

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE.



---

Elder Conservatorium.

---

## Students' Concert,

Distribution of Prizes and Conferring of Diplomas

IN THE  
ELDER HALL,

ON  
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1909,  
At 8 o'clock,

---

W. BARLOW, Esq., LL.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University,  
will preside.

*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 or Lady Bosanquet be present, so that His Excellency and Her Ladyship may have uncrowded passage along the central aisle and precedence of exit by the southern door.*

---

## PROGRAMME.

---

CHORUSES, GLEE, AND CHORAL BALLAD—  
BY THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL CLASS.  
CONDUCTOR—MR. FREDERICK BEVAN.

a. AIR AND CHORUS—

"Come unto these yellow sands," and } ... .. *Parcell*  
"Full fathom five" }  
(From "The Tempest.")

SOLOIST—MISS DORIS WYLIE.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And there take hands ;  
Foot it neatly here and there,  
And let the rest the burthen bear.

Hark ! Hark ! the watchdogs bark ;  
Hark ! Hark ! I hear the strain of charticleer.

---

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones is coral made ;  
Those are pearls which were his eyes ;  
Nothing of him doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell ;  
Hark ! Now I hear them, ding, dong bell.

b. CHORUS—From "The Libertine" ... .. *Parcell*

In these delightful, pleasant groves,  
Let us celebrate our happy loves,  
Let's pipe and dance, and laugh and sing,  
Thus every happy living thing ;  
Revels in the cheerful spring.

c. SOLO AND CHORUS—"Come if you dare" ... .. *Purcell*

SOLOIST—MR. S. ALEXANDER COOPER.

Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound ;  
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound.  
We come, we come, we come, we come,  
Says the double beat of the thund'ring drum.

Now they charge on amain ;  
Now they rally again ;  
The Gods from above the mad labour behold,  
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground ;  
Their trumpets languish in the sound,  
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly !  
Victoria, the bold Briton's cry.

Now the victory's won ; to the plunder we run ;  
Then return to our lasses like fortunate traders,  
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

d. GLEE—"Go zephyr, and whisper the maid" ... .. *Bevan*

Go zephyr, and whisper the maid,  
That I sigh at her cruel delay,  
O tell her the song of the shade,  
Is silent when she is away.

'Twas her beauty gave life to the vale,  
And filled ev'ry swain with delight,  
Her voice that enliven'd the gale,  
Her smile gave lustre to night.

But since she is fled from our eye,  
The pleasures are gone with the fair,  
The streamlet moves on with a sigh,  
And the grot seems the dome of despair.

Go zephyr, etc.

e. "The Miller's Wooing" ... .. *Fausing*

Merrily, O merrily, the mill-wheel turns to-day,  
With splash and dash and merry crash,  
For the miller's heart is gay.

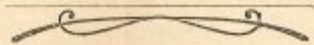
Wearily, wearily, there came at eventide,  
A maiden fair, with shining hair,  
Over the dark hillside.

Cheerily, O cheerily, the miller spake, quoth he,  
"Great joy were mine, didst thou incline  
Sweet maid, my bride to be."

Joyfully, O joyfully, the maiden spake her, "Yea,"  
And the bells rang soon a merry tune,  
For the miller's wedding-day.

Now lustily, O lustily, the miller singeth he.  
His voice keeps time with the water's chime,  
And his heart from care is free.

Merrily, O merrily, the mill-wheel whirls around,  
With splash and dash and merry crash,  
For the miller joy hath found.



### Distribution of Prizes and Conferring of Diplomas.

Lady Way will distribute the Prizes gained during the year.

**The Winner of the Robert Whinham Prize for Elocution.**

WATSON, Lucy Marie.

**The Winner of the Oratorio Prize for the Best Singer of  
Oratorio Music.**

CHECKETT, Katherine.

**The Winner of the Brookman Prize for the Best Performer  
on a Stringed Instrument played with a Bow:**

MACK, Elford H.

**The Winner of the Frederick Bevan Prize for the Best  
Accompanist of Vocal Music:**

DEUTSCHER, Emma Frances.

**The Winner of the Eunis Prize for the Best Performer  
on the Pianoforte.**

BROSE, Henry L. A.

The Director of the Elder Conservatorium will then present to the  
Vice-Chancellor the Associates in Music and the Elder Scholars.

**The Associates in Music:**

CHEEK, Muriel Elizabeth (Elder Scholar), principal subject, Singing.

Goss, Lucy Vera, principal subject, Pianoforte.

WALLMANN, Beatrice May (Elder Scholar), principal subject,  
Pianoforte.

**Elder Scholars:**

HALLS, Francis Harold.

REIMANN, Hilda Marie.



PIANOFORTE SOLO—Second Rhapsody ... .. *Liszt*

MR. HENRY BROSE.

## GIPSY SONGS—

- a. "I chant my lay"  
 b. "Songs my mother taught me" } ... .. *Dvorák*

MISS MURIEL CHEEK (*Elder Scholar*).

a.

I chant my lay, a hymn of love,  
 When twilight shades are sinking,  
 While fainting herbs in woody grove,  
 Cool pearly dews are drinking.  
 I chant my lay, a joyful strain  
 Thro' leafy forest temple,  
 And when my courser skims the plain,  
 It soundeth loud and ample,  
 I chant my lay when 'cross the leath  
 The winter storms are cleaving,  
 And when to yield his latest breath  
 A brother's breast is heaving.

b.

Songs my mother taught me,  
 In the days long vanished  
 Seldom from her eyelids  
 Were the teardrops vanished.  
 Now I teach my children  
 Each melodious measure ;  
 Oft the tears are flowing,  
 Oft they flow from my mem'ry's treasure.

VIOLIN SOLO—Second Polonaise in A ... .. *Wieniawski*

MISS DENISE JACOB.

SONG—"Ave Maria" ... .. *Luzzi*

MISS KATHLEEN O'DEA.

Ave Maria piena di grazie,  
 Il signor eteco tu sei  
 Benedetta fra le donne  
 E benedetta il frutto  
 Del ventre tuo Jesu.

Ave Maria piena di grazie,  
 Sancta Marie, Madre di Deo,  
 Prega per moi, peccatori adesso,  
 E mel lora della nostra morte  
 Maria prega per moi. Amen.

PIANOFORTE SOLO—Tarantelle, Op. 27 ... .. *Moszkowski*

MISS EMMA DEUTSCHER.

VIOLONCELLO SOLOS—

a. "Resignation" ... .. *Fitzsch*  
 b. "Scherzo" ... .. *Van Goyen*

MR. ELFORD H. MACK.

SONG—"The Message" ... .. *Blumenthal*

MR. WALTER WOOD (*Elder Scholar*).

I had a message to send her,  
 To her whom my soul loves best,  
 But I had my task to finish  
 And she had gone home to rest!  
 To rest in that far bright heaven  
 Oh! so far away from here.  
 It was vain to speak to my darling,  
 For I knew she could not hear,  
 I had a message to send her,  
 So tender, and true, and sweet,  
 I long'd for an angel to bear it,  
 And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it one summer ev'ning,  
 On a little white cloud's breast,  
 But it faded in golden splendour  
 And died in the crimson west.  
 I gave it the lark next morning  
 And I watched it rise and soar,  
 But its pinions grew faint and weary,  
 And it flutter'd to earth once more.  
 I cried in my passionate longing,  
 Has the earth no angel friend,  
 Who will carry my love the message  
 My heart desires to send?

Then I heard a strain of music  
 So mighty, so pure, so dear,  
 That my very sorrow was silent,  
 And my heart stood still to hear.  
 It rose in harmonious rushing  
 Of mingled voices and strings,  
 And I tenderly laid my message  
 On the music's out-spread wings,  
 And I heard it float farther and farther,  
 In sound more perfect than speech,  
 Farther than sight can follow,  
 Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message,  
 Has passed through the golden gate,  
 So my heart is no longer restless,  
 And I am content to wait.

VIOLIN SOLOS—

- a. "Le Cygne" ... .. *Saint Saëns*  
 b. "Perpetuum mobile" (Op. 39. ... .. *Ries*

MISS SYLVIA WHITINGTON.

SONG—"Villanelle" ... .. *Dell'Acqua*

MISS IVY JONES.

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle  
 Dans le ciel pur du matin :  
 Elle allait, à tire d'aile,  
 Vers le pays où l'appelle,  
 Le soleil et le jasmin.  
 J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle.  
 J'ai longtemps suivi des yeux,  
 Le vol de la voyageuse,  
 Depuis mon âme rêveuse  
 L'accompagne par les cieux.  
 Ah ! Ah !  
 Au pays mystérieux ! Ah !  
 Et j'aurais voulu comme elle  
 Suivre le même chemin,  
 J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle,  
 Elle allait à tire d'aile !  
 J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle—  
 Dans le ciel pur du matin.  
 Elle allait à tire d'aile,  
 Vers le pays où l'appelle,  
 Le soleil et le jasmin.  
 J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle



(ENGLISH WORDS.)

Now 'tis the time when the swallow  
 Starts on her long lonely flight,  
 Swiftly, with light winged motion,  
 Toward a far land o'er the ocean ;  
 Where sun and flowers are bright,  
 Thither the swallow is flying,  
 And I followed eagerly.  
 I saw her pinions brightly gleaming,  
 Till my spirit, lost in dreaming,  
 Seemed to share her flight on high,  
 Ah ! Ah !  
 Toward the mysterious unknown, Ah !

And I longed that I might follow,  
 Follow in her trackless flight,  
 I have been watching the swallow  
 In her long, lonely flight  
 Toward that far land, my beloved,  
 Would I were winging my flight ;  
 Thou art waiting so lonely,  
 Waiting, O Love, for me only,  
 There where the flowers are bright,  
 Trust in me, Love, I am coming !  
 To thee, my love, I am coming.

PIANOFORTE CONCERTO in A Minor ... .. *Grieg*  
 Andante — Allegro.

MISS KATHLEEN ADAMS.

(Orchestral part on the Organ).

MR. R. JOHN DEMPSTER.