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The Morning Choral Club

SAINT LOUIS

1890-1891



1916-1917

Christmas Concert



Pilgrim Congregational Church

Friday morning, December the twenty-second
nineteen hundred and sixteen

eleven o'clock

Program

I

Adeste Fideles, - "O come, all ye Faithful"

Also known as the Portuguese Hymn and used by both Roman and Anglican churches alike at Christmastide since the close of the eighteenth century. Its Latin origin is much older and is attributed to Bonaventure, a Franciscan monk who lived in France in the thirteenth century. No piece of sacred or secular music is so universally loved and sung as this wonderfully sonorous old Latin hymn. It has become the Christmas song of nations.

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II

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Hail Ye Tyme of Holie Days - Branscombe

Noel of the Bressan Waits - - - - - Darcieux

The Bressan "Waits" were Christmas carolers of the old French province of Burgundy.

Holy Christmas Night - - - - - Lassen

Soprano solo by Mrs. Charles Stanley

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III

Aria - - - - - Vieuxtemps
Calme du Nuit - - - - - Massenet
Ave Maria - - - - - Schubert-Wilhelmj

Mrs. Lulu Kunkel Burg, violin
Mrs. Wilhelmina Lowe Speyer, harp
Mr. Vernon E. Henshie, organ

IV

Blest Pair of Sirens - - (at a Solemn Music)
Poem by John Milton - Music by Bruno Huhn

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V

Offertory - - - - - Hubay
Serenade Noel - - - - - Chaminade-Kreisler
Meditation - - - - - Cottenet

Mrs. Burg, Mrs. Speyer, Mr. Henshie

VI

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear - - - Sears

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and

Audience

Benediction - - - The Rev. S. H. Woodrow

Mr. Charles Galloway, Director
Mrs. C. J. Luyties at the Piano
Mr. Vernon E. Henshie at the Organ

Christmas Hymn

I

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.
Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From Heaven's all gracious King,
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

II

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look, now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing,
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

III

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes 'round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth,
Its ancient splendor fling,
And the whole world give back the song,
Which now the angels sing.