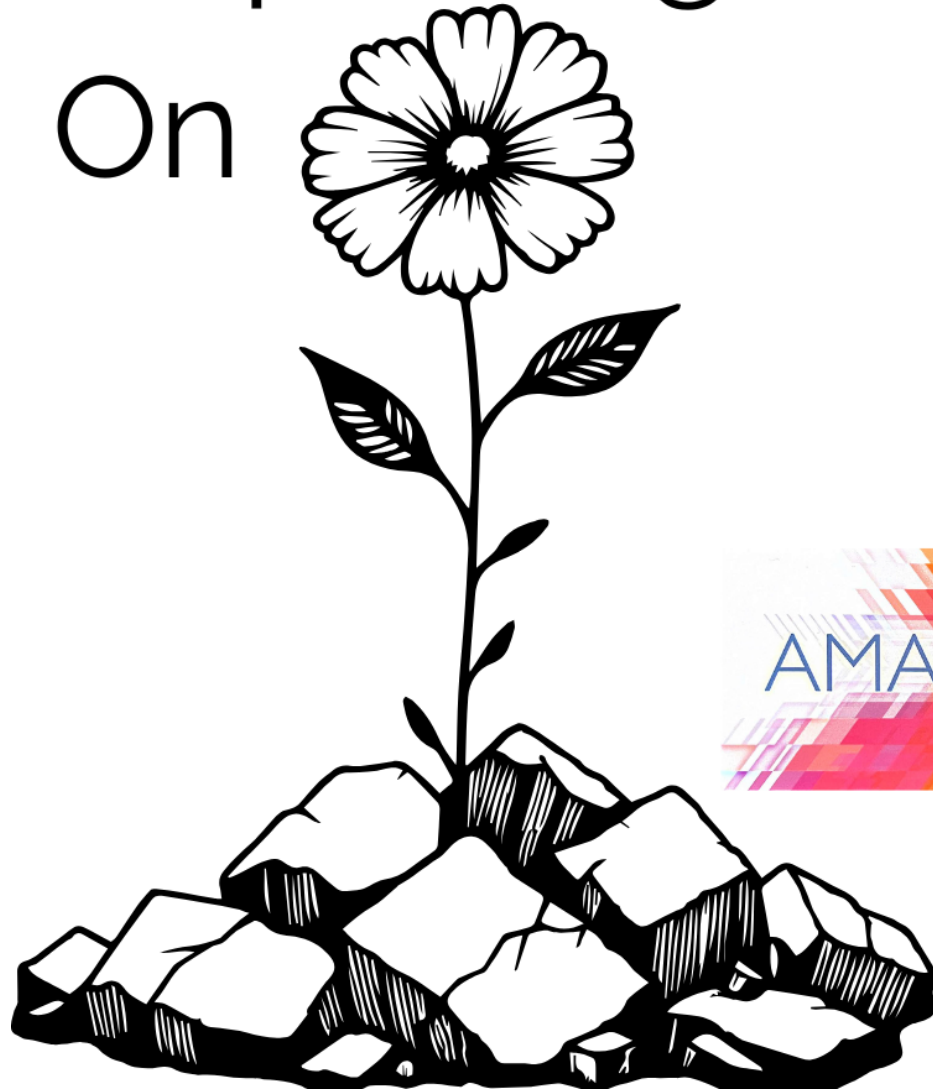


Amasong presents...

Hope Lingers

On



Hope Lingers On

by Lissa Schneckenburger, Arranged by Andrea Ramsey

My mother, when love is gone (2x) In our darkest hour hope lingers on

My father, when peace is gone (2x) In our darkest hour hope lingers

I will not hate, and I will not fear In our darkest hour, hope lingers here

My sister, when equality's gone (2x) In our darkest hour hope lingers on

My brother, with tolerance gone (2x) In our darkest hour hope lingers on

I will not hate, and I will not fear In our darkest hour, hope lingers here

My love, when honor is gone (2x) In our darkest hour hope lingers on

My country, when justice is gone (2x) In our darkest hour hope lingers on

I will not hate, and I will not fear In our darkest hour, hope lingers here

Who Ya Gonna Call?

by Brandon Alexander Young-Eleazar

when first they came for our neighbors,
I did not speak out. but You did, asking,
am I not my neighbor's neighbor?

if not us, then who?

In Harsh Times Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

I know, music alone
will not save us. But tonight
when my daughter played
the song we both love,
we smiled at each other,
all giddy and warm,
and some shriveled
part of me revived.
It was like those seeds
in the desert that wait years
to germinate—all they need
is one good rain.
That's what a song can do.
Remind us our hope
is merely dormant, not dead.
Who could blame me, then,
for wanting to bring a song
to the whole thirsty world,
a song that soaks into
our parched hearts,
stunning us with just how fast
even the harshest world
can transform.

<https://ahundredfallingveils.com/2025/07/04/in-harsh-times/>

Cantique

Text: Maurice Maeterlinck, Music: Nadia Boulanger
Conducted by Molly (MJ) Jennings

English translation © Richard Stokes

To all weeping souls, To all fleeting sins, I open, cradled by stars, My hands full of grace.
No sin can live When Love has spoken, No soul can die When Love has wept.
And if Love goes astray On terrestrial paths, Its tears will find me And not go astray.

May I Be Empty

Batya Levine (from the Ceasefire Songbook)

May I be empty and open to receive the light.

May I be empty and open To receive

May I be full and open to receive the light.

May I be full and open To receive

Excerpt from The Nutritionist

Andrea Gibson

What I know about living is the pain is never just ours
Every time I hurt I know the wound is an echo
So I keep a listening to the moment the grief becomes a window
When I can see what I couldn't see before,
through the glass of my most battered dream, I watched a dandelion lose its mind in the wind
and when it did, it scattered a thousand seeds.
So the next time I tell you how easily I come out of my skin, don't try to put me back in
just say here we are together at the window aching for it to all get better
but knowing as bad as it hurts our hearts may have only just skinned their knees knowing there is a chance the worst
day might still be coming
let me say right now for the record, I'm still gonna be here
asking this world to dance, even if it keeps stepping on my holy feet
you- you stay here with me, okay?
You stay here with me.
Raising your bite against the bitter dark
Your bright longing
Your brilliant fists of loss
Friend

if the only thing we have to gain in staying is each other,
my god that's plenty
my god that's enough
my god that is so so much for the light to give
each of us at each other's backs whispering over and over and over
"Live"
"Live"
"Live"

<https://allianceofhope.org/the-nutritionist/>

In This Heart

Sinead O'Connor, arranged by Matt and Adam Podd

In this heart lies for you A lark born only for you
Who sings only to you My love My love My love

I am waiting for you For only to adore you
My heart is for you My love My love My love

This is my grief for you For only the loss of you
The hurting of you My love My love My love

There are rays on the weather Soon these tears will have cried
All loneliness have died My love My love My love

I will have you with me In my arms only
For you are only My love My love My love

This Joy by Shirley Caesar. Arranged by Brandon Alexander Young-Eleazar

This joy that I have the world didn't give it to me
This joy that I have the world didn't give it to me
This joy that I have the world didn't give it to me
The world didn't give it, the world can't take it away!

Additional verses: this strength, this love, this pride, this peace

Crossing the Bar

Text: Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Music: Rani Arbo

Sung by Mari Lud McKeeth, Jan Troutt, and Heidi Weatherford

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar, when I put out to sea,
When I put out to sea, when I put out to sea,
(And) may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark!
May there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark;
When I embark; when I embark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark.

Such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.
Turns again home; turns again home.
When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face, when I have crossed the bar.
When I have crossed the bar; when I have crossed the bar.
I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar.

Stavasi il mio bel Sol

Maddalena Casulana

*Sung by Alana Smith, Fin McMahon, Kathleen Fuller
Hannah Perhai-Josek Beth Watkins, Kat Setterland
Jess Williams, MJ Jennings, Theresa Lawrence*

My beautiful Sun remains with the sun, Where no other can approach them
Each to the other displaying Flowing blond hair in gold of paradise
Reflected in the face of my Sun, And reflected back in the other, so beautiful,
That my Sun seemed to be the sun, And to the sun my Sun returns, so beautiful,
That my Sun seemed to be the sun, And the sun my Sun.

Chicken

Based on text by Gertrude Stein, Music: Heidi M Weatherford

Lyrics: Chicken is a dirty word. Chicken is a dirty third. Chicken is a dirty bird.

The poem:

CHICKEN.

Pheasant and chicken, chicken is a peculiar third.

CHICKEN.

Alas a dirty word, alas a dirty third alas a dirty third, alas a dirty bird.

CHICKEN.

Alas a doubt in case of more go to say what it is cress. What is it. Mean. Why. Potato. Loaves.

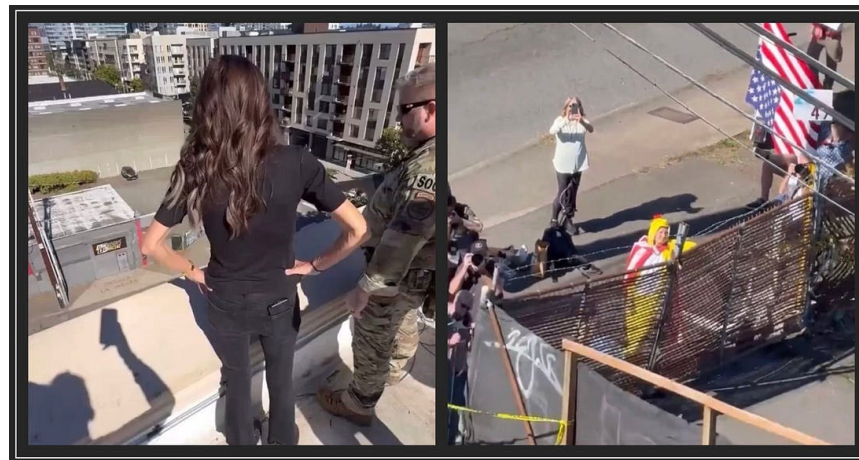
CHICKEN.

Stick stick call then, stick stick sticking, sticking with a chicken. Sticking in a extra succession, sticking in.

From *Tender Buttons* (1914) by Gertrude Stein.

<https://poets.org/poem/tender-buttons-chicken>

Photo: unknown X user



All You Fascists Bound to Lose

Text and Music: Woody Guthrie, text adapted by Theresa Lawrence

I'm gonna tell you fascists: you may be surprised
The people in this world are getting organized
You're bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose (Refrain)

Refrain

All you fascists bound to lose I said, all you fascists bound to lose
Yes, all you fascists bound to lose
You're bound to lose, you fascists, bound to lose!

Race hatred cannot stop us: this one thing we know
Your poll tax & Jim Crow & greed has got to go
You're bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose

People of every color, marching side to side
Marching 'cross these streets and fields - a million people wide
You're bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose (Refrain)

Standing with our neighbors just you wait and see
With revolutionary hearts and solidarity
You're bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose (Refrain)

Dear Mr. Whitman Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

Dear Mr. Whitman,
I want to hear America singing
all those varied carols you mentioned.
But it's noise now, Walt, more shouting
than song. As if volume makes a leader.
Any singer knows being louder
just makes discord, and harmony
needs constant attunement
to every other singer.
I want to hear America listening.
Want a citizen chorus that knows
our voices are only as good as our ears.
I want a new song that begins
with a silence that stretches

from sea to sea—like the silence
right before the curtains part
when the whole body leans in
to wonder what comes next.
And when the many parts do arise,
glorious in their differences,
I want to hear inside them
the careful attention that tunes
them to each other, I want
to hear in our song the deep listening
that makes even dissonance
beautiful.

<https://ahundredfallingveils.com/2025/09/20/dear-mr-whitman/>

Songs for the People

Text: Frances Ellen Watkins Harper

Music: Brandon Alexander Young-Eleazar

Let me make the songs for the people, Songs for the old and young;
Songs to stir like a battle-cry Wherever they are sung.

Not for the clashing of sabres, For carnage nor for strife;
But songs to thrill the hearts of everyone With more abundant life.

Let me make the songs for the weary, Amid life's fever and fret,
Till hearts shall relax their tension, And careworn brows forget.

Let me sing for little children, Before their footsteps stray,
Sweet anthems of love and duty, To float o'er life's highway.

I would sing for the poor and aged, When shadows dim their sight;
Of the bright and restful mansions, Where there shall be no night.

Our world, so worn and weary, Needs music, pure and strong,
To hush the jangle and discords Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.

Music to soothe all its sorrow, Till war and crime shall cease;
And the hearts of men grown tender Girdle the world with peace.

Amasong thanks

First Methodist Church Urbana and the

Urbana Sixth Grade Center for hosting Amasong

Molly for their vocal assistance

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Brandon for the poster design

Joanne Vician for their generosity

Heidi and Brandon for their enthusiastic, entertaining, and musical leadership

Our singers for their fabulous sound and their fabulous souls!

Many thanks to you, our audience, for coming to our concerts

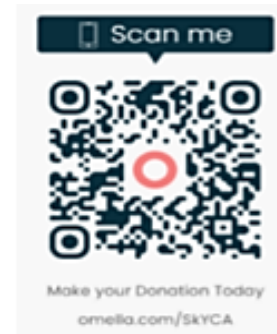
Amasong gratefully acknowledges
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If you would like to support us financially:

send a check to: Amasong c/o McKinley Foundation
410 E. Daniel St Champaign, IL 61820

or Scan this code:



Amasong is...

Alana Smith

Alyssa Obradovich

Andrea Anderson-Holmes

Andrea Sullivan

Ann Nelson

Beth Watkins

Claire Harmening

Emma Walters

Fin McMahon

Hannah Perhai-Josek

Jan Troutt

Janellie Roach

Jennilee Benda

Jess Williams

Kat Setterlund

Kathleen Fuller

Kayt Workman

Lock Mier

Mae Collins

Mari Lud McKeeth

Molly MJ Jennings

Nicole Whitworth

Olive Jan Mathewson-Smith

Piper Coe

Sara Bowman

Sarah Little

Sheryl Dyck

Susannah Davidson

Theresa Lawrence

Heidi Weatherford, *Director*

Brandon Young-Eleazar, *Assistant Director*

Sara Rand, *Chorus Assistant*

Singing with Amasong this semester, but not in this concert: Ada Stelzer, aerin tedesco, Amanda Fein, Dearborn Plys, Erin Creuz, Kari Keating, Marcia Nelson, MJ Walker, Orev Bartov

Amasong auditions for next semester will begin in mid-January 2026.

Contact Heidi Weatherford, amasongdirector@gmail.org for information.

Amasong chorus is open to all self-identified women and queer persons who sing alto and soprano, regardless of experience level. Amasong specializes in music written by, for, and/or about women and queer persons. Our repertoire of music celebrates the communion of cultures, the search for unity, and the enduring power of making music.

**Join us for our annual
Solstice Concert**



**December 18, 7pm,
McKinley Presbyterian Church**