

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

F. W. KELSEY, President.

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1899.--CHORAL UNION SERIES--1900.

ELEVENTH SEASON. ¹⁸⁹⁹ THIRD CONCERT.

(No. LXXXII. Complete Series.)

Monday Evening, December 18th, 1899, 8:00 o'clock.

CHORAL UNION.

MME. RAGNA LINNE, ¹ Soprano.

HEINRICH MEYN, Baritone.

HOLMES COWPER, Tenor.

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MISS MERRIAM A. REYNOLDS, Pianist.

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist.

ALBERT A. STANLEY, ADOLF ROSENBECKER, Conductors.

PROGRAM.

I. Tannhauser Overture, *Wagner*

ORCHESTRA.

II. Aria, "Queen of Sheba," *Gounod*

MME. RAGNA LINNE.

III. "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," Op. 30, *S. Coleridge-Taylor*

CHORUS, TENOR, SOLO AND ORCHESTRA.

IV. "Evening Star," *Wagner*

HEINRICH MEYN.

V. a. A Dutch Lullaby, *J. Jordan*

b. An Old English Love Song, *Theo. Chandon*

CHORAL UNION.

VI. Peer Gynt Suite, Op. 46, *Grieg*

Morning Scene—Ase's Death—Anitra's Dance—In the Hall
of the Mountain King.

ORCHESTRA.

VII. Duet; "Oh, Days of Youth," (La Favorita) *Donizetti*

MME. LINNE AND MR. MEYN.

VIII. Chorus Triumphalis, *A. A. Stanley*

CHORUS, ORCHESTRA AND ORGAN.

The next Concert in the Choral Union Series will be a Song Recital by Mrs.
Josephine Jacoby, Contralto, Jan. 26, 1900.

THE CHORAL UNION

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Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast.

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

Chorus.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Yenadizze,
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous storyteller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gaily,
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting;
And the wedding-guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis,
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,

And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Koomtassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-
Heart,
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,

Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
 Little heeded he their jesting,
 Little cared he for their insults,
 For the women and the maidens
 Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
 White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
 All inwrought with beads of wampum;
 He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
 Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
 And in mocassins of buck-skin
 Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
 On his head were plumes of swan's down,
 On his heels were tails of foxes,
 In one hand a fan of feathers,
 And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
 Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
 Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
 From his forehead fell his tresses.
 Smooth and parted like a woman's.
 Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
 Hung with braids of scented grasses,
 As among the guests assembled,
 To the sounds of flutes and singing,
 To the sounds of drums and voices,
 Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
 Very slow in step and gesture,
 In and out among the pine trees,
 Through the shadows and the sunshine,
 Treading softly like a panther,
 Then more swiftly and still swifter,
 Whirling, spinning round in circles,
 Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
 Eddying round and round the wigwam,
 Till the leaves went whirling with him,
 Till the dust and wind together
 Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
 Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
 On he sped with frenzied gestures,
 Stamped upon the sand and tossed it
 Wildly in the air around him;
 Till the wind became a whirlwind,

Till the sand was blown and sifted
 Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
 Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
 Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
 And, returning, sat down laughing
 There among the guests assembled,
 Sat and fanned himself serenely
 With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
 To the friend of Hiawatha,
 To the sweetest of all singers,
 To the best of all musicians,
 "Sing to us, O Chibiabos!
 Songs of love and songs of longing,
 That the feast may be more joyous,
 That the time may pass more gaily,
 And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos
 Sang in accents sweet and tender,
 Sang in tones of deep emotion,
 Songs of love and songs of longing,
 Looking still at Hiawatha,
 Looking at fair Laughing Water,
 Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

Tenor Solo.

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!
 Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
 Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
 Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

"If thou only lookest at me,
 I am happy, I am happy,
 As the lilies of the prairie,
 When they feel the dew upon them!

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
 Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
 As their fragrance is at evening,
 In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me
 Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
 As the springs to meet the sunshine,
 In the Moon when nights are brightest?

"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,
 Sings with joy when thou art near me,

As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!

“When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

“When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

“Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!

“I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!
O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!”

Chorus.

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous storyteller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave him,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding-guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo:
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had made a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder:
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could.
None could swim so far as he could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous storyteller!

Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people!
And whene'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, “Iagoo!
Here's Iagoo come among us!”

He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer's sinews;
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous storyteller.

And they said, “O good Iagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder.
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented!”

And Iagoo answered straightway,
“You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear of strange adventures.”
So he told the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the Magician,
From the Evening Star descended.

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Thus the wedding-banquet ended.
And the wedding-guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

Longfellow.

A Dutch Lullaby.

JULES JORDAN.

Wynken, and Blynken, and Nod, one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you
wish?”

The old moon asked of the three;
“We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea.”

“Nets of silver and gold have we,”

Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night along,
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish,
That lived in the beautiful sea.

Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never a-feared are we.

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,

Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw,
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden
shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home.

It was all so pretty a sail, it seemed

As though if it could not be;

And some folks thought 'twas a dream they
dreamed

Of sailing the beautiful sea.

But I shall name you the fishermen three;

Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken, are two little eyes,

And Nod is a little head;

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies

Is a wee one's trundle bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings

Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things

As you rock on the misty sea,

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three,

Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

Wynken, and Blynken and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe;

Sailed on a river of misty light;

Into a sea of dew.

Eugene Field.

An Old Love Song.

THEO. CHANDON.

My Janet is young, and false and gay,
Ah! well-a-day. Ah! well-a-day.
Tresses so fair, none can compare.
Who could resist such a deep subtle snare.

My Janet has eyes so deep and blue,
"I pity you," "I pity you,"
They seem to say. Yet here I stay,
Waiting around all night and all day.

My Janet is gentle kind and true.
If she loves me she'll not love you,
If she says "No," she means just so.
Fair as a lily my Janet will grow.

Sir Montrose Carew.

Chorus Triumphalis.

A. A. STANLEY.

Our strength is all from Thee, O Lord,
Our stay and comfort ever,
From Thee has come this rich reward
Of toil and high endeavor.
For aid in dangers passed,
For hope fulfilled at last;
For faith in what shall be,
Our thanks this day to Thee,
Whose pow'r endures forever. Amen.

F. N. Scott.

