

# UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

FRANCIS W. KELSEY, PH. D., President.  
ALBERT A. STANLEY, A. M., Director.

# Choral Union Series

1891-1892.

Third Season.

(No. XVI, Full Series.)

## FOURTH CONCERT

UNIVERSITY HALL,  
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1892,  
AT EIGHT P. M.

### GRAND CONCERT BY THE CHORAL UNION

(240 Voices), Assisted by

MRS. GINEVRA JOHNSTONE-BISHOP, Chicago, Soprano,  
MR. MAX HEINRICH, London, Eng., Baritone,  
MR. MARSHALL PEASE, Ann Arbor, Tenor,

And a Full Orchestra.

MR. WILHELM YUNCK, Concertmeister,  
ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.



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# TUESDAY EVENING

FEBRUARY 23.



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\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*

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## Programme.



- I. FAIR ELLEN—Op. 24, - - - - MAX BRUCH  
Soprano Solo, Baritone Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.
- II. A DUTCH LULLABY, - - - - JULES JORDAN  
Chorus (unaccompanied).
- III. THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS—Op. 17, ARTHUR FOOTE  
Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.
- IV. DISCOVERY—Op. 31, - - - - GRIEG  
Baritone Solo, Male Chorus and Orchestra.
- V. FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, - - - - MAX BRUCH  
Soprano Solo, Female Chorus and Orchestra.
- VI. SONGS WITH PIANO, - - - -  
Max Heinrich.
- VII. GALLIA, - - - - GOUNOD  
Soprano Solo and Chorus.

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The next Concert in this series will be given by the BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (70 Musicians), Arthur Nikisch, Conductor, May 9, 1892.

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PADEREWSKI, Monday Evening, February 15, 1892

[BY E. GEIBEL.]

## BARITONE SOLO.

May God in His mercy be good to us now,  
What boots it to shrink from dying?  
No bread to sustain us the long day through,  
No shot to the foeman replying:  
But pray for rescue, and that right soon,  
To come to our leaguer'd tower;  
Though yonder the morning be low'ring red,  
There's Death in the sunset hour.

## CHORUS.

Lord Edward spoke; downhearted and sad,  
His gallant veterans stayed;  
Fair Ellen leant on a cannon near,  
In tartan plaid arrayed.  
There's e'en a spell on the bonny face,  
The lost look heavenward turning,  
And straightway like to a wraith she rose  
Her eyne all darksome burning.

## SOPRANO SOLO.

“O haste ye, haste to the rampart high,  
Look out i' the misty gloaming?  
Methought I heard in the distant far  
The march, the Campbells coming.  
Oh list to the rolling sound of drums,  
The Pibroch I hear them playing,  
'We come for the sake of our olden troth,'  
Oh list what the breezes are saying.”

## BARITONE SOLO.

Ah, Maiden, I ween thou art sore distraught,  
Nought hast thou seen or heard  
Save deep blue sky, and yellow sand,  
And dele reeds by breezes stirred.

CHORUS.

And the sun rose to his midday height,  
And the sun pass'd over the heaven,  
And nearer and nearer the last hour came,  
And sadly the farewell was given.

Fair Ellen stood with a fixed look,  
And brightly her eyes were aglowing.

SOPRANO SOLO.

“The Campbells are coming, I told you true,  
I hear the bugle blowing!  
The Pibroch is borne adown the wind,  
The tones on the breezes quiver,  
'Neath the tread of batallions that hurry along  
Afar the plains do shiver.”

BARITONE SOLO.

Ah, Maiden, we listen and listen in vain,  
And fast the hours are flying,  
The breach is wide and the storm is nigh,  
There's Honor, Honor in dying.  
Farewell then wife and child at home!  
And the Highland lochs and the heather!  
And now for the last time God speed the shot,  
Let your swords be unsheathed together.

CHORUS.

And the volley rang, and the fight was hot,  
And smoke hung thickly before them,  
The colors droop'd, but Fair Ellen rose,  
And forward right boldly she bore them.

SOPRANO SOLO.

“Oh stay, oh stay, 'tis the pipes I hear,  
The sound draws nearer and nearer,  
Ha! see, there's a rent in the mist,  
And the sight grows clearer and clearer.”

CHORUS.

And they broke on the foe like a Highland storm,  
And nearer and louder becoming,  
Far over the mist there sounded the march,  
The march, "the Campbells are coming."

SOPRANO SOLO.

There's a shimmer of steel o'er the far-spreading plain,  
From the squadrons for battle arrayed,  
With their plaids and gay plumes in their bonnets they come,  
And England's flag displayed.

SOPRANO, BARITONE CHORUS.

And the foemen fled, and they enter'd the gate,  
And Ellen's voice rose to heaven:  
We're sav'd by the bond of our olden troth,  
To God praise and honor be given!





2.

## A Dutch Lullaby.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod, one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,  
Sailed on a river of misty light  
Into a sea of dew.

Where are you going and what do you wish?  
The old moon asked of the three;

“We have come to fish for the herring fish  
That live in the beautiful sea.

“Nets of silver and gold have we,  
Said Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night along,  
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish,  
That lived in the beautiful sea.

Now cast your nets wherever you wish,  
But never afear'd are we.

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,  
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw,  
For the fish in the twinkling foam,  
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe  
Bringing the fishermen home.

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed,  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed,  
Of sailing the beautiful sea;

But I shall name you the fishermen three;  
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head.

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things,  
As you rock on the misty sea;  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,  
Wynken. Blynken and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod, one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe;  
Sailed on a river of misty light  
Into a sea of dew.



### 3. The Wreck of the Hesperus.

Op. 17. ARTHUR FOOTE.

(Words by LONGFELLOW.)

#### CHORUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea,  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow.  
The smoke now west, now south.  
Then up and spake an old sailor,  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main.

#### TENOR SOLO.

"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane."

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see."

#### CHORUS.

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the northeast.

The snow fell hissing in the brine  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened thing  
Then leaped her cable's length.

BASS SOLO.

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter  
And do not tremble so,  
For I can weather the roughest gale,  
That ever wind did blow.

SOPRANO AND BASS SOLO CHORUS.

“ Oh father ! I hear the church bells ring,  
O, say what may it be ? ”  
“ ’Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast ! ”  
And he steered for the open sea.

“ O father ! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say what may it be ? ”  
“ Some ship in distress, that cannot live,  
In such an angry sea.”

“ O father ! I see a gleaming light  
O say what may it be ? ”  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,  
On the lake of Galilee.

CHORUS.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Tow'd the reef of Norman's woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land ;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice  
With the masts went by the board :  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho ! Ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow !  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe !



(BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.—Translated by C. H.)

## I.

And it was Olav Trygvason,  
Steering o'er the north sea cold,  
Seeking afar for virgin kingdoms  
While sailing forth so bold.  
Dimly the land appearing  
They crowded the deck as storms were clearing.

## II.

And it was Olav Trygvason,  
Harborless seemed all the land,  
Wrecked would be all the kingly heroes,  
Wrecked on the barren strand.  
Till one of them, astounded,  
Saw snow peaks with clouds surrounded.

## III.

And it was Olav Trygvason,  
Suddenly did he behold,  
High rising o'er him, temples lofty,  
White walls, and domes of gold.  
Seized with a mighty longing,  
He strives to reach the land now dawning.

## IV.

Woods decked the land in spring's array,  
Pleasant streams ran purling by,  
Storms that at sea were wildly raging,  
Came to the woods to die.  
Organs and bells were pealing,  
And the Viking spoke, with mystic feeling—

V.

“Here discovered, are foundations  
Light still triumphs over darkness,  
Spirits tremble, hearts are bounding,  
Joyfully his praises sounding.

VI.

“That thy faith may strong be builded,  
Pure as ice by sunlight gilded,  
Rise from nature’s best endeavor,  
Seek thy God, seek Him forever.”

VII.

Like the Viking we are praying,  
Homage to the Highest paying.  
Spirits tremble. hearts are bounding,  
Joyfully His praises sounding.

VIII.

That thy faith may strong be builded,  
Pure as ice by sunlight gilded,  
Rise from nature’s best endeavor,  
Seek thy God, seek Him forever!



5. The Flight into Egypt, -

Bruch.

(English translation by C. H.)

Deck thyself thou glowing sphere !  
Let the tree-tops joyful tremble !  
Fallow deer come here assemble !  
For the world's delight draws near !  
Tender flowers without number,  
Open ! Dewy eyes from slumber  
Blossom fairer,  
Drawing nearer—  
Comes the Mother with the Child.

Little birds in meadow land  
Now your joyous flight be winging,  
Tender songs ye would be singing  
With the lovely angel band.  
Through the dawning wind of morning  
Touch the tree-tops in sweet warning  
Softly blowing,  
Gently going—  
Comes the Mother with the Child.

Deer and birds, and wind and trees,  
Shout, oh shout ! for joy in Chorus ;  
Fear ye not your voice sonorous,  
Wakes Him on His Mother's knees !  
Sing your slumber songs before Him,  
Yea, though countless worlds adore him  
Blossom fairer,  
Drawing nearer—  
Comes the Mother with the Child.



6. [a] Schubert. Hymn to the Almighty.

(DIE ALMACHT.—Translation.)

Great is Jehovah, the Lord!

The heav'ns and the earth proclaim His wondrous might;  
In the storms are His dread accents heard,  
In the wild forest stream He calls by night;  
Great is Jehovah, the Lord!

Wondrous in His might,

Thou hears't it in the green budding boughs of the forest,  
Seest it in the corn fields that glow like gold,  
In flow'rs ye may see it in bright varied hues,  
And in the stars still His marv'lous power behold.

Sound His voice in the dread thunder roll,

And flames in the lightning on its swift blinding flight,  
And each beating heart, ev'ry soul,  
Tells His wondrous pow'r, His pow'r and might,  
Th' eternal God, the Lord.

Thou to Him dost look for aid,

In hope to gain His love and grace,  
Trust in Him, be not afraid,  
He ne'er will turn away His face.  
Great is Jehovah, the Lord!

[b] Where 'ere You Walk,

Handel.

[c] I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby,

Clay.

I'll sing thee songs of Araby,  
And tales of fair Cashmere,  
Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,  
Or charm thee to a tear;  
And dreams of delight shall on Thee break,  
And rainbow visions rise,  
And all my soul shall strive to wake  
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.

Through those twin lakes, where wonder wakes,  
My raptured song shall sink,  
And as the diver dives for pearls,  
Bring tears, bright tears to their brink;  
And dreams of delight shall on thee break,  
And rainbow visions rise,  
And all my soul shall strive to wake  
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.



## CHORUS.

Solitary lieth the city, she that was full of people,  
How is she widowed, she that was great among nations,  
Princess among the provinces,  
How is she put under tribute?  
Lonely she weepeth in darkness,  
Her tears are on her cheeks,  
And no one offereth consolation; yea, all her friends have  
betrayed her.

## SOLO AND CHORUS.

Zion's ways do languish, none come to her solemn feasts :  
All her gates are desolate, her priests sigh,  
Yea, her virgins are afflicted and she is in bitterness.

## SOLO AND CHORUS.

Is it nothing to all ye that pass by?  
Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,  
Now, behold, O Lord, look thou on my affliction,  
See, the foe hath magnified himself.

## FINALE.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! return thee to the Lord thy God.



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*The University School of Music, established and conducted by the University Musical Society of the University of Michigan, will be open for the reception of pupils October 1, 1892. The School will be conducted upon the most approved educational basis and its aim will be the development of scholarly musicians. Courses will be offered in all branches of music and opportunities will be afforded for the thorough study of the PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, VOICE, VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS, HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, CANON AND FUGUE, INSTRUMENTATION, COMPOSITION, AND THE ART OF CONDUCTING. Lectures on MUSICAL HISTORY, MUSICAL ANALYSIS AND ÆSTHETICS, ART OF TEACHING, MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AND CHURCH MUSIC will be given, as well as occasional lectures on kindred topics by members of the University Faculties.*

*For ANNOUNCEMENTS and further particulars address the director,*

*ALBERT A. STANLEY, A. M.*

*Professor of Music, University of Michigan.  
Ann Arbor, Michigan, January, 1892.*

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