

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

F. W. KELSEY, President

A. A. STANLEY, Director

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1913-1914

THIRTY-FIFTH SEASON

THIRD CONCERT

No. CCLXXVI COMPLETE SERIES

MISS LUCILLE STEVENSON, *Soprano*; MR. MARION GREEN, *Basso Cantate*

MR. EARL V. MOORE, *Organist*

THE CHORAL UNION

MISS FRANCES HAMILTON; MR. ROY D. WELCH, *Pianists*

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

HILL AUDITORIUM, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1914

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

PROGRAM

CHORALE: "The Morning Star on high is glowing" } MICHAEL PRAETORIUS
CHRISTMAS SONG: "Lo, e'er a Rose now blooming" } 1571-1621

MOTET: "Presentation of Christ in the Temple" . JOHANNES ECCARD 1553-1611

ARIA: "Slumber now, ye weary Eyelids" . JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH 1685-1750
(From Solo Cantata—"Ich habe genug")
MR. MARION GREEN

TWO EARLY FRENCH CAROLS: (From the "Collection de Choeurs")
F. A. GEVEART

- (a) "Slumber Song of the Infant Jesus"
- (b) "The Neighbors of Bethlehem"

MADRIGAL: "The Shepherd's Pipes" LUCA MARENZIO 1550-1599

ARIA: "Piangerò la sorte mia" GEORGE FRIEDRICH HANDEL 1685-1759
MISS LUCILLE STEVENSON

CAROL: "Listen Lordlings unto me" GEORGE L. OSGOOD 1844—
"The Flight of the Holy Family" MAX BRUCH 1838—

ORGAN SOLO: "Fantasie Symphonique," Op. 28 ROSSETTER C. COLE 1866—
EARL V. MOORE

"AGNUS DEI" CHARLES MARIE WIDOR 1845—

SONGS:
(a) "In Tyme of Olde" GRANVILLE BANTOCH 1868—
(b) "She rested by the Broken Brook" SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR 1875-1912
(c) Drinking Song PERCY PITT 1870—
MR. MARION GREEN

FOUR PART SONGS:
(a) "Where'er I Go" JOHANNES BRAHMS 1833-1897
(b) "Ah, leave to other Maidens" (Female Chorus) ALBERT A. STANLEY 1851—
(c) "The Miller's Wooing" EATON FANING 1850—

SONGS:
(a) "Ich harre dein" SERGEI RACHMANINOFF 1873—
(b) "Before my Window"
(c) "Floods of Spring"
MISS LUCILLE STEVENSON

"Joshua" (Based on a Hebrew Theme) MODEST MOUSSORGSKI 1834-1881
SOLOISTS AND CHORAL UNION

STEINWAY PIANO USED

THE NEXT CONCERT IN THE CHORAL UNION SERIES WILL BE GIVEN BY

CARL FLESCHE, Violinist

February 18, 1914

TEXTS OF PROGRAM*

"THE MORNING STAR ON HIGH IS GLOWING,"

PRAETORIUS

The morning star on high is glowing,
And far abroad its radiance throwing,
Far over hill and vale below,
Rejoicing sings the angel chorus now.

Now call the watchman from the towers:
Awake, ye lords, with all your powers,
Wake ye, to hail this glorious morn,
When ev'ry soul anew in Christ is born.

Oh, holy morning star, thy praises
Our song today to heav'n upraises;
Thou Light for all men, near or far,
Be Thou our Light, oh Christ, our Morning Star.

English Version by DR. TH. BAKER.

"LO, HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING,"

PRAETORIUS

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
From fender tem hath sprung;
Of Jesse's lineage coming
As men of old have sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
To shew God's love aright
She bore to men a Saviour,
When half spent was the night.

English Version by DR. TH. BAKER.

PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE,

ECCARD

When to the Temple Mary went,
And brought the Holy Child;
Him did the aged Simeon see,
As it had been revealed.
He took up Jesus in his arms,
And blessing God he said:
"In peace I now depart
My Saviour having seen
The Hope of Israel,
The Light of men."

Help now thy servant gracious Lord,
That we may ever be,
As once the faithful Simeon was,
Rejoicing but in Thee!
And when we must from earth departure take,
May gently fall asleep,
And with Thee wake.

It will be observed that in Part I, the majority of the selections have to do with Christmas, and that an approximate chronological sequence has been maintained. The engagement of the Philadelphia Orchestra in December necessitated the choice of the present, somewhat belated date, and any lapses from strict chronology must be attributed to artistic reasons.

Part II, is modern, covers a wide range of selection, and is general in character.

"SLUMBER NOW YE WEARY EYELIDS,"

BACH

From Solo Cantata "Ich habe genug"

Slumber now, ye weary eyelids,
Blissfully and gently close.
World, I stay no longer here,
Now have I no part in thee
Satisfying to my spirit.
Here are pain and woe my portion,
But beyond await me,
Peaceful quiet, calm repose.

TWO ANCIENT FRENCH CHRISTMAS SONGS,

F. A. GEVAERT

From the "Collection de Choeurs"

(a) "Slumber Song of the Infant Jesus"

Mid ox and ass in humble shed,
Sleep, sleep in thy lowly bed:
Heav'nly cherubim, shining seraphim
Hover all above, around the Lord of Love,
King of angels sleep!

Mid lilies pure and roses red
Sleep, sleep in thy lowly bed:
Heav'nly cherubim, shining seraphim
Hover all above, around the Lord of Love,
King of angels sleep!

Mid gentle shepherds worship led,
Sleep, sleep in thy lowly bed:
Heav'nly cherubim, shining seraphim
Hover all above, around the Lord of Love,
King of angels sleep!

English text by S. A. TRENCH.

(b) "The Neighbors of Bethlehem"

Good neighbor, tell me why that sound,
That tumult rising round,
Awaking all in slumber lying.
Truly disturbing are these cries,
All through the quiet village flying,
O come ye shepherds, wake, arise!
What neighbor, then do ye not know,
God hath appear'd on earth below,
And now is born in manger lowly!
In humble guise he came this night,
Simple and meek, this infant holy,
Yet how divine, O how divine in beauty bright!
Good neighbor I must make amend,
Forthwith to bring Him will I send,
And Joseph with the gentle Mother,
When to my home these three I bring,
Then will it far outshine all other,
A palace fair for greatest King!

English text by S. A. TRENCH.

"THE SHEPHERD'S PIPES,"

MARENZIO

The Shepherd's pipes are sweetly playing,
To praise their peerless beauty;
And while in fields and meadows
Their flocks are straying,
What harmony throughout the groves is sounding,
While to their Queen they chant their songs of duty.
Fair Queen! to greet thee Spring in pride appeareth,
To welcome thee her gayest robe she weareth;
While tuneful birds their jocund notes are trying,
And woods and mountains echo swift replying.

"Hope, no more this heart sustaining"
(From "Giulio Cesare")

REC. Thus by one sole disaster, rank and pow'r, wealth, and grandeur
I must surrender.
Cesare, my well lov'd husband perchance is lifeless!
Cornelia and Sextus are both unarmed, no help to me can they
render,
Ye Powers is there no hope of aid remaining?

ARIA. Hope no more this heart sustaining
Idle tears alone remaining
Can not bring lost joy again;
Cruel tyrant! could I haunt him
Then my spirit should ever taunt him,
Thus avenging my cureless wrong.
God assist me with your arms so strong.

"LISTEN LORDLINGS UNTO ME,"

OSGOOD

Listen Lordlings, unto me, a tale I will you tell!
Which as on this night of glee, in David's town befel.
Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary, that sweet maid:
Weary were they nigh to death; and for a lodging prayed.

CHORUS:—Sing high, sing high, sing low, sing low,
Sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,
Go tell it out with speed,
Cry out and shout all round about,
That Christ is born indeed.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
Hosts of Angels in their sight came down from Heaven's high steep.
Tidings! tidings! unto you: to you a Child is born,
Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.

CHORUS:—

Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent
In the morning see ye mind, my masters one and all,
At the Altar Him to find, who lay within the stall!

CHORUS:—

Old English.

"THE FLIGHT OF THE HOLY FAMILY,"

BRUCH

See, now fall the length'ning shadows
Through the fresh, cool evening air,
Woodwards, over peaceful meadows,
Joseph bends his steps with care.
Leads his patient beast of burden,
Scarcely fans the gentle breeze—
'Tis the angel's pinions waving,
That the dreaming infant sees.
Mary full of joy and sadness
Views her child in holy bliss.
And her heart sings songs of gladness
In that silent loneliness.

Now the busy glowworm's labor
Lights the path with flick'ring ray
They will guide the heav'nly mother
On the dark and desert way.
And the grass feels sweet emotion,
Touched but by her garment's seam,

And the woods no longer whisper,
Silenced now the prattling stream,
That no sound the flight discover!

And the infant raised his hand,
And for all the love they bore him,
Bless'd the still and lonely land.
That the earth, its trees and flowers,
In ev'ry clime, for evermore
Nightly must of heaven be dreaming.
O, the holy, blessed time.
The woods their whispers cease
That no sound the flight discover.
O, the holy,, blessed time.

EICHENDORFF.

"AGNUS DEI,"

WIDOR

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi—
Miserere nobis—dona nobis pacem.

"IN TYME OF OLDE" (Jester Cycle),

BANTOCK

Once a Kynge in tyme of olde
Loved a bird with a creste of gold
(And she came from a far countrie).
Softe to his lovyng hande she laye,
Sweetlie she sange the houres awaye
(Wilde the winde blew over the sea).
Heigho! Heigho!

But the Kynge hadde a falcon bolde,
Ah! the birde with a creste of gold
(Keen hys eye, and his flighte was free).
And he caughte her, well, well—a—daye
And he bore her awaye and awaye,
Wilde the winde blew over the sea).
Heigho! Heigho!

Ah! poor Kynge in the tyme of olde,
Ah! sweete bird with the creste of golde
(He soughte her o'er moore and o'er hill)
But lonelie by nyght and by daye,
He lost her, lost her forever and aye,
(And the winde, ah! the winde blew chill).
Heigho! Heigho!

"SHE RESTED BY THE BROKEN BROOK,"

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

She rested by the Broken Brook,
She drank of Weary Well.
She moved beyond my ling'ring look,
Ah! whither more can tell——.
She came, she went——
In other lands,
Perchance in fairer skies,
Her hands shall cling with other hands
Her eyes to other eyes.
She vanished.
In the sounding town,
Will she remember too?
Will she recall the eyes of brown,
As I recall the blue—?

—STEVENSON.

DRINKING SONG,

PERCY PITT

Oh I love not, I the long road and the march,
With the chink, chink, chinking—and the parch.
But I love the little town that springs in sight
At the falling of the day with many a light,
It is sweet,
It is sweet at the falling of the day.

It is sweet to clatter down the pebbly street,
When the taverns all are humming—
And the lads in front are drumming—
And the windows fill with girls all laughing
And shaking down their curls.
Then who thinks of the road—the long road and the march,
Or the chink, chink, chinking and the parch.

When he liveth in the tavern at his ease,
A mighty bubbling flagon on his knees?
It is sweet

When the evening bloweth cool upon the heat
To recall the roaring battle,
In the dimming of the light,
In the falling of the shadow into night.

From "Paolo and Francesca."—STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

'WHERE'ER I GO,"

BRAHMS

Wher'er I go or wander,
My thought still flies to thee;
Oft I in silence ponder
How dear thou art to me
Since thee within my arms I pressed
My heart no more has peace or rest.

Nor eglantine nor roses,
Pluck for my summer wreath;
If hope before me closes,
Oh, let me rest in death!
While we are parted, oh, my love,
No gleam of pleasure can I prove.

Hearts in pure love united
Should ne'er asunder stray!
Our vows in sorrow plighted,
Can death itself unsay?

"AH, LEAVE TO OTHER MAIDENS,"

STANLEY

Ah, leave to other maidens
Fair greeting, sweet replies;
Thou art my lovely silence,
With thy clear friendly eyes.

Those eyes, so true, so tender,
They tell me, day by day,
More of thy deepest heart, love
Than lips could ever say.

So wakes the earth to gladness
The blessed April sun;
Yet, year by year, in silence
The perfect work is done.

Yet all sweet words and music
To thee, dear child, belong;
Be thou my lovely silence
And I will be thy song.

GEIBEL. Translated by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE MILLER'S WOOING,

FANING

Merrily, O merrily, the mill wheel turns today
With splash and dash, and merry crash—
The miller's heart is gay.
Wearily there came at eventide
A maiden fair, with golden hair,
Over the dark hill-side.
Cheerily, O cheerily the miller spake; quoth he,
"Great joy were mine didst thou incline
Sweet maid, my bride to be."
Joyfully, O joyfully, the maiden spake her "yea;"
And the bells rang soon a merry tune
For the miller's wedding day.
Now lustily, lustily, the miller singeth he;
His voice keeps time with the water's chime,
And his heart from care is free.
O merrily, O merrily the mill wheel whirls around,
With splash and dash and merry crash—
For the miller joy hath found.

JULIA GODDARD.

"THREE SONGS,"

RACHMANINOFF

(a) "Ich harre dein"

Ich harre dein im Dämmerchein.
Des Abends dunkle Schleier fallen,
Bereit, die Erde zu umwallen,
Sie hüll'n uns ein.
Ich harre dein!

Von Duft getränkt schläft
nun die Welt in Ruh und Frieden,
Für alle Zeit vom Tag geschieden
der sich gesenkt.
Ich harre, gequält von Liebespein,
Ich zähle bang die Augenblicke
Im Drang nach heissersehntem
Glücke.
Ich harre dein!

(b) "Before my window"

Before my window blows a scented alder tree,
Who wears with serious grace his festal robe of flowers.
Some perfumed branches now he lowers,
He's greeting, calling me!
And as the scent from frail and trembling blossoms flies,
I catch the incense sweet so gladly Heavenward soaring,
I feel a fragrant breath, my senses overpowering.
I hear a song of love that needs no words, arise.

(c) Floods of Spring

In wintry fields white lies the snow.
But floods of Spring are brimming o'er,
Wake drowsy shores with dash and flow,
And rush and gleam and wildly roar.
To all the land aloud they sing,

The Spring is near!
The heralds e'er of youthful Spring
Sent forth proclaiming,
Spring is near!
And tranquil-sunny days of May,
In rosy, radiant array
Come thronging joyously in her train.

"JOSHUA,"

MOUSSORGSKY

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts;
Israel, to you is given
The land of Amorea,
That hath scorned my revelation.
Heiah! Heiah! Heiah!
Jericho's walls already crumble,
Heiah! Heiah! Heiah!
Gibeon, too, goes down in ruin;
Soon upon the hills of Canaan
Will the Holy Ark be planted;
On the battle, on! to the war!
Israel, unsheathe thy sword,
Loose thine arrows, wield thy lances!
So doth the eagle,
Ascending on mighty pinions,
Circle the vault of heav'n,
Watching for prey beneath him.
Watch thou, O Israel:
Thy foes surround thee,
Lest thou shouldst be betray'd
By Canaan's maidens.
The foes of Jehovah,
This heathenish race,
Destroy thou with mighty arm,
Like chaff on the wind.
The Lord thy God is with thee
Where'er thou shalt go!

SOPRANO SOLO—

Hear us Amorea's daughters,
Hear their lamentation's to Canaan,
Under Gajem's awful dark, threatening brow!
'Neath the walls of Gavanona
Falls the broken crown of Amorea,
Whence are flowing streams of bitter tears.

BASS RECITATIVE—

Behold, Israel: the sun stands still in heaven.

CHORUS—

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts
Weeping wander Gibeon's daughters
Far and wide thro Canaan's land.
Houour to Joshua
Who is chosen of the Lord!
Praise him forever
All ye tribes of Israel!
Sing ye his praises!
They that scorned the revelation,
Are o'erthrown before thine anger!
Still brightly shines the Ark most holy
Glory be to God, the Almighty Lord,
Lord God of Hosts!