

UNIVERSITY HALL—ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

F. W. KELSEY, UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY A. A. STANLEY,
President. Director.

1901—CHORAL UNION SERIES—1902

THIRTEENTH SEASON—FIFTH CONCERT.

(No. CV. Complete Series.)

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, 1902.

SONG RECITAL

BY

PLUNKET GREENE

RUDOLPH VON SCARPA, Accompanist

Program.

PART I.

Komm' Süsser Tod,	Bach.
Ein neues andächtiges Kindelwiegen,	D. Corner (1649)
Entendez vous le Carillon du Verre,	18th Century
Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,	Mendelssohn
Abschied,	Schubert
Aufträge,	Schumann
Feldeinsamkeit,	}	Brahms
Vergebliches Ständchen,	}	
La belle Dame sans Merci,	}	C. V. Stanford
The Old Navy,	}	

PART II.

TRADITIONAL AIRS.

Mourning in the Village dwells,	}	(Hungarian).	arr. by F. Korbay
Speed on, Engine,	}		
Oh! ye dead,	}	(Irish).	arr. by C. V. Stanford
Eva Toole,			
Remember the Poor,			
Trottin' to the Fair,			
Quick! we have but a second,	}		
The Heroes of the Sea,			

Steinway & Sons' piano used.

The next Concert in this Series will be the First May Festival Concert, Thursday,
May 15, 1902. GLUCK'S "ORPHEUS."

“TODESSEHNSUCHT.”

Come, soothing Death! Come, sweet
Repose!
Come, lead me to my rest,
Too long by life opprest;
Oh, come! I wait for thee!
Come soon, to summon me!
Mine eyelids gently close!
Come, sweet Repose!

Come, soothing Death! Come, sweet
Repose!
My Jesus I shall see,
And heaven's bright company!
Now ended is the fight,—
Thou world, a long good-night!
My weary eyelids close,—
Come, sweet Repose!

“EIN NEUES ANDÄCHTIGES KINDELWIEGEN.”

D. Corner (1649). Arr. by S. Liddle.

A babe lies in the cradle,
A little babe so dear,
With noble light He shineth,
As shines a mirror clear,
This little babe so dear.

Whoso would rock the cradle,
Where lies the gentle Child,
A lowly heart must lead him,
By passions undefiled—
As Mary, pure and mild.

The babe within the cradle
Is Jesus Christ our Lord;
To us all peace and amity
At this good time afford,
Thou Jesus Christ our Lord!

O Jesus, babe beloved!
O Jesus, babe divine!
How mighty is thy wondrous love;
Fill thou this heart of mine
With that great love of thine!

PAUL ENGLAND.

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“ENTENDEZ-VOUS LE CARILLON DU VERRE.”

18th Century. Arr. by C. V. Stanford.

Hark, how our glasses chime with merry
din,
To ring with pomp our pleasures in!
What sound hath earth than this more
blest,
That wakes our thirst anew, and brings
our cares to rest?

The holy bells, they say,
Fright thunder clouds away,
When near their rumbling chariot rolls;
With sweeter sound
These crystal chimes confound
The cares that would infest our souls.

Hark, how our glasses chime with merry
din,
To ring with pomp our pleasures in!

PAUL ENGLAND.

“AUF FLÜGELN DES GESANGES.”

(English Version.)

On wings of song I'll bear thee
To the fairest of all fair lands,
Where the deep-voiced Asian Ganges
Rolls through its flowery strands.

The violets whisper together
As they gaze on the star-lit skies,
The roses lean to each other
And mingle their perfumed sighs.

There, in a roseate garden,
Where the moon-charmed breeze is
dumb,
Thy lovely kin the lotus,
Wait till their sister come.

Over the leaves come leaping
The gentle wary gazelles;
Afar, from the sacred river,
A solemn murmur swells.

And there, in the palm-tree shadows,
Stretched on the breathing flowers,
We'll drink the love-laden silence
And dream through the blissful hours.

PAUL ENGLAND.

"ABSCHIED."

Farewell, merry town, with thy frolic and
mirth,
Farewell!
My good horse is neighing, no longer
he'll stand,
So take my last greeting from heart and
from hand;
Never yet hast thou seen me in sorrowful
case;
Though the parting be hard I must bear
a brave face.

Farewell, ye trees, and ye gardens so gay,
Farewell!
By the crystalline stream as I canter
along,
I send you, at parting, a loud ringing
song.
The songs I have sung you were gay ones
all,—
No gloomier sounds from my lips shall
fall.

Farewell, ye maidens, whose smiles were
so kind,
Farewell!
How shyly you peep from the rose-cov-
ered porch,
And beckon me back with your eyes'
bright torch!
I greet you, and smile on each smiling
face,
Yet I dare not slacken my horse's pace.

Farewell—ye stars, hide your tremulous
lamps!
Farewell!
The light from the one little window I
love
Shines brighter for me than your legions
above.
Alas! though your watches ye faithfully
keep,
That light I must lose, and the darkness
is deep.

PAUL ENGLAND.

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"LOVE'S MESSENGERS."

Tiny streamlet, stop, I pray thee!
Just a moment I would stay thee,
I have something worth the telling
For my only dear,
As thou rippest by her dwelling,
Whisper in her ear.
Say, I would have sought her side,
Sailing on thy crystal tide,
For the bliss
Of a kiss
Would have made petition,
But the time
Would not chime
With my heart's ambition.

Little dove, on eager pinions
Speeding through the cloud dominions,
Not so swiftly! prithee tarry,
Stooping through the air;
Countless greetings thou must carry
To my chosen fair.
Say I would have flown with thee
Over mountain moor and lea,
For the bliss
Of a kiss
Would have made petition,
But the time
Would not chime
With my heart's ambition.

Art thou waiting to be driven,
Laggard moon in yonder heaven?
Where my darling maid is sleeping,
There thy light should be;
Through the lattice softly peeping
Smile on her for me.
Fain were I to ride with thee,
All her loveliness to see,
For the bliss
Of a kiss
Boldly to petition,
But too slow
Thou dost go
For so sweet a mission.

PAUL ENGLAND.

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"FELDEINSAMKEIT."

Where noonday sleeps upon the grassy
hill
I lie and watch the boundless blue
above me;
The whir of tiny wings is never still,
The sunlit skies to wondrous visions
move me.

As o'er me float, along the azure dome,
The fair white clouds, like dreamland's
silent legions,
My spirit seeks again its long-lost home,
And floats with them through heaven's
eternal regions.

PAUL ENGLAND.

“VERGEBLICHES STÄNDCHEN.”

“Good even, fair mistress! How goes it,
sweetheart?
I’m here for love of thee,
Open thy door to me!
Let me in, sweetheart!”

“The night is so raw, the wind blows so
wild,
My heart will starve with cold,
My love no longer hold,—
Let me in, sweet child!”

“Fast locked is my chamber, and barred
for the night;
My mother tells me true,
Should I give heed to you,
’Twould undo me quite!”

“When hearts grow chilly, then lovers
should part!
True love’s a fire, ’tis said,
So get you gone to bed!
Fare you well, cold heart!”

“LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.”

“Oh, what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
So lone and palely loitering,
The sedge hath wither’d from the lake,
And no birds sing.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true!

Oh, what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe begone?
The squirrel’s granary is full,
And the harvest’s done.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh’d full
sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.”

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream’d, ah, woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream’d
On the cold hill’s side.

“I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a fairy’s child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I saw pale kings and princes, too,
Pale warriors, death pale were they all,
They cried, ‘La Belle Dame Sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall.’

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone,
She look’d at me as she did love
And made sweet moan.

I saw their starv’d lips in the gloom,
With horrid warning gaping wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill’s side.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend and sing
A fairy’s song.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither’d from the
lake
And no birds sing!”

JOHN KEATS.

“THE OLD NAVY.”

The captain stood on the carronade:
“First Lieutenant,” says he,
“Send all my merry men aft here,
For they must list to me!
I haven’t the gift of the gab, my sons,
Because I’m bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman,
Who means to fight with we.

We fought for twenty minutes,
When the Frenchman had enough;
“I little thought,” said he,
“That your men were of such stuff.”
Our Captain took the Frenchman’s sword,
A low bow made to he;
“I haven’t the gift of the gab, monsieur,
But polite I wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs,
Long as I’ve been to sea,
I’ve fought against every odds,
But I’ve won a victory.”

And odds bobs, etc.”

“That ship there is a Frenchman,
And if we don’t take she,
It’s a thousand bullets to one
That she will capture we.
I haven’t the gift of the gab, my boys,
So each man to his gun;
If she’s not mine in half-an-hour,
I’ll flog every mother’s son!

Our Captain sent for all of us;
“My merry men,” said he,
“I haven’t the gift of the gab, my lads,
But I’ll thankful be:
You’ve done your duty handsomely,
Each man stood to his gun;
If you hadn’t, you villains, as sure as day
I’d have flogg’d every mother’s son.

And odds bobs, etc.”

And odds bobs, etc.”

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

"MOURNING IN THE VILLAGE DWELLS."

Mourning in the village dwells:
Hear the shepherds' morning bells!
Yester-morn he led, to the pasture sheep
 he led,
Now he sleeps beneath the church-gate,
 dead.

Mother to the pasture come!
Bid your shepherd lad go home,
Mother, not to-night; at the inn there'll
 be a fight;
At the inn I'll bathe in blood, this night.

To the inn I go tonight,
Shepherds three they seek to fight,
And a fourth stands by, and to quell the
 fight shall try;
He must quell it though he live or die.

Mourning in the village dwells:
For the fourth they toll death bells;
Mother, go thou home, to thy shepherd
 never come,
For he hears not when you call him home.

"SPEED ON, ENGINE."

Speed on, engine, fiery engine, thunder
 onward!
Through the night with flare and fury
 thunder onward!
We must fight for home and kindred,
Thunder onward, storm along with our
 six hundred!

While the roaring cannon rends the skies
 asunder,
We will lead a charge and fill the world
 with wonder!
We will live in deathless story,
On, my boys, and if we fall our end is
 glory!

"OH, YE DEAD."

(Voice of the Living.)

"Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! whom we
 know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes though ye
 move like men who live,
 Why leave you thus your graves,
 In far-off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only
 knows your bed,
 To haunt this spot where all
 Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your
 own, lie dead?"

(Voice of the Dead.)

"It is true, it is true, we are shadows
 cold and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we
 lov'd on earth are gone;
 But still thus e'en in death,
 So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth
 we wander'd o'er,
 That ere condemned we go
 To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and think we
 live once more!"

THOMAS MOORE.

"EVA TOOLE."

(Irish.)

Who's not heard of Eva Toole,
Munster's purest, proudest jewel,
Queen of Lim'rick's lovely maidens,
Kerry's charming girls?
As her gliding course she takes
Like a swan across the lakes,
With her voice of silver cadence,
And her smile of pearls.

Oh, the eyes of Eva Toole,
Now why wouldn't Cromwell cruel
Just have called two centuries later,
Here on Carrig height?
For one angry azure flash
From beneath her ebon lash!—
And away old Noll would scatter
Out of Eva's sight.

Is't describe you Eva Toole?
As she danced last night at Shrule,
Her two feet like swallows skimmin'
Up and down the floor.
Or the courtesy that she dropped
Every time the music stopped,
Not the oldest man or woman
Saw such grace before.

Yet although you threw your rule,
O'er us all then, Eva Toole,
Ne'er a one but I was in it
Of all your sweethearts fine.
And my heart's in such a riot,
That to keep the crayture quiet,
I am runnin' round this minute,
Just to make you mine!

"REMEMBER THE POOR."

Oh! remember the poor, when your fortune is sure,
And acre to acre you join;
Oh! remember the poor, tho' but slender your store,
And you ne'er can go gallant and fine.
Oh! remember the poor, when they cry at your door,
In the raging rain and blast,
Call them in! cheer them up with the bite and the sup,
Till they leave you their blessing at last.

The red fox has his lair, and each bird of the air
With the night settles soft in his nest;
But the King who laid down His celestial crown
For our sakes, He had nowhere to rest.
Oh! the poor were forgot till their pitiful lot
He bowed himself to endure;
If your souls ye would make, for His heavenly sake,
Oh! remember, remember the poor.

ARTHUR PERCEVAL GRAVES.

"TROTTIN' TO THE FAIR."

(*Old Air—"Will you take a flutter?"*)

Trottin' to the fair,
Me and Molly Maloney,
Seated, I declare,
On a single pony.
How am I to know that
Molly's safe behind,
With our heads in, oh! that
Awkward way inclined?
By her gentle breathin'
Whisper'd past my ear,
And her white arms wreathin'
Warm around me here.

Thus on Dobbin's back
I discoursed the darling,
Till upon our track
Leaped a mongrel, snarling.
"Ah!" says Moll, "I'm frightened
That the pony'll start—"
And her hands she tightened
Round my happy heart;
Till I axed her, "May I
Steal a kiss or so?"
And my Molly's grey eye
Didn't answer "No."

"QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND."

(*Irish.*)

Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For oh! not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again!
Then quick! you have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh! shame unto thee,
If e'er thou see'st that day
When a cup or a lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HEROES OF THE SEA.

I'll tell you of a wonder, that will stiffen
up your hair,
That happened two poor fishermen convenient to Cape Clear.
They just had run their boat afloat,
they'd hardly gripped an oar,
When their dog leapt in, their cat stepped in,
that ne'er did so before.
Now what overcame the creatures to start from shore?

Says one brother: "What's come o'er them two, who ne'er on land agree,
To settle up their difference a-this-way at sea?"
"I consave," replied the other, "'tis the portent we could wish
For a powerful take of pilchard, since that same's their favorite fish.
'Tis a symptom, for sure, of a power of fish."

Well! when the rising sun revealed a swiftly rushing shoal,
Their net they shot and found they'd got a purty tidy haul.
But when a dozen yards of mesh they'd plumped into the hold,
They saw their fish were fine say-rats, which made their blood run cold,
As around and around them they screeched and rolled.

But ere each rat could rip his way from out the noosin' net,
Bedad, the jaws of Towser or the claws of Tom he met.
Then safely our two fishermen rowed home from out the bay,
And Tom and Towser from that time were heroes you may say,
Round about the country-side, many and many a day.

ARTISTS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

MME. JOHANNA GADSKI, }
 (Metropolitan Opera Co), } Sopranos,
 MME. EVTA KILESKEI, }
 MISS ANITA RIO, }
 MR. BARRON BERTHALD, }
 MR. GLEN HALL, } Tenors.
 MR. JAMES MOORE, }
 MR. MARSHALL A. PEASE, }

MME. LOUISE HOMER, }
 (Metropolitan Opera Co.), } Contraltos.
 MISS JANET SPENCER, }
 SIG. EMILIO DE GOGORZA, }
 MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, } Baritones.
 MR. FREDERICK MARTIN, }

MR. ERNEST HUTCHESON, Pianist.
 MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist.
 THE BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA, THE CHORAL UNION.
 MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER and MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductors.

PROGRAMS OF CONCERTS.

FIRST CONCERT.

Thursday Evening, May 15, 8.00 o'clock.

"ORPHEUS," an Opera, *Gluck*.

CAST.

Orpheus, - - - - MME. LOUISE HOMER
 Euridice, - - - - MME. EVTA KILESKEI
 Amor, - - - - MISS ANITA RIO
 Chorus and Orchestra.

SECOND CONCERT.

Friday Afternoon, May 16, 3.00 o'clock.

SOLOISTS.

MME. KILESKEI, Soprano.
 MR. ERNEST HUTCHESON, Pianist.

Overture, "Der Wassertraeger," - *Cherubini*
 Aria, "Dove Sono" from "Marriage of
 Figaro," - - - - *Mozart*
 Concerto, A minor, Op. 54, - - - - *Schumann*
 Allegro affettuoso; Andante grazioso; Allegro vivace.
 Symphony No. 5, C minor, - - - - *Beethoven*
 Allegro con brio; Andante con moto; Allegro; Allegro.

THIRD CONCERT.

Friday Evening, May 16, 8.00 o'clock.

"FAUST," a Lyric Opera, - *Gounod*.

CAST.

Faust, - - - - MR. GLEN HALL
 Margarita, - - - - MISS ANITA RIO
 Mephistopheles, - - - - MR. FREDERIC MARTIN
 Martha, - - - - MISS JANET SPENCER
 Valentine, - - - - SIG. EMILIO DE GOGORZA
 Brander, - - - - MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND
 Chorus, Organ and Orchestra.

FOURTH CONCERT.

Saturday Afternoon, May 17, 2:30 o'clock.

SOLOIST, MISS JANET SPENCER.

Symphony, B minor, "Unfinished," - *Schubert*
 Allegro moderato; Andante con moto,
 Aria.
 Suite, for Strings, - - - - *Tschaikowsky*
 Ballet Music, from "Azara," - - - - *Paine*
 Songs with Piano.
 Overture, Op. 68, "King Richard III," *Volkmann*

FIFTH CONCERT.

Saturday Evening, May 17, 7.30 o'clock.

"TANNHAUESER," Romantic Opera, - - - - *Wagner*.

CAST.

Tannhaueser, - - - - MR. BARRON BERTHALD
 Elisabeth, - - - - MME. JOHANNA GADSKI
 Venus, - - - - MME. LOUISE HOMER
 Wolfram, - - - - MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND
 Landgrave, - - - - MR. FREDERIC MARTIN
 Walther, - - - - MR. JAMES MOORE
 Heinrich, - - - - MR. MARSHALL A. PEASE
 Biterolf, - - - - MR. EARLE G. KILLEEN
 Reinmar, - - - - MR. F. HOWLAND WOODWARD
 A Shepherd, - - - - MISS FRANCES CASPARY
 Four Noble Pages, - - - -
 MISSES FARLIN, FISCHER, COFFEY and HARRIS

Choral Union and Orchestra.

SCHEDULE OF PRICES.

Tickets for May Festival (5 concerts)	-	\$3.00	Reserved seats for May Festival Series,	-
Single Tickets,	-	1.00	-	\$2.00 and \$1.00 extra.
Single Tickets for Saturday evening,	-	2.00	Reserved Seats for Single Concerts for	-
Seats for the Single Concerts are not reserved			May Festival Series,	-
until the day of the concert.				50 and 25 cents.

Parties desiring to order tickets, reserved seats, or boarding places, by mail, will please address (including P. O. order) Thomas C. Colburn, Secretary University School of Music. There are at present a limited number of desirable reserved seats unsold, which will be disposed of to purchasers in the order of their application. There will be standing room for several hundred at each concert.

Railroad Rates: ONE FARE for the ROUND TRIP from all points in the Lower Peninsula, good from May 14 to 19 inclusive.

