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The Cerealia Club

First Concert

Mrs. Ellen Kinsman Mann, Conductor

First Congregational Church,

Friday, May 22d, at half past eight o'clock

1903

The Club will be assisted by

Mr. Paul Messinger

Mrs. Max Shillock

Mrs. Sherman D. Brown

and

Mr. Ferdinand Konrad

Mrs. Warren E. Thomas }
Mr. Chas. Dierke } Accompanists

Program

1 In Spring

W. Bargiel

Spring-tide, spring-tide, I welcome thee!
Spring-tide, spring-tide, encircle me with
All thy beauties to new life unfolding, new hopes
And aspirations holding!
Spring-tide, spring-tide, I welcome thee!

As the bud is silently forming, and fairest
Blossoms will soon appear, so spring in my
Dreams is already dawning, so wakens my
Heart with the opening year.
Spring-tide, spring-tide, I welcome thee!

But soon the blossom's fleeting beauty, soon
The leaf's verdant glory is o'er; they are but
Sweet, half-forgotten visions, when we awake they are no more.

Comes not the winter again with sadness?
Ah, then hushed is the bird's song of gladness,
And in the cold open grave of night sinks sighing,
All things that were lovely and bright.

But, wherefore grieve we thus o'er future sorrow,
And sigh that our pleasures soon must depart?
Why should we weep o'er the unknown morrow,
While spring is reigning within our heart?
Spring-tide, spring-tide, I welcome thee!

2 (a) Day is at Last Departing

Raff

Day is at last departing,
Day with its stir and sound;
There spreads a grateful silence
While darkness gathers round.

How still the fields are lying!
The woods breathe murmurs light;
And what they to day-time reveal not,
That sing they softly tonight.

(b) Skylark

Bavarian

UNACCOMPANIED

Sky-lark, thy carol, thy carol so fervent on high,
Sky-lark, thy carol, thy carol so fervent on high.
Greets the Creator of earth and sky! Warble, thy
Warning, herald of morning, sleepers awake,
The sun-rise is nigh.

3 Doris

Nevin

WITH VIOLIN AND CELLO OBLIGATO

I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden,
Her crook was laden with wreathed flow'rs,
I sat and woo'd her thro' sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer roses of rare perfume,
The while I sued her kept hush'd and harkened
'Til shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger,
She said, "We linger; we must not stay;
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander,
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you and still adore;
No wolf nor stranger shall touch one yearling,
Ah, stay, my darling, a moment more."

She whisper'd, sighing, "There will be sorrow
Beyond tomorrow if I loose today,
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded and sent away."

Then each hot ember grew quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:
"Ah, do but prove me and none shall blind you,
Nor fray, nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine,
But I did brave them; I told her plainly,
She doubted vainly, she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted, from all the valley,
Did rouse and rally the nibbling ewes,
And homeward drove them, we two together,
Thro' blooming heather and gleaming dews.

MRS. BROWN

MR. KONRAD

4 St. John's Eve**C. Chaminade**

SOLO

Away down the horizon, extending
Beyond the ken of keenest eyes,
Afar, afar, to the skies, to the night-skies radiance lending
With bright rays afar joyous watch-fires rise;
Night's dark veil is now rent asunder,
See the depths of gloom flames relieve,
Like a rain of stars, rich with wonder,
These are the fires of St. John's Eve.

'Tis the festival night of the springtime of love;
'Tis a flight of bright stars lost in spaces above;
Help light the fires of St. John's Eve.

Let not the hasty wind send far these ashes flying;
Let not the heedless kine these gleams tread under foot.
Preserve these holy heaps of dust,
Preserve each gnarled root,
As we hold a mem'ry undying!
Upon this balmy night,
Beneath this starry heav'n, around these watch-fires bright,
How many hearts have been given!
Let not the hasty wind send far their ashes flying,
Below there are the fires of St. John's Eve.

MISS AGNES WATT

5 (a) Ich liebe dich**Edoard Grieg**

Thou all my thinking, all my will and being,
Thou who awoke my heart the only time,
I love thee more than any other maiden,
I love but thee, I love but thee, today and evermore.

I think of thee, thy thought I only treasure,
Thy bliss alone is all my heart's desire,
Howe'er God's will my lot in life may measure,
I love but thee, I love but thee, in all eternity.

(b) Stille Sicherheit**Robert Franz**

Hark, how still 'tis in the grove, no tone!
Maiden, we are safe and quite alone.
Fainter and more distant spreads around
O'er the meads the night-chimes dying sound.
On the flow'rs obedient to thy will
Sleeps the last faint breath of air, is still.
Maiden, dare I say, we are alone,
That my heart adores thee, loves but one.

(c) **Ich grolle nicht.**

Robert Schumann

I chide thee not, tho' e'en my heart shall break,
Love, ever lost to me, I chide thee not.
Tho' thou do'st shine begemmed with jewels bright,
There's not a ray, can pierce thy heart's dull night,
I've known it long!

I chide thee not, tho' e'en my heart shall break.
I've seen thee there, when dreaming,
And saw the night that all thy heart is dimming,
And saw the serpent that devours thy heart;
I saw, my love, how all forlorn thou art.
I chide thee not!

MR. WESSINGER

6 Rise Again, Glad Summer Sun

Henry Leslie

WITH SOLO AND TRIO

Rise again, glad summer sun, bright and fair!
Sing, O birds, the night is done; blow sweet air!
Smile gladly, flowers, and lift your little heads,
Wave gently, trees, and fan the garden beds.

Rise again, O wearied one, wake and rise!
Night is vanished, storms are gone, ope thine eyes,
Some tender trace there is of darker hours,
A little wearied hang the leaves and flowers.

Fruitful now and passing sweet is all around!
Richly do the senses greet sight, scent and sound.
More fruitful, too, for storm and rain art thou
Which rent the heart and laid thee low.

MRS. MAX SHILLOCK

MISS SHUPP

MRS. PONTIUS

MISS MONROE

7 (a) O Beautiful Violet

Carl Reinecke

SEMI-CHORUS FOR SOPRANO VOICES

O beautiful violet, thou sayest
"At my going come the roses";
Them would we have, but keep awhile the violet.

O thou pure lily, on earth to bloom; wert thou not created,
Thee angelic hands only bear, O lily!

(b) You Stole My Love

Walter MacFarren

You stole my love, fie upon you, fie!
You stole my love, fie, fie, a;
Guessed you but what a pain it is to prove,
You for your love would die, a;
And henceforth never longer
Be such a crafty wronger,
But when deceit takes a fall,
Then farewell, sly device and all!

(c) A Highland Lad

Harmonized by Max Vogrich

UNACCOMPANIED

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lowland laws he held in scorn,
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highland man.
Sing hey, my braw John Highland man,
Sing ho, my braw John Highland man,
There's no' a lad in a' the lan'
Was match wi' my John Highland man.

They banish'd him beyond the sea;
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highland man.
Sing hey, my braw John Highland man,
Sing ho, my braw John Highland man,
There's no' a lad in a' the lan'
Was match wi' my John Highland man.

8 The Water Fay

Horatio W. Parker

SOPRANO SOLO AND OBLIGATO

The night comes stealing o'er me, and clouds are on the sea,
While the wavellets rustle before with a mystical melody.
A watermaid rose singing before me fair and pale,
And snow-white breasts are springing like fountains 'neath the veil;
She kiss'd me and she press'd me 'till I wish'd her arms away,
Why hast thou so caress'd me, thou lovely water fay?

O, thou need'st not alarm thee that thus thy form I hold,
For I only seek to warm me, and the night is dark and cold.
The wind to the waves is calling, the moonlight is fading away,
And tears down thy face are falling, thou beautiful water fay.

The wind to the waves is calling, the moonlight grows dim on the rocks.
But no tears from my eyes are falling; 'tis the water that drips from my locks.

The ocean is heaving and sobbing, the seamews scream in the spray,
And thy heart is wildly throbbing, thou beautiful water fay.
My heart is wildly swelling, and it beats in burning truth,
For I love thee past all telling, thou beautiful mortal youth!

MISS HOBERG