



April, 2015

University of Miami Collegium Musicum

Donald Oglesby, Director

Oleksii Ivanchenko, accompanist

Tenor Soloist: MSG Colin D. Eaton

The University of Miami Collegium Musicum is a chamber choir under the auspices of the Frost School of Music at the University of Miami. Our members include devoted avocational singers and students.

Founded in 1977 by Dr. Donald Oglesby, the Collegium has given acclaimed performances in South Florida of many Baroque masterpieces, under the auspices of the Miami Bach Society, Mainly Mozart Festival, the Florida Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Naples Philharmonic. The ensemble has toured in England, France, Germany, and Italy and is planning to return to Germany in 2017 to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the Reformation.

Donald Oglesby, Senior Professor of Choral Music at the University of Miami, is an eminent scholar of music of the Baroque era. In 2013, Collegium Musicum gave the first performance in the United States of a *Magnificat* by Michel Richard de la Lande that Dr. Oglesby discovered while working in the music library at Versailles.

Dr. Oglesby is the founder and Artistic Director of the Miami Bach Society and a professor at the University of Miami. He was a long time choir director of Plymouth Congregational Church in Coconut Grove, Florida, and now serves as chair of the American Choral Directors Association's Monographs and Composer series in the Research and Publications Committee.

Over the past several years, he has been researching music of the Civil War period. In 2013, the choir presented concerts of Civil War era music in Miami and Key West to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Gettysburg Address. This spring the Collegium Musicum has been invited to present concerts in tribute to Abraham Lincoln to mark the 150th anniversary of the end of the Civil War and Lincoln's untimely death; these concerts will be in Miami and in Washington, D.C.

Soprano:

- Paula Barrera
- Sian Evans
- Cristina Gomes
- Kaleigh Kozak
- Joanne Meagher

Alto:

- Laura Calzolari
- Marilyn Horowitz
- Diane Marxen
- Elizabeth Newman



Tenor:

- David Chatfield
- Hamilton Gutierrez
- J. Bryan Page

Bass:

- Tim Abraham
- David Encalada
- David Pegel
- Steven Wilson

University of Miami Collegium Musicum

Dr. Donald Oglesby, Director

presents

Abraham Lincoln: A Musical Tribute

to commemorate the 150th Anniversary of the President's Assassination
and the End of the Civil War



Abraham Lincoln: A Musical Tribute

**Choral music that President Lincoln knew and loved
and music written in his honor after his death**

Program

Washington and Lincoln	Henry Clay Work
Lincoln and Liberty, Too	Jesse Hutchinson Jr.
Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss	Lowell Mason, arr. D. Oglesby
God Save the Nation: A Battle Hymn	Henry Clay Work
Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?	George C. Pearson
Nelly Bly	Stephen Foster
Gentle Annie	Stephen Foster
We are Coming, Father Abra'am	L.O. Emerson
Father Abraham's Reply to the 600,000	George F. Root
The Presidents Hymn (Give thanks, O ye people)	J.W. Turner
Nomination Song	James Edward Haynes
Farewell Father, Friend and Guardian	George F. Root
Lincoln in Memoriam	F. Woolcott
Prayer for the Captive	Shaker Hymn, arr. D. Oglesby
Angel of Peace (Oliver Wendell Holmes text)	Matthias Keller
Lincoln: The Walls of His Memorial	David Pegel
Tenor Soloist: U.S. Army MSG Colin D. Eaton	
Battle Hymn of the Republic	William Steffe, arr. P.J. Wilousky

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

**Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.**

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;
While God is marching on.

Master Sergeant Colin Eaton has been lauded as “a commanding tenor that sings with great aplomb” (Washington Post) and “possesses the ability to dazzle audiences with ease.” (Baltimore Sun). He is known around the Metropolitan DC area and internationally for his classical and operatic repertoire. As a member of the world-renowned U.S. Army Chorus, MSG Eaton is known mostly for his vocal versatility, which spans opera and gospel, to 80’s hair metal! In the summer of 2004, MSG Eaton had the honor of serving as a featured soloist at President Ronald Reagan’s interment ceremony in Simi Valley, CA, for a live audience of Hollywood and political elite as well as a worldwide television viewing audience. Of MSG Eaton’s numerous musical accomplishments, he is most proud of being a featured soloist for seven of the Sergeant Major of the Army’s Hope and Freedom tours to Kuwait, Iraq and Afghanistan between 2002 and 2010. Eaton is a University of Miami Alumni and a former member of Collegium Musicum

Concerts are presented free to the public. Donations to cover travel expenses are appreciated.

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www.miamicollegium.org

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Abraham Lincoln: A Musical Tribute -- Song Words

A Prayer for the Captive

“Supplication in the Nation’s Calamity”

Dark is the cloud that rests over the nation,
Wild is the war cry that pierces the air.
God’s heavy judgments spread wide desolation,
Strong hearts are bowed in the depths of despair.

Lord, may the bonds of the captive be broken.
O may this struggle bring sweet liberty.
Teach man that love it a heaven born token
And that the truth can alone make him glad.

Guide Zion’s children in this trying hour.
Keep us dependent on Thy love and care.
Down in the valley we find Thy true power;
Lord, in Thy mercy, O still guide us there.

Lincoln: The Walls of His Memorial

Soloist – Second Inaugural Speech

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it ... but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

Neither party expected for the war, the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other.

The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. “Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense come.”

With malice toward none, charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, Let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation’s wounds, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Angel of Peace

Angel of peace, thou hast wandered too long;
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song,
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove—
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove;
Speed o’er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with the olive leaf garland of love;
Angel of peace, thou hast waited too long!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply—
Loud let the tempest of voices reply;
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

Choir – Gettysburg Address

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

We cannot dedicate. We cannot consecrate. We cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor pow’r to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that we here highly resolved that these dead shall not have died in vain.

That this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Washington and Lincoln

Come happy people, oh come let us tell,
The story of Washington and Lincoln.
History’s pages can never excel
The story of Washington and Lincoln.
Down through the ages an anthem shall go,
Bearing the honors we gladly bestow;
Till ev’ry nation and language shall know,
The story of Washington and Lincoln;

Who gave us independence on continent and sea,
Who saved our glorious Union, and set a people free!
This is the story, oh happy are we,
The story of Washington and Lincoln.

Parents to children shall tell with delight
The story of Washington and Lincoln,
Free born and freed men together recite
The story of Washington and Lincoln,
Earth’s weary bond men shall listen with cheer
Tyrants shall tremble and traitors shall cheer
When, in its fullness of glory they hear
The story of Washington and Lincoln.

Father, Whate’er of Earthly Bliss

Father, whate’er of earthly bliss
Thy sov’reign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev’ry murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence thro’ my journey shine,
And bless its happy end.

Lincoln and Liberty, Too!

Hurrah for the choice of the nation,
Our chieftain so brave and so true,
We’ll go for the great reformation,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

We’ll go for the son of Kentucky,
The hero of Hoosierdom through,
The pride of the “Suckers” so lucky,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

Our David’s good sling is unerring
The Slavocrat’s giant he slew,
Then shout for the freedom preferring,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.

God Save the Nation (A Battle Hymn)

Thou who ordainest, for the land’s salvation,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamentation,
Now unto Thee we lift our supplication
God save the nation!

By the great sign, foretold of Thine appearing,
Coming in clouds, while mortal man stands fearing,
Show us, amid this smoke of battle, clearing,
Thy chariot nearing!

Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave!
The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scatter'd around and together be laid

Nelly Bly

Hi, Nelly! Ho Nelly ! Listen, love, to me,
I'll sing for you and play for you a dulcet melody.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, bring the broom along.
We'll sweep the kitchen clean, my dear, and have a little song
Poke the wood, my lady love, and make the fire burn;
And while I take the banjo down, just give the mush a turn.

Nelly Bly has a voice like a turtle dove,
I hear it in the meadow and I hear it in the grove.
Nelly Bly has a heart warm as a cup of tea,
And bigger than a sweet potato down in Tennessee.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! Never, never sigh;
Never bring the tear drop to the corner of your eye.

We are coming, Father Abra'am

We are coming, Father Abra'am, 300,000 more,
From Mississippi's winding streams and from New England's
shore.
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.
We dare not look behind us but steadfastly before.
We are coming, Father Abra'am, 300,000 more!

We are coming, we are coming our Union to restore,
We are coming, Father Abra'am, with 300,000 more!
We are coming, Father Abra'am, with 300,000 more!

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door,
We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more!

And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust, and together shall lie.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health, to the paleness of
death;
From the gilded saloon, to the bier and the shroud!
Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Gentle Annie

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flow'r thy spirit did depart;
Thou art gone, alas! like the many
That have bloomed in the summer of my
heart.

Shall we never more behold thee;
Never hear thy winning voice again
When the Springtime comes gentle Annie,
When the wild flow'rs are scattered o'er
the plain?

Father Abrahams Reply to the 600,000

I welcome you my gallant boys,
From Maine's resounding shore,
From far New Hampshire's granite hills
I see your legions pour;
From Massachusetts fertile vales,
From old Vermont they come;
Connecticut wheels into line
At rolling of the drum,
And little Rhody springs to arms,
Like David in his might,
Upon rebellion's giant front
To strike one blow for right.
One blow for right, my hero boys,
For right and Uncle Sam,
Strike and receive the blessings
Of the God of Abraham.
'Tis glorious, 'tis glorious,
To see your legions pour.
I welcome you my gallant boys,
SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

The Presidents Hymn

Give thanks all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom with joyful accord;
Let the East and the West, North and South roll
along,
Sea, mountain and prairie, one thanksgiving song.

Give thanks all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom with joyful accord;

For sunshine and rainfall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads with treasures of grain;
For the earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the skies beaming vigor, the winds breathing
health.

Farewell Father, Friend and Guardian

All our land is draped in mourning,
Hearts are bowed and strong men weep;
For our loved, our noble leader,
Sleeps his last, his dreamless sleep,
Gone forever, gone forever,
Fallen by a traitor's hand
Tho' preserv'd his dearest treasure,
Our redeem'd, beloved land.

Farewell father, friend and guardian,
Thou hast joined the martyr band,
But thy glorious work remaineth
Our redeemed beloved land.

Honor'd leader, long and fondly
Shall thy mem'ry cherished be;
Hearts shall bless thee for their freedom,
Hearts unborn shall sigh for thee;
He who gave thee might and wisdom,
Gave thy spirit sweet release;
Farewell, father, friend and guardian,
Rest forever, rest in peace.

Nomination Song

Once more noble Chieftain we hail thee so true
Our nation's great hope and her pride,
You have gallantly stood by the Red, White and Blue,
And you check'd the rebellious mad tide,
Come up to the work boys, stand firm at the wheel
We'll vote for our nation's bright star,
While our soldiers fight traitors abroad with their
steel,
We will crush them at home 'neath our car.

Then rally again from the prairie and wood,
We will fight for the land we love best.
We will stand by our Chieftain so great and so good,
Gallant Abe! Honest Abe of the West.

Lincoln In Memorium

Rest chieftain rest, now Columbia is free,
Rest for thy labors are o'er;
Rest in the silence free men hath made thee,
Rest on thy own native shore.
Rest as thy glory floats over the sea,
Rest for thy work is well done;
Rest where archangels wait to receive thee,
Rest on the soil that thou hast won.

Breathe a sad requiem ye millions now free,
Saviour of Freedom is waiting for thee.

Rest noble chieftain, or nation is free,
Rest on Columbia's proud shore.
Rest while freemen will ever deplore thee,
Rest with the brave, now no more.
Rest chieftain rest, soon heaven will wake thee,
Rest where our banner shall wave,
Rest where in grace thy shadow reveals thee,
Rest in the land of the brave.