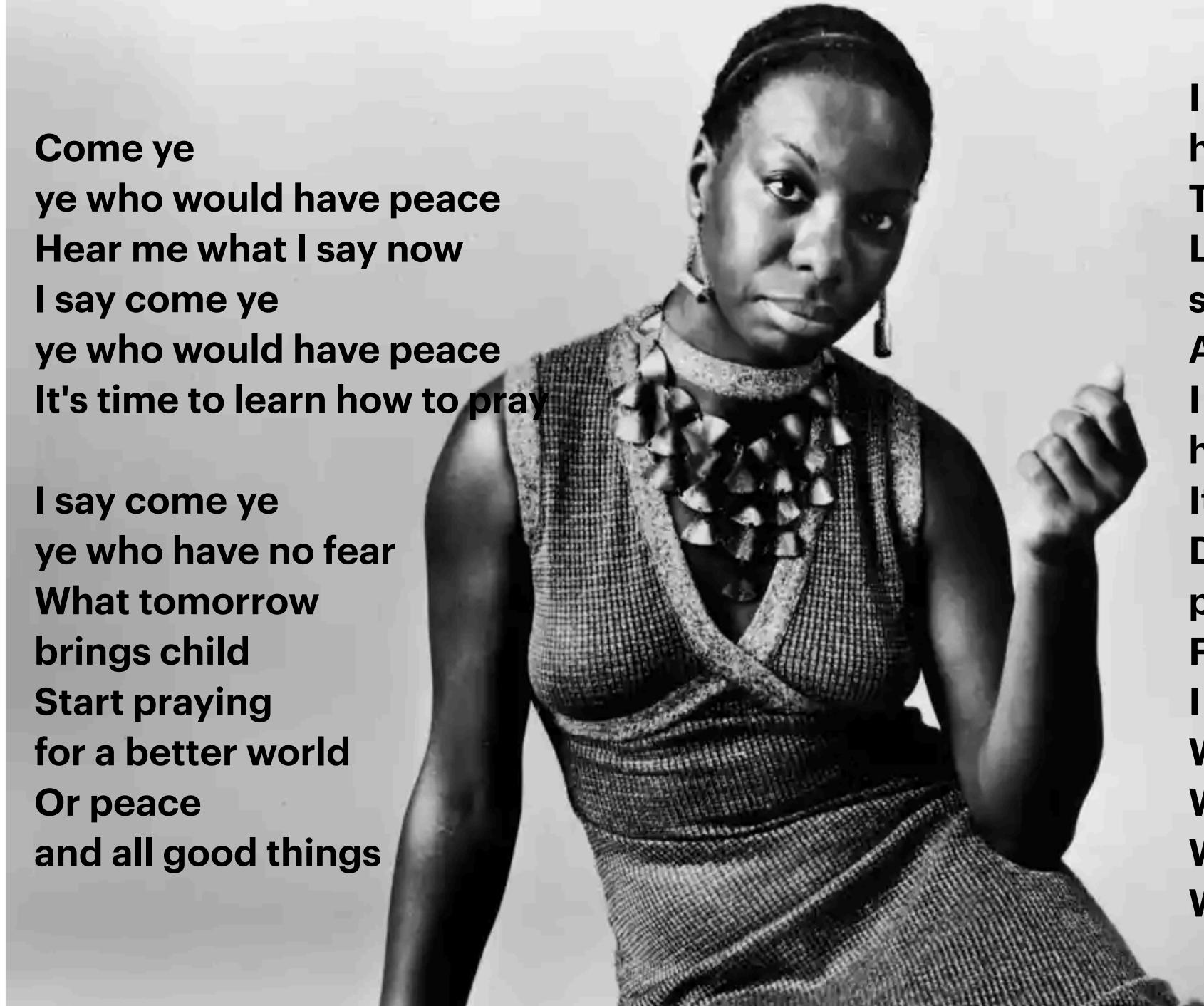
## SOUNDTRACK OF THE REVOLUTION

SUNY NEW PALTZ BLACK LIVES MATTER AT SCHOOL FEB. 16, 7-8PM ZOOM THE REV. ALLISON MOORE, PH.D., EPISCOPAL CAMPUS MINISTRY

## SONGS OF BELONGING: NINA SIMONE, <u>COME YE</u>

Nina Simone, (1933-2003) whose career as singer, songwriter, musician, arranger, and civil rights activist spanned 1954-2002. Genres included classical, jazz, blues, folk, R&B, gospel and pop. I hear in Come Ye an invitation to all who seek hope, belonging, peace, and freedom to come together, and open ourselves to source of power in the universe.



I say come ye ye who still have hope
That we can still survive now

Let's work together as we should

And fight to stay alive
I say come ye ye who would
have love

It's time to take a stand
Don't mind abuse it must be
paid

For the love of your fellow man I say come ye come ye Who would have hope Who would have hope Who would have hope Who would have hope

## STRATEGIES FOR ORGANIZING SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK: ELLA'S SONG

Sweet Honey in the Rock is an all female cappella ensemble founded by Dr. Bernice Johnson Reagon in 1973.
Songs of tribute, justice, love, hope, and freedom, often reflecting current events, are meant to inspire continued action for justice and wellbeing for all.



"The major job was getting people to understand that they had something within their power that they could use, and it could only be used if they understood what was happening and how group action could counter violence..." - Ella Jo Baker



Ella Baker, 1903-1986 Ms. Baker played a key role in some of the most influential organizations of the time, including the NAACP, Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. See Ella Baker Center for Human Rights for more information.





Washington at a SNCC meeting in Waveland, MS, November

1964, crmvet.org

Refrain: We who believe in freedom cannot rest
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes

Until the killing of Black men, Black mothers' sons
Is as important as the killing of White men, White mothers' sons

And that which touches me most is that I had a chance to work with people Passing on to others that which was passed on to me

To me young people come first, they have the courage where we fail And if I can shed some light as they carry us through the gale

The older I get the better I know that the secret of my going on Is when the reins are in the hand of the young who dare to run against the storm

Not needing to clutch for power, not needing the light just to shine on me I need to be just one in the number as we stand against tyranny

Struggling myself don't mean a whole lot I come to realize

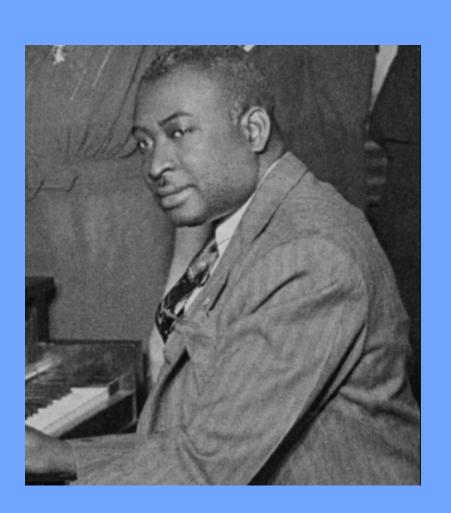
That teaching others to stand up and fight is the only way my struggle survive

I'm a woman who speaks in a voice and I must be heard At time I can be quite difficult, I'll bow to no man's word

## SONGS OF LOSS AND COMFORT MAHALIA JACKSON PRECIOUS LORD

Mahalia Jackson, 1911-1972, was an American gospel singer, widely considered one of the most influential vocalists of the 20th century. With a career spanning 40 years, Jackson was integral to the development and spread of gospel blues in black churches throughout the U.S.

Precious Lord was written by musician Thomas
Dorsey, often called the father of gospel music,
in 1932, after he had received news when he was
traveling that his wife and infant son had died during
delivery. It is a staple of the Black Church Tradition,
and a favorite of The Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. who,
when he was discouraged, would call Mahalia Jackson
and ask her to sing it to him over the phone. She's also
credited with inspiring his "I have a dream" speech!
She sang it at Dr. King Jr.'s funeral.







Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on through the light
Take my hand, precious Lord
lead me home.

When my way grows drear Precious Lord, lead me near When my life is almost gone At the river I will stand Guide my feet, hold my hand Take my hand, precious Lord And lead me home.