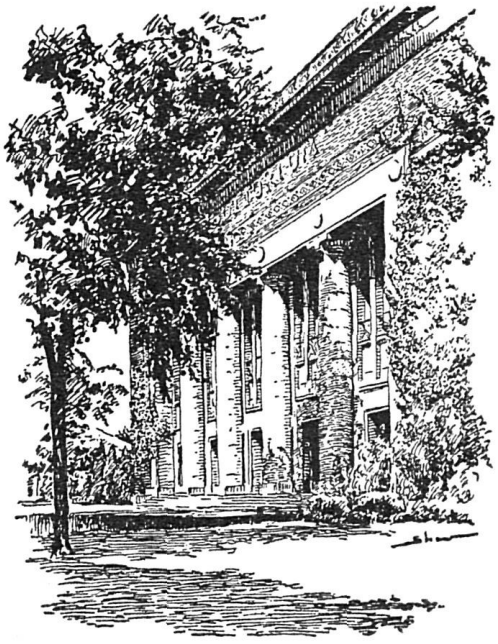
THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL

MAY FESTIVAL



NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-EIGHT

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Official Program of the Forty-fifth Annual

MAY FESTIVAL

May 11, 12, 13, and 14, 1938
Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan

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THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY is organized under an Act of the state of Michigan providing for the incorporation of "associations not for pecuniary profit." Its purpose is "to cultivate the public taste for music." All fees are placed at the lowest possible point compatible with sound business principles, the financial side serving but as a means to an educational and artistic end, a fact duly recognized by the Treasury Department of the United States by exempting from tax admissions to concerts given under its auspices.

THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

CONDUCTORS

EARL V. MOORE, *Musical Director*
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Orchestral Conductor*
JUVA HIGBEE, *Conductor of Young People's Festival Chorus*

SOLOISTS

Sopranos

MARJORIE LAWRENCE — AGNES DAVIS — HILDA BURKE

Contraltos

BRUNA CASTAGNA — MARIAN ANDERSON

Tenors

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI — NINO MARTINI — ARTHUR HACKETT

Baritones

RICHARD BONELLI — HARDIN VAN DEURSEN

Bass

CHASE BAROMEO

Pianist

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

Violinist

ALBERT SPALDING

Organist

PALMER CHRISTIAN

Pianist

MABEL ROSS RHEAD

ORGANIZATIONS

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

Notices and Acknowledgments

All concerts will begin on time (Eastern standard time).

Trumpet calls from the stage will be sounded three minutes before the resumption of the program after intermission.

Our patrons are invited to inspect the Stearns Collection of Musical Instruments in the foyer of the first balcony and the adjoining room.

To study the evolution of musical instruments, it is only necessary to view the cases in their numerical order and remember that in the wall cases the sequence runs from *right* to *left* and from *top* to *bottom*, while the standard cases should always be approached on the left-hand side. Descriptive lists are attached to each case.

The Musical Director of the Festival desires to express his great obligation to Miss Juva Higbee, Supervisor of Music in the Ann Arbor Public Schools, and to her able associates, for their valuable services in preparation of the Young People's Chorus; to the several members of the staff for their efficient assistance and to the teachers in the various schools from which the children have been drawn, for their coöperation.

The writer of the analyses hereby expresses his deep obligation to Mr. Lawrence Gilman, whose scholarly analyses, given in the Program Books of the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia Orchestras, are authoritative contributions to contemporary criticism. In some instances Mr. Gilman's analyses have been quoted in this Libretto.

The Steinway is the official concert piano of the University Musical Society.

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 11, AT 8:30

SOLOIST

MARIAN ANDERSON, *Contralto*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Fantasia in C major . . . . . HANDEL
(Orchestrated by Lucien Cailliet)

Vater Unser im Himmelreich . . . . . BACH–KODALY
(Arranged for strings by Arcady Dubensky)

Symphony in D major, No. 35 (Haffner) Köchel 385 . . . . MOZART
Allegro con spirito
Andante
Menuetto
Presto

Alleluia from the motet "Exsultate" . . . . . MOZART

Aria: "O don fatale" from "Don Carlos" . . . . . VERDI
MARIAN ANDERSON

INTERMISSION

Negro Spirituals
Deep River
Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child
My Soul is Anchored in the Lord
MISS ANDERSON

The Afternoon of a Faun . . . . . DEBUSSY

Interlude and Dance from "La Vida Breve" . . . . . DE FALLA

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 12, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS

AGNES DAVIS, *Soprano* — CHASE BAROMEO, *Bass*

ARTHUR HACKETT, *Tenor* — ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, *Pianist*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

EUGENE ORMANDY AND EARL V. MOORE, *Conductors*

MABEL RHEAD, *Pianist*

PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist*

PROGRAM

Entr'acte from "Kowantchina" . . . . . MOUSSORGSKY

The Bells . . . . . RACHMANINOFF

(From the poem by Edgar Allan Poe)

I. The Silver Bells—Allegro ma non tanto
ARTHUR HACKETT AND CHORUS

II. The Golden Bells—Lento
AGNES DAVIS AND CHORUS

III. The Brazen Bells—Presto
CHORUS

IV. The Iron Bells—Lento lugubre
CHASE BAROMEO AND CHORUS

INTERMISSION

Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor, Op. 23, for Piano and Orchestra . . . . . TCHAIKOVSKY

Andante non troppo e molto maestoso, Allegro con spirito;
Andante semplice—Allegro vivace assai;
Allegro con fuoco

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

Mr. Rubinstein uses the Steinway Piano.

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 13, AT 2:30

SOLOISTS

ALBERT SPALDING, *Violinist*

HARDIN VAN DEURSEN, *Baritone*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS — THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY AND JUVA HIGBEE, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

Overture to "The Bartered Bride" . . . . . SMETANA

Songs: It Was a Lover and His Lass . . . . . MORLEY

In These Delightful, Pleasant Groves . . . . . PURCELL

The Virgin's Slumber Song . . . . . REGER

The Snow Drop . . . . . GRETCHANINOFF

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" . . . . . DUKAS

Cantata, "Paul Bunyan" . . . . . JAMES

(First Performance)

HARDIN VAN DEURSEN

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

INTERMISSION

Concerto in D major, Op. 77, for Violin and Orchestra . . . BRAHMS

Allegro non troppo

Adagio

Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace

ALBERT SPALDING

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 13, AT 8:30

SOLOIST

NINO MARTINI, *Tenor*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Prelude and Fugue in B minor . . . . . BACH
(Orchestrated by Lucien Cailliet)

Arias: "Rudolph's Narrative" from "La Bohème" . . . . . PUCCINI
"Una furtiva lagrima" from "L'elisir d'amore" . . DONIZETTI
NINO MARTINI

Symphony No. 5 in E-flat . . . . . SIBELIUS
Tempo molto moderato—Allegro moderato ma un poco stretto—Presto—Piu presto
Andante mosso quasi allegretto
Allegro molto—Un pochettino largamente

INTERMISSION

Arias: "Je crois entendre encore" from "Les pêcheurs des perles" . BIZET
"E lucevan le stelle" from "Tosca" . . . . . PUCCINI
MR. MARTINI

Perpetual Motion . . . . . PAGANINI
(Orchestrated by Eugene Ormandy)

"Till Eulenspiegel" . . . . . STRAUSS

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 14, AT 2:30

SOLOIST

MARJORIE LAWRENCE, *Soprano*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Excerpts from "The Niebelungen Ring" . . . . . WAGNER

Das Rheingold

a) Alberich's Invocation of the Nibelungs

b) Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla

Die Walküre

a) Thou Art the Spring

b) Hoi yo to ho te (Brunnhilde's Battle Cry)

c) Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Scene

MARJORIE LAWRENCE

Siegfried

a) Forest Murmurs

b) Siegfried Ascends the Flaming Mountain Where Brunnhilde Sleeps; Finale

INTERMISSION

Götterdämmerung

a) Siegfried's Rhine Journey

b) Siegfried's Funeral March

c) Brunnhilde's Immolation and Closing Scene

MISS LAWRENCE

SIXTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 14, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS

HILDA BURKE, *Soprano*
AGNES DAVIS, *Soprano*
BRUNA CASTAGNA, *Contralto*
CHASE BAROMEO, *Bass*
GIOVANNI MARTINELLI, *Tenor*
ARTHUR HACKETT, *Tenor*
MAURICE GEROW, *Tenor*
RICHARD BONELLI, *Baritone*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EARL V. MOORE, *Conductor*

THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

PROGRAM

"Carmen" (in concert form) . . . . . BIZET

Cast

Carmen . . . . . BRUNA CASTAGNA

Micaela, Frasquita . . . . . HILDA BURKE

Mercedes . . . . . AGNES DAVIS

Don José . . . . . GIOVANNI MARTINELLI

Escamillo . . . . . RICHARD BONELLI

Morales . . . . . HARDIN VAN DEURSEN

Zuniga . . . . . CHASE BAROMEO

Dancairo . . . . . ARTHUR HACKETT

Ramendado . . . . . MAURICE GEROW

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

BY

GLENN D. McGEOCH

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 11

Fantasia in C major . . . . . HANDEL
*(Orchestrated by Lucien Cailliet)

Georg Friedrich Handel was born at Halle, February 23, 1685; died in London, April 14, 1759.

FROM the beginning of his career, Handel was the "People's Composer." No doubt this was due to the cosmopolitan training he received in Germany, Italy, and England, and to the fact that he chose as his medium opera, which in the eighteenth century was the most popular and spectacular form of musical entertainment. But there was also something inherent in his music that could account for the position he gained in the hearts of the public of his day; his expression was direct and simple, with no ostentatious display for its own sake. His music had little of the introspective quality that was characteristic of his greater but less popular contemporary Bach, and it was this nonsubjective quality that made his style irresistible in its appeal to the masses.

Vater Unser im Himmelreich . . . . . BACH–KODALY
(Arranged for strings by Arcady Dubensky)

Johann Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach, March 21, 1685; died at Leipzig, July 28, 1750.

The composer of this melody, which was first published in 1539 with Martin Luther's versification of the Lord's Prayer, has remained unidentified. Bach used the melody in three of his church cantatas, in the Choralgesange, in the St. John Passion, and in four organ movements.

The version heard on tonight's program is a transcription for the String Orchestra made by Arcady Dubensky† of a cello and piano arrangement by Zolton Kodály.‡

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* Lucien Cailliet was born in France in 1891 and was graduated from Dijon Conservatoire. He is a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra, in which he plays the clarinet and bass clarinet.

† Arcady Dubensky is a Russian violinist and a member of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of Philadelphia.

‡ Zolton Kodaly, a famous contemporary Hungarian composer, was born in 1882.

The first stanza of Luther's hymn (translated by George MacDonald) creates the mood established in the music. It reads as follows:

Our Father in heaven who art,
Who tellest all of us in heart
Brother to be, and on Thee call,
And wilt have prayer from us all,
Grant that the mouth not only pray,
From deepest heart, oh, help its way.

Symphony in D major, No. 35 ("Haffner") Köchel 385 . MOZART

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756; died at Vienna, December 5, 1791.

Mozart was perhaps the most natural musician who ever lived; his art the most spontaneous that ever came into existence; his style the most limpid, serene, lucid, and transparent in all music. Here is empyrean music which treads on air—witty without loss of dignity, free without abandon, controlled without constriction, joyful and light-hearted, yet not frivolous; here is the music of eternal youth. No composer ever showed more affluence or more precision, more unerring instinct for balance and clarity than he. His genial vitality, absolute musicianship, and sympathetic sentiment set him apart from all other composers.

In the early months of 1782, while working on the instrumental parts of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," and composing the Serenade in C major, Mozart was also attempting to gain the consent of his adamant father to his marriage with Constance Weber. As usual he was in dire need of money and was beset by worry over the sudden general confusion of his life. While in this troubled state of mind, he received a letter from his father telling him that "a well-to-do and excellent and patriotic man," Sigmund Haffner, who "deserved well of Salzburg by reason of his large bequests," desired some "more festal strains."*

"I have certainly enough to do," he answered his father (July 20, 1782) "for by Sunday a week my opera must be arranged for wind instruments or else some one will get the start of me, and reap the profits! And now I have to write a new work! I hardly see how it will be possible. . . . You shall certainly receive something every post-day, and I will work as rapidly as I can, and as well as I can, compatibly with such speed."

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* Mozart had previously written in 1776 the Haffner Serenade in D major (Köchel 250) and a March for the wedding of Haffner's daughter, Elizabeth.

The next week he wrote again, "You will make a wry face when you receive only the first *allegro;* but it could not be helped, for I was called on in such great haste. . . . On Wednesday, the 31st, I will send you the two *minuets,* the *andante,* and the last movements. If I can, I will send a *march* also." The *march* followed a week later.

As originally planned, the music was to take the form of a suite, including two *minuets,* an *andante,* a *march,* and a *finale.* Unable to complete the work as designed, he later revised it to the conventional symphonic form, by omitting the march and one minuet. He further enriched the orchestration by adding flutes and clarinets.

Six months after the score was completed Mozart had so forgotten the contents that when his father, at his son's request, sent the manuscript back to him in February, 1783, he wrote casually, "The new 'Haffner' Symphony has quite astonished me, for I did not remember a note of it. It must be very effective."

The first movement is all brilliance and gaiety, with a vigorous and buoyant principal theme announced in the full orchestra, and later ingeniously developed. The recapitulation section is contrapuntally treated, with trills and rushing scale passages, with emphatic chords sustaining the energetic mood to the end of the movement.

The first theme of the second movement is announced in the violin. It is a warm vibrant melody. Mounting into the upper regions, the theme takes on an airy grace and loveliness. After a repetition, a solemn but not gloomy interlude provides a deviation, after which the opening section returns with enough modification of the thematic line and form to gain interest.

The third movement is in the traditional minuet style, with a stately and dignified melody that possesses a soft, lustrous brilliance. There is a recapitulation of this section after an intimate and tender trio section.

The fourth movement is a glittering and exquisitely designed web of sound, elaborate and delicate in its ornamentation. The section is built upon two themes—the first, beginning softly in the strings, is repeated with slight alteration. The second subject, at first restrained, grows in vigor as it proceeds. In a letter to his father, Mozart designated that this movement must be played as fast as possible, but without loss of clarity or detail.

Alleluia from the motet "Exsultate" . . . . . Mozart

This paean of rejoicing was written by Mozart at Milan in January, 1773, when he was but seventeen years of age. It forms the concluding movement of a motet entitled "Exsultate Jubilate," and has for its text the single word "Alleluia."

Aria, "O don fatale," from "Don Carlos" . . . . . Verdi

Giuseppe Verdi was born at Roncole, October 9, 1813; died at Milan, January 17, 1901.

"Don Carlos," from which this aria is taken, was produced at Paris, March 11, 1867. In it Verdi gave evidence of the growth, both on the musical and dramatic side, which culminated in the works which, beginning with "Aïda" (1871), belong to his third period of creative activity. It was not received with enthusiasm; indeed, its success was but moderate. Whether this was due to a lack of perception on the part of the public or the absence of qualities compelling success we may not know, but the infrequency with which it is given would seem to indicate that it did not possess elements of popularity. This judgment, or more strictly speaking, opinion, need not be considered final, for the history of opera is full of instances in which the verdict of the public ran counter to the evidence.

The libretto of Don Carlos was based upon Schiller's famous drama by the same name and tells of the erratic and morbid son of Philip of Spain, who was engaged to Elizabeth of France but subsequently became his stepson. Don Carlos, still in love with Elizabeth, incurs the jealousy of an ardent admirer, Princess Eboli, who informs Philip of the situation. Carlos is placed under arrest and is condemned to death. Eboli repents and confesses her treachery to the queen, and is banished from Spain. Carlos is handed over to the Inquisition and is led to his death.

The Aria "O don fatale" is sung by the Princess Eboli as she pours out her grief at the prospect of Carlos's death, and confesses her crime to the queen.

"O fatal gift which Heaven in madness has granted to me. A curse on my beauty that made me vain and haughty! My dreadful crime works only desolation and all my peace of mind has fled. O queen I love so, my heart's blind madness has brought down thy crown. One day more is left. Praise to God on high, his life I'll save."

Negro Spirituals

Deep River
Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child
My Soul is Anchored in the Lord

MISS ANDERSON

The Afternoon of a Faun . . . . . DEBUSSY

Claude Debussy was born at Saint Germain on August 22, 1862; died at Paris, March 26, 1918.

France had no music of a real national character for over a century before the advent of Debussy. While the nationalization of music in France was not the work of Debussy alone, certainly no one approached the expression of so truly a French musical spirit with greater success than he. All that was characteristic of the true precursors of modern French music in the medieval minstrels, in the Renaissance masters, Goudimen, Costeley, Jannequin, and Le Jeune; in the clavicinists, Chambonnières and Rameau, returns with a supple and intellectual spirit in the expressive and delicately sensuous music of Debussy. There is, of course, between them and Debussy, the difference inherent in the evolution of the centuries, but all reveal that which is commonly termed the French genius, an exquisite refinement, the purest craftsmanship, impeccable taste, and above all a finesse and lucidity in execution.

Debussy's style is eminently individual and poetic. He became the leader in the movement toward impressionistic expression, not for its pictorial or representative effects, but as the embodiment of delicate and subtle inner experiences.

Upon returning to Paris from Rome, where he had held the "Prix de Rome" fellowship, Debussy came into close personal contact with the "Impressionists" in French art, and it was through him that Impressionism entered music by way of painting.

The term "Impressionism" passed from a general term to a specialized use about 1863, when a sunset by Monet was shown in Paris, at the Salon des Refuses, entitled "Impression." The name was then adopted for a whole group of painters, of which Monet, Manet, and Degas were the leaders.

Impressionism came to reject all traditions and devote itself to the sensuous side of art to the exclusion of the intellectual. It subordinated the subject for the most part to the interest of the execution, and it interpreted isolated momentary sensations, not thoughts or concrete things. Impressionism, in the words of Walter Pater, is "a vivid personal impression of a fugitive effect." Technically, it is the concentration on one quality, to the comparative neglect of all the rest; it deliberately constructs but a fragment, in order to convey more suggestively an idea of the whole; it emphatically and deliberately destroys outline in the interest of creating "atmosphere," thus giving a sense of vagueness and incompleteness. Painters, poets, and musicians were drawn alike to the same sources of inspiration, emanating from an interior life of reflection—things sensitive, suggestive, intuitional, unsubstantial, and remote—to mists, fogs, sound of distant bells, clouds, and gardens in the rain. Debussy used his art as a plastic medium for recording such fleeting impressions and fugitive glimpses. His style and technique, like that of Monet and Renoir, and early Pissarro, rendered a music that was intimate though evasive, a music with a twilight beauty and glamour, revealing a world of sense, flavor, and color. Debussy, working to the same end as the French Impressionists in art, through the ephemeral medium of sound, created an evasive world of vague feelings and subtle emotions, a world of momentary impressions—of enchanted islands, the romance of old brocades, the glimmer of moonlight, morning mists, shadowy pools, sunlight on waves, or the faint odor of dying flowers.

Realizing the unlimited power of suggestion possessed by music, and understanding its capability of giving a fleeting existence to immaterial abstract ideas, Debussy chose these delicate intangible subjects and flights of fancy which gain an added and prolonged eloquence in music. Thus he found inspiration for his art in the sensuous poetry of Paul Verlaine ("Les fêtes galantes" and "Ariettes oubliées"), and the mysterious verse of Baudelaire, in the haunting beauty of Maeterlinck ("Pelleas and Melisande"), in the richly woven tapestry and mystic passion of Gabriel Rossetti ("The Blessed Damozel"), and in the exotic symbolism of Stéphane Mallarmé ("The Afternoon of a Faun"). For the accomplishment of a highly subjective conception of music, Debussy did not hesitate to diverge from established notions of tonal construction, utilizing new scale series, tending toward plastic and even vague rhythmic patterns, and was in all of his work more interested in color and contrast than in contour or design.

Adverse to binding music down to exact reproduction of set programs, he has chosen rather to amplify and expand evanescent, shadowy thoughts, to distill their essence, and then to capture and protract them in sound. Form, as understood by the classical masters, did not ordinarily enter into Debussy's artistic calculations. "No fixed rule should guide the creative artist; rules are established by works of art, not for works of art. One should seek discipline in freedom, not in the precepts of a philosophy in its decline—that is good only for those who are weak. I write music only in order to serve music as best I can and without any other intention. . . . It is for love of music that I strive to rid it of a certain sterile tradition that enshrouds it. It is a free spontaneous art, an open art, an art to be measured with the elements—the winds, the sky, the sea. It must not be made confined and scholastic."* And so in the silvery, weblike tracery of his tonal material, in unresolved dissonances, the use of the whole tone and chromatic scales, in his recourse to old medieval modes, in the sensitive awareness of delicate color combinations, and in the intangible fabric of his aerial architecture, Debussy disclosed a new and superrefined beauty in music.

Stéphane Mallarmé's first truly significant work, which formulated his revolutionary ideas concerning style, was rejected; the *Parnasse Contemporain* in 1875 found his poem "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," cryptic, perplexing, and unintelligible. Mallarmé had struck an individual style in literature, and had attempted to formulate a poetic art which would embody with perfect harmony a medley of dissimilar emotions and ideas. Each of his verses conveyed at one and the same time a plastic image, an expression of a thought, the enunciation of a sentiment, and a philosophical symbol. All this was subordinated to the strictest rules of prosody so as to form a perfect whole, thus depicting the complete transfiguration of a state of mind. The poems appealed quite as much to the reader's intuition and sensibility as to his intelligence, and feeling was expressed as much by the mere sounds of the words as by the imagery or exactness of the description. The isolated word, rather than the sentence, conjured up thought.

"I make music," wrote Mallarmé in a letter to Mr. Gosse, "and do not call by this name that which is drawn from the euphonic putting together of words—this first requirement is taken for granted; but that which is beyond, on the other side, and produced magically by certain dispositions of speech and language, is then only a means of material communication with the reader, as are the keys of a pianoforte to a hearer."

Edmund Gosse wrote the following explanation and paraphrase of the original poem: "It appears in the *florilège* which he has just published, and I

* Statement made in an interview for the Paris paper, *Excelsior*, 1911.

have now read it again, as I have often read it before. To say that I understand it bit by bit, phrase by phrase, would be excessive. But, if I am asked whether this famous miracle of unintelligibility gives me pleasure, I answer, cordially, Yes. I even fancy that I obtain from it as definite and as solid an impression as M. Mallarmé desires to produce. This is what I read in it: A faun —a simple, sensuous, passionate being—wakens in the forest at daybreak and tries to recall his experience of the previous afternoon. Was he the fortunate recipient of an actual visit from nymphs, white and golden goddesses, divinely tender and indulgent? Or is the memory he seems to retain nothing but the shadow of a vision, no more substantial than the 'arid rain' of notes from his own flute? He cannot tell. Yet surely there was, surely there is, an animal whiteness among the brown reeds of the lake that shines out yonder. Were they, are they, swans? No! But Naiads plunging? Perhaps! Vaguer and vaguer grows the impression of this delicious experience. He would resign his woodland godship to retain it. A garden of lilies, golden-headed, white-stalked, behind the trellis of red roses? Ah! the effort is too great for his poor brain. Perhaps if he selects one lily from the garth of lilies, one benign and beneficent yielder of her cup to thirsty lips, the memory, the ever-receding memory, may be forced back. So when he has glutted upon a bunch of grapes, he is wont to toss the empty skins in the air and blow them out in a visionary greediness. But now, the delicious hour grows vaguer; experience or dream, he will never know which it was. The sun is warm, the grasses yielding; and he curls himself up again, after worshipping the efficacious star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstasy into the more hopeful boskages of sleep.

"This, then, is what I read in the so excessively obscure and unintelligible 'L'Après-Midi d'un Faune'; and, accompanied as it is with a perfect suavity of language and melody of rhythm, I know not what more a poem of eight pages could be expected to give. It supplies a simple and direct impression of physical beauty, of harmony, of color; it is exceedingly mellifluous, when once the ear understands that the poet, instead of being the slave of the Alexandrine, weaves his variations round it, like a musical composer."

To Edmund Gosse, Mallarmé's poem, "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," was then not exactly a "famous miracle of unintelligibility." To Debussy, certainly, it was not. Gosse's lucid and unperplexing paraphrase of the original poem may have rid it of that indisposing epithet "cryptic," but it was Debussy's exquisite orchestra sounds that seem to have given Mallarmé's "Faun" its greater elusive beauty, its perennial freshness, and its immortal life.

The strangeness which this music incredibly possessed when Debussy wrote it in 1892, and when it was first performed at a concert of the Société Nationale

in Paris, has evaporated in the winds of time; but the elusive turn of its melodies, the ravishing and limpid beauty of its haunting harmonies, the color and brilliance of its fantastic weaving of iridescent chords with delicately tinted sonorous aggregations, now charm us with the full awareness of the new and unique kind of musical beauty Debussy alone has brought to us.

Louise Liebich* interprets the Faun, in this poem, as a symbol of the artist; the dream nymphs, inspiration. The creative impulse, the artist's response to ideal inspired thought, is represented as blighted and blurred by analysis in the garish waking light of midday reality; and the artist's realization of beauty is understood to be correspondent with his own interior vision of truth. But these are personal predilections, and the poem is wide and elastic enough to be modified, amplified, and controverted as one desires. And, after all, it is Debussy's marvelous music which concerns us here, and the ultimate value of the work as a musical masterpiece lies in its amazing myriad of orchestral colors, in its picturesque chromaticism, in its fluent, unbounded melody, and expressively free, unhampered rhythms, all working together to create a mirage-like work of strange and exotic beauty: a work, in the words of Leopold Stokowski, which "stands as the most significant composition of the latter 19th century."

Interlude and Dance from "La Vida Breve" . . . . DE FALLA

Manuel de Falla was born at
Cadiz, November 23, 1877.

Manuel de Falla is perhaps the most distinguished of contemporary Spanish composers. He studied composition with Pedrell (teacher of Granados) and piano with Tregell, the creator of the modern Spanish School. After winning the prize offered by the Madrid Academy of Fine Arts for his two-act opera, "La Vida Breve," he went to Paris, as so many of the younger men of Italy, Russia, and Spain had done before him. He settled in Paris and there made the friendship of Debussy, Dukas, and Ravel. With the outbreak of the war, however, he returned to Madrid, refusing the suggestion that he should adopt French nationality as a means to success.

The art of de Falla is extremely unique and individual, and can be distinguished from that of his countrymen, Granados and Albeniz, by its concision, rapid logic, and prevailing sense of form. It is full of the warmth and imagination of the typical Spaniard, but it combines with this an almost rigid formal perfection and lucidity of structural detail that is often lacking in the more or less improvisatory style of his countrymen. His art is cultivated and

* *Claude Achille Debussy*, London, 1907.

skillfully graphic, and his orchestral works reveal that he, like Ravel, thinks of music in terms of a finish of instrumental texture, and he is fastidious and painstaking in the extreme in his attempt to achieve it.

De Falla should not be judged entirely from this little ballet, which places him under the severe discipline of folk music. He can, when he wishes, attain an aesthetic ideal of exquisite artistry as in his *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, of which M. Jean Aubry affirmed that it "endowed Spanish music with its first great symphonic work, at once new and yet national." Deriving his inspiration from Spanish history and scenes, and strongly influenced by the dance and the music of guitars, de Falla could, when he desired, reach out beyond these local stimuli into the less restricted sphere of a more universal musical appeal. He is therefore the most European of all Spanish musicians, and the most Spanish of all Europeans.

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 12

Entr'acte from "Kowantchina" . . . . . MOUSSORGSKY

Modeste Petrovich Moussorgsky was born at Karevo, March 28, 1839; died at Saint Petersburg, March 28, 1881.

For Moussorgsky, art was so valuable a means of human intercourse that to treat it merely as a vehicle for the glorification of the beautiful world would fall little short of prostitution, or at least a perversion of its power to effect human improvement. For him art was an expression of humanity, and like humanity it is in a constant state of evolution. Art as such can therefore have no arbitrary, formulistic boundaries. As the expression of humanity is an office which ought to be carried out with a full sense of responsibility attached to those entrusted with it, the artist is called upon to be sincere in any work he undertakes. For Moussorgsky, "art for art's sake" becomes "art for life's sake."

Hard things have been said of him as an artist. He has been accused of crude realism, of a lack of any sense of real beauty, of creating clumsily, laboriously, and imperfectly. It is true that he was a thoroughgoing realist in music, but for him realism was not only an essential and indispensable quality in art, but it also rendered to art an instrument through which the masses could be brought to a realization of their social and moral duties. This attitude, contrary to the common conception of art, as appealing primarily to the cultivated, is comparable to that of Tolstoy.

The music of Moussorgsky brings varying and confused impressions to the mind. Considering his work as a whole, everything is imperfect, incomplete, and careless. It is marked by a rugged crudeness and by unprecedented and quite intuitive audacities with their constant adaptation to the special needs of his own creative temperament. And yet, we must acknowledge a genius of colossal inspiration and awful power. To his more conservative contemporaries, Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein, Moussorgsky was a musical nihilist, and his music filled them with misgivings. In a letter written by Tchaikovsky to Mme. Meck, November 27, 1878, we meet with an interesting characterization of Moussorgsky.

As far as talent goes, he is perhaps the most important of all, only his is a nature in which there is no desire for self-improvement—a nature too absorbed with the absurd theories around him. Moreover, his is a rather low nature, that loves the uncouth, coarse

and ugly. He prides himself on his ignorance, and writes down what comes to his head, believing blindly in the infallibility of his genius.

The reference to the "absurd theories of those about him" refers to the group of young Russian contemporary composers who banded themselves together in opposition to Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein, who, they thought, were more Teutonic than Russian. Other members of this chauvinistic coterie were César Cui, Borodin, Balakirev, and Rimsky-Korsakov (teacher of the modern Stravinsky). This group known as "The Five" were the young radicals in their day, looking with scorn upon the whole musical world. None looked with more contempt than Moussorgsky, who was "always ready to sacrifice poetry and musical charm to realism, and never recoiled from shocking rudeness."

His obvious incorrectness at times, his ultracrude realism, and his insistence upon preserving his originality at the cost of discipline do not destroy in any way his position as perhaps the most gifted of the neo-Russian School, overflowing with vitality, and reckless in his daring. His powerfully spontaneous and startlingly free and unfettered music submerges all weaknesses of detail. Claude Debussy has exactly defined his music in these terms: "It resembles the art of the enquiring primitive man, who discovers music step by step, guided only by his feelings." He is in truth the Dostoevsky of music, and his music is a poetic evocation to nationalism.

"Kowantchina" was Moussorgsky's last opera; he died before he had finished it. The score was completed by Rimsky-Korsakoff and was published in 1882.

Moussorgsky, who wrote his own libretto for "Kowantchina," went directly to Russian history for his subject matter. Here he found in the turbulent period at the end of the seventeenth century, torn by religious and political conflicts, a wealth of dramatic suggestion.

Lawrence Gilman's condensation of the story follows:

Moussorgsky's libretto concerns the fortunes of the saintly young Lutheran, Emma, who is amorously pursued by the dissolute Prince Andrew Khovantsky; the mystical and passionate Martha, betrayed by Prince Andrew; Dositheus ("Docithé," in the French text), leader of the Raskolniky or "Old Believers"; Prince Ivan Khovantsky, the fanatical and half-barbarous conservative, chief of the ferocious Archers-of-the-Guard (the "Streltsky"), and Prince Galitsin, the semiliberalized aristocrat to whom a new Russia is not inconceivable. Galitsin is visited by the clairvoyant Martha, who reads his future in a silver bowl filled with water, and predicts his downfall and banishment. Nor is Prince Khovantsky without his troubles: for while he is in retirement at his country-place, diverted by feasting, songs, and Persian dancers, he is assassinated on his own threshold.

SECOND CONCERT

This event occurs at the close of the first scene of Act IV. The second scene of the act passes in a public square in Moscow, in front of the Church of Vassily Blajeny. Galitsin, fulfilling the prophecy of Martha, is seen on his way to exile, escorted by a troop of cavalry. Dositheus joins the watching throng in the square, and learns that the Old Believers have been sentenced to death by Peter; but he determines that this death shall be self-inflicted. Young Prince Andrew Khovantsky, unaware of his father's fate, enters, seeking his Lutheran Emma; he hears from Martha that Emma has married, and, in a rage, summons the Streltsky to seize her—this clairvoyant who tells him unpleasant truths. His bugle-blast brings his soldiers upon the scene—but they are under guard, and on the way to their own execution; which at the last moment is prevented by the clemency of Peter. The Old Believers, however, prefer death to apostasy, and, exalted by Dositheus, immolate themselves on a pyre in the midst of a wood, singing an exultant canticle from the heart of the flames, while Prince Andrew mounts upon the pyre beside them. The Old Russia was passing—or so it seemed, at least, in 1682.

The entr'acte performed at this concert comprises the fifty-one measures played by the orchestra at the beginning of the second scene of the fourth act, as the banished Galitsin, guarded by a troop of cavalry, crosses the public square on his way to exile, with the bells of the Church of Vassily Blajeny tolling mournfully as if in lamentation. In the opera, the passing of the cortege across the square is accompanied by the comments of the chorus.

The passage opens (*sostenuto assai*, E-flat minor, 4/4) with a dirgelike figure in the double-basses, violoncellos, and bassoons, under chords of the horns, trumpets, and woodwind. Then the violins and solo trumpet play the dolorous melody sung by the clairvoyant Martha in the scene of her "Divination by Water" in the second act, in which she foretold to Galitsin his downfall ("in shame and disgrace I behold thee, in exile alone in a distant land"). Not only the somber and fateful theme sung by the orchestra, but the *ostinato* accompaniment figure, are derived from Martha's prophetic song in the earlier act. As Kurt Schindler remarked of the "Divination par l'eau," "the vast loneliness, the desperate banishment, of Siberia looms up from the throbbing of the downcast and muttered final phrases."

The Bells . . . . . RACHMANINOFF

(From the poem by Edgar Allan Poe.)

For soprano, tenor and baritone soli, mixed chorus and orchestra

Sergei Rachmaninoff was born
in Novgorod, April 2, 1873.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, the last of the great musical romanticists, carrying to an epic climax the soul life of his country and his epoch, with its rich despair

of man's struggle against a relentless destiny, created in this music a dramatic parallel to the fantastic, unseen threatening horror that surges through the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe. The mutual affinity between Rachmaninoff's music and Poe's poetry is obvious, and natural. "There is neither rest nor respite save the quiet of the tomb," sounds the morbidity, the fatalism, and the bitterness that is so superbly voiced in "The Bells" and which also courses through his "Second Symphony," the "First Piano Sonata," and "The Isle of the Dead." But it is no negative or weakly submissive fatalism, no purely morbid pessimism, no excessive luxury of woe that impregnates these pages as it does those of his countryman, Tchaikovsky. Desperate in its seriousness and rich in its stern melancholy, this music stalks boldly on, deepening the spiritual gloom by embodying in sound these abstract qualities which the words particularize.

Rachmaninoff, as a composer, found himself on extremely dangerous ground when he attempted to write a musical setting for "The Bells" for he was dealing with a poem which even in translation* possessed a unique music; a poem whose effect was dependent upon the alliteration of words whose sounds themselves suggest the sense. The intrinsic beauty of the poetry as poetry made it particularly independent of music from the start, and the poem had evocative power that could have easily wooed a lesser musician into the obvious imitation of the pictorial suggestiveness of the words. Rachmaninoff's instinctive artistry, and his impeccable taste as a musician, saved him from the pitfalls that have proved so fatal to composers with less musical integrity. Avoiding the danger of submitting the art of music to the indignity of serving these pictorial suggestions with the result of ending in puerile imitation, he seldom makes any attempt at realism but rather, by means of an almost endless variety of combinations of orchestral instruments and voices in new and varied rhythmic and harmonic effects, has suggested, not the words of the poem, but Poe's poetic idea. By so doing he kept the art of music in its shadowy sphere of the abstract. It is music inspired by, but not dependent upon, the text. It is interesting that Poe himself recognized this autonomous nature of music when in a letter to an anonymous gentleman he wrote, "Music, when combined with a

* Rachmaninoff used a Russian translation of Poe's poem, made by Konstantine Balmont, concerning which the composer has said, "As to Mr. Balmont's translation of Poe's beautiful poem, it is a very fine translation but owing to the difficulties of translation from English to Russian, Mr. Balmont was forced to make a more or less free version of it, and I am afraid that some of the beauty of the original had to be sacrificed. This is, I am sorry to say, also the case in the German translation, which was taken from the Russian." The same might be said of the English text which appears in the score and which the singers are forced to use; it is ably done by Fanny S. Copeland, when we consider the limitations imposed both by the music and by the use of a poetic meter slightly different from the original with which we are familiar.

pleasurable idea is poetry; music without this idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness." The greatest writing here is, after all, not when the poet directs, but when the composer, freed from the finite meaning of words, gives fervent and eloquent musical expression in the pure orchestral interludes, where the music is, as Poe states, "simply music."

The form of the poem quite naturally presented structural problems of a peculiar difficulty in the music. Sleigh bells, marriage bells, fire bells, and funeral bells, that is to say, the order in which the composer had to treat the four aspects of his theme, required not only a careful variety of that thematic material but the symphonic pattern in which he chose to cast the work demanded stylistically contrasting movements, as well as a musical concept which would give unity to the whole work.

From a purely structural point of view, the work is magnificent. Each movement has a wealth and richness of detail that in the hands of a lesser genius would obscure or obliterate completely the design of the whole, of which it should be an inconspicuous, but nonetheless essential part. Each movement opens with an orchestral interlude serving the two-fold purpose of creating an atmosphere suitable to the text and introducing the musical substance from which the movement grows. Both these functions Rachmaninoff fulfills with brilliant resource, and each movement is developed in imposing sweeps and broad majestic curves of sound, with a breadth of contour and directness of expression that is almost elemental, a contour in which crudities of effect at times are softened and swept away and lost in the structure of the extremely complex and detailed mass.

Part I. Silver Bells (Sleigh Bells)

Other parts of the Symphony are often more deliberately dramatic than anything in the first section, but there is nothing which surpasses it for sensitivity of effect or justice to the poet's intention. The prelude, an invocation to sleigh bells, is with the text known, cleverly imitative, but without loss of intrinsic musical values, and is full of instrumental subtlety.

Listen, hear the silver bells!
Silver bells!
Hear the sledges with the bells,
How they charm our weary senses with a sweetness that compels,
In the ringing and the singing that of deep oblivion tells.
Hear them calling, calling, calling,
Rippling sounds of laughter, falling
On the icy midnight air;
And a promise they declare,
That beyond Illusion's cumber,
Births and lives beyond all number,
Waits an universal slumber—deep and sweet past all compare.
Hear the sledges with the bells,

Hear the silver-throated bells;
See, the stars bow down to hearken,
what their melody foretells,
With a passion that compels,
And their dreaming is a gleaming that
a perfumed air exhales,
And their thoughts are but a shining,
And a luminous divining
Of the singing and the ringing, that a
dreamless peace foretells.

Part II. Golden Bells (Marriage Bells)

The mood of the second movement, a choral and instrumental epithalamium, is passionate and rapturous. The simplicity of the principal material, heard first in the first violins at the opening of the instrumental prelude and again with the words "Hear the mellow wedding bells" sung by the chorus, does at first seem to threaten too ingenious a flavor. This, however, is dispelled by the subsequent writing for the soprano solo, particularly at the joyous climax of the movement, and by the relatively unimportant part played by the chorus in this gracious and tranquil meditation. The rarest beauty of this movement is found in the pure orchestral interludes with their glowing and rich harmonies, and resplendent instrumentation.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of tender passion their
melodious voice foretells!
Through the night their sound entrances,
Like a lover's yearning glances,
That arise
On a wave of tuneful rapture to the
moon within the skies.
From the sounding bells upwinging
Flash the tones of joyous singing
Rising, falling, brightly calling; from a
thousand happy throats
Roll the glowing, golden notes,
And an amber twilight gloats
While the tender vow is whispered that
great happiness foretells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the
bells, the golden bells!

Part III. Brazen Bells (The Loud Alarm Bells)

There is no inartistic cleavage between the second and third movements. Variety is brilliantly achieved without disloyalty to the theme, and with respect for the demands of symphonic treatment. In some ways this vivid movement, with its weird whistling of tremolo violins, its stalking dissonances, its crashing cacophony, is the most remarkable piece of invention in the whole symphony. Imagination blazes fiercely in this thrilling and terrifying picture proclaimed by the fire-bells. The dramatic tension and the pace are incredible. The first entry of the chorus, after a harrowing crescendo of tom-toms, trombone, tuba and piccolo, strikes the ear like a thunderclap. Staccato notes alternating with stresses, telling accentuation of syllables, sudden lulls of sound and motion, followed by crash dissonances, create a moving and dramatic section.

Hear them, hear the brazen bells,
Hear the loud alarum bells!
In their sobbing, in their throbbing what a tale of horror dwells!
How beseeching sounds their cry
'Neath the naked midnight sky,
Through the darkness wildly pleading
In affright,
Now approaching, now receding
Rings their message through the night.
And so fierce is their dismay
And the terror they portray,
That the brazen domes are riven, and their tongues can only speak
In a tuneless, jangling wrangling as they shriek, and shriek, and shriek,
Till their frantic supplication
To the ruthless conflagration
Grows discordant, faint and weak.
But the fire sweeps on unheeding,
And in vain is all their pleading
With the flames!
From each window, roof and spire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
Every lambent tongue proclaims:
I shall soon,
Leaping higher, still aspire, till I reach the crescent moon;
Else I die of my desire in aspiring to the moon!
O despair, despair, despair,
That so feebly ye compare
With the blazing, raging horror, and the panic, and the glare,
That ye cannot turn the flames,
As your unavailing clang and clamour mournfully proclaims.
And in hopeless resignation
Man must yield his habitation
To the warring desolation!
Yet we know
By the booming and the clanging,
By the roaring and the twanging,
How the danger falls and rises like the tides that ebb and flow.
And the progress of the danger every ear distinctly tells
By the sinking and the swelling in the clamour of the bells.

Part IV. The Iron Bells (The Funeral Bells)

Gloom hangs over these pages like a dense cloud. Rachmaninoff, always at his best when handling themes of doom and death, has transmitted the utter despair and desolation of the text into a musical utterance of great power.

Outstanding moments of the movement include the fiercely exultant *allegro*, which is as compact structurally, as closely knit and compelling as anything in the symphony; the short but intensely moving *andante* for orchestra alone, which proceeds the return of the original tempo; the beautiful passage accompanying Balmont's words, "While those iron bells, unfeeling through the void repeat the doom," with its wonderful bell-like imitation produced by the wordless chorus, and the orchestral epilogue whose blend of poignancy and power brings the symphony to a deeply impressive close. In spite of the necessity for a slow-moving and lugubrious finale, the artistic balance of the work carries conviction.

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Mournful bells!
Bitter end to fruitless dreaming their stern monody foretells!
What a world of desolation in their iron utterance dwells!
And we tremble at our doom,
As we think upon the tomb,
Glad endeavor quenched for ever in the silence and the gloom.
With persistent iteration
They repeat their lamentation,
Till each muffled monotone
Seems a groan,
Heavy, moaning,
Their intoning,
Waxing sorrowful and deep,
Bears the message, that a brother passed away to endless sleep.

Those relentless voices rolling
Seem to take a joy in tolling
For the sinner and the just
That their eyes be sealed in slumber, and their hearts be turned to dust
Where they lie beneath a stone.
But the spirit of the belfry is a sombre fiend that dwells
In the shadow of the bells,
And he biggers, and he yells,
As he knells, and knells, and knells,
Madly round the belfry reeling,
While the giant bells are pealing,
While the bells are fiercely thrilling,
Moaning forth the word of doom,
While those iron bells, unfeeling,
Through the void repeat the doom:
There is neither rest nor respite, save the quiet of the tomb!

Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor, Op. 23, for Piano and Orchestra . . . . . TCHAIKOVSKY

Andante non troppo e molto maestoso, Allegro con Spirito;
Andante Semplice—Allegro vivace assai; Allegro con fuoco

Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky was born at Wotkinsk, May 7, 1840; died at Saint Petersburg, November 6, 1893.

When Thordwalsen had finished his bust of Byron in Rome, Byron cried, "No, that is nothing like me, I am far unhappier than that." Here is the eponymous hero of an age. "His being," said Goethe, "consists in rich despair," and, in truth, fame, love, wealth, and beauty turned him into a despiser of the world. He was the true inventor of "Weltschmerz," the sorrow that suffers from the world, and is therefore incurable, for only by the complete abolition of the world can it be destroyed. The vulnerable spot of this hero lay not in his heel, really, but in his soul. Like Faust, he pined in enjoyment and, like Hamlet, in "to be" he constantly sensed "not to be." The soul life of the whole epoch bore the stamp of this man for whom "sorrow was knowledge." Just as a famous picture distributes itself among mankind in thousands of reproductions cheap and expen-

sive, coarse and fine, exact and careless, so Europe was populated with innumerable copies of Byron which, with more or less success, more or less exactly, or more or less superficially tried to reproduce the essence of this extraordinary creature.

The age was literally infected with Byronism. Already Chateaubriand, who gave such fluent and beautiful expression to the emotional ideas originated by Rousseau, has his René say, "Everything wearies me, painfully I drag my boredom about with me, and so my whole life is a yawn." Goethe's Werther, too, had this romantic desire to feel and suffer uniquely. Byron's Manfred reflected an increasing egoism in the expression of melancholy. Manfred, like Werther and René, suffered from an unhappiness caused by hidden, indefinable longings. They felt "*le desenchantement de la vie*," and they suffered from a universal and self-cultivated melancholy. In the novels of the time, the heroes were all victims of a mixture of egoism and sensibility. Their philosophy was the Leopardian "sorrow and ennui is our being, and dung the earth — nothing more. Wherever one looks, no meaning, no fruit." In Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* and Lermantov's *Hero of Our Time*, the heroes play the part of disillusioned young men, who, tired of life, wrap themselves in the mantle of Byronism. The whole world was in the grip of "*la maladie du siècle*." It was, as Immerman said, "as though humanity tossed about in its little bark by an overwhelming ocean, is suffering from a moral seasickness of which the outcome is hardly to be seen."

The sources for this world sickness can be found in a measure in the effects the Industrial Revolution had upon the lives of men. As a result of this tremendous reorganizing force with its consequent power and wealth, a new attitude toward life was created. The growth of a rationalistic materialism destroyed suddenly the comforting old beliefs in the Bible. It gave rise to a period of doubt and disillusionment; it seemed as though the old culture were to disappear completely. Strong spirits like Carlyle, John Stewart Mill, and Ruskin fought valiantly for the "revenge of instinct." Less fortified minds, however, fell before the onslaught of industrialism and its materialism—slunk into mental and spiritual apathy, and decayed. With decay came disease and with disease contagion crept into the souls of men. From this overfertilized emotional soil grew a decadent school of art. Chopin's supersensitive soul cried out its longing in his languorous nocturnes, Berlioz in his "Fantastique Symphony" pictured the narcotic dreams of a young artist who because of an unrequited love had attempted suicide by opium. Wagner, expressing one side of the Industrial Revolution in the imperious force and merciless drive of his music, nevertheless allowed his

desire-sick soul to long for death as the only release from the world. The Renunciation motive is at the basis of his great dramas. Senta renounces life for the salvation of the Dutchman, Elizabeth dies for Tannhäuser, Brünnhilde throws herself upon the funeral pyre of Siegfried to redeem the race, and Tristan and Isolde live only for the night and long for death to unite them forever. Heine characterized this feeling in Germany. "People," he said, "practiced renunciation and modesty, bowed before the invisible, snatched at shadow kisses and blue-flowered scents."

Tchaikovsky, like Byron, was a child of his age. It is truly said of Byron that he had but one subject — himself, and that saying is equally true of Tchaikovsky. If his personality is less puissant and terrible than that of Byron, his artistic instincts are reflected none the less forcibly in his self-cultivated and exhibitionistic art. His persistent penchant for melancholy expression, his feverish sensibility, his revulsions of artistic feeling, and his superficial emotions which sink him into morbid pessimism, deadening depression, and neurotic fears on the one hand, or raise him to wild hysteria on the other—picture him in the framework of his age.

Though Tchaikovsky displays little inspiration or ingenuity in what he wrote for piano solo, his handling of the capacities of the instrument rises to a much higher level when he treats it in combination with other instruments. Of the three concertos, the popular verdict has been unqualifiedly in favor of the first, in B-flat minor. For a composer who had no special pianoforte technique, either in performance or in composition, the "duel between piano and orchestra" is a distinct achievement.

At the age of nineteen, Tchaikovsky graduated from the School of Jurisprudence in Saint Petersburg and entered the Ministry of Justice as a first-class clerk. His parents entertained no thoughts of his possessing unusual musical talent, much less any ideas of his pursuing an artistic career. He had had a few piano lessons and his creative faculty had developed as far as improvising valses and polkas. But the emptiness of his daily life was being borne in upon him, and music was beckoning, timidly at first perhaps, but with increasing intensity. He began the serious study of theory and composition, and, becoming more and more absorbed, finally made the great decision; he resigned his position in the Ministry of Justice and, for the sake of his art, entered upon the uncertain struggle for existence and recognition.

It was while living and teaching in Moscow that the first concerto for pianoforte was conceived and completed. "I am now completely absorbed," he writes to his brother Anatol, December 13, 1874, "in the composition of a pianoforte concerto. I am very anxious that Rubinstein," [he refers to Nich-

olas, not Anton] "should play it at his concert. The work progresses very slowly, and does not turn out well. However, I stick to my intentions, and hammer pianoforte passages out of my brain; the result is nervous irritability." On Christmas Eve the composer played the work for Rubinstein at the Conservatory; after listening in silence until the end, Nicholas gave vent to his feelings in a torrent of abuse. To him the concerto was "vulgar, trivial, altogether bad, awkward to play, ineffective and utterly worthless." Rubinstein offered to perform the work if certain changes were made, but Tchaikovsky was deeply wounded and adamant. "I shall not change a single note," he answered, "and the concerto shall be published as it now is." And it was. The name of Hans von Bülow, who was about to depart for his first concert tour of America, was substituted in the dedication for that of Rubinstein, and the work received its initial performance by von Bülow in Boston on October 25, 1875.

To complete the record it should be added that the second edition (1889) shows numerous alterations in the piano part, which were due to suggestions the composer received from the English pianist, Edward Dannreuther, who, in the first performance of the work in England had made certain modifications of the awkward passages, which resulted in greater facility of execution. In reply to Dannreuther's letter, Tchaikovsky expressed his appreciation of his friend's interest: "You may be sure that I shall follow your suggestions as soon as there arises a question of a second edition of the concerto."

After three statements by the horns of a one-measure figure—B-flat minor, 3/4 time, *Andante non troppo e molto maestoso*—accompaniment by full chords in the orchestra, the solo instrument enters in the fourth measure with a series of chords, while the violins and 'celli develop from the original figure a melody which, after several measures, is taken up by the piano and expanded into a broad and impassioned movement in which the soloist has ample opportunity to show his power. This division ends quietly in a beautiful phrase for the piano, coming to a close in the dominant of F minor. The chord of F major is sustained *pianissimo* by the orchestra for six measures, followed by a pause—a beautiful touch—after which the solo instrument gives out—*piano*—the principal subject of the first movement proper 3/4 time, *Allegro con spirito.* This subject, based on an agitated figure in triplets, is developed at considerable length and with great ingenuity in the contrast of the solo instrument and orchestra, until, after a stormy passage interrupted toward the end by two statements of the figure on which the second subject is based, this most beautiful theme appears. It is first stated by the orchestra, then by the piano, then broadening out it is given such fullness of exposition and appears in so many transformations that it would seem as though the composer had a special fondness for it. We cannot wonder at this for it is one of the most charming melodies in the work. The involved and scholarly forms the themes

take on as the movement proceeds cannot be fully pointed out in this analysis, but nowhere has Tchaikovsky shown himself more the master than in this division of the work. After the second appearance of the second subject (in B flat) a difficult cadenza—*Quasi adagio*—and ending *pianissimo*, finally merges into a statement of this theme with an accompaniment of the solo instrument that gradually asserts itself until in a *fortissimo* rushing octave passage the movement comes to an end.

The next movement—D-flat major, 6/8 time, *Andante semplice*—is idyllic in its grace and simplicity. To be sure, it contains an agitated movement—*Allegro vivace assai*—but this only heightens the effect of the lovely melody when it again appears in its final form.

The spirit of the Cossack animates the last movement—B-flat minor, 3/4 time, *Allegro con fuoco*. There is a suggestion of the wind dancing furiously over the Steppes in the first subject, heightened by a weird two-measure figure introduced as the first subject develops, but evidently only episodical in nature, for it is not developed at all nor hardly dwelt upon as one would desire. There are broad *cantilene* passages in the second subject, but these and a charming *pianissimo* figure heard in the middle of the movement cannot sustain themselves against the force of their environment, and they finally rush into the stormy final measures which follow after a noble theme in B flat that in itself is a stroke of genius.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 13

Overture to "The Bartered Bride" . . . . . SMETANA

Friedrich Smetana was born in Leitomischl, Bohemia, March 2, 1824; died in Prague, May 12, 1884.

Smetana's position in his own country is unique among musicians. Neither Chopin nor Grieg have quite the same powerful national significance. His works are permeated with the spirit of national life in its widest sense. By his determined optimism and farsightedness, he made his art a wonderful stimulus to a rebirth of national feeling. Through his music, Smetana made himself a national hero. He revealed through it a stimulating optimism and made his people aware of their great spirit. Art can never live merely by pessimism, skepticism, and sadness. For that reason mankind has always considered its special benefaction to be artists who have been able to infuse human souls with gladness, and life with joy. In this respect the nineteenth century never saw a greater genius than Smetana. Since Mozart's time there has not been a composer who, with such refined art, and such alluring freshness, could delight the world with such warm, frank, and genial art as Smetana. His life, unfortunately, gave to him few of the gifts he bestowed upon his countrymen and upon all humanity. Rivaling Mozart as a child prodigy, his early youth gave promise of a brilliant and happy future. But in later years his life was full of tragic experiences. At the age of fifty, he, like Beethoven, became totally deaf. He bore this blow with patient courage, but his health began to fail. Depression settled deeply in his soul, and soon he disclosed symptoms of mental collapse. Attacked now by hideous delusions, his memory gave way, and he died in an asylum for the insane at Prague, in utter eclipse of mind. And on the shores of the mighty Moldau, which he immortalized in his music,* he lies buried.

The gay and sparkling music of "The Bartered Bride," however, reflects nothing of the deep tragedy that coursed through Smetana's life. The opera was a defiant challenge to those critics who accused Smetana of "Wagnerianism." "I did not compose it from any ambitious motive," he said in 1882, at the 100th performance of the opera in Prague, "but rather as a scornful challenge; and

* "The Moldau," a symphonic poem (written between 1874 and 1879) belongs to a cycle of symphonic works, under the general title of "Ma Vlast" ("My Country"), which, founded on national subjects, have served to carry his fame farther afield than any other examples of his art.

after my first opera, I was charged with being a Wagnerite—one who could accomplish nothing in a light popular style."

The melodic charm, the vivacious and sprightly tempo, and the infectious rhythm of this delightful music have made it in recent years one of the most popular overtures on current programs.

Songs by the Young People's Festival Chorus

It Was a Lover and His Lass . . . . . MORLEY*
In These Delightful, Pleasant Groves . . . . . PURCELL†
The Virgin's Slumber Song . . . . . REGER*
The Snowdrop . . . . . GRETCHANINOFF†

It Was a Lover and His Lass . . . . . MORLEY

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey—no, ni-no,
and a hey no-ni-no, ni-no,
that o'er the green corn-fields did pass,

CHORUS

In spring time, in spring time, in spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding,
hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey no-ni-no,
and a hey no-ni-no, ni-no,
How that life was but a flow'r. (chorus)

Then, pretty lovers, take the time,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey no-ni-no,
and a hey no-ni-no, ni-no,
For love is crowned with the prime. (chorus)

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* Accompaniment arranged by Henry Bruinsma, a student in the class in orchestration in the School of Music.

† Accompaniment arranged by Donn Chown, a student in the class in orchestration in the School of Music.

THIRD CONCERT

In These Delightful, Pleasant Groves . . . . . PURCELL

In these delightful, pleasant groves, in these delightful, pleasant groves,
Let us celebrate, let us celebrate, let us celebrate our happy, happy loves,
In these delightful, pleasant groves, in these delightful, pleasant groves,
Let us celebrate, let us celebrate, let us celebrate our happy, happy loves,
Let's pipe, pipe and dance, let's pipe, pipe and dance, dance and laugh,
Let's pipe, pipe and dance, let's pipe, pipe and dance, laugh, laugh,
Let's pipe, pipe and dance, let's pipe, pipe and dance, dance and laugh, laugh, laugh, laugh and sing;

Thus, thus, thus every happy, happy living thing revels in the cheerful spring,
Revels in the cheerful Spring.

The Virgin's Slumber Song . . . . . REGER

Amid the roses Mary sits and rocks her Jesus-child,
While amid the tree-tops sighs the breeze so warm and mild.
And soft and sweetly sings a bird upon the bough:
Ah, baby, dear one, slumber now!
Happy is Thy laughter, holy is Thy silent rest,
Lay Thy head in slumber, fondly on Thy Mother's breast!
Ah, baby, dear one, slumber now!

The Snowdrop . . . . . GRETCHANINOFF

Where under the birches the snow-cover lies
A little white snowdrop had open'd its eyes.
Its foot green and tiny
It push'd through the snow white and shiny,
And then reaching upward
And pushing with all its wee might,—
It greeted the light:
"How blue is the sky and a bird
I hear sing; O say, is it true?
Is it true, it is spring?
O say, is it true, it is spring?"

Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" . . . . . DUKAS

Paul Dukas was born in Paris in
1865; died in Paris in 1935.

Paul Dukas was one of the most distinguished of the present generation of

French composers. In 1888 he won the coveted Prix de Rome, and for years was a leading critic for *La revue hebdomadire* and the *Gazette des beaux arts*, displaying an uncommon acuteness of mind, and an independence and liberality of views. He was a musical critic of manifest authority and a notable writer.

"The Sorcerer's Apprentice," a symphonic poem in the form of a scherzo, has for its pictorial basis the poem "Die Zauberlehrling" written by the German poet, Goethe, in 1796, and based upon a dialogue in Lucian's "The Lie Fancier." The poem tells the story of an apprentice of a magician who, when his master leaves the house, proceeds to experiment with the magic formula he has heard the sorcerer utter. Using the cabalistic words employed by his master, the apprentice commands a broom to go to the shore and fetch water. The broom obeys, and when all the pitchers are filled, the apprentice is dismayed to discover that he cannot remember the magic utterance that will compel the broom to stop. Soon the room is swimming with water, and still the indefatigable utensil hurries to and fro from the river's edge. In desperation, the apprentice resolves to stop its progress with a hatchet. As the broom comes in with its liquid burden, the young man splits the broom in twain. Before he has time to utter a sigh of relief at the satisfactory ending of his troubles, his dismay is doubly increased. For now, both parts of the broom are speeding to the river's bank! As the water splashes over and around the steps and hall, the apprentice screams for help. And help arrives. The sorcerer enters at that moment, takes in the situation, commands the carriers to desist, and both parts of the broom fly into their corner.

The music that tells the incidents in this story is graphic in its descriptive powers, full of furious animation and ironic rhythms. It displays a mastery of traditional form and a logical construction united with a brilliance of writing, a delicacy of language, and a fullness of poetic sentiment. The instrumentation, by turns light, subtle, lustrous, and opulent, is always solid, logical, and firm.

Cantata, "Paul Bunyan" . . . . . JAMES

(First performance)

Dorothy James was born in Chicago, Illinois, December 1, 1901.

Miss James is one of the foremost women composers in America today. A pupil of Adolf Weidig, Howard Hanson, and Healey Willan, she has developed an individual style which reflects an unusual blend of deep musical feeling and introspection, with sparkle and brilliance. Her style is conservatively modern, marked by an impressionism that has been vitalized by modern harmonic and rhythmic devices.

THIRD CONCERT

The success of "Jumblies," Miss James's first cantata for children, which had its première at the May Festival in 1935, was so marked that she was commissioned to write "Paul Bunyan." As in "Jumblies," she has brought to this charming work a simplicity of style adaptable to children, a naïve and delightful humor, and a whimsical and poetic imagination, all vitalized by a thorough musicianship that is evidenced by her harmonic treatment of the score, and by her iridescent and, when the text demands it, vigorous orchestration. Her two cantatas for children have brought distinction to the field of choral works for young people, by the well-chosen literary texts, the refreshing spontaneity, and, above all else, by the essentially musical qualities which set them quite apart from most of the musically immature and trivial works in this branch of choral literature.

The text of the cantata is by Edith Tatum.

Paul Bunyan:

I am Paul Bunyan
The great American giant,
Taller than the tallest forest trees.
I wear my wine red hunting cap
Over my black hair,
And my yellow muffler
Under my great curly beard.
I comb my hair with a cross cut saw
And brush my beard
With a pine tree.
In Northland forest, there is no man
To equal me.
With my mackinaw of purple,
My socks of green,
I am the most wonderful figure
That ever was seen.
I am Paul Bunyan
Hero of the wild Northwest
Master of the lumber camps.

THE BLUE SNOW

Children:

It was a cold and bitter night
And weirdly shone the northern light
Like flickering dancers dimly seen
In some gigantic shadow show.
Then, soon, began to fall the snow,
The strangest snow that ever fell.
Sapphire flakes as blue as the sky,
Falling, falling, softly to lie
On dark rivers and nameless hills,
Blanketing tenderly small frozen rills.
The hard gray ground,
Where so little grew
Was hidden gently,
Without any sound
By a cover of beautiful blue.
Paul lived in a cave in that Northland,
With Niagara, his great Moose hound.
In the deep, deep night,
The dog had a fright.
He heard in the distance, a sound
Of galloping feet
That went like the wind so fleet.
When Paul woke at break of day
Niagara was gone, up and away
Following, following, through the Blue Snow.

THE BLUE OX

It was when Paul went
To look for his hound
In the Blue Snow
That Babe was found.
The ox that was bigger
And twice as strong
As any ox on any ground.

The snow had marked his tender hide
A deep, deep blue.
Paul gathered up Babe in his strong right arm
And returned to his cave to get him warm.
He fed and cherished the strange blue calf
Whose funny antics made Paul laugh.

PAUL'S DREAM

Paul:

One cold night I had a dream
I saw in the dream a forest of trees,
Thick trees, slim trees, tall trees, small trees—
And one after another they fell,
With a terrible crash,
An awful smash,
And high in the sky in letters of fire
Was blazing, America, Land of Desire.

PAUL'S ADVENTURES

Children:

So Paul left his big home cave
To go to find a place
Where Babe could grow.
To a new land that gave work to do
Where Paul could make his dream come true.
Deep in the forest Paul did find
Wild beasts of every kind.
He caught the strange Bavalorous
And the ring-tailed Whirling Whimpus
The Agrophelter, the Gumberoo,
The Weeping Squonk and the Burly wog.
So fierce that they could chew right through
The toughest tree or log.

About this time the big fog came
And things were never quite the same
A cottony blanket covered the land,
No logger could see as far as his hand.
Not a fish in the river nor yet could a man
Tell where river left off and fog began.
So the fishes all swam around in the trees
As frisky as kittens, as thick as leaves.

Then for a while Paul ceased to roam,
He and his loggers went to his home
In the Smiling-River Country,
Where Rock Candy mountains grew taller than tall
In the Smiling-River Country.

Epilogue:

This is Paul's story we have sung
Of the North when trees and rivers were young
On nights when woods are deep in snow
And fierce and wild the storm winds blow.
Old loggers say that Paul will stride
All through the woods with Babe at his side
Thundering!

THIRD CONCERT

PAUL: I am Paul Bunyan.
CHILDREN: He is Paul Bunyan.
PAUL: The great American giant.
CHILDREN: The great American giant.
PAUL: Master of the lumber camps.
CHILDREN: Master of the lumber camps.

Concerto in D major, Op. 77, for Violin and Orchestra . BRAHMS

Johannes Brahms was born in Hamburg, May 7, 1833; died in Vienna, April 3, 1897.

In the light of the attempts of modern composers to stretch beyond their predecessors in search of new effects, sometimes having more interest in the intellectual manipulation of their materials than in the subjective, emotional expression achieved by them; it is amazing to still come into contact with this old, yet prevailing idea that the music of Brahms is "cold," "heavy," "pedantic," "opaque," "unemotional," and "intellectual."

Tchaikovsky sensed in Brahms' music a "difficulty of comprehension." "He has no charms for me. I find him cold and obscure, full of pretensions, but without any real depth," he wrote to Mme. Von Meck in 1877, and again in 1880—"but in his case, his mastery overwhelms his inspiration. . . . Nothing comes but boredom. His music is not warmed by any genuine emotion. . . . These depths contain nothing, they are void. . . . I cannot abide them. Whatever he does, I remain unmoved and cold."

Even Mr. H. C. Colles, of all critics of Brahms the most enthusiastic and loyal, speaks of the "difficulty of grasping his music," the statement referring, astonishingly enough, to the transparently beautiful slow movement of the C-minor Symphony.

With extraordinary insistence this criticism of Brahms has persisted. The old Brahmsians themselves encouraged it. They reveled in the master's esoteric inaccessible qualities and, like the champions of Meredith in the eighties, they gloried in his "aloofness."

It is true that Brahms has none of the overstimulating and exciting quality of his more emotional contemporaries, Tchaikovsky and Wagner, but this fact does not reduce Brahms' music to mere cerebration. One has only to hear the glorious Introduction to the "C-minor Symphony" to realize that he is experiencing emotion itself. If there is anything cerebral or intellectual in Brahms,

it lies in the manner in which he controls and sublimates the overwelling of his emotions and that is the mark of every true artist. One reason that criticism has placed upon Brahms' head the condemnation and terrible burden of cold intellectuality lies in the fact that there are none of the sensationally or popularly used devices to catch immediate response. There are no tricks to discover in Brahms; there is no assailing the judgment in the attempt to excite sudden enthusiasm. We are, however, more and more impressed with the infinite wealth of profound beauty that is to be found in his pages—a beauty that emanates from a union of directness, massiveness, and a restraint of ornament. Critics may have been bewildered at times by his rich, musical fabric, often lost and confused in the labyrinth of his ideas, but again, in the light of contemporary attempts at musical expressiveness at all costs, Brahms appears today with an almost lucid transparency, and as a master of emotional power.

Brahms has survived the years and the changing norms of criticism, and remains today a master whose art has its roots in humanity. He speaks to the heart, soul, and mind with the variety of feeling that is found in human nature itself, now vigorous and buoyant, now tender to the point of poignancy, courageous and often tragically tortured, but always noble and impressively inspiring.

Great interest was aroused in the musical circles of Germany and Austria when it became noised abroad in the year 1878 that Brahms was at work upon a violin concerto, and that it was intended for the friend of his youth, the great violinist, Josef Joachim. The summer of 1878 the composer spent in Pörtschach where the first draft of the work was finished. Writing to his friend, Hanslick, the Viennese critic, from this beautiful summer place on Lake Wörther in Carinthia, Brahms reports that "so many melodies fly about, one must be careful not to tread on them." The peace and tranquillity of these summer weeks is no doubt reflected in the first movement of the concerto which has a mood somewhat similar to that of the Second Symphony, likewise in D major. To many, the sentiment is maintained at a loftier height in the concerto and the limpid grace of the melodic line has an immediate fascination for a general audience.

After studying the violin part of the concerto which the composer had sent him, Joachim replied from Salzburg, "I have had a good look at what you sent me and have made a few notes and alterations, but without the full score one can't say much. I can however make out most of it and there is a lot of really good violin music in it, but whether it can be played with comfort in hot concert rooms remains to be seen." After considerable cor-

respondence and several conferences the score and parts were ready and the first performance scheduled for January 1, 1879 in Leipzig. Joachim, naturally, was the soloist on this occasion. In his sympathetic review of this first performance of the new work, Dörffel, in the *Leipziger Nachrichton*, says:

No less a task confronted Brahms, if his salutation to his friend were to be one suitable to Joachim's eminence, than the production of a work that should reach the two greatest, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. We confess to have awaited the solution with some heart palpitation, though we firmly maintained our standard. But what joy we experienced! Brahms *has* brought such a third work to the partnership. The originality of the spirit which inspires the whole, the firm organic structure which is displayed, the warmth which streams from it, animating the work with joy and life—it cannot be otherwise—the concerto must be the fruit of the composer's latest and happiest experiences.

It remains to be noted that the concerto was not published, immediately. Joachim kept it for a while and played it several times in England with much success. The performer on several of these occasions made alterations to the score which did not always meet with the approval of the composer as is evidenced by excerpts from a letter from Brahms to Joachim: "You will think twice before you ask me for another concerto! It is a good thing that your name is on the copy; you are more or less responsible for the solo violin part." During the summer of 1879 a second violin concerto was commenced but was never finished.

Brahms did not write out the cadenza at the end of the first movement. Originally, Joachim wrote one for himself but since that time it has been provided with cadenzas by nearly all of the great violin masters; at least sixteen cadenzas exist.

The following analysis by Mr. Borowski is presented for those interested in following the technical details of the construction of the concerto:

I. (*Allegro non troppo*, D major, 3/4 time.) The plan of this movement follows the classical construction of the first movement of a concerto, as that construction was employed in the concertos of Mozart, Beethoven and of contemporaries less famous than they. The first Exposition for orchestra begins, without any introduction, with the principal subject (in D major) in the bassoons and lower strings. After a transitional passage, in which the material of the principal theme is worked over, *fortissimo*, in the full orchestra, the second subject, in the same key, enters tranquilly in the oboe, and is taken up by the first violins. Another and more *marcato* section of it is heard in a dotted figure, *forte*, in the strings. After the strings have played a vigorous passage in

sixteenth notes, the solo violin enters with a lengthy section—composed principally of passage work—introductory to its presentation of the main subject. This at length arrives, the theme being accompanied by an undulating figure in the violas. The second subject appears in the flute, later continued in the first violins, passage work playing around it in the solo instrument. The second, *marcato*, section now is taken up by the violin. Development follows this—as is customary in older concertos—being introduced in an orchestral *tutti*. The Recapitulation (principal subject) is also announced by the orchestra, *ff*. The second theme occurs, as before, in the orchestra, but now in D major, the solo violin playing around it with passage work, as in the Exposition. The second section of the theme is played by the violin in D minor. A short *tutti* precedes the cadenza for the solo instrument. The coda, which follows it, begins with the material of the principal subject.

II. (*Adagio*, F major, 2/4 time.) This movement has the orchestral accompaniment lightly scored, merely the woodwind, two horns, and the usual strings being employed. It opens with a subject in the woodwind, its melody being set forth by the oboe. The solo violin takes up a modified and ornamental version of this theme. A second subject follows, also played by the solo instrument, and the first is eventually, and in modified form, resumed.

III. (*Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace*, D major, 2/4 time.) The principal theme is announced at once by the solo violin, and it is taken up, *ff*, by the orchestra. A transitional passage leads to the second subject, given out, *energicamente*, by the violin in octaves; this is worked over and leads to a resumption of the main theme by the solo instrument. An episode (G major, 3/4 time) is set forth by the violin, suggestions of the opening subject occurring in the orchestra. The second theme is once more heard in the solo violin, and is, in its turn, succeeded by further development of the principal subject. A short cadenza for the solo instrument leads into the coda, in which the first subject is further insisted upon, now in quicker *tempo* and somewhat rhythmically changed.

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 13

Prelude and Fugue in B minor . . . . . BACH

Johann Sebastian Bach was born in Eisenach, March 21, 1685; died in Leipzig, July 28, 1750.

In Johann Sebastian Bach, the musical development of two centuries reached its climax. Coming from a family of distinguished musicians famous in Germany for one hundred and fifty years, he entered into the full heritage of his predecessors and used, with incomparable effect, all of the musical learning of his day.

Born in the very heart of medieval Germany, in the remote little town of Eisenach under the tree-clad summits of the Thuringian Wald, Bach lived in an atmosphere that was charged with poetry, romance, and music. Towering precipitously over the little village stood the stately Wartburg, which once sheltered Luther and in one of the chambers of which the German Bible came into being. Here also in 1207 the famous Tourney of Song was held, and German minstrelsy flowered.

In these surroundings Bach's early youth was spent and his musical foundation formed under the careful guidance of his father. The subsequent events of his life were less propitious. An orphan at the age of ten, he pursued his studies by himself, turning to the works of Buxtehude, Pachelbel, and other predecessors and contemporaries as models.

Singing in church choirs to gain free tuition at school, traveling by foot to neighboring towns to hear visiting organists who brought him occasional touches with the outside world, securing menial positions as organist at Arnstadt and Mühlhausen, filled the monotonous years of this great master's youth.

Although he gained some fame as the foremost organist of his day, he was ignored and neglected as a composer. Of all his church music, parts of only one cantata were printed during his life, not because it was esteemed, but because it was written for an annual burgomeister election! References by contemporaries are scanty; they had no insight into the value of his art. Fifty years after his death, his music was practically unknown, most of the manuscripts having been lost or mislaid.

The neglect, discovery, and final triumph of Bach's music are without parallel in the history of music. His triumphant progress from utter obscurity to a place of unrivaled and unprecedented brilliance is a phenomenon, the

equal of which has not been recorded. Today his position is extraordinary. Never was there a period when there were more diverse ideals, new methods, confusion of aims and styles, yet never has Bach been so universally acknowledged as the supreme master of music. Modern critics and composers speak of "going back to Bach." The statement is inconsistent; they have not yet come to him.

Certainly masterpieces were never so naïvely conceived. Treated with contempt by his associates in Leipzig, where he spent the last years of his life, and restrained by the narrow ideals and numbing pedantry of his superiors, he went on creating a world of beauty, without the slightest thought of posterity. The quiet old cantor, patiently teaching his pupils Latin and music, supervising all the choral and occasional music in the two principal churches of Leipzig, gradually losing his sight until in his last years he was hopelessly blind, never for a moment dreamed of immortality. He continued, year after year, to fulfill his laborious duties, and in doing so created the great works that have brought him eternal fame. His ambitions never passed beyond his city, church, and family.

Born into a day of small things, he helped the day to expand by giving it creations beyond the scope of its available means of expression. His art is elastic; it grows, deepens, and flows on into the advancing years. The changed media of expression, the increased expressive qualities of the modern pianoforte, organ, and complex orchestra, have brought to the world a realization of the great dormant and potential beauties that lay in his work and as Wagner put it, "No words can give a conception of its richness, its sublimity, its all-comprehensiveness."

Mr. Cailliet's transcriptions, done with great respect and feeling for the old master, reveal these marvels of hidden beauty. What a magnificent world did the mighty Sebastian evolve from the dry, still, pedantic forms, from the inarticulate instruments of his time!

This magnificent work, which stands at the head of Bach's preludes and fugues for organ, dates from the Leipzig period when Bach was at the very peak of his creative powers, and when his brilliant and virtuoso manner noted in the earlier organ works at Weimar gave way finally to a style more severe and learned, modeled no doubt upon that of the more academic and restrained of the Italian Church and organ composers. Certainly no other of his larger organ works either approaches it in expressive quality, in beauty of melodic contour and in richness and fullness of harmony—or surpasses it in the firmness and logic of its structure. Although the ornamentation is profuse and elaborate, it belongs integrally to the texture, and emanating, as it does, directly from the

essential musical elements of the work, it is never felt to be merely superimposed upon them. The effect therefore is one of a strong and organic unity of parts. The melodic passages and octave leaps over the pedal point contain such a melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic variety that this remains, without doubt, one of the finest passages ever written over a pedal point in all organ music.

Aria, "Rudolph's Narrative," from "La Bohème" . . . PUCCINI

Giacomo Puccini was born in Lucca, Italy, in 1858; died in Brussels, November 29, 1924.

Upon whom the operatic mantle of Italy will fall in this generation is an open question; that Verdi in his day, and Puccini in his, wore the toga with distinction born of undenied right is a conceded fact. The relative levels of achievement to which the last two composers are ultimately destined is not our concern, though we may meditate upon the fact that the former exhibits a greater evolution in style than the latter, whereas the early works of Puccini, particularly "La Bohème," contain some of his most inspired creations.

If a Frenchman was able to express most adequately the life and spirit of Spain (Bizet in "Carmen"), it remained for an Italian to interpret and fix in an opera the student and artist life of Paris (Puccini in "La Bohème"). There is a vigor, and a lifelike realism, a delicately drawn pathos in this work that raises it to high position in the field of lyric drama. The melodies are spontaneous, the orchestral colorings rich and varied, and the incidents in the drama are woven into a musical score that has great depth of texture.

The aria on this evening's program is sung by Rudolph in the first act shortly after his first meeting with Mimi, a neighbor in the student quarter, who has come in search of matches or candle light to the apartment where several of Rudolph's companions are making merry. As she leaves, the closing of the door extinguishes her candle and she returns for another light. This time Rudolph blows out the candle in the room, and in the darkness they search for a flint. Their hands touch, and Rudolph sings:

Your tiny hand is frozen!
Let me warm it into life.
Our search is useless;
In darkness all is hidden.

Ere long the light of the moon shall aid us,
Yes, in the moonlight our search let us resume, dear.

One moment, pretty maiden, while I tell you in a trice
Who I am,
What I do, and how I live.
Shall I?

I am a poet.
What's my employment?
Writing!

Is that a living?
Hardly!
I've wit tho' wealth be wanting;
Ladies of rank and fashion all inspire me with passion,
In dreams and fond illusions or castles in the air—
Richer is none on earth than I!
Bright eyes as yours, believe me,
Steal my priceless jewels
In Fancy's storehouse cherish'd.
Your roguish eyes have robb'd me,
Of all my dreams bereft me—dreams that are fair yet fleeting—
Fled are my truant fancies,
Regrets I do not cherish.
For now life's rosy morn is breaking, now golden love is waking.
Now that I've told my story, pray tell me yours, too, tell me frankly,
Who are you?
Say will you tell?

Aria, "Una furtiva lagrima," from "L'elisir d'amore" . DONIZETTI

Gaetano Donizetti was born March 29, 1797 (?), in Bergamo; died there April 8, 1848.

Including the four posthumously performed operas, one of which was not heard till 1882 (Rome), the number of such works accredited to Donizetti is sixty-seven, but of them only five are now recognized as of enduring quality, and it is not well to stress the word "enduring." Among this group, "L'elisir d'amore" must be included, which, after disappearing from the repertory for several years, has recently been rehabilitated with great success. This success does not rest entirely on its real merit, either musical or dramatic, but on account of several arias which are favorites with singers. In the group referred to the composer amply satisfied the demands of the "world, the flesh, and the devil," the last personified by the "encore fiends," in favor of whom Death not infrequently relaxed his hold on his victim that he, or she, might anticipate the Resurrection sufficiently to satisfy the public. It goes without saying that all of his operas abound with beautiful melodies cast in the conventional Italian form, and abundantly endowed with the applause-producing elements that have endeared them to singers. The text of this aria in an English translation runs as follows:

When stealing down her pallid cheek
  Tears that she wept for me,
Her eyes told more than tongue could speak,
  The struggle to be free;
Deep in her breast was lain
All of her sadness and pain;
Sorrow with cruel dart

Had pierced to her gentle heart;
Once more those smiles so charming
Will light her clear blue eye;
My heart with pleasure warming
All sadness will then defy;
In constant bliss together we will live,
The sweetest boon the world to us can give,
Her love I'll gladly share,
And all her woes and sorrows bear, Ah!
Her love I'll freely, gladly share,
And all her woes and sorrows bear.

Symphony No. 5 in E-flat . . . . . SIBELIUS

Jean Sibelius was born in Tavastehus, Finland, December 8, 1865.

Sibelius is, without doubt, the outstanding symphonist of the present day. The symphonic scepter has been handed from Beethoven through Brahms, to him. His position in the history of music is still curiously unsettled, however. He has won the esteem of the few and the approbation of the many, and it is this disconcerting ambiguity of aspect that has been responsible for the attitude of noncommittal reserve which musical criticism has maintained toward his art. It has not, as yet, dared to appraise him. The public seems to be curious rather than genuinely interested in his output; it has been suspicious without dislike; aware of a new music, without any great enthusiasm or open hostility.

One reason for the growing approval of his works today, aside from their intrinsic and appealing beauty, is that in this age of conflicting opinions and ideals, and styles of "isms" and "ologies," he is a haven for the most divergent and contrary forces. His idiom makes it impossible to classify him either as a modernist or a traditionalist; he is neither deliberately modern or studiedly archaic. He is just enough of each to offer a refuge to the "modern conservatives," who hear in his voice an echo of Brahms in his graver and more austere moments; or of Tchaikovsky in his more melancholy vein. On the other hand, he is modern enough in his disrespect for established precedent to interest the "conservative modern." Sibelius is an almost isolated phenomenon, really. He seems to belong to a different race, a different age, whether to the past or to the future it is difficult to say.

But this much must be said of his music. It bears the imprint of a powerful and independent personality, evincing a comprehensive mentality unrestrained

by historical precedent and uncomplicated by aesthetic preconceptions. His style is proudly restrained for the most part, and in general, cursory, compact and pithy, although often relieved by genuinely tender moments, without the slightest presence of sentimental ostentation.

Much of the music of Sibelius has been considered drab and cold. Epithets such as "dour," "harsh," "gray," "austere," "ungenial," and "severe" have been hurled at him by unsympathetic critics; but with more familiarity, the former unrelieved melancholy and bleak character of his music has been transferred into something more sensuous and pleasing, although it is still pervadingly somber and unemotional.

Much has been said of the nationalistic nature of Sibelius' music. It is true that he is the first composer to attract the attention of the world to his native Finland, as a musical nation. His relation to his native land expresses itself in that "intangible something" which is evident in every phrase he wrote. Mr. Watson Lyle in an article in the *Musical Quarterly* for October, 1927, describes this ephemeral quality which one senses in his music.

> . . . a composer of nationalistic expression, an ideal that concurs with its abiding love for lakes, canals, islands and mists, and miles upon miles of forests alternating with stretches of marsh, and flat wastes of the country that is homeland to him. He has an unusual ability for translating into terms of music these natural features of the countryside—the shimmering waters, the strange echoes in the forests, the bird calls, and the depressions emotionally conjured by the desolation of areas of wasteland, and the ghostly veiling of objects by mist and fog. In fact it is by *emotional suggestion* quite as much as by musical realism, that his art becomes an expression of his country, and the psychology, the prevailing sadness that is a legacy of hundreds of years of oppression of his country by more powerful nations.

But really his art transcends the limitations of nationality. He is national, racial, and universal at the same time; and his universality is being sensed slowly. His way to popularity is steadily but surely clearing, but like Brahms he will find general acceptance only with time. The seriousness and sobriety of his art, the solidity of its content, the absence of externals, make no bid for immediate popularity. His music stands or falls entirely on the enduring qualities of its expression. Only future years will determine how enduring that expression is.

Mr. Gilman's analysis of the Symphony follows:

The Symphony is divided into three parts; but the first comprises two well-defined movements: an opening molto moderato, which is joined without pause to what is actually the scherzo of the symphony: for Sibelius, like Beethoven in his Ninth, puts his scherzo before his slow movement.

These first two movements, though they are distinct in mood and character, are integrated by community of theme, after the fashion established by Schumann and popularized by César Franck.

The subject which binds them together is a motto-theme of concise and simple outline: the bucolic phrase proclaimed by the horn in the opening measures over a roll of the timpani (*molto moderato*, E-flat, 12/8). Its first four notes (B-flat, E-flat, F, B-flat, ascending) constitute the thematic seed from which is developed a good part of the substance of the two connected movements. The motto-theme, four times repeated by the three trumpets in unison, introduces the scherzo section of the first part (*Allegro moderato, ma poco a poco stretto*, B major, 3/4), with a curiously Beethovenish theme in a dance rhythm for the woodwind in thirds, the sixth and seventh measures of which outline the motto-theme of the opening. At the end, there is a return to the key of E-flat.

In the slow movement (*Andante mosso, quasi allegretto*, G major, 3/2) the theme is developed with much resourcefulness of variation. From a simple and rather naïve subject, foreshadowed by the violas and 'cellos pizzicato against sustained harmonies in the clarinets, bassoons, and horns, and afterward more clearly defined by a pair of flutes playing in thirds and sixths, the composer evolves a movement of singularly rich expressiveness (an odd detail is the elaborate use of an appoggiatura effect in the flutes and bassoons, as a background against which the strings develop the theme).

The Finale is the crown of the work, and is in many ways the most nobly imagined and nobly eloquent page that Sibelius has given us. The violas announce the first subject (*Allegra molto*, E-flat, 2/4) under an agitated figure for the second violins divisi, and the first violins continue it. Woodwind and 'cellos sing a more impassioned theme against chords of the other strings and horns. A passage in G-flat major, misterioso, for the muted and divided strings alone (violins in eight parts), leads to the superb coda *un pochettino largamente* in which the music achieves a gradual amplification and heroic emphasis, with the brass chanting a strangely intervalled figure against a syncopated accompaniment figure of the strings. The end is triumphant.

Aria, "Je crois entendre encore" from "Les pêcheurs des perles" . . . . . BIZET

The tremendous success achieved by Carmen, though too late to bring satisfaction to its composer, has tended to dwarf and obscure the other works of this brilliant Frenchman whose early death was a genuine loss to the music of his country. "Les pêcheurs des perles" ("The Pearl Fishers"), an opera in three acts with text by Corman and Carré, achieved only a moderate success,

lasting for eighteen performances after its première at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, in September, 1863.

The story of "The Pearl Fishers" concerns the virgin Leila, who is charged by the Singhalese to station herself upon a high rock and pray for the safety of the pearl fishers. Leila has taken oath to allow no man to approach her during her term of service; but two fishermen—Zurga and Nadir—climb the rock, and Nadir tells Leila of his love, and she gives her heart to him. The two men are discovered, captured, and condemned to death, but Zurga assists Leila and Nadir to escape, he himself being killed by the infuriated populace.

This aria is sung by Nadir near the end of the first act, when he realizes his love for Leila. A translation and condensation follows:

Again I hear her singing among the golden lilies. Her voice, like the winging of soft doves, weaves a magic in the gloom. O night of love, O joy that now is mine. Beneath the stars I see her beauty, which makes the moonlight pale. O sweet vision, O memory divine!"

Aria, "E lucevan le stelle," from "Tosca" . . . . . PUCCINI

Giacomo Puccini was born in Lucca, Italy, June 22, 1858; died in Brussels, November 29, 1924.

Called by Verdi the most promising of his successors, Puccini, who today may be said to dominate modern opera composers, has justified his master's prophecy by a career of uninterrupted success from the date of his first dramatic venture ("Le Villi," Milan, 1884) to his very latest unfinished work, "Turandot," 1924. "La Tosca," Puccini's fifth opera (text after Sardou's drama) ranks in popularity with opera-goers next to "Madame Butterfly."

In the work from which this evening's aria is taken, Puccini exhibits his genius in adjusting both instrumental and vocal effects to the implications of the text without sacrificing the inherent capacities of either mode of expression. At the same time he draws his characters with a sure hand and interprets brilliantly the compelling situations of the dramatic action. The plot is gloomy and intensely tragic, but is occasionally relieved by such lyric scenes as the "E lucevan le stelle," which occurs in Act III, when Cavaradossi, with his death warrant before him, recalls the happy meetings of other days with his beloved Tosca, whom he never expects to see again.

Perpetual Motion . . . . . PAGANINI

(Orchestrated by Eugene Ormandy)

Niccolo Paganini was born in Genoa, February 18, 1784; died in Nice, May 27, 1840.

FOURTH CONCERT

Paganini's marvelous feats of dexterity as a violinist, his unparalleled virtuosity, his use of unusual tunings of the strings, his bizarre treatment of harmonics and pizzicato effects, and the daring of his technical flights for their own sake, coupled with his skeletonlike appearance and diabolical expression, created so weird an effect that he was often thought of as being in league with the Evil One. On one occasion he was required to produce his birth certificate to prove he was not a child of Satan. These peculiarly sensational qualities of talent and personality combined to make Paganini the outstanding figure in the world of music a decade or so before the middle of the nineteenth century. His influence was, in many ways, tremendous. Liszt's amazing pianistic feats were directly inspired by his incredible technique. Berlioz and Schumann were made conscious of new technical devices and possibilities and even Brahms did not scorn some of Paganini's own themes, upon which he built new structures.

Originally this "Moto Perpetuo" was the last movement of a work for violin and orchestra. What happened to the whole composition we do not know, but this section has survived for many years as a detached piece for violin and piano accompaniment, and is one of the most spectacular and brilliant of bravura pieces in existence.

"Till Eulenspiegel" . . . . . STRAUSS

Richard Strauss was born in
Munich, July 11, 1864.

One of the most interesting and extraordinary personalities in the world of music today is Richard Strauss. Whatever his antagonistic critics say of him, he remains one of the greatest living composers. Trained during his formative years in the classical musical traditions of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, he exerted his individuality and independence of thought and expression with such daring and insistence that at his mature period, he was considered the most modern and most radical of composers. Critics turned from their tirades against Wagner to vent their invectives upon him. They vilified him as they had Wagner, with a fury and persistence that seems incredible today. Although time has not caused this radicalism to disappear completely, Strauss is today slipping comfortably into the ranks of the Conservatives. The progressive unfolding of his genius has aroused much discussion, largely because it has had so many sudden shifts. From the first his extraordinary mastery of technical procedure has been manifest. He has again and again shown his power to create beauty of rare freshness, and then has dropped to the commonplace of the merely sensational. This lack of consistency and earnestness still keeps him from taking his place as the true successor of Wagner, to which his skill seems to entitle him.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

There is much wisdom contained in an old German proverb, "Der Mensch erkennt seine Fehler ebensowenig wie eine Affe oder eine Eule die in den Spiegel sehn, ihre eigene Hesslichkeit erkennen." And this translates: "Man is as little prone to recognize his own shortcomings as an ape, or an owl, looking into a mirror, is conscious of his own ugliness."

The name "Eulenspiegel" itself is translated "owls' glass" or "owls' mirror," and the rascal Till first came into prominence within the pages of Dr. Thomas Murner's *Volksbuch* or book of folklore, supposed to have been widely read by the German people about the year 1500 or thereabouts. Till's escapades, the stories of which are household tales in Germany, consisted of crude horseplay and jests that he, an insolent, perverse, arrogant, and defiant rascal, practiced without any discrimination, and, in some instances, with a very studied lack of seemliness.

Strauss's Tone Poem was presented without a strict explanatory program. In fact, Strauss demurred at the demand for such a program. "Were I to put into words," he wrote at the time of the first performance at Cologne in November, 1895, "The thoughts which the composition's several incidents suggested to me, they would seldom suffice and might even given rise to offense. Let me leave it therefore to my readers to crack the hard nut which the rogue has prepared for them."

William Mauke, an analyst, has himself supplied an exhaustive program. Paraphrased and reduçed, it is somewhat as follows:

One upon a time, there was a pranking rogue, ever up to new tricks, named Till Eulenspiegel. Now he jumps on his horse and gallops into the midst of a crowd of market women, overturning their wares with a prodigious clatter. Now he lights out with seven league boots, now conceals himself in a mousehole. Disguised as a priest, "he drips with unction and morals," yet out of his toe peeps the scamp. As cavalier, he makes love, first in jest, but soon in earnest, and is properly rebuffed. He is furious and swears vengeance on all mankind, but meeting some "Philistines," he forgets his wrath and mocks them. At length his hoaxes fail. He is tried in a court of justice, and is condemned to hang for his misdeeds; but he still whistles defiantly as he ascends the ladder. Even on the scaffold he jests. Now he swings; he gasps for air; a last convulsion. Till is dead.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 14

Excerpts from "The Niebelungen Ring" . . . . . WAGNER

Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig, May 22, 1813; died in Venice, February 13, 1883.

Fifty years after the death of Wagner (1933), Olin Downes wrote: "We remain in the shadow of a colossus. As no other person in the world of music, Wagner bestrode his age, and he dominates ours."

Not since Bach has a composer so overwhelmingly dominated his period, so completely overtopped his contemporaries and followers with a sovereignty of imagination and potency of expression. But Bach and Wagner share little else, actually, aesthetically, or spiritually. Bach's music is transcendent, abstract, absolute, impersonal, and detached; that of Wagner is most individual, emanating directly and unmistakably from his personality; it is movingly sensuous, excitingly emotional, and highly descriptive. His life, unlike that of Bach, was thrilling, superbly vital, brilliant, and colorful. While Bach worked oblivious of posterity, Wagner, sustained by a prophetic vision and knowledge that he was writing for distant generations, worked consciously for fame. It gave to his music a self-consciousness, an excessiveness, and at times an overeffectiveness. Bach died in obscurity, while Wagner lived to see every one of his major works performed on the stages of the world. He died with universal recognition and the realization that in the short space of his life he had changed the whole current of the tonal art, and that his mind and will had influenced the entire music of his age.

The synthetic and constructive power of Wagner's mind enabled him to assimilate the varied tendencies of his period to such a degree that he became the fulfillment of nineteenth-century romanticism in music. He conditioned the future style of opera, infusing into it a new dramatic truth and significance; he emphasized the marvelous emotional possibilities that lay in the orchestra, thereby realizing the expressive potentialities of instrumentation. He created not a "school" of music, as many lesser minds than his have done, but a school of thought. His grandiose ideas, sweeping years away as though they were minutes, have ever since found fertilization in the imaginations of those creators of music who have felt that their world has become too small. He sensed Beethoven's striving for new spheres of emotional experience; and in a music that was new and glamorous, incandescent, unfettered, and charged with pas-

sion, he entered a world of strange ecstasies to which music had never before had wings to soar.

In all the volumes of essays that Wagner wrote explaining and defining his system, a few facts stand forth conspicuously as the foundation of that system. His attempt was to reverse the relation in which music stood to the drama in the conventional opera, and to place the emphasis upon the drama, with music only one of the subsidiary elements employed to express the true meaning of the text—it was one of the means of expression, not the principal end, the others being action, declamation, and scenic art. These are fused together in a pure organic union working harmoniously for the expression of the poet's thought. The libretto must be in and of itself a consistent and reasonable drama and not merely a series of disconnected and unrelated episodes as it was in the conventional opera form.

Likewise the music, setting aside many of the old forms so necessary to it as a pure art, becomes, in the music drama, a flexible, plastic medium for dramatic ideas. Instead of developed melodic patterns, regular in form, involving a certain balance and recurrence of phrase, such as fill the pages of Mozart or Rossini, we have in the music drama an ever-changing dramatic melody depending for its effect on the accompanying action and setting, as well as on the orchestral accompaniment.

In place of a strong harmonic basis, i.e., comparatively few chords, and those well knit together, we have in the music drama a restless, many-colored tone picture, changing rapidly to match the changing emotions of the drama.

Wagner found the highest manifestation of his musical ideal for the lyric drama through the use of short melodic phrases or themes that were associated with specific meanings and charged with a certain emotional color. These he made the foundation of his musical structure. They were repeated as the set patterns of the earlier opera were repeated, but now the repetitions and order of recurrence were made to follow the significance of the text and the course of the action, and to depend upon them rather than upon the arbitrary and preconceived formulas of the older sort. These phrases, known as "leit-motives," were combined, developed, and built up as a substratum to the text and were presented generally in the orchestra, which has a vastly greater potency and resource of expression than the single voice. The voice delivered the text in a musical declamation, a kind of endless melody, or, rather, speech of heightened and intensified expressiveness, varying in its melodic factor according to the nature of the mood to be expounded. These two elements, melodic declamation in the voice and this vast endless orchestral stream of musical interpretation, are inseparably connected and built into each other's substance.

FIFTH CONCERT

Wagner reached the very peak of his artistic maturity in "The Ring." * Here he towered to the sublime and reached one of the summits of human inspiration. Nothing else in music evidences such a tremendous sweep of imagination, such a completely comprehensive conception, so unparalleled an integration of divergent elements, and such an overwhelming richness of effect. In the words of Lawrence Gilman,† "There is no such example of sustained and vitalized creative thinking as 'The Ring' in music or in any other art. This vast projection of the creative vision and the proponent will; this four-part epic in drama and in tones whose progress unfolds a cosmic parable of nature and destiny and gods and demigods and men; which begins in the ancient river's depths and ends in the flaming heavens that consume Valhalla's deities and bring the promise of a new day of enlightened generosity and reconciliatory love —this was a work without precedent or pattern. No one before had dreamed of creating a dramatic symphony lasting fourteen hours, organized and integrated and coherent. Only a fanatically daring brain and imagination, only a lunatic or genius, could have projected such a thing; only a superman could have accomplished it."

DAS RHEINGOLD

Alberich's Invocation of the Nibelungs

This excerpt is taken from Scene Four of "Das Rheingold," in which Alberich, trapped by Loge and Wotan in the caverns of Nibelheim and brought to the surface by his captors, is forced by them to yield up his precious hoard—the treasure amassed by him in the depths of the earth—as ransom for his release. By a talismanic command, he summons his wretched slaves from the depths, and presently the throng of little smoke-grimed, terror-stricken Nibelungs swarm up the cleft laden with treasure and pile it up before their infuriated master, now bound, helpless, and humiliated, but raving like a manacled madman.

The scene is an open space on the mountain height, at first shrouded in pale mist. The malevolent gnome, bound and raging, lies at the feet of his captors, abusing them violently in response to their unmerciful taunts. To win release from his fetters, Loge tells him he must pay a ransom. This ransom, Wotan announces, can be nothing less than the hoard,—Alberich's shining gold. The dwarf consents, reflecting that if he contrives to retain the magic Ring, he can soon and easily make up the loss of the

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* The composition of the four "Ring" dramas extends over a period of about twenty years. The words were printed in entirety in 1853; music sketches of "Siegfried" (the first one written) were begun in 1854, and the whole series finished in 1874. "Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Meistersingers" were written during this period.

† Lawrence Gilman, *Wagner's Operas*, New York, Farrar and Rinehart, 1937

Treasure. "Loosen my hand to summon it here!" he cries. Loge unties the rope from his right hand; Alberich puts the Ring to his lips and secretly murmurs a command. As the orchestra plays the motive of the Rising Hoard (the octaves that ascend heavily and groaningly in the bass), accompanied by the hammering triplet rhythms of the Smithy motive, the throng of grimy and trembling Nibelungs ascend from the cleft, laden with the treasure, and pile it in a glittering heap before their master and his captors. As they finish their task, Alberich orders them back to their burrows; and, as he kisses his Ring and stretches it out commandingly, threateningly, the Nibelungs rush in terror to the cleft, "as if he had struck them a blow," and quickly disappear into the depths, while the music rises to a climax of baleful power and intensity on the menacing theme that Wolzogen calls Alberich's Shout of Mastery or Despotic Cry of Triumph.

* * *

Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla

This is the Finale of "Das Rheingold." Fafner has just slain his brother Fasolt in a quarrel over the Ring. The gods stand horror-struck at this visible sign of the instant operation of Alberich's Curse. The world is wrapped in gloom. Donner, the Storm God, unable to endure the pervading depression, decides to clear the atmosphere. He springs to a rocky height, and "calls the clouds as a shepherd calls his flocks," swinging his hammer as he utters his mighty shouts, while the mists gather and hide him from view. We hear his great theme in the orchestra thundered out by the brass; there is a swift and overwhelming crescendo, as if all the storms in the universe were coming to a head; the lightning flames and the heavens split. Then suddenly the air clears: from the feet of Donner and Froh, as they stand on the summit, a rainbow bridge of dazzling radiance stretches across the valley to the opposite height, where Valhalla, the troublous castle of the gods, is revealed in all its splendor as it gleams in the rays of the setting sun, while the sublime Valhalla theme sounds with tranquil majesty from the brass under an iridescent accompaniment of strings and harps. As the gods start to walk over the rainbow bridge (all but the cynic Loge, who remains behind, muttering sour comments), the melancholy song of the Rhine-maidens, lamenting their ravished gold, is borne upward from the valley.

DIE WALKÜRE

Thou Art the Spring

This excerpt is taken from the end of Act I.

Siegmund, a warrior in flight, takes refuge one stormy evening in the house of Hunding, one of his enemies, whose wife, Sieglinda, arouses his interest and love.

FIFTH CONCERT

Hunding is bound by the laws of hospitality not to harm his guest till the morrow. Siegmund, alone in the great room of the house, built 'round the trunk of an ash tree, meditates upon his heritage; the rays of the fire on the hearth light up a sword buried to the hilt in the ash tree; he reflects upon this good omen and upon the beauty of Sieglinda, who now enters by a side door, robed in white. She promises to guide him "to a goodly weapon, a glorious prize to gain." The door at the back opens wide, revealing a lovely spring night, the full moon shines in on the pair of lovers. Siegmund first sings a passionate song of love, to which Sieglinda answers:

Thou art the Spring,
for thee have I sighed
'neath the frost-fettered winter's frown.
Tow'rd thee leapt my heart
with heavenly thrill
when thy radiant glance on me rested—
Foreign seemed all until now,
friendless I and forsaken;
I counted strange and unknown
each and all that came near.
But thee, now, I
thoroughly knew;
when these eyes fell on thee
wert thou mine own one.
What my heart long had held,
what was hid,
clear as the day
dawned on my eyes,
the dulcet refrain
fell on my ear,
when in winter's frosty wildness
a friend first awaited me.

Ho Yo To Ho (Brünnhilde's Battle Cry)

Brünnhilde, the Valkyrie, and favorite daughter of Wotan, appears for the first time at the beginning of Act II of "Die Walküre." Seeing her father at the foot of the hills, she raises her shield and spear and springing from rock to rock on the craggy heights, she shouts her joyous cry of battle, as she descends.

BRÜNNHILDE

Hoyotoho! Hoyotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Hahei! Hahei! Heiaho!
(She pauses on a high peak, looks down into the gorge at back and calls to Wotan.)
But listen, father!
look to thyself!
thou wilt soon
suffer a storm:
watchful Fricka, thy wife
arrives in her ram-driven car.
Ha! how she grasps
her golden scourge!
the foolish beasts
are fainting with fear;
wheels rattling and rolling
whirl her here to the war.
In such disputes
no part I would take,
though I am happy
when heroes fight:
take heed that thou find not defeat,
for lightly I leave thee to fate!
Hoyotoho! Hoyotoho!
Hahei! Hahei! Hoyohei!

Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Scene

As the music rises to an overwhelming climax of impassioned love and anguish in which all the fountains of pity and tenderness are unsealed, Brünnhilde falls upon Wotan's breast. He holds her in a long embrace, and takes his last farewell of her in music that, no matter how often one has heard it, still overwhelms one by its sorrowful sublimity. His heart breaking, Wotan clasps Brünnhilde's head in both his hands and presses his lips upon her closed eyes, while he sings the last words that she shall ever hear from him: "Thus do I kiss thy godhood away!" She sinks into his arms, and he leads her slowly and gently to a low mossy bank beneath the sheltering branches of a fir-tree. He lays her down in an enchanted sleep.

SIEGFRIED

Forest Murmurs

Mime has led the adventurous Siegfried on a long and weary hike since nightfall. Now, in the second scene of Act II, they have come to the farthest reach of the woods. Siegfried drives Mime impatiently away, stretches himself out on the warm grass in the shade of the linden, and looks reflectively after the dwarf.

In the orchestra the low strings begin that vague murmuring which is the meditation of the forest captured and made lyrical. Siegfried thinks aloud: That Mime is not his father has been revealed as a joyful certainty; and the woods take on a new and laughing magic for him, now that he is forever rid of the detestable Nibelung. But what, then, was his father like? No doubt like Siegfried himself. Through the green stillness, broken only by the anonymous stirring of the wind in the grass and among the leaves, the music reminds us that Siegfried is a Volsung, while the clarinets recall the mournfully beautiful theme from the first act of "Die Walküre." And his mother? Surely her eyes were soft and shining like the eyes of a doe—only more lovely. Oh, if he might have seen her—his mother, a mortal's mate! In the orchestra we hear the tender song of the 'celli that, in the first act, accompanied Siegfried's wistful talk about the pairing of the creatures of the forest; and then, on a solo violin, the ravishing motive of Freia, goddess of youth and love, that clambers upward "like a dewy branch of wild clematis." A wind stirs among the branches, and the rustling of the forest grows louder. Siegfried's attention is attracted by the songs of the birds. There is one just above his head. Siegfried is captivated, and would fashion a reed with which to imitate the song, and thus, perhaps, understand its meaning. It might, he hopes, tell him something of his mother. He springs up, draws his sword, and, cutting a reed, tries in vain to contrive a pipe. [This episode, together with the slaying of the Dragon and the killing of Mime, are omitted from the usual concert version.]

Siegfried—hot, weary, despondent, longing for friend or companion—reclines again under the branches and listens for the voice of the Bird, which, in the opera, proves to be

a light soprano, uttering the lyric speech of Wagnerland (although in the concert version, of course, the Bird is still only an admirable orchestra player in a black coat). Siegfried—now enabled, by tasting of the Dragon's blood, to understand the song of the Forest Bird—receives news that is indeed arousing: news of the "glorious bride" who, sleeping behind a blazing rampart, awaits the deliverer who knows not fear. The strings burst forth in a phrase of passionate eagerness, the orchestra remembers Loge's magic flames, the Siegfried theme sounds exultantly, and the violins and woodwind sing the so-called Slumber motive from "Die Walküre." Siegfried shouts aloud and springs to his feet, crying for someone to guide him to Brünnhilde's rock; the infinitely obliging Bird flutters forth, with Siegfried following in high excitement. With his exit, the second Act of the music-drama comes to its close.

* * *

Siegfried Ascends the Flaming Mountain Where Brünnhilde Sleeps

In the second scene of Act III, Siegfried, following the Forest Bird toward the flaming summit on which Brünnhilde sleeps, has been halted in a mountain pass by the All-Father Wotan, in the guise of "The Wanderer," who sought to bar the path of the intrepid youth; for Wotan had sworn that none who feared his Spear should pass through Brünnhilde's guarding flames. But Siegfried, with one blow of his sword, shattered the All-Father's mighty symbol of authority—thus destroying forever the old order; and now he resumes his way toward his predestined goal.

As the hero plunges into the sea of fire that sweeps down from the height, the orchestral interlude that links this scene with the next depicts his progress through the flames. Wagner's music for this passage is of exceeding splendor—a gorgeous polyphonic tapestry woven of many themes. We hear different sections of the Forest Bird's song, the two Siegfried motives ("Siegfried the Volsung" and "Siegfried's Horn-Call"), the Rhine-maidens' triumphant song in praise of their gold—the superb motive built on the chord of the dominant-ninth—the Fire motive, and the Slumber theme. As the music approaches its climax, three of these themes sound together in the orchestra—the paean of the Rhine-daughters, a phrase from the Forest Bird's song, and Siegfried's horn-call.

Siegfried attains the summit, and the blazing magnificence of the music subsides as the young Volsung looks over the rocky brow of the cliff and gazes in wonder at the sight before him—the peaceful, sunlit mountain-top, with the mysterious sleeper, covered by a great warshield, lying motionless beneath the spreading branches of a fir-tree.

Finale

These are the concluding pages of the Third Act—that heaven-scaling love duo, with its jubilant exultation and its heroic beauty, which follows the scene of Siegfried's wooing of the reluctant ex-goddess and her final ecstatic surrender; pages that remain unmatched in music.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

Siegfried's Rhine Journey

Siegfried and Brünnhilde have dwelt for a while in Brünnhilde's mountain retreat; and now, in the second episode of the Prologue of "Götterdämmerung," Brünnhilde is about to send the hero forth to new deeds of glory, after having endowed him with all the wisdom that she had acquired from the gods. The stage-setting is that of the Third Act of "Die Walküre" of the Finale of "Siegfried," and of the preceding scene of "Götterdämmerung": the summit of the Valkyrie's rock. Day dawns, and as the red glow in the sky waxes, Loge's guarding fires grow fainter and fainter. When the daily miracle is accomplished in the East, Siegfried and Brünnhilde enter from the cave, the hero in full armor. Brünnhilde urges him forth to fresh exploits. They exchange vows, and Siegfried acquires from his bride her warhorse, "Grane," in exchange for the curse-bearing Ring; whereupon the hero begins his Rhine-journey, to experience love of another kind, and black betrayal, and a murderous end. Brünnhilde watches from the cliff as Siegfried disappears down the mountainside. From afar in the valley comes the sound of his horn. As the curtains close, Wagner's orchestra passes into an extended interlude, which connects the Prologue with Act I of "Götterdämmerung." This magnificent tonal epic, descriptive of Siegfried's Rhine-journey, is derived from a combination of certain among the chief themes of the Tetralogy—Siegfried's horn-call, the motive of Love's Resolution, Loge, The Rhine, the Song of the Rhine-maidens, the Ring, Renunciation, the Rheingold, and Servitude.

Siegfried's Funeral March

In the second scene of Act III, Siegfried, resting in the woods with the assembled huntsmen—Gunther and Hagen and the vassals—relates to them the tale of his life and adventures. As his narrative approaches its end. Hagen interrupts the hero to press upon him a horn of wine in which he has mixed a magic brew that will remove from Siegfried's mind the cloud that has obscured his memory of Brünnhilde. Siegfried resumes his marvelous tale, describing with gusto his pursuit of the guiding Forest-Bird, his finding of Brünnhilde on the flame-girded mountain-top, and his waking of the enchanted sleeper by his kiss. As he reaches this exultant climax, two ravens

fly up from a bush, and Hagen asks him, "Canst read the speech of these ravens, too?" As Siegfried turns to look after them, Hagen thrusts his spear into the hero's back. Siegfried attempts to crush Hagen with his shield, but his strength leaves him, and he falls backward, like the crashing to earth of some towering forest tree. The vassals, who have tried vainly to restrain Hagen, ask in horror what this deed is that he has done; and Gunther echoes their question. "Vengeance for a broken oath!" answers Hagen, as he turns callously away and strides out of sight. Then the stricken hero, supported by two of the vassals, raises himself slightly, opens his eyes, and sings his last greeting to Brünnhilde.

Siegfried sinks back and dies; and for a few moments the stricken vassals and warriors gathered about him in the darkening woods stand speechless beside the silent figure stretched on its great war-shield. Then, at a gesture from Gunther, the vassals lift the shield with its incredible burden upon their shoulders and bear it in solemn procession over the heights, hidden at last by the mists that rise from the river, while the mightiest death-song ever chanted for a son of earth ascends from the instrumental choir.

This is no music of mortal lamentation. It is rather a paean, a tonal glorification. "There is grief for the hero's passing, and there is awe at the catastrophe. But the grief is mixed with thoughts of the high estate into which the chosen one has entered, and the awe is turned to exultation. For a Valkyr will kiss away his wounds, and Wotan will make place for him at his board among the warriors."

* * *

Brünnhilde's Immolation and Closing Scene

The concluding excerpt brings us to the final scene of the music-drama.

The body of the murdered Siegfried lies on its bier in the hall of the Gibichungs beside the Rhine. Gunther, too, is dead, slain in his struggle with Hagen for the Ring; and Hagen has been cowed by the threatening, supernatural gesture of Siegfried's upraised hand as he tried to seize the Ring from the dead hero's finger. In that moment of subduing horror, Brünnhilde, veiled and sovereign, no longer wholly of this world, advances with solemn majesty from the back. Reflection and revelation have made clear to her the whole vast tangle of fate and sin and tragedy that enmeshed them all. Pitifully, she rebukes the bitter and wailing Gutrune. Then, after gazing long upon Siegfried's body, she turns to the awe-struck vassals, bidding them erect a funeral pyre by the river's edge and kindle thereon a towering fire that shall consume the body of the hero, and to bring her Siegfried's horse, that she and Grane may follow their master into the flames.

As the vassals erect the funeral pyre in front of the hall, beside the Rhine, Brünnhilde begins that matchless valedictory, overwhelming in its utterance of grief and

reproach and prophecy and lofty dedication, which is the dramatic and musical culmination of the whole Tetralogy. It is a farewell to earth and earthly love and all felicity beside which every other leave-taking in poetry or drama seems dwarfed and limited. But it is also an implied foreshadowing of the new order, the new day of love and justice, which is to succeed the twilight of the gods and the night of their destruction. Brünnhilde's vision is that of a seeress discerning a regenerate world of love and equity; and she prepares to join her dead hero on the pyre in order that she may fulfill the last necessity which shall make that vision a reality.

She draws the Ring from Siegfried's finger, and puts it upon her own, to be recovered from her ashes by the waiting river and the Rhine-daughters, who will cherish forever the cleansed and purified gold. She turns toward the back, where Siegfried's body has already been laid upon the flower-strewn pyre. She seizes a great firebrand from one of the staring vassals, and hurls it among the logs, which break into sudden flame. Two young men bring forward her horse. She goes to it, quickly unbridles it, bends to it affectionately, addresses it. In rising ecstasy, she cries aloud their joint greeting to the dead Siegfried, swings herself onto Grane's back, and together they leap into the flames.

The fire blazes up, filling the whole space before the hall, as the terrified men and women crowd toward the back. The Rhine overflows, and the Rhine-maidens are seen swimming forward. Hagen plunges into the flood, and is drawn beneath the surface by two of the Nixies as the Curse motive is thundered out by three unison trombones. Flosshilde displays exultantly the recovered Ring. The Valhalla theme is chanted with tragic portent by the brass, and high in the violins and flutes the motive of "Redemption Through Love" soars above the wreckage of cupidity and the selfish pride of gods. As the hall falls in ruins, an increasing glow in the heavens reveals the doomed Valhalla, the gods and heroes seated within. Flames seize the castle of those who were once so mighty and so ruthless and so proud; and in the orchestra, a final transfigured repetition of the motive of Redeeming Love tells us of the passing of the old order and the coming of a new.

Here is an English translation of Brünnhilde's words and Wagner's stage direction:

BRÜNNHILDE

(Alone in the center of the stage; after she has for a long while, at first with a deep shudder, then with almost overpowering sadness, contemplated Siegfried's face, she turns with solemn exaltation to the men and women.)

Build me with logs,
aloft on its brim
a heap for the Rhine to heed;
high and bright
kindle the flame;
let its fiery tongue
the highest hero consume!

His horse guide to my hand,
to be gone with me to his master;
for to share the hero's
highest honor
my body madly burns.
Fulfill Brünnhilde's command!

FIFTH CONCERT

(The younger men raise a great funeral pyre in front of the hall, near the bank of the Rhine; women dress it with hangings on which they strew herbs and flowers. Brünnhilde, who has again been lost in contemplation of the dead Siegfried, is gradually transfigured by an expression of increasing tenderness.)

Like glorious sunshine
he sends me his light;
his soul was faultless
that false I found!
His bride he betrayed
by truth to his friendship:
from his best and dearest
only beloved one,
barred was he by his sword—
Sounder than his,
are oaths not sworn with;
better than his
held never are bargains;
holier than his,
love is unheard of:
and yet to all oaths,
to every bargain,
to faithfulest love,
none has been so untrue!
Know you how it was so?
Oh ye, who heed
our oaths in your heaven,
open your eyes
on my fullness of woe,
and watch your unwithering blame!
For my summons hark,
thou highest god!
Him, by his daringest deed—
that filled so deftly thy hope,
darkly thy means
doomed in its midst
to ruin's merciless wrong;
me to betray he was bounden,
that wise a woman might grow!
Know I not now, what thou wouldst?
All things, all things
All I now know:
Nought is hidden;
all is clear to me here!
Fitly thy ravens
take to their pinions;
with tidings feared and hoped for,
hence to their home they shall go.
Rest thee, rest thee, O god!

(She signs to the men to lift Siegfried's body and bear it to the funeral pyre: at the same time she draws the ring from Siegfried's finger, contemplates it during what follows, and at last puts it on her finger.)

My heritage,
behold me hallow!—
Thou guilty ring!
Ruinous gold!
My hand gathers,
and gives thee again.
You wisely seeing
water-sisters,
the Rhine's unresting daughters,
I deem your word was of weight!
All that you ask
now is your own;
here from my ashes
now you may have it!—
The flame as it clasps me round,
frees from its curse the ring!—
Back to its gold
return it again,
and far in the flood
withhold its fire,
the Rhine's unslumbering sun,
that once you lost to your bane.

(She turns toward the back, where Siegfried's body lies already on the pyre, and seizes a great firebrand from one of the vassals.)

Away, you ravens!
Whisper to your master
what here among us you heard!
By Brünnhilde's rock
Your road shall be bent;
who roars yet around it,
Loge—send him to Valhall!
For with doom of gods
is darkened the day;
so—set I the torch
to Valhall's towering walls!

(She flings the brand into the heap of wood, which quickly blazes up. Two ravens have flown up from the bank and disappear toward the background. Two young men bring in the horse; Brünnhilde seizes and quickly unbridles it.)

Grane, my horse,
hail to thee here!
Knowest thou, friend,
how far I shall need thee?
Behold how brightens
hither thy lord,
Siegfried—my sorrowless hero.
To go to him now
neigh'st thou so gladly?
Lure thee to him
the light and the laughter?—
Feel how my bosom
fills with its blaze!
Hands of fire
hold me at heart;
my master enfolding,
held fast in his arms,
in love everlasting,
made one with my own!
Heiaho! Grane!
Greeting to him!
Siegfried! Behold!
Blissfully hails thee thy bride!

(She has swung herself stormily on to the horse and rides it with a leap into the burning pyre.)

SIXTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 14

"Carmen" (in concert form) . . . . . BIZET

Georges Bizet was born in Paris, October 25, 1838; died at Bougival, near Paris, June 3, 1875.

It is the privilege of great composers to be unfortunate. The sentimental romanticist in most of us takes a perverse satisfaction from the thought that the artist is always poor, misunderstood, and unappreciated by his age. Success in art seems to be associated with philistinism and the artist is always far removed from Croesus; he has an attic and shabby clothes, we deny him food and then follow him to a pauper's grave. Thus we do him a great justice, for success is often incapable of romance.

Bizet's unfortunate life, the tragic implications in his character, and his final crucifixion by the injustice of his age, put the mark of the halo about him, and we take another musical martyr to our hearts.

Working in a stifling atmosphere of sordid commercialism and undisguised hostility, Bizet had an utterly undistinguished career. Even when he paid stealthy visits to the altar of Baal which he, at times, solemnly swore to destroy, he was received with apathy. When, on the other hand, his artistic integrity asserted itself and in spite of himself he created a masterpiece ("Carmen"), he met genuine hostility.

The miserable failure of "Carmen" at that first fateful performance is common knowledge. Before the great moral issue blazed forth, the critics received it with complete disdain. Villars tells us, "The audience remained unmoved and bored. . . . The public showed its customary disdain toward Bizet and the opera dragged out a mediocre existence."

Oscar Comettant in *Le Siècle* wrote, "It is not, however, by ingenious orchestral touches, bold dissonances or instrumental finesse that one is able to express the low-down rage of Mlle. Carmen, and the aspirations of the outcasts who form her retinue. . . . M. Bizet, who has nothing to learn of what can be learnt, has unhappily still much to divine of what cannot be taught. A little blasé by contact with dissonance and research, his heart needs to recover its musical purity. He thinks too much and does not feel enough, and his inspirations lack sincerity and naïveté. . . . He will have to unlearn many things before becoming a dramatic composer."

One would hardly expect old le père Dupin to have fully appreciated

"Carmen," realizing that he was eighty-four years of age when he heard the première. His comments, however, are amusing:

"Yesterday I was at the 'Opera Comique.' I won't mince matters. . . . Your 'Carmen' is a failure. It will not be played twenty times. . . . There are three pieces in it which contain music, and make some effect because they come to an end. As for the others, my goodness, they never finish. There is not even an opening for applause. That's not music. . . . There is a man who meets a woman . . . he finds her beautiful and that's the first act; he loves her and she loves him and that's the second; she does not love him any more and that's the third; he kills her, that's the fourth. And you call that a piece—it's a crime!" But Papa Dupin returned to the source of his irritation. He saw the three-hundredth performance, much to his own astonishment, no doubt.

After this historic fiasco, Bizet sank into a deep depression of mind which was incontestably one of the principal causes of his untimely death. He shut himself up in savage isolation. He had not even the consolation of believing in his own talent, for he had come to think that he was entirely lacking in dramatic interest. He did not live long enough to see his "Carmen" acclaimed by the world, in fact his hearse rumbled over the cobblestones on one rainy afternoon when the French public poured from the theater acknowledging the existence of a genius—that is part of the romance.

"Bizet wrote 'Carmen' with his blood and tears," wrote Alfred Bruneau in *La Musique française*, "and made a martyr of himself to bequeath to the world a work vibrant, palpitating and full of song. . . . Anger died down, truth having gradually carried out its work of peace. The public had to acknowledge that the love story of the soldier and the gypsy which it had at first declared absolutely incompatible with the nobility of art, is eminently lyrical. . . . All is original, and that explains the long resistence of the public."

Very few biographers of Bizet represent him as he really was, a gifted man with many shortcomings, a composer of undeniable talent whose "Carmen" stands in strong and strange contrast with all his other works and also with his personality as revealed by his letters and the judgments expressed by those who knew him well. That the composer of such a trifle as "La Jolie Fille de Perth" within a few years could create a "Carmen" is as strange and inexplicable as that Emily Brontë could have written "Wuthering Heights" after a few insignificant poems. Of Bizet's artistic personality, which began to assert itself in "Carmen," we know absolutely nothing. He was always essentially a "bourgeois," practical, humdrum, and colorless. He did not live long enough for us to have any clew as to the change that took place within him. During the early part of his career, he had no sense of, and no liking for, dramatic music, to which he preferred music of a light facile order. His teacher

Carafa once wrote to Merchandante, "Monsieur Bizet will never be a dramatic composer, he is utterly lacking in the needful enthusiasm." Was it Wagner who aroused this in him? Or perhaps the rays of truth emanating from Mérimée's story and reflected in Bizet's mirrorlike soul were so intensified that they kindled the flame of inspiration. It was indeed Bizet's misfortune never to happen upon an author who fully appreciated his ideas and had talent for writing a libretto in accordance with them. When at last Meilhac and Halévy provided him with a libretto, of which Nietzsche said, "It is a dramatic masterpiece to study for climax, contrast and logic," Bizet responded by revealing a hitherto entirely unknown artistic personality, and real inspiration burst into an incandescent flame.

However conscious of a mission Bizet was at times, he was not made of the stuff of martyrs and uncompromising reformers. We cannot say of him as we can of Berlioz and Wagner that he never yielded an inch and kept his eyes forever bent on his own lofty ideal. Had he adopted the uncompromising attitude of a Wagner, his "Carmen" would never have beheld the light of day. Du Locle, the director of the opera, positively refused to produce the work as it was originally written, and although Bizet contested the alterations step by step, he had no choice but to satisfy, in a manner, the atrocious demands of his superiors. He was not unmindful of the motto on the curtain of "Opera Comique," *Ridendo castigat mores,* when he was urged to let Carmen live, as Thomas, in accordance with the time-honored tradition of L'Opera Comique, had restored his heroine to life and the embraces of Wilhelm Meister, a proceeding which must have brought Goethe's ghost to earth. Bizet, however, refused to inflict a similar indignity on the corpse of Mérimée, although at one time he had considered establishing a relationship hitherto unsuspected between Mérimée's capricious and fearless gypsy and Dumas' tearful "Dame aux Camillias," by introducing a sob song of regret after the card trio! He had, however, to rewrite the famous "Habanera" no less than thirteen times at the bidding of the prima donna, Mme. Galli Marie, and the duet in Act II was the object of acrimonious discussion; it was too lengthy, too nationalistic, too lacking in the tearful bathos of a Thomas or the charming frivolity of an Auber. The "Toreador Song," which he was forced to write against his will at the urgent request of Ludovic Halévy, he flung on the desk of the librettist with the angry exclamation, "Here is your military music—it is the only thing the public is able to understand."

Poor Bizet did have ideals, but no courage, and he was constantly making concessions to the atrocious bad taste of his times. We cannot find it in our hearts then to condemn him entirely for what is considered the most puerile and regrettable concession he ever made to the devotees of sentimental romance,

the introduction of the timid, bashful, naïve, modest, and exceedingly stupid Micaela, as a foil to the sensual, savage, and crafty Carmen. Dramatically and artistically, there is no justification for the intrusion of Micaela into the violent byplay of José and Carmen. But for the suddenly very moral French public of that time, Micaela did much to lessen the curse of immorality, for in a wonderful moment of illumination, some clever soul discovered that Carmen could not be defended on moral grounds! Everyone knew that the libretto had not been written for children; everyone was quite aware that Lillas Pastia's tavern was not a family hotel, and that the characters in Mérimée's book were not leaders of the Purity League. The hypocritical attack on moral grounds which greeted poor Bizet is food for Momus. Here is a circumstance that calls for the pen of a Juvenal or a Swift. Certainly the mentality of Paris had not undergone so violent a change that the patrons of Italian operas which preceded "Carmen" were suddenly deaf, dumb, and blind. A work is not made moral because the characters sing in saccharin thirds and sixths. Carmen is not, by any reckoning, a lady, nor are the smugglers gentlemen. But then the Duke in "Rigoletto," the characters in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," or "Don Giovanni" are no paragons of virtue. The trouble arose because Bizet dared to write truthfully, and all the prudery of Paris was shocked. Micaela was bait for the moralists. Would that we in America had the artistic courage of the Russian Moscow Art Theater, which in its stirring revival of Bizet's original "Carmen" withdrew Micaela and left the highly artistic, thrilling, and dramatically unified work that Mérimée created and that inspired Bizet to the one masterpiece of his career.

Writing in 1880, Tchaikovsky assumed the prophetic mantle and declared his conviction that in ten years "Carmen" would be the most popular opera in the world. Although it is all but impossible to determine the work which occupies that fortunate position, there cannot be the slightest doubt that "Carmen" ranks among the most popular operas the world has ever heard.

Nietzsche was enthusiastic about it. "May I say that Bizet's orchestral tone is almost the only one that I can still bear to hear. This music seems to me perfect. It has a light, flexible, courteous air; it is amiable and does not perspire" [a gibe at Wagner!].

Debussy acknowledged Bizet's greatness when he wrote, "In him, France's greatest operatic composer was lost to the world." Today Stravinsky proclaims Bizet the greatest of all French composers. He appreciates to the full his admirable workmanship, his unfailing imagination, his inexhaustible fund of melody, his delightful sense of humor, and his unerring sense of dramatic fitness. More significant than even the opinions of these luminaries is the final judgment of

the world, which ranks this solitary work of an undeniable genius as one of the truly great masterpieces in the field of the music drama.

"If ever I have the honour to be vice-president of the Association of Musical and Dramatic Critics," wrote Maurice Lefèvre in *Musica* for June, 1912, "I will ask a committee to allow me the sum necessary for the placing of a commemorative plaque to the memory of the unhappy and illustrious Georges Bizet, with this expiatory inscription:

"To the victim of musical criticism, to the great musician misunderstood and scoffed at, killed by disgust and sorrow."

In this concert performance, necessary cuts have been made in the score which are not indicated in this text.

ACT I

OVERTURE

A square in Sevilla. On the right, the door of the cigarette factory. At the back, a rude bridge. On the left, a guardhouse. When the curtain rises, Corporal Morales and the soldiers are discovered, grouped in front of the guardhouse. People coming and going on the square.

SOLDIERS.—What a bustling! What a hustling!
Everywhere on the square:—
O, what a sight these people are!

MORALES.—At the door of the guardhouse lazing,
To kill time we try,
While smoking, joking, we're gazing
At the passers-by.
What a bustling, what a hustling,
Everywhere on the square:—
O, what a sight these people are!
(*Enter Micaela.*)

MORALES.—But see that pretty maiden waiting,
And looking so shyly this way;
See there! see there! she is turning, hesitating.

SOLDIERS.—Off to her aid without delay!

MORALES (*to Micaela, gallantly*).—Fair one, what are you seeking?

MICAELA (*with simplicity*).—I seek a corporal here.

MORALES.—I am he, I'm sure.

MICAELA.—You are not he of whom I'm speaking:
Don José. Is he known to you?

MORALES.—Don José? Why, we all know him, too.

MICAELA (*animatedly*).—Indeed! Is he with the soldiers I see?

MORALES.—No, he is not a member of our company.

MICAELA (*with disappointment*).—Oh, then he is not here?

MORALES.—No, pretty maiden, no, he is not here,
But very soon he will appear.
For you must know,
His guard will soon relieve us,
And we must go,
However it may grieve us.
But while waiting for him, pray,
Pretty darling, come this way;
If you will but be so kind
Within a seat you will find.

MICAELA.—Within? Oh no, oh no!
Thank you, Sir, that would never do!

MORALES.—Have no fear of us, my dear,
For I pledge my honor here.

We will take the best of care
Of you as long as you are there!

MICAELA.—I am sure you will, for the rest,
I will return, that will be best;
I will return when the other guards relieve you,
And you must go, however it may grieve you.

(*The soldiers surround Micaela, who tries to evade them.*)

SOLDIERS.—Do not say no!
For other guards relieve us,
And we must go,
However it may grieve us!

MICAELA.—No, no! So good-bye! I really must go!

MORALES.—The bird is flown;
No use to moan!
Let us do as we did before,
And watch the people pass our door.

(*Bugle call on stage. The soldiers form in line in front of the guard-house.*)

(*The relief appears; first a bugler and fifer, then a crowd of street-boys. During the street-boys' chorus, the relief forms in front of the guard going off duty.*)

NO. 3. CHORUS OF STREETBOYS

STREETBOYS.—With the guard on duty going,
Marching onward, here we are!
Sound, trumpets, merrily blowing!
Ta ra ta ta ta ra ta ta.
On we tramp, alert and ready,
Like young soldiers every one;
Heads up and footfall steady,
Left, right, we're marching on!
See how straight our shoulders are,
Ev'ry breast is swelled with pride,
Our arms all regular—
Hanging down on either side.
With the guard on duty going,
Marching onward, here we are
Sound, trumpets, merrily blowing,
Ta ra ta ta ta ra ta ta.

MORALES.—Just before you came, there addresses
Me here a charming girl, to ask if you were here.
Blue her gown, and woven her tresses.

DON JOSÉ.—That is surely Micaela!

(*Exeunt guard going off duty.*)

NO. 3A RECITATIVE

ZUNIGA.—Is it here that the girls are making cigarettes,
In the building over the way there?

DON JOSÉ.—Indeed, Captain, it is, and every one admits
That there never were girls bolder than those that stay there.

ZUNIGA.—Are their faces not worth your mention?

DON JOSÉ.—Captain, I vow I cannot tell;
That is a thing to which I never pay attention.

ZUNIGA.—Where your thoughts are, my friend,
I know right well:
One fair maid your heart all possesses,
And her name is Micaela;
"Blue her gown, and woven her tresses:"
You give me no answer, aha!

DON JOSÉ.—I reply, it is true, I reply that I love her!
When the cigarette girls appear,
You will see them too, here they are!
Now see what charms you can discover!

(*Don José sits down and pays no attention to the shifting scenes.*)

(*Enter Workingmen.*)

NO. 4. CHORUS

WORKINGMEN.—'Tis the noon-day bell, now we workmen gather,
Waiting till the gay throng of girls appears;
We shall follow you when you all come hither;
Whisp'ring words of love in your willing ears!
(*Enter Cigarette girls, smoking cigarettes, and slowly descending to the stage.*)
Here they are! how boldly they stare,
Saucy coquettes!
While they smoke with jauntiest air
Their cigarettes.

CIGARETTE GIRLS.—See how the smoke lightly flies,
While ascending up to the skies
In a fragrant cloud 'tis blending;
To the head it mounts as well,
As it rises, 'Tis like a spell,
That our senses all surprises!
What are the sighs that fond lovers heave?
What are the vows they'd make us believe
Only smoke! Yes, only smoke!

WORKINGMEN.—But why do we not see la Carmencita!
That is she! That is la Carmencita!
(*Enter Carmen.*)
Carmen! We all follow wherever you go!
Carmen! Be so kind, and answer us now,
And tell us the day your heart is ours!

CARMEN (*after a swift glance at Don José*).—When my heart will be yours?
I' faith, I do not know.
It may never be! it may be to-morrow!
'Twill not be to-day, that I vow!

NO. 5. HABANERA

CARMEN.—Love is like any wood-bird wild,
That none can ever hope to tame;
And in vain is all wooing mild
If he refuses your heart to claim.
Naught avails, neither threat nor prayer.
One speaks me fair, the other sighs,
'Tis the other that I prefer,
Tho' mute, his heart to mine replies.
A Gypsy boy is Love, 'tis true,
He ever was and ever will be free;
Love you not me, then I love you,
If I love you, beware of me!
As a bird, when you thought to net him,
On buoyant wings escapes in air,
Love is wary when you await him;
Await him not, and he is there!
All around you he swiftly sweeps,
Now here, now there he lightly flies,
When you deem him yours, he escapes;
You'd fain escape and you are his!

NO. 6. SCENE AND RECITATIVE

WORKINGMAN (*to Carmen*).—Carmen! we all follow wherever you go!
Carmen! be so kind and answer us now!
(*The young men surround Carmen; she looks first at them, then at Don José; hesitates; turns as if going to the factory, then retraces her steps and goes straight at Don José, who is still occupied with his primer. Carmen takes from her bodice a bunch of cassia flowers, and throws it at Don José. General burst of laughter.*
The factory bell begins to ring. Exeunt workingmen. The soldiers enter guardhouse. Don José is

left alone; he picks up the flowers, which have fallen at his feet.)

DON JOSÉ.—What an eye! what a wanton air!
This little flower gave me a start,
Like a ball aim'd at my heart!
And the woman!
If there really are witches,
She is one, 'tis beyond a doubt.

MICAELA.—José!

DON JOSÉ.—Micaela!

MICAELA.—It is I.

DON JOSÉ.—Joyful meeting!

MICAELA.—'Tis from your mother I bear greeting!

NO. 7. DUET

DON JOSÉ.—Tell me, what of my mother?

MICAELA.—Her faithful messenger, alone I've travel'd hither
With a letter.

DON JOSÉ (*joyfully*).—With a letter.

MICAELA.—A little money, too.
To eke your payments out, she sends to you.
And then —

DON JOSÉ.—And then?

MICAELA.—And then—I hardly dare to!
And then there's something else she bade me bear you,
Worth more than any gold;
And, for a loving son,
Must surely be of worth untold!

DON JOSÉ.—What can it be, then?
You will tell me, will you not?

MICAELA.—Yes, for I must
Whatever I have brought,
Nothing will I withhold.
As your mother and I together left the chapel,
And with a kiss on me she smiled:
Now go, she said to me, to Sevilla repair;
The way is not too long,
And when you once are there,
Seek first of all my son, my José, my dear child!
Tell him that his mother is lonely,
Praying night and day for her son,
That her regretful heart now only
Yearns to forgive what he has done.
Go, my sweet, I can well believe you,
That a messenger true you'll be;
Go, and this parting kiss I give you,
To my son you will give from me!

DON JOSÉ (*deeply moved*).—A kiss from my mother!

MICAELA—'Tis a kiss for her son!
José, I give it you, as she would have it done!
(*She kisses Don José.*)

DON JOSÉ.—My mother I behold!
Again I see my village home!
O happy mem'ries of old,
How ye my heart overcome!
Ye fill my yearning breast
With tender calm and rest.
Now, until I have read it, wait a moment here.

MICAELA.—Oh no! read first, and I will then soon reappear.

DON JOSÉ.—But why go away?

MICAELA.—It is better
To leave you alone with your letter!
Now read! Then I will return.

DON JOSÉ.—You will return?

MICAELA.—I will return.
(*Exit.*)

(*Don José reads the letter in silence.*)

DON JOSÉ.—Do not fear, dear mother,
Your will shall be my law.
Your son will heed your prayer;
I love Micaela,

'Tis she my heart is bent on;
As for thy flow'rs, thou brazen wanton!

(*Cries behind the scenes.*)

NO. 8. CHORUS

CIGARETTE GIRLS.—Help! help! will you never hear?
Help! help! Is no soldier near?
'Twas la Carmencita! !
No, no! she did not do it!
O yes, O yes, it was she!
'Twas she began it with a blow.
Do not mind what they say!
My lord, they do not know!

(*Drawing Zuniga to their side.*)

Manuelita raised a cry,
That one could hear all through town,
That she had a mind to buy
Her an ass to ride upon.
Carmencita quickly cried
(She never lets a chance pass):
"What do you want with an ass
When a broom will do to ride?"
Manuelita answered too,
All over in fury shaking:
"For a ride you'll soon be taking,
My ass will do well for you!
Then you'll have a right to rise
Far above us in your pride,
With two lackeys at your side
Taking turns in chasing flies!"
Then they both started to tear
And to pull each other's hair!

NO. 9. SONG AND MELODRAMA

DON JOSÉ.—Captain, I find there has been a quarrel,
They began it with words, then quickly came to blows;
And one woman is wounded.

ZUNIGA.—And by whom?

DON JOSÉ.—She can tell you.

ZUNIGA.—You hear the charge: what have you to oppose?

CARMEN.—Tra la la la la la la la
You may flay me or burn me; but nothing I'll tell,
Tra la la la la la la la
For your steel and your fire, and e'en Heaven I defy.

ZUNIGA.—You can sing better bye-and-bye;
And now that you are ordered to answer, reply!

CARMEN (*staring impudently at Zuniga*).—Tra la la la la la la
My own secret I'll keep and I'll keep it right well!
Tra la la la la la la la,
There is one whom I love, and for him I would die.

ZUNIGA.—As nothing I say can avail,
You will sing your song to the walls of the jail!

CIGARETTE GIRLS.—To the jail! to the jail!

(*Carmen strikes a woman who happens to be near her.*)

ZUNIGA (*to Carmen*).—Now, steady!
Aye, sure enough, with your hand you are ready.

CARMEN (*with the utmost impertinence*).—Tra la la la la la la la, etc.

ZUNIGA.—'Tis a pity, 'tis a great pity,
For she is so youthful and pretty:
Nevertheless, spite of her charms,
We must bind these two lovely arms.

CARMEN.—Where shall you take me now?

DON JOSÉ.—Into the jail; there's no way I can help you.

CARMEN.—You say, there's no way to help me?

DON JOSÉ.—No, none, I obey my commands.

CARMEN.—As for me, I am sure that despite your commands, you'll save me,
And will do all that I desire;
And you will, because you love me!

DON JOSÉ.—I, love you?

CARMEN.—Yes, José! The flower I gave you to-day,
You know, the brazen wanton's flower,
Tho' now you may throw it away,
You feel its power!

DON JOSÉ.—Now say nothing more, do you hear?
Say nothing more, I will not hear!

NO. 10. SEGUIDILLA AND DUET

CARMEN.—Near to the walls of Sevilla,
With my good friend Lillas Pastia,
I'll soon dance the gay Seguidilla
And I'll drink Manzanilla.
I'll go and see my good friend Lillas Pastia!
But all alone what can one do?
True love begins where there are two;
And so, to keep me company,
I'll take my lover dear with me!
(*laughing.*)
My lover dear has got the mitten.
And where he is the deuce may care!
Now my poor heart, so sadly smitten,
My heart is free, is free as air!
Tho' I have suitors by the dozen
There is not one that suits my whim.
The week is gone and none is chosen:
Who will love me? I will love him!
Who'll have my soul?
'Tis for the asking!
Now some good fairy has sent you here!
And my patience will bear no tasking
For, beside my new lover dear,
Near to the walls of Sevilla,
With my good friend Lillas Pastia,
I'll soon dance the gay Seguidilla
And I'll drink Manzanilla.
Yes, I'm going to my friend Lillas Pastia!

DON JOSÉ (*with severity*).—Be still!
Did I not say you must not speak to me?

CARMEN (*with simplicity*).—I did not speak to you,
I only sang a song,
And I'm thinking—
By thinking I can do you no wrong!
An officer I have in mind,
Who loves me,
And knows well,
Yes, who knows well,
That I am not unkind!

DON JOSÉ (*agitated*).—Carmen!

CARMEN (*pointedly*).—That he's no captain I well am aware,
Nor a lieutenant is he;
He's only a corp'ral,
But why should a Gypsy girl ever care?
And I think he will do for me.

DON JOSÉ.—Carmen, do my senses all leave me?
If I yield, can you deceive me?
Will you then surely faithful be?
Ah! if I love you, Carmen,
Carmen, will you love me?

CARMEN.—Yes! (*Don José loosens the cord which binds Carmen's hands.*)
Soon we shall dance the Seguidilla,
And we shall drink Manzanilla.
Near to the walls of Sevilla,
With my good friend Lillas Pastia.
(*Zuniga comes out of guardhouse.*)

NO. 11. FINALE

ZUNIGA (*to Don José*).—Here is the order; now go!
Take care she does not cheat you! !

CARMEN (*aside to Don José*).—On the way I'll give you a push,
Just as hard as ever I can:
You must fall, off I rush;
You know where I shall meet you!
(*Singing, and laughing in Zuniga's face.*)
A Gypsy boy is Love 'tis true,
He ever was and ever will be free;
Love you not me, then I love you,
If I love you, beware of me!
(*She marches off with Don José and the Soldiers.*)
(*On arriving at the bridge, Carmen pushes the soldiers down, and escapes, laughing loudly.*)

ACT II.

Lillas Pastia's Inn. When the curtain rises, Carmen, Frasquita, and Mercedes are discovered seated at a table with the owner. Dance of the Gypsy girls, accompanied by Gypsies playing the guitar and tambourine.

NO. 12. GYPSY SONG

CARMEN.—The sound of sistrum bars did greet
Their ears with dry, metallic ringing,
To this strange music soon up-springing,
The Gypsy girls were on their feet.
The rattling, ringing tambourine,
And twanging of guitars, now mingle,
And, pinched and pounded, throb and jingle,
Alike in time, alike in tune!
Tra la la la, etc.
With fingers fleet the gypsy boys
On string and leather romp and riot;
No Gypsy maid can sit quiet
Who hears the glorious, merry noise;
And, to the measure of the song,
All join the glowing, wanton revel;
Round and round the ring, how they travel,
Borne on whirlwinds of joy along!
Tra la la la, etc.
(*Carmen, Frasquita, and Mercedes join the dance.*)

NO. 12 RECITATIVE

FRASQUITA.—Kind sirs, Pastia begs leave—

ZUNIGA.—Well, what does he want now, Master Pastia?

FRASQUITA.—He says, that the corregidor tells him, it's time to be closing.

ZUNIGA.—All right! we'll go away:
And you shall go with us.

FRASQUITA.—No, no! We'd rather stay!

ZUNIGA.—And you, Carmen— Will you stay here?
Just listen! A word in your ear!
You are vexed!

CARMEN.—Why am I vexed? How so?

ZUNIGA.—The dragoon, put in jail because he let you go—

CARMEN.—Have they killed him, now, in their spite?

ZUNIGA.—Is no longer in prison!

CARMEN.—Not in prison? That's right!
And now, kind gentlemen, good-night!

NO. 13. CHORUS

(*Chorus behind the scenes.*)

CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah, the Toréro!
Hurrah! hurrah, Escamillo!

ZUNIGA.—A torchlight procession I see!
'Twas he who won the bullfight at Granada.
Will you join in a glass, old friend?
You shall be welcome!

Here's to your best success, to triumphs yet to be!

(*Enter Escamillo.*)

ALL.—Hurrah! hurrah, the Toréro!
Hurrah! hurrah, Escamillo!

NO. 14. COUPLETS

ESCAMILLO.—For a toast, your own will avail me,
Señors, señors! For all you men of war,
Like all Toréros, as brother hail me!
In a fight we both take delight!
'Tis holiday, the circus full,
The circus full from rim to floor;
The lookers-on beyond control,
The lookers-on now begin to murmur and roar!
Some are calling, and others bawling,
And howling too, with might and main!
For they await a sight appalling!
'Tis the day of the braves of Spain!
Come on, make ready! come on! Ah!
Toreador! Toreador!
And think on her, whom all can see:
On a dark-eyed lady,
And that love awaits for thee, Toreador.
Love waits, love waits for thee.

ALL.—Toreador, make ready!
Toreador, Toreador!
And think on her whom all can see,
On a dark-eyed lady,
And that love waits for thee!

ESCAMILLO.—All at once they all are silent:
Ah, what is going on?
No cries! the time has come!
With the mighty bound the bull leaps out from the Toril!
With a rush he comes, he charges!
A horse is lying, under him a Picador!
Ah! bravo! Toro! the crowd is crying!
Now he goes on, halts, he turns, charges once more!
Oh how he shakes his banderillas!
How madly now he runs!
The sand is wet and red!
See them running, see them climb the barriers!
Only one has not fled!
Come on! make ready! come on! Ah!
Toreador, make ready!
Toreador! Toreador!
And think on her whom all can see,
On a dark-eyed lady,
And that love awaits for thee.

NO. 14. RECITATIVE*

CHORUS.—(*As before.*)

CARMEN.—There is no harm in waiting,
And they say, hope is sweet!

ZUNIGA.—Well, Carmen, as you will not come,
I shall come back.

CARMEN.—That will do you good!

ZUNIGA.—Bah! I'll try a new tack!

(*Exit Escamillo.*)

NO. 15. QUINTET

EL DANCAIRO.—We have undertaken a matter.

MERCEDES.—O tell us, it is good indeed?

EL DANCAIRO.—Yes, my dears, it could not be better:
And with your aid we can succeed!

EL REMENDADO.—Yes, with your aid we can succeed!

CARMEN, FRASQUITA, MERCEDES.—Our aid?
With our aid you can succeed!

EL DANCAIRO, EL REMENDADO.—For here we humbly tell you now,

* Omitted at this performance.

And do with all respect avow:
When any sly intrigue is weaving,
Whether for thieving, or for deceiving
You will do well, if you provide
To have the women on your side!
Do not scout them: for without them
One never can succeed at need!

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, CARMEN, EL DANCAIRO, EL REMENDADO.—When any sly intrigue is weaving, etc.

Then you agree? Now let us know?
When shall we go? When shall we go?
Why, we are ready! by your leave, by your leave!
If you're ready to go, pray go!
But altho' I fear me, you'll grieve,
I shall not go, I shall not go!
O, Carmen, how can you say no?
Surely, you can not have the heart to spoil all by not taking part!
Ah, dearest Carmen, you will go!
But at least, tell us why, Carmen,
Yes, tell us why?
If you must know, I shall reply!
Go on!
The reason is that I have fallen.
How so?
That I am in love today!
What did she say? What did she say?
She said that she has fall'n in love!
Oh come, be serious, Carmen, I pray!
Fit to lose my senses for love!
Your answer is, indeed, surprising,
But more than once before, my love,
You have been clever in devising
A compromise 'twixt your duty and love!
This evening I should be delighted
To join you in your enterprise,
But, tho' so pressingly invited,
'Twixt my duty and my love there is no compromise!
The word is surely not your last?
My very last!
You must let us prevail on you to go!
Do not say no, Carmen, do not say no!
If you refuse, we're sure to lose!
For, as you know, that, I know that it is so:
When any sly intrigue is weaving, etc.

NO. 16. SONG

DON JOSÉ (*behind the scenes*).—Have a care! who goes there; Man of Alcala!
Where are you going there, Man of Alcala!
Ever true and tender, faithfully I wander
To my sweetheart yonder!
If that is your end, pass the line my friend!
When 'tis honor calls, or love that enthralls,
Comrades all we are, Men of Alcala!
(*Enter Don José.*)

CARMEN.—'Tis you at last!
DON JOSÉ.—Carmen!
CARMEN.—And out of jail to-day?
DON JOSÉ.—In jail for two months past!
CARMEN.—Do you care?
DON JOSÉ.—No, not I! And, if it were for you,
I'd be there still, with pleasure.
CARMEN.—You love me, then!
DON JOSÉ.—I? out of measure!
CARMEN.—Some of your officers were here just now;
We had to dance for them.
DON JOSÉ.—For them! You?
CARMEN.—You are jealous, I'd swear you can't deny it.
DON JOSÉ.—What then? What if I am?
CARMEN (*gaily*).—Be quiet, sir, be quiet!

NO. 17. DUET

Now I shall dance for your reward,
And you shall see, my lord,
The song that I shall sing is of my own invention!
Sit you down here, Don José.
(*Making Don José sit down.*)
Now, attention!

CARMEN (*surprised*).—And what for, if you please?
La la la la la la la, etc.
(*Bugles behind the scenes.*)

DON JOSÉ (*stopping Carmen*).—
Stop for a moment, Carmen, only a moment!

DON JOSÉ.—Do I hear below?
Yes, I hear them, our bugles, sounding in retreat:
Do you not hear them now?

CARMEN (*gaily*).—Bravo! bravo!
My pains are wasted!
He's tired of seeing dances
To the tunes I supply
So welcome this, that chances
To fall down from the sky!
(*Dancing, and rattling the castanets.*)
La la la la, etc.

DON JOSÉ (*again stopping Carmen*).—You do not understand, Carmen; 'tis the retreat!
It means that I must go back to camp for the night!

CARMEN (*stupefied*).—Back to camp? for the night?
Ah! how could I be so stupid!
Here I've been working hard, and tried with all my might, yes,
To make you smile, my lord!
How I danced! how I sang!
How I—Lord save us all,
Might have loved you ere long!
Ta ra ta ta
It is the bugle call!
Ta ra ta ta
He's off! now he is gone!
Go along, simpleton!
Wait! here is your cap, your sabre, here's your pill box!
Now, be-gone, silly boy, be-gone!
And go back to your barracks!

DON JOSÉ.—And so you think I do not love you then?

CARMEN.—Why no!

DON JOSÉ.—You don't? Then wait and hear!

CARMEN.—I'll neither hear, nor wait!

DON JOSÉ.—Now you shall hear!

CARMEN.—You will surely be late!

DON JOSÉ.—Yes, now you shall hear!

CARMEN.—No, no!

DON JOSÉ.—But you must, Carmen,
I say you must!
(*He draws, from the vest of his uniform the flower which Carmen threw at him in Act I and shows it to Carmen.*)
This flower that you threw to me,
I kept it still while in the jail,
And still the flow'r tho' dead and dry,
A sweet perfume did e'er exhale
And, thro many a silent hour,
On mine eye-lids closed, lay the flow'r,
This rare perfume was my delight;
I saw your face at dead of night!
Then I began to curse your name,
And e'en to detest you, and to exclaim;
Why must it be, that in my way
She should be set by Destiny!
Then I'd call myself a blasphemer,
And within my heart thrilled a tremor,
I only knew a sole desire,
A sole desire, one hope alone;
Carmen, 'twas to see you, see you, my own!

For hardly had you met my vision,
Or cast a single glance at me,
Of all my soul you took possession,
O, my Carmen! And I liv'd only yours to be!
Carmen, I love you!

CARMEN.—No! not for me you care!

DON JOSÉ.—What do you say?

CARMEN.—No, not for me you care!
For, if you loved me, up there, up there
You'd follow me!
Yes! Away, away to yonder mountain,
Away, away you'd follow me!
Upon your horse we hence would flee,
You as a brave man, onward like the wind
O'er hill and dale with me behind!
Up yonder you'd be as free as air,
Officer there is none whose command you obey,
Nor any retreat sounding there,
Telling fond lovers,
Now you must up and away!
Roaming at will beneath the skies,
All the world for you and me;
And for law, whate'er you please!
And the best, the dearest boon we prize:
We all are free! we all are free!

ALL.—Follow us friend, over the plains,
Follow us now into the mountains,
You will agree
When you shall be
So free, so free,
Roaming at will beneath blue skies,
All the world for you and me,
And the best, the dearest boon we prize;
Aye! We all are free!

ACT III

A wild spot in the mountains. As the curtain rises, a few of the smugglers are seen lying here and there, enveloped in their cloaks.

NO. 19. SEXTET AND CHORUS

GYPSIES.—Attention, attention, comrades, all together!
Fortune awaits us in the plain below,
But be careful while on the way there,
Be wary as you onward go!

SEXTET.—Our chosen trade, our chosen trade is good, but ev'ry man must have a heart that never fears!
For danger lurks around, it is below, it is above, 'Tis everywhere; who cares!
We go on, straight ahead, without heed of the night,
Without heed of the storm, without heed of the torrent!
With no heed of the troop down below, out of sight,
But awake, that I warrant!

GYPSIES.—My friend, below attention, Comrades all together
Fortune awaits us on the plain below; etc.

CARMEN.—What do you see, below?

DON JOSÉ.—I was thinking that yonder is living a good, industrious old woman, who thinks me a man of honor.
But she is wrong alas!

CARMEN.—Who is this good old woman?

DON JOSÉ.—Ah, Carmen! If you love me, do not speak thus:
For 'tis my mother!

CARMEN.—Indeed? Then you should go back in a hurry,
For, as you see, our trade never will do,
And if you do not go, you are sure to be sorry.

DON JOSÉ.—Go back? leave you behind?
CARMEN.—I said so.
DON JOSÉ.—Leave you behind, Carmen! be careful!
If you repeat that word—
CARMEN.—Why, then perhaps you'll kill me!
What a look!
You do not reply.
What of that? after all, it is Fate, live or die!
(*Frasquita and Mercedes spread cards before them.*)

NO. 20. TRIO

FRASQUITA AND MERCEDES.—Shuffle! Cut them!
Good! that will do!
Three cards over here,
Four to you!
FRASQUITA.—My pretty toys, now here you're lying,
To all we ask be truthful in replying,
Now tell us who our love will slight!
And who with love in our hearts delight!
MERCEDES.—A fortune!
FRASQUITA.—A heart!
CARMEN.—Let's see! I will for my part!
(*Carmen turns up the cards on her side.*)
Diamonds! Spades!
To die! So it is.
First come I, afterwards he—
Both of us are to die!
In vain, to shun the answer that we dread to hear,
To mix the cards we try,
'Tis all of no avail, they still remain sincere,
And they can never lie!
If in the Book of Fate you have a shining page,
Serenely cut and deal;
That card that you will turn will nothing ill presage,
And future joy reveal!
But if you are to die,
If that so dreadful word
Be writ by Fate on high,
You may try twenty times,
Unpitiful the card
Will but repeat: "You die!"
(*Turning up the cards.*)
Again! Again!
All hope is vain!

NO. 21. ENSEMBLE

GYPSIES.—As for the guard, be easy, brothers,
They like to please, as well as others,
They like to be gallant, and more! Ah!
Let us go on a while before!
(*Exeunt omnes.*)

NO. 22. AIR

MICAELA.—Here is the usual place for the smugglers to gather.
I shall see him, he will be here!
The duty laid upon me by his mother
Shall be done, and without a tear.
I say that nothing shall deter me,
I say, alas! I'm strong to play my part;
But tho' undaunted I declare me,
I feel dismay within my heart!
Alone in this dismal place,
All alone, I'm afraid, altho' 'tis wrong to fear:
Thou wilt aid me now with thy grace,
For thou, O Lord, art ever near!
I shall see this woman in time,
Whose wanton, treacherous art
Has achieved the shame of the man
Whom once I loved with all my heart!
She's wily and false, she's a beauty!
But I will never yield to fear!
I'll speak in her face of my duty. Ah!

SIXTH CONCERT

NO. 22A. RECITATIVE

I'm not mistaken now, 'tis he yonder I see!
Come down; José! and reach your hand to me.
But what is that;
He's taking aim—he fires—
Ah! all my strength is gone, and my courage expires!
(*She disappears behind the rocks.*)

NO. 23. DUO

ESCAMILLO.—A few lines lower down, and 't would have been my end!

DON JOSÉ.—Who are you? give your name!

ESCAMILLO.—Eh! fair and soft, my friend!
I am Escamillo, Toreador of Granada!

DON JOSÉ.—Well I know you by name.
I bid you welcome, but hark you, brave Espada, you ran a fearful risk.

ESCAMILLO.—Well, that is all the same.
But you see, I'm in love, my friend, that makes me giddy!
And any man would be unworthy of the name,
Who would not risk his life to see his chosen lady!

DON JOSÉ.—She, the lady you love, she is here?

ESCAMILLO.—She is here; it is a Gypsy, my dear.

DON JOSÉ.—What is her name?

ESCAMILLO.—Carmen!

DON JOSÉ (*aside*).—Carmen.

ESCAMILLO.—Carmen, yes, my dear;
She had a lover here,
A soldier who deserted from his troop to join her.
How fond they were! but that is past, I hear;
The amours of Carmen do not last half a year.

DON JOSÉ.—Yet you love her, you say?

ESCAMILLO.—I love her, yes, my friend, I love her,
I tell you, I am giddy!

DON JOSÉ.—But when any one takes our Gypsy girls away,
Are you aware that he must pay?

ESCAMILLO (*gaily*).—Good! what's to pay?

DON JOSÉ.—And that the price is paid in knife thrusts and slashes?

DON JOSÉ.—You understand?

ESCAMILLO.—I can hear what you say?
This deserter, this bold dragoon she fancies,
Or whom at least, she fancied, is yourself?

DON JOSÉ.—Yes, I, myself!

ESCAMILLO.—I'm more than pleased, my boy!
I'm in luck, sure, today!
(*They fight. Escamillo's knife snaps. Don José is about to strike him.*)

NO. 24. FINALE

CARMEN (*arresting Don José's arm*).—Holla, holla, José!

ESCAMILLO (*to Carmen*).—Ah, what rapture it gave me
That it was you, Carmen, who came in time to save me!
(*To Don José.*)
As for you, sir dragoon,
For this time we are even, but one shall win the prize,
Whenever you will fight again;
Let it be soon!
Before I go, at least you'll allow me to speak!

And ask you all to see the bullfight this week,
For in Sevilla you will not find me deficient;
And they who love me will come!
(*gazing at Carmen—coolly to Don José, who makes a menacing gesture*).
My friend, don't be impatient!
I have done, yes, I am through!
And have no more to say, but bid you all adieu!
(*Exit Escamillo slowly; Don José tries to attack him, but is held back*).

DON JOSÉ.—What are you doing here?

MICAELA.—I am looking for you!
Below, down in the valley,
Is a hut all alone,
Where a mother, your mother,
Weeps and prays for you, her son!
She is weeping and waiting,
Ever hoping her son to see!
Oh, take pity upon her, José,
José, you'll come with me!

CARMEN (*to Don José*).—That is the best thing you can do,
Our trade will never do for you!

DON JOSÉ.—You command me to leave you?

CARMEN.—Yes, it is time you went!

DON JOSÉ.—You command me to leave you,
So that you, with none to prevent,
May pursue your Toreador!
No! nevermore!
Tho' death be my part, I vow,
No, Carmen, I will not leave you now!
And the chain that binds our hearts
Still shall bind till death us parts.

ALL (*to Don José*).—It will cost you dear to stay,
José, your life is at stake,
And the chain that binds to-day,
At your death surely will break.

DON JOSÉ (*seizing Carmen in a transport of passion*).—Ha! now I have you, fiend that you are!
Now I have you, and your will I'll soon incline
To admit the fatal power
That fetters your lot with mine!
Tho' death be my part
I will not leave you now!

MICAELA.—Only one word more, I can say nothing further:
Alas, José, your mother is dying, and your mother
Was not content to die without pardoning you!

DON JOSÉ.—My mother? she is dying?

MICAELA.—Yes, Don José!

DON JOSÉ.—Away! let us go (*he takes a few steps, then stops—to Carmen*) Rest you merry! I go,—but—
I'll meet you below!
(*Don José leads Micaela away; hearing Escamillo's voice, he pauses, hesitating.*)

ESCAMILLO (*behind the scenes*).—Toreador, make ready!
Toreador, Toreador!
(*Carmen rushes towards him; Don José threateningly bars the way.*)
And think on her who all can see,
On a dark-eyed lady,
And that love waits for thee!

ENTR'ACTE

ACT IV.

A square in Seville. At back, the walls of the ancient amphitheatre; the entrance to the latter is closed by a long awning.

NO. 25. THE BALLET*

NO. 26. MARCH AND CHORUS

CHILDREN (*entering*).—Here they come! here they come!
Here comes the quadrilla!
The quadrilla of Toréros!
On their lances the sunshine glances!
Hats up! hats up! Hurrah for the men of Sevilla!
(*The procession begins.*)
Here he comes along at a foot pace,
Slowly marching over the place,
The Alguacil with his ugly snout.
Clear out! clear out! clear out! clear out!

MEN.—Now we'll give a cheer for the colors.
Give a cheer for the brave chulos!
Bravo, viva, glory to valor!
Here they are, the brave chulos!

WOMEN.—See there! the Banderilleros,
See what a jaunty, gallant bearing!
See there, what eyes they're making, and how bright
The spangles and the lace they're wearing
Upon their costumes for the fight!
Here are the Banderilleros!

CHILDREN.—Another quadrille advances!

ALL.—Here come the Picadors!
A splendid rank!
You will see, with those pointed lances,
How they gall the bull on the flanks!
The Espada! Escamillo!
(*Escamillo enters; beside him Carmen, radiant with delight, and brilliantly dressed.*)
It's the Espada, he's the clever blade
Who comes at last to end the show,
When the game to the end is played,
And delivers the final blow!
Viva! Escamillo! Bravo!

ESCAMILLO (*to Carmen*).—If you love me, Carmen,
Then indeed, at this moment, you may be proud of me!

CARMEN.—Ah! I do, Escamillo,
May I die now, in torment,
If I ever loved as I love you, my own!

MEN.—Room there for his Grace, th' Alcade!
(*The Alcade appears at back, accompanied by guards; he enters the amphitheatre, followed by the quadrille, the crowd, etc.*)

FRASQUITA.—Carmen, take my advice, and go away from here.

CARMEN.—And why, if you please?

MERCEDES.—He is here!

CARMEN.—What he?

MERCEDES.—See! Don José! in the crowd he is hiding, look there!

CARMEN.—Yes, there he is.

FRASQUITA.—Beware!

CARMEN.—I am not the woman to fear such as he.
I shall wait.
I shall speak with him here.

MERCEDES.—Carmen, be warned! Beware!

CARMEN.—Why should I care?

FRASQUITA.—Beware!
(*The crowd has entered the amphitheatre; Frasquita and Mercedes also go in. Carmen and Don José are left alone.*)

NO. 27. DUET AND FINAL CHORUS

CARMEN.—You here?

DON JOSÉ.—I'm here!

* Omitted at this performance.

CARMEN.—Some friends just came to tell me
That you were near at hand, that you would come to-day;
And they wanted me to believe you mean to kill me!
But I am brave and will not run away.

DON JOSÉ.—I do not threaten you,
I beg you, I entreat you! I will forget, Carmen, all that has pass'd since I met you!
Yes, let us go together,
Far away from here, with one another
To begin our life again!

CARMEN.—What you ask cannot be granted!
Carmen never tells a lie!
Between us two, all is gone by!

DON JOSÉ.—Carmen, let me try to move you,
Oh, my Carmen, I try
To save you still for still I love you.
Ah,
Let me still try to save you,
Save you, and myself as well!

CARMEN.—No! well I know you will kill me,
Well I know the moment is nigh.
But if I live, or if I die,
No! no! no! I'll never yield to your will!
What value can that have for you,
A heart that is yours no more?
No, this heart is yours no more!
In vain you say: "I adore you!"
I am deaf, howe'er you may implore,
Ah! 'tis in vain!

DON JOSÉ.—Then you love me no more?

CARMEN.—No! I love you no more.

DON JOSÉ.—But, I, Carmen, let me implore you,
Carmen, alas! I still adore you!

CARMEN.—What good will that do?
My heart you'll never move!

DON JOSÉ.—Carmen, I love, I adore you!
Oh hear! To please you I will vow
To join the band again, do all that you desire:
All! do you hear? All!
But ah! then love me still, Carmen, my love!
Ah! but recall that time again!
We lov'd so fondly then!
Do not forsake me now, Carmen!

CARMEN.—Ne'er will Carmen weakly comply!
Free she was born, and free will she die!

(*Hearing the cries of the crowd in the amphitheatre, applauding Escamillo, Carmen makes a gesture of delight. Don José keeps his eyes fixed on her. At the end of the chorus, Carmen attempts to enter the amphitheatre, but Don José steps in front of her.*)

PEOPLE.—Viva! Viva! Glorious scene! Ah!
Viva! on the red arena
How the bull, the bull madly rushes!
See there! see there! see there!
Gall'd by many a dart,
Across the ring he rushes!
Stricken fair, yes, fair in the heart!
Victoria!

DON JOSÉ.—Whither now?

CARMEN.—Let me go!

DON JOSÉ.—How they applaud the winner!
Your lover of to-day!

CARMEN.—Let me go! let me go!

DON JOSÉ.—By my honor.
You shall not go in here, Carmen?
With me you are to go!

CARMEN.—Let me go, Don José! I will not follow you!

DON JOSÉ.—You hope to meet him there!
Say,—You love him, then?

CARMEN.—I love him!
I'd say, and were it my last breath,
In the face of death, that I love him!
(*Carmen again tries to enter the amphitheatre, Don José stops her again.*)

PEOPLE.—Viva! viva! glorious scene! Ah!
Viva! on the red arena,
How the bull, the bull madly rushes!
See there! Gall'd by many a dart,
Across the ring he rushes!

DON JOSÉ.—And so, I am sold to perdition,
Have barter'd my soul, so that you
Can hold me in wanton derision
In the embrace of my foe!
No, on my life, it shall not be!
Carmen, you are going with me!

CARMEN.—No, no, I say!

DON JOSÉ.—No more threats, I am tired of them!

CARMEN.—Then come! Strike me at once, or let me go to him!

PEOPLE.—Victoria!

DON JOSÉ.—For the very last time, you fiend,
Will you be bent?

CARMEN.—I? Bend?
(*Tearing a ring from her finger, and throwing it away.*)
Here's the ring that you bought, the one that has your name on! So!

DON JOSÉ (*rushing on Carmen*).—You will, you demon!
(*Carmen attempts to escape, but Don José catches up with her at the entrance of the amphitheatre; he stabs her; she falls, and dies.*)

PEOPLE—Toreador, make ready,
Toreador! Toreador!
And think on her whom all can see,
On a dark-eyed lady.
And that love waits for thee.
(*The crowd re-enters the stage.*)

DON JOSÉ.—Do with me what you will,
'Twas I who struck her down,
Ah, Carmen, my Carmen, Thou art gone!

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Founded in 1879

Fifty-ninth Season, 1937–1938

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Francis W. Kelsey, 1891–1927
Charles A. Sink, 1927–

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Albert A. Stanley, 1888–1921
Earl V. Moore, 1921–

THE ANN ARBOR MAY FESTIVAL

Founded by
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Albert A. Stanley, 1894–1921
Earl V. Moore, 1922–

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The Boston Festival Orchestra. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor, 1894–1904

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Frederick Stock, Conductor, 1904–; Eric De Lamarter, Associate Conductor, 1918–1935

The Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, Conductor, Saul Caston and Charles O'Connell, Associate Conductors, 1936; Eugene Ormandy and José Iturbi, Conductors, 1937; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor, 1938

The University Choral Union, Albert A. Stanley, Conductor, 1894–1921; Earl V. Moore, Conductor, 1922–

The Young People's Festival Chorus, trained by Florence B. Potter, and conducted by Albert A. Stanley, 1913–1918

Conductors: Russell Carter, 1920; George O. Bowen, 1921–24; Joseph E. Maddy, 1925–27; Juva N. Higbee, 1928–; Roxy Cowin, 1937–; Juva N. Higbee, 1938–

The Stanley Chorus, trained by Margaret Martindale, 1934
The University Glee Club, trained by David Mattern, 1937
The Lyra Male Chorus, trained by Reuben H. Kempf, 1937

GUEST CONDUCTORS

Gustav Holst (London, England), 1923, 1932
Howard Hanson (Rochester), 1926, 1927, 1933, 1935
Felix Borowski (Chicago), 1927
Percy Grainger (New York), 1928

CHORAL WORKS

1894 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi
1895 Damnation of Faust, Berlioz
1896 Lohengrin, Act I, Finale from Meistersinger, Wagner
1897 Arminius, Bruch; Stabat Mater, Rossini
1898 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi
1899 German Requiem, Brahms; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns
1900 Lily Nymph, Chadwick; Hora Novissima, Parker
1901 Elijah, Mendelssohn; Golden Legend, Sullivan
1902 Orpheus, Gluck; Faust, Gounod
1903 Caractacus, Elgar; Aida, Verdi
1904 Fair Ellen, Bruch; Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Carmen, Bizet
1905 St. Paul, Mendelssohn; Arminius, Bruch
1906 Stabat Mater, Dvorak; A Psalm of Victory, Stanley; Aida, Verdi
1907 Messiah, Handel; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns
1908 Creation, Haydn; Faust, Gounod
1909 Seasons, Haydn; Damnation of Faust, Berlioz
1910 Fair Ellen, Bruch; Odysseus, Bruch; New Life, Wolf-Ferrari
1911 Judas Maccabeus, Handel; Eugene Onegin, Tchaikovsky
1912 Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Chorus Triomphalis, Stanley
1913 Laus Deo, Stanley; Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Lohengrin, Act I, and Finale from Meistersinger, Wagner; The Walrus and the Carpenter (Children), Fletcher
1914 Caractacus, Elgar; Messiah, Handel; Into the World (Children), Benoit
1915 New Life, Wolf-Ferrari; Children's Crusade, Pierné
1916 Paradise Lost, Bossi; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Children at Bethlehem (Children), Pierné
1917 Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Aida, Verdi; The Walrus and the Carpenter (Children), Fletcher
1918 The Beatitudes, Franck; Carmen, Bizet; Into the World (Children), Benoit
1919 Ode to Music, Hadley; Faust, Gounod; Fair Land of Freedom, Stanley
1920 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Damnation of Faust, Berlioz
1921 Elijah, Mendelssohn; Aida, Verdi; *Voyage of Arion (Children), Moore

* World Première at the May Festival Concerts

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

1922 New Life, Wolf-Ferrari; A Psalmodic Rhapsody, Stock; Tannhäuser (Paris Version), Wagner; A Song of Spring (Children), Busch

1923 B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; †Hymn of Jesus, Holst; Dirge for Two Veterans, Holst; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns

1924 B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; †La Primavera (Spring), Respighi; †Sea Drift, Delius; Excerpts from Aida and La Forza del Destino, Verdi

1925 The Bells, Rachmaninoff; B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; La Gioconda, Ponchielli; Alice in Wonderland (Children), Kelley

1926 Elijah, Mendelssohn; Lohengrin, Wagner; *The Lament of Beowulf, Hanson; The Walrus and the Carpenter (Children), Fletcher

1927 Missa Solemnis, Beethoven; †Choral Symphony, 2d and 3d movements, Holst; Carmen, Bizet; *Heroic Elegy, Hanson; Voyage of Arion (Children), Moore

1928 St. Francis of Assisi, Pierné; Marching Song of Democracy, Grainger; Aida, Verdi; Quest of the Queer Prince (Children), Hyde

1929 German Requiem, Brahms; New Life, Wolf-Ferrari; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Hunting of the Snark (Children), Boyd

1930 Magnificat, Bach; King David, Honegger; Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; *A Symphony of Song (Children), Strong

1931 St. Francis of Assisi, Pierné; Boris Godunof (original version), Moussorgsky; Old Johnny Appleseed (Children), Gaul

1932 Creation, Haydn, Symphony of Psalms, Stravinsky; †Choral Fantasia, Holst; †Legend of Kitesh, Rimsky-Korsakov; The Spider and the Fly (Children), Protheroe

1933 Belshazzar's Feast, Walton; *Merry Mount, Hanson; Spring Rapture (Children), Gaul

1934 The Seasons, Haydn; †Ein Friedenslied, Heger; Ninth Symphony, Beethoven; By the Rivers of Babylon, Loeffler; The Ugly Duckling, English

1935 *Songs from "Drum Taps," Hanson; King David, Honegger; Boris Godunof (original version), Moussorgsky; *Jumblies (Children), James

1936 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Caractacus, Elgar; Children at Bethlehem (Children), Pierné

1937 Aida, Verdi; †The Seasons, Fogg; Spring Rapture (Children), Gaul; Excerpts from Parsifal, Wagner

1938 The Bells, Rachmaninoff; *Cantata, Paul Bunyan (Children), James; Carmen, Bizet

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† American Première at the May Festival Concerts