

PORTLAND ART MUSEUM

DONALD CHAMBERLIN

BASS

WENCIL PROCHAZKA ACCOMPANIST

FEBRUARY 4, 1945

HEAR ME YE WINDS AND WAVES Haendel

O ISIS UND OSIRIS Mozart

The aged priest blesses the newly married couple: Oh Isis and Osiris, lend your gifts of wisdom to the wedded pair! You, who guide the steps of the wanderer, strengthen them with patience. Let them see the fruits of hardship. But if they should meet death, reward their virtues' firm career. Accept them in your dwelling place.

IN QUESTA TOMBA Beethoven

In this dark tomb, let me rest. You should have thought of me while I lived, ungrateful one.

DANZA, FANCIULLA Durante

Dance, oh maiden, to my singing and the sound of the waves.

DER DOPPELGAENGER Schubert

The night is still, the streets are at rest. Within this house my sweetheart lived. She left the city long ago, but the house is on the same street yet. A man stands in anguish. I shudder to see his face. The moon shows me my own form. You second self, shadowy friend, why do you mock my song of love which tortured me so many times so long ago?

DER TOD UND DAS MAEDCHEN Schubert

Maiden: Pass on, oh pass on, you wild and bloody man! I am still young. Oh, leave and do not touch me.  
Death: Give me your hand, you fair and tender maid. I am your friend, and do not come to punish. Be of good

cheer: I am not fierce. You shall sleep gently within my arms.

SAPPHISCHE ODE Brahms

I picked roses at night from the dark hedges. Their breath was sweeter than ever. But the swaying branches dripped dew upon me. Even the fragrance of your kisses never bewitched me as when I picked them at night from the foliage of your lips. Yet like them even your face was wet with tears.

DOVER BEACH Barber

String Quartet: Broadus Erle Naomi Kirschner  
Robert Harvey Warren Downs

CHACONNE IN D MINOR Bach—Busoni  
Wencislav Prochazka

BLOW THOU WINTER WIND Prochazka

THE CAVE Schneider

MY LOVELY CELIA Munro

CATO'S ADVICE Huhn

IL LACERATO SPIRITO Verdi

The father curses the seducers of his daughter, then realizing what he has said, turns to the Virgin Mary to pray for forgiveness.

## DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!  
Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a thought,  
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.  
The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.  
Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

*Matthew Arnold*