Composed and Performed by Fenway 9th Grade Classes

Classroom Cantatas

Fenway High School

Voices from the Journey

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Voices from the Journey

Famine
Immigration
Black Pearl
Why?
Famine

Words and Music by Jaison Chavez, John Restrepo, Nicholas Brait, Sonia Fernandez & Yriana Gonzalez, based on a poem by Jaison Chavez
Crossroads 9th, Fenway High School

Slowly (♩ = 60)

Voices make sound of waves crashing

(contrapuntal)

a few voices continue as waves

As I stand o-ver the dock, Hear-ing the waves slam in-to my

ship I see, I hear, I feel the lost souls. Their eyes full of des-

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pair and sadness.

But I wonder if they really know; Do they really know what lies ahead? They

know not what they do... They won't be able to pull through.

Their dreams of money and salvation, can be seen
through their eyes. The women beautiful, the men ashamed, the kids cry.

How could they survive the suffering? To bear the pain like Jesus did on the cross and then die. But I wonder if they really know; Do they really know what lies lies head? They know not what they do... They won't be
able to pull through.

All of the hard work, all the pain, and suffering.

They don't have a clue of what they should do. They want to escape the famine, but it's really not better where they're
land-in'. Their lives will always be filled with sadness. But I wonder if they really know; Do they really know what lies ahead? They know not what they do... They won't be able to pull through.
Immigration

Words & music by Franky Chikezie, Christopher Eubar, Amanda Harris, Kimberly Johnson, Taina Sanchez & Larissa Skeritte, based on a poem by Larissa
Crossroads 9th, Fenway High School

Andante (d = 108)

Voices

In my eyes is the rage of a thunder storm. In my

face you see my aches and pains. My hands are like a dirt road,

roughened from my hard work. My back and neck are sore from my

straw bed. And nothing can compare to the troubles I bear.

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When I work all day in the scorching sun, the sun stings my back in scorn.
Slowly, but surely, my many jobs eat away my soul. But the jobs that eat away my soul will help me reach my goal.
A Black Pearl

Words and Music by Estrellita Rojas, Viviana Monteiro, Lucas Villada, Jillian Flynn & Thomas Howard, based on a poem by Estrellita Rojas, 
Crossroads 9th, Fenway High School

Rhythmic (♩= 80)

Voices

Drum throughout: Black is beau-ti-ful: Isn’t that what
ev'ry-one says?

A man like a Black Pearl, all a-round it col-or-ful

swirls. RED OR-ANGE YEL-LOW AND GREEN; They all mean some-thing, but what? Con-

Where's Home? His mind seeks for mem-o-ries of the

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land he once lived in, the wild animals were his friends,

but now he only sees the dirt which the ground is made of.

But he stands, stands for the way he lives, and he fights, Fights to give his family

a better life. For Africa is old. The pearl cannot roll home. Just stays.
Why?

Moderato \( \frac{= 96}{4} \)

Voices

Piano

\( \text{Drum ostinato continues throughout} \) \( \text{mp legato} \)

I don’t know why I am here. I’m lost without a trace.

I wiped away my last tear. Why did I leave my place?

The people here are cruel. They use me like a tool.

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Women:

Both of my parents are dead.

Men:

Both of my parents are dead.

I feel like a total outcast.

I'm feel like a total outcast.

I'm hungry, I need to be fed.

hungry, I need to be fed.

I thought this would be a I

I thought this would be a blast.
Wish I could go back. They only hate me 'cause I'm black.

I wish I could go back. They only hate me 'cause I'm black?

Why, oh, why, oh, why do they hate me 'cause I'm black?

Hate me 'cause I'm.... Why, oh, why, oh, why do they hate me 'cause I'm black?

Molto rit.