

12-9-1929

Faculty Recital: Marjorie Beeby, mezzo-contralto

Marjorie Beeby

George Hathaway

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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

Archives
109a
1929

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*

TRANSLATIONS

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

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.

II

a. "Love has lied".....*Schubert*

Love has lied,
Care weighs heavily
Betrayed! ah! betrayed
By all around.
Hot tears flow ever down my
cheeks.
Cease beating, my heart
Oh, poor heart cease!

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.
When, 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,

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 it 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.

Say, say, His grief was past all
bearing,
Very sad his lot, ah, very!
How his hopes once more relieving,
Have restored the joy of living,
Since his lady thinks of him.

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.

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.

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!

Without ceasing, rises the melody.
 From out of the brown, burned
 grass.

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

To the peasant in his lonely hut
 The night sends its luminous stars
 Down from the heavens above,
 With blessings and peace.

All else is still, everything hushed,
 Only these small untiring ones sing.
 In the distance chimes the Ange-
 lus
 Mingling its music with theirs.

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

(Translated by H. Jorgen Dick)