


10-26-1969

Program; 1969-10-26

The Royal Serenaders Male Chorus

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Fifth Annual Choir Festival

Sunday, October 26, 1969

SPONSORED BY

**CRESCENDO CLUB – Buffalo Branch
National Association of Negro Musicians, Inc.**

**Lincoln Memorial Methodist Church
MASTEN & NORTHLAND AVENUES
AT MAIN STREET**

5:30 P.M.

PROGRAM

OPENING HYMN The Church's One Foundation
Stone & Wesley

INVOCATION Rev. Willard A. Williams

AFRO-AMERICAN SONG Were You There?

PURPOSE OF FESTIVAL and WELCOMING
Mrs. Mabel Maloney, President,
Crescendo Club

SELECTIONS A & B —

Lincoln Memorial Methodist Church Senior Choir
Mrs. Laretta Anderson, Director

Humboldt Baptist Church Senior Choir
Mr. James Davis, Director and Organist

Durham Chorale
Durham A.M.E. Zion Church
Rev. Milton Williams, Minister

OFFERTORY

REMARKS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Bethel A.M.E. Church
Cathedral Choir
Mrs. Zelmer Gary, Director

Saint Peter's United Church of Christ Choir
Mr. Roy A. Mathis, Sr., Director

MASS CHOIR:

"Onward Christian Soldiers"

Baring-Gould and Sullivan as arranged by Harry Simeone

"Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler"

Afro-American Song arranged by R. Nathaniel Dett

AUDIENCE:

"Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing" — J. R. Johnson

BENEDICTION

LIFT EV'RY VOICE AND SING

Lift ev'ry 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 thro' the blood of the
slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past, Till now we stand at last
Where the bright 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.