THE BRANKO KRSMANOVICH CHORUS
OF YUGOSLAVIA
AT CARNEGIE HALL

FEW MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS have always been the result of the heritage and background of achievements of which Yugoslav's Branko Krmanovich Chorus is as proud as the world. This mighty ensemble of eighties made its gala tour of North America in the fall of 1960. In recent seasons the chorus has been a prize winner at the World Festivals of Vienna (1959) and Moscow (1957); the International Eisteddfod, Music Festival, Llangollen, Wales (1955); and the first three prizes in the International Polyphonic Contest, Venice, Italy (1947). Largely responsible for such tremendous development and constant recognition is the chorus' brilliant director, Bogdan Babich. A leading conductor of the American Opera since 1947, he Sheldon capturing the excellence of performance at the chorus Carnegie Hall on November 29, 1960, and it is the group's second Mon, (Vol. 1, MP 575).

SIDE ONE

1. CATULLI CARMINA (Songs of Catullus)—Carl Orff (Excerpts from Act I, sung in Medieval Latin) (1895-
Catullus ad columnam: "Odi et amo, quare id faciam, fortasse requiris. Nescio, sed fieri sentio et exspecto." Lesbia intrat; Lesbia atque Catullus: "Vixit, nec Lesbia atque annus, rumorque anus severiorum omnes unius aeternius assis. Solea acerba et redire possunt: nossem cum semel decidit brevia tua nee est perpetua una dormienda. Da mihi basia deinde centum dea mille altae, dea seconda centum, deinde unque altera mille, deinde centum... Dein cor milia millia ferventer animus, illis, ut animus, ut sequa malis tangere positum, ex tantum seint se basiess..."
Catulls lesa against a pillar: "I hate. Why? Why? You ask me. I know not. I know not and I feel not. I feel and I suffer. So it is." Lesbia enters. Lesbia and Catullus sing: "Let us live, Lesbia, live and love; we care not for the nasty idle chatter of born-out, aged people. Suns may sink and rise again but when our little light goes out, eternal slumber entombs us in eternal night. Oh, give me a thousand kisses and then a hundred and again a thousand and again a hundred, and forever a thousand kisses and forever a hundred. At last when all have been thousands and thousands again, we'll whirl them quickly together until we ourselves know not any more, nor do the envious, the count of our numberless kisses." Catullus falls asleep in Lesbia's lap. Lovers enter the inn. Lesbia leaves the slumbering Catullus and dances for the lovers. Caesar enters and Catullus, awakening, despairs: "Catulls! Our Lesbia, the one and only Lesbia, whom Catullus solely loved more than himself and all his own! Look there now, at street corners, in the alleys of ill repute, she sits with the haughty descendants of Rome. None would she rather have for a husband, Lesbia tells me—even if Jupiter himself came to wed her. But what a woman tells a man who is in love—that you can write into the blowing wind—you can write it on the waves of the water's..."

2. SALANGADOU (Creole Lament)—Traditional; arr. Tom Scott (A Creole melody from the bayous of Louisiana which tells of a distraught mother searching for her lost child)
Salangadou... All night long I've looked for you, all night thru the darkness, crying "Salangadou." All along the dark bayou, crying for my darling. Crying, "Salangadou!"

3. SOON AH WILL BE DONE (Negro Spiritual)—W. Dawson (sung in English) Soon Ah Will be Done: de woe deh ou de woe woe... Goin' home t' live wid God. I wan' t meet my mother. I goin' t' lib wid God. No more weepin' an' a'wailin', I wan' t meet my Jesus.

4. VOSPOTE GOSPODI, is "Cetiri Dobrini Ritha" SING INTO THE LORD A NEW SONG, from "Four Religious Verses"—Marko Tadjchev (sung in Old Slavie) (1900-)
Sing unto the Lord a new song. Glory to Thee, Oh Lord, Alleluia! Let my mouth be full of worship. Let me sing of Thy glory. All day long will I sing of Thy great glory... For Thou art holy and dost wondrous things. Thou alone art God.

SIDE TWO

1. MACEDONIAN HORA (Instrumental—"Gajde")
Timorliski Eroranjem, accordion; Zvijecic, jevic; clarinet; Zoran Saric, guitar; Alexandar Fotisc, bass.

2. JADVANCA KAL MAJORSKANA, from "Four Religious Verses"—Marko Tadjchev (sung in Old Slavie) (1900-)
Jadvanka za teletom (Lament for a Dead Calf)
Jakov Gotovac (sung in Serbo-Croat) (1895-)

3. DUR "VILLOTE DEL FOR-"—Filippo Azzaiolo (16th Century) Two "Flower Dances" (sung in Italian)
O. C. 1. Come, l'aggio lanciati, e vita mia, se gli occhi bell' erano quelli che mi dava la vita, meraro me. 2. L'amor mio si chinà Saporita, la tardararitanda, ed io ci ha fatto fare questa canzone: O San, o Saporita, quando venni de l'erto porto non fe' fresco per la tua fel. O mia, o mia Saporita, la chi è ichie ringhietta, quante sei bellia.

1. How could I leave you, oh, my life, if the beautiful eyes were those which gave me life, miserable me.
2. My love is called Saporitta, and I have made this song for her: You must know, Saporlita, when I come from the orchard I shall bring you a fresh fig for your faith. O my dear Saporlita, how beautiful you are.

5. THE ROWAN TREE—Alexander V. Svejlikov (Russian composer) (sung in Russian)
Why are you standing, slender rowan tree? You bow your head, touching the ground. Across the road, there by the river, the old acorn tree stands the same way.

6. WAVES OF THE AMUR—A. Kus (sung in Russian)
Proudly Amur carries its waves. The wind of Siberia sings a song. While the forest murmurs by the Amur, the foam flows majestic and free. There where the pink sun is born, a sailor sings a song. It flows over the wide river. Its carried far away.

Full of beauty and strength are the waves of the Amur. They glitter, proud with the glory of country. They play, full of strength, and ride to the sea. They glitter, proud with Russian glory. Beautiful waves of the Amur. They breathe freedom and keep their peace. Peaceful are the shores of the river. The golden forest murmurs. The waves breathe with glorious beauty, praising the old Amur. We keep its peace. Ships go forth: waves flow on and on. Murmur, Amur, murmur, with your white waves. In your fast Beeline, the sea shines. Murmur, Amur, murmur, with your white waves. In your fast running, the glory of our dear land.

Proudly Amur carries its waves...