

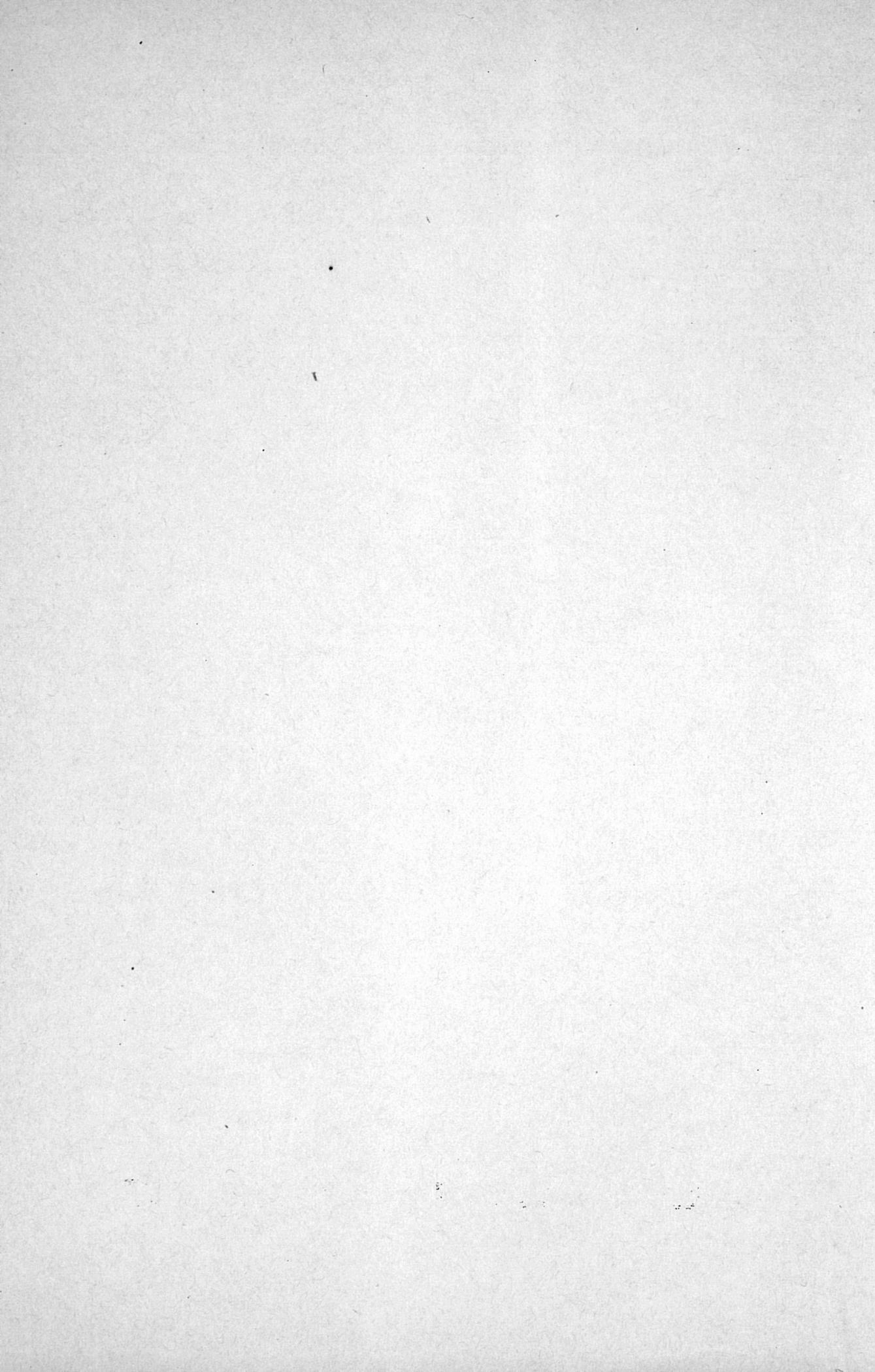
The

Thirty-Ninth Annual

May
Festival

University of Michigan

1932

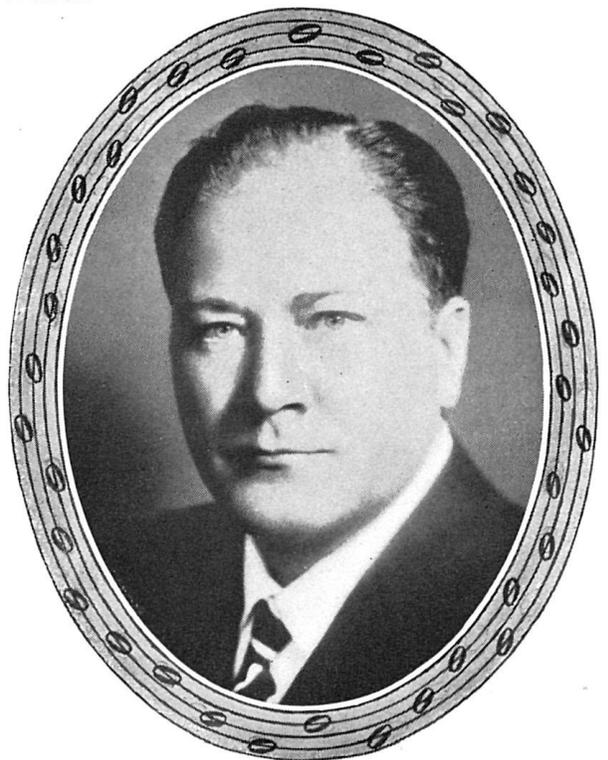




GOETA LJUNGBERG



BENIAMINO GIGLI
Tenor



JOHN CHARLES THOMAS
Baritone

[OFFICIAL]

The

Thirty-Ninth Annual

MAY FESTIVAL

University of Michigan

May 18, 19, 20, 21
1932

HILL AUDITORIUM
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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

Concerts and Soloists

I. WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 8:15 O'CLOCK

"THE CREATION," HAYDN

RUTH RODGERS, *Soprano*

CHASE BAROMEÓ, *Bass*

FREDERICK JAGEL, *Tenor*

GITTA GRADOVA, *Pianist*

PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist*

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

FREDERICK STOCK and EARL V. MOORE, *Conductors*

II. THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 8:15 O'CLOCK

"SYMPHONIE DE PSAUMES," STRAWINSKY

"A CHORAL FANTASIA," HOLST

GOETA LJUNGBERG, *Soprano*

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FREDERICK STOCK, EARL V. MOORE, and GUSTAV HOLST, *Conductors*

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

MINA HAGER, *Contralto*

ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

ERIC DELAMARTER and JUVA HIGBEE, *Conductors*

IV. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 8:15 O'CLOCK

BENIAMINO GIGLI, *Tenor*

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FREDERICK STOCK, *Conductor*

V. SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 21, 2:30 O'CLOCK

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, *Baritone*

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FREDERICK STOCK, *Conductor*

VI. SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 8:00 O'CLOCK

"LEGEND OF KITESH," RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF

JULIETTE LIPPE, *Soprano*

FREDERICK JAGEL, *Tenor*

MARJORIE McCLUNG, *Soprano*

EMMETT LEIB, *Tenor*

MINA HAGER, *Contralto*

NELSON EDDY, *Baritone*

CHASE BAROMEÓ, *Bass*

PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist*

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

EARL V. MOORE, *Conductor*

Notices and Acknowledgments

All concerts will begin on time (Eastern Standard Time).

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

Our patrons are invited to inspect the Stearns Collection of Musical Instruments in the Foyer of the First Balcony and the adjoining room.

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

The Musical Director of the Festival desires to express his great obligation to Miss Juva Higbee, Supervisor of Music in the Ann Arbor Public Schools, for her valuable service as Conductor of the Children's Concert; and to the several members of her staff, for their efficient preparatory work, and to the teachers in the various schools from which the children have been drawn, for their co-operation.

The writer of the analyses hereby expresses his deep obligation to Dr. A. A. Stanley and Mr. Felix Borowski, whose scholarly analyses, given in the Program Books of the preceding May Festivals and of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, respectively, are authoritative contributions to contemporary criticism and have been drawn upon for some of the analyses in this book; and to Glenn McGeoch and Hunter Johnson for the preparation of critical material for several of the numbers on the program.

Third Annual Exhibition of Sculpture.—Sponsored by the Division of Fine Arts of the University of Michigan. Display of creative studies by Professor Avard Fairbanks and students, from 11:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. daily in University Hall.

CHORAL UNION SERIES — 1931-1932

FIFTY-THIRD SEASON

ELEVENTH CONCERT

COMPLETE SERIES 2024

First May Festival Concert

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 8:15 O'CLOCK

SOLOISTS

RUTH RODGERS, *Soprano*
FREDERICK JAGEL, *Tenor*

CHASE BAROMEIO, *Bass*
GITTA GRADOVA, *Pianist*

PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist*
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
FREDERICK STOCK and EARL V. MOORE, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

"THE CREATION" *Haydn*
An Oratorio for Soli, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ

Cast of Characters

Raphael } Chase Baromeio Gabriel } Ruth Rodgers
Adam }

Uriel..... Frederick Jagel

FIRST PART

INTRODUCTION.—REPRESENTATION OF CHAOS

RECIT. (RAPHAEL) *In the beginning*
CHORUS *And the Spirit of God*
RECIT. (URIEL) *And God saw the light*
AIR (URIEL) *Now vanish*
CHORUS *Despairing, cursing rage*
RECIT. (RAPHAEL) *And God made*
SOLO (GABRIEL)
AND CHORUS *The mar'vous work*

RECIT. (RAPHAEL) *And God said, Let the*
waters under the heaven
AIR (RAPHAEL) *Rolling in foaming billows*
RECIT. (GABRIEL) *And God said, Let the earth*
AIR (GABRIEL) *With verdure clad*
RECIT. (URIEL) *And God said*
RECIT. (URIEL) *In splendour bright*
CHO. WITH TRIO *The heavens are telling*

SECOND PART

RECIT. (GABRIEL) *And God said, Let the*
waters bring forth
AIR (GABRIEL) *On mighty pens*
RECIT. (RAPHAEL) *And God created great*
whales
RECIT. (RAPHAEL) *And the angels struck their*
immortal harps
TERZETTO (GABRIEL,
RAPHAEL, URIEL) *Most beautiful appear*
TRIO AND CHO. *The Lord is great*

RECIT. (RAPHAEL) *And God said, Let the earth*
bring forth
RECIT. (RAPHAEL) *Straight opening her fertile*
womb
AIR (RAPHAEL) *Now heav'n in fullest glory*
RECIT. (URIEL) *And God created man*
AIR (URIEL) *In native worth*
RECIT. (RAPHAEL) *And God saw every thing*
CHORUS *Achieved is the glorious*
work

Intermission

CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE, NO. 2, C Minor, Opus 18 *Rachmaninoff*
Moderato; Adagio Sostenuto; Allegro scherzando

GITTA GRADOVA

CHORAL UNION SERIES — 1931-1932

FIFTY-THIRD SEASON

TWELFTH CONCERT

COMPLETE SERIES 2025

Second May Festival Concert

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 8:15 O'CLOCK

SOLOISTS

GOETA LJUNGBERG, *Soprano*
MABEL RHEAD, *Piano*

MAUD OKKELBERG, *Piano*
PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organ*

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

FREDERICK STOCK, EARL V. MOORE, and GUSTAV HOLST (Guest), *Conductors*

PROGRAM

OVERTURE, "Carnaval" *Glazounoff*

ARIA, "Suicidio" from "La Gioconda" *Ponchielli*
GOETA LJUNGBERG

"SYMPHONIE DE PSAUMES" *Strawinsky*
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

ARIA, "Du bist der Lenz" from "Die Walküre" *Wagner*
MISS LJUNGBERG

FUGUE À LA GIGUE *Bach-Holst*

BALLET from the opera, "The Perfect Fool" *Holst*
CONDUCTED BY GUSTAV HOLST

Intermission

"A CHORAL FANTASIA" (first performance in America) *Holst*
Incidental Solo by HELEN VAN LOON, *Soprano*
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
CONDUCTED BY MR. HOLST

ARIA, "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde" *Wagner*
MISS LJUNGBERG

HUNGARIAN DANCES *Brahms-Dvorak*

CHORAL UNION SERIES—1931-1932

FIFTY-THIRD SEASON

THIRTEENTH CONCERT

COMPLETE SERIES 2026

Third May Festival Concert

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

SOLOISTS

MINA HAGER, *Contralto*

JOSEPH BRINKMAN, *Pianist*

M. MISCHAKOFF, *Violinist*

E. LIEGL, *Flute*

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT

ERIC DELAMARTER and JUVA HIGBEE, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

CONCERTO NO. 5, in D Major*Bach*

For Solo Piano, Violin, Flute, and Orchestra

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS*Gilbert and Sullivan*

"The Magnet and the Churn" from "Patience"

"Carefully on Tip-toe Stealing" from "Pinafore"

"Tit-Willow" from "The Mikado"

"When Foeman Bares His Steel" from "The Pirates of Penzance"

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

ARIA, "Salve Regina"*Pergolesi-Stock*

MINA HAGER

SUITE, "Children's Games"*Bizet*

"WATER COLORS"*Carpenter*

"On a Screen"; "The Odalisque"; "To a Young Gentleman"

MISS HAGER

CANTATA, "The Spider and the Fly"*Protheroe*

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

CHORAL UNION SERIES—1931-1932

FIFTY-THIRD SEASON

FOURTEENTH CONCERT

COMPLETE SERIES 2027

Fourth May Festival Concert

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 8:15 O'CLOCK

SOLOIST

BENIAMINO GIGLI, *Tenor*

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FREDERICK STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

SYMPHONY IN G MINOR (Köchel 183)*Mozart*

Allegro con brio; Andante; Menuetto and Trio; Allegro

ARIA, "M'Appari" from "Martha"*Flotow*

BENIAMINO GIGLI

SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN C MINOR ("The Divine Poem"), Opus 43*Scriabine*

LENTO, C MINOR ("Prologue"); ALLEGRO, C MINOR ("Strife"); LENTO, E MAJOR
("Sensuous Pleasures"); ALLEGRO, C MAJOR ("Divine Activity")

ARIA, "Un di' all' azzuro spazio" from "Andrea Chenier"*Giordano*

MR. GIGLI

Intermission

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Sirens"*Glière*

ARIA, "O Paradiso" from "L'Africana"*Meyerbeer*

MR. GIGLI

EMPEROR WALTZES*Strauss*

CHORAL UNION SERIES—1931-1932

FIFTY-THIRD SEASON

FIFTEENTH CONCERT

COMPLETE SERIES 2028

Fifth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 21, 2:30 O'CLOCK

SOLOIST

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, *Baritone*

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FREDERICK STOCK, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

"WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP"*d'Indy*

SYMPHONY NO. 2, in B Flat*d'Indy*

Extrêmement lent—Très vif;

Modérément lent;

Modéré;

Lent—Vif

Intermission

ARIA, "Di Provenza" from "La Traviata"*Verdi*

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

ROMANZA from Suite, Opus 19*Dohnányi*

ARIA, "Vision Fugitive," from "Herodiade"*Massenet*

MR. THOMAS

CHORAL UNION SERIES — 1931-1932

FIFTY-THIRD SEASON

SIXTEENTH CONCERT

COMPLETE SERIES 2029

Sixth May Festival Concert

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 8:00 O'CLOCK

SOLOISTS

JULIETTE LIPPE, *Soprano*

MARJORIE MCCLUNG, *Soprano*

MINA HAGER, *Contralto*

FREDERICK JAGEL, *Tenor*

EMMETT LEIB, *Tenor*

NELSON EDDY, *Baritone*

CHASE BAROMEQ, *Bass*

PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist*

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

EARL V. MOORE, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

"THE LEGEND OF THE INVISIBLE CITY OF KITESH AND THE MAIDEN FEVRONIA" (Concert Version)Rimsky-Korsakoff

An Opera in Four Acts and Six Scenes

English Text by Lila Pargment

First Performance in America

Cast of Characters

King JuryChase Baromeo
Prince Vsevolod, His sonFrederick Jagel
FevroniaJuliette Lippe
Gregory KoutiermaFrederick Jagel
Feodor PoyarokNelson Eddy
A YouthMina Hager
First Rich NoblemanEmmett Leib
Second Rich NoblemanChase Baromeo
A Bear LeaderEmmett Leib
Bedyai } Tartar Chiefs {Chase Baromeo
Burundai }Nelson Eddy
SirinMarjorie McClung
AlkonostMina Hager
Huntsmen, Warriors, Townsfolk, Tartars, and AngelsUniversity Choral Union

ACT I

In the Forests of the Volga

ACT II

In the Square at Kitesh Minor

ACT III

Scene I. In Kitesh Major

Scene II. On the Shore of Lake Jar (omitted at this performance)

ACT IV

Scene I. In the Forest of Kerjenez

Scene II. In the Invisible City of Kitesh

DESCRIPTIVE
PROGRAMS

BY

EARL V. MOORE

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1932

FIRST CONCERT



Wednesday Evening, May 18



THE CREATION - - - - - Haydn
An Oratorio for Soli, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.

Joseph Haydn was born March 31, 1732,
at Rohrau; died May 31, 1809, at Vienna.

The year 1932 is important for two things. It marks the bicentennial of the birth of a great German musician, Franz Joseph Haydn, and the centennial of the death of a great German poet, Johann Wolfgang Goethe. To mention these names together is propitious, for they represent valuable contrasts and embody diverse tendencies of their age. Goethe was sixty years of age when Haydn died (1809), and he witnessed and took an active part in the changes in the world of art that were the result of drastic political and social upheavals. Haydn played no part, nor reflected in his art that period of deep unrest that resulted in the literary and philosophical insurrection, of which Goethe in Germany, and Rousseau in France, were representative. Rousseau and the "Sturm und Drang" period in Germany announced that an old civilization had broken up, and that a new one was about to appear. Swift progression was seething all over Europe. The bombshells of Napoleon's army could be heard by Haydn as he lay dying near Vienna. He mitigated his servants' fears by confidently saying, "There can no evil come where Haydn is," and calling upon all his strength he seated himself at his piano and played his Austrian hymn, "God Save the Emperor," through three times. A few days later he was dead, and with him disappeared the even tenor and calm serenity of existence so beautifully symbolized by his own life, and so confidently expressed in his music. Beethoven had already sounded a new note in the *Eroica Symphony*, and had expressed in music the same spirit that had brought the armies of Napoleon into existence, dethroned kings, swept away the landmarks of an old society. But Haydn, living with his memories, and gathering the few last laurels that were thrown at his feet, heard only the faintest echoes of that great work which tore at the very roots of musical expression, and rent the whole fabric of musical forms. With Haydn died the classical tradition in music.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

Music was late in responding to the violent note of revolt against tradition, for the sake of emotion, chiefly because music in the eighteenth century was in a transitional state of technical development, and was attempting to gain articulation and freedom through the cultivation of forms and designs that were unique to it. The opposition between Romantic and Classic principles in the second half of the eighteenth century, for this reason, was not as clearly defined in music as in literature. Haydn represents a new era in music. He frees it from its subservience to the other arts. In Greek times music was subservient to the drama and the dance; in the Middle Ages it was the handmaiden of the Church; in the Renaissance it was chained to words, and depended upon them for its meaning. Haydn realized the unique powers of music as music for its sake, and not for the sake of adorning or expressing a thought or sentiment. He was the first to achieve a glorification of the natural music which exists in the hearts of the people, by elevating its essential healthy and vigorous qualities into the realm of high art.

In *The Creation* Haydn re-echoes one dominant note of his age, the universal shout for "nature." "Lyric art can never be good where there is no intention to imitate nature," said Diderot. In France Diderot, d'Alembert, and others championed free thought in social, political, artistic, and moral questions. The final effectual influence was Rousseau's new philosophy which demanded a "return to nature." In Germany the protest of the eighteenth century was two-fold. On the one hand it was negative, against established authority; on the other hand, positive in favor of nature.

Goethe, Kant, Herder, the criticisms of Lessing, the return of enthusiasm for Shakespeare, the mania for Ossian literature and northern mythology, the revival of ballad literature, all expressed one universal cry for nature. For the young writers in Germany, nature meant volcanoes and moonlight; to be insurgent, sentimental, explosive, and lachrymose. For Haydn, nature meant the combination of the greatest variety into a perfect unity, and as in nature, the giving to every part its individuality and separate life. Haydn's is the music of one who loves the earth, and is sensitive to every impression. He loses himself in its sights and sounds, gives himself up to the sensations and simple feelings they awaken. But unlike Lear, he makes no attempt to impose his moods upon nature. He is never introspective, and his music is never subjective. He does not, in the Ossianic phrase, indulge in the "luxury of grief." He is firmly in accord with the typical eighteenth century idea that "Life is a comedy to the man who thinks, but a tragedy to the man who feels." He catches the harmony, the charm, the joy of nature.

FIRST CONCERT

We enjoy him as we do an easy conversation or a morning walk. His beauty is abstract and obvious. There are those who believe there is more in the beauty of nature than can be perceived immediately; that nature is more than merely refreshing. For them, Beethoven has written. Haydn's one theme is the charm, the worth, and beauty of reality at the moment. His music does not attempt to express the passionate, striving soul, but rather the calm soul that finds joy and satisfaction in what it knows it already possesses. He describes passion; he does not feel it.

Haydn was the very man to compose the music for *The Creation*. His profound piety, his childlike spirit, the excessive joy he felt in living enabled him to tell the story of the Creation in music, with the same noble simplicity and direct utterance that we find in the words of the Scripture. When someone found fault with the gay tones of his sacred compositions, he replied, "I cannot help it. I give forth what is in me. When I think of the Divine Being, my heart is so full of joy that the notes fly off as from a spindle, and as I have a cheerful heart, He will pardon me if I serve Him cheerfully. I know that God has bestowed talent on me, and I thank Him for it. I think I have done my duty and have been of use to my generation by my works." After he had spent two years writing *The Creation*, he remarked, "I spend a long time upon it because I intend it to last a long time."

The Creation was begun in 1795. The idea of writing an oratorio was suggested by Salomon during Haydn's second visit to England. The publisher offered Haydn a poem for music which had been prepared by Lidley from Milton's *Paradise Lost* before the death of Handel, but not used by him. Haydn took it to Vienna, where it was translated by von Swieten, with some alterations. Von Swieten was an enthusiast about the imitative powers of music, and in translating the libretto from English to German, he remodeled it to suit a taste in literature then prevalent, for idyllic pictures of the harmonies of nature. Haydn caught the significance of every part of the text, and it enabled him to give to oratorio an entirely new interpretation. In his music every thought takes on a grace of form; there is wholeness in the half religious, half descriptive impression, lucidity in the details, neatness and elegance, perfect ease and clearness in the exposition of his ideas. All who enjoy clear writing, who rejoice to see expression achieved within the limits of graceful certainty, can feel comfortable with Haydn. This transparent clarity makes Haydn a particular favorite of the French, who always refer to him as "that great man." He is always consistent, if not greatly original. His materials are

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

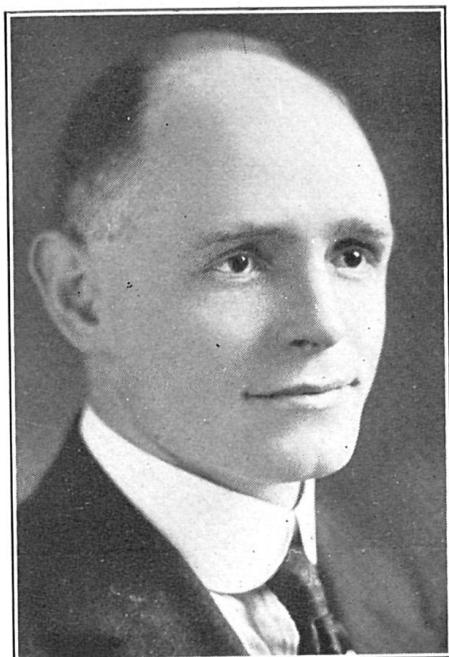
used with strict economy; his perception is shrewd and businesslike. Fancy Beethoven going to see Dr. Herschel's great telescope, looking through it at the stars and then writing in his diary—"It is forty feet long and five feet in diameter!" Beethoven might have recorded something about the heavens!

The Creation contains three parts. In the beginning is described the emerging of order from chaos, the struggling of the elements to disengage themselves, now rising a little and then falling back into confusion until finally the flutes and more soaring instruments escape into the air, the darker sounds precipitated, everything resolving into concord. For Haydn, who "thought in sonates" and for whom all musical ideas were born crystallized in symmetrical shape, chaos consisted in a negation of order and traditional regularity. In place of the rounded phrases and balanced periods which usually express his thoughts in clear terms, he uses here incomplete phrases by which he arouses a feeling of uncertainty and suspense. Then follows the creation of light, the separation of the firmament of land and sea, the springing up of vegetation and the setting of the sun, moon, and stars. Part One ends with the magnificent chorus "The Heavens Are Telling the Glory of God." The miraculous effect achieved by the chord of C major suddenly struck by all the voices and instruments together on "Let there be light" caused Mme. de Stael who heard *The Creation* in Vienna to remark that Haydn "used his wit to the abuse of his talent." To represent light by loudness does seem strange, but Haydn was not trying to represent light, but the surprise produced by its sudden appearance. What greater shock could there be than the admission of light into total darkness?

The second part contains the creation of animated nature, animals, and lastly man, and ends with the chorus "Achieved Is the Glorious Work."

In the third part, Adam and Eve are in Paradise admiring the beautiful world about them, praising the Creator. The work ends with the rapturous fugue "Sing the Lord, Ye Voices all, Magnify His Name through all Creation."

With naïve directness Haydn attempts throughout to picture all the phenomena in the world—the blast, the thunder, soft rain, beating hail, flaky snow, foaming billows contrasted with "softly purling stream," "on mighty pens, uplifted, soars the eagle and cleaves the air." We hear the song of the birds, the mounting eagle, the lark, the cooing of the doves, the roar of the lion, the song of the nightingale. All this seems treason against the true spirit of the art of music, but it is all so exquisitely executed that we can excuse the too literal imitation that is often attempted.



EARL V. MOORE
Musical Director



FREDERICK STOCK
Orchestral Conductor



GUSTAV HOLST
Guest Conductor



CHARLES A. SINK
President

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

face of the waters. And God said,
Let there be light: and there was
light.

RECITATIVE. *Uriel*

And God saw the light, that it was
good: and God divided the light
from the darkness.

AIR. *Uriel*

Now vanish before the holy beams
The gloomy shade of ancient night;
The first of days appears.
Now chaos ends, and order fair pre-
vails.
Affrighted fly hell's spirits black in
throngs:
Down they sink in the deep abyss
To endless night.

CHORUS

Despairing, cursing rage attends their
rapid fall.
A new-created world springs up at
God's command.

RECITATIVE. *Raphael*

And God made the firmament, and
divided the waters which were
under the firmament from the
waters which were above the
firmament: and it was so.
Now furious storms tempestuous rage,
Like chaff, by the winds impelled are
the clouds,
By sudden fire the sky is inflamed,
And awful thunders are rolling on high.
Now from the floods in steam ascend
reviving showers of rain,
The dreary, wasteful hail, the light and
flaky snow.

SOLO. *Gabriel*

The marv'ulous work behold amaz'd
The glorious hierarchy of heaven;
And to th' ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God, and of the second
day.

CHORUS

And to th' ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God, and of the second
day.

RECITATIVE. *Raphael*

And God said, Let the waters under the
heaven be gatherèd together to one
place, and let the dry land appear:
and it was so. And God callèd
the dry land Earth, and the gather-
ing of waters callèd He Seas:
and God saw that it was good.

AIR. *Raphael*

Rolling in foaming billows,
Uplifted, roars the boisterous sea.
Mountains and rocks now emerge,
Their tops among the clouds ascend.
Through th' open plains, outstretching
wide,
In serpent error rivers flow.
Softly purling, glides on
Through silent vales the limpid brook.

RECITATIVE. *Gabriel*

And God said, Let the earth bring
forth grass, the herb yielding seed,
and the fruit-tree yielding fruit
after his kind, whose seed is in
itself, upon the earth: and it was
so.

AIR. *Gabriel*

With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravish'd sense;

FIRST CONCERT

By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight.
Here fragrant herbs their odours shed;
Here shoots the healing plant.
With copious fruit th' expanded boughs
are hung;
In leafy arches twine the shady groves;
O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

RECITATIVE. *Uriel*

And God said, Let there be lights in
the firmament of heaven, to divide
the day from the night, and to give
light upon the earth; and let them
be for signs, and for seasons, and
for days, and for years. He made
the stars also.

RECITATIVE. *Uriel*

In splendour bright is rising now the
sun,
And darts his rays; a joyful, happy
spouse,
A giant proud and glad
To run his measur'd course.
With softer beams, and milder light,
Steps on the silver moon through silent
night;
The space immense of th' azure sky
A countless host of radiant orbs adorns.

And the sons of God announcèd the
fourth day
In song divine, proclaiming thus His
power:

CHORUS

The heavens are telling the glory of
God,
The wonder of His work displays the
firmament;

TRIO. *Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael*

To day that is coming speaks it the
day,
The night that is gone to following
night.

CHORUS

The heavens are telling the glory of
God,
The wonder of His work displays the
firmament.

TRIO

In all the lands resounds the word,
Never unperceivèd, ever understood.

CHORUS

The heavens are telling the glory of
God,
The wonder of His work displays the
firmament.

SECOND PART

RECITATIVE. *Gabriel*

And God said, Let the waters bring
forth abundantly the moving crea-
ture that hath life, and fowl that
may fly above the earth in the
open firmament of heaven.

AIR. *Gabriel*

On mighty pens uplifted soars

The eagle aloft, and cleaves the air
In swiftest flight, to the blazing sun.
His welcome bids to morn the merry
lark,
And cooing calls the tender dove his
mate.
From ev'ry bush and grove resound
The nightingale's delightful notes;

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No grief affected yet her breast,
Nor to a mournful tale were tun'd
Her soft, enchanting lays.

RECITATIVE. *Raphael*

And God created great whales, and
every living creature that moveth;
and God blessèd them, saying,
Be fruitful all, and multiply,
Ye wingèd tribes, be multiplied,
And sing on every tree;
Multiply, ye finny tribes,
And fill each wat'ry deep;
Be fruitful, grow, and multiply,
And in your God and Lord rejoice.

RECITATIVE. *Raphael*

And the angels struck their immortal
harps, and the wonders of the fifth
day sung.

TERZETTO

Gabriel

Most beautiful appear, with verdure
young adorn'd,
The gently sloping hills; their narrow,
sinuous veins
Distil, in crystal drops, the fountain
fresh and bright.

Uriel

In lofty circles play, and hover, in the
air,
The cheerful host of birds; and as they
flying whirl,
Their glitt'ring plumes are dy'd as
rainbows by the sun.

Raphael

See flashing through the deep in
thronging swarms
The fish a thousand ways around.

Upheavèd from the deep, th' immense
Leviathan

Sports on the foaming wave.

Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael

How many are Thy works, O God!
Who may their number tell?

TRIO AND CHORUS

The Lord is great, and great His
might,
His glory lasts for ever and for ever-
more.

RECITATIVE. *Raphael*

And God said, Let the earth bring
forth the living creature after his
kind, cattle, and creeping thing,
and beast of the earth, after his
kind.

RECITATIVE. *Raphael*

Straight opening her fertile womb,
The earth obey'd the word,
And teem'd creatures numberless,
In perfect forms, and fully grown.
Cheerful, roaring, stands the tawny
lion. With sudden leap
The flexible tiger appears. The nimble
stag
Bears up his branching head. With
flying mane,
And fiery look, impatient neighs the
noble steed.
The cattle, in herds, already seek their
food
On fields and meadows green.
And o'er the ground, as plants, are
spread
The fleecy, meek, and bleating flocks.
Unnumber'd as the sands, in swarms
arose

FIRST CONCERT

The host of insects. In long dimension
Creeps, with sinuous trace, the worm.

AIR. *Raphael*

Now heaven in fullest glory shone;
Earth smil'd in all her rich attire;
The room of air with fowl is filled;
The water swell'd by shoals of fish;
By heavy beasts the ground is trod:
But all the work was not complete;
There wanted yet that wondrous being,
That, grateful, should God's power admire,
With heart and voice His goodness
praise.

RECITATIVE. *Uriel*

And God created Man in His own
image, in the image of God created
He him; male and female created
He them.

He breathèd into his nostrils the breath
of life, and Man became a living
soul.

AIR. *Uriel*

In native worth and honour clad,
With beauty, courage, strength, adorn'd,

Erect, with front serene, he stands
A man, the lord and king of nature all.
His large and archèd brow sublime
Of wisdom deep declares the seat;
And in his eyes with brightness shines
The soul, the breath and image of his
God.

With fondness leans upon his breast
The partner for him form'd,
A woman, fair and graceful spouse.
Her softly smiling, virgin looks,
Of flow'ry spring the mirror,
Bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss.

RECITATIVE. *Raphael*

And God saw every thing that He had
made, and behold, it was very
good. And the heavenly choir, in
song divine, thus closèd the sixth
day:

CHORUS

Achievèd is the glorious work;
Our song let be the praise of God.
Glory to His name for ever.
He sole on high exalted reigns.
Hallelujah.

CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE, NO. 2, C Minor, Opus 18 - - - - - - - *Rachmaninoff*

MODERATO; ADAGIO SOSTENUTO; ALLEGRO SCHERZANDO.
GITTA GRADOVA

Sergei Vassilievich Rachmaninoff was born April 2, 1873, at Novgorod.

The vivid contrast between the limpid, crystalline and well ordered music of the end of the eighteenth century and the intensely emotional and darkly colored music of Russia of the late nineteenth century is not a mere coincidence on this program. The opportunity to sense and evaluate the success

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which has attended the efforts of composers of entirely different races, environments and aesthetic ideals as they have sought to express the spirit of their times, has been provided deliberately. The person and personality of the composer of this concerto are well known to patrons of these concerts, Mr. Rachmaninoff having appeared in recitals of pianoforte music on numerous occasions. His manner, his bearing, his countenance, his interpretations intensify qualities in his music: deep felt emotion, richly imaginative expression, logical though not restricted use of the materials of music, and a truly "prophetic and heroic" concept of the possibilities of music as a medium of expression of those feelings and moods that lie outside of the realm of the sister arts.

The concerto on tonight's program was first performed at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in Moscow, October 14, 1901, with the composer as soloist. Later, the distinguished pianist and teacher, Alexander Siloti, Rachmaninoff's cousin, made the concerto known to a larger musical public, and today there is scarcely a pianist of note who does not have it in his repertoire. It was this concerto that gained for the composer in 1904 the Glinka prize of five hundred roubles, founded by the publisher Belaieff.

SECOND CONCERT



Thursday Evening, May 19



OVERTURE, "Carnaval," Opus 45 - - - - - *Glazounoff*

Alexander Glazounoff was born August 10, 1865, at Leningrad.

Glazounoff is an important figure in the musical literature and life of Russia. Born the son of a bookdealer and publisher in Leningrad in the days of the Czars, his talents in music brought him into contact as a youth with the stimulating personalities of the then developing Russian School: Balakireff and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the publisher Belaieff. At the age of sixteen he had sketched a symphony and brought it for criticism to his teacher, Rimsky-Korsakoff; it was completed, and Balakireff brought it to a public performance. The fame of the young composer soon spread. Borodin brought him to the attention of Liszt, who arranged a performance of the symphony at Weimar. In the years that followed, his craftsmanship developed and his creative faculties increased along sane and logical lines.

He became a member of the faculty of the Leningrad Conservatory in 1900 as Professor of Composition and Score Reading, and in 1905 he succeeded Rimsky-Korsakoff as Director. In 1929 he made a tour of this country and conducted many of the major symphony orchestras in programs of his own music. More recently, Glazounoff was removed from the position as Director of the Leningrad Conservatory by the Soviet Government. He now resides in Paris.

ARIA, "Suicidio" from "La Gioconda" - - - - - *Ponchielli*

GOETA Ljungberg

Amilcare Ponchielli was born at Paderno, Cremona,
September 1, 1834; died at Milan, January 10, 1886.

The scene (Act IV) is a ruined castle on a small island in the Adriatic, from which the brilliantly illumined square of St. Mark and the lagoons of Venice are visible. A lighted lantern, a crucifix on the wall, a table on which are a flask of poison and a dagger: these furnish the "atmosphere" for the morbid thoughts of Gioconda, who, willing to sacrifice her own

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love for Enzo, has come here to assist in his escape with the courtly Laura. Her mood is a reflection of her passionate but hopeless love. As she approaches the table and takes up the flask of poison she sings:

Yes, suicide!
The sole resource now left me.
Stern fate forever of hope has bereft me,
I the last accents of destiny hear,
Bear my last cross,
Know the end draweth near.
Bright is the day, the hours gaily flying.

Lost is my mother, love lies a-dying,
Conquered by jealousy's terrible fever,
I sink exhausted; sink down forever.
Night draws the end now; if Heav'n
 prove kind,
Ere long, in the grave repose I may
 find.

“SYMPHONIE DE PSAUMES” - - - - - *Strawinsky*
For Chorus and Orchestra.
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

Igor Strawinsky was born June 5, 1882, at Orianienbaum, Russia.

From his early youth, Igor Strawinsky was surrounded with music and musicians. His father, a bass singer, was an important member of the Maryinsky Theater in St. Petersburg (Leningrad) and created the bass roles in many of the operas of Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, etc., that are now the backbone of the Russian repertoire. In spite of this rich heritage of musical opportunity within the family circle, he was destined by his parents for the profession of law. His acquaintance with Borodin, Moussorgsky, and a later chance-meeting with Rimsky-Korsakoff which resulted in the latter's accepting Strawinsky as a pupil, were influences too strong on the side of music; the aspirations of the family for a distinguished career in law were overcome, and music gained one of the leaders in twentieth century composition.

A comparison of the *Kitesh* of Rimsky-Korsakoff and the *Symphonie de Psaumes* would scarcely indicate the relationship of teacher to pupil. It has been noted that although “Strawinsky did not see things in art quite as Rimsky-Korsakoff saw them, he made good use of his opportunities with one of the foremost representatives of orchestral composition in the world.” Although a single hearing of one of Strawinsky's works may seem to furnish evidence to the contrary, he did learn to appreciate, in his contacts with his teacher, the importance of a knowledge of the traditions of the past, an understanding of the necessities of art expression in general, and a thorough command of the materials at his disposal before he was able to depart on his own path of high adventure in musical exploration of new and uncharted regions of aesthetic experience. His experiments—for such we may designate

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them, as each new major work brings forward a new approach to the problem—are not the mere spectacular evidence of a desire to be “new” for the sake of novelty, or to shock for the personal pleasure of observing his listeners writhing in aural agony.

The date of composition of *Symphonie de Psaumes*, 1930, found on the title page of the autograph score, which is in the Library of Symphony Hall, Boston, makes this composition the youngest in the family of musical works assembled for these programs. The text of this choral symphony was drawn by the composer from the Psalms (Vulgate) as follows: First movement, Psalm XXXVIII, 13, and 14; second movement, XXXIX, 2, 3, and 4; third movement, CL, entire. The composer directs that the “three parts of the symphony are to be played without pause.” The score contains the following dedication (the original text is in French):

This symphony, composed for the Glory of God, is dedicated to
the Boston Symphony Orchestra, upon the occasion of the fiftieth
anniversary of its existence.

The score and parts were engraved and published in 1931 by “Edition Russe de Musique,” Paris. Through the courteous and sympathetic interest of Dr. Sergei Koussevitsky, Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the material was made available for this performance.

The first performance of this work, curiously, took place in Brussels one week prior to its American première in Boston at the pair of concerts, December 19-20, 1930. The conductor for the American performance was Dr. Koussevitsky; the chorus was drawn from the Cecelia Society; and the orchestra was the Boston Symphony. The work has been performed during the current season by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Strawinsky calls for an unusual orchestra (five flutes, four oboes, English horn, three bassoons, contrabassoon, five trumpets, three trombones, tuba, percussion, harp, two pianos, cellos, and basses), and also directs that the soprano and alto parts in this most difficult score be sung by children. (Is that an implied compliment or a reproach on the musicianship of our young people?) No doubt the choice of orchestral instruments is dictated by a desire to achieve a new color scheme, that will have some of the emotional qualities that we imagine must have been characteristic of the musical instruments mentioned in the Bible and used in the music festivals of King David's time.

It is to be expected that according to the traditional standards of musical beauty, the listener will find small consolation in *Symphonie de Psaumes*.

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But progress in art does not consist in pleasing repetitions of a well-understood formula. Honegger's *King David** represented a break with the conventional in the forms of oratorio; it left its mark of truth to a new concept of expression upon all who heard it. Out of a large number of compositions in this form by contemporary composers, this work by Strawinsky seems to represent most adequately present-day trends, both in subject matter for the larger sacred forms, and in manner of treatment of materials. Choral music exhibits the influence of the advances made in instrumental music in this generation, as, in Bach's day and earlier, music for instruments was influenced materially by what had been found effective for voices.

In the *Symphonie de Psaumes* we do not see Strawinsky imitating some older composer; he is "composing in his own right, in his own manner." To be sure, the texture of the music is more contrapuntal than harmonic—emblematic of the eighteenth century conception as evidenced in the *B Minor Mass* of Bach. However, the likeness stops there. Whereas Bach worked in specific keys and tonalities, and developed themes and motives, Strawinsky eschews tonalities individually and uses them collectively and simultaneously. At the same time, one of the characteristic features of Russian music finds expression in this composition: the repetition, almost to the point of monotony, of a short, easily comprehended figure. Tchaikovsky is guilty of this, likewise Rimsky-Korsakoff, and others, the main difference between their use of the device and Strawinsky's is that they avoid monotony by harmonic variation, but Strawinsky "drives his idea home" by sledge-hammer blows of increasing intensity. For example: the figure in the oboes when the altos begin *Exaudi orationem meam*" in the first movement; it continues in other parts later, with increasing severity (perhaps annoyance), and without regard for harmonic agreement with other figures or melodies.

The sharp harmonic and tonal clashes that make up the texture of the work arise not out of a striving for dissonance, *per se*, but out of a condition of contrapuntal and harmonic flow, in which certain figures "proceed with the strictest logic according to the laws of their own being," resulting in new combinations which may be compared to the "changing forms in a kaleidoscope." Polytonality is inevitable under such conditions.

In Parts One and Three the material creates its own form as it proceeds, yet in spite of apparent formlessness there is organic unity and coherence of thought. In Part Two the form of a double fugue is employed. The subject of the first exposition is announced by the flute and answered by the oboe, the entire exposition being set forth in these colors; the angular char-

*Performed at the Thirty-Seventh Festival, May 15, 1930.

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acter of the theme yields complicated and intricate tonal textures. The second exposition is undertaken by the voices and carried out in strict classic manner, while the themes of the first exposition are continued, uncompromisingly, by the instruments. The third section has the most varied moods. The choral portions voice an ever increasing paean of praise and exultation, interrupted frequently by the instruments in rhythmic patterns of primitive irregularity. The work closes quietly in the same mood with which the third movement began.

An aid to the listener, the following analysis appeared in the Boston Evening Transcript on the day previous to the performance of the work at Symphony Hall:

I

The symphony begins with drab-colored arpeggio figures punctuated by sharp E Minor chords. Altos begin the words of prayer with the simplest motive that could have been devised for them, the minor second, while figures from the introduction serve as accompaniment. This most sombre music continues until *Quoniam advena*, when a somewhat more expansive theme enters in the cellos and basses. The music continues its almost stark, forbidding mood. There is high emphasis on *Remitte mihi*. The movement ends with a modal cadence.

II

The second movement is fugal—a strict exposition of an angular, chromatic subject. The voices enter with an entirely new subject, broader than the instrumental subject, but accompanied by it later. An interlude on the orchestral subject occurs between *gressus meos* and *et immisit*. With these words the thought enters upon a new phrase. The first movement had been penitence and prayer. The first half of the second, patiently waiting while God's mercies are revealed. Now, "He hath put a new song into our mouths." The chorus takes the words broadly, in full, though somewhat archaic, sonorities, while the orchestra continues with the further development of its own theme, as announced at the first of the movement.

III

Broadly speaking, the last movement is an ascent through the various stages of praise. After a dignified beginning, an orchestral prelude introduces rhythms suggestive of gaiety. With the orchestra continuing thus, the chorus mounts higher and higher with music of praise. Occasionally the voices join in the orchestral rhythms; oftenest they maintain their broad flow of tone. There is a second and still more lively interlude before *Laudate Eum in tympano et choro*. After a magnificent climax of praise the movement ends quietly with the motive of the *Alleluia* and *Laudate*, with which it began.

The text in Latin (in which the work will be sung) and English is appended:

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Latin (Vulgate)

I

Exaudi orationem meam, Domine, et deprecationem meam.
Auribus percipe lacrimas meas, ne sileas
Quoniam advana ego sum apud te et peregrinus, sicut omnes patris mei.
Remitte mihi, ut refregerer
Prius quam abeam et amplius non ero.

II

Expectans expectavi dominum; et intendit mihi, et exaudivit preces meas.
Eduxit me da lace mi seriae, et de latofae cis, et statuit super petram pedes meos, et
dixit gressus meos.
Et immisit in os meum canticum novum, carmen Deo nostro, videbunt multi, et timabunt,
et sperabunt in Domino.

III

Laudate Dominum
Laudate Dominum in snactis Ejus; laudate Eum in firmamen to virtutis Ejus.
Laudate Eum secundum miltitudinem magnitudinis Ejus.
Laudate Eum in sono tubae: laudate Eum in timpano et choro.
Laudate Eum in cordis et organo.
Laudate Eum in cymbalis bene sonantibus, laudate Eum in cymbalis jubilationibus.
Laudate Eum Omnis omnis spiritus laudat Dominum,
Laudate, Dominum.

English (King James)

I

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear to my cry;
Hold not thy peace at my tears:
For I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.
O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more.

II

I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry.
He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the mire clay, and set my feet
upon a rock, and established my goings.
And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God; many shall see
it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

III

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise the Lord in his sanctuary; praise Him in the firmament of His power.
Praise Him for His mighty acts: praise Him according to His excellent greatness.
Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet: praise Him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise Him with the timbrel and dance: praise Him with stringed instruments and
organs
Praise Him upon loud cymbals: praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord.

The three movements are thus seen to be a clear ascent from humble prayer
to exultant praise.

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ARIA, "Du bist der Lenz" from "Die Walküre - - - - - Wagner
MISS LJUNGBERG

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

Siegmond, a warrior in flight, takes refuge one stormy evening in the house of Hunding, one of his enemies, whose wife, Sieglinda, arouses his interest and love. Hunding is bound by the laws of hospitality not to harm his guest till the morrow. Siegmund, alone in the great room of the house, built 'round the trunk of an ash tree, meditates upon his heritage; the rays of the fire on the hearth light up a sword buried to the hilt in the ash tree; he reflects upon this good omen and upon the beauty of Sieglinda, who now enters by a side door, robed in white. She promises to guide him "to a goodly weapon, a glorious prize to gain." The door at the back opens wide, revealing a lovely spring night, the full moon shines in on the pair of lovers. Siegmund first sings a passionate song of love, to which Sieglinda answers:

Thou art the Spring,
for thee have I sighed
'neath the frost-fettered winter's frown.
Tow'rd thee leapt my heart
with heavenly thrill
when thy radiant glance on me rested.—
Foreign seemed all until now,
friendless I and forsaken;
I counted strange and unknown
each and all that came near.
But thee, now, I

thoroughly knew;
when these eyes fell on thee
wert thou mine own one.
What my heart long had held,
what was hid,
clear as the day
dawned on my eyes,
the dulcet refrain
fell on my ear,
when in winter's frosty wildness
a friend first awaited me.

FUGUE A LA GIGUE - - - - - Bach-Holst
BALLET, from the opera, "The Perfect Fool" - - - - - Holst
CONDUCTED BY MR. HOLST

Gustav Holst was born September 21, 1874, at Cheltenham, England.

In the present generation, English composers seem to be regaining a leadership in music that was unquestionably theirs in the late sixteenth century, and was relinquished by them in the centuries intervening to other European nations. Holst, Vaughan Williams, Goosens, Holbrooke, Bax and others are creating works in the larger forms that command the serious consideration of those who are watching the signs of progress in the art of music.

Mr. Holst's list of compositions includes works in practically all forms and in all categories: symphony, chamber music, oratorio, opera, and con-

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certo, not to mention the many arrangements he has made of folk song literature for chorus or orchestra. Bach's *Fugue a la Gigue*, so named from the character of the theme, has long been a favorite with concert organists. In spite of the limitations of the fugue form, Bach has been able to express a joy of living and spontaneous exuberance that is as infectious today as in the days when it was first performed.

The Perfect Fool is a one-act opera which received its first performance at Covent Garden, May 14, 1923, while the composer was in Ann Arbor to conduct the first American performance of his *Hymn of Jesus* (for double chorus, orchestra and organ) at the Thirtieth May Festival. The music of the ballet is continuous, and consists of: Invocation; Dance of the Spirits of Earth; Dance of the Spirits of Water; Dance of the Spirits of Fire. The opening "Invocation" is heard before each of the dances, which are so clearly contrasted that no explanation or description is necessary.

"A CHORAL FANTASIA," Opus 51 - - - - - Holst
For Soprano Solo, Chorus, Organ, Strings, Brass, and Percussion.

First American Performance. Conducted by the Composer.

It is of especial significance that the first American performance of *A Choral Fantasia* should take place under the ægis of the University of Michigan and the University Musical Society. The late Poet Laureate of England, Dr. Robert Bridges (from whose poems the composer has drawn his text) and Mrs. Bridges at the invitation of the late President Burton came to Ann Arbor for the academic year of 1923-1924, during which period Dr. Bridges held the Fellowship in Creative Art. Mr. Holst was guest conductor at the Thirtieth May Festival and came to the United States at that time to conduct the first American performance of his choral work, *The Hymn of Jesus*, at that Festival.

The score of *A Choral Fantasia* carries this inscription: "In Homage, Robert Bridges," and this note: "The order of the stanzas in this setting differs from that in which they were written by Robert Bridges in his *Ode to Music*, written for the Bicentenary Commemoration of Henry Purcell, from which they have been taken, by permission of Mrs. Bridges and the Clarendon Press."

The work was first performed at the Leeds Festival in 1930, the composer conducting. Mr. Holst has supplied the following brief analysis of the score:

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After a short introduction, a soprano sings the opening words "Man born of desire," etc. This is followed by a long solo for organ, founded on the principal melody of the work. After this the basses sing a second melody to the words, "Rejoice ye dead." At the conclusion of this middle section, the material of the introduction is repeated; the men's voices now sing the opening "Man born of desire." The choral movement that follows is founded on the principal melody, originally heard as the organ solo, and now sung to the refrain beginning, "Then he hideth his face!" The work ends with the soprano soloist singing the second melody, "Rejoice, ye dead!"

The unfettered treatment of the rhythmic implications of the text is one of the outstanding features of Mr. Holst's writing for voices. The restraints which classic practice has placed upon the symmetry of phrases, and the balanced rhythms underlying the melodies are not worshiped by the composer as fetishes. He has sought out the inner meaning, the natural accents, and the rhetorical rise and fall of the line of intensity, and created a musical expression which is at one with the text. The result, of course, is an apparent novelty of rhythmic patterns— $5/4$, $7/4$, and $8/4$ with groupings of 3-3-2, etc.—which, upon closer study, reveal themselves as necessary to a truthful melodic counterpart to the verbal phrase. Extremely interesting are the sections in which the several voices combine these free rhythmical patterns into a texture of harmonic sounds that, to the untrained ear, are mere dissonance, but to the listener who observes the flow of the voices are an exemplification of a new attitude toward combinations of tone lines, in which the individuality of each line is maintained and the resulting "tonal fabric" is as inevitable under these conditions as the clear-cut, crystalline harmonic and melodic effects in *The Creation* were inevitable under the art forms of the late eighteenth century.

The nobility of the conception inherent in the poem, the restrained emotional moods, the levels of high serenity, the sustained quality of homage are reflected in the colors of instruments used to intensify the beauties of the text and music. Note the use of the sustained grandeur of the organ, the purity of the strings, the nobility of the brass, the somber impressiveness of the drums, and the human quality of the voices. All of these color elements are woven into a score that, despite an absence of subject matter which requires treatment in a traditional manner, for sheer sincerity and honesty of expression, for deep-felt respect and homage, bulks large in the literature of choral music.

The work is scored for organ, the usual strings, three trumpets in C, two tenor trombones, one bass trombone, tuba, timpani and percussion. No flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, etc., are employed. The composer's eclecticism in the make-up of the instrumental portion of this score is in line

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with modern practice. In *King David*, Honegger used specific groups of instruments for specific solos or choruses; in *Symphonic Psalms*, Stravinsky has omitted certain instruments from his orchestral pallet in order to create peculiar tonal effects; in *A Dirge for Two Veterans* (produced at the Thirtieth Festival), Holst used only brass and drums to accompany the male chorus. This severity in orchestration is not new; it was the usual practice in the days of Bach and Handel. The "kaleidoscopic" style of orchestration is a product of the middle and late nineteenth century, and reached its apogee in the style developed by Strauss, whose scores glitter and dazzle with rapid change of orchestral color. It is an interesting commentary on present-day trends to discover prominent composers of various racial backgrounds searching for new expressions in fresh treatments of artistic principles that were thought to have belonged only to past generations. *Ars longa, mors brevis.*

Man born of desire
Cometh out of the night,
A wandering spark of fire,
A lonely word of eternal thought
Echoing in chance and forgot.

* * *

Rejoice, ye dead, where'er your spirits
dwell,
Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is
bright,
And that your names, remember'd day
and night,
Live on the lips of those who love you
well.
'Tis ye that conquer'd have the powers
of Hell
Each with the special grace of your
delight;
Ye are the world's creators, and by
might
Alone of Heavenly love ye did excel.

Now ye are starry names
Behind the sun ye climb
To light the glooms of Time
With deathless flames.

Man born of desire
Cometh out of the night,
A wandering spark of fire,
A lonely word of eternal thought
Echoing in chance and forgot.

He seeth the sun,
He calleth the stars by name,
He saluteth the flowers.—
Wonders of land and sea,
The mountain towers
Of ice and air
He seeth, and calleth them fair:
Then he hideth his face;—
Whence he came to pass away
Where all is forgot,
Unmade—lost for aye
With the things that are not.

He striveth to know,
To unravel the Mind
That veileth in horror:
He wills to adore.
In wisdom he walketh
And loveth his kind;
His labouring breath
Would keep evermore:
Then he hideth his face;—



RUTH RODGERS
Soprano



ERIC DELAMARTER
Assistant Conductor



JUVA HIGBEE
Children's Conductor



FREDERICK JAGEL
Tenor

SECOND CONCERT

Whence he came to pass away
Where all is forgot,
Unmade—lost for aye
With the things that are not.

He dreameth of beauty,
He seeks to create
Fairer and fairer
To vanquish his Fate;
No hindrance he—
No curse will brook,
He maketh a law
No ill shall be:
Then he hideth his face;—

Whence he came to pass away
Where all is forgot,
Unmade—lost for aye
With the things that are not.

Rejoice, ye dead, where'er your spirits
dwell,
Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is
bright,
And that your names, remember'd day
and night,
Live on the lips of those who love you
well.

Robert Bridges

ARIA, "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde" - - - - - *Wagner*
MISS LJUNGBERG

The action of the third act, of which the "Liebestod" forms the concluding scene, is as follows: The lover of Isolde lies on a couch beneath a lime tree, Kurvenal anxiously bending over the half-unconscious form of the master, in whom the flame of life burns dimly. The mournful notes of a shepherd's pipe are heard, and at the sound Tristan awakens to consciousness. Kurvenal, eagerly welcoming the signs of life in his master, explains the presence of Tristan and of himself in Brittany; explains, too, that even as he speaks, Isolde is hastening to the side of her wounded lover. Tristan feverishly watches the sea. There is no sail in sight, and he urges Kurvenal to ascend the watch tower, the better to scan the horizon for the ship. The joyful sounds of the shepherd's pipe are heard. Kurvenal starts to his feet; the tune is a signal that the herdsman has sighted the sail of Isolde's boat. In feverish excitement Tristan tosses upon his couch, and finally, unable to bear suspense a moment longer, he springs to the ground to meet Isolde. As he reels forward he tears the bandage from his wound, and the blood streams out upon the earth. Isolde's voice is heard crying, "Tristan! Tristan! Beloved!" and, as she hastens in, Tristan falls into her arms, and dies. Recovering, she fondles her dead lover, and sings this song of death. As she sings the last note she falls on his body and expires. The text in translation is as follows:

Mild and softly he is smiling; how his eyelids sweetly open!
See, oh comrades!
See you not how he beameth ever brighter, steeped in starlight
borne above?

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See you not how his heart with lion zest, calmly and happy,
beats in his breast?
From his lips in heav'nly rest sweetest breath he softly sends;
Harken, friends!
Hear and feel ye not!
Is it I alone am hearing strains so tender and endearing?
Passion swelling, all things telling. Gently bounding, from him
sounding, in me pushes, upward rushes, trumpet tone that
round me gushes?
Brighter growing, o'er me flowing, are these breezes airy pillows?
Are they balmy beauteous billows?
How they rise and gleam and glisten!
Shall I breathe them?
Shall I listen?
Shall I sip them, dive within them, to my panting breathing with
them?
In the breezes around, in the harmony sound, in the world's
driving whirlwind be drown'd, and sinking, be drinking, in
a kiss, highest bliss!

(English version by H. and F. Corder)

HUNGARIAN DANCES - - - - - *Brahms*

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

The first two books of *Hungarian Dances* by Brahms which appeared in 1869, for piano duet, exceeded in popularity that of any other work by the master. The source of the inspiration for these pieces can be traced to the composer's association with the Hungarian violinist, Remenyi. They made a concert tour together in 1853 and in the periods of preparation for this tour, Brahms came to feel the fascination of this form of Hungarian music. The thematic materials are not Brahms's own creation, but are derived from the music of Magyar composers then living. Brahms arranged three of this set for orchestra. A second set of dances, in two books as before, appeared in 1880, written for piano duet, as were the preceding dances. Dvorak made an arrangement for orchestra of the dances in the fourth book, 17-21, which is used on this occasion. The thematic material for this set of dances was derived mainly from folk tunes.

THIRD CONCERT



Friday Afternoon, May 20



CONCERTO NO. 5, in D Major - - - - - *Bach*
For Piano, Violin, and Flute Solos and Strings.

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

This composition is the fifth in the group known as the Brandenburg Concertos. They were written while the master was at Coethen, probably in March, 1721. The Markgraf of Brandenburg was an enthusiastic supporter of music, and had made a collection of concertos by foremost living composers. It was but natural that he should invite his friend Bach to contribute to this library of music which was being provided for his own band of musicians to play. In all, six concertos were composed by Bach and sent to the Markgraf. They represent Bach's first attempts in the field of instrumental music on a "symphonic" scale. The term "symphonic" is used here in the most restricted sense, as symphonic music as we know it today had not come into being in 1721.

The characteristics of early instrumental music may be observed in these concertos. The instruments play passages that are merely parts in a polyphonic whole, rather than melodies or figures—as in later music—that are inherent in the idiom of expression of the individual instrument. Bach treats his instruments melodically, without much differentiation as to tone color or dynamics. Each of the six concertos calls for a different group of instruments. The first (F Major) is for strings, three oboes, two horns, a bassoon, and a harpsichord (piano). The second (F Major) requires solo violin, flute, oboe, trumpet, and strings. The third (G Major), in two movements, is written for three violins, three violas, three violoncellos, and bass. The fourth (G Major) is for solo violin, two flutes, and strings. The requirements of the fifth (D Major) are set forth above. The sixth (B flat) is written for two violas, two "viole da gamba," violoncello, and harpsichord (piano).

In the concerto on this afternoon's program, the first movement (*Allegro molto moderato*, D Major, 4/4 time) unites the three solo instruments in concerted passages

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accompanied by the strings. There is a conspicuous cadenza for harpsichord (piano) near the conclusion. The second movement (*Affetuoso*, B Minor, 4/4 time) is for the solo instruments alone. The arrangement of the piano part used on this occasion was made by Mr. Harold Bauer. In the original score, a single line exists for each hand. Mr. Bauer has amplified it, filled out the harmonies, and made the part much more characteristic of the modern pianoforte with its greater sonorities and wider range of dynamics. The third movement (*Allegro*, D Major, 2/4 time) is in a style similar to the first movement, though the thematic material is entirely fresh and new.

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS - - - - - *Gilbert and Sullivan*

- a) "The Magnet and the Churn," from "Patience"
- b) "Carefully on Tip-Toe Stealing," from "Pinafore"
- c) "Tit-Willow," from "The Mikado"
- d) "When the Foeman Bares His Steel," from "The Pirates of Penzance"

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

Sir Arthur Sullivan was born May 13, 1842, at London; died November 22, 1900, at London.

It is undeniable that fame came to one of England's best known composers, not because of his contributions to the literature of orchestral, choral, or chamber music in a serious vein, important though these compositions were, but because of his association with the librettist, W. S. Gilbert, and the resulting succession of operettas which have made of these two men household favorites. With Gilbert and Sullivan and the musical pieces composed for the Savoy Theatre in London, and subsequently produced in almost every city of any size in the English-speaking world, the art form of operetta took on new meaning. The English critic, Forsyth, remarks that "on the aesthetic side we owe Sullivan a lasting debt for his recognition of the fact that it was not only necessary to set his text to music which was pleasing in itself, but to invent melodies in such close alliance with the words that the two things become (to the audience) indistinguishable." If we "make the punishment fit the crime" we do so in Sullivan's melody and rhythm; "and so do all his cousins and his aunts" is not merely a series of words, for Sullivan's tune has lifted the phrase into a realm that belongs to all people for all time.

The infectious charm of the librettist's humor and the composer's abundant melodic inspiration is amply indicated in the excerpts from four operas to be sung by the Children's Festival Chorus this afternoon. That the music is as fresh and appealing today as in the year it was written will be observed by the expressions on the faces of the youthful singers and the spirit with

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which they enter into the performance. Young people are not deceived by mannerisms or gestures in art; they recognize truth and beauty, and respond wholeheartedly to its appeal. Gilbert and Sullivan created characters, scenes, plots, and music that set aside the passage of time, and that enable all to renew again their youth.

a) "The Magnet and the Churn," from "Patience"

"Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride" was produced at the Opera Comique, London, April 23, 1881. The opera was a satire on the craze for aestheticism which was being fostered by Oscar Wilde and was sweeping the English-speaking world in the eighties. It ran for 408 performances. The two male characters were supposed to satirize a "fleshy" poet (probably a caricature of Wilde) and an "idyllic" poet (intended to be a representation of Swinburne). It is the latter character who sings the fable of the magnet and the churn. The text is as follows:

A magnet hung in a hard-ware shop,
And all around was a loving crop
Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,
Offering love for all their lives;
But for iron the magnet felt no whim,
Tho' he charmed iron, it charmed not him,
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn
For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn!
A Silver Churn! A Silver Churn!
His most aesthetic, very magnetic
Fancy took this turn
"If I can wheedle a knife or a needle,
Why not a Silver Churn?"
His most aesthetic, very magnetic
Fancy took this turn
"If I can wheedle a knife or a needle,
Why not a Silver Churn?"

And Iron and Steel express'd surprise,
The needles open'd their well-drill'd eyes
The pen-knives felt "shut up," no doubt,
The scissors declar'd themselves "cut out,"
The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,
While ev'ry nail went off its head,
And hither and thither began to roam,
Till a hammer came up and drove them home.
It drove them home? It drove them home;
While this magnetic, peripatetic
Lover he lived to learn,

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By no endeavour can magnet ever
Attract a Silver Churn!
While this magnetic, peripatetic
Lover he lived to learn,
By no endeavour can magnet ever
Attract a Silver Churn!

b) "Carefully on Tip-Toe Stealing," from "Pinafore"

Who would gainsay the popularity of "H. M. S. Pinafore; or The Lass that Loved a Sailor"? It dates from the years 1877-1878. Although it was not an instantaneous success at the Opera Comique, where it was first produced, when it crossed the Atlantic it set new records in the United States. In his biography of Sullivan, Arthur Lawrence wrote: "It was not an uncommon thing for one individual to have seen the piece, say, a dozen times; church choirs added it to their repertoire; thousands of sturdy Puritans who had never been inside a theater before went to see one or more of the performances. . . . For the season it was found hardly worth while to run anything else in opposition to it, and the spectacle was presented of every theater and concert company of importance in the big cities producing the same piece!"

The chorus, "Carefully on Tip-Toe Stealing," is drawn from the second act:

Carefully on tip-toe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Ev'ry step with cautious feeling,
We will softly creep away.
Goodness me! why, what was that?
Silent be, it was the cat!
It was, it was the cat!
They're right;
It was the cat!

Pull ashore in fashion steady;
Hymen will defray the fare,
For a clergyman is ready
To unite the happy pair.
Goodness me! why, what was that?
Silent be, again the cat!
It was again the cat!
They're right;
It was the cat!
Ev'ry step with cautious feeling,
We will softly creep away,
Ev'ry step with cautious feeling,
We will steal away.

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c) "Tit-Willow," from "The Mikado"

It is said that the first suggestion for the operetta, "The Mikado, or The Town of Titipu" came to Gilbert from a Japanese sword that hung on the wall in his library. The libretto was carefully considered, revised, and re-written, and full advantage of the effect of oriental characters, scenery, and costumes was utilized. The musical score is equally well constructed. Great skill is shown in handling the chorus, the ensembles; in writing delightful melodies and rhythms that may be manipulated in the most correct contrapuntal fashion; in coloring the music in the orchestra in a manner so deft and sensitive as to give a Japanese effect without the use of strictly oriental materials. This work achieved a success fully equal to that of "Pinafore," and is always a favorite in Gilbert and Sullivan revivals either by a professional or an amateur company.

Ko Ko, the Lord High Executioner, sings the song, "Tit-Willow," in the second act. The text is:

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit"
Singing "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow?"
"Is it weakness of intellect birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"

He slapp'd at his chest as he sat on the bough,
Singing "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
"Oh willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"
He sobb'd and he sigh'd, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave,
"Oh willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
"Oh willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Tho' I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"

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d) "When the Foeman Bares his Steel," from "The Pirates of Penzance"

While Sullivan was in America in 1879 to make arrangements for performances of his works, and the payment of proper royalties for them, he wrote most of the score of "The Pirates of Penzance." It was produced in England in 1880.

The police sergeant sings, in the second act, "When Foeman Bares his Steel." The text is appended:

When the foeman bares his steel,	Tarantara! Tarantara!
Tarantara, tarantara,	For when threaten'd with emeutes
We uncomfortable feel!	And your heart is in your boots
Tarantara, tarantara.	There is nothing brings it round
And we find the wisest thing	Like the trumpet's martial sound,
Is to slap our chests and sing	Tarantara, tarantara, ra, ra, ra, ra.

ARIA, "Salve Regina" - - - - - *Pergolesi-Stock*

MISS HAGER

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi was born January 4, 1710,
at Jesu, Italy; died March 16, 1736, at Pozzuoli.

Called by the Italians "the Raphael of Music," this gifted young composer was one of the greatest geniuses of his time. Though he was only twenty-six years old at the time of his death, he had left an indelible impress on nearly all forms of composition: opera, church music, oratorio, and instrumental music. His opera buffa, *La Serva Padrona*, written for only two characters, but marvelously conceived from the point of view of characterization by the music, was taken up not only in Italy but in France as well as a model for opera buffa and opera comique. His *Stabat Mater* written for soprano and contralto expresses an anguish of soul that belies his youth.

The text, "Salve Regina," is that of the antiphon sung in Catholic churches at vespers from Trinity to Advent. Pergolesi left five different settings of these words. The one used this afternoon is an arrangement for contralto and orchestra made by Mr. Stock from a sketch found by Mr. Hugo Kortschak in the collection of Pergolesi's works in the New York Public Library.

The air is in three divisions, respectively beginning with the words: "Salve Regina," "Eia Ergo Advocata Nostra," and "Et Jesum Benedictus." The translation of the Latin is as follows:

Hail, holy queen, mother of mercy; hail our life, our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.

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Turn thee most gracious Advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us.
And after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O
clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

Save us, Queen Mother of sorrows, our Life and our hope, save us;

Pray for us, look on us miserable offenders.

Show to us the blessed Jesus, Fruit of thy womb, for our salvation.

SUITE, "Children's Games," Opus 12 - - - - - Bizet

Georges Bizet was born at Paris, October
25, 1838; died at Bougival, June 3, 1875.

March ("Trumpeter and Drummer")—Allegretto moderato.

Cradle Song ("The Doll")—Andantino quasi Andante.

Impromptu ("The Top")—Allegro vivo.

Duet ("Little Husband, Little Wife")—Andantino.

Galop ("The Ball")—Presto.

This work, illustrating as it does episodes in child life, calls to mind the fact that many of the classical and modern writers have not considered it beneath their dignity to appeal to youthful imaginations. Haydn in his "Kinder Sinfonie," Schumann in his "Jugend Album," Mendelssohn in his "Kinder-scenen," made this appeal, while Humperdinck found inspiration for his greatest work in a children's classic. The composition on this afternoon's program has found a place in the repertoire of the great symphonic organizations largely because it happily illustrates a peculiar daintiness and naiveté characteristic of the treatment of the orchestra by French composers.

"WATER COLORS" - - - - - Carpenter

"On a Screen"; "The Odalisque"; "To a Young Gentleman"

MISS HAGER

John Alden Carpenter was born Feb-
ruary 28, 1876, at Park Ridge, Illinois.

Since 1912, when a set of eight songs were published, Mr. Carpenter has continuously produced works in both vocal and instrumental forms, which have brought him conspicuously and favorably to the attention not only of his fellow countrymen, but to the musical *cognoscenti* across the Atlantic. Having graduated from Harvard University in 1897, where he had been a pupil of Professor Paine, he immediately entered his father's business in Chicago—railroad and vessel supplies—and in 1909 became vice-president of the company. Mr. Carpenter's training for his avocation began

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under his mother, who had been a pupil in singing of Marchesi and of William Shakespeare of London. Later on, in addition to receiving piano-forte instruction, he studied composition with Bernhard Ziehn (Chicago), and for a short period with Sir Edward Elgar.

Perhaps Mr. Carpenter's *Gitanjali*, a set of six songs with texts by Rabindranath Tagore, has had the widest dissemination of all his works to date. Many of his songs have justly been included in "American groups" in the programs of leading concert artists.

In the orchestral field, his suite, *Adventures in a Perambulator*, and his *Krazy Kat*, a Jazz Pantomime, have been most conspicuous successes. For piano and orchestra he has written a charming *Concertino*, which is not as diminutive in content or proportions as the title would imply.

The texts of *Water Colors* were taken from "National Odes of China" collected by Confucius (551-479 B.C.). The English translations are as follows:

"ON A SCREEN"

A tortoise I see on a lotus-flower resting,
A bird 'mid the reeds and the rushes, is nesting,
A light skiff, propelled by some boatman's fair daughter,
Whose song dies away o'er the fast flowing water.

Li-Po (A.D. 705-762)

"THE ODALISQUE"

A gaily dressed damsel steps forth from her bower,
Bewailing the fate that forbids her to roam,
In the courtyard she counts the buds on each flower,
While a dragon-fly flutters and sits on her comb.

Yü-Hsi (A.D. 772-842)

"HIGHWAYMEN"

The rainy mist sweeps gently o'er the village by the stream,
And from the leafy forest glades the brigand daggers gleam;
And yet, there is no need to fear, or step from out their way,
For more than half the world consists of bigger rogues than they!

Li-She (Siglo IX A.D.)

"TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN"

Don't come in, sir, please!
Don't break my willow-trees!
Not that that would very much grieve me,
But, alack-a-day,
What would my parents say?
And love you as I may,
I cannot bear to think what that would be.

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Don't cross my wall, sir, please!
Don't spoil my mulberry-trees!
Not that that would very much grieve me,
But, alack-a-day,
What would my brothers say?
And love you as I may,
I cannot bear to think what that would be.

Then keep outside, sir, please!
Don't spoil my sandal-trees!
Not that that would very much grieve me,
But, alack-a-day,
What the world would say!
And love you as I may,
I cannot bear to think what that would be.

CANTATA, "The Spider and the Fly" - - - - - *Protheroe*
CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

Daniel Protheroe was born November
24, 1866, at Ystradgynlais, Wales.

Mr. Protheroe's early musical education was obtained at Swansea Normal College, Swansea, Wales. After coming to America he taught and conducted at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. More recently his home has been in Chicago, where as a teacher, composer, and director of choral organizations he has won distinction.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY (A Fable)

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;
"Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there."
"O no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin
And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"O no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome; will you please to take a slice?"

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"O no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature! said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise,
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again:
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing:
Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily flattering words, came slowly flitting by.
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing!

At last,

Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast,
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor; but she ne'er came out again!

And now dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

Mary Howitt (1799-1888)

FOURTH CONCERT



Friday Evening, May 20



SYMPHONY IN G MINOR (Köchel 183) - - - - - Mozart
ALLEGRO CON BRIO; ANDANTE; MENUETTO AND TRIO; ALLEGRO

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born January 17,
1756, at Salzburg; died December 5, 1791, at Vienna.

This is not the *Symphony in G Minor* that is familiar to the concert-going public or to those who increase their acquaintance with symphonic music by means of records or disks. That symphony is designated in the Köchel catalog as No. 550, and was written in 1788 in the same few months during which Mozart gave to the world the *Jupiter* and *E Flat* symphonies. The present symphony belongs to an earlier style, and was sketched at Salzburg in 1773. In it we recognize the characteristics of the evolving "symphonic style" which was the especial contribution of Haydn and Mozart to the literature of music.

Mozart created forty-one symphonies, and of that group only two are written in minor keys: Köchel Nos. 183 and 550. In both instances, as already stated, the key of G minor was selected. Mozart's predisposition for the major tonalities is therefore apparent. The symphony on tonight's program is straightforward in form, and direct in melodic and harmonic outline, yet there is a grace and tenderness to the slow movement and a brilliancy to the first and last movements that reflects the spirit of Austrian courtly elegance of the late eighteenth century. It will be observed from the dispositions of the limited list of orchestral instruments that the conception of an instrumental body with a stable family of instrumental colors, properly balanced, had not yet crystallized. Flutes, clarinets, trumpets, trombones, timpani, etc., are missing, and somewhat in the style of the Bach Concerto played this afternoon, each movement has its own color scheme of instruments.

The first, third, and fourth movements call for two oboes, two horns in B flat, two horns in G, and strings; the second movement uses muted strings, two oboes, two bassoons and two horns in E flat. What a difference from the orchestral pallet from which Scriabine and Glière paint their tone

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pictures! Yet the question may be raised: Is the greatness of an art work to be measured entirely by the complexity and multiplicity of means and materials employed? Is not a simple, naïve, direct statement often as forceful and appealing as a passionate or thunderous pronouncement? The comparison may be made in this evening's program.

ARIA, "M'Appari" from "Martha" - - - - - *Flotow*
MR. GIGLI

Friederich von Flotow was born April 27, 1812, at Teutendorf; died, January 24, 1883, at Darmstadt.

Educated with a view to diplomatic service, Flotow left Germany for Paris in 1827 at a time when *opéra comique* was the dominant type. He studied and composed operas for the theaters of that city until his natural instinct for the stage, his grace of melodic invention, and his keen sense of the values of rhythm and piquant orchestration were so developed as to gain a hearing for his operas in London, Hamburg, Vienna, etc. His best known works are *Stradella* and *Martha*. The aria on tonight's program displays Flotow's genius for a tone line of great simplicity and chaste beauty, but with little emotional depth or richness of harmonic background. It is sung in the third act by Lionel as an expression of his hopeless love for Lady Harriet whom he knows only as Martha.

Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright,
Burst her beauty on my sight.
O! so mild, so divine,
She beguil'd this heart of mine;
'Reft of aim, ere she came.
Dark the future seem'd to loom,
'Till her clear brilliant sphere
New with light dispell'd the gloom.
Woe! she fled, quickly sped all my joy
 in fleeting gleams;
As I wake, hopes forsake
Robbing me of god-like dreams.
Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright
Burst her beauty on my sight.
O! so mild, so divine,
She beguil'd this heart of mine.
Martha, Martha! thou hast taken every
 bliss away with thee
Canst thou leave me thus forsaken?

Come and share thy boon with me
Share! share thy boon with me! Yea,
 with me.

Like a dream bright and fair,
Chasing ev'ry thought of care,
Those sweet hours pass'd with thee,
Made the world all joy for me.
But alas, thou art gone,
And that dream of bliss is o'er
Ah, I hear now the tone,
Of thy gentle voice no more;
Oh! return happy hours fraught with
 Hope, with Hope so bright
Come again, come again, sunny days of
 pure delight, of pure delight
Like a dream bright and fair, chasing
 every thought of care,
Those sweet hours pass'd with thee,

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Made the world all joy for me.
Fleeting vision cloth'd in brightness,
wherefore thus, so soon depart;
O'er my pathway shed thy lightness once
again,
And glad my heart
Once again and glad my heart, yes, glad
my heart.

How so fair, stood she there
Filling my heart with ecstasy;

And her smile did beguile
While her eye shone radiantly;
Then my heart with a start
Saw the future glowing bright,
But again, in deep pain
Beats it, while around deep night
Disappear'd as she rear'd,
And with her fled my repose.
Hateful life, hopeless strife,
Wish that death would end my woes.

SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN C MINOR ("The Divine Poem")

Opus 43 - - - - - Scriabine

LENTO, C MINOR ("Prologue"); ALLEGRO, C MINOR ("Strife"); LENTO,
E MAJOR ("Sensuous Pleasures"); ALLEGRO, C MAJOR ("Divine Activity")

Alexander Nikolaewitch Scriabine was born January
10, 1872, at Moscow; died April 14, 1915, at Leningrad.

It has become a commonplace of music history that whenever a composer of profound originality appears, he is invariably made the object of bitter and unthinking ridicule, usually by those who should be the first to recognize his genius. Scriabine was no exception. To the end of his life, and indeed beyond, he was maligned by ignorant and fatuous conservatives, chiefly from the ranks of professional critics and musicians who had little knowledge of, or sympathy with, his aims and tendencies. Especially striking is the fact that Scriabine's works were, in general, favorably received in important centers outside of Russia before the latter placed its stamp of approval on what is probably its most original music. It was only after Scriabine's death that his countrymen realized the fact that they had disgracefully neglected one of their very greatest composers, and accorded him proper recognition in a series of concerts devoted exclusively to his compositions.

Of aristocratic and musical lineage, Scriabine early commenced his studies at the Moscow Conservatory, coming under the tutelage of Safonoff in piano and Taneieff in composition. Being of an extremely sensitive and refined nature, he was much influenced by the great Polish tone poet, Chopin. But his true individuality rapidly asserted itself, and it soon became evident to his teachers and fellow students that they were witnessing the development of a most unusual talent. He was never content, in his original compositions, to do things in the customary academic manner. Rather, from the very beginning, did he appear to be striving toward a new and strange expression of certain fundamental ideals which all composers have shared in common.

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His life, although comparatively brief, was one of intense creative activity. No more idealistic composer ever lived. Like Beethoven he was deeply influenced by nature, probably more so than any other composer since the Master of Bonn. He was passionately fond of flowers and clouds and the blazing glory of the morning sun, and these aspects of nature are reflected in the overwhelming joy of much of his music. Moonlight, the shadows of evening, and the gray moods of winter seem not to have attracted Scriabine greatly. The darker moods of nature found better expression in the music of Debussy and the other Western Impressionists.

In order fully to understand the nature of Scriabine's music, it is necessary to know something of certain philosophical ideas which he held to be the basis of his works. For him, art was a veritable religion, a means of uttering eternal truths about life and death and human destiny. Much has been made of Scriabine's theosophical leanings and their influence upon his music. He was by nature a pantheist and a mystic, and it was only natural that he should be attracted to the main concepts of theosophy. Not that he was so naïve as to believe that he could elucidate through the medium of music certain ideas about the Ultimate Mystery. Rather was he striving to arrive at that state of creative ecstasy which the mystic describes as perfect union with the divine. In other words his ideal was not a purely musical one in the ordinary sense of the term, nor, on the other hand, a programmatic one. He had the deepest respect for the "classical" concepts of form. Every page of his music is eloquent witness to that. He was not in the least influenced by the rather elementary programmatic ideas of Strauss and the other musical realists. His ideal was the realization in music of certain "soul-states."

Like Wagner, Scriabine desired to unite the arts in arriving at an ultimate expression of the ideal. However, his aim was not the perfect drama but the perfect rite. According to his biographer, A. E. Hull, he reaches, in *Prometheus*, his last great orchestral work, "the furthest point of his ecstasy in creative energy—a point which was to have been carried astoundingly further by his proposed Mystery, in which sounds, colors, odors, and movement were to be united in expressing one fundamental religious idea." This proposed mystery was to have been enacted in India, with only the "initiated" taking part.

Scriabine's harmonic innovations have not been surpassed by any other composer. For a long time they constituted a formidable barrier against a general understanding of his music. Many of his chords were, for the first decade of the twentieth century, extremely dissonant and complex. In his



MINA HAGER
Contralto



NELSON EDDY
Baritone



PALMER CHRISTIAN
Organist



GITTA GRADOVA
Pianist

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middle and later works he abandoned the time-worn concepts of tonality, melody, and harmony, and entered new, unexplored tonal regions. In doing this he was undoubtedly responding to an inner necessity. His "mystic" harmonies often consisted of a synthesis of several of the simple chord structures of earlier music into a single harmony. It is probably safe to assert that Scriabine has had a larger share in the forming of the new musical language of the twentieth century than any other composer since Wagner, not even excepting Schönberg. With the passing of time and repeated hearing of his works, his strange new harmonic language has become a part of our general musical heritage, opening up to us hitherto undreamed of worlds of beauty.

The Divine Poem was written in the summer of 1903, in the midst of the happiest and most fruitful period of Scriabine's life. This work, one of the most deeply spiritual in all music, has been described as expressing the liberation of the human spirit, and is a veritable hymn of joy. It is characterized by the loftiest flights of the musical imagination. To quote from A. E. Hull: "As a sheer effort of the imagination, the Symphony is an immense achievement; the themes are magnificent; the handling of counterpoint and form is masterly in the extreme; the harmony wonderfully coloured, always of a rich sonority in soft passages as well as in loud. The cohesion, combination, development, and even, one might say, the birth of the themes (the way they gradually emerge) is most noteworthy."

The following analysis is taken from A. E. Hull's famous biography of Scriabine:

The first three bars of the short but magnificent Prologue, *Lento*, give the three "leading motives" of the Symphony: "Divine Grandeur," "The Summons to Man," and the "Fear to approach, suggestive of Flight," (free translation of the composer's indications in the score). The first one of these follows:

The musical score shows the first three bars of the Prologue. The piano part (No. 1) is in the left hand, starting with a forte (ff) dynamic. The trumpet part is in the middle, and the C Flute part is in the right hand. The score includes markings for dynamics and phrasing, such as 'dim. poco a poco.' and 'A', 'B'.

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The *Allegro* ("Strife") is marked "Mysterious, Tragic." The first subject is given to the violins, and is sixteen bars in length.

No. 2.
Allegro.



Then comes the first suggestion of divinity in a theme which becomes more and more confident as we proceed. But the upward aspiring curves become more feeble and attenuated as they fall down to the second subject proper:

No. 3.



Fl. and Oboe.

Now we are in an even more unworldly atmosphere—*romantique, légendaire*. A triumphal passage of majestic harmony brings in the return of the Divine theme with great power.

This completes the exposition and is followed by a lengthy development and a full recapitulation section. There is a coda of wild, precipitant flight, and the Divine theme returns in blazing splendor with a significant counter subject. A short bridge leads straight into the *Lento* ("Voluptes").

No. 4.
Lento.



A chromatic episode succeeds this, crossed by a new crashing motive, which gives way in turn to a restful passage completely diatonic with limpid arpeggios. Voluptuous and passionate phrases follow, continually increasing in power, until we reach the motive of Divine Aspiration, wildly crossed by a crashing motive which leads into the last movement *Allegro* ("Divine Activity"). The opening subject is comprised of the two little motives, one taken from the Prologue, the other from the theme of "Joyful Soaring." It is marked "with radiant joy":

No. 5.
Allegro.



A short entry of the bridge-subject of the first movement appears, calming down into a new melody—the second subject proper of this movement:

No. 6.



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This, the so-called ego theme, symbolizes the translation of human personality into celestial regions. A sweet limpid melody then enters, after which the ego melody expands, reaching a climax. The subjects are all fully treated again in the recapitulation, and the work is consummated with one of the finest perorations in the whole range of music.

ARIA, "Un di all' azzurro spazio" from "Andrea Chenier" - - *Giordano*
MR. GIGLI

Umberto Giordano was born August 27, 1863, at Foggia, Italy.

The action of this story takes place in Paris during the French Revolution. Andrea Chenier, a poet, patriot, and dreamer, who was born in Constantinople, came to Paris for his education. He took sides in the Revolution, being a believer in liberty and a hater of monarchs; he was arrested, imprisoned, and finally guillotined on July 25, 1794. The opera plot arranged from these historical facts by Luigi Illica draws more from the imagination of the librettist than from the known incidents of Chenier's life. The first act takes place in the hall of the castle of Coigny where preparations for a ball are in progress. Among the guests who arrive is Chenier, who is asked to improvise on a theme of love by the coquette Madeline. He sings the air, *Un di all' azzurro spazio*, in which he criticizes sharply the aristocracy and speaks of the pride of the rich and its effect upon the poor. The text is as follows:

Un di all' azzurro spazio guardai profondo, a ei prati colmi di viole, pioveva l'oro il sole, e folgorava d'oro il mondo; pareva la Terra un immane tesoro, e a lei serviva di scrigno, il firmamento.

Su dalla terra a la mia fronte veniva una carezza viva, un bacio.

Gridai, vinto d'amor: T'amo, tu che mi baci, divinamente bella, o patria mia!

E voli pien d'amore pregar! Varcai d'una chiesa la soglia; la un prete ne le nicchie dei santi e de la Vergine, accumulava doni, e al sordo orecchio un tremulo vegliando invano chiedeva pane e invan stendeva la mano!

Varcai degli abituri l'uscio; un uom vi calunniava bestemiando il suolo che l'erario a pena sazia e contro a Dio scagliava e contro a li uomini le lagrime dei figli.

In cotanta miseria la patrizia prole che fa? Sol l'occhio vostro esprime umanamente qui un guardo de pietà, ond'io guardato ho a voi sì come a un angelo. E dissi: Ecco la bellezza della vita! Ma, poi a le vostre parole un novello dolor m'ha colto in pieno petto.

O giovenetta balla, d'un poeta non disprezzate il detto: Undite! Non conoscete amor, divino dono, non lo schernir del mondo anima e vita è l' Amor!

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SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Sirens," Opus 33 - - - - - *Glière*

Reinhold Moritzovitch Glière was born January 11, 1875, at Kieff, Russia.

The youthful education in music of our composer was obtained at the Moscow Conservatory, which he entered in 1894 as a pupil of Hrzimalz in violin, and of Taneieff and Ippolitoff-Ivanoff in musical theory. At the Conservatory he was the best student in the composition class, attested by his winning the gold medal. After the completion of his formal studies at Moscow, he lived in Berlin for some time. Just before the outbreak of the war he accepted the directorship of the Conservatory of the Imperial Musical Society at Kieff; under his direction it became an important institution. At the present time, Glière is a teacher of composition at the Moscow Conservatory.

The Sirens was performed for the first time in what was then St. Petersburg, in April, 1912. It bears the hall mark of twentieth century creation, although the subject material is drawn from Greek mythology. The form of the symphonic poem, which implies a modicum of "program," had been developed in the nineteenth century by Liszt, Saint-Säens, Strauss, and others to such a high point of freedom from the restraints of the classic and romantic schools, that Glière had but to appropriate the principles of his predecessors, and clothe them in a tonal investiture all his own. Both in Europe and America this tone poem has met with widespread recognition of its right to a high place in symphonic music.

As a part of the score, the composer has embodied this prefatory note:

The Sirens were mythical beings who lived in the fancy of the ancient Greeks on an enchanted isle in the midst of the sea. By their magic song they lured those who sailed within their neighborhood. Oblivious of their surroundings and powerless to withstand the fatal song, the sailors steered their ship to the island of the terrible Sirens, where it was dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks.

The subtitles of the divisions of the work are: THE SEA. THE ISLE OF THE SIRENS. APPROACH OF THE VESSEL. THE SONG OF THE SIRENS. THE SHIPWRECK. The tone poem is played, however, without pause.

As in all programmatic music, the individual listener's imagination may be indulged; the very absence of "classic form" makes for a more free interplay of poetic moods, suggested by the character of the themes, their orchestral "dress," and whatever of the "story" the listener may wish to appropriate at the moment. Glière has successfully achieved a description of the sea with its mystery, its power, its cross currents, and its terrific fury. The very irregularity of the phrases and cross rhythms intensifies the variety of wave motion of a wind-blown sea. The seductive influences of the Sirens

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are clearly expressed in tone, if one has any creative imagination to add to the musical picture; likewise, the great climax will suggest the wreck of the ship. There is no banal attempt at photographic or journalistic description; the composer has sought rather to re-create in the most vague and subtle of temporal and tonal media the moods he felt as the program unfolded itself to him.

ARIA, "O Paradiso" from "L'Africana" - - - - - Meyerbeer
MR. GIGLI

Giacomo Meyerbeer was born September 5,
1791, at Berlin; died May 2, 1864, at Paris.

The aria is taken from the last of the master's dramatic works, *The African*, text by Scribe, which was produced at Paris, April 28, 1865. The story deals with the period and experiences of Vasco di Gama, the explorer, and hence is quasi-historical in appeal. This aria occurs in Act IV, in the temple of Brahma, whither Vasco has been conducted (in operatic style) to await his execution. The beauty of the Indian landscape about him inspires him to voice his admiration in "O Paradiso," the text of which, in translation, is as follows:

O thou smiling land, garden wide and fair,
I bid thee all hail, all hail!
O Paradise to earth descended, heaven blue most wonderful
In song how to my heart my own thou seemest.
O thou most fair land
All my heart is thine own, most beloved, thou, my native land.
To us how fruitful are thy meadows,
To us this Eden is restored
Rich are thy treasures,
Oh, wonderful, Ah! yes
All hail to thee, All hail to thee
O fairest land, O fairest land, thou art my own at last,
O country fair, Yes, thou art mine, at last, thou art.

Yet what say they to die? to die?
My life to end in all my triumph,
To leave behind no trace, no remembrance that my name may be honored!
You cannot wish for this: no!
Unto the shore ye guide my footsteps
Sails are gleaming bright on the sea,
But give me leave to say in dying
That I have paid the vow I made,
And that Europe is my dear country,

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Known at last as conqueror.
Yes, Vasco hath given his life
The price of undying renown,
Now, guide me hither unto the ship,
And mercy have on me, on me.
Ah, have pity, spare my honor,
Ah, have mercy soldiers upon me,
Though from me my life is taken,
Yet for me remaineth glory;
Ah, yet all the torments of fury united are for me far less cruel,
Ah, must I then lose than life far more precious,
Must lose together, must lose glory and immortal life?
Have pity, spare my honor,
Ah! ye soldiers, I pray!
Ah well! it must be; as a Christian I die!
O heaven! bear my spirit above, Ah! I go.

“EMPEROR WALTZES,” Opus 437 - - - - - Strauss

Johann Strauss was born October 25, 1825,
at Vienna; died June 3, 1899, at Vienna.

The mention of the names of Johann Strauss, father and son, inevitably calls to mind the lilt of waltzes that have made Vienna known outside the realm of serious music. The popularity of the two Strausses was not confined to the Austrian capital. At the time of Johann Junior's birth, his father had a dance orchestra of his own, winning more than local applause. As the son became of school age, his father's orchestra was making extended tours. The career of the younger Strauss, in spite of objections of his father, was launched with a performance of the waltz *Sinnegedichte* at Donmayer's Casino in 1844. This waltz made so great a triumph that it had to be repeated six times the same evening. From that time on his career was a series of successes. In 1872 he came to America to participate in the International Peace Jubilee at Boston.

The *Emperor Waltzes* was dedicated to Franz Josef, ruler of the Austrian Empire. It was written in the eighties, and is one of more than five hundred pieces composed by this master of dance melody and rhythm. It is in C Major, and after an introduction in march tempo, the waltz themes follow in succession.

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Saturday Afternoon, May 21



WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP, Opus 12, Part I - - - - *d'Indy*

Vincent d'Indy was born March 27, 1851,
at Paris; died there December 2, 1931.

To future generations our age will probably be known as one of unparalleled confusion. This is due to the fact that we have been unable to keep abreast with the exceptional increase of our material and external resources. Our mental habits and moral outlook we inherited from a bland and imperturbable generation, only to find ourselves plunged, suddenly, into a maelstrom of intense activity and distraction.

The real intellectual and spiritual quality that sustained the great stream of music that flowed from Bach, through Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms, exhausted itself in Germany and ended in stagnation or self-conscious sensationalism. America remained immature, uncertain, Russia was still a bit barbaric, and Italy would hear nothing but opera. It is in France, however, with her racial feeling for lucidity, that we find at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, a truly vital contemporary music, and an attempt to bring an intelligent order into the pervading confusion. It is to the high creative intelligence of César Franck and his pupils and disciples that we must give the credit for bringing renewed vitality and energy into instrumental music.

Vincent d'Indy was until the year of his death (1931) a dominant figure in this group. His versatility and many-sided personality gave to this group a stamp of authority and dignity. D'Indy was not only a composer of outstanding talent and originality, but he was also a lucid writer, having written authoritatively on the life of César Franck, published essays on Beethoven's predecessors, a history of musical composition, and many debates and lectures. M. d'Indy was not a man hedged in by the boundaries of his art; his mind was well fertilized and open. His real distinction, however, lies in his moral and almost religious qualities.

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"An artist must have at least faith; faith in God and faith in his art; for it is faith that disposes him to learn, and by learning to raise himself higher and higher on the ladder of being, up to his God, which is God."

"An artist should practice hope; for he can expect nothing from the present; he knows that his mission is to serve, and to give his work for the life and teaching of the generations that shall come after him."

These quotations are taken from d'Indy's inaugural speech, and from his lectures to his composition class, and they reflect the high seriousness of his outlook in spite of the contemporaneous currents that attempted to draw the creative artist into a maelstrom of disorder and ruination.

D'Indy did not disdain the time he lived in, but he was always a little remote from it. He deplored, at times, the present; was surprised that it should be his own, but he pursued his work with faith, and a high respect for what the past had accomplished. This respect for tradition, united with a keen intellectual enthusiasm for all that was new and vital, made d'Indy at once a traditionalist and modernist. His feeling for works of the past helped him to temper the excesses of his contemporaries, and his knowledge of modern means of expression enabled him to infuse Promethean fire into worn-out forms.

D'Indy is essentially a French artist. M. Romain Rolland pays a fine tribute to the unifying power of d'Indy's mind. He says: "Clearness is the mark of M. d'Indy's intelligence. There are no shadows about him. For him to examine, to arrange, to classify, to combine, is a necessity. No one is more French in spirit. This love for clearness is the ruling factor of d'Indy's artistic nature, but his nature is far from being a simple one. Through a wide musical education, a constant desire to learn, it has been enriched by many elements, different, almost contradictory—not to be submerged by this richness of opposing elements requires a great force of passion or of will, which eliminates or chooses and transforms. M. d'Indy eliminates almost nothing; he organizes. There are in his music the qualities of a general; the knowledge of the end, the patient will to attain it, the perfect acquaintance with the means, the spirit of order, and the mastery over his work and over himself. Despite the variety of the materials he employs, the whole is always clear."

The selection with which this program opens has its proper place as the first movement (or first "part," more correctly) of an orchestral "trilogy," *Wallenstein*, founded on Schiller's drama of the same name. The subject of this tragedy, Albrecht Wenzel Eusebius, Count Von Wallenstein (Waldstein), the famous general of the Thirty Years' War, was born in 1583,

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and assassinated in 1634. In the *Encyclopedia Britannica* he is described as "tall, thin and pale, with reddish hair and eyes of remarkable brilliancy. He was of a proud and imperious temper, and was seldom seen to laugh. Few generals have surpassed him in the power of quickly organizing great masses of men and of inspiring them with confidence and enthusiasm; and as a statesman he was distinguished for the boldness of his conceptions and the liberality of his sentiments. All his good qualities were, however, marred by a furious lust for power, in the gratification of which he allowed no scruples to stand in his way."

D'Indy's "Trilogy" follows the general plan of Schiller's play, being divided into three parts as follows: I. *Wallenstein's Camp*. II. *Max and Thekla* (*Les Piccolomini*, being a revision of an earlier overture of that name—one of the first of d'Indy's works to be performed in public). III. *Wallenstein's Death*. The "Trilogy" was given completely for the first time at the Concert Lamoureux on February 26, 1888.

Wallenstein's Camp forms the subject of one of Smetana's symphonic poems, and the German composer Joseph Rheinberger has written a symphony based on Schiller's drama, also entitled *Wallenstein's Camp*. In this work one part is devoted wholly to Wallenstein himself. D'Indy, on the other hand, carries his hero all through the different parts of his composition, bringing him into special prominence now and again as the occasion requires—his aim being, evidently, the musical translation of the general substance of the drama, rather than the delineation of individual characters.

The selection now played (in G major, *allegro giusto* and 3-4 time) was designed obviously as a description of the camp, teeming with wags and jesters—a motley throng bent upon such amusement as their surroundings afford, and turning everything into a careless joke. The movement is built upon the general plan of a scherzo.

SYMPHONY NO. 2, B Flat, Opus 57 - - - - - d'Indy
EXTRÊMEMENT LENT—TRÈS VIF; MODÉRÉMENT LENT; MODÉRÉ;
LENT—VIF

The *Symphony in B flat* was composed in 1902-03, and was produced for the first time at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, February 28, 1904. When the B flat Symphony was played at Boston in 1905, and conducted by the composer, Mr. Philip Hale, the erudite editor of the program books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, provided some interesting biographical information concerning the composer—information given partly by Mr. d'Indy himself, and partly drawn from H. Imbert's *Profils de Musiciens*.

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Mr. d'Indy's family wished him to be a lawyer, and so against his wish he studied for that object, but at the same time he studied music. He studied piano with Diemer and harmony with Lavignac (1862-65). During the Franco-Prussian war he served as a volunteer in the One Hundred and Fifth regiment, and took an active part in the defense of Paris, notably in the battle of Montretout. After the war he gave up definitely any idea of the law to be, against the wishes of his family, a professional musician.

His father, a man of large income, was fond of music, and played the violin not too disagreeably. Vincent's mother died soon after his birth, and, as his father married again, the boy was brought up by his grandmother, Mme. Théodore d'Indy, an excellent musician who taught him the rudiments of the art. Thanks to her, he lived for many years apart from the madding world and vexing social diversions. It was she who led him in his early years to the study of the great masters. Vincent had an uncle, Saint-Auge Wilfred d'Indy, an amateur composer, who was popular in Parisian parlors and halls, in which his romances, chamber-music, and "operas de salon" were performed. Through him, Vincent first became acquainted with Berlioz and his treatise on instrumentation.

D'Indy entered the orchestra of the Association Artistique des Concerts du Châtelet, conducted by Colonne, as kettle-drummer, then as chorus-master, where he remained for five years. In 1872 he was introduced by his friend, Henri Duparc, to César Franck, who was professor of the organ at the conservatory. D'Indy entered his class, and in 1875 took a first *accessit*, but left the conservatory, for he saw, to use his own words, that the musical instruction there, so far as composition was concerned, was not given in a serious manner. He then became a private pupil of Franck, with whom he studied thoroughly counterpoint, fugue, and composition.

He was one of the founders of the Société Nationale de Musique, a society that has been of the utmost service to music in France, by reviving interest in symphonic and chamber works. After the death of Franck (1890), d'Indy was made president of the Society. In 1893 he was asked by the government to be one of a committee to reform the Paris Conservatory, and he prepared a plan of reorganization which raised such a tempest among the professors of that institution that they plotted together and obtained the disbandment of the committee. In 1895 he was offered, on the death of Guiraud, the position of professor of composition at the conservatory; he declined the offer for he wished to be wholly free. But in 1896 he founded with Charles Bardes and Alexandre Guilmant a music school, the Schola Cantorum, of which he was a director and professor of composition.

D'Indy was always a lover of nature. His family came originally from Verdieux in Ardèche, a department formerly a portion of the province Languedoc. The mountains of the Cévennes are often naked, barren, forbidding. D'Indy had long been in the habit of spending his vacations in this picturesque country. He also delighted in the Tyrol, the Engadine, the Black Forest. He listened intently to what Millet called the "cry of the earth." In a letter written from Vernoux in 1887 he said, "At this moment I see the snowy summits of the Alps, the nearer mountains, the

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plain of the Rhone, the pine woods that I know so well, and the green rich harvest which has not yet been gathered. It is a true pleasure to be here after the labors and the vexations of the winter. What they call at Paris the "artistic world" seems afar off and a trifling thing. Here is a true repose, here one feels at the true source of all art." His love of nature is seen in *Poème des Montagnes*, a suite for piano (1881); *La Forêt Enchantée*, symphonic ballad (1878); the symphony for orchestra and piano on A Mountain Air (1886); *Fantaisie* for oboe and orchestra on some folk tunes (1888); *Tableau de Voyage*, pieces for piano (1889); and chamber music by him suggests the austerity of mountain scenery.

Mr. Felix Borowski prepared the following analysis of the symphony for the program book of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and it is included here for those who wish to follow the structural development of materials:

I. The main movement is preceded by an Introduction (*extrêmement lent*, B flat major, 4-2 time) in which two ideas of importance are unfolded. These are employed throughout the entire work. The first is announced at once by the harps, violoncellos, and double-basses thus:

No. 1.



Immediately succeeding the motive just quoted there appears another in the wood-wind:

No. 2.



After thirteen measures have been devoted to this introductory matter the main movement (*très vif*, B flat major, 3-4 time) follows, its subject announced by the horn. A few measures of this theme are quoted:

No. 3.



After other instruments and other combinations of instruments have taken up this subject, there follows a transitional passage (based upon No. 3) but consisting of a jerky figure first heard *ff* in the wood-wind. Much development is given to this. The

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wind and stringed instruments take this up alternately, but soon the first motive (No. 1) is heard in the basses, the transitional theme continuing above it. Following a *ritenuto* the time changes to 3-2 (*un peu plus modéré*) and the second motive (No. 2) is sung by the first violins. The original tempo is resumed and snatches of the second motive (No. 2) are heard in the first violins and later there is the development of No. 3 and of the transitional figure. No. 2 is worked over, and No. 1 is heard in the basses, with the violins playing tremolo. The harps enter, and No. 1 is given to the trumpet. There is a gradual broadening of tone and following a *glissando* in the harps, the opening theme of the movement (No. 3) is heard in the horns, bassoons, and bass clarinet. This having been developed at some length the transitional passage reappears. The first motive (No. 1) is called out by the horns (*tremolo* in the strings). No. 2 is then given to the oboe, and eventually in the full orchestral *forte*. This leads to a final and animated section in which the transitional figure is employed.

II. *Modérément lent*, D flat major, 6-4 time. The movement opens with suggestions of the second motive (No. 2) in the bass clarinet, and, following it, in the strings. At the sixth measure the English horn, clarinet, and violas announce the main theme as follows:



This theme, already suggested in the first movement, leads to a new section (*plus animé*, 3-2 time), a dotted figure being set forth by the harps over *pizzicati* in the strings. Soon the oboe enters with the following subject drawn from the first motive of the work (No. 1).



The clarinet and, later, other instruments take up this subject, and the first violins and violas play a theme derived from material in the first movement. The dotted figure returns in the first violins, answered by the wood-wind, and the first theme of the movement (No. 4) is later given to the clarinet, the dotted figure working beneath it in the violins. This material is developed, and the dotted figure makes itself heard eventually in the brass, but the movement closes tranquilly with its first theme (No. 4) sung softly by the clarinet.

III. (*Modéré*, D minor, 2-4 time). The movement opens at once with a theme played *très simplement* by a solo viola, accompanied by the remaining violas and violoncellos. This is worked out, and is interrupted by the stopped notes of the horns bringing

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forward a reminiscence of the first motive of the work (No. 1). The time becomes more animated, and a new section (*très animé*, 3-4 time) appears with a triplet figure in the first violins. Over this there is heard at the fourth measure a bold theme for the wood-wind. Soon there appears a dotted subject in the wood-wind and harps, which is drawn from the second movement (No. 5). Following this a small trumpet plays the bold theme (just alluded to) but calmly. There is a sudden *fortissimo*, and the opening theme of the movement is brought forward, now in quick tempo, by the flutes (harp harmonics accompanying). There are suggestions of other subject matter in the movement, but these give way to another section (*très animé, mais sans hâte*, A major, 3-4 time) in which the bold theme is heard in the brass, with chords set against it in the remaining instruments. The opening subject returns (*très vif*) in quick tempo. The movement gradually becomes slower, and finally the opening theme is given out in the original tempo by the clarinet. For six measures at the end, the quick tempo comes back.

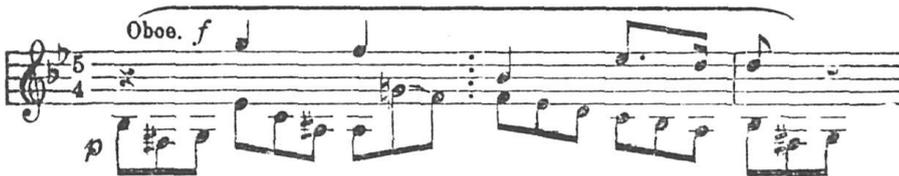
IV. (*Lent*, B flat major, 4-4 time). The opening division of this movement is introductory. In it is heard thematic material which has been employed in earlier sections of the work. The main body of the movement is made up of fugal treatment of the following theme which, announced by the violoncellos and double-basses, is drawn from the first two motives of the work (see Nos. 1 and 2). The first phrase is quoted:

No. 6.



At the close of this fugal development, there enters a new section (*assez vite*, B flat major, 5-4 time) which begins with a triplet figure in the violas. The subject proper appears eight bars later in the oboe as follows:

No. 7.



There is much development of this and other material. A new subject is brought forward by the wood-wind and violas. The dotted figure which had formed an important feature of the second movement, now reappears in the wood-wind and harps against triplets alternately in the first and second violins. A subject is given out by the two flutes, and together with development of this there is set forth a working out of previous material—the first motive (No. 1) occasionally making itself heard. There is brought forward, too, the theme of the third movement. There is further development of the two motives of the work, and toward the close the second motive (No. 2) is called out by the wind instruments and harps as a chorale, its bass founded on the first

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motive (No. 2). But it is with the second motive that the symphony is brought to a conclusion.

ARIA, "Di Provenza" from "La Traviata" - - - - - *Verdi*

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

Giuseppe Verdi was born October 9, 1813, at Roncole, Italy; died, January 17, 1901, at Milan.

The plot of *La Traviata* is drawn from the well known novel by Dumas, *Camille*. The recitative and aria on this afternoon's program occur in the first scene of Act II, which is laid in a country house near Paris. Germont has followed his son to Paris to entreat him to leave Violetta and return with him to his home in Provence. The text, in translation, is as follows:

RECITATIVE:

My son, take comfort!

Ah, cease from weeping, return unto thy father, his pride and his solace!

ARIA:

Hath thy home in fair Provence from thy heart then passed away?

Doth no memory entrance of thy childhood's happy days?

Toil and sorrow hast thou borne since thou'st left its flow'ry strand,
come and rest thy heart forlorn,

In thy sunny native land.

Heav'n calls thee home, Heav'n speaks thro' me and calls thee home.

We have waited thy return! Shall thy gentle sister mourn,

Shall thy sire in vain implore?

All forgot shall be our tears if thou wilt be our own,

Come and share the blissful years,

Let our love for all atone.

Heav'n calls thee home, my son.

ROMANZA from "Suite for Orchestra," Opus 19 - - - - - *Dohnányi*

Ernst von Dohnányi was born July 27, 1877, at Presburg, Hungary.

As will be observed from the date of birth given above, Dohnányi is still in his prime. As a pianist, composer, and conductor he has left the impress of his genius not only on the music of his own country, but on audiences in Europe and America. He has made several concert tours to this country,

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and has appeared as soloist on these concerts in the series of 1900-01 and 1923-24. His works are conditioned by the Hungarian temperament which involves both poetic and dramatic qualities of emotional expression. This excerpt from a deservedly popular suite illustrates his gift for melodic creation as well as a superb mastery of the technic of orchestral expression.

Romanza (F Major, 3-4 time, *Andante poco moto*). After three introductory measures of *pizzicato* strings, the oboe sings the principal theme. Later, when the tempo is faster, the English horn adds a new motive. A third subject more expressive in character follows in the strings accompanied by harp. These themes are developed, and the composition ends with the second theme.

ARIA, "Vision Fugitive" from "Herodiade" - - - - - *Massenet*

MR. THOMAS

Jules Emil Frederic Massenet was born May 12, 1842,
at Montreaux, France; died, August 13, 1912, at Paris.

The plot of the opera is based upon the novelette by Flaubert, *Herodias*. The scene of Act IV is Herod's chamber. Lying on his couch while attendants sing to him, Herod thinks only of Salome. Seeking distraction, he bids the slaves dance, and that a potion be given him. As if in a trance, he sings the air *Vision Fugitive*, the text of which, in translation, is appended:

Vision fair that dost fly while I ever pursue thee,
Mystic nymph, that my life hast taken to thee,
Ah! 'tis thou that I would see!
Thou art my love, I live in thee,
Vision fair, I pursue thee,
For thou my life hast taken to thee.
Felt I that heart of thine
Beat high with love like mine!
Then to die, overcome by sweet intoxication!
For such delight, so fierce, so tender,
Ah! then without hesitation would I my soul surrender,
For thee, for thy love.
Ah, my love! vision fair, I pursue thee,
For thou my life hast taken to thee.
Yes, 'tis thou art my love!
Let this amorous draught dispose thy soul to peace!
Ne'ertheless, if the slave should have lived
And this potion—What if this should some potion be?
Poison that kills, cowardly notion!

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Why hesitate, when heav'n has been offered to me?
Give me the goblet, O slave!
Ah, my eyes do not see
But there she is! 'tis she! 'tis she!
How the words rush upon me,
And yet I cannot speak,
For I feel in my heart something writhing and sighing
'Tis burning words of love that their bonds cannot break:
Have pity thou on me, for I am dying!
Ah, come near, closer still
Let my lips, I beg thee, kiss thy golden hair,
Let me die before thee!
Ah, such is my passion I will have but thee
Come more near, closer still!
Ah, be mine, come here, come, let me die before thee
Ah, come here, Ah!



CHASE BARONEO
Bass



JULIETTE LIPPE
Soprano



EMMETT LEIB
Tenor



MARJORIE MCCLUNG
Soprano

SIXTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 21

“THE LEGEND OF THE INVISIBLE CITY OF KITESH AND
THE MAIDEN FEVRONIA”* (In English) - *Rimsky-Korsakoff*
An Opera in Four Acts and Six Scenes (Concert Version)

First Performance in America

Russian Libretto by W. I. Bielsky English Text by Lila Pargment

Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff was born March 18,
1844, at Tikhvin; died June 4, 1908, at Leningrad.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

KING JURY	- - - - -	Chase Baromeo
PRINCE VSEVOLOD, <i>his son</i>	- - - - -	Frederick Jagel
FEVRONIA	- - - - -	Juliette Lippe
GREGORY KOUTIERMA	- - - - -	Frederick Jagel
FEODOR POYAROK	- - - - -	Nelson Eddy
A YOUTH	- - - - -	Mina Hager
A RICH NOBLEMAN	- - - - -	Emmett Leib
A RICH NOBLEMAN	- - - - -	Chase Baromeo
BEAR LEADER	- - - - -	Emmett Leib
BEDYAI	} <i>Tartar Chiefs</i> - - - - -	{ Chase Baromeo
BURUNDAI		
SIRIN	} <i>Angel Birds of Paradise</i> - - - - -	{ Marjorie McClung
ALKONOST		
HUNTSMEN, WARRIORS, TOWNSFOLK, TARTARS, AND ANGELS	- - - - -	University Choral Union

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
EARL V. MOORE, *Conductor*

ACT I
In the Forest

ACT II
Kitesh Minor

ACT III
Scene 1. The Public Square, Kitesh Major
Scene 2. Beside Lake Jar (omitted at this performance)

*The vocal score with Russian and French text may be had by addressing Galaxy Music Corporation, 2 East 46th St., New York. The work is published by M. P. Belaieff, Leipzig.

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ACT IV

Scene 1. In the Forest

Scene 2. The Heavenly City of Kitesh

The remarkable movement in Russian music which took place in the third and fourth quarters of the nineteenth century centers around a group of composers, known as "THE FIVE," who sought to find expression in music for the truly Russian qualities and Slavic characteristics, and to defend Russian music from the invasion of Southern and Western European influences. The composers who made up this group were Borodin, Cui, Balakireff, Musorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff. While it is not an easy matter to define in a sentence the specific innovations that this group achieved, it is possible to point out that this literature is distinguished from the music of Western and Southern European composers by its underlying national spirit, by its freedom from the conventionalities of rhythm and design, and to some extent the harmonic frame work, and by its emphasis on realism and the choice of folk elements as sources of inspiration. While romanticism in France and Germany was delving into pure, abstract lyric beauty, into pessimism and human sufferings as sources of a richer ideal of emotional expression, "THE FIVE" tended toward the opposite goals—an art built on, and close to, the life of the folk, and an absence of many of the shop-worn sophistications of "academic" expression. Whether in the field of Opera, Symphony, Church Music, or The Ballet, this spirit developed persistently, and in the hands of composers of talent and skill, this zeal for a "nationalistic" musical literature brought forth fruit; it shaped and colored a vast literature which is more indigenous to the race than the musical expression of any other single nation.

The composer of this evening's opera was by far the most scholarly and technically proficient member of "THE FIVE." Although he acquired his command of musical materials somewhat later in life than is usual for composers, his composition, from the first opus, discloses creative gifts of a high order. As advisor, critic, editor, to the other members of the group—it will be recalled that he, more than any one else, assisted in bringing forward the works of Musorgsky—as teacher to the many students who came to his classes at the Conservatory, and as composer who has left many scores in all forms, for the lyric stage and for the concert hall, we recognize in Rimsky-Korsakoff one of the most important figures of nineteenth century music.

Several of his operas are already known to patrons of this form of dramatic art; *The Snow Maiden*, *The Golden Cockrel*, and *Sadko* have been

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produced by the Metropolitan or Chicago Civic Opera Companies, from the list of fifteen works in this form. The opera, which is produced tonight for the first time in America, is the last, but one, written by Rimsky-Korsakoff. He was considering the possibilities of the *Legend of Kitesh* as early as 1898, and he began work on it with his friend Bielsky in 1903 and completed it in 1904. It was produced for the first time on the stage of the Maryinsky Theater, Leningrad, February 7, 1907, with great success. It has since been presented, both in concert version and on the stage in Paris under the direction of Emil Cooper, Conductor of the Chicago Civic Opera; it is in the repertory of the opera company of Barcelona, Spain, and on March 30, 1926, it was produced at Covent Garden in concert version and for a broadcast by the British Broadcasting Company. The work was sung in Russian in the latter performance, and the soloists singing the roles were almost entirely Russian. The performance was under the direction of Albert Coates, and an attractive descriptive booklet was prepared by Mr. Percy Scholes, the distinguished lecturer and critic, for the assistance of listeners on that occasion. Orchestral excerpts from the opera have been played by the Boston Symphony and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestras in their concerts in recent years.

This opera is based on "The Chronicles of Kitesh," taken from a collection of songs edited by Kirievsky. Kitesh is often mentioned in popular Russian legends as a holy city which became invisible at the invasion of the infidel Tartars in the thirteenth century. Until very recently in the province of Novgorod, about forty miles from the town of Semenov, visitors were shown the place where Kitesh was situated. On its place there is now a lake, and, according to the legends, people chosen by the Lord can sometimes hear the ringing of church bells in the submerged city—a striking resemblance with the legend of the city of Is in Brittany, which was engulfed in the sea in the fourth or fifth century; there too sailors sometimes hear the church bells ring at the bottom of the sea.

The success of *Kitesh* in Russia was tremendous from the time of the first performance. The censor had objected to the idea of treating a semi-religious subject in so worldly an institution as is the stage, but the Russian cultured classes, as well as their beloved composer, considered the stage a powerful instrument for the ethical and spiritual elevation of the people. This opera appealed to them not only because of its spiritual message, but also—perhaps mainly—because of its profound nationalism, the racy essence of its music, the dances, and devotional practices drawn by the composer from ancient and modern religious customs of the Russian peasants.

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Russians are passionate lovers of nature; it would also seem that they treat her like an animated being, sometimes as an enemy, but mostly as a friend, a "mother." As such they appreciated greatly the rôle played by nature in this opera. "A pantheist by conviction, Rimsky-Korsakoff delighted in dwelling upon the beauty of natural phenomena," and, like his heroine Fevronia, he often drew his inspiration from nature.

The collaboration of the librettist Bielsky contributed not a little to the success of this work, as it did to two others of Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas: *Tsar Sultan* and *The Golden Cockrel*. Bielsky was an intimate friend of the composer, drawn to him by a very strong personal and artistic sympathy. Bielsky's libretto, which he planned together with the composer, maintains and enhances all the salient features of the opera. In particular it serves well the opera by its spiritual content and its religious mysticism, a feature which has made several critics compare the *Legend* to *Parsifal*.

In putting the opera into English, the main concern of the translator was to preserve the spirit of the music and of the libretto. To accomplish this aim, an almost literal translation was found necessary.

A detailed analysis of the orchestral score would demand space beyond the limits of this program book. Although the vocal and orchestral tone fabric is woven with many themes that have significance as the legend unfolds, the listener may enjoy the charming music without recourse to a "guide book." Several of the characters are clearly differentiated in the score, either by a melodic phrase which reappears from time to time, or by a rhythmic or harmonic pattern which, though frequently developed and varied, nevertheless retains its original connotation. For example: Fevronia, the child of the forest, is recalled in the later acts by the repetition of her melodies sung in the first act, and by the "Hymn to Mother Earth," and by fragments from the music of the love scene with Vsevolod. Koutierma is consistently characterized by the theme he sings immediately after his ejection from the inn in the second act, somewhat the worse for too much vodka. King Jury, the saintly ruler of Kitesh, sings to the accompaniment of harmonies reminiscent of church music, while the Tartar chiefs are distinguished by a sharply syncopated rhythm full of wild exuberance of the East. The themes are all Russian in origin and are handled in a manner exhibiting the deft hand of a master craftsman as well as a genius of subtle and discriminating creative ability.

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ACT I

The maiden Fevronia grew up in solitude, in the depths of the forest. Her teachers were a wandering monk and Mother Nature. From them she learned wisdom, patience, humility, and the love of all things living. Daily she worshipped both God in Heaven and Mother Earth.

One day, a young man, having lost his way whilst hunting, stumbled upon Fevronia. At once he loved her—and she him. Not knowing who he was she yet promised to marry him. He went to seek his companions, but as he left they entered. Fevronia directed them how to find him, and then asked them his name. To her astonishment she learned that she was betrothed to none other than the Prince Vsevolod, son of King Jury, and with him, joint ruler of the domains of the Sacred City of Kitesh.

Characters in the order of their appearance

FEVRONIA	Soprano
PRINCE VSEVOLOD	Tenor
POYAROK	Baritone
HUNTSMEN	Male Chorus

(The action takes place in a forest in the region of the Volga, not far from the city of Kitesh Minor; in the depth of the wood is discovered a rude hut in the midst of oak, elm, and pine trees. A brook murmurs in the distance. It is midsummer. The birds are singing; the voice of the cuckoo is heard. Twilight approaches.)

FEVRONIA

Oh, you woods, my woods,
Silent and beautiful!
Kingdom, fresh and green with flowers,
Moss and leafy trees!
Like a mother you were, tender and
kind to me,
Crooning lullabies as I slept in your
arms.
Oft you played games with me and
amused me.
I remember the songs you sang to me,
So light and gay in the summer days,
And in dark autumn nights, tales wild
and weird!
For my playmates you sent birds and
animals;
And when weary with long days of
playing,

You caressed me and soothed me to
slumber
With a whisper of dreams filled with
sweetest charms.
Oh my forest, my woods, how I glory
In your beauty, eternal and triumphant.
For your freshness of summer days I
now give thanks,
And for your nights so cool and full
of magic;
For the silvery fogs in the night, oh
thanks!
For the dew that in rosy dawn shines
like pearls;
For the silence and thoughts you in-
spired in me;
Thoughts so undisturbed, thoughts so
beautiful and joyous.

(FEVRONIA calls the birds and animals to her; they come like comrades. She addresses the crane, the bear, and the elk, in turn. The latter has been wounded, and she examines its neck. The bear is lying at her feet. From behind the scenes, unseen by FEVRONIA, appears the young PRINCE VSEVOLOD. In amazement he gazes upon the scene before him.)

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VSEVOLOD

Vision fair do I behold!
Oh how strange a happening!
Do I see a miracle?
Am I dreaming, or awake?

FEVRONIA (*aside*)

Who is he, this handsome youth?
Never have I seen him here.

VSEVOLOD (*aside*)

From the sky so blue and pure has an
angel come to me?
Like a heavenly vision fair, here before
my eyes appears
Charming maiden of the woods.

FEVRONIA

Maybe from the prince's suite.
From his face so white and pink, he's,
perchance, a royal prince.

VSEVOLOD

Or a spirit, dangerous, calls and tempts
me to the woods.
Go, thou vision! disappear like a cloud
from out my sight.
In a holy place are we; quick, I must
depart from here.

FEVRONIA (*recovering from her embarrassment, she bows and speaks affably*)

You are welcome, my guest. While
you tarry here you may rest and
taste our honey pure. Clear as
teardrops of gold, it will bring
sweet peace, and forever drive
away your pain.

(FEVRONIA *brings, on a wooden platter, some bread and honey and a pitcher of water.*)

VSEVOLOD (*tired; sits down*)

In this place, I can no longer stay;
dark'ning shades of night are creep-
ing 'round me.

FEVRONIA

Fear not for the wild and savage forest.

All the woodland paths I'll show to
you.

Why so sad, my guest, what's hap-
pened?

Ah! Blood is running down your
sleeve. You're wounded!

VSEVOLOD

Yes, as through the wood I came I
met a bear;
With my dagger sharp I killed him as
he bit my arm.

FEVRONIA

Stop! Oh do not grieve in vain!
One sin not repeated never brings you
evil.

I will bathe your wound with fresh
and pure spring water.

And a healing lotion made of herbs
and flowers, leaves and petals of
poppies

That I picked this morning, will stop
blood from running and diminish
fever.

VSEVOLOD (*aside; admiring FEVRONIA*)

See, her face is fresh and white, and
her hair is black like autumn night.

What a beauty do I see! Who could
ever dream to find her here.

Not in cities rich and bright, but in
woods so dark she lives.

She wears not rich and heavy silks;
she is clad in garments poor and
coarse.

FEVRONIA (*aside; pausing in the dressing of his wound*)

Why am I so slow? Why does my
hand shake so?

What emotion strange overpowers me?
And so bashful I!

Is it fear I feel? Like the lightning
flash are his eyes to me.

VSEVOLOD (*to FEVRONIA*)

Won't you tell me who you are, and
whence you came? In the forest
do you live alone?

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FEVRONIA

Fevronia is my Christian name. In this wood I live, with my brother, gathering honey pure from swarms of bees. You're suffering. Your wound is aching?

VSEVOLOD

No, I thank you, sweet and gentle maiden.
No more pain I feel, it has all left me. Magic words like those that you have spoken,
Weave a spell that heals my wounded arm.
May I ask a question? Do you often go to church to pray to God Almighty?

FEVRONIA

No, the church is far away, kind sir. Is not God in ev'ry place around us? Be not fearful of the shadowy places. That is wrong. A holy church enwraps us.
With your eyes wide open, look about you.
From the break of day and the rising sun, to the dark of night,
Praise we send to Him, our Lord on high.
In the hours of day gleams bright and clear the sun from cloudless sky.
In the night, like candles, stars brightly shine on us.
Day and night a hymn glorifies our Lord.
From all sides voices sing glad Hosanna;
Birds and beasts from the depth of the mystic wood
Praise the Lord, the Creator of day and night.
Glory, glory to you, sky so blue and pure;
For the Almighty God you are a holy throne.

Praise and glory to you, our Mother Earth;
What a glorious foundation you are for our Lord.

VSEVOLOD (*amazed, looks at FEVRONIA*)

Oh you maiden, beautiful and candid,
How I love to hear your words of wisdom.

- - - - -
Ah, but I am still so young and happy,
Yet for joy and pleasure am I longing.

FEVRONIA (*very affectionately taking his hand and looking straight into his eyes*)

How can one without joy and pleasure live?

What is life without youth and joy!
List to the gay and happy songs of the birds;

Happy are the animals around us.

- - - - -
Every one we love is just as he is,
Be he sinner or a virtuous man.
Every human soul has beauty in it;
Those we meet are sent by God to us.
When in pain or grief, they dearer are to us,
We love them, not knowing who they are;
We cheer them, we long to see them happy.

- - - - -
From the holy skies, silver bells we hear;

From beyond the clouds shines so strange a light.

VSEVOLOD (*with rapture*)

Blessed be the lips that speak like this;
Lips so young, so fresh, of wisdom full.
Glory be to you, mysterious woods,
That have raised this maiden beautiful.

- - - - -
Now to you, beloved child of forests,
I kiss your pretty face and lips;
Be not shy because there is no shame
In caressing one you choose and love.

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FEVRONIA

Joy ineffable, beloved mine,
Dawn of love divine!
Full, my heart and soul.
But I fear that I am dreaming here;
Am I awake or do I drift in sleep?
If it were a dream or fantasy
Would so plainly I the cuckoo hear?
Would the flowers look so fresh to me?
Would my heart within my breast so
beat?
Oh, beloved mine, heaven sent you
here.
God who made the day, may he bless
and hallow our love so pure.
Stranger from the world, thou, beloved
be;
God illumines my soul with your light
of love,
Grant thy blessing on the troth we
plight.

VSEVOLOD

Oh my angel, pure, like a bird you are
free and innocent.
God who made the day bless our love
so pure.
Angel from on high, thou my bride
shall be.
God illumines my soul with the light
of love.
Grant thy blessing on the troth we
plight.
To my soul bring back the joy of life.
*(In the woods a hunter's horn is heard.
The Prince answers by blowing a silver
horn hanging from his belt.)*

HUNTSMEN (off stage)

When the hunters appear in the wild-
wood
All the animals, frightened, take their
flight.
High in the sky birds now try their
refuge to find.

Empty are the woods when the hunters
come.

VSEVOLOD (as huntsmen approach)

Ah, my friends must now for me be
searching.
I must leave you, time has come to
part.
For your care and kindness may I
thank you?
Soon my wife beloved you will be.
*(They say farewell to each other. The
Prince goes to the right.)*

HUNTSMEN (on stage)

And he chased all the beasts in the
open fields.
From the skies, cloud-high birds he
brought to earth.
What a hunting there was, glad the
hunters were.
But as for their friend, they've for-
gotten him.

POYAROK

Who are you and where do you come
from?
In this forest what is your errand?
Have you seen a young man passing
Down this pathway with a silver horn?

FEVRONIA (indicating the direction of the Prince's exit)

Yes, he just departed down that way.
Tell me, sir, is he a friend to you?
If you know him won't you tell me
his name?

POYAROK

Is it true you don't know him?
He's the young Prince Vsevolod,
Who with his father, Jury,
Reigns in yonder Kitesh.

HUNTSMEN and POYAROK

God protect our holy city, Kitesh.

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ACT II

Little Kitesh lay about twenty miles from Great Kitesh. Through Little Kitesh Fevronia was to pass, in pomp, on her way to her marriage. There were merry doings in celebration of her visit. Whilst these were in progress there staggered into the crowd a drunkard, Grisha (Gregory) Koutierma, and toward his maudlin derision of the peasant princess the crowd showed resentment. Then music was heard, and the wedding procession was seen to be approaching. Gregory was pushed aside, but the bride saw him and addressed him with kindness.

Suddenly, as from the clouds, a horde of Tartars were in the market place, slashing with their curved swords. Hundreds of the townspeople were, in a few moments, dead. Fevronia was kept alive, for the two Tartar chiefs, Bedyai and Burundai, both claimed her as their booty. Gregory, too, was kept alive. He was forced to be a traitor to his city, to be the guide to Great Kitesh. From such a task his soul revolted, but the threat of torture overcame him.

Characters in the order of their appearance

BEAR LEADER	Tenor
GREGORY KOUTIERMA	Tenor
FEVRONIA	Soprano
BEDYAI	Bass
BURUNDAI	Bass
TOWNSFOLK OF LITTLE KITESH }	Chorus
TARTARS }	

(The city of Kitesh Minor on the left bank of the Volga River. The public square. Crowds of people are waiting for the bridal train. A bear leader plays his fife and shows to the public his trained bear. Peasants, men and women and children, gather round him.)

BEAR LEADER

Michael bear, come, do some tricks; show to all what you can do.

Show us how the bell ringer walks to church with leaden pace,

Leaning on his heavy stick, moving slowly, old and weak.

(The bear wobbles from side to side, leaning on a crutch. The people laugh.

The bear leader plays his fife.)

Show us now, my Michael bear, show some other tricks you know.

How the church bell ringer runs quickly down the flight of steps

From the belfry to the ground; like a youth he homeward goes.

(The bear runs around. The people laugh. The bear leader plays his fife.)

FIRST NOBLEMAN

Have you noticed how the common people play?

SECOND NOBLEMAN

Yes, how noisy is the crowd today!

Each one thinks himself the prince's equal

By his marriage with a maid of common birth.

FIRST NOBLEMAN

Through this marriage with the maid he chose

All the ladies of the royal city,

In their pride, refuse to greet the bride.

SECOND NOBLEMAN

She was not of noble parents born.

(Gregory Koutierma is kicked out of the saloon.)

Do you see the drunkard Gregory?

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

FIRST NOBLEMAN

Look, how happy and how gay he is!
(KOUTIERMA, *realizing where he is, goes to center of stage.*)

KOUTIERMA

Gentlemen, I care not for your vaunted rights.

Rev'lers we, free of work, have we worries none.

No one has ever made us work for him.

Slaves of no gentlemen shall we ever be.

If you give us good wine, we your rulers will be;

If you give us some food, we your servants will be.

THE NOBLEMEN

Though we never give a beggar money,
We will ne'er refuse a drinking man.

Go you quickly to your inn, my man,

Drink there all the wine you can,

Sing in honor of the bride to be,

Toast the lady fair in couplets gay.

(*They give KOUTIERMA some silver; he thanks them.*)

BEGGARS (*to the noblemen, plaintively*)

Sirs, be good to us we pray thee,

Hungry, penniless are we.

Give us alms for food and shelter,

Poor and helpless now are we.

For your kindness God will send you

Joy and happiness supreme,

And your souls will He protect

Both here on earth and in Heaven.

KOUTIERMA

Ask of me some alms, my friends,

You will see your wishes all fulfilled.

BEGGARS

Hateful drunkard, go away from us!

KOUTIERMA

What becomes of us we trouble not,

We are used to pain and suffering;

By misfortune were we born on earth,

In our life we never any pleasures know.

Fortune smiles on us in every way,
Wine has taught us how on this earth to live,

Showed us life without pain and worldly cares,

Even lacking money we live joyfully.

Money have we none to buy some food,
But to buy some vodka, we will have enough.

Let us spend all we have on drink,
There's no shame if we are wearing rags.

(*The beggars bow to the passers-by; no one pays any attention to them.*)

BEGGARS

We are hungry, give us alms, for the sake of heaven.

Help us get to the holy city Kitesh,

There they'll give us food and drink and lodging.

KOUTIERMA (*dancing as he sings*)

Here for all is holiday, ev'ry one must be gay

Dancing brooms and barrels make fantastic gesture.

From the marshes far and wide, comes the carriage of our bride;

Walking by her side her retinue protects her.

For her wedding cloak today she wears one that's made of rats,

And her dress, so funny, hardly holds together.

PEOPLE (*pushing KOUTIERMA; try to silence him*)

Drunkard, get away from here!

On your way, and don't dare return!

Chase him, brothers, make him feel his shame.

Do not let the princess hear his name.

(*From a distance bells are heard. The people become silent and attentive.*)

SIXTH CONCERT

Hark, the music, this way comes the
bride.

Bells are sounding in the bridal train;
From the hill the carriage swiftly rolls.
Of the carriage they are careful,
Bearing such a precious burden.
It is made of wood, fine and delicate,
Rich with ornament and with glistening
gilt.

Comes this way our princess, beautiful.

*(Three carriages, each drawn by three
horses, appear. In the first are musi-
cians; in the second are guests; in the
third, FEVRONIA with her brother. The
people bar the path of the bridal train
with ribbons.)*

Let us all a passage bar for them,
Without tribute shall they not pass on.
Rich noblemen, tribute you shall pay,
Silver we must have for your passage
free.

BEGGARS

Where are you Damian, gold and sil-
versmith?
You and holy saints, forge a band that's
strong;
Make a wedding ring for the bride and
groom.
Solid must it be and without a flaw.

PEOPLE

Many people we, near the carriage see,
Quite unknown are they, chase them
all away.

POYAROK

God has sent us here, you we do not
fear;
We bring the princess, sing now her
praises.

PEOPLE

Blessed day for you, dear princess,
May our Saviour kind,
Grant to you this day eternal joy.
See how beautiful the princess is,
Like an angel child to look upon.

NOBLEMEN

See how plain the princess is,
How could one so plain our ruler be!

PEOPLE

Hail! all hail our princess!
You, our sister, were of lowly birth,
Now a queen you are, blessed be your
reign.
Now we bow to you, off'ring our vows,
May the Lord protect you, blessed
queen!

*(The drunken KOUTIERMA tries to force
his way through the crowd, but is pushed
back. FEVRONIA sees this.)*

Here you are again! Be gone!
Now then, go as quickly as you can.

FEVRONIA

May I ask why you annoy this man?

PEOPLE

He is Gregory, the hateful drunken
wretch.

POYAROK

Do not listen to the drunkard, for we
are not allowed to talk to him.

FEVRONIA

Brothers, be more kind to him, the
fallen.
Sin no more before Almighty God!
Have no fear of me, poor Gregory.

KOUTIERMA *(arrogantly)*

Humbly I salute your majesty.
Be not proud though fortune smiles on
you.
Though a princess you are soon to be,
We shall not forget your lowly birth.

- - - - -
Mark my words and don't forget!
There'll come a day when you'll be
poor and hungry, just as I.
Then to me, the drunkard, you will
come asking alms, and you I'll not
deny.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

PEOPLE

Silent be, you wretched drunkard, stop!
Go from here! You must cease your
talk.

POYAROK

Let us celebrate the day, strike the in-
struments and sing a song that's
gay.

GIRLS *(to the accompaniment of musi- cians playing guitars)*

Like the wind, speeding horses run
madly over plains

Covered deep with crisp white snow,
Drawing sleighs, three in number,
gayly bedecked

As speed they to the capital.

Play louder, musicians, and greet our
princess!

In the first sleigh sit cymbal players,
And in the second, a swarm of honey-
bees.

In the third rides our princess lovely
and fair,

Our beautiful Fevronia.

Sing praises to beautiful and charming
Fevronia!

(Trumpets are heard in the distance.)

Here is strong vodka with some ripe
wheat for you.

*(Girls together, approach the princess and
throw on her grains of wheat.)*

The wheat bringeth you prosperity,
And the vodka will make your wedding
gay.

*(Sounds of trumpets—nearer. The sing-
ing stops.)*

MEN

Silence, brothers, hear the distant
trumpets.

Horses neigh, infernal noise arises.

What is happ'ning? Hear the women
scream!

Clouds of smoke to the skies are rising.

PEOPLE

Over us is impending a misfortune un-
ending,

For our sins we must perish; hope for
mercy we cherish.

On us suddenly falling is an enemy
fearful

Comes he here without warning, dire
misfortune o'ertakes us.

All unknown rides he hither, flames
ascend as he passes,

With the sword wreaks he vengeance,
pitiless, without mercy.

Brutal warfare, wanton murder is on
us all.

The barbarians approaching in their
rage are destroying

Homes of peasants and princes, leaving
naught in their pillage.

Ev'ryone here will perish, we have no
hope for mercy.

Demons wild and bloodthirsty, ravaging
and destroying

Holy churches and altars, ev'rything
that is growing,

In their fierce rage and passion, take
they women and children.

What misfortune comes to us in this
enemy!

For our sins we are praying, we can
hope for no mercy.

Ev'ryone here will perish, frightful
death is upon us.

Vain is hope for deliv'rance.

Here they come, they'll soon reach us,
mountains, trees, lend us shelter!

Here they come, swift approaching,
lurid light from their torches

Gleams upon earth and heaven.

Run who can, they're upon us. Save
us, Mary, from murder,

Save us, God, in this frightful hour!
Ah!

*(Tartars appear in bright garments. The
people in a panic run away and hide*

SIXTH CONCERT

themselves wherever possible. The Tartars pursue the frightened people and kill them. Several Tartars are dragging

FEVRONIA.)

TARTARS

Hay-da, Hay! (*shrieking*)

(Two Tartar chiefs, Burundai and Bedyai, make their appearance.)

BEDYAI

Be pitiless and kill the women!

BURUNDAI (*pointing to FEVRONIA*)

There are not in the steppes such beauties.

(The chiefs stop their horses and get down.)

BEDYAI

Quite rich, we've heard, is Kitesh Major.

BURUNDAI

It has two score of churches holy;
Silver and gold are in abundance.

BEDYAI

And as to pearls, one cannot count them.

TARTARS (*dragging in the frightened KOUTIERMA*)

Hay-da, Hay!

BEDYAI

Ha, ha, here's one who is still living.

KOUTIERMA

Pity have on me, oh Tartar princes,
merciful and kind rulers.

What can be the good to you, kind sirs,
of a drunkard such as I now am.

BURUNDAI

You are wrong, we need you very much.

BEDYAI

You shall live and have great riches,
too,

BOTH

If a service you will render us
And will lead us all to Kitesh soon,
By a pathway which you alone know,
Crossing rivers swift and forest dark.
We are lost in desert Russia, here.

FEVRONIA (*to KOUTIERMA*)

Don't give in, oh Grisha, don't give in!

BEDYAI (*threatening her*)

Silent be, my beauty, hold your tongue!

KOUTIERMA (*in extreme agitation; aside*)

Oh temptation, demon treacherous,
You are showing me a way to wealth,
Shameless and unscrupulous you are.
Holy Kitesh to the foe betray?
Judas did no more when Christ he sold.
Even though the blackest knave am I
Never such a traitor shall I be.

BURUNDAI

You hesitate? You won't consent?

BEDYAI

If you don't lead us, you will soon
regret.
He is silent.

BURUNDAI

Take him away and hang him.

TARTARS (*in a group, throw themselves on KOUTIERMA*)

Hay-da! Hay!

KOUTIERMA

Wait a while, Oh godless creatures,
wait.

(With distress) I'm afraid.

(In despair, with decision) I will obey
you.

I will lead you cruel enemies,
Though forever I will cursed be.
And the memory of me will be
Like the one of Judas: Cursed by all.

TARTARS (*with gleeful laughter*)

Ha! Ha! Ha!

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

BEDYAI and BURUNDAI

At last! To Kitesh, soldiers faithful.

TARTARS

Death, destruction we to Russia bring.

As the flames accursed

From palace tower

We will cry out with joy

At Kitesh's shame.

Old and young we kill

In heartless glee;

Of young men we

Will soldiers make.

(The chiefs remount their horses and depart; the crowd gradually disperses.

FEVRONIA and her guard remain on the stage. Some of the guard are preparing the carriage for FEVRONIA.)

FEVRONIA *(praying)*

Holy Virgin, conceal from them our dear Kitesh.

God, in thy mercy, protect the innocent.

(She is dragged to the carriage. Trumpet calls in the distance.)

ACT III, Scene 1

In the Sacred City of Great Kitesh, before the cathedral, were assembled all the inhabitants. The Saint-King, Jury, stood before them, at the top of the steps leading to the great doorway.

There came slowly through the crowd, Poyarok, Chief Huntsman, he who, in the forest, had first told Fevronia the name of her promised husband, who had led the escort of her carriage as she passed through the streets of Little Kitesh, and who had in vain attempted her defense from the Tartars. Poyarok, now blinded by the malicious enemy, fell at the feet of Prince Vsevolod, his young master, and told him of the tragic happenings of the day.

"And Fevronia, what of her?" feverishly asks the young Prince. "She is a traitor," said Poyarok. "Even now she leads the enemy hither."

Broken hearted, the Prince resolved to atone for the betrayal, and begged his father to give him and his companions leave to take the field against the enemies of their race and faith—leave to die in battle if need be.

King Jury blessed the young men and they departed.

Then as the old King exhorted his people to prayer, there happened a miracle. The Sacred City was wrapped in a golden mist and was carried up to Paradise, leaving only a great flaming cross of light to mark the place where once it had stood.

Characters in the order of their appearance

POYAROK	Baritone
VSEVOLOD	Tenor
KING JURY	Bass
A YOUTH	Mezzo-Soprano
PEOPLE OF GREAT KITESH	Chorus

(Kitesh Major. Midnight. Armed people, young and old, gather near the Cathedral. In the center are KING JURY and PRINCE VSEVOLOD surrounded by their warriors. People gather around POYAROK, who holds the hand of THE YOUTH.)

POYAROK

Where am I? Are you friends from Kitesh?

PEOPLE

You are welcome here, dear friend, Poyarok.

SIXTH CONCERT

POYAROK

I must find Jury the King, and his son.
I beg of you conduct me to them.

PEOPLE

Feodor, both are standing there before
you.

POYAROK

Mine eyes no more see the light of day.

VSEVOLOD

Feodor! Are you blind?

POYAROK

Yes, I am.

PEOPLE

Lord, on us have pity. Pray tell us
who did it?

Feodor, what a great misfortune,
Tell us quickly what has happened.

POYAROK

Mark ye well these words, my noble
Christians.

Suddenly the earth was rent in twain,
and forth came a cruel enemy.

Like a horde they fell upon us all,
They were demons, they were furious
brutes.

Each was brandishing a gleaming
sword,

Led in battle by their savage Czar.

PEOPLE

Noble Feodor, all too slowly you re-
late the conflict.

We are so impatient, we must know
how large the army is.

POYAROK

Just how large it is I do not know,
But the noise of rumbling carts,
And the din of horses neighing
fills the air with fearful, dire, fore-
boding sounds.

And the steam from these horses
Hides the bright sun and makes it dark
to all.

PEOPLE

Why do we deserve your anger,
Heaven?

Why must we in innocence be pun-
ished?

Why are sent upon us cruel fighters?
Woe! Feodor, do not speak so slowly.
Tell us quickly everything that's hap-
pened.

Tell us what befell our Kitesh Minor.

POYAROK

By the enemy it was defeated,
And not finding there the King, your
father,

They went wild and furious, the bar-
barians.

Tortures they inflicted on the people
Seeking from them the way to Kitesh
Major.

And in silence did the people bear the
suffering.

PEOPLE

God of mercy, save our Kitesh Major.

POYAROK

But alas! there was a weakling man
Who could not withstand the tortures
longer,

So to Czar Betay he showed the way
here.

PEOPLE

Woe to you accursed traitor, Judas!
Cursed shalt thou be from now for-
ever!

VSEVOLOD

Tell us, Feodor, don't delay the answer
longer.

Speak the truth. The princess liveth?

POYAROK

Yes, alas! 'Twere better were she
dead.

VSEVOLOD

Was she thrown in jail, deprived of
freedom?

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

POYAROK

May the Lord forgive her for her sin.
Innocent she is, though like a traitor
Now the cruel enemy she leads to
Kitesh.

VSEVOLOD

This can't be true! A black misfortune strikes me.

POYAROK

As for me, a long time was I tortured,
Then after blinding me, they sent me
here

Charged to give the King this frightful
message:

"Death, destruction we to Kitesh bring!
To the ground we soon will level all.
And your churches we will give to
flame.

Old and young we heartlessly will kill.
Of the young men we will captives
make;

Later forcing them our soldiers to be.
Pretty maidens will we take with us,
Leading captive to the far off East.
To believe in Christ we will forbid;
Christianity we banish.

We will make them worship at our
shrines

And believe in Tartars' pagan gods."

PEOPLE

Oh how horrible the future seems.
Linked with Satan is our enemy.

KING JURY

Oh glory and riches—how vain thou
art.

How short is our life in the world here
on earth.

How quickly the brief hours of life
do pass.

Our coffins stand open awaiting us.
To Heaven our souls upward fly in
death,
Before God Almighty in judgment
stand.

Our bones will be laid in the earth so
deep,

Our flesh by the worms will be eaten
clean.

And where will our riches and glory
be?

Oh Kitesh, fair city, my pride, my joy,

Oh Kitesh, of cities most beautiful,

For this did I build you and make you
so strong

And set you apart in the forest vast?

In my pride, often thought I to myself:

"Forever is this city built,

A refuge and shelter in time of storm
For all who are suff'ring and sore dis-
tressed."

Kitesh, what is thy destiny!

You, my boy, the youngest here,

To the tower of the church you must
climb,

And from there survey the distant re-
gions 'round,

And tell us whether God sends us a
sign.

(THE YOUTH *climbs to the tower and
looks 'round him.*)

PEOPLE

KING JURY

POYAROK

Holy Virgin, for thy mercy pray we;
Pity have on thy poor suff'ring chil-
dren.

Save us from our cruel enemies, we
pray.

THE YOUTH

In great clouds the dust is rising;
Thick it is and hides the light of the
sun.

Horses madly run along the road,
From all sides, upon us come wild
hordes.

And their flags are flutt'ring in the
wind,

And their swords of steel so brightly
shine.

SIXTH CONCERT

KING JURY

Terrible must be your anger, God!
To our capital the end has come,
And to us an early and cruel death.
Brothers, pray to Holy Virgin Mary,
To the patroness of Kitesh.

ALL

Holy Virgin, for thy mercy we pray,
Pity have on thy poor suffering children.

Save us from our cruel enemies.

THE YOUTH

I see the ruins of Kitesh—
From the churches are the crosses
gone—
Tartar flags are flying everywhere.

KING JURY

What destruction hath the Tartar
wrought?
Heavy taxes will impose on us.
Shame like this is worse than death
to us.
(*To the people*) Lift again your
voices in supplication
Bow your heads in prayer to Virgin
Mary,
Blessed Queen of Heaven, we pray
thy mercy!

PEOPLE

Holy Virgin, for thy mercy we pray.
Queen of Heaven from thy throne
Look down on thy poor suffering children.
Cover with thy veil and make unseen
our city;
Under thy protection take our Kitesh;
May thine angels white descend upon
us.

THE YOUTH

What is the peculiar fog I see rising
over clear and deep Lake Jar?

KING JURY

Oh, may God a miracle achieve;
From the foe conceal our Kitesh dear.

VSEVOLOD

You, my faithful valiant warriors,
bold!
Do you wish to die like cowards here?
Hiding timidly beneath the walls,
Or with valor face the enemy?
Let us fight for Christianity;
Face to face we meet the pagan foe,
Side by side we march, in battle strong,
For the Russian faith we all will die.

WARRIORS

Noble prince we shall follow where you
will lead.

VSEVOLOD

Ere we go, King, give to us your
blessing.

KING JURY

May your death be glorious, my children.
Vsevolod, my son, will lead in battle.

VSEVOLOD and

WARRIORS (*the warriors take leave of
their wives and depart, singing*)
Onward we go, fighting the foe,
Soldiers of Russia, valiant, bold,
Rising to quench the pagan flames.
For aid divine this day we pray,
Grant victory o'er Tartar foe (*de-
parting*)

(*A light fog with golden reflections de-
scends from the sky. Transparent in the
beginning, it gets thicker and thicker.*)

THE WIVES

Sisters, death is near us, stalks the
specter nearer.
As they leave for battle, may we give
our blessing.
Brothers, a heavenly omen!

Hark, the bells are ringing.
Listen to the rustle of the wings of
angels
They are flying 'round to guard our
Holy Kitesh.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

THE YOUTH

Before my eyes there falls over Kitesh
a shroud.

KING JURY

Like an incense smoke from Heaven
descends on Kitesh now.

THE WIVES

Wonder! Look you yonder, Kitesh
clothed in light!

ALL

Miracle descending! Whence it comes
we know not.

Is it death or life anew?
Glory to our Saviour.

Sing ye loud Hosannas to our blessed
Saviour

Holy bells resounding, promise the aid
of Heaven.

*(Everything is being covered with a
golden fog.)*

ACT III, Scene 2

(Omitted at this performance)

In the battle, Vsevolod and his men were killed.

The Tartars camped for the night beside the Lake Jar, opposite the site of Great Kitesh—led thither by Gregory, whom they now tied to a tree.

Strife broke out between the two chiefs, Bedyai and Burundai, each of whom claimed the captive Fevronia, and Bedyai was killed.

Whilst all were sleeping, Gregory, maddened by the Bells of Great Kitesh, which, in his evil conscience, he heard incessantly, called to Fevronia. He confessed both that he had led the Tartars and had spread the rumor that Fevronia had done so. She reproached him with his treachery. He pleaded that he was no intentional evil doer, but only a poor weakling. Fevronia, overcome with pity, freed him. He rushed away, but as he reached the bank of the Lake Jar, stood still with amazement. Great Kitesh had vanished, but in its place, reflected in the smooth water of the lake, was its image. And always he heard the bells—Easter bells, pealing from the clouds.

He rushed to Fevronia, and, seizing her hand, dragged her off into the forest.

The Tartars awoke, and seeing reflection where there was nothing to be reflected, and hearing echo where there was nothing to be echoed, dispersed in terror.

ACT IV, Scene 1

Footsore and wearied, Fevronia sank down on the fallen trunk of a tree. Her companion, Gregory, mad with terror, saw figures everywhere—pursuing goblins and devils. In penitence he dropped at Fevronia's feet and begged her to teach him to pray. Then he fancied he saw some horrible form approaching, and, terror-stricken, rushed away, leaving Fevronia alone.

In bodily and mental exhaustion, Fevronia dropped into unconsciousness. Then Flowers of Paradise grew up around her and Birds of Paradise began to sing the promise of eternal bliss. The spirit of the Prince, her betrothed, approached, and led her amidst rejoicing crowds, into the now heavenly city of Great Kitesh.

Characters in the order of their appearance

FEVRONIASoprano
KOUTIERMATenor
THE SPIRIT OF PRINCE VSEVOLODTenor
VOICE OF SIRIN, *Angel Bird of Paradise*Soprano

SIXTH CONCERT

(A dark night. A thick forest. A pine tree, uprooted, lies across the path. FEVRONIA, making her way through thick bushes, appears in a torn dress. Exhausted, she sits on the trunk of the uprooted tree.)

FEVRONIA

Gregory, I can walk no farther;
From exhaustion I can hardly move.
Weariness has now come over me.

KOUTIERMA

See how lucky we have been today.
From beside a muddy lake we've come
To the palace of a noble prince,
And how famous you've become, princess.
What a pity you are like a frog! Ha!
Ha! Ha!

FEVRONIA

Don't be foolish. Come to your senses.
You must now repent of former sins.

KOUTIERMA

Stop berating me for all my sins!
I am sinless. I was often helpful to
God;
As doorkeeper of Paradise
I was very gentle with the souls;
Saints I made of ev'ry one of them,
And I sent them all to Jesus Christ.

FEVRONIA

Grisha, Grisha, do not speak such
words.
Weep, if tears you have.
Be not afraid!

KOUTIERMA

Ah! I weep for poor old Gregory.
Only those can happily live here,
Who are cunning and are hypocrites.
They can say to their obedient hearts:
Though you are moved by pain and
grief
Do not let the others find it out,
And pretend that you are very good,

And that you love others except your-
self,
That all poor and beggars are your
friends.
Lord, have mercy on poor Gregory!

FEVRONIA

Then to Paradise all will go.
Send some love and pity to his heart,
Give him tears of anguish, Father God!

KOUTIERMA

Be not angry with me, princess. Thank
you.

(Almost in a whisper.)

Let us pray together if you wish it,
Only not to Him, we must not touch
Him,
Must not look at Him, for we will be
blinded.

I shall worship at the shrine of old.

(Pleading with her childishly.)

Won't you show me how to make a
prayer?

Teach me, princess, how to pray to
Mother Earth.

FEVRONIA

Yes, I will with pleasure, Gregory.

Listen, then, and repeat after me:

(Koutierma falls on his knees.)

"Mother Earth, hear my prayer,
Mother merciful,

Nourish all thy children, mother both
the good and bad.

Make a long and wide stream of my
bitter tears,

Let this stream overflow upon you,
black earth.

It will wash and will cleanse you till
you become pure white."

On this field cleansed and beautified,
white like clean new snow

We shall sow with our prayers a new
fertile seed.

On this field now will grow flowers
of Paradise,

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

Covering with a mantle, you, our
Mother Earth.

KOUTIERMA (*fearfully*)

Ah! Who is that sitting near you,
princess dear?

Frightful, gloomy, and ugly is he.
Flame and smoke are coming from his
mouth,

Like a fire of charcoal burn his eyes.
Steaming breath is coming from his
throat,

Burning up the branches and the leaves.
(*Jumps up with a start.*)

Mighty Lord, be merciful to us.
On thy faithful servant have pity.
Would you like me to amuse you, sir?
Shall I dance or jump or play the fife?
(*He dances and whistles madly.*)

Ay lulee, he was born, ay lulee
He lives in us, frightful monster,
seven-headed monster.

Ay lulee, and his wife, ay lulee
Is with him, wicked, malicious; nude
she is and shameless,

Ay lulee, fill my glass, give me strong
wine.

Ay lulee, now I drink, here's to your
health.

(*He whistles; in a mad panic.*)

Heaven! Hide me, princess, I'm afraid.
Shield me, hide me from this awful
sight!

(*He rushes to FEVRONIA, hides his head
on her bosom, and is quiet for a while.*)

KOUTIERMA

More serene and calm your soul ap-
pears.

Like an open book 'tis clear to me:
Animosity I see in it.

Here it is. There comes the frightful
demon!

From his eyes that look so straight on
me

Out come long shining streaks of
flame,

Like those long sharp swords of burn-
ing steel

Pierce and burn the heart of Gregory.
Where to run? Where can I hide my-
self? Ah!

(*He runs away, uttering a cry.*)

FEVRONIA (*alone*)

Gregory . . . Where are you? I'm
alone.

(*Stretches herself out on the grass.*)

How well I feel when lying down,
All my weariness goes quickly from
me.

And the earth is rocking me so gently
Like a mother rocks to sleep her baby.
By-by- fall asleep, sleep, my darling
jewel, mine,

By-u By-u, sleep my baby, sweetly in
your mother's arms.

(*On the branches of the trees, candles
light themselves. On the trees and
ground numerous flowers of exceptional
beauty spring up.*)

How beautiful these flowers are!

Never have I seen the like before.

Gilded, sparkling, in the light of the
sun,

In the breezes, wave their little heads.
Many say that birds of paradise

On their wings do sometimes bring to
us

From paradise precious seeds for the
garden beautiful on earth.

Oh, you flowers from the other world,
On the earth you will immortal be.

What a mystery, how you can grow
In the ground so full of crime and
woe!

Strange it seems, I know not whence
this breeze so refreshing to my
soul has come.

How delicious has the air become.

Ev'ry breath I draw is ecstasy.

Perfumes delicate from flowers rise
Like a balm they cure my languid soul,
To my weary heart they bring relief.

SIXTH CONCERT

Deeper, deeper, drink, my thirsty soul!
How beautiful these flowers are.
They are gilded, they are sparkling, all.
They surround me like a colored ring,
And by nodding with their little heads
They are bowing to me lovingly,
They are greeting me respectfully.
Oh, my little flowers, beautiful,
From paradise you were sent to me.
How great is this honor to me,
I am nothing but an orphan maid.
Has the spring come back again to us?

Swiftly all the brooks begin to flow
All the trees bedeck themselves anew
Like some boyar bride for her fiancé.
To the woods the birds return again.
Bringing happiness in songs so gay.

VOICE OF THE ALKONOST

Strengthen yourself with hope;
Courage you must find in faith.
All your pain will pass;
Time will cure your grief.

Patient be, Fevronia, to your soul re-
pose will come.

FEVRONIA

Who are you, kind voice, unknown to
me?
Are you woman or prophetic bird?

ALKONOST

I am called the Alkonost, Bird of
Paradise am I.
He who hears my song very soon will
die.

FEVRONIA

Words like those don't frighten me,
my bird!
After I have seen so much in life.
Of death no longer am I afraid,
And to leave this earth gives me no
regret.
Flowers growing in the field,
Fain would I gather you, and make a
queenly wreath.

Many buds I need, blossoms and fresh
green leaves,
For I wish to make of you a wreath.
For the last time I will fix my hair,
Like a bride will I adorn myself;
In my hands I'll hold the wreath
And with joy will my death await.

Come, oh Death, I gladly welcome you,
Come, my guest, I am awaiting you.
Take me to the place I long to see,
Where my beloved now reposes.

*(From the depths of the glade the ghost
of PRINCE VSEVOLOD, surrounded by a
golden halo, moves slowly above the
flowers, scarcely touching the ground
with his feet.)*

FEVRONIA

It is you, my prince beloved?
Is it you who art my fondest love?
Is it you for whom I mourned so long,
Did you hear me and come back to me?
Quickly tell me what your name may
be,
If you are not Prince Vsevolod.

GHOST OF THE PRINCE

I am he, the bridegroom you awaited.
I return to you again.

FEVRONIA

You, alive and safe before my eyes!
Show me quickly all your forty wounds
that are causing you to suffer so.
I will wash them with tears of joy,
and with my kisses will heal them
all.

GHOST OF THE PRINCE

In the fields, I lay there dying,
Forty wounds were on my body.
It was so, but is no longer.
Back to life I have returned.

BOTH

Bliss ineffable descends on us.
Never shall we parted be again.
We forever will together be.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

Even death shall not us separate;
We are joined in love for eternity.

FEVRONIA

Look at your Fevronia,
With your eyes so full of love.

GHOST OF THE PRINCE

Oh, Fevronia, beloved, pure and radiant
bride you are.
How wondrous and fair you are.
I am enraptured to see you again, how
clear is your lovely voice to me!

FEVRONIA

How I love your handsome eyes, full
of love and joy they are,
Joy of another world they are.
You are from Heaven sent, leave me
not again.
Speak to me, my prince, my love;
speak to me again.
Plight our troth anew.
Fill me with the love of life, inspire
me to live again
To my weary heart give strength and
hope.

GHOST OF THE PRINCE

As the morning dew is clear on flowers
and on the grass
So are clear your tears, Fevronia.

VOICE OF THE SIRIN (*behind the scenes*)

Your beloved has come, quickly bring
him some wine,
Get ready for the festival.

FEVRONIA

Who are you, kind voice, unknown to
me?
Are you woman or prophetic bird?

VOICE OF THE SIRIN

Bird of Paradise, bird of happiness.
He to whom I sing will forever live.

GHOST OF THE PRINCE

Learn to understand, Fevronia, what
this bird so wise foretells to you.

God will send us joy more plentiful
than we ever knew before.

He will send us peace and happiness,
life with you will Heaven be.

Weary, hungry, frightened, you must
be with all that you have lived
through.

Take this bread and eat to strengthen
yourself, for a long journey awaits
us.

(*He gives FEVRONIA a piece of bread.*)

You who have tasted of our holy bread
will know eternal happiness.

FEVRONIA (*throwing the crumbs on the
ground*)

That's enough! These crumbs that
now remain I will give to you,
my little birds.

For the final time I feed you here.
(*Fervently*) Gentle Lord, receive your
humble servant;

Under your protection take her, Lord.
(*Holding hands they slowly go away,
slightly touching the ground with their
feet. They disappear.*)

TRANSITION TO SCENE II

(*The Ascension to the Invisible City.
Chimes of the Assumption. Birds of
Paradise sing. Behind the scenes a bell
rings. Voices of the birds of Paradise
behind the scenes.*)

SIRIN

God has promised once to all those who
are good: "Children, for you I
create all anew. I prepare for
you a new crystal sky, I will give
to you a new fertile land." A new
kingdom bright has He brought to
light. An invisible city comes to
life. Mystic lights from starry
heavens shine.

ALKNOST

Promised He sweet repose to all those
who are in pain.

SIXTH CONCERT

God has promised all this to those who are good.
 So He said: "Now these words are coming true."

Oh rejoice, here you will find consolation for all your earthly cares and new happiness, joy and peace of God reigns within your hearts.

ACT IV, Scene 2

King Jury and his people, all blessed spirits, lived now in light and heavenly joy. Vsevolod and Fevronia entered the city, and to the Priest-King the Prince led his Bride.

The King blessed them, the Angels sang anthems, and Birds of Paradise joined their voices therein. The gates of the Inner Sanctuary slowly opened, showing that glory of Heaven which is about the feet of God.

Characters in the order of their appearance

SIRIN	}	<i>Angel Birds of Paradise</i>	{	<i>Soprano</i>
ALKONOST				<i>Alto</i>
PRINCESS FEVRONIA				<i>Soprano</i>
PRINCE VSEVOLOD				<i>Tenor</i>
KING JURY				<i>Bass</i>
PEOPLE OF THE HEAVENLY CITY OF KITESH, AND ANGELS.....				<i>Chorus</i>

(The clouds disperse. The City of Kitesh miraculously transformed. The Cathedral of the Assumption and the palace of KING JURY. A lion and a unicorn watch the entrance to the palace. SIRIN and ALKONOST sing on the belfries. A crowd dressed in white garments holding flowers and lighted candles; among them POYAROK, who has recovered his sight, and THE YOUTH, his former leader.)

BIRDS OF PARADISE

Gates are open wide, gates of Paradise,
 And through them you will pass to eternity.

PEOPLE *(all bow to FEVRONIA and VSEVOLOD, who enter through the gates; FEVRONIA wears a garment of dazzling colors)*

To this place we bid you welcome, Princess.

FEVRONIA *(dazzled by all that she sees, she walks back and forth on the square, looks at everything, clasps her hands in admiration)*

Here I am in Paradise. Oh wonder!

Entrance doors, the palaces, the houses are with sapphires all ablaze.

(The people surround the young Prince and FEVRONIA. Accompanied by musicians they start a bridal song, throwing flowers at their feet.)

PEOPLE

Like a cloud, glistening in the sky, walks Fevronia to the Prince beloved;

On the soft grassy carpet speckled with bright spring flowers that are immortal.

Play louder, musicians, greet our Princess.

FEVRONIA

Listen to the wedding song, whose wedding is it?

VSEVOLOD

It is yours and mine, dear.

PEOPLE

Let us now spray her with some incense, and then asperse her with holy water

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

So that she may forget her sorrow and
grief and live again in perfect
peace.

VSEVOLOD

Look, there comes my reverend father
here.

(KING JURY *appears at the porch of the
palace.*)

KING JURY

Peace forever be with you, my daugh-
ter.

FEVRONIA (*bowing on all sides to the
crowd*)

I salute you all, good righteous people,
And to you I bow, oh father dear;
Do not severely judge an orphan,
For simplicity do not reproach me,
And accept me in your blessed lodging.
Don't refuse, I pray, your love and
friendship.

Oh I beg you, father, tell the truth to
me:

Do I dream or am I living here?

KING JURY

What was once a dream becomes real-
ity,
You are living now, and dream no
more.

FEVRONIA

Oh, explain to me this wonder, pray.
Evening fell as from the woods I came,
And no time at all has passed.
I am blinded by the daylight here,
Where the sun shineth so bright and
clear.

Tell me whence this dazzling light
comes from,

Why the sky so radiant glistens here?
Now it's white, now azure blue so
deep;

Now it is turning to crimson red.

KING JURY and VSEVOLOD

We have always had this dazzling
light,

For the prayers of just and righteous
men,

Visibly departing from their lips

Like some fiery pillar rise to the sky.

SIRIN, ALKONOST,

VSEVOLOD, JURY

Candles need we none to read our
books, and just like the sun this
light warms us.

FEVRONIA

Why are all your garments sparkling
white?

Like the snow before the vernal sun
Do they sparkle, gleam, and scintillate
With a light that hurts my weary eyes.

YOUTH, VSEVOLOD,

POYAROK, JURY

All our garments are so sparkling
white,

Like the snow, et cetera.

PEOPLE

God Almighty will protect you.

Come and live with us forever,

Welcome to this bright city

Where there are no tears or sorrow.

Happiness reigns here eternal.

Glory! Glory!

FEVRONIA

All unworthy am I of the happiness
bestowed upon me.

Deep within my humble heart I hold
a love for those who suffer.

SIRIN, ALKONOST,

VSEVOLOD, JURY

You presented God Almighty with
three gifts unique and humble:

The humility of the angels,

Love for those who pain have suffered,

Pity for all human beings.

PEOPLE

God Almighty will protect you.

Come and live with us forever, et
cetera.

SIXTH CONCERT

VSEVOLOD

Now my bride to be, Fevronia,
Let us journey to the holy church
And united be for eternity.

FEVRONIA

Blessed hour of bliss supreme.
In the woods remains poor Gregory.
Weak is he in spirit and in health,
Like a baby he is in mind,
Could we bring him here to be with us?

KING JURY

Gregory's heart is not yet purified,
He has not yet felt the thirst of love.

FEVRONIA

Oh if only I could write to him—
To console him with a message brief,
And some peace bring to his weary
heart.

KING JURY

It shall be, and Feodor will write it,
This boy will carry it to him.
Over Russia let the word go forth, of
a miracle accomplished here.

*(POYAROK puts a long roll of parchment
on the balustrade of the porch and pre-
pares to write. FEVRONIA, KING JURY,
and PRINCE VSEVOLOD are at his side.)*

FEVRONIA (to POYAROK)

Now write. I'll try to speak distinctly
so that you can write correctly.

Gregory, although your mind is weak

. . .
I am writing to you just the same . . .

(POYAROK writes.)

Have you written this?

POYAROK

Precisely that.

FEVRONIA

God has saved our holy Kitesh.
We are living here in abundance, that
a human mind can scarce imagine.
We are happy with a bliss unknown,
We are living in eternal peace.

Alkonost and Sirin, holy birds,
Sing to us songs of joy and love.

(To JURY) Who will come to the
eternal city?

KING JURY

Those who do not cherish vain ambi-
tions,
Those who love above their life, our
Kitesh.

FEVRONIA

Farewell, Grisha, and do not forget us,
Of your sins repent before our Lord.
And sometimes when nights are dark
and shadowy,

If you see the sky all streaked with
crimson

Do not think it is the daybreak.

No, you are seeing prayers to Heaven
rising.

(To the crowd) Do I speak correctly?

THE CHOIR

Yes, dear princess.

FEVRONIA

Sometimes lie upon the ground and
listen

In the silence for the ringing bells,
Then remember, Grisha, that those are
the chimes of Kitesh

Calling the just to pray. . . .

That is all, Poyarok.

POYAROK

It is finished *(gives the roll to THE
YOUTH)*.

FEVRONIA (to PRINCE VSEVOLOD)

I am ready, my beloved.

THE CHOIR

Enter into holy Kitesh.

Here is happiness eternal.

Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory.

*(The doors of the Cathedral open, dis-
playing the interior flooded with an in-
tense light. The curtain falls slowly.)*

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra

Founded by Theodore Thomas in 1891

FREDERICK STOCK, *Conductor*
ERIC DeLAMARTER, *Assistant Conductor*
HENRY E. VOEGELI, *Manager*

Forty-First Season—1931-1932

CONCERTMASTER	Zedeler, N.	Rabe, H.
Mischakoff, M.	Novy, J.	Ulrich, H.
VIOLINS	Felber, H.	CONTRA-BASSOON
Weicher, J. } <i>Principals</i>	Ulrich, H.	Ulrich, H.
Esser, F. }	BASSES	HORNS
Hancock, W.	Jiskra, V., <i>Principal</i>	Lecce, P.
Itte, F.	Houdek, J.	Pottag, M.
Polesny, F.	Parbs, H.	Mourek, J.
Swanson, E.	Krasnapolsky, M.	Erickson, F.
Charbulak, V.	Fahsbender, R.	Johnson, H.
Bramhall, J.	Wemheuer, O.	TRUMPETS
Fantozzi, W.	Kovar, A.	Llewellyn, E.
Martinson, M.	HARP	Masacek, E.
Hand, A.	Vito, J.	Holz, F.
Rink, C.	FLUTES	CORNETS
Goodsell, B.	Liegl, E.	Felber, H.
Morello, C.	Eck, E.	Handke, P.
Barker, O.	Van Vactor, D.	BASS TRUMPET
Silberstein, J.	PICCOLO	Holz, F.
Dolnick, S.	Eck, E.	TROMBONES
Leviton, S.	Van Vactor, D.	Geffert, E.
Finerman, A.	OBOES	Anderson, D.
Bjornson, C.	Mueller, F.	Gunther, A.
Kopp, E.	Ruckle, L.	BASS TUBA
Holz, F.	Napolilli, F.	Hamburg, G.
VIOLAS	ENGLISH HORN	TIMPANI
Evans, C., <i>Principal</i>	Napolilli, F.	Wintrich, M.
Roehrborn, O.	CLARINETS	PERCUSSIONS
Perkins, H.	Lindemann, R.	Metzenger, E.
Fiala, R.	Evenson, S.	Veseley, B.
Linke, C.	Schaller, L.	Kopp, E.
Elson, J.	Busse, A.	LIBRARIAN
VIOLONCELLOS	Parbs, H.	Handke, P.
Saidenberg, D., <i>Principal</i>	BASS CLARINET	BAGGAGE
Brueckner, C.	Schaller, L.	Gaynor, R.
Wagner, R.	BASSOONS	
	Fox, H.	

The University Choral Union

Founded in 1879

EARL V. MOORE, *Conductor*
WILLIAM E. DOTY, *Assistant Conductor*

MABEL ROSS RHEAD, *Pianist*
PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist*
OTTO STAHL, *Librarian*

Fifty-Third Season, 1931-1932

FIRST SOPRANOS

Adams, Alice	Gold, Mabel	Oleksuich, Harriet
Allison, Ruth	Gould, Helen	Park, Dorothy
Arscott, Ethel	Gray, Helen	Paton, Barbara
Arthur, Winifred	Greenshields, Martha	Plassey, Ileen
Backus, Dorothy	Goddard, Marjorie	Reading, Mrs. Lena
Ball, Josephine	Grooters, Jeanne	Reading, Marion
Bateman, Mrs. Theresa	Haefner, Leona	Slate, June
Benjamin, Dorothy	Hertrich, Margaret	Snelling, Geraldine
Bentley, Elizabeth	Jackson, Mrs. Hilda	Spurr, Dorothy
Bentley, Helen	Jamgotchian, Vartanouche	Stevenson, Mrs. Fred
Benz, Margaret	Johnstone, Mrs. John	Swetnam, Margaret
Bradley, Burnette	Jones, Emily	Thurston, Mrs. Jessie
Burke, Margaret	Jones, Gwynneth	Torbeson, Dorothea
Carlton, Jane	Kitchin, Jo E.	Travis, Helen
Chandler, Elizabeth	Lichtenwalter, Leah	Turk, Nathena
Clark, Helen	McClung, Marjorie	Van Loon, Helen
Clugg, Elinor	McKim, Dorothy	Vogel, Ruth Frances
Dickey, Alice	MacLaren, Helen	Wadsworth, Alma
Dixon, Mrs. Alma	Mercer, Mabel	Westveer, Mae
Du Bois, Jeanne	Morrison, Mary	Whitman, Eleanor
Erwin, Vera	Nelson, Alice	Wild, Else
Fuerthmueller, Mrs. R.	Nicolai, Agnes	Ziff, Freda
Gee, Merle		

SECOND SOPRANOS

Backus, Catherine	Dunn, Mary	Gregory, Edith
Barrow, Marian	Eppstein, Elsa	Harriman, Mary
Bunce, Dorothy	Etzgold, Charlotte	Hartz, Linea
Clark, Harriette	Evans, Marguerite	Hawley, Evelyn
Cochran, Marian	Finkbeiner, Pearl	Hayner, C. Irene
Cook, Carolyn	Forsythe, Virginia	Hellina, Dorothy
Cowin, Roxy	Graziger, Lydia	Hertler, Irma

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

Hjertstedt, Elvera
Hoffman, Lucille
Houck, Edna
Hutchings, Mona
Jackson, Katherine
James, Mrs. Belle
Johnson, Vera
Kayser, Elfrieda
Kiel, Helen
Kim, Mary C.
Law, Maureen
Lewis, Thomasene
Lister, Grace
Loucks, Frances
McEachan, Mary
Mann, Eleanor

Martinek, Maretta
Maulbetsch, Arlene
Mikan, Helen
Mohler, Suzanne
Mosher, Caroline
Murphy, Kathleen
Neracher, Jane
Norona, Josephine
Parks, Marilyn
Paulson, Helen
Peck, Dorothy
Peck, Laura
Prochnow, Verna
Rantamaa, Irma
Rathenberg, Jean
Reed, Florence

Reed, Margaret
Santillan, Pura
Sartain, Emma Jane
Schlesinger, Elaine
Schultz, Gladys
Scott, Helen
Sisson, Marie
Smith, Edith
Spaulding, Mary
Stirling, Dorothy
Tupper, Grace
van Landegend, Hope
Walker, Elfreda
Wang, Stella
Wilson, Helen
Wortley, Elinor

FIRST ALTOS

Anderson, Frances
Anderson, Helen
Baikie, Myrtle
Bauer, Mrs. Eva
Boogert, Alyce
Davenport, Dorothea
Davis, Otilie
Eager, Grace
Earnshaw, Mary
Eddy, Hope
Finkbeiner, Marie
Foster, Prudence
Garlick, Thelma
Graziger, Edith
Gram, Helene
Hartweg, Margaret
Hawley, L. Margaret
Howarth, Alice
Huston, Lucile

Jordan, Veronica
Kemp, Dorothy
Kimball, Margaret
Leith, Clara
Lloyd, Helen
Lord, Alice
Lovchuk, Catherine
McClelland, Hedda
Martindale, Margaret
Martindale, Rosamund
May, Marian
Maynard, Maxine
Mendenhall, Elizabeth
Meyer, Mrs. Melita
Moe, Ragnhild
Morrison, Ruth
Oldham, Lucille
Olson, Ada
Patton, Ruth

Phillips, Eleanor
Pike, Gwendolyn
Pray, Ruth
Pulfrey, Margaret
Reisbig, Leah
Robson, Gladys
Salsburg, Virginia
Seitz, Oleta
Smith, M. Elizabeth
Stanton, Ethel
Striediech, Mrs. Helen
Terry, Mary
Tredinnick, Elizabeth
Vander Veen, Augie
Walz, Elizabeth
Woodworth, Mrs. Atta
Yates, M. Anita
Yeagley, Elinor
Zoller, Gwendolyn

SECOND ALTOS

Ball, Mrs. Chas. O.
Bates, Barbara
Carpenter, Kathleen
Chapman, Martha
Clark, Helen
Davidson, Jean
Emerich, Dorothy

Evans, Harvey
Firestone, Mrs. F. A.
Greiner, Mrs. La Von
Halliday, Lois
Heath, Eleanor
Jondro, Margaret
Kemeny, Olga

Kirk, Marjorie
Koover, Mathilda
Krieghoff, Vera
La Rowe, Esther
Leopold, Catherine
Lidy, Anna
McDonald, Margaret

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

McDowall, Mary Ann
Miner, Janet
Mohler, Gladys
Peinert, Ruby

Place, Ellen Sara
Robinson, Barbara
Robinson, Catherine
Ryder, Helen

Steere, Mrs. Dwight
Ward, Virginia
Wilson, Velma

FIRST TENORS

Babcock, Warren
Butts, Stewart
Duncan, Ronald
Field, Shirley
Leib, Emmett
Light, Goddard

Lloyd, Harold
Munger, Willis
Nelson, Carl
Oldt, Elliott
Parker, Kenneth
Pecora, Frank

Ryan, Frank
Sibley, V. H.
Steere, Dwight
Trezise, Dwight
Warner, Raymond

SECOND TENORS

Black, Robert
Catherman, Clair
Conklin, Jack
Conlin, Joseph
Deinzer, Harbey
Erb, C. J.

Hamblin, Arthur
Hogan, Jack
Leisenring, Kenneth
McElwain, Robert
Meyer, Michael
Monndry, Ladimir

Oldt, Leslie
Pearson, Anthony
Siegel, Harry
Steinko, J. Truman
Wright, Charles

FIRST BASS

Aaron, Daniel
Barstow, Robert
Bechtel, Arthur
Bradford, Richard
Bourland, Philip
Cameron, Frank
Chaffin, Gayle
Chapin, Ernest
Covel, Alonzo
Crawford, Paul
Davis, William
De Line, Clifford
Dosey, Erwin
Eddy, Nelson
Firestone, Floyd
Frederick, Calvin

Fuess, John
Jean, Karl
Karsian, Karl
Keeton, Elvin
McCain, Henry
McCombs, Nelson
McDonald, Thane
Mayo, Warren
Morford, Dale
Newkirk, Harry
Newton, Francis
Olson, Olof
Peterson, William
Petrie, Robert
Poinar, George
Prouty, Frank

Puhlman, Rudolph
Rein, Gerald
Rhodes, Marvin
Rice, Frank
Ruegnitz, Charles
Ryan, Robert
Searles, Fuller
Simonian, Haig
Skoog, Herman
Smith, Gardner
Sonnermann, Carl
Striedieck, Werner
Sweet, Herbert
Temple, William
Tompkins, Paul
Vanderveen, Theodore

SECOND BASS

Alfsen, Albert
Austin, Perry
Ball, Charles
Barnes, Gilbert
Bradley, William
Diez, Alfred
Easton, Hamilton

Horner, William
Hunt, Wilson
Innes, George
Kramer, Albert
Lincoln, Philip
Mastin, Glenn

Reben, Raymond
Schumann, Eugen
Stevenson, Fred
West, Douglas
Weyenberg, Henry
Wightman, Clifford

Children's Festival Chorus

Made up of Students in the Ann Arbor Public Schools

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Supervisor of Music, Ann Arbor Public Schools

MIRNAVEVE VOEGTS, VERA JOHNSON, ROXIE COWIN
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Aldrich, Rosemary	Hildebrandt, Theodore	Miller, Aleen
Alexander, Anita	Hootkins, Faegel	O'Dell, Willet
Berry, Barbara Nan	Hosley, Virginia	Onderdonk, Frank
Birk, Mary	Hunt, Agnes	Peirsal, Martha
Bourquin, James	Jerome, Carol	Purdom, Veitch
Britton, Edgar	Johnson, Betty	Ross, Emily
Brooks, Barbara	Killins, Margery	Salakian, Aress
Bursley, Margery	Kynoch, Betty	Schorling, Clark
Chapin, Doris	LaRue, Anna	Sleator, Frederick
Clement, Joanne	Lay, Shirley	Stanton, Harry
Coller, Jean	Lewis, Patty	Trosper, Patty
Coller, Mary Ann	Lichty, Oran	Trosper, Roberta
Crandell, Alice	Langford, Billy	Underhill, Glendora
Edwards, Betsy	Lorch, Connie	Van Tuyl, David
Ganzhorn, Elizabeth	Lyon, Roberta	Walker, Robert
Gordy, Mary	McAllister, Pat	Whitker, Peggy
Gram, Ruth	McMurray, John	Wile, David
Haisley, Otto	Malcolm, Edith	Woodruff, James
Hansen, Anne	Mason, Lorraine	Wright, Lucy
Hayden, Mary		

PHILIP BACH SCHOOL

ETHEL HEDRICK, *Principal*

MILDRED DEARING, RUTH ELLSWORTH, MARTHA SILL, *Teachers*

Allen, Clare	Buettner, Howard	Fritts, Elma
Bacon, Joyce	Cleavinger, Russell	Gersther, Howard
Bancroft, Robert	Crandall, Jean	Gillespie, Evelyn
Bauer, Duane	Fischer, Roy	Hanselmann, Leona
Bloare, Betty	Frey, Jean	Hewett, Agnes
Boettger, Glenn	Frisinger, Joan	Hoff, Virginia

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Hoppe, Dorothy	Martin, Jean	Sell, Dorothy
Hoppe, Helen	Meyers, Mary Virginia	Seyfried, Mary Ann
Howard, Henry	Moore, Betty Leone	Sjostrum, Florence
Ice, Eileen	Nordman, Betty Ann	Stephenson, James
Johls, Althea	Olsen, Roy	Stitt, Ruth
Kay, Betty	Paul, Walter	Walcott, Virginia
Kayuska, Vivian	Rainey, Homer	Walters, Ruth
Lanning, Coralee	Reiff, Robert	Wedemeyer, June
Lutz, Jeannette	Scherdt, Stanley	Wenger, Ruth
Mackmillar, George	Schneeberger, Gretchen	Willis, Nancy
Mars, Jean	Seitz, Josephine	

PATRICK DONOVAN SCHOOL KATHERINE HARRINGTON, *Principal*

Bischoff, Louise	Fox, Kenneth	Karr, Marshall
Canter, Cynthia	Hedleskey, Tone	McFarlane, Roy
Eberle, Ninona	Jones, Robert	Pegan, Mary

EBERBACH SCHOOL HELEN PLATT, *Principal* MARGUERITE EVANS, MILLICENT HARE, CHRISTINE STURGIS, *Teachers*

Ball, Mary Jean	Jacobs, Marjorie	Schindorff, Mildred
Beeker, Margaret	Kempf, Patty	Schmidt, Amelita
Beson, Margaret	Koopman, Ellen	Schroeder, Elaine
Bonisteel, Nancy	Lehman, Margaret	Schultz, Helen
Bryant, Eleanor	Lennon, Ernest	Sturgis, Alice
Courtwright, William	Lindenschmidt, William	Suarez, Rafael
Cubertson, Jean	Loveland, Hugh	Tennant, Ruth
Dodge, Jean	McCalla, Geneva	Travis, Cora
Fairbanks, Eugene	Mann, Rose Mary	Van Bree, Doris
Ferguson, Melvin	Mills, Margaret	Villany, Dolores
Fisher, Lou Anne	Newcomb, William	Vogel, Dorothy
Fowler, Virginia	Pack, Crowell	Vogel, Maxine
Frye, Betty	Parker, Alice	Wagner, Anna Mary
Frytten, Grover	Phillips, Pearl	Werner, Victoria
Grafton, Rebecca	Pierce, Doris	White, George
Gregg, Marguerite	Plumpton, Nona	Wight, Ronell
Greve, Barbara	Potter, Taylor	Wild, Mary Helen
Hatto, Virginia	Poup, Edna	Willard, Laurence
Hensel, Theodore	Reid, Robert	Woolfitt, Frederick
Hewett, Janet	Richards, Dorothy	Wright, Margaret
Holland, Roberts	Russell, Jean	Zoll, James
Jackson, Betty		

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

ELISHA JONES SCHOOL

J. WINIFRED GIBBONS, *Principal*

EMMA COOK, CLARE SIMMONS, NINA MCCAIN, *Teachers*

Bennett, Lorraine	Jessup, Warren	Scott, Juanita
Bibbs, Viola	Johnson, Genevieve	Simons, Donald
Boyke, Gertrude	Kirn, Mary E.	Staebler, Carl
Chubb, Elizabeth	Kooperman, Joseph	Tarnowczyk, Helen
Collins, Betty	Lawrence, James	Thompson, Charles
Cummings, Lavinia	Lee, Frances	Verames, Mary
Davis, Nila	Longworth, Nadine	Walters, Virginia
Decker, Dorothy	Lucas, Virginia	Walworth, Marian
Decker, Virgil	Nowak, Sophia	Williams, Beatrice
Dunn, Virginia	Nowland, Richard	Williams, Evelyn
Epley, Frank	Osler, David	Williamson, Castella
Gray, Florence	Passow, Vena	Winters, Ellen
Gray, Jane	Pielemeier, Rosalie	Wirth, Maynard
Hedlleskey, Lena	Pratt, Dorothy	Young, Thelma
Jackson, Gladys	Reynolds, Alice	Zachmann, Eva Mae
Jackson, Margaret		

CHRISTIAN MACK SCHOOL

R. B. FINLEY, *Principal*

OLGA GOUDY, RUTH HAMILTON, DOLLIE NELSON, *Teachers*

Amstutz, Kenneth	Finkbeiner, Neil	O'Ponnell, Dorothy
Audritsh, Bessie	Flowers, William	Pittman, Frank
Barth, Dorothy	Gallant, Thomas	Podewil, Gladys
Bemis, Viola	Glisson, Ruth	Raes, Frances
Bird, Esther	Gruschow, Catherine	Rittick, Elwood
Boehnke, Donald	Heinzman, Albert	Schroen, Clarabel
Boehnke, Virginia	Jago, Leonard	Smock, Joan
Brown, Lillis	Kelly, Harry	Soll, Carolyn
Chatterton, Rosemary	Kimball, Gus	Tester, Junior
Colson, Frances	Lange, Kathleen	Van Meer, Geraldine
Cook, Grace	Lentz, Louise	Van Scherpe, Peter
Cook, Paul	Major, Agnes	Von Hofe, Hilda
Crandall, Elaine	Major, Theodore	Wagner, Madelyn
Cummings, Mary Lee	McCorkle, Harriet	Winsor, Ralston
Dieterle, Howard	Muirhead, Safronia	Wurster, Norma
Donner, Vinton	Myers, Dorothy	Yahn, William
Enners, Mary		

MACK SCHOOL—JUNIOR HIGH

R. B. FINLEY, *Principal*

ROXY E. COWIN, *Teacher*

Barth, Lucille	Bud, Lillian	Desmond, Florence
Belman, Grace	Clark, Doris	Doman, Lillian

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Evans, Alice	Janousky, Niel	Salon, Julia
Finkbeiner, Gladys	Lange, Muriel	Schwartz, Margaret
Finkbeiner, Virginia	Lanning, Vernice	Shaw, Blanche
Flowers, Winofred	Lubke, Violetta	Shugg, Mildred
Geisttler, Jeanette	Marshall, Margaret	Smith, Eleanor
Gillespie, Sarah	Monson, Catherine	Warner, Willis
Hack, Donald	Oliver, Muriel	Windt, Bernard
Hammond, Dorothy	Olson, Dorothy	Winsor, Peggy
Hauser, Billy	Osborn, Marilyn	Wolferz, Rosalie
Haynes, Ruth	Pardon, Virginia	Yanitsky, Helen
Herzog, Jean	Pratt, Blanch	Yanitsky, Rose
Hoelzer, Lois	Rundell, Betty	Zahn, Ruth
Hummel, Edith	Salon, Bernice	

W. S. PERRY SCHOOL

CARRIE L. DICKEN, *Principal*

HELEN CHAPIN, MARY ELLEN LEWIS, JEWELL SPALLING, *Teachers*

Argyris, Richard	Grossman, Kathleen	Mills, Harrison
Bauer, Martha	Hadsall, Betty	Mutter, Edna
Bennett, Donald	Havens, Shirley	Peterson, Gertrude
Berstas, Mary	Hildinger, Dorothy	Ramsdell, Betty
Bertsos, Helen	Hintz, Jack	Roony, Dorothy
Bezirium, Mary	Ivanoff, Betty	Rose, Reta
Brown, Florence	Janousky, Donald	Schiller, Almarene
Carpenter, Margaret	Kern, Cleon	Schissler, Marie
Christ, Gust	Kokkales, Esther	Smith, Maxwell
Cline, Jo Anne	Laing, Dorothy	Sperry, Marjorie
Cooch, William	McCorkey, Celia	Stoll, Richard
Cutler, Phyllis	McKay, Clinton	Trowbridge, William
Delano, Jack	McLaughlin, Lucille	Walker, Marion
Fisher, James	Maslin, Bruce	Ward, Margaret
Foster, Robert	Maynard, Mary Eloise	Westfall, Robert
Gayman, Joan	Maynard, Wallace	Wiselagel, Roger
Glas, Willis		

TAPPAN SCHOOL

G. ROBERT KOOPMAN, *Principal*

Ayres, Helen	Brown, Jean	Emswiler, Margaret
Backus, Helen	Connelly, Martha Jane	Gaglis, Mildred
Baker, Virginia	Cook, Sue	Gelenius, Dorothy
Baker, Wendell	Coon, Lila	Gibson, Marjorie
Bevis, Jean	Crawford, Shirley	Gillman, Frances
Birk, Wilhelmina	Dresselhouse, Lorraine	Gram, William
Bouchard, Joan	Dyer, Jeanne	Hauser, Clara
Brackett, Elizabeth	Empic, Evelyn	Hieber, Lucinda
Brinkman, Elizabeth	Emswiler, Elizabeth Ann	Hoag, Betty

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

Hughes, Patricia
Humbert, Herbert
Ivanhoe, John
Keppel, Robert
Knight, Evelyn
Lercher, Helen
Long, Robert
McCotter, David
Maddy, Jeanne
Malejan, Rosemary
Matthews, Kenneth
Metzelaar, Paul

Nelson, Barbara
Norris, Jeanne Marie
Ostermiller, Margaret
Pierce, Beverley
Prehn, Marian
Pullen, Lois
Raiford, Virginie
Reading, Ned
Reimann, Jean
Rowdabaugh, Ruth
Schmale, Helen
Seitz, Mathilda

Skittenhelm, Marie
Solakian, Anaheed
Steinke, Helen
Stodder, Burt
Strickland, Walter
Waggoner, Helen
Walker, Jean
Wiedman, Dorothy
Witting, Lavona
Wolaver, John
Wright, Marian
Zerbel, Mary

