

SIXTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

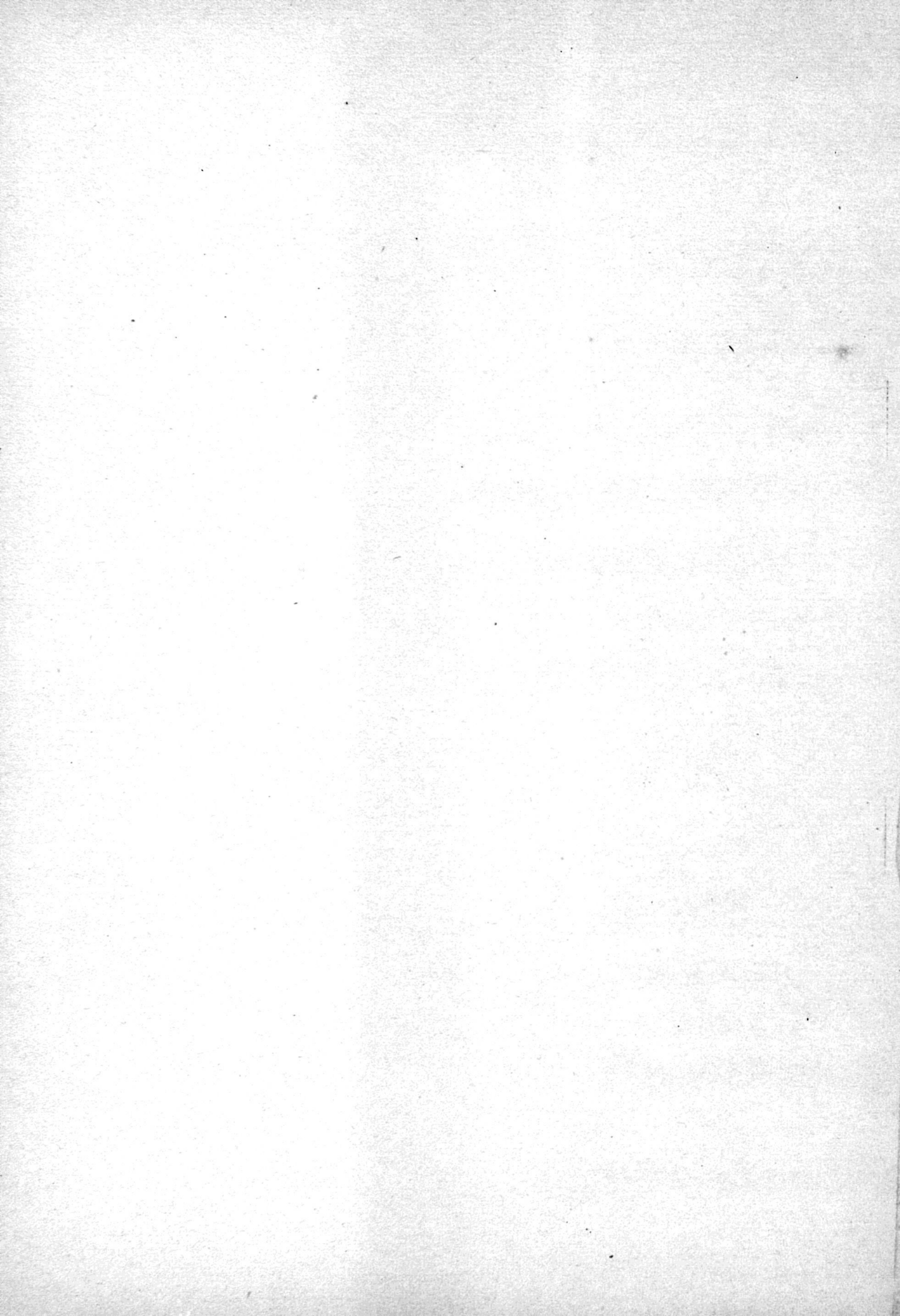
OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1899



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK





[OFFICIAL]

SIXTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor,
Michigan

May 11, 12, 13.
1899

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1899

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TENTH SEASON

1898-1899

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LIST OF *CONCERTS and SOLOISTS*

Thursday, May 11, 8 P. M.

REQUIEM (Two Movements) - - - - - *Brahms*
MOTETT, "GALLIA" - - - - - *Gounod*

SOLOISTS

Miss SARA ANDERSON, Soprano Signor GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI, Baritone
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Mr. HERMANN A. ZEITZ, Conductors

Symphony Concert

Friday, May 12, 3 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Miss SARA ANDERSON, Soprano Miss ELSA von GRAVE, Pianist
Mr. CLARENCE SHIRLEY, Tenor Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Sembrich Concert

Friday, May 12, 8 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Madame MARCELLA SEMBRICH Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY, Jr.
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Mr. HERMANN A. ZEITZ, Conductors

Popular Concert

Saturday, May 13, 2:30 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Miss ANNA LOHBILLER, Soprano Miss BLANCHE TOWLE, Contralto
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

"Samson and Delilah"

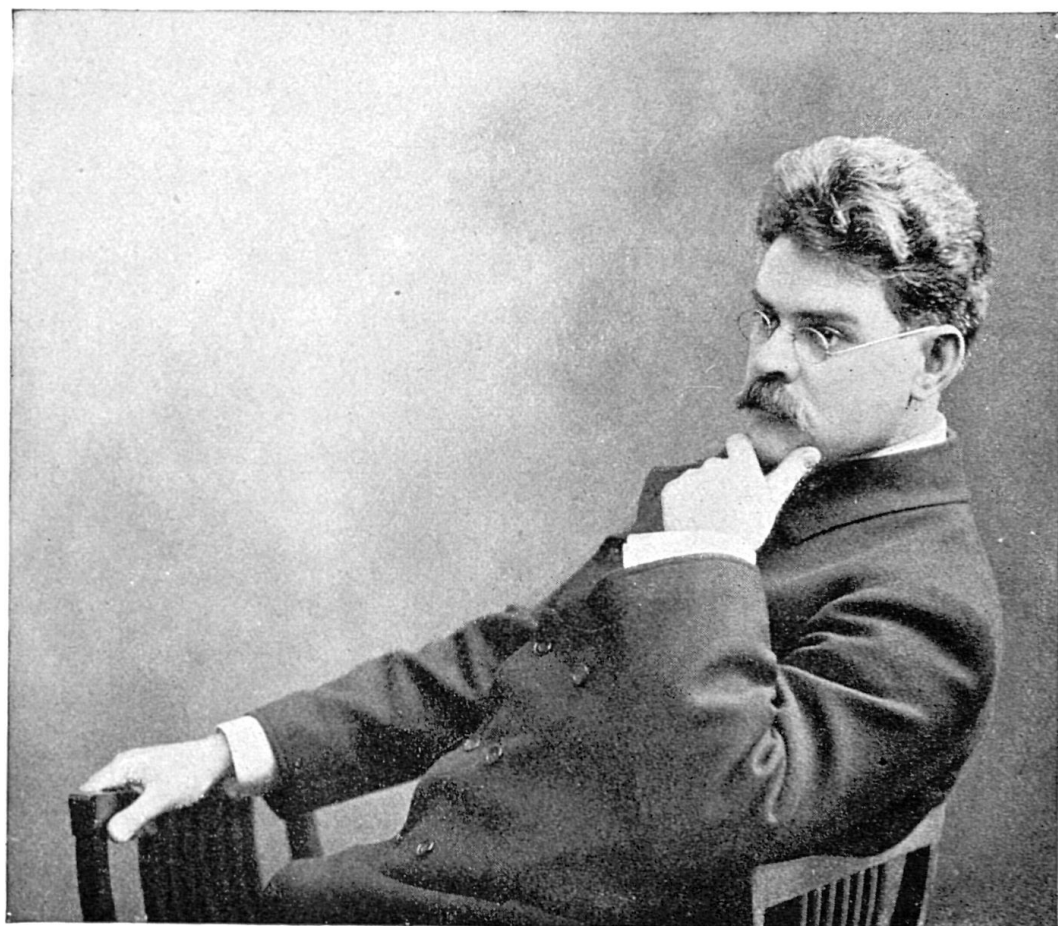
(Camille Saint-Saens)

Saturday, May 13, 7:30 P. M.

CAST

DELILAH	- - - - -	Mrs. Josephine Jacoby
SAMSON	- - - - -	Mr. George Hamlin
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON	- - - - -	Mr. Gwylim Miles
ABIMELECH, SATRAP OF GAZA	}	Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr.
AN OLD HEBREW		
PHILISTINE MESSENGER		

THE CHORAL UNION ✻ Mr. HERMANN A. ZEITZ, Conductor



EMIL MOLLENHAUER

Boston Festival Orchestra

PERSONNEL

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

First Violins

EDWARD HEINDL
RUDOLPH RISSLAND
J. W. CROWLEY
H. HEINDL, JR.
L. G. EATON
J. C. COLE
BARTLETT BRIGGS
W. S. COTTON
JULIUS AKEROYD
P. FIUMARA

Second Violins

J. DREBINGER
B. J. HOLMBERG
J. B. FIELDING
F. HENSELT
D. B. SHEDD
C. G. MILLER

Violas

W. A. HOCHHEIM
W. RIETZEL
F. FIALA
J. BENAVENTE

Cellos

LUDWIG CORELL
ARTHUR HADLEY
CARL WEBSTER
D. W. FISHER

Basses

R. N. DAVIS
H. E. COUCH
O. L. SOUTHLAND
H. R. KREBS

Piccolo

W. RIETZEL

Flutes

E. A. FRANKLIN
J. M. STURTEVANT

Oboes

EUG. DEVAUX
P. C. FISCHER

Clarinets

A. VANNINI
I. O. HEMENWAY

Bassoons

F. BERNHARDI
L. POST

French Horns

H. DUTSCHKE
A. RIESE
F. DEYERBERG
W. A. CLARKE

Trumpets

ARTHUR S. WONSON
WM. T. HERRICK

Trombones

D. H. MOORE
A. P. RIPLEY
CARL BEHR

Tuba

OTTO LORENZ

Harp

VAN VEACHTON ROGERS

Tympani

J. M. CASEY

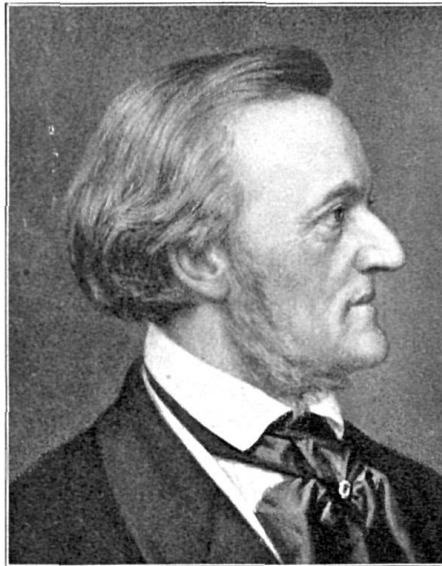
Bass Drum, Triangle

Cymbals

CARL LUDWIG

ALL CONCERTS
BEGIN ON LOCAL TIME, WHICH IS TWENTY-
FIVE MINUTES FASTER THAN
STANDARD TIME

DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE THE
BEGINNING OF EACH
CONCERT



WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER

PROGRAMS

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - SIXTH CONCERT

(No. LXXV Complete Series)

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 11, 8 o'clock

REQUIEM (Two Movements) - - - - Brahms
MOTETT, "GALLIA" - - - - Gounod

SOLOISTS

Miss Sara Anderson, Soprano Signor Giuseppe Campanari, Baritone

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Mr. Hermann A. Zeitz, Conductors

Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist

PROGRAM

1. Overture to "Die Meistersinger" - - - - Wagner
 2. Hymn to St. Cecilia - - - - Gounod
 3. Aria, "Farewell Ye Hills," from "Joan of Arc" - - - - Tschaikowski
MISS ANDERSON
 4. Aria, "Vision Fugitive," from "Herodiade" - - - - Massenet
SIG. CAMPANARI
 5. Requiem - - - - Brahms
 - (a) Poco Andante
 - (b) Moderato, in modo di MarciaTHE CHORAL UNION
 6. Two Movements from the Suite d'Orchestre - - - - Moszkowski
 - (a) Theme and Variations
 - (b) Perpetual Motion
 7. Prologue to "Pagliacci" - - - - Leoncavallo
SIG. CAMPANARI
 8. Motett, "Gallia" - - - - Gounod
MISS ANDERSON, THE CHORAL UNION, ORCHESTRA, AND ORGAN
-

The audience is requested to remain seated until the very end, that the effect of the music be not lost.

The next Concert in this Series will be given Friday, May 12, at 3:00 P. M.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - SEVENTH CONCERT
(No. LXXVI Complete Series)

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 12, 3 o'clock

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Miss Sara Anderson, Soprano

Mr. Clarence Shirley, Tenor

Miss Elsa von Grave, Pianist

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "Faust" - - - - - Wagner
2. Aria, "Ciélo e Mare," from "La Gioconda" - - - Ponchielli
MR. SHIRLEY
3. Fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet" - - - - - Svendsen
4. Hungarian Fantasie - - - - - Liszt
MISS VON GRAVE
5. Aria, "Pleurez mes Yeux," from "Le Cid" - - - Massenet
MISS ANDERSON
6. Symphony No. 3, "Im Walde" - - - - - Raff
 - Part I. In the Daytime
Impressions and Sensations; Allegro (F major)
 - Part II. At Twilight
 - (a) Revery : Largo (A-flat major)
 - (b) Dance of Dryads ; Allegro assai (D minor)
Poco meno mosso (A major)
 - Part III. At Night
Silent rustling of the woods at night. Entrance and exit
of the Wild Hunt with Frau Holle (Hulda) and Wotan.
Daybreak : Allegro (F major)

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte used.

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

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - EIGHTH CONCERT

(No. LXXVII Complete Series)

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 12, 8 o'clock

SEMBRICH CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Madame Marcella Sembrich

Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr.

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Mr. Hermann A. Zeitz, Conductors

PROGRAM

- | | | |
|--|-----------|----------|
| 1. Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini" | - - - - - | Berlioz |
| 2. "Flitterwochen" | - - - - - | Styx |
| <i>STRING ORCHESTRA, FLUTES, BELLS AND HARP</i> | | |
| 3. Aria, "Casta Diva," from "Norma" | - - - - - | Bellini |
| <i>MME. SEMBRICH</i> | | |
| 4. Stabat Mater | - - - - - | Verdi |
| <i>THE CHORAL UNION</i> | | |
| 5. Aria, "Ella giammai m'amo," from "Don Carlos" | - - - - - | Verdi |
| <i>MR. WHITNEY</i> | | |
| 6. Songs: (a) Die Forelle | - - - - - | Schubert |
| (b) Vergebliches Ständchen | - - - - - | Brahms |
| <i>MME. SEMBRICH</i> | | |
| 7. (a) Prelude to 3d Act of "Herodiade" | - - - - - | Massenet |
| (b) Introduction to 3d Act of "Lohengrin" | - - - - - | Wagner |
| 8. Waltz, "Voce di Primavera" | - - - - - | Strauss |
| <i>MME. SEMBRICH</i> | | |
| 9. Grand Polonaise in E | - - - - - | Liszt |
-

The next Concert in this Series will be given Saturday, May 13, at 2:30 P. M.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - NINTH CONCERT

(No. LXXVIII Complete Series)

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 13, 2:30 o'clock

Popular Concert

SOLOISTS

Miss Anna Lohbiller, Soprano

Miss Blanche Towle, Contralto

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------|--------------------|
| 1. Overture, "Hansel and Gretel" | - - - - | <i>Humperdinck</i> |
| 2. Ronde d'Amour | - - - - - | <i>Westerhout</i> |
| 3. Villanelle | - - - - - | <i>Dell' Acqua</i> |

MISS LOBHILLER

- | | | |
|---|-----------|-----------------|
| 4. Three Movements from the "Rustic Wedding Symphony" | - | <i>Goldmark</i> |
| Wedding March: Moderato molto (E-flat major) | | |
| In the Garden: Andante (G minor) | | |
| Dance: Allegro molto (E-flat major) | | |
| 5. Ballet Music from "Coppelia" | - - - - - | <i>Delibes</i> |
| (a) Valse à la Poupée (b) Czardas | | |
| 6. Aria, "O Don fatal," from "Don Carlos" | - - - - | <i>Verdi</i> |

MISS TOWLE

- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------|--------------|
| 7. Liebesgefluester | - - - - - | <i>Steck</i> |
|---------------------|-----------|--------------|

STRING ORCHESTRA

- | | | |
|---|-----|----------------|
| 8. Overture, "Robespierre" ("The Last Day of Terror") | - - | <i>Litolff</i> |
|---|-----|----------------|

PLEASE NOTICE that the performance of "Samson and Delilah," the final Concert in the Series, will commence promptly at 7:30 this evening. A half hour earlier than the other evening Concerts.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - TENTH CONCERT

(No. LXXIX Complete Series)

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 13, 7:30 o'clock

“Samson and Delilah”

OPERA IN THREE ACTS BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

CAST

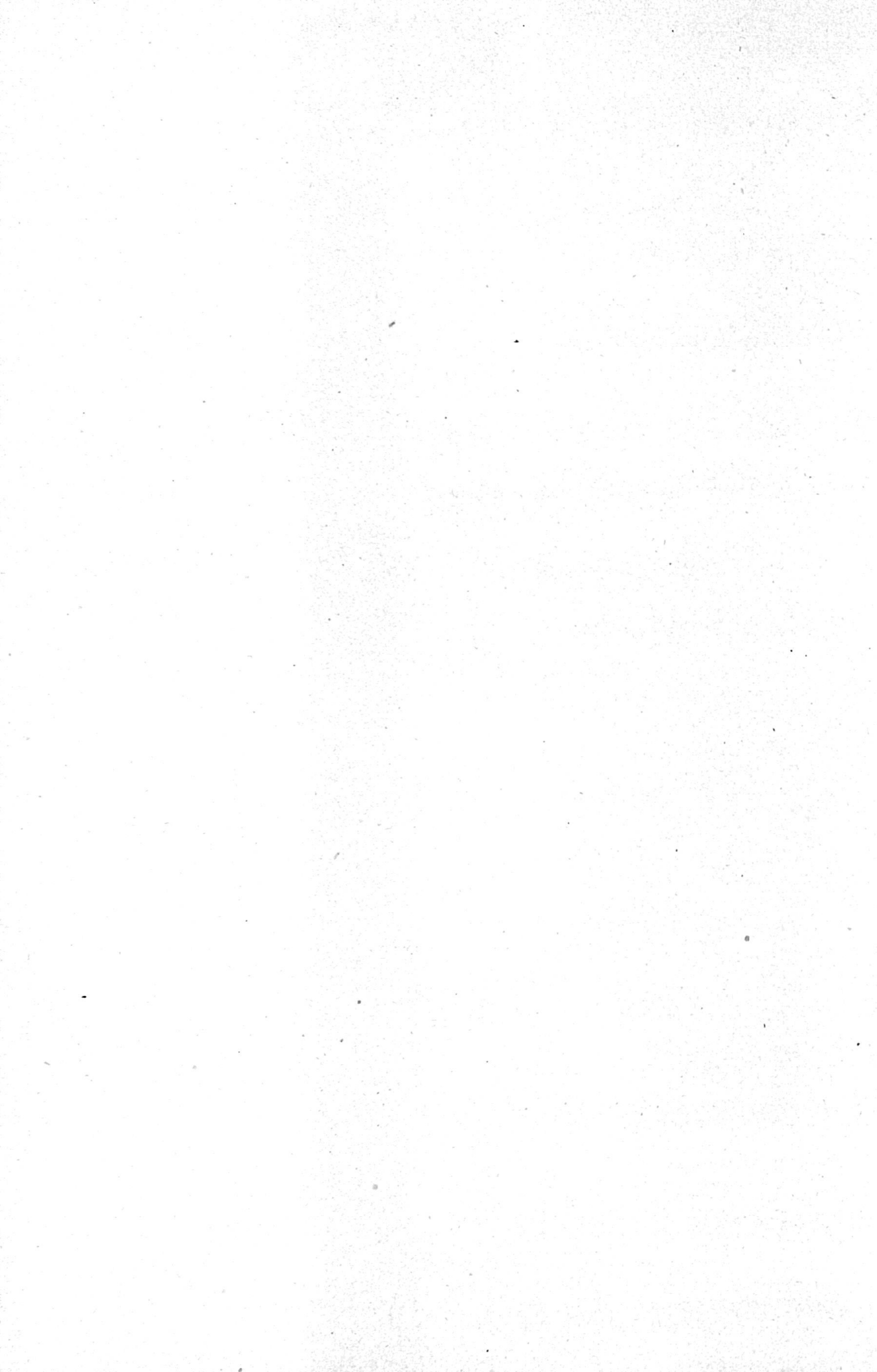
DELILAH	-	-	-	-	-	-	MRS. JOSEPHINE JACOBY
SAMSON	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. GEORGE HAMLIN
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. GWYLIM MILES
ABIMELECH, SATRAP OF GAZA	}						MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY, JR.
AN OLD HEBREW							
PHILISTINE MESSENGER							

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. HERMANN A. ZEITZ, Conductor.



GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI



DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 11

OVERTURE, "Die Meistersinger" - - - WAGNER

THE only humorous work Wagner has left is "Die Meistersinger." For this reason, as well as for others, it occupies a peculiar place among his music dramas. It well illustrates the composer's great leitmotif system; that is, having a certain specific phrase for every personage in the drama, and also for the elements that enter into the emotional texture. This phrase is always used to announce the entrance of the corresponding idea or person, and one who accustoms himself to listening for the distinctive phrases throughout the performance, experiences a sense of balance and unity.

Wagner's critics from the first complained of a lack of melody in his music. He retorted that they were judging by a very primitive kind of melody, one in which the cadence must fall at frequent and never varied intervals, while what he wrote was "endless melody." With perhaps an idea of showing that he could write as beautiful melodies as the Italians, "Die Meistersinger" was produced. A singing contest in which Walter, a knight who has entered the list in order to win as a prize the lovely Eva, offers an admirable opportunity for the composer's defense, and also for such a ridiculing of his critics (whom he represents in the person of Beckmesser, a stupid and jealous competitor of Walter) as his heart delighted in.

"Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," the text and music by Richard Wagner, was first given under Hans von Bülow's direction at the Court Opera in Munich, on June 21, 1868.

The prelude opens strongly and broadly with the first theme of the Master Singer's March, treated contrapuntally—in evident allusion to the old school of musical art which the master singers represent in the comedy. The exposition of this first theme is followed by a subsidiary—the second theme of the same march, also known as the KING DAVID-motive (David was the tutelary patron of Master Singers' guild)—which is followed by a return of the first theme, now elaborately developed by the full orchestra. This strong climax is followed by some phrases taken from Walther's "Preislied" and "Werblied," leading to a modulation to E-flat major and a burlesque parody on the first theme, given out *staccato* by the wood-wind, and worked up contrapuntally against a droll little counter-figure taken from the crowd's jeers at Beckmesser in the singing contest in the third act. This burlesque counterpoint goes on until it becomes sheer "cats' music," when it suddenly debouches into an exceedingly ingenious and beautiful passage; the first violins, 'celli, and some wind instruments play the melody of the third verse of Walther's "Preislied,"—which here becomes the real second theme of the prelude—while the wood-wind play the first subsidiary in diminution, and the double-basses and bass-tuba give out the first theme, note for note, as a ponderous bass; the second violins surround this combination of

three separate themes with an elaborate contrapuntal embroidery in sixteenth notes. The working-out goes on apace, growing stronger and stronger, until the first subsidiary returns *fortissimo* in the wind, against surging figuration in the strings, and a resplendent coda closes the movement.

HYMN TO ST. CECILIA - - - GOUNOD

ARIA, "FAREWELL YE HILLS," from
"Joan of Arc" - - - TSCHAIKOWSKI

MISS ANDERSON

God's will be done !
Joan must yield obedience to the heavenly mandate !
Yet why this fear arising in my breast,
That breaks my heart and fills my soul with anguish ?

Farewell ye hills, and all ye fertile valleys,
Ye lovely peaceful plains, a long farewell.
Joan no more among your shades will linger,
The hour has come, the hour for her to say,
Farewell !

Ye meadows fair, ye trees which I have cherished,
Ah ! when I am gone, your flowers will open still !
My grotto cool, my brooklet swiftly flowing,
From you I pass, I never more may see you ;
Joan departs, her life with you is ended.
Ye quiet scenes where peaceful pleasures blended,
No more shall I your pleasant ways behold,
My scattered flocks will wander undefended :
The shepherdess is driv'n to leave her fold.
For other flocks by her must now be tended,
When murd'rous war's tremendous plains unfold.
'T is thus the voice of God to me hath spoken,
No low ambition tempts me by her token.
Madonna ! To thee my heart is wholly open,
'T is filled with sorrow, it throbs with anguish.
Farewell forever more !

ARIA, "VISION FUGITIVE," from "Herodiade," MASSENET

SIGNOR CAMPANARI

"Herodiade," opera in three acts, was first given at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, Dec. 19, 1881. It had a success of a season ; but when given at the Opera-Italien in Paris on Jan. 30, 1884, after being partly rewritten by the composer, it failed completely. The literal translation of the air sung in this concert is as follows:

HEROD :

'T is a dream that my spirit so lonely entrances,
Could I now as of old her fair beauty behold,
That gave me bliss untold to repay my fond glances.
All my hope it enhances.
This vision I'd ne'er lose, it is so sweet to me,
Vain illusion, though I well know it be !



JOHANNES BRAHMS

Vision sweet ! I would follow thee though
 thou art fleeting.
 Angel of my sad life, my soul giveth thee greeting.
 Ah ! 't is thee ! joy of my heart, my love and hope
 ever thou art !
 I would fold thee so near that thy heart-beat I 'd hear,
 And with my own reply ; gladly then would I die,
 In that blest dream so joyous, love for thee showing.
 Ah ! with no fear or regret, on thee my whole
 soul bestowing.
 Thou joy of my heart and my hope !
 Vision sweet and blest joy of my heart !
 Fond illusion so fleeting,
 Ah ! thou art my only love and my hope !

REQUIEM (Two Movements) - - - BRAHMS
 (a) Poco Andante
 (b) Moderato, in modo di Marcia

THE CHORAL UNION

The "German Requiem," so called, is not a requiem in its sentiment, nor in any sense a religious service. The poem is full of consolation for the mourner, of assurances of joy hereafter, of warnings against the pomps and vanities of the world, and closes with the victory of the Saints over death and the grave. It might with more propriety be called a "sacred cantata." The work has seven numbers—two baritone solos and chorus, soprano solo and chorus, and four separate choruses. It was first performed at Bremen on Good Friday, 1868, and in 1873 was first heard in England. It was also given at the Cincinnati Festival of 1884, under Mr. Thomas's direction.

The opening chorus, "Blessed are they that go mourning," is beautifully written, and is particularly noticeable for the richness of its accompaniment. In the Funeral March, which follows, a very graphic resemblance to the measured tread of the cortège is accomplished by the use of triple time. In this, as well as in numerous other instances, the composer cuts loose from ordinary methods, and in pure classical form, and by the use of legitimate musical processes, achieves what others seek to effect by sensuous or purely imitative music.

It was the "German Requiem" which first made Brahms famous ; it confirmed all that Schumann had said of him. Its great difficulties require an extraordinary chorus and orchestra ; but when these can be had, the power and beauty of the work will always be conceded.

I

Blessed are they that go mourning, for the Lord He shall give them comfort.
 Seed in sorrow scattered yieldeth a joyful harvest. For he that goeth weeping and
 beareth seed so precious, shall come back rejoicing and bringing sheaves in plenty.

II

Behold, all flesh is as the grass, and all the goodliness of man is as the grass and
 flowers. The grass it doth wither, and the flower it decayeth.

Now therefore be patient, brethren, unto the coming of Christ.

See how the husbandman waiteth for the excellent fruit of autumn, and hath
 long patience for it, until he receive the rains of the morning and evening showers.

Behold, all flesh is as the grass, and all the goodliness of man is as the grass and
 flowers. The grass it doth wither, and the flower decayeth.

So then be patient ; God's word endureth ever, yea, in eternity.
 The redeemed of the Lord shall return with singing unto Zion, coming rejoicing.
 Gladness eternal shall be upon them for aye ; gladness and rapture, these shall
 be their portion ; and tears and sighing shall flee from them.

TWO MOVEMENTS from Suite No. 1 in F

in F Major, Op. 39 - - - - MOSZKOWSKI

III. Tema con variazioni : Andante (A major) - - - 2-4

V. Perpetuum mobile : Vivace (F major) - - - 4-4

Moritz Moszkowski was born at Breslau, on Aug. 23, 1854. He first studied music in his native city, then at the conservatorium in Dresden. Thence he went to Berlin, where he entered Stern's Conservatorium and Kullak's Akademie, at which latter establishment he continued for some years as teacher of the pianoforte, after his own course of studies was completed. He gave his first public concert in Berlin in 1873, and has since appeared there as a pianist, as well as in Paris, Warsaw, and other cities.

The suite from which the two movements played at this concert are taken is dedicated to the London Philharmonic Society. The theme of the first of the movements given (the third in the suite itself) reminds one strongly, if not quite by its melody, yet by its rhythm and general character, of a once famous Russian song known throughout Germany as "Der rothe Sarafan," on which Thalberg wrote one of his earliest sets of variations for the pianoforte. It is an excellent example of Moszkowski's characteristic melodic style, and of a certain chromatic element in his harmony which reminds one somewhat of Spohr.

The second of the two movements given (the *finale* of the suite) adds one more to the already long list of "Perpetual Motion" movements. Paganini wrote one, and Weber wrote one. As its title implies, it is pervaded almost throughout by a restless, scurrying figure in sixteenth notes, now in the strings, now in the wood-wind, and anon in both. It is a favorite *bravura* show piece for virtuoso orchestras.

PROLOGUE TO "PAGLIACCI" -

LEONCAVALLO

SIGNOR CAMPANARI

"Pagliacci," drama in two acts, was first brought out at the Teatro dal Verme in Milan on May 21, 1892. Victor Maurel sang the part of Tonio. The opera was first given in this country in the Grand Opera-house in New York on June 15, 1893, with Mr. G. Campanari as Tonio. The English translation of the text is as follows :—

Tonio (passing his head through the curtain): May I? (*Coming forward*) May I? (*Bowing over the prompter's box*) Ladies,—Gentlemen!

I pray you hear why alone I appear!

I am the Prologue!

Our author loves the custom of a prologue to his story

And, as he would revive for you the ancient glory,

He sends me to speak before you!

But not to prate as once of old,

That the tears of the actor are false, unreal!

That his sighs and cries, and the pain that is told,

He has no heart to feel!

No! no? our author to-night, a chapter will borrow from life with

its laughter and sorrow!

Is not the actor a man with a heart like you?

So 't is for men that our author has written,



SARA ANDERSON

And the story he tells you is true !
 A song of tender mem'ries, deep in his listening heart one
 day was ringing ;
 And then with a trembling heart he wrote it,
 And he marked the time with sighs and tears.
 Come then, here on the stage you shall behold us in human fashion,
 And see the sad fruits of love and passion,
 Hearts that weep and languish, cries of rage and anguish,
 And bitter laughter !
 Ah, think then, good people, when ye look on us clad in our
 motley and tinsel,
 Ours are human hearts, beating with passion,
 We are but men like you, for gladness or sorrow,
 'T is the same broad heaven above us,
 The same wide lonely world before us !
 Will ye hear, then, the story ?
 How it unfolds itself surely and certain ?
 Come then ! ring up the curtain !

MOTETT, " Gallia "

GOUNOD

MISS ANDERSON, THE CHORAL UNION, ORCHESTRA,
 AND ORGAN

Gallia is the ancient Latin name of France ; and this work was composed by Charles Gounod at the close of the Franco-Prussian war when his country was conquered by the Germans, and his beloved Paris was in the hands of the invader. He could find no words better suited to express the depth of his feeling than those of the mournful prophet.

CHORUS

Solitary lieth the city, she that was full of people !
 How is she widowed ? she that was great among nations,
 Princess among the provinces, how is she put under tribute ?
 Sorely she weepeth in darkness, her tears are on her cheeks,
 And no one offereth consolation, yea, all her friends
 have betrayed her,
 They have become her enemies, they have betrayed her.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

Zion's ways do languish, none come to her solemn feasts :

SOPRANO SOLO

All her gates are desolate : her priests sigh, yea, her virgins
 are afflicted and she is in bitterness.

CHORUS

Is it nothing to all ye that pass by ?
 Behold, and see if there be any sorrow that is like unto my sorrow,
 Now behold, O Lord, look Thou on my affliction,
 See the foe hath magnified himself.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, O turn thee to the Lord thy God,
 O turn thee, O turn thee unto thy God.

SECOND CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 12

OVERTURE, "A Faust Overture"

- - - WAGNER

THIS work is not to be taken in any sense as an overture to Goethe's "Faust;" it was written in Paris in January, 1840, as the first movement of a "Faust" symphony. This may account for its being more in the sonata-form than any of Wagner's other overtures, except those to "Rienzi" and "Tannhäuser." Wagner once wrote that he had taken Faust's "*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren!*" (Thou shalt forego, shalt do without!) as the motto of this movement; he also insisted that the movement had to do with the character of Faust, and Faust alone; that there was no reference to Gretchen in it. Like Liszt, in his "Faust" symphony, he meant to reserve another whole movement for Gretchen, and probably also another for Mephisto. But the plan of the "Faust" symphony was definitively abandoned, and this single movement given to the public under its present title, "Eine Faust-Overtüre." It was not originally in its present form, and Wagner's affirmation that there "was no Gretchen in it" has probably given rise to some misconception. It was long and generally known that Wagner rewrote and remodelled the work in Zürich in 1855 at Liszt's earnest instigation. But it was only on the publication of the Liszt-Wagner correspondence that it was discovered that Liszt, on this occasion, had earnestly advised his friend "to put some Gretchen into it"—for the sake of musical form and contrast. So the melodious second theme of the wood-wind may refer to Gretchen after all.

ARIA, "CIELO E MARE," from "La Gioconda"

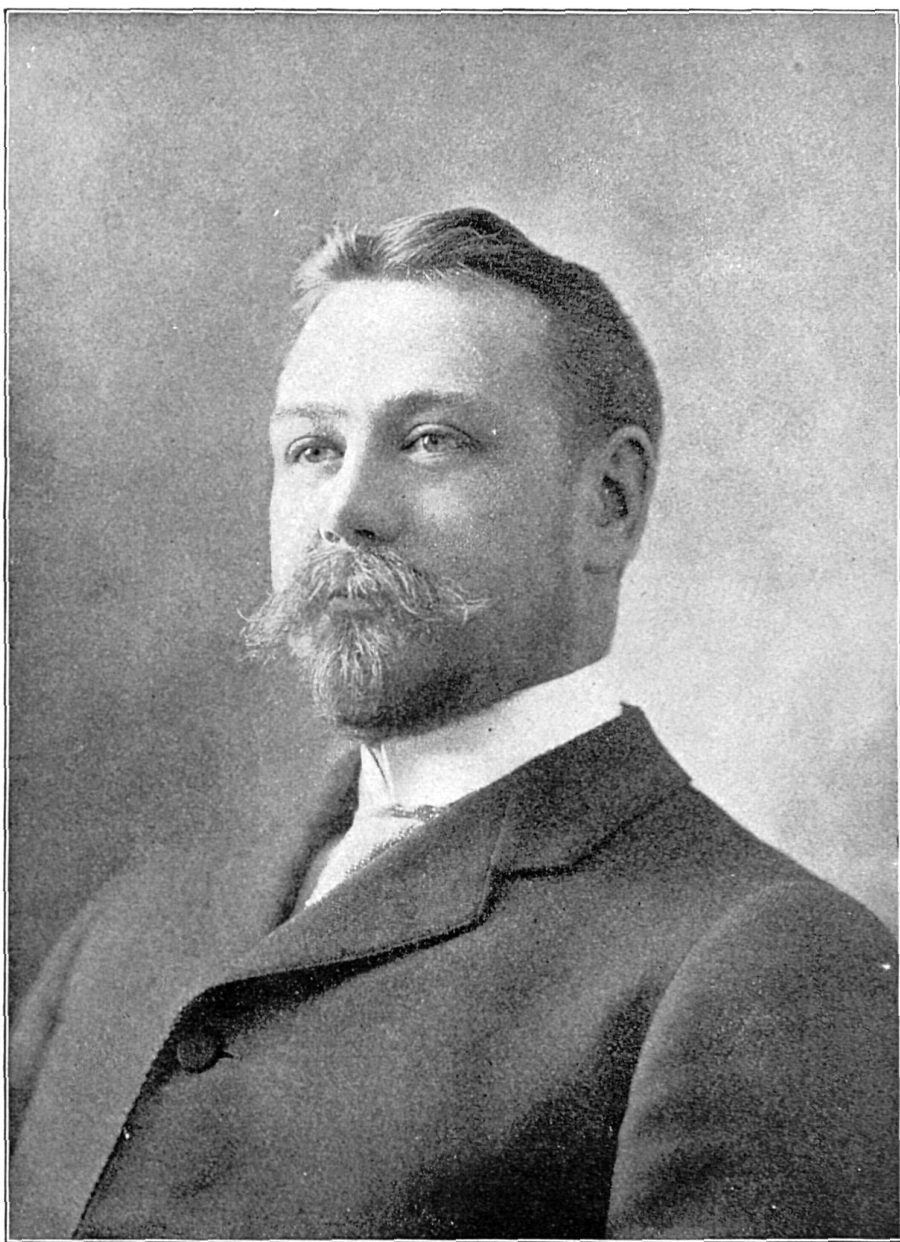
- - - PONCHIELLI

MR. SHIRLEY

Amilcare Ponchielli was born in Cremona, Sept. 1, 1834. His first compositions were quite successful, and he was particularly fortunate in that he very early caught the favor of the Italian opera-going public. He died Jan. 16, 1886, and at that time, and for some years previous, enjoyed a position in Italy second only to Verdi, whose successor he was generally regarded as being.

"La Gioconda" was first brought out at La Scala, Milan, April 8, 1876. In England it was first produced at Covent Garden, May, 1883. It was first given by Abbey's famous Italian opera company in New York, and later in the season, in Boston with Nilsson and Fursch-Madi in the leading rôles.

Ocean and Sky,
The blue vault ethereal,
Like a holy altar shines.
Will my angel come from Heaven?
Will she come from ocean's billows?



CLARENCE SHIRLEY

Here I wait her ; for warmly blows the breeze to-day
that love doth hold.

Ah, what heart for you out-reaching
Would disturb you,
O bright dream, O dream of gold?

Thro' the mist's glooming,
There's no land, no mountain looming ;
Wavelets kiss the pale horizon.
On the billows where I am waiting with a
pulse that scarce doth move,
Come, O my darling,
Come, take the kiss of Life's sweet bliss,
Sweetest boon of life and love,
Come, O darling, here I wait thee, with a pulse
that scarce doth move.

FANTASIE, "Romeo and Juliet" - SVENDSEN
HUNGARIAN FANTASIE - - - LISZT

MISS VON GRAVE

This Fantasie, based on Hungarian popular songs, is considered one of the most important works of Franz Liszt. Hungarian by birth, he, more than other composers, felt and expressed the sweet and quaint melodies, and the fire of these folk-songs. The work is dedicated to Hans von Bülow, and was a favorite of that famous pianist.

ARIA, "PLEUREZ MES YEUX," from
"Le Cid" - - - MASSENET

MISS ANDERSON

"Le Cid," opera in four acts, was brought out at the Academie Nationale de Musique in Paris, Nov. 30, 1885. The opera did not hold the stage long, but some of the airs from it have maintained their place in concert repertory. The air sung in this concert is in the part of Chimene, the heroine.

The literal prose translation is:—

I come out of this frightful combat with my soul broken. But at last I am free, and can sigh without restraint, and suffer without witnesses.

Weep, weep, weep my eyes. Fall, sorrowful dew, that no ray of sunshine shall ever dry. If I have a hope left, it is to die soon. Weep, weep, my eyes, weep all your tears. But who has ordained the eternity of tears? O dear buried ones, do ye find such delight in bequeathing implacable sorrow to the living? Alas! I remember! He said, "With thy sweet smile thou canst never lead on but to glorious paths, and blessed ways." Ah, my father! Alas!

SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN F MAJOR,
"In the Woods," Op. 153 - - - RAFF

Joseph Joachim Raff was born at Lachen, on the Lake of Zürich, on May 27, 1822, and died in Berlin on June 26, 1882. His education was begun at Wiesenstetten, in Würtemberg; and he afterward entered the Jesuit Lyceum at Schwyz, where he won prizes in German, Latin, and mathematics. He also studied music, but extreme poverty soon compelled him to abandon taking lessons; he turned schoolmaster, but still continued studying music without a teacher, and made considerable progress on

the pianoforte and violin, and also in composition. In 1843, being twenty-one years old, he sent some of his MS. compositions to Felix Mendelssohn in Leipsic, who gave him a letter of introduction to the firm of Breitkopf & Härtel; this led to the publication of some of his works. From that time Raff continued to be an indefatigable producer up to his death.

Raff was indubitably one of those geniuses to whom almost constant, and at times extreme, poverty was a real and lasting evil. He was a man of the highest and, for his time, somewhat new aims in art; notwithstanding his rather fragmentary professional education, he was conspicuously a master of the technique of composition,—in fact, very few of his contemporaries possessed his enormous facility in conquering contrapuntal difficulties, nor his often astonishing ease of style. He was a man of truly poetic nature, of warm and genial feeling, and was doubtless more profoundly in earnest than he often seemed to be. He was a real force in his day, and his influence upon German music and musical thought was conspicuous. He stood well in the front rank of composers of his time. Of his works, the "Lenore" symphony is probably the most widely popular, though the "Im Walde" is most admired by musicians.

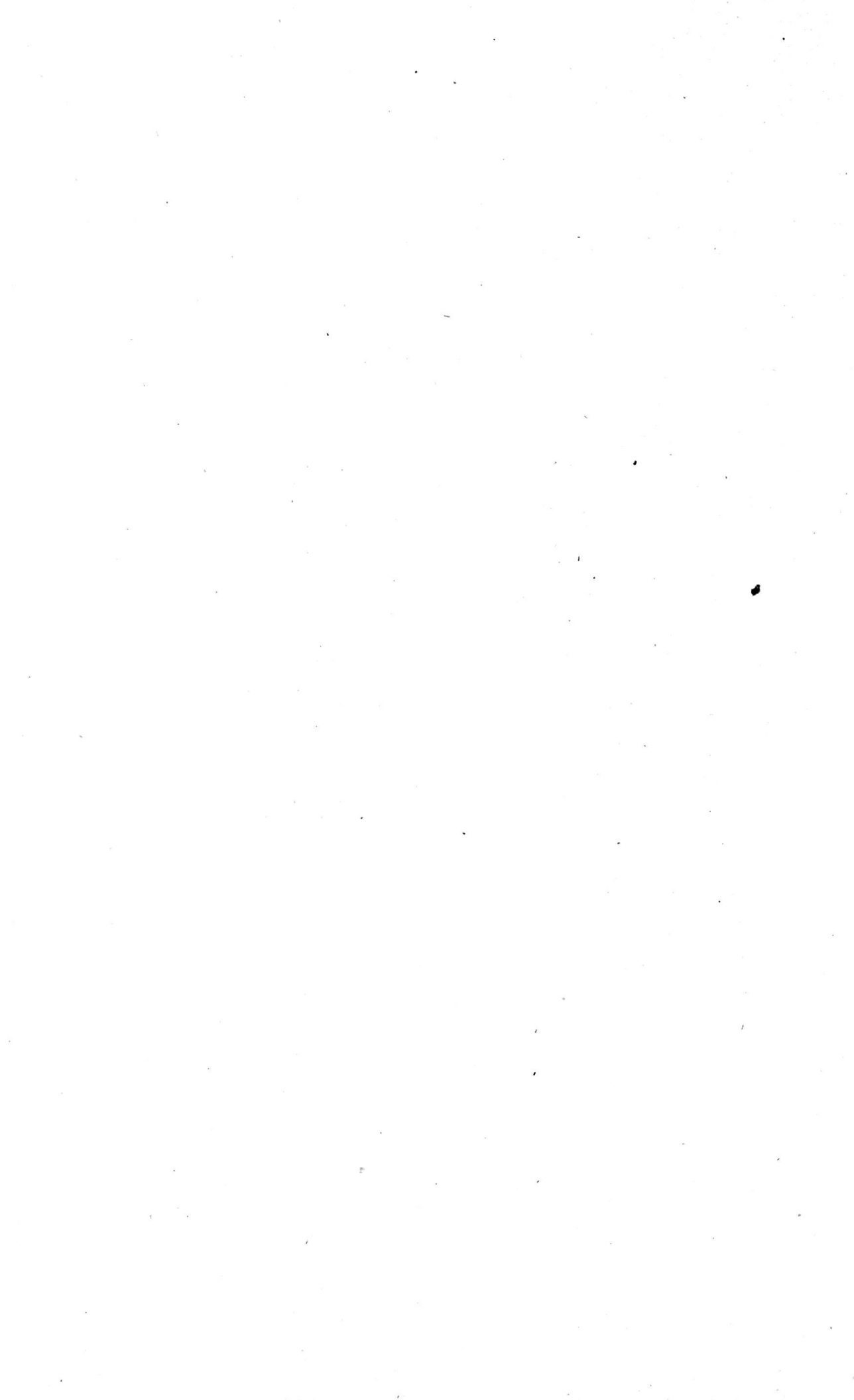
This symphony, like Beethoven's "Pastoral," verges on the confines of pure symphonic writing, closely approaching the domain of "program-music." Yet, descriptive and picturesquely suggestive as much of it is, it never quite becomes pure "program-music." Indeed, it adheres so closely to the form of the symphony that one of the earliest criticisms on it in Germany was to the effect that, in the last movement (where there is a famous suggestion of daybreak), "the composer, out of deference to the symphonic form, had made the sun rise twice on the same morning."

The first movement, *Allegro* in F major (3-4 time), is headed: "In the Daytime; Impressions and Sensations." It begins with some rather vague prelude in the strings, horn, and bassoon, the 'celli and double-basses coming in at one time with a hint at the first theme, which is soon to follow; a flicker or two of light comes from the flutes and oboe,—like sunshine through the branches,—and soon (at the twenty-sixth measure) all this dreamy vagueness crystallizes into shape, and the first theme is duly announced in the strings in the tonic, F major, at first *piano*, but soon swelling to *forte*, as the development proceeds. Just as the *forte* is reached, a sudden change to *pianissimo*, with the entrance of the trombones on the chord of D-flat major, heralds the coming of the first subsidiary, a phrase partaking of the nature of passage-work, beneath which the basses bring in once more the first theme. This subsidiary theme is developed at some length with lightly skipping passages in the wood-wind, which remind one a little of the first theme, until the strings modulate by themselves to the subdominant, B-flat major, and the second theme enters in that key. This theme is developed first by the strings, then by the horns against a waving figural variation in the violins and occasional trills and running passages in the flutes. The conclusion-theme sets in in 9-8 time,—it is really a development of the figure already heard in the violins at the sudden *pianissimo* just before the entrance of the first subsidiary,—and is developed at considerable length, thus closing the first part of the movement in B-flat major. There is no repeat.

The free fantasia is long and elaborately worked out, and ends with a vigorous climax, leading back to the re-entrance of the first theme in the tonic (beginning of the third part of the movement), given out *forte* by the full orchestra. This third part is in the regular relation to the first, only that the second theme is now in the dominant, C major, instead of in the tonic. The movement ends with a very long and elaborate coda.



ELSA VON GRAVE.



The second movement, *Largo*, in A-flat major (2-4 time) is headed: "In the Twilight; Revery." After some free preluding in the clarinet and horn, accompanied by the strings, the principal theme is given out by all the strings in full harmony, against a sort of obbligato in the bassoon,—or, rather, it were more accurate to say that this passage is really in five-part harmony, the bassoon playing one of the parts. This calm, tender melody is followed by some more florid work in the clarinet and horn, and then the theme sets in again in the horns and violas, against a *pizzicato* accompaniment in the strings, and rapid running passages in the flute and other wooden wind instruments. Then follows an elaborately developed second theme (*Con moto*) in E major, which, in its turn, makes way for a dreamy, mysterious conclusion-theme in F major—flutes accompanied by the muted violins—and then the principal theme comes back in the tonic, A flat major, played by the second violins and a 'cello solo against a hushed accompaniment in the other strings *con sordini* and syncopated triplets in the flutes. The theme returns for the last time, as a coda, in the strings, against which the clarinet plays florid, recitative-like phrases.

The third movement, *Allegro assai* in D minor (3-4 time), is still in the twilight, and is headed, "Dance of Dryads." It is the Scherzo of the symphony, and is elaborately worked out in the regular scherzo form, with a Trio in A major, in which the orchestral effect of the high harmonics and trills of the violins, against a melody in the wood-wind, seems to have been suggested by the corresponding part of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony.

The fourth movement, *Allegro* in F major (4-4 time), is headed: "At Night. Silent murmuring of the woods at night. Entrance and exit of the Wild Hunt, with Frau Holle (Hulda)* and Wotan. Daybreak." It opens with a mysterious *pianissimo* theme in the 'celli and double-basses alone, which is forthwith made the subject of the exposition of a four-part fugue "of imitation,"—the voices entering as follows: 1, 'celli and basses; 2, second violins and violas; 3, first violins; 4, horn,—and leads to the entrance of the "Wild Hunt" theme in the strings, clarinets, and bassoons. This "Wild Hunt" is worked out with great elaboration and vigor; it swells to *fortissimo*, then dies away again in the distance, to make way for a most poetically picturesque orchestral picture of the gray morning dawn and sunrise, with a return of the opening theme of the movement in the horns, and at last a return of the second theme of the first movement. Unfortunately, Raff has stopped his sunrise half-way, and then gone back to darkness again and a return of the "Wild Hunt," only to have a new dawn and sunrise when the wild hunters have again disappeared. This repetition is, however, generally omitted in performances of the symphony nowadays; not so much for the sake of meteorological accuracy, perhaps, as because the movement, in its original shape, is excessively long.

* Hulda, or Holda, was the Venus of Northern mythology; her other name was Freia. She was primarily the goddess of Spring, and then of love. It was she who enticed Tannhäuser into the Venus Mountain. After the introduction of Christianity, Hulda soon got to be regarded as an evil spirit, and was associated with nocturnal storms, like other witches, and called Frau Holle.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 12

OVERTURE, "Benvenuto Cellini" - - BERLIOZ

"FLITTERWOCHEN," String Orchestra,

Flutes, Bells, and Harp - - - STYX

ARIA, "Casta Diva," from "Norma." - BELLINI

MME. SEMBRICH

ARIA Gentle Goddess, softly spreading
Through this sacred grove thy light,
Cast thy tender veil upon us,
Cool all wrath and give us peace;
Drive hot anger from our bosoms,
Cause all doubt and fear to cease.

STABAT MATER - - - VERDI

THE CHORAL UNION

This is the second of "Quattro Pezzi Sacri," a series of four works of a religious character. They are among the latest publications of the composer, not having been copyrighted until late in 1898. The text is the familiar Latin hymn, which Verdi has treated in a modern yet original manner, displaying throughout in the movement of the voices his mastery of vocal color.

STABAT MATER. BY G. VERDI

For Chorus and Orchestra.

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.

Quæ moerebat et dolebat
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?



MME. SEMBRICH

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eja Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris,
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.

Flammis ne urar succensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ.

Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

ARIA, "Ella giammai m'amó," from Don Carlos

VERDI

MR. WHITNEY

The scene of this aria, the introduction to the fourth act of the opera, is laid in the study of King Philip in Madrid, who, as the curtain rises, is discovered leaning in deep meditation against a table, covered with documents. Two candles are burning out. Dawn is lighting the windows.

KING PHILIP: She never loved me! 'Gainst me her

Heart is barred!

Still do I see her sad look

Of the day she came from France.

Where am I? The dawn lights the terrace!

Too slowly do my days pass! O Heaven,

Bring sleep to my eyes!

Alone will I sleep in my royal mantle,

When the evening of my day shall come;

Alone under the dark vault

In the tomb of the Escorial.

Oh, that the chaplet the power might bring me

Of reading in that heart

What Heaven alone can see!

When the prince sleeps, the traitor watches.

Alone will I sleep in my royal mantle,

When the evening of my day shall come.

SONGS: (a) Die Forelle, - - - SCHUBERT

(b) Vergebliches Ständchen - - - BRAHMS

MME. SEMBRICH

(a) PRELUDE TO 3D ACT OF "HERODIADE" MASSENET

(b) PELUDE TO 3D ACT OF "LOHENGRIN" WAGNER

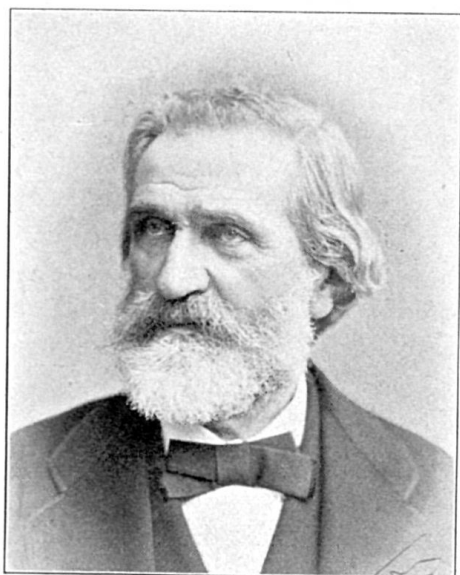
PRELUDE TO ACT III OF "LOHENGRIN"

This introduction to the third act is supposed to be the ball-room music played at Lohengrin and Elsa's wedding. It begins, *Sehr lebhaft* (*Molto vivace*) in G major (2-2 time), with the jubilant first theme given out and briefly developed in *fortissimo* by the full orchestra. This soon makes way for the resounding second theme, in the same key, given out in *fortissimo* by the 'celli, horns, and bassoons in *unison* against harmony in repeated triplets in the strings, and repeated by all the brass and 'celli against a similar accompaniment in the rest of the orchestra. Then comes a softer, more march-like episodic theme, still in G major, given out and for the most part developed by the wind instruments. Then the first and second themes return, very much as at first, if with more variety in the way of modulation, the movement ending with the close of the second theme.

WALZ, "Voce di Primavera" - - - STRAUSS

MME. SEMBRICH

GRAND POLONAISE IN E, - - - LISZT



GIUSEPPE VERDI

FOURTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 13

OVERTURE, "Hansel und Gretel" - HUMPERDINCK

"HANSEL UND GRETEL," Fairy Opera in three tableaux, was first given at the Court Theatre in Weimar, on Dec. 23, 1893. Its success was immediate, and soon became so universal as to be comparable only with that of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci."

The prelude is quite free in form.

RONDE D'AMOUR - - - WESTERHOUT

VILLANELLE - - - DELL'ACQUA

MISS LOHBILLER

I've seen the swallows pass by me
Cleaving the light clouds on high,
They spread their wings and are sailing,
Where the bright sun ne'er is failing.
I have follow'd with my eyes
Many swallows trav'ling eastward,
And my soul was wafted heav'nward
Following them with glad surprise,
Ah! to fair lands up in the sky.
And my heavy heart was lighten'd
Following them so far on high.
I've seen the swallows pass by me
Into space, far above me.

THREE MOVEMENTS from "The Rustic Wedding," GOLD-
MARK Symphony No. 1, in E-flat Major, Op. 26

It is not quite easy to understand why Goldmark called this composition a symphony; the sonata-form is nowhere apparent in it, and it seems more like a suite of characteristic tone-pictures than a symphony. It was first given in Vienna, on March 12, 1876, eleven years after the composer's "Sakuntala" overture. Like the overture, it soon made its way over the musical world—excepting France, for it was not given in Paris till the season of 1890-91—and became a stock piece in the repertory of almost all noted orchestras.

The first movement, "Wedding March," *Moderato molto* in E-flat major (2-4 time), is in the form of a theme with variations. The theme is first given out unaccompanied, by the 'celli and double-basses in octaves; a certain resemblance it bears to the Portuguese Hymn, "Adeste, fideles," may or may not have been intentional. There are thirteen variations. It is said that Goldmark, in writing this movement, had in mind the numerous groups of wedding guests marching up to the church and disappearing one after another into the church itself.

The third movement, "In the Garden," *Andante* in G minor and G-flat major (4-4 and 12-8 time), is plainly meant for a love-scene. It opens with a tender melody

—which begins in G minor, but modulates almost immediately to B-flat major—sung at first by the clarinet, then taken up by the violins in octaves. This theme is followed by a more passionate one in G-flat major, which is elaborately developed as a quasi-operatic love-duet; the tenor part is sung by the 'celli and horns, and the soprano by the violins and higher wooden wind instruments. Toward the end of the movement the first G minor and B-flat major melody returns in the clarinet, and the close is hushed and quiet as the beginning.

The fourth movement, "Dance," *Allegro molto* in E-flat major (2-2 time), is based on the jolliest of dance-tunes. It is elaborately worked up, with ever-increasing spirit and furious energy, interrupted for a moment at one point by a return of the tender clarinet theme of the garden-scene.

BALLET MUSIC from "Coppelia" - DELIBES
(a) Valse (b) Czardas

Leo Delibes was born in 1836 at St. Germain du Val (Department of Sarthe). In 1848 he entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he obtained several prizes. He became the pupil of Adam in composition, and has written numerous comic operas and ballets which show great ability and refinement, among which we would mention the operas "Le Roi l'a dit" (1873) and "Lakmé" (1883), and the ballets "Coppelia" and "Sylvia." He has also written numerous songs which show great delicacy and refinement, and in many cases a delightful originality.

The ballet "Coppelia," from which the orchestra this afternoon will play a Waltz and Czardas, was first given in New York by the National Opera Company, March 11, 1887. It belongs to the most popular compositions of its class, and has long been one of the admired entertainments in the opera-houses of Europe.

ARIA, "O Don Fatal," from "Don Carlos" - VERDI
MISS TOWLE

O fatal dower, O cruel gift,
With which my fate in anger array'd me;
Thou, that so vain, so proud hast made me,
I loath and curse thee, my beauty rare.
Now tears alone for me remaining,
A hopeless life I must endure.
Ah, so abhorrent my crime, so staining
No grief can make my conscience pure.
I loathe and curse thee, my beauty rare.

O queen beloved I sacrificed thee
To the revolt of this wild heart:
In a lone cloister from earth secluded,
I may conceal my guilt apart.

Oh Heav'n! Carlo, the scaffold to-
morrow will ascend.
Ah, one day remaineth, sweet hope
smiles upon me!
Ever blest be Heav'n, his life I'll save!

LIEBESGEFLUESTER - STECK
STRING ORCHESTRA

OVERTURE, "Robespierre" ("The Last Day
of Terror") - LITOLFF



ANNA LOHBILLER

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 13

“SAMSON AND DELILAH,” Opera in 3 Acts, SAINT-SAENS

DELILAH,	- - - - -	MRS. JACOBY
SAMSON,	- - - - -	MR. HAMLIN
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON,	-	MR. MILES
ABIMELECH, SATRAP OF GAZA, AN OLD HEBREW, A PHILISTINE MESSENGER,	} -	MR. WHITNEY

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ZEITZ, Conductor

Charles Camille Saint-Saens 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” is justly considered one of his greatest works. The present school of composition is in many ways a reaction against former practises, and will surely justify its promises if its representatives are guided by the principles which find their most perfect expression in the works of Camille Saint-Saens.

SAMSON AND DELILAH

ARGUMENT

The following sketch of the Saint-Saens opera is translated freely from *Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique*, by Noel and Stouling, 1892 : —

“The prelude is singular. There is a darting phrase which is developed, and mingled with this phrase is a chorus of Hebrews, sung behind the curtain. The lamenting captives ask deliverance of God. The fugal form of the number, which continues until the rise of the curtain, indicates at once the severe and classic nature of the work. Samson arouses the courage of his co-mates, and prepares the revolt which the insolence of Abimelech hastens to fury. Samson kills the Satrap of Gaza, and the Israelites *exeunt* at the right of the stage. The High Priest of Dagon descends, attended, from the temple, and curses Samson. The return of the triumphant Hebrews is one of the most ingenious numbers of the opera. There is a chorus of basses, to which liturgic color and rhythm give astonishing breadth, and they emphasize the more strongly the fresh chorus of the women of Philistia, ‘Now Spring’s generous hand.’ The charming phrase will be found again in the temple-scene, the last tableau, as will the melodic design of the great duet of the second act, but ironically, in the orchestra, while Delilah insults the blinded hero. The Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon, which follows the chorus, is of delightful inspiration, and it prepares effectively the grandeur of the drama that follows. Delilah looks earnestly at Samson and sings to him, and Samson listens, not heeding the old man near him who says, ‘The powers of hell have created this woman, fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose.’

“The second act is in the valley of Sorek. Delilah’s house is at the left. It is surrounded with Eastern and luxuriant plants. Night is coming on. Delilah sings a passionate appeal to Love, invoking his aid. Then comes the duet with the High Priest who, deceived by the feigned love of Delilah, begs of her to deliver Samson to him; Delilah reveals her real hatred in a dramatic burst. The duet of Samson and the temptress is, as one knows, the chief number of the work. It is impossible to paint better the hesitations of Samson, as he stands between love and religious faith. The great phrase of Delilah is a superb expression of passion. The orchestral storm hastens the action on the stage, and when the elemental fury is at its height, Delilah enters her dwelling. Samson follows her; and the curtain falls on the appearance of the Philistines to master their foe.



CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

"The first tableau of the third act is a lament of remarkable intensity. Samson mourns his sin and a chorus of Hebrews behind the scenes reproach him and despair. The style is here rather that of the oratorio than the opera. An exquisite chorus follows, 'Dawn now on the hill-tops,' which brings to mind the chorus of Philistines in the first act. Then comes the ballet so well known in concerts. From this moment until the fall of the curtain there runs in the orchestra a hurried motive, which is heard with rhythmic effect in the evolutions of the sacred dance; which gives the measure to the bitter mockings of Delilah and the sacrificial ceremonies; which, constantly quicker and more impetuous, accentuates the movement of the final chorus. The motive is feverish, mystical; its rapid pulsations give the idea finally of the religious madness of the Philistines inspired by the madding rites at the shrine of Dagon. The ballet is cut in two by a phrase of great breadth sustained by arpeggios of the harp, and thus is a strange solemnity given to the dance of the priestesses. After the irony of Delilah, and the supplication of Samson to the Lord, is a skilfully made canon, sung by Delilah and the High Priest. There is a sonorous chorus of great brilliancy, in which effect is gained by simple means. Samson pulls down the temple, and the curtain falls with a few measures of orchestral fury."

ACT I—SCENE I

Public place in the city of Gaza in Palestine. At L., the portal of temple of Dagon. At the rising of the curtain a throng of Hebrews, men and women, are seen collected in the open space, in attitudes of grief and prayer. Samson is among them.

CHORUS:

God! Israel's God!
To our petition hearken!
Thy children save!
As they kneel in despair
Heed Thou their prayer,
While o'er them sorrows darken!
Oh, let thy wrath
Give place to loving care!

THE WOMEN:

Since Thou from us
Hast turned away Thy favor
We are undone,
In vain thy people fight.

[Curtain rises.]

CHORUS:

Lord, wilt Thou have
That we perish forever—
The nation that alone
Hath known
Thy light? Ah! all the day
Do I humbly adore Him:

Deaf to my cry
He gives me no reply,
Yet still I bow before Him
And implore Him
That He at last
To my aid may draw nigh!

THE HEBREW MEN:

By savage foes our cities have been harried;
Gentiles Thine altar with shame
Have profaned;
Our tribes afar
To dire slavery carried
All scattered are;
Scarce our name
Hath remained!
Art Thou no more
The God of our salvation,
Who saved our sires
From the chains that they wore?
Lord! hast thou forgot
Those vows, sworn to our nation
In days of yore
When Egypt hurt us sore?

SAMSON (*emerging from the throng at R.*):

Pause and stand
O my brothers,
And bless the holy name
Of the God of our fathers!
Your pardon is at hand,
And your chains shall be broken!
I have heard in my heart
Words of hope softly spoken:—

'T is the voice of the Lord
That through His servant speaketh;
He doth His grace afford:
Your lasting good He seeketh;
Your throne shall be restored!
Brothers! now break your fetters!
Our altar let us raise
To the God whom we praise!

CHORUS:

Alas! vain words he utters.
Freedom can ne'er be ours!
Of arms our foes bereft us;
How use our feeble powers?
Only tears are left us!

SAMSON:

Is your God not on high?
Hath He not sworn to save you?
He is still your ally
By the name that he gave you!
'T was for you alone
That He spake through His thunders!
His glory He hath shown
To you by mighty wonders!
He led through the Red Sea
By miraculous ways,
When our fathers did flee
From a shameful oppression!

CHORUS:

Past are those glorious days,
God hath venged our transgression;
In His wrath He delays,
Nor hears our intercession.

SAMSON:

Wretched souls! hold your peace!
Doubt not the God above you!
Fall down upon your knees!
Pray to Him who doth love you!
Behold His mighty hand,
The safeguard of our nation!
With dauntless valor stand
In hope of our salvation!
God the Lord speeds the right;
God the Lord never faileth!
He fills our arms with might,
And our prayer now prevaieth!

CHORUS:

Lo! the Spirit of the Lord
Upon his soul hath rested!
Come! our courage is restored;
Let now His way be tested!
We will march at His side;
Deliverance shall attend us,
For the Lord is our guide,
And his arm shall defend us!

SCENE II

The same. Abimelech, satrap of Gaza, enters at L., followed by a throng of warriors and soldiers of the Philistines.

ABIMELECH:

Who dares to raise the voice of pride?
Do these slaves revile their masters?
Who oft in vain our strength have tried,
Would they now incur new disasters?
Conceal your despair
And your tears!
Our patience will hold out no longer;
You have found that we are the stronger;
In vain your prayer,
We mock your fears:
Your God, whom ye implore with
anguish,
Remaineth deaf to your call;
He lets you still in bondage languish,
On you His heavy judgments fall!

If He from us desires to save you,
Now let him show His power divine,
And shatter the chains your conquerors
gave you!
Let the sun of freedom shine!

Do you hope in insolent daring
Our God unto yours will yield,
Jehovah with Dagon comparing,
Who for us winneth the field?
Nay, your timid God fears and trembles
When Dagon before Him is seen;
He the plaintive dove resembles;
Dagon the vulture bold and keen.

SAMSON (*inspired*):

O God, it is Thou he blasphemeth!
Let Thy wrath on his head descend,
Lord of hosts!
His power hath an end.
On high like lightning gleameth
The sword sparkling with fire;
From the sky swiftly streameth
The host burning with ire:—
Yea! all the heavenly legions
In their mighty array
Sweep over boundless regions,
And strike the foe with dismay.
At last cometh the hour
When God's fierce fire shall fall:
Its terrible power
And His thunder appall.

SOLO AND CHORUS OF ISRAELITES:

Lord before Thy displeasure
Helpless the earth shall quake;
Thy wrath will know no measure
When vengeance Thou shalt take!

ABIMELECH:

Give o'er! rashly blind! Cease thy railing,
Wake not Dagon's ire, death entailing!

SAMSON AND CHORUS:

Israel! break your chain!
Arise! display your might!
Their idle threats disdain!
See, the day follows night!
Jehovah, God of light,



HERMANN A. ZEITZ.

Hear our prayer as of yore,
And for Thy people fight!
Let the right
Win once more!

SAMSON:

Lord, before Thy displeasure
Helpless the earth shall quake;
Thy wrath will know no measure
When vengeance Thou shalt take!
Thou the tempest unchainest;
The storms Thy word obey;
The vast sea Thou restrainest;
Be our shield, Lord, to-day!

CHORUS:

Israel! break your chain! etc.

Israel! now arise!

(Abimelech springs at Samson, sword in hand, to strike him. Samson wrenches the sword away and strikes him. Abimelech falls, crying, "Help." The Philistines accompanying the satrap would gladly aid him, but Samson, brandishing the sword, keeps them at a distance. He occupies the R. of stage, the greatest confusion reigns. Samson and the Hebrews exeunt R. The gates of Dagon's temple open; the High Priest, followed by a throng of attendants and guards, descends the steps of the portico; he pauses before Abimelech's dead body. The Philistines respectfully draw back before him.)

SCENE III

The same, the High Priest, Attendants, Guards.

HIGH PRIEST:

What see I?
Abimelech by slaves struck down and dying!
Oh, let them not escape!
To arms! Pursue the flying!
Wreak vengeance on your foes!
For the prince they have slain!
Strike down beneath your blows
These slaves who flee in vain!

FIRST PHILISTINE:

All my blood, it was fated,
Turned to ice in my veins;
Methought my limbs were weighted
With heavy load of chains!

SECOND PHILISTINE:

My arms are unavailing,
My strength is like the flax;
My knees beneath me failing—
And my heart melts like wax.

HIGH PRIEST:

Cowards! with hearts easily daunted,
Ye are filled with foolish alarm!
Have ye lost all your boldness vaunted,
Do you fear their God's puny arm?

SCENE IV

The same.

PHILISTINE MESSENGERS:

My Lord! the band by Samson guided
To revolt, with furious wrath
Across our land by fear divided
March, leaving woe in their path.

O fly from the threatening danger!
Come! why should we perish in vain?
We'll leave the town unto the stranger,
And the sheltering mountains gain.

HIGH PRIEST:

Curse you and your nation forever,
Children of Israel!
I fain your race from earth would sever,
And leave no trace to tell!
Curse him, too, their leader! I hate him!
Him will I stamp 'neath my feet!
A cruel doom must now await him;
He shall die when we meet!
Curse her, too, the mother who bore him,
And all his hateful race!
May she who faithful love once swore him
Prove heartless, false, and base.
Cursed be the God of his nation,
That God his only trust;
His temple shake from its foundation,
His altar fall to dust!

MESSENGERS AND PHILISTINES:

In spite of brave professions,
To yonder mountains fly;
Leave our homes, our possessions,
Our God, or else we die.

(Exeunt L., bearing Abimelech's dead body. Just as the Philistines leave the stage, followed by the High Priest, the Hebrews, old men and children, enter R. It is broad daylight.)

SCENE V

The Hebrew Women and Old Men; then Samson and the victorious Hebrews.

HEBREW OLD MEN:

Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous story!
Psalms of praise loudly swell!
God is the Lord! In His power and His glory
He hath saved Israel!
Through him weak arms have triumphed
o'er the masters,

Whose might oppressed them sore;
Upon their heads He hath poured dire
disasters,
They will mock Him no more!

(*The Hebrews, led by Samson, enter R.*)

AN AGED HEBREW:

His hand in anger stern chastised us,
For we his laws had disobeyed;
But when our punishment advised us,
And we our humble prayer had made,
He bade us cease our lamentations—
"Rise in arms, to combat!" He cried,
"Your God shall provide
Your salvation;
In battle I am by your side!"

HEBREW OLD MEN:

When we were slaves, He came our
chains to sever,
We were ever his care;
His mighty arm was able to deliver,
He hath turned our despair!
Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous
story!
Psalms of praise loudly swell!
God is the Lord! In His power and His
glory
He hath saved Israel!

SCENE VI

Samson, Delilah, the Philistines, the Hebrew Old Men. The gates of Dagon's temple open. Delilah enters, followed by Philistine Women holding garlands of flowers in their hands.

THE PHILISTINE WOMEN:

Now spring's generous hand
Brings flowers to the land;
Be they worn as crowns
By their conquering band!
With light, glad some voices.
'Mid glowing roses,
While all rejoices,
Sing, sisters, sing—
Your tribute bring!
Come, deathless delight,
Youth's springtime bright,
The beauty that charms
The heart at the sight,
The love that entrances
And new love wakens
With timid glances!
My sisters, love
Like birds above!

DELILAH (*addressing Samson*):

I come with a song for the splendor
Of my love who won in the fray!
I belong unto him for aye.
Heart as well as hand I surrender!
Come, my dearest one, follow me

To Sorek, the fairest of valleys,
Where murmuring, the cool streamlet
dallies!
Delilah there will comfort thee.

SAMSON:

O God! who beholdest my trial,
Thy strength to thy servant impart,
Close fast mine eyes, make firm my
heart.
Support me in stern self-denial!

DELILAH:

My comely brow for thee I bind
With clusters of cool, curling cresses,
And Sharon's roses sweet are twined
Amid my long tresses.

THE OLD HEBREW:

Oh, turn away my son, and go not
there!
Avoid this stranger's seductive de-
vices;
Heed not her voice, though softly it
entices;
Of the serpent's deadly fang beware!

SAMSON:

Hide from my sight her beauty rare,
Whose magic spell with right alarms
me!
Oh, quench those eyes whose bright-
ness charms me,
And fills my heart with love's despair!

DELILAH:

Sweet is the lily's perfumed breath;
Sweeter far are my warm caresses;
There awaits thee, Love, joy that
blesses,
And all that bliss awakeneth!
Open thine arms, my brave defender!
Let me fly to thy sheltering breast;
There on thy heart I will sweetly rest,
Filling thy soul with rapture tender,
Come, oh come!

SAMSON:

Oh, thou flame that my heart oppresses,
Burning anew at this hour,
Before my God, before my God give
o'er thy power!
Lord, pity him who his weakness con-
fesses!

THE OLD HEBREW:

Accursed art thou, if 'neath her charm
thou fallest,
If to her voice, if to her honeyed
voice thou givest heed:
Ah! then thy tears are vain, in vain
thou callest
On Heaven to save thee from the
fruits of thy deed!



BLANCHE TOWLE

(The young girls accompanying Delilah dance, waving the garlands of flowers which they hold in their hands, and seem to be trying to entice the Hebrew warriors who follow Samson. The latter, deeply agitated, tries vainly to avoid Delilah's glances. His eyes in spite of all his efforts follow all the enchantress's movements as she takes part in the voluptuous postures and gestures of the Philistine Maidens.)

Dance of the Priestess of Dagon.

DELILAH :

The spring with her dower
Of bird and of flower
Brings hope in her train ;
Her scant laden pinions
From Love's wide dominions
Drives sorrow and pain.
Our hearts thrill with gladness
For spring's mystic madness
Thrills through all the earth.
To fields doth she render
Their grace and their splendor —
Joy and gentle mirth.

In vain I adorn me
With blossoms and charms!
My false love doth scorn me,
And flees from my arms!
But hope still caresses
My desolate heart —
Past delight yet blesses!
Love will not depart!

(Addressing Samson, with her face bent upon him.)

When night comes star-laden,
Like a sad, lonely maiden,
I'll sit by the stream.
And mourning I'll dream.
My heart I'll surrender
If he come to-day,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay : —
So I'll wait him alway.

HEBREW OLD MAN :

The powers of hell have created this
woman
Fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose ;
Turn from her glance, fraught with fire
not human :
Her love is a poison that brings count-
less woes!

DELILAH :

My heart I'll surrender
If he come to-day,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay : —
So I'll wait him alway!

(Delilah, still singing, again goes to the steps of the portico and casts her enticing glances at Samson, who seems wrought upon by their spell. He hesitates, struggles, and betrays the trouble of his soul.)

[END OF ACT I]

ACT II — SCENE I

The stage represents the valley of Sorek in Palestine. At 1., Delilah's dwelling, which has a graceful portico, and is surrounded with Asiatic plants and luxuriant tropical creepers. At the rising of the curtain, night is coming on, and becomes complete during the course of the action.

PRELUDE

(She is more richly appareled than in the first act. At the rising of the curtain, she is discovered seated on a rock near the portico of her house, and seems to be in a dreamy mood.)

DELILAH (alone):

To-night Samson makes his obeisance,
This eve at my feet he will lie!
Now the hour of my vengeance hastens —
Our Gods I shall soon glorify!

O Love! of thy might let me borrow!
Pour thy poison through Samson's
heart!
Let him be bound before the morrow —
A captive to my matchless art!

In his soul he no longer would cherish
The passion he wishes were dead;
Can a flame like that ever perish,
Evermore by remembrance fed?

He rests my slave; his feats belie him;
My brothers fear with vain alarms;
I only of all — I defy him.
I hold him fast within my arms!

O Love! of thy might let me borrow!
Pour thy poison through Samson's
heart!
Let him be bound before the morrow —
A captive to my matchless art!

When Love contends, strength ever
faileth!
E'en he, the strongest of the strong,
Through whom in war his tribe pre-
vaileth;
Against me shall not battle long!

(Distant flashes of lightning.)

SCENE II

Delilah; the High Priest of Dagon.

HIGH PRIEST :

I have climbed o'er the cheerless
Mountain-peaks to thy side ;
'Mid dangers I was fearless ;
Dagon served as my guide !

DELILAH :

I greet you worthy master ;
A welcome face you show,
Honored e'er as priest and pastor ! . . .

HIGH PRIEST :

Our disaster you know !
Desperate slaves without pity
Rose against their lords,
They sacked the helpless city —
None resisted their hordes.

Our soldiers fled before them
At the sound of Samson's name ;
The pangs of terror tore them,
Like sheep they became !
A menace to our nation,
Samson had from on high
A strength and preparation
That none with him can vie.

A vow hath bound him ever,
He from birth was elect
To concentrate endeavor,
Israel's glory to effect.

DELILAH :

I know his courage dares you,
Even unto your face ;
He endless hatred bears you,
As the first of your race.

HIGH PRIEST :

Within thine arms one day
His strength vanished away ;
But since then
He endeavors to forget thee again.
'T is said, in shameful fashion
His Delilah he scouts ;
He makes sport of his passion,
And all its joy he doubts.

DELILAH :

Although his brothers warn him,
And he hears what they say,
They all coldly scorn him
Because he loves astray ;
Yet still in spite of reason,
He struggles all in vain ;
I fear from him no treason,
For his heart I retain !
'T is in vain he defies me,
Though so mighty in arms ;
Not a wish he denies me ;
He melts before my charms.

HIGH PRIEST :

Then let thy zeal awaken,
Use thy weird magic powers,

That unarmed, overtaken,
He this night may be ours !
Sell me this redoubtable thrall,
Nor then shall thy profit be small ;
Naught thou wishest could be a burden.
Priceless shall be thy well-earned guer-
don !

DELILAH :

Do I care for thy promised gold ?
Delilah's vengeance were not sold
For all a king's uncounted treasure !
Thy knowledge, though boundless in
measure,
Hath played thee false in reading me !
O'er you he gained the victory,
But I am still too powerful for him ;
More keenly than thou, I abhor him !

HIGH PRIEST :

Thy design and thy deathless hate I
should have guessed ;
To hear thy wily words my heart with
pleasure trembles !
Yet, art thou sure of him ? Will thy
power stand the test ?
Hast thou measured his cunning ?
Maybe he, too, dissembles.

DELILAH :

Thrice, indeed, have I failed to accom-
plish my plan —
I have sought for the key to the strength
of the man ;
I have kindled his love with the hope
that by yielding,
I might spoil the mysterious might he is
wielding !
Thrice hath he foiled my plan, disappoint-
ed my hope ;
His secret still he holds — with him no
one can cope !
In vain I emulate all the fire he ex-
presses ;
Though I thought that I might gain that
knowledge by caresses !
This haughty Hebrew slave oft hath
hurried away
From my sweetest embraces to engage in
the fray.
But to-day
Have no fear, my might will overwhelm ;
Pale grew his face once stern,
He shook when last I saw him.
So I know
That our foe
His friends once more will spurn ;
He will yearn
For my love.
We shall see him return.

The victory shall be mine, I am ready to
meet him ;
One last weapon is left me — my tears
shall defeat him !



MYRON W. WHITNEY, JR.

HIGH PRIEST:

Oh, may Dagon, our God, by thy side
deign to stand! □
'Tis for him thou art fighting; thou
winnest by his hand.

DELILAH:

That vengeance now at last may find him,
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!
May he by his love yield his power,
And here at my feet meekly cower.

HIGH PRIEST:

That vengeance now at last may find him,
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!
May he by his love yield his power,
And here at thy feet meekly cower.

DELILAH:

That vengeance now at last may find
him, etc.

HIGH PRIEST:

In thee alone my hope remaineth,
Thy hand the honored victory gaineth,
That vengeance, etc.
We two shall strike the blow —
Death to our mighty foe!

DELILAH:

My hand the honored victory gaineth,
That vengeance, etc.
We two shall strike the blow —
Death to our mighty foe!

HIGH PRIEST:

To-night didst thou not tell me
Samson is awaited?

DELILAH:

He will come!

HIGH PRIEST:

Then I go, lest he find me belated;
But soon by secret paths I bring the
avenging band,
Now the fate of thy land
Is lodged within thy hand.
Unveil his secret heart,
And rob him of his treasure;
Make him tell where resides
That force which none can measure.

[Exit.
DELILAH: (*approaches the portico, l., and
stands leaning in a dreamy attitude
against one of the pillars*):

Ah! can it be? And have I lost the sway
That I held o'er my lover?

The night is dark, without a ray;
If he seeks me now, how discover?
Alas!
The moments pass!

SCENE III

*Delilah; Samson. He seems to be dis-
turbed, troubled, uncertain. He glances
about him. It grows darker and darker.
(Distant flashes of lightning.)*

SAMSON:

Once again to this place
My erring feet draw nigh!
I ought to shun her face,
No will have I!
Though my passion I curse,
Yet its torments still slay me.
Away! away from here,
Ere she through stealth betray me!

DELILAH (*advancing toward Samson*):

'Tis thou! 't is thou whom I adore!
In thine absence I languish:
In seeing thee once more
Forgot are hours of anguish!
Thy face is doubly welcome.

SAMSON:

Ah! cease that wild discourse;
At thy words all my soul
Is darkened with remorse!

DELILAH:

Ah! Samson, my best beloved friend,
In thy heart dost thou despise me?
Is 't thus thy love hath an end,
Which once above all jewels did prize
me?

SAMSON:

Thou hast been priceless to my heart,
And never canst thou be discarded!
Dearer than life art thou regarded!
In my love none hath greater part!

DELILAH:

By my side dost thou fear some disaster?
Dost thou doubt that I love thee still?
Do I not fulfill all thy will?
Art not thou my dear lord and master?

SAMSON:

Alas! Jehovah heard my vow —
To obey Him is my bounden duty!
Farewell, I must leave thee now,
Ne'er again behold thy matchless
beauty.

No more to joyful love give way!
Israel's hopes revive by this token;
For the Lord hath decreed the day
Which shall see our chains surely
broken!

He hath spoken to me His word:
Among thy brethren thou art elected
To lead them back to God their Lord:
Ending all the woes whereby they are
afflicted!

DELILAH:

What careth my heart all forlorn
For Israel's fate or her glory?
When joy from me brutally torn,
Sums up for me the wretched story.
When I in thy promise believed
My peace of mind was forever ended;
Each false caress that I received
Was in my veins a poison blended.

SAMSON:

Forbear to rack my soul with woe!
I must yield to a law above thee;
Tenfold my grief when my tears flow —
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

(Distant flashes of lightning.)

DELILAH:

A God far more mighty than thine,
My friend, through me his will pro-
claimeth;
'T is the God of Love, the divine,
Whose law thy God's small scepter
shameth!
Recall blissful hours by my side,
If thou from thy mistress wilt sever!
Thou'st broke the faith that should abide!
I alone remain constant ever!

SAMSON:

Thou unfeeling! To doubt of my heart!
Ever of my love all things tell me!
O, let me perish by God's dart,
Tho' God's lightning should overwhelm
me!

(The thunderstorm approaches.)

I struggle with my fate no more,
I know on earth no law above thee!
Yea, though Hell hold my doom in store,
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH:

My heart at thy dear voice
Opens wide like a flower,
Which the morn's kisses waken;
But that I may rejoice,
That my tears no more shower,
Tell thy love, still unshaken!

Oh, say thou wilt not now
Leave Delilah again!
Repeat with accents tender
Every passionate vow,
Oh, thou dearest of men!
Ah! to the charms of love surrender!
Rise with me to its height of splendor!

SAMSON:

Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH:

As fields of growing corn
In the morn bend and sway,

When the light zephyr rises,
E'en so my heart forlorn
Is thrilled by passion's play.
At thy voice's sweet surprises!

Less rapid is the dart
In its death-dealing flight
Than I spring to my delight,
To my place in thy heart!
Ah! to Love's delight surrender!
Rise with me to its height of splendor!

SAMSON:

I'll dry thy tears
By charm of sweet caresses,
And chase thy fears
And the grief that oppresses!
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

(Flashes of lightning. Violent crash of thunder.)

DELILAH:

But no! . . . the dream is o'er!
Delilah trusts no more!
Words are idle pretenses!
Thou hast mocked me before,
In oaths I set no store,
Too flagrant thy offenses!

SAMSON:

When I dare to follow thee now?
Forgetful of God and my vow —
The God who hath sealed my existence
With strength divine, that knew no re-
sistance?

DELILAH:

Ah! well, thou shalt now read my heart!
Know why thy God I have envied,
hated —
Thy God by whose fiat thou art,
To whom thou art consecrated!
Oh, tell me this vow thou hast sworn —
How thy mighty strength is redoubled!
Remove the doubts whereby I am torn,
Let not my heart be longer troubled!

(Thunder and lightning in the distance.)

SAMSON:

Delilah what dost thou desire?
Ah! let not thy distrust rouse mine ire!

DELILAH:

If still I have power left to move thee,
Whereby in the past I was blessed,
This hour I would put it to test:
Firm trust in me would now behoove
thee!

(Lightning and thunder nearer and nearer.)



GEORGE HAMLIN

SAMSON:

Alas! the chain which I must wear
Maketh not nor marreth thy joyance!
For my secret why dost thou care?

DELILAH:

Tell me thy vow! Assuage the pain I
bear!

SAMSON:

Thy power is vain; vain thy annoyance!

(*Lightning without thunder.*)

DELILAH:

Yea, my power is vain,
Because thy love is bounded!
My desire to disdain,
To despise my spirit, wounded
By the secret unknown;
And to add without reason,
In cold insulting tone
Charges of latent treason!

SAMSON:

With a heart in despair
Too immense to be spoken,
I raise to God my prayer
In a voice sad and broken!

DELILAH:

For him I have displayed
All my beauty's decoration!
And how am I repaid?
What for me but lamentation!

SAMSON:

All-powerful God, I call on thee for aid!

DELILAH:

To see thy stern face
My sad forebodings waken;
Samson, flee from this place
Ere I die, thy love forsaken.

SAMSON:

Say no more!

DELILAH:

Tell thy vow!

SAMSON:

Ask me not!

DELILAH:

Tell me now
I implore—
The vow which thou
Hast taken.

(*Lightning without thunder.*)

SAMSON:

The storm is rising fast
To rend the hill asunder
And the Lord's wrath will blast
The traitor with his thunder!

DELILAH:

I fear not by thy side! Come!

SAMSON:

Nay!

DELILAH:

Come!

SAMSON:

Say no more!

DELILAH:

At His wrath cast defiance!

SAMSON:

Vain is my self-reliance.
'T is the voice of God!

DELILAH:

Coward! you loveless heart!
I despise you! Away!

(*Delilah runs toward her dwelling; the storm breaks in all its fury; Samson, raising his arms to heaven, seems to call upon God. Then he springs in pursuit of Delilah, hesitates, and finally enters the house. Philistine soldiers enter R., and softly approach Delilah's dwelling. A violent crash of thunder.*)

DELILAH (*appearing at her window*):

Your aid, Philistines, your aid!

SAMSON:

I am betrayed!

(*The soldiers rush into the house.*)
Curtain.

[END OF ACT II]

ACT III

FIRST TABLEAU.—*A prison at Gaza.*

SCENE I

Samson; the Hebrews. Samson, in chains, blinded, with his locks shorn, is discovered turning a hand-mill. Behind the scenes a chorus of captive Hebrews.

SAMSON:

Look down on me, O Lord! Have mercy
on me!

Behold my woe! Behold, sin hath undone
me!
My erring feet have wandered from Thy
path,
And so I feel the burden of Thy wrath!
To Thee, O God, this poor wrecked life
I offer!

I am no more than a scorn to the scoffer!
My sightless eyes testify of my fall;
Upon my head
Hath been shed
Bitter gall!

CHORUS:

Samson, why thy vow to God hast thou
broken?
What to us doth it token?

SAMSON:

Alas! Israel, loaded with chains,
From God's holy face sternly banished,
Every hope of return hath vanished,
And only dull despair remains!
May we regain all the light of Thy favor!
Wilt Thou once more Thy protection
accord?
Forget Thy wrath at our reproach, O
Lord—
Thou whose compassionate love doth not
waver.

CHORUS:

God meant thou shouldst take the com-
mand
To lead us back to fatherland.
Samson! why thy vow to God hast thou
broken?
What to us doth it token?

SAMSON:

Brothers, your complaint voiced in song
Reaches me as in gloom I languish,
And my spirit is torn with anguish
To think of all this shame and wrong!
God! take my life in expiation!
Let me alone Thine anger bear;
Punishing me, Thine Israel spare!
Restore Thy mercy to our nation!

CHORUS:

He for a woman sold his power!
He to Delilah hath betrayed us!
Thou who wert to us like a tower—
Why hast thou slaves and hopeless
made us?

SAMSON:

Contrite, broken-hearted I lie,
But I bless Thy hand in my sorrow!
Comfort, Lord, let Thy people borrow,
Let them escape! Let them not die!

(*The Philistines enter the prison and
take Samson out. Transformation.*)

SECOND TABLEAU.—*Interior of the tem-
ple of Dagon. Statue of the god.
Sacrificial table. In the midst of the
fane two marble columns apparently
supporting the edifice.*

SCENE II

*The High Priest, Delilah, the Philistines.
The High Priest of Dagon is sur-
rounded by Philistine princes. Delilah,
followed by Philistine maidens crowned
with flowers, with wine-cups in their
hands. A throng of people fill the
temple. Day is breaking.*

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES:

Dawn now on the hilltops heralds the
day!
Stars and torches in its light fade away!
Let us revel still, and despite its warn-
ing
Love till the morning!

It is love alone makes us bright and gay!
The breeze of the morn puts the shades to
flight,
They hasten away like the mist-veil light!
The horizon glows with a rosy splendor;
The sun shines bright
On each swelling height,
And each treetop tender!

Bacchanal.

SCENE III

HIGH PRIEST:

All hail the judge of Israel,
Who by his presence here,
Makes our right doubly splendid!
Let him be by thy hands,
Fair Delilah, attended,
Fill high for thy love the hydromel!
Now let him drain the beaker with songs
for thy praises,
And vaunt thy power in swelling phrases!

CHORUS:

Samson, in thy pleasure we share!
We praise Delilah, thy fair mistress!
Empty the bowl and drown thy care!
Good wine maketh less deepest distress!

SAMSON (*aside*):

Deadly sadness fills my soul!
Lord, before Thee, humbly I bow me,
Oh, by Thy will divine allow me
To gain at last life's destined goal!

DELILAH (*approaching Samson with a
wine-cup in her hand*):

By my hand, love, be thou led!
Let me show thee where thy feet may
tread!



MRS. JOSEPHINE JACOBY

Down the long and shaded alley
 Leading to the enchanted valley,
 Where often we used to meet,
 Enjoying hours heavenly sweet!
 Thou hadst to climb craggy mountains
 To make thy way to thy bride,
 Where by the murmuring fountains,
 Thou wert in bliss at my side!
 Tell me now thy heart still blesses
 All the warmth of my caresses!
 Thy love well served for my end.
 That I my vengeance might fashion
 Thy vital secret I gained,
 Working on thy blinded passion!
 By my love thy soul was lured!
 'T was I who have wrought our salvation!
 'T was Delilah's hand assured
 Her god, her hate, and her nation.

CHORUS:

'T was thy hand that assur'd
 Our God, our hate, and our nation.

SAMSON (*aside*):

Deaf to thy voice, Lord, I remained,
 And in my guilty passion's blindness,
 Alas! the purest love profaned
 In lavishing on her my kindness.

HIGH PRIEST:

Come now, we pray, sing, Samson, sing!
 Rehearse in verse thy sweet discourses,
 Which thou to her wert wont to bring
 From thy eager love's inmost sources!
 Or, let Jehovah show his power,
 Light to thy sightless eyes restoring!
 I promise thee that self-same hour
 We all will thy God name, adoring.
 Ah! He is deaf unto thy prayer,
 This God thou art vainly imploring!
 His impotent wrath I may dare
 And scorn His thunder's idle roaring.

SAMSON:

Hearst Thou, O God, from Thy throne
 How this impudent priest denies Thee,
 And how his hateful troop despise Thee,
 With pride and with insolence flown!
 Once again all Thy glory show them!
 Once more let Thy marvels shine,
 Let Thy light and Thy might be mine,
 That I again may overthrow them!

CHORUS:

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 We laugh at thy furious spite!
 Us thou canst not affront.
 With idle wrath thou ragest;
 The day is like the night!
 Thine eyes lack their sight,
 A weakling's war thou wagest!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!

HIGH PRIEST:

Come, fair Delilah, give thanks to our
 god,

Jehovah trembles at his awful nod.

Consult we now
 What his godhead advises,
 E'en while we bow
 The sacred incense rises.

(*Delilah and the High Priest turn to the sacrificial table, on which are found the sacred cups. A fire is burning on the altar, which is decorated with flowers. Delilah and the High Priest, taking the cups, pour a libation on the fire, which flames, then vanishes, to reappear at the third strophe of the invocation. Samson has remained in the midst of the stage with the boy who led him. He seems overwhelmed with grief, and his lips are moving in evident prayer.*)

DELILAH:

Dagon be ever praised!
 He my weak arm hath aided,
 And my faint heart he raised
 When our last hope had faded.

HIGH PRIEST:

Dagon be ever praised!
 He thy weak arm hath aided,
 And thy faint heart he raised
 When our last hope had faded.

BOTH:

Oh, thou ruler over the world,
 Thou who all stars createst,
 Be all thy foes to ruin hurled!
 Over all gods thou art greatest!

CHORUS:

Thy blessing scatter
 With mighty signs!
 Let flocks wax fatter,
 More rich our vines!
 Let every village with wealth o'erflow,
 Keep thou from pillage
 Our hated foe!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

Accept, O lord sublime,
 Our victim's grand oblation,
 For e'en our greatest crime
 Take them in expiation.

CHORUS:

Dagon we praise!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

Reveal to thy priest's wondering eyes,
 Who alone can behold thy glory,
 All the future's dark, mystic story,
 Which behind Fate's veil hidden lies!
 God hear our prayer
 Within thy fane!
 Make us thy care!
 Let justice reign!
 Success attend us

Whene'er we fight!
Protection lend us
Both day and night!

DELILAH, HIGH PRIEST, AND CHORUS:

Dagon shows his power!
See the new flame tower!

Burning bright
Amid smoldering ashes,
Our Lord of light,
Descending, o'er us flashes!
Lo! the god we worship now appeareth.
All his people fear his nod!

HIGH PRIEST (*to Samson*):

That fate may not in favor falter,
Now, Samson, come, thine offering pour
Unto Dagon there on his altar,
And on thy knees his grace implore!

(*To the boy.*)

Guide thou his steps! Let thy good care
enfold him
That all the people from afar behold him!

SAMSON:

Now, Lord, to Thee do I pray!
Be Thou once more my stay;
Toward the marble columns,
My boy, guide thou my way.

(*The boy leads Samson between the two
pillars.*)

CHORUS:

Dagon shows his power, etc., as above.
God hear our prayer, etc., as above.
Thou hast vanquished the insolent
Children of Israel,
Strengthened our arm,
Our heart renewed,
Kept us from harm,
And by thy wonders
Brought these people to servitude,
Who despised thy wrath
And thy thunders!
God, hear our prayer, etc., as above.
Glory to Dagon! Glory!

SAMSON (*standing between the pillars and
endeavoring to overturn them*):

Hear Thy servant's cry, God, my Lord,
Though he is sore distressed with blind-
ness!
My former force once more restore.
One instant renew thy gracious kind-
ness!
Let Thine anger avenge my race.
Let them perish all in this place.

(*The temple falls, amid shrieks and cries.*)

ALL:

Ah!

(*The curtain falls.*)



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