

A CONCERT OF ORGAN MUSIC
TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF

Rosannah Cannon Steinhoff

The University of Michigan
School of Music
Blanche Anderson Moore Hall
January 12, 1992

Because I could not stop for Death—
He kindly stopped for me—
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess—in the Ring—
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain—
We passed the Setting Sun—

Or rather—He passed Us—
The Dews drew quivering and chill—
For only Gossamer, my Gown—
My Tippet—only Tulle—

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground—
The Roof was scarcely visible—
The Cornice—in the Ground—

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity—

—Emily Dickinson

(After the concert guests are invited to meet Zan's family in the Palmer Christian lobby. Tea will be served.)

Music of Bach and Mozart

Marilyn Mason, *organist*

Youthful Works of Bach

In dulci jubilo, BWV 729 Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Partita, "O Gott du Frommer Gott," BWV 767

Bach in Arnstadt (1704-1707)

"Nun freut euch, liebe Christen g'mein," BWV 734

The Weimar Period (1708-1717)

Toccatà, Adagio and Fugue, BWV 564

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Two Pieces Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Adagio, K. 356

Andante, für eine Walze in eine kleine Orgel, K. 616

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The Leipzig Period (1723-1750)

From Clavierübung III: Bach

"Our Father who art in Heaven," BWV 683

The Weimar Period (1708-1717)

Toccatà and Fugue d-moll, BWV 565

(By contributing to the Marilyn Mason Scholarship Fund, the Family gratefully acknowledges the assistance of the School of Music.)

A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men passe mildly away,
And whisper to their soules, to goe,
Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
T'were prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layetie our love.

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
Men reckon what it did and meant,
But trepidation of the spheares,
Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
(Whose soule is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things that elemented it.

But we by a love, so much refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse.

Our two soules therefore, which are one,
Though I must goe, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to ayery thinnesse beate.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thy soule the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th'other doe.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leanes, and hearkens after it,
And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
Like th'other foot, obliquely runne;
Thy firmnes drawes my circle just,
And makes me end, where I begunne.

—John Donne