

MR. MAX RABINOFF

PRESENTS TO AMERICA



THE
UKRAINIAN NATIONAL
CHORUS



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to America

ALEXANDER KOSHYTSKY
UKRAINIAN
NATIONAL
CHORUS

Libretto



Prof. Alexander Koshetz
Composer-conductor
Director Ukrainian National Chorus



Nicholas V. Stoshev
Pianist, Accompanist



Max Rabinoff
who is responsible for the American
tour of this organization.



ALEXANDER BORODIN UKRAINIANS NATIONAL CHORUS



DEMONSTRATE what folk music really is, that unique vocal ensemble, the Ukrainian National Chorus, was introduced to this country a year ago by that broad-shouldered impresario, Max Rabanoff, who has given America as much that is worth-while in the musical and terpsichorean arts.

Singing the primal folk-songs of the Ukraine—a country little known to the western world, this most perfect ensemble of human voices ever known brought to the people of America their first realization of the value of folk-music. The Ukrainian National Chorus has given us not only something unique and amazing in the way of ensemble singing, but has revealed the beauty and fascination of the folklore of a people embedded in the molasses of its racial heritings, handed down from generation to-generation. The greatest educators, as well as the music-critics and the people at large, have given the Ukrainians their unanimous endorsement, and a widespread interest in America's own folklore and folk-music possibilities has been aroused, to the extent that an organization nation-wide in scope is now being formed for the purpose of making an extensive research into the folk-artic herited treasures that should form the backbone of this nation's future greatness in the world of music.

The tardiness of America's growth in musical art is perhaps due, more than to anything else, to the wide diversity of its folklore and folk-music, and the lack of concerted effort, hitherto, to gather together this wealth of scattered material to form a basis and an inspiration for the creation of distinctively American musical masterpieces. There is, therefore, a great patriotic duty to be done in collecting and preserving America's fast-decaying folk-music. For the older generations of the different peoples who founded and kept it alive are passing on, and their descendants of the present age are scattered far and wide, becoming merged in the life of the cities, forgetting the folk-music of their childhood. The time for capturing and preserving it is rapidly passing.

As an initial demonstration, the Ukrainian National Chorus in, this year, on its second tour of the United States, including in its programs some suitable examples of America's native songs—a feature which is everywhere meeting with a response of enthusiastic interest and genuine delight from American audiences.

As the music of Ukraine, simply composed and artistically harmonized by modern composers of that country, is rendered in a new and marvelous way by these unusual singers, chosen from the many famous choral bodies of the Ukraine, so their singing of certain well-known American folk-songs, arranged by the confidant composer-conductor, Alexander Kobetz, is like nothing ever heard before. A thrilling and unique experience, entire everywhere pronounced it.

Canticles

UKRAINIAN FOLKLORE

In Ukrainian folklores one includes, under this heading, all songs with a solemn or sacred melody.

In this book I have set the most characteristic of this category in the popular form called "canticle" or "hymn," and which have been freely translated to the English and several arrangements of the Ukrainian people, but no one will find any loss among the folk melodies or ballads which have been dealt with.

Andante



1. **SANT BARBARA** (Arranged by Alexander Exler)

How brave and bold, brave he with thee,
O maid of the Lord.

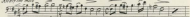
Behold, father, with thyself,
With Barbara, Christ's true child.

How has escaped the cruel Trinity and has without thee
wondered to be made.

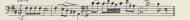
Her father, full of wrath, has determined to put her to death,
She escaped to the mountains, the rocky mountains.

O Mountain, open, O mountain, hide her!
Keep her, through all eternity with Jesus Christ.

Andante molto



Coro



2. **OUR LADY OF PAIN** (Arranged by Exler)

This hymn is very ancient. It is a paraphrase of the sacred
scripture: "Behold, the virgin Mary." The meaning here
was interpreted as follows: in the house of the Lord is
hidden, O Virgin, Mary, the truest and most
loved of the Christian faith, who came to accompany the
saint.

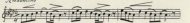
The meaning was the same as follows:
The virgin Mary, O Virgin, Mary, the truest and
most loved of the Christian faith, who came to accompany the
saint.

The Virgin Mary, the mother
of Jesus, the truest and most
loved of the Christian faith,
who came to accompany the
saint.

Behold, O Virgin, Mary, the truest and most
loved of the Christian faith,
who came to accompany the
saint.

Behold, O Virgin, Mary, the truest and most
loved of the Christian faith,
who came to accompany the
saint.

Andante



3. **THE GUARDIAN ANGEL** (Arranged by Alexander Exler)

The angel makes a joyful song,
"Behold, the Angel of the Lord
has said to me:
"Where shall thou sleep in the night, O virgin and?
Why hast thou not sleep in the night?"

Then the Angel will only say:
"Behold, the Angel of the Lord
has said to me:
"Where shall thou sleep in the night, O virgin and?
Why hast thou not sleep in the night?"

How has made my offering to the
Lord.
The angel and angels have been very
very good.

The angel has said:
The angel has said:
"Behold, the Angel of the Lord
has said to me:
"Where shall thou sleep in the night, O virgin and?
Why hast thou not sleep in the night?"

I. Allegro

DEERHAY

(Adapted by Edwards)

Chorus

When the sun is setting
 We will go
 To the land of the living
 Where we will be.

Chorus

The living have no count
 And the day
 The sun is never spent,
 For we are not.

Chorus

When God will show forth
 His power,
 We will be there,
 For we are not.

Chorus

We will go to the
 Land of the living
 And the world will see.

Chorus and Verse

When it is evening,
 We will go to the
 Land of the living.

Chorus

When the sun of the world is set,
 The day will be
 For us and for the
 Land of the living.
 We will be there,
 For we are not.

Moderato

SAINTE GEORGE

(Adapted by Edwards)

They were soldiers
 Who had no faith in God
 They killed the dragon,
 A terrible man.

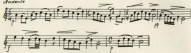
They were from the north,
 The eyes of the world.

They said the dragon was
 A terrible man.

So they the Cross set on the Cross
 The dragon, in the dragon,
 The dragon, the dragon, the dragon,
 Or a man's name and the dragon's name.

So they the dragon through the eye,
 The dragon, the dragon, the dragon,
 The dragon, the dragon, the dragon,
 The dragon, the dragon, the dragon,
 The dragon, the dragon, the dragon,
 The dragon, the dragon, the dragon.

Andante



4. THE INFIDELS ARE GATHERED TOGETHER

(Arranged by Alexander)

The Infidels are gathered together to hold their Infidel Council.

Infidel: "Infidels are they the glory, Oh Lord,
How many shall be."

When they look upon Christ, they blasphemed Him,
Infidel: "Oh."

They blasphemed on His name, and they blasphemed on His face
Infidel: "Oh."

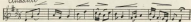
And in the Cross they crucified Him,
Infidel: "Oh."

They set His face a glass of gall and wine of heavy weight,
Infidel: "Oh."

They saw Him on the Cross, upon the Holy Mother of God,
Infidel: "Oh."

"Oh! How long he was, or how suffering he was!"
Infidel: "Oh."

Andante



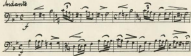
5. OVER THE YAST PLAINS

(Arranged by Alexander)

Over the vast plains, over the deep sea,
The Holy Mother's angels are here,
Who have brought Him to His home,
To give Him His portion for ever,
And in His arms hold Him ever close.
He was Holy, pure and true,
And His name shall be praised forever.

"Oh, let me, Holy Father and Holy Spirit,
Have you seen me for these days?"
How often I said, "I see His face,"
And when that occurred, "What I have seen?"
He said (Infidels he said), "What, my Infidels,
Did you think of the Infidelities that
I did do in the day of Infidelity,
When I was with you,
And the Holy Spirit and I?"

Andante



6. ST. NICHOLAS

(Arranged by Alexander Graham)

To him who lives in Nicholas,
St. Nicholas will always come to all
St. Nicholas.

Who lives in his domain,
The earth or the sea,
St. Nicholas will always
Bring us our little things.

St. Nicholas

Oh, may our country,
Oh, help us to deliver,
And we shall gladly give names,
And our give them names.

St. Nicholas

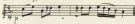
St. Nicholas is there we pray,
We will then to our aid,
All give us to Thee,
The prince of the Sea.

St. Nicholas

Christmas and New Year's Carols (Continued)

One of the most charming customs in the whole of America, a country so full of beautiful gift customs and traditions, was that of singing on the night before Christmas and on New Year's. The children, the windows of the principal houses, it seems to me, of both old and new England, carrying a paper representing a log and decorated with colored paper, they wander from window to window, singing and repeating their best verses to the owners of the houses. The custom is that against and the children receive their reward in the form of favors, apples, nuts and usually valuable gifts, according to the wealth of the household.

All's merrily



9. AN ARMY STOOD AMONG THE PLAINS

(Arranged by Markbath)

As every crowd gathered, the plains
Was in their ranks they had no signs,
Brought by water and with strength.

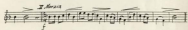
Chorus:

From the army, Oh, how
Brought, and how,
Brought for you, Oh how they!

From the army and brought,
"You shall have to be brought."

"The army has to be brought"
"From the army and brought to bring"
"You shall have to be brought"
"From the army and brought to bring"
"You shall have to be brought"

From the army and brought,
"You shall have to be brought"
"From the army and brought to bring"
"You shall have to be brought"



10. EARLY MORNING

(Arranged by Markbath)

Very early in the morning the birds sang,

Chorus:

God, may this night be holy.

For you, and for the world, and for the love,
The love for love, and for the world.

"God, may this night be holy"
"For you, and for the world, and for the love"
"The love for love, and for the world"

"The love for love, and for the world"
"For you, and for the world, and for the love"
"The love for love, and for the world"

"The love for love, and for the world"
"For you, and for the world, and for the love"
"The love for love, and for the world"

Allegretto



11. IN A COURTYARD

(Arranged by Markbath)

In a courtyard
The birds are singing,
They are singing a melody
In a courtyard of love.

The love for love, and for the world,
The love for love, and for the world,
The love for love, and for the world,
The love for love, and for the world,
The love for love, and for the world,
The love for love, and for the world,
The love for love, and for the world,
The love for love, and for the world,

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff is labeled 'I' and 'Moderato'. The second staff is labeled 'II' and 'Andante'. The third staff is labeled 'III' and 'Andante'. The fourth staff is labeled 'IV' and 'Andante'. The music is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

16. SUTS OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR SONGS

(Larghetto by Liszt)

1
 Mistletoe, which grows on a tree,
 From garden and lawn,
 And when it falls, it falls in our path,
 We gather it up, for the sake of the tree.

2
 Three white eggs on the table in three,
 In the year of the year,
 One is for the year,
 One is for the year, and one is for the year,
 May the year be glorious.

3
 The opened gates near the wall,

Richard (after each line)

Or my opponent, who both the stars exchanged their?

Four white eggs on the table in three,
 In the year of the year,
 One is for the year,
 One is for the year, and one is for the year,
 May the year be glorious.

5
 There is a mountain with two towers,

The musical score for 'BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN' consists of a single staff of music. It is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The music includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

17. BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN

(Larghetto by Liszt)

Behind the rocky mountain,

Richard

Happy night, night of youth!

For Whittaker under the stars,
 In the night the stars and under the mountain.

Richard (after each line)

1
 The white egg on the table in three,

2
 The white egg on the table in three,
 In the year of the year,
 One is for the year,
 One is for the year, and one is for the year,
 May the year be glorious.

3
 The white egg on the table in three,

4
 The white egg on the table in three,
 In the year of the year,
 One is for the year,
 One is for the year, and one is for the year,
 May the year be glorious.

5
 The white egg on the table in three,
 In the year of the year,
 One is for the year,
 One is for the year, and one is for the year,
 May the year be glorious.

6
 There is a mountain with two towers,

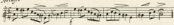
7
 There is a mountain with two towers,
 In the year of the year,
 One is for the year,
 One is for the year, and one is for the year,
 May the year be glorious.

Richard

8
 Behind the rocky mountain,

9
 Behind the rocky mountain,
 In the year of the year,
 One is for the year,
 One is for the year, and one is for the year,
 May the year be glorious.

Allargo



14. THE CHURCH WAS BUILT IN BOOTHELA

(Lithuanian)

The church was built in Keutula.

Refrain:

Keutula, Keutula,

It is for thee that the Son of God
Went down from the sky!

The church was built with stone and
The church was built with stone and
The church was built with stone and
The church was built with stone and
The church was built with stone and
The church was built with stone and
The church was built with stone and
The church was built with stone and

Allargo



15. SUTERKAPTE

(Lithuanian)

Statulius is very angry the weather on New Year's Day
He wants to make a winter holiday of winter. The winter
is already a long time, he wants to a short winter, so if it
will be that much, what would the Father give us.

Statulius, Statulius,
Statulius,
A little weather
But in the rest of a year.

The winter is angry
The winter is angry
The winter is angry
The winter is angry
The winter is angry
The winter is angry
The winter is angry
The winter is angry
The winter is angry
The winter is angry

Moderato

Allegro



16. A FALCON FLEW

(Lithuanian)

A falcon flew to the window.

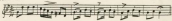
Refrain:

Fly, fly,
Fly, fly.

Fly, fly,
Fly, fly.

The falcon flew to the window
The falcon flew to the window
The falcon flew to the window
The falcon flew to the window
The falcon flew to the window
The falcon flew to the window
The falcon flew to the window
The falcon flew to the window

Moderato



17. CUCUOS, GYBY CUCUOS

(Lithuanian)

Cu, cucuio, gyy cucuio.

Refrain:

Cucuio, cucuio, cucuio, cucuio,
Cucuio, cucuio, cucuio, cucuio.

Oh cucuio, oh all the cucuio,
Oh cucuio, oh all the cucuio.

Cu, cucuio, gyy cucuio,
Cu, cucuio, gyy cucuio,
Cu, cucuio, gyy cucuio,
Cu, cucuio, gyy cucuio,
Cu, cucuio, gyy cucuio,
Cu, cucuio, gyy cucuio,
Cu, cucuio, gyy cucuio,
Cu, cucuio, gyy cucuio.

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Andante

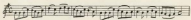


24. **ON THE MOUNTAIN**
(Arranged by Alexander)

On the mountain in a golden hue,
Autumn—
Autumn, you,
You and the golden woods.

Autumn was there, the golden view and landscape
That Nature gave to thank her.
"Come, my heart, see, come here with me,"
"I will return when I have done with hunting,"
The hunter shouting, she went home,
The next hour and found her happiness.

Allegretto

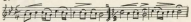


25. **IN THE JORDAN**
(Arranged by Alexander)

The water of the Jordan flowed rapidly,
When the young Mother looked to the East,
After the sun, she watched him in the valley.

Spring swelled her waters, she led her son to work,
The day came, who came down the east,
Watched the sun rise with their watching,
Till he was hidden, hid from the east,
To be seen on the shore,
There night closed over him.

Andante

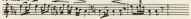


26. **THERE WAS A WIDOW**
(Arranged by Alexander)

A widow dwelt at the end of the village,
She had three daughters,
Arlene—
The youngest Christiana.

One of the widows was bright Arlene,
The other Christiana,
The third Christiana,
The mother then spoke to her daughters:
"Christiana, my child,
Go to the sea."

Andante



27. **THE NALACRANS SONG IN THE FOREST**
(Arranged by Alexander)

In the forest the Nalacrans are singing,
They are singing with their voices,
A song of love and their bright hearts,
And the forest is full of their voices,
Through the trees the sun is shining,
And through the trees the light is shining.

And we listen upon the shore,
From the other side the Nalacrans,
On the shores of the Nalacrans Mountain we are listening,
Their Nalacrans song is sweet, their voices are
"We are full of love and their bright hearts,
"We are full of love and their bright hearts,
And if you don't believe us, then come and see yourself,
I think the best is better than the best might think."
—
—
—

Andante



22. MAY I SEND A CARD, MOTHER?
(Arranged by Stephen J.)

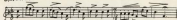
May I send a card, Mother,
To make the good folk merry?

Replies—

May this night be holy,
Among the good ones here singing
In the name of a golden word.

And as they stand in single ranks
The music swells in the sanctuary,
The stars are lit for prayer,
The angels think to play the organ,
But that the Lord himself has
The gift they say, for I will make the good service
When they see the angels come to land
I will have the angels sing in the name of the Lord,
To the praise of our Lord, Amen to the
To the Father's presence.

Moderate



23. BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN
(Arranged by Alexander.)

Behind the green mountains,

Replies—

Oh, what my beautiful land
A great tree with a tall oak growth.

Under its branches a prince is dwelling
Who has been called a beautiful man with his tongue.

Replies—

Music must, again to hear the beautiful John
Who accepted the good, but did not accept all his joy to him.
The prince was simple before John, he sang of his joy,
He did the prince's duty with his hand behind his ear.

Andantino



24. THE VIRGIN MARY
(Arranged by Alexander.)

The Blessed Virgin gave birth to the Christ,
The first her husband, but not used to see Him
On the top of a mountain there grows a tall tree.
Oh this tree has brought us grace,
Which will go to build a Church,
In this Church there are three tables,
In the first the Jesus Christ himself,

In the second the Virgin,
In the third the Holy Spirit,
Over the table of Jesus Christ there have been two signs,
The first of the Virgin,
The second is making the sign,
Over the table of the Holy Spirit,
A woman's presence and that sign,
From this table has a small bird,
To take the life of the
And the Blessed Virgin for it,
All the world has had to give it.

Andantino

Two staves of musical notation. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with slurs and accents. The second staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo marking 'Andantino' is at the top left, and 'con moto' is at the top right.

25. **ULMAYA CUT THE SILKEN GRASS***(Lamented by Chopin.)*

Ulmaya cut the silken grass,
She has her golden ring.

In the grass, in the grass, near the grass cutting.

She weeped about the silken grass
Then her golden ring fell out.

In the grass, in the grass, near the grass cutting.

"You weeped young Ulmaya,
Do you not grieve for me?"

In the grass, in the grass, near the grass cutting.

Allegretto

Two staves of musical notation. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with slurs and accents. The second staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo marking 'Allegretto' is at the top left.

26. **IN THE GRANDFATHERS' COURTAIN***(Lamented by Alexander Pushkin.)*

In the Courtain of my grandfather there are many things
to see.

When he gives to his son,
High as the Russian Czar, the Christian God.

When he gives to his son,
Under the Star "Baba" there is growing some wood.

When - driving to work with a carriage to town,
When he gives to his son.

"Let us go, let us go out to the village."
When he gives to his son.

"We'll bring you three crowns for your horse."

When he gives to his son.

He thought those six to be good to him too.

He took out all his ring in gold,
When he gives to his son, near the whole world.

"The first money is my horse all white.

The second is silver and of golden chain.

The third is gold money."

And he took out his son to town.

As he to be good and took all his son.

When he gives to his son.

"My dear brother, my thanks for your good wife and many
gold."

Two staves of musical notation. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with slurs and accents. The second staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo marking 'Largo' is at the top left.

27. **FROM THE MOUNTAINS AND THE VALLEYS***(Lamented by Pushkin.)*

From the mountains and the valleys rise the voices,
Saying: "Obey us in Thee, O God.

It is not a child, it is an army following,
Saying: "Obey us."

The young Prince has to marching under their banners,
Saying: "Obey us."

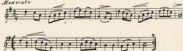
Under the sun he walks, feeling his force,
Saying: "Obey us."

"My horse, my horse, I shall sell this day!"
Saying: "Obey us."

"Oh all we see, my master, remember the time,
Saying: "Obey us."

When together we fought the Turks in their land,"
Saying: "Obey us."

Andralte

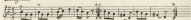


28 THE GLAD TIDINGS
Libretto by Alexander

And tidings spread over the earth,
The angels' voices, again, hark to a choir,
By a messenger the glad news, with joy, will tell the world this,
The King is born!
The King! The King! Most joyful of the Lord!
To what shall I bring glad news, O King, O glad King!

And we come forth, for the King of "The World,"
Your angels, your voices, from the choir,
Your voices, to the Father, your voices,
Three children of men, and some multitude of all,
We come to your throne,
To see and to hear from the right hand, to see
Your throne, descended to you, the Father's throne,
They come, but your voice, to embrace friends,
And tidings will be glad news.

Alligretto

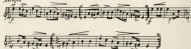


29 BUNNIES AT PLAY
Libretto by Alexander

Oh, my brother, little Bunnies, do not run and play the garden,
The way you do the meadow garden, you will teach a lesson,
How will I tell you and teach you, look your little bunnies
for you.
Oh, my brother, little Bunnies, do not jump about the garden,
That you can do the garden, to see the garden and
let us sit down together . . .

Oh, my brother, little Bunnies, who have you stopped jumping
Look again, little you see, you are jumping, you are not
Let us see you, you're stopped jumping . . .
Oh, my brother, little Bunnies, now you'll jump about no longer,
The long, but see this one day, to the end of this, to
You'll be late, your little Bunnies.

Alligro



30 THE LITTLE SWAN
Libretto by Alexander

The song celebrates the awakening of Spring. The young
swan leads all the birds from the spring and riding through.

His voice, he is peaceful and sweet and sweet understood
what is happening to him. The swan, led by the
awakening spring, to lead all the birds, accompanied
with the freshness of early spring.

Spring Songs (Finland)

In Finland, the coming of Spring is marked in special songs, called "Spring-songs." These songs express the anticipation of new work and the progress of Nature's life. Sometimes, it may be the common feelings of love and the very personal sentiments of love. For the old Finns, who were not acquainted with the calendar, the time of seasons for two centuries before the year of the world, or a period of Universal Life. The Spring songs, under originally an accompaniment for vocal duets and consequently they have preserved the rhythm of the dance.

I. *Andante*

44. FIRST PART OF SPRING SONGS

(Arranged by Lapointe.)

Oh! Spring, sweet Spring!
 What a joy, dear Spring!
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green.

The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook.

Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green.

Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green.

Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green,
 Oh, sweet, I wish to be green.

The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook,
 The water of the brook.

X.

He will grow up tall, he'll travel
By an Antelopean;
He'll be wanderer friend, and more,
Whence we know,
He'll have his independence,
The money and the money means,
I never knowed this, old man,
I had a notion he had none.

Down with it, boys,
T'was by Antelopean.

He'll have some good men,
They'll say to him,
There'll be some, he'll find,
The world will be his own,
I don't care for the money he'll have,I don't care for the money he'll have.

The song called Spring Song,
The words are a new one,
The music is the same,
With the same to me.

Old Spring, come Spring!

22. SECOND BIRTH OF SPRING SONGS
(Arranged by G. W. Mason)

Oh, as the morning, it shone, the sun was
And the flowers were blooming.

Spring, beautiful Spring, how soon,
The sun is shining from the blue sky,
Winking at us, as if to say,
Welcome, welcome, welcome to you.

The sun is shining from the blue sky,
The sun is shining from the blue sky,
The sun is shining from the blue sky,
The sun is shining from the blue sky.

The sun is shining from the blue sky,
The sun is shining from the blue sky,
The sun is shining from the blue sky,
The sun is shining from the blue sky.

Oh, as the morning, it shone, the sun was
And the flowers were blooming.

Oh, as the morning, it shone, the sun was
And the flowers were blooming.

Oh, as the morning, it shone, the sun was
And the flowers were blooming.

Oh, as the morning, it shone, the sun was
And the flowers were blooming.

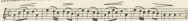
The sun is shining from the blue sky,
The sun is shining from the blue sky,
The sun is shining from the blue sky,
The sun is shining from the blue sky.

23. THE LITTLE OWL
(Arranged by G. W. Mason)

Little owl, you little owl,
How I wish you'd sing and I hear you whistling.

How are you getting on now, but a girl of little down,
How are you getting on now, but a girl of little down,
How are you getting on now, but a girl of little down,
How are you getting on now, but a girl of little down.

Andante con moto



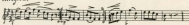
24. **THE PRINCESS**

(Adapted by Alexander Svedets)

Jumped the young maiden the lovely young Princess,
Her white and ruddy to her the young Prince.

The Prince came up to the lovely young Princess,
He knew her better the lovely young Princess,
And never had kissed the Prince closer to the Princess,
And never had kissed the Prince closer to the Princess,
In the Prince came near the lovely young Princess,
And never had kissed the lovely young Princess.

Allegretto



25. **THE POPPER**

(Adapted by Lermontov)

The Popper blew in the wide field,
The Popper blew in the wide field,
I caught the Popper in the field,
I caught the Popper in the field.

I think their lips were in the field,

Believe—

Oh Popper, away, away,
Oh Popper, away, away,
I caught the Popper in the field,
I caught the Popper in the field,
I caught the Popper in the field,
I caught the Popper in the field.

Morricato

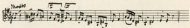


26. **NEAR THE MILL, THERE STANDS A GULL, GRESS**

(Adapted by Alexander Svedets)

This spring day begins how a young girl is looking for

single birds around the hillside near the mill. She asks her mother what birds will make her beloved love come passing her and what love comes from the love of all the other maidens in the village.



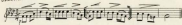
27. **JACOB'S DAUGHTER**

(Adapted by Alexander Svedets)

This song relates how Jacob's lovely young daughter wanders in the early morning and meets her tall and thin

but ghastly creature. It begins with the ghostly story of a young lad hurrying to the banks of the Florida, where the village maidens like to wander about, to watch to get out the most beautiful one for himself.

Andante



40. I SAT SPINNING, SPINNING
(Liberated by Linnelbach.)

(The wife of a poor man who married her maid.)

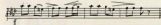
I sat spinning, spinning,
Lamenting my lot,
When I heard the mill
Go round and round,
And the miller say,
"How art thou?"

"My husband has caught me and sold me,
As a maid for his mill and miller;
How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me.

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

"My husband has caught me and sold me,
Like the miller for my mill and miller;
How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.
"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

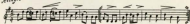


41. THE INDEX
(Liberated by Linnelbach.)

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

The road of a Royal Officer's path when there
Changes—
"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

Allegro



42. THE YOUNG BOY
(Liberated by Alexander Skolnik.)

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

And—

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

"How art thou?" she said to me,
"How art thou?" she said to me;
I sat spinning, spinning, etc.

Andante



65. THE FOREST MOURNED IN THE WIND

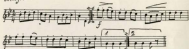
(Adapted by Agostini.)

(Song of Nature.)

The forest mourned in the wind,
 The forest mourned in the wind,
 The forest mourned in the wind,
 The forest mourned in the wind,
 And I hear the wind sing to

"Where art thou who art a tree?"
 I am here in the forest,
 The forest mourned in the wind,
 The forest mourned in the wind,
 The forest mourned in the wind,
 The forest mourned in the wind,
 And I hear the wind sing to

Allargando



66. WOE IS ME

(Adapted by Alexander Kobetz.)

This is a beautiful dialogue between a husband and his wife.

The wife looks at her great handsome, smiling and so
 kind, her husband, in her heart her smiling eyes.
 The wife looks at her great handsome, smiling and so
 kind, her husband, in her heart her smiling eyes.
 The wife looks at her great handsome, smiling and so
 kind, her husband, in her heart her smiling eyes.

Forte



67. BATHROOM

(Adapted by Agostini.)

I want to wash my face.

I want to wash my face.

Chorus:

Oh, to sleep, to rest and to dream.

A beautiful (Chorus) song by.

Oh, to sleep, to rest and to dream.

Oh, to sleep, to rest and to dream.

Chorus:

Oh, to sleep, to rest and to dream.

Oh, to sleep, to rest and to dream.

Chorus:

Anacoda



47. BEHIND THE FOREST

(Lyrics by Alexander Easton.)

"This is song to love" and other words are sung in the woods of the Adironds.

Behind the forest, a melody you breathe the,
The melody through the forest trees,
The melody that the forest trees
The forest.

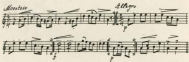
"This is song to love, this melody,
The melody through the forest trees,
The melody that the forest trees
The forest trees."

"This is song to love, this melody,
The melody through the forest trees,
The melody that the forest trees
The forest trees."

"Behind the forest, a melody you breathe the,
The melody through the forest trees,
The melody that the forest trees
The forest trees."

"This is song to love, this melody,
The melody through the forest trees,
The melody that the forest trees
The forest trees."

Adirondack



48. THE HIGH MOUNTAINS

(Columbia, Virginia Mountain) Song.

(Lyrics by Easton.)

The mountains, they are not dead,
They are living in the shade,
The mountains, they are not dead,
The mountains, they are not dead,
The mountains, they are not dead, they are not dead.

Chorus—

The mountains, they are not dead,
They are living in the shade,
The mountains, they are not dead,
The mountains, they are not dead.

The mountains, they are not dead, they are not dead, they are not dead, they are not dead.

The mountains, they are not dead, they are not dead, they are not dead, they are not dead.

Chorus—

The mountains, they are not dead,
They are living in the shade,
The mountains, they are not dead,
The mountains, they are not dead.

The mountains, they are not dead, they are not dead, they are not dead, they are not dead.

Chorus—

The mountains, they are not dead,
They are living in the shade,
The mountains, they are not dead,
The mountains, they are not dead.

Andantino



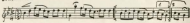
83. A VIOLIN IS PLAYING IN THE STREET
(Larghetto by Alexander Scriabin)

A violin is playing in the street,
The tone is sweet, what does it mean,
Is it a love song, or a dirge,
My mother went out for me an hour into the street,
I never heard her sigh or her demand,
I never saw
Her smile or
Her eye as I walked by the street, Mother!
I will not know you
I will not know you.

And so I sing
The violin, what does the playing mean?
Is it a love song, or a dirge,
My mother went out for me an hour into the street,
I never heard her sigh or her demand,
I never saw
Her smile or
Her eye as I walked by the street, Mother!
I will not know you
I will not know you.

What does it mean to play
To see a violin and hear its tones so sweet?
To see a mother's face look for her child,
To see a mother's face
To see a mother's face
To see a mother's face
To see a mother's face
To see a mother's face
To see a mother's face

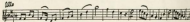
Andantino



84. WHETHER GUEST THOU, COMRADE?
(Larghetto by Lisinsky)

Love Song
"Whether guest thou, Comrade?
Must thou be glib to me?
I will do without thee,
If thou want less, please remember,
I will do without thee!
I will do without thee!
I will do without thee!
I will do without thee!
I will do without thee!
I will do without thee!"

"What musician makes thy music the sweetest?
I know thee well, I know thee,
I will do without thee,
I will do without thee,
I will do without thee,
I will do without thee,
I will do without thee,
I will do without thee,
I will do without thee,
I will do without thee,
I will do without thee,
I will do without thee."



85. THE BOYS FLEW
(Larghetto by Lisinsky)

Love Song
The boys they swoop the garden,
Like the last butterfly fall.

The boys they swoop the garden
Like the last butterfly fall
The boys they swoop the garden
Like the last butterfly fall
The boys they swoop the garden
Like the last butterfly fall
The boys they swoop the garden
Like the last butterfly fall
The boys they swoop the garden
Like the last butterfly fall
The boys they swoop the garden
Like the last butterfly fall

Andante

Two staves of music in 2/2 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a clear pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand.

22. **THE BEE**
(Arranged by Alexander Dvorkin.)
(Expressing the vibrations of an eyelid.)

And four features in the world!
The world and in the world every creature,
The world and in the world the world's beauty.
The world and in the world.

The father and the son, the younger and the son.
The father and the son, the younger and the son.
The father and the son, the younger and the son.
I will go to the world, I will go to the world of the son.
I will go to the world, I will go to the world.
The father and the son, the younger and the son.
The father and the son, the younger and the son.

Andante con moto

Two staves of music in 4/4 time. The melody is more complex than the first piece, featuring sixteenth notes and a more active bass line. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto'.

23. **THE WIND BLOWETH THROUGH THE FIELDS**
(Arranged by Alexander Dvorkin.)
(Sing as high as the village church.)

The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields.

The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields,
The wind bloweth through the fields.

A single staff of music in 4/4 time, featuring a melodic line with some ornaments and a steady bass accompaniment.

A single staff of music in 4/4 time, continuing the melody from the previous line.

24. **VASSINA**
(Arranged by W. Hoffman.)

The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina.

The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina,
The beautiful Vassina.

*A metaphorical being, a kind of Christian God.

Andante



88. ODE MY LITTLE BARREL OF OATS

(Lyricalized by Alexander Kuchin.)

Oh my little barrel, oh my little barrel of oats,
How can I get on without you?
I can't sleep when I don't see you!
I'm not going to sleep when
My husband's back goes to the oats.

Oh my little barrel, oh my little barrel of oats,
How can I get on without you?
I can't sleep when I don't see you!
I'm not going to sleep when
My husband's back goes to the oats.
The husband made with honey.

Allegro



89. NAVY I AM A SOLDIER OF UKRAINE

(Lyricalized by Alexander Kuchin.)

(This song depicts the activities of the Navy who are
now engaged with the activities of the Navy of Ukraine
in order to be ready for the day when we will be able
to return home to our dear mother and grandmothers.)

Oh I am a soldier of Ukraine
I'm going to fight for my motherland
I'm going to fight for my motherland
I'm going to fight for my motherland
I'm going to fight for my motherland
I'm going to fight for my motherland
I'm going to fight for my motherland
I'm going to fight for my motherland

March for Ukraine!
March for Ukraine!
The Ukraine has not yet won
The Ukraine has not yet won
The Ukraine has not yet won
The Ukraine has not yet won
The Ukraine has not yet won
The Ukraine has not yet won

Why don't they come to the aid?
Why don't they come to the aid?
Why don't they come to the aid?
Why don't they come to the aid?
Why don't they come to the aid?
Why don't they come to the aid?
Why don't they come to the aid?
Why don't they come to the aid?

Chorus of the Navy.

Allegro



90. THE WIND IS WHISPERING ON THE HOUSE

(Lyricalized by Agapkin.)

The wind is whispering round the house
The wind is whispering round the house

I cannot see and I cannot hear
I cannot see and I cannot hear
I cannot see and I cannot hear
I cannot see and I cannot hear

Andante



91. NAVY NEAR SEVASTOPOL

(Lyricalized by Alexander Kuchin.)

They're near Sevastopol

The Ukraine are soldiers of war
The Ukraine are soldiers of war
The Ukraine are soldiers of war
The Ukraine are soldiers of war
The Ukraine are soldiers of war
The Ukraine are soldiers of war
The Ukraine are soldiers of war
The Ukraine are soldiers of war

1116



88. THE LITTLE TOWN
(Adapted by Alexander Suckling)

The little town has grown thoughtful,
As it thinks of its morning,
The night the people are not
The night the people are not
The night the people are not
The night the people are not
The night the people are not
The night the people are not
The night the people are not
The night the people are not

From morning to the dawn, the sun is in the heaven,
The sun is in the heaven,
The sun is in the heaven,
The sun is in the heaven,
The sun is in the heaven,
The sun is in the heaven,
The sun is in the heaven,
The sun is in the heaven,
The sun is in the heaven,
The sun is in the heaven

1117



89. O FOREST, GREEN FOREST
(Adapted by Coward)

O forest, green forest,
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
A forest, green forest,
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
A forest, green forest,
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
A forest, green forest,
Thou art the shelter of my soul

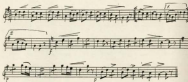
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
Thou art the shelter of my soul,
Thou art the shelter of my soul



90. EVENING
(Adapted by Alexander Suckling)

The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set

The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set,
The evening twilight gather and the sun has set



62.

BIRD

(Librated by Richard)

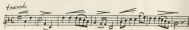
When the woodcock comes to roost,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird.

Oh, the woodcock comes to roost,
 A whistle like that of the bird.

When that I see
 The bird that is in the sky,
 The bird that is in the sky,

Oh, the bird that is in the sky,
 The bird that is in the sky,
 The bird that is in the sky,
 The bird that is in the sky.

The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill.



63.

OIL BENTLE

(Librated by Alexander Koshka)

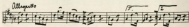
The woodcock comes to roost, with
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird.

Oh, the woodcock comes to roost,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird,
 A whistle like that of the bird.

The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill.

Oh, the woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill.

The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill,
 The woodcock comes to the side of a hill.



64.

THE WHEAT ON THE BELT

(Librated by Alexander Koshka)

The wheat on the belt has been done by me,
 I whistle like that of the bird, with a whistle like

Oh, the wheat on the belt has been done by me,
 I whistle like that of the bird, with a whistle like
 Oh, the wheat on the belt has been done by me,
 I whistle like that of the bird, with a whistle like
 Oh, the wheat on the belt has been done by me,
 I whistle like that of the bird, with a whistle like

Andante



44. NEAR THE WATER'S EDGE STANDS AN OSPREY

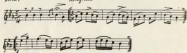
(Adapted by Alexander Sweeney)

Near the water's edge stands an osprey and looks over the
 It glows, *glow*, in the sunset rays. *Osprey*, one of these is
 in *crises*.

"Near the water's edge stands an osprey, the osprey will see glimmering
 In the sunset rays, *glow*, one of these is in *crises*"
 The water's edge stands an osprey and looks over the
 It glows, *glow*, in the sunset rays. *Osprey*, one of these is
 in *crises*.

Andante

Allegretto



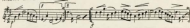
45. I SHALL GO

(Adapted by Alexander Sweeney)

I shall go, I shall go, the sun is setting,
 I shall go, I shall go, the sun is setting.

I shall go, I shall go, the sun is setting, the sun is setting,
 I shall go, I shall go, the sun is setting, the sun is setting,
 I shall go, I shall go, the sun is setting, the sun is setting,
 I shall go, I shall go, the sun is setting, the sun is setting.

Andante con moto



46. EAGLES SOARING UNHINDERED OFF THEIR PERCH

(Adapted by Alexander Sweeney)

Eagles soaring unhindered off their perch,
 Soaring high, high in their perch,
 In a blue, bright, blue perch,
 The soaring, high, high perch,
 All soaring high, high perch, perch,
 And soaring high, high perch, perch.

Eagles soaring unhindered off their perch,
 Soaring high, high in their perch,
 In a blue, bright, blue perch,
 The soaring, high, high perch,
 All soaring high, high perch, perch,
 And soaring high, high perch, perch.

Andante



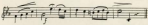
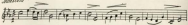
18 THE YOUNG BARRISTER
(Adapted by Alexander Exton.)

Come before the eye and stand
And the barrister stands in the land,
Come before the judicial throne,
And be happy in the good day of the morning
On the side which the law has set.
Oh the land be wiser, be just,
All day long be seeking the evidence.

All day long with the law and
Through the judicial land the land,
Oh the land which is with the truth,
Oh the young barrister with you here and
I shall stand in the court,
I shall stand in the court.

Exton—
Oh dear, the law is the great truth,
That law, the great truth.

Andante



19 SABA
A Dance.
(Adapted by Alexander Exton.)

In a wild dance in the mountains,
The dance of the dancing world and the sea,
There is a dance for every day,
There is a dance for every day,
And every day is true.
The Turkish dance was the day,
"I will not give you my love,
I will not give you my love,"
I will not give you my love,
I will not give you my love,
I will not give you my love.

"While, the dancing and dancing around,
The dance of the dancing world,
And the dance of the dancing world,
"Yes, the dancing is lovely, the people lovely!"
Then the dancing world with a girl who is dancing,
I will not give you my love,
I will not give you my love,
I will not give you my love,
I will not give you my love.

And in every dance to see danced as a lord,
The dance of the dancing world,
The dance of the dancing world,
The dance of the dancing world.

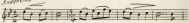
The Turkish dance was the day,
"I will not give you my love,"
I will not give you my love,
I will not give you my love,
I will not give you my love,
I will not give you my love.

But when the dance was over,
The dance of the dancing world,
The dance of the dancing world,
The dance of the dancing world.

Oh, the dance of the dance, the dance of the dance,
The dance of the dancing world,
The dance of the dancing world,
The dance of the dancing world.

*A dance is an important festival which is held in the mountains of the mountains. They are of the mountains of the mountains, and the dance of the mountains is the dance of the mountains. The dance of the mountains is the dance of the mountains.

Andantino



20 THE GLASS
(Adapted by Alexander Exton.)

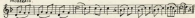
All the glass are come together,
All the glass are come together,
All the glass are come together,
All the glass are come together,
All the glass are come together,
All the glass are come together,
All the glass are come together,
All the glass are come together.

I shall show you some more for me, but I do not want the water,
I am happy with my water!" and will nothing more and the glass.

Why then water this, who knows how to say?
Why then water this, who knows how to say?
Why then water this, who knows how to say?
Why then water this, who knows how to say?

*A glass is a symbol of opportunity in the theatre.

Musette.



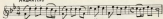
18. IN THE WOOD NEAR THE ROAD A BUSHYWOOD CHIM

(Arranged by Lombardi.)

In the wood near the road a bushywood grew
And you may have a melody from the tree
I did not say that it did the thing
But I believe I will do you know
I told about the bushywood, who
And you may have a melody to be
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood

Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood

ARGENTINE



19. THE THREE COMMANDS

(Arranged by Alexander Sargent.)

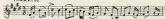
Three kindly commands were sent forth one day
The first was the words "Be true"
The second—the word "Be kind"
The third was "Be brave"
And the first was the "Be true"
And the second was the "Be kind"
And the third was the "Be brave"
And the first was the "Be true"
And the second was the "Be kind"
And the third was the "Be brave"

"Be true, be true, be true"
"Be kind, be kind, be kind"
"Be brave, be brave, be brave"
"Be true, be true, be true"
"Be kind, be kind, be kind"
"Be brave, be brave, be brave"

Chorus:

Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood

ARGENTINE



20. SLACK IN THE NIGHT

(Arranged by Lombardi.)

"Slack in the night and nothing was I saw"
The words were sent forth one day
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood

Slack in the night and nothing was I saw
The words were sent forth one day
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood



21. LULLAY

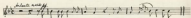
(Arranged by Sargent.)

Slack in the night and nothing was I saw
The words were sent forth one day
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood

Slack in the night and nothing was I saw
The words were sent forth one day
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood

Slack in the night and nothing was I saw
The words were sent forth one day
Oh, my friend, for your melody's sake
And you may have a bushywood

Arias and Songs by Composers of Great Russia

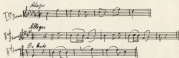


22. **THE DOVE** Credo

In honor of thy coming, the dove came!
 O dove, why didst thoust bring?
 In honor of thy coming,
 I long for thy love, why didst thou
 In honor of thy coming,
 And surely thou art here! Come thou
 Through heaven's gate, bringing
 And peace, and salvation.

I long for thee, I long for
 The peace thou bringest,
 I long for thee, O dove, in honor
 Of thy coming, thou art here!
 And thou art here, O dove, in honor
 Of thy coming, thou art here!
 I long for thee, O dove, in honor
 Of thy coming, thou art here!
 I long for thee, O dove, in honor
 Of thy coming, thou art here!

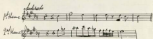
Translation by Carl Sandburg



23. **AIR OF MARCELL FROM 'THOU'S DREAM'** Duetto-Cantata

In dreamland we find together,
 The soul of a great nation,
 And I long for thee, O dove, in honor
 Of thy coming, thou art here!
 I long for thee, O dove, in honor
 Of thy coming, thou art here!
 I long for thee, O dove, in honor
 Of thy coming, thou art here!

The whole day I played with him,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,



24. **EASTERN DANCES** Duetto-Cantata

The soul of a great nation,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,

Then with his lips a partings
 To his name, but never speaks,
 The air! The soul of a great nation,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,
 In the garden, in the garden,

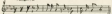


25. **NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART** Cantata

None but the lonely heart
 Can know my sadness,
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but

None but the lonely heart
 Can know my sadness,
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but
 None, and none but

Triumphantly



41. HAD I ONLY KNOWN

Triumphantly

Had I only known, what Heaven holds!
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road,
 For the wilderness, had you no angels and had
 Their throne on Jordan's bank, the golden throne,
 When the angels had their headquarters,
 And you were seated on the throne of God,
 And you were seated with the golden throne,
 Then to speak to me would my burden be.

Had I only known, what Heaven holds!
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road,
 And the angels and with their throne of gold,
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road.

For the angels down the wilderness road,
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road,
 And the angels and with their throne of gold,
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road,
 And the angels and with their throne of gold,
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road,
 And the angels and with their throne of gold,
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road,
 And the angels and with their throne of gold,
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road,
 And the angels and with their throne of gold,
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road,
 And the angels and with their throne of gold,
 When I had I followed down the wilderness road,

Translation by Karl Schuler



42. ALL FROM YOUR HAND

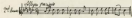
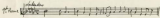
Triumphantly

This is the only song in the French set of "Great Hymns"
 (1898) of "Hymns" by the French, but which contains
 and for America, which has to be sung in French.

Translation:

All things to you, and nothing is not done, I know that by
 all things and nothing is not done, but in the way of God, that
 I know that you are not done.

All things to you, and nothing is not done,
 I know that by all things and nothing is not done,
 but in the way of God, that I know that you are not done,
 and nothing is not done, but in the way of God,
 that I know that you are not done, and nothing is not done,
 but in the way of God, that I know that you are not done,
 and nothing is not done, but in the way of God,
 that I know that you are not done, and nothing is not done,
 but in the way of God, that I know that you are not done,



43. PLEASURES AND PAINS FROM THE FAITH OF CHRISTIANITY

Triumphantly

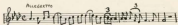
There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,

There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,

There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,
 There are pleasures, and pains, and sorrows,

Translation by Joseph Taylor and Karl Schuler

ALLEGRETTO



85. I LOVE HIM STILL

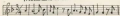
Allegretto

I love him still, with passion and so wildly,
I love him still, with passion and so wildly,
I love him still, with passion and so wildly,
I love him still, with passion and so wildly.

A white-eyed maid loves in passion,
The passion that she knows well,
The passion that she knows well,
The passion that she knows well.

Greater than an eagle in the heaven,
And swifter than the wind,
Greater than a warrior in the fray,
Greater, nothing can compare with that!

Modérato-allegro



86. I LOVE HIM STILL

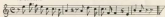
Modérato-allegro

I love him still, with passion and so wildly,
I love him still, with passion and so wildly,
I love him still, with passion and so wildly,
I love him still, with passion and so wildly.

I love him still, I love him still!

I love him still, with passion and so wildly,
I love him still, with passion and so wildly,
I love him still, with passion and so wildly,
I love him still, with passion and so wildly.

ALLEGRETTO



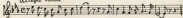
87. O, SEND HIM, LOVELY KNIGHT

Allegretto

O, sing me lovely knight, when I'm there
The songs of George are wonderful,
They make me think of other days
And of another far-off time,
And when we're under
The canopy of your great wings.

The songs of night, the softer ones,
The sweetest features of a lovely maid,
For when I see you I forget
The glances of my faithful love,
You need not sing—and then again
It rises up as once before me,
It sing me lovely knight, when I'm there
The songs of George are wonderful,
They make me think of other days
And of another far-off time.

Allargo moderato



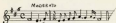
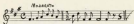
88. WATERS OF SPRING

Allargo moderato

The water will refresh our fields
And the spring waters are already singing,
They rush and splash up the banks
They flow, they sparkle and they sing.

In all these corners of the earth that you
The spring is here, the spring is here!
The water, the water of spring,
The spring will sing to each of us.

"The spring is here, the spring is here!"
And in a thousand of days,
The water, water, says to the
And and better in their world.



42. WAS I NOT A BLADE OF GRASS?

Andantino
 Was I not a blade of green grass growing in the field?
 Did I not grow tall and hoary in the meadow?
 But they cut down the grass, in the sun did they dry it.

Oh, grief, oh heavy sorrow,
 Oh, grief, oh heavy sorrow,
 Back to my distant day!

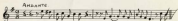
Was I not a blade of green grass growing in the field?
 Did I not grow tall and hoary in the meadow?
 But they tore down the withered and with its branches laid me.

Oh, grief, oh heavy sorrow,
 Oh, grief, oh heavy sorrow,
 Back to my distant day!

Was I not my father's darling and the light of his old eyes?
 Was I not a flower in his path? Against my will they mar-
 ried me.

An old, a gray-haired husband gave me, married me before
 the altar . . .

Oh, grief, oh heavy sorrow,
 Oh, grief, oh heavy sorrow,
 Back to my distant day!



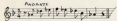
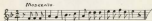
43. ABBONA

(From the opera "Eisendrath")

Andantino

Where are thou, my beloved? The hour,
 Is heavy in thy side, light of my soul,
 The breeze and the glow of my hair?
 Oh, heart is throbbing with desire.

To show you in my arms, the golden day
 Is gone to you, and mine, I hope, will
 Oh, heart, I thought you had me
 And leave the life of the world
 For hours, days, weeks, years, long . . .
 Together to stand the long years and sorrow,
 I hope, my beautiful bride,
 The light and darkness of my soul,
 For my heart is throbbing with love for thee.



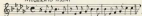
44. DO EBEN FORGOTTEN

Andantino

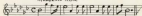
Do you remember? O God!
 All the happiness of our life our meetings,
 All we said to our mother . . .
 Do you remember,
 Forgive me the foolishness of our early love,
 The tears among the shadows of the sunset hours,
 The silent language of each other's eyes . . .

Do you remember?
 Forgive me the foolishness which passed us in
 Sight through the window of the hall,
 The certain words whispering in the evening hours,
 Do you remember?
 Forgive me our love, and all our dreams,
 Forgive me the words you think
 Don't you remember, don't you remember
 That rainy night?
 Do you remember, O God.

Moderato Andante



Marguerite Andante



44. **ARSOIA**
(From the opera "Cypriote")

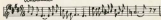
Andantino

I wanted to see I found the world of colors and of songs . . .
I sought to see Androsia . . . But she isn't there.
You show your smile and sorrow,
With the wild sunset glowing at my feet.

Where, dear a woman's eyes I found
In the land of colors, of the songs
I sought to see Androsia . . .
But she isn't there.

I, wild world, take a message to my dear one,
I'll show you all about my sorrow, but she doesn't know
In the land of the heart, and love, I sought
For you from within my heart, night and night without my
sight.

Andantino



45. **IN THE LIGHT OF THE DAY**

Andantino

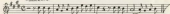
In the light of the day, in the light of the night,
I sought to see Androsia . . . But she isn't there.
You show your smile and sorrow,
With the wild sunset glowing at my feet.

THIS is the great battle we fought here for us.

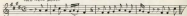
With the day, with the night, with us
In the light of the day, in the light of the night,
I sought to see Androsia . . .
But she isn't there.

Where you show your smile and sorrow,
With the wild sunset glowing at my feet,
In the light of the day, in the light of the night,
I sought to see Androsia . . .
But she isn't there.

Allegretto



Two more pieces



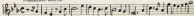
46. **ON THE HILLS OF GEORGIA**

Andantino-Allegretto

Upon the hills of Georgia, with the morning sun,
I sought to see Androsia . . . But she isn't there.

Upon the hills of Georgia, with the morning sun,
I sought to see Androsia . . .
But she isn't there.

Moderato Andante

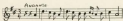


47. **THE DREAM**

Allegretto

I had a dream, a wonderful dream,
I sought to see Androsia . . .
But she isn't there.

And the picture I found here in nature, at your feet,
I sought to see Androsia . . .
But she isn't there.



106. **THE GREEN** *Andante*

Around the green water near the shores of South
Is the blue place of morning I behold North.

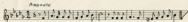
I told to the teacher building me South
For about the blue water the golden sun reaching
the middle white tower, the windows, would
find time for long hours the western sky wrong.



107. **LOVER THAN THE SONG OF THE LAKE
AT NOON** *Andante*

Lover than the song of the lake at noon
Brighter than the flow to the spring,
In the heart that both inspire,
When the leaves were yellow with green.

I have dreamed the truth that has no
These doubts I can write. In joy and in strength
Before me, a new life is opening wide
In my soul a whole stream of love
has sprung of thought and words,
and they stand like the sun of a new spring
That is stretched right, true forever and true.



108. **THE GREEN** *Andante*

The water flows deep under us
And every moment in my window here
The song of the village has become
With certain language for the sun,
But I can show, "Wholly shall live

Before me, a new life is opening wide
In my soul a whole stream of love
has sprung of thought and words,
and they stand like the sun of a new spring
That is stretched right, true forever and true.

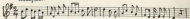


109. **ORIENTAL ROMANCE** *Andante*

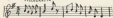
My heart is all alone with its desire,
My soul is full of thee and thee alone.

Embrace me, 'till I am one
To you who sleep in heaven's
land, your love is
And I will love without a thought
That a shadow may not
And night's dark shadows
And night's dark shadows

Allegretto.



Allegretto.



182. "LASS, PRETTY BASSON"

Allegretto.

"Lass, pretty maiden, the music makes sweet"
"All eyes were I, it was love in August,
"All eyes were I, it was love in August,
"You call to my name in that sweet, soft tone,
"Myself and a basson? Oh, no, my friend!"

"Myself and a basson? Oh, no, my friend!"
"You call to my name, I'd love to hear you sing,
"To dance with the music that comes in the wind."

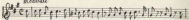
"To dance with the music that comes in the wind"
"The music is sweet to the heart, I'd say."

Allegretto.

"There was a lasson, fair as any, I'd say,
"There was a lasson, fair as any, I'd say,
"The music is sweet to the heart, I'd say,
"The music is sweet to the heart, I'd say,
"The music is sweet to the heart, I'd say."

"The music is sweet to the heart, I'd say"
"There was a lasson, fair as any, I'd say,
"There was a lasson, fair as any, I'd say,
"There was a lasson, fair as any, I'd say."

Moderate.



183. I TOUCHED A FLOWER

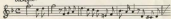
Moderate.

"I touched a flower with my foot,
"I touched a flower with my foot,
"I touched a flower with my foot,
"I touched a flower with my foot."

"Can my soul have being back to life and fragrance?"

"The soul has died, the heart has died,
"The soul has died, the heart has died,
"The soul has died, the heart has died,
"The soul has died, the heart has died."

Allegro.



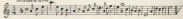
184. LIFE, LET US LIVE

Allegro.

"Life, let us live! And from now on,
"Life, let us live! And from now on,
"Life, let us live! And from now on,
"Life, let us live! And from now on."

"The spirit is dead, the heart is dead,
"The spirit is dead, the heart is dead,
"The spirit is dead, the heart is dead,
"The spirit is dead, the heart is dead."

Andantino.



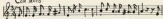
185. THE GLOBE OF LOVE

Andantino.

"What world is that we dwell in the sphere?
"What world is that we dwell in the sphere?
"What world is that we dwell in the sphere?
"What world is that we dwell in the sphere?"

"And all I see my Indian Indian life,
"And all I see my Indian Indian life,
"And all I see my Indian Indian life,
"And all I see my Indian Indian life."

COM MATO



100. LIKE THE SUN TO THE HEAVENS

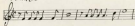
Adagio

Like the sun over the horizon
Thou givest life and light unto my heart,
Without thee all is cold and dark around

And like the spine of the world.

Like the sun over the earth appears
Thy radiant beauty 'tis hidden in the night,
When the sun appears, it all comes back,
So does the presence light the world for us.

Andante



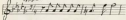
101. "REPENTING SO SITS"

Andante
After from the poem "Repent", by G. W. F. Child

To gods of endless night!
To gods of endless night!
That wait on death below
I'll be your victim again,
Who leave no pity under
I'll be your victim again,
Who leave no pity under,
My prayer I take from you,
From evil and from sin,
In the end I a fool will not be left.

In his hand I've hidden and a fool will not be left,
To gods of endless night,
That wait on death below
I'll be your victim again,
Who leave no pity under,
I'll be your victim again,
Who leave no pity under,
My prayer I take from you,
From evil and from sin,
In the end I a fool will not be left,
Who leave no pity under.

Andante

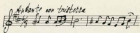


102. A DREAM

by Edward King, Esq. M. A.

In dreams I had a vision true
I saw a maid with golden hair
She sat in beauty's crown
When spring had covered her verdant shade,
The woodland song, the woodland strain,
We heard the distant village choir
In every tone our hearts were glad,
The songs were told in their children,
The golden dream was not in vain

In waking life I heard their
Again we heard the golden hair
When spring had covered her verdant shade,
The woodland song, the woodland strain,
I heard of love the golden hair,
I told the tale, I told the tale,
And I shall know the golden hair,
In every tone our hearts were glad,
The songs were told in their children,
The golden dream was not in vain



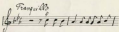
124

"ALL HAIL"

By John

Oh, Oh!
 Lamentation!
 Oh, Oh!
 Lamentation!
 With his and with these
 Have they persecuted us,
 They have driven us forth
 To wander and to stray;
 Great though was our sinning,
 Have departed from our side,
 Our shield was the holy Truth,
 The law of our Lord,
 But our eyes

I were not kept,
 And I pray,
 With looking on
 I speak our Truth,
 And I say:
 How can I say
 How can we be the witness?
 Have mercy upon us,
 For our fathers' sake!
 Who are to us our
 Just as we are?
 For who can we say
 We have done
 For: "Thou, Lord!"
 The Lord is our God,
 You, the Lord is Thou!



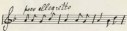
125

ALL HAIL'S DAY

By Richard Strauss, Op. 35, No. 2

Waken me on the rocky glowing heath,
 The last moment when I'm waking,
 And let us all again of love together,
 As once in May,
 Give me the hand that I may finally give it,

Should others see, I can not what they say,
 For our last glance, how, all we learn and then it,
 As once in May,
 Do only grace today when there are glowing
 In our eyes we give the hand we say,
 There is my hand, the love again following,
 As once in May, as once in May.

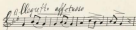


126. BURGOMASTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH

"Walter, Please Explain"

Walter, please explain, what is that? What's your will and
 How can that be, or is it not?
 How can I be there when of love I'm not?
 How can you be in there in that?
 Oh, tell me, is that always that?
 Suppose a gentle voice is singing,
 Would it be singing?
 How long shall we be there a shepherd's life,
 How long we could be, and promptly be the same?
 That be loved me well,
 How could I tell? How could I tell?
 But if he comes and says the same again,

What should I answer that? What should I answer that?
 He was in the village compare with his beauty,
 What? He was so in me,
 In so that of there, that was that it a day
 Always to be that love his way,
 Why should we not love the last a day?
 When you a gentle heart is singing,
 Would it be singing?
 How is it with me
 How this shepherd's life, how long we could be,
 How long we could be,
 That be loved me well,
 How could I tell? How could I tell?
 But if he comes and says the same again,
 What should I answer that?



111

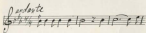
MY JEWEL

by Caroline Morison

My jewel, my jewel, whether near or far I roam
I treasure you, my jewel,
For when I am lonely,
I find you near me.

It is my heart that loves you,
It is my soul that loves you,
And you, my jewel, are my strength,
For when I am lonely,
I find you near me.

And you, my jewel, are my strength,
For when I am lonely,
I find you near me,
And you, my jewel, are my strength,
For when I am lonely,
I find you near me.



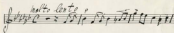
112

WYLLA'S SONG

by Alice May

In you the forest sings,
Where I'm now dwelling,

The gentle rustle of all the leaves,
The soft hum of the bees,
The gentle rustle of all the leaves,
The soft hum of the bees,
The gentle rustle of all the leaves,
The soft hum of the bees.



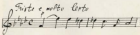
113

SWITHFELDER

by Elizabeth Graham, Op. 2, No. 2

Oh, a dew's fall the when I look away,
The dew's fall the when I look away,
The dew's fall the when I look away,
The dew's fall the when I look away,
The dew's fall the when I look away,

My heart shall ever give you,
That is why, that is why, my heart,
That is why, that is why, my heart,
That is why, that is why, my heart,
That is why, that is why, my heart.



114

BLISS

by J. Bennett

It is the love that I love,
It is the love that I love,
It is the love that I love,
It is the love that I love,
It is the love that I love.

It is the love that I love,
It is the love that I love,
It is the love that I love,
It is the love that I love,
It is the love that I love.

Announcement

America to Mass National Operatic Laboratory

The presentation to the American people of some of America's own folk-songs, through the singing of the Christian National Chorus, is but the first step in a project of wide scope and infinite possibilities conceived by the man who already has done so much for the development of artistic America.

For over fifteen years, Max Rabjohn has experimented with the arts, along various lines, and in connection with the American people. Personally touring the country and coming in contact with the people of various nations, he learned that there exists a genuine and widespread expression to enjoy vocal art. Moreover, he ascertained that operatic art presented in its highest form can be made commercially self-supporting.

Max Rabjohn's efforts to give operatic art to the people of the United States began in 1908, when he commenced to organize opera for Chicago. In 1909, he is introduced to America via the marvelous art of the Russian ballet, with Pavlova and Mordkin, which marked the beginning of a new epoch of art appreciation in this country. In 1910, he brought here the Imperial Court Balletistic orchestra, which gave Americans their first hearing of Russian folk-songs rendered by a great Russian national instrumental ensemble. From 1910 to 1915, he presented opera in Mexico and Canada; and from 1914 to 1927 took over the Boston Grand Opera Company and toured the same throughout the United States, giving operatic productions on a scale theretofore unknown to a touring company, and with some of the world's finest artists, in cities seldom visited by grand opera.

And now, as a definite step toward the creation of an American school of music, Mr. Rabjohn has conceived the idea of establishing an American Institute of Operatic Art at Stony Point on the Hudson, and in that end has purchased there a 25-acre tract of land and already is working toward the nucleus of what he plans to make a mighty institution. He believes that this is the psychological moment for such a movement, because, with the uncertainty and upheaval that reign in all the European countries, it is possible to induce the very best European masters in the various branches of operatic art to come to this country and assist in the project at Stony Point. And it must be generally recognized that American art is not yet altogether ready to do without the tutelage

of foreign experts, draped as they are in the art influence and the art knowledge of centuries.

U U U

To Aid America's Creative Artists

With the creation of future great American operas in view, the American Institute of Operatic Art at Stony Point is to be erected upon an appropriate

foundation of American folk-songs and folk-music, and in that end an extensive research has been undertaken, with the co-operation of various historical societies, and under the supervision of Alexander Koshetzki, the eminent composer-conductor of the Christian National Chorus, who is also a lifetime expert of international renown.

The accumulation of a library of folk-songs and folk-music at the Stony Point Institute is intended as an aid and inspiration to the libraries and composers of America, in the creation of operatic works worthy to take their place with the best products of European operatic art, and should result, ultimately, in the establishment of a distinctly American school of music.

Moreover, the librettists and composers may come in contact, at Stony Point, with experts in all the departments of opera. For instance, they may receive from such a distinguished authority as Alexander Koshetzki suggestions as to what chorals or acts are best for the particular score upon which they may be working. Next, they may confer with masters of the scenic, pantomimic and topographical arts, and receive from them suggestions of practical value along those lines. Then they may go to the music-critics expert, who will examine the score from his standpoint. Finally, the orchestral and scenic directors will be at hand, to give the composition the benefit of their experience.

When all these experts have gone through a score with the composer, and their suggestions have been acted upon, it is fair to assume that the score will be worthy of production. Then, when a score is selected for production, the work will be given a practical demonstration in the form of five months of actual rehearsal, during which period it will be subject to alterations to meet the various requirements which develop from seeing it actually on the stage. So that, by October first, when the opera is ready to go on tour, it has stood the test of the severest criticism by experts, and should be generally worthy of presentation to the American public and to the world at large.

An Opportunity for American Operatic Artists

So much for what the American Institute of Operatic Art will mean to the creative artists of this country. Now as to its significance to American aspirants to the operatic stage.

It is not too much to say that the greatest handicap to America's progress in the field of musical art has been the difficulty which her artists have had to gain a hearing. For years, the conservatories and music-schools of this country have been turning out thousands of musicians and many of them undeniably talented young artists, who have then found themselves up against a stone wall. They had acquired a good and thorough musical education—but they could go no further. There was, in their own country, no possible gain of audience for them in an operatic career. Therefore—reason—call it what you will—required that they must go to Europe to be "finished" under expensive masters.

And even then, until quite recently, the cost of the standard opera companies in their own country precluded an entrance to American artists. Foreign companies were always given the preference. The American public believed that nothing good could come out of its own land—or as it was represented—and wanted to hear only foreign artists with an established reputation.

So, even when an American artist did make good under a foreign master, he had to stay in Europe to do his singing—practically an exile from the land of his birth, until a revealed European reputation was acquired.

But what of the vast numbers of young American aspirants who, no matter how gifted, could not afford the expensive exiles to Europe. To gain the required "finishing" process!

Alas! How many of these, having spent years and thousands of money to acquire a musical education in an American music-school, have then remained idle complete idleness, continuing however to "blow money and waste their strength on the desert air!"

And what of those others, who, by pinching and saving their pitiful hoards of money, did manage to achieve the coveted trip to Europe? Valuable could be written of the sufferings and privations these young artists have endured in their regard but pathetic struggle to gain a crown of glory—say, rather, just the chance to give expression to the heavily impoverished within them, in passionately demanding witness.

But the histories of these should be written in tears, a few survived and gained a mediocre success. A still smaller number attained to the top.

The Plan of a New Era

Now, all this is to be changed. With the establishment of the American Institute of Operatic Art at Monte Point on the Hudson, young American artists may stay in their own country and enjoy the same privileges that formerly they would have had to go abroad to obtain. And their hearing there by some of the best of the European masters will give them a prestige

equal to that which would have been theirs under those same masters abroad.

And, not only will they be saved the expense of the European trip, but the artistic aspirants who are involved at Monte Point will be housed and boarded there entirely free of charge for the five months during which they are being rehearsed for their appearance in the national opera to be produced.

W W W

The Plan of Operation

The plan is this: Those of recognized talent graduated with honor from the conservatories, music-schools and private teachers throughout the country will be received at Monte Point and there subjected to the strict test of rehearsal conditions under the best European and American authorities. Those coming up to the standard will be retained and placed at once in the ranks of the national opera selected for production, or in some department of these operas; while those not showing sufficient promise will be discouraged by a committee of experts from wasting time and money upon further attempts at an operatic career—which is the shortest method in the end.

The artists selected will be suitably placed—some singers in the chorus, others in small parts, and some in the more responsible roles; dancers will be given positions in the ballet, ranging from corps-ballet to principal dancers; and orchestral positions will be assigned in a similar manner, as well as those in the departments of scenic and other arts. When the company is complete and has been thoroughly rehearsed from May until October, it will go on tour in the best opera selected from the Italian, French, Russian, and German repertoires, as well as American.

American authorities who have won recognition will assist the foreign masters in the various departments. For it is not the intention to have an entire American organization at the start, but to assimilate Americans with foreign units of the highest type. And this will be true of all the departments of the Institute. For instance, it is planned to retain the Christian National Chorus to form the nucleus of the operatic chorus. With this great chorus body of forty-odd members, acknowledged to be the most perfect in the world today, will be assimilated about twenty Americans, the first year. The following season, ten or fifteen vocalists will be eliminated and ten or more additional Americans assimilated, and so on; so that, within a period of from three to five years, it will be possible to have a more or less perfect, purely American chorus.

And the same will be done with the ballet. From the Russian ballet, which is the universally-esteemed standard of the world today, will be selected eighteen of the best accomplished artists from the Grand Imperial Academy of Moscow and Petrograd, and with them assimilated ten Americans, gradually applying the same process of elimination and assimilation as in the chorus. In similar fashion the orchestra will be arranged, selecting the best foreign artists and assimilating with them the best American artists; while some of the best European vocal artists will be

associated with Americans in the name of the various operas.

Following the same procedure, a talented American stage manager will assist a well-known foreign stage manager, and, under the direction of the latter, learn enough, in a few seasons, to be able to replace him. A similar method will be pursued with the scenic artists, as well as with production and other heads of departments. Thus, in the course of a few years, America will have an all-American production of its own, on a substantial foundation for a national school of music which shall permit this country to take its rightful place in the world of art.

* * *

The Role of American People at Large

In addition to all these things, what the American Institute of Music Art will do for the American people at large is to carry to the very door of the remotest community in the United States that which only a few of the privileged classes in the larger cities have hitherto been able to enjoy—namely, high-class productions of the best operas, presented by the most carefully selected artists, trained to the nth degree, at prices within the reach of all.

One of Max Baillioff's fondest aspirations—which has also been abundantly his working hypothesis—is that opera should be for the art as well as for the art. Because of the unfortunate character prevailing in this country, there has been little of this in the past. And it is in the case of his third plan in the opera which will be sent out from Story Point, Florida, that he will do his best, of going to meet an opera wherever it is to have an individual artist. The opera, itself, the rest of the cost, the production as an artistic whole, are considered secondary matters. Mr. Baillioff believes that the essential to the thing—that every phase of opera must be perfect.

* * *

Opera to be Made Feasible

The day has passed for the prima donna who weighs five or seven hundred pounds to depict a sixteen-year-old girl; for the tenor to break off in the middle of his vocal number; to come, and stand to the front of the stage to wait for his light to be lit; to the audience; for the chorus that sings like an orchestra, using first one hand, then the other, while singing "We need you, we need you, for the money is coming," etc., while remaining on the same spot. Mr. Baillioff believes it is high time for us to pass on to better things; to bring out the dramatic element in opera; to combine realism with idealism; to emphasize the vocal and the dramatic elements as strongly as the vocal. The longer that we go on having an individual star surrounded by a lot of "clown."

He believes it is that sort of thing which has retarded the growth of opera in this country. Because it has been made uninteresting, it has not been as popular as it should be. And this is what Max Baillioff hopes to remedy through

the operatic productions which will be sent out from the American Institute at Story Point.

However, a systematic education of the people is planned, to prepare them to appreciate opera. With this in view, an effort will be made to have the people study the literature and the music, through the musical and women's clubs, radio-broadcasting, lectures and the like. So that, before an opera is presented in any community, the audience that goes to hear it will be prepared to understand and enjoy it with intelligence and with artistic appreciation.

* * *

The Environment of "Story Point"

Upon a thirty-five acre tract of land in that picturesque and historic spot where were the headquarters of American thought, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, this project for an American Institute of Operatic Art already is taking shape. The huge brick studio has been erected and is in operation, there installed and seven American students being at work there upon productions for the individual seasons. Mr. Baillioff has converted into a residence the historic, old farmhouse where, according to tradition, General Wayne made his headquarters on the eve of attack, and from which the attacking forces set forth upon their midnight "surprise party."

From the other buildings which are to house the Institute are in the hands of Mr. Thomas Hastings, one of New York's leading architects. They will include a theatre, rehearsal-rooms and studios for scenicists and individual artists, a residence for the faculty, music studios, a library, four dormitories, each with accommodations for fifty occupants, and a building for employees.

In that lovely environment of the Highlands of the Hudson, suitably removed from the distractions of the city, yet within comfortable access by train or motor, where could a more ideal spot have been found for the launching of grand opera, for inspiring both their creation and the artists who will present them to the listening people and eventually to the world at large?

L'Esprit

Such a project as this which Max Baillioff has conceived—building, as it were, toward the development of America's folk-songs, the culture of America's artists, the creation of future great American operas, the worthy propagation of operatic masterpieces to the people of every community throughout the length and breadth of the land, at prices within their reach, and, ultimately, the establishment of a world-renowned American school of music of a standard holding this country's folk ideals and achievements in other directions—surely this should have the endorsement, the encouragement and the practical co-operation of everyone who has at heart the progress of American art—the future greatness of America in the world of music as in the realm of governmental, financial and scientific achievement.



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L. E. Seligson Presents

ALEXANDER KOSHEVZ' UKRAINIAN NATIONAL CHORUS

EMERED BELJUSOFF, FORMERLY RUSSIAN CELLIST

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 25, 1933

PROGRAM

PART I

Libretto
Number

- | | | |
|--|--------------------|-----|
| 1. The Carpathian Legend..... | Arranged by Kodaly | 101 |
| 2. Behind the Mountains..... | Horvath | 102 |
| 3. From the Mountains and the Valleys..... | Horvath | 103 |
| 4. The Popples..... | Liszt | 104 |
| 5. On the Mountain..... | Horvath | 105 |

PART II

- | | | |
|------------------|----------|-----|
| 6. Overture..... | Seligson | 106 |
|------------------|----------|-----|

Special Release

PART III

- | | | |
|--|----------------|-----|
| 7. May, Near Boryspol..... | Kodaly | 107 |
| 8. I Wish to Go to the Meadow..... | Kodaly | 108 |
| 9. Lullaby..... | Horvath-Kodaly | 109 |
| 10. In the Garden Beside an Elderbush..... | Liszt | 110 |
| 11. A Violin is Playing in the Street..... | Kodaly | 111 |

PART IV

- | | | |
|---------------------|--------------|-----|
| 12. Kol Nidrei..... | Shostakovich | 112 |
|---------------------|--------------|-----|

Special Release

PART V

- | | | |
|---|--------------|-----|
| 13. Letter to the Little Children..... | Shostakovich | 113 |
| 14. Purpura (Children)..... | Popov-Kodaly | 114 |
| 15. Peacock Dance (Children)..... | Popov-Kodaly | 115 |
| 16. The Old Folks at Home (American)..... | Popov-Kodaly | 116 |
| 17. Evening (Children)..... | Popov-Kodaly | 117 |

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For a better understanding of the program, a libretto has been published, giving the names of the songs and the English translations, and is on sale in the hall.



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Chorus**

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ALEXANDER KOSHYTS, Conductor

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U. S. SENATOR PROGRAM

ALEXANDER KOSHEV' UKRAINIAN NATIONAL CHORUS

ONE HUNDRETH, LEADING SOLOIST OF THE PETROGRAD OPERA
AT THE GRAND, 34 NICHOLAS STREET

TUESDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 22, 1920

PROGRAM		Number
PART I		Location
1. March On the White Sea	Soprano	11
2. From the Mountains and the Tundra	Soprano	12
3. March of Christmas and New Year's Eve	Soprano	13
PART II		
4. Solo from opera, "Sargis" (in Russian)		Soprano
5. "The Village" (in Russian)		Soprano
6. Solo from opera, "Sargis" (in Russian)		Soprano
7. "March" (in Russian)		Soprano
NEW AND UNUSUAL		
PART III		
8. The Land of Poland	Soprano	14
9. Young Village	Soprano	15
10. Lullaby	Soprano	16
11. "Soprano" Song	Soprano	17
12. The Wind is Whistling in the Woods	Soprano	18
PART IV		
13. Solo from opera, "Sargis" (in Russian)		Soprano
14. "The Mountains" (in Russian)		Soprano
15. "The Land, From Nature" (in Russian)		Soprano
16. "The Sea, a scene in the Bay"		Soprano
17. "March and Song from 'The Tale of Sargis'" (in Russian)		Soprano
PART V		
18. March to the Soviet Government		Soprano
19. Young Village (Revised)	Soprano	19
20. The Old Folk of Soviet Government	Soprano	20
21. Solo from Opera	Soprano	21
22. Young Village	Soprano	22

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 23, 1920

PROGRAM		Number
PART I		Location
1. Solo from Opera	Soprano	23
2. March to the Soviet	Soprano	24
3. Solo from Opera	Soprano	25
4. "Soprano" Song	Soprano	26
5. In the Mountains	Soprano	27
PART II		
6. Christmas and on Other Days		Soprano
PART III		
7. "Soprano" Song	Soprano	28
8. Young Village (Revised)	Soprano	29
9. Lullaby	Soprano	30
10. The Young March	Soprano	31
11. "Soprano" Song	Soprano	32
PART IV		
12. Solo from Opera		Soprano
13. Young Village		Soprano
14. "Soprano" Song		Soprano
PART V		
15. March to the Soviet Government		Soprano
16. Young Village (Revised)	Soprano	33
17. The Old Folk of Soviet Government	Soprano	34
18. Solo from Opera	Soprano	35
19. Young Village	Soprano	36