

HILL AUDITORIUM - ANN ARBOR, MICH.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 18, 1919

AT 8 O'CLOCK

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

F. W. KELSEY, PRESIDENT

A. A. STANLEY, DIRECTOR

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1919-1920

FORTY-FIRST SEASON

FIRST CONCERT

No. CCCXXX COMPLETE SERIES

GERALDINE FARRAR

ROSITA RENARD

ARTHUR HACKETT

CLAUDE GOTTHELF, ACCOMPANIST

DIRECTION, C. A. ELLIS
80 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON

PROGRAMME.

- | | | |
|----|--|----------------------|
| 1. | Adelaïde | Beethoven |
| | Mr. HACKETT | |
| 2. | Etude No. 5, Op. 10 } | Chopin |
| | Nocturne } | Saint-Saëns |
| | Toccata | |
| | Miss RENARD | |
| 3. | My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair | Haydn |
| | In the Meadow | Rubinstein |
| | Legend | Tschaikowsky |
| | In the Silent Night | Rachmaninoff |
| | The Snowdrop | Gretchaninoff |
| | Miss FARRAR | |
| 4. | Tes Yeux! | René Rabey |
| | La Procession | César Franck |
| | Mandoline | Gabriel Fauré |
| | Nocturne | César Franck |
| | Dansons la Gigue | Poldowski |
| | Mr. HACKETT | |
| 5. | Mariage des Roses | Franck |
| | Au Printemps | Gounod |
| | Si j'étais Jardinier | Chaminade |
| | Ouvre Tes Yeux Bleus (by request) | Massenet |
| | Miss FARRAR | |
| 6. | Etude de Concert | Liszt |
| | Blue Danube Waltz | Strauss-Schulz-Evler |
| | Miss RENARD | |
| 7. | Dream Tryst | Cadman |
| | Fair House of Joy | Quilter |
| | Sea Lyric | George C. Vieh |
| | O Cool is the Valley Now | Louis Koemmenich |
| | The Eagle | Emil J. Polak |
| | Mr. HACKETT | |
| 8. | Aria, "Un Bel Di" (Madama Butterfly) | Puccini |
| | Miss FARRAR | |

Steinway Piano Used

ADELAÏDE BEETHOVEN

Lonely wanders thy friend in Spring's green garden,
Mildly streameth the magic light around him,
As thro' trembling, flow'ry branches it quivers,
Adelaïde!
In the mirror-like stream, in Alpine snow-fields,
In the clouds' golden glow when day declineth,
In the star-fields of heaven gleams thine image,
Adelaïde!
Evening winds in the tender leaves are whisp'ring,
Silv'ry May-bells amid the cool grass rustling,
Brooks are murm'ring and nightingales are trilling:
Adelaïde!
Soon, O wonder! upon my grave behold it—
Springs a blossom from out my heart's cold ashes!
Clearly shining on ev'ry purple petal,
Adelaïde!

MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR HAYDN

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribands rare
And lace my bodice blue.
For why, she cries, sit still and weep
While others dance and play?
Alas, I scarce can go or creep
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love are near.
I sit upon this mossy stone
And sigh when none can hear.
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead
Now Lubin is away.

IN THE MEADOW RUBINSTEIN

'Twas in a meadow by the way
Where on the hay I slumbered;
A gentle dream upbore me, where
Float angel hosts unnumbered.
I wakened, and with sigh profound
Looked sadly, vainly all around,
A minstrel came that way along
And sang a song so ringing!
And thro' the trees passed like a gleam
While still his tones were ringing.
Ah! they were those, which from my dream
Still to my soul were clinging!

When Jesus was a little child
 He made a garden in the wild!
 There grew a rose-bush 'neath his care,
 Yielding a garland for his hair.
 It blossomed full upon one day
 When careless children came that way;
 They tore the rose-bush from its bed,
 Stripped all its leaves and blossoms red.
 "How wilt Thou bind thy garland fair?"
 Their taunting voices filled the air.
 "Leave but for me the naked thorn,"
 The Christ replied, yet without scorn.
 Then of the thorns all sharp and bare,
 They bound a garland o'er his hair.
 See where 'tis red as roses now,
 Great drops of blood bedew his brow!

IN THE SILENT NIGHT RACHMANINOFF

Oh, in the silent night
 I see your vision nearing,
 With your caressing voice,
 Your artful smile, smile endearing,
 Your hair that I was wont to stroke,
 Your hair in flowing strands of black.
 How oft I bid you go,
 How oft I called you back!
 The phrases of the past
 Anew I try to fashion,
 I whisper and recall
 The words that voiced our passion!
 Wild and despairing
 I summon past delight,
 With your beloved name,
 I wake the silent night!

THE SNOWDROP GRETCHANINOFF

Where under the birches
 A snow cover lies,
 A tiny white snowdrop
 Had opened its eyes;
 With feet green and tiny
 It pushed through the snow,
 White and shiny,
 And then reaching upward
 And stretching with all its wee might,
 It greeted the light.

 "How blue is the sky,
 And a bird I hear sing,
 Oh, say is it true,
 Is it spring?"

Tes yeux, tes jolis yeux aux longs regards si doux,
Versent dans ma pensée les baisers de ton âme.
Tes yeux, tes jolis yeux aux longs regards de flamme,
Font brûler dans mon cœur le bonheur des jaloux.

Il calment aussitôt jusqu' aux moindres courroux :
C'est l'oubli des peines, par eux, vite adoucies ;
C'est le soleil d'amour aux clartés infinies,
Tes yeux, tresors chéris que j'adore a genoux.

Tes yeux, tes jolis yeux aux longs regards si doux,
Versent dans ma pensée les baisers de ton âme.
Tes yeux, tes jolis yeux aux longs regards de flamme,
Sont l'âme de ma vie qui n'est rien sans vous.

Your eyes, your lovely eyes with glances deep and true,
They touch my spirit like your soul's embrace ;
Those lovely eyes, the flames that light your face,
Have kindled in my heart delirious bliss anew.
They calm my anger like a gentle dew,
They heal my pain, all sorrow put to flight,
They glow, the sun of love, with endless light—
Those eyes that, kneeling, I adore and woo.
Your eyes, your lovely eyes, with glances deep and true,
They touch my spirit like your soul's embrace ;
Those lovely eyes, the flames that light your face,
Give soul unto my life—for all my life is you.

Dieu s'avance à travers les champs !
Par les landes, les prés, les verts taillis de hêtres,
Il vient, suivi du peuple et porté par les prêtres :
Aux cantiques de l'homme, oiseaux, mêlez vos chants !
On s'arrête. La foule autour d'un chêne antique
S'incline en adorant, sous l'ostensoir mystique :
Soleil ! darde sur lui tes longs rayons couchants !
Aux cantiques de l'homme, oiseaux, mêlez vos chants !
Vous, fleurs, avec l'encens exhalez votre arôme !
O fête ! tout reluit, tout prie et tout embaume !

God is moving the fields along !
O'er the meadow, and the moors, green beechen woodlands rifted.
He comes by hosts attended by the priests high uplifted ;
Oh ye birds, add your carols to man's adoring song !
It is ended. The throng about an oak assembling
In solemn awe incline. Before the mystery trembling,
Oh Sun ! pour down thy rays upon this hallowed shrine !
Oh ye birds, add your carols to man's adoring song !
Fair flowers, your breath combine with the incense upwelling !
Oh splendor ! as is light, and prayer and praise high swelling !

Les donneurs de sérénades et les belles écouteuses
 Echantent des propos fades, sous les ramures chanteuses.
 C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
 Et c'est Damis qui, pour mainte cruelle, fit maint vers tendre.
 Leurs courtes vestes de soie, leurs longues robes à queues,
 Leur élégance, leur joie et leurs molles ombres bleues
 Tourbillonnent dans l'extase d'une lune rose et grise,
 Et la mandoline jase parmi les frissons de brise.

Gay cavaliers serenading,
 Ladies with languorous ease,
 Prattle, as twilight is fading,
 Beneath the murmuring trees.
 They are Tircis, Aminte by name,
 Clitandre and Damis, the slender,
 Who for many a cruel dame,
 Sang verses most tender.
 Ah, jaunty silk vests and lace,
 Long robes of delicate sheen,
 And elegance, gaiety, grace!
 Their nimble blue shadows are seen
 Rioting lightly and quaintly;
 The moon is a rapturous rose,
 And the mandolin tinkles faintly
 When the quivering night-wind blows.
 Gay cavaliers serenading,
 Ladies with languorous ease,
 Prattle, as twilight is fading,
 Beneath the murmuring trees.

O fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,
 Mystère sans obscurité,
 La vie est noire et dévorante,
 Donne-moi ta placidité.

Night transparent, fragrant night,
 Deep, but lucid mystery,
 Dreary life consumes me quite—
 Give me thy tranquillity.

O belle nuit, nuit étoilée
 Vers moi tes regards sont baisés,
 Eclaire mon âme troublée
 Mets ton sourire en mes pensées.

Lovely night, oh starry night,
 I can feel thy gaze like balm,
 Fill my troubled soul with light
 And my thoughts with thy sweet
 calm.

O sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
 Pleine de paix et de douceur,
 Mon cœur bouillonne comme une urne,
 Fais le silence dans mon cœur.

Sacred night and taciturn,
 Full of gentleness and rest,
 My wild heart must throb and
 burn—

O grande nuit, nuit solennelle,
 En qui tout est délicieux,
 Prends mon être entier sous ton aile,
 Verse le sommeil en mes yeux.

Pour thy peace into my breast.

Solemn night, enveloping
 Earth with beauty of the skies,
 Let me rest beneath thy wing,
 Shed kind sleep upon my eyes.

Dansons la gigue!
J'aimais surtout ses jolis yeux, plus clairs que l'étoile des cieux,
J'aimais ses yeux malicieux.
Dansons la gigue!
Elle avait des façons vraiment de désoler un pauvre amant
Que c'en était—vraiment-charmant!
Mais je trouve encor meilleur le baiser de sa bouche en fleur
Depuis qu'elle est morte à mon cœur.
Dansons la gigue!
Je me souviens, des heures et des entretiens,
Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens.
Dansons la gigue!

Come, dance the jig. I loved beyond all her pretty eyes, brighter than the stars of heaven. I loved her mischievous eyes. She had ways of teasing a poor lover that were always charming. Better still was the kiss of her flower-sweet lips. Since to my heart she is dead, I remember our hours together, our talks—and that is my clearest possession. Come, dance the jig.

Mignonne, sais-tu comment s'épousent
 les roses?
 Ah, leur hymen est charmant!
 Quelles tendres choses
 Elles disent en fermant
 Leurs poupières closes!
 Elles disent, "Aimons-nous,
 Si courte est la vie!
 Ayons le baiser plus doux,
 L'âme plus ravie,
 Pendant que l'homme à genoux
 Doute, espère, ou prie,
 Oh, mes sœurs, embrassons-nous,
 Si courte est la vie!"
 Crois-moi, Mignonne, crois-moi
 Aimons-nous comme elles.
 Vois le printemps vient à toi!
 Et des hirondelles!
 Aimer est l'unique loi
 A leurs nids fidèles,
 Oh, ma reine, suis ton roi,
 Aimons-nous comme elles;
 Excepté d'avoir aimé,
 Qu'est-il donc sur terre?
 Votre horizon est fermé,
 Ombre, nuit, mystère!
 Un seul phare est allumé,
 L'amour nous éclaire,
 Excepté d'avoir aimé,
 Qu'est-il donc sur terre?

My love, dost know the way
 That roses are married?
 'Tis like the daintiest play:
 Like the daintiest play:
 Sweetest dreams are shared;
 Kisses light to eyelids stray
 By soft breezes carried!
 My love, dost know the way
 That roses are married?

"Let us love!" is what they say,
 "Ah, brief our existence!
 Let us kiss, while kiss we may,
 And make no resistance!
 While upon their knees men pray
 To hope-beck'ning distance,
 Oh, my sisters, kiss to-day;
 Too brief our existence!"

Dear Heart! in faith to me cling,
 And love like the flowers!
 To thee returns joyous Spring,
 Joyous spring, dear, returns,
 And the swallows' hours
 Glow with love as home they wing
 To their nesting bowers.
 Oh my Queen, heed thy King!
 Let their love be ours!

Is there any joy we know
 Like Love's full confiding?
 Your horizon shrinks its bow,
 Night's mystery hiding.
 One bright light sends forth its glow:
 'Tis love that's abiding!
 Is there any joy we know
 Like Love's full confiding?

AU PRINTEMPS GOUNOD

Le printemps chasse les hivers
 Et sourit dans les arbres verts,
 Sous la feuille nouvelle
 Passent des bruits d'aile.
 Viens, suivons les sentiers ombreux
 On s'égarent les amoureux,
 Le printemps nous appelle
 Viens, soyons heureux!
 Vois, le soleil étincelle
 Et sa clarte qui ruisselle,
 Me semble encore plus belle,
 Dans tes beaux yeux!
 Que ta voix chante et se mêle
 A l'harmonie éternelle
 Je crois entendre en elle
 Chanter les cieux.

Lo, the lightfooted Spring has come
 And the woods all winter dumb
 Now are tuneful with carol and twit-
 ter
 And birdling's flutter.
 Let us wander by mossy brake,
 Let us pause by the dimpled lake,
 Where all smileth for thy dear sake,
 O let us fly.

Bright is the glance that the sun
 throws,
 Brighter still my heart that knows
 Fairest light, that gloweth
 In thy fond eye.

See where the lark is soaring,
 Melodies sweet outpouring,
 Then let our song adoring
 Ascend on high.

SI J'ÉTAIS JARDINIER CHAMINADE

Si j'étais jardinier des cieux
 Je te cueillerais des étoiles!
 Quels joyaux raviraient tes yeux,
 Si j'étais jardinier des cieux!
 Dans la nuit pâle
 Sous ses voiles
 Ton éclat serait radieux!
 Si j'étais jardinier des cieux
 Je te cueillerais des étoiles!
 Si j'étais jardinier d'amour,
 Je te cueillerais des caresses,
 Je te fêterais tout le jour,
 Si j'étais jardinier d'amour!
 En leurs inédites tendresses
 Mes bouquets te feraient la cour!
 Si j'étais jardinier d'amour
 Je te cueillerais des caresses!
 Mais mon jardin n'est que chansons,
 Et tu peux y cueillir toi-même,
 Dieu pour les nids fit les buissons
 Et mon jardin n'est que chansons,
 Viens-tu rêver si ton cœur m'aime,
 Et mon cœur aura des frissons!
 Mais mon jardin n'est que chansons,
 Et tu peux y cueillir toi-même!

Were I gard'ner of the skies,
 Many a star for thee I'd gather!
 What gay gems should entrance thine
 eyes,
 Were I gard'ner of the skies!
 When the pale night sinks o'er the
 heather,
 Glorious should thy radiance rise,
 Were I gard'ner of the skies,
 Many a star for thee I would
 gather!

Were I gard'ner of Love to-day,
 I would gather thee caresses,
 Gaily whiling the hours away,
 Were I gard'ner of Love to-day!
 With their tender, mute addresses
 Court to thee my flowers should
 pay;
 Were I gard'ner of Love to-day,
 I would gather thee caresses!

But only songs my garden bears,
 And thou thyself mayst come to
 gather,
 The bushes God for nests prepares;
 And only songs my garden bears.
 Is mine thine heart, to dream come
 hither,
 For my heart thy rapture shares,
 But only songs my garden bears,
 And thou thyself mayst come to
 gather.

OUVRE TES YEUX BLEUS MASSENET

Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma mignonne,
Voici le jour!
Déjà la fauvette fredonne
Un chant d'amour.
L'aurore épanouit la rose,
Viens avec moi,
Cueillir la marguerite éclore;
Réveille-toi!
A quoi bon contempler la terre
Et sa beauté?
L'amour est un plus doux mystère
Qu'un jour d'été!
C'est en moi que l'oiseau module
Un chant d'amour,
Et le grand soleil qui nous brûle,
Est dans mon cœur!

Open thou, my love, thy blue eyes;
For it is day.
Joyously the lark in the skies,
Carols his lay.

Aurora woos the blushing rose:
Come hie with me
To where the modest daisy grows;
Awaken thee! Awaken thee!

Open thou, my love, thy blue eyes;
For it is day.
Why should we look on all around
In bright array?

For love's a myst'ry more profound
Than summer day;
To my lips, tender songs of love
In rapture start,
And the sun that's glowing above,
Is in my heart!

Sometimes at eve my fingers loiter long
O'er some old tune we used to sing together.
Oh, you are far away—too far for song,
But still your voice floats in like spirit feather.
So close, so close you whisper to my ear,
"While we have memories, I shall be here."

Sometimes at morn I wake remembering
The willow grove all green with April weather.
Ah, you are far away,—as far as Spring,
Yet all night long we roamed the grove together.
So close, so close you whispered to my heart,
"While we have dreams, we shall not be apart."

FAIR HOUSE OF JOY QUILTER

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

SEA LYRIC GEORGE CLIFFORD VIEH

Over the seas to-night, love,
Over the darksome deeps,
Over the seas to-night, love,
Slowly my vessel creeps.
Over the seas to-night, love,
Waking the sleeping foam,

Sailing away from thee, love,
Sailing from thee and home.
Over the seas to-night, love,
Dreaming beneath the spars,
Till in my dreams you shine, love,
Bright as the list'ning stars.

O COOL IS THE VALLEY NOW KOEMMENICH

O cool is the valley now
And there, love, will we go.
For many a choir is singing now
Where Love did sometime go.
And hear you not the thrushes calling,
Calling us away?
O cool and pleasant is the valley,
And there, love, will we stay.

THE EAGLE EMIL J. POLAK

He clasps the crag with hooked hands:
Close to the Sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

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