

The Santa Cruz Chamber Players present  
The Ariose Singers in a program of

**Americana**

Saturday, January 14, 2006, 8 p.m.

Sunday, January 15, 2006, 3 p.m.

Christ Lutheran Church, Aptos

I. Two Northern Songs, Op. 43

Edward MacDowell (1860-1908)

**The Brook**

In sunlight and shadow, thro' forest and field,  
Laughing and crying, softly sighing  
A tiny stream shallow runs on.

From streamlet to river, till lost in the ocean,  
Dreaming of love, of strife, of devotion  
So runs our life, ends our life of emotion.

**Slumber Song**

Frozen is the ground  
The stream's ice bound,  
Softly the north wind croons.  
Drowsy, sleepily falls the snow  
As the frost king carves his runes.

Misty dreamland's moonlit strand  
Awaits the coming guest,  
The pine logs smoulder  
As soft on my shoulder  
A flaxen head sinks to rest.

II. Four Songs

Samuel Barber (1910-81)

**To Be Sung on the Water** (Op. 42, no. 2); Louise Bogan

Beautiful, my delight  
Pass, as we pass the wave.  
Pass, as the mottled night  
Leaves what it cannot save.  
Scattering dark and bright,  
Beautiful, pass and be.

Less than the guiltless shade  
To which our vows were said;  
Less than the sound of the oar  
To which our vows were made,  
Less than the sound of its blade  
Dipping the stream once more

**Let Down the Bars O Death** (Op. 8, No. 2); Emily Dickinson

Let down the bars, O Death!  
The tired flocks come in  
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,  
Whose wandering is done.

Thine is the stillest night,  
Thine the securest fold;  
Too near thou art for seeking thee,  
Too tender to be told.

**The Coolin** (Op. 16, No. 3); James Stephens

Come with me, under my coat  
And we will drink our fill  
Of the milk of the white goat,  
Or wine if it be thy will.  
And we will talk, until Talk is a trouble, too  
Out on the side of the hill.  
And nothing is left to do  
But an eye to look into an eye;  
And a hand in a hand to slip;  
And a sigh to answer a sigh;

And a lip to find out a lip,  
What if the night be black!  
And the air on the mountain chill!  
Where the goat lies down in her track  
And all but the fern is still!  
Stay with me, under my coat!  
And we will drink our fill  
Of the milk of the white goat,  
Out on the side of the hill!

**Sure on this Shining Night** (Op. 13, No. 3); James Agee

Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.

High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

III. Americana (Texts from the American Mercury)                      Randall Thompson (1899-1984)

May Every Tongue (Christian sentiment of the Rev. Dr. Mark Matthews,  
veteran instrument of the Lord in Seattle)

May ev'ry tongue be paralyz'd and ev'ry hand palsy'd that utters a word or raises a  
finger from this pulpit in advocacy of Modernism!

The Staff Necromancer (The Staff Necromancer of the *Evening Graphic*  
comes to the aid of troubled readers)

Q: Will I ever recover my stolen jewelry? A. M.

A: Your jewelry was taken to New Orleans and sold. You can recover it in part.

Q: My children made me break up my home and come to New York from Massachusetts, and now I am so  
lonesome and can't pay my room rent. What can I do? E. T.

A: You will get a position as nurse to three small children in Pelham, New York. It will give you a source of  
income and something easy to do. I see you will marry again later and go back to Massachusetts.

Q: Is my husband George W. alive? A. W.

A: No, he is not. I see him drowning in deep water.

Q: Will it be advisable for me to go into the laundry business with my boyfriend before we are married? F. I. B.

A: Yes, the two of you will be very successful. I see you will marry very soon.

Q: Will I ever have any children? I have been married nearly two years. A. F. W.

A: You will have three children, the first one in about two years. That is plenty of time.

God's Bottles (Leaflet issued by the N.W.C.T.U.)

Apples are God's bottles. The sweet juice of the apple God has placed in His own bottle. What a beautiful rosy-  
red bottle it is! These red bottles hang on the limbs of a tree until they are all ready for us to use. Do you  
want to open God's bottle? Bite the apple with your teeth and you will taste the sweet juice God has put in  
His bottle for you.

Grapes are God's bottles. These purple and green bottles you'll find hanging on a pretty vine. See! So many  
little bottles are on a single stem! Put a grape in your mouth and open God's bottle. How nice the juice  
tastes!

Some men take the juice of apples and grapes and make drinks that will harm our bodies. They put the drinks in  
glass bottles but we will not drink from such bottles. We will drink from God's bottles!

Love-li-lines (California—Literary intelligence: announcement)

Love-li-lines by Edna Nethery.

Love-li-lines is compos'd of thirty-three Individualistic Verse Poems, all a-brim with Joy, Love, Faith,  
Abundance, Victory, Beauty, and Mastery. Each one will lift you to the heights of consciousness. Bound in  
cloth of happy blue, trimm'd and letter'd in gold. Order from Edna Nethery, Riverside, California.

### Intermission

IV. Four Pastorales (Texts by Thomas Hornsby Ferril)                      Cecil Effinger (1914-90)

No Mark

Corn grew where the corn was spilled  
In the wreck where Casey Jones was killed.  
Scrub-oak grows and sassafras  
Around the shady stone you pass  
To show where Stonewall Jackson fell  
That Saturday at Chancellorsville.  
And soapweed bayonets are steeled

Across the Custer battlefield.  
But where you die the sky is black  
A little while, with cracking flak.  
Then ocean closes very still  
Above your skull that held our will.  
Oh, swing away, white gull,  
Evening star, be beautiful.

Noon

Noon is half the passion of light.  
Noon is the middle prairie and the slumber.  
The lull of resin weed, the yucca languor.  
The wilt of sage at noon is the longest distance any nostril knows.  
How far have we come to feel the shade of this tree?

## Basket

Know me, know me, know me then  
The children out of the shade  
Have brought me a basket  
Very small and woven of dry grass.  
Smelling as sweet in December  
As the day I smelled it first.  
Only one other ever was this to me.

Sweet birch from a far river  
You would not know  
You did not smell the birch.  
You would not know  
You did not smell the grass.  
You did not know me then.

## Wood

There was a dark and awful wood  
Where increments of death accrued  
To ev'ry leaf and antlered head  
Until it withered and was dead.  
And lonely there I wandered and wandered and wandered.  
But once a myth-white moon shone there,  
And you were kneeling by a flow'r.  
And it was practical and wise  
For me to kneel and you to rise  
And me to rise and turn to go,  
And you to turn and whisper, "No."  
And seven wondrous stags that I could not believe walked slowly by.

## V. Selections from "Mail-Order Madrigals" William Schuman (1910-92) (texts adapted from the 1897 Sears Roebuck catalog)

### Attention, Ladies!

Attention, ladies! The world-renowned Doctor Erasmus Wilson gives the following advice. Quote:

"In offering the following advice on the preservation of natural beauty, I am fully aware of the vast responsibility attending my efforts in this direction. My life-long experience has perfected me to diagnose every blemish of the skin, and confidently say: There is nothing to equal Maison Rivieres Preparations to obtain the desired result."

### Superfluous Hair

No worse affliction can befall a woman's face than to see a horrible growth of coarse hair springing out like bristles, making it harsh and repulsive to the touch and disfiguring to behold. It is unwomanly and should be removed by the use of Maison Rivieres celebrated preparations. See full particulars on the bottle.

### Sweet Refreshing Sleep

Somone.

We ask any of our customers who may be troubled with insomnia, who cannot sleep at night to give this valuable remedy a trial. No matter from what cause the sleeplessness arises, a sound sleep will be procured by its use, and you will awake in the morning refreshed, strengthened and cheerful.

Ladies troubled with nervous spells should always have a bottle at hand. A single dose will strengthen and invigorate and will cause them to forget their troubles.

A dose or two in time will save many hours of serious discomfort and agony, and often prevents total collapse of the nervous system. It quiets the nervous excitement and muscular trembling caused by the excessive use of liquor, and acts as an antidote to the liquor habit.

Somone, sweet refreshing sleep.

## VI. Three Spirituals arranged by Moses Hogan (1957-2003)

### The Battle of Jericho

Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, and the walls come tumbalin' down.  
Talk about your kings of Gideon, talk about your men of Saul  
But none like good old Joshua at the battle of Jericho.  
Right up to the walls of Jericho he marched with spear in hand.  
"Go blow that ramhorn!" Joshua cried,  
"Cause the battle am in my hand."  
Then the lamb, ram, sheep horns begin to blow and the trumpet begins to sound.  
Joshua commanded the children to shout! And the walls come a tumbalin' down.

### I Stood on the River of Jordan

I stood on the river of Jordon to see that ship come sailin' over.

I stood on the river of Jordon to see that ship sail by.  
O moaner don't you weep when you see that ship come sailin' over.  
Shout "Glory Hallelujah," when you see that ship sail by.  
O sister you better be ready to see that ship come sailin' over.  
O brother you better be ready to see that ship sail by.  
O preacher you better be ready to see that ship come sailin' over.  
O deacon you better be ready to see that ship sail by.

### My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord

My soul's been anchored in the Lord  
Before I'd stay in hell one day,  
I'd sing and pray myself away.

My soul's been anchored in the Lord  
Goin' shout and pray and never stop  
Until I reach the mountain top.

My soul's been anchored in the Lord  
Do you love Him? God almighty

Will you serve Him? God almighty  
Are you anchored? Yes, I'm anchored  
Will you praise Him? God almighty!

Lord, I'm anchored

Lord, I love You.

Yes, I'll serve You

Lord I'll praise you!

My soul's been anchored in the Lord

## The Ariose Singers

Leta Miller, director

David Beckstein  
Jaeleen Bennis  
Kathy Caton  
Jas Cluff  
Jeanne Faulkner  
David Hawkey

Svetlana Kagan  
Dan Landry  
Alan Miller  
Madeline Miller  
Cathy Pickerell  
John Seales

Michael Vojvoda  
Clay Walton-Hadlock  
Susana Wessling  
Mary Wieland

with

Ivan Rosenblum, piano  
Carol Panofsky, oboe