

**UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY**

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

**CHORAL UNION SERIES 1905-1906**

SEVENTEENTH SEASON

THIRD CONCERT

No. CXLIII      COMPLETE SERIES

**Song Recital**

UNIVERSITY HALL, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18, 1906  
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

**GEORGE HAMLIN, Tenor**

ASSISTED BY MARIE SCHADE, PIANISTE

MR. EDWIN SCHNEIDER, Accompanist

**PROGRAM**

"I ATTEMPT FROM LOVE'S SICKNESS TO FLY,".....PURCELL  
"WHERE'ER YOU WALK," .....HANDEL  
"O, BID YOUR FAITHFUL ARIEL FLY,".....LINLEY

"LACHEN UND WEINEN," } .....SCHUBERT  
"NACHT UND TRÄUME," }

GEISTERNACHT, } .....SCHUMANN  
PROVENCALISCHES LIED, }

ZUEIGNUNG, } .....RICHARD STRAUSS  
ALLERSEELEN, }  
STÄNDCHEN, }  
MORGEN, }

HEIMLICHE AUFFORDERUNG, } .....CHOPIN  
STUDY, OP. 10, NO. 11 }  
NOCTURNE, OP. 9, NO 1 }  
BALLADE, OP. 38 }

MARIE SCHADE

ON THE HILL, }  
AT THE WINDOW, } From Tennyson's Cycle, "The Window,"  
GONE, } or the "Song of the Wrens,".....SULLIVAN  
MARRIAGE MORNING, }

THE CRYING OF WATER, (Dedicated to Mr. Hamlin,) ..... CAMPBELL-TIPTON  
"GO NOT, HAPPY DAY," ..... CARL BUSH  
"RING OUT, WILD BELLS," ..... GOUNOD

The next concert in the Choral Union Series will be a Piano Recital given by

**RAOUL PUGNO**

**F E B R U A R Y 2, 1906**

THE PIANO USED IS A STEINWAY

*good*  
*good*  
*good*  
*good*  
*very good*  
*best*

*encore*  
*encore*  
*encore*

*morning*

*Fitch*



## TEXT OF PROGRAM

### "I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly"

Purcell

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in  
vain,  
Since I am myself my own fever and  
pain.  
No more now fond heart with pride  
should we swell,  
Thou canst not raise forces enough to  
rebel.  
For love has more power and less mercy  
than fate  
To make us seek ruin and love those  
that hate.

### "Where'er You Walk" . . . Handel

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan  
the glade;  
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a  
shade.  
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers  
shall rise  
And all things flourish where'er you  
turn your eyes.

### "O, Bid Your Faithful Ariel Fly" Linley

O, bid your faithful Ariel fly,  
To the farthest Indian sky;  
And then at thy afresh command,  
I'll traverse o'er the silver sand.  
I'll climb the mountain, plunge the deep,  
I like mortals never sleep.  
I'll do thy task whate'er it be,  
Not with ill will but merrily.

### "Lachen und Weinen" (English Version)

Schubert

Laughing and weeping, unmindful of  
season,  
Love, and love only, can tell you a  
reason,  
At the dawn, I am gay;  
But why tears should be flowing  
When sunset is glowing,  
I myself cannot say.

Laughing and weeping, unmindful of  
season,  
Love, and love only, can tell you the  
reason.  
Sore I wept as night fell;  
But the morning thereafter,  
Why I waken with laughter,  
O heart, thou only can'st tell.

### "Nacht und Träume" (English Version)

Schubert

Holy night, thou sinkest o'er us:  
Like thy moonbeams gliding over  
Visions in thy train do hover  
Through the tranquil hearts of men.

They rejoice to see them then,  
Crying, with awak'ning light,  
Come again, thou tender night!  
Holy dreams of joy, arise before us.

**Geisternacht** (English Version)

*Schumann*

What blows around my temples  
Like a soft breath of spring,  
What plays around my cheeks  
Like the sweet odors of roses?

And what, like the sound of harps,  
Around my senses whirs?  
It is my name, which lightly  
Strays from your lips.

It is your gentle thought  
That comfortingly surrounds me;  
It is your gentle longing  
That cools my temples.

I feel you near me!  
It is your wish, your thought,  
Which from the distance,  
Draws me to your breast.

**Provençalisches Lied** (English Version)

*Schumann*

In the valley of Provence  
Blossomed the Love-Song,  
Child of Spring and of Love—  
Charming, fervent companions.

Blessed Valley of Provence  
Luxuriant were you ever blooming!  
But your richest blossom  
Is the gleam of your love-song.

Blooming splendour and sweet voice  
Had he from his father;  
Heart's-glow and deep languishing  
Were his mother's bequest.

Ye brave bejeweled knights,  
What a noble choral band!  
Ye most blessed gentlewomen,  
How beautifully were you honoured!

O minstrel, noble and glorious,  
The days of song and love  
Will I describe for you  
In bright and happy pictures.

**Zueignung** . . . *Richard Strauss*

(*English Version.*)

Yes, you know, dear soul,  
That, when far from you, I grieve;  
Love makes the heart sick—  
Thanks be to you.

Once I raised, as champion of freedom,  
High the cup of amethyst,  
And you blessed the draught—  
Thanks be to you.

You expelled the evil from it,  
Until I, unlike my former self,  
Sank holy, on your heart—  
Thanks be to you.

**Allerseelen** . . . *Richard Strauss*

(*English Version.*)

Place on the table the fragrant mignon-  
ette,  
Bring the last red asters here;  
And let us once more speak of love  
As once in May!

Give me your hand that I may secretly  
press it,  
And if they see us to me it is all the  
same;  
Grant me but one of your sweet glances  
As once in May.

Gay flowers bloom today on every  
grave,  
One day of the year is to the dead, free;  
Come to my heart, that I may hold you  
again  
As once in May.

**Ständchen** (English Version)

*Strauss*

Open, open, but softly, my child,  
That no one from slumber may waken,  
Scarcely murmurs the brook, hardly flut-  
ters in the breeze  
A leaf on the bushes and hedges.  
Then softly, my love, that none may be-  
stir,  
Lay your hand but softly on the latch.

With a tread like the tread of an elf, so  
gentle,  
When tripping over the flowers,  
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,  
Slip out to me in the garden.  
All the flowers are slumbering by the  
whispering brook,  
Shedding fragrance in their sleep; only  
love is awake.

Sit down here in the mysterious twilight  
Under the linden trees,  
The nightingale over our heads shall  
Dream of our kisses.  
And the rose, when she awakes in the  
morning,  
Shall glow with the thrills of ecstasy of  
this night.

**Morgen** (English Version)

*Strauss*

To-morrow's sun will rise in glory  
beaming,  
And in the pathway that my foot shall  
wander,  
We'll meet, forget the earth, and lost in  
dreaming,  
Let heaven unite a love that earth no  
more shall sunder;  
And towards that shore, its billows  
softly flowing,  
Our hands entwined, our footsteps slow-  
ly wending,  
Gaze in each other's eyes in love soft  
splendor glowing,  
Mute with tears of joy and bliss ne'er  
ending.

**Heimliche Aufforderung** (English Version)

*Strauss*

Upraise the glittering cup to your  
mouth,  
And at this feast of joy drink thy  
heart's health;  
And when you raise it, look stealthily at  
me,  
Then I will smile and silently drink as  
you.  
And silently as I, watch the crowd  
Of drunken babblers—despise them not  
too much.  
But lift the sparkling goblet filled with  
wine.  
And let them enjoy their noisy feast.

But when you have enjoyed the meal  
and quenched your thirst,  
Then leave this picture of noisy fellows  
at their feast,  
And wander into the garden to the rose-  
bush;  
There will I await you as of yore,  
And, before you expect it, will sink upon  
your breast  
And drink your kisses as oft before,  
And braid into your hair the rose's  
splendour.  
Oh come, thou wondrous, longed-for  
night!

Study, Op. 10, No. 11 }  
Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 1 }  
Ballade, Op. 38 }

*Chopin*

Marie Schade.

**On the Hill,**

*Sullivan*

The lights and shadows fly!  
Yonder it brightens and darkens down  
on the plain.  
A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!  
O is it the brook, or a pool, or her  
window-pane,  
When the winds are up in the morning?

Follow, follow the chase!  
And my thoughts are as quick and as  
quick, ever on, on, on.  
O lights, are you flying over her sweet  
little face?  
And my heart is there before you are  
come and gone,  
When the winds are up in the morning.

Clouds that are racing above,  
And winds and lights and shadows that  
cannot be still,  
All running on one way to the home of  
my love  
You are all running on, and I stand on  
the slope of the hill,  
And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope!  
And I follow them down to the window-  
pane of my dear,  
And it brightens and darkens and  
brightens like my hope,  
And it darkens and brightens and dark-  
ens like my fear,  
And the winds are up in the morning.

**At the Window,**

*Sullivan*

Vine, vine and eglantine,  
Clasp her window, trail and twine!  
Rose, rose and clematis,  
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,  
Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower  
All of flowers, and drop me a flower,  
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,  
Cannot a flower, a flower be mine?  
Rose, rose and clematis,  
Drop me a flower, a flower to kiss,  
Kiss, kiss—and out of her bower  
All of flowers a flower, flower,  
Dropt a flower.

**Gone,**

*Sullivan*

Gone!  
Gone 'till the end of the year,  
Gone, and the light gone with her and  
left me in shadow here!  
Gone—flitted away,  
Taken the stars from the night and the  
sun from the day!  
Gone, and a cloud in my heart and a  
storm in the air!  
Flown to the east or the west, flitted I  
know not where!  
Down in the south is a flash and a  
groan:  
She is there! she is there!

**Marriage Morning, (English Version)**

*Sullivan*

Light, so low upon earth,  
You send a flash to the sun.  
Here is the golden close of love,  
All my wooing is done.  
O the wood and the meadows,  
Woods where we hid from the wet,  
Stiles where we stayed to be kind,  
Meadows in which we met!  
Light, so low in the veil,  
You flash and lighten afar:  
For this is the golden morning of love,  
And you are his morning star.  
Flash, I am coming, I come,  
By meadow and stile and wood:  
O lighten into my eyes and my heart,  
Into my heart and my blood!  
Heart, are you great enough  
For a love that never tires?  
O heart are you great enough for love  
I have heard of thorns and briars.  
Over the thorns and briars,  
Over the meadows and stiles,  
Over the world to the end of it  
Flash for a million miles.

**The Crying of Water,**

*Campbell-Tipton*

O, Water, voice of my heart,  
Crying in the sand,  
All night long, crying  
With mournful cry.

O, water, water crying for rest  
Is it I, is it I?  
All night long, the water  
Is crying to me.

As I lie and listen,  
And cannot understand  
The voice of my heart in my side,  
Or the voice of the sea.

**"Go Not Happy Day,"**

*Busck*

Go not, happy day, from the shining  
fields,  
Go not, happy day, 'till the maiden  
yields.  
Rosy is the west, rosy is the south,  
Roses are her cheeks and a rose her  
mouth.

When the happy yes falters from her  
lips,  
Pass and blush the news, o'er the blow-  
ing ships  
Over blowing seas, over seas at rest

Pass the happy news, blush it thro' the  
west,  
'Till the red man dance by his red cedar  
tree  
And the red man's babe leaps beyond the  
sea.

Blush from west to east, blush from  
east to west  
'Till the west is east blush it thro' the  
west,  
Rosy is the west, rosy is the south  
Roses are her cheeks and a rose her  
mouth.

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**Ring Out Wild Bells**

*Gounod*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful  
rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

**ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 25th**

**IN THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

# HARP RECITAL

by MISS HELENA STONE

FORMER SOLOIST WITH "THEODORE THOMAS" AND OTHER ORCHESTRAS

ASSISTED BY

**MISS LEILA FARLIN, Soprano**

**ADMISSION - - 25 CENTS**

8:00 O'CLOCK P. M.

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