





[OFFICIAL]

ELEVENTH  
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor,  
Michigan

*May 12, 13, 14, 1904*

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN  
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
1904

# ILLUSTRATIONS

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# LIST OF CONCERTS and SOLOISTS

Thursday, May 12, 8 p. m.

## Miscellaneous Concert

### SOLOISTS

MISS ANITA RIO, Soprano

Signor EMILIO de GOGORZA, Baritone

THE CHORAL UNION

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

Friday, May 13, 3 P. M.

## Symphony Concert

Mr. FREDERIC MARTIN, Bass

Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Friday, May 13, 8 P. M.

## "The Dream of Gerontius"

An Oratorio, . . . . . Elgar

### CAST

#### PART I

Gerontius,	. . . . .	HOLMES COWPER
The Priest,	. . . . .	EMILIO de GOGORZA
Assistants,	. . . . .	CHORAL UNION

#### PART II

Soul of Gerontius,	. . . . .	HOLMES COWPER
Angel,	. . . . .	LOUISE HOMER
Angel of the Agony,	. . . . .	EMILIO de GOGORZA
Demons, Angelicals, and Souls,	. . . . .	CHORAL UNION

Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Saturday, May 14, 2.30 P. M.

## Miscellaneous Concert

Miss FLORENCE MULFORD, Contralto

Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Saturday, May 14, 7.30 P. M.

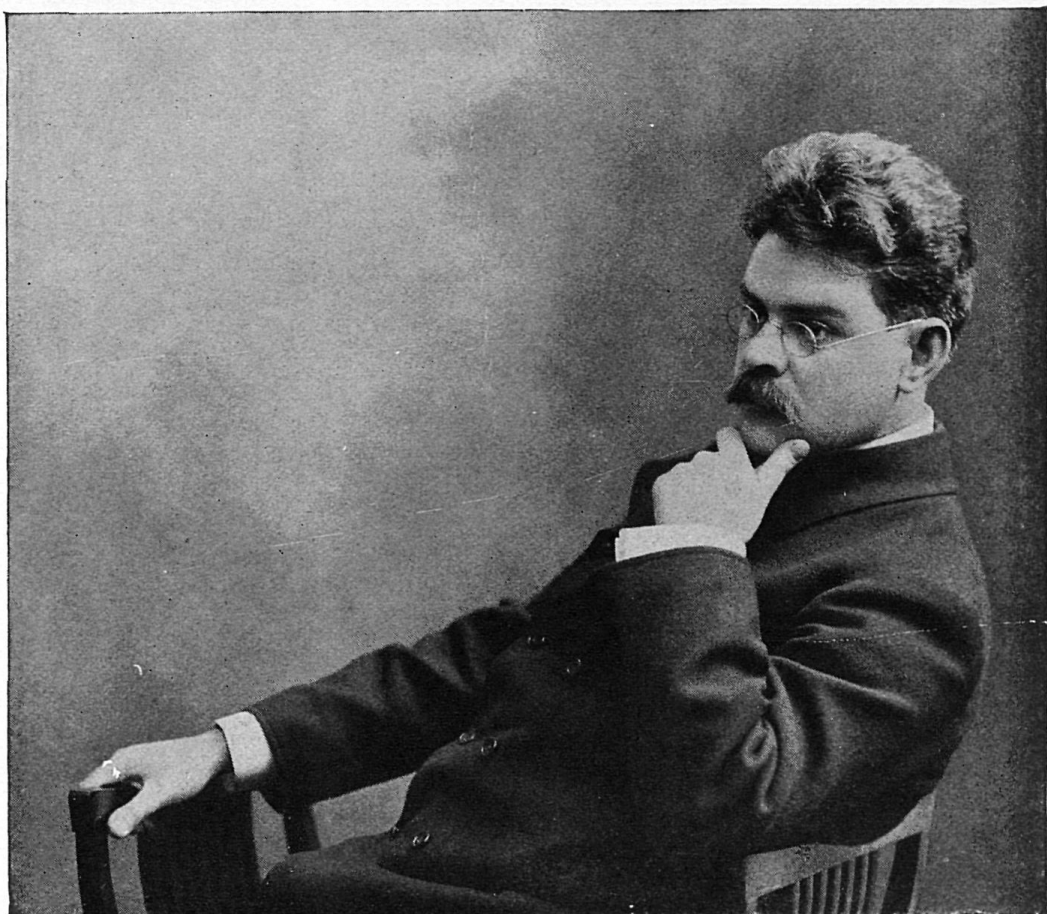
## "Carmen"

An Opera, . . . . . Bizet

### CAST

Carmen,	. . . . .	LOUISE HOMER
Micaela,	. . . . .	ANITA RIO
Frasquita,	. . . . .	CLARA HENLEY BUSSING
Mercedes,	. . . . .	FRANCES CASPARI
Escamillo (The Toreador),	. . . . .	GUISEPPI CAMPANARI
Don José,	. . . . .	JACQUES BARS
Zuniga, }	. . . . .	FREDERIC MARTIN
Morales, }	. . . . .	
Dragoons, Smugglers, Cigarette Girls, Street Boys, etc.,	. . . . .	CHORAL UNION

Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor







# *Boston Festival Orchestra*

## PERSONNEL

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

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### First Violins

JOHN W. CROWLEY  
ALFRED SPEIL  
MAX SCHULTZ  
HENRY J. HORNBERGER  
ALFRED LORENZ  
JOHN C. COLE  
E. HALTNORTH  
FRANK MORTON  
O. E. WASGATT  
JULIUS AKEROYD

### Second Violins

JULIUS SCHEEL  
L. STARZINSKY  
J. B. FIELDING  
H. TIEDGE  
MAX KORB  
B. J. HOLMBERG

### Violas

W. A. HOCHHEIM  
HUGO CAROW  
MAX GEBHARDT  
JACQUES BENAVENTE

### Cellos

CARL WEBSTER  
JULIUS STURM  
WM. M. WELLS  
CARL HEMMANN

### Basses

R. N. DAVIS  
PAUL RAHMIG  
O. L. SOUTHLAND  
H. E. COUCH

### Flutes

E. A. FRANKLIN  
MAX GUETTER

### Oboes

EUG. DEVAUX  
CARL STIEGELMAYER

### Clarinets

JOHN E. ST. CLAIR  
JACOB WOLL

### Bassoons

R. KRUGER  
PAUL FUCHS

### French Horns

ANTON HORNER  
JOSEPH HORNER  
ROBERT MINSEL  
A. ZOELLER

### Trumpets

ARTHUR S. WONSON  
WM. HILL

### Trombones

GUSTAV STANGE  
A. P. RIPLEY  
HENRY WOELBER

### Tuba

OTTO LORENZ

### Harp

WILHELMINA LOWE

### Tympani

FRANK E. DODGE

### Drums

CARL LUDWIG

# CHORAL UNION SERIES

1903-1904

FIFTEENTH SEASON, SIXTH CONCERT

(No. CXXVI Complete Series)

## FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 12, 8 o'clock

### MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

#### SOLOISTS

Miss Anita Rio, Soprano

Signor Emilio de Gogorza, Baritone

The Choral Union

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

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#### PROGRAM

##### PART I

Overture—Fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet," . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

Scenes 1 and 2, Act IV, from "Otello," . . . . . *Verdi*

a "The Poor Heart Sat Pining"

b "Ave Maria"

##### MISS RIO

"Danza dell' Or," from "La Giaconda" . . . . . *Ponchielli*

Arioso, "O Promise of a Joy Divine" from "Le Roi de Lahore" *Massenet*

##### SIGNOR GOGORZA

##### PART II

Symphony, B minor, "Unfinished" . . . . . *Schubert*  
Allegro Moderato; Andante con Moto

"Fair Ellen," Op. 24, for Chorus, Solo and Orchestra . . . *Max Bruch*

# CHORAL UNION SERIES

1903-1904

FIFTEENTH SEASON, EIGHTH CONCERT

(No. CXXVIII Complete Series)

## THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 13, 8 o'clock

### "The Dream of Gerontius," Op. 38

An Oratorio by Edward Elgar

#### CAST

##### PART I

Gerontius	Mr. Holmes Cowper
The Priest	Sig. Emilio de Gogorza
Assistants	Choral Union

##### PART II

Soul of Gerontius	Mr. Holmes Cowper
Angel	Madame Louise Homer
Angel of the Agony	Sig. Emilio de Gogorza
Demons, Angelicals and Souls	Choral Union

Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor

#### SYNOPSIS

##### PART I

PRELUDE.—(Orchestra).

TENOR SOLO (Gerontius).—"Jesu, Maria,  
—I am near to death."

CHORUS (Assistants).—"Kyrie Eleison."

TENOR SOLO (Gerontius).—"Rouse thee,  
my fainting soul."

CHORUS (Assistants).—"Be merciful, be  
gracious; spare him, Lord."

TENOR SOLO (Gerontius).—"Sanctus for-  
tis, Sanctus Deus."

TENOR SOLO (Gerontius).—"I can no  
more."

CHORUS (Assistants).—"Rescue him, O  
Lord, in this his evil hour."

TENOR SOLO (Gerontius).—"Novissima  
hora est."

BASS SOLO (The Priest).—"Proficiscere  
anima Christiana."

CHORUS (Assistants).—"Go, in the name  
of Angels and Archangels."

##### PART II

INTRODUCTION.—(Orchestra).

TENOR SOLO (Soul of Gerontius).—"I  
went to sleep; and now I am re-  
freshed."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (Angel).—"My  
work is done, My task is o'er."

DIALOGUE, MEZZO-SOPRANO AND TENOR  
(Angel and Soul).—"All hail, My  
child and brother, hail!"

CHORUS (Demons).—"Lowborn clods  
of brute earth."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (Angel).—"It is  
the restless panting of their being."

CHORUS (Demons).—"The mind bold  
and independent."

DIALOGUE—TENOR AND MEZZO-SOPRANO  
(Soul and Angel).—"I see not those  
false spirits."

CHORUS (Angelicals).—"Praise to the  
Holiest in the height."

TENOR SOLO (Soul).—"The sound is like  
the rushing of the wind."

CHORUS (Angelicals).—"Glory to Him."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (Angel).—"They  
sing of thy approaching agony."

TENOR SOLO (Soul).—"But hark! a  
grand mysterious harmony."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (Angel).—"And  
now the threshold as we traverse it."

CHORUS (Tutti).—"Praise to the holiest  
in the height."

DIALOGUE—MEZZO-SOPRANO AND TENOR  
(Angel and Soul).—"Thy judgment  
now is near."

BASS SOLO (Angel of the Agony).—"Jesu! by that shuddering dread  
which fell on Thee."

CHORUS (Voices on Earth).—"Be mer-  
ciful, be gracious, spare him, Lord."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (Angel).—"Praise  
to His Name."

TENOR SOLO (Soul).—"Take me away."

CHORUS (Souls in Purgatory).—"Lord,  
Thou hast been our refuge."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (Angel).—"Soft-  
ly and gently, dearly-ransomed  
soul."

CHORUS (Souls).—"Lord, Thou hast  
been our refuge."

CHORUS (Angelicals).—"Praise to the  
Holiest."



# CHORAL UNION SERIES

1903-1904

FIFTEENTH SEASON, NINTH CONCERT

(No. CXXIX Complete Series)

## FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 14, 2.30 o'clock

### MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

#### SOLOIST

Miss Florence Mulford, Contralto

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

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#### PROGRAM

Tone-Poem, "Don Juan," Op. 20 . . . . . *Richard Strauss*

Aria, "Farewell ye Hills," from "Jeanne d'Arc" . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

#### MISS MULFORD

Suite, for String Orchestra, Op. 16 . . . . . *Paul Juon*

Ballade ; Slumber Song ;

Intermezzo ; Elegie ; Dance

Songs with Piano

a Traüme . . . . . *Wagner*

b "A Toi" . . . . . *Bemberg*

#### MISS MULFORD

Suite, "Esclarmonde," . . . . . *Massenet*

# CHORAL UNION SERIES

1903-1904

FIFTEENTH SEASON, TENTH CONCERT

(No. CXXX Complete Series)

## FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 14, 7.30 o'clock

### "CARMEN"

An Opera in Four Acts by Bizet

#### CAST

Carmen	. . . . .	Madame Louise Homer
Micaela	. . . . .	Miss Anita Rio
Frasquita	. . . . .	Mrs. Clara Henley Bussing
Mercedes	. . . . .	Miss Frances Caspari
Escamillo (The Toreador)	. . . . .	Sig. Guiseppi Campanari
Don José	. . . . .	Mr. Jacques Bars
Zuniga	} . . . . .	Mr. Frederick Martin
Morales		

Dragoons, Smugglers, Cigarette Girls, Street Boys, etc.

Choral Union

Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor

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#### SYNOPSIS

PRELUDE.

##### ACT I.

SCENE AND CHORUS. (Micaela, Morales, Chorus.)

CHORUS OF STREET-BOYS.

CHORUS OF CIGARETTE GIRLS. (Carmen.)

HABANERA. (Carmen.)

SCENE.

DUET. (Micaela, Don José.)

CHORUS.

SONG AND MELODRAMA. (Carmen, Don José, Zuniga, Chorus.)

SEGUIDILLA AND DUET. (Carmen, Don José.)

FINALE.

ENTR'ACTE.

##### ACT II.

GYPSY SONG. (Carmen, Frasquita, Mercedes.)

CHORUS.

TOREADOR SONG. (Escamillo.)

CANZONETTA. (Carmen, Don José.)

DUET. (Carmen, Don José.)

FINALE.

ENTR'ACTE.

##### ACT III.

SEXTET AND CHORUS.

TRIO. (Carmen, Frasquita, Mercedes.)

MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE.

AIR. (Micaela.)

DUET. (Escamillo, Don José.)

FINALE.

ENTR'ACTE.

##### ACT IV.

CHORUS.

MARCH AND CHORUS.

DUET AND FINAL CHORUS. (Carmen, Don José.)







# DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

ANALYSES BY ALBERT A. STANLEY

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## FIRST CONCERT

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Thursday Evening, May 12, 1904

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### OVERTURE—FANTASIA, "Romeo and Juliet" - TSCHAIKOWSKY

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

No more fitting opening number of a Festival could be selected than this superb orchestral composition, in which the characteristics of Tschaikowsky's art are brilliantly displayed. For a description of the circumstances under which it was written and an analysis of the work itself we quote from Mrs. Newmarch's biography as follows:

"About this time he first made the acquaintance of Balakirev, the talented leader of the nationalist school. In 1867 Balakirev had succeeded Anton Rubinstein as conductor of the St. Petersburg Musical Society, and head of the Conservatoire. He took advantage of this position to forward the interests of the rising school of Russian composers, and among these he included Tschaikovsky. But these national tendencies did not find favor with the committee of management, and he was compelled to resign both positions after a brief tenure of office. Tschaikovsky wrote a letter to the *Sovrimenie Lietopis*, protesting with great indignation against the injustice done to Balakirev, and this led to a friendship between the two musicians. In the spring of 1869 Balakirev moved from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and the relations grew still more intimate. To Balakirev's suggestion Tschaikovsky owed the plan of his 'Romeo and Juliet' overture. 'This is always associated in my mind,' writes M. Kashkin, 'with the memory of a lovely day in May, with verdant forests and tall fir trees, among which we three were taking a walk. Balakirev understood, to a great extent, the nature of Tschaikovsky's genius, and knew that it was adequate to the subject suggested. Evidently he himself was taken with the subject, for he explained all the details as vividly as though the work had already been written. The plan, adapted to sonata-form, was as follows: First, an introduction of a religious character, representative of Friar Lawrence, followed by an Allegro in B minor (Balakirev suggested most of the tonalities), which was to depict the enmity between the Montagues and Capulets, the street brawl, etc. Then was to follow the love of Romeo and Juliet (second subject in D flat major), succeeded by the elaboration of both subjects. The so-called "development"—that is to say, the putting together of the various themes in various forms—passes over to what is called, in technical language, the "recapitulation"—in which the first theme (D flat major) now appears in D major, the whole ending in the death of the lovers. Balakirev spoke with such conviction that he at once kindled the ardour of the young composer, to whom such a theme was

extremely well suited.' Tschaikovsky returned from his holiday in September with the overture practically finished. His friends were enthusiastic over its beauties, and prophesied a great success. But an adverse fate seemed always to await the first performances of Tschaikovsky's works. 'Romeo and Juliet' was given at one of the concerts of the Musical Society on 4th March, 1870. It chanced that just at that time a student of the Conservatoire, resenting a reprimand which had been administered by the director, Nicholas Rubinstein, brought an action against him, and, owing to the absence of any legal code applying to the institution, won a technical victory. Public opinion was all in favor of Rubinstein, and when, on the evening of the 4th of March he appeared on the platform to conduct the new overture, he was received with the most frantic demonstration, while Tschaikovsky's music was completely forgotten in the excitement. The 'Romeo and Juliet' overture was afterwards published by Bote and Bock, of Berlin, in 1871, and underwent many changes before it attained its present curtailed form, as seen in a second edition of the same published in 1881."

SCENA, "The Poor Soul Sat Pining" and "Ave Maria" - VERDI  
 "Otello," Act IV, Scenes I and II.

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

MISS RIO

These selections from one of Verdi's latest works are illustrative of his highest ideals, and in them we may see how great is the gulf that separates the Verdi of "Il Trovatore" from the great dramatist, who, after he had passed the allotted years of a man's life, displayed a vigor and originality ordinarily associated with youth. The two scenes are powerful in their portrayal of Desdemona's anguish and her presentiment of approaching death.

As Desdemona, attended by Emilia, sits down before her looking-glass, she says to her: "I am sad tonight and weary. My mother, long ago, had a poor maid, as fair as she was faithful, and her name was Barbara. She was in love, and he she loved proved mad and did forsake her. She had a song of 'Willow.' Loose my hair, prithee, hie thee. That song this evening will not go from my mind; like that poor maid I e'en must sing it:—

*"The poor soul sat pining  
 Alone and lonely,  
 There on the lonely strand,  
 Sing willow, willow, willow!  
 Upon her bosom her head inclining,  
 Sing heigho, sing heigho!  
 Sing all a green willow shall be my garland."  
 [To Emilia.]  
 Prithee despatch, anon will come Otello.*

*"The fresh stream ran by her,  
 Where the rushes grow,  
 And murmured all her groanings  
 And from her eyes the sad tears did flow  
 Which in her heart were rising.  
 Sing willow, willow, willow!  
 Sing heigho, sing heigho!  
 Sing all a green willow shall be my garland."*







*"Down from the branches all the birds came flying,  
Listening to her sweet sighing.  
So full of sorrow was her tender ditty  
The stones were moved to pity."*

[To Emilia, taking a ring from her finger.]

Lay by this ring and guard it.  
Alas, poor Barbara! I think her story  
In sad and simple wise thus did end.

*"For he was born to live in glory  
And I do love him."*

Do harken! Was that a sigh?  
Listen! Who is't  
That knocks at this hour?

EMILIA.—The wind.

DESDEMONA.—*"And I to love him and to die."*

Farewell, Emilia! Mine eyes do itch this evening.  
Dost thou think it bodes weeping?

[She embraces Emilia, who goes.]

Good-night.

DESDEMONA, kneeling before the image of the Madonna.—

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.  
Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed  
is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Ah, pray for  
her who lies in prayer before thee!

Pray for the sinner, thou, and for the sinless.  
Give thy aid to the oppressed and to the mighty—  
He too will need it—pray for all who implore thee.  
Pray for her who is sadly sighing  
As all the hopes of happiness betray her.  
Oh, grant thy prayer!  
Pray for us now and in this hour of dying.

Holy Mary . . . . .  
at the hour of our death.

Amen.

"DANZA DELL' OR" from "La Gioconda" - - PONCHIELLI

Amilcare Ponchielli was born in Cremona, August 31, 1834. His first compositions were quite successful, and he was particularly fortunate in that he very early caught the favor of the Italian opera-going public. He died Jan. 16, 1886, and at that time, and for some years previous, enjoyed a position in Italy second only to Verdi, for he was generally regarded as his legitimate successor.

Modern criticism is not in accord with this judgment of the Italians, for Verdi's art was absolutely unique. Italy has yet to produce a genius of sufficient power and originality to be considered his successor.

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

ARIOSO, "O Promise of a Joy Divine" from "Le Roi de Lahore" - - - - - MASSENET  
 Born at Monteaux, May 12, 1842; still living.

SIGNOR GOGORZA

Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet is one of the most eminent living French composers. Masterly in orchestral delineation, not devoid of dramatic insight, thoroughly equipped in the routine of all branches of composition, his brilliant style sometimes conceals a lack of ideality and originality, while a certain sensuousness of treatment often mars conceptions full of nobility and force. In spite of these defects he is one of the most striking figures in modern music, and in the selection from one of his greatest operas (produced in 1877) on this program, he is at his best.

## PART II.

SYMPHONY, B minor, "Unfinished," - - - - - SCHUBERT  
 Born at Lichtenthal, January 31, 1797; died at Vienna, November 19, 1828.

ALLEGRO MODERATO; ANDANTE CON MOTO.

The symphony known as the "Unfinished" is one of those rare works that disarm criticism and render explanation unnecessary. The melodic beauty of the themes, the simplicity of the harmonic structure, the clearness of the instrumentation leave little room for formal analysis, and, possibly for this reason, it occupies a place in the affections of the music lover accorded to but few works. The fact that it is incomplete adds to the charm, for one can but wonder as to the exact character of the succeeding movements, had they been written. In this composition one may discover the same tendency to prolixity that is apparent in all of his orchestral works, but, after all, is it not a relief in these days of complicated scores to listen to these spontaneous, ingenuous melodies, even if they are repeated many times? Where is there a more beautiful effect than that produced by the entrance of the second subject in the first movement of this symphony? Is there anywhere a more beautiful touch than we find in the Andante, in the return to the principal subject? Schumann said of Schubert: "He has strains for the most subtle thoughts and feelings, nay even for the events and conditions of life; and innumerable as are the shades of human thought and action, so various is his music." This judgment expresses most admirably all that one would say of Schubert, and in the two movements of this B minor Symphony we may see much of that power of expression of which Schumann speaks.

BALLADE, "Fair Ellen," Op. 24 - - - - - MAX BRUCH  
 Born at Cologne, January 6, 1838; still living.

Although not a composer of the very first rank, Max Bruch has contributed many important works to the literature of the orchestra, one of the favorite violin concertos (G minor) and several most interesting choral works. Among these the virile setting of one of the most stirring episodes of the Indian Mutiny possesses dignity and perennial charm, and will probably maintain itself when his more ambitious works are forgotten.

BARITONE SOLO.

May God in His mercy be good to us now,  
What boots it to shrink from dying?  
No bread to sustain us the long day through,  
No shot to the foeman replying:  
But pray for rescue, and that right soon,  
To come to our leaguer'd tower;  
Though yonder the morning be low'ring red,  
There's Death in the sunset hour.

CHORUS.

Lord Edward spoke; downhearted and sad,  
His gallant veterans stayed;  
Fair Ellen leant on a cannon near,  
In tartan plaid arrayed.  
There's e'en a spell on the bonny face,  
The last look heavenward turning,  
And straightway like a wraith she rose  
Her eyne all darksome burning.

SOPRANO SOLO.

"O haste ye, haste to the ramparts high,  
Look out i' the misty gloaming;  
Methought I heard in the distant far  
The march, the Campbells coming.  
Oh list to the rolling sound of drums,  
The Pibroch I hear them playing,  
'We come for the sake of our olden troth,'  
Oh list what the breezes are saying."

BARITONE SOLO.

Ah, Maiden, I ween thou art sore distraught,  
Nought hast thou seen or heard  
Save deep blue sky, and yellow sand,  
And dele reeds by breezes stirred.

CHORUS.

And the sun rose to his midday height,  
And the sun pass'd over the heaven,  
And nearer and nearer the last hour came,  
And sadly the farewell was given.

Fair Ellen stood with a fixed look,  
And brightly her eyes were aglowing.

SOPRANO SOLO.

"The Campbells are coming, I told you true,  
I hear the bugle blowing!  
The Pibroch is borne adown the wind,  
The tones on the breezes quiver,  
'Neath the tread of battalions that hurry along  
Afar the plains do shiver."

*Official Program Book.*

## BARITONE SOLO.

Ah, Maiden, we listen and listen in vain,  
 And fast the hours are flying,  
 The breach is wide and the storm is nigh,  
 There's Honor, Honor in dying.  
 Farewell, then, wife and child at home!  
 And the Highland lochs and the heather!  
 And now for the last time God speed the shot,  
 Let your swords be unsheathed together.

## CHORUS.

And the volley rang, and the fight was hot,  
 And smoke hung thickly before them,  
 The colors droop'd, but Fair Ellen rose,  
 And forward right boldly she bore them.

## SOPRANO SOLO.

"Oh stay, oh stay, 'tis the pipes I hear,  
 The sound draws nearer and nearer,  
 Ha! see, there's a rent in the mist,  
 And the sight grows clearer and clearer."

## CHORUS.

And they broke on the foe like a Highland storm,  
 And nearer and louder becoming,  
 Far over the mist there sounded the march,  
 The march, "the Campbells are coming."

## SOPRANO SOLO.

There's a shimmer of steel o'er the far-spreading plain,  
 From the squadrons for battle arrayed,  
 With their plaids and gay plumes in their bonnets they come,  
 And England's flag displayed.

## SOPRANO, BARITONE AND CHORUS.

And the foemen fled, and they enter'd the gate,  
 And Ellen's voice rose to heaven:  
 We're sav'd by the bond of our olden troth,  
 To God praise and honor be given!

—E. GEIBEL.







## SECOND CONCERT

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Friday Evening, May 13, 1904

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### OVERTURE, "Magic Flute" - - - - - MOZART

Born in Salzburg, January 27, 1756; died in Vienna, December 5, 1791.

In the early dawn of December 5, 1791, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart—the "Raphael of Music"—breathed his last. He was weighed down by apprehension for the future of those whom he left behind; the last music he heard (portions of his immortal Requiem) but intensified his morbid condition, and he died unblessed, for the priest who was called to his bedside refused him the last sacrament because he was a Freemason. Dying without the pale of the church, his funeral (on the 6th) was held in the open air. He died of malignant typhus, but neither this fact, nor the driving storm in the midst of which his remains were hurried away, can account for the strange neglect of those to whom he had been a faithful, self-sacrificing friend. Even the faithful few who followed his remains turned back at the city gate. (Stubenthor.) His wife, overcome by grief and worn out by constant attendance, was unable to leave her bed, and thus was spared the misery of seeing the mean coffin of the greatest musical genius of his age lowered into an unmarked pauper's grave by unfeeling hands. "Oh, he's only a musician!" said one of the hirelings. Of the experiences of the closing years of his life we may not speak, neither can the fortuitous circumstances and the fateful coincidences, against the suggestions of which he could summon neither moral courage nor the resources of a well-trained mind, be touched upon, but there is no doubt that his superstitious nature so reacted upon a body weakened by disease that his death was thereby materially hastened. How much the world lost by reason of his early death may be realized by listening to his last great opera, "The Magic Flute." Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812), a brother Freemason, brought to Mozart, on the 7th of March, 1791, the book of a fairy opera in which were incorporated many of the mysteries of Freemasonry. As Schikaneder was in financial distress, Mozart, always too generous for his own good, gladly undertook its composition. Schikaneder did not redeem his promises, and proved himself so ungrateful that Mozart, who was ever charitable in his judgments, called him "Der Lump." It was first performed on September 30, 1791, in Vienna. The house program of that date shows the name of Emanuel Schikaneder in capitals at the top, while the name of Mozart, as the composer of the music and conductor, occurs in fine print at the bottom. It was successful, but the presumptuous Schikaneder stated at the time that "it would have been more successful had not Mozart spoiled it." The first twenty-four performances brought Schikaneder over 8,000 guildens, and Mozart—nothing. Future years, however, have brought Schikaneder a few lines in musical dictionaries and Mozart—immortality. To this immortality the beautiful overture on our program has contributed not a little. It was written on the night before the performance, in the



little summer house, which is a holy spot to those who journey to Salzburg, because there Mozart was born.

It is so direct in statement, so clear and convincing in thematic development and so compelling in its effect that no analysis is needed.

ARIA, "In diesen Heiligen Hallen," from "Magic Flute," - MOZART

MR. MARTIN

This noble aria, sung by Sarastro in Act II, Scene XIII, is one of those melodic gems we meet with so frequently in Mozart's operas, and is ideal in form and content. The intrinsic beauty of Mozart's melodies often diverts attention from their dramatic force. One of the most important contributing elements to the effect of this special aria, contrast, is lost when it is heard in concert form, but inasmuch as we meet in Mozart's operas no hint of the interthematic relationship so characteristic of Wagner, it does not detract materially from its effect, and only those who are intimately acquainted with the opera from which it is taken will miss the environment.

"Within this sacred dwelling  
Revenge no refuge finds;  
Where joy each bosom swelling  
And love to duty binds,  
Thus led by friendship's guiding hand,  
In peace we reach the better land.

"These lovely walls around us  
Confirm but willing hearts  
Relieved from care that bound us,  
We fear no traitrous arts,  
Nor mortal halting thoughts unkind  
Within these walls can refuge find."

"GOOD FRIDAY SPELL," from "Parsifal," - - - WAGNER

Born in Leipzig, May 22, 1813; died in Venice, February 13, 1883.

The poem of "Parsifal" was completed in February, 1877, and its composition begun in the Autumn. The music was finished in January, 1882, and it was produced at Bayreuth on July 26 of that year. It rounded out the work of the master, and crowned the achievements of his life. The selection on our program is taken from Act III. Full of charming melody, it is at the same time truly delineative.

After Parsifal, purified by repentance and made strong through temptations overcome, has again entered the kingdom of the Grail, and has been baptised; after Kundry, through repentance and lowly service, has regained her lost womanhood and has been redeemed; they, with Gurnemanz, prepare to journey to the Temple of the Grail that Amfortas may be made whole through the touch of the sacred spear.

"The wild flowers sing in tuneful spell:  
They sing of One who on the Cross  
Gave up his life for sinful man.  
The heavens, that on that awful day  
Were clothed in darkness, smile. The sun  
Takes on new fervor, and all Nature joins  
In adoration, love and praise. The three  
Responding to this wondrous song  
Kneel silently in thankful prayer.

## SONGS WITH PIANO.

"Feldeinsamkeit,"	- - - - -	BRAHMS (1833-1897)
"Im Herbst,"	- - - - -	FRANZ (1815-1892)
"Widmung,"	- - - - -	SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

MR. MARTIN

## SYMPHONY, No. 7, A major, Op. 92, - - - - BEETHOVEN

Born in Bonn, December 16, 1770; died in Vienna, May 26, 1827.

POCO SOSTENUTO-VIVACE; ALLEGRETTO; PRESTO; ALLEGRO CON BRIO.

The program, beginning with a characteristic overture by Mozart, ends with one of the greatest works of the Prophet of the Symphony, Ludwig von Beethoven. No study of the symphony is complete that does not mention the great triumvirate, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Haydn, the "Father of the Symphony," may be compared to the first division of the sonata, in which are stated the themes, for he established its principles; Mozart, to the second division, in which the themes are developed and subjected to various treatments, for he revealed its plasticity; Beethoven, to the third, in which the themes are restated with added force and intensity, for he first displayed the utmost possibilities of the form, gave to it distinction and pointed to future glories. As to the symphony on our program, many there are who claim for it absolute preëminence. It is idle to compare the "Eroica," the Fifth, the Seventh, and the Ninth, with a view to the establishment of superiority, for each is sublime in its way.

The Seventh fairly pulsates with free and untrammelled melody, and has an atmosphere of its own quite unlike that of the others. It was written in 1812, and was first performed on December 8, 1813, in the large hall of the University of Vienna, a fact not without significance in connection with the environment of the present occasion.

Beethoven conducted in person, and the performance suffered somewhat from the fact that he could scarcely hear the music his genius had created. Romberg, Spohr, Mayseder and Dragonetti played among the strings. Meyerbeer and Hummel played the drums, and Moscheles the cymbals, (not in the symphony but in other compositions on the program). At the repetition on December 12 the Allegretto was encored.

Beethoven could not brook conventionality, and nothing inorganic was retained by him, even though established by tradition and fixed by habit. So at the very outset we find that the sustained introduction—A major, common time, *poco sostenuto*, which in Haydn's time was naught but a foil to the Allegro proper—is full of meaning. The alternating themes of oboe, clarinet, and horn attract the attention immediately, and no less beautiful are the episodes for woodwind. Ascending scale passages for the strings, following each other in logical sequence, lead us onward, until after what appear to be tentative attempts at the establishment of a new rhythmical design, we are plunged, although not precipitously—possibly it would be better to say gently led—into the Vivace, the first movement proper, in which gayety, naïveté and poetry so

happily combine that the December frost outside the hall on the occasion of its first performance contrasted with the suggestion of Spring within. Why not call it the "Spring Symphony"? In this movement much that goes to make up the typical sonata form is "honored in the breach," but no movement in the whole symphonic literature contains more of the real spirit of the form than this. The Allegretto, A minor, 2-4 time, with its vibration from major to minor; its broad melodies for the strings standing out against the constant metric pulsations, so suggestive of the Sapphic meter; the exquisite Cantabile in A major, separating the two statements of the principal subject matter, is as perennial in its charm as the "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert. If the first movement suggests a lovely Spring landscape, this is a fleecy cloud that casts a faint shadow over the scene but neither fully conceals the sun nor hides aught of the beauty of the hills and meadows. In the Scherzo—F major, 3-4 time, *Presto*—we step for the nonce into the emerald shadows of the forest and witness the dance of the woodland fairies, while the trio—D major, *Assai meno presto*—is full of calm and quiet. Then again the fairies, again the calm, and then, after a final repetition of the dance, the Finale. This movement—A major, 2-4 time, *Allegro con brio*—is full of unbridled joy. With an intensity of rhythm that hurries us along from climax to climax it finally ends with a furious rush, as though Beethoven found the idiomatic speech of music, which Richard Wagner says he created, lacking in power of utterance for such elation of spirit.







# THIRD CONCERT

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Friday Evening, May 13, 1904

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"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS," Op. 38, - - - - ELGAR

## PART I.

GERONTIUS,	. . . . .	HOLMES COWPER
THE PRIEST,	. . . . .	EMILIO DE GOGORZA
ASSISTANTS,	. . . . .	CHORAL UNION

## PART II.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS,	. . . . .	HOLMES COWPER
ANGEL,	. . . . .	LOUISE HOMER
ANGEL OF THE AGONY,	. . . . .	EMILIO DE GOGORZA
DEMONS, ANGELICALS, AND SOULS,	. . . . .	CHORAL UNION

ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

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## EDWARD WILLIAM ELGAR

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

We have come to associate with the products of English composers characteristics for which Handel, more than any other great composer, seems to stand. There has always been in English music a directness of purpose, a certain blunt, sometimes rough, honesty of statement, and a contempt for any over-accentuation of the emotions that comports perfectly with the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. Such admirable qualities are not to be despised, but, unfortunately, English composers were so fully dominated by Handel and Mendelssohn that the originality and fervor seen in Purcell's music seemed to have been forever lost, and they drifted into a conventionality that made freedom of utterance impossible. But now that Italy seems to have exhausted herself, and Germany is unproductive—despite Richard Strauss,—England seems to have entered upon a new artistic era, and in the person of Edward William Elgar we find the embodiment of a reaction against the "ways of the fathers" that is fraught with hope and laden with prophecy.

The unusual prominence given to Elgar in the programs of our great concert institutes, in reviews and in musical journals, 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 equalled 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, 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 “The Dream of Gerontius,” “the greatest choral work of the nineteenth century—not excepting Brahms’s ‘Requiem’.”

Elgar is a devout Roman Catholic. Almost ascetic in his devotion to the teachings of the Mother Church, in “Gerontius” he has blazed a new path. Attracted by subjects often out of touch with the modern point of view, he clothes these subjects in ultra-modern dress, and, more than any other, seems to have solved the problem of the relation of dramatic form to religious content. Living in the Malvern Hills, it was not strange that he should have given us his noble “Caractacus,” which reflects England’s glory and tells the story of one of the noblest of her early heroes. It may be that in the partial seclusion of his environment we may see the reason for his present tendencies, so admirably illustrated in the “Dream of Gerontius” and his latest work, “The Apostles.” Whether, as Ernest Newman fears, this absorption in mediæval thought and early Christian history will react unfavorably on his work, by substituting introspection for action, and mysticism for clear cut realistic statement, time alone will tell. At all events, we must rejoice that Cardinal Newman’s poem inspired him to write such a work as the one now under consideration.

Space forbids an extended analysis of the work, but certain characteristics must be pointed out, in the interest of such an appreciation of the significance of the subject, as the nobility of the poetry, and the ultra-modern dramatic texture of the virile, fervid, and beautiful musical setting demand. First of all stress must be laid upon the fact that it is organic in structure. It is so closely knit together by a complicated system of typical motives, in some instances expanded into broad melodies; it is so compact in form, so entirely unlike the typical oratorio, with its solos, choruses and orchestral episodes standing unrelated side by side, that it can not come under any conventional definition of the form. It is the poem set to music in such a manner as to emphasize the unity of the idea rather than to display the variety of its utterance in single numbers, or, in other words, it is a religious work composed along the musico-dramatic lines first laid down by Richard Wagner. All the musical factors exist in







combination, and no one part is subordinated to another for the sake of specific, purely musical effects. The orchestra is delineative, and fills with subtle light and shade the more mystical parts, while in the intense dramatic episodes it is all that Wagner proclaimed it to be, both in his writings and in his practice.

Daring in conception,—the choice of subject enforces this—powerful, logical and original in the portrayal of scenes generally more effective when left to the imagination, his touch is tender when he gives such pictures as the death of Gerontius, and the 12-voiced chorus "Go on thy course," which concludes Part I. When, in Part II, the Soul of Gerontius is led by an Angel past the place where he hears the "sour and uncouth dissonances" of the Demons; and when, in response to his query, "Shall I see my dearest Master?" come the ethereal harmonies of the Chorus of Angelicals, "Praise to the Holiest," which develops into a chorus in which climax succeeds climax in soul-compelling sequence, the composer rises to greatness. The queries of the Soul and the answers of the Angels are touching in their humanity, and the music often recalls the mysticism of Wagner's "Parsifal." Then the Judgment, the pleading of the Angel of the Agony for Souls "who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee"; the beautiful Semi-Chorus of Voices on Earth, who sing "Spare him, Lord," when he goes before his Judge, and the subdued glory of the ending, for, as though awed by the awful mystery of it all, the three choruses sing the final Amens—*pianissimo*,—ending in a long sustained unison which vanishes as we listen.

Having now gained a general impression of the scope of the work, it may be helpful to examine details somewhat closely. The very first motive of the prelude, D-minor, *Lento*, common time, given by clarionets, bassoons and violas, is prophetic of the pathetic aspects of the text. Elgar has marked it *mistico*. As it is developed the English horn contributes fitting color. At the completion of this theme, a sustained chord of D-major, introduces another motive of dramatic texture, which, alternating with a broad choral-like theme, leads into a wonderfully beautiful section, *con molto espressivo*, 3-4 time. This broadens into passionate utterance, only to die away in harmonies which are heard later as the soul of Gerontius takes its flight. A sustained motive, twice repeated, leads into a triumphant burst for full orchestra through which rings out the choral, which is here so important a factor that we must seek its fuller meaning in the text, "Lover of Souls I Look to Thee!" When first heard the theme may be associated with the words "Jesu have mercy; Mary pray for me!" This strong, decisive movement gives way to a repetition of the theme which led up to it, after which comes a fine treatment of the theme of the chorus, "Go forth in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets." With an echo of No. 3, and a repetition of the initial motive, the prelude, through a suggestive motive, merges into the introductory recitative for Gerontius, "Jesu Maria." This motive is constantly in evidence in this whole scene, and by reason of its plasticity stands for contrasting phases of thought. After the words "And Thou art calling me" we hear a motive which is full of significance, especially as used later in the development of the chorus, "Be merciful." The chromatic motive at the words "Not by the token of this failing breath" is delineative and suggestive. The choral theme is heard, and through this and other masterly motives, some new, and some suggested by the developments of the scene, we realize the feelings of Gerontius as he faces death, and much of the mystery of dying is brought home to us as we listen. The scene is interrupted by a lovely *Kyrie*, mediæval in spirit, although the harmonies occasionally betray modern usage—not to the disadvantage of the effect, and, strangely enough, with no tinge of incongruity—then, after a short recitative, "Rouse thee and play the man," introduced by the rhythmic pulse of the basses in the orchestra, comes the chorus, "Be merciful," whose principal theme has in it much of



the flavor of "Parsifal." And why not? Suffering is the message of each. In this chorus the first motive mentioned in connection with the opening utterance of Gerontius is developed into a broad and expressive melody by the basses, "By the birth." These words have just been given an infinitely tender *cantabile* motive by the sopranos. This chorus is followed by a long scene, for Gerontius, in which all the varied and subtle phases of the poem are brought out in a score eloquent with the latter-day eloquence of the orchestra. In this we have premonitions of the diabolical Chorus of Demons in Part II. Then the chorus, "Rescue him," divided into two parts, by responses between the semi-chorus, "Noe from the waters in a saving home," and the amens of the chorus, after which the death of Gerontius, "*Novissima hora est* . . . and I fain would sleep . . . into thy hands—"

Part I ends with the proclamation of the Priest, *Proficiscere*, etc., and the final chorus, in the second section of which the voices seem poised in air, such is the freedom with which they are used.

Part II gives us, in the opening measures of the introduction, an impression of that peace of which the Soul of Gerontius speaks, "How still it is—I hear no more the busy beat of time." A wonderful conception of the waking of a soul now ensues. Closely bound together, unity secured by the frequent introduction of motives already heard, the score is truly delineative and expressive. At the words, "Another marvel, some one has me fast within his ample palm," we hear the motive that accompanies the Angel, throughout this wonderful portrayal of the after life of a soul released from the body and hastening to its Judge. Now after the calm and comfort of the assurance of the Angel, "Thou hast forestalled the agony," and the duo, "Now that the hour is come I can forward look with serenest joy," comes a "fierce hubbub." The Chorus of Demons, terrible in its depiction of the "hideous purring," "the incessant pacing to and fro," "the sullen howl of spirits who assemble by the judgment seat and gather souls for hell," is now heard by Gerontius, who says to the Angel, "I see not these false spirits, shall I see my dearest Master, when I reach His throne?" "Yes for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord!" Then as the "sour dissonances" are heard no more, the glory of the Celestial Choir steals upon his ear; ever gaining in intensity, piling climax on climax it finally ends in a long sustained chord. This chorus is symphonic in breadth of development, and with the short explanatory solos by the Angel, and illustrative orchestral episodes, comprises nearly one-third of the entire work. This is the climax judged by ordinary standards, and the most difficult artistic problem of the composition is now faced. "Thy judgment now is near," proclaims the Angel. Then Gerontius hears "the voices that on earth, around his bed, chant the 'Subvenite' with the priest." Then the pleading of the Angel of the Agony for the soul that now is to go before the Judge. The Voices on Earth sing, "Spare him Lord." Then the one glance at the glory of God, a most intense moment, with its one tremendous climax, succeeded immediately by a *pianissimo*, and the cry of Gerontius, "Take me away, and in the lowest depths there let me lie!" The Souls in Purgatory sing, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge." The Angel, in a broad and eloquent melody, comforts the Soul: "Softly and gently, dearly ransomed soul; in my most loving arms I now enfold thee. And o'er the peaceful waters as they roll I poise thee, and I lower thee and hold thee. Thou shalt pass the night here; and I will come and wake thee on the morrow; farewell! Be brave and patient, brother dear." "Praise to the Holiest in the height, Amen." This by the chorus in threefold utterance. We see now that the glory of the song before the throne was but incidental. It is in this quiet ending—this suggestion of infinite peace and rest eternal that we see the real climax.







## PART I.

GERONTIUS.—Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,  
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.

Not by the token of this faltering breath,

This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,—

(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)

'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,

(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)

That I am going, that I am no more.

'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,

(Lover of souls! Great God! I look to Thee,)

This emptying out of each constituent  
And natural force, by which I came to be.

Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant  
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,

The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,

Has never, never come to me before;

\* \* \* \* \*

So pray for me, my friends, who have  
not strength to pray.

ASSISTANTS.—Kyrie eleïson, Christe eleïson,  
Kyrie eleïson.

Holy Mary, pray for him.

All holy Angels, pray for him.

Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.

\* \* \* \* \*

All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.

All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.

All holy Innocents, pray for him.

All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,

All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,

All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

GERONTIUS.—Rouse thee, my fainting  
soul, and play the man;

And through such waning span

Of life and thought as still has to be trod,

Prepare to meet thy God.

And while the storm of that bewilderment

Is for a season spent,

And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,

Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS.—Be merciful, be gracious;  
spare him, Lord.

Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.

From the sins that are past;  
From Thy frown and Thine ire;

From the perils of dying;

From any complying

With sin, or denying

His God, or relying

On self, at the last;

From the nethermost fire;

From all that is evil;

From power of the devil;

Thy servant deliver,

For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,

Rescue him from endless loss;

By Thy death and burial,

Save him from a final fall;

By Thy rising from the tomb,

By Thy mounting up above,

By the Spirit's gracious love,

Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS.—Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,

De profundis oro te,

Miserere, Judex meus,

Parce mihi, Domine.

Firmly I believe and truly

God is Three, and God is One;

And I next acknowledge duly

Manhood taken by the Son.

And I trust and hope most fully

In that Manhood crucified;

And each thought and deed unruly

Do to death, as He has died.

Simply to His grace and wholly

Light and life and strength belong,

And I love, supremely, solely,

Him, the holy, Him the strong.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,

De profundis oro te,

Miserere, Judex meus,

Parce mihi, Domine.

And I hold in veneration,

For the love of Him alone,

Holy Church, as His creation,

And her teachings, as His own.

And I take with joy whatever

Now besets me, pain or fear,

And with a strong will I sever

All the ties which bind me here.

Adoration aye be given,

With and through the angelic host,

To the God of earth and heaven,

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,

De profundis oro te,

Miserere Judex meus,

Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more: for now it comes again

That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain.

That masterful negation and collapse





And gentle pressure tells me I am not  
Self-moving, but borne forward on  
my way.

And hark! I hear a singing: yet in  
sooth

I cannot of that music rightly say  
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the  
tones.

Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

ANGEL.—My work is done,

My task is o'er,

And so I come,

Taking it home,

For the crown is won,

Alleluia,

For evermore.

My Father gave

In charge to me

This child of earth

E'en from its birth,

To serve and save,

Alleluia,

And saved is he.

This child of clay

To me was given,

To rear and train

By sorrow and pain

In the narrow way,

Alleluia,

From earth to heaven.

SOUL.—It is a member of that family  
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the  
worlds were made,  
Millions of ages back, have stood  
around  
The throne of God.

\* \* \* \* \*

I will address him.

Mighty one, my Lord,

My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

ANGEL.—All hail, my child!

My child and brother, hail! what  
wouldst thou?

SOUL.—I would have nothing but to  
speak with thee

For speaking's sake. I wish to hold  
with thee

Conscious communion; though I fain  
would know

A maze of things, were it but meet to  
ask,

And not a curiousness.

ANGEL.—You cannot now

Cherish a wish which ought not to be  
wished.

SOUL.—Then I will speak. I ever had  
believed

That on the moment when the strug-  
gling soul

Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it  
fell

Under the awful presence of its God,  
There to be judged and sent to its  
own place.

What lets me now from going to my  
Lord?

ANGEL.—Thou art not let; but with ex-  
tremest speed

Art hurrying to the Just and Holy  
Judge.

SOUL.—Dear Angel, say,

Why have I now no fear at meeting  
Him?

Along my earthly life, the thought of  
death

And judgment was to me most ter-  
rible.

\* \* \* \* \*

ANGEL.—It is because

Then thou didst fear, that now thou  
dost not fear.

Thou hast forestalled the agony, and  
so

For thee the bitterness of death is  
passed.

Also, because already in thy soul  
The judgment is begun.

\* \* \* \* \*

A presage falls upon thee, as a ray  
Straight from the Judge, expressive  
of thy lot.

That calm and joy uprising in thy soul  
Is first-born to thee of thy recom-  
pense,

And heaven begun.

SOUL.—Now that the hour is come, my  
fear is fled;

And at this balance of my destiny,  
Now close upon me, I can forward  
look

With a serenest joy.

\* \* \* \* \*

But hark! upon my sense

Comes a fierce hubbub, which would  
make me fear

Could I be frightened.

ANGEL.—We are now arrived

Close on the judgment-court; that  
sullen howl

Is from the demons who assemble  
there,

\* \* \* \* \*

Hungry and wild, to claim their prop-  
erty,

And gather their souls for hell. Hist  
to their cry.

SOUL.—How sour and how uncouth a  
dissonance!

DEMONS.—Low-born clods

Of brute earth,

They aspire

To become gods,

By a new birth,  
 And an extra grace,  
 And a score of merits,  
 As if aught  
 Could stand in place  
 Of the high thought,  
 And the glance of fire  
 Of the great spirits,  
 The powers blest,  
 The lords by right,  
 The primal owners,  
 Of the proud dwelling  
 And realm of light,—  
 Dispossessed,  
 Aside thrust,  
 Chucked down,  
 By the sheer might  
 Of a despot's will,  
 Of a tyrant's frown,  
 Who after expelling  
 Their hosts, gave,  
 Triumphant still,  
 And still unjust,  
 Each forfeit crown  
 To psalm-droners,  
 And canting groaners,  
 To every slave,  
 And pious cheat,  
 And crawling knave,  
 Who licked the dust  
 Under his feet.

ANGEL.—It is the restless panting of  
 their being;  
 Like beasts of prey, who, caged with-  
 in their bars,  
 In a deep hideous purring have their  
 life,

And an incessant pacing to and fro.

DEMONS.—The mind bold  
 And independent,  
 The purpose free,

So we are told,  
 Must not think  
 To have the ascendant.  
 What's a saint?

One whose breath  
 Doth the air taint  
 Before his death;  
 A bundle of bones,  
 Which fools adore,  
 Ha! ha!  
 When life is o'er.

\* \* \* \* \*

Virtue and vice,  
 A knave's pretence.  
 'Tis all the same;  
 Ha! ha!  
 Dread of hell-fire,  
 Of the venomous flame,  
 A coward's plea.  
 Give him his price,  
 Saint though he be,

Ha! ha!

From shrewd good  
 sense

He'll slave for hire;

Ha! ha!

And does but aspire  
 To the heaven above  
 With sordid aim,  
 And not from love.

Ha! ha!

SOUL.—I see not those false spirits; shall  
 I see  
 My dearest Master,  
 When I reach His throne?

\* \* \* \* \*

ANGEL.—Yes,—for one moment thou  
 shalt see thy Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

One moment; but thou knowest not,  
 my child,  
 What thou dost ask; the sight of the  
 Most Fair  
 Will gladden thee, but it will pierce  
 thee too.

SOUL.—Thou speakest darkly, Angel!  
 and an awe

Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL.—There was a mortal, who is  
 now above

In the mid glory: he, when near to  
 die,

Was given Communion with the Cru-  
 cified,—

Such, that the Master's very wounds  
 were stamped

Upon his flesh; and, from the agony  
 Which thrilled through body and soul  
 in that embrace,

Learn that the flame of the Everlast-  
 ing Love

Doth burn ere it transform. \* \* \*

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—Praise to the  
 Holiest in the Height,  
 And in the depth be praise:

ANGEL.—\* \* \* Hark to those sounds!  
 They come of tender beings angelical,  
 Least and most childlike of the sons  
 of God.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
 And in the depth be praise:

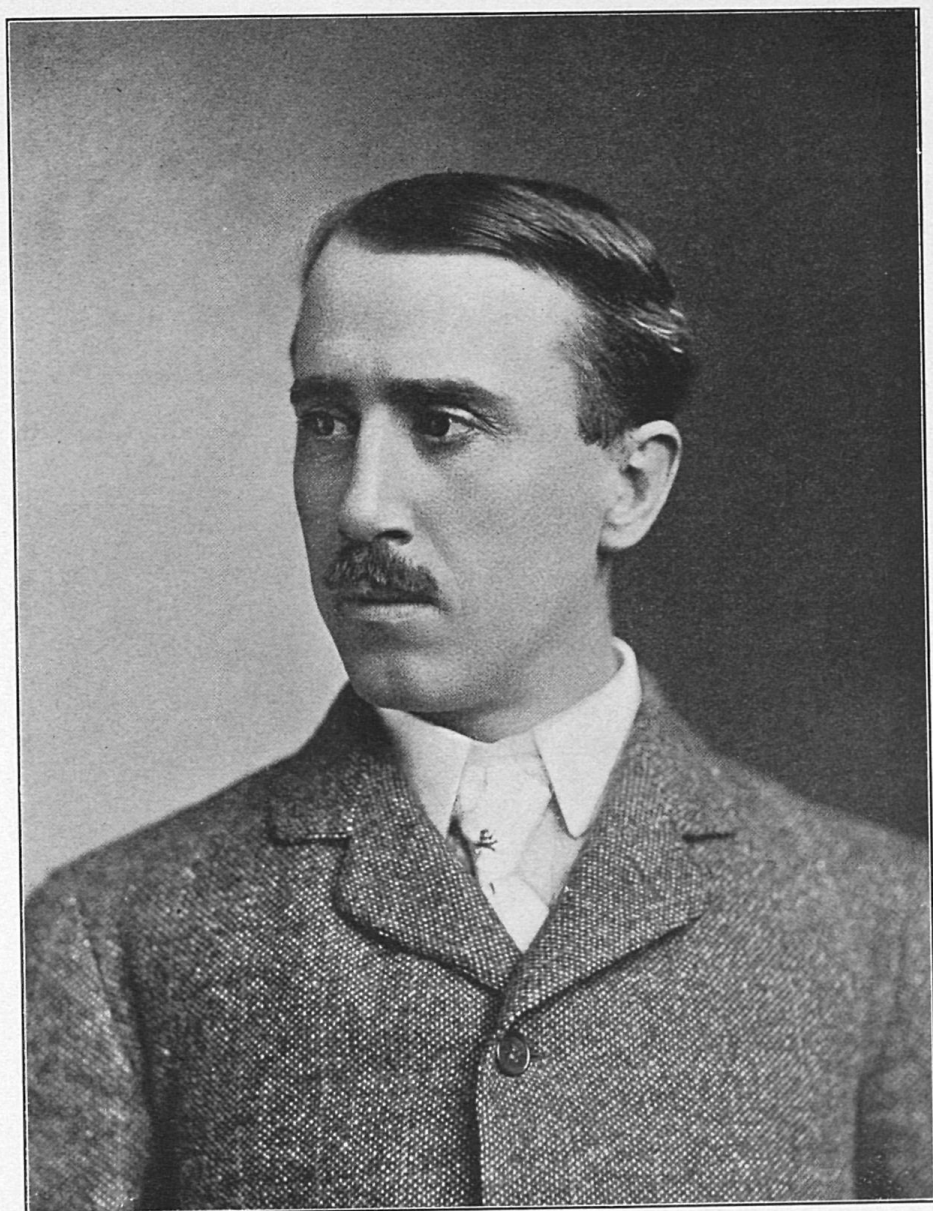
In all His words most wonderful;  
 Most sure in all His ways!

To us His elder race He gave  
 To battle and to win,

Without the chastisement of pain,  
 Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He willed to be  
 A marvel in His birth:

Spirit and flesh His parents were;  
 His home was heaven and earth.







The Eternal blessed His child, and  
armed,  
And sent Him hence afar,  
To serve as champion in the field  
Of elemental war.  
To be His Viceroy in the world  
Of matter, and of sense;  
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,  
A resolute defence.

ANGEL.—We now have passed the gate,  
and are within

The House of Judgment. \* \* \*

SOUL.—The sound is like the rushing of  
the wind—

The summer wind—among the lofty  
pines.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—Glory to Him,  
who evermore

By truth and justice reigns;

Who tears the soul from out its case,  
And burns away its stains!

ANGEL.—They sing of thy approaching  
agony,  
Which thou so eagerly didst question  
of.

SOUL.—My soul is in my hand: I have  
no fear,—

\* \* \* \* \*

But hark! a grand mysterious har-  
mony:

It floods me, like the deep and solemn  
sound  
Of many waters.

\* \* \* \* \*

ANGEL.—And now the threshold, as we  
traverse it,

Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!

When all was sin and shame,

A second Adam to the fight

And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood

Which did in Adam fail,

Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace

Should flesh and blood refine,

God's Presence and His very Self,

And Essence all divine.

O generous love! that He who smote

In man for man the foe,

The double agony in man

For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,

And on the cross on high,

Should teach His brethren and inspire  
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful;

Most sure in all His ways!

ANGEL.—Thy judgment now is near, for  
we are come

Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL.—I hear the voices that I left on  
earth.

ANGEL.—It is the voice of friends  
around thy bed,

Who say the "Subvenite" with the  
priest.

Hither the echoes come; before the  
Throne

Stands the great Angel of the Agony,  
The same who strengthened Him,  
what time He knelt

Lone in the garden shade, bedewed  
with blood.

That Angel best can plead with Him  
for all

Tormented souls, the dying and the  
dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY.—Jesu! by that  
shuddering dread which fell on  
Thee;

Jesu! by that cold dismay which sick-  
ened Thee;

Jesu! by that pang of heart which  
thrilled in Thee;

Jesu! by that mount of sins which  
crippled Thee;

Jesu! by that sense of guilt which  
stifled Thee;

Jesu! by that innocence which girdled  
Thee;

Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned  
in Thee;

Jesu! by that Godhead which was one  
with Thee;

Jesu! spare these souls which are so  
dear to Thee,

Souls, who in prison, calm and pa-  
tient, wait for Thee;

Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid  
them come to Thee,

To that glorious Home, where they  
shall ever gaze on thee.

SOUL.—I go before my Judge. \* \* \*

VOICES ON EARTH.—Be merciful, be gra-  
cious; spare him, Lord.

Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, de-  
liver him.

ANGEL.—\* \* \* \* \* Praise to His Name!

\* \* \* \* \*

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,  
Consumed, yet quickened, by the  
glance of God.



SOUL.—Take me away, and in the low-  
est deep

There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night-  
watches keep,

Told out for me.  
There, motionless and happy in my  
pain,

Lone, not forlorn,—  
There will I sing my sad perpetual  
strain,

Until the morn,  
There will I sing, and soothe my  
stricken breast,

Which ne'er can cease  
To throb, and pine, and languish, till  
possesst

Of its Sole Peace.  
There will I sing my absent Lord and  
Love:—

Take me away,  
That sooner I may rise, and go above,  
And see Him in the truth of everlast-  
ing day.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOULS IN PURGATORY.—Lord, Thou hast  
been our refuge: in every genera-  
tion;

Before the hills were born, and the  
world was: from age to age Thou  
art God.

Bring us not, Lord, very low: for  
Thou hast said, Come back again,  
ye sons of Adam.

\* \* \* \* \*

Come back, O Lord! how long: and

be entreated for Thy servants.

\* \* \* \* \*

ANGEL.—Softly and gently, dearly-ran-  
somed soul,

In my most loving arms I now en-  
fold thee,

And, o'er the penal waters, as they  
roll,

I poise thee, and I lower thee, and  
hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,  
And thou, without a sob or a resist-  
ance,

Dost through the flood thy rapid pas-  
sage take,

Sinking deeper, deeper, into the dim  
distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is  
given,

Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee,  
as thou liest;

And Masses on the earth, and prayers  
in heaven,

Shall aid thee at the Throne of the  
Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother  
dear,

Be brave and patient on thy bed of  
sorrow;

Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial  
here,

And I will come and wake thee on  
the morrow.

SOULS.—Lord, Thou hast been our  
refuge, &c. Amen.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—Praise to the  
Holiest, &c. Amen.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.





# FOURTH CONCERT

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Saturday Afternoon, May 14

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TONE POEM, Op. 20, "Don Juan" - - - RICHARD STRAUSS

Born in Munich, June 11, 1864; still living.

Richard Strauss is to many the artistic problem of the hour. That his art is vital none can deny; that he seeks new paths is conceded. Whether he is justified in so doing is the question that has been asked ever since he sounded a new note in his great orchestral works—of which the one on our program is by no means the least. Whatever one think of works like "Don Quixote" and "Helden-leben," "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung" powerfully portray all that is implied in their titles. That they have titles—and that an explanation is necessary if one is to arrive at an understanding of the specific meaning of these works—places them distinctly in that class of "program music" developed by the one who seems to have been his inspiration, Franz Liszt. The present work was performed for the first time at Weimar in 1889, and is based on Lenau's poem, which we quote as follows:—

O magic realm, illimited, eternal,  
Of gloried woman,—loveliness supernal!  
Fain would I, in the storm of stressful bliss,  
Expire upon you the last one's lingering kiss!  
Through every realm, O friend, would wing my flight,  
Wherever Beauty blooms, kneel down to each,  
And—if for one brief moment, win delight!

\* \* \* \*

I flee from surfeit and from rapture's cloy,  
Keep fresh for Beauty's service and employ,  
Grieving the One, that All I may enjoy.  
The fragrance from one lip to-day is breath of spring:  
The dungeon's gloom perchance to-morrow's luck may bring.  
When with the new love won I sweetly wander,  
No bliss is ours upfurbish'd and regilded;  
A different love has This to That one yonder,—  
Not up from ruins be my temples builded.

\* \* \* \*

Yea, Love life is, and ever must be new,  
Cannot be changed or turned in new direction;  
It cannot but there expire—here resurrection;  
And, if 'tis real, it nothing knows of rue!  
Each Beauty in the world is sole, unique:  
So must the Love be that would Beauty seek!  
So long as youth lives on with pulse afire,  
Out to the chase! To victories new aspire!

It was a wond'rous lovely storm that drove me:  
 Now it is o'er; and calm all round, above me;  
 Sheer dead is every wish; all hopes o'ershrouded,—  
 'Twas perhaps a flash from heaven that so descended,  
 Whose deadly stroke left me with powers ended,  
 And all the world, so bright before, o'erclouded;  
 And yet p'raps not! Exhausted is the fuel;  
 And on the hearth the cold is fiercely cruel.

(English Version by John P. Jackson.)

ARIA, "Farewell Ye Hills," from "Joan of Arc," - TSCHAIKOWSKY

MISS MULFORD

God's will be done!  
 Joan must yield obedience to the heavenly mandate!  
 Yet why this fear arising in my breast,  
 That breaks my heart and fills my soul with anguish?  
 Farewell ye hills, and all ye fertile valleys,  
 Ye lovely peaceful plains, a long farewell.  
 Joan no more among your shades will linger,  
 The hour has come, the hour for her to say,  
 Farewell!  
 Ye meadows fair, ye trees which I have cherished,  
 Ah! when I am gone, your flowers will open still!  
 My grotto cool, my brooklet swiftly flowing,  
 From you I pass, I never more may see you;  
 Joan departs, her life with you is ended.  
 Ye quiet scenes where peaceful pleasures blended,  
 No more shall I your pleasant ways behold,  
 My scattered flocks will wander undefended:  
 The shepherdess is driv'n to leave her fold.  
 For other flocks must now by her be tended,  
 When murd'rous war's tremendous plains unfold.  
 'Tis thus the voice of God to me hath spoken,  
 No low ambition tempts me by her token.  
 Madonna! To thee my heart is wholly open,  
 'Tis filled with sorrow, it throbs with anguish.  
 Farewell forever more!

SUITE, for String Orchestra, Op. 16, - - - - - PAUL JUON

BALLADE: SLUMBER SONG; INTERMEZZO; ELEGIE: DANCE.

SONGS WITH PIANO,

- |              |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |             |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------------|
| a. "Träume," | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | WAGNER      |
|              |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | (1813-1883) |
| b. "A Toi,"  | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | BEMBERG     |
|              |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | (1861—)     |

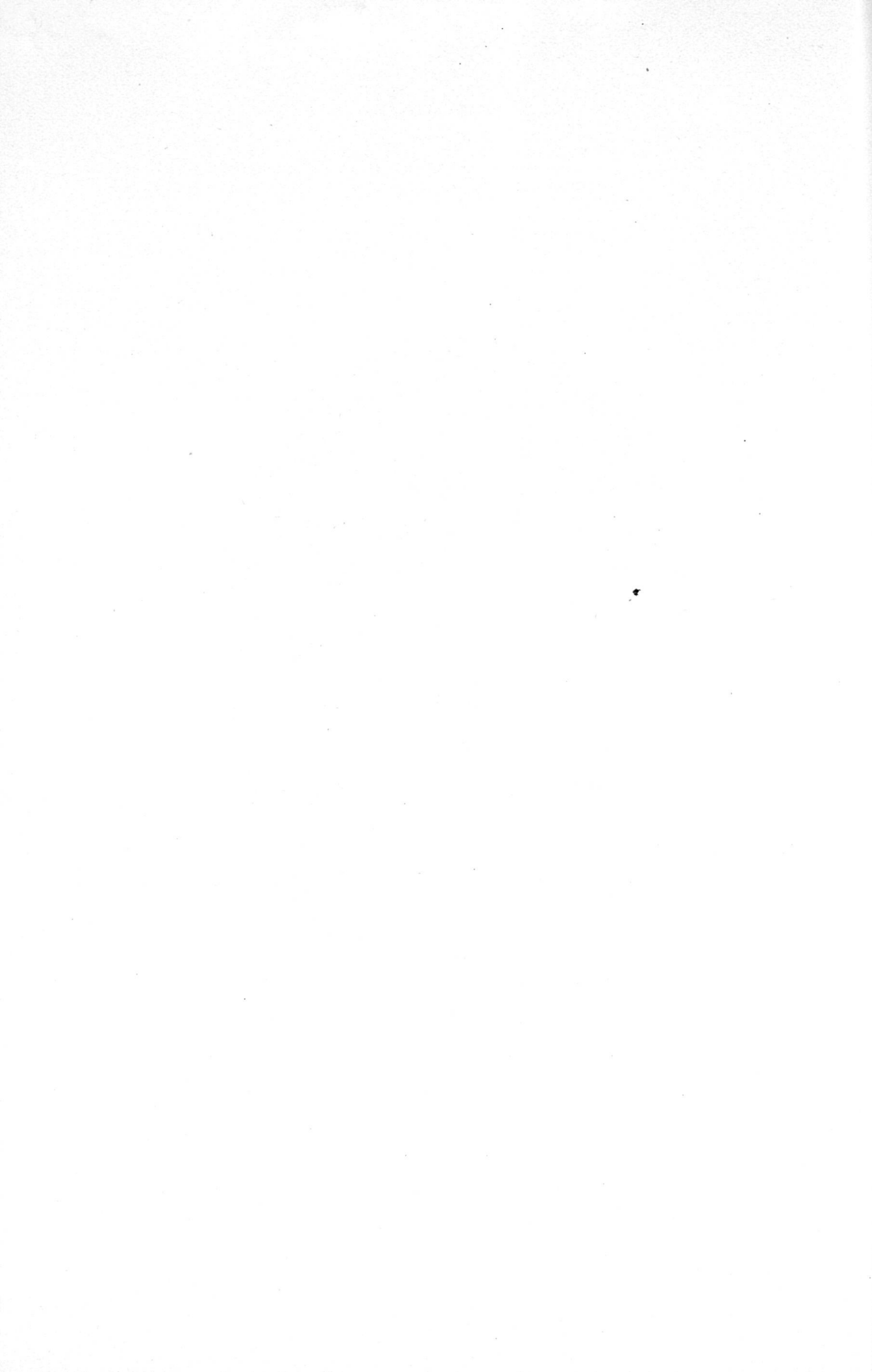
MISS MULFORD

SUITE, "Esclarmonde," - - - - - MASSENET

"Esclarmonde" was produced in 1889. It is a fairy opera, and, like all the works of that *genre*, rises in its action above all mundane restrictions, and utterly disregards the dramatic unities.







# FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening May 14,

"CARMEN," Opera in Four Acts, - - - - - BIZET

## CAST.

CARMEN, . . . . .	LOUISE HOMER
MICHAELA, . . . . .	ANITA RIO
FRASQUITA, . . . . .	CLARA HENLEY BUSSING
MERCEDES, . . . . .	FRANCES CASPARI
ESCAMILLO (The Toreador), . . . . .	GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI
DON JOSE, . . . . .	JACQUES BARS
ZUNIGA, . . . . .	} FREDERIC MARTIN
MORALES, . . . . .	
Dragoons, Smugglers, Cigarette girls, Street boys, etc.,	CHORAL UNION

ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

## GEORGES ALEXANDRE CESAR LEOPOLD BIZET

Born in Paris, October 25, 1838; died at Bougival, June 3, 1875.

The scene of Carmen, the one successful dramatic work of the composer, who was one of the first French composers to discover power in fields other than the dramatic, is laid in Spain. It has no positive ethical virtues—indeed, the leading character, the flippant, careless, heartless Carmencita is the negation of all that we hold dear,—but it has a distinct musical quality of its own, and has become a great favorite, especially with those who do not probe the sources of their enjoyment. The plot revolves around two leading characters, one of whom, by her cruelty and flippancy, forfeits our sympathy; the other, possessing all the dash and bravado of the typical toreador, but no distinct characteristics other than a willingness to accept the intense adoration paid to brawn and athletic skill at all times and in all countries, arouses but passing admiration. The real heart of the plot is bound up in Don José and the faithful and pure Micaela. The first, fickle in love and blinded by the allurements of Carmencita, casts to one side his honor, and later, in a fit of jealous rage, kills Carmen and makes away with himself; the second, attempts to hold her lover by revealing the strength of her love, and by sacrifice of self. Bizet showed himself possessed of true artistic intuition by giving to these characters the most beautiful music in his score, while to Carmen and Escamillo he gave music captivating through its pictorial quality, but appealing to the sensibilities through musical means no higher than the motives actuating the actions of these dramatic personages. There is a peculiar charm to the

Spanish rhythms associated with their dances, and there must be a touch of the "purely human" in the Toreador's air, for it has made its way over the entire world, and many who know neither Bizet nor "Carmen" go into ecstasies over this melody, that barely escapes vulgarity. The episodes of the smugglers, the scene in the tavern, the brilliant march to the bull-ring, are all secondary to the four principal characters. The score abounds in brilliant music, and is not without tender touches. Gorgeous, well-considered orchestration we find in abundance, but in the last analysis "Carmen" is of interest as a type, and for that reason it has been placed on our program. It is not as idyllic as "Faust," and through it all we seem to be conscious of the odor of the cigarette—and no one has yet claimed for that any inspiration toward high living. It is spectacular, but not to the extent to which Meyerbeer carried that element in "Roberto," in which nuns forsook their graves, threw off their shrouds and danced, to the great delight of the French youth, who approved of the ballet in the abstract and adored it in the concrete. It is intense in its dramatic delineation of character, but not psychological in analysis, for neither in Carmen, the Toreador nor in Don José is aught that is not grasped as soon as we know them, and in none, save to a certain extent in Don José, is there any conflict between good and evil. They have nothing to conceal and seem to glory in their lack of moral fibre. Yet with all these defects, apparent to any one who prefers nobility of thought and heroic action to the exploitation of the "seamy side" of life, "Carmen" is one of the greatest operas of the French school, and in concert form the objectionable features are so concealed as not to disturb the pleasure the music cannot fail to bring to all who are not hampered by non-catholicity, and who "in loving are willing to forgive."

## ACT I.

## OVERTURE.

*A square in Sevilla. On the right, the door of the tobacco factory. At the back, a rude bridge. On the left, a guard-house. When the curtain rises, Corporal Morales and the soldiers are discovered, grouped in front of the guard-house. People coming and going on the square.*

SOLDIERS.—What a bustling, What a hustling,

Everywhere on the square:—

O, what a sight these people are!

MORALES.—At the door of the guard-house lazing,

To kill time we try,

While smoking, joking, we're gazing  
At the passers-by.

What a bustling, what a hustling,

Everywhere on the square:—

O, what a sight these people are!

(Enter Micaela.)

MORALES.—But see that pretty maiden waiting,

And looking so shyly this way;

See there! see there! she is turning,  
hesitating.

SOLDIERS.—Off to her aid without delay!

MORALES (to Micaela, gallantly).—Fair one, what are you seeking?

MICAELA (with simplicity).—I? I seek a corporal here.

MORALES.—I am he, I'm sure!

MICAELA.—You are not he of whom I'm speaking:

Don José. Is he known to you?

MORALES.—Don José? Why, we all know him, too.

MICAELA (animatedly).—Indeed! Is he with the soldiers I see?

MORALES.—No, he is not a member of our company.

MICAELA (with disappointment).—Oh, then he is not here?

MORALES.—No, pretty maiden, no, he is not here,

But very soon he will appear.

For you must know,

His guard will soon relieve us,

And we must go,

However it may grieve us.

But while waiting for him, pray,

Pretty darling, come this way;

If you will but be so kind

Within a seat you will find.

MICAELA.—Within? Oh no, oh no!

Thank you, Sir, that never would do!

MORALES.—Have no fear of us, my dear,

For I pledge my honor here.

We will take the best of care

Of you as long as you are there!

MICAELA.—I am sure you will, for the rest,







I will return, that will be best;  
I will return when other guards re-  
lieve you,  
And you must go, however it may  
grieve you.

*(The soldiers surround Micaela,  
who tries to evade them.)*

SOLDIERS.—Do not say no!

For other guards relieve us,  
And we must go,

However it may grieve us!

MICAELA.—No, no! So good-bye! I  
really must go!

MORALES.—The bird is flown;  
No use to moan!

Let us do as we did before,  
And watch the people pass our door.

*Chorus of Street-boys.*

*(A military march is heard at a dis-  
tance.)*

*(Bugle-call on stage. The soldiers  
form in line in front of the guard-  
house.)*

*(The relief appears; first a bugler  
and fifer, then a crowd of street-  
boys. Following the latter, Lieu-  
tenant Zuniga and Corporal Don  
José, then the dragoons. During  
the street-boys' Chorus, the relief  
forms in front of the guard going  
off duty.)*

STREET-BOYS.—With the guard on duty  
going,

Marching onward, here we are!  
Sound, trumpets, merrily blowing!  
Ta ra ta ta ta ra ta ta.

On we tramp, alert and ready,  
Like young soldiers every one;  
Heads up and footfall steady,  
Left, right, we're marching on!  
See how straight our shoulders are,  
Ev'ry breast is swelled with pride,  
Our arms all regular—  
Hanging down on either side.  
With the guard on duty going,  
Marching onward, here we are!  
Sound, trumpets, merrily blowing,  
Ta ra ta ta ta ra ta ta.

MORALES.—Just before you came, there  
addresses

Me here a charming girl, to ask if you  
were here.

Blue her gown, and woven her tresses.

DON JOSE.—That is surely Micaela!

*(Exeunt guard going off duty—  
Street-boys march off behind  
bugler and in front of the retiring  
guard, in the same manner as  
they followed those of the relief.)*

ZUNIGA.—Is it here that the girls are  
making cigarettes,

In the building over the way there?

DON JOSE.—Indeed, Captain, it is, and  
every one admits

That there never were girls bolder  
than those that stay there.

ZUNIGA.—Are their faces not worth  
your mention?

DON JOSE.—Captain, I vow I cannot  
tell;

That is a thing to which I never pay  
attention.

ZUNIGA.—Where your thoughts are, my  
friend,

I know right well:

One fair maid your heart all possesses,  
And her name is Micaela;

"Blue her gown, and woven her  
tresses:"

You give me no answer, aha!

DON JOSE.—I reply, it is true, I reply  
that I love her!

When the cigarette girls appear,  
You will see them too, here they are!

Now see what charms you can dis-  
cover!

*(Don José sits down and pays no  
attention to the shifting scenes.)*

*(Enter Workingmen.)*

WORKINGMEN.—'Tis the noon-day bell,  
now we workmen gather,

Waiting till the gay throng of girls  
appears;

We shall follow you when you all  
come hither;

Whisp'ring words of love in your wil-  
ling ears!

*(Enter Cigarette-girls, smoking cig-  
arettes, and slowing descending  
to the stage.)*

Here they are! how boldly they stare,  
Saucy coquettes!

While they smoke with jauntiest air  
Their cigarettes.

CIGARETTE-GIRLS.—See how the smoke  
lightly flies,

While ascending, while ascending  
Up to the skies

In a fragrant cloud 'tis blending;  
To the head it mounts as well,

As it rises, 'Tis like a spell,  
That our senses all surprises!

What are the sighs that fond lovers  
heave?

What are the vows they'd us believe?  
Only smoke! Yes, only smoke!

WORKINGMEN.—But why do we not see  
la Carmencita!

*(Enter Carmen.)*

That is she! That is la Carmencita!  
Carmen! We all follow wherever

you go!

Carmen! Be so kind, and answer us  
now,

And tell us the day your heart will be  
ours!

CARMEN (*after a swift glance at Don José*).—When my heart will be  
yours?

I, faith, I do not know,  
It may never be! it may be to-mor-  
row!

'Twill not be to-day, that I vow!

Love is like any wood-bird wild,  
That none can ever hope to tame;  
And in vain is all wooing mild  
If he refuse your heart to claim.  
Naught avails, neither threat nor  
prayer,

One speaks me fair, the other sighs,  
'Tis the other that I prefer,  
Tho' mute, his heart to mine replies.

A Gypsy boy is Love, 'tis true,  
He ever was and ever will be free;  
Love you not me, then I love you,  
If I love you, beware of me!

As a bird, when you thought to net  
him,

On buoyant wing escapes in air,  
Love is wary when you await him;  
Await him not, and he is there!  
All around you he swiftly sweeps,  
Now here, now there he lightly flies,  
When you deem him yours, he es-  
capes;

You'd fain escape, and you are his!

WORKINGMEN (*to Carmen*).—Carmen!  
we all follow wherever you go!

Carmen! be so kind and answer us  
now!

(*The young men surround Carmen;  
she looks first at them, then at  
Don José; hesitates; turns as if  
going to the factory, then retraces  
her steps and goes straight at Don  
José, who is still occupied with  
his primer. Carmen takes from  
her bodice a bunch of cassia-  
flowers, and throws it at Don  
José. General burst of laughter.*

*The factory bell begins to ring. Ex-  
ult Workingmen. The soldiers  
enter guard-house. Don José is  
left alone; he picks up the flowers,  
which had fallen at his feet.*)

DON JOSÉ.—What an eye! what a wan-  
ton air!

This little flower gave me a start,  
Like a ball aim'd fair at my heart!  
And the woman!

If there really are witches,  
She is one, 'tis beyond a doubt.

MICAELA.—José!

DON JOSÉ.—Micaela!

MICAELA.—It is I.

DON JOSÉ.—Joyful meeting!

MICAELA.—'Tis from your mother I bear  
greeting!

DON JOSÉ.—Tell me, what of my  
mother?

MICAELA.—Her faithful messenger,  
alone I've travel'd hither

With a letter.

DON JOSÉ.—(*joyfully*) With a letter!

MICAELA.—A little money, too,  
To eke your payment out, she sends  
to you.

And then—

DON JOSÉ.—And then?

MICAELA.—And then—I hardly dare to!  
And then there's something else she  
bade me bear you,

Worth more than any gold;  
And, for a loving son,  
Must surely be of worth untold!

DON JOSÉ.—What can it be, then?  
You will tell me, will you not?

MICAELA.—Yes, for tell I must.

Whatever I have brought,  
Nothing will I withhold.

As your mother and I together left  
the chapel,

And with a kiss on me she smiled:  
Now go, she said to me, to Sevilla  
repair;

The way is not too long,  
And when you once are there,  
Seek first of all my son, my José, my  
dear child!

Tell him that his mother is lonely,  
Praying night and day for her son,  
That her regretful heart now only  
Yearns to forgive what he has done.  
Go, my sweet, I can well believe you,  
That a messenger true you'll be;  
Go, and this parting kiss I give you,  
To my son you will give from me!

DON JOSÉ.—(*deeply moved*) A kiss  
from my mother!

MICAELA.—'Tis a kiss for her son!

José, I give it you, as she would have  
it done!

(*she kisses Don José.*)

DON JOSÉ.—My mother I behold!

Again I see my village home!

O happy mem'ries of old,

How ye my heart overcome!

Ye fill my yearning breast

With tender calm and rest.

Who knows of what a demon I was  
nearly the prey!

Tho' far away, a mother's love can  
see,

And with the kiss, she sends to me,—  
Averts the threat'ning peril from her  
son to-day!

MICAELA.—What demon? what peril?  
Why do you murmur so?

Is there anything wrong?

DON JOSE.—No! no!

Speak of yourself whom she sent  
hither:

Do you really mean to go home?

MICAELA.—Yes, and this evening.

To-morrow I shall see your mother.

DON JOSE (*animatedly*).—You'll see her  
then!

O then tell her from me:

Say, that her son his love would send  
her,

And say, that to-day he repents;

And hopes that his darling mother,

Will forgive his offense!

Now, my sweet, I can well believe you,

That a messenger true you'll be!

And that this loving kiss I give you,

You will give to her from me!

MICAELA.—Indeed, I give my word, as  
a messenger true,

José, it shall be given as I have prom-  
ised you.

DON JOSE.—Now, until I have read it,  
wait a moment here.

MICAELA.—Oh no! read first, and I will  
then soon reappear.

DON JOSE.—But why go away?

MICAELA.—It is better

To leave you alone with your letter!

Now read! Then I will return.

DON JOSE.—You will return?

MICAELA.—I will return.

(*Exit Micaela.*)

(*Don José reads the letter in silence.*)

DON JOSE.—Do not fear, dear mother,

Your will shall be my law.

Your son will heed your prayer;

I love Micaela,

'Tis she my heart is bent on;

As for thy flow'rs, thou brazen wan-  
ton!

(*Cries behind the scenes.*)

ZUNIGA.—What can be going on, below?

CIGARETTE-GIRLS.—Help! help! will you  
never hear?

Help! help! Is no soldier near?

'Twas la Carmencita!

No, no! she did not do it!

O yes, O yes, it was she!

'Twas she began it with a blow.

Do not mind what they say!

My-lord, they do not know!

(*drawing Zuniga to their side.*)

Manuelita raised a cry,

That one could hear all through town,

That she had a mind to buy

Her an ass to ride upon.

Carmencita quickly cried

(She never lets a chance pass):

"What do you want with an ass

When a broom will do to ride?"

Manuelita answered too,

All over in fury shaking:

"For a ride you'll soon be taking,

My ass will do well for you!

Then you'll have a right to rise

Far above us in your pride,

With two lackeys at your side

Taking turns in chasing flies!"

Then they both started to tear

And to pull each other's hair!

ZUNIGA.—Have done with all your silly  
chatter!

(*to Don José.*)

Hark you, José, take two good men  
with you,

And go in to find out what is really  
the matter!

(*Don José enters the factory fol-  
lowed by two soldiers.*)

CIGARETTE-GIRLS.—'Twas la Carmencita!

No, no, she did not do it!

ZUNIGA.—I say! Off with these women  
without more ado!

(*The soldiers enter the square—*

*Carmen appears at the factory*

*door, led by Don José and fol-*

*lowed by two soldiers.*)

DON JOSE.—Captain, I find there has  
been a quarrel,

They began it with words, then quick-  
ly came to blows;

And one woman is wounded.

ZUNIGA.—And by whom?

DON JOSE.—She can tell you.

ZUNIGA.—You hear the charge; what  
have you to oppose?

CARMEN.—Tra la la la la la la la

You may flay me or burn me; but

nothing I'll tell,

Tra la la la la la la la

For your steel and your fire, and e'en

Heaven I defy.

ZUNIGA.—You can sing better bye-and-  
bye;

And now that you are ordered to  
answer, reply!

CARMEN (*staring impudently at Zuni-  
ga.*)—Tra la la la la la la la

My own secret I'll keep, and I'll keep  
it right well!

Tra la la la la la la la,

There is one whom I love, and for  
him I would die.

ZUNIGA.—As nothing I say can avail,  
You will go sing your song to the  
walls of the jail!

CIGARETTE-GIRLS.—To the jail! to the jail!

(*Carmen strikes a woman who happens to be near her.*)

ZUNIGA (*to Carmen*).—Now, steady!

Aye, sure enough, with your hand you are ready.

CARMEN (*with the utmost impertinence*)

—Tra la la la la la la

la la la, etc.

ZUNIGA.—'Tis a pity, 'tis a great pity,

For she is so youthful and pretty:

Nevertheless, spite of her charms,

We must bind these two lovely arms.

CARMEN.—Where shall you take me now?

DON JOSE.—Into the jail; there's no way I can help you.

CARMEN.—You say, there's no way to help me?

DON JOSE.—No, none! I obey my commands.

CARMEN.—As for me, I am sure that despite your commands, you'll save me,

And will do all that I desire;

And you will, because you love me!

DON JOSE.—I, love you?

CARMEN.—Yes, José! The flower I gave you to-day,

You know, the brazen wanton's flower,

Tho' now you may throw it away,

You feel its power!

DON JOSE.—Now say nothing more, do you hear?

Say nothing more, I will not hear!

CARMEN.—Near to the walls of Sevilla,

With my good friend Lillas Pastia,

I'll soon dance the gay Seguidilla

And I'll drink Manzanilla.

I'll go and see my good friend Lillas Pastia!

But all alone what can one do?

True love begins where there are two;

And so, to keep me company,

I'll take my lover dear with me!

(*laughing.*)

My lover dear has got the mitten.

And where he is the deuce may care!

Now my poor heart, so sadly smitten,

My heart is free, is free as air!

Tho' I have suitors by the dozen

There is not one that suits my whim.

The week is gone and none is chosen:

Who will love me? I will love him!

Who'll have my soul?

'Tis for the asking!

Now some good fairy has sent you here!

And my patience will bear no tasking,  
For, beside my new lover dear,

Near to the walls of Sevilla,

With my good friend Lillas Pastia,

I'll soon dance the gay Seguidilla

And I'll drink Manzanilla.

Yes, I'm going to my friend Lillas Pastia!

DON JOSE (*with severity*).—Be still!

Did I not say you must not speak to me?

CARMEN (*with simplicity*).—I did not speak to you,

I only sang a song,

And I'm thinking—

By thinking I can do you no wrong!

An officer I have in mind,

Who loves me,

And who knows well,

Yes, who knows well,

That I am not unkind!

DON JOSE (*agitated*).—Carmen!

CARMEN (*pointedly*).—That he's no captain I well am aware,

Nor a lieutenant is he;

He's only a corp'al,

But why should a Gypsy girl ever care?

And I think he will do for me.

DON JOSE.—Carmen, do my senses all leave me?

If I yield, can you deceive me?

Will you then surely faithful be?

Ah! if I love you, Carmen,

Carmen, will you love me?

CARMEN.—Yes? (*Don José loosens the cord which binds Carmen's hands.*)

Soon we shall dance the Seguidilla,

And we shall drink Manzanilla.

Near to the walls of Sevilla,

With my good friend Lillas Pastia.

(*Zuniga comes out of guard-house.*)

ZUNIGA (*to Don José*).—Here is the order; now go!

Take care she does not cheat you!

CARMEN (*aside to Don José*).—On the way I'll give you a push,

Just as hard as ever I can:

You must fall, off I rush;

You know where I shall meet you!

(*Singing, and laughing in Zuniga's face.*)

A Gypsy boy is Love 'tis true,

He ever was and ever will be free;

Love you not me, then I love you,

If I love you, beware of me!

(*She marches off with Don José and the Soldiers.*)

(*On arriving at the bridge, Carmen pushes the soldiers down, and escapes, laughing loudly.*)







ENTR' ACTE.

ACT II.

*Lillas Pastia's Inn. When the curtain rises, Carmen, Frasquita and Mercedes are discovered seated at a table with the owner. Dance of the Gypsy-girls, accompanied by Gypsies playing the guitar and tambourine.*

*(The dance ceases.)*

CARMEN.—The cound of sistrum bars did greet

Their ears with dry, metallic ringing,  
To this strange music soon up-spring-

ing,  
The Gypsy-girls were on their feet.  
The rattling, ringing tambourine,  
And twanging of guitars now mingle,  
And, pinched and pounded, throb and jingle,

Alike in time, alike in tune!  
Tra la la la, etc.

Set off by tawny skins, are rings  
Of silver and of copper flashing,  
In measure with the music clashing:  
Mantles flying like waving wings.  
The singers' mood the dancers feel,  
With slow and timid step beginning;  
Then fast and faster they are spinning,  
And wilder, wilder, wilder grows the reel!

Tra la la la, etc.

With fingers fleet the gypsy boys  
On string and leather romp and riot;  
No gypsy maiden can sit quiet  
Who hears that glorious, merry noise!  
And, to the measure of the song,  
All join the glowing, wanton revel;  
Round and round the ring, how they travel,

Borne on whirl-winds of joy along!

Tra la la la, etc.

*(Carmen, Frasquita and Mercedes join the dance.)*

FRASQUITA.—Kind sirs, Pastia begs leave—

ZUNIGA.—Well, what does he want now, Master Pastia?

FRASQUITA.—He says, that the corregidor tells him, it's time to be closing.

ZUNIGA.—All right! we'll go away:  
And you shall go with us.

FRASQUITA.—No, no! We'd rather stay!

ZUNIGA.—And you, Carmen? Will you you stay here?

Just listen! A word in your ear!

You are vexed!

CARMEN.—Why am I vexed? How so?

ZUNIGA.—The dragoon, put in jail because he let you go—

CARMEN.—Have they killed him, now, in their spite?

ZUNIGA.—Is no longer in prison!

CARMEN.—Not in prison? That's right!

And now, kind gentlemen, good-night!

*(Chorus behind the scenes.)*

Hurrah! hurrah, the Torero!

Hurrah! hurrah, Escamillo!

ZUNIGA.—A torchlight procession I see!

'Twas he who won the bull-fight at Granada.

Will you join in a glass, old friend?

You shall be welcome!

Here's to your best success, to triumphs yet to be!

*(Enter Escamillo.)*

ALL.—Hurrah! hurrah, the Torero!

Hurrah! hurrah, Escamillo!

ESCAMILLO.—For a toast, your own will avail me,

Senors, senors! For all you men of war,

Like all Toreros, as brother hail me!

In a fight we both take delight!

'Tis holiday, the circus full,

The circus full from rim to floor;

The lookers-on beyond control,

The lookers-on now begin to murmur and roar!

Some are calling, and others bawling,  
And howling too, with might and main!

For they await a sight appalling!

'Tis the day of the braves of Spain!

Come on, make ready! come on! Ah!

Toreador! Toreador!

And think on her, who all can see:

On a dark-eyed lady,

And that love waits for thee,

Toreador, Love waits, love waits for thee!

ALL.—Toreador, make ready!

Toreador, Toreador!

And think on her who all can see,

On a dark-eyed lady,

And that love waits for thee!

ESCAMILLO.—All at once they all are silent:

Ah, what is going on?

No cries! the time has come!

With a mighty bound the bull leaps out from the Toril!

With a rush he comes, he charges!

A horse is lying, under him a Picador!

Ah! bravo! Toro! the crowd is crying!

Now he goes on, he halts, he turns, charges once more!

Oh how he shakes his banderillas!

How madly now he runs!

The sand is wet and red!  
 See them running, see them climb the  
 barriers!  
 Only one has not fled!  
 Come on! make ready! come on! Ah!  
 Toreador, make ready!  
 Toreador! Toreador!  
 And think on her who all can see,  
 On a dark-eyed lady,  
 And that love waits for thee.

CHORUS.—(*As before.*)

ESCAMILLO.—My fair one, a word!  
 What name may one dare give you?  
 When danger comes again, I would  
 call on your name!

CARMEN.—Carmen, Carmencita!  
 To me 'tis all the same.

ESCAMILLO.—How if I should tell you,  
 I love you?

CARMEN.—I should tell you then to be  
 more discreet!

ESCAMILLO.—Your answer is not at all  
 tender,  
 But to waiting and hoping my heart  
 must surrender!

CARMEN.—There is no harm in waiting,  
 And they say, hope is sweet!

ZUNIGA.—Well, Carmen, as you will not  
 come,  
 I shall come back.

CARMEN.—That will do you no good!

ZUNIGA.—Bah! I'll try a new tack!  
 (*Exit Escamillo.*)

DON JOSE (*behind the scenes*).—Have a  
 care! who goes there; Man of  
 Alcala!  
 Where are you going there? Man of  
 Alcala!  
 Ever true and tender, Faithfully I  
 wander  
 To my sweet-heart yonder!  
 If that is your end, pass the line my  
 friend!  
 When 'tis honor calls, or love that  
 enthralls,  
 Comrades all we are, Men of Alcala!  
 (*Enter Don José.*)

CARMEN.—'Tis you at last!

DON JOSE.—Carmen!

CARMEN.—And out of jail to-day?

DON JOSE.—In jail for two months past!

CARMEN.—Do you care?

DON JOSE.—No, not I! And, if it were  
 for you,  
 I'd be there still, with pleasure.

CARMEN.—You love me, then?

DON JOSE.—I? out of measure!

CARMEN.—Some of your officers were  
 here just now;  
 We had to dance for them.

DON JOSE.—For them! You?

CARMEN.—You are jealous, I'd swear  
 you can't deny it.

DON JOSE.—What then? What if I am?

CARMEN.—Be quiet, sir, be quiet!

(*Gaily.*)

Now I shall dance for your reward,  
 And you shall see, my lord,  
 The song that I shall sing is of my  
 own invention!

Sit you down here, Don José.

(*Making Don José sit down.*)

Now, attention!

La la la la la la la, etc.,

(*Bugles behind the scenes.*)

DON JOSE (*stopping Carmen.*)

Stop for a moment, Carmen, only a  
 moment!

CARMEN (*surprised*).—And what for,  
 if you please?

DON JOSE.—Do I hear below?

Yes, I hear them, our bugles, sounding  
 in retreat:

Do you not hear them now?

CARMEN (*gaily*).—Bravo! bravo!

My pains are wasted!

He's tired of seeing dances

To the tunes I supply

So welcome this, that chances

To fall down from the sky!

(*Dancing, and rattling the casta-*

La la la la, etc. *nets.*)

DON JOSE (*again stopping Carmen*).—

You do not understand, Carmen; 'tis  
 the retreat!

It means that I must go back to camp  
 for the night!

CARMEN (*stupidified*).—Back to camp?  
 for the night?

(*with an outburst*)

Ah! how could I be so stupid!

Here I've been working hard,

And tried with all my might

To make you smile, my lord!

How I danced! How I sang!

How I, Lord save us all,

Might have loved you ere long!

Ta ra tata—It is the bugle call!

Ta ra ta ta—He's off! now he is gone!

Go along, simpleton!

(*in a rage, throwing his shako at  
 him*)

Wait! here is your cap, your saber,  
 here's your pill-box!

Now be gone, silly boy, be gone!

And go home to your barracks!

DON JOSE (*sadly*).—How cruel 'tis, Car-  
 men, for you to treat me so!

'Tis hard for me to go,

No woman yet has ever,

No woman yet, but you,

No, no, not one,

No woman yet but you,









Has moved my heart as you have done  
without endeavor!

CARMEN.—Ta ra ta ta—Good Lord! it's  
the retreat!

Ta ra ta ta—And I shall be too late!  
So off he runs—he raves!

Now you see how he loves!

DON JOSE.—And so, you think I do not  
love you then?

CARMEN.—Why, no!

DON JOSE.—You don't? Then wait and  
hear!

CARMEN.—I'll neither hear, nor wait!

DON JOSE.—Now you shall hear!

CARMEN.—You will surely be late!

DON JOSE.—Yes, now you shall hear!

CARMEN.—No, no!

DON JOSE.—But you must, Carmen,  
I say you must!

*(He draws, from the vest of his uni-  
form the flower which Carmen  
threw at him in Act I and shows  
it to Carmen.)*

This flower that you threw to me,  
I kept it still while in the jail,  
And still the flow'r tho' dead and dry,  
A sweet perfume did e'er exhale  
And, thro' many a silent hour,  
On mine eye-lids closed, lay the flow'r,  
This rare perfume was my delight;  
I saw your face at dead of night!  
Then I began to curse your name,  
And e'en to detest you, and t' exclaim:  
Why must it be, that in my way  
She should be set by Destiny!  
Then I'd call myself a blasphemer,  
And within my heart thrilled a tremor,  
I only knew a sole desire,  
A sole desire, one hope alone:  
Carmen, 'twas to see you, see you, my  
own!

For hardly had you met my vision,  
Or cast a single glance at me,  
Of all my soul you took possession,  
O, my Carmen! And I liv'd only  
yours to be!

Carmen, I love you!

CARMEN.—No! not for me you care!

DON JOSE.—What do you say?

CARMEN.—No, not for me you care!

For, if you loved me, up there, up  
there

You'd follow me!

Yes! Away, away to yonder mountain,  
Away, away you'd follow me!

Upon your horse we hence would flee,  
You as a brave man, onward like the  
wind

O'er hill and dale with me behind!

Up yonder you'd be as free as air,

Officer there is none whose command  
you obey,

Nor any retreat sounding there,  
Telling fond lovers,

Now you must up and away!

Roaming at will beneath the skies,

All the world for you and me;

And for law, what e'er you please!

And the best, the dearest boon we  
prize:

We all are free! we all are free!

DON JOSE *(wresting himself away from  
Carmen's embrace)*.—

No! I will not hear what you say!

Desert my flag—run away—

That is shame! that is dishonor!

It cannot be!

CARMEN *(harshly)*.—Indeed! go!

DON JOSE.—Carmen, I implore you!

CARMEN.—No! I love you no more!

Go! I hate you!

DON JOSE.—O hear me! Carmen!

CARMEN.—Good-bye! But good-bye for  
ever!

DON JOSE *(grievingly)*.—

Good-bye, then! farewell! farewell for  
ever!

*(Don José goes toward the door; as  
he is about to open it, someone  
knocks. Silence.)*

ZUNIGA *(outside)*.—Holla, Carmen,  
holla, holla!

DON JOSE.—Who's knocking? I will go.

CARMEN.—Be still, be still!

ZUNIGA *(entering after forcing the  
door)*.—

As no one answers, I'll enter!

*(He perceives Don José.)*

*(To Carmen.)*

Oh, fie, oh, fie, my charmer!

Your taste is not the best!

The match is surely bad

To take a plain dragoon when a  
captain's to be had!

*(To Don José.)*

And you be off, sir!

DON JOSE *(calmly but resolutely)*.—No!

ZUNIGA *(sternly)*.—You will! Off with  
you now!

DON JOSE.—I say I will not go!

ZUNIGA *(menacing Don José)*.—Fellow!

DON JOSE *(seizing his saber)*.—The  
devil! You'll try a bout with me!

CARMEN *(throwing herself between  
them)*.—You're mad with jeal-  
ousy! Come on! Come on!

*(The Gypsies appear from every  
side; at a sign from Carmen, they  
seize Zuniga and disarm him.)*

GYPSIES.—Come with us, Captain, with-  
out more ado!

*(Exit Zuniga, escorted by the Gyp-  
sies.)*

CARMEN (*to Don José*).—Will you not be one of us now?

DON JOSE (*sighing*).—What can I do!

CARMEN.—Ah! You're not polite, I vow!

But, no matter!

Aye, you will agree

When you shall be

Roaming at will beneath blue skies,

All the world for you and me,

And for law, whate'er you please!

And the best, the dearest boon we prize:

We all are free! we all are free!

ALL.—Follow us, friend, over the plains,

Follow us now into the mountains,

You will agree

When you shall be

So free, so free,

Roaming at will beneath blue skies,

All the world for you and me,

And the best, the dearest boon we prize:

Aye! We all are free!

ENTR'ACTE.

### ACT III.

*A wild spot in the mountains. As the curtain rises, a few of the smugglers are seen lying here and there, enveloped in their cloaks.*

GYPSIES.—Attention! attention, comrades, all together!

Fortunes waits us in the plains below,

But be careful while on the way there,

Be wary as you onward go!

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, CARMEN, and

DON JOSE.—Our chosen trade, our chosen, trade is good, but every man must have

A heart, a heart that never fears!

For danger lurks, for danger lurks around,

It is below, it is above,

'Tis ev'rywhere; who cares!

We go on, straight ahead, without heed of the night,

Without heed of the storm, without heed of the torrent!

With no heed of the troops down below, out of sight,

Down below, out of sight,

But awake, that I warrant!

ALL.—Attention! attention, comrades, all together!

Fortune waits us in the plains below,

But be careful while on the way there, Be wary as you onward go!

CARMEN.—What do you see, below?

DON JOSE.—I was thinking that yonder is living a good, industrious old woman, who thinks me a man of honor.

But she is wrong, alas!

CARMEN.—Who is this good old woman?

DON JOSE.—Ah, Carmen! If you love me, do not speak thus:

For 'tis my mother!

CARMEN.—Indeed? Then you should go back in a hurry,

For, as you see, our trade never will do,

And if you do not go, you are sure to be sorry.

DON JOSE.—Go back? leave you behind?

CARMEN.—I said so.

DON JOSE.—Leave you behind, Carmen! be careful!

If you repeat that word—

CARMEN.—Why, then perhaps you'll kill me!

What a look!

You do not reply.

What of that? after all, it is Fate, live or die!

(*Frasquita and Mercedes spread cards before them.*)

FRASQUITA AND MERCEDES.—Shuffle! Cut them!

Good! that will do!

Three cards over here,

Four to you!

My pretty toys, now here you're lying,

To all we ask be truthful in replying,

Now tell us who our love will slight!

And who with love our hearts delight!

FRASQUITA.—I a gay young lover behold,

Who tries of his love to persuade me.

MERCEDES.—And mine's very wealthy and old,

But he says he's willing to wed me!

FRASQUITA.—On his horse behind him I sit,

And off to the mountains he takes me!

MERCEDES.—A castle for royal fit,

The present my lover now makes me!

FRASQUITA.—Love is mine, as much as I care,

Ev'ry day new pleasures invite me!

MERCEDES.—Of gold I've enough and to spare,

Diamonds and rings, all to delight me!

FRASQUITA.—My lover becomes a great chief,

A hundred men wait on his pleasure!

MERCEDES.—And mine—and mine—

Oh, it passes belief! Yes—he dies! Ah!

I've his title and treasure!

FRASQUITA.—My pretty toys, now here  
you're lying,

To all we ask be truthful in replying,  
Now tell us who our love will slight!  
And who with love our hearts de-  
light!

MERCEDES.—A fortune!

FRASQUITA.—A heart!

CARMEN.—Let's see! I will try for my  
part!

(*Carmen turns up the cards on her  
side.*)

Diamonds! Spades!

To die! So it is.

First come I, afterwards he—

Both of us are to die!

In vain, to shun the answer that we  
dread to hear,

To mix the cards we try,

'Tis all of no avail, they still remain  
sincere,

And they can never lie!

If in the Book of Fate you have a  
shining page,

Serenely cut and deal;

The card that you will turn will noth-  
ing ill presage,

And future joy reveal!

But if you are to die,

If that so dreadful word

Be writ by Fate on high,

You may try twenty times,

Unpitiful the card

Will but repeat: "You die!"

(*Turning up the cards.*)

Again! Again!

All hope is vain!

\* \* \* \* \*

CARMEN.—Then let each man shoulder  
his bale;

We have to pass, and pass we shall!

GYPSIES.—As for the guard, be easy,  
brothers,

They like to please, as well as others,

They like to be gallant, and more!

Ah!

Let us go on a while before!

There is no danger to be fac'd,

Nothing at all for one to do,

But let him put his arm 'round your  
waist,

And hear him talk nonsense to you.

And if a smile can gain your end,

What would you have? Then we  
shall smile!

And in advance, you may depend,

That you can pass in the meanwhile!

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

MICHAELA.—Here is the usual place for  
the smugglers to gather.

I shall see him, he will be here!

The duty laid upon me by his mother  
Shall be done, and without a fear.

I say that nothing shall deter me,  
I say, alas! I'm strong to play my  
part;

But tho' undaunted I declare me,

I feel dismay within my heart!

Alone in this dismal place,

All alone, I'm afraid, altho' 'tis wrong  
to fear:

Thou wilt aid me now with thy grace,

For thou, O Lord, art ever near!

I shall see this woman in time,

Whose wanton, treacherous art

Has achieved the shame of the man

Whom once I loved with all my  
heart!

She's wily and false, she's a beauty!

But I will never yield to fear!

No, no! I will never yield to fear!

I'll speak in her face of my duty. Ah!

I'm not mistaken now, 'tis he yonder  
I see!

Come down! José! and reach your  
hand to me.

But what is that;

He's taking aim—he fires—

Ah! all my strength is gone, and my  
courage expires!

(*She disappears behind the rocks.*)

ESCAMILLO.—A few lines lower down,  
and 't would have been my end!

DON JOSE.—Who are you? give your  
name!

ESCAMILLO.—Eh! fair and soft, my  
friend!

I am Escamillo, Toreador of Gran-  
ada!

DON JOSE.—Well I know you by name.

I bid you welcome, but hark you,  
brave Espada, you ran a fearful  
risk.

ESCAMILLO.—Well, that is all the same.

But you see, I'm in love, my friend,  
that makes me giddy!

And any man would be unworthy of  
the name,

Who would not risk his life to see  
his chosen lady!

DON JOSE.—She, the lady you love, she  
is here?

ESCAMILLO.—She is here; it is a Gypsy,  
my dear.

DON JOSE.—What is her name?

ESCAMILLO.—Carmen!

DON JOSE (*aside*).—Carmen.

ESCAMILLO.—Carmen, yes, my dear;

She had a lover here,

A soldier who deserted from his  
troop to join her.



- How fond they were! but that is past, I hear;  
The amours of Carmen do not last half a year.
- DON JOSE.—Yet you love her, you say?
- ESCAMILLO.—I love her, yes, my friend, I love her,  
I tell you, I am giddy!
- DON JOSE.—But, when any one takes our Gypsy girls away,  
Are you aware that he must pay?
- ESCAMILLO (*gaily*).—Good! what's to pay?
- DON JOSE.—And that the price is paid in knife-thrusts and slashes?
- ESCAMILLO (*surprised*).—In knife-thrusts and slashes!
- DON JOSE.—You understand?
- ESCAMILLO.—I can hear what you say!  
This deserter, this bold dragoon she fancies,  
Or whom, at least, she fancied, is yourself?
- DON JOSE.—Yes, I, myself!
- ESCAMILLO.—I'm more than pleased, my boy!  
I'm in luck, sure, to-day!  
This is rather tidy! I could laugh, I vow!  
To look for the lady  
And find the beau!
- DON JOSE.—My rage, hotly glowing,  
Finds a vent at last!  
His blood shall be flowing  
Ere this hour is past!  
Now be on your guard,  
And beware my knife!  
Should you fail to ward  
It will cost your life!  
(*They fight. Escamillo's knife snaps. Don José is about to strike him.*)
- CARMEN (*arresting Don José's arm*).—  
Holla, holla! José!
- ESCAMILLO (*to Carmen*).—Ah, what rapture it gave me  
That it was you, Carmen, who came in, time to save me!  
(*To Don José.*)
- As for you, sir dragoon,  
For this time we are even, but one shall win the prize,  
Whenever you will fight again;  
Let it be soon!  
Before I go, at least you'll allow me to speak!  
And ask you all to see the bull-fight this week,  
For in Sevilla you will not find me deficient;
- And they who love me will come!  
(*gazing at Carmen—coolly to Don José, who makes a menacing gesture*).  
My friend, don't be impatient!  
I have done, yes I am through!  
And have no more to say, but bid you all adieu!  
(*Exit Escamillo slowly; Don José tries to attack him, but is held back.*)
- DON JOSE (*to Carmen, menacingly, but restrainedly*).—Will you be warn'd, Carmen?
- Do not torture me so!
- GYPSIES.—Now forward, now forward, it's time to go!
- DON JOSE.—Halt! someone is yonder who's trying to hide.  
(*He brings Micaela forward.*)
- CARMEN.—It's a woman!  
Begad! 'tis surprising indeed!
- DON JOSE.—Micaela!
- MICAELA.—Don José!
- DON JOSE.—Are you mad?  
What are you doing here?
- MICAELA.—I am looking for you!  
Below, down in the valley,  
Is a hut all alone,  
Where a mother, your mother,  
Weeps and prays for you, her son!  
She is weeping and waiting,  
Ever hoping her son to see!  
Oh, take pity upon her, José,  
José, you'll come with me!
- CARMEN (*to Don José*).—That is the best thing you can do,  
Our trade will never do for you!
- DON JOSE.—You command me to leave you?
- CARMEN.—Yes, it is time you went!
- DON JOSE.—You command me to leave you,  
So that you, with none to prevent,  
May pursue your Toreador!  
No! nevermore!  
Tho' death be my part, I vow,  
No, Carmen, I will not leave you now!  
And the chain that binds our hearts  
Still shall bind till death us parts!
- ALL (*to Don José*).—It will cost you dear to stay,  
José, your life is at stake,  
And the chain that binds to-day,  
At your death surely will break.
- DON JOSE (*seizing Carmen in a transport of passion*).—Ha! now I have you, fiend that you are!  
Now I have you, and your will I'll soon incline  
To admit the fatal power



That fetters your lot with mine!  
MICAELA.—Only one word more, I can  
say nothing further:

Alas, José, your mother is dying, and  
your mother

Was not content to die without par-  
doning you!

DON JOSE.—My mother? she is dying?

MICAELA.—Yes, Don José!

DON JOSE.—Away! let us go (*he takes  
a few steps, then stops—to Car-  
men*) Rest you merry! I go,—  
but—

I'll meet you below!

(*Don José leads Micaela away;  
hearing Escamillo's voice, he  
pauses, hesitating.*)

ESCAMILLO (*behind the scenes*).—Tore-  
ador, make ready!

Toreador, Toreador!

(*Carmen rushes towards him; Don  
José threateningly bars the way*).

And think on her who all can see,

On a dark-eyed lady,

And that love waits for thee!

ENTR' ACTE.

#### ACT IV.

*A square in Sevilla. At back, the walls  
of the ancient amphitheatre; the en-  
trance to the latter is closed by a long  
awning.*

GIRLS AND PEDDLERS.—For two cuartos!  
for two cuartos!

Who wants a fan to raise the wind?

Oranges, sweet and tender-skinn'd!

Here's the program, all about the  
show!

ZUNIGA.—Bring some oranges, quick!

ORANGE GIRLS.—Here you are; take  
mine, take mine, dear Senorita!

A GIRL (*to Zuniga, who pays her*).—

Senor, I thank you kindly, Senor.

ALL.—But Senor! these others are  
sweeter!

Who wants a fan to raise the wind,

Oranges sweet and tender-skinn'd!

Here's the program, all about the  
show!

Good wine! Who'll buy cigarros?

ZUNIGA.—Holla! bring me some fans!

A GYPSY (*to Zuniga, who repulses  
him*).—Will you take a pair of  
glasses?

ALL.—For two cuartos! For two cuar-  
tos!

Here you are! senoras and caballeros!

CHILDREN (*entering*).—Here they come!  
here they come!

Here comes the cuadrilla!

On their lances the sunshine glances!

Hats up! hats up! Hurrah for the  
men of Sevilla!

(*The procession begins*).

Here he comes along at a foot pace,

Slowly marching over the place,

The Alguacil with his ugly snout.

Clear out! clear out! clear out! clear  
out!

MEN.—Now we'll give a cheer for the  
color,

Give a cheer for the brave chulos!

Bravo! viva! glory to valor!

Here they are, the brave chulos!

WOMEN.—See there! the Banderilleros,

See what a jaunty, gallant bearing!

See there, what eyes they're making,  
and how bright

The spangles and the lace they're  
wearing

Upon their costumes for the fight!

Here are the Banderilleros!

ALL.—Here come the Picadors!

A splendid rank!

You will see, with those pointed  
lances,

How they gall the bull on the flanks!

The Espada! Escamillo!

(*Escamillo enters; beside him Car-  
men, radiant with delight, and  
brilliantly dressed*).

It's the Espada, he's the clever blade

Who comes at last to end the show,

When the game to the end is played,

And delivers the final blow!

Viva! Escamillo! Bravo!

ESCAMILLO (*to Carmen*).—If you love  
me Carmen,

Then indeed, at this moment, you  
may be proud of me!

CARMEN.—Ah! I do, Escamillo,

May I die now, in torment,

If I ever loved as I love you, my  
own!

MEN.—Room there for his Grace, th'  
Alcalde!

(*The Alcalde appears at back, ac-  
companied by guards; he enters  
the amphitheatre, followed by the  
cuadrilla, the crowd, etc.*).

FRASQUITA.—Carmen, take my advise,  
and go away from here.

CARMEN.—And why, if you please?

MERCEDES.—He is here!

CARMEN.—What he?

MERCEDES.—See! Don José! in the  
crowd he is hiding, look there!

CARMEN.—Yes, there he is.

FRASQUITA.—Beware!

CARMEN.—I am not the woman to fear  
such as he.

I shall wait,  
I shall speak with him here.  
MERCEDES.—Carmen, be warned! Beware!  
CARMEN.—Why should I care?  
FRASQUITA.—Beware!  
(*The crowd has entered the amphitheatre; Frasquita and Mercedes also go in. Carmen and Don José are left alone.*)  
CARMEN.—You here?  
DON JOSE.—I'm here!  
CARMEN.—Some friends just came to tell me  
That you were near at hand, that you would come to-day;  
And they wanted me to believe you mean to kill me!  
But I am brave and will not run away.  
DON JOSE.—I do not threaten you,  
I beg you, I entreat you! I will forget, Carmen, all that has pass'd since I met you!  
Yes, let us go together,  
Far away from here, with one another  
To begin our life again!  
CARMEN.—What you ask cannot be granted!  
Carmen never tells a lie!  
Her will has never relented:  
Between us two, all is gone by!  
DON JOSE.—Carmen, let me try to move you,  
Oh, my Carmen, I try  
To save you still, for still I love you.  
Ah,  
Let me still try to save you,  
Save you, and myself as well!  
CARMEN.—No! well I know you will kill me,  
Well I know the moment is nigh.  
But if I live, or if I die,  
No! no! no! I'll never yield to your will!  
What value can that have for you,  
A heart that is yours no more?  
No, this heart is yours no more!  
In vain you say: "I adore you!"  
I am deaf, howe'er you may implore,  
Ah! 'tis in vain!  
DON JOSE.—Then you love me no more?  
CARMEN.—No! I love you no more.  
DON JOSE.—But I, Carmen, let me implore you,  
Carmen, alas! I still adore you!  
CARMEN.—What good will that do?  
My heart you'll never move!  
DON JOSE.—Carmen, I love you, I adore you!  
Oh hear! To please you I will vow

To join the band again, do all that you desire:  
All! do you hear? All!  
But ah! then love me still, Carmen, my love!  
Ah! but recall that time again!  
We lov'd so fondly then!  
Do not forsake me now, Carmen!  
CARMEN.—Ne'er will Carmen weakly comply!  
Free she was born, and free will she die!  
(*Hearing the cries of the crowd in the amphitheatre, applauding Escamillo, Carmen makes a gesture of delight. Don José keeps his eyes fixed on her. At the end of the chorus, Carmen attempts to enter the amphitheatre, but Don José steps in front of her.*)  
PEOPLE.—Viva! Viva! Glorious scene!  
Ah!  
Viva! on the red arena  
How the bull, the bull madly rushes!  
See there! see there! see there!  
Gall'd by many a dart,  
Across the ring he rushes!  
Stricken fair, yes, fair in the heart!  
Victoria!  
DON JOSE.—Whither now?  
CARMEN.—Let me go!  
DON JOSE.—How they applaud the winner!  
Your lover of to-day!  
CARMEN.—Let me go! let me go!  
DON JOSE.—By my honor,  
You shall not go in here, Carmen!  
With me you are to go!  
CARMEN.—Let me go, Don José! I will not follow you!  
DON JOSE.—You hope to meet him there!  
Say,—You love him, then?  
CARMEN.—I love him!  
I'd say, and were it my last breath,  
In the face of death, that I love him!  
(*Carmen again tries to enter the amphitheatre, Don José stops her again.*)  
PEOPLE.—Viva! viva! glorious scene!  
Ah!  
Viva! on the red arena,  
How the bull, the bull madly rushes!  
See there! Gall'd by many a dart,  
Across the ring he rushes!  
DON JOSE.—And so, I am sold to perdition,  
Have barter'd my soul, so that you  
Can hold me in wanton derision  
In the embrace of my foe!  
No, on my life, it shall not be!  
Carmen, you are going with me!

CARMEN.—No, no, I say!

DON JOSE.—No more threats, I am tired of them!

CARMEN.—Then come! Strike me at once, or let me go to him!

PEOPLE.—Victoria!

DON JOSE.—For the very last time, you fiend,

Will you be bent?

CARMEN.—I? Bend?

*(Tearing a ring from her finger, and throwing it away).*

Here's the ring that you bought, the one that has your name on! So!

DON JOSE *(rushing on Carmen)*.—You will, you demon!

*(Carmen attempts to escape, but Don José catches up with her at the entrance of the amphitheatre; he stabs her; she falls, and dies).*

PEOPLE.—Toreador, make ready,

Toreador! Toreador!

And think on her who all can see,

On a dark-eyed lady,

And that love waits for thee.

*(The crowd re-enters the stage).*

DON JOSE.—Do with me what you will,

'Twas I who struck her down,

Ah, Carmen, my Carmen! thou art gone!

# THE CHORAL UNION

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## SOPRANOS

Abbott, Lulu F.  
Avery, Mary G.  
Barnes, Carrie B.  
Ben Oriel, Lily A.  
Berst, Lois  
Blaich, Mrs. George  
Bradley, Blanche  
Brown, Nellie  
Burg, Mary G.  
Bury, Mary  
Caldwell, Minnie B.  
Caspari, Frances  
Clark, Harriet W.  
Clarke, Georgia P.  
Cotton, Florence M.  
Davis, Beulah B.  
Davison, Nina M.  
De Fries, Dorothy  
Dodds, Elizabeth  
Duensing, Minnie  
Duerden, Mrs. J. E.  
Eaton, Agnes  
Eberbach, Mrs. E. H.  
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Fischer, Babette  
Fischer, Ida Mary  
Fischer, May  
Fischer, Natalia  
Flanagan, Mary  
Fleming, Mrs. Edith C.  
Follett, Ora  
Fouch, Mrs. Squire  
Galbraith, Pauline  
Gannett, Lucy  
Groat, Ethel

Gundert, Anna  
Hamilton, Nellie  
Harnden, Mabel  
Henry, Mrs. Flora  
Heywood, Mabel  
Howell, Nellie M.  
Hulett, Helen  
Jamieson, Grace  
Jenks, Caroline L.  
Johnson, Katherine M.  
Johnson, M. Marilla  
Jones, E. May  
Kaiser, Wilhelmina  
Keith, Mrs. E. A.  
Key, Mrs. G. C.  
Krause, Carrie P.  
McManus, Matilda  
McMichael, Lillie  
Marks, Mrs. Harriet  
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Mitchell, Ethel  
Munn, Helena B.  
Pattengill, Lille  
Peale, Marjorie  
Peavy Edith M.  
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Potter, Susan  
Ptolemy, Helena  
Rainey, Adalina  
Rawson, Estelle  
Reyer, Amanda E.  
Rix, Lois  
Rominger, Julie  
Rominger, Augusta  
Schenk, Ella R.

Schenk, Rosina K.  
Schleede, Edith  
Seeley, Orel S.  
Seeley, Mrs. R. R.  
Sibley, Madge G.  
Smith, Ethel  
Smith, Mary L.  
Soddy, Ella  
Sperry, Ora  
Spore, Belle  
Staebler, Mrs. Carrie  
Stanger, K. Louise  
Starr, Clara E.  
Tarrant, Bertha H.  
Thayer, Laurel C.  
Tremper, Katherine  
Tremper, Mildred  
Vaughan, Estelle J.  
Waite, Agnes  
Walters, Mertrude  
Watts, Carrie L.  
Weinmann, Emma C.  
Weinmann, Louise P.  
Whedon, Sara  
White, Genevieve  
Whitman, Daisy  
Whitman, Lillian  
Wilson, Kate M. B.  
Wilson, Lois  
Wines, Olive L.  
Woods, Mrs. H. M.  
Wyman, Harriet  
Yakeley, Mabel

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## ALTOS

Allen, Josephine  
Allmendinger, Helen S.  
Allmendinger, Marie E.  
Bane, Jessie E.  
Barnard, Bessie  
Barnard, Florence A.  
Ben Oriel, Daisy  
Blanchard, Bertha  
Bogle, Katherine  
Broadbridge, Lotta B.  
Chandler, Dulu P.  
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Dietz, Clara  
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Koch, Melvina

Koon, Mrs. Margaret  
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Mogk, Elizabeth C.  
Munn, Mrs. Martha S.  
Newman, Goldie  
Perrine, Mrs. C. K.  
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Redding, Myrtle  
Reed, Jessie D.

Rhead, Mrs. G. B.  
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Schurrer, Bertha E.  
Sheehan, Geraldine  
Smith, Marian  
Stellwagen, Isabelle  
Strain, Sara

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Townley, Margaret Grace  
Vincent, R. May  
Wahl, Ottilie A.  
Wahr, Caroline D.  
Wilkins, Neva L.

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Wise, Cora M.  
Wise, Jessica E.  
Wright, Mrs. W. R.  
Wurster, Pauline

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Benbow, George L.  
Bird, James P.  
Boes, Lewis  
Bradley, Glenn  
Broomhall, Baird  
Brown, La Verne H.  
Butler, Frederick E.  
Chagrin, Carl K.  
Clark, B. M.  
Cooper, Will H.  
Crosby, John

Ferguson, John  
Fisher, Clarence A.  
Fouch, Squire  
French, Robert W.  
Fuller, Chal. A.  
Gordon, G. L.  
Grimm, Otto F.  
Ham, E.  
Higley, Geo.  
Hoxie, Joe M.  
Koch, August  
Killeen, Fred  
Kuhn, C. E.  
Lewen, Rudolph  
Markham, Lewis

Marshall, Laurence M.  
Marshall, Wm. J.  
Murphy, Joseph E.  
Patterson, Paul M.  
Peterson, E. S.  
Redfield, J. A.  
Rhead, G. B.  
Ringler, Charles W.  
Schenk, Philip L.  
Snauble, V. L.  
Swineford, Chas. R.  
Wisner, Adelbert J.  
Wisner, William H.

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Boyer, Francis D.  
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Brooks, Dr. E. D.  
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Coe, Herbert E.  
Cook, Arthur O.  
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Deahl, Floyd  
De Bruyn, J. Wm.  
de Pont, P. R.  
Edwards, R. L.  
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Elmstadt, Carl  
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Keyes, Walter  
Killeen, Earle G.  
Koch, Eugene J.  
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Leonard, Louis A.  
Lewis, Frank E.  
Lindsay, George A.  
Mann, E. D.  
Mansfield, John R.  
Miller, Wm. J.  
Milligan, Carl A.  
Morse, Seymour D.  
Murdock, C. Eugene  
Nagelworth, Adrion  
Ortmeyer, Arthur O.  
Randolph, Vernon C.  
Robertson, Norman

Schmidt, August  
Sidener, Jay D.  
Smith, Earl H.  
Smith, Carl  
Smith, C. Stowell  
Smith, Walter C.  
Snell, W. Carter  
Solether, E. K.  
Stannard, Linus  
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Straub, Harry  
Test, Ellis W.  
Thompson, James H.  
Thompson, Richard R.  
Trueblood, Byram C.  
Turner, A. L.  
Vail, W. S.  
Van Doren, R. J.  
Wagner, Geo. E.  
Watkins, John  
Weeks, Walter S.  
Whitsit, Lyle A.  
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The privilege of membership in the Choral Union, which competent students may enjoy upon payment of a small sum.—The Choral Union Series of Concerts, ten in number.—The Faculty Concerts, by members of the Faculty of the School of Music, one each month.—The Pupil's Recitals.—Practice in Orchestral Playing.—Use of University Library.—Lectures on Sound, History of Music, Music Analysis, and other subjects, by members of the University Faculties.—Opportunity to study the Stearns Collection of Musical Instruments. With the exception of the first two named above, these advantages are free to members of the School.

On application to the Director, the artists comprising the faculty may be secured, singly or together, for a limited number of concert engagements.

**SUMMER SESSION, JUNE 27 to AUGUST 5, 1904.**

Send for Special Announcement.

For further information address,

C. K. PERRINE, Secretary of the University School of Music,  
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.











# ELEVENTH ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

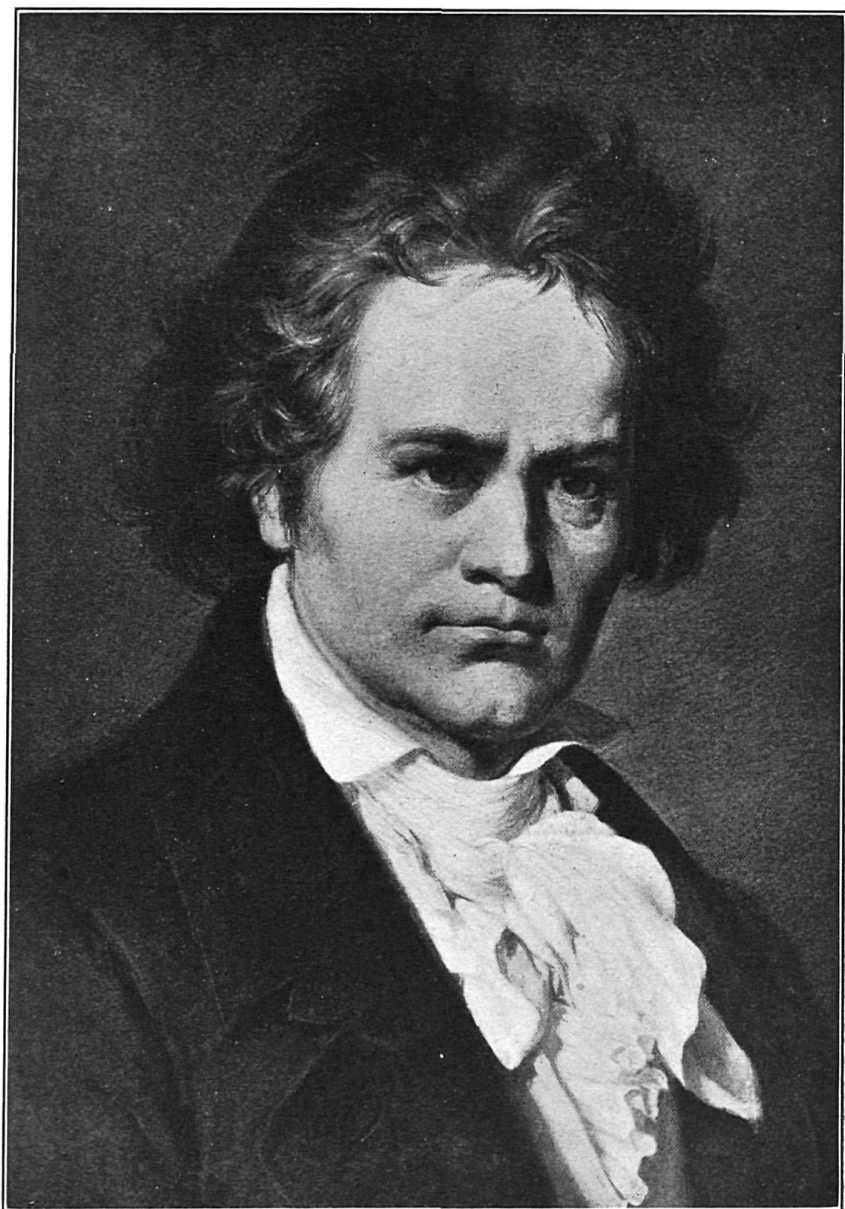
OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1904



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK



# UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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FIFTEENTH SEASON

1903-1904

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Friday Afternoon, May 13, 3 o'clock

### SYMPHONY CONCERT

#### SOLOIST

Mr. Frederic Martin, Bass

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

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#### PROGRAM

Overture, "Magic Flute" . . . . . *Mozart*

Aria, "In diesen Heiligen Hallen," from "Magic Flute" . . . . . *Mozart*

#### MR. MARTIN

"Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal" . . . . . *Wagner*

#### Songs with Piano

a "Feldeinsamkeit" . . . . . *Brahms*

b "Im Herbst" . . . . . *Franz*

c "Widmung" . . . . . *Schumann*

#### MR. MARTIN

Symphony, A major, No. 7, Op. 92 . . . . . *Beethoven*

Poco Sostenuto-Vivace; Allegretto; Presto; Allegro con brio