

In the Easter Twilight

With Flowers
and Hairies

Lillian Helms, . . . Soprano

Louise Zumwinkel . . . Pianist

Monday, April the eighth



Twilight

After Sunset

The hour when the sea lies quieted beneath the after sunset flush.

When the Fancy Wanders to the Hills o' Dream.

Across the silent stream where the slumber shadows go.

The fragrant land where the west wind blows

The Moon-laces gleam and the snow white bird sings

When Lovers Meet in Far Japan.

By the gate. In the Tea grove. Under the Pine Tree.

When the Mother Sings.

Of the North wind, the sleepy snow,

Misty Dreamland, and the drowsy head.

When the Milk Maid Remembers.

The daisies, the swallow. the cuckoo,

and Robin.

When the Farewell of Long Ago is Sighed.

Why shine ye stars, why sing ye birds?

God guard thee my chosen. Farewell.

When the Lover Sings.

Come Maiden to thy window

Nor long my wooings slight.

Flowers

The Water Lily's Place and Warning.

On a breast that heaves so stilly fitly bides the water lily.
Dream not child too near the River, fearfully the waves can quiver.

The Rosebud.

Dainty, fair to see. Kiss I thee, thou'rt like a bride.

The Blooming Rose.

Emblem of Nature, lovely and pure.

The Rose Lover.

T'was he that won her because he dared to climb.

The Silent Water Lily.

A Swan would in song his life exhale.
Canst thou his meaning tell.

The Morning Glory's Song.

The Rose's Council to Nina.

Keep guard over thy heart
And joy ne'er will depart.

Fairies

At Play with the Nymphs and Fauns.

They dance on the green fresh grasses.

Till day dawn is nigh.

Where the Bee sucks there lurk I.

On a swallow's wings I fly after sunset.

The mortal Mother is sad among the Fairies,

And begs her sister for her baby daughter.

Orpheus.

Who with his lute made the trees bow themselves.

When Fairies are sleepy

Do they go to bed in a Rose?

How the Sleeping Elfe

Mistook the watchman's call of Elfe (Eleven).

Titania.

Is queen of the Fairies.

Mrs. Harry Dungan was hostess at the club rooms last Monday afternoon to what was probably the most artistic social function ever given in Hastings. There had been no intimation as to the character of the entertainment and the guests found themselves ushered into a room filled with the subdued light of the twilight hour, and with a profusion of lovely Easter blossoms on every hand. About seventy-five were present and the fragrance and beauty of the flowers, the glow of many candles and the dainty spring gowns of the ladies, combined to give a poetic atmosphere that was quite unusual. Little programs revealed the key-note to this environment and announced a musicale whose theme would be: "In the Easter Twilight With Flowers and Fairies."

After a few moments contemplation of this poetic program, Mrs. Helms of Lincoln entered, looking like a veritable queen of the fairies herself. She took her place between two magnificent palms that seemed to throw her dainty beauty into stronger relief and instead of the magic wand of fairyland she carried a long stemmed calla lily. The program was divided into three groups of songs in which she interpreted the many phases of poetical feeling and fancy

associated with the twilight, the flowers and the fabrics, and with such taste and skill that each seemed more beautiful than the preceding one. But the last number, "Titania" from Von Weber's "Oberon" was the supreme effort of the afternoon and proved a fitting climax to this charming program. She rendered that exceedingly beautiful and brilliant composition with consummate grace and skill long to be remembered by those privileged to listen. (It exhausts one's adjectives to describe Mrs. Helms; for she combines rare personal charm with an exquisite voice and a faultless technique. Her phrasing is so intelligent, her sense of rhythm so perfect and her high staccato notes sparkle like so many brilliants. There is never the slightest suggestion of effort at any time, so if there is an art that conceals art, it is certainly Mrs. Helms. She is splendidly supported by Miss Zumwinkle as accompanist whom Mrs. Helms calls the power behind the throne.

Delicious refreshments were served after the program and all had an opportunity to meet these two artists. Mrs. Dungan was assisted by little Gertrude Stein at the door and Miss Pearl Damron and Miss Helen Koehler as ushers. Miss Sidney Nance and Miss Mabel Hansen served the refreshments and Miss Ena Hamot presided at the punch bowl. After a delightful social hour the guests gradually departed feeling that their hostess had given them an afternoon of rare enjoyment. **HASTINGS**