

Nightsongs (selection) by H. Leslie Adams

Prayer (*Langston Hughes, 1902-67*)

I ask you this,
Which way to go?
I ask you this,
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,
I do not know.

Drums of Tragedy (*Langston Hughes*)

Beat the drums of tragedy for me.
Beat the drums of tragedy and death.
And let the choir sing a stormy song
To drown out the rattle of my dying breath.
Beat the drums of tragedy for me.
And let the white violins whirl thin and slow.
But blow one blaring trumpet note of sun
To go with me to the darkness where I go.

Sence You Went Away (*James Weldon Johnson*)

Seems lak to me de stars don't shine so bright,
Seems lak to me de sun done loss its light,
Seems lak to me der's nothin' goin' right,
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me de sky ain't half so blue,
Seems lak to me dat ev'rything wants you,
Seems lak to me I don't know what to do,
Sence you went away.

Oh, ev'ything is wrong.
De day's jes twice as long,
De bird's forgot his song
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me I jes can't he'p but sigh,
Seems lak to me ma th'oat keeps gittin dry,
Seems lak to me a tear stays in my eye
Sence you went away.

Creole Girl (*L. Morgan Collins, 19-14-2014*)

When you dance, do you think of Spain,
Purple skirts and clipping castanets,
Creole Girl?

When you laugh, do you think of France,

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Golden wine and mincing minuets,
Creole Girl?

When you sing, do you think of young America,
Grey guns and battling bayonets?
When you cry, do you think of Africa,
Blue nights and casual canzonets?

When you dance, do you think of Spain?
Purple skirts and clipping castanets,
Creole Girl?

They Still Want to Kill Us (*Words and music by Daniel Bernard Roumain*)

Greenwood
Black Wall Street
Black Oil
Green money

A young man Mister Rowland
A younger woman Miss Page
Stumbled upon one another
In that elevator everything changed

May thirty-one nineteen twenty-one
eighteen hours, eighteen hours
A white mob engulfed with white rage

Burn it down
Burn it all down
A white man runnin' with red blood on his hands

Bring it down
Bring it all down
A school, the library, our hospital, my church

Burn it down
Burn it all down
My people, our Black children, our stores, our homes

They want to kill us
They still want to kill us

God Bless America
God Damn America

Burn it down
Burn it all down