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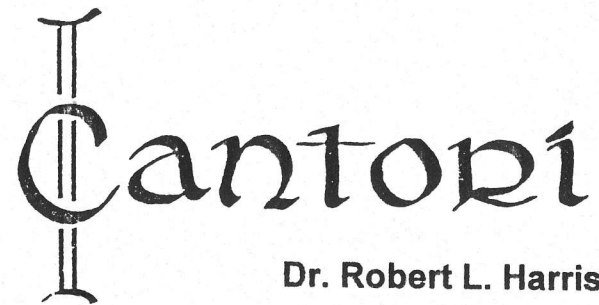
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Acknowledgements

St. John's Episcopal Church
Fr. Michael L. Carreker, rector
Brian Taylor, organist and choirmaster



Dr. Robert L. Harris, conductor

presents

10th Anniversary Finale Concert

**St. John's Episcopal Church
June 1, 2001**

Tenth Anniversary Season

program

Crucifixus

Antonio Lotti

*Crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate, he suffered,
and was buried.*

The Silver Swan

Orlando Gibbons

*The Silver Swan, who living had no note
When death approached unlocked her silent throat
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
"Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.*

Ya viene la vieja (Spain)

arr. Shaw/Parker

*Here comes the old lady with a little gift,
it seems so much to her that she takes some of it away.
Little green leaves, lemon leaves,
the Virgin Mary, Mother of the Saviour.*

*Here come the Kings through the desert
And they bring to the Child a real tower.*

*Here come the Kings down this road,
and they bring to the Child sweet-cakes in wine.*

Ubi Caritas

Maurice Durufle

*Where there is charity and love, God is there,
The love of Christ has gathered us together,
Let us rejoice and be glad in it,
Let us revere and love the living God
And from a loving heart let us love one another.
Where there is charity and love, God is there. Amen.*

*No Man Is an Island

R. Gregory Canady

*No man is an island, entire of itself,
Ev'ry man is a piece of the continent...
If a clod be washed away by the sea
Europe is the less, as if a promontary were,
As well as if a manor of thy friends or thine own (were)
Any man's death diminishes me
Because I am involved in mankind.
And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls,
It tolls for thee.*

Mimi Witherington, soprano

A Shower! A Shower! (The Haymakers)

George F. Root

*Yes! To the work! A shower!
Come follow while quickly we rake up the hay,
The cloud rises fast, let us make no delay.
Roll the winrow, roll it faster, for the black cloud is here.
On the wagon quickly load it away,
Pitch it faster, for the rain will not stay.
Pile it higher, so we'll not love the day,
Hurrah! Hurrah! We shall not lose the day!*

*Cause Me To Hear Thy Loving Kindness

Kevin Hampton

*Cause me to hear Thy loving kindness in the morning,
for I trust in Thee! Cause me to know the way wherein I should
walk! For I lift my soul to Thee!
Help me to know Thy way for Thou art my God.
Thy Spirit is Good. Revive me for Thy sake
and Thy righteousness. Psalm 143:8)*

*He wishes for the Cloths of Heaven

Randall Reese

*Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the halfflight,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I being poor, have only my dreams:
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Thread softly, because you tread on my dreams.
William Butler Yeats*

*Alleluia

Zdenek Lukas

intermission

Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes (England)

arr. Cumming

<i>Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss but in the cup, And I'll not look for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink divine; But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.</i>	<i>I sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much hon'ring thee, As giving it a hope that there It could not withered be; But thou thereon didst only breathe And sent it back to me; Since when it grows and smells, I swear Not of itself but thee!</i>
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Alouette (France)

arr. Bertalot

Is There Anybody Here (Spiritual)

arr. Parker

*Is there anybody here who loves my Jesus?
Anybody here who loves my Lord?
I wants to know: does you love my Jesus?
I wants to know: does you love my lord?*

*This world's a wilderness of woe,
So let us all to glory go.*

*Religion is a blooming rose
And none but them that feel it knows.
Billy Wooten, tenor*

Ye Banks and Braes (Scotland)

arr. Cunningham

*Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds, and I sae weary fu' o' care!
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling bird that wantons through the flow'ry thorn,
Ye mind me o' departed joys, Departed, never to return.*

*Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, to see the rose and woodbine twine.
And ilka bird sang o' its love, And findly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my lause lover stole my rose, But Ah! he left the thorn wi' me.*

Songs of Parting (Germany)

arr. Page

Das zerbrochene Ringlein (The Broken Ring)

*Deep in a cool green valley, The mill-wheel turns all day;
Alas, my love once dwelt there, But, faithless, fled away.
Yet on the wheel goes turning, I know not what I will,
For cruel love I'm dying, Then will that sound be still.*

Treue Liebe (True Love)

*How can I part from thee? One life, one soul are we,
Thine is the heart of me, Thine, thine alone!
Thou hast this sould of mine So filled with love divine,
Ne'er shall another love My fond heart own.*

*If a wee bird were I, Soon to thy side I'd fly
Falcon nor hawk fear I Speeding to thee.
Shot by some hunter dead, Didst thou bow thy head,
Grieving my spirit fled, Gladly I'd die.*

Muss ich denn (Must I Go?)

*Must I go from my dear village home While thou stayest here, my love?
When I come back to thee, sweetheart, Ne'er from thy side Ill rove.
Though afar I wander free, All my heart, my joy is with thee,
When I come back to thee, sweetheart, Ne'er from thy side I'll rove.*

*In a year when the vintage is o'er, Ill return again to thee;
And if then thy love still am I, Then shall our wedding be.
In a year my service will be done, And our fond hearts shall be one,
And if then thy love still am I, Then shall our wedding be.*

Sing a Song of Sixpence (England)

John Rutter

*Four and twenty blackbirds, Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish To set before the king?*

*The king was in his counting house, Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour, Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden, Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird And snapp'd off her nose.*

*premier performance

I Cantori

Robert L. Harris, conductor

soprano

Peggy Breese
Kathy DeYoung
Laura Devisscher
Mari Harris
Catherine Rogers
April Walker
Mimi Witherington

alto

Linda Estes
Tonya Hillis
Edie Hockspeier
Denise Norman
Elizabeth van Beest

tenor

R. Gregory Canady
Randall Canady
Raymond R. Ellis
Joseph Walker
Tim Wheelles
Billy Wooten

bass

Daniel C. Cohen
Gene L. Jarvis
Gregory Martin
Preston Powers
Ira J. Ryan
Fred White