

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY,
PRESIDENT.

ALBERT A. STANLEY,
DIRECTOR.

1897 CHORAL UNION SERIES. 1898.

NINTH SEASON.

NO. LXIII COMPLETE SERIES.

FIFTH CONCERT.

SONG RECITAL BY
GARDNER S. LAMSON.

PIANIST,
ALBERT A. STANLEY.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 11, 1898.

8:00 O'CLOCK.

Program.

SCHUBERT.

THE POST.
THE YOUNG NUN.
THE COUNTERFEIT.
IMPATIENCE.

MASSENET.

Aria From "Herodiade"
(FOR WORDS SEE OTHER SIDE.)

SCHUMANN.

Ballad: Belshazzar.

LOEWE.

Ballad: The Erl-king.
(FOR WORDS SEE OTHER SIDE.)

CHADWICK.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.
THE DANZA.
THE NORTHERN DAYS ARE SHORT.
BEFORE THE DAWN.

HANDEL.

Aria From "Berenice": Si tra i Ceppi.
(FOR WORDS SEE OTHER SIDE.)

OLD ENGLISH.

17th Century { Barb'ra Allen.
The Vicar of Bray.

LODER.

PHILIP THE FALCONER.
THE SONG OF THE GHOST.
MARY, THY LAUGH WAS SWEET.
SCOTS WHA HAE.

OLD IRISH.

SCOTCH.

The next Concert, Thursday, May 12, '98, 8:00 p. m., "The Manzoni Requiem" by Verdi, will be the first of the Festival Series.

ARIA FROM "HERODIADE":

HEROD.

'Tis a dream that my spirit so lonely entrances,
Could I now as of old Her fair beauty behold,
That gave me bliss untold To repay my fond glances,
All my hope it enhances.

This vision I'd ne'er lose it is so sweet to me,
Vain illusion though I well know it be!

Vision sweet! I would follow thee though thou art fleeting,
Angel of my sad life, my soul giveth thee greeting.
Ah! 'tis thee! joy of my heart, my love and hope ever thou art!
I would fold thee so near that thy heart-beat I'd hear,
And with my own reply; Gladly then would I die,
In that blest dream so joyous Love for thee showing.
Ah! with no fear or regret, On thee my whole soul bestowing,
Thou joy of my heart and my hope!
Vision sweet and blest joy of my heart!
Fond illusion so fleeting,
Ah! thou art my only love and my hope!

THE ERL-KING.

Who rides through a night so dark and wild?
A father rides with his only child:
His arms are closed round his darling boy,
He fondly shelters his heart's own joy.

"My son, why hide you a face full of fear?"
"O father, look! the Erl-king is here;
The Erl-king beckons with sceptered hand"
"Nay, child: 'tis the mist on the moonlit strand."

"My lovely boy, come, come with me;
From morn till eve I'll play with thee;
I'll bring thee jewels and wealth untold,
And of flowers galore and garments of gold."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear?
The Erl-king whispers sweet words in mine ear.
"Nay; slumber; hush! to slumber, my child!
'Tis but the night-wind's melody wild"

"My gentle darling, then come with me;
My fair-haired daughters shall tend on thee;
They shall gaily their midnight revelry keep,
And cradle, and fondle, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not there
The Erl-king's daughter, so bright and fair?"
"My son, my son, I'll tell thee full soon,
It is but the willow that waves in the moon."

"I love thee, I'll have thee! I know not remorse;
And if thou refusest, I'll take thee by force!"
"My father, my father, he seizes my arm;
The Erl-king hath done me a deadly harm."

The father shudders - he rides swiftly away:
Enfolded firmly, his child fainting lay.
He reached his home in terror dread:
Lock'd in his arms, lo! the child was dead!

SI TRA I CEPPI.

Yes, amid the chains and tortures
Shall my faith resplendent shine;
No, not even Death's dark shadow
Shall obscure that flame divine.