

EIGHTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1901



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK



GIUSEPPI VERDI

[OFFICIAL]

EIGHTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor,
Michigan

May 16, 17, 18,
1901

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1901.

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ALBERT A. STANLEY, Director

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TWELFTH SEASON
1900-1901

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LIST OF
CONCERTS and SOLOISTS

Thursday, May 16, 8 P. M.

ORATORIO OF "ELIJAH" - - *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*

SOLOISTS

Mrs. MARIE KUNKEL ZIMMERMAN, Soprano
Miss FIELDING ROSELLE, Contralto Mr. GLENN HALL, Tenor
Mr. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, Baritone
Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Symphony Concert

Friday, May 17, 3 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Mr. ALBERT LOCKWOOD, Pianist Mr. GWILYM MILES, Baritone
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Miscellaneous Concert

Friday, May 17, 8 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Madame SCHUMANN-HEINK, Contralto Mr. BERNARD STURM, Violinist
and
Signor GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI, Baritone
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Miscellaneous Concert

Saturday, May 18, 2:30 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Mr. GLENN HALL, Tenor Mr. ALFRED HOFMANN, Violoncellist
Mr. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

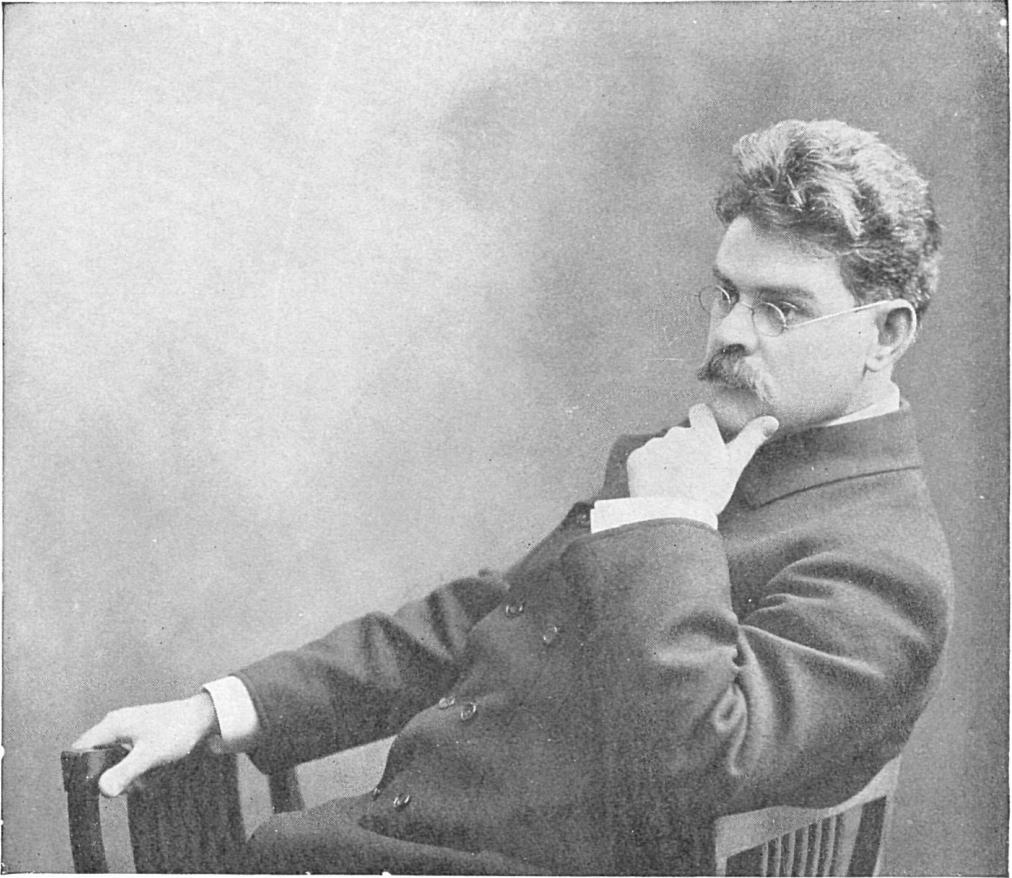
"The Golden Legend"

(Arthur Sullivan)

Saturday, May 18, 7:30 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Marie KUNKEL ZIMMERMAN, Soprano
Miss FIELDING ROSELLE, Contralto Mr. GLENN HALL, Tenor
Mr. GWILYM MILES, Baritone Mr. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, Baritone
Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor



EMIL MOLLENHAUER

Boston Festival Orchestra

PERSONNEL

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

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JOHN W. CROWLEY
JOHN CHLUPSA
J. AKEROYD
W. H. CAPRON
W. S. COTTON
THEODORE COOK
G. GARMISSEN
BARTLETT BRIGGS
WILLIAM DODGE

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JEAN FALCK
C. G. MILLER
J. B. FIELDING
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ROSS SPENCE

Violas

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JACQUES BENAVENTE
FRANK FIALA
MAX GEBHARDT

Violoncellos

LOUIS HEINE
LUDWIG CORELL
CARL WEBSTER
S. A. SPENCER

Basses

R. N. DAVIS
H. E. COUCH
O. L. SOUTHLAND
F. KUNZE

Flutes

E. A. FRANKLIN
J. RODENBURG

Oboes

EUGEN DEVEAUX
ADOLPH BERTRAM

Clarinets

A. VANNINI
JACOB WOLL

Bassoons

FEDOR BERNHARDI
GEORGE GILL

French Horns

ANTON HORNER
JULIUS EUGSTER
XAVIER LAROSE
MAX MATHIEU

Cornets

ARTHUR S. WONSON
WM. HILL

Trombones

D. H. MOORE
A. P. RIPLEY
CARL BEHR

Tuba

OTTO LORENZ

Harp

VAN VEACTON ROGERS

Tympani

J. M. CASEY

Drums

CARL LUDWIG

ALL CONCERTS
BEGIN ON LOCAL TIME, WHICH IS TWENTY-
FIVE MINUTES FASTER THAN
STANDARD TIME

DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE THE
BEGINNING OF EACH
CONCERT



ALBERT A. STANLEY

PROGRAMS

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - SIXTH CONCERT

(No. XCVI Complete Series)

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 16, 8 o'clock

ORATORIO "ELIJAH"

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Marie Kunkel Zimmerman, Soprano	Mrs. W. E. Spitzley, Soprano
Master Leslie Brown, Soprano (The Youth)	
Miss Fielding Roselle, Contralto	Miss Clara J. Jacobs, Contralto
Mr. Glenn Hall, Tenor	Mr. Alfred D. Shaw, Tenor
Mr. William A. Howland, Baritone	Mr. W. Roy Alvord, Baritone
Mr. Otto Z. Zelner, Bass	Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist
Choral Union	Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor

SYNOPSIS

PART I

INTRODUCTION. *As God the Lord.*
OVERTURE.
CHORUS. *Help, Lord!*
DUET. *Zion spreadeth her hand.*
WITH CHORUS. *Lord, bow Thine ear.*
RECITATIVE AND AIR. *If with all your Hearts.*
CHORUS. *Yet doth the Lord hear us not.*
RECITATIVE. *Elijah! get thee hence.*
DOUBLE QUARTET. *For He shall give His angels charge over thee.*
RECITATIVE, AIR AND DUET. *Help me, man of God!*
CHORUS. *Blessed are the men.*
RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *As God the Lord.*
CHORUS. *Baal, we cry to thee!*
RECITATIVE. *Call Him louder!*
CHORUS. *Hear our cry!*
RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *Hear and answer!*
AIR. *Lord God of Abraham!*
QUARTET. *Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*
RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *The fire descends!*
AIR. *Is not His word like a fire?*

AIR. *Woe unto them who forsake Him!*
RECITATIVE, AIR AND CHORUS. *Look down upon us from heaven, O Lord!*
CHORUS. *Thanks be to God!*

PART II

AIR. *Hear ye Israel!*
CHORUS. *Be not afraid.*
RECITATIVE, SOLO AND CHORUS. *Have ye not heard!*
RECITATIVE AND AIR. *It is enough.*
RECITATIVE AND TRIO. *Lift thine eyes.*
CHORUS. *He, watching our Israel.*
RECITATIVE AND AIR. *O rest in the Lord.*
RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *Behold! God the Lord passed by.*
RECITATIVE, QUARTET AND CHORUS. *Holy is God the Lord.*
RECITATIVE AND AIR. *For the mountains.*
CHORUS. *Then did Elijah.*
AIR. *Then shall the righteous shine.*
RECITATIVE. *Behold, God hath sent Elijah.*
QUARTET. *O come ev'ry one that thirsteth.*
CHORUS. *And then shall your light.*

The next Concert in this Series will be given Friday, May 17, at 3:00 P. M.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - SEVENTH CONCERT

(No. XCVII Complete Series)

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 17, 3 o'clock

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Mr. Albert Lockwood, Pianist

Mr. Gwilym Miles, Baritone

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "Egmont," Op. 84, - - - - *Beethoven*

2. Concerto, B flat minor, Op. 23, - - - - *Tschaikowsky*

Andante non troppo e molto maestoso—Allegro con spirito:
Andante semplice—Allegro vivace; Allegro con fuoco.

MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD

3. "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Music," from "Walkuere," - *Wagner*

MR. MILES

4. Symphony, No. 5, E minor, Op. 95, "In the New World," *Dvorak*

Adagio—Allegro molto;
Largo; Scherzo—Molto vivace;
Allegro con fuoco.

The Concert Grand is kindly furnished by STEINWAY & SONS, New York.
The next Concert in this Series will be given this evening at 8 o'clock.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - EIGHTH CONCERT

(No. XCVIII Complete Series)

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 17, 8 o'clock

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Contralto Signor Giuseppi Campanari, Baritone
Mr. Bernard Sturm, Violinist Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM.

1. Symphonic Poem, "Les Eolides," - - - *Cesar Franck*
 2. Serenade, for Strings, Flutes, Harp and Bells, - - - *Andrea*
 3. Hymn, "Gloria a Te," - - - *Buzzi Peccia*
 - SIGNOR CAMPANARI**
 4. Adriano's Aria, from "Rienzi," - - - *Wagner*
 - MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK**
 5. Concerto for Violin, D minor, Op. 22, - - - *Wieniawski*
Allegro moderato; Romanze; Allegro moderato (a la Zingara)
 - MR. STURM**
 6. Monologue, from "Falstaff," - - - *Verdi*
 - SIGNOR CAMPANARI**
 7. Vorspiel und Liebestod, from "Tristan und Isolde," - *Wagner*
 - MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK**
 8. Marche, "Sclav," - - - *Tschaikowsky*
-

The next Concert in this Series will be given Saturday, May 18, at 2:30 P. M.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - NINTH CONCERT

(No. XCIX Complete Series)

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 18, 2:30 o'clock

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Mr. Glenn Hall, Tenor Mr. Alfred Hoffmann, Violoncellist
Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Fantasie Triomphale, - - - - - *Th. Dubois*
MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK
2. Recitative and Aria, "Where are ye gone, O Days of Youth, O
 Joys of Love," from "Eugen Onegin," - *Tschaikowsky*
MR. GLENN HALL
3. Symphony, E flat. No. 1, Breitkopf and Haertel Ed., - *Haydn*
 Adagio—Allegro con spirito; Andante; Menuetto; Allegro con spirito
4. Concerto for Violoncello, A minor, Op. 33, - - - *Saint-Saens*
 Allegro, non troppo; Allegretto con moto;
 Allegro non troppo—Molto Allegro
MR. ALFRED HOFFMAN
5. Suite, "Children's Games," Op. 22, - - - *Georges Bizet*
 March (Trumpeter and Drummer); Allegretto moderato; Cradle Song (The Doll);
 Andantino quasi Andante; Impromptu (The Top); Allegro vivo; Duet (Little
 Husband, Little Wife,) Andantino; Galop (The Ball); Presto
6. Songs with Piano, (a) Thy Beaming Eyes, - - - *Mac Dowell*
 (b) "Als dir die alte Mutter," - - - *Dvorak*
 (c) Longings, - - - - - *Rubinstein*
MR. GLENN HALL
7. Fantasie, "Le Boheme," - - - - - *Puccini*

PLEASE NOTICE that the performance of "The Golden Legend," the final Concert in this Series, will commence promptly at 7:30 this evening—a half hour earlier than the other evening Concerts.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - TENTH CONCERT

(No. C Complete Series)

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 18, 7:30 o'clock

"THE GOLDEN LEGEND"

Arthur Sullivan

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Marie Kunkle Zimmerman, Soprano, (Elsie)

Miss Fielding Roselle, Contralto, (Ursula)

Mr. Evan Williams, Tenor, (Prince Henry) Mr. Gwilym Miles, Baritone, (Lucifer)

Mr. William A. Howland, Baritone, (Forester)

The Choral Union Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist

Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor

SYNOPSIS

- PROLOGUE—Lucifer and Chorus.
- SOLO AND CHORUS. "Hasten, hasten!"
- SCENE I—Prince Henry, Lucifer and Chorus.
- SOLO. "I cannot sleep."
- DUET. "All hail, Prince Henry."
- SOLO (*and Chorus of Female Voices*).
"Through every vein."
- SCENE II—Elsie, Ursula, Prince Henry and Chorus.
- INTRODUCTION AND SOLO. "Slowly, slowly."
- CHORUS. Evening Hymn—"O glad-some Light."
- DUET. "Who was it said Amen?"
- SOLO. "My Redeemer and my Lord."
- SCENE III—Elsie, Prince Henry, Lucifer and Chorus.
- DUET. "Onward and onward."
- CHORUS. } "Me receptet Sion illa."
SOLO. } "Here am I too."
- SOLO. "It is the sea."
- SOLO AND CHORUS. "The night is calm and cloudless."
- SCENE IV—Elsie, Prince Henry, Lucifer and Chorus.
- ENSEMBLE. "My guests approach."
- SCENE V—Ursula and a Forester.
- RECITATIVE. "Who is it coming?"
- SOLO. "Virgin, who lovest the poor and lowly."
- SCENE VI—Elsie and Prince Henry.
- DUET. "We are alone."
- EPILOGUE.
- CHORUS. "God sent His messenger, the rain."



FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 16

ORATORIO, "Elijah," - FELIX MENDELSSOHN—BARTHOLDY

Born at Hamburg, February 3, 1809; Died at Leipzig, November 4, 1847.

NO composer since Handel and Bach has so thoroughly satisfied the demands made upon creative genius by the oratorio as Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Of all the great composers of the century just passed he was best fitted by training, genius and character to work in this form. The precocious youth, who, at twelve years of age, had written in the greater forms, compositions, not simply prophetic of future achievement, but in themselves admirable in their power and inspiration—who, four years later, crowned the long list of works that attested the growth of his genius by his first symphony (C minor)—who had displayed such richness of imagination, such gifts as a performer, such a sense of the dignity of his art, and such command over the materials of composition, that on his birthday, February 3, 1824, his master, Zelter, playfully adopting masonic phraseology, raised him from the grade of "apprentice" to that of "fellow," "in the name of Mozart, Haydn, and Bach,"—who at the age of nineteen produced that wonderful music to "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—in his mature manhood created two imperishable oratorios, "St. Paul" and "Elijah." The world, after these works appeared, called him "master." Although Mendelssohn in his early life was captivated by the stage, although he wrote several works replete with charm in the operatic form, yet the peculiar gifts of dramatic expression he undoubtedly possessed were more adapted for the oratorio.

We may see in this fact an illustration of a phenomenon that cannot have escaped the notice of the careful student of the history of music. It is this—no composer, however great his genius, has succeeded in identifying himself with both forms. The Handel of the opera has been forgotten: we know only the composer of the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Samson." From Bach, whose "Passion Music according to St. Matthew" is only approached by the great "Pope Marcellus" Masses of Palestrina, who, like the great Leipzig Cantor, was entirely uninfluenced by the dramatic idea as applied in the opera, down through scores of lesser composers to Gounod and Brahms, we find this phenomenon. "Faust" will outlive the "Mors et Vita" and the "Redemption," while the "German Requiem," monumental in its grandeur, was written by a man who neither cared nor sought for success in the opera. Mendelssohn could hardly escape the growing feeling for dramatic expression so much in evidence in the first half of his century, although it was to find fulness of statement later, and as a consequence of **this influence we find both of his great oratorios instinct with dramatic fervor.** The "St. Paul" was produced at the Lower Rhein Music Festival at Duesseldorf, May 22 and 24, 1836, under the composer's direction. Its success was immediate, and with

repeated performances both in England and on the Continent, the work gained in popularity. It has always been considered by musicians to be the greater of the two. It was given at the Birmingham (England) Festival in 1837. Before the composition of this work Mendelssohn had become an enthusiastic student of Bach, and was so inspired by the works of this master that on March 11, 1829, he produced the "Passion Music" at the Sing Akademie, Berlin. His early and profound acquaintance with the works of the "Father of Music" led him to the ardent pursuit of those studies which, coupled with sincerity of religious convictions, made him the exponent of the highest concepts of religious music. Although surrounded by congenial and appreciative friends, Mendelssohn found in Berlin, especially in the musical life dominated by Spontini, much that was discouraging, and for that reason readily responded to the frequent invitations to visit London, a city to which he was fondly attached. The English people admired him even before he firmly established himself in their hearts through the production of the "Elijah" at the Birmingham Festival, August 26, 1846. He had devoted several years to the composition of this work, which contains more of the elements of popularity than its predecessor. The critical literature of that date teems with glowing accounts of its originality and power, and, as is not always the case, the critics and the people were at one in their intense appreciation of its nobility and charm. That a work abounding in the most scholarly and intricate counterpoint, in which there is no hint of concession to popular taste, should have won the approval of all classes is at once a tribute to its worth and to that fine perception which is not the exclusive possession of the cultured, but which compels the common people to respond when genius makes the appeal. Possibly such a spontaneous and universal recognition of its value was possible only in a country where the Handel oratorios, through frequent and adequate performances, had become a controlling influence on its musical life. Be this as it may, the "Elijah," from the date of its initial performance, has taken a place in the literature of the oratorio next to the greatest works of Bach and Handel. In it are combined most genially the qualities that command the respect of musicians and appeal forcibly to those whose enjoyment is no less intense because they have not the technical training necessary to the perfect appreciation of the structural genius displayed, and the greater characteristics met with in those rare works in which concepts as universal as Mankind are expressed in a manner so thoroughly in consonance with the spirit of the age that their meaning is enforced and their application widened.

There is little necessity to dwell upon the excellent arrangement of the episodes in the life of the Hebrew prophet which serve as the text; a careful study of the book at once reveals its fitness. The English translator states that "he has endeavored to render it as nearly in accordance with the Scriptural Texts as the music to which it is adapted will admit: the references are therefore to be considered as authorities rather than quotations."*

The work opens with sombre chords by the trombones, which introduce a recitative in which Elijah proclaims "There shall be neither dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." Then begins the overture with a most suggestive phrase given out by the 'celli, *pianissimo*, which is developed with the admirable clearness so characteristic of the composer. His significant grasp of the *technique* of polyphonic writing and his mastery of the orchestra, coupled with the reserve always evident in the work of a master, are displayed long before the magnificent *crescendo* leading into the opening chorus, "Help Lord," in which his power as a choral writer is no less in evidence. This chorus leads through choral recitatives to a duet, for soprano and contralto, with chorus, "Lord, bow thine ear." This is founded on an old traditional Hebrew melody.

*The absurdities so often seen in the literal translations of works which—like the "Elijah"—were written in another language, have been avoided by the attitude taken by this translator, Mr. W. Bartholomew.

It will be noticed that the music has proceeded without any interruption up to this point. The unity thus secured is most admirable and establishes a mood that heightens the effect of the following recitative and aria, "If with all your hearts," and gives added force to the succeeding "Chorus of the People," which, beginning with cries of despair, "He mocketh at us," ends with a solemn choral, "For He, the Lord our God, is a jealous God." The closing measures, "His mercies on thousands fall," are so permeated with the spirit of the recitative and double quartet "For He shall give his angels charge over thee," which follow, that the effect of unity is not lost but rather strengthened. All this, as well as the inspiring scene in which Elijah brings comfort to the sorrowing widow by the restoration of her son to life, and the chorus "Blessed are the men who fear Him"—full of musical beauty and dramatic fervor as they are—is but preliminary to the wonderful episodes beginning with the recitative and chorus, "As God the Lord of Sabaoth liveth," and ending with the chorus "Thanks be to God." This whole section is so instinct with life, so full of dramatic intensity, that were it necessary to substantiate Mendelssohn's claim to greatness, no other proof were needed. A composer of less power, or lacking in discrimination, would have so exhausted his resources earlier in this episode that an anti-climax would have been inevitable. Not so Mendelssohn. By happy contrasts the interest is maintained, and the hearer is led on gradually but surely by the force of the ever expanding dramatic suggestion. After the Priests of Baal have failed; when in response to the appeals of the worshippers "Hear and answer, Baal" no answer comes; when Elijah, after that sublime prayer, "Lord God of Abraham," and the quartet "Cast thy burden on the Lord," calls aloud on the Almighty "Thou who makest thine angels spirits, Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires; Let them now descend!" what could be more intense than the chorus "The fire descends from heav'n! the flames consume his off'ring"? Note the effect of the choral which beginning *pianissimo* gradually gains in fervor until at the words "And we will have no other Gods before the Lord" nothing could be more convincing. Where in the whole literature of the oratorio is there a more beautiful effect than that produced by the dominant seventh (on A) at the word "Gods"? We have no space to comment on the solos leading up to the prayer of the people, when, kneeling, they ask the Lord to "Open the heavens and send us relief," for now comes the real climax. The Youth, who has been sent to look towards the sea, after gazing long in vain, finally cries "Behold, a little cloud ariseth from the waters; it is like a man's hand! The heav'ns are black with clouds and with wind. The storm rusheth louder and louder!" Then comes the final chorus "Thanks be to God," a pæan of thanksgiving than which no greater has ever been written, with the possible exception of the "Hallelujah Chorus." Part I. is, as we have seen, divided into two great scenes, separated by the exhibition of faith shown in the healing of the widow's son. We may define from the opening recitative to No. 6 and from No. 10 to No. 20, inclusive, as the limits of the two great divisions to which reference has been made, and may look upon the intervening scene as illustrative of the faith that brings to pass the results that lead to the sublime expression of gratitude, the final chorus. If ever a work was written in response to the demand of genius for expression; if there ever was evidence that the musical ideas were molded at a white heat; if there ever was an illustration of the exercise of cool, intelligent and discriminating revision of the results of such compelling inspiration, "Elijah" is that work.

No greater proof of this can be cited than "Part II.," which now follows. How surely the composer moves on to the second great climax, the "Whirlwind Chorus"! This part begins with a noble soprano solo, "Hear ye, Israel," the concluding sentence of which, "Be not afraid," forms the basis of the strong and dignified chorus into which the solo merges. When the people, forgetting all they owe to the prophet, turn again to the worship of Baal, and, stirred up by the Queen, seek his life, comes that pathetic aria "It is enough," from a purely musical point of view the most beautiful in the whole

oratorio. Then, as he sleeps under the juniper tree, the "Angels' Trio," "Lift thine eyes," and the chorus "He watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps," speak assurance of comfort: as waking he cries, "O that I might die," the angel sings "O rest in the Lord," and the chorus "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," enforces the faith that has sustained him in all these trials. The prevailing sentiment is not disturbed by the succeeding chorus "Behold God the Lord passed by," for, after the exhibitions of power—the wind—the earthquake—the fire—comes a "still small voice," and "in that still small voice inward came the Lord." The solo voices and chorus unite in a majestic Sanctus, followed by a calm and sustained expression of absolute confidence, "For the mountains shall depart; and the hills be removed; but Thy kindness shall not depart." Now comes the real climax of the work, "Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire; his words appeared like burning torches. Mighty kings were by him overthrown (note the imposing theme first stated by the basses!), he stood on the mount of Sinai, and heard the judgments of the future, and in Horeb its vengeance"—"And when the Lord would take him away to heaven, Lo! there came a fiery chariot, with fiery horses; and he went by a whirlwind to Heaven." Here the work ends, were we to consider it from the point of view of dramatic fitness alone. All that follows is reflective. The tenor solo, "Then shall the righteous shine"; the quartet, "O come, every one that thirsteth," and the concluding chorus, "And then shall your light break forth," combine in the establishment of a mood so at variance with the feelings underlying the expressions given voice in the beginning of the First Part that thereby a contrast is secured, such as must exist in a great unified work. It will be noted that in this analysis stress is laid upon the unity so characteristic of Mendelssohn's treatment of the subject. This seems to be necessary to a full appreciation of this oratorio—one of the greatest ever written—and possibly the most admirable of the many great works in this field the Nineteenth Century brought into being.

PART I.
INTRODUCTION.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—As God the Lord of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word. 1 Kings xvii. 1.

OVERTURE.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Help, Lord! wilt Thou quite destroy us?

The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone, and yet no power cometh to help us! Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion? Jeremiah viii. 20.

Recitative Chorus.

The deeps afford no water; and the rivers are exhausted! The suckling's tongue now cleaveth for thirst to his mouth: the infant children ask for bread, and there is no one breaketh it to feed them! Lament. iv. 4.

Duet and Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Lord! bow thine ear to our prayer!

DUET.—Zion spreadeth her hands for aid; and there is neither help nor comfort. Lament. i. 17.

Recitative.

OBADIAH.—Ye people, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your transgressions the Prophet Elijah hath sealed the heavens through the word of God. I therefore say to ye, Forsake your idols, return to God; for He is slow to anger, and merciful, and kind and gracious, and repenteth Him of the evil. Joel ii. 12, 13.

Air.

If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me. Thus saith our God.

Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence. Deut. iv. 29. Job xxiii. 3.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Yet doth the Lord see it not; He mocketh at us; His curse hath fallen down upon us; His wrath will pursue us, till He destroy us!

For He, the Lord our God, He is a jealous God; and He visiteth all the fathers' sins on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him. His mercies on thousands fall—fall on all them that love Him, and keep His commandments. Deut. xxviii. 22. Exodus xx. 5, 6.



MARIE KUNKEL ZIMMERMAN

Recitative.

AN ANGEL.—Elijah! get thee hence; depart, and turn thee eastward; thither hide thee by Cherith's brook. There shalt thou drink its waters; and the Lord thy God hath commanded the ravens to feed thee there: so do according unto His word.

1 Kings xvii. 3.

Double Quartet.

ANGELS.—For He shall give His angels charge over thee; that they shall protect thee in all the ways thou goest; that their hands shall uphold and guide thee, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Psalm xci. 11, 12.

Recitative.

AN ANGEL.—Now Cherith's brook is dried up, Elijah, arise and depart, and get thee to Zarephath; thither abide: for the Lord hath commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. And the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

1 Kings xvii. 7, 9, 14.

Recitative and Air.

THE WIDOW.—What have I to do with thee, O man of God? art thou come to me, to call my sin unto remembrance?—to slay my son art thou come hither? Help me, man of God! my son is sick! and his sickness is so sore that there is no breath left in him! I go mourning all the day long; I lie down and weep at night. See mine affliction. Be thou the orphan's helper!

ELIJAH.—Give me thy son. Turn unto her, O Lord my God; in mercy help this widow's son! For thou art gracious, and full of compassion, and plenteous in mercy and truth. Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return, that he again may live!

THE WIDOW.—Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee?

ELIJAH.—Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return, that he again may live!

THE WIDOW.—The Lord hath heard thy prayer, the soul of my son reviveth!

ELIJAH.—Now behold, thy son liveth!

THE WIDOW.—Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that His word in thy mouth is the truth. What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?

BOTH.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

O blessed are they who fear Him!

1 Kings xvii. 17, 18, 21—24. Job x. 15. Psalm xxxviii. 6; vi. 7; x. 14; lxxxvi. 15, 16; lxxxviii. 10; cxxviii. 1.

Chorus.

Blessed are the men who fear Him: they ever walk in the ways of peace. Through darkness riseth light to the upright. He is gracious, compassionate; He is righteous.

Psalm cxxviii. 1; cxli. 1, 4.

Recitative.—ELIJAH, AHAB, and CHORUS.

ELIJAH.—As God the Lord of Sabaoth liveth, before whom I stand, three years this day fulfilled, I will show myself unto Ahab; and the Lord will then send rain again upon the earth.

AHAB.—Art thou Elijah? art thou he that troubleth Israel?

CHORUS.—Thou art Elijah, he that troubleth Israel!

ELIJAH.—I never troubled Israel's peace: it is thou, Ahab, and all thy father's house. Ye have forsaken God's commands; and thou hast followed Baalim!

Now send and gather to me, the whole of Israel unto Mount Carmel: there summon the prophets of Baal, and also the prophets of the groves, who are feasted at Jezebel's table. Then we shall see whose God is the Lord.

CHORUS.—And then we shall see whose God is God the Lord.

ELIJAH.—Rise then, ye priests of Baal: select and slay a bullock, and put no fire under it: uplift your voices, and call the god ye worship; and I then will call on the Lord Jehovah; and the God who by fire shall answer, let him be God.

CHORUS.—Yea; and the God who by fire shall answer, let him be God.

ELIJAH.—Call first upon your god: your numbers are many: I, even I, only remain, one prophet of the Lord! Invoke your forest-gods and mountain-deities.

1 Kings xvii. 17; xviii. 1, 15, 18, 19, 23—25.

Chorus.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.—Baal, we cry to thee! hear and answer us! Heed the sacrifice we offer! hear us! O hear us, Baal!

Hear, mighty god! Baal, O answer us! Let thy flames fall and extirpate the foe! O hear us, Baal!

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—Call him louder, for he is a god! He talketh; or he is pursuing; or he is in a journey; or, peradventure, he sleepeth; so awaken him: call him louder.

Chorus.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.—Hear our cry. O Baal! now arise! wherefore slumber?

Recitative and Air.

ELIJAH.—Call him louder! he heareth

not. With knives and lancets cut yourselves after your manner: leap upon the altar ye have made: call him, and prophesy! Not a voice will answer you; none will listen, none heed you.

Chorus.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.—Hear and answer, Baal! Mark! how the scorner derideth us! Hear and answer!

1 Kings xviii. 1, 15, 17, 18, 19, 23—29.

Recitative and Air.

ELIJAH.—Draw near, all ye people: come to me!

Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel! this day let it be known that Thou art God; and I am Thy servant! O show to all this people that I have done these things according to Thy word! O hear me, Lord, and answer me; and show this people that Thou art Lord God; and let their hearts again be turned!

1 Kings xviii. 30, 36, 37.

Quartet.

ANGELS.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He never will suffer the righteous to fall: He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great; and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee.

Psalms lv. 22; xvi. 8; cviii. 5; xxv. 3.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—O Thou, who makest thine angels spirits;—Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires, let them now descend!

Psalms civ. 4.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—The fire descends from heaven; the flames consume his offering!

Before Him upon your faces fall! The Lord is God: O Israel, hear! Our God is one Lord: and we will have no other gods before the Lord!

1 Kings xviii. 38, 39.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape you: bring them down to Kishon's brook, and there let them be slain.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape us: bring all, and slay them!

1 Kings xviii. 40.

Air.

ELIJAH.—Is not His word like a fire: and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?

For God is angry with the wicked every day: and if the wicked turn not, the Lord will whet His sword; and He hath bent His bow, and made it ready.

Jer. xxiii. 29. Psalm vii. 11, 12.

Air.

Woe unto them who forsake Him! destruction shall fall upon them, for they have transgressed against Him. Though they are by Him redeemed, yet they have spoken falsely against Him.

Hosea vii. 13.

Recitative and Chorus.

OBADIAH.—O man of God, help thy people! Among the idols of the Gentiles, are there any that can command the rain, or cause the heavens to give their showers? The Lord our God alone can do these things.

ELIJAH.—O Lord, thou hast overthrown thine enemies and destroyed them. Look down upon us from heaven, O Lord; regard the distress of Thy people: open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

THE PEOPLE.—Open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

ELIJAH.—Go up now, child, and look toward the sea. Hath thy prayer been heard by the Lord?

THE YOUTH.—There is nothing. The heavens are as brass above me.

ELIJAH.—When the heavens are closed up because they have sinned against Thee, yet if they pray and confess Thy name, and turn from their sin when Thou dost afflict them: then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O God!

THE PEOPLE.—Then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O Lord!

ELIJAH.—Go up again, and still look toward the sea.

THE YOUTH.—There is nothing. The earth is as iron under me!

ELIJAH.—Hearest thou no sound of rain?—seest thou nothing arise from the deep?

THE YOUTH.—No; there is nothing.

ELIJAH.—Have respect to the prayer of Thy servant, O Lord, my God! Unto Thee will I cry, Lord, my rock; be not silent to me; and Thy great mercies remember, Lord!

THE YOUTH.—Behold, a little cloud riseth now from the waters; it is like a man's hand! The heavens are black with clouds and with wind: the storm rusheth louder and louder!

THE PEOPLE.—Thanks be to God, for all His mercies!

ELIJAH.—Thanks be to God, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for evermore!

Jer. xiv. 22. 2 Chron. vi. 19, 26, 27. Deut. xxviii. 23. Psalm xxviii. 1; cvi. 1. 1 Kings xviii. 43, 45.



WILLIAM A. HOWLAND

Chorus.

Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices!

The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty. But the Lord is above them, and Almighty! Psalm xciii. 3, 4.

PART II.

Air.

Hear ye, Israel; hear what the Lord speaketh:—"Oh, hadst thou heeded my commandments!"

Who hath believed our report; to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One, to him oppressed by Tyrants: thus saith the Lord:—I am He that comforteth; be not afraid, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee. Say, who art thou, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, who hath stretched for thee the heavens, and laid the earth's foundations? Be not afraid, for I, thy God, will strengthen thee.

Isaiah xlviii. 1, 18; liii. 1; xlix. 7; xli. 10; li. 12, 13.

Chorus.

Be not afraid, saith God the Lord. Be not afraid; thy help is near. God, the Lord thy God, saith unto thee, "Be not afraid!" Isaiah xli. 10.

ELIJAH.—The Lord hath exalted thee from among the people; and over His people Israel hath made thee king. But thou, Ahab, hast done evil to provoke Him to anger above all that were before thee: as if it had been a light thing for thee to walk in the sins of Jeroboam. Thou hast made a grove and an altar to Baal, and served him and worshipped him. Thou hast killed the righteous and also taken possession.

And the Lord shall smite all Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water; and He shall give Israel up, and thou shalt know He is the Lord.

1 Kings xiv. 7, 9, 15; xvi. 30, 31, 32, 33.

THE QUEEN.—Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel?

CHORUS.—We heard it with our ears.

THE QUEEN.—Hath he not prophesied also against the King of Israel?

CHORUS.—We heard it with our ears.

THE QUEEN.—And why hath he spoken in the name of the Lord? Doth Ahab govern the kingdom of Israel while Elijah's power is greater than the king's?

The gods do so to me, and more; if, by to-morrow about this time, I make not his life as the life of one of them whom he hath sacrificed at the brook of Kishon!

CHORUS.—He shall perish!

THE QUEEN.—Yea, by the sword he destroyed them all!

CHORUS.—He destroyed them all!

THE QUEEN.—He also closed the heavens!

CHORUS.—He also closed the heavens!

THE QUEEN.—And called down a famine upon the land.

CHORUS.—And called down a famine upon the land.

THE QUEEN.—So go ye forth and seize Elijah, for he is worthy to die; slaughter him! do unto him as he hath done!

OBADIAH.—Man of God, now let my words be precious in thy sight. Thus saith Jezebel: "Elijah is worthy to die." So the mighty gather against thee, and they have prepared a net for thy steps; that they may seize thee, that they may slay thee. Arise, then, and hasten for thy life; to the wilderness journey. The Lord thy God doth go with thee: He will not fail thee, He will not forsake thee. Now begone, and bless me also.

ELIJAH.—Though stricken, they have not grieved! Tarry here, my servant: the Lord be with thee. I journey hence to the wilderness.

2 Kings i. 13. Jer. v. 3; xxvi. 11. Psalm lix. 3. 1 Kings xix. 4. Deut. xxxi. 6. Exodus xii. 32. 1 Samuel xvii. 37.

Air.

ELIJAH.—It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers! I desire to live no longer; now let me die, for my days are but vanity!

I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts! for the children of Israel have broken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I, only am left; and they seek my life to take it away. Job. vii. 16. 1 Kings xix. 10.

Recitative.

See, now he sleepeth beneath a juniper tree in the wilderness: and there the angels of the Lord encamp round about all them that fear Him.

1 Kings xix. 5. Psalm xxxiv. 7.

Trio.

ANGELS.—Lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh help. Thy help cometh from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved: thy Keeper will never slumber. Psalm cxxi. 1, 3.

Chorus.

ANGELS.—He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps. Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee. Psalm cxxi. 4; cxxxviii. 7.

Recitative.

AN ANGEL.—Arise, Elijah, for thou hast a long journey before thee. Forty days and forty nights shalt thou go; to Horeb, the mount of God.

ELIJAH.—O Lord, I have labored in vain; yea, I have spent my strength for naught!

O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down; that the mountains would flow down at Thy presence, to make Thy name known to Thine adversaries, through the wonders of Thy works!

O Lord, why hast Thou made them to err from Thy ways, and hardened their hearts that they do not fear Thee? O that I now might die!

1 Kings xix. 8. Isaiah xlix. 4; lxiv. 1, 2; lxiii. 7.

Air.

O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself because of evil doers. Psalm xxxvii. 1, 7.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—Night falleth round me, O Lord! Be Thou not far from me! hide not Thy face, O Lord, from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land.

AN ANGEL.—Arise, now! get thee without, stand on the mount before the Lord; for there His glory will appear and shine on thee! Thy face must be veiled, for He draweth near.

Psalm cxliiii. 6, 7. 1 Kings xix. 11.

Chorus.

Behold! God the Lord passed by! And a mighty wind rent the mountains around, brake in pieces the rocks, brake them before the Lord: but yet the Lord was not in the tempest.

Behold! God the Lord passed by! And the sea was upheaved, and the earth was shaken: but yet the Lord was not in the earthquake.

And after the earthquake there came a fire; but yet the Lord was not in the fire.

And after the fire there came a still small voice; and in that still small voice, onward came the Lord.

1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

Recitative.

Above Him stood the Seraphim, and one cried to another:

Quartet and Chorus.

ANGELS.—Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord—the Lord of Sabaoth! Now His glory hath filled all the earth.

Isaiah vi. 2, 3.

Air.

ELIJAH.—For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but Thy kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of Thy peace be removed.

Isaiah liv. 10.

Chorus.

Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire; his words appeared like burning torches. Mighty kings by him were overthrown. He stood on the mount of Sinai, and heard the judgments of the future; and in Horeb, its vengeance.

And when the Lord would take him away to heaven, lo! there came a fiery chariot, with fiery horses; and he went by a whirlwind to heaven.

Ecclesiastes xlviii. 1, 6, 7. 2 Kings ii. 1, 11.

Air.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in their heavenly Father's realm. Joy on their head shall be for everlasting, and all sorrow and mourning shall flee away for ever.

Matthew xiii. 43. Isaiah li. 11.

Recitative.

Behold, God hath sent Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children unto their fathers; lest the Lord shall come and smite the earth with a curse.

Malachi iv. 5, 6.

Quartet.

O! come every one that thirsteth, O come to the waters: come unto Him. O hear, and your souls shall live for ever!

Isaiah lv. 1, 3.

Chorus.

And then shall your light break forth as the light of morning breaketh; and your health shall speedily spring forth then; and the glory of the Lord ever shall reward you.

Lord, our Creator, how excellent Thy name is in all the nations! Thou fillest heaven with Thy glory. Amen!

Isaiah lviii. 8. Psalm viii. 1.



FIELDING ROSELLE

SECOND CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 17

OVERTURE, "Egmont," Op. 84, - - - - BEETHOVEN

Born at Bonn, December 16, 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

BEETHOVEN was a great admirer of Goethe, whose superb tragedy served as the inspiration for this work. The overture to "Egmont" was written in Vienna in 1810, and received its first performance (a private one, probably) on May 24 of that year. It was published by Breitkopf in 1811. It is scored for the usual strings, full wood wind, four horns and tympani—or, in other words, for the typical Beethoven orchestra. It consists of three parts illustrative of certain dramatic episodes of the tragedy, not of the whole, for the overture was but part of the music written for it.

It opens with a long sustained tone for full orchestra. Then follows a dignified theme of four measures (F minor, 3-4 time, *Sostenuto ma non troppo*), which is answered by a figure leading through statements by the oboes, clarinets, bassoons and strings to a repetition of the opening theme by full orchestra. A characteristic figure now leads into the flowing theme for 'celli (3-4 time, *Allegro*), with which the second division of the overture begins. This division is written in the sonata form, and therefore, after a short development of this theme a modulatory passage introduces the second subject in the key of A flat. This subject is based on the introductory theme, but differs from it in treatment. Truly in the best style of Beethoven is this theme, with its two measures given out by the strings answered by two measures by the reeds and flutes, ultimately merging into one of those scale melodies in thirds we so often find in Beethoven. The development of the thematic material that now ensues is marked by the fine sense of proportion and contrast possessed by Beethoven to a degree seldom found in other composers, and we are led surely and logically through the recapitulation of the themes to the final division of the work. The use of the key of D flat for the second subject is a fine illustration of Beethoven's disregard of tradition when his own judgment showed him a better way than that prescribed by the conventionalities of form. The final division (F major, common time, *Allegro con brio*), beginning *pianissimo* gradually works up to an inspiring climax with which the work ends.

CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE, B flat
minor, Op. 23, - - -

TSCHAIKOWSKY

Born at Wotkinsh, December 25, 1840; died at St. Petersburg, November 6, 1893.

ANDANTE NON TROPPO E MAESTOSO—ALLEGRO;

ANDANTE SEMPLICE—ALLEGRO VIVACE;

ALLEGRO CON FUOCO.

MR. LOCKWOOD.

The character of this concerto, one of the greatest of modern times, is indicated by the expression marks affixed to the movements. A great range of emotion is implied by

them, while the name of Tschaiikowsky is so identified with intensity of emotional expression, that the mere reading of the title conveys a distinct impression of the power of the work. Structurally it is dominated by the new conception of the concerto inherent in the modern school of composition. As, in the orchestra, individual instruments have ceased to control its color, so in this form, whose aim is to exploit the possibilities of an instrument, this specific purpose does not appear in a manner that makes of the individual instrument everything and of the orchestra little or nothing. In this, as in all the great modern examples of the form, the solo instrument meets the orchestra as an equal, and the result is that a new style of interpretation is demanded. Enormously difficult as this work is, and there are but few that impose a greater draft on the technical resources of the performer, it cannot be fully appreciated until one forgets the performer and sinks himself in the work. That this may be the case a like self-forgetfulness is necessary on the part of the virtuoso, who is there as a part of a great and imposing whole. That *technique*—as such—has ceased to be the first consideration in performance, and that interpretation is the final test of an artist's position, indicate an advance in standards of criticism prophetic of great results for the future of art.

After three statements by the horns of a one measure figure (B flat minor, 3-4 time, *Andante non troppo e molto maestoso*), accompanied by full chords by the orchestra, the solo instrument enters in the fourth measure with a series of chords, while the violins and 'celli develop from the original figure a melody which, after several measures, is taken up by the piano and expanded into a broad and impassioned movement in which the soloist has ample opportunity to show his powers. This division ends quietly in a beautiful phrase for the piano, coming to a close in the dominant of F minor. The chord of F major is sustained *pianissimo* by the orchestra for six measures, followed by a pause, a beautiful touch, then the solo instrument gives out—*piano*—the principal subject of the first movement proper (3-4 time, *Allegro con spirito*). This subject based on an agitated figure in triplets, is developed at considerable length and with great ingenuity in the contrast of the solo instrument and orchestra, until, after a stormy passage, interrupted towards the end by two statements of the figure on which the second subject is based, this most beautiful theme appears. It is first stated by the orchestra, then by the piano, then broadening out it is given such fullness of exposition and appears in so many transformations that it would seem as though the composer had a special fondness for it. We cannot wonder at this, for it is one of the most charming melodies in the work. The involved and scholarly forms the themes take on as the movement proceeds can not be fully pointed out in this analysis, but nowhere has Tschaiikowsky shown himself more the master than in this division of the work. After the second appearance of the song subject (in B flat) a difficult cadenza ending, *Quasi adagio, pianissimo*, finally merges into a statement of this theme with an accompaniment of the solo instrument that gradually asserts itself until in a *fortissimo* rushing octave passage the movement comes to an end. The next movement (D flat major, 6-8 time, *Andante semplice*) is idyllic in its grace and simplicity. To be sure it contains an agitated movement (*Allegro vivace assai*), but this only heightens the effect of the lovely melody when it again appears in its final form. The spirit of the Cossack animates the last movement (B flat minor, 3-4 time, *Allegro con fuoco*). There is a suggestion of the wind dancing furiously over the Steppes in the first subject, heightened by a weird two measure figure introduced as the first subject develops, but evidently only episodic in nature, for it is not developed at all nor hardly dwelt upon as one would desire. There are broad cantilene passages in the second subject, but these and a charming *pianissimo* figure heard in the middle of the movement can not sustain themselves against the force of their environment, and they finally rush into the stormy final measures which follow after a noble theme in B flat that is in itself a stroke of genius.



PETER ILJITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY

“WOTAN’S ABSCHIED” and “FEUER ZAUBER,” WAGNER

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

MR. MILES.

“Die Walkure,” from which this scene is taken, is the second drama in the Tetralogy of the “Nibelungen Ring.” Wotan, who by intrigue and falsehood, to say nothing of worse lapses from virtue, has incurred the displeasure of Fricka, his wife, in pursuance of a promise extorted from him by her, is obliged to mete out punishment on his favorite Valkyr daughter, Brunhilde, who has disobeyed him, although, as he states in the following drama, “Siegfried,” she by so doing made possible the realization of his most cherished plan. As she kneels in contrition before him, his affection for her impels him to grant her request that she be surrounded by a circle of fire, that her long sleep—her punishment—be not broken by any but a hero of more than mortal prowess. He grants this prayer and takes leave of her in this beautiful “Farewell.” He then calls on Loki, who surrounds the rock on which she rests with flames. In the music we hear some of the most expressive of the many motives that unite to make this work one of the greatest of the series of music dramas written by Richard Wagner. Prominent among them are the “Pleading,” “Magic Fire,” “Siegfried,” and “Slumber” motives. The text is as follows:

Farewell, my brave
and beautiful child!
Thou once the life
and light of my heart,
farewell, farewell, farewell!
Loth I must leave thee;
no more in love
may I grant thee my greeting;
henceforth my maid
ne'er more with me rideth,
nor waiteth wine to reach me.
When I relinquish
thee, my beloved one,
thou laughing delight of my eyes,
thy bed shall be lit
by torches more brilliant
than ever for bridal have burned!
Fiery gleams
shall girdle the fell,
with terrible scorching
scaring the timid,
who, cowed, may cross not
Brynhildr's couch;—
for one alone free-eth the bride;
one freer than I, the god!

(Brynhildr, touched and enraptured, throws herself into his arms.)

These eyes so lustrous and clear,
which oft in love I have kissed,
when warlike longings
won my lauding,
or when with lispings
of heroes leal

thy honied lips were inspired;—
 these effulgent, glorious eyes,
 whose flash oft my gloom dispelled,
 when hopeless cravings
 my heart discouraged,
 so when my wishes
 toward worldly pleasure
 from wild warfare were turning;—
 their lustrous gaze
 lights on me now
 as my lips imprint
 this last farewell!
 On happier mortal
 here shall they beam;
 the grief suffering god
 may never henceforth behold them!
 Now, heart-torn,
 he gives thee this kiss
 and taketh thy god-hood away.

(He kisses her on both eyes, which then remain closed; she sinks gently unconscious back in his arms. He bears her tenderly and lays her on a low mossy mound overshadowed by a wide-spreading fir tree. Again he gazes on her features, then closes her helmet visor; once more his look rests sorrowfully on her form, which he at last covers with the long steel shield of the Valkyrie. Then he stalks with solemn resolution to the middle of the stage, and turns the point of his spear towards a huge rocky boulder.)

Loki, hear,
 listen and heed!
 As I found thee at first,
 a fiery glow,
 as thou fleddest me headlong,
 a hovering glimmer,
 as then I bound thee,
 bound be thou now!
 Appear, wavering spirit,
 and spread me thy fire around this fell!
 Loki! Loki! appear!

(At the last invocation he strikes his spear point thrice against the rock, which thereupon emits a stream of fire; this quickly swells to a sea of flame, which Wotan, with a sign of his spear, directs to encircle the rock.)

He who my spear
 in spirit feareth
 ne'er springs through this fiery bar!

H. AND F. CORDER

(He disappears through the flames.)



ALBERT LOCKWOOD

SYMPHONY, No. 5, E minor, Op. 95, "From
the New World," - - -

DVORAK

Born at Muehlhausen, September 8, 1841; still living.

ADAGIO-ALLEGRO MOLTO; LARGO; SCHERZO-MOLTO-VIVACE; ALLEGRO CON FUOCO.

Before proceeding to an analysis of this symphony, the title of which conveys the idea the distinguished Bohemian composer had in mind when he wrote it, the question raised by the frank avowal of his purpose to give to the world new, elemental thematic material, drawn from American sources must be met. It is this: Has America anything so distinctive—so suggestive—in her history—in the temper of her people—in her attitude towards art—that a national type of music is inevitable? This suggests another query: What are the necessary conditions for the rise of a national type of music?

We learn from the sympathetic study of the past that such material can come from but one source—the folk song. All national types of music are ultimately derived from this voice of the people. National schools of composition are the result of a larger evolution, in which combine advance in appreciation—the direct result of more comprehensive knowledge of the literature of the art, itself a factor in the evolution; greater skill in performance; more artistic ideals of interpretation; increased power in the use of the technical resources of the composer, and such special conditions as imperatively demand artistic expression. All the factors but the last compelling need may exist, but without that there can be no distinctive form of art other than the individuality inherent in the work of genius. There can be nothing truly national without a nation behind it. Composers—Yes! A School—No! Folk songs have always arisen, not in response to a conscious necessity, but spontaneously, unconsciously, because the people have been stirred to the depths of their souls by the experiences conditioned by their social, economic, and political environment. Modern conditions, especially in this country, do not favor such a temper of mind and such an emotional state as underly the songs of the German, Bohemian, Russian, Hungarian, and Scandinavian peasantry. The early history of our country was made by a people to whom the negation of all that looked toward artistic expression was a religious principle, else had the experiences of the first century and a half of our history produced a rich and varied repertoire of folk melody and verse. Nothing later than this period could influence the art of our time, for it takes generations to give to these products of the common people's inspiration the national quality essential to their full effect upon art in its serious aspects. All the "national" characteristics displayed by the folk songs of the European nations have much in common, as has been pointed out by Dr. Oscar Fleischer.* When this material is employed in the serious forms the results are either good or bad according to the scholarship displayed in the technical treatments, and the measure of genius displayed in the invention or adaptation of the themes. The choice of this material rarely influences the larger forms—however much it may the lesser—and in the last analysis the compositions of men who, like Grieg, Glinka, Tschaikowsky, and Dvorak, have drawn largely from these sources are judged by the same standards as Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms, always allowing for the natural growth of the forms in response to new needs. At the time of the Revolution and the War of 1812 we possessed no national songs, and those associated in the mind of the general public with these epochs were imported—that is to say, the music. In the meantime there was developing in the South among the negroes a type of song somewhat unique and possessing much in common with the music of the African tribes from which the slaves were drawn. Before the Civil War certain other songs suggested by these had a considerable vogue, and have been assumed by many to have been products of the plantation when in reality they were written by white men.

*Vol. 1., "Sammelbaende," Internationale Musik Gesellschaft. Nov., 1900.

From one of these imitations of negro music arose the war song of the Confederates, "Dixie," and from a revival melody in general use in the South came "John Brown's Body," two stirring melodies, one at least a true battle hymn. The emotional intensity of the nation—not the race (note the difference)—during the war found voice in Geo. F. Root's "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," and Henry Clay Work's "Marching through Georgia," songs that fall but little short of being folk songs. A century hence they may be quoted as such, for today there is no one of our national songs that stirs up the enthusiasm of the people as these. Their effect when played before European audiences establishes their kinship to the great songs that have inspired nations. In conclusion, a word as to present conditions. Neither the social nor the intellectual atmosphere of the present favors that artistic feeling which can alone produce a national type of music. Our emotional intensity displays itself in business, social aspirations, or political strife, while the tendencies of our intellectual life are opposed to the cultivation of the retrospection and reflection so essential to the creation of the atmosphere of art. When the classics, with the wealth of suggestion inhering or imputed to them, defined the limits of education, and formed the basis of poetry and other forms of literature, the arts were dominated by the same impulses. When Science substituted the study of Nature for that of Man, its tendencies led away from artistic expression. Before Science Art is dumb, and the Poet is silent. This is in no sense to be considered as a reflection on Science, for all Art is her debtor, for she has contributed much to the means of expression, but the exact form in which her influence will be felt in the domain of Art can not now be determined. Everything that contributes to the onward progress of Humanity must in the end exert some influence on Art, for Art is but a highly idealized form of expression. Were this the only aspect of the question there would be room for naught but pessimistic views, but there is another side to be considered. The influence of the great organizations like the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Thomas's Orchestra, the Pittsburgh Orchestra, and others of like nature; the great choral concerts; the numerous festivals; the growing appreciation of chamber music; the increasing demand for better teaching; the wonderful development of virtuosity; the attitude of our great universities and the work of inspired composers, who, like MacDowell, Parker, Paine, Brockway, Foote, and Chadwick, are constantly bringing forth proofs of the fact that, if we have no national school we have composers, may be cited as showing how deep and pervading is the hold music has secured in this country. If composers are obliged, like Dvorak, to look for distinctively national themes in quasi-negro melodies, or, like MacDowell, turn to the music of the Indians, we need not despair so long as they write good music. When, some time in the future, *we are told* that America *has* a national type of music, it will have come so unconsciously that we shall not be aware of the fact ourselves. Whether that time ever comes or not matters little, if our composers write in response to a consuming need, and the people become acquainted with the best in music whether it be native or foreign. No tariff can be devised to foster its growth, neither can any conscious effort produce that which only comes as the result of hidden forces whose operations we may feel, but whose original impulse will be such a truly national character as we do not yet possess.

The symphony opens with a short introduction (E minor, 4-8 time, *Adagio*) in which the violas, 'celli and basses give out a dreamy phrase of four measures *pianissimo*, answered by a short theme in the wood wind. From this point, by a skillfully managed *crescendo*, we are led into the first movement proper (E minor, 2-4 time, *All'egro molto*). To an accompaniment of the strings *pianissimo*, two horns in unison give out the principal subject, which is immediately followed by a counter-subject in thirds by the clarinets and bassoons. Interesting as these themes are, they are in no sense unique, nor are they convincingly suggestive of African descent. The second subject, however,



GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI

does possess something in the harmony rarely used in modern music—but the flavor is that of the old church modal harmony rather than of the South. As the work progresses and the themes are worked out according to the principles of form, especially towards the end, it takes on much that is characteristic of negro music. This is shown more in the rhythms than in harmony or melody. The second movement (D flat, 4-4 time, *Largo*) is exquisite. The melody for English horn is of a quasi-religious character and full of purity and sweetness. The middle part (C sharp minor, *piu mosso*), introduced by the flutes, is charming. This *Largo* is the favorite movement—possibly because, as one critic (Mr. W. S. B. Mathews) says, "It is the American spirit, as the American spirit would like to be at times." A beautiful inspiration like this is simply the inspiration of a man of genius, but in no sense dominated by any racial aspect.

The Scherzo (*Molto vivace*) is in the original key—the second part in E major—and is replete with humor and vivacity. There is nothing, neither in the themes or treatment that calls for special consideration. Not so the last movement (common time, *Allegro con fuoco*), for here we meet with much that is novel. Whether this is all "American" is an open question—but it is *new*, and that is after all the important consideration. The rhythms are striking, and some may see in them resemblance to a type whose popularity is fortunately waning just at present, but which in this work has found artistic treatment at least—for the first and only time. As in all symphonic movements, in this we discover many beautiful episodes which are not developed at length, but have a bearing on the significance of the composition. Most important of all is the manner in which motives from the other movements are deftly woven in, thereby securing the breadth of unity that is without doubt the distinctive contribution of the latter years of the Nineteenth Century to the symphony. The inherent monotony of the rhythms used by him so freely, as well as the lack of variety characterizing the melodies and harmonies of the type met with in this—of itself considered—great work, has been avoided by the resources at the command of the composer, whose nationality is no unimportant factor in the solution of the question he offers in this symphony, "The New World." It is good music—hence it satisfies a higher condition of success than any consideration of nationality.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 17

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Les Eolides," - - - CESAR FRANCK

Born December 10, 1822, at Liege; died November 8, 1890, at Paris.

THIS work was inspired by a poem, bearing the same title, by Leconte de Lisle, and consists of a single movement in A major, *Allegretto vivo*. It is very daintily scored and happily illustrates the subject of the poem, which we append in the translation by Mr. W. F. Apthorp.

O floating breezes of the skies, sweet breaths of the fair spring, that caress the hills and plains with freakish kisses;

Virgins, daughters of Æolus, lovers of peace, eternal nature awakens to your songs; and the Dryad seated amid the thick foliage sheds the tears of the scarlet dawn upon the mosses.

Skimming over the crystal of the waters like a quick flock of swallows, do ye return from the green-reeded Eurotas, ye faithful Virgins?

When the sacred swans swam white and beauteous therein, and a God throbb'd on the flowers of the bank, ye swelled with love the snow of his sides beneath the enchanted gaze of the pensive Spouse.

The air where your flight murmurs is filled with perfume and with harmony; do ye return from Ionia, or from green, golden-honeyed Hymettus?

Æolidæ, hail! O cool messengers, 'tis truly ye who sang o'er the cradle of the Gods; and the clear Ilyssos bathed the down of your light wings in a melodious wave.

When milky-necked Theugenis danced in the evening by the wave, ye strewed the roses of Miletus upon her fair head.

Nymphs of the winged feet, far from Homer's river, later, taking the path where blue-waved Alpheus follows Arethusa through the bosom of the bitter plain to the nursing Isle of waving ears of corn;

Under the plane-tree where there is shelter from the scarlet darts of day, ye sighed of love upon the lips of Theocritus.

Zephyros, Iapyx, cool-flighted Euros, smiles of the Immortals with which the earth beautifies herself, 'tis ye who bestowed the gift of craved leisure in the shade of forests upon the lonely shepherd.

At the time when the bee murmurs and flies to the lilies' cup, the Mantuan, beneath the branches, spoke to you of Amaryllis.

Ye listened, hidden amid the leaves, to the fair youths crowned with myrtle, linking together with art the soft rejoinders, entering blushing into the alternate combats;

While, draped in the toga, standing erect in the shade of the thicket, the old men awarded their praise, the adorned cup or the ram.

Ye shook the willow where Galatea smiles; and, kissing the tear-laden eyes of the Nymphs, ye rocked Daphnis' cradle in their sequestered grotto, on the rustic threshold, sparkling with flowers.



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

When the virgins of the alabaster body, beloved by Gods and mortals, brought doves in their hands, and felt their hearts beat with love;

Ye sang in an undertone in an enchanting dream the hymns of Venus, divine joy of the senses, and lent your ear to the plaint of the lover who weeps on the threshold of night, and is divined by the heart.

Oh! how many arms and beloved shoulders ye have kissed, by the sacred springs on the hill with wooded sides!

In the vales of Hellas, in the Italic fields, in the Isles of azure bathed by a scarlet wave, do ye still spread your wing, antique Æolidæ? Do ye still smile in the land of the Sun?

O ye who have been perfumed with thyme and goat's eye, sacred bonds of Virgil's sweet flutes and the Sicilian reeds;

Ye who once floated to the lips of genius, breezes of the divine months, come, visit us again; from your golden urns pour out to us, as ye pass by, repose and love, grace and harmony!

SERENADE for Strings, Flutes, Harps, and Bells, - ANDREA

HYMN, "Gloria in Te," - - - - - BUZZI PECCIA
SIGNOR CAMPANARI.

ADRIANO'S ARIA from "Rienzi," - - - - - WAGNER

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

THE situation of the scene sung at this concert is briefly this: Adriano Colonna, a young Roman nobleman, is in love with and beloved by Rienzi's sister, Irene. Rienzi has been chosen Tribune of the People, and his assassination has been attempted by the Colonna-Orsini faction; the recreant nobles have been pardoned, but have again banded together against the Tribune; civil war is imminent. Adriano, whose father, Stefano Colonna, is one of the chiefs of the noble faction, is torn with conflicting feelings of loyalty to his father and love for Irene.

The English prose is as follows:

Just God, so 'tis already decided. The people cry for arms,—'tis no longer a dream. O Earth engulf me, lamentable one. Where is a fate that is like to mine? Who let me fall thy victim—dark power? Rienzi, thou disastrous one, what a fate didst thou conjure upon this hapless head. Whither shall I wend my wandering steps? Whither this sword, the knight's adornment? Shall I turn it toward thee, Irene's brother? Shall I draw it against my father's head? My life fades in its blossom, all my knighthood is gone, the hope of deed is lost, happiness and fame shall never crown my head. My star shrouds itself in murky crape in its first brightness of youth; through sombre clouds glows even the ray of the beautiful love that pierces me to the heart. (Tocsin signals are heard.) Where am I? Ah, where was I but now?—The tocsin.—God, 'tis soon too late. What shall I do? Ah, only one thing. I will flee outside the walls to my father, perhaps his son will succeed in his reconciliation. He must hear me, for I will die willingly, grasping his knees. The Tribune, too, will be merciful. I will turn hatred to peace. Thou God of mercy to Thee I pray, to Thee I pray who inflamest every bosom with love: arm me with strength and blessing, let reconciliation by my sacred office. (He hurries off.)

CONCERTO, D minor, Op. 22, - - - - WIENIAWSKI

Born at Lublin, July 10, 1835; died at Moscow, March 31, 1880.

ALLEGRO MODERATO; ROMANZE; ALLEGRO MODERATO (A LA ZINGARA).

MR. STURM.

Henri Wieniawski was one of the greatest of the many violinists of his day. His reputation was world wide, for he travelled much. His tournee in America with Rubinstein was one of the most successful ever made by any artist, and the violinist shared with the great pianist the admiration bestowed by audiences to whom their art was one of the earliest revelations of music's possibilities. The concerto played this evening is one of two written by him, and is a great favorite with violinists.

MONOLOGUE from "Falstaff," - - - - VERDI

Born at Le Roncole, October 9, 1813; died at Milan, January 17, 1901.

SIGNOR CAMPANARI.

The year 1813 was not alone of significance politically, but it marked the birth of two geniuses who dominated the field of opera in their century. These men, Richard Wagner and Giuseppe Verdi, represented, the one—revolution, the other—evolution. Wagner, a German full of the Teutonic spirit, revolutionized musico-dramatic art, or as some would say, created it; Verdi, an Italian, no less truly national in spirit, from an exponent of a conventionalized form of opera, by a gradual process of evolution, in the course of which as he advanced in years he seemed to renew his youth, developed a style in which, without losing either his individuality or nationality, the spirit of his German contemporary came to be a guiding principle. From "Oberto" (1839) to "Falstaff" (1893) is a far cry. In the operas preceding "Aida" (1871) we may see the Verdi of the old school of Italian Opera; from "Aida" we may date the advent of the greater Verdi, in whose works the beauty of melody of the Italian, and the dramatic intensity and forceful use of the orchestra of the German, schools happily combine. Nor in the last compositions published in 1898—the "Quattro Pezzi Sacri"—do we see any diminution in creative power, even though the work of a man long past the allotted time of man's existence. The Prologue from "Falstaff," sung by Signor Campanari, attests the virility and dramatic power of this last great dramatic work of the genius who has just gone from us.

SELECTIONS from "Tristan and Isolde," - - WAGNER

(a) Vorspiel.

(b) "Isolde's Liebestod."

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

In the year 1857 Richard Wagner paused in the composition of the "Siegfried," the second drama of the "Ring des Nibelungen," and threw himself with feverish intensity into the composition of a new work, the plan of which had two years before suggested itself to his mind. He says himself: "I threw myself with complete confidence into the depths of the inner action of the soul, and from this innermost centre of the world, fearlessly created its outward form. In weaving the words and versification of this "grief" motive, the whole expanse of the melody was already sketched, that it is to say, it was already poetically constructed, and when this is the case there must be a closer union of poem and music than in my earlier experience." The work, which was completed in August, 1859, received its first performance in Munich on the 10th of June, 1865. This was a great

event in the life of Wagner, and was epoch making for his art. This great music drama so aroused his ardent admirers and won him so many new followers that from this performance one may justly date the beginning of the real and general appreciation of his genius. Not that he was without ardent sympathizers before—not that criticism was less virulent—on the contrary, it broke forth with redoubled force, and a speedy retribution was prophesied to the man who could so transgress the canons of art and offend the sensibilities of a public whose ideas of stage morality and dramatic fitness had been largely derived from the chaste and elevated French drama and the consistent and forceful Italian Opera. This event seemed to crystallize the ideas of those who admired him, and gave force and direction to the efforts being made in behalf of the artist and his art. The outcome of this endeavor was—"Bayreuth." The opening measures of the *Vorspiel* sound the keynote of the tragedy. The descending chromatic "grief" motive, the ascending "yearning" motive, combining in these measures as Tristan and Isolde in the drama work out the problem of their destiny; the "gaze" motive, giving dramatic direction to these typical motives, lead to that most ardent and beautiful motive of all—the "love charm." That this sequence is inevitable can be seen by any one on referring to the poem of Gottfried von Strassburg. The motive, in its relation to others mentioned, is interrupted by the sombre motive of the "death potion." Note that the structure of this motive includes the most important characteristics of the "grief" and the "gaze" motives. We are rushed almost before we can realize all that these motives stand for, into the motive of "exultant love"—a logical development of the latter figures of the "gaze" motive. How elemental in its power is this mediæval concept of love; and how in the music itself all is portrayed; how it gains in intensity, until after having exhausted all the powers of utterance of the Wagnerian orchestra, it dies down as though foreseeing future disaster. The opening scene follows without any interruption, and plunges us immediately into the conflict of soul of the Irish princess, who, outraged that the man she loves—the Tantris whose life she saved—should be the one to convey her to the court of King Mark, whose unwilling bride she must become, decides that they both must die. That the inevitable result of a situation opening with such suggestion of evil, and developing into overpowering intensity of passion only to end in darkness, is dramatically inevitable admits of no doubt, and of this the *Vorspiel* speaks. When used in connection with the "Death Song," the prelude leads directly into the opening measures of this—of all laments the most pathetic. When Isolde finds Tristan dying, when he, softly calling her name, sinks dead in her arms, she falls unconscious on his body. Recovering, she fondles her dead lover, and sings this song of death, the "motive" of which has been heard before in the garden scene. As she sings the last note she falls on his body and expires. The text is as follows:

"Mild and softly he is smiling; how his eyelids sweetly open!

See, oh comrades! See you not how he beameth ever brighter, steeped in starlight borne above? See you not how his heart with lion zest, calmly and happy, beats in his breast? From his lips in heav'nly rest sweetest breath he softly sends; Harken, friends! Hear and feel ye not! Is it I alone am hearing strains so tender and endearing? Passion swelling, all things telling. Gently bounding, from him sounding, in me rushes, upward rushes, trumpet tone that round me gushes? Brighter growing, o'er me flowing, are these breezes airy pillows? Are they balmy beauteous billows? How they rise and gleam and glisten! Shall I breathe them? Shall I listen? Shall I sip them, dive within them, to my panting breathing with them? In the breezes around, in the harmony sound, in the world's driving whirlwind be drown'd, and sinking, be drinking, in a kiss, highest bliss!" (English version by H. and F. Corder)

FOURTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 18

FANTASIE TRIOMPHALE, - - - - TH. DUBOIS

Born at Rosnay, Marne, August 24, 1837; still living.

MR. RENWICK.

THIS work, written for the Inauguration of the Chicago Auditorium, is one of the comparatively few really effective compositions for the organ and orchestra in existence. Berlioz, in his "Treatise on Instrumentation," says: "This combination can never be made artistically satisfying, as the qualities of tone are such as to make a homogeneous effect impossible." Moreover, he says "the two are opposed to each other, for neither can give up to the other. Each is King." However much there may be of truth in this statement—and if the practice of composers means anything its truth can not be questioned—in this, and in the symphony for the same combination by Guilmant, we meet with a treatment of the solo instrument so radically different from that of Berlioz's time that the reasons for his dictum are not apparent. The work begins with a strong, brilliant theme (F major, 3-4 time, *maestoso*) given out by the organ and taken up by the orchestra after four measures and elaborated quite at length. In contrast to this is placed a second subject (B flat, *ben cantando*), which is also given a quasi-symphonic development. These themes and a short episode (D major, *tranquillo*) constitute the thematic material out of which the composer has constructed a unified work, in its structure more formal than the title would imply. Curiously enough, the French composers—that is, the representative ones, unless they are professedly free, as in certain unique conceptions characteristic of their school—appear to be great sticklers for form, wherein they differ from their colleagues beyond the Rhine. The work having been written for a modern concert organ, is not adapted for any but such a type of instrument as is so worthily represented by our own *Frieze Memorial Organ*.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, from "Eugen Onegin," TSCHAIKOWSKY

MR. HALL.

The opera from which the excerpt on today's program is taken was given its first representation in St. Petersburg, under its Russian name of "Jevgenjie Onegin," in 1879, and under its present title in Hamburg in 1892. It is one of ten operas written by Tschaiikowsky. The qualities evident in his great orchestral works are displayed in this selection, which, as his operas are so little known, possesses the element of novelty. The following is a literal translation from the German:

RECITATIVE: "Where, O where are ye departed, O Youth—O Love's unfathomed Joy?"

ARIA: "What will the coming day disclose? My gaze the future can not pierce.
But why this futile questioning? Each must his destiny fulfill.
If on the morrow I become the prey of Death—or if unscathed



BERNARD STURM

I leave the field of strife—rests now with God, with Him alone.
 The past—the present—e'en illumed by Him who giveth glorious day
 And shrouds with sombre hue the night; may they within my soul combine,
 The rosy dawn, the radiant day.
 Or if perchance Death's darksome night—Oblivion's garment—o'er me falls,
 And e'en my name forgotten be—Alas! how soon the world forgets—
 Wilt thou, my loved one, think of me, when in the grave I rest disgraced?
 In tears, lamenting, wilt thou come, and think how once my soul did live
 But in thy love? Thy love! a ray of sunshine breaking through the cloud;
 A gleam of comfort driving care away—dispelling gloom and doubt.
 Ah, Olga! List! my heart doth cry aloud for thee, my Love, my Bride;
 Thy lover calls—give thou response, I wait for thee—O hasten—fly—
 Come quickly—quickly ere I die.”
 “Where, O where are ye departed, O Youth—O Love's unfathomed Joy?”

SYMPHONY, E flat (No. 1, Breitkopf and Haertel, Ed.), HAYDN

Born at Rohrau, March 31, 1732; died at Vienna, May 31, 1809.

ADAGIO-ALEGRO CON SPIRITO; ANDANTE; MENUETTO; ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO.

No happier contrast to the essentially modern-spirited symphony of Dvorak on the program of the second concert of this series could be found than the naive, unpretentious yet forceful work by which Haydn, the “Father of the Symphony,” is represented. If Haydn used a small orchestra he knew its possibilities. His fine perception of the tone qualities of the individual instruments enabled him to place each in the most favorable light: his sense of color was shown in the happy blending of the various qualities in his full orchestra, which, if it lacked the sonority and depth of the modern orchestra, was as effective in its relation to the form and content of his symphonic works as the most gorgeous and involved modern instrumentation. His orchestra bears the same relation to that of the Twentieth Century that a water color does to an oil painting. On the formal side we may see the exquisite symmetry demanded by the problem the solution of which, made him one of the great figures in the evolution of the sonata and symphony. Haydn established the form, and because it was, in a sense, his mission to do this he made of the formal element an end; by so doing he established the means through which the greater geniuses who succeeded him could produce worthier, or at least greater, results. The form was at once an expression of the spirit of his age and a formulation of the principles tentatively represented by Ph. Em. Bach and others before him. Haydn had no “storm and stress” period; his life ran smoothly along, unruffled by any questions of greater moment than those of court etiquette; he was rarely stirred to his depths. All conditions conspired to make his contribution to the outward progress of his art inevitable, along the very lines where his genius worked most freely and where it was most needed.

As to the symphony on today's program there is little to be said. It is constructed along the simplest formal lines, and involves nothing of novelty to the modern audience. No better study of the sonata form can be instanced than this symphony. It sparkles with German “Gemuethlichkeit” and appeals to the musician by reason of its clearness of thematic statement, its simple instrumentation, in which the surety in the use of individual instruments already hinted at is displayed, and by its symmetry of form. Unconsciously, it makes the same impression on all those who listen in the proper spirit. It is difficult to appreciate at this time that, when music was an unknown quantity in America, this was the “music of the future” in Europe.

CONCERTO FOR VIOLONCELLO,

A minor, Op. 33, - - - -

SAINT-SAENS

Born at Paris, October 9, 1835; still living.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO; ALLEGRETTO CON MOTO;

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO—MOLTO ALLEGRO.

MR. HOFFMAN.

Charles Camille Saint-Saens is unique among French composers in that he has made his mark in every field of composition. He is an accomplished pianist, a clever organist, the greatest French symphonist, and an operatic composer of great distinction. The great reputation enjoyed by many *bizarre* compositions like the "Dance of Death," "Le Rouet d'Omphale," and "Phaeton," has made him known to concert audiences, but his fame rests more securely on his symphonies, piano concertos, and operas, which also enjoy great popularity. He employs classical forms with ease, and has been influenced but little by ultra-modern tendencies; is, in fact, one of the most uncompromising opponents of the Wagnerian style. To say that he has not been influenced in his writings by the spirit which dominates music at this time would be to deny him the possession of the fundamental qualities of a great composer, but he has strenuously objected to that lawless use of modern freedom of style which characterizes the works of many of the younger men, whose enthusiasm has not been tempered by experience and observation. The present school of composition is in many ways a reaction against former practices, and will surely justify its promises if its representatives are guided by the principles which find their most perfect expression in the works of Camille Saint-Saens.

The work on the program was written in 1872, but received its first performance on January 19, 1893, when it was performed by the great virtuoso, Tolbeque. It is in three parts, although, following the examples of many modern writers, the three are practically combined in one movement. It is admirably adapted to the nature of the instrument, the second movement especially, with its lovely melody in the muted strings to which the solo instrument plays an exquisite obligato, being in the best style of the composer and calculated to display the instrument most artistically.

LITTLE SUITE, "Children's Games," Op. 12, - GEORGES BIZET

Born at Paris, October 25, 1838; died at Bougival, June 3, 1875.

March ("Trumpeter and Drummer")—Allegretto moderato.

Cradle Song ("The Doll")—Andantino quasi Andante.

Impromptu ("The Top")—Allegro vivo.

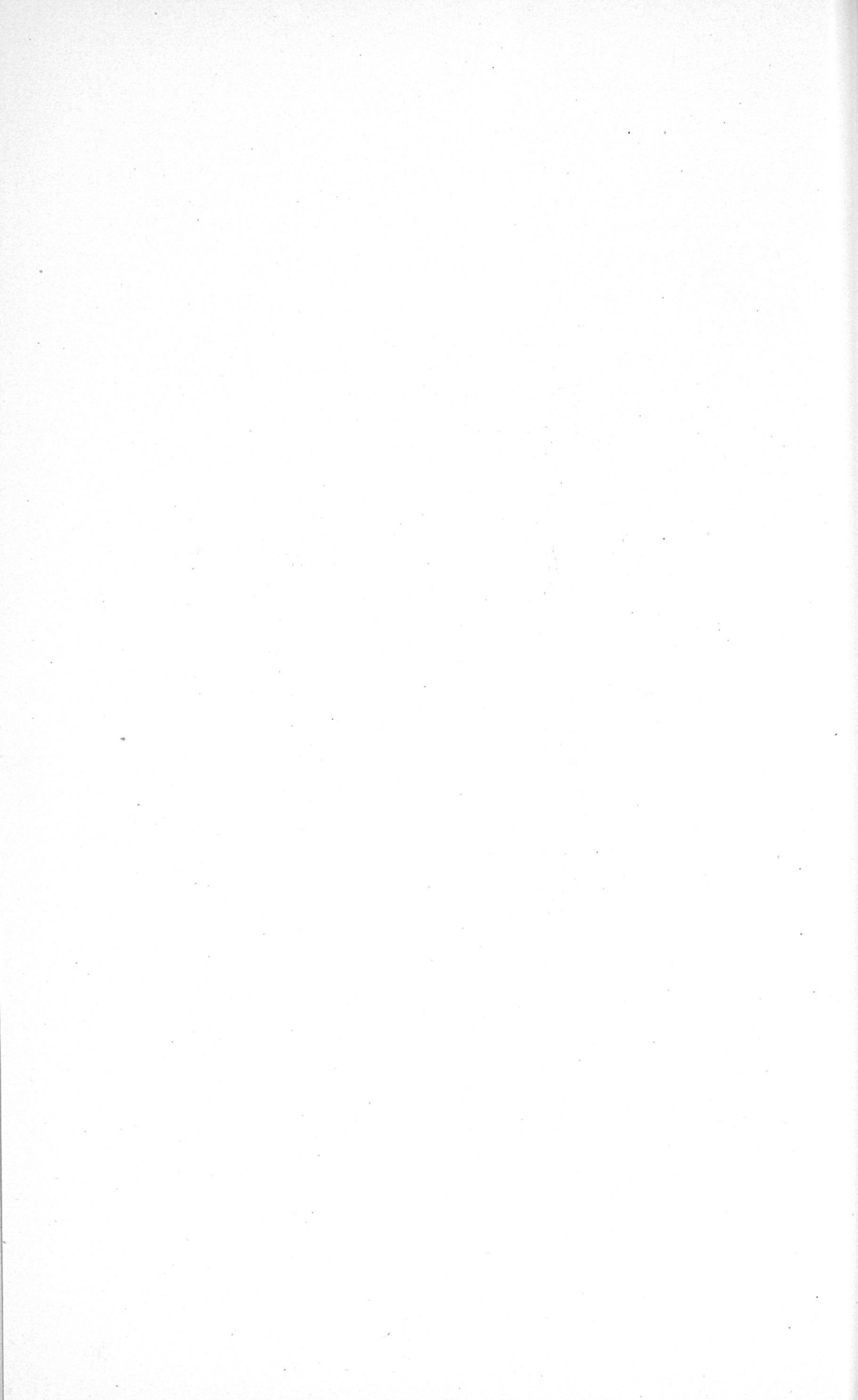
Duet ("Little Husband, Little Wife")—Andantino.

Galop ("The Ball")—Presto.

This work, by one of the more modern composers, illustrating as it does episodes in child life, calls to mind the fact that many of the classical and modern writers have not considered it beneath their dignity to appeal to youthful imaginations. Haydn in his "Kinder Sinfonie," Schumann in his "Jugend Album," Mendelssohn in his "Kinderscenen," made this appeal, while Humperdink found inspiration for his greatest work in a children's classic. The composition on this afternoon's program has found a place in the repertoire of the great symphonic organizations largely because it happily illustrates a peculiar daintiness and naiveté characteristic of the treatment of the orchestra by French composers. The titles given the various movements so aptly define their character that a formal analysis is superfluous, especially as there is nothing involved in their structure.



GLENN HALL



SONGS WITH PIANO.

(a) Thy Beaming Eyes,	-	-	-	-	-	MACDOWELL
(b) "Als die alte Mutter,"	-	-	-	-	-	DVORAK
(c) Longings,	-	-	-	-	-	RUBINSTEIN

MR. HALL.

FANTASIE, "Le Boheme," - - - - - PUCCINI

Born at Lucca, 1858; still living.

This composer, the last to come forward as an aspirant for honors in the field in which so many of his countrymen have won distinction, is one of a new school of Italian composers who have worked in what, in default of a better term, we might designate the intensive school of writing. Whether this particular form of strenuousness will impress itself on music can not now be determined. It would almost seem, from the career of Mascagni, that it is too spasmodic to be of lasting value, and that the attempt to concentrate so much emotion in so restricted a form as the type of which the "Cavalliera Rusticana" and "Il Pagliacci" are representatives, makes too great demands on the emotions and none whatever on the intellect. In so far as it does this it runs counter to the tendencies of the age—hence, can not maintain itself unless conditions greatly change. But to prophesy is to invite defeat, and time alone will reveal whether these composers are right or wrong in their ideas regarding dramatic expression.

The musical outlook in Europe at the present time presents many interesting features. Germany, the nation which has hitherto been most prolific in great composers, seems to have entered upon a barren period. Where are the composers, in any field of creation, who can be compared with any one of that glorious succession of geniuses beginning with Handel and ending with Brahms? Italy's last great genius has gone. The work of men like Leoncavallo, Spinelli, Mascagni, and Puccini shows that little is to be expected of them that shall be epoch-making or equal to the work of preceding generations of operatic composers, even if we acknowledge their earnestness of purpose and sincerity of conviction. Perosi, whose claim to eminence has been conclusively disproved by his weak, insincere and hyper-sentimental so-called oratorios, shows that the countrymen of Palestrina have little to say in the forms in which this great genius wrote; in fact, when we consider existing conditions in these countries we are forced to the conclusion that, if we are to seek for evidences of growth we must look elsewhere. The French composers are displaying unusual activity, and—a most hopeful sign—are entering the field of the symphony and oratorio. Russia is rapidly becoming a power in music, and we may feel that, when a certain tendency to exaggeration shall have been corrected, the intense virility and splendor of imagination characteristic of the works of her leading composers, like Tschaikowsky and Glasenow, will result in a school of composition forceful and unique. England has thrown off her bondage to Handel and Mendelssohn, and the work of the present generation of English composers encourages the hope that the prophecy held out by the brilliant genius of Purcell may yet be fulfilled. As to America—who can define the possibilities of her musical future?

The Twentieth Century may witness an entire reversal of the relative positions of the countries enumerated, in so far as musical creation is concerned, or present conditions may indicate that we are in a transition or assimilative period. Of the two suppositions, the latter, is in all probability correct.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 18

“THE GOLDEN LEGEND,” Dramatic Cantata, - SULLIVAN

PRINCE HENRYMR. EVAN WILLIAMS
ELSIEMRS. MARIE KUNKEL-ZIMMERMAN
URSULAMISS FIELDING ROSELLE
LUCIFERMR. GWILYM MILES
A FORESTERMR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND

THE CHORAL UNION.

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

Born in London, May 14, 1842; died there Sunday, November 22, 1900.

THE *London Illustrated News*, in the year 1856, contained the following notice: “Mendelssohn Scholarship—The successful candidate for this scholarship, instituted this year at the Royal Academy of Music, Hanover Square, London, in memory of the late much lamented composer, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, is Arthur Seymour Sullivan, chorister in Her Majesty’s Chapels Royal; he is fourteen years of age, and was the junior candidate. Master Sullivan is the youngest son of Mr. Thomas Sullivan, master of the band at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.” Although before this Sullivan had begun the serious study of music and had attracted the notice of musicians by his remarkable talent for composition, we may feel that this was the real beginning of a career so honorable and so full of achievement that, when on November 27, 1900, his body was laid away with royal pomp and ceremony in St. Paul’s, the world of music shared England’s grief. Arthur Sullivan wrote much in all styles. His ambition to be known as a composer of oratorio and grand opera was never fully realized, for, although possessed of melodic power and admirable appreciation of orchestral, harmonic, and vocal effects, he lacked the real grasp of polyphony essential to the former and the dramatic depth necessary for success in the latter form. His real abilities were displayed in those forms for which his sense of humor and his wealth of simple, natural melody eminently fitted him. He was the best, as well as the most popular, composer of secular and religious songs England has ever produced. His anthems, full of the true devotional spirit and models of construction, occupy a prominent place in the rich storehouse of sacred music belonging to the Church of England, while as a composer of light opera he stands foremost in his generation. When we consider his eminent services in these directions and realize the power he has exerted through his works in these forms, we may well agree with the statement made by an eminent critic, that “if ever the great English-speaking world was made happier, better and brighter by the musical genius of one man, that man was Sir Arthur Sullivan.” England has produced greater geniuses than he—Pelham Humphrey and Henry Purcell may be cited,—there are now living men whose gifts are greater, but when we sum up the total achievements of those



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

who are gone, and estimate the influence of those still with us, we may feel that with him perished one of the most important figures in the history of English music in the last century.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

ARGUMENT.

"The Golden Legend" is the title chosen by Longfellow for his poem founded on "De arme Heinrich," one of many products of the art of the minnesingers, whose wealth of suggestion has appealed to modern writers. Its reputed author is Hermann von Aue, a distinguished minnesinger. It is included in Voragine's "Legends of the Saints," a work so full of the spirit of the age, so rich in artistic qualities, as to earn for it the title "the golden." The time of the story is 1230-40; and the place Vautsberg, whose ruins still stand just below Bingen on the Rhine. Here dwelt Prince Henry of Hoheneck, the hero of the story. In the adjoining Forest of Odin, within whose depths Siegfried, Wagner's hero, was killed, dwelt one of the Prince's vassals, whose daughter, Elsie, is the heroine. The time, the place are full of romantic suggestion, as witness the wealth of legend and poetry attaching to this domain, but we find that the author of the book, Joseph Bennett, has so closely confined himself to the bare narrative that little of the atmosphere of romance appears in the scenes. This is a defect, and yet the practical necessities of the case may have precluded the extensive use of this element. The story proper is preceded by a Prologue, very dramatic and interesting, musically, in which the attempts of Lucifer to wreck the Strassburg Cathedral and his defeat are depicted. The work ends with an Epilogue in which Elsie's virtues are compared to the blessings brought by the cool mountain brook to the thirsty meadows. We may feel that the story ends at the psychological moment when the hero and heroine exclaim to each other, "I am thine," and a librettist of greater discernment and a composer of greater gifts would have found some more fitting conclusion of the story than the somewhat hackneyed device of an epilogue by the chorus, although that has always been a favorite closing formula in the Narrative Cantata, to which form this work belongs.

The fame of the physicians at Salerno was such that when Prince Henry, who was afflicted with that most dreadful and accursed malady, leprosy, worn out by distress of body and mind, sought relief, he naturally turned to them. They inform him that but one cure can avail. He must find some pure maiden who shall of her own free will consent to die for his sake. The Prince regards his case as hopeless and yields himself up to despair. While in this frame of mind he is approached by a traveling physician (Lucifer in disguise), who offers him alcohol as a remedy. The Prince yields to its temptations, and becomes through it even more of a physical wreck and an outcast as well. He finds shelter in the humble cottage of one of his vassals in the Odinvald. Moved with compassion for his fate, knowing the remedy prescribed by the doctors of Salerno, Elsie, the young daughter of this woodman, resolves to sacrifice herself for him. Her mother, Ursula, pleads with her in vain, and in due time Prince Henry, who has selfishly accepted the proffered aid, sets out with Elsie and a band of retainers for Salerno. They encounter on their way a band of pilgrims, among whom the most pious, to all outward appearance, is Lucifer, disguised as a friar. None chant the sacred songs with greater unction than he; none look forward with greater hope of pardoned sin than he; none of the whole company is so full of compassion for the sufferer and admiration for the one whose sacrifice is to heal. When they arrive at Salerno he has disappeared, only to appear again as Friar Angelo, a doctor of the medical school. He draws Elsie into an inner chamber that he may put her to death, but the Prince, who declares that he has only been testing Elsie's constancy, calls on his attendants and they break down the door and rescue her. Prince Henry, who in some way has been miraculously healed,

marries the devoted maiden and is restored to his possessions. He returns to his castle on the Rhine and lives happily the rest of his mortal span.

In the musical setting of this story Sullivan has employed all the resources of the modern orchestra. If in it he never attains great dramatic heights, neither does he rely on the somewhat saccharine type of melody so characteristic of many of the English composers. As a matter of fact, there is but little opportunity for the exercise of great dramatic power, but there are so many chances for the use of the type of melody to which reference has been made that it must be counted to his credit that he has given us so dignified and worthy a work. The Prologue is full of ingenious effects, although—like the Dragon in "Siegfried"—Lucifer is not on the whole as devilish as one might wish. In admirable contrast to the cries of Lucifer, as he with the Powers of the Air again and again assaults the spire of the Strassburg Cathedral, is the song of the male choir, "Noctes surgentes, vigilemus omnes," which brings this division to an end. Majestic and inspiring is the climax which follows the conclusion of the singing, as the organ, with a grand *crescendo*, leads into the closing chords. The happy use of the chorus, both unaccompanied and in connection with the solos, is to be noted. The scene in which the pilgrims, intoning the Prayer to the Trinity, written by St. Hildebert (1057-1134), are joined by Lucifer in disguise is extremely effective and is one of the most scholarly bits of writing in the whole work. While the score contains little distinctively modern in treatment, several themes are used in the suggestive manner so thoroughly a part of modern practice. The typical themes assigned Lucifer and heard in the scene when Prince Henry meets the travelling physician, form the material from which the accompaniment for succeeding scenes of like import are drawn. Some of the music given Prince Henry would make him appear to have been hardly worth Elsie's sacrifice, but on the other hand the most of it is thoroughly adequate. The lyric quality prevails to such an extent that Sullivan has splendid opportunity for the display of his strongest characteristic, melody. The final chorus is fine, and in its use of simple melody unique in these days. The closing unison passage is superb. If we take the work as a whole we may regard it as one of the finest products of the English school. In it we see commanding talent and glimpses of something higher, even if we cannot agree with those who regard Arthur Sullivan as a great genius.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

PROLOGUE.—*The Spire of Strassburg Cathedral. Night and storm.* LUCIFER, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.

Lucifer.

Hasten! Hasten!
O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!

Voices.

O, we cannot;
For around it
All the saints and guardian angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

The Bells.

Laudo Deum verum!
Plebem voco!
Congrego clerum!

Lucifer.

Lower! Lower!
Hover downward!
Seize the loud vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower.

Voices.

All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

The Bells.

Defunctos ploro!
Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro.

Lucifer.

Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panels, that flame with gold and crimson:
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast!

Voices.

O, we cannot;
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us,
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

The Bells.

Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pango!

Lucifer.

Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron studded portals!
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead!

Voices.

O, we cannot;
The Apostles
And the martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stands as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

The Bells.

Exito lentos!
Dissipo ventos!
Paco cruentos!

Lucifer.

Baffled! baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits! leave this labor
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
Come away, ere night is gone!

Voices.

Onward! onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field, and farm, and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon.
[*They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.*]

Choir.

Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes.

SCENE I.—*The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine. A chamber in a tower.*
PRINCE HENRY sitting alone, ill, and restless. *Midnight.*

Prince Henry.

I cannot sleep! my fevered brain
Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
Rest, rest! O give me rest and peace!

The thought of life that ne'er shall cease
Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast,
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep.

[*A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of a travelling Physician.*]

Lucifer.

All hail, Prince Henry!

Prince.

Who is it speaks?
What may your wish and purpose be?

Lucifer.

Your Highness, you behold in me
Only a travelling physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.
What is your illness?

Prince.

It has no name.
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame.
Even the doctors of Salerno
Send me back word they can discern
No cure for a malady like this,
Save one, which in its nature is
Impossible, and cannot be.

Lucifer.

What is their remedy?

Prince.

You shall see;
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

Lucifer.

[*Reading.*]
"The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's
veins,
Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours."
That is the strangest of all cures,
And one, I think, you will never try.
Meanwhile permit me to recommend
As the matter admits of no delay,
My wonderful Catholicon,
Of very subtle and magical powers.

Prince.

Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal,
The spouts and gargoyles of these towers,
Not me. My faith is utterly gone
In every power but the power Supernal.

Lucifer.

[*Showing a flask.*

Behold it here! This little flask
Contains the wonderful quintessence,
The perfect flower and efflorescence
Of all the knowledge man can ask!
'Tis Alcohol, in the Arab speech
Of him whose wondrous lore I teach!

Prince.

How limpid, pure, and crystalline!
The little wavelets dance and shine!

Lucifer.

[*Pouring.*

Let not the quantity alarm you;
You may drink all; it will not harm you.

Angels.

Ah! what in ambush lurks below!
Woe, woe, eternal woe!
This fearful curse
Shakes the great universe.

Lucifer.

[*Disappearing.*

Drink, drink, and thy soul shall sink
Down into the deep abyss.

Prince.

[*Drinking.*

Through every vein
I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire.
A rapture that is almost pain
Throbs in my heart, and fills my brain.

Angels.

Beware, O beware,
For sickness, sorrow, and care,
All are there.

Prince.

[*Sinking back.*

Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapors, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming!
I am like a happy lover.

[*His head falls on his book.*

Angels.

[*Receding.*

Alas, alas!
Like a vapour, the golden vision
Shall fade and pass.

SCENE II.—*Before the house of URSULA.*
Villagers have gathered after labour.
Evening.

Ursula.

Slowly, slowly up the wall,
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,

Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red.
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.

[*Lamps are lit in the house.*

EVENING HYMN.

Villagers.

O gladsome Light
Of the Father immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
Again hast Thou brought us,
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless Thee,
Praise Thee, adore Thee.

Father Omnipotent!
Son, the Life-Giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder!

Prince Henry.

[*At the door.*

Amen.

[*The villagers disperse to their homes.*

Ursula.

Who was it said Amen?

Elsie.

It was the Prince. He is gone again.
Would I could do something for his
sake;
Something to cure his sorrow and pain!

Ursula.

That no one can, neither thou nor I,
Nor any one else.

Elsie.

And must he die?

Ursula.

Unless some maiden of her own accord
Offers her life for that of her lord.

Elsie.

I will.

Ursula.

Foolish child, be still.

Elsie.

I mean it truly; for his sake
I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

Ursula.

My child, my child, thou must not die!

Elsie.

Why should I live? do I not know
The life of woman is full of woe?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!

Ursula.

Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!
Alas that I should live to see
Thy death, beloved, and to stand
Above thy grave. Ah, woe the day!

Elsie.

Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie
Beneath the flowers of another land,
For at Salerno, far away,
Over the mountains, over the sea,
It is appointed me to die.

Ursula.

In God's own time, my heart's delight,
When He shall call thee; not before.

Elsie.

I heard Him call. When Christ ascended
Triumphantly from star to star,
He left the gates of Heaven ajar,
I had a vision in the night
And saw Him standing at the door
Of His Father's mansion, vast and splendid,
And beckoning to me from afar.

Ursula.

[Entering the house.]

What if this were of God! Ah! then
Gainsay dare I not. Amen.

Elsie.

[Left alone.]

My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning.
If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,
O, my Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Let me follow where Thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as Thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live;
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble Thee.

[PRINCE HENRY enters.]

Elsie.

My life is little—
Only a cup of water
But pure and limpid;
Take it, O my Prince!
Let it refresh you,
Let it restore you,
May God bless the gift!

Angels.

Amen.

Prince.

And the giver.

Angels.

Amen.

[The PRINCE and ELSIE pass slowly into the house. It is now dark.]

SCENE III.—*On the road to Salerno.*
PRINCE HENRY, ELSIE, and their attendants.

Elsie.

Onward and onward the highway runs
to the distant city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of
love and of hate, of doing and daring!

Prince Henry.

This life of ours is a wild Æolian harp
of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail,
as of souls in pain.

Elsie.

All the hedges are white with dust, while
onward the horses toil and strain.

Prince Henry.

Now they stop at the wayside inn, and
the waggoner laughs with the landlord's daughter.

Elsie.

All through life there are wayside inns,
where man may refresh his soul with
love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at
rivulets fed by springs from above.
[They turn down a green lane.]
Sweet is the air with the budding haws,
and the valley stretching for miles
below
Is white with blossoming cherry trees, as
if just covered with lightest snow.

Prince Henry.

Hark, what sweet sounds art those, whose accents holy
Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet?

Elsie.

It is a band of pilgrims moving slowly
On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

Pilgrims.

[*Chanting the hymn to St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus clavis lingua Petri,
Cujus cives semper læti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

Lucifer.

[*As a friar in the procession.*

Here am I, too, in the pious band,
The soles of my feet are hard and tanned.
There is my German Prince again,
Far on his journey to Salerno,
And the love-sick girl, whose heated brain
Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain;
But it's a long road that has no turn!
Let them quietly hold their way,
I have also a part in the play.
But first I must act to my heart's content

This mummery and this merriment,
And drive this motley flock of sheep
Into the fold where drink and sleep
The jolly old friars of Benevent.
Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh,
To see these beggars hobble along,
Lamed and maimed and fed upon chaff,
Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,
And, to make up for not understanding
the song,
Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong!

Pilgrims.

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis;
In hâc odor implens cœlos,
In hâc semper festum melos!
[*The Pilgrims pass on, their chant is heard in the distance.*
Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro!
[PRINCE HENRY, ELSIE, and Attendants journey on. They reach a height overlooking the sea and encamp. Evening.

Prince Henry.

It is the sea, it is the sea,
In all its vague immensity;
Fading and darkening in the distance!
Silent, majestic, and slow
The white ships haunt it to and fro,
With all their ghostly sails unfurled,
As phantoms from another world
Haunt the dim confines of existence.

Elsie.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
The stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea;
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond,
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer,
Christe eleison!

Attendants.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
The stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea;
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond,
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer,
Christe eleison!

SCENE IV.—*The Medical School at Salerno, LUCIFER dressed as a doctor.*

Lucifer.

My guests approach! There is in the air
An odour of innocence and of prayer!
I cannot breathe such an atmosphere;
My soul is filled with a nameless fear,
That after all my restless endeavor,
The most ethereal, most divine,
Will escape from my hands for ever and ever.

But the other is already mine.

[*Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, with attendants.*

Prince.

Can you direct us to Friar Angelo?

Lucifer.

He stands before you.

Prince.

Then you know our purpose.
I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and this
The maiden that I spake of,



EVAN WILLIAMS

Lucifer.

Does she
Without compulsion, of her own free
will,
Consent to this?

Prince.

Against all opposition.
She will not be persuaded.

Lucifer.

Have you thought well of it? *[To ELSIE.]*

Elsie.

I come not here to argue,
But to die.

Attendants.

O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust
shall grow
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
"Ave Maria" in characters of gold!

Elsie.

[To the Attendants.]
Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice
with me,
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in
heaven.
There is no more to say, let us go in.

Prince.

Not one step further! I only meant
To put thy courage to the proof.
Friar Angelo! I charge you on your life.
Believe not what she says, for she is mad.

Elsie.

Alas! Prince Henry!

Lucifer.

Come with me this way.
*[ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who
thrusts PRINCE HENRY back, and
closes the door.]*

Prince.

Gone, and the light of my life gone with
her!
A sudden darkness falls upon the world.
[To the Attendants.]
Why did you not lay hold on her and
keep her
From self-destruction? Angelo! Mur-
derer!
*[Struggles at the door, but cannot
open it.]*

Elsie.

Farewell, dear Prince, farewell! *[Within.]*

Prince and Attendants.

Unbar the door!

Lucifer.

It is too late!

Prince and Attendants.

It shall not be too late!
*[They burst the door open and
rush in.]*

SCENE V.—URSULA'S Cottage.

Ursula.

[Looking through the open door.]
Who is it coming under the trees?
A man in the Prince's livery dressed!
He fills my heart with strange alarm!
[Enter a Forester.]

Forester.

Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm?

Ursula.

This is his farm and I his wife.

Forester.

News from the Prince!

Ursula.

Of death or life?

Forester.

Your daughter lives and the Prince is
well.
You will learn, ere long, how it all befell.
Her heart for a moment never failed.
But when they reached Salerno's gate,
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a nobler fate.

Ursula.

Virgin, who lovest the poor and lowly.
If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy,
Receive my prayer and praise of thanks-
giving,
Our child who was dead again is living.

O bring me to her; for mine eyes
Are hungry to behold her face;
My very soul within me cries;
My very hands seem to caress her,
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her;
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

SCENE VI.—The Castle of Vautsberg on
the Rhine. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE
stand on the Terrace. It is the even-
ing of their marriage day. The sound
of bells heard from a distance.

Prince.

We are alone; the wedding guests
Ride down the hill with plumes and
cloaks,
And the descending dark invests
The forests hoar and haunted oaks.

Elsie.

What bells are those that ring so slow,
So mellow, musical, and low?

Prince.

They are the bells of Geisenheim
That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

Elsie.

Listen, beloved!

Prince.

They are done.
Dear Elsie, many years ago
These same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride,
He heard their sound with secret pain.

Elsie.

Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee.

Prince.

Thou know'st the story of her ring,
How when the court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day.
Till into one of the blue lakes
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring drawn from her hand;
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated short,
Nor left the land for evermore.

Elsie.

That was true love.

Prince.

For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

Elsie.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?
Wilt thou so love me after death?

Prince.

Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm blue waters of thine eyes,
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,
And, undisturb'd by this world's breath,
With magic light its jewels shine.

Both.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health and sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter I am thine.

[*They go in.*]

CHORAL EPILOGUE.

God sent his messenger, the rain,
And said unto the mountain brook,
"Rise up, and from thy caverns look,
And leap, with naked snow-white feet,
From the cool hills into the heat
Of the broad and arid plain."

God sent His messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's heart,
"Rise up, and look from where thou art,
And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of death."

The deed divine
Is written in characters of gold
That never shall grow old,
But through all ages
Burn and shine!



CWILYM MILES

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1889—CHORAL UNION SERIES—1901

THE final Concert in the present May Festival Series is Number ONE HUNDRED of the Complete Choral Union Series. The University Musical Society offers the following statement of its work during the past twelve years, feeling that such a retrospect will prove both interesting and profitable. During this period 37 Chorus Concerts, 18 Symphony Concerts, 12 Song Recitals, 9 Piano Recitals, 5 Violin Recitals, 4 Organ Recitals, 15 Miscellaneous Concerts have been given at a total expense of \$80,000.

LIST OF ORGANIZATIONS AND ARTISTS.

ORCHESTRAS.

Boston Festival (36); Boston Symphony (3); Chicago Festival (3); Detroit (10); Pittsburgh (2); Seidl; Thomas (6).

STRING QUARTETTES.

Detroit Philharmonic Club (4); New York Philharmonic Club; Spiering Quartette. Total, 6.

CONDUCTORS.

Herbert (2); Kneisel; Mollenhauer (23); Nikisch (2); Rosenbecker; Seidl; Stanley (36); Thomas (6); Zeitz (3).

ARTISTS.

SOPRANOS.

Miss Anderson (3); Miss Bailey (2); Mrs. Bishop (5); Mme. Brema; Calve; Miss Doolittle; Mrs. Ford (2); Mme. Fabris; Mad. Gadski; Miss Goodwin; Miss Harrah; Mrs. Henschel; Miss Hiltz; Mad. Juch (3); Mad. Klafsky; Mad. Kaschoska; Mme. Linné; Miss Lohbiller; Mrs. Nikisch; Mme. Nordica (2); Miss Parmeter; Mme. de Vere-Sapio; Miss Stewart (5); Mad. Steinbach; Mad. Tanner-Musin; Mrs. Walker (2); Mrs. Winchell (2); Mrs. Wood; Mrs. Zimmerman (2).

CONTRALTOS.

Mrs. Bloodgood (3); Mrs. Bouton (2); Miss Buckley (2); Miss Crawford; Mrs. Clements (2); Miss Glenn; Miss Hall; Miss Heinrich; Mad. Jacoby (2); Mrs. Pease (2); Miss Roselle (2); Mad. Schumann-Heink (2); Miss Spencer (4); Miss Stein (8); Miss Stoddard; Miss Towle; Miss Weed; Mrs. Wright.

TENORS.

Berthald (3); Cowper; Davies; Dupuy; Gordon; Hall (3); Hamlin (2); Jordan (2); Lavin; McKinley (2); Knorr (2); Moore (2); Mockridge (2); Parker; Rieger (3); Stevens (4); Towne (3); Williams (6).

BARITONES AND BASSES.

Beresford (2); Bispham (4); Campanari (5); Campion; Campbell; Clarke (2); Crane; Del Puente; Plunket Greene; Heinrich (9); Henschel; Holmes; Howland (5); Lamson (6); Meyn (5); Miles (4); Mills (2); Senger; Spalding; Whitney (2).

PIANISTS.

d'Albert; Aus der Ohe (3); Carreno (2); Dohnanyi; Friedheim (2); Jonas (5); Lachaume (2); Lockwood (2); de Pachman; Paderewski; Scharff; Schmall (3); Seyler (2); Sieveking; Sternberg; von Grave (2); Zeisler.

VIOLINISTS.

Bendix; Miss Botsford; Burmester; Halir; Kreisler; Lichtenberg; Loeffler; Musin; Miss Powell; Rivarde; Sturm (2); Winternitz; Ysaye; Yunck (2); Zeitz (3).

VIOLONCELLISTS.

Abel; Diestel; Giese; Heberlein; Heindl; Hoffman.

ORGANISTS.

Archer; Eddy (2); Guilmant; Renwick.

CHORAL WORKS WITH ORCHESTRA.

Berlioz, "Damnation of Faust" (3); Bruch, "Arminius"; Buck, "Light of Asia"; Chadwick, "Lily Nymph"; Gounod, "Redemption"; Handel, "Messiah" (3); Mendelssohn, "Elijah" (2), "St. Paul," 42d Psalm; Parker, "Hora Novissima"; Rheinberger, "Cristophorus"; Rossini, "Stabat Mater"; Saint-Saens, "Samson and Delilah" (2); Sullivan, "Golden Legend"; Coleridge-Taylor, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast"; Wagner, "Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," Act. I. (2); Verdi, "Manzoni Requiem" (2).

SMALLER CHORAL WORKS AND SELECTIONS WITH ORCHESTRA.

Brahms, "Requiem" (two choruses); Bruch, "Fair Ellen" (2), "Flight into Egypt" (2), "Flight of the Holy Family" (2); Cornelius, "Salamaleikum," from "Barber of Bagdad"; Fanning, "Song of the Vikings"; Foote, "Wreck of the Hesperus"; Gounod, "Gallia" (4), "Lovely Appear" and "Unfold Ye Everlasting Portals," from "Redemption"; Grieg, "Discovery" (2); Marchetti, "Ave Maria" (2); Massenet, "Narcissus"; Rheinberger, "The Night" (2); Saint-Saens, "Spring Song" from "Samson and Delilah"; Stanley, "Chorus Triumphalis" (2); Wagner, "Flying Dutchman," Act II., "Hail Bright Abode" from "Tannhaeuser" (3), "Flower Girls Scene" from "Parsifal," "Bacchanale and Chorus of Sirens" from "Tannhaeuser, Act I., Scene 1; Verdi, "Stabat Mater."

ARIAS. (BY COMPOSERS.)

Beethoven (3); Bellini (2); Bemberg; Berlioz; Bizet (5); Boildieu; Braga; Chadwick (2); Cornelius; David; Donizetti (3); D'Acqua; Gluck (2); Gounod (9); Graun; Halevy; Handel (11); Haydn (4); Leoncavallo (3); Massenet (6); Mercadante (2); Meyerbeer; Mozart (4); Peccia; Pergolese; Ponchielli; Rossi; Rossini (3); Saint Saens; Schubert; Spohr; Thomas, A. (5); Thomas, G. (3); Tschaiakowsky (4); Verdi (7); Wagner (19); Weber (5).

SONGS. (BY COMPOSERS.)

d'Albert; Allitsen (2); Bach; Beethoven; Berger; Bohm (2); Brahms (8); Brockway; Carmichael; Carissimi (2); Chadwick (8); Chaminade (2); Cimarosa; Clay (6); Cowen (2); Dalaynac; Damrosch (2); Delibes; Dolby; Dulcken; Dvorak; English (Old) (14); Foote (4); Franck; Franz (2); French (Old); Godard; Gounod; Grieg; Hahn, R.; Harris; Haydn; Henschel (8); Hollaender; Hook; Horrocks (3); Irish (Old) (5); Jensen; Kirchner; Korbay (2); Lalo (3); Lehmann;

Liszt; Loewe (6); MacDowell (3); Mackenzie (3); Martin; Massenet; Mendelssohn (4); Meyer-Helmund; Molloy; Nevin (2); Parker; Purcell (2); Raff; Ries; Saint-Saens (2); Sapio; Schubert (34); Schultz; Schumann (38); Scotch (Old) (4); Sieveking; Sommerville (13); Spicker; Strauss, R. (4); Sullivan; Thomas, G (4); Thome; Tosti; Tschaiakowsky (3); Umlauf; Waldheim; Wallnoefer; Weil; Wolff.

SYMPHONIES.

Beethoven—No. 2, D major (2); No. 3, "Eroica"; No. 5, C minor; No. 6, "Pastoral"; No. 7, A major.
Dvorak—"In the New World" (2).
Goldmark—"Rustic Wedding."
Haydn—E flat, No. 1.
Mendelssohn—A minor, "Scotch."
Mozart—G major (Short Symphony); G minor.
Raff—"Im Walde."
Schubert—B minor, "Unfinished" (2).
Schumann—B flat (2).
Spohr—"Consecration of Tones."
Stanley—F major.
Tschaiakowsky—"Pathetic" (2).

SYMPHONIC POEMS AND ORCHESTRAL SELECTIONS.

Bach—Adagio, Gavotte; Præludium und Fuga; Suite in D.
Beethoven—Allegretto, 7th Symphony; Allegretto scherzando, 8th Symphony.
Berlioz—"Danse des Sylphes"; Menuetto, "Will o' the Wisps"; Marche "Hongroise"
Bizet—Ballet Music "Carmen; Suite, "Children's Games"; Suite, "Les Arlesienne."
Brahms—Hungarian Dances.
Chabrier — Entr'acte, "Gwendoline"; "Rapsodie Espana."
Chadwick—Symphonic Sketches.
Delibes—Intermezzo, "Naila."
Dubois—Petit Suite.
Dvorak—Symphonic Variations, Op. 78.
Foote—Theme and Variations, Suite in D minor.
Franck—Symphonic Poem, "Les Eolides."
German—Ballet Music, "Henry VIII."
Gilson—Fanfare Inaugurale.
Goldmark—Prelude Act III., "Cricket on the Hearth"; Scherzo.
Gounod—"Hymn to St. Cecelia."
Grieg—"Herzwunden," "Im Fruehling" (Strings); Suite, "Peer Gynt" (2).
Hadley—Festival March.
Haydn—Variations, "Austrian National Hymn" (Strings).
Humperdinck—Dream Music, "Haensel and Gretel;" Vorspiele II. and III., "Koenigs-kinder."
Kaun—Festival March.
Liszt—"Les Preludes" (2); Grand Polonaise in E; Rhapsodie No. IX.

MacDowell—Suite, Op. 42; Suite, "Indian."
Mackenzie—Benedictus.
Massenet—Prelude, Act III., "Heroiade"; Suite, "Les Erinnyes."
Mendelssohn—Mid-Summer Night's Dream" Music; Scherzo.
Moszkowski—"Malaguena" and "Maurische Fantasie," from "Boabdil"; "Suite d'Orchestra."
Paganini—"Mobile Perpetuum."
Puccini—"Le Boheme."
Rimsky-Korsakow — Symphonic Poem, "Scheerazade."
Saint-Saens—"A Night in Lisbon"; Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale"; "Marche Heroique."
Schubert—Theme and Variations, D minor Quartette (Strings).
Smetana—"Sarka"; Symphonic Poem, "Wallenstein's Camp."
Stanley — Symphonic Poem, "Attis"; Scherzo from F major Symphony.
Strauss Ed.—"Seid umschlungen Millionen."
Svendsen—"Kronung's Marsch"; Fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet" (2).
Tschaiakowsky—Andante from B flat Quartette; Elegy, Theme and Variations and Polacca; Marche, "Slav"; Serenade, Op. 48; Suite, "Casse Noisette."
Wagner—Bacchanale; "Kaiser-marsch"; Introduction to Act III., "Lohengrin" (4); "Good Friday Spell," "Parsifal"; "Flower Girl's Scene" (2); "Ride of the Valkyrs" (3); "Siegfried and the Bird"; "Siegfried's Death"; "Siegfried" Idyll; "Siegfried's Rhine Journey and Passing to Brunhilde's Rock" (2); "Waldweben."
Weber—"Invitation to the Dance."

OVERTURES.

Beethoven—"Egmont"; "Fidelio" (2); "Lenore" No. 2; No. 3 (4).
Berlioz—"Benvenuto Cellini"; "Carneval Romain" (2).
Brahms—"Akademische Fest"; "Tragische."
Chabrier—"Gwendoline."
Chadwick—"Melpomene."
Cherubini—"Anacreon."
Dvorak—"In der Natur."
Goldmark—"Sakuntala."
Humperdinck—"Haensel and Gretel."
Litolf—"Robespierre."

Mendelssohn—"Mid-Summer Night's Dream" (2); "Ruy Blas."
 Mozart—"Figaro"; "Magic Flute."
 Paine—"Oedipus Tyrannus."
 Rossini—"William Tell."
 Schumann—"Genoveva."
 Thomas—"Mignon."
 Tschaiakowsky—"1812."
 Wagner—"Faust" (2); "Flying Dutchman" (2); "Lohengrin" (4); "Meistersinger" (5); "Parsifal"; "Rienzi" (2); "Tannhaeuser" (4); "Tristan" (4).
 Weber—"Euryanthe"; "Freischuetz"; "Oberon" (3); "Jubel."

CONCERTOS.

Beethoven—E flat (Pianoforte).
 Bruch—G minor (Violin) (2).
 Chopin—E minor (Pianoforte).
 Dubois (Organ).
 Ernst (Violin).
 Henselt—F minor (Pianoforte).
 Lindner—(Violoncello).
 Liszt—E flat; A major; "Hungarian Fantasie" (Pianoforte).
 Mendelssohn—E minor (Violin).
 Rubinstein—D minor (Pianoforte).
 Saint-Saens—A minor (Violoncello); G minor (Pianoforte); Rondo Capriccioso (Violin) (2).
 Tschaiakowsky—B flat minor (Pianoforte).
 Wieniawski—(Violin) (2).

ENSEMBLE MUSIC (QUARTETTES, Etc.

Beethoven—D major, Op. 18, No. 3.
 Dvorak—F major, Op. 96.
 Grieg—Op. 27.
 Jadassohn—Quintette, Op. 76.
 Kurth—Sextette.
 Mendelssohn—E flat, Op. 12.
 Mozart—D major.

Rubinstein—C minor, Op. 17, No. 2, Op. 19.
 Saint-Saens—Piano Septet, Op. 65.
 Schubert—D minor.
 Schumann—Piano Quintette, Op. 44.

VIOLIN AND PIANO.

Beethoven—Op. 47 ("The Kreutzer") (2); Grieg, Op. 8, Op. 45; Ries, Suite, G minor; Rubinstein, Op. 13, Op. 19; Schubert, G minor; Tartini (2).

PIANO SOLOS.

Aus der Ohe; Bach (3); Beethoven (8); Brahms (3); Carreno; Chopin (47); D'Acquina; d'Albert; Delibes; Dohnanyi; Godard (5); Handel (2); Hensel (2); Jonas; Kullak; Leschetitzky; Liszt (30); Mendelssohn (5); MacDowell; Mayer; Moszkowski (2); Paderewski (8); Rubinstein (4); Raff; Saint-Saens (2); Schubert (3); Schumann (2); Stavenhagen; Tschaiakowsky.

VIOLIN SOLOS.

Bach (5); Bazzini; Brahms; Bruch; Ernst (2); Halir; Handel; Hubay; de Kontsky; Musin; Nardini; Paganini (3); Ries; Spohr; Tartini (2); Tschaiakowsky; Vieuxtemps (2); Wagner-Wilhelm (2); Wieniawski; Zaizycki.

VIOLONCELLO SOLOS.

Goldbeck; Goltermann; Heberlein; Popper; Saint-Saens; Servais.

ORGAN SOLOS.

Archer; Bach (4); Beethoven; Berlioz; Boellmann; Borowski; Bossi; Buxtehude; Callaerts; Chopin; Dubois (4); Faulkes; Franck; Fumagalli; Gigout; Guilmant (5); Hollins (2); Hoyte; Krebs, Lemare; Mailly; Moszkowski; Saint-Saens; Salome; Schumann; Silas; Stainer; Wagner (3); Widor.

This record of the activity of the UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY, under whose auspices the Choral Union Concerts are given, would be incomplete without reference to the concerts given in the University School of Music in the nine years of its existence. During this period over two hundred and fifty concerts and lectures have been given by members of the Faculty or by students.

The programs of the Faculty Concerts include most of the great classic and modern works in the chamber-music repertoire, and many important modern compositions have been performed for the first time in America at these concerts.

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The Pupils' Recitals.—Practice in Orchestral Playing.—Use of University Library.

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For further information address,

THOMAS C. COLBURN, *Secretary of the University School of Music,*

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