

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

CHARLES A. SINK, PRESIDENT

EARL V. MOORE, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Ninth Concert

1929-1930

Complete Series 1804

Fifty-First Annual
Choral Union Concert Series

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

ELISABETH RETHBERG, *Soprano*
VIOLA PETERS, *at the Piano*

Wednesday Evening, February 12, 1930, at 8:15

PROGRAM

ARIA, "Deh vieni, non tardar" from "Marriage of Figaro".....	Mozart
HALLELUJAH	Mozart
À CHLORIS	Reynaldo Hahn
LE PAPILLON	Fourdrain
ARIA, "Jewel Song" from "Faust".....	Gounod
O KUEHLER WALD.....	Brahms
BOTSCHAFT	Brahms
AUF FLUEGELN DES GESANGES.....	Mendelssohn
GRETCHEN AM SPINNRAD.....	Schubert

INTERMISSION

PHILLIS HAS SUCH CHARMING GRACES.....	Old English
BY A LONELY FOREST PATHWAY.....	Griffes
AN OLD SONG.....	Annabel Buchanan
A SPRING FANCY.....	Densmore
ARIA, "Vissi d'arte" from "Tosca".....	Puccini

Concert Management: Evans & Salter

Victor Records

Steinway Piano

A R S L O N G A V I T A B R E V I S

ARIA, "Deh vieni, non tardar"
 from "Marriage of Figaro" . . . *Mozart*
 Ah, why so long delay? speed, speed
 thee hither!
 While you're away, all nature seems to
 wither.
 Tho' bright the moon, and bright the
 stars are glowing,
 Deeper around the wood its shade is
 throwing.
 In ev'ry gentle murmur of the river,
 In the rustling reeds that near it quiver,
 A voice to love invites, the bosom filling
 With love alone, all other passions
 stilling;
 Come then, my dearest,—the hours are
 quickly flying!
 Come, my dearest, come, then, my
 dearest;
 Let me with roses bind now your head,
 Let me now with roses bind your head,
 Let me with roses bind now your head.

HALLELUJAH *Mozart*
 Hallelujah: A paean of rejoicing.

A CHLORIS *Reynaldo Hahn*
 S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
 mais j'entends que tu m'aimes bien,
 je ne crois pas que les rois mêmes
 ont un bonheur pareil au mien;
 que les dieux seraient importunes
 de venir changer la fortune
 de la félicité des cieux:
 tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
 ne touche point la fantaisie
 au prix des graces de tes yeux.

LE PAPILLON *Fourdrain*
 Gay, golden butterfly, flying about so
 delicately and carefree, how like my
 little sweetheart are you! She, also
 frivolous and light-hearted, chats with
 me now. But, ah, when spring comes,
 she, forgetting all our vows of love,
 will flutter away to someone else!

ARIA, "Jewel Song" from
 "Faust" *Gounod*
 Oh, heaven! what jewels!
 Can I be dreaming?
 Or am I really awake?
 Ne'er have I seen such costly things
 before!
 I should just like to see
 How they'd look upon me
 Those brightly sparkling ear-drops!
 Ah! at the bottom of the casket is a
 glass;
 I there can see myself!
 But am I not becoming vain?
 Ah! I laugh, as I pass, to look into a
 glass;
 Is it truly Marguerite, then?
 Is it you?

Tell me true!
 No, no, no, 'tis not you!
 No, no, that bright face there reflected
 Must belong to a queen!
 It reflects some fair queen, whom I greet
 as I pass her.
 Ah! could he see me now,
 Here, deck'd like this, I vow,
 He surely would mistake me,
 And for noble lady take me!
 I'll try on the rest—
 The necklace and the bracelets
 I fain would try!
 Heavens! 'Tis like a hand
 That on mine arm doth rest!
 Ah! I laugh, as I pass, to look into a
 glass;
 Is it truly Marguerite, then?
 Is it you?
 Tell me true!
 No, no, no 'tis not you!
 No, no, that bright face there reflected
 Must belong to a queen!
 It reflects some fair queen, whom I
 greet as I pass her.
 Ah! could he see me now,
 Here, deck'd like this, I vow,
 He surely would mistake me,
 And for noble lady take me!

O KUEHLER WALD *Brahms*
 O forest cool, where soughest thou
 To mark my dear one's way?
 O echo soft, where dost thou list
 To understand my lay?
 Deep in my heart the forest soughs,
 To mark my dear one's way,
 In sorrow sleeps the echo soft
 For vanished is my lay.

BOTSCHAFT *Brahms*
 Breeze, thy kindly breath impresses
 Her soft cheek, and thy caresses
 Play right gently with her tresses.
 Hurry not so soon away.

If mayhap she seek thy mission,
 How 'tis with this outcast faring,
 Say—Right deep was his despairing,
 Most forlorn was his condition,
 But since thou, sweet one, doth deign
 Thus to think of him again,
 He will live yet many a day.

AUF FLUEGELN DES
 GESANGES *Mendelssohn*
 On songs like pinions ranges
 My airy flight with thee.
 Hence, to the banks of the Ganges
 My loved one, oh come with me!
 A garden we'll seek that's perfuming
 The tranquil midnight air.
 The lotus flowers brightly blooming
 Await a sister there.

Each violet peeps from its dwelling,
To gaze at the bright stars above.
Roses each other are telling
Wild legends of fairy and love.
The tumbling leaves scarcely brushing
Gazelles pause to list to each word.
While in the distance rushing
The sacred stream is heard.

Beneath the tall palm-trees sinking
There we'll gently rest,
From love's pure fountain drinking
We'll dream the dreams of the blessed.

GRETCHEN AM SPINNRAD
..... *Franz Schubert*

Gretchen sitting at the spinning wheel
sings of her long love, how she cannot
live separated from her beloved. She
recalls his smile, his splendid figure, his
beautiful eyes, his magic words and
fervent kiss. She is ready to give her
all and she knows that she cannot hold
him forever. Therefore, she wishes him
to be once more near her, that she may
breathe her last in his arms. Without
hope, in despair, she continues to spin
and sings of her lost peace of mind and
her great sadness.

PHILLIS HAS SUCH CHARM-
ING GRACES *Old English*

Phyllis has such charming grace, beauty
triumphs in her eye;
If not for me her caresses, I must love
her though I die.
Phyllis has such charming graces, for her
smile I pine and sigh.
Lovely Phyllis, thou fair destroyer, ease
my troubled, lovesick mind,
Smile upon a hopeless lover, cease to
charm or else be kind.
Phyllis has such charming graces, I must
love her though I die.
I must love her though I die.

BY A LONELY FOREST PATH-
WAY *Charles T. Griffes*

By a lonely forest pathway I am fain at
eve to flee
To the dreary rushy beaches, Dearest,
there to dream of thee!
And I watch the woods grow darker,
Hear the reeds' mysterious sighs,
Hear them whisp'ring and complaining,
Till my tears, my tears arise.
And I fancy 'tis the accents
Of thy voice that round me play,
Till the music of thy singing
On the waters dies away.

AN OLD SONG
..... *Annabel Morris Buchanan*

Low blowing winds from out a mid-
nights sky,
The falling embers and a kettle's croon—
These three, but oh what sweeter
lullaby
Ever awoke beneath the winter's moon.
We know of none the sweeter, you and I,
And oft we've heard together that old
tune—
Low blowing winds from out a midnight
sky,
The falling embers and a kettle's croon.

A SPRING FANCY *Densmore*

Spring-time, and sunshine,
And blossom-time again;
Bud-time and bird-time,
And April rain.
Daffodils, violets,
And blue bird's feather.
Sun and shower, cloudy hour,
And fitful weather.
Lassies and laddies dancing in a ring,
Hearts are gay,
Hear them say, "Tra-la-la-la,
'Tis spring!"
Fairy dancing, heart entrancing,
All the world's a-Maying!
Voices singing, bells are ringing,
All the world's a-playing!
Blossoms fair, perfumed air,
Love birds coo.
'Tis the Maytime!
'Tis the playtime,
Hearts are gay!
Laugh and say,
"Tra la, 'tis spring!"

ARIA, "Vissi D'Arte" from
"Tosca" *Puccini*

Love and music, these have I lived for,
nor ever have harmed a living being.
The poor and distressful, times without
number, by stealth I have succoured.
Ever a fervent believer, my humble
prayers have been offered up sincerely
to the saints; ever a fervent believer,
on the altar flowers I've laid.
In this, my hour of sorrow and bitter
tribulation, oh! Heavenly Father, why
dost Thou forsake me?
Jewels I gave to bedeck Our Lady's
mantle;
I gave my songs to the starry hosts in
tribute to their brightness.
In this, my hour of grief and bitter trib-
ulation, why, Heavenly Father, why
hast Thou forsaken me?

FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL SERIES

Choral Union Concerts

Maintained by the University Musical Society

1929-1930

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN



SCHEDULE

Mar. 10—Detroit Symphony Orchestra,
Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Conductor

May 14-17—Thirty-seventh Annual May Festival

Wednesday	8:15
Thursday	8:15
Friday	2:30
Friday	8:15
Saturday	2:30
Saturday	8:15



ORGAN RECITALS

The Wednesday afternoon organ recitals will be given throughout the school year, beginning at 4:15 and lasting about one hour. The majority of the recitals are played by Mr. Christian, though from time to time guest organists are invited to appear.

All students, and all interested members of the community with the exception of small children, are cordially invited to attend.