

Jubilee Organ Sunday Evening Program Hour



October 28, 2012

7:30 p.m.

Arthur Wenk, organist

The JOSEPH Program

The JOSEPH series represents an affectionate recreation of the tradition of civic organ recitals popularized by Edwin Lemare and others at the beginning of the last century. Hard as it may be to believe today, audiences numbering in the thousands gathered to hear Lemare's virtuoso performances of Bach, French Romantic music, transcriptions, and improvisations..

Free Organ Recitals 2012-2013

JOSEPH Concerts (Sundays at 7:30 p.m.): 30 September, 28 October, 2 December, 20 January, 17 March, 14 April, 19 May

Music at Midday (Thursdays at Noon): 11 October, 8 November, 13 December, 10 January, 14 February, 7 March, 4 April, 9 May

The Phoenix Instrument

We have recently made a number of adaptations to the Phoenix organ to encompass the repertoire of organ transcriptions. In the *Funeral March*, listen for the Bassett horn; in *All Through the Night* the chimes; in the *Irish Air*, the French horn and harp; in the *Danse Macabre*, all of the above and the solo violin, as well as a combination of stops that sounds like a xylophone and another low stop that rumbles like timpani.

Program

Funeral March Gounod (arr. W. T. Best)
of a Marionette

Chromatic Fantasy Sweelinck

All Through the Night arr. E. Lemare

Fantasy and Fugue in G Minor J. S. Bach

Suite Gothique Léon Boëllmann

 Introduction – Choral

 Menuet gothique

 Prière à Notre-Dame

 Toccata

Irish Air from "County Derry" arr. E. Lemare

Danse Macabre Saint-Saëns (arr. E. Lemare)

The original text of *Danse Macabre*:

Zig, zig, zig, Death in cadence,
Striking a tomb with his heel,
Death at midnight plays a dance-tune,
Zig, zig, zag, on his violin.
The winter wind blows, and the night is dark;
Moans are heard in the linden trees.
White skeletons pass through the gloom,
Running and leaping in their shrouds.
Zig, zig, zig, each one is frisking,
You can hear the cracking of the bones of the
dancers.
A lustful couple sits on the moss
So as to taste long lost delights.
Zig zig, zig, Death continues
The unending scraping on his instrument.
A veil has fallen! The dancer is naked.
Her partner grasps her amorously.
The lady, it's said, is a marchioness or baron-
ess
And her green gallant, a poor cartwright.
Horror! Look how she gives herself to him,
Like the rustic was a baron.
Zig, zig, zig. What a saraband!
They all hold hands and dance in circles.
Zig, zig, zag. You can see in the crowd
The king dancing among the peasants.
But hist! All of a sudden, they leave the dance,
They push forward, they fly; the cock has
crowed.
Oh what a beautiful night for the poor world!
Long live death and equality!