

# Choral Union Series

Forty-eighth Season

Second Concert

No. CCCCLII Complete Series

## THE ENGLISH SINGERS

FLORA MANN  
NELLIE CARSON  
LILLIAN BERGER

NORMAN STONE  
NORMAN NOTLEY  
CUTHBERT KELLY

Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1926, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

### PROGRAM

#### MOTETS:

Praise Our Lord.....*William Byrd* (1543-1623)  
Ave Verum .....*William Byrd* (1543-1623)  
Hosanna to the Son of David.....*Thomas Weelkes* (1575-1623)

#### MADRIGALS AND A BALLETT:

O softly singing lute .....*Francis Pilkington* (1562-1638)  
Tho' Amaryllis dance.....*William Byrd* (1543-1623)  
On the Plains.....*Thomas Weelkes* (1575-1623)  
Stay, Corydon.....*John Wilbye* (1574-1638)

#### FOLK SONGS: .....*Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams* (1872—)

The Dark-eyed Sailor  
The Turtle Dove  
Wassail Song

Intermission

#### ITALIAN STREET CRIES:

Chimney Sweeps .....*Jacques du Pont* (c.1600)  
Rag and Bone .....*Adriano Banchieri* (c.1565-1634)  
Hot Chestnuts .....*Jacques du Pont* (c.1600)

#### DUETS AND TRIO:

I spy Celia .....*Henry Purcell* (1658-1695)  
John, come kiss me now (16th Century)....*Arranged by E. W. Naylor* (1867)  
The Three Fairies.....*Henry Purcell* (1658-1695)

#### MADRIGALS, BALLETT AND CANZONET:

Hark, all ye lovely Saints.....*Thomas Weelkes* (1575-1623)  
The Silver Swan.....*Orlando Gibbons* (1583-1625)  
I go before, my Darling.....*Thomas Morley* (1558-1603)  
My Phyllis bids me pack away.....*Thomas Weelkes* (1575-1623)

Tour Under the Direction of Metropolitan Musical Bureau, New York, N. Y.

## PROGRAM

Motet ..... *William Byrd*

Praise our Lord, all ye Gentiles,  
Praise Him, all ye people,  
Because His mercy is confirmed upon us,  
And His truth remaineth for ever. Amen.

Motet ..... *William Byrd*

Ave verum corpus, natum  
De Maria Virgine  
Vere passum, immolatum  
In cruce pro homine  
Cujus latus perforatum  
Unda fluxit sanguine.  
  
Esto nobis praegustatum  
In mortis examine,  
O Dulcis, o pie, o Jesu fili Mariæ  
miserere mei.

Motet ..... *Thomas Weelkes*

Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed be the King  
that cometh in the Name of the Lord, Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Thou that sittest in the highest heavens. *Hosanna in  
excelsis deo!*

Madrigal ..... *Francis Pilkington*

O softly singing Lute,  
See with my tears thou time do keep.  
Yet softly, gentle strings,  
Agree with Love that cannot sleep.  
Sorrow hist whenas it sings,  
When tears do fall then sighs arise,  
So grief oft shines in most sad eyes,  
Yea, love through heart it dies, it dies.

Madrigal ..... *William Byrd*

Though Amaryllis dance in green,  
Like fairy queen;  
And sing full clear  
Corinna can, with smiling cheer,  
Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,  
Heigh ho, heigh ho, I'll love no more  
  
Love ye who list, I force him not,  
Sith God it wot,  
The more I wail,  
The less my sighs and tears prevail.  
What shall I do but say therefore,  
Heigh ho, heigh ho, I'll love no more.

Ballet ..... *Thomas Weelkes*

On the Plains  
Fairy trains  
    Were a-treading measures.  
Satyrs played,  
Fairies stayed  
    As the stops set leisures.  
    Fa la la.

Nymphs begin  
To come in  
    Quickly, thick and threefold.  
Now they dance.  
Now they prance,  
    Present there to behold.  
    Fa la la.

Madrigal ..... *John Wilbys*

Stay, Corydon, thou swain,  
Talk not so soon of dying,  
    What though thy heart be slain,  
What though thy love be flying.

    She threatens thee but dares not strike,  
    Thy nymph is light and shadow-like;  
For if thou follow her, she'll fly from thee,  
But if thou fly from her, she'll follow thee.

Folk Song ..... *Arr. by R. Vaughan Williams*

    "The Dark-eyed Sailor."  
It was a comely young lady fair  
Was walking out for to take the air;  
She met a sailor all on her way,  
So I paid attention to what they did say.  
  
Said William, "Lady, why walk alone?  
The night is coming and the day near gone."  
She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,  
"It's a dark-eyed sailor that's proving my downfall."  
  
"It's two long years since he left the land;  
He took a gold ring from off my hand;  
We broke the token, here's part with me  
And the other lies rolling at the bottom of the sea."  
  
Then half the ring did young William show,  
She was distracted 'midst joy and woe,  
"O welcome, William, I've lands and gold  
For my dark-eyed sailor, so manly, true and bold."  
  
Then in a village down by the sea  
They joined in wedlock and well agree.  
So maids be true while your love's away,  
For a cloudy morning brings forth a shinning day.

Folk Song ..... *Arr. by R. Vaughan Williams*

"The Turtle Dove."

Fare ye well, my dear, I must be gone  
And leave you for a while;  
If I roam away I'd come back again  
Though I roam ten thousand mile.

As fair thou art my bonny lass  
So deep in love am I;  
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love  
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear  
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun;  
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love  
Till all these things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove  
He doth sit on yonder high tree,  
A-making a moan for the loss of his love  
As I will do for thee.

Folk Song ..... *Arr. by R. Vaughan Williams*

"Wassail Song."

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town,  
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown,  
Our bowl it is made of the green maple tree,  
In the wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's health to the ox and to his right eye,  
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,  
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,  
In the wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's health to the ox and to his right horn,  
Pray God send our master a good crop of corn,  
A good crop of corn as e'er I did see,  
In the wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's health to the ox and to his long tail,  
Pray God send our master a good cask of ale,  
A good cask of ale as e'er I did see,  
In the wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Come, butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,  
Then I pray that your soul in heaven may rest;  
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,  
May the devil take butler, bowl and all!

Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock,  
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock  
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin  
For to let these jolly wassailers walk in.

Intermission

## ITALIAN STREET CRIES:

"Chimney Sweeps" .....*Jacques Du Pont*  
Sweep, sweep! we are the boys;  
We come from the valley where all good boys live.  
We'll brush and scrape your chimneys and  
make the whole thing clean, and all for a shilling.

"Rag and Bone".....*Adriano Banchieri*  
Rags or bones, ladies, for matches white and fine!  
The bundles are big and the sticks are small,  
tied up with good string.  
The sulphur is green, and that's no joke;  
it goes off with a fine smoke!

"Hot Chestnuts" .....*Jacques Du Pont*  
Roast chestnuts hot! Who'll buy?  
They're round and fine, large at the bottom,  
narrow at the top, and white in the middle;  
and boiled and roasted, and fine and toasted.  
Five and five's ten, and five's fifteen,  
and five's twenty, and five's twenty-five,  
and five's thirty, and here's the odd one.

## DUET:

"I Spy Celia".....*Henry Purcell*  
I spy Celia; Celia eyes me.  
I approach her; but she flies me.  
I pursue; more coy I find her.  
I seem colder; then she's kinder.  
Her eyes charm me; my words move her.  
She esteems me! and I love her.

In not blessing most she blesses,  
And not possessing, each possesses.  
Now she blushes, I grow bolder.  
She would leave me, but I hold her.  
She grows angry, I appease her.  
I am redder, then I please her.

## DUET:

"John, Come Kiss Me Now" 16th. Century ..*Arr. by E. W. Naylor*  
Wife John, come kiss me now,  
John, come kiss me by and by,  
And make no more ado.

Husband Peace, I'm angry now,  
Peace, I'm angry at the heart  
And know not what to do.  
Wives can faine and wives can flatter,  
Have I not hit them now,  
When once they begin they still do chatter,  
And so does my wife too.

Wife And wives have many fair words and looks,  
And draw silly men on folly's hooks,  
John, come kiss me now.

Husband Now of my song I'll make an end.  
Lo, here, I quit thee now,  
All evil wives to the devil I send,  
Among them my wife too.

TRIO:

"The Three Fairies" ..... *Henry Purcell*

When the cock begins to crow,  
And the embers leave to glow,  
And the owl cries, "Tu-whit, Tu-whoo,"  
When the crickets do sing  
And mice roam about,  
And midnight bells ring  
To call the devout;  
When the lazy lie sleeping  
And think it no harm,  
Their zeal is so cold,  
And their beds are so warm,  
When the long lazy slut  
Has not made the parlour clean,  
No water on the hearth is put,  
But all things in disorder seem;  
Then we trip it round the room  
And make like bees a drowsy hum.  
Be she Betty, Nan or Sue,  
We make her of another hue,  
And pinch her black and blue.

Ballet ..... *Thomas Weelkes*

Hark, all ye lovely saints above,  
Diana hath agreed with Love  
His fiery weapon to remove.  
Do you not see  
How they agree?  
Then cease, fair ladies, wny weep ye?  
Fa la la.  
See, see your mistress bids you cease,  
And welcome love with loves increase.  
Diana hath procured your peace.  
Cupid hath sworn  
His bow forlorn  
To break and burn ere ladies mourn.  
Fa la la.

Madrigal ..... *Orlando Gibbons*

The Silver Swan, who, living, had no note,  
When death approached, unlocked her silent throat,  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more,  
"Farewell all joys, O Death, come close mine eyes,  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

Canzonet .....*Thomas Morley*

I go before, my darling,  
Follow thou to the bower in the close alley;  
There we will together  
Sweetly kiss each other,  
And like two wantons daily.

Madrigal .....*Thomas Weelkes*

My Phyllis bids me pack away,  
And yet she holds me in delay;  
I, weeping, cry, "My heart will break;"  
She tells me no, I need not speak,  
Then if my fortune fall not wrong  
I need not sing another song.

COMING EVENTS

**PALMER CHRISTIAN**, University Organist, in **Twilight Recital Series**. Complimentary, except that small children will not be admitted, every Wednesday, except when otherwise announced Hill Auditorium, 4:15 P. M. (Omitted Wednesday, November 10.)

**UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**, Samuel P. Lockwood, Conductor, Soloist, Walter Bloch, 'cello, in the **Faculty Concert Series**. Complimentary, except that small children will not be admitted, Hill Auditorium, Sunday, November 14, 4:15 P. M.

**MORIZ ROSENTHAL**, Pianist, in the **Extra Concert Series**, Monday, November 29, 8:00 P. M. Tickets \$1.00, \$1.50 \$2.00.

**ROLAND HAYES**, Negro Tenor, in the **Extra Concert Series**, Saturday, December 4, 8:00 P. M. Tickets \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

**DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Conductor, in the **Choral Union Series**, Monday, December 13, 8:00 P. M. Tickets \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

**RUSSIAN COSSACK CHORUS**, Sergei Socoloff, Conductor, in the **Extra Concert Series**, Tuesday, January 10, 8:00 P. M. Tickets \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

**MARION TALLEY**, Soprano, in the **Choral Union Series**, Monday, January 17, 8:00 P. M. Tickets \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.

**FRITZ KREISLER**, Violin, in the **Choral Union Series**, Monday, January 31, 8:00 P. M. Tickets \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.

**DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Conductor, in the **Extra Concert Series**, Monday, February 21, 8:00 P. M. Tickets \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

**GUIOMAR NOVAES**, Pianist, in the **Choral Union Series**, Wednesday, March 2, 8:00 P. M. Tickets \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

# ROLAND HAYES

EMINENT NEGRO TENOR

HILL AUDITORIUM

DECEMBER 4, 1926

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Reprinted from  
VANITY FAIR

“WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME:

## ROLAND HAYES

*Because he has been acclaimed throughout Europe and America as a great concert tenor; because he brings to his recitals not merely a lyric voice of great flexibility and beauty, but also a scholarly understanding of music and a gracious and compelling interpretation; because he puts to shame the average vocal artist by a positive mastery of the five languages in which he sings; because his singing of the Negro Spirituals has in it a quality of revelation.”*

### FROM THE HUMBLEST TO THE HIGHEST

The simple facts of Roland Hayes' career make a remarkable story.

As a boy, he worked on the small Georgia farm-holding of his mother, an ex-slave. Despite poverty, he succeeded in educating himself, and attended Fisk University, at Nashville. He further managed to equip himself with a musical training. His tentative recitals met with so much encouragement that he resolved to try his fortune in Europe.

Reaching London in 1920, he had barely enough money to announce a recital. But that recital proved the turning-point in his career. It was followed by fifteen others to packed audiences and a summons from King George V to sing at Buckingham Palace.

There followed an invitation to appear with the Colonne Orchestra—an event which set all Paris talking about the remarkable newly-found tenor.

When Vienna and Berlin heard him, incredulity changed to admiration. As Paris had particularly praised his diction and command of style in French songs, these capitals judged him in the German lieder as a model for their own singers.

Each city was at a loss to describe Roland Hayes' silken, ethereal tones, which were not quite like anything they had ever heard before. And in the Negro spirituals he laid a strange and wonderful treasury before them.

Then came his first tour of his own country, in 1923. This put the seal on his greatness. No singer in years has won such sudden and nation-wide attention.

Since then, Roland Hayes has been devoting his winters to this country, and his summers to Europe. The European capitals await his annual return, and crowd to his recitals, but these he has had more and more to curtail on account of the pressure and exactions of his successive American tours.

From coast to coast, from Canada to our southernmost states, the mere announcement of a recital assures an overflowing audience. When he appears with our principal symphony orchestras, demonstrations are the rule. His singing has brought numberless critical and editorial eulogies, and magazine articles, showing a national interest by no means confined to our musical public.

An American audience now anticipates a recital by Roland Hayes as an experience rare beyond description.

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TICKETS AT UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00