

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

CHARLES A. SINK, PRESIDENT

HARDIN VAN DEURSEN, CONDUCTOR

Ninth Concert

1946-1947

Complete Series 2947

Sixty-Eighth Annual  
Choral Union Concert Series

LOTTE LEHMANN, *Soprano*

PAUL ULANOWSKY *at the Piano*

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, 1947, AT 8:30  
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

Freudvoll und leidvoll (Goethe) }  
Ich liebe dich (Herrose) } . . . . . BEETHOVEN  
In questa tomba oscura (Carpani) }  
Der Kuss }

Frühlingstraum }  
Der Fischer (Goethe) } . . . . . SCHUBERT  
Die Krähe }  
An den Mond (Hölty) }  
Ungeduld }

INTERMISSION

Ruhe Süßliebchen (Tieck) }  
Der Kuss (Hölty) } . . . . . BRAHMS  
Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst (Daumer) }  
Das Mädchen (Kapper) }

Auf einer Wanderung (Mörrike) }  
Auf einem grünen Balcon (Spanish) } . . . . . WOLF  
Bescheidene Liebe }  
Meinem Kinde (Falke) } . . . . . STRAUSS  
Ständchen (v. Schack) }

NOTE.—The University Musical Society has presented Lotte Lehmann on one previous occasion,  
as follows: January 25, 1935.

*The Steinway piano, furnished through the courtesy of Grinnell Brothers, is the  
official concert instrument of the University Musical Society*

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

## PROGRAM NOTES

Freudvoll und leidvoll (Goethe) . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Being joyful and sad—being thoughtful—*anxious in longing, blissfully jubilant, deeply despairing—happy alone is the soul which is in love.*

Ich liebe dich (Herrose) . . . . . BEETHOVEN

I love you as you love me—every moment. In sharing our sorrows they are easier to bear. May God bless you and protect us both.

In questa tomba oscura (Carpani) . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Let me rest in this dark tomb. When I lived, oh faithless one, you should have thought of me. Let me rest between the shadows. Weep no useless tears.

Der Kuss . . . . . BEETHOVEN

I asked of Chloe one little kiss, but she protested she would scream. I acted as if I had not heard—and did she scream?—long afterward.

Frühlingstraum . . . . . SCHUBERT

I dreamed of spring but when I awakened it was dark and cold and ravens were shrieking from the rooftops. Winter had sketched flowers of frost upon the window-pane. Do not laugh at the dreamer who sees flowers in the dead of winter. I dreamed of love and happiness but waking I sit alone thinking of my dreams. I shut my eyes again but still my heart beats warmly. When will the leaves at the window be green? When will I hold my beloved in my arms?

Der Fischer (Goethe) . . . . . SCHUBERT

A fisherman sat peacefully beside a murmuring stream. Suddenly the water rose and a lovely mermaid appeared. She reproached him for catching her fishes which were so happy in the depths of the stream. He would be happy too if he should follow her into its silken coolness. The water murmured and caressed his bare foot—his heart felt a strange longing—and half torn into the arms of the mermaid, half sinking of his own will he disappeared into the water and was never seen again.

Die Krähe . . . . . SCHUBERT

A crow has followed me from the city. It is always flying about my head. Will you not leave me, strange creature? Soon my body will be your prey. I cannot go much further. Show me that there can be faithfulness until the grave!

An den Mond (Hölty) . . . . . SCHUBERT

Pour your soft beauty upon these trees, O Moon! Brighten the spot where my beloved sat, forgetting the golden city . . . Mourn with me now that I am left to weep alone.

Ungeduld . . . . . SCHUBERT

I would carve on every tree, I would teach a bird to sing: Thine is my heart. One should read from my eyes and glowing cheeks: Thine is my heart and it shall be thine forever.

Ruhe Süßliebchen (Tieck) . . . . . BRAHMS

Rest my sweet in the shadows of the night. I am forever yours and will watch over you as you sleep. The brook murmurs its slumber song, the bees swarm through the whispering forest and sing you to sleep.

Der Kuss (Hölty) . . . . . BRAHMS

Sitting beside my beloved, I stole my first kiss. Now this kiss sets my whole being afire. O you, who brought me such bliss, breathe soothing peace upon my soul.

Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst (Daumer) . . . . . BRAHMS

If only you smile from time to time softening my burning pain, I shall be patient. I will let you do all the things which wound a loving heart so deeply.

Das Mädchen (Kapper) . . . . . BRAHMS

The girl stood on a cliff looking into the water. "If I knew, O face of mine, that an old one would kiss you, I would wash you with bitter water, so that you would taste bitter when the old one kisses you. But if I knew that a young one would kiss you, I would wash you with rose water, so that you would smell sweetly when the young one kisses you.

Auf einer Wanderung (Mörike) . . . . . WOLF

I come to a little town and hear through an open window a beautiful voice—singing like a chorus of nightingales. I listen long, then wander on. Looking down from a hilltop I see the lovely landscape spread in a golden haze before me. I am exalted—inspiration touches my brow rousing me to ecstasy.

Auf einem grünen Balcon (Spanish) . . . . . WOLF

My girl stands upon the balcony and looks at me from behind the lattice. Her eyes wink—but her finger says "no" . . . She can make me so happy but she tortures me with her fickleness . . . Like every girl she must spoil my happiness; Her eyes wink, but her finger says "no" . . . Is it possible that we love each other—she, so cold and I, so glowing . . . I am always complaining that she has never taken me into her arms . . . But she leads me on very cleverly . . . Her eyes wink, but her finger says "no" . . .

Bescheidene Liebe . . . . . WOLF

I am not like other girls who can keep their love a secret. O, I cannot cease chattering. I am not like other girls, I say very openly whom I love. Even my mother has often surprised us in our caressing. I am not like other girls who think of marriage—my sweetheart shall remain my lover—he is sweet and tame as a dove.

Meinem Kinde (Falke) . . . . . STRAUSS

You sleep—and I lean gently over your bed and bless you. Every breath soars to the stars seeking an omen which may promise happiness for you.

Ständchen (v. Schack) . . . . . STRAUSS

Open the door softly my child. The brook murmurs faintly, scarcely a leaf stirs. So lift the latch gently, my dear. With steps like fairy steps come to me in the moonlit garden. Let us sit here secretly under the linden. The nightingales shall dream of our kisses and the roses when they awaken shall glow from the blissful beauty of the night.

**CHICAGO SYMPHONY**  
**SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 7:00**

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