
SIXTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
1909



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK



JOSEPH HAYDN

[OFFICIAL]

SIXTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor

May 12, 13, 14, 15, 1909



ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY
1909

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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TWENTIETH SEASON

1908-1909

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The Theodore Thomas Orchestra

FOUNDED BY THEODORE THOMAS

FREDERICK A. STOCK,
Conductor

FIRST VIOLINS

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KLEMM, L.
PARBS, H.
OTTE, F.
GLASS, R.

HARP

SINGER, W.

FLUTES

QUENSEL, A.
BAUMBACH, C.

PICCOLO

SCHROETER, R.

OBOES

BARTHEL, A.
HESSELBACH, O.

ENGLISH HORN

VAILLANT, J.

CLARINETS

MEYER, C.
BUSSE, A.

BASS CLARINET

PARBS, H.

BASSOONS

KRUSE, P.
RABE, H.

CONTRA-BASSOON

FRIEDRICH, L.

HORNS

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

TRUMPETS

SCHUBERT, O.
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TROMBONES

STANGE, G.
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TIMPANI

ZETTLEMANN, J.

PERCUSSIONS

WINTRICH, M.
WAGNER, F.

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McNICOL, T.

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

List of Concerts and Soloists

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 12, 8:00 O'CLOCK

OPENING CONCERT

SOLOIST

MISS MARGARET KEYES, *Contralto*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

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

"THE SEASONS," An Oratorio in Four Parts

HAYDN

SOLOISTS

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN, *Soprano*

MR. DANIEL BEDDOE, *Tenor*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 14, 2:30 O'CLOCK

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MISS MARGARET KEYES, *Contralto*

MR. ALFRED BARTHEL, *Oboe*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

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

WAGNER CONCERT

SOLOIST

MME. OLIVE FREMSTAD

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 15, 7:30 O'CLOCK

"DAMNATION OF FAUST," A Dramatic Legend, in Four Parts

BERLIOZ

CAST

Faust, MR. DANIEL BEDDOE

Margarita, MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN

Mephistopheles, MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON

Brander, MR. EARLE KILLEEN

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

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1908-1909

TWENTIETH SEASON
No. CLXXVI. COMPLETE SERIES

SIXTH CONCERT

First May Festival Concert

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 12, 8:00 O'CLOCK

SOLOIST

MISS MARGARET KEYES, *Contralto*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

PART I

OVERTURE, "Der Improvisator" D'ALBERT

ARIA, "Che faro" from "Orpheus" GLUCK

MISS MARGARET KEYES

SYMPHONY, No. 8, Op. 93. F major BERTHOVEN

ALLEGRO VIVACE, E CON BRIO; ALLEGRETTO SCHERZANDO;
TEMPO DI MENUETTO; ALLEGRO VIVACE

PART II

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Attis," Op. 15 A. A. STANLEY

ARIA, "Leite Signor," from "Les Huguenots" MEYERBEER

MISS MARGARET KEYES

SKETCH, "At Sundown" }
SYMPHONIC WALTZ } STOCK

LOVE SCENE (Feuersnot) STRAUSS



FREDERICK A. STOCK

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1908-1909

TWENTIETH SEASON
No. CLXXVII. COMPLETE SERIES

SEVENTH CONCERT

Second May Festival Concert

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

"THE SEASONS"

AN ORATORIO IN FOUR PARTS, BY JOSEF HAYDN

SOLOISTS

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN, *Soprano*

MR. DANIEL BEDDOE, *Tenor*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

SYNOPSIS

SPRING

OVERTURE.

RECIT.—Behold where surly winter flies.

CHORUS—Come, gentle spring.

RECIT.—At last the bounteous sun.

AIR—With joy the impatient husband-man.

RECIT.—Laborious man hath done his part.

TRIO AND CHORUS—Be propitious, bounteous heaven.

RECIT. AND AIR—Our fervent prayers are heard.

DUET AND CHORUS—Spring, her lovely charms unfolding.

CHORUS—God of light.

SUMMER

RECIT.—Her face in dewy veil conceal'd.

AIR—From out the fold the shepherd drives.

RECIT.—O welcome now.

AIR—O how pleasing to the senses.

RECIT.—Behold! slow settling o'er the lurid grove.

CHORUS—Hark! the deep tremendous voice.

TRIO AND CHORUS—Now cease the conflicts.

AUTUMN

OVERTURE.

RECIT.—Ye swains, now hasten.

DUET.—Ye gay and painted fair.

RECIT.—Lo! where the plenteous harvest wav'd.

AIR—Behold, along the dewy grass.

RECIT.—The vineyard now its wealth displays.

CHORUS—Joyful the liquor flows.

WINTER

INTRODUCTION.

RECIT.—Now sinks the pale declining year.

RECIT.—A crystal pavement lies the lake.

AIR—The trav'ler stands perplex'd.

RECIT.—As he draws nigh.

CHORUS—Let the wheel move gaily.

RECIT.—The ev'ning's task anon perform'd.

AIR AND CHORUS—A wealthy lord, who long had lov'd.

RECIT.—From out the east.

AIR—In this, O vain misguided man.

RECIT.—Truth only lasts.

TRIO AND CHORUS—Then comes the dawn.

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1908-1909

TWENTIETH SEASON
No. CLXXVIII, COMPLETE SERIES

EIGHTH CONCERT

Third May Festival Concert

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 14, 2:30 O'CLOCK

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MISS MARGARET KEYES, *Contralto*

MR. ALFRED BARTHEL, *Oboe*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

PART I

OVERTURE, "Fingel's Cave," Op. 26 MENDELSSOHN

ARIA, "Penelope am Gewand wirkend," from "Odysseus" BRUCH

MISS MARGARET KEYES

CONCERTO FOR OBOE, Op. 7, D minor MME. DE GRANDVAAL

(Orchestration by F. A. Stock)

ALLEGRO MODERATO; ANDANTINO CON MOTO;

MODERATO MAESTOSO

MR. ALFRED BARTHEL

PART II

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

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO; ADAGIO NON TROPPO;

ALLEGRETTO GRAZIOSO (quasi andantino)

ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1908-1909

TWENTIETH SEASON
No. CLXXIX, COMPLETE SERIES

NINTH CONCERT

Fourth May Festival Concert

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

WAGNER PROGRAM

SOLOIST

MME. OLIVE FREMSTAD, *Dramatic Soprano*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

PART I

OVERTURE, "Polonia"

BACCHANALE,
ARIA, "Dich theure Halle," } from "Tannhäuser"

MME. OLIVE FREMSTAD

"SIEGFRIED'S RHINE JOURNEY," from "Die Götterdämmerung"

"TRÄUME," Orchestrated by Theodore Thomas

VORSPEIL, from "Tristan und Isolde"

"ISOLDE'S LIEBES TOD"

MME. OLIVE FREMSTAD

PART II

SELECTIONS FROM "PARSIFAL"

"PROCESSION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GRAIL," Act I

"KUNDRY'S SOLICITATIONS," Act II

MME. OLIVE FREMSTAD

"GOOD FRIDAY SPELL"

"TRANSFORMATION SCENE" and "GLORIFICATION" Act III

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1908-1909

TWENTIETH SEASON
No. CLXXX, COMPLETE SERIES

TENTH CONCERT

Fifth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 15, 7:30 O'CLOCK

"THE DAMNATION OF FAUST"

A DRAMATIC LEGEND IN FOUR PARTS, BY HECTOR BERLIOZ

CAST

FAUST	MR. DANIEL BEDDOE
MARGARITA	MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN
MEPHISTOPHELES	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
BRANDER	MR. EARLE KILLEEN
STUDENTS, SOLDIERS, VILLAGERS, ANGELS, DEMONS	CHORAL UNION
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, <i>Conductor</i>	

SYNOPSIS

PART I

INTRODUCTION.
CHORUS OF PEASANTS.
HUNGARIAN MARCH.

PART II

Faust alone in his study.
Easter Hymn.
Drinking Chorus.
Brander's Song.
Fugue on the theme of Brander's Song.
AIR—Mephistopheles
The Banks of the Elbe (Air, Mephisto).
CHORUS OF SYLPHS AND GNOMES
(Faust's Dream).
BALLET OF SYLPHS.
FINALE—Chorus of Soldiers and Students.

PART III

Drums and Trumpets sounding the Retreat.
AIR—Faust (in Margarita's dwelling).
BALLAD—The King of Thule (Margarita).
EVOCATION.
DANCE OF THE WILLS-O'-THE WISP.
SERENADE—Mephisto, and Chorus of Spirits.
TRIO AND CHORUS—(Margarita, Faust and Mephisto).

PART IV

ROMANCE—Margarita.
Forests and Caverns, Invocation of Nature (Faust).
RECITATIVE AND HUNT.
DUET—The Ride to the Abyss (Faust and Mephisto).
PANDEMONIUM—Chorus of Lost Souls and Demons.
THE HEAVENS—Chorus of Celestial Spirits (Margarita's Apotheosis).



ALBERT A. STANLEY

Free Organ Recital

BY

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15, 3:00 O'CLOCK

PROGRAM

PRELUDE	JOSEPH RENNER
BARCAROLLE	W. WOLSTENHOLME
TOCCATA	L. BOELLMANN
ROMANZE	CLARA SCHUMANN
ADAGIO, from Symphony-Cantata "Ariane"	A. GUILMANT
GAVOTTE (arranged for organ by L. L. Renwick)	G. MERKEL
SONATA in C minor	RALPH BALDWIN
ALLEGRO PATETICO; ADAGIO-MODERATO; UN MODO D'UNA MARCIA; RECITATIVOS; FINALE	
BURLESCA E MELODIA	RALPH BALDWIN
IDYLLE	W. FAULKES
NOCTURNE	ARTHUR FOOTE
TRIUMPHAL MARCH	HORATIO PARKER

ALL CONCERTS

BEGIN ON STANDARD TIME

DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE THE
BEGINNING OF EACH
CONCERT

Descriptive Programs

ANALYSES BY

ALBERT A. STANLEY

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 12, 1909

OVERTURE, "Der Improvisator,"

D'ALBERT

Born at Glasgow, April 10, 1864.

To those who know d'Albert as a great pianist, one of the greatest of his day, it may be somewhat surprising to learn that he is rapidly making his mark as an operatic composer. In his one-act opera, "A Flute Solo," he speaks with the naiveté of Mozart, and the romantic fervor of von Weber, though this must not be interpreted as an indication of the heights he has attained, or ever will. In his latest work, "Tiefland,"—which has been received in all the music centers of Europe as an epoch-making work,—although failing of recognition when given in New York—many thoughtful observers see indications that he, rather than Strauss, d'Indy, or Debussy, is destined to be a *Bahnbrecker* in the field of opera, and to lead the form to new victories. He unites the best that has recently come into dramatic music to a somewhat saner view of the function of music than many of the ultra-moderns—who, like Debussy, walk in hidden paths and appeal to the "subliminal consciousness"—a favorite expression of this group—rather than through more obvious channels. It will therefore be of interest to become acquainted with the work on our program, in which he gives us as spirited a picture of the Carnival in an Italian city—(Padua) in the sixteenth century—as Berlioz in the "Carneval Romain" Overture. The two principal themes hereby appended, are sufficient direction for the majority of music lovers, while those who desire to study more fully the plot of the opera are referred to Victor Hugo's tragedy, "Angelo, the Tyrant of Padua."



ARIA, "Che farò senza Euridice," from "Orpheus,"

GLUCK

Born at Weidenwang, July 2, 1714; died at Vienna, November 25, 1787.

MISS MARGARET KEYES.

This aria from Act III. of Gluck's immortal opera, a work in which he fully enunciated his epoch-making musico-dramatic theories, has lost none of its freshness with the passage of the years. The situation is clearly depicted in the following stage directions, and the recitative leading into the aria, which commences with the words "She is gone, and gone forever."

[ORPHEUS, *who up to this time has not looked upon the face of EURIDICE, overcome by her entreaties, turns to her, whereupon she sinks down, and dies.*

EURIDICE.—My Orpheus, I faint, I die.

ORPHEUS.—What is this I have done?

Unto what am I driven by my love and grief!

Euridice! My beloved!

Ah, she hears not my voice, she returns not again.

'Tis I to whom her death is due;

More than ever do I repent me;

My grief is past endurance.

In such an hour nought is left except to die and
make atonement.

She is gone, and gone forever,

All my joy, alas, is flown;

Life without her would I never,

Why on earth remain alone?

Euridice, Euridice,

Make answer, I beseech thee,

If truth and love can reach thee.

She cannot hear me,

Vain expectation!

No consolation, nought to cheer me,

Nowhere relief.

SYMPHONY, F major, No. 8, Op. 93,

BEETHOVEN

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

Allegro vivace e con brio; Allegretto scherzando;

Tempo di menuetto; Allegro vivace.

This symphony, called by the composer his "Little Symphony," justifies such a designation only when its comparative brevity is taken into consideration. In view of its contents it cannot be called "little," although in it he does not attain the heights reached in many others of the "Immortal Nine." In point of time it follows closely on the A major, (No. 7), and much of the exuberance of the greater work is dis-



MARGARET KEYES

played in the lesser. Formally it is characterized by conciseness, and exceptional clarity, and no one of the great symphonic works more clearly enunciates the structural principles, given below—with no apology for the frequency with which this explanation has appeared in the pages of Festival Programs—than this.

To fully comprehend the structural characteristics of the sonata form, of which the symphony is the highest expression, it must be stated that the term has two quite distinct meanings. The first refers to a cyclical form which includes several complete and contrasting movements; the second is generally applied to the first movement alone, and is now used in that sense. It must be borne in mind, however, that, although in the majority of symphonies, the first movement is the only one in this specific form, the principles of development, and to a certain extent the formal means of their application, may condition any or all of the remaining movements.

A movement written in this form is divided into three sections, the first of which is generally repeated. In the first, the "exposition," we have two principal subjects, in different keys, which, through contrast with each other, secondary episodes, thematic development, and intensification, are clearly placed before us with suggestions of future possibilities, the revealing of which is the function of the second division, the "illustration" or "development." The processes in this second division are often so complex, and introduce so many transformations of the leading subjects, as well as extraneous matter, that herein lies the necessity for the repetition of the first section. The third division, the "recapitulation," gives the various contrasts between the two most important subjects save that of the key, and the thematic material is treated in the light of the fuller insight gained through the other divisions. This division closes with a "coda," which, instead of being perfunctory in nature as in the early days of the form, under Beethoven's hand had developed into a part of the organic structure.

It will be seen from this, of necessity inadequate, explanation of the form, that acquaintance with the salient characteristics of the leading themes is a better preparation for the enjoyment of an unknown work, than the perusal of a tabulated description in quasi-technical language. For this reason we give most of the principal themes, and will restrict the "quasi-technical language" to a minimum.

The first movement—F major, 3-4 time, *Allegro vivace e con brio*—begins with a brilliant statement of the following theme:



which leads into the lovely second subject.



After a brilliant and scholarly "development" section come the "recapitulation" and "coda" in strictly orthodox succession.

In compliment to Maetzel, the inventor, or rather first manufacturer, of the metronome, Beethoven once wrote a canon, which is the subject of the second movement—B flat major, 2-4 time—*Allegretto scherzando*—



This movement, regarding which Berlioz wrote, "This sort of thing falls entire from heaven into the composer's brain; he writes it at a single dash," was received with great enthusiasm at the first performance of the symphony, February 1814. It fully deserves all of the extravagant praise bestowed on it by Berlioz in his "Critical Study of Beethoven's Symphonies"—from which we have quoted—in spite of the fact that the first appearance of the subject, on the occasion of a banquet given to Maetzel by his admirers, was in an essentially mundane environment.

The theme of the third movement—F major, 3-4 time, *Tempo di Menuetto*—is eminently graceful,

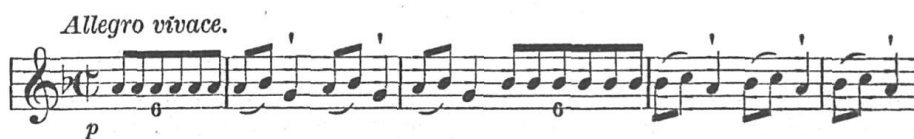


while in the trio we meet with a beautiful duo for horns and clarinets.



First Concert

In the Finale—F major, Alla Breva time, *Allegro vivace*—with its exuberant first theme



and the naive second subject



Beethoven shows us a side of his nature rarely in evidence in his symphonies. Rollicking in its humor, and seething with life and vigor, it is a wonderful commentary on the resources of this great genius who was even then beginning to walk in the shadow of that great catastrophe which was so soon to envelop his life.

SYMPHONIC POEM, "ATTIS," Op. 15,

A. A. STANLEY

Born at Manville, R. I., May 25, 1851.

ATTIS, a beautiful Greek youth full of dreams and fancies, passionate, eager for new experiences, suddenly determines to sail away across the sea to Phrygia, there to become a priest of Cybele, goddess of the earth. Scarcely has he arrived at this decision when he experiences one of those revulsions of feeling common to unregulated natures. Thoughts of home and all that he must leave behind, mingled with premonitions of disaster, crowd upon him, and for the moment he hesitates. Soon, however, he comes back to his first resolve, and, together with a company of youths whom his enthusiasm has inspired, he goes on board ship and resolutely sets sail. As the voyage nears its end tender memories fill his heart with sadness. At the first sight of land there is an outburst of joy, but as Attis touches the shore he is again almost overcome by thoughts of home. Returning to his purpose, Attis summons his companions to follow and presses on to the sacred grove in the still depths of which rises the temple of Cybele. They approach the shrine as dusk comes on, and discover to their dismay a stone image where they had expected to find the beautiful goddess. The image of the goddess gives no sign of welcome, but stands grim and silent in the gathering shadows. Filled with vague distrust, but not despairing, they turn sorrowfully away. But they cannot yet give up the hope that the great goddess of the earth will by some visible sign show her acceptance of their worship, and again they approach the shrine with chanting. Before they reach it, the air seems to be pervaded by a strange influence that dulls all thought of self and moves them with a new and irresistible impulse. The air is filled with soft music which gradually takes on the character of a dance. As the music increases in intensity, the youths, drawn on by its stirring rhythms, move more and more quickly. Frenzy takes possession of all; the dance becomes a wild and fearful orgy. At length, ut-

terly exhausted, Attis sinks down, senseless, upon the ground. As he comes to himself, he seems to hear an old melody of the homeland wafted over the seas. Responding to its suggestions he resolves to seek again his home and kindred. But Cybele, angered at the inconstancy of her devotee, unyokes a lion from her chariot, and bids him frighten the wavering Attis into submission. The youth, terror-stricken, flees to the shrine, and gives himself forever to the service of the goddess.

The work is written in the modern form of the symphonic poem, and is scored for the full concert orchestra. The subject has been given a free interpretation in order that a proper artistic sequence might be made possible. The first theme, the "Attis" motive—G minor, 3-4 time, *Andante appassionata*—stated by the violins, violas and 'celli—aims at the portrayal of the successive steps by means of which Attis arrives at the determination to become a votary of Cybele. Then follows a quieter motive (*poco adagio*) for clarinet, horns and English horn, expressive of the tender emotions which he experiences as soon as he comes to his decision. This is violently interrupted by a sharp incisive figure for the violins which leads eventually to the first theme of the second division—the sea voyage—C minor, 2-4 time, *Allegro ma non troppo*. The second subject—in E flat major—is expressive of the nobler side of Attis's character, and has national suggestion though a metrical structure essentially Greek (5-4 time). In the short "free fantasia" which now follows—the first part not being repeated—several purely musical themes are introduced leading to a variant of the "Attis" motive, which now takes on a somewhat dreamy and sorrowful character. The theme soon develops into a canonic duo between the oboe and English horn. This is followed in turn by a contemplative theme for flute, oboe, and English horn. These themes are accompanied by a figure suggestive of the movement of the waves, and are hushed by the cries of "Land!" announced by blasts of the horns, repeated by the strings. At the third call the full orchestra responds in a strong statement of the "Attis" motive—*Maestoso*. The *reprise* now follows. As the vessel touches the shore, Attis, overcome by tender memories, looks questioningly across the seas towards home. This mood is expressed by a quiet theme for the muted strings, E major, *Poco adagio*, leading into solos for violin and 'cello, while the strings sustain a dominant seventh chord. This is followed by a choral-like theme played by the wood wind, F minor, *Maestoso*, which, rising to a climax on *ff* chords for the brass, finally sinks into subdued harmonies as Attis and his companions stand awe-struck before the insensate image. The "Prayer" motive—G flat major, 3-4 time, *Adagio*—is given out by the bass clarinet accompanied by violas and 'celli *pp*, and is repeated several times in appropriate combinations. As there comes no response, the desire for some answer to the prayer is voiced by the strings, in a second subject, in conjunction with the "Prayer" motive. The theme dies away and the choral chant is repeated, F sharp minor. At the conclusion of this movement, just as the "Prayer" motive should enter again, the violins sustain B natural, while a harsh dissonance resolving by an upward chromatic leading of the lower voice is followed by a figure, which, after three repetitions, leads directly into a dance—G major, 3-4 time, *Allegro con brio*—based on the "Prayer" motive and its counter-subject. This dance, written in a free adaptation of the Minuet form, gradually develops into a wild *Bacchanale*. As this change takes place the tonality grows vague and the rhythms become more and more agitated. All the themes already heard are introduced, but so transformed that they stand as expressions of the swift play of passion, which has brought about a complete debasement of the better nature.



HERBERT WITHERSPOON

As the orgiastic music ceases, a long sustained tone in the violins leads into the next movement—B major, 5-4 time, *Poco Andante molto espressivo*. The flute gives out a quaint Greek theme—a quotation from the "Hymn to Apollo." A solo horn answers with the "Attis" motive. Again the Greek melody is heard, this time answered by the strings—eventually by the full orchestra—in a concise statement of the principal themes of the introductory division. As the concluding measures are about to end in a full cadence, the Finale—G sharp minor, 2-4 time, *Allegro vivace, quasi presto*,—with its turbulent figures interrupts it, and we are precipitated directly into the struggle which finally results in driving Attis and his companions back to the service of Cybele. As if to heighten the awful situation, a short episode for horns and wood wind is introduced—one glimpse of their despair—leading to a final statement of a part of the "Attis" theme. With a few subdued measures the work is brought to a close—the future course of events being left to the imagination.

ARIA, "Liete Signor," from "Les Huguenots,"

MEYERBEER

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

MISS KEYES.

Give ye, gay Lords, good even;
From a lady fair and lovely,
Whose sweet smile than light is fairer,
Of a mission I'm the bearer,
Cavaliers to one of you;
With homage greeting the happy knight,
Who thus is honored by lady bright.
No one before him has ever been
Smil'd on by fair beauty's queen.
Ah! 'tis true, you may believe me,
Cavaliers in what I say,
Love and war shall ne'er deceive ye,
And now farewell, I must away!

"AT SUNDOWN,"

STOCK

SYMPHONIC WALTZ.

Born at Julich, November 11, 1872.

The atmosphere of the first of these compositions from the pen of the gifted conductor, is sufficiently indicated by the title, while of the second the composer writes, "As to the waltz it is meant to be symphonic—or at least it pretends to be so. We trust fully that what is good in it will make itself felt in true waltz-like fashion—let us say spontaneously—and that its pretentious title will protect it from undue or unbecoming popularity. As to the dedication he writes, "It is not more than natural that a composer should feel inclined to dedicate all the good things he writes—and in his opinion, of course, all are good, and more than that—to his own beloved

self; and this the writer of this waltz at first determined to do—when the happy thought occurred to him that it would be more appropriate, and also more unique, to dedicate the work in question “To all his friends” (F. A. S.) which means—if we may localize a dedication that is national—the entire May Festival *clientele*. (A. A. S.)

“LOVE SCENE” from “Feuersnot,”

STRAUSS

Born at Munich, June 11, 1864.

Among the one-act operas—which seem to be quite the vogue at present—“Feuersnot” (Fire-famine) is one of the most important. It was first produced at Dresden under the lead of von Schuch, to whom Strauss intrusted the initial performance of “Salome” (December 9, 1905) and of “Elektra” (January 25, 1909). The text by von Wolzogen is founded on an old legend, and the events are supposed to have transpired at Munich in *fabelhafter Urzeit*. Ignoring the evident anachronisms of the stage settings and costumes, which certainly do not reach back to this “fabulous antiquity,” it is sufficient to say that the work is surcharged with dramatic intensity, and is full of musical beauty. The selection on our program represents the final scene in the story which now follows:

“Once there was a young maiden (Diemut), who was beloved by a young man (Kunrad), whom she offended grievously, thereby bringing great distress upon both herself and those among whom she lived; for it happened that this Kunrad was a magician, and he revenged himself forthwith by casting a spell over the town in which the maiden had her abode—causing the extinction of all fire. Thus the place became enveloped in pitch darkness, which brought great trouble upon the inhabitants, and which was dispelled only when the maiden relented and hearkened to the voice of love. At the moment of her yielding the curse was lifted, and once more the fires burned brightly upon the hearths.”

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 13, 1909

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

HAYDN

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

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

The centenary of Haydn's death (May 31, 1909), will be commemorated throughout Europe by special performances of his works; in Vienna the event will be made the occasion of an International Musical Congress; while permanency will be given to these manifestations of *Pietät* by the publication of a monumental edition of his complete works.

This is as it should be, for no composer of his generation deserves fuller consideration at this time than he. In his natural, simple style, a corrective for much that has recently come into music may be found. In these days of obscure melody, redundant form, complicated harmony, and opulent orchestration, it is helpful and inspiring to return to his naïve melody, his symmetrical forms, his simple harmony and his limpid and transparent orchestral color. If, in comparison with modern music, his works appear to be "orgies of the tonic, dominant and subdominant," they can still hold their own in the modern repertoire, for they fulfil all the conditions that are the bases of great Art. They have lived, and will live, unless some reversal of fundamental principles of judgment—such as can scarcely come to pass—shall cause them to be forgotten. In that case, Mozart and Beethoven, not to mention Bach and Händel, will eventually suffer the same fate. If, to quote Emerson, "He used the symbols in use in his day and generation to convey his enlarged sense to his fellowmen"; if those "symbols" are distinct from those employed by Wagner and Strauss, not to mention Debussy et al., we must remember that "the new in art is always formed from the old," and furthermore, that acknowledgment of the force of the newer points of view need not imply disloyalty to the older concepts. Acceptance of Millet and Whistler does not necessarily imply the rejection of Rafael, Giotto, nor even of Cimabue. One may revel in "Tristan" one evening, and enjoy "Die Entführung" on the next—in a different way, to be sure—but in equal measure. Failure to enjoy the simpler forms does not always argue the possession of deeper insight, but often the reverse, a fact that may be considered with profit by many who gleefully proclaim Haydn "tuney" and antique, and then, having thus disposed of him, turn gladly to the worship of the latest composer whose work they often fail to understand, but which for that reason they feel must be epoch-making. *O tempora! O mores!*

"The Seasons" was written soon after the completion of the "Creation," and falls within the years 1798 and 1801. It was his Swan Song—for he always maintained that its composition shortened his life. Based on Thomson's poem, it followed

quite distinct lines from the earlier work. It was suggested to him by van Swieten, to whom it will be remembered we owe the composition of the "Creation," and was given its initial performance at the Schwartzberg Palace, Vienna, on April 24, and was repeated on April 27, and May 1. The earliest German edition contains, in addition to the German text, an English translation which is a literary curiosity. In the process of translation from English to German, and from that language back to the original, the text underwent such strange transformations—involving the loss of every poetic beauty—that the poet would scarcely have recognized his lines. The later English edition is a decided improvement.

The work is divided into four parts: Spring; Summer; Autumn; and Winter. An appropriate overture depicts the passage from Winter to Spring, and each of the remaining divisions has a fitting orchestral introduction. The characteristics of each season are portrayed with great power, and much of grace as well. The first division is better sustained than the others, although this may be—and is—questioned by many. There are three soloists: Lucas (Tenor); Simon (Bass); and Jane (Soprano). The choruses are powerful, superbly written, and pictorial in their delineation of the varied expressions of the different seasons: "Spring, gentle Spring"; "The evening bell again has tolled"; "Joyful the liquor flows"; and "But who shall dare those gates to pass" following the solo "Then comes the dawn of that great morn" and the duet "The heavenly gates are lifted up," may be chosen as representing the most attractive choruses from each division. In some of the choruses Haydn displays great dramatic force, and also discovers a lighter touch than is generally shown by him in his choral writings. The solos are extremely beautiful, a remark that applies with equal force to the many duos and trios, interspersed throughout the work. Of the orchestration, it must suffice to say that it is full of the typical Haydn color, and is delineative to a superlative degree. It is interesting to note that he has introduced in the accompaniment to the air "With joy the impatient husbandman" the principal theme from the slow movement of the "Surprise" Symphony (1791, G major, No. 6, Breitkopf and Haertel Edition).*

"The Seasons" has been given rather infrequently, for, although at first it vied with the "Creation" in popularity, the earlier work is generally conceded to be the greater. Be this as it may, no better choice than this could have been made for an occasion that seems to impose upon the musical world the duty of commemorating the passing of the Father of the Symphony.

SPRING

OVERTURE.

Expressing the passage from Winter to Spring.

RECIT.—SIMON.

Behold where surly Winter flies!
Far to the north he passes off.
He calls his ruffian blasts:
His ruffian blasts obey,
And quit the howling hill.

LUCAS.

Behold, from craggy rocks the snows
In livid torrents run!

JANE.

Forth fly the tepid airs,
And from the southern shores allure
The messenger of Spring.

CHORUS.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,
come;
And from her wintry grave bid drowsy
nature rise.

*For the purpose of recording a delicious example of the English translation mentioned, we will state that this air is introduced by a recitative, "Now in his course the sun has reached the winter—butting Ram."



DANIEL BEDDOE

GIRLS AND WOMEN.

See, gentle Spring delightful comes!
Her soft and balmy breath we feel,—
The joy of renovated life!

MEN.

As yet the year is unconfirm'd
And oft returning Winter's blast
Or black envenom'd fog the bud and
bloom destroys.

CHORUS.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,
come!
And smiling on our plains descend;
O come, gentle Spring, while music
wakes around.

RECIT.—SIMON.

At last the beauteous sun
From Aries into Taurus rolls.
Wide spreading life and heat,
The fleecy clouds uprise sublime,
And stretch their thin and silver wings
O'er all surrounding heav'n.

AIR.

With joy th' impatient husbandman
Drives forth his lusty team,
To where the well-us'd plough remains,
Now loosen'd from the frost.
With measur'd step he throws the grain
Within the bounteous earth.

O sun, soft show'rs, and dews!
The golden ears in plenty bring.
With joy th' impatient husbandman
Drives forth his lusty team,
To where the well-us'd plough remains,
Now loosen'd from the frost;
And they their wonted toil begin,
Made cheerful by a song.

RECIT.—LUCAS.

Laborious man hath done his part;
And while his heart with hope expands,
That nature's friendly aid will richly
crown his toil,
His ardent prayers to Heaven ascend.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

LUCAS.

Be propitious, bounteous Heaven;
O'er the hills and vales luxuriant
Spread a rich autumnal feast!

CHORUS.

Be propitious, &c.

LUCAS.

O let the gales of grey-ey'd morning,

SIMON.

Upon refreshing dew-drops breathing,

JANE.

The genial sun and ev'ning show'r,
With pow'r productive bless the land.

TRIO.

The hopes of man shall then be crown'd,
And songs of joy thy praise shall tell.

CHORUS.

Be propitious, &c.

MEN.

O let the gales of grey-ey'd morning,
The genial sun and ev'ning show'r,

WOMEN.

The ev'ning show'r and genial sun,
With pow'r productive bless the land.

CHORUS.

The hopes of man, &c.

RECIT. AND AIR (ACCOMPANIED).

JANE.

Our fervent pray'rs are heard;
Th' effusive southern breeze
Warms the wide air with fruitful
show'rs enrich'd.
In heaps on heaps the vapours sail;
And now their genial stores descend,
Wide spreading o'er the freshen'd world.

DUET AND CHORUS.

JANE.

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,
Calls us to the fields;
Come, sweet maidens, let us wander
O'er the fragrant scene.

LUCAS.

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,
Calls us to the fields;
Come, companions, let us wander
'Mid the sweets of May.

BOTH.

Spring, her lovely charms, &c.

JANE.

Let us gaily tread the dew-drops,
Cull the blooming flow'rs.

LUCAS.

See the valleys, see the meadows,
Where the lilies sip the streamlet.

GIRLS AND YOUTHS.

Spring, her lovely charms, &c.

JANE.

Mark the mountains! see the waters!
View the lucid sky!

LUCAS.

All is lovely, all delightful,
All replete with joy.

JANE.

See the playful lambkins bounding!

LUCAS.

Fish in sport the waters cleaving!

JANE.

Bees from flow'r to flow'r are flying!

LUCAS.

Tuneful birds thro' branches flutter.

CHORUS.

All is lovely, all delightful,
All replete with joy.

GIRLS.

O what pleasure, what enjoyment,
Fills our grateful hearts!

YOUTHS.

O what gladness, O what rapture,
Reigns within the breast!

SIMON.

Till the feelings, all ecstatic,
Own a present God.

GIRLS AND YOUTHS.

With our praises grateful flowing,
Magnify His Name.

MEN.

Let the voice of pure thanksgiving
Rise above the clouds.

CHORUS.

Let the voice, &c.

CHORUS, WITH TRIO.

God of light! God of life! Hail, gracious
Lord!

TRIO.

From whose abundant stores
The earth with plenty flows,
And whose Almighty love
Makes glad the heart of man.

CHORUS.

God of light! God of life! Hail, gracious
Lord!
Endless praise to Thee we'll sing,
Almighty Lord of all.

SUMMER

RECIT.—LUCAS.

Her face in dewy veil conceal'd,
The meek-ey'd morn appears.
With quicken'd step, at her approach,
The dusky night retires.
To gloomy caves repair
The black ill-omen'd birds of night;
And with their mournful cries
No more the timid heart appall.

SIMON.

The crested harbinger of day,
With lively note the shepherd wakes,
Who from his cottage hies
The freshness of the morn to taste.

AIR.

From out the fold the shepherd drives
His bleating flock and lowing herd,
To browse along the verdant hill,
Dewdrops shaking to the ground.
He stands, and gazes towards the east,
And on his staff in silence leans,
Until the pow'rful king of day
Glorious darts his beams around.

RECIT.—JANE.

The balmy scent of fragrant herbs
On zephyr's wing is borne:
And from the ev'ning bow'r is heard
The shepherd's tuneful lay.

AIR.

O how pleasing to the senses
Comes the sweet and cooling breeze!
Beams the eye with joy expanded,
As the stream of life pervades
Th' invigorated frame.
Delight uplifts the heart,
And fancy's magic pow'r
O'er nature bears the soul
On sweet enchanted wing.

RECIT.—SIMON.

Behold! slow settling o'er the lurid
grove,
Unusual darkness frowning broods;
In awful gloom with vivid flash the
lightning gleams
Eruptive thro' the clouds,
And hark! from heaven's dark canopy
The thunder growls.

LUCAS.

With rueful gaze the cattle stand,
By fearful man forgot:
Th' aerial tribes descend;
The clouds low rolling on
Prepare the elemental strife.

JANE.

Through all the dun expanse
A boding silence reigns:
Without a breath the forest shakes,
And nature seems to ruin doom'd.

CHORUS.

Hark! the deep tremendous voice
Of awful thunder roars!
The tempest howls around;
Away; ah, let us fly!
Flashes of livid flame dart thro' the air.
And from the bursting clouds the flood
In ample torrents pours.

Heaven protect us!
Dreadful rage the winds; the sky is all
in flames;
O what horror!
Peal on peal, with fearful crash,
Convulsing heav'n, the thunder rolls!
O God! O God!
The firm and deep foundations
Of earth itself are mov'd.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

LUCAS.
Now cease the conflicts fierce of winds,
And fast the gloomy clouds retire;

JANE.
The sky sublimer swells,
Pure azure spreads around,
And o'er the fields the setting sun
Displays the sparkling robe of joy.

SIMON.
His flock secure, the shepherd hies,
Light-hearted to his home.

LUCAS.
The quail with clamour calls her mate;

JANE.
Around, the hidden crickets chirp,

SIMON.
While croak the frogs within the pool;

JANE, LUCAS, SIMON.
And tolls the ev'ning bell.
Now shines the glitt'ring host of stars.
The hour of sweet repose is near.

TENORS AND BASSES.
Welcome, gentle sleep!
Soothing balm of ev'ry care!
O thou that in the cot of toil
Dost quickly close the lids of health,
Welcome, gentle sleep!

TREBLES AND ALTOS.
To rest, to rest away!

CHORUS.
The ev'ning bell again has toll'd;
The winking stars to sleep invite;
The hour of sweet repose is near
To rest, to rest away!

AUTUMN

OVERTURE.

RECIT.—JANE.

Ye swains, now hasten to the bank,
Where falls the winding brook;
Ye virgins, come, their latest song
For you the woodlands raise;
For you amid the secret shade
The lover finds the clust'ring nuts:

SIMON.

And where the topmost bough
Spreads forth its tempting fruit,
He crushes down the tree,
Or shakes a glossy show'r;
And then with joy he spies
The maid he loves, approach,
And sportive at her feet
The rolling nuts he flings.

LUCAS.

Beneath the orchard's bending tree,
The smiling damsels stand,
All like the fruit they gather up,
Fair, ruddy, fresh, and sweet.

DUET.

LUCAS.
Ye gay and painted fair, O come,
And mark the simple child of truth!
No tricks of art her charms deform
Behold my Jane, behold!
The bloom of youth adorns her cheek;
Her smiling eye beams happiness;
And from her lips breathes faith sin-
cere

When love to me she vows.

JANE.

Ye false and idle swains, away!
Here lures of fraud are spread in vain;
And wily tales of passion feign'd
No list'ning ear shall find.
Mine eye no gaudy dress entices,—
An honest heart is what I prize:
Fulfill'd are all my fondest wishes,
Whilst Lucas true remains.

LUCAS.

Leaves will fade and fall,
Flow'rs and fruit decay,
Days and years elapse;
Not so my constant love.

JANE.

Greener grows the leaf,
Sweeter breathes the flow'r,
Brighter shines the day,
When love lights up thine eye.

BOTH.

What delight! where mutual fervour
Binds two hearts in fond affection!
Death alone such bonds can break;
Dearest maiden! Dearest Lucas!
Love to faithful love responsive
Is the highest pitch of rapture
Heav'n bestows on mortal life.

RECIT.—SIMON.

Lo! where the plenteous harvest wav'd,
A dreary waste the plains appear!
And where the cheerful song was heard,

The silent fields forsaken lie.
 Now thro' the stubble limps the hare,
 With timid eye and doubtful step;
 Or fearful, with attentive ear,
 Lies close within her form.
 Anon the sportsman's voice
 Along the sounding vale is heard,
 And keen to share the healthful sport
 The lusty swain assists his lord.

AIR.

Behold, along the dewy grass,
 In search of scent the spaniel roves!
 And still obedient to command,
 Attentive seeks the latent prey.
 But press'd by ardour, now he runs,
 Nor heeds the call, and chiding voice,
 Then scenting the game, he sudden stops,
 And stiff, with open nose, he stands.
 Th' impending peril to avoid,
 The startled fowl flies instant up;
 But wings in vain his rapid flight:
 The gun darts forth its mortal charge,
 And strikes him dead from the
 tow'ring height.

RECIT.—JANE.

The vineyard now its wealth displays;
 And bending boughs with clusters clear,
 Luxuriant thro' the foliage seen,
 With smiles invite the master's hand.

SIMON.

Exulting o'er the fields
 The youth and virgins rove,
 Each fond for each to cull
 The sweet Autumnal prime,
 And speak the vintage nigh.

JANE.

The full ripe grapes are prest,
 And foams the ruby flood
 That fills of nations round
 The cup of mirth and joy.

LUCAS.

The sportive joke makes light the toil,
 From morn to eve 'tis cheerful all,
 And oft the creamy glist'ning juice
 Exalts the mirth to shouts of joy.

CHORUS.

Joyful, joyful the liquor flows,
 The bulky tuns are fill'd;
 Let pleasure reign around,
 And joy in loudest strains resound!
 Free from sorrow, let us revel,
 Fill'd with mirth and glee.
 In glad chorus raise your voices,
 Merry, merry be.
 Joy! Joy! Joy! All hail to the wine!
 And hail to the land that brings it forth!

Joyful sing! All hail to the wine!
 The vessel be prais'd that gives its
 strength!

Joyful sing! All hail the wine!
 And prais'd be the bowl from whence
 it flows!

Come, companions, fill the tankard,
 Drain the goblet; jocund let us be!

And hail to the wine! in loudest
 strains resound;

Oh sing, oh sing. All hail to the wine!
 The merry toned fife and the drum are
 resounding,

The bagpipe prolongs the hum of its
 drone.

While sporting and dancing

The nymphs are advancing,

All mirthful and joyous

What pastime they're courting!

With frolic and glee.

Trip it, trip it, quickly and sprightly,

Companions, come!

The tankards fill! the goblets drain!

Jocund let us be.

Hail, all hail to the wine!

In loudest strains resound.

Revel, riot!

Frisk and gambol!

Laugh and carol!

Merrily, briskly trip!

Now let us brim the foaming cup.

Push it on, press it on, send it around!

Then let us sing in chorus full,

The joyous produce from the grape.

All hail to the wine, old age's friend,

Of care and grief the cure!

With voice of loud resounding mirth,

The gen'rous liquor let us praise.

All hail to the wine! all hail!

WINTER

INTRODUCTION.

RECIT.—SIMON.

Now sinks the pale declining year,
 And vapours, clouds, and storms de-
 scend;

Thick mists pour down the mountain
 side,

Which soon envelop all the plain,

And shroud the noontide sun,

With cloak of thick impervious gloom.

RECIT.—LUCAS.

A crystal pavement lies the lake;

Arrested stands the rapid stream;

And o'er the lofty cliff the torrent hangs

With idle threat and seeming roar.

The leafless woods no more resound,



ALFRED BARTHEL

The fields are hid, the valleys chok'd,
With heaps immense of drifted snow;
The dreary earth appears a grave,
Where nature's splendour lies conceal'd;
A death-like hue o'er all prevails,
And o'er the wild and bleak expanse
Pale desolation spreads her wings.

AIR.

The trav'ler stands perplex'd,
Forlorn, uncertain he,
Which way his wand'ring steps to turn
Across the trackless waste.
No human dwelling cheers his sight,
No mark of human foot is found;
And onward as he bravely toils,
In deeper error plunges still.
Depress'd his courage sinks;
And anguish wrings his heart,
As night its sable horrors sheds,
And weariness and cold
Have stiffen'd all his limbs.
Before his gladden'd sight appears
A sudden gleam of neighb'ring light;
And now reviv'd he springs,
With joyful panting breast,
To gain the welcome door,
Where all his pains may find relief!

RECIT.—LUCAS.

As he draws nigh, as yet appall'd
By tempest of the howling winds,
Melodious voices greet his ears,

JANE.

The fire fair-blazing lets him see,
In friendly circle met,
Full many a kind and cheerful guest,
To pass the tedious hours away
In pleasant talk and merry jest.

SIMON.

The grey-hair'd father sits,
And talks of years long past,
Of feats of valour in his youth per-
form'd;
Whilst round him clam'rous play
The wanton laughing boys.
The mother spins on the distaff,
On wheels the smiling daughters,
And render light their task
With simple artless melody.

CHORUS.

Let the wheel move gaily,
Singing as it circles.

JANE.

Quickly, cheerily, let it turn,
Twisting fine and tender threads,
Virgin cheeks to shelter.

CHORUS.

Let the wheel move gaily, &c.

JANE.

Gentle weaver, make thy web
Clear and fine, of dext'rous art.
Gracing her that wears it.

CHORUS.

Let the wheel move gaily, &c.

JANE.

Pure within, as fair without,
Modest, gentle, heedful minds,
Best secure affection.

CHORUS.

Pure within, &c.

RECIT.—LUCAS.

The evening's task anon performed,
Collected now they sit
Around the sparkling fire,
With eager looks and ears intent,
To listen to the newest tale
Which cheerful Jane has now to tell.

AIR AND CHORUS.

JANE.

A wealthy lord, who long had lov'd
An honest country lass,
By chance within a lonely vale,
The gentle maid espied.
Dismounting from his horse, he said,
"Come, give me one sweet kiss!"
To which the frighten'd girl replied,
"O yes, with all my heart!"

CHORUS.

Ha, silly girl, why answer so?
Why not say No?

JANE.

"Be calm, my pretty lass," said he,
"On me bestow thy heart,
For true and constant is my love,
Not idle trifling sport.
Thou shalt be happy! take this purse,
This watch and glitt'ring ring,
And ask whate'er thy heart can wish,
Thou shalt not want it long."

CHORUS.

Indeed, indeed, that's shrewdly urged.

JANE.

"No, no," she cried, "I must not leave,
My simple happy home;
My brother toiling for my sake;

My father full of love.
In yonder field the plough he guides,
Perhaps—if they—but no,
Beyond the hedge, quite close at hand,
Behold them at their toil."

CHORUS.

Ha, ha! what next, I pray?

JANE.

And now, as o'er the hedge he peeps,
The maid, with sudden spring,
Leaps up upon his horse, and swift
Its master leaves behind.
"Farewell," she cries, "my gen'rous
lord!

My wrongs I thus revenge."
Asham'd and vext he gaping stands,
To see her thus escape.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! in truth well done!

RECIT.—SIMON.

From out the east darts forth an icy
gale,
Whose piercing cold, fierce spreading
thro' the sky,
All damp and mist assails, and e'en the
breath of living things.
The tyrant influence reigns from pole to
pole,
And nature lies a vast extended waste
Enwrapt in silent gloom.

AIR.

In this, O vain misguided man,
The picture true of life behold!
Soon pass thy hours of blooming Spring,
Thy Summer-strength anon declines;
Then comes the Autumn of thy days,
And Winter last, with dreary close,
Meet emblem of the dreary tomb.

Where now are fled thy lofty schemes,
Thy flatt'ring hopes of wealth,
Thy longings after fame,
And all thy worldly cares?
Where now are fled the mirthful days,
In wanton pleasure past?
And where, alas! those festive nights,
In giddy revels spent?
All vanished like a dream,
For nought but truth remains!

RECIT.—SIMON.

Truth only lasts, and like a light that
meets the eye
Of shipwreck'd mariners, directs us
thro' life's storms,
To everlasting peace and joy.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

SIMON.

Then comes the dawn of that great
morn,
The Saviour's mighty voice awakes
The dawn of second life,
From pain and death forever free.

LUCAS AND SIMON.

The heavenly gates are lifted up,
The holy hill appears!
And on its brow the sacred seat,
Where peace eternal dwells.

CHORUS.

But who shall dare those gates to pass?

JANE, LUCAS, SIMON.

The man whose life was incorrupt.

CHORUS.

And who the holy hill ascend?

JANE, LUCAS, SIMON.

The man whose tongue was void of
guile.

CHORUS.

What soul within that seat may dwell?

JANE, LUCAS, SIMON.

That soul which succours want and
grief.

CHORUS.

Eternal peace who shall enjoy?

JANE, LUCAS, SIMON.

The man who gave the guiltless aid.

CHORUS.

The everlasting gates of life
Behold! Are lifted up!
The great, the glorious morn awakes,
The holy hill appears.
Now are they gone, for ever past,
The hours of grief and pain,
The storms of mortal life.
A calm eternal reigns,
And everlasting happiness
Is virtue's high reward.

JANE, LUCAS, SIMON.

May we a like reward deserve!
May our wishes, ev'ry action,

CHORUS.

All our labours, still unwearied,
To that glory only tend.

Direct us in Thy ways, O God!

Support us in the strife!

In triumph then shall we ascend
The holy hill of heav'nly bliss. Amen.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 14, 1909

OVERTURE, "Fingal's Cave," Op. 26,

MENDELSSOHN

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

Born at Berlin, February 9, 1809; died at Liepsic November 4, 1847.

If the importance of Josef Haydn warrants the commemorative performances of his works that are taking place throughout the world, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy deserves no less consideration at the hands of modern music lovers. His was an inspiring career and deserving of detailed study rather than the following lines, which are restricted to two examples of his creative gifts.

Passing over the earlier years of his life, merely noting that he evinced extraordinary creative power and originality, coupled with a power of concentration that soon made him a consummate master of counterpoint and instrumentation, and crystallized his innate feeling for symmetrical expression into a no less absolute mastery of form, we come to the year 1826, in which he composed the wonderful overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In it he penetrated so deeply into Shakespeare's meaning, that since then no one has attempted to give it a musical setting.

That a youth of seventeen could conceive and carry to completion such a work as this overture seems marvellous; but no less so is the fact that in his maturer years (1843) the composer could return to the subject, and write the remaining numbers of the incidental music, with no loss of youthful vigor and enthusiasm, and no apparent incongruity of statement. Mendelssohn had grown during the intervening years; he had composed the "St. Paul"; had written the most of his symphonic and orchestral works, and was constantly giving new proofs to the world of his power to penetrate more and more deeply into the heart of things.

As a tribute to his genius, and that his centenary may be worthily celebrated, a composition in which he exhibited even greater power than in the work quoted has been chosen. This magnificent overture, which won the hearty praise of Wagner, records Mendelssohn's impressions of "Fingal's Cave," and though lacking the scope of the symphonic poem, is not without suggestions of that form. It is "program music" without doubt, but the musical beauty of the themes requires no definite direction. In the overture one may discover much that is distinctly typical of the composer, from the purely musical point of view, while its subject shows how powerfully he was moved by Nature, and how unerringly he penetrated into the meaning of her phenomena. It was written in 1829, and the first theme, according to a letter to his family (dated August 7, 1829), occurred to him within the cave. We give

the two principal subjects (merely stating that the exploitation of the first theme extends over forty-six measures);



and will leave the composition itself to reveal the "wonderful imagination, delicate feeling, and consummate art" which Richard Wagner emphasized as its artistic justification.

ARIA, "Penelope am Gewand wirkend," from "Odysseus,"

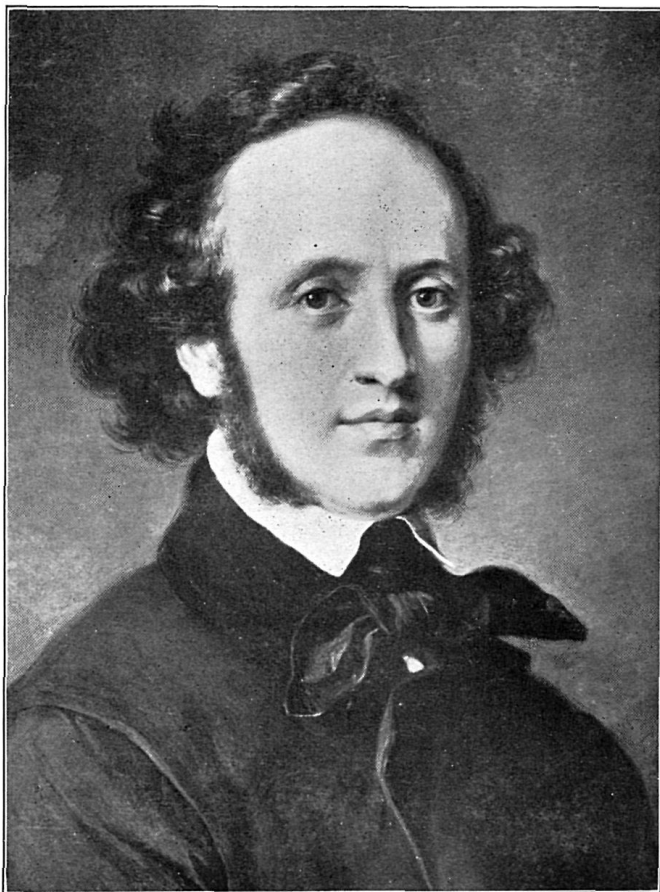
BRUCH

Born at Cologne, January 6, 1838; still living.

MISS MARGARET KEYES.

At fourteen years of age Max Bruch brought out his first symphony, followed in 1858, by his first dramatic work. He has written in all the serious instrumental and vocal forms with success, but his most important contribution to music is the epic cantata, a form in which his most important works are cast. His compositions are characterized by clear melodic invention and beauty of orchestral color, rather than by depth of feeling or originality. The aria on this evening's program is fairly illustrative of his style, and is one of the most effective excerpts from a work held by many to be superior to his better known "Arminius."

PENELOPE.—This garment by day I weave in my sorrow,
 And ravel the web in the still hours of night;
 Thus wearying long, yet my tears greet the morrow,
 Hope vanishes as the long years take their flight;
 Where art thou, my husband?
 Hath bitter fate borne thee down to the hateful abyss of Hades?
 Or, by tempests toss'd, art thou roving
 Upon the wide and desolate sea?
 Dost thou stray o'er its billowy wastes?
 Return, my Odysseus, return, oh my husband!
 Come, ere this garment my hands shall have wrought!
 Importunate suitors with boldness assail thy devoted spouse;
 Unjustly despoil they thy son of his birthright!
 Each day and each night 'neath thy roof they carouse!
 Return, my Odysseus, my husband!



FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

CONCERTO, for Oboe, Op. 7,

CLEMENCE DE GRANDVAL

Born at the Château de la Cour du Bois (France), January 20,

1830; died at Paris, January 15, 1907.

Allegro-Moderato; Andantino con moto; Moderato maestoso

MR. BARTHEL.

Mme. de Grandval, one of the select few of her sex who has achieved success as a composer, was a woman of unusual creative gifts. It is of interest to note that she received her training from Flotow, and Saint-Saëns, for the gulf between these two writers seems to be one that could not have been bridged by a person who died so recently. A list of her published works includes five operas, an oratorio, and many orchestral works, besides several compositions for wood-wind instruments, notably the oboe. This list disposes of the accusation so frequently made that the works of the composers of her sex may possess much of grace, but are never authoritative, nor well sustained in the larger forms. Incidentally we must refer to the serious works of Augusté Holmès—also a Frenchwoman—and our own Mrs. H. A. Beach, whose "Gallic Symphony" is a masterly work—as examples opposed to the aforementioned contention, which, however, in the main, must stand. The work on our program consists of three movements, running in the keys of D minor, D major; B flat; and D major respectively. Structurally it presents little or nothing to invite special analysis, but it affords abundant opportunity for the display of the possibilities of an instrument heard too infrequently in concert, and for which the French have a peculiar predilection both as performers and composers.

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

BRAHMS

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

Allegro non troppo; Adagio non troppo; Allegretto grazioso
(quasi andantino); *Allegro con spirito.*

This symphony, first performed December 30, 1877, in Vienna, is of heroic mold, and displays the scholarly qualities which have been so persistently accentuated by a certain class of critics, that the emotional side of Brahms' has been too largely ignored. The composer has thereby been placed in a false position. Again, Brahms has been obliged to live down, as it were, the extravagant praise of Schumann. His glowing words have led to a searching comparison of his work with those predictions. So the question is still asked—"Did he justify Schumann's statement?"

A modern symphony is so complex in structure, and its thematic inter-relationships are so extensive—even when the ever-present tendency to extravagance has been held in check—that a formal analysis becomes so formidable an affair as to discourage any but the most reckless. It may be helpful, however, to emphasize certain characteristics of the symphony on our program, looking at the work as a whole, and thus make the consideration of details less confusing. At the risk of appearing to catalogue its virtues they may be enumerated as follows: The principal themes are immediately given out in an authoritative manner; the relationships of the themes in each movement are made apparent at once; the forms are clear cut and

logical; the details are not confusing; the climaxes appear in forceful sequence; the instrumentation is a means, not an end; and finally, the movements are not indefinitely prolonged. If simplicity means the attainment of an end through the most direct and evident means, simplicity may be urged as one of the fundamental characteristics of this symphony. Not the simplicity of Haydn or Mozart,—judging from much of the criticism of their contemporaries their works were complex—but relative simplicity.

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

Allegro non troppo. Horns.



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



With the exploitation of this theme, which is as chaste and simple as the opening subject, the exposition ends, and is repeated. The remaining sections of this move-

ment are full of scholarly treatments of the thematic material which is drawn from, or suggested by, the quotations already given. It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the beauty of a long horn solo, which, occurring near the close, leads to another exquisite episode, and final chords that emphasize the quiet beauty of the beginning of the movement.

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



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



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



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

Illustrative of the plasticity of the symphonic form is the unique third movement—G major, 3-4 time, *Allegretto, grazioso, quasi andantino*—a naïve, melodious theme with variations, so arranged that they serve as the component parts of a scherzo with two trios. In this movement simplicity reigns. Its spontaneity of theme, its rythmical *verve*, and clear cut instrumentation, are so distinctly in evidence that we can see the reasons for its enthusiastic reception by the Viennese, who encored it at its first performance. The effectiveness of such testimony is in inverse ratio to its frequency, and after nearly thirty years this fact still stands out by reason of its comparative isolation in that environment. The principal theme is as follows:



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



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



This movement follows the formal structure of the first, with the principal subjects, and the related and contrasted material developed in accordance with the structural principles already stated.

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

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 14, 1909

WAGNER PROGRAM

WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER.

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

OVERTURE, "Polonia."

It is interesting and profitable to compare this early work of Richard Wagner with the more significant products of his genius constituting the remainder of this evening's program. It would be no less so to compare it with the first important work of Mendelssohn, the overture to "The Midsummer Night's Dream," especially in the light of the subsequent careers of the two composers. Particularly interesting is the fact that Mendelssohn displayed more originality than Wagner, for the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" contained much that was absolutely new, while no one can accuse Wagner of having strayed very far away from the beaten path in either of the four overtures written between 1830 and 1836, in which series the work on our program (1832) is included. But how apparent is the difference as the men developed! The year in which Mendelssohn wrote the other numbers of the "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" music (1843) witnessed the production of the "Fliegende Holländer," in which the lines of cleavage between the older and newer concepts of the opera are clearly apparent. The dissonant chord introducing the body of the "Wedding March," with its apparent disregard of the key signature, was looked upon as a daring innovation, but it was of little significance when compared with the originality displayed by Wagner in the "Holländer." In comparing these early works it must be remembered that Wagner had but a meagre and desultory training, while Mendelssohn enjoyed every advantage that wealth, position and environment could give.

Ignoring other interesting comparisons that might be made, and returning to the work on our program, it must be noted, first of all, that the inspiration to its composition was the intense sympathy felt by Wagner for the suffering Poles, a feeling eminently characteristic of the man who later was willing to sacrifice a brilliant future and welcome exile because he believed in freedom. This fact, joined to Wagner's unconscious absorption of Meyerbeerian practice, accounts for the musical characteristics of the overture, which, indeed, might have been written by Meyerbeer himself. The score was lost from 1840—when it was offered by the composer for performance in a charity concert for the benefit of the Polish sufferers—until 1881, when, after having changed hands many times, it finally came into the possession of

the composer, through Charles Triunet, a custodian of the archives of the Paris Opera. Since the publication of the overtures, "King Enzo (1832), "Polonia" (1832), "Christopher Columbus" (1835), and "Rule Britannia" (1836), they have been given by all the leading orchestras of the world. Their reception has not been marked by any serious critical controversies, for they have been looked upon as interesting products of a genius who had not "found himself." This because the position of Richard Wagner is so firmly established that instead of "taking sides for or against, one may now write about him."*

"TANNHÄUSER."

(First performance, Dresden, October 19, 1845.)

BACCHANALE. Act I. Scene I.

This brilliant selection was written by Wagner for the Paris performance of the opera (1861), and may be considered as a "sop to Cerebus." The corner stone of French Opera is the Ballet, which the French approve in the abstract and adore in the concrete, and as a concession to the prevailing opinion Wagner elaborated the scene in the Venusberg into a magnificent ballet. Unfortunately this concession did not go far enough, for the ballet came at the beginning of the opera instead of in its conventional position near the end. This so roused the ire of the majority of the habitués of the opera, to whom it is merely one incident in an evening of pleasure, that they determined to make the performance a fiasco.

It must be said that the more serious minded did not approve of this procedure, while to say that Paris now contains many enthusiastic Wagnerites, and contributes largely to the Bayreuth contingent every year, is to deprive this incident of the significance so frequently given it by over enthusiastic Wagnerites, to whom love for the master and a sense of proportion are antagonistic.

ARIA, "Dich theure Halle," Act II, Scene I.

MME. OLIVE FREMSTAD.

This magnificent aria is a greeting to the Hall of Song, Wartburg Castle, in which will soon congregate the nobility to listen to the Tournament of Song, in which many famous minstrels are to take part. Elizabeth—who has just learned that Tannhäuser, who mysteriously disappeared after winning the prize at the last contest, has returned—enters the hall and sings as follows:

Oh, hall of song, I give thee greeting,
All hail to thee, thou hallowed place!
'Twas here that dream, so sweet and
fleeting,
Upon my heart his song did trace.
But since by him forsaken,
A desert dost thou seem!
Thy echoes only waken
Remembrance of a dream!

But now the flame of hope is lighted,
Thy vault shall ring with glorious
war,
For he, whose strains my soul de-
lighted,
No longer roams afar!
All hail to thee,
Thou hall of glory, dear to my heart!

* Guido Adler—"Richard Wagner."



RICHARD WAGNER

"GOTTERDAMMERUNG," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey." Act I, Scene II.

(First performance, Bayreuth, August, 1876.)

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

The dramatic situation is as follows: Siegfried tears himself away from Brunnhilde's embraces, that he may seek adventure, and in this excerpt we have a description of his journey up the Rhine to the domain of the Gibichungs. There, through the power of the magic love-potion, he falls an easy victim to Hagen's treachery, and is slain by this descendant of Alberich.

The various motives, with their wealth of suggestion, are so beautiful from the purely musical point of view, that all may enjoy this wonderful number for its own sake, while those acquainted with the story and the preceding music-dramas will find little difficulty in tracing the meaning of the typical phrases. It is an open question whether after all it is not best in listening to a fragment outside of its connection to enjoy it as one would absolute music—for its own sake alone.

"TRÄUME," (a study for "Tristan and Isolde").

(Orchestrated by Theodore Thomas.)

This fine setting of one of Wagner's most inspiring songs, to which the text was written by the much-discussed Matilda Wesendonck, follows so closely the suggestions of the following number as to render further statement unnecessary.

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE,"

WAGNER

(First performance, Munich, June 10, 1865.)

(a) Vorspiel.

ORCHESTRA.

(b) "Isolde's Liebestod." Act III. Final Scene.

MME. FREMSTAD.

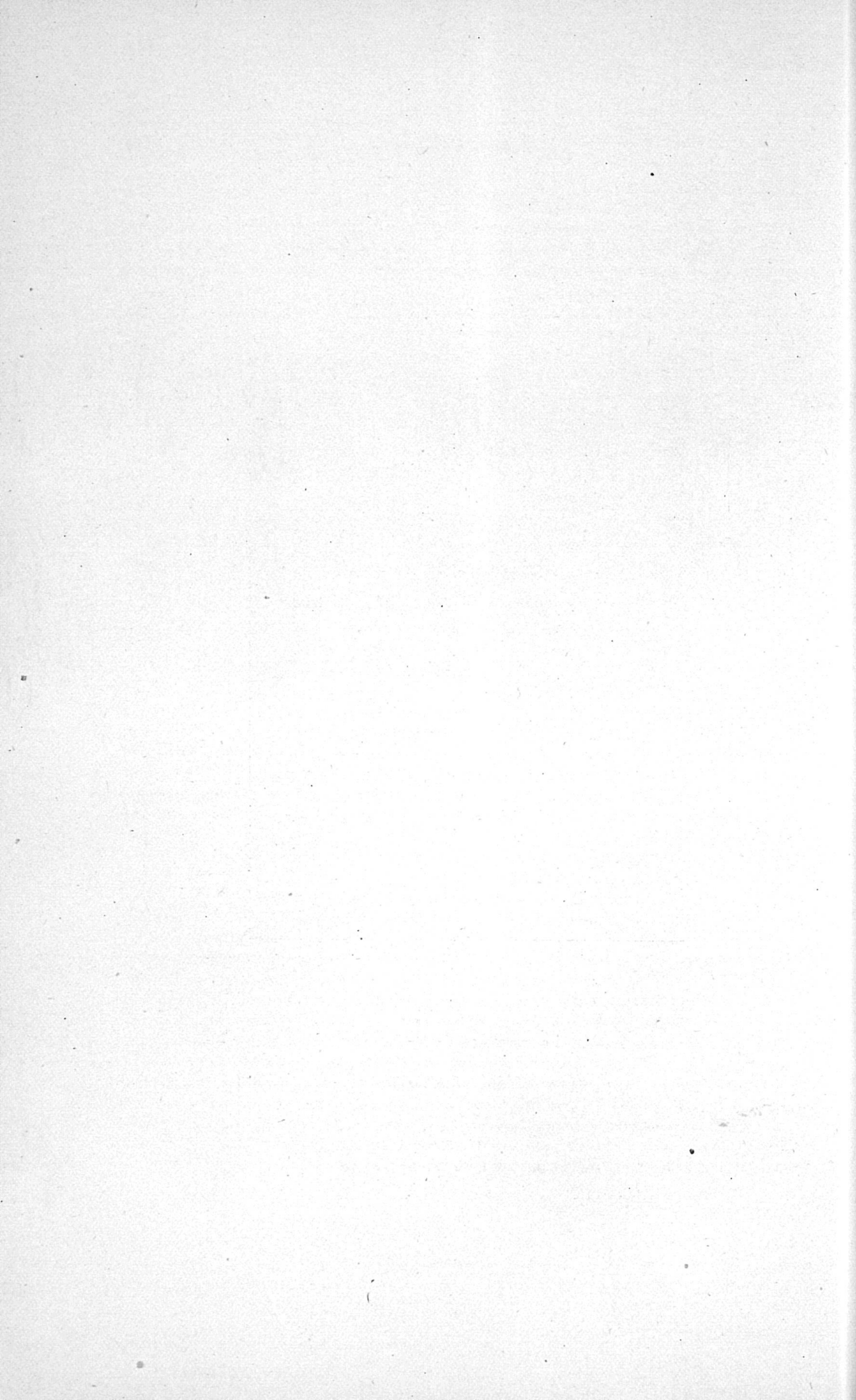
In the year 1857 Richard Wagner paused in the composition of the "Siegfried," the second drama of the "Ring des Nibelungen," and threw himself with feverish intensity into the composition of a new work, the plan of which had suggested itself to his mind two years before. He says: "I threw myself with complete confidence into the depths of the inner action of the soul, and from this innermost centre of the world, fearlessly created its outward form. In weaving the words and versification of the "grief" motive, the whole expanse of the melody was already sketched, that is to say, it was already poetically constructed, and when this is the case there must

be a closer union of poem and music than in my earlier experience." The work, which was completed in August, 1850, received its first performance in Munich on the 10th of June, 1865. This was a great event in the life of Wagner, and was epoch-making for his art. This great music drama so aroused his ardent admirers and won him so many new followers that from this performance one may justly date the beginning of the real and general appreciation of his genius. Not that he was without ardent sympathizers before—not that criticism was less virulent—on the contrary, it broke forth with redoubled force, and a speedy retribution was prophesied to the man who could so transgress the canons of art and offend the sensibilities of a public whose ideals of stage morality and dramatic fitness had been largely derived from the chaste and elevated French drama and the consistent and forceful Italian Opera. This event seemed to crystallize the ideas of those who admired him, and gave force and direction to the efforts being made in behalf of the artist and his art. The outcome of this endeavor was—Bayreuth. The opening measures of the Vorspiel sound the keynote of the tragedy. The descending chromatic "grief" motive, the ascending "yearning" motive, combining in these measures as Tristan and Isolde in the drama work out the problem of their destiny; the "gaze" motive, giving dramatic direction to these typical motives, lead to that most ardent and beautiful motive of all—the "love charm." That this sequence is inevitable can be seen by any one on referring to the poem of Gottfried von Strassburg. The motive, in its relation to others mentioned, is interrupted by the sombre motive of the "death potion." Note that the structure of this motive includes the most important characteristics of the "grief" and the "gaze" motives. We are rushed almost before we can realize all for which these motives stand, into the motive of "exultant love"—a logical development of the latter figures of the "gaze" motive. How elemental in its power is this mediæval concept of love; and how in the music itself all is portrayed; how it gains in intensity, until after having exhausted all the powers of utterance of the Wagnerian orchestra, it dies down as though foreseeing future disaster! The opening scene follows without any interruption, and plunges us immediately into the conflict of soul of the Irish princess, who, outraged that the man she loves—the Tantris whose life she saved—should be the one to convey her to the court of King Mark, whose unwilling bride she must become, decides that they both must die. That the conceivable result of a situation opening with such suggestion of evil, and developing into overpowering intensity of passion only to end in darkness, is dramatically inevitable admits of no doubt, and of this the Vorspiel speaks. When used in connection with the "Death Song," the prelude leads directly into the opening chorus of this—of all laments the most pathetic. When Isolde finds Tristan dying, when he, softly calling her name, sinks dead in her arms, she falls unconscious on his body. Recovering, she fondles her dead lover, and sings this song of death, the "motive" of which has been heard before in the garden scene. As she sings the last note she falls on his body and expires. The text is as follows:

"Mild and softly he is smiling; how his eyelids sweetly open!
 See, oh comrades!
 See you not how he beameth ever brighter, steeped in starlight
 borne above?
 See you not how his heart with lion zest, calmly and happy,
 beats in his breast?
 From his lips in heav'nly rest sweetest breath he softly sends;



OLIVE FREMSTAD



Harken, friends!
 Hear and feel ye not!
 Is it I alone am hearing strains so tender and endearing?
 Passion swelling, all things telling. Gently bounding, from him
 sounding, in me pushes, upward rushes, trumpet tone that
 round me gushes?
 Brighter growing, o'er me flowing, are these breezes airy pillows?
 Are they balmy beauteous billows?
 How they rise and gleam and glisten!
 Shall I breathe them?
 Shall I listen?
 Shall I sip them, dive within them, to my panting breathing with
 them?
 In the breezes around, in the harmony sound, in the world's
 driving whirlwind be drown'd, and sinking, be drinking, in
 a kiss, highest bliss!"

(English version by H. and F. Corder.)

"PARSIFAL," "Procession of the Knights of the Grail," Act I.

(First performance, Bayreuth, July 26, 1882.)

The logical sequence of Wagner's works, especially when viewed in the light of their ethical import, could have no other ending than "Parsifal." After the extinction of the old cosmogony—in the "Götterdämmerung"—this mediæval Christian legend comes as a fitting conclusion. Ignoring all that may be said as to the comparative musical merits of this work, "The Ring," or "Tristan," the fact remains that in it he gave to the world a work which is permeated with the highest ideality, and which, in its proper environment—which by the way is not to be found anywhere but in Bayreuth—is in truth a "Drama for the Consecration of the Stage." The kinship of "Parsifal" and "Lohengrin" is apparent, and the subject was one that appealed to him with great power. Could Wagner, with his dramatic insight, have ordered the course of his life, he could not have conceived of a more fitting "Swan Song" than this. The first selection covers part of the Communion Scene, and the events leading up to it, may be summarized as follows.

Amfortas, the keeper of the Grail, has yielded to the seductions of Kundry, a beautiful woman who is under the power of a sorcerer, Klingsor, who was cast out of the brotherhood of the Knights of the Grail as unworthy, on account of his sinful life, and his pursuit of the arts of magic. Klingsor, to avenge himself, has erected a castle near by, in which is a magic garden peopled with beautiful maidens who have led many of the knights astray. When Amfortas fell, he lost the sacred spear, and it is now in the possession of the magician, while Amfortas suffers from a never healing wound, given him by this same spear in the hands of Kundry. Gurnemanz, who guards the entrance to the Grail's domain, hopes to restore Amfortas through a youth who, ignorant of the world, has strayed into this sacred wood. It has been predicted that a Guileless Fool will some day come who will regain the spear and heal Amfortas. Therefore, Gurnemanz, full of hope, journeys to the Castle together with the youth, who views the sacred rite of the Holy Communion unmoved, and for this lack of sympathy is thrust out into the world by the aged servitor.

"KUNDRY'S APPEAL TO PARSIFAL." Act II.

MME FREMSTAD

In the Second Act, Parsifal has strayed into the Magic Garden, where he is tempted by the Rose Maidens, whose blandishments he resists. Then Kundry, who is now under the spell of Klingsor, appears, and by feigning sympathy, and telling him that she bears to him his mother's dying message, enlists his attention, kisses him and would have lured him to his fall, but he spurns her and tells her that "he knows the secret of Amfortas' blasted life." Klingsor appears and attempts to transfix him with the spear, but Parsifal catches the weapon hurled at him, and makes the sign of the cross, at which sign the Garden disappears, and he, holding aloft the spear, again goes out into the world to seek the Kingdom of the Grail and to heal Amfortas by the touch of the Sacred Spear. The second selection, the text of which is given below, is taken from this scene.

KUNDRY.—Ich sah! das Kind an seiner Mutter Brust,
 sein erstes Lallen lacht mir noch im Ohr;
 das Leid im Herzen,
 wie lachte da auch Herzeleide,
 als ihren Schmerzen
 zujauchzte ihrer Augen Weide!
 Gebettet sanft auf weichen Moosen,
 den hold geschläfert sie mit Kosen,
 dem, bang' in Sorgen,
 den Schlaf bewacht der Mutter Sehnen,
 ihn weckt' am Morgen
 der heisse Thau der Mutter-Thränen.
 Nur Weinen war sie, Schmerz-Gebahren
 um dienes Vaters Lieb' und Tod;
 vor gleicher Noth dich zu bewahren,
 galt ihr als höchster Pflicht Gebot:
 den Waffen fern, der Männer Kampf und Wüthen,
 wollte sie still dich bergen und behuten.
 nie sollte Kunde zu dir hergelangen.
 Nur Sorgen war sie, ach! und Bangen.
 Hör'st du nicht noch ihrer Klagen Ruf,
 wann fern und spät du geweilt?
 Hei! Was ihr das Lust und Lachen schuf,
 wann sie suchend dann dich ereilt!
 Wann dann ihr Arm dich wüthend umschlang,
 ward dir es wohl gar bei'm Küssen bang?—
 Doch ihr Wehe du nicht vernahm'st,
 nicht ihrer Schmerzen Toben,
 als endlich du nicht wieder kam'st,
 und edine Spur verstoben:
 sie harrte Nächst' und Tage,
 bis ihr verstummt die Klage,
 der Gram ihr zehrte den Schmerz,



LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK

um stillen Tod sie Warb:
ihr brach das Leid das Herz,
und—Herzeleide—starb.—

a. "Good Friday Spell."

b. "Transformation Scene," and "Glorification," Act III.

Parsifal, who, after years of wandering, has "seen the vision," enters the Kingdom of the Grail on Good Friday, and is welcomed by Gurnemanz, who sees in him the "Guileless Fool" who shall heal Amfortas and restore happiness to the Knights of the Grail. He calls attention to the legend which the music (the "Good Friday Spell") so eloquently portrays, and they then journey to the castle, where Parsifal restores Amfortas through the touch of the Sacred Spear, with which the sorceress Kundry has given him his never-healing wound. He then takes his place as "Guardian of the Grail" and celebrates the Holy Communion. Kundry, who, repenting of her sins has served Gurnemanz all these years, has accompanied them to the castle and on beholding the Grail, which again shines on the knights with its pristine radiance, falls dead at the altar. All this is portrayed in the "Glorification" which forms the Finale of the drama.

Free Organ Recital

BY

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15, 3:00 O'CLOCK

PROGRAM

PRELUDE	JOSEPH RENNER
BARCAROLLE	W. WOLSTENHOLME
TOCCATA	L. BOELLMANN
ROMANZE	CLARA SCHUMANN
ADAGIO, from Symphony-Cantata "Ariane"	A. GUILMANT
GAVOTTE (arranged for organ by L. L. Renwick)	G. MERKEL
SONATA in C minor	RALPH BALDWIN
ALLEGRO PATETICO; ADAGIO-MODERATO; UN MODO D'UNA MARCIA; RECITATIVOS; FINALE	
BURLESCA E MELODIA	RALPH BALDWIN
IDYLLE	W. FAULKES
NOCTURNE	ARTHUR FOOTE
TRIUMPHAL MARCH	HORATIO PARKER

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 15, 1909

"THE DAMNATION OF FAUST," A Dramatic Legend in Four Parts, BERLIOZ

CAST

FAUST,	DANIEL BEDDOE
MARGARITA,	PERCEVAL ALLEN
MEPHISTOPHELES,	HERBERT WITHERSPOON
BRANDER,	EARLE KILLEEN
STUDENTS, SOLDIERS, VILLAGERS, ANGELS, DEMONS,	

THE CHORAL UNION

ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

HECTOR LOUIS BERLIOZ,

Born at Côte St. André, France, December 11, 1803; died at Paris,

March 9, 1869.

Few great poems have proven so alluring to composers as "Faust." The inherent romanticism and epic qualities of Goethe's masterpiece are accountable for its appeal to composers of power, while men of mediocre gifts have seen in it certain melodramatic possibilities, which incited them to attempts that were doomed to failure through this fundamental error in their point of view. Goethe's stage directions point no less unmistakably to the necessity of musical accessories, than his desire to have Zelter (1758-1832) compose incidental music for his drama. Of all of Goethe's contemporaries Zelter was by nature the least fitted to do this, for he was a pedagogue rather than a creative artist, a great teacher, but no composer. It may have been that Goethe's request was prompted by the great friendship existing between them, a friendship so intense, on Zelter's part, that Mendelssohn said on hearing of Goethe's death, "Zelter will not live long now." Zelter's refusal—which may have been a token of his love for the poet—reduced the number of failures to rise to the suggestions of the drama by one.

Eberwein (1775-1831); Reissiger (1798-1859); Lindpainter (1791-1856); Lortzing (1803-1852); Lassen (1830-1904); and more recently Weingartner (1863—), may be named as having written music for "Faust" which is more or less intimately connected with stage performance. Many other composers have set music to texts suggested by, or to a greater or lesser degree taken from, Goethe's drama,

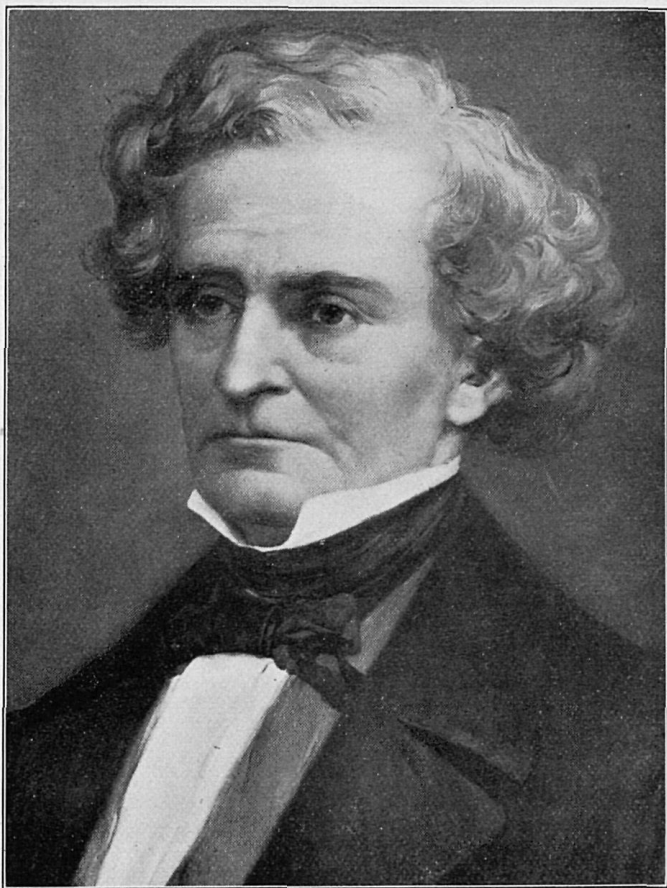
while others used the material in condensed, and often distorted, form, as opera librettos. Henry Litolf (1818-1901) and, in our day, Heinrich Zöllner (1854—) come within this category. Then comes a group of opera composers who utilized texts based on the drama, viz.: Spohr (1784-1859); Gounod (1818-1893); and Boito (1842—). Of their work we may not speak.

Heralded by Anton, Fürst Radzivill (1775-1883), whose conception of the subject possessed dignity and depth, now appear four distinctly great composers to whom the poem appealed with irresistible force: Franz Liszt (1811-1886); Richard Wagner (1813-1883); Robert Schumann (1810-1856); and Hector Berlioz (1803-1869). Liszt in his "Faust" symphony (1840), with its wonderful delineations of Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles, ending with a male chorus "Alles vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss," and Wagner, in his "Faust" overture (1840), which was to have been the first movement of a "Faust" symphony, used the orchestra as their medium of expression. Schumann gives us a magnificent work in his "Faust," which, however, was not designed for the stage. The founder of the neo-romantic school did not possess the dramatic power necessary to a full exploitation of the material, and his work was too mystical to be popular, while its fragmentary character *stemplet sie von Vornherein zum Torso*, to quote Becker. In many respects Berlioz was unfitted to give us a consistent setting, and he makes of the "Damnation of Faust" a series of somewhat disconnected episodes. His Gallic temperament could not respond to the deeper suggestions of this essentially German subject, no more than Gounod, but like this composer he succeeded in investing the scenes which appealed most forcibly to him, with much beauty, and no little power.

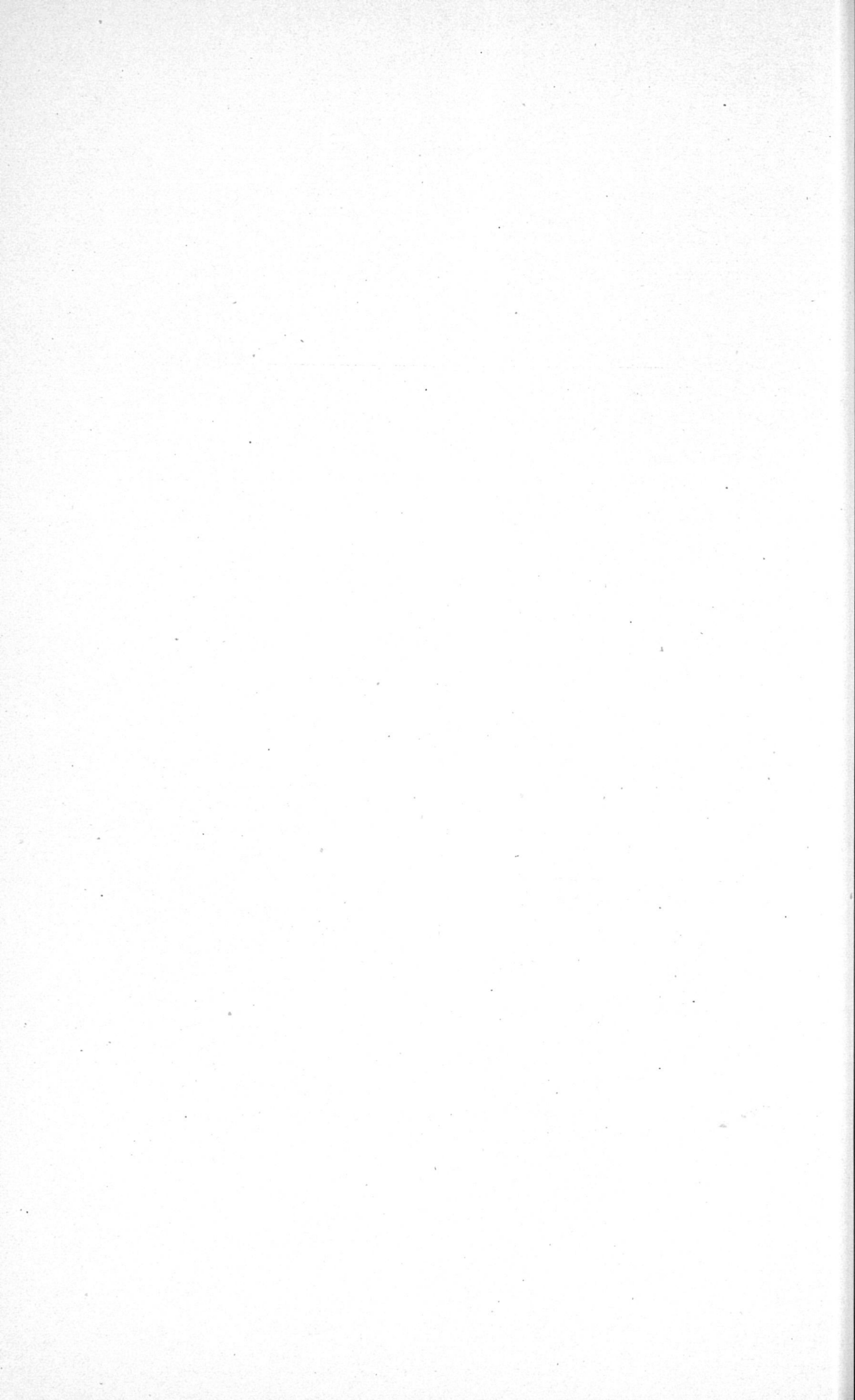
Berlioz was attracted to the Germans, for they recognized his genius long before his countrymen accorded him the possession of any talent whatever. Berlioz's passion for the unusual and his frequent incursions into the domain of the "extra musical"—a term that has come into such use in critical literature that it has attained a definite meaning, although in itself it means next to nothing—minimized his essential greatness in their eyes. In the light of the work of modern French composers, like D'Indy and Debussy, this seems impossible. The Germans overlooked his faults and occasionally exaggerated his virtues. For this reason his choice of the "Faust" material was but natural, and it must be said that it was only through the passion for *bizarre* effects, to which allusion has been made, and his strongly developed temperamental bias, that he penetrated only to a limited degree into the real significance and meaning of Goethe's poem. From the foregoing remarks it will be gathered that as yet no composer has fully risen to the highest possibilities of this world epic, and one will not be far astray who doubts whether such an all-embracing subject will ever find a composer whose genius shall be adequate to its full expression.

"The Damnation of Faust" was first produced in 1846, and much of it was written during his second *Künstlerreise* to Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia in 1845. This fact, in connection with his first trip (in Germany, in 1843), for the same purpose, shows that the influence of environment was a potent factor in its composition. The work is called by its composer a "Dramatic Legend," and is divided into four parts, which are subdivided into twenty scenes.

Part I. shows us Faust, alone, in the fields at sunrise. The scene is laid in Hungary. After his first solo, which is an expression of sorrow and discontent, comes a "Chorus and Dance of Peasants," followed by the appearance of troops, who march by to the inspiring measures of the "Racokzy" March. In Part II. the scene is trans-



HECTOR BERLIOZ



ferred to North Germany, and we discover Faust alone in his study. As he is about to end his life he hears in the distance an Easter hymn, and his better nature responds to its call, as Tannhäuser came to himself in the Venus Grotto on hearing the sound of bells. At this moment Mephistopheles appears and persuades him to accompany him, that he may show him the pleasures that shall be his if he but choose. He is whisked through the air to Auerbach's Keller, but, being repulsed through the vulgarity of the drunken students, Mephistopheles soon transfers him to the banks of the Elbe, where in a dream he beholds Margarita. This is followed by a scene in which he meets with soldiers and students, after which, in Part III. Faust first sees Margarita. Part IV. introduces the inevitable catastrophe and, in the Finale, Faust's doom and Margarita's glorification. This sketch of the plot shows the general nature of the composition on the dramatic side, and it now remains to consider the music.

Berlioz, with his unrivalled mastery of the orchestra, has given us some immortal instrumental numbers. The "Racozky" March, the "Menuett of the Will-o'-the-Wisps" and the "Dance of the Sylphs" are well known, but in the "Scene on the Banks of the Elbe," the "Invocation of Nature," the "Ride to Hell," and the "Apotheosis of Margarita" he rose to even greater heights. Such power of characterization is denied to any but a genius of the first rank. These numbers alone would entitle him to be considered the undisputed master of the orchestra, but this marvellous power of delineation is shown from the first note to the last of the work. Nor is his vocal writing lacking in pure beauty. His mastery of complicated rhythms is conspicuously shown in the "Chorus of Elves," with its combination of two distinct rhythmical schemes, and a like treatment appears in the combination of the "Soldiers" and "Students" choruses, with which Part II. closes. If Berlioz did not fully apprehend all that Goethe would say, from his own point of view, the work must be regarded a veritable masterpiece.

In conclusion it must be noted that, although Berlioz was neglected and well nigh disowned by his countrymen during his life, although only in Germany have his colossal operas been given fitting performances, France now points with pride to the "French Beethoven." He was neither Beethoven, nor any one but himself; his point of view was an individual one; his faults as a man and an artist were glaring, but his virtues were many and great, and he occupies a prominent position in the front rank of French composers.

PART THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Plains of Hungary.*

FAUST (*alone in the fields. Sunrise.*)

The winter has departed, spring is here!

River and brook again are flowing free.

And see, from the dome of heaven, pouring forth,

Fresh splendor breaks, and gladness everywhere.

I greet with joy the cool reviving breath of morning;

I drink full draughts of sweet, delicious, perfumed balsam,

Above, the wak'ning birds greet the day with their song.

'Mid tall and waving reeds the stream glides murm'ring along.

O, sweetest joy to dwell within the lonely forest,

Far from the crowded world and far from all its striving.

SCENE II.—*Dance of peasants under the linden tree.*

CHORUS.—The shepherd early dons his best,

With a posy smartly decks his breast,
And a bright knot of ribbons gaily flying.

Under the lime tree lass and lad

Now are all dancing there like mad.

Hurrah!

All round the lime tree whirling,

Tra, la, la, la!

FAUST.—I hear from far a joyous festive sound—

It is the village folk at early dawn,
Who dance and sing upon the grassy lawn,
My darkened soul begrudges them
their joys.

CHORUS.—Now all swaying to and fro,
Every cheek has a warmer glow,
Right and left, round and round
The dancers flying,
With quickened breath and heated brow;
At last they pause, they slacken now
Hurrah!
Such panting and such sighing.
"Now hold your tongue, you faithless one!

For vows like yours are easy won,
Lightly won and as lightly broken."
And yet he drew the maid aside,
While from the linden echoed wide
Hurrah!
Now take thy lover's token
Tra, la, la, la!

SCENE III.—*Another part of the plain.
An army advancing.*

FAUST.—A splendor of weapons is gleaming afar!

Ha! the sons of the Danube appareled for war;
They gallop joyfully on,
How sparkle their eyes, how flash their arms;
All hearts are thrilled—they chant their battle's story—
My heart alone is cold—even death to glory.

HUNGARIAN MARCH.—Orchestra.

PART THE SECOND.

SCENE IV.—*North Germany.*

FAUST (*alone in his study.*)

Without regret I left the smiling meadows,
Where grief pursued me still,
And without delight I now greet our haughty mountains;
To my home I return.
Still is sorrow my guest. Oh, I suffer, I suffer!
Starless night, spreading far her silence and her shades,
Adds another sorrow to my troubled heart.
For me alone,
O Earth, thou hast no flow'rs,
Where shall I find that which my soul desires?

Vainly I seek, it flies my eager quest,
Enough! we'll make an end!

But I tremble!

Why tremble thus at the abyss that before me yawns?

O cup, too long denied to my most ardent wishes!

Come, vial, from thy shelf.

I the poison will drain which must give me new light, for aye end my woes!

(*He lifts the cup to his lips. A sound of bells. Chants are heard from a neighboring church.*)

EASTER HYMN.

CHORUS.—Christ is risen from the dead!

Has broken the tomb,
Gladly hail the token,
Sin's fetters are broken;
Reversed is the doom.
Now the Master hath ascended,
Rejoice! for your bondage is o'er,
And the reign of sin is ended,
Praise him for evermore.
Alas! those He loved can but languish.

And suffer, 'mid pain and annoy.

Oh, Master! we envy thy joy.

In thy joy forget not the depth of our anguish.

Thy loved ones, they suffer,
And their pain doth envy thy joy.
Let us trust in the word of Christ risen,

Peal out, ye Easter bells,
Lo, your joyous clang foretells
Redemption from our prison.
Hosanna!

FAUST.—What hear I!

Oh, memory! yes, from glad days departed,

Awakened by these strains, thy rays break through the night.

My heart with new joy palpitates!
Are faith and hope again re-born to light?

Once my songs were pious, pray'rs to my lips would rise,

Free soared my spirit's pinions, I dreamt a Paradise!

Over blooming meadows, over mountains, through forests,

Roamed I void of all care. Prescient, through the Sabbath, calm and still,

Resounded then this song to my jubilant mind.

To these memories of youth now succumbs my will.

CHORUS.—Hosannah! Hosannah!

FAUST.—Alas, heavenly tones, why seek me in the dust?

Why visit the accursed? Sweet hymns of devotion,

Why come and conquer thus suddenly my stubborn will?

Your soft, melodious strains bring peace to my soul.

Songs more sweet than morning. I hear again!

My tears spring forth, the earth has won me back.

SCENE V.—FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*suddenly appearing.*)

O, pious frame of mind, child of heaven, 'tis well.

Your hand, dear Doctor! This glad Easter bell,

With silver strain,

Has charmed to peace again

Your troubled earthly brain.

FAUST.—And who art thou, whose ardent glances fierce,

Even as a poignard, through my marrow pierce?

Thou must, if I'm to know thee, thou must tell me thy name.

MEPHISTO.—Why, for a doctor, the question seems flippant.

I am thy friend and comfort; I will end thy sorrow.

I'll give thee all thou wishest, wealth and fame,

Boundless joy, whate'er the wildest dreams of mortal can foreshow.

FAUST.—Poor demon, canst thou show what shall prove thy pretences?

MEPHISTO.—Hark! I will bewitch thine eye and ear.

Be buried no more, like the worms of the earth

That gnaw at thy folios.

Come! Arise! Follow me!

FAUST.—I consent.

MEPHISTO.—Let us go. Thou shalt study the world,

And leave thy den, leave thy hateful study.

[*They both disappear in the air.*]

SCENE VI.—*Auerbach's Cellar, in Leipzig.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, BRANDER, STUDENTS, BURGHERS, SOLDIERS.

Drinking chorus of students:

Fill up again with good Rhine wine!

MEPHISTO.—Here, Faust, behold a jolly set of fellows,

Who, with wine and song, make merrily all day.

CHORUS.—When good red wine is freely flowing,

A fig for the tempest outside!

Fill, and ne'er heed the wind that's blowing,

By punch bowl and pipe we'll abide! I love the glass that drowneth sorrow!

Since I was born I never walked straight,

From my gossip the trick I borrow, He ever had a rolling gait!

When good red wine, etc.

SOME STUDENTS.—Who knows a good song or a story?

Now our throats are tuned and clear.

OTHERS.—Come, Brander, sing, and gather fresh glory.

BRANDER.—Nay, I know one, I made it myself.

CHORUS.—Well begin! we're ready.

BRANDER.—Since you invite me, I'll give you at once something new.

CHORUS.—Bravo, bravo!

BRANDER.—There was a rat in the cellar nest,

Whom fat and butter made smoother; He had a paunch beneath his vest

Like that of Dr. Luther.

The cook laid poison cunningly,

And then as sore opprest was he,

As if he had love in his bosom.

He ran around, he ran about,

His thirst in puddles laving;

He gnawed and scratched the house throughout,

But nothing cured his raving.

He whirled and jumped with torment mad,

And soon enough the poor beast had

As if he had love in his bosom.

And driven at last, in open day,

He ran into the kitchen,

Fell on the hearth and squirming lay, In the last convulsion twitching.

Then laughed the murderess in her glee:

"Ha! ha! he's at his last gasp," said she,

"As if he had love in his bosom."

CHORUS.—As if, etc., etc.

Requiescat in pace! Amen!

BRANDER.—And now sing a fugue,
An "Amen" fugue,
Let's improvise a scholarly piece!

MEPHISTO.—Take notice, now, their bes-
tiality
Will show itself, ere long, in its true
colors.

*A fugue on the melody of BRANDER'S
song.*

CHORUS.—Amen! Amen!

MEPHISTO (*advancing*).—By heavens!
sirs, your fugue is splendid!
To hear it is to dream one is in some
holy place.

Pray, let me freely say it: 'tis schol-
arly in style;
Devout, thoroughly so.

One could not better express the pious
sentiments

Which, in closing all her petitions,
Holy church sums up in this one
word.

In my turn, I will respond, by your
leave with a song,
On a no less pathetic theme than
yours, sirs.

CHORUS.—Ah! he dares to mock us to
our face!

Who is this fellow, who mocks so
freely?

Pale visaged, and red of hair.

No matter! Let us hear, sing, and
away with care.

MEPHISTO.—There was a king once
reigning,

Who had a big black flea,

And loved him past explaining,

As his own son were he.

He called his man of stitches,

The tailor came straightway;

Here, measure the lad for breeches,

And measure his coat I say!

In silk and velvet gleaming

He now was wholly drest,

A coat with ribbons streaming,

A cross upon his breast.

He had the first of stations,

A minister's star and name,

And also his relations

Great lords at court became.

And lords and dames of honor

Were plagued awake in bed;

The queen she had them on her,

And all were bitten and bled.

They did not dare to brush them,

Or scratch them day or night.

We crack them and we crush them

At once, whene'er they bite.

CHORUS (*shouting*). — Bravo, bravo,
bravissimo!

We crack them and we crush them
At once, whene'er they bite.

FAUST (to MEPHISTO).—Enough! let's
quit so foul and coarse a place!

Hast thou no purer pleasures, calmer
sport,

To offer me, thou dread, infernal
guide?

MEPHISTO.—This is not to thy taste?
Come on!

[*They spread their mantles
and take flight.*]

SCENE VII.—*Bushy meadows on the
banks of the Elbe.*

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTO.—In this fair bower,
Fragrant with many a flower,

On this sweet-scented bed,

Rest, O Faust, rest thy head, and
slumber!

Soothed by voluptuous repose,

While fragrant roses on thy fever'd
brow shall breathe.

Their blossoms unfolding thy head to
wreath,

Oh harken! Dost hear it?

The spirits of earth and of air,

E'en now to lull thy sleep

With their sweet strains prepare.

FAUST'S VISION.

Chorus of Sylphs and Gnomes:

Dream, happy Faust,

For soon 'neath a veil of purple and
gold shall thine eyelids find rest;

Thy star shall shine as the high dome
of Heaven,

Dreams of delight and of love charm
thy breast.

Behold on either hand,

The fair scenes we discover;

The leaf and blossom cover

With beauty rare the land.

The trees are gently swaying,

And happy lovers pass

Beneath the shadows straying;

The briar and the rose

Have woven tangled bowers,

The soft vine tendrils close

Around the grapes and flowers;

See where the lovers stray,

Forgetful of the morrow,

In blissful joy to-day,

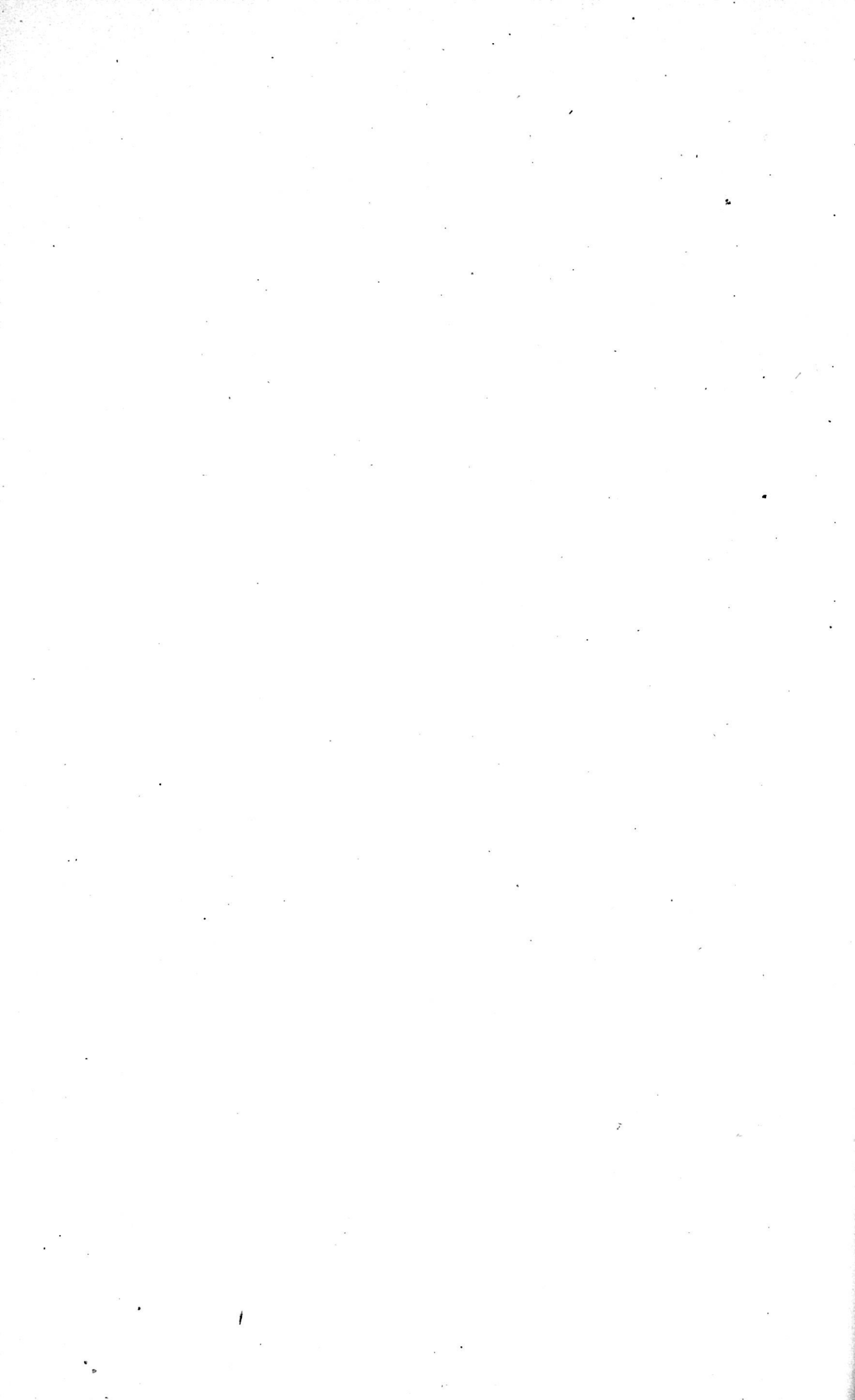
Untouched by care or sorrow.

Now comes a pensive maiden,

Faust, she shall be thine!



PERCEVAL ALLEN



FAUST (*asleep*).—Margarita! O Margarita!

CHORUS.—The lake extends its flood at the feet of the mountains;
By the murmuring fountain, are the green pastures woo'd.
There the gay laughing choirs
Re-echo o'er the plain;
Here the music inspires
The dance that none disdain.
For some are boldly breasting
The silv'ry torrent streams,
While milder swains are questing
Their love in softer dreams.

MEPHISTO.—The charm is working. His soul is mine.

CHORUS.—For e'en the timid nestling.
Seeking shade and repose,
With the gay zephyrs wrestling
Dares affront the sweet rose.
All who'd attain love's rapture,
Must seek through earth and skies
For the one star in nature
That dawned to glad their eyes.
Dream! Happy Faust! Dream!

MEPHISTO.—He sleeps! Well done, my dainty elves!

This debt I must repay.
Now let him dream of love.

DANCE OF SYLPHS.—*Orchestra*.

FAUST (*suddenly awakening*).—Margarita! what a dream! now I believe in wonder!

Thou sweetest angel face, where dwellest thou?

By the eternal light, thou liv' st!
No power shall tear us asunder.

MEPHISTO.—Arise, and follow me again.
To the modest chamber

I'll bring thee, where she, thy mistress, sleeps.

Of thy dream thou shalt see the truth!
Here comes a jolly party of students and soldiers;

They'll pass before thy beauty's dwelling;

Along with these young fools, with their loud shouts and songs,

We to the fair one's house will go.

But thy transports restrain, and my counsels obey.

SCENE VII.—*Chorus of Soldiers*.

Towns with their high battlements,
Tower and wall,
Fair maids with their haughty thoughts,
Scorning us all!

To glory they call us;
Soon they both shall fall.
No danger appals us,
Glorious is our life!
The trumpet that calls us,
Our banner beneath;
It summons to pleasure
Or summons to death.
Fair maiden and city
Appeal to our pity,
And yield in the strife!
No danger appals us,
How glorious our life!

Students' Song—

Jam nox stellata velamina pandit
Nunc bibendum et emandum est, etc.,
etc.

SOLDIERS' CHORUS AND STUDENTS' SONG
IN COMBINATION.

INTERMISSION.

PART THE THIRD.

SCENE IX.—*Drums and trumpets sounding the tattoo*.

FAUST (*in MARGARITA'S Chamber. Evening*).

Thou sweet twilight be welcome;
Thee greet I from my heart.
Thou softly fill'st this place
To chaste repose set apart,
Wherein I feel a vision kiss my fevered brow,
Like the balmy breath of early morning.

Sure 'tis love inspires me.
Oh, how I feel my cares take wings
and fly away.

How dear to me this silence.
How joyously I breathe this pure air!
O youthful maiden, my sweet enslaver!

How I love thee, O earthly angel!
What awful joy this moment swells
my heart!

With what ecstasy I gaze on thy maidenly couch!

How sweet the air of this chamber!

O God! after long years of torture
torture

What joy is mine!

Pure like radiance celestial;
My suffering endeth; after death's
torments follows bliss!

SCENE X.—FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTO (*entering*).—I hear her coming!

Conceal thyself behind those curtains.

FAUST.—Heavens! my heart will break
With fear and joy.

[FAUST is concealed behind the
curtains.

MEPHISTO.—Now make the most of
time. Farewell!

Thyself restrain, or thou shall lose
her.

Good, my spirits and I, now shall
sing

For you the sweetest wedding ditties.

SCENE XI.—Enter MARGARITA (*with
lamp*). FAUST (*concealed*).

MARGARITA.—How sultry is the air! I
feel—I know not how.

Since my dream of last night, my
mind is all unsettled.

An image more full of charm ne'er
did mine eyes behold.

A handsome man! Ah were he to
me but given!

I dreamt he vow'd to love me, and
I felt heavenly bliss!

In the wide space of life my eye doth
seek him all vainly!

There was a king in Thule

Most true unto the grave,

Whom dying, his sweetheart

A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious,

He drained it at every bout,

His eyes with tears ran over

As oft as he drank thereout.

And when he came to dying,

All the towns in his lands he told,

Naught else his heir denying,

Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet

With his knights of high degree,

In the lofty hall of his fathers,

In the castle by the sea.

There sat the old carouser

And drank his last life glow,

Then threw the hallowed goblet

Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,

And sinking deep in the sea;

Then his eyes fell forever,

And never more drank he.

SCENE XII.—*Square before MARGARITA'S
house.*

INVOCATION.

MEPHISTO.—Ye spirits of flickering
flame!

Hither come! Haste! I need your
aid!

Quick appear! Quick appear!

Ye Will-o'-the-Wisps!

Your baleful and treach'rous glim-
mers

Must bewilder a maid, and lead her
unto us.

In the name of the devil, get you
dancing,

And take care, ye fiddlers of hell,

To mark the measure well,

Else I will quench your glow.

MINUET of the Will-o'-the-Wisps.—*Or-
chestra.*

MEPHISTO. (*Recitative*).—To this lute
I'll sing a serenade,

One that shall please the lady;

It is moral, her taste to suit.

*Serenade of MEPHISTOPHELES with Cho-
rus of Will-o'-the-Wisps.*

Why dost wait at the door of thy
lover,

My foolish Kate, in the gray of the
morning?

Why dost wait, foolish Kate?

O beware, nor enter there;

Trust his fair speeches never,

Men deceivers were ever,

And love is but a snare.

CHORUS.—Oh, sweet maiden beware,

Come away, do not enter.

Fair lass heed thee well,

Lest thy lover betray thee.

Then good night. Ha!

MEPHISTO.—Hush! Now disappear.

Keep silence!

[*Will-o'-the-Wisps disappear.*

Let us listen to the cooing of our
doves.

MARGARITA.—O God! do I dream?

Does the light deceive?

Can a dream reality be?

FAUST.—Angel adored! whose dear and
lovely image,

While yet I had not known thee, il-
luminated my dark soul;

At last I thee behold, and o'er the
jealous cloud veil

Which hid thee from my sight, my
love the victory hath won.

Margarita! I love thee!

MARGARITA.—Thou knowest my name,
and I, too, have often whispered
thine—Faust.

FAUST.—That name is mine, but I will
take another, if it please thee bet-
ter.

MARGARITA.—In dreams I thee have seen.

FAUST.—Hast seen me in thy dreams?

MARGARITA.—I know thy voice, thy face, thy sweet and winning speech.

FAUST.—And thou didst love me?

MARGARITA.—I?—I trust in thee!

FAUST.—Margarita, Thou sweetest!

MARGARITA.—All my heartfelt kisses long ago were thine.

BOTH.—Image most sweet! How all my soul thou fillest.

To which my brightest dreams have ever fondly aspir'd.

I am near thee at last, no misty cloud can hide the now from my eyes.

Thou art all my heart ever desir'd.

FAUST.—Margarita, my treasure!

MARGARITA.—So much bliss makes me tremble.

FAUST.—I love thee beyond measure.

To my heart call I thee

Intensely love I thee.

MARGARITA.—For ever to thee devoted, beloved must I be.

I feel a nameless, sweet, thrilling tremor. . . .

FAUST.—Let, dearest child, mine arm enfold thee.

MARGARITA.—Wherefore fill mine eyes, see, with tears,

Is it pain, is it prescience—is it bliss?

FAUST.—Ah come—ah come!

SCENE XIV.

MEPHISTO. (*entering abruptly*)—Away, it is too late!

MARGARITA.—Who is this man?

FAUST.—A fiend!

MEPHISTO.—Nay, a friend.

MARGARITA.—He is one who strikes fear to the heart.

MEPHISTO.—No doubt, I am intruding.

FAUST.—Who bade thee come? Depart!

MEPHISTO.—I come to save this angel.

E'en now the neighbors all

Awakened by our songs, run hither,

And point out the house to passers by.

At Margaret they are scoffing,

And they call for her mother.

The dame will soon be here.

FAUST.—O horror!

MEPHISTO.—We must be off.

FAUST.—Cruel illusion.

MEPHISTO.—Soon shall you meet again;
Consolation is near,
Follows close upon sorrow.

MARGARITA.—Yes, they come, dearest Faust,

Oh, how bitter is this parting! Till to-morrow, farewell!

FAUST.—Farewell, then, bright array
Of hopes that fill my bosom!

Farewell, thou feast of love

That mocked my longing heart.

MEPHISTO.—Come on, the morning dawns.

FAUST.—Farewell, thou lovely night, of even gods the envy,

Thou golden feast of love, bliss of my dreams, farewell!

My raptures swiftly fled. Who the future will warrant?

Will the night e'er return, where promise on me smiled?

CHORUS.—Hallo! Mistress Martha, See to your daughter's safety!

The warning only comes in time,

If her gallant you wish to lime.

Come home, good dame,

Or woe betide the maiden's surety!

Hallo!

MEPHISTO.—The crowd is coming. Let us hasten away.

CHORUS.—Hallo! Mistress Martha, etc.

MARGARITA.—O, heaven! Dost thou hear those cries?

Woe is me if they enter

And thy presence her surprise!

MEPHISTO.—Come, 'tis time to be going.

FAUST.—O, despair!

MEPHISTO.—O, what folly!

MARGARITA.—Farewell! That little gate Through the garden doth lead.

FAUST.—O, my love! Cruel fate.

MEPHISTO.—Quick, away! Quick, away!

FAUST.—At last I've seen thee near.

Fairest treasure of nature!

Trio—MARGARITA, FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES and CHORUS.

PART THE FOURTH.

SCENE XV.—*Song*. MARGARITA (*alone*).

My heart with grief is heavy,

My peace of mind is o'er;

Ne'er again shall I find it.

Ah! Never, nevermore!

Where my love is not with me

It is to me as the tomb;

My life without his presence

All shrouded is in gloom!
 My brain, so sore bewildered
 Hath no power of thought;
 My dull and feeble senses
 Are entirely distraught.
 I look out at the casement,
 His fine tall form to see.
 To meet him and be with him
 Is heaven's own joy to me.
 His proud and noble bearing,
 Of his smile—the winning grace,
 Of his hand—the soft pressure,
 And ah— his fond embrace!
 My heart with grief is heavy,
 My peace of mind is o'er;
 Never again shall I find it.
 Ah! never, nevermore.
 All day long to be near him
 Fondly yearns my poor heart.
 Ah, could I tightly clasp him
 I would ne'er let him depart.
 Him with kisses I'd smother,
 All glowing with love's fire;
 And on his lips still hanging
 I'd fain at last expire!

[Drums and trumpets sound a retreat.]

Chorus of Soldiers and Students in the distance.

SOLDIERS.—The trumpet that calls us our
 banner beneath,
 It summons to pleasure or summons
 to death.

MARGARITA.—Day's reign will soon be
 ended;

Dusky twilight approaches.
 Afar the evening drums and trumpets
 Now are sounding
 With songs and shouts of joy,
 As on that blessed evening
 When first I saw Faust.

STUDENTS.—Jam nox stellata, etc.

MARGARITA.—He cometh not.
 Alas!

SCENE XVI.—*Cavern and forest.*

FAUST (*alone*).—

Oh, boundless nature, spirit sublime,
 mysterious;

Alone thou givest comfort to my un-
 happy soul,

On thy breast, mighty power, is my
 sorrow abated and my strength
 renewing

I seem to live again!

Blow, ye fierce howling winds! Cry
 out! ye boundless forests! Fall
 down, ye rocks!

And roar, ye mountain streams, wild-
 ly rushing!

With your thundering sounds my
 voice loves to unite.

Ye rocks and streams and woods ac-
 cept my homage.

Bright sparkling worlds above,
 Towards you leaps forth the piteous
 cry of a heart

In anguish, of a soul madly longing,
 Vainly striving for joy!

SCENE XVII.—(*Recitative and chase*).

MEPHISTO. (*scaling the rocks*).—Say,
 dost thine eye discern upon the
 azure vault the star of constant
 love?

Its potent influence thou'lt find very
 needful;

For in dreams thou art lost,

Whilst that poor child, thy dear Mar-
 garita—

FAUST.—O cease!

MEPHISTO.—'Tis true, I should be still.
 Thou lov'st no more,

And yet she has been dragged to
 prison,

And, for poisoning her mother,
 To death justly sentenced.

FAUST.—What!

MEPHISTO.—I hear the hunters' horns
 in the woods.

FAUST.—No jesting; what saidst thou?
 Margarita in chains?

MEPHISTO.—A certain brownish liquor,
 quite safe,

If used aright, which she received
 of thee,

To make her mother sleep, lest she
 disturb

Your amours, has brought on all this
 woe.

Fondly hugging her dream,

Awaiting thee, she gave the potion
 still.

This excess at last told upon the old
 dame

And killed her. Now thou knowest
 all the truth.

FAUST.—Treacherous monster!

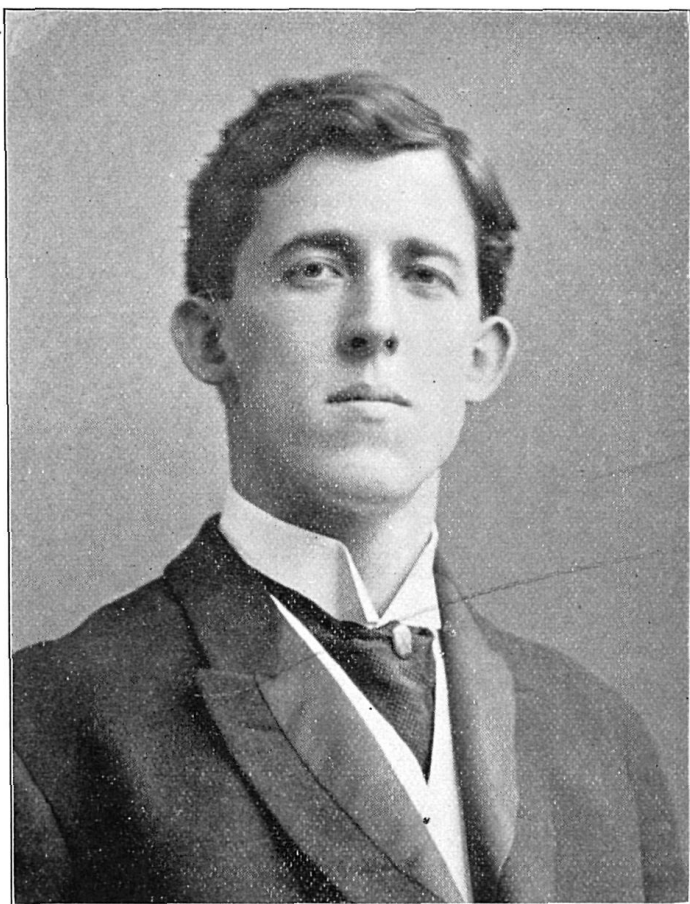
MEPHISTO.—And thus has her love for
 thee led her on.

FAUST (*with fury*).—Woe to thee!
 Canst thou not save her?

MEPHISTO.—Ah, 'tis I am the miscreant!
 This is ever your way

Ye ridiculous mortals!

No matter! To free her from prison
 and save her.



EARLE G. KILLEEN

But what hast thou done for me
Since I have been thy slave?

FAUST.—O, quickly speak!

MEPHISTO.—Of thee? Naught save thy
signature
To this parchment scroll.
Thy love at once is freed from judg-
ment and death
If thou wilt sign this oath to-morrow,
to serve me.

FAUST.—Why till to-morrow wait?
'Tis to-day thou must save her:
The parchment! [He signs.
Behold, 'tis done!
And now swiftly conduct me to the
cell.
With despair I am hast'ning,
Margarita, to thee!

MEPHISTO.—Come hither, Vortex!
Giour!
These magic steeds shall bear us
quickly as thought!
Now mount we, and away at once—
Justice tarries for no man!

SCENE XVIII.—*The ride to Hell.* FAUST
and MEPHISTOPHELES galloping on
two black horses.

FAUST.—Through my heart her sad
voice is ringing mournfully.
Poor soul, lost and forsaken.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS (*kneeling before
a rustic crucifix*).—

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis, etc., etc.

FAUST.—Take heed! a pious crowd of
poor women and children kneel-
ing around yon cross.

MEPHISTO.—Never mind them; hasten
on!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.—Sancta Maria,
ora pro nobis.

[*Cries of terror; the women
and children scatter in con-
fusion. The riders pass by.*

FAUST.—See, a hideous shape pursues
us with loud cries.

MEPHISTO.—Thou drest!—

FAUST.—What a host of foul birds fill
the skies!

With dismal shriek 'round my head
they are whirling.

MEPHISTO. (*slacking his speed*).—The
passing bell for her is already
sounding.

Dost thou fear? Let's return!

[*They halt.*

FAUST.—No, the goal must be won!
[*They resume with quickened
speed.*

MEPHISTO. (*urging his horse*).—On!
On! On!

FAUST.—On every side—dost see?—
Spectral forms are arising!
There the skeletons dance,
While ghastly laugh and gesture
The foul horror enhance.

MEPHISTO.—Think of thy Margarita,
And laugh at the dead. On! On!

FAUST (*horror struck*).—The horses in
terror
Are tearing their bridles.
My hair stands on end!
Convulsed seems the world!,
The thunders are roaring,
As if to destruction
The earth would be hurled!
It raineth blood!

MEPHISTO.—Ye slaves of hell's domin-
ion,
Your trumpets blow—
Your loud triumphal trumpets!
His soul is mine.

FAUST.—Ah! Doomed!

MEPHISTO.—Victor am I.
[*They fall into the abyss.*

SCENE XIX.—*Pandemonium.*

CHORUS OF THE SPIRITS OF HELL.—Has!
Irimira karabra-o!

THE PRINCES OF DARKNESS.—Hast thou
conquered this proud immortal
soul, and enslaved it, Mephisto,
for aye?

MEPHISTO.—Lord and master for aye.

PRINCES.—Then did Faust freely sign
the dread act that did yield up his
soul to our fires?

MEPHISTO.—Of his own free will he
signed.

CHORUS, SPIRITS OF HELL.—Has! Me-
phisto! Has! Irimira karabra-o!

EPILOGUE.—*On Earth.*

PRINCES OF DARKNESS.—And then Hell's
gates were still.

The seething sound alone of the vast
lakes of fire,

The gnashing teeth and wail that
dread torments inspire,

Alone were heard above; while in
the depths profound, in dread
mystery drowned, there was
wrought—

CHORUS—An awful deed.

SCENE XX.—*In Heaven.*

CELESTIAL SPIRITS.—Laus! Hosannah!
Hosannah!

Receive a contrite soul, O Lord!

VOICE FROM HEAVEN.—Rise, Margarita.
MARGARITA'S APOTHEOSIS.

CHORUS OF HEAVENLY SPIRITS.—Ascend
on high, innocent spirit!
Once misled by earthly love,

But now restored to thy primitive
beauty,

Thou shalt see the realms above.

Come, the heavenly choir

In joyous strains conspire

To greet thy ransomed soul

In the courts of the blest.

By tribulation tried,

Thy faith and hope have saved thee

From the world's raging tide.

Rise, Margarita!

Arise!

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