

1882.

XXVI.

1883.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

A. WINCHELL, LL. D., PRESIDENT.

C. B. CADY, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

THIRD CHAMBER CONCERT

GIVEN BY

DR. LOUIS MAAS,

OF BOSTON,

[Late Professor of Piano at Leipzig Conservatory of Music.]

ASSISTED BY

MISS CAMILLA ALLARDT, of Port Huron, - - Soprano.

MR. O. B. CADY, ACCOMPANIST.

GENERAL LECTURE ROOM, THURSDAY, APRIL 19TH, AT 8:15 P. M.

Henry F. Miller Grands are used by Dr. Maas.

McChesney & Currier, Detroit, State Agents.

PROGRAM.



1. SCHUMANN. ARABESQUES, op. 18.
NOVELETTEN, op. 21, No. 5, D major, No. 7, E major.
2. BEETHOVEN. SONATA, op. 53, C major.
Allegro con brio. Adagio molto.
Allegretto moderato.
3. SCHUMANN. "DICHTER LIEBE" (Five Songs by Heine).
 - a. "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai."
 - b. "Aus Meinen Thränen spriessen."
 - c. "Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne."
 - d. "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh."
 - e. "Ich grolle nicht."
4. SCHUBERT. MOMENT MUSICALE in F minor.
MENUETTO (From Fantasie, op. 78).

BACH. ITALIAN CONCERTO.
Allegro moderato. Andante. Presto.
5. MENDELSSOHN. SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.
A minor, F sharp minor, C major.

BACH. GAVOTTE in G minor.

SCARLATTI. SONATA (in one moment) in A minor.
6. SCHUBERT. "GRETCHEN AM SPINNRADE."
7. CHOPIN BERCEUSE, op. 57.
ETUDE, C minor, op. 25, No. 12.
POLONAISE, op. 53.

IN MAY.

In May, the loveliest of months,
When all the trees were blooming,
I felt within my bosom,
Love his power assuming.

'Twas in the loveliest of months,
When all the birds were singing,
I laid my heart before her,
My vows of true love bringing.

LOVE'S TEARS.

Where'er my tears are falling,
There bloom the brightest flowers,
My sighs like nightingales warbling,
Seem echoing 'mid the bowers;
And when thou shalt love me, dearest,
Fairest blossoms shall be thine,
And the nightingales 'neath thy window,
Shall sing when thou art mine.

LOVE'S RESUME.

The Sun, the Rose, the Lily, the Dove,—
I loved them all, in my early love.
I love them no longer, but her alone,
The Pure, the Tender, the Only, the One,
For she herself, my Queen of Love,
Is Rose, and Lily, and Sun, and Dove!

TEARS OF JOY.

Whene'er I gaze within thine eyes,
All care and sorrow swiftly flies;
And when I kiss thy lips so sweet,
My cure is perfect and complete;
And when I lean upon thy breast,
There seem I as in heaven to rest;
Yet, when thou sayest: "I love but thee,"
Then must I weep right bitterly.

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U. S. Chamber Concerts.

I'LL NOT COMPLAIN.

I'll not complain although I die of pain,
Loved one forever lost—I'll not complain.
Though diamonds deck thy brow with light,
No ray can pierce thy heart's deep night,
I've known it long.

I'll not complain although I die of pain,
While dreaming once I saw thee,
Saw keen remorse, the deadly serpent, gnaw thee,
I saw the night that is within thine heart,
Saw thee as wretched as indeed thou art,
I'll not complain.

MARGARET AT THE SPINNING WHEEL.

Oh, my heart is sad, my rest is o'er,
And never, alas! shall I find it more.
And when he's not near, my grave lies here,
'Tis all distress and bitterness.
My poor weak head seems tempest tossed,
My poor weak senses seem quite lost.

Oh, my heart is sad, my rest is o'er,
And never, alas! shall I find it more.
'Tis he alone from the window I seek,
With him alone go out to speak.
His noble form, his bearing so high,
And his smile so radiant, his all-pow'rful eye,
His witching words, for me such bliss,
His hand's fond grasp, and oh, his kiss.

Oh, my heart is sad, my rest 's o'er,
And never, alas! shall I find it more.
I long my arms round him to cast,
Could I but seize and hold him fast
And kiss, and kiss as I desired,
Till on his kisses my life expired.