

Songs for the Journey

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 2026, 3:30 PM

TEW RECITAL HALL, UNCG SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Greensboro Youth Chorus

Claire Jurs, *Director*

Andy McGeagh, *Assistant Conductor*

Angelita Berdiales, *Accompanist*

Anna Ferguson, Ash LeNoir-Gowder, Elyse Monroe, Marcus Romero, Sydney Snyder, *Interns*

MUSIC EXPLORERS

Luna Blake
Lizzie Bryant
Amelia Corbett
Iker Correa

Aurora Davidson
Avalon Davidson
Evelyn Dupuis
Lucy Gordon

Kannon Keese
Nerina Pellegrini
Calaya Rivers
Holden Shearer

APPRENTICE CHOIR

Sophia Arnett
Kuba Barnett
Xavier Calhoun
Shahada Clark
Taylor Daniels
Evie Delbridge
Degan Dorion
Kai Draves

Nora Florence
Pippa Garrison
Catherine Girardi
Casey Hoey
Ksena Kasiah
Béa Neas
Isla Nuss
Bruno Proctor

Rhea Rorie
Viviana Sa
Ava Taylor
Jayce Thompson
Della Walters
Ali Walton

CONCERT CHOIR / ENCORE

Arjun Arunprasad
Ellie Beatty
Landon Bryant
Taylor Clinkscals
Bethany Coleman
Simone Crawford
Amelia Darty
Jacob Delbridge
Luke Delbridge
Eliza Franks
Dior Grice

Lauren Groce
Karina Havlen
Josephine Hoey
Charlotte Howes
Lou Jurs
Chloe Killian
Ginny Lowder
Allie Maxim
Clara Meixner
Harshini Mohan
Zahra Pitts

Eleanora Proctor
Vivian Rose
Lydia Saur
Aarna Sharma
Isla Sink
Elena Smith
LJ Sturdivant
Anmol Suman
Elise Tappouni
Madison Warren
Norah Wommack

ENCORE

Ellie Beatty
Landon Bryant
Simone Crawford
Josephine Hoey
Lou Jurs

Chloe Killian
Ginny Lowder
Allie Maxim
Clara Meixner
Harshini Mohan

Zahra Pitts
Aarna Sharma
Isla Sink
Elena Smith
Madison Warren

Digital Program Notes

A digital copy of this insert and the playbill are available at:
<https://choralartscollective.org/event/songs-for-the-journey/>



You may view them on the device of your choice to zoom in, use a screen reader, or revisit the texts later.

Don Gato

Oh, Señor Don Gato was a cat,
On a high red roof Don Gato sat,
he went there to read a letter meow, meow, meow,
where the reading light was better meow, meow, meow.
"Twas a love note for Don Gato!

I adore you, wrote the lady cat,
Who was fluffy, white, and nice and fat,
Oh there was no sweeter kitty, meow, meow, meow,
In the country or the city
And she said she'd wed Don Gato.

Oh, Don Gato jumped so happily,
He fell off the roof and broke his knee,
Broke his ribs and all his whiskers, meow, meow meow,
And his little solar plexus, meow, meow, meow,
"Ay caramba!" cried Don Gato

Well the doctors all came on the run,
Just to see if something could be done,
And they held a consultation, meow, meow, meow,
About how to save their patient, meow, meow, meow,
How to save Señor Don Gato.

But in spite of everything they tried,
Poor Señor Don Gato up and died.
Oh, it wasn't very merry, meow, meow, meow,
Going to the cemetery, meow, meow, meow,
For the ending of Don Gato.

When the funeral passed the market square
Such a smell of fish was in the air,
Though his burial was slated, meow, meow, meow
He became reanimated, meow, meow, meow,
He came back to life, Don Gato! Olé!

Duérmete mi Niño

"Duérmete mi Niño" is a lullaby that has been sung by one generation after another and in many variations. The text tells the story of a mother who assures her child that it is safe to fall asleep. A guardian angel has been sent to protect the child and watch over its dreams.

*Duérmete mi niño, duérmete mi sol.
Duérmete cariño, de mi corazón.
Duérmete mi niño, que en tu cabecera
Por velar tu sueño, un ángel te espera.*

Arroz con Leche

"Arroz con Leche" is about a young man called "Rice Pudding" who is searching for a young widow to marry - someone who can sew, stitch and satisfy his domestic needs. He does meet a widow; but ironically, she is a princess. And as protocol dictates, it is now she who does the choosing.

*Arroz con leche se quiere casar,
Con una viudita de la capital.
Que sepa coser, que sepa bordar,
Que ponga la aguja en el mismo lugar.*

*Pin pan cositas de ran, si no me dan café con pan.
Le saco la lengua al sacristán!*

*Yo soy la viudita la hija del rey,
Me quiero casar y no sé quién.
Contigo sí, contigo no.
Contigo mi vida me casaré yo.*

*Pin pan cositas de ran, si no me dan café con pan.
Le saco la lengua al sacristán!*

The Ghost Ship

Now listen well as a tale I tell of a night I shook with fear.
We were sailing west on the open sea, headin' home from a long, long year.
I was standing watch all alone that night when I heard a wailing cry.
As I strained to see what the sound could be
Something flashed, and caught my eye.
And the cold wind blew. And the cold wind blew.

'Twas then I spied off the starboard side a strange, mysterious sight.
I froze with fear as it drifted near like a ghost in the dark of night.
I could see a sail on a broken mast and deserted decks below.
From all around came a mournful sound, but I saw not a living soul!
And the cold wind blew. And the cold wind blew.

Well, I held fast to the forward mast as the ship moved slowly on,
And I watched that way 'til the break of day
When I knew that it finally had gone.
Oh, they laughed and joked as I told my tale to the captain and the men,
But the story's true, I can promise you, and it's sure to happen again.
Yes, it's sure to happen again.
And the cold wind blew. And the cold wind blew.

Waiting for the Spring

Midst the snows of winter,
I'm longing for the spring.
Waiting for the skies of blue,
When the robins sing.

I am waiting for the spring.
I am waiting for the spring.

Frost is on the window.
My breath is in the air.
Soon the sun will start to warm,
Surely, I'll be there.

I am waiting for the spring.
I am waiting for the spring.
I am waiting for the spring.
I am waiting for the spring.

In This World Together

Winter, fall, summer, spring, people laugh, people sing.

We are in this world together.

Sun and moon, night and morn, to this world, we are born.

We are in this world together.

All of us share this planet and we have all the power we need to be better and better, better and better in this world.

See the world through open eyes. Touch the world with open hands.

Hear me, sisters. Hear me, brothers. We are in this world together.

In this world, where we live, people share, people give.

We are in this world together.

On the road, now begun, in this world, we are one.

We are in this world together.

All of us share this planet and we have all the power we need to be better and better, better, and better in this world.

See the world through open eyes! Touch the world with open hands!

Hear me, sisters! Hear me, brothers!

We are in this world together!

Together! Together! Together!

Oh, we are all together in this world! Together!

Here Comes the Sun

Here comes the sun, Here comes the sun.

Little darlin'

It's been a long, cold, lonely winter.

Little darlin'

It feels like years since it's been here.

Here comes the sun, doo-doo-doo

Here comes the sun

And I say, "It's all right."

Little darlin'

The smile's returning to their faces

Little darlin'

It seems like years since it's been here.

Here comes the sun.

Here comes the sun,

And I say, "It's all right."

Sun, sun, sun, here it comes

Little darlin'

I feel that ice is slowly melting.

Little darlin'

It seems like years since it's been clear.

Here comes the sun, doo-doo-doo

Here comes the sun,

And I say, "It's all right."

Dirait-on

"Dirait-on" (roughly, "So they say" or "One would say") is a poem by Rainer Maria Rilke from his *Les Chansons des Roses* series. It is a lyrical meditation on a rose, describing it as a self-contained entity of pure beauty, tenderness, and inwardness, fulfilling itself through self-reflection and redeeming the myth of Narcissus.

*Abandon entouré d'abandon,
tendresse touchant aux tendresses...*

*C'est ton intérieur qui sans cesse
se caresse, dirait-on;*

*se caresse en soi-même,
par son propre reflet éclairé.*

*Ainsi tu inventes le thème
du Narcisse exhaucé.*

Devotion in circles of devotion,
tenderness touches tendernesses...

It is your inward that incessantly
caresses itself, so they say;

caresses itself
through its own reflection.

Thus you invent the theme
of Narcissus fulfilled.

Found/Tonight

We may not yet have reached our glory
But I will gladly join the fight
And when our children tell their story
They'll tell the story of tonight
They'll tell the story of tonight

Have you ever felt like nobody was there?
Have you ever felt forgotten in the middle of
nowhere?

Have you ever felt like you could disappear?
Like you could fall, and no one would hear?

Well, let that lonely feeling wash away
All we see is light
'Cause maybe there's a reason to believe you'll be okay
For forever
'Cause when you don't feel strong enough to stand
You can reach, reach out your hand

And oh...
Raise a glass to freedom
Something they can never take away
No matter what they tell you
Someone will come running
To take you home
Raise a glass to all of us
Tomorrow there'll be more of us

Telling the story of tonight.

Out of the shadows
The morning is breaking
(they'll tell the story of tonight)

And all is new,
All is new
It's only a matter of time.

Even when the dark comes crashing through
When you need a friend to carry you
When you're broken on the ground

You will be found
So let the sun come streaming in
'Cause you'll reach up and you'll rise again
If you only look around
You will be found.

And when our children tell their story
You will be found
They'll tell the story of tonight
No matter what they tell you
Tomorrow there'll be more of us
Telling the story of tonight
The story of tonight

Nine Hundred Miles

I am walkin' down this track,
I've got tears in my eyes,
I'm tryin' to read a letter from my home.
And if that train runs me right,
I'll be home Saturday night,
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow,
that long lonesome train whistlin' down.

Well this train I ride on
Is a hundred coaches long
You can hear her whistle blow a million miles.
And if that train runs me right,
I'll be home Saturday night,
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow,
that long lonesome train whistlin' down.

Fly!

There are doorways I must take
No one knows what awaits
But the fun lies in the unknown
They don't happen to me
They only happen for me
Any choice takes me closer where I need to be.
Step out of your space
There's a fear of falling
What if we fly?

What if we fly?
Fly! Let's give it a try!
When the world tries to tell us
We need to fit into boxes
Let's just dance our way out of the coloring lines
There's a me-shaped space
That's all mine to feel safe
A special place that I deserve to embrace.

Stardust

If we are only stardust
Let your names reach to the sky above us
Like petals wafting on a breeze
We lift you up beyond our reach

“Kum Buba Yali, Kum Buba Tambe”
Amen, Amen
“Kum Buba Yali, Kum Buba Tambe”
We say your names

If we are only stardust
May your blood never be in vain
Like petals wafting on a breeze
We lift you up beyond our reach

“Kum Buba Yali, Kum Buba Tambe”
Amen, Amen

“Kum Buba Yali, Kum Buba Tambe”
We say your names
Each day we grieve another face
Maybe all this stardust
Will carry us home one day
To a home where we can run
A home where we can pray
A home where we can breathe,
To sleep and dream without fear—
Is justice this far away?

We cry your names
For the strength to keep on fighting
With the hope that you are flying
“Kum Buba Yali, Kum Buba Tambe”
Stardust

Vidalita

Palomita blanca, vidualita
Palomita blanca, vidualita
Pecho colorado, piquito de acero,
Llévale esta carta, vidualita.
Dile que me espere, vidualita.
A mi bien amado,
Sin su amor, me muero.

Little white dove, my life
Little white dove, my life
Red breast, little beak of steel,
Take this letter, my life
Tell her to wait, my life
To my beloved.
Without her love, I'll die.

Plena

Plena, bailemos la plena,
Plena borinqueña, con mucho sabor.
Se toca con pandero, con güiro, con tambor.
Bailemos la plena con mucho sabor.
Bailemos la plena de mi corazón.
Plena, plena, es un ritmo bueno de verdad.
Plena, plena, es muy bueno pa' bailar.
Tum para pa pao.

Plena, let's dance the plena,
Puerto Rican Plena with lots of flavor.
It's played with pandero, with güiro, and with tambor.
Let's dance the plena with lots of flavor.
Let's dance the plena of my heart.
Plena, plena, is a good rhythm, truly.
Plena, plena is very good to dance.
Tum para pa pao.

One Foot/Lead with Love

Melanie DeMore is a three-time Grammy-nominated singer/composer, choral conductor, and vocal activist who believes in the power of voices raised together. She contributed “One Foot/Lead with Love” to the Justice Choir Songbook with the note, “This song was inspired by the great movements that were started out of love for their people, not out of the hatred of others.” Verses 2 & 3 were created by Concert Choir members.

You gotta put one foot in front of the other,
And lead with love.

Don't give up hope.
You're not alone.

Don't you give up.
Keep moving on.

Don't give up hope.
We'll get ahead.
Pick your feet up.
There's a road to tread.

Don't give up hope.
I'm by your side.
Don't you give up.
I'll be your guide.

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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 concertgoers 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!



2025 Annual Campaign Donations received after the printing of the playbill:

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Special thanks to the UNCG School of Music for hosting us this afternoon!

Summer Choir Camp 2026

July 20 – 23, 2026: "Once Upon a Song"

July 27 – 30, 2026: "Down By the Sea"

Monday – Thursday | 8:30am-1:00pm

Peeler-Hampton Visual & Performing Arts Elementary,
in partnership with Guilford County Schools Summer Arts Institute

*Open to rising 1st through rising 6th graders
Mentor and counselor opportunities for grades 7 and up*

Time to register for our fourth annual summer choir camp! Why not invite a friend and show them what you love about Greensboro Youth Chorus?

Register for either week or both! (Activities and repertoire will be different each week.)

Tuition is only \$125 per week. Need-based financial assistance is available (application included in the registration packet). We are pleased to partner with Guilford County Schools' Summer Arts Institute, through which both breakfast and lunch will be provided to participating students.

Read more, register, or apply to be a counselor:

<https://greensboroyouthchorus.org/#camp>

