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Singers Program Annual Tour, 1978

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Download date	2026-06-06 13:48:23
Link to Item	http://hdl.handle.net/10267/9178

This is the day which the Lord hath
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Maestoso ♩ = 60

f all brass instr
and Timpani

Southwestern At Memphis
presents the
Southwestern Singers
In Concert
1978 Spring Tour

this is the day which the
this is the day which the
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this is the day which the

Brass and Timpani musical notation

SOUTHWESTERN AT MEMPHIS
Department of Music
PRESENTS

THE SOUTHWESTERN SINGERS

Conductor: Tony Lee Garner

Accompanist: David Ramsey

SPRING TOUR 1978

ALMA MATER — Mason-Tuthill

ANTIPHON — Ralph Vaughan-Williams

*Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King.*

The heavens are not too high,

His praise may thither fly:

The earth is not too low,

His praises there may grow;

Let all the world in every corner sing,

My God and King.

The Church with psalms must shout,

No door can keep them out,

But above all, the heart must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,

My God and King.

SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME WE RAISE — John Gardner

Saviour, again to thy name we raise

With one accord our parting hymn of praise;

We stand to bless thee

Ere our worship cease;

Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;

With thee began, with thee shall end, the day

Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame

That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;

Turn thou its darkness into light;

From harm and danger keep the children free,

For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife.

Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,

Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

LAUDATE DOMINUM — Thomas E. Benjamin

*Praise the Lord,
Praise the Lord all Nations,
Praise Him,
Praise Him all People,
Since his compassion
Has been established over us
And the truth of the Lord
Remains forever.*

FORSAKE ME NOT, O LORD — Kirke Mechem

*Forsake me not, O Lord,
O my God, be not far from me,
Forsake me not, O Lord.
Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
Or ever the evil days shall come,
When you shalt say,
I have no pleasure in them.
Or ever the sun, and the light,
Or ever the moon and the stars be darkened,
And the clouds return after the rain.*

*Remember thy Creator ere the evil days come,
And the strong men shall bow themselves,
And the doors shall be shut in the streets;*

*And one shall rise up at the voice of a bird,
And all the daughters of music shall be brought low.
Forsake me not, O Lord.*

*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
Remember thy Creator ere the evil days come,
They shall be afraid,
And the almond tree shall blossom,
And the mourners go about the streets.*

*Ere the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
And the dust return to the earth as it was,
And the spirit return unto God who gave it,
Forsake me not, O my God.*

SICUT LOCUTUS EST — J. S. Bach (from "Magnificat")

*Even as He promised to our forefathers
Abraham and to his seed forever.*

THREE CHANSONS — Francis Poulenc

C'EST LA PETIT' FILL' DU PRINCE

*Little daughter of the prince
So full of longing to be wed.
There b'side the Loire,
Youth and beauty will be wed,
By the waters edge, beside the Loire,
Handsome Matelot.
Then, the youngest of the gallants,
To the princess, sang and played.
Play again your melody,
For I would like to know it well.
If you'll come aboard, oh beauty,
With what pleasure will I play.
Turning, turning, dancing, turning,
List'ning, list'ning to his song.
Suddenly, the song was ended,
Sudden tears began to flow.
Tell me why you weep, oh dear one,
Just for you, I sing my song.
'Tis my heart so sadly weeping,
I have lost it, you have won.
Bid thy heart to cease its weeping,
To you shall it be returned.
It is not so easy to return
As lent money.*

AH! MON BEAU LABOUREUR

*Ah, my handsome farmer, keeper of the vineyard.
Have you not seen Marguerite passing by?
I would give one hundred dollars to whoever would
Tell me where my friend is.
Sir, count them there and come into our vineyard.
Under a plum tree in white bloom
The beauty is asleep.
I pushed her three times without her saying a word.
The fourth time her little heart sighs.
For whom are you sighing Marguerite, my beloved?
I sigh for you and I can say no different.
The neighbors have seen us and they will go and tell
Everything. Let the people talk and when they will have
Said everything and will have nothing more to say,
We will laugh about it.*

PILONS L'ORGE

*Grind the barley, grind the barley,
Pile the barley ev'ry where!
Father chose a man for me
Pile the barley ev'ry where!
What a villain he could be
Just push it here and shove it there!
Since he bought the wedding ring,
Pile the barley ev'ry where!
Never give me anything,
Just push it here and shove it there!
Nothing's what he gives away,
Pile the barley here and there!
Bad to worse from day to day,
Just push it here and shove it there!
If that's all he'll give to me
Pile the barley ev'ry where
Soundly beaten he will be,
Just push it here and shove it there!*

INTERMISSION

CRAZY CANTATA (Three Blind Mice) — Robert R. Bennett

*Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run.
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a sight in your life,
As three blind mice.*

Three blind mice.

*They never have any names,
But if they had names,
Their names would be Geraldine, Joseph and James.*

*One little gal and two males.
They didn't have eyes
And they didn't have names,
And soon they won't have any tails.*

*In an interview with the farmer's wife,
The farmer's wife refused to make a statement;
But she did disclose a few pertinent facts
In an unofficial note of thirty-two pages
Explaining her acts, in which she said, and I quote:*

Three blind mice, one two, three,
My mind went suddenly blank
When they came after me.
My heart went cold as ice,
And a shiver shook my spine, as I realized
To be perfectly frank, it was their lives or mine.

But when I took our carving knife to fly to my own
Defense, I thought a respectable farmer's wife would
Hardly make sense if she has to do such a horrid
Think as cut off a mouse's head.
So giving my knife a mighty swing,
I cut off their tails instead.

It wasn't an idle whim and it wasn't a corny gag,
But I reasoned, what good is a tail to him
That he doesn't even wag? Yes indeed,
What good is a tail to him that he doesn't even wag?

MY BONNIE LASS SHE SMELLETH — P. D. Q. Bach

My bonnie lass she smelleth,
Making the flowers jealouth,
Fa la la la la,
My bonnie lass she looketh like a jewel,
And soundeth like a mule.
My bonnie lass she walketh like a doe,
And talketh like a crow.

My bonnie lass liketh to dance a lot,
She's Guinevre and I'm Sir Lancelot
My bonnie lass I need not flatter;
What she doth not have doth not matter.
Oo la la la.

My bonnie lass is so fine,
Oh, if she only were mine.

THE QUEEN TO ME A ROYAL PAIN DOTH GIVE — P. D. Q. Bach

The Queen to me a royal pain doth give,
Yet were I so to say, I scarce would give
To see the fair Thusnelda once again.
Oy vey.
A queen who reigns yet keeps her powder dry,
Must power use where love would best apply.
To keep me from Thusnelda once again,
Oy vey.

*She fancies me her lad, and so alas,
She bids me bide a while, her time to pass.
But once her royal cup, the queen doth drain,
The ruler by her servant, sleep is slain.
And I to my Thusnelda fly again.
Oy vey.*

HAIL MARY! — William Dawson

*Mary had a lit'l' baby born in Bethlehem,
Ev'ry time the lit'l' baby cried,
She rock'd Him in a weary lan'.
He was born in a lowly manger,
'Cause there was foun' no room in the Inn.
Yes, there were shepherds abidin' in the field,
Keepin' watch o'er their flock by night.
"Unto you a Babe is born this day,"
Said the angel of the Lord to the shepherds in the field.
Angel called Him "Christ the Lord,"
But I call my Jesus "King Emmanuel."
Hail! Mary Virgin Mary,
Oh Hail! "Chile of God."*

GLORIA — Donald Freund

*Glory to God in the highest
And Peace to his people on earth.
Lord God, heavenly King, almighty God and Father,
We worship you, we give you thanks,
We praide you for your glory.
Lord Jesus Christ, only Son of the Father,
Lord God, Lamb of God,
You take away the sin of the world;
Have mercy on us.
You are seated at the right hand of the Father.
Receive our prayer.
For you alone are the Holy one,
You alone are the Lord.
You alone are the most high, Jesus Christ,
With the Holy Spirit in the glory of God the Father.
Amen.*

Assistant to the Conductor: Hayes Biggs

This program is dedicated in grateful appreciation to Ms. Gladys Cauthen, teacher, benefactor and inspiration to Southwestern students for thirty-five years.