

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

CHARLES A. SINK, PRESIDENT

THOR JOHNSON, CONDUCTOR

First Concert

1940-1941

Complete Series 2806

Sixty-second Annual
Choral Union Concert Series

MARIAN ANDERSON, *Contralto*

FRANZ RUPP, *Accompanist*

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23, 1940, AT 8:30
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

Tutta raccolta }
Der flöte weich gefühl } HANDEL
A Bruno vestiti CARISSIMI

Die Rose }
Auf dem Wasser zu singen } SCHUBERT
Der Doppelgänger }
Erkönig }

Casta Diva, from "Norma" BELLINI

INTERMISSION

Cantilena }
Pastorale } VEHANEN
Amuri, Amuri SADERO
Songs to the Dark Virgin PRICE

Negro Spirituals:
Sinner, Please Doan' Let Dis Harves' Pass } Arr. by BURLEIGH
The Gospel Train }
Tramping Arr. by BOATNER
Dere's No Hidin' Place Down Dere Arr. by BROWN

NOTE: Marian Anderson has been heard in the Choral Union and May Festival Series on previous occasions as follows: March 29, 1937, May 11, 1938, and May 12, 1939.

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

PROGRAM NOTES

Tutta raccolta HANDEL

Hear me, ye winds and waves! Your help proud Caesar craves! Bring to my aching breast peace and eternal rest. No hope in heaven above, and torn from all I love. Despair now holds me forsaken and undone, I pray for Death alone!

Der flöte weich gefühl HANDEL

The flute's soft mood, whispering at the side of the grave with dying and quivering tones reveals love's unhappy longing.

A Bruno vestiti CARISSIMI

No, no, don't hope, Hope is dead,
Weep, O my thoughts . . . Dressed in mourning, and deep sorrow.
O betrayed desires, Leave my heart.
The joys of love are fleeting, deceiving and light.

Die Rose SCHUBERT

There whisper'd balmy breezes,
Warmly with tender wooing,
But glowing sunbeams follow'd
'Twas they were my undoing.
How long I might have bloom'd here
In mild and tranquil weather;
Now early I must wither,
Lose light and life together.
There came the ruddy dawning,
That all my being ravish'd,
It op'd, the fragrant chalice,
And ev'ry charm I lavish'd;

And from the fresh young morning
Fresh joy I thought to borrow:
It was too hot at noontide,
'Twas then I met my sorrow.
Ah, why so mild the evening
Now that I here must languish?
No longer can it save me,
Nor still my bitter anguish.
My blushes all are faded,
Gone is my crown of glory;
Of my young life in dying,
I fain would tell the story.

Auf dem Wasser zu singen SCHUBERT

On the dazzling, twinkling waves of the lake
The rocking canoe glides like a swan;
Ah, and so the soul glides along
On the softly glittering waves of joy;
And down from the sky on the waves
The glow of the sunset dances round.

Over the trees of the grove to the west
A reddish glory winks, friendly to us.
Under the branches of the grove to the east
The reeds whisper a mystery tinted in red;
And the soul, with the glow of the sunset
Drinks the joy of the sky and the peace of
the grove.

Ah, it seems that o'er the rocking waves
Time itself vanishes on dewy wings.
Time tomorrow will fly away on those wings
As it did yesterday . . . as it does today,
Until the time comes when on radiant wings
I, myself, will escape the change of time.

Der Doppelgänger SCHUBERT

The night is still. The streets are sleeping . . .
She once lived in yonder house;
Though long ago she left the city,
The house still stands in that same place.
Who is that man? He looks aloft;
I shudder when I see his face;

The moonlight shows me my own features.
Thou wraith, thou pallid fellow!
Why dost thou ape the pains of love
That tortured me in these surroundings
Through many nights in olden times?

Erlkönig SCHUBERT

Who rides there so late through night so wild?
A loving father with his young child
Has clasped his boy close with his fond arm,
And closer—closer, to keep him warm.
"Dear son, what makes thy sweet face grow so
white?"
"See father, 'tis the Erl King in sight!
The Erl King stands there with crown and
shroud!"
"Dear son, it is some misty cloud."
"Thou dearest boy, wilt come with me?
And many games I'll play with thee;
Where varied blossoms grow on the wold,
And my mother hath many a robe of gold."
"Dear father, my father, say, did'st thou not
hear
The Erl King whispers so low in my ear?"
"Be tranquil, then, my child;
Among withered leaves the wind bloweth wild."
"Wilt come, proud boy, wilt thou come with me?"

Where my beauteous daughter doth wait for
thee?
With my daughter thou'll join in the dances
every night;
She'll lull thee with sweet songs to give thee
delight."
"Dear father, my father, can'st thou not trace
The Erl King's daughter in yon dark place?"
"Dear son, dear son, the form you there see
Is only the hollow gray willow tree."
"I love thee well, with me thou shalt ride on
my course,
And if thou'rt unwilling I seize thee by force!"
"O father, my father! thy child closer clasp,
Erl King has seized me with icy grasp!"
His father shuddered, his face grew more wild,
He held to his bosom his poor swooning child.
He reached that house with toil and dread,
But in his arms, lo! his child lay dead.

Casta Diva, from "Norma" BELLINI

Chaste goddess, who silvers those sacred ancient plants
Turn to us thy fair countenance without cloud or veil,
Temper the ardent hearts,
Temper their audacious zeal
Spread thou over the earth
The peace that thou makest reign in the sky

INTERMISSION

Cantilena VEHANEN

Somewhere buried deep in forest stillness Silently two streams are flowing, One the stream of Life, and one of Death. Stars and shadows drowse there; Lead me through darkness, To yon blue source Where I may drink of wisdom, And of faith. There I would kneel with life That has so often wounded me, And tryst with beauty, truth, (Text by Kosti Vehanen. English version by André Tellier)	And happiness again; And find Love, Who has so long forgotten me, Wash the dust of Earth From off my eyes In Love's own tears. Give me your peace, Oh, spring of Death, Truth new create. Far shining faith, Open heaven's gate.
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Pastorale VEHANEN

Tenderly, tenderly slumbers the leaf, Curling itself on the quivering sheaf, Dews and the stars and the best of the moon Weaving and blending together a rune Tenderly, tenderly: (Text by André Tellier)	Out of the wind floats a dream-drowsy song, Lone in the silence in travels along Fainter and fainter it sounds on the steep, Shepherd-boy calling his lambkins to sleep Tenderly, tenderly.
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Amuri, Amuri SADERO

A Sicilian carter walks at the side of his horse and, full of grief, thinks of what love has made of him, while he is saying now and then to his horse, "Trot along, old man, we are driving home."

Songs to the Dark Virgin PRICE

Would that I were a jewel A shattered jewel That all my shining brilliants Might fall at thy feet Thou dark one.	Would that I were a garment A shimmering, silken garment That all my folds Might wrap about thy body, absorb thy body Hold and hide thy body Thou dark one.
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Would that I were a flame
 But one sharp, leaping flame
 To annihilate thy body
 Thou dark one.
 (Text by Langston Hughes)

Negro Spirituals:

Sinner, Please Doan' Let Dis Harves' Pass Arr. by BURLEIGH

Sinner, please doan' let dis harves' pass; An' die an' lose yo' soul at last! My God is a mighty man of war, Sinner, please doan' let dis harves' pass.	I know that my Redeemer lives, Sinner, please doan' let dis harves' pass;
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The Gospel Train Arr. by BURLEIGH

De Gospel train am a'comin', I hear it just at han', I hear de carwheels rumblin', An' rollin' thro' de lan', Den git on bo'd lit'l' children, Git on bo'd lit'l' children, Dere's room for many a mo'.	I hear de train a-comin', She's comin' 'roun' de curve, She's loosen'd all her steam an' brakes An' strainin' ev'ry nerve. Den git on bo'd lit'l' children, Git on bo'd lit'l' children, Dere's room for many a mo'.
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De fare is cheap an' all can go,
 De rich an' poor are dere—
 No second class abo'd dis train,
 No diff'rence in de fare.
 Den git on bo'd lit'l' children,
 Git on bo'd lit'l' children,
 Dere's room for many a mo'.

Tramping Arr. by BOATNER

I'm tramping, trying to make heaven my home.
I've never been to heaven, but I've been told
That the streets up there are paved with gold.
I'm tramping, trying to make heaven my home.

Dere's No Hidin' Place Down Dere Arr. by BROWN

Dere's no hidin' place down dere, Oh I went to de rock to hide my face, De rock cried out, "No hidin' place." Dere's no hidin' place down dere.	Oh de rock cried, "I'm burning too." Oh de rock cried out, "I'm burning too. I want to go to Heaven as well as you." Dere's no hidin' place down dere.
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Oh de sinner man, he gambled and fell,
 Oh de sinner man, he gambled and fell
 He wanted to go to Heaven but he had to go to
 Dere's no hidin' place down dere.

Choral Union Concerts

HILL AUDITORIUM

8:30 P.M. (except Sunday, November 24)

- RUDOLF SERKIN, *Pianist* Thursday, November 7
- DON COSSACK CHORUS Monday, November 18
SERGE JAROFF, *Conductor*
- NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
JOHN BARBIROLLI, *Conductor* Sunday, November 24, 3:00 P.M.
(International broadcast over facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System)
- RICHARD BONELLI, *Baritone* Tuesday, December 3
- BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA Wednesday, December 11
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*
- VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, *Pianist* Wednesday, January 15
- MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA Tuesday, January 28
DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, *Conductor*
- BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET Thursday, February 20
- GEORGES ENESCO, *Violinist* Tuesday, March 4

The UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY announces a Chamber Music Festival of three concerts to be given by:

THE MUSICAL ART QUARTET

SASCHA JACOBSEN, *First Violin* WILLIAM HYMANSON, *Viola*
PAUL BERNARD, *Second Violin* MARIA ROEMAET-ROSANOFF, *Violoncello*

The concerts will be given Friday evening, Saturday afternoon, and Saturday evening, January 24 and January 25, 1941, in the Main Auditorium of the Rackham Building. Information concerning tickets, programs, etc., will be announced at a later date.

The FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL (six concerts) will take place May 7, 8, 9, 10, 1941. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Saul Caston, Associate Conductor; The University Choral Union, Thor Johnson, Conductor; The Young Peoples' Chorus, Juva Higbee, Conductor; and an imposing list of soloists, both vocal and instrumental, will participate.

"MESSIAH" by Handel will be given Wednesday evening, December 18. The following will participate: Thelma von Eisenhauer, Soprano; Joan Peebles, Contralto; William Hain, Tenor; Richard Hale, Bass; The University Choral Union; The University Symphony Orchestra; Thor Johnson, Conductor.

NOTICES: The right is reserved to make such changes in the dates and artists announced as necessity may require. While wide and prompt publicity is given to dates thus changed, to avoid inconvenience it is suggested that, so far as possible, out-of-town guests confirm the dates in advance.