



OSCEOLA
DAVIS

*Climbing High
Mountains*



This recording includes many of my favorite selections. What makes it exciting to me is the chosen variety of styles. It covers the late 1800s through the 20th century including an early sacred oratorio as well as many popular spirituals known today. Gounod's text, "Entreat Me Not to Leave Thee" from his oratorio RUTH is from the book of Ruth in the Bible. It expresses oneness and caring. Often this is sung at weddings and is an expression of loyalty. Betty Jackson King's "Climbing High Mountains" is a vocal manuscript gift she personally gave me which I cherish. John Carter's "Cantata", very uniquely, has traditional Negro spirituals texts written with his gorgeous contemporary accompaniment. Many of the selections on this recording have been beautifully orchestrated by Peter Link for this CD. I pray that as you listen, you will experience inarticulate delight.

– OSCEOLA DAVIS, MAY 2008

Gratitude

I am very happy for the opportunity to present this CD with overwhelming joy. First of all I thank God for my talent. I thank my parents for their vision and my husband, Alfred, for his unselfish support. I thank my siblings for their encouragement and my voice teacher and coaches for their patience. In particular I thank my voice teacher, Norma Newton, for her selfless guidance. I thank Kenneth Furry ESQ for his legal assistance. I thank my colleagues and friends for their suggestions. Let me include Julia Wade who has been so darling during my sessions. Lastly, but not hardly least, I thank Peter Link for his educated insight and technical ability. Along with this I express gratitude to Watchfire Music for their faith in me and also for presenting this opportunity to reach so many searching for spiritual inspiration through music. Working on this project has been a high point for me and is a great blessing.



CLIMBING HIGH MOUNTAINS

HALL JOHNSON

Climbing high mountains trying to get home
 Climbing high mountains, climbing high mountains
 Climbing high mountains trying to get home

Load's getting heavy trying to get home
 Load's getting heavy, load's getting heavy
 Load's getting heavy trying to get home

My God will help trying to get home
 My God will help me, my God will help me
 My God will help me trying to get home

ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE

CHARLES GOUNOD RUTH 1: 16, 17

Entreat me not to leave thee
 Or to return from following after thee
 For whither thou goest, I will go
 And where thou lodgest, I will lodge

Thy people shall be my people
 And thy God my God

Where thou diest I will die
 And there will I be buried
 The Lord do so to me
 And more also

If aught but death part thee and me

CANTATA

JOHN CARTER

*This cantata is a group of traditional spirituals with
 a contemporary approach.*

Rondo

Peter go ring dem bells
 Peter go ring dem bells
 Peter go ring a dem bells
 Oh Peter go ring a dem bells
 Bells, bells, bells, bells
 Ring a dem bells

Wonder where my mother has gone
 Heard from heaven today
 Peter ring dem bells
 Ring a dem bells

Recitative

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
 A long way from home
 Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone
 A long way from home

True believer
 A long way from home

Air

Let us break bread together on our knees
 When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun
 Oh Lord have mercy on me

Let us all pray together on our knees
 When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun
 Oh Lord have mercy on me

Let us praise God together on our knees
 When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun
 Oh Lord, have mercy on me
 Amen, amen

Toccata

Ride on King Jesus, no man can a hinder me
 Ride on King Jesus, ride on
 No man can a hinder me

He is King of Kings, he is Lord of Lords
 Jesus Christ, first and last, no man works like him

King Jesus rides a milk white horse
 No man works like him
 The river of Jordan he did cross
 No man works like him

Ride on King Jesus no man can a hinder me
 No man, no man, no man, no man, no man, no man, no man,
 Can a hinder me

ALLELUIA

FERDINAND HUMMEL

O Lord, my God! Early did I seek Thee out
 My soul for Thee was thirsting, Lord
 It longed for Thee in a land of draught
 O Thou didst lead me by the hand
 Who languished in a barren land
 Thy mercy, Thy mercy, I sing with joy devout
 Alleluia

O Thou dear Lord, Thou art my shepherd
 Thy mercy doth my soul restore
 Thy rod and staff they are my comfort
 My cup of joy, behold it runneth o'er
 Beside the waters still me leading
 In pastures green Thou bid'st me live
 My soul exalts Thee, my voice shall rise
 Thy mercy praising to the sky
 Alleluia



YOU CAN TELL THE WORLD

MARGARET BONDS

You can tell the world about this
 You can tell the nations about that
 Tell them what Jesus has done
 Tell them that the comforter has come
 And he brought joy, joy, joy to my soul

He took my feet out the miry clay
 Yes he did, yes he did
 He placed my feet on the rock to stay
 Yes he did, yes he did

My Lord done done just what he said
 Yes he did, yes he did
 He healed the sick and he raised the dead
 Yes he did, yes he did

You can tell the world about this
 You can tell the nations about that
 Tell them what Jesus has done
 Tell them that the comforter has come
 And he brought joy, joy, joy to my soul

BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE

WILBUR HATCH I JOHN 3: 1-3

Behold, what manner of love the Father
 hath bestowed upon us
 That we should called the sons of God
 Therefore the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not
 Beloved, now are we the sons of God
 And it doeth not yet appear what we shall be
 But we know that when He shall appear
 We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is
 And every man that hath this hope in Him
 Purifieth himself, even as He is pure

'ROUN' ABOUT DE MOUNTAIN

ROLAND HAYES

'Roun' about de mountain
 'Roun' about de mountain
 My God's a-rulin'
 An' we'll rise in His arms

When I was a sinna, a seekin' jes' a like you
 I went down in de valley, I prayed till I come through
 You hypocrite, you concubine, you're placed amongst de swine
 You go to God with your lips an' tongue
 But you leave yo' heart behin'
 De Lord loves de sinna, de Lord loves de sinna man
 De Lord loves de sinna, an' we'll rise in His arms

Goin' aroun' de mountain, there I'll take a my stan'
 I heard the voice of Jesus, thank God He's in dis lan'
 De Lord loves de sinna, de Lord loves de sinna man
 De Lord loves de sinna
 An' we'll rise

THE HOLY CITY

F.E. WEATHERLY & STEPHEN ADAMS

Last night I lay a-sleeping
 There came a dream so fair
 I stood in old Jerusalem
 Beside the temple there
 I heard the children singing
 And ever as they sang
 Me thought the voice of angels
 From heav'n in answer rang
 Me thought the voice of angels
 From heav'n in answer rang

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing
 Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King

And then me-thought my dream was changed
 The streets no longer rang
 Hushed were the glad Hosannas
 The little children sang
 The sun grew dark with mystery
 The morn was cold and chill
 As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill
 As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hark how the angels sing
 Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King

An' once again the scene was changed
 New earth there seemed to be
 I saw the Holy City beside the tideless sea
 The light of God was on its streets
 The gates were open wide
 And all who would might enter
 And no one was denied
 No need of moon or stars by night
 Or sun to shine by day
 It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away
 It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing for the night is o'er
 Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna forever more
 Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna for evermore



RIDE UP IN THE CHARIOT

BETTY JACKSON KING

Gonna ride up in the chariot, soon-a in the mornin'
And I hope I join the band

Oh Lord, have mercy on me
And I hope I join the band

Gonna walk and talk with Jesus soon a in the mornin'
Walk and talk with Jesus soon a in the mornin'
Walk and talk with Jesus soon a in the mornin' and I
hope I join the band.

Gonna chatter with the angels, soon-a in the mornin'
And I hope I join the band

AIN'T GOT TIME TO DIE

HALL JOHNSON

Lord, I keep so busy praisin' my Jesus
Ain't got time to die
'Cause when I'm healin' the sick I'm praisin my Jesus
When I'm healin'
When I'm healin' the sick
Ain't got time to die

'Cause it takes all o' my time to praise my Jesus
All o' my time to praise my Lord
If I don't praise Him de rocks gonna cry out
"Glory an' honor, glory an' honor"
Ain't got time

Lord, I keep so busy workin' fer de kingdom
Ain't got time to

'Cause when I'm feedin' de po' I'm workin' fer de kingdom
Yes, I'm workin' when I'm feedin de po'
Lord I ain't got time

'Cause it takes all o' ma time to praise my Jesus
All o' ma time to praise my Lord
If I don' praise Him de rocks gonter cry out
"Glory an' honor, glory an' honor"
Ain't got time to die

Lord, I keep so busy servin' my Master
Ain't got time

'Cause when I'm givin' my all
I'm servin' my Master
When I'm givin' my all, Lord, I ain't got time

Now, won't you git out o' ma way
Lemme praise ma Jesus
Git out of ma way
If I don't praisise the rocks gonter cry out

"Glory an' honor, glory an' honor"
No, I ain't got time to die

COMMUNION HYMN

MUSIC: LILIAN JAY

LYRICS FROM A POEM BY MARY BAKER EDDY

Saw ye my Saviour? Heard ye the glad sound?
Felt ye the power of His word?
'Twas the Truth that made us free,
And was found by you and me
In the Life and the Love of our Lord

Mourner, it calls you, "Come to my bosom,
Love wipes your tears all away,
And will lift the shade of gloom,
And for you make radiant room
Midst the glories of one endless day."

Sinner, it calls you, "Come to this fountain,
Cleanse the foul senses within;
'Tis the Spirit that makes pure,
That exalts thee, and will cure
All thy sorrow and sickness and sin."

Strongest deliverer, friend of the friendless,
Life of all being divine:
Thou the Christ, and not the creed;
Thou the Truth in thought and deed;
Thou the water the bread and the wine

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HAND

TRADITIONAL

PIANO ARRANGEMENT: MARGARET BONDS

He's got the whole world in His hand
He's got the whole world in His hand
He's got the whole world in His hand
He's got the whole world in His hand

He's got the woods and the waters in His hand
He's got the woods and the waters in His hand
He's got the sun and moon right in His hand
He's got the whole world in His hand

He's got the birds and the bees right in His hand
He's got the birds and the bees right in His hand
He's got the beasts of the field right in His hand
He's got the whole world in His hand

He's got you and me right in His hand
He's got you and me right in His hand
He's got everybody in His hand
He's got the whole world in His hand
He's got the whole world in His hand!



BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE
THE FATHER HATH BESTOWED UPON US,
THAT WE SHOULD BE CALLED THE SONS OF GOD:

I JOHN 3:1

PIANIST: BYRON SEAN

ORCHESTRATIONS BY PETER LINK

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OSCEOLA DAVIS

Climbing High Mountains

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|--|------|
| 1. Climbing High Mountains | 2:56 |
| 2. Entreat Me Not To Leave Thee | 3:22 |
| 3. Cantata | |
| <i>Prelude/Rondo</i> | 5:04 |
| 4. <i>Recitative</i> | 2:26 |
| 5. <i>Air</i> | 2:30 |
| 6. <i>Tocatta</i> | 2:38 |
| 7. Alleluia | 3:44 |
| 8. You Can Tell The World | 1:51 |
| 9. Behold, What Manner Of Love | 4:31 |
| 10. 'Roun' About De Mountain | 3:18 |
| 11. The Holy City | 5:30 |
| 12. Ride Up In The Chariot | 2:19 |
| 13. Ain't Got Time To Die | 2:42 |
| 14. Communion | 3:16 |
| 15. He's Got The Whole World In His Hand | 2:00 |

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