

Trinity Choir and Guest Musicians

Kevin N. Wines, Director of Music/Liturgist of Trinity Church
Judith Rauch, rehearsal pianist
* members of the Trinity Choir

SOPRANOS

*Belinda Andrews-Smith
Alicia Boggs
* Sydney Federer
Pam Welsh-Huggins
Sarah Martin
*Nancy Skaggs

TENORS

Andy Blosser
Michael Kirkman
Brandon Moss
*Brian Naille
Joshua Shipley

ALTOS

*Andrea Brown
Melinda Green
*Amy Kohler
Jennifer Marcellana
Cathy Redenbarger

BASSES

*Bill Forbes
*Sean Lalik
Kevin Lohr
John Schlabach
* Bart Smith

Orchestra with members of the Columbus Symphony Orchestra

Flute	Randall Hester	First Violin	David Niwa
Oboe	Michele Fiala	Second Violin	Alicia Hui
Clarinet	David Thomas	Viola	Ken Matsuda
Bassoon	Betsy Sturdevant	Cello	Pei-An Chao
Horn	Adam Koch	Bass	Doug Richeson
		Percussion	Cary Dachtly

This performance has been made possible through generous support of
the Greater Columbus Arts Council and Mrs. Anne Melvin.



Greater Columbus Arts Council

Trinity Episcopal Church on Capitol Square

The Rev. Richard A. Burnett, Rector
125 E. Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215
www.trinitycolumbus.org
(614) 221-5351

Sunday morning services at 8:00 and 10:30
All are welcome.

Trinity Episcopal Church

TRINITY

1817 200 2017

Celebrating 200 Years on Capitol Square



Bicentennial Celebration Concert

Sunday, September 10, 2017

4:00 p.m.

Trinity Choir and Guest Musicians

Kevin N. Wines, Conducting

Members of the Columbus Symphony Orchestra
Belinda Andrews-Smith, soprano
Mark A. Baker, baritone

World Premiere

Sanctuary

Jacob Reed
(b. 1981)

Text from “Within These Walls”
by Ellen Steinbaum

May we enter this place in peace.

May holiness wrap around us as we cross its threshold.

*Weariness, doubt, the flaws within our human hearts, the harshness of the week —
let these drop away at the door.*

In the brightness of Shabbat, let peace settle upon us as we lift our hearts in prayer.



Requiem, op. 45

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Chamber Orchestration by
Joachim Linckelmann, 2010

- I Blessed are they that mourn**
- II Behold, all flesh is as the grass**
- III Lord, make me to know**
- IV How lovely is thy dwelling place**
- V Ye now are sorrowful**
- VI Here on earth have we no continuing place**
- VII Blessed are the dead**

Belinda Andrews-Smith, soprano
Mark A. Baker, baritone

Please hold applause throughout the Requiem.

SANCTUARY

The text of the work is drawn from a poem by Ellen Steinbaum, found in the Reform Siddur. For me a sanctuary is more than a place of peace and security, it is a place of transformation. Rather than merely depicting this kind of transformation, I wrote this piece to create an aural sanctuary for the listener—an opportunity to welcome metaphysical change and tranquility.

—Jacob Reed

REQUIEM TEXT

- 1 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall have comfort. (*Matthew 5:4*)
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Who goeth forth and weepeth, and beareth precious seed, shall doubtless return with rejoicing, and bring his sheaves with him. (*Psalms 126:5–6*)
- 2 Behold, all flesh is as the grass, and all the goodness of man is as the flower of grass. For lo, the grass withereth, and the flower thereof decayeth. (*1 Peter 1:24*)
Now therefore be patient, O my brethren, unto the coming of Christ. See how the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early rain and the latter rain. So be ye patient. (*James 5:7*)
But yet the Lord's word endureth for evermore. (*1 Peter 1:25*)
The redeemed of the Lord shall return again, and come rejoicing unto Zion; gladness, joy everlasting upon their heads shall be; joy and gladness, these shall be their portion; and tears and sighing shall flee from them. (*Isaiah 35:10*)
- 3 Lord, make me to know the measure of my days on earth, to consider my frailty, that I must perish. Surely, all my days here are as an handbreadth to Thee, and my lifetime is as naught to Thee. Verily, mankind walketh in a vain show, and their best state is vanity. Man passeth away like a shadow, he is disquieted in vain, he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them. Now, Lord, O, what do I wait for? My hope is in Thee. (*Psalms 39:4–7*)
- 4 How lovely is thy dwelling place, O Lord of hosts! For my soul, it longeth, yea, fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my soul and body crieth out, yea, for the living God. O blest are they that dwell within thy house; they praise thy name evermore. (*Psalms 84:1,2,4*)
- 5 Ye now are sorrowful, howbeit ye shall again behold me, and your heart shall be joyful, and your joy no man taketh from you. (*John 16:22*)
Yea, I will comfort you, as one whom his own mother comforteth. (*Isaiah 66:13*)
Look upon me; ye know that for a little time labour and sorrow were mine, but at the last I have found comfort. (*Ecclesiastics 51:27*)
- 6 Here on earth have we no continuing place, howbeit, we seek one to come. (*Hebrews 13:14*)
Lo, I unfold unto you a mystery. We shall not all sleep when He cometh, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the trumpet. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and all we shall be changed. Then, what of old was written, the same shall be brought to pass. For death shall be swallowed in victory, yea, in victory! Grave, where is thy triumph? Death, O where is thy sting? (*1 Corinthians 15:51–52,54–55*)
- 7 Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labours, and that their works follow after them. (*Revelation 14:13*)