

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

The Combined Choral Organizations

CHARLES WILSON LAWRENCE, *Director*

and the

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

GEORGE C. KIRCHNER, *Director*



Meany Hall

Thursday, June 5, 1941

8:30 p.m.

Program

I

Glinka.....Overture, "Russlan and Ludmilla"

II

John Alden Carpenter.....Song of Faith
Narrator, Theodore B. Bell

III

George Frederick McKay.....To a Liberator (A Lincoln Tribute)
Evocation—Choral Scene—March—
Declaration—Epilogue

IV

William Schuman.....This is Our Time
Celebration
Work
Foundations
Questions
Fanfares

SONG OF FAITH

text by

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

Come now, hear our song! Song of Freedom, comrades, swell the throng!
Hear that ancient story told again, of the father of our fathers! Hear our song!
As a growing river flowing to the sea, as the springing branches of a mighty tree,
So his faith abounds, so his strong heart led us, made us free.
We his children's children, raise our eyes to the hills and the mountains,
in the skies.

Comes to town young Doodle dandy! On his crown a feather fine!
Rides a pony, calls him Macaroni, Macaroni, O!

Sounds the throb of the drum-beat, sounds the cry of the red-men
Through the years intervening, as they rang in the days of our fathers!
Sounds a sweet lullaby, sounds an old song my mother knew.
Sound again, gentle cry, soothe a young heart, like falling dew.
Bring to me rest again, sing to me low,
There where my head has lain, well do I know.
Lead me to sleep where the still waters flow.
So sings my motherland, so yields her love to light my day,
Guides me with gentle hand, on to a bright and shining way.

Oh, hear the band, the Yankee band!
From hill and plain, swing out again!
Oh, hear the call! Come one come all!
Now hear the word, his heart revealing!
Now hear the very voice of the father!

Narrator

"I close this last solemn act of my life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God. It is impossible to reason without arriving at a Supreme Being. I now make my earnest prayer that he would have you in His holy protection. Let us labour to keep alive in our breasts that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience. We must not despair, the game is yet in our own hands. Let us have a government by which our lives and our liberties shall be secured. I feel now as I conceive a wearied traveller must do: I move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers. The work is done, the voice of mankind is with me. I am not afraid to go."

Chorus

Comes a bright and shining day, by our Father's faith let us pray.
May the hand of God be our stay, and our guiding star light our way.

THIS IS OUR TIME

text by

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

I. CELEBRATION

This is our time.
We women and men
Here once and only once
Celebrate our time
In song.
Gather together,
Make the swift day
Rich; the life
Full; find company
Dear to the heart.
This is our day,
Our own, our only time.
Together we make
Today.

II. WORK

The idle are the sad.
Our day has work to do.
Our day's necessity
Our will
Is work.
Lung and throat of the people.
Body and breath,
Palate and tongue,
Heart and will,
We in necessity one,
One in our will,
We rivet hand to hand.

III. FOUNDATIONS

Expand, accustomed world.
No longer mean and small,
Tight code, cramped mind,
crude dream.
With ghost pioneers we see
Horizons
new and dim
Horizons
dissolving, vast
Horizons.
We build
With skill and heft and mass
Our deep
Foundations
Foundations
Foundations.

IV. QUESTIONS

Never heard happier laughter.
Where did you hear it?
Somewhere in the future.
Very far in the future?
No, not far, but near,
American laughter. Listen.
From this laughter tumbling
in a river
We will make our peace
(true peace)
Our wealth (true wealth)
And our justice (true justice).

V. FANFARES

In the old days
At barn raisings
After they worked together
They danced together.
So lay the floor, Americans.
Put up the beams,
Ceil the roof,
Then ready with the fiddles.
Now choose your partners.
This is our time, our own,
our only time.
Together we make
Today.