

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

CHARLES A. SINK, PRESIDENT

EARL V. MOORE, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Tenth Concert

1936-1937

Complete Series 2409

Fifty-eighth Annual  
Choral Union Concert Series

MARIAN ANDERSON, *Contralto*

Kosti Vehanen at the Piano

MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1937, AT 8:15  
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

Begrüssung . . . . . HÄNDEL

Son, see the tears streaming down the cheeks of your aged father. Long after I have been in the grave, your name and glory will fill the world.

Chio mai vi possa . . . . . HÄNDEL

I hope I shall never cease loving you, believe me dear eyes. Nor that I will ever in jest betray you—No! No! You have been and are my inspiration and you will always be, dear eyes, my ardent fire—as long as I live.

Siciliana . . . . . HÄNDEL

If I give thee honor due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew!

Let me wander, not unseen,  
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
Where the plowman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale,  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Ah Spietato (Armadigi) . . . . . HÄNDEL

Oh, how cruelly you make me suffer;  
Are you not moved by the sincere love  
Which fills my heart, for you alone.

Liebesbotschaft . . . . . SCHUBERT

Murmuring brooklet, so silv'ry and clear,  
Soon will thou see her, the lovely and dear,  
Then, little brooklet, convey thou my tale,  
Soft as the greeting of balmiest gale,  
Tended are all the sweet flow'rs that she bare,  
Lovingly nursed, in her bosom fair,  
All her pet roses with purple tints gleam;  
Brooklet refresh them with thy limpid stream.  
When she reclines on thy moss covered side,  
Thinking kind thoughts in her beauty's pride,  
Glance kindly at her, and tell her from me,  
How I am longing her dear face to see,  
When sinks the sun with his ruddiest glow,  
Bathing in rosemist the world below,  
Rock her to sleep, and thy faith to prove,  
Whisper, if only one dream of love.

Ave Maria . . . . . SCHUBERT

This is the prayer of Ellen in Scott's "Lady of the Lake" for which Schubert wrote one of his most beautiful settings.

*The Steinway Piano and the Skinner Organ are the official concert  
instruments of the University Musical Society*

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

Der Tod und das Mädchen . . . . . SCHUBERT

THE MAIDEN:

Pass onward, O pass onward  
Wild man with barren bone!  
I'm a forlorn maiden  
Go, leave the young alone!

DEATH:

Give me thy hand, O fair young child  
A friend I come, and not to chasten,  
Be of good cheer, I am not wild,  
Come then, and to these fond arms hasten!

Die Forelle . . . . . SCHUBERT

A bonny little trout is swimming in a clear and sunny stream: but on the shore stands a fisherman trying hard the fishes to entangle. If clear the water stays, the wretch will never capture my bonny little trout. Then the bushbody, afraid to lose his prey, made the water muddy and caught the fish so sweet.

Allmacht . . . . . SCHUBERT

Great is Jehovah, the Lord.  
The earth and the heavens bear witness to his might  
'Tis heard in the wild raging storm,  
In the tempest's loud thundering roar,  
Great is Jehovah, the Lord.

Aria: O Don Fatale (Don Carlos) . . . . . VERDI

The jealousy of the Princess Eboli has brought about disastrous results and Don Carlos is sentenced to die. In this aria she bewails her own beauty and vanity which have made her betray the Queen and Carlos. She determines to hide in a lone cloister, then realizing that one day is left in which she might save Carlos, she determines to try, even though she must make great sacrifices.

INTERMISSION

Die Fusswaschung . . . . . KILPINEN

I thank you silent stones, earth and plants, and kneel to you in reverence. You have helped me to become myself.

Schilfrohr, Säus'le . . . . . SIBELIUS

Reeds, reeds, murmur; waves, waves, break!  
Pray tell me where young Ingabil may be,  
Where I may find her!  
She cried like a wounded wild duck as she found  
her grave in the lake last spring.  
Envious of her were the folks of Ostanalid, envious  
of her land, her wealth, her precious love.  
Thorns might have pierced her eyes, so bitter was her grief.  
Then sigh ye murmuring reeds, and break ye mournful waves!

Die Libelle . . . . . SIBELIUS

Beautiful dragon fly, you came fluttering toward me, you saw my longing, you brought into my heart the bright sunlight of summer. You came and all my yearning and sorrow departed. My joy was linked with you; and I rejoiced because you were mine. I wanted to give my thanks to life, kneeling in song. Then you flew away to the place from which you came. You turned to the light, I to the shadow. Fly lightly, fly into the blue, thou blessed one that once was mine.

War es ein Traum . . . . . SIBELIUS

Was it a dream that once I was your love? The memory of a wild rose you gave me, your tender glance, your farewell tear. Was it a dream? Oit in the night I hear a tear-filled voice whispering "Cherish this memory deep in your heart, it was your sweetest dream."

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

City Called Heaven . . . . . HALL JOHNSON

Lord, I can't stay away . . . . . ROLAND HAYES

Crucifixion . . . . . JOHN PAYNE

My Soul's been anchored in the Lord . . . . . FLORENCE PRICE