

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL. D.,
PRESIDENT.

ALBERT A. STANLEY,
DIRECTOR.

CHORAL UNION

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

UNIVERSITY HALL.

WEDNESDAY EVE., JUNE 25TH, 1890.

A. A. STANLEY,
Director.

O. B. CADY,
Pianist.

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copy

THE CHORAL UNION

WILL BE ASSISTED BY

✓ Mrs. IDA BELLE WINCHELL, Soprano,
of Minneapolis.

✓ Mr. JULES JORDAN, Tenor,
of Providence.

✓ Mr. FRANCIS CAMPBELL, Bass,
of Grand Rapids.

AND A

FULL ORCHESTRA.

✓ Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

* THE LIGHT OF ASIA,

A Cantata from the Poem by Sir Edwin Arnold,

BY

DUDLEY BUCK.

PART I.—PROLOGUE.

No. I.—CHORUS.

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit
Who rule our world ; and under them are zones
Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead
Wait thrice ten thousand years, then live again.
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth,
So that the Devas knew the signs, and said,
“ Buddha will go again to help the World.”
Through all the deeps a tender whisper pierced—
“ O ye,” it said, “ the dead who are to live,
The live who die, arise, and hear, and hope !
 Buddha is come !”
“ The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule.”
The gods walked free with men that day
Though men knew not.
Heaven was filled with gladness for earth’s sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha now was come again.

* The Washington Choral Society gave the first public performance of this work
May 6, 1887.

No. 2.—BASS SOLO.

The King gave order that his town should keep
High festival, and made the people happy by command.
Among the strangers came to view the wondrous boy,
A gray-haired saint, Asita, one whose ears
Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds
(The Devas singing songs at Buddha's birth);
Him, drawing near, seeming so reverend,
The King saluted, and Queen Maya made
To lay her babe before such holy feet.
But when he saw the Prince the old man cried,
"O babe! I worship! Thou art He!
I see the rosy light, the sacred primal signs.
And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh.
This is that blossom on our human tree, O King,
Which opens once in many myriad years;
Now from thy royal root a heavenly Lotus springs,
Ah, happy house! ah, happy house!
And thou, sweet Queen, dear to all gods and men,
Henceforth art grown too sacred for more woe,
For life is woe—therefore in seven days
Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain.

CHORUS (*sotto voce.*)

Which fell: for on that seventh eve
Queen Maya smiling slept, and waked no more.

No. 3.—RECITATIVE AND SEMI-CHORUS. (*Female voices.*)

When the eighth year was passed
The careful King bethought to teach his Son
All that a Prince should learn.
Reverence Siddârtha kept to all his masters
Although beyond their learning taught:
So sped the time, and waxed Siddârtha's stature,
Until at length attained were eighteen years.
Round him delicious gardens bloomed;

Streams wandered wild and musky thickets stretched,
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn :
Some new delight provided every hour.
And happy hours he knew, but still there came
The shadows of deep meditation back.
For, looking deep, he saw the thorns which grow
Upon this rose of life.
How every creature slew, and in its turn was slain ;
Life living upon death ; while
Round him delicious gardens bloomed,
Some new delight provided every hour.

NO. 4.—CHORUS. (*Spring song.*)

O come and see the pleasance of the Spring,
And how the fruitful Earth doth yield its riches !
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time.
Among the palms the rippling waters ring,
And all the juugle laughs with nesting song :
The thickets rustle with small life,
The blue doves coo from every well :—far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast :
All things rejoice, pleased at the Spring-time.

NO. 5a. BASS SOLO.—THE AUDIENCE.—THE KING ADDRESSING HIS
MINISTERS.

“ Bethink ye, O my ministers, what old Asita spake,
And my dream-readers long ago foretold :
This boy, more dear to me than my heart’s blood,
Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings.
Or, he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains ;
To this his wistful eyes do still incline among my palaces.
How may his feet be turned to that proud road,

Where they *should* walk, and all fair signs come true
Which gave him Earth to rule, if he *would* rule?
But ye are sage, and ye shall counsel me."

No. 5*b*.—MALE CHORUS OF COUNSELLORS.

Love will cure these thin distempers,
Naught doth he know of beauty yet;
Of eyes that make us heaven forget;
Then weave Love's spell about his heart.
Seek we him wives, range Beauty's garden round,
Some one will charm, some face will seem a Paradise.
This do, O King! command a festival.
A court of pleasure,
Let the Prince give prizes to the fair,
And when the lovely victims pass his seat,
Then shall we mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek,
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eye.
And the King said:
"This pleaseth me; command we then a festival."

No. 6.—THE PROCESSION OF MAIDENS.

Now flock Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Fresh bathed and scented, all in gay attire.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls,
Slow pacing past the throne, their large black eyes
Fixed on the ground; for when they saw the Prince
More than the awe of majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts; he sat so passionless,
Gentle, but so beyond them.
Each maiden took, with down-dropped eyes, her gift,
Afraid to gaze, trembling at favour
So divine he seemed, so high, and saint-like,
And above her world. So filed they by.

No. 7.—DUO—SOPRANO AND TENOR. THE RECOGNITION.

When all this beauteous march was ending,
And all the prizes spent, at last came young Yasôdhara,
A form of heavenly mould; a face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full upon the Prince.
At sudden sight of her he changed—
And now she gazed on him, and he on her,
And what beside passed in their speaking glance.
“Is there a gift for me?” she asked:
“The gifts are gone,” the Prince replied,
“Yet for amends take this, dear sister,
Of whose grace our happy city boasts.”
Therewith he losed the necklet from his throat,
And clasped it round her waist,
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.
Ah, beyond words that sound on earth,
Beauty unseen, unknown, unthought!
Splendor of love, in whose sweet light
Darkness is past and nought.
Thus while the wheel of life and death turns round,
That which hath been must be between us two.
Splendor of love! Darkness is past!

No. 8.—BASS SOLO.

The King sent messengers to ask the maid in marriage.
But it was law, when any asked a maid of noble house,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it.
Despite his rose-bowers and his dreams,
Best was Siddârtha found in all.
Best with the bow, chief of the sword,
Master of fiery steeds;
All suitors wondering by what magic taught,
Despite his rose-bowers and his dreams.
So home they brought the sweet Yasôdhara,

With songs and trumpets to the Prince's arms.
So came she where he stood awaiting her
At the bowers entry, like a god to see,
With marriage gladness and the grace of heaven :
And all the throng rejoiced and sang :

No. 9.—WEDDING CHORUS.

Enter thrice happy ! enter thrice desired !
And let the gates of Hari shut thee in
With the soul destined to thee from of old.
Enter beneath the flowers, O flower fair !
Beneath the tendrils, Loveliest ! that entwine,
And clasp, and wreath, and cling with kissing stems.
Enter the house of love, O loveliest !
Enter the marriage-bower, most Beautiful !
Thy heart *has* entered, let thy feet go too ;
Enter thrice happy one !

PART II.—THE RENUNCIATION.

No. 10.—SOPRANO SOLO.

Within the bower of happy life and love
Lived now Siddârtha, knowing not of woe.
A chosen band of nautch-girls led his thoughts to bliss
With music, amorous song, and dreamy dance.
Once while he drowsed, with gentle head
Lulled on the breast of fair Yasôdhara,
On silver strings the wind wild music made,
And to his ears alone the Devas sang these words :

No. 11.—FEMALE SEMI-CHORUS.

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
That moan for rest and rest can never find.
Lo ! as the wind is, so is mortal life,

A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.
O Maya's son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth;
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

TENOR.

Then spake he sighing: "Is there so wide a world?
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll
Into the waves, and are their hearts like ours—
Countless—unknown—not happy—
Whom we might succour if we knew of them?—
Is there so wide a world?"

THE DEVAS.

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

TENOR.

Then said Siddârtha: "This, too, have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my heart is fixed to think how Love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old.

THE DEVAS.

But thou who art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery.
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain.
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

TENOR.

Then did he start and cry: "My world! O world!
I hear! I know! I come! The veil is rent!
There *must* be aid! for me and all there must be help!

THE DEVAS (*from a distance.*)

So sigh we passing o'er the silver strings.
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

No. 12.—BASS SOLO. THE KING'S DREAM.

That night the King dreamed seven signs of fear,
Which none could read;
Till to the gate there came an aged man,
By guise a hermit, known to none,
Who, brought before the King, bowed reverent and said:
“I hail this favoured house, whence shall arise
A wider-reaching splendour than the sun's!
Lo! all these seven fears are seven joys, and signify
The strength with which the Prince shall quit his state,
And shake the world with passage of the Truth
O King, rejoice!
The fortune of thy son is more than kingdoms,
His hermit rags will be beyond fine cloths of gold.
This was thy dream.
In seven days and nights these things shall fall.”
But at the brazen doors of Prince Siddârtha's pleasure house
The sad King gave command to set a double guard.
Yet who shall shut out fate?

No. 13.—CHORUS.

Softly the Indian night sank o'er the plain,
Fragrant with blooms, and jewelled thick with stars,
And cool with mountain airs sighing adown
From snowflats on Himâla high outspread.
The moon upon the eastern peaks
Silvered the roof-tops of the pleasure-house
And all the sleeping land.
Within the ante-chamber of the Prince soft fell her beams
On such rare company of Indian girls,
It seemed a chamber sweet in Paradise;
For all the chosen ones were there.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils, they slept.

No. 14.—SOPRANO SOLO.—TENOR SOLO AND DUO.

Within the bower of inmost splendour,
Half risen from Siddârtha's side,

With heaving bosom and fast falling tears
The lovely Princess moaned, "Awake, my Lord!
Give me the comfort of thy speech!
In slumber came a voice of fear,
Crying, 'The time is nigh! the time is nigh!'
And when I sought thy side, sweet Lord!
Ah, on our bed there lay an unpressed pillow
And an empty robe!
Nothing of thee but those, nothing of thee
Who art my life and light, my King, my world!
And once again that cry, 'The time is come!'
O Prince! what may such visions mean
Except I die—or, worse than death,
Thou shouldst forsake me, or be taken?"

TENOR.

"Comfort thee, dear," Siddârtha said,
"If comfort live's in changeless love,
Thou knowest how I muse these many moons,
Seeking to save the sad earth I have seen,
And when the time comes, that which shall be, will.
Yet whatsoever fall to thee and me,
Be sure I loved and love Yasôdhara."

Duo.

When most my spirit wanders
Ranging o'er land and sea,
Home with glad wing it ever more returns
To thee.

SOPRANO.

O thou who art my life, my King, my world!

TENOR.

O mother of my babe, thou gentlest, best!

BOTH.

Always I loved, and always love thee well.

No. 15.—CHORUS.

Then in her tears she slept, but sleeping, sighed—
As if that vision passed again—“The time!
The time is come!” Whereat Siddârtha turned,
And lo! the moon shone by the Crab! the stars
In that same silver order long foretold,
Stood ranged to say, “This is the night!

Choose thou

The way of greatness, or the way of good:
To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped.”
With whispers of the gloom
Came to his ears again that warning song
As when the Devas spake upon the wind;
And surely gods were round about the place
Watching the Prince, who watched the shining stars.

No. 16.—TENOR SOLO.

“I will depart, he spake, “the hour is come!
Thy tender lips, dear sleeper, summon me
To that which saves the earth but sunders us.
O summoning stars, I come! O mournful earth!
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen!
Wife! father! people! ye must share
A little while the anguish of this hour,
That light may break and all flesh learn the law.
Press heavy, Night, upon her down-dropped lids,
That no tear stay me and no faithful voice.

Farewell! farewell!

I go to seek deliv’rance and the unknown light!”

No. 17.—CHORUS.

There came a wind which lulled each sense a swoon
Of captains and of soldiers;
The gates of triple brass rolled back all silently
On their grim hinges;

Then, lightly treading, where those sleepers lay,
Into the night Siddârtha passed,
While o'er the land a tremor spread,
As if Earth's soul beneath stirred with an unknown hope,
And rich celestial music thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones.
Also those four dread Regents of the Earth,
Descending at the doorway, two by two,
With their bright legions of invisibles
In arms of sapphire, silver, gold and pearl,
Watched with joinéd hands,
As on Siddârtha passed
Into the night.

NO. 18.—TENOR SOLO.

For six long years wandered the Prince,
Seeking both night and day the light he was to find:
Teaching with saintly pity and soft speech
The way of right and duty.
From noontide until sunset would he muse,
Watching the earth with ever ardent eyes,
And thoughts embracing all its living things.
“O flowrets of the field,” he said,
“Who turn your tender faces to the sun,
Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath,
Ye miss not perfect living.
And O ye palms; which eager rise
To pierce the sky and drink the wind,
What secret know ye that ye grow content?”
Thus wandered he through nights of watching
And through days of fasts, until at last
He came to that great Tree, beneath
Whose leaves it was ordained that Truth
Should come to him.

NO. 19.—CHORUS. VOICES OF EARTH AND AIR.

Pass to the tree! Oh thou who hast subdued,
Thou who for each and all hast given thyself.

Pass to the Tree! the sad world blesseth thee,
Thou who art he that shall assuage her woes.
Pass, Hailed and Honoured! strive thy last for us
King and High Conqueror! thine hour is come;
This is the Night the ages waited for!

NO. 20.—RECITATIVE. BASS.

Then fell the night even as he sat
Under that Tree. But he who is the Prince
Of darkness, Mara—knowing this was Buddh',
Who should deliver men, and now the hour
When he should find the truth and save the worlds—
Gave unto all his evil powers command.

NO. 21.—CHORUS. THE TEMPTATION.

Now trooped from every deepest pit
The fiends who war with Wisdom and the Light,
The brood of gloom and dread.
On came the demon-armies, clouding all the wind
With terrors of the tempest, thunder, and blinding light,
Flung from the splitting sky in jagged javelins
Of purple wrath. But Buddha heeded not.
Anon there came, with softened airs,
Whispers of love and wanton songs,
Fair shapes of witching beauty;
With soft float of beckoning hands,
And eyes alight with love-flames.
Nearer the Tree these midnight dancers swept,
When lo! from out the throng a shape came forth,
Wearing the guise of sweet Yasôdhara,
Sighing—

SOPRANO SOLO.

“My Prince! I die for lack of thee!
Lo! all these weary years I weep for thee!
Return, Siddârtha! ah! return. But touch
My lips again and all these dreams will end.
Ah, look! am I not she thou lovest?”

TENOR SOLO.

“For the sweet sake of her thou playest thus,
Fair and false shadow! is thy playing vain;
I curse thee not who wear'st a form so dear.
Melt to thy void again!”

CHORUS.

A cry ran through the grove, and all that comely rout
Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail
Of vaporous robes.

While under darkening skies came fiercer sins,
Whose footsteps left the midnight darker.
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,
Stars shot from heaven, the torn black air was
Full of evil faces peering to tempt the Master.
But Buddha heeding not, the hellish legions fled
Back to their darkness with the Lords of Hell:
And lo! the dawn sprang with Buddh's victory.

Over the spangled grass
Now swept the footsteps of the lovely Light,
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems.
Radiant, rejoicing, strong now Buddh' arose,
And, far and near, there spread an unknown peace,
As that divinest daybreak lightened Earth.
The world was glad!

PART III.—THE RETURN.

No. 22.—SOPRANO SOLO.

Sorrowful dwelt Yasôdhara all these long years,
Lacking the speech and presence of her Lord.
Ah, bitter night! mother of weeping days!
When was fond Love so pitiless to love?
But on a day by the bright garden-streams she sat,
Watching with saddened eyes the swiftly-flying birds:
“O creatures of the wandering wing,” she sighed,

“If ye should light where my dear Lord is hid,
Say that Yasôdhara lives nigh to death
For one word of his mouth, one touch of him!”

As thus she sighed came damsels of the court,
Who said: “Great Princess! merchants from afar
Have come with tidings of our Lord.
Thy Lord! The hope of all the land—Siddârtha!”
The glad blood bounded in her veins,
She clapped her palms, and laughed, and cried
With brimming tears—Go! let them in!”

So went the merchants to the Pleasure-House,
Whom, when they came without the purdah’s folds,
A voice, tender and eager filled and charmed
With trembling music, saying:
“Ye come from far, fair sirs! and have ye seen my Lord?
O speak! for if this be, ye welcome are and dear.”

NO. 23.—MALE CHORUS.

Him have we seen, Siddârtha who was lost!
Yea, and have worshipped him with knees and brow.
Uplifted as a God from earthly woes
He is become world-honored, wise, a Buddh’,
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear,
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,
While all the hearts of men do follow on his path;
And lo! he journeys hither.

NO. 24.—SOPRANO SOLO.

Uprose Yasôdhara with joy and spake:
“O ye that bring good tidings!
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart
Ye shall have guerdon!
Make ready for the entrance of the Prince.”

NO. 25.—CHORUS.

While the town rang with music and high joy,

In litter borne, Yasôdhara did hasten to the gate,
Where rose a bright pavilion,
Flower-wreathed, with walls of silk.
Soon they beheld one slow approaching,
Clad in a yellow robe as hermits are,
Who seemed so reverend all the throng did whisper,
“ Who is this ? ”

SOPRANO SOLO.

But as he came with quiet foot-fall on
Nigh the pavilion—lo! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasôdhara did cry,
“ Siddârtha! Lord!”
Then sobbing fell before his feet, and lay.

No. 26.—CHORUS.

’Tis he! Siddârtha, who was lost!
That which shall save the world
Hath late been wrought by him,
The friend of all—the Prince of all,
Thine most, High Lady! from whose tears
Men win the comfort of this Word the Master speaks.

No. 27.—BASS SOLO.

But when the King heard how Siddârtha came
Clad in a yellow robe, and asking alms,
Then wrathful sorrow drove love from his heart,
Thrice on the ground he spat,
Plucked at his silver beard,
And forth he strode, lackeyed by trembling lords.
Frowning, he clomb upon his war-horse,
Drove the spurs, and dashed, angered,
Through the wondering streets; until he met
A mighty crowd, close following him, whose
Look serene now met the old King’s gaze.
The King broke forth: “ Ends it in this,
The great Siddârtha *steals* into his realm,

Wrapped in a clout! craving food from low-borns!
He whose life was as god's?
Thou shouldst have come appalled in thy rank,
With shining spears and tramp of horse and foot,
My son! My heir!
Where hast thou sojourned all these evil years,
Whilst thy crowned father mourned?—and she, thy wife,
Lived as the widows use—foregoing joy—
Till now, in cloth of gold, she welcomes home
A beggar-spouse, in yellow remnants clad!
Son, why is this?"

NO. 28.—TENOR AND BASS DIALOGUE AND
TERZETT WITH SOPRANO.

TENOR.

Then he, sinking his knee to earth in proud humility.
"My Father! 't is the custom of my race."

BASS.

"Thy race," replied the King, "counteth a
Hundred Thrones, but never deed like this!"

TENOR.

"Of mortal line I spake not,
But of descent invisible,
The Buddhas who have been, and who shall be.
Of these am I, and what they do I do,
And with all lowly love I now do proffer
The first-fruits of the treasure I have brought."

BASS.

Then ceased the father's wrath:
Amazed he asked, "What treasure?"

TENOR.

And the Teacher took meekly the royal palm.

TERZETT.

And as they onward paced, he taught
The Princess and the King the Truths,
Whereby who will may walk upon the perfect path.

BASS.

The King with brows unknit, drinking the mighty words,
When all was finished, said—
“Take me, O Son, as least of all thy Company.”

SOPRANO.

Then sweet Yasôdhara, all happy now,
Cried, “Give to our boy—thou Blessed One!
The Treasure of the Kingdom of thy Word!”

SOPRANO, TENOR AND BASS.

Thus passed the Three into the Way of Peace.

No. 29.—EPILOGUE AND FINALE.

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power Divine which moves to good,
Whose laws alone endure.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers—
Strewing the way with joy! there throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours.

The Dew is on the Lotus! Rise, great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix it with the wave.
The Sunrise comes! the Sunrise comes!
The Dew-drop slips into the shining sea.

Hail! High Deliverer, Hail!

CHORAL UNION.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Sopranos.

Miss Anna M. Bailey,
Miss Julia Brennan,
Miss Ella Buck,
Miss Elizabeth Campbell,
Miss Mary E. Carter,
Miss Laura Clark,
Miss Lucy Cole,
Miss Lucy Comstock,
Miss L. C. Condon,
Miss H. A. T. Crippen,
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Miss R. W. Rogers,
Miss Elizabeth Seymour,
Miss Kate Seymour,
Miss Louise Taylor,
Miss Ruth Willoughby.

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W. H. Dorrance,
E. C. Harriman,
L. P. Joelyn,

G. E. McIlwain,
F. W. Nagler,
R. M. Reid,
P. W. Ross,

A. H. Smith,
G. H. Veldhuis,
W. Wilhartz.

Bassos.

C. T. Alexander,
J. E. Ball,
C. C. Benedict,
P. R. de Pont,
R. W. Doughty,
T. J. Doughty,
P. B. Herr,
H. E. Hodge,
A. H. Hopkins,

H. M. Joy,
G. A. Katzenberger,
W. D. Kelly,
F. F. Lehman,
Carl Martzorf,
E. H. Neff,
R. Osius,
J. A. Palmer,
H. M. Patten,

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