

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

CHARLES A. SINK, PRESIDENT

EARL V. MOORE, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

First Concert

1929-1930

Complete Series 1776

Fifty-First Annual

Choral Union Concert Series

HILL AUDITORIUM
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

LOUISE HOMER, *Contralto*

Metropolitan Opera Company

KATHARINE HOMER, at the Piano

Management: Evans and Salter,
Steinway Building, New York City

Tuesday Evening, October 15, 1929, at 8:15

PROGRAM

DEM UNENDLICHEN	<i>Schubert</i>
IF THOU THY HEART WILT GIVE ME.....	<i>Bach</i>
MÄDCHEN SIND WIE DER WIND.....	<i>Loewe</i>
CAECILIE	<i>Strauss</i>
LES LARMES, from "Werther".....	<i>Massenet</i>
L'ESCLAVE	<i>Lalo</i>
ADIEU, FORÊTS, from "Jeanne d'Arc".....	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>

INTERMISSION

DEAREST.....	<i>Sidney Homer</i>
SHEEP AND LAMBS.....	<i>Sidney Homer</i>
HOW'S MY BOY?.....	<i>Sidney Homer</i>
ZIGEUNERLIEDER	<i>Brahms</i>
Lieber Gott, du weisst	
Hoch-gehörnte Rimofluth	
Röslein dreie in der Reihe	
Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn?	
MORNING HYMN.....	<i>Henschel</i>
WILD BELLS.....	<i>Gounod</i>

*The Steinway Piano and the Skinner Organ are the official concert
instruments of the University Musical Society*

VICTOR RECORDS

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

PROGRAM OF SONGS

DEM UNENDLICHEN (The Eternal God).....*Schubert*

My heart glows when I think of thee, O Eternal God!
It is heavy with sadness when it considers itself.
Only Thou can lift me out of my sorrow, only Thou can
help me in time of Death.
Oh Almighty Father, no praises are worthy to sing of
thy great love.
Sing, oh beautiful trees, with tones of the harp; and
thou, crystal stream.
Sing louder, it is God you are praising, God!
Worlds, and planets and stars, sing in a glorious chorus
the praises of our great God!

IF THOU THY HEART WILT GIVE ME.....*Bach*

If thou thy heart wilt give me, in secret be it done,
So that our sweet communion betrayed may be to none.
We to the world around us may not our love impart,
Oh keep the joy it brings thee locked safe within thy
heart.
Be cautious, dear, and silent, to none thy love confide,
Love inwardly, while feigning indifference by my side!
Give rise to no suspicion, play ever well thy part,
Enough that thou art sure, love, of my fond, faithful
heart.

MÄDCHEN SIND WIE DER WIND (Maidens Are Like the Wind).....*Loewe*

Maidens are like the wind!
Their regard bestowing,
Now on me, then on thee,
Like the leaflet blowing.

Ne'er suppose when she goes,
There her kiss is binding.
If she choose to abuse,
Fault she can be finding.

O beware—have a care!
When she seems beguiling,
Tricky lies, mocking eyes,
Lurk behind her smiling.

Tho the bliss of her kiss
Leads to joyous sighing,
Hidden there, never fear,
Bitter gall is lying.

CAECILIE.....*Richard Strauss*

If you but knew, sweet, what 'tis to dream of fond,
burning kisses,
Of wandering and resting with the belov'd one;
Gazing fondly, caressing, and whisp'ring, could I but
tell you, your heart would assent.

If you but knew, sweet, the anguish of waking through
nights long and lonely
And rocked by the storm when none is near to soothe
and comfort the strife-weary spirit,
Could I but tell you, you'd come, sweet, to me.

If you but knew, sweet, what living is, in the creative
breath of God, Lord and Maker,
To hover, upborne on dove-like pinions to regions of
light,
If you but knew it, could I but tell you, you'd dwell,
sweet, with me.

LES LARMES (Aria from "Werther").....*Massenet*

There! Let flow your tears! It is better so, my dear one! The tears which we do not weep, return again into our hearts, and, by their patient drops, break our hearts, sad and weary! Resistance at last is overcome; the heart is crushed. It is too large, nothing can fill it; and too fragile, everything bruises it. Everything wounds it!

L'ESCLAVE*Lalo*

A captive, and perchance unremembered,
I dream of my springtime of love,
My days of joy!
And through the bars of my window,
See afar the happy bird that cleaves the air!
Awakening hope! joyfully bear me unto him
On thy golden wing, if yet he love me!
And wilt thou allay my love anguish,
Then lay my spirit on his heart
As 'twere a flow'r.

ADIEU, FORÊTS (from "Jeanne d'Arc").....*Tschaikowsky*

Yes, it is the will of God!
I must obey His call!
Why dost beat so fast, my heart?
Why does fear seem to fill my spirit?

Farewell, my beautiful forests, my beloved meadows!
Smiling valleys, farewell forever!
Oh sweet valley where I have known such joy,
And my little lambs on the green prairie,
Today I leave you, and leave you forever.

I go where God calls me. I hear His voice, and I follow!

DEAREST.....*Sidney Homer*

Dearest when I am dead,	Tell them how, early and late
Make one last song for me.	Glad ran the days with me,
Sing what I would have said,	Seeing how goodly and great,
Righting life's wrong for me.	Love, were your ways with me.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.....*Sidney Homer*

(Words by Katherine Tyman Hinkson)

All in the April morning April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road,
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.

All in an April evening I thought on the Lamb
of God;
The lambs were weary and crying
With a weak, human cry;
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains	Up on the hill-top green,
Dewy pastures are sweet:	Only a cross of shame,
Rest for the little bodies,	Two stark crosses between.
Rest for the little feet;	All in the April evening April airs were abroad;
Rest for the Lamb of God.	I saw the sheep with the lambs, and thought on the Lamb of God.

How's My Boy?.....*Sidney Homer*

(Words by Sydney Dobell)

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy, — my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, my good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"
"My boy John?
He that went to sea;
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.
You come back from sea, and not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in town?
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John!
How's my boy, — my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons, or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown, or no!
Sure, his ship was the 'Jolly Briton.'"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"
"And why should I speak low, sailor?
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."
"How's my boy, — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."
"How's my boy, — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother!
How's my boy, — my boy?
Tell me of him, and no other—!
How's my boy, my boy?"

ZIGEUNERLIEDER (Gypsy Songs).....*Brahms*

Lieber Gott du weisst

Dear God, if you knew how oft I've regretted that
I gave my Love a little kiss!
My heart commanded that I kiss her! I shall think,
as long as I live, on that first kiss!

Hoch-gehörnte Rimafluth

Great rushing Rima stream, thou art so drear!
On thy shores I mourn aloud for thee, my dear!
Waves rushing, waves flying, rolling up to me!
On the shores of great Rima let me weep forever
for thee!

Röslein dreie in der Reihe

Rose-buds three all on one tree, ye bloom so red,
That a lad a lassie woo is not forbid!
Dear God, if that were forbidden all the world long
since had died!
To remain single is a *sin*!

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn?

Dost thou often think, dear Love, of the sacred
vows you made to me?
Deceive me not! Leave me not! You do not know
how I love thee!
If you love me as I love thee, then God's blessing
will stream o'er us!

MORNING HYMN.....*Georg Henschel*

Soon night will pass;
Thro' field and grass
What odors sweet the morning sendeth!
On vale and height
"Let there be light!"
Thus saith the Lord, and darkness endeth.

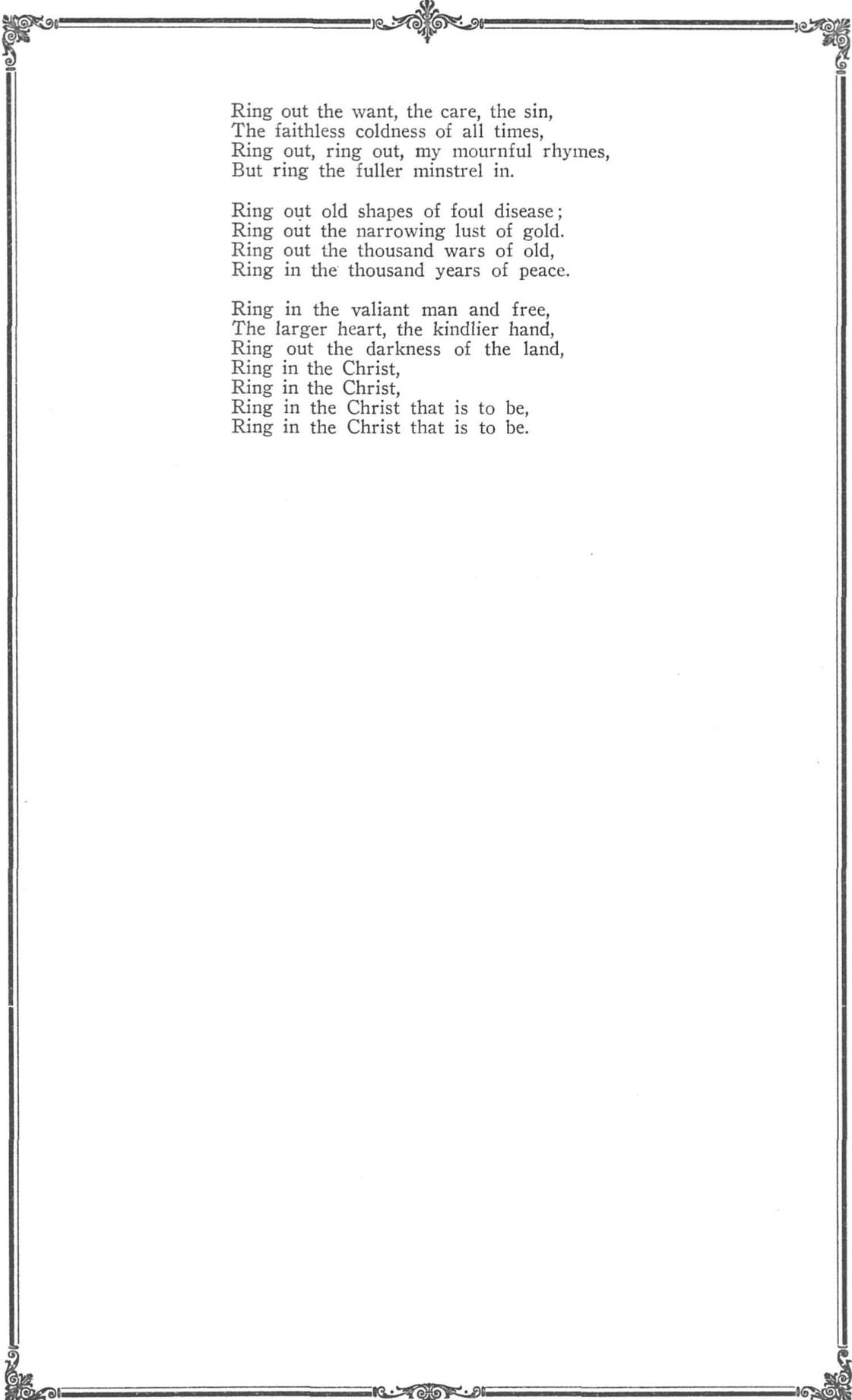
From heav'n's expanse
Thro' all the lands
The angels soar in rapture glorious;
Sunlight unfurled
Flames o'er the world,
Lord, let us strive, and be victorious!

WILD BELLS.....*Gounod*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night.
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.



Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of all times,
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold.
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ,
Ring in the Christ,
Ring in the Christ that is to be,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The Wednesday afternoon organ recitals will be given throughout the school year, beginning at 4:15 and lasting about one hour. The majority of the recitals are played by Mr. Christian, though from time to time guest organists are invited to appear.

All students, and all interested members of the community with the exception of small children, are cordially invited to attend.

FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL SERIES

Choral Union Concerts

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HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

SCHEDULE

- Oct. 30—Detroit Symphony Orchestra,
Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Conductor
- Nov. 19—The English Singers of London
Flora Mann Cuthbert Kelly
Nellie Berger Norman Stone
Lillian Berger Norman Notley
- Dec. 3—Lener-Budapest String Quartet
Jeno Lener Sandor Roth
Joseph Smilovits Imre Hartman
- Dec. 10—Claudia Muzio, Soprano
- Dec. 13—Ignace Jan Paderewski, Pianist
- Jan. 16—Jascha Heifetz, Violin
- Jan. 31—Vladimir Horowitz, Piano
- Feb. 12—Elisabeth Rethberg, Soprano
- Mar. 10—Detroit Symphony Orchestra,
Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Conductor

Course Tickets: \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00.

Charles A. Sink, President
School of Music,
Ann Arbor, Michigan