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# SOUNDS FROM ST. OLAF

DIGITAL CONCERT SERIES

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*GREAT GUESTS*  
JC SANFORD, *HOST*



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SUNDAY, MAY 2, 2021

**ST. OLAF JAZZ I**

Dave Hagedorn, *director*

**Over Again**

Adam Kolker, *saxophone (guest artist)*; Dave Hagedorn, *vibraphone*

Adam Kolker (b. 1958)

**ST. OLAF BAND**

Joseph C. Phillips, Jr., *guest conductor*

**The Long Now**

*(Commissioned by the St. Olaf Band)*

Joseph C. Phillips, Jr. (b. 1967)

**ST. OLAF CHOIR AND ANSAN CITY CHOIR**

Anton Armstrong, *conductor*

**Amazing Grace**

arr. Keith McCutchen (b. 1964)

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now I'm found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me on.

— *John Newton (1725–1807)*

**ST. OLAF PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE**

Brad Dutz, *guest conductor*

**Freaked Out Rows**

Brad Dutz, *guest artist*; Chris Wabich, *guest artist*

Brad Dutz (b. 1960)

ST. OLAF JAZZ I

Dan Cavanagh, *guest director*

Mississippi Ecstasy, Movement 3

Dan Cavanagh '01

Timothy Young, *narrator*

I love the casual jumping of happy frogs and rolling otters in  
lagoons,  
the plop of turtles into chocolate water after sunning on a  
tangle of logs.

I love the droop of wide willows, and wiggling maples.  
This river opens to the rocks and rapids of joy.

Even tug boats and white yachts. Their diesel engines rev—  
they reject moderation, all hesitancy or fear.

Here they come! Here they come, rolling in a chorus  
of barge-bangings and grain chute sound.

Let the locks and dams of my anger dissolve.  
My heart's working overtime. My feet mark the cold shore.

Remove my distress and rid my despair.  
Let happiness flood my muddy rib cage.

Boulders tumble from the limestone bluffs  
onto pheasant nests and highways,

where men are working beneath vigilant buzzards  
who spin and wobble on updrafts,

where boys sag past boarded Ben Franklins,  
where Harleys sped away and I stood in blue smoke.

where I heard a flap close on a leather wallet  
before it slipped into the boss's pocket.

This river follows a dreamworld but as with a map,  
a manuscript, or runes, one never really catches up.

Here it comes—here it comes!!  
This river promises more than it gives.

Yet the river's my joy—my grief and my joy—  
this water, this joy, this sadness.

It's hot and cold, swift, rolling water,  
spilling and splashing down the inevitable journey,

between green islands and white palisades,  
under cavorting eagles and impossible bridges,

always more than the crush and explosion of dreams,  
always more than the swell and collapse of happiness.

Here it comes—here it comes!!  
with pearls, and clams, and the continent's soil.

This sorrow, this joy, this rise and demise.  
God's fingers won't stop this river.

— *Timothy Young*