

# UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

F. W. KELSEY, President    A. A. STANLEY, Director

## 1902 — CHORAL UNION SERIES — 1903 FOURTEENTH SEASON

### SECOND CONCERT

(No. CXII. Complete Series)

University Hall, Monday Evening, December 1, 1902  
At Eight O'clock

### SONG RECITAL

SARA ANDERSON, Soprano    JOSEPH BAERNSTEIN, Basso  
EMILY GILMORE, Accompanist

### PROGRAM

1. (a) "Abschied der Vogel" - - - - - Hildach  
(b) "Die Sperlinge" - - - - - Hildach  
      SARA ANDERSON and JOSEPH BAERNSTEIN
2. "In diesen Heil'gen Hallen" - - - - - Mozart  
      JOSEPH BAERNSTEIN
3. (a) "Bois Epais" (Amadis, 1683) - - - - - Lully  
(b) "Pastorale" - - - - - Bizet  
(c) "Chanson du Tigre" (Paul et Virginia) - - - - - Masse  
      SARA ANDERSON
4. (a) "Der Doppelgaenger" - - - - - Schubert  
(b) "Wohin" - - - - - Schubert  
(c) "Tragoedie" - - - - - Schumann  
(d) "Das Kraut Vergessenheit" - - - - - Hildach  
      JOSEPH BAERNSTEIN
5. (a) "Mein Herze thut mir gar zu weh" - - - - - Jadassohn  
(b) "Im Volkston" - - - - - Jadassohn  
      SARA ANDERSON and JOSEPH BAERNSTEIN
6. "Elsa's Dream" (Lohengrin) - - - - - Wagner  
      SARA ANDERSON
7. (a) "Mohac's Field" - - - - - Korbay  
(b) "When I was a Page" - - - - - Verdi  
(c) "Quick, we have but a Second" - - - - - Stanford  
(d) "I am a Roamer Bold" (Son and Stranger) - - - - - Mendelssohn  
      JOSEPH BAERNSTEIN
8. (a) "Proposal" - - - - - Adele Lewing  
(b) "The Violet" - - - - - Helen Hood  
(c) "Love Song" - - - - - Blazejewicz  
      SARA ANDERSON
9. (a) "Kein Feuer, Keine Kohle" - - - - - Meyer-Helmund  
(b) "Ein Zwiegesang" - - - - - Meyer-Helmund  
      SARA ANDERSON and JOSEPH BAERNSTEIN

Steinway Pianoforte used.

The next Concert in the Choral Union Series will be a Violoncello Recital  
by Elsa Ruegger, January 23, 1903



(a) **Passage-birds farewell.**

TRANSLATION BY MRS. JOHN P. MORGAN.

Farewell thou rocky hollow and lovely wood  
    revier,

The falling leaves we follow,  
We wander forth from here,  
Dream, in quiet dream abiding;  
The mountains watch in might,  
The stars still o'er thee gliding  
The long, long winter night.

And tho' all faded lying,  
Are valley, hill and plain,  
Spring! springtime will soon be nighing  
And all shall bloom again.

(b) **The Sparrows.**

TRANSLATION BY MRS. JOHN P. MORGAN.

Cottage overgrown and olden,  
Country churl, farewell, I go!  
Sunlight glows and from the eaves all golden  
Droppeth, merrily the snow,  
So soon, the snow!  
All yon fence we gaily cover,  
Whet our beaks in merry chore!  
O'er the hedges high we hover,  
Fill the trees before the door,  
Sporting we, all swiftly thronging,  
With our war cry forth we soar,  
For his love, each striving, longing,  
For the winter now is o'er.

**To Scenes of Peace Retiring.**

*Air from "The Magic Flute."*

TRANSLATION.

Within this sacred dwelling revenge no refuge finds,  
Where joy each bosom swelling, and love to duty binds.  
Thus, lead by friendship's guiding hand  
In peace we reach the better land.  
These holy walls around us confine but willing hearts;  
Releas'd from cares that bind us, we fear no trait'rous arts.  
Nor mortal harb'ring thought unkind  
Within these walls can refuge find.

(a) **Woods so Dense.**

TRANSLATION BY THEODORE BAKER.

Woods so dense, thy darkness doth woo me;  
Thou canst not be too dim and gloomy,  
Nor canst too well conceal mine ill-requited love.  
I feel a dire despair in whose torment I perish,  
Her I shall see ne'er whom I cherish,  
In dread I shun the light above.

(b) **Pastorale.**

One day in the spring,  
When the meadows were green,  
Did Colin thus sing,  
To console him I ween:—  
"Grant me this, Tra la la,  
Sweetest maid, Tra la la,  
Let me take a sweet kiss!"

While her gay laugh did ring,  
She this answer did make:  
"While thus you do sing  
A sweet kiss would you take?  
Colin, no, Tra la la,  
Colin, no, Tra la la,  
While you sing like this  
Would you take a sweet kiss?  
Not one kiss will I take as I live  
But that kiss will I give."

(c) **Song of a Tiger.**

In the darksome forest, low in ambush  
    crouching,  
The tiger is hid, the tiger is hid!  
Fiercely round him spying; still as death  
    he's lying  
In wait for his prey, in wait for his prey.  
The day is declining, the night draws near,  
O fly, ere he seize thee, O fly, ere he seize thee,  
    Away! Away! O fly Away!

Sweet gazelle, too timid, to the desert dreary  
Oh haste to return, Oh haste to return!  
Wait not till the morrow, else, with fruitless  
    sorrow  
Thou'lt rue the delay, thou'lt rue the delay.  
The day is declining, the night draws near!  
O fly, ere he seize thee, O fly, ere he seize thee.  
    Away! Away! O fly Away!

(a) **The Shadow,**

Still is the night, the streets are deserted,  
'Twas here that my sweetheart dwelt in  
days of yore!  
'Tis long ago that she departed,  
Yet there stands the house where it stood  
before.  
And there, gazing up, a man, too, is stand-  
ing,  
Who wrings his hands in woe uncon-  
troll'd  
I shudder to see my face desponding,  
In moonlight you my own form behold!  
Thou ghastly fellow!  
My sorrowful double,  
Why play this doleful pantomine?  
Rehearsing still my woeful trouble  
On many a night in bygone time.

(d) **Forgetfulness.**

TRANSLATION BY MRS. MORGAN.

Once on a time my mother said:  
There yonder on the mountain,  
That cloud cap'd at its stately head  
In mist its base enshrouded,  
There grows a plant: Forgetfulness,  
There blooming in the hollows!

O that I knew the pathway there,  
Three weary days I'd wander,  
And I would break its darksome leaves,  
And steep'd in wine would drink them,  
That I might thee forget again.

Forget thy false, thy false vows plighted,  
Forget thine eyes, that O so oft  
Of love to me have spoken,  
Forget thy sweet red mouth,  
That mine a thousand times hath kissed.

(b) **Whither.**

I heard a streamlet gushing  
From out its rocky bed,  
Far down the valley rushing,  
So fresh and clear it sped.

I knew not why I pondered,  
Nor whence the thought did flow,  
E'en as it hastens downward  
With my staff I too must go.

Still onward but ever downward  
And ever still the stream,  
Which with refreshing murmur  
More bright and clear did gleam.

Must this then be my pathway?  
O streamlet, tell me where,  
Thou hast with thy sweet murmur  
Bewildered quite my mind.

Why speak I of a murmur?  
No murmur can it be  
The Nixies they are singing  
'Neath thy waves their melody.

Cease singing, my friends, cease murmuring  
And blightly wander near,  
I hear the sound of millwheels  
In every streamlet clear.

(c) **Tragedy.**

TRANSLATION BY J. B.

Oh, fly with me and be my bride  
And we will roam on distant strand;  
Upon my loving breast abide  
My heart shall be thy fatherland.

And if thou wilt not with me fly  
My heart will break and I must die.  
And though thou stayest in thy home  
Without my love thou art alone.

(a) **My Weary Heart Gives Too  
Much Pain.**

TRANSLATION BY ISABELLA G. PARKER.

My weary heart gives too much pain,  
While here in grief I must remain,  
My grief cannot be told  
When once I thee behold,  
I cannot from thee sever,  
I'll part from thee no more.

(b) **Folksong.**

TRANSLATION BY ISABELLA G. PARKER.

O I must write a letter, my lover is gone,  
He begged me so fondly for only one.  
When we were together, so merry and gay,  
We never of writing had thought, but today  
What help is a pen, ink and paper to me!  
Thou knowest, my true heart is ever with  
thee.

### Elsa's Dream.

Oft when the hours were lonely, I unto Heav'n have pray'd  
One boon I ask'd for only, to send the orphans aid;  
I pray'd in tears and sorrow, with heavy heart and sore,  
Hoping a brighter morrow yet for us was in store.  
Afar my words were wafted, I dreamt not help was nigh,  
But one on high vouchsaf'd it, while I in sleep did lie.  
I saw in splendour shining, a Knight of glorious mien,  
On me his eyes inclining with tranquil gaze serene;  
A horn of gold beside him, he leant upon his sword,  
His words so slow and tender brought life renew'd to me,  
My guardian, my defender, thou shalt my champion be!

### Mohac's Field.

Had a horse, a finer no one ever saw,  
But the sheriff sold him in the name of law.  
E'en a stirrup cup the rascal would not  
yield.  
But no matter, more was lost at Mohac's  
field.

Had a farm house, but they burnt it to the  
ground,  
Don't know even where the spot could now  
be found.  
In the country's roll 'tis safe inscrib'd  
and seal'd.  
But no matter, more was lost at Mohac's  
field.

Had a sweetheart, mourn'd her loss  
long years and years:  
Thought her dead, and every day  
gave her my tears;  
Now I find her 'neath another's roof  
and shield.  
But no matter, more was lost at  
Mohac's field.

The defeat of the Hungarian army of 25,000 men by 200,000 Turks at Mohacs, on the 29th of August, 1526, was one of the greatest disasters in the history of the nation. The proverb—the refrain of this song—is still in constant use among the people.

### (b) When I was a Page to the Duke of Norfolk.

(FROM FALSTAFF.)

When I was page to the Duke of Norfolk's  
Grace,  
Slender of figure and comely of face,  
Buoyant and light as a feather or shadow I  
hovered in space;

Those were my gladdest, gayest times,  
forsooth,  
May days and hey-days of my lusty  
youth.  
I was so lithesome and supple and nimble  
That I could have squeezed myself into a  
thimble.

(c) **Quick, We Have but a Second.**

*Old Air "Paddy O'Snap."*

Quick, we have but a second,  
Fill round the cup while you may;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd  
And we must away, away!  
Grasp the pleasure that's flying  
For oh! not Orpheus' strain  
Could keep sweet hours from dying,  
Oh charm them to life again!  
Then, quick, we have but a second,  
Fill round the cup while you may;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!

See the glass and how it flushes,  
Like some young Hebe's lip,  
And half meets thine, and blushes  
That thou should'st delay to sip.  
Shame, oh! shame unto thee,  
If e'er thou see'st that day  
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,  
And turn untouched away  
Then quick! we have but a second,  
Fill round, fill round, while you may;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!

(d) **I am a Roamer Bold.**

I am a roamer bold and gay  
Who through the world have danced my  
way!  
From Poland to the Irish sea,  
Do I know all and all know me.

The tarantelle, with French vielle,  
The minuets, with castanets;  
The rigadon, the Arab tune,  
The polka hop, the new galoppe,  
I know them all from A to Z,  
And by my heels can save my head.

I am the man whate'er they play,  
Can put you in the proper way,  
Where every clown among ye all  
Would stumble o'er his leg and fall.

You know not yet the pirouette.  
Nor Scottish reel with toe and heel.  
For a quadrille you have no skill.  
A bear could do a valse like you,  
But pity I am to come and show  
And teach you rustics all I know.

Thank the good stars who you to teach  
Have put a master in your reach—  
What profits arm, or leg, or span,  
Save one can use them like a man?

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(a) **Proposal.**

TRANSLATION BY EVA VON BLOMBERG.

The violet loves a sunny bank,  
The cowslip loves the lea;  
The scarlet creeper loves the elm  
But I love thee! But I love thee!

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,  
The stars they kiss the sea  
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,  
But I kiss thee! I kiss thee!

The oriole weds his mottled mate,  
The lily's the bride of the bee;  
Heaven's marriage ring is around the earth,  
Shall I wed thee? Shall I wed thee?

(b) **The Violet.**

A violet grew up unknown,  
Repining in a meadow lone,  
A lovely little flower.  
There came a youthful shepherdess,  
With tripping step and flowing tress  
And sang, and sang, along the verdant  
meadow.

Ah! thinks the violet, would I were  
'Mong flowers, fairest of the fair,  
A little, little while.  
Till me the maid had plucked, caressed,  
And to her snow-white bosom pressed,  
E'en but one short, one fleeting hour.

The maiden came, but oh, alas!  
Saw not the violet in the grass,  
She crushed the gentle flower!  
Then dying sang it as she went,  
What tho' I die, I die content,  
For 'tis thro' her, 'tis at her feet I'm dying.

(c) **Love Song.**

When shadows fall, the pale moons beam  
Within my bower doth softly stream  
And archly it peeps in every nook  
And longingly for love doth look.  
Then loudly re-echoes through the hall  
The ancient clock's incessant call.  
A yearning sigh thy footsteps start,  
I long to clasp thee to my throbbing heart.

And as you enter through the door,  
The stars effulgent light outpour

And through the soft, illumined space  
I see thy pale, beloved face.  
Then care I not how fast the night  
Speeds on to meet the morning light.  
I long sweet kisses to impart,  
I long to clasp thee to my throbbing heart.  
But once to look into thy face,  
But once to feel thy sweetest fond embrace  
Within thy arms once to know thy kiss  
I fain would dream in endless bliss  
Oh fair enchantment, lovely dream.

(a) **"No Furnace, No Fire."**

No furnace, no fire so hotly can glow,  
As that secret love, of which no one doth  
know!

And the rose, and the carnation,  
Of our gardens the pride,  
Their beauties are all unheeded,  
When thou art by my side!

In my heart set thou a mirror.  
And then shalt thou see  
How truly, how fondly  
It is beating for thee!

(b) **A Musical Dialogue.**

*He*—Sweetheart, open thy window,  
And let me in, I pray;  
I am thy faithful shepherd,  
O send me not away.

*She*—Firmly I've closed my lattice,  
And thou must hence away,  
Back to thy flock, fond shepherd,  
For vainly thou troll'st thy lay.

*He*—By moonlight I would kiss thee,  
By yon silv'ry ray.

*She*—My friend, once more I tell thee,  
I only kiss by day.

