

STILL WE RISE: CHANGING HERSTORY

A MUSICAL CELEBRATION OF WOMEN WHO HAVE CHANGED HISTORY

Rise Up!

Text by Susan B. Anthony

Rise up!

There shall never be another season of silence.

Deepen your sympathy then convert it to action.

Pray every single second of your life, not on your knees but with your work.

Think your best thoughts,
speak your best words,
do your best work.

There is so much yet to be done.

Rise up!

[Taken from speeches and writings by Susan B. Anthony.]

Truth

Andrea Ramsey

My roots are earth, muddy river and
honeysuckle

My roots are earth, muddy river and
honeysuckle

My roots are earth, muddy river and
honeysuckle

Sturdy and rigid, like farmhouse planks

I shared a sisterhood with the amber grasses

My dreams climbed endlessly

Like the kudzu in July

I shared a sisterhood with the amber grasses

My dreams climbed endlessly, no fear in sight

In nature, in naïve youth

All the forest was possible

All the pasture was my own

My mother told me I was beautiful

And I believed her then

Why shouldn't I?

There is no doubt in a pond

Insecurity does not grow in a meadow

It will not sprout beneath the Southern pines

It is planted by the boys on the school bus

Tended by the words of small minds

And words may wound you

But are they true?

You are beautiful

You are enough

You must believe in that

Believe the truth

My roots are earth, muddy river and
honeysuckle

My roots are beautiful

My roots are strong

The New Colossus

Poem by Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glowed world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Harriet Tubman

Poem by Walter Robinson

One night I dreamed I was in slavery,
'Bout eighteen fifty was the time,
Sorrow was the only sign,
Nothing around to ease my mind.
Out of the night appeared a lady,
Leading a distant pilgrim band.
"First mate," she yelled, pointing her hand,
"Make room on board for this young woman."
Singing: Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine
Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine.
She said her name was Harriet Tubman
And she drove for the underground railroad.

Hundreds of miles we traveled onward,
Gathering slaves from town to town,
Seeking every lost and found,
Setting those free who once were bound.
Somehow my heart was growing weaker,
I fell by the wayside's sinking sand.
Firmly did this lady stand,
Lifted me up and took my hand.
Singing: Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine
Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine.
She said her name was Harriet Tubman
And she drove for the underground railroad.

Sunshine and Cloudless Sky

Excerpt from the following Diary entries by Anne Frank:

February 23, 1944. I go to the attic almost every morning... This morning....Peter was...cleaning up. He finished quickly and came over to where I was sitting... on the floor. The two of us [Peter and I] looked out at the blue sky, the bare chestnut tree glistening with dew, the seagulls and other birds glinting with silver as they swooped through the air, and we were so moved and entranced that we couldn't speak... We breathed in the air, looked outside, and both felt that the spell shouldn't be broken.... 'As long as this exists, ... this sunshine and this cloudless sky, and as long as I can enjoy it, how can I be sad?'

March 7, 1944. I lie in bed at night, after ending my prayers with the words, 'thank you God for all that is good and dear and beautiful,' and I'm filled with joy... At such moments I don't think about all the misery, but about the beauty that still remains...

Malala

Excerpt from Malala Yousafzai's UN Speech

I am Malala,
Their bullet did not stop me.
I am Malala,
Their bullet gave me power to raise my voice.
Hear my voice:
I am Malala.
I am afraid of no one.

She's Good Enough to Be Your Baby's Mother, And She's Good Enough to Vote with You

Alfred Bryan

No man is greater than his mother
No man is half so good
No man is better than the wife he loves
Her love will guide him
What 'ere beguile him

She's good enough to love you and adore you
She's good enough to bear your troubles for you
And if your tears were falling today
Nobody else would kiss them away
She's good enough to warm your heart with kisses
When your lonesome and blue
She's good enough to be your baby's mother
And she's good enough to vote with you

Man plugs the world in war and sadness
She must protest in vain
Let's hope and pray someday we'll hear her pain
Stop all your madness, I bring you gladness

She's good enough to give you old Abe Lincoln
She good enough to give you Brandon Sherman
Robert E. Lee and Washington too
She was so true she gave them to you
She's good enough to give you Teddy Roosevelt
Thomas A. Edison too.
She's good enough to give you Woodrow Wilson
And she's good enough to vote with you.

Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Jack Norworth

Katie Casey was baseball mad,
Had the fever and had it bad;
Just to root for the town crew
Ev'ry sou* Katie blew.

On a Saturday, her young beau
Called to see if she'd like to go,
To see a show but Miss Kate said,
"No, I'll tell you what you can do:

"Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out with the crowd.
Buy me some peanuts and cracker jack.
I don't care if I never get back,
Let me root, rot, root for the home team,
If they don't win it's a shame.
For it's one, two, three strikes,
You're out at the old ball game."

Katie Casey saw all the games,
Knew the players by their first names;
Told the umpire he was wrong,
All along good and strong.

When the score was just two to two,
Katie Casey knew what to do,
Just to cheer up the boys she knew,
She made the gang sing this song:

Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out with the crowd.
Buy me some peanuts and cracker jack.
I don't care if I never get back,
Let me root, rot, root for the home team,
If they don't win it's a shame.
For it's one, two, three strikes,
You're out at the old ball game.
You're out!

*[a low-value French coin]

March of the Women

Cicely Hamilton

Shout, shout, up with your song!
Cry with the wind for the dawn is breaking.
March, march, swing you along,
Wide blows our banner and hope is waking.
Song with its story, dreams with their glory,
Lo! They call and glad is their word.
Loud and louder it swells,
Thunder of freedom, the voice of the Lord.

Long, long, we in the past,
Covered in dread from the light of heaven.
Strong, strong, stand we at last,
Fearless in faith and with sight new given.
Strength with its beauty, life with its duty,
(Hear the voice, oh hear and obey.)
These, these beckon us on,
Open your eyes to the blaze of day.

Comrades, ye who have dared,
First in the battle to strive and sorrow.
Scorned, spurned, nought ye have cared,
Raising your eyes to a wider morrow.
Ways that are weary, days that are dreary,
Toil and pain by faith ye have borne.
Hail, hail, victors ye stand,
Wearing the wreath that the brave have worn.

Life, strife, these two are one,
Nought can ye win but by faith and daring.
On, on that ye have done,
But for the work of today preparing.
Firm in reliance, laugh a defiance,
(Laugh in hope for sure is the end.)
March, march, many as one,
Shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend.

The Woman to This Hour

Poem by Charlotte Perkins Gilman

She walketh veiled and sleeping,
For she knoweth not her power.

She obeyeth but the pleading of her heart,
And the high leading of your soul unto this
hour,

Slow advancing, halting, creeping,
Comes the Woman to the hour!

She walketh veiled and sleeping,
For she knoweth not her power.

Remember the Ladies

Excerpted from a letter, dated March 31, 1776
from Abigail Adams to John Adams

“I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And, by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation.”

God's Bottles

Taken from a leaflet issued by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union

(We will drink from God's bottles.)
APPLES ARE GOD'S BOTTLES:
The sweet juice of the apple
God has placed in His own bottle.
What a beautiful rosy-red bottle it is!

These red bottles hang on the limbs of a tree
until they are all ready for us to use.
Do you want to open God's bottle?
Bite the apple with your teeth,
and you will taste the sweet juice
God has put in His bottle for you.

GRAPES ARE GOD'S BOTTLES:
These purple and green bottles
you'll find hanging on a pretty vine.
See! So many little bottles are on a single stem!
Put a grape in your mouth and open God's bottle.
How nice the juice tastes!

Some men take the juice of apples and grapes
and make drinks that will harm our bodies.
They put the drinks in glass bottles,
but we will not drink from such bottles.
We will DRINK FROM GOD'S BOTTLES.

Here is a Place

Suzanne Gardinier

Here is a place we might sit together,
A place we might leave grief behind.
A place to teach joy's ways.
A place, after long struggle, peace might find.

Here is a place with the doors propped open
For the silence to break, and the people to sing.
Here is a place for the days to learn the secrets
these new nights might bring.

Not way over yonder,
Not promised in someone's dream,
Not in the sky,
But in this house
Where I can see your face.
Your faces
Now
Close by.

Here is a place we might sit together,
Where what's been hidden might appear.
Not as it's told, but as life dances it.
Not bound, but free.
Not far, not far
Here.

To Madame Curie

Poem by Alice Moore Dunbar-Nelson

Oft have I thrilled at deeds of high emprise,
And yearned to venture into realms unknown,
Thrice blessed she, I deemed, whom God has
shown
How to achieve great deeds in woman's guise.
Yet what discov'ry by expectant eyes
Of foreign shores, could vision half the throne
Full gained by her, whose power fully grown
Exceeds the conquerors of th'uncharted skies?
So would I be this woman who the world
Avows its benefactor; nobler far,
Than Sybil, Joan, Sappho, or Egypt's queen.
In the alembic forged her shafts and hurled
At pain, diseases, waging a humane war;
Greater than this achievement, none, I ween.

My Kingdom

Poem by Louisa May Alcott

A little kingdom I possess
where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
to be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
that casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel
That thou art very near,
That no temptation is unseen
No childish grief too small,
Since thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win
Nor seek to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself
And dare to take command.

Call

Poem by Alla René Bozarth

There is a new sound
of roaring voices
in the deep
and light—shattered
rushes in the heavens.
The mountains are coming alive,
the fire-kindled mountains,
moving again to reshape the earth.
It is we sleeping women,
waking up in a darkened world,
cutting the chains from off our bodies
with our teeth, stretching our lives
over the slow earth—
Seeing, moving, breathing in
the vigor that commands us
to make all things new.

It has been said that while the women sleep,
the earth shall sleep—
But listen! We are waking up and rising,
and soon our sisters will know their strength.
The earth-moving day is here.
We women wake to move in fire.
The earth shall be remade.