



**Southwestern Singers
On Tour**

**Southwestern At Memphis presents the
Southwestern Singers in concert**

April 1970

Conductor: Tony Lee Garner

Accompanist: David Ramsey

ALMA MATER

arr. by Burnet C. Tuthill (1888-)
(Director of Music Emeritus)

CRUCIFIXUS ETIAM PRO NOBIS

Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)

(Latin Text)

Crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate, suffered and was buried: and he rose on the third day, according to the scriptures: and ascended into heaven: and sitteth at the right hand of the father. And he shall come again with glory to judge both the living and the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end.

TENEBRAE FACTAE SUNT

Johann Ernst Eberlin (1702-1762)

(Latin Text)

Darkness was over the earth when evil men did crucify Jesus, and at the ninth hour He was crying out with a voice full of sorrow: 'O my God, why hast Thou me forsaken?' And bowing His head He yielded up the ghost. And crying out with a loud voice, He said: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' and bowing His head He yielded up the ghost.

STABAT MATER

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

(Latin Text)

At the cross, her station keeping, stood the mournful mother weeping, where He hung, the dying Lord. For her soul of joy bereaved, bowed with anguish deeply grieved, felt the sharp and piercing sword. O how sad and sore distressed now was she, that mother blessed of the sole begotten One. Deep the woe of her affliction when she saw the crucifixion of her ever glorious Son. Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing, pierced by an anguish so amazing, born of woman, would not weep? Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking, such a cup of sorrow drinking, would not share her sorrow deep? For His people's sins chastised, she beheld her Son despised, scourged and crowned with thorns entwined. Jesus, may her deep devotion stir in me the same emotion, Fount of love, Redeemer kind; that my heart, fresh ardor gaining, purer love attaining, may with Thee acceptance find.

CHRISTUS FACTUS EST

Anton Bruckner (1824-1896)

(Latin Text)

Christ was made obedient for us, obedient even unto death on the cross. Wherefore hath the Lord exalted Him, and given to Him a great name that is higher than all great names.

THE EYES OF ALL WAIT UPON THEE

Jean Berger (1909-)

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. The eyes of all wait upon Thee.

I'VE BEEN 'BUKED

arr. by Hall Johnson

I've been 'buked an' I've been scorned; I've been talked about sho's you' born. Dere is trouble all over dis worl', yes, dere is trouble all over dis worl'. Ain' gwine lay my 'ligion down, no, ain' gwine lay my 'ligion down.

EV'RY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT

arr. by William L. Dawson

Ev'ry time I feel the spirit moving in my heart I will pray. Upon the mountain my Lord spoke; out of His mouth came fire and smoke. Looked all around me, it looked so fine, 'till I asked my Lord if all was mine. Jordan river is chilly an' cold; it chills the body but not the soul. There ain't but one train upon this

track; it runs to heaven an' right back. Ev'ry time I feel the spirit moving in my heart I will pray; yes, ev'ry time I feel the spirit moving in my heart I will pray.

Intermission

PRAYERS FROM THE ARK

Ivor R. Davies (1901-)

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? Master Raven has not come back. Here is your dove. Will she find us a twig of hope? Guide your ark to safety, some zenith of rest where we can at last escape from this brute slavery. Lead me until I reach the shore of your covenant. Amen.

PRAYER OF THE CAT

Lord, I am the cat. It is not exactly that I have something to ask of you! No, 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. Amen.'

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 meagrely 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.

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.

WHY HAST THOU CAST US OFF

Alan Hovhaness (1911-)

O God, why hast Thou cast us off forever? Why doth Thine anger smote against the sheep of Thy pasture? O let not the oppressed return ashamed. Let the poor and needy praise Thy name.

WONDROUS LOVE (Traditional Southern Folk Hymn arr. by Paul Christiansen)

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul, that caused the Lord of life to bear the heavy cross, what wondrous love is this, O my soul.

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul, that Christ should lay aside His crown for my soul. What wondrous love is this, O my soul.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

John Gardner (1917-)

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me; still all my song shall be, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee! Though, like the wanderer, the sun gone down, darkness be over me, my rest a stone; yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee. There let the way appear steps unto heaven; all that Thou sendest me in mercy given; angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee. Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise, out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; so by my woes to be nearer, my God, to Thee. Or if, on joyful wing, cleaving the sky; sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly; still all my song shall be, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'

This program is dedicated to the late Dr. Vernon H. Taylor, former Director of the Southwestern Singers and Chairman of the Department of Music.

