



# *Spring Concert*

1952



Founded 1929

NORMAN HOLLETT

*Conductor*

GUEST ARTIST


JOSEPH EMONTS.....'Cellist

*Accompanist*

CECILIA GNIEWEK

Friday Evening, June Sixth  
Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-Two

CATHEDRAL HOUSE AUDITORIUM  
Garden City, N. Y.



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## PROGRAMME



### I

#### MODERN MUSIC ..... *William Billings (1746-1800)*

This is modern music as of 1751. In Boston, Billings was considered a genius and he was definitely ahead of his time in his originality, his combinations of dissonance and in his contempt for little rules and regulations. But as is quite usual, before he died he was ridiculed for his harmonic violations and he died in poverty and was buried in Boston Common.

We are met for a concert of modern invention,  
To tickle the Ear is our present intention.  
The audience are seated expecting to be treated  
With a piece of the best.

And since we all agree to set the tune on D,  
The Author's darling Key he prefers to the rest.  
Let the Bass take the lead and firmly proceed  
'till the parts are agreed to Fugue away  
Let the Tenor succeed and follow the lead  
'till the parts are agreed to Fugue away.  
Let the counter inspire the rest of the choir,  
Inflam'd with desire to Fugue away.  
Let the Treble in the rear no longer forbear  
But expressly declare for a Fugue away.

Then change to brisker time and up the Ladder climb,  
And down again, then mount the second time  
And end the strain.

Then change the Key to pensive tones  
And slow in treble time, the notes exceeding low,  
Keep down awhile then rise by slow degrees;  
The process surely will not fail to please.

Thru common and treble we jointly have run,  
We'll give you their essence compounded in one.  
Altho we are strongly attached to the rest,  
Six-four is the movement that pleases us best.

And now we address you as Friends to the cause,  
Performers are modest and write their own lays,  
Altho we are sanguine and clap at the bars,  
'Tis the part of the hearers to clap their applause.

#### TWO CHORUSES From "L'Allegro" ..... *G. F. Handel*

Two typical Handellian choruses in happy mood from one of Handel's operas.  
The words are adapted from John Milton.

#### OR LET THE MERRY BELLS RING ROUND

Or let the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebeck sound,  
To many a youth and many a maid  
Dancing in the checquer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play,  
On a sunshine holiday;  
Till the livelong daylight fail,  
Thus past the day; to bed they creep;  
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.



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THESE DELIGHTS IF THOU CANST GIVE

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee we mean to live;

II

UNGARISCHE RHAPSODIE ..... *David Popper*  
ELEGIE ..... *Gabriel Faure*

JOSEPH EMONTS

III

INVOCATION OF ORPHUES (From Euridice) ..... *Jacopo Peri*  
(1561-1633)

This broad and stately chorus is taken from one of the first operas ever produced. It was performed for the first time in Florence, Italy, October 6, 1610.

Rejoice ye at my singing O forests so fair;  
Rejoice, o hills upflinging,  
So lovely, so rare.  
Now from my song,  
Through valleys sheltering there  
Echoes resound upon soft quivering air.

The sun once more reborn in splendor above,  
Puts Delos to scorn  
As dawn comes fleet as a dove;  
And now, with radiant morn,  
He resplendent does move  
In glory to adorn,  
And so once more to prove His world of sorrow shorn,  
And made captive for love.

NOCTURNE ..... *Cesar Cui*

In this true picture of nocturnal quiet, the Russian romanticist uses rich, sonorous chords to sustain the mood.

Brilliant stars in friendly radiance quiver,  
Smiles the Moon above the sleeping land;  
Flowing silent, sleeps the peaceful river,  
Not a wavelet splashes on the sand!  
Wondrous Night's delight and fragrance flowing,  
Fill the shadow haunted stream with balm;  
Far above, mysterious eyes are glowing,  
Watching all things from their midnight calm,  
Watching all things below them.  
Not a breath is heard among the rushes,  
In the dreaming village silence deep;  
Over earth and heav'n brood balmy hushes,  
All the world is laid in peaceful sleep.

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"SHVANDA" POLKA ..... *Jaromir Weisberger*

Words have been added to the famous polka from "Shvanda, the Bag-Piper," a successful modern opera. The composer is now living in America.

Oh swing your partner smile so brightly  
Cupid in your glance,  
Let us step and sway so lightly  
Laughing as we dance,  
Come ye lads and lassies gay,  
Let joy be yours this happy day  
Oh swing and sway,  
Let life be gay on this our festal day!  
Music speeds the passing hours,  
Soft breezes kiss the scented bowr's  
Fiddle, Flute and Tambourine make joyous sound  
For merry scene;  
From far and near, from everywhere,  
Come many a youthful, happy pair to join the gay  
and blithesome throng,  
And fill the night with song.  
Nightwinds are sighing in trees above,  
They whisper a message of tender love,  
Day comes with sunshine to stir with life anew,  
While lovers, unmindful pledge to be true.  
Oh swing your partner, smile so brightly  
Cupid in your glance  
Let us step and sway so lightly  
Laughing as we dance.  
Come ye lads and lassies gay,  
Let joy be yours this happy day.  
Let life be gay on this our festal day.

— INTERMISSION —

IV

THREE MADRIGALS

Although the songs of the madrigal period were nearly always either sad or very gay, many of them were based upon the dance and, indeed, many were called "Ballets." Of the three being sung tonight, the first and third are of this type. The words of the second are from the early Seventeenth Century but the music is the work of a contemporary Canadian composer.

1. IN THESE DELIGHTFUL, PLEASANT GROVES .....

*Henry Purcell, 1676*

In these delightful, pleasant groves,  
Let us celebrate our happy, happy loves  
Let's pipe and dance, laugh and sing  
Thus every happy, happy living thing  
Revels in the cheerful Spring.



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2. COME, O COME MY LIFE'S DELIGHT .....*Healey Willan, 1911*

Come, O come my life's delight,  
Let me not in languor pine!  
Love loves no delay; thy sight  
The more enjoyed, the more divine!  
O come, and take from me  
The pain of being deprived of thee!  
Thou all sweetness dost enclose  
Like a little world of bliss;  
Beauty guards thy looks, the rose in them  
Pure and eternal is;  
Come, come then, and make thy flight  
As swift, as swift to me as heav'n light.

3. NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING ..... *Thomas Morley, 1595*

Now is the month of Maying, When merry lads are playing,  
Each with his bonny lass, A dancing on the grass.  
The Spring, clad all in gladness, Doth laugh at Winter's sadness,  
And to the bagpipes' sound  
The nymphs tread out their ground.  
Fie then, why sit we musing,  
Youth's sweet delight refusing?  
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,  
Shall we play barley-break?  
Fa la la la la. Fa la la la la.

V

CONCERTO in A Minor ..... *Saint Saens*  
JOSEPH EMONTS

VI

CHORUSES From "La Belle Helene" ..... *Jacques Offenbach*

*La Belle Helene* is a charming burlesque of Helen of Troy and the Greek heroes. The six choruses used here present the main aspects of the burlesque — the heroic procession of the kings, after which each announces himself in an absurd couplet, the plaints of the lovesick maidens, the rather vulgar Bacchanale, the parody of the Greek games in the French game of *jeu de paume*, and the voyage to *Cythere*.

1. PROCESSION OF THE KINGS OF GREECE (Act 1)

Behold here the Kings of Greece,  
Proclaim them ye choirs, proclaim them,  
So name their names.  
Yes, we name each by his name.  
Bah! people, how down, keep silence!

2. COUPLET OF THE KINGS (Act 1)

We kings so cram full of valor, We're the two Ajax.  
You see with pride we are swelling,  
Our doubt, double cheat,  
Amid this orchestral fracas Saxhorns, brass and drums.  
Now I'm the bouncing Achilles, your great Myrmidon.  
Alone I fight with a thousand,

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Always safe from harm, no danger for me, my friends,  
Except my risky heel.  
Now I'm the bouncing Achilles, your great Myrmidon.  
Now I'm the Queen's married husband, Great King Menelaus.  
You know the Queen's quite a problem,  
Hush, don't speak so loud!  
But let's not anticipate  
The worst that she can do  
Now I'm the Queen's married husband,  
Great King Menelaus.  
The bearded King, he advances, Agamemnon  
His name alone is a big one, so we'll say no more.  
I've now said enough, I think, in telling you my name.

### 3. LAMENT (Act 1)

O ye maidens, now, 'tis your duty  
To lament young men of such beauty.  
To lament and to mourn day by day,  
Oh, so sad! Gone is he  
Adonis is dead!  
Adonis, now behold us weeping bitter tears.  
Do thou, O Venus, look upon us, for love is dead,  
Our love is dead, our love is dead!

### 4. BACCHANALE (Act 3)

Hail our gigantic Bacchanale,  
Hail Venus, Venus Astarte.  
Strike up the dance from hell infernal,  
Sing to our Bacchanalian Day!  
Our virtue, duty, laws, and honor,  
All forgot in the flood of joy!  
Don't you see, This must stop!  
Ha, ha, it cannot be!  
No more we mime the Pyrrhic dances,  
Which we were taught so long ago,  
Dances so noble, so classique,  
Look what a dance we dance today.  
Eccentric, stiff, bizarre, fantastic, so barbaric,  
It goes like this.

### 5. THE GAME OF GEESE (Act 2)

Ha! Behold the King of Greece,  
Proud he plays his game of geese.  
Wa, wa, wa, wa, wa, wa.  
Ha! We too will play at geese,  
What a joy for us, Ha, ha!

### 6. FINALE (Act 3)

Farewell, noble Helen, our Queen, noble Helen.  
Farewell, farewell.  
So now let us sail for Cythera, do this just for me!

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Obey, obey your King,  
Yes, step right into the galley,  
Something's strange, I fear! We beg you, beg you, go!  
The train is about to leave,  
It's starting for Cythera.  
Climb on! Let's go to Cythera there our joy shall be.

Now we're off for Cythera,  
On our light coquettish galley,  
We will soon be there,  
Hail that happy, happy land where love is king!



#### THE GUEST ARTIST

Joseph Emonts is a native of Liege, Belgium, son of a well-known architect. He entered the Liege Conservatory at the age of ten, his musical gifts having become apparent at an early age, and won first honors in all his subjects. In 1914, he was awarded a gold medal by King Albert in a national contest for virtuosity. Following the first World War, Mr. Emonts became a member of the Queen's Trio in Brussels, later becoming a close friend of the composer, Saint Saens with whom he appeared in concert many times. He was with Saint Saens at his death. Mr. Emonts then came to the United States where he became solo 'cellist with the New York Symphony which merged eventually with the New York Philharmonic in 1928. Presently, he is heard each week with NBC radio and television. Between concert and radio appearances, Mr. Emonts teaches 'cello in his Long Island Studio and is affiliated with Hofstra College where he coaches the 'cello section of the orchestra.

#### USHERS

Mr. J. Willard Brainerd	Mr. George H. Hauser
Mr. Theodore W. Egly	Mr. Welling S. MacLean
Mr. Sidney W. Harvey	Mr. Frederick B. Woodworth
Mr. Harrison B. Wright	

#### PROGRAM GIRLS

Miss Jane McIntire	Miss Elise Watson
Miss Sally Maggard	Miss Jane Davis Wendel

#### DECORATIONS

Mrs. Alfred I. Anderson	Mrs. Frederick Q. Gemmill
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