

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

F. W. KELSEY, President

A. A. STANLEY, Director

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1916-1917

THIRTY-EIGHTH SEASON

FIRST CONCERT

No. CCVCII COMPLETE SERIES

SONG RECITAL

HILL AUDITORIUM, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1916
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

MME. LOUISE HOMER, CONTRALTO
MRS. EDWIN N. LAPHAM, PIANIST

P R O G R A M

- a. MY HEART EVER FAITHFUL *Bach*
- b. DEM UNENDLICHEN *Schubert*
- c. O WIE LIEBLICH *Schumann*
- d. VON EWIGER LIEBE }
- e. BOTSCHAFT *Brahms*

- a. SING TO ME, SING
- b. SHEEP AND LAMBS
- c. CUDDLE DOON . . . (Mss.) } *Sidney Homer*
- d. THE SONG OF THE SHIRT }

- "MON COEUR S'OUVRE A TA VOIX" FROM SAMSON ET DALILA . . . *Saint-Saens*

- a. BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER *Chadwick*
- b. ON THE SEASHORE OF ENDLESS WORLDS }
- c. DON'T CEARE *J. A. Carpenter*
- d. THE SONG OF THE WOODS }
- e. THE NEXT MARKET DAY } *Old Irish*
- f. BALLYNURE BALLAD

STEINWAY PIANO USED

THE NEXT CONCERT IN THE CHORAL UNION SERIES WILL BE GIVEN BY
FRITZ KREISLER, VIOLINIST - - - NOVEMBER 8, 1916

Lost articles should be enquired for at the office of Secretary Shirley W. Smith, in University Hall, where articles found should also be left.

a—MY HEART EVER FAITHFUL.....*J. S. Bach*

My heart ever faithful,
Sing praises, be joyful;
My Jesus is near.
Away with complaining,
Faith ever maintaining;
My Jesus is here.

b—DEM UNENDLICHEN.....*Fr. Schubert*

How uplifted the heart, which to Thee, Eternal One, turns!
How lowly, when on itself it bends the gaze!
Sorrow it findeth within and darkest death,
Yet Thou wilt call me through the night,
Thou wilt save me from the pangs of death!
'Tis then I can feel that my soul lives for e'er,
Mighty One, though we praise Thee on the earth or at Thy Throne,
O Lord, Thy glory a mortal song ne'er can sing or sound!
Life's trees bend before Him to sounding of harps!
Mingle thy music with sounding harps, thou crystal stream!
No whisper, no song, no harp can e'er sound praise to Him!
God is great! God is great in His might!
Planets thunder and whirl upon your way!
Planets thunder and join the heav'nly host!
Resound, ye stars that shed celestial rays, join all the heav'nly host!
Your thunder O Planets, and all the heav'nly host ne'er can praise His might!
God, in His might, God! God! God is great, in His might!

—*English version by Alice Mattulath.*

c—O WIE LIEBLICH IST DAS MAEDCHEN.....*Schumann*

O wie lieblich ist das Mädchen,
Wie so schön und voll Anmuth, wie so schön!
Sag' mir an, du wack'rer Seemann
Der du lebst auf deinem Schiffe,
Ob das Schiff und seine Segel,
Ob di Sterne wohl so schön sind!

O wie lieblich, etc.

Sag' mir an, du stolzer Ritter,
Der du gehst im blanken Harnisch,
Ob das Ross und ob die Rüstung,
Ob die Schlachten wohl so schön sind!

O wie lieblich, etc.

d—VON EWIGER LIEBE.....*J. Brahms*

Darker and darker loom forest and hill!
Evening has fallen, the world has grown still.
Never a fire or taper alight, nay,
Not a bird breaks the stillness of night.

Out from the village the lover has come,
Come with his sweetheart, a taking her home;
On past the copse in the meadow he leads,
Fast come his words, many things he pleads:

"Art thou ashamed, art distressed over me?
Art thou ashamed, my sweetheart, of me?
Then let the love that has held us now die,
Quick as we first came together, say I."

"Part in the rain with the clouds in the sky,
Quick as we first came together, say I!"
Spoke the maiden then, and she did say:
"Love such as ours can ne'er pass away!"

"Iron and steel are strong, so they are,
Love such as our love is stronger by far.
Iron and steel change shape when they're smit,
Love such as ours, who'er can change it?
Iron and steel will both rust away,
Love such as our love must last forever and aye!"

e—BOTSCHAFTJ. Brahms

Gentle zephyrs, wanton softly on my fair one's cheek of roses,
When ye toy among her tresses, rest awhile nor fly away,
Then if she perchance should ask ye
How I bear my lot of sorrow,
Say. "With tears he greets the morrow,
And if the pangs of absence rend him,
But if thou a message send him,
Joy within his heart will waken,
When, oh, fairest, when he knows it comes,
Comes from thee."

a—SING TO ME, SING!.....Sidney Homer

Sing to me, and sing again,
My glad great-throated nightingale;
Sing, as the good sun through the rain:
Sing, as the home-wind in the sail!

Sing to me life and toil and time
O bugle of dawn, O flute of rest!
Sing, and once more, as in the prime,
There shall be nought but seems the best

And sing me at the last of love:
Sing that old magic of the May,
That makes the great world laugh and move
As lightly as our dreams to-day!

—W. E. Henley.

b—SHEEP AND LAMBS.....Sidney Homer

All in the April morning
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road;
All in an April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary and crying
With a weak human cry,
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountain,
Dewy pastures are sweet:
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

Rest for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green;
Only a cross of shame,
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with the lambs,
And thought of the Lamb of God.

Katherine Lyman Hinkson.

c—CUDDLE DOONSidney Homer

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
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, wee 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'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up and cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans be'en 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 round Tam's.
I lift 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 cark 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."

—*Alexander Anderson.*

d—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.....*S. Homer*

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

Work! Work! Work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Still the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work!

Work—Work—Work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—Work—Work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band and gusset and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

O Men, with sisters dear!
O Men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own—
Because of the fasts I keep,
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work,
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that cost a meal!

O, but for one short hour
Of respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids weary and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

—Thomas Hood.

MY HEART AT THY SWEET VOICE (*Samson and Delilah*).....Saint-Saens

My heart, at thy dear voice,
Doth unfold and rejoice
Like a flower when dawn is smiling.
Thou canst my weeping stay,
My sadness charm away,
With thy tones so beguiling.

Then, oh, to me but say
Thou returnest for aye;
Once more thy vows so tender,
Thy fond vows of the past,
That I dreamed e'er would last,
Ah, and thy heart surrender.

As when a field of grain,
Like the waves on the main,
 In the breeze swaying, bounding,
So all my heart is swayed,
Its deepest chords are played,
 When thy voice is resounding.

The arrow in its flight,
Though so soon gone from sight,
 Moves more slowly than I,
If to thee I may fly,
Once more thy vows so tender,
Ah, and thy heart surrender,
 My own, I love thee.

a—A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER.....*Chadwick*

Into the woods my Master went
Clean forspent.
 Into the woods my Master came,
 Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little grey leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content,
 Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with Death and Shame.

When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him, they slew Him last
When out of the woods He came.

—*Sidney Laurier.*

b—ON THE SEASHORE OF ENDLESS WORLDS.....*John Alden Carpenter*

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.
The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous.
On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand and they play with empty shells.
With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep.
Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets.
Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and
 scatter them again.
They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

c—DON'T CEARE.....*John Alden Carpenter*

At the feäst I do mind very well, all the vo'ks
 Wer a-took in a happeren storm,
But we chaps took the maidens, an' kept 'em wi' clokes
 Under shelter, all dry an' warm;
An' to my lot vell Jeäne, that's my bride,
 That did titter, a-hung at my zide:
Zaid her aunt, "Why the vo'k 'ull talk finely o' you!"
 An' cried she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

When the time o' the feäst were ageän a-come round,
 A' 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 seäfely hwome to her door,
Zaid her mother, "'Tis 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,
 She's as happy's the daylight is long,
 She do goo out abroad wi' her feâce full o' smiles,
 An' do work in the house wi' a zong.
 An' says 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' zays she, "I don't ceàre if they do."
 (Dorsetshire Dialect)—*Wm. Barnes.*

d—THE SONG OF THE WOODS.....*Old Irish*

Not only where thy blessed bells
 Peal afar for praise and prayer,
 Or where thy solem organ swells,
 Lord, not only art Thou there.
 Thy voice of many waters
 From out the ocean, comfort speaks,
 Thy presence to a radiant rose
 Thrills a thousand virgin peaks.

And here where in one wondrous woof,
 Aisle on aisle, and choir on choir
 To rear thy rarest temple roof,
 Pillared oak and pine aspire;
 Life-weary here we wander,
 When lo! the Saviour's gleaming stole!
 'Tis caught unto our craving lips,
 Kissed, and straightway we are whole.

e—THE NEXT MARKET DAY.....*Old Irish*

A maid goin' to Comber her markets to larn,
 To sell for her mammy three hanks o' fine yarn,
 She met with a young man along the highway
 Which caused this young damsel to dally and stray.

Sit ye beside me, I mean ye no harm,
 Sit ye beside me, this new tune to larn,
 Here is three guineas your mammy to pay;
 So lay by your yarn till the next market day.

They sat down together, the grass it was green,
 And the day was the fairest that ever was seen!
 Oh, the look in your eyes beats a mornin' o' May,
 I could sit by your side till the next market day.

This young maid went home and the words that he said
 And the air that he played her still rang in her head.
 She says, I'll go find him by land or by sea,
 Till he larns me that tune called "The next market day."

f—A BALLYNURE BALLAD.....*Old Irish*

As I was goin' to Ballynure, the day I well remember,
 For to view the lads and lasses on the fifth day of November,
 With a maring doo a day, with a maring a doo a daddy, oh!

As I was goin' along the road whet homeward I was walking,
 I heard a wee lad behind a ditch a-to his wee lass was talking,
 With a maring doo a day, with a maring a doo a daddy, oh!

Said the wee lad to the wee lass, "It's well ye let me kiss ye,
 For it's the cordial eye that far exceeds the frisky!"
 With a maring doo a day, with a maring a doo a daddy, oh!

This cordial that ye talk about there's very few o' them gets it,
 For there's nothing now but crooked combs and muslin gowns can catch it.
 With a maring doo a day, with a maring a doo a daddy, oh!