Arthur Lyon Cross
10 May 1910

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL

MAY FESTIVAL

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1911

OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK

PETER ILJITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY

[OFFICIAL]

EIGHTEENTH

ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor, Michigan

May 10, 11, 12, 13, 1911

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY
1911

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

FRANCIS W. KELSEY, President
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The Choral Union

THIRTY-SECOND SEASON
1910-1911

ALBERT A. STANLEY
CONDUCTOR

CHARLES A SINK
SECRETARY

MARK WISDOM, Librarian
ALLEN A. DUDLEY, Pianist
LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist

Illustrations

List of Concerts and Soloists

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 8:00 O'CLOCK

OPENING CONCERT

SOLOIST

MR. CLARENCE E. WHITEHILL, *Bass* MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 11, 8:00 O'CLOCK

"JUDAS MACCABEUS," An Oratorio in Three Parts

HANDEL

SOLOISTS

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN, *Soprano* MR. REED MILLER, *Tenor*
MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto* MR. HORATIO CONNELL, *Bass*

THE CHORAL UNION
MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist.*
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

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

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOIST

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN, *Soprano* MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

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

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOIST

MME. BERNICE DE PASQUALI, *Soprano* MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 13, 3:00 O'CLOCK

COMPLIMENTARY ORGAN RECITAL

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 7:30 O'CLOCK

"EUGEN ONEGIN," A Romantic Opera in Three Acts

CAST

Eugen Onegin, MR. CLARENCE E. WHITEHILL
Larina, Filipjewna } MISS FLORENCE MULFORD
Tatjana, MRS. SYBIL SAMMIS MACDERMID
Olga ..... MISS JANET SPENCER
Lenski, Triquet } ..... MR. REED MILLER
A Captain, Prince Gremin } MR. HORATIO CONNELL
Ball Guests; Peasants (Precentor, MR. HORACE L. DAVIS); Officials, etc., ... THE CHORAL UNION
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra

FOUNDED BY THEODORE THOMAS

FREDERICK A. STOCK
Conductor

FIRST VIOLINS

LETZ, H.
ESSER, F.
ZUKOWSKY, A.
RUINEN, J.
CULP, S.
VAN DER VOORT, A.
ITTE, F.
MANGOLD, R.

SECOND VIOLINS

HILLMAN, C.
BARKER, O.
WOOLLETT, W.
BUSSE, A.
ULRICH, A.
RABE, H.

VIOLAS

DASCH, G.
MEYER, G.
SCHROETER, R.
HESSELBACH, O.
MITTELSTAEDT, F

VIOLONCELLOS

UNGER, W.
CORELL, L.
FELBER, H.
KLAMMSTEINER, C.

BASSES

JISKRA, V.
PARBS, H.
MAEDLER, R.
FRIEDRICH, O.
OTTE, F.

HARP

SINGER, W.

FLUTES

QUENSEL, A.
BAUMBACH, C.

PICCOLO

SCHROETER, R.

OBOES

BARTHEL, A.
HESSELBACH, O.

ENGLISH HORN

STARKE, F.

CLARINETS

SCHREURS, J.
BUSSE, A.

BASS CLARINET

MEYER, C.

BASSOONS

KRUSE, P.
PIESCHEL, H.

CONTRA BASSOON

FRIEDRICH, O.

HORNS

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

TRUMPETS

SCHUBERT, O.
HANDKE, P.

CORNETS

ULRICH, A.
FELBER, H.

TROMBONES

STANGE, G.
ZELLER, W.
GUNTHER, A.

TUBA

OTTE, F.

TIMPANI

ZETTELMANN, J.

PERCUSSIONS

WINTRICH, M.
WAGNER, E.
MITTELSTAEDT, F

LIBRARIANS

McNICOL, T.
McNICOL, T., JR.

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

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1910-1911

THIRTY-SECOND SEASON — SIXTH CONCERT
No. CCXLVII. COMPLETE SERIES

First May Festival Concert

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 8:00 O'CLOCK

SOLOIST

MR. CLARENCE E. WHITEHILL, *Baritone*
MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE—"Carnaval," Opus 45 — GLAZOUNOW

ARIA—"Eri Tu" from "Un Ballo in Maschera" — VERDI

SYMPHONY No. 2, B minor — BORODIN
ALLEGRO; PRESTISSIMO; ANDANTE; ALLEGRO

INTERMISSION

SYMPHONIC POEMS—(My Fatherland) — SMETANA
"VYSEHRAD"
"THE MOLDAU"

ARIA—"Blick ich Umher," from "Tannhäuser" — WAGNER

SCHERZO CAPRICCIOSO, Opus 66 — DVORAK

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1910-1911

THIRTY-SECOND SEASON
No. CCXLVIII. COMPLETE SERIES

SEVENTH CONCERT

Second May Festival Concert

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 11, 8:00 O'CLOCK

Oratorio "JUDAS MACCABEUS"

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

SOLOISTS

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN, *Soprano*

MISS JANET SPENCER, *Contralto*

MR. REED MILLER, *Tenor*

MR. HORATIO CONNELL, *Bass*

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

SYNOPSIS

FIRST PART

OVERTURE
CHORUS.—Mourn, ye afflicted children.
RECITATIVE.—Well may your sorrows.
DUET.—From this dread scene.
CHORUS.—For Sion lamentation make.
RECITATIVE.—Not vain is all this storm of grief.
AIR.—Pious orgies.
CHORUS.—O Father, whose almighty power.
RECITATIVE.—I feel the Deity within.
AIR.—Arm! arm! ye brave.
CHORUS.—We come in bright array.
RECITATIVE.—'Tis well, my friends.
AIR.—Call forth thy powers.
CHORUS.—Lead on.
RECITATIVE.—Haste we, my brethren.
CHORUS.—Hear us, O Lord!

SECOND PART

CHORUS.—Fall'n is the foe.
RECITATIVE.—Well may we hope.
DUET.—Sion now her head shall raise.
CHORUS.—Tune your harps.
RECITATIVE.—O! let eternal honours.
AIR.—From mighty kings.
DUET AND CHORUS.—Hail, Judea! happy land.
RECITATIVE.—Thanks to my brethren.
AIR.—How vain is man.
RECITATIVE.—O Judas!
AIR AND CHORUS.—Ah! wretched Israel.
RECITATIVE.—Be comforted.
AIR.—The Lord worketh wonders.
RECITATIVE.—My arms.
AIR.—Sound an alarm!
CHORUS.—We hear.
RECITATIVE.—Enough, to heaven.
CHORUS.—We never will bow down.

THIRD PART

AIR.—Father of Heaven.
RECITATIVE.—See, see, yon flames.
RECITATIVE.—O grant it, Heaven.
AIR.—So shall the lute and harp.
RECITATIVE.—From Capharsalama.
CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS AND FULL CHORUS.—See, the conquering hero comes.
MARCH
CHORUS.—Sing unto God.
DUET.—O lovely Peace!
AIR.—Rejoice, O Judah!
CHORUS.—Hallelujah—Amen!

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1910-1911

THIRTY-SECOND SEASON
No. CCXLIX. COMPLETE SERIES

EIGHTH CONCERT

Third May Festival Concert

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

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOIST

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN, *Soprano*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

SYMPHONY No. 10, C major — SCHUBERT

ANDANTE—ALLEGRO MA NON TROPPO

ANDANTE CON MOTO; SCHERZO; FINALE

INTERMISSION

LOVE SCENE AND BRANGAENE'S WARNING,
from "Tristan and Isolde" — WAGNER

(Arranged for Concert performance by Frederick Stock)

CLOSING SCENE from "Die Götterdämmerung" — WAGNER

Brünnhilde:

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN

FREDERICK A. STOCK

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1910-1911

THIRTY-SECOND SEASON — NINTH CONCERT
No. CCL. COMPLETE SERIES

Fourth May Festival Concert

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

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOIST

MME. BERNICE DE PASQUALI, *Soprano*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE—"In Spring Time"	GOLDMARK
RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "CARO NOME" from "Rigoletto"	VERDI
TONE POEM—"En Saga," Opus 9	SIBELIUS
RECITATIVE AND ARIA from "Il Guarany"	GOMES
CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL—Opus 34	RIMSKY-KORSAKOW

INTERMISSION

MARCH—"Ecossaise,"	DEBUSSY
CORTEGE AND AIR DE DANSE	DEBUSSY
OVERTURE—"The Pierrot of the Minute"	BANTOCK
"OPHELIA'S SCENE AND ARIA" from "Hamlet"	THOMAS
VORSPIEL TO ACT II, "Ingwelde"	
THE HARVEST FESTIVAL from "Moloch"	SCHILLINGS

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1919-1911

THIRTY-SECOND SEASON
No. CCLI. COMPLETE SERIES

SUPPLEMENTARY CONCERT

Complimentary Organ Recital

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 13, 2:30 O'COCK

LLEWELLYN RENWICK

Organist

COMPOSITIONS OF ALEXANDRE GUILMANT

PROGRAM

IN MEMORIAM

FUNERAL PRELUDE

INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE

PRAYER

CANTILENA

REVERIE

CONCERT PIECE—Prelude; Theme; Variations; Finale

CANTILENE PASTORALE

GRAND CHORUS (Alla Handel)

PRAYER AND CRADLE SONG

MELODY

MARCH IN D

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1910-1911

THIRTY-SECOND SEASON
No. CCLII. COMPLETE SERIES

TENTH CONCERT

Fifth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 7:30 O,CLOCK

"EUGEN ONEGIN"

TSCHAIKOWSKY

OPERA IN THREE ACTS

CAST

MADAM LERIN, landed proprietor	MISS MULFORD
OLGA	JANET SPENCER
TATJANA	SIBYL SAMMIS-MACDERMID
(Her daughters)	
EUGEN ONEGIN	CLARENCE WHITEHILL
LENSKI	REED MILLER
PRINCE GREMIN, A CAPTAIN	HORATIO CONNELL
TRIQUET, a Frenchman	REED MILLER
PEASANTS, BALL-GUESTS, LAND-OWNERS, OFFICERS	THE CHORAL UNION

SYNOPSIS

INTRODUCTION.—Orchestra.

ACT I.

FIRST TABLEAU.

DUET AND SOLO.—Tatjana, Olga, Larina, Filipjewna.
CHORUS AND DANCE OF REAPERS.
SCENE AND ARIA.—Olga.
SCENE.—Larina, Tatjana, Filipjewna.
SCENE AND QUARTET.—Lenski, Onegin and the above.
SCENE AND ARIOSO.—Lenski, Olga, Onegin, Tatjana.

SECOND TABLEAU.

INTRODUCTION AND SCENE.—Filipjewna, Tatjana.
THE LETTER SCENE.—Tatjana.

THIRD TABLEAU.

CHORUS OF COUNTRY GIRLS.
SCENE AND ARIA.—Tatjana, Lenski.

ACT II.

FIRST TABLEAU.

ENTR'ACTE AND WALTZ.—Olga, Tatjana, Larina, Onegin, Lenski, Captain, Chorus.
SCENE AND COUPLETS.—Triquet and Chorus.
MAZURKA AND SCENE.—The above.
FINALE.

SECOND TABLEAU.

INTRODUCTION AND ARIA.—Lenski.
DUEL SCENE.

ACT III.

FIRST TABLEAU.

POLONAISE.
SCENE AND ARIAS.—Onegin, Tatjana, Gremin.
SCENE AND ARIAS.—Gremin, Onegin, Tatjana.

SECOND TABLEAU.

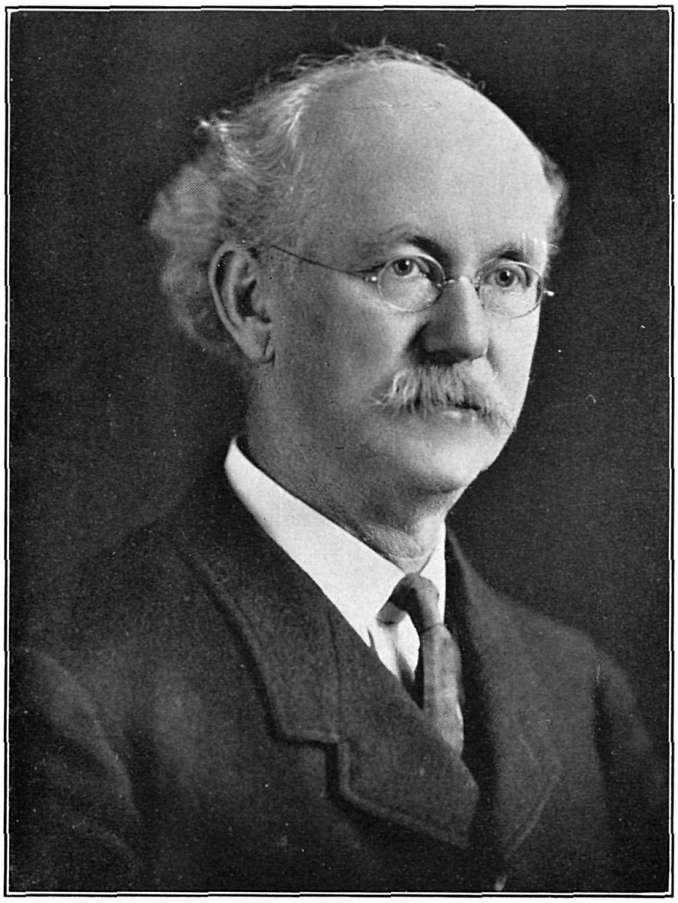
FINAL SCENE.—Tatjana, Onegin.

Descriptive Programs

ANALYSES BY

ALBERT A. STANLEY

ALL CONCERTS
WILL BEGIN ON TIME



ALBERT A. STANLEY

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 10

OVERTURE "Carnival," Op. 45, GLAZOUNOW

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

The Neo-Russian School is an asset not to be overlooked when we pause long enough to take an inventory of our musical resources.

Russian music of the early decades of the past century proclaimed the Slav to be a servile imitator of the Latin and the Teuton. In spite of the existence of a virile and intensely original type of folk music, through which the folk gave the lie to the aristocratic muse, Glinka (1804-1857) and his contemporaries imitated Italian composers, or at least the foreigners. Thus, with the exception of certain occasional and perfunctory lapses into national expression, their works were somewhat colorless and lacked real conviction. This condition obtained largely, because the opera was an aristocratic form of amusement, and, again, because the Russian form was in its infancy—as Purcell (1658-1695) puts it in the preface to "The Prophetess," referring to English opera in his day—"it was in its nonage and a froward child." Because it was an amusement of circles in which foreign languages, foreign customs, foreign amusements were thoroughly acclimated, it was inevitable that the process of development through which other nations finally attained artistic independence in this particular form should again prevail, for it seems to be in accord with a natural law. Because the school was in its infancy, it had to learn through imitation before it could command the knowledge, without which initiative is an artistic Frankenstein. To give even a running sketch of an evolution deserving volumes is manifestly undesirable in this connection, and will not be attempted. With the added knowledge gained by study and comparison, an intimate acquaintance with their own folk music revealed its unique power as suggestive material for composition. All this, plus the passionate emotion and unbridled impetuosity of the Slavic temperament, finally bore fruit in a type of composition which possessed sufficient individuality to crystallize into a School. Among its great representatives, the Russian composers included in the programs of the present Festival stand foremost. In addition to these are many minor prophets, whose work has not yet determined their exact position. Whether many, or any, of those who now stand in the second row will thrust themselves into the front is still uncertain, but it is safe to predict that they will not displace any member of this group to which we refer.

ALEXANDRE GLAZOUNOW, whose overture "Carnival" introduces this evening's program, was born into affluence. None of the leading Russian composers have known the bitterness of poverty—Glinka was a nobleman—and few have been obliged to wait for years—as did Wagner—in order to have their works performed. To be born

of rich parents is not an insuperable obstacle to success—as some would have us believe—for thereby a man of real gifts can command opportunities denied to the struggling soul, who may, or may not, be a genius. But when one who has every opportunity to dawdle through a life of mere pleasure becomes such a master of composition in serious forms as Glazounow, one may not question the purpose which animates him, even though he must justify himself before an all-world jury of his peers before he can accomplish his aim, if that be fame. Overtures, symphonies, and chamber music in various forms, testify to his high ideals and indefatigable industry.

The overture on our program was written at Peterhof (1893) and reflects much of the brilliancy of the imperial court in content, while in form it shows a certain independence of restraint that may have been in his blood for other than racial reasons, for the same year he wrote a march for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, which event, it will be remembered, was the occasion for the composition of a stilted, noisy, and vulgar march by Wagner. In so far as can be known, this overture has no aim other than to portray the carnival spirit in a general rather than a specific manner. That is to say, there are no themes suggesting individualities, as in Dvorak's overture of the same name—nor are there any combinations of themes reflecting the entanglements, or general topsy-turviness of manners, so characteristic of this season. Glazounow employs a rather full orchestra, but makes no concessions to novelty in orchestral usage, as such, and thereby proclaims his artistic stature.

ARIA "Eri Tu" from "Un Ballo in Maschera," VERDI

(Fortunio) Guiseppi (Francesco) Verdi. Born October 9, 1813, at Roncole; died January 17, 1901, at Milan.

MR. CLARENCE WHITEHILL.

Prominent among the earlier works by this great master stands the "Masked Ball," from which an aria appears on our program. Remembering that the early phases of Russian operatic art were dominated by Italian influence, this aria is not out of place. While this Verdi is not the Verdi of "Falstaff," from the point of view of Italian opera he was even then a great master. His inspirations were full of a youthful buoyancy, that remained a prominent characteristic of his art after his head had been silvered by the snows of eighty-eight winters.

Rise! I say! Ere departing, once more thy son thou may'st behold:
In darkness and silence, there thy shame and my dishonor hiding!
Yet not at her, not at her frail existence be the blow directed.
Other, far other vengeance to purge the stain,
I am planning: it is thy life blood!
From thy base heart my dagger ere long shall bid it redly flow, retribution demanding for my woe!

It is thou that hast sullied a soul so pure,
In whose chasteness my spirit delighted.
Thou betray'd me, in whose love I felt all secure!
Of my life thou hast poison'd the stream!

Trait'rous heart! is it thus he's requited,
Who the first in thy friendship did seem?
Oh, the pangs of joy are departed;
Lost caresses that made life a heaven;
When Adelia, an angel pure-hearted,
In my arms felt the transports of love!
All is over! and hate's bitter leaven,
And longing for death fills my heart!

SYMPHONY, No. 2, B minor, BORODIN

Alexander Porphyewitch Borodin. Born, November 12, 1834, at St. Petersburg; died there February 28, 1885.

Allegro; Prestissimo; Andante; Allegro.

As the Florentine Camerata of the latter decade of the sixteenth century was made up of men who viewed the Ideal from different angles, and not exclusively—or largely—of professional musicians, so the Russian Camerata of the middle of the last century contained distinguished composers whose relations to the art they served were free from all mundane considerations. There are many points of contact between the two groups, as well as of divergence, and both are equally illuminative. The points of contact lie along the line of their conscious aims—those of divergence are almost entirely questions of methods. In Florence, Bardi and his associates diagnosed the musical conditions as decidedly and dangerously anaemic. César Cui, representing his *confréres* as well as himself, might have considered this a correct statement of the difficulty with Russian music. Perfectly in agreement as to the disease, they differed radically in their treatment. The Florentines—being to a man animated by scholarly ideals, for they all lived in an atmosphere of culture to the suggestions of which they willingly yielded themselves—saw in the complexities of the polyphonic style, which had evolved upon their native soil, in response to perfectly natural forces, a negation of the teachings of the Greek philosophers. Harking back to the days of the Greek classic dramatic—or musico-dramatic—art, they saw in its rehabilitation the remedy for all the grave difficulties under which music was laboring. This was a conscious attempt on their part to revivify Greek Art, which they could not do in a branch of that art in which the relations between the giver and the receiver are as intimate and constructive as in music, because the attentive, intelligent listener—an important contributing factor—was lacking, because Greece was no longer in existence—that is, the *real* Greece. Failing in their formal, conscious, attempt, unconsciously they brought a new art form, the Opera, into existence. The Russians saw in the growth of the foreign influence—notably that of Italy—the toxin that must be eliminated before the anaemic conditions could be removed. They saw but one antitoxin—their own national music, or at least the substitution of their national temperamental point of view for the foreign. Instead of strutting in borrowed plumage, they would appear in native garb, use their own idioms instead of a foreign tongue, and thus win freedom of expression. This determination was a formal declaration of independence, made by a group of men who came to certain conclusions, as the result of debates over conditions, investigations of causes, etc. It will be seen that,

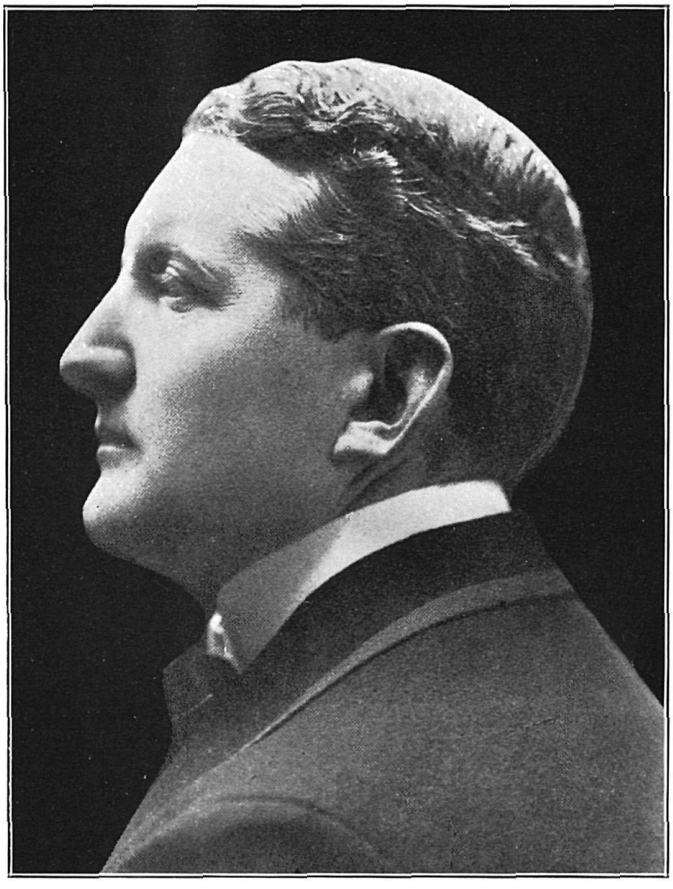
in the one case, external influences were invoked to rectify abuses resulting from the the carrying out of internal suggestions—in the other, internal forces were called upon to minimize, if not to utterly destroy, the effect of external causes. The earlier movement was rich in results, but not along the line of its conscious effort. The latter has fully justified itself because it was unhampered by preconceived notions and was free to choose its own forms of utterance, without undergoing the birth-throes of a new form.

May we now call attention to a series of rather interesting facts in connection with this Neo-Russian group? César Cui and Moussorgsky were military officers—Rimsky-Korsakow was intended for the Navy, and actually made all the necessary technical preparations for a naval career. The two former succeeded in achieving world-wide fame as composers, although neither became military heroes. The latter was one of Russia's greatest composers. Borodin, the composer of the symphony on our program, took his medical degree at the University of St. Petersburg, was appointed hospital surgeon, and at the time of his death was lecturer on experimental chemistry at the Academy, St. Petersburg. This leaves Balakirew as the sole representative of strict professionalism in this significant group. These instances are cited as illustrations of the fact that it is possible for a creative musician to know science, and for an active scientist to know music as an art worthy of his powers—*but, it is unusual.* In other fields than religion it is difficult to serve God and Mammon.

As to the symphony itself, much may be said—both from the strictly musical point of view, and that suggested by this introduction. It consists of the usual four movements, and is masterly in its utilization of formal principles divorced from formalism. It is remarkable that a work which required five years (1871-76) for its completion, should, from the first note to the last, carry with it the conviction of as absolute spontaneity, as though it had been dashed off at a white heat. It was, in its general outlines and in its essential expression and meaning. Possibly we may trace the mind of the scientist in the manner in which he brought all of his varied resources to bear in a consecutive and absolutely logical sequence, upon the full development of that which had flashed upon him in a moment of kindled and exalted imagination—but which required intellectual effort to develop. Contrary to the generally accepted belief, this is the way in which the majority of great—even the greatest—composers have worked.

Musical quotations failing, it were idle to entangle the listener in a maze of technicalities. Suffice it to say that a tremendously virile subject, full of rhythmical energy (B minor; 2-2 time; *Allegro*), colored by varying combinations of instruments, sounds the dominant note of the first movement. Other ideas are introduced, expressive of emotions more or less in accord with suggestions of this theme; for they are—even the beautiful theme next in importance—the so-called second subject (3-2 time; *Poco Meno Mosso*)—in more or less pronounced subjection to the initial subject. Realizing that, even though there may be great liberty in the use of formal means, this freedom of action is restrained within certain limitations—if it be in the sonata form—we may, if thoroughly acquainted with this peculiar structure, gain added joy as we follow the composer, who binds together these vari-colored elements into a well-ordered and artistically satisfying picture.

In the first movement, certain phases of the Russian temperament vigorously assert themselves—in the second (F major; 1-1 time; *Prestissimo*) we meet other moods. Frolicsome in the body of the *Scherzo,* artless and naïve in the *Trio* (6-4 time; *Allegretto*) this movement represents the Russian folk at play. As though call-



CLARENCE WHITEHILL

ing the village folk together, the third movement (D flat major; 4-4 time; *Andante*) is ushered in by a short melody for the clarinet. Then the horn sounds a plaintive Slavonic troubadour's song, typical of the mood one so often sees reflected in the faces of the peasants, when their attention is not diverted by the dance, but concentrated on themselves through such a melody as this. Changes of mood (2-4 time; *Poco Animato*) indicated by a series of chromatic *non sequiturs*—illusive, and wandering—now follow—then—as one wakens from a revery—again sounds the folk-song, after which the clarinet melody proclaims "the music is ended." The contrasts of rhythms, so frequently characteristic of folk-music—are in evidence in the somewhat boisterous finale—(B major; 3-4 time; *Allegro*) in which the principal theme is in 5-4 time—a Greek vestigial remnant, quite in vogue in the Russian folk-song. This movement, after the milder second subject enters, thus completing the essential material for formal treatment, proceeds along the lines of the sonata-form in a manner at once convincing and inspiring. Borodin employs a full orchestral equipment, with the moderation and exhilaration which proclaims the master.

This symphony received its initial performance in St. Petersburg on February 2, 1877. Achieving but little success at the premiere, it aroused tremendous enthusiasm outside of Russia. According to a contemporary critic (Stasson), Borodin "intended in the Andante to recall the songs of the old Slavonic *bayans*; in the first movement the assembling of the old Russian princes: in the last the banquets of the heroes to the tones of the *gusla* and flute."

TWO SYMPHONIC POEMS. SMETANA

Frederick Bedrich Smetana. Born March 2, 1824, at Leitomischel; died March 12, 1884 at Prague.

I. "Vysehrad."

II. "The Moldau."

Judging from the records of concert institutes these compositions are not alone the most important in the cycle of six similar works known as *Má Vlast* (My Fatherland), but the most popular. In his formal descriptions of the underlying poetical motives of this tribute to his native land, he invokes nature, history and tradition in frankly program style. He also gives us a glimpse into a sad world of his own, in which he lived during the latter years of his life, for the premonitions of deafness—which nearly drove him to madness at the time of the composition of his E minor Quartet—had been justified all too soon. "Vysehrad" was written in the night when he first came to the realization of his total deafness, and the entire cycle was composed after he had entered, what to a musician must have been in verity, the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

The question occurs whether in such a case the creative genius may not have compensations denied the interpretative artist, and absolutely unrealized by the ordinary listener? For example, no one would dare say that deafness brought to Beethoven any abatement of his power! On the contrary, his imagination seemed to have carried him to greater heights. This detachment from actual sound may have its peculiar compensation in an exalted and stimulated imagination, capable of infusing the unreal with an even greater semblance of reality, than when it follows

the usual course. It seems as though many of the works written under such physical restrictions contain evidences of a freedom that must have given to the creator somewhat of comfort when it brings such inspiring messages to those who listen.

Returning from this digression to our purpose, we will now give, as concisely as possible, the thoughts that inspired these charming symphonic poems. The poet, contemplating the grim fortress, Vysehrad, is overwhelmed by memories of the past. Radiant of face, shining in burnished armor, triumphant in spirit, legions of brave knights pass before his vision. Music and dancing, songs and love-making, smiles and tears, prayers and curses, shouts and groans, are inextricably mingled in this Symphony of the Past. Then scenes of barbaric carnage obtrude themselves. Bringing in their train wellnigh universal ruin—such pictures of by-gone days invoke despair. The poet gladly turns from them, and, detaching himself from their gloomy suggestion, and returning to the present, he contemplates the old fortress standing there, a silent witness of the present—and dumbly eloquent of the past. As he gazes he seems to hear the song of the erstwhile prince and singer, Lumir, floating through the air, invoking memories of that past, and investing the scene with a magic glow, as of the setting sun. All this finds fitting expression in music, which Smetana, its creator, never heard with mortal ear.

The "Moldau," formed by the union of two small streams which issue from springs in the Bohemian forest, gives the title to the second number in this cycle. These streams, "the one warm and gushing, the other cold and tranquil"—they may be traced in two attractive and characteristic *motifs*—losing themselves in each other, rush on and on, joying in their strength. Passing by many a noble castle, reflecting the stars by night and happy faces by day, bearing on her bosom the fisherman's skiff, eddying through winding stretches, storming through gorges, and finally with a supreme effort conquering the Rapids of St. John, calmly and triumphantly the river now flows through the valley towards Prague. Saluting the stern and warlike old sentinel, "The Vysehrad," standing at the city's gate, it moves along, with an earnest purpose to "seek the sea." To do this it must pass through other scenes, cross an alien country and reach the goal only by losing itself in another and greater river.

How truthfully Smetana succeeded in depicting all this may be left to this audience, *i. e.*, to each individual listener. In the last analysis, absolute freedom of individual interpretation—even of that which the composer has stated, in words, with more or less of definiteness—is a necessary condition of real satisfaction.

ARIA, "Blick ich Umher," from "Tannhäuser." WAGNER

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

MR. CLARENCE WHITEHILL.

When, in the historic contest of song at Wartburg Castle, Wolfram von Eschenbach rises to sing—first preluding on his harp—after the custom of the day—he begins his glowing apostrophe to "Love" as follows:

"Gazing around upon this fair assembly,
How doth the heart expand to see the scene!"

As we listen to these opening lines we respond no less ardently than did "the gallant heroes" and the "maidens fair," for Wagner understood how to restore the real flavor of a period—by ignoring historical accuracy in detail and—as in this instance —create real unity by defying the formal unities. Thus in the drama he resurrected an interesting period and made it vital by combining details covering generations into one brief hour.

Gazing around upon this fair assembly,
How doth the heart expand to see the scene!
These gallant heroes, valiant, wise and gentle—
A stately forest soaring fresh and green.
And blooming by their side, in sweet perfection,
I see a wreath of dames and maidens fair;
Their blended glories dazzle the beholder—
My song is mute before this vision rare.
I raised my eyes to one whose starry splendor
In this bright heaven with mild effulgence beams,
And gazing on that pure and tender radiance,
My heart was sunk in prayerful, holy dreams.
And lo! the source of all delights and power
Was then unto my list'ning soul revealed,
From whose unfathomed depths all joy doth shower—
The tender balm in which all grief is healed.
Oh, never may I dim its limpid waters,
Or rashly trouble them with wild desires!
I worship thee kneeling, with soul devoted:
To live and die for thee my heart aspires!
I know not if these feeble words can render
What I have felt of love both true and tender.

SCHERZO CAPRICCIOSO, Op. 66, DVÓRAK

Antonin Dvorak. Born September 8, 1844 at Mühlhausen; died May 1, 1909 at Prague.

A great German conductor once said, "Had Dvorak been born in Germany he would have been the greatest composer of the nineteenth century." This remark may have been one of those half truths which are mischief-makers in art and science; it may have been due to Teutonic complaisance—or it may rest on a fundamental truth. Among its implications might be the following: A great composer is more than an individual gifted with unusual powers of perception, keenly alive to the subtlest suggestion of environment and association, and possessed of creative power through which he imparts the results of his artistic beholding in terms of music. To behold, he must have a point of view, and the altitude of this point of vantage, which necessarily determines the range of his outlook, may be the result of an historic past, and thus represent national ideal attainment. Again, the keenness of vision which would define the measure of his accurate perception of all included within the circle of his horizon, and the process of delineation and interpretation through which he

would make the world 'partners of his artistic joy" may depend on racial temperament. Thus, while as an observer, a genius may see, or feel, more keenly than his fellows, in his role of interpreter he may not venture beyond the racial ideal.

This comparison of men of genius by the historic (sic) method might be made very interesting. By shrewd manipulation it might be made to work, were it not for two rather disturbing factors—men of genius, the concrete, and *genius,* itself, the abstract. Men of genius are uneasy when harnessed, and genius is a law unto itself.

Unconsciously, the great leader sets a valuation on Dvorak which he might not choose to have considered a product of his saner moods, for it may be possible to compare men of talent—even of great talent—and label them according to some preconceived plan, but Dvorak is one of those men who deserve a higher valuation, possibly a position by himself. He was a composer of great originality, and of unusual versatility. His activity in every field of composition was inspiring and, to the ordinary man, appallingly discouraging. He was one of the few great European masters who came into more or less close touch with the musical life of our country. He cherished the conviction that he had found, in negro melodies, the real source from which might be drawn abundant inspiration for an American school of composition. Did he not write the "New World Symphony" in which he immortalized "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and other typical negro melodies? Is not his example being followed by many of our younger men, who are engaged in constructing a musical halo about the North American Indian, attempting to prove that the "good Indian" is not a "dead Indian," but a "singing Indian?" Puccini, in his "Girl of the Golden West," has given artistic endorsement of lynching and other idiosyncrasies of the "wide open" life, and who knows when next the magic of (foreign) genius will invoke our real national music from—what? This tendency of the alien to usurp the "racial note" is a disturbing factor in the problem propounded in our initial paragraph.

Not stopping to define just what is meant by "racial note," for definitions are frequently evasions, it must be noted that in Dvorak's "Rondo Capriccioso" there are no more pronounced traces of the Czech than are exhibited in his symphonic apotheosis of America. Dvorak could not be as consistently orthodox as Mendelssohn—who, fortunately—if the great leader spoke truly—was not born in Bohemia—nor Bohemian, did he not indulge in piquancy of rhythm, gorgeousness of color and, an occasionally exaggerated, enthusiasm. But he did not allow the qualifying term *capriccioso* to become a cloak under which all sorts of vagaries in form and content might find refuge. He, like Smetana, possessed a rich fund of real humor, and rarely does one discover any approach to the ascetic in his musical outlook. The grim humor displayed in one of his operas, in which the chief character is the third member of that sinful trio—"The World, the Flesh and the Devil," would naturally find no place in such a work as the one on our program—but there are quaint conceits in it of a more mundane flavor. A lovely theme for English horn, which Dvorak used with special insight, is the only feature that will be particularly mentioned. Buoyancy of spirit, freshness of inspiration, facile command of his instrument—the orchestra, which obeys his every command—are revealed in every division of the composition, while the thrilling climax at the close is a glorious burst of enthusiasm. Is it any wonder that this *Opus* is one of the most popular of Dvorak's contributions to the Bohemian Library of Music!

PERCEVAL ALLEN

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 11

"JUDAS MACCABEUS" — HANDEL

An Oratorio in Three Parts.

CAST.

JUDAS MACCABEUS, ISRAELITISH MAN	REED MILLER
SIMON, THE HIGH PRIEST	HORATIO CONNELL
ISRAELITISH WOMAN	PERCEVAL ALLEN
ISRAELITISH WOMAN, A PRIEST, A MESSENGER	JANET SPENCER
THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL	THE CHORAL UNION

(MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, ORGANIST.)
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, CONDUCTOR.

George Friedrich Haendel. Born February 23, 1685, at Halle; died April 14, 1759 at London.

Reaching backward adown the centuries, growing extensively and intensively with the development of religion, art and literature, the desire for the objectification of abstractions, manifesting itself along lines alternately converging and diverging, finally crystallized into definite fundamental forms. Of these, the spoken drama, the Play, and the Opera, the drama expressing itself through music, seem to be so important in these days as to minimize the claims of the Oratorio. Lacking many of the external forms of expression, the Oratorio has in it, however, much of the real internal impelling force of the more popular form, and could, were it necessary—substantiate its claims by referring to fundamental bases of expression and by invoking an historic past.

In his maturity—he was sixty-one years of age—Handel composed the work on our program, "Judas Maccabaeus." Like its composer at the time of its creation, it bears its years lightly and shows no abatement of its natural force. Although it has outlived its generation, its appeal to modern ears is not to be ignored. Of stern, uncompromising, virile nature, gifted with inexhaustible creative resources, and a never-failing command of the routine of polyphonic writing, Handel was powerfully attracted to a subject which would engage these powers to their utmost. He was a full-blooded, manly man, sufficiently pugnacious by temperament and practice, to welcome a war

epic like this, even though it may be doubted whether the immediate occasion of its composition,—the victory at Culloden, April 16, 1746,—stirred his blood as much as the stupidity of the prima donna whom he threw out of the window, for his sense of real loyalty was not overdeveloped, we have every reason to believe. Bearing this last statement in mind, it may be doubted whether he wrote his sufficiently servile "Dedication to His Royal Highness Prince William," of whom "Judas Maccabaeus" was "This Faint Portraiture," with the same gusto with which he ordered "roast beef for three—all odders don't come—dat's for me"!!

The librettist, Rev. Thomas Morell, D.D., wrote concerning his work and his relations to Handel—"There was a time, etc. (says Mr. Addison) "when it was laid down as a maxim, that nothing was capable of being set to musick that was not nonsense," and thus I think, though it might be wrote before Oratorios were in fashion, supplies an Oratorio-writer (if he may be called a writer) with some sort of an apology: especially if it be considered what alterations he must submit to if the Composer be of an haughty disposition, and has but an indifferent acquaintance with the English language." That Handel is well characterized by the above quotation is doubtless true, and that Addison's maxim might be applied to other than oratorio librettos could be substantiated without going outside of the covers of this program book. In Handel's original score, written in that bold hand of his, which seemed to wield a scepter rather than a quill, stand recorded the exact dates of the beginning and completion of each division. By this it appears that it was begun on July 9, 1746 and completed August 11 of the same year.

In this, as in most of his works, Handel did not finish the score with over-scrupulous care, but left whole numbers very incomplete.* The ease and frequency with which he transferred solos, choruses, etc., from one work to another,† occasionally not discriminating against the work of other men, is so well known that it is frequently urged by some as a reason for minimizing his achievement in writing this oratorio in five weeks. But no critical analysis of sources nor of treatment can remove this *tour de force* from the realm of the marvellous. "And there were giants in those days." Applying this to Handel does not prevent our remembering that Mozart wrote his immortal trio of symphonies ("Jupiter," E flat, and G minor) in forty-five days, and that Wagner composed the "Flying Dutchman" in seven weeks. To write thus implies a tremendous sweep of the imagination, resulting in a unity greater than any product of cool reflective intelligence, and an intensity of utterance that glows in phrases seemingly forged at a white heat. The world always recognizes this note,

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* An analysis of an authoritatively edited score (Chrysander) shows many interesting confirmations of this statement. Of the 68 numbers, 47 have string accompaniments, in only 25 of which we find the orthodox division into four parts, the others being more or less incomplete. In the duett (No. 4) of the 84 measures 66 are for the voice and 18 for the strings alone. Of the 66 measures only 33 have more than a contrabass part given. "Sound an Alarm" continues 50 measures before the contrabasses receive any assistance from other instruments. In "So shall the Lute" (104 measures in length) the violins and basses combine in a two voiced contrapuntal accompaniment. The violins are silent, however, in 30 measures. These illustrations, which might be doubled or trebled, would seem to enforce this contention.

† "Agrippina" (1708), "Esther" (1718), "Occasional Oratorio" (1747), yielded arias which introduced at various times between 1751-58 were not in every instance as justified as the introduction (1751) of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" from "Joshua" (1747). The aria from "Agrippina" has been retained, the one from "Esther" has given place to the duet and chorus, "Sion now her head shall raise," which was composed after Handel had become totally blind.

and responds whenever it is sounded—"knowing nor seasons nor times." It has been sounded at various times, but never with greater certainty nor power than in the days of Handel and Bach. If now, in an age whose ideals are stated in novel terms, even though in essence they are the same, these notes still fall on willing ears, it is at once a tribute to the genius of these men and still more to the sublime attributes of the Goddess to whom they owed allegiance. But the idioms used by Handel belong to a past age, and we never respond as fully or as quickly to idioms that call in the understanding to elucidate them as to those which appeal directly to feeling because we are accustomed to them.

Questions involving omissions, transpositions, additional accompaniments, etc., obtrude themselves at this point and can not be evaded, nor should they, for they are urgent. To some the proposition to amend, or even correct, is anathema, while to others—most unfortunately—the mention of any work of the Bach-Handel epoch calls up the most brilliantly seductive pictures of orchestral intoxication. The advisability of any editorial procedure depends on the point of view of the observer. If comparative criticism is to determine this advisability, or if historical considerations are to prevail, there can be no excuse for any changes, be they ever so minute. If it is to be a contest between endurance and appreciation, there should be no omissions, and every repeat mark should be interpreted as a fiat of Omnipotence. If a purely artistic point of view is to be maintained, there is no dodging the question stated above. In coming to a decision, with reference to omissions or additions, nothing but a fine sense of discrimination, of proportion and fitness, unaffected by precedents and traditions, can be of any avail. Many of Handel's oratorios are more effective when condensed, but that condensation must not involve the elimination of anything vitally connected with the *raison d'etre* of the work, nor must it be forgotten that omission of an entire number is to be preferred to its mutilation. Then comes the more difficult problem. When the "Messiah" was given at the Handel Commemoration at Westminster Abbey (May 26, 27, 29, 1784) there were 26 oboes in the orchestra to 59 sopranos in the chorus, but it does not follow that such a combination would fall on modern ears with ineffable charm. In great climaxes, Handel's two trumpets and one pair of kettle-drums might have set the blood of his hearers tingling through their veins, but a modern audience would never exceed the bounds of polite behavior by reason of such a stimulation of the nerves.* *But*—and in the word "but" resides volumes—even this generation can not—as that of Handel could not—but acknowledge the power and sublimity of that wondrous vocal polyphony in which he veritably storms the Heavens, and whose elemental simplicity, such as is found in all the greatest masterpieces, seems to scorn instrumental elaboration, refuse its aid, and oppose its independence. Thus, unwittingly while clearing the way for a discussion of what is proper in the way of additional accompaniments, we meet a fact that seems to take from us all desire or power to carry the subject further. This is not equivalent to saying that there is no excuse for any changes in Handel's orchestra, but it is simply calling attention to the fact that he in no sense relied upon such assistance and an

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* In "Judas," Handel added oboes to the strings in 14 numbers, oboes and bassoons in 2, flutes in 3, trumpets in 4, horns in 2, drums in 3, organ in 2, but did not at any time use them all at once. Moreover he himself added harpischord and organ parts, (*additional accompaniments*!) which had in them the spirit of improvisation, as they were not written out. He must have realized that a beautiful vocal melody gained little by making a contrabass obligato its only instrumental background.

acknowledgement of the corollary that there seems to be little necessity for so doing. As to our present purpose it may be stated that several choruses, solos, etc., will be omitted. There may or may not be orchestral emendations, and in the choice of the numbers to be retained, tradition has not been considered at all.

PART THE FIRST.

OVERTURE.

SCENE—*Modin.*

ISRAELITES, *Men and Women, lamenting the death of* MATTATHIAS, *Father of* JUDAS MACCABEUS.

CHORUS.—Mourn, ye afflicted children, the remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains,
Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er;
Your hero, friend, and father is no more.

RECIT.—*Israelitish Man.*

Well may your sorrows, brethren, flow
In all th' expressive signs of woe;
Your softer garments tear,
And squalid sackcloth wear,
Your drooping heads with ashes strew,
And with the flowing tear your cheeks bedew.

Israelitish Woman.

Daughters, let your distressful cries
And loud lament ascend the skies;
Your tender bosoms beat, and tear
With hands remorseless, your dishevell'd hair:
For pale and breathless, Mattathias lies,
Sad emblem of his country's miseries.

DUET.—From this dread scene, these adverse pow'rs
Ah! whither shall we fly?
O Solyma, thy boasted tow'rs
In smoky ruins lie!

CHORUS.—For Sion lamentation make,
With words that weep, and tears that speak.

RECIT.—*Simon.*

Not vain is all this storm of grief;
To vent our sorrows, gives relief.
Wretched indeed! But let not Judah's race
Their ruin with desponding arms embrace.

AIR.—Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent pray'rs,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His pity, and regain His love.

CHORUS.—O Father, whose Almighty pow'r
The heav'ns, and earth, and seas adore,
The hearts of Judah, Thy delight,
In one defensive band unite,
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

RECIT. (ACCOMPANIED).—*Simon.*

I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright Cherubim between,
His radiant glory, erst display'd,
To Israels distressful pray'r
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabeus to their aid.
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

AIR.—Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cause,
The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands;
In defense of your nation, religion, and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

CHORUS.—We come, we come, in bright array,
Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

RECIT.—*Judas.*

'Tis well, my friends; with transport I behold
The spirit of our fathers, famed of old
For their exploits in war;—Oh, may their fire
With active courage you, their sons, inspire;
As when the mighty Joshua fought,
And those amazing wonders wrought,
Stood still, obedient to his voice, the sun,
Till kings he had destroy'd, and kingdoms won.

AIR.—Call forth thy pow'rs, my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war:
Great is the glory of the conquering sword,
That triumphs in sweet liberty restor'd.

SOLO AND DUET.—Come ever smiling liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train;
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

CHORUS.—Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

RECIT.—*Judas.*

Ambition! if e'er honour was thine aim,
Challenge it here;
The glorious cause gives sanction to thy claim.

REED MILLER

AIR.—No, no unhallowed desire, Our hearts shall inspire;
No, nor lust of unfounded pow'r, But peace to obtain,
Free peace let us gain,
And conquest shall ask no more.

RECIT.—*Judas.*

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on our Lord, our strength, and shield.
CHORUS.—Hear us, O Lord, on Thee we call,
Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fall.

PART THE SECOND.

SCENE—*The same.*

The ISRAELITES *celebrating the return of* JUDAS *from the victories over* APOLLONIUS *and* SERON.

CHORUS.—Fall'n is the foe; so fall Thy foes, O Lord.
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.
DUET AND CHORUS.—Sion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

RECIT.—*Israelitish Woman.*

O let eternal honours crown his name,
Judas, first Worthy in the rolls of fame;
Say, "He put on the breast-plate as a giant,
And girt his warlike harness about him.
In his acts he was like a lion,
And like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey."
AIR.—From mighty kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile.
Judah rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her hero's fame.
DUET AND CHORUS.—Hail, hail Judea, happy land!
Salvation prospers in his hand.

RECIT.—*Judas.*

Thanks to my brethren: but look up to Heav'n!
To Heav'n let all glory and all praise be given;
To Heav'n give your applause, nor add the second cause,
As once your fathers did in Midian,
Saying, "The sword of God and Gideon."
It was the Lord that for His Israel fought,
And this our wonderful salvation wrought.
AIR.—How vain is man who boasts in fight
The valour of gigantic might,
And dreams not that a hand unseen
Directs and guides this weak machine.

ENTER AN *Israelitish Messenger.*

RECIT.—*Messenger.*

O Judas, O my brethren!
New scenes of bloody war
In all their horrors rise.
Prepare, prepare,
Or soon we fall a sacrifice
To great Antiochus; From th' Egyptian coast
(Where Ptolemy hath Memphis and Pelusium lost)
He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands
His proud victorious bands
To root out Israel's strength, and to erase
Ev'ry memorial of the sacred place.
AIR AND CHORUS.—Ah! wretched, wretched Israel! fall'n how low,
From joyous transport to desponding woe.

RECIT.—*Simon.*

Be comforted—Nor think these plagues are sent
For your destruction, but for chastisement.
Heav'n oft in mercy punisheth, that sin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin—Turn to God,
And draw a blessing from His iron rod.
AIR.—The Lord worketh wonders
His glory to raise,
And still as He thunders,
Is fearful in praise.

RECIT.—*Judas.*

My arms! against this Gorgias will I go.
The Idumean Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.
AIR.—Sound an alarm—Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave around.
Who listeth, follow:—To the field again—
Justice, with courage, is a thousand men.
CHORUS.—We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call;
And follow thee to conquest:—If to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

[*Exit Judas with the Army.*]

SIMON.—Enough; to Heav'n we leave the rest.
Such gen'rous ardor firing ev'ry breast,
We may divide our cares.

The field be thine, O Judas; and the sanctuary mine.
For Sion, holy Sion, seat of God,
In ruinous heaps is by the heathen trod.
Such profanation calls for swift redress,
If e'ere in battle Israel hopes success.
ISRAELITISH WOMAN.—No more in Sion let the virgin throng,
Wild with delusion, pay their nightly song,
To Ashtoreth, yclept the Queen of Heav'n;
Hence to Phoenicia, be the goddess driv'n;
Or be she, with her priests and pageants hurl'd
Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.
CHORUS.—We never, never will bow down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone;
We worship God, and God alone.

PART THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*Mount Sion.*

ISRAELITISH PRIESTS, &c., *having recovered the Sanctuary.*

AIR.—*Priest.*

Father of Heav'n, from Thy eternal throne,
Look with an eye of blessing down,
While we prepare with holy rites,
To solemnize the Feast of Lights,
And thus our grateful hearts employ,
And in Thy praise
This altar raise
With carols of triumphant joy.

RECIT.—*Israelitish Woman.*

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long woes may cease,
And Judah's daughters taste the calm of peace;
Sons, brothers, husbands, to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at home, or havock'd in the war.
AIR.—So shall the lute and harp awake,
And sprightly voice sweet descant run,
Seraphic melody to make,
In the pure strains of Jesse's Son.

RECIT.—*Israelitish Messenger.*

[From Capharsalama, on eagle wings I fly,
With tidings of impetous joy!
Come Lysias, with his host array'd
In coat of mail; their massy shields
Of gold and brass flash'd lightning o'er the fields,
While the huge tow'r-back'd elephants display'd
A horrid front; but Judas, undismay'd,
Met, fought, and vanquish'd all the rageful train.
Yet more, Nicanor lays with thousands slain;
The blasphemous Nicanor, who defied
The living God, and in his wanton pride
A public monument ordained
Of victories yet ungained.
But lo! the conqueror comes; and on his spear,
To dissipate all fear,
He bears the vaunter's head and hand,
That threaten'd desolation to the land.]

SCENE II—*Near Jerusalem.*

ISRAELITISH YOUTHS AND MAIDENS *meeting* JUDAS *on his return from the victory over* NICANOR.

SEMI-CHORUS.—See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.
See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.
CHORUS.—See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurels bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

MARCH.

SOLO AND CHORUS.—Sing unto God, and high affections raise
To crown this conquest with unmeasur'd praise.

DUET.—*Israelitish Women.*

O lovely peace, with plenty crown'd,
Come spread thy blessings all around,
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn,
Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound
But nature's songsters wake the cheerful morn.

AIR.—*Simon.*

Rejoice, O Judah, and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH! AMEN.

Rejoice, O Judah, and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 12

SYMPHONY No. 10, C major, SCHUBERT

Andante—Allegro ma non troppo: Andante con moto: Scherzo: Finale.

Franz Peter Schubert. Born January 31, 1797 at Lichtenthal; died November 19, 1828 at Vienna.

In this program Schubert, the High Priest of Melody, is brought into close relation to Wagner who has been considered by superficial observers the exponent of concepts quite antagonistic to melody. Wagner may have been antagonistic to a certain autocratic and domineering type of music, in which everything must bow before a conventionalized form of melody, but to melody, as such, never! He, like Schubert, acknowledged the elemental power of pure melody, but Schubert's melodies and their treatments as shown in his greatest symphonies are quite distinct from Wagner's. In Schubert, melody is organic—it conditions the whole structure,—in no work more than in his C major Symphony. In Wagner, melody is functional, for its structure, its effect, its actions and re-actions are determined by external influences. Schubert, working in the symphonic form, which is extensive, uses melody with a freedom which shows at once that he relies upon its untrammelled power of expression, rather than on the polyphonic treatment essential to its employment in a dramatic form, which is intensive. The relations between the themes in a symphony do not depend upon external conditions determined by considerations whose implications and force *we may know*—as in the music-drama—but are determined by laws evolved from music's inner essence. There may be variety in the melodic structure of the symphony,—indeed there must be, else were it pitiful art—but individualized motives, made individual through definite dramatic aim, do not come into contact with each other, as do the conflicting vital elements constituting the warp and woof of the drama. In one the imagination of the listener is a creator. She may call up pictures and color them as she will; she may see visions and help to realize them; she may poetize with no restrictions as to form or content. In the other she is an interpreter. She may clothe her interpretations in the language of genius but she may not create; her pictures are already fixed in outline and in color; she may see visions but they are not her own; she may listen to, or recite, the poetry of another, but she may not poetize, or at least only by absolute submission to an external autocratic authority. If this analysis be correct, one might draw inferences that would be unjustified, for in symphonic, that is, absolute music, the appeal is made through the ear alone—in the music-drama, we *see* and hear; hence, in some particulars, two quite distinct points

of view are involved. Again in the symphonies which call in the aid of the human voice, the problem is not the same as in the music-drama, for the two elements do not meet as equals; so, in the last analysis in such works we meet only an extension of the ordinary processes of listening—not a new and extraordinary process. The music-drama in its relation of the qualifying and energizing text to the music presents a new problem to the listener; one that obtrudes itself on the purely musical side. For in the music, as such, we are obliged to preserve the balance between a *melos* which reflects the meaning of the text and focuses action, and purely musical themes, *i. e.,* with no dramatic significance, which, however, serve as a background against which are displayed significant (musical) motives, which through association become dramatic. These may refer to hidden springs of action, to past events, or become prophetic of results, which—depending on the past and running in hidden channels in the present—can only display themselves when the future shall bring about the necessary conditions. Thus, it may be unwillingly, we are "driven into a conscious act of the Understanding when we would lose ourselves in Feeling," to quote R. Wagner. But we do so gladly, for we are conscious of the dramatic necessity—and herein lies the justification for this type of music. On the other hand could not the music yield unalloyed pleasure to the one who listens fancy-free, as he would to a symphony, it would be of no value in the music-drama. Music must make its appeal, as such, before it can be of real value as an interpreter of that which is generally considered foreign to its *real* province. We must have surrendered ourselves fully to its authority before we can accept its interpretations of that which might have its meaning made clear through other media. This is one reason why careful study of the text—and the music—before a performance of a great music-drama is preferable to the divided attention usually given. For one must be free to indulge in this necessary act of combination—which, in spite of the ridicule showered upon Rosseau's dictum that "No one can listen to three melodies at once," is not as easy as some would have us believe. Rosseau referred to musical complexity alone, but in the music-drama, that is but one element in a complicated organism.

These reflections call up many important issues and suggest lines of thought none of which can be carried to logical conclusions. May we submit—as our only reflection—that a composer who achieves entire or partial success in any musical form can not do so by the negation of music's ultimate bases. Had nine out of ten of the Wagner controversialists taken this truth to heart, the polemic literature of music would have been reduceed by fully one-half. But with a superb disregard of the logic of the past, the most of them are barking up the same tree, in the branches of which, more or less safely ensconced, sit Reger, Strauss and Debussy, consequently the chorus of Wagner detractors has dwindled to a few solo performers whose cracked voices are scarcely audible. The position of Wagner has been rather definitely settled, and—as is almost invariably the case—in opposition to the dicta of the majority of critics. Substantially, the same thing may be said of Schubert. Answering the eternal questioner, and his foolish question, "Which is the greater —— or ——?" it may be said that comparisons based on such differing applications of fundamental concepts are idle. When the Psalmist wrote "There is one glory of the Sun, another glory of the Moon, and another of the Stars," he gave the answer to the perennial questioner, although he may be persistent enough to ask "Which is the Sun?"

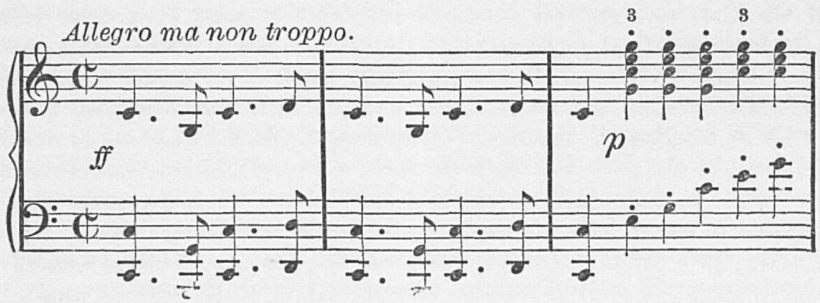
Whatever mistakes may be laid at the doors of the critics—and, when one considers the hopelessness of the task many of them assume, they very frequently invite pity rather than censure—in *der Fall Schubert* they have displayed better judg-

ment than in *der Fall Wagner.* To be sure they were different individuals, but criticism, it would seem, knows no age nor men. The task was a comparatively easy one, for Schubert propounded no new problems in his symphonies and other instrumental works. He was the prophetic genius only in his great songs, as many of the great composers seemed in the smaller forms to have escaped the limitations of their own natures—limitations which prevented freedom of utterance in the larger. In Schubert's case the only limitations lay in the patience of the audience. He filled his symphonies to overflowing with melodies which developed rare beauty, and which seemed to have been the result of an unconscious productivity. Reveling in their sweetness, with confidence that every listener would endorse him, Schubert repeats them far beyond the limits of his forms, and when at last a movement comes to an end, we would find no fault were we to hear those melodies just once—or twice—more. But losing them in one movement, we know that we shall gain others of equal beauty in each succeeding number. What can criticism do when thus held in thrall? In the main, just what was done in Schubert's time and just what is being done now—refer to his prolixity and call attention to his lack of dramatic power. Naturally a style so discursive as his would not lend itself to dramatic music, *i. e.,* on the stage. But, were Schubert to write now, in this the year of our Lord, 1911, would he have written thus? Schubert was a product of German Romanticism. Held in check, or kindled into fiery enthusiasm by the poet, Schubert, the song-writer, could be concise and dramatic. Could some great poet have filled him with enthusiasm for some compelling subject, stated in proper terms, he might have given the world something distinctively dramatic along different lines than the conventional opera. If one were to search for the reason—for the poetical as well as the musical failure to do this—it might be given in one word, Romanticism. Whatever they may attain in literature, in painting, or in absolute music, the real romanticists generally fail to reach dramatic altitudes. Too intense, too untrammelled for classicism,—neither intense enough nor sufficiently, or intelligently, elastic for the modern dramatic school, the romanticist, who becomes a romanticist because he eschews limitations, is held in leash by barriers on either side, he in the exercise of freedom, has erected. Verily, Music's coat of arms should display the Paradox-rampant. There are places in Schubert's C major Symphony where one feels the cold thrills, but they are few and are mere matters of detail. Still, it might be maintained that Schubert could have been a Wagner much easier than the great dramatist could have been a Schubert. That excessive discursiveness may not characterize remarks, which can have no such valid excuse as may be offered in the case of Schubert's melodies, we will now ignore the call of all alluring bypaths and consider the symphony on our program more from the point of view of non-technical analysis, than from that of the pedantic critic.

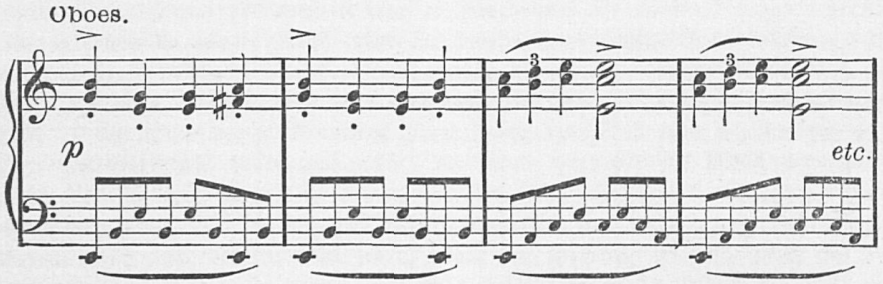
Written in 1828—"Symfonie, März 1828—Frz. Schubert mpia," stands on the MSS.—it was first performed at a Gewandhaus Concert in Leipzig, March 21, 1839. Robert Schumann received the manuscript from Schubert's brother Ferdinand some time in 1838-39, and sent it to Leipzig that it might be performed under Mendelssohn's direction. In the *Neuen Zeitschrift für Musik* (March 10, 1840), he writes of *Die Symphonie von Franz Schubert* with great enthusiasm, stating that, "I hardly know where to begin or where to stop." He speaks of its "heavenly length," as a "storehouse of riches," of its inner essence as "life, color and romance." In one place he cites a horn passage which seems to "sound from a far distant realm of magic." When Schubert turned the manuscript over to the "Society of the Friends of Music," (Vienna), it was considered too difficult for performance. Even after several Leipzig

performances proved its practicability, as well as its essential greatness, they found it, to quote from Castelli's *Allgemeinen Musikalischer Anzeiger,* (Wein. 1839, No. 52), "a skirmish of instruments. Although a thorough knowledge of composition was shown, Schubert did not seem able to control masses of tone—I believe it would have been better to have let the work rest in quiet"!!! It was given in its entirety in Vienna in 1850, under Hellmesberger's direction, and in Paris in 1851. Long before this Habeneck, in 1842, had vainly tried to persuade his orchestra to attempt the second movement after they had demonstrated that the first was not lacking in sane moments. Oh! the good old days!

The principal theme of the first movement—C major; 2-2 time; *Allegro ma non troppo*—follows a conventional slow introduction, and moves along with a resolute determination that stirs the blood, and displays the vigor of Schubert's muse. The form in which the theme displays itself

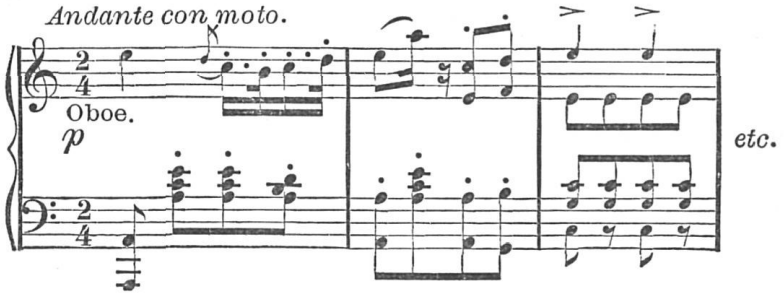


varies somewhat from the original conception and shows how much may be done through a change of one note. Whether we call this theme Schubertian or Beethovenesque, the second

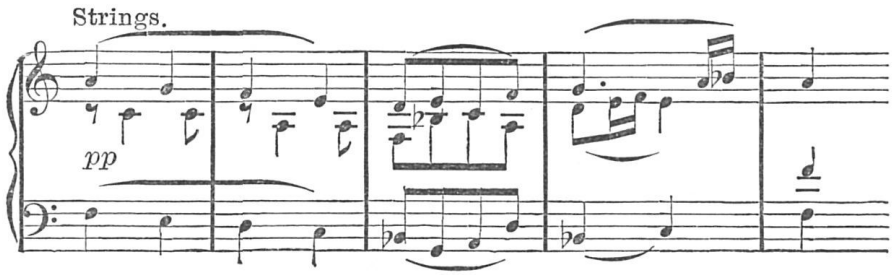


foreshadows the typical Mendelssohn utilization of the mediant minor, and in its melodic character has much in common with the themes of the gifted youth who had even then completed his "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture. As these themes develop in all their length and breadth, Schubert displays excellent scholarship and discretion, and rises to ocasional heights. Lucidity and fervor in the thematic treatments are never sacrificed for brevity, indeed it may be doubted whether Schubert ever heard the saying "Brevity is the soul of wit." Well! there are many who do not lay it up against him, if he did not acknowledge its force.

Were the oboe to be personified—be given life—and asked to choose one melody as the most perfect illustration of its real self—it would not err greatly were it to select this beautiful theme,

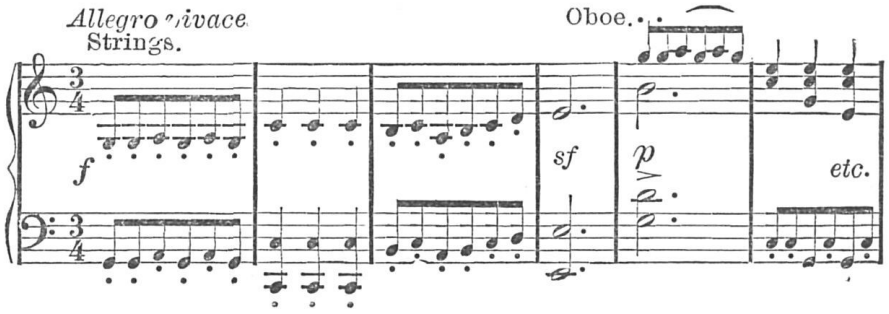


which, sweet and naive, with a tinge of sadness to make it even more human, is one of the rarest gems in the symphonic literature. After a supplementary melody, in the major (A), and a turbulent episode which prepares the way for a repetition of the principal theme, comes the following theme (in F major, *pp.*)

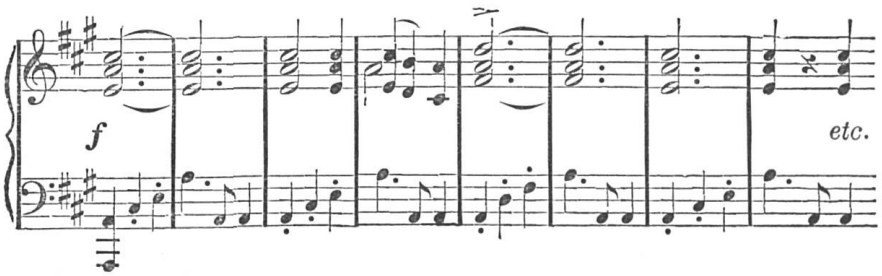


which sings of comfort. If when Handel wrote the "Hallelujah Chorus" he "saw the Heavens opened," Schubert must have seen a vision and dreamed a dream of Paradise when he wrote this movement.

The two themes, the first—C major; 3-4 time; *Allegro vivace*—

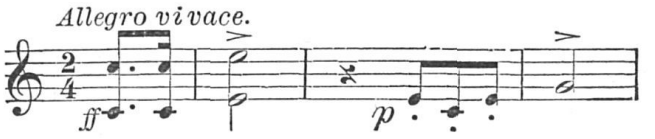


bustling, breezy and bursting with elation, and the second

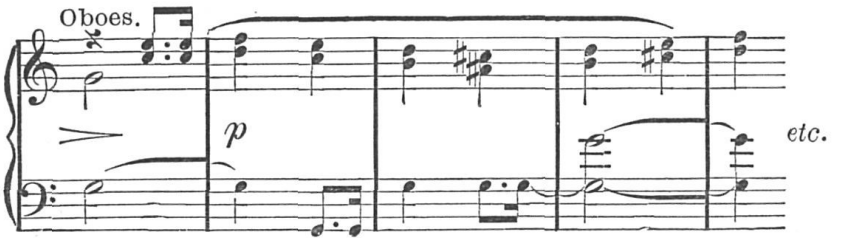


broad and noble, combine into a magnificent Scherzo, treated with a fulness of expression worthy of its genial content.

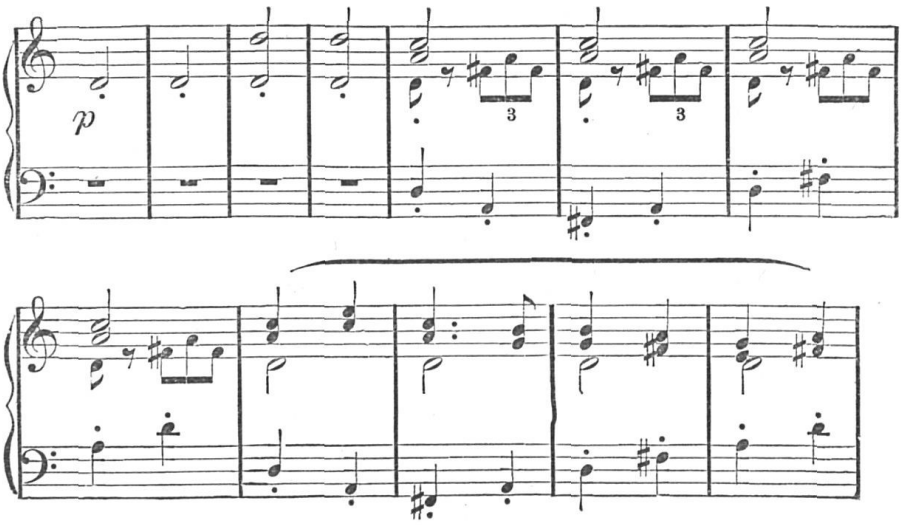
The initial figure of the last movement—C major; 2-4 time; *Allegro vivace*—which is now heard



bears a strange resemblance to the "Parsifal" motive in its rhythmical structure and *verve,* and contains within itself a certain propulsive power (if it may be thus stated) that carries the first theme along as in the grasp of a powerful current, and leads it through a natural formal evolution to the interesting first theme—oboes and bassoons.



This theme, which is embellished by genial figures in the strings, is accompanied by the first two measures of the initial rhythmical motif, which seems either to point out the beauties of the theme as it develops, or to remind us of its relation to this initial idea. At any rate when the second theme enters, sounded by the horns, answered by



the wood-winds, and developing into a simple, old-fashioned melody the triplet figure of No. 7 accompanies its progress. A genial idea! In due course of time this movement comes to an end, and with it the symphony as a whole. As it develops one is amazed at Schubert's power. His genius seems to have become epic. As, with its final measures still ringing in our ears, we look back over the entire work, and

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realize, as we must, that this product of his last year on earth made his immortality secure, its organic unity suggests a final thought. It is this. The essential difference between modern symphonies and the classical type seems to be very largely a question of the power of sustained effort. The number of "one work composers" in the ranks of our modern musicians would seem to indicate that there is a tendency in modern music to intensify and condense to an extent that makes sustained effort along symphonic lines impossible. Schubert was not as needlessly prolix as some modern composers who have written longer symphonies than this, and who, at the end, leave us dazed and wondering what it was all about. As music has accomplished much in the past in the way of extending her power of speech, it may be that much that is now difficult of apprehension by those who have not thoroughly mastered her later idioms, will be solved by an earnest study of these newer forms of expression. Men of talent may appear to have solved problems, but the world can never be sure whether the new note they sound is an accident or a discovery, and wait for genius to decide. A genius with an urgent message will always find the form of expression in which he can best voice that which he must say. The world has long since decided that Schubert was of that class.

"LOVE SCENE" and "BRANGAENE'S WARNING," — WAGNER

From "Tristan and Isolde."

(Adapted for Concert Performance by Frederick Stock.)

From the days of the Minnesigers comes this old legend of "Tristan and Isolde," and tells anew the story of love and death. While in the present version, from which we draw two important episodes for our program, the carping, or even the honest, sympathetic critic might find certain alien elements, none may justly be attributed to the fact that music was called in to aid speech, intensify action and assist in the establishment of dramatic coherence. For this music was but the counterpart of the speech with which Richard Wagner clothed the story, and which he put in the mouths of the despairing yet trustful lovers. Ordinary operatic music could never have fitted so turbulent and vehement a character as Isolde—the outraged Irish princess—who, tender and passionate, self-sacrificing and exacting in love, could rise to such great heights as when she sailed across the seas to rejoin her lover, who saw her but to die—and knew not that she was so soon to follow him to that land of which they sang that fateful night of Melot's betrayal. The exquisite beauty of the "Love Music" may be felt by the superficial listener, but its wonderful reflection of all that was in these two hearts which, even in their ecstacy, were shadowed by illomened fears, can be fully appreciated only by those who have probed the depths of Richard Wagner's art. The two leading episodes in the final scenes of the Second Act of "Tristan" combine most effectively in a concert number, and to appreciate them it is not necessary to know more than this:—Tristan and Isolde, who have taken advantage of the absence of King Mark and his court at the hunt, are rehearsing to each other, for the thousandth time, it may be, the story of the love which holds them in thrall, and

which is leading them to ruin and despair. Brangäne, who has been left on the watch, learns that Melot has laid a trap, and, too late, warns the lovers of the approach of the outraged king and his courtiers. Events hasten on each other rapidly after this, but on these there is no need to dwell as they have naught to do with these particular episodes.

CLOSING SCENE, from "Götterdämmerung," WAGNER

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN.

Above the great heroines of Wagner's music dramas towers Brunnhilde, Wotan's favorite daughter. Her gradual transformation from a pagan Walkyr to a loving woman is one of the great ethical lessons of the "Ring," especially as its initial impulse, its growth and its final glorification involved a concept which brought about the consummation, which involved all the ethical implications of the *Götterdämmerung*. In the *Walküre* she was strangely affected by Siegmund's renunciation of the highest joy known to the warrior's heart. To serve Wotan in Walhalla, and to wait for that inevitable conflict when Asgard's fate should depend on the prowess of its defenders, could not appeal to him when it involved the loss of Sieglinde. That love was greater than self-interest was to Brunnhilde a new concept the force of which she was soon to demonstrate by willingly incurring Wotan's wrath through deliberate disobedience of his commands. For the sake of the unborn Siegfried she defied Wotan's power and suffered an ignominious punishment.

We next see her in *Siegfried*. Roused from her long slumber by this same Siegfried, the hope of the Volsung Race, her warlike Walkyr nature melts into tender womanhood and she knows that joy and love are to give new meaning to life. In the *Götterdämmerung* we read the final chapters of her life. When Siegfried, deceived by a love potion, became recreant and even used his magic power to place her in Gunther's arms; when she witnessed his affection for Gutrun and listened to his repudiation of his former love; when she was publicly insulted by him, her Valkyr nature asserted itself, and she gladly took counsel with Hagen and plotted revenge. Now Siegfried has fallen; she has learned of the foul treachery of which they were all victims; his body, but just brought back from the scene of his murder has been placed on the funeral pyre; and she, responding to the call of that strange and overpowering desire to be with and of him, his alone—longs to sacrifice her life that she may live again with him. In the speech of Brunnhilde we read all that moved her to this act, while in the music we hear the motives standing for events, influences, and experiences which have combined in the web of their lives. In the masterly combination of speech, action and music—music at once the supplement of speech, the explanation of action, and its own abundant justification—we realize the power of Wagner's exalted form of expression, and the force of a dramatic concept which can express itself fully only in a grand unity of all the arts.

We append the text and stage directions of this excerpt, with no clue to the meaning of the various intermingled motives, other than contained in the text. To those who are familiar with the work such direction is unnecessary, to others it would invite confusion.

Brunnhilde.

(Brunnhilde is alone in the middle of the stage. She gazes long on the face of Siegfried, first with deep emotion, then with almost overpowering grief. After some time she turns with solemn exultation to the men and women.)

Mighty trunks heap for me yonder
By the sloping banks of the Rhine,
Lofty and bright
Must glow the flame
That consumes the corpse
Of the mighty hero.
Bring hither his steed to me,
That with me in death it attend him;
For a fitting rite for the hero
Demands naught less than my life.
Perform Brunnhilde's behest!

(The young men raise before the hall near the bank of the Rhine a mighty pile of wood. Women adorn it with cloths, and strew over them boughs and flowers.)

Like the pure sun
Beamed his light on me;
He was the purest
Who betrayed me;
Deceiving the wife,
Yet true to the friend.
From his own beloved one,
The only one dear to him,
He parted himself by his sword.
Truer than he,
None ever sware oath;
More faithful than he,
None ever gave pledge;
Purer than he
Was no other lover;
Yet to every oath,
To every pledge,
To the truest love,
Was none ever so false as he.
Tell me, how came it thus?
Oh ye, of oaths
The holy guardians,
Turn your gaze
On my mighty sorrow!
Behold your endless guilt!
Hear my complaint,
Thou highest God!
Through his bravest deed,
That most welcome to Thee,
Thou didst consecrate him who performed it
Unto destruction's dark power.
He, the purest,
Had to betray me,
That a woman should know all.
Know I now what serves thee!
All! All!
All know I,
All is clear.
And also I hear
Thy raven's rush.
With deeply longed-for message
Send I the two now home.
Rest! give me rest, thou God!

(She signs to the attendants, who raise Siegfried's body and place it on the pile of wood. At the same time she draws the ring from Siegfried's finger, examines it, and finally puts it on her finger.)

My inheritance now
I take to myself,
Accursed hoop!
Dreadful ring!—
I take thy gold,
And give it away.
Wise sisters of the water,
Ye daughters of the Rhine,
Honest counsel gave ye me,
What ye demand, give I thee,
From my ashes take it.
May the fire that consumes me
Cleanse from its curse the ring.
Ye of the flood, release it,
And bright preserve the gold—
The beaming star of the Rhine,
Which, since 'twas stolen from you,
Has served to work evil alone.

(She turns back to where Siegfried's body lies stretched upon the pile, and snatches a firebrand from an attendant.)

Fly home, ye ravens!
Tell to your Lord
What here on the Rhine ye hear.
Brunnhilde's rock pass by!
With the flames that there still burn
Loge threatens Walhalla;
For now is the end of the Gods approaching.
Lo! I throw the brand
Into Walhalla's glittering keep!

(She flings the brand into the pile, which quickly ignites. Two ravens fly up from the shore and disappear in the background. Two young men lead in the steed.)

Grane, my steed, I greet thee!
Knowest thou whither I lead thee?
Burning in the fire
Lies thy master yonder
Siegfried, my hero!

Neighest thou gladly to follow thy friend?
Does the smiling blaze call thee to him?
Feel, too, my breast, how it kindles!
The bright fire seizes my heart,
Him to embrace, embraced by him!
To be wedded to him in mightiest love!
Hejajaho! Grane,
Greet thy friend!
Siegfried! Siegfried!
Happy I greet thee!

(She swings herself impetuously on the horse, and urges it with one bound into the burning pile. Immediately the blaze fills the whole space before the hall, which seems itself already breaking into flame. The women press terrified into the foreground. Suddenly the fire falls together, so that only a gloomy fire-cloud sweeps over the place. This rises and disperses entirely. The Rhine sweeps up from the shore, and rolls its flood over the wood heaps, up to the threshold of the hall. On the waves are seen swimming the three Rhine daughters. Hagen, who, since the occurrence with the ring, has observed Brunnhilde's conduct with anxiety, is filled with great terror on beholding the Rhine daughters. He hastily throws aside his spear, shield and helmet, and with the cry, "Back from the ring!" falls, as if insane, into the stream. Woglinde and Wellgunde encircle his neck with their arms, and draw him into the deep. Flosshilde holds joyfully before them on high the recovered ring. At the same time a red light like the Northern Light breaks out in the distance, and when the clouds break, Walhalla is seen in flames, with the gods grouped around the central figure—Wotan.)

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 12

OVERTURE, "Im Frühling," Op. 36. GOLDMARK

Karl Goldmark. Born May 18, 1830 at Kerzthely; still living.

Hans Sachs, in "Die Meistersinger," says, substantially as follows: "If in youth, when the heart is young, and life is in its Spring-time we sing—that is Nature! If, after the snows of many winters have silvered our hair, and grief and disappointment have laid their burdens on our souls, we sing—that is Art."

"In Spring Time," is a title full of appeal, when we realize that it was written when Goldmark was on the verge of the "Three score years and ten" allotted to man: that within the next ten years he produced two operas, and that he will on the 18th of May of this year celebrate his eighty-first birthday. Max Bruch—who is eight years Goldmark's junior—has just produced a new violin concerto which is said to be fully equal to his perennially beautiful "G minor." Youth is a relative term after all and cannot be estimated by years, for, while these two composers in their declining years have produced music full of the elasticity and buoyancy of youth, many of our younger men are writing music which is prematurely old and lacking in the virile qualities that compel attention.

As to the overture on our program, it is in no sense an epoch-making work, but it is permeated with the unique qualities of its creator's art, and leads along pleasant and restful paths.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," VERDI

MME. BERNICE DE PASQUALI.

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

and noble, and glorified all that was debasing. The opera was composed in forty days, and, musically, it represents the earlier Verdi at his best.

GILDA—"I know his name!
Walter Malde I love thee, ev'ry fond thought for thee I cherish."
"Carv'd upon my inmost heart
Is thy name forever more,
Ne'er again from thence to part.
Name of love that I adore,
Thou to me art ever near.
Ev'ry thought to thee will fly,
Life for thee alone is clear,
Thine shall be my parting sigh."

TONE-POEM, "Eine Saga," SIBELIUS

Jean Sibelius, Born December 8, 1865 at Tavastehus, Finland; still living.

Again returning to the "Outer Circle," we find in this selection the musical translation, not of one of those fascinating legends which seem to be the special property of peoples who dwell much in shadow, but of the spirit of the Northland and of its literature. Regarding its purpose, a German critic, Dr. Walter Riemann, submits the following: "In Sibelius' music the forms of the native runic lays: of the national epic 'Kalevala"; of the native authors Rumberg and Topelius, come to life again in tones. It has the closely knit 'short breath' melody, and fundamental melancholy of the national character; its colors are shades of gray. The most spiritual riches of his music are fully revealed only to his own people, to whose glory it was written from the heart." There are two themes in "Eine Saga" which stand out quite distinctly against their somber background. The one, a doleful melody for clarinet, stands for "native dejected nature," and the other for the strings, seems to typify the "ruin of a people." At least this is the interpretation generally put upon them, although it must be remembered that the composer has not given the least hint as to his meaning. The somber background—"shades of gray"—refers to the unexpected uses of minor chords, shifting transitions and the resulting general impression thereby secured. The freedom of treatment of details, for which, Sibelius (being a modern) makes no apology, frequently includes a gorgeousness in orchestral combination, which imparts to the composition an effect analogous to the illusive radiance of the Northern Light,—the Northman's "Pillar of fire by night."

ARIA, "C'era una volta un principe," from "Il Guarany." GOMES

Antonio Carlos Gomes. Born July 11, 1839 at Campinas, Brazil; died September 16, 1896 at Paca.

MME. PASQUALI.

A Brazilian by birth, trained in Italy (Milan Conservatoire) Gomes' first dramatic venture saw the boards in the Brazilian capital in 1861. Of the eight operas written after this, "Il Guarany" (Milan, La Scale, 1870) is better known than others which achieved success at first but which seem to have eluded lasting fame. The aria on

our program is taken from Scene V, Act II. In the score it is called Ballata (Ballad). The English translation of the text is here given:—

CECELIA.—"How full of charm the sky! 'Tis as if Nature in this, the hour of silence, could sound the deeps of the soul with secret power, and could whisper of love with tranquil sadness! Tell me wherefore thy strains, once so resounding, oh my tender guitar, no longer thrill on the tone-enravished breezes? Awaken! Betake thee from dusky sad oblivion. Let Nature, love, and God himself inspire thee in a lay to languish, fondly sighing an answer to my anguish.

Once on a time there was a prince
Pensive and sad and charmful.
He was the castle's pride and flow'r,
Guarded by hearts alarmful.
But naught he cared for love!
Loyal and strong and tender he,
Form'd for a faithful lover,
And in his eye there liv'd a spell
But naught he cared for love.
But one day a young maid went by him:
He gaz'd on her in rapture mute,
No longer love annoy'd him:
For he had fall'n in love.
Ever in vain would we resist
Power of love supernal,
For it is written clear upon
Destiny's page eternal,
All have to fall in love!

CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL, Op. 34, RIMSKY-KORSAKOW

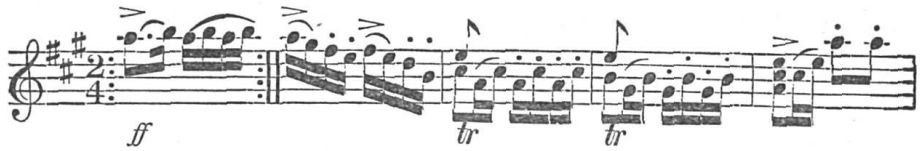
Nikolaus Andrejewitsch Rimsky-Korsakow. Born May 21, 1844, at Tichvine, Novgorod, Russia; died June 4, 1908, at St. Petersburg.

The name of Rimsky-Korsakow calls to mind his great service to the music of his country, through his early activity as one of the Russian Camerata—and through the many compositions in serious forms which were the contributions of his maturity.

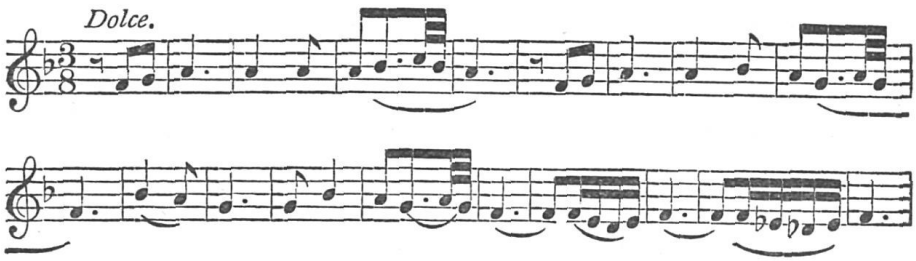
Enriching by his activity the repertory of his native land, he made a name for himself throughout the entire musical world. Although he was a Russian of the Russians, he did not confine himself to such subjects as would be suggested by his national bias, but went far afield for inspiration and touched alien types with the surety of a master. Thus his *Scherzo Espagnole* has the Spanish national character stamped upon it from beginning to end, and that with more certainty and conviction than shown by Dvorak. Naturally the problem was not so illusive, nor as hopeless as that encountered by the great Bohemian, who seems to have mistaken geography for anthropology.

The first of the five movements in this composition—for the division is perfectly

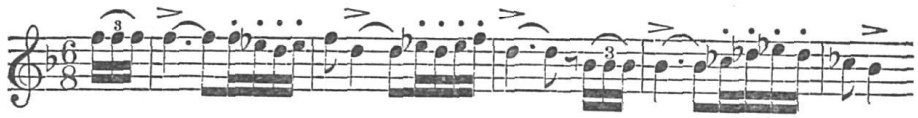
evident even though there be no pauses in the performance—is marked *Vivo e strepetoso* and is based on the following theme



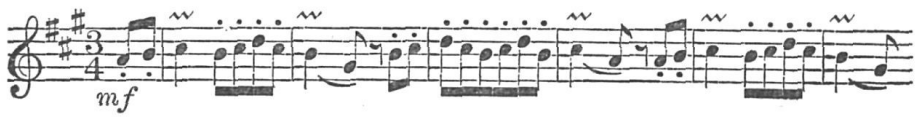
At the conclusion of this movement, the *Alborado* "Morning Song"—it being assumed that all are awake in response to its stirring rhythms—comes a quiet theme with variations.



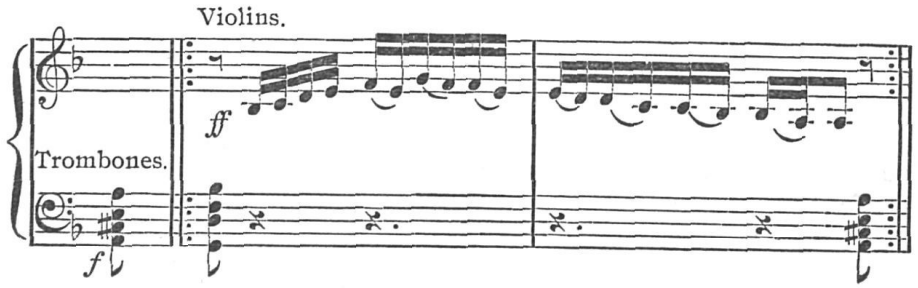
Then again the *Alborado,* for variety's sake in the key of B flat instead of A, and with sufficient change in the treatment to avoid the charge of monotony. Following it comes the fourth movement *"Scena e canto gitana"* with the brilliant initial trumpet call;



its "local color" (tambourine, etc.), a violin solo and various other contributions, not to omit the following—

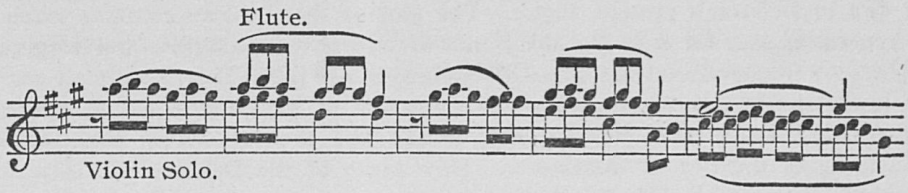


which is brought into thematic relationship with the principal (trumpet) motive. Through a violoncello solo and extensive working out of material already familiar, the Finale is introduced, a *Fandango Asturia.* In this two subjects are heard, the first of which



BERNICE DE PASQUALI

does not contain all of the interesting material which sets the "light Asturian toe" in rhythmic accord with its suggestions, for the second subject is not without its attractions.



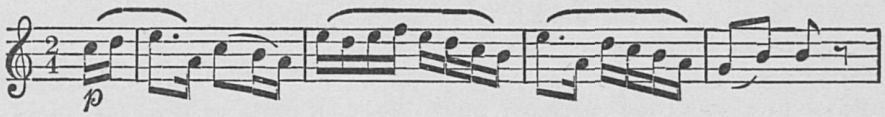
In the final measures we hear again the opening theme. Is this the morning song of another day, or have these events transpired within a few minutes? This work suggests the thought that every racial or national note has in it a touch of universality through which, as in this instance, the Slav can meet the Latin on his own ground, and which makes possible a real unity of art, at least in the field of music.

(a) MARCH, "Écossaise," DEBUSSY

(b) CORTEGE AND AIR DE LA DANSE, from "L'Enfant Prodigue."

Achille Claude Debussy. Born August 22, 1862 at St. Germain; still living.

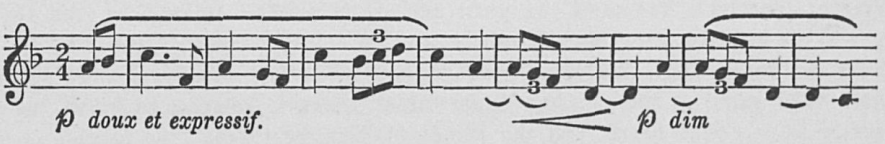
Restraining all desire to dwell on Debussy, the composer, in the light of a more varied acquaintance with his works and a better insight into the reasons for his beliefs, a few remarks on the two works by which he is represented must suffice. They are both youthful works and are none the less interesting for that reason. The first—written in 1891—is based on national material suggested by the title. Indeed "The Earl of Ross's March" appears to have strayed into strange company in this French-



man's score, but possibly the memory of political relations of many generations ago has sustained it, for it appears perfectly at home.

This interesting theme is not in accord with the modal affections of the composer. The word "affectations" would not have been employed had he not himself deliberately stated, not long ago, that "Art is a lie—a monstrous illusion." If that is his real belief, doubt is thrown on his sincerity, and one may question the motives which prompt his latter-day utterances, both musical and literary—but *he does not really believe it*—otherwise his compositions would not ring true.

The beautiful song-theme for *cor anglaise*—



which dominates the trio—is of a type that compels attention, but which, like the first them—does not transcend the ordinary limits of musical expression or appreciation.

In the second Debussy selection we meet with a work still more youthful than the first. In 1888, *"L'Enfant Prodigue"* won for its composer the *Grand Prix de Rome.* It has received several stage representations in England and its success is not entirely due to Debussy's present vogue. The plot of the Tableau contains much that is of general appeal, for it is the old drama of waywardness, sorrow and forgiveness, that plays so frequently on the stage of our every day life. The excerpt on our program is the music that accompanies the procession of gay revellers who, headed by the sorrowing father and mother—who vainly seek thus to forget their sorrow—march along by the Sea of Genesserat. How much of the Debussy of today can be discovered in this early bid for favor we do not declare, other than to draw attention in a general way to the ease with which one can read into a composition that which we wish to find.

COMEDY OVERTURE, "The Pierrot of the Minute," BANTOCK

Granville Ransome Bantock. Born August 7, 1868 at London; still living.

That English creative art is entering upon a new era is evident to the most superficial observer. Among the comparatively young men who seemed to have aroused themselves from the influence of the soporific musical conditions of the greater part of the Victorian Era, the composer of this brilliant overture occupies a prominent position. From the very beginning of his musical career he has shown an unusual degree of energy, and what is more to the purpose, this activity has been along lines beneficial at once to his art and himself. He is at the present time Professor of Music at the University of Birmingham, in which position he was preceded by Sir Edward Elgar. That which is depicted in the overture after the manner of the modern orchestral composer, is here given in words—a prose version of a poem by Dowson. It will be seen that the subject is by turns fantastic and rhapsodical, and all is but the illusion of a minute.

"Pierrot enters a glade in the park of the Petit Trianon at twilight, led thither in obedience to a mysterious message which bids him come to sleep one night within those precincts, if he would encounter Love. Half whimsical, half fearful, he wonders why he, so careless, thoughtless and gay, should now be filled with wistful longing, and in the fast-falling darkness he lies down on a couch of fern and falls asleep. A Moon Maiden descends from the Temple of Love, and, bending over the sleeper, kisses him. He awakes and throws himself at her feet in rapt devotion, though she warns him that the kisses of the Moon are of a fatal sweetness, and that

"Whoso seeks her she gathers like a flower;
He gives a life, and only gains an hour."

But Pierrot, reckless, demands the pure and perfect bliss, though life be the price to pay. With gay laughter and sprightly jest they learn together the love of Love; but daybreak approaches, the birds awaken, and the Moon Maiden must leave him. Together they gaze at the coming dawn; then Pierrot, sinking back on his couch, falls softly asleep once more, and the Moon Maiden vanishes."

The Prelude ends with the awakening of Pierrot, his love-dream being but the illusion of a minute."

OPHELIA'S SCENE AND ARIA, ("Mad Scene,") from Hamlet, THOMAS

(Charles Louis) Ambroise Thomas. Born August 5, 1811 at Metz; died February 19, 1896, at Paris.

MME. PASQUALI.

Ambroise Thomas is a very interesting figure in the history of opera in France. Interesting not only from the fact that he himself stands with twenty-two operas to his credit of which "Mignon" (Opera comique, Nov. 17, 1866) is the generally acepted favorite, but also from the fact that he was an eye-witness of, and a participant in, many of the most interesting developments of operatic art in Paris. "Hamlet," from which the excerpt on our program is taken, was given in the Grand Opera March 9, 1868 and achieved immediate success. It is a great favorite even now, although it no longer is accepted as representative of the best concepts of operatic music.

OPHELIA.—In your games, my friends, let me please share!
None has observed my going. I left the palace at the first dawn of day.
With night's tears, the earth was wet,
And the lark waking before the dawn, was wandering in the sky.
But why do you speak low? Do you not recognize me?
Hamlet is my betrothed, and I am Ophelia!
A sweet vow binds us, he has given me his heart in exchange for mine.
And if one tells you that he flees from me and forgets me,
Believe it not, believe it not!
No, Hamlet is my betrothed and I am Ophelia!
If he betrayed his troth, I should go mad.
Do you share my flowers!
To you—this simple sprig of wild rosemary; Ah!
To you—this rue, ah!
And now, listen to my song!
Pale and fair, sleeps beneath the blue waters the naiad with eyes of fire!
May God guard him who lingers late in the night on the bank of the blue lake!
Happy the bride in the arms of the bridegroom!
My soul is envious of happiness so sweet!
Nymph with eyes of fire, thou sleepest alas! beneath the waters of the blue lake!
Ah, ah, ah!
La, la, la,
Ah! la, la, la,—
This siren passes and draws you beneath the azure of the sleeping lake;
The air is veiled. Adieu, white star!
Adieu, sky, adieu, sweet friend!
Happy the bride in the arms of the bridegroom!
My soul is envious of happiness so sweet!

Under the waves asleep, ah! forever adieu, my sweet friend!
Ah, ah, ah,
La, la, la,
Ah! la, la, la,—
Ah, dear betrothed! ah! dear lover!
Ah, sweet confession! ah, tender vow! Happiness supreme!
Ah, cruel one, I love thee! ah!
Cruel one, thou seest my tears!
Ah, for thee I die!

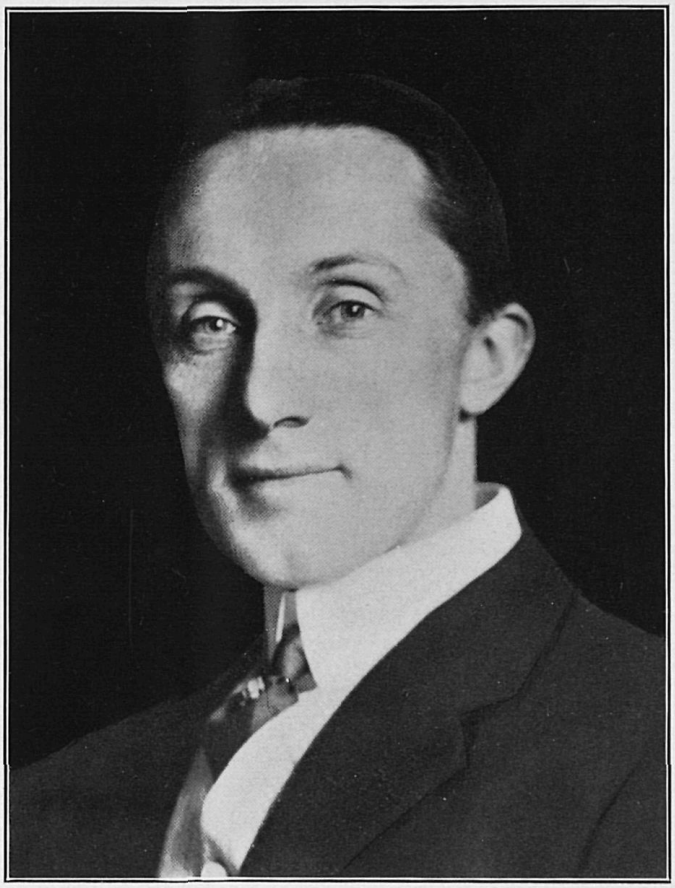
HARVEST FESTIVAL, from "Moloch," SCHILLINGS

Max Schillings. Born April 19, 1868, at Düren; still living.

Although Max Schillings was destined for the law—he soon found the attractions of music sufficiently strong to bring about an entire change in his career. Preferring not to be spoken of by lawyers as a wonderful musician, nor to have his legal attainments emphasized by musicians, he threw himself heart and soul into his work, and he has already won an enviable record. His first opera "Ingwelde" (Karlsruhe, November 13, 1894) made a profound impression.

"Moloch" (Dresden, December 8, 1906) is based on a fragment by Hebbel, in which he tells the story of the attempt of Hiram, a priest of Moloch, to avenge the destruction of Carthage by the Romans. He attempted to build up in the Island of Thule, not only the worship of Moloch, but a temporal power which would give him the means for the accomplishment of his revenge. All this is thwarted however, by the fact that the instant death which was to be the penalty of unauthorized entrance into the grove, wherein stood the idol, was shown to be a silly threat.

How, and when we cannot relate, excepting that the curiosity of a woman brought about the destruction of the High Priest Hiram. Thus, in this opera, we have as a fundamental dramatic pivot a motive whose potency has survived the flight of years. The "Harvest Festival" is taken from Act III, and in it three important motives are exploited.



HORATIO CONNELL

SUPPLEMENTARY CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 13

ORGAN RECITAL

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, ORGANIST

COMPOSITIONS OF ALEXANDRE GUILMANT.

Alexandre Félix Guilmant. Born March 12, 1837 at Boulogne;
Died March 30, 1911, at Paris.

FUNERAL PRELUDE
INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE
PRAYER
CANTILENA
REVERIE
CONCERT PIECE—
Prelude; Theme; Variations; Finale
CANTILENE PASTORALE
GRAND CHORUS (ALLA HANDEL)
PRAYER AND CRADLE SONG
MELODY
MARCH IN D

Alexandré Guilmant is one of the most interesting figures in modern music. Of all the French organ composers, he is the one who has exercised the most wholesome influence, for he seems to possess the happy faculty of reconciling in his art the two extremes of restraint and freedom. His music sparkles with fulness of life as he, though his head is crowned by silver, still responds to the buoyant suggestions of his ever-young inspirations. In as great, or possibly greater, measure as he is honored as an artist, he is loved as a man.

The above lines were already set when the sad news came that, the genial artist whose interpretations of the choicest treasures of organ literature, were as pure and refined as his character—was no more. Thus this program, which was to have been a tribute to this great composer and virtuoso, becomes a memorial. He died on March 30 of the current year, but we may say of him that, "the Masters die in the

flesh, but in the spirit they still live." How peculiarly is this the case, when a composer whose inspirations have given life and purpose to young and struggling artists, passes on. One comes into close contact with the real man whenever the keys are pressed, that again wake to life that which has slumbered, for the nonce. In this case, "the voice that is still' is not the real voice, and, though "the touch of the vanished hand" may be but a memory, its magic has influenced so many of those "who worship at the shrine of Music," that through them we may still rejoice that Alexandre Guilmant lived and wrought. Like César Franck, he was a man whose influence was always for good. To his pupils he was an inspiration to more of life than Art can furnish. To the world—as he sat at the keyboard of the "King of Instruments," which seemed a part of his own organism, so intimate was his knowledge of all its resources—he seemed to be the Genius of the Organ. The spirit of Bach was upon him, when he played the works of the great Leipzig Cantor, and in his own compositions he frequenty displayed traces of the influence of the Master whom he reverenced. He was the finest composer for the organ, France has produced, and his conception of the Fugue—which is after all the most subime expression of the real soul of the organ—was not in line with that indicated so admirably by Browning in his "Master Hughues of Saxe-Gotha" but was more in accord with the spirit of the following lines:

The service ended, now resounds
A fantasy and fugue by Bach.
The complex preude ends! Now mark,
How theme and counter-theme, severe,
Yet bold and free, appear in forms
Complex and varied—yet how clear
The logic of their sequence! Storms
The pedal. Deep and loud it sounds
Its mighty fundamental tone.
This voice hath power enough, alone,
To hold the polyphonic blend
In form, and as progressions crowd
To climax after climax, loud
Its call to order. Then the end—
A long sustained major chord,
Full, round, majestic, deep and broad;
Whose echoes, thrown from wall to wall,
Our kindled spirits hold in thrall,
And speak of life, and love, and God.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 13

"EUGEN ONEGIN,"—An Opera in Three Acts — TSCHAIKOWSKY

EUGEN ONEGIN	MR. CLARENCE WHITEHILL
FILIPJEWNA, LARINA	MISS FLORENCE MULFORD
TATJANA	MRS. SYBIL SAMMIS-MACDERMID
OLGA	MISS JANET SPENCER
LENSKI, TRIQUET	MR. REED MILLER
PRINCE GREMIN, A CAPTAIN	MR. HORATIO CONNELL

BALL GUESTS; PEASANTS (Precentor, MR. HORACE L. DAVIS); OFFICIALS, ETC., THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, CONDUCTOR.

Peter Iljitsch Tschaikowsky, Born December 25, 1840 at Wotkinck; died November 6, 1893, at St. Petersburg.

Whether or not one may say that the national note, struck in the "Carneval" overture by Glazounow, and sounded with a firmer and clearer ring in the Borodin symphony, gains intensity in the more complex work on our program, no one can deny that Tschaikowsky is well-nigh universally considered the greatest of Russian composers. Tschaikowsky's art was so versatile, he touched so many of its various phases, that to speak of him at all generally means to speak of him at length. This has been done so frequently in the past that we will forego all discussion of his career, and only touch upon the characteristics which are germane to the particular work on our program. Of the phrase, "the national note," it must be said that in the case of the opera on our program, the contention that modern conditions have somewhat obscured its unique utterance is urged. If by this is meant that only the use of strictly indigenous themes, harmonies, or treatments can justify the appellation "national" this may be true. But the national temperament may display itself in unusual forms, and may modify or intensify expression without the constant, or even frequent, use of strictly national musical idioms. There is little that is distinctively Russian in "Eugen Onegin" either in musical themes or dramatic suggestion, but the score seethes at times with the unbridled emotional intensity of the Slav. Could one hear the C major Symphony of Schubert and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" (No. 6) in close conjunction, one would be inclined to question whether the latter composer had not crossed the dividing line between "absolute" and "directed" music. Both compositions

are cast in the same form and neither transcends its spirit, but—Schubert was a German, and Tschaikowsky a Russian. The one stood for a mature classical concept, warmed by romanticism, the other represented the point of view of a dramatist, fired by an impetuosity that had never known a check. All that Tschaikowsky poured into his symphony, he gave to this opera, which is "ultra-modern," from one point of view, and opposed to all for which this term stands from another. It is neither sufficiently vague, nor esoteric in subject, to satisfy the hyper-sensitive Debussy, nor is it so saturated with realism, sensuality, or matricidal blood as to ensure the composer a place beside that modern disciple of Malthus, Richard Strauss, on his isolated summit. On the other hand, in its setting, Tschaikowsky was not hampered by the necessity of "accomplishing the artistically necessary within the artistically impossible," which, paradoxical as it may seem to the ordinary intelligence, must mean something, as its author was Richard Wagner. Therefore he was not conscious of the limitations which composers place on themselves when they must attain the *Noch-nie-da-gewesenes*, and approached the subject free from all pre-disposition or pre-judgment.

The story is full of suggestion to the composer, although—judging from the text in its twice-removed translation, which does scant justice to Puskin the author—it cannot be considered a valuable contribution to dramatic literature. In May, 1877, Tschaikowsky wrote his brother,—"I know the opera does not give great scope for musical treatment, but a wealth of poetry and a deeply interesting tale more than atone for all its faults." Replying to a critic he says, "Let it lack scenic effect, let it be wanting in action,—I am in love with Tatjana, I am under the spell of Puskin's verse, and I am drawn to compose the music as it were by an irresistible attraction." Rosa Newmarch says of the opera—"It defies criticism as do some charming but illusive personalities"—"it answers to no particular standard"—"it fulfills no lofty intention"—"Tatjana is a Russian Pamela"—"Onegin a Muscovite Childe Harold"—"Lenski is Byronic" (one might add 'Prince Gremin is a diluted King Mark') "and the whole story is as obsolete as last year's fashion-plate." As frequently happens, however—even in our day, the fact that the last year's fashion-plate is obsolete, may not detract from its possibly greater beauty than that of the present.

In reality the subject of the opera is not without attractions. The opening scene in Act First, in which the owner of the estate, (Larina), her two daughters, Tatjana and Olga, and Filipjewna, a serving woman—appear, gives us a charming picture of the simple life and the atmosphere of the Russian country estate.

Interrupted—gladly we may infer—by the song of the reapers, who are returning from the field, and later by the arrival of guests—Lenski, an old friend, and Onegin, a stranger—the story now reaches a chapter of love-making. In the course of the true love of which this tells a rather unexpected obstacle is thrown by Onegin, who most ungallantly refuses the proffered love of Tatjana—the most atractive daughter of the house. Her chagrin and anger at his willingness "to be a brother to her" finds abundant expression in the closing scene of the opera. Before this refusal of Tatjana takes place, a bevy of berry pickers (girls) welcome the beautiful summer morning in a charming song.

The first scene in Act II is played in the ball room of Larina's house, where, to an accompaniment of brilliant dance music, the tragic element enters. Lenski, made jealous by Onegin's continued attentions to his betrothed—Olga—and fired to madness by the coolness with which both of the offenders receive his remonstrances—to the horror of all, challenges Onegin to a duel, and so grossly insults him that no course but its acceptance is left open to him. Lenski falls, and Onegin, overwhelmed by re-

SIBYL SAMMIS-MACDERMID

morse, disappears for several years. In the Third Act, laid in the house of an aristocrat in St. Petersburg, we again meet with compelling dances—including the gorgeous Polonaise heard so frequently in concert. Onegin and the Princess Gremin,—Tatjana —are here again thrown into close contact. At sight of her, he, inflamed with passion, appeals to her to fly with him. She has too clearly betrayed that the love which he spurned is still his, but she is Gremin's wife. In spite of all her lover's urgings, in spite of her own heart, in spite of her wild desire to flee with him, she remains firm in her loyalty to Gremin. Finally, with a last supreme effort, she rushes wildly from the room leaving Onegin dazed, repulsed, and—as he vehemently proclaims, after the manner of his kind—"dishonoured."

With the Wagnerian concept pervading the whole musical atmosphere of his day, Tschaikowsky seems to have resisted its lure, although he could not absolutely evade its suggestions. He used but few themes at all approaching leading motives, although in the first measures of the orchestral introduction we meet with a use of a chromatic sequence which becomes idiomatic as the work proceeds. The song of the reapers, with the melody given out by the *Vorsänger* and answered by the crowd, in its harmonic trend, is quite Russian, but not so much so as the dance song—"Through the field a streamlet floweth" with its one measure rhythm, and persistent figure. This is a typical "monotone" folk-song, a type which is heard in East Greenland, as well as in Russia. But there is variety in this monotony and a cumulative movement, which gathers strength with each stanza of the song until, breaking away from the monotone, a magnificent climax is reached through a succession of chromatic progressions. This, repeated, leads to the closing refrain, to that text which seems after all to be nearest the heart of the folk "Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la-la!! Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!!!" In the Second Tableau in Scene 2, Act First, at the words, "O dear one, if I could but tell you how I suffer" (she is in love!) we meet a phrase which has great musical importance and figures in many connections later. The phrase, beginning the "Letter Scene" when Tatjana sings, "Though I should die for it"—a declaration of her love for Onegin made to herself and the stars—is used by him with great effect when, later, he desires the love he once spurned. In this same scene—a truly great one from the point of view of musico-dramatic art—at the words "Art thou an angel watching by me?" occur four measures, which are used as thematic material in the Introduction to the Second Act. It is also heard later, hence it has more than mere passing significance. A genial use of the dances, of which there are many, makes them organic rather than mere matters of detail. They form an atmosphere in which the solos and choruses move quite independently. So even they, in a restricted sense, usurp the function of the Wagner motive, although they never prophesy, and but occasionally exercise the function of memory. To speak of the work further in detail is beyond the limits of this article, which is intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.

ACT I.

FIRST TABLEAU.

The scene represents a garden. On the left a house with a terrace; on the right a shade-tree with flower-beds round about. In the background a dilopidated fence, behind which the village and the church are visible through the thick foliage. It is twilight.

Mistress Larina sits under a tree making preserves, and listening to her daughter singing. Filipjewna, who is assisting her, stands nearby.

The singing is heard through the open door of the house.

TATJANA AND OLGA.—Did'st thou not hear? how like the nightingale,
One sang by night, 'neath woods his love-plaint making?
The while his lute, ere yet the day was breaking,
Awoke the longing echoes of the vale?

LARINA (*to Filipjewna*).—You know the song
They now are singing?
Ah, years ago how many times, you recollect,
I used to sing it!

LARINA AND FILIPJEWNA.—Heav'n oft for happiness gone hence,
Leaves custom as a recompense.
Then were my books,—Princess Aline, forgotten, poetry, as well; all, all forgotten!
Ah! with cap and morning gown replaced.
Heaven oft for happiness gone hence,
Leaves custom as a recompense.
And yet my husband loved me blindly,
And trusted me, was always kindly.

CHORUS AND DANCE OF REAPERS.—No more fly my feet o'er wood and wold without stop or stay,
No more lifts my arm its wonted load in heat of day!
Why beat my heart, so loud and fast in stormy dismay?
What's ailing me, that I can't be rid of thee?—

(*The Peasants come in with a decorated sheaf.*)

Joy and blessings we wish and pray,
Dearest Lady, for thee this day!
See, now, the harvest is safely in,
Take then this sheaf we have decked so fine!
Now is the harvest home!

LARINA.—Thanks, my good folk! You are welcome to this my home!
Let us be glad and sing a merry song!

CHORUS.—Right gladly, Mistress dear,
Your wish shall be fulfilled!
A song will soon be ringing, Come lassies, start the singing!

(*During the song the Reapers dance about the sheaf.*)

Thro' the field a streamlet floweth,
'Cross the stream a footway goeth,
Leading to a little garden. In the garden sits a maiden!
Who across the bridge now stealeth,
Tho' no doubt or fear she feeleth.

(*During the song Olga and Tatjana appear on the balcony.*)

Rosy cheeks and locks so curly!
Careful, or he'll catch thee, girlie!
'Tis the player that is coming, and a joyful tune he's humming,
When his fiddle bow is plying, Every heart to him comes flying!
Maiden, hear the strings a-ringing,
Hear the merry player singing!
In thy heart his songs are sinking,
Thoughts of love will soon be thinking!
Hesitate no more! what fearest?
Give the promised kiss, my dearest!
Ere the player ceased his singing,
Ere the strings had ceased from ringing,
Ran the maid to him enchanted, So his wishes all were granted!
As the buds on branches growing,
Bow before the breezes blowing,
By the fiddle bow enraptured, Thou, my love, my heart hast captured!

TATJANA.—I love to follow, while these songs are singing, imaginations play, they bear me on to regions without end!

OLGA. — Oh, Tatjana, Tatjana, you dream in broad daylight!
In that I'm not like you; why, such a song just makes me feel like dancing!

(*Olga pets her mother, then comes forward dancing, and sings the following air; the others stand about her.*)

OLGA.—Through the field a streamlet floweth,
'Cross the stream a foot-way goeth!
For dull despair I've no affection,
The joy of tears I do not know,
Nor pass my nights in drear dejection,
Or sighing with deepest heart-felt woe!
What good in sighing, When each new morrow
By new delights I am beguiled?
Wayward and wilful, knowing no sorrow,
I still am called by all "the child!"
The joy of life, the joys of sweet content,
In league with me would I assemble!
For I light-hearted Hope resemble,
In gladness and in merriment!

LARINA (*greeting Olga. Filipjewna and Tatjana go to one side*).—My dear, my little darling,
How full of spirits is my little daughter!
I'll wager you would rather be dancing
Am I not right?

FILIPJEWNA.—Tatjana! dearest lady are you ill?
You look so very ill!

TAJANA.—No, I am not ill.

(*The peasants are invited into the house where they are feasted after the typical Russian fashion. A servant announces the arrival of Lenski—an old friend of the family—who brings with him a stranger, Eugen Onegin.*)

LARINA (*to the servant*).—Be quick and show them in!

(*The servant goes off. All are excited over the reception of the guests. Enter Onegin and Lenski.*)

LENSKI.—Mesdames! forgive I pray, my boldness, but I have brought a friend,
Eugen Onegin here, with me to visit you.

LARINA (*disconcerted*).—I beg of you!
We're very pleased to see you! These are my little girls!

ONEGIN.—Indeed! extremely pleased!

LARINA.—What if we went in-doors? Whichever you prefer, tho'; if not we might remain outside here. I pray you whichever you prefer, Sirs, we are neighbors, and need not be punctilious!

LENSKI.—'Tis charming here, I like so much this dear old-fashioned shady garden!
It seems so friendly!

LARINA.—'Tis well, then; while I run in and see if anything is wanted,
You'll entertain our guests, dear. I must go!

(*Exit, motioning Tatjana not to be bashful. Lenski and Onegin on the right, Olga and Tatjana opposite.*)

TATJANA.—What I have hoped has come,
I know 'tis he, and he alone
The light of day, the dusk of even,
The troublous dreams that I have known,
His face hath filled, and hovered o'er me,
Long ere that face appeared before me!
Its sov'reign pow'r within me dwells,
And potently my love compels.

OLGA.—This unexpected visit of Onegin's
Will not be easy to explain
For all the neighbors, whose surmises,
And secret guesses have been vain
For their ideas are in confusion,
None can arrive at a conclusion,
And none the drift of things can catch,
But surely there will be a match.

ONEGIN.—Which one of them is called Tatjana?
For she it is I wish to know.
You say that you prefer the other?
If I wrote verse I'd rather
My worship on the first bestow.
The face of Olga does not glow,
'Tis like Van Dyk's Madonna faces.
'Tis round and sweet, yet lifeless quite;
'Tis like the silent moon's pale light,
With all her smooth and coldly gleaming graces.

LENSKI.—Why, she's the one with dusky hair,
As fair and silent as Diana!
What then? One just as fittingly might tether
The waves and granite rocks together,
As this so strangely coupled pair.

LENSKI.—O rapture, O happiness! Once more at last to see you!

OLGA.—And yet we saw each other yesterday!

LENSKI.—E'en so, it was a day, a whole long day of separation! An eternity!

OLGA.—What a word! Oh, what a fearful word, for just a single day!

ONEGIN (*to Tatjana, with cool politeness*).—You never find it somewhat wearisome or dull in this sequester'd spot, tho' full of charm in its retirement? And yet the place, it seems to me, is lacking in amusement!

TATJANA.—Still, I'm fond of reading!

ONEGIN.—Really? Well, reading offers food in plenty for heart and mind, but one can hardly be forever reading!

TATJANA.—At times I dream and roam about the garden.

ONEGIN.—And what impels you so to dream?

TATJANA.—My serious, thoughtful disposition: I had it even as a child.

ONEGIN.—I fear you are somewhat sentimental, lady. I was a dreamer once, myself.

(*Onegin and Tatjana cross over and go off. Lenski and Olga come forward.*)

LENSKI (*with passionate ardor*).—Yes, I love you, Olga, fierce and hot, as only souls illusion haunted of poets still know how to love. One thought for aye, one longing ever, One hope, one wish that changes never. The same delight, the self-same woe! A child I felt myself entangled, Tho' love's distress was far away, When you at play—with cheeks aglowing,
Would laugh so blithely and so gay—
With me through shady woodlands straying,
With me the pranks of childhood playing;
Oh,—yes, I love you so, yes, I love you, dear with an overwhelming hot poetic fervor;
You alone can quench my passion, All my hopes are in your keeping,
All my gladness, all my weeping,
For I love you, dear, with such a pow'r as never grief nor any joy
Change nor ever time nor distance kill, that nothing can destroy,
Yes, with a passionate desire that ne'er can die!
Yes, I'll love you, dear. Evermore for you I'll fondly care.

OLGA.—In this, our quiet village home, The joys of life we wish to share,
Our parents hoped, the days to come
Would see us at the altar a bridal pair.

(*Larina and Filipjewna appear on the terrace. It grows darker.*)

SECOND TABLEAU.

Tatjana's room, simply furnished with old-fashioned furniture covered with white chintz and curtains of the same, a bed and a book-shelf, a dressing table. Vases of flowers. A writing table.

(*As the curtain rises Tatjana is discovered sitting before the mirror, lost in thought; Filipjewna is standing near her.*)

FILIPJEWNA.—Now we have talked enough. 'Tis late, Tatjana; I'll wake you early for the Mass tomorrow; Now quick to sleep!

TATJANA.—I cannot sleep! 'Tis so sultry! Throw wide the window, and sit by me.

FILIPJEWNA.—Tatjana, what ails thee, child?

TATJANA.—Oh, dear one, if I could but tell you how I suffer, how I am worn with doubts and fears and weeping always, always weeping!

FILIPJEWNA.—My darling child, you should be sleeping!
Oh, gracious Savior help her now!
Shall I not sprinkle you with Holy water? Ah, don't be ill!

TATJANA (*hesitatingly*).—I am not ill; I'll have to tell you—
I am in love—betray me not.
Leave me in peace! I am in love.

FILIPJEWNA.—It can't be!

TATJANA.—Now go and leave me to myself.
Give me a pen and ink and paper. The table, please;
I'll go to sleep soon! Good-night!

FILIPJEWNA.—So now good-night, Tatjana.

TATJANA (*with elevated force and passion*).—Tho' I should die for it, I've sworn now,
I first shall live each heart-felt longing,
Dumb hopes that many a year I've borne now,
Which yet unstilled to life are thronging.
I quaff the poison draft of passion!
Now let desire his shackles fashion,
I see him here,—in ev'ry place
I hear his voice and see his face!
I hear the tempter's voice and see his face.

(*Goes to the writing table; writes, then pauses.*)

No, 'twill not do! Quick, something different.
How strange it is! It frightens me! How am I to begin it!

(*Writes. Pauses, and reads what she has written.*)

I write to you without reflection!
Is that not all I need to say?
What led you here to this our lonely home?
Or what inducement seem'd to offer?
Unknown by me, had you not come,

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK

The hopes, the fears, for which I suffer!
My unexperienc'd emotion
With time would soon have passed away,
I'd for another ta'en a notion,
And loved him with supreme devotion.
And learnt a mother's part to play—

(*Rising suddenly.*)

Another! No, never any other,
For any other I had loathed!
Thou art by Fate for me appointed,
I am by Heav'n to thee betrothed!
No empty dream by fate was given,
When blessed hope to me it gave.
Oft in my dreams did'st thou attend me;
And tho' I knew thee not, I loved;
How by thy glance was I moved,
And to thy words how did I lend me!
And once!—No, no, it was no dream,
I saw thee come, thou stood'st before me,
My heart stopped beating; then 'twas blazing, and then with rapture cried:
'Tis he! 'Tis he!
'Twas thou, in slumber o'er me bending;
'Twas thou I met my way a wending,
Whom I the poor and sick attending,
Have always seen.
Thy voice it was forever ringing,
That in my heart was ever singing,
Thy face that lulled to sleep at night.
And many pretty names you'd make me,
And then to new born life awake me,
And bring me hope so pure and bright.

(*Pauses as if to reflect.*)

Art thou an angel watching by me?
Art thou a tempter sent to try me?
Give answer, drive these doubts away!
The face I dreamt, was that delusion,
Art thou a freak of fancy? Say!
Was all my joy a mere illusion?
No, come what may to stand or fall,
My dream-face be my revelation!
Thou art my passion, thou my all,
In thee alone, in thee alone lies my salvation!
But think, ah! think, I've none but thee!
With none to understand or cherish,
Alone and helpless I must perish,
Unless my saviour thou wilt be.
I trust in thee, I trust in thee, Be not offended;
But speak one word to comfort me,
But not reproach, as well might be,
For at a single word my dreams were ended!

(*She stands up and seals the letter.*)

'Tis finished! Ah! this trust of mine
Thou ne'er must punish, ne'er must chide me.
To thee, my vision-face divine,
To thee, thine honor, I confide me!

THIRD TABLEAU.

The scene represents another portion of the garden at Larina's house. Maids gathering berries are seen in the shrubbery.

(*Chorus of country girls.*)

Come, ye maidens all, and dance,
Run while yet ye have a chance,
Hear the jolly fiddler play,
Come before he slips away.
Lift your feet and never tire,
Till your hearts are all afire,
Sing of pleasure, love and play,
And him who stole your heart away;
Sing and call, and as you sing,
Hear the merry fiddle ring.
Every maiden of you all
To her side a lad shall call.
If some rogue she may select,
Treat us not with great respect,
Let the lout of her beware,
She will shame him then and there.

(*Tatjana comes running on, and sinks exhausted on a bench.*)

TATJANA.—'Tis he! He! Onegin! Oh, Heaven! Oh, Heaven!
I go hot and cold! What must he think?
Why did I heed at all my too impetuous blood?
How, as a maiden, ever could I such a letter dream of sending!
What, O my God, will be the ending?
And something says, I know not what,
That 'twas in vain: he loves me not!
Help, gracious God! Help me in trouble, forsake me not!
What comes? 'Tis nearer.
It is his step! 'Tis he!

(*Onegin comes on. Tatjana springs up. He walks toward her. She lets her head fall.*)

ONEGIN (*with dignity, quiet, cold*).—You wrote me, as well admit it!
With full faith, You have in true and frank confession
To your chaste longings giv'n expression.
I honor this frank dignity.
Which has once more revived in me
An old and long extinguished feeling.
But, I'll not seek to flatter you;
Honest and frank like yours, and true,

With you today shall be my dealing
Hear my confession first of all;
Then you shall let the sentence fall.

TATJANA.—O heaven! how degrading, and how painful!

ONEGIN.—If in this world a kindly fortune
For household cares had destined me,
I should not hesitate a moment,
A spouse, a father e'en, to be.
You are what I do most admire,
I should no further choice require!
But I for joy was not intended,
My heart is not at peace in me,
And lost, or uselessly expended,
Were your superiority.
Believe me, should we marry, clearly
We would soon regret it dearly!
Howe'er my heart might beat and glow
For you, with habit cold 'twould grow.
Nay, not a rose, but only trouble,
Does Hymen offer with his thong,
'Twould mean distress who knows how long!
Lost years, lost pow'rs, lost dreams of others,
This life can ne'er again restore!
My love for you is like a brother's,
And yet who knows, perhaps still more,
To me the future may be kindly;
To maidens, love comes wildly, blindly,
Deception, merely fancy's play!
So you must practice self-control,
For often inexperience brings
A train of fearful sufferings!

CHORUS (*invisible behind the scenes*).—Come, ye maidens all, and dance!
Run while yet ye have a chance,
Hear the jolly fiddler play,
Come before he slips away,
Sing and call, and as you sing,
Hear the merry fiddler ring.
Every maiden of you all
To her side a lad shall call;
Let one act with disrespect,
Let the lout of her beware,
She will shame him then and there!

ACT II.

FIRST TABLEAU.

The stage represents a lighted ball-room in the house of Larina. In the centre a chandelier. On the walls, sconces. Guests in old-fashioned ball-costumes, among which are military uniforms of the 20's, are dancing a waltz. The old people sit about in groups, and look on with pleasure. The mothers, with reticules, occupy the seats along the walls. Onegin and Tajana, Lenski and Olga, take part in the dance. Larina moves about with the air of a busy hostess.

CHORUS.—Hail to the dance, The guests are all delighted,
To such a ball to be invited.
Feast and dance! Enjoy yourselves!
Hail, hail to all beauty! Then cheer the ball, cheer the ball!
Come, let us cheer the ball!
Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo!
Now glide and glance all!
All hail to song and dance!
Here in the country we get few attractions
Such as abound at this beautiful ball.
Here for the most part our only distraction's
Baying of hounds and the forester's call.
O'er hillside and valley with partridge and grouse,
So weary you are that for bed you are yearning,
And all we can do is to go and keep house.

(*Young ladies surrounding the captain.*)

Oh, Captain Petrowitsch, how perfectly charming!
How grateful we are for this.

THE CAPTAIN.—Pardon me, I too am quite happy—

THE YOUNG LADIES.—We're anxious to dance tho' and—

THE CAPTAIN.—I'm at your service, so let us begin!

(*Onegin dances with Tatjana. The others stop dancing and watch the couple.*)

THE OLDER LADIES.—Look at them! look at them!
The turtle doves dancing!
Oh, that's an engagement! Well, it was time.
'Tis sad for Tatjana! He'll first idolize her,
And then tyrannize her! He gambles, they say!

(*Onegin goes slowly past the Older Ladies in order to overhear what they are saying.*)

OLD LADIES.—He's most ill-manner'd; talks but nonsense, and never does

he kiss one's hand; a Freemason, too; drinks strong, red wines, and all he knows is vintages!

ONEGIN.—This is a verdict!
This shows how much by some malevolent tongue I've been slandered!
But I richly deserve it!
Whatever brought me here to this outlandish ball? Yes, what?
You'll get no thanks, my Lenski, for this friendly act;
I'll dance now all night with his dear Olga;
Good Lord, but he'll be jealous! Here she is—

(*Olga passes, followed by Lenski.*)

LENSKI.—You have reserved this dance for me!

ONEGIN.—Allow me! (*Olga seems undecided.*)

LENSKI.—There must be some mistake! (*Onegin dances with Olga.*)

LENSKI.—Upon my word, now! I can't believe it! Olga!
No, now that's too much!

CHORUS.—Hail to pleasure! Hail to the dance!
Ah! how bright and charming!
How charming is the feast!
Hail to pleasure
Hail to the dance! The guests are all delighted,
To such a ball to be invited!
Feast and dance! Enjoy yourselves!
Hail to beauty
Be gay and happy!
Be joyful, and cheer for joy and beauty!
Hail to pleasure, Hail to joy,
Long life to pleasure, long live joy!

LENSKI (*approaches Olga, who has just stopped dancing with Onegin*).—For what have I this ridicule deserved of you?
Why, Olga, do you punish me like this? What have I done?

OLGA.—Quite undeserved, my friend, is you blame, by me!

LENSKI.—Oh, no; you're dancing the waltzes, nearly every dance, all with Onegin; You turned me away when I bespoke one!

OLGA.—Vladimir, what behavior!
Some trifle must have made you cross!

LENSKI.—What! This a trifle, eh? I should, perhaps, indifferent and quite composed, have watched you smile and flirt while playing the coquette! I saw him bending toward you, I saw him pressing your hand! I saw it all!

OLGA.—All this is stupid jealousy, delusions of excitement!
It was but harmless chat, he's well behaved!

LENSKI.—Well behaved! Ah, Olga, shall I have to doubt you?

OLGA.—Have done with doubting! (*Onegin approaches.*)

LENSKI.—No, you do not love me! The cotillion you will dance with me?

ONEGIN.—No, with me! I have your promise, you remember!

OLGA.—Yes, and I shall keep it. You shall have a lesson, you jealous creature.

LENSKI.—Olga!

OLGA.—On no account! Ah, do you see how all are crowding round Triquet just now?

ONEGIN.—Who's he?

OLGA.—He lives in Charlikow and comes from France.

CHORUS.—Monsieur Triquet! Monsieur Triquet!
Oh, won't you sing a couplet!
TRIQUET.—I haf one couplet here vis me.
Mais where wass now Mademoiselle?
She must be standing before me!

(*Tatjana is placed in the centre of the circle of guests. While singing, Triquet addresses himself to her. She tries to escape, but is held back.*)

TRIQUET.—Gar zis couplet wass made for she!
Aha! Here she is! Here she is!
Voila ze Princess of zis day!
Mesdames, I now will commence,
I beg you will not interrupt!

(*With much expression.*)

Ye who attend this charming ball,
Come and admire ye, one and all,
Her for whom we hold this festival.
Her sweet look and charming face
Shed their soft radiance o'er this place,
What joy to see such charm, such grace!

May fate fulfill her least desire,
May joys and pleasures all conspire
Smiles to wreathe for her, and never tire.
May o'er this land her radiant light
Shine like a planet beaming bright,
Lighting up for us both day and night.
Shine on, shine on, for aye, divine Tatjana!

CHORUS (*Triquet bows an acknowledgement*).—Bravo! bravo! bravo for the couplet!
Bravo! 'Twas most successful,
Your charming verse, Monsieur Triquet!

(*Triquet, kneeling, offers the couplet to Tatjana.*)

THE CAPTAIN.—Messieurs! Mesdames! Please all to take your places!
For in a moment the cotillion will now begin!

(*The captain offers his hand to Tatjana. The guests pair off for the dance. Onegin, with Olga, are down stage; Lenski stands moodily behind them. When Onegin has danced a turn with Olga, he takes her to her place, and then addresses Lenski, as if noticing him for the first time.*)

ONEGIN.—How's this? Not dancing, Lenski?
You stand glow'ring like a Childe Harold! Are you ill?

LENSKI.—How's that? I'm quite right, I was but noticing how upright is your friendship.

ONEGIN.—On my word, that strange admission is indeed surprising.
What makes you sulk like this?

LENSKI (*Lenski, at first, answers quietly; his tone gradually becomes more provoked and embittered*).—I sulking? Not a particle.
I could not but admire with what address and brilliant gift of talk
You've turned the heads of all the girls here,
And are making them lose their senses.

(*The guests gradually stop dancing, as their attention is attracted by the quarreling men.*)

Clearly you're not satisfied to keep Tatjana,
So in friendly wise you're trying to deprive me of my bride,
Destroy her peace of mind, no doubt to scorn her,
Should she confide.
Oh, you're noble, you are!

ONEGIN (*with quiet irony*).—What? You're crazy, I believe!

LENSKI.—I crazy! You say that I am crazy!
What language! That word insults me, sir!

CHORUS.—Hark, what is it?

LENSKI (*The guests surround the quarreling men.*)—Onegin, you are my friend no more!
Henceforth, between us, all intercourse is over.
I, yes, I despise you, Sir!

CHORUS.—What's this we're hearing, so like strife, and in this place as tho' some trouble with the feast is interfering!

ONEGIN (*taking Lenski a little apart*).—Come, Lenski, you are quite unjust, on my word!
Here ev'ry one, don't you see, has seen that we have quarrel'd;
But truly, I've disturbed no peace as yet, and I have done no harm, nor should I ever do such a thing.

LENSKI (*growing more and more excited*).—Well, then, what was it made you squeeze her hand,
And whisper to her? She laughed, too, and grew quite red.
What, what have you been saying?

ONEGIN.—Enough now; this is all nonsense; they all can hear us!

LENSKI (*recklessly*).—What care I for that! You have insulted me!
And satisfaction, Sir, is what I want!

CHORUS.—Do tell us how it happened!
Yes, do tell us how it happened!

LENSKI.—Well, then, I simply wish my friend Onegin to account for his curious behaviour!
He has refused to answer me, and the result is,
I am forced to challenge!

LARINA (*Larina rushes up and addresses Lenski*). — Oh, Heaven, what a scene! And right here in my own house, too!

FLORENCE MULFORD

LENSKI.—In your house here the hours
of my childhood,
Like a wonderful song, flow'd away!
In your house here the holiest blessings
Of true love brought me under their
sway!
But today I, alas! have discovered
That this life is no tale of true love,
But that honor may prove a delusion,
And that friendship ill founded may
prove!
Ay, that the truest of friendships ill
founded may prove.

ONEGIN.—I feel remorse! I am the one;
I now regret what I have done!
For now malicious and hard-hearted,
The ties of friendship I have parted,
Which I had truly formed for him.
How could I, how could I yield to such
a whim?
Yes, I, the man in whom he trusted,
On whom all his faith, all his friend-
ship rested,
But my remorse has come too late!
I've been insulted and I must defend
me!

TATJANA.—I am dumbfounded, and dis-
tracted,
To see the way Eugen has acted!
With jealousy and grief beats my heart
in my breast,
As tho' Fate in some horrible jest,
Had laid its icy hand upon my burning
spirit!

LARINA AND OLGA.—I fear that while
we should be dancing,
Things to a duel are advancing.

CHORUS. — Oh! Poor Lenski! How
wrought up he is!

LENSKI.—And her face so angelic, be-
witching,
Looks as pure as the dawn of the day,
(*bitterly.*)
Nevertheless all the hideous passions
Of a demon, of a demon behind it hold
sway!

TATJANA.—Ah! he's killing me! and yet
I'll not complain,
For death by him were sweetest pain,
I'm dying I know from the pain in
My heart, yet I am not complaining,
Ah! for death thro' him were sweet re-
prieve,
Thro' him no joy else will give.

OLGA AND LARINA.—How quickly does
manly blood take fire,
And cast the die for wrath and ire!
They cannot live unless they quarrel!
Ah, very quick men's blood takes fire,
And cast the die for wrath and ire!
He seeks to fight from jealous fever,
But I did nothing wrong whatever.
For wrangling and fighting is what all
men delight in.

ONEGIN.—I'm at your service, Sir, This
ends it;
I have let you speak, deluded man,
And you deserve a lesson now, to cure
you.

LENSKI.—'Tis well, tomorrow will set-
tle which will teach the other!
Deluded I may be, but you are a cow-
ard, a deceiver!

ONEGIN.—If you repeat that, I'll have
your life, Sir!
(*Larina, Olga and some of the guests
hold Lenski back. Tatjana weeps.
Onegin rushes to Lenski. They are
separated. Onegin, after disengag-
ing himself, goes apart.*)

CHORUS.—What an affair! Let not the
men come to blows here,
Restrain them and force them to quit it,
No blood must be shed here, We will
not permit it,
The door must be bolted, Let the two
not come to blows here!
Hold them! Restrain them!

OLGA.—Vladimir! Oh, be calm, dear, I
beseech you!

LENSKI.—Oh, Olga, Olga, farewell, fare-
well!

SECOND TABLEAU.

*The Scene represents a village mill on
the banks of a wooded stream. Early
morning. The sun barely risen. A
Winter landscape.*

LENSKI.—What has the coming day in
store?
Mine eyes are powerless to explore:
On me the future shuts her gate.
What of it? Each must meet his fate.
What odds, if I'm to Death a prey,
Or if his bullet misses me?
'Twill come of God, whate'er it be;
He gave the past, He gives today,
He sends to us the morning bright,
He sends as well the darksome night.
And when the morrow all unclouded
Awakes at dawn to life and light,
Then I, it may be, will be shrouded
In death's unfathomable night.
Where, with my dust, the name I cher-
ish
Forever from men's minds will perish!

How soon the world forgets, but thou, dear one! (*with great feeling*)
Wilt think of me when I am dead and gone.
Yes, thou wilt come, with weeping weary,
And murmur: Mine were once in truth,
The love and passion of his youth,
A gleam of joy when days were dreary!
Ah, Olga, all my love was thine!
O come, my love, so true, so tried,
O come to me, thy bridegroom calls, he waits his lovely bride!
O come, O come! I wait for thee, come to my side,
O come to me, my love, my bride!
How far ye seem behind me,
O days of youth, O precious, vanished joy of love!

DUEL SCENE.

(*Onegin enters with his servant, who carries the pistols.*)

ONEGIN.—Now, shall we proceed?

LENSKI.—I'm at your service.

(*Saretski and Gillot go apart to discuss the conditions of the duel. Saretski has, by this time, loaded the pistols and measured the distance. Saretski instructs the principals and hands them the pistols. Everything takes place in silence. Gillot, in dismay, hides behind a tree.*)

SARETSKI.—Now then, advance! (*Claps his hands three times. The adversaries, who have net yet taken aim, take three steps forward. Onegin as he advances, raises his pistol, Lenski takes aim at the same time. Oneg'n fires. Lenski falls and drops his pistol. Saretski runs to Lenski and examines him. Onegin rushes toward his dying adversary.*)

ONEGIN.—Dead! (*with choking voice.*)

SARETSKI.—Dead! (*Onegin, with a shudder, clutches his head with his hands.*)

ACT III.

Antechamber of a fashionable house in St. Petersburg.

POLONAISE.

ONEGIN.—I can't forget it! Nowhere quiet, nowhere peace of spirit.
Naught breaks the endless, the weary monotony.
A friend's life in a duel ended,
My own a life no object steers,
And now full six and twenty years
In inactivity expended;
Excluded without charge of wife,
In careless, useless waste of life.
Where could I hope in peace to tarry?
My conscience drove me to and fro,
A burden none could help me carry;
How could I be happy so?
That drove me on to wander ever,
From human kind myself to sever,
While with upraised and threat'ning hand,
The death-shade would before me stand.
In foreign land inanely squandering,
My days, I roamed without an aim,
And when dissatisfaction came,
I put an end to all my wanderings;
And am transported, as by chance,
From ship-board to a ball-room dance!

THE GUESTS.—The Princess Gremina!
O see her! just see her!

ONEGIN.—Is that Tatjana? really—no!

GUESTS.—Behold!
Behold there stands Eugen Onegin!

TATJANA.—Onegin?
Is that Onegin standing there?
O heav'n, give me strength and will
To still the tumult in my bosom.

ONEGIN.—Ah, tell me, Prince, pray who is that,
The one in red, in conversation
With the ambassadors, you see?

GREMIN.—Aha! You've been on a vacation?
I'll introduce you: Come with me!

ONEGIN.—Who is she, first!

GREMIN.—Why, my wife, of course!

ONEGIN.—What, married, you? How should I guess it!

GREMIN.—Two years ago!

ONEGIN.—To whom?

GREMIN.—To Larina's Tatjana! Were you not friends?

ONEGIN.—Yes, neighbors, too!

GREMIN.—All men should once with love grow tender,
All men must once to love surrender;
It is the youth's unconquer'd fire,
Old age's passion of desire;
He that in love no more believes,
His own most gracious jewel thieves.
Onegin! you can well imagine,
How deeply I adore Tatjana!
My ship of life was fast aground,
When I Tatjana met, and found,
Like sunshine shed o'er desolation,
In her nobility, salvation!
Among the aged and the youthful,

'Midst hateful, coarse hypocrisy,
Amid the crowd of foolish squabblers,
Farceurs, and scandalmong'ring babblers;
'Midst stupid vanity, pretense,
Time-serving, false subservience;
Amid her polished, low-lived wooers,
'Mid skulking shame, bad faith and lies,
In this our world of sneaks and spies,
And craven, crawling, evil doers,
There shone, as holy as a star,
Tatjana's virtue bright and glorious.
And so, with naught my joy to mar,
She leads me on with her,
She leads me on with her victorious!
All men should once with love grow tender, etc.

GREMIN.—Now come, I will present you to my wife!
My child, I've brought to be presented
a good old friend, indeed, a cousin;
Onegin, dear.

(*Onegin bows low. Tatjana returns his salutation without seeming disturbed.*)

TATJANA.—I'm glad to see you. It seems to me we've met before.

ONEGIN.—In the country; long ago!

TATJANA.—Do you now, by any chance, come from that quarter?

ONEGIN.—Oh, *no*! I am a traveler from foreign countries!

TATJANA.—How long since?

ONEGIN.—This morning.

TATJANA.—My friend, I'm somewhat weary!

(*Tatjana goes, leaning on Gremin's arm; and Onegin, bowing in return, follows her with his eyes.*)

ONEGIN.—Can that be really the Tatjana
To whom I once so close was brought!
And priggish moral lesson taught,
Puffed up with zeal for wisdom only
In that faraway place so lonely?
Whose letter I have still retained,
But whose affection I disdained.
Can that be she, whom now I see
So calmly, coldly, gaze at me?
It seems as tho' 'twere all a dream.
What's this that now has stirred the soul,
The heart I could so well control?
Ill-temper, vanity, regret?
Have I love's power within me yet?
No, no, my doubts are gone,
I love her with all the ardor of my boyhood passion,
And tho' my folly should destroy me,
Tho' false, delusive hopes decoy me,
I'll quaff the poison draft of passion!
My vision beckons me apace,
And ev'ry where, in ev'ry place,
I hear her voice, I see her face;
Now let desire his shackles fashion!

(*Onegin goes off. The dance begins again.*)

SECOND TABLEAU.

Reception room in Gremin's house. Onegin appears at the door, where he stands for a while, looking passionately at Tatjana. He hurries to her and falls at her feet; she regards him without anger, and then motions him to rise.

TATJANA.—Enough, now. Will you please to arise?
I shall be plain, rely upon it!
Onegin, call to mind the day,
When I was standing in dismay
To hear you pass your sentence
On me, who came for help to you.

ONEGIN.—Have pity! Oh, I pray, have pity!
'Twas madness, folly! I now am punished!

(*Tatjana wipes away her tears and motions to Onegin not to interrupt her.*)

TATJANA.—I came in all my youth and beauty,
I loved you then with all my soul,
And oh, what was't my fate to suffer?
You turned me off with cool control,
Away from you; too poor and meagre
You deemed my childish heart so eager!
Yes, yes, Eugen, you were severe!
Today, tho' God, I shudder here,
When I recall those words so quiet, and your unfeeling look!
But blame I never can,
You acted like an upright man, I don't deny it.
You told me then the honest truth,
However coldly I was treated;
A world that will no peace allow,
Has but your way with me repeated!
But why do you pursue me now?
Because with pomp and show around me
And in the great world you've found me?
Because my husband made me rich?
Or wounds received, because of which
Both he and I by court and nation
Have been honored? May it not be
Because in this great world of ours
A man may win great reputation
Thro' woman's shame, and you desire
To such distinction to aspire?

ONEGIN.—Ah! O Heaven! It seems my pleading stirs your indignation!
With those stern eyes perhaps you see
But baseness and dissimulation,
Where I have shown the truth in me!
If only you but once could suffer
The torture of a heart on fire,
Where life has no cool draught to offer
Save what cold reason would require!
Before your feet I would uncover
The pain that robs my heart of ease,
And pour my troubles, weep my heart out,
My forehead sunk upon your knees!

TATJANA.—I weep too.

ONEGIN.—Teardrops as pure as pearls, to bless my sorrow and your pity!

TATJANA.—Ah! Happiness was once so near to us.
Ah! so near! Otherwise wrought destiny for us!
Beyond recall I now am wedded,
You must go, it is your duty to go and leave me!

ONEGIN.—We must then be parted? And I must leave you? (*with much expression.*)
No! Evermore to be with thee.
To be thy slave, whate'er thou ask me.
Thy perfect mouth, thy smile to see,
Here in thy glance ever to bask,
To see the magic, day by day,
Of thy bewildering loveliness;
(*With groaning passion he falls on his knees before her and seizes her hand.*)
Of love's distress and longing waste away,
And die, ah, that were joy indeed,
That were happiness and joy and peace forever!

TATJANA (*frightened withdraws her hand*).—Onegin, if you have within you any pride or honor left
Onegin! you must go, it is your duty! Go and leave me!

ONEGIN.—No, never!

TATJANA.—What use are lies; what use deception?
Yes, I love you!
(*Tatjana, overcome with emotion, sinks on Onegin's bosom. He takes her in his arms; she recovers and frees herself.*)

ONEGIN.—What didst thou say?
What magic word by thee was spoken!
O rapture! Joy of joys!
Ah, now thou art once more Tatjana!

TATJANA.—No, no! We can no more bring back the past!
With Gremin now my lot is cast;
Ah, to be true to him I swore,
True will I be forevermore!
(*She tries to go away, but sinks down overcome.*)

ONEGIN (*kneeling; passionately*).—Bid me not go; consent to follow
Thy heart that beats for me in love!
All joys of life by thee are forfeit;
If these my pleadings cannot move.
Chance brought us near in happier days,
That chance once led me to discover
That I might have the power to raise
Some spark of passion as your lover!
On this then we shall place reliance,
To empty nightmares bid defiance!
There are no bonds to tie thee down,
Do not our truest joy disown!

TATJANA.—O God, give ear to my petition.

ONEGIN.—Nay, repulse me not, thou must come with me!

TATJANA.—And send me strength to win this fight,
And save, ah, save me from perdition.

ONEGIN.—Henceforth close beside me leads the way for thee!

TATJANA.—In battling with my passion's might,

ONEGIN.—Come, forsake this house! to solitudes, far from the world let us begone!

TATJANA.—That makes me glad to hear him pleading,
That like a fire within me dwells,
And with a wondrous pow'r compels.

ONEGIN.—Refuse me not, repel me not,
Thou lovest me, thou lov'st me,
And now to follow me must be thy lot!
Be mine, forever mine!

TATJANA.—A spirit distracted, defeated, of all things else unheeding.
(*Onegin endeavors to draw Tatjana to him; she tries to free herself, but her strength fails her.*)

TATJANA.—Eugen, have pity. Have pity!

ONEGIN.—Ah, Tatjana, list to me!

TATJANA.—O God, I am undone!

ONEGIN.—I love thee! I love thee!

TATJANA.—Ah, woe is me!

ONEGIN.—I love thee!

TATJANA.—Farewell forever!
(*Onegin stands a moment overcome with despair.*)

ONEGIN.—Thou are mine! Repulsed, dishonored! O, how hard a fate!
(*He rushes off.*)

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