

TENTH  
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

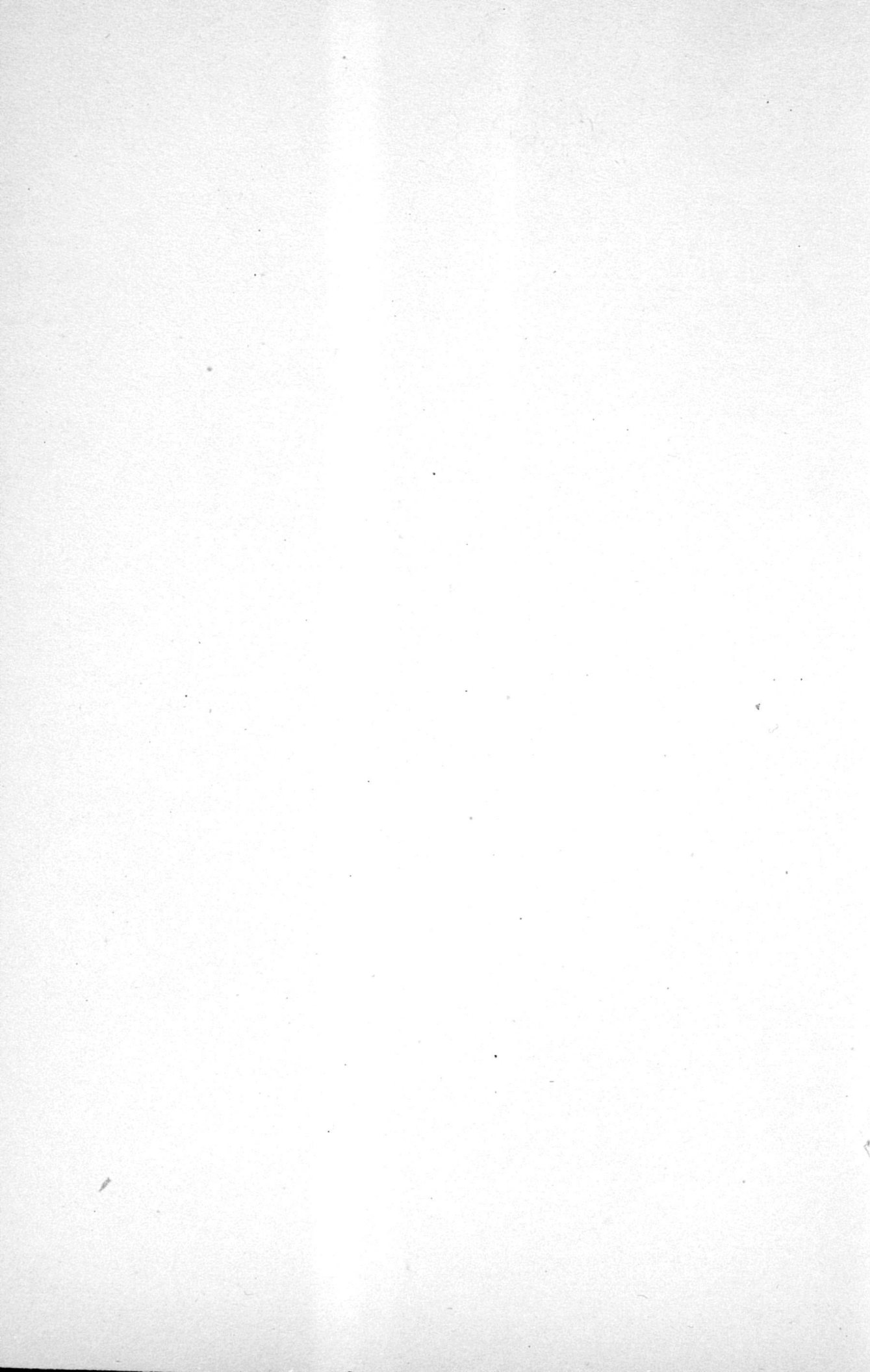
OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

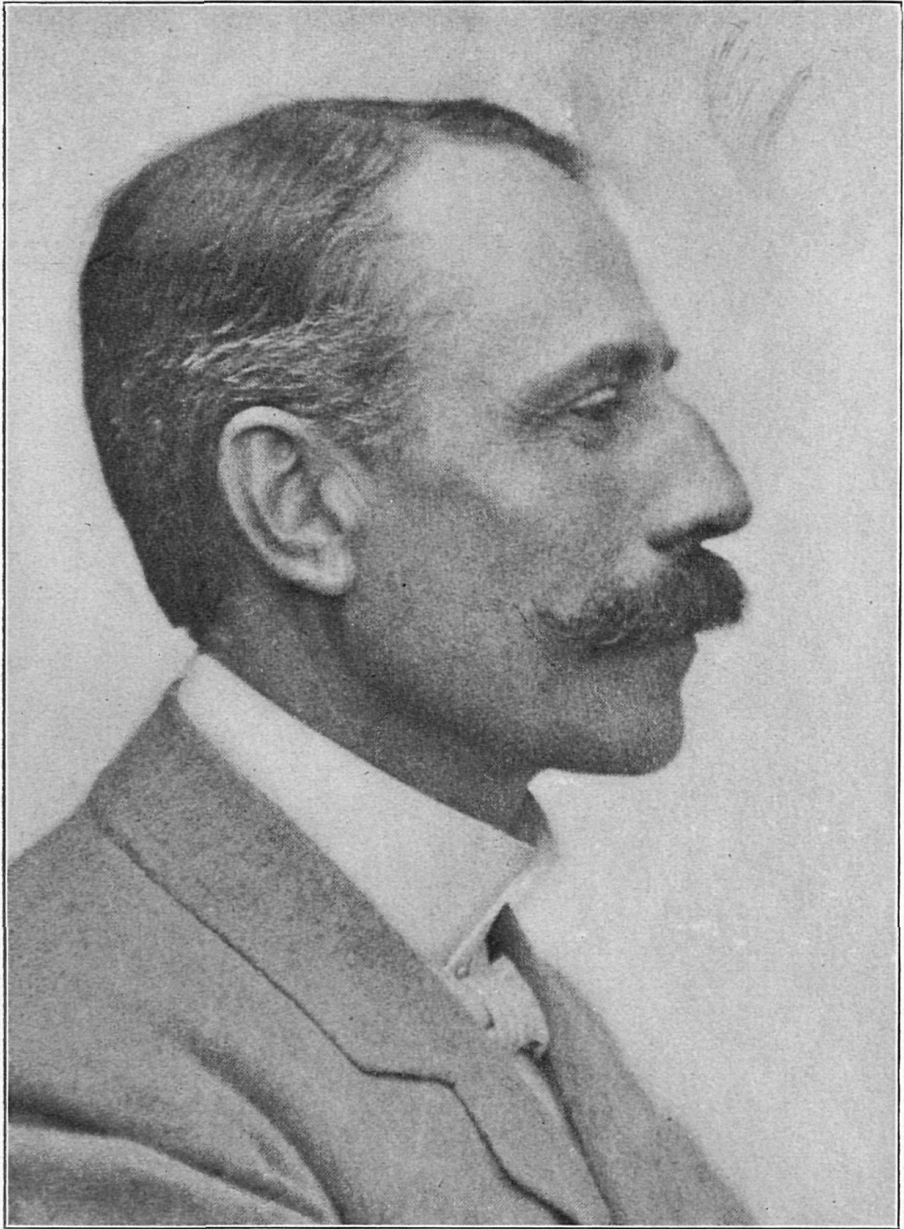
1903



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK







[OFFICIAL]

TENTH  
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor,  
Michigan

*May 14, 15, 16,*  
*1903*

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN  
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
1903

# ILLUSTRATIONS

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# THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

desires to call attention to the following

## Important Announcements

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Professor Stanley will give a series of five Analytical Lectures on the MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM in Room C, University Hall, on the following dates:

MAY 4, 3 p. m., "Caractacus."

MAY 6, 2 p. m., Symphony Program.

MAY 6, 3 p. m., Wagner Program.

MAY 8, 2 p. m., "Caractacus."

MAY 8, 3 p. m., "Aida."

The UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC will hold a Summer Session from July 1st to August 14th. Instruction will be given in all departments, but special stress will be laid upon those courses which are adapted to the needs of teachers, as well as those devoted to preparatory work for children. It is felt that many parents who would like to have their children begin their study of music in the school will welcome this opportunity.

Attention is also called to the COURSE IN PUBLIC SCHOOL METHODS which will be given this year by Mrs. Kate M. B. Wilson, a teacher of wide experience.

A series of interesting lectures and recitals will be provided, including a stereopticon lecture on Wagner by Professor Stanley.

One, two, or three lessons per week will be given as desired, and special arrangements will be made for those who wish to continue their studies beyond August 14th, or who prefer to commence before the formal opening of the session.

For further particulars regarding terms, arrangements for rooms, pianos, etc., address,

THOMAS C. COLBURN,  
*Secretary University School of Music,*  
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

PROBLEM SET 1

1. A particle of mass  $m$  moves in a circular path of radius  $r$  with constant speed  $v$ . Calculate the magnitude of the centripetal force acting on the particle.

2. A block of mass  $M$  is suspended from a ceiling by a rope. A second rope is attached to the bottom of the block and hangs vertically down to the floor. The second rope has a mass  $m$  and is under tension  $T$ . Calculate the tension in the first rope.

3. A car of mass  $m$  is moving in a circular path of radius  $r$  with constant speed  $v$ . Calculate the magnitude of the centripetal force acting on the car.

4. A block of mass  $M$  is suspended from a ceiling by a rope. A second rope is attached to the bottom of the block and hangs vertically down to the floor. The second rope has a mass  $m$  and is under tension  $T$ . Calculate the tension in the first rope.

5. A car of mass  $m$  is moving in a circular path of radius  $r$  with constant speed  $v$ . Calculate the magnitude of the centripetal force acting on the car.



# UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

FRANCIS W. KELSEY, President  
ALBERT A. STANLEY, Director

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## *The Choral Union*

FOURTEENTH SEASON

1902-1903

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### *BOARD OF GOVERNMENT*

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LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist

# CONCERTS and SOLOISTS

Thursday, May 14, 8 P. M.

## "Caractacus"

A Dramatic Cantata, - - Elgar

(First Performance in America)

### CAST

Eigen, - - - - -	Madame SHANNAH CUMMING
Orbin, - - - - -	Mr. WILLIAM WEGENER
Caractacus, - - - - -	Signor EMILIO de GOGORZA
Claudius, } - - - - -	Mr. FREDERIC MARTIN
A Bard, } - - - - -	
Arch Druid, } - - - - -	

Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Friday, May 15, 3 P. M.

## Symphony Concert

### SOLOISTS

Madame BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER, Pianist      Miss ANITA RIO, Soprano  
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Friday, May 15, 8 P. M.

## Wagner Concert

### SOLOISTS

Madame ISABELLE BOUTON, Contralto      Mr. ANDREAS DIPPEL, Tenor  
Mr. FREDERIC MARTIN, Bass

and

THE CHORAL UNION

Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER and MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductors

Saturday, May 16, 2:30 P. M.

## Miscellaneous Concert

### SOLOISTS

Madame ISABELLE BOUTON, Contralto      Mr. CARL WEBSTER, Violoncellist  
Mr. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist  
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Saturday, May 16, 7:30 P. M.

## "Aida"

An Opera in Four Acts, - - Verdi

### CAST

Aida, - - - - -	Miss ANITA RIO
Amneris, - - - - -	Madame LOUISE HOMER
The High Priestess, - - - - -	Miss FRANCES CASPARY
Radames, - - - - -	Mr. ANDREAS DIPPEL
Amonasro, - - - - -	Signor EMILIO de GOGORZA
Ramphis, - - - - -	Mr. FREDERIC MARTIN
The King, - - - - -	Mr. WILLIAM HOWLAND
The Messenger, - - - - -	Mr. JOSEPH T. BERRY

THE CHORAL UNION

Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor





# *Boston Festival Orchestra*

## PERSONNEL

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

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### First Violins

JOHN W. CROWLEY  
HUGO OLK  
MAX SCHULZ  
JOHN C. COLE  
JOHN WITZEMANN  
FLORENZ WERNER  
THEO. COOK  
FRANK KING  
B. J. HOLMBERG

### Second Violins

JULIUS SCHUL  
ALFRED SPEIL  
JOHN B. FIELDING  
MAX KORB  
HENRY J. HORNBERGER  
C. J. MILLER

### Violas

W. A. HOCHHEIM  
FRANK FIALA  
HUGO CARO  
J. BENAVENTE

### Cellos

CARL WEBSTER  
JULIUS STURM  
WM. A. WELLS  
RALPH SMALLEY

### Basses

R. N. DAVIS  
OTTO LORENZ  
PAUL RAHMIG  
O. L. SOUTHLAND

### Flutes

E. A. FRANKLIN  
LEOPOLD BROECKAERT

### Oboes

JACQUES WOUTERS  
CARL STIEGELMAYER

### Clarinets

JOHN E. ST. CLAIR  
JACOB WOLL

### Bassoons

R. KRUEGER  
PAUL FUCHS

### Horns

ANTON HORNER  
JOSEPH HORNER  
ROBERT MINSEL  
CARL SCHINNER

### Trumpets

ARTHUR S. WONSON  
WM. HILL  
H. KRESSE

### Trombones

GEORGE DECHERT  
A. P. RIPLEY  
HENRY WOELBER

### Tuba

OTTO LORENZ

### Harp

WILHELMINA LOWE

### Tympani

FRANK E. DODGE

### Bass Drum, Cymbals, etc.

CARL LUDWIG

# CHORAL UNION SERIES

1902-1903

FOURTEENTH SEASON, SIXTH CONCERT

(No. CXVI Complete Series)

## FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 14, 8 o'clock

### "CARACTACUS"

A Dramatic Cantata by Edward Elgar

(First Performance in America)

#### CAST

Eigen	Madame Shanna Cumming
Orbin	Mr. William Wegener
Caractacus	Sig. Emilio de Gogorza
Claudius	Mr. Frederic Martin
Arch-Druid	
A Bard	

The Choral Union,

Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor

#### SYNOPSIS.

##### SCENE I.

(Eigen, Orbin, Caractacus, and Chorus.)

CHORUS—"Watchmen, alert!"

SOLO (Caractacus)—"Watchmen, Alert! the King is here."

RECIT. (Eigen, Orbin, and Caractacus)—  
"Father, Sire, and King."

SOLO (Eigen)—"At eve to the greenwood."

TRIO (Eigen, Orbin, and Caractacus)—"On the ocean and the river."

CHORUS—"Rest, weary monarch."

##### SCENE II.

(Orbin, Arch-Druid, Caractacus, and Chorus.)

SOLO (Arch-Druid) AND CHORUS—"Tread the mystic circle round."

CHORUS (INVOCATION)—"Lord of dread."

RECIT. (Arch-Druid, Orbin, and Caractacus)  
"Bard, what read ye?"

SOLO (Caractacus) AND CHORUS (Soldiers)—  
"Leap to the light."

CHORUS—"Hence—ere the Druid's wrath is woke."

##### SCENE III.

(Eigen, Orbin, and Chorus.)

INTRODUCTION (Orchestra.)

CHORUS—"Come! beneath our woodland bowers."

SOLO (Eigen)—"O'er-arch'd by leaves."

SOLO (Orbin)—"Last night beneath the sacred Oak."

DUET (Eigen and Orbin) AND CHORUS—  
"They gather the wreaths."

##### SCENE IV.

(Eigen, Caractacus, and Chorus.)

CHORUS (Maidens)—"Wild rumours shake our calm retreat."

SOLO (Eigen)—"When the glow of the evening."

CHORUS (Soldiers)—"We were gather'd by the river."

SOLO (Caractacus) AND CHORUS (LAMENT)  
—"O my warriors."

##### SCENE V.

(A Bard and Druid Maidens.)

SOLO (A Bard) AND CHORUS—"Captive Britons, see them."

##### SCENE VI.

(Eigen, Orbin, Caractacus, Claudius, and Chorus.)

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC (Orchestra and Chorus)  
—"The march triumphal thunders."

RECIT. (Claudius)—"Unbind his hands."

SOLO (Caractacus)—"Heap torment upon torment."

RECIT. (Claudius) AND CHORUS—"Slay, slay the Briton."

SOLO (Caractacus)—"I plead not for myself."

QUARTET (Eigen, Orbin, Caractacus, and Claudius)—"Grace from the Roman."

CHORUS—"The clang of arms is over."

# CHORAL UNION SERIES

1902-1903

FOURTEENTH SEASON, SEVENTH CONCERT

(No. CXVII Complete Series)

## SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 15, 3 o'clock

### SYMPHONY CONCERT

#### SOLOISTS

Miss Anita Rio, Soprano

Madame Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Pianist

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

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#### PROGRAM

1. Symphonic Poem, "Es waren Zwei Koenigs-Kinder," Op. 21 *Volbach*

2. Concerto, A minor, Op. 54 . . . . . *Schumann*

Allegro affettuoso; Andante grazioso; Allegro vivace.

**MADAME BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER**

3. "Die Lorelei" . . . . . *Liszt*

**MISS RIO**

4. Symphony No. 6, C minor, Op. 58 . . . . . *Glazounow*

Adagio-Allegro passionato; Tema con variazioni; Intermezzo; Finale

# CHORAL UNION SERIES

1902 - 1903

FOURTEENTH SEASON, EIGHTH CONCERT

(No. CXVIII Complete Series)

## THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 15, 8 o'clock

### WAGNER PROGRAM

#### SOLOISTS

Madame Isabelle Bouton, Contralto

Mr. Andreas Dippel, Tenor

Mr. Frederic Martin, Bass

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer }

Mr. Albert A. Stanley }

Conductors

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#### PROGRAM

“RIENZI,”

(First Performance, Dresden, October 20, 1842)

#### MADAME BOUTON

“LOHENGRIN,”

(First Performance, Weimar, August 28, 1850)

#### MR. DIPPEL

“SIEGFRIED,”

(First Performance, Bayreuth, August 16, 1876)

“GOETTERDAEMMERUNG,”

(First Performance, Bayreuth, August 17, 1876)

“DIE MEISTERSINGER,”

(First Performance, Munich, June 21, 1868)

#### CAST

WALTHER VON STOLZING

POGNER

HANS SACHS

MR. DIPPEL

MR. MARTIN

CHORAL UNION

{ a Overture  
b Adriano's Aria

{ a Prelude  
b Introduction to Act III  
c Lohengrin's Narrative

“Waldweben”

“Song of the Rhein Daughters”

{ a Prelude  
b Finale to Act III



# CHORAL UNION SERIES

1902 - 1903

FOURTEENTH SEASON, NINTH CONCERT

(No. CXIX Complete Series)

## FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 16, 2.30 o'clock

### MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

#### SOLOISTS

Madame Isabelle Bouton, Contralto

Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist

Mr. Carl Webster, Violoncellist

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, }  
Mr. Albert A. Stanley, }

Conductors

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#### PROGRAM

Symphony in D minor, Op. 42, for Organ and Orchestra . . . . . *Guilmant*  
Largo maestoso-Allegro; Pastorale; Allegro assai

#### MR. RENWICK

Aria, "Abscheulicher," from "Fidelio" . . . . . *Beethoven*

#### MADAME BOUTON

Suite, "Ein Maerchen," Op. 16 . . . . . *Suk*  
I. Love and Grief of the Royal Children  
II. Folks Dance. III. Intermezzo—Death Music  
IV. Queen Runa's Curse—Triumph of Love

Variations Symphonique for Violoncello . . . . . *Boëllmann*

#### MR. WEBSTER

Songs with Piano  
a Faded . . . . . *Proch*  
b Marie . . . . . *Franz*  
c Serenade . . . . . *Van der Stucken*

#### MADAME BOUTON

Overture, "1812" . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

# CHORAL UNION SERIES

1902 - 1903

FOURTEENTH SEASON, TENTH CONCERT

(No. CXX Complete Series)

## FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 16, 7.30 o'clock

### "AIDA"

An Opera in Four Acts by Verdi

#### CAST

Aida . . . . .	Miss Anita Rio	Amonasro . . . . .	Sig. Emilio de Gogorza
Amneris . . . . .	Madame Louise Homer	Ramphis . . . . .	Mr. Frederic Martin
High Priestess, . . . . .	Miss Frances Caspary	The King . . . . .	Mr. William Howland
Radames . . . . .	Herr Andreas Dippel	The Messenger . . . . .	Mr. Joseph T. Berry

Priests, Priestesses, Soldiers, Ministers and Captains,  
The People, Slave Prisoners

Choral Union

Mr. Albert A. Stanley Conductor

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### SYNOPSIS

#### PRELUDE

#### ACT I.

INTRODUCTION (*Ramphis*).  
ROMANZA (*Radamès*).  
DUET (*Amneris and Radamès*).  
TERZET (*Amneris, Radamès, Aïda*).  
SCENE AND ENSEMBLE (*The above with the King, Ramphis, Messenger and Chorus*).  
BATTLE-HYMN (*The King, etc.*)  
SCENE (*Aïda*).  
(*Aïda*).  
CHORUS OF PRIESTESSES.  
DANCE OF PRIESTESSES.  
PRAYER (*Ramphis and Chorus*).

#### ACT II.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.  
DANCE OF THE SLAVES.  
SCENE AND DUET (*Aïda, Amneris*).

#### FINALE AND CHORUS.

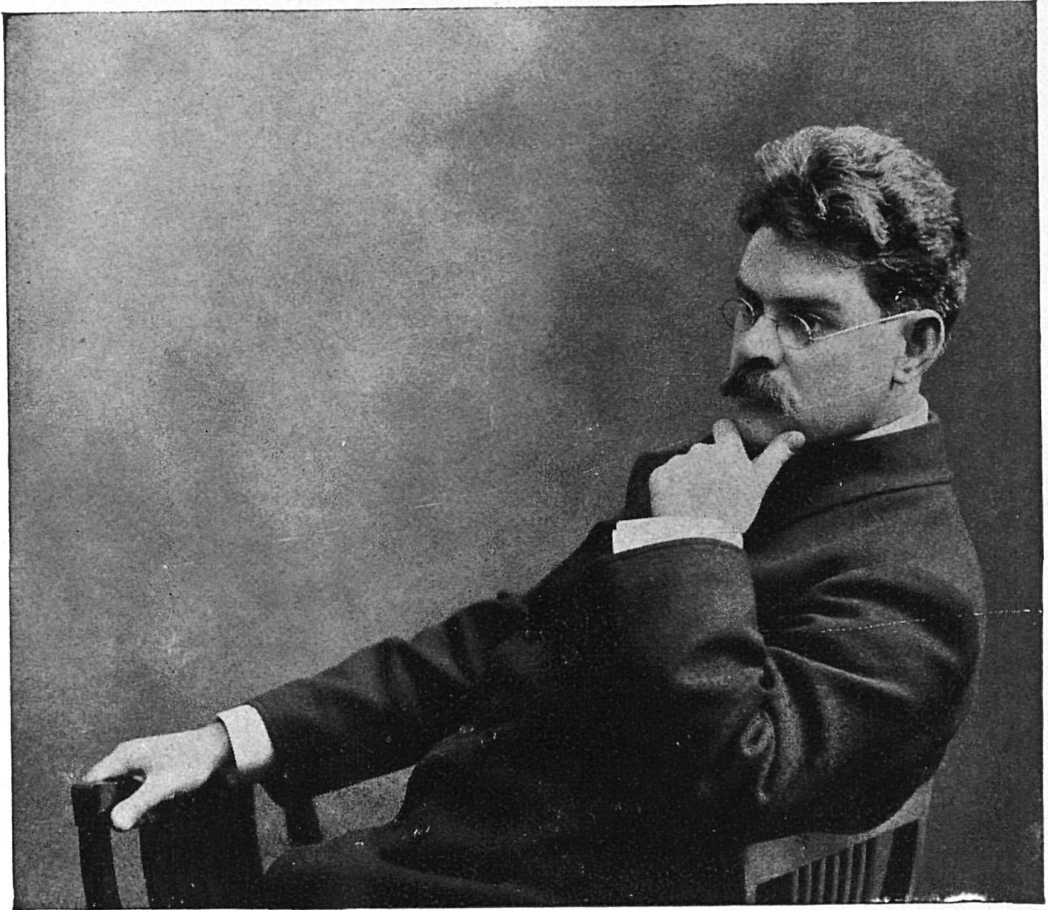
EGYPTIAN MARCH.  
CHORUS OF VICTORY.  
SCENE, ENSEMBLE, AND CHORUS.

#### ACT III.

PRAYER (*Chorus of Priests and Priestesses*).  
ROMANZA (*Aïda, Amneris*).  
SCENE AND DUET (*Aïda, Amonasro*).  
DUET (*Radamès, Aïda*).  
TERZET (*Radamès, Aïda, Amonasro*).

#### ACT IV.

SCENE (*Amneris*).  
DUET (*Amneris, Radamès*).  
JUDGMENT-SCENE (*Ramphis and Chorus; Amneris*).  
SCENE AND DUET (*Radamès*).  
(*Radamès, Aïda*).





# DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

(Analyses by Albert A. Stanley.)

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## FIRST CONCERT

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Thursday Evening, May 14, 1903

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“CARACTACUS,” A Dramatic Cantata, - - - - ELGAR

### CAST

EIGEN, - - - - -	MADAME SHANNAH CUMMING
ORBIN, - - - - -	MR. WILLIAM WEGENER
CARACTACUS, - - - - -	SIGNOR EMILIO DE GOGORZA
CLAUDIUS, } - - - - -	MR. FREDERIC MARTIN
ARCH DRUID, } - - - - -	
A BARD, }	

### THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

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### EDWARD WILLIAM ELGAR

Born at Broadheath (near Worcester), England, June 2, 1857; still living.

The unusual prominence given to the works of Edward William Elgar in the programs of our great concert institutes would seem to indicate that in him we have a composer of more than ordinary significance, one of real originality.

Whether the superlative admiration expressed by some will be justified by the verdict of time we may not determine, but there can be no doubt—in view of the fact that he seems to be an artistic storm center—that he really has something to say.

His artistic equipment is superb, and, when we consider that he is almost entirely self-taught, the mastery he displays in every direction—especially in his control of the resources of the orchestra, in which he is only excelled by Richard Strauss—is nothing short of marvelous. His career seems to emphasize ultra-modern art not as the work of individual genius alone, but as an expression of the tremendous energy and complex forces conditioning modern life—and in the highest sense cosmopolitan. This view seems to be enforced by the fact that the art of the two composers to whom we have referred—while it seems to be a real necessity of expression and permeated by this zeitgeist—has technically but comparatively little in common. The query so often put as to the permanence of this movement cannot be definitely answered, but if the foregoing suggestions are correct, there can be no doubt of its sincerity—and sincerity is a condition of enduring art. His life has been singularly lacking in incident, quite unlike the career of his younger contemporary,

Richard Strauss—to whom one must, we believe, accord greater creative power, even real genius—but his works display a versatility, a fine sense of values, and an intellectual appreciation, indicative of a wide acquaintance with literature, art, and life. None but a man to whom the highest concepts of life appeal could have written such a work as his latest choral composition, "The Dream of Gerontius," which in the judgment of Theodore Thomas is "the greatest choral work of the nineteenth century—not excepting Brahms's 'Requiem'." In the work chosen for the opening night of the present Festival we meet with many of the qualities that have given him such an exalted position among contemporaneous composers.

"Caractacus" is a dramatic setting of an episode in the Roman invasion of Britain. It is full of the musico-dramatic devices first introduced by Richard Wagner and must be considered as a unit, as from beginning to end certain themes—reminiscent, prophetic and character-defining—are interwoven in the most ingenious manner, yet ever with a keen sense of dramatic fitness. It is divided into six scenes, each distinct and complete in itself, yet brought into perfect unity of expression. Looking at the work critically one is tempted to an analysis which, were justice done the work, would be too technical, and disarms any desire to write of it in a superficial way. The story is told most graphically by the librettist—the incidents are all of them well defined—the characters well motivated—so that any attempt at statement of the plot seems unnecessary. As to the music in general the following points may profitably be kept in mind: In it nothing has been written with a view to immediate approval; it contains little that exploits either singing or the singer; the choruses are full of life and vigor yet are ever subordinated to that dramatic consistency which often makes the orchestra the most important factor in the combined effect instead of making it a mere accompaniment. From beginning to end it is full of life and movement—and one can but feel that in making Dramatic Truth his ideal Edward Elgar may be looked upon as representative of the highest concepts of modern music.

SCENE I.—BRITISH CAMP ON THE MALVERN HILLS.—*Night.*

(*CARACTACUS and the British host entering the camp.*)

CHORUS.—Watchmen, alert! the Roman hosts

Have girdled in our British coasts;  
On every river's swelling tide  
The sharp-beak'd Roman galleys ride;  
Our homesteads burn, and, all between,

Wide wasted lie our woodlands green,  
Beneath the stern unfalt'ring tramp,  
As legions roll from camp to camp.  
Comrades firm and fearless, breast the  
hill and sing,

To the foe defiance, glory to the King;  
On like men undaunted, not a look behind,

Roll the voice of freedom rushing on  
the wind;

Night has clos'd above us, sleep, and  
wake again,

Ready for the legions gath'ring on the  
plain;

Loose not helm or buckler, rest like  
men of war,

Soldier in his harness, captain by his  
car;

So the King shall find you, when he  
gives command,

In the final muster ready for the land.  
Watchmen, behold the warnings dire  
Writ eastward far in signs of fire;  
On these green mountain tops the last  
Of Britain's hosts is fortress'd fast,  
Before us Habren's thousand rills,  
Behind the dark Silurian hills.

CARACTACUS.—Watchmen, alert! the King  
is here,

Your weary brethren slumber near;

Well rest ye on your batter'd shields,  
O heroes of a hundred fields;

Your comrades wake your lines to  
guard;







Rest, warriors, rest beneath their ward.

(*He proceeds to the foot of the mound by the Spring of Taranis.*)

The air is sweet, the sky is calm,  
All nature round is breathing balm,  
The echo of our warfare falls  
Faint,—distant,—on these grassy walls,  
O spirits of the hill, surround  
With waving wings this holy ground,  
And from your airy censers show'r  
Strength to me in this lonely hour.

(*He ascends the mound by the Spring of Taranis.*)

I have fought, and I have striven,  
Fought with foes and striv'n with  
friends,  
Fought for white-rob'd priests and  
gleemen,  
Fought that Britons might be free-  
men;

I have driven, I have driven  
O'er the ridges steep of war  
Like a king my thund'ring car,  
But it ends:

Thro' the cloven ranks of battle  
Rome has heard my wheelblades rattle,  
And has known

Golden torc and helm together  
Shimm'ring thro' the stormy weather,  
And my arm the spear uplifting  
Through the sleet of javelins drifting  
Like a king—alone.

But it ends, the heroic story,  
Freedom ends, and pow'r, and glory:—

SENTRIES (*afar*).—Watchmen, alert!

CARACTACUS.—Nay, not yet; the stead-  
fast Roman

On his ranks shall feel the foeman  
Once again; one last endeavour.  
Britain, my land, is sav'd forever.

(*Enter EIGEN.*)

EIGEN.—Father!

CARACTACUS.—'Tis Eigen.

EIGEN.—Sire and King,

Why wand'ring by the pale starlight?

CARACTACUS.—Nay, daughter, what can  
Eigen bring

Untended through the camp by night?

EIGEN.—Nay, not untended, Orbin waits,  
Close at my side, a guard from bale,

With me to read thee Britain's fates.

CARACTACUS.—Hail! Orbin.

(*Enter ORBIN.*)

ORBIN.—Lord and Captain, hail!

CARACTACUS.—Fates! they have left me;  
gods are far,

But women view the light of heav'n;

Say, can'st thou read in yonder star

One ray of light to Britain given?

SENTRIES (*in the distance*).—Watchmen,  
alert!

ORBIN.—Far off the distant sentry's hail  
Keeps vigil o'er the army sleeping;  
Here all is peace; attend the tale  
Which Eigen's gentle breast is keep-  
ing.

EIGEN.—At eve to the greenwood we  
wander'd away,  
To hear the birds singing, as happy as  
they.

When we came to the oak where the  
mistletoe grows,  
Before us a fair Druid maiden arose,  
[With ivy and oakleaf her brow was  
entwin'd,

Her dark hair unhooded was stirr'd  
with the wind;

On her bosom a glittering jewel she  
wore,]

In her hand a weird emblem, a sickle,  
she bore,

She rais'd it, and thrice reap'd a twig  
from the oak,

And the songs of the forest were  
hush'd as she spoke:

"When the voices of earth

At the midnight are still,

Go forth through the camp

On the crest of the hill;

On the mound tow'rd the sunrise,

By Taranis' spring,

Speak thus to thy father.

O child of the King;

'From ocean to river,

From river to rill,

The wings of the eagle

Shall follow thee still;

But deep in the forest

Their vigour may fail,

And high on the mountain

The dragon prevail.'"

ORBIN.—On the ocean and the river,

By the stream that cuts the plain,

Sails and pennons fill and quiver,

And the war horse champs the  
grain;

Through the close entangled forest

Is the legion's toil the sorest,

On the mountain steep and dreary

Mailed war horse will grow weary.

CARACTACUS.—I have met them in the  
forest,

And they bore my fiercest shock.

We were broken like the torrent

That is hurl'd against the rock;

Shall I meet them—meet the legions

In the wild Silurian regions,

[Where the blinding sea mist surges

Round the mountain's hidden verges,

And the cataract in thunder

Splits the groaning rocks asunder?]

EIGEN.—In the oak grove to-morrow

The Druids shall meet.

To read thee the omens  
Of joy, not defeat.  
EIGEN AND ORBIN.—By the song of the  
maiden  
The omens shall be,  
My father, the glory  
Of Britain and thee.  
CARACTACUS.—By the song of the maiden  
The omens shall be,  
O Britain, my Britain,  
The triumph of thee.

*(They descend the hill.)*

SPIRITS OF THE HILL.—Rest, weary mon-  
arch; tow'rd the day  
The night is waning fast away;  
Bent on thee with benignant eye,  
Morn's silver star ascends the sky,  
Sleep, and, awake, again inspire  
Thy warriors with thy soul of fire,  
Casting afar with morning light  
The brooding cares that burden night.  
The air is hush'd, the armed hill,  
Save for the sentry's voice, is still.  
SENTRIES (*afar*).—Watchmen, alert!

SCENE II.—THE SACRED OAK GROVE BY  
THE TOMB OF THE KINGS.

*(ARCH-DRUID, ORBIN, Druids, Dru-  
idesses, and Bards round the  
sacred Oak.)*

ARCH-DRUID AND DRUIDS.—Tread the  
mystic circle round,  
Measure off the holy ground,  
Through the fire and through the  
smoke,  
Girdle slow the sacred oak,  
Tree of eld, whose branches show,  
Brightest in the winter snow,  
The pearl-fruited mistletoe;  
Bear your torches through the gloom,  
Quench them on the hero's tomb,  
Where the stones are wet and red  
With the blood of victims dead.

DRUID MAIDENS.—Thread the measure  
left and right,  
Druid maidens, clad in white,  
Loose your locks, your bosoms bare,  
Breathe the godhead brooding there,  
Hov'ring round your floating hair,  
Breathe the power—hearken well  
For the coming of the spell.

*(Dance ceases.)*

#### INVOCATION.

ARCH-DRUID AND CHORUS.—Lord of  
dread, and lord of pow'r,  
This is thine, the fateful hour,  
When beneath the sacred oak  
Thrice the mighty charm is spoke,  
Reddens with a victim's life,  
Thrice the mystic dance is led

Round the altar where they bled,  
Taranis, descend to aid,  
Let the future fate be said.  
ARCH-DRUID.—Bard, what read ye in the  
field  
Of the war-god's silver shield?  
ORBIN.—Round the field the shadows  
gather,  
Dull and dim, and dark, my father.  
ARCH-DRUID.—Vanish, shadows! let him  
see

Clearly what the omens be.  
ORBIN.—I see an eagle flying  
With beak and talons red,  
I see a warrior lying  
On the green earth dead.  
ARCH-DRUID.—Grim the vision, grim and  
stern,

Minstrel, which thine eyes discern;  
Gaze again, and mark it well,  
What thou seest, speak and tell.  
ORBIN.—Dim and dark the shadows  
gather

Round the shield again, my father.  
ARCH-DRUID.—No more, the fated hour  
is past.

*(The Druid maidens resume the  
choric measure round the Oak.)*

ARCH-DRUID AND DRUIDS (*aside*).  
The omens speak in gloom at last.  
And must our hero toil in vain  
Unbless'd upon the battle plain?  
Or with the Druids' blessing go,  
Like fire from heav'n, upon the foe?  
Desert your priests, ye gods; to-night  
Still shall his soul be arm'd for fight:  
ARCH-DRUID.—Children, break off the  
mystic ring:

Attend, obey, behold the King.  
*(Enter CARACTACUS and Soldiers.)*

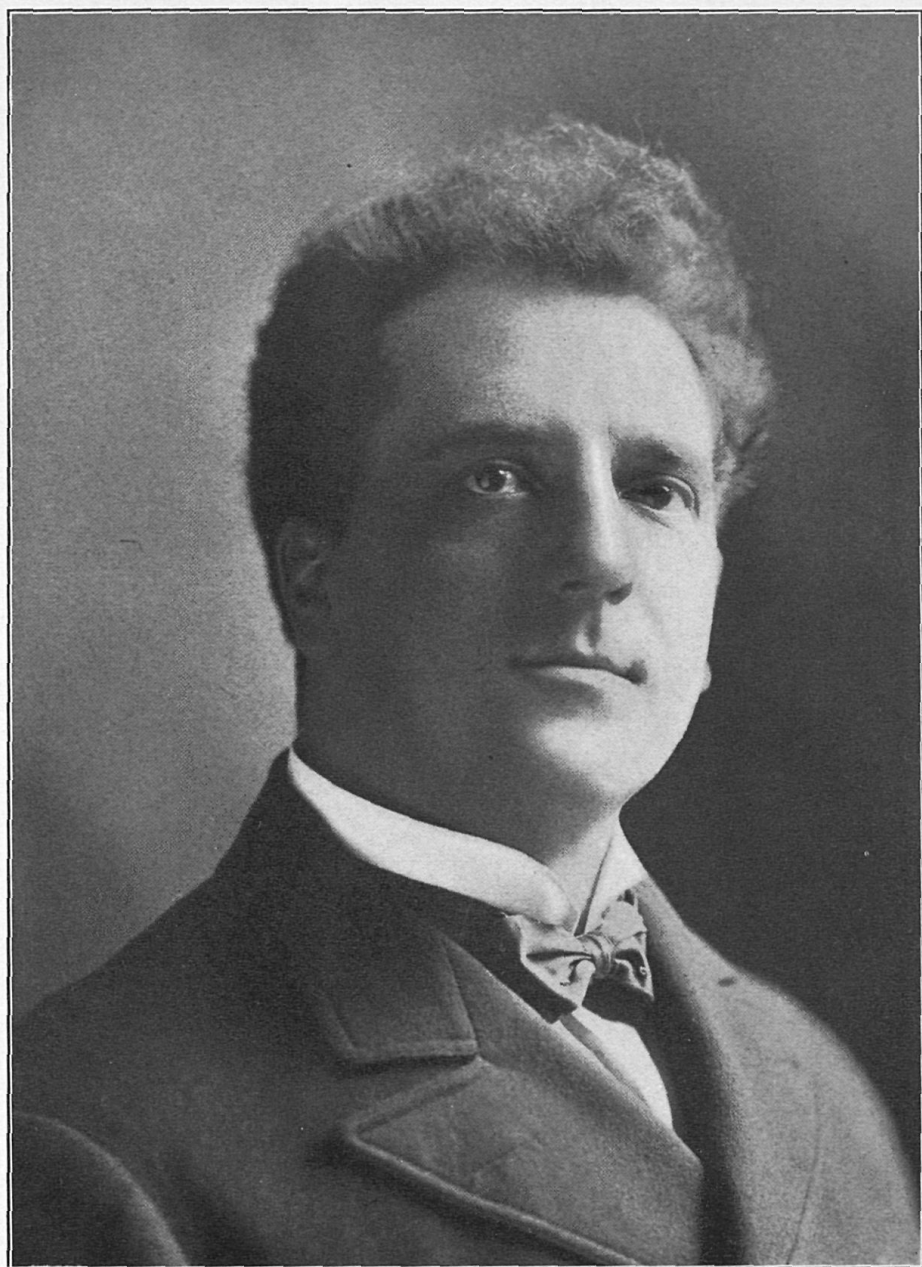
CARACTACUS.—Hail to thee, father;  
Druids, hail,

Interpreters of bliss and bale:  
Tell me, before I meet the foe,  
What fate the holy omens show.  
*(The ARCH-DRUID ascends his throne.)*

ARCH-DRUID.—For the banded tribes of  
Britain

I stretch my arms abroad,  
Mine is the ancient wisdom,  
And mine the voice of god;  
Go forth, O King, to conquer,  
And all the land shall know,  
When falls thy charmed sword-edge,  
In thunder on the foe.

But Rome and all her legions  
Shall shudder at the stroke,  
The weapon of the war god,  
The shadow of the oak;  
The blade that blasts and withers,  
The dark and dreadful spell,





Which reaping in the whirlwind,  
Shall harvest them in hell.

CARACTACUS AND SOLDIERS.—Leap to the  
light, my brand of fight,  
Flash to the heav'n's thine edges  
bright;  
Where those sharp lips of steel shall  
go,  
Red from the kiss a fount shall flow,  
And many a gallant head lie low:  
Leap to the light!

Be thou my bard, with note of fire  
To sound thro' heav'n my royal lyre:  
Sing till the fiery echoes roll  
To every free-born warrior's soul,  
Piercing as lev'n that cleaves the bole:  
Sing to the light!

Cry naked to a country free,  
Guerdon and gold be none for thee;  
Land of my sires, land of mine,  
Hark to the song and make it thine:  
Wake, wake and see my signal shine:  
Wake to the light!

ORBIN.—Shall we greet them?  
Shall we meet them?  
And with mighty spell defeat them?  
Meet them with our war cry ringing,  
Meet them songs of triumph singing!  
In thy hand thou bear'st the omen,  
Trust to that against the foemen;  
Spell and charm will fail thee ever,  
But thy sworn deceive thee never.

ARCH-DRUID.—No more!

ORBIN.—May I unfold no more?  
Then grant me to surrender  
The song of bard and priestly lore,  
And be my land's defender.

ARCH-DRUID.—Cease, Orbin, cease;  
around our shrine  
To aid thy country's cause is thine;  
There, where in slumber dark and  
deep

The hearts of ancient heroes sleep,  
Where broods the spirit of the god  
Above the earth which once they trod,  
Inspiring in the fateful hour  
The Druid's sacred soul with pow'r.

ORBIN.—O hear me, father! ere the fray  
Sweep all our country's hopes away,  
Hear me before our brethren go,  
Inspir'd by thee, to meet the foe,  
By justice, mercy, right, and ruth,  
O be thy words the words of truth.

ARCH-DRUID, DRUIDS AND DRUIDESSES.  
Hence—ere the Druid's wrath is woke  
Hence—ere the awful curse is spoke,  
Here in the shadow of the Oak.  
Doom him to your deadliest throe,  
Doom him, ye gods!—apostate, go!

SOLDIERS AND CARACTACUS.—Leap to the  
light, etc.

(*Exeunt.*)

ORBIN.—I hear; and ere the morning  
gray  
I cast my snow-white robe away,  
And I go,  
Like a bard my pæan flinging  
On the front of battle ringing,  
Like a warrior for my land  
Charging sword in hand  
On the foe.

(*He casts down his harp and rushes  
off. The Druids gather round the  
Oak.*)

DRUIDS AND DRUIDESSES.—Taranis, de-  
scend to aid, etc.

SCENE III.—THE FOREST NEAR THE SEV-  
ERN.—*Morning.*

(*In the distance youths and maidens  
sing while they weave sacred  
garlands.*)

CHORUS.—Come! beneath our woodland  
bow'rs,  
Wreathe our hallowed wreaths of  
flowers,  
Priestly crowns of crimson hue,  
Opening roses bright with dew,  
Come!

Scatter bud and blossom round you on  
the way,  
Till the tender greensward blushes like  
the day;

Come! beneath our woodland bow'rs,  
Wreathe our hallow'd wreaths of  
flow'rs.

EIGEN.—O'er-arch'd by leaves the  
streamlet weaves  
Its meshes in the sun,  
The violets blue with diamond dew  
Are jewell'd every one;  
My heart is bright as morning light,  
And tender as the flow'r,  
For here I rove to meet my love,  
In this, the chosen hour.

The gentle wind with kisses kind  
Is playing on my brow,  
The fawn is leaping round the hind  
Beneath the rustling bough;  
The dove is cooing to her mate,  
All things in earth appear,  
To joy around me while I wait  
For Orbin to be here.

[O wind that blows, O stream that  
flows,

O little fawn on lea,  
All that can move to meet my love,  
O call my love to me:

He comes—behold, my fate is told,  
With joyous feet I fly

To find my rest upon his breast,  
And in his heart to die.]

(Enter ORBIN.)

ORBIN.—Mine Eigen, behold me, a fugitive now,  
I fly to the camp with a brand on my brow.

EIGEN.—O tell me, my bard, for thy garment of white  
Why bear'st thou the mail and the weapons of fight?

ORBIN.—Last night beneath the sacred oak,

The dreaded rite was ta'en,  
Last night the mystic word I spoke  
That told of Britain's bane;

Then came the King, and, false as hell,  
A blessed bode the Druids tell,  
Alone my voice was raised to sing  
A warning to our glorious King;  
Silenc'd, and curs'd, and driv'n to flight,

I tore my bardic robes of white—  
A warrior now, for Britain's weal  
I change my golden harp for steel.

Eigen, my lady lov'd, I go,  
And but for thee no tear should flow;  
Pray to the gods to grant my arm  
To guard thy father's head from harm,  
And pray this parting may not be  
Our last beneath the greenwood tree.

CHORUS.—Come! beneath our woodland bow'rs, etc.

ORBIN.—They gather the wreaths that shall hang on the shrine

When the curse must be sung o'er this treason of mine;

O weep not!

EIGEN.—Nay—linger not—haste ye and go,

Fly from the Druid, the shrine and the woe.

ORBIN.—Cling closely to me; hold me still,

Heart of my heart, and life and pow'r;

Thou, only thou, the hope, the thrill,  
And impulse of the coming hour.

EIGEN.—Thine in death, to thy latest breath;

If it be thy fate to die;

ORBIN.—Then hand in hand, in the far-off land

We will wander, thou and I.

BOTH.—In the land where the fear of hostile sword,

Or the Druid's spell or the rite ab-horr'd,

Shall vex our love no more;

Where all is peace under summer suns,  
And clear of battle the river runs,

And in placid waters the lilies float,  
And the sweet birds sing an untroubled note;

Where never are heard the sounds of strife,

But all is radiant, joyous life,  
When this sad life is o'er.

SCENE IV.—THE MALVERN HILLS.

MAIDENS.—Wild rumors shake our calm retreat,

There comes a noise of hurrying feet,  
Of bodesmen straining fast and far,  
And the air breathes low of distant war—

Faint sounds of battles lost and won  
Quiver and die when day is done;  
Sweet lady, hope of Britain's line,  
What fears of ours can match with thine?

Whatever woe the gods may bring,  
Pray, sisters, for our gallant King.

EIGEN.—When the glow of the evening had died from the hill,

And the murmuring voice of the forest was still,

[I wander'd again to the oak in the gloom,

Which shadows the shrine by the warriors tomb:]

Once again through the thicket all tangled and green

[Where the glance of the moonlight was fitfully seen,]

Came the maid of the Druids I met there of yore,

[But all dark was the garb and the visage she bore,]

No breath was abroad that might ruffle her form,

But her tresses were toss'd as if lash'd by a storm,

[And her hands were tight clench'd and her eyes were aglare,]

And she spoke and she curs'd thee—O, father, beware!

“Who falls from the mountain

Shall fall by the sword,

Who flits from the forest

Be bound with a cord;

The King and his kinsfolk

Are captive at home,

And all deck'd for triumph

The forum of Rome.”

MAIDENS.—Wild rumors, etc.

[To-day we watch'd when morn was nigh

The stars pale slowly in the sky,

And in the dead gray dusk of dawn—

Across the heav'n we saw it drawn—

A mighty sword—a sword of flame,

The smoke wreaths round it went and came,  
And from the point, we mark'd them well,

The blood drops slowly roll'd and fell,  
One after one, with crimson gleam,  
They dy'd the waves of Habren's stream:

The unknown heav'n, the earth we know,

Shake to the signs of coming woe;  
But true to troth we here must stay  
To guard our princess as we may.]

EIGEN.—O hush ye, my maidens, be hush'd; can it be?

What soldier comes hither so dreadful to see?

By the armour I know him, the torc, and the ring,

And the dragon of gold, 'tis my father, the King!

*(Enter CARACTACUS and remnant of British soldiery in disorder.)*

SOLDIERS.—All the day the mighty battle  
O'er the bloody meadows spread,  
While we fell like butcher'd cattle,  
Till the living trod the dead;  
And our arms were faint and failing,  
We were dying with the day,  
When, at last the foe prevailing  
Swept, ah! swept our ranks away.

#### LAMENT.

CARACTACUS AND CHORUS.—Oh, my warriors, tell me truly,

O'er the red graves where ye lie  
That your monarch led you duly,  
First to charge and last to fly;  
Speak, ah! speak, beloved voices,  
From the chambers where ye feast,  
Where the war god stern rejoices  
That his host has been increas'd;

Say that first I clove the legions  
Where the golden eagle flew  
O'er the head to whom allegiance  
From the Roman foe was due;  
[Say ye saw me stand thereunder,  
In the thickest of the ring,

While the battle crash'd like thunder,  
Fighting bravely—like a king;]

Say, too, when the fight was ending,  
That with glazing eyes ye saw  
Me my quiv'ring ranks defending  
From the greedy Roman maw;  
And the god shall give you heeding,  
And across the heav'nly plain,  
He shall smile, and see me leading  
My dead warriors once again!

#### SCENE V.—THE SEVERN.

*(British captives embarking on the Roman galleys.)*

DRUIDESSES AND A BARD.—Captive Britons, see them! Hark

To their tears as they embark!  
Fetter'd, weary, worn and white,  
Sun of Britain, shun the sight!  
Heav'ns of Britain, weep in rain;—  
They shall ne'er return again!  
Lap their bark with sob and sigh,  
Sombre Habren, swirling by;  
For they never more shall see  
British heav'n, or land, or thee.

#### SCENE VI.—ROME. THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

CHORUS.—\*Over the marble palace,  
Over the golden shrine,  
O'er street, and square, and forum  
The glaring noonbeams shine;  
Widely the robes are waving,  
Brightly the jewels glance,  
Eager the eyes that lighten  
Each joyous countenance.

The march triumphal thunders  
Amid the shouting crowd,  
With flash of helm and corslet,  
While trumpets scream aloud;  
And cymbals sharply ringing  
The car of triumph greet,  
With the milk-white steeds that draw  
it

Along the sacred street.

*(EIGEN, ORBIN, and CARACTACUS pass.)*  
Before the car how different they  
Who barefoot drag their weary way:  
\* \* \* \* \*

But hark! a shout that shakes the air,  
The Emperor fills the curule chair;  
The captives halt before.

CLAUDIUS.—Unbind his hands, silence  
the trumpets; plead,  
Briton, if plea can purge thy crimes  
away,  
Or turn the doom of many a bloody  
deed,

The lingering doom that waits on  
thee to-day.

CARACTACUS.—Heap torment upon tor-  
ment, woe on woe,  
Let months and years of anguish'd  
life be mine;

Tears from these eyes Rome cannot  
cause to flow,  
Nor bend this knee by any pow'r of  
thine.

We lived in peace, was that a crime to  
thee,  
That thy fierce eagle stoop'd upon  
our nest?

\*These lines have been transposed for  
some gain in musical effect.

A freeborn chieftain, and a people free,  
We dwelt among our woodlands and  
were blest.

For liberty, wives, children, hearth and  
shrine,  
From sea to plain we fought, from  
plain to hill;  
Now all is lost, all that was ours is  
thine;  
My soul alone remains unshackled  
still.

Do then thy worst on me; my people  
spare  
Who fought for freedom in our land  
at home;  
Slaves they are not; be wise and teach  
them there  
Order, and law, and liberty with  
Rome.

EIGEN.—O for the swords of Britain, and  
the hills!  
The whisp'ring forest by our Hab-  
ren's side!  
O for our Habren, and her silver rills,  
Before we lost them would that we  
had died!

ORBIN.—O for mine Eigen in her wood-  
land glade,  
Light as the morning, tripping on  
the lea!  
Spare, spare her, Roman, spare this  
trembling maid,  
And measure tenfold torment upon  
me.

ROMAN CITIZENS.—Slay, slay the Briton.  
CLAUDIUS.—Captive, dost thou hear?  
The gods themselves breathe  
through a people's breath;  
The gods condemn thee; dost thou  
learn to fear?

How say ye still, Quirites?  
ROMAN CITIZENS.—Death! Death!  
Death!

CARACTACUS.—I plead not for myself;  
not earth or heav'n  
Can shake a soul like mine prepar'd  
for all!  
Yet—yet I plead that mercy may be  
giv'n  
To these, my comrades of the  
Roman thrall.  
My guileless daughter and the war-  
rior bard,  
Her lover, fled from priestly bonds  
at home,  
Is there no grace for them, and is  
it hard

To win so little from Imperial  
Rome?

ORBIN.—Plead not for me, I will not  
quit thy side;

But plead for Eigen while thy  
breath endures:

EIGEN.—Plead not for me, King's child,  
and Orbin's bride,  
Yours be my fate, as all my life  
was yours.

ROMAN CITIZENS.—Slay! Slay them!

CLAUDIUS.—By the gods they shall not  
die;

Their blood would curse the ground  
to which it grew,

[The noble chief who fought and  
scorn'd to fly,

The maiden innocent, the lover  
true.]

We grant you grace; your warrior,  
clasp thy bride;

Brave chieftain, all thy sufferings  
are o'er;

Dwell here in Rome, and by the Em-  
peror's side

Find safety, peace, and rest for ever-  
more.

EIGEN, ORBIN, AND CARACTACUS.—Grace  
from the Roman! peace and rest  
are ours,

Freedom is lost, but rest and peace  
remain;

Britain, farewell! through all the lin-  
gering hours

Hope, memory, love shall hide our  
golden chain.

CHORUS.—The clang of arms is over,  
Abide in peace and brood

On gl'rious ages coming,  
And Kings of British blood.

The light descends from heaven,  
The centuries roll away,

The empire of the Roman  
Is crumbled into clay.

The eagle's flight is ended,  
His weary wings are furl'd;

The Oak has grown and shadow'd  
The shores of all the world.

Britons, alert! and fear not,  
Give equal law to all men—

And hold it to the death;  
For all the world shall learn it—

Though long the task shall be—  
The text of Britain's teaching,

The message of the free;  
And when at last they find it,

The nations all shall stand  
And hymn the praise of Britain,

Like brothers, hand in hand.

H. A. ACKWORTH







# SECOND CONCERT

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Friday Afternoon, May 15

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SYMPHONIC POEM, Op. 21, "Es waren zwei Koenigs Kinder,"  
FRITZ VOLBACH

Born at Wipperfeurth (near Cologne), December 17, 1861; still living.

The composer of this characteristic work is one of the most industrious of the younger Germans, although his works have not been heard frequently in this country. His career has been most interesting but space forbids any extended mention of the events of his life; suffice it to say that he received a thorough university training—at Heidelberg and Bonn—in addition to his technical equipment. He resides at Mayence. The work on our program was published in 1900 and has for its motive an old story, which is given in Ludwig Erk's "Deutcher Liederschatz" (Edition Peters) and also in "Der Knaben Wunderhorn" in substantially the same form. This story suggests that the resemblances between the legends of peoples who dwell by great rivers, by the seashore, or on the mountains, are most interesting, based as they all are on emotions and concepts of universal application. Like other folk-legends of this class, the original motive of the 15th century version is as old as the race. The Greeks embodied the same idea in "Hero and Leander." Even the translation we append—by an unknown poet (?)—cannot entirely destroy the possibilities of the story.

There were two royal children, the two, they loved so much,  
But they could not join each other, the water was far too deep.

"Ah, darling, if you can swim, then swim across to me,  
I will kindle three tapers for you, they shall light you on your way."

A wicked nun there sat, who acted as if she slept,  
And she blew out the tapers—the youth drowned in the deep.

It was on a Sunday morning, the people were all so gay;  
Not so the royal daughter, her eyes drew her on.

She took him in her arms and kissed his red mouth;  
"Ah, little mouth, if you could speak, then my young heart would be well."

She swung her mantle about her and leapt into the sea,  
"Good night, my father and mother, you see me nevermore!"

Then are heard small bells tolling; then are heard lamentation and distress.  
Here lie two royal children; they both of them are dead!

## CONCERTO, A minor, Op. 54, - - - - - SCHUMANN

Born at Zwickau, June 8, 1810; died at Endenich, near Bonn, July 29, 1856.

ALLEGRO AFFETTUOSO; ANDANTE GRAZIOSO; ALLEGRO VIVACE.

MADAME BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER

In Robert Alexander Schumann we see one of the foremost composers of the last century, and one of the founders of the neo-romantic school. A composer of commanding genius, he was at the same time a critic of a type practically unknown since his day. He was sympathetic in his judgment of his contemporaries, many of whom, like Mendelssohn, Hiller and Hauptmann, failed to recognize his genius, not realizing that such pronounced literary power and critical acumen could be combined with even greater creative musical genius. Franz Liszt and Moscheles appreciated him from the first. Schumann, like Liszt, possessed great discernment and was one of the first to welcome Chopin, of whom he said: "What is a whole year of a musical paper to a concerto by Chopin?" He also heralded the advent of Brahms in such terms that many, even at the present day, when Brahms is beginning to be appreciated, question whether he has justified Schumann's prophecy. To understand Schumann's compositions fully one should study his critical methods, for his articles over the name of Florestan, Eusebius, Raro, etc., looking at subjects from many points of view, display an insight into the hidden processes of creative art that illuminates his own methods. Early in his artistic career there were premonitions of the malady that brought his life to an end in a madhouse, but in the period just after his happy marriage with Clara Wieck, who afterwards became the greatest interpreter of his pianoforte works, his compositions sparkle with life and vigor. To this period belongs the concerto on our program.

The first movement (A minor, common time, *Allegro affettuoso*), was written in 1841 and was given the title "Fantasie," as it was intended to form an independent composition. The other two movements were written in 1845. It is free in form, for Schumann allowed formal rules to rest very lightly upon him, realizing, as Wagner states, "that a worthy idea will create an adequate form." In this as in all his works, however, his ideas are developed with a breadth well nigh symphonic, although Schumann did not look upon the concerto as a symphony for orchestra in which the piano is but a part. The first four measures of the principal theme remind one forcibly of Mendelssohn, but here all resemblance to his contemporary ceases, for, as the movement proceeds, it has little in common with the polished but somewhat superficial style of that composer. The second subject is a lovely melody treated with an admirable appreciation not only of the solo instrument, but also of its relation to the orchestra. The cadenza is happily illustrative of the composer's style, and, above all, of his disdain of difficulties as such. The Intermezzo (F major, 2-4 time, *Andante grazioso*), with its alternations of solo instrument and orchestra, and the beautiful second subject, for 'celli, is worthy of that much abused designation "Tone-poem." It is hardly developed when it merges into the final movement (A major, 3-4 time, *Allegro vivace*), a virile ending to the work. It bristles with difficulties, which, as in some of the more modern concertos, are realized more by the performer than the listener. This statement emphasizes the dignity of Schumann's art, for the tendency to magnify the technical side of performance, while it gave rise to the form originally, is a constant source of danger to the composer, and may account for the fact that only such works as disregard this element, as the end, are retained in the repertoire of the true artist.





“DIE LORELEI,” - - - - - LISZT

Born at Raiding, October 22, 1811; died at Bayreuth, July 31, 1886.

MISS RIO

The influence of the Rhine and its many legends has been far-reaching. Art has been indebted in many instances—too numerous to mention—for genuine inspiration to these legends, but the real storehouse of these treasures is found in the heart of the Folk. How often composers have unconsciously shown us their possibilities more clearly when inspired by such subjects of universal interest and affection than in more ambitious works is shown nowhere more conclusively than in the “Lorelie,” as set by Franz Liszt. Liszt is not a composer in whose works one would look for simple naive statement, but in this he is delightfully clear and natural. He seems to have been so absorbed in the romantic beauty and suggestion of the story that he ceases to be the *poseur*.

SYMPHONY, C minor, No. 6, Op. 58, - - - - - GLAZOUNOW

Born at St. Petersburg, August 10, 1865; still living.

MAESTOSO-ALLEGRO PASSIONATO;

TEMA CON VARIAZIONI; INTERMEZZO; FINALE.

The fame of Russia's greatest symphonist, Tschaiakowsky, must not blind us to the fact that others of his countrymen have achieved great success in this field, and that the attention now being given to composition in the serious forms proves most conclusively that the Slavie muse is a power to be reckoned with.

Prominent in this interesting group stands Alexandre Glazounow, whose symphonic works entitle him to a proud position among the composers of his race. Unlike the majority of composers, his path through life has been an easy one on the material side, while his artistic career has been unmarked by the serious reverses so common in the life experience of men of genius. Fortunate indeed is the man who can, like Glazounow, devote himself to serious work without the obstacles attendant on poverty; that is, fortunate if good fortune but spurs him on to increased effort. Whether Glazounow will ever write an “Eroica” or a “Pathetic” symphony, time will alone tell; but if the lessons of history mean anything, the highest flights of genius—expressive of exalted heights of heroism or yawning gulfs of despair—are only attained by those to whom much of the brightness of life is denied. The list of his compositions is already quite imposing, and includes works in every *genre*, most of them extremely successful, and full of the distinctive Russian flavor we have come to associate with the works of his countrymen.

The symphony on our program is comparatively new, and is No. 6, quite a respectable number for a man just in the prime of life, with his best years before him. Some are inclined to think that the Russians do not take the symphonic forms as seriously as their German contemporaries; but if there be anything in these forms that prevents them from serving as the medium for the expression of dignified and worthy ideas—and ideals—that had not come to consciousness at the time the symphony was developed, then there can be but

one issue—the symphonic forms will disappear. But let us not borrow trouble, for these forms have again and again demonstrated their plasticity and elasticity. Danger does not lurk in the new and true ideas that come from healthy sources, but rather in pedantry, and the desire to bring expression under the domination of arbitrary rules, rather than in the application of those fundamental principles of art that give to it freedom and life.

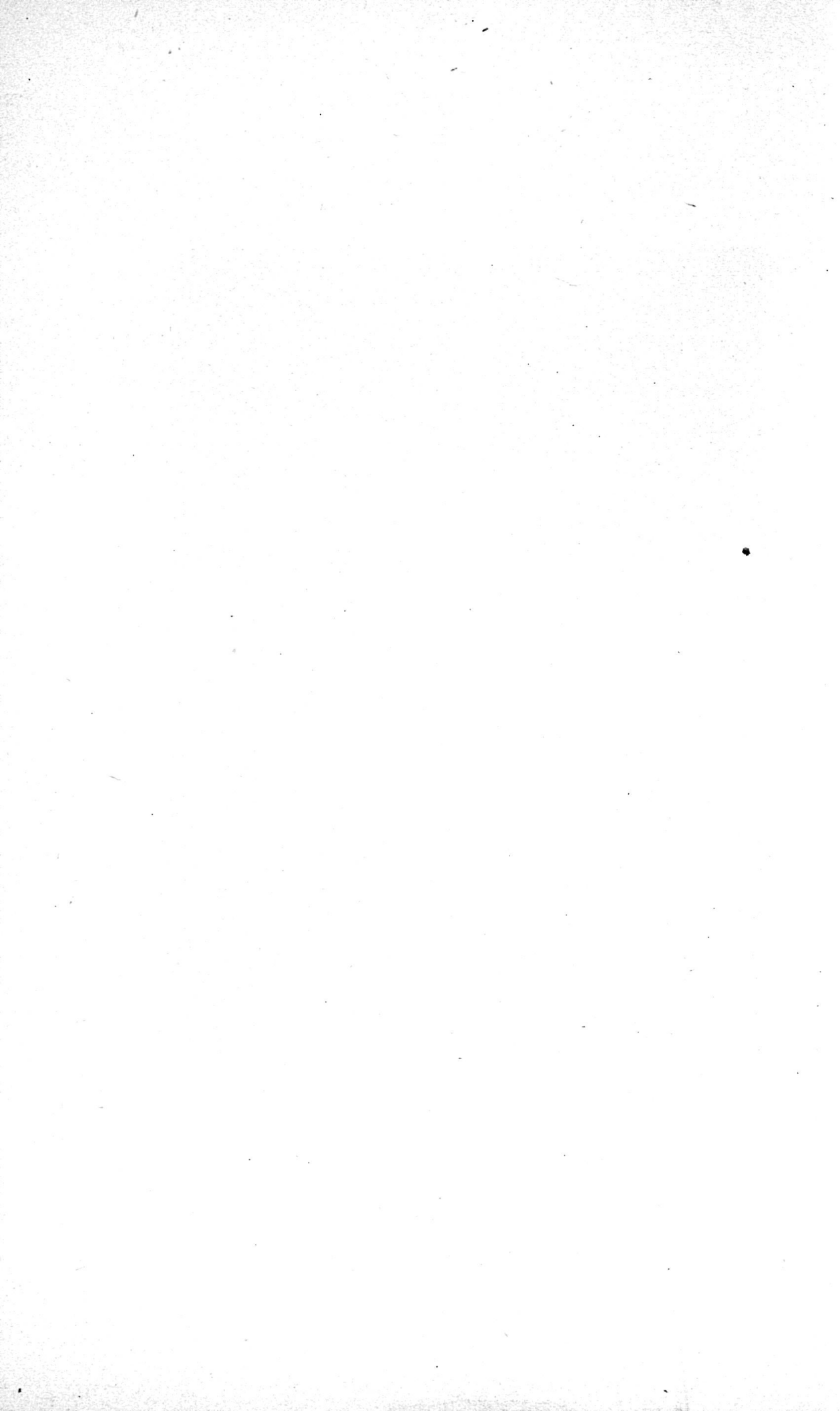
The first subject is shadowed forth in the interesting figure started by the 'celli and basses (C minor, 3-4 time, *Adagio*), which, through an acceleration of tempo, is soon developed into a stirring theme (2-2 time, *Allegro passionato*), in the original key. The second subject (E-flat major, *piu tranquillo*), is quite in contrast with the first in its general atmosphere (if we may borrow this term, as it is really expressive of the impression produced) but combines with it most admirably in the grand climax with which this division ends. Without any repetition of the first part a somewhat abridged but wonderfully intense "free fantasia" follows, leading into the recapitulation, in which the second theme is subjected to an elaboration that atones (formally) for the prominence given the first subject in the preceding part. Glazounow shows his modern spirit and outlook in this, for, after all, the great ends of form, variety, unity, intensity, may often be reached outside of purely classic models. In art, too often, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Seven interesting and ingenious variations constitute the second movement. The theme is very naive and quaint (G major, 2-4 time, *con simplicita*), full of spontaneity and charming in its simplicity. The variety and gracefulness of these variations show his mastery over a form that can be so dignified and scholarly, and yet is particularly susceptible to vulgarizing influences. Most interesting is the tonality of Variation No. 4, in which the Phrygian Mode is used. This scale (*e, f, g, a, b, c, d, e*) is the exact opposite of the major form, and may therefore logically be considered the true minor scale. This mode is rich in possibilities and possesses a unique flavor quite worth exploitation. The third movement, an Intermezzo (E-flat, 3-8 time, *Allegretto*), is in form a true scherzo, and in the character of its harmonic and melodic structure and in its rhythmical features is all that the name implies.

In the Finale of a symphony by a Russian composer, especially in one so characterized by restraint as this has been up to this point, one looks for something typically Slavonic, even although one may not always satisfactorily define just what is meant by the designation. The term sounds well, however, and so does the music, which in this particular instance is quite in keeping with the popular idea. A prominent composer in speaking of Tschaikowsky's music said "it really sounds better than it is." Passing over the fact that music cannot be better than it sounds, although some would have us believe that such a statement applies to Wagner's music, or, at least most of it, the fact cannot be ignored that the boisterousness of much of the Slavonic music would be vulgar were it not for the fact that it is so eminently descriptive of the racial qualities. This Finale commences brilliantly (C major, 4-2 time, *maestoso*), and shortly develops the principal theme (6-4 time, *moderato maestoso*), which, as it proceeds, becomes somewhat boisterous. The second theme (G major, *scherzando*), introduces the varying tempos, rhythms and tonalities reflecting the passionate development of subjects already heard, which after much tribulation finally settle down into the original rhythm (6-4), and like an impetuous torrent, the movement, continually increasing in rhythmic fervor, rushes to the close. This unique and interesting composition will, it is felt, increase the interest already manifested in the work of composers who are contributing much that is of value to the art of music.









ray of the beautiful love that pierces me to the heart. (*Tocsin signals are heard.*) Where am I? Ah, where was I but now?—The tocsin.—God, 'tis soon too late. What shall I do? Ah, only one thing. I will flee outside the walls to my father, perhaps his son will succeed in his reconciliation. He must hear me, for I will die willingly, grasping his knees. The Tribune, too, will be merciful. I will turn hatred to peace. Thou God of mercy, to Thee I pray, to Thee I pray who inflamest every bosom with love; arm me with strength and blessing, let reconciliation be my sacred office. (*He hurries off.*)

“LOHENGRIN,” - - - - - { a PRELUDE  
b INTRODUCTION TO ACT III  
c LOHENGRIN'S NARRATIVE

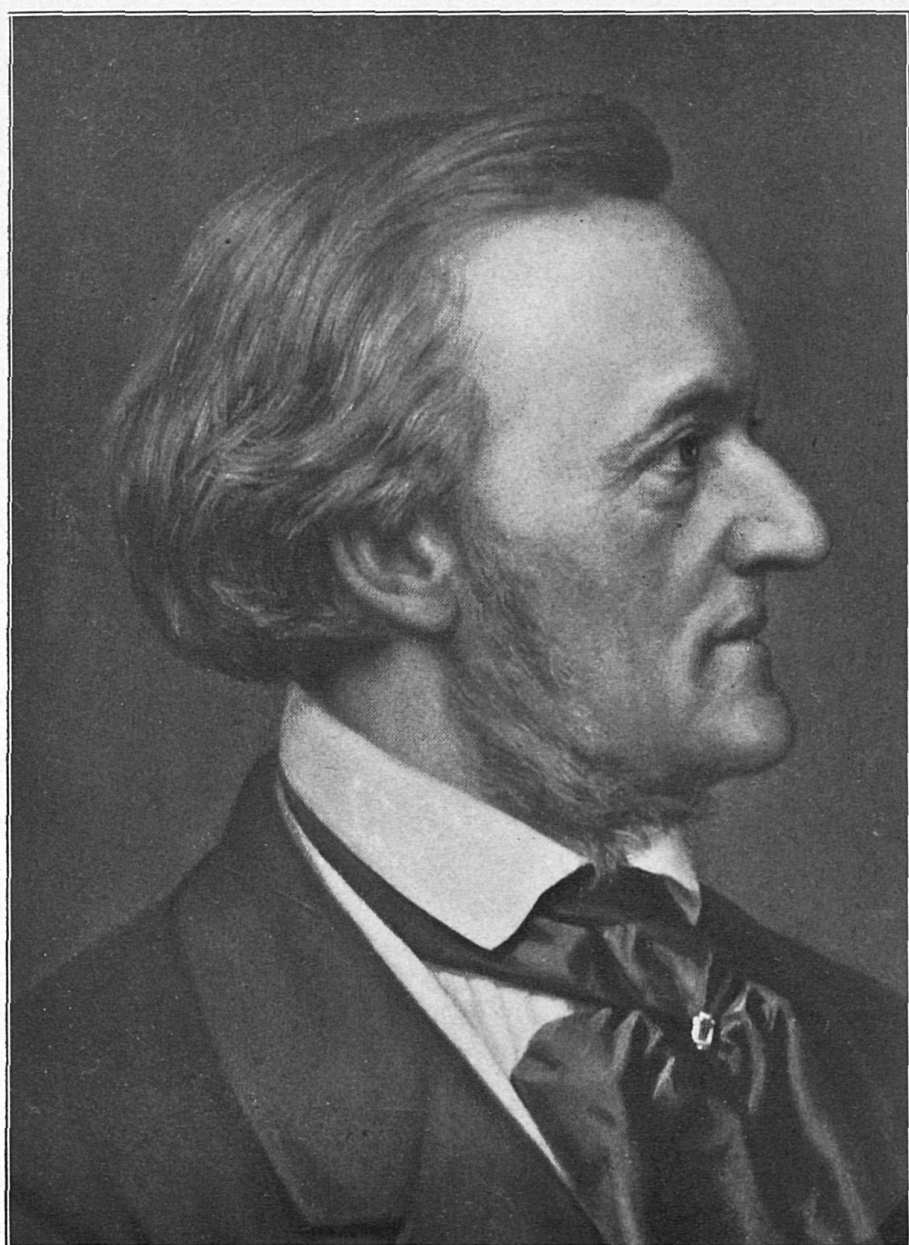
(First Performance, Weimar, August 28, 1850).

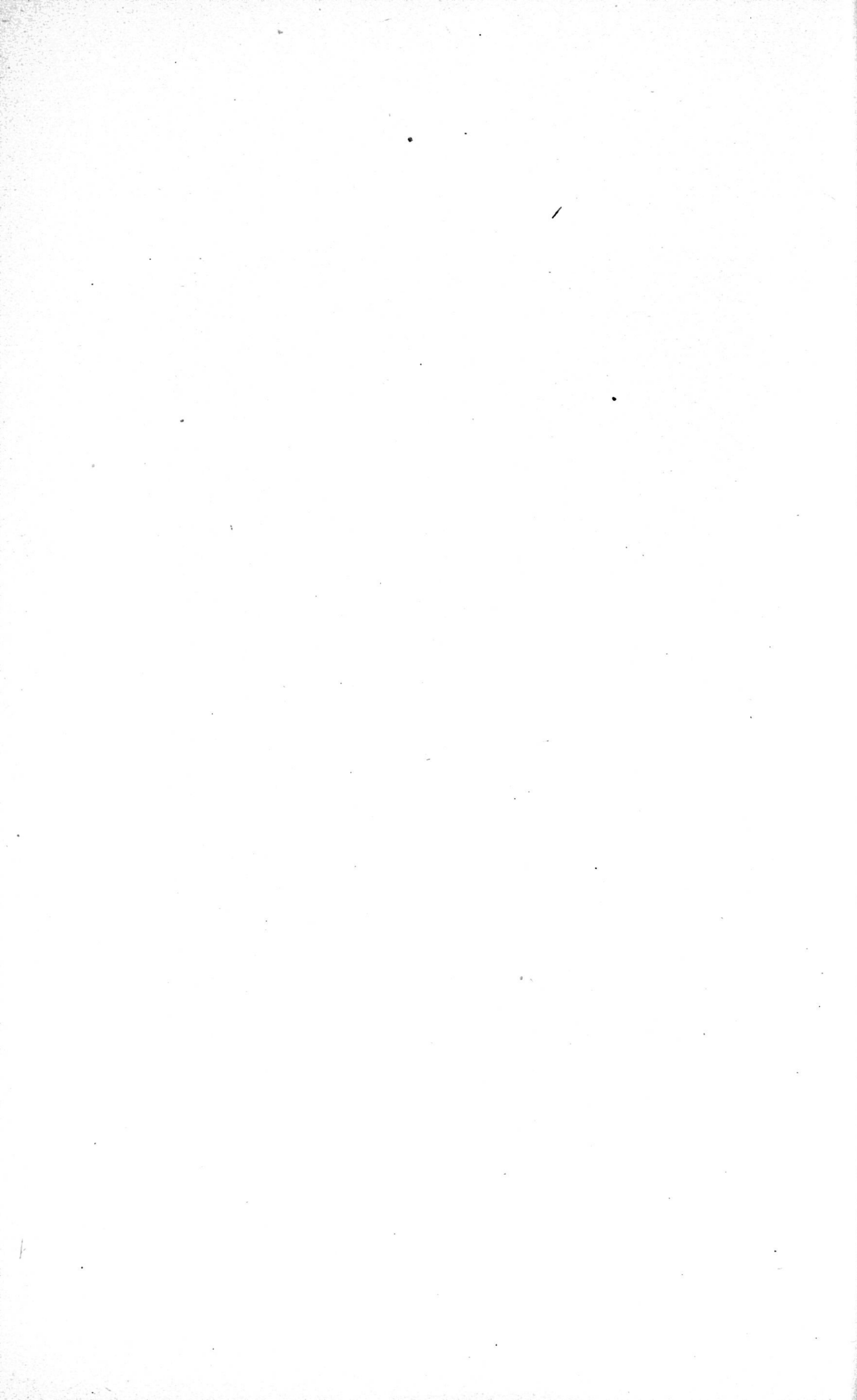
MR. DIPPEL

This opera, in which Wagner said, “Love shall stream from beginning to end,” has a peculiarly ethereal musical atmosphere, and its character is indicated by the beautiful Prelude which has not been inaptly likened to the “Antwerp spire turned into music.” The Prelude:

Now sound Love's concords—sweet and low  
They sing in air—as pure and clear  
As moonlight—chaste as driven snow;  
Ethereal, angelic. Hear  
The melody of vibrant string!  
The full rich chords more surely bring  
To fullest speech the wondrous tale  
Of blessing resting in the Grail  
Than can the word. Like threads of lace  
Extend the tones from heavenly shrine  
Where rests the Grail, to human hearts.  
Bathed in the silvery, dazzling light  
That streameth with a glow divine  
The Grail descending we may trace  
Until it rests on earth. Then parts  
The curtain and a flood of tone  
Proclaims the glory of the cup  
Made sacred by the Savior's lips.  
It shines with radiance as bright  
As Heaven's high noon—then lifted up,  
By power supernal moves away  
And floateth skyward whence it came,  
Nor can we find fit word to bid it stay.'

The Introduction to the Third Act is a brilliant orchestral setting of the joy and elation with which the Second Act closes and the Third begins. For the present Elsa seems to be trustful of the Knight whose prowess has saved her from disgrace. The Narrative which follows gives us the salient points regarding Lohengrin's origin, the reasons for his silence regarding himself, and his prohibition of all questions pertaining to his former career. This scene occurs just before his final departure from Elsa and his restoration of the young Duke. The text is explanatory of the whole situation from Lohengrin's point of view, and the musical treatment is a good illustration of the so-called Wagnerian melos:





In distant land, by ways remote and hidden,  
 There stands a burg that men call Montsalvat;  
 It holds a shrine to the profane forbidden,  
 More precious there is naught on earth than that:  
 And throned in light, it holds a cup immortal,  
 That whoso sees from earthly sin is cleansed;  
 'Twas borne by angels through the heavenly portal,  
 Its coming hath a holy reign commenced.  
 Once every year a dove from heaven descendeth,  
 To strengthen it anew for work of grace,  
 'Tis call'd the Grail, the power of heav'n attendeth  
 The faithful knights who guard that sacred place.  
 He whom the Grail to be its servant chooses,  
 Is arm'd henceforth with high invincible might,  
 All evil craft its power before him loses,  
 The spirits of darkness, where he dwells, take flight  
 Nor will he lose the awful charm it lendeth,  
 Although he should be call'd to distant lands,  
 When the high cause of virtue he defendeth,  
 While he's unknown, its spell he still commands;  
 By perils dread the holy Grail is guarded,  
 No eye rash or profane its light may see;  
 Its champion Knight from doubtings shall be wardèd,  
 If known to man, he must depart and flee.  
 Now mark, craft or disguise my soul disdaineth,  
 The Grail sent me to right yon lady's name;  
 My father, Percival, gloriously reigneth,  
 His knight am I, and Lohengrin my name.

“SIEGFRIED,”

“WALDWEBEN”

(First Performance, Bayreuth, August, 1876).

In one of his letters to Franz Liszt Wagner speaks of his ambitions respecting “Siegfried,” the composition of which had become a “veritable necessity of being.” In 1856 he began the composition of this work, of which the first act and part of the second were finished, when he threw himself into the composition of that seething drama of passion, “Tristan,” which, completed, was followed by “Die Meistersinger,” a drama of the common people. Then taking up “Siegfried,” he completed it (in 1869). Were we obliged at this time to advance proofs of Wagner's genius, it would only be necessary to state that, although interrupted by the composition of these works, utterly unlike in respect to each other and from every point of view quite out of touch with the earlier work, no one can tell from the internal evidence of the work where he stopped. As a matter of fact, the number on our program is the dividing line. In all the literature of music there is no more genial or poetic description of the life of the woods—the murmurs of the leaves, the sounds of nature, and above all the atmosphere of suggestion that envelops the hero Siegfried and incites him to musings and day dreams. The various motives, with their wealth of suggestion, are so beautiful from the purely musical point of view that all may enjoy this exquisite idyl for its own sake, while those acquainted with the story and the preced-

ing music-dramas will find little difficulty in tracing the meaning of the typical phrases. It is an open question whether after all it is not best in listening to a fragment outside of its connection to enjoy it as one would absolute music—for its own sake alone.

“GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG,” “SONG OF THE RHEIN DAUGHTERS”

(First Performance, Bayreuth, August, 1876).

In this scene from the first act of the final drama of the “Ring,” we have one of the most beautiful bits of pure melodic writing in the whole cycle. This and other numbers might be cited to prove the greatness of the man who could deliberately turn his back on easily won success, for the sake of a principle, denied by the majority of his friends, ridiculed by his enemies, but which triumphed in the end—for Wagner possessed such rich melodic gifts that he could easily have found favor with that great majority, who only asking to be amused, through him have finally become admirers of artistic truth and followers of the genius whom they at first despised—a sweeping statement, but true.

“DIE MEISTERSINGER,” - - - { PRELUDE  
FINALE TO ACT III

(First Performance, Munich, June 21, 1868).

CAST

WALTHER VON STOLZING	- -	MR. DIPP
POGNER,	} - - - -	MR. FREDERIC MARTIN
HANS SACHS,		

THE CHORAL UNION

Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Among the great instrumental works whose fundamental principle is that polyphony, which in the time of Palestrina was the expression of the religious idea, as applied to mankind in the mass, but which now serves as the expression of the many-sidedness of individual character as well as the complexities of modern life—the Prelude to “Die Meistersinger” stands at the head. What a triumph for the man who was derided for his lack of scholarship, because he showed no ambition to bury himself alive in dust—but who constructed with surety of control of all the resources of the most abstruse counterpoint with no sacrifice of naturalness, simplicity, truthfulness nor power of expression—a monument of polyphonic writing, such as has not seen the light since the days of Bach. In the prelude we have a synopsis of the whole plot of the opera that follows; the sturdy pride of the burghers of Nuremberg; the angularity of the Meistersinger art; the spirit of romanticism, personified by Walter von Stolzing; and the dance of the apprentices, the spontaneous expression of the joy of living on the part of these young men who were learning the mysteries of the art divine while wrestling with the problems of the cobbler, the butcher, the baker, etc. What a flood of light this whole story throws upon the situation in this city of true art. The Finale gives us a glimpse of one of the contests for a prize—this time, the hand of Eva, the daughter of the Burgomaster—and incidentally pays a great and







deserved tribute to that rugged poet of the common people, Hans Sachs, who, with prophetic insight, realized the far-reaching nature of Walther's art, and though the acknowledged master of them all, was the first one to recognize that in this Franconian knight there was the making of a master greater than he. The beautiful Prize Song, sung by Walther, may well stand as representative of Wagner's art as opposed to the traditions of the schools, for it contains much that came into the world with him and that the world will not willingly let perish. The details of the scene are as follows:

The procession of Mastersingers arrives at the platform where the banner is placed. Pogner advances with Eva, who is attended by richly dressed and adorned maidens. When Eva and her attendants have taken the flower-strewn place of honor and all the rest are in their places, masters on the benches, the journeymen standing behind them, the 'prentices advance in orderly array and turn solemnly to the people, calling for silence. As Sachs advances they all rise to greet him, and baring their heads sing the superb chorale—the text being by the old Nuremberg poet. The fiasco of Beckmesser is omitted, and from the end of the chorale and the part immediately following, a cut is made to the beginning of Walther von Stolzing's song.

PRENTICES.—Silentium! Silentium!

Make no sound, e'en the merest hum!

(SACHS rises and steps forward. At sight of him all burst out into fresh acclamations and wavings of hats and kerchiefs.)

ALL THE PEOPLE.—Ha! Sachs! 'Tis Sachs!

See! Master Sachs!

Sing all! Sing all! Sing all!

(With solemn delivery.)

"Awake! Draws nigh the break of day:

I hear upon the hawthorn spray

A bonny little nightingale;

His voice resounds o'er hill and dale.

The night descends the western sky,

And from the east the morn draws nigh;

With ardor red the flush of day

Breaks through the cloud bank dull and gray."

Hail Sachs! Hans Sachs!

Hail, Nuremberg's darling Sachs!

WALTER (who has mounted the mound with proud and firm steps)

"Morning was gleaming with roseate light,

The air was filled

With scent distilled,

Where, beauty-beaming,

Past all dreaming,

A garden did invite——"

(The MASTERS, here absorbed, let fall the leaf; WALTER notices it without seeming to do so, and now proceeds in a freer style.)

"Wherein, beneath a wondrous tree,  
With fruit superbly laden.

In blissful love dream I could see

The rare and tender maiden,

Whose charms, beyond all price,

Entranced my heart—

Eva, in Paradise."

THE PEOPLE (softly to one another).

That is quite different! Who would surmise

That so much in performance lies?

THE MASTERSINGERS (softly aside). Ah

yes! I see! 'tis another thing

A song the proper way to sing.

SACHS.—Witness in place!

Sing apace!

WALTER.—"Evening was darkling and

night closed around;

By rugged way

My feet did stray

Towards a mountain

Where a fountain

Enslaved me with its sound;

And there beneath a laurel-tree,

With starlight glinting under,

In waking vision greeted me—

A sweet and solemn wonder;

She dropped on me the fountain's dews,

That woman fair—

Parnassus' glorious Muse."

THE PEOPLE (still more softly aside).

How sweet it is! How true to Art!

And yet it touches every heart.

MASTERS.—'Tis bold and daring, that is true;

But well composed, and vocal too.

WALTER (with great exultation). "Thrice happy day,

To which my poet's trance gave place!

That Paradise of which I dreamed,  
In radiance new before my face  
Glorified lay.

To point the path the brooklet  
streamed:

She stood beside me,  
Who shall my bride be,

The fairest sight earth e'er gave,  
My Muse, to whom I bow,  
So angel-sweet and grave,  
I woo her boldly now,  
Before the world remaining,  
By might of music gaining  
Parnassus and Paradise!"

PEOPLE (*accompanying the close very  
..softly*).—I feel as in a lovely dream,  
Hearing, but grasping not the theme!  
Give him the prize!  
Maiden, rise!

No one could woo in nobler wise!

MASTERS.—Yes, glorious singer! Victor  
rise!

Your song has won the Master-prize!  
POGNER.—O Sachs! All this I owe to  
you:

My happiness revives anew.

(*Eva, who from the commencement  
of the scene has preserved a calm  
composure, and has seemed rapt  
from all that passed around has  
listened to Walter immovably; but  
now, when at the conclusion both  
Masters and People express their  
involuntary admiration, she rises,  
advances to the edge of the plat-  
form, and places on the brow of  
Walter, who kneels on the steps,  
a wreath of myrtle and laurel;  
whereupon he rises, and she leads  
him to her father, before whom  
they both kneel. Pogner extends  
his hand in benediction over  
them.*)

SACHS (*pointing to the group*). My  
witness answered not amiss!

Do you find fault with me for this?  
PEOPLE (*jubilantly*).—Hans Sachs! No!  
It was well devised!

Your tact you've once more exer-  
cised!

SEVERAL MASTERSINGERS.—Now, Master  
Pogner! As you should,  
Give him the honor of Masterhood!

POGNER (*bringing forward a gold chain  
with three medallions*). Receive King  
David's likeness true:

The Master's Guild is free to you.

WALTER (*shrinking back involuntarily*).  
A Master! Nay!

I'll find reward some other way!

(*The Masters look disconcertedly  
towards Sachs.*)

SACHS (*grasping WALTER by the hand*).

—Disparage not the Masters' ways,  
But show respect to Art!

All they can give of highest praise  
To you they would impart.

Not through your ancestors and  
birth,

Not by your weapon's strength and  
worth,

But by a poet's brain

Which Mastership did gain,

You have attained your present bliss;

Then think you thankfully on this—

How can you e'er the Art despise

Which can bestow so rare a prize?

That by our Masters she was kept

And cherished as their own,

With anxious care that never slept

This Art herself has shown,

If not so honored as of yore,

When courts and princes prized her  
more,

In troublous years all through

She's German been and true;

And if she has not won renown

Beyond this bustling busy town,

You see she has our full respect

What more from us can you expect?

Beware! Bad times are nigh at hand:

And when fall German folk and land

In spurious foreign pomp ere long,

No prince will know his people's  
tongue;

And foreign thoughts and foreign  
ways

Upon our German soil they'll raise.

Our native Art will fade from hence

If 'tis not held in reverence.

So heed my words!

Honor your German Masters

If you would stay disasters!

For while they dwell in every heart,

Though should depart

The pride of holy Rome,

Still thrives at home

Our sacred German Art!

(*All join enthusiastically in the last*

*verse. EVA takes the crown from*

*WALTER'S head and places it on*

*SACHS'; he takes the chain from*

*POGNER'S hand and puts it round*

*WALTER'S neck. WALTER and*

*EVA lean against SACHS, one on*

*each side. POGNER sinks on his*

*knee before him as if in homage.*

*The MASTERSINGERS point to*

*SACHS with outstretched hands,*

*as to their chief. While the*

*PRENTICES clasp hands and shout*

*and dance, the people wave their*

*hats and kerchiefs in enthusiasm.*)

ALL.—Hail, Sachs! Hans Sachs!

Hail Nuremberg's darling Sachs!





# FOURTH CONCERT

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Saturday Afternoon, May 16

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SYMPHONY FOR ORGAN AND ORCHESTRA, - GUILMANT

Born at Boulogne, March 12, 1857; still living.

MR. RENWICK

This work is one of the comparatively few really effective compositions for the organ and orchestra in existence. Berlioz, in his "Treatise on Instrumentation," says: "This combination can never be made artistically satisfying, as the qualities of tone are such as to make a homogeneous effect impossible." Moreover, he says, "the two are opposed to each other, for neither can give up to the other. Each is king." However much there may be of truth in this statement, in this symphony by Guilmant, we meet with a treatment of the solo instrument so radically different from that of Berlioz's time that the reasons for his dictum are not apparent. The work begins with a dignified Largo, which, after a short development, leads into a brilliant Allegro, carried out very strictly in accordance with the sonata form, and calling for no special notice unless it be to direct attention to the beautiful contrasts of color between the two factors—the organ and orchestra. This is also enforced in the lovely Pastorale, one of the most beautiful in organ literature. In the Finale—a virile brilliant movement—we meet with much that is characteristic of the French school of composition, and yet through it all there is a certain restraint that gives proportion and prevents degeneracy into mere display.

ARIA "Abscheulicher," from "Fidelio," - - - BEETHOVEN

Born at Bonn, December 16, 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

MADAME BOUTON

"VARIATIONS SYMPHONIQUE." - - - BOËLLMANN

Born at Ensinheim, Alsatia, September 25, 1862; died in Paris, October 11, 1897

MR. WEBSTER

SUITE, "Ein Maerchen," Op. 16, - - - JOSEF SUK

Born at Krecovic, Bohemia, January 4, 1874; still living.

LOVE AND SORROW OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN; INTERMEZZO—FOLKSDANCE;  
INTERMEZZO—FUNERAL MUSIC; QUEEN RUNA'S CURSE;  
TRIUMPH OF LOVE

Not many years ago concert programs were dominated by German composers, but times have changed somewhat and now other nationalities are represented quite as frequently.

This has not been without its advantages, for these composers from the "outer circle" have brought many new and vital elements to the art. They have made us acquainted with rich and unique stores of legendary lore; have opened up to us new lines of thought and original points of view; have made us more than ever conscious of music's plasticity, and, finally, have enforced the essential unity of artistic expression while laying equal stress upon its infinite variety. Again, as in the case of the composition on this program, we are brought close to the Folk element, and have gained thereby sources inspiring alike to fantasy and reflection. The Suite, "Ein Märchen," had its origin in a drama by the recently deceased Bohemian poet Zeyer, and is one of the most genial works yet produced by the younger Bohemian composers, among whom Josef Suk (who is the second violinist of that wonderful organization, the Bohemian String Quartet) easily stands foremost.

The titles of the various movements give an idea of the course of events as portrayed in the story. The love of the Princess and the Prince; their great happiness; their sorrow at the death of the Prince's father; the dance of the peasants, with its folksong element; the funeral of the Prince's father; the curse of Queen Runa, the Princesses' mother; its ineffectiveness—for love triumphs and "they lived happily all the rest of their days." Perennial the story, and the music is full of the life-giving elements of simple melody, expressive harmony, vivid color, rhythmic intensity and fantasy.

#### SONGS WITH PIANO

- |                         |                 |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| (a) Faded, - - - - -    | PROCH           |
| (b) "Marie," - - - - -  | FRANZ           |
| (c) Serenade, - - - - - | VON DER STUCKEN |

MADAME BOUTON

OVERTURE "1812," - - - - - TSCHAIKOWSKY

Born at Wotkinsk, December 25, 1840; died in St. Petersburg, November 6, 1896.

This picturesque and interesting work is one of the finest in its particular class. More scholarly than the "Robespierre" of Litolff, less *bizarre* and fantastic than those of Berlioz, its relationship to them cannot be denied—while it is at the same time absolutely original. Muscovite patriotism could find no more fitting subject for musical inspiration than the retreat of the French from Moscow; neither could the art of the composer seize upon three more profoundly suggestive themes than the chantlike phrases we hear at the outset—so much like the Greek ritual music, the real foundation of the Russian type—the Marseillaise and the Russian National Hymn. Keeping these themes in mind all the rest is easily coördinated; the episodes as they crowd on each other are brought into their proper relation to these fundamental motives, and we find the justification for the use of effects in the orchestra that would under less skillful manipulation have become vulgar.







# FIFTH CONCERT

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Saturday Evening, May 16

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“AIDA,” An Opera in Four Acts, - - - - - VERDI

## CAST

AIDA, - - - - -	MISS ANITA RIO
AMNERIS, - - - - -	MADAME LOUISE HOMER
HIGH PRIESTESS, - - - - -	MISS FRANCES CASPARY
AMONASRO, - - - - -	SIGNOR EMILIO DE GOGORZA
RAMPHIS, - - - - -	MR. FREDERIC MARTIN
THE KING, - - - - -	MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND
A MESSENGER, - - - - -	MR. JOSEPH T. BERRY

MINISTERS AND CAPTAINS; PRIESTS; SLAVE PRISONERS;  
PRIESTESSES; THE PEOPLE

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

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## GUISEPPI VERDI

Born in Roncole, October 9, 1813; died at Milan, January 17, 1901.

The year 1813 was not alone of significance politically, but it marked the birth of two geniuses who dominated the field of opera in their century. These men, Richard Wagner and Giuseppe Verdi, represented, the one—revolution, the other—evolution. Wagner, a German full of the Teutonic spirit, revolutionized musico-dramatic art, or as some would say, created it; Verdi, an Italian, no less truly national in spirit, from an exponent of a conventionalized form of opera, by a gradual process of evolution, in the course of which as he advanced in years he seemed to renew his youth, developed a style in which, without losing either his individuality or nationality, the spirit of his German contemporary came to be a guiding principle.

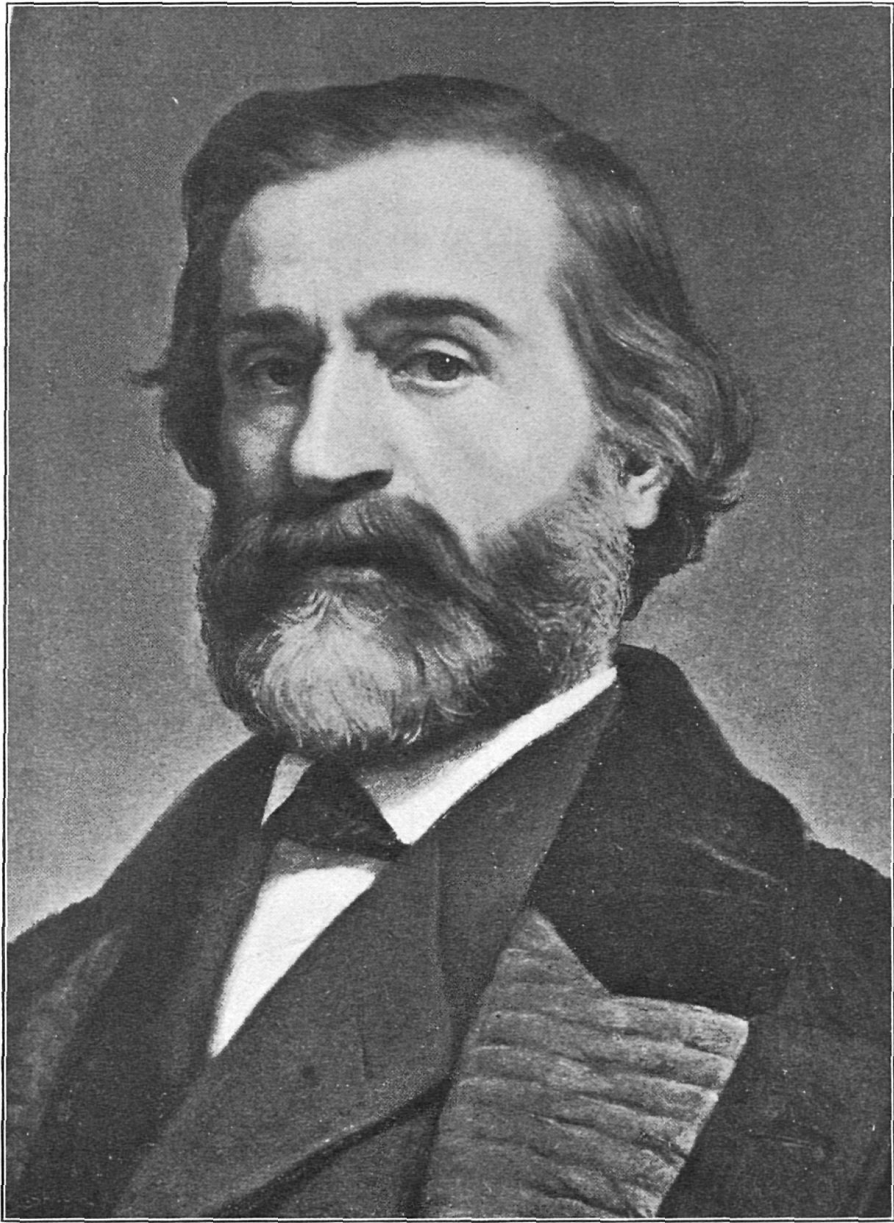
It must not be assumed that the terms “revolution” and “evolution” are as widely separated in fact as they appear to be as ordinarily applied. The difference is largely dynamic. As the spirit underlying Romanticism intensified becomes the Dramatic Idea, so evolution prepares the way for, and is absorbed into, revolution. Evolution supplies the innumerable details, each of which may mean little in itself, but in combination they may tip the scales in a certain direction and then we have—revolution. Take the case of Richard Wagner (“Der Fall Wagner”), while he really does appear—and not illogically—as a revolutionary genius, we must not ignore the fact that the particular ideal for which he stands was not his alone. Lessing, Wieland and Herder had more or less forcibly stated much that was prophetic in connection with the whole

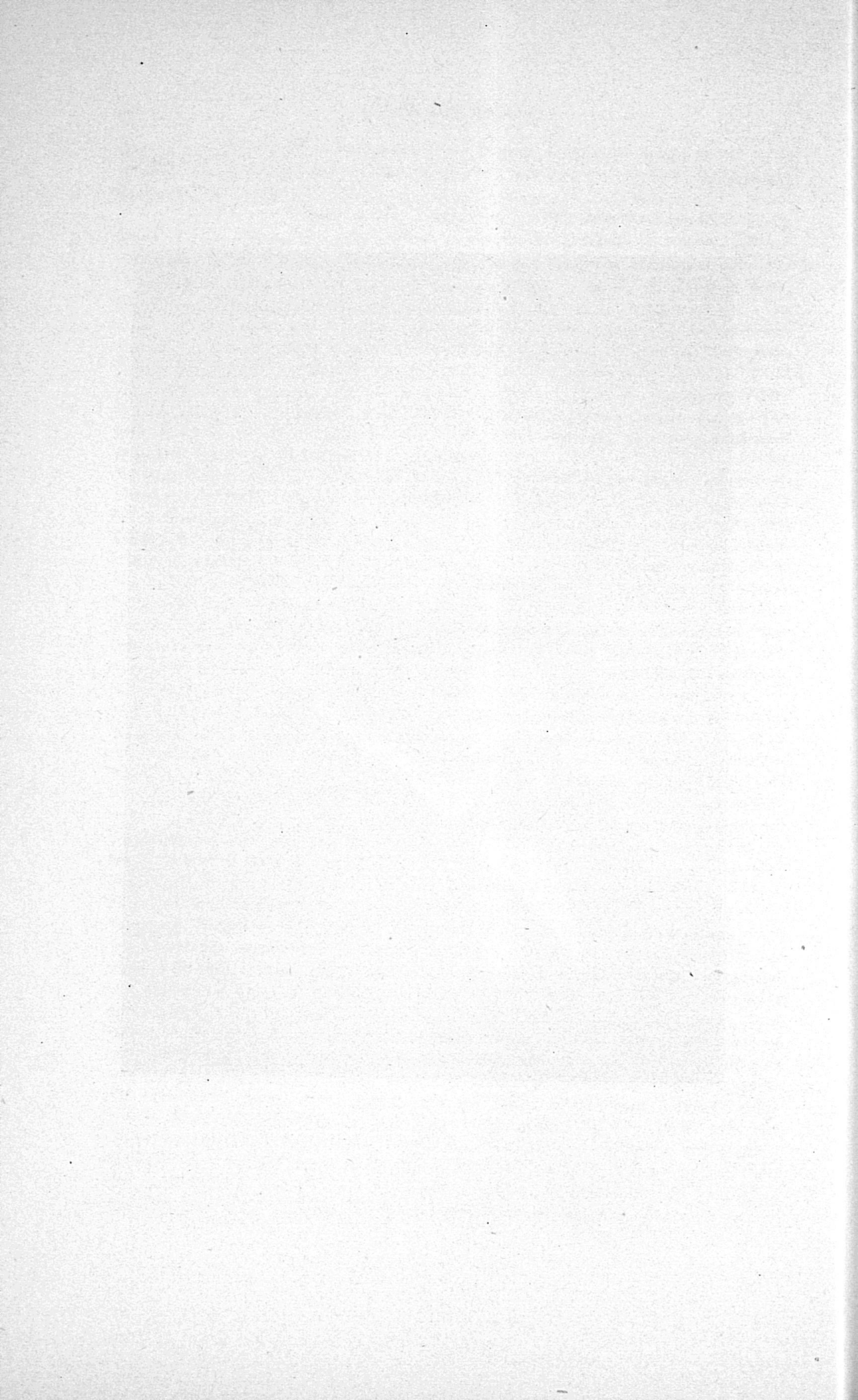
question, while the fundamental thesis of Wagner's contention was never more forcibly nor succinctly stated than by Jean Paul Richter in the very year of the great master's birth.

Carl Maria von Weber in his "Euryanthe" anticipated much in the way of detail, for he had a keen appreciation of the dramatic power of music. Such a statement seems paradoxical, when we remember that no opera before and but one since (Schumann's "Genoveva") has contained in "unity of expression" more that is abhorrent to dramatic truth than this particular work.

And again we must remember that Berlioz in his "Symphonie Phantastique," written shortly after Beethoven's death, had sounded an entirely new note. Dramatic representation through the medium of the orchestra was to be a conditioning factor in the art of the epoch. Wagner was not directly influenced by him—as was Liszt—but the fact is cited to show that this particular development was in the air. On the other hand, von Weber's direct influence on Wagner was very great, so on both sides of the question, the dramatic and the musical, there was an unmistakable tendency in a certain direction. More or less spasmodic, it is true, well nigh concealed by conventionalities, but still there, this movement, the necessity for which had been felt by poets and philosophers, had reached a point where a genius of real force alone was needed to make of this evolution a real revolution. This man, Richard Wagner, illustrates the tendencies of the Germanic races. Such a movement, however, could not be restricted to any one nationality, but must affect all more or less, and Verdi stands as the real representative of the Latin races. The distinctions seen in the early music of the two countries most truly representing the opposing racial characteristics, the German and Italian, are possibly more apparent now than in the early days, because in the music-drama and opera they are intensified and shown in a manner that makes them more definite. One of the most important distinctions may be considered as dependent upon the earliest tendencies of the folk-music of the two nations, and the character of the two languages. The syllabic treatment of the text so essential a part of the German concept of song, as shown in the Lied, had, and has, no counterpart in Italian music. In the one we see as the result of the application of dramatic ideals which demand that the "means of expression shall not be the end of expression"—to paraphrase Wagner's pregnant saying—the so-called Wagnerian melos; in the other the aria, as exhibited in Verdi's latest works. Both of them intended to be the expression of dramatic truth, both of them surcharged with musical feeling—yet how different!

If the career of Richard Wagner from "Rienzi" (1841) to "Parsifal" (1882) is a most inspiring record of steady progress towards more and more exalted ideals, shall we not accord true greatness to Verdi, who solved the great problem of artistic unity in his own way, in accordance with his own environment, in a manner suited to his genius, and yet, although the concept was idealized, in accordance with the artistic outlook of those for whom he wrote? He did not copy blindly, but rather adapted principles to his individual method of expression, translated them, so to speak, into the idiom of his own language, thus giving them vital significance and direct application. It is a great gift, the power to see one's limitations, but with it should go ability to know one's strength, and no one thing is proven more conclusively in Verdi's career than that he did know himself, and this without subjecting philosophy to torture as was the case with his great contemporary, Richard Wagner, who persistently





held to the opinion that he was a great dramatist because he was a great philosopher, ignoring the fact that his sublime musical genius often made amends for philosophical concepts that were essentially puerile, and lapses from his own ideals of dramatic fitness.

We must remember also that from a certain point of view it was possibly even more difficult for Verdi to change his artistic ideals—or at least his practice—than for Wagner. Verdi was never in any sense a martyr to principle; he was never on trial; nor did the pursuit of any self-imposed task ever bring him into conflict with friends, or furnish his enemies with materials for bitter attacks. The very brilliancy of his career, however, made whatever risk he ran in forsaking any of the old-time conventionalities all the more to his credit; and, as a matter of fact, he retained more of the old than he took on of the new; hence, his art was an evolution rather than a revolution. Had the balance been the other way he would have stood, as did Wagner, for revolution. But look at the life work of this great genius for a moment; think of the melodies that he has given to the world! Many of them are now hackneyed—but they are so partly because their very beauty has made them so popular, and partly because since the days of Verdi's early operas we have been gaining in appreciation of other elements than mere melody—for even a genius cannot prevent the onward movement of events. Composers may remain stationary as did Rossini, and not attempt to improve their art, or men, who, like Spontini, follow the lead of the public instead of "despising its decisions," as Schiller advised—may, like him, find themselves "embalmed alive," as Wagner said; but Verdi lived and moved with the times, and when he died, at the age of eighty-eight, he was the youngest man in Italy.

In the operas preceding "Aida" (1871) we may see the Verdi of the old school of Italian opera; from "Aida" we may date the advent of the greater Verdi, in whose works the beauty of melody of the Italian, and the dramatic intensity and forceful use of the orchestra of the German schools happily combine. Nor in the last compositions published in 1898—the "Quattro Pezzi Sacri"—do we see any diminution in creative power, even though the work of one long past the allotted time of man's existence.

"Aida" was written for the Khedive of Egypt and was given its first performance in Cairo, December 24, 1871; in Milan, February 8, 1872. It was given in New York in 1873, three years before its first performance in Paris. Contemporary writers give conflicting accounts of the general effect of the first performance, but of the character of the music, its dramatic power, its gorgeous instrumentation, its captivating melody, sonorous harmonies—there was no jarring note in the chorus of criticism. Nor has there been since—for even those who are worshippers at the shrine of what many of us love to think are really more exalted ideals—can but feel its originality and force. It has a most dramatic plot—full of action—giving opportunities for display of Oriental pomp and ceremony—for dancing and all the apparatus of the grand opera—while the deeper elements of dramatic power as shown in the characters of Aida, Amneris, Radames and Ramphis, come to the front with a truthfulness and regard for dramatic consistency unknown to most operas of his countrymen. It is a story of love, war, and loyalty—contrasted with hatred, revenge, and intrigue—dominated by the influence of the cruel and arrogant Egyptian priesthood. It abounds in grand chorus effects, notably in Acts I. and II.—while from beginning to end there is not a moment when one feels there is any uncertainty in the mind of the composer, as to the effect he desires to produce, nor any lapse from sus-

tained power of portrayal. There are certain Oriental characteristics displayed in some of the melodies and harmonies, as in the scene in which appears the High Priestess—in conjunction with the Priestesses and the Priests; while some of the dances have a barbaric quality in rhythm and color. Of "typical motives" in the ordinary acceptation of the word, we find no trace, but there are certain themes to which dramatic significance may be given.

But to use the typical motive as Wagner used it, was not Verdi's way of expressing himself, and the power of the work lies—as has been stated—in its naturalness. The verdict of one generation has sustained the judgment of those who heard it for the first time. And nowadays a generation means more than a century formerly.

### ACT I.—INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Hall in the Palace of the King at Memphis. To the right and left a colonnade with statues and flowering shrubs. At the back a grand gate, from which may be seen the temples and palaces of Memphis and the Pyramids.*

(RADAMES and RAMPHIS in consultation.)

RAMPHIS.—Yes, it is rumored that the Ethiop dares

Once again our power, and the valley  
Of Nilus threatens, and Thebes as well.

The truth from messengers I soon shall learn.

RADAMES.—Hast thou consulted the will of Isis?

RAMPHIS.—She hath declared who of Egypt's renowned armies  
Shall be leader.

RADAMES.—Oh happy mortal!

RAMPHIS.—Young in years is he, and dauntless.

The dread commandment I to the King shall take.

(Exit.)

RADAMES.—What if 'tis I am chosen, and my dream

Be now accomplished! Of a glorious army I the chosen leader,  
Mine glorious vict'ry, by Memphis received in triumph!

To thee returned, Aida, my brow entwined with laurel:

Tell thee, for thee I battled, for thee I conquer'd!

Heav'nly Aida, beauty resplendent,  
Radiant flower, blooming and bright;  
Queenly thou reignest o'er me transcendent,

Bathing my spirit in beauty's light.  
Would that, thy bright skies once more beholding.

Breathing the air of thy native land,  
Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,

Thine were a throne by the sun to stand.

(Enter AMNERIS.)

AMNERIS.—In thy visage I trace a joy unwonted!

What martial ardor is beaming in thy noble glances!

Ah me! how worthy were of all envy the woman

Whose dearly wish'd for presence  
Could have power to kindle in thee such rapture!

RADAMES.—A dream of proud ambition in my heart I was nursing:

Isis this day has declar'd by name the warrior chief

Appointed to lead to battle Egypt's host!

Ah! for this honor, say, what if I were chosen?

AMNERIS.—Has not another vision, one more sweet,

More enchanting, found favor in your heart?

Hast thou in Memphis no attraction more charming?

RAEMES.—(aside).—I!

(Fatal question.

Has she the secret yearning  
Divin'd within me burning?)

AMNERIS (aside).—Ah, me! my love if spurning

His heart to another were turning!

RADAMES.—Have then mine eyes betray'd me,

And told Aida's name!

AMNERIS.—Woe if hope should false have play'd me,

And all in vain my flame.

(Enter AIDA.)

RADAMES (seeing AIDA).—She here!

AMNERIS (aside).—He is troubled.

Ah, what a gaze doth he turn on her!  
Aida! Have I a rival?

Can it be she herself?



(Turning to AIDA.)

Come hither, thou I dearly prize.  
Slave art thou none, nor menial;  
Here have I made by fondest ties  
Sister a name more genial. Weep'st  
thou?

Oh, tell me wherefore thou ever art  
mourning,

Wherefore thy tears now flow.

AIDA.—Alas! the cry of war I hear,  
Vast hosts I see assemble;  
Therefore the country's fate I fear,  
For me, for all I tremble.

AMNERIS.—And art thou sure no deeper  
woe now bids thy tears to flow?  
Tremble! oh thou base vassal!

RADAMES (*aside, regarding AMNERIS*).  
Her glance with anger flashing  
Proclaims our love suspected.

AMNERIS.—Yes, tremble, base vassal,  
tremble,

Lest thy secret stain detected.

RADAMES.—Woe! if my hopes all dash-  
ing

She mar the plans I've laid!

AMNERIS.—All in vain thou wouldst  
dissemble,

By tear and blush betrayed!

AIDA (*aside*).—No! fate, o'er Egypt  
looming,

Weights down on my heart dejected,  
I wept that love thus was dooming  
To woe a hapless maid!

(*Enter the KING, preceded by his  
guards and followed by RAMPHIS,  
his Ministers, Priests, Captains,  
etc., etc., an officer of the Palace,  
and afterwards a Messenger.*)

THE KING.—Mighty the cause that  
summons

Round their King the faithful sons of  
Egypt.

From the Ethiop's land a messenger  
this moment has reached us.

Tidings of import brings he. Be  
pleased to hear him.

Now let the man come forward!

(*To an officer.*)

MESSENGER.—The sacred limits of Egypt-  
ian soil are by Ethiops invaded.

Our fertile fields lie all devastated,  
destroy'd our harvest.

Embalden'd by so easy a conquest, the  
plund'ring horde

On the Capital are marching.

ALL.—Presumptuous daring!

MESSENGER.—They are led by a warrior,  
undaunted, never conquered:  
Amonasro.

ALL.—The King!

AIDA.—My father!

MESSENGER.—All Thebes has arisen, and  
from her hundred portals

Has pour'd on the invader a torrent  
fierce,

Fraught with relentless carnage.

THE KING.—Ay, death and battle be our  
rallying cry!

RADAMES, RAMPHIS, CHORUS OF PRIESTS,  
CHORUS OF MINISTERS AND CAPTAINS.  
Battle! and carnage, war unrelent-  
ing!

THE KING (*addressing RADAMES*). Isis,  
revered Goddess, already has ap-  
pointed

The warrior chief with pow'r supreme  
invested.

Radames!

AIDA, AMNERIS, CHORUS OF MINISTERS  
AND CAPTAINS.—Radames!

RADAMES.—Ah! ye Gods, I thank you!  
My dearest wish is crown'd!

AMNERIS.—Our leader!

AIDA.—I tremble.

THE KING.—Now unto Vulcan's tem-  
ple, chieftain, proceed,

There to gird thee to vict'ry, don-  
ning sacred armor.

On! of Nilus' sacred river

Guard the shores, Egyptians brave,

Unto death the foe deliver,

Egypt they never, never shall en-  
slave!

RAMPHIS.—Glory render, glory abiding,  
To our Gods, the warrior guiding;  
In their pow'r alone confiding,  
Their protection let us crave.

AIDA (*aside*).—Whom to weep for?

Whom to pray for?

Ah! what pow'r to him now binds me!

Yet I love, tho' all reminds me

That I love my country's foe!

RADAMES.—Glory's sacred thirst now  
claims me,

Now 'tis war alone inflames me;

On to vict'ry! Naught we stay for!

Forward, and death to every foe!

AMNERIS.—From my hand, thou warrior  
glorious,

Take thy stand, aye victorious;

Let it ever lead thee onward

To the foeman's overthrow.

ALL.—Battle! No quarter to any foe!

May laurels crown thy brow!

AIDA.—May laurels crown thy brow!

What can my lips pronounce lan-  
guage so impious!

Wish him victor o'er my father—

O'er him who wages war but that I  
may be restored to my country,

To my kingdom, to the high station  
I now perforce dissemble!

Wish him conqu'ror o'er my brothers!

E'en now I see him stain'd with their  
blood so cherished,

'Mid the clam'rous triumph of Egyptian  
battalions!  
Behind his chariot a King, my father,  
as a fetter'd captive!  
Ye Gods watching o'er me,  
Those words deem unspoken!  
A father restore me, his daughter  
heart-broken,  
Oh, scatter their armies, forever crush  
our foe!  
Ah! what wild words do I utter?  
Of my affection have I no recollec-  
tion?  
That sweet love that consol'd me, a  
captive pining,  
Like some bright, sunny ray on my  
sad lot shining?  
Shall I invoke destruction on the  
man for whom in love I languish?  
Ah! never yet on earth liv'd one  
whose heart  
Was torn by wilder anguish!  
Those names so holy, of father, of  
lover,  
No more dare I now utter or e'en  
recall;  
Abashed and trembling, to heav'n  
fain would hover  
My prayers for both, for both my  
tears would fall.  
Ah! all my prayers seem transformed  
to blaspheming,  
To suffer is a crime, dark sin to sigh;  
Thro' darkest night I do wander as  
dreaming,  
And so cruel my woe, I fain would die.  
Merciful gods! look from on high!  
Pity these tears hopelessly shed.  
Love, fatal pow'r, mystic and dread,  
Break thou my heart, now let me die!

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Temple of  
Vulcan at Memphis. A mysterious  
light from above. A long row of  
columns, one behind the other, vanish-  
ing in darkness. Statues of various  
deities. In the middle of the stage,  
above a platform covered with car-  
pet, rises the altar, surmounted with  
sacred emblems. Golden tripods emit-  
ting the fumes of incense.*  
(PRIESTS.—RAMPHIS at the foot of  
the altar.)

HIGH PRIESTESS (*in the interior*). Lo,  
we invoke thee.

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Thou who  
mad'st ev'ry creature,  
Earth, water, air and fire,  
Lo, we invoke thee!

HIGH PRIESTESS.—Flame uncreated,  
eternal,  
Fount of all light above,  
Hail! lo, we invoke love,  
Thee we invoke!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Life giver, uni-  
versal,  
Source of unending love,  
Thee we invoke!

HIGH PRIESTESS AND PRIESTESSES,—Al-  
mighty Phtha!  
(*Sacred Dance of Priestesses.*)

RAMPHIS (*to RADAMES*).—Of gods the  
favor'd mortal,  
To thee confided be the favor of  
Egypt.  
Thy weapon, temper'd by hand im-  
mortal,  
In thy hand shall bring to the foe-  
man  
Alarm, agony, terror!  
(*Turning to the god.*)  
Hear us, oh, guardian deity,  
Our sacred land protecting,  
Thy mighty hand extending,  
Danger from Egypt ward.

RADAMES.—Hear us, each mortal des-  
tinity,  
War's dreadful course directing,  
Aid unto Egypt sending,  
Keep o'er her children ward.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.—Thy weapon,  
temper'd by hand immortal, etc.

CHORUS OF PRIESTESSES.—Almighty  
Phtha!

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the apartments of  
AMNERIS. AMNERIS surrounded by  
female slaves who attire her for the  
triumphal feast. Tripods emitting  
perfumed vapors. Young Moorish  
slaves waving feather-fans.*

CHORUS.—Our song his glory praising,  
Heavenward waft a name,  
Whose deeds the sun out-blazing,  
Out-shine his dazzling flame!  
Come, bind thy flowing tresses round  
With laurel and with flow'rs.  
While loud our songs of praise re-  
sound  
To celebrate love's pow'rs.

AMNERIS.—(Ah! come, love, with rap-  
ture fill me,  
To joy my heart restore.)

CHORUS.—Ah! where are now the foes  
who dared  
Egypt's brave sons attack?  
As doves are by the eagle scar'd,  
Our warriors drove them back.  
Now wreaths of triumph glorious  
The victor's brow shall crown,  
And love, o'er him victorious,  
Shall smooth his war-like frown.

AMNERIS.—Be silent! Aida hither now  
advances,  
Child of the conquer'd, to me her  
grief is sacred.





(*At a sign from AMNERIS the slaves retire.*)

(*Enter AIDA.*)

On her appearance,  
My soul again with doubt is tortur'd.  
It shall now be reveal'd, the fatal mystery!

(*To AIDA with feigned affection.*)

'Neath the chances of battle succumb  
thy people,  
Hapless Aida! The sorrows that  
afflict thee,

Be sure I feel as keenly.

My heart tow'rd's thee yearns fondly;  
In vain naught shalt thou ask of me:  
Thou shalt be happy!

AIDA.—Ah! how can I be happy.

Far from my native country, where  
I can never know  
What fate may befall my father,  
brothers?

AMNERIS.—Deeply you move me! yet  
no human sorrow  
Is lasting here below. Time will com-  
fort

And heal your present anguish. Great-  
er

Than time e'en the healing power of  
love is.

AIDA.—Oh, love, sweet power! oh, joy  
tormenting!

Rapturous madness bliss fraught with  
woes,

Thy pangs most cruel a life contenting.  
Thy smiles enchanting bright heaven  
disclose!

AMNERIS.—Yon deadly pallor, her bosom  
panting,

Tell of love's passion, tell of love's  
woes.

Her heart to question, courage is  
wanting.

My bosom feels of her torture the  
throes.

(*Eying her fixedly.*)

Now say, what new emotion so doth  
sway my fair Aida?

Thy secret thought reveal to me:

Come, trust securely, come,

Trust in my affection.

Among the warriors brave who  
Fought fatally 'gainst thy country,

It may be that one has waken'd

In thee gentle thoughts of love?

AIDA.—What mean'st thou?

AMNERIS.—The cruel fate of war not  
all alike embraces,

And then the dauntless warrior who  
Leads the host may perish.

Yes! Radames by thine is slaughter'd;

And canst thou mourn him?

The gods have wrought thee ven-  
geance,

AIDA.—What dost thou tell me!  
wretched fate!

Forever my tears shall flow!

Celestial favor to me was ne'er ex-  
tended.

AMNERIS (*breaking out with violence.*)

Tremble! thou art discovered!

Thou lov'st him! Ne'er deny it!

Nay, to confound thee I need but a  
word.

Gaze on my visage; I told thee false-  
ly;

Radames liveth!

AIDA (*with rapture.*) Liveth! gods, I  
thank ye!

AMNERIS.—Dost hope still now deceive  
me?

Yes, thou lov'st him!

But so do I; dost hear my words?

Behold thy rival, here is a Pharaoh's  
daughter.

AIDA (*drawing herself up with pride.*)

Thou my rival! what tho' it were so;

For I, I, too!

(*Falling at AMNERIS' feet.*)

Ah! heed not my words! oh, spare!  
forgive me!

Ah! on all my anguish sweet pity  
take;

'Tis true, for his love I all else for-  
sake.

While thou art mighty, all joys thy  
dower,

Naught save my love now is left for me!

AMNERIS.—Tremble, vile bond-maid!

Dying heart-broken,

Soon shalt thou rue the love thou  
hast spoken.

Do I not hold thee fast in my power,  
Hatred and vengeance my heart owes  
for thee!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—On to Nilus'  
sacred river.

Guard the shores, Egyptians brave:

Unto death the foe deliver.

Egypt they never shall enslave.

AMNERIS.—In the pageant now prepar-  
ing

Shall a part by thee be taken;

While before me thou in dust art  
prone,

I shall share the royal throne!

AIDA.—Pray thee spare a heart despair-  
ing!

Life's to me a void forsaken;

Live and reign, thy anger blighting,

I shall no longer brave;

Soon this love, thy hate inviting,

Shall be buried in the grave.

Ah! then spare!

AMNERIS.—Come, now follow, I will  
show thee

Whether thou canst vie with me.

AIDA.—Powers above, pity my woe,  
 Hope have I none now here below;  
 Deign, ye Immortals, mercy to show;  
 Ye gods, ah spare! ah spare! ah spare!

SCENE II.—*An avenue to the City of Thebes. In front, a clump of Palms. Right hand, a temple dedicated to Ammon. Left hand, a throne with a purple canopy. At back, triumphal arch. The stage is crowded with people.*

*(Enter the KING followed by Officials, Priests, Captains, Fanbearers, Standard-bearers. Afterwards AMNERIS, with AIDA and slaves. The KING takes his seat on the throne. AMNERIS places herself at his left hand.)*

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—Glory to Isis, who  
 from all

Wardeth away disaster!  
 To Egypt's royal master  
 Raise we our festal song!  
 Glory! Glory!  
 Glory, oh King!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.—The laurel with  
 the lotus bound

The victor's brows enwreathing!  
 Let flow'rs sweet perfume breathing,  
 Veil warlike arms from sight.  
 Ye sons of Egypt dance around,  
 And sing your mystic praises,  
 As round the sun in mazes  
 Dance all the stars in delight.

*(The Egyptian Troops, preceded by trumpeters, defile before the KING—the chariots of war follow the ensigns—the sacred vases and statues of the gods—troops of Dancing Girls who carry the treasures of the defeated—and lastly RADAMES, under a canopy borne by twelve officers.)*

*(The KING descends from the throne to embrace RADAMES.)*

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—Hither advance, oh  
 glorious band,

Mingle your joy with ours;  
 Green bays and fragrant flowers,  
 Scatter their path along.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.—To powers war  
 deciding

Our glances raise we;  
 Thank we our gods and praise we,  
 On this triumphant day.

THE KING.—Savior brave of thy coun-  
 try, Egypt salutes thee!

Hither now advance and on thy head  
 My daughter will place the crown of  
 triumph.

*(RADAMES bends before AMNERIS,  
 who hands him the crown.)*

What boon thou askest, freely I'll  
 grant it.

Naught can be denied thee on such  
 a day.

I swear it by the crown I am wear-  
 ing,

By heav'n above us!

RADAMES.—First deign to order that the  
 captives

Be before you brought.

*(Enter Ethiopian prisoners sur-  
 rounded by guards, AMONASRO  
 last in the dress of an officer.)*

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Thank we our  
 gods!

AIDA.—What see I? He here? My  
 father!

ALL.—Her father!

AMNERIS.—And in our power!

AIDA *(embracing her father)*.—Thou!  
 captive made!

AMONASRO *(whispering to AIDA)*.

Tell not my rank!

THE KING *(to AMONASRO)*.—Come for-  
 ward—

So then, thou art?

AMONASRO.—Her father. I, too, have  
 fought,

And we are conquer'd; death I vainly  
 sought.

*(Pointing to the uniform he is wear-  
 ing.)*

This my garment has told you already  
 That I fought to defend King and  
 country;

Adverse fortune against us ran steady,  
 Vainly sought we the fates to defy.

At my feet in the dust lay extended  
 Our King, countless wounds had  
 transpierc'd him;

If to fight for the country that nurs'd  
 him

Make one guilty, we're ready to die!  
 But, oh King, in thy power transcen-  
 dent

Spare the lives on thy mercy depen-  
 dent;

By fates though to-day overtaken,  
 Ah! say, who can to-morrow's event  
 descry?

AIDA.—But, O King, in thy power trans-  
 cendent, etc.

SLAVE-PRISONERS.—We, on whom  
 heaven's anger is falling,

Thee implore, on thy clemency call-  
 ing;

May ye ne'er be by fortune forsaken,  
 Nor thus in captivity lie!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Death, oh King,  
 be their just destination,

Close thy heart to all vain supplica-  
 tion,







- By the heavens they doom'd are to  
perish,  
We the heavens are bound to obey.
- PEOPLE.—Holy priests, calm your anger  
exceeding,  
Lend an ear to the conquer'd foe,  
pleading.  
Mighty King, thou whose power we  
cherish,  
In thy bosom let mercy have sway.
- RADAMES (*fixing his eyes on AIDA*).  
See her cheek wan with weeping and  
sorrow,  
From affliction new charm seems to  
borrow;  
In my bosom love's flame seems new  
lighted  
By each tear drop that flows from her  
eyes.
- AMNERIS.—With what glances on her he  
is gazing!  
Glowing passion within them is  
blazing!  
She is lov'd, and my passion is  
slighted?  
Stern revenge in my breast loudly  
cries!
- THE KING.—High in triumph since our  
banners now are soaring,  
Let us spare those our mercy implor-  
ing:  
By the gods mercy, aye, is requited,  
And of princes it strengthens the  
sway.
- RADAMES.—O King! by heav'n above us,  
And by the crown on thy brow thou  
sworest,  
Whate'er I asked thee thou wouldst  
grant it.
- THE KING.—Say on.
- RADAMES.—Vouchsafe then, I pray free-  
dom and life to freely grant  
Unto these Ethiop captives here.
- AMNERIS.—Free all, then!
- PRIESTS.—Death be the doom of  
Egypt's enemies!
- PEOPLE.—Compassion to the wretched!
- RAMPHIS.—Hear me, oh King! and  
thou too,  
Dauntless young hero, lost to the  
voice of prudence;  
They are foes, to battle hardened.  
Vengeance ne'er in them will die,  
Growing bolder if now pardoned,  
They to arms once more will fly!
- RADAMES.—With Amonasro, their war-  
rior King,  
All hopes of revenge have perish'd.
- RAMPHIS.—At least, as earnest of safety  
and of peace,  
Keep we back then Aida's father.
- THE KING.—I yield me to thy counsel;  
Of safety now and peace a bond more  
certain will I give you.  
Radames, to thee our debt is un-  
bounded.  
Amneris, my daughter, shall be thy  
guerdon.  
Thou shalt hereafter o'er Egypt with  
her hold conjoint sway.
- AMNERIS (*aside*).—Now let yon bond-  
maid, now let her  
Rob me of my love she dare not!
- THE KING.—Glory to Egypt's gracious  
land,  
Isis hath aye protected,  
With laurel and with lotus,  
Entwine proudly the victor's head.
- RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Praise be to  
Isis, goddess bland,  
Who hath our land protected,  
And pray that the favor's granted us,  
Ever be o'er us shed.
- SLAVE-PRISONERS.—Glory to Egypt's  
gracious land,  
She hath revenge rejected,  
And liberty hath granted us  
Once more our soil to tread.
- AIDA.—Alas! to me what hope is left?  
He wed, a throne ascending,  
I left my loss to measure,  
To mourn a hopeless love.
- RADAMES.—Now heaven's bolt the clouds  
has cleft,  
Upon my head descending,  
Ah! no, all Egypt's treasure  
Weighs not Aida's love.
- AMNERIS.—Almost of every sense bereft,  
By joy my hopes transcending,  
Scarce I the triumph can measure  
Now crowning all my love.
- AMONASRO (*to AIDA*).—Take heart:  
there yet some hope is left,  
Thy country's fate amending;  
Soon shalt thou see with pleasure  
Revenge light from above.
- PEOPLE.—Glory to Egypt's goddess  
bland,  
Who hath our land protected!  
With laurel and with lotus,  
Entwine proudly the victor's head.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Shores of the Nile. Granite  
rocks overgrown with palm-trees. On  
the summit of the rocks a temple dedi-  
cated to Isis, half hidden in foliage.  
Night; stars and a bright moon.*

CHORUS (*in the Temple*). Oh, thou who  
to Osiris art  
Mother and consort immortal,  
Goddess that mak'st the human heart

In fond emotion move,  
Aid us who seek thy portal,  
Parent of deathless love.

HIGH PRIESTESS.—Aid us thy portal who seek.  
*(From a boat which approaches the shore descend AMNERIS and RAMPHIS, followed by some women closely veiled. Guards.)*

RAMPHIS (to AMNERIS).—Come to the fane of Isis; the eve  
Before the day of thy bridal, to pray the goddess  
Grant thee her favor. To Isis are the hearts  
Of mortals open. In human hearts whatever  
Is hidden, full well she knoweth.

AMNERIS.—Aye; and I will pray that Radames  
May give me truly his heart,  
Truly as mine to him was ever devoted.

RAMPHIS.—Now enter. Thou shalt pray  
Till the daylight; I shall be near thee.  
*(All enter the Temple.)*  
*(AIDA enters cautiously veiled.)*

AIDA.—He will ere long be here! What would he tell me?  
I tremble! Ah! if thou comest to bid me,  
Harsh man, farewell forever,  
Then Nilus, thy dark and rushing stream  
Shall soon o'erwhelm me; peace shall I find there,  
And a long oblivion.  
My native land no more, no more shall I behold!  
O sky of azure hue, breezes softly blowing.  
Whose smiling glances saw my young life unfold  
Fair verdant hillsides, oh streamlets gently flowing,  
Thee, oh, my country, no more shall I behold!  
Yes, fragrant valleys, your sheltering bowers,  
Once 'twas my dream, should love's abode hang o'er;  
Perish'd those dreams now like winter-blighted flowers,  
Land of my fathers, ne'er shall I see thee more!  
*(Enter AMONASRO.)*  
Heav'n! my father!

AMONASRO.—Grave cause leads me to seek thee here, Aida.  
Naught escapes my attention.  
For Radames thou'rt dying of love;  
He loves thee, thou await'st him.

A daughter of the Pharaons is thy rival,  
Race accursed, race detested, to us aye fatal!

AIDA.—And I am in her grasp!  
I, Amonasro's daughter!

AMONASRO.—In her power thou! No! if thou wishest,  
Thy all-powerful rival thou shall vanquish,  
Thy country, thy scepter, thy love, shall all be thine.  
Once again shalt thou on our balmy forests,  
Our verdant valleys, our golden temples gaze!

AIDA.—Once again I shall on our balmy forests,  
Our verdant valleys, our golden temple's gaze!

AMONASRO.—The happy bride of thy heart's dearest treasure,  
Delight unbounded there shalt thou enjoy.

AIDA *(with transport)*.—One day alone of such enchanting pleasure,  
Nay, but an hour of bliss so sweet, then let me die!

AMONASRO.—Yet recall how Egyptian hordes descended  
On our homes, our temples, our altars dar'd profane!  
Cast in bonds sisters, daughters undefended,  
Mothers, graybeards, and helpless children slain.

AIDA.—Too well remember'd are those days of mourning!  
All the keen anguish my poor heart that pierc'd!  
Gods! grant in mercy, peace once more returning,  
Once more the dawn soon of glad days may burst.

AMONASRO.—Remember! Lose not a moment.  
Our people arm'd are panting  
For the signal when to strike the blow.  
Success is sure, only one thing is wanting:  
That we know by what path will march the foe.

AIDA.—Who that path will discover?  
Canst tell?

AMONASRO.—Thyself will!

AIDA.—I?

AMONASRO.—Radames knows thou art waiting.  
He loves thee, he commands the Egyptians.  
Dost hear me?

AIDA.—O horror! What wilt thou that I do?  
No! Nevermore!





- AMONASRO (*with savage fury*).—Up,  
Egypt! fierce nation  
Our cities devoting  
To flames, and denoting  
With ruins your path.  
Spread wide devastation,  
Your fury unbridle,  
Resistance is idle,  
Give rein to your wrath.
- AIDA.—Ah! Father!
- AMONASRO (*repulsing her*).—Dost call  
thee my daughter?
- AIDA.—Nay hold! have mercy!
- AMONASRO.—Torrents of blood shall  
crimson flow,  
Grimly the foe stands gloating.  
Seest thou? from darkling gulfs be-  
low  
Shades of the dead upfloating!  
Crying, as thee in scorn they show:  
"Thy country thou hast slain!"
- AIDA.—Nay hold! ah hold! have mercy,  
pray!
- AMONASRO.—One among those phan-  
toms dark,  
E'en now it stands before thee:  
Tremble! now stretching o'er thee,  
Its bony hand I mark!  
Thy mother's hands, see there again  
Stretch'd out to curse thee.
- AIDA (*with the utmost terror*).  
Ah! no! my father, spare thy child!
- AMONASRO (*repulsing her*).—Thou'rt my  
daughter!  
No, of the Pharaohs thou art a bond-  
maid!
- AIDA.—Oh spare thy child!  
Father! no, their slave am I no  
longer,  
Ah, with thy curse do not appall me;  
Still thine own daughter thou mayest  
call me,  
Ne'er shall my country her child dis-  
dain.
- AMONASRO.—Think that thy race down-  
trampled by the conqu'ror,  
Thro' thee alone can their freedom  
gain.
- AIDA.—Oh then my country has proved  
the stronger,  
My country's cause than love is  
stronger!
- AMONASRO.—Have courage! he comes!  
there! I'll remain.  
(*Conceals himself among the palms.*)
- RADAMES (*with transport*).—Again I see  
thee, my own Aida.
- AIDA.—Advance not! hence! what hopes  
are thine?
- RADAMES.—Love led me hither in hope  
to meet thee.
- AIDA.—Thou to another must thy hand  
resign.  
The Princess weds thee.
- RADAMES.—What sayest thou?  
Thee only, Aida, e'er can I love.  
Be witness, heaven, thou art not for-  
saken.
- AIDA.—Invoke not falsely the gods  
above!  
True, thou wert lov'd; let not untruth  
degrade thee!
- RADAMES.—Can of my love no more I  
persuade thee?
- AIDA.—And how then hop'st thou to  
baffle the love of the Princess.  
The King's high command, the desire  
of the people,  
The certain wrath of the priesthood?
- RADAMES.—Hear me, Aida.  
Once more of deadly strife with hope  
unfading  
The Ethiop has again lighted the  
brand.  
Already they our borders have in-  
vaded;  
All Egypt's armies I shall command.  
While shouts of triumph greet me  
victorious,  
To our kind monarch my love dis-  
closing,  
I thee will claim as my guerdon glori-  
ous,  
With thee live evermore in love re-  
posing.
- AIDA.—Nay, but dost thou not fear then  
Amneris' fell revenge?  
Her dreadful vengeance, like the light-  
ning of heaven  
On me will fall, upon my father, my  
nation.
- RADAMES.—I will defend thee!
- AIDA.—In vain wouldst thou attempt it,  
Yet if thou lov'st me,  
There still offers a path for our es-  
cape.
- RADAMES.—Name it!
- AIDA.—To flee!
- RADAMES.—To flee hence?
- AIDA.—Ah, flee from where these burn-  
ing skies  
Are all beneath them blighting;  
Toward regions now we'll turn our  
eyes,  
Our faithful love inviting.  
There, where the virgin forests rise,  
'Mid fragrance softly stealing,  
Our loving bliss concealing,  
The world we'll quite forget.
- RADAMES.—To distant countries rang-  
ing,  
With thee thou bid'st me fly!  
For other lands exchanging  
All 'neath my native sky!

The land these armies have guarded,  
That first fame's crown awarded,  
Where first I thee regarded,  
How can I e'er forget?

AIDA.—There, where the virgin forests  
rise,

'Mid fragrance softly stealing,  
Our loving bliss concealing,  
The world we'll quite forget.

RADAMES.—Where first I thee regarded  
How can I e'er forget?

AIDA.—Beneath our skies more freely  
To our hearts will love be yielded;  
The gods thy youth that shielded,  
Will not our love forget;  
Ah, let us fly!

RADAMES (*hesitating*).—Aida.

AIDA.—Me thou lov'st not! Go!

RADAMES.—Not love thee?

Ne'er yet in mortal bosom love's flame  
did burn

With ardor so devouring!

AIDA.—Go! go! yon awaits for thee  
Amneris!

RADAMES.—All in vain.

AIDA.—In vain, thou sayest?

Then fall the axe upon me,  
And on my wretched father.

RADAMES (*with impassioned resolution*).

Ah no! we'll fly, then!

Yes, we'll fly these walls now hated,  
In the desert hide our treasure,  
Here the land to love seems fated,  
There all seems to smile on me.

AIDA.—'Mid the valleys where nature  
greeted thee,

We our bridal couch soon spreading,  
Starry skies, their lustre shedding,  
Be our lucid canopy.

Follow me, together flying,

Where all love doth still abide;

Thou art lov'd with love undying!

Come, and love our steps shall guide.

(*They are hasting away when suddenly AIDA pauses*)

AIDA.—But, tell me: by what path shall  
we avoid

Alighting on the soldiers?

RADAMES.—By the path that we have  
chosen

To fall on the Ethiops,

'Twill be free until to-morrow.

AIDA.—Say, which is that?

RADAMES.—The gorges of Napata.

AMONASRO.—Of Napata the gorges!

There will I post my men!

RADAMES.—Who has overheard us?

AMONASRO.—Aida's father, Ethiopia's  
King!

RADAMES (*overcome with surprise*).

Thou! Amonasro! thou! the King?

Heaven! what say'st thou?

No! it is false!

Surely this can be but dreaming!

AIDA.—Ah no! be calm, and list to me,

Trust! love thy footsteps guiding.

AMONASRO.—In her fond love confiding

A throne thy prize shall be.

RADAMES.—My name forever branded!

For thee I've played the traitor!

AIDA.—Ah, calm thee!

AMONASRO.—No; blame can never fall  
on thee,

It was by fate commanded.

Come, where beyond the Nile arrayed,

Warriors brave are waiting;

There love each fond wish sating,

Thou shalt be happy made. Come  
then.

(*Dragging RADAMES.*)

AMNERIS (*from the temple*).—Traitor  
vile!

AIDA.—My rival here!

AMONASRO.—Dost thou come to mar my  
projects!

(*Advancing with dagger towards  
AMNERIS.*)

RADAMES (*rushing between them*).

Desist thou madman!

AMONASRO.—Oh fury!

RAMPHIS.—Soldiers, advance!

RADAMES (*to AIDA and AMONASRO*).

Fly quick! delay not!

AMONASRO (*dragging AIDA*).—Come  
then, my daughter.

RAMPHIS (*to the guards*).—Follow  
after!

RADAMES (*to RAMPHIS*).—Priest of Isis,  
I yield to thee.

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the King's palace.*

*On the left a large portal leading to  
the subterranean hall of justice. A  
passage on the right, leading to the  
prison of Radames.*

AMNERIS.—She, my rival detested, has  
escaped me.

And from the priesthood Radames

Awaits the sentence on a traitor.

Yet a traitor he is not. Tho' he dis-  
closed

The weighty secrets of warfare, flight  
was

His true intention, and flight with her,  
too.

They are traitors all, then! deserving  
to perish!

What am I saying? I love him, still  
I love him:

Yes, insane and desp'rate is the love

My wretched life destroying.

Ah! could he only love me!

I fain would save him. Yet can I?  
One effort! Soldiers, Radames bring  
hither.

*(Enter RADAMES, led by guards.)*  
Now to the hall the priests proceed,  
Whose judgment thou art waiting;  
Yet there is hope from this foul deed  
Thyself of disculpating;  
Once clear to gain thy pardon  
I at the throne's foot kneeling,  
For mercy dear appealing,  
Life will I render thee.

RADAMES.—From me my judges ne'er  
will hear

One word of exculpation;  
In sight of heaven I am clear,  
Nor fear its reprobation.  
My lips I kept no guard on.  
The secret I imparted,  
But guiltless and pure-hearted,  
From stain my honor's free.

AMNERIS.—Then save thy life, and clear  
thyself.

RADAMES.—No.

AMNERIS.—Wouldst thou die?

RADAMES.—My life is hateful! Of all  
pleasure

For ever 'tis divested,  
Without hope's priceless treasure,  
'Tis better far to die.

AMNERIS.—Wouldst die, then? Ah!  
thou for me shalt live!

Live, of all my love assured;  
The keenest pangs that death can give,  
For thee have I endured!  
By love condemn'd to languish,  
Long vigils I've spent in anguish,  
My country, my power, existence,  
All I'd surrender for thee.

RADAMES.—For her I too my country,  
Honor and life surrendered!

AMNERIS.—No more of her!

RADAMES.—Dishonor awaits me,

Yet thou wilt save me?  
\*Thou all my hope has shaken,  
Aida thou has taken;  
Haply thou hast slain her,  
And yet offerest life to me?

AMNERIS.—I, on her life lay guilty  
hands?

No! She is living!

RADAMES.—Living.

AMNERIS.—When routed fled the savage  
bands,

To fate war's chances giving,  
Perish'd her father.

RADAMES.—And she then?

AMNERIS.—Vanish'd, nor aught heard  
we then further.

RADAMES.—The gods her path guide  
then,

Safe to her home returning,  
Guard her, too, e'er from learning  
That I for her sake die!

AMNERIS.—But if I save thee, wilt thou  
swear

Her sight e'er to resign?

RADAMES.—I cannot!

AMNERIS.—Swear to renounce her for-  
ever,

Life shall be thine!

RADAMES.—I cannot!

AMNERIS.—Once more thy answer;

Wilt thou renounce her?

RADAMES.—No never!

AMNERIS.—Life's thread wouldst thou  
then sever?

RADAMES.—I am prepared to die.

AMNERIS.—From the fate now hanging  
o'er thee,

Who will save thee, wretched being?  
She whose heart could once adore  
thee,

Now is made thy mortal foe  
Heaven all my anguish seeing,  
Will avenge this cruel blow.

RADAMES.—Void of terror death now  
appeareth,

Since I die for her I cherish;  
In the hour when I perish,  
With delight my heart will glow;  
Wrath no more this bosom feareth,  
Scorn for thee alone I know.

*(Exit RADAMES attended by guards.  
AMNERIS, overcome, sinks on a  
chair.)*

AMNERIS.—Ah me! 'tis death ap-  
proaches!

Who now will save him?

He is now in their power, his sen-  
tence I have seal'd!

Oh, how I curse thee, Jealousy, vile  
monster,

Thou who hast doom'd him to death,  
And me to everlasting sorrow!

*(The Priests cross and enter the  
subterranean hall.)*

Now yonder come, remorseless,  
Relentless, his merciless judges.

Ah! let me not behold those white  
rob'd phantoms!

He is now in their power;

'Twas I alone his fate that seal'd!

RAMPHIS AND CHORUS.—Heavenly  
spirit, in our hearts descending,

Kindle of righteousness the flame,  
eternal;

Unto our sentence truth and right-  
eousness lending.

AMNERIS.—Pity, oh heav'n, this heart  
so sorely wounded!

His heart is guiltless, save him,  
pow'rs supernal!

- For my sorrow is despairing, deep,  
unbounded!
- (RADAMES *crosses with guards, and enters the subterraneous hall. She sees RADAMES, and exclaims.*)  
Ah! who will save him?  
I feel death approach!
- RAMPHIS (*in the crypt*).—Radames! Radames! Radames!  
Thou hast betrayed of thy country the secrets  
To aid the foeman. Defend thyself!
- CHORUS.—Defend thyself.  
RAMPHIS.—He is silent.  
ALL.—Traitor vile!
- AMNERIS.—Mercy! spare him, ne'er was he guilty;  
Ah, spare him, heaven, ah, spare his life.
- RAMPHIS.—Radames! Radames! Radames!  
Thou hast deserted the encampment the very day  
Before the combat. Defend thyself!
- CHORUS.—Defend thyself!  
RAMPHIS.—He is silent.  
ALL.—Traitor vile!
- AMNERIS.—Mercy, spare him, save him, oh heav'n,  
Ah, spare him, heav'n, ah spare his life!
- RAMPHIS.—Radames! Radames! Radames!  
Hast broken faith as a traitor to country,  
To King, to honor. Defend thyself!
- CHORUS.—Defend thyself!  
RAMPHIS.—He is silent.  
ALL.—Traitor vile!
- AMNERIS.—Mercy, spare him, save him, oh heav'n,  
Ah heav'n, spare him, heav'n, spare his life!
- RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Radames, we thy fate have decided;  
Of a traitor the fate shall be thine:  
'Neath the altar whose god thou'st decided,  
Thou a sepulchre living shall find.
- AMNERIS.—Find a sepulchre living! Oh, ye wretches!  
Ever blood-thirsty, vengeful, and blind,  
Yet who serve of kind heaven the shrine!  
(*The Priests re-enter out of the crypt.*)
- AMNERIS (*confronting the Priests*).  
Priests of Isis, your sentence is odious!  
Tigers, ever exulting in slaughter!  
Of the earth and the gods all laws ye outrage!
- He is guiltless, whose death ye devise!
- RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—He is condemned! He dies!
- AMNERIS (*to RAMPHIS*).—Priest of Isis, this man who you murder.  
Well ye know, in my heart I have cherish'd:  
May the curse of a heart whose hope has perish'd  
Fall on him who mercy denies!
- RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—He is condemned! He dies!  
(*Exeunt RAMPHIS and Priests.*)
- AMNERIS.—Impious priesthood! curses light on ye all!  
On your heads heaven's vengeance will fall!
- SCENE II.—*The scene is divided into two floors. The upper floor represents the interior of the Temple of Vulcan, resplendent with gold and glittering light. The lower floor is a crypt. Long arcades vanishing in the gloom. Colossal statues of Osiris with crossed hands support the pillars of the vault. Radames is discovered in the crypt, on the steps of the stairs leading into the vault. Above, two Priests are in the act of letting down the stone which closes the subterranean apartment.*
- RADAMES.—The fatal stone upon me now is closing!  
Now has the tomb engulf'd me.  
I never more shall light behold.  
Ne'er shall I see Aida,  
Aida, where now art thou?  
Whate'er befell me, may'st thou be happy,  
Ne'er may my frightful doom reach thy ear.  
What groan was that! 'Tis a phantom,  
Some vision dread! No! sure that form is human!  
Heav'n! Aida!
- AIDA.—'Tis I, love!
- RADAMES (*in the utmost despair*).—Thou? with me here buried?
- AIDA.—My heart foreboded this thy dreadful sentence,  
And to this tomb, that shuts on thee its portal,  
I crept unseen by mortal.  
Here, far from all, where none can more behold us,  
Clasp'd in thy arms I am resolved to perish.
- RADAMES.—To die! so pure and lovely!  
For me thyself so dooming,  
In all thy beauty blooming,







Fade thus forever!  
 Thou whom the heav'ns alone for  
 love created,  
 But to destroy thee was my love then  
 fated!  
 Ah, no, those eyes so clear I prize,  
 For death too lovely are!

AIDA (*as in a trance*).—Seest thou,  
 where death, in angel guise,  
 In heav'nly radiance beaming,  
 Would waft us to eternal joys,  
 On golden wings above?  
 See, heaven's gates are open wide,  
 Where tears are never streaming,  
 Where only joy and bliss abide,  
 And never fading love.

PRIESTESSES AND PRIESTS.—Almighty  
 Phtha, that wakest,  
 In all things breathing life,  
 Lo! we invoke thee.

AIDA.—Doleful chanting!

RADAMES.—Of the Priests 'tis the in-  
 vocation.

AIDA.—It is our death chant resound-  
 ing.

RADAMES (*trying to displace the stone  
 closing the vault*).—Cannot my  
 lusty sinews move from its  
 place  
 A moment this fatal stone!

AIDA.—In vain! All, is over,  
 Hope on earth have we none.

RADAMES (*with sad resignation*). I  
 fear it! I fear it!

AIDA AND RADAMES.—Farewell, oh earth,  
 farewell, thou vale of sorrow,  
 Brief dream of joy condemn'd to end  
 in woe,  
 To us now opens the sky, an endless  
 morrow  
 Unshadow'd there eternally shall  
 glow.

Ah! now opens the sky.  
 (*AMNERIS appears habited in mourn-  
 ing, and throws herself on the  
 stone closing the vault.*)

AMNERIS (*soffocating with emotion*).  
 Peace everlasting. Oh, my beloved,  
 Isis relenting greet thee on high!

PRIESTS.—Almighty Phtha!

# THE CHORAL UNION

## SOPRANOS

Avery, Marie  
Barton, Allie  
Bebout, Mrs. G. N.  
Ben'Oliel, Lillie  
Blaich, Mrs. Geo.  
Borden, Gertrude  
Brewster, Katherine  
Bruegel, Anna  
Bury, Mary E.  
Caldwell, Minnie B.  
Campbell, Elizabeth A.  
Caspary, Frances  
Chase, Mildred H.  
Chubb, Carolyn  
Chute, Gertrude M.  
Clarke, Georgia P.  
Conder, Mrs. E. R.  
Crim, Ruth E.  
Davison, Nina M.  
Dudley, Mrs. S. M.  
Eberbach, Mrs. E. H.  
Ely, Abigail M.  
Farlin, Leila H.  
Ferguson, Mrs. A. P.  
Fischer, Babette L.  
Fischer, Ida M.  
Fischer, Natalie  
Fitzgerald, Birdie  
Fouch, Mrs. Squire  
Gannett, Lucy  
Godfrey, Effie  
Greene, Mrs. C. W.  
Gundert, Anna  
Hamilton, Nellie M.  
Harnden, Mabel  
Hawkins, Mrs. F. B.  
Heywood, Mabel  
Hulett, Helen V.  
Jenks, Caroline  
Johnson, Marilla  
Jones, E. May  
Kanouse, Sarah L.  
Kieth, Mrs. E. A.  
Key, Mrs. G. F.  
Kitson, Mrs. A. J.  
Krause, Carrie P.  
McMichael, Lillie  
Marble, Alice  
Marshall, Berthena  
Mummery, Mrs. A. A.  
Niles, Mrs. B. D.  
Oleson, Rubv M.  
Osborne, Grace A.  
Peale, Marjorie  
Pennell, Carolyn A.  
Pennell, Elizabeth C.  
Peterson, Mrs. M. C.  
Potts, Georgina  
Rainey, Mrs. A.  
Reyer, Amanda E.  
Rhodes, Jennie S.  
Rominger, Julie  
Rothman, Alice E.  
Ryan, Eleanor  
Ryder, Mrs. E. H.  
Savery, Mrs. W. I.  
Schenk, Rosina  
Schleede, Edith  
Slaight, Mrs. R. D.  
Sperry, Ora  
Staebler, Mrs. J.  
Sunderland, Florence  
Tarrant, Bertha H.  
Taylor, Mella  
Thayer, Laurel C.  
Thompson, Grace McD.  
Tremper, Kate  
Tremper, Mildred  
Vaughan, Estelle J.  
Vincent, May R.  
Voorhees, Gertrude  
Weinmann, Emma C.  
Whedon, Sara  
Whitfield, Mrs. F. M.  
Whitman, Daisy H.  
Whitman, Lillian  
Wilson, Mrs. Kate M. B.  
Woods, Mrs. H. M.  
Wurster, Pauline

## ALTOS

Allmand, Jessie  
Allmendinger Marie E.  
Barnard, Florence  
Barnard, Bessie  
Ben'Oliel, Daisy  
Blanchard, Bertha  
Bogle, Katherine  
Broadbridge, Lotta  
Bull, Roberta  
Carlisle, Lelia  
Cawley, Anna  
Chandler, Dulu  
Chapman, Olive  
Childs, Mrs. W. K.  
Chubb, Agnes  
Clark, Martha  
Coldren, Mae B.  
Compere, Irene L.  
Covert, Ida M.  
Davis, Mrs. A. L.  
Davis, Bertha  
Dicken, Carrie  
Dunbar, Frances J.  
Eberbach, Edith  
Ferris, Etiola M.  
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Niles, B. D.

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Snauble, Vernor L.  
Stone, H. K.  
Sunderland, E. R.  
Swineford, C. R.  
Webb, G. A.  
Zimmerman, L. D.  
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Carney, C. S.  
Carraghan, L. H.  
Coe, H. E.  
Collum, LaMont A.  
Conder, E. R.  
Davis, R. B.  
De Bruyn, R. P.  
de Pont, P. R.  
Doll, M. G.  
Edwards, R. L.  
Erwin, H. P.  
Finney, A. C.  
Fisher, C. A.  
Gass, T. H.  
Goodrich, R. D.  
Greene, C. W.  
Halliday, E. M.  
Hawley, J. A.  
Henselman, J. H.  
Hicks, A. P.

Higley, F. C.  
Hirschman, Jesse F.  
Horton, E. H.  
Howell, R. B.  
Howes, F. J.  
Ingold, Geo.  
Johnson, Moses  
Johnson, Thos.  
Keeler, C. E.  
Kerr, J. Y.  
Kilgore, F. J.  
Killeen, Earle G.  
Koch, Eugene J.  
Lange, C. F. A.  
Macduff, Douglas  
Minor, Van Lien  
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Murdock, C. E.  
Nancrede, C. B.  
Ortmeyer, A. H.  
Parrish, B. R.  
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Rogers, Collin B.  
Ruby, Clem  
Ryder, E. H.

Schmidt, August  
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Sims, T. A.  
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Smith, W. C.  
Snell, W. C.  
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Stair, Gobin  
Stieger, A. W.  
Test, E. W.  
Tower, L. H.  
Trueblood, B. C.  
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