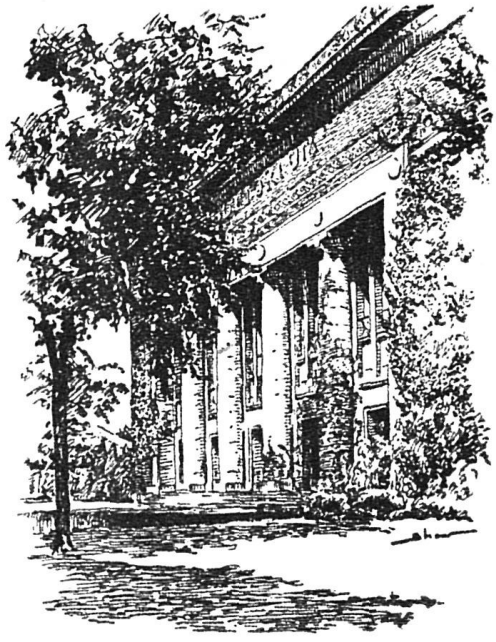
THE FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL

MAY FESTIVAL



NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Official Program of the Forty-seventh Annual

MAY FESTIVAL

May 8, 9, 10, and 11, 1940
Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan

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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 in exempting from tax admissions to concerts given under its auspices.

THE FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

CONDUCTORS

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Orchestral Conductor*
THOR JOHNSON, *Choral Conductor*
HARL MCDONALD, *Guest Conductor*
JUVA HIGBEE, *Young People's Festival Chorus Conductor*

SOLOISTS

Sopranos
LILY PONS — DOROTHY MAYNOR — ROSA TENTONI

Contralto
ENID SZANTHO

Tenor
GIOVANNI MARTINELLI

Baritone
ROBERT WEEDE

Basses
NORMAN CORDON — ALEXANDER KIPNIS

Violinist
JOSEF SZIGETI

Violoncellist
EMANUEL FEUERMANN

Pianist
ARTUR SCHNABEL

Narrator
RICHARD HALE

ORGANIZATIONS

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
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 University Musical Society desires to express appreciation to Thor Johnson and the members of the Choral Union for their effective services; to Miss Juva Higbee, Supervisor of Music in the Ann Arbor Public Schools, and to her able associates for their valuable services in preparation of the Young People's Chorus; to the several members of the staff for their efficient assistance and to the teachers in the various schools from which the children have been drawn, for their co-operation.

The writer of the analyses hereby expresses his deep obligation to Miss Dorothy Eckert for her aid in collecting materials and to the late 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. In some instances Mr. Gilman's analyses have been quoted in this Libretto.

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

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 8, AT 8:30

SOLOIST:

ALEXANDER KIPNIS, *Bass*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

(All Russian)

Entr'acte Khovanstchina . . . . . MOUSSORGSKY

"Lieutenant Kije" Orchestral Suite, Op. 60 . . . . . PROKOFIEV
Incidental solos: ALEXANDER KIPNIS

Monologue and Hallucination Scene from "Boris Godunov" . MOUSSORGSKY

Prince Galitzky's Aria from "Prince Igor," Act I . . . . . BORODIN
MR. KIPNIS

INTERMISSION

Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64 . . . . . TCHAIKOVSKY

(In commemoration of his 100th birthday anniversary)

Andante—Allegro con anima

Andante cantabile licenza

Valse—Allegro moderato

Finale—Andante maestoso; Allegro; Allegro vivace

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 9, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS:

DOROTHY MAYNOR, *Soprano* — ROBERT WEEDE, *Baritone*

ROSA TENTONI, *Soprano* — RICHARD HALE, *Narrator*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

EUGENE ORMANDY AND THOR JOHNSON, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

Music to Goethe's Tragedy, "Egmont" . . . . . BEETHOVEN

1. Overture
2. Recitation
3. Entr'acte II
4. Recitation
5. Song: "*Die Trommel gerüehret*"
6. Recitation
7. Song: "Freudvoll und Leidvoll"
8. Entr'acte III
9. Recitation
10. Clärchen's Death
11. Melodrama
12. Recitation
13. Symphony of Victory

MISS TENTONI AND MR. HALE

Cantata, "The Inimitable Lovers" . . . . . VARDELL

MISS TENTONI, MR. WEEDE, AND CHORAL UNION CHORUS

INTERMISSION

Arias: "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me" from "Semele" . . HANDEL

"Leise, Leise" from "Der Freischütz" . . . . . VON WEBER

"Depuis le jour" from "Louise" . . . . . CHARPENTIER

MISS MAYNOR

Legend: "The Return of Lemminkäinen" . . . . . SIBELIUS

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 10, AT 2:30

SOLOIST:

ARTUR SCHNABEL, *Pianist*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS — THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

HARL MCDONALD, JUVA HIGBEE,
AND EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

Two Choral Preludes . . . . . BACH–ORMANDY
1. O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross
2. Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme

*Group of Songs:
1. Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair . . . . . FOSTER
2. Spinning Song (German) . . . . . ASLANOFF
3. Star Lullaby (Polish) . . . . . TREHARNE
4. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot (Negro Spiritual)
5. En passant par la Lorraine (French) . . . . . TIERSOT

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHORUS

Santa Fé Trail Symphony, No. 1 . . . . . MCDONALD
Conducted by the Composer

INTERMISSION

Concerto No. 4 in G major, Op. 58, for Piano and Orchestra . BEETHOVEN
Allegro moderato
Andante con moto
Rondo

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* Orchestrated by Marion McArtor, University School of Music.

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 10, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS:

LILY PONS, *Soprano* — JOSEF SZIGETI, *Violinist*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Suite for Strings, Op. 5 . . . . . CORELLI
1. Sarabande
2. Giga
3. Badinerie

Blonda's Aria from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" . . . . MOZART

Aria: "Caro nome" from "Rigoletto" . . . . . VERDI
MISS PONS

Poème, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 25 . . . . . CHAUSSON
MR. SZIGETI

Suite from the Ballet, "The Machine Man" . . . . . ZADOR

INTERMISSION

Arias: "L'Amero saro costante" from "Il Rè pastore" . . . . . MOZART
Obbligato by MR. SZIGETI

Bell Song from "Lakmé" . . . . . DELIBES
MISS PONS

Symphony in D minor . . . . . FRANCK
Lento; allegro non troppo
Allegretto
Allegro non troppo

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 11, AT 2:30

SOLOISTS:

JOSEF SZIGETI, *Violin* EMANUEL FEUERMANN, *Violoncellist*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Compositions by Brahms

Variations on a Theme by Haydn (Chorale St. Antonii) Op. 56A
Theme (Andante in B-flat major)
Var. I—Poco piu animato
Var. II—Piu vivace
Var. III—Con moto
Var. IV—Andante con moto
Var. V—Vivace
Var. VI—Vivace
Var. VII—Grazioso
Var. VIII—Presto non troppo
Finale—Andante

Double Concerto in A minor for Violin, Violoncello, and Orchestra
Allegro
Andante
Vivace non troppo

INTERMISSION

Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73
Allegro non troppo
Adagio non troppo
Allegretto grazioso quasi andantino
Allegro con spirito

SIXTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 11, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS:

ENID SZANTHO, *Contralto* — ROBERT WEEDE, *Baritone*

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI, *Tenor* — NORMAN CORDON, *Bass*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

THOR JOHNSON, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

"Samson and Delilah" (In Concert Form) . . . . SAINT-SAENS

An Opera in Three Acts

Samson . . . . . GIOVANNI MARTINELLI

Delilah . . . . . ENID SZANTHO

High Priest . . . . . ROBERT WEEDE

Abimelech, An Old Hebrew . . . . . NORMAN CORDON

Hebrews, Philistines . . . . . The Choral Union

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

BY

GLENN D. McGEOCH

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 8

A BRIEF sketch of the remarkable movement in Russian music which took place in the third and fourth quarters of the nineteenth century, and the relation of the chief composers thereto, is essential to an adequate understanding of the significance of most of the music on tonight's program. Without doubt, the two operas here represented, "Prince Igor" and "Boris Godunov" are at once the most national and most Russian of the many works written for the stage in the great land of the Czars. Unquestionably, Moussorgsky was the most individual, most realistic of the group of composers here represented, whose ideals, efforts, and influence wrought, in a half century, a new musical literature, true to Russian racial qualities and opposed to the influences of Southern and Western Europe. Inaugurated by Glinka (1804–57) and Dargomyzhsky (1813–69) with their operas, "A Life for the Tsar" (1836) and "Rusalka" (1856) respectively, this movement for a nationalistic expression in music gained increasing impetus, and under the leadership of Balakirev, it was promoted and evolved by "The Five," a group including besides Balakirev, Borodin, Cui, Rimski-Korsakov, and Moussorgsky. These composers are indissolubly bound with what is now known as Russian music. While it is not a simple matter to define specifically the innovations which this group achieved, it is possible to point to the fact that this literature is distinguished from that of the Romanticists of Western Europe by its underlying spirit, its freedom from the conventionalities of harmony, rhythm, and design and its emphasis upon realism as a criterion and folk elements as a source of inspiration. While romanticism in Germany and France was delving into pure, abstract, lyric beauty, into pessimism and human suffering as richer sources of emotional expression, "The Five" tended to opposite goals—an art built on, and close to the life of the folk, and an absence of all sophistications of formal or academic expression. Whether in the field of opera, symphony, church music, or the ballet, this spirit rose logically and persistently, and, in the hands of composers who were almost zealots for "nationalism," it colored and shaped a vast literature which is perhaps more unique and more indigenous to the race than the musical literature any single nation has yet produced.

The group life of "The Five" was as free from internal limitation or coercion in certain directions as it was free from non-Russian influence. Though the members of the group met often to discuss theories and practices in detail, to review and criticize the work of each other, there is not the slightest evidence of plagiarism or mutual repression in the direction of a "style" of writing. Each enjoyed absolute freedom in the direction and manner of growth. None began composition with a thorough grounding in the technic of musical creation, viz.,

harmony, counterpoint, orchestration; the lack of training is evident in the early efforts of the several men. What is outstanding, however, is a sincerity, a boldness of imagination and intuition which carry conviction with the listener in spite of frankly bad grammar and rhetoric, to borrow terms from the written and spoken word. Soon, however, these Russian gentlemen, though destined for careers other than music,* began to apply themselves diligently to the study of composition in order that, although music was for them only an avocation, they might be able to express themselves more adequately and directly.

Alexander Borodin, whose great epic "Prince Igor," is represented on tonight's program, while sharing in the enthusiastic chauvinism of his colleagues, tended to a far more traditional expression, for the most part. No doubt because he spent his life in the capital, St. Petersburg, his music was not fertilized by the folk song, as was that of Korsakov and Moussorgsky. His earliest compositions revealed a distinctiveness of style and poetic feeling, but very little that was nationalistic. His close contact with Balakirev, and later with Moussorgsky, revolutionized his views and aims considerably, however. His power as a composer and his nationality seemed to be revealed at the same time, and this simultaneous realization came about as a direct inspiration from the story of Prince Igor. Under this intense incitement, Borodin's usual lyric style took on a new technical utterance that was terrible in its directness. The epic led him back to primitive things, to the barbaric, the physical, and the cruel, and these he glorified in his music. With "Prince Igor" Borodin became a truly nationalistic composer.

Rimski-Korsakov was, and remained, the most scholarly and technically proficient of the group. Moussorgsky, on the other hand, was never willing to acquire skill and facility. The most typically Russian of the group, he abhorred all forms of sophistication in art; he was not interested in the development of beautiful patterns of sound (the classic ideal); with him, music was a mirror of action, of imagery; it was concerned with the reproduction of physical movement; he fought against repetition as an aid to symmetry and balance, merely for the sake of form; he inveighed against superficiality, and arrayed himself on the side of realism, vitality, and truthfulness in expression. For this reason, 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

* Moussorgsky was in the military profession, Borodin a physician and professor of chemistry, Korsakov a naval engineer, and Cui a military engineer.

appealing primarily to the cultivated, is comparable to that of Tolstoy. 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 diminish its power to effect human improvement. For him, art was the expression of humanity, and, like humanity, it is in a constant state of evolution. Art, as such, can therefore have no arbitrary, formalistic 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."

The music of Moussorgsky, in his day, was considered imperfect, incomplete, and careless. It was marked by a rugged crudeness and by unprecedented and quite intuitive audacities, with their constant adaptation to the special needs of his own creative temperament. And yet today 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. von 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 in the absurd theories about 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.

His obvious incorrectness at times, his ultracrude realism (for his generation), 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 weakness of detail. Claude Debussy has exactly defined his music in these terms: "It resembles the art of the inquiring, primitive man, who discovers music step by step, guided only by his feelings." He is, in truth, the Dostoevski of music, and his music is a poetic evocation to nationalism.

Entr'acte from "Khovanstchina" . . . . . Rimski-Korsakov

"Khovanstchina" was Moussorgsky's last opera; he died before he had finished it. The score was completed by Rimski-Korsakov and was published in 1882.

Moussorgsky, who wrote his own libretto for "Khovanstchina," went directly to Russian history for his subject matter. Here he found in the turbulent period at the end of the seventeenth century, torn by religious and political conflicts, a wealth of dramatic suggestion.

Lawrence Gilman's condensation of the story follows:

Moussorgsky's libretto concerns the fortunes of the saintly young Lutheran, Emma, who is amorously pursued by the dissolute Prince Andrew Khovantsky; the mystical and passionate Martha, betrayed by Prince Andrew; Dositheus (Docithe, in the French text), leader of the Raskolniky, or "Old Believers"; Prince Ivan Khovantsky, the fanatical and half-barbarous conservative, chief of the ferocious Archers-of-the-Guard, and Prince Galitsin, the semiliberalized aristocrat to whom a new Russia is not inconceivable. Galitsin is visited by the clairvoyant Martha, who reads his future in a silver bowl filled with water, and predicts his downfall and banishment. Nor is Prince Khovantsky without his troubles; while he is in retirement at his country place, diverted by feasting, songs, and Persian dancers, he is assassinated on his own threshold.

This event occurs at the close of the first scene of Act II. The second scene of this act passes in the public square in Moscow, in front of the church of Vassily Blajeny. Galitsin, fulfilling the prophecy of Martha, is seen on his way to exile, escorted by a troop of cavalry. Dositheus joins the watching throng in the square and learns that the "Old Believers" have been sentenced to death by Peter; he determines that his death shall be self-inflicted. Young Prince Andrew Khovantsky, unaware of his father's fate, enters, seeking Emma; he hears from Martha that Emma has married, and in a rage, summons the Strelsky to seize her—this clairvoyant who tells him unpleasant truths. His bugle blast brings his soldiers upon the scene—but they are under guard and on their way to their own execution; which at the last moment is prevented by the clemency of Peter. The "Old Believers" prefer death to apostasy, and, exalted by Dositheus, immolate themselves on a pyre in the midst of a wood, singing an exultant canticle from the heart of the flames, while Prince Andrew mounts the pyre beside them. The Old Russia was passing—or so it seemed, in 1628.

The Entr'acte, performed at this concert, comprises the fifty-one measures played by the orchestra at the beginning of the second scene of the fourth act, as the banished Galitsin, guarded by a troop of cavalry, crosses the public square on his way to exile, while the bells of the Church of Vassily Blajeny toll mournfully, as if in lamentation. In the opera, the passing of the cortege across the square is accompanied by the comments of the chorus.

The passage opens (*sostenuto assai*, E-flat minor, 4/4)with a dirgelike figure in the double basses, violoncellos, and bassoons, under chords of the horns, trumpets, and wood winds. Then the violins and solo trumpet play the dolorous melody sung by Martha in the scene of her "Divination by Water," in the second act, in which she foretold to Galitsin his downfall ("in shame and disgrace I behold thee, in exile alone in a distant land"). Not only the somber and fateful

theme sung by the orchestra, but the *ostinato*-accompaniment figure are derived from Martha's prophetic song in the earlier act. As Kurt Schindler remarked of the "Divination par l'eau," "the vast loneliness, the desperate banishment of Siberia looms up from the throbbing of the downcast and muttered final phrases."

"Lieutenant Kije" Orchestral Suite, Op. 60. . SERGE PROKOFIEV

Born at Solnzevo, in the Ekaterinoslav government, Russia, April 23, 1891.

The film, "Lieutenant Kije"* is not unknown in this country but a description of its subject, kindly supplied by Nicholas Slonimsky, will help toward an understanding of the spirit of the music: "The film is based on an anecdote about the Czar Paul I, who misread the report of his military aide, so that the last syllable of the name of a Russian officer which ended in 'ki,' and the Russian intensive expletive 'je' (untranslatable by any English word, but similar in position and meaning to the Latin, '*quidem*'), formed a non-existent name, Kije. The obsequious courtiers, fearful of pointing out the Czar's mistake, decided to invent an officer by that name (as misread by the Czar). Hence all kinds of comical adventures and '*quid pro quos*.' "

I. The Birth of Kije (*allegro*). As befits one who is born in full regimentals in the brain of a czar, Lieutenant Kije is introduced by a cornet fanfare off stage, followed by the tattoo of a military drum and the shrill of the fife. As the other instruments fall in line, the music keeps its paradelike strut. There is a short andante (still in character) a return of the fife, drum, and cornet.

II. Romance (*andante*). This movement and the fourth are written with a part for baritone solo, alternative versions following in which this part is given to the tenor saxophone, double-bass solo, and other of the deeper instruments.

The song is translated in the score:

Heart, be calm, do not flutter;
Don't keep flying, like a butterfly.
Well, what has my heart decided?
Where will we in summer rest?

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* The suite was derived from the incidental music which Prokofiev composed for a Soviet film, "Lieutenant Kije," produced by the studio Belgoskino in Leningrad in 1933. The suite, completed and published in 1934, was first performed in Moscow. It had its first performance in the United States in Boston, October 15, 1937, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is scored for two flutes and piccolo, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, tenor saxophone, cornet, two trumpets, four horns, three trombones, and tuba, bass drum, triangle, cymbals, tambourin, sleigh bells, harp, celesta, piano, and strings.

But my heart could answer nothing,
Beating fast in my poor breast.
My grey dove is full of sorrow—
Moaning is she, day and night,
For her dear companion left her,
Having vanished from her sight,
Sad and dull is now my grey dove.

III. Kije's Wedding (*allegro fastoso*). The melodic character of this movement suggests the Kije's nuptials, like his melancholy wooing, were not free from associations of the tavern.

IV. Troika (*moderato*). Again a tavern song is introduced to an accompaniment suggestive of the motion of the Russian three-horse sleigh.

A woman's heart is like an inn;
All those who wish go in,
And they who roam about
Day and night go in and out.
Come here, I say; come here I say,
And have no fear with me.
Be you bachelor or not,
Be you shy or be you bold,
I call you all to come here.
So all those who are about
Keep going in and coming out,
Night and day they roam about.

V. Burial of Kije (*andante assai*). The description of the film explains the entire cheerfulness which attended the laying away of the imaginary lieutenant. His brief career is summed up in this movement. A cornet fanfare off stage introduces him again, and the themes of his romance and wedding are invoked. The vanishing voice of the muted cornet returns Kije to the insubstantial medium from whence he was created.

Monologue and Hallucination Scene from "Boris Godunov" . . . . . MOUSSORGSKY

In "Boris Godunov," Moussorgsky achieved the highest level in his creative career. The works prior to the years 1868-74 were a preparation for his masterpiece, and the efforts of the later years were those of a spent genius. For a more or less untrained composer to create the most national and most Russian of operas, and to reach a power of sustained expression which places the work among the great operas of all periods and "schools," is tribute to the intensity of the inner flame, which glowed sometimes at white heat, during the years of

creating this unique music drama. Written in the period when Verdi in Italy was winning acclaim for the sheer beauty of vocal melody, and Wagner, with the leitmotiv, was all-powerful in western Europe, "Boris Godunov" bows to neither of these operatic ideals, but marches steadily, gloomily forward, creating a new expression. It is in the primal power of the music and in sharply defined characterization that Boris is outstanding. Moussorgsky uses the leitmotiv charily, and he dislikes intricate polyphony. The music here moves in massive blocks, following the plan of semidetached tableaux. Nothing could be less Wagnerian. Boldness, audacity, sincerity to dramatic and racial equalities (and unequalities) lift "Boris Godunov" above the level of routine opera writing, and overshadow its undeniable weaknesses.

These weaknesses have to do with dramatic structure. A clearly defined, integrated plot in the usual sense is, as in Borodin's "Prince Igor," absent here. Yet in spite of this weakness of plot construction, "Boris Godunov" possesses an almost Aeschylean grandeur in the handling of dramatic forces. Moussorgsky's drama presents in several episodes the climaxing movements in the life of Boris, and some of the events which brought on his mortal fear, the gradual weakening of his spirit and power, and the consequent disintegration of his nature. In his version of the story, however, which he based upon Pushkin's poetic play, Moussorgsky centered his interest upon elevating to a dramatic level, higher than that of any individual character, the surging, groaning, and agitating populace. Born among the country folk, ever sympathetic to their position with respect to imperialism, he pictures at first their blind obedience, their humble obeisance, and then their muttering discontent, awesome power, and terrifying strength, which, finally unleashed, wreaks destruction to a whole social order. With inexorable forces acting upon him and beyond his control, Boris becomes a passive and gauntly tragic victim of circumstances. Perhaps all this was a prophecy of the events of 1918; in which case there is an explanation for the removal of the opera from the repertoire in Russia under the Czar, and the great popularity of the work in the last decade.

The historical facts behind the story of "Boris Godunov" are as follows:

Tsar Ivan the Terrible had two sons: Feodor, who ascended the throne, and his brother, Dimitri, in exile at Uglitch. Dimitri was found foully murdered near the end of the reign of Feodor, and when Boris ascended the throne at his death, it was rumored that he (Boris) had been responsible for the death of Dimitri. The reign of Boris was short and troubled. Led by a pretender, who posed as the murdered Dimitri, who had been brought back to life by a miracle, the people revolted against Boris at the time of his death.

This is the skeleton of the plot, drawn from history and elaborated into dra-

matic proportions by the poet-dramatist, Pushkin, and readapted by the composer when he utilized these incidents for his opera. The scene on tonight's program is taken from the end of Act II.

In the Monologue Boris reflects that though he is now an all-powerful ruler, neither the crown and its glory nor the plaudits of his people are able to bring him any happiness; and though he has hoped to find comfort in the well-being of his children, he now stands accused of murdering his daughter's betrothed and poisoning his sister. This is followed by the Hallucination scene which remains today as one of the most dramatically intense moments in all opera.

Alone with his memories and his conscience, Boris unveils his innermost feelings in this scene of great power and intensity. As a clock starts ticking and with a grisly accompaniment in the orchestra, he thinks aloud: "Verily one sin committed under the guidance of an overpowering Fate fills one's heart with poison." Continuing in this vein, he reaches a state of frenzy; as the clock strikes, he thinks he sees in the moonlight a ghost—that of a murdered child. In terror he falls on his knees, covers his eyes with his hands, and prays fervently for forgiveness.

Prince Galitzsky's Aria from Act I "Prince Igor" . . . BORODIN

Alexander Porphyrievich Borodin was born November 12, 1834, at Petrograd; he died there, February 27, 1887.

"Slovo O Polku Igorevy," or the "Song of the Army of Igor," is one of the oldest of Russian MSS. chronicles, dating from the twelfth century, and may be said to compare with the Arthurian legends in historical significance. The story is told in rhythmic prose and abounds in lyrical beauties, stressing throughout the close ties that exist between man and nature.

The plot for the opera was derived from this old national epic, which deals with the expedition of Russian princes against the Polovtsians, a nomadic race, akin to the ancient Turks, who had invaded Russian principalities.

The story concerns Igor, Prince of Seversk, who sets out to punish a tribe of these Eastern nomads; is defeated and taken prisoner with his son, and later, escapes. That is the whole of the essential stuff of the drama. The remaining action that pads out the prologue and the four acts appears to be extraneous.

Borodin's attention was first turned to the medieval epic of Prince Igor as a possible subject for an opera by Stassov* in 1871. He lived with the poem for sixteen years, as Beethoven lived with Schiller's "Ode to Joy" for thirty, and

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* Vladimir Vassilievich Stassov was a celebrated art critic and literary champion of the "New Russian School of Music" (The Five). His influence on contemporary Russian art was immense.

Goethe with the "Faust" legend all his life. The story of Igor, with its wealth of contrasting character, skillful combination of tragedy, comedy, and barbaric energy, appealed to Borodin from the beginning, and although he realized that the subject was unsuitable for a dramatic purpose, he returned to it over and over again, after having abandoned it.*

His love for the story led Borodin into vast researches in the fields of history, archaeology, and folk music, and every persistent fragment was carefully studied so that not merely the superficial atmosphere of the time should be reproduced, but its essential spirit made to live again. And in Borodin, the spirit of that old barbarism of the vast steppes and the nomadic warriors did live again. Borodin captured the spirit of Igor so miraculously that the weakness of the dramatic substance in which it is embodied is not particularly disconcerting; although the spirit of the opera is often too strong for the stuff in which it is embedded. For a few hours we watch the pictures of Russia's heroic age, while our receptive faculties and imagination are quickened by the superb vitality and barbaric color of the music. The fate of Igor scarcely interests us at all, compared with that of Boris, but the atmosphere in which he moves and lives does communicate its life to us. The real subject of the opera is then not the person of Prince Igor, but the spirit of a great people and the glamorous atmosphere of a distant period, and this is caught essentially in Borodin's music, to such a point, in fact, that the work becomes most vital when the happenings on the stage illustrate the music. The music is the subject, the action and stage picture, the objective manifestations. The music is seldom used to characterize, or bring us into personal contact with the essence of the dramatic movement. From this point of view the opera "Prince Igor" is as far removed from Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" as "Boris" is from Wagner's "Tristan." In its racy humor, its robust realism, and its barbaric energy, it is entitled to rank as one of Russia's finest national operas, and in this connection justly claims a close affinity with Moussorgsky's powerful music drama.

The aria on tonight's program is sung by Count Galitsky, brother of Prince Igor, to whom he has entrusted the care of his wife, Jaroslawna, and his son, Vladimir; when he leaves for the wars. Galitsky is only awaiting the opportunity to usurp the throne of his brother, of whom he is envious.

A free translation of the aria follows:

I prefer the carefree and gay life, but Igor cares only for the hazards of war. I desire only love and peace; yet oh, to be like him. Always this conflict goes on within me. For the honor I bear toward him, my thoughts will always be of him, even during the festivals, gay with maidens and song and dancing. I must ever be faithful to carry out his wishes. For after all—what is there to life? Happy I must live, for after death, what?

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* At his death in 1887, the score was still unfinished, with some numbers in a fragmentary state and nothing orchestrated. The work was completed by Korsakov and Glazunov and published in 1889.

Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64 . . . . . Tchaikovsky

Andante—allegro con anima; andante cantabile; valse; finale

Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky was born May 7, 1840, at Kamsko-Votinsk; died November 6, 1893, at St. Petersburg.

Tchaikovsky, like Wagner and Byron, was a child of his age.* It is truly said of Byron that he had but one subject—himself, and that saying is equally true of Tchaikovsky. If his personality is less puissant and terrible than that of Byron, his artistic instincts are reflected none the less forcibly in his self-cultivated and exhibitionistic art. His persistent penchant for melancholy expression, his feverish sensibility, his revulsions of artistic feeling, and his intense emotions which sink him into morbid pessimism, deadening depression, and neurotic fears on the one hand, or raise him to wild hysteria on the other—picture him in the framework of his age. A Russian to the core, he was nevertheless criticized severely by those self-styled "Nationalists," "The Five," for being too strongly influenced by German and French methods and styles to be a true exponent of Russian music. Tchaikovsky, on the other hand, found much to admire in their art, and was very enthusiastic in his praise of Rimski-Korsakov in particular. Nevertheless, he resented the assumption of superiority and the canons of judgment laid down by this coterie. He turned rather to Beethoven and to the scholarly technique exhibited in the construction of his symphonies; at the same time he was not immune to the charm of Italian music. Although he depreciated its superficial treatment of the orchestra, he did sense in the music of Italy the eternal value of pure melody, which he brought to fullest beauty through his superb and unequaled knowledge of instrumental effects. From Beethoven, Tchaikovsky no doubt gained his superior sense of architectural design and unity of style, but so intent was he on the fascination and charm of the single episode, and so aware of the spell of the immediate melodic beauty and the particular suggestive power of the orchestral coloring, that he never gained the superb structural heights or the completely epic conception of the symphony found in Beethoven. The constant oscillation between sudden exaltation, violent passion, and unresisted submission in his temperament excluded the sustaining and impersonal elements necessary to the true epic. He gave himself up, as Sibelius noted when speaking of his music, to every situation without looking beyond the moment, and in spite of the fact that his symphonies rank among the finest examples of symphonic architecture, their spirit, like those of Schubert and Berlioz, is not symphonic. But such is the beauty and power of his themes, so fine is their general architectural construction, and above all so masterful and effective is the use he makes of the orchestral palette that we do not consider it a discrepancy to find so thoroughly a lyric conception encased in so epic a form.

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* See program notes on Brahms, page 67.

The dates, frequently given for the composition of the Fifth Symphony (1886-87) are incorrect, according to Tchaikovsky's letters; for in one to his brother Modeste (May 15, 1888) he writes: "I am hoping to collect the materials for a symphony." On June 10, 1888, he says in a letter to Madame von Meck: "Have I told you that I intend to write a symphony? The beginning was difficult; now, however, inspiration seems to have come. We shall see!" Again he writes (August 26, 1888), "I am so glad that I have finished my symphony (No. 5) that I can forget all physical ailments." This would seem to establish the date of its composition.

Tchaikovsky was not pleased with the effect of his new score. After two performances in St. Petersburg, and one in Prague, he felt the work to be a complete failure. In December, 1888, he wrote to Madame von Meck:

> . . . After two performances of my new symphony in St. Petersburg and one in Prague I have come to the conclusion that it is a failure. There is something repellent, something superfluous, patchy and insincere, which the public instinctively recognizes. It was obvious to me that the ovations I received were prompted more by my earlier work, and that the symphony itself did not really please the audience. The consciousness of this brings me a sharp twinge of self-dissatisfaction. Am I really played out, as they say? Can I merely repeat and ring the changes on my earlier idiom? Last night I looked through *our* symphony (No. 4). What a difference! How immeasurably superior it is! It is very, very sad!

But, in the following spring, the work had great success in Moscow and in Hamburg, where Tchaikovsky himself conducted it. The orchestra men liked it, and Tchaikovsky, with renewed spirits, wrote to his friend Davidov, "I can again boast of a great success. The Fifth Symphony was excellently played, and I have come to love it again."

That Tchaikovsky had a program in his mind when he composed his later symphonies is reasonably certain. In the case of the Fourth (F minor) we know that he wrote to Madame von Meck a long explanation of its meaning—that he endeavored to represent in tones the inexorableness of fate—"a power which consistently hangs over us like the Sword of Damocles and ceaselessly poisons the soul; a power overwhelming and invincible." We know also that the Sixth Symphony ("Pathetic") was originally to have been entitled "Program Symphony" and that, although its import was never vouchsafed to the world by the composer, its significance was so fraught with meaning to himself that Tchaikovsky could write, "Often during my wanderings, composing in my mind, I have wept bitterly." But he never even suggested that the Fifth Symphony bore a program. And yet it is impossible to suppose that this work is without an underlying tragedy and hopeless fate.

Mr. Newman has persuasive reasons for thinking that the Fifth Symphony "bears the strongest internal evidence of having been written to a programme." He explains:

The feeling that this is so is mainly due to the recurrence, in each movement, of the theme with which the symphony begins (the opening theme, for clarinets, *Andante*, E minor, 4-4). This produces a feeling of unity that irresistibly suggests one central controlling purpose. The theme in question is peculiarly sombre and fateful. It recurs twice in the following Andante, and again at the end of the waltz that constitutes the third movement. In the finale, the treatment of it is especially remarkable. It serves, transposed into the major, to commence this movement; it makes more than one reappearance afterwards. But this is not all the thematic filiation this symphony reveals. One of the themes of the second movement—the *Andante*—also recurs in the Finale, while the opening subject proper of the Finale (following the Introduction) is plainly based on the opening subject of the whole symphony. Lastly, the first subject of the allegro of the first movement reappears in the major, on the last page but two of the score, to the same accompaniment as in the allegro. So that—to sum the matter up concisely—the fourth movement contains two themes from the first and one from the second; the third and second movements each contain one theme from the first. No one, I think, will venture to assert that so elaborate a system of thematic repetition as this is due to mere caprice; nor is it easy to see why Tchaikovsky should have indulged in it at all if his object had been merely to write a symphony in four movements. Nothing can be clearer than that the work embodies an emotional sequence of some kind. It is a great pity that we have no definite clue to this; but even on the face of the matter as it now stands the general purport of the symphony is quite plain.

The gloomy, mysterious opening theme (the "motto-theme" in the clarinets) suggests the leaden, deliberate tread of fate. The allegro, after experimenting in many moods, ends mournfully and almost wearily. The beauty of the andante is twice broken in upon by the first sombre theme. The third movement—the waltz—is never really gay; there is always the suggestion of impending fate in it; while at times the scale passages for the strings give it an eerie, ghostly character. At the end of this also there comes the heavy, muffled tread of the veiled figure that is suggested by the opening theme. Finally, the last movement shows us, as it were, the emotional transformation of this theme, evidently in harmony with a change in the part it now plays in the curious drama. It is in the major instead of in the minor; it is no longer a symbol of weariness and foreboding, but bold, vigorous, emphatic, self-confident. What may be the precise significance of the beautiful theme from the second movement that reappears in the finale it is impossible to say; but it is quite clear that the transmutation which the first subject of the allegro undergoes, just before the close of the symphony, is of the same psychological order as that of the "fate" motive—a change from clouds to sunshine, from defeat to triumph.

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 9

Music to Goethe's Tragedy "Egmont" . . . . . BEETHOVEN

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 régime. 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 gave birth to 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 to endow them with new passion. 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.

For a performance of Goethe's "Egmont" at the Hofburg Theatre, Vienna, May 24, 1810, the manager, one Mr. Hartl, commissioned Beethoven to provide incidental music for the play. So impressed was Beethoven with the nobility of this drama that he refused any remuneration for his efforts. Perhaps hero worship of Goethe led him to this generous step, or perhaps he saw in the misunderstood, self-reliant Egmont, gloriously struggling with a relentlessly persecuting fate, and filled with tragic longing for a pure and ideal love, an image of himself.

At any rate, Beethoven produced in "Egmont" music of such heroic delineation, and of such dramatically moving stuff, that it can take its place with the "Eroica" Symphony, the Fifth Symphony, and the Leonore No. 3 as an imperishable testimony to the genius which he infused into his portrayal of the heroic, the noble, and the magnanimous.

Goethe's Egmont differs in many particulars from the Egmont of history. He is a man of most genial temper, sincerely devoted to the cause of freedom, and befriended because of his frankness, courage, and inexhaustible generosity. But he lacks the power to read the signs of hostile intention in others, and this defect, which necessarily springs from some of his best qualities, exposes him to deadly peril and leads ultimately to his ruin. Interwoven with the history of his relations to the public movements of his age is the story of his love for Clärchen, who is in every respect worthy of him, capable of heroic action as well as of the tenderest love.

The scene of the tragedy is laid in the Low Countries at the beginning of the revolt against Spain. In the fifteenth century, Philip of Burgundy had annexed several of the Netherland provinces to swell his own rich domains. His successor, Charles V, abolished their constitutional rights and instigated the Inquisition.

Favorite of court and people was the Flemish soldier, Count Egmont, who by his victories at Saint Quentin and Gravelines had become one of Europe's most famous military figures. When in 1559 a new Regent of The Netherlands was to be chosen, the people hoped that Egmont would be named. However, Margaret of Parma, Philip's half sister, a powerful and tyrannical woman, was chosen, who, with the ruthless Count Alva, pressed the demands of Spain still further.

This, in brief, is the historical background against which, with many factual changes, Goethe places his tragedy. The central motif is this—". . . man imag-

ines that he directs his life . . . when in fact his existence is irresistibly controlled by his destiny."

Egmont is the typical soldier and man of action, who expresses his philosophy in his own words. . . "Take life too seriously and see what it is worth. . . reflections—we will leave them to scholars and courtiers. . ." He is beloved by Clärchen, who in turn is loved by Brackenburg, the very opposite of Egmont. In the midst of court intrigue Egmont dares to defy Alva and is arrested. Clärchen, knowing that death must await Egmont, drinks the poison that Brackenburg, ironically, had prepared for himself. Egmont, the idealist to the last, dies in the belief that he gave himself for the freedom of his people and that they, to avenge his death, would rise in revolution against the Spanish yoke.

Overture

In view of Beethoven's expressed intentions regarding certain portions of his incidental music to Egmont (wrote Mr. C. A. Barry), it may be asked: Are we not justified in extending these to the Overture? Is not this to be viewed as a dramatic tone-picture? Though entering more into generalities than the Overture of *Coriolanus*, which (as Wagner has pointed out) is restricted to a single scene, it is assuredly not less pronouncedly dramatic, or less expressive of the feelings of the principal personages concerned, and of the circumstances surrounding them. Egmont's patriotism and determination seem to be brought before us, in turn with Clärchen's devotion to him. The prevailing key (F minor) serves as an appropriate background to the general gloom of the dramatic picture, but it is occasionally relieved by its relative major (A-flat)—indicative, as it often seems, of Clärchen's loving presence. The Overture concludes with the *Sieges-Symphonie* (Symphony of Victory), which at the close of the drama immediately follows Egmont's last words: "Fight for your hearths and homes, and die joyfully—after my example—to save that which you hold most dear," addressed to his comrades as he is led away to execution. This music, occurring in the Overture, seems to indicate prophetically the victory of freedom to be gained by Egmont's death for his country.

Song (Clärchen): "Die Trommel Gerühret!"

The words of the first song in the score (*Vivace*, F minor, 2-4) are these, sung by Clärchen in Act I:

Die Trommel gerühret!	Let beat the drum,
Das Pfeifchen gespielt!	The fife let play;
Mein Liebster gewaffnet	My sweetheart in armor
Dem Haufen befiehlt.	The crowd does sway,
Die Lanze hoch führet,	And, lifting the lance,
Die Leute regieret.	Is ruling the land.

Wie klopft mir das Herz!
Wie wallt mir das Blut!
O hatt ich ein Wämslein,
Und Hosen und Hut!

Ich folgt ihm zum Thor'naus
Mit muthigem Schritt,
Ging durch die Provinzen,
Ging überall mit.
Die Feinde schon weichen,
Wir schiessen da drein.
Welch Glück sonder Gleichen,
Ein Mannsbild zu sein!

My pulses are throbbing,
My fever, it grows;
Oh had I a doublet,
And helmet and hose!

Out of the city
With him I would go;
All through the provinces,
High and low.
The enemies flee:
We are on their heels!
Oh, what a joy it were
Soldier to be!

(English version by Amelia V. End)

* * *

(The first Entr'acte, played between Acts I and II of the play, is omitted at this performance.)

Entr'acte II

The second Entr'acte (No. 3 in the score) comes between Act II and III. It is a *Larghetto* in E-flat major, 3-4 time, somewhat martial in character, developed from the two contrasting subjects heard in the opening pages.

Song (Clärchen): "Freudvoll und Leidvoll"

The second song sung by Clärchen, *Freudvoll und Leidvoll* (No. 4 of the score), is an *Andante con moto* in A major, 2-4, with a brief middle section in more agitated tempo. It is sung in the second scene of Act III.

Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedanken voll sein,
Hangen und bangen in schwebender Pein,
Himmelhoch jauchzend zum Tode betrübt,
Glücklich allein ist die Seele, die liebt.

Joyful and woeful, and wistful in fine,
Hopeful and fearful forever to pine,
Wildly exultant, despairingly prone,
Blest is the heart of a lover alone.

(English version by Dr. Th. Baker)

Entr'acte III

This Entr'acte is No. 5 of the score. A four-bar introduction, with cadenzas for oboe, prefaces the movement, which is in two main sections. The first is an *Allegretto* in C major, 2-4 time, derived from material contained in Clärchen's preceding song, and concluding with three solo measures, *poco adagio*, for oboe.

The second section is a march, *Vivace*. This march portrays the entrance of the Duke of Alva and the Spanish troops into Brussels as described at the beginning of Act IV, and the end of the march synchronizes with the rising of the curtain on that act. Beethoven marks the beginning of the action by a change of key to C minor (*sempre p*), and a bodeful passage for the strings alone "suggesting the apprehension of the populace."

* * *

Entr'acte IV (No. 6 of the score)—a slow introduction followed by an *Andante agitato* in E-flat major, 3-4 time, intended to express "the anxiety of Clärchen over Egmont's fate"—is omitted at this performance.

Clärchen's Death

The orchestral movement (No. 7), "Clärchen's Death," is associated with the scene in Act V in which Brackenburg brings to Clärchen the news that Egmont is to die, whereupon Clärchen ends her own life with poison. The music is a *Larghetto* in D minor, 9-8 time, beginning with repeated pianissimo octaves of the horns, above which the oboe sings a melody of penetrating expressiveness. It is answered by the muted strings, more and more softly, as Clärchen's life flickers out with the dying lamp, the extinction of which is indicated by Beethoven in his score ("hier löscht die Lampe gänzlich aus") under the last five diminuendo measures of the orchestra. The piece is scored for oboe, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, timpani, and strings.

* * *

Melodrama

This orchestral passage (No. 8) accompanies the scene in which the doomed Egmont, seated on a couch in his cell, awaiting execution, falls asleep and perceives the vision of Clärchen, which prefigures his own apotheosis. Beethoven's orchestra plays during Egmont's words as he falls asleep, and accompanies the projected vision of Clärchen.

(*Egmont speaks:*) "Sweet sleep! Like the purest joys of life thou comest most willingly when uninvited, unasked. Thou loosenest the chains of the most gloomy thoughts, minglest conflicting images of joy and of sorrow. The harmonies of the soul flow on uninterruptedly; and, lulled in sweet delusion, we sink into oblivion and cease to be." (*He sleeps; music accompanies his slumber. The wall behind his couch appears to open and reveals a shining vision. Freedom, in a celestial garb, and surrounded with radiance, reclines upon a cloud. Her features are those of Clärchen, and she bends towards the sleeper. Her countenance expresses compassion; she seems to lament his fate. Quickly she recovers herself and with an encouraging gesture presents the symbols of freedom—the*

bundle of arrows, with the staff and cap. She counsels him to be of good cheer, and while she signifies to him that his death will secure the freedom of the provinces, she hails him as a conqueror and extends to him a laurel crown. As the wreath approaches his head, Egmont moves like one restless in his slumber and reclines with his face towards her. She holds the wreath suspended above his head; drums are heard in the distance; the vision disappears, and Egmont awakes. The prison is dimly illumined by the dawn. His first impulse is to lift his hand to his head. He stands up and gazes about, his hand still upraised.)

Egmont speaks his final exhortation. There is a roll of drums; the stage is occupied by Spanish soldiers armed with halberts. As Egmont advances through the guards, the curtain falls, and Beethoven's "Symphony of Victory," a magnificent hymn to freedom and triumphant death, bursts from the orchestra.

Some twenty years after "Egmont" had been written by Goethe, Beethoven wrote him, "I am in a position to approach you only with the deepest reverence, with an inexpressibly deep feeling for your noble creations. You will shortly receive from Breitkopf and Hartl the music to 'Egmont,' this glorious 'Egmont' with which I, with the same warmth with which I read it, was again through you impressed by it, and set it to music. I should much like to know your opinion of it; even blame will be as profitable for me and for my art, and will be as willingly received as the greatest praise."

Goethe's reply, dated Carlsbad, June, 1811, is equally enlightening: "Your friendly letter, highly esteemed Sir, I received to my great pleasure, through Herr von Oliva. I am most thankful to you for the opinions expressed therein, and I assure you that I can honestly reciprocate them, for I have never heard any of your great works performed by artists and amateurs without wishing that I could for once admire you at the pianoforte, and take delight in your extraordinary talent."

The Inimitable Lovers . . . . . CHARLES VARDELL, JR.

A Cantata for Soprano and Baritone Soli and Chorus of Mixed Voices

Charles G. Vardell, Jr., composer of "The Inimitable Lovers," is a native North Carolinian. He was educated at Princeton University, the Institute of Musical Art of New York, and the Eastman School of Music, where he has recently completed his graduate work for his Ph.D. Mr. Vardell is Dean of the School of Music of Salem College, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

"The Inimitable Lovers" was written in the summer of 1928 and received its first performance in Winston-Salem under the composer's direction in June, 1929. Among other major works, Mr. Vardell has written a symphony, two

symphonic poems, and several settings of folk tunes. The symphony was first performed under the direction of Dr. Howard Hanson at the Festival of American Music in Rochester, New York, on February 28, 1938. It has since been played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The music is set to the poem * of Alfred Noyes.

TEXT

Chorus

They tell this proud tale of the Queen—Cleopatra,
Subtlest of women that the world has ever seen,
How that, on the night when she parted with her lover
Anthony, tearless, dry-throated, and sick-hearted,
A strange thing befell them in the darkness where they stood.

Baritone Solo

Bitter as blood was that darkness.
And they stood in a deep window, looking to the west.
Her white breast was brighter than the moon upon the sea,
And it moved in her agony (because it was the end!)
Like a deep sea, where many had been drowned.
Proud ships that were crowned with an Emperor's eagles
Were sunken there forgotten, with their emeralds and gold.

Chorus

They had drunken of that glory, and their tale was told, utterly, Told.

Soprano Solo

There, as they parted, heart from heart, mouth from mouth,
They stared upon each other. They listened.
For the south-wind
Brought them a rumour from afar; and she said,
Lifting her head, too beautiful for anguish,
Too proud for pity,—
It is the gods that leave the city! O, Anthony,
Anthony, the gods have forsaken us;
Because it is the end! They leave us to our doom. Hear it!

Chorus

And unshaken in the darkness,
Dull as dropping earth upon a tomb in the distance,
They heard, as when across a wood a low wind comes,
A muttering of drums, drawing nearer,
Then louder and clearer, as when a trumpet sings

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To battle, it came rushing on the wings of the wind,
A sound of sacked cities, a sound of lamentation,
A cry of desolation, as when a conquered nation
Is weeping in the darkness, because its tale is told;

Musical Interlude

Chorus

And then—a sound of chariots that rolled thro' that sorrow
Trampled like a storm of wild stallions, tossing nearer,
Trampled louder, clearer, triumphantly as music,
Till lo! in that great darkness, along that vacant street,
A red light beat like a furnace on the walls,
Then—like the blast when the North-wind calls to battle,
Blaring thro' the blood-red tumult and the flame,
Shaking the proud City as they came, an hundred elephants,
Cream-white and bronze, and splashed with bitter crimson,
Trumpeting for battle as they trod, an hundred elephants,
Bronze and cream-white, and trapped with gold and purple,
Towered like tusked castles, every thunder-laden footfall
Dreadful as the shattering of a City. Yet they trod,
Rocking like an earthquake, to a great triumphant music,
And, swinging like the stars, black planets, white moons,
Thro' the stream of the torches, they brought the red chariot,
The chariot of the battle-god—Mars.
While the tall spears of Sparta tossed clashing in his train,
And a host of ghostly warriors cried aloud
All hail! to those twain, and went rushing to the darkness
Like a pageantry of cloud, for their tale was told—utterly—Told.

Musical Interlude

Chorus

And following, in the fury of the vine, rushing down
Like a many-visaged torrent, with ivy-rod and thyrse,
And many a wild and foaming crown of roses,
Crowded the Bacchanals, the brown-limbed shepherds,
The red-tongued leopards, and the glory of the god!
Iacchus! Iacchus! without dance, without song,
They cried and swept along to the darkness.

Baritone Solo

Only for a breath when the tumult of their torches
Crimsoned the deep window where that dark warrior stood
With the blood upon his mail, and the Queen—Cleopatra,
Frozen to white marble.

Chorus

—the Maenads raised their timbrels,
Tossed their white arms, with a clash—All Hail!
Like wild swimmers, pale, in a sea of blood and wine,
All hail! All hail! . . . . . Then they swept into the darkness
And the darkness buried them.

Baritone Solo

Their tale was told—utterly—told.
And following them, O softer than the moon upon the sea,
Aphrodite, implacably, shone.

Soprano Solo and Chorus

Like a furnace of white roses, Aphrodite and her train
Lifted their white arms to those twain in the silence
Once, and were gone into the darkness;

Baritone Solo

And were swept into the darkness;
Bitter as blood was that darkness, and into the darkness
They were swept
Like a pageantry of cloud, without praise, without pity.

Chorus

Then the dark city slept. And the Queen Cleopatra,
Subtlest of women that this earth has ever seen,

Soprano and Baritone Solo with Chorus

Turning to her lover in the darkness where he stood,
With the blood upon his mail,
Bowing her head upon that iron in the darkness,
Wept.

Aria: "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me" from the Opera "Semele" . . . . . HANDEL

Georg Friedrich Handel was born at Halle, February 23, 1685; died in London, April 14, 1759.

From the beginning of his career, Handel was the "People's Composer." No doubt this was due to the cosmopolitan training he received in Germany, Italy, and England, and to the fact that he chose as his medium opera, which in the eighteenth century was the most popular and spectacular form of musical entertainment. But there was also something inherent in his music that could account for the position he gained in the hearts of the public of his day; his expression was direct and simple, with no ostentatious display for its own sake. His music had little of the introspective quality that was characteristic of his greater but less popular contemporary, Bach, and it was this nonsubjective quality that made his style irresistible in its appeal to the masses.

The aria, "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me," is from the opera "Semele," which Handel wrote between June 3 and July 4, 1743, following an adaptation of an earlier libretto of William Congreve.* During the interim of its completion and production, February 10, 1744, Handel had remained in London, beset by illness, financial problems, and old antagonisms. In fact the cabal against him and the attitude of society really was responsible for the failure of the work. If "Semele" had a rather vapid plot, nevertheless, Handel did endow it with some glorious airs—"Where'er You Walk," "Now Love, the Everlasting Boy," and "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me." From beginning to end it is Handel at his lyric best.

The plot concerns the old Greek legend of Jupiter's love for Semele, daughter of King Cadmus, Juno's ensuing jealousy, and the vengeance she wreaks upon the hapless Semele. The aria on this evening's program occurs at the close of the second act, and is sung by Semele when she realizes that as Juno has been left for her, she may one day also be forsaken.

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

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

"Der Freischütz," 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 Freischütz" 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 Rich-

* William Congreve (1670–1729) English dramatist and greatest master of English comedy; best known for his three successes, *The Old Bachelor, Love for Love,* and *The Way of the World.* Like most English dramatists of the eighteenth century he was intrigued by Italian opera and was associated with VanBrugh in the opening of the new Haymarket Theater with a translation of the Italian pastoral (which Colly Cibber terms "an Opera") "The Temple of Love" or "The Loves of Ergasto." He even attempted something of like nature with his libretto, "Semele," written in 1707. The first issue of a literary magazine, *The Muses Mercury,* contains the following announcement of this work—"The opera, Semele, for which we are indebted to Mr. Congreve, is set by Mr. Eccles and is ready to be practiced." However, we are unable to note any record of its performance. The libretto was published later, in 1710, in the third volume of his works.

ard Wagner, who declared that Weber's music, particularly "Der Freischütz," 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!

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 thunderclouds.

Aria: Hark! it is a footstep, my ears do not deceive me, something appears! '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.

Aria: "Depuis le jour" ("Louise") . . . . . CHARPENTIER

Gustave Charpentier was born at Dieuze, June 25, 1860.

Charpentier's opera "Louise" was produced for the first time, February 2, 1900, at the Opéra Comique, Paris. The composer wrote the text, many of its situations having been derived from his own experiences when he lived in an attic in Montmarte.

The story of the work is concerned with Louise, the daughter of a French working man, who loves and is loved by Julien, a young poet. The parents do not regard the man favorably, and they refuse their consent to a marriage. In spite of this obstacle Julien continues his pursuit of Louise, who, intoxicated partly by love and partly by the vista of the joy and the gay bohemianism of the city that the companionship with Julien will bring to her, leaves the drab life of her parents' home and casts her lot with the poet.

"Depuis le jour" is sung by Louise in the third act of the opera as she stands with her lover, Julien, in the garden of the little house on the Butte de Montmarte.

The text, freely translated from the French, is as follows:

From the day I gave myself to love my destiny has been florescent. I seem to be dreaming under a magic sky. My soul still thrills to your first kiss. Life has become a thing of beauty and I am happy as love covers me protectingly with his wings. Joy sings in the garden of my heart. All around me is laughter, light, and happiness. I still tremble with ecstasy at the memory of that first day of love.

Legend: "The Return of Lemminkäinen" . . . . . SIBELIUS

Jean Sibelius was born in Tavastehus, Finland, December 8, 1865.

Sibelius is, without doubt, the outstanding symphonist of the present day. The symphonic scepter has been handed from Beethoven through Brahms, to him. His position in the history of music is still curiously unsettled, however. He has won the esteem of the few and the approbation of the many, and it is this disconcerting ambiguity of aspect that has been responsible for the attitude of noncommittal reserve which musical criticism has maintained toward his art. It has not, as yet, dared to appraise him. The public seems to be curious rather than genuinely interested in his output; it has been suspicious without dislike; aware of a new music, without any great enthusiasm or open hostility.

One reason for the growing approval of his works today, aside from their intrinsic and appealing beauty, is that in this age of conflicting opinions and ideals, and styles of "isms" and "ologies," he is a haven for the most divergent and contrary forces. His idiom makes it impossible to classify him either as a modernist or a traditionalist; he is neither deliberately modern nor studiedly archaic. He is just enough of each to offer a refuge to the "modern conservatives," who hear in his voice an echo of Brahms in his graver and more austere moments; or of Tchaikovsky in his more melancholy vein. On the other hand, he is modern enough in his disrespect for established precedent to interest the "con-

servative modern." Sibelius is really an almost isolated phenomenon. He seems to belong to a different race, a different age, whether to the past or to the future it is difficult to say.

But this much must be said of his music. It bears the imprint of a powerful and independent personality, evincing a comprehensive mentality unrestrained by historical precedent and uncomplicated by aesthetic preconceptions. His style is proudly restrained for the most part, and, in general, cursory, compact, and pithy, although often relieved by genuinely tender moments, without the slightest presence of sentimental ostentation.

Much has been said of the nationalistic nature of Sibelius' music. It is true that he is the first composer to attract the attention of the world to his native Finland as a musical nation. His relation to his native land expresses itself in that "intangible something" which is evident in every phrase he writes. Mr. Watson Lyle in an article in the *Musical Quarterly* for October, 1927, describes this ephemeral quality which many sense in his music.

> . . . a composer of nationalistic expression, an ideal that concurs with its abiding love for lakes, canals, islands and mists, and miles upon miles of forests alternating with stretches of marsh, and flat wastes of the country that is homeland to him. He has an unusual ability for translating into terms of music these natural features of the countryside—the shimmering waters, the strange echoes in the forests, the bird calls, and the depressions emotionally conjured by the desolation of areas of wasteland, and the ghostly veiling of objects by mist and fog. In fact it is by *emotional suggestion* quite as much as by musical realism, that his art becomes an expression of his country, and the psychology, the prevailing sadness that is a legacy of hundreds of years of oppression of his country by more powerful nations.

But his art transcends the limitations of nationality. He is national, racial, and universal at the same time; and his universality is being sensed slowly. His way to popularity is steadily but surely clearing, but like Brahms he will find general acceptance only with time. The seriousness and sobriety of his art, the solidity of its content, the absence of externals, make no bid for immediate popularity. His music stands or falls entirely on the enduring qualities of its expression. Only future years will determine how enduring that expression is.

"The Reds behave like beasts. All educated people are in danger of their lives. Murder upon murder. Soon, no doubt, my hour will come, for I must be especially hateful to them as a composer of patriotic music," wrote Sibelius in his diary in January, 1918. Fate has been persistent in involving Jean Sibelius in great soul-stirring catastrophies. As a young musician, he was an artistic rebel determined upon Finnish freedom, politically as well as artistically, and was involved in Finland's emancipation in the 1890's. The world war of 1914-18 found him as staunch and bravely chauvinistic as ever in the face of impending

doom. And today, at the close of a long life full of great artistic achievements and deep concern for his native land, the old patriarch refuses to leave his unfortunate country in her need and writes on in the midst of her greatest disaster. Sibelius' faith in humanity has been subjected to the severest test, but he has never lost that faith. In these disjointed times full of disillusion and cynicism, Sibelius offers us the rare but thrilling spectacle of a man who has created a noble structure in his art—a structure that has come from the grand line of his long life. His music is triumphant, and the harmony he has won in the hard battle of life he transmits to his art, where he has given to the world a much-needed state of spiritual serenity, optimism, and repose.

In 1893, Sibelius, collaborating with the author J. H. Erkko, attempted to write an opera. The text was to be taken from Lonnrots' *Kaleva*, a famous collection of legends and folklore, and the title of the work was to be "Veneen Luominen" or "The Building of the Boat." The work was never finished—in fact its completion was discouraged by friends of Sibelius, who were more experienced in opera than he. The very beautiful and well-known "Swan of Tuonela," originally intended as the prelude, became one in a suite of four "Legends" for orchestra. The legends, all derived from the "Kalevala" which made up this suite, were titled: I. Lemminkainen and the Maidens," II. "Lemminkainen in Tuonela," III. "The Swan of Tuonela," IV. "The Return of Lemminkainen." The last two "Legends" were later revised and now exist as tone poems. They were the only ones to reach publication.

The basis of the "Return of Lemminkainen" is a passage in the "Kalevala" which relates the hero's return to his native land after an unsuccessful expedition against Pohjola, the land of the north.

Then the lively Lemminkainen
From his cares constructed horses
Coursers black composed from trouble,
Reins from evil days he fashioned,
Saddles from his secret sorrows,
Then his horse's back he mounted,
On his white-front courser mounted,
And he rode upon his journey.

To quote from Cecil Gray—"The thematic material of 'The Return of Lemminkainen' consists of tiny scraps and fragments, tossed about from one group of instruments to another, which are gradually and progressively welded together into an organic whole as the work proceeds—a method of construction peculiarly characteristic of Sibelius's later style which makes its appearance here for the first time. . . . The most remarkable feature of the work, perhaps, is the degree of restraint and the economy of instrumental means employed to produce an effect of tremendous tension and energy which never slackens for a single moment. The full forces of the orchestra are held in check throughout with an iron hand until the very end, when they are unleashed in a great triumphant fanfare of exceptional brilliance."

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 10

Two Chorale Preludes . . . . . JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme

(Transcribed for orchestra by Eugene Ormandy)

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 Thüringer 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 a church choir 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 in 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. 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 come to him yet.

Certainly masterpieces were never so naïvely 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. 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 profound religious sincerity of Bach, finding its most direct, complete, and unending expression in the Lutheran Chorale, manifested itself from his first composition as a youth, of a single exercise on a chorale melody, to the time, when in the very shadow of death, he dictated to his son-in-law his last work, in the musical form which had been most congenial to him. He ended his earthly labors with *Vor Deinen Thron tret' ich* ("I come before Thy throne"). So, at the very end of his life, he sought, through the Chorale, to bid farewell to earth, and this he did with an expression of exquisite peace and trust.

Charles Hubert Parry,* writing of Bach and the Chorale, says:

The hold which the German chorales kept upon Bach from first to last is the most

* Charles H. Parry, *Johann Sebastian Bach.* New York: G. P. Putnam's, 1907.

significant token of the depth and steadfast earnestness of his nature, and the warmth and sensitiveness of his imagination. The strange love of symbolism which was deeply engrained in him made him feel them to be the embodiments of the religious sentiments which were expressed by the words of the hymns with which they were associated; and when he harmonized them or adorned them with all the subtlety of his art in the forms of "organ chorales," "chorale preludes," "chorale fantasias," "chorale fugues," "chorale variations" he was moved to give expression to the feelings of reverence and devotion which the hymns embodied. In the finest of his compositions in these forms the exquisite skill and sensibility with which he adorned the tunes was no vain display of artistic ingenuities, but the revelation of the deepest workings of his nature, the very musings of his inmost soul. This is apparent even in his unique treatment of the final chorales in the cantatas—where he presents a harmonization of so strange and unconventional a kind that no other composer has ever had the temerity to venture on anything approaching it.

Such work is only possible under special conditions, when the man and the moment are consonant. Bach represented a phase of religious expression in music which cannot recur. All the finest qualities of Teutonic devotionalism and mysticism found their expression in him. Untroubled by the speculations of later philosophy, the central story of Christianity was to him a supreme and vivid reality, and constantly aroused in him the purest and noblest sentiments of which man is capable. And indeed such sentiments as trust, adoration, wonder, hope, humility, gratitude, contrition, submission, self-abasement, and ideal love are most apt to be expressed in music. His imagination dwelt on the story of the supreme sacrifice and loved to meditate on the incidents of the life of one for whom he felt a personal devotion. And these meditations are represented in his chorale preludes and works of that type, as though his mind wandered quietly on and the music welled out as the spirit moved him, kept just within the bounds of necessary artistic coherence by the presence of the sacred symbol of the chorale tune.

O Mensch, bewein dein Sünde gross ("O man, bewail thy grievous sin") is taken from the Orgelbüchlein.†

The original tune was written by Matthäus Greitter (1500–1552) and its text by Sebaldus Heyden (1494-1561). It tells of the perfidy of man that allowed the betrayal of Christ. The moment which tested the loyalty of His friends, intimates, and disciples, proved their courage failing, and He, sinless and betrayed, had not so much as one friend left to comfort Him. The music summons the mind to concentrate itself on this poignant episode, and it expresses the kind of pain that comes to the mind when something happens which

† The *Orgelbüchlein*: This little collection was begun by Bach during his residence in Cöthen (1717-23). It consists of short movements for the organ based on chorales. The "Orgelchoral" (Organ chorale) was a small movement, merely taking a tune in its complete form straight through, and arranging it with parts in instrumental style, which emphasize the expression of the time or words to which it belonged, by all the subtlest devices of harmonization and figure and ornamental devices. The work was incomplete but contained forty-six movements.

transcends man's power to estimate and express. It is truly said that, with the chorale, Bach unlocked his heart. It was with this same tune, developed as a great fantasia for chorus and orchestra, that Bach closed the first part of his St. Matthew Passion.

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme ("Sleepers awake, a voice is calling") was originally written by Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608) and forms the first of Bach's six "Schübler Chorales." *

No doubt the exceptional warmth and beauty of this work arose from the fact that the poem was particularly congenial and suggestive to Bach. The idea of the virgins of allegory participating in the welcome of the Heavenly Bridegroom inspired him to one of his most beautiful and melodious moments. The suggestion of a dance tune for the procession of the betrothed and the attendant maidens creates a grace and charm of movement that is suggestive of Botticelli.

Songs by the Young People's Festival Chorus †

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair . . . . . Stephen Foster

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air;
I see her tripping where the light streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er:
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

I long for Jeanie with the day-dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile;
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing 'round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die;
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for the lost one that comes not again:
I long for Jeanie and my heart bows low
Nevermore to find her where the bright waters flow.

I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts, 'round her native glade;

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* *Sechs Chorale von verschiedener Art auf einer Orgel nicht zwei Clavieren und Pedal vorzuspielen, verfertiget von J. S. Bach.* The word chorale as here used is unenlightening to people who are not German Lutherans. They are a group of chorale preludes and chorale fantasias which in the majority of cases are transfers or arrangements from movements in cantatas.

† Orchestrated by Marion McArtor, University School of Music.

Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.
Now the nodding wild flowers may wither on the shore
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more:
I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

Spinning Song . . . German Folk Song arranged by ASLANOFF

"Spin, spin, my little daughter, I'll buy thee a hat!"
"Nay, nay, my dearest mother, I care not for that.
I cannot spin longer, for see my poor finger,
It gives me such pain!"

"Spin, spin, my little daughter, red ribbons shall be thine!"
"Nay, nay, my dearest mother, for me they're too fine.
I cannot spin longer, for see my poor finger,
It gives me such pain!"

"Spin, spin, my little daughter, new shoes thou shalt have!"
"Nay, nay, my dearest mother, no shoes do I crave."
"Spin, spin, my little daughter, shalt choose thee a gown!"
"Nay, nay, my dearest mother, I'll none in this town!"

"Spin, spin, my little daughter, a husband shalt find!"
"Yes, yes, my dearest mother, that's more to my mind!
Now, now to be spinning all day I am willing,
My finger is healing and gone is my pain!"

Star Lullaby . Polish Folk Song arranged by BRYCESON TREHARNE

Lullaby, my little one, sleepily gazing
Out where a star glitters, bright and amazing!
Little one, sleepy one, come now and wander
Far in the star-country, glimmering yonder!

Here comes a star and here is another!
Watch while I point to them, count them with mother!
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven of them showing,
How many stars are there, sparkling and glowing.

Here is a white star, a red one, a blue one,
This one is golden and there is a new one!
Now they are everywhere, stars beyond number;
Lullaby, my little one, quietly slumber.
Lullaby, by, by.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot . . . . . Negro Spiritual

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home!

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home?
A band of angels, comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home!

If you get there before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Jess tell my frien's that I'se acomin' too,
Comin' for to carry me home!

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Comin' for to carry me home!

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home!

En passant par la Lorraine . . . . . Tiersot

En passant par la Lorraine, Avec mes sabots,
Rencontrai trois capitaines, Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh!Oh!Oh! Avec mes sabots.

Rencontrai trois capitaines, Avec mes sabots,
Ils m'ont appelé vilaine, Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh!Oh!Oh! Avec mes sabots.

Je ne suis pas si vilaine, Avec mes sabots,
Puisque le fils du rois m'aime, Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh!Oh!Oh! Avec mes sabots,

Il m'a donné pour Etienne, Avec mes sabots,
Un bouquet de marjolaine, Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh!Oh!Oh! Avec mes sabots.

S'il fleurit, je serai reine, Avec mes sabots,
S'il y meurt, je perds ma peine, Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh!Oh!Oh! Avec mes sabots.

English translation:

As I wandered through Lorraine, I wore my wooden shoes,
As I wandered through Lorraine, I wore my wooden shoes,
Captains three showed me disdain, I wore my wooden shoes again,
Tra la la la! Wore my wooden shoes.

They called out that I was plain, I wore my wooden shoes,
They called out that I was plain, I wore my wooden shoes,
I am not so very plain, I wore my wooden shoes again,
Tra la la la! Wore my wooden shoes.

I am not so very plain, I wore my wooden shoes.
I am not so very plain, I wore my wooden shoes,
For the prince is now my swain, I wore my wooden shoes again,
Tra la la la! Wore my wooden shoes.

This bouquet from his domain, I wore my wooden shoes again,
This bouquet from his domain, I wore my wooden shoes again,
Is his gift which I have ta'en, I wore my wooden shoes again,
Tra la la la! Wore my wooden shoes.

If it blossoms I shall reign, I wore my wooden shoes,
If it blossoms I shall reign, I wore my wooden shoes,
If it dies, my hopes are vain, I wore my wooden shoes again,
Tra la la la! Wore my wooden shoes.

The Santa Fé Trail Symphony No. 1 . . . . HARL MCDONALD

Mr. McDonald was born near Boulder, Colorado, July 27, 1899; now living in Philadelphia.

The annotator is indebted to Mr. McDonald for the following autobiographical sketch:

I was born on my father's cattle ranch in the high Rockies above Boulder, Colorado. I grew up in southern California, but having no particular talent for the life of a rancher, I decided to become a musician. Every member of my large family played at least one instrument; and my mother, who was an excellent musician, gave me my early training. Piano practice began at the age of four; dictation, harmony, etc., came a year or two later; and I started composition at the age of seven. I have played a number of instruments at various times—the horn in several orchestras, the violin a little. I have been organist and choirmaster in any number of churches; have toured as accompanist with several vocalists and violinists, and I have had quite a lot of experience as a piano-recitalist in various sections of the country.

In addition to study with many American teachers, I had a period of study in Germany. There, in 1922, I heard my first Symphonic Fantasy, *Mojave*, played by the Berlin Orchestra. Before that time I had done a Mass (1916), a String Quartet (1917), a Piano Concerto (1919), a Ballet Suite (1920), and many small works for instruments and voice. The above works have all had several performances, from which I learned a good deal.

Since that time, I have been teaching composition, and sometimes piano, in several schools. I am now occupied with my work in the University of Pennsylvania, where I teach composition and conduct the choral organizations.

During the past six years, my compositions included two string trios; another string quartet; a set of variations for orchestra; a Rhapsody for orchestra; a suite for dramatic

soprano and strings; St. Luke's version of the Crucifixion, for double chorus; a *Te Deum* for chorus and wind instruments; a suite for orchestra, *Festival of the Workers*, which Mr. Stokowski performed last year; and the usual assortment of small works.

Between 1930 and 1933, I did some research work in collaboration with two electrical engineers and a physicist. This work, in the field of measurement of instrumental and vocal tone, new scale-divisions and resultant harmonies, the recording and transmission of tone, etc., was done under a Rockefeller grant, and will, I hope, result in a book on music theory.

* * *

The *Santa Fé Trail* is a program symphony in three movements.

As a small boy in the Southwest, I heard many of the old men describe their experiences in the early days when they came to the new country. Coming, as many of them did, from the orderly and restricted life of New England, this first plunge into a brutal, uncaring existence was a terrifying experience. From small communities in which the welfare of every individual was a matter of concern to all, they marched forward to a world in which their lives were held by a precariously small margin, and death was frequently attended only by buzzards and coyotes. With few words and long periods of silence, they painted pictures so vivid that they must remain clear in my mind as long as I live. My purpose in this work is to recreate in tone something of the spirit and experiences of these pioneers.

* * *

First Movement

Across the face of the great plain of infinite sweep moves a group of tiny figures. Surveyed from a distance, one would hardly be conscious that they move at all, so slight is their progress from day to day. A cloud of dust hangs over them, partly concealing their advance, making breathing an agony, and red-rimming their eyes. By night they shiver under insufficient blankets, and by day their lips and faces are blistered by the sun and alkali dust. It seems to many of the group that they have always been a part of this dust-cloud moving westward, and occasionally they speculate on their chances of ever escaping it.

An exclamation focuses every unbelieving eye upon the dim outline of distant mountains, and weeks of weary plodding are forgotten in the new impatience to reach the Spanish settlements. The excitement is climaxed when they reach the crest of the first range, and gaze in ecstasy at the panorama which is unfolded before them. Behind them the desert sleeps on, undisturbed.

This movement opens *Molto andante* (the Desert), and leads to an *Allegro risoluto* (the Mountains—rejuvenated hopes), becoming again *Molto andante.*

* * *

Second Movement

(*The Spanish Settlements*)

This movement (an *Allegro scherzando*, with a Trio, *Molto moderato*, Hispanic-Jota patterns) reflects the spirit of the life in the Spanish settlements, where the

explorers come upon a kind of life which is beyond their comprehension. At first these cold men of the North and East are only dimly aware of the gaiety and indolence of the Hispanic life, but soon it becomes the pulse of their existence.

* * *

THIRD MOVEMENT

(*The Wagon-Trains of the Pioneers*)

Although these men accept a part in the gay and lazy life of their Spanish brothers, they are dominated by driving energy which is their Northern heritage. Their freight and trading companies open the Santa Fé Trail to the hordes sweeping westward. These people, driven on by a colossal urge to dominate the Western world, fighting to retain their hold on all they touch, tragic in their loneliness when they are defeated, yet never admitting defeat, now begin to take root in their new world. The militant spirit of the older group gives way in their sons to a feeling of true kinship with the land. The original burst of ecstasy which the pioneers experienced on first viewing this land becomes a more substantial love of country. With a spirit of gaiety replacing the awful monotony in the lives of the pioneers, their sons carry on with undimmed vigor.

This third movement, *Allegro moderato e vigorosamente*, is built on several subjects, and represents the many influences—Hispanic, Nordic, and American Indian—that combined to build the spirit and substance of the Southwest. In this movement I have carried to completion the principal subject of the first movement, and while there is a considerable interplay of thematic material in the three movements, I have given more thought to the sequence of emotional states than to any purely technical devices of structure.

My primary aim has been to make this work, so far as possible, American in treatment as well as subject-matter.

Concerto No. 4 in G major, Op. 58, for Piano and Orchestra

BEETHOVEN

Allegro moderato; Andante con moto; Rondo.
Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, December 16, 1770; he died in Vienna, March 26, 1827.

Various dates are given by different authorities for the year in which this concerto was composed. Nottebohn names the year 1805, while Schindler believes it was written the year before. However, in July, 1806, Beethoven, writing to Breitkopf and Härtel, said: "I inform you that my brother is traveling to Leipzig on business connected with his chancery, and is taking with him a pianoforte score of my oratorio, the overture to 'Fidelio,' and a new pianoforte concerto." The work is dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph, and was first presented in public at the Theater an der Wien, December 22, 1808, although it had been heard previously at a private subscription concert at the residence of Prince Lobkowitz. Sir George Grove writes as follows:

The concerto remained for many years comparatively unknown. Between the less difficult C minor (No. 3) and the more imposing E flat (No. 5) it was overlooked, and strange as it may seem, ran the risk of being forgotten. Its revival was due to Mendelssohn, who seized the opportunity of his appointment as conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, to bring forward this and many another fine composition which had been unjustly allowed to remain in the shade. Schumann has preserved the following little memorandum of the performance, which took place on the 3rd of November, 1836:

> This day Mendelssohn played the G major Concerto of Beethoven with a power and finish that transported us all. I received a pleasure from it such as I have never enjoyed; and I sat in my place without moving a muscle or even breathing —afraid of making the least noise!

It was first performed in England, during Beethoven's lifetime, at the Philharmonic concert of the 7th of March, 1825, by Mr. Ciprani Potter, himself almost a pupil of the great composer. After this it lay dormant until the 26th of April, 1847, when it was played by Mendelssohn, also at a Philharmonic concert, amid the greatest applause, partly excited, it is fair to say, by the magnificent extempore cadenza which he introduced, and which to those who were in the secret, was all the more extraordinary because it was entirely different from two cadenzas, also extempore 2, which he had inserted at the rehearsal on the Saturday previous.

The Concerto is written in three movements.

I. Allegro moderato, G major, 4-4 time. The opening movement begins with the principal subject put forward by the piano, the orchestral Exposition, peculiar to the classic concerto, following it. The solo instrument then re-enters and the subjects are set forth in the manner usually adopted by the composers of works in the sonata form.

II. Andante con moto, E minor, 2-4 time. "This movement," says Sir George Grove, "is one of the most original and imaginative things that ever fell from the pen of Beethoven or of any other musician. The strings of the orchestra alone are employed, but they maintain throughout, a dialogue with the piano in alternate phrases of the most dramatic character—the orchestra in octaves, forte and staccato, fierce and rude; the piano, employing but one string, molto cantabile, molto espressivo, as winning, soft, beseeching as ever was the human voice."

The Andante leads to the

III. Rondo, G major, opening with its principal subject in the orchestra, pianissimo, and answered by the solo instrument in a more florid version of the theme. The second subject is first heard in the piano. The thematic material is then brilliantly developed.

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 10

Suite for Strings from Opus 5 . . . . . CORELLI

Arcangelo Corelli was born near Milan, February 17, 1653; died in Rome, January 8, 1713.

Arcangelo Corelli can claim a double distinction in the history of musical art. As a great violinist in his day, he laid a firm foundation for the future development of the technique of violin playing; and, as a composer, he materially advanced the progress of composition. Being a thorough master of the art of playing the violin, everything he wrote as a composer for the instrument grew quite naturally out of its inherent nature. He recognized all the expressive possibilities of the violin as a solo instrument, but more important than this, he revealed to the next generation of composers, the use that could be made of it in the orchestra. In his chamber sonatas and concerti grossi, he was the founder of the style on which the future development of orchestral writing for this instrument was to be based.

His great reputation as a composer and performer made him especially desirable to princes and cardinals, and he soon became a favorite in the highest Roman society. As the chief musician of Cardinal Ottoboni, he conducted the famous weekly concerts in the Cardinal's palace, where the musical elect not only of Rome, but of all Europe congregated. Amsterdam, Antwerp, Paris, and London, as well as Rome, published his works, and his fame as a teacher drew talent from all countries to benefit from his instruction. At his death, he left to Cardinal Ottoboni, under whose patronage he had remained for the greater part of his life, a quarter of a million dollars and a valuable collection of paintings. The possession of the paintings one can understand, for Corelli was on intimate terms of friendship with such eminent painters as Cignani and Maratti, but for a composer to end a Croesus is another claim to historical significance.

Corelli wrote five collections of a dozen "Suonati" (in reality short suites), for two violins and continuo, and it is from one of these collections published in folio at Rome in 1700 (Op. 5), that the movements opening tonight's program were taken.

Blonda's Aria from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" . . MOZART
(Elopement from the Seraglio)

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.

In 1776, Joseph II of Austria created in Vienna a court and national theater, which reached an unprecedented height of excellence, and became a center of serious literary interests. Joseph looked upon the theater as an important means of national cultivation, and from the time when it joined in the struggle which ended in the triumph of German literature and art over buffoonery and extemporized pieces, the best authors of the day wrote for it with the avowed object of improving taste and aiding the spread of culture.

Literary criticism, too, soon joined the Crusade, and, freed by the introduction of the liberty of the press, turned its attention to the drama and aimed to enlighten the general reader on the quality of the entertainment afforded him by the author and the actor. In this way, a public was educated without reference to rank or order, and the poet or musician could make his appeal as an independent artist, instead of ministering, as previously, exclusively to the entertainment of his patron. In the spirit in which he had founded the national theater, Joseph II abolished the spectacular ballet and the Italian opera and had instituted a "National Vaudeville" as he called the German opera.

Mozart had just suffered such indignity and insult at the hands of his inconsiderate patron, the Archbishop of Salzburg, that he had been forced to withdraw from his services. Without a permanent position and with the curious desire to write opera, he looked to Vienna with hope and enthusiasm. A fitting career stood open for him here, and he wanted nothing more than to prove his power in this branch of his art. The Emperor himself was evidently anxious to give Mozart an opportunity of trying his powers as a German operatic composer. The composition of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" was made then by Mozart in deference to a desire on the part of Emperor Joseph to found a national German opera. The particular situation which gave rise to this work was the proposed visit of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, who was expected to visit Vienna in September, 1781. Mozart was commissioned to have his opera ready for the festivities that were to take place on that occasion. It was already the last day of July when the composer received his text from the librettist Stephanie, inspector of the Vienna Opera. Mozart wrote to his father on August 18:

FOURTH CONCERT

Yesterday young Stephanie gave me a book for composition. It is very good, the subject is Turkish, and it is called "Belmont and Constance," or "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" . . . The time is short, certainly, for it is to be performed in the middle of September, but the attendant circumstances will be all the more favorable. And indeed, everything combines to raise my spirits, so that I hasten to my writing table with the greatest eagnerness, and it is with difficulty that I tear myself away.

The first act was finished August 22, but, at the beginning of the following month, word was received that the Grand Duke would not visit Vienna until November. When he did arrive Mozart's opera was put aside to make room for productions of Gluck's "Alceste" and "Iphigenia." Discouraged, Mozart made no attempt to finish his opera, and when the Duke appeared on the scene, it was still unfinished, and remained so until the spring of the following year.

The Viennese court was dominated by Italian influences, and, in spite of his chauvinistic intentions, Joseph preferred Italian music to that of any other nation, and the principal positions in his court were held by musicians who came to Vienna from the south. Yet Joseph II perceived, even if he did not fully understand, the astonishing genius of Mozart. And the Italian musicians perceived that genius too; and every impediment was put by them in the path of its exploitation. It required the express command of the Emperor to overcome the cabals of Salieri and his followers, and to bring "Die Entführung" to its just performance, July 16, 1782.

The results were beyond all expectations. "The house was crammed full, there was no end of applause and cheering and performances followed one another in quick succession," wrote Mozart in one of his letters. A second performance was given three days later. "Can you believe it," wrote the composer to his father, "that the opposition was even stronger than on the first evening. The whole first act was drowned, but they could not prevent the bravos after every song." In this letter Mozart records the fact that "the theatre was almost more crowded than on the first. The day before not a seat was to be had." The general verdict was overwhelmingly in favor of Mozart and was a justification of the Emperor's hope of founding a German opera. Yet the imperial amateur was not quite sure that his hopes had been realized. "Too fine for our ears, and an immense number of notes, my dear Mozart," he said to the composer. Mozart's reply was worthy of an artist—"Just as many notes, Your Majesty, as are necessary." From Vienna the fame of the new work traveled with great speed. It was given at Prague with enormous success in 1783,* in Leipzig the same year, in Mannheim, Cassel, and on numberless other stages.

"Die Entführung" caught the public fancy, because German sentiment, emotion, and disposition found expression for the first time at the hands of an artist. Mozart had in truth established German opera.

"I think I may venture to lay down," said von Weber, "that in the 'Entführung' Mozart's artist experience came to maturity, and that his experience of the world alone was to lead him to further efforts. The world might look for several operas from him like 'Figaro' and 'Don Juan,' but with the best will possible he could only write one 'Entführung.' I seem to perceive in it what the happy years of youth are to every man; their bloom never returns, and the extirpation of their defects carries with it some charms which can never be recovered."

The story of the opera is concerned with the loves of Constance and Belmont. The former, together with her maid Blondchen (Blonda), and Pedrillo, the servant of Belmont, are captured by corsairs and sold as slaves to the Turkish pasha, Selim, who takes Constance for himself and gives Blondchen to his overseer, Osmin. Pedrillo, who is ordered to work in the garden, contrives to send news of their misfortunes to his master. Meanwhile, the pasha seeks vainly to gain the affections of his captive, whose fidelity to Belmont is not to be shaken. Disguised as an artist, Belmont enters the pasha's villa, and he, together with his companions, endeavors to escape from the seraglio. All four are recaptured and brought before the pasha. Constance boldly explains that Belmont is her lover, and that she will die with him rather than leave him. Selim, overcome by emotion, retires to consider what is to be done, and the prisoners prepare for death. The pasha touched, however, by such constancy, gives them their freedom, and, providing them with the means of return to their own country, asks only their friendship as reward.

Blonda's aria occurs at the beginning of Act II. In it she rebukes Osmin, the pasha's attendant, for his rude wooing.

A free translation and condensation of the Aria, which on this occasion is sung in French, follows: "When courtship is beginning, tenderness and kindness will win a gentle maiden. Love cannot prosper on rudeness, vexing and chiding."

Aria: "Caro nome" from "Rigoletto" . . . . . VERDI

"Rigoletto" may be classified as the starting point of Verdi's second stage of development. In this work he seemed to have turned definitely away from the type of "carnival operas" of which "Ernani" is the best, to a more serious and substantial style exemplified in "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata,"

* Niemetschek, writing of the performance in Prague, later said, "I cannot describe the applause and sensation which it excited at Vienna from my own observation, but I was a witness of the enthusiasm with which it was received at Prague by connoisseurs and non-connoisseurs. It made what one had hitherto heard and known appear not to be music at all! Everyone was transported—amazed at the novel harmonies, and at the original passages for the woodwinds."

works which gave Verdi a permanent place in the roster of composers of Italian opera. From the date of the first performance of "Rigoletto" (1851) until his death, his career was one of cumulative triumph, both in popular favor and in recognition of artistic merit.

If in "Rigoletto" we do not see the Verdi of "Aïda" or "Otello" we meet a greater composer than the creator of "Il Trovatore." If on the dramatic side we discover lapses from logical development and coherent statement, on the musical side we discover fully as much that is prophetic of the higher flights of later years as that which is reminiscent of points of view he had outgrown.

The aria, "Caro nome," is sung by Gilda at the end of Act I, just after the duke in the disguise of a young student has left her in the garden. With his name upon her lips, she sings of her love, and swears eternal faithfulness to him.

Poème, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 25 . . . . . CHAUSSON

Ernest Chausson was born in Paris, January 21, 1855, and died at Lumay, June 10, 1899.

Ernest Chausson was a pupil of Massenet at one time, but it was through his contact with, and training under, César Franck that he obtained not only his refined methods of expression and solid structural style, but also his larger gravity and more spacious outlook upon art. In French music he remains a rather unique phenomenon. Akin to Franck in his spiritual aspiration and mystically rapturous expression, there is also a deep tone of passionate melancholy and ardent sensuousness that is truly Wagnerian, and yet no one wrote music of greater purity than he. The late-lamented Lawrence Gilman, in his program notes for the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra for March 22, 1938, wrote of Chausson:

> But there is in the music of Chausson something that came there straight from the heart and mind of the man himself. It is a truly individual quality—an authentically personal touch: a mood, a spiritual and emotional hue, that is unmistakable. This special quality in Chausson's work is a curious thing, for which one can find no precise analogue in music. It is compounded of tenderness, ardor and complete sincerity. If one could blend something of the elevation and fervor of César Franck, the sensibility of Schumann, the sincerity of Brahms the lyricist, a complex not unlike the musical personality of Chausson would emerge. He seems really to have been both singularly tender and what Pièrre de Breville called "noble." It takes a truly noble soul to endure that epithet; yet when Monsieur de Breville says of Chausson's music that it is "always affectionate," that "it is saying constantly the word cher"; and when he adds that indisposing sentence about Chausson's heart "beating only for noble thoughts," you may wince a little in commiseration for the gentle, brooding ghost of the dead composer, but you must own that there is a good deal in his music that justifies these ascriptions.

"Chausson," said Camille Mauclair, in his *Souvenirs sur Ernest Chausson*, "impressed one as a man of the world, wholly without ostentation, amiable, cheerful,

serene. His life was happy. He had a charming wife and five beautiful children. He was rich; his house was a marvel of taste and a treasury of art; he loved books and pictures and collected, before they had become fashionable, canvases by Degas, Besnard, Puvis and Carrière." But the amiable, fortunate, worldly Chausson, the rich composer, was not the essential man nor the essential artist. These outward traits masked a painful shyness, modesty, sensitiveness, and depth of feeling. His air of contented well-being, says Mauclair, dissembled "une âme douloureusement émue de la souffrance humaine." He was devout and a mystic, with a high and clear conception of the necessity for pitying the tragic human soul. He was a compassionate humanitarian, a dreamer; and he had many of those elements which, Lord Dunsany has told us, go to the making of poetry: "For what is it to be a poet? It is to see at a glance the glory of the world, to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations, to feel ugliness like a pain, to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own, to know mankind as others know single men, to know nature as botanists know a flower, to be thought a fool, to hear at moments the clear voice of God."

A large order: if Chausson had come up to even half of those requirements he would have been a Bach or a Moussorgsky or a Wagner; and he was a long way from being in that class. But he had susceptibility and warmth of temperament and the priceless quality of genuine utterance. These things found a way into his music and speak out of it at times in beautiful and touching accents. Above all, you feel its compassionateness. From his preoccupation with a somewhat quaintly jeweled romanticism, its magicians and holy woods and spell-weaving enchantresses, its evocations of

> . . . . the sleep that is in pools
> Among great trees, and in the wings of owls,
> And under lovers' eyelids . . . . a world
> Where time is drowned in odor-laden winds
> And druid moons, and murmuring of boughs,
> And sleepy boughs, and boughs where apples made
> Of opal and ruby and pale chrysolite
> Awake unsleeping fires—

from this romantic world, the world of his King Arthur, of his symphonic poem Viviane, he turns, when he is most truly and memorably himself, to brood upon and express for us his sense of the infinite piteousness of life, of

> All things uncomely and broken, all things worn-out and old,
> The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
> The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry moul. . .

Chausson felt profoundly this pathos of unshapeliness and frustration; and there are moments in his music when you realize his impassioned desire to transmute these things into beauty and fulfillment and content; and at such moments his music has an extraordinary and endearing gentleness, and leaves its mark upon us.

The "Poème," for Violin and Orchestra, although free in form, is full of dark harmonies, contrasting moods, and glowing melody. The whole orchestral

fabric is so warm, so rich, and so opulent in its color overtones that it is not unlike a medieval tapestry with richly moving texture and varied hue. Jean Aubry has in fact described Chausson as "a soul from the Round table, from the time of elves, of water fays, of rides through legendary forests, of love lays and of attachments devoid of pretense, sustained upon ardor and respect." It was not by accident that Chausson made King Arthur the subject of his only stage work* or that his music has a twilight splendor, a legendary mist, and an opulent romanticism about it. Richly emotional as it is, the music here is saved from being excessive by its great and noble movement, its pure and serene flow, and its lucid and equable unfoldment. Above all, the music of Chausson is always intimate, personal, and humanly poignant.

Through his tragic and untimely death,† France lost one of her most cultivated and aristocratic artists.

Suite from the Ballet, "The Machine Man" . . . EUGENE ZADOR

Eugene Zador was born in Bátaszék, Hungary, 1895. Now living in New York.

Eugene Zador, a pupil of Max Reger at Leipzig, became in 1922 a professor of music at the Vienna Conservatory, and at the same time held a similar position at the Academy of Music at Budapest. In 1933 he was awarded the Hungarian National Grand Prize for a composition in chamber music. He has been living in New York the past spring and has expressed his intention of becoming an American citizen.

Mr. Zador has summarized the plot of his Ballet and has furnished the following explanation of his Suite:

A rich man has taken unto himself a young maiden as guarantee of the payment of arrears of her father's rent. A poor inventor, madly in love with the maiden, constructs a machine-man possessed of enormous power. This machine-man, crashing through gates, demolishing solid walls, overwhelming a thousand obstacles, recovers the maiden. Thereupon the inventor sets out to break up his creature's garment of steel. Behold, little Amor, god of love, is found nestling snugly inside the works of the machine. The discovery goes to show that the maiden was restored to her lover not through cold machine power, but through the glowing, live force of eternal love.

Fantastic, at times ludicrous, as the story is, it explains the mood of the music surging between depths of seriousness and heights of humor.

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* "Le Roi Arthur," an opera in three acts to a libretto of his own, was produced in Brussels, November 30, 1903.

† In the early days of June, 1899, Chausson was at his country house in Limay. He went for a bicycle ride and did not return. He was found at the bottom of a hill, with his head crushed against a wall.

I. *The Intermezzo* presents the sorrow of the penniless inventor at the loss of his beloved.

II. *The Auto-Ride* is a sound picture of the speeding, honking car as the rich abductor is rushing over hill and through dale with the maiden.

III. *The Waltz on the Lawn* is a burlesque, depicting the girl's father, who cannot pay his rent. He tries to entice the landlord into forgetting the debt by playing his accordion. Then the maiden flutters in to the dance, and the owner does forget the rent, but instead falls in love with the girl.

IV. *The Dance of the Machines* has for its scene the little shop of the inventor as it grows into a vast, humming factory, alive with the rumbling and clattering of conveyor belts, giant flywheels and little cogwheels, all laboring to construct the immense Machine-Man. Now the job is finished, and machines and parts all swing into a happy dance round and round the child of their labors.

Aria: "L'Amero saro costante" from "Il Rè pastore" . . MOZART

In April, 1775, the Archduke Maximilian, youngest son of Maria Theresa, and afterwards Archbishop of Cologne, having just left his sister Marie Antoinette in Paris, paid a visit to Salzburg. In honor of his arrival, the Archbishop of Salzburg arranged musical festivities, and Mozart, who was then in his employ, hurriedly composed a festival opera, "Il Rè pastore," for the occasion.

At the time, Mozart was only nineteen years of age, and the work, which in reality is more of a pastoral serenade than an opera, is a good example of his exquisite craftsmanship at this period, without having any greater significance. The arias are well written for the voice, and the instrumentation is clear, easy, and always exquisite. Although there are none of those later dramatic ventures one finds in a "Don Giovanni," the extreme simplicity and purity of the melody, the charming use of the wood-wind instruments, and the general poetic conception of the whole mark it one of Mozart's most ravishing works.

The libretto was by the famous eighteenth-century poet and opera librettist, Metastasio, and had already been used by Bonno, Sarti, Hasse, Jomelli, and Gluck.

The plot concerns the conquest of Sidon by Alexander the Great and the elevation to the throne, of Andalonymus, called by Metastasio Aminta. He has been reared by a poor shepherd, unaware that he is the son of the rightful king. Alexander has ordered him to marry Tamiri, the daughter of the tyrant king, Strabo, although Aminta really loves Elisa. Aminta returns the crown rather than renounce his love. This fidelity so moves Alexander that he permits the lovers to marry, and Aminta regains his throne.

The aria "L'Amero, saro costante," sung by Aminta, occurs in the second act. The part, it may be added, was written for the male soprano, Consoli. The orchestral accompaniment includes a violin solo, which is later used with beautiful effect as an obbligato to the vocal line.

Following is a free translation from Metastasio's text.

Aminta: "I will love her as a husband and as a lover forever. My heart beats for her alone. In such a treasure, I will find joy and peace without measure."

Aria: "Bell Song" from "Lakmé" . . . . . DELIBES

Clement Delibes was born February 21, 1836, at St. Germain-du-Val; died January 16, 1891, at Paris.

The apprentice years of Delibes' training were spent in work under the leading masters of the Conservatoire, which he entered in 1848. His journeyman stage dates from 1853, when he became connected with the Théâtre Lyrique, and officiated as organist at the Church of St. Jean et St. François. In 1855 he produced a brilliant operetta, and during the interim between that date and 1866 he evolved into the master. His greatest opera, "Lakmé," was produced in Paris in 1883, but before that he had written some clever and popular ballets which still maintain the boards.

The libretto of "Lakmé," written by Edward Condinet and Philippe Gille, was taken from a story, "Le Mariage de Loti," which appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue* in the 'eighties. This may be, but an opera, "Das Sonnenfest der Brahminen," given by Marinelli in 1780, traverses the same ground with a similarity of detail that indicates it as the source of the above-mentioned story.

The aria on tonight's program takes place at the beginning of Act II. Nilakantha, a Brahman priest, who hates the English invaders and resents their presence in India, is disguised as a beggar to discover who had ventured on the sacred ground near his temple and had spoken to his daughter, Lakmé. Lakmé is with him and is wearing the dress of a dancing girl. He orders her to sing, hoping that the Englishman will recognize her voice and betray himself.

The following is a free translation and condensation of the aria:

A lovely pariah maiden roams in the woods amid the tender-leaved mimosas, spread in the pale moonlight. Over the forest moss she flies, past the gleaming laurels, dreaming of fairyland, and laughing at the night. Within the deep and somber forest a youth has lost his way, and from the shadows wild beasts spring out upon him. The maiden flies to shield the stricken youth. And on her wand, the silver bells resound and wield a charm. In wonder they look at each other and he whispers, "Be blest and calm, I am Vishnu, the son of Brahm." And since that day is sometimes heard, stirred by a light low breeze, the silver bells, where came a charming maiden once amid the tender-leaved mimosas.

Symphony in D minor . . . . . FRANCK

Lento—Allegro non troppo; Allegretto; Allegro non troppo

César Franck was born December 10, 1822,
at Liège; died November 9, 1890, at Paris.

Dr. A. A. Stanley, in the *Libretto* for the Twenty-first May Festival, wrote thus of César Franck:

To be "in the world, yet not of the world," is an aspiration worthy of the highest manhood, but few there are, in any walk of life, who attain it. The record of César Franck's life must, however, be read in the light of all that is implied in this ideal and his ever-increasing influence can only thus be understood. He was a great teacher because of his singularly pure and noble character and his lovable disposition, as well as by virtue of an undoubted mastery of his art. His character inspired all who came under his instruction to better living; his lovable traits bound his students firmly to him, while his example and precept tended to enforce the end of technical mastery rather than the means, as such. His excessive modesty prevented him from asserting himself or demanding his rights, and his unobtrusiveness blinded many of his contemporaries to his real greatness. He was looked down upon and snubbed by his colleagues in the Conservatoire—most of whom were his inferiors—and was obliged to submit to insults which he resented but never paid in kind. But his pupils loved him and were loyal, because he gave them unreservedly of himself. Many of them have risen to distinction—Chausson, d'Indy, Duparc, etc. His own work was accomplished by giving up to composition hours stolen from sleep, and after the wearisome labor of the day—especially wearisome because he was obliged to eke out his livelihood by giving lessons to amateurs and to the young misses who strummed pianos in Parisian boarding schools. He was, therefore, one of those who reached the heights through the valley of tribulation. That he did reach great heights is shown by two works—"The Beatitudes," the finest oratorio that stands to the credit of France, and the symphony on our program.

Franck was fervently religious and emotional, and the mysticism of his nature and his music has often caused a comparison between him and his countryman, Maurice Maeterlinck. His most eminent pupil and disciple, Vincent d'Indy, wrote of him: "The foundation of his character was gentleness: calm and serene goodness. He had high ideals and lived up to them. He never sought honors or distinctions, but worked hard and long to give of the best that was in him." Of the D-minor symphony he says: "Franck's symphony is a continual ascent toward pure gladness and life-giving light because its workmanship is solid and its themes are manifestations of ideal beauty. What is there more joyous, more sanely vital, than the principal subject of the *Finale*, around which all the other themes in the work cluster and crystallize? All is dominated by that motive which M. Ropartz has justly called 'the theme of faith.' "

The symphony was first performed at the Paris Conservatoire on February 17, 1889, and falling upon unresponsive ears did not achieve a *succès d'estime.* In his *Life of César Franck,* d'Indy gives some interesting facts indicative of the musical taste in the French capital at that time: "The performance was quite against the wish of most members of the famous *Société des Concerts du Conservatoire* (The Paris National Conservatory Orchestra), and was only pushed through thanks to the benevolent obstinacy of the conductor, Jules Garcin. The subscribers could make neither head nor tail of it, and musical authorities were much in the same position. I inquired of one of them—a professor at the Conservatoire and a kind of factotum on the committee—what he thought of the work. 'That, a symphony?' he replied in a contemptuous tone. 'But, my dear sir, who ever heard of writing for the English horn in a symphony? Just mention a single symphony by Haydn or Beethoven introducing the English horn. There—well, you see, your Franck's music may be whatever you please, but it will never be a symphony!' This was the attitude of the Conservatoire in the year of grace 1889. At another door of the concert hall, the composer of 'Faust,' escorted by a train of adulators, male and female, fulminated a kind of papal decree to the effect that this symphony was the affirmation of 'incompetency pushed to dogmatic lengths.' "

Franck, himself, on his return home after the concert, replied with beaming countenance to the eager questioning of his family, thinking only of his work, "Oh, it sounded well; just as I thought it would."

Analysis of César Franck's D minor

The following analysis is based, in a measure, on a synopsis prepared by César Franck for the first performance at the Paris Conservatoire concert and was rewritten, as it appears here, by Philip Hale in the Boston Symphony Program Notes.

I. *Lento,* D minor, 4-4. There is first a slow and sombre introduction, which begins with the characteristic figure, the thesis of the first theme of the movement (violoncellos and basses). This phrase is developed for some thirty measures, and leads into the *Allegro,* or first movement proper. *Allegro non troppo,* D minor, 2-2. The theme is given out by all the strings and developed with a new antitheses. Mr. Apthorp remarked in his analysis of this symphony: "It is noticeable that, whenever this theme comes in slow tempo, it has a different antithesis from when it comes in rapid tempo. The characteristic figure (thesis) reminds one a little, especially by its rhythm and general rise and fall, of the 'Muss es sein?' (Must it be?) theme in Beethoven's last quartet, in F major." There is a short development, and the opening slow passage returns, now in F minor, which leads to a resumption of the *Allegro non troppo,* now also in F minor. This leads to the appearance of the second theme, *molto cantabile,* F major, for the strings, which in turn is followed by a third theme of a highly energetic nature, which

is much used in the ensuing development, and also reappears in the Finale. The free fantasia is long and elaborate. Then there is a return of the theme of the introduction which is now given out fortissimo and in canonic imitation between the bass (trombones, tuba, and basses) and a middle voice (trumpets and cornets) against full harmony in the rest of the orchestra. The theme of the *Allegro non troppo* is resumed, and leads to the end of the first movement.

II. *Allegretto*, B-flat minor, 3-4. The movement begins with pizzicato chords for the string orchestra and harp. The theme, of a gentle and melancholy character, is sung by the English horn. The first period is completed by clarinet, horn, and flute. The violins then announce a second theme, dolce cantabile, in B-flat major. The English horn and other wind instruments take up fragments of the first motive, in B-flat minor. Now comes a new part, which the composer himself characterizes as a scherzo. The theme, of lively nature, but pianissimo, is given to the first violins. Clarinets intone a theme against the restless figuration of the violins, and this is developed with various modulations until the opening theme returns, first in G minor, then in C minor. Then the whole opening section, announced by the English horn, is combined with the chief theme of the scherzo, given to the violins.

III. Finale: *Allegro non troppo*, 2-2. After a few energetic introductory measures, the chief theme appears, *dolce cantabile*, in violoncellos and bassoons. After the first period of nearly sixty measures, a phrase in B major, announced by the brass, is answered by the strings. A more sombre motive follows in violoncellos and basses. The opening theme of the second movement now reappears (English horn), accompanied by a figure in triplets. The composer gives this description of the remainder of the movement: Development of the themes of the Finale. A marked retard in the tempo. A fragment of the opening theme of the second movement alternates with fragment of the sombre third theme of the Finale. Resumption of the original tempo, with a great crescendo, which ends in a climax,—the restatement of the opening D major theme with all possible sonority. The chief theme of the second movement returns, also with great sonority. The volume of tone subsides, and the third theme of the first movement reappears. This leads to a coda, constructed from the chief themes of the first movement in conjunction with the opening theme of the Finale.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 11

PROGRAM OF THE COMPOSITIONS OF JOHANNES BRAHMS

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

The differences that actually exist between the art of Brahms and that of Wagner are slight indeed. Criticism in the past has been too insistent in symbolizing each of these masters as the epitome of conflicting forces in the music of their age. It has identified their aesthetic theories and the conflicts that raged around them with their art and has come to the false conclusion that no two artists reveal a greater disparity of style, expression, and technique. In actual life they did stand apart. The Wagner enthusiasts regarded Brahms as a musical antipode, and Wagner took this attitude so seriously that he wrote some of the most malicious things about Brahms that he ever wrote about any opponent.

But to us today, Wagner and Brahms no longer seem irreconcilable, in spite of all differences in their inclinations, dispositions, and qualities; rather they complement each other. If Brahms seems to lack that sensuous quality so marked in Wagner, it is in this, and this alone, that the real difference lies.*

In truth, both Wagner and Brahms are products of the same artistic soil, nurtured by the same forces that conditioned the standards and norms of art in their period. Both shared in a lofty purpose and noble intention. Brahms's C-minor Symphony, the Alto Rhapsody, the Song of Destiny, and, particularly, the great tragic songs, all speak in the somber and serious accents of Wagner. Both sought the expression of the sublime in their art, and each, in his own way, tried to strengthen the flaccid spirit of their time by sounding a note of courage and hopefulness. They both lived in a poverty-stricken and soul-sick period, when anarchy seemed to have destroyed culture, an age which was distinctly unfavorable to genuinely great art—unfavorable because of its pretentiousness and exclusiveness, its crass materialism, its hidebound worship of the conventional. Its luxury and exclusiveness, by breaking down race consciousness, by undermining

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* See page 70 (Notes on Second Symphony, 4th Movement) Niemann.

character, and by destroying freedom and a sense of human dignity, brought disillusionment, weariness, and an indifference to beauty. The showy exterior did not hide the inner barrenness of its culture.

The sources of this world illness can be found in a measure in the effects of the Industrial Revolution. As a result of this tremendous reorganizing force, with its consequent power and wealth, a new attitude toward life was created. The growth of a rationalistic materialism destroyed suddenly the comforting old beliefs in the Bible. It gave rise to a period of doubt and disillusionment, and it seemed as though the old culture were to disappear completely. Strong spirits like Carlyle, John Stewart Mill, and Ruskin fought valiantly for the "revenge of instinct." Less fortified minds, however, fell before the onslaught of industrialism and its materialism—sunk into mental and spiritual apathy, and decayed. With decay came disease, and with disease, contagion wormed its way into the souls of men. From an overfertilized emotional soil grew a decadent soul of art. Chopin's supersensitive soul cried out its longing in languorous nocturnes. Berlioz in his "Fantastic Symphony" pictured the narcotic dreams of a young artist, who, because of an unrequited love, had attempted suicide by an overdose of opium. Tchaikovsky's penchant for melancholy expression, his feverish sensibility, his revulsions of artistic feeling, and his erratic emotions, which sink him into morbid pessimism, deadening depression, and neurotic fears on the one hand, or raise him to wild hysteria on the other, picture him in the framework of his age. Byron, "whose being," said Goethe, "consists in rich despair," was another eponymous hero of the time. Fame, love, wealth, and beauty turned him into a despiser of the world. He was the true inventor of "Weltschmerz," the sorrow that suffers from the world and is therefore incurable. The soul life of the whole epoch bore the stamp of this man for whom "sorrow was knowledge." Literature abounds in heroes who are all strange mixtures of egoism and sensibility. Their philosophy was the Leopardian "Sorrow and ennui is our being, and dung the earth—nothing more. Wherever one looks, no meaning and no fruit." Already Chateaubriand, who gave such fluent and beautiful expression to the emotional ideas originated by Ronsseau, had had his René say, "Everything wearies me. Painfully I drag my boredom about with me, and so my whole life is a yawn." Byron's Manfred, too, had this romantic desire to feel and suffer uniquely. Goethe's Werther, like Manfred and René, suffered from an unhappiness caused by hidden, undefinable longings. In Pushkin's *Eugène Onégin* and Lermantov's *Hero of Our Time*, the heroes play the parts of disillusioned young men, who, tired of life, wrap themselves in a mantle of grief. The whole world was in the grip of the "maladie du siècle." It was, as Immerman said, "as though humanity, tossed about in its little bark by an overwhelming ocean, is suffering from a moral seasickness of which the outcome is hardly to be seen."

FIFTH CONCERT

"People," wrote Heine, "practiced renunciation and modesty, bowed before the invisible, snatched at shadow kisses and blue-flowered scents." This unnatural and unhealthy mental attitude led to a great deal of self-contemplation and introspection which tended to substitute futile or morbid imaginings for the solid realities of life. The over introspective and supersensitive artist cuts himself off from a larger arc of experience and is prone to exaggerate the importance of the more intimate sentiments, and when, as in German Romanticism, such a tendency is widespread, a whole school may become febrile and erotic.

Wagner and Brahms, opposed in verbal theory, stand together strong in the face of opposing forces, disillusioned beyond doubt with the state of the world but not defeated by it.

It is no accident then that the real Brahms seems to us to be the pessimistic Brahms of the great tragic songs and the quiet resignation of the slow movements of the symphonies. Here is to be found an expression of the true spirit of the age in which he lived. But by the exercise of a clear intelligence, he tempered an excessively emotional nature, and thereby dispersed the vapors of mere sentimentalism. Unlike Tchaikovsky and other "Heroes of the Age," Brahms, like Beethoven, was essentially of a healthy mind, and with a spirit strong and virile, he met the challenge of his age and was in his art triumphant. In a period turbid with morbid emotionalism, he stood abreast with such spirits as Carlyle and Browning, to oppose the unhealthy tendencies of his period. Although he suffered disillusionment no less than Wagner, his was another kind of tragedy, the tragedy of a musician born out of his time. In fact he suffered more than Wagner from the changes in taste and perception that inevitably come with the passing of time. But his particular disillusionment did not affect the power and sureness of his artistic impulse. With grief he saw the ideals of Beethoven dissolve in a welter of cheap emotionalism; he saw the classic dignity of his art degraded by an infiltration of tawdry programmatic effects and innocuous imitation, and witnessed finally her complete subjugation to poetry and the dramatic play. But all of this he opposed with his own grand style; profoundly moving, noble, and dignified. With a sweep and thrust he forced music out upon her mighty pinions to soar once more. What Matthew Arnold wrote of Milton's verse might well have been written of Brahms's music: "The fullness of thought, imagination, and knowledge makes it what it is" and the mighty power of his music lies "in the refining and elevation wrought in us by the high and rare excellence of the grand style." If the "grand style" referred to "can only be spiritually ascertained," then certainly here is an imposing manifestation of its existence.

Fuller Maitland in his admirable book on Brahms,* referring to the C-minor Symphony, writes "the case is almost parallel to certain poems of Browning, the thoughts are so weighty, the reasoning so close, that the ordinary means of expression are inadequate. To try to rescore the first movement with the sacrifice of none of its meaning, is as hopeless a task as to rewrite Sordello in sentences a child could understand."

The association of Brahms and Browning is a happy one. There is something similar in their artistic outlook and method of expression, for Brahms, like Browning, often disclaimed the nice selection and employment of a style in itself merely beautiful. As an artist, none the less, he chose to create, in every case, a style fitly proportioned to the design, finding in that dramatic relation of style and motive a more vital beauty and a broader sweep of feeling. This epic conception often lifted Brahms to the brink of the sublime. He lived in his creative life upon the "cold white peaks." No master ever displayed a more inexorable self-discipline, or held in higher respect his art. For Brahms was a master of masters, always painstaking in the devotion he put into his work, and undaunted in his search for perfection. "The excellence he sought dwelt among rocks hardly accessible, and he had to almost wear his heart out to reach her." The Brahms of music is the man, in Milton's magnificent phrase, "of devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Variations on a Theme by Haydn (Chorale St. Antonii), Op. 56A . . . . . J. BRAHMS

For Brahms, it was "no laughing matter to write a symphony after Beethoven." To his friend Levi, he wrote, just after the completion of the first movement of the First Symphony—"I shall never compose a symphony! You have no conception of how the likes of us feel when we hear the tramp of a giant like him (Beethoven) behind us."

Brahms was forty-four years of age before he undertook the task. His severe self-criticism, and conscientiousness led him into countless experiments and trials. Before he published his first String Quartets, for instance, he had composed over twenty works in that form; and before he ventured into the symphonic field, he made his most unostentatious debut with two Serenades in orchestral style at the age of 26. After an interim of nearly 14 years, he set up

* Fuller-Maitland, *Brahms*. London: Methuen & Co., 1911.

another signal with the Haydn Variations, written during the summer of 1873. This amply designed and captivating prelude forms an intermediate stage in Brahms's progress from the Serenades to the first of the four great Symphonies. To an infinitely greater degree than the two Serenades, they claim to be the first truly symphonic work of Brahms, and they carried his name as an instrumental composer, into every country. Although the variations created in their day a veritable sensation, the most we can say of this rather immature work with its pastel shades and delicate contrasts, is that its charm is still a constant source of delight. We cannot escape, however, an impression of experimenting tentatively with the form chosen, and although Brahms's manner of elaborating a theme here resembles slightly his treatment in the Handel and Paganini variations, without of course their harmonic richness and melodic invention—there is nothing of the novelty or creative power one finds in the gigantic final Passacaglia of the fourth Symphony, and we are led to the acknowledgment that the charm and delight of this work is derived as much from the original theme and its recurrences, as from anything Brahms did with it. In truth, Brahms was merely trying out and subjecting to his needs the medium of the full symphony Orchestra.

The original theme, a delightful half hymn and half folk tune, was described in the MSS which was brought to Brahms' attention in 1870 by Dr. Karl Ferdinand Pohl, as "The Chorale St. Antonii." At that time there was no question as to the authenticity of the tune. It was derived from the second movement of a then unpublished divertimento, ("Feld Partita") for wind instruments by Haydn.*

There is, however, no reason to be certain that the subject of the variations really was the original work of Haydn. Scholars have never been able to decide whether it was an old tune, or one of Haydn's inventions. At any rate, Brahms entered the theme, along with other phrases of older composers, in a notebook, as was his custom. In 1873 he completed the variations in two forms, one for two pianos which came to publication first (November, 1873) and the other for full orchestra, which was not brought out until January, 1874.

Walter Niemann's† description of the variations follows:

The variations are eight in number and, in accordance with Haydn's manner and spirit, end, not in a fugue, but a finale. The piquant five-bar measure of the first period of the theme is preserved throughout all the variations, in homogeneous and close connection with it. The same is true of the key, B flat major. It is only in the second,

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* Haydn's Partita was not published until 1932.

† Walter Niemann, *Brahms*. New York: Tudor Publishing Co., 1937.

fourth, and eighth variations that it changes to the more sombre key of B flat minor. Like the Handel Variations for piano, the Haydn Variations are also "character" variations, sharply contrasted and varied in movement, rhythm, style, colour, and atmosphere.

The first variation, pensive and softly animated (with triplets against quavers), is directly connected with the close of the theme by its soft bell-like echoes. The second, with its Brahmsian dotted progressions in sixths on the clarinets and bassoons, above the *pizzicato* basses and the ringing "challenge (*Anruf*)" of the *tutti*, is more animated, but still subdued, as is indicated by the key of B flat minor. The third, pensive and full of warm inspiration in its perfectly tranquil flowing movement, introduces a melodious duet between the two oboes in its first section, accompanied an octave lower by the two bassoons, and in the second part, where it is taken up by the first violin and viola, weaves round it an enchantingly delicate and transparent lace-work on the woodwind. The fourth, with its solo on the oboes and horns in unison, steals by in semiquavers, as sad and grey as a melancholy mist, again in B flat minor. The fifth goes tittering, laughing, and romping merrily off, in light passages in thirds in a 6/8 rhythm on the wood-wind (with piccolo) against the 3/4 rhythm of the strings, which starts at the seventh bar. The sixth, with its staccato rhythm, is given a strong, confident colour by the fanfares on the horns and trumpets. The seventh is a Siciliano, breathing a fervent and tender emotion, with the melody given to the flute and viola, in 6/8 time, Bach-like in character, yet every note of it pure Brahms. Here at last he speaks to our hearts as well. The eighth, in B flat minor, hurries past, shadowy and phantom-like, with muted strings and soft woodwind, in a thoroughly ghostly and uncanny fashion—a preliminary study on a small scale for the finale in F minor of the F major Symphony. The finale opens, very calm, austere, and sustained, as a further series of variations on a *basso ostinato* of five bars: It is developed with extraordinary ingenuity, works up through constant repetitions of the chorale theme, each time in a clearer form and with cumulative intensity, to a brilliant close, with, as it were, a dazzling apotheosis of the wind instruments, thrown into relief against rushing scale-passages, as in the concluding section of the *Akademische Festouverture*. We may, if we like, see in this basso ostinato the first germ of the mighty final chaconne on a basso ostinato of the Fourth Symphony.

These amiable variations, with their over-light orchestration in spots, their lively nervous energy, and at times their exquisitely tender movements would perhaps seem less distant and more significant if it were not for the absolutely overpowering and tragic grandeur of the First Symphony which immediately followed them, or for the Aeschylean quality of the Variation form as he used it in the last movement of the fourth Symphony.

Double Concerto for Violin, Violoncello, and Orchestra. C major, Op. 102 . . . . . BRAHMS

In a letter to Clara Schumann, Brahms wrote concerning his concerto for violin and cello: "Indeed it is not at all the same thing to write for instruments

whose nature and timbre one has in one's head, as it were, only from time to time, and hears only with one's intelligence, as it is to write for an instrument which one knows through and through, as I do the piano, in which case I know thoroughly what I am writing, and why I write in this way or that."

It is obvious that Brahms did not feel quite at ease with this work, as to either form or feeling, and there is no doubt that this awkward embarrassment reflected itself in his music. Hanslick detected it when he said that this concerto was the product of a great constructive mind, rather than an irresistible inspiration of creative imagination and invention. Even those who admired Brahms unconditionally, as Hanslick certainly did, were often aware of calculation and of workmanship due merely to an astonishing artistic understanding, which Brahms evidently applied in the conviction that he was employing his genius. The great violinist and personal friend of Brahms, Joachim, once actually warned him not to let himself be "disturbingly or forcibly urged by his will power" and the beloved Elizabeth von Herzogenberg reluctantly ventured at one time to express the same opinion. "Here I can no longer follow, no echo is awakened in me. And because I am so anxious to be enthusiastic, not to say warmly prejudiced in favor of Brahms, I ask myself, ever so softly, but still I ask myself, whether he does not give us many things in the birth of which his heart's blood had no share, but only his sagacity, his refinement, his craft and his mastery. One misses the need that lets the best in an artist appear like something conditioned by nature, something created out of eternity for all eternity."

It must be admitted that the Double Concerto on tonight's program has been received with no more than cool admiration and that it is one of Brahms's most unapproachable and joyless compositions. This curiously somber and contemplative work, with its rigid themes, its almost repellent introspectiveness, its mechanical and almost obstinate movement, its equation-like development, seems congealed into a kind of strange frosty greatness.

Perhaps the deliberate choice of an old classical form (the concerto grosso) and the endeavor to make the most out of as little material as possible led Brahms to mistake the means for the end. In spite of its pleasing effect upon a wide public, the Double Concerto must be reckoned as one of the works elaborated by strictly polyphonic methods rather than as a record of an intense experience.

This, the last of Brahms's concertos was an experiment in the revival of the old Italian form of the orchestral concerto or "concerto grosso" of the seventeenth century, in which the orchestral "tutti" of the concerto grosso contrasted with a "concertino" for several soloists. Obviously Brahms has adopted the modern version of this form, as it was developed in Beethoven's C-major Triple

Concerto (Op. 56) for piano, violoncello, and orchestra. The results are, interestingly enough, very much the same: both are forms without spirit, where inspiration seems replaced by mathematical construction. In the second movement, however, there is a rich mysterious quality that makes its appeal for the moment, but soon leaves us again on the barren plains. This concerto is seldom heard in public largely because it demands two players of consummate technique and sure mastery, and above all with an almost unbelievable conception of ensemble. What the heart does not say, is left to the head, and the beauty of statement, in this particular case, has a validity above the expression of the "things of the spirit." These purely abstract elements can in themselves be a source of a kind of beauty, but a beauty that depends almost entirely upon the absolute technical perfection of the execution. The Double Concerto, unlike most of the great works of Brahms, succeeds or fails with an audience on the basis of the quality and distinction of the performance.

Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73 . . . . . BRAHMS

The criticism of Brahms's second Symphony, written by Edward Hanslick, critic for the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse" noted in "its uniform coloring and its sunny clearness—an advance upon the first, and one that is not to be underestimated." Of the success of Brahms's symphony in Vienna, there was no possible doubt. Many of the other important members of the critical brotherhood in Vienna, who had found the first Symphony "abstruse" and "difficult of comprehension" waxed enthusiastic in their admiration of the second, and hailed it as a grateful relief. The abstruseness and austerity of the forbidding C-minor Symphony, however, have worn off, and today the observation may be made that time has set these two symphonies in rather a different light for the present generation. The C minor seems to have borrowed something of the rich tenderness, something of the warmly human quality, that has been regarded as the special property of the D major, and to have conferred upon the latter in return something of its own sobriety and depth of feeling. The C minor appears far less austere and much more compassionate than it evidently did in 1876 and the D major seems less unqualifiedly a thing of "pure happiness and gently tender grace."*

This contemporary critical opinion of the D-major Symphony is stated more completely by Walter Niemann: †

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* Lawrence Gilman: Program Notes for Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

† Walter Niemann, *Brahms*. New York: Tudor Publishing Co., 1937.

FIFTH CONCERT

The Second Symphony, Op. 73, in D major, which followed the First three years later, may be called Brahms's Pastoral Symphony. Just as the First Symphony, with its sombre pathos, struggled upwards in thirds from movement to movement out of darkness into the sun, to a godlike serenity and freedom, so the Second, with its loftily anacreontic mood, descends in a peaceful cycle of descending thirds in its three movements, the first being in D, the second in B, the third in G major. Even today Brahms's Second Symphony is still undeservedly a little overshadowed by the First and Third. Like Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, on its appearance it was dismissed, far too curtly and prematurely, as marking a "little rest" on the part of the composer—perhaps due to fatigue after the deeply impassioned heroics of the First Symphony—and as being throughout a harmless, pleasing, agreeable, cheerfully "sunlit" idyll. Nothing could be further from the truth! The period between the sixties and eighties of the last century, which, in spite of all Germany's victorious wars, was so peculiarly languid, inert, and full of bourgeois sensibility in art, as well as in politics and human relations, had, none the less, as its artistic ideal a heart-rending pathos and monumental grandeur. Nowadays, regarding things from a freer and less prejudiced point of view, we are fortunately able to detect far more clearly the often oppressive spiritual limitations, moodiness, and atmosphere of resignation in such pleasant, apparently cheerful and anacreontic works as Brahms's Second Symphony. Like its sister-symphony in the major—namely, the Third—the Second, though nominally in the major, has the veiled, indeterminate Brahmsian "Moll-Dur" character, hovering between the two modes.

Indeed, this undercurrent of tragedy in the second Brahms symphony, quiet and slight though it may be, is perceptible to a fine ear in every movement. It is audible in the first movement, with its almost excessive wealth of themes and the unusually broad plan of its exposition section, which amalgamates so many diverse elements into a united whole—in the two A major themes of the concluding section, one with its aggressive upward leaps in a dotted rhythm, the other unified by strongly imitative devices and full of passionate insistence; but it can also be perceived in the fragments of the theme worked into an ominous *stretto* on the wind in the development section. The second movement, the adagio non troppo, also reveals the tragic under-current of this symphony in its suffering, melancholy, and deeply serious spirit. How dejected and tremulous in mood is the noble principal theme on the 'cellos, to what a pitch of deep, passionate agitation does the development section work up, how musing and sorrowful is the close! It is only the F sharp major second subject, floating softly by in Schumannesque syncopations, that brings a touch of brightness into the melancholy scene of this adagio by the brief glance which it casts back into the lost paradise of childhood and youth. The serious undercurrent also makes itself felt within quite small limits in what is perhaps the most typical and individual movement, the Brahmsian "intermezzo pastorale" of its allegretto grazioso. Less, perhaps, in a trio which forms the middle section (presto in 2/4 time)—with the slight Hungarian tinge in both its rhythm and its theme, formed by diminution from the principal subject of the first section—than in the enchanting, half-elegiac, half-mischievous principal section of the G major allegretto. The way in which the naively pastoral oboe sings forth the perfectly simple, simply harmonized theme in accents of sweet, suave melancholy once again recalls the young composer of the D major

Serenade. But it is perhaps in the finale that the quiet tragic undercurrent of this ostensibly cheerful symphony is most plainly apparent: in the frequent energetic attempts to shake off the all too peaceful and idyllic reverie, in the fantastic, romantic, and ghostly elements which can be seen glimmering beneath the ashes in a supernatural, uncanny way throughout the whole development section. For all its apparent vivacity of movement and the apparently unclouded brightness of the D major key, the finale hides within it many sombre features, and even spectral and supernatural visions.

Thus Brahms's Second Symphony, as a great idyll with a slightly tragic tinge, which we may compare with that great, ruthlessly tragic poet Hebel's fine epic *Mutter und Kind*, was at the same time, as a "tragic idyll," a piece of the most genuine and typical local Holstein and Low German art. Its quiet, unconscious tragedy hidden beneath the blossoms of a soft idyll of man and nature, with a subdued evening tinge and a prevailing pastoral spirit, carries direct conviction to a discriminating and unprejudiced listener—far more so, in any case, than the conscious and almost forced and deliberate tragedy of the First Symphony or the Tragic Overture. Here again, perhaps, there has been no conductor of our day, who has simply ignored the traditional legend as to the innocent, idyllic character of the second Brahms symphony and interpreted it as what it really is: a great, wonderful, tragic idyll, as rich in sombre and subdued colour as it is in brightness. If one knew nothing but the finale, one might rather call it an "anacreontic" symphony. For the subdued shimmer of festal joyousness in its principal subject (allegro con spirito) reminds us of Cherubini's Anacreon Overture, and the broad, jovial singing quality of its second theme, in A major, breathes pure *joie de vivre*. What is more, the transition passages and development sparkle with a Haydnesque spirit. Yet, in spite of its predominant character, now pungent and sparkling, now dreamy and romantic, even this movement, though apparently so full of unclouded cheerfulness, is rich in mysterious Wagnerian visions, suggestive of the Wanderer, in a mystic, woodland, faery, nature atmosphere recalling the Rheingold in many sombre and even ghostly passages.

The score of the Symphony in D calls for an orchestra of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones and a tuba, kettle drums, and strings.

I. The first movement (*Allegro non troppo*, D major, 3-4 time) brings forward the principal subject at once without any introduction. The transitional passage leading to the second subject commences with a new and undulating melody in the first violins, the second subject entering, some forty measures later, with a broad and singing theme, played by the violoncellos. After the repetition of this in the woodwinds a second section of the subject is introduced—a vigorous *marcato* passage in A major—followed by a further presentation of the former theme, given out by the violoncellos, this time accompanied by a triplet figure in the flute. This closes the Exposition, which is then repeated. The Development works out with considerable elaborateness the principal theme and the undulating passage which led in the Exposition from the first to the second sub-

ject. The latter theme is not worked out at all. The Recapitulation brings forward the same material as that which has been heard in the Exposition, but its presentation is modified as to the instrumentation, and the subjects are stated with contrapuntal embellishments in the accompanying parts. At the conclusion of the second subject a coda is introduced, its material being largely concerned with the opening theme of the movement, and ending tranquilly with a sustained chord, piano, in the wind instruments.

II. The second movement (*Adagio non troppo*, B major, 4-4 time) commences with an expressive melody in the violoncellos, the first six measures being later repeated by the first and second violins in unison. An imitative passage, heard successively in the first horn, the oboes and the flutes, leads eventually to the second theme (*L'istesso tempo, ma grazioso*, 12-8 time). This, in its turn, is succeeded by another idea, heard in the strings, and developed in the wood wind with a counterpoint in the violas and violoncellos. After an elaborate development of this material a recapitulation of the former subjects is introduced, these being, however, considerably modified in length and in the manner of their presentation, the movement ending quietly with a final suggestion of its opening theme.

III. The third movement (*Allegretto grazioso* [*quasi andantino*] in G major, 3-4 time) is written in the form of an intermezzo with two episodes or trios. Its principal theme is heard in the oboe, the two clarinets, and bassoons, with a pizzicato accompaniment in the violoncellos. This is succeeded by the first episode in 2-4 time (*Presto ma non assai*), which is really a variant of the opening subject which, first presented in the strings, is re-echoed by the wood wind. After a modified restatement of the opening theme the second episode in 3-8 time (*Presto ma non assai*) is introduced. Following this the first theme is heard for the last time, beginning in F-sharp major, and modulating later to the original tonality in G major, in which key the movement closes.

IV. The finale (*Allegro con spirito*, in D major, 2-2 time) is written in the sonata form. Its principal subject opens in the strings. A long transitional passage leading to the second theme is based on this material. The second subject—in A major—is first allotted to the strings, afterward being taken up by the wood-wind with an accompanying figure in the strings, drawn from the first measure of the principal subject.

Another division of this theme—in the full orchestra, *ben marcato*—is heard later, eventually leading into the Development. This portion of the movement is occupied solely with a working out of the opening and closing measures of the

principal theme. The Recapitulation presents the two principal subjects in much the same fashion as that in which they have been placed before the hearer in the Exposition, and it comes to a close with an elaborate and lengthy coda, the material of which is partly taken from the first measure of the second subject, and partly from the opening measure of the first.

SIXTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 11

Samson and Delilah . . . . . SAINT-SAENS

No other composer played so great a part in the formation of the modern French school of symphonic writing as Camille Saint-Saëns; in the field of music in which France was weakest, he served her best. A thorough master of every technical detail of his art, he brought to everything he wrote a mastery of musical means and a skillful technical manipulation. Endowed with a prodigious facility for production and a tremendous talent for the assimilation of musical thought, he was disconcertingly prolific and equally successful in every department of musical activity. He became a mercurial composer, an indefatigable teacher, a skillful pianist, a brilliant conductor—in which office he was active until after his 80th year—an excellent organist, an incomparable improvisor, and, besides distinguishing himself as a critic and editor, he was also a recognized poet, a dramatist, and a scientist. Nature had endowed him not only with a great intellect and talent, but also with a tremendous energy and inexhaustible capacity for work. There was hardly a branch of musical art he left untouched: piano and organ music, symphonies, symphonic poems, every variety of chamber music, cantatas, oratorios, masses, operas, songs, choral works, incidental music, operettas, ballets, transcriptions, and arrangements he wrote with equal ease and sureness. With a prodigious versatility he roamed the world in his imagination for inspiration, and created Breton and Auvergnian rhapsodies, Russian songs, Algerian suites, Portuguese barcarolles, Danish, Russian, and Arabian caprices, souvenirs of Italy, African fantasias, and Egyptian concerti. In the same manner he projected himself back into the ages past and wrote Greek tragedies, Biblical operas, pavans of the sixteenth century, minuets of the seventeenth, and preludes and fugues in the style of Bach. There was no composer he could not imitate with amazing perfection of style. "He could write at will a work in the style of Rossini, or Verdi or Schumann or of Wagner," wrote his fellow countryman and composer, Gounod, who never lost an opportunity of expressing his admiration for his friend's wonderful gifts. And this remarkable capacity for assimilation often moved him to write in the styles of other composers as far removed from each other in spirit as Handel and Berlioz, or Charpentier and William Byrd.

This amazing versatility was the source of his great weakness; Saint-Saëns became much less a personality than he was an impersonality, and if the personal style is that which preserves works of art against time, then there is

explanation enough for the fact that only a small proportion of his huge output survives today. He avowed himself an eclectic in dramatic style, with the inevitable result of stagnation as far as genuine dramatic advance was concerned. He gave in this art, not himself, but a rather colorless and spiritless simulacrum of the masters of the past. He knew all styles, but he knew them superficially and only externally. Lacking in genuine warmth of temperament, in imagination, perception, or genuine depth of sentiment, he made up in part for these major defects by the unquestionable power of his intuitive faculty, his natural charm of expression at all times, and his dexterous control of the technical elements of his art.

His works, however, are the product of an epoch in transition, and although not always intrinsic in value, they form so mountainous a bulk that the eye of the musical world turned perforce to France, at a period when she was poor in true musicians; they represented something which was unique in French music of the period—a great classical spirit and a fine breadth of musical culture. His personal tragedy was that although he wrote so much, he added not an iota to the further progress of music.

Jean Aubry has made the most just estimate of Saint-Saëns as an artist.*

It would be idle to deny his merits and to look with indifference upon his works, but none of them really forms a part of our emotional life or satisfies the needs of our minds completely. They already appear as respectable and necessary documents in musical history, but not as the living emanations of genius which will retain their vitality in spite of the passing of time and fashions.

"How tremendously great and powerful must a musical masterpiece be to stand the test of time," wrote Olin Downes with pointed inference in his review of the revival of "Samson and Delilah" in New York in 1936. Composed and first performed in the 1870's, "Samson and Delilah" was then an indication of a new and rising genius in the Lyric Theater, dangerously on the left wing, and a signal for a sensational controversy over "dangerous Wagnerianism"; it was definitely a part of the "Music of the Future." In 1940 it needs much charitable assistance from all concerned. Time has diluted its novelty and faded its one-time brilliant color. Today it is a score in which everything can be found from poor old defenseless Bach to Wagner—and a very anemic Wagner at that. Gounod, Berlioz, and Meyerbeer come in for their share also, in this score so full of derivative passages.

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* Jean Aubry, *Chesterian*, London, January, 1922.

SIXTH CONCERT

Begun as an oratorio and transformed into an opera at the suggestion and urging of Franz Liszt, "Samson" today does better by itself in the static state of an oratorio as Saint-Saëns first intended it. Vacillating as it does between oratorio and operatic style, the operatic moments seem too few and too pale. When heard as an oratorio, as on tonight's program, the choruses take on a Handelian grandeur, and many parts of the score, which on the stage are ineffective, become mildly impassioned and effectual. But for the most part, the score that amazed the audiences of the 1870's seems today a very seamy tonal fabric indeed. The story might still be considered good operatic stuff, but for our age it needs another Anton Berg to bring to it real musical life.

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

The following sketch of "Samson and Delilah" is translated from *Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique*, by Noel and Stouling:

The prelude is singular. There is a darting phrase which is developed, and mingled with this phrase is a chorus of Hebrews, sung behind the curtain. The lamenting captives ask deliverance of God. The fugal form of the number, which continues until the rise of the curtain, indicates at once the severe and classic nature of the work. Samson arouses the courage of his companions and prepares the revolt which the insolence of Abimelech brings to a head. Samson kills the Satrap of Gaza. The High Priest of Dagon then descends, attended, from the temple, and curses Samson, followed by the return of the triumphant Hebrews in one of the most ingenious numbers of the opera.

There is a chorus of basses, to which liturgic color and rhythm give astonishing breadth. This also emphasizes more strongly the fresh chorus of the women of Philistia, "Now Spring's generous hand." This charming phrase will be found again in the temple scene, the last tableau and in the melodic design of the great duet of the second act, but, ironically, in the orchestra, while Delilah insults the blinded hero. The Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon, which follows the chorus is of delightful inspiration and prepares effectively for the grandeur of the drama which follows. Delilah looks earnestly at Samson and sings to him. Samson listens, not heeding the old man near him who says, "The powers of hell have created this woman, fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose."

The second act is in the valley of Sorek. Delilah's house is nearby. Night is coming on. Delilah sings a passionate appeal to the god of Love, invoking his aid. Then follows her duet with the High Priest, who, deceived by the feigned love of Delilah, begs her to deliver Samson to him. Delilah then reveals her real hatred in a dramatic outburst. The duet of Samson and Delilah is, as one knows, the outstanding number of the opera. It is impossible to paint better the hesitation of Samson, as he stands between love and religious faith. The orchestral storm hastens the actions on the stage and when the elemental fury is at its height, Delilah enters her dwelling. Samson follows her and the curtain falls on the appearance of the Philistines to master their foe.

The first tableau of the third act is a lament of remarkable intensity. Samson in prison, blinded and in chains, mourns his fate, and the chorus of Hebrews reproach him in despair. The style here is of the oratorio rather than the opera. An exquisite chorus follows, "Dawn now on the hilltops," which brings to mind the chorus of the Philistines in the first act. There follows a ballet. From this moment to the fall of the curtain, the orchestra has a hurried motive which is heard with rhythmic effect in the evolutions of the sacred dance and gives to the measure the bitter mockings of Delilah amid the sacrificial ceremonies, and constantly growing faster and more impetuous, accentuates the movement of the final chorus. The motive is feverish and mystical; its rapid pulsations giving the idea of the maddening rites and religious madness of the Philistines at the shrine of Dagon. (The ballet is cut in two by a phrase of great breadth, sustained by arpeggios of the harp.) After the irony of Delilah, Samson once again invokes the aid of the Lord. There are two sonorous and contrasting choruses for the Philistines and the Hebrews whereupon the curtain falls as Samson pulls down the pillars of the temple amid their shrieks and cries.

SIXTH CONCERT

ACT I—Scene I

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

CHORUS

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

SAMSON

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

CHORUS

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

SAMSON

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

CHORUS

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

SAMSON

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

CHORUS

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

SCENE II

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

ABIMELECH

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

SAMSON

(*Inspired*)

O God, it is Thou he blasphemeth!
Let Thy wrath on his head descend,
Lord of hosts!
His power hath an end.
On high like lightning gleameth
The sword sparkling with fire;
From the sky swiftly streameth
The host burning with ire:—
Yea! all the heavenly legions
In their mighty array
Sweep over boundless regions,
And strike the foe with dismay.
At last cometh the hour
When God's fierce fire shall fall:
Its terrible power
And His thunder appall.

SAMSON AND CHORUS

Lord, before Thy displeasure
Helpless the earth shall quake;
Thy wrath will know no measure
When vengeance Thou shalt take!

ABIMELECH

Give o'er, rashly blind! Cease thy railing!
Wake not Dagon's ire, death entailing!

SAMSON AND CHORUS

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

SAMSON

Thou the tempest unchainest;
Thy storms Thy word obey;
The vast sea Thou restrainest;
Be our shield, Lord today!

CHORUS

Israel, break your chain! etc.
Israel! now arise!

(*Abimelech springs at Samson, sword in hand, to strike him. Samson wrenches the sword away and strikes him. Abimelech falls, crying "Help!" The*

Philistines accompanying the satrap would gladly aid him, but Samson, brandishing the sword, keeps them at a distance. He occupies the right of stage; the greatest confusion reigns. Samson and the Hebrews exeunt right. The gates of Dagon's temple open; the High Priest, followed by a throng of attendants and guards, descends the steps of the portico; he pauses before Abimelech's dead body. The Philistines respectfully draw back before him.)

Scene III

The same. The High Priest, Attendants, Guards.

HIGH PRIEST

What see I?
Abimelech by slaves struck down and dying!
O let them not escape!
To arms! Pursue the flying!
Wreak vengeance on your foes!
For the prince they have slain!
Strike down beneath your blows
These slaves who flee in vain!
Curse you and your nation forever,
Children of Israel!
I fain your race from earth would sever,
And leave no trace to tell!
Curse him, too, their leader! I hate him!
Him will I stamp 'neath my feet!
A cruel doom must now wait him;
He shall die when we meet!
Curse her, too, the mother who bore him,
And all his hateful race!
May she who faithful love once swore him
Prove heartless, false, and base!
Cursed be the God of his nation,
That God his only trust;
His temple shake from its foundation,
His altar fall to dust!

MESSENGERS AND PHILISTINES

In spite of brave professions,
To yonder mountains fly;
When we were slaves, He came our chains to sever,
Leave our homes, our possessions,
Our God, or else we die.

(*Exeunt, left, bearing Abimelech's dead body. Just as the Philistines leave the stage, followed by the High Priest, the Hebrews, Old Men and Children enter right. It is broad daylight.*)

Scene V

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

HEBREW OLD MEN

Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous story!
Psalms of praise loudly swell!
God is the Lord! In His power and His glory
He hath saved Israel!
Through Him weak arms have triumphed o'er masters
Whose might oppressed them sore;
Upon their heads He hath poured dire disasters,
They will mock Him no more!

(*The Hebrews, led by Samson, enter right.*)

AN AGED HEBREW

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

HEBREW OLD MEN

His mighty arm was able to deliver,
He hath turned our despair!
God is the Lord! In His power and His glory
He hath saved Israel!

Scene VI

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

THE PHILISTINE WOMEN

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

DELILAH

(*Addressing Samson*)

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

SAMSON

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

DELILAH

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

THE OLD HEBREW

Oh, turn away, my son, and go not there!
Avoid this stranger's seductive devices;
Heed not her voice, though softly it entices;
Of the serpent's deadly fang beware!

SAMSON

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

DELILAH

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

SAMSON

O thou flame that my heart oppresses,
Burning anew at this hour,
Before my God, before my God, give o'er thy power!

Lord, pity him who his weakness confesses!

THE OLD HEBREW

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

(*The young girls accompanying Delilah dance, waving the garlands of flowers which they hold in their hands, and seem to be trying to entice the Hebrew warriors who follow Samson. The latter, deeply agitated, tries vainly to avoid Delilah's glances, but his eyes, in spite of all his efforts, follow her.*)

DELILAH

The Spring with her dower
Of bird and of flower
Brings hope in her train;
Her scant laden pinions
From Love's wide dominions
Drive sorrow and pain.
Our hearts thrill with gladness,
For Spring's mystic madness
Thrills through all the earth.
To fields doth she render
Their grace and their splendor—
Joy and gentle mirth.
In vain I adorn me
With blossoms and charms!
My false love doth scorn me
And flees from my arms!
But hope still caresses
My desolate heart—
Past delight yet blesses!
Love will not depart!
(*Addressing Samson, with her face bent upon him.*)
When night comes, star-laden,
Like a sad, lonely maiden,
I'll sit by the stream,
And mourning, I'll dream.
My heart I'll surrender
If he come today,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay:—
So I'll wait him alway.

HEBREW OLD MEN

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

DELILAH

My heart I'll surrender
If he come today,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay:—
So I'll wait him alway!
(*Delilah, still singing, again goes to the steps of the portico and casts her enticing glances at Samson, who seems wrought upon by their spell. He hesitates, struggles, and betrays the trouble of his soul.*)

ACT II—SCENE I

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

(*Delilah is more richly appareled than in the first act. At the rising of the curtain,*

she is discovered seated on a rock near the portico of her house, and seems to be in a dreamy mood.)

DELILAH

(*Alone*)

Tonight Samson makes his obeisance,
This eve at my feet he will lie!
Now the hour of my vengeance hastens—
Our Gods I shall soon glorify!
O Love! of thy might let me borrow!
Pour thy poison through Samson's heart!
Let him be bound before the morrow—
A captive to my matchless art!
In his soul he no longer would cherish
The passion he wishes were dead;
Can a flame like that ever perish,
Evermore by remembrance fed?
He rests my slave; his feats belie him;
My brothers fear with vain alarms;
I only of all—I defy him.
I hold him fast within my arms!
O Love! of thy might let me borrow!
Pour thy poison through Samson's heart!
Let him be bound before the morrow—
A captive to my matchless art!
When Love contends, strength ever faileth!
E'en he, the strongest of the strong,
Through whom in war his tribe prevaileth,
Against me shall not battle long!
(*Distant flashes of lightning.*)

SCENE II

Delilah; the High Priest of Dagon

HIGH PRIEST

I have climbed o'er the cheerless
Mountain-peaks to thy side;
'Mid dangers I was fearless;
Dagon served as my guide!

DELILAH

I greet you, worthy master;
A welcome face you show,
Honored e'er as priest and pastor!

HIGH PRIEST

Our disaster you know!
Desperate slaves without pity
Rose against their lords,
They sacked the helpless city—
None resisted their hordes;
Our soldiers fled before them
At the sound of Samson's name;
The pangs of terror tore them!
Like sheep they became!

DELILAH

I know his courage dares you,
Even unto your face;
He endless hatred bears you,
As the first of your race.

HIGH PRIEST

Within thine arms one day
His strength vanished away;
But since then
He endeavors to forget thee again.
'Tis said, in shameful fashion
His Delilah he flouts;
He makes sport of his passion,
And all its joy he doubts.

DELILAH

Although his brothers warn him,
And he hears what they say,
They all coldly scorn him
Because he loves astray;
Yet still, in spite of reason,
He struggles all in vain;
I fear from him no treason,
For his heart I retain!
'Tis in vain he defies me,
Though so mighty in his arms;
Not a wish he denies me;
He melts before my charms.

HIGH PRIEST

Then let they zeal awaken,
  Use thy weird magic powers,
That unarmed, overtaken,
  He this night may be ours!
Sell me this redoubtable thrall,
Nor then shall thy profit be small;
Naught thou wishest could be a burden,
Priceless shall be thy well-earned guerdon.

DELILAH

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

That vengeance now at last may find him.
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!

May he by his love yield his power,
And here at my feet meekly cower.

HIGH PRIEST

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

DELILAH

That vengeance now at last may find him,
  etc.

HIGH PRIEST

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

DELILAH

My hand the honored victory gaineth.
That vengeance, etc.
We two shall strike the blow—
Death to our mighty foe!
Ah can it be?
And have I lost
The sway I held
O'er my lover?
The night is dark
Without a ray;
If he seek me now
Who discovers! Alas!
The moments pass.

Scene III

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

SAMSON

Once again to this place
  My erring feet draw nigh!
I ought to shun her face;
  No will have I!
Though my passion I curse,
  Yet its torments still slay me,
Away! away from here,
  Ere she through stealth betray me!

DELILAH

(*Advancing toward Samson*)

'Tis thou! 'Tis thou, whom I adore!
  In thine absence I languish:
In seeing thee once more
  Forgot are hours of anguish!
Thy face is doubly welcome.

SAMSON

Ah! cease that wild discourse;
At thy words all my soul
Is darkened with remorse.

DELILAH

Ah! Samson, my best belovèd friend,
In my heart dost thou despise me?
Is't thus thy love hath an end,
Which once above all jewels did prize me?

SAMSON

Thou hast been priceless to my heart,
And never canst thou be discarded!
Dearer than life art thou regarded!
Ne'er again will I behold thy matchless beauty!
No more to joyful love give way!
Israel's hopes revive by this token;
For the Lord hath decreed the day
Which shall see our chains surely broken!
He hath spoken to me His word:
Among thy brethren thou are elected
To lead them back to God their Lord:
Ending all the woes whereby they are afflicted!

DELILAH

A God far more mighty than thine,
My friend, through me his will proclaimeth;
'Tis the God of Love, the divine,
Whose law thy God's small scepter shameth!
Recall blissful hours by my side,
If thou from thy mistress wilt sever!
Thou'st broke the faith that should abide!
I alone remain constant ever!

SAMSON

Thou unfeeling! To doubt of my heart!
Ever of my love all things tell me!
O let me perish by God's dart,
Tho' God's lightning should overwhelm me!
(*The thunderstorm approaches.*)
I struggle with my fate no more,
I know on earth no law above thee!
Yea, though Hell hold my doom in store.
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH

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

SAMSON

Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH

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

SAMSON

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

DELILAH

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

SAMSON

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

DELILAH

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

SAMSON

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

DELILAH

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

SAMSON

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

DELILAH

Tell me thy vow! Assuage the pain I bear!

SAMSON

Thy power is vain; vain thy annoyance
(*Lightning without thunder.*)

DELILAH

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

SAMSON

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

DELILAH

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

SAMSON

Nay!

DELILAH

Come!

SAMSON

Say no more!

DELILAH

At his wrath cast defiance!

SAMSON

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

DELILAH

Coward! you loveless heart!
I despise you!
(*Delilah runs toward her dwelling; the storm breaks in all its fury; Samson, raising his arms to heaven, seems to call upon God. Then he springs in pursuit of Delilah, hesitates, and finally enters the house. Philistine soldiers enter at left and softly approach Delilah's dwelling. A violent crash of thunder.*)

DELILAH

(*Appearing at her window*)
Your aid, Philistines, your aid!

SAMSON

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

ACT III

FIRST TABLEAU.—*A prison at Gaza*

SCENE I

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

SAMSON

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

CHORUS

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

SAMSON

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

CHORUS

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

SAMSON

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

CHORUS

He for a woman sold his power!
He to Delilah hath betrayed us!

Thou who wert to us like a tower,
Why hast thou slaves and hopeless made us?

SAMSON

Contrite, broken-hearted, I lie,
But I bless Thy hand in my sorrow!
Comfort, Lord, let Thy people borrow,
Let them escape! Let them not die!
(*The Philistines enter the prison and take Samson out.*)

SCENE II

SECOND TABLEAU.—*Interior of the temple of Dagon. Statue of the god. Sacrificial table. In the midst of the fane two marble columns apparently supporting the edifice.*

BALLET

(Orchestra)

SCENE III

The High Priest; Delilah; the Philistines. The High Priest of Dagon is surrounded by Philistine maidens crowned with flowers, with wine-cups in their hands. A throng of people fill the temple. Day is breaking. Samson is led in by a child.

HIGH PRIEST

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

CHORUS

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

SAMSON (*aside*)

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

DELILAH

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

CHORUS

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

SAMSON (*aside*)

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

HIGH PRIEST

Come now, we pray, sing, Samson, sing!

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

SAMSON

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

CHORUS

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

HIGH PRIEST

Come, fair Delilah, give thanks to our God,
Jehovah trembles at his awful nod.
Consult me now
What his godhead advises;
E'en while we bow
The sacred incense rises.
(*Delilah and the High Priest turn to the sacrificial table, on which are found the sacred cups. A fire is burning on the altar, which is decorated with flowers. Delilah and the High Priest, taking the cups, pour a libation on the fire which flames, then vanishes, to reappear at the third strophe of the invocation. Samson has remained in the midst of the stage with the boy who led him. He seems overwhelmed with grief, and his lips are moving in evident prayer.*)

DELILAH

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

HIGH PRIEST

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

BOTH

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

CHORUS

God, hear our prayer
Within thy fane!
Make us thy care!
Justice now reign!
Success attend us
Whene'er we fight!
Protection lend us
Both day and night!

DELILAH, HIGH PRIEST, AND CHORUS

Dagon shows his power!
See the new flame tower!
Our Lord of light,
Descending, o'er us flashes!
Lo! the god we worship now appeareth.
All his people fear his nod!

HIGH PRIEST

(*To Samson*)

That fate may not in favor falter,
Now, Samson, come, thine offering pour
Unto Dagon there on his altar,
And on thy knees his grace implore!

(*To the boy*)

Guide thou his steps! Let thy good care enfold him,
That all the people from afar behold him!

SAMSON

Now, Lord, to Thee do I pray!
Be Thou once more my stay;
Toward the marble columns,
My boy, guide thou my way.
(*The boy leads Samson between the two pillars.*)

CHORUS

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

SAMSON

(*Standing between the pillars and endeavoring to overturn them*)

Hear Thy servant's cry, God, my Lord,
Though he is sore distressed with blindness!
My former force once more restore.
One instant renew thy gracious kindness!
Let Thine anger avenge my race,
Let them perish all in this place.
(*The temple falls, amid shrieks and cries.*)

ALL

Ah!

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Sixty-first Season, 1939-1940

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Alexander Gray
Gustave A. Loeben

VIOLONCELLOS

Benar Heifetz, Samuel H. Mayes } *Soli*
B. Gusikoff
William A. Schmidt
Sam Belenko
Emmet R. Sargeant
Adrian Siegel
Elsa Hilger
Harry Gorodetzer
Morris Lewin
J. Sterin
John Gray

BASSES

Anton Torello
A. Hase
Vincent Lazzaro, Jr.
Heinrich Wiemann
Max Strassenberger
M. Pauli
S. Siani
Waldemar Giese
Carl Torello
Irven A. Whitenack

HARPS

Edna Phillips
Marjorie Tyre

FLUTES

W. M. Kincaid
Joseph La Monaca
John A. Fischer
Hans Schlegel

OBOES

Marcel Tabuteau
Louis Di Fulvio
Adrien Siegel

ENGLISH HORN

John Minsker

CLARINETS

Robert McGinnis
Jules J. Serpentini
N. Cerminara
Leon Lester
William Gruner
Ermelindo Scarpa
Louis Morris

BASS CLARINET

Leon Lester

BASSOONS

Sol Schoenbach
John Fisnar
F. Del Negro
William Gruner

TUBAS

Philip A. Donatelli
Heinrich Wiemann

HORNS

Mason Jones } *Soli*
Clarence Mayer }
A. A. Tomei
Herbert Pierson
Theodore Seder
Anton Horner

TRUMPETS

Saul Caston
Sigmund Hering
Harold W. Rehrig
Melvin Headman

BASS TRUMPET

Charles Gusikoff

TROMBONES

Charles Gusikoff
Paul P. Lotz
C. E. Gerhard
Gordon M. Pulis
Fred C. Stoll
Paul V. Bogarde

TYMPANI

Oscar Schwar
Emil Kresse

BATTERY

Benjamin Podemski
James Valerio

CELESTA AND PIANO

Allan Farnham
Gustave A. Loeben

EUPHONIUM

Charles Gusikoff

LIBRARIAN

Marshall Betz

PERSONNEL MANAGER

Paul P. Lotz

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Organized in 1879. Incorporated in 1881.

PRESIDENTS

Henry Simmons Frieze, 1879–1881 and 1883–1889
Alexander Winchell, 1881–1883 and 1889–1891
Francis W. Kelsey, 1891–1927
Charles A. Sink (Executive Secretary, 1904–1927) 1927–

MUSICAL DIRECTORS

Calvin B. Cady, 1879–1888
Albert A. Stanley, 1888–1921
Earl V. Moore, 1921–

THE ANN ARBOR MAY FESTIVAL

Founded by
Albert A. Stanley in 1894

MUSICAL DIRECTORS

Albert A. Stanley, 1894–1921
Earl V. Moore, 1922–

ORGANIZATIONS

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 José Iturbi, Conductors, 1937; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor, 1938; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor, Saul Caston, Associate Conductor, and Georges Enesco, Guest Conductor, 1939
The University Choral Union, Albert A. Stanley, Conductor, 1894–1921; Earl V. Moore, Conductor, 1922–

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

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, 1928–1936; Roxy Cowin, 1937–; Juva N. Higbee, 1938–

The Stanley Chorus, trained by Margaret Martindale, 1934

The University Glee Club, trained by David Mattern, 1937

The Lyra Male Chorus, trained by Reuben H. Kempf, 1937

GUEST CONDUCTORS

Gustav Holst (London, England), 1923, 1932
Howard Hanson (Rochester), 1926, 1927, 1933, 1935
Felix Borowski (Chicago), 1927
Percy Grainger (New York), 1928
Georges Enesco (Paris), 1939
Harl McDonald (Philadelphia), 1939, 1940

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; Aïda, 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; Aïda, 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 Triomphalis, Stanley
1913 Laus Deo, Stanley; Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Lohengrin, Act I, and Finale from Meistersingers, 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

* American première at the May Festival Concert.

1916 Paradise Lost, Bossi; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Children at Bethlehem (Children), Pierné

1917 Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Aïda, 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 Psalmodic Phapsody, 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

1924 B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; †La Primavera (Spring), Respighi; †Sea Drift, Delius; Excerpts from Aïda and La Forza del Destino, Verdi

1925 The Bells, Rachmaninoff; B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; La Gioconda, Ponchielli; 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; Aïda, 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 Godunov (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; *Jumblies (Children), James

1936 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Caractacus, Elgar; Children at Bethlehem (Children), Pierné

1937 Aïda, Verdi; †The Seasons, Fogg; Spring Rapture (Children), Gaul; Excerpts from Parsifal, Wagner

1938 The Bells, Rachmaninoff; *Cantata, Paul Bunyan (Children), James; Carmen, Bizet

1939 Otello, Verdi; Choral Symphony, McDonald; Psalmus Hungaricus, Kodály; Onward, Ye Peoples, Sibelius; Alto Rhapsody, Brahms

1940 Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Cantata, The Inimitable Lovers, Charles Vardell, Jr.

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* World première at the May Festival Concerts.

† American première at the May Festival Concerts.