

SEVENTY-FIFTH CONCERT
TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON
1918 - 1919

Third Private Concert

OF

The Apollo Club of St. Louis

MR. CHARLES GALLOWAY
CONDUCTOR

—
Odéon

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 22D, 1919

—
THE CLUB WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MME. LOUISE HOMER - - - Contralto
MRS. EDWIN LAPHAM - - - At the Piano

Steinway Piano Used

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

A cordial invitation is extended to such of your friends as you think would enjoy the advantages afforded by an Associate Membership in the Apollo Club.

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*Returned from service.

Program

PART ONE

May Day - - - - - F. Hegar

THE APOLLO CLUB

I

MAY DAY

I

At ev'ry door throughout the land,
Two green and slender May-boughs blow,
Where Spring herself doth watching stand
(Where Spring-time watching there)
With eyes aglow,
Ah (and) something thrills my heart today
As tho 'twere daft with wine of May!

While boughs of (May-time) Spring their fragrance fling
Along the way
Two birchen boughs, all green and fair,
I'll hang before my heart's own door,
For Spring-time blooms and burgeons there (you see)
In spite of me!
Wide open stand my heart and hall
Come one and all, Come in!
May-time, May-time, Come thou too!
My fragrant boughs afar shall call
A welcome sweet to you.

II

For Contralto

- (a) God in Nature - - - - - *Beethoven*
- (b) "He Shall Feed His Flock," from Messiah, *Handel*
- (c) My Heart Ever Faithful - - - - - *Bach*

MME. LOUISE HOMER

III

- (a) Summer Night - - - - - *A. E. Little*
(b) A Grand Party - - - - - *C. Harris*

THE APOLLO CLUB

SUMMER NIGHT.

I

With outstretched arms, comes softly the balmy summer night,
Enfolding field and forest with tender, loving might;
She spreads her mystic mantle o'er mead and bush, and stream,
And lulls with magic music the weary world to dream.

II

The Earth has now forgotten, the long day's weary toil and care,
I lift mine eyes to Heaven, and lo! in upper air
A little bird rejoices, in evening's tender light!
Oh, that my soul, t'would carry, in upward soaring flight!

A GRAND PARTY.

I

Miss Nellie McCarthy gave a grand party
And who do you think were there?
Marigold Mary and Viscount Canary,
And Red Tiger Lily and Joe Daffodilly,
And Violet, fragrant and fair.

II

Miss Nellie McCarthy gave a grand party
And who do you think were there?
Marigold Mary and Viscount Canary
Red Tiger Lily and Joe Daffodilly,
And saucy Miss Buttercup, and Johnny Jump-up.
A boat load from over the bay.

III

They danced to a fiddle, with hands down the middle,
Ate oysters and ices, rich sauces and spices,
Did Marigold Mary and Viscount Canary,
Red Tiger Lily and Joe Daffodilly,
And saucy Miss Buttercup, and Johnny Jump-up.
They danced to a fiddle, with hands down the middle
Ate oysters and ices, rich sauces and spices,
And went to bed sick next day!

INTERMISSION OF TEN MINUTES

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

Program

PART TWO

I

For Contralto

(a) Air de Lia, from L'Enfant Prodique - - Debussy

(b) Gavotte, "Me Voici dans son douboir," from
Mignon - - - - - Thomas

MME. LOUISE HOMER

II

The Song of the Camp - - - - H. J. Stewart

(Repeated by Special Request)

THE APOLLO CLUB

Baritone Solo - - - - - Mr. John A. Rohan

At the Piano, Mr. Charles Galloway

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan in silent scoff
Lay grim and threat'ning under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause; a guardsman said:
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the batt'ry's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Bravehearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a diff'rent name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the dark'ning ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell,
Rained on the Russian quarters
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing,
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

5 Sleep, sleep, sleep.

III

For Contralto

- | | | |
|--|---|--------------------------|
| (a) To Russia - - - - - | } | <i>Sidney Homer</i> |
| (b) Cuddle Doon - - - - - | | |
| (c) The House that Jack Built - - - | | |
| (d) In the Time of Roses - - - - - | | <i>Louise Reichardt</i> |
| (e) Love Was Once a Little Boy - - - - - | | <i>Wade</i> |
| (f) The Day Is No More - - - - - | } | <i>John A. Carpenter</i> |
| (g) Don't Ceare - - - - - | | |

MME. LOUISE HOMER

IV

A Mighty Vulcan - - - - - *C. W. Cadman*

At the Piano, Mr. Charles Galloway

THE APOLLO CLUB

A MIGHTY VULCAN.

I

My father was a mighty Vulcan, I am Smith of the land and sea,
The cunning spirit of Tubal-Cain came with my marrow to me.
I think great thoughts, strong winged with steel, I coin vast iron acts,
And orb the impalpable dreams of seers into comely, lyric facts.

II

I am monarch of all the forges, I have solved the riddle of fire,
The Amen of Nature to cry of Man, answers to my desire.
I search with the subtle soul of flame, the heart of the rocky Earth,
And hot from my anvils the prophesies, of the miracle years leap forth.

III

I am swart with the soot of my furnace, I drip with the sweats of toil,
My fingers throttle the savage wastes, I tear the curse from the soil
I fling the bridges across the gulfs, that hold us from the To-Be,
And build the roads for the bannered march, of crowned humanity.

Associate members will confer a favor by replying promptly to the communication from the Executive Committee, which they will receive tomorrow.

APOLLO CLUB

St. Louis, April 22, 1919



MME. LOUISE HOMER, CONTRALTO



To Russia.....*Sidney Homer*

Who tamed your lawless Tartar blood?
What David bearded in his den
The Russian bear, in ages when
You strode your black unbridled stud,
A skin-clad savage of your steppes?
Why, one who now sits low and weeps,
Why, one who now wails out to you,
The Jew, the Jew, the homeless Jew!

Who taught you tender Bible tales
Of honey lands of milk and wine?
Of happy, peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea!
Who gave your very God to you?
Your Jew, your Jew, your hated Jew!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

Cuddle Doon.....*Sidney Homer*

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' muckle faught an' din;
"Oh try and sleep, ye waukrife
rogues,
Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froom,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a
piece;"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an'
cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But, ere five minutes gang, we
Rab
Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at
ance,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for
tricks,
He's bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up and cry.
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their fai-
ther's fit,
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore,
"Hae a' the weans been gude?"
he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their
beds,
An' long since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oursels,
We look at our wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee
Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I life wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's dark an'
care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who rules aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows
be bald,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The House That Jack Built.....*Sidney Homer*

This is the house that Jack built,
This is the malt that lay in the house—
This is the rat that ate the malt—
This is the cat, that killed the rat—
This is the dog that worried the cat—
This is the cow, with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog—
This is the maiden, all forlorn, that milked the cow—
This is the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden—
This is the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man—
This is the cock that crowed in the morn, that waked the priest—
This is the farmer who sowed the corn, that kept the cock—

In the Time of Roses.....*Louise Reichardt*

In the time of roses,
Hope, thou weary heart!
Spring a balm discloses
For the keenest smart.

Tho' thy grief o'ercome thee
Thro' the winter's gloom,
Thou shalt thrust it from thee,
When the roses bloom.

In the time of roses,
Weary heart, rejoice!
Ere the summer closes
Comes the longed-for Voice.

Let not death appall thee,
For, beyond the tomb,
God himself shall call thee,
When the roses bloom.

—*Seventeenth Century.*

Love Was Once a Little Boy.....*J. A. Wade*

Love was once a little boy,
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Then with him 'twas sweet to toy,
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
He was then so innocent,
Not as now on mischief bent,
Free he came and harmless went,
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

Love is now a little man,
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
And a very saucy one,
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
He walks so gay and looks so smart,
As if he own'd each maiden's heart;
I wish he felt his own keen dart,
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

Love, they say, will soon grow old:
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Half his life's already told,
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
When he's dead and buried, too,
What shall we poor maidens do?
I'm sure I cannot tell, can you?
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

The Day Is No More.....*John Alden Carpenter*

The Day is no more; The shadow is upon the earth,
It is time that I go to the stream to fill my pitcher,
The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water;
Ah, it calls me out into the dusk
In the lonely lane there is no passerby;
The wind is up, the ripples are rampant in the river,
I know not, if I shall come back home;
I know not whom I shall chance to meet;
There at the fording in the little boat
The unknown man plays upon his lute.

Don't Ceäre.....*John Alden Carpenter*

At the feast I do mind very well, all the vo'ks wer a-took in a hap-
peren starm,
But we chaps took the maidens, an' kept 'em wi' clokes under shelter,
all dry an' all warm;
An' to my lot fell Jeane, that's my bride,
That did titter, a-hung at my zide;
Zaid her aunt, "Why the volk'ull talk finely o' you!"
An' cried she, "I don't ceär if they do."

When the time o' feast were agean a-come round, an' the vo'k wer
a-gather'd woonce mwore
Why, she guess'd if she went there, she'd soon be around an' a-took
seafely hwome to her door.
Zaid her mother, "Tiss sure to be wet."
Zaid her cousin, "T'ull rain by zunzet."
Zaid her aunt, "Why the clouds there do look black an' blue."
An' zaid she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

Now she's married, an' still in the midst ov her tweils, sh's as
happy's the daylight is long,
She do goo out abroad wi' her face full o' smiles, an' do work in the
house wi' a zong.
An' zays woone, "She don't grieve, you can tell,"
Zays another, "Why, don't she look well!"
Zays her aunt, "Why, the young vo'k do envy you two!"
An' says she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

—*Dorsetshire Dialect by Wm. Barnes.*

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 Wilson, A. O.
 Williams, E. T.
 Williams, Mrs. Milton F.
 Walls, Gaston B.
 Woodward, Walter B.
 Williams, Miss Mabel
 Watters, W. H.
 Wallace, Walter G.
 Walter, A. J.
 Werner, Benj.
 Weiterer, Dr. H. L.
 Withers, Dr. J. W.
 Whitaker, A. E.

 Zelle, Charles E.
 Zeller, George



Madame Louise Homer
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METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

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Louise Homer

"GREATEST OF AMERICAN CONTRALTOS"

New York Evening Post

FAMOUS for several seasons in the leading contralto roles at the Metropolitan Opera House, and long acknowledged by concert audiences throughout the country as one of the greatest artists, native or foreign, Louise Homer continues to add to her past triumphs. Her art is now in its very prime, and the adoration in which she is held by the American public is more than justified by a career of superb achievements.

Louise Homer was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., where her father was pastor of a Presbyterian church. The wonderful, rich quality of her untrained voice created so deep an impression that her parents were urged to have it cultivated, and at the age of fifteen she began her vocal studies in Philadelphia. A few years later she went to Boston, becoming a pupil of Sidney Homer, whom she later married. Soon afterward, she and her husband went to Paris where Mme. Homer continued her preparation for an operatic career. Her debut was made in 1898 as Leonora in "La Traviata," at Vichy, France, before one of the most critical audiences of Europe. It was the first "Debutante prima donna" appearance recorded in that cultured city for fifteen years, and the young American artist won immediate distinction and was at once engaged for the entire season. After two years she was called to London for a season at Covent Garden, and her enormous success there earned her an eight months' engagement at the Russian Royal Opera in Petrograd, following which, Covent Garden again claimed her.

An artist of such magnificent qualities was naturally predestined for the Metropolitan Opera Company, and in 1900 Mme. Homer was engaged for the leading contralto roles with that organization. Some of her brilliant triumphs have been made as Amneris in "Aida," Ortrud in "Lohengrin," Fricka in "Die Walküre," Erda in "Das Rheingold," Waltraute in "Die Gotterdammerung," Brangäne in "Tristan und Isolde," Laura in "Gioconda," Delila in "Samson and Delila," the Queen in "Hamlet," Leonora in "La Favorita," Azucena in "Trovatore" and Orfeo in "Orfeo and Eurydice."