

The  
**Mount Airy Operatic Club**

Presents

**Donald Gramm**

Bass Baritone



**HAROLD EISBERG**

At The Piano



North Main School

Mount Airy, North Carolina

January 11, 1949



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# Program



Chi vuole innamorarsi ----- Scarlatti

The man who would turn lover should gravely think it o'er. Passion's flame is carelessly lit but burns forever. It is not an easy matter to have a broken heart.

E dove t'aggiri (Il Pomo d'Oro) ----- Cesti

Oh, where are you roaming amid sad and weary shades, where sighs pierce the gloom? Where torment and terror abide, there you do mourn.

Where'er you walk (Semele) ----- Handel

Il lacerato spirito (Simon Boccanegra) ----- Verdi

Verrath ----- Brahms

I stood one moonlight night before my loved one's house when I heard her door open and saw her let a stranger out, saying: "Tomorrow don't keep me waiting, dear one. Just tap on the window and I'll let you in, for my lover is far away." Enough of this . . . I cried . . . tomorrow I'll wait for you in the meadow. We will see whose sword is sharper. And when the sun arose, a corpse lay in the grass . . . a monument to false love.

Oh, wusst, ich doch den Weg zuruck ----- Brahms

Oh, that I might retrace the way to childhood's happy land. That place where no cares abide, no strife, no seeking, but shielded by love's care. Show me where lies the way, for all around men is strange deserted land.

Sonntag ----- Brahms

It has been a week now that I saw my loved one on Sunday, as she stood before her door. Oh, fairest of a thousand maids, oh, dearest of a thousand hearts, would to God that I were with you today. But all week I have had to smile because I saw my darling on Sunday as she went into church.

An die Nachtigall ----- Brahms

Cease thy soulful singing, oh Nightingale. I know too well the burning pain. Sleep has left me and I only stare towards Heaven with death-like eyes. Fly quickly, Nightingale, quickly to the nest, where you mate awaits your kisses. Away! . . . Away!

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The Gypsy Songs ----- Brahms

Ho there, Gypsy  
High and Tow'ring  
Know ye when . . .  
Loving God  
To the dance  
Rosebuds Three  
Art thou thinking . . .  
Rose evening clouds

INTERMISSION

D'une Prison ----- Hahn

Above the roof of my cell the sky is blue and tender . . . the trees sway . . . I hear a bell in the distance and the singing of a plaintive bird. Oh God! How simple life is. What has happened to the bright vision of my youth?

Si mes vers avaient des ailes ----- Hahn

My song would fly to the beautiful garden of your word if it had only wings like those of a bird; it would soar through the air like a spirit; into thy heart like love.

Au Cimetiere ----- Faure

How happy is he who lies beneath the grass of the fields where the singing birds fly and the sky is radiant. There his friends may come to bid him sweet adieu. How unfortunate is the one who sleeps beneath the billowy waves of the sea far from his own land. Ah, poor one, whose shroud is the green seaweed covering him as he rolls over and over with staring eyes.

Carnaval ----- Fourdrain

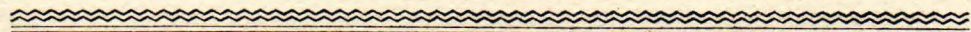
Carnaval! The crowd rushed forth to meet the rich cortege. From the tall floats, it rains flowers. Hail! The Queen approaches with her clown whose lips alone are silent. She bids his marionettes to perform, but he replies, "Thank you, my Queen, but puppets are not for this occasion. I hear the soul of the city ascend to where I see the sun exalt your crown. It kisses your hand . . . it makes your diadem to flame."

The Sally Gardens (Irish tune) ----- Arr. by Benjamin Britten

Blue Mountain Ballads (Tennessee Williams) ----- Paul Bowles

Lonesome man  
Cabin  
Sugar in the cane  
Heavenly grass

The Policeman in the park ----- }  
I rise when you enter ----- } ----- Theodore Chanler





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DONALD GRAMM, young and gifted bass baritone of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, began his studies there at an early age for a career in music. His professional life was inaugurated with his appointment as organist in one of the large churches when only 14. Concurrently, his voice attracted attention and he made several appearances in concert and as soloist in distinguished performances of "The Messiah".

In 1943 Mr. Gramm was winner of the Chicagoland Music Festival — the youngest male singer to receive that honor. He was twice winner of the Oliver Ditson Scholarship and numerous other coveted prizes. He was also chosen winner of the First Annual Paul LaValle Award.

Praise of Mr. Gramm's beautiful voice and exquisite artistry has been enthusiastically and unstintingly given by distinguished musicians and critics wherever he has been heard.

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The presentation of Mr. Gramm in concert is one of the first in a series of ventures to augment a fund for the High School Glee Club similar to that of the High School Band. The support of the public will be appreciated by these young people and Dr. Clifford Bair, their director.

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