
THIRTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1906



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK



[OFFICIAL]

THIRTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor

May 10, 11, 12, 1906



ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1906

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1905-1906

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List of Concerts and Soloists

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 8 O'CLOCK

OPENING CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MRS. LILLIAN FRENCH READ, *Soprano*
MISS GRACE MUNSON, *Contralto*
GLENN HALL, *Tenor* MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*
THE CHORAL UNION
MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductors*
MR. AUGUST SCHMIDT, *Organist*

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 11, 3 O'CLOCK

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOIST

MISS GRACE MUNSON, *Contralto*
MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 11, 8 O'CLOCK

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MME. CHARLOTTE MACONDA, *Soprano* SIGNOR GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI, *Baritone*
MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 12, 2:30 O'CLOCK

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MR. BRAHM VAN DEN BERG, *Pianist* MR. GLENN HALL, *Tenor*
MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 12, 7:30 O'CLOCK

"AIDA"

VERDI

CAST

Aida, MME. CHARLOTTE MACONDA *Amonasro*, MR. GWILYM MILES
Amneris, MME. ISABELLE BOUTON *Ramphis*, MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
High Priestess, MISS FRANCES CASPARI *The King*, MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND
Radames, MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE *The Messenger*, MR. FRED KILLEEN
Priests, Priestesses, Soldiers, Ministers and Captains, The People, Slave Prisoners,
THE CHORAL UNION
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*



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ITTE, F.
KRUSCHNITZ, E.

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KLAMMSTEINER, C.
FELBER, H.

BASSES

BECKEL, J., Principal.
KLEMM, L.
GLASS, R.
OTTE, F.

HARP

SINGER, W.

FLUTES

QUENSEL, A.
BAUMBACH, C.

PICCOLO

BAUMBACH, C.

OBOES

BARTHEL, A.
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HESELBACH, O.

CLARINETS

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KRUSE, P.
RABE, H.

CONTRA BASSOON

FRIEDRICH, L.

HORNS

de MARÉ, L.
BEYER, C.
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ALBRECHT, C.

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HANDKE, P.
LLEWELLYN, J.

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PERCUSSIONS

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THE THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA will take part in all Festival Concerts.

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1905-1906

SEVENTEENTH SEASON
No. CXLVI COMPLETE SERIES

SIXTH CONCERT

First May Festival Concert

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 8 O'CLOCK

SOLOISTS

MRS. LILLIAN FRENCH READ, *Soprano*

MISS GRACE MUNSON, *Contralto*

MR. GLENN HALL, *Tenor*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductors*

MR. AUGUST SCHMIDT, *Organist*

PROGRAM

PART I

OVERTURE, "Euryanthe"

VON WEBER

"STABAT MATER," Op. 58

DVORAK

FOR SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

QUARTET AND CHORUS—"Stabat Mater
Dolorosa."

QUARTET—"Quis est Homo."

CHORUS—"Eia Mater."

BASS SOLO AND CHORUS—"Fac ut ardeat
cor meum."

CHORUS—"Tui nati vulnerati."

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS—"Fac un vere
te cum flere."

CHORUS—"Virgo virginum præclara."

SOPRANO AND TENOR AND DUET—"Fac
ut portem."

CONTRALTO SOLO—"Inflammatum et ac-
censum."

QUARTET AND CHORUS—"Quando Corpus
moriatur."

PART II

OVERTURE, "Lenore," No. 3

BEETHOVEN

"A PSALM OF VICTORY," Op. 8

A. A. STANLEY

FOR TENOR SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

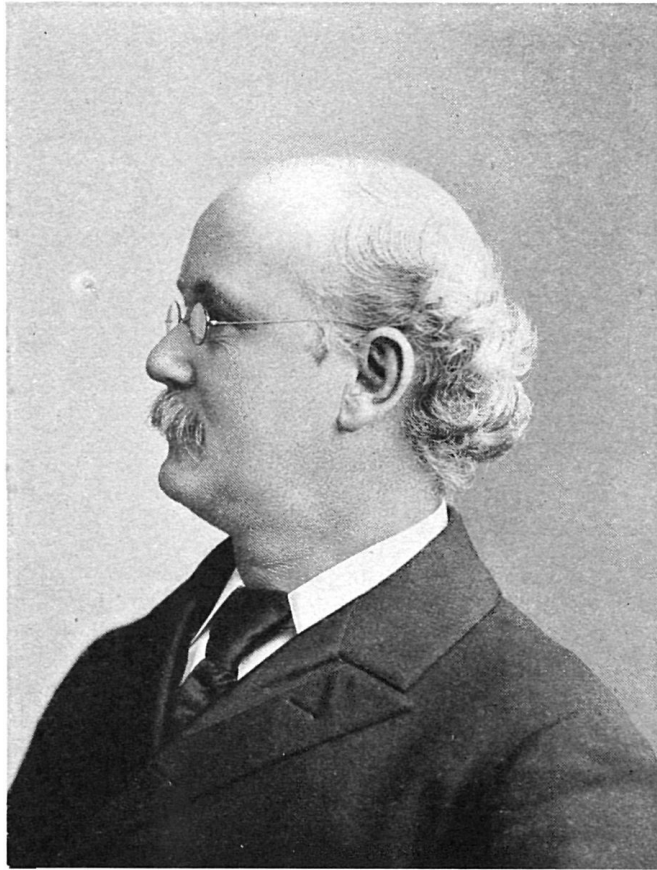
CHORUS—"The King shall joy in thy strength, O Lord!"

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS—"For thou hast made him most blessed forever."

CHORUS—"Thine hand shall find out."

TENOR RECITATIVE—"Now know I that the Lord saveth his annointed!"

FINAL CHORUS—"Be thou exalted."



CHORAL UNION SERIES 1905-1906

SEVENTEENTH SEASON
No. CXLVII COMPLETE SERIES

SEVENTH CONCERT

Second May Festival Concert

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 11, 3 O'CLOCK

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOIST

MISS GRACE MUNSON, *Contralto*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

PART I

SUITE, in D BACH

OVERTURE, AIR, GAVOTTES I AND II, BOURRÉE, GIGUE

ARIA, "Ah! rendimi" from "Mitrane" ROSSI

SYMPHONY, B minor, "Unfinished" SCHUBERT

ALLEGRO MODERATO; ANDANTE CON MOTO

PART II

SYMPHONY, No. 2, D Major, Op. 73 BRAHMS

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO;

ADAGIO NON TROPPO;

ALLEGRETTO GRAZIOSO (QUASI ANDANTINO);

ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1905-1906

SEVENTEENTH SEASON
No. CXLVIII COMPLETE SERIES

EIGHTH CONCERT

Third May Festival Concert

FRIDAY EVENING, 11, 8 O'CLOCK

Miscellaneous Concert

SOLOISTS

MME. CHARLOTTE MACONDA, *Soprano*
SIGNOR GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI, *Baritone*
MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

PART I

HULDIGUNGSMARSCH	WAGNER
OVERTURE, "Magic Flute"	MOZART
ARIA, "Queen of the Night," from "Magic Flute" MME. CHARLOTTE MACONDA	MOZART
SERENADE, for Wind Choir, Op. 7	R. STRAUSS
MONOLOGUE, from "Andrea Chenier" SIGNOR GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI	GIORDANO

PART II

OVERTURE, "Liebesfrühling"	G. SCHUMANN
RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Ah! fors' è lui" MME. MACONDA	VERDI
ITALIAN SERENADE	HUGO WOLF
ARIA, "Non piu Andrai," from "Marriage of Figaro" SIGNOR CAMPANARI	MOZART
RHAPSODIE, "Espanol"	CHABRIER

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1905-1906

SEVENTEENTH SEASON
No. CXLIX COMPLETE SERIES

NINTH CONCERT

Fourth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 12, 2:30 O'CLOCK

Miscellaneous Concert

SOLOISTS

MR. GLENN HALL, *Tenor*

MR. BRAHM VAN DEN BERG, *Pianist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE, "Bartered Bride" SMETANA

CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE, A minor, Op. 16 GRIEG

ALLEGRO MODERATO; ADAGIO; ALLEGRO MARCATO

MR. BRAHM VAN DEN BERG

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, from "Eugen Onegin" TSCHAIKOWSKY

MR. GLENN HALL

SYMPHONY No. 6, "Pathétique," B minor, Op. 74 TSCHAIKOWSKY

ADAGIO-ALLEGRO;—ANDANTE;—ALLEGRO VIVO;

ALLEGRO CON GRAZIA;

ALLEGRO MOLTO VIVACE;

ADAGIO LAMENTOSO;

The Piano used is a Smith & Nixon.

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1905-1906

SEVENTEENTH SEASON
No. CL COMPLETE SERIES

TENTH CONCERT

Fifth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 12, 7:30 O'CLOCK

"AIDA"

AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS BY VERDI

CAST

AIDA	MME. CHARLOTTE MACONDA
AMNERIS	MME. ISABELLE BOUTON
HIGH PRIESTESS	MISS FRANCES CASPARI
RADAMES	MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE
AMONASRO	MR. GWYLM MILES
RAMPHIS	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
THE KING	MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND
THE MESSENGER	MR. FRED KILLEEN
Priests, Priestesses, Soldiers, Ministers and Captains, The People, Slave Prisoners	THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

SYNOPSIS

PRELUDE

ACT I

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

ACT II

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

FINALE AND CHORUS.

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

ACT III

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

ACT IV

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

Descriptive Programs

ANALYSES BY
ALBERT A. STANLEY

ALL CONCERTS
BEGIN ON STANDARD TIME

DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE THE
BEGINNING OF EACH
CONCERT



FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 10, 1906

OVERTURE, "Euryanthe,"

VON WEBER

Born at Eutin, December 18, 1786; died in London, June 5, 1826

From a purely musical point of view, "Euryanthe" may be considered von Weber's greatest opera. From the point of view of dramatic unity, however, it vies with Schumann's "Genoveva" in its array of incongruities and absurdities. In many ways von Weber's music is prophetic of a greater than he. It is quite customary to speak of Act II of "Euryanthe" as the prophecy of "Tannhäuser." There is more truth in this than we often find in such statements, for of fanciful comparisons, prophecies, analogies, etc., the literature of music contains its full share.

"Euryanthe" was first performed at the Kaerthnerthor Theater, Vienna, October 25, 1823. It is revived occasionally, and in spite of its dramatic weaknesses, its unique charm cannot be resisted by any lover of music. We have become so accustomed to music of more strenuous qualities that von Weber's gentler art is not always given its real value. In considering the dramatic inconsistencies, the flagrancy of which criticism has possibly unduly magnified, it must not be forgotten that the introduction of the "wondrous" element, as Wagner calls it, into the ordinary, or extraordinary, events of real life, has frequently resulted in situations that defy justification. Indeed were one to fearlessly expose, and insistently dwell upon, the dramatic lapses in many of the great operas, from the early days of the Venetian school up to the latest works of the present century—let us choose Strauss' "Salome,"—he would be called heretical. The criticism of "Euryanthe," as a whole, however well deserved it may be, cannot affect the overture, which is certainly one of the finest examples of a form that relied for its effect upon musical beauty rather than upon dramatic suggestion, or fitness. It is characterized by noble melody, buoyant rhythm, and displays variety without confusion, unity without monotony, and beautiful orchestration with no straining after unusual effects.

STABAT MATER, for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra,

DVORAK

ANTONIN DVORAK

Born at Mühlhausen (Bohemia), September 8, 1841; died at Prague, May 1, 1904

A comparative study of the various settings of the familiar Latin hymn from Nanini (1540-1607) to Verdi (1813-1901), involves the careful consideration of some of the most elusive problems of artistic expression, and a possible revision of certain well defined notions of the eternal fitness of things. Strangely enough the works rep-

representing the chronological extremes have a great deal in common, when we take into consideration the inevitable differences in the forms of expression resulting from the progress of three centuries.

The keynote of each setting is simplicity; in each every note rings true; each is devout in essence; and each is thoroughly in keeping with its artistic environment. For the last reason they seem to be more widely separated than they really are.

The real and vital differences are seen in the works of a later period, for, between the works of Nanini and Verdi, we have many settings so widely separated in their general character and specific treatment, that they might have been written to different texts. The chaste "Stabat Mater" of Pergolese (1710-1736), and the theatrical score of Rossini (1792-1868), enforce this point very clearly. The first, based on the florid style of his period, has absolutely nothing in common with "La Serva Padrona," an opera in which Pergolese handed down to posterity a model of the best type of *opera buffa*, the second, as distinctly theatric as any one of the operas written by the "Swan of Pesaro." The fact that Rossini from the date of the production of "Guillaume Tell" (1829) to his death wrote nothing for the operatic stage has remained a great mystery. On the testimony of his "Stabat Mater" one is justified in believing that it could not have been the result of any abatement of his power of invention.

The "narcotizing melodies" and "applause-producing" orchestral and choral effects in the "Stabat Mater" would have fitted almost any opera libretto better than this subject. But we must not forget that the composer of the first oratorio directed that it might close "with or without a dance." Again, some of Händel's wonderful facility may be largely accounted for by his ingenuous definitions of *meum* and *tuum*, and his artistic employment of the modern mechanical device of interchangeable parts. In the case of such a genius as Händel, these lapses are but minor incidents, and would not have been cited did they not illustrate the influence of the spirit of the age on genius, for, of all the composers of that epoch, Bach alone was blameless in these respects.

In explanation of the glaring incongruities apparent in the sacred works of dramatic composers of the Post-Palestrina Period, it must be remembered that the composers of his day and for several generations preceding him, worked along lines so clearly defined and so well established, that there could be no mistaking the general atmosphere of their works. They used themes taken from, or suggested by the Gregorian Tones; modal harmonies were employed; the contrapuntal styles developed by the Netherlanders and glorified by Palestrina conditioned the expression, while the forms were fugal. Bach's art rested very largely on the choral, as shown by his cantatas and greater religious works, and thus was given a distinct character by this employment of melodies, hallowed by usage and associated with the church.

The modern composer practically ignores the modal harmonies; the themes are born of the moment; and the forms, both sacred and secular, are derived from identical sources. Thus the dividing line between the expression of the sacred and secular ideas is lightly drawn. This may account for the fact that it is frequently crossed, in one direction only, it must be remembered.

To discuss the subject fully is manifestly impossible in this connection, but two facts may be urged as suggestive and pertinent: First, it is an open question whether the Latin races since Palestrina have produced a great composer in the sacred forms. At all events it is well nigh impossible to point to a sacred work since his death that is not marred to a greater or less degree by suggestions of the footlights. Even Verdi's glorious "Manzoni Requiem" is not above reproach in this respect. To

emphasize this point, compare either of the two oratorios of Mendelssohn, the "German Requiem" of Brahms, or the "Dream of Gerontius" by Elgar, with any sacred work which you may choose by an Italian, or French composer. Second, no composer has achieved equal success in both forms. Händel the opera composer has been forgotten but his oratorios are imperishable. Gounod's "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" are practically dead. Bach, the greatest of them all, had no leaning whatever towards the type of dramatic music adapted to the stage. The composers of the Latin races are drawn to the operatic stage by a power few have been able to resist, and as yet there are no signs of the possession on their part of a proper appreciation of the sacred style.

In dealing with the work on our program, it must be confessed at the outset that in many respects Dvorak's style is by no means lacking in sensuous qualities that mar rather than enhance his treatment of the text. In the main, however, the setting is worthy, dignified and devout. In his "Requiem," his fondness for chromatic harmonies and his ultra-modern treatment of the orchestra, were so clearly in evidence, as to seriously detract from its force, and, to the credit of the public be it said, its popularity. In the "Stabat Mater" he has kept himself well within the bounds imposed by the subject, and has held himself absolutely aloof from all that borders on the sensational and dramatic. One of the most individual of modern composers, and representing a race with a most pronounced style of musical expression, and unique traditional folk-music, he could not be natural, were he to attempt to divest himself of qualities that are the modern intensifications of early tendencies. The prevailing character of the work is rather sombre, and, taken as a whole, it is an admirable expression of the spirit of the text. Distinctly modern is the fact that while the work is polyphonic, it is not fugal. The polyphony is displayed through a richness of thematic development in the orchestra, and a melodious and independent leading of voices in the chorus, rather than in formal imitative fugal numbers. The solos make no such appeal to the popular ear as the "Cujus Animam," and the "Inflamatus" in Rossini's setting, but there is a unity in the whole that most composers who have essayed the text have missed. It was written and first performed in 1883. Since that date it has received many performances. It is on the whole superior to either the "Requiem" or the "St. Ludmilla," Dvorak's only oratorio.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransiuit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.

Quæ moerebat et dolebat
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati poenas incliti.

QUARTET.

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

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

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

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

CHORUS.

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

BASS SOLO AND CHORUS.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.

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

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

CONTRALTO SOLO.

Inflammatum et accensum,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi prae munire
Conforeri gratia.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

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

OVERTURE, "Lenore," No. 3,

BEETHOVEN

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

The recent rehabilitation of the original unrevised "Lenore," Beethoven's only opera, and its inevitable comparison with "Fidelio," its condensed version, emphasizes the true greatness of Beethoven and the narrowness of the majority of the critical opinions of his contemporaries. It proves to be nearly everything his critics and friends said it was not.

Beethoven was a prophetic genius, one who looked far beyond the ken of any of his day, and although the overture known as "Lenore" No. 3, written for the performance of "Fidelio" in 1806, like its predecessors, followed established lines, and conformed to the general concept of the functions of the overture, Beethoven realized that it was an anti-climax. He saw that this massively ordered and vividly pictorial introduction dwarfed the opening scenes, which are pervaded by the atmosphere of *Gemüthlichkeit*. Inasmuch as these scenes are much more accentuated in the original version, and the general character of the three overtures is so similar, it is easy to discern why neither the first nor the second fully satisfied the composer. How effective the overture on our program becomes, when, played between the two acts of the present version, it so perfectly illustrates the Wagner concept of the form, and becomes at once a remembrance, and a prophecy! Our interest is so thoroughly aroused, and our sympathies are so completely enlisted by this time, that we look

forward to the opening scene of the Second Act with foreboding, yet with certainty of ultimate triumph. In the technical structure of the three overtures, as well as in their relation to the opera, there are many points of similarity, but when Beethoven in the fourth, or "Fidelio," overture gives the *Stimmung* of the opening scene, he draws nothing from the opera as a whole, and gives us a work as distinct in form and content from the others as possible.

The "Lenore" No. 3 is symphonic in its breadth, and to call it a symphonic poem would not be far astray, although, judging from many recent examples of this much abused and long-suffering form, its coherence and lucidity might be urged against such a definition.

Beethoven did not compose with the facility for which Mozart was noted, but subjected his work to the severest criticism. Many of the themes which appear to have flown spontaneously from his pen were in reality the results of toil. Many examples might be cited of this fact, none more conclusive than the mass of rejected material one finds in the book of sketches for "Lenore." This care is responsible for the fact that we have three overtures, the comparative study of which is so full of suggestion. The evolution from the first, through the second to the third, came through a change of values, that is to say, in the relative stress laid upon opposing dramatic elements, rather than in the purely musical treatment. The No. 3 is best adapted to the genius of the orchestra, hence more effective in performance, but we have seen that in spite of its sublimity of conception and style, Beethoven rejected it—as an introduction to the opera—for purely dramatic reasons, and, moreover, reasons that could not have been as thoroughly appreciated then as now.

That one cannot hope to find much that is helpful from contemporaneous criticism is shown by the following extract from a review of the No. 2:

"The most grotesque modulations—in truly ghastly harmony—follow one another throughout the piece; and the few trivial ideas that there are—which, however, are carefully guarded from anything like nobility, as for instance, a post-horn solo, doubtless referring to the arrival of the governor—complete the disagreeable and deafening impression."

One might take the general run of criticisms of Beethoven's greatest works, and substituting the name Wagner define the attitude of the critics of later decades. With minor differences in phraseology—the fashion changes in this as in clothes—the criticisms of the first decade of the century past, are again doing duty in deciding the value of the art of Richard Strauss. Shall we ever learn that fully one-half of the critical opinions of one generation are justly derided by the next!

A PSALM OF VICTORY, for Tenor Solo, Chorus and Orchestra,

A. A. STANLEY

The text is made up from Psalm XXI and the 6th verse of Psalm XX. In the interests of contrast and structural unity, and for purely musical reasons the sequence of verses has been somewhat changed, resulting in the division of the work into four distinct sections. The musical treatment is so distinctly modern, however, that this division involves no break in the formal structure.

The principal motives occur at the very beginning of the orchestral introduction; at the words "even length of days forever and ever," and "he shall not be moved,"

in the tenor solo; in the opening measure of the third section "Thine hand shall find out," and, somewhat later in this division, at the words "and the strings of thy bow." The second motive, the first strophe of "Old Hundred," suggests that the final chorus begins with a setting of this choral, sung by the basses with contrapuntal treatment in the other voices; that it is used in the development of the final fugue, and that the climax is brought about by a combination of the first and last strophes sung simultaneously, and the motive "and the strings of thy bow" in the orchestra, leading through a bold harmonic sequence to the motive "he shall not be moved."

CHORUS.

The king shall joy in thy strength, O Lord; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!

Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips.

His glory is great in thy salvation, honor and majesty hast thou laid upon him.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

For thou hast made him most blessed forever; thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance, for thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness.

Thou settest a crown of pure gold upon his head.

He asked life of thee and thou gavest it him, even length of days forever and ever.

For the king trusteth in the Lord and, through the mercy of the Most High, he shall not be moved.

CHORUS.

Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies; thy right hand shall find out all that hate thee.

Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger; the Lord shall swallow them up in his wrath; and the fire shall devour them.

Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth, and their seed from among the children of men.

For they intended evil against thee; they imagined a mischievous device which they are not able to perform.

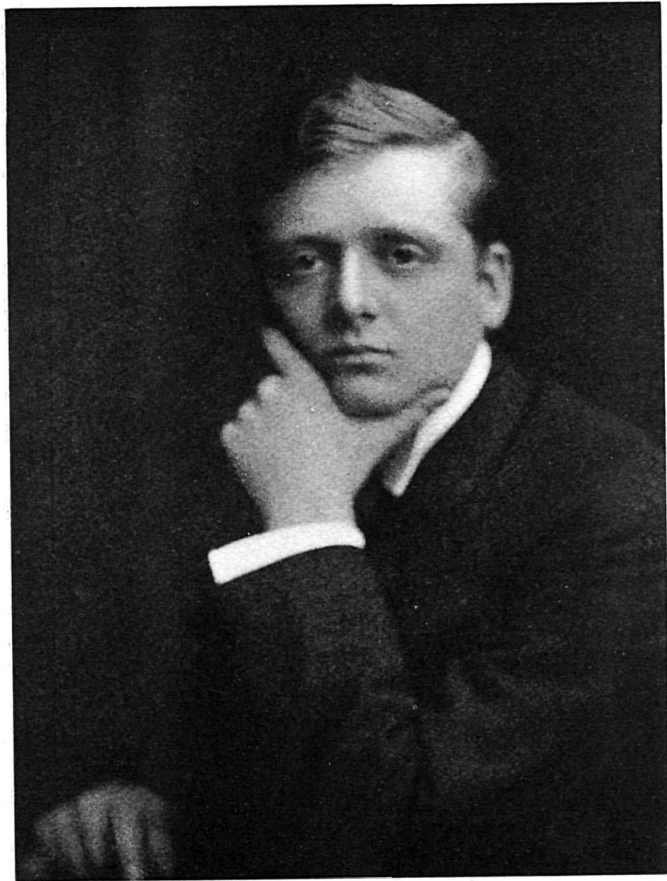
Therefore shalt thou make them turn their backs, and the strings of thy bow shalt thou make ready against them.

TENOR RECITATIVE.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed! he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand. He shall not be moved.

CHORUS.

Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength; so will we sing and praise thy name. Amen.



SECOND CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 11, 1906

SUITE in D major

BACH

Born at Eisenach, March 21, 1685. Died at Leipzig, July 28, 1750.

OVERTURE; AIR; GAVOTTES I AND II; BOURREE; GIGUE

Bach's Suite in D is an interesting example of this, one of the earliest cyclical forms, and enforces Emerson's saying: "The artist, in order to convey his enlarged sense to his fellow-men, must employ the symbols in use in his day and generation."

The suite as a form, with its combination of various popular dances, the severely formal overture or prelude, and the more elastic and expressive air, was a "symbol" in structure and expression. The typical single movements were conditioned by those imitative and polyphonic devices that were no less "symbols." The "enlarged sense" was an appreciation of pure beauty—possible in those days to but few, but possessed by Bach to an unusual degree—and an artistic insight that was prophetic.

As a youth Bach became acquainted with the French standards of composition and performance, and, although he did not come to any great degree under their influence, the conciseness, symmetry, and vivacity of the style developed by Lully appealed to him with force, and he adopted many of the formal improvements.

The French overture, with its combination of a slow introduction, followed by a lively fugal movement, was a natural evolution from the concertini of Allegri. In its crystallized form it was more artistic than the Venetian opera-sinfonie, in which the desire for variety led to the sacrifice of unity. It must be confessed that the suite was not, neither could it be, as dignified or artistic as the symphony. The variety was not of content, but solely in the expression through different dance rhythms; the unity, was that of key alone. There was no development of an underlying idea, no point of highest intensity, or climax, unless the gigue, as the last and liveliest dance in the combination might so serve.

The only real expressions of repose or calm were the purely formal opening measures of the overture,—and these were wanting in the prelude, which so often took its place—the air, and the sarabande. Thus all the great essentials of a serious form were lacking, for which reason it is unwise to attempt to invest it with hidden meaning, and look at it subjectively. Looked at objectively, and taken for just what it is, and no more, one finds in its literature, beauty of form, the unique charm of the imitative style, and crisp, impelling rhythmical schemes, which, dance-rhythms though they be, are absolutely devoid of vulgarity or inanity.

The first movement of the Suite in D is in the form established by Lully. The solo passages for violin are interesting in suggestion, and recall the old concerto grosso—a more modern extended and varied version of the Allegri concertini.

The second number—Air—is the best known and most popular orchestral composition by Bach. It is full of beauty, perfectly adapted to the genius of the violin,

and of emotional significance. Rhythmically, it corresponds to the type called by Aristoxenus the "quiet rhythm." The other numbers, the two Gavottes, the Bourée and Gigue, are based on the "agitated rhythm" as defined by the Greek master. The gavotte and bourée have formal correspondence, but are differentiated by the fact that the first is written in common time beginning on the third beat, the second in *alla breve* with the first note on the last quarter. Aside from this subtlety of rhythm, the movement of the first is rather dignified, while the second is extremely vivacious. This latter characteristic is accentuated in the gigue, which is always written in simple or compound triple time.

ARIA, "Ah! rendimi," from "Mitrane,"

ROSSI

MISS GRACE MUNSON.

Francesco Rossi was born at Bari, Italy, about the year 1645. The date of his death is uncertain. Although he was in orders and a prolific writer of sacred music, he contributed no small amount to the development of the opera.

"Mitrane," his fourth opera, was produced in Venice in 1689. The aria from this work on to-night's program is not only an excellent example of his style, but is also thoroughly representative of the nobler characteristics of the compositions of his day.

Ah! give me back that heart of thine,
Give me back all that love divine,
Give me back that heart I cherished,
Give me back that love that perished,
By thee awakened.

Ever the same were my thoughts and thine,
Ever the same were thy will and mine,
Now why so cruel, so cruel?
Why hast thou from me departed?
Oh, why hast thou from me departed?
Left me sad hearted?
Give me back that joy
Which in loving me thy love imparted;
Ah! give it back!

Give it back once more,
That dear love of yore;
Give it back,
That I might unite
My being with thine!
Ah! give it back,
That love divine!

English translation by Nathan Haskell Dole.

SYMPHONY, B minor, "Unfinished,"

SCHUBERT

Born at Lichtenthal, January 31, 1797; died at Vienna, Nov. 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.

The opening measures of the first movement,—B minor, 3-4 time, *Allegro moderato*,—given out by the violoncellos and basses *pp*, immediately establish a mood which, enhanced by the somewhat restless figures beginning with the ninth measure



prepares us for the entrance of the following beautiful theme :



Where is there a more beautiful effect than that produced by the entrance of the second subject in the first movement of this symphony?



Given these beautiful themes, how great the pleasure as the development exposes their infinite suggestion, and the recapitulation brings them again to our notice!

The two principal themes of the slow movement—E major, 3-8 time,—*Andante con moto*,—are full of the most beautiful characteristics of Schubert's style.

Andante con moto.

The image shows two systems of musical notation for a piano piece. The first system is titled "Andante con moto." and features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 3/8 time signature. The right hand plays a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with similar textures. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and accents.

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 all the events and conditions of life; and innumerable as are the shades of human thought and action, so various is his music."

SYMPHONY, No. 2, D major, Op. 73,

BRAHMS

Born May 7, 1833, at Hamburg; died April 3, 1897, at Vienna.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO; ADAGIO NON TROPPO; ALLEGRETTO GRAZIOSO (QUASI ANDANTINO);
ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO.

This symphony, first performed December 30, 1877, in Vienna, is of heroic mold, and displays the scholarly qualities which have been so persistently accentuated by a certain class of critics, that the emotional side of Brahms's art has been too largely ignored. The composer has thereby been placed in a false position. Again, Brahms has been obliged to live down, as it were, the extravagant praise of Schumann. His glowing words have led to a searching comparison of his work with those predictions. So the question is still asked—"did he justify Schumann's statement?" It may occur to one that if his symphonies—thoroughly typical of his art—were nothing more than scholarly, they would not have maintained their position in the symphonic repertoire, and the fact that the question referred to has not yet been definitely answered, inclines one to the belief that the consensus of opinion cannot be in the negative. A work that has for its chief recommendation the fact that it is scholarly, may attract the student but it will repel an intelligent and discriminating public.

The Second Symphony is met with very frequently in the best orchestral programs, and it may not be out of place to mention that the last program given by Theodore Thomas in University Hall, contained this work, which he selected because "such a masterpiece should satisfy a university audience." The heart of the great conductor was made happy because it received the most enthusiastic applause of any number on the program.

A modern symphony is so complex in structure, and its thematic inter-relationships are so extensive—even when the ever-present tendency to extravagance has been held in check—that a formal analysis becomes so formidable an affair as to discourage any but the most reckless. It may be helpful, however, to emphasize certain characteristics of the symphony on our program, looking at the work as a whole, and thus make the consideration of details less confusing. At the risk of appearing to catalogue its virtues they may be enumerated as follows: The principal themes are immediately given out in an authoritative manner; the relationships of the themes in each movement are made apparent at once; the forms are clear cut and logical; the details are not confusing; the climaxes appear in forceful sequence; the instrumentation is a means, not an end; and finally, the movements are not indefinitely prolonged. If simplicity means the attainment of an end through the most direct and evident means, simplicity may be urged as one of the fundamental characteristics of this symphony. Not the simplicity of Haydn or Mozart,—judging from much of the criticism of their contemporaries their works were complex—but relative simplicity.

Let us examine the single movements and discover the bases for this judgment. The principal subject—D major, 3-4 time, *Allegro non troppo*—with its romantic atmosphere, enhanced by the orchestral color (horns, answered by the wood winds), and introduced by an unobtrusive one-measure figure leading to a sustained tone on which the principal theme is superimposed, enforces the simplicity urged above.

Allegro non troppo. Horns.

The image displays two systems of musical notation. The first system is for Cellos, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a one-measure rest, followed by a series of notes and rests. A dynamic marking 'p' is present. The second system is for Horns, also in treble clef and one sharp key signature, with a 3/4 time signature. It features a similar melodic line with sustained notes and rests, also marked with 'p'.

By reference to measures 1, 5, and 9, in the quotation, it will be seen that this introductory theme for the violoncellos and basses becomes a structural feature. As a matter of fact in the process of development inherent in the symphonic treatment, by which we are led through reminiscences, contrasting episodes, and intensifications to a perfect exploitation of all the possibilities of the subject-matter involved, this figure is of great importance. This is seen in the course of the progress from the first to the second subject, notably in the strong episodes which occur just before the entrance of the following beautiful theme—a duet for violoncellos and violas—and later repeated by the woodwinds.



With the exploitation of this theme, which is as chaste and simple as the opening subject, the exposition ends, and is repeated.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the structural characteristics of the sonata form, of which the symphony is the highest expression, it may be stated that a movement written in this form is divided into three sections, the first of which is generally repeated. In the first, the "exposition," we have two principal subjects, in different keys, which, through contrast with each other, secondary episodes, thematic development, and intensification, are clearly placed before us with suggestions of future possibilities, the revealing of which is the function of the second division, the "illustration" or "development." The processes in this second division are often so complex, and introduce so many transformations of the leading subjects, as well as extraneous matter, that herein lies the necessity for the repetition of the first section. The third division, the "recapitulation," gives us the various contrasts between the two most important subjects save that of key. The thematic material is treated in the light of the fuller insight gained through the other divisions. It must be borne in mind, however, that a symphony includes movements not written in the sonata form. As a matter of fact, in the majority of symphonies, the first movement is the only one in this specific form, although the principles of development, and to a certain extent the formal means of their application, may condition any or all of the remaining movements.

It will be seen from this, of necessity inadequate, explanation of the form, that acquaintance with the salient characteristics of the leading themes is a better preparation for the enjoyment of an unknown work, than the perusal of a tabulated description in quasi-technical language. Therefore suffice it to say, that the remaining sections of this movement are full of scholarly treatments of the thematic material which is drawn from or suggested by the quotations already given. It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the beauty of a long horn solo, which, occurring near the close, leads to another exquisite episode, and final chords that emphasize the quiet beauty of the beginning of the movement.

The slow movement—B major, 4-4 time, *Adagio non troppo*—is one of the most beautiful to be found in the Post-Beethoven symphonic literature, and, granting that the soul of a composer is revealed in his slow movements, Brahms must have possessed great depth of emotion. The first theme



Adagio non troppo.

espress.

is full of quiet dignity, suggesting in its poise and breadth the great Adagios of Beethoven, although quite unlike them. The second theme—12-8 time, *L'istesso tempo, ma grazioso*—in its texture and development makes a charming contrast to the opening theme.

Flutes and Oboes.

p Dolce.

Clar.

Its effectiveness is not lessened by the charming melody that appears in the strings.

etc.

Repetition of the first theme with genial and scholarly reminiscent treatments of the other themes quoted, lead to a conclusion, which, like that of the first movement, is calm and peaceful.

Illustrative of the plasticity of the symphonic form is the unique third movement—G major, 3-4 time, *Allegretto, grazioso, quasi andantino*—a naive, melodious theme with variations, so arranged that they serve as the component parts of a scherzo with two trios. In this movement simplicity reigns. Its spontaneity of theme, its rythmical *verve*, and clear cut instrumentation, are so distinctly in evidence that we can see the reasons for its enthusiastic reception by the Viennese, who encored it at its first per-

formance. The effectiveness of such testimony is in inverse ratio to its frequency, and after nearly thirty years this fact still stands out by reason of its comparative isolation in that environment. The principal theme is as follows:



The mood shown in the third movement conditions the *Finale*—D major, 2-2 time, *Allegro con spirito*—which develops from a brilliant theme, given out by the strings



without any introduction, and followed, after the usual formal treatment, by a broadly conceived second subject beginning



This movement follows the formal structure of the first, with the principal subjects, and the related and contrasted material developed in accordance with the structural principles already stated. Allusions to the opening figure of the first movement which occur towards the end serve to emphasize the unity of the idea, which is after all the real end of the form. To introduce variety is not as difficult as to enforce unity. Possibly no other form so thoroughly satisfies this necessity as the symphony.

Although Hans von Bülow's Musical Trinity—Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms—may not be accepted by all, in so far as the third member is concerned, it would be difficult, in the field of absolute music, to choose a modern composer whose title could be so successfully defended.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 11, 1906

HULDIGUNGSMARSCH,

WAGNER

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

The "March of Homage" was composed in 1864, for the coronation of King Ludwig II., of Bavaria—to whom the score was dedicated.

The fate that overtakes most compositions written for special occasions has not befallen this, although no one can maintain that it represents Wagner at his best. On the other hand it does not show him at his worst, as does the bombastic march written for the Centennial Exposition of 1876. Wagner never completed its orchestration—the present version being partly the work of Joachim Raff—which would seem to indicate that he did not look upon with special favor. It was played—in a version for military band—at the laying of the corner-stone of the Wagner Theater at Bayreuth on May 22, 1872, certainly one of the most important events in his life. Wagner was under such special obligation to his royal patron, however, that to choose it showed worldly wisdom, rather than a conviction of its great intrinsic value on his part. Still it richly deserves performance, especially under festival conditions, for which its brilliancy and general character make it eminently fitting.

OVERTURE, "Magic Flute,"

MOZART

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

On the 7th of March, 1791, Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812), a brother Freemason, brought to Mozart 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.

How thoroughly modern musicians appreciate Mozart is shown by the following utterances of Felix Mottl, the great conductor:

"To say anything briefly regarding Mozart is a difficult, almost an impossible, task. As a musician he is equally universal with Goethe, the philosopher. Wherever Goethe soars by means of his philosophy (I speak of Goethe the thinker, not the poet) thither Mozart penetrates because he is so divinely unphilosophical. He was, so to speak, music's self. He needed neither to ponder nor to delve—the deepest mysteries were quickly unriddled before his sunny glance. He was the boldest of innovators, without being conscious of this fact. I always rage inwardly when the pigtail Philistines (Zopfphilister) of to-day speak of 'their' Mozart. Had they lived in his day they would have babbled about him the same nonsense that we could hear and read not very long ago about Richard Wagner. If through a monstrous cataclysm of nature the entire works of Mozart should be lost to us his influence would not vanish. He is for us the sap of life with which the wise gardener nourishes the plant he is bringing to perfection. And not only the single plant, but an entire plant system, is raised by this means to a higher plane. But we must not judge the greatness of Mozart by the views of a single musician. We must know and love him as the lavish dispenser of light and life. And what Goethe said and taught that has Mozart as 'the guileless fool' fulfilled. Let us bear this in mind now, in a time that is only too likely to declare with Faust's associate, 'How magnificently we have progressed.'"

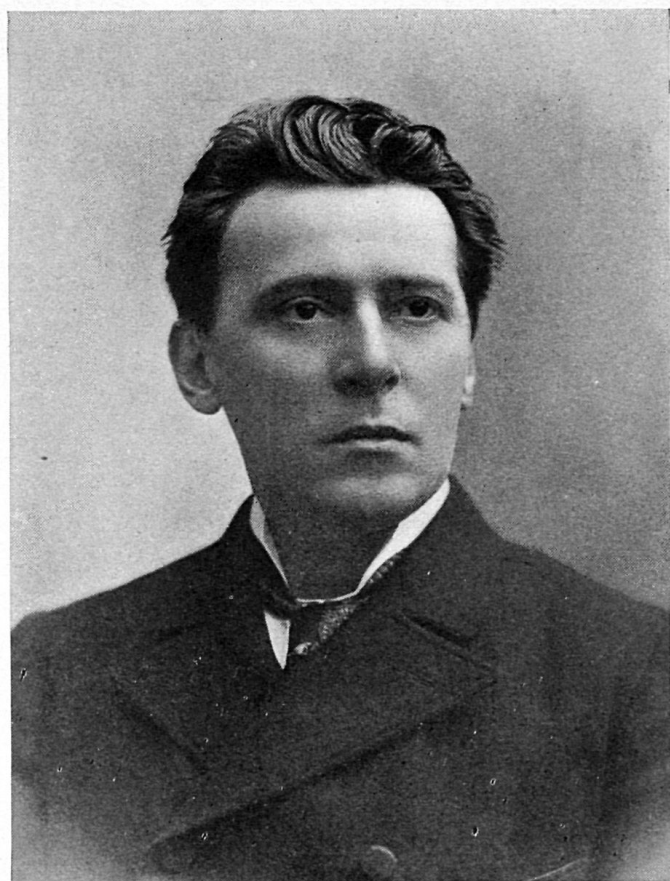
Richard Strauss, who by the way is an ideal Mozart interpreter, says: "Mozart is to me too sacred; too dear for me to say a light, thoughtless word regarding him. To pass an adequate estimate on Mozart's art would require the overwhelming eloquence of a Richard Wagner or a D'Annunzio. I can express my inmost feelings in notes, but not in words. I know my Mozart, I believe, better than the pigtails (Herren Zöpfe), the classic-academic-conservatory teachers. I was brought up to reverence Mozart. My father had idolatrous love for him, and he has transmitted this love to me. But my nature must express its rapture over Mozart in another way than with words. I have already conducted an entire series of Mozart's works in Munich, and am soon to lead a great part of the Mozart cycle in the Royal Opera House at Berlin. It is by my deeds that I join the propaganda for Mozart's matchless art, and in the future I shall adhere to this plan." Poor Schikaneder! Arme Zöpfe!

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Queen of the Night," (Magic Flute), MOZART

MME. CHARLOTTE MACONDA.

The "Magic Flute" contains many wonderful arias, none of more importance, from certain points of view, than the one to be sung this evening. It is of extreme difficulty, and calls for a voice of extraordinary range and unimpeachable vocal technique. It possesses great intrinsic value, and its significance in the opera justifies the employment of the brilliant devices which here, as means, in similar arias, are too often the end.

Gli angui d'inferno sentomi nel petto; Megaera, Alletto son d'intorno a me!
 Svelga al fellon, svelga a Pamina il core, se il reo muore, figlia mia non è.
 Ti lascio, t'abbandono, più madre tua non sono, paventa il mio furore, se non osi esser
 crudel.
 Ciel! Ciel! l'orrendo mio voto, ah! Ascolta, O ciel!



SERENADE, E flat, Op. 7, for Wind Choir, RICHARD STRAUSS
Born June 11, 1864, in Munich; still living.

Richard Strauss was appointed court musical director at Meiningen in 1885 through the influence of von Bülow. This particular piece must have been written at an early period in his career, as his first symphony bearing the opus number 12 was produced in 1881, and the Meiningen Orchestra had already brought the serenade into favorable notice.

It is interesting to compare this youthful work with his later efforts. No less interesting is a comparison of the form employed by him with that used by other composers. It consists of but one movement, instead of several, as is the general custom. It is scored for the full reed choir (including contra bassoon) and four horns, a combination of exquisite possibilities when each performer is an artist, but otherwise to be avoided.

MONOLOGUE, from "Andre Chenier," GIORDANO
Born at Foggia, August 27, 1863; still living.
SIGNOR GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI

"Andre Chenier," a grand opera based on a story of the French Revolution, was first produced at La Scala, Milan, 1896. Luigi Torchi, one of the most competent critics to be found among his countrymen, speaks of Giordano as "an orchestral colorist and a musical scene painter." "Among the composers of his school," says Torchi, "he has no rival as a master of stage situations; he is not bitten by Mascagni's rage for modulation; his music is impassioned, but lacks originality, and is deficient in melody."

This judgment may be taken as fairly indicative of much of the work of the realistic school, to which Giordano belongs, and not inaptly characterizes the work of many who are greater than he. The "rage for modulation" is neither restricted to Mascagni nor to his school, for across the Alps, and beyond the Rhine, we find composers whose music lacks originality, though impassioned to a degree that often forbids clarity of utterance, symmetry of form, and artistic poise.

Nemico della patria!	Un servo obbediente di violente passione!
E vecchia fiaba che beatamente	Ah peggio! Uccido e tremo,
Ancor la beve il popolo.	E mentre uccido io piango
Nato a Constantinopoli?	Io della Redentrice figlio
Straniero!	Pel primo ho udito il grido suo pel mondo
Studiò a Saint Cyr?	Ed ho al suo il mio grido unito.
Soldato! Traditore!	Or smarrita ho la fede
Di Dumouriez un complice!	Nel sognato destino?
E poeta?	Com' era irradiato di gloria el mio cammino!
Sovvertitor di cuori e di costume!	La coscienza nei cuor
Un dì m'era di gioja	Riderstar de le genti!
Passar fragli odì e le vendette,	Raccogliere le lagrime dei vinti e sofferenti!
Puro, innocente e forte!	Fare del mondo un Pantheon!
Gigante, mi credea!	Gli uomini in dii mutare
Son sempre un servo!	E in un sol bacio, e abbraccio
Ho mutato padrone!	Tutte le genti amar!

OVERTURE, "Liebesfrühling," Op. 28,

G. SCHUMANN

Born October 25, 1866, at Königstein, Saxony.

Georg Schumann has written several compositions of such distinguished musical qualities, that he has come to be looked upon as one of the most promising of that group of German composers, who, though influenced by the present tendencies of the art, have not found it necessary to turn their backs on established forms in order to present fullness of content.

Thus this work, while throbbing with passionate intensity, and, from the nature of the subject indicated by the title, somewhat rhapsodical in thematic treatment, still keeps well within the bounds of the wholesome limitations imposed by form. The orchestration is distinctly modern and admirably adapted to give the romantic atmosphere of "Liebesfrühling." The composer is well versed in counterpoint, and is master of all the formal devices so essential to the well-balanced presentation of his ideas, but scholarship as such never obtrudes itself, and he refrains from needless complications. One critic, in speaking of this particular work, emphasizes its melodic features and points out that Schumann seems to possess the special gifts of one who should win success as a writer of great choral works.

All that such a statement implies may not be evident on the surface, but it presupposes the possession of melodic invention of a type that requires no recourse to startling methods to create a unified, dignified, and adequate setting of any mood or experience whose nature fits it for musical representation. Moreover, it lays stress on a certain naturalness and adaptability to vocal performance, the absence of which frequently detracts from the effect of choral works written by composers who, to use a somewhat hackneyed expression, "think through instruments."

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Ah! fors' è lui," from "La Traviata," VERDI

MME. MACONDA

This selection, from "La Traviata," is an admirable example of the best type of the conventional Italian opera aria, and shows the distinction between the Verdi of this period and the Verdi of "Aida." Distinct in many ways, yet the same in his wonderful gift of fluent melody, and absolute knowledge of the possibilities of the human voice. Even those who see in the later Verdi, fuller artistic maturity, and a devotion to higher ideals, cannot refuse admiration for the skill he displays in his vocal writing, and none can deny the real beauty of the music.

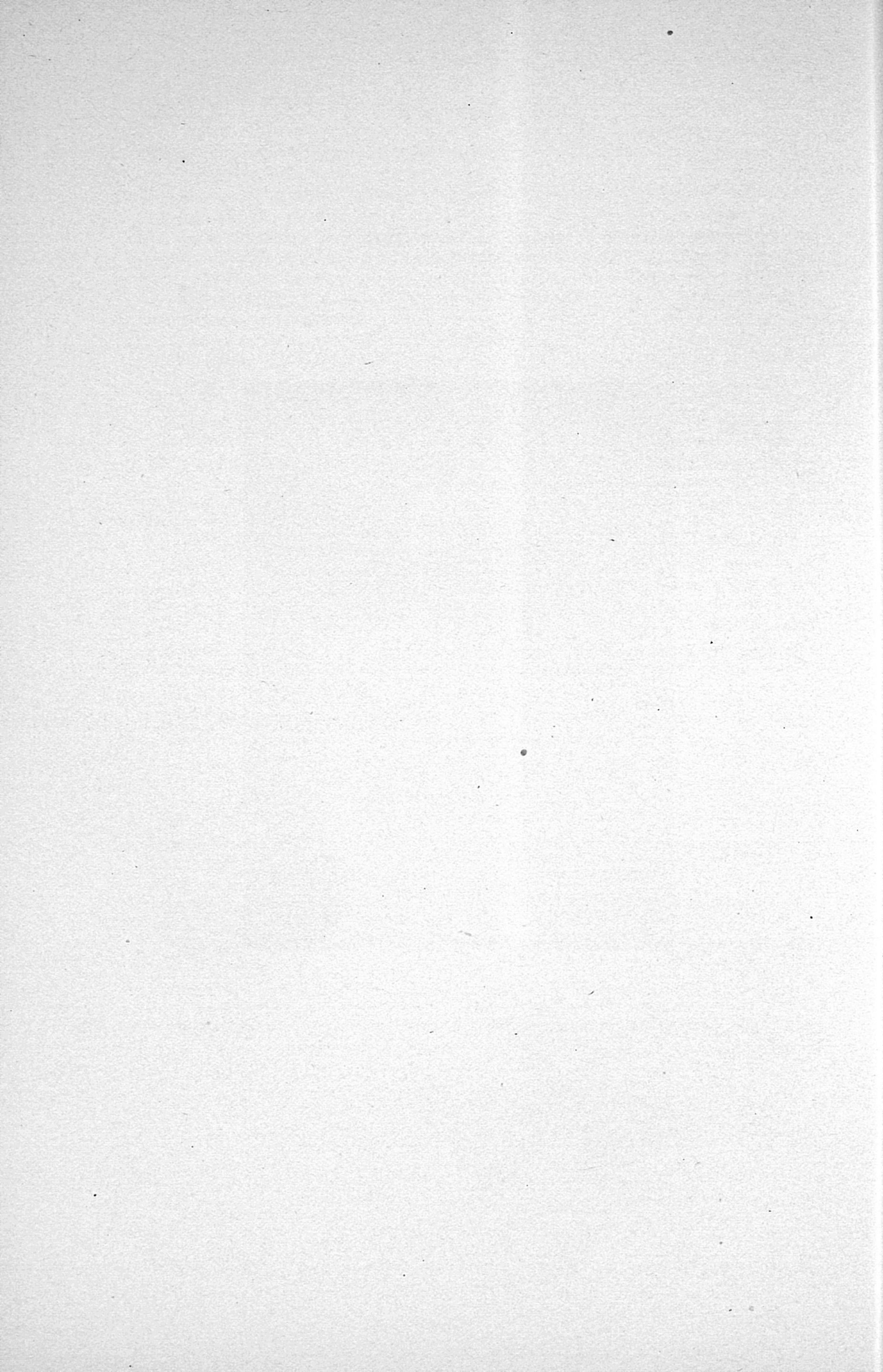
Recitative—E strano! in core scolpiti ho quegli accenti! Saria per me sventura un serio amore? Che risolvi, turbata anima mia? Null' uomo ancora t'accendeva, oh gioja ch'io non conobbi, esser amata amando! E sdegnar la poss' io per l'aride follie del viver mio?

Aria—Oh, fors' è lui che l'anima solinga ne' tumulti, godea sovente pingere de' suoi colori occulti! Lui che, modesto e vigile, all' egre soglie ascese, e nuova febbre accese, destando mi all' amor!

Ah quell' amor quell' amor che è palpito dell' universo, dell' universo intero, misterioso, altero, croce e delizia, delizia, delizia al cor.

A me fanciulla un canido e trepido desire quest' effigio dolcissimo signor dell'





avvenire, quando ne' cieli il raggio di sua beltà verdea, e tutta me pascea di quell' divino error.

Sentia che amore! che amore è il palpito dell' universo, intero, misterioso, altero, croce, delizia al cor! Follie! delirio vano è questo! Povera donna, sola, abbandonata in questo popoloso deserto che appellano Parigi, che spero or più? Che far degg' io? gioire di voluttà ne' vortici. Sempre libera degg' io folleggiare di gioja in gioja, vo' che scorra il viver mio pei sentieri del piacer. Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoja sempre lieta ne' ritrovi, a dilette sempre nuovi dee volare il mio pensier. Oh! oh amore! Follie! etc.

ITALIAN SERENADE,

HUGO WOLF

Born March 13, 1860, at Windischgrätz, Steiermark; died February 22, 1903, at Vienna.

Hugo Wolf is a composer who is known to American audiences chiefly through his songs, which are highly and originally imaginative. His career was a sad one, and his devotion to his art may be appreciated from the fact, that although he wrote over five hundred remarkable songs, a four-act opera, and several important orchestral works, the "total revenue from them all was 86 marks and 35 pfennigs (\$21.58¾)." He was radical in his views on art, intolerant of advice, entirely without mental poise, but he was a genius. During his lifetime his music was derided; now that he is dead, Hugo Wolf societies are established all over Germany, the works that were held up to ridicule now find a place in the repertoire of the great orchestras, and a real Hugo Wolf cult has developed. The composition presented at this time was intended to form the first movement of a suite. The orchestration has been completed by Max Reger, who, being a musical "storm center" himself at present, seems to have been particularly fitted for the task.

ARIA, "Non più Andrai," (Marriage of Figaro),

MOZART

SIGNOR CAMPANARI

"The Marriage of Figaro" is the German comic opera, *par excellence*. It has delighted generations of opera-goers, and richly deserves the success that will surely follow it in the future. It abounds in sparkling wit, and among the amusing situations none are more aptly and vividly portrayed than the petty trials of Figaro, who can be safely trusted to get out of his various perplexities without exhausting his supply of excuses or lies. Although Mozart did not use the modern orchestra, with its dynamic resources and multiplicity of instruments, he understood the possibilities of his orchestra as few before or since, and in such an aria as this, it is alive with suggestions of its own bearing on the situation.

Play no more, boy, the part of a lover,
Nor about beauty foolishly hover:
In the wars you'll more pleasure discover,
When your heart beats to glory and fame!

Now no longer in silks you'll be prancing,
With your fiddling and piping and dancing,
At the married ones wickedly glancing,
While the husbands grow pale at your name.

Midst your brother heroes riding,
Mighty whiskers taking pride in,
Your cigaros grandly smoking,
Sometimes swearing, sometimes joking,
Collar stiffened, lace on shoulder,
These will make the perfect soldier.

And, instead of waltzing gaily,
Marches nightly, marches daily,
Over mountains high and weary,
Thro' the valleys dark and dreary,
To the sound of cannon flashing,
And of sword 'gainst breast-plate clashing,
Altogether such a music,
It may well nigh make you deaf.

Now no more in satin prancing,
There's an end to song and dancing,
There's an end to ogling and glancing,
Cherubino, on to glory:
Go where honor calls you now.

RAPSODIE, "Espagnol,"

CHABRIER

Chabrier has been represented on Festival programs quite frequently, and the selection given this evening has been heard before on a similar occasion. It is a brilliant fantasia on two Spanish dances, of a type that invites a quasi-rhapsodical formal treatment, and demands sharply-defined rhythmic effects, and characteristic orchestral color, rather than melodic distinction or depth of harmony.

The first, the Jota, is called by Grove "one of the most characteristic of the North Spanish national dances." It resembles the waltz, but in dancing the movement allows of more freedom. Every province in the North has its own Jota, the tune and style of which have existed from time immemorial. Thus there is a Jota Aragonesa and a Jota Navarra, quite different in melody and accompaniment, but always in three-time. * * * The Jota is much played in the North of Spain, and wherever it is heard a dance is sure to be the instant result."

The second, the Malaguena, (or Fandango) is even more seductive, as may be seen from the following story given by Grove: "Soon after its first introduction, in the 17th century, it was condemned by the ecclesiastical authorities in Spain as a 'godless dance.' Just as the Consistory were about to prohibit it, one of the judges remarked that it was not fair to condemn any one unheard. Two celebrated dancers were accordingly introduced to perform the fandango before the Consistory. This they did with such effect, that, according to the old chronicler, 'every one joined in, and the hall of the consistorium was turned into a dancing saloon.' No more was heard of the condemnation of the fandango."

Whatever the opinion one may hold regarding the foregoing, no one can deny the piquancy and charm of Chabrier's music. The great success accorded the work on the occasion of its first performance—Paris, November 4, 1883—was well deserved, for, although from the point of view of the serious critic, it neither shows the power of "Gwendoline" nor the poetic fancy of the unfinished *Briseis*," it is one of the best compositions of a *genre* in which French composers have done much of their best work.

FOURTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 12, 1906

OVERTURE, "Bartered Bride,"

SMETANA

Born March 2, 1824, at Leitomische. Died March 12, 1884, at Prague.

The Czech has reason to be proud of Smetana, whose works, national in spirit, and distinguished in form, compare favorably with those of his more widely known countryman, Antonin Dvorak. Included in his serious works are eight operas of more or less importance. In the judgment of the outside world, of these, the comic opera "Prodana Nevesta" (The Bartered Bride) is the most significant. The overture fairly sparkles with vivacity, and its rollicking humor has rightly earned for it the title "Lustspiel (Comedy) Overture," under which it frequently appears on concert programs. The real theme begins with the first note of the seventh measure of the quotation given. Evidently Smetana felt, as all must, that the jolly measures preceding this theme were too good to lose, for they appear frequently in the course of the work.

Vivacissimo.

ff

pp

The treatment is fugal throughout with the exception of the sections dominated by the following theme—the second subject:

ff

CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE, A minor, Op. 16,

GRIEG

Born June 15, 1843, at Bergen, Norway. Still living.

ALLEGRO MODERATO; ADAGIO; ALLEGRO MARCATO.

MR. VAN DEN BERG.

Among the comparatively few concertos that have retained their freshness and charm this work must be placed. First performed by its composer in 1879 at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, it has consistently maintained its position in the repertoire. It possesses distinct originality, and the technical reasons for the existence of the concerto, as a form, do not obtrude themselves. Its unique northern flavor contributes very largely to its charm.

PETER ILJITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY

Born at Wotkinsk, May 7, 1840; died at St. Petersburg, November 6, 1893.

No composer of recent years has attained greater prominence than Tschaikowsky and his fame appears to be steadily increasing. Not only musicians—but the general public as well—feel and acknowledge his power. There are several reasons for this. While there can be no doubt that most of this success may be attributed to the fact that in the music he wrote we seem to hear the voice of a nation, and come near to the heart of the folk (which, as Wagner says, "is true"), still there is reason to feel that we appreciate more quickly, and feel more keenly, because we are part of a social organism, run at high pressure, and are peculiarly susceptible to the influence exerted by a genius who speaks with authority. Such a man was Tschaikowsky, from whose works two have been selected as representative of his power in quite distinct forms.

These selections not only complete the unity of a program devoted to works of composers who represent the races who have contributed to modern music virile elements of musical expression, but are also of great interest in that they reveal the wonderful development of Tschaikowsky's genius.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, from "Eugen Onegin,"

MR. HALL.

The opera from which the excerpt on today's program is taken, was given its first representation in St. Petersburg, under its Russian name of "Jevgenjie Onegin," in 1879, and under its present title in Hamburg in 1892. It is one of ten operas written by Tschaikowsky. The qualities evident in his great orchestral works are displayed in this selection, which, as his operas are so little known, possesses the element of novelty. The following is a literal translation from the German:

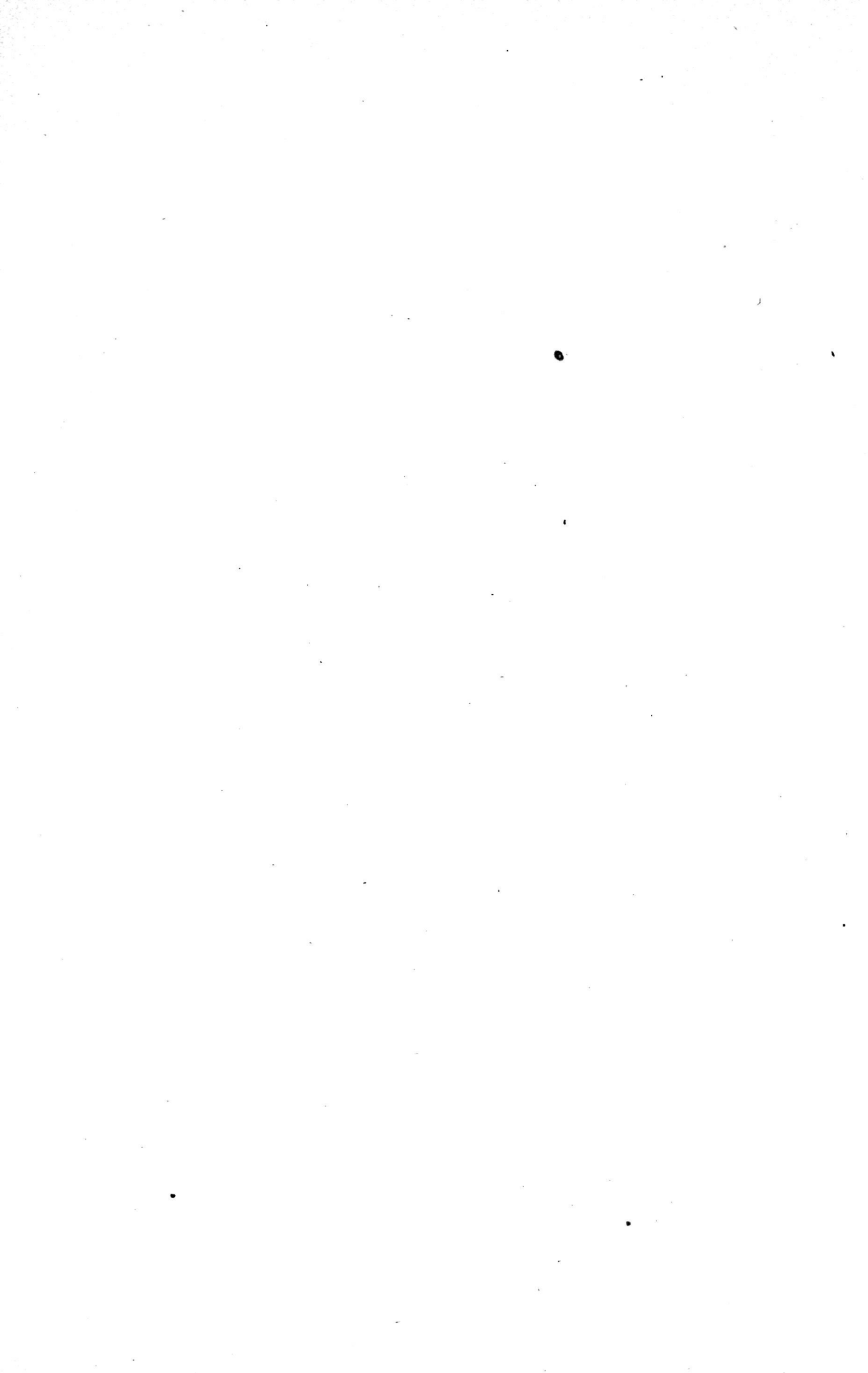
RECITATIVE.

"Where, O where are ye departed, O Youth—O Love's unfathomed Joy?"

ARIA.

"What will the coming day disclose! My gaze the future can not pierce.
But why this futile questioning! Each must his destiny fulfill.





If on the morrow I become the prey of Death—or if unscathed
 I leave the field of strife—rests now with God, with Him alone.
 The past—the present—e'en illumed by Him who giveth glorious day
 And shrouds with sombre hue the night; may they within my soul combine,
 The rosy dawn, the radiant day.
 Or if perchance Death's darksome night—Oblivion's garment—o'er me falls,
 And e'en my name forgotten be—Alas! how soon the world forgets—
 Wilt thou, my loved one, think of me, when in the grave I rest disgraced?
 In tears, lamenting, wilt thou come, and think how once my soul did live
 But in thy love? Thy love! a ray of sunshine breaking through the cloud;
 A gleam of comfort driving care away—dispelling gloom and doubt.
 Ah, Olga! List! my heart doth cry aloud for thee, my Love, my Bride;
 Thy lover calls—give thou response, I wait for thee—O hasten—fly—
 Come quickly—quickly ere I die."

"Where, O where are ye departed, O Youth—O Love's unfathomed Joy?"

—(Translation by A. A. S.)

SYMPHONY, No. 6, B minor, Op. 74, "Pathétique,"

ADAGIO-ALLEGRO;—ANDANTE;—ALLEGRO VIVO; ALLEGRO CON GRAZIA; ALLEGRO MOLTO
 VIVACE; ADAGIO LAMENTOSO.

This broadly conceived work—a real *magnum opus*—is carried out in a manner calculated to show at once the great virtues and the obvious faults of Tschaikowsky's style. It is full of brilliant lights and deep shadows. It is at once extensive and intensive. Suggestive of the semi-barbaric point of view of the Cossack, with equal justification it may be looked upon as a revelation of the despair of a strong, highly-cultured man, helpless before the hand of Fate. It exhibits a well nigh lawless indifference to established symphonic precedents, and unusual restraint where one would expect, from him at least, the most intense passion. In its opulence of color, vividness of contrast, and rhythmic fervor, it is the modern expression of the musical extravagances of the Eastern Church, which Eusebius mentioned as a source of danger to the music of the Western Church.

It acquires peculiar significance from the tragic death of the composer under conditions of mystery. This occurrence has turned a casual remark made by him—after the first and unsuccessful performance of the work on October 13, 1893, at St. Petersburg—into a prophecy. The shadows of the Fifth Symphony, illustrated by its opening theme, are intensified in this, but the lights are magnified as well. In the absence of any authoritative analysis, or program if you will, it seems unwise to read into this work definite and specific direction to what, after all, may be naught but the expression of general moods. The tendency to do this is accentuated by the fact that the majority of modern composers seem unwilling to rely upon the fantasy of the listener, but give us the most minute directions as to the management of our emotions. Whether this is a mark of progress, or of decadence, we may not now know, neither can we be sure that this symphony was the revelation of a life, his life—or life.

In her biography of Tschaikowsky, Mrs. Newman gives a vivid summing up of the characteristics of his symphonies, in which she shows that each is the expression of some denominating influence. The first, general; the second, national; the third, ecclesiastic; the fourth, humorous; the fifth, quasi-religious; the sixth, brooding.

While in general these characterizations are clever and justified, they cannot be accepted as final—as even one hearing of the work on this afternoon's program will prove. As no other work, the sixth displays warmth of imagination, vividness of color, virtuosity in polyphonic writing, and—as might occur for the sake of purely formal originality—a last movement which crowds into a condensed form the most poignant grief and despair. He gives us life in its varied aspects; he contrasts it with the shadow of death. Because it ends with a note of despair, it may and does justify its title, but what would have been the character of the next symphony had he lived to produce another? A glance at the expression marks of the various movements will show the originality of the form in its entirety—as well as the reasons for its generally accepted purport.

Bearing in mind the exposition of the formal principles given elsewhere, the following condensed analysis may be helpful:

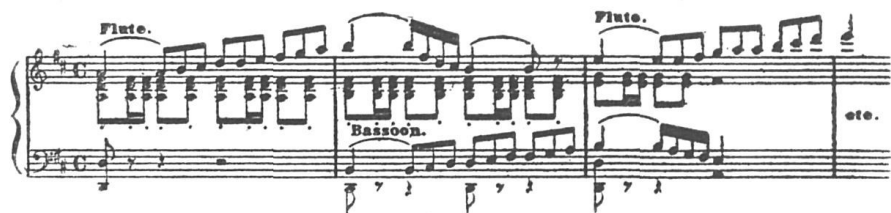
The introduction—B minor, 4-4 time, *Adagio*—displays the first theme stated by solo bassoon over a gloomy accompaniment by the contra-basses and violas (both divided) and 'cellos, foreshadowing the equally somber final measures of the last movement. From this develops the first movement proper, *Allegro non troppo*, in which the principal theme, intensified rhythmically, although still subdued in color—violas and violoncellos—gradually develops in power, and heightened in effect by



acceleration of tempo leads into a magnificent climax, from which it recedes, thus preparing for the entrance of the second theme, than which nothing more beautiful can be cited from any of his works.



Following this enters a new motive of idyllic charm, leading to a re-statement

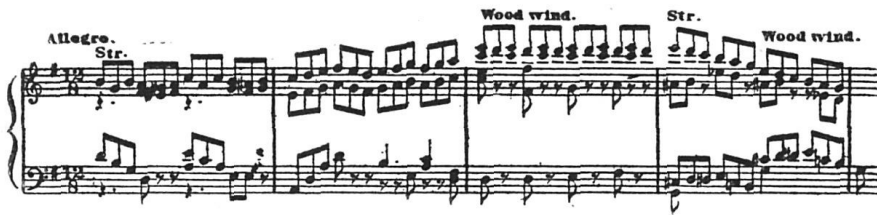


of the second subject, which gradually dies away, to be succeeded by the powerful treatment of the development section, in which he exhibits all the resources of a master of symphonic routine. This in turn, through a most ingenious blending with the recapitulation section, leads to a wonderful coda, or closing section.

The usual scherzo is replaced by a movement—D major, 5-4 time, *Allegro con grazia*—with a most bewitching first subject in the violoncellos, a melody which, once heard, lingers in the memory.



After a development worthy of the theme comes the trio, in which we meet a new melody for flutes, first violins and violoncellos, over a persistent organ point, sustained by the basses and bassoons and enforced by the drums with their insistent accentuation of the rhythm.



The theme quoted above introduces the third movement which is full of the most daring and occasionally commonplace treatment of the orchestra, which often-times seems to have broken away from all restraint, until, introduced tentatively at first but gradually gaining ascendancy, the second theme with its distinctive marchlike character appears.

Again appears the brilliant first subject, and in its development the orchestra is worked up to the most furious utterances, leading to a recapitulation of the march. Pompous, brilliant, well nigh barbaric in effect, it enhances the principal theme of the succeeding and final movement—B minor, 3-4 time, *Adagio lamentoso*—a haunt-



ing questioning motive whose impression is not disturbed but rather heightened by the expressive second theme, D major *Andante*.

Were it not for the motive heard in the basses, we might consider this a note of resignation, but the questioning is persistently maintained, and, as the principal motive of the second subject is stated more and more forcefully, it becomes more and more insistent until it must be answered. Then come reiterations of the first subject, and when as though exhausted the second subject appears in the minor, come the closing

measures in which the pulsating figure in the basses gradually loses its regularity and finally flutters and ceases. In its effect it resembles the ticking of the clock in the death chamber, in the opening measures of "Tod und Verklärung," by Richard Strauss. Even more effective, for its meaning has been forced upon us by the sombre chords of the trombones and the death knell of the tamtam; our kindled imagination, not the word of the poet, supplies the suggestion, and we justify it in the light of our own, not another's experience.

Whether the symphony would have been called "The Pathetic" had Tschaikowsky adhered to the traditional usage and placed the Adagio either second or third in order, is an open question, but as it is the title is fully justified, without our being obliged to look upon it as the last message of one contemplating suicide. The order can be understood if we consider it as an impassioned review of life in its varied aspects—and the conclusion that it is but vanity.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 12, 1906

AIDA, an Opera in Four Acts,

VERDI

CAST

AIDA, - - - - -	MME. CHARLOTTE MACONDA
AMNERIS, - - - - -	MME. ISABELLE BOUTON
HIGH PRIESTESS, - - - - -	MISS FRANCES CASPARI
RADAMES, - - - - -	MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE
AMONASRO, - - - - -	MR. GWYLM MILES
RAMPHIS, - - - - -	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
THE KING, - - - - -	MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND
A MESSENGER, - - - - -	MR. FRED KILLEEN

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

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

GUISEPPI VERDI

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

The career of Guiseppi Verdi is of greater interest than that of any Italian composer since Palestrina. Look at the life work of this great genius for a moment; think of the melodies that he has given to the world! Many of them are now hackneyed—but they are so partly because their very beauty has made them so popular, and partly because since the days of Verdi's early operas we have been gaining in appreciation of other elements than mere melody—for even a genius cannot prevent the onward movement of events. Composers may remain stationary as did Rossini, and not attempt to improve their art, or men, who, like Spontini, follow the lead of the public instead of “despising its decisions,” as Schiller advised—may, like him, find themselves “embalmed alive,” as Wagner said; but Verdi lived and moved with the times, and when he died, at the age of eighty-eight, he was the youngest man in Italy. Nor in the last compositions published in 1898—the “Quattro Pezzi Sacri”—do we see any diminution in creative power, even though the work of one long past the allotted time of man's existence.

“Aida” was written for the Khedive of Egypt and was given its first performance in Cairo, December 24, 1871; in Milan, February 8, 1872. It was given in New York in 1873, three years before its first performance in Paris. Contemporary writers give

conflicting accounts of the general effect of the first performance, but of the character of the music, its dramatic power, its gorgeous instrumentation, its captivating melody, sonorous harmonies—there was no jarring note in the chorus of criticism. Nor has there been since—for even those who are worshippers at the shrine of what many of us love to think are really more exalted ideals—can but feel its originality and force. It has a most dramatic plot—full of action—giving opportunities for display of Oriental pomp and ceremony—for dancing and all the apparatus of the grand opera—while the deeper elements of dramatic power, as shown in the characters of Aida, Amneris, Radames and Ramphis, come to the front with a truthfulness and regard for dramatic consistency unknown to most operas of his countrymen. It is a story of love, war, and loyalty—contrasted with hatred, revenge, and intrigue—dominated by the influence of the cruel and arrogant Egyptian priesthood. It abounds in grand chorus effects, notably in Acts I. and II.—while from beginning to end there is not a moment when one feels there is any uncertainty in the mind of the composer, as to the effect he desires to produce, nor any lapse from sustained power of portrayal. There are certain Oriental characteristics displayed in some of the melodies and harmonies, as in the scene in which appears the High Priestess—in conjunction with the Priestesses and the Priests; while some of the dances have a barbaric quality in rhythm and color. Of “typical motives” in the ordinary acceptation of the word, we find no trace, but there are certain themes to which dramatic significance may be given.

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

ACT I.—INTRODUCTION.

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

(RADAMES and RAMPHIS in consultation.)

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

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

The truth from messengers I soon shall learn.

RADAMES.—Hast thou consulted the will of Isis?

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

RADAMES.—Oh happy mortal!

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

The dread commandment I to the King shall take.

(Exit.)

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

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

To thee returned, Aida, my brow entwin'd with laurel:

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

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

Bathing my spirit in beauty's light.

Would that, thy bright skies once more beholding.

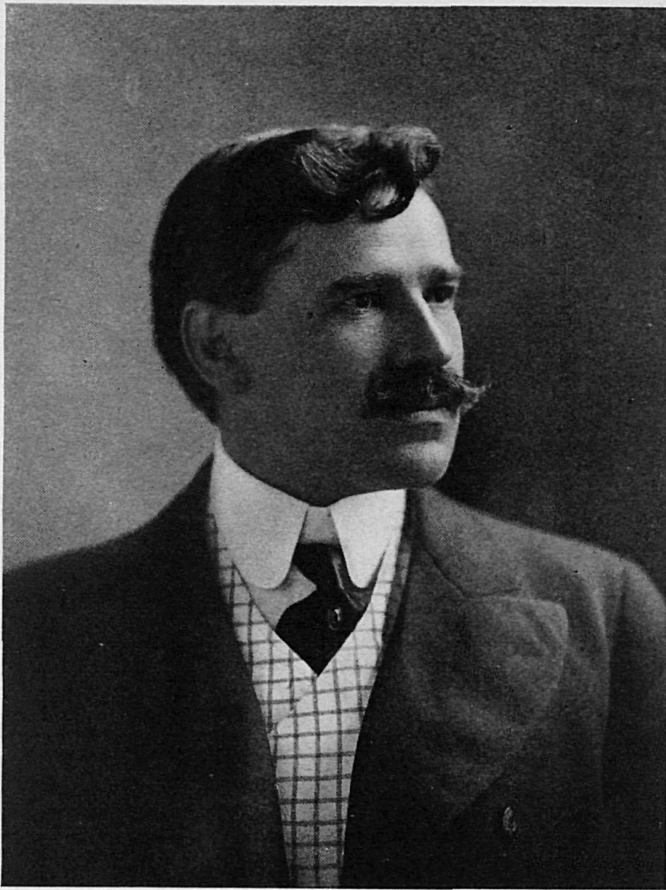
Breathing the air of thy native land, Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,

Thine were a throne by the sun to stand.

(Enter AMNERIS.)

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

What martial ardor is beaming in thy noble glances!



Ah me! how worthy were of all envy
the woman
Whose dearly wish'd for presence
Could have power to kindle in thee
such rapture!

RADAMES.—A dream of proud ambition
in my heart I was nursing:
Isis this day has declar'd by name the
warrior chief
Appointed to lead to battle Egypt's
host!

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

AMNERIS.—Has not another vision, one
more sweet,
More enchanting, found favor in your
heart?
Hast thou in Memphis no attraction
more charming?

RADAMES.—(aside.)—I!

(Fatal question.
Has she the secret yearning
Divin'd within me burning?)

AMNERIS.—(aside.)—Ah, me! my love if
spurning
His heart to another were turning!

RADAMES.—Have then mine eyes be-
tray'd me,
And told Aida's name!

AMNERIS.—Woe if hope should false
have play'd me,
And all in vain my flame.

(Enter AIDA.)

RADAMES (seeing AIDA).—She here!

AMNERIS (aside).—He is troubled.
Ah, what a gaze doth he turn on her!
Aida! Have I a rival?
Can it be she herself?

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

Oh, tell me wherefore thou ever art
mourning,
Wherefore thy tears now flow.

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

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

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

AMNERIS.—Yes, tremble, base vassal,
tremble,
Lest thy secret stain detected.

RADAMES.—Woe! if my hopes all dash-
ing
She mar the plans I've laid!

AMNERIS.—All in vain thou wouldst dis-
semble,
By tear and blush betrayed!

AIDA (aside).—No! fate, o'er Egypt
looming,
Weighs down on my heart dejected,
I wept that love thus was dooming
To woe a hapless maid!

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

THE KING.—Mighty the cause that
summons
Round their King the faithful sons of
Egypt.
From the Ethiop's land a messenger
this moment has reached us.
Tidings of import brings he. Be
pleased to hear him.
Now let the man come forward!

(To an officer.)

MESSENGER.—The sacred limits of
Egyptian soil are by Ethiops in-
vaded.
Our fertile fields lie all devastated,
destroy'd our harvest.
Embolden'd by so easy a conquest, the
plund'ring horde
On the Capital are marching.

ALL.—Presumptuous daring!

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

ALL.—The King!

AIDA.—My father!

MESSENGER.—All Thebes has arisen, and
from her hundred portals
Has pour'd on the invader a torrent
fierce,
Fraught with relentless carnage.

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

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

THE KING (addressing RADAMES). Isis,
revered Goddess, already has ap-
pointed
The warrior chief with pow'r supreme
invested.
Radames!

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

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

AMNERIS.—Our leader!

AIDA.—I tremble.

THE KING.—Now unto Vulcan's temple, chieftain, proceed,
There to gird thee to vict'ry, donning
sacred armor.

On! of Nilus' sacred river
Guard the shores, Egyptians brave,
Unto death the foe deliver,
Egypt they never, never shall en-
slave!

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

AIDA (*aside*).—Whom to weep for?

Whom to pray for?

Ah! what pow'r to him now binds me!
Yet I love, tho' all reminds me
That I love my country's foe!

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

Now 'tis war alone inflames me;
On to vict'ry! Naught we stay for!
Forward, and death to every foe!

AMNERIS.—From my hand, thou warrior
glorious,

Take thy stand, aye victorious;
Let it ever lead thee onward
To the foeman's overthrow.

ALL.—Battle! No quarter to any foe!
May laurels crown thy brow!

AIDA.—May laurels crown thy brow!

What can my lips pronounce language
so impious!

Wish him victor o'er my father—
O'er him who wages war but that I
may be restored to my country,
To my kingdom, to the high station
I now perforce dissemble!

Wish him conqu'ror o'er my brothers!
E'en now I see him stain'd with their
blood so cherished,

'Mid the clam'rous triumph of Egyp-
tian battalions!

Behind his chariot a King, my father,
as a fetter'd captive!

Ye Gods watching o'er me,
Those words deem unspoken!

A father restore me, his daughter
heart-broken,

Oh, scatter their armies, forever crush
our foe!

Ah! what wild words do I utter?

Of my affection have I no recollec-
tion?

That sweet love that consol'd me, a
captive pining,

Like some bright, sunny ray on my
sad lot shining?

Shall I invoke destruction on the man
for whom in love I languish?

Ah! never yet on earth liv'd one whose
heart

Was torn by wilder anguish!

Those names so holy, of father, of
lover,

No more dare I now utter or e'en re-
call;

Abashed and trembling, to heav'n fain
would hover

My prayers for both, for both my
tears would fall.

Ah! all my prayers seem transformed
to blaspheming,

To suffer is a crime, dark sin to sigh;
Thro' darkest night I do wander as
dreaming,

And so cruel my woe, I fain would
die.

Merciful gods! look from on high!

Pity these tears hopelessly shed.

Love, fatal pow'r, mystic and dread,
Break thou my heart, now let me die!

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

(PRIESTS.—RAMPHIS at the foot of
the altar.)

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

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

HIGH PRIESTESS.—Flame uncreated,
eternal,

Fount of all light above,

Hail! lo, we invoke love,

Thee we invoke!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Life giver, uni-
versal,

Source of unending love,

Thee we invoke!

HIGH PRIESTESS AND PRIESTESSES.—Al-
mighty Phtha!

(*Sacred Dance of Priestesses.*)

RAMPHIS (*to RADAMES*).—Of gods the
favor'd mortal,

To thee confided be the favor of
Egypt.

Thy weapon, temper'd by hand im-
mortal,



In thy hand shall bring to the foe-
man

Alarm, agony, terror!

(*Turning to the god.*)

Hear us, oh, guardian deity,

Our sacred land protecting,

Thy mighty hand extending,

Danger from Egypt ward.

RADAMES.—Hear us, each mortal des-
tiny,

War's dreadful course directing,

Aid unto Egypt sending,

Keep o'er her children ward.

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

CHORUS OF PRIESTESSES.—Almighty
Phtha!

ACT II.

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

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

To celebrate love's pow'rs.

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

CHORUS.—Ah! where are now the foes
who dared

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

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

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

(*Enter AIDA.*)

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

(*To AIDA with feigned affection.*)

'Neath the chances of battle succumb
thy people,

Hapless Aida! The sorrows that af-
flict thee,

Be sure I feel as keenly.

My heart tow'rd thee yearns fondly;

In vain naught shalt thou ask me:

Thou shalt be happy!

AIDA.—Ah! how can I be happy.

Far from my native country, where
I can never know

What fate may befall my father,
brothers?

AMNERIS.—Deeply you move me! yet no
human sorrow

Is lasting here below. Time will com-
fort

And heal your present anguish.
Greater

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

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

Rapturous madness bliss fraught with
woes,

Thy pangs most cruel a life content-
ing.

Thy smiles enchanting bright heaven
disclose!

AMNERIS.—Yon deadly pallor, her bosom
panting,

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

Her heart to question, courage is
wanting.

My bosom feels of her torture the
throes.

(*Eying her fixedly.*)

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

Thy secret thought reveal to me:

Come, trust securely, come,

Trust in my affection.

Among the warriors brave who

Fought fatally 'gainst thy country,

It may be that one has waken'd

In thee gentle thoughts of love?

AIDA.—What mean'st thou?

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

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

Yes! Radames by thine is slaughter'd;

And canst thou mourn him?

The gods have wrought thee ven-
geance.

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

Forever my tears shall flow!

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

AMNERIS (*breaking out with violence.*)

Tremble! thou art discovered!

Thou lov'st him! Ne'er deny it!
 Nay, to confound thee I need but a
 word.
 Gaze on my visage; I told thee false-
 ly;
 Radames liveth!

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

AMNERIS.—Dost hope still now deceive
 me?
 Yes, thou lov'st him!
 But so do I; dost hear my words?
 Behold thy rival, here is a Pharaoh's
 daughter.

AIDA (*drawing herself up with pride.*)
 Thou my rival; what tho' it were so;
 For I, I, too!
 (*Falling at AMNERIS' feet.*)
 Ah! heed not my words! oh, spare!
 forgive me!
 Ah! on all my anguish sweet pity
 take;
 'Tis true, for his love I all else for-
 sake.
 While thou art mighty, all joys thy
 dower,
 Naught save my love now is left for
 me!

AMNERIS.—Tremble, vile bond-maid!
 Dying heart-broken,
 Soon shalt thou rue the love thou
 hast spoken.
 Do I not hold these fast in my power,
 Hatred and vengeance my heart owes
 for thee!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—On to Nilus' sacred
 river.
 Guard the shores, Egyptians brave:
 Unto death the foe deliver.
 Egypt they never shall enslave.

AMNERIS.—In the pageant now prepar-
 ing
 Shall a part by thee be taken;
 While before me thou in dust art
 prone,
 I shall share the royal throne!

AIDA.—Pray thee spare a heart despair-
 ing!
 Life's to me a void forsaken;
 Live and reign, thy anger blighting,
 I shall no longer brave;
 Soon this love, thy hate inviting,
 Shall be buried in the grave.
 Ah! then spare!

AMNERIS.—Come, now follow, I will
 show thee
 Whether thou canst vie with me.

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

Ye gods, ah spare! ah spare; ah
 spare!

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

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

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

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

Glory, oh King!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.—The laurel with
 the lotus bound

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.—To powers war de-
 ciding

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

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

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

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

What boon thou askest, freely I'll grant it.
 Naught can be denied thee on such a day.
 I swear it by the crown I am wearing,
 By heav'n above us!
 RADAMES.—First deign to order that the captives
 Be before you brought.
(Enter Ethiopian prisoners surrounded by guards, AMONASRO last in the dress of an officer.)
 RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Thank we our gods!
 AIDA.—What see I? He here? My father!
 ALL.—Her father!
 AMNERIS.—And in our power!
 AIDA *(embracing her father)*.—Thou! captive made!
 AMONASRO *(whispering to AIDA)*.
 Tell not my rank!
 THE KING *(to AMONASRO)*.—Come forward—
 So then, thou art?
 AMONASRO.—Her father. I, too, have fought,
 And we are conquer'd; death I vainly sought.
(Pointing to the uniform he is wearing.)
 This my garment has told you already
 That I fought to defend King and country;
 Adverse fortune against us ran steady,
 Vainly sought we the fates to defy.
 At my feet in the dust lay extended
 Our King, countless wounds had transpierc'd him;
 If to fight for the country that nurs'd him
 Make one guilty, we're ready to die!
 But, oh King, in thy power transcendent
 Spare the lives on thy mercy dependent;
 By fates though to-day overtaken,
 Ah! say, who can to-morrow's event descry?
 AIDA.—But, O King, in thy power transcendent, etc.
 SLAVE-PRISONERS.—We, on whom heaven's anger is falling,
 Thee implore, on thy clemency calling;
 May ye ne'er be by fortune forsaken,
 Nor thus in captivity lie!
 RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Death, oh King, be their just destination,

Close thy heart to all vain supplication,
 By the heavens they doom'd are to perish,
 We the heavens are bound to obey.
 PEOPLE.—Holy priests, calm your anger exceeding,
 Lend an ear to the conquer'd foe, pleading.
 Mighty King, thou whose power we cherish,
 In thy bosom let mercy have sway.
 RADAMES *(fixing his eyes on AIDA)*.
 See her cheek wan with weeping and sorrow,
 From affliction new charm seems to borrow;
 In my bosom love's flame seems new lighted
 By each tear drop that flows from her eyes.
 AMNERIS.—With what glances on her he is gazing!
 Glowing passion within them is blazing!
 She is lov'd, and my passion is slighted?
 Stern revenge in my breast loudly cries!
 THE KING.—High in triumph since our banners now are soaring,
 Let us spare those our mercy imploring:
 By the gods mercy, aye, is requited,
 And of princes it strengthens the sway.
 RADAMES.—O King! by heav'n above us,
 And by the crown on thy brow thou sworest,
 What'er I asked thee thou wouldst grant it.
 THE KING.—Say on.
 RADAMES.—Vouchsafe then, I pray freedom and life to freely grant
 Unto these Ethiop captives here.
 AMNERIS.—Free all, then!
 PRIESTS.—Death be the doom of Egypt's enemies.
 PEOPLE.—Compassion to the wretched!
 RAMPHIS.—Hear me, oh King! and thou too,
 Dauntless young hero, lost to the voice of prudence;
 They are foes, to battle hardened.
 Vengeance ne'er in them will die,
 Growing bolder if now pardoned,
 They to arms once more will fly!
 RADAMES.—With Amonasro, their warrior King,
 All hopes of revenge have perish'd.

RAMPHIS.—At least, as earnest of safety
and of peace,

Keep we back then Aida's father.

THE KING.—I yield me to thy counsel;
Of safety now and peace a bond more
certain will I give you.

Radames, to thee our debt is un-
bounded.

Amneris, my daughter, shall be thy
guerdon.

Thou shalt hereafter o'er Egypt with
her hold conjoint sway.

AMNERIS (*aside*).—Now let yon bond-
maid, now let her

Rob me of my love she dare not!

THE KING.—Glory to Egypt's gracious
land,

Isis hath aye protected,
With laurel and with lotus,
Entwine proudly the victor's head.

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Praise be to
Isis, goddess bland,

Who hath our land protected,
And pray that the favor's granted us,
Ever be o'er us shed.

SLAVE-PRISONERS.—Glory to Egypt's gra-
cious land,

She hath revenge rejected,
And liberty hath granted us
Once more our soil to tread.

AIDA.—Alas! to me what hope is left?

He wed, a throne ascending,
I left my loss to measure,
To mourn a hopeless love.

RADAMES.—Now heaven's bolt the clouds
has cleft,

Upon my head descending,
Ah! no, all Egypt's treasure
Weighs not Aida's love.

AMNERIS.—Almost of every sense bereft,
By joy my hopes transcending,
Scarce I the triumph can measure
Now crowning all my love.

AMONASRO (*to AIDA*).—Take heart:
there yet some hope is left,

Thy country's fate amending;
Soon shalt thou see with pleasure
Revenge light from above.

PEOPLE.—Glory to Egypt's goddess
bland,

Who hath our land protected!
With laurel and with lotus,
Entwine proudly the victor's head.

ACT III.

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

CHORUS (*in the Temple*). Oh, thou who
to Osiris art

Mother and consort immortal,
Goddess that mak'st the human heart
In fond emotion move,
Aid us who seek thy portal,
Parent of deathless love.

HIGH PRIESTESS.—Aid us thy portal who
seek.

(*From a boat which approaches the
shore descend AMNERIS and RAM-
PHIS, followed by some women
closely veiled. Guards.*)

RAMPHIS (*to AMNERIS*).—Come to the
fane of Isis: the eve

Before the day of thy bridal, to pray
the goddess

Grant thee her favor. To Isis are the
hearts

Of mortals open. In human hearts
whatever

Is hidden, full well she knoweth.

AMNERIS.—Aye; and I will pray that
Radames

May give me truly his heart,

Truly as mine to him was ever de-
voted.

RAMPHIS.—Now enter. Thou shalt pray
Till the daylight; I shall be near thee.

(*All enter the Temple.*)

(*AIDA enters cautiously veiled.*)

AIDA.—He will ere long be here! What
would he tell me?

I tremble! Ah! if thou comest to bid
me,

Harsh man, farewell forever,
Then Nilus, thy dark and rushing
stream

Shall soon o'erwhelm me; peace shall
I find there,

And a long oblivion.

My native land no more, no more shall
I behold!

O sky of azure hue, breezes softly
blowing.

Whose smiling glances saw my young
life unfold

Fair verdant hillsides, oh streamlets
gently flowing,

Thee, oh, my country, no more shall
I behold!

Yes, fragrant valleys, your sheltering
bowers,

Once 'twas my dream, should love's
abode hang o'er;

Perish'd those dreams now like win-
ter-blighted flowers.

Land of my fathers, ne'er shall I see
thee more!

(*Enter AMONASRO.*)

Heav'n! my father!



AMONASRO.—Grave cause leads me to seek thee here, Aida.

Nought escapes my attention.
For Radames thou'rt dying of love;
He loves thee, thou await'st him.
A daughter of the Pharaohs is thy rival,
Race accursed, race detested, to us aye fatal!

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

AMONASRO.—In her power thou! No!
if thou wishest,
Thy all-powerful rival thou shall vanquish,
Thy country, thy scepter, thy love,
shall all be thine.

Once again shalt thou on our balmy forests,
Our verdant valleys, our golden temples gaze!

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

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

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

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

AIDA.—Too well remember'd are those days of mourning!

All the keen anguish my poor heart that pierc'd!
Gods! grant in mercy, peace once more returning,
Once more the dawn soon of glad days may burst.

AMONASRO.—Remember! Lose not a moment.

Our people arm'd are panting
For the signal when to strike the blow.
Success is sure, only one thing is wanting:

That we know by what path will march the foe.

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

AMONASRO.—Thyself will!

AIDA.—I?

AMONASRO.—Radames knows thou art waiting.

He loves thee, he commands the Egyptians.

Dost hear me?

AIDA.—O horror! What wilt thou that I do?

No! Nevermore!

AMONASRO (*with savage fury*).—Up,
Egypt! fierce nation

Our cities devoting
To flames, and denoting
With ruins your path.
Spread wide devastation,
Your fury unbridle,
Resistance is idle,
Give rein to your wrath.

AIDA.—Ah! Father!

AMONASRO (*repulsing her*).—Dost call thee my daughter?

AIDA.—Nay hold! have mercy!

AMONASRO.—Torrents of blood shall crimson flow,
Grimly the foe stands gloating.
Seest thou? from darkling gulfs below
Shades of the dead upfloating!

Crying, as thee in scorn they show:
"Thy country thou hast slain!"

AIDA.—Nay hold! ah hold! have mercy, pray!

AMONASRO.—One among those phantoms dark,

E'en now it stands before thee:
Tremble! now stretchng o'er thee,
Its bony hand I mark!
Thy mother's hands, see there again
Stretch'd out to curse thee.

AIDA (*with the utmost terror*).

Ah! no! my father, spare thy child!

AMONASRO (*repulsing her*).—Thou'rt my daughter!

No, of the Pharaohs thou art a bondmaid!

AIDA.—Oh spare thy child!

Father! no, their slave am I no longer,

Ah, with thy curse do not appall me;
Still thine own daughter thou mayest call me,

Ne'er shall my country her child disdain.

AMONASRO.—Think that thy race down-trampled by the conqueror,

Thro' thee alone can their freedom gain.

AIDA.—Oh then my country has proved the stronger,

My country's cause than love is stronger!

AMONASRO.—Have courage! he comes! there! I'll remain.

(*Conceals himself among the palms.*)

RADAMES (*with transport*).—Again I see thee, my own Aida.

AIDA.—Advance not! hence! what hopes are thine?

RADAMES.—Love led me hither in hope to meet thee.

AIDA.—Thou to another must thy hand resign.

The Princess weds thee.

RADAMES.—What sayest thou?

Thee only, Aida, e'er can I love.

Be witness, heaven, thou art not forsaken.

AIDA.—Invoke not falsely the gods above!

True, thou wert lov'd; let not untruth degrade thee!

RADAMES.—Can of my love no more I persuade thee?

AIDA.—And how then hop'st thou to baffle the love of the Princess.

The King's high command, the desire of the people,

The certain wrath of the priesthood?

RADAMES.—Hear me, Aida.

Once more of deadly strife with hope unfading

The Ethiop has again lighted the brand.

Already they our borders have invaded;

All Egypt's armies I shall command.

While shouts of triumph greet me victorious,

To our kind monarch my love disclosing,

I thee will claim as my guerdon glorious,

With thee live evermore in love reposing.

AIDA.—Nay, but dost thou not fear then Amneris' fell revenge?

Her dreadful vengeance, like the lightning of heaven

On me will fall, upon my father, my nation.

RADAMES.—I will defend thee!

AIDA.—In vain wouldst thou attempt it, Yet if thou lov'st me,

There still offers a path for our escape.

RADAMES.—Name it!

AIDA.—To flee!

RADAMES.—To flee hence?

AIDA.—Ah, flee from where these burning skies

Are all beneath them blighting;

Toward regions now we'll turn our eyes,

Our faithful love inviting.

There, where the virgin forests rise,

'Mid fragrance softly stealing,

Our loving bliss concealing,

The world we'll quite forget.

RADAMES.—To distant countries ranging,

With thee thou bid'st me fly!

For other lands exchanging

All 'neath my native sky!

The land these armies have guarded,

That first fame's crown awarded,

Where first I thee regarded,

How can I e'er forget?

AIDA.—There, where the virgin forests rise,

'Mid fragrance softly stealing,

Our loving bliss concealing,

The world we'll quite forget.

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

AIDA.—Beneath our skies more freely

To our hearts will love be yielded;

The gods thy youth that shielded,

Will not our love forget;

Ah, let us fly!

RADAMES (*hesitating*).—Aida.

AIDA.—Me thou lov'st not! Go!

RADAMES.—Not love thee?

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

With ardor so devouring!

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

RADAMES.—All in vain.

AIDA.—In vain, thou sayest?

Then fall the axe upon me,

And on my wretched father.

RADAMES (*with impassioned resolution*).

Ah no! we'll fly, then!

Yes, we'll fly these walls now hated,

In the desert hide our treasure,

Here the land to love seems fated,

There all seems to smile on me.

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

We our bridal couch soon spreading,

Starry skies, their lustre shedding,

Be our lucid canopy.

Follow me, together flying,

Where all love doth still abide;

Thou art lov'd with love undying!

Come, and love our steps shall guide.

(*They are hastening away when suddenly AIDA pauses.*)

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

Alighting on the soldiers?

RADAMES.—By the path that we have chosen

To fall on the Ethiops,

'Twill be freed until to-morrow.

AIDA.—Say, which is that?

RADAMES.—The gorges of Napata.

AMONASRO.—Of Napata the gorges!

There I will post my men!

RADAMES.—Who has overheard us?

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

RADAMES (*overcome with surprise*).

Thou! Amonasro! thou! the King?

Heaven! what say'st thou?

No! it is false!

Surely this can be but dreaming!

AIDA.—Ah no! be calm, and list to me,

Trust! love thy footsteps guiding.

AMONASRO.—In her fond love confiding

A throne thy prize shall be.

RADAMES.—My name forever branded!

For thee I've played the traitor!

AIDA.—Ah, calm thee!

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

It was by fate commanded.

Come, where beyond the Nile arrayed,

Warriors brave are waiting;

There love each fond wish sating,

Thou shalt be happy made. Come

then.

(*Dragging RADAMES.*)

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

AIDA.—My rival here!

AMONASRO.—Dost thou come to mar my projects!

(*Advancing with dagger towards AMNERIS.*)

RADAMES (*rushing between them*).

Desist thou madman!

AMONASRO.—Oh fury!

RAMPHIS.—Soldiers, advance!

RADAMES (*to AIDA and AMONASRO*)

Fly quick! delay not!

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

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

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

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the King's palace. On the left a large portal leading to the subterranean hall of justice. A passage on the right, leading to the prison of Radames.*

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

And from the priesthood Radames

Awaits the sentence on a traitor.

Yet a traitor he is not. Tho' he disclosed

The weighty secrets of warfare, flight was

His true intention, and flight with her, too.

They are traitors all, then! deserving to perish!

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

Yes, insane and desp'rate is the love My wretched life destroying.

Ah! could he only love me!

I fain would save him. Yet can I?

One effort! Soldiers, Radames bring hither.

(*Enter RADAMES, led by guards.*)

Now to the hall the priests proceed,

Whose judgment thou are waiting;

Yet there is hope from this foul deed

Thyself of disculpating;

Once clear to gain thy pardon

I at the throne's foot kneeling,

For mercy dear appealing,

Life will I render thee.

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

One word of exculpation;

In sight of heaven I am clear,

Nor fear its reprobation.

My lips I kept no guard on.

The secret I imparted,

But guiltless and pure-hearted,

From stain my honor's free.

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

RADAMES.—No.

AMNERIS.—Wouldst thou die?

RADAMES.—My life is hateful! Of all pleasure

For ever 'tis divested,

Without hope's priceless treasure,

'Tis better far to die.

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

Live, of all my love assured;

The keenest pangs that death can give,

For thee have I endured!

By love condemn'd to languish,

Long vigils I've spent in anguish,

My country, my power, existence,

All I'd surrender for thee.

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

AMNERIS.—No more of her!

RADAMES.—Dishonor awaits me,

Yet thou wilt save me?
 Thou all my hope has shaken,
 Aida thou has taken;
 Haply thou has slain her,
 And yet offerest life to me?
 AMNERIS.—I, on her life lay guilty
 hands?

No! She is living!

RADAMES.—Living.

AMNERIS.—When routed fled the savage
 bands,

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

RADAMES.—And she then?

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

RADAMES.—The gods her path guide
 then,

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

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

Her sight e'er to resign?

RADAMES.—I cannot!

AMNERIS.—Once more thy answer;

Wilt thou renounce her?

RADAMES.—No, never!

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

RADAMES.—I am prepared to die.

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

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

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

RADAMES.—Void of terror death now
 appeareth,

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

(Exit RADAMES attended by guards.

AMNERIS, overcome, sinks on a
 chair.)

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

Who now will save him?

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

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

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

(The Priests cross and enter the
 subterranean hall.)

Now yonder come, remorseless,
 Relentless, his merciless judges.
 Ah! let me not behold those white
 rob'd phantoms!

He is now in their power;

'Twas I alone his fate that seal'd!

RAMPHIS AND CHORUS.—Heavenly
 spirit, in our hearts descending,
 Kindle of righteousness the flame,
 eternal;

Unto our sentence truth and right-
 eousness lending.

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

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

For my sorrow is despairing, deep,
 unbounded!

(RADAMES crosses with guards, and
 enters the subterranean hall. She
 sees RADAMES, and exclaims.)

Ah! who will save him?

I feel death approach!

RAMPHIS (in the crypt).—Radames!
 Radames! Radames!

Thou hast betrayed of thy country
 the secrets

To aid the foeman. Defend thyself!

CHORUS.—Defend thyself.

RAMPHIS.—He is silent.

ALL.—Traitor vile!

AMNERIS.—Mercy! spare him, ne'er was
 he guilty;

Ah, spare him, heaven, ah, spare his
 life.

RAMPHIS.—Radames! Radames! Ra-
 dames!

Thou hast deserted the encampment
 the very day

Before the combat. Defend thyself!

CHORUS.—Defend thyself!

RAMPHIS.—He is silent.

ALL.—Traitor vile!

AMNERIS.—Mercy, spare him, save him,
 oh heav'n,

Ah, spare him, heav'n, ah spare his
 life!

RAMPHIS.—Radames! Radames! Ra-
 dames!

Hast broken faith as a traitor to
 country,

To King, to honor. Defend thyself!

CHORUS.—Defend thyself!

RAMPHIS.—He is silent.

ALL.—Traitor vile!

AMNERIS.—Mercy, spare him, save him,
 oh heav'n,

Ah heav'n, spare him, heav'n, spare
 his life!



RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Radames, we thy fate have decided;
Of a traitor the fate shall be thine:
'Neath the altar whose god thou'st derided,

Thou a sepulchre living shall find.

AMNERIS.—Find a sepulchre living! Oh, ye wretches!

Ever blood-thirsty, vengeful, and blind,

Yet who serve of kind heaven the shrine!

(*The Priests re-enter out of the crypt.*)

AMNERIS (*confronting the Priests*).
Priests of Isis, your sentence is odious!

Tigers, ever exulting in slaughter!

Of the earth and the gods all laws ye outrage!

He is guiltless, whose death ye devise!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—He is condemned! He dies!

AMNERIS (*to RAMPHIS*).—Priest of Isis, this man who you murder.

Well ye know, in my heart I have cherish'd:

May the curse of a heart whose hope has perish'd

Fall on him who mercy denies!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—He is condemned! He dies!

(*Exeunt RAMPHIS and Priests.*)

AMNERIS.—Impious priesthood! curses light on ye all!

On your heads heaven's vengeance will fall!

SCENE II.—*The scene is divided into two floors. The upper floor represents the interior of the Temple of Vulcan, resplendent with gold and glittering light. The lower floor is a crypt. Long arcades vanishing in the gloom. Colossal statues of Osiris with crossed hands support the pillars of the vault. Radames is discovered in the crypt, on the steps of the stairs leading into the vault. Above, two Priests are in the act of letting down the stone which closes the subterranean apartment.*

RADAMES.—The fatal stone upon me now is closing!

Now has the tomb engulf'd me.

I never more shall light behold.

Ne'er shall I see Aida,

Aida, where now art thou?

What'er befall me, may'st thou be happy,

Ne'er may my frightful doom reach thy ear.

What groan was that! 'Tis a phantom,

Some vision dread! No! sure that form is human!

Heav'n! Aida!

AIDA.—'Tis I, love!

RADAMES (*in the utmost despair*).—Thou? with me here buried?

AIDA.—My heart foreboded this thy dreadful sentence,

And to this tomb, that shuts on thee its portal,

I crept unseen by mortal.

Here, far from all, where none can more behold us,

Clasp'd in thy arms I am resolved to perish.

RADAMES.—To die! so pure and lovely!

For me thyself so dooming,

In all thy beauty blooming,

Fade thus forever!

Thou whom the heav'ns alone for love created,

But to destroy thee was my love then fated!

Ah, no, those eyes so clear I prize,

For death too lovely are!

AIDA (*as in a trance*).—Seest thou, where death, in angel guise,

In heav'nly radiance beaming,

Would waft us to eternal joys,

On golden wings above?

See, heaven's gates are open wide,

Where tears are never streaming,

Where only joy and bliss abide,

And never fading love.

PRIESTESSES AND PRIESTS.—Almighty Phtha, that wakest,

In all things breathing life,

Lo! we invoke thee.

AIDA.—Doleful chanting!

RADAMES.—Of the Priests 'tis the invocation.

AIDA.—It is our death chant resounding.

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

A moment this fatal stone!

AIDA.—In vain! All, is over,

Hope on earth have we none.

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

AIDA AND RADAMES.—Farewell, on

earth, farewell, thou vale of sor-
row,
Brief dream of joy condemn'd to end
in woe,
To us now opens the sky, an endless
morrow
Unshadow'd there eternally shall
glow.
Ah! now opens the sky.

(AMNERIS *appears habited in
mourning, and throws herself on
the stone closing the vault.*)

AMNERIS (*suffocating with emotion*).
Peace everlasting. Oh, my be-
loved, Isis relenting greet thee on
high!

PRIESTS.—Almighty Phtha!

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Baker, May L.
Bartlett, Mrs. George M.
Beekman, Mrs. Kathryn
Benedict, Mary R.
Berst, Lois
Bradley, Blanche
Brewster, Jean
Brewster, Katherine
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Brown, Inez E.
Bruce, Mary E.
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Caldwell, Minnie B.
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Caspari, Frances
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Curtis, Mabel
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Edwards, Stella Taft
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Fischer, Natalie
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Groat, Ethel
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Lignian, Blanche
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Marshall, May
McFie, Maud
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Miller, Ruth E.
Mitchell, Ethel J.
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Niggeman, Fanny B.
Obetz, Jessie
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Ptolemy, Helene
Rankin, Josephine E.

Rominger, Julia
Rosenthal, Mina
Rund, Emma
Sailer, Antionette
Schleede, Edith
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Shields, Bessis Imogene
Shuey, Bertha
Slayton, Ethel
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Smith, M. Louise
Soddy, Ella L.
Sperry, Ora
Starr, Rhoda M.
Stewart, Madge A.
Stimson, Leda
Sulz, Mattie
Swezey, Helen
Tarrant, Bertha
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Thayer, Laurel C.
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Tooke, Dot
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Weinman, Louise P.
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Whitman, Lillian
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Wilson, Agnes
Wilson, Lena
Walton, Florence
Woods, Mrs. H. N.

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Wahr, Caroline D.
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Wight, Estelle
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Wood, Bess
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