

Glen, K.

...The Mac Dowell Club...

Ninth Season

Presenting

Katherine Glen

Composer

Thalia String Quartet

Direction Ted Bacon



Hotel Multnomah,

Portland, Oregon

May 1, 1923

Mason & Hamlin Piano Used

Program

PART I.

Quartet in D major, Op. 64, No. 5—"The Lark" - - - Haydn
Allegro Moderato
Adagio Cantabile
Minuetto
Finale

Thalia String Quartet

PART II.

Four Love Songs—
My Love And I
Tranquility
Good Night
The Wood Thrush - - - - - (Mss.)

Request Songs—
Mr. Mr. Robin
The Bluebird
I Heard a Lark Sing

The Lowland Cottage - - - - - (Mss.)
The Quest - - - - - (Mss.)
Sea Birds - - - - - (Mss.)

Katherine Glen

PART III.

Presto - - - - - Mendelssohn
From Quartet in A, Op. 13
Canzonetta - - - - - (Arr. Pochon)
From Quartet in E flat major, Op. 12.
Spanish Dance, Op. 12, No. 1 - - - - - Moszkowski
Bolero, Op. 12, No. 5 - - - - -

(Arr. by Ted Bacon)
Thalia String Quartet

MY LOVE AND I

By Adele M. Ballard.

I know an orchard
Hidden in a wood,
The haunt of butterfly and bee;
A sanctuary for the birds
That sing therein a jubilee.
A lonely, sweet and lovely spot
For butterfly and bird and bee.

I know an orchard
Hidden in a wood,
Where my true love and I
Walk hand in hand at eventide,
Content to let the world go by.
My love and I, content are we,
To let the world go by.

TRANQUILITY

By Sara Teasdale

It is enough for me by day
To walk the same bright earth with
him;
Enough that over us by night
The same great roof of stars is dim.

I have no care to bind the wind,
Or set a fetter on the sea;
It is enough to feel his love
Hover like music over me.

"GOOD NIGHT"

Words by S. Wier Mitchell

Good night, good night, Ah, good the
night
That wraps thee in its silvery light.
Good night, No night is good for me
That does not hold a thought of
thee.

Good night.

Good night, Be every night as sweet
As that which made our love com-
plete,
Till that last night when death shall
be
One brief "good night" for thee and
me.

Good night.

WOOD SONG

By Sara Teasdale

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk
Trill three notes and make a star—
My heart that walked with bitterness
Came back from very far.

Three shining notes were all he had
And yet they made a starry call—
I caught life back against my breast
And kissed it, scars and all.

MR. MR. ROBIN

By Frances Gill

Oh! I know, Mr. Robin,
What's making you so merry!
From out my neighbor's tallest tree
You've stolen the reddest cherry.

And I can tell you how I know
That this was done by you;
The cherry was so very red
I see it shining through.

THE BLUEBIRD

By Carrie Shaw-Rice

Pretty little bluebird,
Won't you tell me true,
Why you wear a brown vest,
With your suit of blue?

"Oh, little maiden truly,
While flying very low
I brushed against the brown earth
Long and long ago.

And once, my little maiden
While flying very high
My back and wings went brushing
Against the summer sky."

Saucy little bluebird!
Singing, off he flew
In his pretty brown vest
And his suit of blue.

"I HEARD A LARK SING"

By Helen Ekin Starrett

I heard a lark sing
At the dawn of the morning
When abroad was the spring;
Every meadow adorning,
No least budding thing
From her tender touch scorning
I heard a lark sing
In the dawn of the morning.

And still as she soared
While the flowers were springing,
From her fair throat she poured
Such a flood of sweet singing,
In my heart I adored
The All-Father for bringing
Such lovely accord,
As spring and lark singing.

THE LOWLAND COTTAGE

By James Whedon

I live in a lowland cottage
On a hill in a castle fair,
But the roses bloom in my garden
As sweet as they do up there.

I love my love so dearly!
I wonder if love up there
Is as sweet as mine in the lowlands,
With never a thought of care.

"THE QUEST"

(Selected)

There was once a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea
Where the water danced for joy,
And the wind was glad and free;
But he said, "Good Mother, oh let me
go,
For the dullest place in the world I
know,
Is this old brown house
Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be,
He something missed from the sea or
sky
Till he turned again with a wistful
sigh,
To the little brown house,
The old brown house
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free,
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah where shall we dwell?" quoth
she.

And he said, "Sweet Mother, from
east to west
The loveliest home, and the dearest and
best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

SEA BIRDS

By Jessie Rittenhouse

Birds that float upon a wave
Resting from the tiring air,
Be the hopes that I would save
From despair!

Menaced by the sky above,
Menaced by the deep below,
You rock as on the breast of Love,
To and fro.

If immensities like these
Cannot fright a thing so frail,
I will keep my heart at ease
In the gale.