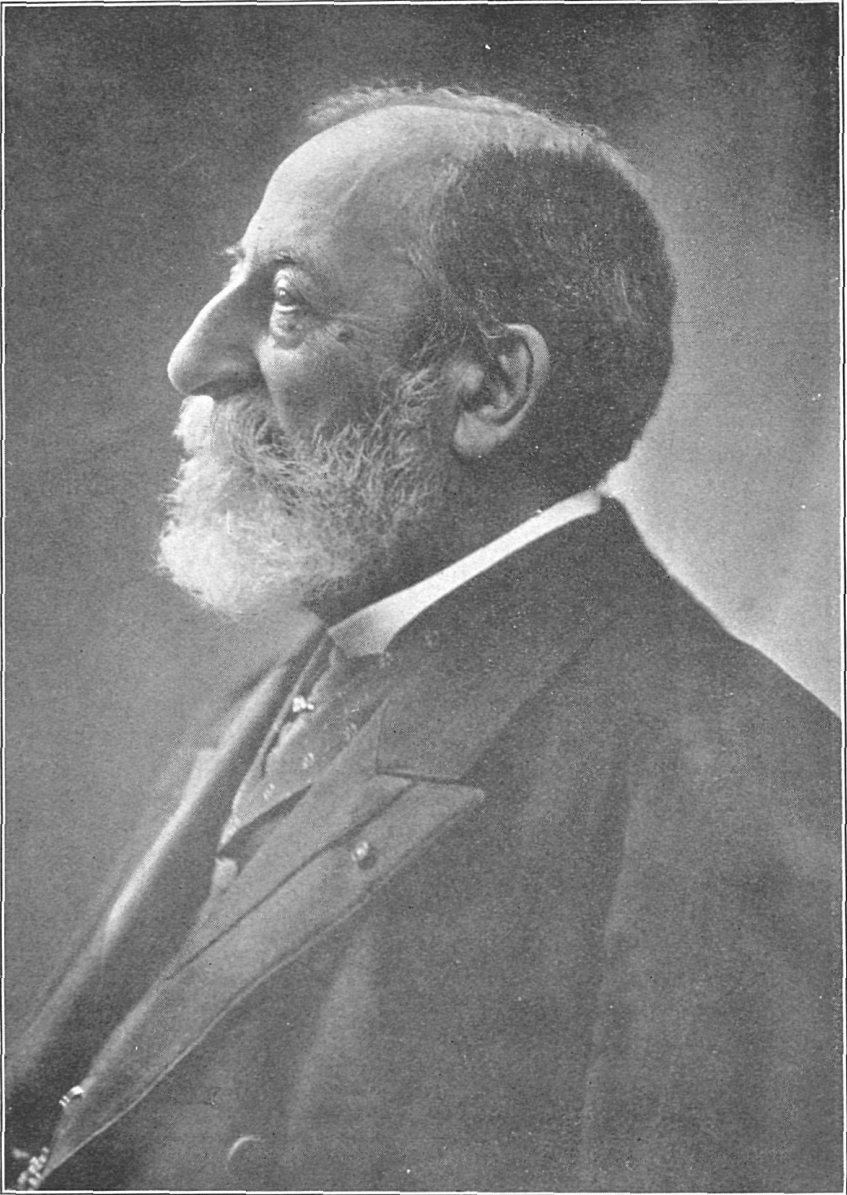

FOURTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1907



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK



CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS

[OFFICIAL]

FOURTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor, Michigan
May 8, 9, 10, 11, 1907



ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1907

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UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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LEVI D. WINES, TREASURER. DURAND W. SPRINGER, SECRETARY.

The Choral Union

EIGHTEENTH SEASON

1906-1907

ALBERT A. STANLEY
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FRED KILLEEN, LIBRARIAN.

MISS MINNIE M. DAVIS, PIANIST.

HENRY W. CHURCH, ORGANIST.

List of Concerts and Soloists

Wednesday Evening, May 8, 8 O'clock

OPENING CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

MR. LEOPOLD KRAMER, *Violinist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

Thursday Evening, May 9, 8 O'clock

"THE MESSIAH"

HAENDEL

SOLOISTS

MME. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, *Soprano*

MR. EDWARD JOHNSON, *Tenor*

MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto*

MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND, *Bass*

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. HENRY W. CHURCH, *Organist*

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

Friday Afternoon, May 10, 2:30 O'clock

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto*

MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD, *Pianist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

Friday Evening, May 10, 8 O'clock

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MME. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, *Soprano*

MR. EDWARD JOHNSON, *Tenor*

MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

Saturday Evening, May 11, 7:30 O'clock

"SAMSON AND DELILAH"

SAINT-SAENS

CAST

Delilah, MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

Samson, MR. THEODORE VAN YORX

High Priest, SIG. GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI

Abimelech,

Old Hebrew, } MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON

Messenger, MR. FRED KILLEEN

Philistines and Hebrews THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*



FREDERICK A. STOCK

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra

FOUNDED BY THEODORE THOMAS

FREDERICK A. STOCK,
Conductor

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ESSER, F.
MARX, L.
SCHULZ, M.
BRAUN, H., Jr.
NURNBERGER, L.
KRUSCHWITZ, E.
ITTE, F.

SECOND VIOLINS

HILLMANN, C., Prin-
HLADKY, F. [cipal
SILBERSTEIN, J.
NOVAK, L.
BUSSE, A.
ULRICH, A.

VIOLAS

MEYER, G., Principal
SCHROETER, R.
MITTELSTAEDT, F.
HESELBACH, O.

VIOLONCELLOS

STEINDEL, B., Princi-
UNGER, W. [pal
CORELL, L.
FELBER, H.

BASSES

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

HARP

SINGER, W.

FLUTES

STOECKERT, O.
WAGNER, E., Jr.

PICCOLO

SCHROETER, R.

OBOES

BARTHEL, A.
BOUR, F.

ENGLISH HORN

HESELBACH, O.

CLARINETS

SCHREURS, J.
BUSSE, A.

BASS CLARINET

MEYER, C.

BASSOONS

KRUSE, P.
KRUSCHWITZ, E.

CONTRA-BASSOON

FRIEDRICH, L.

HORNS

DE MARE, L.
POTTAG, M.
FRANK, W.
ALBRECHT, C.

TRUMPETS

HANDKE, P.
LLEWELLYN, J.

CORNETS

ULRICH, A.
FELBER, H.

TROMBONES

STANGE, G.
ZELLER, W.
NICOLINI, J.

BASS TUBA

OTTE, F.

TIMPANI

ZETTELMANN, J.

PERCUSSIONS

WINTRICH, M.
WAGNER, F.

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

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1906-1907

EIGHTEENTH SEASON

SIXTH CONCERT

No. CLVI, COMPLETE SERIES

First May Festival Concert

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 8, 8 O'CLOCK

Soloists

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass* MR. LEOPOLD KRAMER, *Violinist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE, "Tannhäuser," WAGNER
(a) MADRIGAL, FLORIDIA
(b) AIR DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR, from "Le Caid," THOMAS

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON

"AFTERNOON OF A FAUN," CLAUDE DEBUSSEY
CONCERTO, for Violin, No. 2, D minor, Op. 44, BRUCH

ADAGIO MA NON TROPPO: RECIT.—FINALE.

MR. LEOPOLD KRAMER

SUITE, "Ruses d' Amour," Op. 61, GLAZOUNOW

Introduction.

Grand Valse.

Grand Pas des Fiancés.

MESSRS. KRAMER AND STEINDEL

La Fricassée.

"WOTAN'S ABSCHIED" and "FEUER-ZAUBER," WAGNER

MR. WITHERSPOON



ALBERT A. STANLEY

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1906-1907

EIGHTEENTH SEASON

SEVENTH CONCERT

No. CLVII, COMPLETE SERIES

Second May Festival Concert

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 8 O'CLOCK

The "Messiah"

AN ORATORIO IN THREE PARTS

GEORG FRIEDRICH HAENDEL

Soloists

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, *Soprano* MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto*
MR. EDWARD JOHNSON, *Tenor* MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND, *Bass*
THE CHORAL UNION
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor* MR. HENRY W. CHURCH, *Organist*

SYNOPSIS

PART FIRST

OVERTURE.

Comfort ye my people . . . Recit. *Accomp.*
Ev'ry valley Air
And the glory of the Lord Chorus
Thus saith the Lord . . . Recit. *Accomp.*
But who may abide? Air
Behold a Virgin shall conceive . . . Recit.
O thou that tellest good tidings . . .
 Air and Chorus
For, behold, darkness . . . Recit. *Accomp.*
The people that walked in darkness . . Air
For unto us a Child is born Chorus
PASTORAL SYMPHONY.
There were shepherds Recit.
And lo! the Angel of the Lord

. Recit. *Accomp.*
And the Angel said unto them . . . Recit.
And suddenly Recit. *Accomp.*
Glory to God in the highest Chorus
Rejoice greatly Air
Then shall the eyes of the blind . . Recit.
He shall feed His flock Air

PART SECOND

Behold the lamb of God! Chorus
He was despised Air
All we, like sheep Chorus
Thy rebuke hath broken His heart . .
 Recit. *Accomp.*
Behold, and see! Air
He was cut off Recit. *Accomp.*
But Thou didst not leave Air
Lift up your heads Chorus
Why do the nations? Air
He that dwelleth in Heaven Recit.
Thou shalt break them Air
Hallelujah! Chorus

PART THIRD

I know that my Redeemer liveth . . Air
Since by man came death Quartette
By man came also Chorus
For as in Adam all die Quartette
Even so in Christ Chorus
Worthy is the Lamb Chorus
Amen Chorus

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1906-1907

EIGHTEENTH SEASON

EIGHTH CONCERT

No. CLVIII, COMPLETE SERIES

Third May Festival Concert

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 10. 2:30 O'CLOCK

Symphony Concert

Soloists

MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto*

MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD, *Pianist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

- OVERTURE, "Genoveva," SCHUMANN
"SEA PICTURES," Op. 37, Nos. 2, 4, and 5, ELGAR
"IN HAVEN" "WHERE CORALS LIE"
"THE SWIMMER"
MISS JANET SPENCER
CONCERTO, for Pianoforte, No. 4, D minor, Op. 70, RUBINSTEIN
MODERATO; MODERATO ASSAI; ALLEGRO
MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD
SYMPHONY, No. 7, A major, Op. 92, BEETHOVEN
POCO SOSTENUTO—VIVACE; ALLEGRETTO; PRESTO; ALLEGRO CON BRIO
-

The Piano used is a *Steinway & Sons*

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1906-1907

EIGHTEENTH SEASON

NINTH CONCERT

No. CLIX, COMPLETE SERIES

Fourth May Festival Concert

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 8 O'CLOCK

Miscellaneous Concert

Soloists

MME. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, *Soprano* MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto*

MR. EDWARD JOHNSON, *Tenor* MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

- OVERTURE, "In the South," Op. 50, ELGAR
- OVERTURE, "Marriage of Figaro," MOZART
- ARIA, "Voi che sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," MOZART
MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY
- SYMPHONIC POEM, "On the Moldau," SMETANA
- ARIA, "Tu! Indietro," from "Otello," VERDI
MR. EDWARD JOHNSON
- "BALL SCENE," from Symphony Dramatique "Romeo and Juliet," BERLIOZ
- ARIA, "Il est doux, il est bon," from "Herodiade," MASSENET
MRS. RIDER-KELSEY
- "ON THE SHORES OF SORRENTO," RICHARD STRAUSS
- QUARTETTE, "Bella figlia, dell' amore," from "Rigoletto," VERDI
MRS. RIDER-KELSEY, MISS SPENCER, MR. JOHNSON, MR. WITHERSPOON
- "KAISERMARSCH," WAGNER

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1906-1907

EIGHTEENTH SEASON

TENTH CONCERT

No. CLX, COMPLETE SERIES

Fifth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 11, 7:30 O'CLOCK

“Samson and Delilah”

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS, BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS

Cast

DELLILAH	MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
SAMSON	MR. THEODORE VAN YORK
THE HIGH PRIEST	SIG. GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI
ABIMELECH	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
THE OLD HEBREW	
FIRST PHILISTINE	MR. FRED KILLEEN
<i>Philistine Men and Women, Priestesses of Dagon, Hebrew</i>	THE CHORAL UNION
<i>Men and Women</i>	
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, <i>Conductor</i>	

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

(A public square in Gaza, Palestine;
Temple of Dagon in background.)

SCENE I. Hebrew Men and Women—
Samson in their midst.

SCENE II. Abimelech, Philistine Sol-
diers, Samson and Israelites.

SCENE III. The same as above, with the
High Priest, Guards, First and Sec-
ond Philistines.

SCENE IV. Messenger, High Priest and
Philistines.

SCENE V. Hebrew Old Men; Samson
and Victorious Hebrews.
(The Gates of Dagon's Temple
swing open.)

SCENE VI. Samson, Delilah, the Old
Hebrew, Philistines, and Hebrews.
Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon.

ACT II

(The Valley of Soreck, in Palestine.)

PRELUDE.

SCENE I. Delilah alone.

SCENE II. Delilah and the High Priest.

SCENE III. Samson and Delilah.

ACT III

SCENE I. (A Prison at Gaza.)
Samson and Captive Hebrews.

SCENE II. Interior of Dagon's Temple.
Delilah, Young Philistine Women
and Dancers. Ballet.

SCENE III. High Priest, Delilah, Sam-
son, Philistine Men and Women.

Descriptive Programs

ANALYSES BY
ALBERT A. STANLEY

ALL CONCERTS
BEGIN ON STANDARD TIME

DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE THE
BEGINNING OF EACH
CONCERT



HERBERT WITHERSPOON

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 8, 1907

OVERTURE, "Tannhäuser,"

WAGNER

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

Like von Weber, Wagner found in the folk-lore of his native land subjects that enlisted his attention, and stimulated his imagination.

In the legend of Tannhäuser, and its relation to the historic Sängerkrieg, at the Wartburg Castle, Eisenach, he found materials for an opera, in which he might mirror the essential characteristics of a period full of romantic suggestion. To carry out his plan he was obliged to overlook the unities of time, but by so doing he created a work that is as illuminative of the atmosphere of this epoch, as the "Meistersinger" is illustrative of the artistic life of Nuremberg during the palmy days of the *Singschulen*. In his introduction to the opera he has given us the salient dramatic motives of the plot. By his use of the Pilgrims' Chorus, first given out convincingly by the wood-wind, and afterwards accompanied by trembling, rustling figures in the strings; the sensuous Venus music; the passionate apostrophe to the Goddess of Love; and, finally, by a gorgeous and impressive statement of the first theme by the brasses, against which the rushing and impetuous figures of the strings beat in vain, he placed these dramatic motives in logical succession in a style quite symphonic in its breadth and depth.

As indicative of the clearness of judgment of some of those who arrogate to themselves the right to determine artistic values, we quote a few choice specimens from London critics regarding performances of the overture, a decade later than its original production (1845), especially as they illustrate the perverted opinion that was quite generally held on the Continent, even in Germany.

Sunday Times, May, 1855:—"Anything more rambling, incoherent, un-masterly, cannot well be conceived. In composition it would be a scandal to compare him with the men of reputation this country possesses. No English harmonist of more than one year's growth could be found sufficiently without ears and education to pen such vile things."

The *Athenaeum* of the same date holds forth as follows: "The overture to "Tannhäuser" is one of the most curious pieces of patchwork ever passed off by self-delusion for a complete and significant creation." Finding plagiarism of Mendelssohn and Cherubini, the critic continues: "The instrumentation is ill-balanced, ineffective, thin, and noisy."

The *Musical World*, October 13, 1855, says: "We can detect little in "Tannhäuser" not positively commonplace." This critic, on June 30 of the same year wrote: "We hold that Herr Richard Wagner is not a musician at all.—Look at

'Lohengrin'—that 'best piece'; hearken to 'Lohengrin'—that 'best piece.' Your answer is there written and sung. It is poison—*rank poison*.—Not to compare things earthly with things heavenly, has Mendelssohn lived among us in vain?" Evidently not!

Why should we accuse the critics of unfairness and lack of discernment when composers and musicians failed just as signally to "read the handwriting on the wall"! Remembering Schumann's judgment of "Tannhäuser," and the fact that it was promptly rejected by all the great opera houses, it is manifestly unfair to be unduly severe on the critics. Fortunately the fleeting years rectify erroneous judgments, and now we may rejoice that the sanest, and in every way the most adequate review of Richard Wagner's work comes from the pen of an Englishman, and—well! consult the announcements of the Covent Garden opera season!

(a) MADRIGAL,

FLORIDIA

Born at Modica, Sicily, March 5, 1860: still living.

(b) AIR DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR, from "Le Caid,"

THOMAS

Born at Metz, August 5, 1811: died at Paris February 12, 1849.

MR. WITHERSPOON

AMBROISE CHARLES LOUIS THOMAS traversed the usual path by which French composers fare to Parnassus, viz: by entering the Conservatoire; winning, in succession, first prizes in pianoforte-playing, harmony and counterpoint, and finally, the *Grand prix de Rome*. After three years in Italy and a short sojourn in Vienna, he came back to Paris, and attempted to justify these distinctions by the production of nine operas—from 1836 to 1843. It was, however, only when the comic opera "Le Caid," produced in 1849, revealed qualities that were more than academic, that Thomas could feel assured of a standing among the opera writers of his day.

The music of the aria on our program has a delightful comic flavor, and the text brings out the bumpiousness of the drum-major, who, in his own eyes, is the real hero of the regiment.

GENTIL-POMPEUX:—

Now I see why a woman always loves a hero!
Deny not her soul a flight so noble!
To charm must ever be a Drum-major's fate.
Pet of the world of grisettes and of fair women;
Quite spoiled child of boudoirs—and of taverns;
All the fine gold my epaulettes adorning—
My choicest gems—all fall below
My glorious conquests of the fair ones.

Decked in glitt'ring gold,
Triumphs over all,
E'en the bold Drum-major.
At the trumpet's call,
Fortune on him smiles
Bringing honor—fame.

With baton—a signal!
(Ne'er on stage its equal)—
See! the regiment
Burns with keen desire!
Moving on—man to man—
In an army—"Victory," they cry!

But one should see him Sundays
Stand with hands on hips reposing—
Ah! how he then the rarest grace unites
with hero's pride!
Or, when with roguish mien, upon
parade,
He stolen glances casts on every side.
Ah! poor hearts so tender,
Full beat they now, with love's warm
glow for aye inflamed.
Yea! so long as worlds endure
None can withstand the lure
Of his magic—of his charm.

PRELUDE, to "The Afternoon of a Faun," CLAUDE DEBUSSEY
 Born August 22, 1862, at St. Germain (France); still living.

The influence exerted by the composer of "Tannhäuser" had lost but little of its original impetus, if any, when another pathfinder, in the person of Richard Strauss, precipitated new and urgent factors into the equation.

In spite of the undoubted significance and daring originality of this newer prophet, there are those who say, "We insist that the style and method of Strauss and his imitators are already 'out of date,' that music needs more subtlety, and that the music of tomorrow will be more intimate, more spiritual, more mystical, if you will."

The prophet of this newest dispensation, according to this school of critics, is Debussy, who "weaves a hesitant mysticism into designs of impalpable and iridescent beauty," and whose speech is "at once luminous and esoteric, importunate and profound." Scriabine is also put forward in support of this point of view, for, these critics say, "He begins where Chopin left off; his music is supersubtle, delicate, charged with philosophical and psychological significance"—and he, like Debussy, writes music whose function is "to stimulate the subliminal consciousness" and "to search the inmost recesses of the human soul." It remains to be proven whether Debussy, his first under-study, Scriabine, or any composer who may come under the influence of the "impalpable and iridescent" ideals of this particular school, will succeed better than Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, or Schumann in the "revelation of the inmost recesses of the human soul," but their indictment of Richard Strauss loses some of its force from the fact, that, as is the case with the selection from Debussy on our program—the aid of some poem or analysis is invoked, in order that the "subliminal consciousness may be stimulated" to advantage. It is barely possible that these criticisms may be as far afield as the judgments of earlier critics on "Tannhäuser," which are quoted elsewhere.

The composition chosen as illustrative of the new ideal—everything new, untried, and unproven in music is "ideal"—was composed in 1892, and played for the first time in Paris on December 23, 1894. The twelve years that have elapsed have witnessed no dethronement of the older ideals, by the way, but the adherents of the new departure are not disheartened, for they say, "Truth makes way but slowly."

It is based on an "églouge" by Stéphane Mallarmé (1842-'98), and is so rhapsodical in form, and so elusive in content, as to defy technical analysis. For this reason the "subliminal consciousness" is unfettered, save by the following, written by Mr. Edmund Gosse:

" A faun—a simple, sensuous, passionate being—wakens in the forest at daybreak and tries to recall his experience of the previous afternoon. Was he the fortunate recipient of an actual visit from nymphs, white and golden goddesses, divinely tender and indulgent? Or is the memory he seems to retain nothing but the shadow of a vision, no more substantial than the 'arid rain' of notes from his own flute? He cannot tell. Yet surely there was, surely there is, an animal whiteness among the brown reeds of the lake that shines out yonder? Were they, are they, swans? No! But Naiads plunging? Perhaps! Vaguer and vaguer grows the impression of this delicious experience. He would resign his woodland godship to retain it. A garden of lilies, golden-headed, white-stalked, behind the trellis of red roses? Ah! the effort is too great for his poor brain. Perhaps if he selects one lily from the garth of lilies, one benign and beneficent yielder of her cup to thirsty lips, the memory, the

ever-receding memory, may be forced back. So, when he has glutted upon a bunch of grapes, he is wont to toss the empty skins into the air and blow them out in a visionary greediness. But no, the delicious hour grows vaguer; experience or dream, he will never know which it was. The sun is warm, the grasses yielding; and he curls himself up again, after worshipping the efficacious star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstasy into the more hopeful boskages of sleep. . . ."

CONCERTO, No. 2, D minor, Op. 44

BRUCH

ADAGIO MA NON TROPPO; RECIT-FINALE.

MR. KRAMER

MAX BRUCH was born at Cologne, Jan. 6, 1838. At fourteen years of age he brought out his first symphony, followed in 1858, by his first dramatic work. He has written in all the serious instrumental and vocal forms with success, but his most important contribution to music is the epic cantata, a form in which his most important works are cast. His compositions are characterized by clear melodic invention and beauty of orchestral color, rather than by depth of feeling or originality. The concerto on this evening's program is a great favorite with violinists, and was written in 1871.

SUITE, "Ruses d'Amour," Op. 61

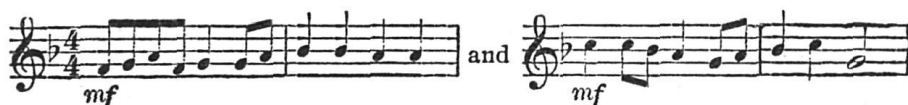
GLAZOUNOW

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

The peculiar brilliancy of Glazounow's style is nowhere more in evidence than in the work on our program which, composed in 1898 and published in 1900, has since found its place repeatedly on the programs of the greatest concert institutes. The suite consists of five numbers from Marius Petipa's one-act Ballet, "Ruses d'Amour." These numbers appear in the succession herewith given, and illustrate certain significant scenes in the story, which is also given in condensed form.*

I. INTRODUCTION.

In the Introduction—F major, 4-4 time, *Allegro moderato*—appear two simple phrases, which soon lead up to a climax, when the curtain rises, disclosing a park.

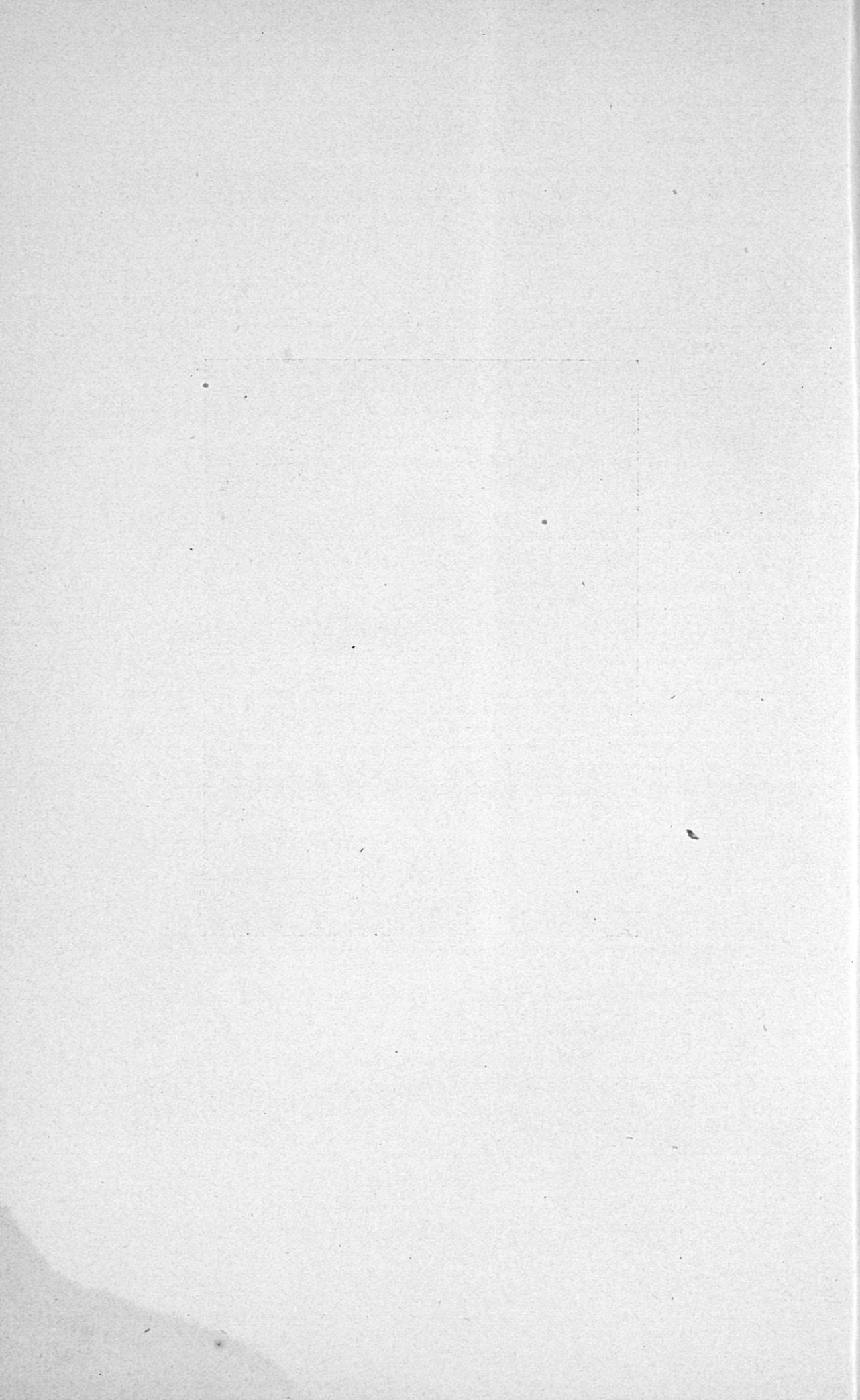


The Duchess Lucinde has invited a large company to her château to meet her daughter's fiancé, whom the daughter herself is also to see for the first time. Inspired by so piquant a situation—one that involves interesting possibilities—the guests, who occupy the lawn in front of the château, await the coming of the fortunate one, occupied meanwhile with more or less simple diversions, such as sipping chocolate and playing games, to the running accompaniment of tongues busy with gossip, and the perennial, all-world, types of social inanities. The young Duchess Isabelle, who,

* One number is omitted at this performance.



LEOPOLD KRAMER



supposedly, is waiting with impatience for the first glimpse of her fiancé, dances with a young Count, to an accompaniment of lutes and musettes (bagpipes), played by the gentlemen, who may be thinking of Aesop's fable, "The Fox and the Grapes."

II. GRAND VALSE.

As this is taken from the seventh number of the Ballet, it is fair to infer that the favored suitor has in the meantime appeared on the scene, for in the program notes particular mention is made of the Marquis, who is taking refreshments and chatting with a mysterious figure called the "Sham Duchess," but "finding her more and more ridiculous," while Marinette—who seems to be the young Duchess Isabelle in disguise—he discovers to be most charming. Inevitably now comes a waltz



in which the sham Duchess reveals surprising awkwardness, and in which the young and beautiful Marinette is even more bewitching. We may assume that the passionate theme which now appears, stands for the



Marquis—who evidently has been made to believe that the sham Duchess is his future bride—for in the Trio they dance together to the following measures:



while Marinette, who has been persuaded to dance also, enters with the appearance of the infinitely more seductive theme quoted below.



The waltz goes on, ending with a brilliant coda based on the first theme.

III. GRAND PAS DES FIANCES.

(MESSRS. KRAMER AND STEINDEL).

Evidently the mutual introductions have been satisfactorily accomplished; the sham Duchess has retired in favor of Isabelle, and now one may safely predicate wedding bells and orange blossoms. Indeed the title of the following number has within it suggestions of a future wedding breakfast.

IV. LA FRICASSEE.

This title is not drawn from a Menu, but is the name formerly given to a humorous composition, in which different texts were given to the several voices combining in the form. In this we have two vivacious themes, the first—F major, 2-4 time, *Allegro moderato*—full of energy and good humor,



—and the second—in B flat—no less characteristic.

From these themes a bright and lively closing number is developed. The whole composition is brought to a dashing conclusion, quite in keeping with the occasion, by a coda in which the most important themes are duly emphasized, and, with the final phrases of the trumpet, the curtain falls. In conclusion the peculiar fondness of the Russians for the ballet must be noted. Possibly in no country—with the single exception of France—can one see more magnificently mounted ballets, than in Russia, and for them her greatest composers have written some of their most charming music.

“WOTAN’S ABSCHIED” and “FEUER ZAUBER,”

WAGNER

MR. WITHERSPOON

“Die Walkuere,” from which this scene is taken, is the second drama in the Tetralogy of the “Nibelungen Ring.” Wotan, who by intrigue and falsehood, to say nothing of worse lapses from virtue, has incurred the displeasure of Fricka, his wife, in pursuance of a promise extorted from him by her, is obliged to mete out punishment on his favorite Valkyr daughter, Brunhilde, who has disobeyed him, although, as he states in the following drama, “Siegfried,” she by so doing made possible the realization of his most cherished plan. As she kneels in contrition before him, his affection for her impels him to grant her request that she be surrounded by a circle of fire, that her long sleep—her punishment—be not broken by any but a hero of more than mortal prowess. He grants this prayer and takes leave of her in this beautiful “Farewell.” He then calls on Loki, who surrounds with flames the rock on which she rests. In the music we hear some of the most expressive of the many motives that unite to make this work one of the greatest of the series of music dramas written by Richard Wagner. Prominent among them are the “Pleading,” “Magic Fire,” “Siegfried,” and “Slumber” motives. The text is as follows:

WOTAN:—

Farewell, my brave
 and beautiful child!
 Thou once the life
 and light of my heart,
 farewell, farewell, farewell!
 Loth I must leave thee;
 no more in love
 may I grant thee greeting;
 henceforth my maid
 ne'er more with me rideth,
 nor waiteth wine to reach me.
 When I relinquish
 thee, my beloved one,
 thou laughing delight of my eyes,
 thy bed shall be lit
 by torches more brilliant
 than ever for bridal have burned!
 Fiery gleams
 shall girdle the fell,
 with terrible scorching
 scaring the timid,
 who, cowed, may cross not
 Brynhildr's couch;—
 for one alone free-eth the bride;
 one freer than I, the god!

(Brynhildr, touched and enraptured, throws herself into his arms.)

These eyes so lustrous and clear,
 which oft in love I have kissed,
 when warlike longings
 won my lauding,
 or when with lispings
 of heroes leal
 thy honied lips were inspired;—
 these effulgent, glorious eyes,
 whose flash oft my gloom dispelled,
 when hopeless cravings
 my heart discouraged,
 so when my wishes
 toward worldly pleasure
 from wild warfare were turning;—
 their lustrous gaze
 lights on me now
 as my lips imprint
 this last farewell!
 On happier mortal
 here shall they beam;
 the grief suffering god
 may never henceforth behold them!
 Now, heart-torn,
 he gives thee this kiss
 and taketh thy god-hood away.

[He kisses her on both eyes, which then remain closed; she sinks gently unconscious back in his arms. He bears her tenderly and lays her on a low mossy mound overshadowed by a wide-spreading fir tree. Again he gazes on her features, then closes her helmet visor; once more his look rests sorrowfully on her form, which

he at last covers with the long steel shield of the Valkyrie. Then he stalks with solemn resolution to the middle of the stage, and turns the point of his spear towards a huge rocky boulder.]

Loki hear,
listen and heed!
As I found thee at first,
a fiery glow,
as thou fleddest me headlong,
a hovering glimmer,
as then I bound thee,
bound be thou now!
Appear, wavering spirit,
and spread me thy fire around this fell!
Loki! Loki! appear!

(At the last invocation he strikes his spear point thrice against the rock, which thereupon emits a stream of fire; this quickly swells to a sea of flame, which Wotan, with a sign of his spear, directs to encircle the rock.)

He who my spear
in spirit feareth
ne'er springs through this fiery bar!

H. AND F. CORDER.

(He disappears through the flames.)

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 9, 1907

"THE MESSIAH," An Oratorio, for Soli, Chorus, and Orchestra,

HAENDEL,

GEORG FRIEDRICH HAENDEL,

Born at Halle, February 23, 1685; died in London, April 14, 1759.

Händel's "Messiah" occupies a prominent position among those rare works which rise superior to the conditions that ordinarily influence appreciation and interpretation. Such works possess a distinctive primal quality and an elemental force that free them from the obligation of adjusting themselves to varying standards of criticism, or of proving their right to be.

Because they reach deep into the hearts of things; because they rest on fundamental bases; because they concern themselves with the Universal, they are unaffected by surface movements, and require neither an alignment with temporary concepts of those bases, nor reconciliation with particular modes of expression.

From the very beginning of his career, Händel was the "People's Composer." His knowledge of men, due to his cosmopolitan training and his experience in the field of opera, contributed largely to this result, but it was primarily due to an elemental simplicity, a directness of statement, an avoidance of complexity as such, and an utter absence of the introspective quality, so characteristic of Bach, that made his style so irresistible in its appeal to the masses. Händel's genius was so eminently Anglo-Saxon in essence that he made an immediate and lasting impression upon the English people, but with no show of reason can English historians include him in the ranks of English, rather than German, composers.

Unlike many works to which may be accorded immortality, the success of the "Messiah" was immediate, and with the passage of the years we discover no abatement in its power to charm and inspire. Its association with Christmas—~~for some inexplicable reason, for the work includes the principal seasons in the entire Church Year, Part III. being a glowing apotheosis of Easter—~~has given to it special significance, and, to many, a Christmas season that brings with it no performance of the "Messiah" loses much of its meaning. It is not necessary to enter into any discussion of this; neither is it profitable to consider the assertion that with the passage of the years admiration of the work has degenerated into a species of "fetish worship," other than to express the hope that all "fetish worship" may have an equally worthy and inspiring object, and to call attention to the fact that many of those who make this assertion are "fetish worshippers" themselves, making gods of Wagner and Strauss, and searching the musical horizon for new ones. We cannot ignore the fact that no work is more insistently demanded or more enthusiastically received than the "Messiah." It is a cause of rejoicing that vast audiences gather at any season

to listen to the "Messiah," for it requires no study of the involved relations of *Leit-motiven*; no persistent delving after hidden meanings, that are often non-existent; no labored applications of psychology; no frenetic insistence on external conditions or special soul-states, but on the contrary its appeal is rational and natural, and the only condition imposed on the listener is that he shall listen attentively.

The "Messiah," as one writer puts it, "was improvised on paper in 24 days," (from Aug. 22 to Sept. 12, 1741).^{*} This is but one instance of the remarkable rapidity with which he composed. It must not be forgotten however, that the orchestration of the Messiah was very often fragmentary and simple; in certain numbers merely sketched. Again three of the most important choruses were adaptations of former compositions. "And he shall purify" is one example. It is a four part chorus evolved from a love duo—written long before in Italy. Händel, in his art, anticipated the modern mechanical principle of interchangeable parts, and one looks in vain for any real differences between his operas and oratorios—other than obvious distinctions in the function of the chorus.

The first performance of the "Messiah" was given in Dublin, April 18, 1742. On the occasion of its first performance in England on March 23, 1749, at the words in the Hallelujah Chorus, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth" the auditors were so transported that, led by the King, they all rose to their feet and remained standing until the chorus ended. This practice has become as much a part of succeeding performances as the Christmas date. It is a hopeful sign when an English-speaking audience really breaks loose: therefore,—long may the custom endure!

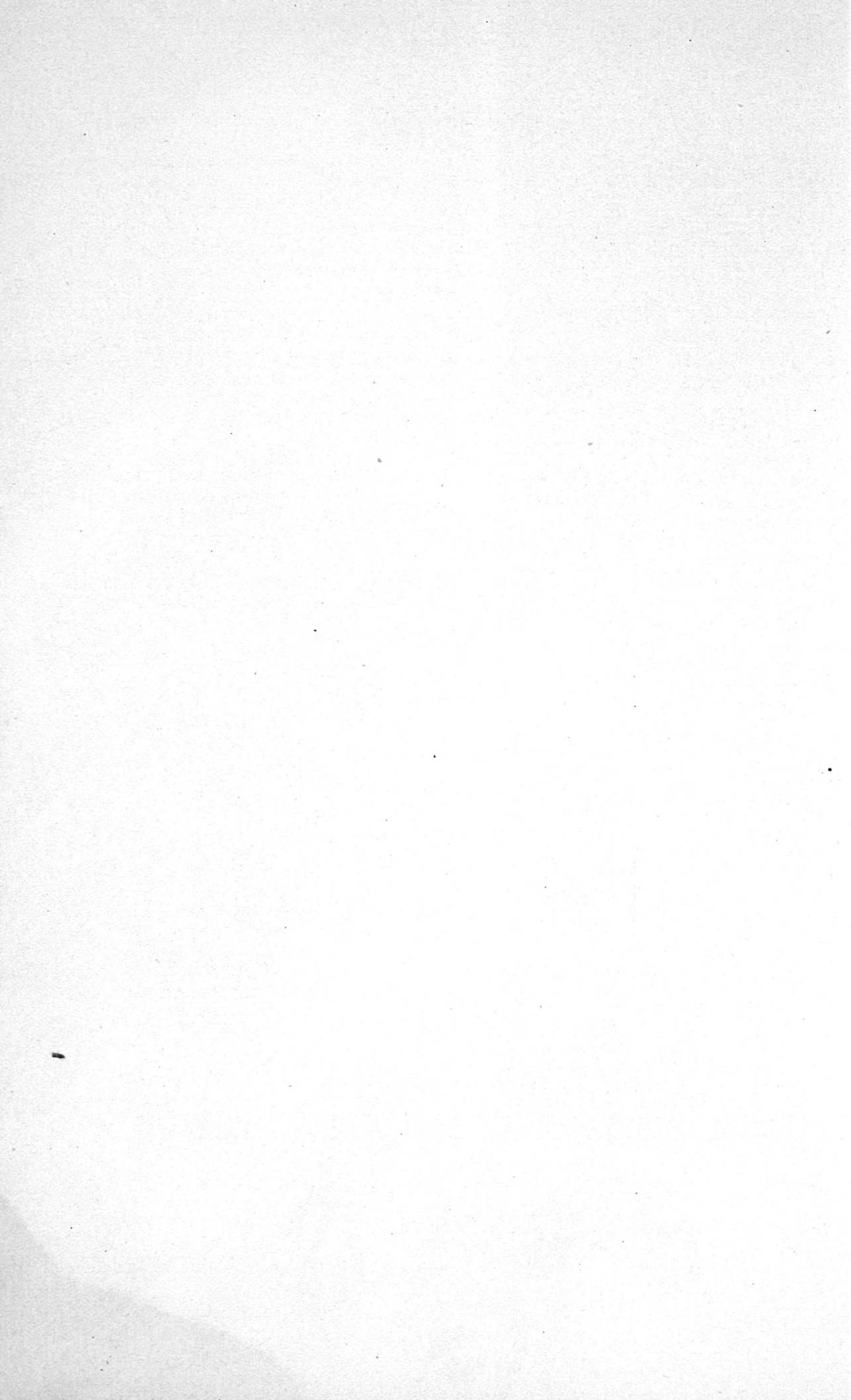
In the original edition the "Messiah" includes 57 distinct numbers, grouped into three divisions, each of which has a distinct atmosphere. These obvious distinctions are based on the meaning of the texts, rather than on any peculiar musical characteristics. The sources from which the texts were drawn—in the first two divisions largely from the prophetic books of the Old Testament, and in the last from the New—enforce this statement. The prophecy of the coming of the Saviour; the miraculous birth; the suffering and death; the resurrection; occur in a logical sequence that is overwhelmingly convincing. To put upon this work such a narrow interpretation as is implied by calling it a "Course in Systematic Theology," quoting from an eminent theologian, is to ignore the universality of its appeal. Its deep religious significance should not be marred by any such dogmatic assertion, nor should super-subtle standards of criticism, or interpretation, be applied to the music, whose grandeur and epic qualities lift it far above the ever-shifting viewpoint of the critic, and place it by the side of the great masses of Palestrina, and the "B minor Mass" of Bach—as representative of the highest flights yet attained by genius in the field of sacred music.

Those familiar with the score will notice that many numbers have been omitted. This is necessary on account of its extreme length. While there is practical unanimity as to the advisability of so doing, and a general concurrence as to the numbers to be omitted, all musicians regret the necessity. Pages would be necessary were one to analyse each number and point out special beauties. Fortunately analyses are not required to enforce these beauties, for they make their own appeal. The dignity and mighty flow of the polyphonic writing both in solos and choruses need no enforcement; the sublimity of conception and the impressive unity of the work in its entirety

^{*} These dates, taken from Handel's M. S. S., prove that historians are not always mathematicians.



WILLIAM HOWLAND



stand revealed to all; therefore it is sufficient to say, that, from the first measure of the Overture, to the final cadence of the Amen Chorus, there is not a false note, nor a phrase that is not illuminated by the genius of one who, when he wrote the Hallelujah Chorus, "saw the Heavens opened"—to quote his own words.

PART THE FIRST.

OVERTURE.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—(TENOR.)

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness:—Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

AIR.—(TENOR.)

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—(BASS.)

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts:—Yet once a little while and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all nations; and the desire of all nations shall come.

The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; Behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.

AIR.—(BASS.)

But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth?

For He is like a refiner's fire.

RECIT.—(ALTO.)

Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name EMMANUEL, God with us.

AIR (ALTO) AND CHORUS.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain: O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—(BASS.)

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

AIR.—(BASS.)

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

CHORUS.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

RECIT.—(SOPRANO.)

And the Angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—(SOPRANO.)

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying:

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem! behold, thy king cometh unto thee!

He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall speak peace unto the heathen.

RECIT.—(ALTO.)

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

AIR.—(ALTO.)

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

Come unto Him, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and He shall give you rest. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

AIR.—(ALTO.)

He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

CHORUS.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—(TENOR.)

Thy rebuke hath broken His heart; He is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort Him.

AIR.—(TENOR.)

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—(SOPRANO.)

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of Thy people was He stricken.

AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell; nor didst Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.

CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

AIR.—(BASS.)

Why do the nations so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing?

The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against His Anointed.

RECIT.—(TENOR.)

He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision.

AIR.—(TENOR.)

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.

KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS, HALLELUJAH!

PART THE THIRD.

AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep.

QUARTETTE.

Since by man came death,

CHORUS.

By man came also the resurrection of the dead.

QUARTETTE.

For as in Adam all die,

CHORUS.

Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

CHORUS.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honor, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 10, 1907

OVERTURE, "Genoveva,"

SCHUMANN

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

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

Seven years later, (1848), he wrote the opera "Genoveva," from which we take the overture on our program. The opera as a whole does not carry out the promise of the overture, which, by the way, was composed in 1847. This was largely due to the undramatic nature of the book, which was founded on Tieck's and Hebbel's dramatic setting of the legend of Sainte Geneviève, but more so to the fact that Schumann, deep as was his appreciation of the dramatic element, as such, could not adapt his music to the exigencies of the stage. It is full of beautiful music, but it was realized immediately that it lacked in all that goes to make true dramatic music. Although the opera is occasionally given in Germany, *aus Pietät*, to the world at large, the overture alone is known.

As to its technical structure the following must suffice. After a most expressive introduction—C minor, 4-4 time, *Langsam*—enters the principal subject, a typically Schumannesque theme, in the same key, 2-2 time, *Leidenschaftlich bewegt*. This

theme, and the beautiful second subject in E flat major, sounded forth by the horns, follow the usual developments of the sonata form, ending in an extremely brilliant coda.

"SEA PICTURES," Op. 37. Nos. 2, 4, and 5,

ELGAR

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

"IN HAVEN"; "WHERE CORALS LIE"; "THE SWIMMER."

MISS SPENCER.

The "Sea Pictures" are illustrative of the best qualities of a composer, whose art has compelled the respect and admiration of his generation, and who is without doubt the greatest composer England has produced since Henry Purcell. Known to us through two of his great works, "Caractacus" and "The Dream of Gerontius," it will be of great interest to hear compositions in which he displays a lighter touch.

Elgar's versatility, and the special qualities shown in these compositions play no small part in the high valuation placed upon his work, for we have come to associate with the products of English composers characteristics other than these. There has always been in English music a directness of purpose, a certain blunt, sometimes rough, honesty of statement, and a contempt for any over-accentuation of emotion that comports perfectly with the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. Such admirable qualities are not to be despised, but, unfortunately, English composers were so fully dominated by Händel and Mendelssohn, that the originality and fervor seen in Purcell's music seemed to have been forever lost, and they drifted into a conventionality that made freedom of utterance impossible. But now that Italy seems to have exhausted herself in producing Puccini, who appears to have distanced his rivals, Mascagni and Leoncavallo, and Germany is unproductive—save for Richard Strauss,—England seems to have entered upon a new artistic era. In the person of Edward William Elgar we find the embodiment of a reaction against the "ways of the fathers" that is fraught with hope and laden with prophecy.

IN HAVEN.

Closely let me hold thy hand,
Storms are sweeping sea and land;
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,
Foam-flakes cloud the hurrying blast;
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips, and softly say:
"Joy, sea-swept, may fade to-day;
Love alone will stay."

C. Alice Elgar.

WHERE CORALS LIE.

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spry,*
It lures me, lures me on to do
And see the land where corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well;
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the lands where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.

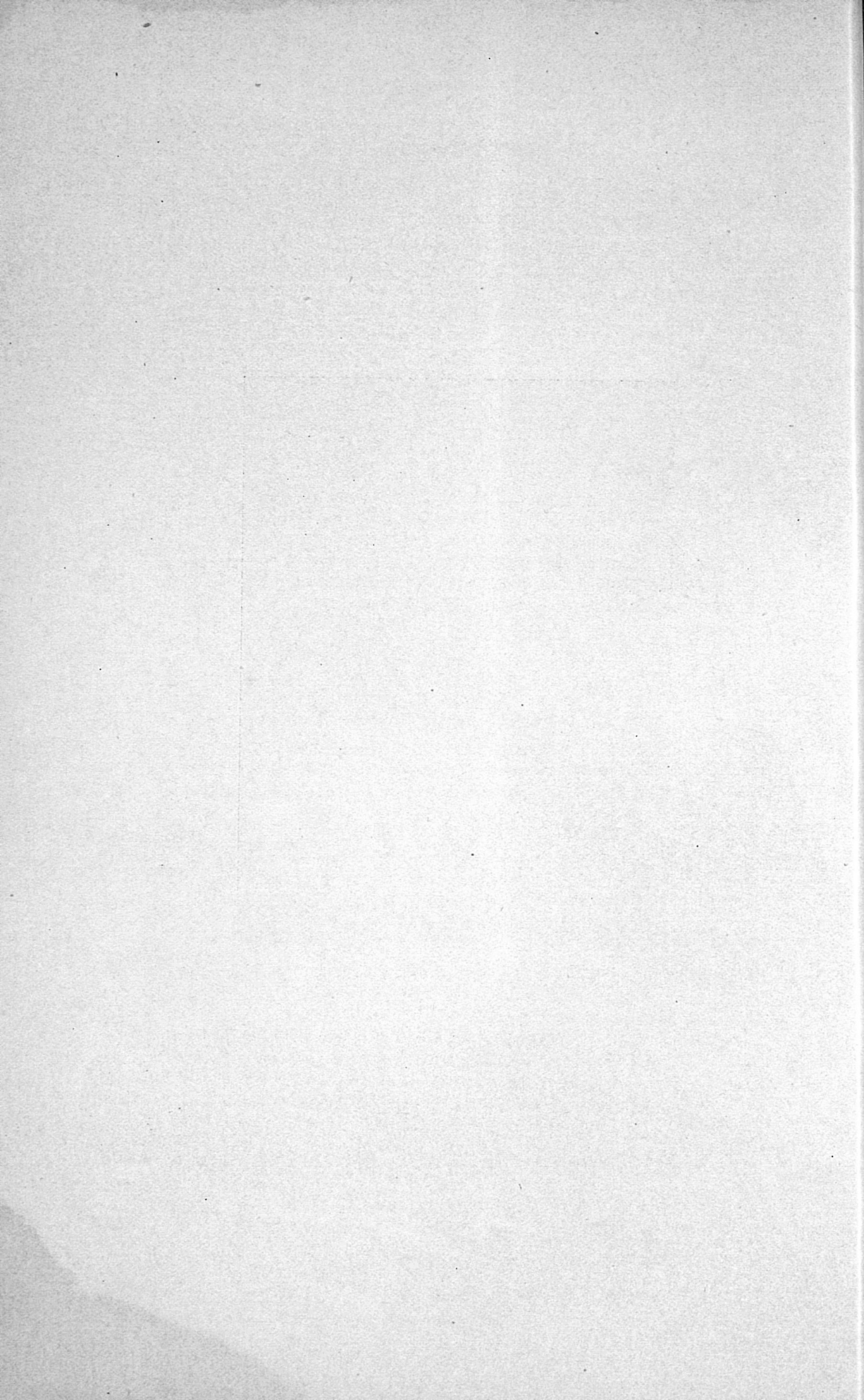
Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.

Richard Garnett.

* Used for "spray."



JANET SPENCER



THE SWIMMER.

With short, sharp, violent lights made vivid,
 To southward far as the sight can roam,
Only the swirl of the surges livid,
 The seas that climb and the surfs that comb.
Only the crag and the cliff to nor'ward,
And the rocks receding, and reefs flung forward,
Waifs wreck'd seaward, and wasted shoreward,
 On shallows sheeted with flaming foam.

A grim, grey coast and a seaboard ghastly,
 And shores trod seldom by feet of men—
Where the batter'd hull and the broken mast lie,
 They have lain embedded these long years ten.
Love! when we wandered here together,
 Hand in hand through the sparkling weather,
From the heights and hollows of fern and heather,
 God surely loved us a little then.

The skies were fairer and the shores were firmer—
 The blue sea over the bright sand roll'd;
Babble and prattle, and ripple and murmur,
 Sheen of silver and glamour of gold.

* * * * *

So, girt with tempest and wing'd with thunder
 And clad with lightning and shod with sleet,
And strong winds treading the swift waves under
 The flying rollers with frothy feet.
One gleam like a bloodshot sword-blade swims on
The sky line, staining the green gulf crimson,
A death-stroke fiercely dealt by a dim sun
 That strikes through his stormy winding sheet.

O, brave white horses! you gather and gallop,
 The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins;
Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop
 In your hollow backs, on your high-arched manes.
I would ride as never a man has ridden
In your sleepy, swirling surges hidden;
To gulfs foreshadowed through strifes forbidden,
 Where no light wearies and no love wanes.

Lindsay Gordon.

CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE, No. 4, D minor, Op. 70, RUBINSTEIN
 MODERATO; MODERATO ASSAI; ALLEGRO.

MR. LOCKWOOD.

ANTON GREGOROVITCH RUBINSTEIN,—born at Wechwotynecz, Bessarabia, November 30, 1830—during his lifetime was looked upon by many as a composer of the first rank. His unique artistic personality, his marvellous virtuosity, and his wide versatility were not without influence in this valuation. His industry was prodigious, and the mere tabulation of his works—in which 6 symphonies and 5 pianoforte concertos appear as mere items—compels attention, and indicates how frequently he appealed to his audience—the world of music *Conoscenti*. He was daring in his disregard of traditions as such,—witness the “Ocean” Symphony, to which he added a new movement whenever he sailed the seas, and the “sacred operas”—and, because he put forth so much that was novel he disturbed those who consistently rebel at the new, and unduly excited those who can only be roused through the *Noch-nie—dagewesenes*. This is a dangerous situation for any but a genius of the first rank—and such a genius he was not. Following his death—at Peterhof, near St. Petersburg, November 20, 1894—came an inevitable reevaluation, and that which he had bequeathed to the world was subjected to a more impersonal criticism. Then, a somewhat undefined impression that his compositions in the larger forms were lacking in enduring qualities, that had been felt during his lifetime, deepened into practical certainty. The fact is, he was first of all a wonderful pianist—a virtuoso of the first rank—and he was greatest when his instrument was to the fore. So in his larger compositions for the pianoforte, and especially in his concertos for that instrument, we find him at his best. They contain sufficient evidence for the assertion that he was no frantic seeker after novelty, as such, but they also sustain the view that he was not great enough to break new paths in the larger fields of the symphony, oratorio, or opera.

SYMPHONY, No. 7, A major, Op. 92,

BEETHOVEN

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

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

The program, beginning with a characteristic overture by Schumann, ends with one of the greatest works of Ludwig von Beethoven,—the “Prophet of the Symphony”—he who first displayed the utmost possibilities of the form, gave to it distinction, and pointed to future glories.

In the presence of a work like a Beethoven symphony one realizes the inadequacy of words to explain or describe all that it conveys to the soul. No composer has ever equaled Beethoven in his power of suggesting that which can never be expressed absolutely, and nowhere in his compositions do we find a work in which all the noblest attributes of an art so exalted as his more happily combine. No formal analysis, dealing with the mere details of musical construction can touch the real source of its power, nor can any interpretation of philosopher or poet state with any degree of certainty just what it was that moved the soul of the composer, though they may give us the impression the music makes on them. They may clothe in fitting words that which we all feel more or less forcibly. The philosopher, by observation of the effect of environment and conditions on man in general, may point out the probable relation of the outward circumstances of a composer's life at



ALBERT LOCKWOOD

Third Concert

a certain period to his works; the poet, because he is peculiarly susceptible to the same influences as the composer, may give us a more sympathetic interpretation, but neither can ever fathom the processes by which a great genius like Beethoven gives us such a composition as the symphony we are now considering.

There are many who claim for this work absolute preëminence—a judgment in which few will concur—for it is idle to compare the “Eroica,” the Fifth, the Seventh, and the Ninth, with a view to the establishment of superiority, for each is sublime in its way.

The Seventh fairly pulsates with free and untrammelled melody, and has an atmosphere of its own quite unlike that of the others. It was written in 1812, and was first performed on December 8, 1813, at a concert in the large hall of the University of Vienna, a fact not without significance in connection with the environment of the present occasion. Beethoven conducted in person, and the performance suffered somewhat from the fact that he could scarcely hear the music his genius had created.

“The program,” says Grove, in an admirable account of this most unique and interesting occasion, “consisted of three numbers: the symphony in A, described as ‘entirely new,’ two marches performed by Mälzel’s mechanical trumpeter with full orchestral accompaniment, and a second grand instrumental composition by ‘Herr van Beethoven,’—the so-called ‘Battle of Vittoria’ (Op. 91).”

Mälzel’s mechanical genius had displayed itself before this through the invention of the “Panharmonion”—an instrument of the orchestrion type—and an automatic chess-player. Three years later he constructed the first metronome, for the invention of which he has received the credit that should be given to Winkel, of Amsterdam. It will be remembered that the exquisite *Allegretto scherzando* in Beethoven’s Eighth Symphony is based on a theme, from which the composer developed a canon, in compliment to Mälzel.

No greater artistic incongruity can be conceived than the combination of a mechanical trumpeter, a composition like the “Battle of Vittoria,” and this sublime symphony in A. The concert was arranged by Mälzel, and given in aid of a fund for wounded soldiers, and on benefit concert programs, as on those of “sacred” concerts, one is never surprised at finding strange companionships.

Grove continues: “The orchestra presented an unusual appearance, many of the desks being tenanted by the most famous musicians and composers of the day. Haydn had gone to his rest; but Romberg, Spohr, Mayseder and Dragonetti were present, and played among the rank and file of the strings. Meyerbeer (of whom Beethoven complained that he always came in after the beat) and Hummel had the drums, and Moscheles, then a youth of nineteen, the cymbals. Even Beethoven’s old teacher, Kapellmeister Salieri, was there, ‘giving time to the drums and salvos.’ The performance, says Spohr, was ‘quite masterly,’ the new works were both received with enthusiasm, the slow movement of the symphony was encored, and the success of the concert extraordinary.”

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 the term has two quite distinct meanings. The first refers to a cyclical form which includes several complete and contrasting movements; the second is applied to the first movement alone, and is now used in that sense.

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, and the thematic material is treated in the light of the fuller insight gained through the other divisions.

Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven stand related to each other, in the evolution of the symphony, in a most interesting and logical sequence. Haydn may be compared to the first division of the sonata, in which are stated the themes, for he established its principles; Mozart, to the second division, in which the themes are developed and subjected to various treatments, for he revealed its plasticity; Beethoven, to the third, in which the themes are restated with added force and intensity, for he first displayed the utmost possibilities of the form, gave to it distinction and pointed to future glories. As was natural, with the passage of the years, however, the processes developed by Haydn, and extended by Mozart, had become somewhat stereotyped. Beethoven gave freedom to the symphony, by removing these traditional interpretations.

Beethoven could not brook conventionality, and so, at the very outset, we find that the sustained introduction—A major, common time, *poco sostenuto*, which in Haydn's time was naught but a foil to the Allegro proper—is full of meaning. The alternating themes of oboe, clarinet, and horn attract the attention immediately, and



no less beautiful are the episodes for woodwind. Ascending scale passages for the strings, following each other in logical sequence, lead us onward, until, after what appear to be tentative attempts at the establishment of a new rhythmical design, we are gently led into the Vivace, the first movement proper, in which gayety, naïveté



and poetry so happily combine, that, following the suggestions of the music, the query—Why not call this Beethoven's "Spring Symphony"?—seems justified, in case we care to give our emotions definite direction.

The second subject—first violins and flutes, to the accompaniment of the other strings and woodwinds—so bright and cheery, and developed with the composer's keen sense of contrast and color, contributes materially to the atmosphere implied in our query.



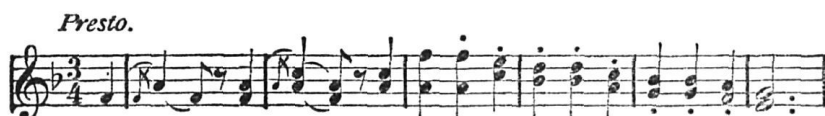
No movement in the whole symphonic literature more thoroughly exemplifies the real spirit of the form than this, nor, incidentally, the value of conciseness. The Allegretto, A minor, 2-4 time,



with its vibration from major to minor; its broad melodies for the strings standing out against the constant metric pulsations, so suggestive of the Sapphic meter; the exquisite Cantabile in A major, separating the two statements of the principal sub-



ject matter, is as perennial in its charm as the "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert. If the first movement suggests a lovely Spring landscape, this is a fleecy cloud that casts a faint shadow over the scene but neither fully conceals the sun nor hides aught of the beauty of the hills and meadows. In the Scherzo—F major, 3-4



time, *Presto*—we step for the nonce into the emerald shadows of the forest and witness the dance of the woodland fairies, while the trio—D major, *Assai meno presto*—is full

Assai meno presto.

etc.

of calm and quiet. Then again the fairies, again the calm, and then, after a final repetition of the dance, the Finale. This movement—A major, 2-4 time, *Allegro con*

Allegro con brio.

brio—is full of unbridled joy. With an intensity of rhythm that hurries us along through the elastic and sparkling second subject, and from climax to climax, it

finally ends with a furious rush, as though Beethoven found the idiomatic speech of music, which Richard Wagner says he created, lacking in power of utterance for such elation of spirit. Again the query—Why not call this, Beethoven's "Spring Symphony"?

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 10, 1907

OVERTURE, "In the South," Op. 50,

ELGAR

This overture, which bears the sub-title "Alassio," is one of the latest purely instrumental works from the pen of the composer of "Gerontius." It was "conceived on a glorious Spring day in the Valley of Andorra"; is "meant to suggest the Joy of Living under sunny skies," and is largely based on a theme, which Mr. Jaeger—who seems to be a sort of official interpreter of Sir Edward's meaning—says, "has stood throughout for the brave motto of Sunshine, Open Air and Cheery Optimism." The overture is laid out on so magnificent a plan, and contains so many important themes, that we will not attempt so formidable a task as an adequate analysis. Elgar's astonishing mastery of the orchestra's resources, and his no less marvellous grasp of the routine of composition are constantly in evidence in this composition, in which grandeur, serenity, turmoil and passion, find expression with all the intensity of the modern outlook. For it is in no sense bounded by the mere "Joy of Living under sunny skies"—but vibrates between the "shepherd's plaintive song floating towards the serene azure of the Italian skies" and "the battle calls of countless Roman Cohorts"—to draw from Mr. Jaeger—who adds: "The great past of an enchanting country" is invoked to offset the "mere physical joy in the beauties of nature."

The autograph score bears the following:

" a land,
Which was the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest,
Wherein were cast the men of Rome!
. . . . Thou art the garden of the world."

Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

(Canto IV. Stanzas xxv-xxvi).

(a) OVERTURE, "Marriage of Figaro," MOZART

Born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756: died at Vienna, December 5, 1791.

(b) ARIA, "Voi che Sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," MOZART

MRS. RIDER-KELSEY.

"The Marriage of Figaro," although written by a German, is one of the finest examples of the purest type of Italian opera in existence. It is full to repletion with spontaneous, sparkling, delineative melody; exhibits the composer's genial use of orchestral effects, and, in its dramatic adequacy, justifies Wagner's statement

that "Mozart, had he met the proper librettist, would have solved the problem of the opera." From the point of view of Italian opera, in da Ponte he found his "proper librettist," and from this viewpoint there were no problems he did not solve. The opera was unsuccessful when first performed in Vienna, May 1, 1786, but later was received with enthusiasm at Prague, and since then has remained the comic opera *par excellence*.

The overture, and the following aria are so thoroughly characteristic of the singularly clear and simple style of the great Salzburg master, and so illustrative of his control of both the orchestra and the voice, that, combined, they give one a truer impression of his greatness than either by itself.

CHERUBINO:—

Voi, che sapete, che cosa è amor,
 donne vedete, s'io l' ho nel cor?
 Quello, ch'io provo, vi ridirò e per
 me nuovo, capir nol so.
 Sento un affetto pian di desir,
 Ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir;
 Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
 e in un momento, torno gelar.
 Ricercò un bene fuori di me,
 non so cos' è. Sospiro e gemo
 senza voler—
 Palpito e tremo senza saper—
 non trovo pace notte nè dì,
 ma pur mi piace languir cosè.
 Voi, che sapete, che cosa è amor,
 donne vedete s'io l' ho nel cor?

Speak ye! who know the heart's fond
 longing,
 Can this be love, that in me burns?
 I'll disclose the fancies thronging
 In my heart, and all for which it yearns.
 Within my heart, erst light as air,
 To which unknown were fears and
 pains;
 Now frost, now heat, now love's despair,
 Like lightning dart, and through my
 veins
 Steal secret longings for all those
 Who beauty in themselves disclose.
 Then, suff'ring, grief, and joy, impart
 To me delight and warm my heart.
 So, beck'ning ever, everywhere I meet
 And rest content in, grief so sweet.

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Moldau,"

SMETANA

Friedrich Smetana was born March 2, 1824, at Leitomischi, Bohemia, and died at Prague, May 12, 1884. He was one of those to whom life brought more of sorrow than of joy. His last years were spent in an unsuccessful endeavor to rise superior to the mental tortures superinduced by his total deafness, dating from 1874. Many of his most beautiful works, however, were produced during this period, among them the cycle of six symphonic poems entitled "My Country" (*Má Vlast*), the second of which, "Vltava," appears on our program. Intense in his devotion to the musical traditions of his native land, he was an ardent supporter of Liszt and Wagner. The following, taken from the fly-leaf of the score, is offered in the place of a formal analysis.

"Two springs pour forth their waters in the shade of the Bohemian forest, the one warm and gushing, the other cold and tranquil. Their ripples, gaily flowing over rocky beds, unite and glisten in the morning sun. The forest brook, rushing on, becomes the river Moldau, which hurrying through Bohemia's valleys, grows into a mighty stream. It flows through dense woods, where the joyous noise of the hunt and the tones of the hunter's horn resound nearer and nearer. It flows through verdant meadows and lowlands, where a wedding-feast is celebrated with song and dance. At night the wood and water nymphs revel in its glistening waves, which reflect many fortresses and castles—witnesses of the past splendor of chivalry and the vanished martial fame of bygone ages. At the Rapids of St. John the stream



EDWARD JOHNSON

speeds on, winding its way in cataracts, and cutting a channel with its foaming waters through the rocky chasm into the broad river bed in which it flows on in majestic calmness toward Prague, welcomed by time-honored Vysehrad, whereupon it disappears in the far distance from the poet's gaze."

ARIA, "Tu! Indietro!" from "Otello,"

VERDI

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

MR. JOHNSON.

No one will seriously challenge the assertion, that the career of no Italian composer presents more of interest than that of Giuseppe Verdi.

It is a far cry from "*Un giorno di regno*," his first opera, (Milan, September 5, 1840) to *Falstaff*, his last (Milan, February 9, 1893). The score of the monumental work that closes his career as an operatic composer sparkles with the vigor and buoyancy of youth; evinces the maturity of artistic judgment that comes only with the years; and contains no hint of any diminution of creative power. If, in the Kingdom of Art, there exists a "Fountain of Perpetual Youth," Verdi must have drunk deeply of its waters.

He, rather than any one of the composers of the super-strenuous, ultra-modern Italian school, stands for the idealism and bounding life we associate with youth—for, when he died, at the age of eighty-eight, he was the youngest man in Italy.

Whether the composers referred to will prove themselves worthy successors of this great genius remains to be proven, but two of them, at least, have already shown signs of approaching barrenness.

Verdi's significant works fall into three periods. The first, covering but two years, includes *Nabuco*, *I Lombardi*, and *Ernani*, a fine trio, which shows a constantly increasing growth in power. Then, after a period of seeming retrogression, in the latter years of which he seemed to have again "found himself," comes a second, and extremely fruitful period, beginning with *Rigoletto*, and including, among others, *Il Trovatore* and *Traviata*. Again, he seems to have evolved a newer and greater art, while giving proofs of his mastery of the older, and we have the Verdi of *Aida*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*. This trio of immortal works shows how thoroughly Verdi had assimilated the newer principles for which Wagner stood, and incidentally proves his true greatness, for the acceptance of these principles did not represent a reversal of his outlook, nor of his practice, but made possible a truer revelation of his genius, which, most happily for the world, involved no negation of his nationality. It is fortunate that in this program, in which we may see the influence and inspirations of Italy, Italian life, and history, on composers of alien races, that country is represented by two quite divergent selections by her greatest composer since Palestrina.

The aria on this evening's program occurs in Act II, Scene V.

OTELLO:

Tu! Indietro: fuggi!
M'hai legato alla croce!
Ahi me!
Più orrendo d'ogni orrenda inguria
dell' inguria è il sospetto.
Nell' ore arcane della sua lussuria
(e a me furate!)

Avaunt thee, thou hast set me on the
rack! Ah me!
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know't a little.
What sense have I of her stolen hours
of lust
Though stolen from me?

m' agita va il petto forse un presagio?
 Ero baldo, giulivo
 nulla sapero ancor.
 Io non sentivo sul suo corpo divin
 Chè m' innamora e sui labbri mendaci
 gli ardenti baci di Cassio:
 Ed ora! . . . ed ora . . .
 Ora e per sempre addio
 Sante memorie, addio. . . .
 Sublimi incanti del pensier!
 Addio schiere fulgenti,
 Addio vittorie,
 dardi volanti—e volanti corsier!
 Addio—addio vessillo trionfale e
 pio! e diane squillanti in sul mattin!
 Clamori e canti di battaglia, addio!
 Della gloria d'Otello è questo il fin,
 è questo il fin, è questo il fin.

I saw't not, thought it not, it harmed
 not me;
 Free and merry was I not knowing
 aught.
 I did not wince when her sweet body
 I clasped in tender love,
 Nor did I find on her lips
 The burning kiss of Cassio.
 Ah, now for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell
 content,
 And noble thoughts of war!
 Farewell the pluméd troop, th' impend-
 ing battle,
 The swiftly-flying shaft, the neighing
 steed,
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glor-
 ious war,
 The spirit-stirring drum—the ear-pierc-
 ing pipe,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

“BALL SCENE,” from the *Symphonie Dramatique*, “Romeo and Juliet,”

BERLIOZ

Born at Côte, St. André, December 11, 1803; died at Paris, March 8, 1869.

This symphony, first produced in the Paris Conservatoire, November 24, 1839, is based on *Shakespeare*—in so far as its subject is concerned—and rests, in its use of choral and solo vocal numbers, upon Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The vocal portions are extremely ineffective, but much of the instrumental music is lovely, and delineative. The “Ball Scene,” the second movement of the symphony, enforces this statement, for its musical charm and dramatic fitness need no defense.

We have in the opening measures a glimpse of the gloomy Romeo. The sound of music from the ball-room of the Palace of the Capulets obtrudes upon this mood, and the measures of the dance gradually increasing in intensity, finally dominate the movement.

ARIA, “Il est doux, il est bon,” from “*Hérodiade*,”

MASSENET

Born at Monteaux, May 12, 1842; still living.

MRS. RIDER-KELSEY.

Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet is one of the most eminent of living French composers. Masterly in orchestral delineation, not devoid of dramatic insight, thoroughly equipped in the routine of all branches of composition, his brilliant style sometimes conceals a lack of ideality and originality, while a certain sensuousness of treatment often mars conceptions full of nobility and force. In spite of these defects he is one of the most striking figures in modern music. In the selection from “*Hérodiade*,” opera in three acts, first given at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, December 19, 1881, he is at his best. This opera has had a somewhat checkered career. It had success for a season; but when given at the Opéra-Italien in Paris on January 30, 1884, after being partly rewritten by the composer, it failed completely. The literal translation of the air sung in this concert is as follows:



CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY

SALOME:—He whose words by their might obliterate all sorrow. Lo the Prophet is here! Unto him I'll appear!

He is kind, he is good,
 His words bring hope each morrow!
 He speaketh! all is hushed!
 Sighing breezes now rejoice,
 Pause on their way, hearing his voice:
 He speaketh!
 Ah! when will he come back?
 When shall I hearken?
 Sad was I—woe begone, but my heart
 peaceful grew
 When e'er I heard his voice!
 Whene'er I heard his voice
 Melodious and tender,
 My heart calmness knew!
 Oh! Prophet, so beloved, can I live
 without thee!
 Oh! Prophet, so beloved, what is Life,
 Life without thee!
 'Tis there! o'er desert drear, where
 Amazed stood the throng,
 And followed him along,
 He beheld me—one day—
 A child, by all abandoned, and received
 me in his arms!

“On the Shores of Sorrento,”

RICHARD STRAUSS

Born at Munich, June 11, 1864.

It is interesting to view the South as it appealed to the imagination of this particular composer, who seems to have little sympathy with the simpler side of life—if we may judge from the general tenor of his great orchestral works. It will be observed that this excerpt from the Symphonic Fantasia, Op. 16—bearing the title “Italy,”—is a somewhat rhapsodical, but thoroughly justified, impressionistic sketch. In it we find no trace of the super-strenuous composer of the “Sinfonia Domestica,” or “Helden-leben,” and we may safely assume that his impression of the ever-beautiful Sorrento, “Lying high above the waters,” was not disturbed by a vision of the chromatically dissonant and morally decadent Salomé.

QUARTETTE, “Bella figlia, dell' amore,” from “Rigoletto,”

VERDI

MRS. RIDER-KELSEY, MISS SPENCER, MR. JOHNSON, MR. WITHERSPOON.

“Rigoletto” was first produced at Venice, March 11, 1851. No opera of Verdi is more thoroughly in accord with the point of view of the Venitians than “Rigoletto,” which overflows with the characteristics that appealed to the dwellers in that gay city, when, in 1637, the first public opera house in the world was opened, and which have not lost their power in these latter days. The story is superlatively disgusting, and unworthy of the beautiful music with which the composer so liberally endowed it. Seduction, murder, revenge, passion, a modicum of sentiment, and a trace of true love, are woven together into a tragedy that, in devilishness and inhumanity, would have satisfied the librettists of Cavalli's day, who held up to ridicule all that was

true and noble, and glorified all that was debasing. The opera was composed in forty days, and, musically, it represents the earlier Verdi at his best. To this judgment no number contributes more than this beautiful quartette, which is sung by the Duke, Gilda, Magdalena, and Rigoletto, in Act III, Scene III.

“KAISERMARSCH,”

WAGNER

Of the origin of the Kaisermarsch Wagner wrote: “We who, with the spirit of our great masters at heart, witnessed the physiognomic bearing of our death-defiant landmen in the soldier’s coat, cordially rejoiced when listening to the “Kutschkelied” and deeply were affected by the “Feste Burg” before the war and by “Nun danket Alle Gott” when it was over. To be sure, it was precisely we who found it hard to comprehend how the deadly courage of our patriots could whet itself on nothing better than the “Wacht am Rhein”; a somewhat mawkish Liedertafel product, which the Frenchmen held for one of those Rhinewine songs at which they earlier had made so merry. But no matter, they might scoff as they pleased, even their “Allons enfants de la patrie” could not this time put down “Lieb Vaterland, kannst ruhig sein.” When our victorious troops were journeying home, I made private inquiries in Berlin as to whether, supposing one contemplated a grand solemnity for the slain in battle, I should be permitted to compose a piece of music for performance thereat, and to be dedicated to the sublime event. The answer was: Upon so joyful a return, one wished to make no special arrangements for painful impressions. Still, beneath the rose, I suggested another music-piece to accompany the entry of the troops, at the close of which, mayhap at the march past the victorious monarch, the singing-corps, so well supported in the Prussian army, should join in with a national song. No! that would have necessitated serious alterations in arrangements settled long before, and I was counseled not to make the proposal. My Kaisermarsch I arranged for the concert-room; there may it fit as best it can! In any case, I ought not to have expected the German spirit, new-risen on the field of battle, to trouble itself with the musical fancies of a presumably conceited opera composer.”

The “German spirit” did trouble itself with this particular musical fancy, and it was heard at the triumphal entry of the German troops into Berlin, May 16, 1871. Since then it has been performed at many notable state ceremonies, including the golden wedding of Emperor William I and the Empress Augusta, June 11, 1879; upon the accession to the throne of the Emperor Frederick, and upon that of the present Emperor William II. Possibly, to Wagner, a more important occasion was the laying of the corner stone of the Theater at Bayreuth, called by his name and dedicated to his art, on May 22, 1872. The composition itself, by reason of the dignity and breadth of its thematic material, its dramatic intensity, its impressive use of that most magnificent of chorales “Ein feste Burg,” and its thrilling climax, fulfills, as few works before or since, all the conditions of a festival environment.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 11, 1907

"SAMSON AND DELILAH," Opera in Three Acts,

SAINT-SAENS

CAST

DELILAH, - - - -	MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
SAMSON, - - - -	MR. THEODORE VAN YORK
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON, -	SIG. GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI
ABIMELECH, SATRAP OF GAZA, }	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
AN OLD HEBREW, - - - -	
PHILISTINE MESSENGER, - - -	MR. FRED KILLEEN

Philistine Men and Women, (*Leaders*, MESSRS. KILLEEN, KING, AND LOVELL); Priestesses of Dagon; Hebrew Men and Women,

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS

Born at Paris, October 9, 1853: still living.

The recent visit of this, possibly the most distinguished of living French composers, gives added importance to a performance of his greatest dramatic work. Saint-Saëns is an accomplished pianist, a superb organist, the greatest French symphonist, an operatic composer of distinction, and thus, in his person, is an illustration of the highest ideals of the modern French school. Although he has been less influenced by ultra-modern tendencies than his compatriots, it must not be supposed that he has remained insensible to the modern trend, for that would be to deny him the fundamental qualities of a great composer. In spite of his somewhat conservative relation to much of modern practice, he possesses greater freedom of utterance than many of the later French composers whose works show a lack of a real assimilation of principles that have been imported from the other side of the Rhine. It may not be seriously questioned that he unconsciously has come much nearer to the attainment of the modern ideal than the younger men, who so clearly betray their consciousness that they frequently lose sight of the real *end* through over-absorption in the *means*. One would not be seriously astray in assigning to him the same relation to his *confrères* that Cherubini occupied a generation earlier. However, it is somewhat superfluous to discuss this question at length, and it is not necessary to sketch the career of this eminent composer. His life is an open book, and his position is assured. Rather let us consider the present work, and this can be done in no better way than to quote the following sketch of "Samson and Delilah" which is translated

freely from *Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique*, by Noel and Stouling, 1892:—

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

"The second act is in the valley of Sorek. Delilah's house is at the left. It is surrounded with Eastern and luxuriant plants. Night is coming on. Delilah sings a passionate appeal to Love, invoking his aid. Then comes the duet with the High Priest who, deceived by the feigned love of Delilah, begs of her to deliver Samson to him; Delilah reveals her real hatred in a dramatic burst. The duet of Samson and the temptress is, as all know, the chief number of the work. Samson's hesitation between love and duty—his struggle—his fall—are portrayed with most consummate mastery. The great phrase of Delilah is a superb expression of passion. The orchestral storm hastens the action on the stage, and when the elemental fury is at its height, Delilah enters her dwelling. Samson follows her; and the curtain falls on the appearance of the Philistines to master their foe.

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

ACT I—SCENE I

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

CHORUS:

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

THE WOMEN:

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

[Curtain rises.]

CHORUS:

Lord, wilt Thou have
That we perish forever—
The nation that alone
Hath known
Thy light? Ah! all the day
Do I humbly adore Him:
Deaf to my cry
He gives me no reply,
Yet still I bow before Him
And implore Him
That He at last
To my aid may draw nigh!

THE HEBREW MEN:

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

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

Pause and stand
O my brothers,
And bless the holy name
Of the God of our fathers!
Your pardon is at hand,
And your chains shall be broken!
I have heard in my heart
Words of hope softly spoken:—
'T is the voice of the Lord
That through His servant speaketh;
He doth His grace afford:
Your lasting good He seeketh;
Your throne shall be restored!
Brothers! now break your fetters!
Our altar let us raise
To the God whom we praise!

CHORUS:

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

SAMSON:

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

CHORUS:

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

SAMSON:

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

CHORUS:

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

SCENE II

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

ABIMELECH:

Who dares to raise the voice of pride?
 Do these slaves revile their masters?
 Who oft in vain our strength have tried,
 Would they now incur new disasters?
 Conceal your despair
 And your tears!
 Our patience will hold out no longer;
 You have found that we are the
 stronger;
 In vain your prayer,
 We mock your fears:
 Your God, whom ye implore with
 anguish,
 Remaineth deaf to your call;
 He lets you still in bondage languish,
 On you His heavy judgments fall!
 If He from us desires to save you,
 Now let Him show His power divine,
 And shatter the chains your conquerors
 gave you!
 Let the sun of freedom shine!
 Do you hope in insolent daring
 Our God unto yours will yield,
 Jehovah with Dagon comparing,
 Who for us winneth the field?
 Nay, your timid God fears and trembles
 When Dagon before Him is seen;
 He the plaintive dove resembles;
 Dagon the vulture bold and keen.

SAMSON (*inspired*):

O God, it is Thou he blasphemeth!
 Let Thy wrath on his head descend,
 Lord of hosts!
 His power hath an end.
 On high like lightning gleameth
 The sword sparkling with fire;
 From the sky swiftly streameth
 The host burning with ire:—
 Yea! all the heavenly legions
 In their mighty array

Sweep over boundless regions,
 And strike the foe with dismay.
 At last cometh the hour
 When God's fierce fire shall fall:
 Its terrible power
 And His thunder appall.

SOLO AND CHORUS OF ISRAELITES:

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

ABIMELECH:

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

SAMSON AND CHORUS:

Israel! break your chain!
 Arise! display your might!
 Their idle threats disdain!
 See, the day follows night!
 Jehovah, God of light,
 Hear our prayer as of yore,
 And for Thy people fight!
 Let the right
 Win once more!

SAMSON:

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

CHORUS:

Israel! break your chain! etc.

Israel! now arise!

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



THEODORE VAN YORX

SCENE III

The same, the High Priest, Attendants, Guards.

HIGH PRIEST:

What see I?

Abimelech by slaves struck down and dying!

Oh, let them not escape!

To arms! Pursue the flying!

Wreak vengeance on your foes!

For the prince they have slain!

Strike down beneath your blows

These slaves who flee in vain!

FIRST PHILISTINE:

All my blood, it was fated,

Turned to ice in my veins;

Methought my limbs were weighted

With heavy load of chains!

SECOND PHILISTINE:

My arms are unavailing,

My strength is like the flax;

My knees beneath me failing—

And my heart melts like wax.

HIGH PRIEST:

Cowards! with hearts easily daunted,

Ye are filled with foolish alarm!

Have ye lost all your boldness vaunted,

Do you fear their God's puny arm?

SCENE IV

The same.

PHILISTINE MESSENGERS:

My Lord! the band by Samson guided

To revolt, with furious wrath

Across our land by fear divided

March, leaving woe in their path.

O fly from the threatening danger!

Come! why should we perish in vain?

We'll leave the town unto the stranger,

And the sheltering mountains gain.

HIGH PRIEST:

Curse you and your nation forever,

Children of Israel!

I fain your race from earth would sever,

And leave no trace to tell!

Curse him, too, their leader! I hate him!

Him will I stamp 'neath my feet!

A cruel doom must now await him;

He shall die when we meet!

Curse her, too, the mother who bore him,

And all his hateful race!

May she who faithful love once swore

him

Prove heartless, false, and base.

Cursed be the God of his nation,

That God his only trust;

His temple shake from its foundation,

His altar fall to dust!

MESSENGERS AND PHILISTINES:

In spite of brave professions,

To yonder mountains fly;

Leave our homes, our possessions,

Our God, or else we die.

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

SCENE V

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

HEBREW OLD MEN:

Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous story!

Psalms of praise loudly swell!

God is the Lord! In His power and

His glory

He hath saved Israel!

Through Him weak arms have triumphed o'er masters,

Whose might oppressed them sore;

Upon their heads He hath poured dire disasters,

They will mock Him no more!

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

AN AGED HEBREW:

His hand in anger stern chastised us,

For we his laws had disobeyed;

But when our punishment advised us,

And we our humble prayer had made,

He bade us cease our lamentations—

"Rise in arms, to combat!" he cried,

"Your God shall provide

Your salvation;

In battle I am by your side!"

HEBREW OLD MEN:

When we were slaves, He came our chains to sever,

We were ever His care;

His mighty arm was able to deliver,

He hath turned our despair!

Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous story!

Psalms of praise loudly swell!

God is the Lord! In His power and His

glory

He hath saved Israel!

SCENE VI

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

THE PHILISTINE WOMEN :

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

DELILAH (*addressing Samson*):

I come with a song for the splendor
Of my love who won in the fray!
I belong unto him for aye.
Heart as well as hand I surrender!
Come, my dearest one, follow me
To Sorek, the fairest of valleys,
Where murmuring, the cool streamlet
dallies!
Delilah there will comfort thee.

SAMSON :

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

DELILAH :

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

THE OLD HEBREW :

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

SAMSON :

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

DELILAH :

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

SAMSON :

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

THE OLD HEBREW :

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

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

Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon.

DELILAH :

The spring with her dower
Of bird and of flower
Brings hope in her train;
Her scant laden pinions
From Love's wide dominions
Drives sorrow and pain.
Our hearts thrill with gladness

For spring's mystic madness
 Thrills through all the earth.
 To fields doth she render
 Their grace and their splendor—
 Joy and gentle mirth.
 In vain I adorn me
 With blossoms and charms!
 My false love doth scorn me,
 And flees from my arms!
 But hope still caresses
 My desolate heart—
 Past delight yet blesses!
 Love will not depart!

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

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

HEBREW OLD MAN:

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

DELILAH:

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

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

[END OF ACT I]

ACT II—SCENE I

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

PRELUDE

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

DELILAH *(alone)*:

To-night Samson makes his obeisance,
 This eve at my feet he will lie!
 Now the hour of my vengeance hastens—
 Our Gods I shall soon glorify!
 O Love! of thy might let me borrow!
 Pour thy poison through Samson's
 heart!
 Let him be bound before the morrow—
 A captive to my matchless art!
 In his soul he no longer would cherish
 The passion he wishes were dead;
 Can a flame like that ever perish,
 Evermore by remembrance fed?
 He rests my slave; his feats belie him;
 My brothers fear with vain alarms;
 I only of all—I defy him.
 I hold him fast within my arms!
 O Love! of thy might let me borrow!
 Pour thy poison through Samson's
 heart!

Let him be bound before the morrow—
 A captive to my matchless art!
 When Love contends, strength ever
 faileth!
 E'en he, the strongest of the strong,
 Through whom in war his tribe pre-
 vailed;
 Against me shall not battle long!
(Distant flashes of lightning.)

SCENE II

Delilah; the High Priest of Dagon.

HIGH PRIEST:

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

DELILAH:

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

HIGH PRIEST:

Our disaster you know!
 Desperate slaves without pity
 Rose against their lords,
 They sacked the helpless city—
 None resisted their hordes.
 Our soldiers fled before them
 At the sound of Samson's name;

The pangs of terror tore them,
 Like sheep they became!
 A menace to our nation,
 Samson had from on high
 A strength and preparation
 That none with him can vie.
 A vow hath bound him ever,
 He from birth was elect
 To concentrate endeavor,
 Israel's glory to effect.

DELILAH:

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

HIGH PRIEST:

Within thine arms one day
 His strength vanished away;
 But since then
 He endeavors to forget thee again.
 'Tis said, in shameful fashion
 His Delilah he scouts;
 He makes sport of his passion,
 And all its joy he doubts.

DELILAH:

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

HIGH PRIEST:

Then let thy zeal awaken,
 Use thy weird magic powers,
 That unarmed, overtaken,
 He this night may be ours!
 Sell me this redoubtable thrall,
 Nor then shall thy profit be small;
 Naught thou wishest could be a burden
 Priceless shall be thy well-earned guer-
 don!

DELILAH:

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

HIGH PRIEST:

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

DELILAH:

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

HIGH PRIEST:

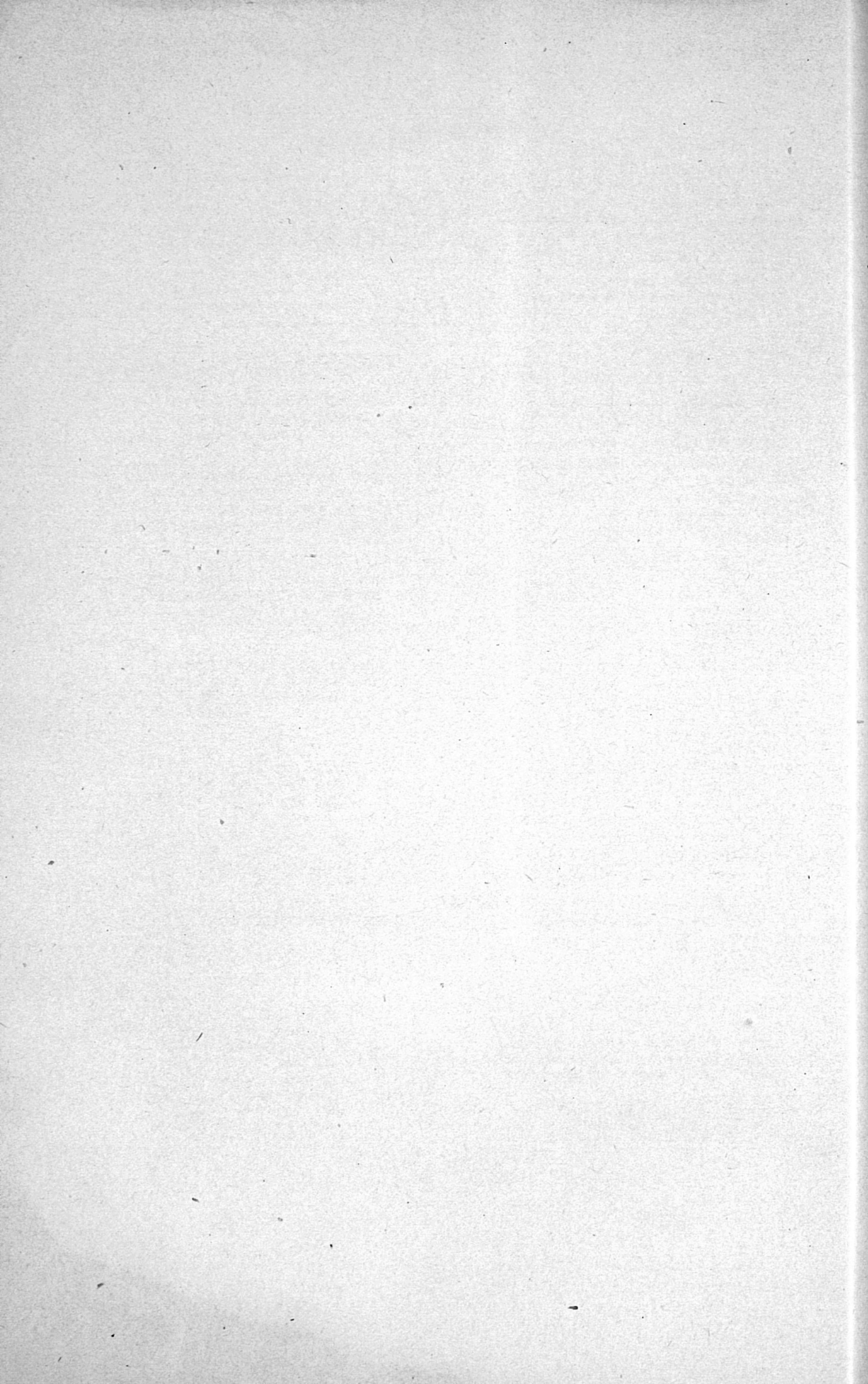
Oh, may Dagon, our God, by thy side
 deign to stand!
 'Tis for him thou are fighting; thou
 winnest by his hand.

DELILAH:

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



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK



HIGH PRIEST:

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

DELILAH:

That vengeance now at last may find
him, etc.

HIGH PRIEST:

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

DELILAH:

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

HIGH PRIEST:

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

DELILAH:

He will come!

HIGH PRIEST:

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

[Exit.

DELILAH: (*approaches the portico, L.,
and stands leaning in a dreamy atti-
tude against one of the pillars*):

Ah! can it be? And have I lost the
sway

That I held o'er my lover?
The night is dark, without a ray;
If he seeks me now, how discover?
Alas!
The moments pass!

SCENE III

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

SAMSON:

Once again to this place
My erring feet draw nigh!

I ought to shun her face,

No will have I!
Though my passion I curse,
Yet its torments still slay me.
Away! away from here,
Ere she through stealth betray me!

DELILAH (*advancing toward Samson*):

'Tis thou! 'tis thou whom I adore!
In thine absence I languish:
In seeing thee once more
Forgot are hours of anguish!
Thy face is doubly welcome.

SAMSON:

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

DELILAH:

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

SAMSON:

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

DELILAH:

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

SAMSON:

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

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

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

DELILAH:

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

SAMSON:

Forbear to rack my soul with woe!
I must yield to a law above thee;
Tenfold my grief when my tears flow—
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!
(*Distant flashes of lightning.*)

DELILAH:

A God far more mighty than thine,
My friend, through me his will pro-
claimeth;
'Tis the God of Love, the divine,
Whose law thy God's small scepter
shameth!
Recall blissful hours by my side,
If thou from thy mistress wilt sever!
Thou'st broke the faith that should
abide!
I alone remain constant ever!

SAMSON:

Thou unfeeling! To doubt of my heart!
Ever of my love all things tell me!
O, let me perish by God's dart,
Tho' God's lightning should over-
whelm me!
(*The thunderstorm approaches.*)

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

DELILAH:

My heart at thy dear voice
Opens wide like a flower,
Which he morn's kisses waken;
But that I may rejoice,
That my tears no more shower,
Tell thy love, still unshaken!
Oh, say thou wilt not now
Leave Delilah again!
Repeat with accents tender
Every passionate vow,
Oh, thou dearest of men!
Ah! to the charms of love surren-
der!
Rise with me to its height of splen-
dor!

SAMSON:

Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH:

As fields of growing corn
In the morn bend and sway,
When the light zephyr rises,
E'en so my heart forlorn
Is thrilled by passion's play.
At thy voice's sweet surprises!
Less rapid is the dart
In its death-dealing flight

Than I spring to my delight,
To my place in thy heart!
Ah! to Love's delight surrender!
Rise with me to its height of splendor!

SAMSON:

I'll dry thy tears
By charm of sweet caresses,
And chase thy fears
And the grief that oppresses!
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!
(*Flashes of lightning. Violent crash of
thunder.*)

DELILAH:

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

SAMSON:

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

DELILAH:

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

SAMSON:

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

DELILAH:

If still I have power to move thee,
Whereby in the past I was blessed,
This hour I would put it to test:
Firm trust in me would now behoove
thee!
(*Lightning and thunder nearer and
nearer.*)

SAMSON:

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

DELILAH:

Tell me thy vow! Assuage the pain I
bear!

SAMSON:
Thy power is vain; vain thy annoyance!
(*Lightning without thunder.*)

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

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

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

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

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

SAMSON:
Say no more!

DELILAH:
Tell thy vow!

SAMSON:
Ask me not!

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

(*Lightning without thunder.*)

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

DELILAH:
I fear not by thy side! Come!

SAMSON:
Nay!

DELILAH:
Come!

SAMSON:
Say no more!

DELILAH:
At His wrath cast defiance!

SAMSON:
Vain is my self-reliance.
'Tis the voice of God!

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

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

DELILAH (*appearing at her window*):
Your aid, Philistines, your aid!

SAMSON:
I am betrayed!
(*The soldiers rush into the house.*)

Curtain.

[END OF ACT II]

ACT III

FIRST TABLEAU.—*A prison at Gaza.*

SCENE I

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

SAMSON:
Look down on me, O Lord! Have mercy
on me!
Behold my woe! Behold, sin hath un-
done me!
My erring feet have wandered from Thy
path,
And so I feel the burden of Thy wrath!
To Thee, O God, this poor wrecked life
I offer!
I am no more than a scorn to the
scoffer!
My sightless eyes testify of my fall;
Upon my head
Hath been shed
Bitter gall!

CHORUS :

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

SAMSON :

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

CHORUS :

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

SAMSON :

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

CHORUS :

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

SAMSON :

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

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

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

SCENE II

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

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES :

Dawn now on the hilltops heralds the
day!
Stars and torches in its light fade away!
Let us revel still, and despite its warn-
ing
Love till the morning!
It is love alone makes us bright and gay!
The breeze of the morn puts the shades
to flight,
They hasten away like the mist-veil
light!
The horizon glows with a rosy splendor;
The sun shines bright
On each swelling height,
And each treetop tender!
Bacchanal.

SCENE III

HIGH PRIEST :

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

CHORUS :

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

SAMSON (*aside*) :

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

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

By my hand, love, be thou led!
Let me show thee where thy feet may
tread!
Down the long and shaded alley



GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI

Leading to the enchanted valley,
 Where often we used to meet,
 Enjoying hours heavenly sweet!
 Thou hadst to climb craggy mountains
 To make thy way to thy bride,
 Where by the murmuring fountains,
 Thou wert in bliss at my side!
 Tell me how thy heart still blesses
 All the warmth of my caresses!
 Thy love well served for my end.
 That I my vengeance might fashion
 Thy vital secret I gained,
 Working on thy blinded passion!
 By my love thy soul was lured!
 'Twas I who have wrought our salva-
 tion!
 'Twas Delilah's hand assured
 Her god, her hate, and her nation.

CHORUS:

'Twas thy hand that assur'd
 Our God, our hate, and our nation.

SAMSON (*aside*):

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

HIGH PRIEST:

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

SAMSON:

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

CHORUS:

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 We laugh at thy furious spite!
 Us thou canst not affright.
 With idle wrath thou ragest;

The day is like the night!
 Thine eyes lack their sight,
 A weakling's war thou wagest!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!

HIGH PRIEST:

Come, fair Delilah, give thanks to our
 god,
 Jehovah trembles at his awful nod.
 Consult we now
 What his godhead advises,
 E'en while we bow
 The sacred incense rises.

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

DELILAH:

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

HIGH PRIEST:

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

BOTH:

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

CHORUS:

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

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

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

ALTOS—(Continued)

Olney, Anne
Osborne, Grace
Pfisterer Matilda C.
Phelps, Ora
Pistorius, Elsa
Pledger, Sarah
Reed, Jessie D.
Reeves, Mrs. M. C.

Reimold, Louise
Rix, Lois
Schlanderer, May
Smith, Marian
Stark, Frances S.
Taylor, Frances S.
Tregoe, Laura
Vandawarker, Mrs. G. S.

Varson, Nina F.
Wagner, Martha L.
Wahr, Caroline D.
Walton, Carol F.
Wente, Elizabeth
Wilson, Lena
Wisdom, Inez
Wood, Bess

TENORS

Bean, George E.
Bedford, Clayton W.
Belote, E. Irving
Carver, Gail L.
Coffey, Roy V.
DeWolf, Royal A.
Dill, Lawrence Love
Dockeray, Floyd C.
Dunnebach, Arthur F.
Duppert, William J.
Finch, Frank Richard
Fralick, Robert G.
Frazee, Arthur F.

Fujita, Kanaye
Goddard, Leslie
Granville, Robert
Guinther, John
Hodge, Herbert
Holmes, Clarence L.
Jones, Don K.
Kauffman, Calvin H.
Kennedy, Rev. A. H.
Killeen, Fred
Legg, William E.
Merker, Harvey M.
Morris, William West

Pardee, Ralph H.
Phelps, Harold A.
Saltsgiver, Clinton R.
Saxton, James B.
Shull, A. Franklin
Slusser, Paul
Smith, George H.
Staley, Clarence B.
Stone, Charles E.
Sugnat, Charles
Swinfort, Charles R.
Thienes, Elmer
Tompkins, Frank G.
Uric, Frank D.

BASSES

Adams, Carl H.
Ashley, Irwin C.
Ball, Walter
Banks, Harry P.
Barnard, Robert
Bartholomew, Rudolph
Bartlett, George
Baylis, Frank R.
Becker, Dwight
Biggs, Richard A.
Brooks, Dr. Erwin D.
Brown, Harold L.
Buckley, Harold N.
Burrett, Claude A.
Burton, Russell C.
Caldwell, Dr. Edward B.
Campbell, Robert T.
Church, Henry Ward
Clark, Harry L.
Collins, H. Fred
Cook, Nathan R.
Cornell, Harold D.
Crafts, Harold L.
Davis, Rice B.
DeBruyn, J. William
DeLaguna, Dr. Theodore
Dewey, Elmer C.

Dowd, Roy A.
Dudley, Lee A.
Erickson, Fred L.
Faucher, Dennis A.
Felt, Stanley E.
Ferguson, Carl A.
Fowler, John W.
Frank, Emanuel G.
Goddard, Harvey
Goodwin, Dean E.
Gould, Harold Peck
Hall, Albert J.
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Harvey, Athelstan G.
Hathaway, William H.
Higgins, Dr. S. E.
Kendrick, Warren
Keys, Walter C.
Killeen, Earle Grenville
King, Roscoe
Koch, Eugene
Koehler, James H.
Lehndorff, Elmer
Leland, R. Geming
Lovell, Alfred H.
Lyon, Burt E.
Marble, Manton M.

McClelland, Carl C.
McFarland, Russell M.
Moody, Earl E.
Palmer, Henry P.
Porter, John J.
Rosenwater, Stanley
Rovelstad, Thorstein S.
Ryder, Edward Kirke
Sanford, James
Schmidt, Ellery
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CHORUS:

Dagon we praise!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

Reveal to thy priest's wondering eyes,

Who alone can behold thy glory,

All the future's dark, mystic story,

Which behind Fate's veil hidden lies!

God hear our prayer

Within thy fane!

Make us thy care!

Let justice reign!

Success attend us

Whene'er we fight!

Protection lend us

Both day and night!

DELILAH, HIGH PRIEST, AND CHORUS:

Dagon shows his power!

See the new flame tower!

Burning bright

Amid smouldering ashes,

Our Lord of light,

Descending, o'er us flashes!

Lo! the god we worship now appeareth.

All his people fear his nod!

HIGH PRIEST (*to Samson*):

That fate may not in favor falter,

Now, Samson, come, thine offering
pour

Unto Dagon there on his altar,

And on thy knees his grace implore!

(*To the boy.*)

Guide thou his steps! Let thy good care
enfold him

That all the people from afar behold
him!

SAMSON:

Now, Lord, to Thee do I pray!

Be Thou once more my stay;

Toward the marble columns,

My boy, guide thou my way.

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

CHORUS:

Dagon shows his power, etc.

God hear our prayer, etc.

Thou hast vanquished the insolent

Children of Israel,

Strengthened our arm,

Our heart renewed,

Kept us from harm,

And by thy wonders

Brought these people to servitude,

Who despised thy wrath

And thy thunders!

God, hear our prayer, etc.

Glory to Dagon! Glory!

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

Hear Thy servant's cry, God, my Lord,

Though he is sore distressed with
blindness!

My former force once more restore.

One instant renew thy gracious kind-
ness!

Let Thine anger avenge my race.

Let them perish all in this place.

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

ALL:

Ah!

(*The curtain falls.*)

CHORAL UNION

SOPRANOS

Adams, Mrs. Olin V.	Farlin, Leila Hortense	Ptolemy, Helena
Asall, Hannah	Farnham, Frances	Rankin, Josephine E.
Atkins, Elsie	Findley, Maud	Redding, Myrthe
Avery, Marie	Fischer, Amanda	Rhoades, Jennie S.
Bailey, Elizabeth Rosa	Fischer, Mrs. F. P.	Rominger, Julia
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Baker, Florence E.	Fischer, Natalie	Ryan, Frances
Baker, May L.	Florer, Susan	Schleede, Edith
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Beach, M. Ethel	Grossman, Minnie	Spence, Florence I.
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Bucks, Olive	Hodge, May	Stewart, Madge
Burg, Marie Grace	Hoheisel, Theresa	Stowe, Genevieve
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Campbell, Elizabeth A.	Hopkins, Genevieve	Tarrant, Bertha H.
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Davison, Nina M.	Miller, Ruth E.	White, Mary L.
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Donovan, Mary F.	Murray, Odessa E.	Whitman, Lillian
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Edwards, Stella Taft	Probert, Mrs. Dorothy	Zeller, Agnes Elsie
		Zulz, Mattie

ALTOS

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Beach, Florence A.	Dicken, Carrie	Hopkins, Myrtle
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Crossman, La Verne	Hall, Gladys E.	Major, Birdie
Dann, Edith	Hamilton, Nellie M.	Mason, Leah
Darling, Mrs. Cyrenus G.	Hanchett, Madge	McLaughlin, Margaret
Davis, Mrs. A. L.	Herman, Mrs. Lewis	Oliver, Ada D.