

**UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY**

F. W. KELSEY, President A. A. STANLEY, Director

**1904—CHORAL UNION SERIES—1905**

SIXTEENTH SEASON

**FIFTH CONCERT**

(No. CXXXV. Complete Series)

**University Hall, Tuesday Evening, February 14, 1905**

**At Eight O'clock**

**MURIEL FOSTER, Contralto**

**At the Piano, MISS KATE EADIE**

**PROGRAM**

"O del mio dolce ardor"		<i>Gluck</i>
"Vittoria"		<i>Carissimi</i>
"Klage"	}	
"Ständchen"		
"Mädchenlied"		<i>Brahms</i>
"Kirchhofe"		
"Willst du, dass ich geh?"		
"Le vieux livre"		<i>Paulin</i>
"Le Nil"		<i>Leroux</i>
"L'heure du Pourpre"		<i>Holmes</i>
"Aubade"		<i>Webber</i>
"Deck not with gems"		<i>Turnbull</i>
"Away on the Hill"		<i>Landon Ronald</i>
"A little winding road"		<i>Landon Ronald</i>
"Night"		<i>Cox</i>
"Happy Song"		<i>Teresa Del Riego</i>

THE PIANO USED IS A STEINWAY

The next Concert in the Choral Union Series will be the First May Festival Concert, Thursday, May 11, 1905.

## TEXT OF PROGRAM

### "O del mio dolce ardor

Gluck

O del mio dolce ardor bramato oggetto,  
l'aura che tu respiri, alfin, respiro.  
Ovunque il guardo io giro  
le tue vaghe sembianze  
amore in me dipinge:  
il mio pensier si finge  
le più liete speranze:  
e nel desio che così m'empie il petto  
cerco te . . . chiamo . . . spero e sospiro.

### "Vittoria! Vittoria!"

Carissimi

Vittoria! Vittoria! Vittoria! mio core!  
Non lagrimar più, non lagrimar più,  
E sciolata d'Amore la servitù.  
Già l'empia a tuoi danni  
Fra stuolo di sguardi  
Con vezzi bugiardi  
Dispose gli inganni!  
Le frode, gli affani non hanno più loco  
Del crudo suo foco, è spento l'ardore,  
Vittoria! Vittoria!

Da luci redenti  
Non esce più strale,  
Che pianga mortale  
Nel petto m'avventi:  
Nel duol ne' tormenti io più non mi sfaccio,  
E rotto ogni laccio, sparito il timore!  
Vittoria! Vittoria!

### Klage

Feins Liebchen, trau du nicht,  
Dass er Dein Herz nicht bricht!  
Schön Worte will er geben,  
Es kostet dein jung Leben  
Glaub's sicherlich!

Ich werde nimmer froh,  
Denn mir ging es also;  
Die Blätter vom Baum gefallen  
Mit den schönen Worten allen  
Ist Winterzeit!

Es ist jetzt Winterzeit  
Die Vögelein sind weit,  
Die mir im Lertz gesungen  
Mein Herz ist mir gesprungen  
Vor Liebesleid.

### Translation.

I triumph! I triumph! I triumph!  
The last word is spoken,  
Farewell to my sighs! Farewell to my  
tears!  
At length I have broken the bondage of  
years!

Though beauty to conquest with ardour  
advances  
And marshals against me her tenderest  
glances,  
Her folly, her falsehood no more can  
deceive me,  
He fraud and her cruelty no longer can  
grieve me.

Fair eyes falsely smiling; now cease your  
pursuing;  
No more your beguiling shall work my  
undoing;  
My pain and my torment forever are  
banished,  
O'er thrown are love's forces, and all fear  
hath vanished.

Brahms

### Translation.

Fair love, trust not his art  
That he may break thy heart!  
Sweet words with him are rife,  
'Twill cost thee thy young life,  
Be sure, believe.

I never joy may know,  
With me it was just so;  
The leaves from branches falling  
With sweet words, gone, past recalling,  
'Tis winter time!

It is now winter time,  
The birds in other clime  
Who sung my spring-tide token,  
My heart, my heart is broken  
In wounded love.

**Ständchen***Brahms*

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,  
 So recht für verliebte Leut,  
 Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,  
 Sonst Stille, weit und breit.  
 Hinter dem Mauer im Schatten  
 Da stehen der Studenten drei,  
 Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,  
 Und singen und spielen dabei.  
 Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten  
 Sacht in den Traum hinein,  
 Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten  
 Und lispelt "Vergiss' nicht mein!"

*Translation.*

The moon hangs over the mountain,  
 Just right for lovers dear;  
 In garden murmurs a fountain,  
 And silence far and near.  
 By yonder arch in the shadow  
 There stand three students nigh,  
 With flute and fiddle and zither,  
 And singing and playing thereby.  
 The music strays to the dear one,  
 Light thro' her dream 'tis wrought,  
 She sees her fair-hair'd lover,  
 And whispers, "Forget me not!"

**"Mädchenlied"***Brahms*

Auf die Nacht in der Spinnstub'n  
 Da singen die Mädchen,  
 Da lachen die Dorfbub'n,  
 Wie flink geh'n die Rädchen.

*Translation.*

At night at their spinning,  
 Maids sing as they trindle,  
 To village lads smiling,  
 How swift flies the spindle.

Spinnt Jedes am Brautschatz,  
 Dass der Liebste sich freut.  
 Nicht lange, so giebt es  
 Ein Hochzeitgeläut.

Each spins bridal treasure  
 Her dearest to bring,  
 Ere long the glad churchbell  
 Her wedding will ring.

Kein Mensch, der mir gut ist,  
 Will nach mir fragen;  
 Wie bang mir zu Muth ist,  
 Wem soll ich's klagen?

Not one that we neareth  
 Care of me owning,  
 My timid heart feareth,  
 Who'll hear my moaning?

Die Thränen rinnen,  
 Mir übers Gesicht,  
 Wofür soll ich spinnen?  
 Ich weiss es nicht!

The tears are running,  
 My face overflow,  
 O! why am I spinning?  
 I do not know!

**Auf der Kirchhofe***Brahms*

Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regen-  
 schwer,  
 Ich war an manch' vergess 'nem Grab' ge-  
 wesen,  
 Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt,  
 Die Namem überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.

*Translation.*

The day passed dark with rain and silently,  
 To many long forgotten graves I wandered,  
 Storm beaten, stone and cross, the garlands  
 old,  
 The names wash'd out and blurr'd, scarce  
 to decipher.

Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regen-  
 schwer,  
 Auf allen Gräbern fror das Wort "ge-  
 wesen,"  
 Wie sturmestodt die Särge schlummerten,  
 Auf allen Gräbern thaute still: "genesen."  
 — *Storm.*

The day passed stormily, in heavy rain,  
 On all the graves the frozen wood:  
 Deplored,  
 Like tempests dead, the dead, too slum-  
 bered;  
 On every grave it melted soft: Restored.

**Willst du, dass ich geh'***Brahms*

Auf der Haide weht der Wind—  
Herzig Kind, herzig Kind—  
Willst du, dass trotz Sturm und Graus  
In die Nacht ich muss hinaus—  
Willst du, dass ich geh'?

Auf der Haid' zu Bergeshöh'  
Treibt der Schnee; treibt der Schnee;  
Feget Strassen, Schlucht und Teich  
Mit den weissen Flügeln gleich.  
Willst du, dass ich geh'?

Horch, wie klingts herauf vom See  
Wild und weh, wild und weh!  
An den Weiden sitzt die Fei,  
Und mein Weg geht dort vorbei—  
Willst du, dass ich geh'!

Wie ists hier in deinem Arm  
Traut und warm, traut und warm  
Ach, wie oft hab' ich gedacht;  
So bei dir nur eine Nacht—  
Willst du, dass ich geh'?

—*Karl Lemoke.**Translation.*

On the moor the wind rides high,  
Sweet my love, fair my love,  
On my dark and stormy way  
Shall I wander far from thee,  
Wilt thou have me go?

On the moorland mountains high  
Lies the snow, lies the snow;  
Sweeps the land o'er hill and dale  
With his icy pinions pale,  
Wilt thou have me go?

Dost thou hear the waters moan,  
Wild and lone, wild and lone,  
On yon cliff there sits a fay,  
By her dwelling lies my way,  
Wilt thou have me go?

Oh, 'tis sweet in thy soft arms,  
Far from harms, far from harms!  
Oh, for this how have I sigh'd,  
Oh, for this how glad have died?  
Wilt thou have me go?

**“Le vieux livre”***Gaston Paulin*

Entre les pages d'un vieux livre  
Je garde les fleurs du passé  
D'un souvenir presque effacé  
Lorsque mon âme veut revivre  
J'ouvre les pages au vieux livre  
Entre les pages du vieux livre  
Parmi les fleurs aux tons jaunis  
Tous mes regrets ont fait leurs nids

Que d'oiseaux tristes je délivre  
Quand je feuillet te le vieux livre  
Entre les pages du vieux livre  
Je retrouve un peu de mon cœur  
Aux pétales de chaque fleur  
Mais souvent j'hésite à pour suivre  
Eteferme en pleurant le vieux livre.

**“Le Nil”***Leroux*

Les eaux du Nil toutes pâles s'écoulent.  
Sous les étoiles de la nuit  
Ah! Ah!  
Des sphinx aus bords sur deux rangs se  
déroulent.  
Ah! Ah!  
Au milieu notre barque fuit.

Le bien aimé s'accoudant sur la proue,  
Laisse errer sur moi son beil doux.  
Moi, renversant la tête, je secoue  
Mes cheveux d'or sur ses genoux,  
Et les grands Sphinx dans la plaine infinie  
Nous regardant passer près d'eux  
Confusément, versent une harmonie,  
Qui tombe en amour sur nous deux.

**“L'heure de Pourpre”***Holmes*

C'est l'heure  
Où le soleil mourant  
Roule vers sa rouge demeure  
C'est l'heure  
L'heure du baiser  
Fauve et torturant!  
Ecoute!  
Blottie entre mes bras,  
Mon cœur, qui saigne goutte à goutte  
Ecoute!

Si tu me trahis, tu mourras!  
O pleure  
Si jamais en passent, même en rêve,  
Un désir t'effleure!  
Oh! pleure, car la neige boira ton sang!  
C'est l'heure!  
Où le soleil mourant  
Roule vers sa rouge demeure.  
C'est l'heure!  
Où l'on s'aime en se torturant!

**"Aubade"**

*Amherst Webber*

Des bords vermeils du ciel changeant  
Voice que la clarté riselle  
Et que las rosée étincelle  
Partout en poussière d'argent.

Quand sur la bruyère endormie  
Se posera ton pied mutin  
Toutes les splendeurs du matin  
S'éveilleront pour te fêter O mon amie

L'alouette dans le ciel clair,  
Au bord du toit les hirondelles  
Partout un frémissement d'ailes  
Met un frissons joyeux dans l'air.

Quand près de la source endormie  
Tu viendras parmi les roseaux,  
Toutes les chansons des oiseaux  
S'éveilleront pour te charmer O mon amie.

Des bois qui bordent le chemin  
Monte et se répand sur la plaine  
Un souffle où se confond l'haleine  
Des violettes et des jasmins.

Quand sous la feuillée endormie  
Nous marcherons d'un pas distrait  
Toutes les senteurs de l'été  
S'éveilleront pour t'embaumer, O mon  
amie.

*Translation.*

The morning light on hill and plain  
In rosy radiance is breaking,  
Sleep has fled, and the world is awaking  
To life and its joyousness again.

When amid the silvery dew  
You come to greet the dawning day  
All the glowing splendours of May  
Shall then awake, O my beloved, to wel-  
come you.

The lark carolling on high,  
Full throated melody is pouring  
Triumphant, heavenward up-soaring  
Far to the glory of the sky.

Come then by the slumbering lake,  
Still all unconscious of the day,  
Ev'ry bird its tenderest lay  
Shall then attune, O my love, for thy dear  
sake.

The whisp'ring river onward flows,  
Whispering trees return its greeting,  
While 'neath the tangled shade are  
meeting  
The scents of the jessamin and rose.

When among the woodland flowers  
Together you and I shall rove  
All the light of love and the splendour shall  
be ours,  
The light and splendour shall be ours, O  
my love.

**"Deck not with gems"**

*Turnbull*

Deck not with gems that lovely form for  
me,  
They in my eyes can add no charm to  
thee;  
Braid not for me the tresses of thy hair,  
I must have loved thee hadst thou not been  
fair.

How oft, when in tears, hast thou beguiled  
The sorrow from my heart and I have  
smiled;  
Oh! formed alike my tears and smiles to  
share,  
I must have loved thee hadst thou not been  
fair.

Time on that cheek, his withering hand  
may press,  
He may do all but make me love thee less,  
The mind defies him, and thy charm lies  
there,  
I must have loved thee hadst thou not been  
fair.

**"Away to the Hill"** (Songs of the Hill)

*Landon Ronald*

Away on the Hill there runs a stream,  
On the top of the hill where the white  
    clouds dream,  
Ah! but the silvery pearldrops gleam!  
    And its waters flow  
    To the valley below,  
Ever seeking the valley below.

Down in the valley it sparkles bright;  
Once on the hill it leapt with delight;  
Ah! to taste once more of delight!  
    And it sighs in pain:  
    Ah! never again,  
Never to come to the hill again!

**"A little winding road"**

A little winding road  
Runs over the hill to the plain;  
A little road  
That crosses the plain  
And climbs to the hill again.

I sought for love on that road  
I saw him afar on the plain;  
I followed the road,  
And I crossed the plain,  
And I came to the hill again.

A little winding road  
Runs over the hill to the plain:  
A little road  
That crosses the plain,  
And climbs the hill again.

**Night**

*Cox*

The day is done, the birds have gone to  
    sleep,  
    The night wind murmurs sadly o'er the  
    lea,  
The sun has set, before me lies the deep,  
    The silent brooding mystery of the sea.

I stand alone, where but an hour ago  
    We met to say farewell before we parted,  
An hour that seems a year, for now I know  
    That you are gone, and I am broken-  
    hearted. *Raymond Warner.*

**"Happy Song"**

*Teresa del Riego*

Snow-drops, lift your bell-like petals,  
    Ring, ring, ring!  
Daffodils your golden goblets  
    Bring, bring, bring!  
Life is stirring, Nature waketh,  
With the sun her sleep she breaketh,  
Now at last Winter's past,  
    Spring, Spring, Spring!

In our ears soft music's echoes  
    Ring, ring, ring!  
Birds their homeward course from south-  
    wards  
    Wing wing, wing!  
To our hearts sweet love-songs flinging,  
In our sweet gladness ringing.  
Carol long Happy Song,  
    Sing, sing, sing!

# TWELFTH MAY FESTIVAL

MAY 11-12-13, 1905

## ARTISTS AND ORGANIZATIONS

LILLIAN BLAUVELT . . . . .	Soprano	DAVID BISPHAM . . . . .	Baritone
MAUD FENELON BOLLMAN . . . . .	Soprano	VERNON D'ARNALLE . . . . .	Baritone
GERTRUDE MAY STEIN . . . . .	Contralto	HERBERT WITHERSPOON . . . . .	Bass
* * * * *	Contralto	JEANNETTE DURNO-COLLINS . . . . .	Pianiste
ELLISON VAN HOOSE . . . . .	Tenor	HENRI ERN . . . . .	Violinist
ALFRED SHAW . . . . .	Tenor	BRUNO STEINDL . . . . .	Violoncellist
AUGUST SCHMIDT, Organist			

## THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA. THE CHORAL UNION.

ALBERT A. STANLEY, FREDERICK A. STOCK, Conductors.

### PROGRAM OF CONCERTS.

#### FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 11, 8.00 o'clock

##### SOLOISTS

MAUD FENELON BOLLMAN, Soprano.

\* \* \* \* \* Contralto.

ALFRED SHAW, Tenor.

HERBERT WITHERSPOON, Bass.

"St. Paul," an Oratorio . . . . . *Mendelssohn*  
Chorus, Soloists, Orchestra and Organ.

#### SECOND CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 12, 3.00 o'clock

##### SOLOIST

HERBERT WITHERSPOON, Bass.

Overture, "Academic Festival" . . . . . *Brahms*

Aria . . . . . *Beethoven*

Symphony, B flat major, No. 4 . . . . .  
Adagio—Allegro vivace; Adagio;  
Allegro vivace; Allegro ma non troppo

##### INTERMISSION

Songs with Piano . . . . .  
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration,"  
Op. 24 . . . . . *R. Strauss*

#### THIRD CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 12, 8.00 o'clock

##### SOLOISTS

LILLIAN BLAUVELT, Soprano.

ELLISON VAN HOOSE, Tenor.

HENRI ERN, Violinist.

Overture, "Carnival" . . . . . *Dvorak*  
Aria . . . . .  
MR. VAN HOOSE.

March and Variations, from "Country  
Wedding" Symphony . . . . . *Goldmark*

Aria, "Una voce poco fa" . . . . . *Rossini*  
MME. BLAUVELT.

Allegretto scherzando . . . . . *Svendson*  
Concerto, E minor . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

Spinning Song . . . . . *Lehman*  
MME. BLAUVELT.

Largo, from "New World" Symphony . . . . . *Dvorak*  
Duet . . . . .

MME. BLAUVELT and MR. VAN HOOSE.  
Meistersinger Prelude . . . . . *Wagner*

#### FOURTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 13, 2.30 o'clock

##### SOLOISTS

JEANNETTE DURNO-COLLINS, Pianiste.

VERNON D'ARNALLE, Baritone.

BRUNO STEINDL, Violoncellist.

Overture, "Solonelle" . . . . . *Glazounow*  
Aria . . . . .

Concerto from Pianoforte, G minor . . . . . *Saint-Saens*  
Adagio from Symphony No. 5 }  
Pizzicato ostinato from Symphony No. 4 } *Tschaikowsky*

Variations Symphonique . . . . . *Boellman*  
Songs with Piano  
"Les Preludes" . . . . . *Liszt*

#### FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 13, 7.30 o'clock

Overture, "Coriolan" . . . . . *Beethoven*  
"Arminius," An Epic Cantata in Four Parts . . . . . *Bruch*

##### CAST

Arminius . . . . . DAVID BISPHAM  
Priestess . . . . . GERTRUDE MAY STEIN

Siegmund . . . . . ELLISON VAN HOOSE  
Cheruskans, Frisians, Romans,  
Etc. . . . . CHORAL UNION

### SCHEDULE OF PRICES.

Tickets for May Festival (5 concerts) . . . . . \$3.00  
Single Tickets . . . . . 1.00  
Single Tickets for Saturday evening . . . . . 2.00  
Seats for the Single Concerts are not reserved until the  
day of the Concert.

Reserved Seats for May Festival Series,  
. . . . . \$2.00 and \$1.00 extra.

Reserved Seats for Single Concerts for  
May Festival Series, . . . . . 50 and 25 cents.

Parties desiring to order tickets, reserved seats, or boarding places, by mail will please address (including P. O. order) C. A. SINK, Secretary University School of Music, Ann Arbor, Michigan, to whom all enquiries for general information should be made. 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 plus 25 cents for Round Trip from all points in Southern Peninsula, good from the evening of May 10th (for such trains as reach Ann Arbor in the morning of the 11th) to May 15th, inclusive.

