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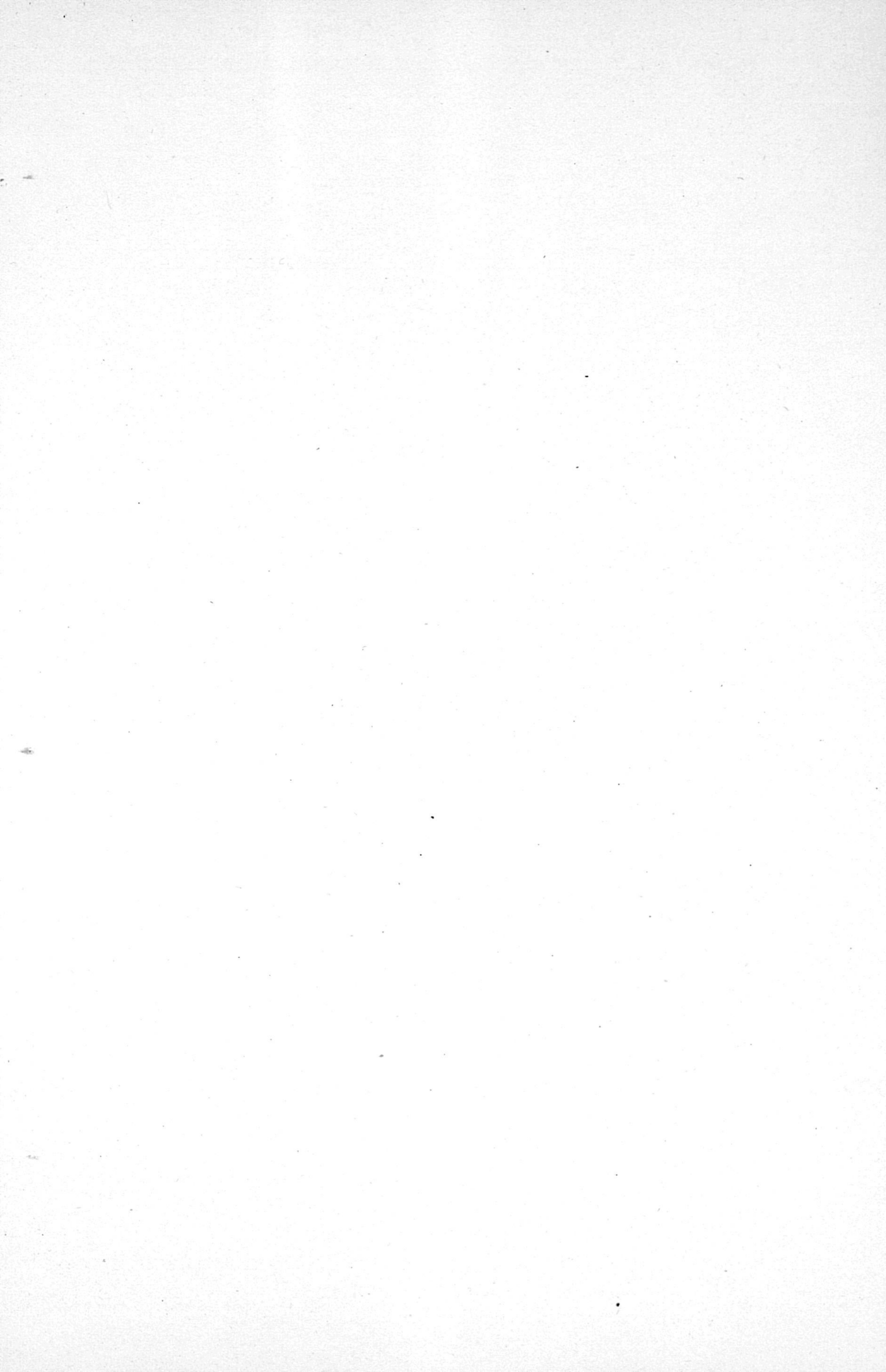
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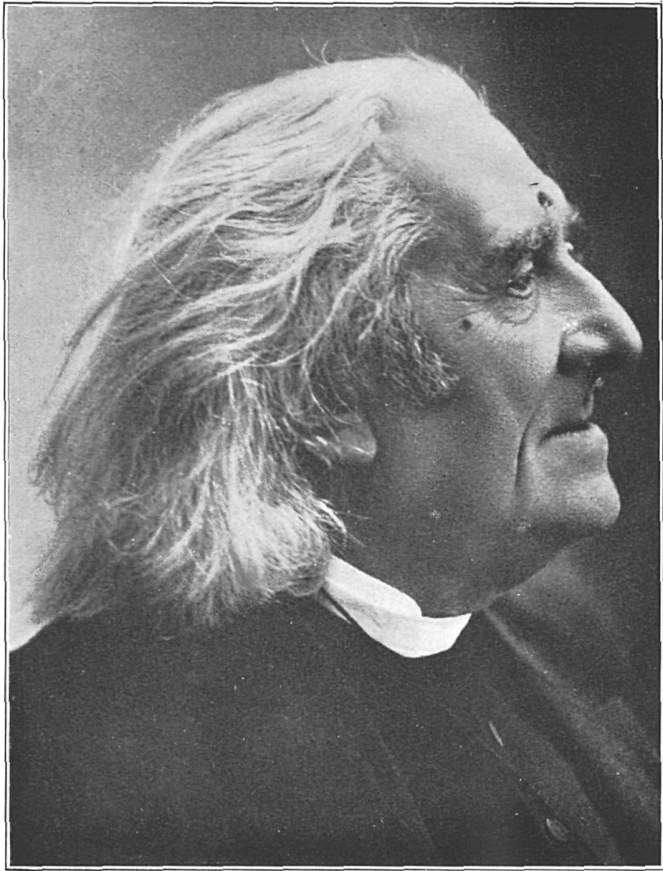
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1912



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK





FRANZ LISZT

[OFFICIAL]

NINETEENTH

ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

UNIVERSITY HALL, ANN ARBOR,
MICHIGAN

MAY 15, 16, 17, 18, 1912



ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY MUSICAL
SOCIETY
1912

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

FRANCIS W. KELSEY, PRESIDENT
LEVI D. WINES, TREASURER

ALBERT A. STANLEY, DIRECTOR
DURAND W. SPRINGER, SECRETARY

The Choral Union

THIRTY-THIRD SEASON
1911-1912

ALBERT A. STANLEY
CONDUCTOR

CHARLES A. SINK
SECRETARY

NELLIE GOUCHER, PIANIST

LLEWELYN L. RENWICK, ORGANIST

Illustrations

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List of Concerts and Soloists

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 15, 8:00 O'CLOCK
OPENING CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MISS FLORENCE HINKLE, *Soprano*

MME. NEVADA VAN DER VEER, *Contralto*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 8:00 O'CLOCK
"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS"

ELGAR

SOLOISTS

MME. NEVADA VAN DER VEER, *Contralto*

MR. REED MILLER, *Tenor*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 17, 2:30 O'CLOCK
SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MISS FLORENCE HINKLE, *Soprano*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 17, 8 O'CLOCK
MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MME. ALMA GLUCK, *Soprano*

MR. REED MILLER, *Tenor*

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 18, 3:00 O'CLOCK
COMPLIMENTARY ORGAN RECITAL

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 7:30 O'CLOCK

"SAMSON AND DELILAH"

SAINT-SAENS

CAST

DELILAH

SAMSON

HIGH PRIEST

ABIMELECH

OLD HEBREW

FIRST PHILISTINE

SECOND PHILISTINE

MISS FLORENCE MULFORD

MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE

MR. MARION GREEN

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON

MR. FRED KILLEEN

MR. LOUIS COGSWELL

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra

FOUNDED BY THEODORE THOMAS

FREDERICK A. STOCK
Conductor

FIRST VIOLINS

LETZ, H.
ESSER, F.
ZUKOWSKY, A.
CULP, S.
HILLMANN, C.
VAN DER VOORT, A.
NURNBERGER, L.
ITTE, F.

SECOND VIOLINS

ROEHRBORN, O.
BRAUN, H.
WOOLLETT, W.
BUSSE, A.
RABE, H.
ULRICH, A.
NOVAK, L.
WOELFEL, P.

VIOLAS

DASCH, G.
MEYER, G.
SCHROETER, R.
HESELBACH, O.
MITTELSTAEDT, F.

VIOLONCELLOS

STEINDEL, B.
UNGER, W.
CORELL, L.
FELBER, H.

BASSES

JISKRA, V.
PARBS, H.
WOLF, O.
GATTERFELD, E.

HARP

SINGER, W.

FLUTES

QUENSEL, A.
BAUMBACH, C.
FURMAN, J.

OBOES

BARTHEL, A.
HESELBACH, O.

ENGLISH HORN

STARKE, F.

CLARINETS

SCHREURS, J.
BUSSE, A.

BASS CLARINET

MEYER, C.

BASSOONS

KRUSE, P.
RABE, H.

CONTRA BASSOON

KRIEGLSTEIN, W.

HORNS

DE MARE, L.
POTTAG, M.
FRANK, W.
ALBRECHT, C.

TRUMPETS

HARTL, J.
HANDKE, P.

CORNETS

ULRICH, A.
FELBER, H.

TROMBONES

STANGE, G.
ZELLER, W.
GUNTHER, A.

TUBA

OTTE, F.

TIMPANI

ZETTELMANN, J.

PERCUSSIONS

WINTRICH, M.
WAGNER, E.

LIBRARIAN

McNICOL, T.

THE THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA TAKES PART IN ALL FESTIVAL CONCERTS.

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1911-1912

THIRTY-THIRD SEASON
No. CCLVIII. COMPLETE SERIES

SIXTH CONCERT

First May Festival Concert

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 15, 8 O'CLOCK

SOLOISTS

MISS FLORENCE HINKLE, *Soprano*
MME. NEVADA VAN DER VEER, *Contralto*
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, } *Conductors*
MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, }

PROGRAM

"CHORUS TRIOMPHALIS" STANLEY
VORSPIEL to "Hänsel and Gretel" HUMPERDINCK
ARIA—"O Harp Immortal," from "Saplio" GOUNOD
MME. VAN DER VEER
LEGENDE, "Zorahayda" SVENDSEN
ARIA, Uncaela's Aria from "Carmen" BIZET
MISS HINKLE

INTERMISSION

SYMPHONY NO. 5, E minor, Op. 64 TCHAIKOVSKY
Andante—Allegro con anima
Andante Cantabile con alcuna licenza
Valse—Allegro moderato
Finale—Andante maestoso—Allegro—Allegro vivace

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1911-1912

THIRTY-THIRD SEASON
No. CCLIX. COMPLETE SERIES

SEVENTH CONCERT

Second May Festival Concert

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 8 O'CLOCK

Oratorio "THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS"

EDWARD ELGAR

CAST

PART I

GERONTIUS
THE PRIEST
ASSISTANTS

MR. REED MILLER
MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
CHORAL UNION

PART II

SOUL OF GERONTIUS
ANGEL
ANGEL OF THE AGONY
DEMONS, ANGELICALS AND SOULS

MR. REED MILLER
MADAME VAN DER VEER
MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

SYNOPSIS

PART I

PRELUDE.—(*Orchestra*).

TENOR SOLO (*Gerontius*).—"Jesu, Maria,
—I am near to death."

CHORUS (*Assistants*).—"Kyrie Eleison."

TENOR SOLO (*Gerontius*).—"Rouse thee,
my fainting soul."

CHORUS (*Assistants*).—"Be merciful, be
gracious; spare him, Lord."

TENOR SOLO (*Gerontius*).—"Sanctus for-
tis, Sanctus Deus."

TENOR SOLO (*Gerontius*).—"I can no
more."

CHORUS (*Assistants*).—"Rescue him, O
Lord, in this his evil hour."

TENOR SOLO (*Gerontius*).—"Novissima
hora est."

BASS SOLO (*The Priest*).—"Proficiscere
anima Christiana."

CHORUS (*Assistants*).—"Go, in the name
of Angels and Archangels."

PART II

INTRODUCTION.—(*Orchestra*).

TENOR SOLO (*Soul of Gerontius*).—"I
ment to sleep; and now I am re-
freshed."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (*Angel*).—"My
work is done, My task is o'er."

DIALOGUE, MEZZO-SOPRANO AND TENOR
(*Angel and Soul*).—"All hail, My
child and brother, hail!"

CHORUS (*Demons*).—"Lowborn clods of
brute earth."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (*Angel*).—"It is
the restless panting of their being."

CHORUS (*Demons*).—"The mind bold
and independent."

DIALOGUE, TENOR AND MEZZO-SOPRANO
(*Soul and Angel*).—"I see not those
false spirits."

CHORUS (*Angelicals*).—"Praise to the
Holiest in the height."

TENOR SOLO (*Soul*).—"The sound is like
the rushing of the wind."

CHORUS (*Angelicals*).—"Glory to Him."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (*Angel*).—"They
sing of thy approaching agony."

TENOR SOLO (*Soul*).—"But hark! a grand
mysterious harmony."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (*Angel*).—"And
now the threshold as we traverse it."

CHORUS (*Tutti*).—"Praise to the holiest
in the height."

DIALOGUE, MEZZO-SOPRANO AND TENOR
(*Angel and Soul*).—"Thy judgment
now is near."

BASS SOLO (*Angel of the Agony*).—"Jesu!
by that shuddering dread
which fell on Thee."

CHORUS (*Voices on Earth*).—"Be merci-
ful, be gracious, spare him, Lord."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (*Angel*).—"Praise
to His Name."

TENOR SOLO (*Soul*).—"Take me away."

CHORUS (*Souls in Purgatory*).—"Lord,
Thou hast been our refuge."

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (*Angel*).—"Soft-
ly and gently, dearly-ransomed
soul."

CHORUS (*Souls*).—"Lord, Thou hast
been our refuge."

CHORUS (*Angelicals*).—"Praise to the
Holiest."

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1911-1912

THIRTY-THIRD SEASON
No. CCLX. COMPLETE SERIES

EIGHTH CONCERT

Third May Festival Concert

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 17, 2:30 O'CLOCK

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOIST

MISS FLORENCE HINKLE, *Soprano*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| OVERTURE, "Coriolanus" | BEETHOVEN |
| ARIA, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer"
MISS HINKLE | WEBER |
| SYMPHONY NO. 4, E minor, Op. 98
Allegro; Andante Moderato—
Allegro Giocoso;—Allegro Energico e Passionato | BRAHMS |
| SYMPHONIC POEM NO. 3, "Les Preludes" | LISZT |



FREDERICK STOCK

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1911-1912

THIRTY-THIRD SEASON
No. CCLXI. COMPLETE SERIES

NINTH CONCERT

Fourth May Festival Concert

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 17, 8:00 O'CLOCK

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MME. ALMA GLUCK, *Soprano*

MR. REED MILLER, *Tenor*

MR. LLEWELLYN RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE, "Melusina"	MENDELSSOHN
ARIA, "Il re pastore"	MOZART
MME. ALMA GLUCK	
SYMPHONIC POEM NO. 2, "Le Chasseur Maudit"	FRANCK
ARIA from "Louise"	CHARPENTIER
MME. ALMA GLUCK	
ANDANTE (Margaret) from a Faust Symphony	LISZT
INTERMISSION	
SUITE, "Die Koenigskinder"	HUMPERDINCK
Prelude	
Hellafest and Children's Dance	
TWO LEGENDS	LIADOW
"La Lac Enchantee"	
"Kikomora"	
DUET, from "Romeo and Juliet"	GOUNOD
MME. GLUCK, and MR. MILLER	
MARCHE-FANTASIE. Op. 44	GUILMANT
MR. LLEWELLYN RENWICK	

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1911-1912

THIRTY-THIRD SEASON
No. CCLXII. COMPLETE SERIES

SUPPLEMENTARY CONCERT

Complimentary Organ Recital

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY, 18, 2:30 O'CLOCK

LLEWELLYN RENWICK

Organist

PROGRAM

CONCERT OVERTURE	MATTLAND
MEDITATION	CALLAERTS
TOCCATA	MAILLY
GAVOTTE	MERKEL
CHORALE, "Wacht auf, ruft uns die Stimme"	BACH
FUGUE	BUXTEHUDE
THE SHEPHERDS IN THE FIELD	MALLING
CANON	SCHUMANN
MARCH (Queen of Sheba)	GOUNOD

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1911-1912

THIRTY-THIRD SEASON
No. CCLXIII. COMPLETE SERIES

TENTH CONCERT

Fifth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 7:30 O'CLOCK

“SAMSON AND DELILAH”

SAINT-SAENS

OPERA IN THREE ACTS

CAST

SAMSON	MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE
DELILAH	MISS FLORENCE MULFORD
HIGH PRIEST	MR. MARION GREEN
ABIMELECH	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
AN OLD HEBREW } }	
FIRST PHILISTINE	MR. FRED KILLEEN
SECOND PHILISTINE	MR. LOUIS COGSWELL
HEBREWS } }	THE CHORAL UNION
PHILISTINES } }	

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

(A public square in Gaza, Palestine;
Temple of Dagon in background.)

SCENE I. Hebrew Men and Women—
Samson in their midst.

SCENE II. Abimelech, Philistine Soldiers,
Samson and Israelites.

SCENE III. The same as above, with the
High Priest, Guards, First and Second
Philistines.

SCENE IV. Messenger, High Priest and
Philistines.

SCENE V. Hebrew Old Men; Samson
and Victorious Hebrews.
(The Gates of Dagon's Temple
swing open.)

SCENE VI. Samson, Delilah, the Old
Hebrew, Philistines, and Hebrews.
Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon.

ACT II

(The Valley of Soreck, in Palestine.)

PRELUDE.

SCENE I. Delilah alone.

SCENE II. Delilah and the High Priest.

SCENE III. Samson and Delilah.

ACT III

SCENE I. (A Prison at Gaza.)
Samson and Captive Hebrews.

SCENE II. Interior of Dagon's Temple.
Delilah, Young Philistine Women
and Dancers. Ballet.

SCENE III. High Priest, Delilah, Samson,
Philistine Men and Women.

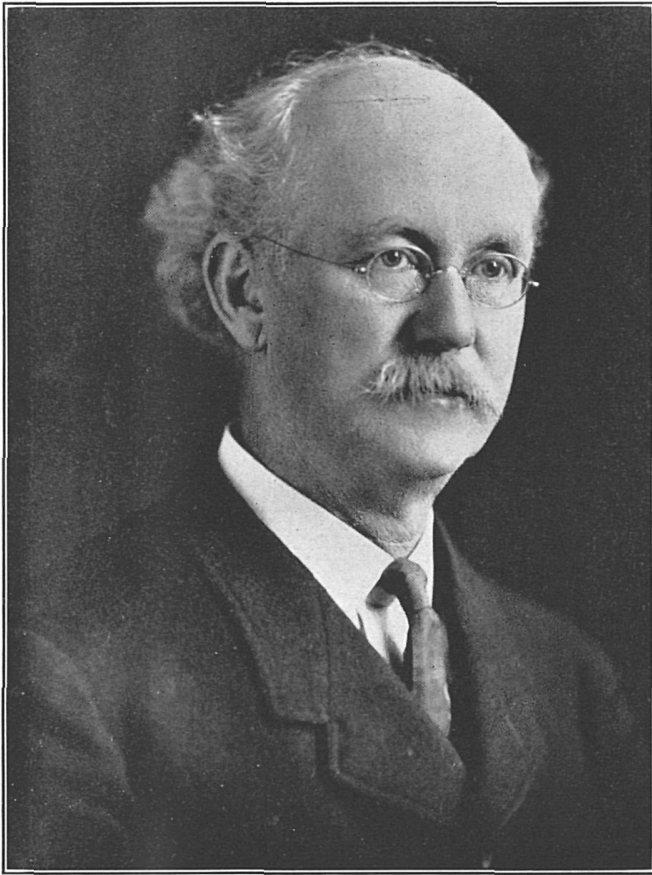
Descriptive Programs

ANALYSES BY
ALBERT A. STANLEY

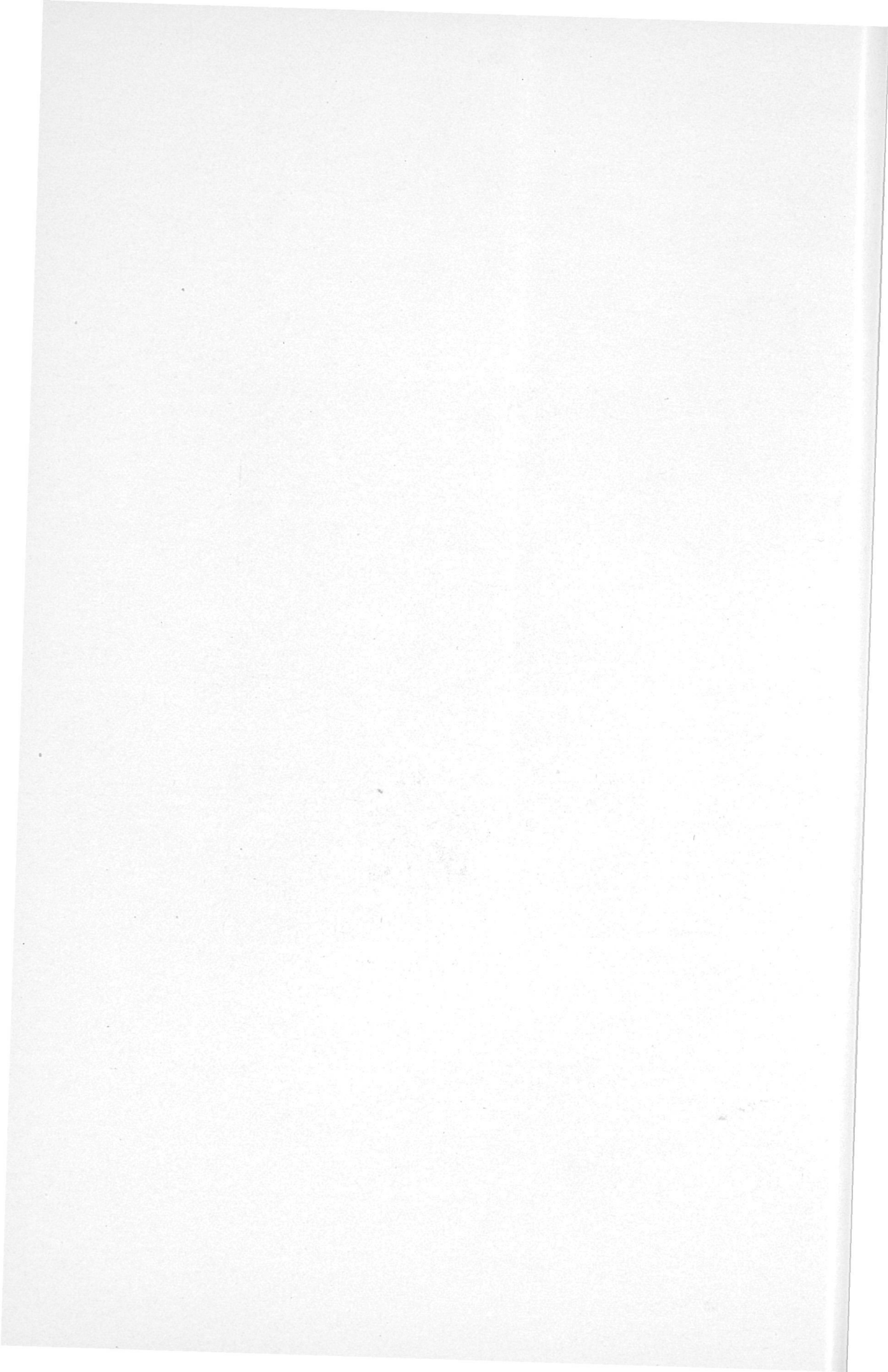
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1912

ALL CONCERTS
WILL BEGIN ON TIME



ALBERT A. STANLEY



FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 15

CHORUS TRIOMPHALIS, March-Fantasia (Orchestra, Chorus and Organ). Op. 14.

ALBERT A. STANLEY

For obvious reasons this work will neither be the subject of extended musical analysis, which its form does not warrant, nor of explanations not demanded by its content. It may be of interest to know that it was written as a contribution to a celebration of great significance—the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Presidency of James Burrill Angell, and that it was dedicated to Sarah Caswell Angell. For these reasons it may serve to recall sacred memories and associations never to be forgotten.

VORSPIEL "Hänsel and Gretel,"

HUMPERDINCK

Engelbert Humperdinck was born September 1, 1855, at Siegburg, near Bonn; still living, in Berlin.

This composer—one of a very restricted group—has succeeded in so vitalizing legend as to give to the improbable convincing verisimilitude, and stands alone in his power of appealing to the mind and fancy of the child through avenues which the adult traverses with equal joy. "Hänsel and Gretel" enforces this statement and, to a lesser degree, "The Children of the King." In each a simple subject is treated in terms of thematic interrelationship created by the great master, Richard Wagner, of whom he was a protégé, and with whom he came into touch in connection with the preparation of the Bayreuth Festivals. Possibly no one has more thoroughly proven the far reaching import of the underlying principles of the art which is no longer called "The Music of the Future" than he. He showed, even more convincingly than Wagner himself in the "Meistersinger," that the practice which even the master's enemies admitted might serve for the expression of the unreal and extra-human, was of equal value when it touched humanity, for his appeal was directed to the most logical and fundamental critics in the world—children. No one can appreciate the wealth of the composer's musical treatment who has not studied the score with care. Failing this the only recourse is to read the story, which, freely adapted by the composer's sister, Adelheid de Wette, from one of Grimm's fairy tales, forms the text of the opera.

Hänsel and Gretel were not models of obedience—which is a point in their favor to those of us who remember our own childhood days—and took advantage of the absence of both parents to indulge in all sorts of pranks, ending in the destruction of a cream-jug, but not before they had made way with its contents. The mother, returning, reprimands them severely and sends them out into the woods to gather berries for supper. They lose their way, are put to sleep by the Sandman, dream of fairies and have other charming visions of the land in which imaginative children spend much of their time. But in this wood there lives an old hag, who entices them to her house, which is constructed of sugar and gingerbread and—how could the hungry children resist such an appeal? The witch looks with favor on Hänsel's well-rounded form and discovers in him a welcome addition to her larder. Gretel is to assist her in preparing Hänsel for his farewell appearance. When the old witch proceeds to investigate the condition of the oven in which she is to bake Hänsel, the quick-witted girl releases her brother and together they thrust the old hag in the oven into which she had poked her head to test the temperature. While she gradually develops into tough gingerbread, the children,—together with many others who have been turned into that delectable food by the magic of the witch, but who are released by Gretel's action,—dance with joy. The parents appearing at this juncture, all ends well and they live happily ever afterwards—after the manner of fairy tales.

A slow introduction—C major, *Ruhige, nicht zu langsame Bewegung*, 4-4 time—leads to a freely constructed movement in which the themes are taken from various episodes of the opera. First appears "The Prayer"—four horns and bassoon—a theme which plays an important part in the following sections. This is followed by a theme for trumpet—E major, *Kräftig und bestimmt*, 2-2 time—which leads through a logical thematic sequence to a charming section for strings and wood winds—in which a delightful alternation of dream and action combines with the introductory motives. The Vorspiel is brought to a close—*pianissimo*—by reminiscences of the beautiful prelude measures.

"MICAELA'S ARIA" from "Carmen,"

BIZET

MISS FLORENCE HINKLE.

Georges Alexandre Cesar Leopold Bizet was born, October 25, 1838, at Paris; died June 3, 1875, at Bougival.

In spite of the vogue of Gounod, there are many who feel that Bizet was a greater genius. It is difficult for some to realize that in many respects "Carmen" is a greater work than "Faust." Bizet was broader in his musical outlook than the majority of his countrymen, and his wonderful power of delineation is demonstrated by the fact that no Spaniard has been as successful as he in illustrating Spanish life and exploiting to the full the potentialities of its music.

The aria on our program is one of the most beautiful in the opera, and is one of the most popular selections in the concert repertoire.

MICHAELA.—Here is the usual place for the smugglers to gather.

I shall see him, he will be here!
The duty laid upon me by his mother
Shall be done, and without a fear.
I say that nothing shall deter me,
I say, alas! I'm strong to play my part;
But tho' undaunted I declare me,
I feel dismay within my heart!
Alone in this dismal place,
All alone, I'm afraid, altho' 'tis wrong to fear:
Thou wilt aid me now with thy grace,
For thou, O Lord, art ever near!
I shall see this woman in time,
Whose wanton, treacherous art
Has achieved the shame of the man
Whom once I loved with all my heart!
She's wily and false, she's a beauty!
But I will never yield to fear!
No, no! I will never yield to fear!
I'll speak in her face of my duty. Ah!
I'm not mistaken now, 'tis he yonder I see!
Come down! José! and reach your hand to me.
But what is that?
He's taking aim — he fires —
Ah! all my strength is gone, and my courage expires!

LEGENDE, for Orchestra — "Zorahayda," Op. 11,

SVENDSEN

Johan Severin Svendsen was born September 30, 1840, at Christiania; died June 14, 1911, at Copenhagen.

Every composer of real distinction has some period in his creative activity in which he seems to attain the zenith of his power. To some this comes at an early period — although this is rather unusual — while to others it comes at the end of a constant evolution of creative ability reaching its climax during the closing years of life. In the case of the composer — one of whose most important compositions is on this evening's program — it came midway in his career and five years (1872-1877) cover his most significant period. In "Zorahayda" Svendsen forsook Scandinavian subjects and was inspired by a tale in Washington Irving's "Alhambra." Omitting the lengthy quotation which he put forth as explanatory of this frankly acknowledged "program music," we append the "program" in the condensed form in which the composer gave it at the beginning of his score, presuming that the story from which it was taken — "The Rose of the Alhambra" — is reasonably familiar.

"Solitude and melancholy of Jacinta — Appearance of Zorahayda — She predicts for Jacinta the end of his troubles and tells of her own unhappiness — Baptism

alone will bring her repose — Jacinta sprinkles the sacred water over her head — Disappearance of Zorahayda — Joy of Jacinta over the remembrances of the pre-diction."

Whether the composition fits the text or not must be left to the fancy of the listener, which in many cases refuses to contribute its part if held in leash by a proclamation of the bounds within which it must display itself. At all events Svendsen, while in no sense a composer of the highest rank, always had something to say and said it well, which in the end is the main thing.

"Zorahayda" is written in one of the many modern forms which are designedly so free and elastic in structure as to cover almost any conceivable combination of events or moods, and is scored for an orchestra which includes no unusual instruments.

ARIA "O Harp Immortal" from "Sapho,"

GOUNOD

MME. NEVADA VAN DER VEER.

Charles Gounod was born June 17, 1818, in Paris; died there October 17, 1893.

"Sapho," from which this aria is taken, was produced April 16, 1851, eight years before Gounod's masterpiece, "Faust," received its first hearing. It was his first opera, and although it contained much that was very beautiful it was unsuccessful, nor when, after extensive revision, it was rehabilitated in 1884, was the verdict reversed. In all probability he was not fully master of himself when he put it forth the first time, but the fault must have been fundamental else why the second failure? The text is given herewith:

SAPHO.— Where am I?

Ah! yes, I now remember.

All which e'er now to life hath bound me is no more.

For me there now remaineth naught but night and darkness,

To grant my heart relief from its grief.

O harp immortal consoling!

Days full of woe abound;

By thee my grief controlling

When thy sweet notes resound.

In vain thy voice, soft sighing,

Strives to comfort my pain;

Ah! it will aye remain:

Of this last wound I'm dying!

'T is a wound of the heart!

Grief I must know till from life

I depart!

Adieu! thou moonlight tender,

Shine on with radiance blest!

Cold wave, I now surrender;



NEVADA VAN DER VEER

Grant me eternal rest.
The day which soon is dawning,
Phaon shall light for thee,
Think not, I pray, of me.
For thee returns the morning.
Open then, wat'ry grave.
I soon shall sleep evermore
'Neath the wave.

SYMPHONY E Minor, No. 5, Op. 64,

TCHAIKOVSKY

Andante—Allegro con anima; Andante cantabile; Valse; Finale.

Peter Iljitsch Tchaikovsky was born May 7, 1840, at Wotkinsk; died November 6, 1893, at St. Petersburg.

The modern world of music has known no more striking personality than Peter Iljitsch Tchaikovsky. In the letters contained in the admirable autobiography by his brother Modeste,* which has been made available through the masterly English translation by Rosa Newmarch, we have as full a revelation of his inner self as has ever been vouchsafed by any genius.

Tchaikovsky must have subjected his works to the severest criticism based on the dictum of Richard Wagner—"The day of unconscious productivity is long since passed and a work to enlist the attention of a discriminating public must be founded on reason and reflection." The singularly clear and penetrating analysis to which he subjected the themes he chose for operatic and symphonic treatment—and his equally inclusive psychological dissection of character—might have led him to emphasize purely intellectual phases of his art had he not been a typical Russian, consequently a creature of impulse. He was easily wounded to the quick by any reflections on his creations, but always ready to acknowledge the force of honest criticism—be it never so severe—providing reflection and proving showed him the strictures were correct. Moreover he was always desirous of profiting by them. After the unsuccessful performance of one of his operas he tore the score into tatters, and it was only by reason of the fact that, anticipating such an action, a friend had hidden the parts, that a future rehabilitation of the work was made possible, which, by the way, resulted in a complete reversal of the judgment of the public, and grudging concessions on the part of the critics who, unfortunately in his case, were rival composers. In many instances he felt that his critics were wrong. Then he held fast to his own opinions, and always had the satisfaction of seeing his judgment vindicated.

His letters reveal an essentially noble character, and in one of them we have evidence that his life was regulated by a singularly pure and simple religious faith, entirely unhampered by the tenets of the Greek Church. In another he writes of

* "The Life and Letters of Peter Iljitsch Tchaikovsky, by his Brother, Modeste Tchaikovsky." Translated by Rosa Newmarch. John Lane & Co.

Official Program Book

passing through a season of profound discouragement in which his "only comfort was prayer," for he adds, "God does not need our prayers, but we do." This accounts for the fact that, although he was an omnivorous reader of French literature, he had the utmost contempt for Zola, Daudet and other writers of fiction who, from his point of view, degraded their talents by surrounding vice with a halo and making virtue stupid and uninteresting. This is cited as a statement of his personal feelings and accounts for the fact that he always tried to bring out all that was best in his characters, as in Tatjana (Eugen Onegin) her sense of duty prevented her yielding to her passion for Onegin. He had nothing but contempt for composers who passed by Shakespeare, Milton, Dante and Schiller and set subjects by men whom he felt exerted an evil influence by pandering to decadent tastes. A Russian to the core, although his countrymen have been prone to call him *Deutschgesinnt*, he viewed the political system of his country with a keen realization of its deficiencies. Its shortcomings — which he looked upon as well-nigh irremediable, as thoughtful Russians generally do — did not make him less patriotic, and he looked forward with eagerness to the time when the people should have a part in the guidance of their country's affairs. He had no sympathy with Nihilistic methods nor had the remotest interest in democracy. He admired many of Tolstoi's points of view, but as a means of awakening the people's consciousness he considered them too remote and illusive. His personality did not appeal to him; and, although the great novelist courted his friendship, his advances were not responded to. The composer could not be attracted by an author whose deliverances on music were so puerile and unsound, and there was no common ground on which they might stand as men.

He looked with disfavor on the work of the group made up of Cesar Cui, Borodin, Moussorgosky, Rimsky-Korsakov and Balakirev. The end they sought had his hearty approval, but in his judgment the means they employed were not adapted to secure the desired results. He found much to admire in the music of these men with the single exception of Cui, whom he considered a mere amateur, and was very enthusiastic in his praise of Rimsky-Korsakov and Balakirev, but he resented their assumption of superiority and their canons of judgment to the end. Among the Russian composers he awarded incontestable superiority to Glinka, and regretted that the outward circumstances of the author of "A Life for the Czar" removed him from the necessity of writing and favored the indolence which was in his case a sin. He admired, or rather stood somewhat in awe of Beethoven, saw in Richard Wagner a great but perverted genius whose contributions were negative rather than positive, did not admit Bach's superiority, held Händel as a fourth or fifth-rate genius, and Brahms he considered a man of high ideals and noble aims but utterly lacking in the equipment of a great composer. Mozart he worshipped with a passionate devotion. With no touch of sacrilege he compared Beethoven and Mozart as follows: "Beethoven is to me like Jehovah, but Mozart like Christ. The one deals with the universe, the other finds his home in the human heart." He glorified Bizet, whose "Carmen" he considered one of the greatest operas ever written. Indeed he did not hesitate to place modern French music far in advance of the contemporary German school. The early Italian music appealed to him very favorably by reason of its melodic charm, although he deprecated its lack of scholarship and its superficial use of the orchestra. Verdi he described as "somewhat coarse." Anton Rubinstein threw over him an hypnotic spell. but musically they were

mutually uncongenial. He had more real sympathy with Anton's brother Nicholas—his most unsparing and frequently violently denunciatory critic—who was a true friend though occasionally a rather burdensome one. As all of this friend's criticisms were later retracted we cannot look upon his critical acumen as impeccable. The truth of it is they were both as much under the sway of irregulated impulse as children and frequently acted without reflection. Tchaikovsky worshipped his family devotedly and nothing could exceed the reverence in which he held the memory of his mother, a rare and noble woman. His brothers and sisters were ever sharers of the secrets of his inmost heart. He suffered from alternate fits of despair and moods of rare exaltation, and might have made shipwreck of his musical career had he not at a critical period of his life come under the influence of one of the strangest passions ever recorded and possible only to such a bundle of contradictions as he. Shortly before this he had married a woman whom he did not love, because he felt it his duty as she worshipped him blindly. Although his short married life was not a tragedy, as some writers have erroneously stated, but an entirely negligible episode in his career, it left him more misanthropic than ever, in spite of the fact that indications were not lacking to sustain the assumption that he would eventually be looked upon as Russia's greatest composer. This was counterbalanced in his mind, not by the pronounced antagonism of his enemies, for that only spurred him on, but by the indifference of his friends, which crushed him to earth. At this time he received a letter from Nadejda von Mech, a wealthy widow, containing such discriminating appreciation of his works, that it elicited from him a reply in which the expressions of gratitude were somewhat superlative. This led to a correspondence covering thirteen years. These kindred souls, who opened their hearts unreservedly to each other, held their unique friendship, which—if we may trust the correspondence—grew into love, at so high a valuation, that they agreed that they should never see each other. They met but once, by accident, when they were both so confused that it was only by the exercise of the most admirable self-control that he saved the situation by raising his hat, making a slight bow, and passing on. All this time he was the recipient of a yearly pension of 6,000 roubles from her, was living in one of her houses, while she paid princely fees to Colonne and other conductors to produce the master's works. This peculiar friendship was finally broken off through an unfortunate misunderstanding resting in causes honorable to both. Tchaikovsky's only recognizable words during his last hours were "Nadejda Filaretovna von Mech," which he constantly repeated, while the news of his death came to her on her death-bed from which, two months later, she also journeyed forth into the Unknown.

Looking at Tchaikovsky's life up to its last decade, we find nought but a record of disappointment, only made endurable by occasional successes, and his constant dependence on his firm religious faith. None of his symphonies brought him great joy, with the exception of the No. 4 (f minor) and the "Pathetic," which title, by the way, was suggested by his brother Modeste with no inkling of the interpretation to be put upon it later, for the work *was not written* because the composer felt that he was entering the Shadow of the Valley of Death. On the contrary, he was full of life and optimism and looking forward to still greater achievements, for he felt that he at last was free to express himself to the full. The "No. 4" was written under the inspiration of Nadejda Filaretovna and in his letters to her he always

referred to it as "our symphony." But his greatest joy was "Eugen Onegin," which he lived to see Russia's favorite opera.

Preliminary to our interpretation of the symphony the following historical facts must be stated: The date frequently given (1886-7) is incorrect according to Tchaikovsky's letters, for in one to his brother Modeste (May 15, 1888), he writes: "I am hoping to collect the materials for a symphony." On June 10, 1888, he says in a letter to Frau von Meck: "Have I told you that I intend to write a symphony? The beginning was difficult; now, however, inspiration seems to have come. We shall see!" Again he writes (Aug. 26, 1888), "I am so glad that I have finished my symphony (No. 5) that I can forget all physical ailments." This would seem to establish the date of its composition. It now only remains to submit the following brief analysis:

A "motto" theme—E minor—*Andante*—4-4 time—is the foundation of a very intensely dramatic introduction, and its pathetic suggestions underlie the structure of the succeeding movements.



Through a masterly process of elaboration, in which clarity of statement conditions the whole section, the principal theme of the first movement—E minor—*Allegro con anima*—6-8 time—is given out by the clarinets and bassoons.



Typically Tchaikovsky-ian is the beautiful contrast afforded by the introduction of the exquisite and compelling second theme, through a superb climax.



This theme, first started by the strings and later clothed in beautiful orchestral dress, is treated with great fulness of detail which, inasmuch as the first theme is also thoroughly exploited, makes the comparatively short development section thoroughly justified. This because the themes are treated with dramatic intensity, rather than subjected to the extensive treatment held by those who know no guide other than the fixed maxims of the text-books—which always lag behind the great concepts, which are not yet in the books—to be a *sine qua non* in the symphonic form. Tchaikovsky had a rare sense of formal values, and consequently this

d parture from the region of *Zopf* is justified. If in no other way this justification is supported by the surety with which he works up a final climax followed by a rather extensive coda which lapses into the mood of the introductory section.

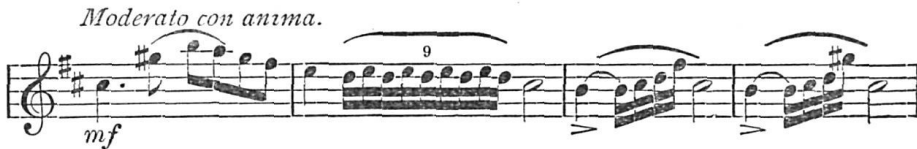
The second movement — D major — *Andante cantabile con alcuna* — 12-8 time — is introduced by gloomy chords for the strings — like lowering clouds over the landscape through which breaks the sun, in the form of this wondrously beautiful theme for horn.



A sudden change of key (F sharp minor), introduces a new theme for oboe, afterwards transferred to the first violins and violas in the original key, accompanied by wind instruments.

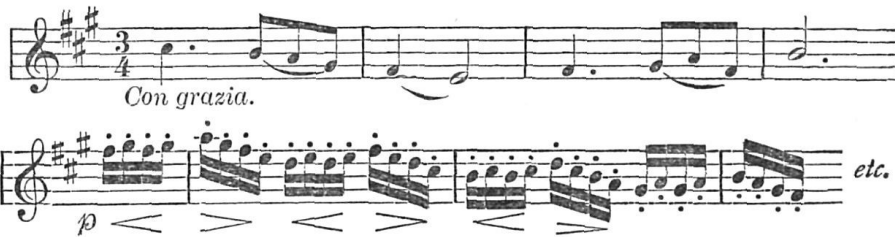


The clarinet now enters with still another theme — F sharp minor — *Moderato con anima* — 4-4 time — which leads into a great climax, in which the "motto"



theme is stated, as though Tchaikovsky would say "Lest we forget." The movement then continues in melodic terms already stated but varied in orchestral color, and, after another statement of the "motto," ends in a coda — conditioned by the second theme.

The third movement — A major, *Allegro moderato*, 3-4 time — is a waltz, a form always used by the composer with a full realization of its possibilities of idealization, wherein it differs from most dance-forms. The themes given herewith are



very simple and enforced as befits the form. But the merry-making is not without its ominous suggestions, for again attention is directed to the implication of the motto theme and joy rests on pathos.

The fourth movement — E major, *Andante*, 4-4 time — in the long introduction of which we are again brought face to face with the motto, treated with full appre-

ciation of all for which it stands, and E minor—*Allegro vivace*, 2-2 time—in the main movement, brings the symphony to a close. The impetuous first subject, thor-



oughly developed through the processes which the composer used but never abused, leads eventually to the second subject in the development of which the motto theme



figures. These themes repeated lead to a section full of storm and stress, the meaning of which is clearly apparent to those who knew the man, as well as the composer. The frequent appearance of the "motto" theme gives one an inkling of the composer's mood, while the triumphant ending of the movement points to certainty of conviction that "All's well with the world."

In conclusion it may be added that in making a final decision as to Tchaikovsky's position in the ranks of modern composers, this symphony, the No. 4, the "Pathetic," and "Eugen Onegin," will incline the open minded critic to assign him a position much higher than many will admit.

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 16

"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS," Op. 38,

ELGAR

PART I.

GERONTIUS, - - - - -	REED MILLER
THE PRIEST, - - - - -	HERBERT WITHERSPOON
ASSISTANTS, - - - - -	CHORAL UNION

PART II.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS, - - - - -	REED MILLER
ANGEL, - - - - -	NEVADA VAN DER VEER
ANGEL OF THE AGONY, - - - - -	HERBERT WITHERSPOON
DEMONS, ANGELICALS, AND SOULS, - - - - -	CHORAL UNION

ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

Edward William Elgar, born at Broadheath (near Worcester), England, June 2, 1857; still living.

We have come to associate with the products of English composers characteristics for which Händel, more than any other great composer, seems to stand. There has always been in English music a directness of purpose, a certain blunt, sometimes rough, honesty of statement, and a contempt for any over-accentuation of the emotions that comports perfectly with the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. Such admirable qualities are not to be despised, but, unfortunately, English composers were so fully dominated by Händel and Mendelssohn that the originality and fervor seen in Purcell's music seemed to have been forever lost, and they drifted into a conventionality that made freedom of utterance impossible. But now that Italy seems to have exhausted herself, and Germany is unproductive — despite Richard Strauss, — England seems to have entered upon a new artistic era, and in the person of Edward William Elgar we find the embodiment of a reaction against the "ways of the fathers" that is fraught with hope and laden with prophecy.

The unusual prominence given to Elgar in the programs of our great concert institutes, in reviews and in musical journals, would seem to indicate that in him we have a composer of more than ordinary significance, one of real originality.

Whether the superlative admiration expressed by some will be justified by the verdict of time we may not determine but there can be no doubt — in view of the fact that he seems to be an artistic storm center — that he really has something to say.

His artistic equipment is superb, and, when we consider that he is almost entirely self-taught, the mastery he displays in every direction — especially in his control of the resources of the orchestra, in which he is only equalled by Richard Strauss — is nothing short of marvelous. His career seems to emphasize ultra-modern art not as the work of individual genius alone, but as an expression of tremendous energy and complex forces conditioning modern life — and in the highest sense cosmopolitan. This view seems to be enforced by the fact that the art of the two composers to whom we have referred — while it seems to be a real necessity of expression and permeated by this *Zeitgeist* — has technically but comparatively little in common. The query so often put as to the permanence of this movement cannot be definitely answered, but if the foregoing suggestions are correct, there can be no doubt of its sincerity — and sincerity is a condition of enduring art. His life has been singularly lacking in incident, quite unlike the career of his younger contemporary, Richard Strauss, but his works display a versatility, a fine sense of values, and an intellectual appreciation, indicative of a wide acquaintance with literature, art, and life. None but a man to whom the highest concepts of life appeal could have written such a work as “The Dream of Gerontius,” “the greatest choral work of the nineteenth century — not excepting Brahms’ ‘Requiem’.”

Elgar is a devout Roman Catholic. Almost ascetic in his devotion to the teachings of the Mother Church, in “Gerontius” he has blazed a new path. Attracted by subjects often out of touch with the modern point of view, he clothes these subjects in ultra-modern dress, and, more than any other, seems to have solved the problem of the relation of dramatic form to religious content. Living in the Malvern Hills, it was not strange that he should have given us his noble “Caractacus,” which reflects England’s glory and tells the story of one of the noblest of her early heroes. It may be that in the partial seclusion of his environment we may see the reason for his present tendencies, so admirably illustrated in the “Dream of Gerontius” and his latest work, “The Apostles.” Whether, as Ernest Newman fears, this absorption in mediæval thought and early Christian history will react unfavorably on his work, by substituting introspection for action, and mysticism for clear cut realistic statement, time alone will tell. At all events, we must rejoice that Cardinal Newman’s poem inspired him to write such a work as the one now under construction.

Space forbids an extended analysis of the work, but certain characteristics must be pointed out, in the interest of such an appreciation of the significance of the subject, as the nobility of the poetry, and the ultra-modern dramatic texture of the virile, fervid, and beautiful musical setting demand. First of all stress must be laid upon the fact that it is organic in structure. It is so closely knit together by a complicated system of typical motives, in some instances expanded into broad melodies; it is so compact in form, so entirely unlike the typical oratorio, with its solos, choruses and orchestral episodes standing unrelated side by side, that it can not come under any conventional definition of the form. It is the poem set to music in such a manner as to emphasize the unity of the idea rather than to display the variety of its utterance in single numbers, or, in other words, it is a religious work composed among the musico-dramatic lines first laid down by Richard Wagner. All the musical factors exist in combination, and no one part is subordinated to another for the sake of specific, purely musical effects. The orchestra is delineative, and fills with subtle light and shade the more mystical parts, while in the intense dramatic



REED MILLER

episodes it is all that Wagner proclaimed it to be, both in his writings and in his practice.

Daring in conception,—the choice of subject enforces this—powerful, logical and original in the portrayal of scenes generally more effective when left to the imagination, his touch is tender when he gives such pictures as the death of Gerontius, and the 12-voiced chorus "Go on thy course," which concludes Part I. When, in Part II, the Soul of Gerontius is led by an Angel, past the place where he hears the "sour and uncouth dissonances" of the Demons; and when, in response to his query, "Shall I see my dearest Master?" come the ethereal harmonies of the Chorus of Angelicals, "Praise to the Holiest," which develops into a chorus in which climax succeeds climax in soul-compelling sequence, the composer rises to greatness. The queries of the Soul and the answers of the Angels are touching in their humanity, and the music often recalls the mysticism of Wagner's "Parsifal." Then the Judgment, the pleading of the Angel of the Agony for Souls "who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee"; the beautiful Semi-Chorus of Voices on Earth, who sing "Spare him, Lord," when he goes before his Judge, and the subdued glory of the ending, for, as though awed by the awful mystery of it all, the three choruses sing the final *Amens—pianissimo*,—ending in a long sustained unison which vanishes as we listen.

Having now gained a general impression of the scope of the work, it may be helpful to examine details somewhat closely. The very first motive of the prelude, D-minor, *Lento*, common time, given by clarionets, bassoons and violas, in prophetic of the pathetic aspects of the text. Elgar has marked it *mistico*. As it is developed the English horn contributes fitting color. At the completion of this theme, a sustained chord of D-major, introduces another motive of dramatic texture, which, alternating with a broad choral-like theme, leads into a wonderfully beautiful section, *con molto espressivo*, 3-4 time. This broadens into passionate utterance, only to die away in harmonies which are heard later as the soul of Gerontius takes its flight. A sustained motive, twice repeated, leads into a triumphant burst for full orchestra through which rings out the choral, which is here so important a factor that we must seek its fuller meaning in the text, "Lover of Souls I Look to Thee!" When first heard the theme may be associated with the words "Jesus have mercy; Mary pray for me!" This strong, decisive movement gives way to a repetition of the theme which led up to it, after which comes a fine treatment of the theme of the chorus, "Go forth in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets." With an echo of No. 3, and a repetition of the initial motive, the prelude, through a suggestive motive, merges into the introductory recitative for Gerontius, "Jesu Maria." This motive is constantly in evidence in this whole scene, and by reason of its plasticity stands for contrasting phases of thought. After the words "And Thou are calling me" we hear a motive which is full of significance, especially as used later in the development of the chorus, "Be merciful." The chromatic motive at the words "Not by the token of this failing breath" is delineative and suggestive. The choral theme is heard, and through this and other masterly motives, some new, and some suggested by the developments of the scene, we realize the feelings of Gerontius as he faces death, and much of the mystery of dying is brought home to us as we listen. The scene is interrupted by a lovely *Kyrie*, mediæval in spirit, although the harmonies occasionally betray modern usage—not to the disadvantage of the effect, and, strangely enough, with no tinge of incongruity—then, after a short recitative, "Rouse thee

and play the man," introduced by the rhythmic pulse of the basses in the orchestra, comes the chorus, "Be merciful," whose principal theme has in it much of the flavor of "Parsifal." And why not? Suffering is the message of each. In this chorus the first motive mentioned in connection with the opening utterance of Gerontius is developed into a broad and expressive melody by the basses, "By the birth." These words have just been given an infinitely tender *cantabile* motive by the sopranos. This chorus is followed by a long scene, for Gerontius, in which all the varied and subtle phases of the poem are brought out in a score eloquent with the latter-day eloquence of the orchestra. In this we have premonitions of the diabolical Chorus of Demons in Part II. Then the chorus, "Rescue him," divided into two parts, by responses between the semi-chorus, "Noe from the waters in a saving home," and the Amens of the chorus, after which the death of Gerontius, "*Novissima hora est* . . . and I fain would sleep . . . into thy hands—"

Part I ends with the proclamation of the Priest, *Proficiscere*, etc., and the final chorus, in the second section of which the voices seem poised in air, such is the freedom with which they are used.

Part II gives us, in the opening measures of the introduction, an impression of that peace of which the Soul of Gerontius speaks, "How still it is—I hear no more the busy beat of time." A wonderful conception of the waking of a soul now ensues. Closely bound together, unity secured by the frequent introduction of motives already heard, the score is truly delineative and expressive. At the words, "Another marvel, some one has me fast within his ample palm," we hear the motive that accompanies the Angel throughout this wonderful portrayal of the after life of a soul released from the body and hastening to its Judge. Now after the calm and comfort of the assurance of the Angel, "Thou hast forestalled the agony," and the duo, "Now that the hour is come I can forward look with serenest joy," comes a "fierce hubbub." The Chorus of Demons, terrible in its depiction of the "hideous purring," "the incessant pacing to and fro," "the sullen howl of spirits who assemble by the judgment seat and gather souls for hell," is now heard by Gerontius, who says to the Angel, "I see not these false spirits, shall I see my dearest Master, when I reach His throne?" "Yes for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord!" Then as the "sour dissonances" are heard no more, the glory of the Celestial Choir steals upon his ear; ever gaining in intensity, piling climax on climax it finally ends in a long sustained chord. This chorus is symphonic in breadth of development, and with the short explanatory solos by the Angel, and illustrative orchestral episodes, comprises nearly one-sixth of the entire work. This is the climax judged by ordinary standards, and the most difficult artistic problem of the composition is now faced. "Thy judgment now is near," proclaims the Angel. Then Gerontius hears "the voices that on earth, around his bed, chant the 'Subvenite' with the priest." Then the pleading of the Angel of the Agony for the soul that now is to go before the Judge. The Voices on Earth sing, "Spare him Lord." Then the one glance at the glory of God, a most intense moment, with its one tremendous climax, succeeded immediately by a *pianissimo*, and the cry of Gerontius, "Take me away, and in the lowest depths there let me lie!" The Souls in Purgatory sing, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge." The Angel, in a broad and eloquent melody, comforts the Soul: "Softly and gently, dearly ransomed soul; in my most loving arms I now enfold thee. And o'er the peaceful waters as they roll I poise thee, and I lower thee and hold thee. Thou shalt

pass the night here; and I will come and wake thee on the morrow; farewell! Be brave and patient, brother dear." "Praise to the Holiest in the height, Amen." This by the chorus in threefold utterance. We see now that the glory of the song before the throne was but incidental. It is in this quiet ending—this suggestion of infinite peace and rest eternal that we see the real climax.

PART I.

GERONTIUS.—Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,
 And Thou are calling me; I know it now.
 Not by the token of this faltering breath,
 This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,—
 (Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
 "Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
 (Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
 That I am going, that I am no more.
 'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
 (Lover of souls! Great God! I look to Thee.)
 This emptying out of each constituent
 And natural force, by which I came to be.
 Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
 Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
 The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
 Has never, never come to me before;
 * * * * *
 So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.
 ASSISTANTS.—Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.
 Holy Mary, pray for him.
 All holy Angels, pray for him.
 Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.
 * * * * *
 All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.
 All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.
 All holy Innocents, pray for him.
 All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,
 All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,
 All ye Saints of God, pray for him.
 GERONTIUS.—Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;
 And through such waning span

Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
 Prepare to meet thy God.
 And while the storm of that bewilderment
 Is for a season spent,
 And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,
 Use well the interval.
 ASSISTANTS.—Be merciful, be gracious—
 spare him, Lord.
 Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.
 From the sins that are past;
 From Thy frown and Thine ire;
 From the perils of dying;
 From any complying
 With sin, or denying
 His God, or relying
 On self, at the last;
 From the nethermost fire;
 From all that is evil;
 From power of the devil;
 Thy servant deliver,
 For once and for ever.
 By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross.
 Rescue him from endless loss;
 By Thy death and burial,
 Save him from a final fall;
 By Thy rising from the tomb,
 By Thy mounting up above,
 By the Spirit's gracious love,
 Save him in the day of doom.
 GERONTIUS.—Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.
 Firmly I believe and truly
 God is Three, and God is One;
 And I next acknowledge duly
 Manhood taken by the Son.
 And I trust and hope most fully
 In that Manhood crucified;
 And each thought and deed unruly
 Do to death, as He has died.
 Simply to His grace and wholly
 Light and life and strength belong,
 And I love, supremely, solely,
 Him, the holy, Him the strong.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,

Miserere, Judex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.
 And I hold in veneration,
 For the love of Him alone,
 Holy Church, as His creation,
 And her teachings, as His own.
 And I take with joy whatever
 Now besets me, pain or fear,
 And with a strong will I sever
 All the ties which bind me here.
 Adoration aye be given,
 With and through the angelic
 host,
 To the God of earth and heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere Judex meus,
 Mortis in discrimine.
 I can no more: for now it comes
 again,
 That sense of ruin, which is worse
 than pain.
 That masterful negation and collapse
 Of all that makes me man.
 And, crueller still,
 A fierce and restless fright begins to
 fill
 The mansion of my soul. And, worse
 and worse,
 Some bodily form of ill
 Floats on the wind, with many a
 loathsome curse
 Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs
 and flaps
 Its hideous wings,
 And makes me wild with horror and
 dismay.
 O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary,
 pray!
 Some Angel, Jesu! such as came to
 Thee
 In Thine own agony. * * *
 Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for
 me.
 Mary, pray for me.

ASSISTANTS.—Rescue him, O Lord, in
 this his evil hour,
 As of old so many by Thy gracious
 power:—

* * * * *

Noe from the waters in a saving
 home;
 (Amen.)

* * * * *

Job from all his multiform and fell
 distress;

(Amen.)

* * * * *

Moses from the land of bondage and
 despair;
 (Amen.)

* * * * *

David from Golia and the wrath of
 Saul;
 (Amen.)

* * * * *

* * * —So, to show Thy power,
 Rescue this Thy servant in his evil
 hour.

GERONTIUS.—Novissima hora est; and I
 fain would sleep,
 The pain has wearied me. * * Into
 Thy hands,
 O Lord, into Thy hands. * * *

THE PRIEST AND ASSISTANTS.—Proficis-
 cere, anima Christiana, de hoc
 mundo!

Go forth upon thy journey, Christian
 soul!

Go from this world! Go, in the Name
 of God

The Omnipotent Father, who created
 thee!

Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our
 Lord,

Son of the living God, who bled for
 thee!

Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit,
 who

Hath been poured out on thee! Go
 in the name

Of Angels and Archangels; in the
 name

Of Thrones and Dominations; in the
 name

Of Princedoms and of Powers; and
 in the name

Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!
 Go, in the name of Patriarchs and

Prophets;

And of Apostles and Evangelists,

Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the
 name

Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the
 name

Of holy Virgins; and all Saints of
 God,

Both men and women, go! Go on thy
 course;

And may thy dwelling to-day be
 found in peace,

And may thy dwelling be the Holy
 Mount

Of Sion:—through the Same, through
 Christ our Lord.



HERBERT WITHERSPOON

PART II.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.—I went to sleep;
 and now I am refreshed,
 A strange refreshment: for I feel in
 me
 An expressive lightness, and a sense
 Of freedom, as I were at length my-
 self,
 And ne'er had been before. How
 still it is!
 I hear no more the busy beat of
 time,
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor
 struggling pulse;
 Nor does one moment differ from the
 next.
 * * * * *
 This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very essence of my soul;
 And the deep rest, so soothing and so
 sweet,
 Hath something too of sternness and
 of pain.
 Another marvel: someone has me
 fast
 Within his ample palm; * * *
 * * * * * A uniform
 And gentle pressure tells me I am
 not
 Self-moving, but borne forward on
 my way.
 And hark! I hear a singing: yet in
 sooth
 I cannot of that music rightly say
 Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the
 tones.
 Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!
 ANGEL.—My work is done,
 My task is o'er,
 And so I come,
 Taking it home,
 For the crown is won,
 Alleluia,
 For evermore.
 My father gave
 In charge to me
 This child of earth
 E'en from its birth,
 To serve and save,
 Alleluia,
 And saved is he.
 This child of clay
 To me was given,
 To rear and train
 By sorrow and pain
 In the narrow way,
 Alleluia,
 From earth to heaven.

SOUL.—It is a member of that family
 Of wondrous beings, who, ere the
 worlds were made,
 Millions of ages back, have stood
 around
 The throne of God.
 * * * * *
 I will address him.
 Mighty one, my Lord,
 My Guardian Spirit, all hail!
 ANGEL.—All hail, my child!
 My child and brother, hail! what
 wouldst thou?
 SOUL.—I would have nothing but to
 speak with thee
 For speaking's sake. I wish to hold
 with thee
 Conscious communion; though I fain
 would know
 A maze of things, were it but meet to
 ask,
 And not a curiousness.
 ANGEL.—You cannot now
 Cherish a wish which ought not to be
 wished.
 SOUL.—Then I will speak. I ever had
 believed
 That on the moment when the strug-
 gling soul
 Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it
 fell
 Under the awful presence of its God,
 There to be judged and sent to its
 own place,
 What lets me now from going to my
 Lord?
 ANGEL.—Thou art not let; but with ex-
 tremest speed
 Art hurrying to the Just and Holy
 Judge.
 SOUL.—Dear Angel, say,
 Why have I now no fear at meeting
 Him?
 Along my earthly life, the thought of
 death
 And judgment was to me most ter-
 rible.
 * * * * *
 ANGEL.—It is because
 Then thou didst fear, that now thou
 dost not fear.
 Thou hast forestalled the agony, and
 so
 For thee the bitterness of death is
 passed.
 Also, because already in thy soul
 The judgment is begun.
 * * * * *

A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
 Straight from the Judge, expressive
 of thy lot,
 That calm and joy uprising in thy
 soul
 Is first-born to thee of thy recom-
 pense,
 And heaven begun.

SOUL.—Now that the hour is come, my
 fear is fled;
 And at this balance of my destiny,
 Now close upon me, I can forward
 look
 With a serenest joy.

* * * * *
 But hark! upon my sense
 Comes a fierce hubbub, which would
 make me fear
 Could I be frightened.

ANGEL.—We are now arrived
 Close on the judgment-court; that
 sullen howl
 Is from the demons who assemble
 there,
 * * * * *
 Hungry and wild, to claim their prop-
 erty,
 And gather their souls for hell. Hist
 to their cry.

SOUL.—How sour and how uncouth a
 dissonance!

DEMONS.—Low-born clods
 Of brute earth,
 They aspire
 To become gods,
 By a new birth,
 And an extra grace,
 And a score of merits,
 As if aught
 Could stand in place
 Of the high thought,
 And the glance of fire
 Of the great spirits,
 The powers blest,
 The lords by right,
 The primal owners,
 Of the proud dwelling
 And realm of light,—
 Dispossessed,
 And thrust,
 Chucked down,
 By the sheer might
 Of a despot's will,
 Of a tyrant's frown,
 Who after expelling
 Their hosts, gave,
 Triumphant still,

And still unjust,
 Each forfeit crown
 To psalm-droners,
 And canting groaners,
 To every slave,
 And pious cheat,
 And crawling knave,
 Who licked the dust
 Under his feet.

ANGEL.—It is the restless panting of
 their being;
 Like beasts of prey, who, caged with-
 in their bars,
 In a deep hideous purring have their
 life,
 And an incessant pacing to and fro.

DEMONS.—The mind bold
 And independent,
 The purpose free,
 So we are told,
 Must not think
 To have the ascendant,
 What's a saint?
 One whose breath
 Doth the air taint
 Before his death;
 A bundle of bones,
 Which fools adore,
 Ha! ha!
 When life is o'er.

* * * * *
 Virtue and vice,
 A knave's pretence.
 'Tis all the same;
 Ha! ha!
 Dread of hell-fire,
 Of the venomous flame
 A coward's plea.
 Give him his price,
 Saint though he be,
 Ha! ha!
 From shrewd good
 sense
 He'll slave for hire;
 Ha! ha!
 And does but aspire
 To the heaven above
 With sordid aim,
 And not from love.
 Ha! ha!

* * * * *
 ANGEL.—Yes,—for one moment thou
 shalt see thy Lord.
 * * * * *
 One moment; but thou knowest not,
 my child,
 What thou dost ask; the sight of the
 Most Fair

Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

SOUL.—Thou speakest darkly, Angel! and an awe

Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL.—There was a mortal, who is now above

In the mid glory: he, when near to die,

Was given Communion with the Crucified,—

Such, that the Master's very wounds were stamped

Upon his flesh; and, from the agony Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace,

Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love

Doth burn ere it transform. * * *

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—Praise to the Holiest in the Height,

And in the depth be praise:

ANGEL.—* * * Hark to those sounds!

They come of tender beings angelical, Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—

Praise to the Holiest in the height,

And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful;

Most sure in all His ways!

To us His elder race He gave

To battle and to win,

Without the chastisement of pain,

Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He willed to be

A marvel in His birth:

Spirit and flesh His parents were;

His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal blessed His child, and

armed,

And sent Him hence afar,

To serve as champion in the field

Of elemental war.

To be His Viceroy in the world

Of matter, and of sense;

Upon the frontier, towards the foe,

A resolute defence.

ANGEL.—We now have passed the gate, and are within

The House of Judgment. * * *

SOUL.—The sound is like the rushing of the wind—

The summer wind—among the lofty pines.

* * * * *

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—Glory to Him, who evermore

By truth and justice reigns;

Who tears the soul from out its case, And burns away its stains!

ANGEL.—They sing of thy approaching agony,

Which thou so eagerly didst question of.

SOUL.—My soul is in my hand: I have no fear,—

* * * * *

But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:

It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound

Of many waters.

* * * * *

ANGEL.—And now the threshold, as we traverse it,

Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—

Praise to the Holiest in the height,

And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful;

Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!

When all was sin and shame,

A second Adam to the fight

And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood

Which did in Adam fail,

Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace

Should flesh and blood refine,

God's Presence and His very Self,

And Essence all divine.

O generous love! that He who smote

In man for man the foe,

The double agony in man

For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,

And on the cross on high,

Should teach His brethren and inspire

To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,

And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful;

Most sure in all His ways!

ANGEL.—Thy judgment now is near, for we are come

Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL.—I hear the voices that I left on earth.

ANGEL.—It is the voice of friends around thy bed,

Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.

Hither the echoes come; before the Throne

Stands the great Angel of the Agony,

The same who strengthened Him,
what time He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed
with blood.

That Angel best can plead with Him
for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the
dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY.—Jesu! by that
shuddering dread which fell on
Thee;

Jesu! by that cold dismay which sick-
ened Thee;

Jesu! by that pang of heart which
thrilled in Thee;

Jesu! by that mount of sins which
crippled Thee;

Jesu! by that sense of guilt which
stifled Thee;

Jesu! by that innocence which girdled
Thee;

Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned
in Thee;

Jesu! by that Godhead which was one
with Thee;

Jesu! spare these souls which are so
dear to Thee,

Souls, who in prison, calm and pa-
tient, wait for Thee;

Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid
them come to Thee,

To that glorious Home, where they
shall ever gaze on thee.

SOUL.—I go before my Judge. * * *

VOICES ON EARTH.—Be merciful, be gra-
cious; spare him, Lord.

Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, del-
iver him.

ANGEL.—* * * * Praise to His Name!
* * * * * * * *

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the
glance of God.

SOUL.—Take me away, and in the low-
est deep

There let me be,

And there in hope the lone night-
watches keep,

Told out for me.

There, motionless and happy in my
pain,

Alone, not forlorn.—

There will I sing my sad perpetual
strain,

Until the morn,

There will I sing, and soothe my
stricken breast,

Which ne'er can cease

To throb, and pine, and languish, till
possesst

Of its Soul Peace.

There will I sing my absent Lord and
Love:—

Take me away,

That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlast-
ing day.

* * * * *

SOULS IN PURGATORY.—Lord, Thou hast
been our refuge: in every gener-
ation;

Before the hills were born, and the
world was: from age to age Thou
art God.

Bring us not, Lord, very low: for
Thou hast said, Come back again,
ye sons of Adam.

* * * * *

Come back, O Lord! how long: and
be entreated for Thy servants.

* * * * *

ANGEL.—Softly and gently, dearly-ran-
somed soul,

In my most loving arms I now en-
fold thee,

And, o'er the penal waters, as they
roll,

I poise thee, and I lower thee, and
hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resist-
ance,

Dost through the flood thy rapid pas-
sage take,

Sinking deeper, deeper, into the dim
distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is
given,

Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee,
as thou liest;

And Masses on the earth, and prayers
in heaven,

Shall aid thee at the Throne of the
Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother
dear,

Be brave and patient on thy bed of
sorrow;

Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial
here,

And I will come and wake thee on
the morrow.

SOULS.—Lord, Thou hast been our
refuge, &c. Amen.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.—Praise to the
Holiest, &c. Amen.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 17

OVERTURE — "Coriolanus,"

BEETHOVEN

Ludwig von Beethoven was born December 26, 1776, at Bonn; died March 25, 1827, at Vienna.

This overture, though less extensive in form than the "Lenore No. 3," is so replete with the greatest qualities of Beethoven's genius, and is so surcharged with dramatic intensity, that it may well stand as an example of the composer at his very best. Its form is so lucid, its principal themes so delineative, that it provokes interest in the tragedy — by a minor German poet, Heinrich Joseph von Collin — which could inspire the composer to such a creation. The title naturally suggests Shakespeare's greater drama, and leads one to wonder why Beethoven never looked to the great English dramatist for inspiration, instead of being moved by the works of such men as Vigano, Kotzebue and von Collin. To be sure he did draw from Schiller and Goethe, but it would seem that he would have been more influenced by the greatest dramatist of them all. As to the work itself, the two themes quoted will be all-sufficient in the way of explanation.

Beginning with a unison of the strings — a favorite usage with Beethoven — ending in an incisive chord for full orchestra *ff*, through this device, twice repeated, the principal theme, C minor, *Allegro con brio*, 4-4 time — enters

The image shows a musical score for the beginning of the Overture "Coriolanus" by Beethoven. It is written for piano and consists of two systems of music. The first system shows the right hand playing a melodic line of eighth notes and the left hand playing a bass line of eighth notes. The second system shows the right hand playing a more complex melodic line and the left hand playing a bass line. Dynamics include piano (*p*), crescendo (*cresc.*), and forte (*f*).

The second theme is very characteristic in its simplicity and its song-like content serves as an admirable foil to the agitated principal subject, revealing the contrast essential to tragedy.



The work ends with a powerful coda depicting the death of Coriolanus.

SCENE AND ARIA, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer,"

VON WEBER

from "Der Freischütz."

Carl Maria von Weber was born December 18, 1786; died June 5, 1820, at London.

MISS FLORENCE HINKLE.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, realizing the worthlessness of court intrigue and the futility of mythology as material for opera, in "Der Freischütz" turned to the legends of his native land for inspiration. The German people, full of aspiration for political freedom, which seemed near to them at this time, seized upon the work as representative of their kindled hopes. They glorified its atmosphere of *Gemüthlichkeit*; they shuddered at the horrors of the *Wolfschlucht*; their *Männergesangsvereine* sang all the male choruses *mit Lust and Liebe*; the young men saw in the heroine, Agatha, the embodiment of the type of maiden they loved: the maidens in turn adored the much-persecuted hero, Max, and, finally, they approved of the rehabilitation of the old form of *Singspiel*. For these reasons—and of course the beautiful music entered into the equation—its first production (Berlin, June 18, 1821) was a glorious triumph. It finds ardent admirers even now, in spite of the fact that musical Germany has become so sophisticated through Wagner and Strauss that many find listening to one tonality at a time somewhat irksome.

The selection on our program represents Agatha's grief and suspense as Max fails to appear, and her joy as she finally discerns him in the distance, and chronologically, as well as by its romantic atmosphere, its position on our program is justified.

AGATHE.

How tranquilly I slumbered
Before on him I gazed!
But evermore with sorrow
Love hand in hand must go.
The moon reveals her silv'ry light;
Oh lovely night!

(Stepping out on the balcony she
folds her hands in prayer.)
Softly sighing, day is dying,
Soar my prayer to heaven flying;
Starry splendor shining yonder,

Pour on us thy radiance tender!

(Looking out.)

How the golden stars are burning
Thro' yon vault of ether blue!
But lo! gath'ring o'er the mountains
Is a cloud foreboding storm,
And along yon pine woods' side,
Veils of darkness slowly glide!
Lord, watch o'er me,
I implore thee,
Humbly bending I adore thee,
Thou hast tried us,



FLORENCE HINKLE

Ne'er denied us,
 May thy holy angels guide us!
 Earth has lull'd her care to rest;
 Why delays my loit'ring love?
 Fondly beats my anxious breast,
 Where, my sweetheart, dost thou rove?
 Scarce the breeze among the boughs
 Wakes a murmur through the silence,
 Save the nightingale lamenting
 Not a sound disturbs the night.
 But hark! doth my ear deceive?
 I heard a footstep!
 There, in the pine woods' shadow,
 I see a form! 'Tis he! 'tis he!
 Oh love, I will give thee a sign
 Thy maiden waits thro' storm and shine.
 She waves a white handkerchief to
 him.)

He seems not to see me yet;
 Heav'n! can it be that I see aright?
 With flow'ry wreath his hat is bound!
 Success at last our hopes has crowned!
 What bliss tomorrow's dawn will bring!
 Oh! joyful token, hope revives my soul!
 How ev'ry pulse is bounding,
 And my heart beats loud and fast,
 We shall meet in joy at last!
 Could I dare to hope such rapture?
 Frowning Fate at last relents,
 And to crown our love consents:
 Oh what joy for us tomorrow!
 Am I dreaming?
 Is this true?
 Bounteous heav'n, my heart shall praise
 thee
 For this hope of rosy hue!

SYMPHONY No. 4, E minor, Op. 98,

BRAHMS

Allegro; Andante moderato; Presto giocoso; Allegro energico e passionato.

Johannes Brahms was born May 7, 1833, at Hamburg; died April 3, 1897, at Vienna.

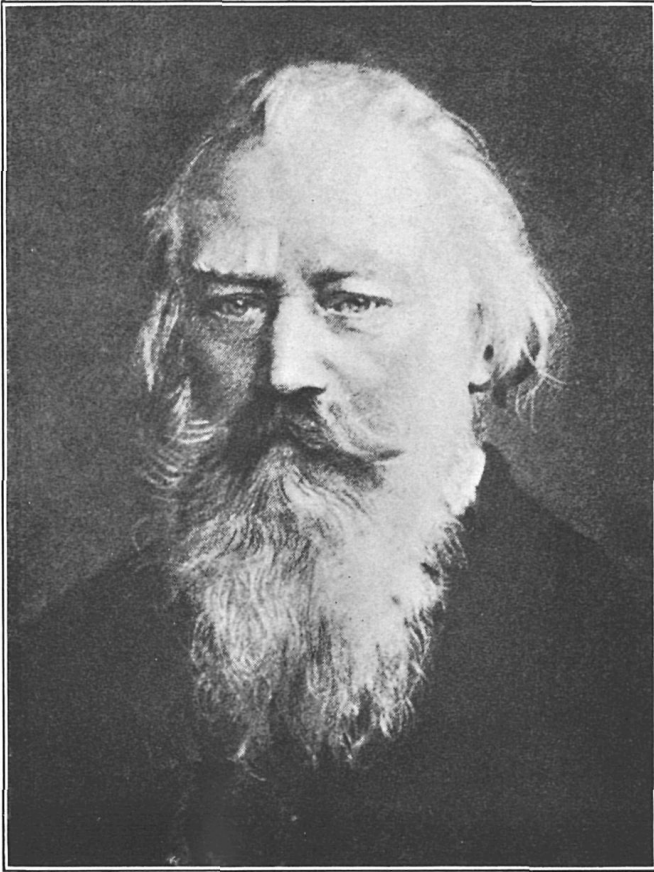
In view of Tchaikovsky's attitude towards Brahms, it would require considerable courage on the part of one who, admitting the keenness of the Russian master's critical insight, takes him for a guide, to write enthusiastically regarding the composer of the symphony on our program. But appreciation of a writer's acumen does not of necessity imply an acceptance of the results of its exercise, especially in this particular instance, for Brahms needs little or no defense in our day.

It would require more courage than most of Brahms' admirers possess to speak of him in ardent terms, for there was something in the man's personality and genius which forbade excessive fervor. This is in no sense derogatory to his genius, for his well-poised and calmly reflective nature and the scope of his ideals, as well as emotional limitations — if you will — or more properly speaking, his emotional restraint, made it a temperamental impossibility for him to arouse the fervor evoked by the more tensely strung Tchaikovsky. In these days, however, it is a relief to turn from the nervous exaltation and fantastic experiments of the ultra-moderns to his sane and intellectually controlled scores. And it must be remembered that he wrote in a period when all that is now "troubling the face of the waters" was fermenting, through the activity of Richard Wagner and Liszt. But Tchaikovsky was decidedly in error when he denied him the possession of nearly everything but courage — of which he wrote he possessed "enough to resist the allurements of the operatic style." The majority of the operatic works of the Russian master, according to his own admission, suffered from such a superabundance of symphonic treatment of the orchestra, to the neglect of the obvious requirements of the singers on the stage, that

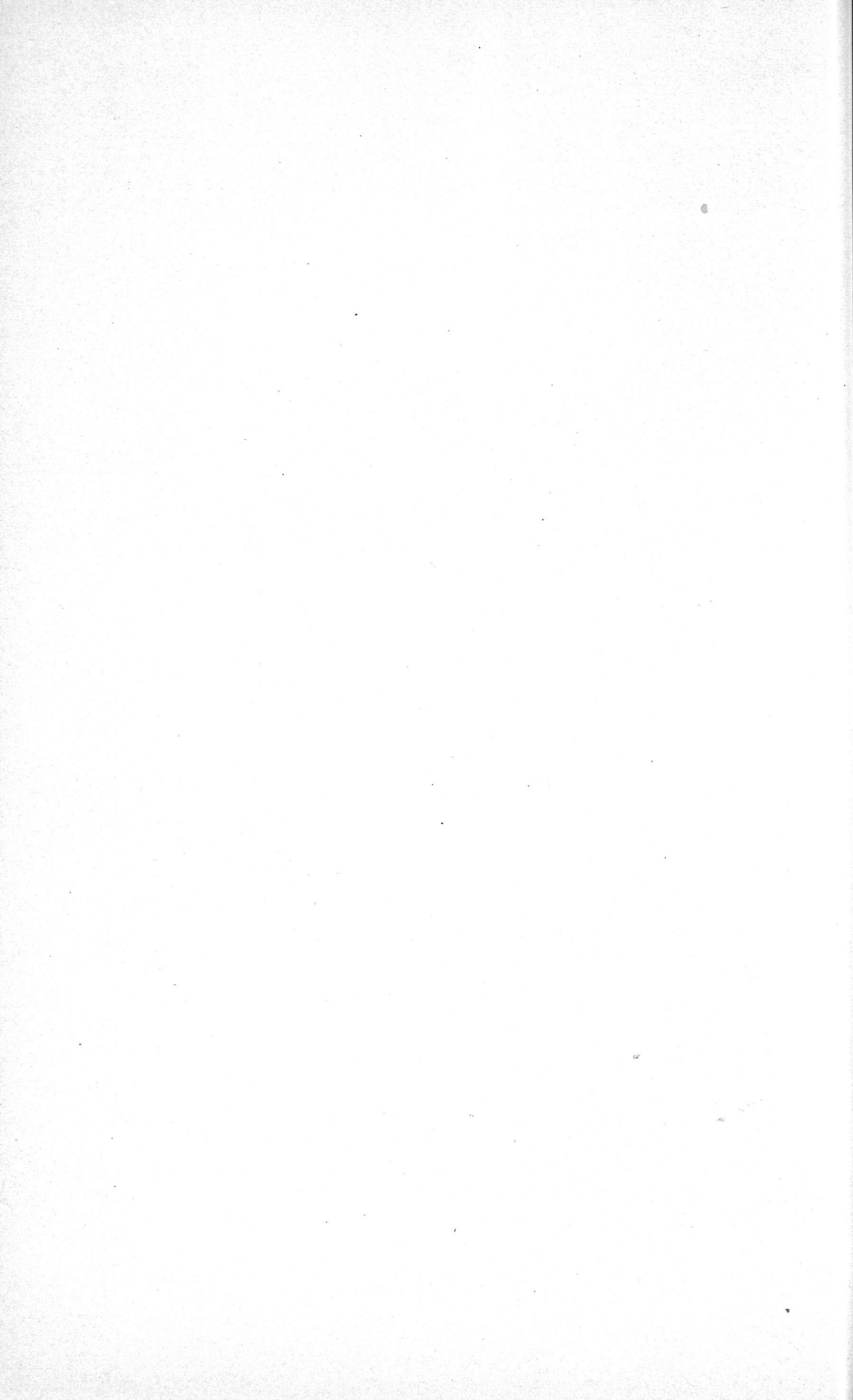
the courage to which he referred may have been nothing more or less than a knowledge of himself on the part of Brahms.

To leave the past and come to the present, it must be said that Brahms is viewed by too many as an austere man—scholarly but pedantic—whose music is nothing more nor less than a series of propositions in a musical Euclid. Nothing could be further from the truth than this view. He was a congenial *Stammgast*—Germans, and those acquainted with German customs know just what this means—a staunch friend, an untiring worker, and in spite of a general impression to the contrary, exceedingly catholic in his tastes and generous in his criticisms. His genius was lyric rather than dramatic, and, in spite of Tchaikovsky and the rest, he was a real melodist. His introspective nature and redundant scholarship frequently led him to probe non-existent depths, and to exploit the possibilities of themes beyond their inherent suggestions. By reason of this propensity his greater works frequently appear to be confused,—especially at a first hearing. But Brahms is not a composer to be held lightly and the same works when heard repeatedly reveal much of compelling beauty that is overlooked at first. The clouded melodic structure clears and keener insight into sections that at first appeared confused places the contributing factors in their proper relations to each other so that all his treatments are justified. It is never the limpid clearness of Mozart, but that is not necessary—for our modern environment is not that of the Salzburg master; neither are our points of view. The faults just mentioned, if they are faults, extend to his use of the orchestra, in which he uses neutral tints frequently to excess. Brilliancy in orchestration, as such, had no charm for him, but he is happy in his use of legitimate instrumental effects. As a song writer he displays to the full his refined melodic sense and when necessary displays the vigor so wonderful an element in the Finale of his otherwise somber First Symphony (C minor). He seems to have been unresponsive to humor, in his compositions at least, for his reputation as a good comrade on mildly convivial occasions precludes an absence of this desirable quality. But at all events this avoidance of humor saved him from flippancy, which is but a door or two removed from wit. A master of form, his romantic tendencies prevented him from being mastered by conventional interpretations of this essential element in music—as in all art. He was not sufficiently removed from Schumann in point of date to escape the inevitable comparison with the master whose glowing prophecies regarding him placed him in an embarrassing situation. Because he was by nature a symphonist and a lyric composer, many refuse to take him at his real worth because he was neither a Beethoven nor a Schubert.

Whatever one may say of Brahms, no one can assert that he was not original. He must stand as representative of the outlook of those who refused to be swept off their feet by the art of Richard Wagner. The art of the two men expressed itself in lines so distinct that there was no reason why they should not run parallel instead of crossing. Brahms followed his own path, a much more significant one than he indicated when, in speaking of certain ill-natured comments on his work by the Bayreuth master, he said, "Wagner has the broad highway—why will he not leave me my modest little lane?" The "modest little lane" has been trodden by many "worshippers at the Shrine of Music" and it must be urged that one of the greatest popular successes ever attained under this roof attended the performance of his perennial D major symphony in 1909. Von Bülow, whose critical judgment



JOHANNES BRAHMS



was unerring, in naming his musical Trinity—"Bach, Beethoven and Brahms"—was nearer the truth than Tchaikovsky, who looked with restricted approval on the first, with awe on the second and contempt on the third. The implications of von Bülow's grouping are many, but possibly not immediately obvious. The only one that can be noted at this time is this: Bach in his "Well Tempered Clavichord" displayed both poetry and a dawning romanticism; Beethoven gave fulness to a form better adapted to their expression and added qualities distinctly his own; Brahms, a romanticist in feeling but a classicist in form, combined them all in a style in which romantic freedom, somewhat influenced by the dramatic intensity of his environment, was held in leash by his sense of symmetrical expression.

Brahms' life was quite uneventful when compared with the experiences of many if not most of the great composers, and there was nothing in his career that might be noted as responsible for the development of any phase of his genius.

Such being the case, we will proceed to an analysis of this great work—placing greater dependence on the themes cited than on verbal explanations—adding, for the sake of completeness, that the work was first performed in Meiningen, October 25, 1885, under the direction of the composer, that its success was immediate, and that it was his last work in this form.

The first movement—E minor, *Allegro non troppo*, 2-2 time—opens with a theme in which restraint and decision mingle.



This theme, so full of possibilities, reveals its fulness of suggestion as it is given out by the violins, resting on an adequate harmonic structure—horns, woodwinds and basses—over and through which the violas and 'cellos are heard in arpeggios. Very quickly there follows the subsidiary motive—horns and woodwinds—here-with given.



The second theme, first stated by the 'cellos and horns, afterward by the violins, amply sustains Brahms' power of melodic utterance while the brief treatment of the wonderfully suggestive theme displays his self-restraint. This is also shown in



the "development" section, in which he does not yield to the temptation to stray far afield in the exploitation of figures from the first two themes. There is ample material for study of processes of development in this section, in which the composer exhibits a surety that only comes with complete mastery of the possibilities of musical idioms. The "recapitulation" calls for no words of guidance which, in the face of its naturalness, would be an embarrassment rather than a help.

The second movement, with its beautiful first theme — for clarinet —



and introduced by horns, is a beautiful example of the romantic style. To this beauty the following songful theme contributes no small share.



In no way could Brahms have more completely proclaimed his freedom from convention than by the substitution of a rondo for the usual scherzo as the third movement. Its vivacious character is made clear by the opening theme—C major, *Presto giocoso*, 2-4 time — given out by the full orchestra *fortissimo*.



Following the structure of the rondo-form this theme as it reappears in changing forms, is contrasted with episodes, one of which develops into the second theme.



This movement makes no great demand on the listener, which is fortunate, and possibly so designed — for the last movement is one calling for careful and intelligent listening if its wonderful structure is to be worthily appreciated. It is in one

of the oldest known forms — the Passacaglia — in which Frescobaldi, Bach, Purcell and lesser composers displayed their contrapuntal dexterity. Bach gave the world two of the finest examples of the form, in the glorious C minor Passacaglia (for organ) and — note the contrast — in “Et Crucifixus,” the choicest gem in his immortal B minor Mass. The formal principle of the Passacaglia consists in placing an ever-varying contrapuntal superstructure over a significant and consistently reiterated theme. In this instance the theme — E minor. *Allegro, energico e passionato*, 3-4 time (the Passacaglia is always in 3-4 time) — is given in the upper notes of the following quotation



and must be impressed on one's mind if the thirty-three variations leading to the concluding coda are to be thoroughly appreciated.

SYMPHONIC POEM, “Les Préludes,”

LISZT

Franz Liszt was born October 22, 1811; at Raiding, Hungary; died July 31, 1886, at Bayreuth.

As a lull in the great series of centenaries which will be brought to a close in 1913, with extreme brilliancy — for Giuseppe Verdi and Richard Wagner were great geniuses — comes the commemoration of but one composer of real distinction — Franz Liszt, and this, in reality, falls in the year 1911. It can only be recognized at this time by taking advantage of the fact that the musical year includes portions of two successive calendar years.

No more difficult problem for a fair-minded man exists than to write in a discriminating vein about this fiery Magyar. He was by birth and temperament one who cared but little for convention, as shown not alone in the freedom of his compositions, but by his somewhat elastic ideas as to the value, or necessity, of marriage certificates as well. He was the creator of a new conception of piano forte playing and a virtuoso who so revealed the inherent possibilities of his instrument that it is a matter of doubt whether anything significant in pianoforte playing has appeared of which he was not the prophet. Nor is it clear that any virtuoso has appeared since his day who can be considered his superior — or equal. Were his contributions confined to the technique of the instrument it would be wonderful enough, but through his revelation of technical possibilities he prepared the way for more artistic interpretation to which he contributed more that was fundamental than any one before or since. He was generous to a fault, and none appreciated this more than his future son-in-law, Richard Wagner, whose genius he was the first to recognize, as he was the leader in Germany of that appreciation of Hector

Berlioz which was denied him by his countrymen, until his death aroused them to a real sense of his greatness.

In attempting to estimate his creative gifts one is constantly brought face to face with contradictions which are difficult to reconcile. Any attempt to rely on ordinary sources is well-nigh useless, for, on the one hand we meet with unsparing and unjustified denunciation, and on the other with the feverish rhapsodies of those who, having come at some time under the hypnotic spell of his wonderful personality, bade farewell to sanity and all sense of proportion. No one who ever came under the potent influence of Liszt, the man, can be trusted to give a sane judgment of his creative work, nor can the verdict of those who facetiously quote "Liszt—'tis music—stealing" be given any real validity. To say that "he just escaped being a great genius," as some have done, would depend on one's definition of the term. It would be as far from the truth as to assign him a position in the first rank. In many compositions he displays wonderful invention, and profound scholarship, of a somewhat unique type. In others he revealed an astounding paucity of ideas, clothed in exuberant verbiage. The unfortunate fact is that he did not seem to know the difference, for he reeled off platitudes with the same appearance of conviction with which he enunciated profound and prophetic truths. If we knew whether to him it was "appearance" or reality, we might reverse this opinion. In his great Piano-forte sonata in B minor, he displayed rare originality, but with the exception of this and several other genial compositions for his instrument, his claim to greatness rests on his orchestral works. No one listening to the "Dante" sonata, another titanic work with the same freedom of form as the "B flat minor," can fail to be impressed with the fact that Wagner's indebtedness to Liszt was not entirely financial. He had a wonderful sense of orchestral values and was unerring in his appreciation of the capabilities of single instruments. The symphonic poem owes its existence to him, and the art of Richard Strauss rests on his practice and his theories.

He was a *Bahn-bröcker*, and the new paths he pointed out have led and are to lead to high artistic altitudes. Many of his most glaring faults as a composer, an artist, and a man, were due to racial characteristics, social distinction, excessive flattery and an amiability which may explain that "appearance of conviction" already mentioned, which is frequently as valuable an asset in art as in society, until it is put into the balance with sincerity on the other side of the scales.

"Les Préludes" on this program is the third of thirteen symphonic poems, and one of the most popular, it may be added. The poetic suggestion comes from the following passage from Lamartine's "Meditations Poétique":

"What is life but a series of preludes to that unknown song whose initial solemn note is tolled by Death! The enchanted dawn of every life is love; but where is the destiny on whose first delicious joys some storm does not break—a storm whose deadly blast disperses youth's illusions, whose fatal bolt consumes its altar! And what soul thus cruelly bruised, when the tempest rolls away, seeks not to rest its memories in the pleasant calm of rural life! Yet man allows himself not long to taste the kindly quiet which first attracted him to Nature's lap; but when the trumpet gives the signal he hastens to danger's post, whatever be the fight which draws him to its lists, that in the strife he may once more regain full knowledge of himself and all his strength."

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday, Evening, May 17

OVERTURE, "Melusina," Op. 32.

MENDELSSOHN

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born February 3, 1809, at Hamburg; died November 4, 1847, at Leipzig.

No musician of modern times has evoked more mild controversy than genial, simple-minded Mendelssohn, to whose generous nature envy and jealousy were unknown and whose art would seem to contain none of the essential elements of a "Storm-center." "Wherefore the controversy?" one is tempted to ask, and any satisfactory answer would expose the absurdity of many of the contentions put forth by those who, while crying "Freedom!" are busy fixing the boundaries of a convention as narrow in reality as it is broad in appearance. The romanticism which in Schumann expressed itself in storm and stress, and always in intensity of utterance, scarcely produced a surface ripple in Mendelssohn's calmer and better poised emotional nature, but the "surface ripples" were occasionally very beautiful and there is always room in music, as in other arts and in literature, for varying expressions of a fundamental concept. In any well ordered evolution there must be connecting links between points of view conditioning works which define the beginning of such an evolution, and those in which the advances won are proclaimed. It was Mendelssohn's misfortune, that, in an age when mighty forces were beginning to manifest themselves, his art rested on foundations that were in danger of being undermined by the seething current tending in the direction of dramatic intensity. Mendelssohn was better equipped in every way than most of his contemporaries to assist in the development of the newer ideals, but they were antagonistic to his nature. He could therefore resist the enticement of that which had in it no element of temptation—as we all can—and which might have led him to be numbered among the many wrecks this boiling current swept to practical oblivion. It may be objected that the chronology of these implications is out of gear, but that is so only on the surface: the current was running in channels less exposed to view, but was none the less powerful. It cannot be regretted that Mendelssohn in so far as this particular tendency enters into the equation—was a conservative. We are prone to underestimate the influence of the surroundings of his early years, and do not lay sufficient weight on the fact that such conditions would have hampered a more aggressive genius than he. Without doubt many of his pianoforte compositions are superficial—and we know that he never appreciated to the full the potentialities of his instrument—neither did any one before Franz Liszt. We note that while he

displayed a refinement somewhat akin to that of Chopin, his delicacy of statement lacked the charm of the exquisite trceries of the great Pole. His virility was tempered by a reserve which he occasionally threw to the winds, as in certain monumental choruses and solos in "St. Paul" and "Elijah," but which was generally in evidence. No one can fail to see the limitations of his art, but these boundaries were self-imposed and necessitated by his concept of beauty. In forms favored by his outlook, and in his inspired settings of subjects within the range of his vision, he often rises to great heights, as witness his oratorios which marked an epoch in the history of the form. The melodic beauty of his symphonies, overtures, quartettes, trios and songs — with or without words — may be characterized by some as lacking in distinction, but before we grant the force of the criticism it will be in order for them to define very closely their interpretation of "distinction." They certainly would except the E minor Violin Concerto from their sweeping condemnation — but why any discussion of the question? Why not look at his music objectively, why not take it for what it is worth? Why should we look at it from an alien point of view? Why should we not take him at his best, welcome his spontaneous, cheery art, and give him a place in our esteem and affection even if it be not the high position accorded the Immortals. We may look upon him as one who contributed nothing but occasional novel points of view, and yet — welcome him.

In the "Melusina" overture we see the composer at his best. We may study it in the light of the French folk-tale and attach delineative significance to the various themes. On the other hand we may look upon the graceful melodic structure of the first section — F major, *Allegro con moto*, 6-4 time — the spirited second theme — F minor — and the fascinating melody in A flat (the third theme) as component factors in a free treatment of the sonata-form. In either case its charm compels admiration, and if one combines both interpretations, the spell is even more potent. The score is dated November 14, 1833, and it was heard for the first time at Düsseldorf, July, 1834, under the direction of the composer. Mendelssohn was a great conductor within hard and fast limitations. He had no *dramatic* ability whatever in this capacity — neither had he as a composer — in any of the forms fundamentally resting on that concept — although his introduction of that element in the oratorio was prophetic of possibilities in the sacred form — unknown to any great extent to any composer before his day.

ARIA, from "Il re pastore,

MOZART

MME. ALMA GLUCK.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born January 27, 1756, at Salzburg; died December 5, 1791, in Vienna.

When one reads the life history of this immortal genius, and reviews its checkered aspects, reflects upon his disappointments and dwells upon the pathetic circumstance that, at a time when all Europe was ringing with his praise, he was hurriedly cast into a pauper's grave,— it is little less than a marvel that up to the last weeks of his life, when fortuitous circumstances, which he magnified into por-



ALMA GLUCK

tents, led to a despondency that hastened his death, he should have faced the world and his misfortunes with a smile. This characteristic is reflected in most of his music, but there are Adagios in which we get glimpses of an appreciation of the greater depths of experience so forcibly portrayed by Beethoven, and in his operas, notably in the last act of "Don Juan," we discover a dramatic power that may have led Richard Wagner to say of him, "Had he met the proper poet he would have solved the problem of the opera." Of his work as a symphonist—into the forms of which "he poured the lava stream of his genius until it overflowed"—to quote Wagner again, space forbids more than mere mention, while the temptation to emphasize the range of his creative activity must be sternly resisted. He possessed the power—possible only to genius of the most exalted type—of making smaller forms vehicles for the expression of great thoughts. In passing it must be noted that this is an interesting phenomenon, clearly apparent to the intelligent and observant critic. In smaller forms many composers seem to have escaped from the limitations of their natures. Schubert was dramatic in his songs, but not in his symphonies; Schumann, sombre and brooding in most of his larger works, is sunshine itself in his lyrics, while Bach in his sacred songs is simple and naive as Beethoven ceases to storm the heights and probe the depths in his "An die ferne Geliebte" and "Adelaide." Mozart in his unpretentious compositions was not the composer of the "Requiem" or "Don Juan," but in them he displayed the qualities that must have been in the mind of one who escaped the fate of most of those who indulge in the dangerous practice of comparing geniuses who work in different, even though they be allied, fields—when he called him "the Raphael of Music." The aria on our program is taken from one of these lesser works—"Il re pastore," a dramatic cantata, the general character of which is admirably portrayed by its title and the following text:

Dein bin ich, ja dein auf ewig!
Treu im Glucke und treu im Leide,
All' mein Sinnen steht nur nach dir!

Thine am I, forever thine!
True to thee in joy and love
My soul, my life reach out for thee!

Du o Theure, du heiss Geliebte,
Mein Entzücken und all' meine Fréude,
Meinen Frieden find' ich bei dir!

Through thee, O dear one, fondly lives
All my joys—love's fervent glow,
And peace and comfort come to me

SYMPHONIC POEM No. 2, "Le Chasseur Maudit."

FRANCK*

César Franck was born December 10, 1842, at Liege; died November 9, 1899, at Paris.

"After Mozart whom"? frequently confronts one who would give a measure of unity to a miscellaneous program, and, as it frequently involves a leap of a century or thereabouts, it is by no means an easy task. For the present purpose the choice has fallen on one who, by virtue of his sincerity—the expression of one of the most

* See "Official Program Book" for 1910 for a more comprehensive account of César Franck.

salient attributes of a pure-minded man—and the nobility of his artistic ideals is well fitted to follow the great German genius. The fact that the work by which he is represented has a title expressive of its contents must not be considered as antagonistic to our purpose, for it reflects the present tendency. Again it must be borne in mind, that in his art, Mozart always faced the rising sun, and in consequence was viewed by many of his contemporaries as an iconoclast. This tendency to interpret the Present through the Past, rather than to attempt to predicate its relation to the Future, is an element in criticism not unknown in this, the year of our Lord 1912. It is an eminently safe procedure and is justified to a certain degree by the lack of success attending many would-be prophets. But in this, as in other fields, caution leads to as many mistakes as daring, and is far less stimulating.

The work is based on a ballad by Gottfried August Bürger, the subject matter of which was suggested by the old German legend—"Der Wilde Jäger." As it is perfectly free in form and presents little difficulty in its interpretation, nothing in the way of analysis will be offered further than to give the key, time, and expression marks—A major, *Andantino quasi allegretto*, 3-4 time, with the inevitable increase in intensity of tempo suggested to the following program given in the words of the composer:

"It is Sunday morning. In the distance is heard the joyous pealing of bells and the sacred chantings of the worshipers. What desecration! The wild Count of the Rhine winds his hunting-horn! The chase goes on over grain-fields, moors and prairies. 'Hold on, Count, I pray thee; listen to the pious chants!' 'No!' and the rider rushes on like a whirlwind. Suddenly the Count is alone. His horse cannot move, nor his horn any longer give forth a sound. A grim, pitiless voice curses him: 'Desecrator,' it says, 'be thou forever pursued by the Evil One.'

"The flames blaze up on all sides. The Count, mad with terror and pursued by a pack of demons, flees ever faster and faster—across abysses by day and through the sky by night."

ARIA, "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise,"

CHARPENTIER

MME. GLUCK.

Gustav Charpentier was born June 25, 1860, at Dieuze-Lorraine; still living, in Paris.

It may seem somewhat remote from fact to assert that the gulf between César Franck and Charpentier is greater than that which separates the first named from Mozart or the latter from his distinguished ancestor Marc Antoine Charpentier (1634-1752), but considered in the light of their tendencies and ideals it is absolutely true. Franck fixed his gaze on noble phases of life, while Charpentier has the circumscribed view of the realist, who is enthusiastic only when he ranges along paths trodden by those whose existence is spent in the midst of depravity and vice, though they both be gilded. It must be admitted that Charpentier attempts to

bring out whatever of light there may be in that gloom. A sensitive nature like Franck's could not have endured the contact with the life that moves along the lower levels which is necessary for the exploitation of whatever in that life may be deemed worthy of emphasis. Giving due weight to his good intentions the composer of "Louise" must come under the condemnation of Tchaikovsky by virtue of his choice of subject. While the position assumed by the pure-minded Russian did him honor, we may seriously question whether it is justifiable to restrict ourselves to the praise of the ideally good — which needs no praise — to the virtual exclusion of sufficient study of the bad to determine whether it is irremediable. To attempt to portray the struggle for the attainment of the best that is possible under oppressive environment is neither ignoble nor undesirable, but the real texture of a man is determined by the manner in which he accentuates the conflicting moral elements which in the lowest strata are exhibited in their nakedness. It must be admitted that Charpentier revelled in the life of the Montmartre Quartier — which in itself is no sin, — and — if we can trust his music, as we must — was at his best when glorifying phases of that life which in no wise tend to the clarification of its moral atmosphere. If this seems unjust, what of the following from M. Pierre de Breuille, writing of "Louise"? "Charpentier, who owes so much to Zola, whose romantic naturalism he practices, is himself the hero in 'L'Oeuvre,' who, wishing to glorify Paris, has created a Minotaur — a Moloch — who eats the children of nearly all the street-sweepers. And it is before this monster, whom he places before us after the manner of sermonizers, that the lovers kneel, and in whose honor they recite their prayers. Why bind music, that universal language which never grows old, to subjects of ephemeral actuality? Why attach it to the hawser of the galley that is already three-quarters sunk through naturalism?" The answer is simple — the composer was purely theatrical in his outlook, not dramatic in the highest sense. But why the selection on our program? Because Charpentier is an interesting figure in modern French music, a writer worthy of representation, one "who knows how to captivate though his undoubted power as a musician" — and "Louise" is a work of real distinction. The text is herewith given:

LOUISE.—Ever since the day when unto thee I gave me, radiant with flowers seemed
my pathway before me,
I seem to dream 'neath a fairyland heaven with my soul still drunk with
the joy of thy first kiss.
Ah, how sweet is life! my dream has not been merely dreaming!
Ah! I am so happy for love o'er me his wings is spreading!
In the realm of my heart new is the joy that's singing!
All nature doth rejoice with me and with me triumph!
And all around I see but laughter, light and joy
And I tremble with exquisite delight when I recall
The charm of our first day of love.
Oh! how sweet is life, ah, I am so happy, all too happy
And I tremble with exquisite delight when I recall
The charm of our first day of love.

ANDANTE (Marguerite) from "A Faust Symphony,"

LISZT

The subject matter of this, the second movement of the symphony, is suggested by the title and its musical atmosphere will be appreciated through the quotations, the first of which—following an introductory section—portrays the awakening



love which is the fateful result of Marguerite's first meeting with Faust. The short and expressive motive, "He loves me—loves me not!" leading into the enthusiastic proclamation "He loves me!" is followed by a repetition of the "Marguerite



theme—No. 1. A second theme—"Abandonment to love" it may be called—embodying a reminiscence of one of the introductory motives and full of emotional



intensity prepares the way for the entrance of Faust. The section dominated by his personality, beginning with sadness, gradually changes under the influence of Marguerite's presence to "intoxicated enthusiasm" through which they are led to abandonment—to self-forgetting love. Faust disappearing, Marguerite is now left alone with her memories, to face a future fraught with disaster.

SUITE "Die KönigsKinder" Op.

HUMPERDINCK

As Mendelssohn in the Scherzo of his "Scotch Symphony" gives us a waft of the clear air of the Highlands, so Humperdinck, in this apotheosis of German legend, gives us a glimpse of a land of fancy to counteract the effect of the passion-laden atmosphere of the preceding selection. As an aid to the interpretation of the music we append the story.

"The son of a king, having gone abroad to gather experience, finds in the Hellaforest a goose-maid, the bewitched daughter of a king. They fall in love, but as she is prevented from escaping by the witch, the prince leaves her in anger. The citizens of Hellabrunn have sent out a fiddler, a wood-chopper and a broom-maker to ask of the witch where they might find a ruler. The witch deceives all but the fiddler with her answer. He recognizes in the goose-girl the child of a king and takes her, saved from the witch's power by prayer, back with him to Hellabrunn. As she enters the city she finds the beloved prince disguised as a beggar. The people of Hellabrunn, who expected the new ruler to come in royal state, drive both from the city. Discord now reigns in the town. The innocent children, however, who have intuitively divined the injustice of their parents' deed, hover about the forest in search of the exiles. The prince, famished, carrying the goose-maid in his arms, reaches the hut which was formerly the witch's home. He gives to the wood-chopper who happens to be there his crown for a loaf of bread. But the loaf is a poisoned one left by the witch. When the fiddler arrives with the children, to whom he has shown the way, he finds the prince and the goose-maid clasped in each other's arms — dead."

Two episodes will be presented this evening: I. The Prelude and II. "Hellafest."

The Prelude is a freely constructed exploitation of a motive—"The King's Son"—E flat major, *Mit Feuer*, 12-8 time—to which contrasting motives full of dramatic suggestion and always beautiful, give added significance. The meaning of one of these, of march-like character, is clear, while the combination of an expressive melody with the initial theme, and the lovely theme, in B flat major for violins, suggests an interpretation in which the Princess has a part.

In "Hellafest"—G major, *Lebhabt*, 3-2 time—we have a perfect picture of the gaily moving crowds who impatiently await the return of the deputation sent to find a prince to reign over them. Their anxiety, however, does not prevent them from having a good time after the manner of the pleasure-loving citizens of the provincial city. The principal theme of the first section of the excerpt—in the A-B-A form—is very vivacious and is heard after four measures introduction. After thirty-three measures this is followed by the second theme (oboe and trumpet) and the section (A) is brought to a close by a restatement of the original theme. The Trio (B), "The Children's Dance," is based on an old German folksong and illustrates the wealth of suggestion that inheres in these genuine products of inspiration—it may be of a peasant or a king. Then comes a repetition of the March (A) and a coda in which the "Children's Dance" reappears.

TWO LEGENDS FOR ORCHESTRA,

LIADOW

"Le Lac Enchanté," Op. 62.

"Kikimora," Op. 63.

Anatole Liadow was born May 12, 1853, at St. Petersburg; still living.

The first selection—D flat major, *Andante*, 12-8 time—by virtue of its title needs little in the way of descriptive comment, and is largely constructed on the interesting figure for muted strings heard almost immediately. To this are added

such other contrasting themes as serve his purpose, which is to give an impression of a placid lake bordered by forests, teeming with the wood fairies of Russian folklore, as the lake is the home of nymphs who disport themselves in its cool depths.

"Kikimora" concerns itself with a youth who, brought up by a sorceress, at the age of seven is, to quote: "Shiny and black, with a head as small as a thimble and a body as thin as a straw. . . . Whistling and hissing from evening until midnight, after having made all manner of noises from morning until evening, he spends the rest of the night spinning and storing up evil for all mankind." The name is made up from a word meaning "demon" and one which stands for nightmare. This interesting imp and his sleepless activity inspired the second selection from this Russian composer, whose name appears this evening for the first time on our programs. In structure it is somewhat free and abounds with mysterious color (muted brass, etc.), chromatic progressions, and contrasting tempi. The xylophone is used avidly and in general the music favors the atmosphere of unreality conveyed not alone by the interpretation of the title given but by another version (Servian) which says that the "Kikimora are the souls of girls who have died unchristened, or who have been cursed by their parents, and so have passed under the power of evil spirits."

DUET "Night Love Invited," from "Romeo and Juliet,"

GOUNOD

MME. GLUCK AND MR. MILLER.

In the estimation of certain musicians, whose standards of criticism seem to be somewhat in need of revision, "Romeo and Juliet" (Paris, April 27, 1867), is Gounod's greatest opera. No one need be disturbed by this judgment, for those who remain true to "Faust" will always be in a safe, even an overwhelming majority. Having set a text from Goethe and Shakespeare, it is strange that Gounod did not turn to Dante and Cervantes, in order that he might pay his respects to still other nationalities and make his operatic art international. Like the conductors, who accelerate from *Grave*, and ritard from *Allegro* till they strike the golden mean—*Moderato*,—Gounod was always the creator of "Faust."

Still this makes no particular difference, for he was not great enough to influence composers to follow in his footsteps, and his music is always agreeable, frequently fascinating. Possibly no excerpt from his opera is more characteristic than this beautiful duet, Act IV, Scene I, whose text now follows:

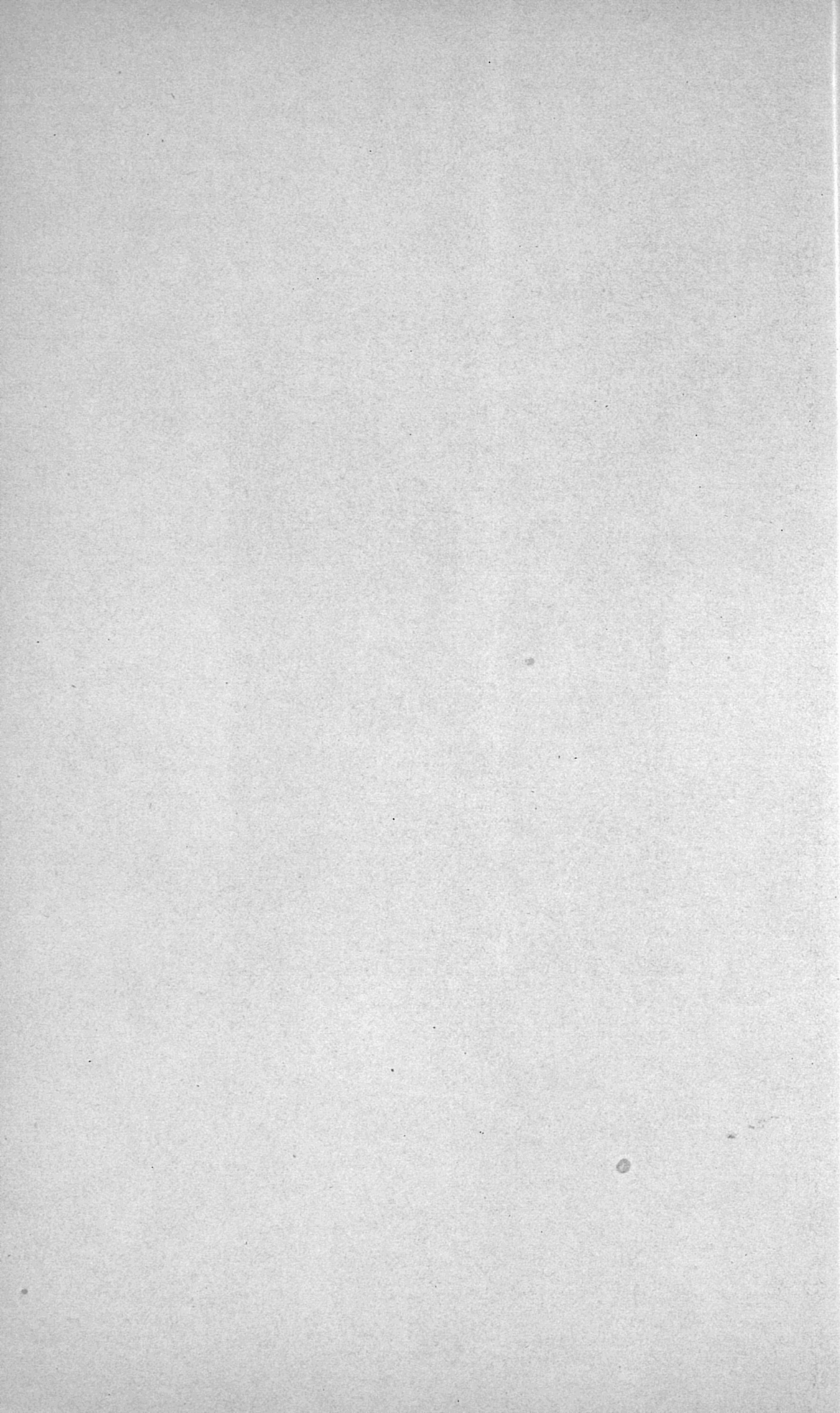
JULIET.—Love! thy life Tybalt sought,
 And I pardon thy blow:
 For if he were alive,
 I should no longer have thee!
 Naught of sorrow I feel, no remorse do I know.
 He did bear thee hate, and I love thee!

ROMEO.—Ah! yet again repeat thy vows!

JULIET.—I love thee, oh my own!



LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK



ROMEO AND JULIET.—Night love invited
O tender night divine!
Fate hath invited
My heart for aye unto thine.
O, how is love so fair!
O, how is love so lavish,
Thy loving gaze doth ravish,
Thy veice my soul ensnare.
Glowing in fond emotion
The joys of heav'n are mine;
Thine is my heart's devotion,
'T is thine—for aye—'t is thine.

MARCH - FANTASIE, Op. 44, for Organ and Orchestra.

GUILMANT

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK.

Alexander Guilmant was born March 12, 1857, at Boulogne;
died March 30, 1911, at Paris.

Hector Berlioz, in his monumental "Traite d'instrumentation," declared the organ and orchestra could never be brought together, for he said, "Each is King." Since his death, however, Widor and Dubois have succeeded in casting some doubt on the truth of this statement. There is so much of truth in this dictum by one who rarely erred in his judgment of instrumental possibilities that the combination is sufficiently dangerous to be interesting. Neither of the composers mentioned have done so much as Guilmant to remove the practice from the domain of the problematical for he stood well-nigh alone among his countrymen in his appreciation of the noblest qualities of the instrument, to the literature of which he contributed more of real importance than any of his contemporaries on either side of the Rhine. As he possessed a keen sense of orchestral values as well, he was qualified to cope with a problem which others failed to solve. As a proof of this contention none of his compositions are more significant than this sparkling, yet scholarly, free adaptation of the march form to his purpose.

SUPPLEMENTARY CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 18

ORGAN RECITAL

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, ORGANIST

CONCERT OVERTURE	- - - - -	<i>Maitland</i>
MEDITATION	- - - - -	<i>Callaerts</i>
TOCCATA	- - - - -	<i>Maily</i>
GAVOTTE	- - - - -	<i>Merkel</i>
CHORALE, "Wacht auf, ruft uns die Stimme,"	- - - - -	<i>Bach</i>
FUGUE	- - - - -	<i>Buxtehude</i>
THE SHEPHERDS IN THE FIELD	- - - - -	<i>Malling</i>
CANON	- - - - -	<i>Schumann</i>
MARCH (Queen of Sheba)	- - - - -	<i>Gounod</i>

In all probability this will be the last opportunity of hearing the Frieze Memorial Organ in its present position. It will be remembered that the organ was built for the Columbian Exposition (Chicago, 1893), as illustrating the results which had been attained by American organ builders up to that time. It is interesting to note that many of the most notable improvements in organ building, all of which were incorporated in this instrument, were due to the artistic and mechanical ability of Hilborne G. Roosevelt, who "swung the big stick" and "threw his hat in the ring" in this arena long before another member of the family appeared above the horizon. Naturally, since the date of the erection of the Frieze Memorial Organ a great many remarkable improvements have been made—especially on the mechanical side. Whether this advance has been accompanied by a corresponding improvement in tone is a question open for discussion. Those who are fond of the old English cathedral organs feel that much of beauty has been sacrificed for the sake of brilliancy. Again, many contend that the growth in the possibilities of control of its resources has encouraged a style of playing not absolutely in accord with the genius of the instrument.

Of the program little need be said. It is neither educational, nor has any designed sequence or arrangement been observed, other than to place together a number of interesting selections, adapted to the double purpose of displaying the resources of the organ, and to give a restful hour to those who may welcome a brief interruption of the strenuous enjoyment of a four-day Festival.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 18

"SAMSON AND DELILAH," Opera in 3 Acts,

SAINT-SAENS

DELILAH, - - - - -	MISS FLORENCE MULFORD
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON, - - -	MR. MARION GREEN
SAMSON, - - - - -	MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE
ABIMELECH, SATRAP OF GAZA, } AN OLD HEBREW, }	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
FIRST PHILISTINE, - - - - -	MR. FRED KILLEEN
SECOND PHILISTINE, - - - - -	MR. LOUIS COGSWELL
A PHILISTINE MESSENGER. - - - - -	MR. FRED KILLEEN

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Charles Camille Saint-Saëns 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 classic 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 wide experience and observation. "Samson and Delilah" is justly considered one of his greatest works. The present school of composition is in many ways a reaction against former practises, 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-Saëns.

This characterization of Saint-Saëns was written several years ago and nothing in it needs revision but the concluding sentence. "The present school of composition" is anything but a "reaction against former practises," and his strenuous objec-

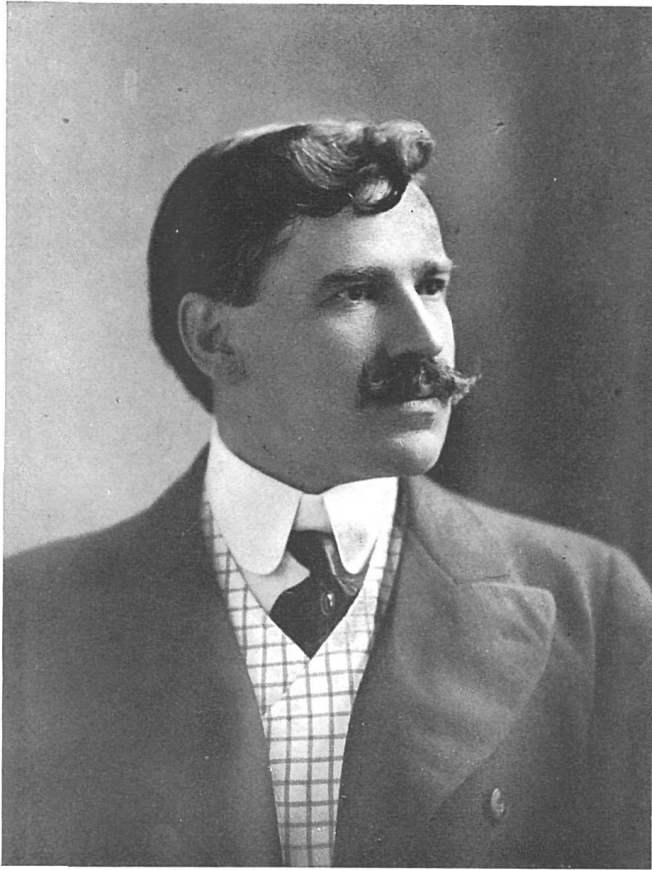
tions have been of no avail — while he himself has made no significant advance in his art.

Between 1677, the date of the performance of the oratorio "Il Sansone" by G. P. Colonna, and 1877 inclusive, fifteen different settings of this text have been made, of which eight have been in the oratorio form, five in the operatic, while the melodrama and ballet have each claimed one. The ballet was composed by Count von Gallenburg, the husband of Guilietta Guiccardi, beloved of Beethoven. Four of the operatic scores, one by Rameau, with text by Voltaire, and one by Duprez, received private performances, while the setting by Raff has remained unheard. Saint-Saëns' opera was not received with enthusiasm by his countrymen, as is shown by the following record: Finished in 1872, the first stage performance was given in Weimar, Dec. 2, 1877, followed in 1883 by Hamburg. It was first given in France in 1890 at Rouen but it was not until November 23, 1892, that it was heard in the Grand Opera at Paris, after it had been successful in nine other French cities, and had been enthusiastically received in Florence and Geneva. The third act had been performed at an earlier date at one of the Colonne concerts (1880) and its adaptability for concert use was demonstrated by the fact that it was so given in Brussels under the direction of the composer, and further emphasized by its first performance in this country by the New York Oratorio Society under the lead of Walter Damrosch, March 25, 1892.

The following sketch of the Saint-Saëns opera is translated freely from *Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique*, by Noel and Stouling, 1892:

"The prelude is singular. There is a darting phrase which is developed, and mingled with this phrase is a chorus of Hebrews, sung behind the curtain. The lamenting captives ask deliverance of God. The fugal form of the number, which continues until the rise of the curtain, indicates at once the severe and classic nature of the work. Samson arouses the courage of his companions and prepares the revolt which the insolence of Abimelech brings to a head. Samson kills the Satrap of Gaza, and the Israelites *exceunt* at the right of the stage. The High Priest of Dagon descends, attended, from the temple, and curses Samson. The return of the triumphant Hebrews is one of the most ingenious numbers of the opera. There is a chorus of basses, to which liturgic color and rhythm give astonishing breadth, and they emphasize the more strongly the fresh chorus of the women of Philistia, 'Now Spring's generous hand.' This charming phrase will be found again in the temple scene, the last tableau, as will the melodic design of the great duet of the second act, but ironically, in the orchestra, while Delilah insults the blinded hero. The Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon, which follows the chorus, is of delightful inspiration, and it prepares effectively the grandeur of the drama that follows. Delilah looks earnestly at Samson and sings to him, and Samson listens, not heeding the old man near him who says, 'The powers of hell have created this woman, fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose.'

"The second act is in the valley of Sorek. Delilah's house is at the left. It is surrounded with Eastern and luxuriant plants. Night is coming on. Delilah sings a passionate appeal to Love, invoking his aid. Then comes the duet with the High Priest who, deceived by the feigned love of Delilah, begs of her to deliver Samson to him; Delilah reveals her real hatred in a dramatic burst. The duet of Samson and the temptress is, as one knows, the chief number of the work. It is impossible



ELLISON VAN HOOSE

to paint better the hesitation of Samson, as he stands between love and religious faith. The great phrase of Delilah is a superb expression of passion. The orchestral storm hastens the action on the stage, and when the elemental fury is at its height, Delilah enters her dwelling. Samson follows her; and the curtain falls on the appearance of the Philistines to master their foe.

"The first tableau of the third act is a lament of remarkable intensity. Samson mourns his sin and a chorus of Hebrews behind the scenes reproach him and despair. The style is here rather that of the oratorio than the opera. An exquisite chorus follows, 'Dawn now on the hill-tops,' which brings to mind the chorus of Philistines in the first act. Then comes the ballet so well known in concerts. From this moment until the fall of the curtain there runs in the orchestra a hurried motive, which is heard with rhythmic effect in the evolutions of the sacred dance; which gives the measure to the bitter mockings of Delilah and the sacrificial ceremonies; which, constantly quicker and more impetuous, accentuates the movement of the final chorus. The motive is feverish, mystical; its rapid pulsations give the idea finally of the religious madness of the Philistines inspired by the madding rites at the shrine of Dagon. The ballet is cut in two by a phrase of great breadth sustained by arpeggios of the harp, and thus is a strange solemnity given to the dance of the priestesses. After the irony of Delilah, and the supplication of Somson to the Lord, is a skilfully made canon, sung by Delilah and the High Priest. There is a sonorous chorus of great brilliancy, in which the effect is gained by simple means. Samson pulls down the temple, and the curtain falls with a few measures of orchestral fury."

ACT I—SCENE I

Public place in the city of Gaza in Palestine. At L., the portal of temple of Dagon. At the rising of the curtain a throng of Hebrews, men and women, are seen collected in the open space, in attitudes of grief and prayer. Samson is among them.

CHORUS:

God! Israel's God!
To our petition hearken!
Thy children save!
As they kneel in despair
Heed Thou their prayer,
While o'er them sorrows darken!
Oh, let Thy wrath
Give place to loving care!

THE WOMEN:

Since Thou from us
Hast turned away Thy favor
We are undone,
In vain Thy people fight.

[*Curtain rises.*]

CHORUS:

Lord, wilt Thou have
That we perish forever—

The nation that alone
Hath known
Thy light? Ah! all the day
Do I humbly adore Him:
Deaf to my cry
He gives me no reply,
Yet still I bow before Him
And implore Him
That He at last
To my aid may draw nigh!

THE HEBREW MEN:

By savage foes our cities have been har-
ried;
Gentiles Thine altar with shame
Have profaned;
Our tribes afar
To dire slavery carried
All scattered are;
Scarce our name
Hath remained!
Art Thou no more
The God of our salvation,
Who saved our sires
From the chains that they wore?
Lord! hast Thou forgot
Those vows, sworn to our nation
In days of yore
When Egypt hurt us sore?

SAMSON (*emerging from the throng at R.*):

Pause and stand
 O my brothers,
 And bless the holy name
 Of the God of our fathers!
 Your pardon is at hand,
 And your chains shall be broken!
 I have heard in my heart
 Words of hope softly spoken:—
 'Tis the voice of the Lord
 That through His servant speaketh;
 He doth His grace afford:
 Your lasting good He seeketh;
 Your throne shall be restored!
 Brothers! now break your fetters!
 Our altar let us raise
 To the God whom we praise!

CHORUS:
 Alas! vain words he utters.
 Freedom can ne'er be ours!
 Of arms our foes bereft us;
 How use our feeble powers?
 Only tears are left us!

SAMSON:
 Is your God not on high?
 Hath He not sworn to save you?
 He is still your ally
 By the name that He gave you!
 'Twas for you alone
 That He spake through His thunders!
 His glory He hath shown
 To you by mighty wonders!
 He led you through the Red Sea
 By miraculous ways,
 When our fathers did flee
 From a shameful oppression!

CHORUS:
 Past are those glorious days,
 God hath avenged our transgression;
 In His wrath He delays,
 Nor hears our intercession.

SAMSON:
 Wretched souls! hold your peace!
 Doubt not the God above you!
 Fall down upon your knees!
 Pray to him who doth love you!
 Behold His mighty hand,
 The safeguard of our nation!
 With dauntless valor stand
 In hope of our salvation!
 God the Lord speeds the right;
 God the Lord never faileth!
 He fills our arms with might,
 And our prayer now prevaieth!

CHORUS:
 Lo! the Spirit of the Lord
 Upon his soul hath rested!
 Come! our courage is restored;
 Let now his way be tested!
 We will march at his side;
 Deliverance shall attend us,
 For the Lord is our guide,
 And His arm shall defend us!

SCENE II

The same. Abimelech, satrap of Gaza, enters at L., followed by a throng of warriors and soldiers of the Philistines.

ABIMELECH:
 Who dares to raise the voice of pride?
 Do these slaves revile their masters?
 Who oft in vain our strength have tried,
 Would they now incur new disasters?
 Conceal your despair
 And your tears!
 Our patience will hold out no longer;
 You have found that we are the
 stronger;
 In vain your prayer;
 We mock your fears:
 Your God, whom ye implore with
 anguish,
 Remaineth deaf to your call;
 He lets you still in bondage languish,
 On you His heavy judgments fall!
 If He from us desires to save you,
 Now let Him show His power divine,
 And shatter the chains your conquerors
 gave you!
 Let the sun of freedom shine!
 Do you hope in insolent daring
 Our God unto yours will yield,
 Jehovah with Dagon comparing,
 Who for us winneth the field?
 Nay, your timid God fears and trembles
 When Dagon before Him is seen;
 He the plaintive dove resembles;
 Dagon the vulture bold and keen.

SAMSON (*inspired*):
 O God, it is Thou he blasphemeth!
 Let Thy wrath on his head descend,
 Lord of hosts!
 His power hath an end.
 On high like lightning gleameth
 The sword sparkling with fire;
 From the sky swiftly streameth
 The host burning with ire:—
 Yea! all the heavenly legions
 In their mighty array

Sweep over boundless regions,
 And strike the foe with dismay.
 At last cometh the hour
 When God's fierce fire shall fall:
 Its terrible power
 And His thunder appall.

SOLO AND CHORUS OF ISRAELITES:
 Lord, before Thy displeasure
 Helpless the earth shall quake;
 Thy wrath will know no measure
 When vengeance Thou shalt take!

ABIMELECH:
 Give o'er! rashly blind! Cease thy rail-
 ing,
 Wake not Dagon's ire, death entailing!

SAMSON AND CHORUS:
 Israel! break your chain!
 Arise! display your might!
 Their idle threats disdain!
 See, the day follows night!
 Jehovah, God of light,
 Hear our prayer as of yore,
 And for Thy people fight!
 Let the right
 Win once more!

SAMSON:
 Lord, before Thy displeasure
 Helpless the earth shall quake;
 Thy wrath will know no measure
 When vengeance Thou shalt take!
 Thou the tempest unchainest;
 The storms Thy word obey;
 The vast sea Thou restrainest;
 Be our shield, Lord, to-day!

CHORUS:
 Israel, break your chain! etc.

Israel! now arise!
 (*Abimelech springs at Samson, sword in hand, to strike him. Samson wrenches the sword away and strikes him. Abimelech falls, crying "Help." The Philistines accompanying the Satrap would gladly aid him, but Samson, brandishing the sword, keeps them at a distance. He occupies the R. of stage, the greatest confusion reigns. Samson and the Hebrews exeunt R. The gates of Dagon's temple open; the High Priest, followed by a throng of attendants and guards, descends the steps of the portico; he pauses before Abimelech's dead body. The Philistines respectfully draw back before him.*)

SCENE III

The same, the High Priest, Attendants, Guards.

HIGH PRIEST:
 What see I?
 Abimelech by slaves struck down and
 dying!
 Oh, let them not escape!
 To arms! Pursue the flying!
 Wreak vengeance on your foes!
 For the prince they have slain!
 Strike down beneath your blows
 These slaves who flee in vain!

FIRST PHILISTINE:
 All my blood, it was fated,
 Turned to ice in my veins;
 Methought my limbs were weighted
 With heavy load of chains!

SECOND PHILISTINE:
 My arms are unavailing,
 My strength is like the flax;
 My knees beneath me failing—
 And my heart melts like wax.

HIGH PRIEST:
 Cowards! with hearts easily daunted,
 Ye are filled with foolish alarm!
 Have ye lost all your boldness vaunted,
 Do you fear their God's puny arm?

SCENE IV

The same.

PHILISTINE MESSENGERS:
 My Lord, the band by Samson guided
 To revolt, with furious wrath
 Across our land by fear divided
 March, leaving woe in their path.
 O fly from the threatening danger!
 Come! why should we perish in vain?
 We'll leave the town unto the stranger,
 And the sheltering mountains gain.

HIGH PRIEST:
 Curse you and your nation forever,
 Children of Israel!
 I fain your race from earth would sever,
 And leave no trace to tell!
 Curse him, too, their leader! I hate him!
 Him will I stamp 'neath my feet!
 A cruel doom must now await him;
 He shall die when we meet!
 Curse her, too, the mother who bore him,
 And all his hateful race!

May she who faithful love once swore
 him
 Prove heartless, false, and base.
 Cursed be the God of his nation,
 That God his only trust;
 His temple shake from its foundation,
 His altar fall to dust!

MESSENGERS AND PHILISTINES:
 In spite of brave professions,
 To yonder mountains fly;
 Leave our homes, our possessions,
 Our God, or else we die.
*(Exeunt L., bearing Abimelech's dead
 body. Just as the Philistines leave
 the stage, followed by the High Priest,
 the Hebrews, old men and children,
 enter R. It is broad daylight.)*

SCENE V

*The Hebrew Women and Old Men; then
 Samson and the victorious Hebrews.*

HEBREW OLD MEN:
 Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the won-
 drous story!
 Psalms of praise loudly swell!
 God is the Lord! In His power and
 His glory
 He hath saved Israel!
 Through Him weak arms have tri-
 umphed o'er masters,
 Whose might oppressed them sore;
 Upon their heads He hath poured dire
 disasters,
 They will mock Him no more!
(The Hebrews, led by Samson, enter R.)

AN AGED HEBREW:
 His hand in anger stern chastised us,
 For we his laws had disobeyed;
 But when our punishment advised us,
 And we our humble prayer had made,
 He bade us cease our lamentations —
 "Rise in arms, to combat!" He cried,
 "Your God shall provide
 Your salvation;
 In battle I am by your side!"

HEBREW OLD MEN:
 When we were slaves, He came our
 chains to sever,
 We were ever in his care;
 His mighty arm was able to deliver,
 He hath turned our despair!
 Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the won-
 drous story!
 Psalms of praise loudly swell!

God is the Lord! In His power and His
 glory
 He hath saved Israel!

SCENE VI

*Samson, Delilah, the Philistines, the
 Hebrew Old Men. The gates of Da-
 gon's temple open. Delilah enters,
 followed by Philistine Women holding
 garlands of flowers in their hands.*

THE PHILISTINE WOMEN:
 Now Spring's generous hand
 Brings flowers to the land;
 Be they worn as crowns
 By the conquering band!
 With light, gladsome voices.
 'Mid glowing roses,
 While all rejoices,
 Sing, sisters, sing —
 Your tribute bring!
 Come, deathless delight,
 Youth's springtime bright,
 The beauty that charms
 The heart at the sight,
 The love that entrances
 And new love wakens
 With timid glances!
 My sisters, love
 Like birds above!

DELILAH (*addressing Samson*):
 I come with a song for the splendor
 Of my love who won in the fray!
 I belong unto him for aye.
 Heart as well as hand I surrender!
 Come, my dearest one, follow me
 To Sorek, the fairest of valleys,
 Where murmuring, the cool streamlet
 dallies!
 Delilah there will comfort thee.

SAMSON:
 O God! who beholdest my trial,
 Thy strength to thy servant impart.
 Close fast mine eyes, make firm my
 heart,
 Support me in stern self-denial!

DELILAH:
 My comely brow for thee I bind
 With clusters of cool curling
 cresses,
 And Sharon's roses sweet are twined
 Amid my long tresses.

THE OLD HEBREW:
 Oh, turn away my son, and go not
 there!



FLORENCE MULFORD

Avoid this stranger's seductive de-
vices;
Heed not her voice, though softly
it entices;
Of the serpent's deadly fang beware!

SAMSON :

Hide from my sight her beauty rare,
Whose magic spell with right
alarms me!
Oh, quench those eyes whose bright-
ness charms me,
And fills my heart with love's de-
spair!

DELILAH :

Sweet is the lily's perfumed breath;
Sweeter far are my warm caresses;
There awaits thee, Love, joy that
blesses,
And all that bliss awakeneth!
Open thine arms, my brave de-
fender!
Let me fly to thy sheltering breast;
There on thy heart I will sweetly rest
Filling thy soul with rapture ten-
der,
Come, oh come!

SAMSON :

Oh, thou flame that my heart op-
presses,
Burning anew at this hour,
Before my God, before my God give
o'er thy power!
Lord, pity him who his weakness
confesses!

THE OLD HEBREW :

Accursed art thou, if 'neath her charm
thou fallest,
If to her voice, if to her honeyed
voice thou givest heed:
Ah! then thy tears are vain, in vain
thou callest
On Heaven to save thee from the
fruits of thy deed!

*(The young girls accompanying Delilah
dance, waving the garlands of flowers
which they hold in their hands, and
seem to be trying to entice the He-
brew warriors who follow Samson.
The latter, deeply agitated, tries
vainly to avoid Delilah's glances. His
eyes in spite of all his efforts follow
all the enchantress's movements as
she takes part in the voluptuous post-
ures and gestures of the Philistine
Maidens.)
Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon.*

DELILAH :

The spring with her dower
O, bird and of flower
Brings hope in her train;
Her scant laden pinions
From Love's wide dominions
Drives sorrow and pain.
Our hearts thrill with gladness
For spring's mystic madness
Thrills through all the earth.
To fields doth she render
Their grace and their splendor—
Joy and gentle mirth.
In vain I adorn me
With blossoms and charms!
My false love doth scorn me,
And flees from my arms!
But hope still caresses
My desolate heart—
Past delight yet blesses!
Love will not depart!
*(Addressing Samson, with her face bent
upon him.)*

When night comes star-laden,
Like a sad, lonely maiden,
I'll sit by the stream,
And mourning I'll dream,
My heart I'll surrender
If he come to-day,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay:—
So I'll wait him always.

HEBREW OLD MAN :

The powers of hell have created this
woman
Fair to the eye, to disturb thy re-
pose;
Turn from her glance, fraught with fire
not human:
Her love is a poison that brings count-
less woes!

DELILAH :

My heart I'll surrender
If he come to-day,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay:—
So I'll wait him always!
*(Delilah, still singing, again goes to the
steps of the portico and casts her en-
ticing glances at Samson, who seems
acrougnt upon by their spell. He hesi-
tates, struggles, and betrays the trou-
ble of his soul.)*

ACT II—SCENE I

The stage represents the valley of Sorek in Palestine. At L., Delilah's dwelling, which has a graceful portico, and is surrounded with Asiatic plants and luxuriant tropical creepers. At the rising of the curtain, night is coming on, and becomes complete during the course of the action.

PRELUDE

(She is more richly appareled than in the first act. At the rising of the curtain, she is discovered seated on a rock near the portico of her house, and seems to be in a dreamy mood.)

DELILAH (*alone*):

To-night Samson makes his obeisance,
This eve at my feet he will lie!

Now the hour of my vengeance hastens—

Our Gods I shall soon glorify!

O Love! of thy might let me borrow!
Pour thy poison through Samson's heart!

Let him be bound before the morrow—
A captive to my matchless art!

In his soul he no longer would cherish
The passion he wishes were dead;

Can a flame like that ever perish,
Evermore by remembrance fed?

He rests my slave; his feats belie him;
My brothers fear with vain alarms;
I only of all—I defy him.

I hold him fast within my arms!

O Love! of thy might let me borrow!
Pour thy poison through Samson's heart!

Let him be bound before the morrow—
A captive to my matchless art!

When Love contends, strength ever faileth!

E'en he, the strongest of the strong,
Through whom in war his tribe prevailed;

Against me shall not battle long!

(Distant flashes of lightning.)

SCENE II

Delilah; the High Priest of Dagon.

HIGH PRIEST:

I have climbed o'er the cheerless
Mountain-peaks to thy side;

'Mid dangers I was fearless;

Dagon served as my guide!

DELILAH:

I greet you worthy master;

A welcome face you show,
Honored e'er as priest and pastor!

HIGH PRIEST:

Our disaster you know!

Desperate slaves without pity

Rose against their lords,

They sacked the helpless city—

None resisted their hordes.

Our soldiers fled before them

At the sound of Samson's name;

The pangs of terror tore them,

Like sheep they became!

A menace to our nation.

Samson had from on high

A strength and preparation

That none with him can vie.

A vow hath bound him ever,

He from birth was elect

To concentrate endeavor,

Israel's glory to effect.

DELILAH:

I know his courage dares you,

Even unto your face;

He endless hatred bears you,

As the first of your race.

HIGH PRIEST:

Within thine arms one day

His strength vanished away;

But since then

He endeavors to forget thee again.

'Tis said, in shameful fashion

His Delilah he scouts;

He makes sport of his passion,

And all its joy he doubts.

DELILAH:

Although his brothers warn him,

And he hears what they say,

They all coldly scorn him

Because he loves astray;

Yet still in spite of reason,

He struggles all in vain;

I fear from him no treason,

For his heart I retain!

'Tis in vain he defies me,

Though so mighty in his arms;

Not a wish he denies me;

He melts before my charms.

HIGH PRIEST:

Then let thy zeal awaken,

Use thy weird magic powers,

That unarmed, overtaken,

He this night may be ours!

Sell me this redoubtable thrall,
Nor then shall thy profit be small;
Naught thou wishest could be a burden
Priceless shall be thy well-earned guer-
don!

DELILAH:
Do I care for thy promised gold?
Delilah's vengeance were not sold
For all a king's uncounted treasure?
Thy knowledge, though boundless in
measure,
Hath played thee false in reading me!
O'er you he gained the victory,
But I am still too powerful for him;
More keenly than thou, I abhor him!

HIGH PRIEST:
Thy design and thy deathless hate I
should have guessed;
To hear thy wily words my heart
with pleasure trembles!
Yet, art thou sure of him? Will thy
power stand the test?
Hast thou measured his cunning?
Maybe he, too, dissembles.

DELILAH:
Thrice, indeed, have I failed to accom-
plish my plan—
I have sought for the key to the
strength of the man;
I have kindled his love with the hope
that by yielding,
I might spoil the mysterious might he
is wielding.
Thrice hath he foiled my plan, disap-
pointed my hope;
His secret still he holds—with him no
one can cope!
In vain I emulate all the fire he ex-
presses;
Though I thought that I might gain
that knowledge by caresses!
This haughty Hebrew slave oft hath
hurried away
From my sweetest embraces to engage
in the fray.
But to-day
Have no fear, my might will over-
whelm;
Pale grew his face once stern,
He shook when last I saw him.
So I know
That our foe
His friends once more will spurn;
He will yearn
For my love.
We shall see him return.

The victory shall be mine, I am ready
to meet him;
One last weapon is left me—my tears
shall defeat him.

HIGH PRIEST:
Oh, may Dagon, our God, by thy side
deign to stand!
'Tis for him thou are fighting; thou
winnest by his hand.

DELILAH:
That vengeance now at last may find
him,
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!
May he by his love yield his power,
And here at my feet meekly cower.

HIGH PRIEST:
That vengeance now at last may find
him,
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!
May he by his love yield his power,
And here at thy feet meekly cower.

DELILAH:
That vengeance now at last may find
him, etc.

HIGH PRIEST:
In thee alone my hope remaineth,
Thy hand the honored victory gain-
eth.
That vengeance, etc.
We two shall strike the blow—
Death to our mighty foe!

DELILAH:
My hand the honored victory gaineth,
That vengeance, etc.
We two shall strike the blow—
Death to our mighty foe!

HIGH PRIEST:
To-night didst thou not tell me
Samson is awaited?

DELILAH:
He will come!

HIGH PRIEST:
Then I go, lest he find me belated;
But soon by secret paths I bring the
avenging band,
Now the fate of thy land
Is lodged within thy hand.
Unveil his secret heart,
And rob him of his treasure;
Make him tell where resides
That force which none can measure.
(Exit.)

DELILAH: (*approaches the portico, L., and stands leaning in a dreamy attitude against one of the pillars*):

Ah! can it be? And have I lost the sway

That I held o'er my lover?

The night is dark, without a ray;

If he seeks me now, how discover?

Alas!

The moments pass!

SCENE III

Delilah; Samson. He seems to be disturbed, troubled, uncertain. He glances about him. It grows darker and darker. (Distant flashes of lightning.)

SAMSON:

Once again to this place

My erring feet draw nigh!

I ought to shun her face,

No will have I!

Though my passion I curse,

Yet its torments still slay me.

Away! away from here,

Ere she through stealth betray me.

DELILAH (*advancing toward Samson*):

'Tis thou! 'Tis thou whom I adore!

In thine absence I languish:

In seeing thee once more

Forgot are hours of anguish!

Thy face is doubly welcome.

SAMSON:

Ah! cease that wild discourse;

At thy words all my soul

Is darkened with remorse.

DELILAH:

Ah! Samson, my best beloved friend,

In thy heart dost thou despise me?

Is 't thus thy love hath an end,

Which once above all jewels did prize me?

SAMSON:

Thou hast been priceless to my heart,

And never canst thou be discarded!

Dearer than life art thou regarded!

In my love none hath greater part!

DELILAH:

By my side dost thou fear some disaster?

Dost thou doubt that I love thee still?

Do I not fulfill all thy will?

Are not thou my dear lord and master?

SAMSON:

Alas! Jehovah heard my vow—

To obey Him is my bounden duty!

Farewell, I must leave thee now,

Ne'er again behold thy matchless beauty.

No more to joyful love give way!

Israel's hopes revive by this token;

For the Lord hath decreed the day

Which shall see our chains surely broken!

He hath spoken to me His word:

Among thy brethren thou art elected

To lead them back to God their Lord:

Ending all the woes whereby they are afflicted!

DELILAH:

What careth my heart all forlorn

For Israel's fate or her glory?

When joy from me brutally torn,

Sums up for me the wretched story.

When I in thy promise believed

My peace of mind was forever ended;

Each false caress that I received

Was in my veins a poison blended.

SAMSON:

Forbear to rack my soul with woe!

I must yield to a law above thee;

Tenfold my grief when my tears flow—

Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

(*Distant flashes of lightning.*)

DELILAH:

A God far more mighty than thine,

My friend, through me his will proclaimeth;

'Tis the God of Love, the divine,

Whose law thy God's small scepter shameth!

Recall blissful hours by my side,

If thou from thy mistress wilt sever!

Thou'st broke the faith that should abide!

I alone remain constant ever!

SAMSON:

Thou unfeeling! To doubt of my heart!

Ever of my love all things tell me!

O, let me perish by God's dart,

Tho' God's lightning should overwhelm me!

(*The thunderstorm approaches.*)

I struggle with my fate no more,

I know on earth no law above thee!

Yea, though Hell hold my doom in store,

Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!



MARION GREEN

DELILAH :

My heart at thy dear voice
 Opens wide like a flower,
 Which the morn's kisses waken;
 But that I may rejoice,
 That my tears no more shower,
 Tell thy love, still unshaken!
 Oh, say thou wilt not now
 Leave Delilah again!
 Repeat with accents tender
 Every passionate vow,
 Oh, thou dearest of men!
 Ah! to the charms of love surren-
 der!
 Rise with me to its height of splen-
 dor!

SAMSON :

Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH :

As fields of growing corn
 In the morn bend and sway,
 When the light zephyr rises,
 E'en so my heart forlorn
 Is thrilled by passion's play.
 At thy voice's sweet surprises!
 Less rapid is the dart
 In its death-dealing flight
 Than I spring to my delight,
 To my place in thy heart!
 Ah! to Love's delight surrender!
 Rise with me to its height of splen-
 dor!

SAMSON :

I'll dry thy tears
 By charm of sweet caresses,
 And chase thy fears
 And the grief that oppresses!
 Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!
*(Flashes of lightning. Violent crash of
 thunder.)*

DELILAH :

But no! . . . the dream is o'er!
 Delilah trusts no more!
 Words are idle pretenses!
 Thou hast mocked me before,
 In oaths I set no store,
 Too flagrant thy offenses!

SAMSON :

When I dare to follow thee now?
 Forgetful of God and my vow—
 The God who hath sealed my existence
 With strength divine, that knew no re-
 sistance?

DELILAH :

Ah! well, thou shalt now read my
 heart!
 Know why thy God I have envied,
 hated—
 Thy God by whose fiat thou art,
 To whom thou are consecrated!
 Oh, tell me this vow thou hast sworn—
 How thy mighty strength is re-
 doubled!
 Remove the doubts whereby I am torn,
 Let not my heart be longer troubled!
(Thunder and lightning in the distance.)

SAMSON :

Delilah what dost thou desire?
 Ah! let not thy distrust rouse mine ire!

DELILAH :

If still I have power to move thee,
 Whereby in the past I was blessed,
 This hour I would put it to test:
 Firm trust in me would now behoove
 thee!
*(Lightning and thunder nearer and
 nearer.)*

SAMSON :

Alas! the chain which I must wear
 Makeh not nor marreth thy joyance!
 For my secret why dost thou care?

DELILAH :

Tell me thy vow! Assuage the pain I
 bear!

SAMSON :

Thy power is vain; vain thy annoy-
 ance!
(Lightning without thunder.)

DELILAH :

Yea, my power is vain,
 Because thy love is bounded!
 My desire to disdain,
 To despise my spirit, wounded
 By the secret unknown;
 And to add without reason,
 In cold insulting tone
 Charges of latent treason!

SAMSON :

With a heart in despair
 Too immense to be spoken,
 I raise to God my prayer
 In a voice sad and broken!

DELILAH:
 For him I have displayed
 All my beauty's decoration!
 And how am I repaid?
 What for me but lamentation?

SAMSON:
 All-powerful God, I call on thee for aid!

DELILAH:
 To see thy stern face
 My sad forebodings waken;
 Samson, flee from this place
 Ere I die, thy love forsaken.

SAMSON:
 Say no more!

DELILAH:
 Tell thy vow!

SAMSON:
 Ask me not!

DELILAH:
 Tell me now
 I implore—
 The vow which thou
 Hast taken.
(Lightning without thunder.)

SAMSON:
 The storm is rising fast
 To rend the hill asunder
 And the Lord's wrath will blast
 The traitor with his thunder!

DELILAH:
 I fear not by thy side. Come!

SAMSON:
 Nay!

DELILAH:
 Come!

SAMSON:
 Say no more!

DELILAH:
 At His wrath cast defiance!

SAMSON:
 Vain is my self-reliance.
 'Tis the voice of God!

DELILAH:
 Coward! you loveless heart!
 I despise you! Away!
(Delilah runs toward her dwelling; the storm breaks in all its fury; Samson, raising his arms to heaven, seems to call upon God. Then he springs in pursuit of Delilah, hesitates, and fi-

nally enters the house. Philistine soldiers enter R., and softly approach Delilah's dwelling. A violent crash of thunder.)

DELILAH *(appearing at her window)*:
 Your aid, Philistines, your aid!

SAMSON:
 I am betrayed!
(The soldiers rush into the house.)

ACT III

FIRST TABLEAU.—*A prison at Gaza.*

SCENE I

Samson; the Hebrews. Samson, in chains, blinded, with his locks shorn, is discovered turning a hand-mill. Behind the scenes a chorus of captive Hebrews.

SAMSON:
 Look down on me, O Lord! Have mercy
 on me!
 Behold me woe! Behold, sin hath un-
 done me!
 My erring feet have wandered from
 Thy path,
 And so I feel the burden of Thy wrath!
 To Thee, O God, this poor wrecked life
 I offer!
 I am no more than a scorn to the
 scoffer!
 My sightless eyes testify of my fall;
 Upon my head
 Hath been shed
 Bitter gall!

CHORUS:
 Samson why thy vow to God hast thou
 broken?
 What to us doth it token?

SAMSON:
 Alas! Israel loaded with chains
 From God's holy face sternly ban-
 ished,
 Every hope of return hath vanished,
 And only dull despair remains!
 May we regain all the light of Thy
 favor!
 Wilt Thou once more Thy protection
 accord?
 Forget Thy wrath at our reproach, O
 Lord—
 Thou whose compassionate love doth
 not waver.

CHORUS :
 God meant thou shouldst take the command
 To lead us back to fatherland.
 Samson! why thy vow to God hast thou
 broken?
 What to us doth it token?

SAMSON :
 Brothers, your complaint voiced in
 song
 Reaches me as in gloom I languish,
 And my spirit is torn with anguish
 To think of all this shame and
 wrong!
 God! take my life in expiation!
 Let me alone thine anger bear;
 Punishing me, Thine Israel spare!
 Restore Thy mercy to our nation!

CHORUS :
 He for a woman sold his power!
 He to Delilah hath betrayed us!
 Thou who wert to us like a tower—
 Why hast thou slaves and hopeless
 made us?

SAMSON :
 Contrite, broken-hearted I lie,
 But I bless Thy hand in my sorrow!
 Comfort, Lord, let Thy people bor-
 row,

Let them escape! Let them not die!
 (*The Philistines enter the prison and
 take Samson out. Transformation.*)
 SECOND TABLEAU.—*Interior of the tem-
 ple of Dagon. Statue of the god.
 Sacrificial table. In the midst of the
 fane two marble columns apparently
 supporting the edifice.*

SCENE II

*The High Priest, Delilah, the Philis-
 tines. The High Priest of Dagon is
 surrounded by Philistine princes.
 Delilah, followed by Philistine maid-
 ens crowned with flowers, with wine-
 cups in their hands. A throng of peo-
 ple fill the temple. Day is breaking.*

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES :
 Dawn now on the hilltops heralds the
 day!
 Stars and torches in its light fade
 away!
 Let us revel still, and despise its warn-
 ing
 Love till the morning!

It is love alone makes us bright and
 gay!
 The breeze of the morn puts the shades
 to flight,
 They hasten away like the mist-veil
 light!
 The horizon glows with a rosy splen-
 dor;
 The sun shines bright
 On each swelling height,
 And each treetop tender!
Bacchanal.

SCENE III

HIGH PRIEST :
 All hail the judge of Israel,
 Who by his presence here,
 Makes our rite doubly splendid!
 Let him be by thy hands,
 Fair Delilah, attended,
 Fill high for thy love the hydromel!
 Now let him drain the beaker with
 songs for thy praises,
 And vaunt thy power in swelling
 phrases!

CHORUS :
 Samson, in thy pleasure we share!
 We praise Delilah, thy fair mistress!
 Empty the bowl and drown thy care!
 Good wine maketh less deepest dis-
 tress!

SAMSON (*aside*) :
 Deadly sadness fills my soul!
 Lord, before Thee, humbly I bow me,
 Oh, by Thy will divine allow me
 To gain at last life's destined goal!

DELILAH (*approaching Samson with a
 wine-cup in her hand*) :
 By my hand, love, be thou led!
 Let me show thee where thy feet may
 tread!
 Down the long and shaded alley
 Leading to the enchanted valley,
 Where often we used to meet,
 Enjoying hours heavenly sweet!
 Thou hadst to climb craggy mountains
 To make thy way to thy bride,
 Where by the murmuring fountains.
 Thou wert in bliss at my side!
 Tell me how thy heart still blesses
 All the warmth of my caresses!
 Thy love well served for my end.
 That I my vengeance might fashion
 Thy vital secret I gained,
 Working on thy blinded passion!
 By my love thy soul was lured!

'Twas I who have wrought our salvation!

'Twas Delilah's hand assured
Her god, her hate, and her nation.

CHORUS:

'Twas thy hand that assur'd
Our God, our hate, and our nation.

SAMSON (*aside*):

Deaf to thy voice, Lord, I remained,
And in my guilty passion's blindness,
Alas! the purest love profaned
In lavishing on her my kindness.

HIGH PRIEST:

Come now, we pray, sing, Samson, sing!
Rehearse in verse thy sweet discourses,
Which thou to her wert wont to bring
From thy eager love's inmost sources!
Or, let Jehovah show his power,
Light to the sightless eyes restoring!
I promise thee that self-same hour
We all will thy God name, adoring.
Oh! He is deaf unto thy prayer,
This God thou art vainly imploring!
His impotent wrath I may dare
And scorn His thunder's idle roaring.

SAMSON:

Hearst Thou, O God, from Thy throne
How this impudent priest denies
Thee,
And how his hateful troop despise
Thee,
With pride and with insolence flown!
Once again all Thy glory show them!
Once more let Thy marvels shine,
Let Thy light and Thy might be
mine,
That I again may overthrow them!

CHORUS:

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
We laugh at thy furious spite!
Us thou canst not affright.
With idle wrath thou ragest;
The day is like the night!
Thine eyes lack their sight,
A weakling's war thou wagest!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

HIGH PRIEST:

Come, fair Delilah, give thanks to our
god,
Jehovah trembles at his awful nod.
Consult we now
What his godhead advises,

E'en while we bow

The sacred incense rises.

(*Delilah and the High Priest turn to the sacrificial table, on which are found the sacred cups. A fire is burning on the altar, which is decorated with flowers. Delilah and the High Priest, taking the cups, pour a libation on the fire, which flames, then vanishes, to reappear at the third strophe of the invocation. Samson has remained in the midst of the stage with the boy who led him. He seems overwhelmed with grief, and his lips are moving in evident prayer.*)

DELILAH:

Dagon be ever praised!
He thy weak arm hath aided,
And my faint heart he raised
When our last hope had faded.

HIGH PRIEST:

Dagon be ever praised!
He thy weak arm hath aided,
And thy faint heart he raised
When our last hope had faded.

BOTH:

Oh, thou ruler over the world,
Thou who all stars createst,
Be all thy foes to ruin hurled!
Over all gods thou art greatest!

CHORUS:

Thy blessing scatter
With mighty signs!
Let flocks wax fatter,
More rich our vines!
Let every village with wealth o'erflow,
Keep thou from pillage
Our hated foe!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

Accept, O Lord sublime,
Our victim's grand oblation,
Or e'en our greatest crime
Take them in expiation.

CHORUS:

Dagon we praise!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

Reveal to thy priest's wondering eyes,
Who alone can behold thy glory,
All the future's dark, mystic story,
Which behind Fate's veil hidden lies!
God hear our prayer

Within thy fane!
 Make us thy care!
 Let justice reign!
 Success attend us
 Whene'er we fight!
 Protection lend us
 Both day and night!

DELILAH, HIGH PRIEST, AND CHORUS:
 Dagon shows his power!
 See the new flame tower!
 Burning bright
 Amid smouldering ashes,
 Our Lord of light,
 Descending, o'er us flashes!
 Lo! the god we worship now appeareth.
 All his people fear his nod!

HIGH PRIEST (*to Samson*):
 That fate may not in favor falter,
 Now, Samson, come, thine offering
 pour
 Unto Dagon there on his altar,
 And on thy knees his grace implore!
 (*To the boy.*)
 Guide thou his steps! Let thy good care
 enfold him
 That all the people from afar behold
 him!

SAMSON:
 Now, Lord, to Thee do I pray!
 Be Thou once more my stay;
 Toward the marble columns,

My boy, guide thou my way.
 (*The boy leads Samson between the two
 pillars.*)

CHORUS:
 Dagon shows his power, etc.
 God hear our prayer, etc.
 Thou hast vanquished the insolent
 Children of Israel,
 Strengthened our arm,
 Our heart renewed,
 Kept us from harm,
 And by thy wonders
 Brought these people to servitude,
 Who despised thy wrath
 And thy thunders!
 God, hear our prayer, etc.
 Glory to Dagon! Glory!

SAMSON (*standing between the pillars
 and endeavoring to overturn them*):
 Hear Thy servant's cry, God, my Lord,
 Though he is sore distressed with
 blindness!
 My former force once more restore.
 One instant renew thy gracious kind-
 ness!
 Let Thine anger avenge my race,
 Let them perish all in this place.
 (*The temple falls, amid shrieks and
 cries.*)

ALL:
 Ah!

THE CHORAL UNION

SOPRANOS

Marjorie Anderson Adams	Ina Virginia Gabriel	Juel Ann Mahoney
Minnie Emilie Allmendinger	Jeannette Elizabeth Gilchrist	Gladys Irene Martin
Rose Eleanore Allmendinger	Flora Haire	Joy Marguerite Meier
Marie Grace Avery	Evelyn Rose Hardinghaus	Mrs. Leonard Miller
Byrl Fox Bacher	Helen Elizabeth Hartmann	Lillian Marie Monroe
Mildred Frances Barchus	Olive Jane Hartzig	Marie Morse
Hazel Winifred Bartlett	Ann Loreta Helmdorfer	Elsie Louise Mayer
Lois Alethe Bassett	Loyola Mabel Heywood	Mabel Georgeana Murphy
Esther Betz	Guila Lynetta Hickman	Mary Murphy
Laura Mathilda Borg	Alice May Hodge	Mrs. M. Murphy
Cecilia Frances Brahm	May Hodge	Francis Elizabeth Nettleton
Alma Adele Bright	Ethel Hogan	Jennie May Newell
Nora Regina Braun	Theresa Marie Hoheisel	Charlotte Mae Prichard
Cora Amanda Brown	Edwyna Sarah Holmes	Catherine May Purtell
Jessie Brown	Eleanor Frances Hornby	Olive Effie Raaf
Marie Grace Burg	Mary Lucile Hubbard	Adalina Rainey
Catharine Mary Burlingame	Martha Harriet Hyde	Catherine Fanad Reighard
Katherine Rose Caspari	Mrs. E. D. Jaqua	Frances Emma Rhodes
Iva Josephine Chapman	Gertrude Grace Jennings	Georgiana Elenor Ristine
Mabel Harley Chapman	Ada Grace Johnson	Winifred Anderson Rowe
Vivian Helen Chapman	Onah Avis Johnson	Mrs. M. E. Rudy
Hattie Clemo	Pansy Enida Johnson	Annis Salisbury
Ruth Colvin	Orah Margaret Jones	Ethel Virginia Slayton
Alice Mary Darrow	Sarah Florence Jones	Ethel Smurthwaite
Esther Ellen Darrow	Winifred Jones	Mary Louise Smurthwaite
Beulah Davis	Ethelyn Leone Kasson	Ora Sperry
Nina Miranda Davison	Bessie Bond Kennedy	Ethel Maud Staley
Metta Edythe DeBarr	Elizabeth Kitson	Marguerite Stanley
Winifred Twitchell DePue	Florence Eliza Laraway	Meta Clara Stork
Rose Agnes Disderide	Hazel Sylvia Laraway	Marjorie Marie Stowell
Pearl Anata Dolf	Ruth Leverett	Angelia Roselthia Sweet
Katherine Isabel Dwyer	Mary Edith Lougden	Bertha Tarrant
Grace Eames	Edna MacLaren	Flora Tompkins
Irene Esslinger	Grace Ethel Mattison	Katharine Beatrice Tremper
Frances Farnham	Florence Edith McLouth	Mildred Tremper
Elbertie Foudray	Mabel Fidelia McLouth	Elizabeth Graybiel Tribble
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Ethel Arleigh Wheeler
Ethel Mae Wight
Inez Razeda Wisdom
Blanche Wood
Elizabeth Tyndall Wright

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Franz August Aust
Robert Harper Baker
Harry Asahel Brady
Richard Broad
Morton Brownell
Everett Cavanaugh

Gordon McCall Clark
Leory Melville Coffin
John Stanley Cole
Garrotte Charles Cox
Leland Earl Crossman
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Shirley Ernest Field

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Walton Hogue

Clarence Ross Holmes
John Gilbert Kiefaber
Victor Hugo Lawn
Will Edson Legg
Arthur Richard Lewis
Oliver Eugene McCormick

Arthur George Schairer
Homer Shaffmaster
Blythe Rooks Sleeman
Otto Jacob Stahl
Spencer Wesley Symons
Franklin Thomas

Gerhardt Emmanuel Thrun
Kenneth Neville Westerman
Roy Ellis Waite
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George Watt
Harry Kerley Ward
Harold Fox Wendel
Edwin Carlton Wilson
Levi Wines
Ernest Mark Wisdom
Lorenzo Kenna Wood
Leigh Jarvis Young

SEMI-CHORUS FOR "DREAM OF GERONTIUS"

Byrl Fox Bacher
Eleanor Hornby
Ada Grace Johnson
Ethel Smurthwaite
Louise Smurthwaite
Josephine Davis

Nora Crane Hunt
Florence Kice
Jessie Dicken Reed
Vernelle Rohrer
Gladys Irene Stowell
Elizabeth Tribble

Charles Herbert Rogers
Burleigh Jacobs
Bruce Bromley
Edward Kemp
Howard Porter

