The University Chorale  
Rodney Eichenberger, conductor

Friday, November 17, 1972  
Roethke Auditorium, 8:00 P.M.

PROGRAM

1. No. 1 - 6770
HEINRICH SCHÜTZ  
(1585-1672)

Jauchzet dem Herren RH II-30-72.
Die Mit Tränen RH II-30-72.
Cantata Domino

2. No. 2 - 6771
JOHANNES BRAHMS  
(1833-1897)

Zigeunerlieder CH 12-3-72.
Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen
Lieber Gott, du weisst
Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
Köslein dreie
Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn
Horch, der Wind klagt
Weit und breit schaut niemand
Mond verhüllt sein Angesicht
Rote Abenwolken

Nancy Vancil, Piano

3. No. 3 - 6772
BENJAMIN BRITTEN  
(b. 1913)

Hymn to St. Cecilia CH 12-3-72.

4. Encores:

2:55 Grand Prom - At the River RH 2-4-73.
3:12 de Cérrier - Hallelujah
## THE UNIVERSITY CHORALE PERSONNEL

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Don Andre</td>
<td>Kim Hayashi</td>
<td>Patricia Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janice Atkey</td>
<td>Patricia Hillman</td>
<td>Leland Stearns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonnie Blanchard</td>
<td>Dianna Howard</td>
<td>Sheryl Sullivan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rod Bristol</td>
<td>Valerie Hutchison</td>
<td>Rick Swanson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Campbell</td>
<td>Keith Johnson</td>
<td>Diane Teftt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott Cronk</td>
<td>Dya Kafoury</td>
<td>Linda Jo Thompson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenneth Dejong</td>
<td>Kenneth Kosche</td>
<td>Greg Vancil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colleen Dixon</td>
<td>Alvin Kroon</td>
<td>Nancy Vancil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Eskridge</td>
<td>Ronald Kuhn</td>
<td>Frank Varro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeanne Farrow</td>
<td>Belle Morlok</td>
<td>Kay Verelius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ronald Gangnes</td>
<td>Vernon Nicodemus</td>
<td>Renee Welch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynn Eugene Hall</td>
<td>John Obourn</td>
<td>Kenneth White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chris Hartman</td>
<td>Gail Peterson</td>
<td>Susan Ziaedeh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Harwood</td>
<td>Margaret Russell</td>
<td>Nancy Zylstra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
HEINRICH SCHUTZ: Jauchzet dem Herrn
Shout and be joyful all ye people, come before the Lord with joy. Thank him and sing praise to his name. Glory be to the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit.

Die mit Tränen sien - He who sows with tears shall reap with gladness. He goes forth and weeps and carries seed for sowing and returns rejoicing, bringing in his harvest.

Cantate Domino - Sing to the Lord a new song: let the congregation of the saints praise him, and let all the children of Zion be joyful in their king. Let them praise his name with timbrel and harp and with dance.

J. S. BACH: Jesu, meine Freude
Chorale: Jesus, my joy, How I yearn for thee. Naught shall sever me from thy love.
Chorus: There is no condemnation for those in Christ Jesus, they no longer follow the flesh.
Chorale: Jesus, you are my refuge. Drive away Satan's power. Thunder, lightning, sin and hell shall not frighten me, I will think on Jesus.
Trio: For now the law of the Spirit has given life in Jesus Christ and hath set me free from the law of sin and death.
Chorus: Fie, you roaring lion, you foe of Zion. Rage you fiends. I stand firm and sing with joy. God's great power guards me.
Fugue: Ye are not of the flesh but of the spirit if you abide in God's own spirit.
Chorale: Go away, earthly treasure, Jesus is my joy. Go away vain glory. Trouble, care, grief, pain, and death shall not separate me from my Savior.
Trio: If now Christ Jesus is in you, then the body is dead and the Spirit is living in you because of righteousness through Christ.
Quartet: Good night all passions, earth's pleasures please me no more. If now the Spirit of God dwells within you, you also shall be raised as was Jesus Christ.
Chorale: Begone all thought of sadness. Pain and scorn will not remain. Jesus is my great joy.

JOHANNES BRAHMS: Zigeunerlieder (Gypsy Songs)
1. Hey, Gypsy, Strike a tune for the faithless maiden. Let the strings moan, lament, sorrow, weep till the burning tears fall down these cheeks.
2. High and towering Rima stream why are you so muddy? On the shore I mourn aloud for my love. Waves are rushing, flying, rolling o'er the strand to me.
3. Do you know when my loved one is the fairest of all? When her sweet mouth jests, laughs and kisses. Sweetheart, you are mine, tenderly I kiss you. You are heaven to me.
4. Dear God, you know how often I have rued the day that I first kissed my love. The heart commands that I must kiss him and as long as I live I'll think of that first kiss. Dear God, you know how often in the quiet of night, I delight in thinking of the joy and pain he has caused. Love is sweet. Though bitterly remorseful, my poor heart will always be true to him.
5. Suntanned lad leads his beautiful lass to dance; strikes the spurs together to the melody of the Czardas. He kisses his sweet dove and then spins, whirls, shouts and springs, and throws three shining silvergulden on the cymbal.
6. Three red rosebuds bloom on the tree...do not forbid the wooing of a lass. Loving God, if that were denied all of the world would have died. In the beautiful village of Ketschkemem live many trim and neat young maidens. Comrades seek a bride there.
7. Do you think often, my dear love, of the holy vow that you made? Trifle not, forsake me not, you don't know how dearly I love you. If you loved me as I love you, God would crown you graciously.
8. Bark! the wind sighs sadly in the branches. Sweetheart, we must part, "Good N'ight." How I would remain in your arms, but the parting hour is near. God watch over you. It is dark with no stars shining. Sweet love, grieve not, a loving God will reunite us. We will dwell in eternal happiness.
9. Far and wide no one looks at me and if everyone hates me what do I care? Only my sweetheart shall love me...will kiss me, caress me and love me in eternity. No star guides me in the dark night, no flower provides fragrance...only your eyes are my flower; shining and glowing for me alone.
10. The moon veils your countenance sweet one. If I had meant to anger you, how could I love you so? My heart burns for you...surrender to my tender love.
11. Red evening clouds hang in the sky. My heart is filled with longing for bright glory and I dream of you day and night.