

Concert by Hutt Valley Choral Society

The Hutt Valley Choral Society was founded in 1923, and for three seasons was conducted by Mr. Robert Parker, who resigned in 1926. The present conductor is Mr. E. Douglas Tayler. The society numbers about sixty voices, but is prepared to increase its membership.

The concert to be broadcast on Tuesday, September 18, is quite representative of the society's present aims, inasmuch as it consists of a very varied selection of the finest choral music, both unaccompanied and with orchestra; vocal solos and orchestral items. The vocalist will be Mr. Harison Cook, well known as one of New Zealand's leading baritones, and the instrumental part will be supplied by 2YA Orchestra, augmented.

The outstanding choral item will be "Blest Pair of Sirens," a magnificent setting of Milton's ode, "At a Solemn Music," by the English composer, Sir Hubert Parry. The words of the poem are printed elsewhere. This is one of the most dignified and beauty choral works of modern times, and bids fair to become a classic. The greater part of it is in eight-part harmony.

Another item of special importance is Grieg's ballad, "Landerkennung" (Recognition of Land), for male chorus and orchestra, with baritone solo by Mr. Harison Cook. The ballad tells picturesquely of Olav Trygvason's voyage

over the North Sea to recover his kingdom of Norway, from which he had been taken as an infant to save him from his enemies.

There are also unaccompanied part-songs—grave, gay, and sentimental—including Parry's fine five-part motet, "Never Weather-beaten Sail," two dainty numbers by Lloyd and Stanford, the jocular "Song of the Pedlar" from Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," and Brahms's arrangement of the tender little German folk-song, "In Silent Night." Interest attaches to a new choral song called "My Land," by a New Zealand composer, Mr. A. A. Wedde, which will receive its first performance with orchestral accompaniment. It is a fine, broad melody, and breathes lofty aspiration and love of country. The words are by an anonymous poet.

Mr. Harison Cook contributes two songs by Addison Price, and operatic selections from "The Magic Flute" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The orchestra will play Coleridge-Taylor's popular "Petite Suite de Concert," and the concert will conclude with a rollicking set of old sea-chanties, arranged for chorus and orchestra, in the refrains of which radio listeners will be invited to join. The conductor will make a few explanatory remarks before certain of the items.

"HITHER! HITHER!" (By C. H. Lloyd.)

Hither! Hither! O, come hither,
Lads and lassies, come and see,
Trip it neatly, foot it featly
O'er the grassy turf to me.
Here are bowers hung with flowers,
Richly curtained halls for you,
Meads for rovers, shades for lovers,
Violet beds and pillows, too.

Purple heather you may gather,
Sandal-deep in seas of bloom,
Pale-faced lily, proud sweet-willy,
Gorgeous rose and golden broom;
Odorous blossoms for sweet bosoms,
Garlands green to bind the hair,
Crowns and kirtles weft of myrtles,
Youth may choose, and Beauty wear.

Brightsome glasses for bright faces
Shine in every rill that flows,
Ev'ry minute you look in it,
Still more bright your beauty grows;
Banks for sleeping, nooks for peeping,
Glades for dancing smooth and fine,
Fruits delicious for who wishes,
Nectar, dew, and honey-wine.

Hither! Hither! etc.

—Osme's song from "Sylvia," by George Darley (1795-1846).

"SONG OF THE PEDLAR." (By Lee Williams.)

Will you buy any tape
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Will you buy any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest wear-a?
Come to the Pedlar;
Money's but a meddler

That doth utter all men's ware.

—Autolycus's song from Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale."

"BLEST PAIR OF SIRENS." (By Parry.)

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse.
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised fantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure consent
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand choirs
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms

Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth, with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, Whose love their motion
swayed

In perfect diapason, while they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good. . . .
O may we soon again renew that song
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of
light.

—"At a Solemn Music," by John Milton.

"MY LAND." (By A. A. Wedde.)

Dear Land, that of all lands to me art the
fairest,
Land where the fern in its loveliness grows,
Girt with the ocean and crowned with thy
snows,
Richly thy beauty with me thou sharest,
God-given bounty to me thou bearest.

Fair Land that of all lands to me art the dearest,
Great is the joy that thy children may feel,
Deep the devotion they owe to thy weal;
While thy sons love thee, nothing thou fearest;
God make our service bravest, sincerest.

O Land of my home, I will love thee for ever,
Live to thine honour and guard thee from
wrong,
Make thee yet fairer with labour and song;
Loving thee truly, strong my endeavour,
Onward and upward, failing thee never.

—Anon.

"NEVER WEATHER-BEATEN SAIL." (By Parry.)

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to
shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of
my troubled breast,
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul
to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high
Paradise;
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims
our eyes;
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the
blessed only see—
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite
to Thee.

—Thos. Campion, from "Songs of Farewell."

"IN SILENT NIGHT." (arr. Brahms.)

In silent night, with moonbeams white,
I hear a voice despairing,
The sighing breeze above the trees,
Its plaintive murmur bearing;
Ah, bitter woe, that none may know,
My heart in pity weepeth,
My tears bedew the flow'et blue,
That on my pathway sleepeth.

The lady moon is hidden soon,
In grief her beams concealing;
The stars aglow, do fade and go,
To realms supernal stealing.
No song is heard, no waking bird,
In gloomy forest crying;
The night wind's moan I hear alone,
In answer to my sighing.

"THE FAIRIES." (By Stanford.)

They're sleeping beneath the roses, O kiss them
before they rise,
And tickle their tiny noses, and sprinkle the dew
on their eyes;
Make haste! the fairies are caught!
We'll put them in silver cages, and send them full
dressed to court,
And maids-of-honour and pages shall turn the poor
things to sport.
Be quick! be quicker than thought!
Their scarfs shall be pennons for lancers, we'll tie
up our flowers with their curls,
Their plumes will make fans for dancers, their
tears shall be set with pearls.
Be wise! make the most of the prize!
They'll scatter sweet scents by winking, with
sparks from under their feet,
They'll save us the trouble of thinking, their voices
will sound so sweet.
Oh, stay! They're up and away!

—William Cory.

"RECOGNITION OF LAND." (By Grieg.)

Olav Trygvason (A. D., 964-1000) was taken
from Norway as an infant to save him from his
enemies. In manhood he returned as King to
take possession of his Fatherland, into which he
introduced Christianity; sailing across the North
Sea from Britain, as here described.

And it was Olav Trygvason, sailing o'er the North
Sea wide,
Bearing the hope to found a kingdom far on the
other side.
Yonder the cliffs appearing, like a battlement loom,
their dark crest rearing.
And it was Olav Trygvason, found he ne'er a spot
to land;