

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel.

SONG RECITAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10.

8:00 O'CLOCK.

Program.

1. DUET from "Giannina e Bernadone," - - - - - CIMAROSA
- Oh rapture, oh joy,
To the woods to repair:
All my cares to alloy,
By a breath of fresh air.
Oh pleasure unending,
Through the woods to be wending.
- A life of delight
Leads the soldier gay:
What a glorious sight.
Troops in battle array!
The trumpets play
And loud drums bray.
Tarapata, tarapata.
- Amid these flowers,
Whence perfumes flow,
My aching heart
Some peace doth know,
Oh! how I love rude war's alarms,
And clashing arms to joy me move.
- MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL
2. SACRED SONG—"Wait thou still" (1630), - - - - - T. W. FRANCK
- Wait thou still: 'tis not in vain,
For the Lord He makes provision,
He will chase all scorn and pain,
Be it honor or derision—
All is ordered by His will.
Wait thou still.
- Wait thou still; the sun's bright ray
Soon upon thee may be shining,
Still in peace pursue thy way,
Cease from weeping and repining,
Think 'tis all our Father's will.
Wait thou still.
- b. SERENATA from "Agrippina," - - - - - HAENDEL
- Beloved, come!
The stars are bright,
Love's sweet delight
Awaits us, come!
- c. ARIA from "Almira," - - - - - HAENDEL
- Hope whispers in my ear:
The longed-for goal is near,
Thou, fortune, if it be thy will, [still!
Can'st make me happy, linger with me
- MR. HENSCHEL
3. a. CANZONET—"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 ribbons 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 were 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.

b. SONG—"Nymphs and Shepherds,"

Nymphs and shepherds come away, come away;
Nymphs and shepherds come away, come away;
Come, come, come, come away.
In this grove, in this grove, let's sport and play,
Let's sport and play, let's sport and play,
For this, this is Flora's holiday.

Sacred to ease and happy love,
To music, to dancing,
To music, to dancing and to poetry.
Your flocks may now, now, now, now, now, now,
Now, now, now securely rest,
Whilst you express, whilst you express your jollity.

c. SONG—"Where be going?"

"Where be going to, dear little maiden,
With your red rosy cheeks and your black curly hair?"
"I be going a-milking, kind little man," she said
"'Tis dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair."

"Shall I go with you, dear little maiden,
With your red rosy cheeks and your black curly hair?"

PURCELL

Nymphs and shepherds pipe and play, pipe and play,
Nymphs and shepherds pipe and play, pipe and play,
Pipe, pipe and play, and play.
Tune a song, tune a song, a festal lay,
A festal lay, a festal lay,
For this, this is Flora's holiday.

Lightly we tread o'er all the ground,
With music, with dancing,
With music, with dancing and with poetry.
Thus trip we round, trip we round, trip we round,
Trip we round with merry sound
And pass the day, and pass the day in jollity.

OLD CORNISH

"With all my heart, my kind little man," she said,
"'Tis dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair."

"Say, shall I wed you, dear little maiden,
With your red rosy cheeks and your black curly hair?"
"With that I agree, my kind little man," she said,
"'Tis dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair."

MRS. HENSCHEL

4. a. CANTATA—"Vittoria,"

Victorious my heart is
And tears are in vain,
For love now has broken
Its shackles in twain.

The false one is vanquish'd,
Her glances amuse me,
Deception no longer
With arts can confuse me.

No falsehood or sorrow
Oppress me with rigor,
The flame once so cruel
Has spent all its vigor.

Victorious my heart is, etc.

CARISSIMI

b. SONG—"Wohin,"

I heard a brooklet rushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Adown the valley rushing
So fresh and wond'rous clear.
I know not what came o'er me
Nor who the counsel gave,
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim stave,
Still downward and even farther
And ever the brook beside,
While ever fresher murmur'd
And clearer ran the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Oh! Brooklet, whether say?
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
My senses charmed away;
What do I call a murmur,
That can no murmur be?
The water Nymphs are singing
Their roundelays for me.
Oh! Let them sing and wander,
And blithely murmur near,
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear!

SCHUBERT

c. ROMANCE—"So willst du des Armen,"

Wilt deign to be near me,
Forever to cheer me?
This is not a dream?
The brooklets are flowing,
The greenwoods are glowing,
And murmurs the streams.
A prisoner taken,
In dungeon forsaken,
Now greets me the light.
The sunbeams are straying,
And gleaming and playing,
Rejoicing my sight.

And shall I enjoy, love,
Can no man destroy, love,
The prize of a day?
Bright visions are moving,
And living is loving.
Oh! welcome the way!
Now joyous, uncaring,
No further be faring,
With staff in thy hand.
Through wastes that surround it,
At last thou' hast found it,
The holiest land.

BRAHMS

MR. HENSCHEL

5. a. "Die Loreley,"

I know not whence comes the feeling
That I to sadness am so inclined;
A legend of days departed
I cannot chase from my mind.

The breeze comes soft, the day is fading,
And peaceful flows the Rhine;
The hill-tops all brightly gleaming
In evening sunlight shine.

And yonder sits a maiden
Of wondrous beauty rare;
With gold and with jewels sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

With comb of bright gold she combs it,
And sings with mournful sigh
A song of enchanting power,
A magic melody.

The boatman in frail bark gliding,
Bewilder'd by love's sweet pain,
He sees not the rocky ledges,
His eyes on the height remain.

The billows surrounding engulf him,
Both bark and boatman are gone!
This sorrow by charmed singing
The Loreley hath done.

LISZT

b. "Der Nussbaum,"

SCHUMANN

An almond tree grows beside a cot,
Tenderly the branches
O'ershadow that tranquil spot.

And countless fair blossoms are clustered there,
Op'ning their pearly leaflets
Unto the wooing air.

The branches are softly whispering now,
Playing, swaying, and kissing,
As bough entwines with bough.

They tell of a little maiden
With love-thoughts o'erladen,
She dreams night and day,
Now her thoughts could she say.

They whisper, but who may guess at what she may hear?
P'rhaps of a bridegroom, who'll come next year.

The maid still hears them;
The tree still sighs.
Longing, trusting, hoping—
Slumber doth close her eyes.

c. "Tausendschoen," Op. 56, No. 3,

HENSCHEL

And a bridge and a burn,
Through the woods must thou turn,
On the heights, by the pine,
There blooms Eglantine.

To the brook 't seems to say
"Take me with thee, I pray,"
Oh, so try, then, and see,
Down the vale run with me.

Down the vale run with me,
By the bridge soon thou'lt be,
There a house stands close by,
And a lad thou'lt espy.

By the house halt and stay,
For he longeth to say:
"Dearest Heart, do not fear,
Come, I'll plant thee just here."

MRS. HENSCHEL

6. DUET—"Oh that we two were Maying,"

HENSCHEL

Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze,
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees.

Oh! that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down.

Watching the white mist streaming
O'er river and mead and town.

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God.

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL

7. a. SONG—"Aufstehn" (Resurrection), Op. 57, No. 3,

HENSCHEL

Rise again, yea, rise again thou shalt,
My dust, from short repose;
Immortal liveth
The soul thy maker giveth!
Hallelujah!

Day of thanks, oh, day of tearful joy,
Thou, my Creator's day!
From my last slumber
Thou, who my days dost number,
Thou'lt wake me, Lord!

Like a dream of bliss it all will seem;
In place serene we pass
To endless gladness.
The weary pilgrim's sadness
Shall be no more.

Ah! into the holiest of lands
My Maker will lead me;
On high then living,
I'll praise Him with thanksgiving!
Hallelujah!

b. BALLAD, "The Ruined Mill,"

LOEWE

Alone, in rapt and silent mood,
The old Count rides into the wood;
He rides along o'er stone and thorn,
And at his side swing sword and horn.

Still darker grows the way, and wild,
As frowning rock on rock is piled,
When ruins of a mill appear -
But naught alive, or far or near.

In pieces lie the millstones all,
No mill-wheel drives the waterfall,
Thro' open roof the welkin peeps
O'er scattered rocks, and weeds in heaps.

One only settle can he see;
There seats himself the gloomy guest,
And folds his arms upon his breast;
His eyes they close unconsciously.

Then into life starts all around!
The works with thunder thump resound;
The water roars, the greenwood stirs,
With merry clack the mill-wheel whirs.

And see! how, in and out, the boys
Bear sacks thro' all the rush and noise,

And from the mill-race, erst so drear,
The miller greets with friendly cheer.

Now down the path flies, skipping light,
His pretty daughter, young and bright;
Her face—no sky more clear and fair,
Her braids go dancing in the air.

She meets the Count and proffers him
The sparkling glass of liquid gold;
Well feels he, as he felt of old,
His heart in love's young dream to swim.

And, blandly smiling on the lass,
He reaches forth to take the glass;
But, when he clutches it with haste,
'Tis only air to touch or taste!

All vanished now are glass and wine,
The miller and his daughter fine;
No mill-wheel goes, no water pours,
Only the wind thro' rafters roars.

Upon his coal-black steed again
He flings himself and rides amain!
Along the wood rides dumb and meek,
And shakes a tear-drop from his cheek.

c. BALLAD—"Henry the Fowler,"

LOEWE

Sire Henry spreads the fowler's snare
 With blithe and cheerful face:
 In thousand dewdrops gleam and glare
 Aurora's glowing rays.
 In forest, pasture, field and lea,
 All nature seems to hail— [glee,
 The quail's soft call, the lark's sweet
 The lonely nightingale.
 Sire Henry's full of happiness:
 "How is the world so gay!"
 He gazes to the sky, and says,
 "I'll have a catch to-day!"
 He listens sharp, and from his brow
 Brushes his golden locks: [now
 "Behold, what mean these horsemen
 Galloping near yon rocks?"
 The dust whirls up; the trampling steeds
 The sounds of arms draw near:

"Oh sure: this noise is all that needs
 To spoil my catch, I fear!"
 And now—what now? Before the Duke
 The troop halts unaware:
 Sire Henry asks, with mild rebuke,
 "Whom do ye seek? Declare!"
 They wave their flags with joyful song,
 And shout, "Whom else but thee?
 Long live our Emperor Henry, long,
 The star of Saxony!"
 And kneeling down before the Duke,
 They give him homage still,
 And answer to his wond'ring look,
 "'Tis German people's will!"
 There Henry gazes ardently
 To heaven, with the word:
 "A goodly catch thou gavest me,
 Thy will be done, O Lord!"

MR. HENSCHEL

8. a. SONG—"Midi au village,"

GORING THOMAS

Nul troupeau n'erre ni ne brouste,
 Le berger s'allonge à l'écart,
 La poussière dort sur les routes
 Le charretier sur le brancard,
 Un vent chaud traîne ses écharpes
 Sur les grands b'ê's lourds de sommeil.

Et les mouches se font des harpes
 Avec les rayons de soleil.
 C'est alors que de la fenêtre
 S'entendent tout en parlant bas,
 Plus libres qu'à minuit peut-être,
 Les amants qui ne dorment pas.

b. SONG—"Margoton,"

OLD FRENCH

Peggy with her pitcher
 To the spring did hie;
 Down she tumbled to the bottom,
 The well was nearly dry
 Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!
 Does little Peggy cry.
 The water in the well was low,
 And at the bottom she did lie;
 Three fine young fellows there
 By chance were passing by:
 Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!
 Does little Peggy cry.

Three fine young fellows there
 By chance were passing by:
 What, fair one, will you give?
 We'll draw you high and dry,
 Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!
 Does little Peggy cry.
 What, fair one, will you give
 To be drawn high and dry?
 The sweetest kiss I'll give,
 No golden coin have I,
 Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!
 Does little Peggy cry.

c. SONG—"Spring,"

HENSCHEL

Spring, sweet Spring,
 Is the year's pleasant King.
 Then blooms each thing;
 Then maids dance in a ring;
 Cold doth not sting.
 The pretty birds do sing
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,
 Jug, jug, jug, jug, pu-we,
 To witta-woo!

The palm and May,
 Make country houses gay.
 Lambs frisk and play,
 The shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear, aye,
 Birds tune their merry lay,
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,
 Jug, jug, jug, jug, pu-we,
 To witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet,
 The daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet,
 Old wives a-sunning sit,
 In ev'ry street
 These tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,
 Jug, jug, jug, jug, pu-we,
 To witta-woo!

MRS. HENSCHEL

9. DUET from "De Nouveau Seigneur de Village,"

BOIELDIEU

Frontin—I will stay in this place,
 Then you will have no fear.
Babet— If you stay in that place,
 Then I shall have no fear.
Frontin—How charming she is, and what grace!
Babet— You're quite too kind, dear sir.
Frontin—Assuredly I ne'er before
 Saw prettier woman to adore,
 But stay, never before my eye
 Did so many beauties espy.
Babet— Good sir!
 No more you keep your place,
 No more of Colin now you say.
Frontin—If I no more so keep my place,
 'Tis when with you I feel so gay.

Babet—Ah, my good sir,
 If in your place you'll stay,
 Then I shall know no fear.
Frontin—Very well, I will obey,
Babet! so, then, my dear,
 Colin to please you knew,
 Do you doubt to please he understood?
 Colin is so sweet, so good!
 His bearing's quite refined.
Babet— I like his air and spirit bold.
Frontin—I hear he's very kind.
Babet— Sir, quite rightly you've been told!
Frontin—No longer you now keep your place!
Babet— Because of Colin spoke your grace!

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL

Chickering Piano Used.