

National Church Music Fellowship

11th Annual Convention

A FESTIVAL OF CHURCH CHORAL MUSIC

Hall of States, Hotel Leamington, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Wednesday, October 31, 1962, 8:00 p.m.

Dr. Paul Wohlgemuth, presiding

Dr. Charles C. Hirt, director

David Babcock and Phillip Brunelle, accompanists

PROGRAM

- PRELUDE: Brass Choir composed of students from Bethel and Northwestern Colleges  
Julius Whittinger and Donald Bisdorf, directors
- INVOCATION: Dr. Curtis B. Akenson, pastor First Baptist Church, Minneapolis
- HYMN: A Mighty Fortress is Our God Luther  
Audience and Choirs
- ANTHEMS: Speak to One Another (Pennsylvania Dutch Text) Berger  
Praise to the Lord Arr. Hokanson  
St. Paul Bible College Choral Club  
James P. Davies, director
- For the Beauty of the Earth Kocher-Davis  
Alleluia! Sing Praise Bach-Hirt  
Massed Choirs
- The Beatitudes Evans  
This Same Jesus Lillenas-McLennan  
North Central Bible College Choir  
L. B. Larsen, director
- OFFERTORY: Brass Choir
- ANTHEMS: In Mirth and Gladness Niedt  
He Shall Come Down Like Rain McCormick  
Northwestern College Choir  
Edgar E. Eklof, director
- Awake, My Heart Marshall  
O Love, How Deep Titcomb  
Massed Choirs
- Let All the Nations Praise the Lord Leisring  
Come Thou, O Savior Bach  
Bethel College Choir  
Robert Berglund, director
- Psalm 150 Franck  
Massed Choirs

BENEDICTION

A Mighty Fortress is Our God

A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing;  
Our helper He, amid the flood Of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and pow'r are great; And, armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He;  
Lord Sabaoth is His name, From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us;  
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us.  
The prince of darkness grim -- We tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure, For lo! his doom is sure,  
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly pow'rs, No thanks to them, abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther, 1529