

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

CHARLES A. SINK, PRESIDENT

EARL V. MOORE, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Seventh Concert

1933-1934

Complete Series 2171

Fifty-fifth Annual  
Choral Union Concert Series

LILY PONS, *Soprano*

ASSISTED BY

AUGUST WITTEBORG, *Flautist*

GIUSEPPE BAMBOSCHEK, *at the Piano*

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, 1934, AT 8:15

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

Se tu m'amí . . . . . PERGOLESI  
Pur dicesti, O bocca bella . . . . . LOTTI  
Air from "Zemire et Azor" . . . . . GRETRY  
Lo, here the gentle lark . . . . . BISHOP

LILY PONS

Aria, "Caro nome" ("Rigoletto") . . . . . VERDI

MISS PONS

Air, "Tu vois la-bas" ("The Czar's Bride") . . . . . RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF

The Rose and the Nightingale . . . . . RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF

Aria, "Una voce poco fa" ("The Barber of Seville") . . . . . ROSSINI

MISS PONS

INTERMISSION

Thème Varié . . . . . SAINT-SAENS

Les Filles de Cadix . . . . . DELIBES

Pastorale . . . . . LA FORGE

MISS PONS

Mad Scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor" . . . . . DONIZETTI

MISS PONS

*Baldwin piano furnished by courtesy of Schaeberle and Son*

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

## TRANSLATIONS OF SONGS AND ARIAS

Se tu m'ami . . . . . PERGOLESI

If thou lov'st me and sighest  
 But for me, O gentle swain?  
 Sweet I find thy loving favor,  
 Pitiful I feel thy pain.  
 Shouldst thou think, though, that  
 demurely  
 I on thee alone may smile,  
 Simple shepherd, thou are surely  
 Prone thy senses to beguile!

Like a fair red rose, a lover  
 Sylvia fain might choose today;  
 Haply, if she thorns discover,  
 'Tis tomorrow thrown away.  
 Though men prate of maiden folly,  
 I care not what they advise;  
 Nor because I love the lily,  
 Shall I other flowers despise.

Pur dicesti, O bocca bella . . . . . LOTTI

Mouth so charming, O tell me now  
 Why that sweetness lures me so,  
 That in thee all bliss is mine?

E'en thy charms to vow compel me,  
 Cupid ope'd thee with a kiss,  
 Thou sweet fount of joy divine.

Air from "Zemire et Azor" . . . . . GRETRY  
 "Les fauvettes avec ses petits"

Like a proud queen, the tiny warbler  
 Rules her nest.  
 At night, her brood all warm  
 Beneath her breast.  
 When with the dawn day comes again,  
 What chirping then awakes the glen!  
 And when at her behest  
 They gather, timorously to try

Their little wings in flight—and fly!  
 What mother-bird more blest!  
 But ah, alas! She cannot know  
 The danger that awaits below—  
 The lurking shadow in the copse—  
 A shot is heard.  
 A tiny form lies still—  
 Poor mother-bird!

Lo, here the gentle lark . . . . . SIR HENRY BISHOP

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on  
 high

And wakes the morning, from whose  
 silver breast  
 The sun ariseth in true majesty.

Aria, "Caro nome" ("Rigoletto") . . . . . VERDI

Carved upon my inmost heart  
 Is that name for evermore,  
 Ne'er again from thence to part,  
 Name of him whom I adore!

Thou to me art ever near,  
 Every thought to thee wilt fly;  
 Life for thee alone is dear,  
 Thine shall be my parting sigh.

Air, "Tu vois la-bas" ("The Czar's Bride") . . . . . RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF

Dost thou see there on the heights the heavens like an azure veil descending?  
 God has divinely ordered it like unto a silken velvet. Is it the same in other  
 lands? See, there above, a cloud is passing—its shape like a golden crown. O  
 tell me, beloved, shall we also be crowned tomorrow?

The Rose and the Nightingale . . . . . RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF

The rose enslaves the nightingale;  
 But though he sing till dawn shows pale,  
 No answering word the rose bestoweth.  
 Another minstrel takes his lyre  
 And strives a maiden's heart to fire.  
 Alas, the maiden scarcely knoweth  
 For whom he sings nor why his strain  
 Is full of yearning, love, and pain.

Aria, "Una voce poco fa" ("The Barber of Seville") . . . . . ROSSINI

A little voice I heard just now,  
Oh, it has thrilled my very heart!  
I feel that I am wounded sore,  
And Lindor 'twas that hurled the dart.  
Yes, Lindor, dearest, shall be mine!

I've sworn it, and we'll never part.  
My guardian surely won't consent,  
But I must sharpen all my wit.  
Content at last, he will relent,  
And we, O joy, will wedded be!

Thème Varié . . . . . SAINT-SAENS

Shepherd, I hear thy voice  
And note thy loving song.  
Thou sayest I am fair,  
Perchance thou art not wrong.  
But go! Away with thy complaint,  
My heart is pure and cold

As water of yon fountain  
That doth the sky enfold.  
Thy song, I grant, is tender  
And made to charm the heart;  
But hope not thus to win me,  
Go, from my side depart!

Les Filles de Cadix . . . . . DELIBES

Three lads, three maids, we all did go  
To see the sportive fighting.  
The sky was clear, fresh winds did blow,  
We danced the joyous bolero,  
Its strains our hearts delighting.  
"Neighbor, prithee say  
If these colors gay  
My eyes brighter render?  
How look I today?  
Come, think you my waist is slender?  
Ah, ah!  
To words like these  
The maids of Cadiz  
Most partial are."

While we did dance the bolero,  
One Sunday evening gayly,  
There came to us a hidalgo,  
A feather from his hat did flow—  
'Twas thus he strutted daily.  
"O, wilt thou be mine,  
Dark eyes smiling sweetly,  
I'll act most discreetly—  
Speak, this gold is thine!"  
"Begone, most noble lord, and fleetly!  
Ha, ha!  
Such words as these  
To maids of Cadiz  
Distasteful are."

Mad Scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor" . . . . . DONIZETTI

How sweetly, gently steals thy voice  
upon my ear!  
Ah, those dear accents once again I hear.  
My Edgar, now at length I'm safe with  
thee,  
To thee I've flown from all thine enemies.  
What coldness shoots like ice within my  
veins!  
Each fibre of my being trembles—my  
footstep fails.  
Here at the fountain once more I'm with  
thee.  
O Heaven, see'st thou, love, yon dark  
and fearful phantom?  
Ah, it would part us!  
Hark! Through the air a heavenly har-  
mony swelleth;

Hark! Dost thou hear it? 'Tis our  
nuptial hymn,  
They await us at the altar. Oh, the joy  
that fills my heart!  
They light the incense. See, now the  
priest approaches.  
Place thou thy hand in mine. Oh, bliss-  
ful moment!  
Now, at last, I'm thine.  
What rapture boundless for me now  
preparing!  
Each pleasure henceforth has a double  
sharing.  
Thanks, bounteous Heaven, for this glad  
new life!

# Coming Musical Events

## Choral Union Series

HILL AUDITORIUM, 8:15 P.M.

- February 15 Poldi Mildner, Pianist
- February 21 Detroit Symphony Orchestra,  
Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Director
- March 6 Gregor Piatigorsky, Violoncellist
- Single admission: \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00
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## Faculty Concert Series

HILL AUDITORIUM, SUNDAYS, 4:15 P.M.

- February 18 Joseph Brinkman, Pianist, and Palmer Christian, Organist, in a program of compositions by Franck and Sowerby
- February 25 University Glee Club  
David Mattern, Conductor
- March 4 University Symphony Orchestra  
Soloist: Wassily Besekirsky, Violinist  
Earl V. Moore, Conductor
- March 11 University Band  
Soloist: Joseph Brinkman, Pianist  
Nicholas Falcone, Conductor
- March 18 Arthur Hackett, Tenor  
Maude Okkelberg, Pianist  
Nicholas Falcone, Clarinetist
- March 25 University Symphony Orchestra  
Soloist: Mabel Ross Rhead, Pianist  
Earl V. Moore, Conductor
- April 22 Concert by members of Chamber Music Class, under direction of Hanns Pick

The next organ recital by Palmer Christian will be February 14.