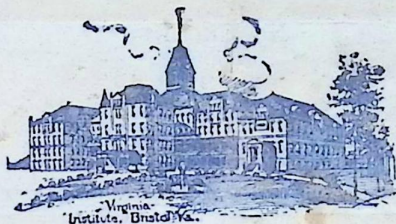


VIRGINIA INSTITUTE



Grand Opening Concert

Under Direction of

HERR AUGUST SCHEMSEL

IN THE AUDITORIUM

Wednesday, September Ninth, Nineteen Hundred
and Three, at Eight Fifteen Sharp

*I know these girls are tired
 How many girls about?*
 2
About 60 in building
PROGRAMME

NO ENCORES

1. PIANO DUET—March Militaire Schubert

MISS LOTA HARRIGAN AND HERR AUGUST SCHEMMELE

2. VOCAL SOLO—The Erl King Schubert

Who rides there so late in the night so wild?
 A loving father with his young child.
 He clasps the boy close with his strong arm.
 And closer, closer to keep him warm.
 "Dear son, what makes thy sweet face grow so white?"
 "See, father, 'tis the Erl King in sight!
 The Erl King stands there with crown and shroud."
 "Dear son, it is some misty cloud."
 "Thou dearest boy wilt come with me and many games I'll play with thee.
 Where varied blossoms grow on the wold.
 And my mother has many a robe of gold."
 "Dear father, my father, say, didst thou not hear
 The Erl King whisper so low in mine ear?"
 "Be tranquil, then, be tranquil, my child.
 Through withered leaves the wind bloweth wild."
 "Wilt come, proud boy, wilt come with me.
 Where my beauteous daughter doth wait for me?"

good

With my daughter thou'lt join in the dance every night.
 She'll lull thee with sweet songs to give thee delight."
 "Dear father, my father, and canst thou not trace,
 The Erl King's daughter in yon dark place?"
 "My son, my son, the form you there see is only the hollow green willow tree."
 "I love thee well, with me thou shalt ride on my course.
 And if thou'rt unwilling, I'll sieze thee by force."
 "Oh father, my father, thy child closer clasp,
 The Erl King has siezed me with icy grasp."
 His father shuddered, his face grew more wild,
 He held to his bosom, his poor swooning child.
 He reached his home with fear and dread,
 And in his arms, lo, the child lay dead!

MISS LOTTIE HOBSON

3. VIOLIN SOLO—Concerto Accolay

MISS LOUISE COUCH

4. PIANO SOLO—Polonaise Liszt

HERR AUGUST SCHEMMELE

5. READING—(a) Ole Mistis John Trotwood Moore

(b) Naughty Zell

MISS T. BELLE CHAMBERS

Which is Miss Lott?

Have any girls come whom you had not expected?
any note she takes is true

PROGRAMME

I don't know how they got her to play. She
never would play for any body or any thing
when I know her. She is too nervous

6. PIANO DUET—Overture Egmont Beethoven
HERR AUGUST SCHEMMELE AND MISS LOTA HARRIGAN

7. VOCAL SOLO—(a) Give me my Home H. Schaefer
(b) Folk Song Schumann

(a)
Give me my home once more, for that
I'm grieving!
There had I known no sign of love's de-
ceiving;
Could I but feel again the old protection,
Safe from the world's alarms, of love's
dejection!
Here is no rest for me, for me no leaving.
Give me my home once more, for that I'm
grieving.
How fair the fields at home, for which
I'm grieving!
The birds all sang to me when I was leav-
ing,
The breezes rocked the trees in song re-
plying.
Could I but once forget their low sweet
sighing.
Banish the thought, O God, of love's de-
ceiving.
And let me die at home, for home I'm
grieving.

(b)
When at dawn in a dress of green,
I to the garden go,
All I ponder, I ween is:
How fares my true love now?
The brightest star above!
I'd give, should he entreat it,
My heart I'd give my love.
If I could only get it.
When at dawn in a dress of green,
I to the garden go,
All I ponder, I ween is
How fares my true love now.

MISS LOTTIE HOBSON

8. Reading—SORROW OF RAHAB Arlo Bates
MISS T. BELLE CHAMBERS

9. PIANO SOLO—(a) The Vain Serenade } Schemmel
(b) Valse }
HERR AUGUST SCHEMMELE

10. VIOLIN SOLO—Kuyawiak, Polish Dance Wieniawski
MISS LOUISE COUCH

11. VOCAL AND VIOLIN—A Day Dream Streletzki
She was mine as I watched her wander-
ing
Down the lane of a country fair:
Her eyes and lips were gently smiling
As in her bosom she softly sighed:
"In a day dream I loved him truly,
In a day dream I loved him well,
But the clouds hover low, and the mists
I know
Have broken the holy spell".
But I was dreaming, yes, idly dreaming.
The air was filled with melody of the
linet, thrush and jay,
Ah, but I listened not, thine image hov-
ering
Made me senseless that summer day.
In a day dream I loved thee truly,
In a day dream I loved thee well,
And the heaven above and the earth
below
Both have joined in the magic spell,
But I was dreaming, yes, idly dreaming.

Alto Solo with Violin Obligato
MISSES HOBSON AND COUCH

