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Concertgoer

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Marjorie Lawrence

JANUARY 8, 1948

Guiomar Novaes

JANUARY 11, 1948

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CHARLES O'NEILL AT THE PIANO

- I
a) Scene & Aria "Ah! Perfido" (Fidelio) Beethoven
Miss Lawrence

Ah! Faithless one, thou goest forth with thy traitor form
I hate thee! and be this then thy last, thy last farewell!
Ah! was there e'er a greater tyrant, man, than thou?
Thankless and false one, go! from me thou mayest flee
The avenging gods thou canst not escape
Just are they in their wrath and merciful.
All, all unite to strife thee, false oppressor.
Shadows attend thee, with thee my shade keeps pace and awaits the day of vengeance.
My soul with joy the coming sorrow, thy craven terror vieweth, as darts on thee the lightning.
Ah! no! stay your hands. Oh! gods avenging spare the guilty, your scorn descend on me
Changed may he be; I never; be mine to shield him. For him, for him only I live, for him would
I Perish!

- II
a) Impromptu in G flat Op. 90 Schubert
b) Impromptu in A flat Op. 14 No. 2 Schubert
c) Impromptu in A flat minor Op. 90 Schubert
Mr. Charles O'Neill

- III
a) Mignon Hugo Wolf

Knowest thou the land, where sweet the citron blows,
In leafy shade the golden orange glows,
A gentle breeze from azure heaven strays,
The myrtle calm and high the laurel sways,
Knowest thou that land? Tell me, O speak!
That land, would I with thee, O my beloved seek!
Knowest thou the house? On stately columns raised,
Its glitt'ring halls in sun-like splendour blaze
And marble statues stand and gaze on me:
What have they done poor homeless child to thee?
Knowest thou that house? Tell me, O speak!
That home would I with thee, O my protector seek!
Knowest thou the mount, whose summit clouds conceal?
The mule thro' drifting mists, its way must feel;
In caverns hide the dragons' aged brood;
Down crash the rocks and torrents all o'er flood.
Knowest thou that mount? Tell me, O speak!
That land, that mountain home, O father, let us seek!

- b) Der Gaertner Hugo Wolf

Upon her white steed, down a green bower'd way,
A princess comes riding as fair as the May.
The sand that I strewed, where those stately hoofs go
Like gold in the sunshine in bravely aglow.
O rose colored hood dancing up, dancing down,
Pray waft me in secret one plume for mine own.
And wouldst thou as guerdon one sweet blossom from me,
Take thousands, take all, for they bloom but for thee.

- c) Das Wandern Hugo Wolf

To wander is the miller's joy,
He must a wretched miller be,
Who never cares the world to see,
To wander, to wander, to wander.
The very stones for all their weight,
Keep dancing in the merry round,
And will not be inactive found,
The mill-stones, the mill-stones, the mill-stones.
To wander farther I desire,
O Master and O Mistress too,
Let me in peace depart from you,
And wander, and wander, and wander.

d) Der Erlkoenig Schubert

Miss Lawrence

A father rides in the night with his sick child. The child sees a vision, the "Erking" and is afraid. He becomes delirious and tells his father the Erking has touched and harmed him. The father shudders and rides furiously, just reaching the courtyard as the child lies dead in his arms.

INTERMISSION

IV

a) Femmes Battez vos Marys (Old French) arr. Arnold Bax

b) La Flute Enchantee Ravel

Cool the shade and deep my master's sleep
Wearing his soft, silken conical cap,
His long yellow nose in his snow-white beard.
But I who patiently vigil keep,
I can hear far away,
Sweet music of a flute which creates in turn
The yearning to laugh and to weep,
A tune now of languorous charm, now quite gay,
Which my own beloved doth play,
And when I draw near to the casement high,
Then each note, as 'Twould seem, doth hither fly
From the flute to touch my face,
In mysterious, sweet embrace.

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c) Les Papillons Chausson

Snow-white butterflies fly in swarms over the sea.

"Beautiful white butterflies, when shall I be able to take to the blue way of the air?"

"Do you know, my beautiful, dark-eyed bayadeer, if they would lend me their wings, where would I go,"

Without taking a single kiss of the roses, through the valleys and forests I would go to your half-closed lips, flower of my soul, and I would die."

d) I Love Thee Grieg

e) This Day Is Mine Harriet Ware

(Dedicated to Miss Lawrence)

Miss Lawrence

V

a) Etude in D flat "Un Sospiro" Liszt

b) Prelude from Op. 28 No. 15 Liszt

c) Prelude from Op. 28 No. 24 Liszt

Mr. Charles O'Neill

VI

Final Scene from "Salome" Richard Strauss

Miss Lawrence

This, the last scene of the opera, follows almost immediately on the execution of John the Baptist. The huge black arm of the executioner comes forth from the cistern, bearing on a silver shield the head of Jokanaan. Having gained her prize for dancing before Herod, Salome seizes the head and sings of her love for the Prophet; after which Herod, horrified at her mad voracious lust, orders her killed. His soldiers then rush forward and crush her beneath their shields.

Ah, thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth,

Thou wouldst not, Jokanaan!

Well, it shall now be kissed.

And with my teeth I'll bite it as one who bites a ripe fruit.

I said I would. Yes, I will kiss it now, kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan.

Did I not say that I would?

But wherefore dost thou not look at me, Jokanaan?

Thine eyes that were so terrible, so full of rage and contempt,

They are now closed. Wherefore are they closed?

Open thou thine eyes, lift up again thine eyelids, Jokanaan!

Why dost thou not look at me? Art thou afraid of me?

And thy red tongue doth speak no word, Jokanaan.

That scarlet viper, spitting its poison, it stirs no more.

It is strange, aye? Thou didst use evil language against me.

Against me—Salome—the daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judea.

Well then, I'm living still, but thou art dead, and thy head belongs to me.

I'm free to do with it what I will.

I may give it to dogs to feed on.

What is left by the dogs may be devoured by the birds of the air.

Ah! Ah! Jokanaan, thou wert fair!

Thy body was a column of ivory set on a silver socket.

It was a garden full of doves, full of silver lilies' shine.

No thing on earth was so white as thy skin.

No thing on earth was as black as thy hair.

And in all the world was nothing so red as thy mouth.

But thy voice was a censer of sweet scents, and when I looked on thee I could hear a music of strange sounds.

Wherefore didst thou never look at me, Jokanaan?

Thou didst put upon thine eyes the covering of him

Who seeketh God in all His glory.

Well! Thou mayst have seen thy God, Jokanaan,

But me thou didst never see.

If thou hadst looked at me, thou wouldst have loved me.

I'm thirsting for thy beauty; I'm hungry for thy body.

Can the heat of my strong passion ever be quenched?

I know it well! thou wouldst have loved me,

And the great mystery of love is greater than the mystery death.

Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan.

There was a bitter taste on thy red lips.

Was it the taste of blood?

Nay! But perchance it is the taste of love.

They say that love has a bitter taste.

But what of that? I have now kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan!

I have now kissed thy mouth!

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Since that memorable event, Mme. Novaes has made many tours of the United States and Canada. Each year her playing is heard by thousands in cities throughout the continent, the early talent that first dazzled New York now at its splendid zenith. Her visits here make one of the most potent and long-standing ties between this country and its neighbor republic. Novaes reviews are studded with such words as "magic," "enchantment," "witchery," as if the varying colors and shifting moods of her art could emanate from a personality unbound by prosaic human confines. Brazil has known of Guiomar Novaes as a musical genius since her very early childhood. Her feats as a prodigy led her government to endow her studies in Paris, where she was trained by Isidor Philipp at the famed Paris Conservatoire.

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PROGRAM

I

a. Organ Prelude in G Minor.....Bach
(Transcribed by Siloti)

b. Chromatic Fantasie and Fuga.....Bach

II

Mozart Sonata in A major.....Mozart

Theme and Variations

Minuet

Turkish March

III

Impromptu Opus 36.....Chopin

Mazurka

Scherzo Opus 39.....Chopin

— INTERMISSION —

IV

Carnaval.....Schumann

Preamble.....Chiariana

Pierrot.....Chopin

Arlequin.....Estrella

Valse Noble.....Reconniassance

Eusebius.....Pantalon et Colombine

Florestan.....Paganini

Coquette.....Aveu

Replique.....Promenade

Papillons.....Pause

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