

The Virginia Glee Club
University of Virginia
Frank Albinder, Conductor
Daniel Hine, Accompanist

Tour Program 2020

Repertoire to be selected from the following:

Tshotsholoza	Traditional South African Song Arr. Jeffrey L. Ames
Brothers, Sing On!	Edvard Grieg (1843-1907) Arr. Howard D. McKinney
Let Thy Good Spirit	Pavel Chesnokov (1877-1944)
Laudate Pueri	Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847) Ed. Peter A. Eklund
Chorale from Finlandia	Jean Sibelius (1865-1957) Arr. H. Alexander Matthews
Ave Maria (Angelus Domini)	Franz Biebl (1906-2001)

Selections by the Gleemen

Winter Song	Frederic Field Bullard (1864-1904)
Tru tru trut avant, il fault boire	Jean Richafort (1480-1547)
Two canons Please, Kind Sir O du eselhafter Peierl	P.D.Q. Bach (1807-1742?) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Glee	Eric Lane Barnes (b. 1960)
Loch Lomond	Traditional Scottish Folksong Arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams
He Never Failed Me Yet	Robert Ray (b. 1946)
The Cavalier Song	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Arr. Daniel Hine

Virginia's Yell Song

Linwood Lehmann

Virginia, Hail, All Hail!/The Good Old Song

J. A. Morrow, Arr. MacInnis & Loach/
Traditional Scottish Melody

Texts & Translations

Tshotsholoza

Shosholoza

You are moving fast on those mountains
The train is coming out of South Africa

You are running away on those mountains
The train is coming out of South Africa

Let Thy Good Spirit

Let Thy good Spirit lead me on a level path.
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Laudate Pueri

Praise the Lord, all ye children,
praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord
from henceforth now and forever.

Ave Maria (Angelus Domini)

The angel of the Lord appeared to Mary,
and she conceived by the Holy Spirit.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord.
Be it done to me according to thy will.

Hail Mary, etc.

And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.

Hail Mary, etc.

Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Tru tru trut avant, il fault boire

Now is the time to drink
For after we are dead
We shall be no more than bones
Wrapped in two lengths of cloth.