Come, With Healing In Thy Wings

THE CARTHAGE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL
FEATURING THE MAJESTIC SOUNDS OF THE FRITSCH MEMORIAL ORGAN

DECEMBER 11-13, 2020
GATHERING MUSIC

Trumpet Tune
Nicholas Renkosik, Fritsch Memorial Organ
Nicholas Bowden
(b. 1966)

A Little Prayer
Concert Band
Evelynn Glennie
(b. 1965)
arr. Luc Vertommen

Vom Himmel hoch, da komm' ich her (From Heaven Above to Earth I Come)
Ryan Boren, Fritsch Memorial Organ
Johann Pachelbel
(1653 – 1706)

The Isabelle and William Wittig Nativity Star adorns the nave of the A. F Siebert Chapel.

COME, WITH HEALING IN THY WINGS

President’s Welcome
John Swallow

This Little Babe
Carthage Treble Choir
Text: Robert Southwell (c. 1561-1595)
Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

This little Babe so few days old
is come to rifle Satan’s fold;
alhell doth at his presence quake
though he himself for cold do shake;
for in this weak unarmed wise
the gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the field,
his naked breast stands for a shield;
his battering shot are babish cries,
his arrows looks of weeping eyes,
his martial ensigns Cold and Need
and feeble Flesh his warrior’s steed.

His camp is pitchèd in a stall,
his bulwark but a broken wall;
the crib his trench, haystacks his stakes;
of shepherds he his muster makes;
and thus, as sure his foe to wound,
the angels’ trump alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in fight,
stick to the tents that he hath pight.
Within his crib is surest ward,
this little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
then flit not from this heavenly Boy.
Thunder rumbles in the mountain passes
And lightning rattles the eaves of our houses.
Flood waters await us in our avenues.
Snow falls upon snow, falls upon snow to avalanche
Over unprotected villages.
The sky slips low and grey and threatening.
We question ourselves.
What have we done to so affront nature?
We worry God.
Are you there? Are you there really?
Does the covenant you made with us still hold?
Into this climate of fear and apprehension,
Christmas enters,
Streaming lights of joy, ringing bells of hope
And singing carols of forgiveness high up in the bright air.
The world is encouraged to come away from rancor,
Come the way of friendship.
It is the Glad Season.
Thunder ebbs to silence and lightning sleeps quietly in the corner.
Flood waters recede into memory.
Snow becomes a yielding cushion to aid us as we make our way to higher ground.
Hope is born again in the faces of children
It rides on the shoulders of our aged as they walk into their sunsets.
Hope spreads around the earth. Brightening all things,
Even hate which crouches breeding in dark corridors.
In our joy, we think we hear a whisper.
At first it is too soft. Then only half heard.
We listen carefully as it gathers strength.
We hear a sweetness.
The word is Peace.
It is loud now. It is louder.
Louder than the explosion of bombs.
We tremble at the sound. We are thrilled by its presence.
It is what we have hungered for.
Not just the absence of war. But, true Peace.

A harmony of spirit, a comfort of courtesies.
Security for our beloveds and their beloveds.
We clap hands and welcome the Peace of Christmas.
We beckon this good season to wait a while with us.
We, Baptist and Buddhist, Methodist and Muslim, say come.
Peace.
Come and fill us and our world with your majesty.
We, the Jew and the Jainist, the Catholic and the Confucian,
Implore you, to stay a while with us.
So we may learn by your shimmering light
How to look beyond complexion and see community.
It is Christmas time, a halting of hate time.
On this platform of peace, we can create a language
To translate ourselves to ourselves and to each other.
At this Holy Instant, we celebrate the Birth of Jesus Christ
Into the great religions of the world.
We jubilate the precious advent of trust.
We shout with glorious tongues at the coming of hope.
All the earth’s tribes loosen their voices
To celebrate the promise of Peace.
We, Angels and Mortal’s, Believers and Non-Believers,
Look heavenward and speak the word aloud.
Peace. We look at our world and speak the word aloud.
Peace. We look at each other, then into ourselves
And we say without shyness or apology or hesitation.
Peace, My Brother.
Peace, My Sister.
Peace, My Soul.
Peace.
O nata lux (O Born Light)
*Carthage Choir*
Text: Traditional liturgical text

Guy Forbes
(b. 1957)

O nata lux de lumine,
Jesu redemptory saeculi,
dignare Clemens supplicum
laudes preces que sumere.
Qui carne quondam contegi
dignatus es pro perditis,
nos membra confer effici,
tui beati corporis.

O born light of light,
Jesus, redeemer of the world,
mercifully deem worthy and accept
the praises and payers of your
supplicants.
Thou who once deigned to be clothed in
flesh
for the sake of the lost ones,
grant us to be made members
of your holy body.

Spirited Light
*Carthage Choir*
Text: from Antiphon for the Angels by Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)
Translated by Barbara Newman

Jake Runestad
(b. 1986)

Spirited light! On the edge
of the Presence your yearning
burns in the secret darkness,
Perversity could not touch your
beauty;
you are essential joy.
But lost your companion,
angel of the crooked wings.

O angels, insatiably
into God’s gaze.
He sought the summit,
shot down the depths of God,
and plummeted past Adam –
that a mud-bound spirit
might soar.

See What His Love Can Do (from Ich bin ein guter Hirt BWV 85)
*Wind Orchestra*

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)
arr. Percy Grainger
realization Barry Ould

J. S. Bach’s Cantata for Divine Mercy Sunday includes a beautiful aria for tenor, describing Jesus’
love and care for his flock, imploring followers to “See What His Love Can Do”. Our setting by
Percy Grainger assigns the solo line primarily to the horns.
Of the Father’s Love Begotten

**Lincoln Chamber Singers**
Text: Traditional Plainsong Chant

Of the Father’s love begotten,  
‘Ere the world began to be,  
He is Alpha and Omega  
He the source the ending He.  
Of the things that are, that have been,  
And that future years shall see,  
Ever more and ever more. Amen

King Jesus Hath a Garden

**Lincoln Chamber Singers**
Text: Traditional Carol

King Jesus hath a garden filled with diverse flowers.  
Where I go culling posies gay all times and hours  
There naught is heard but paradise bird,  
Harp dulcimer, lute with cymbal,  
Trumpet timble and the tender soothing flute.  
with cymbal, trumpet timble and the tender soothing flute.

The lily white in blossom there is chastity.  
The violet with sweet perfume, Humility.

There naught is heard but paradise bird,  
Harp dulcimer, lute with cymbal,  
Trumpet timble and the tender soothing flute.  
with cymbal, trumpet timble and the tender soothing flute.

The bonny Damask rose is known as Patience.  
The blithe and thrifty Marigold, Obedience.

There naught is heard but paradise bird,  
Harp dulcimer, lute with cymbal,  
Trumpet timble and the tender soothing flute.  
with cymbal, trumpet timble and the tender soothing flute.

Yet ‘mid the brave, the bravest price of all may claim.  
The star of Bethlehem Jesus, blessed be his name.

The Crown Imperial bloometh too, in yonder place.  
‘Tis Charity of stock divine, the flower of grace.

There naught is heard but paradise bird,  
Harp dulcimer, lute with cymbal,  
Trumpet timble and the tender soothing flute.  
with cymbal, trumpet timble and the tender soothing flute.

Ah Jesu Lord my heal and weal my bliss complete.  
Make thou my heart thy garden plot fair, trim, and neat.
Come and Heal Our Hurting World

Text: Gregory Berg (b. 1960)

Come and heal our hurting world
Come thou long awaited one
Come and heal our hurting world

Come and heal our anguish, come relieve that pain.
Come restore the broken, help us learn to dance again.

Come and heal our selfishness, show us how to give.
Give us open-heartedness, show us how to love and live.

Angels We Have Heard On High

Text: Traditional French carol transcribed by James Chadwick (1813 – 1882)

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply,
Echoing their joyous strains.
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be which inspire your heavenly song?
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
Come to Bethlehem and see the King whose birth the angels sing;
Come and adore on bended knee the Christ! the Lord! The newborn King!
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
Jesus, Jesus, oh! What a wonderful child!
Jesus, Jesus, so holy, meek and mild.
New life, new hope, to all he brings.
Listen to the angels sing
“Glory, glory, glory to the newborn king!”

He was heralded by the angels, yes, born in a lowly manger.
God chose the virgin Mary as his mother,
And Joseph as his earthly father.
Three wise men travelin’ from afar,
They were guided by that shining star,
To see King Jesus where He lay in a manger full of hay.

Jesus, Jesus, oh what a wonderful child!
Jesus, Jesus, so holy, meek and mild.
New life, new hope, to all he brings.
Listen to the angels sing
“Glory, glory, glory to the newborn king!”

Ave Maris Stella (Hail, Star of the Sea)
Carthage Treble Choir

Ave, maris stella, Dei Mater alma, atque semper Virgo, felix porta.
Sumens illud Ave Gabriellis ore, funda nos in pace, mutans Hevae nomen.

Solve vincla reis, profer lumen caecis, mala nostra pelle, bona cunct posce.
Monstra te esse matrem, sumat per te preces,
qui pro nobis natus tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis, inter omnes mitis, nos culpis solutos, mites fac et castros.
Vitam praesta puram, iter para tutum, ut videntes Jesum, semper collaetemur.

Sit laus Deo Patri, summon Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto, Tribus honor unus.
Ave maris stella. Amen.
Reading—Luke 2
In those days a decree went out from Emperor Augustus that all the world should be registered, and all went to their own towns to be registered. Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear. But the angel said to them, “Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you; You will find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly hosts praising God and saying, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and goodwill to all people.”

Go Tell It On the Mountain
Carthage Choir
Text: Traditional African American Spiritual

African American Spiritual
arr. Kurt Knecht

Go, tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere. Go, tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born.

Won’t you go and tell! Go, tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere. Go, tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born.

While shepherds kept their watching over silent flocks by night, behold throughout the heavens, there shone a holy light.

Go, tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere. Go, tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born.

The shepherds feared and trembled when lo! above the earth rang out the angel chorus that hailed our Saviour’s birth.

Won’t you go and tell! Go, tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere. Go, tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born. Go tell it! Go tell it!

Down in a lowly manger our humble Christ was born, and God sent us salvation, that blessed Christmas morn.

Go, tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere. Go, tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born.
In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. In him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness; and the darkness did not overcome it. And the Word became flesh and lived among us, and we have seen his glory, the glory as of a father’s only son, full of grace and truth.

The Procession of Light

The Prayer

Rev. Kara Baylor
The Candle Lighting Carol
Silent Night, Holy Night

1. Silent night, holy night! All is calm, all is bright.
   round yon virgin mother and child.

2. Silent night, holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight;
   glories stream from heaven afar,

3. Silent night, holy night! Son of God, love's pure light,
   radiant beams from thy holy face,

Holy infant so tender and mild, sleep in heavenly hosts sing, alleluia!
with the dawn of redeeming grace, Christ, our Savior is born.
peace, sleep in heavenly peace.
birth, Christ our Savior is born!

The Blessing
Rev. Kara Baylor
The Sending Carol
O Come, All Ye Faithful

ADESTE FIDELES

Postlude
Allegro (from Organ Concerto in F major, op. 4, no. 4)  
George Frideric Handel  
(1685 – 1759)
PARTICIPANTS

**Festival Director**
Peter Dennee

**Festival Virtual Video Producer**
Dimitri Shapovalov

**Festival Logistics**
Tianna Conway

**Campus Pastor**
Rev. Kara Baylor

**Sound and Lighting**
Go Audio
Brian Ingwell
Aaron Zimmerman

**Video Production**
Dom Kegel Media
Joey Papa

**Chapel Design**
Kim Instenes

**Readers**
Rogelio Castro
de Dea Clark
Zoe Gatz
Justice Good
Sarah Gorke
Ashley Hanson
Martin McClendon
Corinne Ness
Brandon Porter
Patty Rieman
Roger Moreano
Dominique Pritchett
London Roysden
Andrea Ng’weshemi

**Acolytes**
Elizabeth Henry
Audrey Marshall
Ayden Wertz

**Cantors**
Jaime First
Lucy Smith
Elizabeth Weiland

**Organists**
Ryan Boren
Nicholas Renkosik

**Ensemble Personnel**

**Carthage Choir**
Eduardo García-Novelli, conductor
Gregory Berg, accompanist
Faith Albright
Franco Basili
Adam Blackwood
Elise Brevik
Nicky Caldwell
Hannah Czaplicki
Brian Dean
Mitchell Dziewior
Isabelle Esquivel
Jamie First
Gabriel Fulk
Zoe Gatz
Jessica Golinski
Christopher Glade
Lauren Hammes
Loretta Hanson-Cook
Chloe Hilby
Sarah Jenkins
Norris Jones
Jordan Keller
Nathan Koehler
Savannah Kroeger
Kristina Lambert
Brennan Marzella
Trevor McDonald
Jack Myers
Nathan Myers
Katiann Nelson
Lydia Ochoa
Matthew Pakkебier
Angel Palladini
Sam Pardo
Caitlin Preuss
London Roysden
Bennett Shebesta
Connor Smith
Lucy Smith
David Stoffle
Nathan Takahashi
Bryan Tamayo
Morgan Taylor
Timothy Wagner
Matthew Wrbanez
Benjamin Young
Emily Zank

Morgan Taylor
Timothy Wagner

**Carthage Treble Choir**
Peter Dennee, conductor
Melissa Cardamone, accompanist
Sydney Anderson
Erin Benson
Nicole Biba
Destanee Brantley
Taylor Bulanek
Jessica Childress
Megan Christian
Abigail Ciesielczyk
Alecia Corey
Rebecca Culley
Tajaniah Drone
Emma Eckes
AK Engleson
Brianna Fowler
Heather Hellquist
Elizabeth Henry
Pearl Hosman
Emily Imig
Alyssa Kline
Tabitha Mani-Eapen
Emma Meyer
Katherine Moody
Elli Moore
Kiera Notz
Rebecca Robertson
Nia Robinson
Marielle Shiring
June Sichak
Alyssa Thomas
Mary Travis
Annie Uk
Mia Ward
Teagan Wilkins
Kristier Wolf
Emily Jean Zerger

**Bassoon**
Emma Azinger
Bryan Weiss

**Saxophone**
Alexandrea Bawek
James Chaudoir
Sophia Larsen
Joseph Mihevc
Julia Owens

**Horn**
Meg Larson
Lena Welch

**Trumpet**
Colin Conway
Michael Freeman
Caroline Lily

**Trombone**
Sam Hoopingarner
Timothy Wagner
Taylor Zorn

**Euphonium**
Eric Benson*

**Tuba**
Ethan Kozlowski*
Cayla Pazen

**Percussion**
Aaron Paulsen
Lily Peterson
Christian Plonski
Hailey Williams

**Lincoln Chamber Singers**
Gregory Berg, conductor
Faith Albright
Darrian Boyd
Elise Brevik
Mitchell Dziewior
Isabelle Esquivel
Gabriel Fulk
Sarah Jenkins
Norris Jones
Madeline Lambert
Audrey Marshall
Trevor McDonald
Jack Myers
London Roysden
Katrina Seabright
Bennett Shebesta
Nathan Takahashi

Morgan Taylor
Timothy Wagner

**Wind Orchestra**
James Ripley, conductor

**Flute/Piccolo**
Gabrielle Garnowski
Bailey Schneyer

**Oboe/English Horn**
Amber Ward
Hannah Wong

**Clarinet/Bass Clarinet**
Emma Hardwick
Ley Klawonn
Katiann Nelson
Maile Riedel
Sophie Shulman
Maev Thomas
Zachary Ward

**Bassoon**
Emma Azinger
Bryan Weiss

**Saxophone**
Alexandrea Bawek
James Chaudoir
Sophia Larsen
Joseph Mihevc
Julia Owens

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Meg Larson
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**Euphonium**
Eric Benson*

**Tuba**
Ethan Kozlowski*
Cayla Pazen

**Percussion**
Aaron Paulsen
Lily Peterson
Christian Plonski
Hailey Williams

**Carthage Philharmonic**
E. Edward Kawakami, conductor

**Violin 1**
Lee Fulkerson
Azniv Khaligian*
Sophia Tajnai

**Violin 2**
Ashlynne Edwards*
Edelmar Morales-Rivera
Matthew Pakkебier

**Viola**
Megan Baumestein
Elena Cordoba
Molly Fraser
Samuel Gomberg
Meghan Keiffer-Zagar
Jacob Mayer
Bailey Wellen
Genevieve Zauhar*
Cello
Emily Carr
Brian Dean
William Dowell*
Grace Hill
Davison Krajcik
Halla Swindle
Rheanna Weaver

Bass
McKenzie Wallace*
[*denotes section leader]

Concert Band
James Ripley, conductor

Flute
Milo Allen
Gabriela Booth
Emma Eckes

Clarinet
Audrey Bakanowicz
Natalie Cambone
Tajaniah Drone
Rosemary Ehle
Jack Massari
Abby Vidruk

Saxophone
Jared Bauer
Karlee De Jesus
Alec DiGirolamo
Luke Eidsor
Olivia Luetterman

Horn
Courtney Boeder
Jonathan Landeweere
Stewart Lily
Audrey Marshall
Samuel Williams

Trumpet
Miles Chubin
Vinny David
Jarod Thompson
Guillermo Trujillo

Euphonium
Lucas Schneider

Tuba
Drake DeBoer
Michael Flesher
Emily Frost
John Lew
Tylor Pederson

Percussion
Adam Blackwood
Grace LaBriola
Henry Meyer
William Schuster
Noah Wilson

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