

O DAY FULL OF GRACE - - - - - F. M. Christiansen

<p>O day full of grace, which we behold, Now gently to view ascending; Thou over the earth thy reign unfold, Good cheer to all mortals lending, That children of every clime May prove that the night is ending.</p> <p>How blest was that gracious midnight hour, When God in our flesh was given; Then flushed the dawn with light and power, That spread o'er the darkened heaven. Then rose o'er the world that sun divine Which gloom from our hearts hath driven.</p>	<p>As birds in the morning sing God's praise, His fatherly love we cherish, For giving to us this day of grace, For life that shall never perish. His Church He hath kept these thousand years, And hungering souls did nourish.</p> <p>Yea, were every tree endowed with speech, And every leaflet singing, They never with praise His worth could reach, Though earth with their praise were ringing. Who fully could praise the Light of life Who light to our souls is bringing?</p>
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With joy we depart for our fatherland,
And there we shall walk in endless light.

BRAZILIAN PSALM - - - - - Jean Berger

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cymbals and the sounding harp I do not have,
But I will praise Thee with the waving of palms.
I will make a fair procession for you, O blessed Lord.
I will dance and sing Thy praise.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE HEAVENLY HOSTS - - - - - Healey Willan

Invoking the thrice threefold company of the Heavenly Hosts, sing we:
Fire unquenchable encircling the resplendent and life-giving Trinity,
Ye six-winged Seraphim, and ye, the many-eyed Cherubim
who soar aloft and are borne on pinions,
Hymning in answering ranks the Thrice Holy,
And ye, the Thrones, that unite with them in the first Hierarchy of Heaven,
Praise, O praise the King of Glory, and transform our praises into
the likeness of your heavenly song. Amen.

Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain—Alleluia!
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya!

OPTIONAL NUMBERS

THY HOLY WINGS, DEAR SAVIOR - - - - - Carl R. Youngdahl

Swedish Folksong

<p>Thy holy wings, dear Savior, Spread gently over me, And through the long night watches, I'll rest secure in Thee.</p> <p>Whatever may betide me, Be Thou my hiding place And let me live and labor Each day, Lord, by Thy grace.</p>	<p>Thy pardon, Savior, grant me, And cleanse me in Thy blood; Give me a willing spirit, A heart both clean and good.</p> <p>O take into Thy keeping Thy children, great and small, And while we sweetly slumber, Enfold us, one and all.</p>
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—Translation by Dr. E. E. Ryden



A CHRISTMAS LULLABY - - - - - Carl R. Youngdahl

<p>Rest my Saviour child in sleep While the angels watch do keep O'er thy lowly manger bed. Sleep, sleep, my infant, sleep. Glory be to God our King, Of His gift all earth shall sing, Holy infant, rest in peace.</p> <p>O Thou Prince of Peace, we worship Thee, Bring our gifts in true humility, Early on this blessed Christmas Morn Sing that Jesus Christ is born.</p>	<p>Now my Babe has gone to rest Safely at his mother's breast. Father in Heaven, bless Thy child, Lowly, loving, meek, and mild. God, our Father, hear our prayers, Keep us all as Thy kingdom's heirs, Saved by Him who sleeps in peace.</p>
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LULLABY ON CHRISTMAS EVE - - - - - F. M. Christiansen

<p>Mother her vigil is keeping, Hush, little babe, to her song; Rest thee secure in thy sleeping, Grow thee more stately and strong. Slumber, slumber, Gently thine eyelids close; Slumber, slumber, Cradled in sweet repose.</p>	<p>Babe of my bosom, be winging Softly where dreamlands begin, Christmas Eve bells are a-ringing, Festively calling thee in. Kling-klang, kling-klang, Dream of the Child divine; Kling-klang, kling-klang, Dear little babe of mine.</p>
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BEAUTIFUL SAVIOR - - - - - F. M. Christiansen

<p>Fair are the meadows Fairer the woodlands Robed in flowers of blooming spring; Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer; He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.</p>	<p>Beautiful Savior! Lord of the nations! Son of God and Son of man! Glory and honor, Praise, adoration, Now and forevermore be Thine!</p>
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AUGUSTANA CHOIR PERSONNEL

FIRST SOPRANOS: Lavonne Campbell, Carthage, S. Dak.; Patricia Clemetson, Vilas, S. Dak.; Mary Fjellestad, Astoria, S. Dak.; Delores Jerde, Spearfish, S. Dak.; Darline Nase, Armour, S. Dak.; Audrey Petersen, Irene, S. Dak.; Janet Rodberg, Longmont, Colo.; Anna Seim, Willow Lake, S. Dak.; Marjorie Wagnild, Windom, Minn.; Joan Warkenthien, Clark, S. Dak.

SECOND SOPRANOS: Kathryn Eitrem, Garretson, S. Dak.; Betty Haack, Esterville, Iowa; MarJean Johnson, Worthing, S. Dak.; Virginia Johnson, Huron, S. Dak.; Donna Lems, Beloit, Iowa; Gold Matthews, Forestburg, S. Dak.; Hazel Sogge, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; Joyce Sunde, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

FIRST ALTOS: Joan Chilson, Webster, S. Dak.; Carol Fedde, Fowler, Colo.; Fielda Frahm, Centerville, S. Dak.; Maxine Killeaney, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; Onalee Knutson, Parker, S. Dak.; Elaine Larson, Flandreau, S. Dak.; Joan Mortensen, Gary, S. Dak.; Carol Refsell, Wallingford, Iowa; Charlene Rust, Canton, S. Dak.

SECOND ALTOS: Marjorie Dahms, Brush, Colo.; Charlotte Erickson, Marion, S. Dak.; Anne Foster, Madison, S. Dak.; Lucetta Horst, Beresford, S. Dak.; Joyce Rasmussen, Platte, S. Dak.; Delores Wennblom, Hudson, S. Dak.; Jo Ann Wyman, Belle Fourche, S. Dak.

FIRST TENORS: Tom Bauer, Yankton, S. Dak.; Arlen Foss, Jasper, Minn.; Edwin Kern, Millet, Alberta, Canada; John Lundering, Longmont, Colo.; Warren Sorteberg, Canton, S. Dak.; Dean Tollefson, Willow Lake, S. Dak.

SECOND TENORS: Don Anderson, Grygla, Minn.; Don Bursvold, Henry, S. Dak.; Charles Josephson, Minneota, Minn.; ElDean Kohrs, Geneseo, Kansas; Sidney Pederson, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; Kermit Rye, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

FIRST BASSES: Leslie Arneson, Garretson, S. Dak.; Fred Hallstrom, Webster, S. Dak.; Mark Hischke, Kiester, Minn.; Wayne Hoffman, Lennox, S. Dak.; Carvel Johnson, Rutland, S. Dak.; William Rossing, Garretson, S. Dak.

SECOND BASSES: Don Bankson, Canton, S. Dak.; Dan Bergeland, Wittenberg, Wisconsin; Gerald Christopherson, Menno, S. Dak.; Merlin Hatlestad, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; John Knudson, Letcher, S. Dak.; Paul Lee, Boscobel, Wisconsin; Neil Raber, Carthage, S. Dak.; Ellsworth Winden, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.



THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL TOUR

1953

Augustana College

Choir

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA



Carl R. Youngdahl, Mus.D.

Director

PROGRAM

PART I

THE SPIRIT ALSO HELPETH US - - - - - J. S. Bach

The Spirit also helpeth us, Prepare us through Thy cleansing pow'r,
For we know not what we should rightly pray for. For death, at life's expiring hour:
Look down, Holy Dove, Spirit bow; That we may find the grave a portal
Descend from heav'n and help us now: To Thee in heav'n and life immortal!
Inspire our hearts while humbly kneeling, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To pray with zeal and contrite feeling!

THE NICENE CREED - - - - - A. Gretchaninoff

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, Begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father; By whom all things were made; Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven. And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man; And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried; And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures; And ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father; And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son. Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And I believe in one holy Christian Church, I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins; And I look for the Resurrection of the dead; And the Life of the world to come. Amen.

OUR FATHER - - - - - A. Gretchaninoff

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Sabaoth, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glory. Thine are kingdoms, thrones, dominions, might and majesty.

Thy name be hallow'd on earth. As it is hallow'd in heav'n. Thou givest strength to the weak; Thou rememb'rest the poor and the distress'd.

And upon them that fear Thy name show'rs of blessing unnumber'd shall fall; peace shall follow them. By still waters their path shall be.

Sing then of mercy, of judgment, of kingdoms, of thrones, and pow'r for evermore. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Come to us, O Lord, in splendor bright. Fill our hearts with everlasting light. Amen.

THE CREATION - - - - - Willy Richter

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; And the earth was waste and void;
And darkness upon the face of the deep; And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;
And God said, Let there be light; And there was light.

PART II

O GOD HEAR MY PRAYER - - - - - A. Gretchaninoff

O God, hear thou my prayer, hear my prayer and condemn not my supplication, —
Defend me and deliver me from my foes, who heap affliction on me, and revile me.
Lend thine aid and rescue me, Hear Thou, Lord my God, oh, heed my supplication, hear my prayer, O God!

O Thou who are enthroned on high, in Thy thrice-holy temple, let my cries and moans wake thy compassion!
Hear me, oh, hear me! Bend down Thine ears, hear my prayers, my lamentation, O Lord!

He bowed the heav'n and came down in His might; Thick darkness was under His feet.
He rode forth upon a Cherub, Yea, He swiftly rode on the wings of the tempest.
From His brightness fled the clouds, fled in terror before Him;
Hailstones fell, hail and fierce coals of fire; Loud thunders roared in the heav'ns,
The Lord gave forth His voice from the heav'ns, The Lord Almighty loudly thundered.
I called to the Lord; graciously He heard my cry. Evening, in the morning and at noon will I call.

And when I call, God, the Lord, will hear my voice, God the Lord will hear me.

God the Lord liveth; be His name praised! Praise the rock of my salvation!
Praised be the name of God! Lord, I love Thee, Lord God, my fortress, my strength, my salvation, my deliverer, and my refuge.
Lord, O Lord, my God, Thou help! In Him alone I put my trust,
Lord my God, my hope, my strength, and my deliverer, My tower of strength, the mighty fortress of my defense, My redeemer and my comforter.
And I will put my trust in Him, The mighty rock of my salvation and my help, the fortress wherein I place my hope;
My protection, my great tower of strength.

BENEDICTUS - - - - - E. Paladilhe

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosana in excelsis, Hosana.
Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosana in the highest, Hosana.

O DARKEST WOE - - - - - F. M. Christiansen

O darkest woe! Ye tears, forth flow! Has earth so sad a wonder?
God the Father's only Son Now is buried yonder.
O Ground of faith, Laid low in death! Sweet lips now silent sleeping!
Surely all that live must mourn Here with bitter weeping.
Yea, blest is he whose heart shall be fixed on Thee.

O Virgin-born, Thy death we mourn, Thou lovely star of gladness!
Who could see Thy reeking blood Without grief and sadness?
O darkest woe, Ye tears forth flow.

JERUSALEM ROAD - - - - - Carl R. Youngdahl

On Jerusalem Road He must walk alone, Trudging on to Calvary's Hill,
Give His life for men, for their sins atone; It is God the Father's will.
(The basses sing the above verse as a "walking theme" while the balance of the choir sings the following stanzas)

Jerusalem road drops down the hill In the heat of the noonday sun,
And the Lord Christ knows no cool couch waits To receive Him when day is done.

And though hills were green that He left behind When the silver dew shone clear at morn,
Now no blossom fair scents the sultry air— There is only the cruel thorn!

Jerusalem road is deep with dust, And the sharp stones bruise His feet;
And His shoulders bow as beneath a load, But His eyes are resigned and sweet,

And He looks not back as He trudges down This road that leads to His life's loss—
Willingly He goes, though, His sad heart knows At the end of the road waits a cross!

The load nor the care, no mortal may share; Our Lord must walk alone—this is the Father's plan.
The thorns He must wear, the cross He must bear— The Christ must die for man!

O God; Thy will be done! Yet because His feet faltered not nor strayed,
He transfigured Jerusalem road! Now each thorn's a rose and each sharp stone, gold;
And the end of the road is God!

Now He walks not alone for a countless throng Is redeemed with His blood as price;
And we all may walk by His side and know That the end of the road is life!

PART III

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD - - - - - E. Liemohn

A mighty fortress is our God, A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help is He in all our need, Our stay, whate'er doth happen;

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe:
Strong mail of craft and power He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not His equal.

512th Concert
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
Washington, D. C.
Sunday, February 1, 1953
8:00 P. M.
In The West Garden Court

THE AUGUSTANA COLLEGE CHOIR

OF

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

Dr. Carl R. Youngdahl, Director

The program will include works by BACH, BERGER, CHRISTIANSEN,
GRETCHANINOFF, LIEMOHN, PALADILHE, RICHTER, WILLAN, AND
YOUNGDAHL.

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