

University Singers
CONCERT



Ireland SINGS

Conducted by G. Robert Chancellor

Friday & Saturday, June 5 & 6, 1970, 8:15pm, Auditorium Bldg.
The University of West Florida

PROGRAM

I

IRELAND SINGS

Irish Folksongs arranged by Alice Parker

Carren Miller, narrator

Marian Lee, harp

Wearin' of the Green Traditional

O Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's goin' round? The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground! Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, His color can't be seen, for there's a bloody law against the wearin' of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red, sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed. You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod. But 'twill take root and flourish still, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

Narrator. Legend of Finola, Daughter of Lir Irish Saga

Silent, O Moyle, Be the Roar Traditional

Judy Sharp, soprano (Friday)

Phyllis Hasty, soprano (Saturday)

Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water; break not ye breezes, your chain of repose, while murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter tells to the nightstar her tale of woes.

When shall the swan, her death note singing, sleep, with wings in darkness fur'ld, when shall heav'n, its sweet bell ringing, call my spirit from this stormy world?

When will that daystar mildly springing, warm our isle with peace and love? When will heav'n, its sweet bells ringing call my spirit to the fields above?

— Thomas Moore

Narrator. Anthem for Doomed Youth Wilfred Owen
The Croppy Boy **Traditional**

'Twas in the guardhouse where I was laid, and in
the parlor where I was tried. My sentence passed, and
my courage low, when to Dungannon I was forced to go.
As I was mounted on the scaffold high, my aged father
was standing by; my aged father did me deny, and the
name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.

Narrator. A Warning to Conquerors Donagh MacDonagh
The Minstrel Boy **Tune: *The Moreen***

The minstrel boy to the war is gone, in the ranks
of death you'll find him; his father's sword he hath
girded on, and his wild harp slung behind him; "Land of
song!" said the warrior bard, "though all the world be-
trays thee, one sword at least thy rights shall guard,
one faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell but the foeman's chain could not
bring that proud soul under; the harp he lov'd never
spoke again, for he tore it asunder; and said, "no chains
shall sully thee, thou soul of love and bravry! Thy songs
were made for the pure and free, they shall never sound
in slav'ry!"

— Thomas Moore

Narrator. Goodbye My Fancy Walt Whitman
The Girl I Left Behind Me **Traditional**

Come, all ye handsome comely maids that live in
Carlow dwelling, beware of young men's flat'ring tongue
when love to you they're telling. Beware of the kind
words they say, be wise, and do not mind them, for if
they were talking till they die, they'd leave you all be-
hind them.

'Tis not my love I claim I own all for our separation,
that left me wand'ring far from home all in a distant
station. But whene'er I get my liberty, no man shall ever
bind me, I'll see my native land once more, and the girl
I left behind me.

Narrator. Brown Penny William Butler Yeats
I Know Where I'm Goin' **Traditional**

I know where I'm goin', and I know who's goin' with me, I know who I love, but the dear knows who I'll marry. Feather beds are soft, painted rooms are bonny, but I would leave them all, to go with my love Johnny.

Narrator. They Siegfried Sassoon
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye **Traditional**

When goin' the road to sweet Athy, a stick in my hand and a drop in my eye, a doleful damsel I heard cry, "Johnny, I hardly knew ye. With your drums and guns the enemy nearly slew ye. Where are your eyes that looked so mild when my heart you so beguil'd, why did you skedaddle from me and the child? Where are the legs with which you run when you went for to carry a gun, indeed your dancing days are done. I'm happy for to see you home, all from the island of Ceylon. So low in flesh, so high in bone, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!"

Narrator. We May Roam Through This World Thomas Moore
We May Roam Through This World **Tune: Garyone**

Then remember wherever your goblet is crown'd thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam, when a cup to the smile of dear woman goes 'round, Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

Narrator. The Harp that Once
through Tara's Halls Thomas Moore
My Gentle Harp **Tune: Londonderry Air**

My gentle harp, once more I waken the sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain; in tears our last farewell was taken, and now in tears we meet again.

But come, if yet thy frame can borrow, one breath of joy, of breathe for me, and show the world in chains and sorrow. How sweet thy music still can be.

— Thomas Moore

Narrator. From *Ode* Arthur O'Shaughnessy
Sing, Sing Tune: *Humors of Ballymaguiry*

Sing, sing, music was given to brighten the gay
and kindle the loving; souls here, like planets in heaven,
by harmony's laws alone are kept moving. Beauty may
boast of her eyes and her cheeks, but love from the lips
his true archery wings; and she who but feathers the
dart when she speaks — at once sends it home to the
heart when she sings.

When Love, rock'd by his mother lay sleeping and
calm as slumber could make him, "Hush, hush," said
Venus, "no other sweet voice but his own is worthy to
wake him." Dreaming of music, he slumber'd the while
till faint from his lip a soft melody broke, and Venus
enchanted, looked on with a smile, while Love to his
own sweet singing awoke.

— Thomas Moore

INTERMISSION

II

SACRED CHORUSES

Come Thou, Holy Spirit Paul Tschesnokoff
Come Thou, Holy Spirit descend upon us, we pray.
Come Thou consoling fire. Alleluia. — from the Liturgy
of the Russian Orthodox Church

Crucifixus Antonio Lotti
For our sake, too, He was crucified under Pontius
Pilate, suffered death and was buried. — from the *Credo*
of the Mass

Peace I Leave with You Austin Lovelace
Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you:
not as the world gives, give I unto you. Let not your
heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.
— John 14:27

The Last Words of David Randall Thompson

He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds. (He shall be) as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain. Alleluia. Amen.

— II Samuel 23:3-4

III

OPERA CHORUSES

Polovtsian Dance and Chorus,

from *Prince Igor* Alexander Borodin

These famous dances and choruses from *Prince Igor* are the finale of Act II which is set in the military camp of the Polovtsian Kahn Kontchak. The captured Russian Prince Vladimir is a guest in the camp and the Kahn orders the dancing slaves to perform for their entertainment.

Stomp Your Foot, from *The Tender Land* Aaron Copland

This American square dance and chorus is also an operatic finale which concludes Act II of Aaron Copland's only opera. The harvest is over and neighbors and friends come to the Moss farm for an evening of celebration.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To Carren Miller, Alice Kornis and Ronald Evans for assistance in the selection and arrangement of the narrator's texts.

To Robert McDonnell for art work. The harp which appears on the cover was drawn from the coat of arms of the Republic of Ireland.

UNIVERSITY SINGERS

Donna Jeanne Durham, *assistant conductor*

Tamsen Walker Benson, *accompanist*

Bonita Gay Linger, *accompanist*

Sopranos

Miriam Aldridge
Marilyn Aspenwall
Margaret Blasingame
Candy Buchanan
Barbara Haraka
*Phyllis Hasty
Deborah Tyre

Tenors

John Barrow
Dennis Gainey
Richard Ivey
Robert Ivey
Gary Mastrella
Joel Patigallo
*Warren Sovereign

Altos

Tamsen Benson
Mary Butler
Donna Durham
Iris Ellison
Carole Houghton
Bonita Linger
Karen Lively
Pat Mosley
*Judy Sharp
Judy Webb

Basses

Richard Arndt
Fred Kirkland
Gerald Mixon
David Roebuck
John Ward
*Robert Wave
John Webb
Dan Wimer
Mark York

*Section Leaders