

# ELLISON-WHITE BUREAU

*Presents*

## *Marian Anderson*

Franz Rupp at the Piano

PORTLAND AUDITORIUM

TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1941, 8:30 P. M.

### *Program*

#### I

Figli del mesto cor (Cantata for contralto) . . . . . Handel

And yet the tears  
Are the miserable food  
Of which I always partake

And always 'twixt plaints  
I breathe but airs  
Of suffering

Aria from the opera "Acis and Galathea" . . . . . Handel

Oh! Did'st thou know the torment of lonely love;  
Acis was never far from Galathea.

And as the dove in the lonely arbour  
Pines for her beloved;  
He does return and her happiness blooms  
She tastes of it as long as there is light.

Pecking languor, fluttering wooing,  
Cosy cooing fills the grove,  
Cosy cooing, sweet torment.

Recitative and Choral from the "Kreuzstab-cantata" . . . . . Bach

My wandering in the world is like the voyage of a ship  
Sadness, calamity and want are waves which roll o'er me  
And daily frighten me of death.  
But there is an anchor which braces me—the mercy  
Which God so often shows me.  
He calls to me; I am near thee  
And thee I shall not abandon and forsake!  
And when the angry foaming waves abate  
I shall step off the ship into my port  
Which is the heavenly realm  
Where I shall enter with the righteous  
And leave the world of sadness far behind.

And I stand ready now  
The heir of my beatitude  
With longing and desire  
To receive from Jesus' hands.  
How happy I shall be  
When I see the port of Rest.  
In the grave I will put away my sorrow  
And my Redeemer then shall wash away my tears.

Come, O Death, thou brother of sleep,  
Come and lead me away,  
Free the rudder of my little ship  
Bring me into a safe port!  
Some, maybe, are afraid of thee,  
But to me—thou can'st bring only joy;  
For 'tis only through you  
That I can go to little Jesus.

COMING — LAWRENCE TIBBETT, March 14

II

Seven songs from "Dichterliebe" . . . . . Schumann

Wenn Ich in deine Augen seh

Ah, sweet, when in thine eyes I look,  
My heart by fear is quite forsaken,  
And when I kiss thy lips' red flow'r  
Then I am whole and sound once more.

And when I lean against thy breast  
In heav'nly peace I seem to rest,  
But when thou say'st thou lovest me  
Then I must weep, oh, bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

My soul I will steep with longing  
In the lily's chalice so fair  
Until from its petals thronging  
A song it shall waft on air

The song shall thrill with emotion  
Like the kiss with which of yore  
She enthral'd my heart's devotion  
In wondrously blissful hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

On the Rhine, on that holy river  
The great, holy Cologne  
Reflects its great cathedral  
In the glittering waves.

There is a picture in the cathedral  
Painted on golden leather  
It has spread a friendly light  
Over the wilderness of my life.

Flowers and angels swarm  
Around our beloved Lady  
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks  
Are like those of the one I love.

Und wuesstest du die Blumen

If only the little flowers knew  
How deep is the wound in my heart,  
They would cry together with me  
To heal my torture and pain.

If only the golden stars  
Knew of my plaint and lament,  
They would descend from their heights  
To speak words of comfort to me.

If only the nightingales knew  
How sick and sad I am  
They would let merrily ring  
Their refreshing and joyous song.

But they do not know all that,  
Only one knows of my grief;  
She is the one who herself  
Tore my heart to shreds.

Hoer ich das Liedchen klingen

When I hear the melody ringing  
Of the song my beloved sang,  
My chest is ready to burst  
With the unbearable burden of pain.

A dark yearning drives me  
Up on the wooded heights  
And there in torrents of tears  
My overwhelming pain is resolved.

Ein Juengling liebt ein Maedchen

A young lad loved a maiden  
But she with another would wed;  
That other fancied another  
Whom soon to the altar he led.  
It filled the maid with anger  
To lose her chosen mate.

She married the first best suitor,  
The youth's was a sad, sad fate.  
'Tis ever the same old story  
And many know it well,  
And those to whom it happens  
Of broken hearts can tell.

(Program continued)

Aus alten Maerchen

A white hand seems to beckon  
From ancient fairy-tales;  
Their voices are a-singing  
Of a distant fairyland;  
Where flowers bright are blooming  
In the golden evening light  
And glow in fragrance  
Like the faces of many brides;

And again the green trees  
Sing age-old melodies,  
And the breezes homely ring  
With the gay twitter of birds;  
And from the earth arise  
Ghostly images of mist  
And dance in airy circles  
To the sound of wonder choruses.

And bluish sparks twinkle  
On every leaf and twig,  
And red lights run  
In a crazy whirling circle  
And bubbling wells run out of wild marble  
And oddly the brook reflects odd images.

Ah, if only I could go there  
And gladden my sad heart,  
And, rid of suffering,  
Be free and happy.  
Ah! that land of joy,  
I see it often in my dreams,  
But in the rays of the morning  
It vanishes like vain foam.

III

Pleurez mes yeux—Aria from the opera "Le Cid" . . . . . Massenet

I emerge from this terrible conflict with a broken soul  
But at last I am free and from now on I will  
Sigh unconstrained and suffer unobserved.

Cry! Cry, O my eyes!  
Fall, O sad dew,  
Which shall never be dried by a ray of the sun!  
If there is one hope left  
It is to die soon,  
Cry! O my eyes, cry out all your tears!

But who has wished upon us this eternity of tears?  
O dear buried, do you really find joy  
In bequeathing to the living implacable pain?

Alas! I remember he said to me  
With your tender smile, you could only lead  
To glorious roads and to blessed paths!  
Ah! my father! Alas!  
Cry, O my eyes!

INTERMISSION

IV

Recondilha . . . . . Villa-Lobos

Deceitful  
Life  
Calls me  
Kisses me  
Escapes me  
Fools me

I love  
I suffer  
I return  
I cry  
And then—  
I revolt

I think  
I go  
I drink  
I forget

Nhapope . . . . . Villa-Lobos

A certain night on a terrace I heard it told,  
When the moon was spreading heavenly flour o'er the earth  
That when Nhapope feels her wing is wounded  
She seeks a restful life in the warmth of her heart.  
You are Nhapope . . . I am your lover,  
You may trust me.

(Program continued)

Funeral of King Nago . . . . .

Tavares

He is the king! Saravah! Nago, our king,  
Who reigned among the dead. He goes away . . . far away  
Into endless space. He goes to the Land of the Moon  
Beyond the Sea of Sleep,  
And he will conquer Heaven,  
For whoever sees him draws back  
And there he will sit on a throne,  
And thus will be a god.

The king, the king Nago,  
There goes serene in the light,  
Seeking another kingdom  
Between the distant stars  
Where Olorum called him!

He is the King! He conquered pain!  
And between waving torches  
And slow moving praying  
Goes the king, victorious!

There he goes, he has left us . . .  
Woe to us, Nago . . .

Punta Guajiro (Cuban folk rhythm) . . . . .

Varona

At the turn of dawn  
Early in the morning  
I hear the call of the beautiful cock  
And I hear the clucking of hens.

The mooing of the cow  
Candid companion  
Of the calf who is the first  
To respond to the cow.

The smell of flowers  
The dew of dawn  
Villagers picking guitars  
Astride their sturdy ponies.

Negro Folk Songs . . . . .

Arr. Nathaniel Dett

Somebody's knocking at your door

Somebody's knocking at your door.  
O sinner, why don't you answer  
Knocks like Jesus.

Oh, the land I am bound for

Oh, the land I am bound for,  
Sweet Canaan's land I am bound for,  
Sweet Canaan's happy land.

Pray give me your right hand.  
Oh, my brother, did you come for to help  
me?

Poor me

I'm sometimes up, I'm sometimes down,  
But still my soul feels heav'nly bound.  
Trouble will bury me down . . . poor me.

Altho' you see me goin' long so,  
I have my trials here, below.  
Trouble will bury me down . . . poor me.

O Zion, Hallelujah

O Zion, Hallelujah!  
Zion, city, bright and fair,  
I hope and pray I'll meet you there.

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