**Program**

**Mankato Children’s Chorus Concert Choir**  
**Program (Sunday)**

- The Carol of the Dance  
  Emma Murray, Soloist  
  Noel Goemanne

- Winter Dream  
  Rebecca Friedrichs, Soloist  
  Jerry Estes

- Pick a Bale of Cotton  
  Betty Bertaux

- You Shall Have a Song  
  Harriet Ziegenhals

**West High Concert Choir**  
**Program (Monday)**

- O Lux Beatissima  
  Howard Helvey

- Adiemus  
  Ben Wagner, Recorder  
  Karl Jenkins

- Revelation 19  
  Jeffrey LaValley  
  Words and Music  
  Jack Schrader  
  Choral Setting

- Take Me To the Water  
  Rollo Dilworth

- Hallelujah  
  Leonard Cohen  
  Words and Music  
  arr. Roger Emerson

**Program**

- Gloria  
  from Missa Pacem  
  [Sung in Latin]  
  Marc A. Hafso  
  (b. 1956)

- Ariel Koch, Soloist

- Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace. Amen

- Sicut Cervus  
  Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina  
  (1525-1594)

- Like the hart desireth the water-brooks:  
  so longeth my soul after thee.

- Der gang zum Liebchen, Op. 31, No. 3  
  Johannes Brahms  
  (1833-1897)

- The moonbeams are falling, the nightbirds are calling,  
  I ride through the forest my lady to greet:  
  Oh dearest, despair not, nor deem that I care not,  
  Tonight 'neath the window, again shall we meet.  
  The stars are appearing, our trysting place nearing,  
  I feel through my being the lure of her charm:  
  Oh nightwind, low sighing, go tell her I'm flying,  
  Impatient to greet her and shield her from harm.

-Wanting Memories  
  Ysaye M. Barnwell  
  (No. 4 from the song suite “Crossings”)  
  (b. 1945)

- I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
  to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
  You used to rock me in the cradle of your arms.  
  You said you’d hold me till all the pains of life were gone.  
  You said you’d comfort me in times like these and now I need you,  
  and you are gone.  
  Since you’ve gone and left me there’s been so little beauty,  
  but I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.  
  Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place,  
  here inside I have few things that will console,  
  and when I try to hear your voice above the storms of life,  
  then I remember all that I was told.  
  I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful when I was young,  
  I think on the things that made me laugh,  
  made me cry, made me dance, made me sing.  
  I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride;  
  think on these things, for they are truth.  
  I thought you were gone, but now I know you’re with me;  
  you are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.
I know a “please”, a “thank you” and a smile will take me far,  
I know that I am you and you are me and we are one,  
I know who I am is numbered in each grain of sand,  
I know that I’ve been blessed again and over again.

The University Chorale  
Rodney Urtel, Director  
Youna Choi, Accompanist

O Sing Joyfully  
Psalm 81, vs. 1-4  
Adrian Batten  
(1591-1637)

O sing joyfully unto God, our strength:  
Make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.  
Take the song, bring hither the tabret,  
The merry harp with the lute.  
Blow up the trumpet in the new moon:  
Ev’n in the time appointed,  
And upon our solemn feast-day.  
For this was made a statute for Israel:  
And a law of the God of Jacob.

Ave Maria  
Anton Bruckner  
(1824-1896)

Hail Mary, full of grace,  
the Lord is with thee,  
blessed are thou among women,  
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.  
Hail Mary, Mother of God,  
pray for us sinners,  
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

In Remembrance  
Jeffery Ames  
(b. 1969)

Brian DeGayner, French horn

Lux Aeterna, luceat eis, Domine.  
(May light eternal shine upon them, O Lord.)  
Turn to me and be gracious,  
For my heart is in distress.  
Oh God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?  
My tears linger at night, but joy comes in the morning light.  
Lord, in Your infinite mercy, grant them rest for evermore.

Where Your Bare Foot Walks  
David N. Childs (b. 1969)

I want to be where your bare foot walks;  
because maybe before you step you’ll look at the ground.  
I want that blessing.  
I open and fill with love and all other objects evaporate.  
All the learning in books stays put on the shelf.  
Poetry, the dear words and images of song,  
comes down over me like water.

I want to be where your bare foot walks;  
because maybe before you step you’ll look at the ground.  
This is how I would die into the love I have for you:  
As pieces of cloud dissolve in sunlight;  
This is how I would die into the love I have for you.

I Am Not Yours  
David C. Dickau (b. 1953)

I am not yours, not lost in you,  
Not lost, although I long to be  
Lost as a candle lit at noon.  
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still  
A spirit beautiful and bright,  
Yes I am I, who long to be  
Lost as a light is lost in light.

Oh plunge me deep in love,  
Put out my senses, leave me deaf and blind,  
Swept by the tempest of your love,  
A taper in a rushing wind.

How Bright Is the Day  
American Folk Hymn  
Arr. Mack Wilberg  
Four-Hand Piano Score: Paul Gerike

How bright is the day when all people receive the sweet message to come,  
To rise to the mansions of glory, and be there forever at home:

The angels stand ready and waiting, the moment the spirit is gone,  
To carry it upward to heaven and welcome it safely at home.

The saints that have gone up before us, all raise a new shout as we come,  
And sing hallelujah the louder, to welcome the travelers home.  
And be there forever at home, to rise the mansions of glory,  
And be there forever at home.

Vonnie Elker, Tyler Bush, Four-Hand Piano  
The Concert Choir  
Steven Boehlke, Director  
Vonnie Elker, Accompanist