

Trio of Friends Concert

Michele Byrd, Soprano

Brice Gerlach, Piano

Three Classical pieces:

From *Stabat Mater*

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Cujus animam gementem

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

Vidit suum dulcem natum moriendo desolatum dum emisit spiritum
She saw her sweet child die desolate, as he gave up His spirit.

Cujus animam gementem, contristatam et dolentem pertransivit gladius.

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing, all His bitter anguish bearing, now at length the sword
has passed.

From *Messiah*

Come Unto Him

George Friderich Handel
(1685-1759)

Come unto him, all ye that labour, that are heavy laden, and he will give you rest. Take his
yoke upon you and learn of him; for he is meek and lowly of heart and ye shall find rest unto
your souls.

Two Sacred Songs:

Make Me a Channel of Your Peace

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997)
arr. Mark Hayes (b. 1953)

Make me a channel of your peace. Where there is hatred, let me bring your love, Where there
is injury, your pardon, Lord, And where there's doubt, true faith in You. Where there's despair
in life, let me bring hope, Where there is darkness, only light, and where there's sadness, ever
joy. Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek so much to be consoled as to console, To be
understood as to understand, To be loved, as to love, with all my soul. It is in pardoning that
we are pardoned, in giving of ourselves that we receive, And in dying that we're born to
eternal life.

How Great Thou Art

arr. Dan Forrest
(b. 1978)

O Lord my God! How great Thou art! O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder consider all
the worlds Thy hands have made! I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, Thy power
throughout the universe displayed. Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee, How great
Thou art! When through the woods and forest glades I wander and hear the birds sing sweetly

in the trees; when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze. And when I think that God, His Son not sparing, Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in; that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing, he bled and died, to take my sin. When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in humble adoration, and there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

A “Seasonal” Medley for Halloween:

Seasonal Medley	arr. Brice Gerlach (b. 1965)
Old Devil Moon	Burton Lane (1912-1997)
Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered	Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)
Fly Me to the Moon	Bart Howard (1915-2004)

I look at you and suddenly, something in your eyes I see soon begins bewitching me. It's that Old Devil Moon that you stole from the skies. It's that Old Devil Moon in your eyes. You and your glance makes this romance too hot to handle. Stars in the night blazing their light can't hold a candle to your razzle dazzle. You've got me flying high and wide on a magic carpet ride full of butterflies inside. Wanna cray, wanna croon, wanna laugh like a loon. It's that Old Devil Moon in your eyes. Just when I think I'm free as a dove Old Devil Moon, deep in your eyes blinds me with love.

I'm wild again! Beguiled again! A simpering, whimpering child again. Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I. I couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep until I could sleep where I shouldn't sleep. Lost my heart, but what of it? My mistake, I agree. He's a laugh, but I love it because the laugh's on me. A pill he is, but still his is all mine and I'll keep him until he is bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars; let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars. In other words, hold my hand! In other words, darling kiss me! Fill my heart with song and let me sing forevermore; you are all I long for, all I worship and adore. In other words, please be true! In other words, I love you!

Dedicated to Dr. James B. Cochran

We Shall Behold Him	Dottie Rambo (1934-2008)
---------------------	-----------------------------

The sky shall unfold, preparing His entrance; the stars shall applaud Him with thunders of praise. The sweet light in His eyes shall enhance those awaiting, and we shall behold Him then face to face in all of His glory, our Savior and Lord. The angels shall sound the shout of His coming, the sleeping shall rise from their slumbering place. And those who remain shall be changed in a moment, and we shall behold Him then face to face.