
**SEVENTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL**

**OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN**

1910



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK



E. WOLF-FERRARI

[OFFICIAL]

**SEVENTEENTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL**

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor

May 18, 19, 20, 21, 1910



ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1910

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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

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

The Choral Union

THIRTY-FIRST SEASON

1909-1910

ALBERT A. STANLEY
CONDUCTOR

EARLE G. KILLEEN
ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR

CHARLES A. SINK, SECRETARY

MARK WISDOM, LIBRARIAN

MRS. MINNIE DAVIS-SHERRILL, PIANIST

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, ORGANIST

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List of Concerts and Soloists

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 8:00 O'CLOCK

OPENING CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, *Soprano*

MR. DANIEL BEDDOE, *Tenor*

MR. SIDNEY BIDEN, *Baritone*

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK; MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductors*

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 8:00 O'CLOCK

"THE NEW LIFE"

WOLF-FERRARI

OVERTURE, "In the South," *Elgar* "Tod und Verklärung," *Strauss*

SOLOISTS

MRS. SYBIL SAMMIS-MACDERMID, *Soprano*

MR. SIDNEY BIDEN, *Baritone*

THE CHORAL UNION

MRS. MINNIE DAVIS-SHERRILL, *Pianiste*

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK; MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductors*

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 20, 2:30 O'CLOCK

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Mlle. TINA LERNER, *Pianiste*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 8:00 O'CLOCK

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

MRS. JANE OSBORNE-HANNAH, *Soprano*

MISS MARGARET KEYES, *Contralto*

MR. DANIEL BEDDOE, *Tenor*

SIG. GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI, *Baritone*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 21, 3:00 O'CLOCK

Complimentary Organ Recital

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 21; 7:30 O'CLOCK

"ODYSSEUS," An Epic Cantata in Ten Scenes

Op. 41, BRUCH

SOLOISTS

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, *Soprano*

MISS MARGARET KEYES, *Contralto*

MR. DANIEL BEDDOE, *Tenor*

MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND, *Baritone*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

THE CHORAL UNION. MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductor*

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra

FOUNDED BY THEODORE THOMAS

FREDERICK A. STOCK Conductor

FIRST VIOLINS

LETZ, H.
ESSER, F.
CULP, S.
VAN DER VOORT, A.
NURNBERGER, L.
BRAUN, H.
ITTE, F.
MANGOLD, R.

SECOND VIOLINS

HILLMANN, C.
BARKER, O.
NOVAK, L.
RABE, H.
BUSSE, A.
ULRICH, A.

VIOLAS

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

VIOLONCELLOS

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

BASSES

JISKRA, V.
KLEMM, L.
PARBS, H.
WOLF, O.
OTTE, F.

HARP

SINGER, W.

FLUTES

QUENSEL, A.
BAUMBACH, C.

PICCOLOS

FURMAN, J.
SCHROETER, R.

OBOES

BARTHEL, A.
HESELBACH, O.

ENGLISH HORN

STARKE, F.

CLARINETS

SCHREURS, J.
BUSSE, A.

BASS CLARINET

MEYER, C.

BASSOONS

KRUSE, P.
RABE, H.

CONTRA BASSOON

FRIEDRICH, L.

HORNS

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

TRUMPETS

SCHUBERT, O.
HANDKE, P.

CORNETS

ULRICH, A.
FELBER, H.

TROMBONES

STANGE, G.
ZELLER, W.
NICOLINI, J.

TUBA

OTTE, F.

TIMPANI

ZETTELMANN, J.

PERCUSSIONS

WINTRICH, M.
WAGNER, E.
MITTELSTAEDT, F.
STROBACH, C.

LIBRARIAN

McNICOL, T.

THE THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA will take part in all Festival Concerts.

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1909-1910

THIRTY-FIRST SEASON
No. CCXXXVI. COMPLETE SERIES

SIXTH CONCERT

First May Festival Concert

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 8:00 O'CLOCK

Miscellaneous Concert

SOLOISTS

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, *Soprano* MR. DANIEL BEDDOE, *Tenor*

MR. SIDNEY BIDEN, *Baritone*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK and MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductors.*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE, "Donna Diana" VON REZNICEK

BALLET SUITE, "Céphale and Procris" GRÉTRY-MOTTL

SCENE AND ARIA, "Wie nah't mir die Schlummer"
"Der Freischütz" VON WEBER

CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY

SYMPHONY, G minor (Köchel 550) MOZART

ALLEGRO MOLTO; ANDANTE; MENUETTO; ALLEGRO ASSAI

Intermission

ARIA, "Lend me your Aid ("Queen of Sheba") GOUNOD

DANIEL BEDDOE

SCHERZO, "L'Apprenti Sorcier" DUKAS

DRAMATIC BALLADE, "Fair Ellen" Op. 24 MAX BRUCH

FOR SOLI, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.



FREDERICK A. STOCK

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1909-1910

THIRTY-FIRST SEASON
No. CCXXXVII. COMPLETE SERIES

SEVENTH CONCERT

Second May Festival Concert

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 8:00 O'CLOCK

SOLOISTS

MRS. SIBYL SAMMIS-MACDERMID, *Soprano* MR. SIDNEY BIDEN, *Baritone*

THE CHORAL UNION

MRS. MINNIE DAVIS-SHERRILL, *Pianiste*

MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, *Organist*

MR. FREDERICK STOCK and MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, *Conductors.*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE, "In the South" (Allessio), Op. 50 ELGAR

CANTATA, "The New Life" (La Vita Nuova) Op. 9 WOLF-FERRARI

FOR SOLI, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

SYNOPSIS

PROLOGUE

SOLI AND CHORUS.—"I am an angel fair."

PART FIRST

BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.—"Sweet
rose of the morning."

ORCHESTRA.—"Dance of Angels."

BARITONE SOLO.—"Ye ladies all, that
with love are acquainted."

BARITONE SOLO.—"Within my lady's eyes
Love sits enthroned."

CHORUS.—"Lo! now an angel calleth!"

ORCHESTRA.—*Intermezzo.*

BARITONE SOLO.—"Ye that the burden
bear of bitter sorrow."

FEMALE CHORUS.—"Art thou, then, he?"

PART SECOND

BARITONE SOLO.—"So pure and fair and
holy."

ORCHESTRA.—"The Death of Beatrice."

CHORUS.—"Quomodo sedet sola civitas."
"Beatrice hath departed."

BARITONE SOLO.—"Weary, so weary of
infinite sighing."

SOLI AND CHORUS.—*Finale.*

Intermission

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Death and Transfiguration," Op. 24, STRAUSS

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1909-1910

THIRTY-FIRST SEASON
No. CCXXXVIII. COMPLETE SERIES

EIGHTH CONCERT

Third May Festival Concert

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 20, 2:30 O'CLOCK

Symphony Concert

SOLOISTS

M^{LLE}. TINA LERNER, *Pianiste*

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, *Bass*

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| OVERTURE, "Manfred" | SCHUMANN |
| PIANO CONCERTO, F minor, Op. 21 | CHOPIN |
| MAESTOSO; LARGHETTO; ALLEGRO | |
| M ^{LLE} . TINA LERNER | |
| BALLADE, "Young Lochinvar" | CHADWICK |
| MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON | |
| PIANO SOLOS, "Meine Freuden" | CHOPIN-LISZT |
| Polonaise in E major | LISZT |
| Intermission | |
| SYMPHONY, D minor | CÉSAR FRANCK |
| LENTO—ALLEGRO NON TROPPO; ALLEGRETTO; ALLEGRO NON TROPPO | |
-

The Grand Pianoforte used is a MASON AND HAMLIN

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1909-1910

THIRTY-FIRST SEASON
No. CCXXXIX. COMPLETE SERIES

NINTH CONCERT

Fourth May Festival Concert

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 8:00 O'CLOCK

Miscellaneous Concert

SOLOISTS

MRS. JANE OSBORN-HANNAH, *Soprano*

MISS MARGARET KEYES, *Contralto*

MR. DANIEL BEDDOE, *Tenor*

SIG. GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI, *Baritone*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE, "To a Shakespeare Comedy," Op. 15 SCHEINPFLUG
PROLOGUE, to "I Pagliacci" LEONCAVALLO

SIG. GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI

SUITE, "Impressions d'Italie" CHARPENTIER
"Serenade;" "At the Fountain;" "On Mule-back;"
"On the Summits;" "Naples."

BALLATELLA, "There on high they cry," from "I Pagliacci" LEONCAVALLO

MRS. JANE OSBORNE-HANNAH

Intermission

OVERTURE, "La Baruffe Chiozotte" SINIGAGLIA
ARIA, "Figaro," from "Barber of Seville" ROSSINI

SIG. GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI

PRELUDE to "L'Après Midi d'un Faune" DEBUSSEY
(Afternoon of a Faun)

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster,"
from "Oberon" VON WEBER

MRS. OSBORNE-HANNAH

RHAPSODY, "Norwegian" LALO
QUARTETTE, "Bella figlia, dell'Amore" ("Rigoletto") VERDI

MRS. OSBORNE-HANNAH, MISS KEYES, MR. BEDDOE, SIG. CAMPANARI.

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1909-1910

THIRTY-FIRST SEASON
No. CCXL. COMPLETE SERIES

SUPPLEMENTARY CONCERT

Complimentary Organ Recital

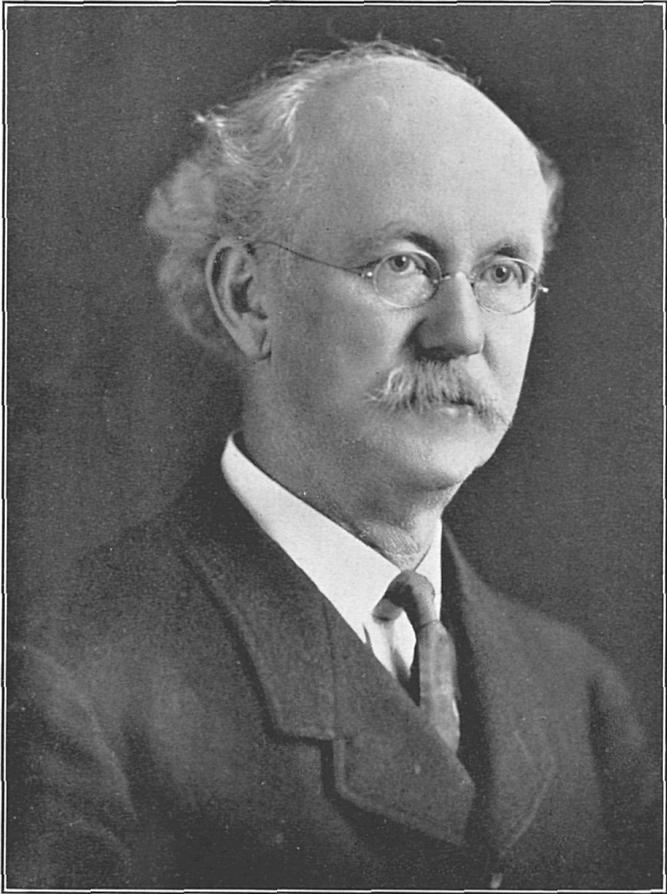
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 21, 3:00 O'CLOCK

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK

Organist

PROGRAM

FANTASIE ET FUGUE	BERNARD
MARCHE RUSTIQUE	GIGOUT
LIED	WOLSTENHOLME
CHORAL, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"	BACH
ELEGY	
SECOND NUPTIAL MARCH	GUILMANT
CONCERTO in E-flat	FELTON (1713-1769)
MAESTOSO; ALLA SICILIANA; GAVOTTE	
THREE ORIENTAL SKETCHES	BIRD
JUBILANT MARCH	FAULKES



ALBERT A. STANLEY

CHORAL UNION SERIES, 1909-1910

THIRTY-FIRST SEASON
No. CCXLI. COMPLETE SERIES

TENTH CONCERT

Fifth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 7:30 O'CLOCK

“ODYSSEUS”

AN EPIC CANTATA IN TEN SCENES, BY MAX BRUCH

SOLOISTS

LEUKOTHEA	}	CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY
PALLAS-ATHENE		
NAUSIKAA		
PENELOPE	}	MARGARET KEYES
ARETE		
ANTIKLEA		
HERMES		DANIEL BEDDOE
ODYSSEUS		WILLIAM HOWLAND
ALKINOOS		ALLEN DUDLEY
COMPANIONS OF ODYSSEUS, BOATMEN, RHAPSODES, NYMPHS OF CALYPSO, OCEANIDES, SHADES, PHAIAKES, PEOPLE OF ITHAKA	}	CHORAL UNION
<i>ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.</i>		

SYNOPSIS

PART FIRST	
SCENE I.	
Odysseus on Calypso's Island.	
Odysseus, Nymphs of Calypso and Hermes.	
SCENE II.	
Odysseus, Companions, Antikleia, Tiresias, and Shades of the Departed.	
SCENE III.	
Odysseus and the Sirens.	
Odysseus, Companions and Sirens.	
SCENE IV.	
The Tempest at Sea.	
Odysseus, Oceanides and Companions.	
PART SECOND	
SCENE V.	
Penelope mourning.	
	SCENE VI.
	Nausikaa.
	Odysseus, Nausikaa and Maidens.
	SCENE VII.
	The Banquet with the Phaiakes.
	Odysseus, Alkinoos, Nausikaa, Arete, the Phaiakes, and Rhapsodes.
	SCENE VIII.
	Penelope Weaving a Garment.
	SCENE IX.
	The Return.
	Odysseus, Pallas Athene, The Helmsman and Boatmen.
	SCENE X.
	Feast in Ithaka.
	Odysseus, Penelope, and the People of Ithaka.

Descriptive Programs

ANALYSES BY
ALBERT A. STANLEY

ALL CONCERTS
WILL BEGIN ON TIME

DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE THE
BEGINNING OF EACH
CONCERT

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 18, 1910

OVERTURE, 'Donna Diana,'

VON REZNICEK

Born, Vienna, May 4, 1861: still living.

EMIL NICOLAUS VON REZNICEK has seemingly justified his relinquishment of the law in favor of music by the composition of five operas, of which "Donna Diana" is the latest (Prague, December 16, 1894). That these operas have made more than a restricted appeal cannot be maintained. An opera is a complicated organism and it must satisfy the demands of a more involved organism—the public—if it is to succeed. Where one achieves lasting success scores are failures, and it is sometimes impossible to discern the reason for either result. The "Barber of Bagdad," by Cornelius, for example, has never been able to maintain itself for any length of time in the operatic repertoire, yet it is a master work from every point of view considered,—save that of the box office. We are not obliged to submit this opera of von Reznicek to any "survival of the fittest" test to enjoy the brilliant overture, through which "Donna Diana" has become known to concert audiences. It is cast in the sonata form and requires no frenetic analysis to disclose its hidden meanings, for there are none.

BALLET SUITE, from "Céphale and Procris,"

GRÉTRY-MOTTL

Born, Liège, February 8, 1741; died, Montmorency, September 24, 1813.
Tambourin; Menuetto; Gigue.

ANDRÉ ERNEST-MODESTE GRÉTRY was a composer of undoubted ability, but he lacked application and real appreciation of the necessity of a mastery of the technical processes of composition. Had it not been for his unusual melodic gifts and his keen dramatic perception, he could not have risen to the honorable position in the ranks of French composers he occupied, nor could the "Moliere of Music" have been the founder of the French comedy-opera, had he not been a constructive genius. That he was the inspiration of Boieldieu and Auber attests his real power. Fifty operas stand to his credit, and his greatest work, "Richard Cœur de Lion," is still given. In all of his operas we find bewitching ballet-music of the type displayed in the Suite from "Céphale and Procris" (1775), to which Felix Mottl (1856) has added some of the graces of the modern orchestra without detracting from the quaint flavor of the original.

The dances chosen are perfectly designated by their titles and employ the following succession of keys: D major; B flat major; D major.

SCENE AND ARIA, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer,"
from "Der Freischütz."

VON WEBER

Born, Eutin, December 18, 1786; Died, London, June 5, 1826.

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY.

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

The selection on our program represents Agatha's grief and suspense as Max fails to appear, and her joy as she finally discerns him in the distance.

AGATHE.

How tranquilly I slumbered
Before on him I gazed!
But evermore with sorrow
Love hand in hand must go.
The moon reveals her silv'ry light;
Oh lovely night!
(Stepping out on the balcony she folds
her hands in prayer.)
Softly sighing, day is dying,
Soar my prayer to heaven flying;
Starry splendor shining yonder,
Pour on us thy radiance tender!
(Looking out.)
How the golden stars are burning
Thro' yon vault of ether blue!
But lo! gath'ring o'er the mountains
Is a cloud foreboding storm,
And along yon pine woods' side,
Veils of darkness slowly glide!
Lord, watch o'er me,
I implore thee,
Humbly bending I adore thee,
Thou hast tried us,
Ne'er denied us,
May thy holy angels guide us!
Earth has lull'd her care to rest;
Why delays my loit'ring love?
Fondly beats my anxious breast,
Where, my sweetheart does thou rove?

Scarce the breeze among the boughs
Wakes a murmur through the silence,
Save the nightingale lamenting
Not a sound disturbs the night.
But hark! doth my ear deceive?
I heard a footstep!
There, in the pine woods' shadow,
I see a form! 'Tis he! 'tis he!
Oh love, I will give thee a sign
Thy maiden waits thro' storm and shine.
(She waves a white handkerchief to
him.)
He seems not to see me yet;
Heav'n! can it be that I see aright?
With flow'ry wreath his hat is bound!
Success at last our hopes has crowned!
What bliss tomorrow's dawn will bring!
Oh! joyful token, hope revives my soul!
How ev'ry pulse is bounding,
And my heart beats loud and fast,
We shall meet in joy at last!
Could I dare to hope such rapture?
Frowning Fate at last relents,
And to crown our love consents:
Oh what joy for us tomorrow!
Am I dreaming?
Is this true?
Bounteous heav'n, my heart shall praise
thee
For this hope of rosy hue!



CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY

SYMPHONY, G minor (Köchel 550),

MOZART

Born, Salzburg, January 27, 1756; Died, Vienna, December 5, 1791.

Allegro molto; Andante; Menuetto; Allegro assai.

No composer so thoroughly satisfies the popular idea of a genius as WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. Possessing neither the intellectuality of Bach, the grandeur of Händel, nor the depth of Beethoven, with the passage of the years his genius developed transcendent qualities of a type denied the trio of Titans mentioned. His work as an opera composer, so brilliant on the musical side and so keenly appreciative of the dramatic possibilities of the form that Richard Wagner said of him: "He would have solved the problem of the opera had he found the proper librettist," pales before his power as a symphonist. He was the Prophet of the Symphony and laid bare its highest possibilities. In no work in this form does he display the amplitude of his genius and his absolute mastery of form more fully than in this symphony—one of the immortal trio written between June 26 and August 10, 1788. To write the E flat the "Jupiter" and the G minor symphonies in forty-five days was a veritable *tour de force*. Beethoven and Schubert adored this work, the latter saying of the Andante, "I seem to hear angels singing."

Ignoring the conventional slow introduction, Mozart plunges immediately into the subject matter, the very first measures carrying the theme given below—G minor, 4-4 time, *Allegro molto*.

Allegro molto.

After a brief treatment of this theme, and preceded by a modulation to B flat major and a sonorous "subsidiary" theme, the second subject appears.

In accordance with the formal evolutionary processes, the movement proceeds through the "development" to a brilliant recapitulation ending with a thoroughly orthodox "coda."

With no prelude, the second movement—E flat major, 6-8 time, *Andante*—enunciates its attractive principal subject

Andante.

which is soon followed by a no less expressive theme, in B flat major.

As this movement also is in the sonata-form, this theme is followed by an abbreviated "development" section—and recapitulatory final treatments.

The third movement—Menuetto—is made up of two principal themes—the first—G minor, 3-4 time, *Allegretto*

forming the material of the Minuet proper.

The following good natured and naive theme in G major dominates the Trio.



The Minuet is now repeated.

In the *Finale*—G minor, 4-4 time, *Allegro assai*, the sonata-form is regnant. It is so logical and clear on the formal side that the first theme



with its rhythmic verve, and the flowing song-theme in B flat major, the second subject,



are given with no words of explanation.

To the student this symphony presents many points of interest. Three of the movements are in strict sonata-form, quite an unusual procedure. Genius is a law unto itself, and Mozart chose wisely when he ignored contemporaneous practice and followed the leadings of his inspiration—preferring naturalness of expression to convention.

ARIA, "Lend me your Aid," from the "Queen of Sheba,"

GOUNOD

Born, Paris, June 17, 1818; Died, Paris, October 17, 1893.

MR. DANIEL BEDDOE.

The name of CHARLES GOUNOD is so bound up with "Faust"—his greatest opera—that, with the single exception of "Romeo and Juliet," his other musico-dramatic works—to an American audience, or to any other outside of France—are practically *terra incognita*. "La Reine de Saba"—produced at Paris in 1862—would not be chosen, were one to attempt to contest the supremacy of "Faust." This in spite of its many beauties, and undeniable worth. The aria, the text of which now follows, is one of the most effective numbers in the entire work.

How frail and weak a thing is man!
 How poor this work of ours!
 Hideous and vain it standeth,
 A dwelling for luxury!
 A temple fit for pride!

Hardly worthy of man!
 All nobleness is wanting!
 This they call—this they call
 Building for all eternity!
 Sons of Tubal Cain

Oh strong and noble race
Benefactors of man!
High and God-like minds!
In your path thro' the world,
Ye left a track of greatness;
Libanus beareth witness in vast noble
ruins.

Where far the sand heaps high the
desert plain,
Even there rise the wond'rous forms ye
have made

From out the past in solemn gran-
deur!

Ah, before your awful pow'r I bow the
head.

Lend me your aid,

Oh race divine,

Fathers of old to whom I've pray'd,
Spirits of pow'r, be your help mine,

Lend me your aid,

Fathers of old to whom I've pray'd,
O lend your aid!

Oh grant that my wild dream be not
vain,

That future time shall owe to me

A work their bards will sing in their
strains,

Tho' Chaos still an iron sea remains!

From the caldron the molten wave

Soon will flow into its mould of sand,

And ye, O sons of Tubal Cain,

Fire, oh fire my soul, and guide my
hand!

Lend me your aid, Oh grace divine,

Fathers of old to whom I've pray'd,

Spirits of pow'r be your help mine!

Lend me your aid, Fathers of old to
whom I've pray'd,

Lend me your aid, Oh lend your aid!

SCHERZO, "L'Apprenti Sorcier."

DUKAS

Born, Paris, October 1, 1865; still living.

This brilliant composition is based on Goethe's poem *Der Zauberlehrling*. Into all the experiences of the young apprentice, who rashly uses his master's magic formula, in his absence, we may not enter, but they were sufficient in number and strenuous enough in character to give employment to all the instruments of the modern orchestra in their delineation. Fortunately DUKAS used the "magic formula" of orchestral mastery to such advantage that the work has maintained itself in the concert repertoire from its first performance (May 18, 1897) up to the present day.

DRAMATIC BALLADE, "Fair Ellen," Op. 24.

MAX BRUCH

For Soli, Chorus and Orchestra.

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, Soprano; MR. SIDNEY BIDEN, Baritone.

This stirring setting of a thrilling and dramatic episode in the Indian Mutiny will be heard on the present occasion for the fourth time in the Festival series. It may therefore be welcomed as an old friend. This suggests the thought that, to hear a work for the first time may be interesting, but repeated hearings of good music is the only way in which one may gain appreciative knowledge.

BARITONE SOLO.—May God in His mercy be good to us now,

What boots it to shrink from dying?

No bread to sustain us the long day through,

No shot to the foeman replying:

But pray for rescue, and that right soon,

To come to our leaguer'd tower;

Though yonder the morning be low'ring red,

There's death in the sunset hour.



DANIEL BEDDOE

CHORUS.—Lord Edward spoke; downhearted and said,
His gallant veterans stayed;
Fair Ellen leant on a cannon near,
In tartan plaid arrayed.
There's e'en a spell on the bonny face,
The last look heavenward turning,
And straightway like a wraith she rose
Her eyes all darksome burning.

SOPRANO SOLO.—“O haste ye, haste to the ramparts high,
Look out i' the misty gloaming;
Methought I heard in the distant far
The march, the Campbells coming.

Oh list to the rolling sound of drums,
The Pibroch I hear them playing,
'We come for the sake of our olden troth,'
Oh list what the breezes are saying.”

BARITONE SOLO.—Ah, Maiden, I ween thou art sore distraught,
Nought hast thou seen or heard
Save deep blue sky, and yellow sand,
And dele reeds by breezes stirred.

CHORUS.—And the sun rose to his midday height,
And the sun pass'd over the heaven,
And nearer and nearer the last hour came,
And sadly the farewell was given.
Fair Ellen stood with fixed look,
And brightly her eyes were aglowing.

SOPRANO SOLO.—“The Campbells are coming, I told you true,
I hear the bugle blowing!
The Pibroch is borne adown the wind,
The tones on the breezes quiver,
'Neath the tread of battalions that hurry along
Afar the plains do shiver.”

BARITONE SOLO.—Ah, Maiden, we listen and listen in vain,
And fast the hours are flying,
The breach is wide and the storm is nigh,
There's Honor, Honor in dying.
Farewell, then, wife and child at home!
And the Highland lochs and the heather!
And now for the last time God speed the shot,
Let your swords be unsheathed together.

CHORUS.—And the volley rang, and the fight was hot,
And smoke hung thickly before them,
The colors droop'd, but Fair Ellen rose,
And forward right boldly she bore them.

Official Program Book

SOPRANO SOLO.—“Oh stay, oh stay, 'tis the pipes I hear,
The sound draws nearer and nearer,
Ha! see, there's a rent in the mist,
And the sight grows clearer and clearer.”

CHORUS.—And they broke on the foe like a Highland storm,
And nearer and louder becoming,
Far over the mist there sounded the march,
The march, “the Campbells are coming.”

SOPRANO SOLO.—There's a shimmer of steel o'er the far-spreading plain,
From the squadrons for battle arrayed,
With their plaids and gay plumes in their bonnets they come,
And England's flag displayed.

SOPRANO, BARITONE AND CHORUS.—And the foemen fled, and they
enter'd the gate,
And Ellen's voice rose to heaven:
We're sav'd by the bond of our olden troth,
To God praise and honor be given!

—E. GEIBEL.

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 19, 1910

OVERTURE, "In the South," Op. 50,

ELGAR

Born at Broadheath (near Worcester), England, June 2, 1857; still living.

The program for the evening has a special interest in that the three composers included represent three distinct nationalities; furthermore, they are at the height of their powers with—let us hope—many years before them in which they may give to the world new proofs of their genius. Whether Elgar, Wolf-Ferrari and Strauss, will be accounted geniuses by the Supreme Court of the Future, we may not now determine, but the possession of exalted talent cannot be denied them. Possibly, of this trio, the Italian representative, Wolf-Ferrari, is most distinctly on trial. He is the youngest of them all and in the field of serious, *i. e.*, symphonic music, he has a certain handicap in his Italian blood, for the record of Italy is not inspiring in this direction. At first blush this would seem to matter little when we reflect that the Italians today, as they have for the past two centuries, give their well-nigh undivided attention to the opera. But in preceding centuries Italy witnessed the developments of the Netherland School; the birth of organ music; laid down the principles of practically every musical form but the symphony; and, in the person of Palestrina gave us one of the greatest masters of polyphony the world has known. Again, Italian composers did much to develop the sonata form, of which the symphony is the highest expression. Taking this into consideration, and the fact that polyphony underlies symphonic utterance, the dearth of symphonic writing in Italy—Sgambati and Sinigaglia being its sole exponents—is significant. This becomes doubly so when we realize that in modern opera the symphonic principle is regnant. It is a hopeful sign that the composer of the "New Life" has given abundant evidence of the possession of the qualities that are fundamental in symphonic writing. This brings up the thought, based on hope, that Italy may yet redeem herself in this field—and no longer allow her serious art to be a negation of all that its earlier developments would seem to have predicated.

We have in the Elgar overture his impressions of the Southland, and offer the following facts and interpretations, condensing Jaeger's redundant analysis; "Conceived on a glorious spring day in the Valley of Andorra, in this composition, in which grandeur, serenity, turmoil and passion find expression with all the intensity of the modern outlook, the great past of an enchanting country is invoked to offset the mere physical joy in the beauties of Nature." In its present environment the overture stands as an expression of the charm of the country under whose skies lived the poet of "La Vita Nuova," and thus it fulfills one function of the Wagner concept of the overture, that of arousing expectancy or invoking prophecy.

CANTATA, "THE NEW LIFE," (La Vita Nuova, Dante) ERMANNI WOLF-FERRARI

Born, Venice, January 12, 1876; still living.

For Chorus, Soli and Orchestra, Op. 9.

MRS. SYBIL SAMMIS-MACDERMID, Soprano; MR. SIDNEY BIDEN, Baritone.

With the impressions of Italy produced by the genial Elgar overture fresh in our minds, we can with kindled imagination listen to the wonderful setting of portions of one of the inspirations of Italy's greatest poet. That Dante's "La Vita Nuova" should not have inspired some composer long ere this to wed it to music seems strange, but it is fortunate that its beauties at last found so sympathetic an interpreter as ERMANNI WOLF-FERRARI.

The career of the composer, while it has been an honorable one, and while in the course of his artistic activity he has given many proofs of real ability, really commenced with the composition of the "New Life," which is admittedly his greatest work. He has written several operas, as all Italian composers *must* perforce, and at the present time his latest dramatic work is scheduled for performance by the Metropolitan Opera Co. His life failing in distinctly accentuated features, it is more to the present purpose to speak of the work on our program—inasmuch as it will be heard for the first time under this roof—than to fill up the outlines of his career with more or less of detail.

The perfect union of Teutonic depth and sincerity of feeling, and Latin grace and fervor of expression, met with in this work, is somewhat unusual, and accounts for many of its most appealing characteristics. Italian music without melody is unthinkable—but that melody often lacks distinction. It is—since the Verdi of "Aida," "Otello" and "Falstaff," we may say *was*—frequently superficial. The Teutonic muse, on the other hand,—after Gluck pointed out the way—has been occasionally over-insistent on dramatic fidelity and, possibly in some instances, a trifle unappreciative of the power of pure melody. Wolf-Ferrari—German on his father's side, Italian on his mother's—in his art gives us the charm of broadly conceived melody resting on a foundation of significant harmony. Invoking the aid of the modern orchestra, with its endless resources, and displaying consummate mastery of the heights and depths of vocal expression, the composer, animated by lofty poetic purpose, has given us one of the most beautiful creations of modern times. To say that, from the date of its first performance (Munich, March 21, 1903), the "New Life" has been accepted as in every way worthy of the immortal poem it illustrates, is to record the concensus of critical judgment—a judgment endorsed by those who have listened to it uninfluenced by any critical bias. The work deserves, however, more than mere generalizations and may be better appreciated through the following non-technical analysis.

The Prologue opens with a charming introductory section for orchestra—E major, 9-8 time, *Cantando molto*—leading into a solo for soprano—"I am an angel fair"—to which a baritone solo, "These are the words we read in a vision" responds. The chorus is added at the words "Love is the fire that ever fills me with rapture," and the ensemble proceeds in terms of broadly flowing melody, leading through several inspiring climaxes to the real climax at the words "Their Lord we greet, whose name is Love immortal," which is a "typical" melody utilized frequently in succeeding numbers.

The First Part is introduced by a beautiful Spring Song, "Sweet rose of the morning,"—A major, 3-8 time,—for baritone solo and chorus. This song is as fresh and sparkling as a May morning. The text is given direction through the section—E major, *Piu largo*—"More lovely than the roses, lady mine, thou appearest!" which, followed by a repetition of the theme of the first section, leads into the "Dance of Angels" ("o'er field and meadow, merrily") in which, in the orchestration, the composer shows his originality. The pianoforte and seven kettle drums are added to the harp and strings. The drums are used, not as Berlioz employed them for purposes of noise-making, but to accentuate the basses playing *pizzicato*. Both the organ and pianoforte are treated as orchestral instruments throughout the entire work, thus enforcing Wolf-Ferrari's modernity. An Arioso—F sharp minor, common time, *dolcissimo*—for baritone, "Ye ladies all, that with love are acquainted" now ensues, followed by a Sonetto, which is one of the most original conceptions of the whole work and of great technical interest in that it is, to all intents and purposes, a modern intensified version of the "long measure" of the earliest Italian operas. It therefore lends itself to a style of delivery that may be termed a semi-improvisation. This is accompanied by the pianoforte alone, and is followed by an echo of the "Dance of Angels," B major, 6-8 time. The next number is a Canzone, "Lo now an angel calleth," for chorus, the opening tenor phrase of which yields an important typical motive. The first section ends in a thrilling climax—"Lord!" thrice repeated. Heralded by an interesting orchestral interlude—3-4 time—enters one of the most charming bits of writing in the entire work, "On earth is a wonder revealed." A strong unison passage "Then spake th' Almighty," is followed by a choral-like section ending in a *pp* statement of the typical melody heard in the Prologue, to which the Cor Anglais gives individuality. An orchestral Intermezzo—E minor, common time—is succeeded by a baritone solo—"Ye that bear the burden of bitter sorrow." A violin solo—F major, common time, *Adagio*—leads to a chorus for female voices, which is one of the most exquisite products of the composer's genius. The violin solo—*quasi recitativo*—and the characteristic accompaniment motive of the Arioso are significant features in the orchestra, while the melody and harmony of the voices illustrate ultra-modern practice. Note the wonderful effect of the harmonies accompanying the last two words of the line "That such as fain would have gazed upon her." Such a treatment, in which chords are used as a painter would use color, constitutes one of the charms of the "idiomatic speech of music"—a phrase which has the sanction of Richard Wagner. Also note the typical melody given out by the oboe *pp* in the concluding measures.

None but a professional art critic—or a dictionary-maker—can control enough adjectives to worthily characterize the beauty of the solo "So pure and fair and holy seems my lady," with which the SECOND PART opens. A happy inspiration was the use of the most striking melodic phrases of the *Canzone*. After the final phrase—"That bids the spirit sigh ever!" comes the gloom of Beatrice's death, (orchestra) with the unaccompanied chorus—"Quomodo sedet sola civitas" leading into a magnificent unison melody for basses, and later for full chorus,—"Beatrice hath departed." The *Finale*—C minor, common time, *declamando*—opens with a despairing note—"Weary, so weary of infinite sighing." The accompaniment to this is for pianoforte alone. The solo part is interrupted by cries of "Ah! Ah!" by the chorus. In this section the orchestra develops tremendous intensity. Dying to *pppp*—the second division of the *Finale*—C major, 6-4 time, *Adagio sostenuto*—introduces the theme of "So pure and fair." Then, through a *crescendo*—leading into the most intense modern harmonic and rhythmical schemes—6-4, 3-4, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 in quick succession—the chorus is in-

roduced as a part of the orchestral mass,—as the singers merely vocalize on “a”—and an inspiring climax is reached. The real climax, however, comes with the soprano solo—on one tone—“I dwell in peace,” the response—“May all blessings be thine!” (baritone) and the soft chords—*tranquillo*—through which the work comes to an end.

Without doing violence to the spirit of Wolf-Ferrari’s conception, one may consider the baritone the personification of Dante, while in the opening solo in the Prologue—and in the concluding measures of the *Finale*—the voice of the glorified Beatrice is heard.

PROLOGUE*

SOLI AND CHORUS.

SOPRANO SOLO.—I am an angel fair, from
Paradise descending,
I come to tell you of its joys unending,
All the vain delights this world can offer transcending!
From Heav’n I come, to Heav’n am I
returning,
And who, beholding me, knows nought
of Love’s strange yearning,
Then Love to him shall ever be hidden
treasure.
To give light to all in fullest measure,
To sing the praise of beauty was I chosen.
From the heights of heav’n am I descending,
To tell ye, oh! mortals of love unending.
BARITONE SOLO.—These are the words
we may read in the vision of an angel
to us revealed,
And I, who as my very life those bright
eyes cherish,
Must surely perish
if they be concealed.
What tho’ the wound be deep, and
naught may heal it,
Yet will I still gaze upon those eyes enthralling,
Till in a torrent all my tears are falling,
Till in a torrent bitter tears are falling.
CHORUS.—Love is the fire that ever fills
me with rapture,
Love is the fire that fills my being,
Love is the magic flame filling my heart
with rapture.
To every soul that suffers now give we
greeting.
And those who know the joy and pain
of loving
Their lord we greet, whose name is
Love immortal!

* The poems by Dante on which the Prologue is based, are included in the Supplement to the Italian editions of the “Vita Nuova.”

THE FIRST PART.

BALLATA.*

BARITONE SOLO.—Sweet rose of the
morning,
The meadows adorning,
With dew-laden petals
Upturned to the sunlight,
In fair woodland mazes
I’ll sing thy praises!
CHORUS.—With sound of joyous singing
The meadows shall all be ringing,
As merrily the maidens greet thee,
Pretty rose, pretty rosebud of morning!
BARITONE SOLO.—The woodland choir
rejoices;
CHORUS.—The woodland choir rejoices,
BARITONE SOLO.—As all the birds of
heaven
From morning until even—
CHORUS.—The woodland choir rejoices
From morning until even—
In the branches are singing
All hearts are singing.
Because the winter’s over,
And the springtime is coming
And all her joys await the happy lover.
BARITONE SOLO.—More lovely than the
roses,
Lady mine, thou appearest!
Unto me the best,
The dearest that all this world discloses!
CHORUS.—Dearest!
By the spell of thy beauty
Human hearts thou ensnarest;
More fair than is the fairest;
Of Nature’s children rarest!
BARITONE SOLO.—Lo! all thy sisters hail
thee as “Dearest!”
(As thou art, love!)
The charms that are thine love,
Say who shall recount them?
’Twas bounteous Nature crown’d thee
Queen among mortals!
CHORUS.—Dearest!
Yet not alone for mortals
Was thy beauty created,
Since the Almighty

* Probably not by Dante.



SYBIL SAMMIS-MACDERMID

In thee delighted.
 BARI-TONE SOLO.—Let the light of thy
 presence
 Dispel all grief and sadness,
 And fill my heart with gladness.
 If I declare my passion
 For thee in this fashion,
 Beauteous lady, ah! do not chide me,
 Since it is Love that sways me,
 'Tis Love, 'Tis love,
 And his might may ne'er be resisted.

DANCE OF ANGELS.

("O'er field and meadow merrily.")
 ARIOSO.

[“After this, it chanced that, as I pass-
 ed along a path beside a stream of clear
 water, so great was my desire for
 speech, that I pondered upon the meth-
 od of my utterance; and it seemed to me
 unfitting that I should speak of her save
 as I addressed other ladies in the second
 person, and not *all* ladies, but only such
 as were gentlewomen, not women mere-
 ly. So, then, I declare that my tongue
 spake, as of its own accord, and said:”]

BARI-TONE SOLO.—Ye ladies all, that with
 love are acquainted,
 With you I fain would speak of my own
 lady;
 Not that I rightly may sing of her
 praises;
 But by discourse of her my mind is
 eased.
 When I muse on all her beauty,
 Then Love upon my heart doth shed
 such sweetness,
 That, if my courage did not wholly fail
 me,
 The words I uttered should move all
 hearts to love!

SONETTO.

[Then the longing came to me to say
 more in praise of my beloved and to
 show thereby how this love for her
 awoke, and how she not only roused
 the slumberer, but, though Love was
 not, yet in marvellous wise did she cre-
 ate him. So, then, I indited the fol-
 lowing sonnet:]

BARI-TONE SOLO.—Within my lady's eyes
 Love sits enthroned;
 Thus she ennobles all on which she gaz-
 eth,
 And as she passes all men turn towards
 her

And him she greeteth feels his heart
 a trembling.
 His glance he turns away and is
 ashamed;
 Aware of all his sin for which he sor-
 rows.
 Wrath at her glance doth flee, and hate
 is banished!
 Prithee help me, oh! ladies, to do her
 honour!
 All thoughts that are both humble,
 sweet and lovely
 Dwell in the heart of him to whom she
 speaketh,
 Whoso beholds her, he doubly is blessed!
 All that she seems when she smiles for
 a moment
 May not be told nor retain'd in the
 mem'ry;
 A miracle divine is she my lady!

(The dance recurs; an echo, as it
 were, that dies in the distance.)

CANZONE.*

CHORUS.—Lo! now an angel calleth,
 All divine knowledge possessing,
 And sayeth: Lord!
 On earth is a wonder revealed,
 That proceeds from a soul
 Whose glory reaches even hither.
 Since Heaven not another thing re-
 requireth save her alone,
 Now of its lord doth crave her.
 Ev'ry saint for this mercy doth clam-
 our.
 Pity alone yet protecteth our treasure;
 Then spake th' Almighty (for well He
 knoweth my lady)
 In peace I pray ye to suffer
 Oh my beloved!
 That she, your hope, yet stay upon the
 the earth awhile.
 Where dwells one who sorely dreads to
 lose her;
 And when in hell he shall say unto the
 damned:
 “The hope have I beheld of God's elect-
 ed.”

[“Then, sighing deeply, I said within
 myself, “It must some time come that
 the most gentle Beatrice must die.”

Then came such great dismay that
 my brain began to work as the brain
 of one demented. . . . and so strong was

* A continuation of the Canzone in
 Chapter XIX. of the Vita Nuova, the
 beginning of which occurs in the *Arioso*.

* Vita Nuova. Chapter XIX.

this idle imagining that I seemed to see my lady dead. . . .

At the sight of her such humility possessed me that I called unto death, saying, "O sweetest death, come to me, and be no longer harsh to me. . . . And already I had said 'O Beatrice,' when, rousing myself I saw that I had been deceived."*]

INTERMEZZO.

["After this, not many days passed when the father of that most wondrous and noble Beatrice departed this life and passed to that glory which in very truth is eternal. And, according to the custom, many ladies assembled where Beatrice was weeping grievously: and I, seeing several ladies returning from her, overheard them speaking of my beauteous one and of how she was grieving. . . . Then, after reflection, I resolved to indite something wherein I should include all that these ladies had said. . . . Thus I wrote two sonnets."†]

PRELUDE.

(Orchestra.)

SONETTO I.

BARITONE SOLO.—Ye that the burden bear of bitter sorrow
With downcast eyes all your anguish betraying,
Whence come ye hither that thus all your faces
Wear the expression of a gentle pity?
Have ye beheld her, our lady most gracious,
Seen her sweet face that in love's tears is bathed?
Tell me, ye ladies, as my heart doth tell me,
Since thus I see you go, with mien dejected;
If ye have come then, from all her great sorrow.
Stay with me for a season here, I pray you!
And how it fares with her oh! tell me truly!
Your eyes have wept, and even now are weeping!
Ah! when I see ye sad, of joy bereaved,
My heart doth grieve because that ye are grieving.

*Vita Nuova, Chap. XXIII.

† Vita Nuova, Chap. XXII.

SONETTO II.

CHORUS (Female Voices).—Art thou, then, he who so often hath chanted to us

And us alone, of our dear lady?
In very truth is thy voice like his voice;
Yet is thy face as the face of another.
And wherefore weepst thou, for lo!
Thy grieving with pity fills our hearts
who hear thy plaint?
Hast thou then seen her weep
That thou from us canst not conceal the
grief within thy bosom?
Leave this weeping to us; 'tis we should
sorrow;
(It were a sin if ye sought to console us)
Since her sweet voice have we heard
thro' her weeping!
Yea, in her face such bitter grief abideth,
That such as fain would have gazed
upon her,
Would there have straightway fallen
dead before her.

THE SECOND PART.

["She shewed herself, I say, so gentle and so kind, that all who beheld her felt a noble and sweet delight beyond expression; nor could any one look upon her without he sighed. Such, and more wondrous things yet were wrought by her marvellous virtue. Then I, considering this, and desirous to resume the theme of her praises, resolved to write some thing that should make others, and not alone those who could see her with the eyes of the senses, know such things concerning her as words have power to proclaim. So, then, I wrote this sonnet."*]

BARITONE SOLO.—So pure and fair and holy seems my lady,
That, as she passes and unto all gives greeting,
Ev'ry faltering tongue finds nought to utter,
And eyes no longer dare to gaze upon her.
She goes her way, if praise of her she heareth,
Clad in the modest garb of sweet humility;
She seems an apparition newly descended from Heaven to earth, unto us a marvel displaying!

* Vita Nuova. Chapter XXVI,

So pleasant doth she seem to those who
see her,
To human hearts such sweetness she
imparteth,
That none indeed may know save those
who prove it.
Behold from out her sweet lips there
cometh a sigh low and tender,
That bids the spirit sigh for love, sigh
ever!

LA MORTE.

THE DEATH OF BEATRICE.
(Orchestra.)

["How doth the city sit solitary that
was full of people! How is she be-
come a widow, she that was great
among the nations!" (Lamentations of
Jeremiah I. 1.)]

RECITATIVE.

CHORUS.—"Quomodo sedet sola civitas
plena populo!
Facta est quasi vidua, domina gentium."

CANZONE.*

CHORUS.—Beatrice hath departed to
highest heaven.
To the kingdom where the angels are
at peace,
With these she dwelleth, and you, ladies,
hath forsaken.
'Twas not the bitter biting frost that
took her,
Nor yet the summer heats, to others
deadly;
Nay, 'twas her goodness, 'twas her good-
ness only!
And from her radiant meekness arose
such glory,
Filling the heav'ns with the fame of her
goodness,
That e'en th' Eternal Sire was moved
to wonder
And at last he desired to call unto Him-
self such blessed beauty,
And bade her from this earth ascend
to Heaven.
Counting this tedious life of strife and
sorrow
As all unworthy of so fair a creature.

[Mine eyes were like two things
which longed to weep, and it often
chanced that from their long continued
weeping they were surrounded with a
purple hue such as the halo worn by
martyrs.†]

* Vita Nuova. Chapter XXXII.

† Vita Nuova. Chap. XL.

SONETTO.

BARITONE SOLO.—Weary, so weary of in-
finite sighing, my heart alas!
Thro' blighted love is broken;
Now, mine eyes fail me, and their
strength is exhausted,
Nor can they glance at folk that would
behold them!
In truth they seem as they were twin
desires that long to be weeping and
to show their sorrow,
And often do they weep so much that
Love doth circle them as with a mar-
tyr's halo.
Thoughts such as these and all the sighs
I utter
Fill this poor heart of mine with such
great anguish,
That Love within my soul doth faint and
languish.
For, graven on themselves, these mourn-
ers bear it,
That sweetest name of her, my gentle
lady,
And many words of grief touching her
dying.

CHORUS.—Ah! Ah! Ah!

[After this sonnet I beheld a won-
drous vision wherein I saw things which
made me resolve to say nought else
concerning my Blessed one until I could
discourse more worthily of her. And
to this end I labour all I can, as truly
she knoweth. Wherefore if it please
Him by whom all things live that for
some years yet my life shall last, I hope
to say that concerning her which never
yet hath been said concerning any wo-
man, and then it may please Him who
is the Lord of courtesy that my soul
may go hence to behold the glory of
its lady to wit: of that blessed Beatrice
who in glory gazeth upon the counte-
nance of Him *qui est per omnia saecula
benedictus.*]*

CHORUS.—"a" (vocalizing).

SOPRANO SOLO (a voice sounding from
Heaven).—May blessings ever attend
thee, beauteous spirit.
I dwell in peace.

BARITONE SOLO.—May all blessings be
thine!

[English translation (copyrighted by
Percy Pinkerton.)]

* Vita Nuova, Chap. XLVIII.

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Tod und Verklärung,"

RICHARD STRAUSS

Born, Munich, June 11, 1864; still living.

The ending of the "New Life" forms an appropriate introduction for this masterpiece of the most prominent representative of modern Germany in the field of music.

The art of RICHARD STRAUSS is still to many an unsolved problem. That this art is vital none can deny. Were it not so there would be no problem—after the questions propounded by Debussy have interjected new factors into the equation. The problem acquires added intensity from the persistency with which he—with each new work—adds new proofs of his absolute conviction of the truth of his concepts. That he sought and has opened up new paths is conceded. He is a veritable *Bahnbrecker*. Whether he is justified in all that is implied in following out these paths to their ultimate goal, and—to come to the crux of the whole matter—whether he is mistaken as to the real value of the end he seeks, are questions that have been asked ever since he sounded a new note in his great orchestral works, of which the one on our program is by no means the least.

That it is now universally recognized that he did sound a new note is a distinct advance towards the solution of the problem. That this loss of novelty—as such—means wider acquaintance with these concepts and a concession that their truth is, at least, debatable, is hopeful. This added familiarity and retreat from prejudice has resulted in the establishment of a wider, a saner, and a more sympathetic point of view. It must be remembered that the great geniuses of the past have sounded the "new note," and history teaches us that each "new note" has precipitated controversy. It must also be borne in mind that to question novel concepts is an inalienable right, and that, furthermore, only by searching criticism can the truth that frequently—not always—underlies the "new note" be revealed.

Whatever one think of works like "Don Quixote" and "Helden-leben," "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung" powerfully portray all that is implied in their titles. That they have titles—and that an explanation is necessary if one is to arrive at an understanding of the specific meaning of these works—places them distinctly in that class of "program music" developed by the one who seems to have been his inspiration, Franz Liszt. To base a work in which certain experiences are given expression, on a poem, is, after all, the substitution of a poet's vision for our own lower thought, and does not prevent each listener from translating its meaning into terms of his own personality. Again, in the last analysis, all music that appeals to our souls is "program music"—if you will—in that it suggests to us some more or less definite sequence of emotions. If this be so, the difference between this form of appreciation, and that produced—or suggested—by a sequence implied by a title or residing in a poem, is one of degree rather than kind. It must also be borne in mind that music itself, unaided, may incite the poet's vision, and he may then give us his impressions in terms of his own poetic personality; in other words—if music may be based on a poem a poem may be inspired by music. Specific proof of this is found in the poem which accompanies the work on our program, which, it was said, was written after the poet—Ritter or Lenau?—had become intimately acquainted with Strauss' score.

One naturally questions whether Strauss can, or will, give us in the future music with a simpler appeal—in which the heart rather than the intellect will find satisfaction! Were one to answer in the affirmative ample justification would be found in his songs, which are surcharged with deep emotion expressed in terms of melody than which



SIDNEY BIDEN

the entire song literature contains nothing more soulful—even though they too sound the new note.

The present work was performed for the first time at Eisenach in 1900. In it, through his masterly delineations of the experiences set forth in the subjoined poem, we are led from the chamber of death to the glorious transfiguration in the *Beyond*.

Largo (C minor, 4-4).

In a small and humble chamber,
Where a candle dimly burns
Lies a sick man on his pallet,
Who a moment since with Death
Wildly, desperately has struggled.
Tranquil now he is, and sleeps,
While the ticking of the old clock,
Is the only sound that's heard
In the room whose calm appalling
Marks the near approach of death.
O'er the wan and wasted features
Melancholy smiles oft pass;
Does he, at life's very border,
Dream of childhood's golden days?

Allegro molto agitato.

Death, tho' still kept in abeyance,
Grants not respite long for dreams;
Cruelly it shakes its victim,
And again begins the struggle.
Life and death, in conflict dire,
Wrestle for supremacy.
Neither has the victory gained,
And again doth stillness reign.

Meno mosso (G major, 4-4).

Prostrate is the patient lying,
Sleepless, but delirium weaves
Forms and scenes almost forgotten—
Scenes of life as they have passed.
With his mind's eye does he see them.

Marcato (E flat major); *Appassionata* (B major).

Childhood's days—his life's bright morn—
In their innocence brightly beaming;
And again the sports of youth—
Feats achieved and oft attempted—
Till, to man's estate matured,
He to gain life's highest treasures
Fans his ardor into flame.

*Official Program Book**Tempo I.*

What to him seemed bright and pure
 To exalt it he endeavored;
 This the impulse of his life
 That has led him and sustained him,
 Coldly, mockingly the world
 Barrier upon barrier raises.
 When to him the goal seems near
 Hindrances arise before him,
 "Still another round each barrier,
 Onward, higher thou must climb!"
 Thus he strives, and thus endeavors,
 Never swerving from the right.
 What he strove for, what he sought,
 With a yearning, heartfelt, deep,
 Now he seeks in throes of death,
 Seeks it, ah! but not to find it.
 Tho' more clear and near he sees it,
 Tho' it waxes e'en before him,
 Still his spirit cannot grasp it,
 And can nevermore complete it.

Allegro, molto agitato.

Lo! one more and final blow
 Grim, relentless Death is dealing;
 Broken is the thread of life,
 And the eyes are closed forever.

Moderato (C major).

Ah! but mighty strains to him
 From the realms of heaven are pealing.
 Found is what his soul has sought—
 Blest release, transfiguration.

—English translation by Miss E. Buck.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 20, 1910

OVERTURE, "Manfred," Op. 115,

SCHUMANN

Born, Zwickau, June 8, 1810; Died, Endernich, near Bonn, July 29, 1856.

While the year 1910 is not so rich in centenaries as 1909, two prominent composers must be thus commemorated—Robert Schumann and Frederic Chopin. Schumann was one of the first to proclaim Chopin's genius and was to the end an ardent admirer of the gifted Pole. For this reason it is eminently fitting that the two composers are represented in the same program.

Of Schumann's career it is only necessary at this time to state that his life was a well-nigh constant succession of disappointments. The sunny aspects of his genius displayed in the B flat symphony (No. 1), written in the midst of the great happiness of his life, his marriage with Clara Wieck, and revealed in many of his songs and pianoforte compositions—could not long withstand the gloomy suggestions of his morbid and misanthropic nature, and early in his career there were premonitions of his sad end. Possibly no composition could be chosen that more strikingly emphasizes the tragedy of his life than the "Manfred" overture. It is a part of the incidental music to Byron's tragedy. It was composed in 1847-48, and produced for the first time in its entirety by Franz Liszt, in the Weimar Court Theater, June 13, 1862.

The overture is in the sonata form. Molded by Schumann to the expression of its tragic content, it delineates the characters of Manfred and Astarte with the power possible only to one who himself was walking in the shadow of a tragedy with a more human appeal than theirs.

The note of tragedy is struck immediately in the introductory measures, the restless syncopations suggesting a struggle against Fate, and in the impassioned principal theme—E flat minor, 4-4 time, in *Leidenschaftlichen Tempo*.



This motive—the "Manfred motive"—is followed by a sorrowful theme—the "Astarte motive."



The two subsidiary themes which are soon heard carry out the suggestions of the two principal themes in texture and in meaning.



The vehement intensity of the first is that of the "Manfred motive," while the second no less surely reflects the tragic sorrow of Astarte.



Through all the succeeding treatments incidental to the form sounds the tragic note, finding new expression in a frenzied theme, preceding the recapitulation. This section is highly dramatic and leads with no abatement of delineative quality to the final measures which depict the death of Manfred.

CONCERTO, for Pianoforte, F minor, Op. 21,

CHOPIN

Born, Zelazowa-Wola, February 22, 1810; Died, Paris, October 17, 1849.

Maestoso; Larghetto; Allegro vivace.

Mlle Tina Lerner.

FREDERIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN'S century falls in 1910, as documentary evidence, recently discovered, conclusively proves that he was born February 22, 1810. On his youthful career: his early appearances as a concert pianist (he began at 9 years of age); his constantly growing reputation as a composer; his vogue in Paris; his unhappy entanglement with the coarse-grained George Sand; his struggles against disease and his all too early death we will not dwell, preferring to consider his art.

Chopin the pianist, as such, has been lost sight of in the universal conviction that he was the most graceful, the most poetic and—within the limitations of his nature—the most forceful composer for his instrument the world has seen. He invented new piano idioms—involving novel and important concepts of rhythm, of harmonic structure and, especially, of the function of ornamentation—and penetrated more deeply into the poetic possibilities of his instrument than any other composer. As early as 1831 Schumann wrote of him—"Hats off, gentlemen! a genius!" Possibly in none of his works does he display greater originality and more significant appreciation of the artistic value of his instrument than in the smaller forms. Tender, occasionally voluptuous, always poetic, he invested his Preludes, Mazurkas, and Nocturnes with a charm perennial in its appeal. In his Polonaises he rises to great heights, and if he is never the Titan—as Liszt was occasionally, when he was not offensively original—they were manly and pervaded by a grandeur of a type peculiarly his own. In his two concertos—written in 1829, when he was already individual in his creative art—he has given us admirable examples of what the form should be. The production of the beautiful F minor concerto is our tribute to the memory of one "who being dead yet speaketh."



TINA LERNER

BALLAD, "Young Lochinvar,"

CHADWICK

Born, Lowell, Mass., November 13, 1854; still living.

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON.

GEORGE WHITFIELD CHADWICK is an important figure in American music. He early discovered great creative gifts, and in his maturer years has fully justified the optimistic prophecies made when his first orchestral work on broad lines—the "Rip Van Winkle" overture—was produced in Boston, in 1880. When one considers the quality of the compositions of Alexander MacDowell, Dr. Horatio Parker, Arthur Foote and George Chadwick, to say nothing of the works of younger men like Hadley, Loeffler and Converse, the opinion may be hazarded that, although *Im Bau begriffen*, American music is not to be despised. Mr. Chadwick has filled many important academic positions with honor, and as Director of the New England Conservatory (since 1897) he is now exerting an influence national in its scope and beneficial in its nature.

"Young Lochinvar," like all of his compositions, is characterized by naturalness, melodic charm, harmonic clarity, delineative orchestration, and dramatic fervor.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broad sword he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like young Lochinvar.
 He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
 So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"
 "I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."
 The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
 He quaff'd off the wine, he threw down the cup;
 She look'd down to blush and she look'd up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,
 "Now tread me a measure," said young Lochinvar.
 So stately his form and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bridemaids whispered, "'Twere better by far,
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."
 One touch to her hand, one word in her ear,
 And they reach'd the hall door where the charger stood near.
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.
 There was mounting 'mong Greams of the Netherby clan,
 The Fosters, and Fenwicks, they rode and they ran.
 There was racing and chasing o'er Cannobie Lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

PIANO SOLOS: "Meine Freuden,"

CHOPIN-LISZT

Polonaise in E major,

LISZT

Mlle. LERNER.

SYMPHONY, D minor,

CÉSAR FRANCK

Born, Liège, December 10, 1822; Died, Paris, November 9, 1899.

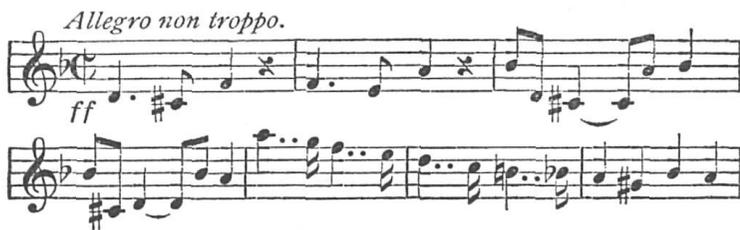
Lento—allegro non troppo; Allegretto; Allegro non troppo.

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

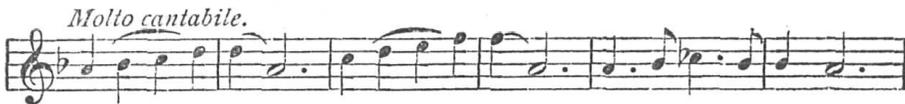
works—"The Beatitudes"—the finest oratorio that stands to the credit of France—and the symphony on our program. This symphony was first performed at the Conservatoire on February 17, 1889. It fell upon unresponsive ears and did not achieve even a *succès d'estime*. It is said that one of the greatest French composers, who never reached such heights of expression, left the hall in disdain. Whether this argued great perception on his part may be safely left to this audience.

The symphony begins with an Introduction—D minor, 4-4 time, *Lento*—in which we hear premonitions of the principal theme of the first movement—thus making it a part of the organism.

This is enforced by the manner in which the material employed in the Introduction is again used after the announcement and partial exploitation of the principal theme—D minor, 2-2 time—*Allegro non troppo*.



After a *ritardando* the beautiful lyric theme in F major—the second subject—is now stated by the strings.



Then ensues another and bolder section.



In the "development" we meet with scholarly and genial exploitations of material already heard—after the manner characteristic of this important section of the sonata-form.

The "recapitulation" introduces first of all the principal theme—*Lento*—canonically treated. A happy inspiration is the use of a different key—E flat minor—for the reintroduction of the second theme, which returns eventually to the original key. This juxtaposition of remotely connected tonalities is essentially modern, but entirely justified by present day concepts of key relationships. This movement closes with a brilliant "coda."

In the second movement—B flat minor, 3-4 time, *Allegretto*—after sixteen measures of prelude by harp and strings, there enters a tender melody, for English horn,



which is taken up and carried on by clarinet and horn. This is followed by the genial theme, for the first violins, given below.



Following reminiscences of the first theme (No. 4) a variant of the precluding measures is heard (strings).



which is succeeded by a new theme—clarinets—afterwards by strings. This is employed in the closing measures of the movement—which are preceded, however, by a repetition of No. 4, heard above the figures indicated in No. 6.

The third and last movement—D major, 2-2 time, *Allegro non troppo*—presents, after six introductory measures, the following theme,



which, after its exploitation gives way to a new subject.

The principle of unity, which in modern symphonies often extends over the entire work rather than restricted to single movements, is enforced by the masterly use made by the composer of themes from preceding movements. This is not done, however, for the sake of novelty or caprice, nor to produce unjustified contrasts. Thus themes Nos. 1, 3 and 4 are heard in the course of the movement, but the themes Nos. 7 and 8 so dominate, that the relationships of the reminiscent themes are indicative of the unity of idea underlying the entire symphony, and contribute to the establishment of the point of higher intensity found in the glowing climaxes of this movement.



HERBERT WITHERSPOON

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 20, 1910

OVERTURE, "To a Shakespeare Comedy," Op. 15,

SCHEINPFLUG

Born, Sorduvitz, September 10, 1875; still living.

This overture is strictly "up to date," as it was first performed under the direction of the composer in January, 1909. Since then it has been heard frequently in Germany and America. It was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on January 22, 1909. The composer does not indicate which comedy he had in mind. "Twelfth Night" has been suggested, but the work is so permeated with the spirit of Shakespeare's comedies that it might be "As You Like It."

The employment of an old English dance-tune, "Meridian Alman," written by Giles Farnaby and printed in the "Fitz-William Virginal Book," was a happy thought. This dance-tune—for the Alman, or Almain, was an old English dance-form—is so interesting that we give the opening measures.



PROLOGUE to "I Pagliacci,"

LEONCAVALLO

Born, Naples, March 8, 1858; still living.

SIG. GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI.

Since the early days of Italian opera, when Ovid, Hymen, or Virgil invoked the sympathy,—and the cash,—of a king or aristocrat through the Prologue, nothing has been written in this form that can be compared with this impassioned introduction. In it, Tonio, the clown of the strolling players (Pagliacci), calls attention to the general misunderstanding of the actor's personal experiences, and points out that he, too, is a man. He calls attention to the play that is to follow, giving no hint that the conditions for a real human tragedy are developing. This drama then proceeds, ending in the death of Nedda, his wife, and her lover, at his hands, after which he says, "Go home! the play is finished!"

TONIO.—A word allow me! sweet ladies and gentlemen

I pray you, hear, why alone I appear!

I am the Prologue!

Our author loves the custom of a prologue to his story,

And as he would revive the ancient glory

He sends me to speak before ye!
 But not to prate, as once of old,
 That the tears of the actor are false, unreal!
 That his sighs and cries, and the pain that is told he has no heart to feel!
 No, no! our author tonight a chapter will borrow
 From life with its laughter and sorrow!
 Is not the actor a man with a heart like you?
 So 'tis for men that our author has written
 And the story he tells you is true!
 A song of tender mem'ries, deep in his list'ning heart one day was ringing;
 And then with a trembling heart he wrote it, and he marked the time
 with sighs and tears.
 Come then! Here on the stage you shall behold us in human fashion,
 And see the sad fruits of love and passion;
 Hearts that weep and languish, cries of rage and anguish, and bitter
 laughter!
 Ah think then, sweet people, when ye look on us,
 Clad in our motley and tinsel,
 Ours are human hearts, beating with passion!
 We are but men like you, for gladness or sorrow!
 'Tis the same broad Heaven above us,
 The same wide lonely world before us!
 Will ye hear then the story,
 How it unfolds itself surely and certain?
 Come then! Ring up the curtain!

SUITE, "Impressions d'Italie,"

CHARPENTIER

Born, Dieuze, Alsace-Lorraine, June 25, 1860; still living.

"Serenade;" "At the Fountain;" "On Mule-back;" "On the Summits;"
 "Naples."

GUSTAV CHARPENTIER, following the usual evolution of the French composer, so thoroughly justified his choice of a career through his work in the Conservatoire, that he won the much coveted *Grand Prix de Rome* in 1887. One result of the sojourn in Rome thus made imperative is this suite, which was first heard at a Colonne Concert, Paris, on March 13, 1892. We quote from Alfred Bruneau, who, when other critics were somewhat chary of their praise, wrote regarding him without using "if" or "but." It will be seen that Bruneau really says nothing regarding the musical score, but the implications of the article from which this is taken clearly point to his absolute belief that when the composer, "leaving the land of Legend fixes himself on the earth of humanity, looks, listens, and notes his pleasures and his pains"—his powers of musical expression are adequate to the task assigned them.

"Going over Italy, he hears the serenades which the youths sing to their sweet-hearts from morning till evening; he sees the long lines of women going to draw water at the singing fountain; he is amused by the bells of the mules who trot along the country road, and is moved by the melancholy of the obstinate rhythm. On the heights he grows enthusiastic over the immensity of space, through which far-distant

church bells vibrate, and where the rapt spirit soars and dreams. Finally, he is drunk with the deafening din of feasting Naples, and stores in his remembrance the joyous clamor of exuberant crowds, and here the earlier theme is found again. At once persuasive and full of abandon, sound again the eternal serenades, which, even when their towns are given over to brutal madness, the youths sing sweetly to the girls."

"The five *tableaux symphonique*, into which M. Charpentier put all this, and indeed other things, constituted his first *envoi*, which, I need not remark, contrasted singularly with the music which the lodgers in the Villa Medici are accustomed to write."

BALLATELLA, "There on high they cry," from "I Pagliacci,"

LEONCAVALLO

MRS. JANE OSBORNE-HANNAH

The super-strenuous modern Italian School has succeeded in attracting a great deal of attention, and in spite of the gloomy predictions of Teutonic critics—for whom, to quote Richard Wagner, "Art was created that they might have a new joy"—certain works have maintained their hold on the opera-going public. Among them "I Pagliacci"—the one "hostage to Fortune" given by Leoncavallo on which the goddess has smiled—must be accorded a foremost position. The Prologue having indicated the interpretation of that which is to follow, it is not without interest to listen to this song, sung by Nedda—Tonio's faithless wife—who is so full of the joy of living that she has no conception of the truth—that she is coquetting with Death. The excerpt is taken from Act I, Scene II.

NEDDA (Reflecting)—His eyes with fire were flaming!

I dropt my eyes, fearful lest he should read there
what I was thinking!

Ah! if he were to see me, the cruel one!

Enough then! Have done now!

That's but a horrid dream

A foolish fantasie!

There thou art shining bright sun of summer!

And the life in me thrills me,

And tender longing fills me

With some nameless desire,

Yet what, I know not!

Ah! ye birds without number!

What countless voices!

What seek ye?

Where away? Who knows?

My mother, she that was skillful at telling

one's fortune, understood what they were

Singing, and in my childhood thus would she sing:

"There on high they cry,

In freedom flying,

Launched on the wing,

As like arrows they fly."

The clouds and e'n the fierce glowing

sun defying,
 And onward, onward through pathless sky
 Leave them to roam through azure ether!
 Creatures ever thirsting for infinite space and light.
 They, too, a dream are pursuing, 'tis a chimera,
 But on they hurry thro' their cloud-land bright!
 Storms may be raging and winds howl around them,
 On open pinions, defiant and free
 Nor rain, nor lightning can restrain them.
 They hasten o'er land and sea,
 Far away they fly!
 Toward unknown countries striving,
 The lands of their dreams,
 That perchance they seek in vain,
 These Bohemians of heav'n,
 Some pow'r is driving;
 A power whereof they know not
 To go still on, and on—and on!

OVERTURE to "La Baruffe Chiozotte," Op. 32,

SINIGAGLIA

Born, Turin, August 14, 1868; still living.

LEONE SINIGAGLIA, like his countryman Sgambati, has won distinction through his work in the serious instrumental forms. This may be accounted for somewhat by the broader training received in Vienna, and the influence of his personal contact with Goldmark and Dvorak. It is fortunate that a composer of such gifts has seen fit to devote himself to forms that have been so absolutely neglected by Italian composers.

The overture on our program portrays the "teasing women, the idyl of Lucietta and Tita Nane, and the quarrel with its happy outcome" which form the essential elements of the plot of Goldoni's (1707-1793) comedy—"The Quarrels of the People of Chiozzo"—written in 1760.

ARIA, "Figaro! Figaro!" from the "Barber of Seville,"

ROSSINI

Born, Pesaro, February 29, 1792; Died, Reuille, November 13, 1868.

SIG. CAMPANARI.

The note of comedy struck in the preceding overture is continued in this selection from Rossini's masterpiece. Since its first production (Rome, 1816), the distractions of the too popular barber have given amusement to thousands, and its charm is still potent. Rossini's incisive wit, clear cut orchestration and delineative melody are constantly in evidence. It is useless in these days to point out Rossini's power along his chosen lines, and it is as utterly futile to persuade his admirers that he was superficial, as to make those who have deserted the old gods to worship at newer shrines see that he was one of the greatest geniuses Italy has produced. For these reasons we will allow him to make his own appeal, with no attempt to reopen a controversy already settled.



JANE OSBORN-HANNAH

performance (London, April 2. On the autograph score of the overture is written: "Vollendet d. 9 April, 1826, Vormittags 11-45 Uhr, und somit die ganze Oper Oberon. Soli Deo Gloria!!! C. M. von Weber."

In this particular aria no abatement of his creative power can be discerned, but many have felt that had not von Weber been a dying man he would not have consented to set a book so filled with absurdities as "Oberon." That he did accept "Euryanthe"—which in plot and characterization contained all the inconsistencies human ingenuity could devise—and made of it his greatest work, from a purely musical point of view, would seem to indicate that he was never hyper-critical in his choice of subject. Be this as it may, the fairylike overture and this aria are not the only beauties in the score of "Oberon." It is of special interest as a comparison of the ideals and methods of the first great romanticist with the works on our program which illustrate ultra-modern concepts of the meaning of romanticism. It must be noted that the formal structure of this particular aria is in no sense affected by the composer's romanticism—for the time had not come for the creation of new forms of utterance.

The aria occurs in Act II., and is sung by the heroine, Reiza, as the storm, which has swept over the ocean on which voyages her lover, Huon, gradually subsides—and the clouds give way to the splendor of the setting sun.

REIZA.—Ocean! thou mighty monster, that liest curl'd
 Like a great green serpent round about the world—
 To musing eye, thou art an awful sight,
 When calmly sleeping in the morning light;
 But when thou risest in thy wrath, as now,
 And fling'st thy folds around some fated prow,
 Crushing the strong-ribbed bark as 'twere a reed,
 Then, Ocean, thou art terrible indeed.
 Still I see thy billows flashing,
 Through the gloom their white foam flinging,
 And the breakers, sullen-dashing;
 In mine ear hope's knell is ringing.
 But, lo! methinks a light is breaking
 Slowly o'er the distant deep,
 Like a second morn, awaking
 Pale and feeble from its sleep.
 Brighter now, behold, 'tis beaming
 On the storm whose misty train
 Like some shatter'd flag is streaming,
 Or a wild steed's flying mane.
 And now the sun bursts forth, the wind is lulling fast,
 And the broad wave but pants from fury past.
 Cloudless o'er the blushing water
 Now the setting sun is burning,
 Like a victor, red with slaughter,
 To his tent in triumph turning.
 Ah! perchance these eyes may never
 Look upon its light again,
 Fare thee well, bright orb, forever,

Thou for me will rise in vain!
 But what gleams so white and fair,
 Heaving with the restless billow?
 'Tis a sea-bird, wheeling there,
 O'er some wretch's wat'ry pillow.
 No, it is a boat, a sail!
 And yonder rides a gallant bark
 Unimpaired by the gale!
 Oh, transport! My Huon! haste down to the shore.
 Quick, quick, for a signal this scarf shall be waved;
 They see me! they answer! they ply the strong oar;
 My husband! my love! we are sav'd, we are sav'd!

RHAPSODIE, "Norwegian,"

LALO

Born, Lille, January 27, 1823; Died, Paris, April 22, 1892.

EDOUARD LALO was one of the most distinguished of French composers, especially great in symphonic forms, although the fame of an operatic composer was not denied him.

His *symphonie espagnole*—in reality a violin concerto, on greater lines than the ordinary works of that nature, produced, with Sarasate as soloist, on February 7, 1874 at Paris—achieved such success that he was led to seek inspiration in Scandinavian folk songs. This resulted in an orchestral suite, which was played for the first time at Berlin, November 29, 1878. Shortly after, Lalo took certain portions of the suite and, adding a brilliant *allegro*, created the work on our program. It is considered one of the finest of his compositions and, fortunately, requires no words of explanation.

QUARTETTE, "Bella figlia, dell' amore," from "Rigoletto,"

VERDI

Born, Roncole, October 9, 1815; died, Milan, January 17, 1901.

MRS. OSBORNE-HANNAH, MISS KEYES, MR. BEDDOE, SIG. CAMPANARI.

"Rigoletto" was first produced at Venice, March 11, 1851. No opera of Verdi is more thoroughly in accord with the point of view of the Venetians than "Rigoletto," which overflows with the characteristics that appealed to the dwellers in that gay city, when, in 1637, the first public opera house in the world was opened, and which have not lost their power in these latter days. The story is superlatively disgusting, and unworthy of the beautiful music with which the composer so liberally endowed it. Seduction, murder, revenge, passion, a modicum of sentiment, and a trace of true love, are woven together into a tragedy that, in devilishness and inhumanity would have satisfied the librettists of Cavalli's day, who held up to ridicule all that was true and noble, and glorified all that was debasing. The opera was composed in forty days, and, musically, it represents the earlier Verdi at his best. To this judgment no number contributes more than this beautiful quartette, which is sung by the Duke, Gilda, Magdalena, and Rigoletto, in Act III, Scene III.



GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI

SUPPLEMENTARY CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 21, 1910

ORGAN RECITAL

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist

FANTASIE ET FUGUE	<i>Bernard</i>
MARCHE RUSTIQUE	<i>Gigout</i>
LIED	<i>Wolstenholme</i>
CHORAL, "Ein feste Burg is unser Gott"	<i>Bach</i>
ELEGY	
SECOND NUPTIAL MARCH	<i>Guilmant</i>
CONCERTO IN E-FLAT	<i>Felton (1713-1769)</i>
Maestoso; Allegro; Alla Siciliana; Gavotte	
THREE ORIENTAL SKETCHES	<i>Bird</i>
JUBILANT MARCH	<i>Faulkes</i>

This program is admirably adapted for its double purpose. It contains a finely contrasted choice of works for the instrument, and will afford our patrons an opportunity of hearing the FRIEZE MEMORIAL ORGAN under more favorable conditions than are possible in a concert in which this King of Instruments serves—either as support to a chorus or as a part of the orchestral mass—rather than asserts its right to command.

The composers included represent four nationalities—French, English, German and American. This juxtaposition of nationalities is interesting in that each possesses a distinctive point of view regarding the character of the instrument itself, and, as a natural consequence, the compositions themselves are expressions of these varying concepts. In all fairness it must be stated that we, as a nation, have no really "distinctive point of view," unless our eclecticism may be so termed.

The French have developed a style of writing and of performance quite in unison with the salient characteristics of their work in other forms of instrumental composition. They favor a more delicate appreciation of the refinements of organ playing—but in Guilmant they have given us a composer who unites with this delicacy undoubted strength of conception and consummate mastery of contrapuntal writing. Prior to his advent their organ composers enforced the conviction that the real reason for Berlioz's abhorrence of the fugue lay in the implications of Aesop's fable of the "Fox and the Grapes." Now that Rheimberger is dead, no country can offer such masters of counterpoint and such appreciation of its possibilities as Guilmant and Widor—with the single exception of that extraordinary German contrapuntist, Max

Reger, who might be termed "the Modern Bach." The English writers for the instrument revel in the fugal forms—even though they frequently leave music out of the equation and justify the remark of a German musical historian, who said: "Their music is eminently respectable and God-fearing, but very dry." It must be said, however, that the English writers on our program do not come under this sweeping condemnation which, by the way, at the present day, is losing much of its force. If the Germans are represented by Bach alone they cannot suffer by comparison. Of the American, Arthur Bird,—who is to all intents and purposes German in his artistic outlook—it needs only to be said that he is setting a good example to many of his countrymen by writing as good music as possible, and is not included in those who are seeking through conscious effort to create an American school of music. National schools of music are not created by conscious effort, but only through ceaseless labor to attain artistic ideals unhampered by geographical or racial considerations. In other words no national school of artistic expression can be brought into being through a preamble and resolutions—neither is it certain that genius must, or can, always "follow the flag."

The FRIEZE MEMORIAL ORGAN possesses great historical interest, as it was built for the Columbian Exposition. Its purchase by the University Musical Society (in 1894) was made possible, first by the public-spirited action of the builders—Farrand and Votey, of Detroit—who practically contributed half of its value; and, secondly, by the generosity of Alumni, members of the Faculty, citizens of the city of Ann Arbor and the State of Michigan, who saw in this magnificent instrument a worthy tribute to the memory of Professor Henry Simmons Frieze. Could there have been a worthier tribute to the man to whose interest in the art of music all the developments of recent years are due, than the erection of this organ in University Hall, thus realizing one of his cherished ideals?

The following description of the organ may be of interest:

The organ has four manuals, or five if we include the "Echo Organ," which is played from the "Solo" manual; 3,901 pipes, and 116 stops, including mechanical aids, etc. The bellows are filled by electricity motors of seven horse-power. The connections of the keys with the pipes are also electric.

However important it may be to produce and control the tone, the artistic value of an organ depends upon the *quality of tone*. An important characteristic of this organ is the large number of foundation stops, *i. e.*, the Diapasons. Full and rich in quality, they are represented so completely that dignity of tone is assured thereby to the whole organ. The balance of "flue," "stopped," "flute," "string," and "reed" stops, is admirable in each organ. The solo stops include, besides those ordinarily found in larger organs, several which are not generally included. The Pedal Organ is particularly rich and complete. The whole structure is based upon a fine 32' Open Diapason. The reeds in the Solo Organ were imported from Paris, as the French reeds are sharper and more incisive. The other reeds were manufactured in this country, and possess the delicacy, refinement, and fine orchestral quality which have always characterized the best American reeds.



LLEWELLYN RENWICK

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 21, 1910

"ODYSSEUS," Op. 41,

MAX BRUCH

Epic Cantata in Ten Scenes, for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra.

CAST

LEUKOTHEA	}	MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY
PALLAS-ATHENE			
NAUSIKAA			
PENELOPE	}	MISS MARGARET KEYES
ARETE			
ANTIKLEA			
HERMES	MR. DANIEL BEDDOE	
ODYSSEUS	MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND	
ALKINOOS	MR. ALLEN DUDLEY	

COMPANIONS OF ODYSSEUS, BOATMEN, RHAPSODES, NYMPHS OF CALYPSO,
OCEANIDES, SHADES, PHAIAKES, PEOPLE OF ATTIKA,

THE CHORAL UNION

ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

MAX BRUCH

Born at Cologne, January 6, 1838; still living, in Berlin.

Among living composers few can be named who enjoy the popularity accorded to **MAX BRUCH**. Born in Cologne, January 6, 1838, at the age of fourteen he produced a symphony, and since that memorable occasion he has written many works full of nobility and beauty, and characterized by discernment both in choice of material and form. Several operas stand to his credit, but in spite of his undoubted dramatic power and virile style he has not achieved success as an operatic composer. His real claim to distinction rests on a form which owes its development well-nigh entirely to him—the epic cantata.

The fact that many composers who possess dramatic discernment in other forms are not successful in writing for the stage is largely responsible for the rise and general adoption of this form. The epic cantata is closely allied to the narrative cantata, of which Rheinberger's "Christophorus" and Gade's "Erl King's Daughter" are

notable examples. The two forms have this in common, that they are adapted for the setting of subjects of dramatic import that suggest either too little action, or too much, for the stage—or a kind of dramatic movement that does not lend itself to stagecraft. Were one called upon to give an exact definition of the difference between the two it would be wise to ask to be excused. Failing this solution, it might be suggested that it appears to be a question of degree rather than kind: to depend upon the universality of the appeal made by the subject, or to rest upon the power and nature of the dramatic suggestion. To illustrate these distinctions—Elgar's "Caractacus" is more effective as a cantata than it would be on the stage—although it has as much to commend it from that point of view as Saint-Saën's "Samson and Delilah," and this in turn is far more effective dramatically than Mendelssohn's "Elijah" would be in Oriental garb on the stage. The subject of Dvorak's "Spectre Bride" does not appeal as does the struggle of Arminius against the Romans, for a ghastly theme can rarely, if ever, take such firm hold on us as something virile—something human. The presentation of the former work on the stage would show how sluggishly the dramatic development proceeds, while "Arminius" would fail for the following reasons, which lie along the lines of the third distinction. The action is centered too completely in masses—the chorus is too prominent—the individual characters do not act, they incite to action, they relate the results of action—they illustrate Wagner's criticism of the later Greek drama, "Talk on the stage, action behind the scenes," and finally—there is no love making. This last remark does not apply to Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," but the nature of the final scenes—where the dramatic movement should be intense and convincing—makes an adequate stage setting, if not impossible, at least in danger of being ludicrous—the most fatal of all dramatic lapses. When it is realized that the musical structure adapted for real, not suggested, action differs from absolute music very largely in the stress laid upon certain elements, that these distinctions are often exceedingly subtle, and in some instances are still in controversy, it will be seen that it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules for the differentiation of the various types of the cantata form. Were it necessary to do so, this would be unfortunate, but there being no urgent need the points of difference as cited are to be considered suggestive rather than authoritative.

Possibly in no work has Max Bruch given as convincing proof of his ability as in the "Odysseus," which is universally conceded to be his greatest creation. The subject is full of dramatic suggestion, is replete with charming episodes, abounds in sharp contrasts, and is moreover of perennial interest as a story. The criticism of "Arminius" does not apply to "Odysseus," for it is better balanced dramatically, and indeed it is not at all certain that—with obvious modifications, including drastic "cutting"—the work might not yield itself to stage representation, for the wonderful success achieved by Gluck with Greek subjects, proves conclusively that they possess great dramatic power.

Bruch in his setting has made no attempt to rely upon the Greek modes for color, nor has he but incidentally suggested Greek metrical schemes. Neither did Gluck in "Orpheus," nor Mendelssohn in "Antigone." Still it is obvious that, in several of the scenes, he has given a decided classic flavor to melody, harmony, and rhythm. Above all in the phrase formations one may detect Greek influence, but the expression is always in terms of modern music. A composer who attempts to pour old wine into new bottles runs the same risk as, according to Holy Writ, attends the reverse process.



MARGARET KEYES

Bruch's art never approaches the obscure, and he makes no use whatever of ultra-modern devices, hence there is no need for analysis or direction of any kind whatever. This may not be the least element in his appeal to the modern world, for his art still finds a response even in circles accustomed to a more complex style than his.

PART FIRST

SCENE I

ODYSSEUS ON CALYPSO'S ISLAND.

NYMPHS.—Here, oh Hermes, in midst of the islet,
Where four fountains their waters translucent

Wreathe over meadows enamell'd with flowers,
Dwelleth our golden-hair'd sister Calypso.

Through her grot spreads a cool purple shadow,

All around twines the full-cluster'd vine;
Odors are wafted from bowers of myrtle.

But behold! 'neath yon rocky headland,
There sits Odysseus and mourns;
Looks out tow'rds Ithaka's shore;
O'er the barren waters he gazeth—
He loves not the fair-haired Calypso.

ODYSSEUS.—Flow ye tears, since days are hateful!

Break thou heart, since life is wasted!
Home of all earth's treasures thou art dearest

To the man who thy delights hath tasted.
Sad to dwell unblest and homeless,
Tho' 'mid earthly joy and splendor,
Far from the sweet ties of kindred;
Far from love of consort tender!
Ithaka, fairest! thou sunny isle!
There doth great Neriton skyward soar,
Uplifting his green forest crown;
Oh my loved home, shall I see thee no more?

Penelopeia, thou blissful one,
Balm in sorrow the vows have prov'd,
Thou, when we parted, didst breathe!

HERMES.—Mortal, this day thou shalt cease from lamenting

Waste thy heart not with sighing!
Th' Immortals relent at the sound of thy woes!

I hither am sent by the father of gods,
From Calypso's enchantment thou shall be saved,

The bonds that now hold thee shall vanish!

Thy staunch and swift ship shall e'en fly o'er the waters!

Return to thy home, with thy faithful companions!

ODYSSEUS.—Oh lord of Olympus, thou ruler of Gods,
Who sway mortal hearts to obey thy decrees,
Have thanks that thy will is propitious!
And though some God contrive my doom

Upon the shadowy waters,
My heart shall be proof against fortune!
Oh mighty Kronion, have thanks!

SCENE II.

COMPANIONS OF ODYSSEUS.—The bounds we have reached of the deep-flowing ocean:

Black yawn dull Erebus' fatal abysses;
Veiled in gloom of silence and night;
Never shall far-darting Helios,
Send his beams 'neath the west, dark and distant,

Endless night is around us!
Here where loud thund'ring the flood of Kokytos

Pours its black wave into Acheron's tide;

Here, where great rocks pierce high tow'ring heavens,
Let us invoke the dim world of shades!

ODYSSEUS. — Hear, and be gracious, mighty lord of shades:

I pour this blood to the sacred dead;
Behold it flow downward the dark recess!

I call thee, thou royal bard of Thebes
Teiresias, and thou, my mother, hear!
Draw near, and let your winged words foretell,

If yet my home and consort I shall see!

COMPANIONS.—See, oh horror! There surging aloft

The shadows of the departed!
They are crowding around the trench to the blood,

Our hearts are trembling with terror!
Shield us, Oh lord of darkness!

CHORUS OF THE DEPARTED. — Weep!
Weep! Weep!

Who calls the shadows, who calls the departed,

From restful sleep to sunlight and day?

Blood hath lured us from below,
Let us drink while it flows!

SHADES OF CHILDREN.—Joy and hope
shone warm upon us;
Ere life's smiling morn hath won us,
All our joys were shorn by remorseless
death!

SHADES OF BRIDES.—Hymen's torch was
brightly burning
Ev'ry thought of sorrow spurning,
Alas! while our hearts were yearning
We were embraced by icy cold death!

SHADES OF YOUTHS.—We had life that
death might slay us,
Soon his touch our strength did blight!
Love nor joy on earth could delay us,
We were doom'd to endless night!

OLD MEN.—Long we wearied with sink-
ing faith
Living we mourned and pray'd for
death,
But when she came, we pined for sweet
light!

CHILDREN, BRIDES, YOUTHS AND OLD
MEN.—Sorrow! Sorrow!
Let us drink of the blood!

COMPANIONS.—He sinks, he melts into
fathomless gloom!
Look, yonder rises one from the tomb!

ANTIKLEIA.—My son, turn and hasten
thee homeward!

Thy fond Penelope with steadfast heart
awaits thy returning!

Ah, and thy father, he dwells apart
Clad in sad garments, ceaselessly mourn-
ing, bowed to earth;

'Tis for thee that he sorrows
Filling his heart with grief upon grief;
And age lies heavy upon him!

COMPANIONS.—She sinks, she melts in
the gloom!

ODYSSEUS.—Mother, why dost thou fly
me?

Oh, let my fond arms embrace thee,
Oh, let my frozen despair be loosed,
And dissolve me in weeping!

COMPANIONS.—Sorrow! Sorrow! Dread
on dread!

Lo, surging aloft the numberless hosts
of departed!

SHADES.—Who calls the shadows, who
calls the departed,
From restful sleep to sunlight and day?

COMPANIONS.—Clamor of woe!

SHADES.—Who calls the shadows, who
calls the departed,
From restful sleep to sunlight and day?

COMPANIONS.—Clamor of woe!
Our hearts are trembling with terror!
Fly!

SCENE III.

ODYSSEUS AND THE SIRENS.

COMPANIONS.—Our sails to the breezes,
swift flies the prow,
We leave behind us the shadowy west;
Soundless, our ears have been closed—
nought to know—
With yielding wax, by Odysseus's be-
hest.

Now sing, oh ye Sirens, your sweet
song of yore,
And though ye sing louder than thun-
ders roar,

We from your wiles shall be scatheless!
ODYSSEUS.—The oars are groaning—the
billows break,
The ship flies fast with silvery wake,
I stand with cables secured to the mast,
And stand till yon flowery mead we have
passed.

SIRENS.—Come, great Odysseus!

ODYSSEUS.—Hark! hear ye the song of
the Sirens?

SIRENS.—Come, great Odysseus, hero of
might!

Rest the swift oars and tarry!
If thou wouldst know all earthly delight,
Here it abides, oh tarry!

From our lips, thro' the blissful ages,
Smilingly flows the wisdom of sages!
Come! and hear our rapturous song!

COMPANIONS.—He hears their song!

ODYSSEUS.—Oh, ye hard-hearted!

COMPANIONS.—He asks us to loose him!

ODYSSEUS.—Stay! Stay! unbind me!

SIRENS.—Of lofty Troy, of thy island
home,

We'll tell thee what has been and what
will come,

Come, in our bower tarry!

Come, rest the swift oar and tarry!

ODYSSEUS.—Oh, ye hard-hearted, I pray
ye release me!

The song dies, alas!

COMPANIONS.—Row* well, companions,
Heed not his words!

Our prow divides the flashing tide,
and the isle we have passed—

Now sing all ye Sirens, &c.

SCENE IV.

THE TEMPEST AT SEA.

CHORUS.—Hark! the storm gathers from
afar!

Loud rusheth the blast of the tempest!
Behold the wrathful Poseidon!
Lifting his strong trident aloft,
Roaring winds in furious war
Lash the foam-crested billows!

ODYSSEUS.—Wretched, ah! ill-fated am I.

How can I strive 'gainst the mighty Poseidon!

Lo! how the dark'ning skies hang over the waves

And the tempest is rising louder and louder!

My fatal doom is impending!

Oh thrice-blessed, ye strong-hearted Greeks,

Who were slain on Troy's warlike field!
Had I but fall'n on a foeman's shield!
Here not vainly perish!

CHORUS.—Bellow and rage, ye Tritons!
Lightning flashes unveil the darkness around!

All the storm-winds unloosed
Pour forth o'er the surges
Their torrents of wrath!

OCEANIDES.—Lo, behold! where the dark tide is whirling,

On the crest of the ravening billows,
Rideth of Thebes the sad-ey'd daughter Leukothia—our fair sister!

LEUKOTHIA.—Mortal!

Fear not that the wrath of the God
Prevents thy return, or destroys thee!
Here, spread upon thy warlike breast
This veil, that Immortals have woven,
And thou shall defy all his terrors!

ODYSSEUS.—Thanks, merciful Goddess!
Trusting in thy protection,
Straight I plunge in the dark briny waters!

CHORUS.—Lo! he plunges below in the waters,

With strong arms he divideth the surges!

On, Odysseus! we'll hear thee, and guide thee safe!

To yon shelt'ring island!

Lo! at last earth-shaking Poseidon

Calms his anger!

Far and faint sounds the low-rolling thunder!

Slow and strong the tide poureth backward!

Yonder beckons the wood-crested harbor.

Thou art in safety!

Gracious Athena, oh, upon his eyelids
Pour the soothing balm of sleep!

PART SECOND.

SCENE V.

PENELOPE MOURNING.

PENELOPE.—Thou far-darting Sun, must thy light divine wake me yet once again?

At the gates of dreams I was slumber'ring!

Why have the Gods sent me griefs without measure?

I of women the most am bereft, and still my woes are increasing!

My lord, my consort, true, lion-hearted,
The chief in virtue amongst the Achaeians!

And now, my son well-beloved evil tempests have snatched from my side!

Alas, I know not the hour he went forth to seek his dear father!

My soul for his sake is troubled, I tremble, lest

Any harm o'er him hath been fated!

Return, thou my solace! my heart's delight!

Last pledge of sweet hope to thy mother forlorn

Oh Atrytona!

Daughter of all-subduing Kronion!

If Odysseus hath e'er burnt in his palace an off'ring to thee;

Oh, now recall his good deed!

Save my blameless, dear cherished son,

From the insolent suitors at home,

From threat'ning tempests yonder!

Oh, now remember his deeds, Atrytona,

Save, oh save my beloved, only son!

And thou, Helios, fountain of light,

Doth thy all-seeing eye in its course

Still behold my Odysseus a dweller 'mong mortals?

Graciously lead him with counselling hand!

Oh, to this sorrowing heart restore him,
Give back its king to this sorrowing land!

SCENE VI.

NAUSIKAA.

NAUSIKAA.—On the flowery mead, girt by the dimpling tide,

Come with me toss the ball merrily to and fro!

Nought doth please the Immortals like a heart that in joy doth bide!

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.—Nought doth please the Immortals, &c.

NAUSIKAA.—Let's delight in our May.

Youth but an hour will stay,

Oh, in Autumn sweet pleasure will fade away!

Have no care for the morrow, seize the blissful, the fleeting hour!

Crown your tresses with flow'rs: come, twine the mazy dance!

Catch and throw the light ball! Seize it like winged joy!

Hope soars ever beyond us, snatch the pleasure that hovers near!

ODYSSEUS.—Whence these sounds, that recall me from the recesses of slumber?

Lo, on the flow'ry margin, golden tress'd maidens are sporting,

Gloriously led by their Queen in the dance!

Thus pursuing the swift-footed stag, Artemis, huntress, traverses the hills!

Round her cluster the well-buskin'd nymphs,

She the fairest among them!

Hark to me. Queen, or heav'n-dwelling Goddess!

Fear and rev'rence possess me,

That I dare not clasp thy knees!

After perils, and toils unnumbered,

Here I am cast by angry seas!

Bend on my sorrows a glance in thy kindness,

Pity a stranger, thy suppliant and helpless!

Oh, have mercy, Queen, on my woes!

NAUSIKAA AND ODYSSEUS.—Fly not, my maidens, but tarry here!

Why do ye tremble?

None will approach the Phaiakes with hostile intent,

Dear is our race to th' Immortals!

He whom ye see, is poor and a wand'rer!

Help me to succour his need, and to tend him!

Strangers and mendicants are ye know, sent us from Zeus,

Blest is the hand that gives freely!

What a radiant beauty surrounds him! Like to the Gods who possess the wide heaven!

I behold him with amaze.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.—Bliss and woe Kronion meteth!

Just and unjust, all he greeteth,

High and wondrous are his ways.

Bear then, mortals steadfastly

What the Gods have decreed us!

Come then! Refresh thee with food and sweet wine,

Gather around thee this garment of wool;

Follow our chariot, the king thou'll behold!

That from suppliant's prayer we turned, be not told!

SCENE VII.

THE BANQUET WITH THE PHAIAKES.

CHORUS.—Be welcome, stranger, to the Phaiakes' land,

Here is the favour'd abode of the blessed Gods!

From brooding sorrow this happy land is free!

The joyous dance, the strains of the clear-ton'd harp,

These the Phaiakes' dow'r immortal!

Up then, arouse thee! Sing, oh Rhapsodes!

While we pour freely the dark cheering wine!

RHAPSODES.—Ten years now are past, since glorious Troy in the dust was laid!

Then homeward the host of the Argives turned,

Oh, for the heroes, the mighty chiefs that lie dead on the plain!

Beneath the walls of Ilium slain, the pley of Fate and of Slaughter!

But sadder for those who from death were spared

When the swift spears were hurled.

Lonely they roam o'er the wat'ry waste, Pursued by vengeful Poseidon's wrath, Agamemnon, and Odysseus!

The one by a treacherous wife was slain,

When scarce to his hearth was the Chief returned,

Struck down by guile at the banquet!

But ah! Odysseus, where roves his fleet ship,

Distraught by the angry God?

By briny surges was he devoured?

Or upon the shadowy sea doth he stray

With patience and toil still seeking

The home of his fathers?

NAUSIKAA.—He weeps, the stranger weeps!

THE PHAIAKES.—He weeps, the stranger weeps!

ALKINOOS.—Say, oh stranger, why thy sorrow?

ODYSSEUS.—'Tis I am Odysseus myself!

THE PEOPLE.—'Tis the Chieftain of might, of Troy the destroyer!

Honor and praise to our noble guest!

ODYSSEUS.—I seek not honors, or friends!

But grant me a safe and speedy return to my home oh, King!



WILLIAM HOWLAND

Nowhere abides such delight, as in the
homeland,

Sweet the love of parents dear, sweet
to dwell with wife belov'd!

NAUSIKAA, ARETE, ODYSSEUS, ALKINOOS,
AND PHAIAKES.—Nowhere abides such
delight, &c.

ODYSSEUS.—Let me depart then un-
harm'd!

Gods who possess the wide heavens,
Prosper and bless thee, Oh King!
And thou, gracious Queen,
Long may'st thou joy in thy children,
And thy consort, the strong-hearted
King!

THE PHAIAKES.—The fair shining sails
their bosoms are spreading,
And far o'er the main the oars smite the
waters with rhythmical beat
And soaring aloft like a high-mottled
steed

The ship o'er purple tide rideth high
Dividing the foam-crested billows!
And far thro' the dark ambrosial night,
Guided secure by the Pleiades light,
The helmsman is steering the swift-rid-
ing keel,

That bears from our shores the illus-
trious Chief,
Whose glory is wide as the heav'n's
above;

Oh, may he find rest from his sorrow!

SCENE VIII.

PENELOPE WEAVING A GARMENT.

PENELOPE.—This garment by day I
weave in my sorrow,
And ravel the web in the still hours of
night;

This wearying long, yet my tears greet
the morrow,
Hope vanishes as the long years take
their flight;

Where art thou, my husband?
Hath bitter fate borne thee down to the
hateful abyss of Hades?

Or, by tempests toss'd, art thou roving
Upon the wide and desolate sea?

Dost thou stray o'er its billowy wastes?
Return, my Odysseus, return, oh my
husband!

Come, ere this garment my hands shall
have wrought!

Importunate suitors with boldness assail
thy devoted spouse;

Unjustly despoil they thy son of his
birthright!

Each day and each night 'neath thy
roof they carouse!

Return, my Odysseus, my husband!

SCENE IX.

THE RETURN.

THE BOATMEN.—O sacred Dawn!
Thou whose hand so benignly with crim-
son doth tint yonder purple tide.

Oh pour down the dews of thy peace
On the heart long by sorrow tried!

ODYSSEUS.—Heaven, where am I?
What is this land into which, while I
slept, the Phaiakes set me ashore?

The traitors, deceivers, they have be-
tray'd me!

Oh, dark-clouded Zeus! Thou who canst
fathom the spirit's depth, send down
on them swift retribution!

Woe's me! Where shall I now bend
my steps?

PALLAS-ATHENE.—Why art thou mourn-
ing?

See'st thou not Odysseus, that thou
standest on thy native soil;
That thine own sea girt Ithaca's 'round
thee?

Lo, where the sheltering harbor extends,
That thou thyself to the Sea-god hast
hallowed?

See'st thou not yonder the heav'n-scal-
ing mountain's brow?

'Tis the wood-bower'd Neriton!

ODYSSEUS.—Oh my Fatherland!

Blest remembrance!

Oh, let me kiss thee, thou bounteous
plain!

Nymphs of these waves.

My prayers shall salute ye!

Hail, mighty Neriton!

Oh, can it be such rapture is mine!

I greet thee once more!

PALLAS-ATHENE.—Learn, Odysseus, what
Pallas Athene

Came here herself to control!

ODYSSEUS.—What, art thou the celestial
Athene?

PALLAS-ATHENE.—I am she who guided
the battle,

When the murd'rous spear struck the
foeman;

Sending thee succor, I planned thy re-
turn!

Know, oh hero; strangers within thy
house are devising evil;

They feast and revel in thy palace,
Where they waste thy ample substance,

And thy father's, and thy sons!
This day shall thy much-wooed consort

Choose a husband 'gainst her will!

Thee too, by a stratagem

They have doom'd to dark destruction!

But a mist I'll cast around thee
 And disguised I'll lead thee forth,
 Till the hour of Fate doth strike,
 And to vengeance thou are called!

ODYSSEUS.—Ha! and thus I might have
 perished
 Struck on my own hearth by impious
 hands!
 Miscreants, woe to ye!
 But my vengeance soon shall o'ertake
 ye, escape is vain!
 Like the Thund'r'er's shafts I will smite
 ye!
 Yea, and though ye were twice an hun-
 dred,
 I will destroy ye with ruthless hand!
 Be thou gracious, glorious Athene
 Weave my counsels, and guide my wea-
 pon,
 As when Troy's lofty tow'rs were shat-
 ter'd
 And drew Fate and quick death on her
 kings!

SCENE X.

FEAST IN ITHAKA.

THE PEOPLE OF ITHAKA.—Say, have ye
 heard the glad tidings of joy?
 Royal Odysseus, restor'd to his people!
 Old and feeble the crafty Chief,
 Sought his lofty paternal house;
 Now behold him, in might like Apollo
 The strong bow he bendeth!
 Woe! Black death and Fate shall be-
 fall the turbulent suitors,
 Rashly wooing to bitter undoing!
 Rejoice! Hero victorious we shall hail
 thee! Rejoice!

PENELOPE.—Hail, oh my husband!
 Oh, how blest is this hour to my heart
 Hail my hero and guardian!
 Thou my life and my solace!
 Lo, my fount of tears.
 Flowing through the long years,
 When I was lone and forsaken,
 Now shall be dried.
 Only one last drop I offer,
 That I to joy reawaken!

ODYSSEUS. — Gracious prudence, and
 light of my dwelling,
 Faithful and well-belov'd Penelopeia,
 Let our joy be worthy sacrifice offer'd
 To the Immortals, who in threat'ning
 hour
 Fill'd our bosoms with endurance
 And with faith divine,
 And now crowns our endeavors!

BOTH.—Omnipotent Zeus!
 Thou beneficent Lord!
 We call on thy name!
 Thou fair throned morning, when
 shades wane not,
 Thou sweet summer dawning when
 Winter's past,
 All hail to thy beam!
 Hail blessed flame!

FINALE.

THE PEOPLE OF ITHAKA.—In flames as-
 cending let incense rise
 To all the Gods who our hearths have
 protected,
 In glory unending they rule in the skies,
 And below in the dark realm of Hades!
 Let crimson flames ascend
 Unto all the Gods who our hearths
 have protected!
 In glory unending they rule in the skies,
 And below in the dark realm of Hades!
 Triumph! Rejoice!
 Slayer of darkness be welcome!
 We welcome and hail thee!
 Rejoice! Rejoice!
 Nowhere abides such delight
 As in the homeland;
 Sweet the love of parents dear
 Sweet to dwell with wife belov'd!
 Rejoice! Slayer of darkness we hail
 thee!
 Rejoice! Rejoice!

—*Wilhelm Paul Graff.*[English translation by Natalie Mac-
 farren.]

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