

THIRTY-FIRST SEASON

1921-1922

The First Evening Concert
OF
The Morning Choral Club
Saint Louis

Odeon

Tuesday Evening, January the Twenty-fourth
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two

THE CLUB WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MR. EDGAR SCHOFIELD

Baritone

MR. PAUL FRIESS AT THE PIANO

The Morning Choral Club

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Accompanist

MR. PAUL FRIESS

Program

PART FIRST

I.

- (a) The Miller's Daughter *Johannes Brahms*
- (b) Madonna Renzuola *Stefano Donaudy*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

(a) The sails of the windmill are turning,
The storm its fury keeps,
And on the hillside, sadly mourning,
The miller's fair daughter weeps.

O let the wind rage and bluster,
Yet still I can trust the wind:
The lips that I trusted so fondly
To me have been far more unkind.

For never the wind hath deceived,
The wind is true to me;
The vows I so gladly believed
Are vanished like spray on the sea. ,

O where is the faithless lover?
The wind has sought him in vain:
Cease roaming the wide world over
For one we shall ne'er see again!

—*A. von Camisso*

(b) Oh, hasten, beloved, your pitcher be taking,
And come to the fountain. for surely 'twill please you
To gaze at the water as gaily it gushes
While maidens, with blushes,
Their lovers espy.
Who guesses the grief that oppresses my heart
To hear the sweet nothings that lovers impart?
Yet none other respite from sorrow have I!

Look not in your mirror, but come as befits you:
Your tresses unloosen'd, no ribbons or laces;
And soon you'll discover the newly found treasure
Of pastoral pleasure
So priceless to buy.
Who guesses the grief that oppresses my heart
To hear the sweet nothings that lovers impart?
Yet none other respite from sorrow have I!

—*Translated and arranged by Deems Taylor*

II.

Aria, Vision Fugitive, from Herodiade:

Massenet

MR. EDGAR SCHOFIELD

III.

(a) London Bridge Is Broken Down *Cecil Forsyth*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

AND

MRS. CHARLES E. BLANKENSHIP

(b) Rock-a-bye *W. H. Neidlinger*

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

(“b” will be sung a cappella)

(a) London Bridge is broken down,
Broken down, broken down,
London Bridge is broken, down,
My fair ladye.

Bid the bishop bring his book,
Bring his crook, ring his bell,
Bid the sexton toll a knell,
My fair ladye.

All the men of London town
Weep and moan, sigh and groan.
For the bridge is broken down,
My fair ladye.

Can the men of London town,
Build the bridge up again,
Now the bridge is broken down,
My fair ladye?

None can build it, now 'tis down,
King or priest, earl or clown,
No one here in London town,
My fair ladye.

London Bridge is broken down,
Broken down, broken down,
London Bridge is broken down,
My fair ladye.

(b) Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
Sleep, my little darling,
Mother's watching o'er you,
And her arms are close around you.
Close your tired, sleepy eyes.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a-hunting,
To fetch a little rabbit skin,
To wrap his darling baby in:
So bye, Baby Bunting, by-o, baby,—
Bye-o, baby, bye-o, bye!
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye.

Sleep, my little darling,
Mother's watching o'er you,
And her arms are close around you.
Close your tired, sleepy eyes.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye.

IV.

Vittoria

Giacomo

Povero Marinar

Milliotti

L'Angelus (Breton Folk-song)

Arranged by Bourgault Ducoudray

Le Cor

Flagler

MR. EDGAR SCHOFIELD

INTERMISSION

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

The Morning Choral Club will present, early in March, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's Grecian Classic, "The Masque of Pandora," with Music setting by Mrs. Charles Allen Cale.

This performance is for the benefit of our scholarship fund for worthy musical students, and we hope for a large attendance by the general public.

Tickets will be from 50c. to \$1.50.

For further information, phone Mrs. Birge, Forest 2475

Program

PART SECOND

V.

Cantata, Pan's Flute

Carl Busch

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

AND

MR. EDGAR SCHOFIELD

MR. JOHN F. KIBURZ, *Flautist*

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat,
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep, cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river:
And hacked and hewed, as a great god can,
With his hard, black steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor, dry, empty thing
In holes as he sat by the river.

“This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river,)
“The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.”
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan.
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

VI.

I'm the Pedlar ("A Winter's Tale"—Shakespeare) *Greenhill*

At the Mid-hour of Night *Edgar Harris*

Birds in the High Hall (Tennyson's "Maud")

Arthur Somerville

The Great Awakening

Walter Kramer

MR. EDGAR SCHOFIELD

VII.

The Song of Kisses

Bemberg-Matthews

THE MORNING CHORAL CLUB

AND

MISS FRANCES ALCORN

O—hè,—ye hearts of love!

O—hè,—hearts faithful and tender!

O—hè—hearts that are sad!

Come, all of ye hear

My song of kisses!

Kisses joyously given,

Kisses shyly returned,

Kisses gladly forgiven,

Kisses for which one has yearned!

Ah! Ah! swiftly fly, and bear a message tender!

Ah! Ah! swiftly fly, till heart to heart surrender!

Sorrowful kisses of goodbye, when from our dearest we're parting,
Saddest of kisses, dimming the eyes with tears that unbidden are
starting.

Sorrowful kiss that dims the eye, sorrowful kiss that is goodbye.
Holy kiss of Madonna kneeling, as she worships the Christ child
fair,

The hour when Angelus pealing, summons the pious folk to prayer.
Kisses of lovers entwined, 'neath the starlighted heaven—
Kisses full of myst'ry divine, the promise of troth, ardently given.

Kisses joyously given,
Kisses shyly returned,
Kisses gladly forgiven,
Kisses for which one has yearned!

Ah! Ah! swiftly fly, and bear a message tender!
Ah! Ah! swiftly fly, till heart to heart surrender!
Then fly away, then fly away!

—*Translated by R. H. Elkin*

Those desiring membership in the Morning Choral Club
are requested to notify

MRS. ERNEST N. BIRGE, 19 Windermere Place
Forest 2475