

**FLINT HILLS  
MASTERWORKS  
CHORALE  
FALL CONCERT**

**Dr. Reginald Pittman, Director  
Mary Ann Littrell, Pianist/Organist**

**Grace Baptist Church  
7:30 p.m.**

**Sponsored by  
*Manhattan Christian College***

*Dec*  
2003

- We May Roam Through This World . . . . . Irish Tune "Garyone"  
 arr. Alice Parker  
 (B. 1925)
- I Know Where I'm Goin' . . . . . Irish Folk Song  
 arr. Alice Parker
- Te Deum* . . . . . Zoltán Kodály  
 (1882-1967)
- Allison Karnowski, Jennifer Edwards,  
 Christopher McBride, & Scott Schlender, soloists

INTERMISSION

- Six Chansons* . . . . . Paul Hindemith  
 (1895-1963)
- I. *La Biche* (The Doe)
- II. *Un Cygne* (The Swan)
- III. *Puisque tout passe* (Since all is passing)
- IV. *Printemps* (Springtime)
- V. *En Hiver* (In Winter)
- VI. *Verger* (Orchard)
- Praise Ye the Lord . . . . . John Rutter  
 What Sweeter Music (b. 1945)  
 Silent Night

A SPECIAL THANK YOU

- ◆ *Grace Baptist Church for the generous use of their facilities for this concert*
- ◆ *First Lutheran Church for the generous use of their facilities for our rehearsals*
- ◆ *Penny Senften for her untiring help with publicity*
- ◆ *Our four soloists for sharing their talent with us*

## *Program Notes*

### *Te Deum*

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth worships Thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all the angels, to Thee the heavens, and all the powers, to Thee the Cherubim and Seraphim cry out without ceasing;

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious choir of the apostles, the admirable company of the prophets, the noble army of the martyrs, all praise Thee.

The holy church throughout the world acknowledges Thee the Father of infinite majesty, Thine revered, true and only Son, and the Holy Ghost the Paraclete.

Thou, O Christ, art the King of Glory! Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. Thou, having taken upon Thee to deliver man, didst not disdain the Virgin's womb.

Thou, having overcome the sting of death, hast opened to believers the kingdom of Heaven.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. Thou, we believe, art the judge to come.

We beseech Thee, therefore, to help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance. And govern them, and exalt them forever.

Day by day we bless Thee. And we praise Thy name forever and ever.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day to keep us without sin. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, as we have trusted in Thee.

In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

## Six Chansons

### *La Biche* (The Doe)

O doe! What a beautiful enclosure of ancient forests abounds in your eyes, such simple confidence mixed with such fear, all borne by the delicate quickness of your leaps. But nothing ever troubles the detached unawareness of your brow.

### *Un Cygne* (A Swan)

A swan advances on the water enclosed within itself like a gliding painting. Thus at certain moments the beloved is a whole moving space, drawing near, doubled, like this swimming swan, on our troubled soul, which adds to the beloved the trembling image of happiness and of doubt.

### *Puisque tout passe* (Since all is fleeting)

Since all is fleeting, let us sing a fleeting song. The one that assuages us most will gain our favor. Let us sing all that is lost to us in love and art. Let us be quicker than the quickest of departures.

### *Printemps* (Springtime)

O melody of the sap rising in the instruments of all these trees, accompany the song of our all too brief voice. It is for only a few measures that we follow the multiple figures of your unending rapture, o abundant nature. When the time comes for us to fall silent, others will continue. But how at this moment can I make my swelling heart agree?

### *En Hiver* (In Winter)

In winter murderous death enters the houses. She seeks out the sister or the father and plays her violin for them. But when the earth stirs beneath the spade of spring, death runs through the streets and greets the passers-by.

### *Verger* (Orchard)

The earth is never so real as in your branches, o blond orchard, nor so airy as in the laciness that the shadows make on the grass. There we encounter all that remains to us, all that weighs upon and sustains us, with the manifest passing of an infinite tenderness. But at your center the calm fountain, almost dormant in its ancient round, scarcely speaks of this contrast that is so in harmony with it.

*Translation by Robert Clark*

## *Flint Hills Masterworks Chorale Personnel*

### Sopranos

Kayla Campbell  
Kathy Coleman  
Kristan Corwin  
Allison Elliott  
Dorothy Griffin  
Juli Griffith  
Gretchen Lewis  
Marilyn Masterson  
Doris Nelmes  
Becky Newman  
Doris Phillips  
Martha Seaton  
Rebekah Wenger

### Altos

Cathy Bitikofer  
Barbara Blair  
Marilyn Bunyan  
Enid Cocke  
Pamela Davis  
Jennifer Edwards  
Melissa Galitzer  
Joleen Hill  
Midge Jones  
Marcia McFarland  
Janet McGillivray  
Elfrieda Nafziger  
Penny Senften

### Tenors

Margaret Carlisle  
Lewis Cocke  
Larry Davis  
Rod Howell  
Dick Seaton  
Bob Swenson

### Basses

Frank Baker  
Bill Bunyan  
Bob Clark  
Roger Lemmons  
Jim Lewis  
John Schlender  
Scott Schlender  
Frank Sidorfsky  
Brad Stipcak  
Larry Weaver

*It's a pleasure to be conducting the Masterworks Chorale. This chorale has been an active and productive group for many years due to faithful, talented members, dedicated leaders, and our sponsor, Manhattan Christian College. We invite you to become a member. - Dr. Reginald Pittman*