

1964

Eighty-sixth Season

1965

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Charles A. Sink, President

Gail W. Rector, Executive Director

Lester McCoy, Conductor

Special Presentation

Complete Series 3469

The Farewell Concert Tour

of

MARIAN ANDERSON

Contralto

FRANZ RUPP at the Piano

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1965, AT 8:30

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

Tutta raccolta ancor G. F. HANDEL

Hear me, Ye winds and waves! And torn from all I love,
Your help proud Caesar craves! Despair now holds me!
Bring to my aching breast Forsaken and undone
Peace and eternal rest! I pray for Death alone.
No hope in Heav'n above,

Chio mai vi possa G. F. HANDEL

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.

The Spirit's Song JOSEPH HAYDN

Sombre in mood, the Spirit's Song is the message of a
departed love to the sorrowing lover.

My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair JOSEPH HAYDN

My mother bids me bind my hair with bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare and lace my bodice blue.
For why, she cries, sit still and weep, when 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 where 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.

Suleika FRANZ SCHUBERT

I envy you your humid wings, oh western wind,
For you can tell him how I suffer, now we are parted!
Your pinions' motion wakes silent longing in my bosom.
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills dissolve in tears at your breath,
Yet your mild and balmy blowing cools my burning eyelids.
Oh! I would die of anguish could I not hope to see him!
So haste to my love, murmur softly to his heart,
Yet do not grieve him, but hide my sorrow.
Tell him, modestly, that his love is my life,
That if I am with him, two will rejoice.

NOTE—The University Musical Society has presented Miss Anderson
on nine previous occasions since 1937.

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

Liebesbotschaft FRANZ SCHUBERT
Murmuring brook, hasten to my beloved. Take her
my greetings and bring her sweet dreams as she sleeps.

Der Doppelgänger FRANZ SCHUBERT
The night is still. The streets are sleeping . . .
She used to live 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?

Der Erlkönig FRANZ 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 grey 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 hath 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.

Nocturne SAMUEL BARBER

The Negro Speaks of Rivers HOWARD SWANSON

The Ploughboy Arr. by BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind ROGER QUILTER

INTERMISSION

Negro Spirituals

Let us Break Bread Together Arr. by WILLIAM LAWRENCE

O What a Beautiful City Arr. by EDWARD BOATNER

Hear de Lam's A-Cryin' Arr. by LAWRENCE BROWN

Ride on King Jesus Arr. by H. T. BURLEIGH

Done Foun' my Los' Sheep Arr. by ROSAMUND JOHNSON

Lord I Can't Stay Away Arr. by ROLAND HAYES

Le's Have a Union Arr. by HALL JOHNSON

He's Got the Whole World in His Hands Arr. by HAMILTON FORREST