

# SOUVENIR PROGRAMME

Mme. Louise Homer

CITY AUDITORIUM  
APRIL 24, 1919



MME. LOUISE HOMER  
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MRS. EDWIN LAPHAM AT THE PIANO  
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LOCAL MANAGEMENT: MRS. H. J. KIRSCHSTEIN,

### I

a. God in Nature ..... *Beethoven*

The heavens are telling the Lord's endless glory,  
Through all the earth his praise is found;  
The seas re-echo the marvellous story;  
Oh, man, repeat that glorious sound!  
The starry host he orders and measures;  
He fills the morning's golden springs,  
He wakes the sun from his night-curtained slumbers;  
Oh, man, adore the King of Kings!

b. "He Shall Feed His Flock," from MESSIAH ..... *Handel*

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,  
and He shall gather the lambs with his Arms,  
with his arm, and carry them in His bosom,  
and gently lead those that are with young.

c. My Heart Ever Faithful ..... *Bach*

My heart ever faithful,  
Sing praises, be joyful;  
My Jesus is near.  
Away with complaining,  
Faith ever maintaining;  
My Jesus is here.

### II

a. "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" from SAMPSON ET DALILA .. *Saint-Saens*

My heart at thy dear voice,  
Doth unfold and rejoice  
Like a flower when dawn is smiling.  
Thou canst my weeping stay,  
My sadness charm away,  
With thy tones so beguiling.

Then, oh, to me but say  
Thou returnest for aye;  
Once more thy vows so tender,  
Thy fond vows of the past,  
That I dreamed e'er would last,  
Ah, and thy heart surrender.

As when a field of grain,  
Like the waves on the main,  
In the breeze swaying, bounding,  
So all my heart is swayed,  
Its deepest chords are played,  
When thy voice is resounding.

The arrow in its flight,  
Though so soon gone from sight,  
Moves more slowly than I,  
If to thee I may fly,  
Once more thy vows so tender,  
Ah, and thy heart surrender,  
My own, I love thee.



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## PROGRAMME--Continued

### b. Gavotte, "Me voici dans son boudoir" from MIGNON ..... Thomas

'Tis I! all is now broken!  
 No matter! Here I am!  
 Ah! Filina, hid in the dwelling of my fair Aunt!  
 I am in her boudoir fair,  
 And I feel my heart with rapture beat:  
 Ah! the moment comes for us again to meet!  
 I'll watch her, and catch her,  
 When we again shall meet.  
 'Tis now the time my fair inconstant beauty,  
 To gain your faithless heart I feel to be my duty.

Ah! if I can only make her love me,  
 Oh! how happy, how happy I'd be!  
 And laugh at all who to her bend the knee,  
 I am in her boudoir fair,  
 And I feel my heart with rapture beat!  
 Ah! the moment comes for us again to meet!  
 I'll watch her, and catch her,  
 When we again shall meet,  
 Ah! the joy that fills my heart!  
 We shall meet no more to part!

### III

### a. To Russia ..... Sidney Homer

Who tamed your lawless Tartar blood?  
 What David bearded in his den  
 The Russian bear in ages when  
 You strode your black unbridled stud,  
 A skin-clad savage of your steppes?  
 Why, one who now sits low and weeps,  
 Why one who now wails out to you,  
 The Jew, the Jew, the homeless Jew!

Who taught you tender bible tales  
 Of honey lands of milk and wine?  
 Of happy, peaceful Palestine?  
 Of Jordon's holy harvest vales?  
 Who gave the patient Christ? I say,  
 Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea!  
 Who gave your very God to you?  
 Your Jew, your Jew, your hated Jew!

### b. Cuddle Doon ..... Sidney Homer

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht  
 Wi' muckle faught an' din;  
 "Oh try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,  
 Your faither's comin' in."  
 They never heed a word I speak;  
 I try to gie a froom,  
 Bue aye I hap them up an' cry,  
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—  
 He aye sleeps next the wa'—  
 Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece,"  
 The rascal starts them a'.  
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,  
 They stop awee the soun',  
 Then draw the blankets up an' cry,  
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But, ere five minutes gang, we Rab  
 Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,  
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,  
 He's kittlin' wi' his taes."  
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,  
 He's bother half the toon;  
 But aye I hap them up and cry,  
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,  
 An' as he steeks the door,  
 They turn their faces to the wa',  
 While Tam pretends to snore,  
 "Hae a' the weans, been gude?" he asks,  
 As he pits aff his shoon;  
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,  
 An' long since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oursels,  
 We look at our wee lambs;  
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,  
 And Rab his airm round Tam's.  
 I life wee Jamie up the bed,  
 An' as I stralk each croon,  
 I whispier, till my heart fills up,  
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht  
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me;  
 But soon the big warl's dark an' care  
 Will quaten doon their glee.  
 Yet, come what will to ilka aye,  
 May He who rules aboon,  
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bald,  
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

### c. Homeland ..... Sidney Homer

There's a homeland, a true land,  
 Across the sea,  
 Where they watch and wait,  
 And trust in me.  
 I'll go back to that land,  
 When my task is done;  
 I'll go back to that land  
 When my fight is won,  
 And say to them that mourn:  
 "God's peace is yours forever-more."

There's a brave land, a red land,  
 About me here,  
 Where they watch and wait,  
 Nor weep, nor fear.  
 I'll go back from this land,  
 When my task is done;  
 I'll go back from this land,  
 When my fight is won,  
 Saying to them that mourn:  
 "God's peace is yours forever-more."

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## PROGRAMME---Continued

### d. Lizette ..... *Sidney Homer*

Who me? in love and wid Lizette?  
Yo better b'lieve I aint;  
No sassy gal like that could give  
Dis nigger hart complaint.

It's her dat is in love wid me;  
An' I jes' laughs and tell her  
"De fruit dat draps 'dout bein' shook  
Is sho' to be too meller."

If Gord don' love her more dan I  
Den a' I got say  
Is dat her soul's in danger sho'  
An' she had better pray.

But all de same, you talks too much  
To suit me 'bout Lizette;  
Some Gent'lman's nigger gwine get hurt  
About dat same gal yet.

### e. The House that Jack Built (Mss.) ..... *Sidney Homer*

This is the house that Jack built,  
This is the malt that lay in the house—  
This is the rat that ate the malt—  
This is the cat, that killed the rat—  
This is the dog that worried the cat—  
This is the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog—  
This is the maiden, all forlorn, that milked the cow—  
This is the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maid—  
This is the Priest all shaven and shorn that married the man—  
This is the cock that crowed in the morn, that waked the Priest—  
This is the Farmer who sowed the corn, that kept the cock.

## IV

### a. In the Time of Roses ..... *Louise Reichardt*

In the time of roses,  
Hope, thou weary heart,  
Spring a balm discloses  
For the keenest smart.

In the time of roses,  
Weary heart, rejoice!  
Ere the summer closes  
Comes the longed-for Voice.

Tho' thy grief o'ercome thee  
Thro' the winter's gloom,  
Thou shalt thrust it from thee,  
When the roses bloom.

Let not death appal thee,  
For, beyond the tomb,  
God himself shall call thee  
When the roses bloom.

### b. Love was once a Little Boy ..... *Wade*

Love was once a little boy,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
Then with him 'twas sweet to toy,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
He was then so innocent,  
Not as now on mischief bent,  
Free he came and harmless went,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!

Love is now a little man,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
And a very saucy one,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
He walks so gay and looks so smart,  
As if he own'd each maiden's heart;  
I wish he felt his own keen dart,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!

Love, they say, will soon grow old:  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
Half his life's already told,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
When he's dead and buried too,  
What shall we poor maiden's do?  
I'm sure I cannot tell, can you?  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!

### c. The Day is no More ..... *John Alden Carpenter*

The day is no more;  
The shadow is upon the earth,  
It is time that I go to the stream to fill my pitcher,  
The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water;  
Ah, it calls me out into the dusk  
In the lonely lane  
There is no passerby;  
The wind is up, the ripples are rampant in the river,  
I know not, if I shall come back home;  
I know not whom I shall chance to meet;  
There at the fording in the little boat  
The unknown man plays upon his flute.

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## PROGRAMME---Continued

d. Don't Ceare

*John Alden Carpenter*

At the feast I do mind very well, all the vo'ks wer a-took in a  
happeren starm,  
But we chaps took the maidens, an' kept 'em wi' clokes under  
shelter, all dry an' all warm;  
An' to my lot fell Jeane, that's my bride,  
That did titter, a-hung at my zide;  
Zaid her aunt, "Why the volk 'ull talk finely o' you!"  
An' cried she, "I don't ceare if they do."

When the time o' feast were agean a-come round, an' the vo'k wer  
a-gather'd woonce mwore  
Why, she guess'd if she went there, she'd soon be around an' a-took  
seafely hwoome to her door.  
Zaid her mother, "Tiss sure to be wet."  
Zaid her cousin, "T'ull rain by zunzet."  
Zaid her aunt, "Why the clouds there do look black an' blue."  
An' zaid she, "I don't ceare if they do."

Now she's married, an' still in the midst ov her tweils, sh's as happy's  
the daylight is long,  
She do goo out abroad wi' her face full of smiles, an' do work in the  
house wi' a zong.  
An' zays woone, "She don't grieve, you can tell,"  
Zays another, "Why, don't she look well!"  
Zays her aunt, "Why, the young vo'k do envy you two!"  
An' says she, "I don't ceare if they do."

e. Pat

*C. Linn Seiler*

There's a lure in your laugh an' a spell in your smile,  
Pat;  
An' I know well there's roguery in iv'ry wile,  
Pat;  
An' it's achin' I am with your laughin'  
An' it's achin' I am for your laughin',  
Pat.  
There's a wail in your song an' the keenin' rings high,  
Pat;  
There's fear in your joy an' a pang in your cry,  
Pat;  
An' it's wistful I am with your dreamin'  
An' it's wistful I am for your dreamin',  
Pat.  
There's a croon in your heart an' a plaint in your soul,  
Pat;  
There's bliss in your grief an' a wealth in your dole,  
Pat;  
An' I'm lovin' ye, dear, for your carin'  
An' I'm lovin' ye, dear, for not carin',  
Pat!

f. Twickenham Ferry

*Marzials*

O ho ye ho, Ho ye ho! who's for the ferry?  
(The briar's in Bud, the sun going down.)  
And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,  
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town;  
The Ferryman's slim, and the ferryman's young,  
And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,  
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town.  
O ho ye ho, Hoi ye ho, Hoi ye ho, Ho!

O ho ye ho, Ho ye ho! "I'm for the ferry!  
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down.)  
And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny, ...  
And how shall I get me to Twickenham town?"  
She's a rose in her bonnet, and oh, she look'd sweet  
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,  
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry,  
"And sure, your are welcome to Twickenham town."  
O ho ye ho, Hoi ye ho, Hoi ye ho, Ho!

O ho ye ho, Ho! you're late for the ferry!  
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down.)  
And he's not rowing quick, and he's not rowing steady,  
You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham town,  
"O ho! and O ho," you may call as you will,  
The moon is rising on Petersham hill,  
And with Love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,  
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham town.  
O ho ye ho, Hoi ye ho, Hoi ye ho, Ho!

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