Programme

THE FORUM
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Friday, October 18, 1946
PROGRAM

I.

Ardent Longing ........................................... Johann Georg Ahle (1677)
Come Jesus Lord, O show Thy face,
Come Thou my Life and Thou my grace;
Thee all my heart belonging!
Where art Thou hiding, O my light,
When shall Thy face mine eyes delight?
Ah, come and still my longing!
Come, Lord, quickly
Sun all shining,
Love devining,
Come with healing,
Me Thy peace and rest revealing.

Vieni, Che poi Sereno ........................................ Christopher W. Gluck
Come, for thy love is waiting,
Come! and 'mid joys elating
May glorious dawning find thee
When it doth usher, doth usher in day.
Leave envious rivals behind thee
Banish all tears and sadness
For thou with joy and gladness
Shalt happy be, happy be alway, Leave way
Come! for thy love is waiting, Come!
Happy thou shalt be, thou shalt be alway.

Odio la Pastorella ............................................ Vincenzo Bellini (1834)
Cured of her love, the shepherd maid
Now hates the rose she once did prize
For she has found that in its shade
Hidden, a serpent lies.

Le Violette .................................................. Alessandro Scarlatti
Dewy violets in the meadow
Shyly peeping from the shadow
On your tiny stemlets blowing;
Sweetest fragrance round you throwing;
How you chide me for ambition
Striving over my position.
II.

Ein Wanderer ........................................... Johannes Brahms
Here, the roads are parting,
Where do they lead?
Mine is the road of suffering, I am certain.
Wanderers on the road, ask me, where do I go?
No one will understand, when I tell where I feel at home.
Rich or poor soil, don't you have a place for me?
The place where I will someday be buried,
That is the one I love.

Unbewegte laue Luft ....................................... Johannes Brahms
But within my veins unbidden fires arise of hot desire;
Deep within my pulses hidden
Life akin to Life is clinging.
Shall not voices from my soul
Find in thine an echo ringing?
Soft a down the Zephyr's train linger not thy floating hither,
Come, O come, come, O come, that drain we may draughts
of joy divine together.

Auf dem See ................................................... Johannes Brahms
On the Lake
Blue the water, blue the heaven, vineclad hills that fringe the shore,
Far above the snows are driven deep upon the mountains hoar.
Tremble, this to me! Tremble, Jezabel!
For all the evils of they doing!
But God a reck'ning will compel!
Go, for the anger of the prophet,

III.

Aria: Ne me refuse pas, from "Herodiade" ................. Jules Massenet
Venge me now for insult and defiance!
'Tis on thee, for revenge, I place my sole reliance!

Today I went out to the vale,
When a man, scarce covered at all
With threatening voice, blazing eyes,
Sprang up at my feet in the path!
As a storm, a whirlwind, might rise,
On me he invoked heaven's wrath,
All the while insulting, pursuing!
"Tremble", this to me! Tremble, Jezabel!
For all the evils of they doing!
But God a reck'ning will compel!
Go, for the anger of the prophet,
Will soon arouse all nations.
And thou shalt bend thy haughty forehead
Before their execrations!
'Tis John! The Apostle of shame!
The Baptist is his name; and has founded a sect!
'Tis his head that I do claim!
Ah! Herod! do not refuse me this!
Ah, Herod! recall!
Do not refuse me this! Thou art my wealth!
Did I not leave for thee both my child and my nation?
Thou art my life, thou art health, Thou my only relation!
Do not refuse me this.
Ah, call to mind the Tiber, shaded with leafy boughs!
There we lived without counting hours happily flying,
Kisses tender and true, those were our only vows,
There was no one to see but the waves softly sighing.
And there under the pines, we would wander by night,
And the echoes awaken, remote and mysterious;
Diana would appear, darting arrows of light,
Filling our deepest hearts with love, happy, delicious!
Ah, Herod! Do not refuse me this!

INTERMISSION

IV.

The Sally Gardens (Irish Tune) ------------------------ Arr. by Benjamin Britten

Down by the Sally gardens my love and I did meet,
She passed the Sally gardens with little snow-white feet
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snowwhite hand;
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

A Maiden ------------------------------------- Christopher Thomas

If I were the velvet rose up on the red rose vine,
I'd climb to touch his window and make his casement fine.
And if I were the bright-eyed bird that twitters on the tree,
All day I'd sing my love for him till he should harken me.

But since I am a Maiden, I go with downcast eyes,
And he will never hear the songs that he has turned to sighs.
And since I am a Maiden, love will never know
That I could kiss him with a mouth more red than roses blow.

Yarmouth Fair (A Norfolk folk song) ----------------- Arr. by Peter Warlock

As I rode down to Yarmouth fair
The birds they sang "Good day, good day"
O, I spied a maid with golden hair awalking along my way
A tidy, little maid so trim and fair,
And the birds they sang "Good day, good day".
I said: "My dear, will you ride with me?"
And the birds they sang "Go on, go on!"
She didn't say "no", and the birds they sang
"Heigh ho, heigh ho".
I lifted her right on to my mare
O light as a feather was she, I'd never set eyes on a girl so fair
So I kiss'd her bravely one, two, three,
Then we rode to Yarmouth past field and green hedgerow
And in our hearts no fret nor care
And the birds sang "Hullo, hullo".
At the fair the fun was fast and free
And the birds they sang "Hurray, hurray".
The band struck up a lively air, on fiddle and fife and drum,
The maid and me we made a pair, and we danced to kingdom come
The lads and lassies cheer'd us on
My bonnie maid and me
We danced till stars were in the sky
And the birds they sang "Good-bye, good-bye!"

Summer Night ---------------------- By Armstrong Gibbs

Moonshine calling faint light from sea-deeps unknown,
Burns bright in the blossoming spray of the foam.
Soft winds, myrtle scented, roam from clear stars
Far-flung in the dome of exquisite blue.
There stirs in the moon-silvered spears of the firs
Faint sea murmur.
Soft-breathing, the song of the water, weaving
Spells of sweet silence, fills the blue space 'twixt the sea and the hills.
When Lights Go Rolling Round the Sky  

By John Ireland

When lights go rolling round the sky,  
Then up, my heart, then ope-mine eye,  
With Molly and Polly and John so jolly—  
Away, say we, with melancholy, Heigh-ho—  
And heigh-ho, For me's no melancholy.

First rolls the sun in rosy morn,  
And wheels away what-e'er's forlorn;  
Then look I to my Molly,  
And, certes, John to Polly—  
To each the girl, the love, the wife,  
A rosy morn of rosy life:—

And so, and so, Oho, Oho,  
When light so rolling round the sky,  
Then up my heart, then ope-mine eye,  
When moves the early moon a-west,  
We say the vesper time is best;  
And then lead I my Molly,  
And cometh John with Polly  
To sweet sequest-er'd willow shade,  
For such dear girls and lovers made:—  
And so, and so, Oho, Oho.

V.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Behold That Star  
Arr. by H. T. Burleigh

Behold that star! Behold that star up yonder,  
It is the star of Bethlehem—  
There was no room found in the Inn,  
It is the star of Bethlehem. For  
Him who was born free from sin.

The wise men came on from the East,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.  
To worship Him the Prince of Peace,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.  
Behold that star! Glory to God world without end.

My Good Lord Done Been Here  
Arr. by Hall Johnson

My good Lord done been here,  
Blessed my soul an' gone away.  
When I gift up in de heaven, An' my work is done,  
Gwineter set down 'side sister Mary,  
Gwineter chatter wid de darlin' Son, I tell you,  
I'm go'n' ter Hol' up de Baptis' ban'  
When I gift up in de heaven, Gwineter jin de Baptis' ban.

Now you may be a rich man, White as de drift-in' snow  
But ef yo' soul ain't been converted, straight to hell yo' boun' to go.  
He's been here Blessed my soul.

Where Does the Road Lead?  
Arr. by Delmar Molarsky

Oh Lord, where does the road lead? Oh Lord,  
To try to see but all I see is darkness, Oh—  
Lord, where does the road lead?  
I put one Foot before the other,  
I stretched out my hand to see where I am going  
And all is dark and cold.

Oh, Lord, how can I go on?  
I only stumble on the road and all is dark and cold.

Soon I Will Be Done  
Arr. by Edward Boatner

Soon I will be done a w'd de troubles of the world,  
I'm goin' to live with God—  
I want to meet my brother—  
I'm goin' to live w'd God.

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