

Apollo
Morning Choral
Festival

under the combined auspices of these Clubs

SAINT LOUIS

Odeon

Monday evening, May the First
Nineteen hundred and sixteen
half after eight o'clock

MR. CHARLES GALLOWAY
Conductor

THE CLUBS WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MR. PAUL ALTHOUSE
Tenor

ACCOMPANIMENT BY

MEMBERS OF THE ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MRS. CARL J. LUYTIES AT THE PIANO

The Morning Choral Club

HONORARY LIFE MEMBER

MRS. A. M. BLAIR.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

First Sopranos

Mrs. Charles L. Allen.	Miss Gertrude Finley.
Miss Laura Anderson.	Mrs. Joseph S. Fuqua.
Miss Alice Baird.	Mrs. George B. Gannett.
Mrs. Samuel B. Ball.	Miss Lela Garvin.
Mrs. Taylor Bernard.	Mrs. Charles J. Harris.
Miss F. Marguerite Bohle.	Mrs. G. W. Haverstick.
Miss Janet Boone.	Mrs. J. A. Johansen.
Mrs. H. H. Bollman.	Mrs. H. V. Kent.
Mrs. Charles A. Bowman.	Mrs. J. D. Perry Lewis.
Mrs. A. H. Bowman.	Mrs. A. E. Meisenbach.
Mrs. David Boyd.	Mrs. Rockwell M. Milligan.
Mrs. Ursie E. C. Capen.	Mrs. Turner B. Morton.
Mrs. James G. Calhoun.	Mrs. E. George Payne.
Mrs. A. D. Chappell.	Mrs. Hector Pasmegzolu.
Mrs. Ludlum Chittenden.	Mrs. Edwin L. Robinson.
Miss Anna Belle Clark.	Mrs. D. A. Ruebel.
Mrs. Ludlum Chittenden.	Mrs. George Ruhe.
Miss Nellie de Haan	Miss Irene Sargent.
Mrs. Otto Dieckmann.	Mrs. Ellis W. Smith.
Mrs. Arthur L. Dickie.	Mrs. J. Campbell Smith.
Mrs. F. W. Drostén.	Miss Minerva Thomsen.
Mrs. B. F. Fallis.	

The Morning Choral Club

Active Members—Continued

Second Sopranos

Mrs. Clifford Albers.
Miss Helen Aylesbury
Mrs. Willard Bartlett.
Mrs. Ernest N. Birge.
Mrs. Howard Boone.
Mrs. M. F. Braun.
Miss Harriet Edwards.
Mrs. J. Travis Fleishel.
Mrs. Edward Haid.
Miss Mildred Haynes.
Mrs. Harry Hazelton.
Miss Pauline Hohengarten.
Mrs. F. Evremont Hornsby.
Mrs. W. A. Kammerer.
Miss Louise Kroeger.
Mrs. Edwin E. Kurtzeborn.

Mrs. A. A. Mayne.
Mrs. Robert G. Miller.
Mrs. R. H. Ogle.
Mrs. Archer O'Reilly.
Mrs. R. C. Powell.
Mrs. E. P. Radke.
Mrs. W. L. Ricker.
Miss Lucille Robyn.
Mrs. A. W. Schisler.
Miss Louise Steitz.
Mrs. John E. Stoker.
Mrs. E. O. Sweetser.
Miss Bess Turney.
Mrs. Arthur Whorton.
Mrs. Willis Young.

Altos

Mrs. Roger Annan, Jr.
Mrs. William Bedford, Jr.
Miss Grace Behring.
Mrs. J. H. Boughton.
Miss Augusta Buehler.
Mrs. J. Davie.
Miss Francis Fuhrman.
Mrs. Charles Galloway.
Mrs. H. W. Geller.
Mrs. Elizabeth Green.
Miss Olga Hambuechen.
Miss Elizabeth Hawk
Miss Thelma Hayman.
Miss Blanche Herrick
Mrs. W. T. Jones.
Mrs. J. J. Kessler.

Miss Edna Kleinschmidt.
Mrs. Carl J. Luyties.
Mrs. W. A. McCandless.
Mrs. Alfred Meier.
Mrs. John Morrison.
Miss Georgia Riddle.
Mrs. Joseph H. Rodes.
Mrs. Wm. Roth.
Miss Arline Shackelford.
Mrs. Grant A. Sharpe.
Miss Beatrice Tully.
Mrs. C. E. Warner.
Mrs. Walter Weidmann.
Mrs. E. V. Wilkinson.
Mrs. W. B. Weston.

The Apollo Club

MEMBERS

ACTIVE

FIRST TENORS

Mr. A. K. Alexander.
Mr. H. L. Beeman.
Mr. W. H. Conway.
Dr. C. P. Dyer.
Mr. F. E. Goerlich.
Mr. Chas. B. Hardin.
Mr. Dumont M. Jones.
Mr. R. Klimt.
Mr. W. R. Mayfield.
Dr. A. E. Meisenbach.
Mr. E. E. Merker.
Mr. Francis Miller.
Mr. F. H. Nieman.
Mr. G. O. Phillips.
Mr. J. F. Powers.
Mr. H. S. Robinson.
Dr. R. G. Sendke.
Mr. W. B. Slater.
Mr. E. W. Stamm.
Mr. G. J. Tremayne.
Mr. C. L. Waugh.

SECOND TENORS

Mr. Carl F. Aehle.
Mr. Henry H. Aehle.
Mr. Emil Borgmann.
Mr. J. B. Cozzens.
Mr. C. C. Culbertson.
Mr. H. R. Davis.
Mr. M. B. Dwyer.
Mr. A. A. Fattmann.
Mr. E. J. Ferguson.
Dr. Geo. E. Hourn.
Mr. W. I. Jones.
Mr. Robt. H. Lees.
Mr. B. E. Lemen.
Mr. Geo. M. Ravold.
Mr. Harold Ray.
Mr. Alfred Ricketts.
Mr. W. E. Scherr.
Mr. Oliver H. Schmid.
Mr. R. C. Wendel.

The Apollo Club

MEMBERS

ACTIVE

FIRST BASS

Mr. A. E. Achard.
Mr. M. W. Becker.
Mr. Phil. A. Becker.
Mr. R. W. Bohn.
Mr. W. H. Bronaugh.
Mr. T. L. Creighton.
Mr. Hugh S. Finlayson.
Mr. F. E. Fitzgerald.
Mr. Jno. R. Harkins.
Mr. F. A. Hughes.
Mr. R. P. Jacoby.
Mr. Jos. H. Kelley.
Mr. Robt. B. Leacock.
Mr. Frank S. Parker.
Mr. J. W. Porteous.
Mr. E. C. Reed.
Mr. Jno. A. Rohan.
Mr. Fred H. Swift.
Mr. W. F. Vieh.
Mr. Jos. E. Wodicka.

SECOND BASS

Dr. A. E. Belton.
Mr. W. H. Becker.
Mr. Aug. Busch.
Mr. W. G. Christy.
Mr. Edw. F. Dunker.
Mr. H. W. Eyermann.
Mr. Chas. H. Hasner.
Mr. J. F. Hawkin.
Mr. C. W. Hughes.
Mr. Wm. E. Jones.
Mr. R. J. Kratky.
Mr. Jno. C. McNamara.
Mr. Louis Nahm.
Mr. Ludwig Niedner.
Mr. H. G. Noel.
Mr. Wm. F. Nuelle.
Mr. Linn Paine.
Dr. T. W. Ross.
Mr. E. C. Schmid.
Mr. H. H. Sievers.
Mr. S. E. Tuebner.

The Apollo Club

HONORARY RETIRED LIST

Mr. William Hales.
Mr. J. H. Conrades, Jr.
Mr. H. A. Jameson.
Mr. G. A. Casavant.
Mr. W. K. Stanard.
Mr. Chas. Wiggins.
Dr. Willis Hall.
Dr. Wallace Harker.
Mr. Wm. F. Stender.
Mr. J. Bogy Taylor.
Mr. Sterling P. Jones.
Dr. F. C. E. Kuhlmann.
Mr. Lucien E. Jones.
Mr. Chas. W. Brainerd.
Mr. E. E. Horspool.

The Morning Choral Club

THE Morning Choral Club had its beginning in the Fall of 1890, when Mrs. Henry A. Stimson gathered together a small company of women to rehearse four-part music for their instruction and pleasure, at her home. A year later the organization was completed and Mrs. James L. Blair was made the first President.

¶ At the initial recital given in 1892 at the old Pickwick theater there were forty-one voices and a limited number of Associates, or Patronesses as they were then called. Now the Choral numbers one hundred and ten voices and an Associate membership of four hundred and fifty. This amazing growth is due to the unceasing efforts and loyalty of officers and each individual member of the Choral. It is and ever has been an organization of perfect harmony.

¶ The first director, Mr. Charles Johnson, was succeeded by Mr. Ernest Kroeger, who in turn was followed by Alfred Ernst, Gwilym Miles and Charles Galloway, the latter serving for the past eight years. Under these capable and thorough musicians a high standard of excellence has been maintained.

¶ Many artists of note have been introduced to St. Louis by the Choral, and many original entertainments have been planned and given by the Club. Among the latter may be mentioned the recent twenty-fifth anniversary performance—"Round the World with Spring."

¶ The Morning Choral Club is one of the largest and oldest Clubs for Women's voices in the United States. Affiliation with it means a high plane of music culture and enjoyment of an unusual and ample yearly program. This includes Members' Day and Christmas recitals, two Odeon concerts with artist assistants, one special evening entertainment, besides several monthly morning concerts. Apply to Mrs. Ernest N. Birge, 4902 Labadie Avenue, for Associate membership.

The Apollo Club

THE Apollo Club of St. Louis was organized in November, 1893, under the leadership of Mr. Alfred G. Robyn. It began under the most favorable auspices, both its Active and Associate membership being made up of the best social element of the city. Success was at once assured and the patronage of its loyal friends has never faltered in the twenty-three years of its existence.

¶ Year after year the Apollo Club has met with the unstinted approval of the most discerning in the music circles of this city, and year after year it has risen gradually but surely in the tonal quality of its work, in the finesse of its ensemble effects, in the perfection of its responses to its leaders and in the breadth of its interpretations, extending from the most favorable renditions of the simplest ballads to the masterly exposition of the classic chorals.

¶ During the past thirteen years the Apollo Club has been under the competent leadership of Mr. Charles Galloway, and its work has improved to an extent that today it ranks with the best Choral organizations in the world. The club is assisted by artists of proven worth and interesting and entertaining programs are offered to its associate members.

¶ The membership of the Apollo Club is divided into Active and Associate members. The cost of an Associate membership is Ten Dollars per year and entitles the holder of same to two seats at each of the three private concerts of the club during the Winter Season. Application should be made to Mr. C. W. Hughes, Secretary, Boatmen's Bank Building, St. Louis.

Program

PART FIRST

I

“Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting” (The
Redemption)

Gounod

APOLLO AND MORNING CHORAL CLUBS

Unfold, ye portals everlasting,
With welcome to receive Him ascending on high.
Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky,
Back to the heavenly mansions hasting,
Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.

But Who is He, the King of Glory?
He Who Death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty.
Of hosts He is the Lord; of angels and of powers:
The King of Glory is the King of the Saints.

II

Aria, "Celeste Aida"

Verdi

MR. PAUL ALTHOUSE

III

“The Gateway of Ispahan”

Arthur Foote

MORNING CHORAL CLUB

In the arched gate-way of fair Ispahan,
Where shadows all day long in ambush lurk,
Ready to steal abroad at night-fall,
Sits Omar, the story-teller.
Around him sit the chief men of the city,
They that be Princes and Potentates of Ispahan,
All listening tireless to the tales he tells.

Through the long afternoon like fountain-fall,
Runs on the tale till the dim air is sweet
With music of its murmurous syllables,
The liquid, melting cadences which drop
From Omar's lips, like honey from the comb.
Spell-bound sit they who hear.
In the arched gate-way of fair Ispahan,
Where shadows all day long in ambush lurk,
Ready to steal abroad at night-fall,
Sits Omar, the story-teller.
And long the shadows grow
Of the tall camels passing, and of slaves
Who watch their masters, envying their ease
In the cool gate-way of fair Ispahan.

—From “Told in the Gate,” by Arlo Bates.

Intermission Of Ten Minutes

¶ The beginning of Part
Second will be indicated
in the Foyer by a brief
extinction of the electric
light. :: :: ::

¶ Persons obliged to
leave the theatre before
the conclusion of the
concert, are requested
not to do so during a
number. :: :: ::

Program

PART SECOND

IV

Cantata—The Swan and the Skylark

Words by
Music by

Hemans, Keats and Shelley
Arthur Goring Thomas

APOLLO AND MORNING CHORAL CLUBS

With Quartette selected from Club members:

Miss Anna Belle Clark, Soprano
Miss Blanche Herrick, Contralto

Mr. Russell Rizer, Tenor
Mr. John A. Rohan, Bass

*A Grecian poet I, but born too late;—
For me no nymph sings from the upland wood
Her antique song; nor in bright hurrying brook
Is seen and lost her sweet illusive smile.*

*Gone is the shell that Phoebus, long ago,
Strung for the music that should never die;
Gone is the shell whereon sedately, slow,
The comely Aphrodite floated by;*

*And gone the maids who ran the ordered race,
Or stopped to bathe them by Actaeon's rill,
Narcissus brooding o'er his own fair face,
And Echo laughing from the distant hill.*

*Only o'er sullen world of stock and stone
The ball of fire sends down his daily light,
And, when the measured hours are come and gone,
Lake, field, and sky are lost in gloomy night.—J. S.*

'Midst the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream
Unto the faint wind sighed melodiously,
And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
Sent out through shadowy grass and thick wild-flowers
Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
Warbled his death-chant; and a poet stood
Listening to that strange music, as it shook
The lilies on the wave; and made the pines
And all the laurels of the haunted shore
Thrill to its passion. Oh! the tones were sweet,
Even painfully—as with the sweetness wrung
From parting love; and to the poet's thought
This was their language:—

“Summer I depart—
O light and laughing summer! fare thee well:
No song the less through thy rich woods will swell
For one, one broken heart.

“And fare ye well, young flowers!
Ye will not mourn! Ye will shed odour still,
And wave in glory, colouring every rill,
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

“And ye, bright founts! that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
Sweet waters! I must die.

“Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the pines—one murmur low?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone?

“No! ever glad and free,
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell;
Waves, joyous waves! flow on, and fare ye well!
Ye will not mourn for me.

“But thou, sweet boon! too late
Poured on my parting breath, vain gift of song!
Why com'st thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and strong
In the dark hour of fate?

“Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies!
O life and love! farewell.”

Thus flowed the death-chant on; while mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer; and the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream—
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy—
Woke to respond; and all the air was filled
With that one sighing sound—*Farewell! Farewell!*

*“Adieu, adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades.”*—KEATS.

Filled with that sound! High in the calm blue heaven
Even then a skylark hung; soft summer clouds
Were floating round him, all transpierced with light
And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
Quivered with song: such free, triumphant song,
As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below; and *thus* that strain
Spoke to the Poet's ear exultingly:—

*“The summer is come; she hath said Rejoice!
The wild-woods thrill to her merry voice;
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high:
Sing, sing through the echoing sky!*

*“There is joy in the mountains! The bright waves leap
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
Let the heavens ring with song!”*

*“Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest.”*—SHELLEY.

*“There is joy in the forests! The bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight;
But mine is the glory to sunshine given—
Sing, sing through the echoing heaven!*

*“Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine are the fresh gales with dayspring born:
Only young rapture can mount so high—
Sing, sing through the echoing sky!”*

So those two voices met; so Joy and Death
Mingled their accents; and, amidst the rush
Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried,—
“Oh! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,
Mysterious nature! Not in thy free range
Of woods and wilds alone, thou blendest thus
The dirge-note and the song of festival;
But in one *heart*, one changeful human heart—
Ay, and within one hour of that strange world—
Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones
To startle and to pierce!—the dying swan's,
And the glad skylark's—triumph and despair.”—MRS. HEMANS.

Intermission

Program

PART THIRD

V

“Daybreak in the Woods”

E. Koellner

APOLLO CLUB

(By Special Request)

So still and calm is the night in May,
And still the woodland shadow;
The little brook purls on its way
So softly thro' the meadow.
The flowers are nodding in their dreams,
The trees of the golden day's bright beams
In whispers tell alway.

Hark! 'tis the thrush, with her tuneful lay
The forest silence breaking;
Ye sleepers, the East shows dawning day,
The earth will soon be waking.
Arise, oh lark! azure sky to greet,
Send forth your trills and your quavers sweet;
Arise, oh lark; azure sky to greet,
Then night will have sped away.

Ah! hear the sound like Alpine horn.
There hark! it is repeated,
The blackbird's song thro' the air is borne,
Night's shadows have retreated.
And many a bird now so gaily sings,
The cuckoo's note, too, onward rings;
All greet the bright new morn.

And from afar so solemnly
A soft-toned bell is pealing,
Its tone like angel's voice to me,
Into my heart is stealing.
And all is singing the earth along,
And this is the burden of all the song.
Praise unto God shall be!

—Alfred Muth.

VI

English songs dedicated to Mr. Althouse:

Springtide of Love.....	<i>Foster</i>
If I Were King of Ireland.....	<i>Foster</i>
Sacrament	<i>McDermid</i>
Here on the Brae.....	<i>Jordan</i>
The Young Warrior.....	<i>Burleigh</i>

MR. PAUL ALTHOUSE

VII

“Bridal Chorus” from the “Rose Maiden” *Cowen*

APOLLO AND MORNING CHORAL CLUBS

'Tis thy wedding morning,
Shining in the skies,
Bridal bells are ringing,
Bridal songs arise,
Op'ning the portals of thy paradise.

'Tis the last fair morning
For thy maiden eyes
'Tis thy marriage morning
Rise, sweet maid, arise.

'Tis thy wedding morning,
Shining in the skies,
Bridal bells are ringing,
Bridal songs arise.