

Deep River

THE POWER OF AFRICAN-AMERICAN ART SONG

February 24, 2021

WELCOME

READING

"I, Too"

Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

I, too, sing America. I am the darker brother. They send me to eat in the kitchen when company comes, but I laugh, and eat well, and grow strong. Tomorrow, I'll be at the table when company comes. Nobody'll dare say to me, "Eat in the kitchen," then. Besides, they'll see how beautiful I am and be ashamed—I, too, am America.

INTRODUCTION OF GUEST ARTIST

ART SONG

Night Song

from *Night Songs*,
by H. Leslie Adams
Calebria Webb, mezzo-soprano

The night was made for rest and sleep, for winds that softly sigh; it was not made for grief and tears; so why then do I cry? The wind that blows through leafy trees is soft and warm and sweet; for me the night is a gracious cloak to hide my soul's defeat. Just one dark hour of shaken depths, of bitter black despair- another day will find me brave, and not afraid to dare.

ART SONG

Dream Variations

From *3 Dream Portraits*,
by Margaret Bonds
Calebria Webb, mezzo-soprano

To fling my arms wide in some place of the sun, to whirl and to dance till the white day is done. Then rest at cool evening beneath a tall tree while night comes on gently, dark like me-- that is my dream! To fling my arms wide in the face of the sun, dance! Whirl! Whirl! Till the quick day is done. Rest at pale evening...
A tall, slim tree...night coming tenderly black like me.

CONVERSATION WITH THE ARTIST

DISCUSSION *What do you hear in the songs? What do they have in common? How do they differ?*

CLOSING REFLECTION AND PRAYER

