

1884.

1885.

University Musical Society.

LXIII.

H. S. FRIEZE, LL. D., PRESIDENT.

C. B. CADY, DIRECTOR.

SECOND CONCERT

—BY—

THE AMPHION CLUB,

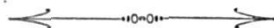
ASSISTED BY

- ✓MISS MARY L. WOOD.....Accompanist
- ✓MR. HOMER WARREN.....Tenor
- ✓MISS NETTIE JACOBSON.....Harp
- ✓MR. HAROLD WILSON.....Cello
- ✓MR. H. A. DRAKE.....First Horn
- ✓MR. A. B. MARTIN.....Second Horn
- ✓MISS M. LOUISE TAYLOR.....Reader

—AND—

✓The University Glee Club,

UNIVERSITY HALL, MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 22.



AMPHION CLUB.

FIRST SOPRANOS.

- MISS MAY WIEDON,
- MISS LOIS T. ANGELL,
- MISS IDA BELLE WINCHELL.

FIRST ALTOS.

- MISS JOSEPHINE ST. JOHN,
- MISS LUCY COLE,
- MISS ANNIE WILSON,
- MISS MARY SCOTT.

SECOND SOPRANOS.

- MISS MILLIE KNOWLTON,
- MISS AMANDA MACK,
- MISS DAISY RICHARDSON,
- MISS CARRIE BALL.

SECOND ALTOS.

- MISS CHARLOTTE HUTZEL,
- MISS RUTH W. LANE,
- MISS ORA ROYCE.



✓ORIN CADY, CONDUCTOR.

L. D. WINES, BUSINESS MANAGER.



Officers of the *Amphion* Club:

Miss MAY WHEDON, President. Miss LOIS T. ANGELL, Treasurer.

Miss ANNIE WILSON, Secretary.



PROGRAMME.

PART I.

THE ENCHANTED SWANS, a cantata.....*Carl Reinecke*

Elfrida.....MISS WHEDON.
Queen, }
Fairy, }MISS WINCHELL.
PrinceMR. WARREN.
ChorusAMPHION CLUB.
Reader.....MISS TAYLOR.

Harp, Piano, Horns', Cello.

I. The Song of the King's Children.

Chorus.—There was a king whose wicked spouse
Her vengeance consummated,
By changing into seven crows
The seven sons she hated!

Their sister weeps to find they've gone,
And left no trace behind them,
Then bravely wanders forth alone,
Determined she will find them,

In vain she seeks her brothers, now,
By tangled brake and river,
Until a fairy tells her how
The princes to deliver!

For seven years must she be dumb,
While seven doublets weaving;
Then back her brothers dear shall come
And change to joy her grieving!

A prince, while hunting, saw the maid,
Not long in doubt he tarried,
That day, in bridal robes array'd,
Belinda fair he married!

But, sad to tell, the charm again
Resumes its baneful power;
To crows are charged her children twain,
She, locked in lonesome tower!

The faithful sister still works on,
Hope in her heart implanted;
Swiftly the seven years have gone,
Complete, the term enchanted.

With brothers near and children dear,
She lived in queenly glory;
And all true sisters love to hear
This wonderful fairy story!

II. The Queen's Curse.

Solo.—Now meet your fate, no more I'll wait,
Of vengence to complete my measure,
This wand I hold hath 'power to mould
All objects to my will and pleasure.
Be changed in shape and features,
No longer human creatures,
Go forth as birds at my command,
And fly afar o'er sea and land,
Roaming from shore to shore
Lone wanderers evermore!

III. Elfrida's Prayer.

Solo.

Holy Virgin, queen of mercy!	Holy Virgin, queen of mercy!
Thou who healest all our woes,	Let my voice pour out thy praise;
In this forest, dark and lonely,	Let my prayerful off'rings move thee;
Let me find a sweet repose.	To illumine my darkest days!
I have shared thy grace unbounded,	I will follow where thou leadest,
When by every ill surrounded,	For I know full well thou heedest,
I can trust thee, mother, now!	All who at thy footstool bow!

IV. Chorus of Glowworms.

Lonely, 'neath the forest bowers,
Rests a maiden pure and fair,
While our lamps dispel the darkness
Let her safety be our care!
Golden dreams, shine through her slumbers,
Come in forms of beauty rare,
Lightly round the sleeper hover
Till the morn her charms discover!

V. Chorus of Angels.

The Lord is thy Shepherd, want shall ne'er o'ertake thee!
And, though thou dost wander thro' the gloomy vale,
Fear thou no evil, the Lord is with thee,
His rod and his staff shall comfort thee!
For though far are the heavens,
Far from the earth below,
Still His boundless mercy follows
All who love and fear Him!

VI. Elfrida's Address to the Sea.

Was it a lovely dream of night,
Or has God's presence bless'd my sight?
I cannot tell, but He is near!
A softly murm'ring sound I hear,
And now I see the waters bright
All bathed in morning's golden light!

Welcome to me, thou beautiful sea
Whose voice is silent never!
The heavens blue shall mirror'd be
Within thy breast for ever!
Thy billows 'gainst the rocks ring clear,
Bright sunbeams in their foam appear;
I feel new hope while from thy shore
I gaze with fond devotion,
My brothers dear bring back once more
From lands afar, great ocean!

VII. Chorus of Swans.

Day is fading, haste, oh, haste, and fly to the shore,
There, in safety, let us rest our pinions once more.
Soon will pass the hours of dreary night;
When the mountains wake with morning's light
We must leave them, bid farewell to the shore,
Speeding bravely over the ocean once more!

VIII. Chorus of Swans.

Arise, arise! the lovely morning
Spreads o'er the deep its rosy hue,
And as the glimmering stars grow fainter
The sun begins his course anew.
Ere long his golden light will brighten
The vales and mountains far and nigh,
Oh, may his cheering rays attend us
Along our airy path on high.
Arise, arise! the lovely morning,
With rosy light the clouds adorning,
Now, smiling, bids us homewards fly!

IX. The Fairy's Promise.

Solo.—To save thy brothers thou must make
Eleven coats of mail, well sewn
With nettle thread, and never speak,
Or naught shall e'er thy crime atone.

For not one sound that man can hear
Must pass thy lips till all are made:
At every word one brother dear
Will surely in his grave be laid!

The nettles near this grotto grow;
But when they all are gone,
To some lone graveyard thou must go,
And pluck them one by one!

And when the coats of mail are done,
Dear child, I promise thee,
Each brother, as he puts one on,
Shall disenchanted be!

X. The Prince's Song.

Solo.—What sweet spirit charms my vision?
Am I bound beneath a spell?
In this wild and lonely forest
Can so fair a mortal dwell?

Dost thou breathe, O wondrous maiden?
Forest queen beyond compare!
Say thou art no lovely phantom,
Soon to vanish into air!

Joy! she lives! for now a tear-drop
From her eyelid gently steals,
And her glance, to mine responsive,
All her wealth of soul reveals!

Deep within my heart there wakens
Joy I never felt before,
Life seems now a land of promise
Filled with sunshine evermore!

Come and be my bride, fair angel,
In the castle of the king
Thou shalt reign the queen of beauty,
Far and wide thy fame shall ring!

XI. The Wedding Music—Instrumental.

XII. Chorus of Phantoms.

Now dark night enshrouds the vale,
Let us be merrily dancing
On our grave-stone, cold and pale,
See the bright moon-beams are glancing.

We are spirits of night!
Darkness is our delight,
Mortals now quail at our power!

Will o' the wisp, let thy gleaming
Lead us where mortals lie dreaming,
Soon by wild affright o'ertaken,
They from their sleep shall awaken!

Come then, spirit of night;
Darkness is our delight,
Rouse them from out of their slumbers.

XIII. Chorus of Mice and Thrushes.

Mice.

Weep no more! weep no more!
We are gnawing through thy door;
Coming fast, coming fast,
All to help thee at the last.

Quick, quick, quick, no delay,
At the flax we'll tear away.
Never fear, never fear,
'Twill be done ere morn appear.

Nettles hurt, gnawing's hard,
Still our plan we'll ne'er discard,
Let them sting, let them sting,
Soon more nettles we will bring.

Thrushes hie, hither nigh,
Thro' the window now they fly.
Help her sew, ere you go,
Darling thrushes! end her woe.

Thrushes.

Weet-ter-weet, here are we,
Weet-ter-weet, to work for thee;
Courage take, courage take,
While our beaks we sharper make.

Now the seams we will sew,
In and out the stitches go;
On they run, one by one,
Soon the work will all be done.

Mice and Trushes.

Now we work with a will,
See, one sleeve is wanting still;
Never fear, never fear,
'Twill be done ere morn appear.

XIV. Chorus of Swans.

Swiftly, brothers,
Let us fly through the gloom;
Save Elfrida
Ere she yields to her doom.

Courage, sister, courage, sister,
Night will soon, soon be o'er;
When the morning's light appeareth
Grief shall assail thee no more!

Courage, sister'dear,
Fast we fly unto thee,
When the morning dawns
Thy brothers will set thee free.

XV. Finale.

Elfrida.

My task is over, my trials are ended,
My brothers near me, by Heav'n befriended,
Tho' mine the hand to set them free.

My heart rejoices with purest of gladness,
My husband no longer will meet me in sadness,
For ever restored unto me.

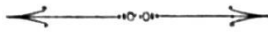
Elfrida and Prince.

Oh, what sweet joy now awaits me,
All my love will be requited;
After all this time of sorrow
To my dear one re-united.

Chorus.—Oh, what sweet joy now awaits them,
A joy we deemed for ever past,
Now returns in all its brightness,
Through their future lives to last.

Brothers.

Hail Elfrida, noble sister!
All thy sorrows now are past;
God with every joy reward thee,
Thro' eternal life to last.



PART II.

I. On Upper Langbathsea.....*E. S. Engelsberg*

On upper Langbathsea
The snow is ling'ring yet,
There creeps a hunter cautiously,
And seeks—I know not what.

Tarry my dearest friend,
Wait for the summer glow!
Then, where the grasses bend,
Thou'lt trace the tender doe.

The summer comes to the sea,
With it a doe so fair;
Watch now! my hunter free,
Watch now, 'tis time! ah, there!
See I right?

Downward his gun he slings,
Downward his cap he flings,
He shouts, and round her neck he clings,
Such dear delight.

Recall the morn's pure light;
Our happy trysting night!
Ah! ne'er forget I thy sweet vow
Upon the mountain brow.
Whate'er Fate brings to me,
Naught dearer can there be,
Than one sweet hour with thee.

On Langbathsea.

GLEE CLUB.

- II. "Roberto, o tu che adoro,".....*Meyerbeer*
Cavatina, from Roberto il Diavolo.

MISS WINCHELL.

- III. Sweet and Low, (Ms.).....*F. L. York*

DOUBLE QUARTET.

MISSES WHEDON, ANGELL, LANE and ROYCE; and MESSRS.
HAWLEY, BOYER, VANDEVENTER and DENNIS.

- IV. The Wanderer.....*Fesca*

MR. WARREN.

- V. (1.) The Wreath you Wove, (Ms.).....*R. G. Cole*

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Is fair—but oh! how fair,
If pity's hand had stol'n from Love
One leaf to mingle there.

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dew-drops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sighed
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
Must keep its tears for me.—*Thomas Moore.*

(2.) Gladness and Sadness, (Ms.).....*F. L. York*

Glad now, and sad now,
And now thoughtfull be.
Yearning and burning
Sweet pain constantly:
Deeply despairing,
All fear now above,
Happy alone are the true hearts that love.—*Goethe.*

MISS WINCHELL.

VI. (1.) Gone By.....*W. Bargiel*

(2.) The Rose Bush.....*Hodges*

..... Arranged for the Club.

“As for man his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth.”—Psalm CIII.
“In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth.”—Psalm XC.

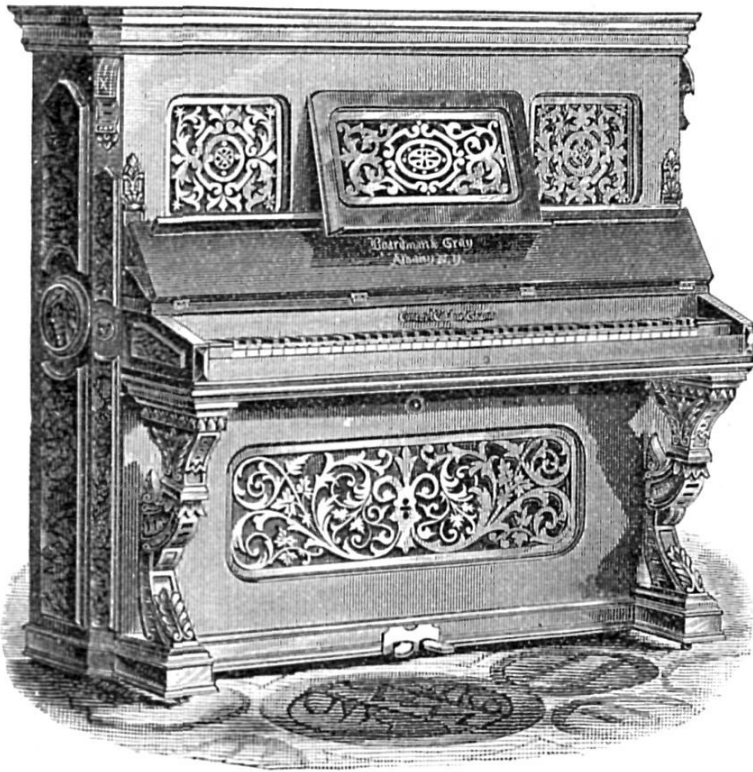
AMPHION CLUB.



1837.

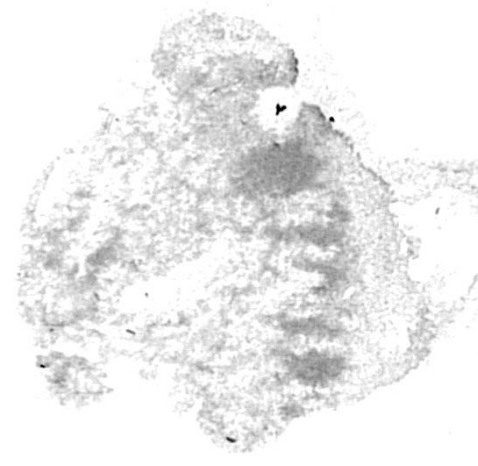
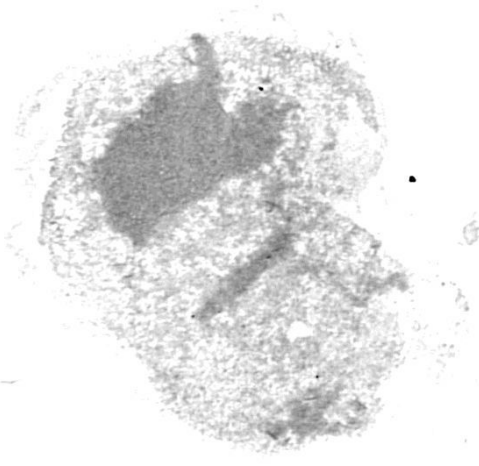
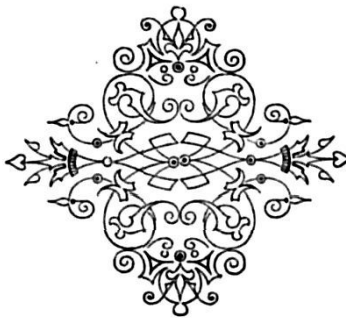
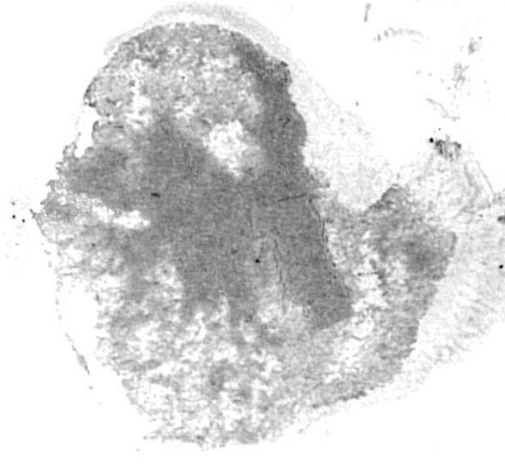
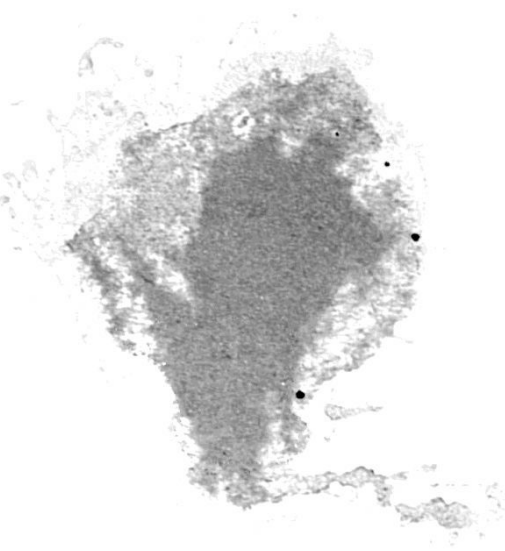
ESTABLISHED.

1837.



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ALVIN WILSEY, General Agent.



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