

The Elder Conservatorium.

Complete

Musical

Education.

Director:—
PROFESSOR J. MATTHEW ENNIS, MUS. DOC.

Teachers of the Piano:—
DELANUEL GOTTHOLD HEIMANN.
BRYCESON TREHARNE, A.R.C.M.

Teachers of Singing:—
FREDERICK CHARLES BEVAN.
HARRY WINSLOE HALL.

Teacher of the Violin:—
HERMANN HEINICKE.

Teacher of the Violoncello:—
HAROLD STEPHEN PARSONS.

Teacher of Orchestral Playing:—
HERMANN HEINICKE.

Teacher of Ensemble Playing (Chamber Music):—
THE DIRECTOR.

Teacher of Theory of Music:—
THOMAS HENRY JONES, Mus. Bac.

Teacher of Sight Singing:—
THE DIRECTOR.

Teacher of Elocution:—
EDWARD BEEVES.

Teacher of Flute:—
ALFRED A. BOHM.

Teacher of Oboe:—
WILLIAM S. JOHNSON.

Teacher of Italian and French:—
STANISLAUS MARTIN LEDOCHOWSKI.

Lady Superintendent:—
MRS. J. S. WESTON.

The University of Adelaide.

Elder Conservatorium of Music.

The following **Classes** are held at the specified times below.

Persons not studying other Subjects at the Conservatorium may join these Classes.

THEORY OF MUSIC—

Elementary, Saturday, 11 a.m.

Junior, Saturday, 10 a.m.

Intermediate, Wednesday, 2.30 p.m.

Senior (including Harmony, Counterpoint, and Musical Analysis), Wednesday, 4.30 p.m.

CHORAL CLASS, Tuesday, 7.45 p.m.

LADIES' PART SINGING CLASS, Monday, 1.45 p.m., and Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.

ENSEMBLE CLASS (Chamber Music), Thursday, 10 a.m.

ORCHESTRAL PRACTICE, Friday, 7.45 p.m.

ELOCUTION, Monday, 4 p.m.

FRENCH, } Mondays and Thursdays, 2—
ITALIAN, } 4.30 p.m.
GERMAN, } Tuesdays, 6.45 p.m.

CLARINET }
FLUTE } As required.
OBOE }
DOUBLE BASS }

Students desiring to join any of these Classes are requested to enter their names with the undersigned, who will give any further information.

CHAS. R. HODGE,
Registrar.

University of Adelaide.

The Elder Conservatorium.

SESSION 1911.

CONCERT

BY THE

STUDENTS

WILL BE GIVEN IN THE

ELDER HALL

ON

MONDAY, MAY 15, 1911.

AT 8 P.M.

PRINTED BY W. G. THOMAS & F. J. ADLAM.

It is requested that at the conclusion of the Concert those of the audience who wish to leave by the southern door will be good enough to remain in their places, if the Governor be present, so that his Excellency and Lady Bosanquet may have uncrowded passage along the central aisle, and precedent of exit by the southern door.

PROGRAMME.

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO—Theme and Variations,
Op. 16 Paderewski

MISS DOROTHY OLDHAM,
(ELDER SCHOLAR.)

2. SONGS { (a) "Du bist wie eine Blume" Schumann
(b) "In Sammartime" Ed. Geraon

MISS MARY LANGMAN.

(a)

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So süß, so rein und hold,
Ich seh' dich an, und Wolken
Scheiden mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
Auf's Haupt dir legen sollt,
Betend dass Gott dich erhalte,
So schön, so rein und hold.

(ENGLISH WORDS.)

Thou'rt like a lovely flower,
So fair, so graceful and pure,
The sight I feel to see thee
Is more than I can endure—
My hands on thy head thus laying
A blessing I'd fain implore,
To heav'n devoutly praying,
To keep thee evermore.

(b)

The red rose blooms in the garden,
The linnets pipe on the tree,
And all the joys of summer
Seem made for you and me,
For you, because your coming
The summer's pride has crowned;
For me, because your love
Sheds happiness around.
And I can rival the bird's best song,
And the best rose ever blown,
For the one adored and hoped for long,
And last is mine alone.

3. VIOLIN SOLO—Adagio from 3rd Suite Ries
MISS IRENE ADAMS.

4. SONG—"Rose softly blooming" Spohr
MISS EVA CLOSE.

Rose softly blooming, form'd to allure,
Emblem of nature, lovely and pure!
Thorns press around thee, yet gentle flow'r
Smiles still are thine, the charm of the bow'r.
Nurtured of Heav'n, thy beauties I'll wear,
Pride of my bosom, I'll cherish thee there!
Smiles still are thine in decay's wasting hour,
So, gentle flower; so, gentle flower,
Peacefully smiling, oh, let me be,
Living and dying, sweet Rose like thee!

5. PIANOFORTE SOLOS { (a) Nocturne, Op. 32, No. 1 }
{ (b) Fantasia Impromptu, Op. 66 } Chopin

MISS GENEVIEVE IDLE,
(ELDER SCHOLAR.)

6. RECIT. AND DUETTINO { "Madre, non dormi" } (Il Trovatore)
DUETTINO { "Ai nostri monti" } Verdi
MISS IRENE MACK and MR. FRANK SMITH.
(ELDER SCHOLAR.)

RECIT.

Madre, non dormi!

L'invoco più volentieri,
Ma fuggi il sonno da queste luci! Prego!

L'anima fredda, è molesta alle tue membra, forse?

No! da questa tomba di vivi solo fuggir vorrei,
Perché sento il respiro soffocarmi.

Fuggir!

Non attristarti. Far di me strazio non potranno i crudi.

Ah, come?

Vedi? le sue fosche impronte m'ha già segnato in
fronte, il dito della morte!

Ah!

Trovavamo un cadavere tutto gelido!
Anzi uno scheletro!

Cessa!

Non odi? gente oppressa i carnicfici son!
Vogliono al rogo trarrai
Difendi la tua Madre!

Il rogo!

Almeno, si russassero, almeno qui non volge.
Il rogo pasola arretrata!

Oh Madre! oh Madre!

Un giorno turba ferocè,
L'aria tua condanna al rogo!
Mira in terribil vampa!
Ella n'è tocca già! già l'arco erivo
Al ciel manda faville!
Osserva le pupille fuor dell' orbita loro!
Ah, chi mi toglierà spettacolo sì atroce!

Se m'ami ancor, se voce di figlio ha posa d'una madre
in seno,
Ai terrori dell' alma oblio cerca nel sonno e posa,
e calma.

Si la stanchessa m'opprime,
O figlio, alla quiete lo chiudo il ciglio,
Ma, se dal rogo arder si vada,
L'orrida fantasia destami allora.

Riposa, Madre; l'occhio onceda
Men tristi immagini al tuo cor.

AIR.

Ai nostri monti ritorneremo,
L'autica pace, iri godremo!
Tu cantaci sul tuo luto,
In sonno placido io dormirò.

Riposa, o Madre!

Io prometo è tutto in mente al cielo rivolgerò.

(ENGLISH WORDS.)

Mother, art sleeping?

Long I've slumber courted, yet still it shuns these
o'er-weary eyelids! I'll pray.

Haply does the raw air of morning chill thy members?

No! but from this living entombment fain would I now
escape me;
The air of this dungeon suffocates me.

But how?

Stille thy sorrow, not long with outrage can these
wretches treat me.

What mean'st thou?

See not on my brow imprinted,
By Death's pale finger dinted,
The mark by which he claims me?

Ah!

They will find naught but my body here,
Speechless, stiff and cold mass of mortality.

Cessa ye!

Can'st hear them? They are coming,
Now to lead us to death!
They at the stake will burn me!
Ah! save, ah! save thy mother!

They'll burn me! oh! doom appalling!

They come not, alay thy terrors, dear Mother.

A rabble, fierce for blood thirsting,
Did my mother's mild flames drag so perish!
Ah! see how like serpents darting,
Writhe round her limbs the flames!
Her white locks burning, to heav'n send ashes watter!
And mark, oh, sight of horror, her eyes with anguish
starting!
Ah! horrid vision, on my sight ever bursting!

If still thy son with tenderness pleading,
Can move thee, yet my counsel thou heeding,
From these terrors appalling seek now in slumber
A refuge, more peace revealing.

Yes; to the weight of fatigue I'll yield me,
Slumber from terrors shall kindly shield me.
But if thou see'st ponder plea dreading
Upward still leaning, wake me e'er more.

Sleep on, dear mother; may heav'n kindly grant thee
Fears no more haunt thee, calm peace restore.

Once more returning home to our mountains,
Peace let us seek thee, near the bright fountains;
Gently thy singing, spalls o'er me singing,
Soon in soft slumber's toils I shall be caught.

Sleep on, dear Mother, while I in silence
Turn unto heav'n humbly my thought.

7. VIOLIN SOLO—1st Movement of Suite in G,
Op. 38. Ries

MISS HILDA REIMANN,
(ELDER SCHOLAR.)

8. SONG—"The Flower Song" (Carmen) Bizet
MR. S. ALEXANDER COOPER.

See here, thy flow'rs treasured well,
Its odour cheer'd my prison cell,
Thou' wither'd dead, the cherish'd flower,
Its perfume kept its magic pow'r.
Nest my heart it softly repus'd,
And low oft, with eyelids half clos'd,
I drank its perfume with delight,
And now thy smiles illumine the night.
Sometimes I enerv'd the hour I met thee,
And taled, all vainly to forget thee;
Sometimes I ask'd in senseless wrath,
Why did fate bring her in my path?
Thus ray course recalling with shame,
Fondly, tenderly breath'd thy name,
And felt 'twould be a rich reward for all my pain
Thee to behold, Carmen, once again.
For could I see thee stand before me,
Thy bright eyes raising smiles on me,
Soon would extotic bliss steal o'er me,
O my Carmen, my life, my soul be giv'n to thee.
Carmen, I love thee.

9. PIANOFORTE SOLOS { (a) Ballade in D Minor Brahms
{ (b) Tarantella Niccò

MISS RUBY DAVY, Mus. Bac., A.M.U.A.