

TWENTY-SEVENTH SEASON

1917—1918

---

The First Evening Concert  
OF  
The Morning Choral Club  
Saint Louis

---

Odeon

Tuesday Evening, January the Fifteenth  
Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen

---

THE CLUB WILL BE ASSISTED BY  
MR. CHARLES TROWBRIDGE TITTMAN  
*Basso-Baritone.*

MRS. CARL J. LUYTIES AT THE PIANO.

# The Morning Choral Club

---

## OFFICERS

MRS. ARCHER O'REILLY,	<i>President</i>
MRS. JOSEPH S. FUQUA,	<i>First Vice-President</i>
MRS. ERNEST N. BIRGE,	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
MRS. CHARLES L. ALLEN,	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
MRS. JAMES G. NUGENT,	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
MRS. BENJAMIN H. CHARLES,	<i>Treasurer</i>
MRS. JOHN W. MORRISON,	<i>Librarian</i>

## DIRECTORS

MRS. WILLIAM A. McCANDLESS                      MRS. HARRY B. HAZELTON

MRS. SAMUEL B. BALL

### Examining Committee

MRS. ARTHUR W. SCHISLER, Chairman

### Music Committee

MRS. J. D. PERRY LEWIS, Chairman

### Printing Committee

MRS. ANNA DONEGHY BOONE, Chairman

### Auditor

MRS. A. D. CHAPPELL

### Press and Year Book Committee

MRS. TAYLOR BERNARD, Chairman

### Director

MR. CHARLES GALLOWAY

### Accompanist

MRS. CARL J. LUYTIES

# Program

## PART FIRST

---

### I.

The Wish

*Charles Wakefield Cadman*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

I wish I were where roses pale  
Allure the chanting nightingale;  
I wish I walked in gardens old  
Where crocuses and marigold,  
The aster and chrysanthemum  
Bloom'd with the cherry and the plum  
In some queer spring that ne'er shall be  
Till all the stars are in the sea!

But, oh, perhaps I wish still more  
That you were with me as of yore!  
Yet on a strip of barren sand  
I look across the lonely land,  
And tho' my heart of longing tire,  
You never come at my desire!  
(You were here just last night, I know;  
But, oh, that was so long ago!)  
I wish! I wish! I wish!

—*Nelle Richmond Eberhart.*

II.

- |                      |               |
|----------------------|---------------|
| (a) Bid Me to Live   | <i>Hatton</i> |
| (b) Come Down to Kew | <i>Deis</i>   |
| (c) Kerry Dance      | <i>Molloy</i> |

MR. CHARLES TROWBRIDGE TITTMAN

### III.

- (a) Ashes of Roses *Rossetter G. Cole*  
(b) Peasants' Wedding March *Södermann*

#### A CAPPELLA

#### THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

- (a)           Soft on the sunset sky  
              Bright daylight closes,  
              **Leaving, when light doth die,**  
              Pale hues that mingling lie,  
              Ashes of roses.
- When love's warm sun is set,  
              Love's brightness closes;  
              Eyes with hot tears are wet,  
              In hearts there linger yet  
              Ashes of **roses.**
- (b) When beams the golden sunlight above the mountains high,  
      The birds sing out, all life awakes beneath the smiling sky,  
      Then does the happy bridegroom o'er sunny mountains ride  
      To one who waits his coming, his own fair bride.  
      **Play up, ye wedding minstrels, play up with joyful sound,**  
      Until the music echoes o'er the hills around.  
      Up! Join the gay procession, ye lads, all join the train.  
      March on ahead so bravely the maids will come again.  
      See how the bride is smiling in gold and silver shine;  
      See how the bridegroom's glances all whisper "she is mine."  
      **The church-bells gaily chiming, o'er all the hills away,**  
      The wedding guests are calling to keep this festal day.  
      Come join the gay procession, ye lads, join the train.  
      **Play up, ye wedding minstrels, play up with joyful sound,**  
      Until the music echoes o'er the hills around.  
      The church-bells gaily chiming o'er all the hills away,  
      Call young and old to keep this festal day.  
      Up! Join the gay procession, ye lads, all join the train!

IV.

- (a) Amarilli (Madrigal from 16th Century) *Caccini*  
(b) Aprile *Tosti*  
(c) Psyche *Paladilhe*  
(d) Le Cor *Flégier*  
(e) L'Heure Exquise *Reynaldo Hahn*

MR. CHARLES TROWBRIDGE TITTMAN

V.

(a) Dew In Spring *Anton Rubinstein*

(b) In The Boat *Edvard Grieg*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

(a) The dew is sparkling o'er meadow and heath,  
The moon sheds its radiance o'er all beneath,  
The nightingale sings 'mid the heather,  
A magical gleaming is everywhere,  
A wondrous fragrance fills all the air,  
We two will wander together.  
O Spring, thy joys are beyond compare;  
My beloved and I 'neath blossoms fair  
In rapture our way are wending.  
Oh, the heavenly joy of that first kiss,  
While fondly dreaming of love and bliss,  
Of love and faith without ending.

(b) Sea gulls, sea gulls in snow white flocks,  
Bright sunshine.  
Ducks proudly strutting in yellow cocks,  
So smart and fine.  
Row, row to land once more,  
Wavelets gently caress the shore,  
Calm the sea all around me.  
Heigh ho nonny.

Loosen, loosen, my love, thy rippling curls of gold,  
Then let us dance till the sweet June night grows faint and old.  
Wait, wait, when roses blow,  
Wedding bells will ring all aglow!  
Music's sweet tones will enchant thee.  
Heigh ho nonny.

Rock me, Oh, wave, tender, on and on  
See her come like a fawn swift and slender, my sweetest one.  
Rock, rock to dreamland's shrine,  
Thou art mine and I am thine.  
Music, hushed may thy tones be!  
Heigh ho nonny.

## **Intermission**

---

¶ Persons obliged to leave the theatre before the conclusion of the concert are requested **NOT** to do so during a number.

# Program

## PART SECOND

---

### VI.

The Sea-Fairies

*Mrs. H. H. A. Beach*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

AND

MISS CORA ALT

MISS MARIE BECKER

MISS OLGA HAMBUECHEN

Slow sailed the weary mariners, and saw,  
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam.  
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest  
To little harps of gold; and, while they mused,  
Whispering to each other half in fear,  
Shrill music reached them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? Fly no more.  
Whither away from the high green field, and the happy blossoming  
shore?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;  
Down shower the gamboling water falls  
From wandering over the lea;  
Out of the live green heart of the dells  
They freshen the silv'ry crimson shells,  
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells,  
High over the full-toned sea:

*(Continued on page 17)*

Come hither to me and to me!  
Come hither, and frolic and play;  
Here it is only the mew that wails;  
We will sing to you all the day!

O mariner, mariner, furl your sails,  
For here are the blissful downs and dales,  
And merrily, merrily, carol the gales,  
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,  
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land  
Over the islands free;  
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;  
Hither, O hither, come hither and see.

And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,  
And sweet is the color of cove and cave,  
And sweet shall your welcome be;  
Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,  
For merry brides are we.

We will kiss sweet kisses,  
And speak sweet words;  
Listen, O listen, your eyes shall glisten  
With love and jubilee!  
Listen, O listen, your eyes shall glisten  
When the sharp, clear twang of the golden chords  
Runs up the ridged sea!  
Who can light on as happy a shore  
All the world o'er, all the world o'er?  
Whither away? Listen and stay:  
Mariner, mariner, fly no more.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

VII.

Vision Fugitive, from Herodiade

*Massenet*

MR. CHARLES TROWBRIDGE TITTMAN

## VIII.

Chanson provençale

*Dell'Acqua-Shelley*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

AND

MRS. HECTOR PASMEZOGLU

Through nights that know no equal,  
These lovely summer nights;  
Pipe up and sing, ye crickets,  
And tell of all delights.

Little lovers of the star-light,  
With saucy eyes ye appear,  
Soon as shades of night are falling,  
And ye sing, till dawn is near.  
Sing on! Ah, sing! Sing on!  
And sing of lovely maidens,  
Each southern maiden here,  
Will listen to your singing,  
And dream about her dear.

'Neath Provence's skies your dwelling;  
Golden notes ye are telling,  
While time ye keep;  
So may your kindly voices  
Send with heart that rejoices,  
The child to sleep.

Through nights that know no equal,  
These lovely summer nights;  
Pipe up and sing, ye crickets,  
And tell of all delights.