

Bear Creek High School Advanced Choir

Sopranos

Dahnay Anthony
Rozlynn Adams
Cristina Brown
Kailey Cobb
Leina Jocelin De La Cruz
Nhung Doan
Jasmine Faraldo
Erin Good
Sehajpreet Kaur
Crystal Ledesma
Emma Mindnich
Grace Rooker

Altos

Brianna Adams
Ahryana Bell
Nevaeh Buford
Trisha Driscoll
Valese Edwards
Lavinia Fifita
Thalia Gonzalez
Khloe Heidebrecht
Kalea Irving
Zeya Janvier
Amara Jordan
Kiara Kuhl
Juliana Kungo
Tayona Monteiro
Em Von Brandt
Benjamin Zaragoza

Tenors

David Awe
Samuel Blackshear
Leobardo Cuevas
Samuel Lor
Kameron Mahone
Phu Phan
Cristian Preza
Isaac Watkins

Basses

Ethan Albalos
Gabriel Arevalo
Diego Farfan
Aaron Mayo
Keyondrae Porter

Sac State Choral Ensembles

Dr. Brett Alan Judson, conductor
Dr. Ryan Enright, piano

with guests

Bear Creek High School

Elizabeth Unpingco, director
Krista White, piano

SUNDAY, 7:00 P.M.
MARCH 16, 2025
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

A HOME OF OUR OWN:
VOICES RISING IN HOPE AND BELONGING

Bear Creek High School

Temporal traditional *plena* from Puerto Rico
arr. by Diana V. Sáez & Suzzette Ortiz

Sure, on This Shining Night Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)
text by James Agee (1909-1955)

Sac State Choral Union

Summer Clouds Florence Price (1887-1953)
text by Mary Rolofson Gamble

Wander-Thirst Florence Price
text by Gerald Gould (1885-1936)

ČhaNté Wašté Hokšíla (My Kind-Hearted Boy) traditional Lakota lullaby
arr. by Linthicum-Blackhorse (b. 1989)

Steal Away traditional spiritual
arr. by Moses Hogan (1957-2003)

Listen to the Lambs traditional spiritual
arr. by R. Nathaniel Dett (1882-1943)
Lillian Crain, soloist

Don't Be Weary Traveler traditional spiritual
arr. by Robert Strebendt & Brett Judson
Lillian Crain, soloist

BRIEF INTERMISSION

Sac State University Chorale

I, Too Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)
text by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Choral Union

Sopranos

Emma Archer
Lillian Crain
Susan Crain
Susan Davis
Desiree Ellison
Marya Endriga
Allisen Fong
Mattisse Graham
Deidra Hall
Qiana Hester
Kate Kyungah Lim
Ella Muraff
Susan O'Connell
Amiliya Ostapenko
Elizabeth Turcan
Saxon Webster

Altos

Jasmine Castillo
Diana Chaidez
Cecilia Contreras-
Vasquez
Rebecca Kong
Cassandra Lane
Sarah McFadyen
Mary Morton
Anke Mueller-Solger
Angelica Pascual
Deidre Sessions
Pia Wong

Tenors

Dayed Amituanai
Gian Pitcher
Jay-Anthony Sagun
Robert Ursua

Basses

Robert Camilo
Victor Carrillo
Adrian Duran
Tim Erdenesaikhan
Jacob Farr
Skylar Manzanetti
David Pshichenko
Paul Salzberg
Stephan Whelan

University Chorale

Sopranos

Hosna Alacozy
Leah Anonuevo
Brianna Brock
Rebekah Brown
Sariah Bryce
Ellie D'Elia
Deidra Hall
Manqi Liang

Altos

Rachel Ashlin
Valerie Dickinson
Sydnie Speer
Anastasia Sullivan

Tenors
Braden Kerr
Ster Montes
Adam Murillo
Armando Muse
Justin Trujillo

Basses

Brandon Bagley
Victor Carillo
Jeffrey Grexton
Sebastian Ibanez-
Garcia
Benjamin Jilbert
Nathan Montevirgen
Daniel Murray
Sky Regan
Morgan Shadle
Aryan Singh
Matthew Swanson

Dr. Brett Alan Judson, a California native, is a distinguished musician with an impressive educational background, including degrees from Yale School of Music, Eastman School of Music, and The Hartt School, where he earned his doctorate under Edward Bolkovac. He has served as Assistant Director of the New Haven Chorale, preparing Orff's Carmina Burana, and has conducted various significant works, such as Handel's Messiah. Brett is currently the Director of Choral Ensembles and a Lecturer at California State University, Sacramento, where he teaches music theory and directs the choral program. His leadership extends to Trinity Episcopal Church in Folsom, where he directs two adult choirs and a children's choir. An accomplished organist, Brett has performed at notable venues across the U.S. and internationally. He was a finalist in the Poister Organ Competition and has appeared on Hour of Power and Pipedreams. His research includes an in-depth exploration of Stephen Paulus's Visions from Hildegard. Passionate about choral innovation, Brett is committed to commissioning works from underrepresented composers and expanding the choral repertoire. Outside of music, he enjoys weightlifting and tennis, residing in Roseville, California. Explore more at www.brettjudson.com.

A native of Montreal, Quebec, **Dr. Ryan Enright** received both his bachelor's and master's degrees—and Artist Diploma—in organ performance from McGill University. His teacher for the first two degrees was John Grew and the third was William Porter. Enright received his DMA in organ performance from the Eastman School of Music, where he studied repertoire and improvisation with William Porter. His first organ teacher in Montreal, Marc-André Doran, an excellent musician, and organist, instilled in him a passion for organ playing and the great works of the literature. Additional teachers in Montreal were Gaston Arel and Jean LeBuis. Enright has studied the art of improvisation with William Porter and Julian Wachner, and has taken workshops with Gerre Hancock, Thierry Escaich, Pamela Ruitter-Feenstra, and Christophe Mantoux on various styles and techniques of improvisation.

Resignation	Florence Price
Poem of Praise	Florence Price text by Elizabeth Coatsworth (1893-1986)
Praise the Lord	Florence Price
I'm Gonna Sing 'til the Spirit Moves in My Heart	Moses Hogan
Southern Lullaby	Harry Burleigh (1866-1949) text by George Vere Hobart (1867-1926) Valerie Dickinson & Nathan Montevirgen, soloists
Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler	traditional spiritual arr. by R. Nathaniel Dett Brianna Brock, Valerie Dickinson, Justin Trujillo, and Nathan Montevirgen, quartet
Deep River	traditional spiritual arr. by R. Nathaniel Dett Sariah Bryce, soloist
My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord	traditional spiritual arr. by Moses Hogan

Combined Sac State Choirs & Bear Creek High School

Wide Open Spaces	Sarah Quartel (b. 1982)
Battle of Jericho	traditional spiritual arr. by Moses Hogan

Combined Sac State Choirs

The Road Home	Stephen Paulus (1949-2014) text by Michael Dennis Browne (b. 1940) Valerie Dickinson, soloist
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Sáez/Ortiz *Temporal*

Allá viene, allá viene el temporal	There comes! There comes the storm!
Temporal, temporal	Storm, storm
Allá viene el temporal.	There comes the storm.
Que será de Puerto Rico	What will become of Puerto Rico
Cuando llegue el temporal?	When the storm arrives?
Que será de mi Borinqueñ	What will become of my Puerto Rico
Cuando llegue el temporal?	When the storm arrives?
Se levanta el pueblo	The people arise
Al son de los tambores	To the rhythm of the drums
No nos tumba el viento	The wind cannot bring us down
Ni diez mil temblores	Nor ten thousand earthquakes
Somos resilientes,	We are resilient,
Somos luchadores	We are warriors
No nos tumba el viento	The wind cannot bring us down
Ni diez mil temblores.	Nor ten thousand earthquakes .

Lauridsen *Sure on This Shining Night*

Sure on this shining night
Of star-made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side of the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Price *Summer Clouds*

The summer clouds go sailing by
Like silver ships across the sky,
Or stretching out like furrowed plain,
Or white-capped billows on the main.
What matters how their course we view,

Elizabeth Lowe Unpingco is a Downbeat Award-Winning jazz vocalist and an educator in the Sacramento and Stockton areas. While previously graduated from Sacramento State School of Music with a degree in jazz studies and a dual emphasis in education and performance, Unpingco is also pursuing a master's degree in music education at San Jose State University. During Undergrad, she participated in award-winning vocal jazz ensembles under the direction of Gaw Vang Willams where she received several grants and awards recognizing her achievements and higher education.

Along with her value of her own education, Unpingco also has a passion for directing and instructing music for over ten years. Her journey of conducting began as a volunteer conductor for her local youth choir in 2014, which ignited her love for the art of directing. In 2016, she held the position of music director at Atonement Lutheran Church in Rosemont for a total of eight years. Over the course of five years, Unpingco previously instructed the Vocal Jazz Lab Choir at Sac State, private piano and voice lessons at Martucci Music, located in Sacramento Midtown, and has had the pleasure of working at the Monterey Jazz Next Generation Summer Camp and more. She also had the honor of creating the choral curriculum for the Sacramento Mandarins Elementary Music Program in 2019 alongside Gaw Vang Williams. Presently, she is in her fifth year as a faculty member at Bear Creek High School, where she guides her students through band and choral studies. Over the course of her instruction at Bear Creek, Unpingco has served as the Visual and Performing Arts Department Chair for three years, and has accepted a significant highlight in her career, the Teacher of the Year award, presented to her in 2023.

When not teaching, Unpingco is found performing in various Sacramento venues with her duos, trios, and big bands, spreading her love for jazz. Her newest venture is the Pacific Standard Jazz Orchestra, a fresh ensemble performed and co-directed by Levi Saelua and herself, Elizabeth Lowe Unpingco.

Are you anchored? (Oh yes)
 Yes my soul's been anchored in the Lord

Yes, Will you serve him?
 Will you serve him? (Oh yes)
 Will you serve him? (Hallelujah)
 Will you serve him? (Oh yes)

God Almighty? (Are you anchored?)
 Are you anchored? (Oh yes)
 Yes my soul's been anchored in the Lord (Hallelujah)
 Will you praise him? (Will you praise him?)
 Oh yes (Will you praise him?)
 Hallelujah (Will you praise him?)
 Oh yes (God Almighty?)
 Are you anchored? (Yes I'm anchored)
 Lord I'm anchored (Oh yes)
 Lord I'm anchored (Oh yes)
 Lord I love you (Oh yes)
 Yes I'll serve you (Oh yes)
 Lord I'll praise you (Oh yes)
 Hallelujah
 My soul's been anchored in the Lord
 God Almighty my soul's been anchored
 In the Lord.

If now and then the blue peeps through?
 Sometimes they rise like mountain bold,
 Peak after peak, all tinged with gold,
 Sometimes they frown, sometimes are gray
 Sometimes bring darkness while 'tis day.
 What matters when we know 'tis true:
 The azure will soon come peeping through
 For well we know the sky is there,
 Above the clouds all bright and fair.
 The silver ship and furrowed plain
 And mountain break and billowy main.
 Will pass: but skies are firm and true
 The azure will soon come peeping through

So clouds must come into each life,
 Some silver tinged, some gray with strife.
 But God's rich mercy, like the sky,
 Broods over all as years go by.
 And many be the clouds or few,
 God's love is always peeping through.

Price *Wander-Thirst*

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
 And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
 It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say goodbye;
 For the seas call, and the stars call, and oh! The call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are;
 But a man can have the sun for a friend, and for his guide a star;
 And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
 For the rivers call, and the roads call, and oh! The call of the bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
 The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
 And come I may, but go I must; and, if men ask you why,
 You may put the blame on the stars and the sun, the white road and the sky.

Linthicum-Blackhorse *ČhaNté Wašté Hokšila*

Ahí yé, hé yo iyé.

I have brought you here, so that
 I can speak to you in your language.

We hé yo iyé. I am speaking to you in your language.
 Ahí yé, hé yo iyéya. I have brought you here, so that you will
 recognize me.
 We yeló iyé. I am speaking your language.

Čanťé wašťé hokšíla My kind-hearted boy
 lá khé ištírma. I beg you to fall asleep.
 Hanhépí kin wašťé. The Night is good.
 We yeló iyé. I am speaking your language.

Hogan *Steal Away*

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus
 Steal away, steal away home
 I ain't got long to stay here

My Lord calls me
 He calls me by the thunder
 The trumpet sounds within-a my soul
 I ain't got long to stay here

Green trees are bending
 Poor sinner stand a-trembling
 The trumpet sounds within-a my soul
 I ain't got long to stay here

Dett *Listen to the Lambs*

Refrain:
 Listen to the lambs; all a-crying
 Listen to the lambs; all a-crying
 Listen to the lambs crying', all a-crying.
 I want to go to Heaven when I die.
 O listen to the lambs; all a-crying
 Listen to the lambs; all a-crying
 Listen to the lambs crying, all a-crying.
 I want to go to Heaven when I die.

1. Come on sister with your ups and downs,
 Want to go to Heaven when I die.
 Angels waiting for to give you a crown,
 Want to go to Heaven when I die. O [Refrain]

5.

2. And if you meet with crosses,
 And trials on the way,
 Just keep your trust in Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray. [Refrain]

Dett *Deep River*

Deep river,
 My home is over Jordan,
 Deep river, Lord,
 I want to cross over into campground.

O Don't you want to go to that gospel feast,
 That promised land,
 Where all is peace?
 Lord, I want to cross over into campground!

Hogan *My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord*

In the Lord, in the Lord
 My soul's been anchored in the Lord
 My soul's been anchored in the Lord
 In the Lord, in the Lord

My soul's been anchored in the Lord, my Lord
 My soul's been anchored in the Lord
 (hallelujah) my soul's been anchored in the Lord

Before I stay and help one day
 (My soul's been anchored in the Lord)
 I sing and pray myself away
 (My soul's been anchored in the Lord)

Gone shout and pray and never stop
 (My soul's been anchored in the Lord)
 Until I reach the mountain top
 (My soul's been anchored in the Lord)

Do you love him? (Oh yes)
 Do you love him? (Hallelujah)
 Do you love him? (Oh yes)

God Almighty? (Are you anchored?)

10.

I'm gonna shout 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna shout 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna shout 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna shout 'til Jesus comes.
 (Shout, Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh, Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh my
 Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh, Oh my Jesus, 'til he comes.)
 I'm gonna sing 'til my Jesus ('til He comes.) Hmm.

Burleigh *Southern Lullaby*

De night am long an' de col' win' roar,
 Sleep li'l chile, go sleep!
 Yo' Pappy he doan' come home no more,
 Sleep li'l chile, go sleep!
 I wonder he sees us all alone,
 Wif nuffin' to eat escept a bone;
 An' do he hear yo' Mammy moan?
 Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep!

De stars am hid an' de sky am black,
 Sleep li'l chile, go sleep!
 Yo' Pappy am gone an' he doan' come back
 Sleep li'l chile, go sleep!
 He say "goodby!" an' he gone away
 Till come dat evahlastin' day—
 An' it seems sech a long, long while to stay!
 Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep!

Dett *Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler*

Refrain:
 Let us cheer the weary traveler,
 Cheer the weary Traveler;
 Let us cheer the weary traveler,
 Along the heavenly way.

1. I'll take my gospel trumpet,
 And I'll begin to blow,
 And if my Saviour helps me,
 I'll blow wherever I go. [Refrain]

2. Come on sister, and a-don't be shame,
 Want to go to Heaven when I die.
 Angels waiting for to write your name,
 Want to go to Heaven when I die. O [Refrain]

3. Mind out brother how you walk the cross,
 Want to go to Heaven when I die.
 Foot might slip and your soul get lost,
 Want to go to Heaven when I die. O [Refrain]

Strebendt/Judson *Don't Be Weary Traveler*

Don't be weary traveler, come along home to Jesus,
 My head got wet with the midnight dew, come along home to Jesus.
 Angels bear me witness too, come along home to Jesus.
 Don't be weary traveler, come along home to Jesus,
 Where I go I did not know, come along home to Jesus.
 Ever since he freed my soul, come along home to Jesus.
 Don't be weary traveler, come along home to Jesus.

Moore *I, Too*

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
 They send me to eat in the kitchen
 When company comes,
 But I laugh,
 And eat well,
 And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
 I'll be at the table
 When company comes.
 Nobody'll dare
 Say to me,
 "Eat in the kitchen,"
 Then.

Besides,
 They'll see how beautiful I am
 And be ashamed--

I, too, am America.

Price Resignation

My life is a pathway of sorrow;
 I've struggled and toiled in the sun
 with hope that the dawn of tomorrow
 would break on a work that is done.
 My Master has pointed the way,
 he taught me in prayer to say:
 "Lord, give us this day and our daily bread."
 I hunger, yet I shall be fed.
 My feet, they are wounded and dragging;
 My body is tortured with pain;
 My heart, it is shattered and flagging,
 What matter, if, Heaven I gain.
 Of happiness once I have tasted;
 'Twas only an instant it paused
 tho' brief was the hour that I wasted
 For ever the woe that it caused
 I'm tired and want to go home.
 My mother and sister are there;
 They're waiting for me to come
 Where mansions are bright and fair.

Price Poem of Praise

Swift things are beautiful:
 swallows and deer,
 and lightning that falls
 bright-veined and clear,
 rivers and meteors,
 wind in the wheat,
 the strong-withered horse,
 the runner's sure feet.

And slow things are beautiful:
 the closing of day,
 the pause of the wave
 that curves downward to spray,
 the ember that crumbles,
 the opening flower,
 and the ox that moves on
 in the quiet of power.

7.

Price Praise the Lord

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Praise the Lord, all ye nations;
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Praise the Lord, all ye people.
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord
 for His merciful kindness is great toward us;
 For His kindness is great toward us;
 And the truth of the Lord
 endureth forever;
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Praise the Lord, all ye nations;
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord!

Hogan I'm Gonna Sing 'til the Spirit Moves in My Heart

I'm gonna sing 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna sing 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna sing 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna sing 'til Jesus comes.

I'm gonna sing 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna sing 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna sing 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna sing 'til Jesus comes.

(Sing, Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh, Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus,
 Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh, Oh my Jesus, 'til he comes.)

It was grace (Oh yea) that brought me.
 (my Lord) It was grace (Oh yea) that taught me.
 (my Lord) It was grace (Oh yea) that kept me.
 (my Lord) And it's grace that will lead me home.

I'm gonna pray 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna pray 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna pray 'til the spirit moves in my heart.
 I'm gonna pray 'til Jesus comes.

(Pray, Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh, Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus,
 Oh my Jesus, Oh my Jesus, Oh, Oh my Jesus, 'til he comes.)

Can't you feel the spirit movin'. (Can't you feel it moving.)

8.