



Official Programmes

... AND ...

LIBRETTO

OF THE

2d Annual May Festival

May 17 and 18, 1895.

UNIVERSITY HALL

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.





UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY, Ph.D., PRESIDENT.
ALBERT A. STANLEY, A.M., DIRECTOR.

Choral - Union - Series.

1894.

1895.

SIXTH SEASON.

Second Annual May Festival,

May 17th and 18th, 1895.

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COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE.
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Choral Union Series.

1894-1895.

SIXTH SEASON. (No. XXXV) FULL SERIES.

FIFTH CONCERT.

May Festival Concert, No. I.

Friday Evening, May 17.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, - - CONDUCTOR.

PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE, "Anacreon," - - - - *Cherubini.*
BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA.
2. CONCERT SCENE, - - - - *Tschaikowski.*
MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.
3. VORSPIEL, "Tristan and Isolde," - - - *Wagner.*
BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA.
4. WALTER'S PRIZE SONG, (Die Meistersinger), *Wagner.*
MR. WM. H. RIEGER.
5. SYMPHONY in B Minor (Unfinished), - - - *Schubert.*
Allegro moderato. Andante con moto.
BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA.
6. ARIA from "Der Tod Jesu," - - - - *Graun.*
MISS ROSE STEWART.
7. BASS ARIA from "La Juive," - - - - *Halevey.*
MR. WM. H. CLARKE.
8. ENTRE ACT from "Gwendoline," - - - *Chabrier.*
BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA.
9. QUARTETTE from "Fidelio," - - - - *Beethoven.*
MISS STEWART, MISS STEIN, MR. RIEGER,
MR. CLARKE.
10. MARCH AND CHORUS from "Tannhauser," - *Wagner.*
BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA AND
CHORAL UNION.

May Festival Concert, No. II.

Saturday, April 18, 11 a. m.

SIXTH SEASON. (No. XXXVI) FULL SERIES.

SIXTH CONCERT.

Organ Recital.

CLARENCE EDDY.

PROGRAMME.

1. SONATA in C minor, Op. 25, - - - *Theodore Salome.*
 - I. Andante maestoso—Allegro risoluto.
 - II. Andante—Andantino con moto.
 - III. Allegro con moto—Allegro non troppo ma deciso.
2. *a.* "In Paradisum,"—(In Paradise), - - - *Theodore Dubois.*
b. "Fiat Lux,"—(Let there be light), - - - *Theodore Dubois.*
3. CONCERT PIECE, Op. 24, - - - *Alex. Guilmant.*
(Prelude, Theme, Variations, and Finale).
4. *a.* CANON in B minor, - - - *Robert Schumann.*
b. CONCERT FUGUE in G major, - - - *J. L. Krebs.*
5. *a.* SHEPHERD'S FAREWELL TO THE HOLY
FAMILY, - - - *Berlioz.*
(Chorus from the *Infancy of Jesus*).
b. ETUDE in C sharp minor, Op. 10, No. 4, - - - *Chopin.*
(Arranged for the organ by August Haupt).
6. *a.* ROMANCE—"Evening Star," - - - *Richard Wagner.*
b. PILGRIMS' CHORUS, - - - *Richard Wagner.*
(Transcriptions from *Tannhauser* by Clarence Eddy).

May Festival Concert, No. III.

Saturday, April 18, 2:30 p. m.

SIXTH SEASON. (No. XXXVII) FULL SERIES.

SEVENTH CONCERT.

Boston Festival Orchestra.

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, CONDUCTOR.

PROGRAMME:

SUITE d'ORCHESTRA, "L'Arlesienne," - - - *Bizet.*

(a) Prelude.

(b) Minuetto.

(c) Adagietto.

(d) Carillon.

ARIA from "La Reine de Saba," - - - *Gounod.*

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.

MOBILE PERPETUUM, - - - *Paganini.*

Played by all the First Violins.

POLACCA from "I Puritani," - - - *Bellini.*

MISS ROSE STEWART.

PIANO CONCERTO, Op. 22 in G Minor, - - - *Saint-Saens.*

MR. MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

BALLET MUSIC from "Henry Eighth," - - - *German.*

(a) Morris Dance.

(b) Shepherdess' Dance.

(c) Torch Dance.

PIZZICATO, - - - *Latann.*

OVERTURE, "Melpomene," - - - *Chadwick.*

The Mason & Hamlin Piano used at this concert.

May Festival Concert, No. 10.

Saturday, April 18, 7:30 p. m.

SIXTH SEASON. (No. XXXVIII) FULL SERIES.

EIGHTH CONCERT.

The Damnation of Faust.

A DRAMATIC LEGEND IN FOUR PARTS.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

SOLOISTS.

MARGARETHA,	-	-	MME. LILLIAN NORDICA.
FAUST,	-	-	WILLIAM H. RIEGER.
MEPHISTOPHELES,	-	-	- MAX HEINRICH.
BRANDER,	-	-	WILLIAM H. CLARKE.

CHORAL UNION AND THE BOSTON FESTIVAL
ORCHESTRA.

ALBERT A STANLEY, CONDUCTOR.

THE WORDS OF THE LEGEND.

Part the First.

SCENE I.—*Plains of Hungary.*

FAUST (*alone in the fields. Sunrise.*)

The winter has departed, spring is here!
River and brook again are flowing free.
And see, from the dome of heaven, pouring forth,
Fresh splendor breaks, and gladness everywhere.
I greet with joy the cool reviving breath of morning;
I drink full draughts of sweet, delicious, perfumed bal-
sam,
Above, the wak'ning birds greet the day with their
song.
'Mid tall and waving reeds the stream glides murm'ring
along.
O, sweetest joy to dwell within the lonely forest,
Far from the crowded world and far from all its striv-
ing.

SCENE II.—*Dance of peasants under the linden tree.*

CHO.—The shepherd early dons his best,
With a posy smartly decks his breast,
And a bright knot of ribbons gaily flying,
Under the lime tree lass and lad
Now all are dancing there like mad.
Hurrah!
All round the lime tree whirling,
Tra, la, la, la!

FAUST—I hear from far a joyous festive sound—
It is the village folk at early dawn,
Who dance and sing upon the grassy lawn,
My darkened soul begrudges them their joys.

CHO.—Now all swaying to and fro,
Every cheek has a warmer glow,
Right and left, round and round
The dancers flying,
With quickened breath and heated brow;
At last they pause, they slacken now
Hurrah!
Such panting and such sighing.
“Now hold your tongue, you faithless one!
For vows like yours are easy won,
Lightly won and as lightly broken.”
And yet he drew the maid aside,
While from the linden echoed wide
Hurrah!
Now take thy lover’s token
Tra, la, la, la!

SCENE III.—*Another part of the plain. An army advancing.*

FAUST—A splendor of weapons is gleaming afar!
Ha! the sons of the Danube appareled for war;
They gallop joyfully on,
How sparkle their eyes, how flash their arms;
All hearts are thrilled—they chant their battle’s
story—
My heart alone is cold—even death to glory.

HUNGARIAN MARCH—*Orchestra.*

Part the Second.

SCENE IV.—*North Germany.*

FAUST (*alone in his study.*)

Without regret I left the smiling meadows,
Where grief pursued me still,
And without delight I now greet our haughty mountains;
To my home I return.
Still is sorrow my guest. Oh, I suffer, I suffer!
Starless night, spreading far her silence and her shades,
Adds another sorrow to my troubled heart.
For me alone,
O Earth, thou hast no flow'rs,
Where shall I find that which my soul desires?
Vainly I seek. it flies my eager quest,
Enough! we'll make an end!
But I tremble!
Why tremble thus at the abyss that before me yawns?
O cup, too long denied to my most ardent wishes!
Come, vial, from thy shelf.
I the poison will drain which must give me new light,
for aye end my woes!

(*He lifts the cup to his lips. A sound of bells. Chants are heard from a neighboring church.*)

EASTER HYMN.

CHO.—Christ is risen from the dead!
Has broken the tomb,
Gladly hail the token,
Sin's fetters are broken;
Reversed is the doom.
Now the Master hath ascended,
Rejoice! for your bondage is o'er,
And the reign of sin is ended,
Praise him for evermore.
Alas! those He loved can but languish.

And suffer, 'mid pain and annoy.
Oh, Master! we envy thy joy.
In thy joy forget not the depth of our an-
guish.

Thy loved ones, they suffer,
And their pain doth envy thy joy.
Let us trust in the word of Christ risen,
Peal out, ye Easter bells,
Lo, your joyous clang foretells
Redemption from our prison.
Hosanna!

FAUST—What hear I!

Oh, memory! yes, from glad days departed,
Awakened by these strains, thy rays break through
the night.

My heart with new joy palpitates! Are faith and
hope again re-born to light?

Once my songs were pious, pray'rs to my lips would
rise,

Free soared my spirit's pinions, I dreamt a Paradise!
Over blooming meadows, over mountains, through
forests,

Roamed I void of all care. Preseient, through the
Sabbath, calm and still,

Resounded then this song to my jubilant mind.

To these mem'ries of youth now succumbs my will.

CHO.—Hosannah! Hosannah!

FAUST—Alas, heavenly tones, why seek me in the dust?

Why visit the accursed? Sweet hymns of devotion,
Why come and conquer thus suddenly my stubborn
will?

Your soft, melodious strains bring peace to my soul.

Songs more sweet than morning. I hear again!

My tears spring forth, the earth has won me back.

SCENE V.—FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*suddenly appearing.*)

O, pious frame of mind, child of heaven, 'tis well.

Your hand, dear Doctor! This glad Easter bell,
With silver strain,
Has charmed to peace again
Your troubled earthly brain.

FAUST—And who art thou, whose ardent glances fierce,
Even as a poignard, through my marrow pierce?
Thou must, if I'm to know thee, thou must tell me
thy name.

MEPHISTO.—Why, for a doctor, the question seems flip-
pant.

I am thy friend and comfort; I will end thy sorrow.
I'll give thee all thou wishest, wealth and fame,
Boundless joy, whate'er the wildest dreams of mortal
can foreshow.

FAUST—Poor demon, canst thou show what shall prove
thy pretences?

MEPHISTO.—Hark! I will bewitch thine eye and ear.
Be buried no more, like the worms of the earth
That gnaw at thy folios.
Come! Arise! Follow me!

FAUST—I consent.

MEPHISTO.—Let us go. Thou shalt study the world,
And leave thy den, leave thy hateful study.
[They disappear in the air.]

SCENE VI.—*Auerbach's Cellar, in Leipsic.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, BRANDER, STUDENTS, BURGH-
ERS, SOLDIERS.

Drinking chorus of students:

Fill up again with good Rhine wine!

MEPHISTO.—Here, Faust, behold a jolly set of fellows,
Who, with wine and song, make merry all day.

CHO.—When good red wine is freely flowing,
A fig for the tempest outside!
Fill, and ne'er heed the wind that's blowing,
By punch bowl and pipe we'll abide!
I love the glass that drowneth sorrow!
Since I was born I never walked straight,
From my gossip the trick I borrow,
He ever had a rolling gate!
When good red wine, etc.

SOME STUDENTS—Who knows a good song or a story?
Now our throats are tuned and clear.

OTHERS—Come, Brander, sing, and gather fresh glory.

BRANDER—Nay, I know one, I made it myself.

CHO.—Well begin! we're ready.

BRANDER—Since you invite me, I'll give you at once
something new.

CHO.—Bravo, bravo!

BRANDER—There was a rat in the cellar nest,
Who fat and butter made smoother;
He had a paunch beneath his vest
Like that of Dr. Luther.
The cook laid poison cunningly,
And then as sore opprest was he,
As if he had love in his bosom.

He ran around, he ran about,
His thirst in puddles laving;
He gnawed and scratched the house throughout,
But nothing cured his raving.
He whirled and jumped with torment mad,
And soon enough the poor beast had
As if he had love in his bosom.

And driven at last, in open day,
He ran into the kitchen,
Fell on the hearth and squirming lay,
In the last convulsion twitching.
Then laughed the murderess in her glee:
“Ha! ha! he's at his last gasp,” said she,
“As if he had love in his bosom.”

CHO.—As if, etc., etc.

Requiescat in pace! Amen!

BRANDER—And now sing a fugue,

An “Amen” fugue,

Let’s improvise a scholarly piece!

MEPHISTO.—Take notice, now, their bestiality

Will show itself, ere long, in its true colors.

A fugue on the melody of BRANDER’S song.

CHO.—Amen! Amen!

MEPHISTO.—(*advancing*)—By heavens! sirs, your fugue
is splendid!

To hear it is to dream one is in some holy place.

Pray, let me freely say it: ’tis scholarly in style;

Devout, thoroughly so.

One could not better express the pious sentiments

Which, in closing all her petitions,

Holy church sums up in this one word.

In my turn, I will respond, by your leave with a song,

On a no less pathetic theme than yours, sirs.

CHO.—Ah! his praises have a cynical air!

Who is this person, who mocks so freely?

Pale visaged, and red of hair.

No matter! Let us hear, sing, and away with care.

MEPHISTO.—There was a king once reigning,

Who had a big black flea,

And loved him past explaining,

As his own son were he.

He called his man of stitches,

The tailor came strightway;

Here, measure the lad for breeches,

And measure his coat I say!

In silk and velvet gleaming

He now was wholly drest,

A coat with ribbons streaming,

A cross upon his breast.
He had the first of stations,
A minister's star and name,
And also his relations
Great lords at court became.

And lords and dames of honor
Were plagued awake in bed ;
The queen she had them on her,
And all were bitten and bled.
They did not dare to brush them,
Or scratch them day or night.
We crack them and we crush them
At once, whene'er they bite.

CHO.—(*shouting*)—Bravo, bravo, bravissimo!
We crack them and we crush them
At once, whene'er they bite.

FAUST (to MEPHISTO.)—Enough! let's quit so foul and
coarse a place!

Hast thou no purer pleasures, calmer sport,
To offer me, thou dread, infernal guide?

MEPHISTO.—This is not to thy taste? Come on!

[*They spread their mantles and take flight.*]

SCENE VII.—*Bushy meadows on the banks of the Elbe.*

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTO.—In this fair bower,
Fragrant with many a flower,
On this sweet-scented bed,
Rest, O Faust, rest thy head, and slumber!
Soothed by voluptuous repose,
While fragrant roses on thy fever'd brow shall
breathe.

Their blossoms unfolding thy head to wreath,
Thou shalt be ravished with heavenly music.
Oh harken! Dost hear it?
The spirits of earth and of air,
E'en now to lull thy sleep
With their sweet strains prepare.

FAUST'S VISION.

Chorus of Sylphs and Gnomes:

Dream, happy Faust,
For soon neath a veil of purple and gold shall thine eye-
lids find rest;
Thy star shall shine as the high dome of Heaven,
Dreams of delight and of love charm thy breast.
Behold on either hand,
The fair scenes we discover;
The leaf and blossom cover
With beauty rare the land.
The trees are gently swaying,
And happy lovers pass
Beneath the shadows straying:
The briar and the rose
Have woven tangled bowers,
The soft vine tendrils close
Around the grapes and flowers;
See where the lovers stray,
Forgetful of the morrow,
In blissful joy to-day,
Untouched by care or sorrow.
Now comes a pensive maiden,
Faust, she shall be thine!

FAUST—(*asleep*)—Margarita! O, Margarita!

CHO.—The lake extends its flood at the feet of the moun-
tains;
By the murmuring fountain, are the green pastures
woo'd.
There the gay laughing choirs
Re-echo o'er the plain;
Here the music inspires
The dance that none disdain.
For some are boldly breasting
The silv'ry torrent streams,
While milder swains are questing
Their love in softer dreams.

MEPHISTO.—The charm is working. His soul is mine.

CHO.—For e'en the timid nestling,
Seeking shade and repose,
With the gay zephyrs wrestling
Dares affront the sweet rose.
All who'd attain love's rapture,
Must seek through earth and skies
For the one star in nature
That dawned to glad their eyes.
Dream! Happy Faust! Dream!

MEPHISTO.—He sleeps! Well done, my dainty elves!
This debt I must repay.
Now let him dream of love.

DANCE OF SYLPHS—*Orchestra.*

FAUST — (*suddenly awakening*) — Margarita! what a
dream! now I believe in wonder!

Thou sweetest angel face, where dwellest thou?
By the eternal light, thou liv'st!
No power shall tear us asunder.

MEPHISTO.—Arise, and follow me again. To the mod-
est chamber

I'll bring thee, where she, thy mistress, sleeps.
Of thy dream thou shalt see the truth!
Here comes a jolly party of students and soldiers;
They'll pass before thy beauty's dwelling;
Along with these young fools, with their loud shouts
and songs,
We to the fair one's house will go.
But thy transports restrain, and my counsels obey.

SCENE VIII.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Towns with their high battlements,
Tower and wall,

Fair maids with their haughty thoughts,
Scorning us all!
To glory they call us;
Soon they both shall fall.
No danger appals us,
Glorious is our life!
The trumpet that calls us,
Our banner beneath;
It summons to pleasure
Or summons to death.
Fair maiden and city
Appeal to our pity,
And yield in the strife!
No danger appals us,
How glorious our life!

Students' Song.

Jam nox stellata velamina pandit
Nunc bibendum et emandum est, etc., etc.

SOLDIERS' CHORUS AND STUDENTS' SONG IN COMBINA-
TION.

INTERMISSION.

Part the Third.

SCENE IX.—*Drums and Trumpets sounding the tattoo.*

FAUST (*in MARGUERITE'S Chamber. Evening*).

Thou sweet twilight, be welcome ;
Thee greet I from my heart.
Thou softly fill'st this place
To chaste repose set apart,
Wherein I feel a vision kiss my fevered brow,
Like the balmy breath of early morning.
Sure 'tis love inspires me.
Oh, how I feel my cares take wings and fly away.
How dear to me this silence.
How joyously I breathe this pure air !
O youthful maiden, my sweet enslaver !
How I love thee, O earthly angel !
What awful joy this moment swells my heart !
With what ecstasy I gaze on thy maidenly couch !
How sweet the air of this chamber !
O God ! after long years of torture
What joy is mine !
Pure like radiance celestial ;
My suffering endeth ; after death's torments follows
bliss !

SCENE X.—FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTO.—(*entering*)—I hear her coming !
Conceal thyself behind these curtains.

FAUST—Heavens ! my heart will break
With fear and joy.
[FAUST *is concealed behind the curtains.*

MEPHISTO.—Now make the most of time. Farewell !
Thyself restrain, or thou shall lose her.
Good, my spirits and I, now shall sing
For you the sweetest wedding ditties.

SCENE XI.

Enter MARGUERITE (*with lamp*). FAUST (*concealed*).

MARG.—How sultry is the air! I feel—I know not how.
Since my dream of last night, my mind is all
unsettled.
An image more full of charm ne'er did mine
eyes behold.
A handsome man! Ah were he to me but
given!
I dreamt he vow'd to love me, and I felt
heavenly bliss!
In the wide space of life my eye doth seek him
all vainly!

There was a king in Thule
Most true unto the grave,
Whom dying, his sweetheart
A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious,
He drained it at every bout,
His eyes with tears ran over
As oft as he drank thereout.

And when he came to dying,
All the towns in his lands he told,
Naught else his heir denying,
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers,
In the castle by the sea.

There sat the old carouser
And drank his last life glow,
Then threw the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea;
Then his eyes fell forever,
And never more drank he.

SCENE XII.—*Square before MARGUERITE'S house.*

INVOCATION.

MEPHISTO.—Ye spirits of flickering flame!
Hither come!—Haste! I need your aid!
Quick appear! Quick appear!
Ye Will-o'-the-Wisps!
Your baleful and treach'rous glimmers
Must bewilder a maid, and lead her unto us.
In the name of the devil, get you dancing,
And take care, ye fiddlers of hell,
To mark the measure well,
Else I will quench your glow.

MINUET of the Will-o'-the-Wisps—*Orchestra.*

MEPHISTO. (*Recitative*).—To this lute I'll sing a serenade,
One that shall please the lady;
It is moral, her taste to suit.

Serenade of MEPHISTOPHELES with Chorus of Will-o'-the-Wisps.

Why dost wait at the door of thy lover,
My foolish Kate, in the gray of the morning?
Why dost wait, foolish Kate?
O beware, nor enter there;
Trust his fair speeches never,
Men deceivers were ever,
And love is but a snare.

CHO.—Oh, sweet maiden beware,
Come away, do not enter.
Fair lass heed thee well,
Lest thy lover betray thee.
Then good night. Ha!

MEPHISTO.—Hush! Now disappear.
Keep silence! [*Will-o'-the-Wisps disappear.*]
Let us listen to the cooing of our doves.

SCENE XIII.

MARG.—O God! do I dream? Does the light deceive?
Can a dream reality be?

FAUST—Angel adored! whose dear and lovely image,
While yet I had not known thee, illumined my
dark soul;
At last I thee behold, and o'er the jealous cloud veil
Which hid thee from my sight, my love the victory
hath won.
Margarita! I love thee!

MARG.—Thou knowest my name, and I, too, have often
whispered thine—Faust.

FAUST—That name is mine, but I will take another, if
it please thee better.

MARG.—In dreams I thee have seen.

FAUST—Hast seen me in thy dreams?

MARG.—I know thy voice, thy face, thy sweet and
winning speech.

FAUST—And thou didst love me?

MARG.—I?—I trust in thee!

FAUST—Margarita, Thou sweetest!

MARG.—All my heartfelt kisses long ago were thine.

BOTH—Image most sweet! How all my soul thou
fillest.

To which my brightest dreams have ever fondly
aspir'd.

I am near thee at last, no misty cloud can hide
thee now from my eyes.

Thou art all my heart ever desir'd.

FAUST—Margarita, my treasure!

MARG.—So much bliss makes me tremble.

FAUST—I love thee beyond measure.

To my heart call I thee
Intensely love I thee.

MARG.—For ever to thee devoted, beloved must I be.

I feel a nameless, sweet, thrilling tremor. . . .

FAUST—Let, dearest child, mine arm enfold thee.

MARG.—Wherefore fill mine eyes, see, with tears,

Is it pain, is it prescience—is it bliss?

FAUST—Ah come—ah come!

SCENE XIV.

MEPHISTO. (*entering abruptly*)—Away, it is too late!

MARG.—Who is that man?

FAUST—A fiend!

MEPHISTO.—Nay, a friend.

MARG.—He is one who strikes fear to the heart.

MEPHISTO.—No doubt, I am intruding.

FAUST—Who bade thee come? Depart!

MEPHISTO.—I come to save this angel.

E'en now the neighbors all

Awakened by our songs, run hither,

And point out the house to passers by.

At Margaret they are scoffing,

And they call for her mother.

The dame will soon be here.

FAUST—O horror!

MEPHISTO.—We must be off.

FAUST—Cruel illusion.

MEPHISTO.—Soon shall you meet again;

Consolation is near,

Follows close upon sorrow.

MARG.—Yes, they come, dearest Faust,

Oh, how bitter is this parting! Till to-morrow,

farewell!

FAUST—Farewell, then, bright array

Of hopes that fill my bosom!

Farewell, thou feast of love

That mocked my longing heart.

MEPHISTO.—Come on, the morning dawns.

FAUST—Earewell, thou lovely night, of even gods the
 envy,
 Thou golden feast of love, bliss of my dreams,
 farewell!
My raptures swiftly fled. Who the future will
 warrant?
Will the night e'er return, where promise on me
 smiled?

CHO.—Hallo! Mistress Martha,
 See to your daughter's safety!
 The warning only comes in time,
 If her gallant you wish to lime.
 Come home, good dame,
 Or woe betide the maiden's surety!
 Hallo!

MEPHISTO.—The crowd is coming. Let us hasten away.

CHO.—Hallo! Mistress Martha, etc.

MARG.—O, heaven! Dost thou hear those cries?
 Woe is me if they enter
 And thy presence her surprise!

MEPHISTO.—Come, 'tis time to be going.

FAUST—O, despair!

MEPHISTO.—O, what folly!

MARG.—Farewell! That little gate
 Through the garden doth lead.

FAUST—O, my love! Cruel fate.

MEPHISTO.—Quick, away! Quick, away!

FAUST—At last I've seen thee near.
 Fairest treasure of nature!

Trio--MARGUERITE, FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES and CHORUS.

Part the Fourth.

SCENE XV.

Song.

MARGUERITE (*alone*).

My heart with grief is heavy,
My peace of mind is o'er;
Ne'er again shall I find it.
Ah! Never, nevermore!
Where my love is not with me
It is to me as the tomb;
My life without his presence
All shrouded is in gloom!
My brain, so sore bewildered
Hath no power of thought;
My dull and feeble senses
Are entirely distraught.
I look out at the casement,
His fine tall form to see.
To meet him and be with him
Is heaven's own joy to me.
His proud and noble bearing,
Of his smile—the winning grace,
Of his hand—the soft pressure,
And ah! his fond embrace!
My heart with grief is heavy,
My peace of mind is o'er;
Never again shall I find it.
Ah! never, nevermore.
All day long to be near him
Fondly yearns my poor heart.
Ah, could I tightly clasp him
I would ne'er let him depart.
Him with kisses I'd smother,
All glowing with love's fire;
And on his lips still hanging
I'd fain at last expire!

[*Drums and trumpets sound a retreat.*

Chorus of Soldiers and Students in the distance.

SOLDIERS—The trumpet that calls us our banner
beneath,

It summons to pleasure or summons to death.

MARG.—Day's reign will soon be ended ;

Dusky twilight approaches.

Afar the evening drums and trumpets

Now are sounding

With songs and shouts of joy,

As on that blessed evening

When first I saw Faust.

STUDENTS.—*Jam nox stellata, etc.*

MARG.—He cometh not.

Alas !

SCENE XVI.—*Cavern and forest.*

FAUST (*alone*).

Oh, boundless nature, spirit sublime, mysterious ;

Alone thou givest comfort to my unhappy soul,

On thy breast, mighty power, is my sorrow abated and
my strength renewing.

I seem to live again !

Blow ye fierce howling winds ! Cry out ! ye boundless
forests ! Fall down ye rocks !

And roar, ye mountain streams, wildly rushing !

With your thundering sounds my voice loves to unite.

Ye rocks and streams and woods accept my homage.

Bright sparkling worlds above,

Towards you leaps forth the piteous cry of a heart

In anguish, of a soul madly longing,

Vainly striving for joy !

SCENE XVII.

(*Recitative and chase*).

MEPHISTO.—(*scaling the rocks*)—Say dost thine eye
discern upon the azure vault the star
of constant love ?

Its potent influence thou'lt find very needful ;

For in dreams thou art lost,

Whilst that poor child, thy dear Margarita—

FAUST—O cease!

MEPHISTO.—'Tis true, I should be still. Thou lov'st
no more.

And yet she has been dragged to prison,
And, for poisoning her mother,
To death justly sentenced.

FAUST—What!

MEPHISTO.—I hear the hunters' horns in the woods.

FAUST—No jesting; what saidst thou?
Marguerite in chains?

MEPHISTO.—A certain brownish liquor, quite safe,
If used aright, which she received of thee,
To make her mother sleep, lest she disturb
Your amours, has brought on all this woe.
Fondly hugging her dream,
Awaiting thee, she gave the potion still.
This excess at last told upon the old dame
And killed her. Now thou knowest all the truth.

FAUST—Treachorous monster!

MEPHISTO.—And thus has her love for thee led her on.

FAUST—(*with fury*)—Woe to thee!
Canst thou not save her?

MEPHISTO.—Ah, 'tis I am the miscreant!
This is ever your way
Ye ridiculous mortals!
No matter! To free her from prison and save her.
But what hast thou done for me
Since I have been thy slave?

FAUST—O, quickly speak!

MEPHISTO.—Of thee? Naught save thy signature
To this parchment scroll.
Thy love at once is freed from judgment and death
If thou wilt sign this oath to-morrow, to serve me.

FAUST—Why till to-morrow wait?
'Tis to-day thou must save her:
The parchment!
Behold, 'tis done!

[*He signs.*]

And now swiftly conduct me to the cell.
With despair I am hast'ning,
Margurite, to thee!

MEPHISTO.—Come hither, Vortex! Giour!
These magic steeds shall bear us quick as thought!
Now mount we, and away at once—
Justice tarries for no man!

SCENE XVIII.—*The ride to Hell.*

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES galloping on two black horses.

FAUST—Through my heart her sad voice is ringing
mournfully.

Poor soul, lost and forsaken.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS (*kneeling before a rustic crucifix*)—
Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis! etc., etc.

FAUST—Take heed! a pious crowd of poor women and
children kneeling around yon cross.

MEPHISTO.—Never mind them; hasten on!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS—Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

[*Cries of terror; the women and children scatter
in confusion. The riders pass by.*

FAUST—See, a hideous shape pursues us with loud cries.

MEPHISTO.—Thou dreamest!

FAUST—What a host of foul birds fill the skies!

With dismal shriek 'round my head they are
whirling.

MEPHISTO. (*slacking his speed*)—The passing bell for her
is already sounding.

Dost thou fear? Let's return! [They halt.

FAUST—No, the goal must be won!

[They resume with quickened speed.

MEPHISTO. (*urging his horse*)—On! On! On!

FAUST—On every side—dost see?—
Spectral forms are arising!
There the skeletons dance,
While gastly laugh and gesture
The foul horror enhance.

MEPHISTO.—Think of thy Marguerite,
And laugh at the dead. On! On!

FAUST (*horror struck*)—The horses in terror
Are tearing their bridles.
My hair stands on end!
Convulsed seems the world!
The thunders are roaring,
As if to destruction
The earth would be hurled!
It raineth blood!

MEPHISTO.—Ye slaves of hell's dominion,
Your trumpets blow—
Your loud triumphal trumpets!
His soul is mine.

FAUST—Ah! Doomed!

MEPHISTO.—Victor am I.

[*They fall into the abyss.*]

SCENE XIX.—*Pandemonium.*

CHORUS OF THE SPIRITS OF HELL—Has! Irimira
karabra-o!

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS—Hast thou conquered this
proud immortal soul, and enslaved it,
Mephisto, for aye.

MEPHISTO.—Lord and master for aye.

PRINCES—Then did Faust freely sign the dread act that
did yield up his soul to our fires?

MEPHISTO.—Of his own free will he signed.

CHORUS, SPIRITS OF HELL—Has! Mephisto! Has!
Irimira karabra-o!

EPILOGUE.—*On Earth.*

PRINCES OF DARKNESS—And the Hell's gates were still.
The seething sound alone of the vast lakes of fire,
The gnashing teeth and wail that dread torments
 inspire,
Alone were heard above; while in the depths profound,
in dread mystery drowned,
there was wrought—

SMALL CHORUS—An awful deed.

SCENE XX.—*In Heaven.*

CELESTIAL SPIRITS—Laus! Hosannah! Hosannah!
Receive a contrite soul, O Lord!

VOICE FROM HEAVEN—Marguerite, rise!

MARGUERITE'S APOTHEOSIS.

CHORUS OF HEAVENLY SPIRITS—Ascend on high, innocent spirit!

Once misled by earthly love,
But now restored to thy primitive beauty,
Thou shalt see the realms above.
Come, the heavenly choir
In joyous strains conspire
To greet thy ransomed soul
In the courts of the blest.
By tribulation tried,
Thy faith and hope have saved thee
From the world's raging tide.
Rise, Marguerite, rise!
Arise!

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