

PERSONNEL

Allison, Dorothy	Kells, Margaret
Berg, Virginia	Leon, Lila
Browne, Betty	Lyle, Ruth
Cadzow, Dorothy	MacKenzie, Doris
Carter, Jean	Peterson, Gertrude
Cunningham, Beryl	Peterson, Phyllis
Doebbler, Patricia	Pruitt, Roberta
Donoghue, Lorraine	Seagran, Carolee
Ferguson, Jane	Thymian, Mary Helen
Hoeffler, Marie Edesse	Young, Fannie Rae
Hutchinson, Dorothy	

Lorris West, accompanist

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

THE WOMEN'S CHORAL
ENSEMBLE

Miriam Terry Groth, Director

assisted by

Maybeth Harris, violinist



Monday, May 29, 1939 Dance Studio 8:30 p.m.

PROGRAM

I

FOUR FOLK SONGS—

The Nightingale—English . . . arr. Reginald Jacques
"The couple agreed and were married with speed. . . ."

Straw Guy—Hungarian arr. Zoltan Kodaly
"Wait a moment, Straw Guy—we'll don embroidered smocks and dance with you. . . ."

The Seeds of Love—English arr. Imogene Holst
"I sowed the seeds of Love; there are many flowers blooming in my garden, but I shall wait to pluck the red rose which grows in June."

Sweet Kitty—English arr. Gerrard Williams
"Now all you young fellows, just bear in mind our sad story and don't miss your sweethearts for love is blind!"

II

Adoramus Te Christe Palestrina
"We adore Thee, O Christ and we bless Thee, because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world."

Stabat Mater (opening chorus) Pergolesi
"The sorrowing Mother stood weeping by the Cross whereon hung her beloved Son."

Ave Maria Gustav Holst
"Hail Mary, thou blessed among women: Gracious Mother, pray for us now and in the hour of death."

In Deepest Ocean, opus 91, No. 6 Schumann
"In deepest ocean lies a sphere of glittering gold men strive by force of arms to wrest the treasure from each other. . . . Child Jesus, intercede for the humble of this earth, that they may gain the treasure of eternal life." (Paraphrase of a poem by Ruckert.)

III

Rondo Mozart
Miss Harris
Jane Sylliaasen at the piano

IV

Sigh No More, Ladies Vaughn Williams
Sigh no more, ladies; men were deceivers ever. . . .
One foot in sea and one on shore; to one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go. . . .
Converting all your sounds of woe into Hey, nonny nonny!
—Shakespeare.

Crown of Beauty W. G. Whittaker
Where is thy crown of beauty, Dorian Maid?
Thy towers—thy wealth of old upland?
Gone are thy fanes, thy palaces, thy proud Sisyphean dames,
thy once unnumbered crowd—
O ill-starred city, war hath reft away thine all;
No relic of thee lives today.
Only like sea-birds that out-last the storm,
We, Ocean-Nymphs, yet haunt thy ruined form.
—Words on a temple to the Ocean Nymphs near the ruins of Corinth. Antipater of Sidon.

I Saw the Curl'd Drops W. G. Whittaker
I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head;
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed:
"Forbear," said I;
"Be not too bold.
Your fleece is white,
But 'tis too cold."

I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow;
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since Heav'n itself lies here below.
"Well done," said I:
"But are you sure
Your down so warm
Will pay for pure?"

We saw Thee in thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of an eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee;
And we blest the night.
We saw Thee
By Thine own sweet light.
—From Richard Crashaw's "Hymn of the Nativity."

Pastoral Gustav Holst
He: "Naught I care for any other man
Let him take thee from me if he can—"
She: "Really, sir, I cannot list to you
I have one—what should I do with two?"

Evening Hymn Carl Paige Wood
Slowly, by God's hand unfurled
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness—
—William Henry Furness