UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

F. W. KELSEY, President A. A. STANLEY, Director

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1910-1911

THIRTY-SECOND SEASON THIRD CONCERT

No. CCXLIV COMPLETE SERIES

SONG RECITAL

UNIVERSITY HALL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1910

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

ALESSANDRO BONCI, Tenor

Harold Osborn Smith, Pianist

PROGRAM

SE TU M'AMI . . . . . *Pergolesi*
CARO MIO BEN . . . . . *Giordani*
CHI VUOL LA ZINGARELLA . . . . . *Paisiello*

ARIA—IL FIOR CHE TU ME DONAVI ("Carmen") . . . . *Bizet*

ON WINGS OF SONG . . . . . *Mendelssohn*
WHO IS SYLVIA? } . . . . . *Schubert*
HARK, HARK, THE LARK }

POLONAISE, A FLAT MAJOR . . . . . *Chopin*

HAROLD OSBORN SMITH

AU PRINTEMPS . . . . . *Gounod*
VIEILLE CHANSON . . . . . *Bizet*
ROMANCE . . . . . *Debussy*

ARIA—CHE GELIDA MANINA ("La Bohème") . . . . *Puccini*

LONG AGO } . . . . . *McDowell*
A MAID SINGS LIGHT }
SERENATA . . . . . *Sinigaglia*
VIENI AMOR MIO . . . . . *Leoncavallo*

KNABE PIANO USED

THE NEXT CONCERT IN THE CHORAL UNION SERIES WILL BE GIVEN BY THE

FLONZALEY QUARTET

January 18, 1911

TEXT OF PROGRAM

SE TU M'AMI . . . . . *Pergolesi*

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri
Sol per me, gentil pastor,
Ho dolor dei tuoi martiri,
Ho diletto dei tuo amor.

If thou love me, and dost sigh
For me alone, O shepherd lad,
With thy sorrows I'll have pity
And thy joys shall make me glad.

Ma se pensi che soletto
Io ti debba riamar,
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

But think not, love, that on thee
And no one else I'll dare to smile;
Such a thought were truly idle,
And thou art deceived the while.

Bella rosa porporina
Oggi Silvia sceglierà,
Con la scusa della spina
Doman poi la sprezzerà,

Should fair Sylvia, in the garden
Pluck a red rose for her own,
Soon the thorns ungrateful prick her
And to-morrow she casts it down.

Ma degli uomini il consiglio
Io per me non seguirò,
Non perchè mi piace il giglio
Gli altri fiori sprezzerò.

To the counsel of the wise men
For my part, I'll ne'er adhere,
And tho' I may love the lily,
Other blossoms still are dear.

CARO MIO BEN . . . . . *Giordani*

Caro mio ben, credimi almen,
Senza di te languisce il cor.
Il tuo fidel sospirar ognor,
Cessa crudel tanto rigor.

Dearest, in sooth, my heart for thee
Doth pine when thou art far from me;
In vain doth sigh thy faithful swain,
Cease, love, from causing him such pain!

CHI VUOL LA ZINGARELLA . . . . . *Paisiello*

Chi vuol la zingarella
Graziosa, accorta e bella?
Signori, eccola qua.

Behold the dark-eyed gypsy!
With grace and skill and cunning,
Behold her here for all!

Le donne sul balcone
So bene indovinar.
I giovani al cantone
So meglio stuzzicar.

For ladies on the balcony,
She'll tell their fortunes true;
The gallants at the corner,
Her piercing eye will rue.

A vecchi innamorati
Scaldar vo le cervella:
Chi vuol la zingarella?
Signori, eccola qua!

And all the amorous ancients
Will have their heads set whirling
By this bewitching gypsy,
Behold her here for all!

ARIA—IL FIOR CHE TU ME DONAVI (Carmen) . . . . *Bizet*

ON WINGS OF SONG . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

On wings of music roaming
With thee, my love, I glide;
Where the gay flowers are blooming
On banks by the Ganges' tide.

There blue-eyed violets lying
Look up to the stars with delight;
There the musk-roses are sighing
Fond secrets, like fays of the night.

Oh, there in a garden of roses,
While moonbeams calmly shine,
The lotus-flower uncloses
Her eye to gaze on thine.

The flowers their leaves are hiding,
And hushed in balmy sleep,
While on in the distance gliding,
The river seeks the deep.

Reclining with thee while night gleams,
Under the spreading palms;
We woo the power of bright dreams,
To shed their heavenly charms.

WHO IS SYLVIA? . . . . . *Schubert*

Who is Sylvia, what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heav'ns such grace did lend her,
That adored she might be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
To her eyes Love doth repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And being help'd inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling,
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her garlands let us bring.

—*Shakespeare.*

HARK, HARK, THE LARK . . . . . *Schubert*

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.

And winking Mary-beds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With ev'ry thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!

—*Shakespeare.*

POLONAISE, A FLAT MAJOR . . . . . *Chopin*

HAROLD OSBORN SMITH

AU PRINTEMPS . . . . . *Gounod*

Le printemps chasse les hivers
Et sourit dans les arbres verts,
Sous la feuille nouvelle
Passent des bruits d'aile!

Viens! suivons les sentiers ombreux,
Où s'égarent les amoureux,
Le printemps nous appelle
Viens, soyons heureux.

Vois! le soleil étincelle,
Et sa clarté qui ruiselle,
Me semble encore plus belle
Dans tes beaux yeux!

Que ta voix chante et se mêle
A l'harmonie éternelle,
Je crois entendre en elle
Chanter les cieux!

—*Jules Barbier.*

Winter yields to the wiles of Spring,
In the forest the birdlings sing,
Verdant meadows are gay anew
With bud and blossom.

Let us roam in the shady grove,
Breathing vows of deepest love.
Spring invites with smiles
To joys beyond compare.

Brightly the sunbeams are dancing,
In thy dear eyes brighter glancing,
Making still more entrancing
Thy beauty rare.

Let thy sweet voice, upward soaring,
Join with the lark's outpouring,
Raising a song adoring
Through skies so fair.

—*Translated by Charles F. Manney.*

VIEILLE CHANSON . . . . . *Bizet*

Dans les bois l'amoureux Myrtil
Avait pris fauvette legère;
Aimable oiseau; lui disait-il:
Je te destine à ma bergère.

Pour prix du don que j'aurai fait
Que de baisers, que de baisers!
Si ma Lucette
M'en donne deux pour un bouquet;
J'en aurai dix pour la fauvette.

La fauvette dans le vallon
A laissé son ami fidèle,
Et tant fait que de sa prison
Elle s'échappe à tire d'aile.

Ah! dit le berger desolé,
Adieu les baisers de Lucette!
Tout mon bonheur s'est envolé
Sur les ailes de la fauvette!

Myrtil retourne au bois voisin,
Pleurant la perte qu'il a fait.
Soit par hasard, soit à dessin,
Dans le bois se trouvait Lucette;

Et sensible à ce gage de foi,
Elle sortit de sa retraite,
En lui disant: console-toi,
Tu n'a perdu que la fauvette!

—Charles Millevoye.

In the woods amorous Myrtil
Caught a linnet singing so clearly,
"Thou lovely bird, fear no ill,
For my sweetheart will love thee dearly."

And in return for thee to-day
With kisses sweet she will repay.
If my beloved gave so demurely
Two kisses for a bright bouquet,
She'll give me ten for thee most surely.

But the birdling had left her mate,
And his love-song she heard outpouring.
So alas! Myrtil saw too late
His captive far on swift wing soaring.

"Ah," said the shepherd in dismay,
"Adieu to kisses from my treasure!
All my delight is flown away,
With the bird, gone is all my pleasure!"

The shepherd sadly wandered home
With sorrow darkly brooding o'er him;
But see, Myrtil, what joy is come!
In the path stands his love before him!

Then how lovingly his faithful Lucette
Advancs to her shepherd lonely,
And smiling says: Do not regret,
For thou hast lost the linnet only!

—Translation by Isabella G. Parker.

ROMANCE . . . . . *Debussy*

L'âme évaporée et souffrante
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lis divins que i'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Ou donc les cents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lis?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité celeste,
Des jours ou tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle.
Faite d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

—Paul Bourget.

Soul so subtle, sweet, allurinng
As the fragrance of flowers enduring,
Scent of the lilies I plucked with you
In your garden of maiden thought,
Ye breezes who its fragrance caught,

Oh! whither did your sighs waft it?
Doth there not rise in quiet hours
A scent from those pure lovely flowers,
Sweet mem'ries of the days long sped
When I but lived in your dear presence?
Bid love return; and with its essence
Fill me again, ere hope has fled.

—Nita Cox.

ARIA—"CHE GELIDA MANINA" . . . . . *Puccini*

Che gelida manina, se la lasci riscaldar.
Cercar che giova? Al buio non si trova.
Ma per fortuna è una notte di luna,
E qui la luna l'abbiamo vicino.
Aspetti signorina, le diro con due parole
Chi son e che faccio, come vivo.

Vuole? . . Chi son? . . Sono un poeta.
Che cosa faccio?—Scrivo.
E come vivo? . . Vivo!

In povertà mia lieta scialo da gran signore
Rime ed inni d'amore.
Per sogni e per chimere e per castelli in aria
L'anima ho milionaria.
Talor dal mio forziere ruban
Tutti i gioielli due ladri: gli occhi belli.
V'entrar con voi pur ora,
Ed i mei sogni usati e i bei sogni miei
Tosto si dileguar!
Ma il furto non m'accora, poichè v'ha preso stanza.
La dolce speranza!

Or che mi cognoscete parlate voi,
Deh! parlate. Chi siete?
Vi piaccia dir!

What a cold little hand! Let me warm it.
Will you not give it me?

In the dark I have lost it.
But happily we have a moon to-night,
And up here the moon's quite close to us.
A moment, little girl, and I'll tell you
In two words—what I am and what I do—
How I live. Will you listen?—A poet am I.
What do I do?—I write.
And how do I live?—Just live.

In my joyous poverty, I exhale
Rhymes and sonnets of love, like a lord.
In dreams and visions, in my castles in air
I seem to possess millions.

Just now from my strong-box all the jewels
Were taken by two thieves—certain lovely eyes!
They have just come in with you,
And my haunting, happy dreams
Have suddenly ta'en wings!

But this theft does not sadden me,
For in my heart has found place
A most delightful hope!
Now that you know me,—speak,
And tell me, pray, who you are;
I should so love to know!

LONG AGO . . . . . *McDowell*

Long ago, sweetheart mine,
Roses bloomed as ne'er before,
Long ago the world was young
For us, sweetheart.

Fields of velvet, azure skis,
Whisp'ring trees and murm'ring stream;
Long ago Life spread his wings
For us, sweetheart.

And now that night is near,
Must God's harvest e'en be reaped,
Yet our love shall live
For aye, sweetheart.

A MAID SINGS LIGHT . . . . . *McDowell*

A maid sings light, and a maid sings low,
With a merry, merry laugh in her eyes of sloe;
I tell thee, lad, have a care, nor dare,
Lest thou lose thy heart in the fair one's snare.

And doth she pout and doth she sigh,
Ne'er go too close, nor dry her eye,
I tell thee, lad, have a care, she's fair,
She'll surely laugh thy prayer to air;

For a maid loves light, and a maid loves so,
That a merry, merry laugh will answer thy woe,
I tell thee, lad, have a care, nor dare,
Lest thou lose thy heart in the fair one's snare.

SERENATA . . . . . *Sinigaglia*

Brilla in ciel l'astro d'or,
E la notte un dolce incanto;
O fedel mio tesor,
Dischiudi il tuo veron!
Vo' cantar una canzon.

Sale a te fra i sospir
L'amorosa serenata,
O fedel non dormir,
Riposeria doman
Scendi giu, ma piano pian!

O bella, solo un istante—
Non sii crudele fatti veder!
Ah! pietà d'un amante,
Del mio cor prigonier!

Pietà di questo cor
Che batte sol per te
Se il tuo cor non è morto,
Vieni, scendi, tesor,
Languono i fior,

Veglian le rose tremanti d'amor!
Fa che questo core non palpiti invan!
Alto è in ciel l'astro d'or,
Sono al fin della canzon
Scendi giù, mio ben,
Io t'aspetto, vien!

—*From the French of V. Roger.*

High in the sky glows a golden star,
The night hath a sweet enchantment;
O my true love, open thy casement to me,
And I'll sing thee a song.

My love-lay mounts to thee
With my sighing commingled,
O slumber not, sweet,
To-morrow mayst rest,
Come softly, softly down to me.

Only a moment, dearest,
Nor cruelly hide thy face.
Ah! take pity upon me.
Who of my own heart am a captive!

Take pity upon me, dear one,
My heart beats only for thee,
If thou'rt not utterly cold,
Pray come to me, my treasure,
The flowers are drooping for thee.

The blushing roses are trembling with love,
Let not my pulses thrill in vain;
High in the heav'ns gleam golden stars,
Soon I shall be at the end of my song,
Tarry not, my darling,
I await thee, come!

VIENI AMOR MIO . . . . . *Leoncavallo*

Vieni, amor mio!
Vieni, è levato il sole
E la fiorita ride
E ci attende.
Quanta luce nel cielo!
E quanto azzurro
Negli occhi nostri
Fluttua e risplende!

Oh; vieni, andrem
Di nuova sorte in traccia,
Tu del tuo genio,
Ed io di te saro.
Tu mi sorreggerai
Fra le tue braccia,
Io col sorriso
Ti confortero.

—*A. Vivanti.*

Come, my sweet one,
The sun is risen,
The flowers are laughing
And waiting for thee.
The heaven is brilliant,—
A merry light
Sparkles and gleams in thine eyes.

Oh, come let us seek new paths
That we may wander along them,
Arm in arm, leaning each on each,
Let us smile at the world together.

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