

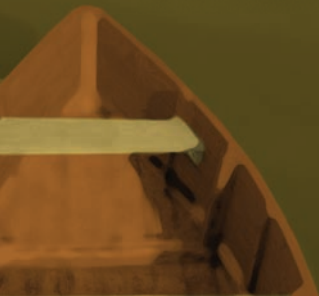
OVER

A COLLECTION OF SPIRITUALS

JORDAN

ATLANTA

BOYCHOIR



OVER JORDAN Atlanta Boy Choir

- 1 I Can Tell the World 03:29
(arr. Moses Hogan)
- 2 This Little Light of Mine 04:33
(arr. Ken Berg)
- 3 I Want to Die Easy 03:30
(arr. Alice Parker & Robert Shaw)
- 4 Dig My Grave 02:30
(arr. Carl Deis)
- 5 Deep River 02:45
(arr. Carl Deis)
- 6 Little Innocent Lamb 05:14
(arr. Ken Berg)
- 7 Sometimes I Feel 04:43
(arr. Alice Parker & Robert Shaw)
- 8 There Is A Balm In Gilead 05:01
(arr. William L. Dawson)
- 9 Steal Away 04:08
(arr. Alice Parker & Robert Shaw)
- 10 Ride On, King Jesus 03:01
(arr. Moses Hogan)
- 11 The Creation by Tom Scott 06:48
(based on the poem by James Weldon Johnson from
GOD'S TROMBONES, Viking Press 1927)
Narrated by Hugh McLean
- 12 City Called Heaven 06:59
(arr. Josephine Poelinitz)
- 13 Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel? 02:32
(arr. Moses Hogan)
- 14 The Battle of Jericho 02:28
(arr. Moses Hogan)
- 15 Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burnin'
02:38 (arr. Greg Gilpin)
- 16 Wade in the Water 02:21
(arr. Norman Luboff)
- 17 Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit 02:58
(arr. Moses Hogan)

I Can Tell the World

I can tell the world, yes, about this,
I can tell the nations, yes, that I'm
blessed. Tell 'em what my Lord has
done, tell 'em the Conqueror has come,
and He brought joy to my soul. My
Lord done just what He said. He healed
the sick and He raised the dead. He
lifted me when I was down. He placed
my feet on solid ground. Oh Lord, He
brought joy, that mornin', joy when He
saved me. I'll tell it. How He brought
this joy to my soul.

2 This Little Light of Mine

This little light of mine, I'm going to
let it shine. Ev'ry where I go, I'm going
to let it shine. All through the night,
I'm going to let it shine.

3 I Want to Die Easy

I want to die easy when I die. Shout
salvation as I fly. I want to see my
Jedus when I die. I want to go to heab'n
when I die. Easy, when I die.

4 Dig My Grave

Dig my grave long and narrow! Make
my coffin long and strong!
Bright angels to my feet, Bright angels
to my head, Bright angels to carry me
when I'm dead. Oh, my little soul gwine
shine like a star, good Lord, I'm bound
to Heav'n at last.

5 Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Lord, I want to cross over into
campground. Oh, don't you want to go to
that gospel feast, That promised land
where all is peace? Oh, deep river.

6 Little Innocent Lamb

Little lamb, little innocent lamb, I'm
a-gonna serve God 'till I die. This ol'
world says to get all that you can. But
my Lord has offer'd a much better plan.
This ol' world says to love only yourself.
My Lord says to love Him above all else.
'Cause there ain't no dyin' over there in
that heavenly land. There Will Be Joy!

7 Sometimes I Feel

Sometimes I feel like a moanin' dove,
Wring my hands an' cry. Sometimes I
feel like a motherless chile. Sometimes
I feel like I gotta no home. Sometimes I
feel like a eagle in de air.

8 There Is a Balm In Gilead

There is a Balm in Gilead, to make the
wounded whole, to heal the sin-sick
soul. Sometimes I feel discouraged,
And think my work's in vain, But then
the Holy Spirit revives my soul again.
If you cannot sing like angels, if you
cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the
love of Jesus, And say "He died for all."

9 Steal Away

Steal away to Jesus, Steal away home,
I ain't got long to stay here. My Lord,
He calls me in the thunder; The
trumpet sounds within-a my soul.
Green trees a'bendin', Po' sinnuh stands
a-tremblin',

10 Ride On, King Jesus

Ride on, King Jesus, ride on, the
conquerin' King. No man, can a hinder
Thee. I was but young when I begun.
But now my race is almost done. King
Jesus rides a milk white horse. The
ribber of Jordan he did cross. He's the
King and the Lord, He's the first and
the last. He's the Lord of Lords. Jesus is
the Prince of Peace. Ride on Jesus!

11 The Creation

And God stepped out on space, And He
looked around and said: I'll make me a
world." And as far as the eye of God could
see darkness covered everything, Blacker
than a hundred midnights down in a cypress
swamp. Then God smiled, And the light
broke, And the darkness rolled up on one
side, And the light stood shining on
the other; And God said "That's good!"
Hamen, that's good. Then God reached
out and took the light in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in His
hands Until He made the sun; And He
set that sun a-blazing in the heavens,

And the light that was left from
making the sun God gathered it up in
a shining ball and flung it against the
darkness, Spangling the night with
the moon and stars. Hamen, that's good.
Then down between the darkness and
the light He hurled the world; And God
said; "That's good!" Then God Himself
stepped down-And the sun was on His
right hand, and the moon was on His
left; The stars were clustered about His
head, And the earth was under His feet.
And God walked, and where He trod
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up. Then
He stopped and looked and saw that
the earth was barren. So God stepped
over to the edge of the world And He
spat out the seven seas—He batted His
eyes, and the lightnings flashed—He
clapped His hands and the thunder
rolled—And the waters above the earth
came down, The cooling waters came
down. Then the green grass sprouted,
And the little red flowers blossomed,
The pine tree pointed His finger to the
sky, And the oak spread out his arms,
The lakes cuddled down in the hollows
of the ground, And the rivers ran down
to the sea; And God smiled again, And
the rainbow appeared, And curled
itself around His shoulder. Then God
raised His arm and He waved His hand
Over the sea and over the land, And He
said; "Bring forth!" Then God walked
around, And God looked around On all

that He had made. He looked at His sun, And He looked at His moon, And he looked at His little stars; He looked on His world With all its living things. Then God sat down—On the side of a hill Where He could think. By a deep, wide river He sat down with His head in His hands, God thought and thought, Till He thought; “I’ll make me a man!” Up from the bed of the river God scooped the clay; And by the bank of the river He kneeled Him down; And there the great God Almighty, Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky, Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night, Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand; This Great God, Like a mammy bending over her baby, Kneeled down in the dust Toiling over a lump of clay Till He shaped it in His own image; Then into it He blew the breath of life, And man became a living soul. Amen, Amen.

based on the poem by James Weldon Johnson from GOD’S TROMBONES, Viking Press 1927. Narrated by Hugh McLean

12 City Called Heaven

I am a pilgrim of sorrow. I’m left in this old wide world alone! Oh I ain’t got no hope for tomorrow I’m trying to make heaven my home. Sometimes I’m tossed and I’m driven, Lord. Sometimes I just

don’t know which way to turn Oh I heard of a city called heaven. Trying to make heaven my home.

13 Didn’t My Lord Deliver Daniel?

Didn’t my Lord deliver Daniel, and why not every man? He delivered Daniel from the lion’s den, Jonah from the belly of the whale, And the Hebrew children from the fiery furnace. The wind blows east and the wind blows west, it blows like the judgment day. And ev’ry poor soul that never did pray will be glad to pray that day. I set my foot on the Gospel ship, and the ship, it begin to sail, It landed me over on Canaan’s shore, and I’ll never come back any more.

14 The Battle of Jericho

Joshua fit the Battle of Jericho and the walls come tumbalin’ down. Talk about your kings of Gideon, talk about your men of Saul, but none like good old Joshua at the Battle of Jericho. Right up to the walls of Jericho, he marched with spear in hand. “Go blow that ram-horn!” Joshua cried. “Cause the battle am in my hand.” Then the lamb, ram, sheep horns begin to blow and the trumpet begins to sound. Joshua commanded the children to shout! And the walls come a tumbalin’ down.

15 Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burnin’

Keep your lamps trimmed and burnin’,
for the time is drawin’ nigh. Soon I will
be done with the trouble of the world,
the time is drawin’ nigh. Children don’t
get weary till your work is done.

16 Wade in the Water

Wade in the water, God’s a-gonna trouble
the water. See that band all dressed in
white, the leader looks like an Israelite.
See that band all dressed in red, it looks
like the band that Moses led.

17 Ev’ry Time I Feel the Spirit

Ev’ry time I feel the Spirit, moving in
my heart, I will pray. On the mountain,
my Lord spoke, out His mouth came
fire and smoke. Down in the valley, on
my knees, I asked my Lord, have mercy
please. Jerdon river, chilly and cold,
chills the body not the soul. All around
me looked so fine, I asked my Lord if
all was mine. Ain’t but one train on this
track, runs to heaven and right back. St.
Peter waitin’ at the gate, said “Come on,
Sinner, don’t be late.”

Jordan Gamble | Jonathan Hannah*
Obos Ikpefan | Aaron Jones
Khari King* | Samuel Lindholm*
Marc Laroussini | Will Mast*
Thomas McKean* | Ian Parvin-Asher
Ruben Roy* | Joseph Seta*
Garrison Smith | Mason Snuggs
Zachary Steinfeld | Blaise Tschirhart
Thomas West | Drew Wethern
Duane White | William White*
* Tracks 2, 6, 15, 17

The Atlanta Young Men’s Ensemble

Jacob Albritton | Mark Arnold
Alexander Barron | Austin Brydie
Jack Canfield | Rick Copeland
DeMontre Flint | Cullen Gandy
Matthew Guzdial | Alexander Pike
Ben Perkins | Gabriel Poulin
Matthew Samuels | Reginald Smith, Jr.

Rosemary White, piano
Tom Underwood†, oboe
Emily White, cello
†Atlanta Boy Choir Alumnus

The Atlanta Boy Choir

Charlie Abraham | Brandon Berry*
Ryan Brideau | Jonathan Burns
Trevor Cannon | Caleb Colona
Keenan Doricent | Jake Forte

David R. White *Artistic Director and Conductor*

David White took the helm of the Atlanta Boy Choir as artistic director and conductor in 2001. Prior to that he was music director of Florida's Singing Sons Boychoir in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. In 1994 he founded the Boy Choir of the Carolinas in Greenville, South Carolina. He has also served as conductor of the Greenville Symphony Orchestra Chorus and director of music at the Second Presbyterian Church of Greenville. There, he founded an annual summer music camp for children and adults. Under his direction, choirs have participated in numerous festivals throughout the world including the Prague International Choral Festival, the Pacific International Children's Choir Festival, and the Choral Olympics in Linz, Austria. He has been a conductor on the faculty at the Interlochen Center for the Arts in Interlochen, Michigan, as well as the Csehy Summer School of Music in Philadelphia. In addition to conducting, Mr. White has been a featured soloist with numerous choral organizations and orchestras throughout the southeast. He was a member of Robert Shaw's Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus from 1987–1990. Mr. White is active as a lecturer, adjudicator, and conductor for choral and vocal competitions, workshops, and festivals. He has been a frequent participant in conducting seminars taught by such luminaries as Robert Shaw, Sir David Willcocks, James Litton, Donald Neuen, and Anton Armstrong. Mr. White holds a Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance from Georgia College.

About the Atlanta Boy Choir

For almost fifty years the Atlanta Boy Choir has been delighting audiences around the world. Throughout its history, the choir has traveled and performed in such places as England, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, Russia, Greece, the Czech Republic, the Netherlands, Mexico, Canada, as well as numerous locations in the United States. They have performed in the White House on various occasions for several presidents. In 1989 they were presented with a Grammy Award for their Telarc recording of Benjamin Britten's War Requiem in collaboration with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under the baton of the late Robert Shaw. Other recordings by the Atlanta Boy Choir include In Excelsis , Garden of Beauty, and Dancing Day.

The singing of Spirituals is unique to this country. The form was the product of the African American slave experience in Antebellum America. These songs remind us of intense emotion and hardship. These are songs of loss, suffering and displacement, all the while longing for a better home. The yearning for freedom which inhabits these songs mirrors the need of every soul to find deliverance and salvation. We all must “cross over Jordan” to the city called heaven.

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Executive Producer: John M. Duncan | Recorded and Mixed: Kent Madison

Conductor: David R. White | Art direction and Design: Geoff Stevens

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