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### Contact:

Archives & Special Collections  
Waidner-Spahr Library  
Dickinson College  
P.O. Box 1773  
Carlisle, PA 17013

717-245-1399

[archives@dickinson.edu](mailto:archives@dickinson.edu)

C. W. BEST ARTISTS' SERIES

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Russian Company



Marguerite Austin - *Violiniste*  
Hazel Dell Neff - *Soprano*  
Leo Zelenka-Lerando - *Harpist*

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C. W. BEST ARTISTS' SERIES  
5412 Woodlawn Ave.  
CHICAGO

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# Programme

1. *Tschaikowsky* (1840-1893).....Concerto, Op. 35  
(Russian composer, critic and orchestral conductor.)  
MARGUERITE AUSTIN

2. *Saint-Saens* (1835- ).....Fantasie  
(French composer, critic and organist.)  
LEO ZELENIKA-LERANDO

3. *Thomas* (1811-1896)....."Mignon" Recitative and Polonaise

*Mignon, stolen by the gypsies when a child, is rescued by Wilhelm, a young student, with whom she falls in love. Filina, an actress, is also in love with Wilhelm and sings this "Polonaise" at a house party given in her honor. Later Wilhelm and Mignon are married.*

Willna: "Yes, for this night here I am, queen of revels!  
Behold my wand of gold! Here behold all my trophies!  
I am Titania, the fairy I!  
Tripping up and down the world so merry.  
More swift than bird of air, I wander everywhere!

A troupe of goblins, light and gay,  
They, my car attend by night and day,  
Yes, around me too, my courtiers fine, shine,  
Delightful songs of love are mine!  
And in the moonbeams silver shine.  
Or mid the flowers adorning dewy morning,  
O'er the lawn and o'er the lea, wander we!  
'Neath the wave I'm gaily hiding, o'er it gliding,  
Night and day I dance away, merry Fay!

Swift are my feet, o'er the vale, dewy sweet,  
While night and day, I am tripping away!

HAZEL DELL NEFF

4. *Pablo de Sarasate*.....Tzigan Danza  
MARGUERITE AUSTIN.

5. *Leo Zelenka-Lerando*.....Improvisation  
LEO ZELENIKA-LERANDO

## INTERMISSION

6. Russian Folk-songs (in a peasant costume brought from Russia)

- a. Klem.....Autumn Winds Are Sighing.

Autumn winds are sighing, 'mid the flow'rs and trees,  
Leaflets dead and dying, flutter in the breeze,  
Moon and stars are cold and dead, sun has sunk to rest,  
Comes a little tender-head, nestling on my breast!

Oh! 'tis sweet and sad to me, love is sad and sweet!  
Soothingly and tenderly, loving fingers meet.  
Tears were there and smiles as well, still we stood alone,  
Then I strove, but could not tell, how I love my own!

- b. Arensky.....A Fable.

A fly danced in the summer air,  
She buzzed and hummed with glee,  
A sparrow near her lighted  
On a twig of the tall fir-tree.  
The hungry sparrow watched the fly  
And wished she weren't so small,  
Then snapped her up, for half a meal  
Is better than none at all.

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Far up on high came drifting by  
An eagle, old and grim,  
He saw below the sparrow, so  
He paused on outspread wing.  
The eagle, too, was hungry; he  
Had killed no meat that day;  
Without a sound, down to the ground,  
He swooped upon his prey!

A hunter through the forest  
Was riding with his gun;  
He took his aim, the eagle fell!  
And so my story's done!

HAZEL DELL NEFF

7. *Jos. Kliccka*.....*Dumka* (Russian Nocturne)

LEO ZELENKA-LERANDO.

8. A Group of Russian Songs.

a. Rachmaninoff.....Lilacs.

Morning skies are aglow while the lilac trees blow,  
And I breathe of the fresh morning wind;  
By the shadowy pool, where it's dewy and cool,  
I must see if my fortune I'll find.

Ah, of luck there's scant dole, yet it's everyone's goal  
And my own lies out there in the dell,  
Hidden there all around cluster'd lilacs are found,  
And my own little fortune as well.

b. Niewiadomski.....Surrender.

Happy dreams o'erfill the sky  
Like mist from out the morning blowing;  
Heart of mine, to thee they fly  
While yet the tender dawn is glowing.  
Butterflies on golden wing,  
Of airy speed beyond all telling,  
Heard my song of joy and bring  
Its glowing message to thy dwelling.

Love, within thy cot of thatch,  
Thy jealous door unlatch;  
Fair rainbow-tinted dreams, my sweeting,  
Wait upon thy smile of greeting.

Hark! above, from heav'ns blue,  
A petal'd music, sweet, like honey,  
Buds of song with cadence new,  
Unfolding while the hours are sunny.  
Tales of sprite and elf and fairy,  
Lyrics fond that mermaids fashion,  
Echoed notes in spaces airy,  
Mystic lays of yearning passion.

Clad in sprays of rosy cherry  
Come these guests that wait above thee,  
Crowning May with roundels merry.  
Ah, thy doorway haste and open,  
It is Springtime and I love thee!

HAZEL DELL NEFF.

(The royal court costume worn by Miss Neff in this number was imported from St. Petersburg, Russia.)

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9. *Kreisler* .....Liebesfreud  
    *Kreisler* .....Caprice-Viennois

MARGUERITE AUSTIN

10. *Fletcher* .....The Smile of Spring

Do you not sigh for the smile of the Spring,  
When the gay, happy birds on the wing  
Sing tender melodies with cadence rare  
As they flutter through the air?

Do you not sigh for the fields and the flowers,  
For the blossoms that bloom in the bowers,  
Telling of happiness to all re-born,  
Peeping out to greet the morn?

From hill and vale and woodland glade  
The voice of Spring re-echoes wide,  
Till lost in leafy forest shade  
It dies away at eventide.

But why should we sigh?  
For we have ever the smile of the Spring,  
If we live like the birds on the wing,  
Keeping our hearts forever light and gay,  
With a tuneful roundelay.  
Though a cloud may appear in the sky;  
If doubt and care we throw away,  
Spring will smile every day.

HAZEL DELL NEFF,

MARGUERITE AUSTIN.

LEO ZELENKA-LERANDO.

