

**FLINT HILLS
MASTERWORKS
CHORALE
FALL CONCERT**

**Dr. Reginald Pittman, Director
Mary Ann Littrell, Pianist
Rhapsody Ringers, directed by
Judy Scharmann**

**December 9, 2004
7:30 p.m.
First United Methodist Church**

**Sponsored by
*Manhattan Christian College***

Laud to the Nativity..... Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Allison Karnowski, Anna Bolz McCoy, & Anthony Francisco, soloists

Instrumentalists

Janie Anthony - oboe Meredith Knapp - flute
Annah Clark - flute Brian Long - bassoon
Natalie Francel - bassoon Stacia Williams - English Horn

INTERMISSION

Vier Quartette, Op. 92..... Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

The Winds of May..... Kirke Mechem
The Tune (b. 1925)

Let It Be Forgotten
Over the Roofs
I Shall Not Care
Song

O Holy Night..... Adolphe C. Adam
Sonder Smith, violinist (1803-1856)
arr. Cynthia Dobrinski

Were You There on that Christmas Night?..... Natalie Sleeth
(1930-1992)

Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful..... John F. Wade
(1710-1786)
arr. Cathy & David Moglebust

Rhapsody Ringers Personnel, directed by Judy Scharmann

Karen Blakeslee Travis Rogers
Brandon Fell Scott Schlender
Gretchen Gruber Steve Shaner
Nancy Monical Sonder Smith
Shannon Moore Jeanette Trussell
Jodi Motley Jodi Winter
Rachel Motley

Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful

*Oh, come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant!
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him Born the king of angels:*

Refrain

*Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Oh, come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!*

*The highest, most holy, Light of light eternal,
Born of a virgin, a mortal he comes;
Son of the Father Now in flesh appearing*

Refrain

*Sing choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God In the highest:*

Refrain

*Yea, Lord, we greet thee, Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory giv'n!
Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing:*

Refrain

A SPECIAL THANK YOU

- ◆ *First United Methodist Church and First Lutheran Church
for the generous use of their facilities
for rehearsals and this concert*
- ◆ *The Rhapsody Ringers for helping make this concert festive*
- ◆ *Our soloists and instrumentalists for sharing their talent with us*

Translations

Laud to the Nativity (Lauda per la Natività del Signore)

The Angel

Shepherds, you who watch your flocks as they graze here,
Lift up your eyes, for I am the Angel of the eternal mansion.
I bring you a message, the joyful news
That little Jesus has been born,
The son of God, sent for your salvation.

Chorus (Angels)

As a sign of this, in a humble stable the poor baby was born,
And he does not mind lying between the ox and the ass.
His mother, very poorly clad, has laid him in the manger.
His cover is only hay, so low has he descended.

The Angel

Shepherds, you who watch, *etc.*

Chorus (Angels)

As a sign of this, *etc.*

Shepherd

Lord, you have descended from heaven to earth, as the Angels says,
And our hearts burn to find you in that humble stable;
Let us find it, so that we may see you clothed in human flesh.

The Shepherds at the Manger

Well, here is the little stable, and we see in it the poor baby.
The blessed Virgin has neither food nor clothes in which to swaddle him,
Joseph cannot help her, for he is old and feeble.
He gets used to poverty, he who, though Lord, seems to have nothing.

Shepherd

Lord, you have descended, *etc.*

Mary

O sweet and darling son of mine, you were born of me so poor!
Joseph the old man, who is your guardian, has fallen asleep here.
My son, perfect joy I felt at your birth!
As I hugged you, I did not care about poverty,
For you gave me so much sweetness with your eternal joy.
O tender little son!

Chorus

O fountain of all bounty, to such poverty you have stooped.

Mary

My son, I gave birth to you!

In such poverty I see you born!

Chorus

Take our cloaks...

Mary

You are the infinite God, who for the human race has become flesh:

As I have no swaddling clothes I will wrap you in my own dress,

O poor little son of mine, the promise of your blessed father.

Chorus

O holy Mother, do not be repelled, o holy Mother,

By these poor garments, worn in our work with the flocks in the fields.

Wrap your son in them, so that his pure flesh will not smell of hay.

Chorus (Angels)

Glory, praise and honor to you, omnipotent Lord of Heaven.

Shepherds

Lord, since you have deigned to be born today in such poverty,

Give light to all people, and no one will be ungrateful for such a gift.

(to Mary)

Joyful we will leave if we can touch him for a moment.

This favor we ask of you, we who are only shepherds,

Only simple shepherds.

Mary

I want to comfort you, so you may return joyful to your flocks,

For it is now disposed that the servant be redeemed.

Chorus

Glory, praise and honor to you.

Glory to you, O omnipotent Lord of Heaven.

Ah, Glory! Glory! Glory!

Glory to God in Heaven and on earth peace to men of good will.

To a guilty world you have given yourself,

Not out of duty, but only for your pleasure.

We praise you, Lord, and glorify your majesty...

Vier Quartette (Four Quartets)

Ö schöne Nacht (O Lovely Night)

Oh lovely night!

The moon shines magically in the sky in all its glory;
Around it all the little stars in sweet communion.

Oh lovely night!

Dew gleams brightly on green stems;
Lustily in the lilac the nightingale sings;
The youth steals quietly away to his love.
Oh lovely night!

Spätherbst (Late Autumn)

The grey mist drips so silently
Down onto meadow, forest and heath,
As if the heavens would weep,
So great is their affliction.

The flowers will not bloom again,
The little birds in the woods are quiet,
Even the last of the green is dead,
Well may heaven weep.

Abendlied (Evening Song)

In peaceful strife night fights the day;
What power it has to soften and relieve!

Sorrow which oppressed me, are you already asleep?
The source of my delight, tell me, my heart, what has it then?

Joy, like grief, has melted away, I feel,
But they have brought slumber quietly in their train.

As I float off up and up,
Life seems to me altogether like a lullaby.

Warum? (Why?)

When then do songs
Ring out to the heavens?
Fain would they draw down stars
Which gleam and sparkle above,
Would draw towards them Luna's sweet embrace,
Would fain draw down the warm
And happy days of blessed gods upon us!

FLINT HILLS MASTERWORKS CHORALE PERSONNEL

Sopranos

Jan Allen
Kayla Campbell
Kathy Coleman
Kristan Corwin
Lindsay Davidson
Dorothy Griffin
Juli Griffith
Elizabeth Harmon
Gretchen Lewis
Marilyn Masterson
Doris Phillips
Martha Seaton
Rebekah Wenger

Altos

Cathy Bitikofer
Barbara Blair
Marilyn Bunyan
Enid Cocke
Pamela Davis
Jennifer Edwards
Nelda Elder
Becky Fitzgerald
Melissa Galitzer
Midge Jones
Marcia McFarland
Janet McGillivray
Elfrieda Nafziger
Ann Sanders
Penny Senften

Tenors

Margaret Carlisle
Lewis Cocke
Larry Davis
Rod Howell
Dick Seaton
Mark Snider

Basses

Bill Bunyan
Robert Clark
Roger Lemmons
Jim Lewis
John Schlender
Scott Schlender
Frank Sidorfsky

**Interested in singing in the
Flint Hills Masterworks Chorale?
Contact Mary Ann Littrell at 539-3571**

or

<mlittrel@mccks.edu>

www.mccks.edu/academics/masterworks.html