

1887.

1888.

University Musical Society,

CVI.

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

PROF. C. B. CADY, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT CONCERT
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

BY

THE AMPHION CLUB

ASSISTED BY

✓ THE UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB,
AND AN
ORCHESTRA OF 22 PIECES.

SOLOISTS.

✓ Miss MAY WHEDON, Soprano.

✓ Miss KATE JACOBS, Contralto.

✓ Mr. CHAS. B. STEVENS, of Detroit, Tenor,

✓ Miss JULIA CARUTHERS, Accompanist.

UNIVERSITY HALL,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 27, 1888.

CONCERT TO BEGIN PROMPTLY AT 7:30.

PROF. C. B. CADY, }
MR. ORIN B. CADY, } CONDUCTORS.

L. D. WINES, BUSINESS MANAGER.

The Passing of Summer.

ARGUMENT.

Herein is told how that there were two lovers that held each other exceeding dear. And how, when the time of the passing of Summer was at hand, they were minded to say some manner of farewell to her,—for love had come to them with her, and she had given them many blessed days. And how, as they fared forth then came to them gracious Summer herself, and was with them all that day, and made them witnesses of her farewell to that land.

The Passing of Summer.

PART I.

Chorus at the dawning of day.

Lo! how the Shadow-mother, Night,
Clad in her dusky hair, a sombre cloud,
Sad-eyed and silent, turns with gesture proud,
And sweeps her children from the slaying light.

See, one by one her shadows die,
Pierced by the glowing shafts of conquering Day.
He comes! the victor comes! His banners gay,
Glorious and golden, fill the eastern sky.

The lover singeth to awaken his lady.

O lady of my heart
So fair, so dear,
Up from thy slumbers start,
The day is here!
Open thine eyes, my sweet,
Sandal thine eager feet,
Don all thy raiment meet,
The day is here!

O lady of my heart,
Why make delay?
So swift the hours depart
Summer's last day!

Hast thou forgotten, sweet,
While the dark hours fleet,
This morn we twain must greet
Summer's last day?

And the lady answereth from her window.

Not long, O love, not long
Will I delay,
Lest one fair hour I wrong
Of this fair day.
All through the darksome night
Sleeping in slumber light,
Dreamed I the hours bright
Of this fair day.

And the twain sing as they set out together.

All through the summer days
Joy hath us clad,
Love hath led all our ways,
Life hath been glad.
Now that the long days die
Shall we our thanks deny
That hearts beat fast and high
And life was glad!

Chorus, as the lovers come to the wood where Summer is.

When with her buds and her blossoms the Springtime
Lightly flits over the land,
Young lives awaken, and young vows are taken,
Old tears are dried, and old sorrows shaken,
Fear is forgotten, and grief is forsaken,
And joy rules over the land.

When the swift Springtime yields place to the Summer,
Once more to gladden the land,
Young hearts take fire, for Love strikes the lyre,
Passion and pain the growing soul tire,
Tears come unbidden, and restless desire,
And Love rules over the land.

Ye that have lived and have loved in these seasons
As they flew over the land,
In these fair hours now pluck your last flowers,
Summer makes ready to leave her bright bowers,
Autumn comes hasting with sighing and showers,
And change rules over the land.

(The lady speaketh, hearing the warning of the chorus.)

There is a wailing in the summer air,
The sunlight hath grown fainter.—O my love,
Who is it meets us in the woody path,
So fair, so pale, so sad?

(Summer approacheth, saying:)

Nay, fear me not,
For I am she whom ye come forth to seek.
I am the Summer, come to say farewell.

From the dawn to the dark through the long golden hours
All the land hath grown glad in my sight:
I have fed the brown brooks with mine own gentle showers,
I have breathed mine own breath into sweet-smelling flowers,
I have taught the low winds the song of delight
They sing day and night.

But the long days are over, my flowers will be falling,
The winds will forget my low song,
And winter will silence the brooks' happy brawling,—
Hark! hear ye not now the Autumn's voice calling:
"Hasten, O Summer, your song,
Your stay is too long!"

(The Chorus.)

Hasten, O Summer, your stay is too long!

Summer calleth her children.

Now haste ye hither, all ye summer things,
And let me say my farewell unto you!
For I must get me from this land I love,
And Autumn shall rule o'er you in my stead.
Come, Summer's children! Come, ye southern winds!
Come, laughing brooks! Come, swaying, whisp'ring leaves!
Come, soft-hued flowers, come and say farewell,
For ye shall die ere I may come again.

Chorus of Summer Winds.

Whisper soft,
Whisper sweet,
Winds that sigh,
Breezes fleet;
Sing and sigh,
Sing and sigh
Toward her feet!
Let us by,
Grasses high
Where no more the brooding bird her nestlings finds,—
Let us pass,
Swaying grass!
We, the wandering, whispering, singing summer winds!

From the south,
Sunny south,
Kisses blow
To her mouth;
South and west
Kiss, and rest
On her mouth.
Sob and sigh
"Sweet, good-by!
Rest thee where no icy breath thy dwelling finds,
Fain would we
Sleep with thee,
We the sleepless, wandering, wailing summer winds!"

Chorus of Falling Leaves.

Swing and sway,
Swing and sway,
Kissed by Summer's softly-singing breeze!
Ceaselessly
Whisper we
Secrets of the trees.

Through the budding months our myriad voices
Filled the land with murmuring melody,
Sounds so sweet the listening heart rejoices
In the low mysterious harmony.

Swing and sway,
Swing and sway,
Through the spring-time, through the summer hours!
Blossoms blow
Far below,—
Could we kiss the flowers!

So Love fills us with his strange desire
For the tender blossoms far below,
Till our pale hues change to tints of fire,
And the tree in pity lets us go.

Flutter down,
Flutter down,
Floating, falling through the sunlit air,
Till we rest
On Earth's breast,—
But no flowers are there.

Faded are they all, the tender flowers,
Faded too are we, and soon to die;
Summer with her train of happy hours
Waits to hear us sing our sad good-by.

Slowly fall,
Slowly fall!
Faded leaflets, rustling, sere and dry!
Birds are fled,
Flowers are dead,
Summer says good-by.

(Summer dismisseth her children.)

Farewell, farewell!
Winds, brooks and flowers, softly-swaying leaves!
Farewell, farewell!
Let Autumn sing to you his sleepy song,
And Winter kiss you with his icy lips
Until ye slumber sound;—
Sleep, till the spring-time comes!

(And sayeth farewell to the lovers.)

O ye that have been with me all this day
And seen my hands yield up my power
Over my children, and give them up to die,
Seeing that I depart—now even to you,
Dear as ye love me, must I say farewell,
The shadows lengthen, and the day is done.
Live ye, and love, and memory keep of me
When other lips than these of mine
Sing other songs, and other flowers
Bloom full as fair—and yet are not the same.
For though all other seasons bring to you
Joy and great rapture, though their days are fair,
I was Love's Summer, and more fair than all,
Ye shall forget me not, even though I die.

(But the lady bids her be of good cheer.)

O Summer, gentle Summer, go not sadly hence,
Think not that all thy flowers are doomed to die.
See! I have that to tell will make thee glad!

(The lady singeth:)

O Summer, gentle Summer, in the dear June days
Bud bloomed into flower at thy command,
Flower-scent and sunshine fell from thy lavish hand;
And in the tangled ways
Of wildwood copse, where hidden flowers bloomed
Sweet roses, countless roses, each wandering breeze perfumed.

O Summer, gentle Summer, 'midst these myriad flowers
Was it strange that one unknown to thee,
All unseen, undreamed of, should sowed be?
Yet in the dear June hours
Slow grew to bud and bloom love's deep, red rose,
Love's flower, whose leaves no frost can blight or close!

(And the lover joins with her, and Summer also:)

Grow, happy roses, in the wildwood ways,
Scatter to every breeze your incense sweet,
Grow, bud and bloom!
Bloom bravely, roses, for your time is fleet,
And ye must fade and die. But my love-flower
Bows not its head to Autumn's chilling power,—
It withers not, Time doth not bring it down,
Nor even Death can mow it to his feet!

Chorus.

O Flower of Love! who can tell of thy sowing?
Thy springing and blooming are not for our knowing,
O Flower of Love!
Thy sunshine is gladness, thy rain is our weeping,
The summer of youth hath thy days in its keeping,
But autumn brings to thee no ripeness for reaping,
O Flower of Love!

Chorus at the falling of night.

Silent the song and the murmur of voices gone,
Since all the rose, and the gold pales to gray,
Hand clings to hand, but the hearts of the lovers know
Love's Summer dies with the day.

Still are the passion and pain as the Summer goes,
Soft cometh Night, with her calmness blest,
Sweet gifts she grants as the shadows in silence close,—
Sleep, and forgetfulness, rest.

PART II.

- I. Incidental Music from the Opera of Orpheus, - *Gluck*
 (a) Furientanz.
 (b) Ballet von Seligen Geister in Elysium.
 (c) Chacone.
- II. Spanish Gypsy, - - - - - *Lassen*
 (in costume)
 AMPHION CLUB.
- III. Carpe Diem, - - - - - *Gayley*
 GLEE CLUB.
- IV. "Of thee, I'm thinking, Margretta." - - *Helmund*
 MR. C. B. STEVENS.
- V. Scene from the Opera "Sylvana," - - *Weber*
 For Soprano Solo and Chorus.
 MISS MAY WHEDON and AMPHION CLUB.

