
For the Beauty of the Earth .................................................................. John Rutter (b. 1945)

Deepest Heart .................................................................................. David N. Childs (b. 1969)
Lexi Retz, and Sarah Braverman, Natalie Henriksen, Andrea Nitz, Grace Pistek, Kimberley Strobel,
Johanna Vander Wilt, and Hannah Witte, graduating seniors

The Music of Being ........................................................................... René Clausen (b. 1953)

I stood here in my dark dreams ................................................ Clara Wieck Schumann (1819-1896)
arr. James McCullough

El Vito, Traditional Spanish Folksong .............................................. arr. Joni Jensen
Grace Pistek, soprano

Blessing .................................................................................. Katie Moran Bart (b. 1956)
# 2021 St. Elizabeth Chorale Personnel

## Soprano I
- Abby Adams, Chariton, Iowa
- Tessa Burger, Oregon, Illinois
- Sarah Braverman, Windsor Heights, Iowa
- Brianna Carroll, Decorah, Iowa
- Audrey Casterson, Lakeville, Minnesota
- Peyton Emgarten, Casey, Iowa
- Audrey Guyer, Wilton, Iowa
- Tori Hofer, Illinois City, Illinois
- Elizabeth Koehler, Bettendorf, Iowa
- Mara Nguyen, Davenport, Iowa
- Andrea Nitz, Racine, Wisconsin
- Lexi Retz, Runnells, Iowa
- Audrey Revier, Wilton, Iowa
- Savanna Richardson, Waukee, Iowa
- Holly Rubin, Ottumwa, Iowa
- Amber Sweeney, Kaukauna, Wisconsin
- Allison Tomlinson, Kaukauna, Wisconsin
- Jenna Wiese, Owatonna, Minnesota
- Erin Wisecup, Ankeny, Iowa

## Soprano II
- Megan Abens, Humboldt, Iowa
- Annika Anderson, New Ulm, Minnesota
- Gianna Borer, Webster City, Iowa
- Marina Fredregill, West Des Moines, Iowa
- Jennifer Greve, Auburn, Iowa
- Meghan Hicks, Cedar Falls, Iowa
- Addy Kaune, Oelwein, Iowa
- Grace McCartan, Carroll, Iowa
- Kaitlyn Parks, St. Stephen, Minnesota
- Grace Pistek, Waterloo, Iowa
- Meghan Sheets, Owatonna, Minnesota
- Kimberley Strobel, Grand Mound, Iowa
- Abbey Strong, Lincoln, Nebraska
- Jenna Troutman, Grand Forks, North Dakota
- Lydia Weippert, Mankato, Minnesota
- Hanna Wolke, Carbondale, Illinois

## Alto I
- Josie Arganbright, Panora, Iowa
- Hailey Box, Humboldt, Iowa
- Marlee Boyle, Janesville, Wisconsin
- Addyson Clark, Cresco, Iowa
- Trista Foster, Jesup, Iowa
- Alyssa Hoey, Prairie City, Iowa
- Faith Howard, Dayton, Minnesota
- Elizabeth Inselmann, Creston, Iowa
- Amanda Johnson, Cedar Falls, Iowa
- Carlea Jones, Hampton, Iowa
- Alexis Klug, Madrid, Iowa
- Hayley McNealy, Lockport, Illinois
- Kelsey Ray, Davenport, Iowa
- Allison Smith, Greene, Iowa
- Cassidy Staudt, Eldora, Iowa
- Johanna Vander Wilt, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin
- Hannah Witte, Ankeny, Iowa

## Alto II
- Eva Brown, San Jose, California
- Hannah Dutcher, Ogden, Utah
- Payton Hass, Hickory Hills, Illinois
- Natalie Henriksen, Armstrong, Iowa
- Mary McDonough, Oelwein, Iowa
- Katarina Meadowcroft, Adel, Iowa
- Morgan Pruitt, Clarinda, Iowa
- Della Whittaker, Oshkosh, Wisconsin
- Alyssa Woodward, Amana, Iowa
Love Is Love Is Love Is Love

“This song is dedicated to the victims, and survivors, of hate crimes everywhere… Love is often the bravest thing we do. May love prevail.”

~ Abbie Betinis, composer and executive director, Justice Choir

For the Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise.

~ Folliott S. Pierpoint (1835–1917), poet

Deepest Heart

Morning dawns, the moment of wonder, the threshold of darkness and light.
The cardinals, the robins ask to live.
God gives them breath and opens their eyes.
The birds begin to dance and sing.

When Gabriel told Mary of God’s plan,
she was filled with doubt and fear.
The angel assured her, “So it will be.”
She listened to her deepest heart.
“Here I am, the servant of the Lord.”
“Here we are!”

Help us to see the sacred place in every heart,
where God’s truth and glory meets our despair,
where the angels say, “Do not be afraid.”
where God has planted the seed of love.

God calls us to open our eyes, to see the Divine in ourselves and each other,
to welcome the stranger, and say “Yes” to the outcast.

May the loneliness and the darkness of this life vanish in love’s healing light.
Let us dance and sing with the first birds of morning.

God is with us, God of love.
God, our hope, and God our light.

~ David Bengtson, poet
The Music of Being

Are we all, each of us a melody of unique design?
Are we not strains and strands of a multicolored tapestry?

Woven together in elegant colors, and beautiful phrases.

In soaring descants that vibrate and dissolve through the dissonance of living.

We find consonance in our unity; Beauty in diversity; Resonance in our song.

We move and meld through duets and trios of contrasting patterns, no two alike.

Yet the music, the music of humanity calls to us, fresh and beckoning.

The music of living, the music of being, the music of becoming asks us to believe in hope.

Hope to discover the oneness of humankind.

To create the spirit of joy to sing the harmony of faith, to have joy, to have faith.

Chanting the melodies of concord, and the wisdom of patience.

We sing our song through the rhythms of life.

Come, hear the melody; Come, feel the harmony; Come, and sing with us.

~ René Clausen, composer and poet

I stood here in my dark dreams

I stood here in my dark dreams, and gazed at your picture there, and your beloved face showed life that renewed with each stare.

Around your lips there blossomed a smile with wondrous light;

and from your eyes hot teardrops, flowed freely throughout the night.

And then, my tears ran ceaseless, still flowing down to my cheek:

and, oh, I cannot believe that I will not hear you speak.

~ Christian Johann Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), poet

El Vito

With the vito, vito, vito, with the vito, vito, it goes. I don’t want them to look at me for I blush.

Single ladies are of gold, married ladies are of silver. The widows are of copper and the old ones are of tin.

With the vito, vito, vito, with the vito, vito, it goes. Don’t look straight at my face for I blush. I don’t want you to look at me for I’m going to fall in love.

A Malaguean lady went to Sevilla to see the bulls. And in the middle of the way the Moors captured her.

Single ladies are of gold, married ladies are of silver. The widows are of copper and the old ones are of tin.

With the vito, vito, vito, with the vito, vito, it goes. I don’t want them to look at me for I blush. With the vito, vito, vito, with the vito, vito, it goes.

~ anonymous; refers to St. Vitus, patron of dancers

Blessing

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
And the rains fall soft upon your fields.

Until we meet again, my friend,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

~ Traditional Irish Poem, anonymous