

Autograph below: "To LaDonna Beatty in Appreciation
RB Westbrook Director • May 28, 1944"

Signed Sheet Music
Commemorative Gift

Wynken, Blynken and Noddy
Arranged for women's voices by
GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

Words by
EUGENE FIELD.

ETHEL do you wish?" The

Allegro moderato.

Primo.

Allegro moderato.

Secondo.

più p

molto p

Orchestra parts may be had of the Publisher.
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B. M. C^o 637

OVER THE RAINBOW
from the M-G-M Picture "The Wizard Of Oz"
Three Part S. S. A.

Lyric by
E. Y. HARBURG

Bright

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

I Soprano

prano

Alto

Piano

Bright

mf

Ah

Ah

Ah

Chorus, Moderately (not fast)

mp

Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow way up high,

Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow way up high,

Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow way up high,

Chorus, Moderately (not fast)

mp

There's a land that I heard of once in a lull - a - by,

There's a land that I heard of once in a lull - a - by,

There's a land that I heard of - once in a lull - a - by,

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Courtesy LaDonna (Beatty) White

InlandChorus.com

Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow skies are blue,
Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow skies are blue,
Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow skies are blue,

And the dreams that you dare to dream real-ly do come true. Some-
And the dreams that you dare to dream real-ly do come true. Some-
And the dreams that you dare to dream real-ly do come true. Some-

-day I'll wish up-on a star and wake up where the clouds are far be-hind me, m ____ Where
-day I'll wish up-on a star and wake up where the clouds are far be-hind me, m ____ Where
-day I'll wish up-on a star and wake up where the clouds are far be-hind me, m ____ Where

troub-les melt like lem-on drops, a - way, a -bove the chim-ney tops that's where you'll find me.
troub-les melt like lem-on drops, a - way, a -bove the chim-ney tops that's where you'll find me.
troub-les melt like lem-on drops, a - way, a -bove the chim-ney tops that's where you'll find me.

Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow blue - birds fly,
Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow blue - birds fly,
Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow blue - birds fly,

Birds fly O - ver The Rain - bow, why then, oh why can't I? to Coda
Birds fly O - ver The Rain - bow, why then, oh why can't I? to Coda
Birds fly O - ver The Rain - bow, why then, oh why can't I? to Coda

Verse
mf a tempo

When all the world is a hope-less jum-tle and the rain-drops tum-ble all a - round,

mp a tempo

Verse
mf

Heav - en o - pens a mag - ic lane. m

mf

Heav - en o - pens a mag - ic lane. m

mf

Heav - en o - pens a mag - ic lane. m

Verse
mf

When all the clouds dark-en up the sky-way, there's a rain-bow high-way to be found,

mf

When all the clouds dark-en up the sky-way, there's a rain-bow high-way to be found, -

mf

When all the clouds dark-en up the sky-way, there's a rain-bow high-way to be found, -

7170-5

mf

Lead - ing from your win - dow pane. To a place be - hind the

mf

Lead - ing from your win - dow pane, win - dow pane.

mf

Lead - ing from your win - dow pane, win - dow pane.

rall. *D.S. al Coda*

sun, Just a step be - yond the rain. *D.S. al Coda*

rall.

be - hind the sun, Just a step be - yond the rain. *D.S. al Coda*

rall.

be - hind the sun, Just a step be - yond the rain. m *D.S. al Coda*

rall. *slowly*

Coda
If hap - py lit - tle blue - birds fly be - yond the rain - bow, why oh why can't I?

rall. *slowly*

Coda
If hap - py lit - tle blue - birds fly be - yond the rain - bow, why oh why can't I?

rall. *slowly*

Coda
If hap - py lit - tle blue - birds fly be - yond the rain - bow, why oh why can't I?

rall. *slowly*

Coda
If hap - py lit - tle blue - birds fly be - yond the rain - bow, why oh why can't I?

rall. *slowly* *L.H.* *pp*

7170-5

Autograph below: "Thanks and Good Luck • RB Westbrook"

2-H3056 The Riff Song S.S.A. Romberg .16

HARMS CHORAL LIBRARY

THREE PART S. S. A.

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2

THE RIFF SONG

From "THE DESERT SONG"
Three Part Womens Voices
S. S. A.

Words by
OTTO HARBACH and
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Music by
SIGMUND ROMBERG
Arr. by Douglas MacLean

Allegro moderato

SOPRANO I
SOPRANO II
ALTO

Allegro moderato

PIANO

O-ver the ground. There comes a sound,

O-ver the ground. There comes a sound,

O-ver the ground. There comes a sound,

S-1372-5

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Courtesy Mary Anne (Huber) Federspiel

La Donna White

Benjamin Britten
Saint Nicolas

A Cantata

Words by
Eric Crozier

Choral Score

(Score and parts on hire)

Boosey & Hawkes

Saint Nicolas Score
Autographed Cover

Autographs of the principals: DAVID LLOYD, New York City Opera Tenor, RICHARD WESTBROCK, Director of the Inland Children's Chorus, and HUGH ROSS, Conductor of New York's Schola Cantorum and Guest Conductor, Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra. December 20 and 21, 1953

Courtesy of LaDonna (Beatty) White

Saint Nicolas
Bishop of Myra

Patron-saint of children, seamen, travellers

Nicolas was born at Patara in Asia Minor and died during the first half of the fourth century, having long served as Bishop of Myra, the capital of his native country Lycia. He is the hero of many popular legends, but few facts of his life are certain.

In 1087 his relics were captured from his tomb at Myra and carried away to the Italian city of Bari, where a new church was built to enshrine them. Here they continued, as at Myra, to work miracles: the shrine, which is said to exude a miraculous, sweet-smelling oil, became a place of pilgrimage from all parts of Europe.

In the Middle Ages four hundred churches were dedicated to his honour in England alone. He is the patron-saint of Russia and Greece, and is universally known to children in his disguise of 'Santa Claus.'

Nicolas was born of wealthy parents. From his babyhood he showed signs of exceptional grace and refused to feed on canonical fast-days. He was taught by the Church in boyhood and youth, and when his parents died of the plague he gave all his wealth to charity and went in pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Coming back to the city of Myra, he was chosen Bishop according to a revelation made before his arrival, and served this diocese faithfully until his death.

During the persecution of the martyrs (303-311) Nicolas was imprisoned under Diocletian. Later he was one of the three hundred and eighteen Bishops summoned to attend the first great Church Council at Nicaea, where he is said to have disgraced himself, but given great glory to God, by striking the founder of the Arian heresy.

Most legends of Nicolas are concerned with his care of the poor and oppressed, and with his power of appearing from great distances to rescue those who called on him. The three golden balls that he carries in statues and pictures symbolise the purses of gold he secretly gave to rescue three girls of noble family from prostitution.

*

*This cantata was written for performance at the Centenary Celebrations
of Lancing College, Sussex, on July 24th, 1948*

SAINT NICOLAS

A CANTATA BY
ERIC CROZIER

MUSIC BY
BENJAMIN BRITTEN

*This Cantata was written
for performance at the
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SAINT NICOLAS

1. Introduction
2. The Birth of Nicolas
3. Nicolas Devotes himself to God
4. He Journeys to Palestine
5. He comes to Myra and is chosen Bishop
6. Nicolas from Prison
7. Nicolas and the Stolen Boys
8. His Piety and Marvellous Works
9. The Death of Nicolas

*

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any form reserved.

BOOSEY & HAWKES

Darkness was soon on top of them,
But still the South Wind blew.
The Captain went below to sleep
And left the helmsman there to keep
His course with one of the crew.

Nicolas swore he'd punish them
For mocking at the Lord.
The wind arose, the thunder roared,
Lightning split the waves that poured
In wild cascades on board.

Waterspouts rose in majesty
Until the ship was tossed
Aft, aback, astern, abeam,
Lit by lightning's livid gleam
And all aboard cried 'LOST!'

THE STORM Lightning hisses through the night
Blinding sight with living light!
Winds and tempests howl their cry
Of battle through the raging sky!
Waves repeat their angry roar,
Fall and spring again once more!
Thunder rends the sky asunder
With its savage shouts of wonder!

Lightning, Thunder, Tempest, Ocean
Praise their God with voice and motion!

MEN *(Shouting above The Storm)*
Spare us! Save us! Saviour!
Man the pumps! Lifeboats! Lower away!
Axe! Shorten sail! Reef her! Heave to—!
Let her run before the wind!
Pray to God! Kneel and pray! Pray!

CHORUS Nicolas waited patiently
Till they were on their knees:
Then down he knelt in thankfulness
Begging God their ship to bless
And to make the storm to cease.

NICOLAS O God! we are all weak, sinful, foolish men. We pray from
fear and from necessity—at death, in sickness or in private
loss. Without the prick of fear our conscience sleeps,
forgetful of Thy Grace.
Help us, O God! to see more clearly. Tame our stubborn
hearts. Teach us to ask for less and offer more in gratitude
to Thee.
Pity our simplicity, for we are truly pitiable in Thy sight.

ALL Amen.

NICOLAS The winds and waves lay down to rest,
The sky was clear and calm.
The ship sailed onward without harm
And all creation sang a psalm
Of loving thankfulness.

Beneath the stars the sailors slept
Exhausted by their fear, while I
Kneel down for love of God on high
And saw His angels in the sky
Smile down at me—and wept.

5
NICOLAS COMES TO MYRA AND IS
CHOSEN BISHOP

CHORUS COME, stranger sent from God! Come, man of God!
Stand foremost in our Church, and serve this diocese
As Bishop Nicolas, our shield, our strength, our peace!

NICOLAS I, Nicolas, Bishop of Myra and its diocese, shall with the
unfailing grace of God defend His faithful servants, comfort
the widow and fatherless, and fulfil His will for this most
blessed Church.

ALL Amen!

CHOIRS Place the mitre on your head to show your mastery of men!
Take the golden robe that covers you with Christ's authority!
Wear the fine dalmatic woven with the cross of faith!
Bear the crozier as a staff and comfort to your flock!
Set the ring upon your hand in sacramental sign of wedlock
with thy God!

(Figure.)

Serve the Faith and spurn His enemies!

A hymn for choirs and congregation

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good:
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

6

NICOLAS FROM PRISON

NICOLAS PERSECUTION sprang upon our Church
And stilled its voice. Eight barren years
It stifled under Roman rule:
And I lay bound, condemned to celebrate
My lonely sacrament with prison bread,
While wolves ran loose among my flock.

O man! the world is set for you as for a king!
Paradise is yours in loveliness.
The stars shine down for you, for you the angels sing,
Yet you prefer your wilderness.

You hug the rack of self, embrace the lash of sin,
Pour your treasures out to pay distress.
You build your temples fair without and foul within:
You cultivate your wilderness.

Yet Christ is yours. Yours! For you he lived and died.
God in mercy gave his Son to bless
You all, to bring you life—and Him you crucified
To desecrate your wilderness.

Turn, turn, turn away from sin! Ah! how
Down your hard and stubborn hearts! Confess
Yourselves to Him in penitence, and humbly vow
Your lives to Him, to Holiness.

7
NICOLAS AND THE STOLEN BOYS

TRAVELLERS FAMINE tracks us down the lanes,
Hunger holds our horses' reins,
Winter heaps the roads with snow
O we have far to go!

Darkness was soon on top of them,
But still the South Wind blew.
The Captain went below to sleep
And left the helmsman there to keep
His course with one of the crew.

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Hunger holds our horses' reins,
Winter heaps the roads with snow
O we have far to go!

Starving beggars howl their cry,
Snarl to see us spurring by.
Times are bad and travel slow
O we have far to go;

MOTHERS We mourn our boys, our missing sons!
We sorrow for three little ones!
Timothy, Mark and John
Are gone! Are gone! Are gone!

TRAVELLERS Landlord, take this piece of gold!
Bring us food before the cold
Makes our pangs of hunger grow!
O we have far to go!

MOTHERS Day by day we seek to find
Some trace of them—but oh! unkind!—
Timothy, Mark and John
Are gone! Are gone! Are gone!

TRAVELLERS Let us share this dish of meat.
Come, my friends, sit down and eat!
Join us, Bishop, for we know
That you have far to go!

MOTHERS Mary meek and Mother mild
Who lost thy Jesus as a child,
Our Timothy, Mark and John
Are gone! Are gone! Are gone!

TRAVELLERS Come, your Grace, don't eat so slow!
Take some meat . . .

NICOLAS O do not taste!
O do not feed
On sin! But haste
To save three souls in need!

The mother's cry
Is sad and weak.
Within these walls they lie
Whom mothers sadly seek.

Timothy, Mark and John,
Put your fleshly garments on!
Come from dark oblivion! . . .

TRAVELLERS See! three boys spring back to life,
Who, slaughtered by the butcher's knife,
Lay salted down!—and entering,
Hand-in-hand they stand and sing
ALLELUIA! to their King!

SMALL BOYS (*Entering*). Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

ALL Alleluia!

8

'HIS PIETY AND MARVELLOUS WORKS

CHORUS For forty years our Nicolas,
Our Prince of men, our shepherd and
Our gentle guide, walked by our side.

We turned to him at birth or death,
In time of famine and distress,
In all our grief, to bring relief.

He led us from the valleys to
The pleasant hills of grace. He fought
To fold us in from mortal sin.

Oh he was prodigal of love!
A spendthrift in devotion to
Us all—and blessed as he caressed.

We keep his memory alive
In legends that our children and
Their children's children treasure still.

CHOIRS A captive at the heathen court
Wept sorely all alone.
'O Nicolas is here, my son!
And he will bring you home!'

Three daughters of a nobleman
Were doomed to shameful sin,
Till our good Bishop ransomed them
By throwing purses in.

'Fill, fill my sack with corn!' he said:
'We die from lack of food!'
And from that single sack he fed
A hungry multitude.

The gates were barred, the black flag flew,
Three men knelt by the block.
But Nicolas burst in like flame
And stayed the axe's shock.

'Help us, help, good Nicolas!
Our ship is full of foam!'
He walked across the waves to them
And led them safely home.

He sat among the Bishops who
Were summoned to Nicaea:
Then rising with the wrath of God
Boxed Arius's ear!

He threatened Constantine the Great
With bell and book and ban.
Till Constantine confessed his sins
Like any common man.

CHORUS Let the legends that we tell
Praise him, with our prayers as well.

9

THE DEATH OF NICOLAS

NICOLAS DEATH, I hear thy summons and I come
In haste, for my short life is done;
And oh! my soul is faint with love
For Him who waits for me above.

LORD, I come to life, to final birth.
I leave the misery of earth
For Light, by Thy eternal grace,
Where I shall greet Thee face to face.

CHRIST, receive my soul with tenderness,
For in my last of life I bless
Thy name, who lived and died for me,
And dying, yield my soul to Thee.

CHORUS LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, accord-
ing to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all
people
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the
glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy
Ghost!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world
without end.
Amen!

A hymn for choirs and congregation

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

+

Senior Nicolas Event
December 29, 1953

December 28, 1953

TO: MEMBERS INLAND SENIOR CHORUS

Mr. Westbrook has already extended an invitation to you, as a member of the Inland Children's Chorus Senior Chorus, to be our guest at the Inland Activities Center on Tuesday night, December 29th. You may bring along your wife, or husband, girl or boy friend, whichever fits your marital status.

Festivities will start at 6:30 o'clock with a buffet supper, and there will be dancing and bingo. . . . If you can't come out until later, that will be okay too.

Attached is a map giving directions to the Center.

See you tomorrow.


Supervisor, Personnel Activities

LMD/nab

Enc.

Courtesy of
Phyllis (Denlinger) Phillips