

MARILYN MASON, Guest Organist  
with  
Balcony Choir of First Congregational Church  
James E. F. Chase, Director

Sunday, May 1, 1949, 8:00 p. m.  
First Congregational Church, Jackson, Michigan

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Introit -- Day Is Dying in the West . . . . . Wm. F. Sherwin  
The Choir

Allegro Moderato (Concerto IV) . . . . . Handel  
I Stand at the Threshold (Sinfonia to Cantata 156) )  
Allegro (Trio Sonata V) ) . . . . . Bach  
Prelude and Fugue in G Major )  
Miss Mason

O For a Thousand Tongues . . . . . Carl F. Mueller  
Search Me, O God . . . . . Homer Whitford  
The Choir

Offering -- Intermezzo, from "Cavalleria Rusticana" . . . . . Mascagni  
Jean Baum, pianist, Fred Hunt and Walter Moore, violinists

A Legend . . . . . P. Tschaikowski  
Tranquility . . . . . George L. Miller  
The Choir

Prelude and Fugue on B A C H . . . . . Liszt  
Three Little Dances . . . . . Rameau  
Passapied, Sarabande, Gavotte  
Originally written for small string orchestra, these  
little pieces easily lend themselves to organ arrangement.

Scherzo . . . . . Durufle  
Three Pieces for Organ . . . . . Haines  
Promenade, Air, Toccata  
These pieces won the American Guild of Organists Composition  
Contest in 1948. They are dedicated to Miss Mason.  
Miss Mason

Benediction . . . . . Peter C. Lutkin  
The Choir

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Miss Marilyn Mason, guest organist for this occasion, is a member of the  
faculty of the University of Michigan.

The Choir: (\* soloist)

Sopranos: Molly Adams, Marjorie Baker, Bernice Faling, Helen Gould,  
Oneita Harrison, Ruby Henry, Mary Hobus, Elaine Miller\*, Doris Proctor,  
Margaret Stephens.

Altos: Mabel Ames\*, Matilda Howard, Blossom Kopf, Janice Marion,  
Hazel Ramsey, Edith Redfield, Jacqueline Redfield, Alice Sanford, Marjorie  
Smith, Loretta Travis, Lorraine Wheeler.

Tenors: Frank Gould\*, Berl Hill, Gordon Hill, Ernest Johnson, Don  
Toms, Gerald Travis.

Basses: Harry Adams, Richard Bronson, Basil Humphreys, Fred Hunt,  
Edward Larsen\*, Dudley Orvis, Wayne Patton, William Stephens, Scott Wheeler.

The Choir will sing a concert in this church at a date to be announced soon.

## O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES

O for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King, the triumphs of His grace.  
Jesus, the name that charms our fears, that bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin, He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the sinful clean, His blood availed for me.  
My gracious Master and my God, assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad the honors of Thy name. Amen.  
--Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739.

## SEARCH ME, O GOD

Search me, O God, and know my heart; thy me, and know my thoughts;  
and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way ever-  
lasting. I stretch forth my hands unto Thee; my soul thirsteth as a  
thirsty land. --Psalms 139, 143

## A LEGEND

Christ, when a child, a garden made, and many roses flourished there;  
He watered them three times a day, to make a garland for His hair.  
And when in time the roses bloomed, He called the children in to share:  
They tore the flow'rs from ev'ry stem, and left the garden stript and bare.

"How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown now that Thy roses are all dead?"  
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns are left for me," the Christ-child said.  
They plaited then a crown of thorns and laid it rudely on His head.  
A garland for His forehead made, for roses drops of blood instead.  
--English version by Nathan Haskell Dole.

## TRANQUILITY

Teach me, O Lord, to pray as Thou wouldst pray,  
Teach me, O Lord, to live my pray'r, along the way.  
Teach me the meaning of forgiving love, as it should be;  
The tranquil beauty of my Master's face, I then shall see.  
Teach me to pray, live, love, see; this, Lord, I ask of Thee.

When twilight comes to me, may I have light.  
When troubled waves for me have ceased, may I have peace.  
When tearful sorrow fills no more my heart, may I have joy.  
When home at last I come with labor o'er, may I have rest.  
May I have light, peace, joy, rest, when twilight comes to me.  
--George L. Miller