

G.G.H. v. b. e. i. n.
7.0.28.89.

University Musical Society,

Henry S. Frieze, LL. D., President. Albert A. Stanley, Director.

The * Choral * Union

TENTH SEASON. FIRST CONCERT.

Thursday Evg., Feb. 28, 1889,

At Hobart Hall.

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, DIRECTOR.

MR. ORIN B. CADY, PIANIST.

MRS. GEORGE R. HAVILAND, SOPRANO.

MR. WALTER L. TAYLOR, TENOR.

MR. HUGO P. GEISLER, BASS.

Programme.

Part First.

NIGHT, - - - - - *Rheinberger.*

CHRISTMAS CAROL, - - - - - *Osgood.*

BARCAROLE, - - - - - *Brahms.*

FEMALE CHORUS.

FINLAND LOVE SONG, - - - - - *Englesberg.*

MALE CHORUS.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HOLY FAMILY, *Bruch.*

Part Second.

"THE CRUSADERS," - - - - - *Gade.*

DRAMATIC CANTATA FOR SOLI AND CHORUS.

Part First.

Night Song. (RHEINBERGER.)

(English version by Ellis Gray.)

The stars are shining in Heaven,
The ocean waves flash in reply;
Below they are calling and beck'ning,
In answer they gleam from on high,
And softly whisper the breezes,
In ecstasy trembles the main;
Thro' all flows Love pure and holy,
My heart only knoweth its pain!
The bright stars are wandering in Heaven,
The ocean waves ceaselessly move.
Ah, why should they care if of mortals,
One heart is dying of love?

—*Reinicke.*

Christmas Carol. (OSGOOD.)

Listen, Lordlings, unto me, a tale I will you tell;
Which, as on this night of glee, in David's town befell.
Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary, that sweet maid:
Weary were they, nigh to death; and for a lodging pray'd.

Sing high, sing high, sing low, sing low,
Sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,
Go tell it out with speed;
Cry out and shout all round about
That Christ is born indeed.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
Hosts of Angels in their sight came down from heav'n's high steep.
Tidings! tidings! unto you: to you a Child is born,
Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.

Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
God was in His manger-bed, in worship low they bent.
In the morning see ye mind, my masters one and all,
At the Altar Him to find, who lay within the stall.

Barcharolq. (BRAHMS.)

(English version by George L. Osgood.)

“O, fisher on the water,”
Fidelin!

“Come fish here by my side.”
In his pretty dory rows he
Down the tide.
Fidelin!

“What shall I fish for, maiden?”
Fidelin!

“My ring,” the maiden cried!
In his pretty dory rows he
Down the tide.
Fidelin!

“With gold I will reward thee,”
Fidelin!

“A hundred crowns,” she cried!
In his pretty dory rows he
Down the tide.
Fidelin!

“A hundred crowns are nothing,”
Fidelin!

The fisher-lad replied.
In his pretty dory rowing
Down the tide.
Fidelin!

“A kiss will be far sweeter,”
Fidelin!

• “In memory dear to hide.”
And his pretty dory turns he
Up the tide.
Fidelin!

Finland Love Song. (ENGELSBURG.)

(English version by Ellis Gray.)

On upper Langbethsea
The snow is ling'ring yet.
There creeps a hunter cautiously,
And seeks — I know not what.
Tarry, my dearest friend,
Wait for the summer's glow!
Then, where the grasses bend
Thou'lt trace the tender doe.

The summer comes to the sea,
With it a doe so fair.
Watch now! my hunter free, watch now,
'Tis time! Ah, there! see I right?
Downward his gun he flings,
Downward his cap he flings,
He shouts, and round her neck he clings.
Such dear delight.

Recall the moon's pure light;
Our happy trysting night!
Ah! ne'er forget I thy sweet vow
Upon the mountain brow.
Whate'er Fate brings to me,
Naught dearer can there be
Than one sweet hour with thee,
On Langbethsea.

The Flight of the Holy Family. (MAX BRUCH.)

(English version by Mrs. L. T. Craigin.)

Longer fall the twilight shadows,
Thro' the cooling evening air,
From the grot o'er silent meadows
Joseph seeks the woodland fair.
Leads the beast with careful tending;
Breezes lightly round them sweep;
Flutt'ring wings of angels bending,
Sees the dreaming child asleep.

Mary looks with grief and gladness
 At the child upon her breast;
Half in joy and half in sadness
 Softly hushes him to rest.
Fire-flies are softly glowing
 With their mild and lambent ray;
By their light to Mary showing
 Thro' the wilderness a way.

Lightly bend the quiv'ring grasses,
 As her mantle flutters by;
Brooks are silent as she passes,
 And the woods forget to sigh.
Of the flight there was no token.
 And the Christ-child raised His hand,
For the silence all unbroken
 Blessed the faithful loving land.

Now the earth 'mid groves and flowers
 Evermore in every clime,
Nightly dreams of Heav'nly bowers,
 O most holy blessed time.

The Crusaders. (GADE.)

ARMIDA — SOPRANO.

RINALDO — TENOR.

PETER THE HERMIT — BASS.

I. In the Desert.

No. 1. CHORUS.—*Crusaders.*

Flame-like the sand-waste glows and quivers,
While blighted droop dust-laden bushes;
Each bird on failing pinion shivers,
As through the scorching air she rushes.
When faint with toil a fountain greets us;
Ah, woe! 'tis but a phantom cheats us!
Since from the distant west we started,
What thousands low in death are sleeping;
To reach the goal, though heavy-hearted,
Our desert way we still are keeping.
Death-dealing rays the sun is darting,
And we like shadows are departing.

No. 2. SOLO.—*Peter the Hermit.*

Soon our God success will send us,
Then why should despair attend us?
Think hereon.
Was it not there that the holy star was beaming
For a fallen world's redeeming,
Yonder star of Golgotha?
See, with heat and toil oppressed,
Longs for home the weary breast.

Once the spirit mounted high,
Now his courage, heav'n imparted,
Yields the warrior weary-hearted:
Was his promise but an empty cry?

SOLO.—*Rinaldo.*

O blame us not! holy father, stay!
Our hearts will ne'er from duty turn;
We seek the victor's wreath of bay:
And though the sun may fiercely burn,
Raise we the song we sang of yore,
Ere yet we left our native shore.

No. 3. SOLO AND CHORUS.—*Rinaldo and Crusaders.*

THE CRUSADERS' SONG.

Shine, holy sun, shine on my trusty sword,
For more than praise and glory is endeavour;
On shield and heart the Cross of Christ my Lord,
Of heav'n the faithful soldier am I ever.

Peter and Crusaders.

To war! God wills it; up, arouse thee!
Up, yon flag with hope endows thee!

Crusaders.

To war, &c.

Rinaldo.

In feats of arms the prize I oft have won;
And songs of praise the troubadour would sing me:
Now heav'n's inspiring light has on me shone,
For heav'n alone I strive, though death it bring me.

Crusaders.

Of heav'n the faithful soldier am I ever;
To war! God wills it; up, arouse thee!
Up, yon flag with hope endows thee!

RECITATIVE.—*Peter the Hermit.*

• Yes, He wills it, clear 'tis shown;
Now to rest the sun is going,
Eve, her charm o'er all things throwing,
Bids thy grief at length be gone.

Shadows creeping over all
In th' embrace of night enfold us;
Long the pow'rs of darkness hold us;
Ruin'd yet God's house we see—
Then, Crusader, bend thy knee!
Distant may temptation be.
When the mists of night are falling:
On the Lord let all be calling.

No. 4. SOLO AND CHORUS.—*Peter the Hermit and
Crusaders.*

Father! from a distant land Thy host hath come;
Let Thy grace defend us when afar from home!
Thou didst guide Thy chosen people on their way;
Thou wilt guide us also where the Saviour lay.

Father, watch o'er us!
Thou watchest o'er the nestling weak;
When the day appeareth,
Grant, O grant the boon we seek.

II. *Armida.*

SPIRITS OF DARKNESS APPEAR AND DANCE.

No. 5. INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.

Silent, creeping so light,
Comes the darkness of night,
And around us is stealing;
See the wildfire appear
Thro' the dull misty air,
But the sand-waste revealing.

[*Armida appears in the distance.*]

Stay! leave the whirl of the dance;
See yon bright shining glance
Through the mist on us falling;
Now let night be our grave,
With the wand she doth wave,
Us Armida is calling.

No. 6. SOLO.—*Armida.*

They softly sleep in cool and peaceful night!
I bade the sand the river's bed be drying:
By me the plague was o'er these regions flying;
How vainly to conquer the Cross I fight.
Now shall this mighty host succumb to pleasure,
For duty shall they choose voluptuous leisure.
I see him there, Rinaldo, hero proud,
Approaching from his tent:
Be madness his; yea, woe to him and you,
Destruction near you lies.
Obey this magic sceptre, spirits, hear!
Build me straight a palace here,
By a lake that clearly sparkles:
Let the roofs be rich with gold,
And with gems the doors be glowing;
Let a fountain's pearly foam
Send back the sun's merry glances;
Plashing light, and curling soft,
Let its wavelets play in dances;
Circled round by roses,
Which may invite delightful dreaming,
Spirits all, appear ye there,
Like Sirens of the fountain seeming!
Let him see a tender breast,
Dazzling white, its charms disclosing;
Let him see a rounded form
In the waters cool reposing;
Bring oblivion on his heart,
Till to serve me he is willing;
And forgets what he desir'd,
My commands alone fulfilling.

No. 7. SOLO.—*Rinaldo and Chorus of Sirens.*

The desert changes into a luxuriant sunny garden, with a smooth lake, in which Sirens are sporting.

Sirens.

The wave sweeps my breast,
My cheek soft and fair,
Fan me, O balmy and beautiful air!

Kiss me, Sun, that o'er me beamest,
I gather thee, rosebud, so tender and rare,
Thy sweetness I wind in my shining hair,
And there in thy beauty thou gleamest.

Rinaldo.

Wondrous! From whence is this splendour?
And these roofs of gold so bright,
Are they fram'd in dreams by fancy,
Or by magic's secret might?
I will turn away mine eyes,
And straightway to my tent return.

Sirens.

The wave sweeps my breast,
My cheek soft and fair,
Fan me, O balmy and beautiful air!

Rinaldo.

Still these tones of heavenly sweetness
Keep me bound with magic spell;
Hark, the water's rippling music
Blends with voices rich and clear!
Are they lilies, are they swans,
That on yonder lake appear?
I will linger here, and seek repose
On shores with flower's bedight!
Close thine eyelids; shapes of beauty
Follow me to dreamland bright.

No. 8. DUET AND CHORUS.—*Armida, Rinaldo, Sirens,*
and Crusaders.

Armida.

O Rinaldo, up, arouse thee,
Come to endless joy and rest.

Rinaldo.

Say, where am I? Why this singing?
Why this lake, besprent with light?
Why these palms to heaven upspringing?
And thyself, O fairy bright?

Armida.

Each delight that I can offer
Calls thee: come, then, seek my breast,
Come to endless joy and rest!

Rinaldo.

What art thou, mine eyes deceiving?
Say, who brought thee to this shore?
Camest thou, some dreamland leaving?
Speak, before the dream be o'er.

Armida and Sirens.

Thou art safe now I am near thee,
Drain this goblet crown'd with foam,
On my bosom I will bear thee
To the gods' exalted home!

Rinaldo.

Yes, the goblet, let me drain it!
I am ravish'd with thine eye;
On thy bosom let me rest,
There to dream of highest joy!

[*The song of the Crusaders is indistinctly heard through the air.*]

Rinaldo (as in a dream).

'Tis a call I used to hear
That strikes mine ear these sounds among.

Armida.

On my bosom I will bear thee
To the gods' exalted home.

Rinaldo.

On thy bosom I would be dreaming
Of delight that never dies.

[*The song of the Crusaders is heard more distinctly.*]

Crusaders (without).

Of heav'n the faithful soldier am I ever.

Rinaldo.

'Tis a warning voice that strikes upon my ear throughout this song.

Armida.

Rinaldo, come where love and pleasure call!

Rinaldo and Crusaders.

Off, phantom, off! for fame be my endeavor!
On shield and heart the Cross of Christ my Lord.
Of heav'n the faithful soldier am I ever.

RECIT.—*Armida.*

Magic words are sinking,
Deep withdrawn from mortal sight;
The shining day is changing
Into gloomy night!
Obey this magic sceptre!
Obey, ye spirits!

III. Towards Jerusalem.

No. 9. CHORUS.—*The Crusaders.*

The welcome sun will soon be here,
His rays will cheer and warm you.
Hark! sound of horns, so loud and clear,
Up, soldiers! haste and arm you.
How glad, how pure, with morn we rise!
Seek, brothers, seek the holy prize!

[*Pilgrims pass.*]

No. 10.

See, yonder comes a pilgrim band,
With joy I follow through the land,
To Zion, the Holy City!

No. 11.—MARCH OF PILGRIMS.

Forward! forward! O weary feet;
Forward! my thoughts fly before me,
Wing'd my longing, the prize to greet;
Would I had wings that upbore me.

Hope! weary feet,
Ye will soon reach the goal
Where rest awaits you,
Where joy fills the soul.

SOLO.—*Rinaldo.*

Brighter the sunlight
Glow in the sky;
Gloom is departing,
The heart swells with joy;
To me, O ye singers,
Your call be address'd;
O, say, shall repentance
Bring comfort and rest?

The Pilgrims.

Forward! stay not for rock or for thorn;
Forward through the air hotly glowing;
Now toiling upwards to heights forlorn,
Now through the rough thicket going.
Heart, thou dost beat in my bosom with might;
Hast thou the foretaste of days of delight?

No. 12. SOLO AND CHORUS.—*Peter the Hermit and
Crusaders.*

Peter.

His head let each Crusader raise,
For now ye may on Zion gaze!
The goal is there, Jerusalem!

Crusaders.

The goal is there, Jerusalem!
The goal is won, Jerusalem!

Peter.

Holy, O holy is the ground
On which our feet now tread;
Here for our sins the Saviour died,
'Twas here his blood was shed!

Peter and Crusaders.

Father! we humbly kneel before Thy face;
Oh, unto all who repent grant Thy grace!
Our Saviour, who now to Thy Father art gone,
With weeping salute we the land once Thine own.

Peter.

Ye knights, upraise the banner! Haste and arm,
Press to the fight against the heathen swarm!

Rinaldo.

My holy ardour naught shall e'er assuage,
A waning light the Crescent now is giving;
Before this sword shall Saracenic rage
No longer dare for Jesu's tomb be striving.

Peter, Rinaldo, and Crusaders.

To war! God wills it; up, arouse thee!
Up, yon flag with hope endows thee!
Jerusalem! the goal is there;
We cry aloud, Hosanna!

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