

THE WEARY BLUES

ADRIENNE DANRICH

sings

DREW HEMENGER

SONGS

on poems of

Langston Hughes and Anne Sexton

MILA HENRY

CHARLES YANG

ERIC McKEEVER

HR
RECORDINGS

E186HR

DREW HEMENGER (1968)

SONGS

01- <i>The Weary Blues</i>	6:50
02- <i>Casual</i>	1:41
03- <i>Still Here</i>	3:10
04- <i>Summer Night</i>	3:44
05- <i>Genius Child</i>	2:20
06- <i>The Negro Speaks of Rivers</i>	3:39
07- <i>January 1st</i>	2:37
08- <i>The Risk</i>	1:14
09- <i>Ringin' the Bells</i>	1:21
10- <i>Yellow</i>	2:24
11- <i>Her Kind</i>	2:42
12- <i>Snow</i>	3:10
13- <i>Music Swims Back to Us</i>	2:59
14- <i>Us</i>	2:20
15- <i>Her Final Show</i>	3:48
16- <i>Love's Prophecy</i>	4:25
17- <i>Breaking Bread</i>	3:29

Tracks 1 to 6, Poems by Langston Hughes, 7 to 14
by Anne Sexton, 15, by Rafael Campo, 16, by Kahlil
Gibran, 17 is a Traditional Negro Spiritual.

NOTES FROM THE COMPOSER:

I met Adrienne Danrich by chance a few years ago in my hometown, Yellow Springs, Ohio. I was there for a performance of one of my string quartets by Chamber Music Yellow Springs (CMYS), and she was in town performing her one-woman show, *This Little Light of Mine*, at Antioch College. Jeffrey Huntington, head of CMYS, introduced us, and we immediately began an artistic love affair. Adrienne asked me to write some songs for a new show she was creating around the poetry of Langston Hughes, called *An Evening in the Harlem Renaissance*. I wasn't that familiar with Hughes so I read both of his autobiographies, *The Big Sea* and *I Wonder as I Wander*. I learned, among other things, that he travelled the world working on a barge, jumped ship in Paris, spent half a year in the USSR writing the script for a movie that was never made, and visited his estranged father (who refused to set foot in the United States due to its rampant racism) in Mexico. And of course I learned all about the thriving, incredible Golden Age of Harlem.

And the poetry! I was hooked on these poems' visceral descriptions of people, places, and feelings and their musical, jazzy language that just begged to be sung. *Genius Child* was particularly magical to set to music, as it almost seemed to write itself. I loved all of the poems, but I picked a few favorites that fit into Adrienne's concept. *An Evening in the Harlem Renaissance* was commissioned by Indiana University of Pennsylvania and has since been performed in many venues. One thing that makes Adrienne so exciting to work

with is her gorgeous, lush voice that can adapt and change styles seamlessly. And as you'll hear, facile pianist Mila Henry is right there with her. Some of Hughes's poems are so jazz-influenced that they beg to be set in that style—like the *The Weary Blues*—and some are set as more traditional art songs. Adrienne shifts, adapts, and inhabits these songs in a way that can't be described in words. You'll see.

Similarly, I was introduced to the poetry of Anne Sexton by an old friend, the marvelous soprano, Alicia Berneche. Alicia asked me to write a cycle for a series of recitals called *Death and the Maiden*, in which she was exploring poetry by women who have died by suicide. Sexton's confessional, direct, often crazy and New England-inflected work, drew me in almost to the point of obsession, and the dramatic and operatic cycle *Which Way Home?* emerged (the title comes from a line in Sexton's poem *Music Swims Back To Me*). By choosing poems that spoke to me and that also explored different aspects of Sexton's work, the resulting piece is almost a mini-autobiography: some songs illumine her childhood (*January 1st*) and others deal with her time in a mental institution (*Ring the Bells*). I tried to let the text dictate the style to some degree, similarly to how I approached Hughes. Adrienne inherently understands and elevates this approach, as you'll hear in her beautiful and haunting interpretations. My engagement with Sexton's work has continued to bear fruit, as I am currently working with librettist David Johnson on an opera based on her play *Mercy Street*.

In addition, it has brought me into a rewarding collaboration with Sexton's daughter, author Linda Gray Sexton, who is the executor of Anne's literary estate—knowing this amazing woman has been a gift.

Her Final Show was commissioned by the AIDS Quilt Songbook @ 20. It was first performed by Adrienne with pianist Thomas Bagwell at the Great Hall at Cooper Union in New York City. This piece is a setting of a poem by Rafael Campo, who, along with writing poetry, is a doctor who has devoted much of his practice to treating Latinos and GLBT people, and particularly those with HIV. *Her Final Show* tells the story of a drag queen dying of AIDS in the hospital. It is tragic, funny, and heroic all at the same time.

Love's Prophecy is a setting of text from Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet* and was commissioned for the marriage of close childhood friend Lynne Wilson, and her fiancé Andy Myhrum. The wedding took place on a yacht in New York Harbor on a beautiful, sunny day in 1999. The song was performed by tenor Randall Scarlata with the composer (i.e., me) at the piano, beside the Statue of Liberty. Lynne and Andy are still happily married.

Breaking Bread is an arrangement of the Negro Spiritual *Let Us Break Bread Together*, which has always been a favorite of mine. Adrienne asked me to create this arrangement for a special presentation of her show *This Little Light of Mine*, produced by the Little Opera Theater of New York and performed at Merkin Hall in New York City.

I wish to thank all the amazing musicians who took part in this project. Adrienne Danrich and Mila Henry were an inspiration in every way; their work ethic is incredible and the result is obvious. Charles Yang is so easy to work with, I can say “make something up here” and it just happens, and it's perfect. Eric McKeever's deep baritone haunts and thrills me every time I listen to *Still Here*. My thanks also to recording engineer David Stoller and his beautiful studio, Samurai Hotel. This project could not have happened without the help of my best friend, the brilliant producer Philip Carroll, who was by my side through this entire process and volunteered countless hours of his valuable time and incredible skills, for which I am forever grateful.

-Drew Hemenger, New York City, May 2023

**ADRIENNE DANRICH,
SOPRANO, COMPOSER,
PRODUCER, WRITER**



The voice of EMMY® award winning soprano Adrienne Danrich has been described as “fresh liquid-silver”, “radiant”, and having a “sensual timbre and dramatic truth” by *Opera News*. She is sought after as an expressive, powerhouse soprano, as well as a writer, producer, librettist, and sound designer. She has been featured at opera houses around the world, including the Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera Chicago, San Francisco Opera, The NDR Elbphilharmonie Orchestra (Hamburg, Germany), Opera Theatre of St. Louis, Lincoln Center Theater, Cincinnati Opera, Tulsa Opera, Opera Pacific, Sarasota Opera, Dayton Opera, Kenya Opera (Nairobi and Mombasa), Opera Baltimore, and Fort Worth Opera, among many others. She has performed at the prestigious Kennedy Center, Carnegie Hall & Alice Tully Hall. Danrich also appeared in the NBC TV broadcast of *The Sound of Music, Live!*

In addition to singing operas, concerts and recitals around the globe, Danrich performs her one-woman show, *This Little Light of Mine: The Stories of Marian Anderson and Leontyne Price*, which she wrote under a commission from Cincinnati Opera. *This Little Light of Mine* was nominated for an EMMY®, and, additionally, Danrich was personally nominated and subsequently won for on-camera talent as performer and narrator. Danrich serves as executive producer, creator, host, and performer of *Music as the Message™*, a multi-episode musical initiative—presented at the historic Broadway Presbyterian Church & live-streamed across the globe—originally produced by The American Opera Project and Opera on Tap NYC, which features global artists and invites listeners to participate in the communal music making experience. Her sound design debut at the Neptune Theater in Halifax, Nova Scotia, was deemed an “...expert sound design” by NS review, and featured Danrich’s original compositions and arrangements for Walter Border’s *The Last Epistle of Tightrope Time*.



Danrich has had the honor of collaborating with many leading contemporary composers including Kamala Sankaram, Paul Moravec, Ricky Ian Gordon, Tobias Picker, Terence Blanchard, and Dave Hall, with whom she wrote her first song cycle *Love & Trouble: Five Personas ~ One Voice*. Ms. Danrich's longest and most prolific collaboration has been with her dear friend, composer Drew Hemenger, with whom she created *An Evening in the Harlem Renaissance*, written under a commission from Indiana University of Pennsylvania. Danrich and Hemenger's song *Breathe*, "Dedicated to All Black Lives & People of Color we have lost due to systemic racism, hatred, and fear," was performed on Houston Grand Opera's *Giving Voice & NYC's Room|to|Breathe* series.

She received degrees from the Eastman School of Music and the University of Cincinnati-College Conservatory of Music. It was while she was at CCM that she booked her first professional opera role, singing Pamina in *The Magic Flute* with Kentucky Opera. Adrienne grew up in St. Louis, Missouri, listening to Jazz and Blues. By the time she was eight-years old, she was already singing professionally with her father's R&B band.

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DREW HEMENGER

c o m p o s e r



A composer with a unique, yet quintessentially American voice, Drew Hemenger's music has been heard all over North America and Europe, and across the globe in Russia and Asia. Described as "potent" (Broadway World), "moving and impressive" (Chicago Classical Review) and even "perfectly crazy" (Sequenza 21), Hemenger's music has been performed in venues ranging from Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center to intimate churches in the Midwest. Although he now considers himself a New Yorker, Hemenger remains close to his Ohio roots.

His works have been commissioned by distinguished artists and institutions, including The AIDS Quilt Songbook @ 20, The Auros Ensemble (Boston), Boulder Philharmonic, Chamber Music Yellow Springs (for the Vogler Quartet), Duo Con Forza (Sweden), the Goldman Memorial Band (NYC), The Jones & Maruri Cello/Guitar Duo (Spain), The Lively Arts at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, Orion Ensemble (Chicago), pianists Pascal and Ami Rogé, Rogue Valley Symphony, Symphony New Hampshire, and the University of Texas at Austin.

An exciting ongoing collaboration with operatic soprano Adrienne Danrich has led to a series of songs on the poetry of Langston Hughes, which have been performed many times in various settings, most notably in the concert-length project Danrich created, called "An Evening in the Harlem Renaissance," commissioned by Indiana University of Pennsylvania. Other projects include an upcoming opera based on Anne Sexton's play *Mercy Street*, with librettist David Johnston.

Winner of Boston University's ALEA III International Composition Competition, Hemenger's residencies and fellowships include the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, the Banff Centre, Omi International Arts Center, and the Bowdoin and Aspen Music Festivals. He has also served as Composer-in-Residence for the New York-based dance company, RamosDance.

Hemenger earned a Bachelor's degree in Trumpet Performance from Ohio Wesleyan

University, after which he studied composition at The Juilliard School with Stanley Wolfe. His Master's and Doctoral degrees are from the Manhattan School of Music where he studied principally with Richard Danielpour. Other teachers and mentors include George Crumb, David Del Tredici, Sebastian Currier, and Robert Beaser.

Hemenger's music is published by Seemsa (Madrid), LK Drew Publishing, and Drew Hemenger Music. He is represented by Black Tea Music.



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MILA HENRY, PIANO

Mila Henry is a conductor, pianist and music director who maintains a versatile career, leading works spanning folk operas to rock musicals to reimagined classics. Hailed “a stalwart contributor to the contemporary opera scene” (Opera Ithaca), she has worked extensively with The American Opera Project, conducting *Letters That You Will Not Get*; Beth Morrison Projects, HERE and PROTOTYPE, conducting *Magdalene*, playing for *Looking at You*, *Mata Hari* and *Thumbprint* and coaching for the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Angel's Bone* and *p r i s m*; and Opera on Tap, conducting numerous Playground Operas. Additionally, she conducted *Words on the Street* (Baruch PAC); assisted on *The Night Falls* (BalletCollective, PEAK Performances) and the Obie-winning *The World is Round* (Ripe Time); and played for *We Shall Not Be Moved* (Opera Philadelphia, The Apollo, Dutch National Opera) and rehearsals for *Iphigenia* (Real Magic, Octopus Theatricals).

A “terrific” pianist (Opera News), her recital work includes the OPERA America-commissioned cycle *Fierce Grace: Jeannette Rankin* (Library of Congress, New York Festival of Song) and their Creators in Concert programs for Anthony Davis, Laura Kaminsky, Missy Mazzoli and Kamala Sankaram. She also frequently shares the stage with Adrienne Danrich, beginning with a performance of Drew Hemenger's *The Weary Blues* and blossoming into countless collaborations, including the album *Love & Trouble* (Roven Records). Further recording credits include *Later the*



Same Evening (Albany Records), *Looking at You* (Bright Shiny Things), *The Nothing Lamp* (Crossover Records), *Thumbprint* (National Sawdust Tracks) and *Voices of Women* (Affetto Records), as well as a digital EP with the band Opera Cowgirls.

Mila holds degrees from the Manhattan School of Music and Elizabethtown College. She is based in New York. milahenry.com

Charles Yang, violin

Grammy-Award winning artist and recipient of the 2018 Leonard Bernstein Award, Charles Yang has been described by the Boston Globe as one who “plays

classical violin with the charisma of a rock star.”

A Juilliard graduate, Charles began his violin studies with his mother in Austin, Texas and now performs as a soloist with orchestras across the globe. His improvisational crossover abilities as an electric violinist and vocalist have led him to perform in a variety of popular music settings, including with his string trio Time for Three.



Eric McKeever, baritone

American operatic baritone Eric McKeever has won consistent praise for his voice of “power and brilliance” (Chicago Tribune) and “considerable flexibility and a communicative presence enhanced by expressive, crystalline diction.” (Opera News). Most recently, Eric made his Carnegie Hall debut in a collaboration with On Site Opera and the Defiant Requiem Foundation as the title role in Victor Ullmann’s *Der Kaiser von Atlantis*. He also recently portrayed William



Still in Pulitzer-Prize winning composer Paul Moravec’s new opera *Sanctuary Road* as part of the Penn Square Music Festival in Pennsylvania. Upcoming engagements include his main-stage debut with Opera Delaware in Mozart’s *Così Fan Tutte*, joining NYC’s On Site Opera in a site-specific production of Puccini’s *Il tabarro*, making his debut with the Festival Casals de Puerto Rico in music from *Porgy and Bess*, and returning to his “home” company, Opera Columbus, in a role debut as Monterone in Verdi’s *Rigoletto*.

Other recent appearances include New York City Opera, Opera Naples., NYC’s Teatro Grattacielo, Opera Baltimore, Nashville Opera, Anchorage Opera, Florentine Opera, and Skylight Music Theatre.

Poetry of Langston Hughes [tracks 1-6]

The Weary Blues

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro play.

Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
He did a lazy sway. . . .

He did a lazy sway. . . .

To the tune o' those Weary Blues.
With his ebony hands on each ivory key
He made that poor piano moan with
melody.

O Blues!

Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical
fool.

Sweet Blues!

Coming from a black man's soul.

O Blues!

In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano
moan—

"Ain't got nobody in all this world,
Ain't got nobody but ma self.
I's gwine to quit ma frownin'
And put ma troubles on the shelf."

Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the
floor.

He played a few chords then he sang some
more—

"I got the Weary Blues

And I can't be satisfied.

Got the Weary Blues

And can't be satisfied—

I ain't happy no mo'

And I wish that I had died."

And far into the night he crooned that tune.

The stars went out and so did the moon.

The singer stopped playing and went to bed
While the Weary Blues echoed through his
head.

He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

Casual

Death don't ring no doorbells.

Death don't knock.

Death don't bother to open no door,

Just comes on through the walls like TV,

Like King Cole on the radio, cool....

Next thing you know, Death's there.

You don't know where Death came from:

Death just comes in

And don't ring no bell.

Still Here

I been scarred and battered.

My hopes the wind done scattered.

Snow has friz me,

Sun has baked me,

Looks like between 'em they done

Tried to make me

Stop laughin', stop lovin', stop livin'--

But I don't care!

I'm still here!

Summer Night

The sounds

Of the Harlem night

Drop one by one into stillness.

The last player-piano is closed.

The last victrola ceases with the

"Jazz Boy Blues."

The last crying baby sleeps

And the night becomes

Still as a whispering heartbeat.

I toss

Without rest in the darkness,
Weary as the tired night,

My soul
Empty as the silence,
Empty with a vague,
Aching emptiness,
Desiring,
Needing someone,
Something.

I toss without rest
In the darkness
Until the new dawn,
Wan and pale,
Descends like a white mist
Into the court-yard.

Genius Child

This is a song for the genius child.
Sing it softly, for the song is wild.
Sing it softly as ever you can -
Lest the song get out of hand.

Nobody loves a genius child.

Can you love an eagle,
Tame or wild?
Can you love an eagle,
Wild or tame?
Can you love a monster
Of frightening name?

Nobody loves a genius child.

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and
older than the

flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were
young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me
to sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyra-
mids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when
Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and
I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in
the sunset.

I've known rivers:

Ancient,

dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

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Which Way Home?

A song cycle on poetry of Anne Sexton
[tracks 7-14]

January 1st

My daddy played the market.
My mother cut her coupons.
The children ran in circles.
The maid announced, the soup's on.

The guns were cleaned on Sunday.
The family went to shoot.
We sat in the blind for hours.
The ducks fell down like fruit.

The big fat war was going on.
So profitable for daddy.

She drove a pea green Ford.
He drove a pearl gray Caddy.

In the end they used it up.
All that pale green dough.
The rest I spent on doctors
who took it like gigolos.

My finances are quite small.
Indeed they seem to shrink.
My heart is on a budget.
It keeps me on the brink.

I tell it stories now and then
and feed it images like honey.
I will not speculate today
with poems that think they're money.

The Risk

When a daughter tries suicide
and the chimney falls down like a drunk
and the dog chews her tail off
and the kitchen blows up its shiny kettle
and the vacuum cleaner swallows its bag
and the toilet washes itself in tears
and the bathroom scales weigh in the ghost
of the grandmother and the windows,
those sky pieces, ride out like boats
and the grass rolls down the driveway
and the mother lies down on her marriage bed
and eats up her heart like two eggs.

Ringin The Bells

And this is the way they ring
the bells in Bedlam
and this is the bell-lady
who comes each Tuesday morning

to give us a music lesson
and because the attendants make you go
and because we mind by instinct,
like bees caught in the wrong hive,
we are the circle of the crazy ladies
who sit in the lounge of the mental house
and smile at the smiling woman
who passes us each a bell,
who points at my hand
that holds my bell, E-flat,
and this is the gray dress next to me
who grumbles as if it were special
to be old, to be old,
and this is the small hunched squirrel girl
on the other side of me
who picks at the hairs over her lip,
who picks at the hairs over her lip all day,
and this is how the bells really sound,
as untroubled and clean
as a workable kitchen,
and this is always my bell responding
to my hand that responds to the lady
who points at me, E flat;
and although we are no better for it,
they tell you to go. And you do.

Yellow

When they turn the sun
on again I'll plant children
under it, I'll light up my soul
with a match and let it sing, I'll
take my mother and soap her up, I'll
take my bones and polish them, I'll
vacuum up my stale hair, I'll
pay all my neighbors' bad debts, I'll
write a poem called Yellow and put

my lips down to drink it up, I'll
feed myself spoonfuls of heat and
everyone will be home playing with
their wings and the planet will
shudder with all those smiles and
there will be no poison anywhere, no plague
in the sky and there will be a mother-broth
for all of the people and we will
never die, not one of us, we'll go on,
won't we?

Her Kind

I have gone out, a possessed witch,
haunting the black air, braver at night;
dreaming evil, I have done my hitch
over the plain houses, light by light;
lonely thing, twelve-fingered, out of mind.
A woman like that is not a woman, quite.
I have been her kind.

I have found the warm caves in the woods,
filled them with skillets, carvings, shelves,
closets, silks, innumerable goods;
fixed the suppers for the worms and the
elves:
whining rearranging the disaligned.
A woman like that is misunderstood.
I have been her kind.

I have ridden in your cart, driver,
waved my nude arms at villages going by,
learning the last bright routs, survivor
where your flames still bite my thigh
and my ribs crack where your wheels wind.
A woman like that is not ashamed to die.
I have been her kind.

Snow

Snow,
blessed snow,
comes out of the sky
like bleached flies.
The ground is no longer naked.
The ground has on its clothes.
The trees poke out of sheets
and each branch wears the sock of god.

There is hope.
There is hope everywhere.
I bite it.

Someone once said:
Don't bite till you know
if it's bread or stone.
What I bite is all bread,
rising yeasty as a cloud.

There is hope.
There is hope everywhere.
Today God gives milk
and I have the pail.

Music Swims Back to Me

Wait Mister. Which way is home?
They turned the light out
and the dark is moving in the corner.
There are no sign posts in this room,
four ladies, over eighty,
in diapers every one of them.
La la la, Oh music swims back to me
and I can feel the tune they played
the night they left me
in this private institution on a hill.

Imagine it. A radio playing
and everyone here was crazy.

I liked it and danced in a circle.
 Music pours over the sense
 and in a funny way
 music sees more than I.
 I mean it remembers better;
 remembers the first night here.
 It was the strangled cold of November;
 even the stars were strapped in the sky
 and that moon too bright
 forking through the bars to stick me
 with a singing in the head.
 I have forgotten all the rest.

They lock me in this chair at eight a.m.
 and there are no signs to tell the way,
 just the radio beating to itself
 and the song that remembers
 more than I. Oh, la, la, la,
 this music swims back to me.
 The night I came I danced a circle
 and was not afraid.
 Mister?

Us

I was wrapped in black
 fur and white fur and
 you undid me and then
 you placed me in gold light
 and then you crowned me,
 while snow fell outside
 the door in diagonal darts.
 While a ten-inch snow
 came down like stars
 in small calcium fragments,
 we were in our own bodies
 (that room that will bury us)
 and you were in my body

(that room that will outlive us)
 and at first I rubbed your
 feet dry with a towel
 because I was your slave
 and then you called me princess.
 Princess!

Oh then
 I stood up in my gold skin
 and I beat down the psalms
 and I beat down the clothes
 and you undid the bridle
 and you undid the reins
 and I undid the buttons,
 the bones, the confusions,
 the New England postcards,
 the January ten o'clock night,
 and we rose up like wheat,
 acre after acre of gold,
 and we harvested,
 we harvested.

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Her Final Show [track 15]

She said it was a better way to die
 Than most; she seemed relieved, almost at peace,
 The stench of her infected Kaposi's
 Made bearable by the Opium applied
 So daintily behind her ears: "I know
 It costs a lot, but dear, I'm nearly gone."
 Her shade of eyeshadow was emerald green;
 She clutched her favorite stones. Her final show
 She'd worn them all, sixteen necklaces of pearls,
 Ten string of beads. She said they gave her hope.
 Together, heavy as a gallows rope,
 The gifts of drag queens dead of AIDS. "Those girls,

They gave me so much strength," she whispered as I turned the morphine up. She hid her leg Beneath smoothed sheets. I straightened her red wig.

Before pronouncing her to no applause.

"Her Final Show" from What the Body Told by Rafael Campo. Copyright © 1996 by Rafael Campo. Used through arrangement with Georges Borchardt, Inc. on behalf of Rafael Campo. All rights reserved.

Love's Prophecy [track 16]

Love has no other desire but to fulfil itself.

But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires:

To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night.

To know the pain of too much tenderness.

To be wounded by your own understanding of love;

And to bleed willingly and joyfully.

To wake at dawn with a winged heart and give thanks for another day of loving;

To rest at the noon hour and meditate love's ecstasy;

To return home at eventide with gratitude.

And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song of praise upon your lips.

For you were born together, and together you shall be forevermore.

You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days.

Ay, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.

But let there be spaces in your togetherness,

And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.

-adapted from *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran

Breaking Bread [track 17]

Let us break bread together on our knees.

Let us break bread together on our knees.

Refrain:

When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,

O Lord have mercy on me.

Let us drink wine together on our knees.

Let us drink wine together on our knees.

[Refrain]

Let us praise God together on our knees.

Let us praise God together on our knees.

[Refrain]

-Traditional Negro Spiritual

Produced and edited by Philip Carroll

Recorded by David Stoller at 24 Bits/96kHzs SACD, Samurai Hotel in Astoria, New York City.

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Photos of Drew Hemenger by Christina Davignon

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