

Appalachian State Teachers College

Boone, North Carolina

presents

THE COLLEGE CHOIR



Virginia Wary Linney

DIRECTOR

James Rooker and Giles Salvo

ACCOMPANISTS

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON

1952 - 1953

Program

Group I

Excerpts from the Oratorio Judas Maccabaeus Handel

"WE NEVER WILL BOW DOWN"

We never will bow down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone.
We worship God and God alone.

"SEE THE CONQU'RING HERO COMES!"

See the conqu'ring hero comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.
Sports prepare, the laurels bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing,
See the God-like youth advance!
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance;
Myrtle-wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

"HALLELUJAH, AMEN"

Oh Judah, rejoice, in songs divine,
With cherubim and seraphim harmonious join,
Hallelujah, Amen.

Group II

Chorale—From the Passion According to St. Matthew Bach

What-e'er may vex or grieve thee, To him commit thy ways,
Who friendless will not leave thee, Whom highest Heaven obeys,
By Him the clouds are guided, The winds arise and blow;
By Him the path provided, Where on thy feet may go.

How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place—from Requiem Brahms

How lovely is Thy dwelling place,
O Lord of Hosts.
For my soul, it longeth, yea, fainteth
for the courts of the Lord;
My soul and body crieth out,
yea, for the living God.
How lovely is thy dwelling place,
O Lord of Hosts.
Blest are they, O blest are they,
that dwell within Thy house;
They praise Thy name ever more,
They praise Thee,
They praise Thy name ever more.
How lovely is Thy dwelling place.

Beautiful Savior F. Melius Christiansen

Fair are the meadows, Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.
Beautiful Savior. Lord of the nations.
Son of God and Son of Man.
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
Now and forever more be thine.

Brother James' Air Jacobs

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie in pastures green
He leadeth me, The quiet waters by.
My Soul He doth restore again and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of Blessedness, E'en for His own name's sake.
Yea, though I pass thro' shadowed vale, yet will I fear no ill.
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod and staff me comfort still.
My table Thou hast furnished in presence of my foes;
My Head with oil Thou dost anoint, and my cup overflows.
Goodness and mercy all my days will surely follow me;
And in my Father's heart alway my dwelling place shall be.

Group III

Lord Thou Art Mighty Valinoff

Lord thou art mighty, Lord thou art Holy.
Lord of Creation, Thee now we praise.

The Paper Reeds by the Brooks Randall Thompson

The paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouth of the brooks,
And ev'rything sown by the brooks shall wither,
Be driv'n away, and be no more.

Souls of the Righteous Noble

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them a nigh;
O holy hope of immortality,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.
On earth as children chasten'd by love's rod,
As gold in furnace tried, so now on high
They shine like stars, a golden galaxy:
Souls of the Righteous, in the hand of God.

Group IV

There Is a Balm in Gilead William L. Dawson

There is a balm in Gilead, to make the wounded whole
There is a balm in Gilead, to heal the sin sick soul.
Sometimes I feel discouraged, and think my work's in vain,
But then the Holy Spirit revives my soul again.
If you cannot sing like angels, if you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus, and say He died for all.

Were You There? Arr. by H. T. Burleigh

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh. Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they laid Him in the Tomb?
Oh. Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
Were you there when they laid Him in the Tomb?

Group V

Madame Jeanette Alam Murray

Madame Jeanette, When the sun goes down
Sits at her door in the rush of the town.
Waiting for someone each close of the day,
Someone who fell at St. Pierre, they say,
Madame Jeanette, when the stars shine bright,
Sits at her window and looks through the night;
List'n'ing for someone to pass down the way,
For someone who sleeps at St. Pierre, they say.
Madame Jeanette, she will wait there, I know,
Till her eyes have grown dim
and her hair's white as snow;
Wait there and watch there,
till one of these days
They take her to slumber in Pere La chaise.

You'll Never Walk Alone Arr. by Roy Ringwald

When you walk through the storm,
Keep your chin up high,
And don't be afraid of the dark;
At the end of the storm is a golden sky
and a sweet silver song of the Lark.
Walk on through the wind,
walk on through the rain,
Though your dreams be tossed and blown;
Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart,
And you'll never walk alone.

The Lord Bless You and Keep You Peter Lutkin

The Lord bless you and keep you
The Lord lift his countenance upon you;
And give you peace.
The Lord make his face to shine upon you,
And be gracious unto you. Amen.

Group IV

A Tremor's in the Branches Johannes Brahms

A tremor's in the branches, a bird has brush'd his pinions
Thro' yonder tree.
And thus my heart within me, though all it's depths is trembling;
In love and joy and sorrow, I think of thee.

From Yon Hills the Torrent Speeds Johannes Brahms

From yon hills the torrent speeds,
and the rain ne'er ceases,
Would that I might give to thee,
Hundred, hundred thousand kisses.

Italian Street Song—from Naughty Marietta Herbert

Ah! my heart is back in Napoli dear Napoli
And I seem to hear again in dreams,
her revelry, her sweet revelry.
The mandolinas playing sweet,
the pleasant fall of dancing feet,
Oh! Could I return, Oh! joy complete.
Napoli, Napoli, Napoli.
Zing, zing, zizzy, zizzy, zing, zing,
Boom, boom, aye,
Zing, zing, zizzy, zizzy, zing, zing,
Mandolinas gay.
Zing, zing, zizzy, zizzy, zing, zing,
boom, boom, aye.
La, la, la, Ha, ha, ha, zing, boom aye.
La la, la, la, Ha, ha, ha,
Zing, boom, aye.

Appalachian College Choir Personnel

SOPRANOS

Rebecca Austin
Gaynelle Banner
Dorothy Byers
Sybil Campbell
Gaynelle Chandler
Isabel Eggers
Ruth Elizabeth Gore
Jo Ann Graybeal
Eugenia Luttrell
Inez Morgan
Rebecca Moxley
Mary Ann Edmisten
Alene Queen
Margaret Sheek
Jackie Snyder
Nancy Tatum
Betty Young

TENORS

Wesley Alexander
Worth Campbell
Lawrence Phillips
Gene Wilson
Jimmy Hart
George Littman
Giles Salvo

ALTOS

Carolyn Baucom
Nancy Dickerson
Eleanor Helms
Carol Hutchins
Betty Lou McManue
Neva Norris
Catherine Ray
Frances Sisk
Naomi Smith
Marjorie South
Betty Jo Stine
Mary Alva White

BASSES

John Allen
Larry Auten
Ed Collins
Benn Connell
Bill Ferre
Bob Gilley
Bob Goforth
Bill Peters
Edward Barry Ruth