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## Documents Online

**Title:** Black Arts Festival: 360° of Blackness

**Date:** March 3, 1976

**Location:** RG /93, B1, F2

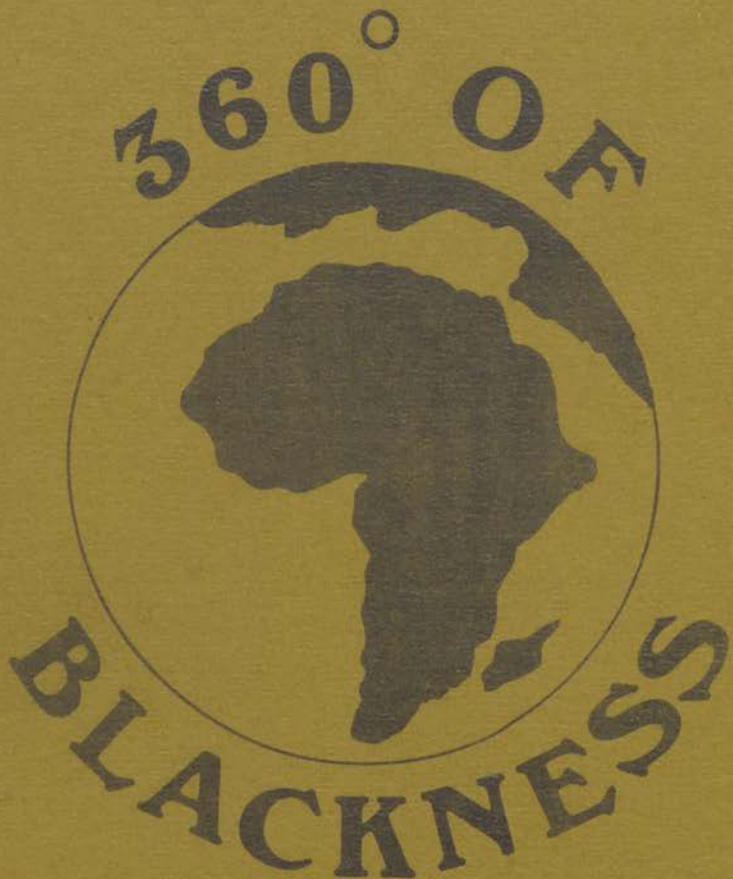
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CONGRESS OF AFRICAN STUDENTS

Presents

THE SIXTH ANNUAL BLACK ARTS FESTIVAL

March 9, 1976

Friday Evening at 7:00

Mathers Theatre

Mistress of Ceremony – Mrs. Yvonne Fletcher

"What became of the Black People of Sumer?" the traveler asked the old man, "for ancient records show that the people of Sumer were Black. What happened to them?" "Ah," the old man sighed, "They lost their history, so they died...."

— A SUMER LEGEND

## PROGRAM

### Act I

Narrative .....	Karen Smythe
Chuteney (Dance) .....	Jocelyn Daniels Franzennia Smith Robertta Woodson Peter Pierce Choreography by Aurora Delespin Music by Mandril
Bicentennial Minute .....	Wanda James
Poetry Reading .....	Willie Oakman
Skit .....	Aurora Delespin James P. Thornton, Jr.
Church Scene .....	Bill Taylor Linda Troublefield Luci Duckson Alan Faulcon James P. Thornton, Jr. Aurora Delespin Carla Lott Peter Pierce Wanda James Jonathan Witherspoon Joann Robinson

### Intermission

## Act II

Bicentennial Minutes	Jocelyn Daniels
Dance (Solo)	Roberta Woodson
Poetry Reading	Glenn Page Karen Smythe Jocelyn Daniels Frederico Talley
Solo	James P. Thornton, Jr.
Bicentennial Minutes	Luci Duckson
"The Broken Banjo"	By Willis Richardson
Director	Roberta Woodson
Stage Manager	Luci Duckson
Cast	
Matt	Jonathan Witherspoon
Emma (his wife)	Linda Troublefield
Sam	Alan Faulcon
Adam	James P. Thornton, Jr.
Officer	Bill Talyor
Reading	Clarence S. Ross, III
Finale	"Lift Every Voice and Sing"
Arrangement by	James P. Thornton, Jr.

Stage Crew	Wille Oakman Frank James
Lights	Mike Johnson

Special thanks is extended from every member of the Congress of African Students to everyone who made this Festival Night possible.

HARAMBE!

## Lift Every Voice and Sing

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 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 died?  
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 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 the 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;  
Shadow beneath thy hand,  
May we forever stand,  
True to our God, true to our native land.