The Eugene Gleemen

TWENTY-FOURTH
SEMI-ANNUAL
HOME CONCERT

JOHN STARK EVANS
CONDUCTOR

GEORGE BISHOP, Tenor
GUEST ARTIST

CORA MOORE FREY
ACCOMPANIST

McARTHUR COURT
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH
1939
AT 8:15 P.M.

Fourteenth Season—Fifty-Second Concert
I. Prayer of Thanksgiving ___________ Kremser
   (Traditional with the Gleemen)
   Ave Verum Corpus ___________ Mozart
   O Filii et Filiae ___________ Leisring
      With antiphonal quartet
      Messrs. Robe, Kaarhuss, Scott, Constance
   Dreams ___________ Wagner
   Pilgrim’s Song ___________ Tschaikowski

II. Solos:
   a) Adelaide ___________ Beethoven
      Sailor’s Song ___________ Haydn
      Old Mother Hubbard ___________ Hely-Hutchinson
         (In the manner of Handel)
   b) Dank Sei Dir Herr ___________ Handel
      (With Choral accompaniment)
      MR. BISHOP

III. Tarantella ___________ Randall Thompson
      With prologue—John Casteel

IV. Solos:
   a) Your Tiny Hand is Frozen ___________ Puccini
      O Lovely Night ___________ Landon Ronald
      There are Birds in the Valley ___________ Lehman
   b) Hymn to the Madonna ___________ Kremser
      (With Choral accompaniment)
      MR. BISHOP

V. Lord I want to Be ___________ Wille
   Suane River ___________ arr Evans
      With baritone solo—Mr. Ready
   Hymn to the Night ___________ Campbell-Tipton
   Ho, Jolly Jenkin ___________ Sullivan-Andrews
   *The Hundred Pipers ___________ arr. Whiting
      With duo accompaniment—Mrs. Frey, Mr. Griffith

VI. **Ol’ Man River ___________ Kern
    MR. BISHOP & GLEEMEN

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Mr. Bishop and the Gleemen will greet their friends in the north corridor after the concert.

TARANTELLA
(This number is appropriate because of the present situation in Spain)

   Do you remember an Inn,
   Miranda?
   Do you remember an Inn?
   And the tedding and the spreading
   Of the straw for a bedding,
   And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
   And the wine that tasted of the tar?
   And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
   (Under the dark of the vine verandah)?

   Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
   Do you remember an Inn?
   And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
   Who hadn’t got a penny,
   And who weren’t paying any,
   And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
   And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
   Of the clap
   Of the hands to the swirl and the swirl
   Of the girl gone chancing,
   Glancing,
   Dancing,
   Backing and advancing,
   Snapping of the clapper to the spin
   Out and in—
   And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the guitar!
   Do you remember an Inn,
   Miranda?
   Do you remember an Inn?

   Never more;
   Miranda,
   Never more.
   Only the high peaks hoar:
   And Aragon a torrent at the door.
   No sound
   In the walls of the Halls where falls
   The tread
   Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
   No sound:
   Only the boom
   Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

   —Hilaire Belloc.
DREAMS (TRAUME)

Tell me what those dreams of wonder
All my soul in bonds enchaining,
Not like bubbles burst asunder,
Leaving naught but foam remaining?

Visions ever brighter growing
Ev'ry day and ev'ry hour,
With a heav'n-born lustre glowing,
Mighty in their holy pow'r.

Visions, rays of glory taking,
Bringing rapture none can measure,
In my heart her image making,
All forgotten save my treasure.

Visions, as when spring-time voices
Call from snow the blossoms sweet,
Ev'ry tiny bud rejoices,
Glad the new-born day to greet.

Let the flowers, blooming brightly,
Soft exhale their fragrant breath.
On thy bosom resting lightly,
Let them, fading, sink to death.

Visions!

PILGRIM'S SONG

My blessing fall on this fair world,
On mountain, valley, forest, ocean.
The clarion winds in ceaseless motion
And heav'n's blue banner high unfurled.

And bless the staff that hither bore me,
The alms that help'd me on my way,
The boundless plain that lies before me,
The blowing morn, the evening gray!

The very path by which I wander
Shows glorious, golden, bathed in light;
No blade of grass that glistens yonder
But seems a star from heaven's height.

But seems a star from heaven's height.
God's boundless love to His creation
Speaks through this beauty to my heart!
Fain would I in rare exaltation
Sound through the world the wondrous message,
Of boundless love to all creation,
To all, his love and joy impart!

—Tolstoy.

HO, JOLLY JENKIN

The wind blows cold across the moor,
With driving rain and rending tree,
It smites the pious hermit's door, But not a jot cares he,
For close he sits within, and makes his merry din.

Refrain:

"Ho, jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinkin';
And trowl the brown bowl to me!
Then Ho, jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinkin';
And trowl, the bonny bowl to me."

The wind a roaring song may sing,
In crashing wood or frighted town,
It whirls the mantle of a king as 'twere a beggar's gown;
But caring not a jot we sing and drain the pot.

—Sturgis.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night Sweep through her marble halls;
I saw her sable skirts all fring'd with light From the celestial walls.
I felt her presence, by its spell of might, Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night, As of the one I love.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear What man has borne before,
Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of care, And they complain no more.

—Longfellow.

LORD, I WANT TO BE

Lord, I want to be more lovin' in-a my heart, in-a my heart.
I don't want to be like Judas in-a my heart,
In-a my heart, Lord, I don't want to be like Judas in-a my heart.

Lord, I want to be like Jesus in-a my heart, in-a my heart.
In-a my heart, Lord, I want to be like Jesus in-a my heart.
THE HUNDRED PIPERS

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Oh! it's ow-er the Border a-wa', a-wa',
It's ow-er the Border a-wa', a-wa',
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle Ha',
Wi' its yets, its Castle an' a', an' a'.
Oh! our sojer lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets an' feathers, an' glitterin' gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return our Hieland men?
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mither's grat when they marched away.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',

—Lady Nairn.

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