

TWENTY-NINTH SEASON  
1919-1920

The Second Evening Concert  
OF  
The Morning Choral Club  
Saint Louis

Odeon

Thursday Evening, April the Fifteenth  
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty

THE CLUB WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MISS ROSALIE WIRTHLIN    CONTRALTO

MR. LEON MARX    VIOLINIST

MRS. CARL J. LUYTIES AT THE PIANO

Mason & Hamlin Piano



# Program

---

## PART FIRST

### I.

- (a) From the Green Heart of the Waters  
*S. Coleridge-Taylor*
- (b) The Awakening  
*Mabel W. Daniels*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

assisted by

MRS. CHARLES L. ALLEN  
MRS. CHARLES E. BLANKENSHIP

- (a) From the green heart of the waters,  
We, old ocean's daughters,  
Have floated up with mortal man to play;  
Out of the green translucent night,  
Up to the purple earthly light,  
To dance with creatures of a day.  
For alas! we have seen the sailor asleep  
Where the anchor rests on the ooze of the deep,  
But never, never before  
Have we seen a mortal dance on the long seashore.

See, see, Ulysses, weary and wise,  
Sing low, sing low, with downcast eyes;  
For he rouses at last,  
And his eyes are cast  
To the land where his spirit would be,  
Over the violet sea.  
Alas for the arms that yearn!  
Alas for the eyes that burn!  
Ulysses—Ulysses—ah!

—*Stephen Phillips*

(b) Wake up, golden daffodills!  
Spring, your Queen, draws nigh;  
Wake up, dreaming violets!  
Raise your head on high!  
Shame, indeed, should she appear  
And find you snugly sleeping here.  
Wake up, lilies tall!  
Tell them one and all  
Spring is coming!

Wake up, modest crocuses!  
Join the happy host  
Who, the first their Queen to greet,  
Spring doth love the most.  
To the call of wak'ning breeze  
Stirs the sap within the trees.  
Wake up, lilacs, too!  
All the garden through!  
Spring is coming!

Dreaming time for you now is past:  
April's smile warms the world at last.  
Long your sleep in frozen beds;  
Lift, then, lift your drooping heads,  
Break thro' the earth's dark night,  
Awake and seek the light!  
Forest, field and garden flowers  
Join the glad refrain!  
Joyous birds among the boughs,  
Sing that song again:  
Wake up! Wake up! Spring is coming!

—Richard Lincoln

II.

Adagio from Concerto No. 22

Scherzo Tarantelle

*Viotti*

*Wieniawski*

MR. LEON MARX

III.

D'une Prison

Mandoline

Tes Yeux

L'Heure Silencieuse

L'Heure Delicieuse

*Réynaldo Hahn*

*Du Pont*

*Rene Rabey*

*Victor Staub*

*Victor Staub*

MISS ROSALIE WIRTHLIN

## IV.

(a) Epitome

*Victor Harris*

(b) The Two Clocks

*James H. Rogers*

(A capella)

### THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

(a) A roseleaf breaking through the earth,  
A bird's nest sudden fill'd with mirth,  
A heart with joy of leaping life,  
And this is all we know of Life.

A rosebud's fragrant blossoming,  
An early bird call in the spring,  
A heart in tune with flower and dove,  
And this is all we know of Love.

A withered rose whose petals fall,  
A silent bird that hears no call,  
A heart too still for one least breath,  
And this is all we know of Death.

—*Charlotte Becker*

(b) The Grandfather clock, it tocks away,  
(Tick, tock, tick, tock)  
Slowly, slowly, it seems to say;  
(Tick, tock, tick, tock)  
"Take your time; don't hurry, scurry,  
Upset the world with your senseless flurry."  
(Tick, tock, tick, tock). "You know  
Life is young, Love is young,  
Go slow," (tick, tock) "go slow."

The little French clock, it ticks away,  
(Tick, tock, tick, tock)  
"Faster, faster," it seems to say;  
"Life is fleeting, and Love is, too.  
Hurry, hurry; hurry, hurry.  
Time won't wait for you."

(Tick, tick, tick, tick). "Spring won't last,  
'Twill be autumn soon. Go fast, go fast."

—*Margaret Erskine*

## 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.

Crepuscule

Liebeslied

Gypsy Melodies

*Massenet*

*Kreisler*

*Nachez*

MR. LEON MARX

VI.

The Last Hour

*A. Walter Kramer*

Rain

*Pearl Curran*

Supplication

*Frank la Forge*

The Crucifix

*Frank la Forge*

The Linnet

*Marion Bauer*

MISS ROSALIE WIRTHLIN

## VII.

The Gypsies

*Brahms-Shelley*

### THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

Ah! So idly o'er the mountains wending,  
The merry song with laughter blending,  
From out the Gypsies' land we take our way,  
And scatter on the winds our songs so gay.  
Ah! we go lightly, Ah! we go brightly,  
We dance with eager footsteps flying.  
Now where the grass grows, now where the wind blows,  
Where the shadows 'neath the trees are lying;  
Music sounds and we are flying!  
Free from care we onward stray.  
Ripe fruits grow beside the way,  
Where the dancing streams abound,  
And laughing waters gaily sound.  
Like the birds I make my nest  
Among the trees, and take my rest.  
I can read the starry skies,  
All that in the future lies,  
There it shines, there it shines, eager lovers.  
Come then, you who now would be told  
If your sweetheart verily loves you!  
Bring the Gypsies' shining gold,  
And your fortune unfolds before you.  
Ah! So idly o'er the mountains wending,  
The merry song with laughter blending,  
From out the Gypsies' land we take our way,  
And scatter on the winds our songs so gay.

—*Translated by Charlotte H. Coursen*

## The Morning Choral Club



Announces for next season a Members' Day Recital, a Christmas Concert and two evening performances at the Odeon.

Persons desiring Associate Membership in the organization notify Mrs. C. E. Blankenship, 5840 Enright Avenue.