

Extra Concert Series

Seventh Season

Fifth Concert

No. CCCCXXXI Complete Series

St. Olaf Lutheran Choir

F. MELIUS CHRISTIANSEN, Director

Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1926, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

PROGRAM

PART I

- I. Sing Ye to the Lord - - - *J. S. Bach, 1685-1750*

ALLEGRO MODERATO—

Sing ye to the Lord a new-made song.
Let the saints in congregation sing and praise Him.
Israel, rejoice in Him that made thee, yea in Him that made thee.
Rejoice in Him, O Israel, rejoice in Him that made thee.
Let Zion's children be joyful in their King, and let them praise His
holy name in their dances.
Let them with timbrel and with harp united sing His praises.
Sing ye, sing ye a new song. O sing to the Lord a new-made song.

CHORAL—

Like as a father bendeth in pity o'er his infant race;
So God the Lord befriendeth the meek and lowly heirs of grace.
That we are frail He knoweth; like sheep we go astray.
Like grass the reaper moweth, we fall and fade away.
Like wind that ever flieth, we are but passing breath.
Thus man each moment dieth; for life must yield to death.

POCO ALLEGRO—

Praise ye the Lord, His acts are mighty, praise Him greatly, for
His excellence is great.

ALLEGRO VIVACE—

All breathing life, sing and praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah!

PROGRAM

2. Misericordias Domini - - - *Francesco Durante, 1684-1755*
Anthem for two choirs

Misericordias Domini in eternam Thou, Lord, art merciful unto all.
cantabo. We praise Thee for Thy mercy.

3. Benedictus qui venit - - - - - *Franz Liszt*
From Missa Choralis

Benedictus, qui venit in nomine Do- Blessed is He that cometh in the
mini! Hosanna in excelsis. name of the Lord! Hosanna in the
highest.

4. Put Up the Sword - - - - - *F. M. Christiansen*

"Put up the sword!"
The voice of Christ once more speaks,
In the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reap'd,
O'er trenches heap'd with nameless dead.
A groaning runs of desolate women in far off homes;
Waiting to hear the step that never comes.
"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more speaks.
O, men and brothers! let that voice be heard,
Put up the useless sword.
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song.
"And peace unweaponed conquers ev'ry wrong!"
Fear not the end. War fails, try peace, fear not the end.
—*John G. Whittier.*

PART II

5. Yea, Thou Through Death's Gloomy Vale - - - *G. Schumann*
Anthem for six voices

Yea, tho through death's gloomy vale I wander, I will fear no evil. I fear
no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;
for Thou, my God, art with me.

6. Come, Guest Divine - - - - - *G. Schumann*
Anthem for eight voices

Come, Guest Divine, and fill every humble heart that waits on Thee.
Come, Spirit most high, rekindle each life with Thy power. And Thy heavenly
and holy Spirit: Come to me. Come, Holy Ghost, enlighten us, that we,
confessing, seek forgiveness. Come and comfort the lowly with Thy peace.

PROGRAM

7. From Heaven Above - - - - - Schumann, 1539

A Christmas song for six parts

From heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.
To you this night is born a child of lowly birth,
This little child shall be the joy of all the earth.

And were the world ten times as wide,
With gold and jewels beautified,
It would be far too small to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

My heart for every joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep,
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest, ancient cradle song.

Glory to God in highest heav'n,
Who unto man His Son hath giv'n.
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

—M. Luther, 1535.

8. Whence, Then, Cometh Wisdom? - - - - - G. Schreck

Motet for eight voices

Whence, then, cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living.

Destruction and death say, we have heard the fame thereof with our ears.
God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. For
he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven: To
make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.
When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the
thunder. Then did he see it, and declare it: he prepared it, yea, and searched
it out. And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
and to depart from evil is understanding. *Job. 28.*

PART III

9. O Sacred Head - - - - - H. L. Hassler, 1613

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns Thy only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet tho despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

—Paul Gerhardt.

PROGRAM

10. Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness - - *John Crüger, 1649*

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendor,
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him whose grace unbounded,
Hath this wondrous banquet founded,
High o'er all the heavens He reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal;
Haste to ope the gates before Him,
Saying, while thou dost adore Him,
"Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
And I never more will leave Thee."

—*J. Franck, 1649.*

11. In Heaven Above - - - *Norwegian Folk Melody*

Solo for tenor

In heav'n above, in heav'n above, where God, our Father, dwells:
How boundless there the blessedness! No tongue its greatness tells:
There face to face and full and free, forever, evermore we see
Our God, the Lord of hosts.

In heav'n above, in heav'n above, what glory deep and bright!
The splendor of the noon-day sun grows pale before its light;
The heav'nly light that ne'er goes down,
Around whose radiance clouds ne'er frown,
Is God, the Lord of hosts.

12. Praise to the Lord

Published first time in 1668 by Peter Söhren

Choral anthem for double chorus

Praise to the Lord! the Almighty, the King of creation!
Oh my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear, now to His temple draw near,
Join me in glad adoration!

Praise to the Lord! who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do
If with His love He befriend thee!

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen sound from His people again;
Gladly for aye we adore Him!