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1892. CHORAL UNION SERIES. 1893.

FOURTH SEASON.

SIXTH CONCERT.

COMPLETE SERIES NO. XXIII.

yes
GRAND WAGNER NIGHT

MAY 31, 1893

✓ THE CHORAL UNION

(260 VOICES)

ASSISTED BY A

FULL ORGHESTRA (WM. YUNGK, GONGERT-MASTER)

AND THE FOLLOWING SOLOISTS:

- ✓ MRS. GENEVRA JOHNSTONE BISHOP, Soprano, - Chicago.
✓ MISS FRANCES A. TAYLOR, Contralto, - Ann Arbor.
✓ MR. EDWARD C. TOWNE, Tenor, - - - New York.
✓ MR. HEINRICH MEYN, Baritone, - - - Boston.
✓ MR. SILAS R. MILLS, Bass, - - - Ann Arbor.

(UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC.)

✓ ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

THE SERIES NEXT SEASON WILL BE OPENED BY ANTON SEIDL'S ORCHESTRA.

A

THE CHORAL UNION.

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PROGRAMME.

1813.

RICHARD WAGNER.

1883.

I. RIENZI, (1840) - - - - - Overture.

ORCHESTRA.

II. FLYING DUTCHMAN, (1841) - - - - -

ACT. II. { a. Spinning Chorus.
 b. Ballad.
 c. Duet.

FEMALE CHORUS, SOLOISTS AND ORCHESTRA.

SENTA, Mrs. Bishop. MARY, Miss Taylor. DUTCHMAN, Mr. Meyn.

III. LOHENGRIN, (1847) - - - - - Prelude.

ACT. I. Beginning with Scene II.
ACT. II. Scene IV, Elsa's Bridal March.
ACT. III. Introduction. Bridal Chorus.

CHORUS. SOLOISTS. ORCHESTRA.

ELSA, Mrs. Bishop. ORTRUD, Miss Taylor.
LOHENGRIN, Mr. Towne. FREDERICK, Mr. Meyn. THE KING, Mr. Mills.

IV. MEISTERSINGER, (1867) - - - - - Prelude.

ORCHESTRA.

I. RIENZI, = = = = = Overture.

ORCHESTRA.



FLYING DUTCHMAN.



ACT II.

SPINNING CHORUS.

Hum, hum, hum, good wheel, be whirling,
Gaily, gaily, turn thee round!
Spin, spin, spin, the threads be twirling,
Turn good wheel with humming sound!
My love now sails on distant seas;
His faithful heart for home doth yearn;
Couldst thou, good wheel, but give the breeze,
My love would soon to me return!
Spin, spin, spin we duly,
Hum, hum, wheel go truly
Tra la ra, la, la, la, la, la.

MARY.

Ah, duly, duly are they spinning,
Each girl a sweetheart would be winning.

THE MAIDENS.

Dame Mary, hush! for well you know
Our song as yet must onward go!

MARY.

Then sing, yet ply a busy wheel,
But wherefore, Senta, art thou still?

THE MAIDENS.

Hum, hum, hum, etc., etc.

MARY (*to Senta*).

Thou careless girl! Wilt thou not spin
Thy lover's gift thou wilt not win.

THE MAIDENS.

She has no need to work as we;
Her lover sails not on the sea;
He brings her game, he brings not gold.
One knows the worth of hunters bold—Ha, ha, ha, etc.

SENTA (*Starting up angrily.*)

Be still with all your foolish jesting!
My temper you are bent on testing.

(The maidens interrupt her by singing as loudly as possible.)

Oh! make an end of all this singing,
Your hum, hum, hum quite tires my ear.
If me you would your way be bringing
Provide some better thing to hear.
Much would I rather
Dame Mary sang to us the ballad.

MARY.

I'd rather not attempt the thing,
The Flying Dutchman let him be.

SENTA.

The song I oft have heard you sing,
I'll sing myself.
Hark, then, to me!
A tale of sorrow I select you;
His wretched fate, it must affect you.
Mark ye the words!

BALLAD.

(Senta, seated in the old arm chair.)

Yo-ho-ho! Yo-ho-ho-ho! Yo-ho!

A ship the restless ocean sweeps;
Blood-red her sails and black her masts;

Her spectral captain never sleeps
But watchful glances round him casts.

Hui! The wind is shrill. Yo-ho-hey!

Like an arrow he flies without aim, without rest, without end.
Yet can the spectre seaman be freed from the curse infernal,

Find he a woman on earth who'll pledge him her love eternal.
Ah! mightest thou spectral seaman, but find her!

Pray ye that heaven may soon
At his need grant him this boon.

Against a tempest's utmost wrath
Around the Cape he once would sail.

He curs'd and swore a foolish oath:

Befall what may I will prevail.

Hui! And Satan heard! Yo-ho-hey.

He marked his word,

And condemned him to sail on the sea without aim, without end,
Yet this wretched man from his life-long curse may deliver,
Would but an angel show him the way his bondage to sever.
Ah! mightest thou, spectral seaman but find it!

Pray ye that heav'n may soon
At his need grant him this boon!

He goes on shore when seven years end;

A wife he seeks the land around;

But wheresoe'er his steps he bend,

For him no faithful wife is found.

Hui! Unfurl the sails. Yo-ho-hey!

Hui! The anchor weigh.

Faithless love! faithless troth!

To the sea without aim, without—

(Senta, exhausted, sinks back in the chair. The maidens go on softly.)

Ah! where is she, to whose loving heart the angel may guide thee;
Where lingers she, thine own untold death, whatever betide thee?

SENTA (*carried away by a sudden inspiration.*)

I am the one, who her love will save thee!

O may the angel hither guide thee,

Through me may new found joy betide thee.

DUET, "Like to a Vision."

(Daland, Senta's father, has returned bringing the Flying Dutchman as his guest.
They have met and are now left alone.)

THE DUTCHMAN.

Like to a vision seen in days long bygone,
This maiden's face and form appear,

What I have sought thro' countless years of sorrow,
Am I at last beholding here.
Oft from the depth of darkness gazing upward,
Sore have I longed, a love like hers to gain;
A beating heart was left me for my torment,
That I might still awake to all my pain.
This quenchless flame I feel within me burning.
Can I, unhappy one, love dare call it?
Ah no! It is but longing for release,
That I through such an angel might have peace.

SENTA.

And am I sunk in wondrous dreaming?
Is *this a vision which I see?*
Or am I now set free from long delusion?
Has morning truly dawn'd on me?
See, there he stands, his face with sorrow clouded,
He tells me all his mingled hope and fear;
Is it the voice of sympathy that cheats me?
As he has oft in dreams, so stands he here.
The sorrow which within my breast is burning,
Ah! this compassion, what dare I to call it!
The heart is longing after rest and peace,
And thou at last through me shalt find release.



LOHENGRIN.



ACT. I. SCENE II.

(Elsa has been accused of the murder of her brother and enters to meet her accusers in the presence of the king.)

CHORUS (*all the men*). Behold! She comes, how grief o'erclouds her!

How like an angel of light her hue!

He who with base suspicion loads her,

Must prove his dark surmise is true.

THE KING. Art thou she, Elsa of Brabant?

Wilt thou be deemed by me, thy sovereign lord?

Then further I ask thee, if the charge to thee is known, that darkly

is alleged against thee? Canst thou meet the accusation?

Thy guilt dost thou confess?

ELSA. Oh my poor brother!

THE MEN. 'Tis wondrous strange! Her words I cannot fathom!

THE KING. Speak, Elsa, in thy King thou may'st confide!

ELSA. Oft when the hours were lonely, I unto Heaven have prayed,

One boon I asked for only, to send the orphans aid;

I prayed in tears and sorrow, with heavy heart and sore,

Hoping a brighter morrow yet was for us in store.

Afar my words were wafted, I dreamt not help was nigh,

But One on high vouchsafed it, while I in sleep did lie.

THE MEN. 'Tis passing strange! Wondrous! Or doth she dream?

THE KING. Elsa, defend thyself before thy judge!

ELSA. I saw in splendor shining a Knight of glorious mien,

On me his eyes inclining with tranquil gaze serene;

A horn of gold beside him, he leant upon his sword,

Thus when I erst espied him 'mid clouds of light he soar'd;

His words so low and tender brought life renewed to me.

My guardian, my defender, thou shalt my champion be!

THE MEN. Oh Heaven! in mercy be thou near,

This day make truth from error clear!

THE KING. Frederick, bethink thee while there's time.

Could she enact so foul a crime?

FREDERICK. Her dreamy mood my mind hath ne'er deceived,

Ye hear, she raves about a lover!

I speak the truth, of that I'm well assured.

One do I know who can the deed attest.

But if ye doubt my word as knight and noble, no further proof or witness will I deign! For battle here I stand!

Who dares attain my honor, let that man stand forth and fight!

THE MEN. I am thy friend, I will not fight with thee.

FREDERICK. And thou, my king, recall to thy remembrance the day I sav'd thee from the murd'rous Dane!

THE KING. 'Twere ill if there were need of that to mind me!

Thou'rt brave and true, all honor's meed be thine,

As guardian of this land, I'd fain appoint thee, thou of my chiefs the noblest.

Heaven alone shall now for life or death decide between you.

THE MEN. A judgment of God! 'Tis well!

THE KING. Answer me noble Count of Telramund!

Wilt thou do battle here for life or death,

Shall Heaven's ordeal decide if thou spok'st truly?

FREDERICK. Yea!

THE KING. And now I ask thee Elsa of Brabant;

Wilt thou commit thy cause for life or death,

As Heaven's ordeal pronounceth by thy champion?

ELSA. Yea!

THE KING. Choose one who shall defend thee!

FREDERICK. Now ye shall know the name of her accomplice.

ELSA. My guardian, my defender, he shall my champion be!

This is the prize I offer to him whom Heaven shall send:—

The lands and crown I proffer, my sire to me did lend;

As lord I will declare him, and glory in his fame.

If in his heart he'll wear me, I'll give him all I am!

THE MEN. A noble prize, who will the victor be?

Who will contend what will be Heaven's decree?

THE KING. The sun stands high, noon will not tarry.

Call forth the warrior knight with trumpet's call.

THE HERALD. Who will do battle here on life or death for Elsa of Brabant, let him appear!

THE MEN. No champion to the call comes forth!

FREDERICK. Ye see, what now her cause is worth

Both right and power are justly mine!

THE MEN. Ah hapless maiden hope resign.

ELSA. My gracious sov'reign let me pray thee

Yet once again my knight to summon,

He dwells afar, and heareth not.

THE KING. Once more then let the call go forth.

THE HERALD. Who will do battle here, etc.

THE MEN. The Heav'ns are silent, she is doomed!

ELSA. (*Sinking on her knees in prayer.*) When in my grief I bent before thee
Thou sentest him who hath my vow;
Oh Lord, hear me again implore thee
In my distress, oh send him now!
Stainless and white, radiantly dight,
Let me behold that form of light.

CHORUS. (*They perceive Lohengrin in a skiff drawn by a swan appearing in the distance.*)

Look! This is sure a marvel! See! a swan!
A fair swan leading yonder pinnacle on!
And lo, a knight! a warrior fair, standing on the prow!
His arms resplendent gleam!
A helm of light on his brow!
Look! there! he comes nearer, he hath gained the shore!
And with a chain of gold the swan he reins!
Lo, he comes! (*In great excitement as Lohengrin approaches nearer*)
A marvel!
A marvel wrought amongst us, a great unheard of marvel.

FULL CHORUS. All hail thou hero from on high!
Be thou welcome, Heaven hath sent thee here!

LOHENGRIN. (*Standing with one foot on the shore.*) I give thee thanks my
faithful swan.

Turn thee again and breast the tide,
Return unto that land of dawn where joyous we did long abide,
Well thy appointed task is done! farewell, my trusty swan!

CHORUS. Doth he not seem from heaven descended?

His radiant mien holds me enthralled!

Valour and grace in him are blended,

To deeds of glory he is called.

LOHENGRIN. (*Making obeisance to the king.*) Hail, gracious sovereign!
Victory and honor be thy valor's meed!

Thy glorious name shall from the land that chose thee ruler, ne'er
depart.

THE KING. Have thanks! Methinks I know the Power that sent thee here
in this dread hour;

On heaven's mission thou art come.

LOHENGRIN. I came for yonder maid to fight, from dark surmise her name
to clear,

In combat true, to guard her right, who now my proffered vow shall
hear. (*He turns to Elsa.*)

I ask thee Elsa of Brabant if thou the boon to me wilt grant,
As thy champion to fight this day. Wilt thou entrust thy cause to me?

ELSA. My hope, my solace, hero mine! Do thou protect me, I am thine!

LOHENGRIN. If in thy cause today I conquer,
Wilt thou enpledge thy faith to me?

ELSA. As here I lowly bend before thee
Thine will I now and ever be.

LOHENGRIN. Elsa, if thou thy troth wilt plight me,
If from the foe this land I save,
If nought from me shall disunite thee,
A promise I of thee must crave.
Never, as thou dost love me,
Aught shall to question move thee
From whence to thee I came,
Or what my race and name!

ELSA. Lord, at thy will thou shalt command me!

LOHENGRIN. Elsa! say, dost thou understand me?
Never, as thou dost love me, etc.

ELSA. Oh thou! my hero, my defender,
No doubt of me is in thy heart,
I life and faith to thee surrender.
How could I question what thou art?
As thou wilt guard my name and land
Thus will I cherish thy command!

LOHENGRIN. Elsa, I worship thee!

CHORUS. Oh sweet enchantment, wondrous love, some magic power my
senses sways.

Deep in my heart thy spell I prove, splendor divine about them
plays!

LOHENGRIN. Ye knights, nobles and freemen of this land,
Guiltless and true is Elsa of Brabant!
Thy tale was falsehood, Count of Telramund,
By Heaven's assistance all thou shalt recant!

FREDERICK. If I must fail, I'll die!
What spells soe'er have brought thee here,
Stranger, who dost my sword defy,
No cause have I thy threats to fear,
For all is truth my words imply;

Behold me prepared for the fray,
If right prevails, I'll win the day!

LOHENGRIN. Great sovereign, now ordain the fight!

THE KING. Upon each side three knights the space shall measure.
I here proclaim this place a fenced field.

HERALD. All here attend and mark me well;
The fight no man shall seek to quell!
Let none within th' enclosure stand;
Who hinders aught that may befall,
If Freeman straight shall lose his hand,
And his base head shall forfeit the thrall!

THE MEN. The Freeman straight shall lose his hand,
And his base head shall forfeit the thrall!

HERALD. Mark me, ye combatants of might,
In fair and open quarrel fight!
By magic arts ye shall not win,
That were the judgment to deride!
Prosper as free ye are from sin,
Not in yourselves, in Heaven confide.

LOHENGRIN. Judge me free as I am from sin!

FREDERICK. Not in myself, in Heaven I bide!

THE KING. Oh King of Kings, on Thee I call;
Look down on us in this dread hour!
Let him in this ordeal fall
Whom Thou know'st guilty, Lord of power!
To stainless knight give strength and might,
With craven heart the false one smite;
Do Thou, O Lord, to hear us deign,
For all our wisdom is but vain.

ELSA, ORTRUD, LOHENGRIN, FREDERICK, AND THE KING.

Now, Lord, make known thy just decree;
I have no fear, I trust in Thee!
Oh King of Kings, on Thee I call;
Let not my honour tarnished be.

CHORUS. To stainless knight, etc.

THE COMBAT.

LOHENGRIN (*with the point of his sword on Frederick's breast*),

By Heaven's behest to me was vict'ry lent,
Thy life I spare, may'st thou in peace repent!

CHORUS. Hail! Hail! Hail! Great hero, hail!

ELSA. Oh joy, oh joy, oh that my tongue thy name could praise,
The songs of the angels for thee I would upraise,
My lord, here I confess thee, I'll live for thee alone!
Wilt thou divinely bless me, oh take me for thine own!

CHORUS. Intone a lay of pleasure, a loud triumphant measure!
Great be thy fame! Blest hour that brought thee!
Glorious thy name; base he that fought thee.
Thou cam'st to save when grief besought thee.
All praise to thee is due, thy name shall live in story.
Ne'er did a knight so true fulfill the land with glory.

LOHENGRIN. Heaven lent me strength to right thee,
That truth might stand confessed;
But now I will requite thee
For all thy sorrow past.

ORTRUD. Who is't that thus has doomed us?
Who brings my power to naught?
Oh had the earth entombed us
Ere we to shame were brought!

FREDERICK. Woe! Heaven itself hath doomed me,
And brought my trusted sword to naught.
Oh earth, hadst thou entombed me
Ere I to this were brought!

CHORUS. Great be thy fame—long live in glory, etc.
All hail to thee! Hail! Hail!

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Elsa's Bridal March to the Minster.

DOUBLE CHORUS. May every joy attend thee,
Who long in grief wert bound;
May Heaven its blessing lend thee,
And angels guard thee round!
She comes with blushes glowing,
On holy thoughts intent!
Thine be bliss o'erflowing—
Hail, Elsa of Brabant!

ACT III.

INTRODUCTION (*Orchestra*).

BRIDAL CHORUS.

Faithful and true, we lead thee forth,
Where love triumphant shall crown thee with joy!

Star of renown, flower of the earth,
Blest be ye both, far from all life's annoy.
Champion victorious, go thou before:
Maid bright and glorious, go thou before.
Mirth's noisy revel ye have forsaken,
Tender delights for you now awaken.
Fragrant abode enshrine ye in bliss,
Splendor and state in joy ye dismiss.
As solemn vows unite ye, we hallow ye to joy!
This hour shall still requite ye, when bliss hath known alloy.
Star of renown, flower of the earth,
Blest be ye both far from all life's annoy.



MEISTERSINGER, = = = = Vorspiel.
ORCHESTRA.

