

UNIVERSITY HALL—ANN ARBOR, MICH.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

F. W. KELSEY, President. A. A. STANLEY, Director.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901.

TWELFTH SEASON—FIFTH CONCERT.

(No. XCV. Complete Series.)

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1901.

DAVID BISPHAM, Baritone.

At the Piano—MR. RUDOLPH VON SCARPA.

PROGRAM.

Cycle of Songs from Tennyson's "Maude,"	.	.	.	<i>Arthur Somervell</i>
Erl King,	}	.	.	<i>Schubert</i>
Hark! hark! the Lark!				
Nur, wer die Sehnsucht kennt,	.	.	.	<i>Tchaikowsky</i>
The two Grenadiers,	.	.	.	<i>Schumann</i>
Wedding Song,	}	.	.	<i>Loewe</i>
How deep the slumber of the Floods,				
Edward,				
Drink to me only with thine Eyes,	.	.	.	<i>Old English</i>
The Pretty Creature,	.	.	.	<i>Storace</i>
O, let Night speak of Me,	.	.	.	<i>Chadwick</i>
Lend me thy fillet, Love,	.	.	.	<i>Brockway</i>
Danny Deever,	.	.	.	<i>Damrosch</i>

The next Concert in this Series will be the First May Festival Concert, Thursday, May 16, 1901. Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Steinway Piano used.

CYCLE OF SONGS FROM TENNYSON'S "MAUD".

I. I HATE THE DREADFUL HOLLOW.

I hate the dreadful hollow
Behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above
Are dabbled with blood-red heath,
And the red-ribb'd ledges drip,
With the silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her,
Answers, "Death."

2. A VOICE BY THE CEDAR TREE.

A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to
me,

A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of
May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart, and ready in hand,
March with banners and bugle and fife
To the death—for their native land.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny
sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English
green,
Maud, in the light of her youth and her
grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour that
cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sor-
did and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind.
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
And a glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a
choice,

But to move to the meadow and fall be-
fore

Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind.
Not her, not her, but a voice!

3. SHE CAME TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone;
And once, but once she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, strangely, sweetly blush'd,
To find they were met by my own.

4. O LET THE SOLID GROUND.

O let the solid ground,
Not fail beneath my feet,
Before my life had found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me,
Before I am quite sure,
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may,
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

5. BIRDS IN THE HIGH HALL-GARDEN.

Birds in the high Hall-garden,
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang,
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here,
In among the lilies.

I kissed her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately,
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I know the way she went,
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

6. GO NOT HAPPY DAY.

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy "Yes"
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the glowing ships;
Over blowing seas;
Over seas at rest,

Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar tree,
And the red man's babe,
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.

7. I HAVE LED HER HOME.

I have led her home,
My love, my only friend,
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood,
And sweetly on and on
Calming itself for the long wish'd for
end,

Full to the banks, close to the promis'd
good.

None like her, none.

Just now the dry-tongued laurels' patter-
ing talk,

Seem'd her light foot along the garden
walk,

And shook my heart to think she comes
once more;

But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heav'n are closed, and she
is gone.

8. COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,

For the black bat, night, has flown,

Come into the garden, Maud,

I am here at the gate alone;

And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad,

And the musk of the roses' blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,

And the planet of Love is on high,

Beginning to faint in the light that she
loves

On a bed of daffodil sky,

To faint in the light of the sun she loves,

To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard

The flute, violin, bassoon;

All night has the casement jessamine
stirr'd

To the dancers dancing in tune;

Till a silence fell with the waking bird.

And a hush with the setting moon.

Queen rose, of the rosebud garden of
girls,

Come hither, the dances are done,

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,

Queen lily and rose in one;

Shine out, little head, sunning over with
curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear,
From the passion flower at the gate.

She is coming, my own, my dear;

She is coming, my life, my fate;

The red rose cried, "She is near, she is
near;"

The white rose weeps, "She is late;"

The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"

And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;

Were it ever so airy a tread,

My heart would hear her and beat,

Were it earth in an earthly bed;

My heart would hear her and beat

Had it lain for a century dead;

Would start and tremble under her feet,

And blossom in purple and red.

9. THE FAULT WAS MINE.

"The fault was mine, the fault was
mine"—

Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and
still,

Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the
hill?

It is the guilty hand!

And there rises ever a passionate cry,

A cry for a brother's blood.

It will ring in my heart and my ears,

till I die, till I die.

10. DEAD, LONG DEAD.

Dead, long dead!

And my heart is a handful of dust,

And the wheels go over my head,

And my bones are shaken with pain.

For into a shallow grave they are thrust,

Only a yard beneath the street,

And the hoofs of the horses beat,

Beat into my scalp and my brain,

With never an end to the stream of pass-
ing feet,

Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,

Clamour and rumble, and ringing and
clatter,

And here in the grave it is just as bad.

For I thought that the dead had peace,

but it is not so;

To have no peace in the grave, is that not
sad?

But up and down and to and fro,

Ever about me the dead men go;

And then to hear a dead man chatter

Is enough to drive one mad.

Ah, me, why have they not buried me
deep enough?

Is it kind to have made me a grave so
rough,

Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?

Maybe still I am but half dead;

Then I cannot be wholly dumb;

I will cry to the steps above my head,

And somebody, surely, some kind heart
will come

To bury me, to bury me,

Deeper, ever so little deeper.

II. O THAT 'TWERE POSSIBLE.

O that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

12. MY LIFE HAS CREPT SO LONG.

My life has crept so long on a broken
wing,
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror
and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a
little thing;
My mood is changed, for it fell at a time
of year,
When the face of night is fair on the
dewy downs,
That like a silent lightning under the
stars,
She seemed to divide in a dream from a
band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world in the
coming wars—

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a
dear delight
To have looked, tho' but in a dream,
upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my one
thing bright.

And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd
my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle and seas
of death.
The blood red blossom of war with a
heart of fire.
Let it flame or fade, and the war roll
down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a
cause, we are noble still.
I have felt with my native land, I am one
with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the
doom assigned.

—Tennyson.

ERLKING.

O, who rides by night, through the wood-
lands so wild?
It is the father embracing his child—
And close the boy nestles within his lov'd
arm,
From the blast of the tempest to keep
himself warm.

“O father! see yonder, see yonder!” he
says.
“My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully
gaze?”
“O, 'tis the Erlking, with his staff and
his shroud.”
“No, my love, 'tis but the dark wreath
of the cloud.”

“O wilt thou go with me, thou lovliest
child?
By many gay sports shall thy hours be
beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a
fair toy,
And many fine flow'rs shall she pluck for
my boy.”

“O father, my father, and did you not
hear
The Erlking whispers so close in my
ear?”
“Be still, my lov'd child, be at ease,
'Twas but the wild blast as it howls thro'
the trees.”

“O, wilt thou go with me, thou lovliest
boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care
and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet
and thro' wild,
And hug thee, and kiss thee, and sing to
my child.”

“O father, my father, and saw you not
plain,
The Erlking's daughter glide fast thro'
the rain?”
“O, no' my heart's treasure, I knew it full
soon,
It was the grey willow that danc'd to the
moon.”

“Come with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee
away.”
“O father! O father! now, now, keep
your hold
The Erlking has seized me, his grasp is
so cold.”

Sore trembled the father, he sped through
the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shudder-
ing child.
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in
dread,
But clasped to his bosom the child was
dead!
—Goethe.

HARK, HARK! THE LARK!

Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate
sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin
My Lady sweet, arise.

—*Shakespeare.*

NUR, WER DIE, SEHNSUCHT KENNT.

No one my grief can feel that knows not
yearning!
Alone, from joy removed, all mirth un-
learning,
Towards the southern sky my gaze I'm
turning.
Ah, to those dear to me there's no re-
turning.

No one my grief can feel that knows not
yearning!
Alone, from joy removed, all mirth un-
learning,
My brain turns dizzily; my heart is burn-
ing.
No one my grief can feel that knows not
yearning.

—*From the German of Goethe.*

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

To France there journeyed two gren-
adiers,
Set free from their dark Russian pris-
on;
But when they came to the German fron-
tiers
Fresh grief in their hearts had arisen.

For there did they hear the tidings of
woe,
How France to her depths had been
shaken,
Her army defeated, her pride brought
low,
And the Emperor, the Emperor was
taken.

In silence their bitterest tears they shed,
Their country's downfall mourning;
And then one spoke: "Would I were
dead!
Again in my old wound burning."

The other said: "The end has come,
For life, I care no longer;
But I've a wife and child at home,
And they would die of hunger."

"To wife and child my heart is dead,
By all but one thought forsaken;

Let the children beg if they want for
bread,
My Emperor, My Emperor is taken!

"If thou, my comrade, true wilt prove,
Now death is closing o'er me,
Oh, carry my corpse to the France I love,
To rest in the soil that bore me!"

"My cross of honor, only tied,
Close to my heart lay on me,
Then place my musket by my side,
And gird my sword upon me."

"And there I'll lie with list'n'g ear,
Like a sentinel guarding the forces,
Till the booming cannon shall thunder
near,
With the noise of the galloping
horses."

"When my own gallant Emperor rides
over the plain,
While the shouts with the sword-
strokes are blending;
From my grave I shall rise like a soldier
again,
My Emperor, my Emperor defending!"

PAUL ENGLAND.

(*From the German of Heine.*)

WEDDING SONG.

I'll sing you a song of a by-gone day,
When a Count in this Castle was living,
Where now his brave grandson 'midst
nuptials gay
This excellent banquet is giving.

The Count had gained laurels in many a
fight,
Had fought as Crusader with zeal and
delight;

And when he dismounted his horse late
one night,
His castle its towers still lifted.
But servants and soldiers had shifted!

Thou, verily, Count, hast come back to
thy home,
But badly they stand—all thy matters,
The wind and the rain thro' thy chambers
all roam,
And blow thro' the windows and shutters.

What is to be done at an hour so late?
I've spent many days in more dangerous
state,
The morning sun often amendment hath
made,
Hence quick while the moon shines all
over,
To bed in the straw without cover.

And while in a half-conscious slumber
he lay,
He heard a strange noise 'neath his bed;
The rat it shall rattle as long as it may,
Oh, had it but crumbs to be fed!

But see, there appeareth a smart little
page,
A dwarf, bearing torch-light, as seen on
the stage,
With orator's gestures and mein of a
sage,
At the feet of the Count who is lying,
Fatigued, while to sleep he is trying.

"It has long been our custom to dance
here and play
Since thou hast thy castle been leaving;
And as we believed thee abroad, far
away,
A banquet tonight we were giving.

And if thou wilt trust these fine rooms to
our care,
We dwarfs will begin the festivities rare.
To honour our wealthy and new-married
pair."

The Count said, enjoying the vision:—
"You may use my rooms and provision!"

Then out come the lancers all marching
in pairs,
Who under the bed had been hiding;
Then follows a choir who sing national
airs,
While all on small horses are riding;

And wagon on wagon with stores of all
kind,
The uproar they cause of a riot remind;
And as only in castles of Kings is to find.
In a chaise of pure gold last arriving
The bridal pair stately is driving!

Then all in a swarm they make haste to
draw nigh,
Each chooses his partner for dancing;
With whirling and waltzing and leaps
short and high
The party in gallops advancing.

They whistle and fiddle and tingle and
sing,
They giggle and warble and dance in a
ring,
They whisper and chatter and clatter and
fling:—
The Count all the scene is eyeing,
In fever he seems to be lying.

They bustle and hustle away in the hall
O'er benches and tables and covers;
The guests who had joined the festivities,
all
Are seeking to sit near their lovers.

The hams and the roasts upon ashets
they bear,
And fish, meat and poultry enough and
to spare,
They hand round the jug full of wine
good and rare,
They drink and caress beyond measure!

They whistle, they whirl and they bustle,
They fiddle and circle and hustle,
They jingle and tingle and whisper,
They warble, they dance and they sing.

They chatter and clatter, they rattle
On benches and tables and covers,
The guests who had joined the festivities,
Seek to sit near to their lovers.
They drink and caress beyond measure,
They vanish with songs of sweet pleasure.

And if I shall tell all that further took
place,
Pray silence and hear my narration;
For what the good Count in his dreams
had to face,
He encountered next morn from the na-
tion.

For banners and trumpets turned out him
to greet,
The horsemen and lancers his bridal train
meet,
They come and 'mid cheering his tri-
umphs repeat
To make their host's wedding day pleas-
ant,
Thus was it and is it at present!

(From the German of Goethe.)

HOW DEEP THE SLUMBER OF THE FLOODS.

(ARRANGED BY H. L.)

How deep the slumbers of the floods,
And how dead the stillness of the woods;
My heart alone finds no rest.
Torn with remorseless pain
Life is joyless and in vain!

How calm the earth in slumber lies,
O, that I could close my weary eyes
In death's eternal sleep.
Thus would end at last my woes,
Thus my soul would find repose!

—Loewe.

EDWARD.

Why does your braud sae drop wi bluid,
Edward,
And why sae gang ye? Oh!
Oh, I hae killed my hawk sae good,
Mither!
And I'd nae mair but he, Oh!

Your hawk's bluid was not sae red,
Edward!
My dear son I tell thee, Oh!
Oh, I hae killed my red roan steed,
Mither!
That was sae fair and free, Oh!

Your steed was auld, ye hae gat mair,
Edward!
Some other dule ye drie, Oh!
Oh, I hae killed my father dear,
Mither!
Alas, wae, wae is me, Oh!

What penance will ye drie for that,
Edward?
My dear son, now tell me, Oh!

I'll set my foot in yonder boat,
Mither,
And I'll fare o'er the sea, Oh!

And what will ye do wi' your towers
and ha, Edward?
That were sae fair to see, Oh!
I'll let them stand till they down fa',
Mither!
Here nae mair maun I be, Oh!

And what will ye leave to your bairns
and wife, Edward?
When ye gang o'er the sea? Oh!
The world is room, let them beg thro'
life, Mither!
Them nae mair will I see, Oh!

And what about your mither dear,
Edward?
My son, that tell to me, Oh!
The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,
Mither!
'Twas you sae counselled me, Oh!
(From an old Scottish Ballad.)

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine,
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth crave a draught divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not choose but thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

—Ben Jonson.

THE PRETTY CREATURE.

Oh! the pretty, pretty Creature!
When I next do meet her,
No more like a clown
Will I face her frown,
But gallantly will I treat her.
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!

But then her wicked, charming eyes,
When she looks up, show kind surprise;
I, like an awkward, foolish clown,

When she looks up, must needs look
down,
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!

Despair gives courage oft to men.
And if she smile, why then, why then!—
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!
When I next do meet her,
No more like a clown
Will I face her frown,
But gallantly will I treat her.
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!

O, LET NIGHT SPEAK OF ME.

O let night speak of me, for day knows not
How breaks with woe my heart,
Day knows not how I mournful stray,
Weeping for thee, so dear thou art.

The sad night weeps with me, and lays
Her tear-wet cheek against my own;

Altho' I walk in sunlit ways,
Still doth my heart in darkness moan.

The night shall speak of me, to say
All the things I dare not show!
And to thy dreams my love display
Till thou art melted by my woe.

—*Arlo Bates.*

LEND ME THY FILLET, LOVE.

Lend me they fillet, Love,
I would no longer see!
Cover mine eyelids close awhile
And make me blind like thee!

Then might I pass her sunny face,
And know not it was fair,
Then might I hear her voice, nor guess
Her starry eyes were there.

Ah! banished so, from sun and stars
Why need it be my fate?
If only she might dream me good
And wise, and be my mate!

Lend her thy fillet, Love,
Let her no longer see!
If there is hope for me at all,
She must be blind like thee!

DANNY DEEVER.

“What are the bugles blowin’ for?” said
Files-on-Parade.
“To turn you out, to turn you out,” the
Color-Sergeant said.
“What makes you look so white, so
white?” said Files-on-Parade.
“I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,”
the Color-Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you
can hear the Dead March play,
The regiment’s in ’ollow square—they’re
hangin’ him today;
They’ve taken of his buttons off and cut
his stripes away,
An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’.

“What makes the rear rank breathe so
’ard?” said Files-on-Parade.
“It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,” the Col-
or-Sergeant said.
“What makes that front rank man fall
down?” said Files-on-Parade.
“A touch o’ sun, a touch o’ sun,” the
Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deever, they are
marchin’ of ’im round,
They ’ave ’altd Danny Deever by ’is cof-
fin on the ground;
An’ ’e’ll swing in ’arf a minute for a
sneakin’ shootin’ hound—
O they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’.

“’Is cot was right ’and cot to mine,” said
Files-on-Parade.
“’E’s sleepin’ out an’ far tonight,” the
Color-Sergeant said.
“I’ve drunk his beer a score o’ times,”
said Files-on-Parade.
“’E’s drinkin’ bitter beer alone,” the Col-
or-Sergeant said.

They’re hangin’ Danny Deever, they
must mark ’im to ’is place,
For ’e shot a comrade sleepin’—you must
look ’im in the face;
Nine ’undred of ’is country an’ the regi-
ment’s disgrace,
While they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in
the mornin’.

“What’s that so black ag’in the sun?”
said Files-on-Parade.
“It’s Danny fightin’ ’ard for life,” the
Color-Sergeant said.
“What’s that that whimpers over ’ead?”
said Files-on-Parade.
“It’s Danny’s soul that’s passin’ now,”
the Color-Sergeant said.

For they’re done with Danny Deever,
you can ’ear the quickstep play,
The regiment’s in column, an’ they’re
marchin’ us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin’, an’
they’ll want their beer today,
After hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*