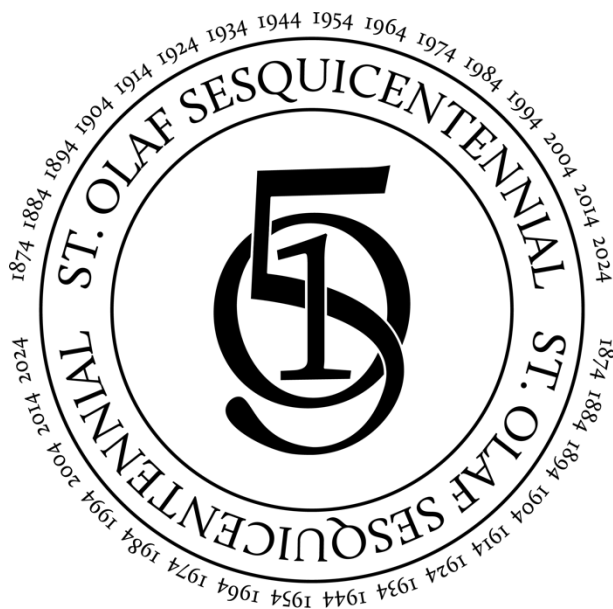

VIKING CHORUS

PAOLO DEBUQUE, *VISITING CONDUCTOR*

MANITOU SINGERS

THEREES TKACH HIBBARD, *CONDUCTOR*



SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 2025 | 7:30 P.M.

BOE MEMORIAL CHAPEL

PROGRAM

VIKING CHORUS

PAOLO DEBUQUE, *VISITING CONDUCTOR*

Daemon Irrepit Callidus (“The Devil Speaks Expertly”)

György Orbán (b. 1947)

The Kraken

Owen Cosgrove '28, *piano*; Declan Bilotta '28, *soloist*

Jon Eiche (b. 1955)

Jesu, der du meine Seele (“Jesus, by whom my soul”), **BWV 78**

J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

II. *Wir eilen mit schwachen doch emsigen Schritten*

(“We hasten with weak but diligent steps”)

James E. Bobb, *organ*

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight

Tony Santos '28, *piano*

Abbie Betinis '01 (b. 1980)

Danny Boy

Traditional Irish

arr. Jameson Marvin (b. 1941)

Declan Bilotta '28, Finn Black '28, Jake Bruening '28, Xavier Distelzweig '28,
Lucas Jespersen '28, Alvah Johnson '28, Brady Martin '28, Soren Obermueller '28,
Harry Pratt '28, Gavin Rose '28, Tony Santos '28, Isaac Traynor '28, *small group*

The Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard

James E. Bobb, *piano*

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Create in Me a Clean Heart

Healey Willan (1880–1968)

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MANITOU SINGERS

THEREES TKACH HIBBARD, *CONDUCTOR*

Mouth Music

Dolores Keane (b. 1953) and John Faulkner (b. 1943)
Abby Schroeder '27, *bodhrán*

I Will Arise And Go

Shawn Kirchner (b. 1970)
Ben Quist '27, *banjo*
Georgia Ballard '28, Hannah Fields '28, Kara Lazar '28,
Lydia Parkins '28, Norah Purcell '28, Zora Vorhes '28, *small group*

Vier Gesänge ("Four Songs"), **op. 17**

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

I. *Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang* ("A Full Harp Sound Resounds")

II. *Lied von Shakespeare* ("Song by Shakespeare")

III. *Der Gärtner* ("The Gardner")

IV. *Gesang aus Fingal* ("Song from Fingal")

Rachel Brandwein, *harp*; Kyan Carlson '28, Addison Gager '27, *horn*

Butterfly

Mia Makaroff (b. 1970)
arr. Mia Makaroff & Anna-Mari Kähärä

Wanting Memories

Ysaÿe M. Barnwell (b. 1946)
Diana Alexander-Giron '28, Margaret Black '28, Stella Cianchetti '28,
Mars Dailey '28, Britta Hagen '28, *small group*

Song in My Heart

Jocelyn Hagen '03 (b. 1980)

A Cantic of Blessing

Linda Tutas Haugen '76 (b. 1946)
Rebecca Lyford '25, *violin*
Hannah Anderson '25, Katie Nail '26, Natalie Robuck '25, Heather Wallace '26, *handbells*

Vivos Voco ("I Call the Living")

Joan Szymko (b. 1957)

Hannah Anderson '25, Katie Nail '26, Natalie Robuck '25, Heather Wallace '26, *handbells*

Erin Crowe '28, Thea Freitag '28, Sophia Helzer '28, Joanna Highfill '28,

Luna MacLeod '28, Ragan Swanson '28, Amaia Wood '28, *small group*

Keep Yo' Lamps

African American Spiritual
arr. Rosephanye Powell (b. 1962)
Sophia Carlson '28, Abby Schroeder '27, *djembe*

VIKING CHORUS & MANITOU SINGERS

O-Re-Mi

Nigerian Highlife Song
Therees Tkach Hibbard, *conductor*
Sophia Carlson '28, Abby Schroeder '27, *djembe*

Beautiful Savior

Silesian Folk Tune
arr. F. Melius Christiansen (1877–1955)
Paolo Debuque, *visiting conductor*

VIKING CHORUS

PAOLO DEBUQUE, VISITING CONDUCTOR

Daemon Irrepiit Callidus (“The Devil Speaks Expertly”)

György Orbán (b. 1947)

SUNG IN LATIN

Daemon point fraudes, Dae', Dae'
Daemon point fraudes inter laudes, cantus, saltus.

Daemon irrepiit calidus,
Allicit cor honoribus.

Quidquid amabile Daemon dat cor Jesu minus aestimat.

Daemon point fraudes inter laudes, cantus, saltus.
Daemon!

Caro ventaur sensibus;
Sensus adheret dapibus;
Inescatur, impinguatur dilatatur.

Daemon!
Cor Jesu minus aestimat.

Adde mundorum milia, mille millena gaudia;
Quidquid amabile Totum dat,
Cor Jesu minus aestimat.

Cordis aestum non explemunt, non arcebunt, Daemon!

The Demon sneaks expertly
Tempting the honorable heart;
He sets forth trickery amidst praise, song and dance.
However amiably the Demon acts,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

The Flesh is tempted by sensuality;
Gluttony clings to our senses;
It overgrows, it encroaches, it stretches.
However appealing the Flesh is,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

Though the Universe may confer
Thousands upon thousands of praises,
They neither fulfill nor put out the desire of the heart.
However appealing the whole Universe is,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

— Anonymous

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The Kraken

Jon Eiche (b. 1955)

Owen Cosgrove '28, *piano*; Declan Bilotta '28, *soloist*

Over the waves we roam, with sail unfurled,
leaving behind our home of glacier and fjord.
Westward, ever westward, to the edge of the world,
searching for lands unexplored.

Sons of the sea we are and brothers all.
Sure as the Northern Star, we'll ever be true,
faithful to our Captain, no matter the squall,
tested by all we've been through.

Keep an eye out for danger,
Yes, sir!
we're off the map.
Uncharted waters.
We know the yarns the old men spin.
Who says they're yarns?
A roiling sea.
You see it roil.
A sudden trap.
Be on your guard!
A fiend from the abyss of sin!

The Kraken! The beast! The terror of the deep!
Leviathan as big as any whale.
It rouses to feast, so pray it stays asleep,
for few who see it live to tell the tale.

Rocked by the tide and breeze, kissed by the spray.
Why are you all at ease?
What?
There's something ahead!
Oh!
Writhing and convulsing and speeding this way.
To arms! Or we're as good as dead.

The Kraken! It strikes! Its tentacles extend
to seize whatever it may find in reach.
With axes and pikes we hasten to defend.

Attack it, men!
Attack it how?
Protect the mast!
It has the prow!
Its giant arms, they're ev'rywhere!
Help! Help!
He's dangling in the air!
Have courage, lads!
My knees grow weak!
That mouth!
A monstrous eagle's beak!
If it should catch us in its grip, we're lost!
It's bound to crush the ship!
Wha' do we do, Captain?
Wha' do I do?

My son, consider this notion,
in battle on land or the ocean:
an egg in the palm of the hand
can't be broken or crushed;
it will withstand.
An egg in the palm of the hand.

Wha' do we do?
To the oars!
Aye aye!
Row forward!
What?
Into the creature's jaws!
Are you mad?
Do you trust me?
Aye!
It's our only chance!
Whatever you say!
Row for your lives!
Row for your lives!

The Kraken!
Ah!

— Jon Eiche

Based on "The Kraken," by Mike Kallenberger

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Jesu, der du meine Seele (“Jesus, by whom my soul”), BWV 78

J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

II. *Wir eilen mit schwachen doch emsigen Schritten*
 (“We hasten with weak but diligent steps”)

James E. Bobb, *organ*

SUNG IN GERMAN

*Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch emsigen Schritten,
O Jesu, o Meister, zu helfen, zu dir.*

*Du suchest die Kranken und Irrenden treulich.
Ach höre, wie wir
Die Stimmen erheben, um Hilfe zu bitten!
Es sei uns dein gnädiges Antlitz erfreulich!*

We hasten with weak but diligent steps,
Oh Jesus, oh Master of Salvation, to you.

You seek the ailing and erring faithfully,
Ah, hear, how we
Raise our voices to plead for salvation.
Let your merciful countenance be gladdening to us.

— *Johann Rist*

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight

Abbie Betinis '01 (b. 1980)

Tony Santos '28, *piano*

Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all . . .

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many fight, too many weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of people free;
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail seem yet in vain.
And who will bring sweet peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

— *Vachel Lindsay*

Danny Boy

Traditional Irish

arr. Jameson Marvin (b. 1941)

Declan Bilotta '28, Finn Black '28, Jake Bruening '28, Xavier Distelzweig '28,
Lucas Jespersen '28, Alvah Johnson '28, Brady Martin '28, Soren Obermueller '28,
Harry Pratt '28, Gavin Rose '28, Tony Santos '28, Isaac Traynor '28, *small group*

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen and down the mountain side,
The summer's gone and all the flow'rs are dying,
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back, when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come when all the flow'rs are dying,
And I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an “Ave” there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me,
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be,
If you won't fail to tell me that you love me,
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

— *Irish Folk Song*

The Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

James E. Bobb, *piano*

As it fell on one holyday,
As many be in the year,
When young men and maids together did go
Their matins and mass to hear,
Little Musgrave came to the church door
The priest was at private mass
But he had more mind of the fair women
Than he had of Our Lady's grace.

The one of them was clad in green
Another was clad in pall,
And then came in my Lord Barnard's wife,
The fairest amongst them all,
Quoth she, "I've loved thee, Little Musgrave,
Full long and many a day."
"So have I lov'd you, my fair ladye,
Yet never a word durst I say."

"But I have a bower at Bucklesfordberry,
Full daintily it is dight,
If thou'lt wend thither, thou Little Musgrave,
Thou's lig in my arms all night."

With that beheard a little tiny page,
By his lady's coach as he ran.
Says, "Although I am my lady's foot-page,
Yet I am Lord Barnard's man!"
Then he's cast off his hose and cast off his shoon,
Set down his feet and ran,
And where the bridges were broken down,
He bent his bow and swam.
"Awake! awake! thou Lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life!
Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordberry
Along with thine own wedded wife."
He called up his merry men all:
"Come saddle me my steed;
This night must I to Bucklesfordberry,
F'r I never had greater need."
But some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some they thus could say,
Whenever Lord Barnard's horn it blew:
"Away, Musgrave, away!"

"Methinks I hear the threstlecock,
Methinks I hear the jay;
Methinks I hear Lord Barnard's horn,
Away Musgrave! Away!"
"Lie still, lie still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggle me from the cold;
'Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy
A-driving his sheep to the fold."

By this, Lord Barnard came to his door
And lighted a stone upon;
And he's pull'd out three silver keys,
And open'd the doors each one.
He lifted up the coverlet,
He lifted up the sheet:
"Arise, arise, thou Little Musgrave,
And put thy clothes on;
It shall ne'er be said in my country
I've killed a naked man.
I have two swords in one scabbard,
They are both sharp and clear;
Take you the best, and I the worst,
We'll end the matter here."

The first stroke Little Musgrave struck
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;
The next stroke that Lord Barnard struck,
he struck.
Little Musgrave ne'er struck more.
"Woe worth you, my merry men all,
You were ne'er born for my good!
Why did you not offer to stay my hand
When you saw me wax so wood?
For I've slain also the fairest ladye
That ever wore women's weed.
A grave," Lord Barnard cried, "To put these lovers in!
But lay my lady on the upper hand,
For she comes of the nobler kin."

— *Anonymous*
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Create in me a clean heart, O God,
and renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from Thy presence,
and take not Thy holy Spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation;
And uphold me with thy free spirit.

— *Psalm 51:10–12*

MANITOU SINGERS

THEREES TKACH HIBBARD, CONDUCTOR

Mouth Music

Dolores Keane (b. 1953) and John Faulkner (1901–1963)
Abby Schroeder '27, *bodhrán*

Ho ro harra dalla
ho ro harra dalla
ho ro harra halla
hind ye handan
ho ro harra dalla
ho ro harra dalla
ho ro harra halla
hind ye handan

Dance to your shadow
when it's good to be a livin' lad,
dance to your shadow
when there's nothin' better near ye
dance to your shadow
when it's good to be a livin' lad,
dance to your shadow
when there's nothin' better near ye

Ho ro harra dalla
ho ro harra dalla
ho ro harra halla
hind ye handan
ho ro harra dalla
ho ro harra dalla
ho ro harra halla
hind ye handan

Hin hin harra dalla
hin hin harra dalla
hin hin harra dalla
hin harra dalla ro

There are tunes in the river otter
pools in the river water,
pools in the river
and the river calls him.

Hin hin harra dalla
hin hin harra dalla
hin hin harra dalla
hin harra dalla ro

hind ye handan
harra dalla ho ro
harra dalla ho ro
harra dalla hind ye
handan ho ro
harra dalla ho ro
harra dalla hind ye
handan

— *Text transcribed by Joseph Byrd*
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I Will Arise And Go

Ben Quist '27, *banjo*
Georgia Ballard '28, Hannah Field '28, Kara Lazar '28,
Lydia Parkins '28, Norah Purcell '28, Zora Vorhes '28, *small group*

Shawn Kirchner (b. 1970)

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree.
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows I will have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping for the veils of the morning to where the cricket sing;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and a moon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

— *"The Lake Isle of Innisfree" by William Butler Yeats*

SUNG IN GERMAN

I. Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang
("A Full Harp Sound Resounds")

A full harp sound rings forth,
increasing love and longing;
it pierces deep into the frightened heart
and makes the eyes overflow.

O tears, flow on;
O heart, throb and tremble!
Love and happiness sank into the grave;
life is lost!

II. Lied von Shakespeare ("Song by Shakespeare")

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true love never find my grave,
To weep there.

III. Der Gärtner ("The Gardner")

Wherever I go and look,
in field and forest and valley,
from the mountain down to the meadow,
most beautiful, noble lady,
I greet you a thousand times.

In my garden I find
many lovely and delicate flowers;
indeed, I weave many garlands with them
and I bind a thousand thoughts
and greetings into them.

To her I may offer none of these;
she is too noble and fair.
They must all wither and die;
only love beyond compare
remains forever in the heart.

I seem to be in good spirits,
and I work here and there,
and even if my heart bursts,
I will dig away and sing
and soon will dig my grave.

IV. Gesang aus Fingal ("Song from Fingal")

Weep on the rocks of the raging winds,
O maid of Inistore!
Bend thy fair head over the waves,
thou lovelier than the ghost of the hills,
when it moves, in a sunbeam at noon
over the silence of Morven!

He is fallen! thy youth is low!
pale beneath the sword of Cathullin!
No more shall valour raise thy love
to match the blood of kings.

Trenar, graceful Trenar died,
O maid of Inistore!
His gray dogs are howling at home!
they see his passing ghost.
His bow is in the hall unstrung.
No sound is in the hill of his hinds!

— Translation by Ron Jeffers

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Harpist **Dr. Rachel Brandwein** is the winner of the 2014 Mu Phi Epsilon International Solo Competition. She has toured the United States and Asia as a soloist, chamber musician, and concerto soloist. Rachel is visiting assistant professor of music at St. Olaf College, and teaches harp, theory/aural skills, and a first-year seminar course she created called "The Creative Learning Workshop." Her performance and composition accomplishments include first prizes and grants in numerous regional and national competitions sponsored by the American Harp Society, the American String Teachers Association and Mu Phi Epsilon International Music Fraternity. Among other professional ensembles, Rachel performs frequently with the Minnesota Orchestra and National Lutheran Choir, and has performed with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. She maintains a dynamic performing career, and will be on the adjudication panel for the biennial American Harp Society National Competition this spring. Rachel is an active contributor of feature articles for the international publication, *Harp Column*. She earned degrees from the University of Michigan (B.M.), The Juilliard School (M.M.), and Stony Brook University (D.M.A.) and also studied French and harp in France for one year. Please visit her website for more information: www.rachelbrandwein.com

Butterfly

Mia Makaroff (b. 1970)
arr. Mia Makaroff and Anna-Mari Kähärä

Sweet is the sound of my newborn wings,
I stretch them open and let them dry.
I haven't seen this world before
but I'm excused, I'm a butterfly.

Sweet is the touch of your newborn wings,
we fly in circles, we play with the sun.
We haven't seen this world before,
so fair, so bright, so blue the sky.

Love me, love me on the leaves
before we say goodbye.
Love me, kiss me with the breeze,
you will be my lullaby.
Tomorrow I'll die. I shall die.
You'll be my lullaby.

Love me, kiss me with the breeze,
kiss me with the breeze.
Love me, love me on the leaves.
Love me, love me!

Love me, love me on the leaves
before we say goodbye.
Love me! Kiss me with the breeze,
you'll be my lullaby.
Tomorrow I'll die.

Sweet is the wind as it gently blows
the day away and the nighttime comes.

Great are the wonders that silence shows,
I fall asleep and I dream of the sun
and my butterfly.

— Text by Mia Makaroff
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Wanting Memories

Ysaye M. Barnwell (b. 1946)
Diana Alexander-Giron '28, Margaret Black '28, Stella Cianchetti '28,
Mars Dailey '28, Britta Hagen '28, *small group*

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

You used to rock me in the cradle of your arms,
you said you'd hold me till the pains of life were gone.
You said you'd comfort me in times like these and now I
need you,
and now I need you, and you are gone.

So, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
Since you've gone and left me there's been so little beauty,
but I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.

Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place,
here inside I have few things that will console,
and when I try to hear your voice above the storms of life
then I remember all the things that I was told.

Yes, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

I think on the things that made me feel wonderful when I
was young,
I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance,
made me sing.
I think on all the things that made me grow into a being
full of pride;
think on these things for they are the truth.

And I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty of the world through my own eyes.
I thought that you were gone but now I know you're with me;
You are the voice that whispers all I need to hear;

I know a "please," a "thank you," and a smile will take me far,
I know that I am you and you are me and we are one,
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand,
I know that I've been blessed again and over again.

Yes, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

— Ysaye M. Barnwell

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Song in My Heart

Jocelyn Hagen '03 (b. 1980)

Now is a moment between birth and death
That I must fill with song; infinity
Trembles upon my lips with every breath
And must cry for beauty endlessly —
Beauty that lies in small and simple things:
One note that breaks against the heart's warm bars,
Joy on the rim of pain, the light that sings
In silver metaphysics of the stars.

There will be time for silence soft and deep
When springtimes brimmed with blossoms shall go by
Unheeded by the singer who will sleep
With winds and robins under a wide sky —
The tangle of songs in her heart no longer heard
For beauty articulate in one infinite Word.

— Text by Sister M. Thérèse
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A Canticle of Blessing

Linda Tutas Haugen '76 (b. 1946)

Rebecca Lyford '25, *violin*
Hannah Anderson '25, Katie Nail '26, Natalie Robuck '25, Heather Wallace '26, *handbells*

May today there be peace within.
May you trust God that you are . . . where you are meant to be.
May you not forget the infinite possibilities that are born of faith.
May you use those gifts that you have received,
and pass on the love that has been given to you.
May you be content knowing you are a child of God.
Let this presence settle into your bones, and allow your soul the
freedom to sing, dance, praise and love.
It is there for each and every one of us.

— St. Therese of Lisieux

Vivos Voco ("I Call the Living")

Joan Szymko (b. 1957)

Hannah Anderson '25, Katie Nail '26, Natalie Robuck '25, Heather Wallace '26, *handbells*
Erin Crowe '28, Thea Freitag '28, Sophia Helzer '28, Joanna Highfill '28,
Luna MacLeod '28, Ragan Swanson '28, Amaia Wood '28, *small group*

SUNG IN LATIN

Vivos voco, vivos voco!
I call the living!
Fleo mortua, mortuos plango, consolo viva.
I cry for the dying, I wail for the dead, I console the living.
Vivos voco, dissipo ventos.
I call the living, I disperse the winds.
Compello nubila, compello bubila.
I drive away the overcast of the sky.
All shall be well,
All manner of things shall be well.
Vivos voco!
I call the living!

— Julian of Norwich
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Keep Yo' Lamps

African American Spiritual
arr. Rosephanye Powell (b. 1962)

Sophia Carlson '28, Abby Schroeder '27, *djembe*

Keep your lamps, keep your lamps burnin'
Keep your lamps, keep your lamps burnin'
Keep your lamps, keep your lamps burnin'
The time is drawin', drawin' nigh.

Don't you get worried, no, no, no
Don't you get worried, no, no, no
Don't you get worried, no, no, no
The time is drawin', drawin' nigh.

— *African American Spiritual*

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VIKING CHORUS & MANITOU SINGERS

O-Re-Mi

Nigerian Highlife Song

Therees Tkach Hibbard, *conductor*
Sophia Carlson '28, Abby Schroeder '27, *djembe*

Hey friends! let's sing, let's dance,
Let's go!
So does my father, so does my mother.

— *Nigerian Highlife Song*

Beautiful Savior

Silesian Folk Tune
arr. F. Melius Christiansen (1877–1955)

Paolo Debuque, *visiting conductor*

Beautiful Savior, Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and forevermore be thine!

— *Gesangbuch, Münster, 1677*
trans. Joseph H. Seiss

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VIKING CHORUS

PAOLO DEBUQUE, VISITING CONDUCTOR

TENOR I

Finn Black, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Jake Bruening, *Magnolia, Texas*
Xavier Distelzweig, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Katie Garner, *Colleyville, Texas*
Alvah Johnson, *Bethlehem, N.H.*
Charlie Krohn, *Burnsville, Minn.*
Josie Pechacek, *Ellsworth, Wis.*
* Harry Pratt, *Richland, Wash.*
Mitch Thronson, *Coon Rapids, Minn.*

TENOR II

Quinn Clark, *Columbia Falls, Mont.*
Ted Dobbins, *St. Paul, Minn.*
* Tavin Grigsby, *Hampshire, Ill.*
Luke Jeschke, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
Kyle Lorensen, *Mukwonago, Wis.*
Leif Newman, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
• Soren Obermueller, *Dubuque, Iowa*
Vassar Price, *Seattle, Wash.*
Callan Sukanek, *St. Louis, Mo.*
* Larry Williams, *Hastings, Minn.*

BASS I

Holden Bitzer, *Excelsior, Minn.*
Jordan Chea-Brinkley, *Northfield, Minn.*
Andre Chiang, *Woodinville, Wash.*
Lucas Jespersen, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Brady Martin, *Englewood, Colo.*
Alex McGohan, *Decorah, Iowa*
Gus Ostby, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Mathewos Owens, *Kijabe, Kenya*
Antonio Preciado, *Dallas, Texas*
Jacob Quade, *Red Wing, Minn.*
Pablo Reyes, *San Jose, Costa Rica*
*• Gavin Rose, *Fond du Lac, Wis.*

BASS II

* Declan Bilotta, *Portland, Ore.*
Gabe Burgoyne, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
^ Owen Cosgrove, *Stillwater, Minn.*
Murphy Galvin, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Gavin Ihrke, *Edina, Minn.*
*• Nick Mankowski, *Stillwater, Minn.*
*^ Tony Santos, *Sandwich, Mass.*
Gus Talley, *Sioux Falls, S.D.*
Isaac Traynor, *Eagan, Minn.*

STUDENT MANAGER

Ally Nolan '27

- Officer
- * Section leader
- ^ Collaborative pianist

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Jean Parish '88, *director of music organizations*
Terra Widdifield '95, *associate director of music organizations*
Connor Smith, *assistant director of music organizations for audience development*
Sarah Gingerich '11, *assistant director of music organizations for project management*
Jonathan Kopplin, *associate librarian for ensembles and performing rights*
Veronica White '24, *coordinator of music organizations*
Amelia McNeil-Maddox, *ticketing coordinator*

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Tracey Engleman, *department vice-chair*
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Lisa McDermott, *academic administrative assistant*
Faith Kimbrell, *instrument coordinator*

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Sean Tonko, *associate director of event operations*
Grant Furguele, *associate director of broadcast engineering*
Mia Pardo, *assistant director of production*

MANITOU SINGERS

THEREES TKACH HIBBARD, CONDUCTOR

SOPRANO I

Lucy Askegaard, *Eden Prairie, Minn.*
Margaret Black, *Marietta, Ga.*
Lucy Blaney, *Lake Elmo, Minn.*
Maddy Boyko, *Burnsville, Minn.*
Kaitlyn Brown, *Park Ridge, Ill.*
Erin Crowe, *Downers Grove, Ill.*
Hannah Fields, *Scappoose, Ore.*
Ana George, *Northfield, Minn.*
Kaija Halvorson, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
Sophia Helzer, *Anchorage, Alaska*
* Joanna Highfill, *Bentonville, Ark.*
Maria Imholte, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Anna Jacobsen, *Cedar Falls, Iowa*
Izzi Jaeckle, *Madison, Wis.*
Anna Jones, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Sylvie McBride-Bergum, *Clive, Iowa*
Luna McLeod, *St. Paul, Minn.*
* Lydia Parkins, *Billings, Mont.*
Aubrey Sanders, *Ottawa, Ill.*
Trina Sarkar, *Cupertino, Calif.*
Brigid Searight, *La Jolla, Calif.*
Jennifer Scott, *Hollywood, Fla.*
Ava Spohn, *Rochester, Minn.*
Allison Staples, *Andover, Minn.*
* Ragan Swanson, *Clive, Iowa*
Ava Torres, *Cedar Falls, Iowa*
Zora Vorhes, *St. Paul, Minn.*

SOPRANO II

Ellen Barfield, *Atlanta, Ga.*
Agnes Barthel, *Duluth, Minn.*
Eva Cain, *Vashon, Wash.*
Maya Conners, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
Aisling Cox, *Fergus Falls, Minn.*
Maggie Doran, *Rosemount, Minn.*
• Isabelle Duran, *Porter, Texas*
Kassidy Goodell, *Stevens Point, Wis.*
Solvej Graff, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
Klara Greyvensteyn, *Fort Collins, Colo.*
Britta Hagen, *Eagan, Minn.*
Lily Houston, *York, Neb.*
Odessa Hunt, *Boise, Idaho*
Sage Koppana, *Paonia, Colo.*
Helen Lucas, *Medford, Mass.*
Kaylee Mueller, *Rochester, Minn.*
Kylie Murray, *Shoreview, Minn.*
Katie Nelson, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
* Marin O'Malley, *Omaha, Neb.*
Ava Seiberlich, *Libertyville, Ill.*
Annika Shallberg, *Clear Lake, Iowa*
Naomi Wetzel, *Madison, Wis.*
Eleanor Wigdahl, *Menomonie, Wis.*
Mira Williams, *Denver, Colo.*
Amaia Wood, *Naperville, Ill.*

ALTO I

Diana Alexander-Giron, *Springdale, Ark.*
Zea Althoff, *Portland, Ore.*
Georgia Ballard, *Des Moines, Iowa*
Alaina Bailly, *Fergus Falls, Minn.*
Elsa Bergdahl, *Manchester, Maine*
Niya Boyd, *Kirkwood, Mo.*
Anna Enssle, *Longmont, Colo.*
Avery Flanders, *Rosemount, Minn.*
* Thea Freitag, *Ridgefield, Wash.*
Isabelle Hicks, *Naperville, Ill.*
Evva Jischke, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
Amanda Klug, *Webster, Wis.*
Kara Lazar, *Elmhurst, Ill.*
* Abby Lee, *Mechanicsville, Va.*
* Doran Lucker, *Santa Fe, N.M.*
Zadie Martin, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Julia Munson, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Katie Nelson, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
Abby Ormsby, *Bellingham, Wash.*
Bierte Peterson, *Firestone, Colo.*
Elsa Priest, *Duluth, Minn.*
Norah Purcell, *Omaha, Neb.*
Lydia Rand, *Savage, Minn.*
Ivy Seibert, *Philadelphia, Penn.*
Abby Sikora, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Sydney Sjodin, *Grand Rapids, Minn.*
Mikey Slinkowski, *Union City, N.J.*
Nora Smentek, *Mankato, Minn.*
Esther Staplin, *Des Moines, Iowa*
Katie Teggatz, *Cedar Rapids, Iowa*
Cami Thompson, *Randolph, Minn.*
Izzy Thomson, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

ALTO II

Ava Brewer, *Iowa City, Iowa*
Mackay Campbell, *Green Bay, Wis.*
Savannah Carlson, *Des Moines, Iowa*
Sophia Carlson, *Winona, Minn.*
Stella Cianchetti, *Houston, Texas*
Atlas Conger, *Petaluma, Calif.*
* Mars Dailey, *Maple Grove, Minn.*
Abby Degen, *Brooklyn Park, Minn.*
Morgan Elmhorst, *Fall Creek, Wis.*
Linnea Erickson, *Fayetteville, Ark.*
* Lucy Farland, *Camas, Wash.*
Isabel Fleming, *Northfield, Minn.*
Betsy Foster, *Maiden Rock, Wis.*
Eliana Idzikowski, *Wauwatosa, Wis.*
Erin Lindeen, *Sartell, Minn.*
Elliot Mevissen, *Minneapolis, Minn.*
Charlie Miller, *Portland, Ore.*
Lily Penniman, *St. Paul, Minn.*
Ingrid Rustad, *Northfield, Minn.*
Evelyn Smiley, *Richfield, Minn.*
Tessa Snicker, *Bristol, Ill.*
Emmy Straub, *Farmington, Minn.*
Kim Tran, *Lakeville, Minn.*
Caroline von Hahn, *Heidelberg, Germany*

STUDENT MANAGER

Heather Wallace '26

COLLABORATIVE PIANIST

Ella Boers '25

- Officer
- * Section leader

INTERESTED IN
BEING AN OLE?



SCAN ME