

“A TAPESTRY OF AMERICAN CHORAL MUSIC”

*To support the concentration of both the performers and the audience,
please refrain from flash photography and disable the alarms of pagers, cell phones, and watches.*

Please withhold applause until the completion of each numbered section.

I

We begin this evening where much of American music did: with the British. Eric Thiman was a British composer and organist, whose work is distinguished by an easy melodic flow and a firm grasp of what is practical and effective for the amateur singer. *A Girl's Garden* is taken from Randall Thompson's *Frostiana: Seven Country Songs*, which was commissioned in 1958 for the 250th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Amherst, Massachusetts. Jennifer Van Weelden Baham is a Dordt alumna who wrote this song for a composition assignment in 1993, her senior year; it was dedicated to her sister, who was having a difficult year as a college freshman. Jennifer now teaches private piano students in her home and music at San Jose Christian School, and is an organist in area churches.

A Shakespearean Madrigal (Sigh No More, Ladies)

ERIC THIMAN (1900-1975)

Sigh no more, Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy. – *Shakespeare, “Much Ado About Nothing”*

I Know Where I'm Goin'

TRADITIONAL
ARR. LUIGI ZANINELLI (b. 1932)

I know where I'm goin'
And I know who's goin' with me
I know who I love
And I wish t'were he I'd marry.

Feather beds are soft
And panelled rooms are bonny,
But I would leave them all
To marry my own Johnny.

I'll have stockings of silk
And shoes of fine-grain'd leather
Combs to buckle my hair
And a hat with high plume feather.

And all of these are fine,
Yes, all are fair and bonny,
Still none can make me glad,
Like my handsome, winsome Johnny.

I know where I'm goin'
And I know who's goin' with me,
I know who I love
And I wish 'twere he I'd marry.

I know where I'm goin.'
I know. – *Traditional*

A Girl's Garden

RANDALL THOMPSON (1899-1994)

A neighbor of mine in the village Likes to tell how one spring
When she was a girl on the farm, she did A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father To give her a garden plot
To plant and tend and reap herself, And he said, 'Why not?'

In casting about for a corner He thought of an idle bit
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood, And he said, 'Just it.'

And he said, 'That ought to make you An ideal one-girl farm,
And give you a chance to put some strength On your slim-jim arm.

It was not enough of a garden, Her father said, to plow;
She had to work it all by hand, But she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow Along a stretch of road;
But she always ran away and left Her not-nice load,

And hid from anyone passing. And then she begged the seed.
She says she thinks she planted one Of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes, Radishes, lettuce, peas,
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn And even fruit trees.

And yes, she has long mistrusted That a cider apple tree
In bearing there today is hers, Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany When all was said and done,
A little bit of everything, A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village How village things go,
Just when it seems to come in right, She says, 'I know!'

'It's as when I was a farmer-' Oh, never by way of advice!
And she never sins by telling the tale To the same person twice. – *Robert Frost*

Do you not know? Have you not heard?
The Lord is an everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth!

He will not grow tired or weary, and his understanding no one can fathom.
He gives strength to the weary and increases the pow'r of the weak.

Even youths grow tired and weary, and young men stumble and fall;
But those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength.

They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary,
They will walk and not be faint. They will soar on wings like eagles;
They will walk and not be faint.
Hope in the Lord!

WOMEN'S CHORUS

II

Stephen Foster was one of the first American musicians to make his living as a songwriter. Despite his short and tragic life, he left a wealth of music that is known chiefly for its tuneful sweetness. "Fats" Waller, renowned as a "stride" piano player, wrote *Ain't Misbehavin'* for the 1929 Broadway production, *Hot Chocolates*; it later became the title of hugely successful Broadway revue of Waller's music. Billy Joel has been a powerful presence in American popular music from the 1970's until today; his *And So It Goes* speaks of the vulnerability of love in a harmonically-rich musical language that betrays his early classical training.

Gentle Lena Clare

STEPHEN FOSTER (1826-1864)
ARR. MARK HAYES (1984)

I'm thinking of sweet Lena Clare with deep blue eyes and waving hair.
Her voice is soft, her face is fair, my gentle Lena Clare.
Gentle Lena Clare, my dear loved Lena Clare,
Her heart is light, her eyes are bright, my gentle Lena Clare.

I love her careless winning ways, I love her wild and birdlike lays.
I love the grass whereon she strays, my gentle Lena Clare.
Gentle Lena Clare, my dear loved Lena Clare,
Her heart is light, her eyes are bright, my gentle Lena Clare.

Her home is in the shady glen. When summer comes I'll seek again
On mountain height and lowland plain my gentle Lena Clare.
Gentle Lena Clare, my dear loved Lena Clare,
Her heart is light, her eyes are bright, my gentle Lena Clare. — *Stephen Foster*

Ain't Misbehavin'

THOMAS "FATS" WALLER & HARRY BROOKS
ARR. KIRBY SHAW (1988)

No one to talk with, all by myself,
No one to walk with, but I'm happy on the shelf.
Ain't misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you.

I know for cert'n the one I love,
I'm through with flirt'n', it's just you I'm thinkin' of,
Ain't misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you.

Like Jack Horner in the corner,
Don't go nowhere, what do I care,
Your kisses are worth waiting for, believe me.

I don't stay out late, don't care to go,
I'm home about eight, just me and my radio,
Ain't misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you. – *Andy Razaf*

Beth Vander Ziel, *alto solo*

And So it Goes

BILLY JOEL (*b. 1949*)
ARR. BOB CHILCOTT (*1992*)

In ev'ry heart there is a room, a sanctuary safe and strong,
To heal the wounds from lovers past, until a new one comes along.

I spoke to you in cautious tones; you answered me with no pretense.
And still I feel I said too much. My silence is my self-defense.

And ev'ry time I've held a rose it seems I only felt the thorns.
And so it goes, and so it goes, and so will you soon I suppose.

But if my silence made you leave, then that would be my worst mistake.
So I will share this room with you. And you can have this heart to break.

And this is why my eyes are closed, it's just as well for all I've seen.
And so it goes, and so it goes, and you're the only one who knows.

So I would choose to be with you. That's if the choice were mine to make.
But you can make decisions too. And you can have this heart to break. – *Billy Joel*

Dan Zylstra, *baritone solo*
Shanna Smit, *soprano solo*

KANTOREI

OFFERING AND INTERMISSION

III

The traditional southern hymn *Down to the River to Pray* may be familiar to many, due to its inclusion in the soundtrack of the film *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*

Down to the River to Pray

TRADITIONAL
ARR. SHELDON CURRY (*2002*)

As I went down to the river to pray, studyin' about that good ol' way
And who shall wear the starry crown. Good Lord, show me the way.
Oh sisters, let's go down, come on down, down to the river to pray.

As I went down to the river to pray, studyin' about that good ol' way
And who shall wear the robe and crown. Good Lord, show me the way.
Oh brothers, let's go down, come on down, down to the river to pray.

As I went down to the river to pray, studyin' about that good ol' way
And who shall wear the starry crown. Good Lord, show me the way.
Oh fathers, let's go down, come on down, down to the river to pray.

As I went down to the river to pray, studyin' about that good ol' way
And who shall wear the robe and crown. Good Lord, show me the way.
Oh mothers, let's go down, come on down, down to the river to pray.

As I went down to the river to pray, studyin' about that good ol' way
And who shall wear the starry crown. Good Lord, show me the way.
Oh sinners, let's go down, come on down, down to the river to pray. – *Traditional*

IV

Boston-born and a tanner by trade, William Billings is the first truly American composer; he was a friend of Paul Revere and Samuel Adams, and his anthem *Chester* was as familiar to American troops in the Revolutionary War as *Yankee Doodle*. Lowell Mason is chiefly remembered as the “Father of Music Education” in America, yet he was also a significant composer; many of his hymns—*My Faith Looks Up to Thee* and *Nearer My God, to Thee*, for example—have become standards. Amy Marcy (Cheney) Beach was the first American woman to succeed as a composer, and in 1926 co-founded the Association of American Women Composers.

Chester (from “*The Singing Master’s Assistant*” – 1782)

WILLIAM BILLINGS (1746-1800)

Let tyrants shake their iron rod, and Slav’ry clank her galling chains,
We fear them not, we trust in God, New England’s God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton too, with Prescott and Cornwallis join’d.
Together plot our Overthrow, in one Infernal league combin’d.

When God inspir’d us for the fight, their ranks were broke, their lines were forced,
Their Ships were Shatter’d in our sight, or swiftly driven from our Coast.

The Foe comes on with haughty stride. Our troops advance with martial noise,
Their Vet’rans flee before our Youth, and Gen’rals yield to beardless Boys.

What grateful Off’ring shall we bring? What shall we render to the Lord?
Loud Halleluiahs let us sing. And praise His name on ev’ry Chord. – *William Billings*

O Sing Unto the Lord

LOWELL MASON (1792-1872)

O sing unto the Lord a new song.
Let the congregation of the saints praise him. – *Psalms 149:1*

With Prayer and Supplication

AMY MARCY BEACH (1867-1944)

With prayer and supplication, let your requests be known unto God.
And the peace of God which passeth all understanding
shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ our Lord. – *Philippians 4:6-7*

V

In 1931, William Dawson organized the School of Music at the Tuskegee Institute, and for twenty-five years conducted the one hundred voice Tuskegee Choir; his arrangements of African-American spirituals continue to be sung by school, community, collegiate, and professional choirs world-wide. Thomas Dorsey, a former blues pianist and accompanist for “Ma” Rainey, became known as the “Father of Gospel Music” in America; his *Take My Hand, Precious Lord*, adapting an earlier setting of the hymn *Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone*, was inspired by the tragic death of his young wife and newborn son.

Ezekiel Saw de Wheel

SPIRITUAL

ARR. WILLIAM DAWSON (1898-1990)

Ezekiel saw de wheel, ‘way up in de middle of de air,
Ezekiel saw de wheel, ‘way in de middle of the air.

De big wheel run by faith, and de lit’l wheel run by de grace of God,
A wheel in a wheel, ‘way in de middle of de air.
Better mind my brother how you walk on de cross,
Your foot might slip an’ yer soul get lost.
Ole Satan wears a club foot shoe,
If you don’ mind he’ll slip it on you.
Some go to church for to sing an’ shout,
Befo’ six months dey’s all turn’d out. – *Traditional*

Take My Hand, Precious Lord

THOMAS A. DORSEY (1899-1993)

ARR. ED LOJESKI (1982)

Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, help me stand.
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn,
Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light.
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

When my way grows drear precious Lord linger near,
When my life is almost gone,
Hear my cry, Lord, hear my call, hold my hand, lest I fall,
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
Thru the storm, thru the night, lead me on to the light,
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

When the darkness appears and the night draws near,
And the day is past and gone,
At the river I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand,
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, help me stand.
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn,
Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light.
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home. – *Thomas Dorsey*

CHORALE

VI

John Biggs received his Masters degree in composition from the University of California at Los Angeles, and for a time served as composer-in-residence to six colleges in Kansas under a grant from the Department of Health, Education, & Welfare. Charles Ives's father, George, was the Union army's youngest bandmaster during the Civil War, and returned to Danbury, Connecticut, where he immersed his young son in unusual musical ideas and techniques. Ives' *The Circus Band*, originally for solo voice, illustrates some of his music's distinctive features: quirky rhythms, irregular phrase lengths, and delightful humor. "D.K.E.," at the song's conclusion, likely refers to Ives' days at Yale, where he was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Auction Cries

JOHN BIGGS (*b. 1932*)

Come to the auction 7 miles north on highway seventy one to the Kinney and Americus Junction,
then one mile east on the turnpike overpass, then a half mile north.

Buzz saw and a three-way hitch! Spring tooth harrow!

Kerosene lamps and an old cistern bucket!

Three steam irons and holder!

Corn picker and an 8 and 5 barrel stock tank!

Two-row curler! Wall telephone!

Brass cigarette tray, pressure cooker and ice tongs!

Two grindstones, two, and a wagon with rubber wheels!

Electric sweeper, drop-leaf table and chairs!

Eleven crystal sherbet dishes and twelve crystal glasses!

A walking lister* and a walking stick! (**a type of plow used especially in arid climates*)

Maytag wringer washer! Dishes, mirrors and whatnots!

Lots of junk iron! Low wheel rake and a rotary hoe!

Two large iron kettles!

Skyline loader and cylinder bucket!

Fertilizer drill, alfalfa seeder!

Hay knives, neck yoke, well pulley and three cowbells!

Old grindstones and two cream separators!

F and H riding lawnmower and two four-wheel carts with rubber wheels!

Apple peeler, nut grinder, doll bed, reed buggy, table and chairs!

Kerosene lanterns, kerosene heaters and stoves!

Good lanterns and heaters and scrapers and stoves and such things!

Four-foot tumblebug scraper!

Porcelain birdbath and old doorknobs!

Seth Thomas striking clock!

Half a horsepower air compressor!

Chain saw, jet rod, post puller and windows and lots of chicken feeders!

Three camelback trunks and a chest of drawers!

J.O. 8-foot spring-tooth harrow!

Genuine Easyflo fertilizer spreader, best that money can buy!

Coffee grinder, copper boiler and a washboard!

Gas tank! Water-wagon tank!

Baled prairie hay and six large bundles of cedar shingles!

Antique doctor's couch and a small deep freeze!

Lard press!

Deer head and horns! Three Model T jacks!

Eight-year-old Palomino who is gentle with children!

Three hole sink and a sandwich bar!

Hog feeders and a rotary hoe!

Loading chute, junk iron, shop and hand tools!

—*from auction advertisements in the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette*

Circus Band

CHARLES IVES (1874-1954)
ARR. ALEXANDER DASHNAW (1973)

All summer long, we boys
dreamed 'bout big circus joys!
Down Main Street, comes the band,
Oh! "Ain't it a grand and glorious noise!"

Horses are prancing, Knights advancing;
Helmets gleaming, Pennants streaming,
Cleopatra's on her throne!
That golden hair is all her own.

Where is the lady all in pink?
Last year she waved to me I think.
Can she have died? Can! that! rot!
She is passing but she sees me not.

Where is the clown, that funny gink?
Last year he winked at me I think.
Can he have died? Can that rot!
He's still a-winkin' but he sees me not.

Riding down from Bangor on the midnight train,
Rip, slam, bang we go, sir, right on thro' the rain.
When in after years we take our children on our knee,
We'll teach them that the alphabet begins with D.K.E. – *Charles Ives*

VI

Western Songs

ARR. ROGER WAGNER (1914-1992)

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, and a long way from home ...

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
And the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Whoopie ti-yi-yo ...

It's whoopin' and yellin' and a drivin' them dogies.
Oh how I wish that you would go on.
It's a-whoopin' and a-punchin', and go on, little dogies,
For you know Wyomin' is to be your new home.
Whoopie ti-yi-yo, git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune and none of my own.
Whoopie ti-yi-yo, git along, little dogies,
For you know Wyomin' will be your new home.

Green grow the lilacs all sparkling with dew.
I'm lonely, my darling, since parting with you.
But by our next meeting I'll hope to prove true,
And change the green lilacs to the red, white, and blue.

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me.
Place a red, red rose o'er my lonely grave,
With a prayer to Him who my soul will save.
 Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
 Where the coyotes howl and the winds blow free,
 And when I die you can bury me
 'Neath the western sky on the lone prairie.

I'm on my horse and I'm goin' on a run.
I'm the quickest shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun.
 Come a ti-yi yippy yippy yea, yippy yea,
 Come a ti-yi yippy yippy yea.
Farewell Bull Dog, I wish you no harm.
I've done quit the bus'ness to go on the farm.
 Come a ti-yi yippy yippy yea, yippy yea,
 Come a ti-yi yippy yippy yea! – *Traditional*

Seth Postma, *tenor solo*

VII

Written in 1932, *Americana* was commissioned by the League of Composers. The texts are taken from the *American Mercury*, a magazine of opinion and satire. The first issue announced that the journal would “attempt a realistic presentation of the whole gaudy, gorgeous American scene,” and a regular feature was a section entitled “Americana” that consisted of quotes from the American press, each introduced by a terse, wry comment. In the prefatory note to the score, the composer commented: “The different parts of the work are satirical, mirth-provoking, but the music was written with compassion. The five texts were set to music with a keen sense of the emotional quality which lay behind each excerpt. The music is not meant to point the finger of scorn, but only to underline the pathos inherent in those whose ideas about life lead to extraordinary and sometimes extreme conclusions.” Thompson goes on to describe his thoughts on each movement:

“May Every Tongue” is the impassioned anathema of the preacher, discrediting science. It is vehemently chanted by the chorus, the accompaniment supplying a hymn-like background to heighten the effect.

“The Staff Necromancer” treat each question and answer according to the character of each questioner. Desperate, misguided humanity seeking the Delphic Oracle, the Sybils, sooth-sayers!

“God’s Bottles,” suitably enough, is set for women’s voices. Dare one hope that this music will do for Prohibition what Uncle Tom’s Cabin did for slavery?

“The Sublime Process of Law Enforcement” is for mixed voices, mostly in unison. This is not “pleasant” music. It is a short, one-act opera, deliberate and macabre—intentionally so.

“Lovli-lines” is a glorification of our love of Beauty and Uplift in poetry—and advertising. The words “Each one will lift you to the Heights of Consciousness,” and those following, are set as a round with the chorus divided into seven parts.

Thompson’s gift for projecting humor in musical terms was one of his outstanding and most frequently admired traits, and *Americana* supplies ample evidence.

I. May Every Tongue

[WASHINGTON – Christian sentiment of the Rev. Dr. Mark Matthews, veteran instrument of the Lord in Seattle, as reported by the Post-Intelligencer.]

May every tongue be paralyzed and every hand palsied that utters a word or raises in finger from this pulpit in advocacy of Modernism.

II. The Staff Necromancer

[NEW YORK – *The Staff Necromancer* of the *Evening Graphic* comes to the aid of troubled readers of that great family newspaper.]

[Q.] – Will I ever recover my stolen jewelry? ... A.M.

[A.] – *Your jewelry was taken to New Orleans and sold. You can recover it in part.*

[Q.] – My children made me break up my home and come to New York from Massachusetts; and now I am so lonesome, and can't pay my room rent. What shall I do? ... E.T.

[A.] – *You will get a position as nurse to three small children in Pelham, N.Y. It will give you a source of income, and something easy to do. I see you will marry again later and go back to Massachusetts.*

[Q.] – Is my husband, Charles W_____, alive? ... A.W.

[A.] – *No, he is not. I see him drowning in deep water.*

[Q.] – Will it be advisable for me to go into the laundry business with my boy friend before we are married? ... F.I.B.

[A.] – *Yes, the two of you will be very successful. I see you will marry very soon.*

[Q.] – Will I ever have any children? I have been married nearly two years. ... A.F.W.

[A.] – *You will have three children, the first one in a bout two years. That is plenty of time.*

III. God's Bottles

[Leaflet issued by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union.]

APPLES ARE GOD'S BOTTLES: The sweet juice of the apple God has placed in His own bottle. What a beautiful rosy-red bottle it is! These red bottles hang on the limbs of a tree until they are all ready for us to use. Do you want to open God's bottle? Bit the apple with your teeth and you will taste the sweet juice God has put in His bottle for you.

GRAPES ARE GOD'S BOTTLES: These purple and green bottles you'll find hanging on a pretty vine. See! So many little bottles are on a single stem! Put a grape in your mouth and open God's bottle. How nice the juice tastes! Some men take the juice of apples and grapes and make drinks that will harm our bodies. They put the drinks in glass bottles but we will not drink from such bottles. We will DRINK FROM GOD'S BOTTLES.

IV. The Sublime Process of Law Enforcement

[ARKANSAS – *The Sublime Process of Law Enforcement*, described by Joseph B. Wirger, death house reporter of Little Rock *Gazette*, in *Startling Detective Adventures*.]

One scene in the death chamber was particularly unpleasant, even gruesome. That occurred the morning four white men were executed a few minutes apart. The condemned men were Duncan Richardson, Ben Richardson, F.G. Bullen and Will DeBord. The first three had been convicted of the murder of one man; DeBord was condemned for murdering an old couple.

Preparations for this unusual execution were not as complete as they might have been. There were no accommodations for the undertaker who was to take the four bodies away. The death chamber was too small for the four coffins and the augmented crowd of witnesses, and there was no other room convenient.

Hence the four coffins were deposited in the run-around of the death house, directly in front of the cells in which the four men were confined awaiting their turn in the chair. It was an unintentional cruelty on the part of the officials. If the doomed men looked through the doors of their cells, the grim row of coffins was directly in view. If they looked out the windows, they could see the hearses waiting to carry them away after the execution. So they sat on their bunks with their faces in their hands and awaited the execution.

Duncan Richardson was the first to go. After it was all over for him, his body was carried back and laid in the coffin where the other three could see if they lifted their heads. And when Ben Richardson started his death march, he passed by the row of coffins, one of which contained all that remained of his brother.

V. Loveli-lines

[CALIFORNIA – Literary intelligence: *Announcing*]

LOVELI-LINES

by Edna Nethery

Loveli-lines is composed of thirty-three Individualistic Verse poems all abrim with Joy, Love, Faith, Abundance, Victory, Beauty and Mastery.

Each one will lift you to the Heights of
Consciousness.

Bound in cloth of Happy blue: trimmed
and lettered in gold.

Order from
Edna Nethery,
Riverside, Calif.
One Dollar

CONCERT CHOIR

VIII

The two songs incorporated into this medley were popular during the Civil War; Ron Jeffers is a composer and publisher living in Oregon.

Workin' for the Dawn of Peace

ARR. RON JEFFERS (1987)

(Two Brothers)

Two brothers on their way, one wore blue and one wore gray.
One wore blue and one wore gray, as they marched along their way,
The fife and drum began to play, all on a beautiful mornin'.
One was gentle, one was kind, one came home, one stayed behind.
One wore blue and one wore gray, as they marched along their way,
The fife and drum began to play, all on a beautiful mornin'.

(Tenting Tonight)

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, waitin' for the war to cease;
Many are the hopes, the hopes once high and bright, that sleep with those at peace.
Waitin' tonight, workin' tonight, workin' that the war might cease;
O many are the hearts that are workin' for the right, waitin' for the dawn of peace. – *Traditional*

MEN OF THE COMBINED CHOIRS

IX

Perhaps the most popular tune book ever printed, *Southern Harmony* sold about six hundred thousand copies, and is still in use for “big sings” today. It represents a style of singing that was driven out of New England by Lowell Mason’s more European-informed church and school music reforms; at the same time, a rising tide of religious fervor along the Kentucky-Tennessee border created a demand for just the sort of music Mason’s followers were discarding. We will follow traditional shape-note performance practice by singing through the hymn as printed, on the traditional *fasola* syllables, then will sing the texted verses, but with the addition of a “Scotch snap” (a distinctive short-long rhythm), which points to the Gaelic folk roots of many of these tunes.

Hallelujah (from “*The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion*” – 1853) WILLIAM WALKER (1809-1875)

And let this feeble body fail, and let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale and soar to worlds on high.
 And I’ll sing hallelujah, and you’ll sing hallelujah,
 And we’ll all sing hallelujah when we arrive at home.

O what are all my sufferings here, if Lord Thou count me meet;
With that enraptured host t’appear, and worship at Thy feet. (*refrain*)

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again, in that eternal day. (*refrain*) – *Traditional*

COMBINED CHOIRS

DORDT COLLEGE WOMEN'S CHORUS

Pam De Haan, director

SOPRANO I

Angela Andrawis, *Sioux Falls, SD*
Diana Hoogerhyde, *Easton, PA*
Angela Koppendrayer, *Princeton, MN*
Amanda Nyman, *St. Albert, AB*
Rebekkah Shour, *Ankeny, IA*
Grace Yoon, *Bellevue, WA*

SOPRANO II

Gloria Ayee, *Accra, Ghana*
Christy Bloemendaal, *Sioux Center, IA*
Elinor Booth, *Austin, MN*
Sarah Buteyn, *Sanborn, IA*
Heather Link, *Renville, MN*
Sarah Snieder, *Hull, IA*
Meagan Vreeman, *Sioux Center, IA*

ALTO I

Manuela Ayee, *Accra, Ghana*
Danielle Bosma, *Neerlandia, AB*
Bethany Posthuma, *Brandon, WI*
Lydia Stazen, *Metamora, MI*
Alicia Walhout, *New Era, MI*

ALTO II

Kristy Alons, *Seldon, IA*
Karissa Knight, *Colton, OR*
Amanda Poelman, *Cobble Hill, B.C.*
Janessa Van Grouw, *Rock Valley, IA*

ACCOMPANIST

Alicia Mulder, *Waupun, WI*

DORDT COLLEGE KANTOREI

Benjamin Kornelis, director

SOPRANO

Brenda Henderson, *Oostburg, WI*
Erin Houtsma, *South Holland, IL*
Kelly Kuiken, *Tinley Park, IL*
Katharine Lesage, *Sioux Center, IA*
Shanna Smit, *Twin Falls, ID*
Sheena Van Boom, *Fort Saskatchewan, AB*

ALTO

Becky Boender, *Oskaloosa, IA*
Jeannette Epley, *DeMotte, IN*
Karlyn Geleyse, *Randolph, WI*
Bethany Haan, *Sioux Center, IA*
Sarah Anne Vander Plaats, *Orange City, IA*
Beth Vander Ziel, *Salt Lake City, UT*

TENOR

Jeremy Dreise, *Sioux Center, IA*
Mike Ochsner, *Maurice, IA*
Nathan Pasma, *Ripon, CA*
Seth Postma, *Sanborn, IA*
Ian Ross, *Kalispell, MT*
Michael Zwart, *Sioux Center, IA*

BASS

Bryan Dick, *Falmouth, MI*
Joe Hoksbergen, *Tracy, IA*
Ethan Huizenga, *Orange City, IA*
Ryan Temple, *Fulton, IL*
Jake Te Winkel, *Oostburg, WI*
Dan Zylstra, *Lansing, IL*

DORDT COLLEGE CHORALE

Benjamin Kornelis, director

SOPRANO I

Angela Andrawis, *Sioux Falls, SD*
Jessie Cooper, *Brookfield, WI*
Rachel Davelaar, *Fulton, IL*
Laura Dykstra, *South Holland, IL*
Brenda Henderson, *Oostburg, WI*
Amanda Nyman, *St. Albert, AB*
Jessica Vande Zandschulp, *Sioux Center, IA*
Kelli Van Zee, *Pella, IA*

SOPRANO II

Christy Bloemendaal, *Sioux Center, IA*
Kearsen Boman, *Manhattan, MT*
Alecia Engelsman, *Hudsonville, MI*
Rosie Grantham, *San Jose, CA*
Tricia Groenenboom, *Pella, IA*
Kelly Hanenburg, *South Holland, IL*
Brielle Houston, *Eugene, OR*
Rebecca Koedam, *Byron Center, MI*
Amy Kok, *Randolph, WI*
Katharine Lesage, *Sioux Center, IA*
Lori Nibbelink, *Sioux Center, IA*
Alicia Rozenboom, *Pella, IA*
Stephanie Stiemsma, *Randolph, WI*
Sarah Vanderaa, *Edgerton, MN*
Sarah Van Egdom, *Doon, IA*

BASS I

Lee Christians, *Kenneth, MN*
Jon Covey, *Hull, IA*
Andrew De Young, *Bloomington, MN*
Matt Fryman, *Blair, NE*
Jevon Groenewold, *San Marcos, CA*
Dane Hibma, *Sioux Center, IA*
Mark Jansen, *Tucson, AZ*
Tim Mulder, *Bellflower, CA*
Eric J. Pilon, *Bothell, WA*
Wilbert Talen, *Charlottetown, PE*
Torry Wilson, *Paullina, IA*
Mark Zwart, *Sioux Center, IA*

BASS II

Dan Bonnema, *Orange City, IA*
Jonathan Engbers, *Rock Valley, IA*
Derek Imig, *Salem, OR*
Jeff Koops, *Downs, KS*
Reid Marvin Rozeboom, *Chandler, MN*
Jon Venhuizen, *Burnett, WI*
Dan Zomermaand, *Maurice, IA*
Kent Zylstra, *Yankton, SD*

ACCOMPANIST

Carrie Spronk, *Edgerton, MN*

ALTO I

Laurel Alons, *Sanborn, IA*
Elinor Booth, *Austin, MN*
Danielle Bosma, *Neerlandia, AB*
Brittany Bouma, *Edgerton, MN*
Andrea De Jong, *Sioux Center, IA*
Melissa Drake, *Griswold, IA*
Leah Fedders, *Ireton, IA*
Rebecca Franje, *New Sharon, IA*
Engela Heystek, *Rocky Mountain House, AB*
Anna Kooi, *Meridianville, AL*
Cassandra Lane, *Minnetonka, MN*
Heather Link, *Renville, MN*
Bronwyn Miller, *Lynden, WA*
Val Nystrom, *Worthington, MN*
Rebecca Oldenkamp, *Sanborn, IA*
Deb Schippers, *Holland, MI*
Carolyn Sybesma, *Sioux Center, IA*
Alysia TerHaar, *Sioux Center, IA*
Karla Te Slaa, *Sioux Falls, SD*
Heidi Vander Vies, *Sarnia, ON*
Kim Van't Hul, *Pipestone, MN*

ALTO II

Kristy Alons, *Sheldon, IA*
Lana Danzeisen, *Phoenix, AZ*
Amy Nugteren, *Pella, IA*
Lydia Stazen, *Metamora, MI*
Karissa Stel, *Rocky Mountain House, AB*
Jane Troost, *Caledonia, MI*
Janelle van der Hoek, *Visalia, CA*
Andrea Vander Wilt, *Pella, IA*
Candice Vande Zandschulp, *Sioux Center, IA*

TENOR I

Kraig Bleeker, *Sioux Center, IA*
Kyle Bleeker, *Sioux Center, IA*
Mark Hilbelink, *Orange City, IA*
David Hjelle, *Fergus Falls, MN*
David Rietsema, *Albert Lea, MN*
Travis Schaeffer, *Freeman, SD*
Joshua Super, *Iowa Falls, IA*
Jeremy Van Engen, *Spicer, MN*

TENOR II

Matt Bakker, *Winnipeg, MB*
Justin Bleeker, *Clear Lake, SD*
Daniel De Boer, *Rock Valley, IA*
Steve Kloosterman, *Kalamazoo, MI*
Marcus Roskamp, *Edgerton, MN*
Jonathan Schans, *Denver, CO*
Daniel Sprik, *Hardwick, MN*
Donald Van Raalte, *Larchwood, IA*
Aaron Van Zee, *Lynden, WA*
Timothy Vis, *Smithers, BC*

DORDT COLLEGE CONCERT CHOIR

Benjamin Kornelis, director

SOPRANO I

Kara Bentz, *Platte, SD*
Lindsay Cameron, *Rugby, ND*
Kelly Kuiken, *Tinley Park, IL*
Holly Miller, *St. Louis, MO*
Rachel Persenaire, *Escalon, CA*
Shanna Smit, *Twin Falls, ID*

SOPRANO II

Amanda De Wit, *Rock Valley, IA*
Erin Houtsma, *South Holland, IL*
Brenda Janssen, *Beamsville, ON*
Valerie Maas, *Mount Vernon, WA*
Sheena Van Boom, *Fort Saskatchewan, AB*
Jenae Vander Wal, *Pella, IA*
Andrea Van Wyk, *Ireton, IA*

ALTO I

Janelle DeStigter, *Loveland, CO*
Jeannette Epley, *DeMotte, IN*
Bethany Haan, *Sioux Center, IA*
Orpah Schiebout, *Pella, IA*
Julie Vanden Heuvel, *Chino, CA*
Sarah Anne Vander Plaats, *Orange City, IA*
Amanda Vander Woude, *Kuna, ID*

ALTO II

Becky Boender, *Oskaloosa, IA*
Karlyn Geleynse, *Randolph, WI*
Lori Philipsen, *Modesto, CA*
Tiffany Ulferts, *Edgerton, MN*
Beth Vander Ziel, *Salt Lake City, UT*
Nicole Vos, *Ireton, IA*

TENOR I

Nick Alons, *Sanborn, IA*
Jeremy Dreise, *Sioux Center, IA*
Myron Kamper, *Oakdale, CA*
Paul Olsen, *Blooming Prairie, MN*
Ian Ross, *Kalispell, MT*
Michael Zwart, *Sioux Center, IA*

TENOR II

Stephen De Wit, *Sioux Center, IA*
Gabriel Florit, *Lima, Peru*
Levi Nieuwsma, *Pella, IA*
Mike Ochsner, *Maurice, IA*
Nathan Pasma, *Ripon, CA*
Seth Postma, *Sanborn, IA*
Justin Vande Kerk, *Hull, IA*

BASS I

Joe Hoksbergen, *Tracy, IA*
Jonathan Horlings, *Bradford, ON*
Ethan Huizenga, *Orange City, IA*
Jonathan Huizingh, *Denver, CO*
Aaron Schreur, *Kanawha, IA*
Eric Westra, *Hull, IA*
Daniel Zylstra, *Lansing, IL*

BASS II

Bryan Dick, *Falmouth, MI*
John Hoogeveen, *Des Moines, IA*
Corey Rozenboom, *Oskaloosa, IA*
Andrew Schaap, *South Holland, IL*
Jacob Te Winkel, *Oostburg, WI*
Ryan Temple, *Fulton, IL*

ACCOMPANIST

Andrew Schaap, *South Holland, IL*