



Chorale, Chamber Choir and Children's Choir

Matthew Myers
Artistic Director

Alisa Toy
Assistant Director

Stephanie Sant
Children's Choir Conductor

Elena Panchenko
Chorale and Chamber Choir Pianist

Deborah Collins
Children's Choir Pianist

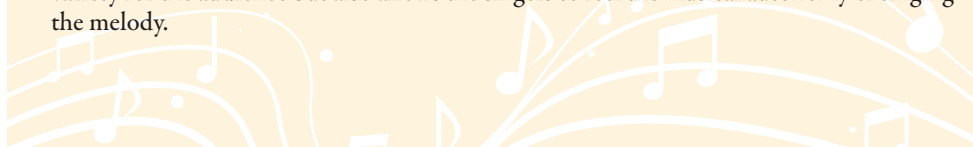
present

listen to the silence

Chorale

Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternalarr. Alice Parker (1925-2023)
Traditional Hymn

Born in Boston in 1925, **Alice Parker** is one of the most prominent arrangers of American folk music in the 20th century. She studied music theory, organ, and composition at the New England Conservatory and Smith College before interning with conductor Robert Shaw. She went on to study choral conducting at the Juilliard School and then made a name for herself as an arranger of hymns, folk songs, and spirituals for the Robert Shaw Chorale. Parker went on to earn six honorary doctorates for her contributions to choral music. Her compositional style is characterized by the sharing of the melody amongst many parts. In her famous arrangement of "Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal," listeners can hear the melody travel between parts for each verse, which provides variety for the audience but also allows the singers to feel the musical autonomy of singing the melody.



Hark, I hear the harps eternal
Ringing on the farther shore,
As I near those swollen waters
With their deep and solemn roar
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lamb,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Glory to the great I Am

Souls have crossed before me saintly,
To that land of perfect rest;
And I hear them singing faintly
In the mansions of the blest.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lamb,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Glory to the great I Am.

And my soul though stained with sorrow,
Fading as the light of day
Passes swiftly o'er those waters
To the city far away
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lamb,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Glory to the great I Am

The Awakening.....Joseph M. Martin (b. 1959)

North Carolina native **Joseph M. Martin** earned his piano performance degrees at Furman University and the University of Texas, Austin, where he continued work as a member of the piano faculty. He has composed over 1200 works and serves as Director of Sacred Publications for Shawnee Press, a division of Hal Leonard, the largest sheet music publisher in the world. Martin has composed numerous works for piano as well as choral compositions. “The Awakening” is among his most famous pieces. Set to the composer’s own poem, the piece explores a dream of a world without music. After a melancholy exploration of a silent world, the narrator awakes to the joy and community of music making. Martin includes the line “Soli Deo Gloria” (Glory to God alone) as an homage to Johann Sebastian Bach, who often wrote this phrase in his manuscripts.

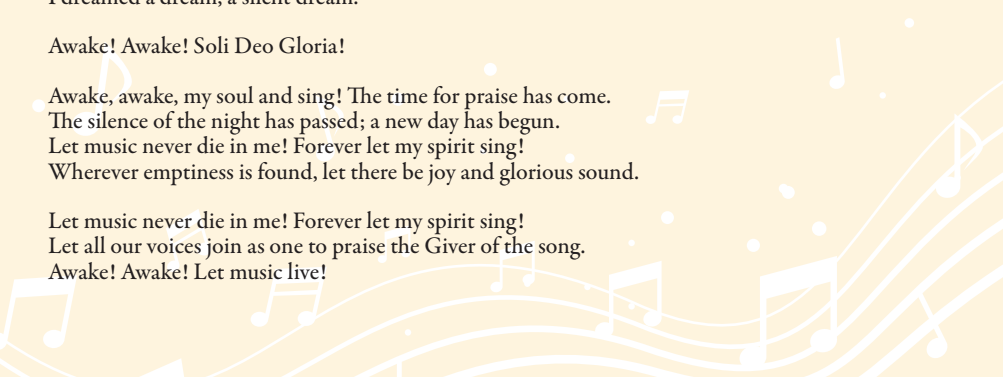
I dreamed a dream, a silent dream of a land not far away.
Where no birds sang, no steeples rang, and teardrops fell like rain.
I dreamed a dream, a silent dream of a land so filled with pride
that every song both weak and strong withered and died.
I dreamed a dream.

No alleluia, not one hosanna,
No song of love, no lullaby
And no choir sang to change the world,
No pipers played, no dancers twirled.
I dreamed a dream, a silent dream.

Awake! Awake! Soli Deo Gloria!

Awake, awake, my soul and sing! The time for praise has come.
The silence of the night has passed; a new day has begun.
Let music never die in me! Forever let my spirit sing!
Wherever emptiness is found, let there be joy and glorious sound.

Let music never die in me! Forever let my spirit sing!
Let all our voices join as one to praise the Giver of the song.
Awake! Awake! Let music live!



Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down..... arr. Paul Caldwell (b. 1963)

Lauren Ray, soloist

& Sean Ivory (b. 1969)

Traditional Gospel Refrain with added text by the composers

Paul Caldwell and **Sean Ivory** regularly collaborate as composers as well as arrangers of folk and world music. Caldwell serves as artistic director of the Seattle Men's Chorus and Seattle Women's Chorus, and Ivory works as conductor of the Calvin Alumni Choir and Calvin Oratorio Society in Grand Rapids, Michigan. They began collaborating when they worked together with the Grand Rapids Youth Chorus. "Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down" takes its inspiration from a traditional Appalachian refrain that was popular with gospel singers in the early twentieth century. The verses of the tune are newly composed and written in South Carolinian dialect in the speech cadence of Caldwell's father, who passed away shortly before they wrote the piece. Its message of confidence in an eternal life after challenges on earth can certainly be applied to the death of the composer's father, but it can also be related directly to civil rights and empowerment for people with disabilities.

Ain't no grave can hold my body down.
They ain't no grave can keep a sinner underground.
Oh, I will listen for the trumpet sound.
Ain't no grave can hold my body down.

Ain't no grave can hold my body down.
They ain't no grave can keep a sinner underground.
Oh, I will listen for the trumpet sound.
Ain't no grave can hold my body down.

You know they rolled a stone on Jesus.
And then they tried to bury me.
But then the Holy Ghost, it freed us.
So we could live eternally.

Ain't no grave dug deep enough to hold me.
Ain't no devil been slick enough to trick me.
Ain't no grave digger man enough to bury me.
You can't hold me down!

Sister, you better get your ticket if you wanna ride.
In the mornin' when Jesus call my number,
I'll be on the other side.

Ain't no grave can hold me down.
You can't keep me underground.
When the silver trumpet sounds,
Ain't no grave can hold me down.

Ain't no grave can hold my body down.
They ain't no grave can keep a sinner underground.
Oh, I will listen for the trumpet sound.
Ain't no grave can hold my body down.

Ain't no grave ever been dug so low.
No grave digger ever been born so strong.
Ain't no man that can, ain't no devil can,
Ain't no grave can hold me.
Ain't no grave that goes so low,
Ain't no grave dug low enough down.

Ain't no grave is gonna hold me.
Ain't no man is gonna bury me..
Ain't no serpent gonna trick me.
Ain't no grave can hold my body down.

I will fly to Jesus in the mornin' when I die.
I know he will take me up to live with him on high.
I will fly with Jesus in the mornin'.
Don't look here. I'll be way up in the sky.
Soon one day he's gonna call me up to heaven for
a chariot ride.



Chorale & Children's Choir

Songs from Silence.....Elaine Hagenberg (b. 1979)
Alisa Toy, conductor

Elaine Hagenberg is a contemporary choral composer based in Des Moines, Iowa. Her works are known for lyricism and for her careful selection of meaningful texts. *Songs from Silence* is a set of pieces Hagenberg composed during the COVID-19 pandemic as a gift to the choral community. Her hope was that access to free choral music with a positive message would inspire choirs to return to music making. These simple couplets by Brian Newhouse reflect the desire by so many musicians to return to making the music they love so much. Her juxtaposition of G Minor for the first movement and G Major for the second movement represents the movement from despair toward hope.

I. Song of My Heart
If the song of my heart falls silent,
sing to me.

II. Stir the Embers
When our voices stir the embers,
my heart remembers our song again.

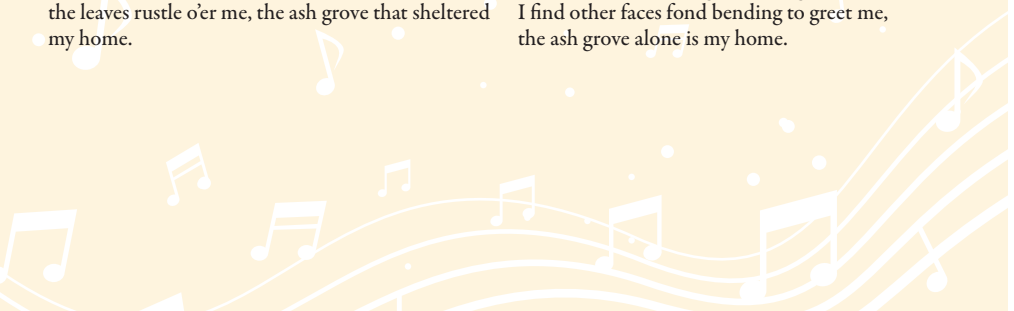
Children's Choir

The Ash Grove.....arr. Linda Steen Spevacek (b. 1945)
Soloists to be announced Welsh Folk song
Flute, Bethany Vivian

“The Ash Grove”, a Welsh folk song, tells of a young woman who grew up in the shade of a grove of ash trees and has died. From the realm beyond she speaks of her love for the grove’s peacefulness and shade, and how she hears the voices of other loved ones in the grove. **Linda Steen Spevacek** arranges this song first in 3/4 time, then in 4/4 time which may mark the death of the young woman. The flute part dances over the piano, perhaps as birds fly through the grove. Our solos begin the 4/4 section and the choir joins at “I find other faces,” as the girl hears the voices of her loved ones. Enjoy these sweet voices on this lovely folk song.

The ash grove how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking,
The wind through it playing has language for me.
When over its branches the sunlight is breaking,
a host of kind faces is gazing on me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me,
fond memories waken as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden,
the leaves rustle o'er me, the ash grove that sheltered
my home.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,
old countryside measures steal soft on my ear.
I only remember the past and its brightness,
the dear ones I mourn for again gather here.
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet
me,
and wistfully searching the leafy green dome.
I find other faces fond bending to greet me,
the ash grove alone is my home.



What a Wonderful World.....Bob Thiele (1922-1996)
George David Weiss (1921-2010)
arranged by unknown

Made popular by Louis Armstrong in 1967, “What a Wonderful World” has been arranged and recorded by many artists, a memorable melody with lyrics that suggest the beauty of the world and the community. It brings us back to the friendship and love we share for one another and for the world in which we live, a welcome message. This arrangement was handwritten by someone who did not indicate their name, and gifted to us from the library of the former Moscow Arts Commission Choir. Kudos to Deborah Collins, piano collaborator who arranged our accompaniment.

I see trees of green, red roses too,
I see them bloom for me and for you,
and I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue, and clouds of white,
the bright blessed day, the dark sacred night,
and I think to myself, what a wonderful world

The colors of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky,
are also on the faces of people goin’ by.
I see friends shakin’ hands, sayin’ “How do you do.”
They’re really sayin’, “I love you.”

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow.
They’ll learn much more than I’ll ever know
and I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

The Arrow and the Song..... Mary Lynn Lightfoot (b. 1952)

“The Arrow and the Song” was inspired by poet **Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**, a New England poet. His kind, generous reputation led the students in Cambridge to build an armchair out of the chestnut tree which he alluded to in his poem “The Village Blacksmith.” “The Arrow and the Song” brings the idea of music falling into silence and finding its way into people’s hearts, as obviously it has in our young singers’ hearts.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow its flight.

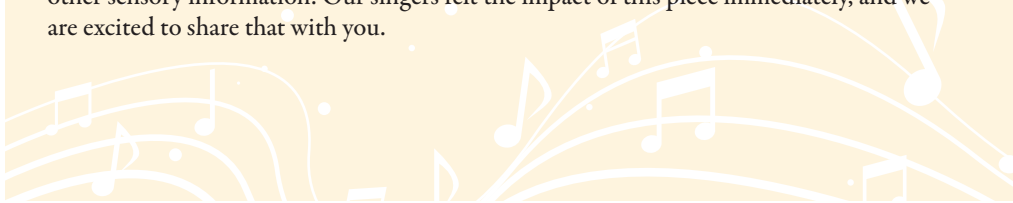
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Who can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Can You Hear Me? Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)

“Can You Hear Me?” presents the perspective of a hearing-impaired child who uses sign language to communicate. Many of us who hear cannot imagine life without our hearing, and this song normalizes how they may see, feel, and experience life with the same curiosity and wonder as their peers. The sign language and groupings of legato eighth notes in each chorus evoke a sense of well-being and self-sufficiency in a life without sound but rich with other sensory information. Our singers felt the impact of this piece immediately, and we are excited to share that with you.



I look around me as I grow, I'd like to tell you all I know.
I see life, with all its energy, the city streets, the rush of time.
This is my world, it's where I like to be, so much to see, so much to find.
I sometimes sit and wait awhile, I see the sun, it makes me smile.
Can you see it too?

I feel life with all its energy, the joy of waking every day.
This is my world, it's where I like to be, so much to do, so much to say.
I sometimes sit and feel the sun, its warmth is there for everyone.
Can you feel it too?

My world's a silent one, but it's enough for me,
I hear you through your hands, the movement sets me free,
but it could be a special thing to hear your voice, to hear you sing.
Can you hear me too?

Chamber Choir

Hear My Prayer, O Lord Henry Purcell (1659-95)
Text from Psalm 102:1

Henry Purcell is the most prominent English-born composer of the Baroque Era and the finest composer between William Byrd in the Renaissance and Ralph Vaughan Williams in the 20th century. Known for his operas, such as *Dido and Aeneas*, as well as his choral odes and anthems. He served as organist at both the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey.

“Hear My Prayer, O Lord” is composed in the antique style with the equal-voiced imitative polyphony and dissonance of Renaissance madrigals. It is believed that the anthem could have been intended as part of a larger work as the original manuscript did not include a final barline and was followed by several blank pages. The work’s cadence on an open fifth implies a sense of hope in the arrival of assistance after difficulties.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my crying unto thee.

Listen to the Silence..... David Lantz III (b. 1956)
Words by Herb Frombach, based on I Kings 19:12

David Lantz III, a native of Belvidere, New Jersey, has had an active career as a composer for over forty years. During much of this time, he held a full time position as a high school choral educator, including working for 29 years at East Stroudsburg High School South in East Stroudsburg, PA. He has composed over 600 works for piano and choir with numerous publishing companies. “Listen to the Silence” leans into the insecurity that silence can provide; silence can be unnerving for many people, but it can also be a source of peace, hope, and tranquility. Lantz plays with this dichotomy through his use of modulation. The work regularly changes key in unexpected ways to reflect the nature of the text.

Listen to the silence.
When you hear nothing, listen.

There is a voice you need to hear.
A still, small voice calling out so true.
There is a voice you need not fear.
Listen to the silence, He's calling you.

When you hear nothing, listen. Listen to the silence.

Listen for the voice of God.
And quietly, His voice will come to you.

Listen! Listen!
When you hear nothing, listen!
Listen to the silence,
His still, small voice will come to you.

A Silence Haunts Me.....Jake Runestad (b. 1986)
Poetry by Todd Boss, based on Beethoven's *Heiligenstadt Testament*

In 2017, **Jake Runestad** traveled to Leipzig, Germany to be present at the premiere of *Into the Light*, an extended work for chorus and orchestra commissioned by Valparaiso University to commemorate the 500th anniversary of Luther nailing his Ninety-Seven Theses to a door in Wittenberg, thereby kicking off the Reformation. While traveling after the concert, Runestad found himself in the *Haus der Musik Museum* in Vienna, where he encountered a facsimile of Ludwig van Beethoven's *Heiligenstadt Testament*.

It was the first time he had read the famous text, which is almost equal parts medical history (including Beethoven's first admission to his brothers that he was going deaf), last will and testament, letter of forgiveness, and prayer of hope. Runestad was flabbergasted and found himself thinking about Beethoven, about loss, and about the tragedy of one of the greatest musicians of all time losing his hearing. Beethoven put it this way, "Ah, how could I possibly admit an infirmity in the one sense which ought to be more perfect in me than others, a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection, a perfection such as few in my profession enjoy or ever have enjoyed."

When the American Choral Directors Association offered the Raymond W. Brock Commission to Runestad for the 2019 National Conference, he took many months to settle on a topic, finally deciding on setting Beethoven's words. While researching Beethoven's output around the time of the letter, Runestad discovered that Beethoven wrote a ballet, *Creatures of Prometheus*, just a year before penning his testament. "Beethoven must have put himself into Prometheus' mindset to embody the story," Runestad noted. "Just as Prometheus gifted humankind with fire and was punished for eternity, so did Beethoven gift the fire of his music while fighting his deafness, an impending silence. What an absolutely devastating yet inspiring account of the power of the human spirit. In the moment of his loss — when he wrote the *Heiligenstadt Testament* — he had no idea how profound his legacy would be" ("legacy" being one of the themes of this ACDA's anniversary conference).

Because of the length of the letter, a verbatim setting was impractical; Runestad once again turned to his friend and frequent collaborator, Todd Boss, to help. Boss's poem, entitled *A Silence Haunts Me – After Beethoven's Heiligenstadt Testament* creates a scena — a monologue in Beethoven's voice for choir. The poem is both familiar and intimate; Boss has taken the fundamentals of Beethoven's letter and spun it into a libretto that places the reader/listener into the same small, rented room as one of the most towering figures of the Romantic Era.

To those words, Runestad has brought his full array of dramatic understanding and compositional skill; *A Silence Haunts Me* sounds more like a self-contained monologue from an opera than a traditional choral piece. Runestad, who has published three operas to date, shows his flair for melding music with text even more dramatically than in familiar settings like *Let My Love Be Heard* and *Please Stay*. He sets the poetry with an intense, emotional directness and uses some of Beethoven's own musical ideas to provide context. Stitched into the work are hints at familiar themes from the *Moonlight Sonata*, the 3rd, 6th, and 9th Symphonies, and *Creatures of Prometheus*, but they are, in Runestad's words,

“filtered through a hazy, frustrated, and defeated state of being.”

In wrestling with Beethoven, with legacy, and with loss, Runestad has done what he does best—written a score where the poetry creates the form, where the text drives the rhythm, where the melody supports the emotional content, and where the natural sounding vocal lines, arresting harmony, and idiomatic accompaniment — in this case, piano in honor of Beethoven — come together to offer the audience an original, engaging, thoughtful, and passionate work of choral art.

Hear me, brothers —

I have a confession painful to make.
Six years I have endured a curse
that deepens every day. They say
that soon I'll cease to hear the very
music of my soul. What should be
the sense most perfect in me
fails me, shames me, taunts me.
A silence haunts me.
They ask me —
Do you hear the shepherd singing
far-off soft? — Do you hear a distant
fluting dancing joyously aloft?
— No. — I think so? — No. — I
think so? — No.

God, am I Prometheus? — exiled
in chains for gifting humankind
my fire? Take my feeling —
take my sight — take my wings
mid-flight but let me hear the
searing roar of air before I score
the ground!

Why? — Silence is God's reply
— and so I beg me take my life —
when lo — I hear a grace and feel
a ringing in me after all —

so now as leaves of autumn fall, I
make my mark and sign my name
and turn again to touch my flame
of music to the world, a broken
man, as best I can,

As ever,
Faithfully yours,

(— A bell? — A bell?)

Hear me,
and be well.

The Sound of Silence Paul Simon (b. 1941)
arr. Aldy Santos

Folk duo **Simon & Garfunkel** recorded the original version of “The Sound of Silence” for their debut album in 1964. An electric remix of the song was disseminated in 1965, and it reached number 1 on the Billboard Hot 100 by January 1, 1966. It was included on the soundtrack to the film *The Graduate* in 1967. The song was relatable to many contemporary audiences in the way that it highlighted humanity’s inability to hold meaningful conversations about important issues in the politically charged environment of the 1960s. The lyrics were regularly associated with the counterculture movements of the time and reflected the idea of tacitly supporting the government by saying nothing about injustice. The song is among the most commercially successful folk rock tunes of all time.

Aldy Santos, a Montreal-based pianist, arranger, and conductor, has created a choral arrangement that is faithful to the folk style of the original piece.

Hello darkness, my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains
Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams, I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
'Neath the halo of a streetlamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a
neon light
That split the night
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light, I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never shared
No one dared
Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools", said I, "You do not know
Silence like a cancer grows
Hear my words that I might teach you
Take my arms that I might reach you"
But my words like silent raindrops fell
And echoed in the wells of silence

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they made
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming
And the sign said, "The words of the prophets
are written on the subway walls
In tenement halls"
And whispered in the sounds of silence

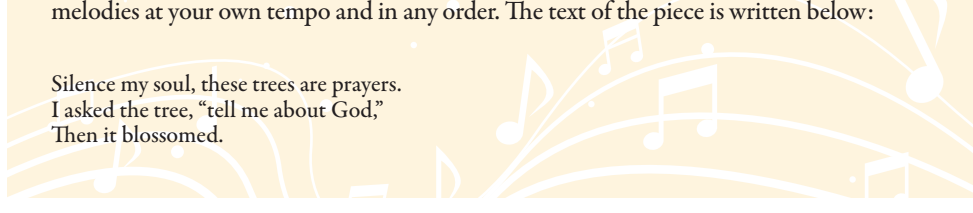
Chorale

Silence My Soul..... Francisco F. Feliciano (1941-2014)
Savannah Kahl, soloist Words by Rabindranath Tagore

Francisco Feliciano is one of the most prominent composers of Filipino choral tradition in the 20th century. He earned two degrees from the University of the Philippines before continuing his studies with a diploma in Berlin and both a master's and doctorate degree from Yale University. His prominent works helped usher in an era of immense compositional productivity from other Filipino composers, leading to the nation's status as one of the most musically adept cultures in the world. Feliciano composed over 30 operas and hundreds of sacred works. His aleatoric piece "Silence My Soul" features a text by Bengali polymath **Rabindranath Tagore**, who was famous for his poetry, compositions, art, and political activism and was the first non-European to earn a Nobel Prize in Literature. The piece is structured around three phrases of text which could be repeated any number of times.

In today's performance, our soloist will introduce the melody of each phrase, followed by an echo by the sopranos and altos. Our soloist will then repeat the phrases, and you are most welcome to sing along with the sopranos and altos as they echo them. After this second repetition of the melodies, we will begin the aleatory – or "chance music" – in which every performance will sound a bit different: you are welcome to continue singing by repeating the melodies at your own tempo and in any order. The text of the piece is written below:

Silence my soul, these trees are prayers.
I asked the tree, "tell me about God,"
Then it blossomed.



Bugtong-Bugtong Ian Gabriel Torres Corpuz (b. 1995)
World Premiere—Winner of the 3rd Annual Palouse Choral Society Composition Contest

Ian Gabriel Torres Corpuz is a conductor, composer, and music educator in the Philippines. He earned his bachelor's degree in music education and choral conducting from Centro Escolar University. He is currently pursuing a master's degree in music education at his alma mater, where he also teaches ear training, ensembles, and music education courses. He is active as a composer with many compositions published through MuzikSea, the largest online publishing resource for Southeast Asian composers. His composition "Bugtong-Bugtong," the winner of our third annual composition contest, centers on the enjoyment of deciphering a riddle. The piece is in ABA form, with the opening and closing sections offering refrains about the process of figuring out a riddle. The B section is aleatoric and includes four riddles spoken above the choir's continued performance. The upbeat rhythms of the piece are a testament to its lighthearted style.

Tagalog Text

Subukin ang talas ng 'yong isipan
Mag muni-muni ng sagot, palaisipan.
Bugtong-bugtong, subukang sagutin,
Bugtong-bugtong, handa ng laruin

Nilay ng nilay ang malawak na isipan,
Ang bawat pahiwatig iyong pag-aralan,
Bugtong-bugtong, subukang sagutin,
Bugtong-bugtong, sagot mo'y sambitin

Bugtong-bugtong,
isda ko sa Maribeles,
nasa loob and kaliskis.

Answer: Sili

Bugtong-bugtong,
langit sa itaas, langit sa ibaba,
may tubing sa gitna.

Answer: Niyog/Buko

Bugtong-bugtong,
hindi Reyna, hindi rin Prinsesa,
ngunit, may suot na korona.

Answer: Bayabas

Bugtong-bugtong,
isa lamang ang pasukan,
ngunit, may tatlong lagusan.

Answer: Damit

English Translation

Partake in a mental challenge.
Ponder the solution to the puzzle.
Riddle, riddle, strive to answer
Riddle, riddle, let the game begin

The sharp mind delves into deep thought,
You must think and examine every possible clue.
Riddle, riddle, give it a try.
Riddle, riddle, express your answer

Riddle, riddle,
My fish from Maribeles,
Its scales are located inside.

Answer: Chili Pepper

Riddle, riddle,
A heaven above, and a heaven below,
in between, found water.

Answer: Coconut

Riddle, riddle,
She is not a Queen, neither she is a princess.
Yet, she wears a crown

Answer: Guava

Riddle, riddle,
There's just only one passageway,
Yet, there are three exits.

Answer: Clothes

Thula baba, thula sana arr. Floris van Vugt (b. 1984)
Traditional South African

“Thula baba, thula sana” is a popular South African lullaby. It is sung from the perspective of a mother who is soothing her child while the father is away on work. In the first verse, she references the star that will lead him home. In the second verse, he is on his way back home. This folk tune has been sung by numerous ensembles over time and has been passed down in an oral tradition. The arrangement we sing today comes from a Dutch-born psychologist and scientific researcher who performs Baroque oboe and notates arrangements of traditional music.

Zulu Text

Thula thul, thula baba,
Thula sana;
Thul’u bab’uzo fika eku seni.

Kukh’in kanyezi ziholel’ u baba.
Zimkhan yisela indlele ziyekhaya.

Sobe sikhona xa bonke beshoyo,
Bethi buyela ubuye lekhaya.

English Translation

Hush, hush, hush-a-bye, little man,
Be quiet, my baby;
Be quiet, Daddy will be back in the morning.

There’s a star that will draw him home.
It will illuminate his path home to us.

All will urge on. They’ll say, go back.
He returned to his home.

Make Them Hear You Stephen Flaherty (b. 1960)
Andy Cavagnetto, soloist arr. Mark Hayes (b. 1953)
Lyrics by Lynn Ahrens

Flaherty & Ahrens’s musical *Ragtime*, based on the novel by E.L. Doctorow, opened in 1998 on Broadway. An ensemble show, it focuses on three different storylines in New York City at the turn of the 20th century: a Harlem-based pianist named Coalhouse Walker and his young love Sarah, a Jewish artist and his daughter who have immigrated from Latvia, and an upper-class white family who live in suburban New Rochelle. Their storylines interact amid connections to historical figures like Henry Ford and Harry Houdini. Near the end of the final act, Coalhouse sings “Make Them Hear You” as he encourages all the groups on stage to fight for justice with their words rather than through violence. One of the most famous tunes from the musical, it has become an anthem for social justice throughout the last few decades.

Go out and tell our story
Let it echo far and wide
Make them hear you
Make them hear you

How justice was our battle
And how justice was denied
Make them hear you
Make them hear you

And say to those who blame us
For the way we chose to fight
That sometimes there are battles
Which are more than black or white
And I could not put down my sword
When justice was my right
Make them hear you
Make them hear you

My part may lead to Heaven or Hell
And God will say what’s best

But one thing He will never say
Is that I went quietly to my rest
Go out and tell our story to your daughters and
your sons
Make them hear you
Make them hear you

And tell them, in our struggle
We were not the only ones
Make them hear you
Make them hear you

Broken maybe from your parlment
In your classroom with your pen
Teach every child to raise his voice
And then my brothers, then
Will justice be demanded by ten million
righteous men?
Make them hear you

When they hear you, I’ll be near you again