Programme

of

Mademoiselle Jenny Lind

as sung by

Miss Frieda Hempel

assisted by

Mr. Coenraad V. Bos, at the Piano — Mr. Louis P. Fritze, Flutist

Lincoln, Nebraska — Thursday, January 25, 1923

PART 1.

1. a. Deh vieni non tardar - - - - - - - Mozart
   From the Marriage of Figaro
   b. Saper vorreste - - - - - Verdi
   From the Masked Ball

Miss Frieda Hempel

2. a. Ave Maria - - - - - Schubert
   b. The Trout - - - - - Schubert
   c. Impatience - - - - - - Schubert
   d. The Herdsman's Song (by request) - - - - Norwegian Melody
   (Generally known as the Echo Song)

Miss Frieda Hempel

3. a. Polonaise, C Sharp Minor - - - - Chopin
   b. Waltz. A Minor - - - - - Brahms
   c. To Spring - - - - - - Grieg

Performed on the Piano Forte by

Mr. Coenraad V. Bos.

4. GRAND ARIA DI BRAVURA:
   CARNIVAL OF VENICE - - - Benedict
   From the Opera of
   THE BRIDES OF VENICE
   (With flute obbligato)

Miss Frieda Hempel

5. a. Andante Pastorale - - - - Th. Boehme
   b. Minuet - - - - - - - Beethoven

Performed on the Flute by

Mr. Louis P. Fritze

6. a. On Wings of Song - - - - Mendelssohn
   b. Bird Song - - - - - Taubert
   Composed Expressly for Md'slle Jenny Lind.
   c. Greeting to America
   The Celebrated Prize National Song as sung by Mademoisell Jenny Lind at her first concert in America. This poem written by Bayard Taylor, Esq. The music composed expressly for Md'slle Lind by Julius Benedict.
   d. Home, Sweet Home - - - - Bishop
   From the Opera of
   CLARI, or THE MAID OF MILAN

Miss Frieda Hempel

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Deh vieni non tardar (Oh, Come, My Heart's Delight) - - - - **Mozart**

Ah, why so long delay‡ speed, speed thee hither!
While thou'rt away, all nature seems to wither.
Tho' bright the moon, and bright the stars are glowing,
Deeper around the door its shade is throwing.
In ev'ry gentle murmur of the river,
In the rustling reeds that near it quiver,
A voice to love invites, the bosom filling
With love alone, all other passions stilling;
Come then, my dearest, the hours are quickly filling!
Let me with roses bind now thy head!

Saper vorreste (You Would be Hearing) - - - - - **Verdi**

You'd fain be hearing, what dress he's wearing
When he has bidden, the fact be hidden?
I know right well but may not tell
Tra la la la, la la la!

Of love my heart feels all the smart,
Yet watchful ever, my secret never
Rank nor bright eyes shall e'er surprise!
Tra la la la, la la la!

II. **a. Ave Maria** **Schubert**

Ave Maria! Maiden mild! Listen to a maiden's prayer!
For Thou canst hear though from the wild,
'Tis Thou canst save amid despair, amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath Thy care,
Though banished outcast and reviled.
O Maiden, see a maiden's sorrow,
O Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria.

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b. The Trout **Schubert**

Down in a brook swift-running
A trout both small and wise
Did dart with hauup cunning
As swift as arrow flies.
Upon the bank I laid me,
And watched with sweet content,
The waters cool and shady,
The trout on pleasure bent,
The waters cool and shady,
The trout on pleasure bent.
With rod and line an angler
A-fishing came that way,
And cruelly exulting,
Saw where the troutlet lay,
"If I am not mistaken"

Quoth I, "the brook's so clear
The trout will ne'er be taken,
Though long he persevere,
The trout will ne'er be taken,
Though long he persevere."
At last the persecutor stepped down the bank,
And stirred and dimmed the crystal water;
When ,quicker than a word,
His cruel rod was bending;
The trout, ah, the trout had seized the bait,
And I, with grief heartrending,
Beheld his cruel fate.

Impatience **Schubert**

I'd carve it on the bark of ev'ry tree,
On ev'ry stone it should engraven be,
I fain would sow it in each garden green
In early cress, it should be quickly seen
On ev'ry page should be inscrib'd forever:
Thine is my heart, thine is my heart,
And shall be thine forever!

I'd train a young and tender starling dear
And he should speak those words in tones so clear
As if my lips had said that tender word
Whose echo in my ardent heart is heard,
And he should sing it at thy window ever.

The morning breeze my love to thee should blow,
And thro' the hedges should it sighing flow.
I'd have it shine in ev'ry flower star
And perfume rare should waft it near and far
The stream should move the wheels to tell it ever:
Thine is my heart, thine is my heart,
And shall be thine forever!

Within mine eyes, I deem my love doth speak
And all must see it on my burning cheek
And even read it from my silent mouth
And ev'ry breath I draw doth bear it forth
And yet she seems to mark my sorrow never
Thine is my heart, thine is my heart,
And shall be thine forever!

The Herdman's Song (Known as the Echo Song) **Gurdish**

Come hither, come hither, my pretty herd,
Huah, huah, huah, huah, huah.
Come, ox and cow and weanling brood,
And hasten to taste of the morning food.
For night with her shade creeps darkening on,
Ring, shrill horn, on the mountain round,
And follow, my cattle, the welcome sound.
Huah, huah, huah, so greatful abundance my flock speed ye.

Long beside where heat fires,
My love has waited my return.
Soon I clasp the treasure
In an ecstasy of pleasure.
Paradis'd upon her arm,
No care can grieve, no ill can harm.
Huah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

IV. Grand Aria Di Bravura: Carnival of Venice — Benedict

From Opera of "The Brides of Venice"

What bliss awaits me, now brightly dawns the morning;
With flowers my breast adorning, I'll go my love to meet.
O happy day so longed for, my heart thy coming blesses,
Him who my heart possesses, e'er thou shalt pass
I'll greet, ah! ah, ah,.....ah.

Row quickly, quickly over, O boatman 'cross the tide,
Where waits for me my lover upon the other side.
If e'er hast lov'd, I pray thee for love's sake don't delay!
I promise I will pay thee whatever thou shalt say,
Tra la, tra la.....

VI. a. On Wings of Song — Mendelssohn

On wings of song, my darling,
I'll bear thee on an on,
I know the loveliest nook there,
Where Ganges' waters run;
All rosy in bloom lies a garden
In moonlight still and clear,
The lotus flowers are pining,
To greet their sister dear.

The violets laughing and lisping,
Are gazing on stars above,
Sweetly the roses are whisp'ring
Their wonderful story of love;
And gath'ring amid the bushes,
Peer mild eyed, wistful gazelles,
The scared river rushes
Afar in sounding swells.

There let us live down and rest us,
Under a shelt'ring palm,
And dream that love has blest us,
Dream on in heavenly calm.

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b. Bird Song — Taubert

(Composed expressly for Jenny Lind)

Birdling, why sing in the forest wide,
Say why? Say why?
Call'st thou the Bridegroom or the Bride,
And why? And why?
I call no Bridegroom, call no Bride
Although I sing in forest wide
Nor know, nor know,
Nor know why I am singing,
La, la, la.....

Birdling, why sing'st thou all the day?
Oh tell, Oh tell!
Do any listen to thy lay,
Oh tell, Oh tell!
I care not what my song may be,
Nor know, but that I warble free,
Nor know, nor know, and that,
I must be singing,
La, la, la.....

---

c. Greeting to America

The celebrated prize National Song as sung by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind at her first concert in America. The poem was written by Bayard Taylor, Esq. The music composed expressly for Md'slle Lind by Julius Benedict.

I greet, with a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled;
Whose empire o'er shadows Atlantic's wide breast
And opens to the sunset its gateway of gold!

The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide—
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

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d. Home, Sweet Home — Bishop

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, Sweet Home!
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me this with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, Home, Sweet Home!
There's no place like home.

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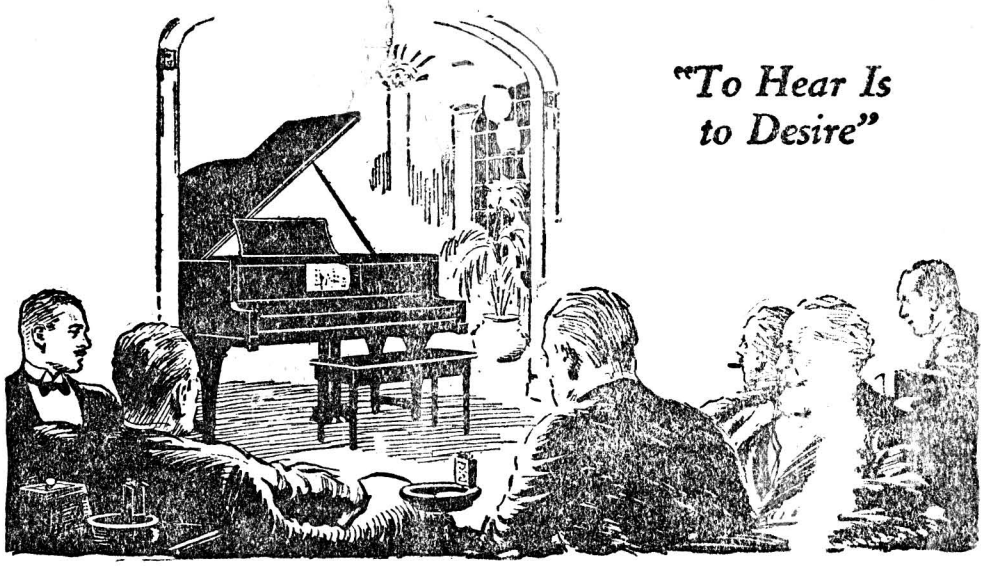

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