

1960

Eighty-second Season

1961

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Charles A. Sink, President

Gail W. Rector, Executive Director

Lester McCoy, Conductor

Fourth Concert

Eighty-second Annual Choral Union Series

Complete Series 3302

BRANKO
KRSMANOVICH CHORUS
of Yugoslavia

BOGDAN BABICH, *Conductor*

Dusan Maksimovich, *Assistant Conductor*

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 6, 1960, AT 2:30
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

I

Credo, from "Messa a quattro voci da capella" . . . CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI
(sung in Latin) (1567-1643)

I believe in one God. . . .

Requiem: Njest Svjat—(Oh Most Holy One, . . . STEVAN ST. MOKRANJAC
sung in old Slavic) (1855-1914)

No one is as holy as Thou, my Lord God! Accept the prayers of Thy worshipers,
we pray. And strengthen us in our faith.

Vospojte Gospodi, iz "Cetiri Duhovni Stiha"—(Sing Unto . . . MARKO TAJCEVICH
the Lord a New Song, from "Four Religious Verses," sung in old Slavic)

These religious verses are from the 9th and 10th centuries. The old Slavic language
is still used in the church ritual.

Sing unto the Lord a new song. Glory to Thee, Oh Lord! Let my mouth be full of
worship. Let me sing of Thy great glory. For Thou art holy. Thou alone art God.

Monitor Records

The Steinway is the official piano of the University Musical Society

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

Voda Zvira—(Water Springs, sung in Serbo-Croat) . . . JOSPI SLAVENSKI
(1896–1955)

Water springs from the stones, beautiful and blue. A rose blooms, beautiful and red. The maiden says, "People say that we're in love; I wish that it were so." The young boy replies, "I love you and will 'till I die. How my young heart aches!"

Catulli Carmina—(Songs of Catullus, Excerpts from Act I, . . . CARL ORFF
sung in medieval Latin)

Lesbia has told Catullus she would rather have him as her husband even if Jupiter himself wished to wed her. But she is untrue, and Catullus despairs.

II

Due villote del fiore—(Two Flower Dances, . . . FILIPPO AZZAILO
sung in Italian) (16th century)

Come, t'aggio lasciat', o vita mia: How could I leave you, Oh my life, if the beautiful eyes were those that gave me life, miserable me.

L'Amanza mia si chiama Saporitta: I have made this song for my love, Saporitta: When I come from the orchard, Saporitta, I shall bring you a fresh fig for your faith.

In stiller Nacht—(In the Silent Night, sung in German) . . . JOHANNES BRAHMS
(1833–1897)

In the silent night a plaintive voice seems to speak to me through the wind. I am sad and all nature seems to share my sadness. Even the wild beasts seem to mourn with me.

Soon Ah Will Be Done—(Negro Spiritual, sung in English) . . . WILLIAM DAWSON

The Rowan Tree (sung in Russian) . . . ALEKSANDER V. SVESNIJKOV

Why are you standing so, slender rowan tree? You bow your head, touching the ground. Across the road, there by the river, the old acorn tree stands the same way.

Waves of the Amur (sung in Russian) . . . A. KJUS

Proudly Amur carries its waves, the wind of Siberia sings them a song. Full of beauty and strength are the waves of the Amur; they breathe freedom and keep their peace. Murmur, Amur, with your white waves, sing of the glory of our dear land.

Humoreska—(Humoresque, sung in Macedonian) . . . TODOR SKALOVSKI

We quarrel, we fight. Is this love? After we married, we spent all our money, we sold all we had! Rumba rumbaba. . . .

INTERMISSION

III

Novoj Jugoslaviji—(New Yugoslavia, sung in . . . NIKOLA HERCIGONJA
Serbo-Croat)

Oh, country of the united peoples! The banners are flying, the enemy has fallen. Unity and fraternity form our victory. Yugoslavia, grow stronger, blossom more beautifully, love more happily.

Kozara—(A Mountain in Bosnia, sung in Serbo-Croat) . . . OSKAR DANON

Mladen leads the partisans. Heroically the battle raged, Kozara became famous, Oh, Kozara, high mountain! We two brothers are fighting. Don't cry, Mother, if we die. We are from the foot of the Kozara, where mothers do not bear traitors.

Kosar—(The Goat Keeper, based on folk . . . STEVAN ST. MOKRANJAC
poetry—sung in Serbo-Croat) (1855–1914)

Go on! A young fool, his cap made of fur, his shoes untied, comes into the village. They made him goatkeeper and gave him three goats. He went with three goats and returned with two. He knew not how he had lost one.

Horska Svita—(Choral Suite, sung in Serbo-Croat) . . . BOGDAN BABICH

Written in 1958 on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Choir, this Suite, based entirely on folk poetry, was first performed at the International Choir Competition in Munich the same year and won first prize.

Girl, tall and slender, don't walk in front of me, don't make me sad! If you knew my feelings, you would await me at your door!

The young swain walked through the vineyard where there is a colorful fountain and at the fountain three girls.

Oh, I am beautiful and white. I am slender and tall, my cheeks are pink and white.

The young wife lies ill, asking for grapes in the winter. There is a vine but no grapes. She asks for quince. There is a quince tree but no quince. The young wife lies so ill!

I have a husband who's like a snail. He went to plough. I wait and wait but he does not come. Go away! Go away!

This song is from the period 100 to 150 years ago when very young girls were sold, as wives, to care for the young male babies: My little chicken, my daughter, why don't you come visit your mother? I can't, dear Mother, my work is so hard. My husband is little. He cries: Mother, give me water. I'm not your mother—I'm your wife!

A spring was flowing, making white foam on which floated a white coffin. In it lay the beautiful Mara. The Turkish Army tried to open it, but could not. The Serbian Army came; her young lover opened the coffin and kissed the beautiful Mara.

Jadovanka za Teletom—(Lament for a Dear Calf, . . . JAKOV GOTOVAC
Folk poetry, sung in Serbo-Croat)

A calf was killed—all Mostar was in grief! All old women are in black, the girls put aside their embroidery, the shopkeepers close their shops, the housewives cook in black pots, the clergymen's wives drink black coffee. In Mostar a calf was killed.

Dalmatinske Pesme—(Dalmatian Songs, . . . arr. BORIVOJE SIMICH
sung in Serbo-Croat)

In a little boat in the middle of the channel is my sweetheart and two other sailors. When two lads from Brac meet on the Fjumeri (landing), Madam Mare passes by, looking at them. What say the two lads? Nothing is yours; it's my barrel, my tall young lantern, my proud falcon! (says Madam Mare). A young girl passes, with a pitcher of wine. What say the two lads? Come on, girl, give us the pitcher of wine.

Jugoslavenski Splet—(Yugoslavian Suite, sung in Serbo-Croat and Slovenian)

Kolovodja—(The Dance Leader) . . . arr. AKSENTIJE MAKSIMOVICH
(1847–1881)

Dance leader, start the dance. You jump and we'll jump, too. Lightly we'll tap our feet. We'll dance up and down, we'll see who dances best. So, boys, let's dance!

Po jezeru bliz Triglava—(On a Lake Near Triglav) . . . arr. MATEJ HUBAD
(1881–1938)

On the lake near the mountain of Triglav from a little boat floating and swinging you can hear a song echoing softly through the mountains. I'll ask one of my father's pretty white horses to carry me to my darling over three mountains, three valleys and three green fields.

Vuprem oci—(I Raise My Eyes) arr. VINKO ZGANJEC
(1856–1928)

I raise my eyes to the bright stars twinkling in the sky. Medjumurje, how beautifully green and full of pretty flowers it is. I raise my eyes, filled with ecstasy, to see thee gazing into the distance.

U mog dike—(My Love Has Beautiful, Sweet Lips) . . . arr. RAFAJLO BLAM

My love has lips as sweet as honey. I love my boy and kiss his eyes. Marini wears golden coins, Djoke wears golden breast plates. Danka gave her golden embroidery to Stanko. Hey, boys and girls, let's dance the Kolo, fast and wild for all the village to hear! Hop, hop, hop!

