



CONTRA COSTA CHORALE
Fall 2022

*Where Words Fail,
Music Speaks*

Saturday, December 3rd, 2022

Unitarian Universalist Church of Berkeley

This concert is dedicated to Betty Reid Soskin, a long-time friend of the Chorale, who herself wrote and performed music as a civil rights activist in Contra Costa and Alameda counties



THE OPENING ACT

CONTRA COSTA CHORALE

A partnership of the Contra Costa Chorale with Contra Costa County schools showcasing the many talented students in the performing arts within our county.

De Anza High School Choir

West Contra Costa Unified School District

Stephanie Rios, Choir Director

Martin Morley, Accompanist

Hushabye, Nanita Nana..... Mary Donnelly and George L.O. Strid
Makeyla Pablo, Soloist

The Seal Lullaby..... Words by Rudyard Kipling
Music by Eric Whitacre

Wanting Memories..... Ysaye M. Barnwell
Natalia Giddings, Soloist

SOPRANO

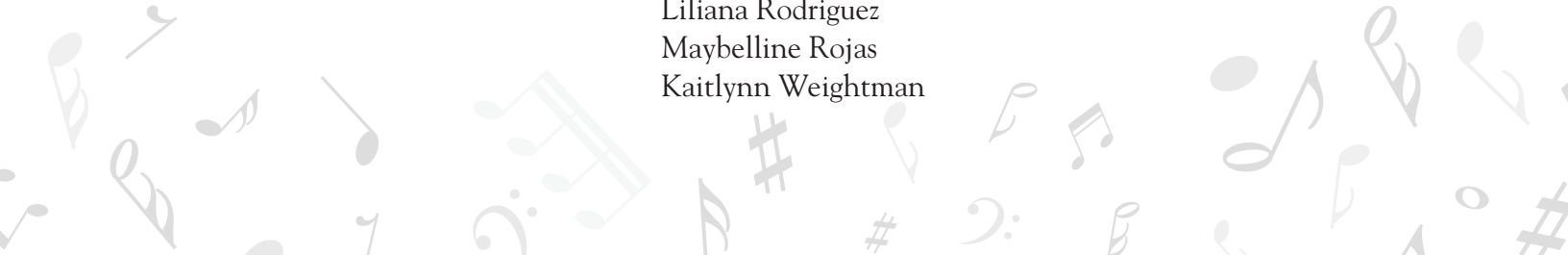
- Kwin Alarcon
- Lea Borja
- Breana Espinosa
- Maliya Fredriksen
- Natalia Giddings
- Shezid Reynaga
- Jennielyn Selorio

ALTO

- Emily Fuentes Perez
- Alyssa Gonzalez
- Norma Hernandez
- Aaliyah Jackson
- Alejandra Lopez
- Jamie Marquez
- Crystal Martinez
- Deborah Miranda
- Fantaezha Norrell
- Makeyla Pablo
- Rashel Pimentel
- Rida Qayyum
- Venus Retiro
- Sofia Riley
- Liliana Rodriguez
- Maybelline Rojas
- Kaitlynn Weightman

BARITONE

- Syed Ahsan
- Gilbert Alvarez
- Clarissa Castro
- Armon Daniels Westbrooks
- Jarrad Lucido
- Andru Mauleon
- Mayker Rodriguez



Where words fail, Music Speaks

Director, Cindy Beitmen
Accompanist, Martin Morley

Guest Artists:

Cecilia Engelhart, vocalist Carole Klein, trumpet Philip Knudsen, percussion

NATURAL DISASTERS

Cantata No. 25 (*first chorus*) ..J.S. Bach (1685-1750).....Great Plague of Marseille (early 18th century)

Famine Song.....VIDASudanese basket weavers during the
famine of the 1980s

Cecilia Engelhart, vocal soloist • Susan Lambert, Monica Olivares, Karine Schomer, trio

Requiem.....Eliza Gilkyson (1950-).....2004 Asian tsunami/2005 Hurricane Katrina

WAR

Madame JeanetteAlan Murray (1890-1952).....WWI, loss of life at the Somme campaign
in 1916

Ani ma'amin.....Traditional Jewish.....WWII, sung by Jews on way to gas chambers
during the Holocaust

Bella ciao.....Traditional Italian.....WWII, anti-Fascist, sung by Italian partisans;
2020 - COVID / 2022 - Ukraine, Iran

Fragile.....Sting (1951-).....1987, tribute to Ben Linder, civil engineer,
killed by Contras in Nicaragua and a live
performance by Sting on the night of 9/11

Cecilia Engelhart, vocal soloist • Carole Klein, trumpet • Philip Knudsen, percussion

Requiem for the Masses ...Terry Kirkman (1939-)In protest of the Vietnam war

Carole Klein, trumpet • Philip Knudsen, percussion

INJUSTICE

Malala.....Joan Szymko (1957-).....Fight against Taliban's ban against girls
receiving education

Cecilia Englehart, speaker

March of the Women.....Ethel Smyth (1858-1944)Women's suffrage movement

Meet me hereCraig Hella Johnson (1962-)Murder of Matthew Shepard/Hate crimes

Cecilia Englehart, vocal soloist • Cyndi Mulligan, Carole Strand, Elizabeth Thompson, trio

We shall overcomeCharles A. Tindley (1851-1933) ..Civil rights protest song

Elmina Green, Sylvie Mwila Jonath, Gennifer Tate, solo trio

Accompaniment composed by Martin Morley

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

CANTATA 25

Es ist nichts Gesundes an meinem Leibe

There is nothing healthy in my body

Für deinem Dräuen.

Because of your anger.

Und ist kein Friede in meinen Gebeinen

And there is no peace in my bones

Vor meiner Sünde.

Because of my sins.

- Psalm 38.3

FAMINE SONG

Ease my spirit, ease my soul,

Please free my hands from this barren soil.

Ease my mother, ease my child

Earth and sky be reconciled.

Rain, rain, rain.

Rain, rain, rain.

Weave, my mother, weave, my child,

Weave your baskets of rushes wild.

Out of heat, under sun,

Comes the hunger to everyone.

Famine's teeth, famine's claw

On the sands of Africa.

REQUIEM

mother mary, full of grace, awaken

all our homes are gone, our loved ones taken

taken by the sea

mother mary, calm our fears, have mercy

drowning in a sea of tears, have mercy

hear our mournful plea

our world has been shaken,

we wander our homelands forsaken

in the dark night of the soul

bring some comfort to us all,

o mother mary come and carry us in your embrace

that our sorrows may be faced

mary, fill the glass to overflowing

illuminate the path where we are going

have mercy on us all

in funeral fires burning

each flame to your mystery returning

in the dark night of the soul

your shattered dreamers, make them whole,

o mother mary find us

where we've fallen out of grace

lead us to a higher place

in the dark night of the soul

our broken hearts you can make whole,

o mother mary come

and carry us in your embrace.

let us see your gentle face, mary

MADAME JEANETTE

Madame Jeanette, when the sun goes down,

Sits at her door in the rush of the town;

Waiting for someone each close of the day,

Someone who fell at St. Pierre, they say.

Madame Jeanette, when the stars shine bright,

Sits at her window and looks through the night;

Listening for someone to pass down the way,

For someone who sleeps at St. Pierre, they say.

Madame Jeanette, she will wait there, I know,

Till her eyes have grown dim

And her hair's white as snow;

Wait there and watch there, till one of these days

They take her to slumber in Père Lachaise,

In Père Lachaise.

ANI MA'AMIN

Ani ma'amin, b'emuna sh'léma,

I believe with complete faith

B'v'iat hamashiach,

In the coming of the Messiah,

V'af al pi sh'yitmameah,

And even though he may tarry,

Im kol zeh ani ma'amín.

nevertheless, I believe.

BELLA CIAO

Questa mattina mi sono alzato

One morning I awakened

O bella ciao!...

Goodbye beautiful...

E ho trovato l'invasor.

And I found the invader.

O partigiano portami via

O partisan carry me away

O bella ciao!...

Goodbye beautiful...

Ché mi sento di morir.

Because I feel death approaching

E seppelire lassu in montagna

Bury me up in the mountain

O bella ciao!...

Goodbye beautiful!

Soto l' ombra di un bel fior.
Under the shade of a beautiful flower.

Questo il fiore del partigiano
This is the flower of the partisan
O bella ciao!...
Goodbye beautiful!
Morto per la libertà.
Who died for freedom.

FRAGILE

If blood will flow
When flesh and steel are one
Drying in the colour of the evening sun,
Tomorrow's rain will wash the stains away
But something in our minds will always stay.
Perhaps this final act was meant
To clinch a lifetime's argument
That nothing comes from violence
and nothing ever could
For all those born beneath an angry star
Lest we forget how fragile we are.

On and on the rain will fall
Like tears from a star, like tears from a star.
On and on the rain will say
How fragile we are, how fragile we are.

REQUIEM FOR THE MASSES

Requiem aeternam, requiem aeternam.
Rest eternal.

Mama, mama, forget your pies
Have faith they won't get cold,
And turn your eyes to the bloodshot sky
Your flag is flying full,
At half mast for the matadors
Who turned their backs to please the crowd,
And all fell before the bull.

Red was the color of his blood flowing thin,
Pallid white was the color of his lifeless skin.
Blue was the color of the morning sky
He saw looking up from the ground where he died,
It was the last thing ever seen by him

Kyrie eleison.
Lord have mercy.

Black and white were the figures that recorded him,
Black and white was the newsprint he was mentioned in,
Black and white was the question that so bothered him,
He never asked, he was taught not to ask,
But was on his lips as they buried him.

Rex tremendae majestatis.
King of great majesty.

Requiem aeternam.
Rest eternal.

MALALA

I am Malala,
Their bullet did not stop me.
I am Malala,
Their bullet gave me power to raise my voice.
Hear my voice:
(voice-over: one child, one teacher, one pen,
one book can change the world)
I am Malala.
I am afraid of no one.

MARCH OF THE WOMEN

Shout, shout, up with your song!
Cry with the wind, for the dawn is breaking;
March, march, swing you along,
Wide blows our banner, and hope is waking.
Song with its story, dreams with their glory
Lo! they call, and glad is their word!
Loud and louder it swells,
Thunder of freedom, the voice of the Lord!

Long, long, we in the past
Cowered in dread from the light of heaven.
Strong, strong, stand we at last,
Fearless in faith and with sight new given.
Strength with its beauty, Life with its duty,
(Hear the voice, oh hear and obey!)
These, these, beckon us on!
Open your eyes to the blaze of day.

Comrades, ye who have dared
First in the battle to strive and sorrow,
Scorned, spurned, nought have ye cared,
Raising your eyes to a wider morrow.
Ways that are weary, days that are dreary,
Toil and pain by faith ye have borne;
Hail, hail, victors ye stand,
Wearing the wreath that the brave have worn!

Life, strife, these two are one,
Nought can ye win but by faith and daring;
On, on, that ye have done
But for the work of today preparing.
Firm in reliance, laugh a defiance,
(Laugh in hope, for sure is the end.)
March, march, many as one.
Shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend.

MEET ME HERE

Meet me here,
Won't you meet me here
Where the old fence ends and the horizon begins?
There's a balm in the silence
Like an understanding air
Where the old fence ends and the horizon begins.

We've been walking through the darkness
On this long, hard climb
Carried ancestral sorrow
For too long a time.
Will you lay down your burden,
Lay it down, come with me?
It will never be forgotten,
Held in love so tenderly.

Meet me here,
Won't you meet me here
Where the old fence ends and the horizon begins?
There's a joy in the singing
Like an understanding air
Where the old fence ends and the horizon begins.

Then we'll come to the mountain,
We'll go bounding to see
That great circle of dancing,
And we'll dance endlessly.
And we'll dance with the all the children
Who've been lost along the way.
We will welcome each other,
Coming home this glorious day.

We are home in the mountain,
And we'll gently understand
That we've been friends forever,
That we've never been alone.
We'll sing on through any darkness
And our song will be our sight.
We can learn to offer praise again,
Coming home to the light.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

We shall overcome.
We shall overcome.
We shall overcome someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday.

We'll walk hand in hand.
We'll walk hand in hand.
We'll walk hand in hand someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday.

We shall live in peace.
We shall live in peace.
We shall live in peace someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday.

We are not afraid.
We are not afraid.
We are not afraid today.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday.

God will see us through.
God will see us through.
God will see us through someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday.

CONTRA COSTA CHORALE

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Martin Morley, Accompanist
Kate Sibley, General Manager

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The Contra Costa Chorale wishes to extend special thanks to:

Unitarian Universalist Church of Berkeley in Kensington and its ever-flexible staff:
Tess Snook O'Riva, Executive Director; Caitlyn Vincent, Office Administrator;
Antonio Toro, Facilities Manager

Chad Keig

Contra Costa County District 1 Supervisor John Gioia and his staff

Dr. John Swartzberg, Clinical Professor Emeritus, UC Berkeley School of Public Health

Gwen Broussard

And all our friends who keep us singing with their generous support

(Coming soon: a full list of donors from 2020-2022 on our website)

www.ccchorale.org

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cocochorale@gmail.com

Fragile

As with the great joys in life
There is music.
And in the dark and fearful moments
When words alone seem so inadequate,
There, also, is music
To ease our spirit and ease our soul.

In the horror of the Holocaust
Jews sang, "Ani Ma' Amin,
I believe."
And their song still lingers in the air,
"Like tears from a star."

Whether a tsunami in Asia, drought in Africa
Or hurricanes and floods in Florida,
We are a fragile people
And our Mother, the Earth,
Is a fragile planet.
Yet, the songs that live within each of us,
Can never be washed away.

As the rise of racism, violence and cruelty
Escalates in our own country,
Once again, we sing, "We Shall Overcome."
Perhaps adding a verse,
We Must Overcome.

For all of us, "we'll sing on through any darkness
And our song will be our sight."

We are the Contra Costa Chorale.

Claudia Dechow
Chorale Member