



1883.

XLIII.

1884.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

H. S. FRIEZE, LL. D. PRESIDENT. - C. B. CADY, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.



FOURTH CHAMBER CONCERT.

SONG RECITAL BY

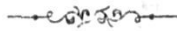
MISS AGNES B. HUNTINGTON

ASSISTED BY

H. Kalamayo

MISS EFFIE M. HUNTINGTON,

PIANIST AND ACCOMPANIST.



UNIVERSITY HALL,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1884, AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.



REGISTER PRINT.

PROGRAMME



- I. (a) *Mozart*. "Voi che sapete." (From Figaro.)
(b) *Beethoven*. "In Questa Tomba."
(c) *Ponchielli*. "La Cieca." (Blind girl's song from Gioconda.)
(d) *Donizetti*. "Il segreto per esser felici."
- II. (a) *Schumann*. Kreisleriana, No. 2.
(b) *Henselt*. The Bird Etude.
- III. (a) *Rheinhold Becker*. "Lass, Nachtigall, dein Singen sein."
(b) *Franz*. "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen."
(c) *Schumann*. "Sonnenschein."
(d) *Ries*. Wiegenlied.
(e) *Schubert*. "Ungeduld."
- IV. (a) *Moszkowski*. Melody in F.
(b) *Nicodé*. Tarentella.
- V. (a) *Dulcken*. Enchanted.
(Written especially for Miss Huntington.)
(b) *Gilbert—Becker*. "Bonnie Sweet Bessie."
(The accompaniment to this was written especially for Miss Huntington by B. Becker.
(c) *Tosti*. "Good Bye."

“VOC CHE SAPETE.”

Silently blending,
Night's shadows fall;
Twilight descending,
Steals over all.

Far distant mountains,
Seem to draw near,
Cool silvery fountains,
Fall soft and clear.

Tenderly tinkling,
Sound sweet guitar;
While calmly twinkling,
Watch the bright stars.

Oh, 'tis the hour
When deep thoughts rise,
Spells, at whose power,
Pale sorrow flies.

Friends that are dearest,
Now seem more dear;
Scenes that are fairest,
Fresh features wear:

Eyes that are tearful,
Yield to its charms,
Hearts that are fearful,
Own the soft calm;

The souls devotion,
The whispered vow,
The soft emotion,
All deepen now.

Silently blending,
Night's shadows fall;
Twilight descending
Steals over all.

IN QUESTA TOMBA.

Mark yonder tomb, half hidden,
Buried there would I be.
Thou, while I lived, thou false one
Wast forced to think of me.
Quiting a world of sorrow,
Let my shade find relief,
And poison not my ashes
With a mockery of grief.

THE BLIND GIRL'S SONG.

Ah! 'tis the voice of an Angel bright,
Has caused my cruel chains to sever;
While my poor eyes devoid of sight,
Can see thy features never.

Yet I would offer ere we part,
A token from my heart,
From my sad, grateful heart!
Ah! Ah! This rosary I give thee.

Round it my heart felt prayers cling,
Deign to accept the gift from me,
It will good fortune to thee bring;
And on thy head forever near,
Shall be my heart-felt prayer.

“IL SEGRETO PER ESSER FELICI.”

It is better to laugh than be sighing,
When we think how life's moments are flying;
For each sorrow, Fate ever is bringing,
There's a pleasure in store for us, springing,

Tho' our joys, like to waves in the sunshine,
Gleam a while, then be lost to the sight;
Yet for each sparkling ray that so passes away,
Comes another as brilliant and light.

Then 'tis better to laugh than be sighing,
They are wise who resolve to be gay;
When we think how life's moments are flying,
Oh! enjoy pleasure's gifts while we may.

In the World, we some beings discover,
Far too frigid for friend or for lover;
Souls unblest, and forever repining,
Tho' good fortune around them be shining,

It were well if such hearts we could banish,
To some planet far distant from ours;
They're the dark spots we trace on this earth's
favored space,

They are weeds that choke up the fair flowers.

Then 'tis better to laugh, etc.

LASS NACHTIGALL DEIN SINGEN SEIN.

Oh! Nightingale thy silence keep.
Disturb not my lovers sleep;
I rocked him to his rest so sweet,
My voice alone his waking greet.

The fairest flower that ever grew,
I'll seek for him, whose love's so true,
And calling him, and kissing say,
Awaken, loved one, it is day!

But be not vexed, Dame Nightingale,
That song of thine and tender tale,
No more shall sing so sweet and free,
And that my love cares nought for thee!

For of all voices, one alone,
Shall in his heart an echo own.
And calling him and kissing say,
Awaken, loved one, it is day.

AUS MEINEN GROSSEN SCHMERZEN.

From grief I cannot measure
Make I my little songs;
They soar with their sounding pinions,
And flutter to her my treasure.

So gladly I see them depart,
Yet ever return they complaining;
Complaining yet never explaining,
What they saw in my darling's heart.

SONNENSCHHEIN.

Oh sunshine! Oh sunshine!
Thou shinest in this heart of mine,
And makest with the ardent beams
Within my breast, Love's sweetest dreams.

Too narrow are my room and home,
And out of doors whene'er I roam,
Thine eye doth pierce the verdant shades,
And glance on the fairest maids;

Oh sunshine bright, dost think I'll prove,
Like thee, inconstant in my love,
And kiss each fair half open flower,
That blossoms in its leafy bower?

Hast thou so long kept watch above,
And knewest not how true my love?
Why trouble then this heart of mine?
Oh sunshine! Oh sunshine!