

Andrew Nethsingha

Director of Music – St. John’s College Choir, Cambridge

Our Lenten concert is all the more special this year by the choir’s fourth residency with Andrew Nethsingha, Director of Music of the Choir of St. John’s College, Cambridge. Andrew is truly one of the most skilled and inspiring choir trainers in the world today.



Mr. Nethsingha began as a chorister at Exeter Cathedral where he sang for his father, Lucian Nethsingha. He later studied at the Royal College of Music where he won seven prizes, and at St. John’s College, Cambridge. He held *Organ Scholarships* under Christopher Robinson at St. George’s Chapel - Windsor Castle, and George Guest at St. John’s College, Cambridge. He next took up the position of *Assistant Organist* at Wells Cathedral where our Director of Music, Scott Bosscher, sang daily in the choir for Andrew for three years. Mr. Nethsingha was subsequently *Director of Music* at Truro and Gloucester Cathedrals, and *Artistic Director* of the Gloucester Three Choirs Festival. He has been the *Music Director* at St. John’s since 2007.

Recent venues where Mr. Nethsingha has inspired both musicians & audiences alike include the Royal Albert Hall & Royal Festival Hall London, Konzerthaus Berlin, Müpa Budapest, Royal Concertgebouw Holland, Singapore Esplanade, Birmingham Symphony Hall and Hong Kong City Hall. We are blessed in west Michigan by Andrew including us in his music making itinery!



The Choir of St. John’s College, Cambridge

Andrew Nethsingha’s 2019 Grand Rapids residency has been graciously underwritten by Douglas & Barbara Kindschi

Welcome to the Second Half of the 29th Season of the



Grand Rapids Choir of Men & Boys

**“Faith is the bird that feels the light
and sings when the dawn is still dark.”**

(R. Tagore)

Read that quote again and drink it in. Our choir loves this thought and believes deeply in the difference it can make in how we live our lives. If you have experienced programs presented by the Grand Rapids Choir of Men & Boys in recent years, you know that the continuing purpose of the choir is to be a **“songbird of faith”** in our West Michigan community. The Grand Rapids Choir of Men & Boys sings its **“faith song”** to help all who hear it find hope, comfort, joy and purpose in their lives.

Malcolm Guite, our choir’s ‘adopted poet’ recently reflected on the four Gospels: “From the first moment that He proclaims the Kingdom of God, Jesus appeals to our imagination. He makes that appeal through the parables of the kingdom, the paradoxes of the Gospels, the enigmatic and beautiful signs he gave in His miracles and in those moments when the heavens open and the ordinary is transfigured.

In the gift of faith, and in Christ himself, we glimpse more than we can yet understand as our imagination apprehends more than our reason comprehends. This is not to say that the Gospels are in any way “imaginary” in the dismissive sense of “unreal” or “untrue.” **On the contrary, the Gospels are so real and so true that we need every faculty of mind and body, including imagination, to attempt to comprehend them.**

In our current age of linear, one-level readings of the word and the world, we need to recover confidence in the *baptised imagination* as a *truth-bearing faculty*. We must make the case for a faith that is *imaginatively grasped* and *imaginatively proclaimed* in order to thus consider Christ’s appeal to the poetic, the moral, and the prophetic imagination. Tonight’s music can help with this.” Guite

The Words & Music

Music summons undeserved abundance,
unlooked-for over-brimming, rich and strong;
The unexpected plenitude of sound becoming song.
Open the text again to every question:
Its lexicon of possibility, its origin and form and *Sitz im Leben*,
Its deep resistance and its clarity.
Untwist the thread of prejudice that binds you,
Pattern the fragments and reshape the shards,
Be lost in reading till the reading finds you,
Discern the Word that underpins the words.
Begin at the beginning, make an end of all your old evasions,
Make a start counting the countless stars, the grains of sand,
and find in them the fragments of your heart.
Open the text again, for it is true,
The Book you open always opens you. (Malcolm Guite)

So, thank you for coming tonight! Thank you again for claiming GRCMB as “*Your Choir*.” We will continue to work hard to live up to this honor and to fulfill your expectations.

Now, take a moment to quiet your heart and mind. Throughout tonight’s program, ponder Isaiah 58:9 “Then you will call, and the Lord will answer. You will cry and He will say, ‘Here I am.’”

Such is the nature of the God we serve and for whom we now sing.

Journey to the Cross Lenten & Easter Meditations



The Grand Rapids Choir of Men & Boys

Andrew Nethsingha – Guest Director

Dr. Kenneth Bos – Organ

Scott Bosscher – Director of Music

Jonathan Karnes & Glenn Jarrel – Trumpets

Joseph Schimmelmann - Saxophone



Cathedral of St. Andrew, Grand Rapids

Thursday, March 28 – 7 PM

Friday, March 29 – 7 PM



The Service Shall Begin Here

~ Words of Welcome ~

Tonight, our journey together towards Easter begins.

The last time we gathered, we began with the Christmas prayer: “Let us go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass.” Tonight, let us journey further down the road “to go even unto Golgotha.” There we will see that “in a daring and beautiful creative reversal, God takes the worst we can do to Him, and turns it into the very best He can do for us.”

Malcolm Guite

Tonight, we will start at the manger, make our way to the cross and then on to the empty tomb. Along the way we will come to also understand that the story of God’s work doesn’t stop with Christ’s resurrection. We must trust in what God is wanting to do with the ‘broken pieces’ of our own lives. We too, must rise up to new life in Christ, ready to do the work which lies before us, courageously asking ourselves: “If I could do anything for God and was not afraid, what do I feel God is calling me to do?”

Tonight’s journey begins now!

The work of Christmas

by Howard Thurman

When the song of the angels is stilled,
When the star in the sky is gone,
When the kings and princes are home,
When the shepherds are back with their flock,
The work of Christmas begins:

To find the lost,
To heal the broken,
To feed the hungry,
To release the prisoner,
To rebuild the nations,
To bring peace among people,
To make music in the heart.

~ Introit I: Jesus Is Born Like Us ~ The Huron Carol

Huron Indian language title: 'Jesus Ahathonhia'
Translation: 'Jesus, He is Born'

Words: Saint Jean de Brébeuf (1593 – 1649) Huron Indian Melody
Arranged: Joseph H. Jennings

'Twas in the moon of winter-time when all the birds had fled,
That mighty *Gitchi Manitou** sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim, and wandering hunter
heard the hymn: *Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, In excelsis gloria.*

Within a lodge of broken bark the tender Babe was found,
A ragged robe of rabbit skin enwrapp'd His beauty round;
But as the hunter braves drew nigh, the angel song rang
loud and high. *Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, In excelsis gloria.*

The earliest moon of wintertime is not so round and fair,
As was the ring of glory on that helpless infant there.
The chiefs from far before him knelt with gifts of fox and beaver pelt.
Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, In excelsis gloria.

O children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and heaven is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant Boy who brings you beauty,
peace and joy. *Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, In excelsis gloria.*



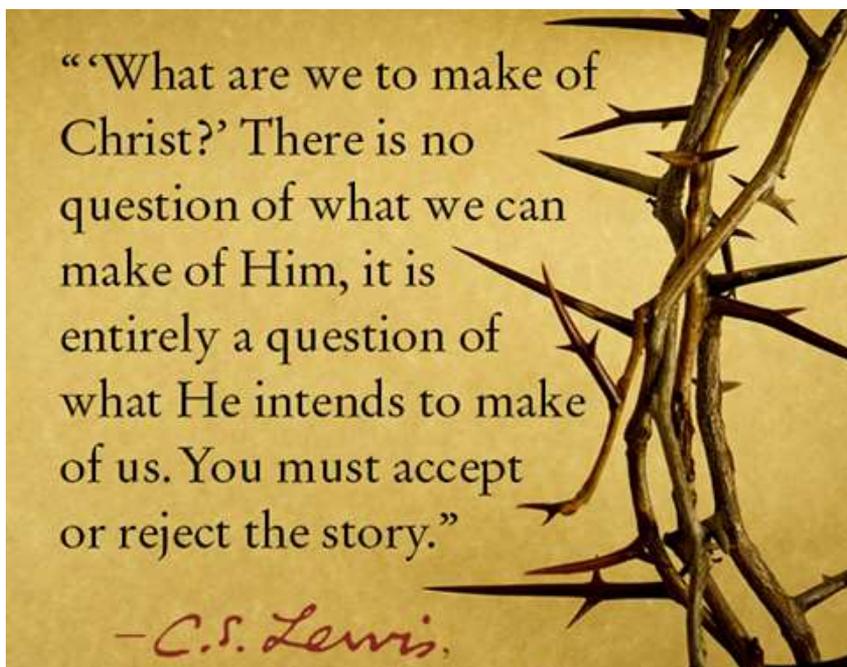
* Gitchi Manitou – “Great Spirit” Huron Indian name for “God the Father”

~ Introit II: Jesus Brings Eternal Life ~

I Am the Resurrection and the Life

Words: Book of Common Prayer 1549 William Croft (1678-1727)

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord.
He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.
And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.



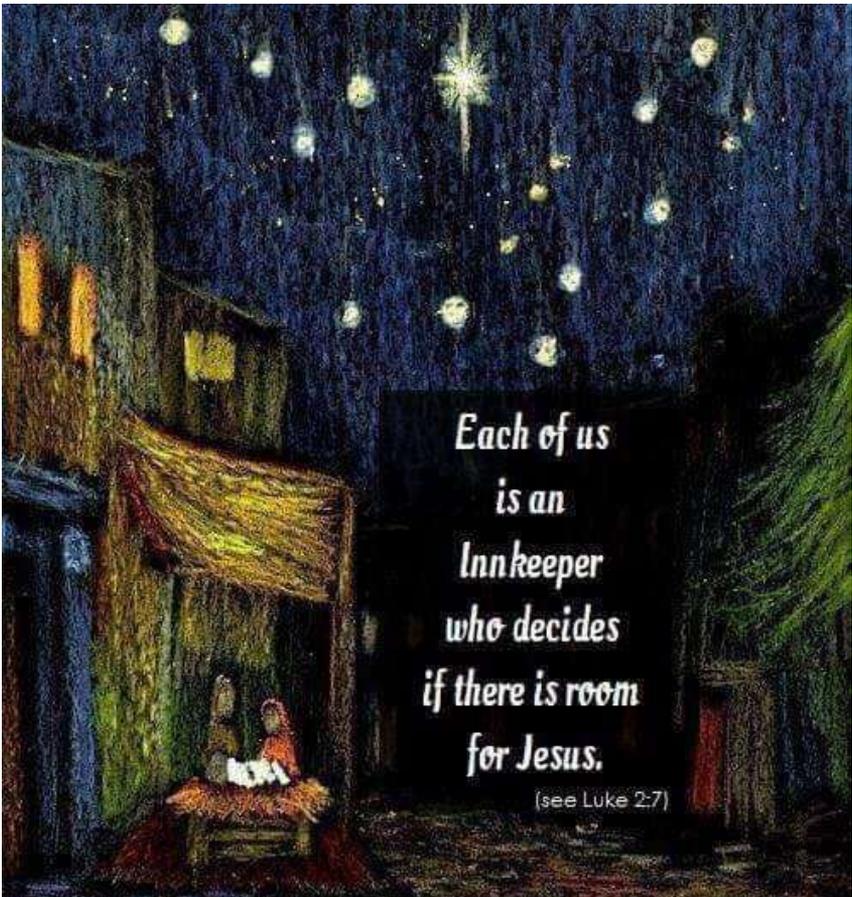
~ Part One: Seeking the Return of a Pure Heart~

When Solomon dedicated the Temple he rightly declared that not even the Heaven of Heavens could contain almighty God, much less this temple made with hands, and yet God himself still came into the temple. He came as a baby, the essence of all light and purity in human flesh, He came as a young boy full of questions, seeking to know His father’s will, and He came in righteous anger to clear away the greed-filled, self-serving excluding barriers that human leadership tries to throw up between God and the world He loves. Then finally, by His death on the cross, He took away the last barrier lodged both in the Temple and in our hearts. He tore down the veil that stood between us and the Holy of Holies, restoring the very presence of God in us and beyond us.

Cleansing the Temple

Malcolm Guite (b. 1957)

Come to Your Temple here with liberation
And overturn these tables of exchange.
Restore in me my lost imagination
Begin in me for good, the pure change.
Come as You came, an infant with your mother,
That innocence may cleanse and claim this ground.
Come as You came, a boy who sought his father
With questions asked and certain answers found.
Come as You came, a man in anger to cleanse the temple,
Unleash the lash that drives a pathway through.
Face down for me the fear, the shame, the danger,
Teach me again to whom my love is due.
Break down in me the barricades of death
And tear the veil in two with Your last breath.



Miserere

Words: Psalm 51

Gregorio Allegri (1582-1652)

(English Translation by Sir David Willcocks)

Choir: Have Mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness.

Plainsong: According to the multitude of Thy mercies,
do away mine offences.

Solo Verse: Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness;
and cleanse me from my sin.

Plainsong: Thou shalt purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean;
Thou shalt wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Choir: Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness;
that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

Plainsong: Turn Thy face from my sins; and put out all my misdeeds.

Solo Verse: Make me a clean heart, O God;
and renew a right spirit within me.

Plainsong: Thou shalt open my lips; O Lord;
and my mouth shall shew Thy praise.

Choir: For Thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it Thee;
but Thou delightest not in burnt offerings.

Plainsong: The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit;
a broken and contrite heart, O God,
shalt Thou not despise.

Solo Verse: O be favourable and gracious unto Sion;
build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Choir: Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness,
with burnt offerings and oblations.

All: Then shall they offer young bullocks upon Thine altar.



“Discern the Word that
underpins all words.
Open the text again,
for it is true,
this Book you open
always opens you.”

Malcolm Guite

It's hard to see through tears, but sometimes it's the only way to see. Tears can be the turning point, the springs of renewal; and to know you have been wept for is to know that you are loved. 'Jesus wept.' is the shortest, sharpest, and most moving sentence in all scripture.

I have a God who weeps for me, weeps with me, understands me to the depths and from the inside, the *rerum lachrymae*, the tears of things.



“Jesus wept.” John 11:35

Jesus Weeps

Malcolm Guite (b.1957)

Jesus comes near and He beholds the city
And looks on us with tears in His eyes.
Wells of mercy, streams of love and pity
Flow from the fountain whence all things arise.
He loved us into life and longs to gather
And meet with His beloved face to face.
How often has He called, a careful mother,
And wept for our refusals of His grace.
Wept for a world that, weary with its weeping,
Benumbed and stumbling, turns the other way.
Fatigued compassion is already sleeping
Whilst her worst nightmares stalk the light of day.
But we might waken yet, and face those fears,
If we could but see ourselves through Jesus' tears.

Drop, Drop, Slow Tears

Words: Phineus Fletcher (1582-1650) Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
Arr. David Blackwell (b. 1961)

Drop, drop, slow tears and bathe those beautiful feet,
Which brought from heaven the news and Prince of Peace:

Cease not, wet eyes, His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance sin doth never cease.

In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eyes see sin, but through my tears.



~ Part Two: The Journey to the Cross Begins ~

There is a Green Hill Far Away

Words: Cecil Alexander (1818-1895) Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)

There is a green hill far away, without a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell, what pains He had to bear,
but we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
that we might go at last to heaven, saved by His precious blood.

O dearly, dearly has He loved! And we must love Him too,
and trust in His redeeming blood, and try His works to do.

~ Part Three: Jesus, Standing Silent is Condemned to Death ~

Listening for God

R.S. Thomas (1913-2000)

It's not that He can't speak;
 who created languages but God?

Nor that He won't;
 to say that is to imply malice.

It is just that He doesn't,
 or does so at times when we are not listening,
 in ways we have yet to recognize as speech.



Love Stands Silent

Malcolm Guite (b. 1957)

The very air that Pilate breathes,
 the voice with which he speaks in judgment,
 all his powers of perception and discrimination, choice, decision,
 all his years, his days and hours, his consciousness of self,
 his every sense, are given him by this prisoner...freely given.
The man who stands there making no defense is God.
His hands are tied, His heart is open.
He bears Pilate's heart in His.
He lifts it up in silent love. He lifts and heals.
He gives Himself again with all His gifts into our hands.
As Pilate turns away a door swings open. This is judgment day.
Yet in the end, 'Love' will have its way.

This Is My Commandment

Words: Adapted from the Bible

James Whitbourn (b. 1963)

Jonathan Karnes - Trumpet

This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man that He laid down His life for His friends.



God So Loved the World

Words: John 3:16-17

Philip Stopford (b. 1977)

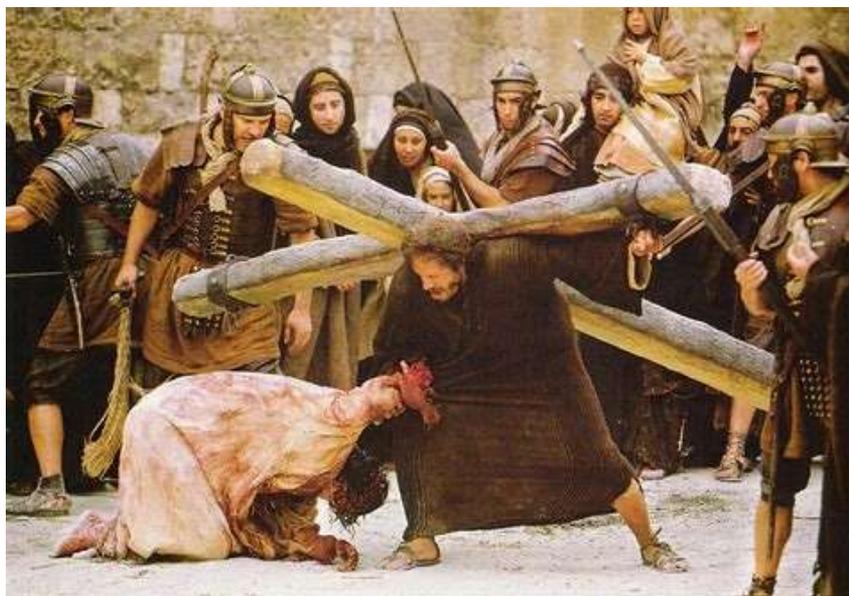
God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. Amen

~ Part Four: Christ Lays Down His Life So That We Might Belong to Him ~

~ Reading: Crucifixion ~

Malcolm Guite (b. 1957)

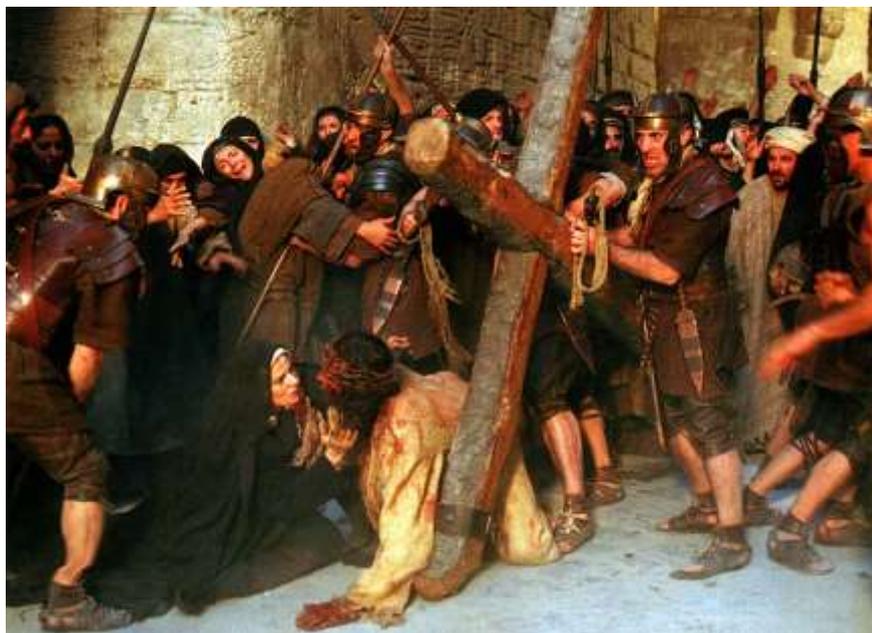
See, as they strip the robe from off His back
and spread His arms and nail them to the cross.
The dark nails pierce Him and the sky turns black,
and love is firmly fastened onto loss.
But here a pure change happens.
On this tree loss becomes gain, death opens into birth.
Here wounding heals and fastening makes free.
Earth breathes in heaven, heaven roots in earth.
And here we see the length, the breadth, the height
where love and hatred meet and love stays true,
where sin meets grace and darkness turns to light.
We see what love can bear and be and do.
Here our Saviour calls us to His side.
His love is free, His arms are open wide.



Salvator Mundi (from Requiem)

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

O Saviour of the world, who by Thy cross and Thy precious blood has redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord.



Lacrimosa (from Requiem)

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Lacrimosa dies ilia
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus,
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

Mournful that day
When from the dust shall rise
Guilty man to be judged.
Therefore spare him, O God.
Merciful Jesu,
Lord grant them rest.

An Adapted Passion Meditation (Part 1)

Francis Spufford (b. 1964)

He cannot do anything deliberate now. The strain of His whole weight on His outstretched arms hurts too much.

The pain fills Him up, displaces thought, as much for Him as for anyone else who dies in pain from any of the world's grim arsenal of possibilities.

And yet He goes on taking it in. It is not what He does, it is who He is. He is all open door: to sorrow, suffering, guilt, despair, horror, everything that cannot be escaped. He does not even try to escape it, He turns to meet it, and claims it all as His own.

“This is mine now,” He is saying; and He embraces it with all that is left in him, each dark act, each dripping memory, as if it were something precious, as if it were itself the loved child tottering homeward on the road.

But there is so much of it...so many injured children; so many locked rooms; so much lonely anger; so many jokes that go too far; so much vicious rhetoric and zeal; so much hurt-filled ingenuity; so much ruining greed; and so many lives stuck at roadblocks.

The world He claims, claims Him. It burns and stings, it splinters and gouges, it locks Him round and drags Him down.



In Tears of Grief (from St. Matthew Passion)

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

In tears of grief, at rest we leave Thee,
Hearts yearn for Thee, now in earth's quiet deep.
Rest Thou, softly, gently sleep, rest Thou softly, gently sleep.

Rest Thy body worn and weary, rest Thou softly, gently sleep,
From Thy grave shall love divine soothe the mourner,
Bring the weary to Thy keeping, where the soul for rest doth pine.
Rest Thou softly, gently sleep, where the soul for rest doth pine.
Savior mine, slumber on, dear Savior mine.

~ Part Five: Resurrection ~

An Adapted Passion Meditation (Part 2)

Francis Spufford (b. 1964)

All day long, the next day, the city is quiet. Families are indoors. The soldiers are back in barracks. The governor plays chess with his secretary and dictates letters. The free bread the temple distributed to the poor has gone stale by midday, but tastes all right dipped in water or broth.

Death has interrupted life only as much as it ever does. We die one at a time and disappear, but the life of the living continues. The earth turns. The sun makes its way towards the western horizon no slower or faster than it usually does.

Early Sunday morning, one of Jesus' friends and follower comes back with rags, a jug of water and a box of the grave spices that are supposed to cut down on the smell. She's braced for the task. But when she comes to the grave she finds that the linen's been thrown into the corner and the body is gone. She sits outside in the sun. The insects have woken up, here at the edge of the desert, and a bee is nosing about in a lily like silk thinly tucked over itself, but much more perishable. It won't last long.

She takes no notice of the feet that appear at the edge of her vision. That's enough now, she thinks. That's more than enough.

She is weeping. The One who was crucified helps her to stand up.

“Don't be afraid,” says Jesus. **“Far more can be mended than you know.”**



Greater Love

Words: Various Biblical Texts

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can the floods drown it. Love is strong as death.
Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his friends.
Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree,
That we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.
Ye are washed, ye are sanctified,
ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus.
Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation;
That ye should show forth the praises of Him
who hath call'd you out of darkness into His marvellous light.
I beseech you brethren, by the mercies of God,
that you present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy,
acceptable unto to God, which is your honorable service.



My Beloved Spake

Words: Song of Solomon 2:10-13

Patrick Hadley (1899-1973)

My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
the flowers appear on the earth;
the time of the singing of birds is come,
and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.
Arise my love, my fair one, and come away.



~ Offertory ~

“Aria for Alto Saxophone”

Eugène Bozza (1905-1991)

Joseph Schimmelmann – Alto Saxophone

Gwen Hendrikse – Piano

Supporting this Ministry of Music & Worship

It is by and through your prayerful and generous support that the ministry of the Grand Rapids Choir of Men & Boys remains strong and vibrant, and is, in fact, growing even stronger.

Very few communities (less than 20) in the entire United States are able to cultivate and maintain this ancient, otherworldly tradition of an *English Men & Boys' Choir*. It is not an easy thing to do in this day and age when so many other activities are pulling the time and attention of our youth. We feel so blessed to live and sing here in West Michigan. This coming fall of 2019, the Grand Rapids Choir of Men & Boys will begin it's 30th year serving here in west Michigan.

If at some point this evening your heart was warmed, your spirit was fed and mind became more awakened to God's moving in your life, then we have given back to you also, which is the reason behind all of the work we do. It takes a village...God delights in our coming together to tell His Story and to sing His praise!



For future concert information, please sign our email registry as the boys pass the books down each row. Then remember to always invite and bring friends with you to our next event!



Do you know a boy, a son, grandson, nephew
who loves to sing? Enquire about our
GRCMB Summer Music Camp. www.grcmb.org
Contact Director of Music - Scott Bosscher
to find out how they might become part of the Choir.

616.460.0598

scottbosscher@grcmb.org

“In My Father’s House” the anthem which follows, is being sung at every appearance of the choir this year. It is dedicated in loving memory of Andy Lee Larson (GRCMB Head Chorister 2014-18). We lost Andy in a car crash at the start of this choir season. Just as Andy’s life proclaimed his faith, may this anthem now stand as a testament to our faith and trust in God’s Word, and in the promise of our second birth to life eternal in heaven with Him.



“I go now to prepare a place for you.” John 14

For all of us who have experienced the loss of those held dearly and loved deeply, Poet Malcolm Guite has composed this sonnet.

“I Am the Resurrection and the Life”

Malcolm Guite (b. 1957)

We Question Christ:

How can You be the final resurrection?
That resurrection hasn’t happened yet.
Our broken world is still bent on destruction,
No sun can rise before that sun has set.
Our faith looks back to father Abraham
And toward to the ‘One who is to come’
How can You speak as though he knew Your name?
How can You say: ‘Before he was I am?’

Christ Responds to Our Questions:

Begin in Me and I will read your riddle
And teach you truths My Spirit will defend
I am the End who meets you in the middle,
The new Beginning hidden in the End.
I am the victory, the end of strife,
I am the resurrection and the life.

Andy, we love you and we miss you even more than our words and music can express.

Your Choir Family



**In Loving Memory of Andrew Lee Larson
(4.21.2004 ~ 8.15.2018)**

In My Father's House

Words: From John 14

Philip Stopford (b. 1977)

Refrain: In my Father's house are many dwellings,
And if I go to prepare a place for you,
I will come back again and take you to Myself,
So that where I am you also may be.

Do not let your hearts be troubled.
You have faith in God; have faith also in Me.
In my Father's house are many dwelling places.
If there were not, I would have told you.
I am going to prepare a place for you. (*Refrain*)

Where I am going, you know the way.
For I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life;
No one comes to the Father except through Me.
If you know Me, you also know my Father. (*Refrain*)

My Spirit will be with you always.
The Advocate, the Spirit of Truth will remind you of all I have said.
Peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you.
Do not let your hearts be troubled; Do not be afraid.
I have told you I will come back to you: have faith in Me. (*Refrain*)





John 14:1-3

“Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.”

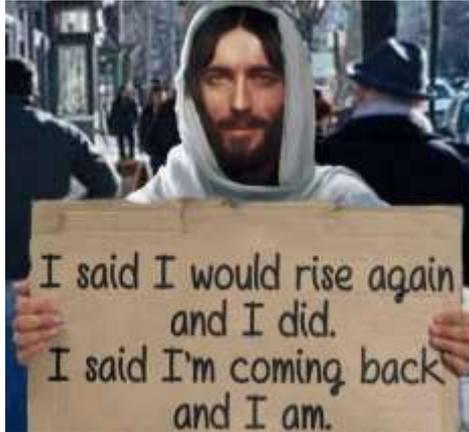
These words of Jesus were uttered not on some sunny morning when all was going well, but on the night Jesus was betrayed, the night before He died. At that poignant moment, Christ shared in His disciples’ pain, shares with all of us even now the sheer tragedy of our mortality. But even as He prepared them for the sorrow of His departing, He also instilled in them the hope of resurrection, the hope of heaven and for the homecoming which they could not yet see or understand.

Let Not Your Hearts Be Troubled

Malcolm Guite (b. 1957)

Always there comes this parting of the ways
The best is wrested from us, borne away,
No one is with us always, nothing stays,
Night swallows even the most perfect day.
Time makes a tragedy of human love,
We cleave forever to the one we choose
Only to find ‘forever’ in the grave.
We have just time enough to love and lose.

Christ, You know too well this trouble in our hearts
Your heart is troubled for us, feels it too,
You share with us in time that shears and parts
To draw us out of time and into You.
'I go that you might come to where I am'
Your word comes home to us and brings us home.
And remember, 'I am with you always, to the end of the age.'



Christ's final words fulfill His ancient name, actually linking back to and fulfilling the promise that was given in His naming, that He should be called 'Emmanuel', 'God With Us.' And that is the starting point of both this concluding sonnet and tonight's concert.

I Will Be With You

Malcolm Guite (b.1957)

A promise hidden in *Emmanuel*,
A promise that can never fade or fail:
I will be with you till the end of time;
I will be with you when you scale the height
And with you when you fall to earth again,
With you when you flourish in the light,
And with you through the shadow and the pain.
Our God with us, You leave and yet remain
Risen and hidden with us everywhere;
Hidden and flowing in the wine we share,
Broken and hidden in the growing grain.
Be with us till we know we are forgiven
Be with us here till we're with You in heaven.



Jesus Christ is Risen Today

Words: 14th Century

Easter Hymn Arr. Richard Webster

Glenn Jarrel & Jonathan Karnes - Trumpets

(Choir & Congregation)

**Jesus Christ is ris'n today, Alleluia!
our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
who did once upon the cross Alleluia!
suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!**

**Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!
unto Christ our heav'nly King, Alleluia!
who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!**

**But the pains which he endured, Alleluia!
our salvation have procured; Alleluia!
now above the sky he's King, Alleluia!
where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!**

**Sing we to our God above Alleluia!
praise eternal as his love; Alleluia!
praise him, all ye heav'nly host, Alleluia!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!**

~ Concluding Recessional ~

Finale from Triptych on "In Babilone"

Benjamin Culli (b. 1975)

Our GRCMB program booklets are designed for you to take home with you to read & ponder again the words of scripture, poetry and song. Or, please share our concert booklet with a friend.