

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

CHARLES A. SINK, PRESIDENT

EARL V. MOORE, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Sixth Concert

1934-1935

Complete Series 2249

Fifty-Sixth Annual
Choral Union Concert Series

LOTTE LEHMANN, *Soprano*

ERNO BALOGH, *Accompanist*

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1935, AT 8:15
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

- Suleika MENDELSSOHN
And she asks of the winds what tidings they bring? Her true love, will he come on
the morrow?
- Die Liebende schreibt MENDELSSOHN
The woman writes to her distant lover of her eager longing to hear from him.
- Venetianisches Gondellied MENDELSSOHN
When through the piazzetta night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta, I'll come to thee there.
- Der Mond MENDELSSOHN
The moon, the gentle moon art thou, thus softly o'er me shining.
With rays of peace my soul endow that it may cease repining.
- Over the Steppe }
Cradle Song } GRETCHANINOFF
In the Silence of the Night RACHMANINOFF
My Native Land GRETCHANINOFF

INTERMISSION

- Der Nussbaum }
Waldesgespräch }
An den Sonnenschein } SCHUMANN
Ich grolle nicht }
Aufträge }
- Fa la nina, bambin' SADERO
Do Not Chide Me BALOGH
Joy CADMAN

*The Steinway Piano and the Skinner Organ are the official concert
instruments of the University Musical Society*

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

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF SONGS

Over the Steppe A. GRETCHANINOFF

The dreary steppe where I'm journeying Never a flower to be seen; Never a tree where the nightingale Sings in a bower of green.	Clear as the day, my beloved one, Rises before me your face; Vision of gladness that instantly Lights up the dark, boundless space.
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Gloomy the night envelops me Never a star shines above. What called you back to my memory Suddenly, swiftly, my love!	Now, hear the song of the nightingale Break from the thicket near by, Now all the desert is blooming, Myriad of stars gleam on high.
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Cradle Song A. GRETCHANINOFF

Sleep, my pretty one, close to mother! Bye, O Baby, bye! Bye, O Baby, bye! While the moon peers through the window Like a great round eye.	Mother tells her bedtime stories, Croons her lullaby. Cuddle close, my blue-eyed darling! Bye, O Baby, bye! Bye, O Baby, bye!
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In the Silent Night SERGE RACHMANINOFF

Oh, in the silent night, I dream that you are near,
 With your caressing voice, your loving smile so dear.
 Your hair in flowing strands of black,
 How oft I bid you go, how oft I call you back!
 With whispers of thy name I wake the silent night,
 But you are gone forever, my life, my love, my light!

My Native Land A. GRETCHANINOFF

Homeland, mine, my native land! Beating hoofs of horse, Scream of eagles in the sky, Howl of wolves in winter.	Hi! thou native land of mine! Dreaming virgin forests, Midnight songs of nightingales, Wind-swept fields and meadows.
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Der Nussbaum ROBERT SCHUMANN

An almond-tree grows beside a cot,
 Branches o'ershadow that tranquil spot,
 And countless fair blossoms are clustered there,
 Op'ning their leaves to the wooing air.

 The branches are softly whisp'ring now,
 Playing, swaying,
 And kissing, as bough entwines with bough.
 They tell of a maiden
 With dream-thoughts o'erladen.
 She dreams night and day,
 Nor her thoughts could she say.
 They whisper, and who may guess she doth hear?
 They tell of a bridegroom who will come in the year.
 The maiden sleeps—the tree-top sighs
 While slumber closes her dreamy eyes.

Waldeggespräch SCHUMANN

'Tis late, 'tis late, cold breezes moan. Why rid'st thou through the forest lone? Thou art alone, the forest's wide, I'll bear thee home, thou lovely bride.	So richly decked are maid and steed, Thy youthful form is fair indeed; I know thee well, God help me now! The sorceress Loreley art thou.
Men's guile and fraud are great, in twain My heart is rent with grief and pain; Drear sounds the bugle far and near, Thou know'st me not, O flee from here!	Thou know'st me then. Yon castle mine From lofty crag looks on the Rhine; 'Tis late, 'tis late, cold breezes moan, Ne'er wilt thou leave this forest lone.

An den Sonnenschein SCHUMANN

O shining sun, O shining sun,
Thy brightness all my heart has won;
And thoughts of love thou wakest,
That all too narrow grows my breast.
Too narrow are my house and home,
And when I through the gateway roam,
Thou lurest on amid the green,
The fairest maidens all, I ween.

O shining sun, dost think of me
That I shall dare to do like thee,
Who kissest every pretty flower
That opens only to thy power?
Yet thou hast seen the world so long,
And well dost know for me 'twere wrong!
Then why hast thou my heart undone,
O shining sun, O shining sun.

Ich grolle nicht SCHUMANN
(I judge thee not)

I judge thee not, altho' my heart must
break,
Dear love forever lost, dear love forever
lost,
I judge thee not, I judge thee not.
Tho' thou may'st gleam ablaze in dia-
mond light,
There strikes no beam to pierce my bos-
om's night:
That long I've known.

I judge thee not, altho' my heart must
break,
I saw thee, ay, I dreamt thee,
And saw the darkness in thy heart-room
empty,
And saw the snake, that ever gnaws thine
heart,
I saw, my love, how sore in need thou
art,
I judge thee not, I judge thee not.

Aufträge ROBERT SCHUMANN

Not so hasty, tiny streamlet!
Here's a message I would send
To my love down yonder.
Say I would be coming
To ask her for a kiss
But that time won't let me.

Not so hasty, dancing sprite!
Here's a message I would send
To my love down yonder.
Bear a thousand greetings to her,
Nay, a hundred more!
Say I would be fleeing with thee

Over hill and dale
For the favor of a kiss,
But that time won't let me.

Do not wait till I compel thee, lazy
sprite!
Here's a message I would send
To my love down yonder.
Greet her for me. Say that I would come
For the favor of a kiss,
But thine the fault, impatient stream
That hurried on without me.

Fa la nina, bambin' GENI SADERO

Rockaby, baby mine, in the soft arms of thy mother.
Rockaby, rockaby, for thy mother is here, and thy
father will come soon. Rockaby, rockaby.
And if thy father does not come, then thy mother will
weep bitterly, but my baby will not know, for he
will peaceably sleep. Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, baby mine!

Do Not Chide Me ERNO BALOGH

Do not chide me, my Beloved,
For trembling at your touch;
For quiv'ring when I see you,
For loving you too much.

Do not chide me, my Beloved,
For the pallor of my cheeks,
For each hour that I have waited,
I have lived through days and weeks.

Do not chide me, my Beloved,
For watching all the night
For the moment that will bring me
Once again into your sight.

Do not chide me, my Beloved,
For the weakness that you see;
I am strength itself, my dearest,
When your arms encircle me.

Coming Musical Events

HILL AUDITORIUM

Choral Union Concerts

8:15 P.M.

Tuesday, February 12 JOSE ITURBI, *Pianist*
Wednesday, February 20 GORDON STRING QUARTET
Monday, March 4 ARTUR SCHNABEL, *Pianist*
Thursday, March 28 CLEVELAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ARTUR RODZINSKI, *Conductor*

Season Tickets, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$8.50, \$10.00.

Single Concerts, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

Forty-Second Annual May Festival

May 15, 16, 17, 18. Four evening and two afternoon concerts.

University Symphony Orchestra

EARL V. MOORE, *Conductor*

Complimentary at 4:15 P.M.

Sunday, January 27 Soloists: Hazel Paalman, Mark Bills, Singers;
Suzanne Malve, Margaret Kimball,
Raymond Kondratowicz, Pianists;
Ruby Peinert, Violoncellist

Student Recital Series

Complimentary Graduation Recitals

School of Music Auditorium

Saturday, January 26 4:15 P.M. Helen McClaffin, Mezzo-Soprano
Tuesday, January 29 8:15 P.M. Emily Campbell, Pianist
Thursday, February 14 8:15 P.M. Ruby Peinert, Violoncellist

Notice: The right is reserved to make such changes in the dates and artists announced as necessity may require. While wide and prompt publicity is given to dates thus changed, to avoid inconvenience it is suggested that, so far as possible, out-of-town guests confirm the dates in advance.