

**GUEST ARTIST CONCERT:**

**SARAH HOWES, SOPRANO**

**MIKALIA BRADBERRY, MEZZO-SOPRANO**

**MARY TROTTER, PIANO**

**I, TOO, SING AMERICA:  
THE FRIENDSHIP AND COLLABORATION  
OF MARGARET BONDS  
AND LANGSTON HUGHES**

**SEPTEMBER 15, 7:30 P.M.**

**ORGAN RECITAL HALL**



**COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY**

**I, TOO, SING AMERICA**  
*the friendship and collaboration of*  
**Margaret Bonds and Langston Hughes**

Mikalia Bradberry, mezzo soprano  
Sarah Howes, soprano  
Mary J. Trotter, piano

*Friday, September 15, 2023 ~ Organ Recital Hall ~ Colorado State University*

***Troubled Water***

(from *Spiritual Suite for Piano*)

***Mary Had A Little Baby***

(from *The Ballad of the Brown King*)

***Who Is That Man?***

(from *Simon Bore the Cross*)

***Three Dream Portraits***

Minstrel Man  
Dream Variation  
I, Too

***Songs of the Seasons***

Poeme d'Automne  
Winter Moon  
Young Love in Spring  
Summer Storm

***Note on Commercial Theatre***

***The Negro Speaks of Rivers***

All music by Margaret Bonds (1913-1972)  
All texts by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

### **Mary Had A Little Baby**

Mary had a little baby,  
Jesus, that was His name.  
All the world became much brighter  
When little Jesus, the Christ-child, came.

That was in a lowly manger,  
Outside the night was cold.  
But within that lowly manger,  
Behold how warm His love is;  
Oh, behold!

Mary had a little baby,  
In the night a bright star shone.  
I, so lost, so lost and lonely,  
Nevermore, nevermore,  
Never more shall be alone.

### **Who is that Man?**

Who is that man who goes to help my son? Who is he?  
I never saw him before.  
I never saw him around.  
Now he's come to help my son  
    bear the burden of his heavy cross.  
Who is that man?  
Who shares the suffering of my Jesus,  
    the glory of my precious son?  
Who is that man?  
So dark, so beautiful his face.  
Look at his face so strong and full of grace.  
Who is he?  
Never in the marketplace have I beheld him.  
Could my prayers have sent him here?  
God, keep him strong,  
and bless his soul, the dark one.  
Who is that man?

### **Minstrel Man**

Because my mouth  
Is wide with laughter  
And my throat  
Is deep with song,  
You do not think  
I suffer after  
I have held my pain  
So long?

Because my mouth  
Is wide with laughter,  
You do not hear  
My inner cry?  
Because my feet  
Are gay with dancing,  
You do not know  
I die?

### **Dream Variation**

To fling my arms wide  
In some place of the sun,  
To whirl and to dance  
Till the white day is done.  
Then rest at cool evening  
Beneath a tall tree  
While night comes on gently,  
    Dark like me—  
That is my dream!  
To fling my arms wide  
In the face of the sun,  
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!  
Till the quick day is done.  
Rest at pale evening . . .  
A tall, slim tree . . .  
Night coming tenderly  
    Black like me.

### **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.]

### **Poeme d'Automne**

The autumn leaves  
Are too heavy with color.  
The slender trees  
On the Vulcan Road  
Are dressed in scarlet and gold  
Like young courtesans  
Waiting for their lovers.  
But soon  
The winter winds  
Will strip their bodies bare  
And then  
The sharp, sleet-stung  
Caresses of cold  
Will be their only  
Love.

### **Winter Moon**

How thin and sharp is the moon tonight!  
How thin and sharp and ghostly white  
Is the slim curved crook of the moon tonight!

### **Young Love in Spring**

When the March winds roar like a lion  
And the last little snowflakes drift down,  
From a half dreary, half happy April sky  
And then lovely May rolls around  
And I walk with you down a country lane,  
We know that spring has come again,  
Spring has come again.

When the rising sun laughs at the dawn  
And the scent of the soil's warm and sweet  
And the little green sprouts peep out of the earth  
And grow upward the sunshine to greet  
And we find a violet beside the way,  
We know that spring has come to stay,  
Spring has come our way.

When I look at you in the haze  
Of the twilight's last lingering glow  
In the half dusky, half starry evening sky,  
Where sweet scented winds gently blow  
And our dreams, like birds heading homeward soar,  
We know that spring has come once more,  
Spring has come once more.

### **Summer Storm**

Thunder, July thunder  
And the wonder of lightning in the sky  
And a sudden gale that shakes the blossoms down  
In perfumed splendor to the grassy ground.

Thunder, July thunder  
And the wonder in my heart that I have found you  
Wonderful you beneath the blossoms gay  
In the perfumed splendor of a July Day.

With the wonder of summer lightning in the sky  
And a sudden gale that shakes the blossoms down  
Like confetti in your hair, like confetti on the ground  
Perfumed confetti drifting down  
On the sweet and wonderful summer earth.  
The sweet, sweet summer earth.

There pillowed on the grass in the orchard's shade  
I kissed you and kissed you and kissed you and kissed you  
'Till a sudden gale shook the blossoms down,  
Confetti in your hair, confetti on the ground.  
And then the rain, the soft and sweet rain came down.

We run down the road in the dust of July,  
We are happy for the rain, clean and cool from on high,  
In the dust, hand in hand,  
In the dust of July,  
Hand in hand, you and I,  
You and I, in July.

Thunder, thunder  
In my heart the wonder of love  
Thunder, wonder in our eyes  
The wonder of being in love, we two  
The wonder of being in love with you.

### **Note on Commercial Theatre**

You've taken my blues and gone -  
You sing 'em on Broadway  
And you sing 'em in Hollywood Bowl,  
And you mixed 'em up with symphonies  
And you fixed 'em  
So they don't sound like me.  
Yep, you done taken my blues and gone.

You also took my spirituals and gone.  
You put me in Macbeth and Carmen Jones  
And all kinds of Swing Mikados  
And in everything but what's about me -  
But someday somebody'll  
Stand up and talk about me,  
And write about me -  
Black and beautiful -  
And sing about me,  
And put on plays about me!  
I reckon it'll be  
Me myself!

Yes, it'll be me.

## **The Negro Speaks of Rivers**

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the  
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.  
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.  
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.  
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln  
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy  
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

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