



*Presents*

**The Seven Last Words of the Unarmed**  
A Doctoral Conducting Recital

Dallin Baldwin, *conductor*

*Featuring*

SMND Concordia Vocal Ensemble and Ritornello Strings

**I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings**

For the Future

Andrew Maxfield  
(b. 1980)

Leap Free of the Cage

Connor Koppin  
(b. 1991)

**O Death, Where Is Your Sting?**

Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe, from *Musikalische Exequien*, SWV 280

Heinrich Schütz  
(1585-1672)

Erin Taylor, *soprano*

Kari Francis, *alto*

Maxwell Trochlil, *tenor*

Raphael Arenas Fernandez, *bass*

I Stand All Amazed

Charles H. Gabriel, arr. S.G. Jessop

Raphael Arenas Fernandez, *baritone*

Weep Not For Him

Tesfa Wondemagegnehu

***The Seven Last Words of the Unarmed***

Joel Thompson  
(b. 1988)

1. Kenneth Chamberlain
2. Trayvon Martin
3. Amadou Diallo

Joseph Oparamanuike, *tenor*

4. Michael Brown
5. Oscar Grant
6. John Crawford
7. Eric Garner

**I Dream**

No One Is Alone, from *Into the Woods*

Stephen Sondheim, arr. M. Brymer

I Dream a World

Connor Koppin

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Leighton Concert Hall, DeBartolo Performing Arts Center  
Sunday, November 20, 2022 – 8:00 PM

This is a degree recital for the Doctor of Musical Arts.

*Sacred Music at Notre Dame prohibits the unauthorized recording, publication, and streaming of live performances.  
Please silence all electronic devices. Do not cough or sneeze during the performance.*

## Personnel

Dallin Baldwin, *Conductor*  
Ellis Anderson, *Rehearsal Pianist*

### Concordia Vocal Ensemble

#### Soprano

Blessing Agu  
Madeleine Boyle  
Nicole Gerdes  
Kristina Kummerer  
Leah Martin  
Jessica Roberts  
Erin Taylor  
María Alejandrina Tinta-Segovia

#### Alto

Kari Francis  
Grace Jackson  
Jessica Mattiace\*  
Scott Rogers  
Michelle Sacco  
Sienna Stribling  
Joy Yelenosky

#### Tenor

Ellis Anderson  
Samuel Ary  
Joseph Balistreri  
Joseph Oparamanuike  
Owen Peck  
Nicholas Schefstad  
Maxwell Trochlil

#### Bass

August Berchelmann  
Brooks Chupp  
Jeffrey Dean  
Stephen Drendall  
Raphael Arenas Fernandez  
Richard Gress  
Desheng Huang  
Jongsoo Hwang\*  
David Stultz

\* = Concordia Vocal Ensemble Assistants

#### Ritornello Strings

Jameson Cooper, *violin I*  
Jacob Murphy, *violin II*  
Rachel Goff, *viola*  
Brook Bennett, *cello*  
Phil Serna, *bass*

Dallin Baldwin is a student of Dr. Mark Doerries.

## Texts and Translations

### **For the Future**, Text by Wendell Berry (b. 1934)

Planting trees early in spring,  
we make a place for birds to sing  
in time to come. How do we know?  
They are singing here now.  
There is no other guarantee  
that singing will ever be.

### **Leap Free of the Cage**, Text by Jalāl al-Dīn Muḥammad Rūmī (1207-1273)

Fly away bird!

How could the soul not take flight  
When from the glorious Presence  
A soft call flows  
And whispers, "Rise up, come away."

Come away bird!

How could the Sufi not dance,  
Turning in on himself like the atom in the sun of eternity.  
So he can leap free of this dying world!  
Fly away, fly away, to your home,  
You have leaped free of the cage,  
You are flung back to the wind of God!

Fly away bird! Fly!

### **Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe** (Psalm 73: 25-26)

Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe,  
so frage ich nichts nach Himmel und Erde.  
Wenn mir gleich Leib und Seele verschmachtet,  
so bist du doch, Gott,  
allezeit meines Herzens Trost und mein Teil.

Lord, if I have but You,  
I ask neither for heaven nor earth.  
And when my body and soul are dying,  
You, God, are always the comfort  
of my heart and part of me.

**I Stand All Amazed**, Text by Charles H. Gabriel (1856–1932)

I stand all amazed at the love Jesus offers me,  
Confused at the grace that so fully he proffers me.  
I tremble to know that for me he was crucified,  
That for me, a sinner, he suffered, he bled and died.

*Chorus*

Oh, it is wonderful that he should care for me  
Enough to die for me!  
Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful to me!

I marvel that he would descend from his throne divine  
To rescue a soul so rebellious and proud as mine,  
That he should extend his great love unto such as I,  
Sufficient to own, to redeem, and to justify.

*Chorus*

I think of his hands pierced and bleeding to pay the debt!  
Such mercy, such love and devotion can I forget?  
No, no, I will praise and adore at the mercy seat,  
Until at the glorified throne I kneel at his feet.

*Chorus*

**Weep Not For Him**, Text by Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

Thou arrant robber, Death!  
Couldst thou not find  
Some lesser one than he  
To rob of breath,—  
Some poorer mind  
Thy prey to be?

His mind was like the sky,—  
As pure and free;  
His heart was broad and open  
As the sea.  
His soul shone purely through his face,  
And Love made him her dwelling place.

Weep not for him, unhappy Muse!  
His merits found a grander use  
Some other-where.

## The Seven Last Words of the Unarmed

- I. Kenneth Chamberlain
  - “Officers, why do you have your guns out?”
- II. Trayvon Martin
  - “What are you following me for?”
- III. Amadou Diallo
  - “Mom, I’m going to college.”
- IV. Michael Brown
  - “I don’t have a gun! Stop!”
- V. Oscar Grant
  - “You shot me!”
- VI. John Crawford
  - “It’s not real.”
- VII. Eric Garner
  - “I can’t breathe.”

## No One Is Alone, Text by Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

Mother cannot guide you  
Now you're on your own  
Only me beside you  
Still, you're not alone  
No one is alone, truly  
No one is alone

Sometimes people leave you  
Halfway through the wood  
Others may deceive you  
You decide what's good  
You decide alone  
But no one is alone

Mother isn't here now  
(Wrong things, right things...)  
Who knows what she'd say?  
(Who can say what's true?)  
Nothing's quite so clear now  
(Do things, fight things...)  
Feel you've lost your way?  
(You decide, but...)  
No one is alone, believe me.  
No one is alone.

You move just a finger,  
Say the slightest word,  
Something's bound to linger,  
Be heard.  
No one acts alone.  
Careful, no one is alone.

People make mistakes.  
Fathers, mothers, people make mistakes.  
Holding to their own,  
Thinking they're alone.

Honor their mistakes.  
Fight for their mistakes-  
Everybody makes-  
One another's terrible mistakes.  
Witches can be right,  
Giants can be good.  
You decide what's right,  
You decide what's good.  
Just remember:

Someone is on your side. (Our side...)  
Someone else is not.  
While we're seeing our side (Our side...)  
Maybe we forgot:  
They are not alone.  
No one is alone.

Hard to see the light now.  
Just don't let it go.  
Things will come out right now.  
We can make it so.  
Someone is on your side-  
No one is alone.

**I Dream a World**, Text by Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

I dream a world where man  
No other man will scorn,  
Where love will bless the earth  
And peace its paths adorn  
I dream a world where all  
Will know sweet freedom's way,  
Where greed no longer saps the soul  
Nor avarice blights our day.  
A world I dream where black or white,  
Whatever race you be,  
Will share the bounties of the earth  
And every man in free,  
Where wretchedness will hang its head  
And joy, like a pearl,  
Attends the needs of all mankind-  
Of such I dream, my world!

## **The Seven Last Words of the Unarmed:**

### **A Note from the Composer**

#### **I. “Officers, why do you have your guns out?”**

Encapsulating the sense of gloom that arises upon the news of the death of another unarmed black man, the chorus rises from the funereal piano ostinato singing Kenneth Chamberlain’s last words interpolated with the medieval tune, L’homme armé doibt on doubter – “The armed man must be feared.” After the final iteration of the 66-year old’s dying breath, the chorus repeats one important word: “why?”

#### **II. “What are you following me for?”**

This movement uses the classical form of the fugue not only to portray Trayvon Martin’s last moments trying to escape death, but also to sonically capture the daily paranoia of the black experience while driving on roads, walking on sidewalks, and congregating at various social gatherings. Quotes of L’homme armé in the strings underneath the imitative counterpoint in the voices lead to a climactic yell of surprise at the movement’s end.

#### **III. “Mom, I’m going to college.”**

In New York, February of 1999, four police officers fired 41 shots at Amadou Diallo, a 23-year-old immigrant from Guinea. The undulating pattern in the piano simultaneously yields a sense of calm with its simple harmonic underpinning and unease with its odd 5/4 meter.

#### **IV. “I don’t have a gun! Stop shooting!”**

Of the seven movements, this one contains the most anger. Through the use of agitated rhythms and multiple harmonic exclamations on the word “stop”, the target of the rage is media portrayal of black men on the news, in comedies, and in dramas. Even in the aftermath of such tragedies, the rhetoric and images used to describe the deceased was markedly appalling across all media. This was the case, especially, for Michael Brown.

#### **V. “You shot me. You shot me!”**

Oscar Grant III’s exclamations of surprise and incredulity were caught on several cellphone recordings in the BART station in which he was murdered. The movement honoring his life is a sonic representation of this epidemic. Aleatoric spoken exclamations of the last words crescendo alongside the humming of L’homme armé in the style of the Negro spiritual. Underneath the cacophony, the pulsing C of the piano, violin, and viola persist unflinchingly like a heart monitor until the end.

#### **VI. “It’s not real.”**

Although they were referring to the BB gun he was carrying in the Walmart where he was killed, John Crawford’s last words escape the lips of thousands of African Americans. Thus, the movement’s beginning is the soundtrack to my mental utopia. Saccharine sweet and soaring, the

voices and strings are joined by the piano “heart monitor” which persists and gradually infects the strings, like reality interrupting a reverie.

## VII. VII. “I can’t breathe!”

The decision of a Richmond County grand jury to not indict the officer responsible for Eric Garner’s death was the impetus for this entire work, and it is only fitting that his last words end the piece. After using a mournful Byzantine texture for the first half of the movement, I tried to capture the panicked death thralls of asphyxiation in the music.

- Joel Thompson

### A Note from the Conductor

Preparing *The Seven Last Words of the Unarmed*, rehearsing it with the choir, and performing it in tonight’s recital, has been unlike any other concert that I have ever been a part of. It has a musical depth and complexity ripe with allusions to historic music genres and traditions, such as the Seven Last Words of Christ on the Cross and the medieval French tune “L’homme armé.” Thompson’s composition has an authenticity to it that immediately struck me. The final statements of these seven Black men are raw, unfiltered, and heartbreaking. Through their voices the work confronts social issues of our time — racial injustice, gun violence and policing.

Joel Thompson’s intent in composing this work is to return humanity to each of these men. Just as statements like “I thirst” and “Woman, behold thy son” humanize the final moments of Christ’s life, so too do these final words illuminate the violent realities of the seven men whose lives were taken. My preparations for this recital included research into each of the men portrayed in this work, their lives as well as their deaths. In many cases this included watching videos of the incident and of grieving family members. My heart breaks for the families of those who lost a son, brother, husband, and father. Each of these men died in horrifying ways long before it was their time. While this composition alone cannot fully heal the wounds left by the death, it does bring to the forefront the humanity of each of these men.

In recognition of the social, political, and religious implications of and the discomfort potentially caused by *The Seven Last Words of the Unarmed*, the choir met with community leaders from each of these cultural arenas. We met with the Notre Dame Chief of Police, Keri Kei Shibata, and her two deputy chiefs and were able to ask questions about policing and ways in which it has changed in recent years, particularly in the aftermath of the death of George Floyd in 2020. Dr. Darryl Heller, the director of the South Bend Civil Rights Heritage Center, spoke to us about local issues surrounding racial injustice and activism in the greater Notre Dame community. Lastly, we heard from Eric Styles, rector of Carroll Hall at Notre Dame, about the Black Catholic experience and how the theological implication of the cross and the lynching tree are intertwined, drawing further connections between the Seven Last Words of Christ and *The Seven Last Words of the Unarmed*.



I am extremely grateful to have the opportunity to present this work to you tonight. As you hear the choir sing the final words of these seven men, I invite you to think on their humanity — each one taken too soon. I leave you with the wish from the composer, Joel Thompson: “When the music is over, let us continue to listen. Let us listen to each other with love and hope for a more just future.”

- Dallin Baldwin

### **Acknowledgements**

This recital would not have been possible without the help and guidance of many individuals. Their support has helped me become the musician and person that I am today.

My sincerest thanks to Dr. Mark Doerries, who has been an invaluable mentor and teacher throughout the past year. Thank you to the SMND faculty and staff, including, Dr. Peter Jeffery, Janet Rudasics, Christine Trail, and Carl Sporleder. Thanks to the DeBartolo Performing Arts Center scheduling team for allowing us to hold this recital in such a beautiful space.

My deepest appreciation to the singers in the Concordia choir for their willingness to take on this difficult and challenging music. Thanks to Ellis Anderson for being our rehearsal pianist and for also being willing to sing. Thanks to Jessica Mattiace and Jongsoo Hwang for assisting the choir. Thanks to Rachel Goff and the members of the Ritornello String Ensemble.

Thank you to those who visited the choir during the process of learning this music: Chief Keri Kei Shibata of the Notre Dame Police Department, and deputy chiefs Keith Kopinski and Bill Thompson; Darryl Heller from the Civil Rights Heritage Center in South Bend; and Eric Styles, Rector of Carroll Hall.

Thanks to my past teachers, each of whom has had a lasting impact on my life: Lorraine Taylor, Linda Hunt, Cynthia Whipple, Kyle Gardner, Mr. Peplowski, Dr. Brian Mathias, Dr. Don Cook, Dr. Reed Criddle, Dr. Andrew Crane, Rosalind Hall, Rev. Peter VanHook, Dr. Paul Walker, and Dr. Carmen-Helena Tellez.

Thanks to my incredible parents, grandparents, in-laws, and siblings who have always been there for me.

To my rock and support, my love, Carlee. Thank you for always being there for me and giving me strength when I am weak. I am eternally grateful for your love, kindness, compassion, and for always pushing me to be the best person that I can be.

Finally, my praise and gratitude to Heavenly Father, the source of all gifts, fountain of mercy, and creator of all that is good. Soli Deo Gloria!

## Lecture Recital Appendix

**Sympathy**, by Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!  
    When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;  
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
    When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,  
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—  
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing  
    Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;  
For he must fly back to his perch and cling  
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;  
    And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars  
And they pulse again with a keener sting—  
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,  
    When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—  
When he beats his bars and he would be free;  
It is not a carol of joy or glee,  
    But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,  
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—  
I know why the caged bird sings!

Instances of “L’homme armé” melody in “The Seven Last Words of the Unarmed”

L'hom - me, l'hom - me, l'homme ar - mé, l'homme ar - mé.

L'homme ar - mé doit on dout - ter.

Fig. 1 - L’homme armé (excerpt)

Fig. 2 – I. Kenneth Chamberlain, mm. 8-11, violin I

Fig. 3 – II. Trayvon Martin, mm. 27-35, violin I and viola (transposed)

Fig. 4 – V. Oscar Grant, mm. 7-10, sopranos and altos humming (transposed)

If you would like to learn more about “The Seven Last Words of the Unarmed,” watch the award-winning documentary produced by the University of Michigan’s Glee Club, or find resources and discussion guides, please visit:

<https://sevenlastwords.org/>

If you would like to learn more about the organizations that have been started in honor of these men, please visit:

<http://trayvonmartinfoundation.org/>

<http://www.amadoudiallo.com/>

<http://michaelobrown.org/>

<http://oscargrantfoundation.org/>