

# *Here, There, Everywhere*

(By F. D. R.)

A comparatively recent innovation at the Mohawk Institute has been the teaching of choral singing among the girls of the institution. A. G. Merriman, well known local musician and composer, is the instructor and within a short space of time he has achieved noteworthy results.

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So much is this the case that in Toronto to-day, the youthful choristers will be on the morning program of the Trustees' and Rate-payers' Department of the Ontario Educational Association, now holding an annual session in the Queen City, and in the afternoon they will also be heard by members of the music section. Still later they will sing at a gathering in Cody Hall, of United Empire Loyalists.

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This is a pretty big program for a first venture of the kind but all the indications portend a pronounced success.

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The writer was privileged to hear a final recital of the program before the participants started on their great adventure of a Toronto invasion and the numbers, without exception, were excellently rendered; in fact, the performance was remarkable in view of the short space of time in which preparation had taken place.

☆ ☆ ☆

Very fittingly, two of the selections consist of poems by E. Pauline Johnson, that very talented daughter of Chief G. H. M. Johnson of the Mohawk race. For them, Mr. Merriman has written most appropriate music.

One is "Ojistoh."

"I am Ojistoh, I am she, the wife  
Of him whose name breathes bravery and  
life

And courage to the tribe that calls him chief.  
I am Ojistoh, his white star, and he  
Is land, and lake and sky—and soul to me."

☆ ☆ ☆

The other is "The Birds' Lullaby."

"Sing to us cedars, the twilight is creeping  
With shadowy garments the wilderness  
through;

All day we have caroled and now would be  
sleeping,

So echo the anthems we warbled to you;

While we swing, swing

And your branches sing

And we drowse to your dreamy whispering."

☆ ☆ ☆

"Sing to us cedars; the night wind is sigh-

ing,

Is moving, is pleading, to hear your reply;

And here in your arms we are restfully lying,

And longing to dream to your soft lullaby,

While we swing, swing,

And your branches sing,

And we drowse to your dreamy whispering."

☆ ☆ ☆

"Sing to us cedars, your voice is so lowly,

Your breathing so fragrant, your branches

so strong;

Our little nest cradles are swaying so slowly

While zephyrs are breathing their slumber-

ous song.

And we swing, swing,

While your branches sing,

And we drowse to your dreamy whispering."

☆ ☆ ☆

"Ojistoh" was given with the tragic force

inspired by the subsequent story of the poem,

while "The Birds' Lullaby" lent itself to a

much more rhythmic treatment. Mr. Merri-

man in his score, has caught the spirit of the

delicate lines and the pupils have been most

apt in responding to a sympathetic interpre-

tation.

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The Indians, as a people, do not possess

any records of national or other tunes and

it has not been their habit, as in the case

of some other races, to naturally give vent

to their emotions in song. Instead they have

contented themselves with chants in con-

nection with various tribal ceremonies and

individual compositions are practically un-

known.

☆ ☆ ☆

Under the circumstances, Mr. Merriman

has done exceedingly well to achieve such

results in part singing.

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The members of the choir are: First—

Alva Chrysler, Olive Obediah, Maud Powless,

Queenable Gibson, Clara Garlow, Norma

John, Lenora Powless, Laura Davis, Eva Hill,

Sara Maracle, Hazel Gibson, Reta Martin,

Velma Powless, Florence Smith. Second—

Rosalie Burnham, Theresa Vanevery, Betty

Groat, Maud Hill, Margarite Martin, Molly

Johnson, Grace Staats, Audrey Hill, Emma

General, Myrtle Cutcut, Josephine Bresetto,

Florence John. Third—Clara Winnie, Phoebe

Clause, Georgina Porter, Edith Garlow, Wil-

ma Jamieson, Muriel Gibson, Luella Ander-

son, Maisie Powless, Geraldine Jamieson,

Edna Hill. Alice Monture, the accompanist,

is a very accomplished musician.

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The youngsters left early this morning for

their destination, accompanied by Mr. Mer-

riman and Miss Hardy and there cannot be

any doubt that they will give an excellent

account of themselves. In Toronto they will

be greeted by Rev. Horace Snell, Principal,

who is attending the O.E.A. sessions and

under whose auspices the innovation was in-

troduced.