

Concert programme text

14 Order of Program

CHORAL:

“Hail! Smiling Morn,”
“The Long Day Closes,”
“The Bells,”

Spofforth
Sullivan
Lahee

SOLO

“EPILOGUE” (Ferishtah’s Fancies),
Mr. FRANK MULLINGS

Granville Bantock

CHORAL:

“Annabel Lee,”
“By Babylon’s Wave,”

Hugh S. Robertson
Gounod

SOLO:

Air,
Rondo,
Chinese Tambourin,
Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

Goldmark
Mozart
Kreisler

CHORAL:

“On Jordan’s Banks,”
“Death on the Hills,”

Max Bruch
Edward Elgar

SOLO:

“Songs and Dances of Death,”
Mr FRANK MULLINGS

Moussorgsky

CHORAL:

“Fire, Fire my Heart,”
“Far Away,”
“Old Daddy Longlegs,”

Morley
Arr. Jozé
Macirone

SOLO:

Nocturne,
Polonaise,
Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

Chopin
Wieniawski

CHORAL:

“Love’s Tempest,”
“The Seal Woman’s Croon,”

Edward Elgar
Arr. Granville Bantock

SOLO:

“The Gentle Maiden,”
“Trottin’ to the Fair,”
“Quick! We have but a Second,”

Arr. Somervell
Arr. Stanford
Arr. Stanford

Mr FRANK MULLINGS

CHORAL:

“How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps,”
“Dumbarton’s Drums,”

Chas. Wood
Arr. Granville Bantock

“Song, like fate itself, is given
To scare the idle thought away;
To raise the human to the holy,
To wake the spirit from the clay.”
-Schiller

Word and Notes

Glee,

“Hail! Smiling Morn,”

Spofforth
1770-1827

Probably the most sparkling piece of choral music ever written. An early favourite with the Choir, it was responsible for at least one joke almost as sparkling as the music. At a small concert the chairman – confronted with this on the program:

Glee, - “Hail! Smiling Morn,” – Reginald Spofforth – calmly announced, “Mr. Reginald Spofforth will now open the program by singing to us the glee, “Hail! Smiling Morn.”

HAIL! Smiling morn, that tips the hills with gold,
Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day,
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away.

Part Song, -

“The Long Day Closes,” - -

Sullivan
1842-1900

First produced by the Choir in 1909. It is a fine example of the type that sprang from the “glee”, and which Mendelssohn, Smart, Hatton, and others did much to perfect. Sullivan here says, perhaps, the “last word” for the type, and says it eloquently.

No star is o’er the lake, its pale watch keeping,
The moon is half awake, through grey mist creeping.
The last red leaves fall round the porch of roses.
The clock hath ceased to sound, the long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth in calm endeavour,
To count the sounds of mirth, now dumb for ever.

Heed not how hope believes and fate disposes:
Shadow is round the eaves, the long day closes.

The lighted windows dim are fading slowly.
The fire that was so trim now quivers lowly.
Go to the dreamless bed where grief reposes;
Thy book of toil is read, the long day closes.

-H.F. Chorley.