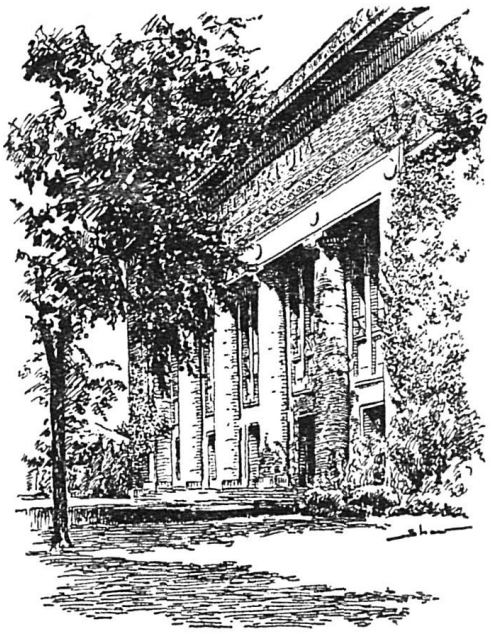
THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL

MAY FESTIVAL



NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-ONE

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Official Program of the Forty-eighth Annual

MAY FESTIVAL

May 7, 8, 9, and 10, 1941
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 in exempting from tax admissions to concerts given under its auspices.

THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

CONDUCTORS

THOR JOHNSON, *Festival and Choral Conductor*
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Orchestral Conductor*
SAUL CASTON, *Associate Orchestral Conductor*
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SOLOISTS

Sopranos

JARMILA NOVOTNA — DOROTHY MAYNOR — SUZANNE STEN

Contralto

ENID SZANTHO

Tenor

CHARLES KULLMAN

Baritones

LAWRENCE TIBBETT — MACK HARRELL

Bass

NORMAN CORDON

Violinist

JASCHA HEIFETZ

Violoncellist

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY

Pianist

JOSÉ ITURBI

ORGANIZATIONS

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
THE YOUTH CHORUS

Notices and Acknowledgments

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

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 University Musical Society desires to express appreciation to Thor Johnson and the members of the Choral Union for their effective services; 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 Youth 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 co-operation.

The writer of the analyses hereby expresses his deep obligation to Miss Dorothy Eckert for her aid in collecting materials and to the late 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.

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 7, AT 8:30

SOLOIST:

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, *Baritone*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Concerto in D major for Orchestra . . . . . HANDEL-ORMANDY

Aria: "Arm, Arm, Ye Brave" from "Judas Maccabaeus" . . . HANDEL

"Eri Tu" from "The Masked Ball" . . . . . VERDI

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Poco sostenuto; Vivace

Allegretto

Presto; Assai meno presto; Presto

Allegro con brio

INTERMISSION

"Cassio's Dream," from "Otello"
"Credo," from "Otello" . . . . . VERDI

MR. TIBBETT

Four Excerpts from Act III, "Die Meistersinger" . . . . . WAGNER

Prelude to Act III

Dance of the Apprentices

Awake! The Day Draws Near

Entrance of the Guilds and Masters

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 8, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS:

JARMILA NOVOTNA, *Soprano* NORMAN CORDON, *Bass*
GREGOR PIATIGORSKY, *Violoncellist*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
EUGENE ORMANDY AND THOR JOHNSON, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

Alleluia . . . . . RANDALL THOMPSON

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

Requiem . . . . . BRAHMS

Blessed Are They That Mourn
Behold, All Flesh Is as the Grass
How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place
Ye That Now Are Sorrowful
Here on Earth We Have No Continuing Place

JARMILA NOVOTNA, NORMAN CORDON
AND THE
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

INTERMISSION

"Don Quixote," Fantastic Variations for Violoncello
and Orchestra . . . . . RICHARD STRAUSS

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 9, AT 2:30

SOLOISTS:

SUZANNE STEN, *Soprano* — JOSÉ ITURBI, *Pianist*

YOUTH CHORUS — THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

SAUL CASTON AND JUVA HIGBEE, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" . . . . . WAGNER

"Saint Mary Magdalene" . . . . . D'INDY

SUZANNE STEN AND THE YOUTH CHORUS

Suite from "The Fire Bird" . . . . . IGOR STRAVINSKI

Introduction
The Fire Bird and Her Dance
Dance of the Princesses
Kastchei's Infernal Dance
Berceuse
Finale

Songs:

The Cricket
To a Crocus
A Mouse in the Clock
. . . . . M. E. GILLETT

YOUTH CHORUS

INTERMISSION

Concerto No. 1 in E-flat major for Piano and Orchestra . . . . LISZT

Allegro maestoso, tempo giusto
Quasi adagio
Allegretto vivace
Allegro marziale animato

JOSÉ ITURBI

The Baldwin piano used is furnished by Smiley Bros. Music Company, Detroit, Michigan.

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 9, AT 8:30

SOLOIST:

DOROTHY MAYNOR, *Soprano*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Suite from "The Water Music" . . . . . HANDEL-ORMANDY

Allegro-Andante-Allegro
Air
Bourrée
Hornpipe
Allegro deciso

Pamina's Aria from "The Magic Flute"
"Non mi dir" from "Don Giovanni" . . . . . MOZART

DOROTHY MAYNOR

Symphony, "Matthias, the Painter" . . . . . HINDEMITH

Concert of the Angels
Entombment
The Temptation of St. Anthony

INTERMISSION

Aria: "Pourquoi," from "Lakme" . . . . . DELIBES

Les Adieux de l'hôtesse Arabe . . . . . BIZET

MISS MAYNOR

Reflets dans l'eau . . . . . DEBUSSY-ORMANDY

La Valse . . . . . RAVEL

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 10, AT 2:30

SOLOIST:

JASCHA HEIFETZ, *Violinist*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

ALL-SIBELIUS PROGRAM

Symphony No. 7 in C major, Op. 105 (in one movement)

Adagio; Vivacissimo; Adagio; Allegro molto moderato; Vivace;
Presto; Adagio; Largamente

Concerto in D minor, Op. 47, for Violin and Orchestra

Allegro moderato
Adagio di molto
Allegro ma non tanto

JASCHA HEIFETZ

INTERMISSION

Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39

Andante, ma non troppo; Allegro energico
Andante (ma non troppo lento)
Scherzo: Allegro
Finale (quasi una fantasia)
Andante; Allegro molto

SIXTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 10, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS:

JARMILA NOVOTNA, *Soprano*
SUZANNE STEN, *Mezzo-Soprano*
ENID SZANTHO, *Contralto*
CHARLES KULLMAN, *Tenor*
MACK HARRELL, *Baritone*
NORMAN CORDON, *Bass*

THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

THOR JOHNSON, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

EPISODES from "EUGENE ONEGIN" . . . TCHAIKOVSKY

CAST

Larina . . . . . SUZANNE STEN

Tatiana . . . . . JARMILA NOVOTNA

Olga, Philipina . . . . . ENID SZANTHO

Eugene Onegin . . . . . MACK HARRELL

Lenski . . . . . CHARLES KULLMAN

Prince Gremin, The Captain . . . . . NORMAN CORDON

Peasants, Ball-guests, Landowners . . . . . CHORAL UNION

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

BY

GLENN D. McGEOCH

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 7

Concerto in D major for Orchestra . . . . . HANDEL

(Transcribed by Eugene Ormandy)

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.

The Concerto in D major, the Concerto in F major, and the famous "Fireworks" Suite all made use of the same thematic material, but this was not an unusual procedure in Handel, nor even in Bach, nor in any of the eighteenth-century composers for that matter.

The date of the "Fireworks" Suite is fixed; for it was on April 27, 1749, that the King celebrated with his unsuccessful fireworks display and Handel wrote his successful music. The dates of the other works, however, are not known. Handel was not considerate of future writers of program notes and failed to date his manuscripts, so whether or not he wrote the Concerto in D major before or after the "Fireworks" Suite will perhaps always remain a dark secret to musical scholars. Be that as it may, all these works were written during the days of Handel's greatest popularity in London, and during the most prolific period of his creative life, when at the beck and call of a noble patron, he produced operas, oratorios, and occasional music of every variety. It is little wonder then that in the rush and hubbub of his daily life he often found it convenient to rewrite an older work, or find in one a set of themes he could rework. The practice, in fact, often forced him to partake freely of the inspiration of other composers, which he seldom if ever acknowledged. The Concerto in D major may have first been used as an organ concerto, for the score has in one place an indication of *Organo ad libatum* and an additional bass part to guide the organist in improvising. The organ, however, does not seem to be

an important enough element, and in this transcription Mr. Ormandy omits it. The original instrumentation (of two trumpets, four horns, two oboes, bassoon, tympani, and strings) he retains however as a nucleus, adding to it the resources of the modern orchestra, to vivify the effects that would have been achieved in Handel's day.

"Eri tu," from "The Masked Ball" . . . . . VERDI

(Fortunio) Giuseppe (Francesco) Verdi was born in Le Roncole, Oct. 9, 1813; died in Milan, Jan. 17, 1901.

This opera was given a sumptuous revival at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, after a lapse of several years. It was first presented in Rome in 1859, with the definite intention of unmasking certain political abuses. Originally the composer had intended to make his scenes and characters Italian, to leave no doubt as to his meaning. But under existing conditions this would have been too dangerous, so Verdi wisely decided to disguise his opera with a New England setting in Puritan times. What would otherwise be an absurd anachronism is thus at least partially justified. "The Masked Ball" contains much good music, and this forceful and dramatic aria is the cry of the husband, Renato, for vengeance on the friend who, he thinks, has betrayed him and stolen his wife's affections. It is one of the most famous of baritone arias throughout the world.

Recit.—Rise! I say! Ere departing, once more thy son thou may'st behold:
In darkness and silence, there thy shame and my dishonor hiding!
Yet not at her, nor at her frail existence be the blow directed.
Other, far other vengeance to purge the stain,
I am planning: it is thy life blood!
From thy base heart my dagger ere long shall bid it redly flow, retribution demanding for my woe!

Aria.—It is thou that hast sullied a soul so pure,
In whose chasteness my spirit delighted.
Thou betray'd me, in whose love I felt all secure!
Of my life thou hast poison'd the stream!
Trait'rous heart! is it thus he's requited,
Who the first in thy friendship did seem?
Oh, the pangs of joy are departed;
Lost caresses that made life a heaven;
When Adelia, an angel pure-hearted,
In my arms felt the transports of love!
All is over! and hate's bitter leaven,
And longing for death fill my heart!

Aria: "Arm, Arm, ye Brave" from "Judas Maccabaeus" . HANDEL

Handel produced "Judas Maccabaeus" at Covent Garden on April 1, 1747, and from the first night it was a success. By accident rather than design a Jew was chosen for the title part, and immediately all the Jews in town began to crowd the theater. A Jew on the stage as a hero rather than a reviled figure was a thing practically unknown in London, and Handel at once found himself possessed of a new public. In the later revivals of Judas—and Handel performed it some thirty times—he made additions which ultimately brought the work to the form in which we know it.

According to I Macc. ii; 4, the name Maccabaeus was originally the surname of Judas, the third son of the Jewish priest, Matthias, who struck the first blow for religious liberty during the persecution of Antiochus IV in his attempt to thrust Hellenism upon Judea. Judas Maccabaeus became the leader in this campaign, which is the most thrilling chapter in Jewish history.

The aria on tonight's program is from the first scene of Part I. It is sung by the High Priest Simon as he comforts the Israelites who are lamenting the death of Matthias, father of Judas.

Recitative:

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

Aria:

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

Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, December 16, 1770; he died in Vienna, March 26, 1827.

It is difficult to decide whether the man creates the age or the age the man, but in the case of Beethoven each is true to some extent. As far as music is con-

cerned, he created the age of Romanticism to such a degree that the new movement which began in the nineteenth century could be called "Beethovenism" as well. On the other hand, the case of Beethoven furnishes the most decided proof to be found in music history that the age produces the man. Certainly in his life and in his works, he is the embodiment of his period. Born at the end of the eighteenth century, he witnessed, during the formative period of his life, the drastic changes that were occurring throughout central Europe; changes which affected not only the political but the intellectual and artistic life of the world as well. The French Revolution announced the breaking up of an old civilization and the dawn of a new social regime. Twice during the most productive period of Beethoven's career, Vienna was occupied by the armies of Napoleon. The spirit—call it what you will—that caused the Revolution and brought the armies of Napoleon into existence is at the very root of Beethoven's music. The ideas which dethroned kings, swept away landmarks of an older society, changed the whole attitude of the individual toward religion, the state, and tradition, and ultimately gave birth to the inventive genius of the nineteenth century, which brought such things as railroads, reform bills, trade unions, and electricity. The same spirit animated the poetic thought of Goethe, Schiller, Wordsworth, and Byron; and it infused itself into the music of Beethoven, from the creation of the Appassionata Sonata to the Choral Ninth Symphony.

During this period of chaos and turmoil, Beethoven stood like a colossus, bridging with his mighty grasp the two centuries in which he lived. In his one person he embodied the ideas of both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, became the sage and prophet of his period, and the center of the classic and romantic spirit.

These two elements were mutually helpful in making him the outstanding representative of each. His romantic tendencies helped him to infuse Promethean fire into the old, worn-out forms, and to endow them with new passion. His respect for classic forms made him the greatest of the early Romanticists, for it aided him in tempering the fantastic excesses and extremes of his radical contemporaries. Thus, this harmonious embodiment of opposing forces, controlled by an architectonic intelligence that molded and fused them together into one passionate, creative impulse, resulted in the production of epoch-making masterpieces, built upon firm foundations, but emancipated from all confining elements of tradition, and set free to discover new regions of unimagined beauty.

In the presence of a work like a Beethoven symphony, one realizes the inadequacy of words to explain or describe all that it conveys to the soul. No

composer has ever equaled Beethoven in his power of suggesting that which can never be expressed absolutely, and nowhere in his compositions do we find a work in which all the noble attributes of an art so exalted as his are more happily combined. No formal analysis, dealing with the mere details of musical construction, can touch the real source of its power; nor can any interpretation of philosopher or poet state with any degree of certainty just what it was that moved the soul of the composer, though they may give us the impression the music makes on them. They may clothe in fitting words that which we all feel more or less forcibly. The philosopher, by observation of the effect of environment and conditions on man in general, may point out the probable relation of the outward circumstances of a composer's life at a certain period to his works; the poet, because he is peculiarly susceptible to the same influences as the composer, may give us a more sympathetic interpretation, but neither can fathom the processes by which a great genius like Beethoven gives us such a composition as the symphony we are now considering.

It was written in the summer of 1812, a year of momentous importance in Germany. While the whole map of Europe was being remade, when Beethoven's beloved Vienna was a part of the Napoleonic Empire, when the world was seething with hatreds and fears, this glorious music, with its unbounded joy and tremendous vitality, came into existence, giving promise of a new and better world.

While Beethoven tenaciously held to the creation of this symphony in the midst of utter chaos, Napoleon's campaign of the summer of 1812 was causing the final disintegration of his unwieldy empire. Between the inception of the work and the first performance of it in the large hall of the University of Vienna on December 18, 1813, the decisive battle of Leipzig was fought and Napoleon went down to defeat. In his retreat, however, he gained an unimportant victory at the Battle of Hanau when the Austrian army was routed. It was at a memorial service for the soldiers who died in this battle that the music of the Seventh Symphony was first given to a weary and heartsick world—music that has outlived the renown of the craftiest statesmen and the glory of the bravest soldiers, and has survived more than one remaking of the map of Europe.

The Seventh Symphony fairly pulsates with free and untrammeled melody, and has an atmosphere of its own, quite unlike that of any of the others. For Richard Wagner "all tumult, all yearning and storming of the heart became here the blissful insolence of joy, which snatches us away with bacchanalian might and bears us through the roomy space of nature, through all the streams

and seas of life, shouting in glad self-consciousness as we tread throughout the universe the daring measures of this—the 'Apotheosis of the Dance.' "

At the first performance, Beethoven, now quite deaf, conducted in person; and the performance suffered somewhat from the fact that he could scarcely hear the music his genius had created.

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

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

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

Grove continues:

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

FIRST CONCERT

Analysis of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony

I. (*Poco sostenuto; Vivace*) The first movement is preceded by an introduction (*poco sostenuto,* A major) which opens with a chord of A major by full orchestra which serves to draw attention to the themes alternating in clarinet and oboe. Ascending scale passages in the strings lead to an episode in wood winds. The main movement (*Vivace*) states its principal theme in flutes accompanied by other wood winds, horns, and strings. The second subject is announced by violins, and flute; much of its rhythmic character being drawn from the preceding material. The development concerns itself almost entirely with the main theme. There is the customary recapitulation, and the movement closes with a coda in which fragments of the main theme, with its characteristic rhythm, are heard.

II. (*Allegretto*) The theme of this movement was originally intended for Beethoven's String Quartet in C, Op. 59, No. 3. After two measures in which the A-minor chord is held by woodwinds and horns, the strings enter with the main theme. (Note the persistent employment of their rhythmic movement throughout.) There is a trio with the theme in clarinets in A major. The original subject and key return, but with different instrumentation, followed by a fugato on a figure of the main theme. The material of the trio is heard again; and a coda, making references to the main theme, brings the movement to a close on the chord with which it had opened. The form of this movement is an interesting combination of two distinctly different forms; a song and trio and a theme and variations.

III. (*Presto; Assai meno presto; Presto*) This movement is in reality a scherzo, though it is not so titled in the score. It begins with the subject for full orchestra. The trio opens with a clarinet figure over a long pedal point, A, in the violins. This melody is based, say some authorities, on a pilgrim song often heard in lower Austria. The material of the first part returns and there is another presentation of the subject of the trio and a final reference to the principal theme. A coda concludes the whole.

IV. (*Allegro con brio*) The subject of this movement is taken from an Irish song, "Nora Creina," which Beethoven had edited for an Edinburgh publisher. The second theme appears in the first violins. The principal subjects having made their appearance, the exposition is repeated and is followed by the development in which the principal subject figures. The ideas of the exposition are heard as before, and the work concludes with a remarkable coda based on the main theme, bandied about by the strings and culminating in a forceful climax.

Arias from "Otello" . . . . . VERDI

Verdi was not a man of culture like Wagner. Born a peasant, he remained rooted to the soil, and his art reflects a like primitive quality. He created music astonishingly frank and fierce for his time, turning the oversophisticated style of Donizetti and Bellini with its siren warblings into passionate utterances. His genius carried him by fits and starts from majestic dignity and impressive elegance to the depths of triviality and vulgarity; but it always reflected large resources of imagination and amazing vitality. His vitality, in fact, is exceptional among composers. So enduring and resourceful was it that his greatest and most elaborate works were produced after he was fifty-seven years of age; and his last opera, "Falstaff" (by many considered his masterpiece), was written when he was eighty! He was seventy-three when he wrote "Otello," and in it there is no hint of any diminution of his creative powers. The consistent and continuous growth of his style over sixty years of his life displays an incomparable capacity for artistic development and proves a triumphant vitality and a thrilling fortitude of spirit—but these he had in abundance, and they sustained him through a life of sadness and misfortune. As the child of a poor innkeeper he had slight opportunities for a musical education. He spent his early youth in deep suffering, occasioned by an unusually sensitive nature; he was constantly cheated, thwarted, despised, and wounded in his deepest affections. Misfortune marked him at the very threshold of his career. He was refused admittance to the conservatory at Milan because he showed no special aptitude for music!

Married at twenty-three years of age, he lost his wife and two children within three months of each other, only four years after his marriage. In his last years he experienced the bitter loneliness of age. But his misfortunes mellowed rather than hardened him. His magnanimity, his many charitable acts, the broad humanity of his art endeared him to his people, who idolized him both as a man and as an artist. Throughout his life and his works there ran a virility and verve, a nobility and valor that challenge the greatest admiration.

The whole conception in "Otello" is always that of the theater. There has seldom been, if ever, in the history of opera, another such welding and adjustment of movement, incident, speech, and sublimation of all these elements into inspired song. "Otello," with its marvelous dramatic and musical unity, its impressive synthesis, its intensity and passion, and its essential simplicity and maturity of style, comes close to being the ideally balanced and integrated music drama.

Here the voice is restored to its proper position in the lyric drama, after Wagner had sacrificed it to a vast and endless orchestral stream, and once more the stage takes precedence over the orchestra pit. The burden of expression is

returned to the singer, who, throughout the history of Italian opera, has always had that responsibility. Although "Otello" still retains some old operatic devices, they all attest a new potency, in arising in each instance as the inevitable result of the situations in the drama. As opposed to Wagner, Verdi relies instinctively and implicitly upon the sovereign and irresistible power of the pure melodic line for the intensification of mood and the achievement of climax. His treatment of and respect for the human voice and his innate knowledge of its expressive possibilities as a unique instrument, created in "Otello" vocal passages, such as those on tonight's program, unequaled in the entire history of opera. The propulsive dramatic treatment and wonderful character delineation achieved in such passages as Iago's Creed, almost entirely through the vocal line, establish credence in the Italian point of view that through the voice alone, unhampered by a ponderous orchestra, can the highest and truest dramatic veracity be attained.

Cassio's Dream (from Act II)

Iago, having already driven Othello mad with jealousy by his insinuations involving Cassio and Desdemona, moves very close to him, and, in a whisper, says:

I lay with Cassio lately, and myself
Sleepless, I watched his slumbers.
Suddenly he 'gan to mutter of what
He was dreaming. Moving his lips gently
and slowly, words of deepest import then
I heard him utter, saying in tearful and
in passionate accents:
"Sweet Desdemona, let us be wary
ever, let us hide what to thee and
to me is heavenly sweetness."
Then in his dream moved he towards me,
Sighing and kissing softly now his fancy's
image. Thus did he murmur:
"Ah cursed Fate that gave thee to the Moor!"
And after that, the dream forsaking him,
Calmly he slept.

Credo (from Act II)

Iago is determined to wreak vengeance upon Cassio and Othello and plots, by means of Desdemona, to weave his web of deceit. His philosophy is expressed in the soliloquy wherein he mocks a cruel god who has made man in his own image.

Iago (*alone*): (*Following Cassio with his eyes*).
Go then, well thy fate I descry
Thy demon drives thee onward,
That demon, lo! am I;
E'en as mine own impels me, on whose
Command I wait, relentless Fate.

Cruel is he, the God who in his image
Has fashioned me and whom in wrath I worship.
From some vile germ of nature, some paltry atom,
I took mine issue.
Vile is my tissue,
For I am human.
I feel the primal mudflow of my breed.
Yea! This is all my creed,
Firmly I do believe as e'er did woman
Who prays before the altar,
Of ev'ry ill, whether I think or do it.
'Tis Fate that drives me to it.
Thou, honest man, art but a wretched player,
And thy life but a past;
A lie each word thou sayest,
Tear-drops, kisses, prayers,
Are as false as thou art,
Man's fortune's fool, e'en from his earliest breath
The germ of life is fashioned
To feed the worm of death!
Yea, after all this folly all must die,
And then? And then there's nothing,
And heav'n an ancient lie.

Four Excerpts from Act III, "Die Meistersinger" . . . WAGNER

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

To the opera-going public, particularly in Germany, Wagner's single comedy, "Die Meistersinger," is the most beloved of all his works. The gaiety and charming tunefulness of the score, the intermingling of humor, satire, and romance in the text, are reasons enough for its universal popularity.

As a reconstruction of the social life in the quaint medieval city of Nuremberg, its truthfulness and vividness are beyond all praise. In its harmless satire, aimed in kindly humor at the manners, vices, and follies of the "tradesmen-musicians" and their attempts to keep the spirit of minstrelsy alive by dint of

pedantic formulas, the plot is worthy to stand beside the best comedies of the world. Certainly it has no equal in operatic literature.

To properly orient ourselves, it is necessary that we become acquainted with the events which have transpired in the comedy-drama prior to the contest of the Mastersingers' Guild in St. Catherine's Church, Nuremberg. On June 23, 1561,* toward evening, a young Franconian knight, Walther von Stolzing, arrives on horseback, and after securing proper accommodations the young man enters the church of St. Catherine, where, listening to the close of the service, he discovers a beautiful young woman, Eva Pogner, the daughter of the "Burgermeister," with whom he promptly falls in love—as he, perforce, must, being a Wagner hero. She also responds to the call of duty by reciprocating his feelings. He learns that she is not betrothed, whereupon he determines to win her hand in the only manner possible—by winning in the contest which on the morrow is to determine who shall be her husband—and incidentally accept the entire possessions of her father as her dowry. To do this he must become a Mastersinger. He takes advantage of a meeting (a tryout) which takes place in one of the transepts immediately after the service. He fails most ingloriously, although Hans Sachs, the greatest singer of them all, sees in his song something entirely novel in spirit and form, but entirely admirable (end of Act I). The only eligible contestant is one Sixtus Beckmesser, the city clerk, an old bachelor of the type that does not die but dries up and is blown away. Inasmuch as the aforesaid Beckmesser has already reached a stage where it was wisdom on his part to avoid a very strong gale, Eva had looked forward with hope that the young man would triumph instead of scoring a failure. But his failure cannot postpone the great festival set for the next afternoon when the prize contest will take place on a green just outside the city wall. That evening Walther dreamed a wonderful song, which Sachs transcribed (in Act II).

Act III, from which these excerpts are taken, is in two scenes. Before we are taken into Hans Sachs' house in the first, the orchestra creates in the Prelude an atmosphere of quiet brooding and profound melancholy (Excerpt I in this performance). Through the music we share the sorrowful meditation of Hans Sachs as he thinks upon the foibles and follies of mankind. Then, in Wagner's own words:

> . . . as from out of the distance, the horns intone the solemn song wherein Hans Sachs greeted Luther and the Reformation, the song which had won the cobbler-poet such wide popularity. After the very first strophe the strings again take the single phrases of the cobbler-song, very softly and slowly, as though the man were turning his gaze from his handiwork, heavenward, lost in tender musings. Then, with increased sonority,

* The date given is determined by internal evidence contained in the drama.

the horns pursue the master's hymn, the one with which Sachs, in the last scene of the act, is greeted by the populace of Nuremberg. Next appears the string's first motive, with grandiose expression of the anguish of a deeply stirred soul; calm and allayed, it attains the utmost serenity of a blest and peaceful resignation.

(Scene II) The place is decorated for a holiday, there is an imposing platform with chairs and benches on it for the Mastersingers and judges in the contest of song. Crowds of holiday-makers are on the spot already, and more keep arriving. The various Guilds—shoemakers, tailors, and bakers—enter with their respective insignia. Apprentices and young girls dance together to a lilting measure as gay as their fluttering ribbons (Excerpt II in this performance). Frivolities stop short with the entrance of the Guilds and Masters (Excerpt IV in this performance).* They assemble on a terrace, then march in imposing procession to their places by the stand, one waving the banner of the Mastersinger's Guild, on which is pictured King David and his harp.

Pogner advances with Eva, who is attended by richly dressed and adorned maidens. When Eva and her attendants have taken the flower-strewn place of honor and all the rest are in their places—masters on the benches, the journeymen standing behind them—the apprentices advance in orderly array and turn seriously to the people.

After the solemn, festive procession Sachs advances, and the throng which has gathered rises to greet him and, baring their heads, sing the superb chorale, "Awake, the Day Draws Near" (Excerpt III in this performance), the text being by the old Nuremberg poet himself, which Wagner has set to music of transcendent eloquence and all-embracing humanity.

The contest is thus begun; and, after attempts by several candidates, Walther sings the song of which he dreamed and wins the prize.

* For the present performance the order of Processional (Excerpt IV) and Choral (Excerpt III) is reversed.

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 8

Alleluia . . . . . RANDALL THOMPSON

Randall Thompson was born in New York, April 21, 1899; still living.

Mr. Thompson belongs to the significant group of the younger generation of American composers. A graduate of Harvard University, he was a Fellow of the American Academy at Rome and held the Guggenheim Fellowship in 1929–30. In 1937 he was Professor of Music at the University of California. Appointed Director of the Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia, March 22, 1939, he resigned from that position in 1941. His compositions include two symphonies, a Jazz Poem for orchestra and piano, numerous choral works, songs, and a sonata and suite for piano.

The "Alleluia" heard on this program was written expressly for the opening of the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood, Massachusetts, and was first performed July, 1940, by the Berkshire Music Center Chorus under the direction of Dr. G. Wallace Woodworth of Harvard University.

This paean of rejoicing, sung without accompaniment, is imbued with reminiscences of the medieval cathedral. Although the work adheres in principle to a conventional tonality, there is a tendency to simulate modal harmonic and cadential treatment, and to break away from the monotony of steady accent by subtle alternations of duple and triple meter. All this creates a free articulation in the music which recalls the spirit of a past age. In his "Alleluia," Mr. Thompson has added a significant work to the repertoire of choral literature.

Requiem . . . . . BRAHMS

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

The differences that actually exist between the art of Brahms and that of Wagner are slight indeed. Criticism in the past has been too insistent in symbolizing each of these masters as the epitome of conflicting forces in the music of their age. It has identified their aesthetic theories and the conflicts that raged around them with their art and has come to the false conclusion that no two artists reveal a greater disparity of style, expression, and technique. In actual life they did stand apart. The Wagner enthusiasts regarded Brahms as a musical antipode, and Wagner took this attitude so seriously that he wrote some of the most malicious things about Brahms that he ever wrote about any contemporary.

But to us today, Wagner and Brahms no longer seem irreconcilable in spite of all differences in their inclinations, dispositions, and quality; rather, they complement each other. If Brahms seems to lack the sensuous quality so marked in Wagner, it is in this, and this alone, that the real difference lies.

In truth, both Wagner and Brahms are products of the same artistic soil, nurtured by the same forces that conditioned the standards and norms of art in their period. Both shared in a lofty purpose and noble intention. Brahms's Requiem, the C-minor Symphony, the Alto Rhapsody, the Song of Destiny, and, particularly, the great tragic songs, all speak in the somber and serious accents of Wagner. Both sought the expression of the sublime in their art, and each in his own way tried to strengthen the flaccid spirit of this time by sounding a note of courage and hopefulness. They both lived in a poverty-stricken and soul-sick period, when anarchy seemed to have destroyed culture, an age which was distinctly unfavorable to genuinely great art—unfavorable because of its pretentiousness and exclusiveness, its crass materialism, its hidebound worship of the conventional. Its luxury and exclusiveness, by breaking down race consciousness, by undermining character, and by destroying freedom and a sense of human dignity, brought disillusionment, weariness, and an indifference to beauty. The showy exterior did not hide the inner barrenness of its culture.

Wagner and Brahms, opposed in verbal theory, stand together strong in the face of opposing forces, disillusioned beyond doubt with the state of the world, but not defeated by it.

It is no accident then that the real Brahms seems to us to be the pessimistic Brahms of his great tragic songs and the quiet resignation of the slow movements of his symphonies. Here is to be found an expression of the true spirit of the age in which he lived. But by the exercise of a clear intelligence, he tempered an excessively emotional nature, and thereby dispersed the vapors of mere sentimentalism. Unlike Tchaikovsky and other "heroes of the age," * Brahms, like Beethoven, was essentially of a healthy mind, and with a spirit strong and virile, he met the challenge of his age and was in his art triumphant. In a period turbid with morbid emotionalism, he stood abreast with such spirits as Carlyle and Browning to oppose the unhealthy tendencies of his period. Although he suffered disillusionment no less than Wagner, his was another kind of tragedy, the tragedy of a musician born out of his time. In fact, he suffered more than Wagner from the changes in taste and perception that inevitably come with the passing of time. But his particular disillusionment did not affect the power and sureness of his artistic impulse. With grief he saw the ideals of Beethoven dissolve in a welter of cheap emotionalism; he saw the classic dignity of his art

* See program notes on Tchaikovsky, page 71.

degraded by an infiltration of tawdry programmatic effects and innocuous imitation, and witnessed finally her complete subjugation to poetry and the dramatic play. But all of this he opposed with his own grand style; profoundly moving, noble, and dignified. With a sweep and thrust he forced music out upon her mighty pinions to soar once more. What Matthew Arnold wrote of Milton's verse might well have been written of Brahms's music: "The fullness of thought, imagination, and knowledge makes it what it is" and the mighty power of his music lies "in the refining and elevation wrought in us by the high and rare excellence of the grand style." If the "grand style" referred to "can only be spiritually ascertained," then certainly here is an imposing manifestation of its existence.

Fuller Maitland, in his admirable book on Brahms,* made reference to the parallelism between the composer and Robert Browning. The association is a happy one. There is something similar in their artistic outlook and method of expression, for Brahms, like Browning, often disclaimed the nice selection and employment of a style in itself merely beautiful. As an artist, none the less, he chose to create, in every case, a style fitly proportioned to the design, finding in that dramatic relation of style and motive a more vital beauty and a broader sweep of feeling. This epic conception often lifted Brahms to the brink of the sublime. He lived in his creative life upon the "cold white peaks." No master ever displayed a more inexorable self-discipline, or held in higher respect his art. For Brahms was a master of masters, always painstaking in the devotion he put into his work, and undaunted in his search for perfection. "The excellence he sought dwelt among rocks hardly accessible, and he had to almost wear his heart out to reach her." The Brahms of music is the man, in Milton's magnificent phrase, "of devout praper to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Whether the Requiem was inspired by Brahms's sorrow and need for comfort after the tragic death of his benefactor and friend, Robert Schumann, or whether it was written as a memorial to the composer's mother, has not been definitely settled. Frau Schumann is quoted as having said, "We all think he wrote it in her memory, though he has never expressly said so." Herr Kalbeck argues strenuously that it was suggested by the tragedy of Schumann's death. Doubtless both incidents led the composer to meditate upon death and upon sorrow and its consolation. The composition of the work occupied Brahms chiefly for five years. During this early Viennese period he was not negligent of other fields, having composed the Handel and Paganini Variations, the two quartets for piano and strings, the Magelone Song Cycle, and many other vocal works.

* Fuller Maitland, *Brahms*. London: Methuen & Co., 1911.

"Never has a nobler monument been raised by filial love," was the way Joachim characterized the Requiem in his address on the occasion of the Brahms Memorial Festival held at Meiningen in October, 1899. The death of his mother in 1865 and the completion of the work in 1868 lent strength to the belief that much of the text was selected and the music written to it with her memory in the mind of the composer. Perhaps the marvelously beautiful fiuneral march in the second division of the work had its inspiration in this source.

In the published score the Requiem contains seven divisions. On this occasion the third and the seventh are omitted, due to considerations of the time limits of the concert program. The work was first heard at one of the concerts of the Gesellschaft in Vienna, December 1, 1867. The first three numbers only were sung on that occasion. On Good Friday of the next year it was given under the direction of the composer in the Cathedral of Bremen, at which time all of the work was complete except No. 5 (the soprano solo with chorus) which was not added until after the second performance at Bremen. The first performance of the entire work in its completed form took place in Leipzig in the Gewandhaus in February, 1869.

Brahms selected his own text with great care, and although many critics have professed to trace a lack of unity in the work, a reading of the scriptural passages suffices to demonstrate that they exhibit a continuity which the composer developed in his music as well as in the text. The blessing pronounced by Christ on those who mourn, and the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the departed faithful, entered in the Revelation of St. John, make the beginning and end of the scheme similar in conception. Moreover, the same musical theme is used at the end of both the first and last choruses. Nor should one lose trace of the fact that although this great work is called a Requiem, there is no hint of prayer being offered on behalf of the dead, but that throughout the work there recurs the underlying theme that "sorrow shall be turned to joy" which not only gives textual unity, but directs the musical expression to the complete fulfillment of this thought.

The Requiem is not merely a collection of technical or spiritual subtleties, otherwise it would long ago have lost its power over mankind. It is the grandeur of its conception, its deep sincerity, the truthfulness of its religious ideals, and the spirit of devotion that imbues it that gives the real structural and spiritual unity it possesses. The standard of vocal writing, both for soloists and the chorus, is of the highest. The maturity and power of the orchestration, the contrapuntal imagination, and the ingenuity of thematic development are comparable to anything found in the great symphonies. But these considerations, important as they are, become dwarfed in the profound and indelible impression the work produces on all thoughtful people.

SECOND CONCERT

Analysis of Johannes Brahms's Requiem

(a) Blessed Are They That Mourn . . . . . Chorus and Orchestra

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall have comfort.—Matthew 5:4.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Who goeth forth and weepeth and beareth precious seed shall doubtless return with rejoicing and bring his sheaves with him.—Psalms 126, 5:6.

The first section, which is a consolation for those who mourn (for they shall have comfort), sets the mood for the entire work. The absence of first and second violins, and the more sombre and full-toned expression of the lower strings seems eminently fitting as a color for the melodies and harmonies of the first division. Against this dark background the limpid simplicity and clarity of the voices creates a noble serenity.

(b) Behold, All Flesh Is as the Grass . . . . . Chorus

Behold, all flesh is as the grass, and all the goodliness of man is as the flower of grass; for lo, the grass withereth and the flower thereof decayeth.—1 Peter 1:2–4.

Now, therefore, be patient O my brethren, unto the coming of Christ. See how the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth and hath long patience for it until he receives the early rain and the latter rain. So be ye patient.—James 5:7.

Behold, all flesh is as the grass, and all the goodliness of man is as the flower of grass;
For lo, the grass withereth and the flower thereof decayeth.
Albeit, the Lord's word endureth forevermore.
The redeemed of the Lord shall return again and come rejoicing unto Zion; joy everlasting shall be upon their heads; joy and gladness shall be their portion, and tears and sighing shall flee from them.—Isaiah 35:10.

The second section, with tempo indication *un modo marcia*, contains the "Death March of the World" broken in upon by the hopeful cry, "Now therefore be patient, O my brethren, after the coming of Christ." The march continues and seems to end hopelessly ("The flowers decayeth"). Suddenly and with tremendous force, the text, "Albeit the Lord's world endureth forever," is affirmed and the added phrase, "The redeemed of the Lord shall return again and come rejoicing unto Zion," inspires a musical setting which marvelously balances the joyous major mode against the sombre mode of the first half of this number. The grave beauty created by the sudden change from the minor ghostliness of the funeral march to the bright major of the middle section with

its comforting, patient, and tender music accompanying the text, "See how the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth," makes the return of of the "Death Dance" even more oppressive. Against a funeral saraband in the orchestra, the counterpoint of macabre voices creates an uncanny and forbidding tone that recalls the grisly and grotesque impression of the "Dance of Death" woodcut of Albrecht Dürer. Brahms again emphasizes the central theme of the work, and dwells upon the phrase, "Joy everlasting," in a coda of unusual beauty, the final notes of the chorus vanishing without definitely ending, as if a vista into infinity were opened.

(c) How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place . . . . . Chorus

How lovely is Thy dwelling place, O Lord of hosts!
For my soul, it longeth, yea, fainteth, for the courts of the Lord;
My soul and body crieth out, yea, for the living God.
Blest are they that dwell within Thy house;
They praise Thy name evermore!—Psalm 84:2, 3, 5.

The fourth division, "How lovely is Thy Dwelling place, O Lord of hosts," shows Brahms in one of his melodious and opulently harmonic moods. The text, "It longeth, yet fainteth, for the courts of the Lord," is almost literally translated into a miniature drama. The treatment of the words "living God" deserves especial attention, as it is one of the subtle beauties on which the composer must have expended his utmost skill; those few measures are some of the purest inspiration in the whole work, they are so simply expressed and yet so perfectly balanced. The number closes with a strong affirmative treatment of the words "They praise Thy name forevermore."

This whole section is permeated by an atmosphere of peaceful happiness. The dead are in God's hands, and for them are only calm, celestial joys.

(d) Ye That Now Are Sorrowful . . . . . Soprano and Chorus

Ye that now are sorrowful, howbeit, ye shall again behold Me, and your heart shall be joyful and your joy no man taketh from you.—John 16:22.

(Chorus) Yea, I will comfort you as one whom his own mother comforteth.—Isaiah 66:13.

Look upon Me; ye know that for a little time labor and sorrow were mine, but at the last I have found comfort.—Isaiah 66:13.

This portion of the Requiem was added after the Bremen performance, and the death of Brahms's stepmother, to whom he was devoted. This is her

monument. The infinite tenderness and yearning of the music welled up from an artist whose adoration for his mother had a profound influence over the whole course of his life. Here Brahms expresses the soaring spirit of the departed in the high, sustained notes of the soprano solo; occasionally the chorus in a chorale-chant interject, "as one whom his own mother comforteth." To the text "Ye shall again behold me," are set the same notes that appear as the opening figure of the accompaniment and are echoed in notes of double the length in the choral "Yea, I will comfort you."

(e) Here on Earth We Have No Continuing Place . . . Baritone and Chorus

Here on earth we have no continuing place, howbeit, we seek one to come. —Hebrews, 13:14.

(*Baritone solo*) Lo, I unfold unto you a mystery. We shall not all flee when he cometh but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the trumpet.

(*Chorus*) At the sound of the trumpet.

(*Chorus*) For the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and all we shall be changed. (*Solo*) Then, what of old was written, the same shall be brought to pass. (*Chorus*) For death shall be swallowed in victory. Grave, where is thy triumph? Death, where is thy sting?—I Corinthians, 15:51-55.

Worthy art Thou to be praised, Lord of honor and might, for Thou have earth and heaven created and for Thy good pleasure all things have their being and were created.—Revelations, 4:11.

In this section of the Requiem the greatest climax of the work is reached. The chorus begins, "Here on earth we have no continuing place," and although in a somewhat forlorn mood, the faint hopes kindled heretofore are confirmed in the words of the baritone solo, "Lo, I unfold unto you a mystery," and lead through continuously mounting mystical harmonies to the words, "At the sound of the trumpets the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall all be changed." As death is swallowed up in victory so the climax of the ascendant faith is expressed in the fugal ending, "Worthy art Thou to be praised." Musically speaking, this is one of the most intense and uplifting creations in the whole range of music and is the real conclusion of the work. (The seventh section and nominal conclusion is omitted in this performance.)

To the heart of a wounded world, the Brahms Requiem can now speak and give to it consolation in its grief, and hope in the ultimate fulfillment of its deepest and most profound desire that ultimately all "sorrow shall be turned to joy."

"Don Quixote," Fantastic Variations for Violoncello and Orchestra . . . . . RICHARD STRAUSS

Introduction, Theme, Variations, and Finale

Richard Strauss was born at Munich, June 11, 1864; still living.

Criticism is embarrassed in its attempt to revaluate Richard Strauss. There is no doubt that he is one of the most interesting and extraordinary personalities in the world of music today. Whatever his antagonistic critics say of him, he remains, in the light of his early works, one of the greatest of living composers.

Trained during his formative years in the classical musical tradition 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 persistence that seems incredible to us today.

The progressive unfolding of his genius has aroused much discussion, largely because it has been so uneven and has had so many sudden shifts. Hailed on his appearance as the true successor of Wagner, this Richard II became, for some years, the most commanding figure in modern music. Twelve years ago, apart from Germany and Austria, he was almost entirely ignored by the leaders of progressive musical opinion. No composer has ever suffered such a startling, such a sudden and decisive reversal of fortune. Just when his popularity seemed to be steadily growing and controversy dying down, his works began to disappear from current programs and for a period of approximately ten years became inaccessible to the public.

During this period, music was developing at a greater rate of speed than at any time in its history. Russia had begun to exert herself in the field of music with such great force that it seemed as though she were about to usurp the position of Germany as the leading musical nation; France had caught the attention of the musical world with impressionistic and modern devices; and England had suddenly revived interest in native art by rediscovering her heritage of Elizabethan music, and by chauvinistically attending to a contemporary output.

With the interest of the world suddenly caught by the novelty of new styles and held by the rapid shift from one to another, attention was drawn away from Germany just at that period when the works of Strauss were winning acceptance. When, after ten years of indifference to his output, the world again began to

hear his works, it was with different ears. Music that had been controversial now seemed perfectly acceptable; what at first had appeared to be novel in harmonic device, exotic in coloration, and new in conception of form was now looked upon as being commonplace. Strauss's fresh and ingenious manner of treating old material had been mistaken for startling innovation and open rebellion against musical traditions.

Russia in particular had so extended the expressive powers of music that much that had seemed unusual and even cacophonous now appeared to be utterly prosaic. After the performance of Stravinski's "Rite of Spring" (1913), Strauss's one-time exceptional harmony, erratic melody, and queer instrumentation "left the itch of novelty behind."

When, however, criticism again turned to him, it observed that he had not continued to fulfill the great promise of his youth, and that aside from not developing steadily from strength to strength, there was a marked deterioration of his talents. His most recent works, "Ariadne on Naxos" (1913–24), "Die Frau ohne Schatten" (1919), "Der Friedenstag" (1938), and "Daphne" (1938) bear witness to the gradual degeneration and final extinction of his creative powers.

Romain Rolland, in his essay on Strauss,* sensed this depletion when he wrote: "The frenzied laugh of Zarathustra ends in an avowal of discouraged impotence. The delirious passion of Don Juan dies away into nothingness. Don Quixote in dying forswears his illusions. Even the Hero himself (Heldenleben) admits the futility of his work, and seeks oblivion in an indifferent nature."

After all, Strauss expresses the romantic rather than the modern psychological point of view. The undercurrent of weariness and disgust, of satiety and disillusion, that runs through his works links him spiritually, mentally, and psychologically with the great romanticists of the past rather than with the true modernists.† He has his roots in the same soil that nurtured Wagner, Byron, Goethe, Leopardi, and Chopin; and the tragic spectacle of his gradual but perceptible deterioration is a reflection of *le désenchantement de la vie* which had caught the romantic artists in its merciless grip.‡

And so a revaluation of Strauss is necessary, but difficult. In the light of today he is no longer considered a modernist, nor even an innovator of any true significance. But let it be said that Richard Strauss, from the first, has

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* Romain Rolland, *Musicians of Today*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1915.

† See notes on Hindemith, pages 53 and 54.

‡ See notes on Tchaikovsky, page 71.

manifested an extraordinary mastery of technical procedure; that he is one of the few composers of our generation who has shown himself capable of constructing works on a monumental scale and of approaching the epic conception. His work as a whole is greater than any of its constituent parts; and, in this sense, he possesses an architectonic quality of mind that is impressive. There is in his greatest works—"Elektra," "Salome," "Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and "Der Rosenkavalier"—a nervous energy and exuberance, a vitality and fertility of invention, and a technique of handling the orchestra that is admittedly unsurpassed. He has again and again shown his power to create beauty of rare freshness. But he has, and most tragically so, failed in the complete realization of his highest achievement. At the end of his essay, Romain Rolland sees in Richard Strauss's defeat and depletion of talent a symbol of contemporary Germany and speaks thus:

> In this lies the undying worm of German thought. I am speaking of the thought of the choice few who enlighten the present and anticipate the future. I see an heroic people, intoxicated by its triumphs, by its numbers, by its force, which clasps the world in its great arms and subjugates it, and then stops, fatigued by its conquest and asks: Why have I conquered?

Ernest Newman, writing of "Don Quixote" said, "Nowhere outside the work of glorious old Bach is there such a combination in music of inexhaustible fertility of imagination and the most rigid austerity in the choice of material . . . for wit, humor, pathos and humanism there is nothing like it in the whole library of music. Certainly to anyone who knows Strauss's music, the story of Cervantes is henceforth inconceivable without it. The story itself, indeed, has not half the humor and the profound sadness which is infused into it by Strauss."

Introduction. The Introduction presents the progressive deterioration of Don Quixote's mind from bewildered fantasies to complete madness. The opening theme in the woodwinds, and later heard as a violoncello solo, represents the knightly and gallant spirit of the Don as it is at first aroused by the numerous chivalrous tales and stories of heroism he has been reading. Then strange harmonies and muted strings create an effect of vagueness and confusion, reflecting the bewildering host of fantastic visions that crowd in upon him.

A charming theme is then heard in the oboe section, against muted strings and harp. This represents the fair Dulcinea, whose beauty, virtue, and grace inspire the Don to heroic action. In his distorted imagination he sees her beset by tremendous giants, but saved at last by the heroic feats of a gallant knight. The harmonies clash; the muted brasses persist in bold, ominous chords; the melodies break into fragments; incoherent passages rush to and fro—Don Quixote is completely bereft of his wits.

The variations which follow without interruption describe his adventures as a knight errant.

Theme. The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance; Sancho Panza. In this prefatory portrait the Don's theme, pathetic and grandiose, is announced by the solo cello. His faithful Sancho is here clownishly presented by the bass clarinet and the tenor tuba; but after this the Squire is depicted by the solo viola.

I. *The Adventure of the Windmill.* The Knight and his man fare forth on their quest. Musing on his beautiful Dulcinea, Don Quixote chances to see a windmill. A breeze sets it rumbling heavily into motion, a creaky challenge which affronts the Knight. He rides to the attack and is knocked down by the lumbering sails.

II. *The Victorious Battle against the Host of the Great Emperor Alifonfaron.* The "host" is merely a flock of sheep, but despite the pastoral setting and despite their frightened bleats the Knight imagines them an hostile army, and, single-handed, bravely puts them to rout.

III. *The Dialogue of the Knight and the Squire.* The discussion concerns honor and glory and chivalric ideals. Because Sancho prefers easy and comfortable realities, he stirs his master's anger.

IV. *The Adventure with the Pilgrims.* A religious chanting of wind instruments is a solemn band of Penitents, but to Don Quixote they are naught but knaves and villains so he goes at them. They knock him senseless and go on their pious way. Sancho rejoices when his master shows signs of life, and the two lie down side by side and sleep.

V. *The Knight's Vigil.* The Don follows the tradition of chivalry and keeps watch by his armor all night. He is rewarded and enraptured by a vision of his Dulcinea.

VI. *The False Dulcinea.* With pert woodwind and tambourine, a country wench comes along the road. The crudely jesting Sancho swears she is Dulcinea; and the Knight, incredulous and perturbed, vows vengeance for the black magic that has worked so wicked a transformation.

VII. *The Ride Through the Air.* Knight and Squire, blindfolded, sit astraddle a wooden horse which they have been given to believe will take them aloft like a veritable Pegasus. Their themes soar upward in the orchestra and the wind whistles about their ears. (This is the famous passage involving the theater's windmachine.) But a persistent tremolo of the double bass gives away the fact that they have never left the ground.

VIII. *The Voyage in the Enchanted Boat.* A leaky boat, stranded on a river bank, has been mysteriously sent, the mad Knight believes, to ferry him to new deeds of derring-do across the water. The two embark, and the Don's theme becomes a barcarolle. The unseaworthy craft upsets, but the adventurers flounder safely to shore and offer up thankful prayers for their deliverance.

IX. *The Combat with Two Magicians.* Two priests, placidly jogging along on their mules, are transformed in the Knight's disordered brain into a pair of scheming magicians, the cause of all his woes. He levels his spear and charges them, putting them to awkward flight.

X. *Don Quixote's Defeat.* In a joust with a townsman and friend, who is masquerading as "The Night of the White Moon," the Don is miserably vanquished. By the terms of the contest he must do the bidding of the victor, and that humiliating command is that he shall return to his home and engage in no knightly exploits for a year. Heavy-hearted, despoiled of his glory, the fallen hero rides homeward with his Squire. Scraps of pastoral tunes on the English horn show his resolve to become a shepherd. Little by little his reason comes back to him, and the orchestra indicates the restoration by a clearing away of instrumental and harmonic obscurities.

Finale. Don Quixote's Death. "The last day of Don Quixote came, after he had received all the sacraments; and had by many and godly reasons made demonstrations to abhor all the books of errant chivalry. The notary was present at his death, and reporteth, how he had never read or found in any book of chivalry that any errant knight died in his bed so mildly, so quietly and so Christianly as did Don Quixote. Amidst the wailful plaints and blubbering tears of the bystanders, he yielded up the ghost, that is to say, he died."

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 9

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" . . . . . WAGNER

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

Wagner had ample time to gather and have vividly impressed upon him by the experiences of his stormy voyage of three and one-half weeks in 1839, from Pillau to London, the details of the legend of the "Flying Dutchman." He writes that the boat was undermanned, and being a small merchant vessel had inadequate accommodations for passengers. She encountered violent storms in the Baltic, and was compelled to seek shelter in the safety of Norwegian fiords. He adds that "the passage through the fiords made a wondrous impression on my fancy; the legend of the Flying Dutchman as I heard it confirmed (he already knew the Heine version) by the sailors, acquired a definite, peculiar color, which only my adventures at sea could have given it."

The legend can be traced as far back as the sixteenth century and seems to be an outgrowth of the state of feeling engendered by the two most significant facts of that period: The discovery of the New World by the Spaniards and of a New Faith by the Germans. Captain Vanderdecken attempted to round the Cape of Good Hope in the face of a heavy gale. The storm being too much for his craft, he swears that he will accomplish his purpose should it take him till Doomsday. The oath is overheard by the Evil One, who takes it literally and the unfortunate sailor is condemned to sail the Seven Seas forever. The *denouement* of Wagner's opera follows the Heine version, in which the Captain may be released "by the love of a woman faithful unto death": the love of Senta, in the opera.

The work opens with phrases descriptive of a storm and soon is sounded the motive of the curse of the Dutchman—horns and bassoons against open fifths in the strings. As the storm dies down a pause ensues, and in a different key and rhythm a portion of Senta's Ballad (which, like Lohengrin's Narrative in *Lohengrin*, contains the musical germs of the opera) appears—a motive expressive of hope and faith, and contrasting with the restless music of the storm and the "eternal curse." These themes and a Suggestion of the Sailor's Chorus from the Third Act are the musical materials out of which this vigorous overture is constructed.

Saint Mary Magdalene . . . . . D'INDY

Vincent d'Indy was born March 27, 1851,
at Paris; died there December 2, 1931.

To future generations our age will probably be known as one of unparalleled confusion. This is due to the fact that we have been unable to keep

abreast with the exceptional increase of our material and external resources. Our mental habits and moral outlook we inherited from a bland and imperturbable generation, only to find ourselves plunged, suddenly, into a maelstrom of intense activity and distraction.

The real intellectual and spiritual quality that sustained the great stream of music that flowed from Bach, through Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms, exhausted itself in Germany and ended in stagnation or self-conscious sensationalism. America remained immature, uncertain, Russia was still a bit barbaric, and Italy would hear nothing but opera. It was in France, however, with her racial feeling for lucidity, that we find at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, a truly vital contemporary music, and an attempt to bring an intelligent order into the pervading confusion. It was to the high creative intelligence of César Franck and his pupils and disciples that we must give the credit for bringing renewed vitality and energy into instrumental music.

Vincent d'Indy was, until the year of his death (1931), a dominant figure in this group. His versatility and many-sided personality gave to this group a stamp of authority and dignity. D'Indy was not only a composer of outstanding talent and originality, but he was also a lucid writer, having written authoritatively on the life of César Franck, published essays on Beethoven's predecessors, a history of musical composition, and many debates and lectures. M. d'Indy was not a man hedged in by the boundaries of his art; his mind was well fertilized and open. His real distinction, however, lies in his moral and almost religious qualities.

D'Indy is essentially a French artist. M. Romain Rolland pays a fine tribute to the unifying power of d'Indy's mind. He says:

> Clearness is the mark of M. d'Indy's intelligence. There are no shadows about him. For him to examine, to arrange, to classify, to combine, is a necessity. No one is more French in spirit. This love for clearness is the ruling factor of d'Indy's artistic nature, but his nature is far from being a simple one. Through a wide musical education, a constant desire to learn, it has been enriched by many elements, different, almost contradictory—not to be submerged by this richness of opposing elements requires a great force of passion or of will, which eliminates or chooses and transforms. M. d'Indy eliminates almost nothing; he organizes. There are in his music the qualities of a general; the knowledge of the end, the patient will to attain it, the perfect acquaintance with the means, the spirit of order, and the mastery over his work and over himself. Despite the variety of the materials he employs, the whole is always clear.

"An artist must have at least faith; faith in God and faith in his art; for it is faith that disposes him to learn, and by learning to raise himself higher and higher on the ladder of being, up to his God, which is God."

THIRD CONCERT

"An artist should practice hope; for he can expect nothing from the present; he knows that his mission is to serve, and to give his work for the life and teaching of the generations that shall come after him."

These quotations are taken from d'Indy's inaugural speech, and from his lectures to his composition class, and they reflect the high seriousness of his outlook in spite of the contemporaneous currents that attempted to draw the creative artist into a maelstrom of disorder and ruination.

D'Indy did not disdain the time he lived in, but he was always a little remote from it. He deplored, at times, the present; was surprised that it should be his own, but he pursued his work with faith, and a high respect for what the past had accomplished. This respect for tradition, united with a keen intellectual enthusiasm for all that was new and vital, made d'Indy at once a traditionalist and modernist. His feeling for works of the past helped him to temper the extremes of his contemporaries, and his knowledge of modern means of expression enabled him to infuse into its idioms, his individual dignity and grace.

Part I

Solo Recitative

In the house of the Pharisee was a joyful rumor,
The banquet hall was filled with a jubilant throng,
All eager to behold and to welcome the Prophet,
The Messiah whom Israel had pray'd for so long.

Now with a modest veil shading her bended forehead,
With tresses loose and long, confused before their gaze,
A woman approached Him through the lofty portal;
At the feet of the Saviour she fell on her knees.

Chorus

Weep thou no more, but hope, O Magdalene,
Thy God, thy Judge, already is disarm'd;
Pour at His feet thy heart full to o'erflowing,
Thy golden ointment, and tarry unharmed.

Quasi Recitative

This woman then began, lowly kneeling before Him,
To wash His feet with tears, and wipe them with her hair,
And she anointed them, as if to heal the bruises
Of years that they had sought her through all her despair.

Around a murmur rose: Behold, she is a sinner!
If the Master but knew, ah, would He find it meet?

Then said the Saviour, mov'd by heavenly compassion:
"Her sin shall be forgiven, for her love hath been great."

Chorus

Weep thou no more, but hope, O Magdalene,
Thy God, thy Judge, is already disarm'd;
Pour at His feet thy heart full to o'erflowing,
Thy golden ointment, and tarry unharmed.

PART II

Solo

And from that day of grace, repentant and rejoicing,
Thy heart at rest in God, shall never go astray,
And e'en to Calvary, though in anguish, yet faithful,
Thy tender Shepherd thou wilt follow day by day.

Chorus

Ah, leave thy place to me, O Magdalene!
Before God's feet like to thee let me lie,
My soul with tearful devotion o'erflowing,
Like thee in love and in tears there to sigh.

Solo

And on that day when Christ shall arise from the prison
Where His love for mankind held the Saviour benign,
Thou shalt see Him by thee, His voice shall call thee: "Mary!"
And again thou wilt fall before His feet divine.

Chorus

Ah, then remember us, on France implore a blessing,*
And did not God Himself guide your skiff to our shore,
When all three, floated far on the storm-fretted ocean,
In our land of Provence found a home evermore?

Come, reveal to our hearts thy delight, thine emotion,
Borne along day by day by the angels above,
And may our love for God be renewed in the rapture
That kindled in thy heart the flame of holy love!

Pray that our Ship, the Church, pressing onward in triumph,

* A legend in French tradition: Mary Magdalene, Lazarus of Bethany, and some companions went to Marseilles and converted all of Provence. They retired to a hill at La Sainte Baume (Holy Anointing) for thirty years teaching the people. When death approached, angels carried Sainte Mary Magdalene to Aix-la-Chapelle, the Oratory. Her relics were placed in a shrine which was destroyed during the Revolution. In 1914 the shrine was reconstructed for the relics which had been preserved.

THIRD CONCERT

Under skies fair and calm over the sea may sail:
That Thy Saviour at last, tell us as He hath told thee;
"Your sin shall be forgiv'n, for you have loved Me well!"

* * * *

Suite from "The Fire Bird" . . . . . STRAVINSKI

Igor Stravinski was born at Orianienbaum, Russia, June 5, 1882.

From his early youth, Igor Stravinski was surrounded with music and musicians. His father, a bass singer, was an important member of the Maryinsky Theater in St. Petersburg (Leningrad) and created the bass roles in many of the operas of Borodin, Rimski-Korsakov, etc., that are now the backbone of the Russian repertoire. In spite of this rich heritage of musical opportunity within the family circle, he was destined by his parents for the profession of law. His acquaintance with Borodin, Moussorgsky, and a later chance-meeting with Rimski-Korsakov, which resulted in the latter's accepting Stravinski, as a pupil, were influences too strong on the side of music; the aspirations of the family for a distinguished career in law were overcome, and music gained one of the leaders in twentieth-century composition.

From the production of "The Fire Bird," in 1910, his music has created more controversy and critical comment than that of any other contemporary composer. He introduced into music more revolutionary ideas that have been labeled "modernistic," even "futuristic," than any of his predecessors and has become, as a result, the most sensational figure in contemporary music. His name has come to signify a synthesis of all the separate and frequently conflicting tendencies which constitute that complex phenomenon we call "the spirit of an age." In the language of Kant, he has become a "historical postulate." Beginning as a Romantic, he shared for a time the vaporous impressionism of Debussy and Scriabin; then opposed suddenly this evanescent and sensitive expression with a violent primitivism, cultivating a barbarity of sound in the "Rite of Spring" (1912) which aroused audiences to a positive fury; and finally reached his present position—that of a "pure and abstract" musician in "The Psalms" (1930—heard at the May Festival in 1932), in which he reverted to the absolutism of the music of earlier centuries. His development was rapid; his eclecticism thorough; his emancipation sudden and complete.

"The Fire Bird" was the first work which Stravinski wrote for Diaghilev, director of the Russian Ballet, with whom he had become closely associated. In it he showed for the last time the influence of his teacher, Rimski-Korsakov, both in the use of characteristically subtle rhythms and individual touches of instrumentation and in the exotic and brilliant programmatic and descriptive

use of his orchestration—so reminiscent of "Scheherazade." At the same time "The Fire Bird" revealed an unmistakable individuality, a startling daring which Rimski-Korsakov sensed in his young and talented pupil when he tersely said, upon hearing "The Fire Bird" for the first time, "Look here, stop playing this horrid thing. Otherwise I might begin to enjoy it."

"The Fire Bird" was first performed at the Paris Opera June 25, 1910, under the direction of Serge Diaghilev. The scenario was by Fokine, the ballet was on this occasion conducted by Gabriel Pierné.

From Ralston's "Russian Folk Tales" we learn that the fire bird is known in its native haunts as the Zhar-Ptitsa. The name indicates its close connection with flame or light, Zhar means "glowing-heart"—as of a furnace, Zhar-Ptitsa means literally "the glow bird."

Its appearance corresponds with its designation. Its feathers blaze with golden or silvery sheen, its eyes shine like crystal, it dwells in a golden cage. In the depth of the night, it flies into a garden and lights it up as brilliantly as could a thousand burning fires. A single feather from its tail illuminates a dark room. It feeds upon golden apples which have the power of bestowing youth and beauty (on magic grasses in a Croatian version.)

In Russian folklore, we encounter the monstrous ogre Kastchei the Immortal, who exists (to quote Ralston), "as one of the many incantations of the dark spirit. . . . Sometimes he is altogether serpentlike in form. . . . Sometimes he seems to be of a mixed nature, partly human, partly ophidian, in some stories framed after the fashion of man. He is called 'immortal' or 'deathless' because of his superiority to the ordinary laws of existence. Sometimes his 'death,' that is, the object with which his life is indissolubly connected, does not exist within his body."

The following descriptive section is taken from the program notes of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

The action of Stravinsky's ballet "L'Oiseau de Feu," from which this concert suite is extracted, may be outlined as follows:

Into the domain of the Ogre Kastchei there wandered one night, after a long day's hunting, the young Prince Ivan Tsarevitch. In the shadows of an orchard he discerned a marvelous golden bird, with plumage that shone through the darkness as if its wings had been dipped in flame. The wondrous creature was sybaritically engaged in plucking golden apples from a silver tree when Ivan gleefully laid hold of her; but, melted by her entreaties, he soon released her, and she flew away, leaving with him, in gratitude, one of her shining plumes.

As the night lifted, Ivan saw that he was in the part of an ancient castle; as he looked, there issued from it twelve lovely maidens, and then a thirteenth, who,

despite her sinister number, seemed to Ivan infinitely desirable. Hiding himself, he watched the damsels, whom he knew at once to be princesses because of the easy grace with which, as to the manner born, they played with the golden apples and danced among the silver trees. When he could no longer restrain himself, he went among them; and then, because he was young and comely, they made him a present of some expensive fruit, and besought him to depart in haste, warning him that he was in the enchanted realm of the maleficent Kastchei, whose prisoners they were, and whose playful habit it was to turn to stone whatever venturesome travelers he could decoy. But Ivan, with his eyes on the beautiful thirteenth princess, was undismayed, and would not go. So they left him.

* * * *

Then the prince, made bold by love, flung open the gates of the castle, and out swarmed a grotesque and motley throng of slaves and buffoons, soldiers and freaks, the Kikimoras and the Bolibochki and the two-headed monsters—subjects and satellites of the Ogre—and finally the terrible Kastchei himself, who sought to work his petrifying spell upon Ivan. But the Fire-Bird's golden feather, which Ivan still carried, proved to be a magic talisman, against which the wicked power of the Ogre could not prevail.

And now the Fire-Bird herself appeared. First she caused the Ogre and his crew to begin a frenzied dance, which grew ever wilder and wilder. When they had fallen to the ground exhausted, the Fire-Bird disclosed to Ivan the absurdly simple secret of Kastchei's immortality: In a certain casket the Ogre preserved an egg. If the egg were broken, Kastchei would die. It did not take Ivan long to find the egg and dash it to the ground, whereupon Kastchei expired, and the castle vanished, and the captive knights who had been turned to stone came to life and joined in the general merry-making, while Ivan and Tsarevna, the most beautiful of the Princesses, gazed expectantly into each other's eyes.

The movements of the suite performed at this concert are as follows:

I. *Introduction,* leading into a section called

II. *The Fire Bird and Her Dance,* which combines some of the music accompanying Ivan's pursuit of the miraculous Bird as prelude to the Dance itself—music of fantastic and captivating grace.

III. *Dance of the Princesses.* This movement, a "Khorovode," or round dance, of charming gravity and stateliness, opens with an introductory passage for two flutes in imitation over an octave F sharp sustained by the horns. The melody of the dance is first played by the oboe, accompanied by harp chords, and is continued by solo 'cello, clarinet, and bassoon. The second section of the theme is sung by the muted strings.

IV. *Kastchei's Infernal Dance.* This section (introduced by a *sfff* chord of the whole orchestra) is called in the ballet, *Infernal Dance of All the Subjects of Kastchei.* In the concert version, this movement ends on a crashing chord for all the instruments, followed by a sudden quiet of the orchestra and a brief transitional passage (*Andante, p*) for woodwind, horns, piano, and harp, then for divided and muted 'celli and violas.

V. *Berceuse.* In the ballet, this delightful cradle-song, with its opening bassoon solo over an accompaniment of muted strings and harp, follows the Infernal Dance, lulling the Tsarevna into a sleep that will protect her from the evil designs of Kastchei.

VI. *Finale.* This movement, which succeeds the *Berceuse* without pause, follows, in the ballet, the Death of Kastchei, and accompanies the breaking of the Sorcerer's spell, the vanishing of his castle, and the revivification of the petrified knights. The movement opens with a horn solo (*p, dolce cantabile, Lento maestoso*), above string tremolos—a melody that at the climax of the Finale is sung with thrilling beauty by all the strings in unison against an ascending scale in the brass. The work ends with a jubilant music that celebrates the release of the Ogre's victims and the happy conclusion of Ivan's adventure.

Songs* . . . . . M. E. GILLETT

Mrs. H. M. Gillett was born at Bay City, Michigan, December 25, 1865; still living.

These enchanting little songs were selected from a large collection which Mrs. Gillett wrote about twenty years ago for her grandchildren. They were created, therefore, with no thought of public performance or publication. Their whimsical quality and delightfully naïve humor, and the spirit of gentle benevolence that animates their texts, have at last brought them before a public where their unique charm can be shared more generally.

THE CRICKET

Just hear that little cricket, as he chirps to you and sings;
Of course you know his song is just the scraping of his wings.
I think it's such a funny way to make a song, don't you?
Yet through the night, a summer's night, it's what he likes to do.
Sometimes you're very lonesome in the middle of the night,
When prowling bears and cracking chairs keep you in such a fright;
But if a friendly cricket starts his merry little lay,
You snuggle down and go to sleep until the break o' day.

And in your dreams perhaps you'll hear him play his violin;
So listen close if you would learn what orchestra he's in.
There is such lovely music all around us here on earth,
Of birds and bees, the wind in trees, and little children's mirth.
And crickets on your hearth!

* Orchestrated by Marion McArtor, Instructor in the Theory of Music, School of Music.

THIRD CONCERT

To a Crocus

Just a little crocus sweet
By the wayside grew, on a muddy street.
Did it drop from someone's basket,
Late last fall? I'd like to ask it
    How it grew,
    Wouldn't You?

Perhaps a child put it to bed
And told it to sleep till Spring, instead
Of waking up to see Jack Frost,
To learn too late that it was lost
    Under the snow.
    I'd like to know.

The snow was its blanket, pure and white,
Till the sun beat down with all his might
And made the blanket disappear,
And when this happens every year,
    Spring is here!
    Isn't it queer?

With its blanket gone, the poor little thing
Was very cold,—knew it must be Spring,
So it got out of bed, and saw the sky,
And stayed to cheer the passer-by;
    Do you wonder why
    The passer-by
    Was glad 'twas Spring again?

A Mouse in the Clock

Tick-Tock! Tick-Tock! Tick-Tock!
A mouse in the clock!
How it got there nobody knew
Except the old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who spanked her children and sent them to bed,
When she should have kissed them "Good Night" instead.
She saw a little mouse under a chair,
And frightened him so that he ran up there.

Of course he got mixed with the wheels and things,
And his wee little tail got caught in the springs,
So it wasn't because grandfather died at all,
That stopped that grandfather's clock in the hall.
For she opened the clock to see what was the matter,
And there was the little mouse, all in a chatter;

But he jumped and ran; and ever since that old clock
Has been going right on with its Tickity-Tock.

I never have learned what became of the mouse
When he ran away from that old woman's house.
Perhaps he ran up to London town
And found more clocks to run up and down,
And thus acquired the habit, for fun,
Which may be the reason more clocks do not run,
So when you can't hear any "Tickity-Tock"
There may be a wee little mouse in your clock.

Concerto No. 1 in E-flat major for Piano and Orchestra . . Liszt

Born October 22, 1811, at Raiding, Hungary; died July 3, 1886 at Bayreuth.

As a composer, pianist, teacher, and critic, Franz Liszt completely dominated his age. As a composer he brought to fruition the romantic tendencies of the period, with his vividly expressive and highly descriptive music. He created new art forms (the symphonic poem) and increased the expressive qualities of the orchestra, the piano, and every medium he chose to work in. As perhaps the most sensational pianist who ever lived, he contributed incalculably to general musical interest. As a teacher he established a school of piano technique that has produced, and is still producing, some of the most notable pianists today. As a critic, and as a propagandist, he drew the attention of the world to young unknown composers, among them Brahms and Wagner, and clarified the various movements that were becoming apparent in the musical evolution of the early nineteenth century.

Liszt displays a broad sweep and a grand style, and moves with ease in vast musical forms. His tendency to casual improvisation destroys at times the homogeneity of his work, but when the foundations of this improvisation are well constructed, as they are in this brilliant concerto, he reaches the apogee of power.

Unfortunately, however, Liszt's creative talent and inventiveness often tended to lag behind his imagination and artistic desire. As a result, much of his music is more grandiose than majestic, more voluptuous than passionate, and more pretentious than inspired. Despite his fustian, however, he was one of the last great Europeans with the gift of universality, fiery eloquence, and the grand epic style, and where he lacked spontaneity of invention, he impressed with his own bold and adventurous intelligence.

The first of Liszt's two concertos for piano and orchestra was composed in 1848 or 1849. The exact date has never been definitely known. It was, how-

ever, revised in 1853, but did not have its first performance until 1855, when it was played by Liszt himself at Weimar. There was a performance of it in Vienna in the season of 1856–57, which aroused the ire of Hanslick, then critic of the *Wiener Presse*, who so effectually annihilated it with his caustic pen that it failed to appear on programs until 1869.

Liszt wrote at a time when the need for some new principle in musical architecture had already asserted itself in the music of Beethoven and Berlioz, and boldly he followed their footsteps to the creation of new forms.

Analysis

The E-flat Concerto is not traditional in its form, being more like a symphonic poem in the treatment of its themes as plastic units capable of undergoing endless transformation of time and rhythm.

(The following analysis is by Felix Borowski):

The concerto opens at once with the principal them. (*Allegro maestoso, Tempo giusto*, E-flat major, 4-4 time) given out in a decisive *fortissimo* by the strings, with interpolated chords for the winds. To this theme Liszt was accustomed to sing for the diversion of his friends, "Das versteht ihr alle nicht." The piano enters at the fifth bar. There is a cadenza, and the original theme is given development, to which is added certain episodical material. The second theme appears in the muted bases (*Quasi Adagio*, B major, 12-8 time), in the first violins, and then is given development by the solo instrument. Towards the close of this section a solo flute brings forward a melody over a long-continued trill in the piano. This is reheard in the later portions of the work. The trill still continuing in the piano part, a clarinet leads through a reminiscence of the opening theme of the Adagio into the Scherzo.

(*Allegretto vivace*, E-flat minor, 3-4 time.) It is in the beginning of this movement that Liszt employed the triangle which gave such dire offense to the artistic susceptibilities of Hanslick, previously referred to. The strings pizzicato foreshadow the theme which appears in the piano, *capriccioso scherzando*. There is a cadenza at the close of this section, which brings back suggestions of the opening theme of the concerto. After some octave passages in the solo instrument (*Allegro animato*) this theme is reheard in the orchestra, and the piano enters much in the same fashion as at the beginning of the piece. There is a return to the trill in the piano and to the melody above it that had formed the closing portion of the Adagio. The time quickens, there is a crescendo, and another entrance of the principal theme.

The closing section (*Allegro marziale animato*, E-flat major, 4-4 time) follows immediately. That Liszt would be likely to understand and express

his own methods of composition better than any one else is a sufficient reason for a quotation from his description of the construction of this last section of his concerto. The matter is contained in the letter to his uncle, Edouard Liszt.

The fourth movement of the concerto from the Allegro Marziale corresponds to the second movement, Adagio. It is merely an urgent recapitulation of the earlier subject-matter with quickened, livelier rhythm, and contains no new motive, as will be clear to you by a glance through the score. This method of binding together and rounding off a whole piece at its close is somewhat my own, but it is quite maintained and justified from the standpoint of musical form. The trombones and basses take up the second part of the motive of the Adagio (B major). The pianoforte figure which follows is no other than the reproduction of the motive which was given in the Adagio by flute and clarinet, just as the concluding passage is a variant and working up in the major of the motive of the Scherzo, until finally the first motive on the dominant pedal B flat, with a trill accompaniment, comes in and concludes the whole.

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 9

Suite from "The Water Music" . . . . HANDEL–ORMANDY

The legend of the "Water Music," so carefully preserved by music historians in the past for the delight and edification of music lovers of the future, was first told by Handel's biographer, John Mainwaring.*

It went something like this: In 1712 Handel was the Kapellmeister to the Elector of Hanover. Obtaining a leave of absence from his patron to pay a second visit to England "on condition that he agreed to return within a reasonable time," he quite overstayed his visit and "whether he was afraid of repassing the sea, or whether he had contracted an affection for the diet of the land he was in, so it was that the promise he had given at his going away had somewhat slipped out of his memory."

Not only did he overstay his leave, but he further injured the feelings of his patron by accepting favors from Queen Anne, who lost no love or affection on the Hanoverian who was in line for her throne.† Upon injury he heaped insult by writing an ode in celebration of the Queen's birthday and a festival "Te Deum," and a "Jubilate" to commemorate the Peace of Utrecht.‡

Queen Anne settled upon Handel a yearly pension of 100 pounds, but she seemed to fail to fully appreciate his unusual position in England, for without warning and with an extreme lack of tact—she died. Handel's neglected patron ascended the throne of England in 1714, as His Britannic Majesty, George I; and Handel, slightly chagrined at the turn of affairs, retired in his embarrassment from St. James's palace to the seclusion of Burlington House. Here he awaited the pleasure or displeasure of the new ruler of the British Empire, who remained sublimely indifferent to his wayward musician's person, although he could not resist his music and frequented the opera house to hear "Rinaldo" and "Amadigi."

A "noble friend" of Handel's, continues Mainwaring, one Baron Kilmannsegge, had a wife who was perhaps no more discreet than she should have been. (She did enjoy a particular friendship with the King.) Her husband was his Master of the Horse, and in this position he was able to put into effect a suggestion made by Lord Burlington to bring about a reconciliation between Handel and his estranged patron.

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* Mainwaring, *Memoirs of the Life of the late George Frederic Handel* was published anonymously in 1760, the year after Handel's death.

† Anne's dislike of the Hanover family was believed by Spanheim to date from a visit of the then electoral Prince, George Lewis, in 1680, which was not followed, as had been expected, by a proposal of marriage.

‡ They were performed at St. Paul's in 1713.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

Now it seems that King George took particular delight in traveling on the luxuriously equipped royal barge, which made its way on the "Silver Thames" from Whitehall, when the court was there, to Richmond or to Hampton Court. Often on a summer day, accompanying the King's barge, was another, bearing musicians who played soothing music, "elegantly performed by the best masters and instruments" to alleviate the troubles that were crowding in upon the King.

Burlington's suggestion to Kilmannsegge came to realization in this way, writes Mainwaring: "The King was persuaded to form a party on the water. Handel was appraised of the design and advised to prepare some music for that occasion. It was performed and conducted by himself, unknown to His Majesty, whose pleasure on hearing it was equal to his surprise. He was impatient to know whose it was—the Baron then produced the delinquent and asked leave to present him to His Majesty as one who was too conscious of his faults to attempt an excuse for them. The intercession was accepted without any difficulty. Handel was restored to favor."

A pretty little tale, but historical fact has once more dethroned musical fiction, and Clio's frowns upon Euterpe have turned to smiles. The "Water Music" was really not composed for the Thames party in 1715, but for one two years later, July 17, 1717, to be exact; and when this took place, King George and Handel were already better than the best of friends.

In the state archives at Berlin the following report by Frederick Bonnet, envoy from the Duchy of Brandenburg to the English court in 1717, was recently discovered:*

Some weeks ago, the King expressed a wish to Baron von Kilmanseck to have a concert on the river by subscription, like the masquerades this winter which the King attended assiduously on each occasion. The Baron addressed himself therefore to Heidegger, a Suisse by nationality, but the most intelligent agent the nobility could have for their pleasures. Heidegger answered that much as he was eager to oblige His Majesty, he must reserve the subscription for the big enterprises, to wit, the masquerades, each of which was worth from 300 to 400 guineas to him.

Baron Kilmanseck, seeing that H. M. was vexed about these difficulties, resolved to give the concert on the river at his own expense, and so this concert took place the day before yesterday. The King entered his barge about eight o'clock with the Duchess of Bolton, the Countess of Godolphin, Mad. de Kilmanseck, Mad. Were and the Earl of Orkney, gentleman of the King's bedchamber, who was on guard. By the side of the royal barge was that of the musicians to the number of fifty, who played all kinds of instruments. The concert was composed expressly for the occasion by the

* The Royal Water party of July 17, 1717, and Handel's connection with it were described in a similar manner in the *London Daily Courant* of July 19, 1717.

famous Handel, native of Halle, the first composer of the King's music. It was so strongly approved by H. M. that he commanded it to be repeated, once before and once after supper, although it took an hour for each performance.

The evening party was all that could be desired for the occasion. There were numberless barges, and especially boats filled with people eager to take part in it. In order to make it more complete, Mad. de Kilmanseck had made arrangements for a splendid supper at the pleasure house of the late Lord Ranelagh at Chelsea on the river, to where the King repaired an hour after midnight. He left there at three, and at half-past four in the morning H. M. was back at St. James'. The concert has cost Baron Kilmanseck 150 pounds for the musicians alone, but neither the Prince nor the Princess took part in the festivities.

Whatever the occasion for which the "Water Music" was written, it was still conceived by Handel as music to be played out-of-doors, and its orchestration for flutes, piccolos, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, and strings drew attention to new values in instrumental balance which became fundamental in the later schools of instrumental writing that were then only being formed.

Rockstro points out that the style of the instrumentation "unquestionably owes its origin to the peculiar circumstances under which it was intended that the music should be performed. The parts for the wind instruments—more especially those for the horns—are so arranged as to produce the loveliest effect when heard across the water. When effects like these were new, they must have delighted their hearers beyond all measure. The sarabands, gavottes, and bourrées of the eighteenth century are among the choicest of its musical treasures and it would be difficult to find more perfect examples of the style than these."

Pamina's Aria from "The Magic Flute" . . . . . MOZART

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

On the seventh of March, 1791, Emanuel Schikaneder (1751–1812), a brother Freemason, brought to Mozart his libretto of a fairy opera in which were incorporated many of the mysteries of Freemasonry. As Schikaneder was in financial distress, Mozart, always too generous for his own good, gladly undertook its composition. The work was performed on September 30, 1791, in Vienna. The house program of that date shows the name of Emanuel Schikaneder in capitals at the top, while the name of Mozart as the composer of the music and conductor occurs in fine print at the bottom. It was a successful performance, but the presumptuous librettist stated at the time that "it would have been more successful had Mozart not spoiled it." The first twenty-four performances brought Schikaneder over eight thousand guldens, and Mozart, nothing. Subsequent years, however, have brought Schikaneder a few lines in musical dictionaries and Mozart immortality.

In the whole field of opera there is not a more incomprehensible libretto than that of "The Magic Flute"; yet the score is Mozart's masterpiece. Produced in Vienna in 1791, only two months before his death, "The Magic Flute" is the quintessence of Mozart's genius. Over a ludicrous and fantastic plot and a combination of preposterous characters, Mozart poured his marvelous music and transformed this monstrosity into a living, breathing masterpiece. The story describes the wonder of Tamino's pipes, which had the power to control men, animals, birds, reptiles, and the elements. As the flute is continuously playing throughout the work, the result need only be imagined! But the magic of Mozart's music obliterates the ridiculous incidents, and creates from puppets, characters of distinct being and personality. Truly the magic of Tamino's flute passed into the pen of Mozart. In the words of Richard Wagner: "What Godlike magic breathes throughout this work. What many-sidedness, what marvelous variety! The quintessence of every noblest bloom of art seems here to blend in one unequaled flower."

Tamino, lover of Pamina, has been forbidden to speak to any woman. Pamina, not realizing this, and being hurt by Tamino's neglect of her, bemoans her fate.

How wretched I am without Tamino. Nothing is left to me but to mourn and drain the cup of woe. Come kind death and in pity, free me from my anguish.

"Non mi dir" from "Don Giovanni" . . . . . MOZART

In the "Wiener Zeitung" (No. 91) 1878, after the first performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" in Prague there appeared the following criticism:

On Monday, October 29th, Kapellmeister Mozart's long expected opera "Don Giovanni" was performed by the Italian opera company of Prague. Musicians and connoisseurs are agreed in declaring that such a performance has never before been witnessed in Prague. Here Mozart himself conducted and his appearance in the orchestra was a signal for cheers which were renewed at his exit. The opera is exceedingly difficult of execution and the excellence of the representation in spite of the short time allowed for studying the work, was the subject of general remark. The whole powers of both action and orchestra were put forward to do honor to Mozart. Considerable expense was incurred for additional chorus and scenery. The enormous audience was a sufficient guarantee of the public favor.

The work was then given in Vienna May 7, 1788, by command of Emperor Joseph II. It was a failure, however, in spite of the fact that it was given fifteen performances that year. A contemporary writer, Schink, indignant at the cold reception given the work in Vienna, wrote, "How can this music, so full of force, majesty and grandeur be expected to please the lovers of ordinary opera? The grand and noble qualities of the music in Don Giovanni will appeal

only to the small minority of the elect. It is not such as to tickle the ear of the crowd and leave the heart unsatisfied. Mozart is no ordinary composer."

Goethe, after a performance in Weimar in 1797, writes to Schiller, "Your hopes for opera are richly fulfilled in 'Don Giovanni' but the work stands absolutely alone and Mozart's death prevents any prospect of its example being followed."

"Non mi dir," with its introductory recitative "Crudele, Ah no, mio bene," is sung by Donna Anna near the end of the opera. In it she answers her suitor Don Octavio, who asks for her hand in marriage. Donna Anna, still grieving for her father, murdered by Don Giovanni, answers.

Recitative: Not love thee? Believe it not. But the fulfillment of my heart's desire I could not accept in tears. All my heart is thine, but do not persuade me until my grief has passed.

Aria: Tell me not beloved that thou art constant to me in vain. Will thou knowest I am thine, doubt not my love, for it and hope do both assure me that Heaven will smile again.

Symphony, "Mathis der Maler" ("Matthias, the Painter")

. . . . . HINDEMITH

Paul Hindemith was born at Hanau, Germany, in 1895; still living.

It would be rash, indeed impossible, to sum up the achievements of Paul Hindemith, for he is essentially a composer in the making. Perhaps even yet he is important, not so much for what he has written, as for what he represents in modern music. At the age of forty-six he has produced a tremendous amount of the most varied kinds of music; he has been a successful conductor; he was the founder of a famous European quartet; he was instrumental in organizing the Baden-Baden Music Festival; he is a teacher of great reputation, having taught in numerous institutions; he is a virtuoso viola player of the first order; and as a critic and propagandist of contemporary music and a progenitor of new musical doctrine, he has received universal recognition.

But his music remains an impressive amalgam; its expression difficult to comprehend; its tonal language clear and precise, but its ideas often obscure and its thoughts diffuse. There is in it little polish or refinement of style, and almost complete negation of emotional expansiveness or intensity.

The sparseness of his style is anti-romantic and anti-idealistic. Self-contained and absolute, it eschews, for the most part, descriptive programs, expressionism, philosophy, and sentimentalism. He remains perhaps the least picturesque composer alive, even though he deals, as in the work on tonight's program, with the

most picturesque subject imaginable. This style does not express individual thoughts and inner feelings, and then expect a similar interpretation and reaction; it sets out to be intensely practical and useful, accessible to everyone alike, because it is essentially rational music. There is no profound "meaning" here, no soul-stirring experience intended. Hindemith's unique vitality and technical dexterity delete all superfluous elements; it is music made concise, clear, and economical in its means. If we were to describe his style exactly we would say that it was essentially neoclassic. "Classical," a worn-out word, carelessly used especially in connection with music, has lost its real meaning in the popular mind. Classicism signifies the reign of form which, during the nineteenth century, was abrogated by literary and impressionistic romanticism. A tendency can be grasped in music today towards the freeing of the musical imagination from literary associations, from the symphonic poem and all other forms of preordained drama in music. This tendency is best represented by Paul Hindemith, who stands for a return to the essential and intrinsic values of music. Musical expression must consist of an idiom forged with elements derived from music itself. In this, Paul Hindemith's true worth is to be found; for his music is born out of this order of ideas. His was a style called into being by historical necessity.

Prior to his advent, German music seemed in a state of quandary, that is, indecisive as to what course it was to follow. After the deaths of Richard Wagner and Johannes Brahms, German composers seemed intent on perpetuating the principles of their glorious art. But they failed to see that these principles grew out of, and were associated with, an era that was past, and that Wagner and Brahms had brought romanticism to a complete and magnificent fruition. The postromanticists were not writing its last chapter; they were writing its epilogue. German music began to forsake Wagner and Brahms and follow its new leaders, Reger (at the end of his career) and Schönberg.

A return to some form of classicism was inevitable, in the general nature of a reaction, when music began to exaggerate romanticism and force the continuance of a spirit that had passed out of art. The tone poems of Richard Strauss illustrate the final attempt to administer artificial respiration to revive the dying romanticism of the nineteenth century.* The development of the Wagnerian leitmotiv had rapidly extended to the complication of the whole musical texture, and soon harmony became thematic in character. To distinguish between his numerous themes, Strauss resorted to bitonality and tritonality (different themes played in different keys at the same time).

Schönberg in his early career pursued a parallel course of aggrandizement, his scores growing in complexity and becoming intricate and unwieldly (Pierrot

* See program notes on Richard Strauss, page 32.

Lunaire), but largely through the devices of chromaticism rather than through polytonality. Finally, through his chromatic insistence, polychromaticism became the complement of polytonality.

Exactly parallel with Schönberg, Igor Stravinski developed the possibilities of combined tonalities in "La Sacre du Printemps," although the real significance of this work lies in its wealth of rhythmic device, in its blocked harmonies, and in its massive but brilliant orchestration. It is interesting to note that both Stravinski and Schönberg reacted rather suddenly in favor of simplicity, immediately after the writing in 1912 of "Le Sacre" and "Pierrot Lunaire" respectively. Since then Schönberg has become increasingly concise, logical, and sparing of decorative complexity, and has evolved a system that is intellectual rather than emotional in its intention. The further fact that between 1915 and 1929 neither of these composers wrote for the full orchestra, but composed exclusively for chamber music combinations, is again evidence of the leaven of classicism at work.

Neoclassicism must not be looked upon merely as a revival; it is also a progression. With its accent on a new rationality, it reveals more variety in its treatment of harmony than in its treatment of form. But there is a certain underlying direction of harmony which insists upon a horizontal movement and which prefers free counterpoint to individual strands of melody with accompaniment. The extent of degree of this contrapuntal freedom marks the difference between classic and neoclassic music. In addition the variety of harmonic innovations introduced into music from Debussy onwards have gradually been assimilated and are now quite past their aggressive stage, and are being accepted as consonances and points of rest. The "revolutionary dissonances" of the Debussy and post-Debussy periods are today normal means of musical expression and take their place beside the accepted harmonic progressions of the past. One of the prime difficulties in understanding neoclassic music is to recognize the establishment of this equal relationship. The new music is in the act of becoming classical. A vertical texture is more solid and tangible, more readily apprehensible than a horizontal texture, and neoclassic music is pre-eminently horizontal. Its arresting feature is its linear counterpoint. Hindemith is essentially a linear artist, but his counterpoint will sound chaotic if we think of it exclusively in terms of the late seventeenth or early eighteenth centuries. The Hindemith counterpoint is very different from Bach—it is free, much freer than Bach, and is classical only in the sense that it reverts from the expansive Wagnerian music drama, to the illustrative Strauss tone poem, to the compact "abstract" suite movements and to the early classical concerto grosso. But it should not be forgotten that if the form seems similar, the classical system of key relationship is far removed, and the linear counterpoint does not necessarily have reference

to what is happening vertically. The present-day horizontal texture is in reality no more complicated and unanalyzable than the verticalism of yesterday. It is evolutionary, with a tendency toward simplicity, not revolutionary. If the ear has accepted the vertical harmonic clashes of fifteen or twenty years ago, it will surely accustom itself to the linear dissonance of Hindemith.

Hindemith's music, however, is not atonal (absence of any tonality). It may sound fleeting and evasive, but it is some distance from a complete lack of tonal feeling. His music may sound keyless, because the tonality changes so frequently and often in the most unorthodox ways, but rather than negating tonality, he often disguises it by the simultaneous use of major and minor modes, by the use of unusual and personally devised scales, avoiding for the most part the straight diatonic, and by the use of chromaticism. At heart Paul Hindemith is still a conservative.

"Mathis der Maler" is a symphonic integration of three instrumental excerpts from Hindemith's opera, based on the life of the sixteenth-century master, Matthias Grunewald. The three movements of the symphony—I. "Angelic Concert"; II. "Entombment"; III. "Temptation of Saint Anthony"—were inspired by the triptych painted by Grunewald for the Isenheim altar at Colmar, in Alsace. Matthias Grunewald was the chief Rhenish painter at the beginning of the sixteenth century. An artist of extraordinary power and emotional force, a religious mystic whose imagination was both passionate and exalted, he has been called "the last and greatest representative of the German Gothic."*

Shortly after the Berlin production of the symphony, Heinrich Strobel, the distinguished German critic and essayist, published an extensive analysis of Hindemith's score, the following excerpts from which may be read with advantage as preparation for a first hearing of the work:

When Paul Hindemith combined three excerpts from his opera, "Mathis der Maler," and called the result a "symphony," the term did not imply a symphonic construction as understood by the Nineteenth Century. These tone-pieces do not embody a definite "symphonic idea." They are not related in theme. Their spiritual relationship is derived from a plastic conception: the three movements are based on "themes" suggested by the Isenheim Altar of Grunewald. But, one may ask, has Hindemith become a composer of romantic program-music? Let us dismiss entirely in this connection the word "romantic," which is subject to misinterpretation, and let us simply state that this symphony has nothing whatever in common with program-music of the customary descriptive sort. Hindemith has endeavored to approximate by musical means that emotional state which is aroused in the onlooker by Grunewald's famous work. Hindemith, that is to say, uses here methods which he had previously employed in his insrumental music. He excludes any pictorial intention;

* Program notes of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

also, he abstains from the psychological interpretation and conversion of his themes. He dispenses with dramatizing color effects, changing the sound-material in accordance with purely musical laws. The technique of the symphony is the technique of Hindemith's instrumental concertos. The transformation of the emotional tension into purely musical effects is accomplished by the same logical processes that we find elsewhere in his work.

Hindemith's style has gained in tonal plasticity to the same degree that he has simplified his art technically. The few themes of the symphony are tonal symbols of extraordinary vitality and perceptibility, but at the same time they obey a logic that is subject to wholly personal laws. The effect is further increased by the circumstance that in the first part, *Angelic Concert* (based on the picture of the Nativity painted by Grunewald for the Isenheim Altar), and in the third part, the Vision of the Temptation of Saint Anthony, old church melodies are used. These ancient melodies constitute the true germ-cell of music; they determine its melodic and harmonic tissue.

But this is nothing new in Hindemith's case. The liturgical modes have exercised a deep influence on his music. This influence is evident in his *Marienleben* and in *Das Unaufhörliche*; it breaks through again with all its force in *Mathis der Maler*. It seems as though Hindemith, after many digressions, were recurring to his works of a decade ago. The pathos, the subdued lyricism, the plasticity of the musical vision—all these appear to establish a connection between his most recent art and its earlier expression. . . .

The simplicity of *Mathis der Maler* does not mean, however, that Hindemith is renouncing his principle of polyphonic development. Polyphony, counterpoint inspired by Bach, remains the basis of his musical thinking and feeling. In the course of the last few years, however, he has abandoned more and more all dispensable contrapuntal ballast, and has lightened his linear style. . . .

This polyphonic style gains, in The *Mathis* Symphony, a symbolic force which is something entirely new for Hindemith. Without, as we have said, employing descriptive music in the ordinary sense, effects are obtained here which could not have been realized by means of dramatic expressiveness. In this connection, we must mention especially the last movement, the pictorial subject of which (the Saint tortured by fantastic beasts) stimulated the tonal imagination of the composer to an exceptional degree.

The development of the three movements is singularly clear. The dynamic curve descends from the festive and happy *Angelic Concert* of the beginning to the quiet elegy of the *Entombment*, and then proceeds, after the music of the Saint's ordeal, to the concluding Hallelujah Hymn of the final visionary exaltation.

I. Angelic Concert
(Ruhig bewegt—Ziemlich lebhafte Halbe)

The tonal basis of the symphony is D flat, in the range of which there lie the old melodies used in the first and third parts. In the *Angelic Concert*, the tension between

the tonalities of D flat and G underlies the harmonic construction of the movement. The cantus firmus, "Es sungen drei Engel" ("Three Angels Sang"), which we hear first in the trombones (eighth bar), is developed dynamically upward. This is followed by a quick main part, in three sections. The first section is based on a theme (flutes and first violins) which can be regarded as a model of Hindemith's style in melodic development—a melody which is signalized by its wavering between major and minor. A second theme follows (strings), of serener and more lyrical character. A third section deals with these two themes in a lightly hovering fugato, to which is added, again in the trombones, the "Angel" melody. The last phrase of the "Angel" melody leads back to that tender serenity which spreads over the entire movement, and which evokes for us the gentle radiance of Grunewald's incomparable representation of the Nativity. A concise coda forms a joyous close, fortissimo.

II. Entombment
(*Sehr langsam*)

The two chief themes of the second movement, the *Entombment*, are typical of Hindemith's melodic style—the first with its purely "linear" structure (muted strings, woodwind); the second with its intervallic structure of fourths and fifths (oboe, then flute, with pizzicato accompaniment). In wonderful simplicity ascend the melodic lines of the solo woodwinds; and how beautiful is the effect of the plaintive call of the clarinet, after the short crescendo and the pause!

III. The Temptation of Saint Anthony
(*Sehr langsam, frei im Zeitmass—Lebhaft*)

It is the third movement which is executed in the broadest and boldest manner. From the visual tension of Grunewald's picture, an aural tension has been created. The power of the music is so marked that one might almost be induced to impart to this movement a poetic interpretation, although the themes are developed in a strictly linear manner, and even the most grandiose sound effects betray a cogent musical logic. Hindemith's art of tonal disposition is consorted with a power of fancy which astonishes even those who best know his works. The Temptation of the Saint develops over a tremendous tonal canvas, from the opening unison of the strings (bearing the quotation, *Ubi eras, bone Jhesu ubi eras, quare non affuisti ut sanares vulnera mea*?), up to the bass chorale of the final Hallelujah. The cycle of the key of D flat is the foundation of the harmonic development, the symbol of Sanctity. The greater the struggle of the contesting forces, the more widely does the piece depart from this harmonic basis. The ascent of the string unisono, which is intensified in an astonishing manner by the opposing figure in the brass instruments, is a striking example of a crescendo developed in the linear manner. This heroic statement is followed by the first assault of the opposing forces (if this expression can be applied to so purely musical a process), with another theme for the unison strings. The solo woodwinds answer, while the stream of motion flows on in the strings. A grandiose passage closes the first part of the movement. There is a long and elaborate working-out. The battle is already decided when the key of D flat is again reached with the fugato. Clarinets, then the horn,

recur to the theme of the unisono string introduction; we hear, in the woodwinds, the hymn, *Lauda Sion Salvatorem;* and then, fortissimo on the brass, the Hallelujah leads us to a resplendent and triumphant close in D-flat major.

Aria: "Pourquoi" from "Lakmé" . . . . . DELIBES

Clément Delibes was born February 21, 1836, at St. Germain-du-Val; died January 16, 1891, at Paris.

The apprentice years of Delibes' training were spent in work under the leading masters of the Conservatoire, which he entered in 1848. His journeyman stage dates from 1853, when he became connected with the Theatre Lyrique, and officiated as organist at the Church of St. Jean et St. Francois. In 1855 he produced a brilliant operetta, and during the interim between that date and 1866 he evolved into the master. His greatest opera, "Lakmé," was produced in Paris in 1883, but before that he had written some clever and popular ballets which still maintain the boards.

The aria on tonight's program occurs in Act I. Lakmé, the carefully guarded daughter of the Brahmin High Priest, Nilakantha, has never been seen by anyone in the world outside of the Sacred Grove where she dwells. Gerald and Frederic, two English officers, have entered the grove near Nilakantha's temple with some friends and when rebuked they all depart but Gerald, who remains to sketch some oriental jewels which Lakmé had left in the garden. Hearing someone approaching, Gerald hides himself in the bowers. Lakmé enters and lays flowers at the feet of an idol. She is about to depart when she pauses and tries to analyze a strange feeling which has come over her, saying:

Ah, why in these sombre woods
Do I love to roam?
Is it to weep alone?
Why is my heart so saddened by voices
  of ringdoves calling?
At sight of flowerlets fading or of brown
  leaflets falling?
And yet these tears have charms for me,
E'en though I sigh;
And I feel that I still am glad,
But why?

Why seek to find a meaning
In the streamlet's murmuring flow
Through the tangled reeds below?
Whence all this happiness of mine
Like a wafted breath divine?
At times I smile, at times I sigh,
And yet I ask myself—But why?

Les Adieux de l'hôtesse Arabe . . . . . BIZET

In addition to his other works, Bizet wrote various books of charming songs, which have only in comparatively recent times attained the popularity they deserve. Foremost among these is the wonderfully characteristic "Les Adieux de l'hôtesse Arabe."

> Since nothing will detain you in this beautiful land, alas, farewell—handsome white stranger. . . . If you do not return, perhaps you will recall my sweet-voiced sisters of the desert.

Reflets dans l'eau . . . . . DEBUSSY-ORMANDY

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

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.

This style 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 Pissaro, rendered a music that was intimate though evasive, a music with a twilight beauty and

glamour, revealing a world of sense, flavor, color, and mystery. And so Debussy, working to the same end as the French Impressionists in art, through the subtle and 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, faint odor of dying flowers, the flickering effect of inverted images in a pool ("Reflets dans l'eau," heard on this program), or the more vigorous and sparkling effects of an Iberian Fête day.

The first series of Debussy's "Images" for piano appeared in 1905, and included the "Reflets dans l'eau." Debussy wrote to his publisher concerning this collection: "I think I may say without undue pride that I believe these three pieces will live and will take their places in piano literature . . . . either to the left of Schumann . . . . or to the right of Chopin."

Mr. Ormandy has been eminently successful in this orchestral transcription, losing nothing of the vague impressionism so perfectly effected in Debussy's original piano work with its highly suggestive and luminous harmonies, and its lambent succession of arpeggios. Debussy himself referred to this music as embodying the newest discoveries in "harmonic chemistry"; and much of the reflective and drowsy effect created by these fluent harmonic progressions Mr. Ormandy has emphasized in his instrumentation effecting subtle color combinations with consummate skill, and with intimate knowledge of Debussy's unique style of orchestration.

La Valse (a choreographic poem) . . . . . RAVEL

Maurice Ravel was born March 7, 1875, at Cibourne; died December 28, 1937, in Paris.

In contrast to the ecstatic impressionism of Debussy, which fails to merge emotion into an objective lyricism, but merely allows it to spread and dissolve into vague colored patterns, the art of Maurice Ravel appears more concrete. Although he was at home among the colored vapors of the Debussyan harmonic system, Ravel expressed himself in a more tangible form and fashioned the same materials into set designs. In this structural sense lies the true secret of his difference from Debussy.

About 1805 Dr. Charles Burney spoke of the waltz as "a riotous German dance of modern invention. . . . The verb *waltzen*, whence this word is derived, implies to roll, wallow, welter, tumble down or roll in the dirt and mire. What analogy there may be between these acceptations and the dance, we pretend not to say; but having seen it performed by a select party of foreigners, we could not help reflecting how uneasy an English mother would be to see her daughter

so familiarly treated and still more to witness the obliging manner in which the freedom is returned by the females."

The waltz flourished, however, in spite of nice old Dr. Burney, and during the middle of the nineteenth century, under the refining influences of the Strausses, father and son, it reached its graceful and melodious perfection.

On the authority of Alfredo Casella, who, with the composer, played a two-piano arrangement of "The Waltz" in Vienna (1920), the composition had been sketched during the war and was completed in 1920; the themes are of Viennese character, and though Ravel had no exact idea of choreographic production, he conceived it with the idea of its realization in a dance representation. Casella further describes the composition:

The Poem is a sort of triptych:

(a) The Birth of the Waltz (The poem begins with dull rumors as in Rheingold, and from this chaos gradually develops.)

(b) The Waltz

(c) The Apotheosis of the Waltz

The following "program" of "La Valse" is printed in the score:

Whirling clouds give glimpses, through rifts, of couples waltzing. The clouds scatter, little by little. One sees an immense hall peopled with a twirling crowd. The scene is gradually illuminated. The lights of the chandeliers burst forth, fortissimo. An Imperial Court about 1855.

The first performance of "La Valse" in the United States was at a concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, director, October 28, 1921. When the work was played at Boston the following year (January 13–14), Mr. Hale wrote that the music suggested to the critic, Raymond Schwab, who heard it at the first performance in Paris, "The atmosphere of a court ball of the Second Empire, at first a frenzy indistinctly sketched by the pizzicati of double-basses, then transports sounding forth the full hysteria of an epoch. To the graces and languors of Carpeaux is opposed an implied anguish with some Prod'homme exclaiming: 'We dance on a volcano.' There is a certain threatening in this bacchanale, a drunkenness, as it were, warning itself of its decay, perhaps by the dissonances and shock of timbres, especially the repeated combinations in which the strings grate against the brass."

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 10

ALL-SIBELIUS PROGRAM

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

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 nor 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 really an almost isolated phenomenon. He seems to belong to a different race and a different age.

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; and in this he is akin to the moderns. But by no means is he a true modernist. After all, he is a member of an older generation, and one whose style was already formed before much we find in recent experiment was even thought of. Rather than projecting a new idiom, his music reveals a fresh and unexpected beauty, a wholly new mode of thought and expression embodied in the idioms of the past. Among contemporary composers, Sibelius, and he alone, has conclusively shown what most people had legitimately begun to doubt, that

it is still as possible as it ever was to say something absolutely new, vital, and original, without having to invent a new syntax, a new vocabulary in order to do so. In this instance he upholds the traditions of the past against the composers of the "new" music, Schönberg and Berg, and their twelve-tone system. In terms of these composers, Sibelius is in no sense a modernist. He, like Strauss, is creating the last great expression of the romantic ideal.

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 the "intangible something" which is evident in every phrase he writes. Mr. Watson Lyle in an article in the *Musical Quarterly* for October, 1927, describes this ephemeral quality which many sense 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 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, and 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.

"The Reds behave like beasts. All educated people are in danger of their lives. Murder upon murder. Soon, no doubt, my hour will come, for I must be especially hateful to them as a composer of patriotic music," wrote Sibelius in his diary in January, 1918. Fate has been persistent in involving Jean Sibelius in great soul-stirring catastrophies. As a young musician, he was an artistic rebel determined upon Finnish freedom, politically as well as artistically, and was involved in Finland's emancipation in the 1890's. The World War of 1914–18 found him as staunch and bravely chauvinistic as ever in the face of impending doom. And today, at the close of a long life full of great artistic achievements and deep concern for his native land, the old patriarch refuses

to leave his unfortunate country in her need and writes on in the midst of her greatest disaster. Sibelius' faith in humanity has been subjected to the severest test, but he has never lost that faith. In these disjointed times full of disillusion and cynicism, Sibelius offers us the rare but thrilling spectacle of a man who has created a noble structure in his art—a structure that has come from the grand line of his long life. His music is triumphant; and the harmony he has won in the hard battle of life he transmits to his art, where he has given to the world a much-needed state of spiritual serenity, optimism, and repose.

Symphony No. 7 in C major, Op. 105 (in one movement) . . . . . SIBELIUS

In his little work on Sibelius, Cecil Grey * wrote of this Symphony:

Sibelius' Seventh—and up to the time of writing, last—Symphony in C major, Op. 105, is in one gigantic movement based in the main on the same structural principles as the first movement of the Sixth. That is to say, it has one chief dominating subject, a fanfarelike theme which first appears on a solo trombone near the outset and recurs twice, more or less integrally, and in addition a host of small, pregnant, fragmentary motives of which at least a dozen play a prominent part in the unfolding of the action. The resourceful way in which these are varied, developed, juxtaposed, permuted, and combined into a continuous and homogeneous texture is one of the miracles of modern music; Sibelius himself has never done anything to equal it in this respect.

In an interesting work by Bengt de Törne,† consisting chiefly of personal reminiscences and impressions, there are these lines about the last two symphonies:

I have already quoted Sibelius saying that he considers Mozart and Mendelssohn the two greatest geniuses of the orchestra. These significant words date from the period after the completion of the Fifth Symphony, or rather the first version of it; and they are supported by another contemporary statement of the master's. One day Sibelius told me: "The older I grow, the more classical I become." He developed the theme and then concluded: "It is curious, you know: the more I see of life, the more I feel convinced that classicism is the way of the future." It must be remembered that this was said at a time when atonal music and extravagant experiments of every description dominated the concert-halls of Europe. . . . Once again we find that Sibelius has been as good as his word. His Sixth and Seventh symphonies are classical in the strictest sense of the term. They continue nobly the epic line of Haydn and Mozart, and are pre-Beethoven in spirit. In them we find the symphonic idea reduced to essentials. Nothing could be more illustrative of Sibelius' saying that he considers a Mozart allegro the ideal model for a symphonic movement. These two works indeed

* Cecil Grey, *Sibelius,* London: Oxford University Press, 1931.

† Bengt de Törne, *Sibelius, A Close-Up.* Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1938.

realize the "uninterrupted flowing" which commands his admiration in the symphonic movements of that youthful genius. And they have another quality in common with the symphonic masterpieces of Haydn and Mozart, an attitude of aloofness towards the exterior manifestations of life. The days are past and gone when the ardent temperament of Sibelius reacts to any impression. Contemplation, the essence of the age of wisdom, now dominates his outlook entirely.

In Karl Ekman's more extended work,* Sibelius himself is quoted as having said of the Seventh Symphony (upon which, apparently, he was at work simultaneously with the Fifth and with the Sixth):

The Seventh Symphony. Joy of life, and vitality with appassionato passages. In three movements—the last, a "Hellenic rondo." If so, somewhere along the course he altered his plan. In fact, he himself conceded that he did not know, when he began, precisely how the symphonies would end. "As usual, I am a slave to my themes and submit to their demands."

Later on the author quotes Sibelius as follows:

At New Year's, 1923, I was engaged for concerts in Norway and Sweden. When I started on January 14th—I have the date from the notes in my diary—three sections of the seventh symphony were ready. On my return home, the whole symphony was completed; I performed it in public at a concert in Helsingfors on February 19th —the last time I conducted in Finland. . . . On March 2nd, 1924, at night, as I entered in my diary, I completed "Fantasia Sinfonica"—that was what I at first thought of calling my seventh symphony in one movement.

For the program of April 3, 1926 (first performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski), Lawrence Gilman supplied this clear and revealing analysis:

The symphony opens with an extended *Adagio* section of brooding and somber intensity. Its initial subject, an ascending scale passage in A minor, 3–2 time, for the strings, furnishes the underlying theme of the work. It crops out again and again, as a whole, or fragmentarily, and often inverted. In the twenty-second measure it is succeeded by a broadly lyric theme in C major, sung by the divided violas and 'cellos, joined later by the divided first and second violins. The scale passages return in the strings and woodwind, and then we hear from the solo trombone a chant-like melody in C, which will later assume great importance.

The tempo quickens; there are more scale passages; the pace is now *Vivacissimo*, C minor. The strings announce a subject that recalls the mood of the Scherzo of Beethoven's *Eroica*. There is a *rallentando*, and a return to the *Adagio* tempo of the beginning. The solo trombone repeats its chant-like phrase against figurations in the strings, and it is joined by the rest of the brass choir. Again the tempo quickens, and an *Allegro molto moderato* is established.

* Karl Ekman, *Jean Sibelius, His Life and Personality*. New York: Alfred Knopf, 1938.

The strings (*poco f*, C major, 6–4) give out a new melody of folklike simplicity and breadth; and this is followed by another subject, also in C major, arranged—according to a pattern of which Sibelius is fond—for woodwind doubled in pairs, playing in thirds, fifths, and sixths. This theme is developed by the strings and wind, with interjections of the familiar scale passages for the violins.

The key changes to E-flat major, the tempo becomes *Vivace*. There are ascending and descending antiphonal passages, strings answered by woodwind.

The tempo becomes *Presto*, the key C major. The strings, divided in eight parts, begin a mysteriously portentous passage, at first *ppp*, with the violas and 'cellos defining an urgent figure against a reiterated pedal G of the violins, basses, and tympani. A crescendo, *rallentando*, is accompanied by a fragment of the basic scale passage, in augmentation, for the horns.

The tempo is again *Adagio;* and now the chant-like C major theme is heard once more from the brass choir, against mounting figurations of the strings.

There is a climax, *ff*, for the whole orchestra. The strings are heard alone, *Largamente molto*, in an Affettuoso of intense expression. Flute and bassoon in octaves, supported by soft string tremolos, sing a plain. The strings, *dolce*, in syncopated rhythm, modulate through seventh chords in A-flat and G to a powerful suspension, fortissimo, on the tonic chord of C major; and this brings to a close the enigmatic, puissant, and strangely moving work.

Concerto in D minor, Op. 47, for Violin and Orchestra . . SIBELIUS

Sibelius' violin concerto, relatively seldom heard on current programs, is one of extreme difficulty, both technically and interpretively. Its lofty and profound beauty, tinged with melancholy brooding, and relieved by wild flights into a world of strange meanings often evades both the interpreter and the hearer.

The solo part is conceived in so organic a manner as to be related to the whole orchestral texture; it weaves itself so closely and intimately into the symphonic tissue that only occasionally is it given any opportunity for a purely technical display.

The first movement (in D minor, *allegro moderato* and mixed rhythms) is an elaborate composition in Sibelius' unique manner—a peculiar and eccentric sort of effusion having the character of an "improvisation" rather than any close resemblance to accepted forms. The traditional two themes are in evidence clearly enough, but the manner of their treatment is so free and rhapsodical that they elude technical analysis. The first theme, given to the solo violin at the beginning, accompanied by divided and muted violins is plaintive and somber-hued. It spins out rhapsodically to an unaccompanied solo passage which

leads to a climax. A short orchestral *tutti* leads to the statement and unfolding of the tranquil second theme by the solo violin. Following the development of this motive, there is a long *tutti* passage after which the solo instrument engages in an elaborate unaccompanied cadenza, then passes directly to a restatement of the mournful first theme. Pendant developments lead presently to a reappearance of the tranquil second theme, now in altered rhythm, and still in the solo violin. The movement ends in a brilliant climax. The emphasis upon the solo violin developing themes without the orchestra is unusual.

The second movement (in B-flat major, *adagio di molto*) is of a more tangible nature. It is a contemplative romanza, embracing a short prelude followed by a first section based upon a very melodic theme sung in the solo instrument. There is then a short orchestral interlude. A contrasting middle section, announced by an orchestral passage, is heard in the solo instrument spinning out into florid passage-work which continues as figuration against the return of the tuneful first theme in the orchestra. The solo instrument then sings gently the closing strains of this melody, and the end of the movement dies away into a hushed silence.

The third movement (in D major, *allegro, ma non tanto*) is brilliant and aggressive music in the general style of a rondo, opening after a four-measure introduction in the lower strings and kettledrum on a persistent reiteration of the tone D. The second theme, resolute in its nature, is sounded in the orchestra; the melody proper beginning in the violins and violoncelli, and later heard in the solo instrument. The remainder of the movement consists of alternations of these two themes, the violin having a brilliant and difficult part in the climax of the movement.

Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39 . . . . . SIBELIUS

This symphony, composed in 1899 and published three years later, was first performed at Helsingfors in 1900. Rosa Newmarch * writes:

> Sibelius has something to say, and takes his time in saying it. The structure of the score is firm, and contains, especially in the finale, an extraordinary wealth of thematic material. From the melancholy, half-pastoral theme given out by the clarinet in the opening bars, to the brief and impressive coda with which the work closes, we are conscious of a sweeping tide of virile power; a sustained flight of inspiration that neither flags, nor takes refuge in padding, nor drops into emotional incoherence.
>
> Sibelius' oneness with nature, and that kind of poetical pantheism which is the inheritance of his race, are evident in every page of this symphony. His orchestral combinations, more especially his use of the woodwind, seem at times a direct echo

* Rosa Newmarch, *Jan Sibelius: A Finnish Composer*. Leipzig, 1906.

from the natural world, to the beauty and mystery of which he is peculiarly sensitive. One thinks of the melancholy grandeur of some masterpiece of Ruysdael. The vigorous *Allegro energico* of the first movement will contradict the idea that this is mere landscape painting, such as we find occasionally in the tone pictures of Smetana or Rimsky-Korsakoff. We feel that side by side with these reflections from the natural world the entire symphony has some very human and dramatic tale to tell, one of those unrevealed programs of which we are ever seeking the impalpable solution.

Analysis

An illuminating analysis of this symphony has been written by Mr. Arthur Shepherd, the American composer and critic:

The first movement (*Andante ma non troppo*, E minor, 2-2 time) is begun by a solo clarinet, which, accompanied by a soft roll on the tympani, evokes a lengendary mood, with a melody some twenty-eight measures long (this melody recurs in the Finale of the Symphony). Following this introductory passage the principal theme is presented in stark boldness by the first violins; the consequent division of the theme is carried on in forceful accents by the woodwinds, leading forward to an eloquent restatement of the initial period in full power, reaching at length an abrupt turning-point on an F-sharp major chord (dominant chord of the dominant key). A soft tremolando in divided strings and harp chords leads over to the curiously piquant and pungent second theme, in sharply rhythmed phrases, presented, conversationally, in the woodwinds and horns. Highly imaginative is the extended passage of overlapping and converging chromatic scales; one may imagine scudding clouds in a wind-swept sky, with screaming gulls rudely tossed from their course. A finely achieved crescendo marks the climacteric of the development, bringing with it the recapitulation with modifications and abridgements of the various themes.

Second movement: *Andante* (*ma non troppo lento*), E-flat major, 4-4 time (*alla breve*). The bardic flavor persists in the song-like principal theme of the second movement, heard in the first violins and violoncellos, with a brief refrain in the clarinets, recurring at the phrase intersections. A new theme, soberly monastic in manner, is presented by the bassoons and carried forward through a rising crescendo by the other woodwinds, culminating on a powerful seventh chord in the brass, recalling rhythmically the initial measures of the principal theme. This figure is taken over, forthwith, by the strings, and developed briefly, but vigorously, only to be followed by a wistfully poetic passage in 6-4 time, bringing with it a new theme in the first horn, idyllic and pastoral in character. There is a return to the principal thematic material, which is modified, transformed, and developed stormily, but the end comes peacefully, with a recurrence of the song theme and its refrain, subsiding finally—*ppp* in the strings, horns and harp.

Third movement: Scherzo, *Allegro*, C major, 3-4 time. Setting forth with great gusto on strumming chords in the violas and violoncellos (pizzicato) the principal motif of the Scherzo is presented forcefully by the tympani and immediately afterwards by

the violins. This motif, which, in the formal sense, becomes only a figure in the phrase-building, dominates, in a large degree, the first and third sections of the movement. Subsidiary ideas are developed spiritedly. An exceptionally telling modulation leads over to the "Trio" section with the new theme presented by the horns. The re-statement of this phrase "thins out" as it were on an attenuated cadence in C-sharp minor (long trill on clarinet and tympani) highly original and fantastic in effect. Quite formal in tri-partite design, the movement concludes with a reiteration of the initial motive accompanied by strumming chords as in the beginning.

Finale (*Quasi una Fantasia*): *Andante*, E minor, 4-4 time (*alla breve*). The introductory portion of this movement brings a re-statement (in the strings, accompanied by brass) of the theme heard at the beginning of the Symphony (given out there by the clarinet). The main body of the movement (*allegro*, 2-4 time) projects an agitated theme in the clarinets and bassoons, which, in detached phrase-form, is bandied about through the different choirs, the material assuming more and more the character of free fantasy as implied in the superscription of the movement. A broad and poignantly expressive theme is at length heard in the violins, sung sonorously in the low register. This is the inevitable foil for the strenuously agitated material of the first part, which returns in a forceful development only to be followed in turn by a burningly eloquent climax on the song theme. The Symphony ends dramatically in a manner similar to the close of the first movement.

SIXTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 10

Episodes from "Eugene Onegin" . . . . . TCHAIKOVSKY

Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky was born May 7, 1840, at Kamsko-Votinsk; died November 6, 1893, at St. Petersburg.

When Thordwalsen finished his bust of Byron in Rome, the poet, looking at it for the first time, 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 had turned him into a despiser of the world. Byron's vulnerable spot lay, not in his heel, but deep in his soul, for he suffered from the incurable sorrow of the world. 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 is distributed among mankind in thousands of reproductions—cheap and expensive, coarse and fine, exact and careless—so Europe was deluged with innumerable copies of Byron, which, with more or less success and accuracy, superficially tried to reproduce the essence of this extraordinary creature.

The age became literally infected with "Byronism." In France, Chateaubriand, who gave such fluent and beautiful expression to the emotional ideas originated by Rousseau, voiced his disillusionment through his René, who says, "Everything wearies me, painfully I drag my boredom about with me, and so my whole life is a yawn." In like manner Goethe's Werther had a romantic desire to feel and suffer uniquely. Byron, through his Manfred, reflected an increasing egoism in the expression of this melancholy and wrote of an unhappiness caused by a hidden, indefinable longing. Pushkin's Eugene Onegin and Lermantove's "Hero of our Time" were disillusioned young men, who, like René, Werther, and Manfred, wrapped themselves in Byron's mantle of grief. All these "heroes" were victims of a mixture of self-cultivated egoism and morbid sensibility. Their philosophy was voiced by Leopardi, "Sorrow and ennui is our being, and dung the earth—nothing more—wherever one looks, no meaning, no fruit." The whole world indeed seemed ill. It was as Immerman said, as though humanity tossed about in a little bark by an overwhelming ocean, was suffering from a moral sea sickness, the outcome of which was hardly to be foreseen. In truth, such artists as Byron, Pushkin, Tchaikovsky, and Wagner lived in a poverty-striken and soul-sick period.

The sources of this world illness can be found in a measure in the effects of the Industrial Revolution. 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, and it seemed as though the old culture were about 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, sunk into mental and spiritual apathy, and decayed. With decay came disease, and with disease, contagion wormed its way into the souls of men. From an overfertilized soil grew a decadent school of art. Chopin's supersensitive soul cried out its longing in languorous nocturnes. Berlioz in his "Fantastic Symphony" pictured the narcotic dreams of a young artist, who, because of an unrequited love, had attempted suicide by an overdose of 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; Elisabeth dies for Tannhäuser; Brunnhilde 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.

To this afflicted and morbid company belongs Alexander Pushkin's Eugene Onegin, upon whose shoulders Bryon's heavy mantle again falls.

The preponderating influence exerted by Byron in the formation of the genius of Pushkin is well known. Byron's fame, like the setting sun, shone out with dazzling luster, and irresistibly charmed the mind of Pushkin. His undisguised admiration for Byron, in fact, might have been considered indiscreet, for it exposed him to imputations similar to those commonly leveled against the English poet. It is indeed probable that we owe "Onegin" to the combined impressions of "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" upon his mind, although Pushkin's talent was too genuine for him to remain long subservient to that of another, and in a later period of his career he broke loose from all trammels and selected a line peculiarly his own.

No composer of the nineteenth century could have been more sensitive to the yearnings of a Manfred * or Onegin than Tchaikovsky, whose penchant for melancholy expression, feverish sensibility, erratic emotions, and revulsions of artistic feeling sunk him into morbid pessimism, deadening depression, and neurotic fears on the one hand, or raised him to wild hysteria on the other.

* The "Manfred Symphony" was composed by Tchaikovsky in 1885.

Tchaikovsky, like Byron, was a "hero" of his time, and if his personality was less puissant than Byron's, his artistic instincts were reflected nonetheless forcibly in his self-cultivated and exhibitionistic art. With Eugene Onegin, Tchaikovsky suffered an indefinable torture of spirit; and in Eugene's unrequited love and complete frustration, Tchaikovsky found an appealing subject. All that he poured into his symphonies he gave to this opera, and the score seethes at times with unbridled emotional intensity.

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

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

Interrupted by the song of the reapers, who are returning from the field, and later by the arrival of guests—Lenski, an old friend, and Onegin, a stranger—the story now reaches its love interest. In the course of the true love of which it tells, a rather unexpected obstacle is thrown by Onegin, who ungallantly refuses the proffered love of Tatiana, the most attractive daughter of the house. Her chagrin and anger at his willingness "to be a brother to her" finds abundant expression in the closing scene of the opera. Before this refusal of Tatiana takes place, a bevy of berrypickers welcomes the beautiful summer morning in a charming song.

The first scene in Act II is played in the ballroom of Larina's house, where, to an accompaniment of brilliant dance music, the tragic element enters. Lenski,

made jealous by Onegin's continued attentions to his betrothed, Olga, and fired to madness by the coolness with which both of the offenders receive his remonstrances, to the horror of all, challenges Onegin to a duel and so grossly insults him that no course but its acceptance is left open. Lenski falls, and Onegin, overwhelmed by remorse, disappears for several years. In the Third Act, laid in the house of an aristocrat in St. Petersburg, we again meet with compelling dances—including the gorgeous Polonaise heard so frequently in concert. Onegin and the Princess Gremina, Tatiana, are here again thrown into close contact. At sight of her, he, inflamed with passion, appeals to her to fly with him. She has too clearly betrayed that the love which he spurned is still his, but she is Gremin's wife. In spite of all her lover's urgings, in spite of her own heart, in spite of her wild desire to flee with him, she remains firm in her loyalty to Gremin. Finally, with a last supreme effort, she rushes wildly from the room, leaving Onegin dazed, repulsed, and—as he vehemently proclaims, after the manner of his kind—"dishonored."

SIXTH CONCERT

ACT I

FIRST TABLEAU.—*The scene represents a garden. On the left a house with a terrace; on the right a shadetree with flowerbeds round about. In the background a dilapidated fence, behind which the village and the church are visible through the thick foliage. It is twilight.*

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

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

TATIANA AND OLGA

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

LARINA AND PHILIPINA

Heav'n oft for happiness gone hence,
Leaves custom as a recompense.

LARINA

Then were my books,—Princess Aline, forgotten, poetry, as well; all, all forgotten!

PHILIPINA

Yes, and how you turned Celina into Lisa
And all your former show at last.

LARINA

Ah! with cap and morning gown replaced.
Heaven oft for happiness gone hence,
Leaves custom as a recompense.
And yet my husband loved me blindly,
And trusted me, was always kindly.

CHORUS AND DANCE OF REAPERS

No more fly my feet o'er wood and wold without stop or stay,
No more lifts my arm its wonted load in heat of day!
Why beat my heart, so loud and fast in stormy dismay?
What's ailing me, that I can't be rid of thee?—
(*The Peasants come in with a decorated sheaf.*)
Joy and blessings we wish and pray,
Dearest Lady, for thee this day!
See, now, the harvest is safely in,
Take then this sheaf we have decked so fine!
Now is the harvest home!

LARINA

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

CHORUS

Right gladly, Mistress dear,
Your wish shall be fulfilled!
A song will soon be ringing, Come lassies, start the singing!
(*During the song the Reapers dance about the sheaf.*)
Thro' the field a streamlet floweth,
'Cross the stream a footway goeth,
Leading to a little garden. In the garden sits a maiden!
Who across the bridge now stealeth,
Tho' no doubt or fear he feeleth.
(*During the song Olga and Tatiana appear on the balcony.*)
Rosy cheeks and locks so curly!
Careful, or he'll catch thee, girlie!
'Tis the player that is coming, and a joyful tune he's humming,
When his fiddle bow is plying, Every heart to him comes flying!

Maiden, hear the strings a-ringing,
Hear the merry player singing!
In thy heart his songs are sinking,
Thoughts of love will soon be thinking!
Art thou waking? Art thou sleeping?
Art thou laughing? Art thou weeping?
Hesitate no more! what fearest?
Give the promised kiss, my dearest!
Ere the player ceased his singing,
Ere the strings had ceased from ringing,
Ran the maid to him enchanted, So his wishes all were granted!
As the buds on branches growing,
Bow before the breezes blowing,
By the fiddle bow enraptured, Thou, my love, my heart has captured!
Tra la la la la!

TATIANA

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

OLGA

Oh, Tatiana, Tatiana, you dream in broad daylight!
In that I'm not like you; why, such a song just makes me feel like dancing!
Through the field a streamlet floweth,
'Cross the stream a foot-way goeth!
For dull despair I've no affection,
The joy of tears I do not know,
Nor pass my nights in drear dejection,
Or sigh, sigh, and sigh with deepest heart-felt woe!
What use is sighing, When each new morrow
By new delights I am beguiled?
Wayward and wilful, knowing no sorrow,
I still am called by all "the child!"
Life's happy days, the joys of sweet content,
In league with me would I assemble!
For I light-hearted Hope resemble,
In gladness, merriment, and laughter!

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

ONEGIN

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

LENSKI

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

LENSKI

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

OLGA

And yet we saw each other yesterday!

LENSKI

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

OLGA

Eternity! Oh, what a fearful word my dear, just for a single day!

LENSKI

It is a fearful word but not to my affection.

ONEGIN

(*To Tatiana, with cool politeness*)

You never find it somewhat wearisome or dull in this sequester'd spot, tho' full of charm in its retirement? And yet the place, it seems to me, is lacking in amusement!

TATIANA

Still, I'm fond of reading!

ONEGIN

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

TATIANA

At times I dream and roam about the garden.

ONEGIN

And what impels you so to dream?

TATIANA

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

ONEGIN

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

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

LENSKI

(*With passionate ardor*)

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

OLGA

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

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

SECOND TABLEAU.—*Tatiana's room, simply furnished with old-fashioned furniture covered with white chintz and curtains of the same, a bed and a bookshelf, a dressing table. Vases of flowers. A writing table.*

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

PHILIPINA

Now we have talked enough. 'Tis late, Tatiana; I'll wake you early for the Mass tomorrow; Now quick to bed!

TATIANA

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

PHILIPINA

Tatiana, what ails thee, child?

TATIANA

Amuse me, tell me some tale of long ago.

PHILIPINA

What of, my Tatiana? Many a fable, and story of departed ages
Of kings and princes so brave and bold,
In former times I've often told
But now I scarcely think I'm able, What once I knew's forgotten
Far, how far those pleasant mem'ries are behind us.

TATIANA

Come now, tell me Goody, in those old days, so long since dead
Were you in love before you wed?

PHILIPINA

Oh no, Tatiana, no one loved me,
Ne'er had I dared to love, God knows!
My angry step-mama with cuffs and blows,
Right outdoors would soon have shoved me.

TATIANA

How did you then get married, tell me.

PHILIPINA

God willed it so and it befell me.
I was not more than eighteen years,
Ivan must younger still have been.
He did not have to do much trying,
He was approved by all my clan
My father gave me to the man
For fear and shame I came near dying
I wept as they unbound my hair
Then off we went, a bridal pair.
And then I found myself with strangers—
But you're not listening to a word.

TATIANA

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

PHILIPINA

My darling child, you should be sleeping.
O gracious Saviour, help her now.
Shall I not sprinkle you with holy water?
Ah, don't be ill.

TATIANA

I am not ill, I'll have to tell you
I am in love, betray me not.
Leave me in peace, I am in love.

PHILIPINA

It can't be!

TATIANA

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

PHILIPINA

So now good night, Tatiana.

TATIANA

(*With elevated force and passion*)

Tho' I should die for it, I've sworn now,
I first shall live each heart-felt longing,
Dumb hopes that many a year I've borne now,

Which yet unstilled to life are thronging.
I quaff the poison draft of passion!
Now let desire his shackles fashion,
I see him here,—in ev'ry place
I hear his voice and see his face!
I hear the tempter's voice and see his face.
(*Goes to the writing table; writes, then pauses.*)
No, 'twill not do! Quick, something different.
How strange it is! It frightens me!
How am I to begin it!
(*Writes. Pauses, and reads what she has written.*)
I write to you without reflection!
Is that not all I need to say?
What led you here to this our lonely home?
Or what inducement seem'd to offer?
Unknown by me, had you not come,
The hopes, the fears, for which I suffer!
My unexperienc'd emotion
With time would soon have passed away,
I'd for another ta'en a notion,
And loved him with supreme devotion.
And learnt a mother's part to play—
(*Rising suddenly*)
Another! No, never any other,
For any other I had loathed!
Thou art by Fate for me appointed,
I am by Heav'n to thee betrothed!
No empty dream by fate was given,
When blessed hope to me it gave.
'Twas God that sent thee me from heaven
My strength my treasure till the grave.
Oft in my dreams did'st thou attend me;
And tho' I knew thee not, I loved;
How by thy glance was I moved,
And to thy words how did I lend me!
And once!—No, no, it was no dream,
I saw thee come, thou stood'st before me,
My heart stopped beating; then 'twas blazing, and then with rapture cried:
'Tis he! 'Tis he!
(*Pauses as if to reflect.*)
Art thou an angel watching by me?
Art thou a tempter sent to try me?
Give answer, drive these doubts away!
The face I dreamt, was that delusion,
Art thou a freak of fancy? Say!
Was all my joy a mere illusion?
No, come what may to stand or fall,
My dream-face be my revelation!
Thou art my passion, thou my all,
In thee alone, in thee alone lies my salvation!
But think, ah! think, I've none but thee!
With none to understand or cherish,
Alone and helpless I must perish,
Unless my saviour thou wilt be.
I trust in thee, I trust in thee, Be not offended;
But speak one word to comfort me,
But not reproach, as well might be,
For at a single word my dreams were ended!
(*She stands up and seals the letter.*)
'Tis finished! Ah! this trust of mine
Thou ne'er must punish, ne'er must chide me.
To thee, my vision-face divine,
To thee, thine honor, I confide me!

INTERMISSION

THIRD TABLEAU.—*The scene represents another portion of the garden at Larina's house. Maids gathering berries are seen in the shrubbery.*
(*Chorus of country girls*)

Come, ye maidens all, and dance,
Run while yet ye have a chance,
Hear the jolly fiddler play,
Come before he slips away.
Lift your feet and never tire,
Till your hearts are all afire,
Sing of pleasure, love and play,
And him who stole your heart away;
Sing and call, and as you sing,

Hear the merry fiddle ring.
Every maiden of you all
To her side a lad shall call.
If some rogue she may select,
Treat us not with great respect,
Let the lout of her beware,
She will shame him then and there.

(*Tatiana comes running in and sinks exhausted on a bench. Onegin enters. Tatiana springs up. He walks toward her. She lets her head fall.*)

ONEGIN

(*With dignity, quiet, cold*)

You wrote me, as well admit it!
With full faith, You have in true and frank confession
To your chaste longings giv'n expression.
I honor this frank dignity.
Which has once more revived in me
An old and long extinguished feeling.
But, I'll not seek to flatter you;
Honest and frank like yours, and true,
With you today shall be my dealing
Hear my confession first of all;
Then you shall let the sentence fall.
—If in this world a kindly fortune
For household cares had destined me,
I should not hesitate a moment,
A spouse, a father e'en, to be.
You are what I do most admire,
I should no further choice require!
But I for joy was not intended,
My heart is not at peace in me,
And lost, or uselessly expended,
Were your superiority.
Believe me, should we marry, clearly
We would soon regret it dearly!
Howe'er my heart might beat and glow
For you, with habit cold 'twould grow.
Nay, not a rose, but only trouble,
Does Hymen offer with his thong,
'Twould mean distress who knows how long!
Lost years, lost pow'rs, lost dreams of others,
This life can ne'er again restore!
My love for you is like a brother's,
And yet who knows, perhaps still more,
To me the future may be kindly;
To maidens, love comes wildly, blindly,
Deception, merely fancy's play!

ACT II

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

CHORUS

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

With never a thought for your poor lonely spouse!
(*Young ladies surrounding the captain*)
Oh, Captain Petrovitsch, how perfectly charming!
How grateful we are for this.

THE CAPTAIN

Pardon me, I too am quite happy—

THE YOUNG LADIES

We're anxious to dance tho' and—

THE CAPTAIN

I'm all at your service, so let us begin!

CHORUS

Hail to the dance!
The guests are all delighted
To such a ball to be invited!
Feast and dance! Bravo! Bravo!
Enjoy yourselves, be gay and happy
And cheer for joy and beauty!
Hail to pleasure, hail to joy!
Long life to pleasure, long live joy!
Hail to pleasure.

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

THE CAPTAIN

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

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

ONEGIN

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

LENSKI

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

ONEGIN

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

LENSKI

(*Lenski, at first, answers quietly; his tone gradually becomes more provoked and embittered.*)

I sulking? Not a particle.
I could not but admire with what address and brilliant gift of talk
You've turned the heads of all the girls here,
And are making them lose their senses.

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

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

ONEGIN

(*With quiet irony*)

What? You're crazy, I believe!

LENSKI

I crazy! You say that I am crazy!
What language! That word insults me, Sir!

CHORUS

Hark, what is it?

LENSKI

(*The guests surround the quarreling men.*)

Onegin, you are my friend no more!
Henceforth, between us, all intercourse is over.
I, yes, I despise you, Sir!

ONEGIN

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

LENSKI

(*Recklessly*)

What care I for that! You have insulted me!
And satisfaction, Sir, is what I want!

CHORUS

Do you tell us how it happened!
Yes, do tell us how it happened!

LENSKI

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

LARINA

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

LENSKI

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

ONEGIN

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

TATIANA

I am dumbfounded, and distracted,
To see the way Eugene has acted!
With jealousy and grief beats my heart in my breast,
As tho' Fate in some horrible jest,
Had laid its icy hand upon my burning spirit!

LARINA AND OLGA

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

CHORUS

Oh! Poor Lenski! How wrought up he is!

LENSKI

And her face so angelic, bewitching,
Looks as pure as the dawn of the day,
(*bitterly*)

Nevertheless all the hideous passions
Of a demon, of a demon behind it hold sway!

CHORUS

Here's for our sport a sudden ending;
The quarrel to a duel's tending!
How very quick young blood takes fire,
And casts the die for wrath and ire,
For wrangling and fighting is all men delight in.
Here's for our sport a sudden ending,
The quarrel to a duel's tending!

ONEGIN

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

LENSKI

'Tis well, tomorrow will settle which will teach the other!
Deluded I may be, but you are a coward, a deceiver!

ONEGIN

If you repeat that, I'll have your life, Sir!

(*Larina, Olga and some of the guests hold Lenski back. Tatiana weeps. Onegin rushes to Lenski. They are separated. Onegin, after disengaging himself, goes apart.*)

CHORUS

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

OLGA

Vladimir! Oh, be calm, dear, I beseech you!

LENSKI

Oh, Olga, Olga, farewell, farewell!

INTERMISSION

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

LENSKI

How far, how far ye seem behind me,
O days of youth,
O joy of Love.
What has the coming day in store?
Mine eyes are powerless to explore:
On me the future shuts her gate.
What of it? Each must meet his fate.
What odds, if I'm to Death a prey,
Or if his bullet misses me?
'Twill come of God, whate'er it be;
He gave the past, He gives today,
He sends to us the morning bright,
He sends as well the darksome night.
And when the morrow all unclouded
Awakes at dawn to life and light,
Then I, it may be, will be shrouded
In death's unfathomable night.
Where, with my dust, the name I cherish
Forever from men's minds will perish!
How soon the world forgets, but thou, dear one! (*with great feeling*)
Wilt think of me when I am dead and gone.
Yes, thou wilt come, with weeping weary,
And murmur: Mine were once in truth,
The love and passion of his youth,
A gleam of joy when days were dreary!
Ah, Olga, all my love was thine!
O come, my love, so true, so tried,

O come to me, thy bridegroom calls, he waits his lovely bride!
O come, O come! I wait for thee, come to my side,
O come to me, my love, my bride!
How far ye seem behind me,
O days of youth, O precious, vanished joy of love!
(*The duel scene follows in which Onegin kills Lenski.*)

ACT III

Antechamber of a fashionable house in St. Petersburg, some twenty years later.

POLONAISE—ORCHESTRA

ONEGIN

I can't forget it! Nowhere quiet, nowhere peace of spirit.
Naught breaks the endless, the weary monotony.
A friend's life in a duel ended,
In foreign land inanely squandering,
My days, I roamed without an aim,
And when dissatisfaction came,
I put an end to all my wanderings;
And am transported, as by chance,
From ship-board to a ball-room dance!

THE GUESTS

The Princess Gremina!
O see her! just see her!
And which is she?
Why there you see her;
She's just sat down beside the tray,
How young and sweet she looks today!
(*Onegin regards Tatiana with growing interest.*)

ONEGIN

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

PRINCE GREMIN

All men should once with love grow tender,
All men must once to love surrender;
It is the youth's unconquer'd fire,
Old age's passion of desire;
He that in love no more believes,
His own most gracious jewel thieves.
Onegin! you can well imagine,
How deeply I adore Tatiana!
My ship of life was fast aground,
When I Tatiana met, and found,
Like sunshine shed o'er desolation,
In her nobility, salvation!
Among the aged and the youthful,
'Midst empty, silly foppery
If rascals, crafty and untruthful
'Midst hateful, coarse hypocrisy.
Farceurs, and scandalmong'ring babblers;
'Midst stupid vanity, pretense,
Time-serving, false subservience;
Amid her polished, low-lived wooers,

'Mid skulking shame, bad faith and lies,
In this our world of sneaks and spies,
And craven, crawling, evil doers,
There shone, as holy as a star,
Tatiana's virtue bright and glorious.
And so, with naught my joy to mar,
She leads me on with her,
She leads me on with her victorious!

FINALE

Onegin appears at the door, where he stands for a while, looking passionately at Tatiana. He hurries to her and falls at her feet; she regards him without anger, and then motions him to rise.

TATIANA

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

ONEGIN

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

TATIANA

I weep too.

ONEGIN

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

TATIANA

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

ONEGIN

We must then be parted? And I must leave you? (*with much expression*)
No! Evermore to be with thee.
To be thy slave, whate'er thou ask me.
Thy perfect mouth, thy smile to see,
Here in thy glance ever to bask,
To see the magic, day by day,
Of thy bewildering loveliness.
(*With groaning passion he falls on his knees before her and seizes her hand.*)

TATIANA

(*Frightened, withdraws her hand.*)

Onegin, if you have within you any pride
or honor left
Onegin! you must go, it is your duty!
Go and leave me!

ONEGIN

No, never!

TATIANA

What use are lies; what use deception?
Yes, I love you!

(*Tatiana, overcome with emotion, sinks on Onegin's bosom. He takes her in his arms; she recovers and frees herself.*)

TATIANA

O God, give ear to my petition.

ONEGIN

Nay, repulse me not, thou must come with me!

TATIANA

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

ONEGIN

Henceforth close beside me leads the way for thee!

TATIANA

In battling with my passion's might,

ONEGIN

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

TATIANA

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

ONEGIN

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

TATIANA

A spirit distracted, defeated, of all things else unheeding.

(*Onegin endeavors to draw Tatiana to him; she tries to free herself, but her strength fails her.*)

TATIANA

Eugene, have pity. Have pity!

ONEGIN

Ah, Tatiana, list to me!

TATIANA

O God, I am undone!

ONEGIN

I love thee! I love thee!

TATIANA

Ah, woe is me!

ONEGIN

I love thee!

TATIANA

Farewell forever!

(*Onegin stands a moment overcome with despair.*)

ONEGIN

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

THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

Founded in 1879

Sixty-second Season, 1940-1941

THOR JOHNSON, *Conductor*

GRACE E. WILSON, *Pianist*

LEONARD GREGORY, *Librarian*

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Camilla J. Ayers
Ellen Bates
Virginia Baumgardner
Hannah G. Belcher
Kathryn Bevis
Joan Bondurant
Lola Bradstreet
Winifred Browne
Suzanne Chilman
Margaret Christensen
Lois Clinton
Charlotte Dendy
Marian Dingle
Dorothy Dubuisson
Margaret Emery
Anne Evarts
Barbara Fisher
Evelyn Flournoy
Jeanne Funkhouser
Helen Gadbery
Marjorie Gould
Dorothy Hadley
Martha Hamilton
Betty-Rae Hileman
Jean Hubbard
Muriel Hull
Frances Hutchenreuther
Florence Jaaksi
Mary Kane
Alwilda Kelly
Choon Cha Lee
Mary Leighton
Ruth Lofgren
Marjorie Lovejoy
Phyllis Lovejoy
Helen MacLaren
Edna Macusker
Margaret Martin
Barbara Moore
Jo Anne Morris
Dorothy Munro
Roberta Munro
Antoinette Nelson
Helen Nutting
Edna O'Conner
Catherine Osborn
Lois Parker
Beatrice Patton
Marion Rickert
Vera Ros
Caroline Rosenthal
F. Ruth Sanford
Fern Shupe
Vera Smith
Ruth Sproul
Mary Standerline
Kathleen Steiner
Imogene Tenniswood
Elsara Wallace
Della Weatherwax
Miriam Westerman
Alice Virginia White
Ruth Zuidema

SECOND SOPRANOS

Caroline Anderson
Dorothy Amendt
Dorothy Bach
Jacqueline Bear
Frieda Berglind
Carol Campbell
Marion Chown
Ellen W. Edwards
Ruth Fritz
Lucile Hankinson
Lela Huss
Esther Jewell
Dorothy Johnson
Mary Louise Knapp
Dorothy Larson
Charlotte LaRue
Ruth Laub-Wendt
E. Lucy Marshall
Katherine Miller
Dorothy Morton

Ruth Owen
Ruth Reinhard
Dorothy Rumbaugh
Janet Sargent
Marillyn Schultz
Cary Schwab
Ruth Selby
Betty Shull
Jean Slasor
Marie Snyder
Joan Stevens
Priscilla Stockwell
Marjorie Taylor
Grace Tupper
Martha Urie
Marian Verwys
Ellen Was
Ruth Wehner
Elsie Wikle
Grace Wilson
Margaret Woodruff

FIRST ALTOS

Dorothy Ager
Anne Alexander
Elaine Alpert
Donna Baisch
Carol Booth
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Ruth Clifford
Marion Cole
Ruth O. Deasy
Margaret Deinzer
Grace Eager
Ruth Ann Engel
Laura Ennest
Jean Fairfax
Kathryn Foreman
Nancy Frank
Constance Gilbertson
Marian Good
L. Elaine Grosman
Helen L. Harris
Marjorie Hollis
Janet Homer
Elizabeth Ivanoff
Virginia Jominy
Betty Likely
Wilma Loeffler
Betty Lombard
Maxine Maginnis
Martha McCrory
Elizabeth McOmber
Margery Mellott
Irene Mendelssohn
Grace Miller
Viola Modlin
Adrienne Moran
Phyllis Munger
Bettyanne Nordman
Rose Ollesheimer
Mary Parrish
Ruth Patton
Mary Romig
Aline Ross
Elizabeth Rundell
Dorothy Sampson
Katherine Sarich
Maida Sharfman
Michelle Silverman
Evelyn Spamer
Nancy Upson
Antonia Vetter
Dolores Watkins
Ann Wehner
Helen Westlin
Jean Westerman
Clara Wiederhoft
Dorothy Wiedman
Louise Wiedmann
Alta Woodworth
Helen Zeeb

SECOND ALTOS

Barbara Baggs
Maxine Bertucci
Marion Beyer
Grace Blake
Gertrude Bogart
Betty-Alice Brown
Adelaide Carter
Ruth Cleary
Mary Lou Cummings
Janet Dickinson
Helen Dunlap
Betty Erickson
Betty Hathaway
Estella Holtman
Rita Hyman
Sarah Lacey
Mary E. Lowery
Norma Malmros
Doris McGlone
Laura Mohrmann
Violet Oulbegian
Judith Perkins
Virginia Phelps
Margot Schlesinger
Dorothy Shapland
Famee Lorene Shisler
Mildred Shupe
Mary Snedecor
Charlotte Thompson
Hilda Van Alstyne
Geraldine Watts
Hadassah Yanich
Marguerite Zumstein

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

FIRST TENORS

Paul Banner
Bert Brown
Robert Burgan
Alden Clark
James De Jonge
Robert Dimler
J. R. Edwards
Glenn Gunderson
Esmond Hall
Robert Holland
Elihu Hyndman
Robert Lindberg
Charles Matheson
James Osburne
Jack Ossewaarde
Albert Perry
Erwin Scherdt
Erle Stewart
Richard Weatherwax
Jack G. Wynn

SECOND TENORS

William Barnard
Harmon Bayer
C. Sidney Berg
William Converso
Irl T. Cundiff
Bryant Dunshee
James Fredrickson
Joseph Holloway
Edwin Jones
Leonard Kurtz
Chester Linscheid
Adrian Nieboer
David Pollock
Thomas Shuler
Sidney Stovall
Vincent Vis
Charles Warner
Joseph White

FIRST BASSES

George Ablin
Warren Allen
Gilbert Banner
William Clark
Marshall Crouch
Murray Deutsch
Keith Fennimore
Frank Fischer
Harold Fishman
Charles Fries
Bertram Gable
Alfred Gignac
Leslie Grimord
Roger Hazard
Clair Heatley
Theodore Hildebrandt
Leo Imperi
Horace Jones
Frank Keith
Edwin Kruth
Philip Malpas
Harold Mueller
Jack Pelton
Gail Rector
Wilfred Roberts
Nelson Spencer
D. Richard Stewart
Harold Van Heuvelen
John Wheeler

SECOND BASSES

Raymond Buntaine
Louis Davis
Burton Fuller
Wallace Griffitts
Earle Harris
Everett Haynes
Arno Heyn
Dudley Howe
Robert Hunn
Al Johnson
Frank Lamb
Paul Lim-Yuen
James Merrill
Herbert Nuechterlein
Edward Ormond
Donald Plott
Tudor Richards

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

SAUL CASTON, *Associate Conductor*

HARL MCDONALD, *Manager*

LOUIS A. MATTSON, NORRIS WEST } *Assistant Managers*

VIOLINS

Alexander Hilsberg, *Solo*
Alfred Lorenz
Alexander Zenker
Harry Aleinikoff
Henry Schmidt
Dayton M. Henry
Israel Siekierka
Jasha Simkin
Yasha Kayaloff
George Beimel
Arthur B. Lipkin
David Cohen
Irving Bancroft
Louis Gesensway
Sol Ruden
Julius Schulman
David Madison
John W. Molloy
A. Gorodetzky
M. Roth
Domenico Bove
Frederick Vogelgesang
Meyer Simkin
S. Dabrowski
Benjamin Sharlip
Allan Farnham
Max Zalstein
Anthony Zungolo
Schima Kaufman
Lois Putlitz
Matthew J. Mueller
Emil Kresse

VIOLAS

Samuel Lifschey
Samuel Roens
Leonard Mogill
Paul Ferguson
Wm. S. Greenberg
Gordon Kahn
Simon Asin
J. K. Bauer
Gabriel Braverman
Alexander Gray
Gustave A. Loeben
Sam Singer

VIOLONCELLOS

Benar Heifetz, Samuel H. Mayes } *Soli*
B. Gusikoff
William A. Schmidt
Samuel Belenko
Emmet R. Sargeant
Adrian Siegel
Elsa Hilger
Harry Gorodetzer
Morris Lewin
J. Sterin
John Gray

BASSES

Anton Torello
A. Hase
Vincent Lazzaro, Jr.
Heinrich Wiemann
Max Strassenberger
M. Pauli
S. Siani
Waldemar Giese
Carl Torello
William Torello

HARPS

Edna Phillips
Marjorie Tyre

FLUTES

W. M. Kincaid
Albert Tipton
Harold Bennett
John A. Fischer

OBOES

Marcel Tabuteau
Louis Di Fulvio

ENGLISH HORN

John Minsker

CLARINETS

Bernard Portnoy
Jules J. Serpentini
N. Cerminara
Leon Lester
William Gruner

BASS CLARINET

Leon Lester

BASSOONS

Sol Schoenbach
John Fisnar
F. Del Negro
William Gruner

HORNS

Mason Jones } *Soli*
Clarence Mayer }
Herbert Pierson
Theodore Seder
A. A. Tomei
Anton Horner

TRUMPETS

Saul Caston
Sigmund Hering
Harold W. Rehrig
Melvin Headman

BASS TRUMPET

Charles Gusikoff

TROMBONES

Charles Gusikoff
Gordon M. Pulis
Paul P. Lotz
William Gibson
C. E. Gerhard

TUBAS

Philip A. Donatelli
Heinrich Wiemann

TYMPANI

Oscar Schwar
Emil Kresse

BATTERY

Benjamin Podemski
James Valerio

CELESTA AND PIANO

Gustave A. Loeben
Joseph S. Levine

EUPHONIUM

Charles Gusikoff

LIBRARIAN

Marshall Betz

PERSONNEL MANAGER

Paul P. Lotz

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Organized in 1879. Incorporated in 1881.

PRESIDENTS

Henry Simmons Frieze, 1879–1881 and 1883–1889
Alexander Winchell, 1881–1883 and 1889–1891
Francis W. Kelsey, 1891–1927
Charles A. Sink (Executive Secretary, 1904–1927) 1927–

MUSICAL DIRECTORS

Calvin B. Cady, 1879–1888
Albert A. Stanley, 1888–1921
Earl V. Moore, 1921–1939

CONDUCTOR

Thor Johnson, 1940–

THE ANN ARBOR MAY FESTIVAL

Founded by
Albert A. Stanley in 1894

MUSICAL DIRECTORS

Albert A. Stanley, 1894–1921
Earl V. Moore, 1922–1939

CONDUCTOR

Thor Johnson, 1940–

ORGANIZATIONS

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; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor, Saul Caston, Associate Conductor, Harl McDonald and Georges Enesco, Guest Conductors, 1939; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor, Saul Caston, Associate Conductor, Harl McDonald, Guest Conductor, 1940

The University Choral Union, Albert A. Stanley, Conductor, 1894–1921; Earl V. Moore, Conductor, 1922–1939; Thor Johnson, Conductor, 1940–

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

Conductors: Russell Carter, 1920; George Oscar Bowen, 1921–1924; Joseph E. Maddy, 1925–1927; Juva N. Higbee, 1928–1936; Roxy Cowin, 1937; Juva N. Higbee, 1938; Roxy Cowin, 1939; Juva N. Higbee, 1940–

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
Georges Enesco (Paris), 1939
Harl McDonald (Philadelphia), 1939, 1940

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; Aïda, 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; Aïda, Verdi
1907 Messiah, Handel; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns

* American première at the May Festival Concerts.

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 Die 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; Aïda, 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; Aïda, Verdi; * Voyage of Arion (Children), Moore
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 Aïda 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; Aïda, 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 Godounov (original version), Moussorgsky; Old Johnny Appleseed (Children), Gaul
1932 Creation, Haydn; Symphony of Psalms, Stravinski; † Choral Fantasia, Holst; † Legend of Kitesh, Rimski-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; By the Rivers of Babylon, Loeffler; The Ugly Duckling, English
1935 * Songs from "Drum Taps," Hanson; King David, Honegger; Boris Godounov (original version), Moussorgsky; *Jumblies (Children), James

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* World première at the May Festival Concerts.
† American première at the May Festival Concerts.

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

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

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

1939 Otello, Verdi; Choral Symphony, McDonald; Psalmus Hungaricus, Kodály; Onward, Ye Peoples, Sibelius; Alto Rhapsody, Brahms

1940 Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Cantata: The Inimitable Lovers, Charles Vardell, Jr.

1941 Alleluia, Randall Thompson; Requiem, Brahms; Eugene Onegin, Tchaikovsky; Saint Mary Magdalene, d'Indy; Songs, M. E. Gillett

ADDITIONAL PROGRAMS OF THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY, 1940-41

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY, in addition to the annual May Festival, maintains other concert series. The programs provided in these concerts during the season of 1940–41 were as follows:

THE SIXTY-SECOND ANNUAL CHORAL UNION CONCERT SERIES

FIRST CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23, 1940, at 8:30

MARIAN ANDERSON, *Contralto*

FRANZ RUPP, *Accompanist*

PROGRAM

Tutta raccolta
Der flöte weich gefühl } . . . . . HANDEL

A Bruno vestiti . . . . . CARISSIMI

Die Rose
Auf dem Wasser zu singen
Der Doppelgänger
Erlkönig } . . . . . SCHUBERT

Casta Diva, from "Norma" . . . . . BELLINI

INTERMISSION

Cantilena
Pastorale } . . . . . VEHANEN

Amuri, Amuri . . . . . SADERO

Songs to the Dark Virgin . . . . . PRICE

Negro Spirituals:
Sinner, Please Doan' Let Dis Harves' Pass
The Gospel Train } . . . . . Arr. by BURLEIGH

Tramping . . . . . Arr. by BOATNER

Dere's No Hidin' Place Down Dere . . . . . Arr. by BROWN

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

SECOND CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 7, 1940, at 8:30

RUDOLF SERKIN, *Pianist*

PROGRAM

Fantasia and Fugue in C major (K.V. 394) . . . . . MOZART
Sonata in G major (K.V. 283) . . . . . MOZART
Allegro
Andante
Presto

NOTE: Marian Anderson has been heard in the Choral Union and May Festival Series on previous occasions as follows: March 29, 1937; May 11, 1938; and May 12, 1939.

Sonata in F minor, Op. 57 (Appassionata) . . . . . BEETHOVEN
Allegro assai
Andante con moto
Allegro ma non troppo

INTERMISSION

Variations and Fugue on a Theme by G. Ph. Telemann, Op. 134 . . . . . REGER
Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14 . . . . . MENDELSSOHN
Two Caprices . . . . . PAGANINI–LISZT
E major
A minor

NOTE: Rudolph Serkin has been heard in the May Festival Series on one previous occasion as follows: May 11, 1939.

THIRD CONCERT

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 18, 1940, at 8:30

DON COSSACK CHORUS

SERGE JAROFF, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

The Creed (Credo) . . . . . A. KASTALSKY
Cherubim Hymn . . . . . Arr. by A. KASTALSKY
Ave Maria . . . . . BACH–GOUNOD
Arr. by C. SHVEDOFF
Blessed Is the Man . . . . . From Kievo-Pechersky Monastery
Lord, Have Mercy on Us (Gospody, pomiluy) . . . . . LVOVSKY
Recollections of Tchaikovsky . . . . . Arr. by C. SHVEDOFF
(In commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth)
The Regiment Was Riding (Cossack Song) . . . . . Arr. by C. SHVEDOFF
Kama Song . . . . . N. GOGOTZKY
Parting (A Russian Song) . . . . . Arr. by C. SHVEDOFF
Kuban Song and "At the Smithy" . . . . . Arr. by S. JAROFF

INTERMISSION

The Wedding Song (from "Kitesh") . . . . . RIMSKI-KORSAKOV
White Hazel Tree (Russian Folk Song) . . . . . Arr. by S. JAROFF
Three Russian Folk Songs . . . . . Arr. by I. DOBROVEIN
Their Arms in the Bright Sunshine Blazing (Russian Song) . . . .
Arr. by C. SHVEDOFF and S. JAROFF
Don Cossack Song . . . . . Arr. by S. JAROFF

NOTE: The Don Cossack Chorus has been heard in the Choral Union Series on previous occasions as follows: November 20, 1930; January 13, 1932; November 19, 1934; and November 11, 1935.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

FOURTH CONCERT

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 24, 1940, at 3:00

THE PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

1842-1878. Consolidated in 1928. Concert No. 3672

JOHN BARBIROLLI, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra in B-flat major, Op. 6, No. 7 . . . . HANDEL
Largo
Allegro
Largo, e piano
Andante
Hornpipe

Symphony in A major ("Italian"), Op. 90 . . . . . MENDELSSOHN
Allegro vivace
Andante con moto
Con moto moderato
Saltasello: Presto

INTERMISSION

Symphony in D major, No. 2, Op. 43 . . . . . SIBELIUS
Allegretto
Tempo andante ma rubato
Vivacissimo
Finale

NOTE.—The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Stransky, Conductor, appeared in the Choral Union Series March 17, 1916. The New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, Conductor, has appeared as follows: January 16, 1918; October 15, 1925; and February 1, 1928. The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, John Barbirolli, Conductor, appeared in the Series November 27, 1939.

FIFTH CONCERT

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, 1940, at 8:30

RICHARD BONELLI, *Baritone*

ERNST WOLFF, *Accompanist*

PROGRAM

Aria: "Deh vieni" from "Don Giovanni" . . . . . MOZART
La Pastorella . . . . . SCHUBERT
La Tarantella . . . . . ROSSINI
Les Berceaux . . . . . FAURÉ
La Mandoline . . . . . DEBUSSY
An Old Song Re-Sung . . . . . GRIFFES
Bird of the Wilderness . . . . . HORSMAN
"Vision Fugitive" from "Hérodiade" . . . . . MASSENET

INTERMISSION

Nocturne in C minor . . . . . CHOPIN
Hopak . . . . . MOUSSORGSKY

ERNST WOLFF

Stille Thränen
Aufträge } . . . . . SCHUMANN
Aria: "Tanzlied des Pierrot" from "Die tote Stadt" . . . . . KORNGOLD
Winterliebe . . . . . STRAUSS
The Donkey . . . . . HAGEMAN
Gifts . . . . . ALEC TEMPLETON
Kitty, My Love . . . . . Arr. by HUGHES
Stampede . . . . . ERNEST CHARLES

NOTE: Richard Bonelli has been heard in the Choral Union and May Festival Series on previous occasions as follows: May 22, 1926; May 25, 1929; May 16, 1930; May 14, 1938; and May 13, 1939.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

SIXTH CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1940, at 8:30

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Symphony No. 4 in B-flat major, Op. 60 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Adagio; Allegro vivace
Adagio
Allegro vivace; Trio: Un poco meno allegro
Finale: Allegro ma non troppo

INTERMISSION

Symphony No. 5, Op. 47 . . . . . SHOSTAKOVITCH

Moderato
Allegretto
Largo
Allegro non troppo

NOTE: The Boston Symphony Orchestra has been heard in the Choral Union Series on previous occasions, under respective conductors, as follows: May 16, 1890, May 5, 1891, and May 10, 1892, Arthur Nikisch, Conductor; May 19, 1893, Franz Kneisel, Conductor; January 31, 1913, Otto Urack, Conductor; January 26, 1917, Karl Muck, Conductor; October 17, 1931, October 25, 1932, October 24, 1933, December 11, 1934, December 11, 1935, December 10, 1936, December 8, 1937, December 7, 1938, and December 14, 1939, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor.

SEVENTH CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 15, 1941, at 8:30

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, *Pianist*

PROGRAM

Sonata in E-flat major, Op. 31, No. 3 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Allegro
Scherzo (Allegretto vivace)
Menuetto (Moderato e grazioso)
Presto con fuoco

Arabesque, Op. 18 . . . . . SCHUMANN

Sonata in B-flat minor, Op. 35 . . . . . CHOPIN

Grave. Doppio movimento
Scherzo—Piu lento
Marche funèbre
Presto

INTERMISSION

Six Short Etudes . . . . . JELOBINSKY

(First performance in Ann Arbor)

Nocturne—Andante
Valse—Allegro
Reminiscence—Adagio
Danse—Allegro con brio
Recitatif—Lento
Toccata—Allegro con moto

Sonetto del Petrarca, No. 104
Au bord d'une source
Feux follets (Etude) } . . . . . LISZT

Variations on a Theme from "Carmen" . . . . . HOROWITZ

NOTE: Vladimir Horowitz has been heard in the Choral Union Series on previous occasions as follows: November 12, 1928; January 31, 1930; and March 6, 1933.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

EIGHTH CONCERT

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28, 1941, at 8:30

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Overture to "Prometheus," Op. 43 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Symphony No. 2 in C major, Op. 61 . . . . . SCHUMANN
Sostenuto assai—Allegro, ma non troppo
Scherzo: Allegro vivace
Adagio espressivo
Allegro molto vivace

INTERMISSION

Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau" . . . . . SMETANA

Adagio for Strings . . . . . SAMUEL BARBER

Fantasia and Fugue in G minor . . . . . BACH-MITROPOULOS

NINTH CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20, 1941, at 8:30

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET

JOSEF ROISMANN, *First Violin*
ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, *Second Violin*
BORIS KROYT, *Viola*
MISCHA SCHNEIDER, *Violoncello*

PROGRAM

Quartet in A minor, Op. 51, No. 2 . . . . . BRAHMS
Allegro non troppo
Andante moderato
Quasi minuetto
Finale

Quartet Movement in C minor, Op. Posth. . . . . SCHUBERT

Italian Serenade . . . . . WOLF

INTERMISSION

Quartet in C-sharp minor, Op. 131 . . . . . BEETHOVEN
Adagio ma non troppo e molto espressivo
Allegro molto vivace
Allegro moderato
Andante ma non troppo e molto cantabile
Presto
Adagio quasi un poco andante
Allegro

NOTE: The Budapest String Quartet has been heard in the Choral Union Series on one previous occasion as follows: February 8, 1933.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

TENTH CONCERT

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1941, at 8:30

NATHAN MILSTEIN, *Violinist*
ARTUR BALSAM, *Accompanist*

PROGRAM

Adagio and Rondo . . . . . KARL STAMITZ

Prelude and Gavotte in E major (for violin alone) . . . . . BACH

Sonata in F major, Op. 24 ("Spring Sonata") . . . . . BEETHOVEN
Allegro
Adagio molto espressivo
Scherzo (Allegro molto)
Rondo

INTERMISSION

Meditation . . . . . TCHAIKOVSKY

Burlesque . . . . . JOSEF SUK

Concerto in A minor, No. 5 . . . . . VIEUXTEMPS
Allegro non troppo
Adagio—Allegro con fuoco

NOTE: Nathan Milstein has been heard in the Choral Union Series on one previous occasion as follows: January 16, 1933.

THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18, 1940, at 8:00

"MESSIAH"

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL

SOLOISTS

THELMA VON EISENHAUER, *Soprano* — JOAN PEEBLES, *Contralto*
WILLIAM HAIN, *Tenor* — RICHARD HALE, *Baritone*

PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist*
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
THOR JOHNSON, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Overture	
Recitative (Tenor)	*Comfort ye my people*
Air (Tenor)	*Every valley shall be exalted*
Chorus	*And the glory of the Lord*
Recitative (Bass)	*Thus saith the Lord*
Air (Bass)	*But who may abide the day of His coming?*
Recitative (Contralto)	*Behold, a virgin shall conceive*
Air (Contralto) and Chorus	*O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion*
Chorus	*For unto us a Child is born*
Recitative (Soprano)	*There were shepherds abiding in the field*
Recitative (Soprano)	*And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them*
Recitative (Soprano)	*And the angel said unto them*
Recitative (Soprano)	*And suddenly there was with the angel*
Chorus	*Glory to God*
Air (Soprano)	*Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion*
Recitative (Contralto)	*Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened*
Air (Contralto)	*He shall feed His flock like a shepherd*
Air (Soprano)	*Come unto Him*
Chorus	*Behold the Lamb of God*
Air (Contralto)	*He was despiséd*
Recitative (Tenor)	*Thy rebuke hath broken His heart*
Air (Tenor)	*Behold, and see if there be any sorrow*
Chorus	*Surely He hath borne our griefs*

INTERMISSION

Recitative (Bass)	*Behold, I tell you a mystery*
Air (Bass)	*The trumpet shall sound*
Recitative (Contralto)	*Then shall be brought to pass*
Duet (Alto and Tenor)	*O death, where is thy sting*
Air (Soprano)	*I know that my Redeemer liveth*
Chorus	*Worthy is the Lamb*
Chorus	*Hallelujah*

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

THE FIRST ANNUAL CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL

Main Lecture Hall of the Rackham Building

THE MUSICAL ART QUARTET OF NEW YORK

SASCHA JACOBSEN, *First Violin*
PAUL BERNARD, *Second Violin*
WILLIAM HYMANSON, *Viola*
MARIA ROEMAET-ROSANOFF, *Violoncello*

FIRST CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1941, at 8:30

PROGRAM

Quartet in D minor (Op. posthumous) . . . . . SCHUBERT
Allegro
Andante con moto
Scherzo: Allegro molto
Presto

La oracion del torero . . . . . TURINA

INTERMISSION

Quartet in F . . . . . RAVEL
Allegro moderato (Très doux)
Assez vif (Très rhythmé)
Très lent
Vif et agité

SECOND CONCERT

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 25, 1941, at 2:30

PROGRAM

Quartet in G major, Op. 64, No. 4 . . . . . HAYDN
Allegro con brio
Menuetto
Finale, presto

Prelude }
Night } . . . . . BLOCH

INTERMISSION

Quartet in D major . . . . . BORODIN
Allegro moderato
Scherzo
Notturno
Finale

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

THIRD CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1941, at 8:30

PROGRAM

Quartet in G major (K. 387) . . . . . MOZART

Allegro vivace assai
Menuetto, allegretto
Andante cantabile
Molto allegro

Tryptique . . . . . TANSMAN

Allegro risoluto
Andante
Presto
Allegro

INTERMISSION

Quartet in C minor, Op. 51, No. 1 . . . . . BRAHMS

Allegro
Romanze, poco adagio
Allegretto molto moderato e comode
Finale, allegro