

# All Saints' Episcopal Church CONCERT SERIES

2020

Music lies at the very heart  
of who we are as a community of faith.

2021

SEASON

Friday, November 13, 2020 at 7:30 p.m.

## Songs of Struggle and Hope with Bradley Howard, Tenor



634 West Peachtree Street NW ✦ Atlanta, Georgia 30308-1925

telephone: 404-881-0835 ✦ facsimile: 404-881-3796

[allsaintsatlanta.org](http://allsaintsatlanta.org)

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Prof. Walter Huff Choirmaster in Residence

Elizabeth & Raymond Chenault Organists and Choirmasters Emeriti

For more information about the Concert Series or becoming a financial contributor,  
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## Please Note

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## Songs of Struggle and Hope

Bradley Howard, *tenor*

Kirk M. Rich, *piano and organ*

“Comfort ye” and “Ev’ry valley” from <i>Messiah</i>	George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
“A Letter” from <i>Five Poems of Emily Dickinson</i>	Lee Hoiby (1926–2011)
“Ich grolle nicht“ from <i>Dichterliebe</i>	Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
<i>Here and Gone</i> “Because I liked you better” “Stars”	Jake Heggie (b. 1961)
“Il mio Tesoro” from <i>Don Giovanni</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
Canticle II: <i>Abraham and Isaac</i>	Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
	Nathan Medley, <i>countertenor</i>
“Minstrel Man”	Margaret Bonds (1913–1972)
“Somewhere” from <i>West Side Story</i>	Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)
“L’amour...Ah! Léve-toi, soleil” from <i>Roméo et Juliette</i>	Charles Gounod (1818–1893)
“Misalliance”	Michael Flanders (1922–1975) and Donald Swann (1923–1994)
“Sometimes I feel like a motherless child”	traditional Spiritual arr. Moses Hogan (1957–2003)
“He’s got the whole world in his hands”	traditional Spiritual arr. Hogan
“Over the rainbow”	Harold Arlen (1905–1986)

## Artist Biographies



With a career spanning classical and modern choral works, solo recitals, and opera roles, tenor, **Bradley Howard** has gained recognition as a multi-faceted performer, performing under the batons of renowned conductors Seiji Ozawa, William Fred Scott, Christian Badea, Riccardo Muti, Joseph Flummerfelt, Yoel Levi, John Mauceri, and Robert Spano.

A passionate educator, he joined the faculty of Emory University as Director of Vocal Studies in 2011.

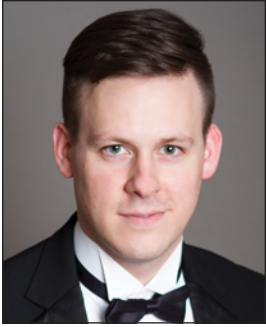
Mr. Howard began his career as a fellow at the Tanglewood Music Center, when his performance of Bob Boles in the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* brought him to the attention of famed conductor Seiji Ozawa. Further operatic successes include Tamino in *The Magic Flute*, Ferrando in *Così fan tutte*, Rodolfo in *La Bohème*, Beppe in *I Pagliacci*, Count Almaviva in *I Barbiere di Siviglia*, and Peter Quint in Britten's *Turn of the Screw* and Albert in *Albert Herring*. He has performed at various festivals including Spoleto, Chautauqua Opera, The Ohio Light Opera, Tanglewood Music Festival, and Breckenridge Music Institute.

Mr. Howard brings depth and excitement of an expansive repertoire to his solo recitals, handling the florid style of Bach and the fragmented tonalities of Britten and Menotti with equal aplomb. This season he will be touring with pianist Dr. Lee D. Thompson performing the recital "Songs of Struggle and Hope" featuring songs by various composers. In addition to the recital, Howard will perform concerts on Emory's campus including "The Bach Bowl" in February and a concert with the Emory voice and piano faculty in a concert at Emory's Carlos Museum.

Mr. Howard's concert engagements have included a long-time collaboration with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. As soloist with the ASO, Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins*, Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy*, *Christmas with the ASO*, and, most recently, Saint Saëns' *Samson and Dalila* are among these performances. Recording credits include the ACA Digital production of the Atlanta Opera's Mozart Requiem and Telarc's *La bohème* with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. Among other recent works he has performed are Mozart's *Requiem*, Haydn's *Creation*, Handel's *Messiah*, and Bach's *St. John's Passion*.

A noted educator, Mr. Howard's students have been accepted to undergraduate and graduate programs in voice performance and musical theater at The Julliard School, Manhattan School of Music, Oberlin, University of Cincinnati (CCM), The University of Michigan, The Florida State University, Elon College, Carnegie Mellon, NYU, Roosevelt, Bard College, Indiana University, and many others. They have been accepted and participated in young artist programs such as Interlochen, CCM Opera Boot Camp, Amalfi Coast Music Festival, Houston Grand Opera's YAVA, Castleton Festival, and many other local and international summer opera programs. His students consistently place as finalists in young artist competitions such as NATS auditions. Recently, he taught at the Amalfi Coast Music Festival in Maiori, Italy.

Mr. Howard's Bachelor's and Master's degrees in music and voice from Baylor University and The University of Cincinnati opened the doors to America's musical stage. At UC he earned his M.M. in voice working with Professor William McGraw, and B.M. in voice at Baylor working with Dr. Joyce Farwell. Mr. Howard is an active adjudicator and clinician and presents master classes and clinics nationally.



Dr. **Kirk Michael Rich** is the Director of Music at All Saints' Episcopal Church in Atlanta, Georgia. A native of Kentucky, Kirk has served as a liturgical organist for over two decades. He holds degrees in organ performance from the Oberlin College Conservatory, the Jacobs School of Music

at Indiana University, and a doctorate from the University of Houston's Moores School of Music. Additional study has been with Francesco Cera in Italy and Ludger Lohmann in Germany. Kirk has performed in England, France, Italy, and across the U.S. in venues such as St. Thomas Church, Fifth Avenue (New York City), the Kennedy Center (Washington, DC), and three national conventions of the American Guild of Organists. Most recently, he served as organist for the RSCM America National Choir residency at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, Ireland, under the direction of Bruce Neswick. Kirk's performances have been broadcast nationally on American Public Media's *Pipedreams* program.



Countertenor **Nathan Medley** has emerged in recent years as one of the leading younger-generation countertenors, with notable success internationally in concert and opera. He has sung at some of the major stages of the world including the English National Opera and Barbican Centre in London,

La Salle Pleyel in Paris; Palais de Musique, Strasbourg, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, The Lucerne Festival; Avery Fisher Hall in New York, and Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles. Recent performances have brought him to the Boston Early Music Festival, the Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Chicago Ravinia Festival, Opera Omaha, Pacific MusicWorks, Mercury Baroque, Seraphic Fire, Indianapolis Baroque Orchestra, Cincinnati Collegium, Miami Bach Society, and Dayton Bach Society. He is a member of Echoing Air, an ensemble focused on music of the baroque and modern eras composed for countertenor.

## Song Lyrics and Translations

### “Comfort ye” from *Messiah*

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,  
Saith your God.  
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,  
And cry unto her,  
That her warfare is accomplished,  
That her iniquity is pardoned.  
The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness;  
Prepare ye the way of the Lord;  
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

– *Isaiah 40:1–3*

### “Ev’ry valley” from *Messiah*

Ev’ry valley shall be exalted, and ev’ry mountain  
and hill made low;  
The crooked straight and the rough places plain.

– *Isaiah 40:4*

### “A Letter” from *Five Poems of Emily Dickinson*

You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself, that my father bought me. They are better than beings because they know, but do not tell; and the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano. I have a brother and sister; my mother does not care for thought, and father, too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morning, whom they call their “Father.”  
But I fear my story fatigues you. I would like to learn. Could you tell me how to grow, or is it unconveyed, like melody or witchcraft?

– Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

### “Ich grolle nicht” from *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48

*Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlorne Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,  
es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht, das weiß ich längst.  
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,  
und sah die Schlang’, die dir am Herzen frißt,  
ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.  
Ich grolle nicht.*

I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking,  
eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.  
Even though you shine in diamond splendor,  
there falls no light into your heart’s night,  
that I’ve known for a long time.  
I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking.  
I saw you, truly, in my dreams,  
and saw the night in your heart’s space,  
and saw the serpent that feeds on your heart,  
I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.  
I bear no grudge.

– Heinrich Heine (1797–1856),  
from *Lyrisches Intermezzo* (1822–23)

“Because I Liked You Better”

Because I liked you better  
Than suits a man to say,  
It irked you, and I promised  
To throw the thought away.  
To put the world between us  
We parted, stiff and dry;  
‘Good-bye,’ said you, ‘forget me.’  
‘I will, no fear,’ said I.  
If here, where clover whiten  
The dead man’s knoll, you pass,  
And no tall flower to meet you  
Starts in the trefoiled grass,  
Halt by the headstone naming  
The heart no longer stirred,  
And say the lad that loved you  
Was one that kept his word.

– A.E. Housman (1859–1936)

“Il mio tesoro” from *Don Giovanni*

*Il mio tesoro intanto  
andate a consolar,  
E del bel ciglio il pianto  
cercate di asciugar.  
Ditele che i suoi torti  
a vendicar io vado;  
Che sol di stragi e morti  
nunzio vogl’io tornar.*

“Stars”

Stars, I have seen them fall,  
But when they drop and die  
No star is lost at all  
From all the star-sown sky.  
The toil of all that be  
Helps not the primal fault;  
It rains into the sea,  
And still the sea is salt.

– A.E. Housman (1859–1936)

My treasure, meanwhile,  
Go and console.  
And from her beautiful eyes, the tears,  
Try to wipe away.  
Tell her that the wrongs against her,  
I’m going to avenge,  
That only of killing and death  
As announcer will I return.

– Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749–1838)

Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac

*God speaks (tenor and alto together):*

Abraham, my servant, Abraham,  
Take Isaac, thy son by name,  
That thou lovest the best of all,  
And in sacrifice offer him to me  
Upon that hill there besides thee.  
Abraham, I will that so it be,  
For aught that may befall.

*Abraham:*

My Lord, to Thee is mine intent  
Ever to be obedient.  
That son that Thou to me hast sent  
Offer I will to Thee.  
Thy bidding done shall be.

*Here Abraham, turning him to his son Isaac, saith:*

Make thee ready, my dear darling,  
For we must do a little thing.  
This woode do on thy back it bring,  
We may no longer abide.  
A sword and fire that I will take,  
For sacrifice behoves me to make;  
God's bidding will I not forsake,  
But ever obedient be.

*Here Isaac speaketh to his father, and taketh a bundle  
of sticks and beareth after his father, and saith:*

*Isaac:*

Father, I am all ready  
To do your bidding most meekely,  
And to bear this wood full bayn am I,  
As you commanded me.

*Here they both go to the place to do sacrifice*

*Abraham:*

Now, Isaac son, go we our way  
To yonder mount if that we may.

*Isaac:*

My dear father, I will essay  
To follow you full fain.

*Abraham being minded to slay his son Isaac,  
lifts up his hands, and saith the following:*

*Abraham:*

O! My heart will break in three,  
To hear thy words I have pitye;  
As Thou wilt, Lord, so must it be,  
To Thee I will be bayn.  
Lay down thy faggot, my own son dear.

*Isaac:*

All ready, father, lo it is here.  
But why make you such heavy cheer?  
Are you anything adread?

*Abraham:*

Ah! Dear God! That me is woe!

*Isaac:*

Father, if it be your will,  
Where is the beast that we shall kill?

*Abraham:*

Thereof, son, is none upon this hill.

*Isaac:*

Father, I am full sore affeared  
To see you bear that drawne sword.

*Abraham:*

Isaac, son, peace, I pray thee,  
Thou breakest my heart even in three.

*Isaac:*

I pray you, father, layn nothing from me,  
But tell me what you think.

*Abraham:*

Ah! Isaac, Isaac, I must thee kill!

*Isaac:*

Alas! Father, is that your will,  
Your owne child for to spill  
Upon this hilles brink?  
If I have trespassed in any degree  
With a yard you may beat me;  
Put up your sword, if your will be,  
For I am but a child.  
Would God my mother were here with me!  
She would kneel down upon her knee,  
Praying you, father, if it may be,  
For to save my life.

*Abraham:*

O Isaac, son, to thee I say  
God hath commanded me today  
Sacrifice, this is no nay,  
To make of thy bodye.

*Isaac:*

Is it God's will I shall be slain?

*Abraham:*

Yea, son, it is not for to layn.



*Here Isaac asketh his father's blessing on his knees,  
and saith:*

*Isaac:*

Father, seeing you muste needs do so,  
Let it pass lightly and over go;  
Kneeling on my knees two,  
Your blessing on me spread.

*Abraham:*

My blessing, dear son, give I thee  
And thy mother's with heart free.  
The blessing of the Trinity,  
My dear Son, on thee light.

*Here Isaac riseth and cometh to his father, and he taketh  
him, and bindeth and layeth him upon the altar  
to sacrifice him, and saith:*

Come hither, my child, thou art so sweet,  
Thou must be bound both hands and feet.

*Isaac:*

Father, do with me as you will,  
I must obey, and that is skill,  
Godës commandment to fulfil,  
For needs so it must be.

*Abraham:*

Isaac, Isaac, blessed must thou be.

*Isaac:*

Father, greet well my brethren ying,  
And pray my mother of her blessing,  
I come no more under her wing,  
Farewell for ever and aye.

*Abraham:*

Farewell, my sweetë son of grace!

*Here Abraham doth kiss his son Isaac, and binds  
a kerchief about his head.*

*Isaac:*

I pray you, father, turn down my face,  
For I am sore adread.

*Abraham:*

Lord, full loth were I him to kill!

*Isaac:*

Ah, mercy, father, why tarry you so?

*Abraham:*

Jesu! On me have pity,  
That I have most in mind.

*Isaac:*

Now, father, I see that I shall die:  
Almighty God in majesty!  
My soul I offer unto Thee!

*Abraham:*

To do this deed I am sorrye.

*Here let Abraham make a sign as tho' he would cut off  
his son Isaac's head with his sword; then...*

*God speaks:*

Abraham, my servant dear,  
Lay not thy sword in no manner  
On Isaac, thy dear darling.  
For thou darest me, well wot I,  
That of thy son has no mercy,  
To fulfil my bidding.

*Abraham:*

Ah, Lord of heaven and King of bliss,  
Thy bidding shall be done, i-wiss!  
A hornëd wether here I see,  
Among the briars tied is he,  
To Thee offered shall he be  
Anon right in this place.

*Then let Abraham take the lamb and kill him.*

Sacrifice here sent me is,  
And all, Lord, through Thy grace.

*Together:*

Such obedience grant us, O Lord!  
Ever to Thy most holy word.  
That in the same we may accord  
At this Abraham was bayn;  
And then altogether shall we  
That worthy King in heaven see,  
And dwell with Him in great glorye  
For ever and ever. Amen.

— from the *Chester Miracle Plays*

“Minstrel Man”

Because my mouth  
Is wide with laughter  
And my throat  
Is deep with song,  
You do not think  
I suffer after  
I have held my pain  
So long?  
Because my mouth  
Is wide with laughter,  
You do not hear  
My inner cry?  
Because my feet  
Are gay with dancing,  
You do not know  
I die?

– Langston Hughes (1901–1967)

“Somewhere” from *West Side Story*

There’s a place for us  
Somewhere a place for us  
Peace and quiet and open air  
Wait for us  
Somewhere  
There’s a time for us  
Someday a time for us  
Time together with time to spare  
Time to learn, time to care  
Someday, somewhere  
We’ll find a new way of living  
We’ll find a way of forgiving  
Somewhere  
There’s a place for us  
A time and a place for us  
Hold my hand and we’re halfway there  
Hold my hand and I’ll take you there  
Somehow  
Someday, somewhere

– Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)

“L’amour, L’amour!...Ah! Leve toi soleil” from *Roméo et Juliette*

*L’amour! L’amour! Oui, son ardeur a troublé tout mon être!  
Mais quelle soudaine clarté respandit à cette fenêtre!  
C’est là que dans la nuit rayonne sa beauté!*  
*Ah! lève-toi, soleil! fais pâlir les étoiles,  
Qui, dans l’azur sans voiles, Brillent aux firmament.*  
*Ah! lève-toi! paradis! paradis! Astre pur et charmant!*  
*Elle rêve! elle dénoue une boucle de cheveux  
qui vient caresse sa joue!*  
*Amour! Amour! porte-lui mes vœux! Elle parle!*  
*Qu’elle est belle!*  
*Ah! je n’ai rien entendu! Mais ses yeux parlent pour elle,  
et mon cœur a répondu!*  
*Ah! lève-toi, soleil!, etc.*

Love! Love! Yes, its intensity has disturbed my very being!  
(A light comes on in Juliet’s window.)  
But what sudden light through yonder window breaks?  
’Tis there that by night her beauty shines!  
Ah, arise, o sun! Turn pale the stars that,  
unveiled in the azure, do sparkle in the firmament.  
Ah, arise! Ah, arise! Appear! Appear,  
thou pure and enchanting star!  
She is dreaming, she loosens a lock of hair  
which falls to caress her cheek.  
Love! Love, carry my vows to her! She speaks!  
How beautiful she is!  
Ah, I heard nothing. But her eyes speak for her  
and my heart has answered!  
Ah, arise, o sun! turn pale the stars, etc.

– based on Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet*, libretto  
by Jules Barbier (1825–1901) and Michel Carré (1821–1872)

“Misalliance”

The fragrant honeysuckle spirals clockwise to the sun,  
And many other creepers do the same.  
But some climb anti-clockwise, the bindweed does,  
for one,  
Or Convolvulus, to give her proper name.  
Rooted on either side a door, one of each species grew,  
And raced towards the window-ledge above.  
Each corkscrewed to the lintel in the only way it knew,  
Where they stopped, touched tendrils, smiled,  
and fell in love.

Said the right-handed honeysuckle to the  
left-handed bindweed,  
“Oh, let us get married, if our parents don’t mind, we’d  
Be loving and inseparable, inextricably entwined, we’d  
Live happily ever after” said the honeysuckle  
to the bindweed.

To the honeysuckle’s parents it came as a shock.  
“The bindweeds,” they cried, “are inferior stock!  
They’re uncultivated, of breeding bereft,  
We twine to the right and they twine to the left.”

Said the anti-clockwise bindweed to the clockwise  
honeysuckle,  
“We’d better start saving, many a mickle macks a muckle,  
Then run away for a honeymoon and hope that  
our luck’ll  
Take a turn for the better” said the bindweed  
to the honeysuckle.

A bee who was passing remarked to them then,  
“I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again,  
Consider your offshoots, if offshoots there be,  
They’ll never receive any blessing from me”.  
“Poor little sucker, how will it learn,  
When it is climbing, which way to turn?  
Right, left, what a disgrace,  
Or it may go straight up and fall flat on its face!”

Said the right-hand-thread honeysuckle to the  
left-hand-thread bindweed,  
“It seems they’re against us, all fate has combined.  
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Colombine,  
Thou art lost and gone forever, we shall never intertwine”.  
Together, they found them, the very next day,  
They had pulled up their roots and just shrivelled away.  
Deprived of that freedom for which we must fight,  
To veer to the left or to veer to the right!

– Michael Flanders (1922–1975)  
and Donald Swann (1923–1994)

“Sometimes I feel like a motherless child”

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
A long way from home, a long way from home  
Sometimes I feel like I’m almost gone  
A long way from home, a long way from home.

– *Traditional African American Spiritual*

“He’s got the whole world in his hands”

He’s got the whole world in his hands,  
He’s got all the power in his hands,  
He’s got the whole world in his hands,  
He’s got the whole world in his hands.  
He’s got you and me brother in his hands,  
He’s got you and me sister in his hands,  
He’s got the little baby in his hands,  
He’s got the whole world in his hands  
He’s got mother and father in his hands,  
He’s got the stars and the moon right in his hands,  
He’s got everybody in his hands,  
He’s got the whole world in his hands.

– *Traditional African American Spiritual*

“Over the rainbow”

When all the world is a hopeless jumble  
And the raindrops tumble all around  
Heaven opens a magic lane  
When all the clouds darken up the skyway  
There's a rainbow highway to be found  
Leading from your windowpane  
To a place behind the sun  
Just a step beyond the rain  
Somewhere, over the rainbow  
Way up high  
There's a land that I heard of  
Once in a lullaby  
Somewhere, over the rainbow  
Skies are blue  
And the dreams that you dare to dream  
Really do come true

Some day I'll wish upon a star and wake up where  
the clouds are  
Far behind me  
Where troubles melt like lemon drops away  
above the chimney tops  
That's where you'll find me  
Somewhere, over the rainbow  
Blue birds fly  
Birds fly over the rainbow  
Why then, oh, why can't I?  
If happy little bluebirds fly  
Beyond the rainbow  
Why, oh, why can't I?  
— Yip Harburg (1896–1981)

# OUR ANGELIC CHORUS

All Saints' Concert Series is completely funded by donations this year, as there are no ticket sales. We are deeply grateful to the following members of our Angelic Chorus who support our 2020–2021 Concert Series with financial gifts, and whose generosity ensures our ability to offer music of the highest caliber.

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ALL SAINTS' EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Music lies at the very heart  
of who we are as a community of faith.

# CONCERT SERIES

2020

2021

SEASON

Don't miss a minute of this season's Concert Series. This year all of our concerts will be presented online; visit [allsaintsatlanta.org/music/concert-series](https://allsaintsatlanta.org/music/concert-series) to download programs and view concerts after the premier broadcasts.

Friday, Feb. 12  
at 7:30 p.m.

KIRK M. RICH, ORGANIST

Sunday, Mar. 28  
at 7:30 p.m.

SONGS OF LENT WITH NATHAN MEDLEY, COUNTERTENOR

Wed., July 28  
at 7:30 p.m.

THE ATLANTA SUMMER ORGAN FESTIVAL: DAVID HENNING, ORGANIST



All Saints'  
Episcopal  
Church

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