

# **“THE ASHES GO ON SINGING”**

*A Hymn Festival on the Hymns of Martin Luther*

# “The Ashes Go on Singing”

*A Hymn Festival on the  
Hymns of Martin Luther*

Featuring

*LAUDAMUS*

THE ST. LOUIS LUTHERAN CHORALE

PETER C. RESKE, NARRATOR



The First Sunday in Lent, A.D. 2024

*Commemoration of Martin Luther*

February 18 • 3 p.m.

The Chapel of St. Timothy and St. Titus

Concordia Seminary, St. Louis



**Prelude**

**Chorale and Fantasia on *Mit Fried und Freud***

Kevin Hildebrand

**Welcome and Prayer**

**Narration**

**Luther's First Hymn**

**A New Song Now Shall Be Begun**

*Achtliederbuch*

The choirs sing stanzas 1–9 and 11;  
the congregation sings stanzas 10 and 12

1 A new song now shall be begun,  
Lord, help us raise the banner  
Of praise for all that God has done,  
For which we give Him honor.  
At Brussels in the Netherlands  
God proved Himself most truthful  
And poured His gifts from open hands  
On two lads, martyrs youthful,  
Through whom He showed His power.

2 One was named John, a name to show  
He stood in God's high favor.  
His brother Henry, well we know,  
Was salt of truest savor.  
They now have left this world behind  
And wear bright crowns of glory.  
These sons of God had fixed the mind  
Upon the Gospel story,  
For which they died as martyrs.

3 From where the Foe in ambush lay,  
He sent to have them taken  
To force them God's Word to betray  
And make their faith be shaken.  
Louvain sent clever men, who came  
In twisting nets to break them.  
Hard played they at their crooked game,  
But from faith could not shake them.  
God made their tricks look foolish.

4 Oh, they sang sweet, and they sang sour,  
They tried all their devices.  
The youths stood firmly like a tow'r  
And overcame each crisis.  
It filled the Foe with raging hate  
To know himself defeated  
By these two lads, and he so great.  
His rage flared high, and heated  
His plan to see them burning.

5 Their cloister garments off they tore,  
Took off their consecrations;  
All this the youths were ready for,  
They said Amen with patience.  
They gave to God the Father thanks  
That He would them deliver  
From Satan's scoffing and the pranks  
That make men quake and shiver  
When he comes masked and raging.

6 The God they worshiped granted them  
A priesthood in Christ's order.  
They offered up themselves to Him  
And crossed His kingdom's border  
By dying to the world outright,  
With ev'ry falsehood breaking.  
They came to heaven pure and white;  
All monkery forsaking,  
They turned away from evil.

7 A paper given them to sign—  
And carefully they read it—  
Spelled out their faith in ev'ry line  
As they confessed and said it.  
Their greatest fault was to be wise  
And say, "We trust God solely,  
For human wisdom is all lies,  
We should distrust it wholly."  
This brought them to the burning.

8 Then two great fires were set alight,  
While men amazed did ponder  
The sight of youths who showed no fright;  
Their calm filled men with wonder.  
They stepped into the flames with song,  
God's grace and glory praising.  
The worldly sages puzzled long  
But found these new things dazing  
Which God was here displaying.

9 They now regret their deed of shame,  
 Would like to slough it over;  
 They dare not glory in their blame,  
 But put it under cover.  
 They feel their gnawing infamy,  
 Their friends hear them deplore it.  
 God's Spirit cannot silent be,  
 But on Cain's guilty forehead  
 He marks the blood of Abel.

*The congregation sings stanzas 10 and 12.*

10 The ash - es of the lads re - main And scat - ter to all  
 11 And yet men still keep up their lies To jus - ti - fy the  
 12 Let men heap false-hoods all a - round, Their sure de - feat is

plac - es. They rise from road - way, street, and lane To  
 kill - ing; The Foe with false - hood ev - er tries To  
 spawn - ing. We thank our God the Word is found, We

mark the guilt - y fac - es. The Foe had used a  
 give to guilt clean bill - ing. Since these young mar - tyrs'  
 stand in its bright dawn - ing. Our sum - mer now is

blood - y hand To keep these voic - es qui - et, But  
 ho - ly death, Men still con - tin - ue try - ing To  
 at the door, The win - ter's frost has end - ed, Soft

they re - sist in ev - 'ry land The Foe's rage and de - fy  
 say, the youths with their last breath Re - nounced their faith when dy -  
 bud the flow - ers more and more, By our dear Gar - d'ner tend -

it. The ash - es go on sing - ing.  
 ing And fi - nal - ly re - cant - ed.  
 ed Un - til He reaps His har - vest.

Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. F. Samuel Janzow (1913–2001), alt.; © 1982 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB  
 Hymn License no. 110000082.  
 Tune: *Eyn Enchiridion oder Handbüchlein*, Erfurt, 1524.

# PSALM HYMNS

## Psalm 46

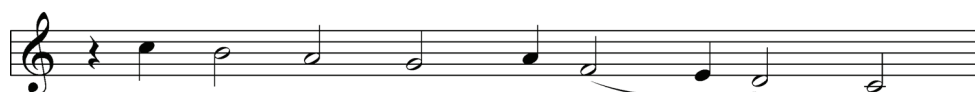
## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

LSB 656

The congregation sings stanzas 1 and 4;  
the choirs sing stanzas 2 and 3



1 A might - y for - tress is our God,  
2 With might of ours can naught be done,  
3 Though dev - ils all the world should fill,  
4 The Word they still shall let re - main



A trust - y shield and weap - on;  
Soon were our loss ef - fect - ed;  
All ea - ger to de - your us,  
Nor an - y thanks have for it;



He helps us free from ev - 'ry need  
But for us fights the val - iant One,  
We trem - ble not, we fear no ill;  
He's by our side up - on the plain



That hath us now o'er - tak - en.  
Whom God Him - self e - lect - ed.  
They shall not o - ver - pow'r us.  
With His good gifts and Spir - it.



The old e - vil foe Now means  
Ask ye, Who is this? Je - sus  
This world's prince may still Scowl fierce  
And take they our life, Goods, fame,



dead - ly woe; Deep guile and great might  
Christ it is, Of Sab - a - oth Lord,  
as he will, He can harm us none.  
child, and wife, Though these all be gone,

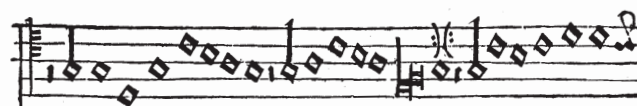


Are his dread arms in fight; On earth  
And there's none other God; He holds  
He's judged; the deed is done; One lit -  
Our vic - t'ry has been won; The King -

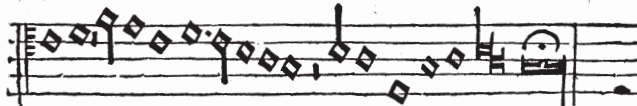
is not his e - qual.  
the field for - ev - er.  
tle word can fell him.  
dom ours re - main - eth.

Text and tune: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. composite.

**Ein Christenlichs lied Doctoris**  
**Martini Luthers/die vnaussprechliche**  
**gnaden Gottes vnd des rechten**  
**Glaubens begreiffend.**



Nun frewt euch lieben Christen gmein.



Nun frewt euch lieben Christen gmein/Vnd laßt vns fröh-  
lich springen/Das wir getrost vnd all in ein/Mit lust vnd  
liebe singen/Was got an vns gewendet hat/Vnd seine süsse  
wunder that/Gar theur hat ers erworben.

g Dem Teuffel ich gefangen lag/Im todt war ich verloren/  
Mein sündt mich quellet nacht vñ tag/Darinn ich war ge-  
boren/Ich viel auch ymmer tieffer drein/Es war kein güt  
am leben mein/Die sündt hat mich besessen.

g Mein gütte werck die golten nicht/Es war mit in verdor-  
ben/Der frey wil hasset gots gericht/Er war zum güt er-  
storben/Die angst mich zu verzweyffeln treyb/Das nichts  
damm starben bey mir bleyb/Zur hellen müßt ich sincken.

A page from the first Lutheran hymnal, the so-called Achtliederbuch ("Eight-hymn Book"), published in 1524. This page shows the earliest extant printing of "Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice," written and composed by Luther.

# Narration

## Psalm 130

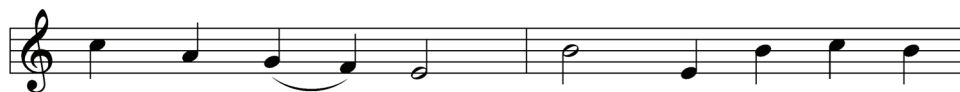
## From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee

LSB 607

The choirs sing stanzas 1–3;  
the congregation sings stanzas 4–5



1 From depths of woe I cry to Thee, In trial and  
2 Thy love and grace a - lone a - vail To blot out  
3 There - fore my hope is in the Lord And not in  
4 And though it tar - ry through the night And till the  
5 Though great our sins, yet great - er still Is God's a -



trib - u - la - tion; Bend down Thy gra - cious  
my trans - gres - sion; The best and ho - liest  
mine own mer - it; It rests up - on His  
morn - ing wak - en, My heart shall nev - er  
bun - dant fa - vor; His hand of mer - cy



ear to me, Lord, hear my sup - pli - ca - tion.  
deeds must fail To break sin's dread op - pres - sion.  
faith - ful Word To them of con - trite spir - it  
doubt His might Nor count it - self for - sak - en.  
nev - er will A - ban - don us, nor wa - ver.



If Thou re - mem - b'rest ev - 'ry sin, Who then could heav - en  
Be - fore Thee none can boast - ing stand, But all must fear Thy  
That He is mer - ci - ful and just; This is my com - fort  
O Is - rael, trust in God your Lord. Born of the Spir - it  
Our shep - herd good and true is He, Who will at last His



ev - er win Or stand be - fore Thy pres - ence?  
strict de - mand And live a - lone by mer - cy.  
and my trust. His help I wait with pa - tience.  
and the Word, Now wait for His ap - pear - ing.  
Is - rael free From all their sin and sor - row.

Text and tune: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.

**Psalm 12**

**O Lord, Look Down from Heaven, Behold**

*Achtliederbuch*

The choirs sing stanzas 1, 2 and 4;  
the congregation sings stanzas 3, 5 and 6



1 O Lord, look down from heav'n, be-hold And let Thy pit - y  
2 With fraud which they them-selves in - vent Thy truth they have con -  
3 May God root out all her - e - sy And of false teach-ers  
4 There-fore saith God, "I must a - rise, The poor My help are  
5 As sil - ver tried by fire is pure From all a - dul - ter -  
6 De - fend Thy truth, O God, and stay This e - vil gen - er -



wak - en; How few are we with - in Thy fold,  
found - ed; Their hearts are not with one con - sent  
rid us Who proud - ly say: "Now, where is he  
need - ing; To Me as - cend My peo - ple's cries,  
a - tion, So through God's Word shall men en - dure  
a - tion; And from the er - ror of its way



Thy saints by men for - sak - en! True faith seems  
On Thy pure doc - trine ground - ed. While they pa -  
That shall our speech for - bid us? By right or  
And I have heard their plead - ing. For them My  
Each tri - al and temp - ta - tion. Its light beams  
Keep Thine own con - gre - ga - tion. The wick - ed



quenched on ev - 'ry hand, Men suf - fer not Thy  
rade with out - ward show, They lead the peo - ple  
might we shall pre - vail; What we de - ter - mine  
sav - ing Word shall fight And fear - less - ly and  
bright - er through the cross, And, pu - ri - fied from  
ev - 'ry - where a - bound And would Thy lit - tle



Word to stand; Dark times have us o'er - tak - en.  
to and fro, In er - ror's maze as - tound - ed.  
can - not fail; We own no lord and mas - ter."  
sharp - ly smite, The poor with might de - fend - ing."  
hu - man dross, It shines through ev - 'ry na - tion.  
flock con - found; But Thou art our sal - va - tion.

Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. *The Lutheran Hymnal*, 1941; copyright © 1941 Concordia Publishing House. All rights reserved.

Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000082.

Tune: *Eyn Enchiridion oder Handbüchlein*, Erfurt, 1524.



## FESTIVAL HYMNS

**Narration**

**Easter**

**Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice**

*LSB 556*

The congregation sings stanzas 1, 6–7 and 10;  
the choirs sing stanzas 2, 5 and 8–9;  
women sing stanza 3;  
men sing stanza 4

**Narration**



1 Dear Chris-tians, one and all, re - joice, With ex - ul - ta - tion  
2 Fast bound in Sa - tan's chains I lay; Death brood - ed dark - ly  
3 My own good works all came to naught, No grace or mer - it  
4 But God had seen my wretch - ed state Be - fore the world's foun -  
5 God said to His be - lov - ed Son: "It's time to have com -

spring - ing, And with u - nit - ed heart and voice And ho - ly  
o'er me. Sin was my tor - ment night and day; In sin my  
gain - ing; Free will a - gainst God's judg - ment fought, Dead to all  
da - tion, And mind - ful of His mer - cies great, He planned for  
pas - sion. Then go, bright jew - el of My crown, And bring to

rap - ture sing - ing, Pro - claim the won - ders God has done, How  
moth - er bore me. But dai - ly deep - er still I fell; My  
good re - main - ing. My fears in - creased till sheer de - spair Left  
my sal - va - tion. He turned to me a fa - ther's heart; He  
all sal - va - tion. From sin and sor - row set them free; Slay

His right arm the vic - t'ry won. What price our ran - som cost Him!  
life be - came a liv - ing hell, So firm - ly sin pos - sessed me.  
on - ly death to be my share; The pangs of hell I suf - fered.  
did not choose the eas - y part But gave His dear - est trea - sure.  
bit - ter death for them that they May live with You for - ev - er."



6 The Son o - beyed His Fa - ther's will, Was born of vir - gin  
7 To me He said: "Stay close to Me, I am your rock and  
8 "Though he will shed My pre - cious blood, Me of My life be -  
9 "Now to My Fa - ther I de - part, From earth to heav'n as -  
10 "What I on earth have done and taught Guide all your life and

moth - er; And God's good plea - sure to ful - fill, He came to  
cas - tle. Your ran - som I My - self will be; For you I  
reav - ing, All this I suf - fer for your good; Be stead - fast  
cend - ing, And, heav'n - ly wis - dom to im - part, The Ho - ly  
teach - ing; So shall the king - dom's work be wrought And hon - ored

be my broth - er. His roy - al pow'r dis - guised He bore; A  
strive and wres - tle. For I am yours, and you are Mine, And  
and be - liev - ing. Life will from death the vic - t'ry win; My  
Spir - it send - ing; In trou - ble He will com - fort you And  
in your preach - ing. But watch lest foes with base al - loy The

ser - vant's form, like mine, He wore To lead the dev - il cap - tive.  
where I am you may re - main; The foe shall not di - vide us.  
in - no - cence shall bear your sin, And you are blest for - ev - er.  
teach you al - ways to be true And in - to truth shall guide you.  
heav'n - ly trea - sure should de - stroy; This fi - nal word I leave you."

Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. Richard Massie, 1800–87, alt.  
Tune: *Etlich Cristlich lider*, 1524, Wittenberg.

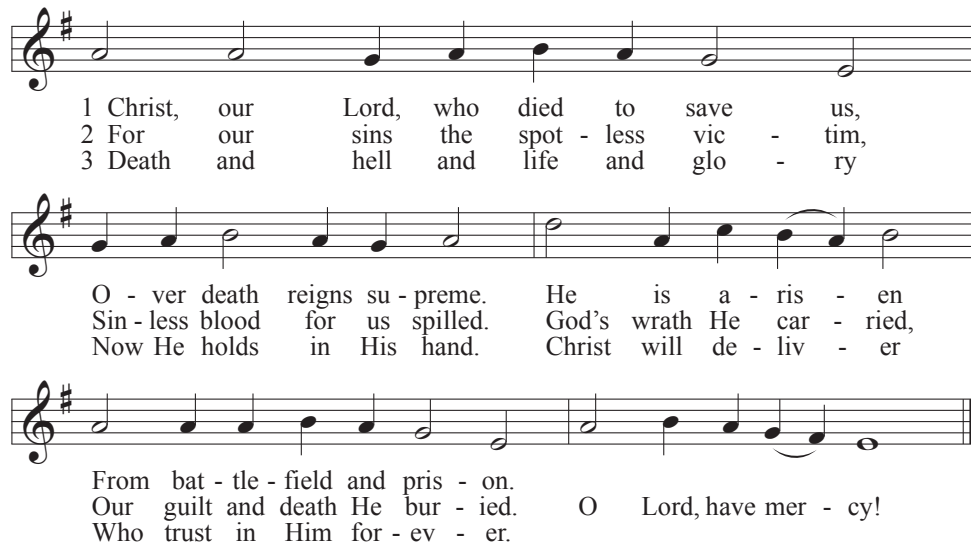
## Narration

### Easter

### Christ, Our Lord, Who Died to Save Us

*Achtliederbuch*

The choirs sing stanzas 1 and 2;  
the congregation sings stanza 3



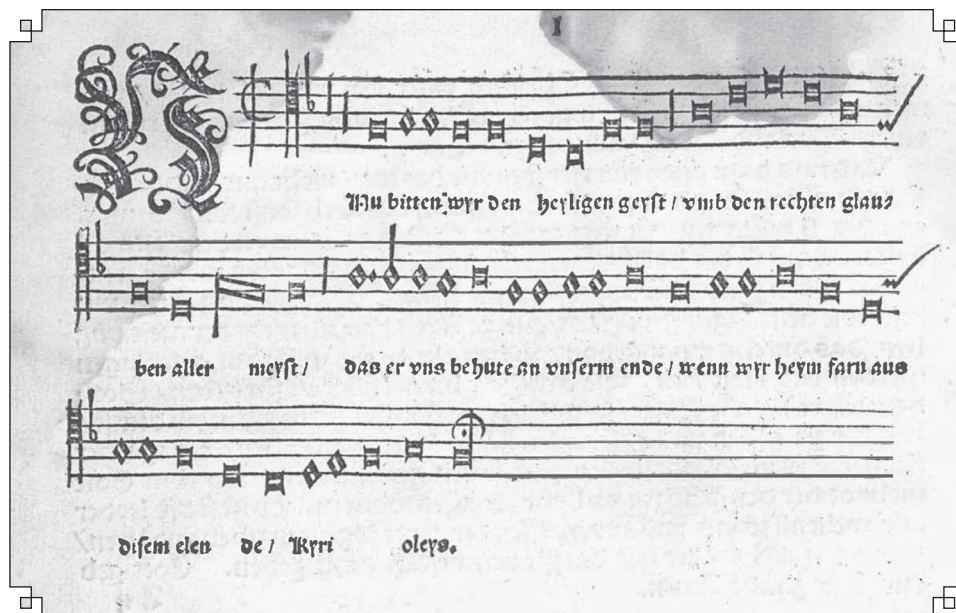
1 Christ, our Lord, who died to save us,  
2 For our sins the spot - less vic - tim,  
3 Death and hell and life and glo - ry

O - ver death reigns su - preme. He is a - ris - en  
Sin - less blood for us spilled. God's wrath He car - ried,  
Now He holds in His hand. Christ will de - liv - er

From bat - tle - field and pris - on.  
Our guilt and death He bur - ied. O Lord, have mer - cy!  
Who trust in Him for - ev - er.

Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. Carl F. Schalk, 1929–2021; © 2010 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000082.

Tune: *Geistliche lieder auff's new gebessert*, Wittenberg, 1533.



I

Nu bitten wir den heiligen geist / vmb den rechten glantz

ben aller meyst / das er vns behute an vnserm ende / wenn wir heym farn aus

diesem elen de / Kyri oleya.

A page from *Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn*, another 1524 hymnal, published in Wittenberg and edited by Martin Luther's chief musician, Johann Walter. This page shows one of the earliest extant printings of "To God the Holy Spirit Let Us Pray".

# Pentecost

## To God the Holy Spirit Let Us Pray

LSB 768

The congregation sings stanzas 1 and 4;  
the choirs sing stanzas 2 and 3

1 To God the Ho - ly Spir - it let us pray  
 2 O sweet - est Love, Your grace on us be - stow;  
 3 Tran - scen - dent Com - fort in our ev - 'ry need,  
 4 Shine in our hearts, O Spir - it, pre - cious light;

For the true faith need - ed on our way  
 Set our hearts with sa - cred fire a - glow  
 Help us nei - ther scorn nor death to heed  
 Teach us Je - sus Christ to know a - right

That He may de - fend us when life is end - ing And from  
 That with hearts u - nit - ed we love each oth - er, Ev - 'ry  
 That we may not fal - ter nor cour - age fail us When the  
 That we may a - bide in the Lord who bought us, Till to

ex - ile home we are wend - ing. Lord, have mer - cy!  
 strang - er, sis - ter, and broth - er. Lord, have mer - cy!  
 foe shall taunt and as - sail us. Lord, have mer - cy!  
 our true home He has brought us. Lord, have mer - cy!

Text: st. 1: German, c. 13th cent.; sts. 2–4: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. *Worship Supplement*, 1969, alt.; © 1969 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000082.

Tune: *Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn*, Wittenberg, 1524, ed. Johann Walter.



# HYMNS FROM THE LITURGY

## Narration

### Creed

### We All Believe in One True God

LSB 954

1 We all be - lieve in one true God, Who cre - at - ed  
 2 We all be - lieve in Je - sus Christ, His own Son, our  
 3 We all con - fess the Ho - ly Ghost, Who, in high - est

earth and heav - en, The Fa - ther, who to us in love  
 Lord, pos - sess - ing An e - qual God - head, throne, and might,  
 heav - en dwell - ing With God the Fa - ther and the Son,

Has the right of chil - dren giv - en. He in soul and  
 Source of ev - 'ry grace and bless - ing; Born of Mar - y,  
 Com - forts us be - yond all tell - ing; Who the Church, His

bod - y feeds us; All we need His hand pro - vides us;  
 vir - gin moth - er, By the pow - er of the Spir - it,  
 own cre - a - tion, Keeps in u - ni - ty of spir - it.

Through all snares and per - ils leads us, Watch - ing that no  
 Word made flesh, our el - der broth - er; That the lost might  
 Here for - give - ness and sal - va - tion Dai - ly come through

harm be - tide us. He cares for us by  
 life in - her - it, Was cru - ci - fied for  
 Je - sus' mer - it. All flesh shall rise, and

day and night; All things are gov - erned by His might.  
 all our sin And raised by God to life a - gain.  
 we shall be In bliss with God e - ter - nal - ly.

A - men, a - men. A - men.

Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. *The Lutheran Hymnal*, 1941, alt.  
 Tune: Latin, 14th cent., adapt.

# Lord's Supper

# O Lord, We Praise Thee

LSB 617

The congregation sings stanzas 1 and 3;  
the choirs sing stanza 2

1 O Lord, we praise Thee, bless Thee, and a - dore Thee,  
2 Thy ho - ly bod - y in - to death was giv - en,  
3 May God be - stow on us His grace and fa - vor

In thanks - giv - ing bow be - fore Thee. Thou with Thy  
Life to win for us in heav - en. No great - er  
That we fol - low Christ our Sav - ior And live to -

bod - y and Thy blood didst nour - ish Our weak souls that  
love than this to Thee could bind us; May this feast there -  
geth - er here in love and u - nion Nor de - spise this

they may flour - ish: O Lord, have mer - cy!  
of re - mind us! O Lord, have mer - cy!  
blest Com - mu - nion! O Lord, have mer - cy!

May Thy bod - y, Lord, born of Mar - y, That our  
Lord, Thy kind - ness did so con - strain Thee That Thy  
Let not Thy good Spir - it for - sake us; Grant that

sins and sor - rows did car - ry, And Thy blood for us plead  
blood should bless and sus - tain me. All our debt Thou hast paid;  
heav'n - ly - mind - ed He make us; Give Thy Church, Lord, to see

In all tri - al, fear, and need: O Lord, have mer - cy!  
Peace with God once more is made: O Lord, have mer - cy!  
Days of peace and u - ni - ty: O Lord, have mer - cy!

Text: st. 1: German, 14th cent.; sts. 2-3: Martin Luther, 1483-1546; tr. *The Lutheran Hymnal*, 1941, alt., © 1941 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000082.

Tune: *Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn*, Wittenberg, 1524, ed. Johann Walter.

**Nunc Dimittis****In Peace and Joy I Now Depart**

LSB 938

The congregation sings stanzas 1, 3 and 4;  
the choirs sing stanza 2



1 In peace and joy I now de-part Since God so wills it.  
2 Christ Je - sus brought this gift to me, My faith - ful Sav - ior,  
3 You sent the peo - ple of the earth Their great sal - va - tion;  
4 Christ is the hope and sav - ing light Of those in blind - ness;



Se - rene and con - fi - dent my heart; Still - ness fills it.  
Whom You have made my eyes to see By Your fa - vor.  
Your in - vi - ta - tion sum - mons forth Ev - 'ry na - tion  
He guides and com - forts those in night By His kind - ness.



For the Lord has prom - ised me That death is but a slum - ber.  
Now I know He is my life, My friend when I am dy - ing.  
By Your ho - ly, pre - cious Word, In ev - 'ry place re - sound - ing.  
For Your peo - ple Is - ra - el In Him find joy and glo - ry.

Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; st. 1: tr. F. Samuel Janzow, 1913–2001, alt.; sts. 2–4: tr. *Christian Worship*, 1993, alt.; st. 1: © 1979  
Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000082.  
Tune: *Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn*, Wittenberg, 1524, ed. Johann Walter.

**Postlude****Reformation Suite for Brass Quartet and Organ**

Benjamin M. Culli

## III. Nun freut euch

*Soli Deo Gloria*

*You are cordially invited to join the narrator and musicians for  
a German-themed reception in Koburg Hall immediately following the hymn festival.*

## PARTICIPANTS

### Narrator

Peter C. Reske

### Choirs

*Laudamus*

The St. Louis Lutheran Chorale

### Instrumentalists

Rachel Gerhardt and Amalia Magness, violin

Gregory Gastler, viola

Samuel Hart, cello

Dr. Leopoldo A. Sánchez M., double bass

Dustin Shrum and Oliver Nice, trumpet

Christina Schempf, French horn; Owen Duncan, trombone

April Parviz, flute; Julia Witt, bass clarinet

Julia Witt and Paul Gaschler, guitar

### Accompanist

Cheryl Magness

### Conductor

Cantor Phillip Magness

### Organist

Justin Knabach

To learn more about the Seminary's annual music events,  
including the Concordia Seminary Concert Series, please visit [csl.edu/music](http://csl.edu/music).



*This musical presentation is possible thanks to the generous support of friends like you.  
Your tax-deductible gift may be designated for Concordia Seminary Concert Series expenses.  
Thank you for your support and generosity. You can give a gift online at [csl.edu/give](http://csl.edu/give).*



***Hearing device assistance is available in the chapel*** by downloading AudioFetch to your smart phone. Once installed, “CSLListeningDevice” on the chapel Wi-Fi and use “Seminary1839” as the password. You can then use personal headphones or earbuds to listen and adjust the sound as appropriate. If you need any help with this process, please speak with the tech worker at the sound booth located on the right side of the chapel.



### About This Hymn Festival

It all began with a single song. Martin Luther wrote his first hymn as a protest song against the martyrdom of two monks in the summer of 1523. His hymn spread like wildfire across Europe and he quickly realized that hymns could be used to teach and spread the Gospel. In the years 1523–24, Luther followed up with some two dozen hymns in order to show others how they might go about putting the Reformation Gospel into song. The result was a veritable “hymn explosion.” Luther’s hymns launched the restoration of congregational singing as we know it in the western church and it hasn’t stopped since.

This afternoon we celebrate God’s incredible gift of congregational song by singing some of Luther’s earliest hymns, written five centuries ago. Many are still well-known and others have fallen out of use. Through such songs, Luther declares, “God has cheered our hearts and minds through his dear Son, whom he gave for us to redeem us from sin, death, and the devil. He who believes this earnestly cannot be quiet about it. But he must gladly and willingly sing and speak about it so that others also may come and hear it.”

### About the Narrator

Peter C. Reske is senior editor of music/worship at Concordia Publishing House (CPH), where he has served since 2004. He holds degrees in English literature from Marquette University and in musicology from The Pennsylvania State University. In addition to his ongoing role overseeing music publications for CPH, he was the editor of *Lutheran Service Book* (2006) and its attendant resources, editor of *The Hymns of Martin Luther* (2016) and editorial adviser for *One and All Rejoice* (2020). With Joseph Herl and Jon D. Vieker, he was co-editor of *Lutheran Service Book: Companion to the Hymns* (2019).

### About the Cover Art

For the 500th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, Concordia Seminary sponsored a concert Oct. 13, 1983, at Powell Hall with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and Chorus titled *A Musical Evening Celebrating 500 Years of Martin Luther*. As a part of the promotional materials for this concert, the Seminary also commissioned local artist Siegfried Reinhardt (1925–84) to depict Martin Luther as a hymn writer and musician. Today’s cover art by Reinhardt was featured on all the promotional materials for the concert.

### About the Music

*A New Song Now Shall Be Begun* — arranged by Phillip Magness. *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* — stanza 2 arranged by Kevin J. Hildebrand; stanza 3 arranged by J. S. Bach (1685–1750). *From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee* — stanzas 2 and 3 arranged by Arnold von Bruck (ca. 1500–54). *O Lord, Look Down from Heaven, Behold* — stanza 4 arranged by Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672). *Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice* — stanza 2 arranged by Phillip Magness; stanzas 5 and 9 arranged by Jeffrey Blersch; stanza 8 arranged by J. S. Bach. *Christ, Our Lord, Who Died to Save Us* — stanza 2 arranged Henry V. Gerike. *To God the Holy Spirit Let Us Pray* — stanzas 2 and 3 arranged Philip Gehring (1925–2020). *We All Believe in One True God* — setting by Jonathan Kohrs. *O Lord, We Praise Thee* — stanza 2 arranged by Richard Proulx (1937–2010). *In Peace and Joy I Now Depart* — stanza 2 arranged by Jonathan Kohrs.



Concordia  
Seminary  
ST. LOUIS

801 SEMINARY PLACE, ST. LOUIS, MO 63105 | 314-505-7000 | CSL.EDU

