



www.fvcband.org

UPCOMING EVENTS:

May 4 FVCB/C.Falls Community Choir Combined Concert
at FHS Aud. 7:30pm

The Flathead Valley Community Band is a non-profit organization that performs in a variety of different venues.

We provide free concerts throughout the valley and provide community service events like playing at veteran homes and nursing homes. If you or your organization is interested in sponsoring or making a donation to the band, please call 406-249-9835 or email:

info@fvcband.org



The
**Flathead Valley
Community Band**

presents their

Spring Concert

**March 16, 2016
Flathead High School
Auditorium**

Allen Slater – Director

Band Members

Flutes

Jenny Baber
Kaitlyn Davis
Haven Devereux
Jenny Krueger
Cathi Lai
Phyllis Snow
Lois Sturgis
Cannon Wyman

Oboes

Luci Yeats

Bassoon

Lindsay Greenstone

Clarinets

Kristi Adney
Don Ames
Bud Anderberg
Noreeta Anderberg
Lauren Davis
Maryruth Fallon
Kris Hursh
Deanne Lehner
Brigitte Schultz
Roberta Struck
Dinah Weimer

Bass Clarinet

Linda Sole

Saxophones

Eileen Alexander
Cris Jones Linden
James Mepham
Jack Miller
Ahti Mohala

French Horns

Beth Fruehan
Steve Holte
Linda McDevitt
Paul Sebesta

Trumpets

Michael Boreson
BJ Lupton
Bud Ridenour
Gerry Schultz
Dana Scranton
Paul Watson
Don West

Baritone

Lee Brooks
Doug Hetrick

Euphonium

Eli Judge
Frank Talley

Trombones

Jim Lehner
Caitlin Overland
Alex Sheppard
Wendell Tharpe
Ben VanDyke
Larry Visocan

Tubas

Ben Caudill
Russ Larson
Irv Milheim
Dave Wright

Percussion

Heidi Holmquist
Mary Lupton
Tyler Schenck
Betty Visocan

Program

- March "The Nine"Soichi Konagaya
- The Roman Carnival.....Hector Berloiz
Arr. V. F. Safranek
- Action Front!.....H. L. Blankenburg
- American Folk Rhapsody No. 3.....Clare Grundman
- March from Symphonic Metamorphosis.....Paul Hindemith
- Loch Lomond.....Frank Ticheli
- National Defense.....J. Bodewalt Lampe
- A Longford Legend.....Robert Sheldon
- I. Longford Legend
- II. Young Molly Bawn
- III. Killyburn Brae
- Mars Der Medici.....Johan Wichers
- Prairiesong.....Carl Strommen
- Disney At The Movies.....Arr. John Higgins



LONGFORD LEGEND
(A Collection of Irish Street Ballads)

I. A Longford Legend

Oh! 'Tis of a bold Major tale I'll relate,
Who possessed a fine house and a charming estate,
Who, when possible, always his pleasure would take
From morning till night in a boat on his lake.
So a steam-launch he bought from a neighbor peer,
And learnt how to start her, stoke her, and to steer;
But part of the craft he omitted to learn-
How to ease her, and to stop her, and to back her astern.

Well, one lovely spring morn from their moorings they cast,
The furnace alight and the steam in full blast.
As they cruised through the lake, oh! what pleasure was theirs!
What congratulations! what swagger! what airs!
"Evening's come, " says the major; "let's home for the night.
I'll pick up the mooring and make her all right;
Whilst you, my gay stoker, your wager to earn,
Just ease her, and stop her, and back her astern.

"Do what?" asked the stoker. "Why stop her, of course!"
"Faith! it's aisier stopping a runaway horse!
Just try it yourself!" The field officer swore!
But that was no use, - they were nearly ashore!
He swore at himself, at the boat, and the crew;
He cursed at the funnel, the boiler, and screw, -
But in vain! He was forced from his mooring to turn,
Shouting, "Ease her, and stop her, and back her astern".

It was clear that on the shore they that night would not dine,
So they drank up the brandy, the whisky, the wine,
They finished the stew and demolished the cake
As they steamed at full speed all the night round the lake.
Weeks passed; and with terror and famine oppressed,
One by one of that ill-fated crew sank to rest;
And grim death seized the Major before he could learn
How to ease her, and to stop her, and to back her astern.

And still round the lake there wild course they pursue,
While the ghost of the Major still swears at the crew,
And the ghosts of the crew still reply in this mode,
"Just ease her, and to stop her yourself and be blowed!"
Here's the moral: Imprimis, whene'er you're afloat,
Don't use haughty words to your crew on your boat;
And ere starting, oh! make this your deepest concern -
Learn to ease her, and to stop her, and to back her astern.

II. Young Molly Bawn

Come, all you young gallants that follow the gun,
Beware of late shooting at the setting sun;
For it's little you know of what happened of late
To young Molly asthoreen, whose beauty was great.

It happened one evening in a shower of hail,
This maid in a bower herself did conceal;
Her love being a-shooting, took her for a fawn;
He leveled his gun and he shot Molly Bawn.

And when he came to her and found it was she,
His limbs they grew feeble and his eyes could not see;
His heart it was broken with sorrow and grief;
And with eyes up to heaven he implored for relief.

He ran to his uncle with the gun in his hand,
Saying "Uncle, dear uncle, I'm not able to stand;
I shot my own true lover - alas! I'm undone
While she was in the shade by the setting sun.

"I rubbed her fair temples and found she was dead,
And a fountain of tears for my darling I shed;
And now I'll be forced by the laws of the land
For the killing of my darling my trial to stand."

III. Killyburn Brae

There was an ould man down Killyburn brae,
Right fol, right fol, titty fol lay.
There was an ould man down Killyburn brae,
Has a scolding ould wife for most of his day,
with a right fol da dol, titty fol lay.
Fol da-da dol, da dol da-da day.

One day as this man he walk'd out in the glen
Sure he met with the divil, says "How are you then?"
Says he, me ould man I have come for yer wife,
For I hear she's the plague an' torment of yer life.

So the divil he hoisted her up on his back,
An' hot-fut for hell with her then he did pack,
An' when at the finish they got to hell's gate,
Sure he threw her right down with a thump on her pate.

There were two little divils there playing at ball,
Whilst the one he was wee sure the other was small,

There were two other divils there tied up in chains,
An' she lifted her stick an' she scattered their brains,

So the divil he hoisted her up on his back,
They were seven years goin'--nine days comin' back,

Says he, me ould man here's yer wife safe an' well,
For the likes of herself we would not have in hell,

Now I've been a divil the most of me life,
But I ne'er was in hell till I met with yer wife,

So it's true that the women is worse than the men,
Right fol, right fol, titty fol lay.
So it's true that the women is worse than the men,
When they go down to hell they are thrown out again.
With a right fol da dol, titty fol lol,
Fol da-da dol, da dol da-da day.