



**Smithsonian Institution**

*National Museum of African American History and Culture*

## **Program for a Marian Anderson Concert at the War Memorial Opera House**

Extracted on Apr-19-2024 03:06:16

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Botschaft.....Brahms  
 Fan ye breezes, fair and softly  
 Fan the cheek of my sweet lady  
 Gently sport ye with her tresses  
 Hasten not to speed away,  
 Hasten not to speed away.

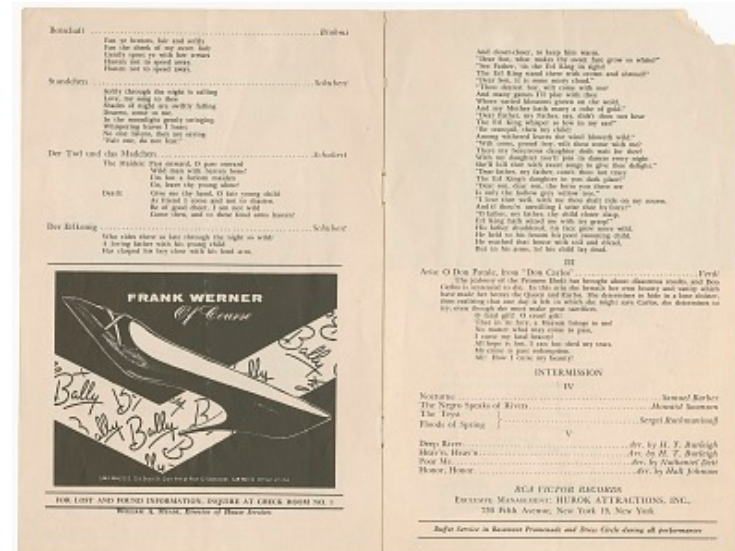
Standchen.....Schubert  
 Softly through the night is calling  
 Love, my song to thee  
 Shades of night are swiftly falling  
 Dearest, come to me.  
 In the moonlight gently swinging,  
 Whispering leaves I hear;  
 No one listens, they are saying  
 "Fair one, do not fear."

Der Tod und das Madchen.....Schubert  
 The Maiden: Pass onward, O pass onward  
 Wild man with barren bone!  
 I'm but a forlorn maiden  
 Go, leave thy young alone!  
 Death: Give me thy hand, O fair young child  
 As friend I come and not to chasten.  
 Be of good cheer, I am not wild  
 Come then, and to these fond arms hasten!

Der Erlkonig.....Schubert  
 Who rides there so late through the night so wild?  
 A loving father with his young child  
 Has clasped his boy close with his fond arm,  
 [[line across page]]  
 [[image: a woman's shoe across a background of the stylized, repeated word "Bally"]]  
 FRANK WERNER  
 Of Course  
 SAN FRANCISCO 255 Geary St. Grant Ave at Post 12 Stonestown SAN  
 MATEO 38 East 4th Ave  
 [[line across page]]  
 FOR LOST AND FOUND INFORMATION, INQUIRE AT CHECK ROOM  
 NO. 1  
 [[line across page]]  
 WILLIAM A. MEADE, Director of House Services

[[end page]]  
 [[start page]]

And closer-closer, to keep him warm.  
 "Dear Son, what makes thy sweet face grow so white?"  
 "See Father, 'tis the Erl King in sight!  
 The Erl King stand there with crown and shroud!"  
 "Dear Son, it is some misty cloud."  
 "Thou dearest boy, wilt come with me?  
 And many games I'll play with thee  
 Where varied blossoms grown on the wold,  
 And my Mother hath many a robe of gold."  
 "Dear Father, my Father, say didn't thou not hear  
 The Erl King whisper so low in my ear?"  
 "Be tranquil, then my child:  
 Among withered leaves the wild bloweth wild."



"Wilt come, proud boy, wilt though come with me?  
 There my beauteous daughter doth wait for thee?  
 With my daughter you'll join in dances every night  
 She'll lull thee with sweet songs to give thee delight."  
 "Dear father, my father, canst thou not trace  
 The Erl King's daughter in yon dark place?"  
 "Dear son, dear son, the form you there see  
 Is only the hollow grey willow tree."  
 "I love thee well, with me thou shalt ride on my course,  
 And if thou'rt unwilling I seize thee by force!"  
 "O father, my father, thy child closer clasp,  
 Erl King hath seized me with icy grasp!"  
 His father shuddered, his face grew more wild,  
 He held to his bosom his poor swooning child.  
 He reached that house with toil and dread,  
 But in his arms, lo! his child lay dead.

III

Aria: O Don Fatale, from "Don Carlos".....Verdi  
 The jealousy of the Princess Eboli has brought about disastrous results,  
 and Don Carlos is sentenced to die. In this aria she bewails her own  
 beauty and vanity which have made her betray the Queen and Carlos.  
 She determines to hide in a lone cloister, then realizing that one day is  
 left in which she might save Carlos, she determines to try, even though  
 she must make great sacrifices.

O fatal gift! O cruel gift!  
 That in its fury, a Heaven brings to me!  
 No matter what may come to pass,  
 I curse my fatal beauty!  
 All hope is lost, I can but shed my tears.  
 My crime is past redemption.  
 Ah! How I curse my beauty!

INTERMISSION

IV

Nocturne.....Samuel Barber  
 The Negro Speaks of Rivers.....Howard Swanson  
 The Tryst}  
 Floods of Spring}.....Sergei Rachmaninoff

V

Deep River.....Arr. by H. T. Burleigh  
 Heav'n, Heav'n.....Arr. by H. T. Burleigh  
 Poor Me.....Arr. by Nathaniel Dett  
 Honor, Honor.....Arr. by Hall Johnson

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 performances

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