

TWENTY-NINTH SEASON

1919-1920

The First Evening Concert
OF
The Morning Choral Club
Saint Louis

Odeon

Thursday Evening, February the Fifth
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty

THE CLUB WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MR. LAMBERT MURPHY

Tenor

MRS. CARL J. LUYTIES AT THE PIANO

Mason & Hamlin Piano

The Morning Choral Club

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Accompanist

MRS. CARL J. LUYTIES

Program

PART FIRST

I.

- (a) Love Like the Dawn Came Stealing
Charles Wakefield Cadman
- (b) Go Down, Moses *H. T. Burleigh*
- (c) Nobody Knows De Trouble I've Seen *H. T. Burleigh*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

- (a) Love, like the dawn, came stealing at night,
Unto the soul revealing, Light!
New glory touched the morning sky
And tinted field and flower,—
O Dawn of Love, O Dawn of Love,
What splendor gilds thine hour!
O love that thrills my heart again,
O love that will not die,
Bind me with chains immortal, yea,
Bind me forever and a day,
Nor tell me, tell me why!

—Gilbert Moyle

(b) When Israel was in Egypt's Lan',
Let my people go;
Oppress'd so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt's Lan',—
Tell ole Pharoah, to let my people go.
Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go.
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,—
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt's Lan',—
Tell ole Pharoah, to let my people go.

—*Negro Spiritual*

(c) Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Glory, hallelujah!
Sometimes I'm up—sometimes I'm down,
Oh, yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almos' to de groun';
Oh, yes, Lord!
If you get there before I do,
Oh, yes, Lord!
Tell all o' my friends I'm coming, too,
Oh, yes, Lord!
Oh, nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus,
Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Glory, hallelujah!

—*Negro Spiritual*

II.

Aria from Reginella

Braga

MR. LAMBERT MURPHY

III.

(a) Inconstancy

G. W. Chadwick

(b) Petronille

Gustave Ferrari

(A cappella)

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

(a) Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!

Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go and be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe into hey nonny, nonny,
Sing no more ditties, ladies, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy!
The fraud of man was ever so
Since sinner first was heavy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.
Ladies, sigh no more!

—*Shakespeare*

(b) In the town three maids are dwelling,

Fine and fair beyond all telling;

One doth spin, another skeining,

Petronille, the third, remaining,

Lan-de-ri-ret-te—lon-lan—la.

“Daughters,” said their mother wary,

“Be discreet and very chary,

Gallants gay are prone to angle,

Careless maids they may entangle,”

Lan-de-ri-ret-te—lon-lan—la.

“Lack-a-day,” said Petronille then,

“We must flout them 'gainst our will, then.”

In the town three maids are dwelling,

Free and fair beyond all telling.

Lan-de-ri-ret-te—lon-lan—la.

—*French Street Song—18th Century.*

IV.

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| (a) Over the Steppe | <i>Gretchaninoff</i> |
| (b) In the Silence of Night | <i>Rachmaninoff</i> |
| (c) Chevauchee Cosaque | <i>Fourdrain</i> |
| (d) Aubade from Le Roi D'ys | <i>Lalo</i> |
| (e) Hautise d'Amour | <i>Szulc</i> |

MR. LAMBERT MURPHY

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.

Cantata—The Lake of the Dismal Swamp

H. Alexander Matthews

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

“They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true,
And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.”
“And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I’ll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of Death is near.”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore,
Thro’ tangled juniper, beds of reeds;

Thro' many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.
And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew;
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.
And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the coppersnake breath'd in his ear,
Till he startling cried, from his dream awake,—
“Oh, when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?”

He saw the Lake, a meteor bright
Quick o'er it played;
“Welcome,” he said, “my dear one's light!”
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid,
Till he hollowed a boat of birchen bark,
Which carried him out from shore.
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

—*Thomas Moore*

VI.

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| (a) Before the Dawn | <i>Chadwick</i> |
| (b) Three Mystic Ships | <i>Branscombe</i> |
| (c) Molly Bawn | <i>Old Irish</i> |
| (d) Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded | <i>Old Irish</i> |
| (e) Christ in Flanders | <i>Ward-Stephens</i> |

MR. LAMBERT MURPHY

VII.

(a) The Forest Trail

Will C. MacFarlane

(b) Invictus

Bruno Huhn

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

(a) There winds a path 'neath the forest boles,
A grassy way where harebells grow;
The running vines with their tendrill'd scrolls
Have crossed this trail of long ago;
And wand'ring airs that chance to stray,
Along the track of the forest trail,
Upon their cooling drift exhale
The woodland's breath of balm.

There winds a path 'neath the sighing leaves,
A path to tread when gloaming falls;
When dusk of night dreamy magic weaves,
When love beyond the shadows calls.
Oh, take the dusky forest trail,
Thro' fragrance deep of the silent wold,
That in your heart the dreams which fail
Enchantment new may hold.

—*Frederick H. Martens*

(b) Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years,
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.
It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

—*William Ernest Henley*