

Official Program

The Forty-fourth Annual

MAY FESTIVAL

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University Musical Society
of the
University of Michigan

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Official Program of
The Forty-fourth Annual
MAY FESTIVAL



May 12, 13, 14, and 15, 1937
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THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY is organized under an Act of the state of Michigan providing for the incorporation of "associations not for pecuniary profit." Its purpose is "to cultivate the public taste for music." All fees are placed at the lowest possible point compatible with sound business principles, the financial side serving but as a means to an educational and artistic end, a fact duly recognized by the Treasury Department of the United States by exempting from tax admissions to concerts given under its auspices.

THE FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

CONDUCTORS

EARL V. MOORE, *Musical Director*
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Orchestral Conductor*
JOSE ITURBI, *Orchestral Conductor*
ROXY COWIN, *Conductor of Young People's Festival Chorus*

SOLOISTS

Sopranos

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD

ELISABETH RETHBERG

Contralto

MARION TELVA

Tenors

LAURITZ MELCHIOR

ARTHUR CARRON

Baritone

CARLO MORELLI

Bass

EZIO PINZA

Pianist

EUGENE LIST

Violinist

JOSEPH KNITZER

Organist

PALMER CHRISTIAN

ORGANIZATIONS

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
THE UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB
THE LYRA MALE CHORUS
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

Notices and Acknowledgments

All concerts will begin on time (Eastern standard time).

Trumpet calls from the stage will be sounded three minutes before the resumption of the program after intermission.

Our patrons are invited to inspect the Stearns Collection of Musical Instruments in the foyer of the first balcony and the adjoining room.

To study the evolution of musical instruments, it is only necessary to view the cases in their numerical order and remember that in the wall cases the sequence runs from *right* to *left* and from *top* to *bottom*, while the standard cases should always be approached on the left-hand side. Descriptive lists are attached to each case.

The Musical Director of the Festival desires to express his great obligation to Miss Juva Higbee, Supervisor of Music in the Ann Arbor Public Schools, and to Miss Roxy Cowin, her able associate, for their valuable services in preparation of the Young People's Chorus; to the several members of the staff for their efficient assistance; to the teachers in the various schools from which the children have been drawn, for their coöperation.

The writer of the analyses hereby expresses his deep obligation to Mr. Lawrence Gilman, whose scholarly analyses, given in the Program Books of the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia Orchestras, are authoritative contributions to contemporary criticism and have been drawn upon for some of the analyses in this book.

The Steinway is the official concert piano of the University Musical Society.

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 12, AT 8:30

SOLOIST

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, *Soprano*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Prelude and Fugue in F minor } BACH
Chorale Prelude, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" }

"La Mer" DEBUSSY

From Dawn to Noon at Sea
Gambols of the Waves
Dialogue Between the Wind and the Sea

Aria: "Leise, Leise," from "Der Freischütz" WEBER

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD

INTERMISSION

"Pictures at an Exhibition" MOUSSORGSKY

Promenade—Gnome—The Old Castle—Tuileries—Bydlo (Cattle)— Ballet of
Chicks in Their Shells—Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle—Limoges—Cata-
combs—The Hut on Fowls' Legs—The Gate of the Bogatirs at Kiev

(Orchestrated by Lucien Cailliet)

Brünnhilde's Immolation and the Closing Scene from
"Götterdämmerung" WAGNER

MME. FLAGSTAD

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 13, AT 8:30

SOLOIST

LAURITZ MELCHIOR, *Tenor*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB

LYRA MALE CHORUS

EUGENE ORMANDY AND EARL V. MOORE, *Conductors*

PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist*

PROGRAM

Overture, "Leonore" No. 3 BEETHOVEN

Arias: Prize Song, from "Die Meistersinger" }
First Forging Song, from "Siegfried" } WAGNER

LAURITZ MELCHIOR

"The Seasons" FOGG

a) Spring c) Autumn
b) Summer d) Winter

(First performance in America)

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

INTERMISSION

Scenes from "Parsifal" WAGNER
(The scenes from each act will be sung without pause.)

Act I

- a) Transformation Scene
- b) In the Castle of the Grail
- c) Communion Service

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

LYRA MALE CHORUS

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB

Act II

- a) "Amfortas! The spear wound"
- b) "Forever more"
- c) "Now by this sign"

MR. MELCHIOR

Act III

- a) Procession of the Knights to the Castle of the Holy Grail

MALE CHORUSES

- b) "Only this weapon serves"

MR. MELCHIOR

- c) The Miracle of the Grail

CHORUSES

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY, AFTERNOON, MAY 14, AT 2:30

SOLOIST

EUGENE LIST, *Pianist*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY AND ROXY COWIN, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

Overture to "Der Freischütz" WEBER

Songs: "The Lass with the Delicate Air" ARNE

"Lullaby" SCOTT

"The Trout" SCHUBERT

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

Unfinished Symphony SCHUBERT

Allegro moderato

Andante con moto

Cantata, "Spring Rapture" GAUL

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

INTERMISSION

Concerto No. 1 in E flat for Piano and Orchestra LISZT

Allegro maestoso, tempo giusto

Quasi adagio

Allegretto vivace

Allegro marziale animato

EUGENE LIST

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 14, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS

ELISABETH RETHBERG, *Soprano*

EZIO PINZA, *Bass*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Academic Festival Overture BRAHMS

Scene: "Ah! Perfido," Op. 46 BEETHOVEN
ELISABETH RETHBERG

Eight Russian Folk Dances LIADOV

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Religious Chant | 5. Legend of the Birds |
| 2. Christmas Carol (Kolyada-Maleda) | 6. Cradle Song |
| 3. Plaintive Melody | 7. Round Dance |
| 4. The Buzzing of the Gnat | 8. Village Dance Song |

Arias: "Non piu andrai" } from "Marriage of Figaro" . . . MOZART
"Se vuol ballare" }

EZIO PINZA

INTERMISSION

Duets:

"Bei Mannern, welche Liebe f\u00fchlen," from }
"The Magic Flute" } . MOZART
"Crudel! perche finora," from "Marriage of Figaro" }

MME. RETHBERG AND MR. PINZA

Symphony No. 4, E minor, Op. 98 BRAHMS

Allegro ma non troppo
Andante moderato
Allegro giocoso
Allegro energico e passionato

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15, AT 2:30

SOLOIST

JOSEPH KNITZER, *Violinist*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

JOSÉ ITURBI, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 36 BEETHOVEN
Adagio molto—Allegro con brio
Larghetto
Scherzo
Allegro molto

Concerto in A major for Violin and Orchestra MOZART
Allegro aperto
Adagio
Tempo di menuetto

JOSEPH KNITZER

INTERMISSION

“Tzigane” for Violin and Orchestra RAVEL
MR. KNITZER

Gaucha con Botas Nuevas GILARDI

Intermezzo from “Goyescas” GRANADOS

Dances from “The Three-Cornered Hat” DE FALLA

SIXTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 15, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS

ELISABETH RETHBERG, *Soprano*

ARTHUR CARRON, *Tenor*

MARION TELVA, *Contralto*

CARLO MORELLI, *Baritone*

EZIO PINZA, *Bass*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist*

EARL V. MOORE, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

"Aïda" (in concert form) VERDI
An Opera in Four Acts
For Soli, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ

Aida Elisabeth Rethberg
Amneris Marion Telva
Radames Arthur Carron
Amonasro Carlo Morelli
Priestess Thelma Lewis
Ramphis }
The King } Ezio Pinza
Messenger Maurice Gerow
Priestesses, Soldiers, Ministers and Captains,
The People, Slave Prisoners The Choral Union

DESCRIPTIVE
PROGRAMS

BY

GLENN D. McGEOCH

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1937

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 12

Prelude and Fugue in F minor BACH

Johann Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach,
March 21, 1685; died at Leipzig, July 28, 1750.

In Johann Sebastian Bach, the musical development of two centuries reached its climax. Coming from a family of distinguished musicians famous in Germany for one hundred and fifty years, he entered into the full heritage of his predecessors and used, with incomparable effect, all of the musical learning of his day.

Born in the very heart of medieval Germany, in the remote little town of Eisenach under the tree-clad summits of the Thuringian Wald, Bach lived in an atmosphere that was charged with poetry, romance, and music. Towering precipitously over the little village stood the stately Wartburg, which once sheltered Luther and in one of the chambers of which the German Bible came into being. Here also in 1207 the famous Tourney of Song was held, and German minstrelsy flowered.

In these surroundings Bach's early youth was spent and his musical foundation formed under the careful guidance of his father. The subsequent events of his life were less propitious. Orphaned at the age of ten, he pursued his studies by himself, turning to the works of Buxtehude, Pachelbel, and other predecessors and contemporaries as models.

Singing in church choirs to gain free tuition at school, traveling by foot to neighboring towns to hear visiting organists who brought him occasional touches with the outside world, securing menial positions as organist at Arnstadt and Mühlhausen, filled the monotonous years of this great master's youth.

Although he gained some fame as the foremost organist of his day, he was ignored and neglected as a composer. Of all his church music, parts of only one cantata were printed during his life, not because it was esteemed, but because it was written for an annual burgomeister election! References by contemporaries are scanty; they had no insight into the value of his art. Fifty years after his death, his music was practically unknown, most of the manuscripts having been lost or mislaid.

The neglect, discovery, and final triumph of Bach's music are without parallel in the history of music. His triumphant progress from utter obscurity to a place of unrivaled and unprecedented brilliance is a phenomenon, the equal of which has not been recorded. Today his position is extraordinary.

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Never was there a period when there were more diverse ideals, new methods, confusion of aims and styles, yet never has Bach been so universally acknowledged as the supreme master of music. Modern critics and composers speak of "going back to Bach." The statement is inconsistent; they have not yet come to him.

Certainly masterpieces were never so naively conceived. Treated with contempt by his associates in Leipzig, where he spent the last years of his life, and restrained by the narrow ideals and numbing pedantry of his superiors, he went on creating a world of beauty, without the slightest thought of posterity. The quiet old cantor, patiently teaching his pupils Latin and music, supervising all the choral and occasional music in the two principal churches of Leipzig, gradually losing his sight until in his last years he was hopelessly blind, never for a moment dreamed of immortality. He continued, year after year, to fulfill his laborious duties, and in doing so created the great works that have brought him eternal fame. His ambitions never passed beyond his city, church, and family.

Born into a day of small things, he helped the day to expand by giving it creations beyond the scope of its available means of expression. His art is elastic; it grows, deepens, and flows on into the advancing years. The changed media of expression, the increased expressive qualities of the modern pianoforte, organ, and complex orchestra, have brought to the world a realization of the great dormant and potential beauties that lay in his work.

Mr. Cailliet's * transcriptions, done with great respect and feeling for the old master, reveal these marvels of hidden beauty. What a magnificent world did the mighty Sebastian evolve from the dry, stiff, pedantic forms, from the inarticulate instruments of his time! As Wagner put it, "No words can give a conception of its richness, its sublimity, its all-comprehensiveness."

The original organ work from which this orchestral transcription was made was written by Bach in the latter years of his Weimar period and reflects the tendency he began to display, at this time, of writing in a graver and more concentrated style. Bach's brilliant and virtuoso manner in the earlier organ works at Weimar gave way finally to a style more severe and learned, which was modeled, no doubt, upon that of the more academic and restrained of the Italian church and organ composers.

The Prelude, a heavy and magnificent movement, has a main section (*moderato assai* 3-4) followed by a *presto* passage in 2-4 time. After a very dramatic pause, the Prelude ends with a brilliant *cadenza*.

* Lucien Cailliet was born in France in 1841 and was graduated from Dijon Conservatoire. He is a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra, in which he plays the clarinet and bass clarinet.

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The Fugue is one of those titanic inspirations that mark the greatest of Bach's organ works. Beginning with a terse and effective subject for violins alone, the Fugue culminates in a tremendous close, broadened and sustained by eighteen measures of mighty suspensions, with an eight-note figure (the first five notes of which Bach used in the Passacaglia and Fugue of the same period) sounding in the very middle of the contrapuntal texture in four unison horns.

Chorale Prelude, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"

The title of Bach's 147th church cantata, "Herz und Mund und Tot und Leben," is taken from the words of the opening chorus:

Heart and voice and all our being
Must to Christ the Lord be given,
Without fear or doubtingness
That he God and Saviour is.

"Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" is the title often given to the chorale setting of the hymn in the text of the cantata.

The cantata was intended for the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. It is in two parts and is written for chorus, solo soprano, tenor, alto, and bass, and organ. The basic choral melody of this cantata is Johann Schop's "Werde munter, mein Gemuthe, und ihr Sinnen geht herfür" dating from 1642, when it was published with the evening hymn of the same title to which it was set, in Rist's "Himlischer Leiden mit Melodien." Bach used the melody in four cantatas, in the "Passion according to St. Matthew," and in the "Choralgesänge," which contains two harmonizations of it.

Rist's hymn is regarded as his finest achievement in religious verse. When it was first published at Luneburg almost three centuries ago it was offered to the devout as "a Christian Evening Hymn, with which to commit oneself to the protection of the Most High." The words of the hymn were a frequent comfort to pious Germans of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and were said to have been repeated in their last moments by Johann Georg, Duke of Mecklenburg, and Moritz Wilhelm, Duke of Sachse-Zeitz.

Bach, when he employed Schop's choral melody in his 147th Cantata, divorced it from the words of Rist's hymn, and set it to the words of another hymn, "Jesu, meiner Seelen Wonne," * by Martin Janus, or Jahn, with which the tune was also associated in the seventeenth century.

* "Jesu, meiner Seelen Wonne" was published at Görlitz in 1661. The author of the words, Martin Janus, was a Silesian, born in the year that the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. In the 1789 and later editions of the Moravian Hymn Book, the opening words of the hymn are given in English as "O! at last I've found my Saviour."

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“La Mer” DEBUSSY
From Dawn to Noon at Sea
Gambols of the Waves
Dialogue Between the Wind and the Sea

Claude Debussy was born at Saint Germain,
August 22, 1852; died at Paris, March 26, 1918.

The music of Debussy reflects the characteristics most appropriate to his race. Nowhere in French literature or painting are works more strongly stamped with the impression of a French form of excellence. His art reveals a subtlety of feeling, a warmth of enthusiasm, and a quick and superfine sensibility which enable him to achieve the most delicate effects. An exquisite refinement of conception, the purest craftsmanship, an impeccable taste, and, above all, a finesse and lucidity in execution so characteristic of French artists are other distinguishing qualities of his work.

Like England before Elgar, France had no music of a real national character for over a century before the advent of Debussy. While the nationalization of music in France was not the work of Debussy alone, certainly no one approached the expression of a truly French musical spirit with greater success than he. All that was characteristic of the true precursors of modern French music in the medieval minstrels, in the Renaissance masters—Goudimel, Costeley, Jannequin, and Le Jeune—in the clavicinists, Chambonnières and Rameau, returns with a supple and intellectual spirit in the expressive and delicately sensuous music of Debussy. There is, of course, between them and Debussy, the difference inherent in the evolution of the centuries, but all reveal that which is commonly termed the French genius.

Debussy's style is eminently individual and poetic. He became the leader in the movement toward impressionistic expression, not for its pictorial or representative effects, but as the embodiment of delicate and subtle inner experiences.

Upon returning to Paris from Rome, where he had held the “Prix de Rome” fellowship, Debussy came into close personal contact with the “Impressionists” in French literature and art, and it was through him that Impressionism entered music by way of painting.

The term “Impressionism” passed from a general term to a specialized use about 1863, when a sunset by Monet was shown in Paris, at the Salon des Refuses, entitled “Impression.” The name was then adopted for a whole group of painters, of which Monet, Manet, and Degas were the leaders.

Impressionism came to reject all traditions and devote itself to the sensuous side of art to the exclusion of the intellectual. It subordinated the subject for

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the most part to the interest of the execution, and it interpreted isolated momentary sensations, not thoughts or concrete things. Impressionism, in the words of Walter Pater, is "a vivid personal impression of a fugitive effect." Technically, it is the concentration of one quality, to the comparative neglect of all the rest; it deliberately constructs but a fragment, in order to convey more suggestively an idea of the whole; it emphatically and deliberately destroys outline in the interest of creating "atmosphere," thus giving a sense of vagueness and incompleteness. Painters, poets, and musicians were drawn alike to the same sources of inspiration, emanating from an interior life of reflection—things sensitive, suggestive, intuitional, unsubstantial, and remote—to mists, fogs, sound of distant bells, clouds, and gardens in the rain. Debussy used his art as a plastic medium for recording such fleeting impressions and fugitive glimpses. His style and technique, like that of Monet and Renoir, and early Pissaro, rendered a music that was intimate though evasive, a music with a twilight beauty and glamour, revealing a world of sense, flavor, and color. Debussy, working to the same end as the French Impressionists in art, through the subtle and ephemeral medium of sound, created an evasive world of vague feelings and subtle emotions, a world of momentary impressions—of enchanted islands, the romance of old brocades, the glimmer of moonlight, morning mists, shadowy pools, sunlight on waves, or the faint odor of dying flowers. For the accomplishment of this highly subjective conception of music, Debussy did not hesitate to diverge from established notions of tonal construction, utilizing new scale series (whole-tone scale), tending toward plastic and even vague rhythmic patterns, and was in all of his work more interested in color and contrast than in contour or design.

An analysis of the three movements of "The Sea" is neither possible nor desirable. Form, as such a thing was understood by the classical masters, did not ordinarily enter into Debussy's artistic calculations. "No fixed rule," said the composer of "La Mer," "should guide the creative artist; rules are established by works of art, not for works of art. One should seek discipline in freedom not in the precepts of a philosophy in its decline—that is good only for those who are weak. I write music only in order to serve Music as best I can and without any other intention; it is natural that my works should incur the risk of displeasing people who like 'certain' music, and perseveringly stick to it alone."

Debussy set forth his attitude to academic music in another statement made in 1911 to an interviewer for the Paris paper *Excelsior*. "It is for love of music," he said, "that I strive to rid it of certain sterile traditions that enshroud it. It is a free, a spontaneous art, an open-air art, an art to be measured with the elements—the winds, the sky, the sea. It must not be made confined and

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scholastic." This doctrine sounded more revolutionary in the early years of the century than it does today; the music of "La Mer" itself will prove similarly clear and reasonable by comparison with many more adventurous pieces which have since been produced.

We have never been able to translate into words the tongue of winds and waves, but it may be that Debussy, through the mysterious power of music, has here caught for us the true intimations of its meaning.

Aria, "Leise, Leise" from "Der Freischutz"* WEBER

Carl Maria von Weber was born at
Eutin, 1786; died at London, 1826.

Der Freischutz, Weber's most characteristic work, is charged indeed with true romanticism—a romanticism that tunes the phenomena of nature in sympathy with the troubled affairs of men. A strong imaginative power, and a masterly handling of orchestral tone colors, coupled with a penchant for folklore as the bases of his opera texts, and folk music as his chief inspiration, made Weber the first real German nationalist in music. It was apparent with the enthusiastic reception of the first performance of *Der Freischutz* in Berlin, in 1821, that a work of lasting value had again appeared. It was a touchstone upon which the German taste of the time was tried. Moreover it created a "school," for there followed, as a consequence, a constant development of German opera, which, before very many years passed, had climaxed in the great masterpieces of Richard Wagner, who out of his own mouth declared that Weber's music, particularly *Der Freischutz*, had been the most potent influence and conditioning factor in shaping the early years of his artistic career.

The story is drawn from Apel and Laun's *Gespensterbuch* ("Ghost Book"), one of the many manifestations of that innate poetry and romantic superstition of the German people. It tells of the pure love of Max and Agathe, almost brought to disaster by Caspar who, in league with Samiel, the evil one, contrives that Max shall win a shooting tournament with magic bullets, cast in the Wolf's Glen in the black of night. Caspar, however, is killed by one of Max's last bullets and Max, protected by Agathe's faith and purity, is reunited with her.

Agathe is awaiting the arrival of Max, who has been delayed by sinister forces. She is at her window looking out upon the path that leads to her chamber. (A condensed and free translation follows.)

RECITATIVE: How could sleep o'ercome me before I saw his face? Alas, love is the handmaiden of sorrow. Shines the moon on his path? (She opens the window) O lovely night!

* The overture from *Der Freischutz* will be played on Friday afternoon's program. See page 43.

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- ARIA: Softly, pious prayer, arise in the starry sky and sound my song upward to heaven's throne.
- RECITATIVE: How bright the stars, how clear! But there on the distant peak, rises a threat'ning storm. On the woods, too, descend dark and ominous thunder-clouds.
- ARIA: Hark! it is a footstep, my ears do not deceive me, something appears! 'Tis he! 'Tis he! wave banner of love (She waves a white scarf). Thy maiden awaits in the night. He sees me not! Heaven, if the moonlight deceives me not, a flower is in his hat! (With growing animation) 'Tis true! He has won the tournament. What a joyful omen, what glorious hope, what new awakened courage!
- ARIA: (In great excitement) Joyously beats my heart! Could I dare to hope for this? Yes, for fickle fortune turned and gave her favor to my love! Heaven receives these tears of thanks for this pledge of proffered hope.

Pictures at an Exhibition MOUSSORGSKY Orchestrated by Cailliet

Modeste Petrovich Moussorgsky was born at Karevo, March 28, 1839; died at Saint Petersburg, March 28, 1881.

For Moussorgsky, art was so valuable a means of human intercourse that to treat it merely as a vehicle for the glorification of the beautiful world would fall little short of prostitution, or at least a perversion of its power to effect human improvement. For him art was an expression of humanity, and like humanity it is in a constant state of evolution. Art as such can therefore have no arbitrary, formulistic boundaries. As the expression of humanity is an office which ought to be carried out with a full sense of responsibility attached to those entrusted with it, the artist is called upon to be sincere in any work he undertakes. For Moussorgsky, "art for art's sake" becomes "art for life's sake."

Hard things have been said of him as an artist. He has been accused of crude realism, of a lack of any sense of real beauty, of creating clumsily, laboriously, and imperfectly. It is true that he was a thoroughgoing realist in music, but for him realism was not only an essential and indispensable quality in art, but it also rendered to art an instrument through which the masses could be brought to a realization of their social and moral duties. This attitude, contrary to the common conception of art, as appealing primarily to the cultivated, is comparable to that of Tolstoy.

The music of Moussorgsky brings varying and confused impressions to the mind. Considering his work as a whole, everything is imperfect, incomplete, and careless. It is marked by a rugged crudeness and by unprecedented and quite intuitive audacities with their constant adaption to the special needs of his own

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creative temperament. And yet, we must acknowledge a genius of colossal inspiration and awful power. To his more conservative contemporaries, Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein, Moussorgsky was a musical nihilist, and his music filled them with misgivings. In a letter written by Tchaikovsky to Mme. Meck, November 27, 1878, we meet with an interesting characterization of Moussorgsky.

"As far as talent goes, he is perhaps the most important of all, only his is a nature in which there is no desire for self-improvement—a nature too absorbed with the absurd theories around him. Moreover, his is a rather low nature, that loves the uncouth, coarse and ugly. He prides himself on his ignorance, and writes down what comes to his head, believing blindly in the infallibility of his genius."

The reference to the "absurd theories of those about him," refers to the group of young Russian contemporary composers who banded themselves together in opposition to Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein, who, they thought, were more Teutonic than Russian. Other members of this chauvinistic coterie were César Cui, Borodin, Balakirev, and Rimsky-Korsakov (teacher of the modern Stravinsky). This group known as "The Five" were the young radicals in their day, looking with scorn upon the whole musical world. None looked with more contempt than Moussorgsky, who was "always ready to sacrifice poetry and musical charm to realism, and never recoiled from shocking rudeness."

His obvious incorrectness at times, his ultracrude realism, and his insistence upon preserving his originality at the cost of discipline do not destroy in any way his position as perhaps the most gifted of the neo-Russian School, overflowing with vitality, and reckless in his daring. His powerfully spontaneous and startlingly free and unfettered music submerges all weaknesses of detail. Claude Debussy has exactly defined his music in these terms: "It resembles the art of the enquiring primitive man, who discovers music step by step, guided only by his feelings." He is in truth the Dostoevsky of music, and his music is a poetic evocation to nationalism.

In the spring of 1874, a posthumous exhibition of drawings and water colors by the architect, Victor Hartmann, an intimate friend of Moussorgsky, was held at the Academy of Fine Arts, Saint Petersburg. Moussorgsky's musical fancy had full play only when it had some objective reality to work on. He created this composition under the influence of a deep inspiration derived from his dead friend's pictures. Wishing to show his affection for Hartmann, he paid him tribute by "translating into music" the best of his sketches in the form of a piano suite.

At the suggestion of Mr. Koussevitsky, Conductor of the Boston Symphony, Maurice Ravel provided a brilliant orchestration for this suite which is often

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heard on current programs. His was not the first nor the last orchestration, however. Toushmalov, Sir Henry Wood, Leonardi, and finally Mr. Cailliet have tried their hands at it, which seems to imply rather definitely that the pieces suggest orchestral color. Mr. Cailliet's vivid sense of orchestration and color suggestiveness is here even more apparent than in the Bach transcriptions heard at the beginning of this program, for the "Pictures" allow greater play to the imagination.

The Introduction is entitled "Promenade." The following comment on this section is by Calvocoressi.

The introduction "Promenade," which reappears several times as an interlude between the pieces, can be ranked among Moussorgsky's charming inspirations of his instrumental works. Here the rhythmic suggestion is precise and sustained: "The composer," says Stasov, "portrays himself walking now right, now left, now as an idle person, now urged to go near a picture; at times his joyous appearance is dampened, he thinks in sadness of his dead friend! One will say, no doubt, too many intentions, and not without a certain puerility; but the musical result is not the less interesting, if one wholly ignores explanation, and the most exacting will agree that, once this premise is granted, the music, whether it be imitative, descriptive, or representative, is good." Nothing more supple, undulating, evocative than the sentences of this "Promenade" rhythmically ingeniously, sustained, persisting without monotony, thanks to the diversity of nuances.

An abbreviated translation of Moussorgsky's description of the pictures, printed in the original edition of his Suite follows:

I. *Gnomus*. A Drawing representing a little gnome, dragging himself along with clumsy steps by his little twisted legs.

II. *Il Vecchio Castello*. A castle of the Middle Ages, before which a troubador is singing.

III. *Tuileries*. Children disputing after their play. An alley in the Tuileries gardens with a swarm of nurses and children.

IV. *Bydlo*. A Polish wagon with enormous wheels, drawn by oxen.

V. *Ballet of Chicks in their Shells*. A drawing made by Hartmann for the staging of a scene in the ballet, "Trilby."

VI. *Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle*. Two Polish Jews, the one rich, the other poor. ("Two Jewish melodies, one replying to the other. One of them is grave, imposing, decisively marked; the other is lively, skipping, supplicating. One cannot be deceived in the two persons; one of them, the portly one, walks square-toed, like a dog with a pedigree; the other, the thin one, hurries along, dwarfs himself, twists about, like a puppy. He revolves in a funny way, courts a look from the other, begs. There is no doubt about them, one sees them—and the barking of the fat one who frees himself, in two triplets, from the bore, proves that Moussorgsky could draw from the pianoforte, as from the voice, as from the orchestra, comical effects." *)

* From Pierre d'Alheim's *Moussorgsky*.

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VII. *Limoges*. The market place. Market women dispute furiously.

VIII. *Catacombs*. In this drawing Hartmann portrayed himself, examining the interior of the Catacombs in Paris by the light of a lantern. In the original manuscript, Moussorgsky had written above the Andante in B minor: "The creative spirit of the dead Hartmann leads me towards skulls, apostrophizes them—the skulls are illuminated gently in the interior."

IX. *The Hut on Fowls' Legs*. The drawing showed a clock in the form of Baba-Yaga's, the fantastical witch's hut, on the legs of fowls. Moussorgsky added the witch rushing on her way seated on her mortar. (Compare Liadow's "Baba-Yaga." The witch "rides in a mortar of glowing iron which she pushes along with a pestle, and brushes out the traces behind her with a fiery broom.")

X. *The Gate of the Bogatirs at Kiev*. Hartmann's drawing represented his plan for constructing a gate in Kiev, in the old Russian massive style, with a cupola shaped like a Slavonic helmet.

Brünnhilde's Immolation and the Closing Scene

from "Götterdämmerung" WAGNER

Richard Wagner was born at Leipzig, May 22,
1813; died at Venice, February 13, 1883.

Fifty years after the death of Wagner (1933), Olin Downes wrote: "We remain in the shadow of a colossus. As no other person in the world of music, Wagner bestrode his age, and he dominates ours."

Not since Bach has a composer so overwhelmingly dominated his period, so completely overtopped his contemporaries and followers with a sovereignty of imagination and potency of expression. But Bach and Wagner share little else, actually, aesthetically, or spiritually. Bach's music is transcendent, abstract, absolute, impersonal, and detached; that of Wagner is most individual, emanating directly and unmistakably from his personality; it is movingly sensuous, excitingly emotional, and highly descriptive. His life, unlike that of Bach, was thrilling, superbly vital, brilliant, and colorful. While Bach worked oblivious of posterity, Wagner, sustained by a prophetic vision and knowledge that he was writing for distant generations, worked consciously for fame. It gave to his music a self-consciousness, and excessiveness, and at times an overeffectiveness. Bach died in obscurity, while Wagner lived to see every one of his major works performed on the stages of the world. He died with universal recognition and the realization that in the short space of his life he had changed the whole current of the tonal art, and that his mind and will had influenced the entire music of his age.

The synthetic and constructive power of Wagner's mind enabled him to assimilate the varied tendencies of his period to such a degree that he became

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the fulfillment of nineteenth-century romanticism in music. He conditioned the future style of opera, infusing into it a new dramatic truth and significance; he emphasized the marvelous emotional possibilities that lay in the orchestra, thereby realizing the expressive potentialities of instrumentation. He created not a "school" of music, as many lesser minds than his have done, but a school of thought. His grandiose ideas, sweeping years away as though they were minutes, have ever since found fertilization in the imaginations of those creators of music who have felt that their world has become too small. He sensed Beethoven's striving for new spheres of emotional experience; and in a music that was new and glamorous, incandescent, unfettered, and charged with passion, he entered a world of strange ecstasies to which music had never before had wings to soar.

In all the volumes of essays that Wagner wrote explaining and defining his system, a few facts stand forth conspicuously as the foundation of that system. His attempt was to reverse the relation in which music stood to the drama in the conventional opera, and to place the emphasis upon the drama, with music only one of the subsidiary elements employed to express the true meaning of the text—it was one of the means of expression, not the principal end, the others being action, declamation, and scenic art. These are fused together in a pure organic union working harmoniously for the expression of the poet's thought. The libretto must be in and of itself a consistent and reasonable drama and not merely a series of disconnected and unrelated episodes as it was in the conventional opera form.

Likewise the music, setting aside many of the old forms so necessary to it as a pure art, becomes, in the music drama, a flexible, plastic medium for dramatic ideas. Instead of developed melodic patterns, regular in form, involving a certain balance and recurrence of phrase, such as fill the pages of Mozart or Rossini, we have in the music drama an ever-changing dramatic melody depending for its effect on the accompanying action and setting, as well as on the orchestral accompaniment.

In place of a strong harmonic basis, i.e., comparatively few chords, and those well knit together, we have in the music drama a restless, many-colored tone picture, changing rapidly to match the changing emotions of the drama.

Wagner found the highest manifestation of his musical ideal for the lyric drama through the use of short melodic phrases or themes that were associated with specific meanings and charged with a certain emotional color. These he made the foundation of his musical structure. They were repeated as the set patterns of the earlier opera were repeated, but now the repetitions and order of recurrence were made to follow the significance of the text and the course of the action, and to depend upon them rather than upon the arbitrary and

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preconceived formulas of the older sort. These phrases, known as "leit-motives," were combined, developed, and built up as a substratum to the text, and were presented generally in the orchestra, which has a vastly greater potency and resource of expression than the single voice. The voice delivered the text in a musical declamation, a kind of endless melody, or, rather, speech of heightened and intensified expressiveness, varying in its melodic factor according to the nature of the mood to be expounded. These two elements, melodic declamation in the voice, and this vast endless orchestral stream of musical interpretation, are inseparably connected and built into each other's substance.

The fidelity to the dramatic sense, which Wagner insisted upon, necessitated great sacrifice in beauty at times, both of melody and harmony. The sinister broodings of Alberich, the groveling woe of Mime, the argument of the Giants, the snorting anger of the Dragon, the battle cry of Brünnhilde—such feelings as these could not find expression in long melodic curves but at times required restless dissonant harmonies and jagged phrases of melody.

This great scene, the finale of "Götterdämmerung," reveals Wagner at his greatest as a musico-dramatic artist, and nowhere has he reached more exalted heights than in the closing scene of this tremendous music drama.

The following condensed story of "Götterdämmerung" is by Lawrence Gilman.

The setting is that of the third scene of Act III of "Götterdämmerung"—the Hall of the Gibichungs beside the Rhine (as in Act I). It is night; the moonlight is reflected in the river. The body of the murdered Siegfried lies on its bier in the center of the hall. Gunther, too, is dead, slain in his struggle with Hagen for the Ring; and Hagen has been cowed by the threatening, supernatural gesture of Siegfried's upraised hand as he tried to seize the Ring from the dead hero's finger. In that moment of subduing horror, Brünnhilde, veiled and sovereign, no longer wholly of this world, advances with quiet and tragical solemnity from the back. Reflection and revelation have made clear to her the whole vast tangle of fate and sin and retribution that enmesh them all. Pitifully, she rebukes the bitter and wailing Gutrune. Then, after gazing long upon Siegfried's body, she turns to the awe-struck vassals, and orders them to build a funeral pyre by the river's edge and to kindle thereon a towering fire that shall consume the dead hero and herself.

As the vassals erect the funeral pyre in front of the hall, beside the Rhine, Brünnhilde begins that matchless valedictory, overwhelming in its utterance of grief and reproach and prophecy and lofty dedication, which is the dramatic and musical culmination of the entire tetralogy. It is a farewell to earth and earthly love and all felicity beside which every other leave-taking in poetry or drama seems dwarfed and limited. But it is also an implied foreshadowing of the new order, the new day of love and regeneration, which is to succeed the twilight of the gods and the night of their destruction. We learn from Brünnhilde's soliloquy that she perceives the divine

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justice of self-sacrifice. Her vision is that of a seeress discerning a regenerate world of love and equity; and she prepares to join her dead hero on the blazing pyre in order that she may fulfill the last necessity which shall make that vision a reality. Here is an English translation of Brünnhilde's words and Wagner's stage direction:

BRÜNNHILDE

(Alone in the center of the stage; after she has for a long while, at first with a deep shudder, then with almost overpowering sadness, contemplated Siegfried's face, she turns with solemn exaltation to the men and women.)

Build me with logs,
aloft on its brim
a heap for the Rhine to heed;
high and bright
kindle the flame;
let its fiery tongue
the highest hero consume!

His horse guide to my hand,
to be gone with me to his master;
for to share the hero's
highest honor
my body madly burns.
Fulfill Brünnhilde's command!

(The younger men raise a great funeral pyre in front of the hall, near the bank of the Rhine; women dress it with hangings on which they strew herbs and flowers. Brünnhilde, who has again been lost in contemplation of the dead Siegfried, is gradually transfigured by an expression of increasing tenderness.)

Like glorious sunshine
he sends me his light;
his soul was faultless
that false I found!
His bride he betrayed
by truth to his friendship:
from his best and dearest
only beloved one,
barred was he by his sword—
Sounder than his,
are oaths not sworn with;
better than his
held never are bargains;
holier than his,
love is unheard of:
and yet to all oaths,
to every bargain,
to faithfulest love,
none has been so untrue!
Know you how it was so?
Oh ye, who heed
our oaths in your heaven,

open your eyes
on my fullness of woe,
and watch your unwithering blame!
For my summons hark,
thou highest god!
Him, by his daringest deed—
that filled so deftly thy hope,
darkly thy means
doomed in its midst
to ruin's merciless wrong;
me to betray he was bounden,
that wise a woman might grow!
Know I not now, what thou wouldst?
All things, all things
All I now know:
Nought is hidden;
all is clear to me here!
Fitly thy ravens
take to their pinions;
with tidings feared and hoped for,
hence to their home they shall go.
Rest thee, rest thee, O god!

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(She signs to the men to lift Siegfried's body and bear it to the funeral pyre: at the same time she draws the ring from Siegfried's finger, contemplates it during what follows, and at last puts it on her finger.)

My heritage,
 behold me hallow!—
Thou guilty ring!
Ruinous gold!
My hand gathers,
and gives thee again.
You wisely seeing
water-sisters,
the Rhine's unresting daughters,
I deem your word was of weight!

All that you ask
now is your own;
here from my ashes
now you may have it!—
The flame as it clasps me round,
frees from its curse the ring!—
Back to its gold
return it again,
and far in the flood
withhold its fire,
the Rhine's unslumbering sun,
that once you lost to your bane.

(She turns toward the back, where Siegfried's body lies already on the pyre, and seizes a great firebrand from one of the vassals.)

Away, you ravens!
Whisper to your master
what here among us you heard!
By Brünnhilde's rock
Your road shall be bent;
who roars yet round it,

Loge—send him to Valhall!
For with doom of gods
is darkened the day;
so—set I the torch
to Valhall's towering walls!

(She flings the brand into the heap of wood, which quickly blazes up. Two ravens have flown up from the bank and disappear toward the background. Two young men bring in the horse; Brünnhilde seizes and quickly unbridles it.)

Grane, my horse,
hail to thee here!
Knowest thou, friend,
how far I shall need thee?
Behold how brightens
hither thy lord,
Siegfried—my sorrowless hero.
To go to him now
neigh'st thou so gladly?
Lure thee to him
the light and the laughter?—

Feel how my bosom
fills with its blaze!
Hands of fire
hold me at heart;
my master enfolding,
held fast in his arms,
in love everlasting,
made one with my own!
Heiaho! Grane!
Greeting to him!
Siegfried! Behold!
Blissfully hails thee thy bride!

(She has swung herself stormily on to the horse and rides it with a leap into the burning pyre.)

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Thursday Evening, May 13

Overture, "Leonore" No. 3 BEETHOVEN

The "Leonore" Overture, No. 3 (Op. 72) is a remodeled form of that which had served as an introduction to *Fidelio* on its first production in 1805. It was written for a reconstructed version of the opera which had its hearing March 29, 1806, and was in fact the second which Beethoven composed for this work. Why Beethoven should have rejected this supreme product of his genius when *Fidelio* was again reconstructed and performed in 1814, and should have substituted the newly written and comparatively light "Overture to Fidelio" is still an enigma. The order of these overtures, according to the time of composition, is now supposed to be "Leonore" No. 2, "Leonore" No. 3, "Leonore" No. 1, and "Overture to Fidelio."

Beethoven had, in "Leonore" No. 2, begun to liberate the overture and to set it on its own feet, just as Bach in his suites, ancestors of the symphony, freed dance music from its slavery to the floor. In the "Egmont," "Coriolanus," and four "Leonore" overtures, Beethoven created a newer, freer, and more musical program music. Each is a tone poem in its own right, full of inspiration, dramatic power, and tragic conflict.

For Richard Wagner, this work was less an overture to a music drama than the music drama itself. "His object," wrote Wagner, "was to condense to its noblest unity the one sublime action which the dramatist had weakened and delayed by paltry details in order to spin out the tale; to give it a new, an ideal motion, fed solely by its innermost springs." * Twenty-nine years later, in his essay on Beethoven, Wagner wrote again:

The great overture to "Leonore" alone makes clear to us how Beethoven would have the drama understood—what is the dramatic action of the librettist's opera *Leonore* but an almost repulsive watering of the drama we have lived through in the overture, a kind of tedious commentary by Gervinus on a scene of Shakespeare. Indeed the overture epitomizes and condenses the substance of the drama in a vivid way, without utilizing very much of the actual music of the opera.

The action of the opera occurs in a fortress near Seville. Don Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, has been imprisoned for life, and to make his fate certain, his mortal enemy, Don Pizarro, governor of the prison, has announced his death, meanwhile putting the unfortunate man in the lowest dungeon, where

* Ellis, *Wagner's Prose Works*, VII, "On the Overture."

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he is expected to die by gradual starvation, thus rendering unnecessary a resort to violent means.

Don Florestan, however, has a devoted wife who refuses to believe the report of his death. Disguising herself as a servant, and assuming the name of Fidelio, she secures employment with Rocco, the head jailer. Rocco's daughter falls in love with the supposed handsome youth, and he is soon in such high favor that he is permitted to accompany Rocco on his visits to the prisoner.

Hearing that the minister of the interior is coming to the prison to investigate the supposed death of Florestan, the governor decides to murder him, and asks Rocco's aid. Fidelio overhears the conversation and gets Rocco to allow her to dig the grave. Just as Don Pizarro is about to strike the fatal blow, Fidelio rushes forward, proclaims herself the wife of the prisoner, and shields him. The governor is about to sacrifice both when a flourish of trumpets announces the arrival of the minister just in time to prevent the murder of Florestan.

ANALYSIS

After a long and solemn introduction, relating to Florestan's hopeless situation (*adagio* C major, 3-3 time), the main movement (*allegro*, 2-2 time), presents a short figured principal theme in the celli and violins, which is developed to unusual length in a grimly passionate manner. The second subject, entering rather abruptly in an extended upward flight in violins and flutes, continues in short fragmentary phrases to a climax of vigorous syncopated string and woodwind passages. The development section continues with these short phrases, occasionally joined by the figures of the principal theme. Sudden and unexpected outbursts in the whole orchestra lend an inarticulate expressiveness to the climax of the work, which is dramatically interrupted by the trumpet call which, in the opera, announces the arrival of Don Fernando. A quiet and brief interlude follows, creating an air of expectancy and heightening the dramatic effect of the second and closer announcement of the trumpet call. Wagner objected to the altered, yet formal, recapitulation of the first part of the overture as undramatic, and in truth he is artistically justified in wishing that Beethoven had, after the trumpet fanfare, rushed on to the conclusion. But Beethoven paid this respect to the conventional form, and then, in a (*presto*) passage of syncopated octaves, created an overwhelming and novel effect in this section. The coda, based upon a vigorous working of the principal subject, brings this mighty overture to a thrilling finale.

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Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" WAGNER

To the opera-going public, particularly in Germany, Wagner's single comedy *Die Meistersinger* is the most beloved of all his works. The gaiety and charming tunefulness of the score, the intermingling of humor, satire, and romance in the text, are reasons enough for its universal popularity.

As a reconstruction of the social life in the quaint medieval city of Nuremberg, its truthfulness and vividness are beyond all praise. In its harmless satire, aimed in kindly humor at the manners, vices, and follies of the "tradesmen-musicians" and their attempts to keep the spirit of minstrelsy alive by dint of pedantic formulas, the plot is worthy to stand beside the best comedies of the world. Certainly it has no equal in operatic literature.

The young Walther von Stalzing, in love with Eva, the daughter of the goldsmith Pogner—whose hand has been promised to the victor in the forthcoming singing contest—seeks to gain admission to the Mastersingers' guild. A candidate for admission has to sing before an austere body of judges, and if the marker, Beckmesser,* scores no more than seven faults against him, he is admitted. But Walther fails his first examination. The night before the contest he has a dream which he describes the next day to Hans Sachs, the poet-cobbler. The old poet is entranced and aids Walther in formulating the "dream" into a song. On the banks of the river Pegnitz where the populace and the various guilds of the town assembled for the contests, Walther sings his "Story of the Dream" and, of course, wins the acclaim of the multitude and the hand of Eva.

The following is the text of the song:

<p>Morning was gleaming with roseate light, The air was filled With scent distilled Where, beauty-beaming Past all dreaming A garden did invite Wherein, beneath a wondrous tree, With fruit superbly laden, In blissful love-dream I could see, The rare and tender maiden Whose charms, beyond all price, Entrances my heart— Eva, in Paradise! Evening was darkling and night closed round;</p>	<p>By rugged way My feet did stray Toward a mountain, Where a fountain Enslaved me with its sound; And there, beneath a laurel tree, With starlight glinting under, In waking vision greeted me A sweet and solemn wonder; She tossed on me the fountain's dews, That woman fair— Parnassus' glorious Muse! Thrice happy day To which my poet's trance gave place! That paradise of which I dreamed</p>
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* Beckmesser is said to represent Wagner's critics who accused him of not being able to write a melody, and Walther symbolizes Wagner himself.

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In radiance new before my face
Glorified lay,
To point the path the laughing brooklet
streamed
She stood beside me
Who shall my bride be
The fairest sight earth e'er gave;
My Muse to whom I bow,

So angel-sweet and grave,
I woo her boldly now,
Before the world remaining,
By might of music gaining
Parnassus and Paradise!

—English Translation by H. and
F. Corder

First Forging Song from "Siegfried" WAGNER

Siegfried, the son of Siegmund and Sieglinde, has been brought up in the forest by the dwarf Mime, who intends to recover, with his aid, the Nibelung hoard, the Ring. But as Siegfried has broken every sword Mime could forge, the latter is at a loss where to find a suitable weapon. Siegfried finally finds that at the death of his mother, Mime had been entrusted with the pieces of "Nothung," Siegmund's sword. Unable to weld together the pieces, Mime gives them to Siegfried who accomplishes this task without difficulty.

The scene shows the opening of a natural cavern. Against the back wall stands a large forge, and a great bellows. A very large anvil and other smith's implements are at hand. Siegfried takes the pieces of the sword, fixes them in a vise, and files them to dust. This he puts into a melting pot, which he sets on the fire, and while he keeps up the heat with the bellows, he sings the first forging song, full of glee in the consciousness of his youth and of his ability to make himself a worthy weapon. Thus he begins:

Nothung! Nothung! Notable sword! To shreds I've shattered thy shining blade, the pot shall melt the shivers. Hoho! Hohei! Wild in the woodlands waved a tree, which I in the forest felled: the branches now, how bravely they flame! They spring in the air with scattering sparks and smelt me the steely shreds. Nothung! Nothung! Notable sword! In thine own sweat thou swimmest now—I soon shall call thee my sword. (Pours steel into a mold and plunges it into water; it hisses) Hoho! Hohei! Forge me, my hammer, a noble sword. Hoho! Hohei! Once blood did tinge thy pallid blue, cold rang out thy laugh. Wrathful sparks thou dost sputter on me who conquered thy pride! Heiaho! Heiaho! Heiahohohohoho!

"The Seasons" (Poem by William Blake) ERIC FOGG

Eric Fogg was born at Manchester, England, February 21, 1903.

Eric Fogg began his musical career at the age of ten as a chorister at Manchester Cathedral, and composed some small pieces before he had reached

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the age of twelve. At fifteen, he was organist at St. John's Church, Deansgate, Manchester, an appointment he held for two years. In Queen's Hall, London, when he was but seventeen, he appeared in the capacity of conductor of his own works.

These auspicious beginnings have been followed by numerous acknowledgements, prizes, and important performances of his works, until today, Eric Fogg's name is on the verge of universal recognition.

As a very young man, he became an enthusiastic disciple of Scriabin and Stravinsky in the later manifestations of their style, and, fascinated by the prevailing dissonance of their music, he began to write prolifically and easily in the modern idioms. It is more than encouraging and exhilarating to find a young English artist deviating from the unadventurous musicians who have so long served as models for English composers, and to see one paying homage at the shrines of new and exciting ones. Certainly, from Stravinsky, who was himself the pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, Fogg learned a great deal about contemporary values in harmony and orchestral timbre. If, in these years, he was inclined to be consciously "shocking," we can excuse it as a healthy manifestation of youthful high spirits.

Between the ages of seventeen and nineteen, he studied with Granville Bantock, and became aware that his infatuation for Stravinsky was leading him astray, not in any musical or aesthetic sense, but in the fact that he was becoming too dependent upon his model. When he had the courage to trust his own reactions to emotional and imaginative stimuli, his music became more vital, more shapely and more personal, and he began to evidence a finer realization and control of the subtleties of his art.

"The Seasons" is by far his most comprehensive and representative work. It was composed especially for the Leeds Triennial Musical Festival in 1931, and, with its performance, a definitely important figure in British music appeared.

The score is exceedingly rich and full, and Mr. Fogg's handling of the orchestra and chorus in combination proves him to be not only a well-schooled musician, but an inspired one as well.

In addition to the usual strings, woodwinds, and percussion, the orchestra contains an English horn, bass clarinet, contrabassoon, celesta, glockenspiel, two harps, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, gong, and a wind machine.

I. SPRING opens with quiet rich harmonies, then, with an impetuous surge of notes in the orchestra, there follow sections alternating between passionate and introspective moods.

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O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
Thro' the clear windows of the morning,
 turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O
 Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the list'ning
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are
 turnèd
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our
 winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter
 thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for
 thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers;
 pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd
 head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for
 thee.

II. SUMMER is scored richly and sonorously with continuous and bold use of dissonance. The thick immobile chords in muted strings create the impression of sultry and parching heat. The handling of the orchestra in this section is assured, dissonance is used without strain for effect, and at the end of the movement, the music fades into the distance with some gently rocking chords heard beneath a violin solo.

O thou who passest thro' our valleys in
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay
 the heat
That flames from their large nostrils! thou,
 O Summer,
Oft pitched'st here thy golden tent, and
 oft
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we
 beheld
With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing
 hair.

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have
 heard
Thy voice, when noon upon his fervid car
Rode o'er the deep of heaven; beside our
 springs
Sit down, and in our mossy valleys, on
Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy
Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream:
Our valleys love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are fam'd who strike the silver
 wire:
Our youth are bolder than the southern
 swains:
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance:
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as
 heaven,
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.

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III. AUTUMN. A throbbing and pulsating accompaniment heard in the strings, clarinets, and harps is an effective device for catching the spirit of opulent autumn "laden with fruit and stained with the blood of grape," and how effective is this music, with its quiet ending in suggesting distance as autumn "rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load."

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit Beneath my shady roof; there thou may'st rest, And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe, And all the daughters of the year shall dance! Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.	"The narrow bud opens her beauties to The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins; Blossoms hang round the brows of Morn- ing, and Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve, Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing, And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her head.
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"The spirits of the air live on the smells
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light,
 roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.'
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the
 bleak
Hills fled from our sight; but left his
 golden load.

IV. WINTER. The use of ponderous instruments, the scurrying passages in the upper strings and winds, the brutal drive of the rhythm, the masses of harmony flung together, and the tumultuous hammering of notes in the vocal parts all combine to create a tone picture of terrific power, worthy of wedding itself with Blake's vigorous and mighty lines descriptive of bleak winter.

"O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors: The north is thine; there hast thou built thy dark Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs, Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car."	He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep Rides heavy; his storms are unchain'd, sheathèd In ribbèd steel; I dare not lift mine eyes, For he hath rear'd his sceptre o'er the world.
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<p>Lo! now the direful monster, whose skin clings To his strong bones, strides o'er the groan- ing rocks: He withers all in silence, and in his hand Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.</p>	<p>He takes his seat upon the cliffs,—the mariner Cries in vain. Poor little wretch, that deal'st With storms!—till heaven smiles, and the monster Is driv'n yelling to his caves beneath Mount Hecla.</p>
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Scenes from "Parsifal" WAGNER

"Parsifal," the last product of Wagner's long creative activity, is different in many ways from his previous works, and from any other lyric-drama. In substance and style, and in its general effect upon the stage, it is unique. Wagner's designation of it as a "Buhnenweihfestspiel" or "stage consecrating festival drama" is highly significant. He regards the stage here not as a medium for diversion and entertainment merely, but for experiences that stand apart from those of ordinary life and bring us into close contact with, and lift us to a realm of profound spiritual mood. This grand and elevated aesthetic conception builds upon foundations of mystical, religious and ethical ideas and incidents, and the music that accompanies this noble dramatic structure shows differences in style and manner, as well as in general quality of inspiration. There is in the music of "Parsifal" none of the passion and sensuous longing or ecstatic ardor of "Tristan and Isolde." It is not the music of "Siegfried" revealing the impervious buoyancy of the hero untouched by fear, nor is there that Olympian grandeur and heroic splendor one finds in "Götterdämmerung."

The music of "Parsifal," being essential to the character of the text, is pre-vaillingly deliberate and slow in pace to accompany the leisurely unfolding of the story. Now rich and glowing in mystical harmonies, stately and solemn in its rhythm, the music weds itself to those sections of the text that have to do with the castle of the knights of the Holy Grail. But when we are in the magic garden of the magician, Klingsor, during the temptation of Parsifal by Kundry, the music becomes exciting and colorful. Wagner was never surpassed for brilliancy, glow, insinuating rhythm, iridescent harmony and enticing melody, and as the text here demands such qualities as these, there is an exhibition of rich and intricate music crescendoing in splendor and magnificence. During the Communion scene, by the same token, the music is charged with a mystical poignancy that transcends all earthly associations, and at the end of the work, when the Grail sheds its benefaction on the holy knighthood, the music becomes seraphic, and we are at one with the worshipping company of knights before the revelation of immortal beauty.

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ARGUMENT

From the host of medieval legends concerning the Holy Grail, Wagner found in the version of the old German minnesinger, Wolfram von Eschenbach, whom he had introduced as a character in his earlier opera "Tannhäuser," those elements that best suited his dramatic purposes. This poetic and mystic legend inspired Wagner at the age of 68 to write some of the most sublime music of his long career.

The Holy Grail was the sacred chalice from which Christ drank at the Last Supper, and in which were caught the last drops of His blood as He hung on the cross. According to Wagner's version, both the Grail and the sacred spear with which the Roman soldier, Longinus, pierced the side of Christ as He hung upon the cross, were entrusted by angels to the keeping of Titurel, son of the King of Cappadocia who built a sanctuary for them on Montsalvat in Galicia, Spain, where they were guarded by a body of knights of unimpeachable honor, whose lives were devoted to its service. Once a year a dove descended from heaven to renew the sacred power of the Grail and to resuscitate the knights, as it did Joseph of Armathaea, lying in prison for twenty-four years.

Among those who desired to become knights of the Grail was Klingsor, whose evil heart and dark passions excluded him from the holy company. Unable to guard the holy relics, he determined by means of magic to win them for his own possession. By means of sorcery, he created a magic garden and peopled it with women of enchanting and sensuous beauty to lure the knights from their holy mission.

Titurel, growing too old to carry out his duties, was succeeded by his son, Amfortas, who, straying too near Klingsor's realm, fell a victim of the seductions of Kundry, a female prototype of the wandering Jew, who, having mocked at Christ as He hung on the Cross, was vainly wandering the earth to look upon His face again. Wagner's Kundry is a complex character, now seeking expiation in zealous service to the Knights of the Grail, and again, under the magic power of Klingsor, a witch-woman, who lures them to their destruction. While in the magic garden, in the embraces of Kundry, Klingsor wrested from Amfortas the sacred spear and with it administered a grievous wound that would not heal, although Amfortas was kept alive through the sustaining power of the Grail. No one had been successful in winning back the spear from Klingsor, but it had been prophesied that one day there would come to Montsalvat, "a guileless fool," pure and unspoiled, who would become wise through compassion, and who would resist temptation and evil, and finally recover the sacred spear, and with it heal Amfortas' wounds. It is with the appearance of Parsifal that Wagner's music-drama commences.

ACT I

[In a wood near Montsalvat, Gurnemanz and his esquires are kneeling at their morning devotions. Their prayers are interrupted by the sudden intrusion of Kundry in wild garb and fierce and dark in mien, who, hastening up to Gurnemanz, forces into his hand a small vial which she says contains an ointment for Amfortas' wound. Thereupon she sinks to the earth in a strange stupor, just as Amfortas, attended by his knights, is borne in upon his litter. Although he despairs of any cure, he takes the vial,

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and is carried to the lake to bathe. While Gurnemanz in a reminiscent mood is telling the esquires the story of the Grail and the cause of Amfortas' undoing, a wild swan, with an arrow in its breast, falls to the ground before them. Horrified at the death of a wild creature on the holy ground of Montsalvat, the esquires quickly apprehend the slayer, and Parsifal, with his bow in his hand, is brought before Gurnemanz and made aware of the enormity of his crime. Conscious of the cruelty of his act, his eyes fill with tears and he throws away his arrows and breaks his bow. When questioned, he reveals a deep ignorance of himself and of the world. Kundry, listening attentively to Parsifal, relates what she knows of his birth and parentage and then sinks down unable to withstand the trance-like sleep that overcomes her. Gurnemanz, in the hope that this is the "promised one," leads Parsifal toward the Temple of the Grail, as Kundry sinks down and falls into a deep sleep.] *

a) Transformation Scene ORCHESTRA

It is at this point, that the shortened version of "Parsifal" heard on tonight's program begins. The orchestral section heard is that which accompanies Gurnemanz and Parsifal as they walk through the woods, and as the great peal of bells is heard, they finally enter the mighty Hall of the Grail Castle.

b) In the Castle of the Grail CHORUSES

At the farther end, and on both sides, doors are opened, and the Grail Knights pace slowly forward and place themselves at the feast tables that are arranged under the vaulted dome. When they have found their places, they sing:

(Zum letzten Liebesmahle)

The Holy Supper duly
Prepare we day by day,
As on that last time truly
The soul it still may stay.
Who lives to do good deeds
This Meal for ever feeds;
The Cup his hand may lift
And claim the purest gift.

As anguished and lowly
His life stream's spilling
For sinners He did offer,
For the Saviour holy
With heart free and willing
My blood I now will proffer.
His body, given our sins to shrive,
Through death becomes in us alive.

His love endures,
The dove upsoars,
The Saviour's sacred token.
Taken the wine red,
For you 'twas shed;
Let Bread of Life be broken.

* [] indicates that this action is omitted in this performance.

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While they have been singing, Amfortas has been carried in on a litter by young knights and before him marched four esquires bearing the covered shrine of the Grail.

[When all have taken their places, a pause ensues, broken by the voice of the aged Titurel coming from a vaulted recess behind Amfortas' couch, as though out of a tomb. He asks, "My son, Amfortas, art thou in this place—will I see the Grail once more before I die? Must I die denied the saving vision?" Amfortas cries out in agonized protest, for this sight which brings joy and peace to others only increases his suffering and sending the blood coursing wildly through his veins, causes his wounds to break out afresh. He sinks down exhausted, but presently yields to the command of his father, Titurel. Amfortas raises himself slowly and with difficulty, the esquires remove the cover from the golden shrine and take from it an antique crystal cup which they likewise uncover and place before Amfortas. The hall is permeated with a mysterious darkness.]

c) Communion Service CHORUS

While Amfortas devoutly bows himself in silent prayer before the cup, an increasing gloom spreads in the room.

(Nehmet hin mein Blut)

"Take and drink my blood;

Thus be our love remembered!

Take my body and eat:

Do this and think of me!"

A dazzling ray of light falls from above upon the chalice, which now glows, ever deeper, a shining wine, purple color, shedding a soft light on all around. Amfortas, with a transfigured expression, raises the Grail and moves it slowly from side to side, thus consecrating the bread and wine. All are kneeling. Amfortas sets the Grail down and its glow slowly fades as the darkness lightens; hereupon the esquires enclose the vessel in its shrine and cover it as before. Daylight returns. The four esquires, having enclosed the shrine, now take from the altar the two flagons and baskets which have been blessed by Amfortas with the chalice. They distribute the bread to the knights and fill their cups with wine. The knights seat themselves, and Gurnemanz motions to Parsifal to partake of the meal, but Parsifal remains standing apart as though in a trance. Accompanying this scene, the young knights sing:

SOPRANOS

ALTOS

(Wein und Brod des letzten Mahles)
Wine and Bread the Grail's Lord changèd
Which at that Last Meal were rangèd,
Through His pity's loving tide
When He shed for you His gore
And His Body crucified.

Blood and Body which he offered
Changed to food for you are proffered
By the Saviour ye revere
In the Wine which now ye pour
And the Bread ye eat of here.

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TENORS AND BASSES

Take of this Bread,
Change it again,
Your pow'rs of body firing;
Living and dead
Strive amain
To work out the Lord's desiring.

Take of this Wine,
Change it anew
To life's impetuous torrent;
Gladly combine,
Brothers true,
To fight as duty shall warrant.
Blessed Believing!

During the repast Amfortas, who has not partaken, has gradually relapsed from his state of exaltation: he bows his head and presses his hand to the wound.

[The pages approach him; his wound has burst out afresh; they tend him and assist him to his litter. Then, while all prepare to break up, they bear off Amfortas and the shrine in the order in which they came. The knights and esquires fall in, and slowly leave the hall in solemn procession, whilst the daylight gradually wanes. The bells are heard pealing again.]

Parsifal, on hearing Amfortas' cry of agony, has clutched his heart and remained in that position for some time. He now stands as if petrified, motionless. When the last knight has left the hall and the doors are again closed, Gurnemanz in ill humour comes up to Parsifal and shakes him by the arm, saying "Thou art nothing but a fool! Be gone!" He pushes Parsifal out the door.]

The knights in the distance are heard singing:

Blessed in Loving!
Blessed Believing!

ACT II

[Klingsor's castle, shrouded in vaporous gloom, transports us to a world of strange and wild sights. Klingsor, surrounded by weird instruments of necromancy, and almost invisible in an eerie blue smoke, is seen evoking, by strange and mysterious gestures, unholy and infernal forces. He summons Kundry who, half-awakened from a deep sleep, utters dreadful and unearthly shrieks. Mocking her for her devotion for the Knights of the Holy Grail, whenever she is released from his spell, and taunting her in her remorse for having seduced Amfortas, Klingsor now commands her to tempt the stainless youth, Parsifal. Kundry, crying out in wild agony, refuses to obey him, but Klingsor's magic power subdues her to his will, and Kundry, laughing ecstatically at first, finally utters a spasmodic cry of anguish and disappears as darkness descends upon the scene.]

[In an instant, there appears in the place of Klingsor's castle, an enchanted and exotic garden of weird and luxuriant beauty. Parsifal, standing on the wall surrounding the garden, gazes about in a bewildered manner. From all sides appear Klingsor's exquisitely beautiful flower maidens, seductively clad in diaphanous and flowing garments, who dance about Parsifal with slow and sensuous movements, touching his face and hair with soft and caressing fingers. Kundry, now enticingly beautiful, approaches just as Parsifal, in anger, has turned to go. She calls him by name and tell him of his father, Knight Gamuret, who had been slain, and of his mother, Herze-

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leide (Heart's Sorrow), who had reared him in the forest and had died of loneliness when he had left her. Parsifal, deeply affected, bows his head in grief. Kundry, taking advantage of Parsifal's emotional state, caresses him and takes him into her arms, telling him that she has been sent by his mother, whereupon she impresses a long kiss upon his lips.]

a) Amfortas! Die Wunde MR. MELCHIOR

For a moment Parsifal seems to have succumbed to her allurements. But suddenly he starts up with a gesture of intense terror, crying out:

Amfortas!
The spearwound! The spearwound!
In me I feel it burning.
Oh, horror! horror!
Direfullest horror!
It shrieks from out the depth of my soul.
Oh! Oh!
Misery!
Lamentation!
I saw thy wound a-bleeding:
It bleeds now in myself
Here—here!

(Whilst Kundry stares at him in wonder and alarm, he continues madly.)
No, no! This is not the spearwound:
Let it gush blood in streams if it list.
Here! Here! My heart is ablaze!
The passion, the terrible passion,
That all my senses doth seize and sway!
Oh! Love's delirium!
How all things tremble, heave and quake
With longings that are sinful!

My frozen glance stares on the sacred Cup:
The Holy One's blood doth glow;
Redemption's rapture, sweet and mild,
Is trembling far through ev'ry spirit;
But in this heart will the pangs not lessen.
The Saviour's wailing I distinguished,
The wailing, ah! the wailing
For His polluted sanctuary:
"Recover, save me from
The hands that guilt has sullied!"
Thus rang the lamentation

Through my soul with fearful loudness:
And I—oh, Fool! oh, coward!
To wild and childish exploits hither fled.

(He throws himself despairingly on his knees.)
Redeemer! Saviour! Gracious Lord!
What can retrieve my crime abhorred?

(still in a kneeling posture, gazing blankly up at Kundry, whilst she stoops over him with the embracing movements which he describes in the following):

Aye! Thus it called him! This voice it
was;
And this the glance; surely I know it well,
The glance which smiled away his quiet.
These lips, too, aye, they tempted him
thus;
So bowed this neck above him,
So high was raised this head;
So fluttered these locks as though laughing,
So circled this arm round his neck,
So softened each feature in fondness!
In league with Sorrow's dismal weight,
This mouth took from him
His soul's salvation straight!
Ha! with this kiss!

(With the last words he has gradually risen, and now spring completely up and spurns Kundry from him.)
Destroyer thou! Get thee from me!
Leave me—leave me—forever!

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b) "Auf Ewigkeit wärst du verdammt mit mir" . MR. MELCHIOR

Kundry, in intense grief, tells Parsifal of the curse that is upon her for having laughed at Christ as He staggered under the weight of the Cross. If Parsifal will but embrace her, salvation will be hers! Parsifal refuses, saying:

For ever more
Should you be damned with me,
If for one hour
I forgot my holy mission,
Within thy arms embracing!
To thy help also am I sent,
If of thy cravings thou repent.
The solace, which shall end thy sorrow,
Yields not that spring from which it
flows:
Salvation can'st thou never borrow,
Till that same spring in thee shall
close.
Far other 'tis—far other, aye!
For which I saw, with pitying eyes,

That brotherhood distrest and pining,
Their lives tormented and declining,
But who with certain clearness knows
The source whence true salvation
flows?
Oh, mis'ry! What a course is this!
Oh, wild hallucination!
In such a search for sacred bliss
Thus to desire the soul's damnation!
Redemption, sinner, I offer e'en thee.
Love and Redemption thou shalt lack
not,
If the way
To Amfortas thou wilt show.

[Kundry tries to embrace Parsifal, but he thrusts her from him. With a shriek of wild despair, Kundry turns upon Parsifal with all the hatred of thwarted desire, and curses him.]

c) *Finale*—"Mit diesem Zeichen" MR. MELCHIOR

She calls frantically for Klingsor, who appears on the castle wall. He flings the sacred spear at Parsifal (glissando passage on the harp) but it changes its course and hovers over Parsifal's head. He seizes it, making the sign of the cross and crying:

Now with this sign destroy I thy magic
As the wound shall be closed,
Which thou with this once clovest,
To wrack and to ruin
Falls thy unreal display!

As if by an earthquake, the castle falls to ruins; the garden withers up to a desert; the maidens lie like shrivelled flowers strewn around on the ground. Kundry has sunk down with a cry. Parsifal turns to her from the summit of the ruined wall, saying:

(Du weisst, wo du mich wieder finden kannst!)

Thou know'st

Thou can'st meet with me again.

(He disappears. The curtain closes quickly).

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ACT III

[In the third act, we are brought again into the contemplation of solemn things. It is Good Friday. Gurnemanz, now hoary with age and bent by grief and care, comes from his rude hut, a lonely figure, to greet the beauty of the spring morning. He hears a strange moaning in the woods nearby, and discovers Kundry lying unconscious, but crying out in her delirium. He tends her kindly and she is restored to consciousness. In meekness, Kundry undertakes her humble duties, and on her way from a nearby well where she has gone for water, she observes a knight in black armor. It is Parsifal, weary from his endless searching, having at last found Montsalvat. At Gurnemanz' request, he removes his armor, and strikes his spear into the holy ground. Gurnemanz and Kundry recognize him as he sinks to his knees in fervent prayer. They prepare him for his journey to the Hall of the Grail. Kundry anoints his feet with oil, and dries them with her hair, as Gurnemanz brings a coat-of-mail and the mantle of the knights. Parsifal and Kundry, follow Gurnemanz as he leads them to the Hall of the Grail.]

a) Procession of the Knights CHORUS

The Knights appear, some bearing Titurel's coffin, and others escorting Amfortas in the litter, preceded by the four knights carrying the holy shrine. The knights are heard to sing:

To sacred place in sheltering shrine	A hero lies in this dismal shrine
The Holy Grail do we carry;	With all this heavenly strength,
What hide ye there in gloomy shrine,	To whom all things once God did entrust:
Which hither mourning ye bear?	Titurel hither we bear.

[Amfortas, raising himself on his couch, cries in supplication to his dead father, Titurel, to release him from his torture, but the knights approach him, demanding that he carry out his painful office and uncover the Grail. Amfortas, in a paroxysm of despair, springs from his couch, tears open his gown, and displays his bleeding wounds. In deepest anguish he pleads with his knights to kill him with their swords and end his torture.]

b) "Nur eine Waffe taugt" MR. MELCHIOR

The knights, awe-struck at Amfortas, do not notice the entrance of Parsifal who advances into the Hall with his spear outstretched. With the holy weapon he touches the bleeding side of Amfortas, crying:

One weapon only serves:
The one that struck
Can staunch thy wounded side.

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Amfortas' countenance is radiant with holy rapture; he totters with emotion; Gurnemanz supports him.

Be whole, unsullied and absolved!
For I now govern in thy place.
Oh, blessed be thy sorrows,
For Pity's potent might

And Knowledge' purest power
They taught a timid Fool.
The holy Spear
Once more behold in this.

All gaze with intense rapture on the spear which Parsifal holds aloft, while he continues in inspiration as he looks at its point:

Oh, mighty miracle of bliss!
This that through me thy wound restoreth.
With holy blood behold it poureth.
Which yearns to join the fountain glow-
ing,

Whose pure tide in the Grail is flowing!
Hid be no more that shape divine:
Uncover the Grail! Open the shrine!

c) The Miracle of the Grail CHORUSES

The esquires open the shrine; Parsifal takes from it the Grail and kneels, absorbed in its contemplation, silently praying. The Grail glows with light; a halo of glory pours down over all. Titurel, for the moment re-animated, raises himself in benediction in his coffin. From the dome descends a white dove and hovers over Parsifal's head. He moves the Grail gently to and fro before worshiping knight-hood. Kundry, looking up at Parsifal, sinks slowly to the ground—dead. Amfortas and Gurnemanz do homage on their knees to Parsifal.

(With voices from the middle and extreme heights, so soft as to be scarcely audible):

Wondrous work of mercy:
Salvation to the Saviour!

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 14

Overture to "Der Frieschütz" WEBER

Carl Maria von Weber was born at
Eutin, 1786; died at London, 1826

Seventeen years after Weber's burial in London, his body was removed and interred in his native German soil. On that occasion, Richard Wagner, giving the valedictory address over Weber's German grave, voiced the deepest feelings of his countrymen.

Never was there a more German composer than thou; to whatever distant fathomless realms of fancy thy genius bore thee, it remained bound by a thousand tender links to the heart of thy German people; with them it wept or smiled like a believing child, listening to the legends and tales of its country. It was thy childlike simplicity which guided thy manly spirit like a guardian angel, keeping it pure and chaste; and that purity was thy chief quality. Behold, the Briton does thee justice. The Frenchmen admires thee, but only the German can *love* thee! Thou art his own, a bright day in his life, a drop of blood, a part of his heart.

Thus was the first of the great romanticists in music venerated by the man who was to fulfill his artistic revelation!

Weber's music pulsed strongly in sympathy with the romantic revolt in literature. He was one with that movement in literature which produced Victor Hugo, Scott, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, and Rousseau. With his music, he awoke the dormant soul of Germany to the true German spirit full of heroism and mystery, and love for nature.

Der Freischütz reflected as did Beethoven's Sixth or *Pastoral* Symphony and Berlioz' *Fantastique* Symphony and Haydn's *Creation*—a universal demand for the return to everything identified with nature. It was a re-echoing of the one dominant note of the age and time. "Lyric art can never be good where there is no intention to imitate nature," said Diderot. In France, Diderot, d'Alembert, Gluck and others championed free thought in social, political, artistic, and moral questions which protested against eighteenth century conceptions. In Weber's Germany, this protest was two-fold. On the other hand it was negative against established authority, on the other, positive in favor of nature. Goethe, Kant, Herder, the criticism of Lessing, the return of an enthusiasm for Shakespeare, the mania for Ossian literature and northern mythology,

* See notes on "Der Freischütz," p. 18.

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the revival of ballad literature—all expressed one universal cry for a return to the natural.

Music was rather late in responding to the violent note of revolt against tradition for the sake of emotion, chiefly because music in the eighteenth century was in a transition state of technical development and was attempting to gain articulation and freedom through the cultivation of forms and designs that were unique to it. The opposition between classic and romantic principles in the second half of the eighteenth century, for this reason, was not as clearly defined in music as in literature. But with Weber and his *Der Freischütz*, this definition of romanticism in German opera was clearly stated. Here at last was a music that presented with astonishing realism for the time, the local atmosphere of the German forest, and the eeriness of the fantastic powers of nature.

Weber was the first composer to establish a definite connection between the overture and the opera, by selecting its themes from the body of the work. The overture then became a kind of brief summary of the drama, rather than a mere and unrelated instrumental introduction to it. In truth three-fourths of this overture was drawn by Weber from material in different parts of the work. To be exact, of the total 342 measures, 219 of them belong to the opera. And yet this is no heterogeneous mass,—no “patchwork” of unrelated themes. The overture is a perfectly unified, and strongly knit composition revealing not only a perfect balance of formal elements, and a just proportion of parts, but a dramatically moving and a graphically descriptive tabloid of the whole opera.

ANALYSIS

In a mood of mystery, the overture begins (adagio C major 4-4 time) in unharmonized octaves and unison. A quiet melody in the horns, with a tranquil accompaniment in the strings, is interrupted by a sinister tremolo in the violins,—the “leading motive” associated with the demon *Zamiel* and the *Wolf's Glen*.

The main movement of the overture (molto vivace, C minor, 2-2 time) opens with a syncopated and agitated theme, which is derived from the end of *Maxe's* Aria “*Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen* (Through the forests, through the meadows). After a crescendo in the strings, an energetic passage in the full orchestra (ff) is brought forth. The climax is from the scene in the *Wolf's Glen*. The second subject, divided into two parts, is made up of a passionate phrase in the clarinet related to *Maxe's* outburst “*Ha! Fearful yawns the dark abyss*” in Act II; and the joyous conclusion of *Agathe's* aria “*Leise, Leise*” (heard on Wednesday night's program). A conventional development section follows and there is an abbreviated recapitulation. Practically the whole of the coda is derived from the orchestral finale of the opera.

THIRD CONCERT

Songs YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS
 "The Lass with the Delicate Air" ARNE

Young Molly, who liv'd at the foot of the hill,
 Whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
 Of beauty is bless'd, with so ample a share,
 Men call her the lass with the delicate air, with the delicate air,
 Men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning last May, as I travers'd the grove,
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare,
 And really she had a most delicate air, a most delicate air
 And really she had a most delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,
 But still the tormentor affects to be mute!
 Then tell me, ye swains who have conquer'd the fair,
 How to win the dear lass with the delicate air, with the delicate air.
 How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

"Lullaby" SCOTT

Lullaby, oh Lullaby,	Sleep, my baby, fall asleeping
Flow'rs are closed and lambs are sleeping,	Lullaby, oh, Lullaby
Lullaby, Lullaby,	Lullaby, oh, Lullaby
While the birds are silence keeping,	Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby.

Lullaby,
 Oh Lullaby, *Words by Christina Rossetti.*

"The Trout" SCHUBERT

A streamlet clear and sunny	Continues round about,
With triplets all about, ,	The wretch will never capture
Was once the bath for bonny	My bonny little trout,
For gentle little trout.	Thou'lt never catch, thou rascal,
On shore I stood observing	My bonny little trout.
With marvelous delight,	What did the busy body
The happy little creature,	Afraid to lose his prey,
It was a pretty sight;	He made the water muddy
The happy little creature.	And without long delay.
It was a pretty sight	His skillful line outreeling
A fisher with his angle	He caught the fish, the fish so sweet;
Stood also on the shore,	I saw with sadden'd feeling
Hard trying to entangle	The cheated and the cheat;
The fishes more and more	I saw with sadden'd feeling
I thought if clear water	The cheated and the cheat.

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Symphony in B minor "Unfinished" SCHUBERT

Franz Schubert was born at Lichtental (near Vienna)
January 31, 1797; died November 19, 1828 at Vienna

Curiously unequal in output, weak in rhythmic variety, careless in form, but inexhaustibly fertile in melody and rich in harmony, Franz Schubert remains today the greatest natural singer in music. Without benefit of early training, this untutored and divinely inspired genius from the age of 16, poured forth in his brief and miserable life of 31 years, over 1,100 works. With staggering casualness he created masterpiece after masterpiece with no effort, no delay, no preparation, no revision. In the face of this tremendous creative capacity, Schubert found no demand for his art; the market for all this beauty was a dusty shelf in his own room, where many of his loveliest works, among them the "Unfinished Symphony" remained until after his death.

Ignored by society, publishers, musicians, and critics, one year before his untimely death, he was selling his songs for the price of a seventeen-cent dinner. At the end of his life, he left behind him a material fortune of less than \$12.00, —some cravats, one hat, some shoes and shirts, and a mass of manuscripts, which was appraised at 10 florins (about \$2.00), hardly the price of the paper upon which his deathless melodies were written.

The world gave little to Schubert, but in return it inherited from him a spiritual legacy it will never be able to exhaust.

ANALYSIS

The first movement (allegro moderato B minor 3-4 time) begins by announcing a principal subject which is divided into three distinct sections: a mysterious pianissimo section in celli and double basses; a rustling figure in the violins; and a beautifully plaintive and highly expressive melody in the oboe and clarinet in unison. A very short transitional passage of five measures in the bassoons and horns, modulating to the key of G major, introduces the second subject heard in the violoncelli and continued by the violins. (This is perhaps the best known and beloved theme in all symphonic literature.) The development section, said George Grove, "is full of personal feeling of the history of cruel disappointments and broken hopes." It begins with the gloomy theme heard at the beginning of the movement. An extensive working out of the first measure of the opening theme in the trombones follows and throughout the section Schubert reveals his great ingenuity for melodic invention, and his profound depths of emotional expression. The recapitulation restates the chief theme with slight modification. There is a coda built on the material of the principal theme.

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The second movement (andante con moto E major 3-8 time), opens with a phrase in the bassoons and horns, with a descending passage pizzicato in the double basses. The second subject enters quietly on long-held notes in the first violins, leading to softly agitated syncopated figures in the strings, above which the clarinet, and later the oboe, sings a melody of quiet pathos. Passages of vigorous energy follow fortissimo in the full orchestra. The recapitulation of the subjects follows, and the movement comes to an end with a short coda.

Cantata, "Spring Rapture" GAUL
YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

Harvey B. Gaul was born at New York City in 1881.

The composer of *Spring Rapture*, and of *Old Johnny Appleseed* which was performed by the Children's Festival Chorus at the thirty-eighth Festival in 1931, received his musical training in his native city and at the Schola Cantorum and Conservatoire in Paris under Guilmant, Widor, Decaux, and d'Indy. He has held organ positions in New York, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh where he now resides. Formerly a member of the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh, he is now a member of the staff of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and occupies the important post of critic of music, drama, and art for the Pittsburgh *Post Gazette*.

The text of the cantata is by Nelle Richmond Eberhart.

The thunder! Old Winter's enemy!	Did you not hear a faint and fairy strain?
Soft from the south when the winds shall spread	We hear the whisper of the coming rain, Winds of the south from their warm tropic home,
A verdant road for her feet to tread, Sweet from the vales of her balmy home The Spring will come.	Straight at the thunder's calling come, They come! They come! The clouds of Spring!
Oh list! The thunder! Old Winter's enemy!	With lightning flashing upon their way. The odors of flow'rs to their garments cling,
Here have they frolicked the winter long, Shouting with rapture their fairy song, Spirits of Ice on the snowy hills, Merrily, merrily taunting the frozen rills.	And rainbow colors about them play. How warm it is! How beautiful! Ah! surely Spring is here! Across the land the blowing winds Are calling soft and clear.
Ah, listen! What do you hear?	

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How fresh it is! How wonderful!
The green is on the trees.
Across the sky the heavy clouds
Are sailing airy seas.

Here comes the rain, the tender rain,
To clear the clouded blue;
To soften all the frosty earth,
And coax the blossoms through.
Here comes the rain!

Here comes the rain, the happy rain,
The first wild rain of Spring;
Here comes the rain, the happy rain,
'Twill not be long e'er full and clear
The mating robins sing.

Surely you heard it then!
That happy note, that cry of rapture,
That cry from fairy throat,
We heard it not, but oh, we feel with you
The joy of Spring beneath these skies of
blue.
The birds! The birds!
Ah, surely Spring is here!
The sun! The sun!
The radiant atmosphere!

Soft from the south where the winds have
spread
A verdant road for her feet to tread,
Sweet from the vales of her balmy home,
The Spring has come!

Soft will she call and the violet
Will mark the spot where her foot is set;
Sweet will she laugh till the world shall
sing:
"Welcome to Spring!
Old Winter's enemy, Spring,
Spring, hail, fair Spring!"

Concerto No. 1 in E-flat for Piano and Orchestra LISZT

Born October 22, 1811, at Páiding.
Died July 3, 1886 at Bayreuth.

As a composer, pianist, teacher, and critic, Franz Liszt completely dominated his age. As a composer he brought to fruition the romantic tendencies of the period, with his vividly expressive and highly descriptive music. He created new art forms (the symphonic poem) and increased the expressive qualities of the orchestra, the piano, and every medium he chose to work in. As perhaps the most sensational pianist who ever lived, he contributed incalculably to general musical interest. As a teacher he established a school of piano technique that has produced, and is still producing, some of the most notable pianists today. As a critic, and as a propagandist, he drew the attention of the world to young unknown composers, among them Brahms and Wagner, and clarified the various movements that were becoming apparent in the musical evolution of the early nineteenth century.

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Liszt displays a broad sweep and a grand style, and moves with ease in vast musical forms. His tendency to casual improvisation destroys at times the homogeneity of his work, but when the foundations of this improvisation are well constructed, as they are in this brilliant concerto, he reaches the apogee of power.

Unfortunately, however, Liszt's creative talent and inventiveness often tended to lag behind his imagination and artistic desire. As a result, much of his music is more grandiose than majestic, more voluptuous than passionate, and more pretentious than inspired. Despite his fustian, however, he was one of the last great Europeans with the gift of universality, fiery eloquence, and the grand epic style, and where he lacked spontaneity of invention, he impressed with his own bold and adventurous intelligence.

The first of Liszt's two concertos for piano and orchestra was composed in 1848 or 1849. The exact date has never been definitely known. It was, however, revised in 1853, but did not have its first performance until 1855, when it was played by Liszt himself at Weimar. There was a performance of it in Vienna in the season of 1856-57, which aroused the ire of Hanslick, then critic of the *Wiener Presse*, who so effectually annihilated it with his caustic pen that it failed to appear on programs until 1869.

Liszt wrote at a time when the need for some new principle in musical architecture had already asserted itself in the music of Beethoven and Berlioz, and boldly he followed their footsteps to the creation of new forms.

ANALYSIS

The E-flat Concerto is not traditional in its form, being more like a symphonic poem in the treatment of its themes as plastic units capable of undergoing endless transformation of time and rhythm.

(The following analysis is by Felix Borowski):

The concerto opens at once with the principal theme (*Allegro maestoso*, *Tempo giusto*, E-flat major, 4-4 time) given out in a decisive fortissimo by the strings, with interpolated chords for the winds. To this theme Liszt was accustomed to sing for the diversion of his friends, "Das versteht ihr alle nicht." The piano enters at the fifth bar. There is a cadenza, and the original theme is given development, to which is added certain episodic material. The second theme appears in the muted bases (*Quasi Adagio*, B major, 12-8 time), in the first violins, and then is given development by the solo instrument. Towards the close of this section a solo flute brings forward a melody over a long-continued trill in the piano. This is reheard in the later portions of the work. The trill still continuing in the piano part, a clarinet leads through a reminiscence of the opening theme of the *Adagio* into the *Scherzo*.

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(Allegretto vivace, E-flat minor, 3-4 time.) It is in the beginning of this movement that Liszt employed the triangle which gave such dire offense to the artistic susceptibilities of Hanslick, previously referred to. The strings pizzicato foreshadow the theme which appears in the piano, *capriccioso scherzando*. There is a cadenza at the close of this section, which brings back suggestions of the opening theme of the concerto. After some octave passages in the solo instrument (*Allegro animato*) this theme is reheard in the orchestra, and the piano enters much in the same fashion as at the beginning of the piece. There is a return to the trill in the piano and to the melody above it that had formed the closing portion of the Adagio. The time quickens, there is a crescendo, and another entrance of the principal theme.

The closing section (*Allegro marziale animato*, E-flat major, 4-4 time) follows immediately. That Liszt would be likely to understand and express his own methods of composition better than any one else is a sufficient reason for a quotation from his description of the construction of this last section of his concerto. The matter is contained in the letter to his uncle, Edouard Liszt.

The fourth movement of the concerto from the *Allegro Marziale* corresponds to the second movement, Adagio. It is merely an urgent recapitulation of the earlier subject-matter with quickened, livelier rhythm, and contains no new motive, as will be clear to you by a glance through the score. This method of binding together and rounding off a whole piece at its close is somewhat my own, but it is quite maintained and justified from the standpoint of musical form. The trombones and basses take up the second part of the motive of the Adagio (B major). The pianoforte figure which follows is no other than the reproduction of the motive which was given in the Adagio by flute and clarinet, just as the concluding passage is a variant and working up in the major of the motive of the Scherzo, until finally the first motive on the dominant pedal B flat, with a trill accompaniment, comes in and concludes the whole.

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 14

“Academic Festival Overture” * Op. 80 BRAHMS

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

If ever a piece of music stood as an eternal refutation of all that is meant by “Academic,” it is this “Festival Overture.” The work was written in 1880, as an acknowledgment by Brahms of the doctor’s degree, which had been conferred upon him by the University of Breslau, as the “*Princeps musica severioris*” in Germany. But shockingly enough the rollicking “Academic Festival Overture” is anything but severely in keeping with the pedantic solemnities of academic convention. It is typical of Brahms that he should delight in thanking the pompous dignitaries of the university with such a quip, for certainly here is one of the gayest and most sparkling overtures in the orchestral repertory.

In the spirit of “He hath cast down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them that are of low degree,” Brahms selected as the thematic materials for his overture, a handful of student drinking songs, which he championed against all the established conventions of serious composition. We may be fairly certain that if the doctor’s diploma had descended from its academic perch, and set forth the master’s blithe and genial humanity as a composer, instead of designating him with the high sounding “*Princeps musicae severioris*” he would have brought forth the austere “Tragic Overture” instead.

Brahms always took impish joy in indulging his instinct for championing underdogs of art such as music boxes, banjos, brass bands, and working men’s singing societies. And here he elevated the lowly student song into the realm of legitimate art. There was never a “nobler man of the people” in the whole history of music.

ANALYSIS

The overture begins (*Allegro*, C minor, 2-2 time) without an introduction. The principal theme is announced in the violins. Section II is a tranquil melody in the violas, which returns to the opening material. After an episode (E minor) there follows the student song “Wir hatten gebaut ein

* See notes on Brahms’ Symphony No. 4, p. 57.

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stattliches Haus" (We had built a stately house)* heard in three trumpets (C major). At the close of this section, the full orchestra presents another section partly suggested by the first theme of the overture. The key changes to E major and the second violins with celli pizzicato announces the second student song "Der Landesvater" ("The Father of his Country") an old 18th century tune.

The development section does not begin with the working out of the exposition material, but rather and strangely enough with the introduction of another student melody (in two bassoons) "Was kommt dort von der Hoh" † a freshman song. An elaborate development of the material of the exposition then follows. The recapitulation is irregular in that it merely suggests the return of the principal theme; but then it presents the rest of the material in more or less regular restatement. The conclusion is reached in a stirring section which presents a fourth song "Gaudeamus igitur" in the wood wind choir, with tumultuous scale passages against it in the higher strings, and with this emphatic and boisterous theme,—the most popular of all student songs—the overture gives its final thrust at the Academicians.

Scene: "Ah! Perfido," Op. 46 BEETHOVEN

This composition was written early in 1796 while Beethoven was on a visit to Prague. The text may have been taken from an old libretto. Although dedicated to the Countess Josephine Clari, it seems to have been composed expressly for Madamè Duschek, a famous singer and close friend of Mozart, and sung by her for the first time in public, at a concert she gave in Leipzig on November 21, 1796. On the program it appeared as "an Italian scene composed for Madame Duschek by Beethoven." The work is often catalogued as Opus 65, but it is of much earlier origin. Aloys Fuchs wrote Schindler "I own a manuscript score of this aria. The title is written wholly in Beethoven's hand: 'Une grande Scene mise en musique por L. van Beethoven a

* A tune associated with the words

Wir hatten gebaut
Ein stattliches Haus
Darin auf Gott vertrauet
Durch Wetter Sturm und Graus

("We built a stately house, wherein we gave our trust to God, through bad weather, storm and dread.)

The melody is by Friedrich Silcher—author of the better known tune which he set to Heine's "Die Lorelei."

† This is a vivacious and slightly grotesque version of the "Fuchslid"—"Fox Song,"—"Fuchs" being equivalent to "Freshman.") Max Kalbeck, Brahms, admirer and biographer, was shocked at the idea of this irreverence to the learned doctors of the University but Brahms was unperturbed.

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Prague 1796. Dedicata alla Contessa di Clari.' Beethoven's writing is recognized often in the score, and on the title page stands in his own hand—*Op. 46.*"

Recitative: Ah faithless one, how can you leave me so cruelly? The gods will smite you. Where'er you go, my shade will follow you and gaze upon your torture. Yet no! Smite me instead! For you I lived and for you I'll perish.

Aria: Oh do not leave me I implore you! Surely I deserve some pity—so basely, so cruelly betrayed.

Eight Russian Folk Dances LIADOW

Anatole Liadow was born at St. Petersburg, April 29, 1855; died at Novgorod, August 28, 1914.

Although Liadow was not one of the Russian School who contributed to its glory by large and imposing works,—his reputation was made, indeed, by piano pieces of the smaller kind—he exercised no little influence upon its development, and was the associate of some of its principal members. At the request of the Russian government, he undertook researches into national folk music, and in 1906 he published the work on this program,—an orchestral arrangement of eight Russian folk-songs.

The following commentaries on the songs are derived from Liadow's own notations:

1. "A religious song usually sung by children in procession."
2. "A song about the Christmas fairies, Kolyada and Maleda, who appear generally at dawn in a sledge all of gold drawn by six stags."
3. "A plaintive village song. Usually the melody is intoned by one solo voice, with the choir joining in and repeating it."
4. "To a charming little tune in the woodwind, a gay young peasant dances with a mosquito, whose buzzing may be heard in the violins."
5. "The simple melody of the 'Legend of the Birds' suggests their twitterings and pipings."
6. "A Lullaby expressing all the loneliness and desolation of the immense snow plains."
7. "A dance of much gaiety."
8. "A village dance and chorus, in which the whole village joins on holidays."

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Arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" MOZART

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

Mozart was perhaps the most natural musician who ever lived; his art the most spontaneous that ever came into existence; his style the most limpid, serene, lucid, and transparent in all music. Here is empyrean music which treads on air—witty without loss of dignity, free without abandon, controlled without constriction, joyful and light-hearted, yet not frivolous; here is the music of eternal youth. No composer ever showed more affluence or more precision, more unerring instinct for balance and clarity than he. His genial vitality, absolute musicianship, and sympathetic sentiment set him apart from all other composers.

Over 150 years ago, Mozart composed a thoroughly exquisite and charming opera "The Marriage of Figaro," and since its first performance on May 1, 1786, its music has constantly enlivened and refreshed men's spirits with its sparkling, insouciant humor and its spicy plot.

a) Aria, "Non piu andrai"

This aria is sung by that sly rascal, Figaro, to poor love-sick Cherubino, who is about to depart for distant lands, sent hence by the Count Almaviva, Cherubino, hiding behind a sofa, had heard the Count, in one of his promiscuous moments, making advances to his wife's maid, Susanna. For his peace of mind, the Count appoints Cherubino as an ensign in his regiment which is about to leave for foreign lands.

Figaro is here, in a mock-heroic manner, telling the unfortunate Cherubino the differences that exist between the gay, frivolous, luxurious life he has lived among fascinating and lovely women, and the dangerous, hard and lonely life that is before him.

FIGARO

"No more will you flutter around, you amorous butterfly, disturbing the rest of lovely ladies—you Narcissus, you Adonis of Love! No longer will you wear those fine feathers, that gay and jaunty cap and those curls, that dashing air, that pink girlish complexion. In the ranks you'll be, great mustaches, tight knapsacks, a gun on your shoulder, a sword at your side, your head erect, your expression fearless, a great turban, a heavy helmet, plenty of glory, little pocket money, and, instead of the Fandango, you'll be marching over the mountains in the mud, through valley in snow and heat, to the music of bugles, of bombardments and of cannon. To victory, Cherubino, to military glory you go!"

Michael Kelley, one of Mozart's first singers, has left us the most graphic descriptions of the master which we possess, and his narration of Mozart's reaction at the first rehearsal of this aria is interesting.

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I never shall forget Mozart's little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius; it is as impossible to describe it as it would be to paint sunbeams. I remember at the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "Non piu andrai," Benucci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who, sotto voce, was repeating "Bravo! bravo, Benucci!" and when Benucci came to the fine passage, "Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar!" which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated: "Bravo! bravo, maestro! viva, viva, grande Mozart!" Those in the orchestra, I thought, would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged by repeated obeisances his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him."

b) Aria, "Se vuol ballare"

Figaro is quite aware that the Count Almaviva proposes to use his "droit de seigneur" on Susanna, Figaro's chosen bride. Alone in the room, he addresses this little speech to his absent master. There is in every bar of Mozart's music, an expression of Figaro's confidence in his own wits, and his contempt for the Count. But there is bitterness and more than a hint of the cruel anticipatory glee at the thought of outwitting his frivolous master.

FIGARO

If you want to dance, my little count, I'll play the guitar for you. Come to my school, and I'll teach you to cut capers—but I'll outwit you at your own game.

Duet from "The Magic Flute" MOZART
"Bei Manner, welche Liebe fühlen"

On the seventh of March, 1791, Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812), a brother Freemason, brought to Mozart his libretto of a fairy opera in which were incorporated many of the mysteries of Freemasonry. As Schikaneder was in financial distress, Mozart, always too generous for his own good, gladly undertook its composition. The work was performed on September 30, 1791, in Vienna. The house program of that date shows the name of Emanuel Schikaneder in capitals at the top, while the name of Mozart as the composer of the music and conductor occurs in fine print at the bottom. It was a successful performance, but the presumptuous librettist stated at the time that "it would have been more successful had Mozart not spoiled it." The first twenty-four performances brought Schikaneder over eight thousand gulden, and Mozart, nothing. Subsequent years, however, have brought Schikaneder a few lines in musical dictionaries and Mozart—Immortality!

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In the whole field of opera there is not a more incomprehensible libretto than that of "The Magic Flute"; yet the score is Mozart's masterpiece. Produced in Vienna in 1791, only two months before his death, "The Magic Flute" is the quintessence of Mozart's genius. Over a ludicrous and fantastic plot and a combination of preposterous characters, Mozart poured his marvelous music and transformed this monstrosity into a living, breathing masterpiece. The story describes the wonder of Tamino's pipes, which had the power to control men, animals, birds, reptiles, and the elements. As the flute is continuously playing throughout the work, the result need only be imagined! But the magic of Mozart's music obliterates the ridiculous incidents, and creates from puppets, characters of distinct being and personality. Truly the magic of Tamino's flute passed into the hands of Mozart. In the words of Richard Wagner: "What Godlike magic breathes throughout this work. What many-sidedness, what marvelous variety! The quintessence of every noblest bloom of art seems here to blend in one unequalled flower."

The duet on tonight's program is sung in Act II between Papagino and Pamina. Poor Papagino has no Papagina, and this is his secret sorrow. He confides in Pamina that he has no little wife, not even a sweetheart, and there are times he says when he would be glad for a bit of pleasant company. Pamina exhorts him to have patience, and surely Heaven will send him a little friend of his own sort, for Papagino is no ordinary being, but a peculiar creature half bird and half man.

This charming little duet between the lonely Papagino and the sympathetic Pamina has as its text the universality of love and the depth of its joys.

Duet from "The Marriage of Figaro"—Act III . . . MOZART Crudel! perche finora

Left alone with Susanna, the Count Almaviva, forgetting the dignity of his position, and following his amorous and philandering instincts, brings all he knows of the arts of seduction—eagerness, flattery, soft-voiced tenderness, and urgency—to bear upon Susanna, whom he desires to possess at the earliest opportunity. Susanna is more than his match, however. She knows his little game and her plans are well considered. It is to her advantage to use all she knows of feminine wiles—coyness, veiled encouragement and retiring girlish modesty.

The count, in soft accents, is pleading with Susanna to meet him in the garden.

"Cruel one, why have you made me wait so long?" he asks. "Every woman, sir, is allowed time to answer 'yes,'" she replies with startling diplomacy. "Then you will come to me in the garden?" he pleads, "and you will not fail me?" "If you wish I will come," replies Susanna, "and I will not fail you."

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There is delightful humor and point in Mozart's witty handling of Susanna's occasional wrong answer of "No" and "Yes" to the count's repeated questions, and to his agitated urgings.

The count, delighted at his conquest, does not hear Susanna as she says—aside:

"You who know the art of love, will forgive me if I appear to dissemble?"

Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98 BRAHMS

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

In the light of the attempts of modern composers to stretch beyond their predecessors in search of new effects, sometimes having more interest in the intellectual manipulation of their materials, than in the subjective, emotional expression achieved by them; it is amazing to still come into contact with this old, yet prevailing idea that the music of Brahms is "cold," "heavy," "pedantic," "opaque," "unemotional," and "intellectual."

Tchaikovsky sensed in Brahms' music a "difficulty of comprehension." "He has no charms for me. I find him cold and obscure, full of pretensions, but without any real depth," he wrote to Mme. Von Meck in 1877, and again in 1880—"but in his case, his mastery overwhelms his inspiration. . . . Nothing comes but boredom. His music is not warmed by any genuine emotion. . . . These depths contain nothing, they are void. . . . I cannot abide them. Whatever he does, I remain unmoved and cold."

Even Mr. H. C. Colles, of all critics of Brahms the most enthusiastic and loyal, speaks of the "difficulty of grasping his music," the statement referring, astonishingly enough, to the transparently beautiful slow movement of the C-major Symphony.

With extraordinary insistence this criticism of Brahms has persisted. The old Brahmsians themselves encouraged it. They reveled in the master's esoteric inaccessible qualities and, like the champions of Meredith in the eighties, they gloried in his "aloofness."

It is true that Brahms has none of the overstimulating and exciting quality of his more emotional contemporaries, Tchaikovsky and Wagner, but this fact does not reduce Brahms' music to mere cerebration. One has only to hear the glorious Introduction to the "C-minor Symphony" to realize that he is experiencing emotion itself. If there is anything cerebral or intellectual in Brahms, it lies in the manner in which he controls and sublimates the over-welling of his emotions, and that is the mark of every true artist. One reason that criticism

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has placed upon Brahms' head the condemnation and terrible burden of cold intellectuality lies in the fact that there are none of the sensationally or popularly used devices to catch immediate response. There are no tricks to discover in Brahms; there is no assailing the judgment in the attempt to excite sudden enthusiasm. We are, however, more and more impressed with the infinite wealth of profound beauty that is to be found in his pages—a beauty that emanates from a union of directness, massiveness, and a restraint of ornament. Critics may have been bewildered at times by his rich, musical fabric, often lost and confused in the labyrinth of his ideas, but again, in the light of contemporary attempts at musical expressiveness at all cost, Brahms appears today with an almost lucid transparency, and as a master of emotional power.

Brahms has survived the years and the changing norms of criticism, and remains today a master whose art has its roots in humanity. He speaks to the heart, soul, and mind with the variety of feeling that is found in human nature itself, now vigorous and buoyant, now tender to the point of poignancy, courageous and often tragically tortured, but always noble and impressively inspiring.

While the Third Symphony at once took hold of the musical world, the Fourth long remained misunderstood, and down to the present day has never been truly loved; perhaps for the reason that it is the most personal and profound of all, and next to the First, the weightiest. Incomprehensible though it seems today, even the sworn followers of Brahms had difficulty in understanding it. Kalbeck positively entreated the master to withhold the work from the public and so to save himself an inevitable and conspicuous failure. Hanslick, after a first hearing of it in a performance for two pianos, declared with a heavy sigh when the first movement was over, and everyone remained silent, "You know I had the feeling that two enormously clever people were cudgelling each other."

It is hard to understand such criticism today as we hear the pale, autumnal, elegiac first movement with its gentle, caressing zephyr-like melody. Still less would it apply to the quiet andante with its firm and exalted rhythm, and its dark-hued romantic melancholy.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 15

Symphony, No. 2, C major, Op. 21 BEETHOVEN

Ludwig van Beethoven was born at Bonn, December 16, 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

It is difficult to decide whether the man creates the age or the age the man, but in the case of Beethoven each is true to some extent. Certainly, as far as music is concerned, he created the age of Romanticism to such a degree that the new movement which began in the nineteenth century could be called "Beethovenism" as well. On the other hand, there is no more decided proof to be found in music history, of the fact that the age produces the man, than the case of Beethoven. Certainly in his life and in his works, he is the embodiment of his period. Born at the end of the eighteenth century, he witnessed, during the formative period of his life, the drastic changes that were occurring throughout central Europe; changes which affected not only the political but the intellectual and artistic life of the world as well. The French Revolution announced the breaking up of an old civilization and the dawn of a new social regime. Twice during the most productive period of Beethoven's career, Vienna was occupied by the armies of Napoleon. The spirit, or call it what you will, that caused the Revolution and brought the armies of Napoleon into existence, is the very root of Beethoven's music. The ideas which dethroned kings, swept away landmarks of an older society, changed the whole attitude of the individual toward religion, the state, and tradition, ultimately produced the inventive genius of the nineteenth century, which brought such things as railroads, reform bills, trade unions, and electricity. The same spirit animated the poetic thought of Goethe, Schiller, Wordsworth, and Byron, and it infused itself into the music of Beethoven, from the creation of the Appassionata Sonata to the Choral Ninth Symphony.

During this period of chaos and turmoil, Beethoven stood like a colossus, bridging with his mighty grasp the two centuries in which he lived. In his one person he embodied the ideas of both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, became the sage and prophet of his period, and the center of the classic and romantic spirit.

These two elements were mutually helpful in making him the outstanding representative of each. His romantic tendencies helped him to infuse Promethean fire into the old, worn-out forms, and endow them with new passion.

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His respect for classic forms made him the greatest of the early Romanticists, for it aided him in tempering the fantastic excesses and extremes of his radical contemporaries. Thus, this harmonious embodiment of opposing forces, controlled by an architectonic intelligence that molded and fused them together into one passionate, creative impulse, resulted in the production of epoch-making masterpieces, built upon firm foundations, but emancipated from all confining elements of tradition, and set free to discover new regions of unimagined beauty.

Beethoven was thirty years of age before he produced his first symphony—a vivid contrast with Mozart, who, at the age of thirty-two, had composed his forty-first symphony. But Beethoven always approached a new form cautiously and methodically, and attempted it only after elaborate preparation. He felt his way with caution, and made several attempts before he gained real freedom. This procedure held true of his first works in the other media, whether in piano sonatas, trios, or quartets, in which he leaned somewhat at first upon the rococo qualities of his teachers Haydn and Mozart. However, most critics have dealt too long and too persistently upon the reminiscences of Haydn and Mozart in Beethoven's early works. There is no question that they are there, but Beethoven, beginning composition seriously at the age of 30, had found his individual voice. Even in his first two symphonies the real Beethoven speaks, if not in sustained tone, at least in utterances that are prophetic of a career that was to free music from the fashionable but worn-out patterns of the "Zopf" world. Reminiscent as this symphony seems to us today, we must recall that its boldness offended a Leipzig critic, who found it strange and unnatural, referring to the last movement as a "repulsive monster, a wounded tail-lashing serpent, dealing wild and furious blows as it stiffens into its death agony at the end."

Berlioz, that consummate program-annotator, described the character of the different movements in his pointed way:

I. *Introduction: Adagio molto*, D major, 3-4; *Allegro con brio*, D major, 4-4:—"In this symphony, everything is noble, energetic, proud. The Introduction is a masterpiece. The most beautiful effects follow one another without confusion, and always in an unexpected manner. The instrumental song is of touching solemnity, and it at once puts the hearer in a sympathetic mood. The rhythm is already bolder, the instrumentation richer, more sonorous, more varied. An *Allegro con brio* of enchanting dash is joined to this admirable *Adagio*. The *gruppetto* (a florid embellishment) which is found in the first measure of the theme, given at first to the violas and violoncellos in unison, is taken up again in an isolated form, to establish other progressions in a crescendo or imitative passages between wind instruments and strings."

II. *Larghetto*, A major, 3-8:—"The (*Larghetto* *) is not treated after the manner of the First Symphony. It is not composed of a theme worked out in canonic imitations,

* Berlioz, who was occasionally inexact, spoke of the *Larghetto* as an "Andante."

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but is a pure and frank song, which at first is sung simply by the strings, and later is embroidered with a rare elegance by means of light and fluent figures. Their character is never far removed from the sentiment of tenderness which forms the distinctive character of the principal idea. It is a ravishing picture of innocent pleasure, which is scarcely shadowed by a few melancholy accents."

III. *Scherzo: Allegro*, D major, 3-4:—"The Scherzo is as frankly gay in its fantastic capriciousness as the second movement has been wholly and serenely happy; for this symphony is smiling throughout; the vigor of the first *Allegro* is wholly free from violence; there is only the ardor of a youthful spirit for whom the illusions of life are preserved untainted. The composer still believes in love, in immortal glory, in devotion. What abandon in his gaiety! What wit! What sallies! Hearing the various instruments disputing over the fragment of a theme which no one of them plays in its complete form, hearing each fragment thus colored with a thousand hues as it passes from one to the other, it is as though one were watching the sports of Oberon's graceful spirits."

IV. *Finale: Allegro molto*, D major, 2-2:—"The closing movement is of like nature. It is a sort of second Scherzo, in 2-2 time, and its playfulness has perhaps something still more delicate and rare."

Concerto for Violin in A major (Köchel 219) MOZART

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

In keeping with his custom of going thoroughly into a subject from its very foundation, and gaining proficiency by continuous work in one direction, Mozart, in 1775, composed five concertos for the violin to which was added a sixth.* These works are by no means slight, fugitive attempts, but carefully conceived works of considerable compass. As Mozart made a practise of entering the day of the month, and the year in which he finished his works, it is possible to assign the exact date to this concerto in A major. On the manuscript score there stands the following inscription: "Concerto di violino di Wolfgango Amadeo Mozart Salisburgo li 20 di Dicembre 1775."

Of the general characteristics of Mozart's violin concertos, Jahn writes as follows: "The first movement—the most elaborate—is even more suggestive of the aria than is the corresponding movement of the symphonies. There is the same fixed alternation between solo and tutti passages, the same adornment of the solo part with passages and cadenzas, and indeed the whole movement is a

* Listed in Köchel as Op. 207, 211, 216, 218, 219, and the sixth 268. There is some doubt as to the genuineness of the sixth concerto. Otto Jahn, Mozart's biographer and Köchel, the cataloguer of his works, have taken the authenticity of the sixth concerto (E-flat major) for granted, but some authorities regard the score with suspicion.

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reminiscence of the serious aria. . . . On the other hand, the structure is more condensed and more animated; the passages grow out of the principal subjects, connecting and adorning them. The movement falls usually into three divisions; the middle one, corresponding to the same division in the symphony, passes into another key, and elaborates one or more motifs more freely than in the symphony, and chiefly by changes of modulation and modification of the passages, whereby the repetition of the first division is effected. Abundant variety of detail is produced, chiefly by the different combinations of the solo part and the orchestral accompaniment; the solo passages are not usually of great length, solo and tutti alternating often and quickly.

“The second movement is simple, and rests essentially on the tuneful and artistic delivery of the cantilene; embellishments are not excluded, but they are kept in the background. The character of the movement is generally light and pleasing, but a deeper, though always a cheerful mood, sometimes makes itself felt. The tone is (usually) that of a romance.

“The last movement is, as a rule, in the form of a rondo, in which the solo part moves more freely, especially in the connecting middle passages.”

Tzigane RAVEL

Maurice Ravel was born March 7, 1875, at Ciboure.

The fondness of Ravel for Spanish themes—as exemplified in the “Alborado del grazioso,” the “Habanera,” the opera “L’Heure Espagnole,” the “Bolero,” and in other works—is reasonably explained by the circumstance that he was born practically on the Spanish border, and in his childhood, as his biographer Roland Manuel has said, was “lulled to sleep by the ancient songs of Spain.” His works continually ring with the twang of guitar and castanet effects, and although much of his music is brilliantly effective, he has no love for virtuosity for its own sake. His chief delight is in craftsmanship; his care for detail and occupation with perfection of workmanship gives to his music an elegant precise style, full of rare and delicate things. Throughout there is an elaborately wrought harmonic color, a vivid and appealing melodic grace, rhythmic patterns of intricate design, all revealing an intense occupation with the minutiae of musical sound.

The term Tzigane (Tz-ga-né) is a variant of Czigany, the Hungarian word for a gypsy. The music is rhapsodical in the literal meaning of the word, being a series of episodes in the Hungarian manner, strung together, and full of great technical difficulties. The work could easily be a parody on all the

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Liszt-Hubay-Brahms-Joachim-school of Hungarian violin music for Ravel often gives full play to his irony and wit, and he has an incomparable lightness when indulging in what the Frenchmen call a "Pinc-sans-rire" or "sly dig." Nevertheless, here is a sparkling piece of violin pyrotechnics that impresses us with its exquisite finish and intricate sound patterns.

Intermezzo from "Goyescas" GRANADOS

Enrique Granados was born July 29, 1867, at
Lérída, Spain; died at sea, March 24, 1916.

Many a composer, in the course of time, becomes known only as the creator of one work; but Granados was virtually a one-work composer even in his lifetime. He wrote many charming piano pieces, but none of sufficient importance to make a reputation. With the publication of the two books of "Goyescas," Granados became, however, the founder of modern Spanish piano music. The pieces were named after scenes from the vivid paintings and tapestries of Goya (1746-1828) and episodes from the "Goyesque" period in Madrid. It is strange indeed that the man should have been so moved by a few pictures of a Spanish artist that whenever he thought of them his music should acquire a richness of imagination and a luxuriance of technique seldom found in his other works; and that, not satisfied with having written a series of piano pieces on these pictures, he should still be so possessed by them as to turn them into an opera.

The opera from which this Intermezzo was taken was an afterthought. It is a dramatic version of the piano works of the same title set to a libretto by Fernando Periquet. The work was accepted for performance in Paris in 1914, but because of the War, it was given in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House January 26, 1916. Granados attended the performance, and on his return to Spain, his boat, the *Sussex*, was torpedoed by a German submarine, and he met a tragic death, the circumstances of which gave universal prominence to his name.

The music of Granados, for all its Spanish fervor and passion at times, is of classical beauty and composure, possessing grace, charm and extreme stateliness. His melodies are direct, but unusual in their contour; sometimes languorous, profoundly pathetic, and always subtly suggestive. His harmony gives to his music a peculiar distinction and haunting power; it is rich and warm without being experimental. His rhythms have novel articulations that inform his music with a new pathos, a new grace, and a new melancholy.

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Granados' pitifully premature death seemed to have come before the vital harvest of his brain had been reaped.

The story of *Goyescas* has been told as follows: "Rosario, a court lady, stops her sedan chair in a Madrid public square, where *majos* and *majas* flirt and youths toss the *pelele* (the strawman) in a blanket. Paquito, the toreador, darling of the *majas* (girls of the lower class) comes up with a flourish to remind the lovely aristocrat of a *baile de candil*—a candlelight ball of the baser sort that she once attended—and to beg her to honor another with her presence. Paquito's Pepa drives up in her dogcart, overhears, and grows jealous, as does the captain in the Spanish Guards, Don Fernandos, Rosario's lover. Don Fernandos tells the bullfighter haughtily that *he* will escort Rosario to the ball. At the ball (Act II) Paquito, goaded by Pepa, and Fernandos, the sneering sodier, quarrel, and after a challenge has been issued the captain leaves with his lady. In Rosario's garden (Act III) Fernandos tears himself away from her and disappears in the shadows. Rosario soon hears a cry, and vanishes, to reappear supporting her wounded lover, who dies in her arms on the stone bench to which she guides him."

Dances from the Ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat"

("El Sombrero de Tres Picos") DE FALLA

Manuel de Falla was born at Cadiz, November 23, 1877.

Manuel de Falla is perhaps the most distinguished of contemporary Spanish composers. He studied composition with Pedrell, (teacher of Granados) and piano with Tregell, the creator of the modern Spanish School. After winning the prize offered by the Madrid Academy of Fine Arts for his two-act opera, "La Vida Breve," he went to Paris, as so many of the younger men of Italy, Russia, and Spain had done before him. He settled in Paris and there made the friendship of Debussy, Dukas, and Ravel. With the outbreak of the war, however, he returned to Madrid, refusing the suggestion that he should adopt French nationality as a means to success.

The art of de Falla is extremely unique and individual, and can be distinguished from that of his countrymen, Granados and Albeniz, by its concision, rapid logic and prevailing sense of form. It is full of the warmth and imagination of the typical Spaniard, but it combines with this an almost rigid formal perfection and lucidity of structural detail that is often lacking in the more or less improvisatory style of his countrymen. His art is cultivated and skillfully graphic, and his orchestra works reveal that he, like Ravel, thinks of music in terms of a finish of instrumental texture, and he is fastidious and painstaking in the extreme in his attempt to achieve it.

De Falla should not be judged entirely from this little ballet, which places him under the severe discipline of folk music. He can, when he wishes, attain

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an aesthetic ideal of exquisite artistry as in his "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," of which M. Jean Aubry affirmed that it "endowed Spanish music with its first great symphonic work, at once new and yet national." Deriving his inspiration from Spanish history and scenes, and strongly influenced by the dance and the music of guitars, de Falla could, when he desired, reach out beyond these local stimuli into the less restricted sphere of a more universal musical appeal. He is therefore the most European of all Spanish musicians, and the most Spanish of all Europeans.

"The Three-Cornered Hat" was performed for the first time by the Russian Ballet at the Alhambra, London, July 23, 1919. The Ballet was written for a scenario by Martinez Sierra from a novel by Alarcón (1833-91) called "El Sombrero de Tres Picos."

The action of the Ballet was outlined as follows at the time of the London premiere:

Over the whole brisk action is the spirit of frivolous comedy of a kind by no means common only to Spain of the eighteenth century. A young miller and his wife are the protagonists, and if their existence be idyllic in theory, it is extraordinarily strenuous in practice—chorographically. But that is only another way of saying that M. Massine and Mme. Karsavina, who enact the couple, are hardly ever off the stage, and that both of them work with an energy and exuberance that almost leave one breathless at moments. The miller and his wife between them, however, would scarcely suffice even for a slender ballet plot. So we have as well an amorous Corregidor, or Governor (he wears a three-cornered hat as a badge of office), who orders the miller's arrest so that the way may be cleared for a pleasant little flirtation—if nothing more serious—with the captivating wife. Behold the latter fooling him with a seductive dance, and then evading her admirer with such agility that, in his pursuit of her, he tumbles over the bridge into the mill-stream. But, as this is comedy, and not melodrama, the would-be lover experiences nothing worse than a wetting, and the laugh, which is turned against him, is renewed when, having taken off some of his clothes to dry them, and gone to rest on the miller's bed, his presence is discovered by the miller himself, who, in revenge, goes off in the intruder's garments after scratching a message on the wall to the effect that "Your wife is no less beautiful than mine!" Thereafter a "gallimaufry of gambols" and—curtain!

* * * *

"The music of *The Three-Cornered Hat*," wrote the always responsive Edwin Evans, "presents a remarkable unity. Within its own conventions it has much more analogy with a miniature music-drama than with any type of opera. Though one or two dances stand out as summits of interest, the texture is so well-knit that the whole action seems to be a carefully graduated preparation for the joyous conclusion. There are certain characteristic phrases that recur at significant moments, but nothing resembling the literary tyranny of a leit-motif, or any parasitical development. On the other hand, the contrast is sharply defined between the rustic element which predominates,

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and the official character of the Corregidor himself with his three-cornered headgear. One is remotely reminded of the contrast between King Dodon and the fantastic elements in Rimsky-Korsakov's *Coq d'Or*, except that the courtly archaisms of the Corregidor are relatively much less important in the aggregate effect of the music.

"The overture, if one may call it by that name, is a brilliant theatrical inspiration. A typical Andalusian song is heard behind the curtain. It is unaccompanied, but its phrases alternate with rhythmic exclamations of 'Ole,' to the accompaniment of castanets and the clapping of hands. The effect in the theater is, as it were, to set the scene for the Spanish comedy that is to follow. The essential quality of the music is sharp rhythmic definition, as clear, and, if you like to put it that way, as hard, as the landscape appears in the strong light of the South. There is nothing blurred either by compromise or by that misty sentiment which belongs to the Northern atmosphere. Expressive directness is the virtue of a lucid and luminous score."

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Saturday Evening, May 15

Aida VERDI

(Fortunio) Guiseppe (Francesco) Verdi was born in Le Roncole, October 9, 1813; died in Milan, January 17, 1901.

The year 1813 was of tremendous importance in the political world, but no less so in the domain of music, for it brought to earth two epoch-making geniuses, Richard Wagner and Guiseppe Verdi. In these two masters, the greatest artistic forces of the entire nineteenth century climaxed. In them, the German and Italian opera set up models that seemed to exhaust all the conceivable possibilities of the two cultures. Representing two great musical nations, influenced alike by strong national tendencies, they both assumed the same novel and significant artistic attitude. Wagner, the German, full of the Teutonic spirit, revolutionized the musico-dramatic art; Verdi, the Italian, no less national in spirit, developed, without losing either his individuality or nationality, a style in which the spirit of his German contemporary came to be a guiding principle.

Verdi was not a man of culture like Wagner. Born a peasant, he remained rooted to the soil and his art reflects a like primitive quality. He created music astonishingly frank and fierce, for his time; turning the oversophisticated style of Donizetti and Bellini with its siren warblings into passionate utterances. His genius carried him by fits and starts from majestic dignity and impressive elegance to the depths of triviality and vulgarity; but it always reflected in large resources of imagination and amazing vitality. His vitality in fact is exceptional among composers. So enduring and resourceful was it that his greatest and most elaborate works were produced after he was fifty-seven years of age, and when verging on sixty years, he submitted "Aida," an opera abounding in strength, vitality, and freedom of youth. He was sixty-one when he wrote the "Requiem," and in it there is no hint of any diminution of his creative powers. His last opera, "Falstaff" (by many considered his masterpiece) was written when he was eighty! The consistent and continuous growth of his style over sixty years of his life, displays an incomparable capacity for artistic development and proves a triumphant vitality and a thrilling fortitude of spirit. But these he had in abundance, and they sustained him through a life of sadness and misfortune. As the child of a poor innkeeper, he had slight opportunities for a musical education. He spent his early youth in deep suffering

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occasioned by an unusually sensitive nature. He was constantly cheated, thwarted, despised, and wounded in his deepest affections. Misfortune marked him at the very threshold of his career. He was refused admittance to the conservatory at Milan because he showed no special aptitude for music! Married at twenty-three years of age, he lost his wife and two children within three months of one another, only four years after his marriage. In his last years, he experienced the bitter loneliness of age. But his misfortunes mellowed rather than hardened him. His magnanimity, his many charitable acts, the broad humanity of his art endeared him to his people, who idolized him both as a man and as an artist. Throughout his life and his works, there ran a virility and a verve, a nobility and valor that challenges the greatest admiration.

In the operas preceding "Aida" we see the Verdi of the old school of Italian opera. In them we find wonderful melodies, now hackneyed, largely because their beauty made them popular, and partly because since the days of these earlier operas we have been gaining in appreciation of other elements, than mere melody.

In these early operas he was hampered by the frequently absurd librettos delivered by men who worshipped conventionality, and to whom dramatic consistency was an evil to be avoided.

If, in "Aida," we may date the advent of the greater Verdi, in whose works the beauty of melody of the Italian and the dramatic intensity and forceful use of the orchestra of the German schools happily combine, we may see one reason for its success in the fact that in its preparation he had the assistance of a poet of dramatic perception as well as facility in rhyming. Another, and very important reason was,—Verdi himself, who entered into the preparation of the libretto with such ardor that the life of the poet Ghislanzoni was anything but calm. An illuminating article by Dr. Edgar Istel * shows that Verdi deserves to be ranked with Gluck and Wagner, for he displays the same fearlessness, initiative, and appreciation of dramatic values as these geniuses to whom the musical world has hitherto accorded a monopoly of these virtues. Referring to changes in a certain scene, Verdi wrote to his librettist: "I know very well what you will say to me, 'And the verse, the rhythm, the stanza?' I have no answer, but I will immediately abandon rhyme, rhythm and strophic form if the action requires." He had an eye, above all else, to the actual life-giving stage effect, and poetic or musical finesse was a secondary consideration with him. "Develop the situation, and let the characters say what they must say without the slightest regard for the musical form," wrote Verdi to Ghislanzoni concerning a scene in Act 4.

* *The Musical Quarterly* January, 1917, p. 34.

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In a letter to the conductor Vincenzo Torelli in Naples (August 22, 1892) Verdi indicated his kinship with Gluck and Wagner in upholding the *Gesamtkunstwerke* or 'collective art work' in which music, poetry, and scenic are support and complement one another. "By good elements of performance, I understand not only the solo singers, but also the orchestra and chorus,—the costumes, the scenery, the machinery, the scenic movement and finesse of color scheme. You southerners have no idea of what I mean by *movimento scenico* and *finezza di colorito*. I repeat once more, it does not suffice to have two or three good singers. Furthermore, one hundred people in the chorus are not enough for 'Aida,' and they must be good,—money alone will not do it, there must be good will also. If the elements are good, I shall look after everything; if not, I shall withdraw the score even after the dress rehearsal. No one will persuade me to produce 'Aida' as you are accustomed to do all your operas."

An unusual combination of circumstances brought Verdi into contact with just those men whom he needed to carry out his work. They were: Edouard Marietto Bey, noted discoverer of the tombs of the Apis bulls,—a learned archaeologist to whom we owe the very first sketch of "Aida." (The tale of "Aida" in its original form was found in some old papyri known to him); Camille du Locle, the French librettist who had already written the text to "Don Carlos" for Verdi, and who now worked out scene by scene under the master's direction, a French prose version; and finally, Antonio Ghislanzoni, a former opera singer, now a poet eminently fitted for the task of transmitting the French prose version into Italian verse, in which Verdi's share was again very large.

"Aida" was written for Ismail Pacha, Khedive of Egypt, who desired a novelty for the celebration of the opening of the Suez Canal, and the inauguration of the new Italian Theater at Cairo. His desire was toward a work with local color and interest, hence the "Aida" book,—a joint production of Marietto Bey, du Locle, and Signor Ghislanzoni,—was decided upon. It was given its first performance in Cairo, December 24, 1871; in Milan, February 8, 1872; and in New York in 1873,—three years before its first performance in Paris.

Contemporary writers gave conflicting accounts of the general effect of the first performance, but of the character of the music, its dramatic power, its gorgeous instrumentation, its captivating melodies, sonorous harmonies—there was no jarring note in the chorus of criticism. Nor has there been since,—for even those who are worshipers at the shrine of what many of us like to think are really more exalted ideals, can but feel its originality and force. It has a most dramatic plot,—full of action,—giving opportunities for display of Oriental pomp and ceremony, for dancing and all the apparatus of the grand opera,—

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while the deeper elements of dramatic power as shown in the characters of Aida, Amneris, Radamès, and Ramphis come to the front with a truthfulness and regard for dramatic consistency unknown to most of the operas of his countrymen. It is a story of love, war, and loyalty,—contrasted with hatred, revenge, and intrigue,—dominated by the influence of the cruel and arrogant Egyptian priesthood. It abounds in grand chorus effects, notably in Acts I and II; while from beginning to end there is not a moment when one feels that there is any uncertainty in the mind of the composer as to the effect he desires to produce, nor any lapse from sustained power of portrayal. There are certain Oriental characteristics displayed in some of the melodies and harmonies, as in the scene in which appears the High Priestess, in conjunction with the Priestesses and the Priests, while some of the dances have a barbaric quality in rhythm and color.

ARGUMENT

In the first act we are at Memphis where Ramphis, the High Priest, tells Radamès that the Ethiopians are in revolt and marching to the capital, also that the goddess Isis has decided who shall lead the Egyptian army against them. Radamès secretly hopes it may be he, so that he may win the Ethiopian slave Aida with whom he is in love. Amneris, the King's daughter, now appears. She secretly loves Radamès and suspects that the slave Aida loves him likewise, vowing vengeance should this prove to be true. The king's messenger announces that Amonasro, the Ethiopian king and Aida's father, is near, and that Radamès has been chosen to conquer the enemy. Radamès enters the temple to pray for the favor of the goddess and is given the sacred arms.

The second act opens with a scene in which Amneris tries to discover Aida's love for Radamès by telling her that he has fallen in battle and sees her suspicion confirmed by Aida's grief. The soldiers being heard to return, both hasten to meet them. Radamès has been victorious, and among the captive Ethiopians Aida recognizes her father Amonasro in the garb of a simple officer who tells the victor that the Ethiopian king has fallen and entreats his clemency. Radamès, seeing Aida in tears, adds his entreaties and all the captives are set free but Amonasro. The Egyptian king then gives his daughter Amneris to Radamès as reward for his victory.

In the third act Amneris proceeds at night to the temple to pray that she may win the heart of Radamès. In the meanwhile Amonasro, who has discovered that his daughter and Radamès love each other, prevails on her to obtain the Egyptian war plans from Radamès. He overhears them from a hiding place, from which he emerges after Aida has persuaded her lover to fly with her. Amonasro confesses that he is the Ethiopian king. Amneris, com-

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ing from the temple, divines the situation and denounces the three. Amonasro and Aida escape, while Radamès is held.

In the fourth act Amneris visits Radamès in his cell and promises to save him from the punishment of being buried alive if he will renounce Aida, telling him that she has escaped to her country and that Amonasro has been killed on the way. As he refuses she leaves him to his fate. When the vault which covers his living grave is locked, she repents, but too late, cursing the priests and praying for Radamès on her knees over his tomb. There, while Radamès is preparing for death, Aida joins him, having found her way through the subterranean passages, and dies with him.

ACT I—INTRODUCTION

SCENE I.—*Hall in the Palace of the King at Memphis. To the right and left a colonnade with statues and flowering shrubs. At the back a grand gate, from which may be seen the temples and palaces of Memphis and the Pyramids.*

(RADAMES and RAMPHIS in consultation.)

RAMPHIS.—Yes, it is rumored that the Ethiop dares
Once again our power, and the valley
Of Nilus threatens, and Thebes as well.
The truth from messengers I soon shall learn.

RADAMES.—Hast thou consulted the will of Isis?

RAMPHIS.—She hath declared who of Egypt's renowned armies
Shall be the leader.

RADAMES.—Oh, happy mortal!

RAMPHIS.—Young in years is he, and dauntless.

The dread commandment I to the King shall take.

(Exit.)

RADAMES.—What if 'tis I am chosen, and my dream

Be now accomplished! Of a glorious army I the chosen leader,

Mine glorious vict'ry by Memphis received in triumph!

To thee returned, Aida, my brow entwined with laurel:

Tell thee, for thee I battled, for thee I conquer'd!

Heavn'ly Aida, beauty resplendent,
Radiant flower, blooming and bright;

Queenly thou reignest o'er me transcendent,

Bathing my spirit in beauty's light.
Would that, thy bright skies once more beholding,

Breathing the air of thy native land,
Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,
Thine were a throne by the sun to stand.

(Enter AMNERIS.)

AMNERIS.—In thy visage I trace a joy unwonted!

What martial ardor is beaming in thy noble glances!

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- Ah me! how worthy were of all envy
the woman
Whose dearly wish'd for presence
Could have power to kindle in thee
such rapture!
- RADAMES.—A dream of proud ambition
in my heart I was nursing:
Isis this day has declar'd by name the
warrior chief
Appointed to lead to battle Egypt's
hosts!
Ah! for this honor, say, what if I were
chosen?
- AMNERIS.—Has not another vision, one
more sweet,
More enchanting, found favor in your
heart?
Hast thou in Memphis no attraction
more charming?
- RADAMES (*aside*).—I!
Has she the secret yearning
Divin'd within me burning?
- AMNERIS. (*aside*).—Ah, me! my love if
spurning
His heart to another were turning!
- RADAMES.—Have then mine eyes be-
tray'd me,
And told Aida's name!
- AMNERIS.—Woe, if hope should false
have play'd me,
And all in vain my flame.
(*Enter AIDA.*)
- RADAMES (*seeing AIDA*).—She here!
- AMNERIS (*aside*).—He is troubled.
Ah! what a gaze doth he turn on her!
Aida! Have I a rival?
- Can it be she herself?
(*Turning to AIDA.*)
Come hither, thou I dearly prize.
Slave art thou none, nor menial;
Here have I made by fondest ties
Sister a name more genial. Weep'st
thou?
Oh, tell me wherefore thou ever art
mourning,
Wherefore thy tears now flow.
- AIDA.—Alas! the cry of war I hear,
Vast hosts I see assemble;
Therefore the country's fate I hear,
For me, for all I tremble.
- AMNERIS.—And art thou sure no deeper
woe now bids thy tears to flow?
Tremble! oh, thou base vassal!
- RADAMES (*aside, regarding AMNERIS*).—
Her glance with anger flashing
Proclaims our love suspected.
- AMNERIS.—Yes, tremble, base vassal,
tremble,
Lest thy secret stain be detected.
- RADAMES.—Woe! if my hopes all dash-
ing,
She mars the plans I've laid!
- AMNERIS.—All in vain thou wouldst dis-
semble,
By tear and blush betrayed!
- AIDA (*aside*).—No! fate o'er Egypt
looming,
Weighs down on my heart dejected,
I wept that love thus was dooming
To woe a hapless maid!
(*Enter the KING, preceded by his
guards and followed by RAMPHIS,*)

SIXTH CONCERT

*his Ministers, Priests, Captains,
etc., etc., an officer of the Palace,
and afterwards a Messenger.)*

THE KING.—Mighty the cause that summons

Round their King the faithful sons of
Egypt.

From the Ethiop's land a messenger
this moment has reached us.

Tidings of import brings he. Be
pleased to hear him.

Now let the man come forward!

(To an officer.)

MESSENGER.—The sacred limits of Egyptian
soil are by Ethiops invaded.

Our fertile fields lie all devastated, de-
stroy'd our harvest.

Embolden'd by so easy a conquest, the
plund'ring horde

On the Capital are marching.

ALL.—Presumptuous daring!

MESSENGER.—They are led by a warrior,
undaunted, never conquered:
Amonasro.

ALL.—The King!

AIDA.—My father!

MESSENGER.—All Thebes has arisen, and
from her hundred portals

Has pour'd on the invader a torrent
fierce,

Fraught with relentless carnage.

THE KING.—Ay, death and battle be our
rallying cry!

RADAMES, RAMPHIS, CHORUS OF PRIESTS,
CHORUS OF MINISTERS AND CAPTAINS.

—Battle and carnage! war unrelent-
ing!

THE KING (*addressing* RADAMES.—Isis,
revered Goddess, already has ap-
pointed

The warrior chief with pow'r supreme
invested:

Radames!

AIDA, AMNERIS, CHORUS OF MINISTERS
AND CAPTAINS.—Radames!

RADAMES.—Ah! ye Gods, I thank you!
My dearest wish is crown'd!

AMNERIS.—Our leader!

AIDA.—I tremble!

THE KING.—Now unto Vulcan's temple,
Chieftain, proceed,

There to gird thee to vic'try, donning
sacred armor.

On! of Nilus' sacred river

Guard the shores, Egyptians brave,

Unto death the foe deliver,

Egypt they never, never shall enslave!

RAMPHIS.—Glory render, glory abiding,

To our Gods, the warrior guiding;

In their pow'r alone confiding,

Their protection let us crave.

AIDA (*aside*).—Whom to weep for?
Whom to pray for?

Ah! what pow'r to him now binds me!

Yet I love, tho' all reminds me

That I love my country's foe!

RADAMES.—Glory's sacred thirst now
claims me,

Now 'tis war alone inflames me;

On to vict'ry! Naught we stay for!

Forward, and death to every foe!

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

AMNERIS.—From my hand, thou warrior
glorious,
Take thy stand, aye victorious;
Let it ever lead thee onward
To the foeman's overthrow!

ALL.—Battle! No quarter to any foe!
May laurels crown thy brow!

AIDA.—May laurels crown thy brow!
What! can my lips pronounce language
so impious!
Wish him victor o'er my father—
O'er him who wages war but that I
may be restored to my country,
To my kingdom, to the high station I
now perforce dissemble!
Wish him conqu'ror o'er my brothers!
E'en now I see him stain'd with their
blood so cherished,
'Mid the clam'rous triumph of Egyp-
tian battalions!
Behind his chariot a King, my father,
as a fetter'd captive!
Ye Gods watching o'er me,
Those words deem unspoken!
A father restore me, his daughter heart-
broken!
Oh, scatter their armies, forever crush
our foe!
Ah! what wild words do I utter?
Of my affection have I no recollection?
That sweet love that consol'd me, a
captive pining,
Like some bright, sunny ray on my
sad lot shining?
Shall I invoke destruction on the man
for whom in love I languish?
Ah! never yet on earth liv'd one whose
heart
Was torn by wilder anguish!
Those names so holy, of father, of lover,
No more dare I now utter or e'en
recall;

Abashed and trembling, to heav'n fain
would hover

My prayers for both, for both my tears
would fall.

Ah! all my prayers seem transformed
to blaspheming!

To suffer is a crime, dark sin to sigh;
Thro' darkest night I do wander as
dreaming,

And so cruel my woe, I fain would die,
Merciful Gods! look from on high!

Pity these tears hopelessly shed.

Love, fatal pow'r, mystic and dread,
Break thou my heart, now let me die!

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Temple of
Vulcan at Memphis. A mysterious light
from above. A long row of columns, one
behind the other, vanishing in dark-
ness. Statues of various dieties. In the
middle of the stage above a platform
covered with carpet, rises the altar, sur-
mounted with sacred emblems. Golden
tripods emitting the fumes of incense.*

(RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS at the foot
of the altar.)

HIGH PRIESTESS (*in the interior*).—Lo,
we invoke thee!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Thou who mad'st
ev'ry creature,
Earth, water, air and fire,
Lo, we invoke thee!

HIGH PRIESTESS.—Flame uncreated, eter-
nal,

Fount of all light above,
Hail! lo, we invoke love,
Thee we invoke!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Life-giver, uni-
versal,
Source of unending love,
Thee we invoke!

SIXTH CONCERT

HIGH PRIESTESS AND PRIESTESSES.—Almighty Phthà!

(Sacred Dance of Priestesses.)

Almighty Phthà!

Thee we invoke!

RAMPHIS *(to RADAMES)*.—Of gods the favor'd mortal,

To thee confided be the favor of Egypt.

Thy weapon, temper'd by hand immortal,

In thy hand shall bring to the foeman Alarm, agony, terror!

PRIESTS.—Thy weapon, temper'd by hand immortal, etc.

RAMPHIS *(turning to the god)*.—Hear us, oh, guardian deity!

Our sacred land protecting,

Thy mighty hand extending,

Danger from Egypt ward.

RADAMES.—Hear us, each mortal destiny,

War's dreadful course directing,

Aid unto Egypt sending,

Keep o'er her children ward.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.—Thy weapon, temper'd by hand immortal, etc.

CHORUS OF PRIESTESSES.—Almighty Phthà!

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A hall in the apartments of*

AMNERIS. AMNERIS surrounded by female slaves who attire her for the triumphal feast. Tripods emitting perfumed vapors. Young Moorish slaves waving feather-fans.

FEMALE SLAVES.—Our songs his glory praising,
Heavenward waft a name,

Whose deeds the sun out-blazing,
Out shine his dazzling flame!
Come, bind thy flowing tresses round
With laurel and with flow'rs,
While loud our songs of praise resound
To celebrate love's pow'rs.

AMNERIS.—(Ah! come, love, with rapture fill me!

To joy my heart restore!)

FEMALE SLAVES.—Ah! where are now the foes who dared

Egypt's brave sons attack?

As doves are by the eagle scar'd,

Our warriors drove them back.

Now wreaths of triumph glorious

The victor's brow shall crown,

And love, o'er him victorious,

Shall smooth his war-like frown.

AMNERIS.—Be silent! Aida hither now advances.

Child of the conquer'd, to me her grief is sacred.

(At a sign from AMNERIS the slaves retire.)

(Enter AIDA)

on her appearance,

My soul again with doubt is tortur'd.

It shall now be reveal'd, the fatal mystery!

(To AIDA, with feigned affection.)

'Neath the chances of battle succumb thy people,

Hapless Aida! The sorrows that afflict thee

Be sure I feel as keenly.

My heart tow'rd's thee yearns fondly;
In vain naught shalt thou ask of me:

Thou shalt be happy!

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

AIDA.—Ah! how can I be happy,
Far from my native country, where I
 can never know
What fate may befall my father,
 brothers?

AMNERIS.—Deeply you move me! yet no
 human sorrow
Is lasting here below. Time will com-
 fort
And heal your present anguish.
Greater than time is e'en the healing
 power of love.

AIDA.—Oh, love, sweet power! oh, joy
 tormenting!
Rapturous madness, bliss fraught with
 woes,
Thy pangs most cruel a life contenting,
Thy smiles enchanting bright heaven
 disclose!

AMNERIS.—Yon deadly pailor, her bosom
 panting,
Tell of love's passion, tell of love's woes.
Her heart to question, courage is want-
 ing.
My bosom feels of 'her torture the
 throes.
 (Looking at her fixedly.)
Now say, what new emotion so doth
 sway my fair Aida?
Thy secret thought reveal to me:
Come, trust securely, come,
Trust in my affection,
Among the warriors brave who
Fought fatally 'gainst thy country,
It may be that one has waken'd
In thee gentle thoughts of love?

AIDA.—What mean'st thou?

AMNERIS.—The cruel fate of war not all
 alike embraces,
And then the dauntless warrior who
Leads the host may perish.

Yes! Radames by thine is slaughter'd;
And canst thou mourn him?
The gods have wrought thee vengeance.

AIDA.—What dost thou tell me! wretched
 fate!
Forever my tears shall flow!
Celestial favor to me was ne'er ex-
 tended.

AMNERIS *(breaking out with violence.)*
Tremble! thou art discovered!
Thou lov'st him! Ne'er deny it!
Nay, to confound thee I need but a
 word.
Gaze on my visage; I told thee falsely:
Radames liveth!

AIDA *(with rapture.)*—Liveth! Gods, I
 thank ye!

AMNERIS.—Dost hope still now deceive
 me?
Yes, thou lov'st him!
But so do I; dost hear my words?
Behold thy rival! Here is a Pharaoh's
 daughter!

AIDA *(drawing herself up with pride.)*
Thou my rival! What tho' it were so!
For I—I, too!
 (Falling at AMNERIS' feet.)
Ah! heed not my words! Oh, spare!
 forgive me!
Ah! on all my anguish sweet pity take.
'Tis true, for his love I all else forsake.
While thou art mighty, all joys thy
 dower,
Naught save my love now is left for
 me!

AMNERIS.—Tremble, vile bond-maid!
 Dying heart-broken,
Soon shalt thou rue the love thou hast
 spoken.

SIXTH CONCERT

Do I not hold thee fast in my power,
Hatred and vengeance my heart owes
for thee!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—On! Of Nilus' sacred river
Guard the shores, Egyptians brave!
Unto death the foe deliver.
Egypt they never shall enslave.

AMNERIS.—In the pageant now preparing
Shall a part by thee be taken:
While before me thou in dust art prone,
I shall share the royal throne!

AIDA.—Pray thee, spare a heart despairing!
Life to me a void forsaken;
Live and reign, thy anger blighting
I shall no longer brave;
Soon this love, thy hate inviting,
Shall be buried in the grave.
Ah! then spare!

AMNERIS.—Come now, follow, I will
show thee
Whether thou canst vie with me.

AIDA.—Powers above, pity my woe!
Hope have I none now here below.
Deign, ye, Immortals, mercy to show!
Ye gods! ah spare! ah spare! ah, spare!

SCENE II.—*An avenue to the City of Thebes. In front, a clump of palms. Right hand, a temple dedicated to Ammon. Left hand, a throne with a purple canopy. At back, a triumphal arch. The stage is crowded with people.*

(Enter the KING, followed by Officials, Priests, Captains, Fan-bearers, Standard-bearers. Afterwards

AMNERIS, with AIDA and slaves. The KING takes his seat on the throne. AMNERIS places herself at his left hand.)

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—Glory to Isis, who
from all
Wardeth away disaster!
To Egypt's royal master
Raise we our festal song!
Glory! Glory!
Glory, O King!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.—The laurel with
the lotus bound
The victor's brows enwreathing!
Let flow'rs sweet perfume breathing
Veil warlike arms from sight!
Ye sons of Egypt, dance around,
And sing your mystic praises!

ALL.—As round the sun in mazes
Dance all the stars in delight.

(The Egyptian troops, preceded by trumpeters, defile before the KING—the chariots of war follow the ensigns—the sacred vases and statues of the gods—troops of Dancing Girls, who carry the treasures of the defeated—and lastly RADAMES, under a canopy borne by twelve officers.)

(The KING descends from the throne to embrace RADAMES.)

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—Hither advance, O
glorious band!
Mingle your joy with ours;
Green bays and fragrant flowers
Scatter their path along.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.—To powers war deciding
Our glances raise we;

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

Thank we our gods and praise we,
On this triumphant day!

THE KING.—Savior brave of thy country,
Egypt salutes thee!
Hither now advance and on thy head
My daughter will place the crown of triumph.
(RADAMES *bends before* AMNERIS,
who hands him the crown.)
What boon thou askest, freely I'll grant it.
Naught can be denied thee on such a day!
I swear it by the crown I am wearing,
by heav'n above us!

RADAMES.—First deign to order that the
captives
Be before you brought.
(*Enter Ethiopian prisoners surrounded by guards, AMONASRO last in the dress of an officer.*)

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Thank we our
gods!

AIDA.—What see I? He here? My
father!

ALL.—Her father!

AIDA (*embracing her father*).—Thou!
captive made!

AMONASRO. (*whispering to AIDA*).—Tell
not my rank!

THE KING (*to AMONASRO*).—Come forward—
So then, thou art?

AMONASRO.—Her father. I, too, have
fought,

And we are conquer'd; death I vainly
sought.
(*Pointing to the uniform he is wearing.*)
This my garment has told you already
That I fought to defend King and
country;
Adverse fortune against us ran steady,
Vainly sought we the fates to defy.
At my feet in the dust lay extended
Our King; countless wounds had
transpierc'd him;
If to fight for the country that nurs'd
him
Make one guilty, we're ready to die!
But, O King, in thy power transcendent,
Spare the lives on thy mercy dependent;
By fates though today overtaken,
Ah! say who can tomorrow's event
descry?

AIDA.—But, O King, in thy power transcendent,
etc.

SLAVE-PRISONERS.—We, on whom heaven's
anger is falling,
Thee implore, on thy clemency calling:
May ye ne'er be by fortune forsaken,
Nor thus in captivity lie!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Death, O King,
be their just destination,
Close thy heart to all vain supplication.
By the heavens they doom'd are to
perish,
We the heavens are bound to obey.

PEOPLE.—Holy priests, calm your anger
exceeding;
Lend an ear to the conquer'd foe,
pleading.

SIXTH CONCERT

Mighty King, thou whose power we cherish,
In thy bosom let mercy have sway.

RADAMES (*fixing his eyes on AIDA*).—
See her cheek wan with weeping and sorrow,
From affliction new charm seems to borrow;
In my bosom love's flame seems new lighted
By each teardrop that flows from her eyes.

AMNERIS.—With what glances on her he is gazing!
Glowing passion within them is blazing!
She is lov'd and my passion is slighted?
Stern revenge in my breast loudly cries!

THE KING.—High in triumph since our banners now are soaring,
Let us spare those our mercy imploring:
By the gods mercy, aye, is required,
And of princes it strengthens the sway.

RADAMES.—O King! by heav'n above us,
And by the crown on thy brow, thou sworest,
Whate'er I asked thee thou wouldst grant it.

THE KING.—Say on.

RADAMES.—Vouchsafe then, I pray, freedom and life to freely grant
Unto these Ethiop captives here.

AMNERIS.—Free all, then!

PRIESTS.—Death be the doom of Egypt's enemies!

PEOPLE.—Compassion to the wretched!

RAMPHIS.—Hear me, O King! and thou too,
Dauntless young hero, lost to the voice of prudence!
They are foes, to battle hardened.
Vengeance ne'er in them will die;
Growing bolder if now pardoned,
They to arms once more will fly!

RADAMES.—With Amonasro, their warrior King,
All hopes of revenge have perish'd.

RAMPHIS.—At least, as earnest of safety and of peace,
Keep we back then Aida's father.

THE KING.—I yield me to thy counsel;
Of safety now and peace a bond more certain will I give you.
Radames, to thee our debt is unbounded.
Amneris, my daughter, shall be thy guerdon.
Thou shalt hereafter o'er Egypt with her hold conjoint sway.

AMNERIS (*aside*).—Now let yon bondmaid, now let her
Rob me of my love; she dare not!

THE KING.—Glory to Egypt's gracious land,
Isis hath aye protected;
With laurel and with lotus
Entwine proudly the victor's head.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Praise be to Isis,
goddess bland,
Who hath our land protected,
And pray that the favors granted us,
Ever be o'er us shed.

SLAVE-PRISONERS.—Glory to Egypt's gra-
cious land!
She hath revenge rejected,
And liberty hath granted us
Once more our soil to tread.

AIDA.—Alas! to me what hope is left?
He weds a throne ascending;
I left my loss to measure,
To mourn a hopeless love.

RADAMES.—Now heaven's bolt the clouds
has cleft,
Upon my head descending;
Ah! no, all Egypt's treasure
Weighs not Aida's love.

AMNERIS.—Almost of every sense bereft,
By joy my hopes transcending;
Scarce I the triumph can measure
Now crowning all my love.

AMONASRO (*to AIDA*).—Take heart, there
yet some hope is left,
Thy country's fate amending;
Soon shalt thou see with pleasure
Revenge light from above.

PEOPLE.—Glory to Egypt's goddess bland,
Who hath our land protected!
With laurel and with lotus
Entwine proudly the victor's head.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Shores of the Nile. Granite
rocks overgrown with palm-trees. On
the summit of the rocks a temple dedi-*

*cated to Isis, half hidden in foliage.
Night; stars and a bright moon.*

CHORUS (*in the Temple*).—Oh, thou who
to Osiris art
Mother and consort immortal,
Goddess that mak'st the human heart
In fond emotion move,
Aid us who seek thy portal,
Parent of deathless love.

HIGH PRIESTESS.—Aid us thy portal who
seek.

(*From a boat which approaches the
shore descend AMNERIS and RAM-
PHIS, followed by some women
closely veiled. Guards.*)

RAMPHIS (*to AMNERIS*).—Come to the
fane of Isis, the eve
Before the day of thy bridal, to pray
the goddess
Grant thee her favor. To Isis are the
hearts
Of mortals open. In human hearts
whatever
Is hidden, full well she knoweth.

AMNERIS.—Aye; and I will pray that
Radames
May give me truly his heart.
Truly as mine to him was ever de-
voted.

RAMPHIS.—Now enter. Thou shalt pray
Till the daylight; I shall be near thee.

(*All enter the Temple.*)

(*AIDA enters, cautiously veiled.*)

AIDA.—He will ere long be here! What
would he tell me?

I tremble! Ah! if thou comest to bid
me,
Harsh man, farewell forever,

SIXTH CONCERT

Then, Nilus, thy dark and rushing
stream
Shall soon o'erwhelm me; peace shall
I find there,
And a long oblivion.
My native land no more, no more shall
I behold!

out
O sky of azure hue, breezes softly
blowing,
Whose smiling glances saw my young
life unfold;
Fair, verdant hillsides, O streamlets
gently flowing—
Thee, O my country, no more shall I
behold!

Yes, fragrant valleys, your sheltering
bowers,
Once 'twas my dream, should love's
abode hang o'er;
Perish'd those dreams now like win-
ter-blighted flowers:
Land of my fathers, ne'er shall I see
thee more!

(Enter AMONASRO.)

Heav'n! my father!

AMONASRO.—Grave cause leads me to seek
thee here, Aida.

Naught escapes my attention.
For Radames thou'rt dying of love;
He loves thee: thou await'st him.
A daughter of the Pharaohs is thy rival.
Race accursed, race detested, to us aye
fatal!

AIDA.—And I am in her grasp!
I, Amonasro's daughter!

AMONASRO.—In her power thou! No!
If thou wishest,
Thy all-powerful rival thou shall van-
quish;
Thy country, thy scepter, thy love, shall
all be thine.

Once again shalt thou on our balmy
forests,
Our verdant valleys, our golden tem-
ples gaze!

AIDA.—Once again I shall on our balmy
forests,
Our verdant valleys, our golden tem-
ples gaze!

AMONASRO.—The happy bride of thy
heart's dearest treasure,
Delight unbounded there shalt thou
enjoy.

AIDA (*with transport*).—One day alone
of such enchanting pleasure,
Nay, but an hour of bliss so sweet,
then let me die!

AMONASRO.—Yet recall how Egyptian
hordes descended
On our homes, our temples, our altars
dar'd profane!
Cast in bonds sisters, daughters, unde-
fended,
Mothers, graybeards, and helpless chil-
dren slain.

AIDA.—Too well remembered are those
days of mourning!
All the keen anguish my poor heart
that pierc'd!
Gods! grant in mercy, peace once more
returning,
Once more the dawn soon of glad days
may burst.

AMONASRO.—Remember! Lose not a
moment.
Our people arm'd are panting
For the signal when to strike the blow.
Success is sure; only one thing is
wanting:

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

That we know by what path will march
the foe.

AIDA.—Who that path will discover?
Canst tell?

AMONASRO.—Thyself will!

AIDA.—I?

AMONASRO.—Radames knows thou art
waiting.

He loves thee, he commands the Egyp-
tians.

Dost hear me?

AIDA.—O horror! What wilt thou that
I do?

No! Nevermore!

AMONASRO. (*with savage fury*).—Up,
Egypt, fierce nation

Our cities devoting

To flames, and denoting

With ruins your path.

Spread wide devastation,

Your fury unbridle,

Resistance is idle,

Give rein to your wrath!

AIDA.—Ah! Father!

AMONASRO (*repulsing her*).—Dost call
thee my daughter?

AIDA.—Nay, hold! have mercy!

AMONASRO.—Torrents of blood shall
crimson flow,

Grimly the foe stands gloating.

Seest thou! from darkling gulfs below

Shades of the dead upfloating!

Crying, as thee in scorn they show:

“Thy country thou hast slain!”

AIDA.—Nay, hold! ah, hold! have mercy,
pray!

AMONASRO.—One among those phantoms
dark

E'en now it stands before thee:

Tremble! now stretching o'er thee

Its bony hand I mark!

Thy mother's hands see there again

Stretch'd out to curse thee!

AIDA (*with the utmost terror*).—Ah! no!
my father, spare thy child!

AMONASRO (*repulsing her*).—Thou'rt my
daughter!

No! of the Pharaohs thou art a bond-
maid!

AIDA.—O spare thy child!

Father! no, their slave am I no longer.

Ah! with thy curse do not appall me;

Still thine own daughter thou mayest

call me;

Ne'er shall my country her child dis-
dain.

AMONASRO.—Think that thy race down-
trampled by the conqu'ror,

Thro' thee alone can their freedom
gain!

AIDA.—O then my country has proved
the stronger!

My country's cause than love is
stronger!

AMONASRO.—Have courage! he comes!
there! I'll remain.

(*Conceals himself among the palms.*)

RADAMES (*with transport*).—Again I see
thee, my own Aida!

SIXTH CONCERT

AIDA.—Advance not! Hence! What hopes are thine?

RAMADES.—Love led me hither in hope to meet thee.

AIDA.—Thou to another must thy hand resign.
The Princess weds thee.

RADAMES.—What sayest thou?
Thee only, Aida, e'er can I love.
Be witness, heaven, thou art not forsaken!

AIDA.—Invoke not falsely the gods above!
True, thou wert lov'd; let not untruth degrade thee!

RADAMES.—Can of my love no more I persuade thee?

AIDA.—And how then hop'st thou to baffle the love of the Princess.
The King's high command, the desire of the people,
The certain wrath of the priesthood?

RADAMES.—Hear me, Aida!
Once more of deadly strife, with hope unfading,
The Ethiop has again lighted the brand.
Already they our borders have invaded.
All Egypt's armies I shall command.
While shouts of triumph greet me victorious,
To our kind monarch my love disclosing,
I thee will claim as my guerdon glorious,
With thee live evermore in love reposing.

AIDA.—Nay, but dost thou not fear then Amneris' fell revenge?
Her dreadful vengeance, like the lightning of heaven,
On me will fall, upon my father, my nation!

RADAMES.—I will defend thee!

AIDA.—In vain wouldst thou attempt it.
Yet if thou lov'st me,
There still offers a path for our escape.

RADAMES.—Name it!

AIDA.—To flee!

RADAMES.—To flee hence?

AIDA.—Ah! flee from where these burning skies
Are all beneath them blighting;
Toward regions now we'll turn our eyes,
Our faithful love inviting.
There, where the virgin forests rise,
'Mid fragrance softly stealing,
Our loving bliss concealing,
The world we'll quite forget.

RADAMES.—To distant countries ranging,
With thee thou bid'st me fly!
For other lands exchanging
All 'neath my native sky!
The land these armies have guarded,
That first fame's crown awarded,
Where first I thee regarded,
How can I e'er forget?

AIDA.—There, where the virgin forests rise,
'Mid fragrance softly stealing,
The world we'll quite forget.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

RADAMES.—Where first I thee regarded
How can I e'er forget?

AIDA.—Beneath our skies more freely
To our hearts will love be yielded;
The gods thy youth that shielded
Will not our love forget;
Ah! let us fly!

RADAMES (*hesitating*).—Aida!

AIDA.—Me thou lov'st not! Go!

RADAMES.—Not love thee?
Ne'er yet in mortal bosom love's flame
did burn
With ardor so devouring!

AIDA.—Go! go! Yon awaits for thee
Amneris!

RADAMES.—All in vain!

AIDA.—In vain, thou sayest?
Then fall the axe upon me,
And on my wretched father!

RADAMES (*with impassioned resolution*).
Ah, no! we'll fly then!
Yes, we'll fly these walls now hated,
In the desert hide our treasure;
Here the land to love seems fated,
There all seems to smile on me.

AIDA.—'Mid the valleys where nature
greets thee,
We our bridal couch soon spreading,
Starry skies, their lustre shedding,
Be our lucid canopy.
Follow me, together flying,
Where all love doth still abide!
Thou art lov'd with love undying!
Come, and love our steps shall guide.

(*They are hastening away when suddenly AIDA pauses.*)

But tell me: by what path shall we
avoid

Alighting on the soldiers?

RADAMES.—By the path that we have
chosen

To fall on the Ethiops:

'Twill be free until tomorrow.

AIDA.—Say, which is that?

RADAMES.—The gorges of Napata.

AMONASRO.—Of Napata the gorges!
There will I post my men!

RADAMES.—Who has overheard us?

AMONASRO.—Aida's father, Ethiopia's
king!

RADAMES (*overcome with surprise*).—
Thou! Amonasro! thou! the King!
Heaven! what say'st thou?
No! it is false
Surely this can be but dreaming!

AIDA.—Ah, no! be calm, and list to me;
Trust! love thy footsteps guiding.

AMONASRO.—In her fond love confiding,
A throne thy prize shall be!

RADAMES.—My name forever branded!
For thee I've played the traitor!

AIDA.—Ah, calm thee!

AMONASRO.—No; blame can never fall
on thee!
It was by fate commanded.

SIXTH CONCERT

Come where, beyond the Nile arrayed,
Warriors brave are waiting;
There love each fond wish sating,
Thou shalt be happy made. Come
then!

(*Dragging RADAMES.*)

AMNERIS (*from the temple*).—Traitor
vile!

AIDA.—My rival here!

AMONASRO.—Dost thou come to mar my
projects!
(*Advancing with dagger towards
AMNERIS.*)

RADAMES (*rushing between them*).—De-
sist, thou madman!

AMONASRO.—Oh, fury!

RAMPHIS.—Soldiers, advance!

RADAMES (*to AIDA and AMONASRO*).—
Fly quick! delay not!

AMONASRO (*dragging AIDA*).—Come then,
my daughter!

RAMPHIS (*to the guards*).—Follow after!

RADAMES (*to RAMPHIS*).—Priest of Isis,
I yield to thee!

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A hall in the King's palace.
On the left a large portal leading to
the subterranean hall of justice. A
passage on the right leading to the
prison of Radames.*

AMNERIS.—She, my rival detested, has
escaped me;
And from the priesthood Radames

Awaits the sentence on a traitor.
Yet a traitor he is not; tho' he dis-
closed
The weighty secrets of warfare, flight
was
His true intention, and flight with her,
too!

They are traitors all, then! deserving to
perish!

What am I saying? I love him, still
I love him!

Yes, insane and desp'rate is the love
My wretched life destroying!

Ah! could he only love me!

I fain would save him. Yet can I?

One effort! Soldiers, Radames bring
hither.

(*Enter RADAMES, led by guards.*)

Now to the hall the priests proceed,
Whose judgment thou art waiting;
Yet there is hope from this foul deed
Thyself of exculpating;

Once clear to gain thy pardon
I at the throne's foot kneeling,
For mercy appealing,
Life will I render thee.

RADAMES.—From me my judges ne'er
will hear

One word of exculpation;
In sight of heaven I am clear,
Nor fear its reprobation.
My lips I kept no guard on.
The secret I imparted;
But guiltless and pure-hearted,
From stain my honor's free.

AMNERIS.—Then save thy life, and clear
thyself!

RADAMES.—No!

AMNERIS.—Wouldst thou die?

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

RADAMES.—My life is hateful! Of all
 pleasure
 Forever 'tis divested,
 Without hope's priceless treasure,
 'Tis better far to die!

AMNERIS.—Wouldst die, then? Ah! thou
 for me shalt live!
 Live, of all my love assured;
 The keenest pangs that death can give
 For thee have I endured!
 By love condemn'd to languish,
 Long vigils I've spent in anguish;
 My country, my power, existence,
 All I'd surrender for thee!

RADAMES.—For her I, too, my country,
 Honor and life surrendered!

AMNERIS.—No more of her!

RADAMES.—Dishonor awaits me,
 Yet thou wilt save me?
 Thou all my hope has shaken,
 Aida thou has taken;
 Haply thou hast slain her,
 And yet offerest life to me?

AMNERIS.—I on her life lay guilty hands?
 No! She is living!

RADAMES.—Living!

AMNERIS.—When routed fled the savage
 bands,
 To fate war's chances giving,
 Perish'd her father.

RADAMES.—And she then?

AMNERIS.—Vanish'd, nor aught heard we
 then further.

RADAMES.—The gods her path guide,
 then,
 Safe to her home returning!
 Guard her, too, e'er from learning
 That I for her sake die!

AMNERIS.—But if I save thee, wilt thou
 swear
 Her sight e'er to resign?

RADAMES.—I cannot!

AMNERIS.—Swear to renounce her for-
 ever,
 Life shall be thine!

RADAMES.—I cannot!

AMNERIS.—Once more thy answer:
 Wilt thou renounce her?

RADAMES.—No, never!

AMNERIS.—Life's thread wouldst thou
 then sever?

RADAMES.—I am prepared to die.

AMNERIS.—From the fate now hanging
 o'er thee
 Who will save thee, wretched being?
 She whose heart could once adore thee
 Now is made thy mortal foe!
 Heaven, all my anguish seeing,
 Will revenge this cruel blow!

RADAMES.—Void of terror death now ap-
 peareth,
 In the hour when I perish,
 Since I die for her I cherish!
 With delight my heart will glow;
 Wrath no more this bosom feareth;
 Scorn for thee alone I know!

SIXTH CONCERT

(*Exit RADAMES, attended by guards.*
 AMNERIS, *overcome, sinks on a chair.*)

AMNERIS.—Ah, me! 'tis death approaches!
 Who will save him?
 He is now in their power, his sentence
 I have seal'd!
 Oh, how I curse thee, Jealousy, vile
 monster!
 Thou who hast doom'd him to death,
 And me to everlasting sorrow!
 (*The Priests cross and enter the sub-
 terranean hall.*)
 Now yonder come, remorseless,
 Relentless, his merciless judges.
 Ah! let me not behold those white-
 rob'd phantoms!
 He is now in their power!
 'Twas I alone his fate that seal'd!

RAMPHIS AND CHORUS.—Heavenly spirit,
 in our hearts descending,
 Kindle of righteousness the flame
 eternal;
 Unto our sentence truth and righteous-
 ness lending.

AMNERIS.—Pity, O heav'n, his heart so
 sorely wounded!
 His heart is guiltless! Save him,
 pow'rs supernal!
 For my sorrow is despairing, deep,
 unbounded!
 (*RADAMES crosses with guards, and
 enters the subterranean hall. She
 sees RADAMES and exclaims.*)
 Ah! who will save him?
 I feel death approach!

RAMPHIS (*in the crypt*).—Radames!
 Radames! Radames!
 Thou hast betrayed of thy country the
 secrets

To aid the foeman. Defend thyself!

CHORUS.—Defend thyself!

RAMPHIS.—He is silent.

ALL.—Traitor vile!

AMNERIS.—Mercy! spare him! ne'er was
 he guilty!
 Ah! spare him, heaven! ah! spare his
 life!

RAMPHIS.—Radames! Radames! Ra-
 dames!
 Thou hast deserted the encampment
 the very day
 Before the combat! Defend thyself!

CHORUS.—Defend thyself!

RAMPHIS.—He is silent.

ALL.—Traitor vile!

AMNERIS.—Mercy! spare him! save him,
 O heav'n!
 Ah! spare him, heav'n! ah! spare his
 life!

RAMPHIS.—Radames! Radames! Ra-
 dames!
 Hast broken faith as a traitor to
 country,
 To King, to honor. Defend thyself!

CHORUS.—Defend thyself!

RAMPHIS.—He is silent.

ALL.—Traitor vile!

AMNERIS.—Mercy! spare him! save him,
 O heav'n!

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

Ah! heav'n spare him! heav'n spare his life!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Radames, we thy fate have decided:

Of a traitor the fate shall be thine;
'Neath the altar whose god thou'st derided

Thou a sepulchre living shall find!

AMNERIS.—Find a sepulchre living! Oh, ye wretches!

Ever bloodthirsty, vengeful, and blind,
Yet who serve of kind heaven the shrine!

(The Priests re-enter out of the crypt.)

AMNERIS *(confronting the Priests)*.—

Priests of Isis, your sentence is odious!
Tigers, ever exulting in slaughter!

Of the earth and the gods all laws ye outrage!

He is guiltless whose death ye devise!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—He is condemned! He dies!

AMNERIS *(to RAMPHIS)*.—Priest of Isis, this man whom you murder,

Well ye know, in my heart I have cherish'd:

May the curse of a heart whose hope has perish'd

Fall on him who mercy denies!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—He is condemned! He dies!

(Exeunt RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.)

AMNERIS.—Impious priesthood! curses light on ye all!

On your heads heaven's vengeance will fall!

SCENE II.—*The scene is divided into two floors. The upper floor represents the interior of the Temple of Vulcan, resplendent with gold and glittering light. The lower floor is a crypt. Long arcades vanishing in the gloom. Colossal statues of Osiris with crossed hands support the pillars of the vault. Radames is discovered in the crypt, on the steps of the stairs leading into the vault. Above, two Priests are in the act of letting down the stone which closes the subterranean apartment.*

RADAMES.—The fatal stone upon me now is closing!

Now has the tomb engulf'd me;
I never more shall light behold!

Ne'er shall I see Aida!

Aida, where now art thou?

Whate'er befall me, may'st thou be happy;

Ne'er may my frightful doom reach thy ear.

What groan was that! 'Tis a phantom,
Some vision dread! No! sure that form is human!

Heav'n! Aida!

AIDA.—'Tis I, love!

RADAMES *(in the utmost despair)*.—
Thou? with me here buried?

AIDA.—My heart foreboded this thy dreadful sentence,

And to this tomb, that shuts on thee its portal,

I crept unseen by mortal.

Here, far from all, where none can more behold us,

Clasp'd in thy arms, I am resolved to perish!

SIXTH CONCERT

RADAMES.—To die! so pure and lovely!
For me thyself so dooming,
In all thy beauty blooming,
Fade thus forever!
Thou whom the heav'ns alone for love
created,
But to destroy thee was my love then
fated!
Ah! no! those eyes so clear I prize,
For death too lovely are!

AIDA (*as in a trance*).—Seest thou, where
death, in angel guise,
In heav'nly radiance beaming,
Would waft us to eternal joys,
On golden wings above?
See, heaven's gates are open wide,
Where tears are never streaming,
Where only joy and bliss abide,
And never fading love.

PRIESTESSES AND PRIESTS.—Almighty
Phthà, that wakest
In all things breathing life,
Lo! we invoke thee!

AIDA.—Doleful chanting!

RADAMES.—Of the Priests 'tis the invo-
cation.

AIDA.—It is our death chant resounding!

RADAMES (*trying to displace the stone
closing the vault*).—Cannot my
lusty sinews move from its place
A moment this fatal stone!

AIDA.—In vain! All is over!
Hope on earth have we none!

RADAMES (*with sad resignation*).—I fear
it! I fear it!

AIDA AND RADAMES.—Farewell, O earth!
Farewell, thou vale of sorrow!
Brief dream of joy condemn'd to end
in woe!
To us now opens the sky, an endless
morrow
Unshadow'd there eternally shall glow.
Ah! now opens the sky!

(AMNERIS *appears habited in mourn-
ing, and throws herself on the
stone closing the vault.*)

AMNERIS (*suffocating with emotion*).—
Peace everlasting! Oh, my beloved!
Isis, relenting, greet thee on high!

PRIESTS.—Almighty Phthà!

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Albert A. Stanley, 1894-1921
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- The Boston Festival Orchestra. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor, 1894-1904
The Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Frederick Stock, Conductor, 1904-; Eric De Lamarter, Associate Conductor, 1918-1935
The Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, Conductor; Saul Caston and Charles O'Connell, Associate Conductors, 1936; Eugene Ormandy, and Jose Iturbi, Conductors, 1937
The University Choral Union. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor, 1894-1921; Earl V. Moore, Conductor, 1922-
The Young People's Festival Chorus, trained by Florence B. Potter, and conducted by Albert A. Stanley, 1913-1918
Conductors: Russell Carter, 1920; George O. Bowen, 1921-24; Joseph E. Maddy, 1925-27; Juva N. Higbee, 1928-; Roxy Cowin, 1937-
The Stanley Chorus, trained by Margaret Martindale, 1934
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- Gustav Holst (London, England) 1923, 1932
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CHORAL WORKS

- 1894 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi
1895 Damnation of Faust, Berlioz
1896 Lohengrin, Act I, Finale from Meistersinger, Wagner
1897 Arminius, Bruch; Stabat Mater, Rossini
1898 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi
1899 German Requiem, Brahms; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns
1900 Lily Nymph, Chadwick; Hora Novissima, Parker
1901 Elijah, Mendelssohn; Golden Legend, Sullivan
1902 Orpheus, Gluck; Faust, Gounod
1903 Caractacus, Elgar; Aida, Verdi
1904 Fair Ellen, Bruch; Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Carmen, Bizet
1905 St. Paul, Mendelssohn; Arminius, Bruch
1906 Stabat Mater, Dvorak; A Psalm of Victory, Stanley; Aida, Verdi
1907 Messiah, Handel; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns
1908 Creation, Haydn; Faust, Gounod
1909 Seasons, Haydn; Damnation of Faust, Berlioz
1910 Fair Ellen, Bruch; Odysseus, Bruch; New Life, Wolf-Ferrari
1911 Judas Maccabeus, Handel; Eugene Onegin, Tchaikovsky
1912 Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Chorus Triumphalis, Stanley
1913 Laus Deo, Stanley; Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Lohengrin, Act I, and Finale from Meistersinger, Wagner; The Walrus and the Carpenter (Children), Fletcher
1914 Caractacus, Elgar; Messiah, Handel; Into the World (Children), Benoit
1915 New Life, Wolf-Ferrari; Children's Crusade, Pierné
1916 Paradise Lost, Bossi; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Children at Bethlehem (Children), Pierné
1917 Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Aida, Verdi; The Walrus and the Carpenter (Children), Fletcher
1918 The Beatitudes, Franck; Carmen, Bizet; Into the World (Children), Benoit
1919 Ode to Music, Hadley; Faust, Gounod; Fair Land of Freedom, Stanley
1920 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Damnation of Faust, Berlioz
1921 Elijah, Mendelssohn; Aida, Verdi; *Voyage of Arion (Children), Moore
1922 New Life, Wolf-Ferrari; A Psalmic Rhapsody, Stock; Tannhäuser (Paris Version), Wagner; A Song of Spring (Children), Busch
1923 B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; †Hymn of Jesus, Holst; Dirge for Two Veterans, Holst; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns

* World Première at the May Festival Concerts

† American Première at the May Festival Concerts

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

- 1924 B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; †La Primavera (Spring), Respighi; †Sea Drift, Delius; Excerpts from Aida and La Forza del Destino, Verdi
- 1925 The Bells, Rachmaninoff; B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; La Gioconda, Ponicchielli; Alice in Wonderland (Children), Kelley
- 1926 Elijah, Mendelssohn; Lohengrin, Wagner; *The Lament of Beowulf, Hanson; The Walrus and the Carpenter (Children), Fletcher
- 1927 Missa Solemnis, Beethoven; †Choral Symphony, 2d and 3d movements, Holst; Carmen, Bizet; *Heroic Elegy, Hanson; Voyage of Arion (Children), Moore
- 1928 St. Francis of Assisi, Pierné; Marching Song of Democracy, Grainger; Aida, Verdi; Quest of the Queer Prince (Children), Hyde
- 1929 German Requiem, Brahms; New Life, Wolf-Ferrari; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Hunting of the Snark (Children), Boyd
- 1930 Magnificat, Bach; King David, Honegger; Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; *A Symphony of Song (Children), Strong
- 1931 St. Francis of Assisi, Pierné; Boris Godunof (original version), Moussorgsky; Old Johnny Appleseed (Children), Gaul
- 1932 Creation, Haydn, Symphony of Psalms, Stravinsky; †Choral Fantasia, Holst; †Legend of Kitesh, Rimsky-Korsakov; The Spider and the Fly (Children), Protheroe
- 1933 Belshazzar's Feast, Walton; *Merry Mount, Hanson; Spring Rapture (Children), Gaul
- 1934 The Seasons, Haydn; †Ein Friedenslied, Heger; Ninth Symphony, Beethoven; By the Rivers of Babylon, Loeffler; The Ugly Duckling, English
- 1935 *Songs from "Drum Taps," Hanson; King David, Honegger; Boris Godunof (original version), Moussorgsky; *Jumbles (Children), James
- 1936 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Caractacus, Elgar; Children at Bethlehem (Children), Pierné
- 1937 Aida, Verdi; †The Seasons, Fogg; Spring Rapture, Gaul (Children); Excerpts from Parsifal, Wagner

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