

ELLISON-WHITE BUREAU

MUSIC ROOM
LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Presents

MARIAN ANDERSON

Franz Rupp at the Piano



Fifth Number—Greater Artists Series

PORTLAND PUBLIC AUDITORIUM

February 11, 1943, 8:30 P. M.



PROGRAM

I.

BEGRUESSUNG.....*George Friedrich Handel*
Son, see down the cheeks of your aged father, tears are streaming. Long after I
have been in the grave, your name and glory will fill the world.

SE FLORINDO E FEDELE.....*Alessandro Scarlatti*
My heart I can defend against luring smiles, pleading and weeping, but if
Florindo be faithful, I'll surely fall in love.

LA VIE.....*Josef Haydn*
Life, life is a slumber, a light dream vanishing,
Dark sometimes, and sometimes golden.
Mixed with shadow and with sun,
Until the moment when man dies, and then the waking comes.
Life, life is a slumber, Love there glitters in a dream,
A will-o-the-wisp it seems to be.
He who has turned his heart to love
Will soon find nothing but a lie, and then the waking comes.

MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.....*Josef Haydn*
My mother bids me bind my hair with bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare and lace my bodice blue.
For why, she cries, sit still and weep, while others dance and play.
Alas! I scarce can go or creep, while Lubin is away.
'Tis sad to think the days are gone, when those we love are near.
I sit upon this mossy stone and sigh where none can hear.
And while I spin my flaxen thread and sing my simple lay
The village seems asleep or dead, now Lubin is away.

(Program continued)

Coming . . .

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO" . . . **Sunday, February 14, 2:30 P. M.**
ROBERT CASADESUS **Thursday, March 4, 8:30 P. M.**
NELSON EDDY **Thursday, April 22, 8:30 P. M.**

NOTE PLEASE—

Our plan for crowd protection prepared by army officials and civilian defense authorities is complete in every detail and in case an alert is ordered, please remain calmly where you are, avoid any action that might cause any unnecessary confusion, and await instructions from your announcer on the stage.

PROGRAM (Continued)

II.

SULEIKA.....*Franz Schubert*

I envy you your humid wings, oh western wind,
 For you can tell him how I suffer, now we are parted!
 Your pinions' motion wakes silent longing in my bosom.
 Flowers, meadows, woods and hills dissolve in tears at your breath.
 Yet your mild and balmy blowing cools my burning eyelids.
 Oh! I would die of anguish could I not hope to see him!
 So haste to my love, murmur softly to his heart,
 Yet do not grieve him, but hide my sorrow.
 Tell him, modestly, that love is my life,
 That if I am with him, two will rejoice.

AUF DEM WASSER ZU SINGEN.....*Franz Schubert*

On the dazzling, twinkling waves of the lake
 The rocking canoe glides like a swan;
 Ah, and so the soul glides along
 On the softly glittering waves of joy;
 And down from the sky on the waves
 The glow of the sunset dances round,
 Over the trees of the grove to the west
 A reddish glory winks, friendly to us;
 Under the branches of the grove to the east
 The reeds whisper a mystery tinted in red;
 And the soul, with the glow of the sunset
 Drinks the joy of the sky and the peace of the grove.
 Ah, it seems that o'er the rocking waves
 Time itself vanishes on dewey wings
 Time tomorrow will fly away on those wings
 As it did yesterday . . . as it does today
 Until the time comes when on radiant wings
 I, myself, will escape the change of time.

NACHT UND TRAUME.....*Franz Schubert*

Holy night, thou art descending
 Bringing with thee sweetest dreaming,
 Like thy moonlight's silv'ry beaming,
 Flooding ev'ry aching, longing breast,
 And the soul finds soothing rest;
 Calling to the early light,
 "Come again, O holy night,
 O bring us dreams that have no ending."

MUSENSOHN.....*Franz Schubert*

Through field and forest roaming
 My ditty gaily humming,
 From town to town I hie.
 And to the time responding
 And to the measure bounding
 All nature passes by.

III.

ADIEU, FORETS—Aria from Jeanne d'Arc.....*Peter I. Tschaikovsky*

Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved meadows!
 Ye smiling valleys, fare ye well for aye!

(Program continued)

PROGRAM (Continued)

III. (Concluded)

No longer now among ye may I wander,
 To all today I bid a long farewell.
 Ye meadows all, ye shadow-haunted forests,
 Ah, when I am gone, ye still so fair will be!
 Ah, fare ye well, ye caves and cooling fountains!
 For Joan departs, and never more shall see ye.
 To all the joys that we have known together
 I bid farewell today forevermore;
 And ye, my lambs, disperse o'er yonder heather;
 No shepherd have ye now to go before!
 For I forsake this flock to tend another
 On far-off gory fields—the fields of war!
 The Lord's command Himself on me imposeth,
 No vain desire my willing heart encloseth;
 Madonna! Thou knowest all my aspiration!
 Thou seest my trembling, and all my sorrow.
 Forevermore farewell, ye mountains all.

INTERMISSION

IV.

UPON THEIR GRAVE.....*Charles Griffes*

Upon their grave a linden is growing
 Where breezes and bird songs are lightly flowing
 And in this green and soft retreat
 The miller's boy and sweetheart meet.
 The breezes are tender, warm and clinging,
 The birds warble sweetly and sad is their singing,
 The talkative lovers grow still and sigh;
 They sit there and weep there,
 Neither knows why, they weep there, neither knows why.

EVENING SONG.....*Charles Griffes*

Look off, dear love, across the shallow sands
 And watch yon meeting of sun and sea,
 How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
 Ah, longer, longer, we.
 Now as the sea's red vintage melts the sun
 As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine
 And Cleopatra nigh drinks all,
 'Tis done, love, lay thine hand in mine.
 Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
 Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands;
 O night! Divorce our sun and sky apart,
 Never our lips, our hands.

AMURI, AMURI.....*Geni Sadero*

A Sicilian carter walks at the side of his horse and, full of grief, thinks of what
 love has made of him, while he is saying now and then to his horse, "Trot along,
 old man, we are driving home."

(Program continued)

