

Sherborne School Musical Society

FOUNDED 1871.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST CONCERT.

Monday, December 20th, 1926.

(To begin at 8 p.m. and end about 9.20 p.m.)

L'ALLEGRO ED IL PENSIEROSO.

(For Soprano and Bass Soli and Chorus.)

C. Hubert. H. Parry.

Soprano : R. B. F. KEMP.

Bass : MR. P. E. H. PARRY-JONES (O.S.)

Soprano Solo and Chorus.

Hence, loathed Melancholy !
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy.
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, though Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and joyful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
—Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek.—
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides :
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty !
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise,

Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine ;
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And, to the stack or the barn-door
 Stoutly struts his dames before ;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerily rouse the slumbering Morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Soprano Solo.

Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures ;
 Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees,
 Bosomed high in tufted trees
 Where, perhaps, some Beauty lies
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Chorus.

Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 With pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry ;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,
 On summer-eves by haunted stream.

Soprano Solo and Chorus.

And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head,
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Bass Solo and Chorus.

Hence, vain, deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred !
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy !
 Hail, divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure ;
 All in a robe of darkest grain
 Flowing with majestic train.

Bass Solo.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait ;
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;

Chorus.

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
 And the mute Silence hist along
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.

Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo to hear thy even-song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering Moon
 Riding near her highest noon.
 Like one that has been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Bass Solo.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I heard the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some, wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow, with sullen roar ;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still, removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room,
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm ;
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshy nook ;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.

Chorus. (6 voci).

And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
 And let some strange, mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings, in aery stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid:
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals, good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

Bass Solo and Chorus.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

Milton.

INTERVAL.

I. HUNGARIAN DANCE in *F Sharp mi.* (for 4 hands) *Brahms*

R. E. WOODHAM, H. H. ROSE.

2. CHORAL SONG "Fan Fitzgerald!" *Old Irish Tune*

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

O MY head's in a whirl for your sake, Fan Fitzgerald!
 Ah! white bosomed pearl of the coast of Kilkee!
 And here's my hand to witness I'm kilt by the completeness
 Of the cruelty and sweetness that in you so agree.

For your blue eyes beneath their black silky sheath
 Go darting such death on admiring man,
 Love had better point his arrows from this out against the sparrows,
 For our hearts they cannot harass like your soft glances, Fan.

And what net ever spread matched the curls of your head,
 For each gold waving thread it has noosed a brave boy!
 While your slender nose, my jewel, sure no precipice as cruel,
 Dips down from Carran Tual poor rovers to destroy.

I could go sighing on of your blush like the dawn,
 And a shape like the swan 'neath your gown's graceful curl!
 But what need, when all the village has forsook its peaceful tillage,
 And flown to war and pillage for your sake, Fan Fitzgerald!

A. P. Graves.

3. PROLOGUE TO PAGLIACCI - - - *R. Leoncavallo*

D. R. H. MACCARTHY.

A WORD allow me!
 Sweet Ladies and Gentlemen,
 I pray you, hear, why alone I appear:
 I am the Prologue!
 Our Author loves the custom of a prologue to his story
 And as he would revive for you the ancient glory
 He sends me to speak before ye!

But not to prate, as once of old,
 That the tears of the actor are false, unreal!
 That his sighs and cries, and the pain that is told,
 He has no heart to feel!
 No! no! our author to-night a chapter will borrow
 From life with its laughter and sorrow!

Is not the actor a man with a heart like you?
 So 'tis for men that our author has written.
 And the story he tells you is true!

A song of tender mem'ries,
 Deep in his list'ning heart one day was ringing;
 And then with a trembling heart he wrote it,
 And he mark'd the time with sighs and tears.

Come then !

Here on the stage you shall behold us in human fashion,
And see the sad fruits of love and passion
Hearts that weep and languish,
Cries of rage and anguish,
And bitter laughter !

Ah think then, sweet people,
When ye look on us clad in our motley and tinsel,
Ours are human hearts, beating with passion,
We are but men like you, for gladness or sorrow,
'Tis the same broad Heaven above us,
The same wide lonely world before us !

Will ye hear, then, the story ?
How it unfolds itself surely and certain ?
Come then ! Ring up the curtain !

4. BALLADE in A flat (Op. 47) - - - Chopin

K. D. FINDEISEN.

5. SOLEMN CAROL FOR CHRISTMASTIDE - - - L.N.P.

Semi-Chorus :—

R. F. B. KEMP, B. A. PEARSON, H. W. F. SCOTT,
M. C. GOODDEN, P. G. CRIBB, G. A. T. THOMSON,
R. B. H. KAY.

Solo :

MR. P. E. H. PARRY-JONES (O.S.)

NINETEEN hundred years and moe !
The earth grows old and the time is long ;
But make ye the doors upon wind and snow,
And sing, sweet choir, with the angel throng !
The Babe in the oxen's stall, I trow,
He saved of old, and He saveth now :
Ding-dong, ding-dong with a merry sound,
Let the bells, let the Christmas-bells go round.

"No hymns in our hearing the angels sing :
No sages of Eastland come from far."
"Yet joy have we of the gifts we bring,
Who follow the flight of His guiding star.
O let your songs to Him rise like fire,
Sweet Mary's Babe, and the world's desire !
Ding-dong, ding-dong, with a merry sound,
As the bells as the Christmas-bells go round !"

"Say, how shall we find Him so far to seek?

To yon dear manger we may not win."

"He houseth Him still with the poor and meek,

And maketh the mourner His lowly inn;

Who empties his heart as the oxen's stall,

He findeth it filled with the Lord of all.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, let the bells go round,

And sing, sweet choir, for the Christ is found!"

I rede ye worship Him, maids and men;

So bring us all to His bliss: Amen.

James Rhoades.

6. FOOTBALL SONG - - - - - L.N.P.

XV et omnes

Soli: J. W. KELWAY, E. C. ALDERTON,

R. C. F. WITHERBY, W. M. M. MILLIGAN.

WHEN on the Autumn-slopes beech-trees are browning,

When the short summer has passed from the south,

Tingles our blood with the wild joys of winter,

Swells a glad cry from each jubilant mouth—

Follow up briskly, boys!

Make for the ball!

Collar him! down with him!

Well played all!

Brave leather bubble that laughs at our buffets!

See how his windy soul, yearning to rise,

Slips from our finger-tips, bounding above us,

Scorns the low grovel and mounts to the skies!

Follow up, etc.

Like meeting billows we clash and commingle,

Limbs locked together, so sharp is the strain,

While the ball, caught like a waif in our eddies,

To and fro bandied, seeks outlet in vain.

Follow up, etc.

How the heart throbs, when, the prize in his arm-grip,

Some peerless runner shoots forth and away,

Outspeeds the swiftest, or, baffled by numbers,

Still with his burden stands stoutly at bay!

Follow up, etc.

See fierce assailant and gallant defender!

Close 'neath the cross-bar together they roll!

Hark! 'tis a touch,' they cry; 'now place it deftly'!

'Charge'! 'never heed them: hurrah! 'tis a goal'!

Follow up, etc.

'Conquer or die,' growls the Viking within us,
 'Ay,' quoth the Saxon, 'but keep the nerves cool';
 'Fight, but with chivalry,' chimes in the Norman,
 'Each play for honour, and all for the School'!
Follow up, etc.

Prate not, fond sceptic, of peril or passion;
 Self's the soft football we flout to the sky;
 While there's a goal left to kick towards and try for,
 English lads ever will rise to the cry—
Follow up, etc.

James Rhoades.

7. CARMEN - - - - - L.N.P.

Omnes

OLIM fuit monachorum
 Schola nostra sedes;
 Puer regius illorum
 Fecit nos heredes;
 Hoc in posteros amoris
 Grande dedit signum;
 Sonet ergo Fundatoris
 Nomen laude dignum!
 Vivat Rex Eduardus Sextus!
 Vivat!

Ergo dum verenda mole
 Cana perstat aedes,
 Dum recenti gaudet prole
 Monachorum sedes,
 Stimulet certamen ludi,
 Suadeat laboris,
 In sigillo sculptum rudi
 Nomen Fundatoris.
 Vivat Rex Eduardus Sextus!
 Vivat!

E. M. Young.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

TREBLES.

Adams	Goodden mi.	Ricardo
Alexander	Hancock	Rowe ma.
Anderson mi.	Hannay	Rundle
Baker	Harris tert.	Sandell
Bennett mi.	Hogg	Saunders
Braksppear	Hughes mi.	Scott
Briggs	Hunt mi.	scott-Plummer
Buttenshaw	Jacob	Seymour
Cadell	Johnson	Sheldon
Carey mi.	Kemp	Smith mi.
Cockcraft	Kennard	Snowden
Coombe	Lang mi.	South mi.
Corbett	Lassen	Stephens mi.
Cribb	Lyle	Thurstan
Crowther	Major	Tucker
Cundall	Marks	Turing
Date	May	Van Straubenzee
de Winton mi.	Morgan	Walker mi.
Drake	Nash mi.	Ward
Dunn	Nield	Webb
Ferguson mi.	Pearson	Wilcox ma.
Glover	Peck mi.	Wilcox mi.
Goodden ma.	Platt	Woodham

ALTOS.

Ashmore mi.	Henderson	Seale
Bateman	Kay	Setten
Campbell	Kendal	Thomson
Dawson-Grove	King	Walter
Finzel	Lean	Warner, mi.
Harris mi.	Martin quint.	Warren mi

TENORS.

Alderton	Carver	MacCarthy ma.
Rev. F. G. Baring	Clarke	Cornish-Bowden
Mr. R. M. M. Barlow	Mr. E. Davis	Mr. G. A. E. Holt (O.S.)
Boome	Mr. A. W. Fox	

BASSES.

Ashdown	Harley	Peck ma.
Ashmore ma.	Mr. S. Hey	Mr. N. O. Rees
Mr. S. H. L. Baker (O.S.)	Kelway	Rootham
Beadle	Mr. H. J. Kittermaster	Sahebzada
Becher ma.	Knight mi	Simmonds
Croly	MacCarthy mi.	Smith ma.
Findeisen	Mr. R. W. Macfarlane-	Sworder
Fladgate	Grieve	Symes
Green	Maynard	Mr. R. S. Thompson
Greig ma.	Nowell-Smith	Warner ma.
Haselden	Mr. G. O'Hanlon	Wright ma.
Holt	Mr. P. E. H. Parry-	
Mr. L. B. Hornsby-	Jones (O.S.)	
Wright		

Accompanist—K. D. FINDEISEN.

Conductor—MR. B. J. F. PICTON.