
FIFTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1908



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK

[OFFICIAL]

FIFTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor

May 13, 14, 15, 16, 1908



ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1908

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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1907-1908

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LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, ORGANIST

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The Theodore Thomas Orchestra

FOUNDED BY THEODORE THOMAS

FREDERICK A. STOCK
CONDUCTOR

FIRST VIOLINS

BECKER, L.
ESSER, F.
BRAUN, H., JR.
NURNBERGER, L.
SCHULZ, M.
WUNDERLE, C.
ITTE, F.
KRUSCHWITZ, E.

SECOND VIOLINS

HILLMANN, C.
HLADKY, F.
WOOLLETT, W.
NOVAK, L.
BUSSE, A.
ULRICH, A.

VIOLAS

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

VIOLONCELLOS

STEINDEL, B.
UNGER, W.
CORELL, L.
FELBER, H.

BASSES

KLEMM, L.
WOLF, O.
PARBS, H.
OTTE, F.

HARP

SINGER, W.

FLUTES

QUENSEL, A.
BAUMBACH, C.

PICCOLO

SCHROETER, R.

OBOES

BARTHEL, A.
HESELBACH, O.

ENGLISH HORN

STARKE, F.

CLARINETS

SCHREURS, J.
BUSSE, A.

BASS CLARINET

MEYER, C.

BASSOONS

KRUSE, P.
KRUSCHWITZ, E.

CONTRA-BASSOON

FRIEDRICH, L.

HORNS

DEMARE, L.
POTTAG, M.
FRANK, W.
ALBRECHT, C.

TRUMPETS

SCHUBERT, O.
HANDKE, P.

CORNETS

ULRICH, A.
FELBER, H.

TROMBONES

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

BASS TUBA

OTTE, F.

TIMPANI

ZETTELMAUN, J.

PERCUSSIONS

WINTRICH, M.
WAGNER, F.

LIBRARIAN

McNICOL, T.

List of Concerts and Soloists

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 8:00 O'CLOCK

OPENING CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, *Contralto*

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 8:00 O'CLOCK

"THE CREATION"

HAYDN

SOLOISTS

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, *Soprano*

MR. EDWARD JOHNSON, *Tenor*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15, 2:30 O'CLOCK

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto*

MR. LEOPOLD DE MARE, *French Horn*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 15, 8:00 O'CLOCK

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOIST

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 7:30 O'CLOCK

"FAUST," An Opera in Five Acts

GOUNOD

CAST

Faust, MR. EDWARD JOHNSON

Margarita, MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY

Mephistopheles, MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON

Martha, MISS JANET SPENCER

Valentine, MR. CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM

Brander, MR. EARLE KILLEEN

Students, Soldiers, Villagers, Angels, Demons, THE CHORAL UNION

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1907 - 1908

NINETEENTH SEASON

SIXTH CONCERT

No. CLXVI, COMPLETE SERIES

First May Festival Concert

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 8 O'CLOCK

SOLOISTS

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, *Contralto*

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

- VORSPIEL, "Die Meistersinger" WAGNER
- LYRIC SUITE, Opus 54 GRIEG
Shepherd's Boy
Norwegian March
Nocturne
March of the Dwarfs
- RECITATIVE AND ARIA of "Vitellia," from "Titus" MOZART
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
- CONCERTO, for Organ, No. 2, G minor, Op. 177 RHEINBERGER
GRAVE; ANDANTE; CON MOTO
MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK
- INTERMISSION
- OVERTURE, "Barber of Bagdad" CORNELIUS
- RECITATIVE AND ARIA, from "Prophète," MEYERBEER
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
- VALSE DE CONCERT, Opus 47 GLAZOUNOW
- THE DAMNATION OF FAUST BERLIOZ
Invocation—Menuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps
Dance of the Sylphs
March, "Rakoczy"



FREDERICK A. STOCK

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1907-1908

NINETEENTH SEASON

SEVENTH CONCERT

No. CLXVII, COMPLETE SERIES

Second May Festival Concert

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 8 O'CLOCK

THE "CREATION"

AN ORATORIO IN THREE PARTS, BY JOSEF HAYDN

SOLOISTS

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, *Soprano*

MR. EDWARD JOHNSON, *Tenor*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

SYNOPSIS

PART FIRST

REPRESENTATION OF CHAOS.

RECIT. AND CHORUS—In the beginning,
God.

AIR—Now vanish before the holy.

CHORUS—Despairing, cursing rage.

RECIT.—And God made the firmament.

SOLO AND CHORUS—The marvellous
work.

RECIT.—And God said: Let the waters.

AIR—Rolling in foaming billows.

RECIT.—And God said: Let the earth.

AIR—With verdure clad.

RECIT.—And the Heavenly Host.

CHORUS—Awake the harp.

RECIT.—And God said: Let there be
lights.

RECIT.—In splendor bright.

CHORUS—The heavens are telling.

PART SECOND

RECIT.—And God said: Let the waters.

AIR—On mighty pens.

RECIT.—And God created great whales.

RECIT.—And the angels.

TERZETTO—Most beautiful appear.

TRIO AND CHORUS—The Lord is great.

RECIT.—And God said: Let the earth.

RECIT.—Straight opening her fertile.

AIR—Now heaven in fullest glory shone.

RECIT.—And God created man.

AIR—In native worth.

RECIT.—And God saw everything.

CHORUS—Achieved is the glorious work.

TRIO—On thee each living soul awaits.

CHORUS—Achieved is the glorious work.

PART THIRD

INTRODUCTION.

RECIT.—In rosy mantle appears.

DUET AND CHORUS—By thee with bliss.

DUET AND CHORUS—Of stars the fairest.

RECIT.—Our duty we have now.

DUET—Graceful consort.

RECIT.—Oh happy pair.

CHORUS—Sing the Lord, ye voices all.

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1907-1908

NINETEENTH SEASON

EIGHTH CONCERT

No. CLXVIII, COMPLETE SERIES

Third May Festival Concert

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15, 2:30 O'CLOCK

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto*

MR. LEOPOLD DE MARE, *French Horn*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

- OVERTURE, "Benvenuto Cellini" BERLOIZ
- RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "O ma Lyre Immortelle,"
from "Sapho" GOUNOD
MISS JANET SPENCER
- INTRODUCTION TO ACT I, "Fervaal" D' INDY
- CONCERTO, for French Horn STRAUSS
MR. LEOPOLD DE MARE

INTERMISSION

- SYMPHONY No. 1, B flat, Opus 38 SCHUMANN
ANDANTE UN POCO MAESTOSO—ALLEGRO MOLTO VIVACE;
LARGHETTO; SCHERZO; ALLEGRO ANIMATO E GRAZIOSO

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1907-1908

NINETEENTH SEASON
No. CLXIX, COMPLETE SERIES

NINTH CONCERT

Fourth May Festival Concert

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 15, 8 O'CLOCK

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOIST

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, *Contralto*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE, to "Der Faule Hans"	RITTER
TWO LEGENDS FROM THE "KALEVALA"	SIBELIUS
"The Swan of Tuonela"	
"Lemminkäinen Turns Homeward"	
TOD UND DAS MÄDCHEN	SCHUBERT
DIE JUNGE NONNE	SCHUBERT
DER ERLKÖNIG	SCHUBERT
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK	
VARIATIONS, Opus 36	ELGAR
INTERMISSION	
OVERTURE, "Rienzi"	WAGNER
RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Adriano" (Rienzi)	WAGNER
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK	
RONDO, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"	STRAUSS

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1907-1908

NINETEENTH SEASON
No. CLXX, COMPLETE SERIES

TENTH CONCERT

Fifth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 7:30 O'CLOCK

"FAUST"

AN OPERA IN FIVE ACTS, BY CHARLES GOUNOD

CAST

FAUST	MR. EDWARD JOHNSON
MARGARITA	MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY
MEPHISTOPHELES	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
MARTHA	MISS JANET SPENCER
VALENTINE	MR. CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM
BRANDER	MR. EARLE KILLEEN
STUDENTS, SOLDIERS, VILLAGERS, ANGELS, DEMONS	CHORAL UNION
MR. LEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist	
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor	

SYNOPSIS

ACT I	SCENE AND ARIA—"I wish I could but know."
INTRODUCTION.	QUARTET—"Saints above and angels."
SCENE AND CHORUS—"In vain do I call."	DUET—"The hour is late."
DUET—"If I pray."	
ACT II	ACT IV
KERMESSE. CHORUS—"Red or white liquor."	ROMANZA—"When o'er thy joying."
RECIT. AND ARIA—"Dear gift of my sister."	SOLDIERS CHORUS—"Glory and love to the men of old."
"Even bravest heart may swell."	SERENADE—"Catarina, while you play at sleeping."
BALLAD—"The Calf of Gold."	TERZET—"What is your will with me?"
WALTZ AND CHORUS—"Light as air at early morning."	CHURCH SCENE—"O, thou! who on thy throne."
ACT III	ACT V
BALLAD—"Gentle flowers in the dew."	DUET—"My heart is torn with grief."
CAVATINA—"What is it that charms me?"	TERZET—"Then leave her!"
	CHORUS OF ANGELS—"No! not so!"



ALBERT A. STANLEY

Descriptive Programs

ANALYSES BY
ALBERT A. STANLEY

(With exceptions noted in text)

ALL CONCERTS
BEGIN ON STANDARD TIME

DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE THE
BEGINNING OF EACH
CONCERT

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 13, 1906

VORSPIEL, "Meistersinger,"

WAGNER

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

Counterpoint has been given a new task in these latter days. It has become the "Servant of Feeling" (to quote Richard Wagner's saying) instead of the language of pedantry. "Counterpoint with a soul," as it may now be called, has nowhere more convincingly proven its right to be than in the works of Richard Wagner, who has been called "Der verschleierte Bach" (the veiled Bach). In the revelation of individual passion in its manifold phases, as well as in illustration of the complicated relations of life, Wagner employed the style of writing which in Bach's time served as the expression of the religious convictions of the man, or too frequently existed for its own sake. Were one asked to give a concrete illustration of this inevitable evolution of the polyphonic idea, it would be impossible to cite a work in which all that is involved in the highest concept of this idea comes to expression in greater measure than in *Die Meistersinger*. Contrary to the master's definition of the function of the overture—and quite in accordance with the relation of theory and practice in many of his works, the *Meistersinger* Prelude is the opera reduced to its lowest terms. That is to say, in this marvelous web of related and interrelated themes we meet with motives which stand for the various dramatic factors in the plot. Individuals, principles, points of view, pure abstractions and concrete experiences all combine in this work, each represented by distinctive themes. As in the life of the proud old city on the Pegnitz, burghers, meistersingers, apprentices, lived and loved, struggled and conquered, so here in the score the motives combine in a unity broad enough to include the infinite variety of the individual expressions.

LYRIC SUITE, from Op. 54

GRIEG

Born June 15, 1843, at Bergen, Norway; died there September 4, 1907.

SHEPHERD'S BOY: NORWEGIAN RUSTIC MARCH; NOCTURNE; MARCH OF THE DWARFS.

Edward Hagerup Grieg cannot be included in the ranks of the greater geniuses, but in his death the world of music sustained a great loss.

He gave to the world something that was distinctive—something new that was vital—something that rose above the manner of statement and laid hold on verities—and of such the world has known but too few. Much that is novel is not worth while—much that appears novel is new only in so far as its method of presentation is

unique, but, fortunately, that which makes its appeal through novelty, as such, never survives. Grieg not only sounded a new note but that note was the voice of a race. In his treatment of the themes, so original, so instinct with the charm of his rare personality, and so surcharged with tradition and national feeling, he ever looked beyond the letter that he might more perfectly show forth the spirit. He left no school—but he did more than that: he made the music of his country an artistic asset of enormous value by opening up new sources of inspiration. He showed his greatness in his mastery of the smaller forms—and could say great things in a few words—for he never seemed to have mastered the art—no! the “knack”—of saying little things in the “grand manner.”

As a good illustration of his style the Suite on our program may be cited. It is made up from a work for pianoforte. From the six numbers included in the Suite four were chosen and scored by the composer himself. In a certain sense it is not an arrangement, for a composer may write for the piano and think in terms of the orchestra. That is, some composers can do this effectively—but the practice carries with it obvious dangers. The different numbers are so thoroughly in consonance with the suggestions of their titles that they need no analysis.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, “Non piu di fiori,” from “Titus,”

MOZART

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

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

This work received its first performance in Prague, September 6, 1791. Mozart was throwing himself, heart and soul, into the composition of his immortal Requiem, when he received a commission to write a festal opera in honor of the Emperor Leopold's coronation at Prague. The text selected was Metastasio's “Clemenza de Tito.” Although the time allowed him was very short, and in spite of the fact that the subject given him was distasteful, he began work upon it with his accustomed enthusiasm. He was, however, obliged to set out on his journey to the Bohemian capital with the score unfinished. Arriving at Prague in the middle of August, he completed the opera, rehearsed it, and produced it in eighteen days after his arrival. It was not successful, for the people were too much occupied with the brilliant festivities of the week to be in a receptive mood, and the work itself was not calculated to arouse enthusiasm.

VITELLIA: Ha! now strikes, O Vitellia, the dread hour of trial! Hast thou the courage to behold the noble, faithful Sextus bleed for thee? Sextus, who loves thee more than life; who for thy sake became a traitor; who proves his fidelity through death; who unrewarded loves thee still! In spite of this wilt thou, forgetting thy guilt, with cheerful mien share the throne with Titus? Will not the picture of Sextus restlessly pursue thee? The breezes, the very walls will reveal my secret to Titus! No! I will at his feet my guilt confess! Through this confession I shall excuse the guilt of Sextus! Can I not blot out this stain; then farewell to all hope of the throne and to love forever!

Perfume-distilling roses are fading,
 Blossoms and flow'rets my presence doth blight.
 Shadows are falling, terror foreboding,
 Powers of evil are closing me round.
 Woe! Accursed one!



LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK

CONCERTO, for Organ, No. 2. G minor, Op. 177.

RHEINBERGER

Born at Vaduz, March 17, 1839; died at Munich, November 25, 1902.

Grave; Andante; Con Moto.

MR. RENWICK.

This work is one of the comparatively few really effective compositions for the organ and orchestra in existence. Berlioz, in his "Treatise on Instrumentation," says: "This combination can never be made artistically satisfying, as the qualities of tone are such as to make a homogeneous effect impossible." Moreover, he says, "the two are opposed to each other, for neither can give up to the other. Each is king." However much there may be of truth in this statement, in this concerto we meet with a treatment of the solo instrument so radically different from that of Berlioz's time that the reasons for his dictum are not apparent. In this genial work—as in the earlier concerto, in *F major*—we find virile themes combining with poetic episodes, the whole dominated by clarity of form, and expressed in the natural speech of the organ—polyphony. In it, as in all his works, the composer treats the instrument in a manner calculated to show its plasticity, and to reveal its grace as well as power. Such a conception of the organ was unknown to Berlioz, hence his autocratic attitude towards the instrument, which was intensified by his contempt for the fugal forms which have always dominated organ literature. When one analyses any of Berlioz's attempts at fugal writing an excellent reason for this contempt is clearly revealed.

OVERTURE, "Barber of Bagdad,"

CORNELIUS

Born Christmas Eve, 1824, at Mainz; died October 24, 1874, at Mainz.

Carl August Peter Cornelius should have been a *Glückskind*, judging from the date of his birth, and to a certain degree this may have been true. He was a man of varied gifts, intellectual, and scholarly. His parents were identified with the stage, and did not look with favor upon his decision to devote himself to music. He was powerfully attracted to Richard Wagner, by whom he was greatly influenced, and he rendered great service to the master through his convincing articles, especially those in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.

The "Barber of Bagdad" has had a rather unfortunate history. When first performed at Weimar, under the direction of Franz Liszt, it provoked the most intense hostile criticism, and was made the excuse for such a bitter attack on Liszt that he resigned his position rather than to admit that he was mistaken in his judgment of the work. It has been rehabilitated several times, but has not remained for any length of time in the repertoire of any of the great opera houses. That this should be the case is a great mystery, for it is a work of real genius—replete with original melody—superlatively witty—in fact, one of the greatest operatic works of the nineteenth century.

The overture on our program is the second, as the first—in *B Minor*—was found to be ineffective. It is considered one of his greatest creations. It was written at the suggestion of Franz Liszt, who was the first to recognize the composer's greatness, and who furnished the instrumentation, as Cornelius—who died soon after its composition, left a pianoforte score only.

First comes the "Barber" motive,

Trumpet.

f A - Boul Has - - san A - li E - ben Be - kar

which is followed by a portion of the Barber's humorous song.

Ob. *p*

Lore ac-a-dem-ic-al, phys-ic-al, chem-ic-al, Learning gram-mat-ic-al, facts math-e-mat-ic-al

The next theme is assigned to Nouredden, who in his delirium calls on Morgiana.

Fl. & Ob.

p *mf* *p*

Then follows the motive of Bostrana, Morgiana's old duenna.

Ob.
Clar.

All these motives occur in the introductory section. The overture proper now begins with the following theme, in which Bostrana tells Nouredden—a lovesick youth—of Morgiana's favor.

Violins.

p *Cres.*

Then follow interesting developments, leading to the following theme—the second subject:

Cello & Horn.

p molto espress.

Ob., Clar., Horn. *cres.* *dim.* Fl.

In the following illustration we find a clever use of counterpoint, in which the themes 5 and 6 are genially combined.

Fl., Ob. & Clar.

Violins. *Cantabile.*

Through many ingenious exploitations of material, with which we are familiar, the work is brought to a brilliant termination by means of an orthodox coda.

PRISON SCENE (Act V.) from "The Prophet,"

MEYERBEER

Born at Berlin, September 5, 1791; died at Paris, May 2, 1864.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

The limitations of space forbid either an adequate review of the work of Giacomo Meyerbeer or any attempt at a reconciliation of the radically opposing views of his detractors and admirers. Possibly R. Wagner came nearer the truth than any other when he stated that Meyerbeer's greatest fault was the desire "to produce an effect without an adequate cause." But he adds that "sometimes he rises to great heights." In the selection on our program, the celebrated Fides aria from "Le Prophète," first produced in Paris in 1849—we have one of his most sublime inspirations. Schopenhauer said: "A man has a right to be represented by his best, instead of his worst," and no one can deny that this aria shows the composer at his best.

(Sung in French).

FIDES:—O my cruel destiny!

Whither have you led me?
 What! the walls of a prison!
 They arrest my footsteps.
 I am no longer free.
 Bertha swore my son's death,
 He denied his mother.

On his head let the wrath
 Of Heaven fall.
 Fall on the ungrateful son
 Thy just anger.
 No, no, have pity on him!

The ingrate abandons me,
 But my heart is disarmed.
 Thy mother pardons thee.
 Yes, I am still a mother.

My beloved, Heaven on thee
 Have pity, thou gavest the heart:
 I have given my cares
 That thou may'st be happy,
 Now I would give my life,

And my soul exalted,
 Will wait for thee in heaven.

VALESE DE CONCERT, No. 1, Op. 47,

GLAZOUNOW

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

SELECTIONS from "Damnation of Faust,"

BERLIOZ

Born at Coté St. Andre, December 11, 1803; died March 9, 1869, at Paris.

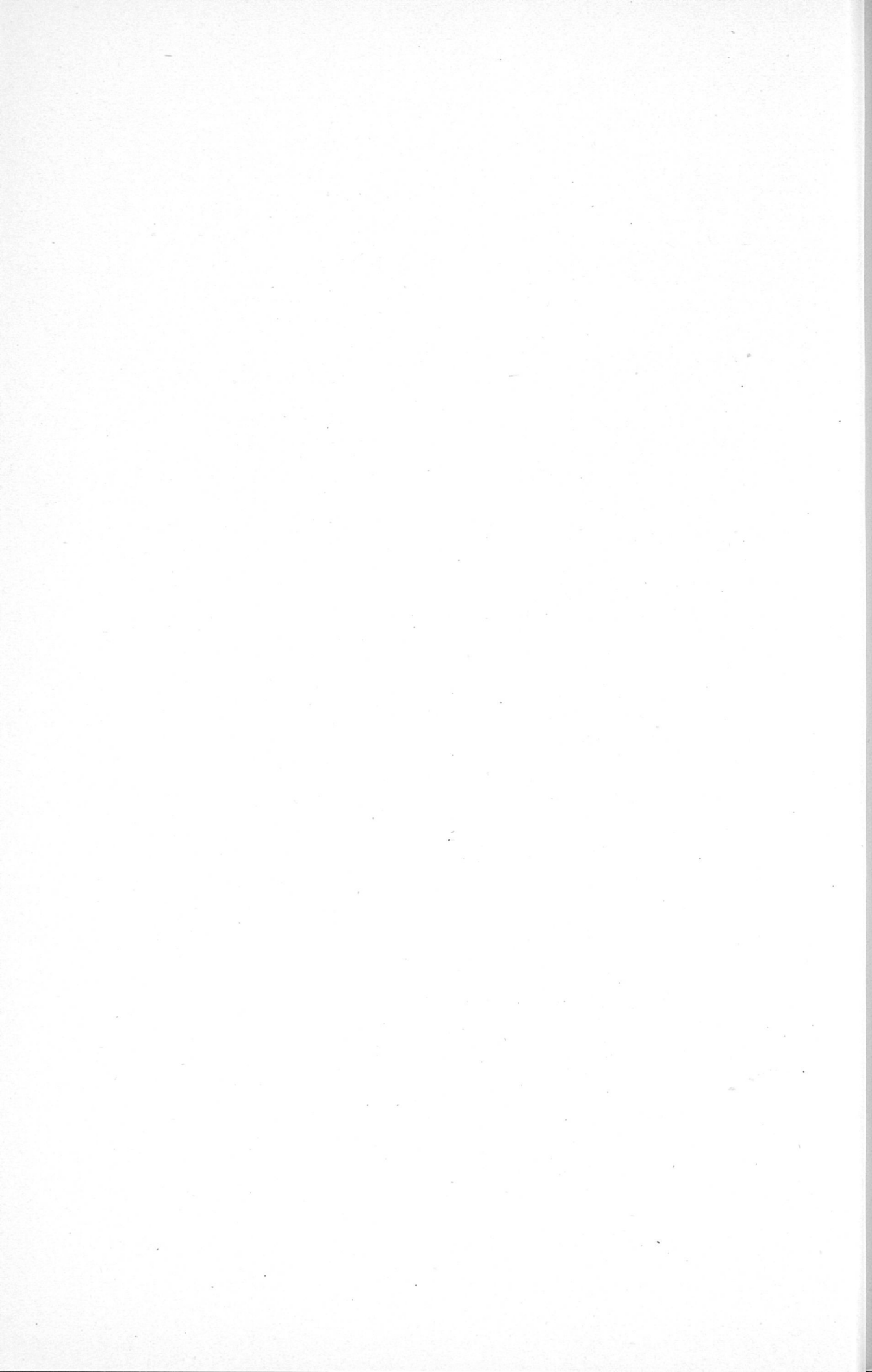
- a) MENUET, "WILL O' THE WISPS."
- b) DANCE OF THE "SYLPHS."
- c) MARCH, "RAKOCZY."

Hector Berlioz—called by some, with singular disregard for the fitness of things, and sublime ignorance of the characteristics of composers, the "French Beethoven"—was a man of uncommon parts. Gifted with rare literary facility—of unusual critical acumen and real musical genius—by reason of his most unfortunate disposition he was rarely understood, least of all by his countrymen, and not taken at his real artistic valuation until after his death. Then France hastened to make amends for her neglect. Germany—where he found an ardent supporter in Franz Liszt, who was ever responsive to pathfinders—recognized his genius long before his native country awoke to a realization of his greatness.

Possibly the appreciation he found in the country of Goethe accounts for his setting of "Faust," but, whatever the cause, it was a happy inspiration that led him to the composition of this immortal story. In it he found abundant opportunity for the exercise of his marvelous resources, and, with certain reservations, it is not too much to say that Goethe found in him a greater interpreter than in either Spohr or Gounod. The selections chosen show his wonderful grasp of the orchestra in a most happy manner. The delicacy of the "Dance of the Sylphs," the geniality of the "Will o' the Wisps," and the brilliancy of the stirring setting of the "Rakoczy" March, reveal various sides of a genius that was adequate to all demands, even to those imposed by his occasional excursions into the domain of the extra-musical.



HERERT WITHERSPOON



SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 14, 1908

"THE CREATION," an Oratorio, for Soli, Chorus, and Orchestra,

HAYDN

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

Born at Rohrau, March 31, 1732; died at Vienna, May 31, 1809.

None but a genius of the first rank can hope to succeed in the Oratorio. Indeed, it would seem that genius alone is not sufficient. There can be no question that Beethoven was a greater genius than Mendelssohn, yet in the "Mount of Olives" there can be found but little that is worthy of the creator of the Ninth Symphony or "Fidelio," while in "Elijah" and "St. Paul" the lesser genius soars to great heights.

It is not enough that to genius is added religious fervor, and certainly no amount of religious ecstasy or orthodoxy can avail in making up for musical deficiencies. Not to descend to the horrors of Gospel Hymns, illustrations of this fact may be seen in the cases of Gounod and the Abbe Perosi, both of them ardent Catholics, pure of life, and extremely devout.

But it avails little to review the list of failures in this special field, for there have been geniuses of great and commanding gifts to whom the power was given to create imperishable works in the oratorio form. The names of Bach, Händel and Haydn occur to one immediately in this connection. In passing it may be noted that the order in which they are given indicates their relative importance—for no one would for a moment consider Haydn equal to either Bach or Händel. Before Händel or Haydn essayed oratorio they had proven their power in the larger sacred forms, and both waited until their genius had attained maturity before they turned to the great sacred epics for inspiration. We may not discuss Händel's career at this time, further than to state that his work as an opera composer was practically closed when he ventured into this field. Haydn had done his work as a composer of serious compositions in the sonata form before he turned to great religious works. His singularly pure life seemed to have fitted him for such a setting of the sublime story of the creation as is given in the oratorio under consideration.

The facts in connection with the composition of the "Creation" are as follows: Lidley, an Englishman, had compiled the text from the Scriptures and Milton's "Paradise Lost," presumably for Händel, who for some reason did not use it. Salomon, the London publisher, offered the poem to Haydn, who was then in London, and he, after his return to Vienna, was persuaded by van Swieten to use it as the basis of an oratorio. Haydn was powerfully attracted to the subject, and was so engaged by the composition of the music that he was practically oblivious to all else. In fact, he said himself: "I knelt down every day and prayed God to strengthen me for my work."

This appeal seemed to have been more effective in his case than the inscription "Laus Deo," which Gounod placed at the top of each page of the score of "Mors et Vita," or the religious sincerity of Perosi. Haydn was German to the core, and the exaggerations of the Latin races were to him unknown. His religion, like his patriotism, was intense and vital, and in his art simplicity, naturalness and strength prevailed.

The "Creation" was first given in private at the Schwartzberg Palace, on the 29th and 30th of April, 1798. There is hanging over the actual date of this performance considerable uncertainty, but an error of a day or two in the case of such an immortal work really counts for less than German criticism would have us believe. The first public performance was given on Haydn's name-day, March 19, 1799, at the National Theater. It produced a most extraordinary effect—on none more than on the composer himself, who said: "One moment I was as cold as ice, the next I seemed on fire. More than once I was afraid that I would have a stroke." As soon as published it was given so frequently and was received so enthusiastically that it proved a formidable rival to the "Messiah," even in England. In that country it was first performed by the Three Choirs:—Worcester (1800), Hereford (1801), and Gloucester (1802), and, in the strictest sense, it has remained a "popular success" ever since.

PART THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.—REPRESENTATION
OF CHAOS.

RECIT.—(RAPHAEL.)

In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth; and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

CHORUS.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters: and God said, Let there be light, and there was light.

RECIT.—(URIEL.)

And God saw the light that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness.

AIR.

Now vanish, before the holy beams,
The gloomy shades of ancient night.
The first of days appears.
Now chaos ends and order fair prevails.
Affrighted fled hell spirits black in
 throngs;
Down they sink in the deep abyss
To endless night.

CHORUS.

Despairing cursing rage attends their
 rapid fall:
A new-created world springs up at
 God's command.

RECIT.—(RAPHAEL.)

And God made the firmament, and
divided the waters which were under
the firmament from the waters which
were above the firmament; and it was
so.

Now furious storms tempestuous
 rage;
As chaff, by the winds are impelled
 the clouds;
By heaven's fire, the sky is inflamed;
And awful thunders are rolling on
 high;
Now from the floods in steams ascend
 reviving showers of rain,
The dreary wasteful hail, the light and
 flaky snow.

AIR.—(GABRIEL.)

The marvellous work behold amaz'd
The glorious hierarchy of heaven;
And to th' ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God and of the second day.

CHORUS.

And to th' ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God and of the second day.

RECIT.—(RAPHAEL.)

And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear; and it was so. And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering of waters called He seas; and God saw that it was good.

AIR.

Rolling in foaming billows
Uplifted, roars the boisterous sea.
Mountains and rocks now emerge,
Their tops into the clouds ascend.
Through the open plains out-stretching
wide,
In serpent error rivers flow.
Softly purling, glides on
Through silent vales the limpid brook.

RECIT.—(GABRIEL.)

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so.

AIR.

With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravish'd sense;
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight.
Here fragrant herbs their odours shed;
Here shoots the healing plant;
With copious fruit the expanded boughs
are hung;
In leafy arches twine the shady groves;
O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

RECIT.—(URIEL.)

And the heavenly host proclaimed the third day, praising God, and saying—

CHORUS.

Awake the harp, the lyre awake,
And let your joyful song resound,
Rejoice in the Lord, the mighty God:
For He both the heaven and the earth
Hath cloth'd in stately dress.

RECIT.—(URIEL.)

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven, to divide the day from the night, and to give light upon the earth; and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years. He made the stars also.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*

In splendour bright is rising now the sun,
And darts his rays; a joyful, happy spouse,
A giant proud and glad
To run his measured course.
With softer beams and milder light,
Steps on the silver moon through silent night;
The space immense of azure sky,
In numerous hosts of radiant orbs adorns.
The sons of God announce the fourth day,
In song divine, proclaiming thus His power—

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

TRIO.

To-day that is coming speaks it the day,
The night that is gone to following night.

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

TRIO.

In all the lands resounds the word,
Never unperceived, ever understood.

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

PART THE SECOND.

RECIT.—(GABRIEL.)

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

AIR.

On mighty pens uplifted soars
 The eagle aloft, and cleaves the air
 In swiftest flight to the blazing sun.
 His welcome bids to morn the merry
 lark,
 And cooing calls the tender dove his
 mate.
 From every bush and grove resound
 The nightingale's delightful notes;
 No grief affected yet her breast,
 Nor to a mournful tale were tun'd
 Her soft enchanting lays.

RECIT.—(RAPHAEL.)

And God created great whales, and
 every living creature that moveth; and
 God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful all
 and multiply.

Ye winged tribes, be multiplied,
 And sing in every tree; multiply,
 Ye finny tribes, and fill each watery deep;
 Be fruitful, grow, and multiply,
 And in your God and Lord rejoice.

And the angels struck their immortal
 harps, and the wonders of the fifth day
 sung.

TRIO.

(GABRIEL.)

Most beautiful appear, with verdure
 young adorn'd
 The gently sloping hills; their narrow
 sinuous veins
 Distil, in crystal drops, the fountain
 fresh and bright.

(URIEL.)

In lofty circles play, and hover in the air,
 The cheerful host of birds; and in the
 flying whirl,
 The glittering plumes are dyed as rain-
 bows by the sun.

(RAPHAEL.)

See flashing through the wet in thronged
 swarms
 The fish a thousand ways around.
 Upheaved from the deep, the immense
 leviathan
 Sports on the foaming wave.

(GABRIEL, URIEL, RAPHAEL.)

How many are Thy works, O God!
 Who may their numbers tell!

TRIO AND CHORUS.

The Lord is great, and great His might,
 His glory lasts for ever and for ever-
 more.

RECIT.—(RAPHAEL.)

And God said, Let the earth bring
 forth the living creature after his kind;
 cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of
 the earth, after his kind.

Straight opening her fertile womb,
 The earth obey'd the word,
 And teem'd creatures numberless,
 In perfect forms, and fully grown.
 Cheerful roaring stands the tawny lion.
 With sudden leap
 The flexible tiger appears. The nimble
 stag
 Bears up his branching head. With fly-
 ing mane,
 And fiery look, impatient neighs the
 noble steed.
 The cattle, in herds, already seek their
 food
 On fields and meadows green.
 And o'er the ground as plants are spread
 The fleecy, meek, and bleating flocks.
 Unnumbered as the sands in swarms
 arose
 The hosts of insects. In long dimension
 Creeps with sinuous trace the worm.

AIR.

Now heaven in fullest glory shone;
 Earth smil'd in all her rich attire;
 Th' room of air by fowl is fill'd;
 The water swell'd by shoals of fish;
 By heavy beasts the ground is trod;
 But all the work was not complete;
 There wanted yet that wondrous being,
 That, grateful, should God's power ad-
 mire,
 With heart and voice His goodness
 praise.

RECIT.—(URIEL.)

And God created man in His own
 image, in the image of God created He
 him. Male and female created He them.
 He breathed into his nostrils the
 breath of life, and man became a living
 soul.



CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY

AIR.

In native worth and honour clad,
With beauty, courage, strength, adorn'd,
Erect, with front serene, he stands
A man, the lord and king of nature all.
His large and arched brow sublime,
Of wisdom deep declares the seat!
And in his eyes with brightness shines
The soul, the breath and image of his
God.

With fondness leans upon his breast
The partner for him form'd,
A woman, fair and graceful spouse.
Her softly smiling, virgin looks,
Of flow'ry spring the mirror,
Bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss

RECIT.—(RAPHAEL.)

And God saw everything that he had
made, and behold it was very good: and
the heavenly choir, in song divine, thus
closed the sixth day:

CHORUS.

Achieved is the glorious work;
The Lord beholds it, and is pleas'd;
In lofty strains let us rejoice,
Our song let be the praise of God.

TRIO.

(GABRIEL AND URIEL.)

On Thee each living soul awaits;
From Thee, O Lord, all seek their food;
Thou openest thy hand,
And all are filled with good;

(RAPHAEL.)

But when Thy face, O Lord, is hid,
With sudden terror they are struck;
Thou tak'st their breath away,
They vanish into dust;

(GABRIEL, URIEL, AND RAPHAEL.)

Thou sendest forth Thy breath again,
And life with vigour fresh returns;
Revived earth unfolds new strength
And new delights.

CHORUS.

Achieved is the glorious work;
Our song let be the praise of God.
Glory to His Name for ever.
He, sole, on high, exalted reigns,
Hallelujah.

PART THE THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.—MORNING.

RECIT.—(URIEL.)

In rosy mantle appears, by music sweet
awak'd,
The morning, young and fair;
From heaven's angelic choir
Pure harmony descends on ravish'd
earth.
Behold the blissful pair,
Where hand in hand they go: their
glowing looks
Express the thanks that swell their
grateful hearts.
A louder praise of God their lips
Shall utter soon; then let our voices
ring
United with their song.

DUET.—(ADAM AND EVE.)

By Thee with bliss, O bounteous Lord,
The heaven and earth are stor'd.
This world so great, so wonderful,
Thy mighty hand has fram'd.

CHORUS.

For ever blessed be His power,
His Name be ever magnified.

(ADAM.)

Of stars, the fairest, pledge of day,
That crown'st the smiling morn;
Thou sun, that bright'nest all the world,
Thou eye and soul of all;

CHORUS.

Proclaim in your extended course,
Th' Almighty power and praise of God.

(EVE.)

And thou that rul'st the silent night,
And all ye starry host;
And everywhere spread wide His praise
In choral songs about.

(ADAM.)

Ye mighty elements, by His pow'r
Your ceaseless changes make;
Ye dusky mists and dew'y steams
That rise and fall thro' the air;

CHORUS.

Resound the praise of God our Lord:
Great His Name and great His might.

(EVE.)

Ye purling fountains tune His praise,
And wave your tops, ye pines:
Ye plants exhale, ye flowers breathe,
To him your balmy scent.

(ADAM.)

Ye that on mountains stately tread,
And ye that lowly creep;
Ye birds that sing at heaven's gate,
And ye that swim the stream;

(EVE AND ADAM.)

Ye creatures all, extol the Lord.

CHORUS.

Ye creatures all, extol the Lord;
Him celebrate, Him magnify.

(EVE AND ADAM.)

Ye valleys, hills, and shady woods,
Made vocal by your song;
From morn to eve you shall repeat
Our grateful hymn of praise.

CHORUS.

Hail, bounteous Lord! Almighty, hail!
Thy word call'd forth this wond'rous
frame;
The heavens and earth Thy power
adore;
We praise Thee now and evermore.

RECIT.—(ADAM.)

Our duty we have now perform'd,
In offering up to God our thanks.
Now follow me, dear partner of my life,
Thy guide I'll be; and every step
Pours new delight into our breasts,
Shows wonders everywhere.
Then may'st thou feel and know the
high degree
Of bliss the Lord allotted us,
And with devoted heart His bounties
celebrate:
Come, follow me, thy guide I'll be.

(EVE.)

O thou! for whom I am, my help, my
shield,
My all, thy will is law to me;
So God our Lord ordains, and from
obedience
Grows my pride and happiness.

DUET.—(ADAM AND EVE.)

Adam. Graceful consort, at thy side
Softly fly the golden hours;
Ev'ry moment brings new rap-
ture,
Ev'ry care is lull'd to rest.

Eve. Spouse adored, at thy side,
Purest joys o'erflow the heart;
Life and all I have is thine,
My reward thy love shall be.

Both. The dew-dropping morn, O how
she quickens all!
The coolness of ev'n, O how she
all restores!
How grateful is of fruits the sav-
our sweet!
How pleasing is of fragrant
bloom the smell!
But, without thee, what is to me
The morning dew,—the breath of
ev'n,—
The sav'ry fruit,—the fragrant
bloom.
With thee is every joy enhanced,
With thee delight is ever new,
With thee is life incessant bliss,
Thine, thine it all shall be.

RECIT.—(URIEL.)

O! happy pair, and happy still might be,
If not misled by false conceit
Ye strive at more than granted is,
And more desire to know than know
ye should.

CHORUS.

Sing the Lord ye voices all,
Magnify his name thro' all creation,
Celebrate His power and glory,
Let his name resound on high.
Jehovah's praise for ever shall endure.
Amen.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 15, 1908

OVERTURE, "Benvenuto Cellini,"

BERLIOZ

In the selections from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz's mastery of the subtler phases of orchestral expression were shown. In the overture on our program a nobler side of the master is no less clearly in evidence.

A close study of this score will forcibly suggest the query whether the impresarios who have kindly taken the education of the American public in charge have proven worthy of their assumptions. They have given us "Parsifal," with the "Bayreuth Atmosphere" (ask them to define this, please!), and other works involving the "Lust for Gold," through which Asgard fell—but they have been singularly oblivious to the merits of many works that deserve rehabilitation,—or a first performance—and among them stands this noble opera, known to the world—on this side of the Atlantic—by the "Carnaval Romaine" Overture. This, by the way, is merely an incident in the work, being the introduction to Act III. No one who listens to this overture—of which we give no analysis, as it follows the general plan of all operatic overtures—can fail to be interested.

ARIA, "O ma Lyre Immortelle," from "Sapho,"

GOUNOD

MISS SPENCER.

This aria, from an unfamiliar opera of Gounod, is one of the most interesting excerpts from a work that failed because of its dramatic shortcomings rather than from any lack of musical inspiration. If we consider Gounod as a sort of intermediary between Berlioz, who is represented by a selection from a work unknown on this side of the Atlantic, and d'Indy, whose "Fervaal" is yet to be heard, the selection will justify itself.

To answer the inevitable query, "Why have the works cited remained unperformed in America?" would require an inquiry into questions of management, musical taste and critical judgment that would require pages, and which would of necessity end with either a query or vigorous language.

The text of the aria is as follows:

RECITATIVE:

Where am I? Ah! yes, I now remember.
 All which, e'er now, to life hath bound me is no more.
 For me there now remaineth nought but night and darkness;
 To grant my heart relief from its grief.

ARIA:

O harp immortal, consoling!
 Days full of woe abound;
 By thee, my grief controlling,
 When thy sweet tones resound.
 In vain thy voice, soft sighing,
 Strives to comfort my pain;
 Ah! it will aye remain;
 Of this last wound I'm dying!
 'Tis a wound of the heart.
 Grief I must know till from life I depart.

Adieu! thou moonlight tender;
 Shine on with radiance blest!
 Cold wave, I now surrender;
 Grant me eternal rest.
 The day, which soon is dawning,
 Phaon shall light for thee.
 Think not, I pray, of me;
 For thee returns the morning.
 Open then, wat'ry grave;
 I soon shall sleep evermore 'neath the wave.

[*Translation by Dudley Buck.*]

INTRODUCTION TO ACT I, "Fervaal,"

D'INDY

Born at Paris, March 27, 1851; still living.

VINCENT D'INDY may be considered the leader of the ultra-modern French School [Debussy, whether greater or less than d'Indy, appears to belong to no school]. The extremely modulatory nature of d'Indy's music shows the influence of his teacher, César Franck; and as d'Indy is a great admirer of Wagner—in fact, was one of the first Frenchmen to champion the great German—it is not surprising that we find traces of "Tristan und Isolde" and "Parsifal" in his music. This is notably the case in "Fervaal," in which the motive is "wisdom attained through grief," closely resembling the underlying idea of "Parsifal." Finally, the title-page of "Fervaal" bears the descriptive epithet "action musicale," which shows that the composer was consciously following Wagner's "music-drama" method, rather than the old operatic form.

"Fervaal" plays in ancient France, at the time of the Druids, and the Saracen wars. Fervaal prophesying the approaching end of the Druids involuntarily recalls "Götterdämmerung."
 S. P. L.



LEOPOLD DE MARE

CONCERTO, for French Horn, Op. 11,

R. STRAUSS

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

MR. DE MARE.

It may be that we are indebted for this rather unusual concerto to the fact that Richard Strauss was the son of a hornplayer. The possibilities of this beautiful instrument are by no means exhausted by the uses to which it is put in the orchestra, and no modern work more happily illustrates its varied powers than this youthful work of the composer of "Till Eulenspiegel," and "Thus Spake Zarathrusta." In his early works—as in his songs—Strauss has given us a type of pure melody, original and true, that augurs well for the future, if, after having exhausted all the possibilities of his domestic life, and having ceased to coquette with bloodthirsty and prurient themes, he returns to saner subjects. The concerto was given during the first season of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra—then under the head of its great founder—and because it has not been given in recent years may be considered a real novelty.

SYMPHONY, No. 1, B flat, Op. 38,

SCHUMANN

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

ANDANTE UN POCO MAESTOSO—ALLEGRO MOLTO VIVACE; LARGHETTO; SCHERZO; ALLEGRO ANIMATO E GRAZIOSO.

No composer of the nineteenth century possesses a greater fascination for the student than Robert Schumann. In his life there was so much of strife against untoward circumstances, and in his art such a reflex of the romanticism characteristic of the early years of the century, and, withal, such virility, that one finds more inspiring points of contact with the man than with his more favored contemporary, Mendelssohn. Although he admitted few to his confidence, and repelled rather than attracted his colleagues, he possessed more insight into human nature than any man of his age. He was singularly alive to the importance of the newer art that was developing in his day. While full of sympathy for the work of those of his contemporaries who turned a deaf ear to the new note, he welcomed the newer outlook and was extravagant in his praises of both Chopin and Brahms. Singularly enough, he was not attracted to Richard Wagner, and spoke somewhat disparagingly of his work. He lacked routine in the use of the orchestra, and was sadly hampered by deficiencies in his musical training. As a critic he represented a type practically unknown since his death. His critical writings are at once a revelation of the man's mental processes, absolutely essential to an understanding of his works, and the most admirable and adequate guide to the correct appreciation of music found in its literature.

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."

In a consideration of this lovely symphony one cannot refrain from certain references to the meaning of the themes as stated by the composer. Many there are who deplore any attempt at reading specific meaning into that which they would prefer to approach unfettered. However much may be found to sustain such a view, and the reasons are often cogent, it is by no means absolutely certain that the intrinsic beauty of a theme is lessened by the evident and often specific meaning given through the composer's express explanation. This applies with special force to the opening phrase of the symphony—B flat, common time, *Andante un poco Maestoso*—given out by trumpets and horns, and repeated and developed by the full orchestra. This, according to the composer's "program," is a summons from on high to which the "gentle zephyrs blowing softly to and fro respond." "Everywhere the dormant forces of Nature awake and make their way to the light." Then, in the Allegro, "The spring comes laughing in, in the full beauty of youth." This is the significance of the introductory section, and the succeeding *Allegro Molto Vivace*—B flat, 2-4 time.



This theme, instinct with life, and full of buoyancy, elasticity, and fervor, is developed with unusual consistency, exploiting insistently the *verve* of its characteristic figure. The second subject is of contrasting character and employs the "woodwinds" in a masterly manner.

Clarinet.

p
Dolce.

Violas.

Bassoons.

Following out the formal idea now comes the "development," which is scholarly in the extreme, and full of spirit and vigor. After the "recapitulation" the movement closes with an effective coda.

The second movement—E flat major, 3-8 time, *Larghetto*—consists of varied treatments of the following theme:

Larghetto.

This movement, so full of romantic suggestion, yet tempered by a reserve well-nigh classic, is one of Schumann's most genial conceptions, and fully justifies the assertion that of all the post-Beethoven symphonists he stands preëminent.

Foreshadowed in the closing measures of the Larghetto the Scherzo now follows. The principal theme—G minor, 3-4 time, *Molto Vivace*—

SCHERZO. Molto vivace.

The musical score for the beginning of the Scherzo is in G minor, 3/4 time. It features a driving, syncopated rhythm. The first measure is marked *f* and includes the instruction "Strings. sf". The following measures continue with a similar rhythmic pattern, marked with *sf*.

with its Schumannesque syncopations, finds an admirable foil in the Trios I and II. In the first,

TRIO I. Molto piu vivace.

The musical score for Trio I is in G minor, 2/4 time. It consists of alternating chords between strings and woodwind. The first measure is marked *p* and includes the instruction "Strings. >". The following measures continue with alternating chords, marked with *sf* and including the instruction "Wind. >".

pulsating chords alternately between the "strings" and "woodwind" call to mind the lovely responsive figures in the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. In the second,

TRIO II.

The musical score for Trio II is in G minor, 2/4 time. It features chords for various instruments: Flutes, Clarinet, Violins, Violas, and Basses/Cellos. The first measure is marked *p* and includes the instruction "Basses. Cellos. sf". The following measures continue with chords, marked with *sf* and including the instruction "Flutes. tr".

we have, well—simply Schumann! After the Trios come the Scherzo proper and a coda.

The word "coda" is used so frequently in analyses that it may not be amiss to explain it. The coda, as used by Haydn and his immediate predecessors, might be compared to the peroration of the orator, who, after having exhibited his power of logical statement and argumentative analysis, sees fit to indulge in platitudes and lose

himself in phrases. Beginning with Beethoven, there arose a new conception of the coda, and it became a necessary part of the formal organism, as may be seen by referring to the codas to the variations in the Sonata, Op. 26, and the Op. 14, No. 2.

Were one to follow the language of the professional analyst, the Finale—B flat, Alla-Breve, *Allegro animato e grazioso*—would be called “a brilliant and busy movement”—but it is something more than that. The principal theme

Allegro animato e grazioso. *A tempo.*

The musical score shows the beginning of the finale. It features a piano part with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a string part. The piano part starts with a *Tutti* marking and includes a *Ritard.* (ritardando) section. The string part is marked *A p* (Allegro piano). The tempo is marked *A tempo.*

is characterized by the same sturdy strength, directness of statement, and vigor of rhythm displayed in the opening section of the symphony. It is more than “brilliant”—as the term is generally employed—and “busy” is too commonplace a word to express its sparkling life. Animated it certainly is, and the expression mark *grazioso* is not out of place when applied to the many charming episodic passages occurring throughout this movement. It is immediately suggested upon the entrance of the second theme, quite Mendelssohnian in character, with the enormous difference between Mendelssohn and Schumann ever in view.

Oboes.

The musical score shows the oboe part. It is a single melodic line in the treble clef. The dynamics are marked *p* (piano) and *Cres* (crescendo). The tempo is *Allegro animato e grazioso*.

It is said that Schumann wrote this symphony with a steel pen found on Schubert's grave, in Vienna. This fact seems to poetically typify the relation existing between Franz Schubert, the early romanticist, and Robert Schumann, the founder of the neo-romantic school. It is interesting to note that these masters—especially when writing in the symphonic forms—appeared to wear, what some illy-balanced, hyper-sentimental chatterers call “the galling chains of Form,” with no apparent discomfort. When they chose they threw off “the galling chains” and used forms adapted to their needs of expression. When genius ceases to do this, there will be no more art.

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 15, 1908

OVERTURE, "Der faule Hans,"

RITTER

Born June 15 (27), 1833, at Narva, Russia; died April 12, 1896, at Munich.

This overture, by a comparatively unknown composer, formed an introduction to an opera with the same name—produced in 1885 by Richard Strauss at Weimar. Ritter (Alexander) was a very talented composer, but he belonged to that large class of the "overshadowed," and for that reason his work has been consistently undervalued.

Still we must not forget that, in his musical outlook, and his practice, he was an intermediary between Liszt and Strauss, and to the latter a direct inspiration.

The overture on our program follows the normal structure of the overture, and is characterized by melodic charm, clarity of orchestration, and an admirable sense of form.

TWO LEGENDS, from "The Kalevala,"

SIBELIUS

Born December 8, 1865, at Tavastelius, Finland; still living.

"THE SWAN OF TUONELA."

"LEMMINKAINEN TURNS HOMEWARD."

Not many years ago, in so far as music was concerned, Finland was *terra incognita*. It was recognized that the Finns possessed a wealth of unique folk-songs, and an inexhaustible supply of folk-lore. It was inevitable that from such inspiring sources a great art should develop. As representative of these sources, and of the new art, the numbers on our program are of unusual interest and importance.

The "Kalevala" is the Finnish Iliad. From the enormous wealth of tradition included in this epic, Sibelius has chosen two episodes, that of the swan, who sings his melancholy song as he glides over the broad and gloomy river in the realm of death, and of the hero, who, after many conflicts, turns his face homeward, to live again in the scenes of his childhood. How perfectly Sibelius—who is no ordinary composer, but one on whom the mantle of genius has been laid—enters into the spirit of the Northland will be appreciated immediately. The "Outer Circle" has brought much into music; but nothing more significant, nor lasting, than these legends full of the mystery of the climes where Nature seems to have given little of outside inspiration, that man might draw much from himself.

THREE SONGS,

SCHUBERT

Born at Vienna, January 31, 1791; died at Vienna, November 19, 1828.

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN; THE YOUNG NUN; THE ERLKING.

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

"DEATH AND THE MAIDEN."

Der Tod und das Mädchen.

THE MAIDEN.

Pass onward, oh! pass onward,
 Wild man with skinless bone!
 I'm but a girl, away, then,
 And leave the young alone.

DEATH.

Give me thy hand, my fair and tender child,
 As friend I come, and not to chasten.
 Be of good cheer! I am not wild;
 To sleep within these fond arms hasten.

"THE YOUNG NUN."

Die junge Nonne.

Now roars o'er the housetop the loud, howling wind,
 And clatter the rafters, and trembles the house.
 There rolleth the thunder, there red lightnings flash.
 The night is all gloom, like the tomb.
 Well and good! e'en so tempest-tossed once was I.
 So life raged within me like yon raging storm,
 So trembled my frame, like this frail, trembling house,
 Love flamed in my heart like yon lightning flash,
 This soul was all gloom, like the tomb.
 Now, rage on thy way, thou wild mighty storm,
 My bosom is tranquil, my heart is at rest.

The bride for the bridegroom will patiently stay,
 Her spirit is cleansing, fire-tried.
 For pardon she trusts to his infinite love,
 I wait still thy coming, with yearning abide,
 Come heavenly bridegroom, save, then, thy bride,
 Her spirit set free from her prison of clay.
 Hark! softly pealing from yonder tow'r sounds the bell,
 It calls me with sweetest tone
 And bids me seek in yonder height
 E'en Him, who there reigns in pow'r and might.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

"THE ERLKING."

Der Erlkönig.

Who rides through the night so dark and wild?
A father rides with his only child:
His arms are closed round his darling boy,
He fondly shelters his heart's own joy.

"My son, why hide you a face full of fear?"
"O father, look! the Erlking is here:
The Erlking beckons with sceptred hand."
"Nay, child: 'tis the mist on the moonlit strand."

"My lovely boy, come, come with me;
From morn till eve I'll play with thee;
I'll bring thee jewels and wealth untold,
And of flowers galore, and garments of gold."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear?
The Erlking whispers sweet words in mine ear."
"Nay, slumber, hush! to slumber, my child!
'Tis but the night wind's melody wild."

"My gentle darling, then come with me;
My fair-haired daughters shall tend on thee;
They shall gaily their midnight revelry keep,
And cradle and fondle, and send thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not there
The Erlking's daughter so bright and fair?"
"My son, my son, I'll tell thee full soon,
It is but the willow that waves in the moon."

"I love thee, I'll have thee! I know not remorse;
And if thou refuseth, I'll take thee by force!"
"My father, my father, he seizes my arm;
The Erlking hath done me a deadly harm."

The father shudders—he rides swiftly away;
Enfolded firmly, his child fainting lay.
He reached his home in terror dread;
Locked in his arms, lo! the child was dead!

—Goethe.

VARIATIONS (Enigma), Op. 36,

ELGAR

Born at Broadheath (near Worcester, England), June 1, 1857; still living.

No modern composer has been more frequently represented on Festival programs than Edward Elgar—or “Sir Edward,” as he must now be called, thanks to the common sense of King Edward. It will be remembered that the first performance of “Caractacus” in this country was given at Ann Arbor. In addition to the notable performance of “Gerontius” (1904), many works of this, the greatest of England’s composers since Purcell (if we may make this exception, since Purcell died before he had displayed all his possibilities), have been heard at these concerts. The following explanation of the meaning of the “Enigma Variations”—or, possibly, it would be more correct to state evasions of the significance of the variations, since Sir Edward displays a masterly reserve as to the details—is quoted. Sir Edward’s friends might paraphrase Burns and say, “O wad some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as Elgar sees us.” In listening to these variations they may have realized the satisfaction that a telling sermon yields—that of seeing their friends “hit.” Regarding the work the composer makes the following statement:

“It is true that I have sketched, for their amusement and mine, the idiosyncrasies of fourteen of my friends, not necessarily musicians; but this is a personal matter, and need not have been mentioned publicly. The Variations should stand simply as a ‘piece’ of music. The Enigma I will not explain—its ‘dark saying’ must be left unguessed, and I warn you that the apparent connection between the Variations and the Theme is often of the slightest texture; further, through and over the whole set another and larger Theme ‘goes,’ but is not played. * * * So the principal Theme never appears, even as in some late dramas—e. g., Maeterlinck’s ‘L’Intruse’ and ‘Les sept Princesses’—the chief character is never on the stage.”

The theme—or, as the composer styles it, the “Enigma”—starts thus, in G minor, *Andante* and 4-4 time:—

Espressivo e sostenuto.

The musical score is presented in two systems. The first system is for the piano accompaniment, specifically for strings (Str.). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes markings for *pp* and *Cres.* (Crescendo). The second system is for the woodwinds (Wood-winds), starting with a *Dim.* (Diminuendo) marking and moving to *mf* (mezzo-forte), followed by the text "etc." The music is in G minor and 4/4 time, with a tempo of *Andante*.

Variation I ("C. A. E.") continues in the same key and tempo, beginning as follows, after two introductory measures:—

Str., W'd-wind.

Ob., Bass'n. etc.

Variation II ("H. D. S.—P.")—in G minor, *Allegro* and 3-8 time—commences with the following figuration—

p

Strings.

to which the theme joins itself presently, thus:—

Flutes, Clar.
p Sostenuato.

Basses.
Cres.

The following is a quotation of the opening measures of Variation III ("R. B. T.")—in G major, *Allegretto* and 3-8 time:—

p

Oboe.

Str. Pizz.

Wood-winds.

etc.

Variation IV ("W. M. B.") is a spirited movement—in 3-4 time, *Allegro di molto*—beginning in G minor, thus—

Strepitoso.

Tutti. *f*

sf

etc.

and ending in G major.

In Variation V ("R. P. A.")—in C minor, *Moderato* and 12-8 (4-4) time—a counter-melody is developed against the theme, first above it—

and subsequently beneath it.

The general plans of Variations VI and VII ("Ysobel" and "Troyte"—both in C major, the former *Andantino* and the latter *Presto*) are to be discerned from the following quotations:—

Basses, 'Cellos & Drums.

Variation VIII ("W. N.")—in G major, *Allegretto* and 6-8 time—is developed from the following:—

Variations IX and X are in strong contrast both to each other and to those which have gone before; the former ("Nimrod")—in E flat major, *Moderato* and 3-4 time—being thoughtful and heroic in its temper.

A musical score for strings in 3/4 time, marked *Scherzando* and *pp*. The strings are muted. The score consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with various rhythmic patterns and rests. The word "etc." appears at the end of the second measure.

A short downward rush of the strings precedes Variation XI ("G. R. S."), which sets in as follows—in G minor, *Allegro di molto* and 2-2 time:—

A musical score for Bases & Bassoons and Oboe/Clarinet in 2/2 time, marked *pp* and *f*. The score consists of two staves. The Bases & Bassoons part has a series of dotted notes. The Ob. Cl. part has a melodic line with a key signature change to G minor. The word "etc." appears at the end of the second measure.

The subjoined quotation forms the basis of Variation XII ("B. G. N.")—in G minor, *Andante* and 4-4 time—

A musical score for piano in 4/4 time, marked *Largamente e espressivo*. The score consists of two staves. The piano part starts with a triplet of eighth notes. The dynamic markings are *pp*, *Cres.*, and *f*.

while the following will suffice for Variation XIII (***)—in G major, *Moderato* and 3-4 time:—

A musical score for Clarinet, Violin, and Strings in 3/4 time, marked *p* and *mf*. The score consists of three staves. The Clarinet and Violin parts have melodic lines, while the Strings part provides harmonic support. The dynamic markings are *p* and *mf*.

Variation XIV, Finale ("E. D. U.")—in G major, *Allegro* and 2-2 time—is a brilliant movement commencing, after an introduction of sixteen measures, with the following:—



This number, which brings to notice a reminiscence of the first variation, maintains a spirited character throughout and thus serves as a climax to the whole work.

SELECTIONS from "Rienzi,"

WAGNER

a) OVERTURE.

ORCHESTRA.

b) ADRIANO'S ARIA.

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

"Rienzi" was conceived on such magnificent lines as to make its production on an ordinary stage impossible. This was intentional, as Wagner wished to invite, not provincial criticism of his work, but the judgment of those who were accustomed to rely upon themselves in such matters more than upon the opinions of others. How vain such a hope! As a matter of fact, the very city in which he hoped to secure this unbiased judgment (Paris), was, and is, of all the continental capitals, the one where prejudice and arrogance have stifled the true critical spirit. Fortunately, its first performance was on a stage that had known a Von Weber, and in a community where it was fully appreciated, even though shortly after the composer was subjected to ridicule and persecution. In so far as the Overture and the work in general are concerned little explanation is needed for those familiar with the story of "Rienzi" as detailed by Bulwer Lytton, and to others its simplicity of structure will render an analysis entirely unnecessary.

Regarding the aria from "Rienzi" on our program, the following explanation will suffice:

The situation of the scene indicated is briefly this: Adriano Colonna, a young Roman nobleman, is in love with and beloved by Rienzi's sister, Irene. Rienzi has been chosen Tribune of the People, and his assassination has been attempted by the Colonna-Orsini faction; the recreant nobles have been pardoned, but have again banded together against the Tribune; civil war is imminent. Adriano, whose father, Stefano Colonna, is one of the chiefs of the noble faction, is torn with conflicting feelings of loyalty to his father and love for Irene.

The text, in a free translation, is as follows:

Just God, so 'tis already decided. The people cry for arms,—'tis no longer a dream. O Earth engulf me, lamentable one. Where is a fate that is like to mine?



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

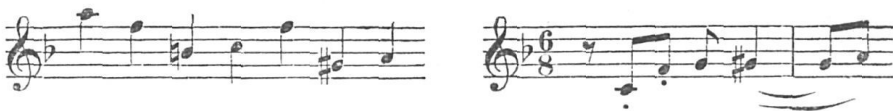
Who let me fall thy victim—dark power! Rienzi, thou disastrous one, what a fate didst thou conjure upon this hapless head. Whither shall I wend my wandering steps? Whither this sword, the knight's adornment? Shall I turn it toward thee, Irene's brother? Shall I draw it against my father's head? My life fades in its blossom, all my knighthood is gone, the hope of deed is lost, happiness and fame shall never crown my head. My star shrouds itself in murky crape in its first brightness of youth; through sombre clouds glows even the ray of the beautiful love that pierces me to the heart. (*Tocsin signals are heard*). Where am I? Ah, where was I but now?—The tocsin.—God, 'tis soon too late. What shall I do? Ah, only one thing. I will flee outside the walls to my father, perhaps his son will succeed in his reconciliation. He must hear me, for I will die willingly, grasping his knees. The Tribune, too, will be merciful. I will turn hatred to peace. Thou God of mercy, to Thee I pray, to Thee I pray who inflames every bosom with love; arm me with strength and blessing, let reconciliation be my sacred office. (*He hurries off.*)

RONDO, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

R. STRAUSS

Regarding Richard Strauss it is not necessary that anything should be said, neither would it be in good taste to add to the remarks of the composer, and the analysis from another source, both of which appear below:

"It is impossible for me to furnish a program to Eulenspiegel; were I to put into words the thoughts which its several incidents suggested to me, they would seldom suffice and might even give rise to offense. Let me leave it, therefore, to my hearers to 'crack the hard nut' which the rogue has provided for them. By way of helping them to a better understanding, it seems sufficient to point out the two Eulenspiegel motives—



which, in the most manifold disguises, moods and situations, pervade the whole up to the catastrophe, when—after he has been condemned to death, Till is strung up to the gibbet. For the rest let them guess at the musical joke which a rogue has offered them." Three days later, however, there appeared in the *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung* the following analysis by Wilhelm Klatte (the translation—somewhat condensed, being reproduced from the London Crystal Palace program of October 29, 1898):—

"A strong sense of German folk-feeling—*des Volkstümlichen*—pervades the whole work, the source from which the tone-poet drew his inspiration being clearly indicated in the introductory bars:—

To some extent this stands for the "Once upon a time" of the story-books. That the episodes which follow are not to be treated in the pleasant and agreeable manner of narrative poesy, but in a more sturdy fashion, is at once made apparent by the characteristic bassoon figure (1a) which breaks in *sforzato* upon the *piano* of the strings. Of equal importance, for the development of the piece, is the following humorous horn theme:—



Commencing quietly and gradually becoming more lively, it is at first heard against a *tremolo* of the divided violins, and then again in the first tempo (*vivace*). This theme, or at least the kernel of it, is taken up in turn by the oboes, clarinets, violas, violoncellos and bassoons, and is finally brought by the full orchestra—except trumpets and trombones, after a few bars *crescendo*, to a dominant half-close, *fortissimo*, in C. The thematic material has now been fixed upon; the "milieu" is given by which we are enabled to recognize the pranks and droll tricks which the crafty schemer is about to bring before our eyes, or, rather, before our ears. Here he is—



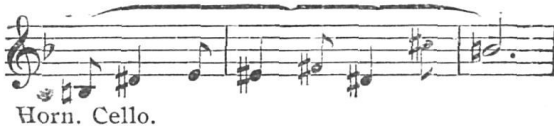
He wanders through the land as a thorough-going adventurer, (4a):—



His clothes are tattered and torn; a queer fragmentary version of the Eulenspiegel motive (3) resounds from the horns. Following a merry play with this important leading motive, which directly leads to a short but brilliant *tutti* in which it again asserts itself, first in the first flutes, and then merging into a softly murmuring and extended *tremolo* for the violas, this same motive, gracefully phrased, reappears in succession in the basses, flutes, first violins, and again in the basses. The rogue, putting on his best manners, slyly passes through the gate, and enters a certain city. It is market day; the women sit at their stalls and prattle (flutes, oboes and clarinets). Hop! Eulenspiegel springs on his horse (indicated by rapid triplets extending through three bars from the low D of the bass clarinet to the highest A of the D clarinet), gives a smack of his whip, and rides into the midst of the crowd! Clink! clash! clatter! A confused sound of broken pots and pans and the market women are put to flight! In haste the rascal rides away (as is admirably illustrated by a *fortissimo* passage for the trombones) and secures a safe retreat. This was his first merry prank; a second follows immediately:—

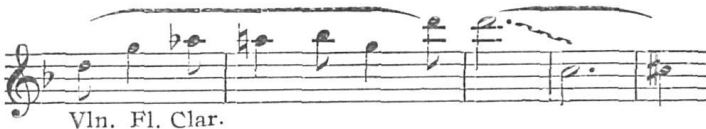


Eulenspiegel has put on the vestments of a priest, and assumes quite an unctuous mien. Though posing as a preacher of morals, the rogue peeps out from the folds of his mantle (the Eulenspiegel motive on the clarinet points to the imposture). He fears for the success of his scheme. The following figure, played by muted violins, horns and trumpets, makes it plain that he does not feel comfortable in his borrowed plumes. But soon he makes up his mind. Away with all scruples. He tears them off (solo violin *glissando*). Again the Eulenspiegel theme (3) is brought forward in the previous lively tempo, but now subtly metamorphosed and chivalrously colored; Eulenspiegel has become a Don Juan and waylays pretty women:—



Horn. Cello.

And, by Jove one has betwitted him; Eulenspiegel is in love. Hear now how, glowing with love, the violins, clarinets and flutes sing—



Vln. Fl. Clar.

But in vain. His advances are received with derision, and he goes away in a rage. How can one treat him so slightly? Is he not a splendid fellow?



Vengeance on the whole human race! Having thus given vent to his rage (in a *fortissimo* of the horns in unison), strange personages suddenly draw near:—



Cello.

A troop of worthy Philistines! In an instant all his anger is forgotten! But it is still his chief joy to make fun of those lords and protectors of blameless decorum and to mock them, as is apparent from the lively accentuated fragments of the theme (2), now heard first in the horns, violins and violoncellos, and then in the trumpets, oboes and flutes. And now that Eulenspiegel has had his joke, he goes away, leaving the professors and doctors behind in thoughtful meditation. Fragments of No. 9 are here treated canonically. Suddenly the wood-winds, violins and trumpets project the Eulenspiegel theme (3) into their profound philosophy. It is as if the transcendent rogue were making faces at the big-wigs from a distance—again and again—and then

waggishly running away. This is aptly characterized by a short episode in a hopping 2-4 rhythm which is followed by phantom-like tones from the wood-winds and strings, and then also from the trombones and horns. Has our rogue still no foreboding of what is good? Interwoven with theme 1, lightly indicated by the trumpets and the English horn, the following figure is developed from No. 2:—



This is first taken up by the clarinets and seems to express that the arch-villain again has the upper hand with Eulenspiegel and that he has relapsed into his old mode of life. From a formal point of view we have now reached the repetition of the principal theme (2). A merry jester, and always given to lying, Eulenspiegel goes wherever he can pass off a hoax. His insolence knows no bounds. Alas! a sudden breach is made in his wanton humor! Hollow rolls the drum, the jailer drags the rascally prisoner before the criminal tribunal, which thunders forth a verdict of "guilty" upon the brazen-faced knave. To the threatening chords of the winds and lower strings his motive (3) quite calmly replies: Eulenspiegel lies! Again the threatening tones respond, but Eulenspiegel does not own his guilt. On the contrary, he boldly lies for the third time. It is all up with him. Fear seizes him. The fatal moment draws near; Eulenspiegel's hour has struck! The descending leap of minor seventh in the bassoons, horns, trombones and tuba, betokens his death! And this he has met by hanging! A last struggle (indicated by the flutes), and his soul has taken its flight. Following the sad and tremulous *pizzicati* of the strings the epilogue is commenced. At first it is almost identical with the introductory bars (1) which are repeated in full; then the most essential parts of Nos. 2 and 3 are reverted to, and finally merge into the soft chord of the sixth upon A flat, sustained by the wood-winds and divided violins. Eulenspiegel has become a legendary personage; the folk relate their stories about him: "Once upon a time.—" But that he was a merry rogue and a thorough devil of a fellow seems to be expressed by the final eight bars given out *fortissimo* by the full orchestra."



EDWARD JOHNSON

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 16, 1908

"FAUST," An Opera in Five Acts,

Gounod

CAST

FAUST,	- - - - -	EDWARD JOHNSON
MARGARITA,	- - - - -	CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY
MEPHISTOPHELES,	- - - - -	HERBERT WITHERSPOON
SIEBEL,	} - - - - -	JANET SPENCER
MARTHA,		
VALENTINE	- - - - -	CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM
BRANDER,	- - - - -	EARLE KILLEEN

STUDENTS, SOLDIERS, VILLAGERS, ANGELS, DEMONS,

THE CHORAL UNION

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD

Born at Paris, June 17th, 1818; died there October 17th, 1893.

Gounod must be considered one of the most eminent of French composers. There was a time when one who questioned his absolute preëminence would have been considered lacking in sanity. This was at the time when in "Faust" he displayed, as in no other work before or since, his fertility of resource as a dramatic composer. With the years, new ideals of dramatic expression have arisen, and, unlike Verdi, a much greater genius, he did not respond to these new suggestions, but remained uninfluenced by forces that made an impression on many of his countrymen, even though, like Saint Sæens they disavow the source of many of their most pronounced tendencies.

Of the text but one point needs to be urged, viz., that although it follows—not very closely—the lines of Goethe's drama, Gounod's setting so accentuates the sensual aspects of the plot, as to reveal the reason why the "Redemption" is to all intent forgotten, and the "Mors et Vita" is never performed. No man could clothe the "Garden Scene" in "Faust" with such sensuous appealing music and find the proper utterance for profoundly religious subjects.

ACT I.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.—FAUST'S study. *He is seated at a table covered with books and parchments. It is nearly morning, and his lamp is on the point of going out.*

Vain! In vain do I call,
Through my vigil weary,
On creation and its Lord!
Never a reply will break the silence dreary—

No sign—no single word.
Years, how many! are now behind me—

I look in vain! I learn in vain! vain!
vain!

The stars grow pale; the dawn covers
the heav'ns.

Mysterious night passes away,
[Despairingly.]

Another day, and yet another day.
O death! come in thy pity and bid the
strife be over.

What then? If thus death will avoid
me,
Why should I not go forth and seek
him?

All hail: brightest of days and last!
Without a dread am I.
The land of promise nearing,
By spell of magic cheering
Shall the narrow strait be passed!

CHORUS OF GIRLS (*Without*).

Ah! careless, idle maiden,
Wherefore dreaming still?
Day with roses laden
Cometh o'er the hill.
The blithe birds are singing,
And hear what they do say:
"Through the meadows ringing
The harvest is so gay."
Brooks and bees and flowers.
Warble to the grove,
Who has time for sadness?
Awaken to love!

FAUST.

Foolish echoes of human gladness,
Go by, pass on your way!
Goblet so often drained by my father's
hand so steady,
Why now dost thou tremble in mine?

CHORUS OF REAPERS (*Without*).

Come forth, ye reapers, young and
hoary!
'Twas long ago the early swallow

Went up where eye can never follow—
Yonder in the blue, far away.
The earth is proud with harvest glory!
Rejoice and pray.

FAUST.

If I pray there is none to hear—
To give me back my love,
Its believing and its glow.
Accurst be all ye thoughts of earthly
pleasure,
And every by-passed treasure,
Which by memory binds me below!
Accurst ye toys, which did allure me,
Yet, when possessed, no rapture could
secure me.

Fond dreams of hope! ambitions high,
And their fulfillment so rare!
Accurst, my vaunted learning,
And forgiveness and prayer!
Accurst the patience that calms the
yearning!

Infernal king, appear!
[Mephistopheles appears.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Here am I!

You stare as you greet me.
Does it fright you to meet me?
With sword at my side,
And cap on my head,
And a purse rather heavy,
And a gay velvet cloak on my shoul-
der,

I travel as noblemen travel.
Speak out, wise man, what is your
will?

At once tell me. Are you afraid?

FAUST.—No.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you doubt my might to aid you?

FAUST.—It may be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It were easy to prove me.

FAUST.—Begone

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Begone!

In this way you cheat me?
Now learn, old man, with all your
skill,

Well-born hosts politely treat me!
Call for aid from far away!
Then to say "begone!" as if to beat
me!

FAUST.—Canst thou do aught for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Aught! All!

But first let me hear what I must do.
Say, is it gold?

FAUST.

What is gold to me, who hath learn-
ing?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! Methinks I can fancy your yearning.

'Tis then for glory?

FAUST.—No, for more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—For a kingdom?

FAUST.—No. I'd have thee restore

What outbuys them all.

My youth! Canst thou restore me!

Be mine the delight

Of beauty's caresses,

Her soft, wavy tresses,

Her eyes beaming bright.

Be mine the warm current

Of blood in every vein,

The passion in torrent,

Which nothing can rein!

The rapture whose pleasure

To time giveth flight!

O Youth, without measure

Be mine the delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—'Tis well—'tis well!

Be young and enjoy without measure.

I will content your wildest craving.

FAUST.

And what fee do you ask in exchange?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—What my fee?

Hardly worth having—

Up here, I will wait on your pleasure;

But down there you must wait on me.

FAUST.—Below!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Below! Come on! sign it!

What now! What appalls you?

Needs there more to chase the cold?

Is it now woman calls you?

Doubt not, turn you; and behold!

[*The vision—MARGUERITE is seen sitting at her spinning wheel.*]

FAUST.—Heavenly vision!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Shall she love thee?

FAUST.—Give me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—It is done!

[*Faust signs the parchment.*]

For the rest of the chapter?

[*Raising the goblet.*]

'Tis I who wait upon you,

To drain from your goblet

The nectar of the sun.

No more of death—poison no more,

But life and rapture.

FAUST.—I'm thine! Angel from heaven, come down!

[*He empties the goblet and is transformed into a young man. The vision disappears.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Come!

FAUST.—I'll meet her again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—It seems so.

FAUST.—How soon?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Why, to-day.

FAUST.—Away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Away then—away!

FAUST.—Be mine the delight

Of beauty's caresses,

Her soft, wavy tresses,

Her eyes beaming bright.

Be mine the warm current

Filling every vein—

Passion in torrent,

Which nothing can rein!

The rapture whose pleasure

To time giveth flight!

O youth! without measure

Be mine thy delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be thine the delight

Of beauty's caresses,

Her soft, wavy tresses,

Her eyes beaming bright.

Be thine the warm current

Filling every vein,

Share passion in torrent

Which nothing can rein,

And the rapture whose pleasure

To time giveth flight.

O Youth! without measure

Be thine the delight.

ACT II.

KERMESSE.

SCENE I.—*The Fair (Kermesse). Brander, Students, Soldiers and Citizens discovered at a tavern, drinking and singing.*

CHORUS OF STUDENTS.

Still or sparkling, rough or fine,

What can it matter, so we have wine?

What if the vintage great be or small,

Your jolly toper drinketh of all.

BRANDER.

Student, versed in every barrel,

Save the one of water white,

To thy glory, to thy love

Drink away tonight.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Young girls, ancient castles, they are all the same;

Old towns, dainty maidens, are alike our game!

For the hero, brave and tender, makes of both his prey,

Both to valor must surrender and a ransom pay.

OLD MEN.

Each new Sunday brings the old story.
 Danger gone by, how we enjoy!
 While to-day each hot-headed boy
 Fights for to-day's little glory!
 Let me but sit cosy and dry
 Under the trees with my daughter,
 And while raft and boat travel by
 Drink to the folk on the water.

GIRLS.

Only look how they do eye us,
 Yonder fellows gay!
 Howsoever they defy us,
 Never run away.

STUDENTS.

How those merry girls do eye us!
 We know what it means—
 To despise us, to decoy us,
 Like so many queens.

MATRONS.

Only see the brazen creatures
 With the men at play;
 Had the latter choice in features,
 They would turn this way.

CHORUS.

One would allure them,
 They look so gay,
 Only see, they look so gay.
 If it give you pleasure
 You may rail away.
 To a gentle lover
 We know what to say,
 Tenderly moreover,
 Take it as ye may.
 If you secure them
 What worth are they?
 What a display!
 Boldness without measure
 Is the mode today,
 All of us disgracing
 By your vain display,
 At a word embracing
 People such as they.

OLD MEN.

Come here! come here!
 Sit down and drink a drop, I say,
 And drink a drop by the way;
 My wife is scolding away,
 It is her daily labor.

STUDENTS.

No jolly rover need fear a "nay,"
 Never jolly rover need fear a "nay."
 Take me for thy lover,
 Pretty one, I pray;
 Never jolly rover
 Need fear a "nay."

DRINKERS.

Long live the wine!

Red or white liquor, coarse or fine,
 etc.

Long live the soldier,
 The soldier gay!
 Be it ancient city,
 Be it maiden pretty,
 Both must fall our prey.
 Comrades, to your amours!
 If the silly charmers
 Will provoke a fray,
 If they meet disasters
 Ere they own their masters,
 Who's to blame but they?

[Enter VALENTINE, arranging a
 medal around his neck, fol-
 lowed by SIEBEL.

VALENTINE.

Dear gift of my sister,
 Made more holy by her prayer,
 However great the danger,
 There's naught shall do me harm,
 Protected by this charm.

BRANDER.—Ah! Valentine here!
 It is time to be marching.

VALENTINE.

A parting cup, my friend,
 If we ne'er drink another!

BRANDER.—Why so dull?
 Thou a soldier reluctant to go?

VALENTINE.

I am grave; for behind me
 I leave, alone and young,
 My sister Margarita.
 She has but me to look to,
 Our mother being gone!

SIEBEL.

I shall always be near her,
 To guard her like a brother in thy
 stead!

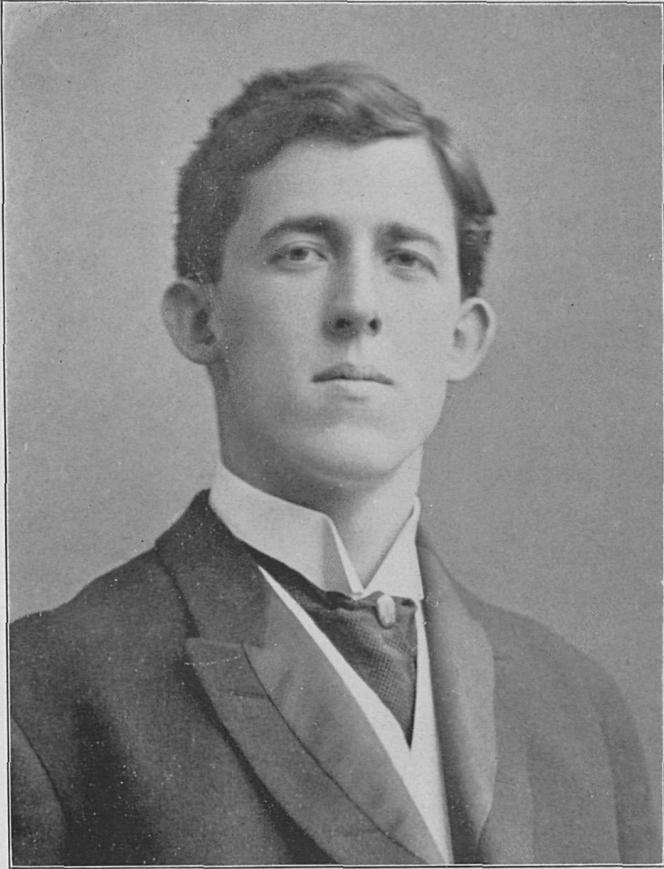
VALENTINE.—Thine hand!

SIEBEL.—Be sure I will not fail.

CHORUS.—We will watch o'er her, too!

VALENTINE.

Even bravest heart may swell
 In the moment of farewell,
 Loving smile of sister kind,
 Quiet home I leave behind.
 Oft shall I think of you
 When e'er the wine cup passes 'round,
 When alone my watch I keep,
 And my comrades lie asleep
 Among their arms upon the tented
 battle ground.
 But when danger to glory shall call
 me,
 I shall be first, will be first in the fray,
 As blithe as a knight in his bridal ar-
 ray.
 Careless what fate may befall me.



EARLE KILLEEN

BRANDER.—Have done, my hearts!
 Enough of melancholy.
 Come what come may,
 Let the soldier be jolly!
 Some wine, and let some hero brave
 Tune up forthwith some merry stave!

CHORUS.

Some wine! and let some hero brave
 Tune up forthwith some merry stave!

BRANDER.

A rat, who was born a coward,
 And was ugly too,
 Once sat in the abbot's cellar,
 'Neath a barrel new.
 A cat—

[MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—A what?

BRANDER.—Eh?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

May not I, though a stranger,
 Make one of such a jovial party?

[To BRANDER.

Pray sir, conclude the merry stave, so
 well begun,
 And I will sing when you have done
 a much better one.

BRANDER.—Sing it to us at once,
 Or we shall call you boaster.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you must, sirs, you shall;
 I look to you for chorus.
 Clear the way for the Calf of Gold!
 In his pride and pomp adore him;
 East or West, through hot and cold,
 Weak and strong must bow before
 him!

Wisest men do homage mute,
 To the image of the brute,
 Dancing 'round his pedestal,
 While old Mammon leads the ball.

SIEBEL, BRANDER, MEPHISTOPHELES and
 CHORUS.

While old Mammon leads the ball,
 For a King is the Calf of Gold!
 On their thrones the gods defying,
 Let the Fates or Furies scold;
 Lo his Empire is undying!
 Pope and Poet join the ring,
 Laurell'd chiefs his triumph sing,
 Dancing 'round his pedestal,
 While old Mammon leads the ball.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Striking the head of
 Bacchus at the side of the inn*).

What ho, Bacchus! up there! some
 liquors!

Come while you can,

And each one drink the wine most to
 his taste,

While I propose the health of the
 dearest of all dears,

Our Margarita!

VALENTINE.—Enough!

Bridle thy tongue, or thou diest by
 my hand!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Come on!

[Both draw.

CHORUS.—Come on!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Mocking*).

So soon afraid
 Who so lately defied me?

VALENTINE.

My sword! O dishonour! is broken
 in sunder.

SIEBEL, VALENTINE, BRANDER and

CHORUS.

'Gainst the pow'rs of evil our arms
 assailing,
 Strongest earthly might must be un-
 availing.

VALENTINE.

But know thou art powerless to harm
 us.

Look hither! look hither!
 Whilst this blest sign we wear
 Thou canst not harm us.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We're sure to meet again, my fine
 friends;

[Enter FAUST.

Good-bye now!

FAUST.—What's amiss?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Naught!

I am here at your thought.
 What is your will with me?
 How first shall I please you?

FAUST.

First let me see her, that darling child,
 Whom I saw as in a dream;
 Or was all an empty vision?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so! but you may find it
 Not easy to win her,
 Task for no sanctimonious beginner.

FAUST.

What matter, so I win?
 Come, and if I cannot see her,
 Thy promise I'll stamp as a lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As you will! I'm your slave on earth,
 Ordained to do your will!

Soon this dainty treasure,
 Too pure for such a sinner,
 Shall be here!

While the dancers go so gaily by

You may your fortune try,
Try and succeed!

CHORUS.

Light as air at dawn of morning,
Our feet they fly over the ground,
To the music's merry sound.
For the flute and gayer viol
Are today in cheerful trial,
To make the dance go round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How their dear eyes are beaming!
Only see how ev'ry flower
Is waiting for thee to smile.

FAUST.

Cease to whisper for a little while,
And leave me alone with my dream-
ing.

SIEBEL.—Weary I wait till she goes by,
Margarita.

CHORUS.—Why will you be shy,
Must we ask you to dance with us?

SIEBEL.

No, no, some more handsome one try.

CHORUS.—Light as air, etc.

FAUST.—It is she! my own one!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thine own! Hast thou no tongue?

SIEBEL.—Margarita!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—I'm here!

SIEBEL.—Wicked monster! Not yet
gone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It seems not, you see,
Since again we meet!
Not gone yet! not gone yet!

[MARGARITA crosses the stage.

FAUST.

High-born and lovely maid,
Forgive my humble duty.
Let me be your willing slave,
Attend you home, today.

MARGARITA.

No, my lord, not a lady am I,
Nor yet a beauty;
And do not need an arm,
To help me on my way!

FAUST (*Gazing after her*).

But my youth!
What a charm!
She knows not of her beauty.
Angel of light! I love thee.

SIEBEL.—She has gone homeward.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

What news?

FAUST.—But ill. She would not hear
me.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Laughing*).

Not hear?

What will you do?

It would seem, master mine,
I must teach you to woo.

CHORUS.

What is this? Margarita,
Who would not let a young
And handsome lord esquire her!

Again! again! go on again!
Light as air, at early morning,
Our feet fly over the ground
To the music's merry sound.

Pleasure enchanting!

Till breath be gone!

All glowing and panting,

Let us dance on!

The earth it is reeling,

The bliss of a trance,

What bliss are we feeling.

Long live the dance!

ACT III.

SIEBEL.

Gentle flow'rs in the dew,
Bear love from me,

Tell her no flow'r is rarer,

Tell her that she is fairer,

Dearer to me than all,

Though fair you be!

Gentle flow'rs in the dew,

Bear sighs from me,

Tell her in accents tender,

Tell her that I'll defend her,

Gladly my life surrender,

Her knight to be!

[*He stoops and picks up a flower.*

'Tis withered! Alas! that dark stran-
ger foretold me

What my fate must be—

Never to touch a single flower

But it must decay—

Suppose I dip my hand in holy water,

Behind the abbey door,

Whither prays Margarita?

Yes, that will I try on the morrow.

This is not withered. No! Avaunt!

Father of Lies!

Gentle flow'rs lie there,

And tell her from me

Would she deign but to hear me,

With one smile to cheer me,

For a delight so sweet

I would die at her feet.

[*Exit SIEBEL. Enter FAUST
and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

FAUST.

What is it that charms me,
 And with passion true and tender
 warms me?
 O Margarita! Thy unworthy slave
 am I!
 All hail, thou dwelling pure and
 lowly!
 Home of an angel fair and holy,
 All mortal fair excelling!
 What wealth is here, what wealth out-
 bidding gold,
 Of peace and love, and innocence un-
 told!
 Bounteous Nature!
 'Twas here by day thy lore was
 taught her,
 Here thou didst with care overshadow
 thy daughter
 Through the hours of the night!
 Here, waving tree and flower
 Made her an Eden-bower
 Of beauty and delight,
 For one whose very birth
 Brought down Heaven to our Earth!
 'Twas here!
 All hail, thou dwelling pure and
 lowly, etc.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Attention! here she comes!
 If yonder flowers this casket do out-
 shine,
 Never will I trust a little more.

FAUST.

Away! I will not bring shame to her
 door.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What now can keep you back?
 On the door's quiet threshold, see, the
 casket is laid.
 [*Laying down the casket. Exeunt.*
 Stand back! be not afraid!
 [*Enter MARGARITA.*

MARGARITA.

I wish I could but know who was he
 that addressed me;
 If one of noble birth, or what his
 name and station!
 Once there was a king in Thule—
 Who was until death alway faithful,
 And in memory of his loved one,
 Caused a cup of gold to be made;
 [*Stopping and speaking to herself.*
 His manner was so gentle,
 'Twas politeness true!
 [*Resuming the song.*
 Never treasure prized he so dearly,

Naught else would use on festive days,
 And always when he drank from it
 His eyes with tears would be o'er-
 flowing!

When he knew that death was near,
 As he lay on his couch smiling,
 Once more he raised, with greatest
 effort

To his lips the golden vase,
 [*Stopping and speaking to herself.*
 I knew not what to say—
 My face with blushes red;

[*Resuming the song.*
 And then, in her praise and honor;
 And when he, to honor his lady,
 Drank from the cup the last, last time,
 Soon it fell from his grasp,
 And gently passed his soul away.
 'Tis but to noble birth belongs so
 brave a mien;

And so tender withal!
 No more! an idle dream,
 Dear Valentine! may Heaven bless
 thee
 And bring thee home again!
 I am left here so lonely!

[*Seeing the flowers.*
 Ah! flowers left here, no doubt, by
 Siebel, poor, faithful boy!

But what is this,
 And by whom can the casket have
 been left?
 I dare not touch it! though the key is
 laid beside it.

What is within? Will it open?
 Why not! I may open, at least, since
 to look will harm no one.

[*Opens casket.*
 Oh heaven! What brilliant gems,
 With their magical glare deceive my
 eyes!

Can they be real? Oh, never in my
 eyes!

Can they be real? Oh, never in my
 sleep

Did I dream of aught so lovely!
 [*Puts down the casket and kneels
 down to adorn herself with the
 jewels.*

If I dared for a moment
 But to try these earrings, so splendid!
 And here, by a chance, at the bottom
 of the casket is a glass!

Why resist it any longer?
 Ah! the joy past compare,
 These jewels bright to wear!
 Was I ever maiden lowly?
 Is it I? Come reply!

Mirror, mirror, tell me truly.
 No, no, this is not I!
 No, surely enchantment is o'er me!
 High-born maiden I must be.
 This is not I, but a noble and King
 shall pay homage before me.

Ah! if it might only be,
 Ah! could he my beauty see,
 Now as a royal lady
 He would adore me. Ah! Ah!
 Ah! Ah! as now a royal lady per-
 chance he would adore me!
 Here are more, ready to adorn me!
 Let us see this necklace, and bracelet
 and oh!

A string of pearls! Ah!
 It feels like a weight laid on my arm
 to oppress me.

Ah! Ah! Ah! the joy past compare,
 etc.

[Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.—Take my arm a little while.

MARGARITA.

I pray you, I pray you, excuse me!

[Enter MARTHA.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Offering his arm to
 MARTHA*).—My arm!

MARTHA (*Aside*).—How sweet a smile!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Aside*).

This good neighbor hopes to steal me.

Yes! she hopes to steal me.

MARGARITA.—Pray you, sir, excuse me!

MARTHA.—Pray you, don't leave me.

FAUST.—But why are you lonely?

[To MARGARITA.

MARGARITA.

My mother is gone;
 At the war is my brother;
 One dear little sister I had,
 But, little darling, she, too, is dead!
 The angel! the angel!
 Loved me, and loved me only;
 I waited on her, night and day.
 How I worked for her! oh, so dearly!
 But those to whom we cling most
 dearly

Are the first to be called away.
 Sure as ever morning came,
 Came her call, and I must be there!
 Since she could speak, she called me
 mother.

Oh my bird! ne'er for another
 Half so truly my heart will care!

FAUST.

If a second angel, made by heaven,
 Could so pure, could so perfect be,
 She was an angel!
 An angel sister to thee.

No, no; do not leave me!
 Wherefore should you fear?
 Heaven! strike me down, if I deceive
 you!

For why should you fear?

MARGARITA.

You laugh at me!
 Ah, my lord, I fear
 Words like yours to hear!
 While they murmur near,
 I must, alas! suspect you.
 I pray you to leave me.
 Yes! I must not hear them,
 Should they yet deceive me!

MARTHA.

Sir! you do not hear,
 And your quiet sneer
 Is put on to grieve me.
 Sir, you do not hear!
 Oh! that sneer, that sneer,
 Is put on to grieve me!
 You go like another!
 After having spoken,
 Leaving one alone.
 Why should you begone,
 To leave me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do not be severe!
 The time is near when I must leave
 you.

Do not be severe!

If I go and travel,

Does that mean that I deceive you?

If I travel on, does that deceive you?

MARGARITA.

The hour is late! Farewell!

FAUST.

Oh! never leave me, now, I pray thee!
 Why not enjoy this lovely night a lit-
 tle longer?

Let me gaze on the form before me!

While from yonder ether blue

Look how the stars of eve,

Bright and tender, linger o'er me!

To love thy beauty, too.

MARGARITA.

Oh, how strange, like a spell,
 Does the evening bind me!
 And a deep, languid charm
 I feel without alarm,
 With this melody enwind me,
 And all my heart subdue!
 Let me now try my fortune!

FAUST.—What is this?

MARGARITA (*Taking the leaves from a
 flower*).

Let me, let me but try.

FAUST.—Was it her fancy?



JANET SPENCER

MARGARITA.

He loves me—he loves me not!
He loves me!

FAUST (*To her*).

Ah! 'tis no tale betraying;
The flower has told thee true!
Repeat the words anew
That Nature's herald brings thee!
He loves thee!
In that spell, defy what fate can do—
In love, no mortal power
Faithful hearts can sever!
Whatever the weal or woe,
We will be faithful for ever!
Ever true! ever faithful!
O tender moon, O starry Heav'n,
Silent above thee, where the angels are
enthroned,
Hear me swear how dearly do I love
thee!
Yet once again, beloved one, let me
hear thee,
It is but love to be near thee,
Thine own and thine alone,
Ah! loved one! I am thine own!
I am thine own, and thine alone.
Margarita!

MARGARITA.—Ah! begone.

FAUST.—Unkind one!

MARGARITA.—I falter.

FAUST.—To bid me thus begone!

MARGARITA.—Ah! begone!

Ah! I dare not hear!
Ah! how I falter! I faint with fear!
Pity, and spare the heart of Margarita.
I entreat you only in mercy to begone!

FAUST.

Oh, fair and tender child!
Angel, so holy, thou shalt control me,
Be passion ever so wild!
I obey—but at morn?

MARGARITA.

Yes, at morn, very early!
At morn, all day!

FAUST.

One word at parting!
The one, one word of heaven say—
Thou lov'st me!
*[Hastens towards the pavilion,
then stops short on the thresh-
old, and wafts a kiss to FAUST.]*

MARGARITA.—I love thee!

FAUST.

Were it already morn!
Ah, now away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Why, thou dreamer!

FAUST.—Thou hast overheard?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, I have,
Your parting with its modest word.
Go back, on the spot, to your school
again!

FAUST.—Let me pass!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not a step; you shall stay, and over-
hear again
That which she telleth to the stars.
You dreamer!

[MARGARITA opens the window.]

I know!

Look! there she opens the window.

MARGARITA.

He loves me! he loves me!
Repeat it again, bird, that callest!
Soft wind that fallest!
When the light of evening dieth,
Bear a part in the strain.
He loves me! Ah! our world is glo-
rious,
And more than heaven above!
The air is balmy
With the very breath of love!
How the boughs embrace and mur-
mur!

At morn! at morn!

Ah! speed thou night, away!

He will return! Come!

FAUST.—Margarita!

MARGARITA.—Ah!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There! Ha, ha, ha! Ha!

—
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Grand Square.—Procession of
Soldiers and Citizens.—VALENTINE
and SIEBEL meet.*

SIEBEL.

When all was young and pleasant,
May was blooming,
I, thy poor friend, took part with thee
in play;
Now that the cloud of Autumn dark
is glooming,
Now is for me, too, mournful the day!
Hope and delight have passed from
life away!
We were not born with true love to
trifle!
Nor born to part because the wind
blows cold;
What tho' the storm the summer gar-
den rifle,
O Margarita! O Margarita!

Still on the bough is left a leaf of gold.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Glory and love to the men of old,
Their sons may copy their virtues bold;

Courage in heart and sword in hand,
Ready to fight or ready to die for
Fatherland!

Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blown?

Who lacks pity to spare when the field is won?

Who could fly from a foe, if alone or last,

And boast he was true, as coward might do when peril is past?

Now to home again

We come, the long and fiery strife of battle is over;

Rest is pleasant after toil

As hard as ours beneath a stranger sun,

Many a maiden fair is waiting

Here to greet her truant soldier-lover!

And many a heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear—

To hear the tale of cruel peril he has run.

We are at home! We are at home!

[All exeunt rejoicing.]

[Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why linger here, my master?

You'll find her in the house!

FAUST.

Be still, thou fiend!

Too much have I already brought here of sorrow and sin!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then why come again,

After having once left her?

I know of beauties so fresh, and far more kindly,

And waiting but for you!

FAUST.—Margarita!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I see that I talk in vain,

Since, like a fool, you love her.

But to uncloset yonder door

We must move her,

Just listen while I sing her a fanciful strain!

Catarina, while you sham asleep,

You contrive to hear,

Thro' the lattice shyly peep and see
your love is near!

To his mistress dear, while creeping

Thus sang her cavalier!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

'Ere the tell-tale moon had risen,

A bird of night thus did sing—

Lock thy heart like any prison,

Till thou secure a wedding-ring.

Caterina! cruel, cruel!

Cruel to deny to him who loves thee—

For thee doth mourn and sigh—

A single kiss from thy rosy lips.

Thus to slight a faithful lover,

Who so long hath been a rover,

Too bad, I declare!

[Enter VALENTINE from the house.]

VALENTINE.—What is your will with me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With you, my captain splendid?

My humble serenade was not for you intended.

VALENTINE.

At my sister!

You then would jeer.

FAUST.—Oh heaven!

[VALENTINE breaks MEPHISTOPHELES' guitar.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is there something that bites you?

Or, may be, no serenade delights you?

VALENTINE.

Enough of insult! Reply!

By which of you two shall I be requited

For name defiled, for laurel blighted!

Which of you two shall be thrust by my sword?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will you be mad?

Come on, my pupil,

[FAUST draws his sword.]

And take him at his word!

FAUST.

His eye, so stern and dark with blood,

With fatal might enthalls me!

Is not a brother's vengeance just,

If death befalls me?

VALENTINE.

Thou who rulest right,

Thou knowest the voice that calls me,

My sword shall find his heart outright

If death befalls me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such an eye, dark with blood,

Enkindles, not appalls me;

For I smile, since in his ire

I see good luck befalls me!

Lean against me, my friend,

Be not eager to fight! lean on me!
He shall have it.

[FAUST and VALENTINE fight—
they make four thrusts. VAL-
ENTINE falls.

So, captain, lie you there,
On your last bed of glory!
And now come away! come away!

[Exit FAUST and MEPHISTO-
PHELES.

CHORUS.

This way was the noise!
In the streets they were fighting,
And one is on the ground,
Over there in the shade.

[MARTHA and citizens enter.

But he is not yet dead!
He is trying to rise!
Come to his aid!
Support him, raise his head!

VALENTINE.

Too late! too late!
There's no need, good friends, to be-
wail me!
Too often have I looked on death to
be afraid,
Now that he is near.

[Enter MARGARITA at back.

MARGARITA.—Valentine! Valentine!

VALENTINE.

Margarita, my sister,
What brings thee here? Begone!

MARGARITA.—Mercy!

VALENTINE.

Thy shame hath slain me!
Her fine betrayer's sword
Hath sent her brother home!

CHORUS.—Traitor's sword!

SIEBEL.—Pardon!

MARGARITA.

Oh torture cruel! my doom is come!

SIEBEL.—Pray have mercy!

CHORUS.

Her shame hath slain him!
Her shame hath sent her brother
home!

VALENTINE.

Hear my last words!
Margarita, when fate strikes thee
down,

Must thou, as I, be ready:
No use is it to struggle or pray
When the call from on high bids us
to come away;

Live, live, meanwhile,
Enjoy the guilty splendor,
Wear a rich robe thy white limbs to
enfold.

Cover with rings thy hand so soft and
tender!

Laugh at the feast with other women
bold!

Go, and talk of thy mother,
Who did love thee so well,
And thy wild soldier brother.

Live, and grow old!
And remember for thy shame how he
fell!

Let heaven reject thee and earth be
thy hell!

CHORUS.

Do not curse where thou liest,
Beware how thou defiest!
In Heaven's name
Make thy peace ere thou diest!
Forgive her, if thou wouldst thyself
be forgiven!

VALENTINE.

Margarita, let me curse thee!
On thy death-bed thou too must lie!
Ah! thy hand hath slain me!
Like a soldier I die.

[VALENTINE dies.

CHORUS.

Heaven give him rest!
And accord her forgiveness for her
sin.

SCENE II.—*The Church*.—MARGARITA
discovered kneeling at a font.

MARGARITA.

O Thou, who on thy throne
Giv'st an ear for repentance!
Here, before thy feet, let me pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No! Thou shalt pray no more!
Let her know, ere she prayeth,
Demons of ill, what is in store.

CHORUS OF DEMONS.—Margarita!

MARGARITA.—Who calls me?

CHORUS.—Margarita!

MARGARITA.

I falter—afraid!
Oh! save me from myself!
Has even now the hour of torture be-
gun?

[*The tomb opens and discovers*
MEPHISTOPHELES, *who bends*
over to MARGARITA'S ear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Recollect the old time, when the an-
gels, caressing,
Did teach thee to pray,
Recollect how thou camest to ask for
a blessing
At the dawn of the day!

When thy feet did fall back, and thy
 breath it did falter
 As though to ask for aid;
 Recollect thou wast then of the rite
 and the altar,
 In thine innocence afraid!
 And now be glad and hear!
 Thy playmates do claim thee,
 From below, to their home!
 The worm to welcome thee,
 The fire to warm thee,
 Wait but till thou shalt come!

MARGARITA.
 Ah! What sound in the gloom
 Is beneath me, around me?
 Angels of wrath? Is this your sen-
 tence of cruel doom?

CHORAL (*By the worshipers in church*).
 When the book shall be unsealed,
 When the future be revealed,
 What frail mortal shall not yield?

MARGARITA.
 And I, the frailest of the frail,
 Have most need of Thy forgiveness!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
 No! Let them pray, let them weep!
 But thy sin is deep, too deep,
 To hope forgiveness!
 No! No!

CHORAL.
 Where shall human sinner be,
 How lie hid in earth and sea,
 To escape eternity?

MARGARITA.
 Ah! The hymn is around and above
 me,
 It bindeth a cord 'round my brow!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
 Farewell! thy friends who love thee!
 And thy guardians above thee!
 The past is done! The payment now!

MARGARITA.
 O Thou! on Thy throne, who dost
 hear me
 By the side of my grave,
 Let a tear of mercy fall near me,
 To pity and save!

CHORUS.
 O Thou on Thy throne, who dost hear
 us
 That go down to the grave,
 Let a tear of mercy fall near me
 To pity and save.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
 Margarita! 'Tis forever!
 Mine art thou!

MARGARITA.—Ah!
 [MEPHISTOPHELES *disappears*.

ACT V.

A Prison.—MARGARITA *on the ground asleep.*—Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *at the prison door.*

FAUST (*To MEPHISTOPHELES*).
 My heart is torn with grief and re-
 pentance!
 O what anguish! O worm that will
 not die!
 O fire! no art can stay!
 She lies there at my feet.
 The young and lovely being,
 Imprisoned here because of me!
 As if herself, not I, were guilty!
 No wonder that her fright hath rea-
 son taken away;
 Our little child, O Heaven! was slain
 by her
 In sudden madness!
 Margarita! Margarita!

[MARGARITA *awakes and arises*.

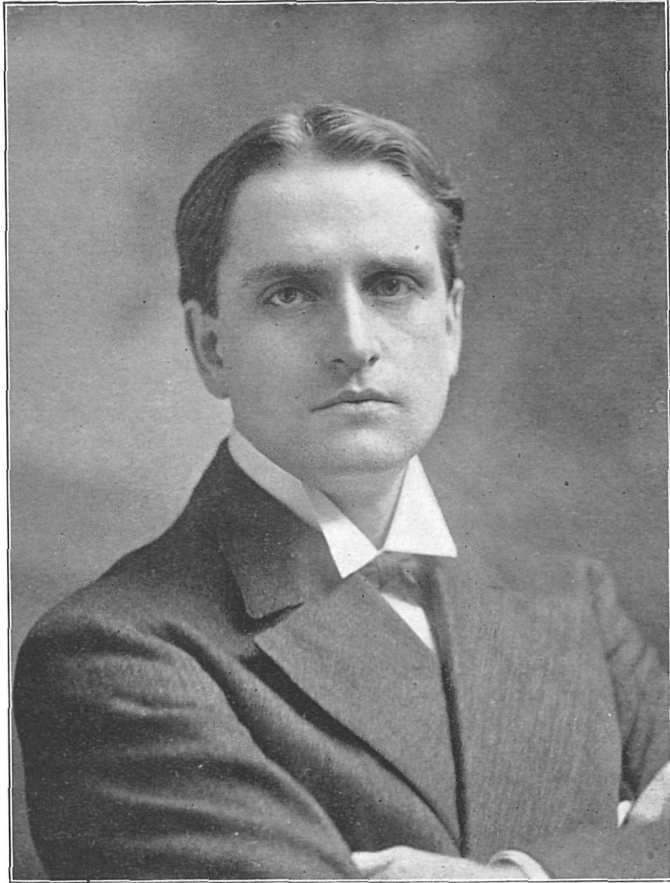
MARGARITA.
 Ah! do I hear thee once again,
 The darling song of time gone by;
 That was not the laughter of the de-
 mons
 Rejoicing in my ruin!
 'Tis his own voice I hear!

FAUST.—Margarita!

MARGARITA.
 His hand is here to save me!
 It is he! It is he! I am free!
 For mine own faithful love is here!
 Ah! I love thee only!
 Love thee, love thee only;
 Nor shame on the scaffold
 Can make my heart afraid!
 Since thou cam'st to find me,
 No tears shall blind me!
 Take me up to Heaven,
 To Heaven by thy aid!

FAUST.
 Yes, I love thee only,
 Let who will goad me on,
 Or mock me or upbraid!
 Thy look doth appall me,
 Thy truth doth recall me!
 Earth will grow as Heaven,
 By thy beauty made!

MARGARITA.—Not yet!
 This is the fair
 Where I was seen by you,
 In happy days gone by—
 The day your eye did not dare
 To meet my eye!
 "High-born and lovely maid,
 Forgive my humble duty!



CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM

Let me, your willing slave,
Attend you home today."
"No, my lord, not a lady am I,
Nor yet a beauty—not a lady, not a
beauty!

And do not need an arm
To help me on my way!"

FAUST.—Come away, if thou lov'st me!

MARGARITA.

How my garden is fresh and fair,
Every hour is incense breathing,
And through the still evening air
A cloud of dew with perfume wreath-
ing.

Listen while nightingales above
To our hearts murmur of love;
Fondly murmur their message of love;

FAUST.—Yes! but come!
Come! time is passing!
Come!

MARGARITA.—No!

FAUST.—Come! oh Come!

MARGARITA.—No!

FAUST.—Come!

MARGARITA.—No! No!

[Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then leave her! then leave her!
Or remain to your shame.
If it please you to stay,
Mine is no more the game!

MARGARITA.

Who is there?
Dost thou see there in the shadow,
With an eye like a coal of fire.
What does he here?—he, who forbade
me to pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let us go, ere the dawn
Doth justice bring.
Hark! the horses are panting in the
court-yard below,
To bear us away!
Come, ere it is day.
Or stay and behold her undone!

MARGARITA.—Away, thou fiend, away!

FAUST.—Come!

MARGARITA.—Away, for I will pray!

FAUST.

Come, mine own, ere 'tis too late to
save thee!

MARGARITA.

Holy angel! in heaven blest,
My spirit longs with thee to rest!
Great heavens! pardon grant, I im-
plore thee,

For soon shall I appear before thee!

FAUST.

Come with me, I command!
Follow me!

MARGARITA.

Oh save me ere I perish forever!

FAUST.—Come with me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let us leave her!
Come, or be lost! Come, or be lost!
For the day is near!

MARGARITA.

To my despair give ear, I pray thee!
Holy angel in heaven blest,
My spirit longs with thee to rest!

FAUST.

Come, come, wilt thou not hear?
Come, lean on my breast!
The early dawn is gray!
Come, oh come; I'm here to save thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come away, come away! the dawn is
gray;

Come, ere they claim thee;
Come away, the dawn is gray!
If the girl be not distraught.—

FAUST.—Margarita!

MARGARITA.

But why such an air of despair?

FAUST.—Margarita!

MARGARITA.—But why thy hand covered
with blood?

Go! I'm not thy prey.

FAUST.—Ah!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—She is mine!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

No! not so!
All who have sinned here
May here repent the sin
By their holy living.
Let earth be severe!
Heaven is forgiving.

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