


A MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO THE DIGNITY OF MAN



Saturday January 20, 2001
First Presbyterian Church, Houston

Intermission

“Go Down Death” poem by James Weldon Johnson

Reading by William Warfield

“Goin’ Home”

A. Dvorak

“Lit’l Boy, How Old Are You”

Roland Hayes

Soloist: William Warfield, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Witness”

Hall Johnson

“Nobody Knows the Trouble I’ve Seen”

Harry Burleigh

“Hold On”

Hall Johnson

Soloist: Dorceal Duckens, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Crucifixion” poem by James Weldon Johnson

Reading by William Warfield

“Crucifixion”

“Chillun Did You Hear When Jesus Rose?”

traditional, Roland Hayes

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Every Time I Feel the Spirit”

Harry Burleigh

“Deep River”

Harry Burleigh

Soloist: Dorceal Duckens, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Scandalize My Name”

arr. Harry Burleigh

“Take My Mother Home”

arr. Hall Johnson

“Ain’t Got Time to Die”

Hall Johnson

Soloist: William Warfield, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands”

arr. M. Bonds

Audience is invited to sing along

Welcome

Leni Rubinstein, the Schiller Institute

“Lift Every Voice and Sing”

Audience is invited to sing,

J. Weldon Johnson/
R. Rosamond Johnson

“Si puo” (from *Pagliacci*)

Soloist: Dorceal Duckens, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

R. Leoncavallo

“In Waldenseinsamkeit”

“Ständchen”

Soloist: Débriaa Brown, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

J. Brahms
F. Schubert

“Der Döppelgänger”

Soloist: DuWayne Davis, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

Schubert

“Adieu Forêt” (from *Jeanne d’Arc*)

Soloist: Débriaa Brown, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

Tchaikovski

“Quel Vecchio Maledivami!” (from *Rigoletto*)

Duet between Rigoletto and Sparafucile

Rodney Stenborg, Dorceal Duckens, Pianist: Sylvia Olden Lee

G. Verdi

“Un Della Mia Sorte” (from *The Barber of Seville*)

Soloist: Dorceal Duckens, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

Rossini

“Jesus in Canaan” (from *The Passion of Jonathan Wade*)

“A City Called Heaven”

Soloist: Débriaa Brown, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

C. Floyd
arr. Margaret Boyd

“Die Beiden Grenadiere”

“Du Bist Wie Eine Blume”

“Erkönig”

Soloist: William Warfield, Pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

R. Schumann
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“In Waldeseinsamkeit”

Ich sass zu deinen Füßen
 In Waldeseinsamkeit;
 Windesatmen, Sehnen
 Ging durch die Wipfel breit.

In stummen Ringen senkt' ich
 Das Haupt in deinen Schoss
 Und meine bebenden Hände
 Um deine Knie ich schloss.

Die Sonne ging hinunter,
 Der Tag verglühte all,
 Ferne, ferne, ferne,
 Sang eine Nachtigall.
Karl von Lemcke

“Ständchen”

Leise flehen meine Lieder
 Durch die Nacht zu dir;
 In den stillen Hain hernieder,
 Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
 In des Mondes Licht;
 Des verräters feindlich Lauschen
 Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
 Ach! Sie flehen dich,
 Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
 Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
 Kennen Liebesschmerz,
 Rühren mit den Silbertönen
 Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen,
 Liebchen, höre mich!
 Bebend harr'ich dir entgegen!
 Komm beglücke mich!
Ludwig Rellstab

“Der Doppelgänger”

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
 In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
 Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen
 Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe
 Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzengewalt;
 Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe -
 Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!
 Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
 Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle
 So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

“In Wood-Solitude”

I sat at your feet
 In wood-solitude
 Wind-beating yearning went through the tree-
 tops wide.

In silent struggling sank I
 The head into your lap
 And my trembling hands
 Around your knees I clasped

The sun went down
 The day ceased to glow wholly
 Far off, far off, far off
 Sang a nightingale.

“Serenade”

Softly entreat my songs
 Through the night to you;
 In the still glade down
 Sweetheart, come to me

Whispering slender treetops rustle
 In the moon light;
 Of the betrayer hostile, listening,
 Fear, gracious one, not.

Hear the nightingales sing?
 Ah! They implore you,
 With the notes' sweet lament
 Implore they for me

They understand the breast's yearning,
 Know love's pain,
 Touch with the silver tones
 Every soft heart.

Let also to you the breast stir,
 Sweetheart, hear me!
 Trembling await I towards you
 Come make me happy!

“The Double”

Still is the night, it quiets the narrow streets
 In this house lived my sweetheart
 She has already long ago the town left
 Yet stands still the house on the same place

There stands also a man and stares into the high place
 And wrings the hands for pain's violence
 To me it shudders when I his face see
 The moon shows me my own form

You double, you pallid companion
 Why mimic you my love's suffering
 That me tormented at this place
 So many a night in old time?

“Die Grenadiere”

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier',
Die waren in Russland gefangen.
Und als sie kamen ins deutsche Quartier,
Sie liessen die Köpfe hängen.

Da hörten sie beiden die traurige Mär:
Dass Frankreich verlorengegangen,
Besiegt und zerschlagen das grosse Heer,—
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.

Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier'
Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde.
Der eine sprach: Wie weh wird mir,
Wie brennt meine alte Wunde.”

Der andre sprach: “Das Lied ist aus,—
Auch ich möcht mit dir sterben;
Doch hab ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,
Die ohne mich verderben.”

“Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind,
Ich trage weit bessres Verlangen;
Lass sie betteln gehn, wenn sie hungrig sind—
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

“Gewähr mir Bruder eine Bitt:
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit,
Begrab mich in Frankreichs Erde.

“Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band
Sollst du aufs Herz mir legen;
Die Flinte gib mir in die Hand,
Und gürt mir um den Degen.

“So will ich liegen und horchen still
Wie eine Schildwach, im Grabe,
Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll,
Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.

“Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein Grab,
Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen;
Dann steig ich gewaffnet hervor aus dem Grab,—
Den Kaise, den Kaiser zu schützen!”
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

“Du bist wie eine Blume”

Du bist wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

“The Grenadiers”

To France were returning two grenadiers,
From Russi where they had been taken.
And when they came to the German frontiers,
They hung down their heads forsaken.

There sadly they heard the people tell:
How France had been shattered and shaken,
Her Grand Army smashed by shot and shell—
And the Emperor, the Emperor was taken.

Together they wept, the grenadiers,
The sorrowful story learning.
Said one: “Ah, woe!” with trembling tears,
“Woe's me, how my old wound is burning.”

The other said: “The play is done—
Cold death I'd gladly cherish;
But ah, I have a wife and son,
Without me they would perish.”

“Who cares for child? Who cares for wife?
In my breast deeper longings awaken;
Let them all go begging to save their life—
The Emperor, the Emperor is taken!

“O grant me, comrade, one request:
When I am dead, if you love me,
O take my corpse to France, to rest
With the soil of France above me.

“The Cross of Honor on scarlet band
Shouldst thou lay on my heart;
The musket put in my cold hand,
And girt me with dagger stout.

“Thus will I listen and lie evermore
In my grave like a sentry staying,
Till one day I hear the cannon's roar,
And horses trampling and neighing.

“That day will my Emperor ride over my grave,
Bright swords and lances attending;
That day will I rise fully armed from the grave—
The Emperor, the Emperor defending!”

“Thou art so like a Flower”

Thou art so like a flower,
So pure, and fair and kind;
I gaze on thee, and sorrow
Then in my heart I find.

It seems as though I must lay then
My hand upon thy brow,
Praying that God may preserve thee,
As pure and fair as now.

“Erlkönig”

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind.
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.—

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?—
Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?—
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.—

“Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir’
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand;
Meine Mutter hat manch’ gülden Gewand.”

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?—
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind!
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.—

“Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön’
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.”

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?—
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, Ich seh’ es genau;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.—

“Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt,
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch’ ich Gewalt.”
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!—

Dem Vater grauset’s, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.
Johann Wolfgang Goethe

“Erl King”

Who’s riding so late through wind and night?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy secure in his arm,
He golds him close, he keeps him warm.—

My son, why hide your face in fear?—
See you not, Father, the Erl King there?
The Erl King with his crown and train?—
My son, ‘tis but a streak of fog.—

“You lovely child, come, go with me!
Quite wonderful games I’ll play with thee;
Many bright flowers grow on the shore;
My mother has many golden garments.”

My father, my father, and hear you not,
What the Erl King to me softly promised?—
Be calm, stay quiet, my child!
In dry leaves rustles the wind.—

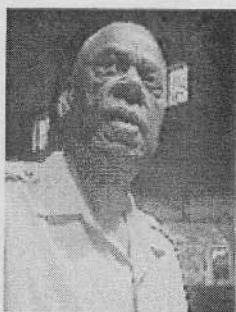
“Wouldst, fine lad, thou with me go?
My daughters shall upon thee wait royally;
My daughters perform their nightly revels
To cradle, and dance and sing to thee.”

My father, my father, and see you not
Erl King’s daughters, in that shadowy place?—
My son, my son, I see it clearly;
It looks like the willows so gray.—

“I love thee, I am aroused by thy beautiful form,
And be thou not willing, then I use force.”
My father, my father, now he is clutching me!
The Erl King has painfully hurt me!—

The father shudders, he rides faster,
He holds in his arms the gasping child,
He reaches the courtyard with strain and stress;
In his arms the child was dead.





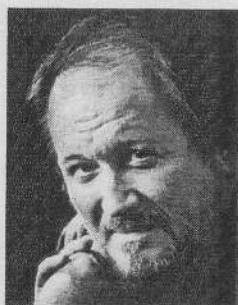
William Warfield, baritone, is one of the world's leading experts on Spirituals and Lieder. He is the past President of the National Association of Negro Musicians (1985-1990). Dr. Warfield was born in West Helena, Arkansas, to a family of sharecroppers. By the time he was 30 years old, he had won rave reviews in a sensational debut at New York's Town Hall. In the course of a career that has spanned more than half a century, his incomparable voice and charismatic personality have electrified the stages of six continents and earned him the title of "America's Musical Ambassador." William Warfield is a member of the board of directors of the Schiller Institute.



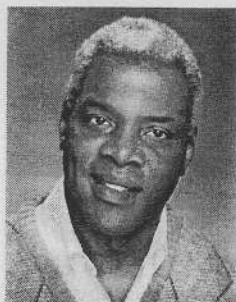
Sylvia Olden-Lee, pianist and vocal coach, was the first black professional musician at the New York Metropolitan Opera, as Vocal Coach from 1954-56, just before Marian Anderson's 1955 debut. For the next decade, she played and coached more than 500 concerts across Europe. She has been Professor of Vocal Interpretation at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia for more than 20 years, from which she is currently on leave. She is known as the teacher and inspiration for dozens of singers, including Kathleen Battle and Jessye Norman. Her own, and parent's, past, is deeply embedded in a project of Fisk University, in the early 20th century, to train Black students to study and sing Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, as well as Spirituals. She plays many concerts annually in America and abroad.



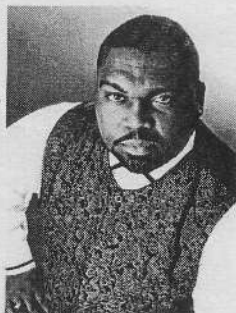
Débriaa Brown, mezzo-dramatique, internationally renowned opera and concert diva, has starred in some fifty Operatic roles on the most prestigious stages of Europe, South America, Africa, Persia, and the United States. Her press has called her "a great artist, a voice as beautiful and luminously resonant as a Stradivarius." Miss Brown has received numerous awards and citations, some of which include: the American Whitney, Rockefeller, Metropolitan Opera, and Congressional Recognition from the United States Congress for her artistic contributions. Miss Brown is currently a Professor of Voice and Artist in Residence at the University of Houston, Texas.



Rodney Stenborg, Baritone, has lived in Houston for over 25 years. Before arriving in the Bayou City, Rodney performed with opera houses in Osnabrück and Oberhausen Germany. He sang principle and secondary roles with the Houston Grand Opera for almost 20 years. Being an alumnus of the Houston Opera Studio, he performed major roles on tour with the Texas Opera Theater. His opera career began in his native home city of Detroit, Michigan with the *Overture to Opera*, and ended in April 1998, when Rodney officially sang his last opera for the Michigan Opera Theater. He is now retired from both musical theatre and opera, but still performs in concert on occasion. Rodney is now engaged along with his wife Margaret as soloist and section leader at Trinity Episcopal Church, Galveston, Texas.



Dorceal Duckens, baritone, is a native of Temple, Texas and number eight of twelve children. He holds a BA degree in Vocal Performance, and a MA degree in Music Education from Prairie View A&M University, and has studied at the Catholic University in Washington, DC. Mr. Duckens has performed major roles with the Houston Grand Opera, Los Angeles Metropolitan Opera, Michigan Opera Company, the Nevada Symphony and the Houston Ebony Opera Guild. He has performed the title roles in *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, and *The Barber of Seville*, with the Houston Ebony Opera. His International performances have taken him to the Spoleto Festival in Italy and the Bahama Islands.



DuWayne Davis, a native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, raised in rural Arkansas, is a graduate of the University of Houston's Moore School of Music. Most recently he has performed as baritone soloist in Faure's *Requiem*, as Memphis in the musical *The Life*, as Porgy in a concert version of *Porgy and Bess*, and as musical director for the Ensemble Theater's production of *Once On This Island*. Mr. Davis is the newest member of the world famous Drifters, who have just returned from a series of performances in Montego Bay, Jamaica. Mr. Davis presently serves as Musical Director/Conductor for the University of Houston's Good News Gospel Choir and is Minister of Music at the Pleasant Grove Church.