12-9-1929

Faculty Recital: Marjorie Beeby, mezzo-contralto

Marjorie Beeby

George Hathaway

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

Part of the Music Commons

Recommended Citation
Beeby, Marjorie and Hathaway, George, "Faculty Recital: Marjorie Beeby, mezzo-contralto" (1929). All Concert & Recital Programs. 2331.
https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/2331

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.
Faculty Recitals
Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools
Thirty-seventh Year

A Recital of Songs

By

MARJORIE BEEBY
Mezzo-contralto

GEORGE HATHAWAY at the piano

LITTLE THEATRE
Monday Evening, December Ninth
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Nine
PROGRAM

I

a. Un’ Aria Vecchia ............................................................................................ Benati
b. Amarilli ......................................................................................................... Caccini
c. Minuet .......................................................................................................... Rameau
d. The Slighted Swain ............................................................................ Old English
e. The Two Magicians ............................................................................ Old English

II

a. Die Liebe hat Gelogen ........................................................................ Schubert
b. Wohin? ......................................................................................................... Schubert
c. Die Mainacht ............................................................................................ Brahms
d. Botschaft .................................................................................................. Brahms

III

a. La Procession ............................................................................................ Franck
b. La Statue de Tsarkoié—Selo ................................................................ Cui
c. Les Cigales ................................................................................................ Chabrier
d. Spleen ......................................................................................................... Poldowski

IV

a. May Day Carol ......................................................................................... Deems-Taylor
b. The Piper ..................................................................................................... Head
c. The Oxen ................................................................................................... Peel
d. Cargoes ....................................................................................................... Dobson
e. Spring Fancy ............................................................................................ Densmore
I

a. Old Aria........................Benati
Believe in my faithful heart,
Where love reigns always.
Thy beauty fills me, intoxicates
me,
Thy grace is like eternal summer-
time,
Bend over my soul and read there
My confession of faithfulness,
The same in joy as in tears
Believe in my faithful heart.

b. Amarilli ............................Benati
Amarilli, my fair one,
Oh! Thou my heart's desire,
Hear and believe me,
I do love thee sincerely
Come to my arms. Tis thee

II

b. Whither ...........................Schubert
I heard a streamlet gushing,
From out its rocky bed.
Far down the valley rushing,
So fresh and clear it sped.
I know not why I pondered,
Nor whence the thought did flow,
E'en as 'tis hastens downwards,
With my staff I too must go.

Still onward, but ever downward,
And ever still by the stream,
Which, with refreshing murmur,
More bright and clear did gleam.
Must this then be my pathway?
O streamlet, tell me where
My path shall I find?
Thou hast with thy sweet mur-
mur,
Bewildered quite my mind.

Why speak I of a murmur?
No murmur can it be.
The Nixies they are singing,
'Neath the waves their melody.
Cease singing, my friends, cease
murmuring,
And blithely wander near.
I hear the sound of mill-wheels
In every streamlet clear.

c. Minuet ............................Rameau
Come to our sweet retreat, come
For quiet pleasures is this place
destined,
The river Lethe flows gently
among flowers,
Here you meet with no sorrow—
no tears,
Oblivion carries but away tedious-
ness
And leaves us the memory of joy.

.........Benati
I worship, only thee—
Let not doubt assail thee.
Deep in my heart these words are
written,
Amarilli I adore thee.

c. The Maynight ................Brahms
When the silvery moon
Gleams through the leafy boughs,
Shedding pale drowsy light
Down on the grass beneath.
And the Nightingale warbles,
Roam I 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 lonely tears.
Then, oh, 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.

d. The Message ..................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.
If she then perchance should
question,
How poor I, poor I was faring,
a. The Procession................Franck
God is moving along the fields!
O'er the meadows
And the moors,
Green beechen woodlands rifted.

He comes by hosts attended,
By the priests high uplifted;
O ye birds, add your carols
To man's adoring song.

The procession stops.
The throng about an oak assembling
In solemn awe incline
Before the holy mystery.

Oh, sun, pour down thy rays
Upon this hallowed shrine.
Oh, ye birds, add your carols
To man's adoring song!

Fair flowers, your breath combine
With the incense upwelling!
Oh, splendor!
All is light,
And prayer and praise high-swelling.
God is moving along the fields.

b. "The Statue of Tsarkoieselo",
.................................................. Cui
Leaning against a rock she stands,
Her beautiful vase asunder,
Sadly flowed her tears,
Dripping on the broken pieces.

Suddenly, like a miracle,
A clear stream springs forth from the vase.
But still she stands there weeping.

D. Spleen ..................Poldowski
The roses are so red, so dark the ivy.
Dearest, Thou hast but to move
To reawaken my despair—
The heavens are too blue, too tender
The sea too green, the air too soft.
I am ever fearful that you will leave me—
Of the holly and the varnished leaf
And the shining box tree,
I am weary.
And of the endless country-side
And of all save you, Alas!

(c. The Cicadas..................Chabrier
The sun slants straight on the road;
Blue shadows are under the trees;
A thousand voices are heard.
It is the South, the South which sings.

Without fatigue, these hidden little songsters
Let their ringing ululees be heard,
It is the sun which leads the choir.

The cicada, the tiny being,
Has more soul than a viola.
The cicada, the cicada,
Sings better than a violin.

How they strain themselves, the little cicadas.
As they sit and sing in the grey dust,
Underneath the crooked olive trees,
Whose flowers gleam like stars.

Intoxicated by their own song,
They make it stronger and stronger.

(Translated by H. Jorgen Dick)