



Amasong presents our Spring 2026 Concert

I Have a Voice

“It took me quite a long
time to develop a voice,
and now that I have it,
I’m not going to be silent.”

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT

First Female Secretary of State



ur-voice/

<https://whatwillittake.com/inspiration/women-here-are-10-important-ways-to-use-yo>

Take O Take Those Lips Away

Words, William Shakespeare

Music: Emma Lou Diemer

Take, o take those lips away that so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, sealed in vain.

Take, o take those lips away that so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day lights that do mislead the morn:

Note: At least 10 composers set this text to music!

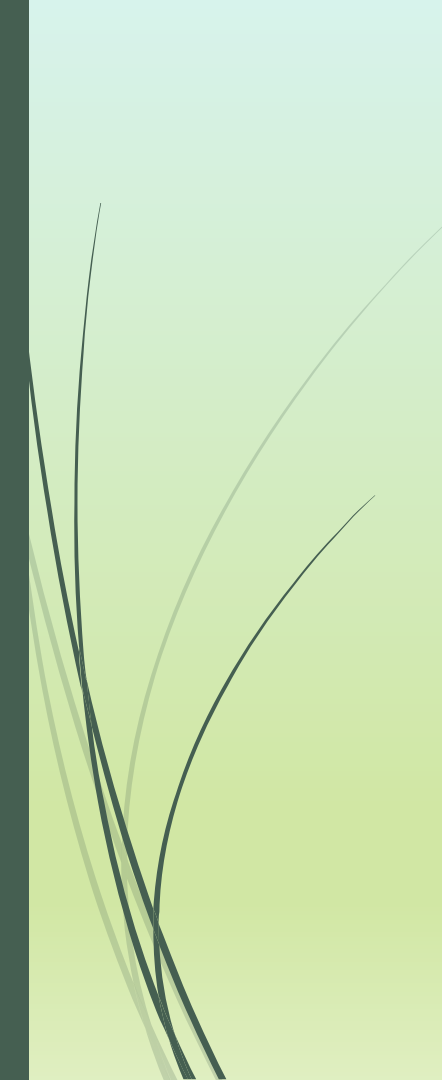
Here is an online article about six of those settings.

<https://91classical.org/post/shakespeare-remixed-six-different-musical-takes-on-one-text/>

Oy Khodyt Son

Traditional Ukrainian, arranged by Sarah Tenant-Flowers

The Dream passes by the windows, and Sleep by the fence.
The Dream asks Sleep: "Where should we rest tonight?"
Where the cottage is warm, where the child is tiny,
There we will go and rock the child to sleep.
The cat will purr, the baby will sleep
And we have a warm house and a tiny child.
Come to us to spend the night and rock the baby.
Come to us, come to us, come to us-
The dream passes by.



When I despair, I remember that all through history the ways of truth and love have always won. There have been tyrants, and murderers, and for a time they can seem invincible, but in the end they always fall. Think of it--always.

Mahatma Gandhi

<https://www.goodreads.com/quotes/739-when-i-despair-i-remember-that-all-through-history-the>



Numb/Prairie

written and performed by Dearborn Plys (Sunday only)

Andante Piano Sonata in e minor, movement 2, by Florence Price

Hannah Freeman-Choi, pianist

“Florence Beatrice (Smith) Price became the first black female composer to have a symphony performed by a major American orchestra when Music Director Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra played the world premiere of her Symphony No. 1 in E minor on June 15, 1933....

“...Although this premiere brought instant recognition and fame to Florence Beatrice Price, success as a composer was not to be hers. She would “continue to wage an uphill battle – a battle much larger than any war that pure talent and musical skill could win. It was a battle in which the nation was embroiled – a dangerous mélange of segregation, Jim Crow laws, entrenched racism, and sexism.” (Women’s Voices for Change, March 8, 2013).”

From the Florence Price website. For a full biography, please visit the website.

<https://florenceprice.com/biography/>

Directions To You Joy Harjo

Follow them, stop, turn around Go the other way. Left, right, Mine, yours.
We become lost, Unsteady.
Take a deep breath, Pray. You will not always be lost.
You are right here, In your time, In your place.

1. North

Star, guidance as we look up to the brightest white
Hoping it leads you to where you want to go,
Hoping that it knows where you should be.
We find our peace here in the white,
Gather our strength, our breath, and learn how to be.

2. East

The sun rises, Red, Morning heat on our face even on the coldest morning.
The sun creates life, Energy, Nourishment.
Gather strength, pull it in Be right where you are.

3. South

Butterfly flits Spreads yellow beauty.

We have come to this moment in time Step by step,

We don't always listen to directions,

We let the current carry us, Push us, Force us along a path.

We stumble, Get up and keep moving.

4. West

Sunset, brings Darkness, Brings black.

We find solitude, Time to take in breath and Pray.

Even in darkness you Can be found.

Call out even in a whisper Or whimper, You will be heard.

To find, To be found, To be understood, To be seen, Heard, felt.

You are, Breath. You are, Memory. You are, Touch. You are, Right here.

Im Wald, excerpts

Words: Emmanuel Geibel, Music: Fanny Hensel

Sung by Andrea A, Alana, Molly, Theresa, Jess,
Jan, Beth, Bethany, Fern, Fin, Jennilee

In the forest, in the bright sunshine, when all the buds spring open,
there I, in their midst, like to sing a song.

How it cheers me in sorrow and joy, In waking and in dreaming,
To sing at the top of my lungs To the trees.

And they understand me well; The leaves all listen

And join in at the right moment With rustling.

And further the sounds resound In treetops, rocks and bushes,

Mrs. Nightingale also warbles clearly In their midst.

There the heart feels from its own sound That it may do what it dares.

O fresh joy! Song! Song In the greenery!



Hey Hoe, to the Greene Wood

A 1609 Cathe (catch or round) from Pammellia, by Thomas Ravenscroft

Hey ho, to the greenwood now let us go, Sing heave and ho.
And there shall we find both buck and doe, Sing heave and ho.
The hart and hind and the little pretty roe, Sing heave and ho.



To My Old Brown Earth

Words and Music by Pete Seeger

Arranged by Paul Halley

Descant solo, Kayt Workman

To my old brown earth and to my old blue sky
I'll now give these last few molecules of "I."
And you who sing, and you who stand nearby, I
do charge you not to cry.
Guard well our human chain,
watch well you keep it strong, as long as sun will shine.
And this our home, keep pure and sweet and green,
For now I'm yours and you are also mine.

One Vote

Aimee Nezhukumatathil

My parents are from countries
where mangoes grow wild and bold
and eagles cry the sky in arcs and dips.
America loved this bird too and made
it clutch olives and arrows. Some think
if an eaglet falls, the mother will swoop
down to catch it. It won't. The eagle must fly
on its own accord by first testing the air-slide
over each pinfeather. Even in a letter of wind,
a mother holds so much power. After the pipping
of the egg, after the branching—an eagle is on
its own. Must make the choice on its own
no matter what it's been taught. Some forget
that pound for pound, eagle feathers are stronger
than an airplane wing. And even one letter, one
vote can make the difference for every
bright thing.

This Land is Your Land

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

The audience is invited to sing along.

Performance note: Underlined syllables fall on the downbeat

Chorus: This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters;
This land was made for you and me.


As I went walking I saw a sign there, And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing. That side was made for you and me. (**Chorus**)

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people, By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking Is this land made for you and me? (**Chorus**)

Nobody living can ever stop me, As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back This land was made for you and me (**Chorus**)


Refusing Silence

By Tess Gallagher



Heartbeat trembling
your kingdom of leaves
near the ceremony
of water, I never
insisted on you. I admit
I delayed. I was the Empress of Delay. But it can't be put off now.
On the sacred branch of my only voice – I insist.
Insist for us all,
which is the job of the voice, and especially of the poet.
Else what am I for,
what use am I if I don't
insist?
There are messages to send.
Gatherings and songs.
Because we need to insist.
Else what are we for?
What use
are we?

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/54047/refusing-silence>



Nothing But Love (sing a little love)

by Brandon Alexander Young-Eleazar (baye)

The audience is invited to sing along

nothing but love in the water
nothing but love in the clouds in the sky
nothing but love in the water
or the wind as it passes me by

sing a little shout a little make a joyful noise
fight for justice gonna stand up gonna use our voice
love a little love a little love a little more
love each other and remember who we're fighting for

Reel a bouche

A French Canadian Liltng Piece, set by Malcolm Dalglish
Soloist: Sara B

“**REEL Á BOUCHE** The title translates as "mouth music reel." Dance music was sometimes lilted in several cultures, notably in parts of Scotland and Ireland, and, by extension, in Cape Breton, Quebec, and other places in North America. Nonsense syllables sufficed for words, although sometimes mouth music had distinct sets of lyrics. Such tunes are also known as *turlute* in Quebec. Conjecture has it that such tunes were sung for dancing in the absence of an instrument, or when the musicians were incapacitated by fatigue (or drink!), but it was also employed as a mnemonic to make it easier to commit tunes to memory. For exactly this reason is a common practice today for teachers of traditional tunes to preface teaching the tune on an instrument by liltng it first.”

From [https://tunearch.org/wiki/Annotation:Reel_%C3%Ao_bouche_\(1\)](https://tunearch.org/wiki/Annotation:Reel_%C3%Ao_bouche_(1))

Something Good

by Anthony Brown and group therAPy, arr baye

We've seen enough hard times It's time for something good
We've seen enough rough times It's time for something good
We've had enough heartache It's time for something good
We've had enough headaches It's time for something good

Get ready for the phone to ring That email is on the way
Miracles are happening It's 'bout to be a real good day
We've waited so patiently That blessing is on the way
Miracles are happening It's bout, to be a real good day x3

Something good, is coming to you! Right now! Something Good!

We've cried enough tears now It's time for something good
We're ready for a new sound It sounds like something good
And even if I'm waiting Yeah for something good
I'ma keep waiting and believing for. something good

A Beautiful Noise

Music and Lyrics by Brandy Clark, Brandi Carlile, Hillary Lindsey, Alicia (Keys) Augello-cook, Hailey Whitters, Lori McKenna, Linda Perry, and Ruby Amanfu. Arranged by Jocelyn Scofield

I have a voice

Started out as a whisper, turned into a scream Made a beautiful noise

Shoulder to shoulder, marching in the street

When you're all alone, it's a quiet breeze

But when you band together, it's a choir Of thunder and rain

Now we have a choice 'Cause I have a voice


I'm not living to die Don't stand in a wasteland

Look at me in the eye Stop living a lie And stand up next to me

You gotta put one foot in front of the other

With a hand in a hand holding on to each other

Go on and rejoice 'Cause you have a voice



It is loud, it is clear It's stronger than your fear
It's believing you belong It's for calling out the wrong
From the silence of my sisters To the violence of my brother
We can, we can rage against the river Feel the pain of another I have a voice
I have a voice And I let it speak for the ones who aren't yet really free
It's killing me No one is saying what we need to hear
I will not let silence win When I see all the pain our people are in
There's no other choice 'Cause I have a voice
It is loud, it is clear It is stronger than your fear
It's believing you belong It's for calling out the wrong
From the mouths of our mothers To the lips of our daughters
We can, we can dream
Like our brothers speaking loud like our fathers We can, we can heal
Can you hear us? Can you hear us now?
I have a voice Started out as a whisper, turned into a scream,
Made a beautiful noise

Amasong is...

Abby Manaster
Ada Stelzer*
Alana Smith
Andrea Anderson Holmes
Andrea Sullivan
Ann Nelson
Beth Watkins
Bethany Thompson
Dearborn Plys
Emma Walters
Erin Cruz
Fern Seidel
Fin McMahon
Hannah Perhai-Josek
Jan Troutt

Lock Mier
Janellie Roach
Jennilee Benda
Jess Williams*
Julia Pollack
Kat Setterlund
Kathleen Fuller
Kayt Workman
Mae Collins
Marcia E. Nelson
Mari Lud McKeeth
Molly Jennings
Olive Jan Mathewson-Smith
Piper Coe*
Sara Bowman

* this is the last semester for these singers

Singing with Amasong this semester, but not in this concert:

Angie Isaacs
Athen Patsalis
Kari Keating
Nicole Whitworth
Sophie Seidel
Anja Meade
E Ainsley
MJ Walker
Peri Drury
Theresa Lawrence

Heidi Weatherford, *Director*; Brandon Young-Eleazar, *Assistant Director*; Hannah Freeman Choi, *Pianist*; Sara Rand, *Chorus Assistant*

Amasong thanks

Urbana Sixth Grade Center for hosting Amasong this semester

McKinley Presbyterian Church for the wonderful musical space

Donors Barbara Curtis, MJ Walker, Wendy Heller, and Mary Kay Smith

Molly for vocal assistance

Board Members for their industrious work behind the scenes

Beth, Jennilee, and Angie for their website prowess

Emma, Beth, Brandon, and Heidi for help with the programs

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

Our singers for their hard work, fabulous sound and their incredible souls!

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



Amasong acknowledges support from the Illinois Arts Council.

You can be a part of Amasong:

- by singing in the choir
- by serving on the Board
- by helping with administrative tasks, and
- by financially supporting us!

To support us financially:

Scan this code or send a check to:

Amasong
% McKinley Foundation
410 E. Daniel St.
Champaign, IL 61820

Scan me



Make your Donation Today
omelia.com/skyca

Auditions for next semester will begin mid-August 2026.

Contact Heidi Weatherford for more information.

Email: amasongdirector@gmail.com

Where to see us next:

Amasong will be participating and performing in the
2026 Sister Singers Festival, “Power in Harmony”!

July 8-12, Loyola Campus, Chicago

www.sistersingers.net

