

TWENTY-EIGHTH SEASON  
1918—1919



The First Evening Concert  
OF  
The Morning Choral Club  
Saint Louis

Odeon

Tuesday Evening, February the Eighteenth  
Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen

THE CLUB WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MR. RAYMUND KOCH.  
*Baritone*

AND A SMALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MRS. CARL J. LUYTIES AT THE PIANO

Mason & Hamlin Piano Used.



# Program

## PART FIRST

---

### I.

The Bugle

*J. Bertram Fox*

#### THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story.  
The long light shakes across the lakes  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set your wild echoes flying,  
Answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear how thin and clear  
And thinner, clearer, further going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, blow! Let us hear the purple glens replying.  
Answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

O love they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill, or field, or river.  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.  
Answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

II.

Prologue from I'Pagliacci

*Ruggiero Leoncavallo*

MR. RAYMUND KOCH.

### III.

(a) Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

*H. T. Burleigh*

(b) Will o' the Wisp

*Charles Gilbert Spross*

#### THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

(a)

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home?  
A band of angels coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

(b)

Will o' the wisp with your dancing light,  
Where do you wander into the night?  
Where will you lead, if I keep you in sight?

Will o' the wisp, will your lantern illumine for me  
A fairy ring 'neath a forest tree,  
Or will you beckon me down to the sea?

Will o' the wisp, the wise people say,  
Who follows your lead goes far astray,  
And never again sees the light of day.

Though you are swift as the flying wind,  
The treasure you seek, I, too, will find,  
So come, let us leave the world far behind,  
Will o' the wisp.

—*Torrence Benjamin.*

IV.

- |                         |                              |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| (a) Pleading            | <i>Edward Elgar</i>          |
| (b) The Eagle           | <i>G. A. Grant-Schaeffer</i> |
| (c) Rolling Down to Rio | <i>Edward German</i>         |

MR. RAYMUND KOCH.

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

---

### V.

The Bells

*Nicola A. Montani*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

AND

MRS. H. B. MARSHALL

MRS. A. E. ACHARD

MRS. FRANK MILLHOUSE

Hear the sledges with the bells,  
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells,

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells

Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night,

How they ring out their delight!

From the molten golden notes

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats.  
On the moon.  
Oh! from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells! How it dwells  
On the Future! How it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing of the bells.  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells,  
Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror now, their turbulency tells.  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune.  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire—  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire—  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor,  
Now, now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of Despair!  
How they clang and clash and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air.  
Yet the ear it fully knows,  
By the twanging and the clanging  
How the danger ebbs and flows,  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling and the wrangling  
How the danger sinks and swells  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells.  
By the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

—Edgar Allen Poe.

VI.

(a) The Home Road

*John Alden Carpenter*

(b) Invictus

*Bruno Huhn*

(c) When Pershing's Men Go Marching into Picardy

*James H. Rogers*

MR. RAYMUND KOCH.

## VII.

Egyptian Bridal Procession      *Charles Wakefield Cadman*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

AND

MRS. WESLEY CANDY

Behold the bride in her palanquin,  
Who comes to meet her lord today;  
Her stately camels bear her on  
Thro' revelry and mimic fray.  
Now dancing feet prepare the path  
And singing maidens cheer the way;  
Behold the bride in her palanquin,  
Who comes to meet her lord today.

Tell me, O ye ancient Memphian palms,  
Tell me, O ye burning border-lands,  
Will his heart to me be a crown of green,  
Or a barren waste of desert sand?  
Tell me, O thou sunlit, sacred Nile,  
Tell me, O thou fount from Paradise,  
Will his heart for me be a flood of joy  
Or a failing spring where the thirsty sighs?

How long the merry cavalcade!  
How loud the songs along the way!  
Behold the bride, the happy bride,  
With palanquin and camels gay,  
Who comes to meet her lord today.

—*Nelle Richmond Eberhart.*