominis potestate As no one has power
Dominari super spiritum Over the wind to contain it,
Nec cohibere spiritum So no one has power
Nec habet potestatem supra diem mortis Over the time of their death.

Sapientia hominis illuminat vultum eius A person's wisdom brightens their face
Et durities faciei illius commutator And changes its hard appearance.

Lift Every Voice and Sing – 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, Let us march on 'til victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, Bitter the chast'ning 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 away that with tears has been water'd.
We have come treading our path thro' the blood of the slaughter'd
Out of the gloomy past, Till we now 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 hast 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.
Amen.