

PHENOMENAL WOMXN Presents

Identify

A RECITAL CONCEPT BY ARYSSA LEIGH BURRS

Sunday January 3 / 3 pm / Virtual

BIRACIAL

Songs of Spiritual Being, composed by Leslie Savoy Burrs
Traditional African American Spirituals

“Balm in Gilead”

There is a balm in Gilead, to make the wounded whole
There is a balm in Gilead, to heal the sin-sick soul
Sometimes I feel discouraged, and think my work is in vain
But then, the holy spirit revives my soul again
There is a balm in Gilead, to make the wounded whole
There is a balm in Gilead, to heal the sin-sick soul
If you can not preach like Peter, if you can not preach like Paul
You can tell the love of Jesus,
And say he died for the love of all
Don't ever be discouraged for Jesus is your friend
And if you lack for knowledge, he'll never refuse to lend
He'll never refuse to end
There is a balm in Gilead to make the wounded whole
There is a balm in Gilead to heal the wounded soul

“Give Me Jesus”

In the morning, when I rise, give me Jesus
Give me Jesus, give me Jesus
You can have all this world, but give me Jesus
Dark midnight was my cry
Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus
You may have all this world, But give me Jesus
And when I come to die
Oh, and when I come to die
You may have all the world, give me Jesus
Oh, give me Jesus
And when I wanna sing, give me Jesus





“How can I keep from singing”

My life goes on in endless song, above all earth's lamentations
I hear the real, though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.
No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love is lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?
Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing,
I hear an echo in my soul.
How can I keep from singing?
What though my joys and comforts die
The lord my savior liveth
What though the darkness gather round
Songs in the night he giveth
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that rock I'm clinging.
Since Christ is lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a fountain ever springing
All things are mine since I am his
How can I keep from singing?

MUSICIANSHIP

“If music be the food of love”

Henry Purcell

If music be the food of love, sing on till I am filled with joy;
For then my listening soul you move to pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare that you are music everywhere.
Pleasures invade both eye and ear, so fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are, though yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms, unless you save me in your arms.





“An die musik”

Franz Schubert, Franz von Schober

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous round,
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love,
and borne me away to a better world!
Often a sigh, escaping from your harp
a sweet, celestial chord has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.
Beloved art, for this, I thank you!

“Sein wir wider gut!”

Richard Strauss, Hugo von Hofmannsthal

Let's be good again. I see everything with new eyes!
The depths of existence are immense! My dear friend!
There are things in the world, that cannot be said.
The inferior poet is indeed quite good with words,
but courage is in me, courage friend!
The world is lovely but not terribly brave.
What is music? Music gathers sacred arts of all kinds, courage as cherubim,
For a radiant throne, and that is why it is sacred below the arts,
The sacred music!

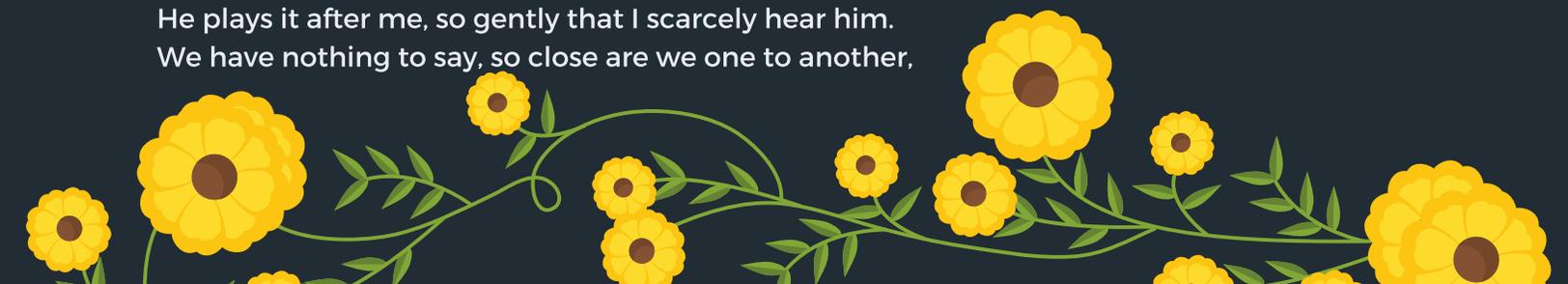
PARTNERSHIP

Chansons di Bilitis

Claude Debussy, Pierre Louÿs

“La flûte de Pan” - “the Pan flute”

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx made of carefully cut reeds,
bonded with white wax which tastes sweet to my lips like honey.
He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but I am a little fearful.
He plays it after me, so gently that I scarcely hear him.
We have nothing to say, so close are we one to another,





but our songs try to answer each other,
and our mouths join in turn on the flute.
It is late; here is the song of the green frogs that begins with the night.
My mother will never believe I stayed out so long to look for my lost sash.

“La chevelure” – “The hair”

He said to me: ‘Last night I dreamed.
I had your tresses around my neck.
I had your hair like a black necklace all round my nape and over my breast.
I caressed it and it was mine; and we were united thus forever by the same tresses,
mouth on mouth, just as two laurels often share one root.
And gradually it seemed to me, so intertwined were our limbs,
that I was becoming you, or you were entering into me like a dream.
When he had finished, he gently set his hands on my shoulders
and gazed at me so tenderly that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

“Le tombeau des Naiades” – “The Tomb of the Naiades”

Along the frost-bound wood I walked; my hair across my mouth
blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.
He said to me: ‘What do you seek?’
‘I follow the satyr’s track. His little cloven hoof-marks alternate like holes in a white cloak.’
He said to me: ‘The satyrs are dead. The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there
has not been so harsh a winter. The tracks you see are those of a goat.
But let us stay here, where their tomb is.’
And with the iron head of his hoe he broke the ice of the spring,
where the naiads used to laugh.
He picked up some huge cold fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky,
gazed through them.

MIGRATORY V

Adam Guettel

We sail above the weather we search the ocean floor.
We rival our creation, still yearning for more.
But can we fly together- A migratory V?
How wonderful if that’s what God could see.





A single voice in whispered prayer can only pray to travel there.
But all as one, we sound the everlasting sound and sing our salvation.
Aloft and in formation, a migratory V.
How wonderful if that's what God could see.

WOMANHOOD

“Let Me Fall”

Laura Mvula

I wait, nervously muddle through
You found me here alone
I followed empty dreams for you
I wait, out of the folly fields
Don't try to save me now, I wonder how it feels to be free
And I pray, I pray that I would sleep
Sleep for a thousand years there in your arms
Won't you let my soul shine like the morning sun?
Another day has come, so let me be
And if I fall, let me fall
I wait, nervously muddle through
You found me here alone, I followed empty dreams for years
And I wait, out of the folly fields, don't try to save me now;
I wonder how it feels to be free
And if I fall, let me fall
I can see a fallen angel, as she's turned to flowers in the miracle of time
No looking back when hope is pushing forward
Hand in the sky will lead us out of the darkness
And if I fall, let me fall

“King of Anything”

Sara Bareilles

Keep drinking coffee, stare me down across the table while I look outside
So many things I'd say if only I were able, but I just keep quiet
and count the cars that pass by.
You've got opinions man, we're all entitled to 'em, but I never asked.
So let me thank you for your time, and try not to waste any more of mine
and get out of here fast.





I hate to break it to you babe, but I'm not drowning, there's no one here to save
Who cares if you disagree? You are not me. Who made you king of anything?
So you dare tell me who to be? Who died and made you king of anything?
You sound so innocent, all full of good intent, swear you know best
But you expect me to jump up on board with you, and ride off into your delusional sunset
I'm not the one who's lost with no direction, but you'll never see,
You're so busy making maps with my name on them in all caps,
You got the talking down, just not the listening
And who cares if you disagree? You are not me, who made you king of anything?
So you dare tell me who to be? Who died and made you king of anything?
All my life I've tried to make everybody happy while I just hurt and hide
Waiting for someone to tell me it's my turn to decide
Who cares if you disagree? You are not me. Who made you king of anything?
So you dare tell me who to be? Who died and made you king of anything?
Let me hold your crown, babe, oh whoops, I have my own!

“XO”

Beyoncé

Your love is bright as ever, even in the shadows
Baby kiss me, before they turn the lights out
Your heart is glowing and I'm crashing into you
Baby kiss me before they turn the lights out, baby love me lights out
In the darkest night hour, I'll search through the crowd
Your face is all that I see, I'll give you everything
Baby love me lights out, You can turn my lights out
We don't have forever, oh, baby daylight's wasting
You better love me before our time has run out
Nobody sees what we see they're just hopelessly gazing, oh
Oh, baby take me, me, Before they turn the lights out
Before our time has run out, Baby love me lights out
In the darkest night hour (in the darkest night hour)
I'll search through the crowd (I'll search through the crowd)
Your face is all that I see, I'll give you everything
Baby love me lights out, You can turn my lights out





“(You make me feel like) a Natural Woman”

Carole King

Looking out on the morning rain, I used to feel so uninspired
And when I knew I had to face another day, lord, it made me feel so tired
Before the day I met you, life was so unkind, but you're the key to my peace of mind
'Cause you make me feel, You make me feel,
You make me feel like, a natural woman
When my soul was in the lost and found, you came along to claim it
I didn't know just what was wrong with me, 'til your love helped me name it
Now I'm no longer doubtful, of what I'm living for,
And if I make me happy I don't need to do more
'Cause you make me feel, You make me feel,
You make me feel like, a natural woman (woman)
Oh, baby, what you've done to me
You make me feel so good inside
And I just want to be, close to you, you make me feel so alive
You make me feel, You make me feel,
You make me feel like A natural woman

