

TWENTY-SEVENTH SEASON

1917—1918

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The Second Evening Concert  
OF  
The Morning Choral Club  
Saint Louis

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Odeon

Tuesday Evening, April the Twenty-third  
Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen

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THE CLUB WILL BE ASSISTED BY  
MISS AMY EMERSON NEILL  
*Violinist.*

MRS. CARL J. LUYTIES AT THE PIANO.

# The Morning Choral Club

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### Accompanist

MRS. CARL J. LUYTIES

# Program

## PART FIRST

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### I.

- (a) The Sweet o' the Year      *Mary Turner Salter*  
(b) Let the Fiddles, Flutes and Brasses  
   *Christian Sinding*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

AND

MRS. BENJAMIN WUNDER

- (a) Cherry boughs are snowy white, apple blooms are drifting light,  
Drifting about, birds in and out,  
Love, 'tis the sweet o' the year.  
Balmy breath of lilac buds—daffodils golden appear,  
My heart is singing, a dear message bringing,  
Love, 'tis the sweet o' the year.  
Mellow winds blowing, green things a-growing,  
Happy birds winging, gay songs are singing,  
Love, 'tis the sweet o' the year.  
Voice of the dawn in silver song, the robin's note I hear,  
My heart is singing, a dear message bringing,  
Oh, Love, Love, Love, 'tis the sweet o' the year.

(b)

Let the fiddles, flutes and brasses,  
Jubilant with mirth, delight us;  
Come and join us, lads and lasses;  
Let exultant dance unite us.  
Let the flutes and viols delight us,  
Merry make with music glorious;  
Friendship fond and love unite us,  
Jubilant with spring victorious.  
Let the gladsome flutes and fiddles  
With harmonious strains delight us;  
Leave at home the cross old grumbler;  
Let sweet merriment unite us!  
Let the fiddles, flutes and brasses  
Jubilant with mirth delight us;  
Come and join us, lads and lasses;  
Let exultant dance unite us!

—*Aarestrup after Ruckert*

II.

Concerto in D Major

*Tschaikowsky*

First Movement

MISS AMY EMERSON NEILL

### III.

## The Keys of Canterbury

*Harvey Worthington Loomis*

### THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

O Madam, I will give to you the keys of Canterbury,  
And all the bells of London shall ring to make us merry,  
If you will be my joy, my sweet, and only dear,  
And walk along with me anywhere.  
I shall not, sir, accept of you the keys of Canterbury,  
Nor all the bells of London shall ring to make us merry.  
I will not be your joy, your sweet, and only dear,  
Nor walk along with you anywhere.

O Madam, I will give to you a pair of boots of cork;  
The one was made in London, the other made in York;  
If you will be my joy, my sweet, and only dear,  
And walk along with me anywhere.  
I shall not, sir, accept of you a pair of boots of cork,  
Tho' both were made in London or both were made in York.  
I will not be your joy, your sweet, and only dear,  
Nor walk along with you anywhere.

O Madam, I will give to you a broidered silken gown,  
With nine yards adrooping and training on the ground,  
If you will be my joy, my sweet, and only dear  
And walk along with me anywhere.  
O sir, I will accept of you a broidered silken gown,  
With nine yards adrooping and training on the ground,  
And I will be your joy, your sweet, and only dear,  
And walk along with you anywhere.

—*Old English Folk Song*

IV.

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|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| (a) Sarabande et Tambourin | <i>Leclair</i>          |
| (b) Larghetto              | <i>Nordini</i>          |
| (c) Praeludium and Allegro | <i>Pugnani-Kreisler</i> |

MISS AMY EMERSON NEILL

V.

(a) Elfin Music

*Granville Bantock*

(b) Roumanian Love Song

*Samuel Richard Gaines*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

(a) I am drunk with the honey wine  
Of the moon unfolded eglantine,  
Which fairies catch in hyacinth buds;  
The bats, the dormice, and the moles,  
Sleep in the walls or under the sward  
Of the desolate castle yard,  
And when 'tis spilt on the summer earth  
Or its fumes arise among the dew,  
Their jocund dreams are full of mirth;  
They gibber their joy in sleep; for few  
Of the fairies bear those bowls so new.

—*Shelley*

(b) Wake, wake, my love, from thy dreaming,  
And trill out a song to welcome sweet day;  
Open thine eyes to nature all gleaming;  
Let us rejoice, and sing and be gay!  
Through the night I dreamed of thee—  
Filled with rare delight;  
Kisses sweet thou gavest me—  
Ah! thy hand was white!  
Once I thought thy lips did speak  
Tremulous and low.  
Ah! what bliss when thou didst seek  
My true heart to know!  
Haste, haste, my love, like the morning,  
And tell with thine eyes that thou wilt be mine!  
Dreamed I that flowers a bride were adorning.  
Ah! say 'tis true, for I'm truly thine!

—*Margaret Blair*

## 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

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### VI.

The Four Winds

*David Stanley Smith*

#### THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

Wind of the North, wind of the Norland snows,  
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars,  
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,  
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,  
And blur the casement squares with glittering ice,  
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West, wind of the few, far clouds,  
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands,  
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,  
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,  
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,  
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East, wind of the sunrise seas,  
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains,  
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,  
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,  
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,  
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind! Wind of the fragrant South,  
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose,  
Over magnolia glooms and liliated lakes,  
And flowering forests, come with dewy wings,  
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss  
The low mound where she lies,  
Wind of the South!

—*Charles Henry Luders*

VII.

(a) Ave Maria

*Schubert-Wilhelmj*

(b) Polonaise Brillante

*Wieniaski*

MISS AMY EMERSON NEILL

## VIII.

June

*Mrs. H. H. A. Beach*

*Dedicated to and sung for the first time by*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

O sunny days of June divine,  
Fresh beauty each hour discloses!  
Of blossoming meadows, and zephyrs benign,  
And in the gardens with fruit and vine,  
Heartsease and roses!

Heartsease and roses; a perfume strong  
The mellowing vineyards are giving!  
The nights so lang'rous—the days so long—  
So beaming the brow, so ringing the song,  
Such joy but in living!

Yon leafy arbor, all tremulous there,  
Doth sigh as at night it reposes.  
Rich blessings fill all the scented air  
With rapture surpassing, and everywhere  
Heartsease and roses.