

Thine Image . . . . . Vehanen

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,  
Ah, sweet moon with gentle radiance  
All my night born fears thou stillest  
All my troubles fade and vanish,  
And mine eyes with tears thou fillest.

I Love Thee . . . . . Grieg

I have no thought but owes to thee its being,  
Thou art my world, and all things turn 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,  
Because 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, Hallelujah,  
Oh—brethren travel with me, Hallelujah,  
Say—will you go long with me, Hallelujah.  
  
Lord, I don't feel no ways tired children oh,  
Glory Hallelujah!  
For I hope to shout glory when this world is on fire,  
Children oh, glory Hallelujah.

Steinway Piano



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S. HUROK

presents

# Marian Anderson



## Academy of Music

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THURSDAY EVENING

### April 13, 1939

*This concert is headed by my cousin Ann Harriet  
who gave me her program Gutrude Traubel-*

S. HUOK

presents

# MARIAN ANDERSON

KOSTI VEHANEN at the Piano

## Program

### I

Te Deum . . . . . Haendel

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) . . . . . Caldara

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,  
Cooling 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, oh 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 world, ere the throstle trills his tune  
Wouldst thou me again behold  
Seek, oh seek me soon—seek, oh seek me soon.

Der Nussbaum . . . . . Schumann

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 . . . . . Schumann

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

Tho' thou 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 Cœur 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 golden 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

Die Mainacht . . . . . Brahms

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Flower Song . . . . . Tibor Serly

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

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

Aboard Ship . . . . . Vehanen

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.