The ringlets of your blond hair Are like spun gold. Your cool clear skin like ripe fruit in the moonshine The dampness clings like honey upon your lips Like the dew upon the clover But of the gleam in your blue eyes, Ah! of that it is best to be silent

#### Night On Ways Unknown Has Fallen . . . . . . . . Griffes

Night on ways unknown has fallen, Sick my heart, my members weary; Lo, in silent benediction Comes the light sweet moon to cheer me, Ab, sweet moon with gentle radiance All my night born fears thou stillest my troubles fade and vanish. And mine eyes with tears thou fillest.

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#### I Love Thee

I have no thought but owes to thee its being, Thou art my world, and all things turp to thee; Deep in my heart with love's devotion seeing. I love thee now, and to eternity. My very being from thee life doth borrow, Thine dearest, only thine I yearn to be; Whatever fate may hold of joy and sorrow, I love thee now, and to eternity.

## V

#### NEGRO SPIRITUALS

City Called Heaven'. .... Arr. by Johnson

I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow, I'm tossed in this wide world alone. No hope have I for tomorrow I've started to make Heaven my home Sometimes I am tossed and driven, Lord Sometimes I don't know where to roam I heard of a city called Heaven, I've started to make it my home.

My mother has reached that pure glory, My father's still walking in sin My brothers and sisters won't own me, Sometimes I am trying to get in. Sometimes I am tossed and driven. Lord Sometimes I don't know where to go I heard of a city called Heaven, I've started to make it my home.

## Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells . . . . . . . . . Arr. by Burleigh

Oh! Peter go ring-a-dem bells I heard from heaven today. I wonder where my mother is gone I heard from heaven today.

I thank God and I thank you too I heard from heaven today.

#### Crucifixion

. . . . . Arr. by Payne

They crucified my Lord— An' he never said a mumb'lin word. Not a word.

They pierced him in the side— An' he never said a mumb'lin word. Not a word.

He bow'd his head an' died. An' he never said a mumb'lin word. Not a word, not a word, not a word.

#### I Don't Feel No Ways Tired . . . . . . . . . Arr. by Burleigh

Oh, I'm seeking for a city, Hallelujah, For a city into Heaven Ballelujah, Oh—brethren travel with me, Hallelujah Say—will you go long with me, Hallelujah. Lord, I don't feel no ways tired children oh,

Lord, I don't level in the start of a start of the start

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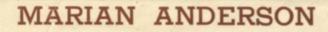
April 13, 1939

This concert & Hended by my cousin Ann Havnes who gave me her program Gertrude Traubel-

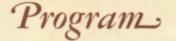


# S. HUROK

#### presents



KOSTI VEHANEN at the Piano



I

Have pity on us O Lord On this sinless day Have mercy on us, Lord Let Thy forgiveness come on us For we trust in Thee.

# Se Laura Spira . . . . .

· · · · · · · · · · · Frescobaldi

When the breeze whispers gently The fresh rose smiles: In the shadow of her emerald leaves It does not fear the heat.

Come, O come to the gay dances Of nymphs—flowers of beauty Where the limpid lovely stream Runs from the hills to the sea.

The little bird recites its verses And the bush stands bedecked with flowers In its beautiful flight chasing the shadows The sun seems to have pity on the day.

The laughing and singing nymphs Chase away the cruel winds. . .

#### Infelice Usignuolo (Cantate for Alto)

Californ

Poor nightingale! now that the radiant spring is returning And adorning the hills and the plains with flowers While the rigid trunks still stand in snow and ice: Already the sky feels the soft rays of the sun— And I, poor nightingale, languish 'mid universal joy!

#### ARIA.

The shepherd does not hear me join my song To the harmony sounding through wood and vale, And the river alone listens to the plaints Of the wounded breast I bathe in its waters.

# Dank Sei Dir, Herr ..... Haendel

Thank Thee, O Lord, For thou hast led thy people Of Israel across the sea. They followed like a herd, Thy hand protecting them. They found salvation in Thy goodness. Thanks be to Thee, O Lord.

### II

Die Mainacht . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Brahms

When the silvery moon gleams through the leafy boughs Shedding pale drowsy light down on the grass beneath And the nightingale warbles, I roam sadly from glade to glade.

Through deep thickets I hear voices of turtle doves, Cooing raptures of love Then must I turn away, fain to seek darker shadow And my eyes fill with tears forlorn.

When, O vision of joy, like morning's crimson glow Beaming light through my soul, When wilt thou shine on earth. And there trembles a tear forlorn That scalding, scalding flows down my cheek.

# Der Gang Zum Liebchen . . . . . . . . . . . Brahms

The moon in high heaven the white clouds hath riven, I'll go to my dear one and stand at her door. Her vigil she keepeth, she sigheth and weepeth, As if her lover she ne'er would see more!

The moon is near waning, my love is complaining, I'll hasten and watch that no rival comes nigh. Ye doves I hear wooing, ch cease from your cooing Until to my dear one, my dear one I fly!

# Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schlummer . . . . . . . . Brahms

Lighter far is now my slumber And my sorrows without number seem a shadowy veil over me. Oft in dreams thy voice again calleth to me tenderly But the door is closed to thee; Then I wake and weep for bitter pain, bitter pain.

Ah, my love, I soon shall perish And another love thou'lt cherish, When I'm pale and cold—pale and cold Ere the Maywind warms the wold, ere the throstle trills his tune Wouldst thou me again behold Seek, ch seek me soon—seek, ch seek me soon.

## Der Nussbaum

There stands a green nut-tree near yon door, Rarely, Airily Spreading its leafy array before, With sweetest blooms on ev'ry bough;

Swaying, Sighing, O'er it the tender breezes blow. The blossoms are whisp'ring two by two; Wending, bending, Tenderly kissing, their heads they bow.

They whisper about a maiden, still dreaming And scheming by day and night; Hardly she knew her own will. They're whisp'ring, they're whisp'ring; How may mortal ear Tell their spell?

Whisp'ring; "A bridegroom will come next year, will come next year!" The maiden hearkens; they murmur low; Wond'ring, Pond'ring, Dreamful smiling she slumbers now.

#### Ich Grolle Nicht

I chide thee not, tho' e'en my heart shall break Love, ever lost to me, I chide thee not.

The' theu dost shine begemm'd with jewels bright, There's not a ray can pierce thy heart's dull night I've known it long.

I chide thee not, tho' e'en my heart shall break. I've seen thee there when dreaming. And saw the night that all thy heart is dimming. And saw the serpent that devours thy heart; I saw, my love, how all forlorn thou art. I chide thee not, I chide thee not.

#### III

Mon Coeur S'Ouvre a Ta Voix (From Samson and Dalila) . Saint-Saens

Like blossoms to the sun, So my heart opens wide to the sound of thy voice! O love, speak once again, let all my tears be dried: Let my heart now rejoice Once more in tender love I would fain her thee say Those vows so oft repeated; That thou art all my own, Ah repeat it pray-Ah with love my heart is burning, All my soul for thee is yearning! With love my heart is burning, with love my heart is burning! All my soul for thy love is yearning, As sways the goldon wheat with each breath of air When harvest time is near; My heart is strangely mov'd, stirr'd by the love I bear, When thy voice meets my ear.

# INTERMISSION

# IV

Through the fields I wander In the month of lilacs A soft rain falls weeping I fill my arms with bloss

In the shady woodlands Hide the first spring violets Cradled by leaves shyly They wake from winter slumber.

· · · · · · · · · Vehanen

#### Aboard Ship

Flower Song

I see that the sun is appearing From the lining of yon golden clouds I perceive in the horizon's brightness That the fiery disc is burning.

. . . . . . . . . . .

The moon so pale in the western sky In the silvery waves soon shall vanish The trembling, the beaming so softly shines, Now faded in eastern glowing.

On deck you are standing before me, As a Goddess her hand on you laid, And your brow so young is encircled In the light of the moon and sun.