

~~Musical~~ ~~Club~~
Madrigal Club

The Morningside College Madrigal Club

Eleventh Season

Annual Home Concert

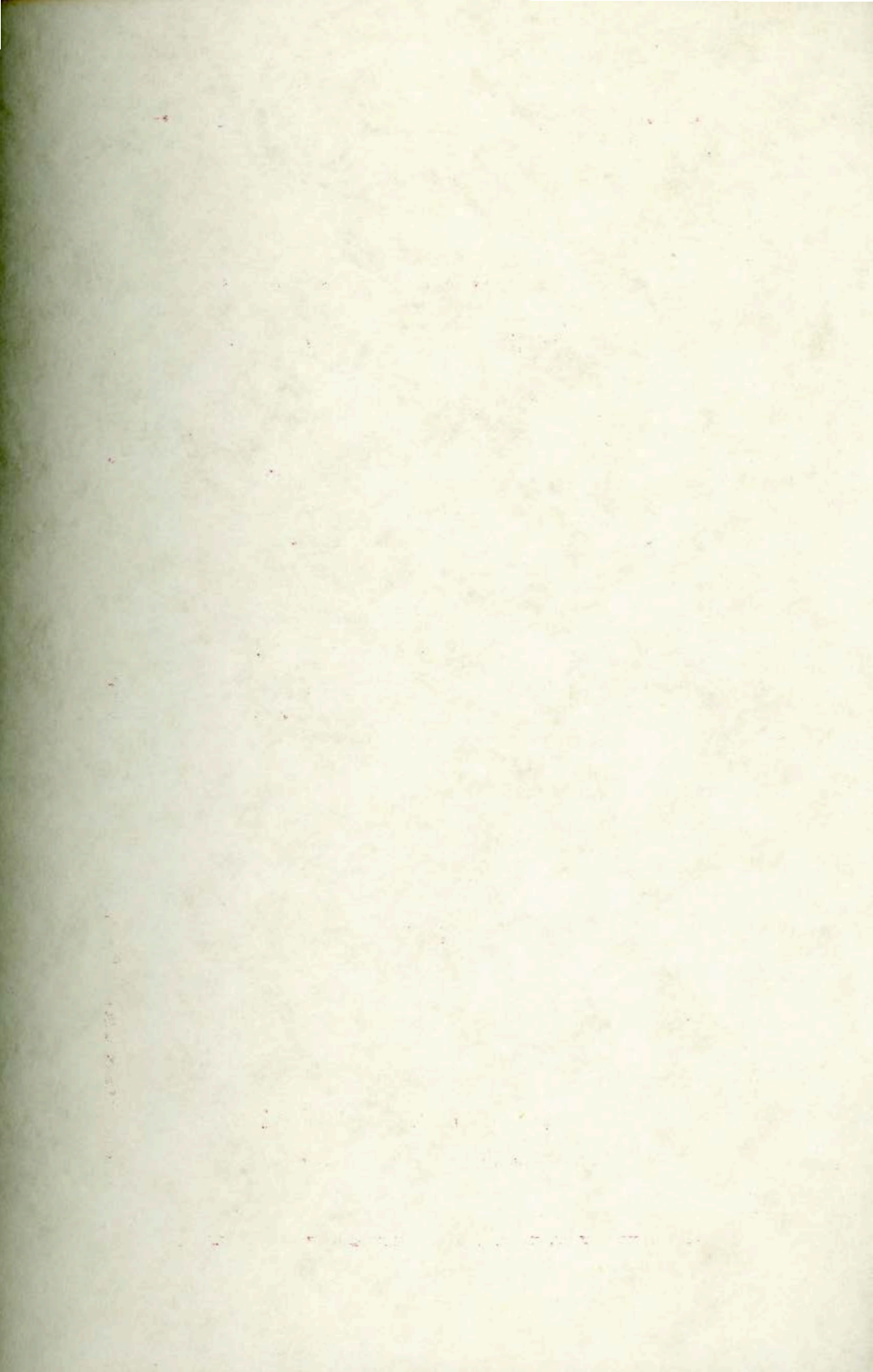
*"Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
All the heaven we have below."*

—ADDISON.



East Junior High School

April twenty-second, nineteen hundred twenty-five



Morningside College Madrigal Club



OFFICERS

Florence Burns.....	<i>President</i>
Bernice Trindle.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Ione Lease.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
Viola Benz.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
Dorothy Nelson.....	<i>Librarian</i>
Paul MacCollin.....	<i>Director</i>

Carol Moen, *Reader*
Margaret Schamp, *Accompanist*

MEMBERS

First Soprano

Marian MacDowell.....	Doon
Edith Held.....	Hinton
Betty Mead.....	Sioux City
Helen Quick.....	Sioux City
Winifred McClure.....	Sioux City
Ruth Flewell.....	Sioux City
Margaret Spencer.....	Sioux City

Second Soprano

Florence Burns.....	Hornick
Viola Benz.....	Sioux City
Dorothy Nelson.....	Sheldon
Irene Inlay.....	Moville
Marjorie Bagge.....	Fonda

First Alto

Bernice Trindle.....	Centuria, Wis.
Louella Empey.....	Sioux City
Marjorie Meadows.....	Estherville
Ione Lease.....	Cherokee

Second Alto

Ruth Gilbert.....	Aurelia
Patricia Purse.....	San Diego, Calif.
Muriel Hughes.....	Sioux City
Norma Hale.....	Sioux City

Program



PART I

SUMMERTIME SONG-CYCLE *Landon Ronald*
Arranged by Paul MacCollin

DAYBREAK

Awake! Awake! and hearken to the breeze
That whispers through the trees,
Awake, my heart, awake.
The dew upon the lawn,
Is gleaming in the dawn,
Is gleaming in the dawn,
And day at last is born,
Awake! Awake!

Aake! Awake! and wander mid the flowers.
In leafy, sunny bowr's,
Awake, my heart, awake!
For all the world is gay,
And every voice doth say,
And every voice doth say,
Tis summer time today.
Awake! Awake!

MORNING

Sweet is the golden sunshine,
The light on sea and land,
Sweet are the birds that carol
Around on every hand;
The little winds that kiss the hills,
And shady woods and laughing rills,
And roses, daisies, daffodils, how sweet!

Sweet is the restless ocean that plays upon the shore;
Sweet is the happy river, flowing for ever-more;
And every path I singing rove, the garden, grove,
And sweet is life, and sweet is love, how sweet!

EVENING

Goodnight, fair rose, goodnight!
The sun is in the west,
The world must go to rest,
And thou must fold thy petals bright,
Goodnight, goodnight!
And thou must fold thy petals bright,
Goodnight, goodnight!

Goodbye, glad bird, goodbye!
For to thy woodland home,
Thou in the dusk must roam,
The stars are waking in the sky,
Goodbye, goodbye!
The stars are waking in the sky,
Goodbye, goodbye!

NIGHT

Oh lovely night!
Thou sweet and gentle maiden,
Binding the world with dreams so silently,
Thy voice is soft, thy breath is heavy laden,
With garden scents and mem'ries of the sea;
Come not with tears, but charm them into flight.
Oh lovely night! oh lovely night!

Oh lovely sleep!
Thou angel bright and tender,
Who with thy magic every heart dost own,
Lo! all the world in passionless surrender,
Bows to thy will and worships at thy throne;
Give thou repose to darkened land and deep,
Oh lovely sleep! oh lovely sleep!

CO-EDUCATION *Brown*

THE CRADLES *Faure*

Yonder the ships at anchor lie
Swayed by silent waters that press them;
And never they heed the cradles small
Rocked by gentle hands that caress them.
Yet will come a day of farewells,
Aching hearts, loneliness, and sorrow;
Women must weep, men must away,
Seeking the harbors of tomorrow.
When sail the ships as falls the day
Leaving the harbor lights behind them,
Then shall they feel small hands that bind them
To far cradles that softly sway,
To far cradles that softly sway.

* * *

PIANO SOLO

Polonaise *MacDowell*
Margaret Schamp

* * *

QUARTET

Misses Trindle, Meadows, Mead, Nelson

LOVE IN SPRINGTIME *Arditi*

When Spring shall come with its wreaths of roses
And his glorious wreath of flow'rs discloses
When the first swift swallow darts above thee,
Then shalt thou know well that I might love thee
Yet in sooth pray what care I
For thy threat that thou wilt die?
Ah! when at last come the red roses,
I shall choose no butterfly for lover,
Such as gaily from blossom to blossom will hover!
Tell me not of foolish passion, foolish passion.
I would much rather choose my lover in calmer fashion.
Ah! Now let pleasure still entrance

Come with me and join the dance.
Feelest thou not its tempting billows roll?
Does not celestial music flood thy very soul?
Then let joy fill thy heart while still thou canst,
Time flies and soon thy last thou hast danced.

When Spring shall come with its wreaths of roses,
And his glorious wealth of flow'rs discloses,
When the first swift swallow darts above thee,
Then shalt thou know well that I love thee!
When Spring comes with wreaths of roses,
Spring will come with roses, it will come!
With roses, with roses.
Then wait the Spring will bring us roses.

READING

The Finger of God *Percival Wilde*
Carol Moen

PART II

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

A Group of Gypsy Songs

When Life Is Brightest

See the Light in the Distant Sky Appear

The Gypsy Life for Mine—Miss MacDowell

Merry Zingarellas—Misses Meadows, Held

A Gypsy Maiden I—Miss Quick

Gypsy Song (Carmen)

Gypsy Love Song (Fortune Teller)—Miss Gilbert

The Gypsy Trail





Mason & Hamlin Piano
Courtesy Davidson Bros. Co.

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