

THE CHORAL ARTS COLLECTIVE PRESENTS

BEL CANTO V<sup>GATE CITY</sup>  
COMPANY VOICES

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...AMERICA...

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SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 2026, 3:30 PM

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 2026, 7:30 PM

CHRIST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, GREENSBORO

Welborn E. Young, *Artistic Director & Conductor*

Brittany Kaehler, *Assistant Conductor*

Christy Wisuthseriwong, *Accompanist*

Steve McHugh, *Percussion*

**Choral Arts Collective Choral Educator Honorees**

Jeremy Nabors, Durham School of the Arts  
Durham, Durham County

Jordan Rosser, Western Guilford High School  
Greensboro, Guilford County

Diana Campuzano, Ragsdale High School Varsity Voices  
Jamestown, Guilford County

**Western Guilford High School Chorus**

La'Riah Alston  
Charlotte Asrat  
Nsia George

Rachael Gootkin  
Nia Howell-Williams  
Heavenlee Morgan

Delaney Phillips  
Daniel Steen

**Ragsdale High School Varsity Voices**

Illana Allison  
Ylisia Carbajal  
KaLeah Cheeks  
Kelsey Crum  
Jordyn Daughtridge  
Zamarion Davis  
Julius Geary  
Gabrielle Guijoza

Aaliyah Haamid  
Cameron Harris  
Vyani Johnson  
Jacob Jones  
Ja'Net Lewis  
Jeselyn Luna  
Ethan Ly  
Vivian Mejicanos Ly

Javaeh Middleton  
Leah Pratt  
Kyree Punzalan  
Tania Sutton  
Richard Taylor  
Zoey Thompson  
Melody Thorne

## Program

- Ambe . . . . . Andrew Balfor  
Brittany Kaehler, *conductor*
- Plain Chant for America . . . . . William Grant Still
- I Dream a World . . . . . André Thomas  
Jeremy Nabors, *conductor* (3.8) & Jordan Rosser *conductor* (3.9)
- The Times They Are A-Changin' . . . . . Bob Dylan,  
arr. Matthew Podd  
Catherine Clifton Hardman, Ashley Ellin, Alicia Reid, *select group*  
Brittany Kaehler, *conductor* (3.8) & Diana Campuzano, *conductor* (3.9)
- This Is My Song (Finlandia) . . . . . Jean Sibelius  
arr. Blake Morgan  
Daniel Tolodziecki & Tandy Brown, *soloists*
- Lift Every Voice and Sing . . . . . J. Rosamond Johnson  
arr. Heather Sorenson  
Shyla Powell, Samantha Saake, Jordan Rosser, Shelby Moss, Tandy Brown, *select group*  
Brittany Kaehler, *conductor*

## Intermission

- An American Hymn . . . . . Cecil Effinger
- Would You Harbor Me? from *Safe House: Still Looking*. . . . . Ysaÿe M. Barnwell
- A Day May Come . . . . . Debbie Wieseman
- My Country, 'Tis of Thee . . . . . Tune from *Thesaurus Musicus*  
arr. Mack Wilberg
- Measure Me, Sky! . . . . . Elaine Hagenberg
- The Star-Spangled Banner . . . . . John Stafford Smith  
arr. Eric Whitacre  
Catherine Clifton Hardman, Samantha Saake, Lauren Elena Smith, *select group*
- Homeland . . . . . Gustav Holst  
arr. Z. Randall Stroope

## Learn More About Today's Music

Additional program notes are available at:  
<https://choralartscollective.org/notes-america/>

There you will also find a PDF version of this insert. You may view it on the device of your choice to zoom in, use a screen reader, or revisit the texts later.



## Texts and Translations

### Ambe

Ambe  
Ambe Anishinaabeg  
biindigeg Anishinaabeg  
Mino-bimaadiziwin omaa  
Ambe

text by Cory Campbell

Come in  
Come in, two-legged beings  
come in all people  
There is good life here  
Come in!

### Plain Chant for America

For the dream unfinished  
Out of which we came,  
We stand together,  
While a hemisphere darkens  
And the nations flame.

Our earth has been hallowed  
With death for freedom;  
Our walls have been hallowed  
With freedom's thought.  
Concord, Valley Forge, Harpers Ferry  
Light up with their flares  
Our sky of doubt.

We fear tyranny as our hidden enemy:  
The blackshirt cruelty, the goose-step mind.

No dark signs close the doors of our speaking.  
No bayonets bar the door to our prayers.  
No gun butts shadow our children's eyes.

text by Katherine Garrison Chapin

If we have failed—lynchings in Georgia,  
Justice in Massachusetts undone,  
The bloody fields of South Chicago—  
Still a voice from the bruised and the battered  
Speaks out in the light of a free sun,

Saying, "Tell them again, say it, America;  
Say it again till it splits their ears:  
Freedom is salt in our blood and its bone shape;  
If freedom fails, we'll fight for more freedom—  
This is the land, and these are the years!  
When freedom's a whisper above their ashes  
An obsolete word cut on their graves,  
When the mind has yielded its last resistance,  
And the last free flag is under the waves—

"Let them remember that here on the western  
Horizon a star, once acclaimed, has not set;  
And the strength of a hope, and the shape of  
a vision  
Died for and sung for and fought for,  
And worked for, Is living yet."

### I Dream a World

I dream a world where man  
No other man will scorn,  
Where love will bless the earth  
And peace its paths adorn  
I dream a world where all  
Will know sweet freedom's way  
Where greed no longer saps the soul  
Nor avarice blights our day.

text by Langston Hughes

A world I dream where black or white,  
Whatever race you be,  
Will share the bounties of the earth  
And every man is free,  
Where wretchedness will hang its head  
And joy, like a pearl,  
Attends the needs of all mankind-  
Of such I dream, my world!

## The Times They Are A-Changin'

text by Bob Dylan

Come gather 'round people  
wherever you roam,  
and admit that the waters  
around you have grown,  
And accept it that soon  
you'll be drenched to the bone.  
If your time to you is worth savin',  
and you better start swimmin',  
or you'll sink like a stone,  
for the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers  
throughout the land  
And don't criticize  
what you can't understand.  
Your sons and your daughters  
are beyond your command.  
Your old road is rapidly agin'.  
Please get out of the new one  
if you can't lend your hand.  
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn,  
the curse it is cast.  
The slow one now  
will later be fast.  
As the present now  
will later be past,  
the order is rapidly fadin'.  
And the first one now will later be last.  
For the times they are a-changin'

## This Is My Song (Finlandia)

text by Lloyd Stone (v1 & 2) and Blake Morgan (v3)

This is my song, O God of all the nations,  
A song of peace for lands afar and mine.  
This is my home, the country where my heart is,  
Here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine.  
But other hearts in other lands are beating,  
With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,  
And sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine.  
But other lands have sunlight too, and clover,  
And skies are everywhere as blue as mine.  
This is my song, O God of all the nations,  
A song of peace for their land and for mine.

So let us raise this melody together,  
Beneath the stars that guide us through the night;  
If we choose love, each storm we'll learn  
to weather,  
Until true peace and harmony we find,  
This is our song, a hymn we raise together;  
A dream of peace, uniting humankind.

### Lift Every Voice and Sing

Lift every voice and sing  
Till earth and heaven ring,  
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;  
Let our rejoicing rise  
High as the listening skies,  
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.

Lift every voice and sing,  
in spite of hatred's sting,  
echoing justice and love and unity.  
Let music swell the breeze,  
swaying through all the trees;  
each voice a call to make all people free.

Let God's love flow the lips of  
each sister and brother.  
Let wise words drip from the lips of  
each father and mother.  
Let us sing freedom's song,  
melody loud and strong.  
This is a call to join this prayerful throng.

### text by James Weldon Johnson, James C. Ward

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 till victory is won.

God of our weary years,  
God of our silent tears,  
Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;  
Thou who has by Thy might  
Led us into the light,  
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.

Shadowed beneath Thy hand,  
May we forever stand.  
True to our God,  
True to our native land.

### An American Hymn

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!

America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet  
Whose stern impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness.

America! America!  
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law.

### text by Katharine Lee Bates

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life.

America! America!  
May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And ev'ry gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears.

America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

**Would You Harbor Me? from *Safe House: Still Looking***

**text by Ysaÿe M. Barnwell**

Would you harbor me?  
Would I harbor you?  
Would you harbor me?  
Would I harbor you?

A person living with AIDS?  
Would you harbor a Tubman, a Garret, a Truth?  
A fugitive or a slave?  
Would you harbor a Haitian, Korean, or Czech?  
A lesbian or a gay?

Would you harbor a Christian, a Muslim, a Jew?  
A heretic, convict, or spy?  
Would you harbor a runaway woman or child?  
A poet, a prophet, a king?  
Would you harbor an exile or a refugee?

Would you harbor me?  
Would I harbor you?  
Would you harbor me?  
Would I harbor you?

**A Day May Come**

**text by Grahame Davies**

A day may come that asks of us  
all we have to give:  
a day we never would have sought  
and yet we have to live.  
If it should be our destiny  
to live in such a day,  
let our faith and love be worthy of  
the ones who showed the way.

The fears they faced,  
the faith they found,  
their common cause and common ground.  
We carry with us, come what may,  
as we now face  
our destiny, our day.

The ones we now call heroes  
The ones we say their memory will not die -  
they were no different in their day  
than you or I.  
They were no different in their day.  
than you or I.

**My Country, 'Tis of Thee**

**text by Samuel F. Smith**

My country tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring!

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song.  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love.  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture fills  
Like that above.

Our father's God to, Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## Measure Me, Sky!

text by Leonora Speyer

Measure me, sky!  
Tell me I reach by a song  
Nearer the stars;  
I have been little so long!

Sky, be my depth.  
Wind, be my width and my height,  
Measure me, sky!

Sky, be my depth.  
Wind, be my width and my height,  
Measure me, sky!

Sky, be my depth.  
Wind, be my width and my height,  
World, my heart's span;  
Loneliness, wings for my flight!

Horizon, reach out!  
Catch at my hands, stretch me taut,  
Rim of the world;  
Widen my eyes by a thought!

Measure me, sky!

## The Star-Spangled Banner

text by Francis Scott Key

Oh, say! can you see by the dawn's early light,  
what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh say does that star-spangled banner yet wave?  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

## Homeland

text by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice & Z. R. S.

I vow to you, my country,  
all earthly things above,  
Entire and whole and perfect,  
the service of my love:

But the message loud is heard:  
"Homeland, homeland  
Renew your youth,  
Restore your soul!"

The love that asks no question,  
the love that stands the test,  
That lays upon the altar  
The dearest and the best:

Homeland, the country that I love,  
hold out your arms to me.  
I strive for you,  
and give you the best I hope to be.

The love that never falters,  
the love that pays the price.  
The love that makes undaunted  
The final sacrifice.

May your wisdom be your armour,  
your compassion be your sword;  
May your strength be forged with mercy,  
And your courage lives restore.

Though the road has bends and turns,  
and my spirit suffers,  
Humans fail,  
systems fail,  
shadows fall.

Homeland, the country that I love,  
forever reign supreme:  
And when time stands still,  
my homeland,  
may heaven hold your dream.

But the ruts run deep,  
cut by the blood of faces above,  
And voices now silent,

My homeland,  
be my dream, my hope.

Homeland, Homeland!

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The Choral Arts Collective exists to create engaging, inclusive, and entertaining choral performances. For more than 40 years our core ensembles – **Bel Canto Company**, **Greensboro Youth Chorus**, and **Gate City Voices** – have provided stunning concerts and outstanding music education for tens of thousands of singers, students, and concert goers in the Triad and beyond.

Our vision is of community that celebrates excellence, diversity, and lifelong participation in choral music. We invite you to voice your support for The Choral Arts Collective through a tax-deductible donation. Your gift of any amount is greatly appreciated. Thank you!



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#### Contributors

Gwen Annese

Jonathan Dorety

Mary Johnson

Winnie Leienecker

Marcia McHenry

Jackie Mooney

Jerald O'Hara

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Special thanks to Christ United Methodist Church for all you have done to make today's concert a success and to Holy Trinity Episcopal Church for the use of their rehearsal space.

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#### **We want to hear from you! Help Shape the Future of the Arts**



We're working with the Arts Council of Greater Greensboro to better understand who we're reaching, and how we can better serve audiences like you. This short survey is completely anonymous and takes less than two minutes to complete. **Your Voice Matters, Thank You!**

<https://www.choralartscollective.org/arts-survey>