

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

F. W. KELSEY, President A. A. STANLEY, Director

1903—CHORAL UNION SERIES—1904

FIFTEENTH SEASON

FIRST CONCERT

(No. CXXI. Complete Series.)

University Hall, Friday Evening, November 6, 1903

At Eight O'clock

DAVID BISPHAM, Baritone

At the Piano, MR. HAROLD O. SMITH

PROGRAM

Nasce al Bosco (from "Ezio")	Händel
Caro mio ben (arr. by Papini)	Giordani
The Lass with the Delicate Air (arr. by "A. L.")	Dr. Arne

Adelaide	Beethoven
Ballade des Harfner's	Schumann
Minnelied	Brahms
The Monk	Meyerbeer

Heimliche Aufforderung	Richard Strauss
Ich trage meine Minne	
Allerseelen	
Caecilie	
Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst	Hugo Wolf
Auch kleine Dinge	
The Sands o' Dee (Kingsley)	Fred'k Clay
O that we two were maying (Kingsley)	Gounod
When Stars are in the Quiet Skies (Lytton)	Clarence Lucas
Eldorado (Poe)	
Killiekrankie (Burns)	H. H. Wetzler
Auf Wiedersehen, (Lowell)	Max Bendix
Pirate's Song (Stevenson)	H. F. Gilbert

At the Piano, MR. HAROLD O. SMITH

Steinway Piano Used

The next Concert in the Choral Union Series will be given by the Choral Union December 15, 1903, assisted by Miss Jennie Osborn, Soprano

Nasce al Bosco

Händel

RECI. — Mad is he who believes in thy favor—unstable Fortune—too much.

AIR:

Reared amid the rugged wildwood,
To a shepherd's happy childhood,
Yet has Fate my course directed;
Nations now before me bend!

While another, born to power,
Still is destined low to cower,
And by fortune fair rejected,
Toils, a master's herds to tend.

—D. B.

Caro mio ben (Dearest, believe)

Giordani

Dearest, believe when'er we part
Lonely I grieve in my sad heart;
Thy faithful slave, languishing, sighs.
Haste then and save him ere he dies.

The lass with the delicate air (arr. by "A. L.")

Dr. Arne

Young Molly, who lives at the foot of the
hill,
Whose fame every virgin with envy doth
fill,
Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
Men call her the lass with the delicate
air.

By a murmuring brook on a green mossy
bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair one was
laid;
Surpris'd and transported, I could not
forbear
With rapture to gaze on her delicate air.

One evening last May, as I travers'd the
grove,
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming
of love,
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I
declare,
And really she had a most delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my
suit,
But still the tormentor affects to be mute!
Then tell me, ye swains, who have con-
quer'd the fair,
How to win the dear lass with the deli-
cate air.

—Old English.

Adelaide,

Beethoven

Lonely wanders thy friend in the spring garden,
Softly bath'd in the lovely magic light
Which through quivering blowing branches trembles,
Adelaide!

In the mirroring flood, in the snow of the Alps,
In the golden clouds of the sinking day,
In the field of the planets beams thine image,
Adelaide!

Evening zephyrs in the tender foliage whisper,
Silver little May-bells murmur in the grass,
Waters gurgle and nightingales warble,
Adelaide!

Once, O wonder! upon my grave shall blossom
A flow'r from the ashes of my heart!
Clearly glitters on ev'ry purple leaflet
Adelaide!

—Matthisson

Ballad of the Harper

Schumann

“What notes are those without the wall,
Across the portal sounding?
Let's have the music in our hall,
Back from its roof resounding.”
So spoke the king, the henchman flies;
His answer heard, the monarch cries:
“Bring in that ancient minstrel.”

“Hail, gracious king, each noble knight!
Each lovely dame, I greet you!
What glittering stars salute my sight!
What heart unmoved may meet you!
Such lordly pomp is not for me,
Far other scenes my eyes must see;
Yet deign to list my harping.”

The singer turns him to his art,
A thrilling strain he raises;
Each warrior hears with glowing heart,
And on his loved one gazes.
The king who liked his playing well,
Commands, for such a kindly spell,
A golden chain be given him.

“The golden chain give not to me;
The boldest knight may wear it,
Who cross'd the battle's purple sea
On lion-breast may bear it;
Or let it be the chancellor's prize,
Amid his heaps to feast his eyes,
Its yellow glance will please him.”

“I sing but as the linnet sings
That on the green bough dwelleth;
A rich reward his music brings
As from his throat it swelleth:
Yet might I ask, I'd ask of thine
One sparkling draught of purest wine,
To drink it here before you.”

He viewed the wine, he quaffed it up:
“O draught of sweetest savior!
O happy house where such a cup
Is thought a little favour!
If well you fare remember me,
And thank kind Heaven, from envy free,
As now for this I thank you.”

—*Fr. Thos. Carlyle*

Minnelied (Love Song)

Brahms

When my radiant one is nigh,
When she roams the meadows,
Sweeter carols sound on high
'Mid the woodland shadows.

When she culls the buds of May—
Then are fair the bowers;
Where her tender footsteps stray
Brighter bloom the flowers.

Without the world is dead,
I can find no pleasure;
Every joy for me is fled
If without my treasure.

Oh, my heart's delight and Queen
Be thou ever near me,
Grant me still these joys serene,
In my heart I'll wear thee.

—*Holty*

The Monk

Meyerbeer

O Father of mercy behold me in sadness
My throbbing heart refuseth all control;
Avaunt thee, foul demon, thou driv'st me to madness;
Begone! begone! nor tempt my wavering soul.
Fond thoughts of love against my oath rebelling,
Like inward fire my feverish brain consume;
Such grievous pain within my bosom swelling,
Soon will consign me to an early tomb.

Holy Father, be near me,
I pray this Thy dear Son to Thee,
And in mercy deign to hear me,
Yet, O Lord, Thy will be done.

O fatal day when to the cross I bound me!
Why did my lips repeat the hateful spell!
O fatal vow that wove this chain around me,
Away, away! fond nature doth rebel.

In pity then relieve my bosom's anguish,
And break, O break this weary galling chain,
Restore me to the joys for which I languish,
Hear me, O Father, when to Thee I complain.

Holy Father, be near me, etc,

Away, away, with the chains that bind me,
Oh, give me life, the world and liberty!
From the torrents of joy which surround me
Let me drink to my heart's desire!
Now earthly love casts its spell around me,
Come to me pleasure, my pulses fire!
Hither, ye nymphs, in your arms I'll expire.
Give me song, give me life, give me love.
To me, to me, to me!
Ah, I am accursed!!

Holy Father, be near me, etc.

—From the French of M. C. Pacini

Heimliche Erforderung (The Lover's Pledge) *Richard Strauss*

Up! lift now the sparkling gold cup to the lip and drink!
And leave not a drop in the goblet filled full to the brink,
And as thou dost pledge me, let thine eyes rest on me,
Then I will respond to thy smile and gaze all silent on thee,

Then let thine eyes bright wander around,
O'er the comrades gay and merry,
Oh do not despise their love;

Nay! lift up the sparkling gold goblet and join the sway,
Let them rejoice and be happy this festive day.

—John Bernhoff

Ich trage meine Minne (To none will I my love discover) *Richard Strauss*

To none will I my love e'er discover,
Nay, I'll hide it in my heart of hearts
always,
Rejoice that I found thee, darling, my
heart's delight,
Thou art my thought in daytime,
Thou art my dream at night!

And dark tho' the sky and clouded,
And jet black the night,
Bright as the sun,
My love shall shed golden soft light.
The world its heavy burden of sin and woe
Must hide its face from thine,
Sweet, thou art as pure as snow.

Allerseelen (All Soul's Day) *Richard Strauss*

Place at my side the purple glowing heather,
The year's last roses, ere they fade away;
And let us sit and whisper, love, together,
As once in May.

Give me thy hand and let me press it fondly,
Nor heed lest others see, nor what they say,
And gaze on me, love, as thou wert wont to fondly,
In life's sweet May.

While every grave's aglow with autumn roses,
Come to me, sweet, on this appointed day,
And as thy head upon my breast reposes,
We'll dream of May.

—John Bernhoff

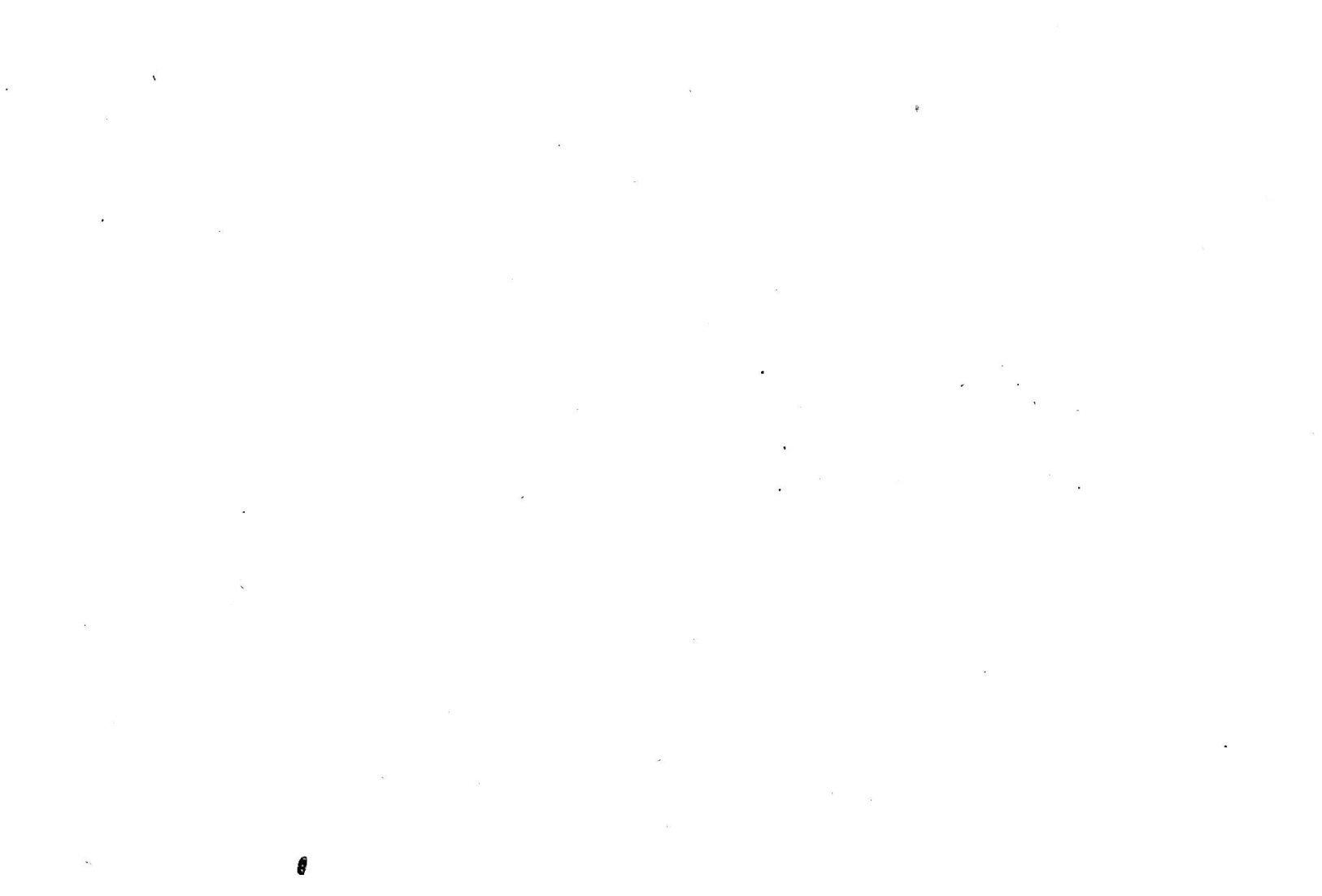
EVERYBODY SEE
“EVERYMAN”
MORALITY PLAY

Saturday, 4 and 8 p. m., University Hall

Horace Howard Furness says of it:

Kindly permit me through your columns, to urge with all possible emphasis, every student of dramatic literature, every lover of the drama, every reader of the history of manners and customs, every student of theological history, every Protestant clergyman, with his congregation; every Roman Catholic priest, with his congregation, to see the old fifteenth century morality of “Everyman.” Never again may such an opportunity be offered. Not to have seen it ought to be a life-long regret to all thoughtful minds.

Reserved Seats on sale at Wahr's Book Stores, Ann Arbor; Normal Book Store, Ypsilanti, 75c. General Admission, 50c



Caecilia

Richard Strauss

If you knew what it is to dream
Of burning kisses, of wandering,
And then resting with your lover
Gazing into each other's eyes, caressing and whispering—
If you knew, you would soften your heart.

If you knew what it was to tremble
In the lonely night, in the storm's midst,
When no one with gentle words
Comforts the strife-wearied soul—
If you knew, you would come to me.

If you knew what it was to live
Inspired by God's world-creating
Breath, to soar on high to blessed
Heights, born by the light—
If you knew, you would dwell with me.

—From the German of Heinrich Hart

Dost thou to thy flowers go?

Hugo Wolf

Dost thou to thy flowers go?
Prithee deck thee with the rarest.
Nay; but how could that be so,
When of flowers thou art fairest?
All the blossoms know full well,
That with thee they may not vie,
They must fade before thy spell,
Pale and wane when thou art nigh.
To thy flowers, etc.

Roses cannot match thy lips
Wreathed with many a honied kiss;
For before such charm as this,
Theirs must suffer an eclipse.
To thy flowers etc.

—J. Douglas Hoare.

Auch kleine Dinge

Hugo Wolf

The smallest thing can often cost thee dearest,
The smallest thing can often most entice.
Think on the pearl which thou so gladly wearest,
How small it is, and yet how great the price.
Think on the olive, tiny in thine eyes,
Yet men esteem it as a worthy prize;
Think on the rose, it hath a scent so rare,
The smallest blossom doth enrich the air.

—J. Douglas Hoare

The sands of Dee

Fred'k Clay

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee:"
The western wind was wild and dank wi'
foam,
And all alone went she.
The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see:
The rolling mist came down and hid the
land,
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never a salmon yet that shone so
fair
Among the stakes on Dee.
They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the
cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!

—Charles Kingsley

O that we two were maying *Gounod*

O that we two were maying
Over the fragrant leas,
Like children with young flowers playing
Down the stream of the rich spring
breeze.

Watching the white mist steaming
From river and mead and town.

O that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimm'd
down,

O that we two lay sleeping
Under the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest in the quiet
earth's breast
And our souls at home with God.
—*Rev. Charles Kingsley*

When stars are in the quiet skies *Clarence Lucas*

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee,
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side!

There is an hour when holy dreams
Thro' slumbers fairest glide,

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam,
I can but know thee as my star
That shineth as I dream.

—*Lord Lytton*

Eldorado *Clarence Lucas*

Gaily bedight, a gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long singing a song
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old, this knight so bold,
And on his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found no spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And as his strength failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow.
"Shadow," said he, "Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains, down the valley,
The mountains of the moon, the valley of the shadow,
Ride, boldly ride;" the shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado."

—*Poe*

Killiekrankie *H. H. Wetzler*

Whare hae ye been sae braw lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiekrankie, O!

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie, O!
But I met the Deevil an' Dundee
On the braes o' Killiekrankie, O!

An ye had been where I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie, O!
An ye hae seen what I hae seen
On the braes o' Killiekrankie, O!

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers got a clankie, O!
Or I had fed an Athol gled
On the braes o' Killiekrankie, O!

—*Robert Burns*

Auf Wiedersehen

Max Bendix

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane,
She pushed it wide, and as she past
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said "Auf Wiederseh'n."

'T is thirteen years, once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes!
I hear "Auf Wiederseh'n."

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art,
The English words seemed too vain,
But these they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart,
She said "Auf Wiederseh'n."

—James Russell Lowell.

Pirate's Song

H. F. Gilbert

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of rum,
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of rum.

Hate lies close to the love of gold,
Yo! ho! ho! etc.
Dead men's secrets are tardily told,
Yo! ho! ho! etc.

Dead men only the secret shall keep,
Yo! ho! ho! etc.
So bare the knife and plunge it deep,
Yo! ho! ho! etc.

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo! ho! ho! etc.
Drink and the devil has done for the rest,
Yo! ho! ho! etc.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

