

PAUL ROBESON



TOWN HALL
BIRMINGHAM

Tuesday, MAR. 7 at 8.0

PAUL
ROBESON

with

LAWRENCE BROWN

In Songs of the Folk

OLGA HEGEDUS

CELLIST

and

MICHAL HAMBOURG

PIANIST

PAUL ROBESON

TOUR

DATE	TOWN	HALL	TIME
Wed. January 11	BRADFORD	Eastbrook	8
Fri. " 13	HULL	City	8
Sun. " 15	DUNDEE	Caird	8.15
Tues. " 17	ABERDEEN	Music	8
Thur. " 19	BLACKBURN	King George's	8
Sun. " 22	WOLVERHAMPTON	Civic	8.15
Tues. " 24	LEICESTER	De Montfort	8
Sun. " 29	SALISBURY	Gaumont Cinema	8.15
Sun. February 5	CAMBRIDGE	Regal Cinema	8.15
Thur. " 9	SOUTHAMPTON	Guildhall	8
Sun. " 12	SWANSEA	Plaza Cinema	8
Sun. " 19	MANCHESTER	Paramount Theatre	8.15
Tues. " 21	NOTTINGHAM	Albert	8
Thur. " 23	HANLEY	Victoria	8
Sun. " 26	LEEDS	Paramount Theatre	8.15
Tues. " 28	NEWCASTLE	City	8
Thur. March 2	SHEFFIELD	City	8
Sun. " 5	PRESTON	New Victoria Cinema	8.15
Tues. " 7	BIRMINGHAM	Town Hall	8
Sat. " 11	BRISTOL	Colston	7.45
Sun. " 19	HALIFAX	Victoria	8
Tues. " 21	MIDDLESBOROUGH	Town	7.45
Sat. " 25	DUBLIN	Theatre Royal	2.30
Mon. " 27	BELFAST	Ulster	8
Sun. April 2	COVENTRY	Gaumont Palace	8.15
Fri. " 7	LLANDUDNO	Pier Pavilion	8
Sun. " 9	BOURNEMOUTH	Pavilion	3
Mon. " 10	EASTBOURNE	Devonshire Park	8

with

Lawrence Brown

Sole Representative:
HAROLD HOLT LTD.
3 Clifford Street, W.1

Members of the Audience are courteously requested not to leave the Hall during the Concert except between completed groups of items, to avoid distraction to the Artists and disturbance to others.

Smoking is Prohibited in the Auditorium

Programme and Words of Songs

	1	
King's Hunting Jigg	...	John Bull
Fugue in A minor	...	Bach
Scherzo in E minor	...	Mendelssohn

MICHAL HAMBOURG

	2	
Sonata in G majorSammartini

OLGA HEGEDUS

At the Piano - LEON FORRESTER

Go Down Moses	...	Arr. H. T. Burleigh
Short'nin' Bread	...	Arr. Wolfe
The Orphan	...	Moussorgsky
Night	...	Arr. Alexandrov
Li'l David	...	Arr. Lawrence Brown

PAUL ROBESON

At the Piano - LAWRENCE BROWN

"GO DOWN MOSES"

" When Israel was in Egypt's Lan'
Let my people go,
Oppress'd so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.

Go down Moses
Way down in Egypt's Lan',
Tell ole Pharaoh
To let my people go.

Thus said the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go,
If not I'll smite your first born dead,
Let my people go.

Go down Moses,
Way down in Egypt's Lan',
Tell ole Pharaoh
To let my people go.

"SHORT'NIN' BREAD."

Put on de skillet, put on de lead,
 Mammy's goin' to bake a little short'nin' bread,
 Dat ain't all she's goin' to do,
 Mammy's goin' to make a little coffee, too.
 Mammy's little baby loves short'nin', shortnin',
 Mammy's little baby loves short'nin' bread,
 Mammy's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin',
 Mammy's little baby loves short'nin' bread.

Three little chillen lyin' in bed,
 Two wuz sick an' de other mos' dead.
 Sent fo' de doctor, de doctor said,
 "Feed dose chillen on short'nin' bread."

Chorus—

I slip to de kitchen, slip up de lead,
 Slip ma pockets full of short'nin' bread.
 Stole de skillet, stole de lead,
 Stole de gal to make short'nin' bread.

Chorus—

Dey caught me wid de skillet, caught me wid de lead,
 Caught me wid de gal makin' short'nin' bread.
 Paid six dollars fo' de skillet, paid six dollars fo' de lead,
 Spent six months in jail eatin' short'nin' bread.

"THE ORPHAN"

Kind sir—be good to me,
 Please sir—be merciful.
 I am a poor little motherless,
 homeless unhappy child.
 Please dear kind sir.
 Cold is my only warmth,
 Hunger my food and drink,
 Storm-wind and tempest
 My shelter in gloom of night.
 Scoldings and thrashings
 Fearful and threatening,
 These are the one reply
 That I receive in my misery.
 Deep in the dark woods
 I hide from the cruel world,
 Then hunger calls me
 And makes me return again.
 Gone is my failing strength,
 Food and drink's all I need,
 Please sir be good to me.
 Fearful is death from hunger,
 Cold freezes my poor blood.
 Please sir be good to me,
 Please sir be kind to me,
 I am a poor little homeless child.

"NIGHT"

Night, why are you so over-clouded?
 Autumn night, why do you frown so
 Pretty maiden, why are you so over-clouded,
 Why are you so sad?
 How can I not be sad?
 The maiden has neither father nor mother,
 For her life is hard.

"LI'L DAVID"

Li'l David, play on your harp,
 Hallelu, hallelu,
 Li'l David, play on your harp,
 Hallelu.
 Li'l David, play on your harp,
 Hallelu, hallelu.
 Li'l David, play on your harp,
 Hallelu.

Li'l David was a shepherd boy,
 He killed Goliath, an' he shouted for joy,
 Li'l David play on your harp,
 Hallelu, hallelu,
 Li'l David, play on your harp,
 Hallelu.

I done tol' you once, I done tol' you twice,
 There are sinners in Hell for shootin' dice.
 Li'l David, play on your harp,
 Hallelu, hallelu.
 Li'l David, play on your harp,
 Hallelu.

INTERVAL

4.

Le Cygne *Saint Saens*
 Danse Rituelle de Feu *De Falla*

OLGA HEGEDUS

At the Piano - LEON FORRESTER

5.

Nocturne *Chopin*
 Perpetuum mobile *Weber*

MICHAL HAMBURG

6.

After the Battle *Moussorgsky*
 Encantadora Maria (Mexican Folk Song) *Arr. Ed. Kilenyi*
 O, No, John *Arr. Cecil Sharp*
 Sometimes I feel like a Motherless Chile ... } *Arr.*
 Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho } *Lawrence Brown*

PAUL ROBESON

"AFTER THE BATTLE."

He met his death in foreign land,
 In bitter fighting hand to hand;
 His friends have won the victory,
 And they are shouting, only he
 Forgotten underneath the skies,
 Alone he lies
 And down there sweeps a greedy crow
 To drink his blood that still doth flow,
 He picks his eyes that still do glow'r
 With deathly glance in death's own hour,
 He drinks his fill, he leaves his prey
 And flies away.
 Afar at home across the wild
 One lonely mother rocks her child
 "Be still, be still? Ah! shed no tear,
 For soon, your father will be here
 And then we shall have pies and cake,
 That I shall bake."
 Beneath dark skies alone he lies.

"ENCANTADORA MARIA."

(Maria Dear)

Encantadora Maria, Yo te amo con ilusion,
 A quien la dare las quejas negras de mi
 corazon?
 Ay! que triste para él que ama,
 No tener siquiera ninguna esperanza!
 Ay! no me haga sufrir asá,
 Que muriendo estoy de amor, solo por ti.

English Version.

Maria dear, my passion and great despair
 thou art
 To whom shall I tell the sorrows of my
 devoted heart?
 Ah! how desperate for a lover
 Knowing no solace, disheartened for ever
 Ay! do not jest with my grief, but see
 I am dying heartbroken, alone for thee!

"O, NO, JOHN!"

On yonder hill there stands a creature
Who she is I do not know.
I'll go and court her for her beauty,
She must answer Yes or No.
O No, John! No, John!
No, John! No!

My father was a Spanish Captain
Went to sea a month ago.
First he kissed me, then he left me,
Bid me always answer No.
O, No, John! No, John!
No, John! No!

O Madam, in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow.
Will you take me for your lover?
Madam, answer Yes or No.
O, No, John! No, John!
No, John! No!

O Madam, I will give you jewels,
I will make you rich and free;
will give you silken dresses.
Madam, will you marry me?
O' No, John! No, John!
No, John! No!

O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?
O, No, John! No, John!
No, John! No!

Then I will stay with you forever,
If you will not be unkind.
Madam, I have vowed to love you;
Would you have me change my mind?
O, No, John! No, John!
No, John! No!

Hark! I hear the church bells ringing
Will you come and be my wife?
Or, dear Madam, have you settled
To live single all your life?
O, No, John! No, John!
No, John! No!

"SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS
CHILE"

Sometimes I feel like a motherless Chile
A long ways from home,
Come my Brother,
A long ways from home.

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone,
A long ways from home.
Come my Brother,
A long ways from home.

"JOSHUA FIT DE BATTLE OB JERICO."

Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho,
Jericho, Jericho
Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho,
An' de walls come tumblin' down.

You may talk about yo' kin ob Gideon,
You may talk about yo' man ob Saul,
Dere's none like good ole Joshua,
At de battle ob Jericho.

Up to de walls ob Jericho
He march with spear in han',
"Go blow dem ram horns," Joshua cried,
"Kase de battle am in my han'."

Den de lam' ram sheep horns begin to blow,
Trumpets begin to soun',
Joshua commanded de chillen to shout,
An' de walls come tumblin' down.

Dat mornin' Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho,
Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho,
An' de walls come tumblin' down.

"H.M.V." RECORDS