

the American Choral Directors Association of Minnesota

and Concordia University, Saint Paul present the first annual

Minnesota Choral Arts Finale

A Premier High School Choir Festival

FESTIVAL CONCERT

Sunday, May 7, 7:30 p.m.

Orchestra Hall
Minneapolis

Choirs selected in a state-wide audition process:

The Armstrong Concert Choir, Stephanie Trump, director
Duluth East H.S. Choir, Jerome Upton, director
Kerkhoven-Murdock-Sunburg H.S. Women's Ensemble,
Sally Aronson-Peterson, director
Mounds Park Academy Choir, John Habermann, director
Northfield H.S. Choir, Dwight Jilek, director
The Stillwater Choir, Erik Christiansen, director

Host choir:

Concordia University, St. Paul Christus Chorus,
David Mennicke, director

Guest clinician/massed choir conductor:

Dale Warland



Concordia
UNIVERSITY · SAINT PAUL



Made possible through financial support from David & Sandra Frauenshub

The Concordia University, St. Paul Christus Chorus

David L. Mennicke, conductor

E'en So, Lord Jesus, Quickly Come

Paul Manz (1954)

Peace be to you and grace from Him
Who freed us from our sins,
Who loved us all and shed His blood
That we might saved be.

Rejoice in heaven all ye that dwell therein,
Rejoice on earth ye saints below,
For Christ is coming,
For Christ is coming soon.

Sing holy, holy to our Lord,
The Lord Almighty God,
Who was and is and is to come,
Sing holy, holy Lord.

E'en so, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And night shall be no more,
They need no light nor lamp nor sun,
For Christ will be their all.

Paul and Ruth Manz, based on Rev. 12 & 22, text ©1987 Morningstar. Used by permission.

Komm, Jesu, Komm (sung in German, BWV 229, first movement)

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

*Komm, Jesu, komm,
Mein Leib ist müde,
Die Kraft verschwindt je mehr und mehr,
Ich sehne mich nach deinem Friede;
Der saure Weg wird mir zu schwer!
Komm, komm, ich will mich dir ergeben,
Du bist der rechte Weg, die Wahrheit und das Leben.*

Come, Jesus, come,
My body is weary,
My strength vanishes ever more and more.
I long for Your peace;
The bitter way is for me too hard!
Come, come, I want to give myself to You,
You are the right Way, the Truth and the Life.

chorale text (st. 1) by Paul Thymich (1682)

Katherine Mennicke, continuo

O Savior, Rend the Heavens Wide (Op. 74, no. 2)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Tune: O HEILAND REISS DIE HIMMEL AUF, *Rheinfelsisches Gesangbuch* (1666)

O Savior, rend the heavens wide; Come down, with mighty stride.
Unbar the gates and let us in; Unbar what once was lock and pin.

As gentle dew from heaven, fall; Descend, O Lord, and cover all.
Ye rainclouds, break, and torrents bring; Let Israel receive his king.

O Earth, in flow'r, in flow'r be seen! Let hill and dale be ever green,
O Earth, bring forth one blossom rare, A Savior from the meadow fair.

Here suffer we a heavy doom; Before our eyes, the bitter tomb.
Ah, come lead us with mighty hand From exile to the promised land.

So let us all be thanking Thee, For Thou hast ever set us free.
So let us praise Thee o'er and o'er, From this time and forevermore. Amen!

Friedrich von Spee (1591-1635), trans. W. Wager, DLM

Come Away to the Skies

tune from A Supplement to Kentucky Harmony

arr. David Mennicke (1995)

st. 3 chorale tune: NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT

Johann Crüger (1598-1662)

Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise
And rejoice in the day you were born.

On this festival day, Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

For Thy glory we were First created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine.

Now created again 'Til our lives may remain
Throughout time and eternity Thine.

We with thanks do approve The design of that love (Now thank we all our God with hearts
Which has joined us to Jesus' name; and hands and voices;

So united in heart, Let us nevermore part, Who wondrous things things has done
'Til we meet at the feast of the Lamb. In whom this world rejoices.)

text by Martin Rinkart (1596-1649), tr. Catherine Winkworth (1829-78)

"Hallelujah!" We sing To our Father and King,
And our rapturous praises repeat:

To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujahs again,

Sing all heaven and fall at His feet.

Charles Wesley (1707-88)

Duluth East High School A Cappella Choir

Jerome D. Upton, conductor

When David Heard

Eric Whitacre (1999)

When David heard that Absalom was slain,
he went up into his chamber over the gate,
and wept, and thus he said, "My son, my son, Absalom, O my son!
Would God I had died for thee, my son, O my son, my son!"

II Samuel 18:33

Kerkhoven-Murdock-Sunburg Women's Ensemble

Sally Aronson-Peterson, conductor

Come, Spirits, 'tis His Day

J.S. Bach, arr. Morten J. Luvaas

Come, spirits, 'tis His day And all the earth rejoices, Ye whom God's spirit fills With soul inspiring zeal,
Extol the works of God with joyful tongues and voices, Who wait upon His word, And His sweet presence feel.
May God, whose arm is pow'r, Whose hand is ever near, Come, join your voice with ours To praise a faith e'er true,
Who strengthens heroes' hearts, bless those assembled here. Renewed on this, His day, And ev'ry morning new.

Greetings to Spring

F. Melius Christiansen (1871-1955), arr. Oscar R. Overby

The spring is returning with song and delight,
To woodland and slumb'ring lea.
Releasing its fragrance in jubilant flight,
It leaps from the hill to the sea.
The heart is astir with the rapture it brings,
And follows the echoes afar.

For now there is life, And the spirit has wings;
The heavenly gates are ajar.
The spirit has wings, has wings and a star!
Be welcome sweet springtime, Thy rapture prolong!
Be welcome, be welcome, With life and with song!
Be welcome, be welcome, With life and with song!

Russian Picnic

text and music by Harvey Enders

The sun is high and bells are ringing;
Young lads and maidens join in singing;
Their songs and laughter fill the air,
Across the fields and village square,
Play a tune, hey, hey! Garanka;
Balalaika, strike! Garanka,
In and out with old Garmoshka;
Fingers dancing on Garmoshka!
Brinda, brinda, brinda, brinda,
(Come, let's dance, Hey, Hey, Hey!)

Masha, Dasha, Tanya, Olga,
Lift your feet and dance a polka;
We'll make merry all the day long
On banks of mother Volga.
Soon the moon will rise up yonder,
Silver moons make hearts beat fonder!
In my heart dwells one whom I cherish,
Without love of him I perish.
In his arms I melt and languish,
Ah my darling, thou art mine!

Carol Parker, piano; Esther Mae Peterson, soprano

The Lord Bless You and Keep You

Peter C. Lutkin (1858-1931), arr. Preston Ware Orem

The Lord bless you and keep you, The Lord lift His countenance upon you, and give you peace.
The Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. Amen.

Numbers 6:24-26

Mounds Park Academy Concert Choir

John Habermann, conductor

Michelle Gehrz, accompanist

My Spirit Sang All Day

Gerald Finzi (1901-56)

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
Only My joy!

O my joy
And spake,
Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around,
O my joy-
What beauty hast thou found?
Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist;
O my joy
Music from heaven is't,
Sent for our joy?

She also came and heard;
O my joy,
What, said she, is this word?
What is thy joy?

And I replied, O see,
O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:
Though art my joy

text by Robert Bridges

Stars I Shall Find

David Dickau

This piece "is about the hope one has in that which is desired, yet not immediately attainable. The author of this beautiful text suffered from depression and tragically ended her life far before her time. She saw the stars as beacons of hope and inspiration. The spirit of this piece celebrates those hopes and dreams, which inspire and motivate." David Dickau

There will be rest, and sure stars shining
Over the rooftops crowned with snow,
A reign of rest, serene forgetting,
The music of stillness holy and low.

I will make this world of my devising,
Out of a dream in my lonely mind,
I shall find the crystal of peace, --above me
Stars I shall find. *text by Sara Teasdale*

(without pause)

Light Everlasting

Olaf C. Christiansen (1903-84)

O Light everlasting, O Love never failing,
Illumine our darkness, and draw us to Thee;
May we from Thy spirit receive inspiration
That brethren together Thy wisdom may see.
Make known to all nations Thy peace and salvation,
And help us, O Father, Thy temple to be.

Ain'-a That Good News

African American Spiritual, arr. William L. Dawson (1899-1990)

I got a crown up in-a the Kingdom,
Ain'-a that good news!
I'm a-goin' to lay down this worl',
Goin'-a shoulder up-uh my cross,
Goin'-a take it home-a to my Jesus,
Ain'-a that good news!

I got a robe up in-a the Kingdom,
Ain' - a that good news!
I got a harp in-a the Kingdom,
Ain' - a that good news!
I got a Saviour in-a the Kingdom
Ain'-a that good news, My Lawd!

Northfield High School Concert Choir

Dwight A. Jilek, conductor

Consecrate the Place and Day

Lloyd Pfautsch (1921-2003)

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach,
Nor dare invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.

Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepared,
Keep up the loud harmonious song.
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, harmony, and love.

hope, faith, life, love

Eric Whitacre (1999)

hope, faith, life, love, dream, joy, truth, soul. *text from e.e. cummings (1894-1962)*

Bach (Again): Come Sweet Death

J.S Bach, conceived by Edwin London, arr. Rhonda Sandberg

Come, sweet death!
Come, soothing rest.
Come and lead me homeward.
I am weary of life and longing.

Come, I am waiting for thee,
Come now and set me free!
My eyes at last are gently closing now.
Come, blessed rest!

Congorí Shangó Calypso (sung in Spanish)

Calypso from Limon, Costa Rica, arr. Rolando Brenes

*Limón es verde Guatuzí rojo
Mandinga sabor pan, bóm.
Está metido en el suampo
que solo al negro respetó.
Baila Calipso,
Negra bailalo yá.
Mi Nana me dio leche blancae,
sus pechos negros.*

Limon is green, Guatuzi red,
Mandinga tastes like bread
It is in the middle of the swamp
which is only respected by the blacks.
Dance Calypso,
Dance it now, black girl.
My nana gave me white milk,
from her black breasts.

Robbinsdale Armstrong High School Concert Choir

Stephanie Trump, conductor
Mindy Eschedor, accompanist

Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina (sung in Latin)

Il Padre G.B. Martini (1706-84)

*Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto
sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper
et in saecula saeculorum, Amen.*

Lord, my God, assist me now
Glory to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be
world without end, Amen.

Emily Moore, soprano; Jennifer Morgan, mezzo-soprano; Sam Eaton, tenor; Andrew Stoebig, bass

Bogoróditse Devo (fr. *All-Night Vigil, Opus 37*, sung in Russian)

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Rejoice, O virgin mother of God, Mary full of grace, the Lord is with You. Blessed are You among women,
and blessed is the fruit of your womb, for you have borne the Savior of our souls.

My Spirit Sang All Day

Gerald Finzi

The Stillwater Choir

Erik Christiansen, conductor

And He That Doth Search The Hearts (from *Der Geist Hilft Unserer Schwachheit Auf*)

J. S. Bach

And he who doth search the hearts knows the mind of the Spirit,
because he prays for all saints and holy men according to the will of God.

Kyrie (from *Missa Brevis* in G)

Vytautas Miskinis

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy.

Skip To My Lou

American Dance Tune, arr. Paul Christiansen (1914-97)

Choose your partners, skip to my Lou.
Can't get a redbird, a bluebird'll do,
I (you) got a redbird, a pretty one too,
Swing your partners all a round,
Right foot up and left foot down,
Swing your partners all around.

Cat's in the cream Jar,
Chicken in the dough tray, what'll I do?
Skip to my Lou my darlin'.
Fly's in the buttermilk,
Shoo, fly, shoo,
Skip to my Lou my darlin'.

Wake, Awake

Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608), arr. F. Melius Christiansen

Wake, awake! For night is flying!
The watchmen on the heights are crying:
Awake, Jerusalem, arise!
Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,
His chariot wheels are nearer rolling,
He comes, prepare ye virgins wise.
Rise up: with willing feet,
Go forth, the Bridegroom meet, Hallelujah!
Bear through the night, Your well-trimmed light,
Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

Hear Thy praise, O Lord, ascending
From tongues of men and angels blending
With harps and lute and psaltery.
By Thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand and swell the voice of thunder
In bursts of choral melody, Hallelujah!
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught, Such bliss and joy
We raise the song, We swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along, Hallelujah!

Massed Choir

Dale Warland, conductor

Sure on this Shining Night (from *Nocturnes*)

Morten Lauridsen (2005)

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must wait for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars. James Agee

Roderick Kettlewell, accompanist

Not One Sparrow is Forgotten

Shaker text/tune, arr. William Hawley (1998)

Not one sparrow is forgotten, E'en the raven God will feed;
And the lily of the valley From His bounty hath its need.
Then shall I not trust Thee, Father, In Thy mercy have a share?
And through faith and prayer, my Mother, Merit Thy protecting care.