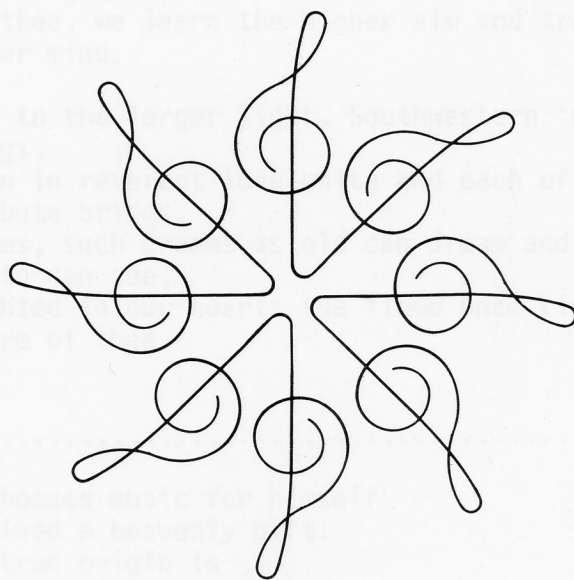


Departments - Music - Southwestern Singers

1983



The Music Department
of
Southwestern At Memphis
presents
The Southwestern Singers,
Tony Lee Garner, Conductor
David Ramsey, Accompanist

SOUTHWESTERN SINGERS
Forty-Sixth Annual Spring Tour
April 9-19, 1983

The Alma Mater.....Mason-Tuthill

Dear Alma Mater, kind the fate, that links our lives
to thee,
For thine own pow'r that makes thee great is the truth
that sets us free.
Thy torch has touched our hearts with flame, thy
yearning souls refined.
Through thee, we learn the higher aim and train the
truer mind.

O leader to the larger light, Southwestern 'neath thy
wings,
Thine own in reverent love unite and each of his
tribute brings.
And dreams, such dreams as old can dream and visions
youth can see,
Keep lighted in our hearts the flame once kindled
there of thee.

Vorspruch.....Hugo Distler

He who chooses music for himself
Has received a heavenly gift.
For its true origin is
Taken from heaven itself.
For the angels all
Are Musicians themselves.

Komm Jesu, Komm.....J.S. Bach

Come Jesus, come, I am so weary. My strength
declines from day to day; I yearn for Thee, Thy
realm so peaceful. Life's bitter path doth me
dismay.
Come, come, to Thee, O Christ, I yield me. Thou art
alone the Way, the Truth, the Life, the Savior.

Trois Chansons.....Maurice Ravel

Nicolette

Nicolet, at evening song, went a-roaming in the field,
To pick starry white daisies, bright jonquils and
May lilies.

Merrily was skipping, listlessly was tripping,
glancing here, there, and everywhere.

Growling old wolf came to pass, bristling-haired,
sparkling-eyed:

"Stay! Stay! my Nicoletta to Granmother wilt
thou come?"

Away till quite breathless, fled poor Nicolet,
letting fall mobcap and white clogshoes.

Gentle page came then hereby, with blue hose and
doublet grey:

"Stay! Stay! sweet Nicoletta, wilt thou have a
lover true?"

Wise, from him turned away, poor Nicoletta, reluctantly,
oh! so sore at heart.

Last met she grey-haired lord, ugly, wry, vile, corpulent:
"Stay! Stay! my Nicoletta, all this gold I give to
thee?"

Swiftly ran in his arms, our good Nicoletta, back to
the field no more has she come.

Troi Beaux Oiseaux

Soloists: Jan Bigham, Rodney Hudgen, Bill Krieger

Three lovely birds from Paradise (My belov'd is to
the fighting gone).

Three lovely birds from Paradise, have flown along
this way.

The first was bluer than Heaven's blue (My belov'd
is to the fighting gone).

The second white as the fallen snow, the third was
wrapt in bright red glow.

Ye lovely birds from Paradise, what bring ye then
this way?

I bring to thee a glance of azur. (Thy belov'd is
to the fighting gone).

And I on fairest snow-white brow, a fond kiss must
leave, yet purer still.

Thou bright red bird from Paradise, what bringest
thou to me?

A faithful heart all crimson red . . .

Ah! I feel my heart growing cold. . . take it also
with thee.

Ronde

Go not to the woods of Ormond, maidens beware: They
are full of grim satyres, and of centaurs,
of cunning wizards, of hobgoblins and of
incubus.

Imps and ogres there hide, will o' the wisps and
fauns, roguish lamies, flying devils,
devilkins, goat-footed folk and gnomes
and demons, full of werewolves, elves,
tiny myrmidons, of enchanter and of
magicians, stryges and of sylphs, full
of outcast monks, of cyclops and djinns,

goblins, korrigans, necromancers,
kobolds. . . Go not to the woods of Ormond.

Go not to the woods of Ormond, young lads beware:
They are hiding host of fauns, and of bacchantes and
of fairy folks, of satyres and ogresses,
and of babaiagas, of centauresses and of she-
devils, witches out from their sabbath, of
she-hobgoblins, of female demons, of larves
and of nymphs, tiny myrmidons, of hamadryads,
and dryads, of naiads, menades, thyades, will
o' wisps, of lemurs, female gnomes, succubus,
of gorgons and she-goblins. . . Go not to the
woods of Ormond.

We shall no more to the woods go, alas, never more
shall we go there.

There are no more grim satyres, and no more nymphs,
fairy folk have fled.

Gone the hobgoblins and incubus, or ogres, no more
imps, fauns or will o' the wisps,
no more furies, flying devil, devilkins,
goat-footed folk no more gnomes or demons.

No more cyclops or djinns, little devils, efrits, or
gypans, or sylvans, goblins, korrigans,
necromancers, kobolds. . .

Go not to the woods of Ormond.

Ill-advised old women, ill-advised old men frighten'd
them all away - ah!

Kyrie (from *Mass in C minor*)Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Soloist: Alice Marie Clark

Lord, have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy.

Spirituals from "Child of Our Time".....Michael Tippett

Steal Away

Soloists: Carol Choate; Brent Bissette

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus, Steal
away, steal away home.

I han't got long to stay here.

My Lord, He calls me, He calls me by the thunder.
The trumpet sounds within a my soul, (I han't got
long to stay here).

Green trees a-bending, poor sinner stands a-trembling.
The trumpet sounds within a my soul, (I han't got long
to stay here).

Nobody Knows

Soloists: Carol Choate; Rodney Hudgen

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord, Nobody knows
but Jesus.

O brothers, pray, o brothers, pray for me, help me
to drive old Satan away.

O mothers, pray, o mothers, pray for me, help me
to drive old Satan away.

Go Down Israel

Soloists: Leslie Reddick; Bill Krieger;
Richard Barnes

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land; Tell old
Pharaoh, to let my people go.

When Isral was in Egypt land, oppressed so hard they
could not stand,

"Thus spake the Lord" bold Moses said, "If not, I'll
smite your first-born dead".

By and By

Soloist: Alice Marie Clark

O by and by I'm going to lay down my heavy load.

I know my robe's going to fit me well, I've tried
it on at the gates of Hell.

O Hell is deep and a dark despair. O stop poor sinner
and don't go there.

Deep River

Soloists: Carol Choate; Becca Sweet;
Rodney Hudgen; Michael Fredman

Deep river, my home is over Jordan. Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Oh, chillun! Oh don't you want to go to that gospel
feast, That promised land, that land
where all is peace.

Walk into heaven and take my seat, and cast my crown
at Jesus' feet.

Lauda Anima - Donald Freund....Conductor: Laura
Hollandsworth

Lauda animamea Dominum. Laudabo Dominum in vita
mea.

Psallam Deo meo quamdiu ero, Alleluia.

Brigadoon - from "Brigadoon".....Lerner and Loewe

Brigadoon, Brigadoon, blooming under sable skies.
Brigadoon, Brigadoon, there my heart forever lies.
Let the world grow cold around us, let the heavens
cry above!

Brigadoon, Brigadoon, in thy valley there'll be love!

Go Home with Bonnie Jean.....Lerner and Loewe
from "Brigadoon"
soloist: Doug Trapp

I used to be a rovin' lad, a rovin' and wanderin'
life I had.
On every lass I'd frown who would try to tie me down.
But then one day I saw a maid, who held out her hand
an' I stayed an' stayed.
An' now across the green, I'll go home with Bonnie Jean.

Go home, go home, go home with Bonnie Jean.

I used to have a hundred friends but when we are
wedded the friendship ends.
They never come to call, so farewell to one an' all.
Farewell to all the lads I knew; I'll see them again
when they're married too.
For soon, across the green, I'll go home with bonnie
Jean.

In Edinburgh I used to know a lass with an air an'
her name was Jo;
An' ev'ry night at ten I would meet her in the glen.
But now I'll not see her again; especially not in the
glen at ten.
For now across the green, I'll go home with bonnie Jean.

Hello to married men I've known; I'll soon have a wife
an' leave yours alone.
A bonnie wife indeed, an' she's all I'll ever need.
With bonnie Jean my days will fly; an' love her I will
till the day I die.
That's why across the green, I'll go home with bonnie
Jean.

Sit Down You're Rockin' the Boat.....Frank Loesser
from "Guys and Dolls"
soloist: Rodney Hudgen

I dreamed last night I got on the boat to Heaven, and
by some chance I had brought my dice along,
And there I stood and I hollered "Someone fade me,"
but the passengers they know right from wrong.

For the people all said sit down, sit down, you're
rockin' the boat.

People all said sit down, sit down, you're rockin'
the boat.

And the Devil will drag you under -
By the sharp lapel of your checkered coat -
Sit down!

I sailed away on that little boat to heaven, and by
some chance found a bottle in my fist,
And there I stood, nicely passin' out the whiskey,
but the passengers were bound to resist.

For the people all said beware, you're on a
heavenly trip,
People all said beware, beware, you'll scuttle
the ship.

And the Devil will drag you under -
By the fancy tie 'round your wicked throat -
Sit down!

And as I laughed at those passengers to Heaven, a
great bit wave came and washed me overboard,
And as I sank and I hollered "Someone save me," that's
the moment I woke up, thank the lord.

And I said to myself sit down, sit down, you're
rockin' the boat.

Said to myself sit down, sit down, you're rockin'
the boat.

And the Devil will drag you under -
With a soul so heavy you'd never float -
Sit down!

THE SOUTHWESTERN SINGERS

Tony Lee Garner, *Conductor*

David Ramsey, *Accompanist*

SOPRANO I

Carole Choate
Barbara Hackett
Laura Hollandsworth
Dawn McGriff
Diane Mount
Leslie Reddick
Rebecca Sweet

SOPRANO II

Maria Allen
Mary Lee Bowling
Alice Marie Clark
Mary Goodloe
Lisa Lamb
Janee Lambert

ALTO I

Cheryl Barton
Jan Bigham
Susan Gibson
Robin McDermott
Denise Joseph
Elizabeth Rakow
Lisa Gobbell

ALTO II

Janis Crumpacker
Carol Derks
Beth Kaller
Elizabeth Martin
Harriet Turnbull

TENOR I

Brent Bissette
Van Daly
Rodney Hudgen

TENOR II

Brian Maffitt
Hank Matheny
Doug Trapp
Ross Weisiger

BASS I

Richard Barnes
Peter Baumgarten
Danny Channell
Michael Fredman
Trice Gibbons
Ronnie Howard
Steve Overton
Fred Ramage

BASS II

Ted de Villafranca
Steve Ervin
Bill Krieger
John Rose
Redmond Eason