2-23-1904

Faculty Recital: Sophie Fernow, piano, & Eric Dudley, baritone

Sophie Fernow

Eric Dudley

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs

Part of the Music Commons

Recommended Citation
Fernow, Sophie and Dudley, Eric, "Faculty Recital: Sophie Fernow, piano, & Eric Dudley, baritone" (1904). All Concert & Recital Programs. 2160.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/2160

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.
ITHACA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
SEASON 1903-4

4th Faculty Recital

MISS SOPHIE FERNOW, Pianist
assisted by

MR. ERIC DUDLEY, Baritone

Music Hall, Tuesday evening, February 23d, at 8:15

Toccato and Fugue  Bach-Tausig
Miss Fernow

Aria di Figaro: “Non piu andrai” from “Le Nozze di Figaro”
Mr. Dudley  Mozart

Andante con Variazioni, op. 34  Beethoven
Miss Fernow

a. “Edward” Ballade, op. 10  Brahms
b. A Scotch Poem  MacDowell
Miss Fernow

a. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’  from Dichterliebe
b. Aus meinem Thranen spriessen  Schumann
c. The rose and the lily

d. Wanderlied  Mr. Dudley

a. Nenia
b. Notturno  Sgambati
c. Etude de Concert
Miss Fernow
Aus meinem Thranen spriessen

Where 'er my tears are falling,
There bloom the brightest flowers,
My sighs, like nightingales warbling,
Seem echoing 'mid the bowers;
And when thou shalt love me dearest,
Fairest blossoms shall be thine,
And the nightingales 'neath thy window
Shall sing when thou art mine.

The rose and the lily

The rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
Once I loved them dearly, I loved everyone;
I heed them no more, now I love none beside
The fairest, the rarest, the dearest, dearest bride;
For she is the spirit of Love, my delight!
My rose and my lily, my dove and my pride,
My sweet fairy sprite, my fairest, my rarest,
My dearest, my dearest, my dearest bride!

Wanderlied

Once more fill the cup with this bright, sparkling wine,
To pledge e'er I go these beloved ones of mine;
I pledge ye, O hills, and my dear native home!
I leave ye awhile in the great world to roam!

With fast drifting clouds are the birds hurried on,
Yet sing in the distance their own native song,
Like them roams the youth from place to place,
As his mother, the earth, rolls thro' regions of space.

The birds that he knew cheer his path with their lay,
O'er ocean they're flown from his fields, far away.
The perfume exhaled from the fair blooming flowers,
Seems wafted afar from his own native bowers.

How oft had those birds soared his cottage above,
Those flowers he had twined in a wreath for his love.
And love still doth guide him with soft winning hand;
And gives him a home in a far distant land.

Once more fill the cup, etc.