



THE CONCERT CHOIR

of

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

Program

ORGAN PRELUDE
INVOCATION

I

LET ALL THE NATIONS PRAISE THE LORD

Volckmar Leisring
(Early 17th century)

GRANT UNTO ME (III), Op. 29, No. 2

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

SING UNTO THE LORD

Paul Royer

HOW EXCELLENT THY NAME

Howard Hanson

II

PRAYERS FROM THE ARK

Ivor R. Davies

1. *Noah's Prayer*

Lord, what a menagerie! Between Your downpour and these animal cries one cannot hear oneself think! The days are long, Lord. All this water makes my heart sink. When will the ground cease to rock under my feet? The days are long. Master Raven has not come back. Here is your dove. Will she find us a twig of hope? The days are long, Lord. Guide Your Ark to safety, some zenith of rest, where we can escape at last from this brute slavery. The days are long, Lord. Lead me until I reach the shore of your covenant. Amen.

2. *The Prayer of the Little Bird*

Dear God, I don't know how to pray by myself very well, but will You please protect my little nest from wind and rain? Put a great deal of dew on the flowers, many seeds in my way. Make Your blue very high, Your branches lissom. Let Your king light stay late in the sky and set my heart brimming with such music that I must sing, sing, sing. Please, Lord. Amen

3. *The Prayer of the Cat*

Lord, I am the cat. It is not exactly that I have something to ask of You! I ask nothing of anyone, but, if You have by some chance, in some celestial barn, a little white mouse, or a saucer of milk, I know someone who would relish them. Wouldn't You like someday to put a curse on the whole race of dogs? If so I should say Amen.

4. *The Prayer of the Mouse*

I am so little and grey, dear God, how can you keep me in mind? Always spied upon, always chased. Nobody ever gives me anything, and I nibble meagerly at life. Why do they reproach me with being a mouse? Who made me but You? I only ask to stay hidden. Give me my hunger's pittance safe from the claws of that devil with green eyes. Amen.

5. *The Prayer of the Raven*

I believe, Lord, I believe! It is faith that saves us. You have said it! I believe the world was made for me, because as it dies I thrive on it. My undertaker's black is in

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RAISE THE LORD

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The Conductor

Stanley L. DeFries, conductor of the Ottawa University Concert Choir, is also Head of the Department of Music. He returned to his alma mater last year from Sioux Falls College where he had held similar positions. Dr. DeFries has also served as the Minister of Music in Baptist churches in Washington D.C., Topeka, Kansas, and Indianapolis, Indiana. His advanced degrees are from Indiana University where he studied voice with Paul Matthen. During the summer of 1964 he served as resident director of music at the American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wisconsin. In 1966 his college choir toured nine European countries. Dr. DeFries is beginning his third season with the Ottawa choir, a group founded in 1938 by Dr. Edger D. Kerr, his former teacher.

1971 Concerts

March 17	Ottawa, Kansas
March 26	Chanute, Kansas
March 27	Augusta, Kansas
March 28	El Dorado, Kansas
March 28	Wichita, Kansas
March 29	Winfield, Kansas
March 30	Meade, Kansas
March 31	Great Bend, Kansas
April 1	Cawker City, Kansas
April 2	Salina, Kansas
April 3	Atchison, Kansas
April 4	Leavenworth, Kansas
April 4	Prairie Village, Kansas
April 25	Topeka, Kansas
May 2	Overland Park, Kansas
May 14, 15, 16	American Baptist Convention Minneapolis, Minnesota

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keeping with my cynical old heart. Raven land is between
You and that life down there, for whose end I wait to
gratify myself. "Aha!" I cry. "Avant moi le deluge!"
What a feast! I shall never go back to the Ark! Oh let it
die in me this horrible nostalgia. Amen.

6. *The Prayer of the Dove*

The Ark waits, Lord, the Ark waits on Your will, and
the sign of Your peace. I am the dove. Simple as the
sweetness that comes from You. The ark waits, Lord;
it has endured. Let me carry it a sprig of hope and joy,
and put at the heart of its forsakenness, this, in which Your
love clothes me, Grace immaculate. Amen.

III

LIEBESLIEDER WALZER, Op. 52

Brahms

1. Oh give answer, maiden fairest, thou whose smile my
heart entrances, who hast slain me with thy glances, tell
me, hath thy heart relented? Or like cloister's nun,
contented, wilt thou dwell by love forsaken? Say, how
long must I entreat thee, say oh fairest, wilt thou meet
me?
Nay, to dwell by love forsaken, give a doom for which I
care not. Wistfull eyes, take heart, despair not, when
the stars are bright I'll meet thee, when they're bright
I'll meet thee.
2. O'er the rocks the tide beats high, lash'd thro' many a
furrow; If thou ne'er hast learnt to sigh, love will
teach thee sorrow.
3. Dark eye'd maiden with all fond delights o'er laden!
Long the staff and cowl had won me had thy witching
not undone me!
4. Like the sunset's crimson splendour I would glow with
beauty's fire, If one heart to me were tender joy un-
ending I'd inspire.
5. Thou tender trailing ivy, why creep so low thy branches
green? Thou damsel young and dainty, why is so sad thy
mien? Oh say, thou glist'ning ivy, why is't thou dost
not heav'nward rise? Oh say, thou damsel dainty, why
melts thy heart with sighs? What ivy can grow heav'n-
ward with none to give it strength or stay? Or how can a
maid have pleasure while he she love's away!
6. Was once a pretty tiny birdie flew where fruit in garden
fair hung bright to view. If that a pretty tiny bird I
were I'd fly away and seek yon garden fair. Limetwigs
and treach'ry all its branches bore, Ah, hapless birdie,
thou wilt fly no more! If that a pretty tiny bird I were,
I think of yonder garden I'd beware. That birdie came
in hand of ladye bright, And there he had full store of
fond delight. If that a pretty tiny bird were I, like
him to yonder garden straight I'd fly.
7. How sweet, how joyous dawn'd each morrow, when he was
kind for whom I sorrow; Then would he stand beneath my
bower, nor lock nor wall to part had power. But, woe
betide me! when now I look on his cold averted face be-
side me, he doth not heed that my heart is sore.
8. When thy glance is fond and kind, and thou smilest on me,
care and trouble flee behind, in thy smiles I sun me;
keep alight this fire of joy, that it may not perish! Ne'er
will other lover prove what for thee I cherish.

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9. In wood embower'd, 'neath azure sky, a rosy maid looks
from lattice high. Well guarded is she with lock and key
with ten iron bars is that maiden's doorway made fast.
What, ten iron bars are a jest to me, as tho' they were
glass they shall shatter'd be. In wood embower'd, 'neath
azure sky, a rosy maid looks from lattice high.
10. Oh how soft yon murm'ring stream thro' the meadow gliding!
Oh how sweet, when fond eyes beam love and trust abiding!
11. No, there is no bearing with these spiteful neighbors;
all one doest interpret wrongly each one labours. Am
I merry? then by evil thoughts I'm haunted, am I sad?
they said I am with love demented.
12. Locksmith, ho, a hundred padlocks, bring me padlocks great
and small! For the sland'rous lips with them I'll fasten, I
will fasten one for all.
13. Bird in air will stray afar seeks a shelter'd bower; So
the heart a heart must find ere its life can flower.
14. Bright thy sheen, oh lucent ware, as yon moon above thee!
Thou, whose heart alone I crave, maiden dearest, love me!
15. Nightingale, thy sweetest song, sounds when night is darkling.
Love me, oh my heart's delight, when no star is sparkling in
darkness!
16. Ah, love is a mine unfathom'd, a bottomless well of afflic-
tion; I gazed and fell in, oh sorrow! Since then of sense
I'm bereft. I sigh for a happy morrow, but groaning is all
that's left.
17. Nay tarry, sweetheart, nor seek thou the flow'ry mead,
'tis for thy tender feet to wander too wet, so heed.
Over the pathways, O'er the grasses hath fall'n a show'r;
where I went weeping tears abundant in morning hour.
18. A tremor's in the branches, a bird has bruch'd his pinions
thro' yonder tree, And thus my heart within me thro' all
its depths is trembling; in love and joy and sorrow, I think
of thee.

IV

WEEP, O WILLOW

Sven Lekberg

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

arr. Tom Scott

LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD

arr. Gail Kubik

V

LIVE A HUMBLE

Jester Hairston
(1900-)

ELIJAH ROCK

GO DOWN IN THE LONESOME VALLEY

MARY HAD A BOY-CHILE

GOIN DOWN DAT LONESOME ROAD

WITNESS LORD

Members

Michael Berstler, Fort Madison, Iowa
Marcia Blakely, Harlan, Iowa
Rick Boswell, Onaga, Kansas
Nancy Carlson, Fort Collins, Colorado
Darwin Eads, Meade, Kansas
Kathy Eads, Meade, Kansas
Kevin Eichner, Overland Park, Kansas
Keith Edmonds, Eastin, Kansas
Kathi Eldridge, Denver, Colorado
Janice Erkfitz, Westfield, New Jersey
Thomas Erkfitz, Detroit, Michigan
Janet Falk, Rolla, Kansas
Stephen Getz, Iloilo City, Philippines
Ron Green, Ouid, Michigan
Lois Harbach, Osawatomie, Kansas
Carol Hammond, Kansas City, Kansas
Joyce Higgins, Bacone, Oklahoma
Stan Hilligoss, Galesburg, Illinois
Ruth Ho, Brookfield, Wisconsin
Freda Ingle, Wichita, Kansas
Jon Kearney, Fairport, New York
Ray Kerley, Logan, Iowa
Duane Kincaid, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Steven Kloster, Ottawa, Kansas
Patrick Lacke, Madison, Iowa
Larry Litke, Denver, Colorado
Karen McKenzie, Ottawa, Kansas
Kathryn Masters, Kansas City, Kansas
Kathleen Moe, Denver, Colorado
Kathleen Molby, Cawker City, Kansas
Janine Moody, Topeka, Kansas
Robert Mossman, Topeka, Kansas
Gerald Nelson, Gillette, Wyoming
Max Nelson, Ottawa, Kansas
Linda Oliver, Cincinnati, Ohio
Lexie Paslay, Topeka, Kansas
Scott Paulger, Fremont, Nebraska
Stephen Root, Humbolt, Nebraska
Paul Sloat, Manhattan, Kansas
Marcia Starns, Kansas City, Missouri
Delvin Sutton, Kansas City, Missouri
Karen Van Syoc, Mount Pleasant, Iowa
Lee Anne Weaver, Bethesda, Maryland
Marcy Weeks, Independence, Missouri
Janet Westberg, Knoxville, Iowa

CONCERT CHOIR OFFICERS AND SECTIONAL LEADERS

Officers

President: Ruth Ho
Vice-President: Larry Litke
Secretary: Lois Harbach
Treasurer: Marcia Blakely
Reporter: Kevin Eichner

Sectional Leaders

Soprano: Joyce Higgins
Alto: Lee Anne Weaver
Tenor: Scott Paulger
Bass: Paul Sloat

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