

TWENTY-THIRD SEASON

St. Olaf Lutheran Choir

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JANUARY,
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PROGRAM

PART I

1. Jesus, Priceless Treasure - - - *J. S. Bach, 1685-1750*
(From the Motet)

Jesus, priceless treasure,
Source of purest pleasure,
Truest friend to me:
Ah, how long I've panted
And my heart hath fainted,

Thirsting, Lord, for Thee.
Thine I am, O spotless Lamb!
I will suffer naught to hide Thee,
Naught I ask beside Thee.

So there is now no condemnation unto them which are in Jesus Christ; them who walk not by the flesh corruptly, but as the Spirit leads.

Death, death, I do not fear thee though thou standest near me.
Grave, grave, I calmly spurn thee though to dust thou turn me.
Strong in hope and faith, rising up and singing, I shall heavenward winging.
Soar, rising and singing I shall vanquish death, and with the blest shall forever rest.

He that reigns shall rend my chains. Earth may vanish, Heaven may sever, God is God forever.

Ye are not of the flesh, but of the Spirit if in your hearts the Spirit abideth. If Jesus' Spirit be not yours, ye are not His.

Hence, all fear and sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in;
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,

Still have peace within;
Yea, whate'er I here must bear,
Thou art still my purest pleasure,
Jesus, priceless treasure.

2. How Fair the Church of Christ Shall Stand

Shumann's Hymnbook, 1539

How fair the Church of Christ shall
stand,
A beacon-light in all the land,
When love and faith all hearts inspire,
And all unite in one desire
To be as brothers, and agree
To live in peace and unity.

'Tis all in vain that you profess
The doctrines of the Church, unless
You live according to your creed,

And show your faith by word and deed.
Observe the rule: To others do
As you would have them do to you.

O gracious God, wilt Thou my heart
So fashion in each secret part,
That Thou be sanctified in me,
Till Thee in heaven above I see,
Where holy, holy, holy, Lord,
We sing to Thee with sweet accord.

3. Go, Song of Mine - - - - - *Edward Elgar, 1857*

Dishevelled and in tears, go, song of mine,
To break the hardness of the heart of man:
Say how his life began
From dust, and in that dust doth sink supine:
Yet, say, the unerring spirit of grief shall guide
His soul, being purified,
To seek its Maker at the heavenly shrine.



PART II

4. Hosannah - - - - - *F. Melius Christiansen*

Hosannah! Hosannah to the living Lord!
Hosannah! Hosannah to the incarnate Word!
Hosannah! Hosannah in the highest.
To Christ, Creator, King, let earth and heaven sing!

O Savior with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
O Savior assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosannah! Hosannah!

5. May Our Mouths Be Filled With Thy Praise

Rachmaninoff, 1873

May our mouths be filled with Thy praise, O Lord, so that we may glorify Thy name. For Thou hast opened to us the wonders of Thy holy, heavenly, immortal and life-giving mysteries.

Remember us in Thy great holiness that we may meditate on Thy righteousness all through the day. Hallelujah!

S T. O L A F L U T H E R A N C H O I R

6. Salvation Is Created - - - - - *Tschesnokoff*

Salvation is created in midst of the earth, O God!
Hallelujah!

7. From Heaven Above - - - - - *Georg Schumann, 1866*

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.
 Hosianna, Hosianna in excelsis!

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all the earth.
 Kyrieleis, Kyrieleis, Kyrieleis!

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;

Himself will your salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.
 Hosianna, Hosianna in excelsis!

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 very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must raise with joyous 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.
 Hosianna, Hosianna in excelsis!



PART III

8. The Morning Star - - - - - *Georg Schumann, 1866*

The Morning Star upon us gleams;
How full of grace and truth His beams,
 How passing fair His splendor!
Good Shepherd, David's proper heir,
My King in heaven, Thou dost me bear
 Upon Thy bosom tender.

 Nearest,
 Dearest,
 Highest, brightest,
 Thou delightest
 Still to love me,
Thou, so high enthroned above me.

Thou, mighty Father, in Thy Son
Didst love me, ere Thou hadst begun
 This ancient world's foundation.
Thy Son hath made a friend of me,
And when in spirit Him I see
 I've done with tribulation.

What bliss
Is this!
Where He liveth
Me He giveth
Life for ever;
Nothing me from Him can sever.

Lift up the voice and strike the string,
Let all glad sounds of music ring
 In God's high praises blended.
Christ will be with me all the way,
Today, tomorrow, every day,
 Till traveling days be ended.

 Sing out,
 Ring out
Triumph glorious,
O victorious,
Chosen nation;
Praise the God of your salvation.

9. So Soberly - - - - - *Norwegian Folk Melody*

So soberly and softly
The seasons tread their round,
So surely seeds of autumn
In spring-time clothe the ground,
Amid their measured music
What watchful ear can hear
God's voice amidst the garden?
Yet hush! For He is here.

No mere machine is nature,
Wound up and left to play,
No wind-harp swept at random
By airs that idly stray;
A spirit sways the music,
A hand is on the chords,
O, bow thy head and listen,—
That hand, it is the Lord's.

10. "Marienlied." Sacred Lullaby - *From the Spanish of Vega*

Come ye who wander. See how He slumbers so lovely. Hold the branches!
Calm ye the wind!

11. Wake, Awake for Night Is Flying - *Philip Nicolai, 1599*

Wake, awake, for night is flying:
The watchmen on the heights are cry-
ing,
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, blend-
ing
With harp and lute and psaltery.
By Thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thun-
der,
In bursts of choral melody:
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.

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