

5-27-1939

Concert: Ithaca College Chorus and Orchestra

Ithaca College Chorus

Ithaca College Orchestra

Victor L.F. Rebmann

Bette A. Knietsch

Wilmer R. Moyer

See next page for additional authors

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Recommended Citation

Ithaca College Chorus; Ithaca College Orchestra; Rebmann, Victor L.F.; Knietsch, Bette A.; Moyer, Wilmer R.; and Campbell, Robert H., "Concert: Ithaca College Chorus and Orchestra" (1939). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 2326.

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Authors

Ithaca College Chorus, Ithaca College Orchestra, Victor L.F. Rebmann, Bette A. Knietsch, Wilmer R. Moyer,
and Robert H. Campbell

ITHACA COLLEGE
Devoted to Music, Drama & Physical Education

In Honor of the Visiting Alumni
presents in a

CONCERT

THE ITHACA COLLEGE CHORUS
AND ORCHESTRA

Bette A. Knietsch, Soprano
Wilmer R. Moyer, Tenor
Robert H. Campbell, Accompanist
Victor L. F. Rebmann, Conductor

Saturday Evening, May 27, 1939

At eight-fifteen

Public invited

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PROGRAM

Music, When Soft Voices Die Clarence Dickinson

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory,
Odors when sweet violets thicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose leaves when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

- Percy Bysshe Shelley

A Festival Prelude Bach-Stoessel

Glory Now to Thee Be Given
Whate'er May Vex or Grieve Thee
To Thee Alone Be Glory

Chorus and Orchestra

How Lovely is Thy Dwelling-Place Brahms

How lovely is Thy dwelling-place
O Lord of Hosts!
For my soul, it longeth, yea fainteth
for the courts of the Lord;
My soul and body crieth out, yea,
for the living God.
Blest are they that dwell within Thy house;
they praise Thy name evermore,
How lovely is Thy dwelling-place.

The Night is Calm and Cloudless
from "The Golden Legend" Sullivan

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
The stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea;
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond,
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer
Christe eleison.

- After Longfellow by Joseph Bennett

Bette Knietzsch, Soprano
and Chorus

Listen to the Lambs Dett-Baldwin

Listen to the Lambs,
All a-crying!
He shall feed his flock like a shepherd,
and carry the young lambs in his bosom.
Ah! Listen!
Listen to the Lambs,
All a-crying! Amen.

To-Morrow Richard Strauss

Women's Chorus with Violin Obligato

The sun will shine to-morrow once again.
And on the high road that I wander,
We shall be radiant once again, in love's enchantment,

Upon the fragrant earth, that is for us heaven;
And to the sea below, so blue, so peaceful,
We will go down together, happy, silent, calm
and trusting:

We shall gaze deep into each other's eyes, dear,
On us peace and the joy of silence falling.

- John Henry Mackay

English version by A. Walter Kramer

Stars Harriet Ware

Bright stars, yellow stars, flashing through
the air,

Are you errant strands of Lady Mary's hair
As she slits the cloudy veil and bends down through?
Do you fall across her cheeks and over Heaven, too?

Gay stars, little stars, you are little eyes,
Eyes of baby angels playing in the skies.

Now a winged child turns his merry face
Downward to the spinning world. What a funny place!

Jesus Christ came from the Cross,
(Christ receive my soul!)

In each perfect hand and foot there was a bloody hole.
Four great iron spikes there were, red and never dry:
Michael plucked them from the Cross, to set them in
the sky.

Christ's troops, Mary's guard, God's own men!
Draw your swords and strike at Hell, and strike again!
Ev'ry steelborn spark that flies where God's battles
are,

Flashes past the face of God, and is a star!

- Joyce Kilmer

My Johnny Was a Shoemaker English Folksong
Deems Taylor

My Johnny was a shoemaker
And dearly he loved me!
My Johnny was a shoemaker
But now he's gone to sea
With nasty pitch to soil his hands
And sail upon the stormy sea
His jacket was a deep sky blue,
And curly was his hair,
His jacket was a deep sky blue,
It was, I do declare
To reef the topsail now he's gone
To sail across the stormy sea.

And he'll be a captain by and by,
With a brave and gallant crew;
And he'll be a captain by and by,
With a sword and spyglass too.
And when he is a captain bold
He's coming back to marry me.

- Air from Cornwall

Waters Ripple and Flow Czecho-Slovak

Women's Chorus

Waters ripple and flow, slowly passes each day;
Faithless lover of mine, stay no longer away.
Dear one, well dost thou know why fond lovers
must part:
Wherefore falters thy faith? Why so timid thy heart?
Dearest lover, come back; end the vigil I keep.
Thine, the key to my heart, mine, without thee to weep!
When the mountain shall turn, when the vict'ry
is thine,
Then my happiness dawns, then shall freedom be mine.
Lo, the mountain has turned, now the vict'ry
is thine.

Now my happiness dawns, now shall freedom be mine.

- Deems Taylor

Ca' the Yowes Scottish
R. Vaughan Williams

Tenor Solo: Wilmer R. Moyer
Chorus

Ca' the yowes tae the knowes,
Ca' them whar the heather grows,
Ca' them whar the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie

Hark the mavis' e'enin' sang
Sounding Cluden's Woods amang;
Then a-fauldin' let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

While the waters wimple to the sea,
While dayblinks in the lift, sae he,
Till death shall blin' my e'e
Ye shall be my dearie.

- Robert Burns

Wake Thee, Now, Dearest Czecho-Slovak

Wake thee, now, dearest from slumber deep!
See me now toiling while others sleep:
Up with the birds, then
Water my herds, then
Off I go, leading my grazing sheep.

When my work's over at close of day,
Then do I sing me a merry lay;
Done is my task, now,
All that I ask, now,
Is but one look from thine eyes of grey. Hi!

- Deems Taylor

Finlandia, Tone Poem, Opus 26, No. 7 Jean Sibelius

With Final Chorus:

"Lord, We Pray in Mercy Lead Us"

The Orchestra

Entrance and March of the Peers
from "Iolanthe" Sullivan

Loudly let the trumpet bray,
Proudly bang the sounding brasses,
As upon the lordly way
This unique procession passes.
Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantantara! Tzing boom!

We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation.
Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantantara! Tzing boom!

- W. L. Gilbert

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The Ithaca College Chorus and Orchestra
are indebted to the Board of Education for
kindly permitting the use of Foster Hall on
this occasion.