

ELWYN CONCERT BUREAU

Presents

MARIA IVOGUN

AUDITORIUM

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24th

Program

1925

(a) ARIA FROM SCHAUSPIELDIR I. Mozart

My dearest heart how sweet is it to hear your loving words and see in your kind eyes my home of happiness. But, alas! gloomy suffering could follow lucky days would then our love be strong enough to brave these sad torments.

Nothing is as sweet and charming as your heart my loving soul. Full of purest love a-flaming, I give to thee my heart in trust.

(b) ARIA: BATTI, BATTI, O BEL MASETTO II. Mozart

From "Don Giovanni." W. A. Mozart, 1756-1791.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,
La tua povera Zerlina;
Staro qui come angelina,
La tue botte ad aspettar.
Lasciero o straziarmi il crine,
Lasciero cavarmi gli occhi,
E le care tue manine
Lieta poe sapro baciare.

Canst thou see me, unforgiven,
Here in sorrow stand and languish?
O, Masetto, end my anguish
Come, and let's be friends again.
O, believe I sore repent it
But I did not understand;
Come, no longer then resent it
Give me, kindly, thy dear hand.

Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!

Ah, confess it—thou no longer
Canst withstand me!

Pace, pace o vita mia,
In contento ed allegria
Notte e di vogliam passar!

Peace and joy once more shall bless us,
Not a frown shall e'er distress us,
While united and delighted
All our days shall sweetly glide!

—Da Ponte.

—Natalie Macfaren.

(a) DA UNTEN IM THALE (Below Yonder Valley) II. Joh. Brahms

Below yonder valley
The waters run clear,
And I never can tell thee,
That I love thee dear.

And if I must ten times say,
"Fond is my heart,"
And refusest to listen
I then must depart.

Speak'st always of truth,
And speak'st always of love,
But a wee bit of falsehood
Lies ever above.

For the time I am thankful
When thou hast been kind,
And I wish thee that elsewhere
More love thou mayst find.

(b) MEINE LIEBE IST GRUN (My Love is Green) Joh. Brahms

My love is green as the alder-bush,
Like the sun so bright, is my treasure,
The sun that shines down on the alder-bush,
And fills it with perfume and pleasure.

My soul has the wings of the nightingale.
That swings in the alder in flower,
And dazed with its perfume in rapture sings
Her carols drunk with love's power.

—Henry G. Chapman

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Program

(c) O MUTTER DU

Edward Grieg

O mother thou, I do love thee,
What more can I say!
You hover o'er me, you protect me
Ever since my childhood days.
O mother thou, I do love thee,
What more can I say!

(d) HOFFNUNG (Hope)

Edward Grieg

To all the winds I would shout in rapture,
But who would know what a hope is mine?
Nay, rest unspoken, the bliss I capture;
My heart alone yet must be its shrine.
Ah, what a trembling and panting and blushing!
My heart is beating with wondrous might;
Like birds in springtime my thoughts are rushing,
With joy unbounded I watch their flight,
With joy unbounded I watch their flight.

What strains of music my pulses sound me!
With angels' songs they my ear regale.
Remotest fancies draw close around me,
And lightly lifts e'en the future's veil.
Can I believe it? Ah, dare I only,
What ray of hope in my soul doth shine!
Upon the darkness of life so lonely,
A star has broken, and it is mine,
A star has broken, that star is mine.

III.

(a) "GAVOTTE" (from Manon)

Jules Massenet

An empress am I, in my way,
I conquer where'er I am seen.
None so great but homage must pay,
Of love I'm the absolute queen.
All things around me are gay;
My fancy alone I obey.
And when life has no joys for me to sip,
I'll say farewell, good friends, with laughter on
my lip.

List to the voice of youth when it calleth,
It bids ye to love for aye, for aye, for aye!
And ere the pride of beauty falleth,
Love then while you may, while you may.
Profit then by the time of youth,
And do not stay to count the days,
Remember then this adage and be merry and
gay always!
Profit then by the time of youth
Remember well this adage and be merry and
gay always! Ah! Ah!

The heart alas to love is e'er willing, and ever
willing to forget, to forget, to forget,
So while its pulse is thrilling love ere its day
hath set forevermore!
Profit then by the time of youth,
And do not stay to count the days,
Remember well this adage and be merry and
gay always!
Profit then by the time of youth,
Remember well this adage and be merry and
gay always! Ah! Ah!

(b) LIEBESFRUED (by request)

Kreisler-Seidler-Winkler

IV.

(a) THE RUSSIAN NIGHTINGALE

Werner Josten

Nightingale, nightingale, how can you sing
Your joyful song through the long dark night,
While I lie here on my lover's grave,
And in my heart there is no light!

Nightingale, nightingale, how can you sing
While children are dying for want of bread.
When Russia's heart has bled so long,
Her rivers are flowing red.

Nightingale, nightingale, why will you sing!
Is it a message of hope you would bring?
Yes, in man's heart there will ever be woe,
But the great world would die without song, you
know.

—Helen Boardman Knox

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PORTLAND, OREGON, JUNE 6-13, 1925

Program

(b) ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Werner Josten

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountainside or mead
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer's flow'rs,
Chee, chee, chee!

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee!

Summer wanes, the children are grown,
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln, a humdrum crone,
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again!
Chee, chee, chee!

(c) THE TIME OF PARTING

Henry Hadley

Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be
sweet;
Let it not be a death but completeness;
Let love melt into memory and pain into songs
Let the flight thro' the sky end in the folding
of wings o'er the nest.
Let the last touch of your hands be gentle like
the flow'r of the night.

Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment,
And say your last words in silence.
I bow to you and hold up my lamp
To light you on your way.

(d) RED, RED ROSE

R. L. Cottenet

O my Luv'e's like the red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O my Luv'e's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I;
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt in the sun.
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' live shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luv'e,
And fare thee well a'while;
And I will come again, my luv'e,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

V.

G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD (Tales of the Wienerwald) *Joh. Strauss*

When Spring his merry greeting sounds,
It lures us, lures us, all the day,
Far through the Wienerwald to stray.
The echoes far and wide are flung,
They charm the hearts of old and young,
And all with mirth resounds.

While so fair the heavens smile,
Cheering every heart the while,
Love and longing—sweet dreams thronging—
Wake each creature to beguile.

Now what drowsy delight—in the cool shadowy
light,
To repose by some spring welling clear,
Plashing so gently near,
While love barbers kiss for kiss,—
Ecstasy, fullest bliss!
Ah, haste not, ye moments dear!

Day with pleasures overflowing,
Hours with sunlight glowing,
Till descending—shadows blending—
Night sinks darkling, star-rays sparkling,
While throned on high the moon drifts by.

Ah, thou still, enchanted ray!
So Love's glance—like shining lance—
Shone once upon my way,
And since, with constant burning away;
Yes, to this hour, so great thy power!
—English translation by Cecil Cowdrey

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