

**FLINT HILLS  
MASTERWORKS  
CHORALE  
SPRING CONCERT**

**Dr. Reginald Pittman, Director**  
**Mary Ann Littrell, Pianist/Organist**  
*assisted by*  
**Kansas State University Brass Ensemble**

**Tuesday, May 6, 2003**  
**Grace Baptist Church**  
**7:30 p.m.**

**Sponsored by**  
**Manhattan Christian College**

- Ave Maria* ..... Gaetano Donizetti  
Marilyn Masterson, Soprano (1797-1848)  
*Ave Maria*, Op. 37, No. 6 ..... Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)  
*Ave Maria* ..... Gaetano Donizetti  
(1824-4896)

- Canticle of Psalms* ..... James Quitman Mulholland  
Psalm 27  
Psalm 103  
Psalm 23

*Brass Ensemble*

INTERMISSION

- Dona Nobis Pacem* ..... Ralph Vaughan Williams  
I. *Agnus Dei* (1872-1958)  
II. Beat! Beat! Drums!  
III. Reconciliation  
IV. Dirge for Two Veterans  
V. Angel of Death  
VI. Peace

*Leia Edwards & Jim Lewis, soloists*

A SPECIAL THANK YOU

- ◆ *Grace Baptist Church for the generous use of their facilities for this concert*
- ◆ *First Lutheran Church for the generous use of their facilities for our rehearsals*
- ◆ *Penny Senften for her untiring help with publicity*
- ◆ *Gary Mortensen for organizing the brass ensemble*

## Program Notes

### *Dona Nobis Pacem*

- I. Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace.  
II. Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!  
Through the windows--through the doors--burst like a ruthless force,  
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,  
Into the school where the scholar is studying;  
Leave not the bridegroom quiet--no happiness must he have now with his  
bride,  
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field, or gathering in his  
grain,  
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums--so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!  
Over the traffic of cities--over the rumble of wheels in the streets;  
Are beds prepared for the sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must  
sleep in those beds,  
No bargainers' bargains by day--would they continue?  
Would the talkers be talking? Would the singer attempt to sing?  
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums--you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!  
Make no parley--stop for no expostulation,  
Mind not the timid--mind not the weeper or prayer,  
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,  
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,  
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,  
So strong you thump O terrible drums--so loud you bugles blow.

WALT WHITMAN

### III. *Reconciliation*

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,  
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,  
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly, softly, wash again  
And ever again this soiled world;  
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,  
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin--I draw near,  
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

WALT WHITMAN

### IV. *Dirge for Two Veterans*

The last sunbeam  
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,  
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking  
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,  
Up from the east the silvery round moon,

beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,  
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,  
And I hear the sound of coming ful-keyed bugles,  
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding  
As with voices and with tears.  
I hear the great drums pounding,  
And the small drums stead whirring,  
And every blow of the great convulsive drums  
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,  
In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,  
Two veterans, son and father, dropped together,  
And the double grave awaits them.

Now near blow the bugles,  
And the drums strike more convulsive,  
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,  
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,  
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined,  
'Tis some mother's large transparent face,  
In heaven brighter growing.

O strong dead-march you please me!  
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!  
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!  
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,  
And the bugles and the drums give you music,  
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,  
My heart gives you love.

WALT WHITMAN

- V. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one as of old . . . . . to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on.

JOHN BRIGHT

*Dona nobis pacem.* (Grant us peace.)

We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble!

The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones; for they are come, and have

devoured the land . . . and those that dwell therein . . . .  
The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved . . . .  
Is there no balm in Gilead?; is there no physician there? Why then is not the  
health of the daughter of my people recovered?

JEREMIAH 8: 15-22

VI. 'O man greatly beloved, fear not, peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be  
strong.' DANIEL 10:19

'The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former . . . and in this  
place will I give peace. HAGGAI 2:9

'Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war  
any more.

And none shall make them afraid, neither shall the sword go through their land.  
Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.  
Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven.  
Open to me the gates of righteousness, I will go into them.

Let all the nations be gathered together, and let the people be assembled; and let  
them hear, and say, it is the truth.

And it shall come, that I will gather all nations and tongues.

And they shall come and see my glory. And I will set a sign among them, and they  
shall declare my glory among the nations.

For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I will make, shall remain before  
me, so shall you r seed and your name remain for ever.'

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

(Adapted from Micah 4:3, Leviticus 26:6, Psalms 85:10, and 118:19,  
Isaiah 54:9, and 66:18-22, and Luke 2:14.)

*Dona nobis pacem.*

**Kansas State University Brass Ensemble**

***Trumpet:*** Scott Brown, John Kohrs, Derek Hughes

***Horn:*** Crystal Lee, Julie Peterson

***Trombone:*** Jordan Northern, Rich Kimball

***Tuba:*** Shayne Coates

*Flint Hills Masterworks Chorale Personnel*

Sopranos

Melissa Boutz  
Kathy Coleman  
Leia Edwards  
Trudy Fryer  
Juli Griffith  
Gretchen Lewis  
Marilyn Masterson  
Karen Meek  
Sharon Morcos  
Doris Nelmes  
Becky Newman  
Doris Phillips  
Kathy Pittman  
Martha Seaton  
Susanne Siepl-Coates  
Rebekah Wenger  
Jennifer Wilson

Tenors

Margaret Carlisle  
Lewis Cocke  
Larry Davis  
Rod Howell  
Dick Seaton  
Bob Swenson

Altos

Cathy Bitikofer  
Barbara Blair  
Jody Brown  
Marilyn Bunyan  
Enid Cocke  
Pamela Davis  
Jennifer Edwards  
Melissa Galitzer  
Marcia McFarland  
Janet McGillivary  
Elfrieda Nafziger  
Rosie Pettle  
Penny Senften

Basses

Frank Baker  
Bill Bunyan  
Bob Clark  
Roger Lemmons  
Jim Lewis  
David Ludwig  
John Schlender  
Scott Schlender  
Frank Sidorfsky

*It's a pleasure to be conducting the Masterworks Chorale. This chorale has been an active and productive group for many years due to faithful, talented members, dedicated leaders, and our sponsor, Manhattan Christian College. We invite you to become a member. - Dr. Reginald Pittman*

Interested in singing in the Flint Hills Masterworks Chorale?  
Contact Mary Ann Littrell at 539-3571 or <[mlittrel@mccks.edu](mailto:mlittrel@mccks.edu)>.  
[www.mccks.edu/academics/masterworks.html](http://www.mccks.edu/academics/masterworks.html).