



WHERE DID WE COME FROM? WHERE ARE WE GOING?
Black History Month Concert | February 17, 2024

Lift Every Voice and Sing	arr. Roland Carter
Poem: Proud to Be	Mkuu Amani
Imani Bright and Nathan Brown, readers	
Hlohonolofatsa	arr. Daniel Jackson
Alexa Torres, Aleena Torres, Karma Davis, and Corie Pendergrass, soloists	
Sorida	Rosephanye Powell
Myles Aiken, solo	
Lead With Love	Melanie DeMore
Poem: O Black and Unknown Bards	James Weldon Johnson
Quinn Smith and Benjamin Pierce, readers	
Roll, Jordan, Roll (Quodlibet)	arr. Ysaye Barnwell
Stand the Storm	Traditional Spiritual, arr. Ridout, Sr.
Music Down in my Soul	Moses Hogan
Poem: Invitation to Love	Paul Laurence Dunbar
D'Kailah Chavis, reader	
I Love You	Daniel Ridout, Jr.
The Word Was God*	Rosephanye Powell
Veni Sancte Spiritus*	Zanaida Robles
Amen*	Michael Ables and Rihannon Giddens
Malcolm Richardson, Harmony McCord, and Kethrellan Peterson, soloists	
Don't Cry	Kirk Franklin
Tahir Clay, soloist	
City Called Heaven	Edward Boatner, arr. Poelinitz
Niemyiah Porter and Karma Davis, soloists	
Still I Rise**	Rosephanye Powell
Aleena Torres and Sophia DiLeo, soloists	

Let Everything That Hath Breath Jeffrey Ames

Mikal Aiken, soloist

Poem: Let America Be America Again Langston Hughes

Maya Corey, reader

We Shall Overcome arr. Robert T. Gibson

Mikailyn Caldwell, D’Kailah Chavis, and Jerrica Flint, soloists

Total Praise Richard Smallwood

*Performed by Junior Varsity Choristers, Varsity Choristers, Young Artists, and Adult Singers

**Performed by Sopranos and Altos

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

On behalf of the singers of the Choir School of Delaware, we are delighted to welcome you to our annual Black History Month Concert. As a beloved annual tradition, this program fits perfectly into the Greatest Hits Concert Series. These concerts are all about our favorite songs from our recent and long history. *Where Did We Come From? Where Are We Going?* embraces this spirit with music from The African Diaspora. Today's program touches on music from the Black experience throughout time. Amidst the music, we will also be sharing poetry by Black authors that express sentiments of the trials, tribulations, beauty, and joy of the Black community.

We open with the Black National Anthem, a beloved arrangement of “Lift Every Voice and Sing” by Roland Carter. We ask that you stand as you are able, as is tradition, during the opening verses. This will be followed by two pieces, “Hloholonofatsa” and “Sorida,” with roots from the African continent. Both are favorites of our students over the past decade. Singing is an integral part of the Black experience and the Black community, and as such, we invite you to sing along in “Lead with Love”. This call-and-response piece is easy and fun. You’ll be a member of the choir in no time at all.

Spirituals were songs of survival and cultural expression in a time when enslaved Africans sought out a free life. While many are based on Christian stories and beliefs, there is so much more to learn from them beyond the religious exterior. Many spirituals were derived from rhythms and melodies that were from Africa. The language was coded and the stories were representative of a path to the free North. There are so many wonderful Spirituals in the Choir School library that it was difficult to decide which ones to include in this program. The “Spiritual Quodlibet” combines four different spirituals: “Roll, Jordan, Roll”, “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”, “Ezekiel Saw the Wheel”, and “Great Day.” Last year's Black History Month Concert featured a new work by Dr. Rollo Dilworth entitled *Weather*. Dr. Dilworth borrows a theme from “Stand the Storm”, a Spiritual arranged by Delaware’s very own Daniel Ridout, Sr. We share Ridout’s arrangement with you today. We close this set with Moses Hogan’s “Music Down In My Soul,” a boppin’ favorite that we adore and simply had to include in this program!

There are so many incredible genres in the canon thanks to Black culture. These idiomatic styles include spirituals, gospel, and jazz, among others. There is also a significant amount of incredible music written by Black composers that does not fall into these genres. These works are referred to as non-idiomatic. The next few pieces are just that. First is a beautiful love song written by Daniel Ridout, Jr. featuring our FUNdamental singers. Ridout wrote “I Love You” for his wife, so it is perfect for both Black History Month and Valentine’s Day. “The Word Was God” and “Veni Sancte Spiritus” are incredibly dynamic pieces, both composed by Black women. One of the greatest things about the Choir School is our continued work to diversify our repertoire to amplify the voices of people of color. It is in that spirit that we share with you a new piece, “Amen” from the opera *Omar* by Rihannon Giddens and Michael Abels. Omar Ibn Said

was an enslaved African Muslim in the early 1800's. During Black History Month, stories like Omar ibn Said's remind us that Muslims were not strangers to early America and have been an important part of our collective history.

Gospel music evolved out of Spirituals. While Gospel music has a religious connotation, it is equally important to the entire musical canon and to American music history. Gospel music provided unity for the Black community during the Civil Rights era and hymns would often be turned into chants for marches. The stories speak of perseverance, resilience, hope, joy, and a shared experience through good times and bad. Ultimately, Gospel music's reach extends well beyond the religious realm, directly affecting the world of secular music. The next few pieces are set to both religious and secular texts and will be performed as a medley of sorts, one piece right into the next. These four pieces ("Don't Cry," "City Called Heaven," "Still I Rise," and "Let Everything That Hath Breath") are old and new favorites of the Choir School that feature impressive solos from our students.

"We Shall Overcome" became an anthem for the Civil Rights Movement, but its message has resonated strongly throughout the decades. This piece was last performed when the Choir School sang at the American Choral Directors Association Conference in Rochester, NY in 2020, just days before the world stopped for the COVID-19 pandemic. The words ring truer than ever before in 2024. We close with a Choir School tradition, "Total Praise," and we invite you to sing along with us. We thank you for joining us today for this musical celebration of Black excellence from our past to our present.

THANK YOU

Thank you to **New Life Christian Center International** for hosting us in your beautiful space.

Thank you to our **front-of-house volunteers** for your assistance with ticket scanning and program distribution.



Thank you to **TD Bank** for your headline sponsorship of the Greatest Hits Season.



The Choir School of Delaware is supported, in part, by a grant from the **Delaware Division of the Arts**, a state agency, in partnership with the National Endowment for the Arts. The Division promotes Delaware arts events on DelawareScene.com.

Thank you to the **Brandywine School District** for partnering with the Choir School, helping us connect Harlan Elementary students to free after-school care and music in a satellite program. A special thanks to Tracey Roberts.

LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We acknowledge with respect that we gather today in Lenapehoking, the traditional homeland of the Lenape people for tens of thousands of years. Sometimes translated as Original People, the Lenape lived in present-day New Jersey, most of Delaware, the Eastern parts of New York, and Pennsylvania. Within the first hundred years of contact with Europeans, 80% of the Lenape died from violent conflict and disease. In spite of a peace treaty between William Penn and the Lenape Chief Tamanend at Shackamaxon, Europeans forced most of the Lenape to move west and north to Oklahoma, Wisconsin, and Ontario, where many of their descendants live today. Europeans named this land after British General Thomas West, Lord De La Warr, now pronounced Delaware.

Some Lenape people never left, however, and remain "Keepers of the Land." Three thriving Lenape communities in existence today include the Lenape Indian Tribe in Cheswold, Delaware, the Nanticoke Lenni Lenape Tribal Nation in Bridgeton, New Jersey, and the Ramapough Lenape Nation in Mawaw, New Jersey. Let us acknowledge the historical and ongoing presence of the Lenape and the Nanticoke on this land where we now live, work, and celebrate All Our Relations.

TEXTS, TRANSLATIONS, AND POEMS

Lift Every Voice and Sing

Music by J. Rosamond Johnson and James Weldon Johnson
Arranged by Roland Carter

Lift every voice and sing
Till earth and heaven ring
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening 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 chastening 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 has brought us thus far on the way
Thou who has 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
Amen

Proud To Be

Poem by Mkuu Amani

Each year throughout this month we celebrate
Embracing each with pride and dignity
The very wonder of Black History
And this in unity we'll contemplate.

From north to south,
from east to west we rise,
To share appraise across the British Isles,
A journey which immeasurable in miles
Remains in truth – incalculable in size.

A journey one could trace across the ages
That leads us from, some say, the dawn of time,
To heights beyond the highest mountain climb.
A story that could fill a billion pages.

With what allure are we drawn to this place?
Forgotten not — the souls of yesteryear
Because without them who would find us here
Affirming now their worthiness of praise?

Those doctors, lawyers, authors of invention,
Those kings and queens, wise elders of the state,
Those farmers, teachers, masters of debate,
Whose trials we shall for goodness sake here mention.

Those hands that formed traditional cuisine,
Which pleasures to this day our appetites.
That turned the key to unlock the delights
Of okra, callaloo and kidney bean.

Those parents who would sacrifice with grace
The joy that comes with watching offspring grow
Subduing each their pain at least to know
Their love secured for us a better place.

And with this let us sing we're proud to be
Ascendants of the precious seed of life
Emergent through the vestibule of strife
That oftentimes can hinder company.

As leaves upon a vast and mighty tree
Well worthy of our place in humankind

With each year, at this time we shall remind
Of who and why and what we're proud to be.

Hlohonolofatsa

South African Greeting Song

Zulu

Iyo hlonolofatsa, Ka lebitso la ntate

English

Bless everything in the name of the Father

Sorída

A Zimbabwe Greeting

Arranged by Rosephanye Powell

Sorída

Greetings my brothers. Greetings my sisters.
Greet everybody, Love one another.

Wave to your brothers. Wave to your sisters.
Greet everybody, Love one another.

Lead with Love

Music and Text by Melanie DeMore

Chorus

You gotta put one foot in front of the other and lead with
love.

Put one foot in front of the other and lead with love!

Don't give up hope,
You're not alone,
Don't you give up,
Keep movin' on.

Lift up your eyes
Don't you despair
Look up ahead
The path is there.

I know you're scared
And I'm scared, too
But here I am
Right next to you!

O Black and Unknown Bards

Poem by James Weldon Johnson

O black and unknown bards of long ago,
How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
How, in your darkness, did you come to know
The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?
Who first from midst his bonds lifted his eyes?
Who first from out the still watch, lone and long,
Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise
Within his dark-kept soul, burst into song?

Heart of what slave poured out such melody
As "Steal away to Jesus"? On its strains
His spirit must have nightly floated free,
Though still about his hands he felt his chains.
Who heard great "Jordan roll"? Whose starward eye
Saw chariot "swing low"? And who was he
That breathed that comforting, melodic sigh,
"Nobody knows de trouble I see"?

What merely living clod, what captive thing,
Could up toward God through all its darkness grope,
And find within its deadened heart to sing
These songs of sorrow, love and faith, and hope?
How did it catch that subtle undertone,
That note in music heard not with the ears?
How sound the elusive reed so seldom blown,
Which stirs the soul or melts the heart to tears.

Not that great German master in his dream
Of harmonies that thundered amongst the stars
At the creation, ever heard a theme
Nobler than "Go down, Moses." Mark its bars
How like a mighty trumpet-call they stir
The blood. Such are the notes that men have sung
Going to valorous deeds; such tones there were
That helped make history when Time was young.

There is a wide, wide wonder in it all,
That from degraded rest and servile toil
The fiery spirit of the seer should call
These simple children of the sun and soil.
O black slave singers, gone, forgot, unfamed,
You—you alone, of all the long, long line
Of those who've sung untaught, unknown, unnamed,
Have stretched out upward, seeking the divine.

You sang not deeds of heroes or of kings;
No chant of bloody war, no exulting pean
Of arms-won triumphs; but your humble strings
You touched in chord with music empyrean.
You sang far better than you knew; the songs
That for your listeners' hungry hearts sufficed
Still live,—but more than this to you belongs:
You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ.

Spiritual Quodlibet

Traditional Spirituals

Roll, Jordan, roll
Roll, Jordan, roll.
I want to get to heaven when I die,
To hear old Jordan roll.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Ezekiel saw the wheel,
Way up in the middle of the air.
Ezekiel saw the wheel,
Way in the middle of the air.

Great day. Great day, the righteous marching.
Great day, God's gonna build up Zion's walls.

Stand the Storm

Traditional Spiritual

Oh, stand the storm, it won't be long. We'll anchor by and by.
My ship is on the ocean, we'll anchor by and by.
She's making for the harbor, we'll anchor by and by.
King Jesus is my Captain, we'll anchor by and by.

Music Down in My Soul

Traditional Spiritual

Arranged by Moses Hogan

I hear music in the air.
I can feel it in the air.
There must be a God somewhere.

Over my head, I hear music in the air.
There must be a God somewhere.

Over my head, I hear singing in the air.

There must be a God somewhere.

I got this music down in my soul;
and it fills my heart with the joy of the Lord!
I've got joy!
I've got it joy everlasting.
I've got peace!
I've got it peace everlasting.
I've got love!
I've got it love everlasting.
Love in my heart,
Oh yes, I got peace in my soul,
Oh yes, I got joy in my heart; joy today.

Do you love the Lord?
I love the Lord!

I got joy!
I got peace!
I got love!
In my soul!

Invitation to Love

Poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar

Come when the nights are bright with stars
Or come when the moon is mellow;
Come when the sun his golden bars
Drops on the hay-field yellow.
Come in the twilight soft and gray,
Come in the night or come in the day,
Come, O love, whene'er you may,
And you are welcome, welcome.

You are sweet, O Love, dear Love,
You are soft as the nesting dove.
Come to my heart and bring it to rest
As the bird flies home to its welcome nest.

Come when my heart is full of grief
Or when my heart is merry;
Come with the falling of the leaf
Or with the redd'ning cherry.
Come when the year's first blossom blows,
Come when the summer gleams and glows,
Come with the winter's drifting snows,
And you are welcome, welcome.

I Love You

Music and Text by Daniel Ridout, Jr.

I can't hold it in much longer.
I love you.
My heart heels it, can't conceal it,
It is filling me inside, oh, I love you.

I love you more each day.
I love you, can't express how much you mean to me.
Please believe me when I say it,
Loving you the way I do, I can't help it.
In my arms I long to hold you and all the loveliness that
makes you.
I love you, and forever more I'll love you.
This is not a dream I'm dreaming.
Gosh! I'm lucky that I met you;
You have fill'd my life with joy, oh, I love you.

At this moment, and every moment,
You just captivate my heart and you know it!
I love you, stay the way you are,
So wonderful, so beautiful,
Idol of my heart!
I love you, and I will till the end of time
And some more.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus

Latin text adapted from the Roman Liturgy by Zanaida Robles

Music Text (Latin and English)

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
et emitte caelitus
lucis tuae radium.

Veni, pater pauperum,
veni, dator munerum,
veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
dulcis hospes animae,
dulce refrigerium.

In labore requies,
in aestu temperies,
in fletu solatium.

Come, Holy Spirit

send from heaven
thy rays of light.

O lux beatissima,
reple cordis intima
tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine,
nihil est in homine,
nihil est innoxium.

Come, Holy Spirit
send from heaven
thy rays of light.

English Translation
Come, Holy Spirit,
send forth the heavenly
ray of your light.

Come, father of the poor,
come, giver of gifts,
come, light of hearts.

Greatest comforter,
sweet guest of the soul,
sweet consolation.

In labour, rest,
in heat, temperateness,
in tears, solace.

Come, Holy Spirit
send from heaven
thy rays of light.

O most blessed light,
fill the inmost heart
of your faithful.

Without the nod of your head,
there is nothing in man,
nothing that is harmless.

Come, Holy Spirit
send from heaven
thy rays of light.

The Word Was God

Text from John 1:1-3

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

Amen

Text from *Omar*, Act 2: Scene 4

Text and music by Rhiannon Giddens and Michael Abels

Arabic (transliteration)

Astaghfirullah rabbi min kulli zambiyon wa atoobu ilaiyh

English

I ask forgiveness for my sins from God who is my Lord and I turn towards Him.

Don't Cry

Text and music by Kirk Franklin

Why do you cry?
He has risen!
Why are you weeping?
He's not dead.

He paid it all on that lonesome highway,
And his anointing, I can feel.
He shed his blood for my transgressions,
And by his stripes, we are healed.

So as you go through life's journey,
Don't you worry, lift up your head!
Don't you cry, stop your weeping.
He has risen! He's not dead.

Don't cry, wipe your eyes.
He's not dead.
Oh, don't weep
He's not asleep.
Jehovah, he's not dead.

City Called Heaven

Text and music by Edward Boatner

I am a pilgrim, a pilgrim of sorrow
I'm left in this wide world, this wide world alone

Ain't got no hope, got no hope for tomorrow
Trying to make it, make heaven my home
I am a pilgrim, a pilgrim of sorrow
I'm left in this wide world, this wide world alone
Ain't got no hope, got no hope for tomorrow
Trying to make it, make heaven my home
Sometimes I'm tossed and I'm driven, Lord
Heard of a city, a city called heaven
Trying to make it, make heaven my home
Heaven

Still I Rise

Text and music by Rosephanye Powell

Though I have been wounded, aching heart full of pain.
Still I rise, yes, still I rise.
Just like a budding rose, my bloom is nourished by rain.
Haven't time to wonder why, though fearful I strive.
My pray'r and faith uphold me 'til my courage arrives.
Still I rise as an eagle, soaring above ev'ry fear.
With each day I succeed, I grow strong an' believe
That it's all within my reach; I'm reaching for the skies,
Bolstered by courage, yes, still I rise.
Yes, it's all within my reach; I'm reaching for the skies,
Yes, still I rise.

Gentle as a woman; tender sweet are my sighs.
Still I rise, yes, still I rise.
Strength is in my tears and healing
rains in my cries.
Plunging depths of anguish, I determine to strive.
My pray'r and faith uphold me 'til my courage arrives.
Though you see me slump with heartache;
Heart so heavy that it breaks.
Be not deceived I fly on bird's wings, rising sun, its healing
rays.
Look at me, you see a woman; Gentle as a butterfly.
But don't you think, not for one moment, that I'm not strong
because I cry.

Let Everything That Hath Breath

Text from Psalm 150

Sing unto the Lord a new song.
Sing unto the Lord all the earth
Declare His glory among the nations.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Magnify the Lord with me and exalt His name together

Hallelujah, bless His name for He is worthy to be praised.
Clap your hands all ye people. Shout with the voice of triumph!

For the Mighty Lord is great and greatly to be praised.
Let everything that than breath praise the Lord.
Come on and praise the Lord Let's all praise His name.
Give him the highest praise. Praise Him, the Lord
Praise Him with the timbrel, praise him with the dance.
Stand up on your feet and just lift up holy hands.
Sing "Hallelujah" Praise His holy name.
For the Lord is worthy to be praised. Lets praise the Lord.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
You ought to praise Him!

Let America Be America Again

Poem by Langston Hughes

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed—
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.
I am the red man driven from the land,
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek—
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,
Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker sold to the machine.
I am the Negro, servant to you all.
I am the people, humble, hungry, mean—
Hungry yet today despite the dream.
Beaten yet today—O, Pioneers!
I am the man who never got ahead,
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home—
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?
Surely not me? The millions on relief today?
The millions shot down when we strike?
The millions who have nothing for our pay?
For all the dreams we've dreamed
And all the songs we've sung
And all the hopes we've held
And all the flags we've hung,
The millions who have nothing for our pay—
Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, let America be America again—
The land that never has been yet—
And yet must be—the land where every man is free.
The land that's mine—the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's,
ME—
Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,

Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose—
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,
We must take back our land again,
America!

O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath—
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.
The mountains and the endless plain—
All, all the stretch of these great green states—
And make America again!

We Shall Overcome

Gospel Song associated with the Civil Rights Movement

We shall overcome some day.
Deep in my heart, I do believe: We shall overcome some day.

We'll walk hand in hand some day.
Deep in my heart, I do believe: we'll walk hand in hand some day.

We shall live in peace some day.
Deep in my heart, I do believe: We shall live in peace some day.

We are not afraid today.
Deep in my heart, I do believe: We shall overcome some day.

Total Praise

Richard Smallwood

Lord, I will lift my eyes to the hills
Knowing my help is coming from You
Your peace You give me in time of the storm
You are the source of my strength
You are the strength of my life
I lift my hands in total praise to You
Amen

ABOUT THE PERFORMERS

The Choir School of Delaware is a comprehensive, multifaceted after-school program that has a strong legacy of serving and engaging Wilmington's youth and families through music and mentoring. The Choir School has a long tradition of excellence, training young people to lift their voices to help them enrich their lives for more than 140 years. The Choir School provides professional musical training, leadership, language skills, academic support, and mentoring in an intergenerational environment for youth in Wilmington, Delaware, and surrounding regions.

An intergenerational choir anchors the after-school program and performs frequently throughout the state. With a history of promoting new music, the Choir School of Delaware has recently premiered commissions from Tim Brent and Rollo Dilworth and also performed the North American premiere of Phillip Stopford's *Keble Missa Brevis* in November 2019. The Choir School also collaborates with internationally renowned ensembles such as The Swingles and VOCES8 and has been invited to perform at three conferences of the American Choral Directors Association.



Brittney L. Stanton (*she/her*) joined the Choir School in 2019 and was promoted to Director of Operations and Music in 2023. She is a highly trained music teacher and soprano who works with students of varying ages and abilities to help them develop strong music literacy skills and grow a lifelong love for the arts. Having taught music in both suburban and urban settings, Ms. Stanton is a dedicated, veteran pedagogue. Ms. Stanton studied Music Education at McDaniel College in Westminster, MD with a focus on choral arts. She holds a Bachelor of Arts in Music and graduated Magna Cum Laude. Additionally, Ms. Stanton holds a Master of Science degree in Teaching, also from McDaniel College.



Malcolm S. Richardson (*he/him*) is a native of Newark, New Jersey, and resides in Newark, Delaware. He earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in Music Vocal Performance from the nation's first historically Black degree-granting institution, Lincoln University of Pennsylvania. He also earned a Master of Arts Degree in Music Education from Liberty University and has returned to Liberty in pursuit of a Doctorate in Music Education. While attending Liberty, he also serves as Director of Educational & Artistic Programs for the Choir School of Delaware, where he sings amongst and mentors young vocalists through a shared gift of song and love for music education. At the Choir School, Malcolm is a resource and advocate for the young musicians he serves, and helps to strengthen their love for music and arts education.



Uniquely at home with a range of styles and instruments, **Gabriel Benton** (*he/him*) holds degrees in keyboard performance from Oberlin Conservatory, Juilliard, and Yale. In addition to his work teaching and accompanying at the Choir School, he is in demand as a harpsichordist and early music specialist and regularly performs with ensembles across the country. He has accompanied both professional and volunteer choirs steadily since his student days and has participated in several musicals and operas, including performances with the Venice Opera Project in Italy. He is currently Director of Music and Organist at Grace United Methodist Church in Wilmington and was previously organist for the University Church at Yale, where he also received the Charles Ives Award for outstanding work as an organ major. Gabe can be heard on three recordings produced by American Bach Soloists.

CHORISTERS

FUNDamentals

Sebastian Brown
D'Kailah Chavis
Qua'Jir King Dunn
Nikenzie Fassett
Vanesa Gomez
Angela Hutson
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Nikka Wilkinson Fassett
Paige Pendelton
Kethrellan Peterson
Peggy Sacher
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Alto

Joan Bobnick
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Tenor

Isaac Juda Everett
Chris Lorge
Harmony McCord

Bass

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