

Fifth Annual May Festival

Ann Arbor, Michigan, May 12, 13 & 14, 1898

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME





SPINNING SCENE.

FLYING DUTCHMAN, ACT II.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

FRANCIS W. KELSEY, Ph. D., President

ALBERT A. STANLEY, A. M., Director

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1897-1898

NINTH SEASON

FIFTH ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

MAY 12, 13 and 14

1898

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MR. LOUIS ELBEL, } Pianists
MISS EMMA FISCHER, }

MR. L. L. RENWICK, Organist

LIST OF CONCERTS

MAY 12

I. Thursday Evening, 8:00

"MANZONI" REQUIEM—Verdi

SOLOISTS { MRS. JENNIE PATRICK WALKER, Soprano.
MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, Contralto.
MR. WILLIAM H. RIEGER, Tenor.
SIGNOR GIUSEPPE DEL PUENTE, Baritone

MAY 13

II. Friday Afternoon, 3:00

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS { MISS ELSA VON GRAVE, Pianist
MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, Baritone

III. Friday Evening, 8:00

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS { MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, Contralto
MR. BARRON BERTHALD, Tenor
SIGNOR GIUSEPPE DEL PUENTE, Baritone

MAY 14

IV. Saturday Afternoon, 2:30

ORCHESTRAL MATINEE

SOLOISTS { MISS JANET SPENCER, Contralto
MR. WILLIAM J. LAVIN, Tenor
MR. ALEX. HEINDL, Violoncellist.

V. Saturday Evening, 7:30

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"

A Romantic Opera in Three Acts by RICHARD WAGNER

CAST { MME. JOHANNA GADSKI, Senta
MISS JANET SPENCER, Mary
MR. DAVID BISHAM, The Dutchman
MR. WILLIAM H. RIEGER, { Eric
Steersman
MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, Daland
Sailors and Maidens, CHORAL UNION

MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER AND MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, CONDUCTORS

All Concerts begin on Local Time, which is 25 minutes faster than Standard Time.

Doors will be opened one hour before the beginning of each concert.

Choral Union Series.

1897-1898.

NINTH SEASON.

SIXTH CONCERT.

(No. LXIV Complete Series)

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 12,
8:00 O'CLOCK.

THE "MANZONI" REQUIEM, BY G. VERDI.

SOLOISTS.

MRS. JENNIE PATRICK WALKER, Soprano.
MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, Contralto.
MR. WM. H. RIEGER, Tenor.
SIGNOR GIUSEPPE DEL PUENTE, Baritone.
THE CHORAL UNION, 300 Voices.
BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA.

ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

SYNOPSIS.

- I. Requiem e Kyrie, *Soprano, Mezzo Soprano, Tenor, Bass and Chorus*
- II. Dies Irae, - - - - - *Soli and Chorus*
- a. "DIES IRAE," Chorus. b. "TUBA MIRUM," Chorus.
c. "LIBER SCRIPTUS," Mezzo, Soprano and Chorus.
d. "QUID CUM MISERI," Soprano, Mezzo Soprano and Chorus.
e. "REX TREMENDAE," Quartette and Chorus.
f. "RECORDARE," Soprano and Mezzo Soprano.
g. "INGEMISCO," Tenor Solo. h. "CONFUTATIS," Bass Solo.
i. "LACRYMOSA," Quartette and Chorus.
- III. "Domine Jesu," ("Oh Lord God") Offertory, - - - *Quartet*
- IV. "Sanctus," ("Holy!") - - - - - *for Two Choirs*
- V. "Agnus Dei," ("Lamb of God") *Soprano, Mezzo Soprano and Chorus*
- VI. "Lux Aeterna," ("Light Eternal") - *Mezzo Soprano, Tenor and Bass*
- VII. "Libera Me," ("Deliver Me") - - - - - *Soprano, and Chorus*

The audience is requested to remain seated until the very end, as otherwise the effect will be lost.

The next Concert in this Series will be given Friday, May 13, at 3:00 p. m.

Choral Union Series.

NINTH SEASON.

1897-1898.

SEVENTH CONCERT.

(No. LXV Complete Series)

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT.

FRIDAY AFTERN00N, MAY 13,
3:00 O'CLOCK.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

SOLOISTS.

MISS ELSA von GRAVE, Pianist.

MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, Bass.

MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor.

PROGRAMME.

- I. Symphonie Pathetique, Op. 74, - - - - - *Tschaikowski*
Adagio-Allegro non troppo.
Allegro con grazia.
Finale, Adagio lamentoso.
- II. Aria "Honor and Arms" - - - - - *Haendel*
MR. HOWLAND
- III. Piano Concerto, A major, - - - - - *Liszt*
MISS ELSA VON GRAVE,
- IV. Overture "Gwendoline," - - - - - *Chabrier*
-

The Piano used is a Mason & Hamlin.

The next Concert in this Series will be given this evening at 8:00 o'clock.

Choral Union Series.

NINTH SEASON.

1897-1898.

EIGHTH CONCERT.

(No. LXVI Complete Series)

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 13,
8:00 O'CLOCK.

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

SOLOISTS.

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, Contralto.

MR. BARRON BERTHALD, Tenor.

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE DEL PUENTE, Baritone.

EMIL MOLLENHAUER and ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductors.

PROGRAMME.

- I. Overture, "Akademische Fest," Op. 80, - - - *Brahms*
- II. a. "Herzwunden," - - - - - }
 b. "Im Fruehling," - - - - - } *Grieg*
- STRING ORCHESTRA.**
- III. Aria, "Am Stillen Herd;" - - - - - *Wagner*
 (From "Die Meistersinger.")
- MR. BERTHALD.**
- IV. Aria from "Les Troyens," - - - - - *Berlioz*
- MISS STEIN.**
- V. Symphonic Poem, "Attis," - - - - - *A. A. Stanley*
- VI. Aria, "Eri Tu," (Ballo Mascheri) - - - - - *Verdi*
- SIGNOR DEL PUENTE.**
- VII. Barcarole, "A Night in Lisbon," - - - - - *Saint-Saens*
- VIII. Aria, from "Oberon," - - - - - *von Weber*
- MR. BERTHALD.**
- IX. "Kaisermarsch," - - - - - *Wagner*
-

The next Concert in this Series will be given Saturday at 2:30 p. m.

Choral Union Series.

NINTH SEASON.

1897-1898.

NINTH CONCERT.

(No. LXVII Complete Series)

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT.

SATURDAY AFTERNON, MAY 14,
2:30 O'CLOCK.

ORCHESTRAL MATINEE.

SOLOISTS.

MISS JANET SPENCER, Contralto.
MR. WILLIAM H. LAVIN, Tenor.
MR. ALEX HEINDL, Violoncellist.
MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor.

PROGRAMME.

- | | | | | |
|-------|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------|--------------------|
| I. | Overture, "Jubel," | - - - - - | - - - - - | <i>von Weber</i> |
| II. | "Petit Pas," | - - - - - | - - - - - | <i>Sudisse</i> |
| III. | Aria, "Semiramide," | - - - - - | - - - - - | <i>Rossini</i> |
| | | MISS SPENCER | | |
| IV. | Rapsodie Espana, | - - - - - | - - - - - | <i>Chabrier</i> |
| V. | Aria, "Salve Dimora," ("Faust") | - - - - - | - - - - - | <i>Gounod</i> |
| | | MR. LAVIN | | |
| VI. | Concerto in E Major, | - - - - - | - - - - - | <i>Lindner</i> |
| | | MR. HEINDL | | |
| VII. | Ballet Music from "Carmen," | - - - - - | - - - - - | <i>Bizet</i> |
| | Prelude. | | | |
| | Aragonaise. | | | |
| | Intermezzo. | | | |
| | Les Dragons d' Alcala. | | | |
| | Final (Les Toreadors). | | | |
| VIII. | "O Fatima," | - - - - - | - - - - - | <i>von Weber</i> |
| | | MISS SPENCER | | |
| IX. | "Koenig's Kinder," Entre Actes 2 and 3, | - - - - - | - - - - - | <i>Humperdinck</i> |
| X. | a. Danse des Sylphs, | - - - - - | - - - - - | } <i>Berlioz</i> |
| | b. March Hongroise, | - - - - - | - - - - - | |
| | | (From "Damnation of Faust.") | | |

The performance of the "Flying Dutchman" this evening at 7:30 will be the final Concert in this Series.

Choral Union Series.

NINTH SEASON.

1897-1898.

TENTH CONCERT.

(No. LXV II Complete Series)

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 14,

7:30 O'CLOCK.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A Romantic Opera in Three Acts by RICHARD WAGNER.

CAST.

MME. JOHANNA GADSKI, Senta.
 MISS JANET SPENCER, Mary.
 MR. DAVID BISPHAM, The Dutchman.
 MR. WILLIAM H. RIEGER, { Eric.
 { Steersman.
 MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, Daland.
 Sailors and Maidens, CHORAL UNION.
 ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

SYNOPSIS.

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. Overture.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ACT I.</p> <p>2. Introduction.
Chorus of Sailors.
Scene (Daland and Steersman).
Steersman's Song.</p> <p>3. Recit. and Aria (The Dutchman).</p> <p>4. Scene, Duet, and Chorus.
Scene (Daland, Steersman, and the Dutchman).
The Dutchman's Song.
Duet (Daland and the Dutchman).
Duet (Daland and the Dutchman).
Sailors' Chorus.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ACT II.</p> <p>5. Introduction.</p> <p>6. Spinning Chorus (Maidens, Mary, Senta).</p> | <p>7. Ballad (Senta).
Scene (Erik and the foregoing).</p> <p>8. Scene and Duet (Senta, Erik).
Erik's Dream.</p> <p>9. Scene (Senta, Daland, the Dutchman).</p> <p>10. Air (Daland).</p> <p>11. Duet and Terzetto (The Dutchman, Senta, Daland).</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ACT III.</p> <p>12. Introduction.</p> <p>13. Sailors' Chorus.
Dance of the Sailors.
Chorus of Maidens, answered by Sailors.
Chorus of Crew of the Flying Dutchman.</p> <p>14. Scene (Senta and Erik).</p> <p>15. Cavatina and Finale.</p> <p>16. Scene (Erik, Senta, the Dutchman).</p> <p>17. Recitative (The Dutchman).</p> |
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GADSKI.

The "Manzoni" Requiem.---Verdi.*

Analysis.

This work, one of the greatest compositions in a religious vein for which the musical world stands indebted to the genius of Italy, is a modern setting of that solemn office of the Catholic liturgy which has in the past inspired the greatest musicians. The work is divided into the usual numbers, and is written for solo, chorus and orchestra. The use made of these factors shows us that Verdi as a dramatist seized upon the dramatic aspects of the text, and the musical setting is precisely what might have been expected under the circumstances.

The Introduction (*A minor*) to the "Requiem e Kyrie" (Grant them rest) gives us a quiet and mournful theme, developed entirely by the strings. In this portion of the work the chorus is purely an accompaniment to the melody played by the violins, but at the words "*Te decet hymnus*"—(There shall be singing) it is supreme. After this division, (*F major*) sung *a capella* the introductory theme reappears. At its conclusion the solo parts come into prominence (*A major*) and the rest of the number is a finely conceived and elaborately executed eight voiced setting of the words "*Kyrie eleison.*"

The "Dies Iræ" (Day of Anger) is divided into nine parts, for solo, chorus and orchestra. The first of these divisions the "Dies Iræ" is a very dramatic setting of the text. It is in the key of *G minor* and introduces vocal and orchestral efforts which are startling in their intensity. The second division "Tuba Mirum" (Hark! the trumpet) (*A flat minor*) is preceded by a dramatic treatment of the orchestra in which the trumpet calls in the orchestra are answered in the distance—until a magnificent climax is reached by the *ff* chords for the full brass, leading into a great unison passage for male voices, accompanied by all the power of the full orchestra. In quick succession follows No. 3, solos for Bass and Mezzo Soprano. The words "Mors stupebit" (Death with wonder is enchained,) (*D minor*) and "Liber scriptus properetur" (Now the record shall be cited) indicate a change of treatment. An abridged version of the first division follows, to be succeeded in turn by a beautiful trio for Tenor, Mezzo and Bass, (*G minor*) "Rex tremendæ majestatis" (King of Glory) (*C minor*). The next division is written for solo and chorus. The solo parts to the word "Salve me fons pietatis," (Save me Lord with mercy flowing), introduce a melody entirely distinct from that of the chorus, and the ingenious contrasts of the two leading up to the final blending of both in the "Salve me" are intensely interesting and effective.

The sixth number, a duet for Soprano and Mezzo (*F major*), is thor-

* First performance, Milan, May 22, 1874.

oughly Italian in spirit, is beautifully written for the voices, and carries out most perfectly the spirit of the words, "Recordare," (Ah! remember). The Tenor and Bass solos which now follow the "Ingemisco," (Sadly groaning) (*E flat major*) and "Confutatis" (*E major*), in the opinion of many critics contain the finest music in the whole work. Be this as it may, this portion is very interesting, and to the musician presents technical points of importance. The "Dies Iræ," as a whole, ends with the "Lacrymosa," (Ah! what weeping) (*B flat minor*), a tender setting of these words. A wonderful crescendo on the word *Amen* is to be noted.

No. 3. The Solo Quartet (*A flat major*), "Domine Jesu Christe" (O Lord God, Lord Jesus Christ) is very beautiful, but presents no special points of interest.

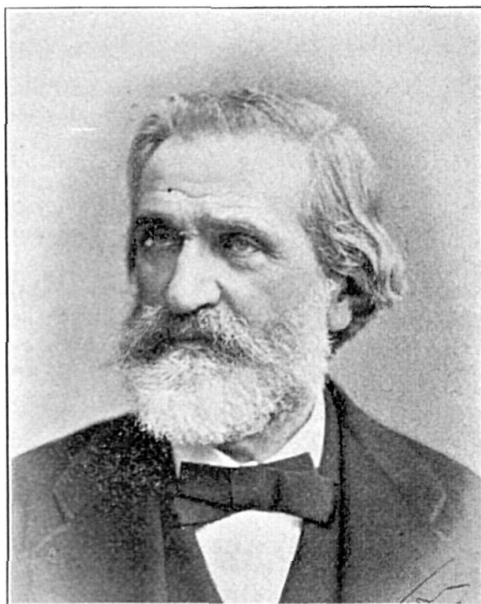
No. 4. The "Sanctus" (*F major*) is an exalted inspiration of genius. With its glorious double fugue, its triumphal antiphonal effects at the close leading into a soul uplifting climax, it would, of itself, make the reputation of a lesser composer.

No. 5. If the "Sanctus" is sublime in its grandeur, no less so in its pathos is the "Agnus Dei," (Lamb of God) (*C major*), written for solo voices (Soprano and Mezzo) and chorus. A simple melody with three different settings is the basis of this important number, and in originality and effectiveness it is not at all inferior to the inspired Sanctus which precedes it.

The "Lux æterna" (Light eternal) (*B flat*), does not call for extended notice. It is written for three solo voices in the style which we find in Verdi's later works.

The closing number (7), "Libera Me" (*C minor*) begins with a recitative (Soprano) "Libera me Domine, de morte æterna" (Lord deliver my soul from eternal death), interrupted by the chorus which chants these words, and introducing a fugue of stupendous difficulty, gives us a repetition of the beautiful introduction to the whole work (*B flat minor*), and ends with the repetition of the recitative, while the chorus holds out a sustained chord (*C major*) *ppp*. In the repetition of the introduction to first chorus just alluded to, the solo voice (Soprano) takes the melody originally played by the violins, while the chorus accompanies *a capella*. The ending of the work is very dramatic. Everything seems to be hushed while the awful significance of the words is impressed upon the mind with irresistible force.

The whole work reveals Verdi at the maturity of his genius—shows the mastery of vocal resources characteristic of Italian composers, with a control of the possibilities of the orchestra in which he stands alone among the composers of Italy. The work is genuinely Italian in spirit, but it shows on every page the imprint of genius, and genius knows no national boundaries.



GIUSEPPE VERDI.

BORN OCT. 10, 1813.

I. Requiem e Kyrie.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

REQUIEM æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.

Exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro veniet.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.

ETERNAL rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on them.

Thou, O God, art praised in Zion, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Hear my prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Lord have mercy! Christ have mercy.

II. Dies Irae.

FOUR SOLO PARTS AND CHORUS.

CHORUS.

DIES iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

DAY of vengeance, lo! that morning,
On the earth in ashes dawning,
David with the Sibyl warning.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending!

CHORUS.

TUBA MIRUM spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

TO THE THRONE, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all with voice astounding.

BASS SOLO.—SIGNOR DEL PUENTE.

MORS stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

DEATH and Nature, maz'd are quaking,
When the grave's deep slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

MEZZO SOPRANO.—MISS STEIN AND CHORUS.

LIBER scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo, cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Now the written book containing
Record to all time pertaining,
Opens for the world's arrainging.

See the Judge, his seat attaining,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining!

TRIO.—MRS. WALKER, MISS STEIN, MR. RIEGER.

QUID sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

WHAT shall I then say unfriended,
By what advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

REX TREMENDÆ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

KING OF MAJESTY tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us;
Fount of piety, safety send us.

DUET.—MRS. WALKER AND MISS STEIN.

RECORDARE, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die.
Quærens me sedesti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

JESUS, think of Thy wayfaring,
For my sins the death-crown wearing;
Save me in that day despairing.
Worn and weary thou hast sought me,
By Thy cross and passion bought me,
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.
Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution,
Ere that day of dissolution.

TENOR SOLO.—MR. RIEGER.

INGEMISCO tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplicanti parce Deus.
Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
No perenni cremer igne.
Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant moaning.
Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.
In my prayers no worth discerning
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save me from Thy endless burning!
Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding.

BASS SOLO.—SIGNOR DEL PUENTE.

CONFUTATIS maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis,
Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

WHEN the wicked are rejected,
And to bitter flames subjected,
Call me forth with thine elected.
Low in supplication bending,
Heart as though with ashes blending,
Care for me when all is ending.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

LACRYMOSA dies illa,
Qua resurget et favilla,
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce Deus.
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

WHEN on that dread day of weeping,
Guilty man in ashes sleeping,
Wakes to his adjudication,
Save him, God, from condemnation.
Lord Jesus, all-pitying,
Grant them rest. Amen.

III. Domine Jesu.

OFFERTORY FOR THE FOUR SOLO VOICES.

DOMINE JESU CHRISTE, Rex Gloriæ, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de pœnis inferni et de profundo lacu:

Libera eas de ore leonis, ne absorbeat eas Tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum; sed signifer sanctus Michael repræsentet eas in lucem sanctam; quam olim Abrahamæ promissisti et semini ejus.

LORD JESUS CHRIST, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful dead from the punishment of hell, and from the deep lake;

Deliver them from the lion's mouth; let not hell swallow them, let them not fall into darkness; but let Saint Michael, the standard bearer, bring them into the holy light which once thou didst promise to Abraham and his seed.

IV. Sanctus.

FUGUE FOR TWO CHOIRS.

SANCTUS, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloriæ tuæ. Osanna in excelsis.

Benedictus, qui venit in nomine Domini. Osanna in excelsis.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest!

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!

V. Agnus Dei.

MRS. WALKER, MISS STEIN AND CHORUS.

AGNUS DEI, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem. Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.

LAMB OF GOD, that taketh away the sins of the world, grant them rest, Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, Grant them rest everlasting.

VI. Lux Aeterna.

MISS STEIN, MR. RIEGER, SIGNOR DEL PUENTE.

LUX æterna luceat eis, Domine, cum sanctis tuis in æternam, quia pius es.

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

LET perpetual light shine on them O Lord, with thy saints forever, for thou art Gracious.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

VII. Libera Me.

SOLO FOR SOPRANO, MRS. WALKER, CHORUS AND FINAL FUGUE.

LIBERA me, Domine, de morte æterna, in die illa tremenda, quando cœli movendi sunt et terra, dum veneris judicare seculum per ignem.

Tremens factus sum ego et timeo, dum discussio venerit atque ventura ira, quando cœli movendi sunt et terra.

Dies iræ, dies illa, calamitatis, et miseriæ, dies magna et amara valde.

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

DELIVER me, O Lord, from eternal death, in that dread day when the heavens and the earth shall be moved, when thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.

I am full of terror and fear at the judgment that shall come and at the coming of thy wrath, when the heavens and the earth shall be moved.

Day of wrath, dread day of calamity and misery, dread day of bitter sorrow.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on them.

The audience is respectfully requested to remain seated until the very end, as otherwise the effect will be lost.



DAVID BISPHAM.

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102
103



PETER ILVITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKI.

BORN APRIL 25, 1840.

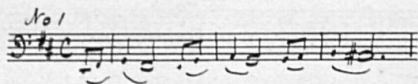
DIED NOV. 7, 1893.

Symphony No. 6, B minor, "Pathétique"

Op. 74, Tschaikowski

The sixth and last of Peter Ilvitsch Tschaikowski's symphonies was first performed just before his death in November, 1893. The title "Pathétique" was given it because the composer was not satisfied with the impression produced by its initial performance. The score is dedicated to W. Davidow. Aside from the originality and virility of the music, which have won for it high rank among modern compositions, this symphony possesses certain technical features that are of interest. Despite its name, it exhibits few of the physical features of the symphony. Strictly speaking there is no scherzo, and there is no slow movement until the last, which according to all symphonic precedent should be the most triumphant of all. Similar freedom of form is displayed in the treatment of the various movements themselves. Except in the first third of the first movement, the development is after the plan of modern dramatic music rather than according to the usual symphonic models.

The symphony begins with an *adagio* introduction, the motive of which appears soon afterwards as a figure of the first theme of the allegro or first movement proper.



This first movement is given out by the strings and then by the woodwind. The distinctness with which the subsequent themes are announced is owing quite as much to the contrasted instrumentation as to the character

of the melodies themselves. The first subsidiary theme is played by the strings *pianissimo*.



The muted strings give out the second principal theme,



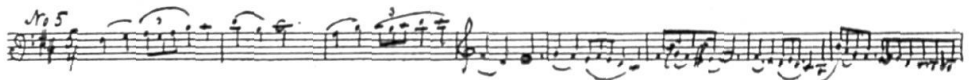
and then comes a second subsidiary theme played by flute and bassoon in alternation.



After a long and elaborate development the usual sonata form is abandoned. The first theme, originally major, returns in minor; and the second, originally minor, returns in major.

Both the second and third movements give some slight suggestion of a scherzo, but each in a different way. The second movement, *allegro con grazia*, is especially interesting as one of the few examples of the successful employment of quintuple (5-4) measure. This unusual rhythm may be found in certain German, Greek, and Spanish airs. Hiller has used it more than once. It occurs in Chopin's sonata in C minor, Op. 4. Anton Joseph Reicha wrote a fugue in 5-4 time. "The Gypsies' Glee," an English composition by William Reeves is another example.

The two principal themes



are subjected to a contrapuntal treatment at once scholarly and artistic. In this the composer shows his admirable control over the technique of composition.

The third movement, *allegro molto vivace* is remarkable for the working out of a strong march theme against a theme in 12-8 time.



The last movement, pathetic in itself, becomes doubly so when one realizes that it may be considered the composer's death song.



JOHANNES BRAHMS.

BORN MAY 7, 1833.

DIED APRIL 3, 1897.

Academic Festival Overture, in C. Minor, Opus 80 . . . Brahms

This overture was written by Brahms in 1881 for his degree of Ph.D. at the University of Breslau. It is built up on themes taken from students' songs in the German *Commersbuch*.

It begins, without slow introduction, with the strongly marked first theme, which is given out by the strings, bassoons, horns and instruments of percussion, and developed at a considerable length, the development being interrupted at one point by a quieter episode on Friedrich Silcher's "Wir hatten gebauet ein stattliches Haus," (We have built a stately house, and trusted in God therein through ill weather, storm and horror) which is given out in C major by the brass instruments and wood-wind; the fine stately effect of the high trumpets in this passage is peculiarly noteworthy. This episode is followed by some transitional passage work on a new theme in C Major, leading to a reminiscence of the first theme. The second theme, which might be called a new and somewhat modified version of the first, now enters in C minor, and is extendedly developed in the strings and wood-wind. A second subsidiary follows, at first in E major, then in G major, and a very short conclusion passage in triplets in the wood-wind brings the first part of the overture to a close.

The long and elaborate fantasia begins with an episode on the Fuchs-Lied "Was kommet da von der Hoh?" in the bassoons, clarinets and full orchestra.

The third part begins irregularly with the first subsidiary in the key of the sub-dominant, F minor, the regular return of the first theme at the beginning of the part being omitted. After this the third part is developed very much on the lines of the first episode (still in the tonic, C major) and some few other changes in detail. The coda runs wholly on "Gaudeamus-igitur," which is given out fortissimo in C major by the full orchestra, with rushing contrapuntal figuration in the strings.

This overture is scored for 1 piccolo-flute, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 1 double-bassoon, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 bass-tuba, a set of three kettle-drums and bass drum, cymbals, triangle and the usual strings.

OVERTURE TO "GWENDOLINE."

Chabrier.

The prelude to the second act of this opera was played at the Festival of 1895, Worcester. Not much of Chabrier's music has been used in America, yet he has written much for the stage, the chorus and the orchestra; and after his death, September 15, 1896, at the age of 53, Arthur Pougin wrote: "Wagnerite as he was in theory, Chabrier in practice was essentially French, and he never sacrificed the pure traditions of national art to the undisguised modern tendencies of his mind." Chabrier was pursued by misfortune. "Gwendoline" was a success when brought out at Brussels in 1886, but the next day the director of the Theatre was compelled to resign, and performances were stopped. "Le Roi malgré lui" was triumphant at the Opera Comique in Paris and within a week the Theatre was burned. When "Gwendoline" was given in Paris in 1893 the composer was mentally incapable of knowing of its success. He, too, was killed by over work. It is not uninteresting to know that his first successful essay for the stage, the operetta "L'Etoile" was the foundation of Francis Wilson's "The Merry Monarch," and that a portion of Chabrier's music is used in this American adaptation.

The libretto of "Gwendoline" is by Catulle Mendès. The plot deals with the invasion of England by King Harold, the Dane. Gwendoline is the daughter of Armel, King of Britain, and with her the invader falls in love. The attempt to induce Gwendoline to betray her royal husband at the wedding feast ends in the murder of Harold by Armel, and the suicide of the heroine, who had remained true to her love. The overture is quite after the style of Wagner.

"DER KAISERMARSCH"—Emperor's March.

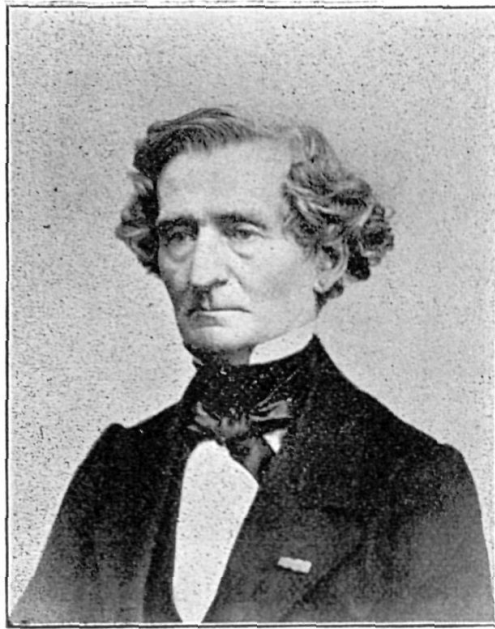
This March begins with the motive of the grand chorus, "Hail to the Emperor." The surging of the masses from the Brandenburg Gate to the cathedral is depicted next; and now the bells of the city resound in majestic peals; strains of solemn organ music emanate from the cathedral; the congregation is heard to sing Luther's triumphal war hymn, "A Mighty Stronghold is our God." In truly Wagnerian fashion these themes are now developed into a grand musical structure. The crowds on the celebrated street Unter den Linden grow denser and denser, the organ and Luther's hymn swell out higher and louder, the bells resound, until at last the Kaiser is at the Brandenburg Gate. Already the heralds are passing under its arches, and now surrounded by his brilliant staff of generals, and by the German princes, the hero appears. For a moment silence reigns, then, at a signal, the thousand-voiced chorus, stationed on the stand near by, burst forth into the song of victory, "Hail to the Emperor."



CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.

BORN OCTOBER 9, 1835.

Charles Camille Saint-Saëns is at present the most distinguished French composer, we might almost say the greatest living composer. Saint-Saëns is unique among French composers in that he has made his mark in every field of composition. He is an accomplished pianist, a clever organist, the greatest French symphonist, and an operatic composer of great distinction. The great reputation enjoyed by many *bizarre* compositions like the "Dance of Death," "Le rouet d' Omphale" and "Phaeton," has made him known to concert audiences, but his fame rests more securely on his symphonies, piano concertos, and operas, which also enjoy great popularity. He employs classic forms with ease and has been influenced but little by ultra-modern tendencies, is in fact one of the most uncompromising opponents of the Wagnerian style. To say that he has not been influenced in his writings by the spirit which dominates music at this time would be to deny him the possession of the fundamental qualities of a great composer, but he has strenuously objected to that lawless use of modern freedom of style which characterizes the works of many of the younger men, whose enthusiasm has not been tempered by experience and observation. The "Samson and Delilah" produced here in 1896, is justly considered one of his greatest works, but the orchestral work by which he is represented this year will reveal many of the qualities which are truly characteristic of his style. The present school of composition is in many ways a reaction against former practices, and will surely justify the promises of the present if its representatives are guided by the principles which find their most perfect expression in the works of Camille Saint-Saëns.



HECTOR BERLIOZ.

BORN DECEMBER 11, 1803.

DIED MARCH 9, 1869.

Hector Berlioz has been called the "French Beethoven." Looked at from one point of view a greater mistake than this designation could not be made, and yet there are certain points of analogy between the two composers. Both Beethoven and Berlioz found in the orchestra and in absolute music their most fitting means of expression. Both men thoroughly understood the resources of the orchestra, and yet they differed radically in their treatment of orchestral effects. With Beethoven the orchestra was a means of expression, while Berlioz too often looked upon it as the end. Beethoven suggested general dramatic ideas, Berlioz by imitation and direction attempted to be specific. They were both men of ideality and were true as steel to their ideals. Berlioz is represented on the Festival programmes by two works which show him at his best; an aria from "Les Troyens,"* one of his most important operas, and two movements from his greatest composition, the "Damnation of Faust." In the latter he shows both the delicacy and virility of his conceptions, and the discriminating use of the orchestra so characteristic of his style. In the former he displays his grasp of the operatic style, although we may feel that in this field he is not as great as in purely orchestral forms.

*First performance—Paris, November 4—1863.

"ATTIS."

SYMPHONIC POEM FOR FULL ORCHESTRA—Op. 15.

BY

ALBERT AUGUSTUS STANLEY.

ARGUMENT.

ATTIS, a beautiful Greek youth full of dreams and fancies, passionate, eager for new experiences, suddenly determines to sail away across the sea to Phrygia, there to become a priest of Cybele, goddess of the earth. Scarcely has he arrived at this decision when he experiences one of those revulsions of feeling common to unregulated natures. Thoughts of home and all that he must leave behind, mingled with premonitions of disaster, crowd upon him, and for the moment he hesitates. Soon, however, he comes back to his first resolve and together with a company of youths whom his enthusiasm has inspired, he goes on board ship and resolutely sets sail. As the voyage nears its end tender memories fill his heart with sadness. At the first sight of land there is an outburst of joy, but as Attis touches the shore he is again almost overcome by thoughts of home. Returning to his purpose, Attis summons his companions to follow and presses on to the sacred grove in the still depths of which rises the temple of Cybele. They approach the shrine as dusk comes on, and discover to their dismay a stone image where they had expected to find the beautiful goddess. The image of the goddess gives no sign of welcome, but stands grim and silent in the gathering shadows. Filled with vague distrust, but not despairing, the youths chant their hymn of adoration with trembling voices. Still there is no response, and they turn sorrowfully away. But they cannot yet give up the hope that the great goddess of the earth will by some visible sign show her acceptance of their worship, and again they approach the shrine with chanting. Before they reach it, the air seems to be pervaded by a strange influence that dulls all thought of self and moves them with a new and irresistible impulse. The air is filled with soft music which gradually takes on the character of a dance. As the music increases in intensity, the youths, drawn on by its stirring rhythms, move more and more quickly. Frenzy takes possession of all; the dance becomes a wild and fearful orgy. At length, utterly exhausted, Attis sinks down, senseless, upon the ground. As he comes to himself, he seems to hear an old melody of the homeland wafted over the seas. Responding to its suggestions he resolves to seek again his home and kindred. But Cybele, angered at the inconstancy of her devotee, unyokes a lion from her chariot, and bids him frighten the wavering Attis into submission. The youth, terror-stricken, flees to the shrine, and gives himself forever to the service of the goddess.

Musical Analysis.

The work is written in the modern form of the Symphonic Poem, and is scored for the full concert orchestra. The subject has been given a free interpretation in order that a proper artistic sequence might be made possible. The first theme, the "Attis" motive—*Andante appassionata* (3-4 time)

No. 1



stated by the violins, violas and 'celli does not give a decided impression of tonality, until after undergoing several transformations it leads to a decisive cadence in *B flat major*. It

aims at the portrayal of the successive steps by means of which Attis arrives at the determination to become a votary of Cybele. Then follows a quieter motive (*poco adagio*) for clarinet, horns and English horn, ending in the following subsidiary theme

No. 2



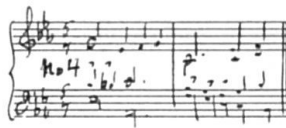
expressive of the tender emotions which he experiences as soon as he comes to his decision. This is violently interrupted by a sharp incisive figure for the violins which leads eventually to the first theme of the second division—the sea voyage—*C minor, Allegro ma non troppo, (2-4 time)*.

No. 3



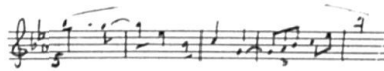
As this movement is written in an abridged Sonata form, the second subject follows in *E flat major*.

No. 4



This theme expressive of the nobler side of Attis's character has rhythmical suggestions of a metrical structure essentially Greek (*5-4 time*). In the short "free fantasia" which now follows—the first part not being repeated—several purely musical themes are introduced leading to a variant of the "Attis" motive, which now takes on a somewhat dreamy and sorrowful character. The character of the themes leading up to this new treatment of the principal motive has prepared us somewhat for its effect, but primarily it depends for its new suggestion upon the somewhat slower movement and the peculiar quality of tone produced by the English horn. The theme soon develops into a canonic duo between the oboe and English horn. This is followed in turn by a plaintive theme for flute, oboe, and English horn.

No. 5



These themes are accompanied by a figure suggestive of the movement of the waves, and are hushed by the cries of land announced by blasts of the horns repeated by the strings. At the third call the full orchestra responds in a strong statement of the "Attis" motive—*Maestoso (3-4 time)*. The *reprise* now follows in strict compliance with the laws of form. As the vessel touches the shore Attis, overcome by tender memories, looks questioningly across the seas towards home. This mood is expressed by a quiet theme for the muted strings, *E major, Poco adagio*, leading into solos for violin and 'cello, while the strings sustain a dominant seventh chord. This is followed by a dignified choral-like theme played by the wood wind, *F minor, Maestoso*, which rising to a climax on *ff* chords for the brass finally sinks into subdued harmonies as Attis and his companions stand awe-struck before the insensate image. The "Prayer" motive, *G flat major, Adagio (3-4 time)*,



JENNIE PATRICK WALKER



GERTRUDE MAY STEIN

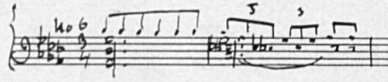


GIUSEPPE DEL PUENTE



WILLIAM H. RIEGER

No. 6



is given out by the bass clarinet accompanied by violas and 'celli *pp* and is repeated several times, in appropriate combinations. As no response comes the desire for some answer to the prayer is voiced by the strings in a second subject in conjunction with the "Prayer" motive.

No. 7



The theme dies away and the choral chant is repeated, *F sharp minor*. At the conclusion of this movement, just as the "Prayer" motive should enter again, the violins sustain *B natural* (in the "three marked" octave) while a harsh dissonance resolving by an upward chromatic leading of the lower voice is followed by a figure, which, after three repetitions, leads directly into a dance, *G major, Allegro con brio (3-4 time)*

No. 8



based on the "Prayer" motive and its counter-subject (No. 7). This dance, written in a free adaptation of the Minuet form, gradually develops into a wild *Bacchanal*. As this change takes place the tonality grows vague and the rhythms become more and more agitated. All the themes already heard are introduced, but so transformed that they stand as expressions of the swift play of passion, which has brought about a complete debasement of the better nature. As the orgiastic music ceases, consumed as it were by its own passionate intensity, a long sustained tone in the violins leads into the next movement *B major, Poco Andante molto espressivo (2-4 time)*.

No. 9

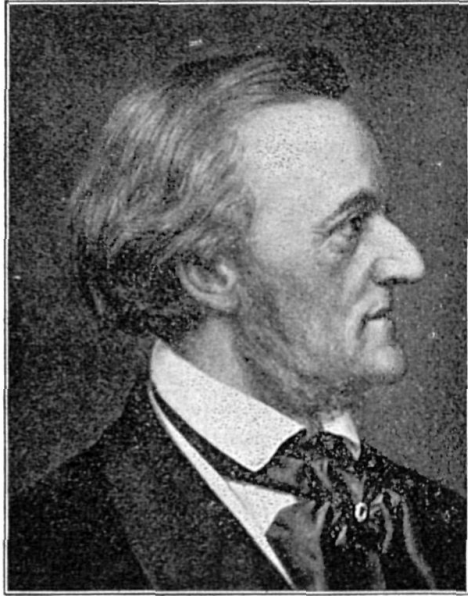


The oboe gives out a theme, quaint and suggestive of the Galliambic meter. A solo horn answers by the "Attis" motive. Again the Greek melody (by the English horn) is heard, this time answered by the strings—eventually by the full orchestra—in a concise statement of the principal themes of the introductory division. As the soft harmonies of the concluding measures are about to end in a full cadence, the Finale *G sharp minor, Allegro vivace quasi presto (2-4 time)*,

No. 10



with its turbulent figures interrupts it, and we are precipitated directly into the struggle which finally results in driving Attis and his companions back to the service of Cybele. As if to heighten the awful situation just before the final crashing chords, a short episode for wood wind is introduced—one glimpse of their despair.



WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER.

BORN MAY 22, 1813.

DIED FEBRUARY 13, 1883.

“The Flying Dutchman.*”

Argument.

In the legend of the “Flying Dutchman” we are told that a Dutch captain once tried to double the Cape of Good Hope in the teeth of a furious gale, and swore that he would accomplish his purpose even if he kept on sailing forever. The Devil heard his oath and condemned him to course the seas until the Day of Judgment, without aim, and without hope of release, unless he could find a woman to love him faithfully unto death. Every seven years he was allowed to go on land to seek such a woman. The Opera (Act I) opens with the appearance of the Flying Dutchman’s ship on the coast of Norway, in a bay in which rides the ship of the Norwegian captain, Daland. The Dutchman goes on shore where he is soon joined by Daland. He shows Daland his wonderful treasures and finds him not averse to giving him his daughter Senta to wife, in whom according to his account all the womanly virtues combine. The storm abates and the two ships set sail for Daland’s home, which is not far distant. In the Second Act we are given a glimpse into this home. The maidens are spinning, accompanying their work with singing. Senta is asked to sing, and responds with a ballad, in which the terrible fate of the Dutchman is recounted, and closes by declaring that she will rescue him from his doom. Senta has been for some time strangely influenced by this story, and is taunted by the maidens with having fallen in love with the picture of the Flying Dutchman which hangs on the wall. The announcement of the arrival of the ships is brought by Erik, Senta’s lover, who is in despair on account of Senta’s strange infatuation. The maidens rush out to welcome the sailors, but Senta and Erik remain. He tells her of a terrible dream, in which he foresees all the events which later transpire. Making no impression on Senta, but on the contrary fixing her more firmly in her determination, he rushes away. Senta gazes fixedly on the picture, softly humming to herself the refrain of the ballad, when the door opens and she beholds Daland, and — close behind him — the Dutchman. A long scene follows in which Senta heroically vows to share the Dutchman’s lot and be faithful to him unto death, he receiving her promise with rapture. Daland who has left them, returns, wishing to announce their betrothal to his crew, who are about to have their accustomed feast upon the successful completion of a voyage. The Third Act opens with a chorus by the Norwegian sailors, who leave their vessel to join the maidens, now appearing with food and drink for both crews. They repeatedly invite the sailors of the Dutchman’s ship to join, but getting no response they soon desist and begin their merry-making. The crew of the “Dutchman” now appear, and while their ship is surrounded by an unearthly light and is violently agitated by the waves, which are seething in the vicinity of their ship, although elsewhere calm prevails, they sing a weird and ghastly song, filling

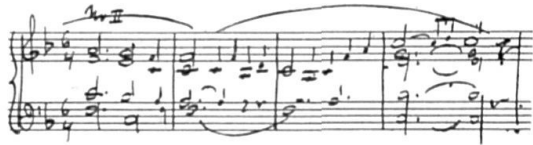
*First performance, Dresden, January 2, 1843.

those on shore with terror. Erik now appears, to make one more attempt to move Senta from her decision. As he is pleading, the Dutchman appears, and thinking Senta is false to him, boards his ship and declaring himself to be the "terror of seamen—the Flying Dutchman," puts to sea. Senta shakes herself free from Daland and Eric who attempt to restrain her, ascends a cliff overhanging the sea, and proclaiming her constancy, throws herself into the water. The Dutchman's ship sinks, and in its place, outlined against the setting sun, the forms of Senta and the Dutchman, locked in each others arms, rise from the sea and float upward, as the angry clouds, which up to this time have filled the sky, disperse and give place to a golden sunset.

Musically, the "Flying Dutchman" may be described as a combination of two styles. The aria and all the forms of the conventional opera are retained, but the "typical motive," and the new form of musical declamation are used extensively. The work is built up on two principal motives. The first is known as the "Curse" motive,



while the second stands for "Salvation."



These contrasting themes are truly representative of the conflicting dramatic elements which find expression in the plot, and this first tentative use of a device which was to be the fundamental principle of Wagner's style, fully established its right to be.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

ROMANTIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS,

BY

RICHARD WAGNER.

ACT I.

No. 1.—OVERTURE.

No. 2.—INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I. *A steep, rocky shore. The sea occupies the greater part of the scene, and there is a wide view over it. Gloomy weather; a violent storm. DALAND'S ship has cast anchor close to the shore; the sailors are noisily employed in furling the sails, coiling ropes, etc. DALAND has gone on shore. He is standing on a rock and looking landwards, to find out in what place they are.*

CHORUS OF SAILORS (*at work*).

Yo-ho-hey! Hal-lo-yo! Ho! Hey!

DALAND (*Coming down from a rock*).

No question! Seven good miles are we.
Beyond the port we fain would see.
The voyage past, the goal so near,
Sad is our fate, to perish here!

STEERSMAN (*from the deck, calling through his hollowed hands*)

Ho! Captain!

DALAND.

On board with you—what cheer?

STEERSMAN.

Good; all is well! We have good holding ground.

DALAND.

Sandwike it is! Right well I know the bay.
Alas! There on the shore I saw my home.
Senta, my child, ere now I should have met thee,

If this unlook'd-for tempest had not come!
Trust not the wind; in its grasp it will get thee!

[*Going on board.*]

What good? But stay! The winds abate;
A storm that rages ceases soon.

[*On board.*]

Ho, sailors! Here no longer wait;
But take some rest—all fear is gone.

[*The sailors descend into the hold.*]

Now, steersman, the turn is thine to take the watch;
Though risk is past, I warn thee not to sleep.

STEERSMAN.

Depend on me! Sleep safely, captain mine!

[*DALAND goes down into the cabin.*]

[*The STEERSMAN alone on the deck. The storm has somewhat subsided and only returns at intervals; the waves are tossing high. The STEERSMAN walks round the deck once, and then sits down near the rudder. He yawns, then rouses himself up, as sleep is coming over him.*]

STEERSMAN.

Through thunder and storm from distant seas,
My maiden come I near!

Over towering waves with southern breeze,
 My maiden I am here!
 My maiden, were there no south wind,
 I never could come to thee;
 O fair south wind, to me be kind!
 My maiden she longs for me.
 Ho-yo-ho! Hollo-ho!

[*A wave strikes and shakes the ship violently. The STEERSMAN rises and looks about him. Satisfied that no harm has been done, he sits down again and sings, while sleep more and more overpowers him.*]

On the shores of the south, in far-off lands,
 I oft on thee have thought;
 Through thunder and waves, from Moorish
 strands,
 A gift I thee have brought.
 My maiden, praise the sweet south wind—
 I bring thee a golden chain.
 O fair south wind, to me be kind!
 My maiden a gift would gain.
 Ho-yo-ho! Hollo-ho!

[*He struggles against fatigue and at last falls asleep. . . . The storm begins again to rage violently, and it grows darker. . . . In the distance appears the ship of the Flying Dutchman, with blood-red sails and black masts. She quickly nears the shore, over against the ship of the Norwegian. . . . With a fearful crash the anchor takes the ground. . . . The STEERSMAN springs up out of sleep; without leaving his place he gives a hasty look at the rudder, and satisfied that no harm has been done, he hums the beginning of his song. . . . He sleeps again. . . . Silently, the spectral crew of the DUTCHMAN furl the sails, etc.*]. . . .

No. 3.—(Aria.)

THE DUTCHMAN.

The term is past,
 And once again are ended the seven long
 years!
 The weary sea casts me upon the land.
 Ha, haughty ocean!

A little while, and thou again wilt bear me.
 Though thou art changeful,
 Unchanging is my doom:
 Release, which on the land I seek for,
 Never shall I meet with.
 True, thou heaving ocean,
 Am I to thee,
 Until at last thou art no more.
 Engulf'd in ocean's deepest wave,
 Oft have I long'd to find a grave;
 But, ah, a grave I found it not!
 I oft have blindly rush'd along,
 To find my death sharp rocks among;
 But, ah, my death I found it not!
 And oft, the pirate boldly daring,
 My death I've courted from the sword,
 "Here," cried I, "work thy deeds unsparing.
 My ship with gold is richly stor'd."
 Alas! the sea's rapacious son
 But sign'd the cross, and straight was gone.
 Nowhere a grave; no way of death!
 Mine is the curse of living breath!
 Thee I beseech, kind angel sent from heaven,
 Thou, who for me didst win unlook'd for
 grace—

Was there a fruitless hope to mock me given,
 When thou didst show me how to find release?
 The hope is fruitless—all is quite in vain:
 On earth a love unchanging none can gain!
 A single hope with me remaineth,

A single hope still standeth fast:
 Though earth its frame long time retaineth,
 In ruins it must fall at last.
 Great day of judgment, nearing slow,
 When wilt thou dawn, and chase my night?
 When comes it, that o'erwhelming blow
 Which strikes the world with crushing might?
 When all the dead are rais'd again,
 Destruction I shall then attain.
 Ye worlds, your course continue not:
 Endless destruction be my lot!

CHORUS OF THE CREW OF THE DUTCHMAN
 (in the ship's hold.)

Endless destruction be our lot!

No. 4. Scene. Duet and Chorus. (DALAND comes out of the cabin; he looks round at the storm, and observes the strange ship.)

DALAND (*looking at the STEERSMAN.*)
Hey! Hallo, Steersman!
STEERSMAN (*half rousing himself from sleep.*)
'Tis naught—'tis naught!
Ah, fair south wind to me be kind,
My maiden—

DALAND.

There is naught? What! Thou watchest
well, my friend!
There lies a ship—How long thou must have
slept!

STEERSMAN (*suddenly jumping up*)

'Tis so, indeed.
Forgive me, captain mine!
Ahoy! Ahoy! (*Calling through a speaking
trumpet.*)

[*A long pause, the echo repeated.*]

DALAND.

It seems that they are quite as bad as we.

STEERSMAN (*as before.*)

Give answer, ship and flag there!

DALAND (*perceiving the DUTCHMAN on the
land.*)

Forbear! I think I see the captain there!
Hey! Hallo, seaman! Tell thy name—
thy country!

THE DUTCHMAN (*without leaving his place.*)

Far have I come; wouldst thou in storm and
tempest
Drive me from anchorage?

DALAND.

Nay, God forbid! Kind welcome do I give
thee!
Who art thou? (*Going on shore.*)

THE DUTCHMAN.

A Dutchman.

DALAND.

God be with thee!
Hast thou as well been cast upon this

Bare and rocky shore?
I far'd no better; but a few short miles from
here

My home awaits me, almost gained:
I must anew set forth to reach it.
Say, whence comest thou?
What damage hast thou suffered?

THE DUTCHMAN.

My ship is safe; no damage have I suffered.
Oh, grant to me a little while thy home,
And of thy friendship thou wilt not repent;
With treasures brought from every clime and
country

My ship is richly laden; wilt thou bargain?
Thou mayst be sure that thou wilt gainer be.

DALAND.

How wonderful! Can I indeed believe thy
statement?

A baleful star has followed thee till now.
To give thee pleasure gladly would I try;
Yet may I ask thee what thy ship contains?

THE DUTCHMAN.

All these my riches give I thee
If thou wilt grant me now with thee to find a
home.

DALAND.

What am I hearing?

THE DUTCHMAN.

Hast thou got a daughter?

DALAND.

I have—a loving child.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Let her be mine?

Duet—DALAND and THE DUTCHMAN.

DALAND (*joyful yet perplexed.*)

What? is it true? that my daughter be his?
He seems to speak with decision!
Yet if my answer irresolute is,
This all may fade as a vision.
Stay, now, am I sleeping or waking?
Is there any one more to my mind?
I err such an offer not taking;
I am happy him thus to find.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Ah! not a wife, not a child, have I
Naught that to this world can bind me;
Ceaselessly followed by fate, I fly,
Misfortune ever behind me.
Since home I have none to receive me,
Of what avail this wealth I have won?
If thou but thy daughter wilt give me,
Oh! then make all my treasures thine own.

DALAND.

Yes, stranger, true; I have an only daughter,
Who gives her father all a daughter's love;
She is my pride, the best of my possessions,
In grief my comfort and in mirth my joy.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Her father still receives her true affection!
Love him, and she will love her husband too.

DALAND.

Thou givest jewels, pearls of priceless value;
A fairer jewel still, a faithful wife—

THE DUTCHMAN.

Thou givest me?

DALAND.

I give thee here my word.
I mourn thy lot. As thou art bountiful,
Thou showest me thy good and noble heart.
My son I wish thou wert;
And were thy wealth not half as great,
I would not choose another!

THE DUTCHMAN.

My thanks!
Shall I thy daughter see to-day?

DALAND.

The next propitious wind will bear us home;
Thou'lt see her then, and if she pleases thee—

Duet.—THE DUTCHMAN AND DALAND.

THE DUTCHMAN.

She shall be mine. (*Aside.*) Will she my
angel be?
Oft by unceasing torment driven,
My heart has long'd for rest and peace;
Oh, would the hope at last were given
That I through her might find release!

Dare I in that illusion languish,
That through this angel pain will cease?
That after this tormenting anguish
I shall attain to lasting peace?
Ah! all but hopeless though I be,
My heart still hopes that joy to see.

DALAND.

I thank the storm which me far has driven,
And on this rocky shore has cast:
In truth good fortune freely given
I must not lose, but hold it fast.
Ye winds that to this coast have brought him,
To you my heartfelt thanks I pay;
No father but had gladly caught him;
His wealth and he are mine to-day!
Good fortune, freely given,
I must not lose but hold it fast.
Yes! if one both rich and noble be,
Him guest and son I gladly see!

STEERSMAN (*on board*).

[*The storm is quite over and the wind has
changed.*]

South wind! South wind!
"Oh, fair south wind, to me be kind!"

CHORUS OF SAILORS (*waving their caps*).

Halloho! Yo-ho-hey!

DALAND.

Behold how fortune favors thee;
The wind is fair and calm the sea;
Forthwith the anchor let us weigh,
And swiftly sail for home to-day.

SAILORS.

Halloho! Ho! Halloho! &c.

THE DUTCHMAN.

If I might ask thee, do thou first put to sea;
Though fair the wind, my crew are weary all;
So let them rest awhile, then follow thee.

DALAND.

Yes, but the wind?

THE DUTCHMAN.

'Tis not a wind to fall.
My ship is swift, and thine will overtake.

DALAND.

Thy ship, if so, good way will have to make.
Farewell! To-day thou wilt my daughter see!



JANET SPENCER



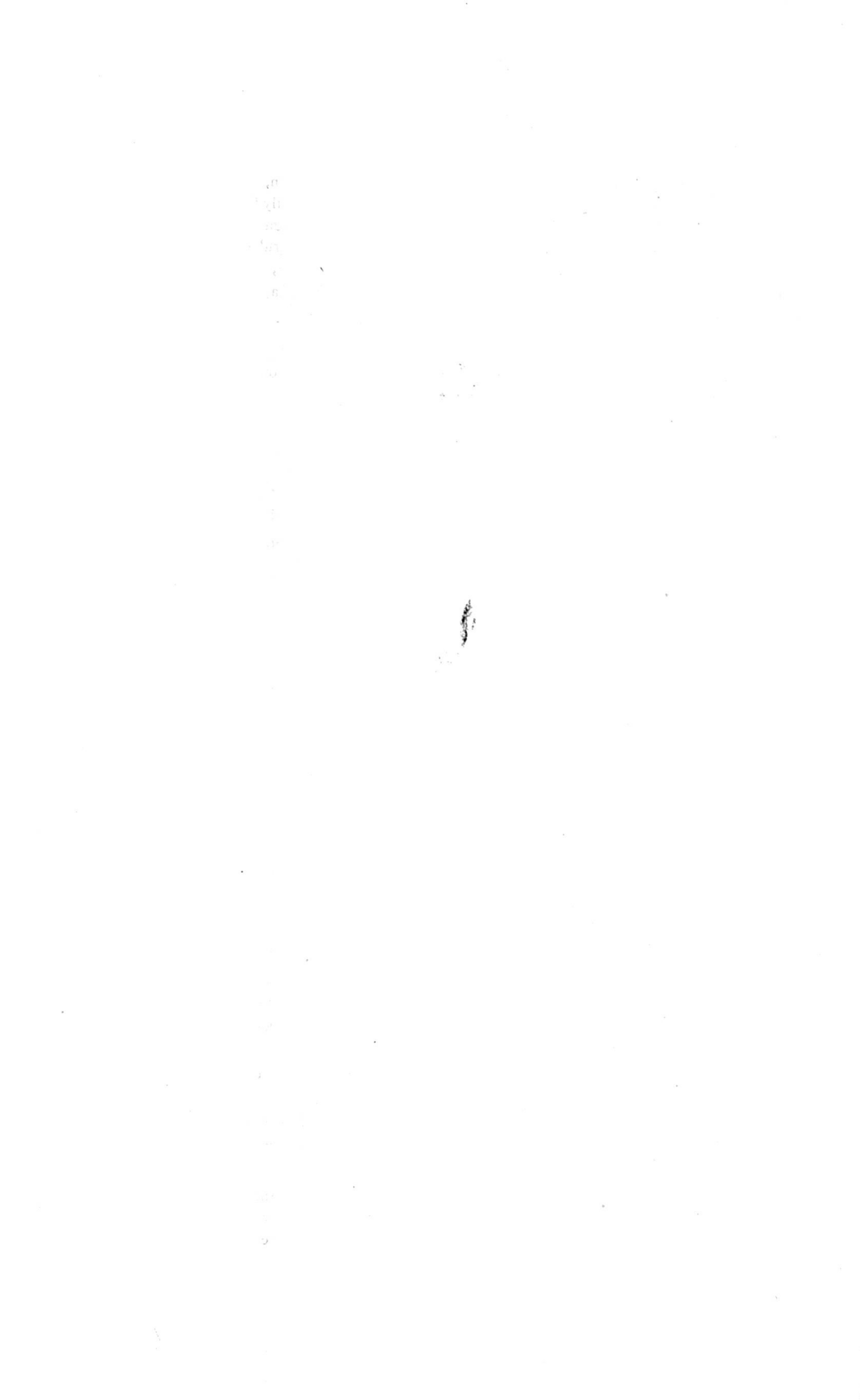
ELSA VON GRAVE



BARRON BERTHALD



WILLIAM A. HOWLAND



THE DUTCHMAN.

In truth?

DALAND (*going on board his ship*).

Hey! quickly full the sails will be!

Hallo! Hallo!

Come, sailors, work away!

SAILORS (*setting sail and singing*).

Through thunder and storm from distant seas.

My maiden, come I near;

Hurrah!

Over towering waves, with southern breeze,

My maiden, am I here!

My maiden, were there no south wind,

I never could come to thee;

Oh, fair south wind, to me be kind!

My maiden she longs for me!

Ho, ho! Halloho! &c.

(*The Dutchman goes on board his ship.*)

(*The curtain falls.*)

ACT II.

No. 5.—INTRODUCTION.

No. 6.—SPINNING CHORUS.

[*A large room in DALAND'S house; on the wall, pictures of sea subjects, charts etc; on the further wall, the portrait of a pale man, with a dark beard, in a black Spanish dress. MARY and the maidens are sitting around the chamber, and spinning. SENTA leaning back in an arm-chair, is absorbed in dreamy contemplation of the portrait on the further wall.*]

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Hum, hum, hum, good wheels, 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 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.

(*to Senta.*)

But wherefor, Senta, art thou still?

THE MAIDENS.

Hum, hum, hum, good wheel, be turning.

Gaily, gaily, turn thee round!

Spin, spin, spin, the threads be twirling,

Turn good wheel, with humming sound!

On distant seas my love doth sail—

In southern lands,

Much gold he wins;

Then turn, good wheel, nor tire, nor fail;

The gold for her

Who duly spins!

Spin, spin,

Spin we duly!

Hum, hum,

Wheels go truly!

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.

(*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

MARY.

You see her! still before that face!

Why wilt thou dream away thy girlhood

With gazing at that picture so?

SENTA (*without changing her position*).

Why has thou told me of his sorrows ?
His hapless fate why did I know? (*sighing*)
The wretched man !

MARY.

God help thee, girl !

THE MAIDENS.

Ei, ei ! What's that she said ?
Her sighs are for the ghastly man !

MARY.

I fear that she will lose her head !

THE MAIDENS.

'Tis brooding makes her look so wan.

MARY.

No use for me to chide each day
Come, Senta, wilt thou turn away ?

THE MAIDENS.

She hears you not : she is in love !
Ei, ei ! No anger pray it move !
For Erik has a temper hot,
And if he's hurt will bear it not
Say naught, lest in a rage he fall,
And shoot his rival from the wall !
Ha, ha, ha !

SENTA (*Starting up angrily*).

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

THE MAIDENS (*singing as loud as possible,
and turning their spinning-wheels with
great noise, so as to give SENTA no opportu-
nity of complaining*).

Hum, good wheel etc.

SENTA.

Oh make an end to 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 !

THE MAIDENS.

Well, sing thyself !

SENTA.

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.

That 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 effect you !

THE MAIDENS.

Well let us hear.

SENTA.

Mark ye the word !

THE MAIDENS.

And we will rest.

MARY (*peevishly*).

I'll spin away.

[*The Maidens move their seats nearer to the
arm-chair, after they have put aside their
spinning-wheels, and group themselves round*
SENTA. MARY remains sitting where she
was and goes on spinning.]

No. 7.—(*Ballad*).

SENTA (*in the arm-chair*).

Yo-ho-ho !

A ship the restless ocean sweeps ;
Blood red her sails and black her mast
Her spectral captain never sleeps,
But watchful glances round him casts.
Hui ! The wind is shrill ! Yo ho hey !
Hui ! Like an arrow he flies, without aim,
Without rest, without end.
Yet this the { wretched } man from his
 { spectral } long curse may deliver,
Find he a maiden faithful and true, to love
 him forever.
Ah ! mightest thou, spectral seaman, but find
 her !
Pray ye that Heaven may soon
At his need grant him this boon.

[Towards the end of the verse, SENTA turns towards the picture. The maidens listen with interest. MARY has left off spinning.]

Against a tempest's utmost wrath,
Around the cape he once would sail,
He cursed and swore a foolish oath;
"Befall what may! I will prevail!"
Hui! And Satan heard! Yo-ho-hey!
Hui! he marked his word,
And condemned him to sail on the sea, with-
out aim, without end.
Yet this the wretched man from his life-long
curse may deliver,
Would but an angel show him the way his
bondage to sever.

(Senta and the Maidens.)

THE MAIDENS.

Ah! mightest thou spectral seaman, but find
it!
Pray ye, to heaven!

SENTA.

Ah! mightest thou, spectral seaman, but find
it!
Pray ye that Heav'n may soon
At his need grant him this boon!

[SENTA who at the second verse has risen from her chair, comes forward with increasing agitation.]

He goes on shore when seven years end;
A wife he seeks the land around;
But wheresoe'er his steps he bends
For him no faithful wife is found.
Hui! "Unfurl the sails!" Yo-ho-hey!
Hui! "The anchor weigh!" Yo-ho-hey!
Hui! "Faithless love, faithless troth!
To the sea, without aim, without end!"

[SENTA, exhausted, sinks back, in the chair.
After a deep pause, THE MAIDENS go on
singing softly.]

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

SENTA (carried away by a sudden inspiration
and springing up from the chair).

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

Oh, may the angels hither guide thee!
Through me may new-found joy be-tide thee!

MARY and the MAIDENS (terrified).

Heav'n help us! Senta!

ERIK (entering the door, and hearing SENTA'S
outcry).

Senta, would'st thou, then, forsake me?

THE MAIDENS.

Help, Erik, help! This must be madness!

MARY.

This outburst fills my heart with sadness!
Abhorred picture out you go!
Let but her father come to know!

ERIK (sadly).

Her father comes!

SENTA (springing up joyfully as if awaking.)

My father here?

ERIK.

From off the height I saw his sail.

THE MAIDENS (joyfully).

They are at home!

MARY (in a great bustle).

How idle shall we all appear,
If we in household duties fail!

THE MAIDENS.

Up, haste away!

MARY (detaining the maidens).

Hold! hold! With me you ought to stay!

[Mary drives out the maidens and follows
them.]

No. 8 (Duet).

ERIK (restraining Senta who wishes to go
out at once).

Stay, Senta! Stay a single moment more
And from my torture set me free!

Say, wilt thou, ah, wilt thou leave me quite?

SENTA (<i>lingering</i>). What is—what must? ERIK. O Senta, speak—what will become of me? Thy father comes; before he sails again He will accomplish what he oft has purposed. SENTA. What dost thou mean? ERIK. And will a husband give thee— A heart, a hand, from ill to screen thee; A hunter's skill, a frugal hut! Were I with these to seek to win thee, Then let my heart with anguish break, Say, Senta, who for me will speak? SENTA. Ah, ask not, Erik, now, Let me begone My father I must welcome; For if this once his daughter failed to come, I fear he might be angry. ERIK. From me thou 'dst fly? SENTA. I must away! ERIK. Thou shunnest me? SENTA. Oh, let me go! ERIK. And wilt thou leave the wound still bleeding, Which thou hast given my loving heart! Ah, hear my fondest, latest pleading, Hear what I ask, ere yet we part! Say, let this heart with anguish break, Will Senta care for me to speak? <i>(despairingly)</i> . SENTA. What! Dost thou doubt my heart's devotion, And question if I love thee still? Oh, say, what wakes this new emotion? Why should mistrust thy bosom fill?	ERIK. Thy father, Ah! for wealth alone he seeks! And Senta, thou, how dare I on thee reckon? I pray thee grant but one of my petitions: Grieve not my heart from day to day. SENTA. Thy heart? ERIK. What can I fancy? Yonder face. SENTA. The face? ERIK. Why not abandon all the foolish dreams? SENTA. Can I forbid my face to show compassion? ERIK. Then, too, the ballad thou hast sung to-day! SENTA. I am a child and know not what I'm singing. But, say—What! Fearest thou a song—a face? ERIK. Thou art so pale; say, should I not be fear- ful? SENTA. Should, then, a fate so terrible not move me? ERIK. My sorrow, Senta, moves thee now no more? SENTA. O vaunt it not! What can thy sorrow be? Know'st thou the fate of that unhappy man? <i>(Draws ERIK closer to the picture and points to it)</i> Look, canst thou feel the pain, the grief, With which his gaze on me he bends? Ah, when I think he has ne'er found relief How sharp a pang my bosom rends!
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ERIK.

Woe's me ! I think of my late hapless dream !
God keep the safe ! Satan would thee ensnare.

SENTA.

What affrights thee so ?

ERIK (*in a stifled voice*).

Senta, hear what I tell !

A vision—heed thou its warning voice !

[SENTA *sits down exhausted in the arm chair ; at the beginning of ERIK'S recital she sinks into a kind of hypnotic slumber, so that she appears to be dreaming the very dream he is relating to her. ERIK stands leaning on the arm chair beside her*].

On lofty cliffs I lay, and, dreaming,
I watched the mighty sea below ;
The sounding breakers white were gleaming,
And towards the shore came rolling slow.
A foreign ship off shore was riding :
I mark'd her—wied-like, strange to see.
Two men their steps to me were guiding ;
The one I knew—thy father he.

SENTA (*her eyes closed*).

The other ?

ERIK.

Him, too, had I seen ;
The garments black, the ghastly mien.

SENTA (*as before*).

The gloomy look ?

ERIK (*pointing to picture*).

The seaman here.

SENTA.

And I ?

ERIK.

From home thou didst appear,
And haste to give thy father greeting,
I saw thee to the stranger going,
And, as for his regard entreating,
Thyself at once before him throwing.

SENTA (*with increasing attention*).

He rais'd me up—

ERIK.

Upon his breast ;
I saw him close embrace thee—
In kisses was thy love confessed.

SENTA.

And then ?

ERIK (*looking on Senta with uneasy wonder*).

I saw you put to sea.

SENTA (*waking up quickly in the highest excitement*).

He seeks for me, and I for him !
For him will I risk life and limb !

ERIK.

How frightful ! Clearly I view
Her hapless end. My dream was true !

[ERIK *rushes away, full of horror and despair*].

SENTA (*her gaze fixed on the picture and deeply moved*).

Ah, mightest thou, spectral seaman, but find
her !

Pray ye that Heav'n may soon,
At his need, grant him this—

[*The DUTCHMAN and DALAND appear.*]

No. 9.—(Scene).

[SENTA'S gaze turns from the picture to the DUTCHMAN. She utters a loud cry of astonishment and remains standing as if transfixed].

SENTA.

Ha !

[*The DUTCHMAN walks slowly up and down with eyes on SENTA. DALAND stands at the door and appears to wait till SENTA comes to him. He then approaches her.*]

DALAND.

My child, thou seest me on the threshold—
What! no embracing, not a kiss?
Thou standest fixed—nor word nor motion?
My Senta, do I merit this?

SENTA (*seizing Daland's hand*).

God be thy guard! My father, say
Who is this stranger?

DALAND (*laughing*)

Must I tell?

No. 10.—(Air)

DALAND.

Wilt thou, my child, accord this stranger
friendly welcome?
Seaman is he like me; my guest he would
remain.
Homeless for long, he now is off a distant
journey.
In foreign land abundant treasure did he
gain.
He from his fatherland is banish'd
And for a home will richly pay.
Say, Senta, would it much displease thee
Should he, a stranger, with us stay?

(To the Dutchman).

Say, have I gone too far in boasting?
Look for thyself,—is she not fair?
Should not my praise be overflowing?
Confess her graces wondrous are!

[*The DUTCHMAN makes an affirmative motion; DALAND turns again to SENTA*].

Wilt thou, my child, accord our guest a
friendly welcome?
And wilt thou also let him share thy kindly
heart?
Give him thy hand, for bridegroom it is
thine to call him!
If thou but give consent, to-morrow his thou
art.

[*SENTA makes a shrinking painful motion.*
DALAND shows her some jewelry].

Look on these gems, look on these bracelets:
To what he owns, trifles are these.
Dost thou my child, not long to have them?
And all are thine when thou art his!

[*SENTA and the DUTCHMAN absorbed in each other pay no attention to DALAND*].

Yet neither speaks;
What, then, if I were gone?
I see—'twere best that they were left alone.

(Approaching SENTA).

May'st thou secure this noble husband!
Time will no more such luck renew!

(To the Dutchman).

Stay here alone; and I will leave you,
Senta is fair, and she is true.

Duet. SENTA and THE DUTCHMAN,

THE DUTCHMAN.

Like to a vision, seen in days long by-gone,
This maiden's face and form appear;
What I have sought thro' countless years of
sorrow,
Am I at last beholding here.

No. 11.—Duet and Terzetto.

Oft from the depth of darkness gazing up-
ward,
Sore have I long'd 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 burn-
ing,
Can I, unhappy one, love dare to 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 depths of dream-
ing?
Is this a vision which I see,
Or am I now set free from long delusion?
Has morning truly dawned 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 heart is burn-
ing—
Ah, this compassion, what dare I call it?
Thy heart is longing after rest and peace,
And thou at last through me shall find
release.

THE DUTCHMAN (*Drawing nearer to
SENTA.*)

Wilt thou, thy fathers choice approving
Do what he said? Me truly loving?
Wilt thou; indeed, thyself forever give me?
Shall I in truth a stranger thus be blest?
Say, shall I find the time of sorrow ended—
In thy true love my long expected rest?

SENTA.

Who'er thou art, where'er thy curse may
lead thee,
And me, when I thy lot mine own have
made:
What'er the fate which I with thee may
share in,
My father's will by me shall be obey'd.

THE DUTCHMAN.

So full of trust? What? Canst thou, in thy
gladness,
For these my sorrows deep compassion know?

SENTA (*aside*).

Unheard of sorrow! would I joy might bring
thee?

THE DUTCHMAN.

How sweet the sound that breaks my night
of woe! [*with transport,*]
Thou art an angel, and a love angelic
Can comfort bring to one like me!
Ah if redemption still be mine to hope for,
Heaven, grant that she my savior be!

SENTA.

Ah if redemption still be his to hope for,
Heaven, grant that I his savior be!

THE DUTCHMAN.

Ah, thou, the certain fate foreknowing
Which must indeed with me be borne,

Wouldst not have made the vow thou
madest—

Wouldst not to be my wife have sworn!
Thou wouldst have shuddered ere devoting,
To aid me, all thy golden youth—
Ere thou hadst woman's joys surrendered,
Ere thou hadst bid me trust thy truth!

SENTA.

Well know I woman's holy duties;
O hapless man, be thou at ease!
Leave me to fate's unbounding judgment
Me, who defy its dread decrees.
Within the secret realm of conscience,
Know I the high demands of faith:
Him, whom I choose, him only love I,
And love him e'en till death!

THE DUTCHMAN (*with emotion*).

A healing balm for all my sorrows
From out her plighted word doth flow.

SENTA.

'Twas surely wrought by pow'r of magic
That I should his deliv'rer be.

Duet.—THE DUTCHMAN and SENTA.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Hear this! Release at last is granted!
Hear this! ye mighty
Your power is now laid low!
Star of misfortune, thou art paling!
Hope's glorious light now shines anew!
Ye angels, ye who once forsook me,
Aid now my heart, and keep it true!

SENTA.

Here may a home at last be granted,
Here may he rest, from danger free!
What is the power within me working?
What is the task it bids me do?
Almighty, now that high Thou hast raised
me
Grant me Thy strength, that I be true!

DALAND (*re-entering*).

Your leave!
My people will no longer wait;
Each voyage ended, they expect to feast;
I would enhance it, so I come to ask

If your espousals forward can be press'd
I think you must with courting be content.
Senta, my child, say, dost thou give consent?

Trio—SENTA, THE DUTCHMAN, and DALAND.

SENTA (*with solemn determination*).

Here is my hand! I will not rue,
But e'en to death will I be true!

THE DUTCHMAN.

She gives her hand! I conquer you.
Dread powers of hell, while she be true!

DALAND.

You will this marriage never rue!
The feast all will rejoice with you!

Exeunt.

(*The curtain falls*).

ACT III.

No. 12.—INTRODUCTION.

No. 13.—CHORUS.

[*A bay with a rocky shore. On one side DALAND'S house in the foreground. The background is occupied by the two ships, DALAND'S and the DUTCHMAN'S, lying near one another. The night is clear. The Norwegian ship is lighted up; the sailors are making merry upon the deck. The appearance of the Dutch ship presents a strange contrast, an unnatural darkness overspreads it; the stillness of death reigns over it.*]

CHORUS OF NORWEGIAN SAILORS (*on board their ship*).

Steersman, leave the watch!

Steersman, come to us!

Ho! hey! Hey! ho!

See, the sails are in! Anchor fast!

Steersman, come.

Fearing neither storm nor rocky strand,
We will all the day right merry be!
Each one has a sweetheart on the land:
We will smoke and drink and quite forget
the sea!

Hus-sas-sa hey!

Rock and storm, ho!

Hal-lo-ho-hey!

We let them go!

Hus-sas-sa hey!

Steersman, leave the watch!

[*They dance upon the deck.*]

Come, drink with us!

CHORUS OF MAIDENS (*coming out of the house, carrying food and liquors*).

Oh do but look! They dance, indeed!

And maidens, of course, they do not need!

[*They go toward the Dutch ship.*]

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Ho, maidens! Stop! What is't you do?

THE MAIDENS.

How! think you this is all for you?

Your neighbors there must have some also!

Are food and drink for you alone?

STEERSMAN.

Of course they must, the wretched fellows!

With thirst they seem to be struck down.

THE SAILORS.

How still they are!

STEERSMAN.

How strange a place.

No light—of the seaman not a trace!

THE MAIDENS (*calling up to the Dutch ship from the edge of the shore*).

Ho, sailors—ho! a light we bring!

Where have they gone? How strange a thing!

THE SAILORS.

Ha! ha! ha!

Don't wake them up! Asleep are they!

THE MAIDENS.

Ho, sailors—ho! Answer us, pray!

[*Deep silence.*]

THE SAILORS (*jestingly, with affected sorrow*).

Ha, ha! 'tis certain they are dead.
No need have they for wine or bread!

THE MAIDENS (*calling to the Dutch ship*).

Hey, sailors, and are you so soon gone to
sleep?
What! are you not meaning our feast-day to
keep?

THE SAILORS.

Ye maidens let the dead have rest!
Let us who live your dainties taste!

THE MAIDENS (*reaching their baskets to the
sailors on board*).

Well here—your neighbors quite refuse!

STEERSMAN AND SAILORS.

How? Come you not yourselves to us?

THE MAIDENS.

No, not just now; but later we may,
After awhile. Now drink away,
And, if you will, go dance your best,
But let your weary neighbors rest!

THE SAILORS (*emptying the baskets*).

Hurrah! We have abundance!
Good neighbors, thanks to you!

STEERSMAN.

Let each man fill and drink a bumper!
Good neighbors, thousand thanks to you!

THE SAILORS.

Hal-lo ho-ho!
Good neighbors you have tongues at least!
Come, waken up, and join our feast!

[*They begin to move on board the Dutch ship.*]

Steersman, leave the watch!

Steersman, come to us!

Ho, hey, hey, ha!

See the sails are in! Anchor fast!

Steersman, come!

We have often watch'd mid howling storm;

We have often drunk the briny wave:

Watching takes to-day a fairer form—

Good and tasty wine our sweethearts let us
have!

Hus-sas-sa hey!

[*The sea which has been quite calm, begins to
rise in the neighborhood of the Dutch
ship. A dark-bluish flame flares up like
a watch-fire on the ship. A loud storm-
wind whistles through the cordage; the
crew, hitherto invisible rouse themselves
up at the appearance of the flame.*]

THE CREW OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Yo-ho-ho! Ho! oh!

Huissa!

To the land drives the storm.

Huissa!

Sails are in! Anchor down!

Huissa!

To the bay hurry in!

[*During the song of the Dutchmen, their ship
is tossed up and down by the waves. A
frightful wind howls and whistles through
the bare cordage. The air and the sea
remain calm, except in the immediate
neighborhood of the Dutch ship.*]

No. 14.—SCENE.

[*SENTA comes with trembling steps out of the
house; ERIK follows her in the greatest
agitation.*]

ERIK.

Have I my senses? Heavens, what do I see?
A vision? Tell me—is it true?

SENTA.

Oh, ask me not! Answer dare I not give thee

ERIK.

O righteous Heaven! No question—it is true!
Oh, say what harmful pow'r led thee astray?
What is the spell constraining thee so soon
Coldly to rend in twain the faithful heart?
Thy father, ha! the bridegroom he did bring;
Him know I well, I fear'd what might befall!
Yet thou—amazing!—gavest him thine hand
When scarce across the threshold he had
pass'd.

SENTA (*contending with herself*).

No further! Cease! I must!

ERIK.

Oh, this obedience, blind as is thy act!
Thy father's hint thou failest not to welcome;
A single blow destroys my loving heart!

SENTA.

No more! I may not see thee more,
Nor thee remember: higher calls are mine!

ERIK.

What higher calls? Thy highest to render
What thou didst vow to give to me—love
eternal.

SENTA (*greatly terrified*).

What? love eternal did I vow to give?

ERIK (*sorrowfully*).

Senta! O Senta! Deniest thou—?

No. 15.—Cavatina aud Finale.

ERIK.

Hast thou forgot the day when thou didst
call me,
Call me to thee, yon pleasant vale within?
When counting not what labor might befall
me,
Fearless I climb'd, gay flowers for thee to
win?
Bethink thee how upon the headland stand-
ing,

We watch'd thy father from the shore depart,
He, ere we mark'd his gleaming sail expand-
ing,
He bade thee trust my fond and faithful heart.
Once when thine arm around my neck did
twine,
Wert thou not then confessing love anew?
Why thrilled my soul to feel my hand in
thine?
Say, was it not that it told me thou wert true?

[THE DUTCHMAN *has entered unperceived, and has been listening. He now comes forward in great agitation.*]

THE DUTCHMAN.

Abandon'd! Ah! Abandon'd! All is forever
lost!

ERICK (*stepping back in amazement*).

What see I? Heavens!

THE DUTCHMAN.

Senta, farewell!

SENTA (*turning towards THE DUTCHMAN as he is going*).

Oh, stay! Unhappy!

ERIK.

What meanest thou?

THE DUTCHMAN.

To sea! To sea! till time is ended! (*To SENTA.*)

Thy former promise be forgot.
Thy former promise and my fate!
Farewell! I wish not to destroy thee!

ERIK.

Oh, horror! What a face!

SENTA (*as before*).

Oh, stay!
From hence thou never more shall flee!

THE DUTCHMAN.

(*Giving a loud signal on his pipe, and calling to the crew of his ship.*)

Set the sails! Anchor up!
Then bid farewell to land forever!

Trio.—SENTA, THE DUTCHMAN AND ERIK.

SENTA.

Ha, canst thou doubt if I am faithful?
Unhappy, what has blinded thee?
Oh, stay!

THE DUTCHMAN.

Once more to sea, forth must I wander!
From thee no faith,
Away, away.

ERIK.

What hear I? Heavens! and what behold I?
Can I in ear, in eye believe?
Senta! Art thou then bent on ruin?
To me a spell doth Satan weave.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Now hear, and learn the fate from which
thou wilt be saved:

Condemn'd am I to bear a frightful fortune—
Ten times would death appear a brighter lot.
A woman's hand alone the curse can lighten,
If she will love me, and till death be true.
Still to be faithful thou hast vow'd,
Yet has not God thy promise heard;
This rescues thee; for know, unhappy, what
a fate is theirs
Who break the troth which they to me have
plighted:

Endless damnation is their doom!
Victims untold have fallen 'neath this curse
through me—

Yet, Senta, thou shalt quite escape.
Farewell! All hope is fled for evermore.

ERIK (*in terrible anguish calling to the house
and the ship*).

Oh! help her! let her not be lost!

SENTA (*stopping THE DUTCHMAN*).

Well do I know thee—well do I know thy
doom.

I knew thy face when I beheld thee first!
The end of thine affliction comes:
My love till death shall take thy curse away.

ERIK.

Oh, help, or she will perish!

DALAND, MARY AND CHORUS OF SAILORS,
(*hastening from the house and from the ship*).

What behold I? Heavens!

THE DUTCHMAN (*to Senta*).

Thou knowst me not, nor thinkest who I am;
But ask the sea in ev'ry clime,
Or ask the seamen who the ocean wide have
cross'd:
They know my ship, of all good men the
terror—
The Flying Dutchman am I call'd.

[THE DUTCHMAN *goes on board his ship with
the speed of lightning. The ship at once
leaves the shore, and puts to sea. SENTA
wishes to hasten after THE DUTCHMAN,
but DALAND, ERIK, and MARY hold her
back.*]

DALAND, ERIK, MARY AND CHORUS.

Senta! Senta! what wouldst thou do?

[SENTA *has freed herself with angry violence,
and ascends a cliff overhanging the sea,
from which she calls after the departing
DUTCHMAN with all her might.*]

Praise thou thine angel for what he saith:
Here stand I, faithful, yea, till death!

[*She casts herself into the sea. THE DUTCH-
MAN'S ship with all her crew, sinks im-
mediately. The sea rises high, and sinks
back in a whirlpool. In the glow of the
sunset are clearly seen, over the wreck of
the ship, the forms of SENTA and THE
DUTCHMAN, embracing each other, rising
from the sea, and floating upwards.*]



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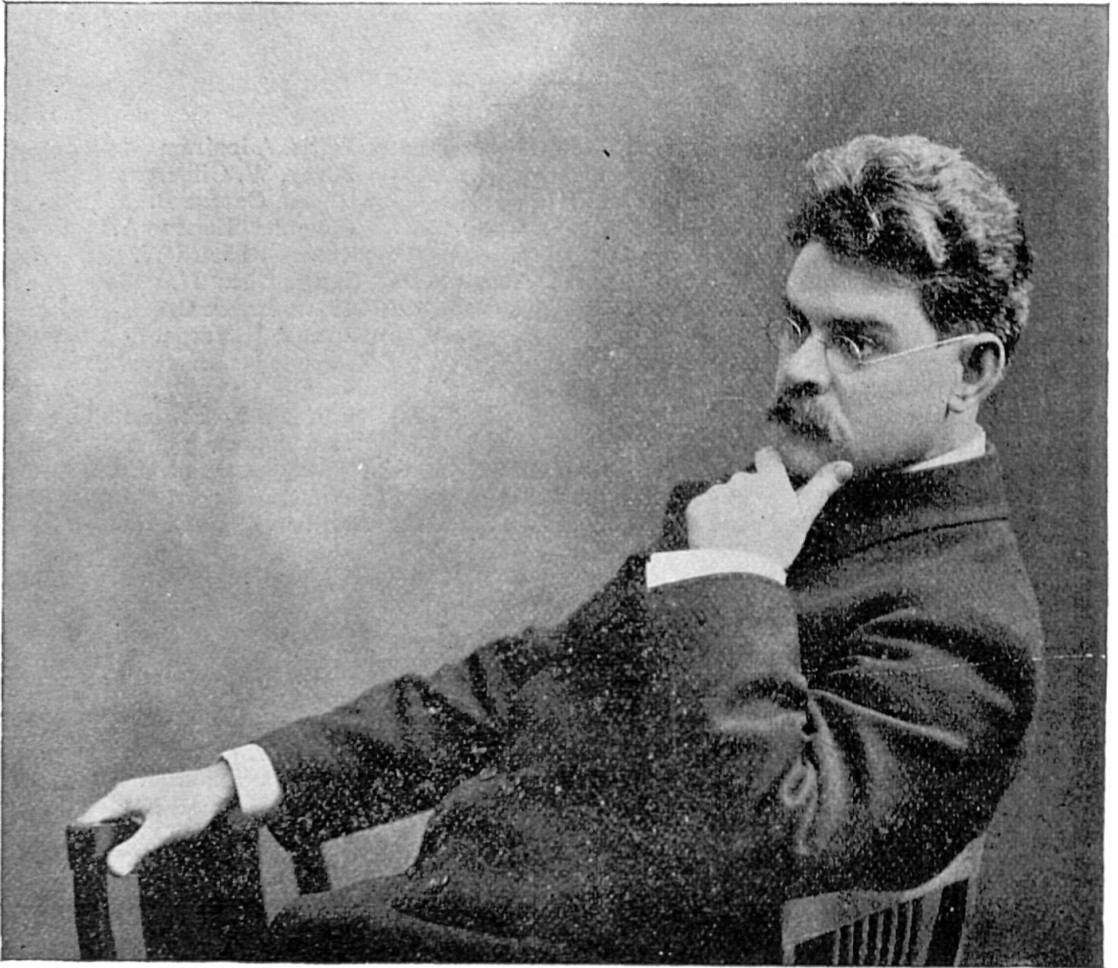
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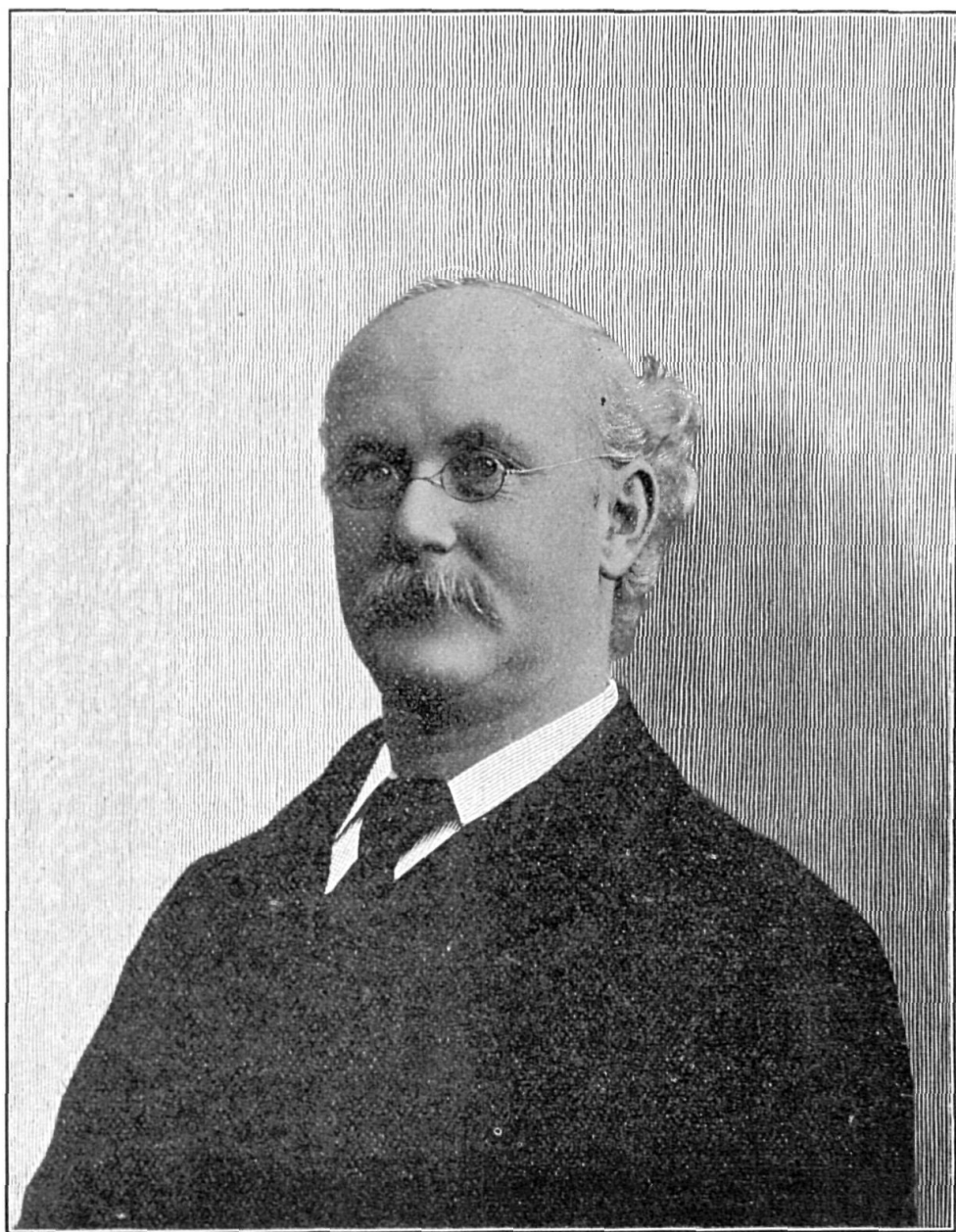
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