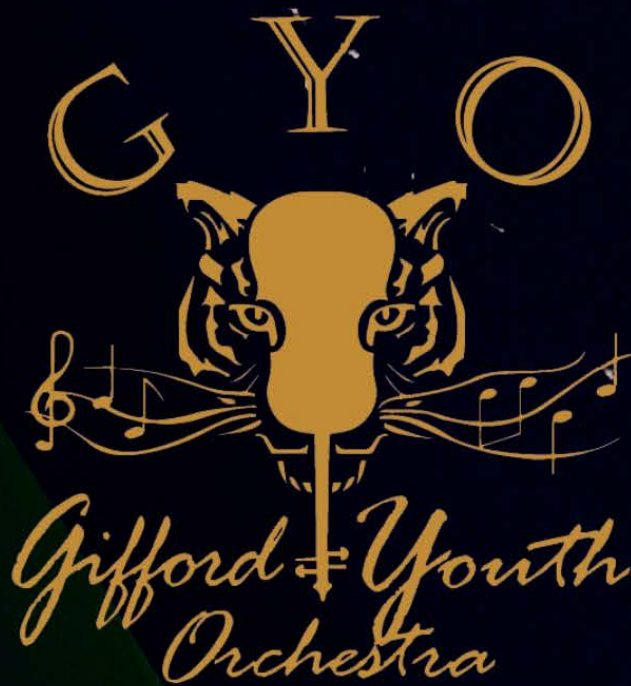


The Gifford Youth Orchestra

**BLACK
HISTORY
MONTH
CELEBRATION**

FEBRUARY 25, 2023



STRINGS, PIANO, DRAMA, VOICE, DANCE



Carter G. Woodson

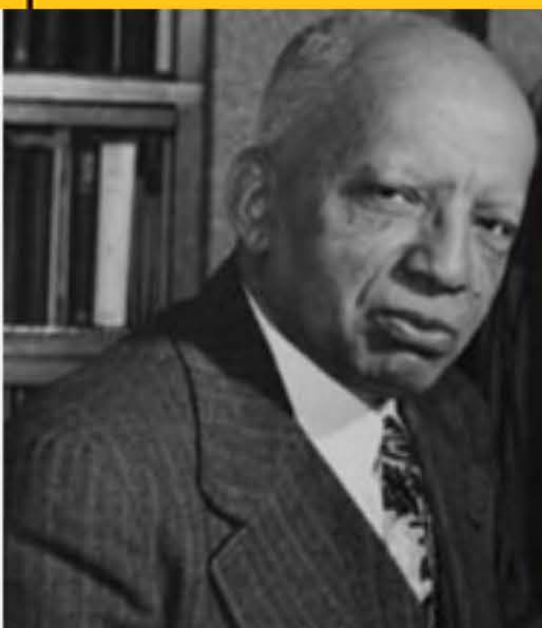
“Father of Black History”



For me, education means to inspire people to live more abundantly, to learn to begin with life as they find it and make it better.

— Carter G. Woodson —

We have a wonderful history behind us...It reads like the history of a people in a heroic age...We are going back to that beautiful history and it is going to inspire us to greater achievements.



“Those who have no record of what their forebears have accomplished lose the inspiration which comes from the teaching of biography and history.”

— CARTER G. WOODSON

PROGRAM

"Carter Reads The Newspaper"
Carter G. Woodson: Father of Black History
Presentation by Rev. Crystal Bujol and Tammy Brown

"Peace for Gifford" written by Jeryl Thompson
The Gifford Youth Orchestra Singers & Ellen Charles, Piano

"Lift Every Voice and Sing" Negro National Anthem
Led by Muffy Charles, GYO Vocal Instructor
Ellen Charles, GYO Piano Instructor
Lyrics on back page - Please join us!

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"
Chanton Taylor, Violin

"Rain On The Roof"
Derwin Henry, Piano

"Ain't No Sunshine"
William & Wallace Da Silva, Guitar & Vocals

"Adoration"
Jahaziel Hernandez, Cello

"Michael Row The Boat Ashore"
The GYO Singers

"Coming Round The Mountain When She Comes"
Aiden Robinson, Piano

"O Freedom!"
The Gifford Youth Orchestra Singers
Dechelle Patrick, Keren Perez, DeeAnna Henderson,
Ariel Perez, Bailey Henderson, Navah Kirven,
Justice Hopewell, William DaSilva, Joniah Holson,
Wallace DaSilva, Raymond Wright-Osment

"Lift Every Voice and Sing"

James Weldon Johnson - 1871-1938

Lift every voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered.
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
Till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by Thy might,
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God,
True to our native land.

