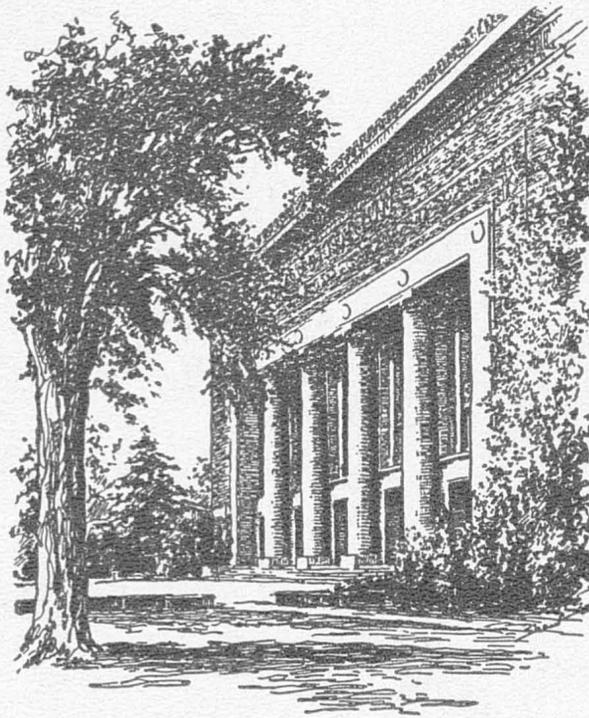


The Sixty-Fourth Annual

# MAY FESTIVAL

1957



*presented by*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

*of the*

University of Michigan

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN



UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF  
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

*Seventy-Eighth Season*

Program of the Sixty-Fourth Annual  
**MAY FESTIVAL**

*May 2, 3, 4, 5, 1957*

*Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan*



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THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY expresses appreciation to Thor Johnson, Lester McCoy, the members of the Choral Union, and the University Musical Society Orchestra for their effective services; to Geneva Nelson and her able associates for their valuable services in training the Festival Youth Chorus; to the several members of the staff for their efficient assistance; and to the teachers, in the various schools from which the young people have been drawn, for their co-operation. Appreciation is also expressed to the Philadelphia Orchestra, to Eugene Ormandy, its distinguished conductor, and to Manager Donald Engle and his administrative staff.

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THE STEINWAY is the official concert piano of the University Musical Society; and the LESTER PIANO is the official piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra. The Philadelphia Orchestra records for RCA Victor and Columbia.

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# FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 2, AT 8:30

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

SOLOIST  
ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY, *Pianist*

## PROGRAM

Compositions of LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

“Leonore” Overture, No. 3, Op. 72

Symphony No. 8 in F major, Op. 93

Allegro vivace e con brio  
Allegretto scherzando  
Menuetto e trio  
Finale: allegro vivace

## INTERMISSION

Concerto No. 3 in C minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 37

Allegro con brio  
Largo  
Rondo: allegro

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY

*Mr. Brailowsky uses the Steinway piano*

# SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 3, AT 8:30

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION  
THOR JOHNSON, *Guest Conductor*

## SOLOISTS

LEONTYNE PRICE, *Soprano*  
MARTHA LIPTON, *Contralto*  
KURT BAUM, *Tenor*  
ROBERT MCFERRIN, *Baritone*  
NICOLA MOSCONA, *Bass*

## PROGRAM

*AIDA* (in concert form) . . . . . VERDI

An opera in four acts, for soloists,  
chorus, and orchestra.

*Aida* . . . . . LEONTYNE PRICE  
*Amneris* . . . . . MARTHA LIPTON  
*Radames* . . . . . KURT BAUM  
*Amonasro* . . . . . ROBERT MCFERRIN  
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*Priestesses, Soldiers, Ministers,*  
*Captains, The People, and Slave*  
*Prisoners* . . . . . UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

# THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 4, AT 2:30

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

THE FESTIVAL YOUTH CHORUS  
GENEVA NELSON, *Conductor*

SOLOIST

JOSEPH SZIGETI, *Violinist*

## PROGRAM

Overture to *La Scala di seta* . . . . . ROSSINI

Concerto in D minor, for Violin and Orchestra . . . . . TARTINI  
Allegro  
Grave  
Presto

JOSEPH SZIGETI

"The Walrus and the Carpenter," a cantata  
for children . . . . . FLETCHER  
FESTIVAL YOUTH CHORUS

INTERMISSION

Portrait No. 1, Op. 5 . . . . . BARTÓK  
*La Folia*, Variations for Violin  
and Orchestra . . . . . CORELLI

MR. SZIGETI

Symphony No. 4 in A major, Op. 90 ("Italian") . . . . . MENDELSSOHN  
Allegro vivace  
Andante con moto  
Con moto moderato  
Saltarello: presto

# FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 4, AT 8:30

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

SOLOIST

ROBERT MERRILL, *Baritone*

## PROGRAM

- Overture to *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* . . . . . WAGNER  
\*Symphony No. 88 in G major . . . . . HAYDN  
    Adagio; allegro  
    Largo  
        Menuetto: allegretto  
        Allegro con spirito  
"Adamastro, Roi des vagues profondes," from *L'Africaine* . . . . . MEYERBEER  
Farewell and Death of Roderigo, from *Don Carlo* . . . . . VERDI  
    "Per me giunto"  
    "O Carlo ascolta"

ROBERT MERRILL

## INTERMISSION

- Adagio for Strings, Op. 11 . . . . . BARBER  
"Deh vieni alla finestra," from *Don Giovanni* . . . . . MOZART  
"Nemico della patria" from *Andrea Chénier* . . . . . GIORDANO  
"Eri tu" from *Un Ballo in maschera* . . . . . VERDI

MR. MERRILL

- \*"Russian Easter" Overture . . . . . RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

\* Columbia Records.

# FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 5, AT 2:30

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION  
THOR JOHNSON, *Guest Conductor*

## SOLOISTS

MARTHA LIPTON, *Contralto*  
DONALD GRAMM, *Bass-baritone*  
GINA BACHAUER, *Pianist*  
JOHN KRELL, *Piccolo*

## PROGRAM

Concerto in A minor for Piccolo and Orchestra . . . . . VIVALDI

Allegro  
Larghetto  
Allegro

JOHN KRELL, *Piccolo*

\**Five Tudor Portraits*—a choral suite in five movements, for contralto, baritone, and orchestra (founded on poems by John Skelton) . R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

*Ballad*—The Tunning of Elinor Ruming  
*Intermezzo*—My Pretty Bess  
*Burlesca*—Epitaph on John Jayberd of Diss  
*Romanza*—Jane Scroop (Her Lament for Philip Sparrow)  
*Scherzo*—Jolly Rutterkin

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION AND SOLOISTS

## INTERMISSION

Concerto No. 2 in B-flat major, Op. 83, for piano and orchestra . . . BRAHMS

Allegro non troppo  
Allegro appassionato  
Andante  
Allegretto grazioso

GINA BACHAUER

*Mme Bachauer uses the Steinway piano*

\* Orchestration and vocal scores by arrangement with Oxford University Press, New York City.

# SIXTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 5, AT 8:30

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

SOLOIST

RISË STEVENS, *Mezzo-Soprano*

## PROGRAM

"Academic Festival" Overture, Op. 80 . . . . . BRAHMS  
Symphony No. 3, in one movement . . . . . HARRIS

*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* . . . . . MAHLER  
RISË STEVENS

## INTERMISSION

\*Prelude to "Afternoon of a Faun" . . . . . DEBUSSY

"Connais-tu le pays?" from *Mignon* . . . . . THOMAS

Air de Lia, from *L'Enfant prodigue* . . . . . DEBUSSY

"Amour, viens aider" from *Samson et Dalila* . . . . . SAINT-SAËNS

MISS STEVENS

Choreographic Poem, "La Valse" . . . . . RAVEL

\* Columbia Records.

# ANNOTATIONS

by

GLENN D. McGEOCH

## FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 2

“Leonore” Overture, No. 3, Op. 72 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, December 16, 1770; died in Vienna, March 26, 1827.

It is difficult to decide whether the man creates the age or the age the man, but in the case of Beethoven each is true to some extent. Certainly, as far as music is concerned, he created the age of Romanticism to such a degree that the new movement which began in the nineteenth century could be called “Beethovenism” as well. On the other hand, there is no more decided proof to be found in music history of the fact that the age produces the man than the case of Beethoven. Certainly in his life and in his works, he is the embodiment of his period. Born at the end of the eighteenth century, he witnessed, during the formative period of his life, the drastic changes that were occurring throughout central Europe; changes which affected not only the political but the intellectual and artistic life of the world as well. The French Revolution had announced the breaking up of an old civilization and the dawn of a new social régime. The spirit of freedom that animated the poetic thought of Goethe, Schiller, Wordsworth, and Byron infused itself into the music of Beethoven, from the creation of the Appassionata Sonata to the Choral Ninth Symphony.

During this period of chaos and turmoil, Beethoven stood like a colossus, bridging with his mighty grasp the two centuries in which he lived. In his person he embodied the ideas of both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, became the sage and prophet of his period, and the center of the classic and romantic spirit.

These two elements were mutually helpful in making him the outstanding representative of each. His romantic tendencies helped him to infuse Promethean fire into the old, worn-out forms and to endow them with new passion. His respect for classic forms made him the greatest of the early Romanticists, for it aided him in tempering the fantastic excesses and extremes of his radical contemporaries. Thus, this harmonious embodiment of opposing forces, controlled by an architectonic intelligence that molded and fused them together into one passionate, creative impulse, resulted in the production of epoch-making master-

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

pieces, built upon firm foundations but emancipated from all confining elements of tradition, and set free to discover new regions of unimagined beauty.

As a master of absolute music Beethoven undeniably exerted a powerful influence upon succeeding opera composers. But *Fidelio*, his own single attempt in the field of opera, has had far less emancipating force than most of his instrumental compositions or the operas of his lesser contemporary, von Weber. The supreme service of *Fidelio* to aesthetic history, on the other hand, was accomplished when it turned Beethoven's attention to the dramatic overture. There is more real dramatic art in the four overtures Beethoven wrote for his *Fidelio* than exists in the entire bulky score of the opera, for which they were designed as preludes.

The four overtures are known as the "Leonore" Nos. 1, 2, and 3 in C major, and the "Fidelio," in E major. We know that the overture numbered by the publishers as No. 2, was used for the première of the opera on November 20, 1805. The incomparable No. 3 on this evening's program is a remodeled form and was written for a reconstructed version of the opera which had its hearing March 29, 1806. For the revival of the opera in Vienna in 1814, Beethoven, obviously dissatisfied with his previous efforts, wrote an entirely new overture in E major on a much smaller scale. Why he should have rejected the supreme product of his genius, No. 3, is still an enigma.

For years it was a question as to what place No. 1 really occupied in the sequence of composition. Schindler had stated that it had been tried out before a few friends of Beethoven and discarded as inadequate for the première of the opera, implying that it was the first written. The subsequent researches of Nottebohm, now proved false, declared Schindler's information incorrect, and stated, as positive fact, the actual succession of the "Leonore" overtures to be No. 2 (1805), No. 3 (1806), No. 1 (Opus 138, written in 1807 but not published until 1832), with the "Fidelio" overture the last to be composed. This order was accepted by such authorities as Alexander Wheelock Thayer and H. E. Krehbiel, the editor of Thayer's definitive biography of Beethoven. In this work we find the following statement:

Schindler's story that it (Leonore No. 1) was tried at Prince Lichnowsky's and laid aside as inadequate to the subject, was based on misinformation; but that it was played either at Lichnowsky's or Lobkowitz's is very probable, and if so, may well have made but a feeble impression on auditors who had heard the glorious "Leonore" Overture of the year before (No. 3 in 1806).\*

According to more recent research by the musicologist, Dr. Joseph Braunstein, Nottebohm's conclusions as restated by Thayer, also are incorrect, and the established order of composition is now considered to be the natural sequence of No. 1 before 1805, No. 2 in 1805, No. 3 in 1806, and the "Fidelio" overture in 1814. Schindler and others, such as Czerny and Schumann who supported him against Nottebohm, were right in their contention that as Schumann put it, "the 'Leonore' No. 1 represents the roots from which sprang the grand trunk

\* Alexander Wheelock Thayer, *The Life of Ludwig van Beethoven*, trans. and ed. by H. E. Krehbiel (New York: Novello Co. Ltd., 1921), 3 vols.

## FIRST CONCERT

(No. 3); No. 2, with widespreading branches to the right and left of No. 3, ended in delicate blossoms of the 'Fidelio' overture."

The action of *Fidelio* occurs in a fortress near Seville. Don Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, has been imprisoned for life, and to make his fate certain, his mortal enemy, Don Pizarro, governor of the prison, has announced his death, meanwhile putting the unfortunate man in the lowest dungeon, where he is expected to die by gradual starvation.

Don Florestan, however, has a devoted wife who refuses to believe the report of his death. Disguising herself as a servant, and assuming the name of Fidelio, she secures employment with Rocco, the head jailer. Rocco's daughter falls in love with the supposed handsome youth, and he is soon in such high favor that he is permitted to accompany Rocco on his visits to the prisoner.

Hearing that the minister of the interior is coming to the prison to investigate the supposed death of Florestan, the governor decides to murder him, and asks Rocco's aid. Fidelio overhears the conversation and gets Rocco to allow her to assist him in digging the grave. Just as Don Pizarro is about to strike the fatal blow, Fidelio rushes forward, proclaims herself the wife of the prisoner, and shields him. The governor is about to sacrifice both when a flourish of trumpets announces the arrival of the minister just in time to prevent the murder of Florestan.

Richard Wagner in his essay "On the Overture" paid a remarkable tribute to Beethoven and to this great overture, when he wrote:

Far from giving us a mere musical introduction to the drama, it [the "Leonore" No. 3] sets that drama more completely and more movingly before us than ever happens in the broken action which ensues. This work is no longer an overture, but the greatest of dramas in itself. . . .

In this mighty tone-piece, Beethoven has given us a musical drama, a drama founded on a playwright's piece, and not the mere sketch of one of its main ideas, or even a purely preparatory introduction to the acted play; but a drama, be it said, in the most ideal meaning of the term. . . . His object was to condense to its noblest unity the *one* sublime action which the dramatist had weakened and delayed by paltry details in order to spin out the tale; to give a new, an ideal motion, fed solely by its inmost springs.

This action is the deed of a staunch and loving heart, fired by the one sublime desire to descend as an angel of salvation into the very pit of death. One sole idea pervades the work: the freedom brought by a jubilant angel of light to suffering manhood. We are plunged into a gloomy dungeon; no beam of day strikes through to us; night's awful silence breaks only to the moans, the sighs, of a soul that longs from its deepest depths for freedom, freedom.

As through a cranny letting in the sun's last ray, a yearning glance peers down; 'tis the glance of an angel that feels the pure air of heavenly freedom a crushing load the while its breath cannot be shared by the one who is pent beneath the prison's walls. Then a swift resolve inspires it, to tear down all the barriers hedging the prisoner from heaven's light: higher, higher, and ever fuller swells the soul, its might redoubled by the blest resolve; 'tis the angel of redemption to the world. Yet this angel is but a loving woman, its strength the puny strength of suffering humanity itself; it battles alike with hostile hindrances and its own weakness, and threatens to succumb. But the superhuman idea, which ever lights its soul anew, lends finally the superhuman force; one last prodigious strain of every fibre, and, at the moment of supremest need, the final barrier falls.\*

\* Richard Wagner, "On the Overture," *Gazette Musicale*, January 10, 14, and 17, 1841, trans. by William Ashton Ellis, *Wagner's Prose Works* (London: Kegan Paul, French, Trubner & Co., 1892-99), VII.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

### ANALYSIS

After a long and solemn introduction, relating to Florestan's hopeless situation (*adagio*, C major, 3-4 time), the main movement (*allegro*, 2-2 time) presents a short figured principal theme in the cellos and violins, which is developed to unusual length in a grimly passionate manner. The second subject, entering rather abruptly in an extended upward flight in violins and flutes, continues in short fragmentary phrases to a climax of vigorous syncopated string and woodwind passages. The development section continues with these short phrases, occasionally joined by the figures of the principal theme. Sudden and unexpected outbursts in the whole orchestra lend an inarticulate expressiveness to the climax of the work, dramatically interrupted by the trumpet call which, in the opera, announces the arrival of Don Fernando. A quiet and brief interlude follows, creating an air of expectancy and heightening the dramatic effect of the second and closer announcement of the trumpet call. Wagner objected to the altered, yet formal, recapitulation of the first part of the overture as undramatic, and in truth he is artistically justified in wishing that Beethoven had, after the trumpet fanfare, rushed on to the conclusion. But Beethoven paid this respect to the conventional form, and then, in a passage of syncopated octaves (*presto*), created an overwhelming and novel effect in this section. The coda, based on a vigorous working of the principal subject, brings this mighty overture to a thrilling finale.

### Symphony No. 8 in F major . . . . . BEETHOVEN

The Eighth Symphony was composed in 1812, only four months after the completion of the Seventh. Beethoven had gone to Teplitz in July of 1811 to find relief from his ever-increasing deafness. It was here that he began the first sketches for the work. Early in October he left for Linz in lower Austria to visit his younger brother Johann, with the symphony still unfinished.

An artist can often belie his feelings and emotions or contradict the events of his life in his art. No better example can be found than in the creation of this work. The lighthearted Eighth Symphony, which contains some of Beethoven's most joyous and exuberant music, was composed during a period of discord, personal conflict, and confusion. In a state of ill health and worry he had left Teplitz for Linz with the deliberate purpose of interfering in the personal affairs of his brother, for whom, from all accounts, he had little affection and occasionally unconcealed contempt. The visit, therefore, was not prompted by fraternal love; it was a journey of remonstrance and reproof, for rumors had reached him that Johann intended to marry his servant and mistress, one Fräulein Theresa Obermeyer. Intent upon demolishing this romance and saving the family name from dishonor, Beethoven interrupted the composition of his symphony to undertake an arduous journey. For all his high moral purpose, he failed in his mission. After many violent scenes and altercations, and even attempts at physical persuasion, Beethoven at last appealed to police and church authorities, but to no avail. Johann and Fräulein

## FIRST CONCERT

Obermeyer were married in spite of everything he could do to prevent it. It was during these turbulent days that Beethoven finished the Eighth Symphony. Upon the gaiety of this delectable "Sinfonia giocosa," these chaotic events seemed to have had little effect.

To the critics and audiences of its day, however, the symphony was, for all its good humor and lightheartedness, a daring and audacious departure from tradition. Beethoven's critics had been persistent in referring to the first movements of his previous symphonies as "incomprehensible, diffuse, and over complicated"; the second movements as "too drawn out"; and the third as usually "mad and capricious." In a mood of tantalizing good humor, he flouted the tenets of the pedants in every movement of this work.

Alternating with unpredictable suddenness between deference to and irreverence for the academicians he created, within the conventional framework of each movement, moments of shocking heterodoxy. With rebellious spirit he would threaten with unorthodox keys and then suddenly restore expected ones. In place of the traditional slow second movement, he substituted an elfish *scherzando* which was "destined to be the progenitor of the entire race of music devoted to elves, fays, nixes, trolls, and fairies from Weber and Mendelssohn to Ravel's *Mother Goose*."\* Having long since dispensed with the classical minuet, through the substitution of his epoch-making *scherzi*, he solemnly, and with conscious parody, restored in the third movement a minuet (one of the few he ever wrote) that for regularity of structure and outdated style, one would have to seek a comparable expression in the early classicists.

For all its gaiety, spontaneity, and careless abandon, however, no work of Beethoven shows greater constructive superiority or conscious craftsmanship; no casual analysis could begin to reveal the infinite facets of its inner structure.

Robert Haven Schauffler presents a detailed and revealing analysis of this miracle of musical construction in his book on Beethoven. Briefly, the whole work grows out of fragments found in the "swarm of little germ motives" that form the first seven bars of the first movement. Not only do the other themes of the movement take their shape from one or the other of them, but they are scattered like seeds throughout the other three movements, continuously fertilized by Beethoven's creative mind, to spring into new life, new energies, and to beget a whole progeny of new and contrasting ideas. According to Schauffler, this symphony reveals "one of the most consummately deft strokes of camouflage among all the brilliant feats which Beethoven performed with germ motives."†

In this instance, Beethoven's own words that describe the general method by which he composed, seem more appropriate than any attempt to analyze the obvious structural details of this symphony:

I carry my thoughts about with me long, often very long, before I write them down. In doing this my memory stands me in such good stead that even years afterwards I am sure not to forget a theme that I have once grasped. I alter some things, eliminate and try again

\* Robert Haven Schauffler, *Beethoven, the Man Who Freed Music* (New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co., 1929), I, 326.

† *Ibid.*, II, 551.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

until I am satisfied. Then begins the mental working out of this stuff in its breadth, its narrowness, its height and depth. And as I know what I want, the fundamental idea never deserts me. It mounts, it grows in stature, I hear, see the picture in its whole extent standing all of a piece before my spirit, and there remains for me only the labour of writing it down which goes quickly whenever I have time for it. For I sometimes have several pieces in hand at once, but am perfectly sure not to confuse them. You will ask me where I get my ideas. I am not able to answer that question positively. They come directly, indirectly; I can grasp them with my hands. Out amid the freedom of nature, in the woods, on walks, in the silence of night, early in the morning, called forth by such moods as in the minds of poets translate themselves into words, but in mine into tones which ring, roar, storm until at last they stand before me as notes.\*

### Concerto No. 3 in C minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 37 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Beethoven always approached a new form with caution, leaning heavily at first upon traditions established by his predecessors, Haydn and Mozart. Whatever the form—the symphony, the sonata, the quartet, or the concerto—he entered the untried field with deliberation. Once he found himself the master, he subjected the form to merciless scrutiny and went about deliberately to free it from the fetters of the past that were binding it.

His piano compositions were always in the vanguard of his maturing style. Whenever the piano was the medium he showed greater originality and freedom from the restrictions of tradition. Before 1800, he had composed eleven piano sonatas, among them the “Pathétique” (C minor, Op. 31), a cornerstone for nineteenth century romantic piano music. Isolated movements from the others began to show feverish exploration, such as that detected in the slow movement of Op. 10, No. 3, one of the most powerful utterances to be found in his early music.

Although the third piano concerto comes from the same period as the first and second concertos, it shows considerable advance over these conservative works, disclosing a more conscious liberation of creative energy. The occasional heroic gesture, such as the abrupt commanding opening subject of the first movement and the broad phrasing and luxurious solemnity of the *largo*, mark this work as the most mature and highly developed of all the compositions which Beethoven brought to fruition in the first year of the new century. It is richer in tonal texture than the first symphony, and only isolated movements of the Op. 18 quartets, such as the slow movement of No. 1 and the first movement of No. 4, are in any way comparable to it in emotional fervor. In grandeur of conception, the third piano concerto is an imposing landmark on the way to the epoch-making “Eroica” symphony, composed four years later, again proving that through the medium of the piano Beethoven first released the vast innovating force that was to recondition every musical form it touched.

\* *Ibid.*, pp. 553–54.

## SECOND CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 3

*Aida* . . . . . VERDI

(Fortunio) Giuseppe (Francesco) Verdi was born in Le Roncole, October 10, 1813; died in Milan, January 27, 1901.

The year 1813 was of tremendous importance in the political world, but no less so in the domain of music, for it brought to earth two epoch-making geniuses, Richard Wagner and Giuseppe Verdi. In these two masters, the greatest artistic forces of the entire nineteenth century climaxed. In them, the German and Italian opera set up models that seemed to exhaust all the conceivable possibilities of the two cultures. Representing two great musical nations, influenced alike by strong national tendencies, each assumed, in his own way, a novel and significant artistic attitude toward the lyric theater. Wagner, the German, full of the Teutonic spirit, revolutionized the musico-dramatic art by approximating it to the symphony; Verdi, the Italian, no less national in spirit and without losing either his individuality or nationality, developed a style in which the orchestra increased its potency of expression but without sacrificing in any way the beauty of the human voice.

Verdi was not a man of culture as was Wagner. Born a peasant, he remained rooted to the soil, and his art reflects a like primitive quality. He created music astonishingly frank and fierce for his time, turning the over-sophisticated style of Donizetti and Bellini, with its siren warblings, into passionate utterances, infusing into his melody a new intensity through strong contrasts of violent and tender feeling. In his characters he achieved an emotional emancipation through a new sweep and breadth of musical discourse. His genius carried him by fits and starts from the depths of triviality and vulgarity to majestic dignity and impressive elegance. But it always reflected large resources of imagination and an amazing vitality. His vitality, in fact, is exceptional among composers. So enduring and resourceful was he that his greatest and most elaborate works were produced after he was fifty-seven years of age, and when verging on sixty, he composed *Aida*, an opera abounding in the strength, vigor, and freedom of youth. He was sixty-one when he wrote the *Requiem*, and certainly in it there is no hint of any diminution of his creative powers. His last opera, *Falstaff*, by many considered his masterpiece, was written when he was eighty! The consistent and continuous growth of his style over sixty years of his life is evidence of an incomparable capacity for artistic development and a triumphant vitality and thrilling fortitude of spirit. But these he had in abundance, and they sustained him through a life of sadness and misfortune. As the child of a poor innkeeper, he had slight opportunities for a musical education. He spent his early youth in deep suffering occasioned by an unusually sensitive nature; he was constantly being wounded in his deepest affections. Misfortune marked him at the very threshold of his career; he was refused admittance to

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

the conservatory at Milan because of an arbitrary age limit. Married at twenty-three years of age, he lost his wife and two children within a period of two and a half years, and at the end of a long and eventful life, he experienced the bitter loneliness of old age. But his misfortunes mellowed rather than hardened him. His magnanimity, his many charitable acts, the broad humanity of his art endeared him to his people, who idolized him both as a man and as an artist. Throughout his life and his works, there ran a virility and a verve, a nobility and valor that challenges the greatest admiration.

An erroneous impression concerning *Aïda* persists today in spite of everything that has been written to disprove it; namely that the opera was written at the request of Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal. It is a fact that the Khedive had approached Verdi for an opera on several occasions, but the suggestion for *Aïda* came not from him, but from Verdi's friend, the French librettist, Camille Du Locle, who had previously written the text for his *Don Carlo*. Du Locle, aspiring to become the director of the *Opéra Comique* in Paris, had persistently urged Verdi to write an opera for that theater and had submitted several subjects for his consideration. With one of them, he included an anonymous "Egyptian sketch" of four printed pages which immediately caught Verdi's fancy. This sketch, in scenario form, had in truth been written by Du Locle himself. He had based it upon a story by the French Egyptologist, Auguste Édouard Mariette, noted discoverer of the ruins of the Serapeum and the tombs of the Apis bulls. The tale of *Aïda* in its original form had been found by him among some ancient papyri. Verdi at first assumed that the sketch had come directly from the Khedive himself, and not until he had become inextricably involved in the composition of the score did he learn otherwise. A French prose version of the story was made by Du Locle, who worked out the scenario in great detail under Verdi's direction. Antonio Ghislanzoni, the Italian librettist, was then selected for the task of transmitting the French prose version into Italian verse, in which Verdi's share was again very large.

If with *Aïda* we date the advent of the greater, more mature Verdi, we may accredit, in a measure, the tremendous growth in its style to the fact that in its preparation he had the assistance not only of a poet of dramatic perception but of a self-effacing writer, acquiescent to his every demand. Verdi himself entered into the preparation of this libretto with the greatest ardor and enthusiasm, dictating to Ghislanzoni at every turn the mood, the meter, the accents and even the specific words he desired.

An illuminating article by Dr. Edgar Istel (*Musical Quarterly*, January, 1917, p. 34) shows that Verdi deserves to be ranked with Gluck and Wagner, for he displays the same fearlessness, initiative, and appreciation of dramatic values as those geniuses to whom the musical world has hitherto accorded a monopoly of these virtues. Referring to changes in a certain scene, Verdi wrote to Ghislanzoni, his librettist: "I know very well what you will say to me, 'And the verse, the rhythm, the stanza?' I have no answer, but I will immediately abandon

## SECOND CONCERT

rhyme, rhythm, and strophic form if the action requires.”\* He had an eye, above all else, to the actual life-giving stage effect, and poetic or musical finesse was a secondary consideration with him. “Develop the situation,” he wrote, “and let the characters say what they must say without the slightest regard for the musical form.”†

At other times, there is evidence that he wrote music without a text. Often he became so absorbed in the musical realization of a scene, that he composed ahead of his librettist, who often was merely called up to fit well-turned verses into the meter of the melodic line already established. “You can hardly imagine,” he once wrote, “what a lovely melody can be made of this unusual form and with what grace the five-syllable line coming after three of seven syllables will give it, and what variety will result from the hendodecasyllabic lines that follow. See if you can turn this into poetry and keep the words *Tu si bella* which makes such a good cadence in the music.”‡ As Verdi, with *Aïda*, enters his greatest creative period, he is indeed, like Wagner, for all purposes well on the way to being his own librettist.

In a letter to the conductor Vincenzo Torelli in Naples (August 22, 1892) Verdi furthermore indicated his kinship with Gluck and Wagner in upholding the *Gesamtkunstwerke* or “collective art work” in which music, poetry, and scenic art support and complement one another:

By good elements of performance, I understand not only the solo singers, but also the orchestra and chorus, the costumes, the scenery, the machinery, the scenic movement, and finesse of color scheme. You southerners have no idea of what I mean by *movemento scenico* and *finezza di colorito*. I repeat once more, it does not suffice to have two or three good singers. Furthermore, one hundred people in the chorus are not enough for “*Aïda*,” and they must be good,—money alone will not do it, there must be good will also. If the elements are good, I shall look after everything; if not, I shall withdraw the score even after the dress rehearsal. No one will persuade me to produce “*Aïda*” as you are accustomed to do all your operas.§

Without imitating Wagner in the slightest way or consciously using him as a model, Verdi attacked both the dramatic and musical problems presented by the *Aïda* sketch with an impetuosity and fierce kind of energy that transformed it, in the course of only four months, into the incandescent score we know today.

The opera was given its first performance in Cairo, December 24, 1871, two years after the opening of the Suez Canal; in Milan, February 8, 1872; and in New York in 1873, three years before its first performance in Paris.

Contemporary writers gave conflicting accounts of the general effect of the first performance, but of the character of the music, its dramatic power, its gorgeous instrumentation, its captivating melodies, sonorous harmonies, there was no jarring note in the chorus of criticism. Nor has there been since, for even those who are not worshipers at the shrine of opera cannot help but feel its originality and force. It is the one opera of Verdi which has the most sustained

\* Edgar Istel, “A Genetic Study of the *Aïda* Libretto,” *Musical Quarterly*, Vol. 3, 1917, p. 42.

† Carlo Gatti, *Verdi, the Man and His Music*, trans. by Elizabeth Abbot (New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 1955) p. 231.

‡ Dyneley Hussey, *Verdi* (New York: Pellegrini and Cudahy, Inc., 1949), p. 182.

§ Istel, *op. cit.*, pp. 51-52.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

quality of inspiration and the best proportions. It has a most dramatic plot, full of action, giving opportunities for display of Oriental pomp and ceremony, for dancing, and for all the apparatus of the grand opera, while the deeper elements of dramatic power, as shown in the characters of Aïda, Amneris, Radamès, and Amonasro, come to the front with a truthfulness and regard for dramatic consistency unknown to most of the operas of his countrymen. It is a story of love, war, and loyalty, contrasted with hatred, revenge, and intrigue, dominated by the influence of the cruel and arrogant Egyptian priesthood. It abounds in grand chorus effects, notably in Acts I and II; while from beginning to end there is not a moment when one feels that there is any uncertainty in the mind of the composer as to the effect he desires to produce, nor any lapse from the sustained power of portrayal. There are certain Oriental characteristics displayed in some of the melodies and harmonies, as in the scene in which the High Priestess appears, together with the Priestesses and the Priests, and some of the dances have a barbaric quality in rhythm and color, but *Aïda*, nevertheless, is a thoroughly Italian opera.

In the first act we are at Memphis, where Ramphis, the High Priest, tells Radamès that the Ethiopians are in revolt and marching to the capital, and that the goddess Isis has decided who shall lead the Egyptian army against them. Radamès secretly hopes it may be he, so that he may win the Ethiopian slave Aïda, with whom he is in love. Amneris, the king's daughter, now appears. She secretly loves Radamès and suspects that the slave Aïda loves him also and vows vengeance should this prove to be true. The king's messenger announces that Amonasro, the Ethiopian king and Aïda's father, is near, and that Radamès has been chosen to conquer the enemy. Radamès enters the temple to pray for the favor of the goddess and is given the sacred arms.

The second act opens with a scene in which Amneris tries to discover Aïda's love for Radamès by telling her that he has fallen in battle, and sees her suspicion confirmed by Aïda's grief. The soldiers are heard returning, and both hasten to meet them. Radamès has been victorious, and among the captive Ethiopians Aïda recognizes her father Amonasro in the garb of a simple officer, who tells the victor that the Ethiopian king has fallen, and entreats his clemency. Radamès, seeing Aïda in tears, adds his entreaties and all the captives are set free but Amonasro. The Egyptian king then gives his daughter Amneris to Radamès as reward for his victory.

In the third act Amneris proceeds at night to the temple to pray that she may win the heart of Radamès. Meanwhile Amonasro, who has discovered that his daughter and Radamès love each other, prevails on her to obtain the Egyptian war plans from Radamès. He overhears them from a hiding place, from which he emerges after Aïda has persuaded her lover to fly with her. Amonasro confesses that he is the Ethiopian king. Amneris, coming from the temple, divines the situation and denounces the three. Amonasro and Aïda escape, while Radamès is held.

In the fourth act Amneris visits Radamès in his cell and promises to save him from the punishment of being buried alive if he will renounce Aïda, telling

## SECOND CONCERT

him that she has escaped to her country and that Amonasro has been killed on the way. As he refuses she leaves him to his fate. When the vault which covers his living grave is locked, she repents, too late, cursing the priests and praying for Radamès on her knees over his tomb. There, while Radamès is preparing for death, Aïda joins him, having found her way through the subterranean passages, and dies with him.

### ACT I—INTRODUCTION

SCENE I—*Hall in the palace of the King at Memphis. To the right and left a colonnade with statues and flowering shrubs. At the back a grand gate, from which may be seen the temples and palaces of Memphis and the Pyramids.*

(RADAMES and RAMPHIS in consultation.)

RAMPHIS—Yes, it is rumored that the Ethiop dares

Once again our power, and the valley  
Of Nilus threatens, and Thebes as well.  
The truth from messengers I soon shall  
learn.

RADAMES—Hast thou consulted the will of  
Isis?

RAMPHIS—She had declared who of Egypt's  
renowned armies

Shall be the leader.

RADAMES—Oh, happy mortal!

RAMPHIS—Young in years is he, and  
dauntless.

The dread commandment I to the King  
shall take.

(Exit.)

RADAMES—What if 'tis I am chosen, and  
my dream

Be now accomplished! Of a glorious army  
I the chosen leader,

Mine glorious vict'ry by Memphis received  
in triumph!

To thee returned, Aïda, my brow entwin'd  
with laurel:

Tell thee, for thee I battled, for thee I  
conquer'd!

Heav'nly Aïda, beauty resplendent,  
Radiant flower, blooming and bright;

Queenly thou reignest o'er me transcendent,  
Bathing my spirit in beauty's light.

Would that, thy bright skies once more  
beholding,

Breathing the air of thy native land,  
Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,

Thine were a throne by the sun to stand.

(Enter AMNERIS.)

AMNERIS—In thy visage I trace a joy  
unwonted!

What martial ardor is beaming in thy  
noble glances!

Ah me! how worthy were of all envy  
the woman

Whose dearly wish'd for presence  
Could have power to kindle in thee such  
rapture!

RADAMES—A dream of proud ambition in  
my heart I was nursing:

Isis this day has declar'd by name the  
warrior chief

Appointed to lead to battle Egypt's hosts!  
Ah! for this honor, say, what if I were  
chosen?

AMNERIS—Has not another vision, one more  
sweet,

More enchanting, found favor in your  
heart?

Hast thou in Memphis no attraction more  
charming?

RADAMES (*aside*)—I!

Has she the secret yearning  
Divin'd within me burning?

AMNERIS (*aside*)—Ah, me! my love if  
spurning

His heart to another were turning!

RADAMES—Have then mine eyes betray'd me,  
And told Aïda's name!

AMNERIS—Woe, if hope should false have  
play'd me,

And all in vain my flame.

(Enter Aïda.)

RADAMES (*seeing Aïda*)—She here!

AMNERIS (*aside*)—He is troubled.

Ah! what a gaze doth he turn on her!

Aïda! Have I a rival?

Can it be she herself?

(Turning to Aïda.)

Come hither, thou I dearly prize.

Slave art thou none, nor menial;

Here have I made by fondest ties

Sister a name more genial. Weep'st thou?

Oh, tell me wherefore thou ever art  
mourning,

Wherefore thy tears now flow.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

- AÏDA—Alas! the cry of war I hear,  
 Vast hosts I see assemble;  
 Therefore the country's fate I hear,  
 For me, for all I tremble.
- AMNERIS—And art thou sure no deeper woe  
 now bids thy tears to flow!  
 Tremble! oh, thou base vassal!
- RADAMES (*aside, regarding AMNERIS*)—  
 Her glance with anger flashing  
 Proclaims our love suspected.
- AMNERIS—Yes, tremble, base vassal, tremble,  
 Lest thy secret stain be detected.
- RADAMES—Woe! if my hopes all dashing,  
 She mars the plans I've laid!
- AMNERIS—All in vain thou wouldst dis-  
 semble,  
 By tear and blush betrayed!
- AÏDA (*aside*)—No! fate o'er Egypt looming,  
 Weighs down on my heart dejected,  
 I wept that love thus was dooming  
 To woe a hapless maid!  
 (*Enter the KING, preceded by his guards  
 and followed by RAMPHIS, his Minis-  
 ters, Priests, Captains, an officer of the  
 Palace, and afterwards a Messenger.*)
- THE KING—Mighty the cause that summons  
 Round their King the faithful sons of  
 Egypt.  
 From the Ethiop's land a messenger this  
 moment has reached us.  
 Tidings of import brings he. Be pleased  
 to hear him.  
 Now let the man come forward!  
 (*To an officer.*)
- MESSENGER—The sacred limits of Egyptian  
 soil are by Ethiops invaded.  
 Our fertile fields lie all devastated, de-  
 stroy'd our harvest.  
 Embolden'd by so easy a conquest, the  
 plund'ring horde  
 On the Capital are marching.
- ALL—Presumptuous daring!
- MESSENGER—They are led by a warrior, un-  
 daunted, never conquered: Amonasro.
- ALL—The King!
- AÏDA—My father!
- MESSENGER—All Thebes has arisen, and from  
 her hundred portals  
 Has pour'd on the invader a torrent fierce,  
 Fraught with relentless carnage.
- THE KING—Ay, death and battle be our  
 rallying cry!
- RADAMES, RAMPHIS, CHORUS OF PRIESTS,  
 CHORUS OF MINISTERS AND CAPTAINS  
 —Battle and carnage! war unrelenting!
- THE KING (*addressing RADAMES*)—Isis, re-  
 vered Goddess, already has appointed  
 The warrior chief with pow'r supreme  
 invested:  
 Radames!
- AÏDA, AMNERIS, CHORUS OF MINISTERS AND  
 CAPTAINS—Radames!
- RADAMES—Ah! ye Gods, I thank you!  
 My dearest wish is crown'd!
- AMNERIS—Our leader!
- AÏDA—I tremble!
- THE KING—Now unto Vulcan's temple,  
 Chieftain, proceed,  
 There to gird thee to vic'try, donning  
 sacred armor.  
 On! of Nilus' sacred river  
 Guard the shores, Egyptians brave,  
 Unto death the foe deliver,  
 Egypt they never, never shall enslave!
- RAMPHIS—Glory render, glory abiding,  
 To our Gods, the warrior guiding;  
 In their pow'r alone confiding,  
 Their protection let us crave.
- AÏDA (*aside*)—Whom to weep for? Whom  
 to pray for?  
 Ah! what pow'r to him now binds me!  
 Yet I love, tho' all reminds me  
 That I love my country's foe!
- RADAMES—Glory's sacred thirst now claims  
 me,  
 Now 'tis war alone inflames me;  
 On to vict'ry! Naught we stay for!  
 Forward, and death to every foe!
- AMNERIS—From my hand, thou warrior  
 glorious,  
 Take thy stand, aye victorious;  
 Let it ever lead thee onward  
 To the foeman's overthrow!
- ALL—Battle! No quarter to any foe!  
 May laurels crown thy brow!
- AÏDA—May laurels crown thy brow!  
 What! can my lips pronounce language so  
 impious!  
 Wish him victor o'er my father—  
 O'er him who wages war but that I may  
 be restored to my country,  
 To my kingdom, to the high station I now  
 perforce dissemble!  
 Wish him conqu'ror o'er my brothers!  
 E'en now I see him stain'd with their  
 blood so cherished,  
 'Mid the clam'rous triumph of Egyptian  
 battalions!  
 Behind his chariot a King, my father, as  
 a fetter'd captive!

## SECOND CONCERT

Ye Gods watching o'er me,  
 Those words deem unspoken!  
 A father restore me, his daughter heart-  
 broken!  
 Oh, scatter their armies, forever crush our  
 foe!  
 Ah! what wild words do I utter?  
 Of my affection have I no recollection?  
 That sweet love that consol'd me, a captive  
 pining,  
 Like some bright, sunny ray on my sad lot  
 shining?  
 Shall I invoke destruction on the man for  
 whom in Love I languish?  
 Ah! never yet on earth liv'd one whose  
 heart  
 Was torn by wilder anguish!  
 Those names so holy, of father, of lover,  
 No more dare I now utter or e'en recall;  
 Abashed and trembling, to heav'n fain  
 would hover  
 My prayers for both, for both my tears  
 would fall.  
 Ah! all my prayers seem transformed to  
 blaspheming!  
 To suffer is a crime, dark sin to sigh;  
 Thro' darkest night I do wander as  
 dreaming,  
 And so cruel my woe, I fain would die,  
 Merciful Gods! look from on high!  
 Pity these tears hopelessly shed.  
 Love, fatal pow'r, mystic and dread,  
 Break thou my heart, now let me die!

### ACT II

SCENE I—*A hall in the apartments of Amneris. Trypods emit perfumed vapors. Young Moorish slaves wave feather fans. Amneris is being attired for the triumphal feast.*

*(To AïDA, with feigned affection.)*

'Neath the chances of battle succumb thy  
 people,  
 Hapless Aïda! The sorrows that afflict thee  
 Be sure I feel as keenly.  
 My heart tow'rd's thee yearns fondly;  
 In vain naught shalt thou ask of me:  
 Thou shalt be happy!

AïDA—Ah! how can I be happy,  
 Far from my native country, where I can  
 never know

What fate may befall my father, brothers?

AMNERIS—Deeply you move me! yet no  
 human sorrow

Is lasting here below. Time will comfort  
 And heal your present anguish.

Greater than time is e'en the healing power  
 of love.

AïDA—Oh, love, sweet power! oh, joy tor-  
 menting!

Rapturous madness, bliss fraught with  
 woes,

Thy pangs most cruel a life contenting,  
 Thy smiles enchanting bright heaven  
 disclose!

AMNERIS—Yon deadly pallor, her bosom  
 panting,

Tell of love's passion, tell of love's woes.  
 Her heart to question, courage is wanting.  
 My bosom feels of her torture the throes.

*(Looking at her fixedly.)*

Now say, what new emotion so doth sway  
 my fair Aïda?

Thy secret thought reveal to me:

Come, trust securely, come,

Trust in my affection,

Among the warriors brave who

Fought fatally 'gainst thy country,

It may be that one has waken'd

In thee gentle thoughts of love?

AïDA—What mean'st thou?

AMNERIS—The cruel fate of war not all  
 alike embraces,

And then the dauntless warrior who

Leads the host may perish.

Yes; Radames by thine is slaughter'd;

And canst thou mourn him?

The gods have wrought thee vengeance.

AïDA—What does thou tell me! wretched  
 fate!

Forever my tears shall flow!

Celestial favor to me was ne'er extended.

AMNERIS *(breaking out with violence)*—

Tremble! thou art discovered!

Thou lov'st him! Ne'er deny it!

Nay, to confound thee I need but a word.

Gaze on my visage; I told thee falsely:

Radames liveth!

AïDA *(with rapture)*—Liveth! Gods, I thank  
 ye!

AMNERIS—Dost hope still now deceive me?

Yes, thou lov'st him!

But so do I; dost hear my words?

Behold thy rival! Here is a Pharaoh's  
 daughter!

AïDA *(drawing herself up with pride)*—

Thou my rival! What tho' it were so!

For I—I, too!

*(Falling at AMNERIS' feet.)*

Ah! heed not my words! Oh, spare! forgive  
 me!

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

Ah! on all my anguish sweet pity take.  
 'Tis true, for his love I all else forsake.  
 While thou are mighty, all joys thy dower,  
 Naught save my love now is left for me!  
 AMNERIS—Tremble, vile bond-maid! Dying  
 heart-broken,  
 Soon shalt thou rue the love thou hast  
 spoken.

Do I not hold thee fast in my power,  
 Hatred and vengeance my heart owes for  
 thee!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE—On! Of Nilus' sacred  
 river

Guard the shores, Egyptians brave!  
 Unto death the foe deliver.  
 Egypt they never shall enslave.

AMNERIS—In the pageant now preparing  
 Shall a part by thee be taken:  
 While before me thou in dust art prone,  
 I shall share the royal throne!

AÏDA—Pray thee, spare a heart despairing!  
 Life to me a void forsaken;  
 Live and reign, thy anger blighting  
 I shall no longer brave;  
 Soon this love, thy hate inviting,  
 Shall be buried in the grave.  
 Ah! then spare!

AMNERIS—Come now, follow, I will show  
 thee

Whether thou canst vie with me.

AÏDA—Powers above, pity my woe!  
 Hope have I none now here below.  
 Deign ye, Immortals, mercy to show!  
 Ye gods, ah spare! ah spare! ah spare!

SCENE II—*An avenue to the City of Thebes.  
 In front, a clump of palms. Right hand, a  
 temple dedicated to Ammon. Left hand, a  
 throne with a purple canopy. At back, a  
 triumphal arch. The stage is crowded with  
 people.*

*(Enter the KING, followed by Officials,  
 Priests, Captains, Fan-bearers, Stand-  
 ard-bearers. Afterwards AMNERIS, with  
 AÏDA and slaves. The KING takes his  
 seat on the throne. AMNERIS places  
 herself at his left hand.)*

CHORUS OF PEOPLE—Glory to Isis, who from  
 all

Wardeth away disaster!  
 To Egypt's royal master  
 Raise we our festal song!  
 Glory! Glory!  
 Glory, O King!

CHORUS OF WOMEN—The laurel with the  
 lotus bound

The victor's brows enwreathing!  
 Let flow'rs sweet perfume breathing  
 Veil warlike arms from sight!  
 Ye sons of Egypt, dance around,  
 And sing your mystic praises!  
 As round the sun in mazes  
 Dance all the stars in delight.

*(The Egyptian troops, preceded by  
 trumpeters, defile before the KING—  
 the chariots of war follow the ensigns  
 —the sacred vases and statues of the  
 gods—troops of Dancing Girls, who  
 carry the treasures of the defeated—  
 and lastly RADAMES, under a canopy  
 borne by twelve officers.)*

*(The KING descends from the throne to  
 embrace RADAMES.)*

CHORUS OF PEOPLE—Hither advance, O  
 glorious band!

Mingle your joy with ours;  
 Green bays and fragrant flowers  
 Scatter their path along.  
 Thank we our gods and praise we,  
 On this triumphant day!

THE KING—Savior brave of thy country,  
 Egypt salutes thee!

Hither now advance and on thy head  
 My daughter will place the crown of  
 triumph.

*(RADAMES bends before AMNERIS, who  
 hands him the crown.)*

What boon thou askest, freely I'll grant it.  
 Naught can be denied thee on such a day!  
 I swear it by the crown I am wearing, by  
 heav'n above us!

RADAMES—First deign to order that the  
 captives

Be before you brought.

*(Enter Ethiopian prisoners surrounded  
 by guards, AMONASRO last in the dress  
 of an officer.)*

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS—Thank we our gods!

AÏDA—What see I? He here? My father!

ALL—Her father!

AÏDA—*(embracing her father)*—Thou! cap-  
 tive made!

AMONASRO *(whispering to AÏDA)*—Tell not  
 my rank!

THE KING *(to AMONASRO)*—Come forward—  
 So then, thou art?

AMONASRO—Her father. I, too, have fought,  
 And we are conquer'd; death I vainly  
 sought.

*(Pointing to the uniform he is wearing.)*  
 This my garment has told you already

## SECOND CONCERT

- That I fought to defend King and country;  
 Adverse fortune against us ran steady,  
 Vainly sought we the fates to defy.  
 At my feet in the dust lay extended  
 Our King; countless wounds had trans-  
 pierc'd him;  
 If to fight for the country that nurs'd him  
 Make one guilty, we're ready to die!  
 But, O King, in thy power transcendent,  
 Spare the lives on thy mercy dependent;  
 By fates though today overtaken,  
 Ah! say who can tomorrow's event descry!
- AÏDA—But, O King, in thy power tran-  
 scendent . . .
- SLAVE-PRISONERS—We, on whom heaven's  
 anger is falling,  
 Thee implore, on thy clemency calling:  
 May ye ne'er be by fortune forsaken,  
 Nor thus in captivity lie!
- RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS—Death, O King, be  
 their just destination,  
 Close thy heart to all vain supplication.  
 By the heavens they doom'd are to perish,  
 We the heavens are bound to obey.
- PEOPLE—Holy priests, calm your anger  
 exceeding;  
 Lend an ear to the conquer'd foe, pleading.  
 Mighty King, thou whose power we cherish,  
 In thy bosom let mercy have sway.
- RADAMES (*fixing his eyes on AÏDA*)—  
 See her cheek wan with weeping and  
 sorrow,  
 From affliction new charm seems to  
 borrow;  
 In my bosom flame seems new lighted  
 By each teardrop that flows from her eyes.
- AMNERIS—With what glances on her he is  
 gazing!  
 Glowing passion within them is blazing!  
 She is lov'd and my passion is slighted?  
 Stern revenge in my breast loudly cries!
- THE KING—High in triumph since our ban-  
 ners now are soaring,  
 Let us spare those our mercy imploring:  
 By the gods mercy, aye, is required,  
 And of princes it strengthens the sway.
- RADAMES—O King! by heav'n above us,  
 And by the crown on thy brow, thou  
 sworest,  
 Whate'er I asked thee thou wouldst grant  
 it.
- THE KING—Say on.
- RADAMES—Vouchsafe then, I pray, freedom  
 and life to freely grant  
 Unto these Ethiop captives here.
- AMNERIS—Free all, then!
- PRIESTS—Death be the doom of Egypt's  
 enemies!
- PEOPLE—Compassion to the wretched!
- RAMPHIS—Hear me, O King! and thou too,  
 Dauntless young hero, lost to the voice of  
 prudence!  
 They are foes, to battle hardened.  
 Vengeance ne'er in them will die;  
 Growing bolder if now pardoned,  
 They to arms once more will fly!
- RADAMES—With Amonasro, their warrior  
 King,  
 All hopes of revenge have perish'd.
- RAMPHIS—At least, as earnest of safety and  
 of peace,  
 Keep we back then Aïda's father.
- THE KING—I yield me to thy counsel;  
 Of safety now and peace a bond more  
 certain will I give you.  
 Radames, to thee our debt is unbounded.  
 Amneris, my daughter, shall be thy  
 guerdon.  
 Thou shalt hereafter o'er Egypt with her  
 hold conjoint sway.
- AMNERIS (*aside*)—Now let yon bondmaid,  
 now let her  
 Rob me of my love; she dare not!
- THE KING—Glory to Egypt's gracious land.  
 Isis hath aye protected;  
 With laurel and with lotus  
 Entwine proudly the victor's head.
- RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS—Praise be to Isis,  
 goddess bland,  
 Who hath our land protected,  
 And pray that the favors granted us,  
 Ever be o'er us shed.
- SLAVE-PRISONERS—Glory to Egypt's gracious  
 land!  
 She hath revenge rejected,  
 And liberty hath granted us  
 Once more our soil to tread.
- AÏDA—Alas! to me what hope is left?  
 He weds a throne ascending;  
 I left my loss to measure,  
 To mourn a hopeless love.
- RADAMES—Now heaven's bolt the clouds has  
 cleft,  
 Upon my head descending;  
 Ah! no, all Egypt's treasure  
 Weighs not Aïda's love.
- AMNERIS—Almost of every sense bereft,  
 By joy my hopes transcending;  
 Scarce I the triumph can measure  
 Now crowning all my love.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

AMONASRO (*to AïDA*)—Take heart, there yet  
 some hope is left,  
 Thy country's fate amending;  
 Soon shalt thou see with pleasure  
 Revenge light from above.

PEOPLE—Glory to Egypt's goddess bland,  
 Who hath our land protected!  
 With laurel and with lotus  
 Entwine proudly the victor's head.

### ACT III

SCENE I—*Shores of the Nile. Granite rocks  
 overgrown with palm-trees. On the summit  
 of the rocks a temple dedicated to Isis,  
 half hidden in foliage. Night; stars and a  
 bright moon.*

AïDA—He will ere long be here! What would  
 he tell me?

I tremble! Ah! if thou comest to bid me,  
 Harsh man, farewell forever,  
 Then, Nilus, thy dark and rushing stream  
 Shall soon o'erwhelm me; peace shall I find  
 there,  
 And a long oblivion.

My native land no more, no more shall  
 I behold!

Yes, fragrant valleys, your sheltering  
 bowers,

Once 'twas my dream, should love's abode  
 hang o'er;

Perish'd those dreams now like winter-  
 blighted flowers:

Land of my fathers, ne'er shall I see thee  
 more!

(*Enter AMONASRO.*)

Heav'n! my father!

AMONASRO—Grave cause leads me to seek  
 thee here, Aïda.

Naught escapes my attention.

For Radames thou'rt dying of love;

He loves thee: thou await'st him.

A daughter of the Pharaohs is thy rival.

Race accursed, race detested, to us aye  
 fatal!

AïDA—And I am in her grasp!

I, Amonasro's daughter!

AMONASRO—In her power thou! No! If thou  
 wishest,

Thy all-powerful rival thou shall vanquish;

Thy country, thy scepter, thy love, shall  
 all be thine.

Once again shalt thou on our balmy forests,  
 Our verdant valleys, our golden temples  
 gaze!

AïDA—Once again I shall on our balmy  
 forests,

Our verdant valleys, our golden temples  
 gaze!

AMONASRO—The happy bride of thy heart's  
 dearest treasure,

Delight unbounded there shalt thou enjoy.

AïDA (*with transport*)—One day alone of  
 such enchanting pleasure,

Nay, but an hour of bliss so sweet, then  
 let me die!

AMONASRO—Yet recall how Egyptian hordes  
 descended

On our homes, our temples, our altars dar'd  
 profane!

Cast in bonds sisters, daughters, unde-  
 fended,

Mothers, graybeards, and helpless children  
 slain.

AïDA—Too well remembered are those days  
 of mourning!

All the keen anguish my poor heart that  
 pierc'd!

Gods! grant in mercy, peace once more  
 returning,

Once more the dawn soon of glad days may  
 burst.

AMONASRO—Remember! Lose not a moment.  
 Our people arm'd are panting

For the signal when to strike the blow.  
 Success is sure; only one thing is wanting:

That we know by what path will march  
 the foe.

AïDA—Who that path will discover? Canst  
 tell?

AMONASRO—Thyself will!

AïDA—I?

AMONASRO—Radames knows thou art wait-  
 ing.

He loves thee, he commands the Egyptians.  
 Dost hear me?

AïDA—O horror! What wilt thou that I do?  
 No! Nevermore!

AMONASRO—(*with savage fury*)—Up, Egypt,  
 fierce nation

Our cities devoting

To flames, and denoting

With ruins your path.

Spread wide devastation,

Your fury unbridle,

Resistance is idle,

Give rein to your wrath!

AïDA—Ah! Father!

AMONASRO—(*repulsing her*)—Dost call thee  
 my daughter?

## SECOND CONCERT

AÏDA—Nay, hold! have mercy!

AMONASRO—Torrents of blood shall crimson flow,

Grimly the foe stands gloating.

Seest thou! from darkling gulfs below

Shades of the dead upfloating!

Crying, as thee in scorn they show:

“Thy country thou hast slain!”

AÏDA—Nay, hold! ah, hold! have mercy, pray!

AMONASRO—One among those phantoms dark  
E'en now it stands before thee:

Tremble! now stretching o'er thee

Its bony hand I mark!

Thy mother's hands see there again

Stretch'd out to curse thee!

AÏDA (*with the utmost terror*)—Ah! no! my father, spare thy child!

AMONASRO—(*repulsing her*)—Thou'rt my daughter!

No! of the Pharaohs thou art a bondmaid!

AÏDA—O spare thy child!

Father! no, their slave am I no longer.

Ah! with thy curse do not appall me;

Still thine own daughter thou mayest call me;

Ne'er shall my country her child disdain.

AMONASRO—Think that thy race down-trampled by the conqu'ror,

Thro' thee alone can their freedom gain!

AÏDA—O then my country has proved the stronger!

My country's cause than love is stronger!

AMONASRO—Have courage! he comes! there! I'll remain.

(*Conceals himself among the palms.*)

RADAMES (*with transport*)—Again I see thee, my own Aïda!

AÏDA—Advance not! Hence! What hopes art thou?

RADAMES—Love led me hither in hope to meet thee.

AÏDA—Thou to another must thy hand resign. The Princess weds thee.

RADAMES—What sayest thou?

Thee only, Aïda, e'er can I love.

Be witness, heaven, thou art not forsaken!

AÏDA—Invoke not falsely the gods above!

True, thou wert lov'd; let not untruth degrade thee!

RADAMES—Can of my love no more I persuade thee?

AÏDA—And how then hop'st thou to baffle the love of the Princess.

The King's high command, the desire of the people,

The certain wrath of the priesthood?

RADAMES—Hear me, Aïda!

Once more of deadly strife, with hope unfading,

The Ethiop has again lighted the brand.

Already they our borders have invaded.

All Egypt's armies I shall command.

While shouts of triumph greet me victorious,

To our kind monarch my love disclosing,

I thee will claim as my guerdon glorious,

With thee live evermore in love reposing.

AÏDA—Nay, but dost thou not fear then Amneris' fell revenge?

Her dreadful vengeance, like the lightning of heaven,

On me will fall, upon my father, my nation!

RADAMES—I will defend thee!

AÏDA—In vain wouldst thou attempt it.

Yet if thou lov'st me,

There still offers a path for escape.

RADAMES—Name it!

AÏDA—To flee!

RADAMES—To flee hence?

AÏDA—Ah! flee from where these burning skies

Are all beneath them blighting;

Toward regions now we'll turn our eyes,

Our faithful love inviting.

There, where the virgin forests rise,

'Mid fragrance softly stealing,

Our loving bliss concealing,

The world we'll quite forget.

RADAMES—To distant countries ranging,

With thee thou bid'st me fly!

For other lands exchanging

All 'neath my native sky!

The land these armies have guarded,

That first fame's crown awarded,

Where first I thee regarded,

How can I e'er forget?

AÏDA—There, where the virgin forests rise,

'Mid fragrance softly stealing,

The world we'll quite forget.

RADAMES—Where first I thee regarded

How can I e'er forget?

AÏDA—Beneath our skies more freely

To our hearts will love be yielded;

The gods thy youth that shielded

Will not our love forget;

Ah! let us fly!

RADAMES (*hesitating*).—Aïda!

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

AÏDA—Me thou lov'st not! Go!  
 RADAMES—Not love thee?  
 Ne'er yet in mortal bosom love's flame did  
 burn  
 With ardor so devouring!  
 AÏDA—Go! go! Yon awaits for thee Amneris!  
 RADAMES—All in vain!  
 AÏDA—In vain, thou sayest?  
 Then fall the axe upon me,  
 And on my wretched father!  
 RADAMES (*with impassioned resolution*).  
 Ah, no! we'll fly then!  
 Yes, we'll fly these walls now hated,  
 In the desert hide our treasure;  
 Here the land to love seems fated,  
 There all seems to smile on me.  
 AÏDA—'Mid the valleys where nature greets  
 thee,  
 We our bridal couch soon spreading,  
 Starry skies, their lustre shedding,  
 Be our lucid canopy.  
 Follow me, together flying,  
 Where all love doth still abide!  
 Thou art lov'd with love undying!  
 Come, and love our steps shall guide.  
 (*They are hastening away when sud-*  
*denly AÏDA pauses.*)  
 But tell me: by what path shall we avoid  
 Alighting on the soldiers?  
 RADAMES—By the path that we have chosen  
 To fall on the Ethiops:  
 'Twill be free until tomorrow.  
 AÏDA—Say, which is that?  
 RADAMES—The gorges of Napata.  
 AMONASRO—Of Napata the gorges!  
 There will I post my men!  
 RADAMES—Who has overheard us?  
 AMONASRO—AÏda's father, Ethiopia's king!  
 RADAMES— (*overcome with surprise*)—  
 Thou! Amonasro! thou! the King!  
 Heaven! what say'st thou?  
 No! it is false  
 Surely this can be but dreaming!  
 AÏDA—Ah, no! be calm, and list to me;  
 Trust! love thy footsteps guiding.  
 AMONASRO—In her fond love confiding,  
 A throne thy prize shall be!  
 RADAMES—My name forever branded!  
 For thee I've played the traitor!  
 AÏDA—Ah, calm thee!  
 AMONASRO—No; blame can never fall on  
 thee!  
 It was by fate commanded.  
 Come where, beyond the Nile arrayed,  
 Warriors brave are waiting;

There love each fond wish sating,  
 Thou shalt be happy made. Come then!  
 (*Dragging RADAMES.*)  
 AMNERIS (*from the temple*)—Traitor vile!  
 AÏDA—My rival here!  
 AMONASRO—Dost thou come to mar my  
 projects!  
 (*Advancing with dagger towards*  
 AMNERIS.)  
 RADAMES (*rushing between them*).—Desist,  
 thou madman!  
 AMONASRO—Oh, fury!  
 RAMPHIS—Soldiers, advance!  
 RADAMES (*to AÏDA and AMONASRO*)—  
 Fly quick! delay not!  
 AMONASRO (*dragging AÏDA*).—Come then,  
 my daughter!  
 RAMPHIS (*to the guards*)—Follow after!  
 RADAMES (*to RAMPHIS*)—Priest of Isis, I  
 yield to thee!

### ACT IV

SCENE I—*A hall in the King's palace. On the*  
*left a large portal leading to the subter-*  
*anean hall of justice. A passage on the*  
*right leading to the prison of Radames.*  
 AMNERIS—She, my rival detested, has  
 escaped me;  
 And from the priesthood Radames  
 Awaits the sentence on a traitor.  
 Yet a traitor he is not; tho' he disclosed  
 The weighty secrets of warfare, flight was  
 His true intention, and flight with her, too!  
 They are traitors all, then! deserving to  
 perish!  
 What am I saying? I love him, still I  
 love him!  
 Yes, insane and desp'rate is the love  
 My wretched life destroying!  
 Ah! could he only love me!  
 I fain would save him. Yet can I?  
 One effort! Soldiers, Radames bring hither.  
 (*Enter RADAMES, led by guards.*)  
 Now to the hall the priests proceed,  
 Whose judgment thou are waiting;  
 Yet there is hope from this foul deed  
 Thyself of exculpating;  
 Once clear to gain thy pardon  
 I at the throne's foot kneeling,  
 For mercy appealing,  
 Life will I render thee.  
 RADAMES—From me my judges ne'er will  
 hear  
 One word of exculpation;

## SECOND CONCERT

In sight of heaven I am clear,  
 Nor fear its reprobation.  
 My lips I kept no guard on.  
 The secret I imparted;  
 But guiltless and pure-hearted,  
 From stain my honor's free.

AMNERIS—Then save thy life, and clear  
 thyself!

RADAMES—No!

AMNERIS—Wouldst thou die?

RADAMES—My life is hateful! Of all pleasure  
 Forever 'tis divested,  
 Without hope's priceless treasure  
 'Tis better far to die!

AMNERIS—Wouldst die, then? Ah! thou for  
 me shalt live!  
 Live, of all my love assured;  
 The keenest pangs that death can give  
 For thee have I endured!  
 By love condemn'd to languish,  
 Long vigils I've spent in anguish;  
 My country, my power, existence,  
 All I'd surrender for thee!

RADAMES—For her I, too, my country,  
 Honor and life surrendered!

AMNERIS—No more of her!

RADAMES—Dishonor awaits me,  
 Yet thou wilt save me?  
 Thou all my hope has shaken,  
 Aïda thou has taken;  
 Haply thou hast slain her,  
 And yet offerest life to me?

AMNERIS—I on her life lay guilty hands?  
 No! She is living!

RADAMES—Living!

AMNERIS—When routed fled the savage  
 bands,  
 To fate war's chances giving,  
 Perish'd her father.

RADAMES—And she then?

AMNERIS—Vanish'd, nor aught heard we then  
 further.

RADAMES—The gods her path guide, then,  
 Safe to her home returning!  
 Guard her, too, e'er from learning  
 That I for her sake die!

AMNERIS—But if I save thee, wilt thou  
 swear  
 Her sight e'er to resign?

RADAMES—I cannot!

AMNERIS—Swear to renounce her forever,  
 Life shall be thine!

RADAMES—I cannot!

AMNERIS—Once more thy answer:  
 Wilt thou renounce her?

RADAMES—No, never!

AMNERIS—Life's thread wouldst thou then  
 sever?

RADAMES—I am prepared to die.

AMNERIS—From the fate now hanging o'er  
 thee  
 Who will save thee, wretched being?  
 She whose heart could once adore thee  
 Now is made thy mortal foe!  
 Heaven, all my anguish seeing,  
 Will revenge this cruel blow!

RADAMES—Void of terror death now ap-  
 peareth,  
 In the hour when I perish,  
 Since I die for her I cherish!  
 With delight my heart will glow;  
 Wrath no more this bosom feareth;  
 Scorn for thee alone I know!  
*(Exit RADAMES, attended by guards.  
 AMNERIS, overcome, sinks on a chair.)*

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS—He is condemned!  
 He dies!

AMNERIS *(to RAMPHIS)*—Priest of Isis, this  
 man whom you murder,  
 Well ye know, in my heart I have  
 cherish'd:  
 May the curse of a heart whose hope has  
 perish'd  
 Fall on him who mercy denies!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS—He is condemned!  
 He dies!  
*(Exeunt RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS)*

AMNERIS—Impious priesthood! curses light  
 on ye all!  
 On your heads heaven's vengeance will  
 fall!

SCENE II—*The scene is divided into two  
 floors. The upper floor represents the inter-  
 ior of the Temple of Vulcan, resplendent  
 with gold and glittering light. The lower  
 floor is a crypt. Long arcades vanishing in  
 the gloom. Colossal statues of Osiris with  
 crossed hands support the pillars of the  
 vault. Radames is discovered in the crypt,  
 on the steps of the stairs leading into the  
 vault. Above, two Priests are in the act of  
 letting down the stone which closes the  
 subterranean apartment.*

RADAMES—The fatal stone upon me now is  
 closing!  
 Now has the tomb engulf'd me;  
 I never more shall light behold!  
 Ne'er shall I see Aïda!  
 Aïda, where now art thou?  
 Whate'er befall me, may'st thou be happy;

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

Ne'er may my frightful doom reach thy ear.  
What groan was that! 'Tis a phantom,  
Some vision dread! No! sure that form is human!  
Heav'n! Aïda!  
AÏDA—'Tis I, love!  
RADAMES (*in the utmost despair*)—  
Thou? with me here buried?  
AÏDA—My heart foreboded this thy dreadful sentence,  
And to this tomb, that shuts on thee its portal,  
I crept unseen by mortal.  
Here, far from all, where none can more behold us,  
Clasp'd in thy arms, I am resolved to perish!  
RADAMES—To die! so pure and lovely!  
For me thyself so dooming,  
In all thy beauty blooming,  
Fade thus forever!  
Thou whom the heav'ns alone for love created,  
But to destroy thee was my love then fated!  
Ah! no! those eyes so clear I prize,  
For death too lovely are!

AÏDA (*as in a trance*)—Seest thou, where death, in angel guise,  
In heav'nly radiance beaming,  
Would waft us to eternal joys,  
On golden wings above?  
See, heaven's gates are open wide,  
Where tears are never streaming,  
Where only joy and bliss abide,  
And never fading love.  
PRIESTESSES AND PRIESTS—Almighty Phthà,  
that wakest  
In all things breathing life,  
Lo! we invoke thee!  
AÏDA AND RADAMES—Farewell, O earth!  
Farewell, thou vale of sorrow!  
Brief dream of joy condemn'd to end in woe!  
To us now opens the sky, an endless morrow  
Unshadow'd there eternally shall glow.  
Ah! now opens the sky!  
(AMNERIS *appears habited in mourning, and throws herself on the stone closing the vault.*)  
AMNERIS (*suffocating with emotion*)—  
Peace everlasting! Oh, my beloved!  
Isis, relenting, greet thee on high!  
PRIESTS—Almighty Phthà!

# THIRD CONCERT

## Saturday Afternoon, May 4

Overture to *La Scala di seta* . . . . . ROSSINI

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini was born in Pesaro,  
February 29, 1792; died in Paris, November 13, 1868.

It has become a truism among musicians and critics in our time that much of the art of Rossini was incredibly hasty in execution and shallow in artistic purpose, and that its great popularity with a thoughtless public turned opera away from the reform ideas of Gluck and the dramatic veracity of Mozart. Every biographical dictionary mentions the fact that Rossini's appreciation of the higher values of the music drama was slight; that he was undisciplined in his early musical training and that his one ideal and dominating artistic impulse was merely to captivate audiences with the unquestioned lyrical charm of his melodies. The fact that he ceased composing operas at the age of thirty-seven, and for the next forty years of his life led the idle existence of "a genial, frivolous and quixotic retired celebrity" has led to the conclusion that he was by nature indolent and artistically insincere.

The facts are that Rossini was the industrious composer of thirty-eight operas in the nineteen-year period between his first, in 1810, and his last, in 1829; that he was a conscientious student of all styles of music and so devoted an admirer and emulator of Haydn and Mozart that his contemporaries often referred to him as *Il Tedeschino* ("The Little German"). His retirement from the field of opera at such an early period in his career was not the result of laziness and indifference, but the expression of a serious artist's disgust with the cheap commercialism and artistic poverty he found in the pompous, blatant, but increasingly popular French "Grand Opera" of Meyerbeer and his associates. The truth is that Rossini's artistic roots went deep into the classicism of the eighteenth century, and as he witnessed with dismay and frustration the disintegration of its ideal and the forsaking of its purely musical values, he finally laid down his pen to write no more for a public whose taste had descended to the level of the mundane and the sensational.

Contemporary criticism has begun to re-evaluate the art of this truly great man of the theater. According to an outstanding musical scholar of our day, Paul Henry Lang:

. . . he lived in it as a youth and for it as a man. His was a totally unselfconscious musicianship, securely anchored in the great tradition of eighteenth-century Italian opera. This world of the *opera buffa* was not slapstick comedy, but a natural union of life and the theatre. True, weighty esthetic or moral problems of conscience are not conspicuously present in it, but the atmosphere, tone, and quality of *Cenerentola* or *The Barber of Seville* are always on a very high artistic level. . . . Though born for *opera buffa*, as he himself said, Rossini was entirely capable of the monumental. Every dramatic question interested him, but only through music, in music, indeed, through musical bravura. For make no mistake, he liked serious drama, otherwise he would not have set librettos based on Schiller, Shakespeare, and Walter Scott.\*

\* Paul Henry Lang, "The Story of a Broken Career," *New York Herald-Tribune*, January 13, 1957.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

*La Scala di seta* (The Silken Ladder), a one act farce, was composed by Rossini and produced in Venice in 1812. It was not successful and had only one performance outside of Italy. Its overture, however, has survived and has delighted audiences all over the world with its rollicking good humor and esprit.

### Concerto in D minor for Violin and Orchestra . . . TARTINI

Giuseppe Tartini was born in Pirano, Istria,  
April 8, 1692; died in Padua, February 26, 1770.

Tartini was the last of the great trio of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian masters represented on these programs who, as performers and composers, elevated the violin to its reigning position as the "King of Instruments." His immediate predecessors were Arcangelo Corelli (1653-1713) and Antonio Vivaldi (1675(?)-1741), both of whom are represented on this and tomorrow night's programs.

Tartini composed during a transitional period between the late Baroque and the Classic era of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven (Beethoven was born in 1770, the year of Tartini's death). His fame as a violinist was equalled by his reputation for improving the construction of the violin bow and for increasing the facility of its use. Contemporary with the great musical theorists, Padre Martini in Italy and Jean Philippe Rameau in France, Tartini, too, made investigations into the science of acoustics and harmony. He was a renowned teacher of violin, attracting pupils from all parts of Europe; so international was his reputation in this field, that he was often referred to as *Il Maestro della nazioni*.

Shortly after the establishment of the violin as a unique and individual instrument around 1600,\* its expressive potentialities were discovered and exploited. The first known composer of violin music was Giovanni Battista Fontana of Brescia (d. 1630), but it was in the works of two masters from Mantua, Biagio Marini (d. 1665) and Carlo Farino who flourished around 1635, that such virtuoso devices as the trill, the double stop, the tremolo, the pizzicato, and the use of harmonics were supposed to have appeared. After the middle of the century, Italian composers became more interested in a purely lyrical style, and the instrument's ability to imitate the "singing" quality of the human voice. Giovanni Legrenzi (1620-90), Giovanni Battista Vitali (1644-92), and Giuseppe Torelli (c. 1650-1708) led directly to the first of the three really eminent masters of violin performance and composition, Arcangelo Corelli whose famous *La Folia* will be heard after the intermission, and to the more spectacular and animated style of Antonio Vivaldi whose *Concerto for Piccolo and Orchestra* will open tomorrow night's performance.†

Tartini was born approximately a decade before, and died twenty-nine years

\* The first makers of violins were Gasparo Bertolatti (1590-1609) and Giovanni Paolo Maggini (1581-1628) of Brescia, Italy. More famous names to follow were those of the Amati brothers, Antonio (1555-1640) and Hieronymous (c. 1556-1630) of Cremona, and his son Nicolo Amati (1596-1684). The most famous of all was Antonio Stradivari (1644-1737), a pupil of Nicolo Amati.

† See pages 53-55.

## THIRD CONCERT

after Vivaldi. Their careers were practically simultaneous, and the musical problems they met and attempted to solve were quite similar.

The Concerto in D minor is an early eighteenth century example of the *solo concerto*. By Tartini's time it had already been codified into the three movement plan (fast-slow-fast). Just as the human voice became the model for the *cantabile* style of string instruments, so the opera aria of the day became the standard of structure for the movements of the *solo concerto*. In the aria, solo passages were introduced by, alternated with, and concluded by instrumental interludes or *ritornelli*, in which repetitions of the opening theme or parts thereof might reappear. In the D-minor Concerto of Tartini, purely orchestral sections are contrasted with accompanied solo passages, in which the solo effects are completely emancipated and focused upon. Although the nucleus of the later concerto form is detected throughout, the idiom remains, in most instances, that of the late Baroque period, i.e., the themes are dancelike in character, the harmonies occasionally modal (second movement), and the structure held together by a recurring motive—in this case a reiterated note figure that, in slightly disguised and modified form, unifies the three movements.

The Tartini Concerto shows considerable advance over the Vivaldi *Piccolo Concerto* to be heard on tomorrow night's program. Not only is it a work of intrinsic charm and beauty, but historically it points to the early nineteenth century Romantic concerto which was to reach its climax a century after Tartini's death.

“The Walrus and the Carpenter,”

A Cantata for Children . . . . . PERCY FLETCHER

Percy Fletcher was born December 12, 1879, in Derby, England; died September 10, 1932, in London.

It is not so easy a task as it appears to set to music a text as unusual as Lewis Carroll's “The Walrus and the Carpenter,” without destroying the particular charm that comes to us through the utterly delightful nonsense of the words. To retain a sufficient amount of musical sanity and pure musical interest, and yet not evaporate the topsy-turvy mood created by the text, needs the most sensitive kind of manipulation. Mr. Fletcher has succeeded in retaining not only the atmosphere of the poem, but in actually emphasizing some of its most curious and fantastic moments.

Throughout, delightfully foolish verse is matched with the whimsical charm of a music, simple to the point of naïveté, but particularly adapted to the voices of children:

### PROLOGUE

We have a story to relate  
Which may be rather long,  
And so as not to worry you  
We'll tell it you in song.  
'Twas told to gentle Alice,  
(Who reads the book will see),  
By Tweedledum's twin brother,  
Whose name was Tweedledee.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Is what the tale is called,  
And by its quaint philosophy  
You soon will be enthralled.  
The moral of the story  
We leave for you to guess;  
But though you may not do so,  
You'll like it none the less.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

### THE STORY

The sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might;  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright,  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done:—  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry;  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead,  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
"If this were only cleared away,"  
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids, with seven mops,  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,  
"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

"Oh, Oysters, come and walk with us!"  
The Walrus did beseech—  
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach;  
We cannot do with more than four  
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said;  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head—  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat;  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat—  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more—  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things:  
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax  
—Of cabbages—and kings—  
And why the sea is boiling hot—  
And whether pigs have wings!"

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,  
"Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!"  
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter:  
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,  
"Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed—  
Now, if you're ready, Oysters, dear,  
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us," the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue,  
"After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!"  
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,  
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come,  
And you are very nice!"  
The Carpenter said nothing, but  
"Cut us another slice:  
I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,  
"To play them such a trick,  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!"  
The Carpenter said nothing, but  
"The butter's spread too thick!"

### THIRD CONCERT

"I weep for you," the Walrus said,  
"I deeply sympathize!"  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

"Oh, Oysters," said the Carpenter,  
"You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?"  
But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one.

#### EPILOGUE

Our story now is ended,  
Our fairy-tale is told;  
You've listened to it patiently  
As Alice did of old.  
No doubt you like the Walrus best  
Because he was so grieved;  
Or do you think he ate the most,  
As Tweedledee believed?

Then should you like the Carpenter  
Because he ate the least,  
You must agree with Tweedledum,  
He had a monstrous feast;  
But if you dream of them to-night,  
We hope you will not end  
By thinking you were gobbled up  
By the Walrus and his friend.

Portrait No. 1 from *Two Portraits for Orchestra; One Idealistic, One Distorted*, Op. 5 . . . . . BARTÓK

Béla Bartók was born in Nagyszentmiklos in Hungary,  
March 25, 1881; died in New York, September 26, 1945.

Béla Bartók was distinguished in every sphere of the music he served so conscientiously and selflessly; no creative artist in any field was ever so completely dedicated to his art, or lived such a life of self-denial in its interest. The extent of his musical activity as composer and scholar is staggering to contemplate; to even begin to recount his manifold achievements would quickly consume the space allotted to this whole program.

His music retains, more than a decade after his death, a powerful individuality and refreshing originality seldom encountered in our day. It offers perhaps the greatest challenge known to contemporary musical thought and will no doubt do so for some time to come. In the 1920's his idiom became the standard of "modern music" everywhere in the world; he was the inventor of one of the most experimental and widely practiced styles of the period between the two wars. From this era of spiritual atrophy, moral stupefaction, and prevailing sterility, he emerged not only a continuing experimentalist to the end of his life but an artist of the most exacting standards. From a relentless harshness and baffling complexity, his art matured and mellowed into something warmly human and communicatively direct, without sacrifice of any of its originality, certainty, or technical inventiveness. He seems to have realized, as Oscar Wilde once observed, that "nothing is so dangerous as being *too* modern; one is apt to grow old-fashioned quite suddenly."

Bartók was equally distinguished as a musical scholar; with his encyclopedic knowledge of folk music, he became one of the leading authorities of our time. The profundity of his scholarship was unique among creative artists. He not only investigated the music of his native Hungary, of Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and French North Africa with the authority and thoroughness of the most meticulous scientist, but as a composer he subjected it to a complete artistic transformation and distillation. It was never used as an exotic element

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

for spicing up his own musical language in the manner of Franz Liszt and Brahms, who with their so-called "Hungarian" rhapsodies and dances misled generations of musicians as to the true nature of real Hungarian folk music. A nationalistic or racial artist like Bartók has to do more than merely transcribe literally the music of his people. It is not the task or the aim of a composer merely to make arrangements of a few folk songs. He has to be so permeated with the spirit of the music of his people that its characteristic features are woven into the texture of his score almost unconsciously. Thus, a personal style becomes so blended with the racial or national ideas that to distinguish between the two is impossible; with Bartók, it became the very substance of his musical thought and the substratum of every score he created.

The work on this afternoon's program, written in 1907, when Bartók was twenty-six years of age, may not be the quintessence of his art, but it was, in the first decade of this century, a work of prophetic utterance. In it could be heard a new stream of lean, direct, uncomplicated, subtly-etched sound, cutting through a welter of lush, bombastic, pseudo-Wagnerism.

The *Two Portraits*, the first of which is heard on this program, may not be as intriguing, evocative, or challenging a music as we later identify with Bartók's name, but it is, in a way, a portrait of its composer when he was about to enter into the full maturity of his art—an art that was to become the product of a mind fully disciplined, yet fiercely free.

*La Folia*, Op. 5, No. 12 . . . . . CORELLI

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

As Tartini was the king of Italian violinists in the eighteenth century, so had Corelli been the reigning monarch of the late seventeenth century. He, too, can claim a double distinction in the history of musical art. As a great violinist he laid a firm foundation for the future development of the technique of violin playing; and, as a composer, he materially advanced the progress of composition by codifying, in a period of rapid change, several of the forms and idioms that were developing in his day. Being a thorough master of the art of playing the violin, everything he wrote for the instrument grew quite naturally out of its inherent nature. He recognized all the expressive possibilities of the violin as a solo instrument, but more important than this, he revealed to the next generation of composers the use that could be made of it in the orchestra. In his chamber sonatas and *concerti grossi*, he was the founder of the style on which the future development of solo and orchestral writing for this instrument was to be based.

His great reputation as a composer and performer made him especially desirable to princes and cardinals, and he soon became a favorite in the highest Roman society. As the chief musician of Cardinal Ottoboni, he conducted the famous weekly concerts in the Cardinal's palace, where the musical elect, not only of Rome but of all Europe, congregated. Amsterdam, Antwerp, Paris, and London, as well as Rome, published his works, and his fame as a teacher

### THIRD CONCERT

drew talent from all countries to benefit from his instruction. At his death, he left to Cardinal Ottoboni, under whose patronage he had remained for the greater part of his life, a quarter of a million dollars and a valuable collection of paintings. The possession of the paintings one can understand, for Corelli was on intimate terms of friendship with such eminent painters as Cignani and Maratti, but for a composer to end a Croesus is another claim to historical significance.

Just as Corelli had lifted the string instruments to a position of absolute eminence in his famous set of *Twelve Concerti Grossi*, so he pursued the same task with even greater emphasis in his six books of sonatas or solo pieces for the violin. In Opus 5, published in 1700 in Rome, the last solo piece is the familiar *La Folia*, a set of twenty-three variations on a famous melody of the seventeenth century. As originally treated by Corelli, these variations exemplified the dignity and nobility of his style in writing for the solo violin. Among the sundry modern editions, much of the original intention of its composer has been ignored or deliberately destroyed by distortions of style. Modified harmonies, shifted, omitted, or added variations, melodic embellishments for the sake of virtuoso effect, and inserted cadenzas are only a few of the corruptions that have disfigured a work of rare and noble beauty. In discussing the various modern editions of *La Folia*, Gilbert Ross has written:

The original edition of Corelli's Op. 5 is obviously not available over the counter . . . but those who have the initiative to hunt up a copy, at the Library of Congress or elsewhere, will be well rewarded for their pains. Two hundred and fifty-one years will miraculously slip away, and there, behold—pristine, fresh, beautiful, restored, but for a fleeting moment—will be the *Folia* variations the master created, suddenly free of the accumulated corruptions of editorial hatchetmen.\*

### Symphony No. 4 in A major, Op. 90 ("Italian") . MENDELSSOHN

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born in Hamburg,  
February 3, 1809; died in Leipzig, November 4, 1847.

It is well in these chaotic days to turn to a perfectly balanced nature such as Mendelssohn, in whose life and art all was order and refinement. There are few instances in the history of art of a man so abundantly gifted with the good qualities of mind and spirit. He had the love as well as the respect of his contemporaries, for aside from his outstanding musical and intellectual gifts, he possessed a genial yet pious nature. Moses Mendelssohn, the famous philosopher, was his grandfather and, in an atmosphere of culture and learning, every educational advantage was his. Throughout his life he was spared the economic insecurity felt so keenly by many composers; he never knew poverty or privation, never experienced any great soul-stirring disappointments, never suffered neglect, nor any of the other ill fortunes that seemed to beset Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, or Verdi. His essentially happy spirit and healthy mind were never clouded by melancholy; no morbidity ever colored his thinking. His genius was of the highest order, but it was never tried and tempered in fire,

\* Gilbert Ross, "Which Edition of *La Folia*," *Repertoire*, Vol. 1, No. 1, October 1951, p. 38.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

nor strengthened by forces of opposition. It produced, therefore, an art that was, like his life, delightful, well ordered, and serene, but in general bore no relation whatever to the contemporary music in France, nor to the overpowering romanticism of his own country. His habitual forms were those of the classical school, yet his idiom was often fresh and ingenious. Innovation was foreign to Mendelssohn's habit of mind and he rarely attempted it. He must be thought of as a preserver of continuity with the past, rather than as a breaker of new paths. His instinctively clear and normal mind, however, produced a music that should refresh us today with its inner logic, its order, and its tranquility.

In 1830 and 1831, Mendelssohn traveled in Italy, and in a series of letters he has recorded a wealth of vivid impressions.\* Here and there are references also to his composing activity. To his sister Fanny he wrote from Rome about Christmas time in 1830 of "two symphonies which have been haunting my brain." (The reference is to the "Italian" and "Scotch" symphonies.) Two months later (February 22, 1831) he again wrote that "the 'Italian' symphony makes rapid progress; it will be the gayest piece I have ever composed, especially the last movement. I have not yet decided upon the adagio and I think I must put it off for Naples." And again in March—"If only I could compass one of my two symphonies . . . I must and will reserve the 'Italian' one until I have seen Naples which must play a part in it." When he finally reached Naples, he again wrote with enthusiasm about finishing the "Italian" symphony, "to have something to show for my winter's work." At this period his "Reformation" symphony was also incomplete as was the "Scotch" symphony which he had begun in Edinburgh in 1829. "Who can wonder that I find it impossible to return to my misty Scotch mood," he wrote from sunny Italy. The fact was that these works were put aside while he completed "Hebrides" or the "Fingal's Cave" concert overture and his setting to Goethe's *Walpurgisnacht*. To his friend Wilhelm Taubert he wrote from Lucerne on August 27, 1831:

Formerly the bare idea of a symphony was so exciting that I could think of nothing else when one was in my head; the sound of instruments has such a solemn and glorious effect. And yet for some time past I have laid aside a symphony that I have commenced, to compose a cantata of Goethe's merely because it included besides the orchestra, voices and a chorus.

The "Italian" symphony was finally completed, not in Italy but in Berlin, on March 13, 1833. "My work," he wrote to Pastor Bauer, "about which I so recently had so many misgivings, is completed, and now that I look it over I find, contrary to my expectations, that it satisfies me. I believe it has become a good piece; and be that as it may, I feel that it shows progress, and that is the main point."

It might not have come to completion even at this time had it not been for an invitation addressed to Mendelssohn from the Philharmonic Society of London "to compose a symphony, an overture and a vocal piece for the society, for

\* *Reise Briefe . . . aus den Jahren 1830 bis 1832* (Leipzig, 1861), translated by Lady Wallace and published with the title *Letters from Italy* (1862).

### THIRD CONCERT

which he be offered the sum of one hundred guineas." Honored by this request, Mendelssohn replied to the Society on November 28:

. . . I feel highly honored by the offer the Society has made, and I shall compose, according to the request, a symphony, an overture and a vocal piece. When they are finished, I hope to bring them over myself, and to express in person my thanks to the Society . . . and I need not say how happy I shall be in thinking that I write for the Philharmonic Society.

The completed "Italian" symphony was presented to the Society and was performed from manuscript under Mendelssohn's direction on May 13, 1833. It was received with tremendous acclaim, the second movement being encored. Mendelssohn, however, withheld it from publication. Not satisfied with it, he hoped to make revisions. In a letter to his friends Ignatz and Charlotte Moscheles, he wrote on June 26, 1834:

The other day, Dr. Frank, whom you know, came to Düsseldorf, and I wished to show him something of my A-major Symphony. Not having it here, I began writing out the *Andante* again, and in so doing I came across so many errata that I got interested and wrote out the *Minuet* and *Finale* too, but with many necessary alterations; and whenever such occurred I thought of you, and of how you never said a word of blame, although you must have seen it all much better and plainer than I do now. The first movement I have not written down, because if once I begin with that, I am afraid I shall have to alter the entire subject, beginning with the fourth bar—and that means pretty nearly the whole first part—and I have no time for that just now.

In February of 1835 he was still working on the first movement and even after completing the revision he was still trying to bring greater perfection to the last movement. It was performed two years after Mendelssohn's death and did not reach publication until 1851.

In the "Italian" symphony all of Mendelssohn's best qualities are on display—exquisite craftsmanship, refinement of style, spontaneity, and charm. In it also Mendelssohn treated the symphonic forms with the greatest freedom and originality. Any detailed formal explanation of the movements beyond the spontaneous expression that the sound alone conveys, would contribute little to the listener's enjoyment. For sheer beauty and for "habitual cheerfulness," this symphony surpasses anything he ever wrote.

# FOURTH CONCERT

## Saturday Evening, May 4

Overture to *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* . . . . WAGNER

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

In Nazi Germany, Wagner's ideas, like a hundred aspects of German history during the last century and a half, were perverted to evil ends. Hitler's diabolical genius seized upon them for a purpose never intended, nor even dreamed of by their creator, and interpreted them as the embodiment of a political philosophy of force and Teutonic superiority. In his hands they became a postulation of both aristocratic racialism and plebeian socialism. In the minds of many, even today, Wagner is still the symbol of these ideas.

Program notes are not the medium for discussions of this nature; but it will not be amiss in our time to emphasize the true and moving spirit of humanity that is to be found in Wagner's art—a spirit that must not be overshadowed or lost by the superimposition of false doctrines of power, brute force, and hate. Wagner's art is still accepted and reverently attended to by the civilized world, as one of the most profound and searching expressions of the deepest sources of the human spirit. For Wagner, racial and national-socialist goals were to be achieved through art and music, and the invisible *Volk*-soul, not by means of any material institution or through coercion.

In the words of the great contemporary German humanitarian, Thomas Mann, Wagner's aim was:

To purify art and hold it sacred for the sake of a corrupt society . . . He was all for catharsis and purification and dreamed of consecrating society by means of aesthetic elevation and cleansing it from its greed for gold, luxury, and all unloveliness . . . it is thoroughly inadmissible to ascribe to Wagner's nationalistic attitudes and speeches the meaning they would have today. That would be to falsify and misuse them, to besmirch their romantic purity.

The national idea, when Wagner introduced it as a familiar and workable theme into his works—that is to say, before it was realized—was in its historically legitimate heroic epoch. It had its good, living, and genuine period; it was poetry and intellect—a future value. But when the basses thunder out at the stalls the verse about the "German Sword," or that kernel and finale of the "Meistersinger": "Though Holy Roman Empire sink to dust, There still survives our sacred German art," in order to arouse an ulterior patriotic emotion—that is demagogy. It is precisely these lines . . . that attest the intellectuality of Wagner's nationalism and its remoteness from the political sphere; they betray a complete anarchistic indifference to the state, so long as the spiritually German, the "*Deutsche Kunst*," survives.\*

Not since Bach has a composer so overwhelmingly dominated his period, so completely overtopped his contemporaries and followers with a sovereignty of imagination and potency of expression. But Bach and Wagner share little else, actually, aesthetically, or spiritually. Bach's music is transcendent, ab-

\* Thomas Mann, *Freud, Goethe and Wagner* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1933).

## FOURTH CONCERT

solute, and controlled; that of Wagner is most individual, emanating directly and unmistakably from his personality; it is movingly sensuous, excitingly emotional, and highly descriptive. His life, unlike that of Bach, was thrilling, superbly vital and colorful. While Bach worked oblivious of posterity, Wagner, sustained by a prophetic vision and knowledge that he was writing for distant generations, worked consciously for fame. It gave to his music a self-consciousness, an excessiveness, and at times an overeffectiveness. Bach died in obscurity, while Wagner lived to see every one of his major works performed on the stages of the world. He died with universal recognition and the realization that in the short space of his life he had changed the whole current of the tonal art, and that his mind and will had influenced the entire music of his age.

The synthetic and constructive power of Wagner's mind enabled him to assimilate the varied tendencies of his period to such a degree that he became the fulfillment of nineteenth-century romanticism in music. He conditioned the future style of opera, infusing into it a new emotional significance; he emphasized the marvelous dramatic possibilities that lay in the orchestra, thereby realizing the further expressive potentialities of instrumentation. He created not a "school" of music, as many lesser minds than his have done, but a school of thought. His grandiose ideas, sweeping years away as though they were minutes, have ever since found fertilization in the imaginations of those creators of music who have felt that their world has become too small. He sensed Beethoven's striving for new spheres of emotional experience; and in a music that was new and glamorous, incandescent, unfettered, and charged with passion, he entered a world of strange ecstasies to which music had never before had wings to soar.

To the opera-going public, particularly in Germany, Wagner's single comedy *Die Meistersinger* is the most beloved of all his works. The gaiety and charming tunefulness of the score, and the intermingling of humor, satire, and romance in the text, are reasons enough for its universal popularity.

As a reconstruction of the social life in the quaint medieval city of Nürnberg, its truthfulness and vividness are beyond all praise. In its harmless satire, aimed in kindly humor at the manners, vices, and follies of the "tradesmen-musicians" and their attempt to keep the spirit of minstrelsy alive by dint of pedantic formulas, the plot is worthy to stand beside the best comedies of the world. Certainly it has no equal in operatic literature.

Among the great instrumental works whose fundamental principle is that of polyphony (plural melody), the Prelude to *Die Meistersinger* stands alone. Polyphonic music, formerly the expression of corporate religious worship, now becomes the medium for the expression of the many-sidedness of individual character and the complexity of modern life. What a triumph for the man who was derided for his lack of scholarship because he had no desire to bury himself alive in dust, but who constructed, with a surety of control of all the resources of the most abstruse counterpoint, a monument of polyphonic writing such as had not seen the light since the days of Palestrina and Bach, yet with no sacrifice of naturalness, simplicity, and truthfulness.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

Like Beethoven in the "Leonore" overtures written for his opera *Fidelio*, Wagner constructed the symphonic introduction to his comedy so as to indicate the elements of the dramatic story, their progress in the development of the play, and finally the outcome.

The overture begins with the theme of the Meistersingers in heavy pompous chords which carry with them all the nobility and dignity indicative of the character of the members of the guild, with their steadfast convictions and adherence to traditional rules. The theme is an embodiment of all that was sturdy, upright, and kindly in the medieval burgher.

The second theme, only fourteen measures in length, heard alternating in flute, oboe, and clarinet, expresses the tender love of Eva and Walther. With a flourish in the violins flaunted by brass, another characteristic meistersinger theme appears in the woodwinds, indicating the pompous corporate consciousness of the guild, symbolized in their banner whereon is emblazoned King David playing his harp.

In an interlude the violins sing the famous "prize song" in which, in the last act, the whole work finds its highest expression. This section is abruptly ended with a restatement of the meistersinger theme, now in the form of a short scherzo in humorous staccati notes. A stirring climax is reached with the simultaneous sounding of the three main themes: the "prize song" in the first violins and first horns and cellos; the banner theme in woodwinds, lower horns, and second violins; the meistersinger theme in basses of all choirs. There is little music so intricate, yet so human. In the words of Lawrence Gilman, it is "a wondrous score, with its Shakespearean abundance, its Shakespearean blend of humor and loveliness, the warmth and depth of its humanity, the sweet mellowness of its spirit, its incredible recapturing of the hue and fragrance of a vanished day, its perfect veracity and its transcendent art."

### Symphony No. 88 in G major . . . . . HAYDN

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

Five years before the birth of Haydn in 1732, Alexander Pope had written the first version of the *Dunciad*. When Haydn died in 1809, Walter Scott had just finished *Marmion*, while William Wordsworth was thirty-nine years of age and eleven years before had published his Romantic Manifesto in the *Lyrical Ballads*. Haydn saw the birth and death of Mozart and lived until Beethoven was thirty-nine years of age.

In the seventy-seven years of his life, Haydn had witnessed and helped to shape the great classic tradition in musical composition, and had lived to see his formal and serene classic world sink under the surging tide of Romanticism. He himself, however, played no part in nor reflected in his art that period of deep unrest at the end of the eighteenth century 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 Ger-

## FOURTH CONCERT

many had announced that an old civilization had broken up and a new one was about to appear. Swift progression was seething all over Europe; Beethoven had caught this spirit in his "Eroica" symphony (1805) and the "Appassionata" sonata (1806). But Haydn, living with his memories and gathering the few last laurels thrown at his feet, heard only the faintest echoes of these great works which tore at the very roots of musical expression and rent the whole fabric of musical forms.

The bombshells of Napoleon's army could be heard by Haydn as he lay dying near Vienna, and, with his death, disappeared the even tenor and calm serenity of existence so beautifully symbolized by his own life and so confidently expressed in his music. With Haydn died the classical tradition in music.

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 unique to it. For this reason the opposition between classic and romantic principles in the second half of the eighteenth century was not as clearly defined in music as in literature. Haydn represents this period in music history; he systematized musical forms and secularized expression. Not only did he realize the unique powers of music as an art in itself and evolve and codify new forms, but he achieved the glorification of the natural music which exists in the hearts of the people, by elevating its essentially healthy and vigorous qualities into the realm of art. It is beyond controversy that, of the great masters of the German genius epoch, Haydn was the first to make himself intelligible to the masses. He spoke a musical language that appealed with the same directness to the skilled artist as to the merest layman. He disseminated his art among all. He was its true secularizer; he brought it to earth.

In his music, every thought takes on a grace of form. With a unity of the whole, there is a lucidity in detail, a neatness and elegance, and a perfect ease and clearness in the exposition of his ideas. For all who enjoy clear writing, who rejoice to see expression achieved with graceful directness and charming certainty, Haydn composed. He is never too introspective, and his music is never too subjective. He never, in the Ossianic phrase, indulges in the "luxury of grief"; there is no passionate striving for the unobtainable here. Haydn's one theme in art is the joy and beauty of the moment; he saw things simply, and he recorded his impressions with honesty, frankness, and great economy of means.

In 1761, Haydn was appointed Vice-Kapellmeister at the court of Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy at Eisenstadt. The Prince maintained a small band of musicians under the direction of one Gregorius Joseph Werner, a composer of sorts whose chief interest lay in vocal and ecclesiastical music. Haydn's appointment was made simply to augment the musical activity and not to compete in any way with the older musician. About a year after Haydn was established, however, Prince Paul died and was succeeded by his even more musically dedicated brother, Nicolaus, who encouraged Haydn's desire to reorganize the existing small orchestra into a more disciplined and professional group. He

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

immediately saw to it that the orchestra was, from the physical side, as thoroughly equipped as possible with new or repaired instruments, modern music desks, and an increased library of musical literature. Ultimately, the orchestra consisted of fourteen musicians: five violins, one violoncello, one contrabass, one flute, two oboes, two bassoons, and two horns. He also disciplined its members, who had previously taken a rather indifferent attitude toward their duties, by instituting numerous and required rehearsals and by insisting upon meticulous performance. "My Prince," wrote Haydn to his friend Griesinger, "was satisfied with my labors; I received applause; as director of the orchestra, I could make experiments, observe the results of them, perceive that which was weak, then rectify it, add, or take away. I was cut off from the world; no one in my vicinity knew me, or could make me go wrong, or annoy me; so I was forced to become original."

In this Utopian situation, with constant encouragement from his patron, Haydn continued for almost a half century to produce that great body of compositions which brought not only immortality to him, but also everlasting glory and respect to the name of Esterhazy.

The G-major Symphony on tonight's program was written about 1786, seven years before the composition of the twelve mature "Salomon" symphonies. Although it is a short and naïve work among Haydn's great symphonies, it is by no means an early or immature one. Haydn had been in the services of his patron, Prince Esterhazy, for twenty-five years, and was fifty-four years of age at the time of its composition. Nowhere does he reveal more ingenious invention, more economy of means, and greater effect than he does in this delightful little work.

Only five years before this symphony was written, Haydn met the young Mozart for the first time; he was then twenty-four years his senior. For ten years there remained an unbroken friendship between the two, during which time their mutual respect and affection grew. It is more than a coincidence that the finest works of both were written after the beginning of their acquaintance in 1781. But it was the younger musician who exerted the stronger influence. Mozart's superior treatment of instruments, especially of the woodwind group, his more subtle harmonies, and especially his brilliant solutions of the problems of form, made a marked impression on the older master, whose works in time began to reveal a richer harmonization, a fuller orchestration, and a more mature treatment of correlative design.

The late Donald Francis Tovey, distinguished English musical scholar, no doubt influenced by Haydn's infectious humor, wrote the following diverting analysis:

Very clever persons, who take in music by the eye, have pointed out the extraordinary resemblance between the opening theme and that of the *Finale* of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. The resemblance is equivalent to the scriptural warrant of the minister who, wishing to inveigh against a prevalent frivolity in head-gear, preached upon the text,

## FOURTH CONCERT

"Top-knot, come down!"—which he had found in Matt. XXIV, 17 ("Let him which is on the housetop not come down").

The Top-knot school of exegesis still flourishes in music. This theme of Haydn's is as pregnant as that in Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, but it means something totally different both in harmony and in rhythm; nor did Beethoven's theme, in all the transformations it went through in his sketch-books, resemble it more in the earliest stages than in its final form. But the strangest thing about Beethoven's originality was that he was quite capable of amusing himself by noting discoveries in the best Top-knot manner. There is a coincidence of no less than nine notes between the theme of the *Finale* of Mozart's G-minor Symphony and that of the *Scherzo* of Beethoven's C-minor Symphony, and he noted it in his sketch-book! The point of noting it is precisely the utter contrast and absence of any significance common to the two ideas.

Of the glorious theme of the slow movement I was told by John Farmer that he once heard Brahms play it with walloping enthusiasm, exclaiming, "I want my Ninth Symphony to be like this!"

Here is a clear case of a movement that is to be measured by its theme. From that theme Haydn tries in vain to stray. He modulates to the dominant. That is treated as an incident in the course of the melody, which promptly repeats itself in full. The modulation is tried again with a new continuation. But the new continuation wistfully returns in four bars through the minor mode. Let us, then, have a variation. But not too varied; only a little decoration in counterpoint to our melody. But perhaps the full orchestra, with trumpets and drums, which were not used in the first movement, can effect a diversion. What it does effect is that a sequel shows enough energy to lead fully into the key of the dominant, instead of merely on to its threshold, so that the whole great tune now follows in that key.

The old sequel then returns to the tonic, and to the tune. Another *tutti* introduces the minor mode, and leads to a key, F major, related only to the tonic minor. This is definitely a remote modulation, and in F major the tune enters but has to exert itself with new rhetoric before it can return to its own key. There we hear it yet again, with a short coda in which Brahms's Ninth Symphony retires into a heaven where Brahms, accompanied by his faithful red hedgehog, can discuss it with Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert over a dinner cooked by Maître du claveçin Couperin, and washed down by the best Bach. *Der Rote Igel* was Brahms's favorite Vienna restaurant, and when the manager told him, "Sir, this is the Brahms of wines," he replied, "Take it away and bring me some Bach"; *scilicet*: brook, or water.

The Minuet is cheerful, with a quiet joke on the drums. The Trio is one of Haydn's finest pieces of rustic dance music, with hurdy-gurdy drones which shift in disregard of the rule forbidding consecutive fifths. The disregard is justified by the fact that the essential objection to consecutive fifths is that they produce the effect of shifting hurdy-gurdy drones.

Haydn never produced a more exquisitely bred kitten than the main theme of the *finale* . . . . The movement is in rondo form, which is by no means so common as might be expected in Haydn's symphonies and larger quartets. Haydn has a way of beginning an important *finale* like a big rondo and then, after one episode, running away into some sort of fugue that gives an impression of spacious development which suffices without further formal sections. The completeness of rondo form in the present *finale* thus rather reduces its scale in comparison with many *finales* that are actually shorter. This is a melodic quality, not a formal or dramatic defect.\*

\* Donald F. Tovey, *Essays in Musical Analysis* (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1935), I, 141.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

### “Adamastro, Roi des vagues profondes,” from *L’Africaine* . . . . . MEYERBEER

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

During the second quarter of the nineteenth century the operatic reign of Meyerbeer reached its apogée, not only in Paris and Berlin, but indirectly throughout the provincial theaters. Although he was not a composer of the first rank, he possessed a keen understanding of the taste of the public which he served and a peculiar gift for exaggeration and effective contrast in his music for the stage. Some beautiful *cantilena* passages set in the bizarre and trivial framework of his operas create, through concert performances, a higher evaluation of his work than the dramatic productions in their entirety justify.

The aria on tonight’s program is taken from the last of his dramatic works, *The African*, text by Scribe, which was produced in Paris, April 28, 1865. The story deals with the period and experiences of Vasco da Gama, the explorer, and hence is quasi-historical in its appeal. The aria occurs at the beginning of Act III. It is sung by Nelusco, who is secretly plotting to destroy his ship. As he deliberately directs the vessel into an approaching storm, he calls upon Adamastro, King of the Ocean, and in this impressive invocation, warns all on board to beware the sound of the fierce winds, the lightning flashes, and the “dark waves that seek the storm-laden sky.” In them he prophesies doom.

### Farewell and Death of Roderigo, from *Don Carlo* . . . . VERDI

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

*Don Carlo*, a great and relatively unappreciated opera, had its première in Paris, March 11, 1867. It was written by Verdi for the Paris *Opéra* and conformed to the French demand for a spectacular and grandiose style after the manner of Meyerbeer. It was Verdi’s twenty-third opera and belongs to an intermediate period in his career, coming after the ever-popular *Rigoletto* (1851), *Il Trovatore* (1853), and *La Traviata* (1853). In it Verdi was conscientiously reaching out toward the fuller, richer style with which he was later to astonish the world in *Aïda*.<sup>\*</sup> Never satisfied with the original five-act version, he revamped it with the aid of Ghislanzoni, the librettist of *Aïda*, almost two decades later, when he had reached the zenith of his powers. He shortened the lengthy, rambling five acts to four, thus tightening the drama considerably. Much of the music was rewritten in a freer Italian manner than the French version permitted. As a result *Don Carlo* emerged with many of its faults still intact but with a fierce and incandescent power.

The opera, however, has never won enthusiastic acceptance; its success with the public, both in Italy and America, has always been moderate. In spite of the brilliant direction of Margaret Webster and the smartly tailored revivals it received recently at the Metropolitan (November 6, 1950, March

<sup>\*</sup> See pages 17–21.

## FOURTH CONCERT

29, 1957) it still fails to reach the tremendous public always available for *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, and *Aïda*. Whether this continued failure to attract is due to a lack of perception on the part of the public, or the absence of qualities compelling success, we may not know, but the infrequency with which it is given throughout the world seems to indicate that it does not possess the elements of popularity found in the other operas mentioned. Recognizing that it is not a consistent work, and in spite of its acknowledged unevenness, it still remains, in the words of Paul Henry Lang, "one of the most profoundly moving musical dramatic creations ever written" (*New York Herald-Tribune*, March 17, 1957).

The libretto of *Don Carlo* was based upon Schiller's famous drama of the same name. It tells the story of the erratic and morbid son of Phillip of Spain, who was engaged to Elizabeth of France, but subsequently became her step-son, Elizabeth having for reason of state been forced to marry his father. Unable to conceal his love for Elizabeth, Don Carlo is thrown into prison to be executed.

Roderigo, a friend of the unhappy lovers, who had become involved in their amorous intrigue, is shot to death by followers of Phillip when he visits Don Carlo in prison. The Farewell and Death of Roderigo comes from the last act of the opera. A condensation of the text follows:

Ah, Carlo, listen! Elizabeth waits for you tomorrow at San Giusto. She knows all. The earth trembles beneath me, Carlo, give me your hand! I shall die content in spirit, knowing that I was able to give to Spain a savior. Ah, do not forget me.

Adagio for Strings, Op. 11 . . . . . BARBER

Samuel Barber was born March 9,  
1910, in West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Samuel Barber received his early musical training at Curtis Institute, Philadelphia, where he studied piano, voice, and composition. In 1935, three years after graduating, he won both the Pulitzer Prize in music (which was conferred upon him again the following year) and the Prix de Rome, which provided him with two years study in Italy.

The Adagio for Strings was composed in 1936 as the slow movement of a String Quartet in B minor. It exemplifies some of Barber's finest writing, containing the essence of the most individual and expressive qualities of his work. Barber has not forgotten that music must be communicative, and the sincerity and directness of his art establishes at once a rapport between the composer and his audience. His lucid and poised writing comes as a refreshing relief from much of the robust, nervous, and erratic music produced by so many of our young American composers today. His is an art that does not surprise, explode, or perspire; it has no conscious stylistic purpose, it shows no compulsion to direct American music along new or indigenous paths. In its large coherence, its simple logic, and its economy of means, Barber has given America a music that is aristocratic in style, yet warmly articulate.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

“Deh vieni alla finestra,” from *Don Giovanni* . . . MOZART

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg, January 27, 1756; died in Vienna, December 5, 1791.

In the *Wiener Zeitung* (No. 91), 1778, after the first performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* in Prague there appeared the following criticism:

On Monday, October 29th, Kapellmeister Mozart's long expected opera “Don Giovanni” was performed by the Italian opera company of Prague. Musicians and connoisseurs are agreed in declaring that such a performance has never before been witnessed in Prague. Here Mozart himself conducted and his appearance in the orchestra was a signal for cheers which were renewed at his exit. The opera is exceedingly difficult of execution and the excellence of the representation, in spite of the short time allowed for studying the work, was the subject of general remark. The whole powers of both action and orchestra were put forward to do honor to Mozart. Considerable expense was incurred for additional chorus and scenery. The enormous audience was a sufficient guarantee of public favor.

The work was then given in Vienna, May 7, 1788, by command of Emperor Joseph II. It was a failure, however, in spite of the fact that it was given fifteen performances that year. A contemporary writer, Schink, indignant at the cold reception given the work in Vienna, wrote, “How can this music, so full of force, majesty, and grandeur be expected to please the lovers of ordinary opera? The grand and noble qualities of the music in ‘Don Giovanni’ will appeal only to the small minority of the elect. It is not such as to tickle the ear of the crowd and leave the heart unsatisfied. Mozart is no ordinary composer.”\*

Goethe, after a performance in Weimar in 1797, writes to Schiller, “Your hopes for opera are richly fulfilled in ‘Don Giovanni’ but the work stands absolutely alone and Mozart's death prevents any prospect of its example being followed.”

In the second act of the opera, Don Giovanni, pursuing his course of frivolity and dissipation, turns his attentions to the waiting maid of his former mistress, Donna Elvira. To clear the way, he persuades his valet, Leporello, to exchange cloaks and hats with him and to station himself beneath her balcony window, while he, the Don, utters words of tenderness and feigned repentance. Elvira descends to the garden where Leporello receives her with mock protestations of love. As they leave the scene, Don Giovanni is free to woo the servant maid which he does with this charming serenade. Accompanying himself on the mandolin, he sings:

From out your window smile down at me, while I with sighs of love sing this ditty.  
I would move your heart, for you have quite undone me. Grant me your love and pity,  
you who are fairer than the rose, sweeter than honey and whose voice is more subtle  
than a zephyr. Descend my love, I entreat you before death ends my torments.

“Nemico della patria” from *Andrea Chénier* . . . GIORDANO

Umberto Giordano was born in Foggia, Italy,  
August 26, 1867; died in Milan, November 12, 1948.

Like a true Italian opera composer, Giordano displayed an exuberant gift.

\* Walter James Turner, *Mozart, The Man and His Works* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1938) p. 348.

## FOURTH CONCERT

for melody and a natural instinct for theatrical effect. In spite of the fact that his scores in general lacked dramatic solidity and structural firmness, *Andrea Chénier* reveals a strong individual style and maintains a dramatic unity not often found in his other works; it won for him, therefore, the first and greatest success of his career. The opera is not cast in the traditional mold (recitative, arias, duets, chorus, etc.), but follows, rather, the style of Verdi's later works, where the music flows uninterrupted throughout the score, reaching pivotal points of high tension wherever the text indicates or justifies it, as the aria on tonight's program attests.

André Chénier, a poet, patriot, and dreamer, born in Constantinople, came to Paris for his education. He believed in the early ideals of the revolutionists and their cry for individual freedom from want and oppression. But as the Revolution turned into a reign of bloody terror, he expressed misgivings, was arrested, imprisoned, and finally guillotined on July 25, 1794. The opera plot arranged from these historical facts by Luigi Illica (co-author with Giocosa of Puccini's *La Bohème*, *Tosca*, and *Madama Butterfly*) drew more from the imagination of the librettist than from the known incidents of Chénier's life.

The aria "Nemico della patria" from Act III is sung by Gerard, a revolutionary leader. He and Andrea Chénier are rivals for the love of Madeleine, daughter of the Countess of Coigny. Presiding over the Revolutionary Tribunal to which Chénier is brought for voicing his opposition to Robespierre, Gerard uses this opportunity to make away with his rival, and signs the fatal document that will send him to the guillotine. Filled with conflicting emotions of respect for and envy of his fellow revolutionist, he sings:

The "enemy of his country?"  
Ah! that's an old tale;  
But one that never fails to touch the mob. (He writes)  
"Born at Constantinople, an alien;  
Student at St. Cyr; a soldier;  
And a traitor; Dumouriez's accomplice;  
A poet; a dangerous man;  
A sower of sedition." (The pen falls from his hand)  
Time was when I rejoiced  
That passions vile could never sway me;  
Innocent, pure and brave,  
I deemed myself a giant;  
I'm still a slave!  
'Tis a mere change of masters!  
I'm now but the bondsman of infamous passion!  
Worse than that! A murderer sentimental,  
Who while he murders, weeps!  
Son of the glorious Revolution,  
When first her cry "Be free!" rang through the world,  
To her voice my own then made reply:  
How have I fallen from my glorious pathway!  
Once, like a line of radiant light it lay before me!  
To establish the hearts of all my fellow-comrades;  
To bid the mourner weep no more,  
Console the weary sufferer,

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

Make of this world a paradise,  
Where men should be gods, divine;  
To bind all comrades in one vast embrace!  
The holy task I now abandon.  
With hate my heart is filled!  
What wrought this change? Irony grim! 'Twas love!  
I'm a mere voluptuary;  
The master I now serve is Passion!  
All else is false!  
The one real thing is Passion!

“Eri tu,” from *Un Ballo in maschera* . . . . . VERDI

After a lapse of several years, this opera was given a sumptuous revival at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1941. It was first presented in Rome in 1859, with the definite intention of unmasking certain political abuses. Originally the composer had intended to make his scenes and characters Italian, to leave no doubt as to his meaning. But under the existing conditions this would have been too dangerous, so Verdi wisely decided to disguise his opera with a New England setting in Puritan times. What would otherwise be an absurd anachronism is thus at least partially justified. “The Masked Ball” contains much good music, and this forceful and dramatic aria is the cry of the husband, Renato, for vengeance on his friend Riccardo who, he thinks, has betrayed him and stolen his wife’s affections. It is one of the most famous of baritone arias in all opera. Addressing his wife he sings:

Recitative—Rise! I say! Ere departing, once more thy son thou may'st behold:  
In darkness and silence, there thy shame and my dishonor hiding!  
Yet not at her, nor at her frail existence be the blow directed.  
(Turning to the picture of Riccardo!)  
Other, far other vengeance to purge the stain,  
I am planning: it is thy life blood!  
From thy base heart my dagger ere long shall bid it redly flow, retribution demanding for my woe!

Aria— It is thou that hast sullied a soul so pure,  
In whose chasteness my spirit delighted.  
Thou betray'd me, in whose love I felt all secure!  
Of my life thou hast poison'd the stream!  
Trait'rous heart! is it thus he's requited,  
Who the first in thy friendship did seem?  
Oh, the pangs of joy are departed;  
Lost caresses that made life a heaven;  
When Emilia, an angel pure-hearted,  
In my arms felt the transports of love!  
All is over! and hate's bitter leaven,  
And longing for death fill my heart!

“Russian Easter” Overture . . . . . RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakov was born in Tichvin, government of Novgorod, in 1844; died in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) June 21, 1908.

A remarkable movement in Russian music took place in the third and fourth quarters of the nineteenth century and was identified with a group of com-

## FOURTH CONCERT

posers whose ideals, efforts, and influence wrought a new musical literature, true to Russian racial qualities and opposed to the influences of Southern and Western Europe. It was inaugurated by Glinka (1804-57) and Dargomyzhsky (1813-69) with their operas *A Life for the Tsar* (1836) and *Rusalka* (1856), respectively. This movement for a nationalistic expression in music gained increasing impetus, and under the leadership of Balakirev, it was promoted and nurtured by "The Five," a group comprising Balakirev, Borodin, Cui, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Moussorgsky. These composers are indissolubly bound with what is now known as Russian music. While it is not a simple matter to define specifically the innovations which this group effected, it is possible to point to the fact that this literature is distinguished from that of the Romanticists of Western Europe by its underlying spirit, its freedom from the conventionalities of harmony, rhythm, and design and its emphasis upon realism as a criterion and folk elements as a source of inspiration. While Romanticism in Germany and France was delving into pure, abstract, lyric beauty and into pessimism and human suffering as richer sources of emotional expression, "The Five" tended to opposite goals—an art built on and close to the life of the folk and an absence of all sophistications of formal or academic expression. Whether in the field of opera, symphony, church music, or the ballet, this spirit rose logically and persistently, and, in the hands of composers who were almost zealots for "nationalism," it colored and shaped a vast literature which is perhaps more unique and more indigenous to the race than the musical literature any other single nation has yet produced.

The group life of "The Five" was as free from internal limitation or coercion in certain directions as it was free from non-Russian influence. Though the members of the group met often to discuss theories and practices in detail and to review and criticize the work of each other, there is not the slightest evidence of plagiarism or mutual repression toward a "style" of writing. Each enjoyed absolute freedom in the direction and manner of growth. None began composition with a thorough grounding in the techniques of musical creation, viz., harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration, and the lack of training is evident in the early efforts of the several men. What is outstanding, however, is a sincerity, a boldness of imagination, and an intuition which carry conviction with the listener in spite of frankly bad grammar and rhetoric, to borrow terms from the written and spoken word. Soon, however, these Russian gentlemen, though all destined for careers other than music,\* began to apply themselves diligently to the study of composition, although music was for them only an avocation, in order that they might be able to express themselves more adequately and directly. Rimsky-Korsakov was, and remained, not only the most scholarly and technically proficient of the group, but the most refined and discriminating. The folk songs of great Russia, the source from which these composers drew their inspiration, were, in the hands of this fastidious craftsman, transformed into a vigorous and colorful art. Of all his works there were three that, as he himself wrote, exposed, "a considerable degree of virtuosity and bright sonority

\* Borodin was by profession a chemist; Cui, a military engineer; Rimsky-Korsakov, a naval officer; and Moussorgsky, a civil servant.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

without Wagner's influence, within the limits of the usual make-up of Glinka's orchestra."\* These were an orchestral composition on the subject of certain episodes from *Scheherazade*, the "Russian Easter" Overture, and the *Capriccio Espagnole*. The first two works were completed in the year 1888. In his book *My Musical Life*, Rimsky-Korsakov wrote of the overture on tonight's program:

The rather lengthy, slow introduction of the *Easter Sunday Overture*, on the theme of "Let God Arise!" alternating with the ecclesiastical theme "An angel wailed," appeared to me, in its beginning, as it were, the ancient Isaiah's prophecy concerning the resurrection of Christ. The gloomy colors of the Andante lugubre seemed to depict the Holy Sepulcher that had shone with ineffable light at the moment of the Resurrection—in the transition to the Allegro of the Overture. The beginning of the Allegro, "Let them also that hate Him flee before Him," led to the holiday mood of the Greek Orthodox church service on Christ's matins; the solemn trumpet voice of the Archangel was replaced by a tonal reproduction of the joyous, almost dancelike bell tolling, alternating now with the sexton's rapid reading and now with the conventional chant of the priest's reading the glad tidings of the Evangel. The "Obikhod" theme "Christ Is Arisen," which forms a sort of subsidiary part of the Overture, appears amid the trumpet blasts and the bell tolling, constituting also a triumphant coda. In this Overture there were thus combined reminiscences of the ancient prophecy, of the Gospel Narrative and also a general picture of the Easter Service with its "pagan merrymaking." The capering and leaping of the Biblical King David before the Ark, do they not give expression to a mood of the same order as the mood of the idol-worshippers' dance? Surely the Russian Orthodox "Obikhod" is instrumental dance music of the Church, is it not? And do not the waving beards of the priests and sextons clad in white vestments and surplices, and intoning "Beautiful Easter" in the tempo Allegro vivo, etc., transport the imagination to pagan times? And all these Easter loaves and twists and the glowing tapers . . . How far a cry from the philosophic and socialistic teaching of Christ! This legendary and heathen side of the Holiday, this transition from the gloomy and mysterious evening of Passion Sunday to the unbridled pagan-religious merrymaking on the morn of Easter Sunday is what I was eager to reproduce in my Overture. Accordingly, I requested Count Golyenischeff-Kootoozoff to write a program in verse—which he did for me. But I was not satisfied with his poem and wrote in prose my own program, which same is appended to the published score. Of course in that program I did not explain my views and my conception of the "Bright Holiday" [the popular Russian name for Easter], leaving it to tones to speak for me. Evidently these tones do, within certain limits, speak of my feelings and thoughts, for my Overture raises doubts in the minds of some hearers, despite the considerable clarity of the music. In any event, in order to appreciate my Overture even ever so slightly, it is necessary that the hearer should have attended Easter morning service at least once and, at that, not in a domestic chapel, but in a cathedral thronged with people from every walk of life, with several priests conducting the cathedral service—something that many intellectual Russian hearers, let alone hearers of other confessions, quite lack nowadays. As for myself, I had gained my impressions in my childhood passed near the Tikhvin monastery itself.†

\* Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov, *My Musical Life*, trans. by J. A. Joffe (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1942) p. 296.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 294–96.

# FIFTH CONCERT

## Sunday Afternoon, May 5

Concerto in A minor . . . . . VIVALDI

Antonio Vivaldi was born in Venice between 1675-78; died in Vienna in 1741.

Of the details of Vivaldi's life very little is known; even the exact dates of his birth and death are still in question. He was a cleric we know, although his position in the church has never been satisfactorily revealed. He was born in Venice, the son of a violinist of the Ducal Chapel of St. Mark's and was ordained as a priest, according to the records, on March 23, 1703. Appointed *Maestro di violino* at the Seminario Musicale del Ospedale della Pietà, the most famous of the four Venetian conservatories,\* he was later designated as its *Maestro dei concerti*. He toured Europe after 1725 as a virtuoso performer on the violin and as an opera composer and impressario, for a time officiated in Mantua as the *Maestro di capelle di camera* of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, resumed his position at the Seminario in 1736, and died in poverty in Vienna toward the end of July, 1741. Of these facts there is more or less certainty.†

Although Vivaldi's name has long been known to musicians and historians of music, his reputation has been that of a virtuoso performer, rather than that of a first-rate creator. While he lived, however, he was more famous and respected as a composer than his great German contemporary Johann Sebastian Bach. By the end of his life his reputation had begun to wane, and shortly before his death he was totally forgotten. The bulk of his manuscripts, scattered throughout Europe, remained unknown to the world for almost two centuries; so did his position as a creative artist. In an article on Vivaldi in *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* we read, "Vivaldi mistook the facility of an expert performer (and as such he had few rivals among contemporaries) for the creative faculty which he possessed but in a limited degree . . ."

Within the past twenty-five years in Italy, a vigorous campaign has been under way to restore Vivaldi to his rightful place as one of the truly great names and as one of the most prolific composers in the history of the world's music. In the thirties, the National Library of Turin acquired the enormous Mauro Foa and Renzo Giordano Collection of Vivaldi's music, three fourths of which was unpublished. Shortly after, in September, 1939, Alfredo Casella, who has edited a number of his works‡ organized a memorable Vivaldi Festival at the Accademia Chigiana in Siena. At the time he wrote: "The prodigious

\* The others were the Mendicanti, the Incurabile, and the Ospodaletto di San Giovanni. These were originally homes or "hospitals" for orphans and foundlings, supported by the rich and aristocratic families of the city. The Pietà was famed for the instruction it provided in instrumental music.

† Mario Rinaldi, *Antonio Vivaldi* (Milano: Istituto d'alta cultura, 1943).

‡ Casella has edited the *Gloria*, the Concerto in C minor for solo violin and string orchestra (Op. 9, No. 11 of *La Cetra*), the Concerto Grosso in D minor (No. 11 of *L'Estro armonico*), and twelve of Vivaldi's concerti, motets, and arias.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

wealth of Vivaldi's musical invention, the dramatic force which recalls imperatively the brilliance and fire of the great Venetian painters, the mastery of choral polyphony, the marvelous dynamism of the instrumental parts . . . the high quality of the emotion which animates his work—all put Vivaldi in a wholly new light.”\*

The discovery and reconstruction of Vivaldi's music has been continuous. Barely a decade ago the world really became aware of his tremendous productivity. In 1948 Marc Pincherle† listed 541 known instrumental works, seventy-three of which were sonatas in two or three parts, 445 concertos, twenty-three symphonies, in addition to forty-nine operas and an immense quantity of miscellaneous dramatic and vocal music uncatalogued, but known to exist in libraries throughout Europe and America. Each year since has brought to light more authenticated compositions. Not since the recovery of the music of Bach in the middle of the nineteenth century has there been such a dramatic discovery of hitherto unknown musical treasure, and from it we can now do more than surmise the major role Vivaldi played in the evolution of instrumental music in general and of the classical symphony, the concerto grosso, and the solo concerto in particular.

The fact that Bach greatly admired Vivaldi's music, learned from it, and transcribed it should have alerted scholars long since to its real significance. The first arrangements or transcriptions which have any real artistic value are those of Bach. At a time when his attention was first strongly attracted to the instrumental music of Italy by the principles of form which Italian composers had originated and developed with such skill, he arranged some of Vivaldi's violin concertos for the clavier and orchestra,‡ and thereby established the keyboard concerto. Not only did Bach pay Vivaldi the respect of transcribing his works, but from them he learned early in his creative life the principles of logical construction, continuity of musical thought, and the plastic handling of themes. Bach always remained a faithful follower of Vivaldi in his concertos, staying within the limits of the form established by him. But Vivaldi's influence was not confined to the pages of Bach. According to Charles Burney, the eighteenth-century musical historian, Bach was not alone in his admiration for the Italian master, whose violin concertos were immensely popular and constantly studied in Germany.

From a careful examination of the music of Vivaldi, now so copiously available, the incalculable influence of his art upon the music of generations after him becomes more apparent. A daring experimenter in structural form, he not only established the concerto form and style, but he anticipated the methods and divisions of the classical symphony and hinted at the ideas of thematic contrast and elaboration that later characterized the symphonic form.

\* Notes to Cetra-Soria Records, Collegium Musicum Italicum di Roma (Virtuosi di Roma), Vivaldi concerti.

† Marc Pincherle, *Antonio Vivaldi et la musique instrumentale* (Paris: Fluory, 1948).

‡ Of the sixteen “Concertos after Vivaldi for clavier,” published in Vol. 42 of the complete edition of Bach's works (*Bach Gesellschaft*), only six are actually by Vivaldi. A complete edition of Vivaldi's works is now being prepared under the direction of Francesco Malipiero (*Istituto Italiano per la pubblicazione e diffusione delle opere di Antonio Vivaldi*, published by Ricordi). Over one hundred and fifty volumes are now available.

## FIFTH CONCERT

His instincts led him to employ techniques in composition long before they were accepted by other composers. From Italy in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and from Vivaldi in particular, came the vocal and instrumental music upon which Bach and Handel, and later Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, ultimately built their enduring art.

Vivaldi wrote about two hundred concertos for the violin, numerous ones for all varieties of instruments from the mandolin to the trumpet, including some for piccolo, oboe, bassoon, and horn. His sixteen concertos for flute and three for piccolo, with string orchestra and harpsichord accompaniment, like many of his *concerti per complessi vari* (ensemble concertos) were composed for students of La Pietà. Realizing the technical limitations of these performers, he composed works which, although less daring and spectacular than many of his others, still provide the player with plenty of opportunity to display his prowess, and the instrument to reveal its expressive potential in slow movements and its technical bravura in fast ones.

The Concerto in A minor,\* one of three written for the piccolo, was first published in 1953, as Volume 152 of the complete edition. It is cast in the conventional three movement form (fast-slow-fast). Within the movements themselves are to be found typical Vivaldi *solo concerto* characteristics. In the first movement (*Allegro*, 4-4 time) there are five *ritornelli* or *tutti* and four solo passages. The opening theme in the introductory *tutti* appears in the other similar sections—a practice that anticipates the Rondo form as used later by Haydn and Mozart. In general, the *tutti* sections carry the thematic burden of the movement. The solo passages engage in runs, arpeggios, and melodic figurations. What they may lack in basic melodic interest, they gain in modulatory effects (shifts of harmonic level). Before the final and complete restatement of the opening *ritornello*, the last solo section reaches a climax of virtuoso effect.

The second movement (*Larghetto*, 4-4 time) is introduced by a slow orchestral prelude, followed by a steady paced, but discreetly decorated, melody for the solo piccolo, and is concluded by a very short postlude.

The third and last movement (*Allegro*, 2-4 time), like the first, is made up of five *tutti* and four solo passages in which the writing for the solo instrument exceeds the opening movement in elaboration. The opening *tutti* is restated in its entirety.

### *Five Tudor Portraits* . . . . . VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Ralph Vaughan Williams was born in Down  
Ampney, Gloucestershire, England, October 12, 1872.

Though my rime be ragged,  
Tattered and jagged,  
Rudely raine-beaten,  
Rusty and moth-eaten;  
If ye take well there with,  
It hath in it some pith.

—JOHN SKELTON

\* First performed in America at the Peninsula Music Festival, Wisconsin, under the direction of Thor Johnson, with John Krell as soloist.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

It was Sir Edward Elgar who suggested to Vaughan Williams that he look into the poetry of John Skelton as a possible source for a new work. No doubt Elgar sensed that the poetry of this racy and robust early Elizabethan would evoke immediate response from a composer whose idiom was so indigenously English, whose character was so disarmingly naïve, and whose talents were so astonishingly versatile.

About the man and his life, the world at large knows little. He has dedicated himself to composing, teaching, and study; he has rarely made public appearances, and only in unguarded moments has he revealed anything about his personal feelings or tastes. The world has come to know him almost entirely through his music. "One might say," writes Hubert Foss, his recent biographer, "that he has a great deal of music, and very little biography."\* Indeed his output has been prodigious. He has written in all forms—for theater, symphonic orchestra, chorus, solo voice, chamber ensembles—and never has his high purpose and artistic integrity faltered.

He was born the son of a clergyman and spent his youth in a tradition of comfortable living and quiet poise. He was educated in a public school, attended several large conservatories (pupil of Parry and Stanford in London, Bruch in Berlin, Ravel in Paris), and at Trinity College in Cambridge in 1901 received the Doctor of Music degree. Early in his career he became vitally interested in English folk music and by 1904, at the age of thirty-two, was an ardent and creatively active member of the English Folk Song Society. Later he broadened this interest to include old English art music, particularly that which had issued from the Tudor period, the most glorious of all eras in the history of England's music.

Vaughan Williams has always had faith in the corrective and purifying effect of folk song as a guard against insincerity and oversophistication. This faith has guided him through a long, creative life, and has conditioned an art that is innately English, yet one that speaks to the hearts of men of other lands.

In *Three Norfolk Rhapsodies* for orchestra (1906-07) and the opera *Hugh the Drover* (1911-14), the folk music impulse was strongly evident, but in the better known *Fantasia on a Theme of Tallis* for strings, the broader, more artful English style that springs from the music of the Tudor period began to show its influence. Ultimately, his expression became highly personalized, often quite bold and uncompromising; but it has never lost its truly nationalistic traits. He has done much for English music by correcting the Romantic excesses that were still dominating his era. His penchant for folk song expression, with its essentially modal harmony and melody, helped him to escape the chromatic indulgences of his immediate predecessors. He brought a new freshness, a new gusto and humor, a challenging simplicity and honesty to his country's music.

Like Verdi, Vaughan Williams has retained over a long life all of his intellectual and creative energies. Today, at the age of eighty-five, he is not only regarded as "The Grand Old Man of English Music" but the fountainhead of

\* Hubert James Foss, *Ralph Vaughan Williams; a Study* (London: Harrap, 1950).

## FIFTH CONCERT

the generation that has followed him, upon which he continues to exert a tremendous influence.

John Skelton (c.1460–1529), the rakish author of the poems found in the *Five Tudor Portraits*, was a phenomenal literary figure at the dawn of the Renaissance. He was twenty-five years of age before the War of the Roses ended, and he lived through the reign of Henry VIII. His career was as stormy as his verses were lively. Ordained in 1498, he was imprisoned in 1501 for reasons unknown. In 1504, he became Rector of Diss in Norfolk, but scandalized his parishioners by exposing the greed and ignorance of the clergy in the most scathing and brutal attack to appear prior to the Reformation (*The Boke of Colyn Cloute*, 1519). He made an enemy of his Bishop, Richard Nix, and through his violent indictment of Cardinal Wolsey, the powerful prime minister of Henry VIII (*Why Come Ye Not To Courte?*, 1522), he was again imprisoned. Finally, he took sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, where he was protected until his death on June 21, 1529.

In spite of the fame that attended him as tutor to Prince Henry (later Henry VIII) and the reputation he won as a great humanist once praised by Erasmus, this learned grammarian, renowned writer of Latin verse and respected poet laureate of Oxford, chose to write poetry as though he were no more than a tavern poet, ignoring all precepts of classic form and elegant style. During the Tudor period, his name became proverbial for farcical jocularly, raciness, and brutal satire.

Vaughan Williams was sixty-four years of age when he wrote this score, and in it we experience a kind of resurgence of youthful energies. Perhaps he found, as Sir Edward Elgar suggested he might, a new impulse in the full-blooded vitality, tenderness, and cheerful secularity of John Skelton. At any rate, *Five Tudor Portraits* again reveals his fundamental sympathy with the basic English national character.

### I Ballad — The Tunning<sup>1</sup> of Elinor Rumming

For Chorus and Mezzo-soprano

Elinor Rumming kept an ale-house at Leatherheath. The Inn is still in existence today under the name "The Running Horse"; Elinor's portrait hangs on one of its walls. Skelton has written a picaresque ballad in short lines averaging five syllables each, rhyming in groups of twos, threes, fours, and even more, not unlike old alliterative English verse. The chorus describes Elinor the "comely Jill" whose "youth is far past." The opening direct musical idea (a descending rhythmic figure) which characterizes her throughout, is asserted frequently and forms the opening measures of several sections, acting as a unifying agent. The whole section remains in 3–4 time.

After a short instrumental interlude, interest is shifted to the characters who frequent the tavern ("Come who so will, to Elinor on the hill"). The time changes to 9–8, and the music, by passing through a number of well-defined keys, suggests the hurly-burly created by the drinkers. A bassoon cadenza

<sup>1</sup> Brewing

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

(*andante doloroso*) introduces us to the first solo passage ("Then hither came drunken Alice"), accompanied by chattering piccolo, muted trumpet and horn, and ordinary woodwinds. Realistic attempts are made at Alice's stammering speech and frequent hiccups. She rolls off to sleep to two crooning bassoons in the lower register. The whole musical section is as hearty and unsubtle as the text. "Now in cometh another rabble" introduces the chorus. Tuba and bass voices in unison sing a drinking song in which other voices soon join ("With Hey and with Ho!"). The dotted-note rhythm accompanying "Set we down a row" is taken up by the orchestra and worked over to the end of the section. As the chorus in a brief but hilarious *presto* bellows out its "Tirly Tirlow!" the ballad comes to a raucous close:

Tell you I will,  
 If that ye will  
 A-while be still,  
 Of a comely Jill  
 That dwelt on a hill:  
 She is somewhat sage  
 And well worn in age:  
 For her visage  
 It would assuage  
 A man's courage.  
 Droopy and drowsy,  
 Scurvy and lowsy,  
 Her face all bowsy,  
 Comely crinkled,  
 Wondrously wrinkled  
 Like a roast pig's ear,  
 Bristled with hair.  
 Her nose some deal hookéd,  
 and camously-crookéd,<sup>2</sup>  
 Never stopping,  
 But ever dropping;  
 Her skin loose and slack,  
 Grained like a sack;  
 With a crooked back,  
 Jawed like a jetty;<sup>3</sup>  
 A man would have pity  
 To see how she is gumméd,  
 Fingered and thumbéd,  
 Gently jointed,  
 Greased and anointed  
 Up to the knuckles;  
 Like as they were with buckles  
 Together made fast.  
 Her youth is far past!  
  
 And yet she will jet  
 Like a jollivet,<sup>4</sup>

In her furréd flocket,  
 And gray russet rocket,<sup>5</sup>  
 With simper and cocket.<sup>6</sup>  
 Her hood of Lincoln green  
 It has been hers, I ween,  
 More than forty year;  
 And so doth it appear,  
 For the green bare threadés  
 Look like sere weedés,  
 Withered like hay,  
 The wool worn away.  
 And yet, I dare say  
 She thinketh herself gay  
 Upon the holiday  
 When she doth her array  
 And girdeth on her geets<sup>7</sup>  
 Stitched and pranked with pleats;  
 Her kirtle, Bristol-red,  
 With clothes upon her head  
 That weigh a sow of lead,  
 Writhen in wondrous wise  
 After the Saracen's guise,  
 With a whim-wham<sup>8</sup>  
 Knit with a trim-tram<sup>9</sup>  
 Upon her brain-pan;  
 Like an Egyptian  
 Cappéd about,  
 When she goeth out.

And this comely dame,  
 I understand, her name  
 Is Elinor Rumming,  
 At home in her wonning;<sup>10</sup>  
 And as men say  
 She dwelt in Surrey  
 In a certain stead<sup>11</sup>  
 Beside Leatherhead.

<sup>2</sup> Snub nosed

<sup>3</sup> Projection

<sup>4</sup> Gay young girl

<sup>5</sup> Dress

<sup>6</sup> Coquetry

<sup>7</sup> Clothes

<sup>8</sup> Trinket

<sup>9</sup> Pretty trifle

<sup>10</sup> Dwelling

<sup>11</sup> Place

## FIFTH CONCERT

She is a tonnish gib,<sup>12</sup>  
 The devil and she be sib.<sup>13</sup>  
 But to make up my tale  
 She breweth nappy ale,  
 And maketh thereof pot-sale  
 To travellers, to tinkers,  
 To sweaters, to swinkers,  
 And all good ale-drinkers,  
 That will nothing spare  
 But drink till they stare  
 And bring themselves bare,  
 With '*Now away the mare!*  
 And let us slay care'.  
 As wise as an hare!

Come who so will  
 To Elinor on the hill  
 With 'Fill the cup, fill!  
 And sit there by still,  
 Early and late.  
 Thither cometh Kate,  
 Cisly, and Sare,  
 With their legs bare,  
 They run in all haste,  
 Unbraced and unlaced;  
 With their heelés daggéd,  
 Their kirtles all jaggéd,  
 Their smocks all to-raggéd,  
 With titters and tatters,  
 Bring dishes and platters,  
 With all their might running  
 To Elinor Rumming  
 To have of her tunning.

She lendeth them on the same,  
 And thus beginneth the game.  
 Some wenches come unlaced  
 Some housewives come unbraced  
 Some be flybitten,  
 Some skewed as a kitten;  
 Some have no hair-lace,  
 Their locks about their face  
 Such a rude sort  
 To Elinor resort  
 From tide to tide.  
 Abide, abide!  
 And to you shall be told  
 How her ale is sold  
 To Maud and to Mold.  
 Some have no money  
 That thither comé  
 For their ale to pay.  
 That is a shrewd array!

<sup>12</sup> Cat

<sup>13</sup> Akin

<sup>14</sup> Hogwash

Elinor swears, 'Nay,  
 Ye shall not bear away  
 Mine ale for nought,  
 By him that me bought!  
 With 'Hey, dog, hey!  
 Have these hogs away!  
 With 'Get me a staffé  
 The swine eat my draffé!<sup>14</sup>  
 Strike the hogs with a club,  
 They have drunk up my swilling-tub!

Then thither came drunken Alice,  
 And she was full of talés,  
 Of tidings in Walés,  
 And of Saint James in Galés,  
 And of the Portingalés,<sup>15</sup>  
 With 'Lo, Gossip, I wis,  
 Thus and thus it is:  
 There hath been great war  
 Between Temple Bar  
 And the Cross in Cheap,  
 And there came an heap  
 Of millstones in a rout'.  
 She speaketh thus in her snout,  
 Snivelling in her nose  
 As though she had the pose.<sup>16</sup>

'Lo, here is an old tippet,  
 An ye will give me a sippet  
 Of your stale ale,  
 God send you good sale!  
 'This ale', said she, 'is nopypy;  
 Let us suppe and sopypy  
 And not spill a droppy,  
 For, so may I hoppy,  
 It cooleth well my croppy'  
 Then began she to weep  
 And forthwith fell asleep.

('With Hey! and with Ho!  
 Sit we down a-row,  
 And drink till we blow.')

Now in cometh another rabble:  
 And there began a fable,<sup>17</sup>  
 A clattering and babble  
 They hold the highway,  
 They care not what men say,  
 Some, loth to be espied,  
 Start in at the back-side  
 Over the hedge and pale,  
 And all for the good ale.  
 (With Hey! and with Ho!

<sup>15</sup> Portuguese

<sup>16</sup> Catarrh

<sup>17</sup> Jabbering

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

Sit we down a-row,  
And drink till we blow.)  
Their thirst was so great  
They asked never for meat,  
But drink, still drink,  
And 'Let the cat wink,  
Let us wash our gummés  
From the dry crummés!  
Some brought a wimble,  
Some brought a thimble,  
Some brought this and that  
Some brought I wot ne'er what.

And all this shift they make  
For the good ale sake.  
'With Hey! and with Ho!  
Sit we down a-row,  
And drink till we blow,  
And pipe "Tirly Tirlow!"'  
But my fingers itch,  
I have written too much  
Of this mad mumming  
Of Elinor Rummung!  
Thus endeth the geste  
Of this worthy feast.

### II Intermezzo — Pretty Bess

For Chorus and Baritone

In this brief purely lyrical section (*allegretto grazioso*) the chorus echos the love song of the singer throughout. A quiet, lilting phrase in the oboe (hovering between G major and E minor) introduces the solo "My Proper Bess."

My proper Bess,  
My pretty Bess;  
Turn once again to me!  
For sleepest thou, Bess,  
Or wakest thou, Bess,  
Mine heart it is with thee.

My daisy delectable,  
My primrose commendable,  
My violet amiable,  
My joy inexplicable,  
Now turn again to me.

Alas! I am disdained,  
And as a man half maimed,  
My heart is so sore pained!

I pray thee, Bess, unfeigned,  
Yet come again to me!

By love I am constrained  
To be with you retained,  
It will not be refrained:  
I pray you, be reclaimed  
And turn again to me.

My proper Bess,  
My pretty Bess,  
Turn once again to me!  
For sleepest thou, Bess,  
Or wakest thou, Bess,  
Mine heart it is with thee.

### III Burlesca — Epitaph on John Jayberd of Diss

For Men's Chorus

This movement is a scorching epitaph on one John Jayberd, the despised clerk of Diss when Skelton was its Rector. He was a storm center of malice and strife during the two years Skelton knew him. The Rector's vicious dislike for his clerk stimulated him to write some of his most biting satire. The poem is written as a mock commemorative Mass that rejoices at his death (he died in 1506). It is written in rhyming Monkish Latin, interspersed with Tudor English and a brief reference to French, not only for the sake of his rigid system of rhyming, but suggesting with satirical intention, that in no language can anything good be said of the culprit. A male chorus mutters, jeers, and

## FIFTH CONCERT

expresses uncontrollable pleasure that John is no more. "*Sepultus est* among the weeds: God forgive him his misdeeds!"

*Sequitur tringiale*  
*Tale quale rationale,*  
*Licet parum curiale,*  
*Tamen satis est formale,*  
*Joannis Clerc, hominis*  
*Cujusdam multinominis,*  
*Joannes Jayberd qui vocatur,*  
*Clerc clericibus nuncupatur.*  
*Obiit sanctus iste pater*  
*Anno Domini Millesimo Quingentesimo sexto.*  
*In parochia de Diss*  
*Non erat sibi similis;*  
*In malitia vir insignis,*  
*Duplex corde et bilinguis;*  
*Senio confectus,*  
*Omnibus suspectus,*  
*Nemini dilectus,*  
*Sepultus est among the weeds:*  
*God forgive him his misdeeds!*  
*Carmina cum cannis*  
*Cantemus festa Joannis:*  
*Clerc obiit vere,*  
*Jayberd nomenque dedere:*  
*Diss populo natus,*  
*Clerc clericibus estque vocatus.*  
*Nunquam sincere*  
*Solitus sua crimina flere:*  
*Cui male lingua loquax—*  
*—Que mendax que, fuere*  
*Et mores tales*  
*Resident in nemine quales;*

*Carpens vitales*  
*Auras, turbare sodales*  
*Et cives socios.*  
*Asinus, mulus velut, et bos.*  
*Quid petis, hic sit quis?*  
*John Jayberd, incola de Diss;*  
*Cui, dum vixerat is,*  
*Sociantur jurgia, vis, lis.*  
*Jam jacet hic stark dead,*  
*Never a tooth in his head.*  
*Adieu, Jayberd, adieu,*  
*In faith, deacon thou crew!*  
*Fratres, orate*  
*For this knavate,*  
*By the holy rood,*  
*Did never man good:*  
*I pray you all,*  
*And pray shall,*  
*At this trental*  
*On knees to fall*  
*To the football,*  
*With 'Fill the black bowl*  
*For Jayberd's soul'.*  
*Bibite multum:*  
*Ecce sepultum*  
*Sub pede stultum.*  
*Asinum et mulum.*  
*With, 'Hey, ho, rumbelow!'*  
*Rumpopulorum*  
*Per omnia Secula seculorum!*

### FREE TRANSLATION

Here follows a trental,<sup>1</sup> more or less reasonable, hardly fitting for the Church, but formal enough, for John the Clerc, a certain man of many names who was called John Jayberd. He was called cleric by the clergy. This holy father died in the year of our Lord 1506. In the parish of Diss there was not his like; a man renowned for malice, double-hearted and double-tongued, worn out by old age, suspected of all, loved by none. He is buried . . .

Sing we songs in our cups to celebrate John. The cleric truly is dead and was given the name of Jayberd. He was born among the people of Diss and was called cleric by the clergy. Never was he wont truly to bewail his sins. His evil tongue was loquacious and lying. Such morals as his were never before in anyone. When he breathed the vital air he disturbed his companions and his fellow citizens as if he were an ass, a mule, or a bull. Do you ask who this is? John Jayberd, inhabitant of Diss with whom while he lived were associated quarrels, violence and strife. Now here he lies . . .

Pray brethren . . .

Drink your fill. See he is buried under your feet, a fool, an ass and a mule . . .

For ever and ever.

<sup>1</sup> A commemorative Mass, so called either because there were thirty of them or because the commemoration was observed thirty days after burial.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

### IV Romanza—Jane Scroop: Her Lament for Philip Sparrow

For Mezzo-soprano and Women's Chorus

Jane Scroop, a young girl at school with the Black Nuns<sup>1</sup> at the Abbey of Carrow, near Norwich, grieves for her tame sparrow Philip, who has been killed by Gib the cat. The music opens (*lento doloroso*) with a passage for solo cello. A funeral procession bewails the loss of the pet ("*Placebo!* Who is there, who?"). Jane expresses her personal lament of unconsolated grief in a repetitious minor third interval—G-A-B-flat (Soprano solo: "When I remember again"). She calls for vengeance on all cats ("Vengeance I ask . . . on all the nation of cattes . . ."). Her sorrow is temporarily allayed when she recalls her pet's playful ways (change from G minor to G major). The orchestra attempts in "tone painting" to describe Philip's antics ("Sometime he would gasp when he saw a wasp; would pant when he saw an ant; hop after a grasshopper" etc.). The chorus returns with the funeral dirge of the opening ("Alas, alas"). Trumpet calls are heard as Jane summons all the birds to weep for Philip ("To weep with me, look that ye come"). Then follows the "Symphony of the Birds," the most original writing in the suite. The air is filled with the sounds of their arrival. The chorus assigns each bird his duty ("Robin Redbreast, He shall be the priest the requiem mass to sing, . . . With help of the reed sparrow"). In the bass, an allusion to the *Dies Irae* is heard. All the mourners raise their voices in lamentation (harp and winds). Philip's body is committed to earth and his soul to the mercy of heaven, as the chorus and Jane whisper their last farewell.

*Placebo!*

Who is there, who?

*Dilexi!*

Dame Margery?

*Fa, re mi, mi,*

Wherefore and why, why?

For the soul of Philip Sparrow,

That was, late, slain at Carrow

Among the Nuns Black.

For that sweet soul's sake,

And for all sparrows' souls

Set in our bead-rolls.

When I remember again

How my Philip was slain,

Never half the pain

Was between you twain,

Pyramus and Thisbe,

As then befell to me:

I wept and I wailed,

The tears down hailed,

But nothing it availed

To call Philip again,

Whom Gib, our cat, hath slain.

Vengeance I ask and cry,

By way of exclamation,

On all the whole nation

Of cattles wild and tame:

God send them sorrow and shame!

That cat specially

That slew so cruelly

My little pretty sparrow

That I brought up at Carrow!

O cat of churlish kind,

The fiend was in thy mind

So traitorously my bird to kill

That never owed thee evil will!

<sup>1</sup> Benedictine Nuns.

## FIFTH CONCERT

It had a velvet cap,  
 And would sit upon my lap,  
 And seek after small wormes,  
 And sometime whitebread-crumbes;  
 And many times and oft,  
 Between my breastes soft  
 It would lie and rest;  
 It was proper and prest!<sup>3</sup>

Sometime he would gasp  
 When he saw a wasp;  
 A fly, or a gnat,  
 He would fly at that;  
 And prettily he would pant  
 When he saw an ant!  
 Lord how he would pry  
 After a butterfly!  
 Lord, how he would hop  
 After the grasshop!  
 And when I said, 'Phip, Phip!'  
 Then he would leap and skip,  
 And take me by the lip.  
 Alas! it will me slo<sup>4</sup>  
 That Philip is gone me fro!

For Philip Sparrow's soul,  
 Set in our bead-roll,  
 Let us now whisper  
 A *Pater noster*.

*Lauda, anima mea, Dominum!*  
 To weep with me, look that ye come,  
 All manner of birdés in your kind;  
 See none be left behind.

To mourning look that ye fall  
 With dolorous songs funeral,  
 Some to sing, and some to say,  
 Some to weep, and some to pray,  
 Every bird in his lay.  
 The goldfinch, the wagtail;  
 The jangling jay to rail,  
 The fleckéd pie to chatter  
 Of this dolorous matter;  
 And Robin Redbreast,  
 He shall be the priest  
 The requiem mass to sing,  
 Softly warbling,  
 With help of the reed sparrow,  
 And the chattering swallow,  
 This hearse for to hallow;

<sup>3</sup> Neat.

The peacock so proud,  
 Because his voice is loud,  
 And hath a glorious tail,  
 He shall sing the Grail.  
 The bird of Araby  
 That potentially  
 May never die,  
 A phoenix it is  
 This hearse that must bless  
 With aromatic gums  
 That cost great sums,  
 The way of thurification  
 To make a fumigation,  
 Sweet of reflare,  
 And redolent of air,  
 This corse for to 'cense  
 With great reverence,  
 As patriarch or pope  
 In a black cope.  
 Whiles he 'censeth the hearse,  
 He shall sing the verse,  
*Libera me, Domine!*  
 In *do, la, sol, re,*  
 Softly *Be-mol*  
 For my sparrow's soul.  
 And now the dark cloudy night  
 Chaseth away Phoebus bright,  
 Taking his course toward the west,  
 God send my sparrow's soul good rest!  
*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine!*  
 I pray God, Philip to heaven may fly!  
*Domine, exaudi orationem meam!*  
 To Heaven he shall, from Heaven he came!  
*Dominus vobiscum!*  
 Of all good prayers God send him some!  
*Oremus,*  
*Deus, cui proprium est misereri et parcere,*  
 On Philip's soul have pity!  
 For he was a pretty cock,  
 And came of a gentle stock,  
 And wrapt in a maiden's smock,  
 And cherished full daintily,  
 Till cruel fate made him to die;  
 Alas, for doleful destiny!  
 Farewell, Philip adieu!  
 Our Lord, thy soul rescue!  
 Farewell, without restore,  
 Farewell for evermore!

<sup>4</sup> Slay.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

### V Scherzo—Jolly Rutterkin

For Chorus and Baritone

A blaring *forte* in the trumpets introduces us to the dashing young Rutterkin who, the chorus tells us, "is come unto our town." The mixed chorus opens with an outburst of welcome to the young braggart who in solo passages tells us of his personal attractions ("What now, let see, Who looketh on me"). The chorus joins him in bringing the *Tudor Portraits* to a spirited and brilliant finish.

Hoyda, Jolly Rutterkin,<sup>1</sup> hoyda!  
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkin is come unto our town  
In a cloak without coat or gown,  
Save a ragged hood to cover his crown,  
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkin can speak no English,  
His tongue runneth all on buttered fish,  
Besmeared with grease about his dish,  
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkin shall bring you all good luck,  
A stoup of beer up at a pluck,<sup>2</sup>  
Till his brain be as wise as a duck,  
Like a rutter hoyda.

What now, let see,  
Who looketh on me  
Well round about,  
How gay and how stout  
That I can wear  
Courtly my gear.

My hair brusheth  
So pleasantly,  
My robe rusheth  
So ruttigly,

Meseem I fly,  
I am so light  
To dance delight.  
Properly<sup>3</sup> dressed,  
All point devise,  
My person pressed  
Beyond all size  
Of the new guise,  
To rush it out  
In every rout.

Beyond measure  
My sleeve is wide,  
All of pleasure  
My hose strait tied,  
My buskin wide  
Rich to behold,  
Glittering in gold.  
Rutterkin is come, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Derived from *Rutter*, a German cavalry soldier. It came to mean a swaggering gallant.

<sup>2</sup> Gulp.

<sup>3</sup> Handsomely.

### Concerto No. 2 in B-flat major, Op. 83

for Piano and Orchestra . . . . . BRAHMS

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

No other work of Brahms is more characteristic than this magnificent piano concerto. It contains music that arises from his most secluded spiritual realm and is among the richest and best balanced works he ever produced. Nowhere else does he reveal such conscientiousness and solid thoroughness.

The concerto was begun in May, 1878, at Portsach in southern Austria, on the day before his forty-fifth birthday. It was completed in 1881 at Pressbaum, near Vienna. In letters that year to Clara Schumann and Elizabeth von Herzogenberg, Brahms jestingly announced that he had written "quite a little concerto with quite a little scherzo." What he had actually created was a piano

## FIFTH CONCERT

concerto and a symphony in one work. Here he found a new solution of the problem of reconciling the piano with the orchestra. By embedding its sound in that of the orchestra, and at the same time preserving its contrasting quality; by suppressing all display of technical virtuosity in the soloist as an end in itself; by relating every theme, figure, chord passage, scale, and run organically to the whole, Brahms created an overpowering concerto.

Unlike the earlier classical concept of the form founded on the alternation of orchestral ritornelli and solo episodes, and the later highly romantic display pieces of Liszt with their magnificent tone colors, breath-taking bravuras, and ostentatious effects, Brahms allows the soloist's vanity no satisfaction in his symphonically constructed passages where the parts are firmly molded into one radiant whole. The piano part, often dense and slow-moving, with its constant preference for working with massive chord effects and broken chord passages, drives into the very tone center of the orchestra to contribute its thread and color to the rich symphonic texture.

### ANALYSIS

The principal theme of the first movement (*Allegro non troppo*, B-flat major, 4-4 time) is fore-shadowed by a short dialogue between the first horn and piano, creating a quiet twilight atmosphere. The piano leads to a full, sonorous statement of the theme in the orchestra. This prepares for the contrasting lyricism of the second subject, announced by the violins with *pizzicato* violas and cellos, and, after a vigorous passage, the piano enters in octaves, leading to its statement of the principal theme. Part of the opening in the orchestra and the second theme are now developed to some extent. After a passage in F minor for the piano, which leads to a statement in the full orchestra, the development section begins. The principal themes are elaborately treated. The recapitulation begins on the quiet subject of the horn that was heard at the opening of the movement, but the rest of the section is not a literal re-presentation of the exposition material. A tremendous coda, derived from the themes heard in the orchestral opening of the concerto and summarizing in a broad melodic sweep the content of the main section of the movement, closes this section.

The second movement (*Allegro appassionato*, F major, 3-4 time) is the "quite a little scherzo" to which Brahms referred in his letters, although it is not designated as such in the score. The theme, recalling the piano scherzo in E minor, Op. 4, and the later piano capricci in its uncouth and sullen tone, is stated in the piano. An episode in the orchestra, derived from the rhythmic figure of the piano theme, is continued later in the solo instrument. This forms a concise sonata-form exposition which closes in A major, and is repeated. A development follows which introduces a new jubilant theme in D major, which has the effect of a trio section. There is a free sonata-like recapitulation of the themes of the exposition, after which a coda, giving freest scope to the piano and orchestra, brings this unique movement to a close.

The orchestra begins the third movement (*Andante*, B-flat major, 6-4 time) with a broad melody for the cello, a forethought of the sad sweet melody of the later song "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer"; and, after its restatement in

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

which the oboe joins the cello, the piano sounds a figure derived from the same theme. Then in typical Brahms fashion there is a closely woven passage which, in spite of its familiar material, is treated in an improvisatory manner. After a sudden change to F-sharp major, a new melody, found in Brahms's song "Todessehen," Op. 86, is stated by two clarinets in the accompaniment. "The melody," writes Tovey, "consists of few notes spaced like the first stars that penetrate the sky at sunset. When the strings join in, the calm is as deep as the ocean that we have witnessed in the storms of this huge piece of music."\* The first theme returns to the cello in F-sharp minor, and a recapitulation of the opening in the orchestra, this time ornamented by a figure in the piano, brings this lovely movement to a quiet and serene close.

The fourth movement (*Allegretto grazioso*, B-flat major, 2-4 time), an airy, glittering, and delicately animated finale, presents no trumpets and drums, although after such a tremendous treatment as this concerto has received, one might expect a more triumphant close. The piano states the first rhythmic theme, and it is soon followed by another idea, almost Hungarian in style, which alternates between woodwinds and strings. Another section of it is heard in the solo instrument which leads to a playful subject, still in the piano and accompanied by *pizzicato* strings. An elaborate development of this and subsidiary material follows, and all is climaxed with a lengthy coda.

\* Donald Francis Tovey, *Essays in Musical Analysis* (London: Oxford University Press, 1936), III, 124.

## SIXTH CONCERT

### Sunday Evening, May 5

Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80 . . . . . BRAHMS

If ever a piece of music stood as an eternal refutation of all that is meant by "academic," it is this "Festival Overture." The work was written in 1880, as an acknowledgment by Brahms of the doctor's degree which had been conferred upon him by the University of Breslau, as the *Princeps musicae severioris* in Germany. But shockingly enough, the rollicking "Academic Festival Overture" is anything but severely in keeping with the pedantic solemnities of academic convention. It is typical of Brahms that he should delight in thanking the pompous dignitaries of the university with such a quip, for certainly here is one of the gayest and most sparkling overtures in the orchestral repertory.

In the spirit of "He hath cast down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them that are of low degree," Brahms selected as the thematic materials for his overture a handful of student drinking songs, which he championed against all the established conventions of serious composition. He always took an impish joy in indulging his instinct for championing underdogs of art such as music boxes, banjos, brass bands, and working men's singing societies. And here he elevated the lowly student song into the realm of legitimate art. There was never a "nobler man of the people" in the whole history of music.

The overture begins (*Allegro*, C minor, 2-2 time) without an introduction. The principal theme is announced in the violins. Section II is a tranquil melody in the violas, which returns to the opening material. After an episode (E minor) there follows the student song, "Wir hatten gebauet ein stattliches Haus" ("We had built a stately house"), heard in three trumpets (C major). At the close of this section, the full orchestra presents another section partly suggested by the first theme of the overture. The key changes to E major and the second violins with cellos *pizzicato* announce the second student song, "Der Landesvater" ("The Father of the Country"), an old eighteenth-century tune.

The development section does not begin with the working out of the exposition material, but rather, and strangely enough, with the introduction of another student melody (in two bassoons) "Was kommt dort von der Höh"\* ("What comes there from on high"), a freshman song. An elaborate development of the material of the exposition then follows. The recapitulation is irregular in that it merely suggests the return of the principal theme; but then it presents the rest of the material in more or less regular restatement. The conclusion is reached in a stirring section which presents a fourth song, *Gaudeamus igitur*, in the woodwind choir, with tumultuous scale passages against it in the higher strings, and with this emphatic and boisterous theme—the most popular of all student songs—the overture gives its final thrust at the Academicians.

\* This is a vivacious and slightly grotesque version of the "Fuchslid" ("Fox Song"), "Fuchs" being equivalent to "Freshman." Max Kalbeck, an admirer of Brahms, and also his biographer, was shocked at the idea of this irreverence to the learned doctors of the University, but Brahms was unperturbed.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

### Symphony No. 3 in One Movement . . . . . HARRIS

Roy Harris was born in Lincoln  
County, Oklahoma, February 12, 1898.

A little over a quarter of a century ago a virile and tremendously active group of composers appeared in America. Among the outstanding names were those of Marc Blitzstein, George Antheil, Aaron Copland, Henry Cowell, Randall Thompson, Virgil Thomson, Howard Hanson, Walter Piston, Roger Sessions, and Roy Harris. These composers energetically espoused the cause of American music, although as individuals they represented every variety of background, attitude, and musical style. Some were mildly conservative, others daringly experimental, but, in their enthusiasm and newly awakened nationalistic feeling, they possessed a common goal—to uphold the autonomy of their art, to free it from all the extramusical trappings inherited from nineteenth-century Europe, and to make the world aware that America had come of age musically through the discovery of an idiom that was indigenous to her. According to Roger Sessions, writing in *Modern Music* in November of 1927, "young men are dreaming of an entirely different kind of music—a music which derives its power from forms beautiful and significant by virtue of inherent musical weight, rather than intensity of utterance; a music whose impersonality and self-sufficiency preclude the exotic, which takes its impulse from the realities of a passionate logic, which in the authentic freshness of its moods, is the reverse of the ironic, and in its very aloofness from the concrete preoccupations of life, strives rather to contribute form, design, a vision of order and harmony."

In the decade between 1930 and 1940, the name of Roy Harris emerged with persistent frequency, as the white hope of American music. Critical accolades were showered upon him from every quarter, and without doubt during this period he remained the most frequently performed of our serious composers. "He comes from the West," wrote Douglas Moore, "and as a sort of musical Walt Whitman, is filled with the sense of Destiny."\* In January, 1932, Arthur Farwell, writing in *Musical Quarterly* (Vol. XVIII, No. 1) noted that "already a peculiar feeling of vitality attaches to the mention of his name, which in a fugitive way is coming to be regarded as a symbol of the most advanced modern musical thought . . . that he is now steadily and rapidly coming to the fore is no mere chance of fluctuating musical styles and opinions. It is the result of a premeditated and thoroughly prepared attack upon the entire front of musical issues and resources."

Today, however, Harris' idiom, still highly individual, has lost much of its novelty, and the words of prophecy uttered in the twenties and thirties, have only partly been fulfilled. His popularity today rests upon relatively few compositions, and of these few, the Third Symphony seems to be the one that has retained all of its original freshness and novelty. It has established itself as one of the most popular and ingratiating works written by a contemporary

\* Robert Bagar and Louis Biancolli, *The Concert Companion* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1947).

## SIXTH CONCERT

American, and has remained consistently in the repertoire of our major orchestras. It is the quintessence of his best writing to date, filled as it is with a profusion of elastic, broadly-conceived melody that avoids symmetrical and sequential patterns, and constructed with a largeness of style and firmness of form, all of its factors being co-ordinated toward a unified and eloquent expression. It was written late in 1938 and on February 24, 1939, had its world première in Boston under Serge Koussevitzky, who referred to it as "the first truly great orchestral work to be produced in America." Today, almost twenty years later, it still remains, as Francis Perkins wrote in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, March 18, 1940, "one of the most significant contributions of the last few years to the native orchestral repertoire, in breadth of scope, consequentiality of ideas and emotional force." Few American composers today have achieved a greater technical control of their medium and at the same time, a more spontaneous communication of the emotional parallels of human experience.

For the Boston première, Mr. Harris supplied John N. Burk, program annotator, with the following outline, in lieu of a detailed analysis of the work:

Section I: *Tragic*—low string sonorities.

Section II: *Lyric*—strings, horns, woodwinds.

Section III: *Pastoral*—emphasizing woodwind color.

Section IV: *Fugue*—dramatic

A. Brass-percussion predominating

B. Canonic development of Section II material constituting background for further development of fugue

C. Brass climax; rhythmic motif derived from fugue subject.

Materials:

1. Melodic contours—diatonic-polytonal

2. Harmonic textures—consonance-polytonal.

### *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* . . . . . MAHLER

Gustav Mahler was born in Kalischt, Bohemia,  
July 7, 1860; died in Vienna, Austria, May 8, 1911.

Near the end of Mahler's life tremendous changes were taking place in the world. It was inevitable that the changing currents in European thought at the end of the nineteenth century would affect music. The romantic spirit that had given the art its tremendous vitality was fading before the advance of the realistic, the logical, and the scientific. Between the end of the romantic nineteenth and the beginning of the scientific twentieth century, music was experiencing a period of the greatest intellectual fermentation and creative fertility. Mahler found himself surrounded by numerous composers who seemed to have discovered untrammelled ways into the future of their art. On every hand, in every field of re-creation, he heard about him a host of the most technically skilled performers, and he beheld such huge and eager audiences as the world of music had never before known. Yet before his untimely death in 1911, the first year of what was to be a tragic decade, this active spring of inspiration

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

began to grow sluggish. German music had grown weary of perpetuating the principles of romanticism, and her composers had, by 1911, begun to forsake the past and to follow their new leaders, Reger and Schönberg. The composers of the post-Wagnerian period in Germany were not writing the last chapter of romanticism; they were writing its epilogue.

It was for Mahler alone, among German composers of his period, to reach full maturity while the romantic point of view still survived as a potent source of musical fecundity; his mind like that of Wagner and Brahms was nurtured by the rich blood of German romanticism. But with keen instinct and sensitive awareness, he felt that he was experiencing the end rather than the climax of a great era. His peculiar position—as the last real romanticist who lived on into the twentieth century, forming, as it were, a bridge between a dying tradition and the birth of a new scientific ideology—is what gave to his art its peculiar distinction and character. His voice echoed from a vanishing world, a world that was becoming increasingly remote, still beheld in the mists of distance, but irrecoverably lost. Yet, with the soul of a mystic, Mahler continued to seek after deeper realities than appeared in the immediate and material world; with the mind of a philosopher he probed the depths of human experience and tried to relate the values he found there to those that were already superseding them.

The overwrought pathos, the impassioned eloquence, and fitful intensity found in his art have often been accredited to his Jewish origin, but the desperate nostalgia, the restless longing that surges through his pages, is not to be explained merely in terms of race. It was the gloomy premonition of the approaching death of the romantic world view that haunted Mahler. In the wake of an advancing machine age and its insistence upon scientific reality, he was troubled by the fading away of illusion and the loss of the picturesque, disturbed by the slow emasculation of the magic, the supernatural, and the mythical symbols that so vitalized the music of the world he knew. It is the consciousness of this receding world, this slipping away of old values, that gives to such works as the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* their deeply nostalgic color and their troubled, poignant feeling. Yet Mahler had little in common with the earlier and fully-formed romanticists; he shared their sensitivity and burning passion, but he lacked their fervor and strength, their "soaring flight in grief." There is in him none of the heroic and epic pathos of Wagner; there is only an unconquerable melancholy and infinite regret, a heartfelt protestation against the fleetingness and pain of life. As Santayana wrote of those philosophers who, like Mahler, believed that existence was an illusion, he was "without one ray of humor, and all persuaded that the universe, too, must be without one."

The history of the art song is largely the record of the separation rather than the union of poetry and music. In its early stages of evolution poetic rhythm and structure exerted an imperious control over music. Through the genius of Franz Schubert, however, the song was emancipated. With his freely composed and fluently expressive piano accompaniment, Schubert enriched and deepened its musical meaning; with his incomparable melodic gift he transformed what

## SIXTH CONCERT

was for the most part ordinary poetry into indescribable musical beauty. In Robert Schumann, Johannes Brahms, and Hugo Wolf this freedom continued, and the more the accompaniment expressed, the more firmly the song became established as a musical form; the more music asserted itself the further poetry receded into the background. Poetic rhymes lost their effect through the lack of correspondence between musical and verbal phrases; accented notes in music did not always coincide with the stress in the verse; the measure in music was often at cross purposes with the meter in the poetry; a single word was often dismembered by the bar line and most serious of all, the direct intellectual and emotional appeal of the poem was swept away in a flood of pleasure derived directly and overwhelmingly from the music. Instead of poetry giving meaning to music, music added meaning to and enforced the expression of the words. The suggestion of an atmosphere was the most direct service which poetry now rendered to music. The poet merely furnished a mood and an inspiration; the art song had emerged primarily as an expression of the composer's art.

A tendency had already begun in Beethoven (*An die ferne Geliebte*, Op. 84) and was continued in Schubert (*Die schöne Müllerin* and *Die Winterreise*) to group poems together to create a larger framework and scope for music than the single song allowed. In these song cycles, the composer, by writing piano preludes, interludes, and postludes (Schumann's *Dichterliebe*) continued to increase music's share in the responsibility for expression. A later development saw the piano finally give way as an accompanying instrument to various instrumental ensembles and to the full orchestra. It was Richard Strauss and particularly Mahler who, in thus accompanying their songs, destroyed perhaps some of their intimacy, but without question increased their musical effectiveness. Song and poetry formed the basis of most of Mahler's orchestral works—five out of his nine symphonies employed voices, chorales, and solos. Essentially he was as personal and introspective a writer of song as Brahms or Schumann. Like them, he too, in the nineteenth century tradition, felt compelled to express himself in the more extended form of the song cycle, but for the piano he substituted the more complex orchestral accompaniment.

With the cycle Mahler was able to achieve the detailed subtlety that the single song invited, and yet, within the fuller span it provided, accomplish a more dramatic effect; with the orchestra, he could realize the possibilities of subtle instrumental color and nuance, of which he was such a complete and incomparable master. Perhaps his finest and most representative work as a composer is to be found, not in his lengthy, wandering, and often redundant symphonies, but here where he was free, yet disciplined by the inherent demands of the song, to achieve his effects with directness and immediacy.

Mahler wrote forty-two songs. Of these, there are two song cycles with orchestral accompaniment: the first, *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*; the second, the *Kindertotenlieder*.

The poems for the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* were written by Mahler himself and were inspired by an unhappy, youthful love affair. The work, his first major one, was composed in 1883 when he was twenty-three years of age. It

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

had its first performance in Berlin in 1896 and was not published until 1897. In it are recalled many of what later were to become his best qualities: an intense lyricism, an almost supersensitive awareness of the emotional overtones in a text, and an ability to project them in music through a highly individual and infinitely subtle kind of orchestration. Although a full orchestra is employed in these songs, it is used sparingly, in the almost chamber-like manner employed later in *Das Lied von der Erde*. The first two songs lead up to the major climax of the cycle in the third song, and just once, at the end is the full orchestra employed. The brass is used sparingly to achieve this effect; horns in the first and fourth songs, a slight use of trumpets in the second, and full brass only in the climactic third song. As in everything Mahler wrote, the whole work is infused with an all-embracing mood of nostalgia and tender longing.

### I Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit Macht

(*Leise und traurig bis zum Schluss*, D minor—G minor, 2-4)

When my love is a bride,  
A merry wedding bride,  
Mine will be the saddest day;  
I will hie me to my chamber,  
To my darkened room,  
There to weep for my love,  
My dearest love.  
Fairest flower! Oh, do not fade!  
Sweet little bird, sing in the woods!  
Ah, the world is fair indeed!  
Do not sing and do not flower,  
Spring hath long gone by,  
Song must cease and flower must fade.  
At nightfall when I go to rest,  
I feel my heart's great weariness.

Note the alternation of duple and triple meter, one of Mahler's favorite devices. The opening motif in the clarinets dominates the song in symphonic fashion. The song is in a simple three-part design.

### II Ging heut Morgen über's Feld

(*In gemächlicher Bewegung*, D major—F-sharp major, 4-4)

As I walked abroad this morn,  
Dew was sparkling on the grass.  
Said to me a merry finch:  
"Ah, my good friend, good morning to you,  
Good morning. Is this world not fair  
to see? Tweet! Tweet!  
Fair and sweet!  
Well this world does please me!"  
And the bluebells in the field,  
Merrily they greeted me  
With their tiny bells, ding dong;  
'Twas a merry morning song:

## SIXTH CONCERT

"Is this world not fair to see?  
Dong ding, dong ding!  
Lovely thing!  
Well this world does please me, Heigho!"  
Straightway all the world's aglow,  
In the golden rays of the sun,  
All the birds, all the flowers fair  
Are arrayed in brightest tones.  
Eh, good-day: eh, good-day!  
Is this world not fair to see?  
Heigho! Hey! Heigh! Hey!  
Will this be my heart's dawn too?  
Nay, nay,  
Nevermore!  
My heart is dead, my heart is dead!

This song is built on one long theme, which later became the basis for the first movement of the first symphony. Note expressive use of the timpani.

### III Ich hab' ein glühend Messer (*Stürmisch, wild*, D minor—E-flat minor, 9-8)

Deep in my aching heart  
A cruel sword is set,  
Alas! Alas! how it does tear  
And mars my every joy!  
Alas! Alas! how it does tear with pain!  
Ah me! and will it never cease,  
    nevermore be peace  
Not by day and not by night when I rest?  
Alas! Alas!  
When I gaze upon the stars  
Naught I see but two blue eyes.  
Alas! Alas!  
When I pass the waving corn,  
It is my love's fair hair I see,  
    afloat in the wind.  
Alas! Alas!  
When I wake from deepest dreams,  
And hear like bells her silv'ry laugh,  
Alas! Alas!  
I would I lay in my silent grave,  
No more, no more to open my eyes.

This is the most dramatic and perhaps the finest of the songs. At the words "Wenn ich in den Himmel seh" in the second stanza, a crescendo begins that climaxes at the end of the song with "Ich wollt, ich läg auf der schwarzen Bahr," accompanied by full brass and woodwinds.

### IV Die zwei blauen Augen (*Mit geheimnisvoll schwermütigen Ausdruck*, E minor— F minor, 4-4)

My love's blue eyes, my love's blue eyes,  
They sent me away in the wide, wide world,

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

So I must leave and say good-bye  
To the dearest place of all.  
Oh, eyes so blue, why did you look into my eyes?  
Now shall I ever grieve and long for you.  
I walked away at the dead of night  
Across the dark and dreary moor,  
Nobody said God-speed, good-bye—  
Only love and grief were at my side.  
On my way I passed a lime-tree fair,  
There rested my weary heart in sleep,  
The lime-tree shed on me its blossoms white,  
Till I forgot all life's sad woe,  
And all, and all was fair and good,  
Love and grief—Truth and Dreams.

The theme here became the basis for the trio of the third movement of the First Symphony. Note the use of the harp.

### Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun . . . . . DEBUSSY

Claude Debussy was born in Saint Germain on  
August 22, 1862; died in Paris, March 26, 1918.

France had no music of a real national character for over a century before the advent of Debussy. While the nationalization of music in France was not the work of Debussy alone, certainly no one approached the expression of so truly a French musical spirit with greater success than he. His style reveals the purest craftsmanship, impeccable taste, and above all a finesse and lucidity in execution.

Debussy's style is eminently individual and poetic. He became the leader in the movement toward impressionistic expression, not for its pictorial or representative effects, but as the embodiment of delicate and subtle inner experiences. Upon returning to Paris from Rome, where he had held the *Prix de Rome* fellowship, Debussy came into close personal contact with the "Impressionists" in French art, and it was through him that Impressionism entered music by way of painting.

The term "Impressionism" passed from a general term to a specialized use about 1863, when a sunset by Monet was shown in Paris, at the Salon des Refuses, entitled "Impression." The name was then adopted for a whole group of painters, of which Monet, Manet, and Degas were the leaders.

Impressionism came to reject all traditions and to devote itself to the sensuous side of art to the exclusion of the intellectual. It subordinated the subject for the most part to the interest of the execution, and it interpreted isolated momentary sensations, not thoughts or concrete things. Impressionism, in the words of Walter Pater, is "a vivid personal impression of a fugitive effect." Technically, it is the concentration on one quality, to the comparative neglect of all the rest; it deliberately constructs but a fragment, in order to convey more suggestively an idea of the whole; it emphatically and deliberately destroys outline in the interest of creating "atmosphere," thus giving a sense of vagueness and incompleteness. Painters, poets, and musicians were drawn alike to

## SIXTH CONCERT

the same sources of inspiration, emanating from an interior life of reflection—things sensitive, suggestive, intuitional, unsubstantial, and remote—to mists, fogs, sound of distant bells, clouds, and gardens in the rain. Debussy used his art as a plastic medium for recording such fleeting impressions and fugitive glimpses. His style and technique, like that of Monet and Renoir, and early Pissarro, rendered a music that was intimate though evasive, a music with a twilight beauty and glamour, revealing a world of sense, flavor, and color. Debussy, working to the same end as the French Impressionists in art, through the ephemeral medium of sound, created a world of vague feelings and subtle emotions, a world of momentary impressions—of enchanted islands, the romance of old brocades, the glimmer of moonlight, morning mists, shadowy pools, sunlight on waves, or the faint odor of dying flowers.

Realizing the unlimited power of suggestion possessed by music, and understanding its capability of giving a fleeting existence to immaterial abstract ideas, Debussy chose these delicate intangible subjects and flights of fancy which gain an added and prolonged eloquence in music. Thus he found inspiration for his art in the sensuous poetry of Paul Verlaine (“Les Fêtes galantes” and “Ariettes oubliées”) and the mysterious verse of Baudelaire, in the haunting beauty of Maeterlinck (“Pelleas and Melisande”), in the richly woven tapestry and mystic passion of Gabriel Rossetti (“The Blessed Damozel”), and in the exotic symbolism of Stéphane Mallarmé (“The Afternoon of a Faun”). For the accomplishment of a highly subjective conception of music, Debussy did not hesitate to diverge from established notions of tonal construction, utilizing new scale series, tending toward plastic and even vague rhythmic patterns, and was in all of his work more interested in color and contrast than in contour or design.

Adverse to binding music down to exact reproduction of set programs, he has chosen rather to amplify and expand evanescent, shadowy thoughts, to distill their essence, and then to capture and protract them in sound. Form, as understood by the classical masters, did not ordinarily enter into Debussy's artistic calculations. “No fixed rule should guide the creative artist; rules are established by works of art, not for works of art. One should seek discipline in freedom, not in the precepts of a philosophy in its decline—that is good only for those who are weak. I write music only in order to serve music as best I can and without any other intention . . . It is for love of music that I strive to rid it of a certain sterile tradition that enshrouds it. It is a free spontaneous art, an open art, an art to be measured with the elements—the winds, the sky, the sea. It must not be made confined and scholastic.”\* And so in the silvery, weblike tracery of his tonal material, in unresolved dissonances, the use of the whole tone and chromatic scales, in his recourse to old medieval modes, in the sensitive awareness of delicate color combinations, and in the intangible fabric of his aerial architecture, Debussy disclosed a new and superrefined beauty in music.

Stéphane Mallarmé's first truly significant work, which formulated his revolutionary ideas concerning style, was rejected; the *Parnasse Contemporain*

\* Statement made in an interview for the Paris paper, *Excelsior*, 1911.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

in 1875 found his poem "L'Après-midi d'un faune," cryptic, perplexing, and unintelligible. Mallarmé had struck an individual style in literature and had attempted to formulate a poetic art which would embody with perfect harmony a medley of dissimilar emotions and ideas. Each of his verses conveyed at one and the same time a plastic image, an expression of a thought, the enunciation of a sentiment, and a philosophical symbol. All this was subordinated to the strictest rules of prosody so as to form a perfect whole, thus depicting the complete transfiguration of a state of mind. The poems appealed quite as much to the reader's intuition and sensibility as to his intelligence, and feeling was expressed as much by the mere sounds of the words as by the imagery or exactness of the description. The isolated word, rather than the sentence, conjured up thought.

"I make music," wrote Mallarmé in a letter to Mr. Gosse, "and do not call by this name that which is drawn from the euphonic putting together of words—this first requirement is taken for granted; but that which is beyond, on the other side, and produced magically by certain dispositions of speech and language, is then only a means of material communication with the reader, as are the keys of a pianoforte to a hearer."

Edmund Gosse wrote the following explanation and paraphrase of the original poem:

It appears in the *florilège* which he has just published, and I have now read it again, as I have often read it before. To say that I understand it bit by bit, phrase by phrase, would be excessive. But, if I am asked whether this famous miracle of unintelligibility gives me pleasure, I answer, cordially, Yes. I even fancy that I obtain from it as definite and as solid an impression as M. Mallarmé desires to produce. This is what I read in it: A faun—a simple, sensuous, passionate being—wakens in the forest at daybreak and tries to recall his experience of the previous afternoon. Was he the fortunate recipient of an actual visit from nymphs, white and golden goddesses, divinely tender and indulgent? Or is the memory he seems to retain nothing but the shadow of a vision, no more substantial than the "arid rain" of notes from his own flute? He cannot tell. Yet surely there was, surely there is, an animal whiteness among the brown reeds of the lake that shines out yonder, Were they, are they, swans? No! But Naiads plunging? Perhaps! Vaguer and vaguer grows the impression of this delicious experience. He would resign his woodland godship to retain it. A garden of lilies, golden-headed, white-stalked, behind the trellis of red roses? Ah! the effort is too great for his poor brain. Perhaps if he selects one lily from the garth of lilies, one benign and beneficent yielder of her cup to thirsty lips, the memory, the ever-receding memory, may be forced back. So when he has glutted upon a bunch of grapes, he is wont to toss the empty skins in the air and blow them out in a visionary greediness. But now, the delicious hour grows vaguer; experience or dream, he will never know which it was. The sun is warm, the grasses yielding; and he curls himself up again, after worshipping the efficacious star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstasy into the more hopeful boskages of sleep.

This, then, is what I read in the so excessively obscure and unintelligible "L'Après-midi d'un faune"; and, accompanied as it is with a perfect suavity of language and melody of rhythm, I know not what more a poem of eight pages could be expected to give. It supplies a simple and direct impression of physical beauty, of harmony, of color; it is exceedingly mellifluous, when once the ear understands that the poet, instead of being the slave of the Alexandrine, weaves his variations round it, like a musical composer.\*

\* Philip Hale, *Great Concert Music* (New York: Garden City Publishing Co., Inc., 1939) p. 120.

## SIXTH CONCERT

To Edmund Gosse, Mallarmé's poem, "L'Après-midi d'un faune," was then not exactly a "famous miracle of unintelligibility." To Debussy, certainly, it was not. Gosse's lucid and unperplexing paraphrase of the original poem may have rid it of that indisposing epithet "cryptic," but it was Debussy's exquisite orchestra sounds that seem to have given Mallarmé's "Faun" its greater elusive beauty, its perennial freshness, and its immortal life.

The strangeness which this music incredibly possessed when Debussy wrote it in 1892, and when it was first performed at a concert of the Société Nationale in Paris, has evaporated somewhat; but the elusive turn of its melodies, the ravishing and limpid beauty of its haunting harmonies, the color and brilliance of its fantastic weaving of iridescent chords with delicately tinted sonorous aggregations, now charm us with the full awareness of the new and unique kind of musical beauty Debussy alone has brought to us.

In her book *Claude Achille Debussy* (London, 1917), Louise Liebich interprets the Faun as a symbol of the artist; the dream nymphs, inspiration. The creative impulse, the artist's response to ideal inspired thought, is represented as blighted and blurred by analysis in the garish waking light of midday reality; and the artist's realization of beauty is understood to be correspondent with his own interior vision of truth. But these are personal predilections, and the poem is wide and elastic enough to be modified, amplified, and controverted as one desires. And, after all, it is Debussy's marvelous music which concerns us here, and the ultimate value of the work as a musical masterpiece lies in its amazing myriad of orchestral colors, in its picturesque chromaticism, in its fluent, unbounded melody, and expressively free, unhampered rhythms, all working together to create a mirage-like work of strange and exotic beauty.

"Connais-tu le pays?" from *Mignon* . . . . . THOMAS

Charles-Louis-Ambroise Thomas was born in Metz,  
August 5, 1811; died in Paris, February 12, 1896.

Ambroise Thomas is known to the world at large as the composer of *Mignon* and *Hamlet*. Twenty other dramatic works, three of which are ballets, stand to his credit. His work as an opera composer represents but part of his activity, for in 1871 he was elected to Spontinno chair as director of the famous *Conservatoire* at Paris.

The libretto of *Mignon* is by Machel Carré and Jules Barbier, and the incidents of the plot are drawn chiefly from episodes in Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*. Proceeding after the manner of their treatment of *Faust* for Gounod a few years before, the librettists constructed a romantic play out of the Mignon incidents, which in the novel were only of subordinate interest. The Mignon of Carré and Barbier bears little more than external resemblance to Goethe's Mignon; as the young girl stolen by gypsies, she is merely "the embodiment of pathos, and the exemplar of the cantabile style," as is to be noted in her aria "Connais-tu le pays?"

Wilhelm Meister, a traveling student, happens upon a troupe of gypsies. One

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

of the leaders forces Mignon, a beautiful young girl, to dance, and when she refuses, begins to abuse her.

She is saved by the intercession of Wilhelm who begins to question her about her childhood. She remembers nothing except that she was captured by gypsies in some far-away country that she describes in a mood of nostalgia and longing:

Knowest thou the land where the orange grows,  
Where the fruit is gold, and fair the rose,  
Where the gentle breeze wafts the song of birds?  
There spring eternally reigns with the sky ever blue.  
Alas, why do I stray afar; why do I linger  
Here! It is there I wish to live and die.

### Recitative and Aria of Lia from *L'Enfant prodigue* . . . DEBUSSY

Debussy was not one of those artists who, like Beethoven and Verdi, find themselves only after years of incessant striving and innumerable failures and disappointments. He was singularly sure of himself and his artistic purpose; his art was always wholly personal, fully developed, and self assured. In only two of his early works, the cantatas, *L'Enfant prodigue* and *La Damoiselle élue*, could it be said that he was in any process of gestation. This was particularly true of *L'Enfant prodigue*, with which Debussy won the *Grand prix de Rome* in 1884, at the age of twenty-two.

The story is simple. Lia, the mother of Azaël, bemoans the loss of her wayward son. As she expresses her grief, Simeon, her husband, exhorts her to hearken to the music of the merrymakers and to partake of their joy. A procession of the revelers enters, and Simeon and Lia join the throng. Azaël, who has returned home, exhausted and repentant, has, unobserved by the people who pass by, fallen unconscious outside the home which had once sheltered him. There he is discovered by his parents. Forgiveness is extended to the erring wanderer, and all thank heaven for his restoration.

From this tenuous dramatic fare, Debussy created a youthful score that gave little indication of the direction in which his affinities were to lie.

The work was performed in the hall of the Paris Conservatoire, June 27, 1884. For a number of years the score remained in Debussy's possession, but he revised and rescored it for a performance at the Sheffield Musical Festival in England, October 8, 1908, and later revamped it for an operatic presentation at Covent Garden on October 28, 1910.

The following is a free translation and condensation of the French text. Lia calls in anguish for the return of her son:

Year follows year and each succeeding season brings only grief and sorrow, which I must hide within my heart. I walk alone along this wild shore to seek surcease from this heavy woe. But my heart still mourns the child I have no more. Azaël, Azaël, my beloved one, why have you forsaken me?

## SIXTH CONCERT

### “Amour, viens aider,” from *Samson et Dalila* . . . SAINT-SAËNS

Camille Saint-Saëns was born in Paris, October 9,  
1835; died in Algiers, December 16, 1921.

Camille Saint-Saëns was not only a composer, he was also a distinguished pianist, organist, conductor, and author. During his long life of eighty-six years, he was the recipient of many honors. In 1868 he was admitted to the *Légion d'honneur* and in 1913 won the *Grand croix*. Cambridge University conferred upon him the Doctor of Music in 1892. His literary productions were considerable and of high quality; he published a book of poems, three comedies, and several scientific studies.

As a composer, he displayed a command of the technical processes of expression, including every aspect of form, extreme readiness of thematic development, and superb orchestration. His genius, great and varied as it was, falls short of the highest achievements in profound feeling and conviction, however.

The subject of this opera is woven around the Biblical story of Samson and Delilah. The first act is laid in the city of Gaza where the Israelites are suffering under the oppression of the Philistines. Samson, burning with indignation, admonishes them to battle, trusting in God as their help. The Israelites, catching fire from his ardor, rise in insurrection. Abimelech, Satrap of Gaza, is slain by Samson, who leads his countrymen to victory.

In Act II, Delilah, a Philistine woman of irresistible beauty, is importuned by the High Priest of Dagon to lure Samson to his destruction. Night is descending as Delilah waits outside her dwelling for the approach of Samson. In the aria, “Amour, viens aider,” she calls upon the God of love to aid her in destroying him. A condensed translation of the aria follows:

Oh Love, in my weakness give me power to destroy the enemy of my people. Tomorrow let him be my captive. In vain his people may entreat, but he is under my domination; I alone can hold him captive at my feet.

### “La Valse”: A Choreographic Poem . . . . . RAVEL

Maurice Ravel was born March 7, 1875, in  
Cibourne; died December 28, 1937, in Paris.

In contrast to the ecstatic impressionism of Debussy, which fails to merge emotion into an objective lyricism but merely allows it to spread and dissolve into vague colored patterns, the art of Maurice Ravel appears more concrete. Although he was at home among the colored vapors of the Debussian harmonic system, Ravel expressed himself in a more tangible form and fashioned the same materials into set designs. In this structural sense lies the true secret of the difference between him and Debussy.

About 1805, Dr. Charles Burney spoke of the waltz as “a riotous German dance of modern invention. . . . The verb *waltzen*, whence this word is derived, implies a roll, wallow, welter, tumble down, or roll in the dirt and mire. What analogy there may be between these acceptations and the dance, we pretend not

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

to say; but having seen it performed by a select party of foreigners, we could not help reflecting how uneasy an English mother would be to see her daughter so familiarly treated and still more to witness the obliging manner in which the freedom is returned by the females."

The waltz flourished, however, in spite of nice old Dr. Burney, and during the middle of the nineteenth century, under the refining influences of the Strausses, father and son, it reached its graceful and melodious perfection.

On the authority of Alfredo Casella, who, with the composer, played a two-piano arrangement of "The Waltz" in Vienna (1920), the composition had been sketched during the war and was completed in 1920; the themes are of Viennese character, and though Ravel had no exact idea of choreographic production, he conceived it with the idea of its realization in a dance representation. Casella further describes the composition: "The Poem is a sort of triptych: (a) The Birth of the Waltz. The poem begins with dull rumors as in Rheingold, and from this chaos gradually develops (b) The Waltz, (c) The Apotheosis of the Waltz."

The following "program" of "La Valse" is printed in the score:

Whirling clouds give glimpses, through rifts, of couples waltzing. The clouds scatter, little by little. One sees an immense hall peopled with a twirling crowd. The scene is gradually illuminated. The lights of the chandeliers burst forth, fortissimo. An Imperial Court about 1855.

The first performance of "La Valse" in the United States was at a concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, director, October 28, 1921. When the work was played at Boston the following year (January 13-14), Mr. Hale wrote that the music suggested to the critic, Raymond Schwab, who heard it at the first performance in Paris:

The atmosphere of a court ball of the Second Empire, at first a frenzy indistinctly sketched by the pizzicati of double-basses, then transports sounding forth the full hysteria of an epoch. To the graces and languors of Carpeaux is opposed an implied anguish with some Prud'homme exclaiming: "We dance on a volcano." There is a certain threatening in this bacchanale, a drunkenness, as it were, warning itself of its decay, perhaps by the dissonances and shock of timbres, especially the repeated combinations in which the strings grate against the brass.

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# THE ANN ARBOR MAY FESTIVAL

Maintained by the University Musical Society and founded by Albert A. Stanley  
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## MUSICAL DIRECTORS

Albert A. Stanley, 1894-1921  
Earl V. Moore, 1922-1939

## CONDUCTORS

Thor Johnson, 1940-1942  
Hardin Van Deursen, 1943-1946  
Thor Johnson (Guest), 1947-

## ORGANIZATIONS

- The Boston Festival Orchestra*, Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor, 1894-1904  
*The Chicago Symphony Orchestra*, Frederick Stock, Conductor, 1905-1935; Eric De Lamar-ter, Associate Conductor, 1918-1935  
*The Philadelphia Orchestra*, Leopold Stokowski, Conductor, Saul Caston and Charles O'Connell, Associate Conductors, 1936; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor, 1937, 1938; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor, Saul Caston, Associate Conductor, 1939-1945; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor, Alexander Hilsberg, Associate Conductor, 1946-1952, and Guest Conductor, 1953; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor, 1954-; William R. Smith, Assistant Conductor, 1957.  
*The University Choral Union*, Albert A. Stanley, Conductor, 1894-1921; Earl V. Moore, Conductor, 1922-1939; Thor Johnson, Conductor, 1940-1942; Hardin Van Deursen, Conductor, 1943-1947; Thor Johnson, Guest Conductor, 1947-; Lester McCoy, Associate Conductor, 1947-1956, and Conductor, 1957-.  
*The Festival Youth Chorus*, trained by Florence B. Potter, and conducted by Albert A. Stanley, 1913-1918. Conductors: Russell Carter, 1920; George Oscar Bowen, 1921-1924; Joseph E. Maddy, 1925-1927; Juva N. Higbee, 1928-1936; Roxy Cowin, 1937; Juva N. Higbee, 1938; Roxy Cowin, 1939; Juva N. Higbee, 1940-1942; Marguerite Hood, 1943-1956; Geneva Nelson, 1957.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

*The Stanley Chorus*, trained by Margaret Martindale, 1934; trained by Wilson Sawyer, 1944  
*The University Glee Club*, trained by David Mattern, 1937  
*The Lyra Chorus*, trained by Reuben H. Kempf, 1937

### GUEST CONDUCTORS

Gustav Holst (London, England), 1923, 1932	José Iturbi (Philadelphia), 1937
Howard Hanson (Rochester), 1926, 1927, 1933, 1935	Georges Enesco (Paris), 1939
Felix Borowski (Chicago), 1927	Harl McDonald (Philadelphia), 1939, 1940, 1944
Percy Grainger (New York), 1928	

### FESTIVAL CHORAL REPERTOIRE

#### UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

BACH: Mass in B minor (excerpts)—1923, 1924, 1925 (complete), 1953  
Magnificat in D major—1930, 1950  
BEETHOVEN: Missa Solemnis in D major, Op. 123—1927, 1947, 1955  
Symphony No. 9 in D minor, Op. 125—1934, 1942, 1945  
BERLIOZ: *The Damnation of Faust*—1895, 1909, 1920, 1952  
BIZET: *Carmen*—1904, 1918, 1927, 1938  
BLOCH: "America," An Epic Rhapsody—1929  
BOSSI: *Paradise Lost*—1916  
BRAHMS: Requiem, Op. 45—1899 (excerpts), 1929, 1941, 1949  
Alto Rhapsodie, Op. 53—1939  
Song of Destiny, Op. 54—1950  
Song of Triumph, Op. 55—1953  
BRUCH: Arminius—1897, 1905  
Fair Ellen, Op. 24—1904, 1910  
Odysseus—1910  
BRUCKNER: Te Deum laudamus, 1945  
CAREY: "America"—1915  
CHADWICK: The Lily Nymph—1900  
CHÁVEZ, CARLOS: Corrido de "El Sol"—1954†  
DELIUS: Sea Drift—1924  
DVOŘÁK: Stabat Mater, Op. 58—1906  
ELGAR: Caractacus—1903, 1914, 1936  
The Dream of Gerontius, Op. 38—1904, 1912, 1917  
FOGG: The Seasons—1937\*  
FRANCK: The Beatitudes—1918  
GLUCK: *Orpheus*—1902  
GOLDMARK: The Queen of Sheba (March)—1923  
GOMER, LLYWELYN: Gloria in Excelsis—1949\*  
GOUNOD: *Faust*—1902, 1908, 1919  
Gallia—1899  
GRAINGER, PERCY: Marching Song of Democracy—1928  
HADLEY: "Music," An Ode, Op. 75—1919  
HANDEL: Judas Maccabeus—1911  
Messiah—1907, 1914  
HANSON, HOWARD: Songs from "Drum Taps"—1935\*  
Heroic Elegy—1927\*  
The Lament for Beowulf—1926\*  
*Merry Mount*—1933\*  
HAYDN: The Creation—1908, 1932  
The Seasons—1909, 1934  
HEGER: Ein Friedenslied, Op. 19—1934†

\* World première

† American première

‡ United States première

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

- HOLST: A Choral Fantasia—1932†  
 A Dirge for Two Veterans—1923  
 The Hymn of Jesus—1923†  
 First Choral Symphony (excerpts)—1927†
- HONEGGER, ARTHUR: King David—1930, 1935, 1942
- KODÁLY: Psalmus Hungaricus, Op. 13—1939
- LAMBERT, CONSTANT: Summer's Last Will and Testament—1951†
- LOCKWOOD, NORMAND: Prairie—1953\*
- MCDONALD, HARL: Symphony No. 3 ("Lamentations of Fu Hsuan")—1939
- MEYERHOLZ: Elijah—1901, 1921, 1926, 1944, 1954  
 St. Paul—1905
- MENNIN, PETER: Symphony No. 4, "The Cycle"—1950
- MOUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godounov*—1931, 1935
- MOZART: Great Mass in C minor, K. 427—1948  
 Requiem Mass in D minor, K. 626—1946  
 "Davidde penitente"—1956
- ORFF, CARL: Carmina Burana—1955
- PARKER: Hora Novissima, Op. 30—1900
- PIERNÉ: The Children's Crusade—1915  
 Saint Francis of Assisi—1928, 1931
- PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda*—1925
- PROKOFIEV: Alexander Nevsky, Op. 78—1946
- RACHMANINOFF: The Bells—1925, 1938, 1948
- RESPIGHI: La Primavera—1924†
- RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *The Legend of Kitesh*—1931†
- ROSSINI: Stabat Mater—1897
- SAINT-SAENS: *Samson and Delilah*—1896, 1899, 1907, 1912, 1916, 1923, 1929, 1940
- SCHÖNBERG: Gurre-Lieder—1956
- SCHUMAN, WILLIAM: A Free Song (Cantata No. 2)—1945
- SIBELIUS: Onward Ye Peoples—1939, 1945
- SMITH, J. S.: Star Spangled Banner—1919, 1920
- STANLEY: Chorus Triumphalis, Op. 14—1897, 1912, 1921  
 Fair Land of Freedom—1919  
 Hymn of Consecration—1918  
 "Laus Deo," Choral Ode—1913, 1943  
 A Psalm of Victory, Op. 8—1906
- STOCK: A Psalmic Rhapsody—1922, 1943
- STRAVINSKY: Symphonie de Psaumes—1932
- SULLIVAN: The Golden Legend—1901
- TCHAIKOVSKY: Episodes from *Eugen Onegin*—1911, 1941
- THOMPSON, RANDALL: Alleluia—1941
- VARDELL, CHARLES: Cantata, "The Inimitable Lovers"—1940
- VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, RALPH: Five Tudor Portraits—1957
- VERDI: *Aida*—1903, 1906, 1917, 1921, 1924 (excerpts), 1928, 1937, 1957  
*La Forza del Destino* (Finale, Act II)—1924  
*Otello*—1939  
 Requiem Mass—1894, 1898, 1913, 1920, 1930, 1936, 1943, 1951  
 Stabat Mater—1899  
 Te Deum—1947
- VILLA-LOBOS, HEITER: Choros No. 10, "Rasga o coração"—1949
- VIVALDI-CASELLA: Gloria—1954
- WAGNER: *Die fliegende Holländer*—1918  
*Lohengrin*—1926; Act I—1896, 1913  
*Die Meistersinger*, Finale to Act III—1903, 1913; Choral, "Awake," and Chorale Finale to Act III—1923  
 Scenes from *Parsifal*—1937  
*Tannhäuser*—1902, 1922; March and Chorus—1896; "Venusberg" Music—1946
- WALTON, WILLIAM: Belshazzar's Feast—1933, 1952
- WOLF-FERRARI: The New Life, Op. 9—1910, 1915, 1922, 1929

\* World première

† American première

# MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

## FESTIVAL YOUTH CHORUS

- ABT: Evening Bells—1922  
ANONYMOUS: Birds in the Grove—1921  
ARNE: Ariel's Song—1920  
    The Lass with the Delicate Air—1937  
BARRATT: Philomel with Melody—1924  
BEETHOVEN: A Prayer—1923  
BENEDICT: Sweet Repose Is Reigning Now—1921  
BENOIT: Into the World—1914, 1918  
BOYD, JEAN: The Hunting of the Snark—1929  
BRAHMS: The Little Dust Man—1933  
    Lullaby—1931  
    Eleven Songs—1954  
BRITTEN, BENJAMIN: Suite of Songs—1953  
BRUCH: April Folk—1922  
BUSCH: The Song of Spring—1922  
CARACIOLO: Nearest and Dearest—1923  
    A Streamlet Full of Flowers—1923  
CAREYS: "America"—1913, 1917, 1918, 1920  
CHOPIN: The Maiden's Wish—1931  
COLERIDGE-TAYLOR: Viking Song—1924  
DELAMARTER, ERIC (orchestrator): Songs of the Americas—1944, 1948  
ENGLISH, GRANVILLE: Cantata, "The Ugly Duckling"—1934  
FARWELL: Morning—1924  
FLETCHER: The Walrus and the Carpenter—1913, 1917, 1926, 1942, 1950, 1957  
FOLK SONGS—Italian: The Blackbirds, Sleep Little Child—1921  
    Scotch: "Caller Herrin"—1920  
    Welsh: Dear Harp of My Country—1920  
    Zuni Indian: The Sun Worshippers—1924  
GAUL: Cantata, "Old Johnny Appleseed"—1931  
    Cantata, "Spring Rapture"—1933, 1937  
GILLETT: Songs—1941  
GOUNOD: "Waltz Song" from *Faust*—1924  
GRAINGER, PERCY: Country Gardens—1933  
GRETCHANINOFF: The Snow Drop—1938  
HANDEL: "He Shall Feed His Flock," from *Messiah*—1929  
HOWLAND, RUSSELL (orchestrator): Song Cycle from the Masters—1947, 1952  
HUMPERDINCK: Selection from *Hänsel and Gretel*—1923  
HYDE: Cantata, "The Quest of the Queer Prince"—1928  
D'INDY: Saint Mary Magdalene—1941  
JAMES, DOROTHY: Cantata, "Jumblies"—1935\*  
    Cantata, "Paul Bunyan"—1938\*  
    American Folk Songs (orchestration)—1946, 1951  
    Lieder Cycle (orchestration)—1949  
    Songs by Robert Schumann (orchestration)—1956  
KELLY: Suite, "Alice in Wonderland"—1925  
KJERULFS: Barcarolle—1920  
MADSEN: Shepherd on the Hills—1920, 1922  
MCARTOR, MARION (orchestrator): Songs—1940  
    Folk Song Fantasy—1943  
    Suite of Songs (Britten)—1953  
    Viennese Folk and Art Songs—1955  
MENDELSSOHN: On Wings of Song—1934  
    Spring Song—1924  
MOHR-GRUBER: Christmas Hymn, "Silent Night"—1916  
MOORE, E. V.: "The Voyage of Arion"—1921,\* 1927  
MORLEY: It Was a Lover and His Lass—1921, 1938  
    Now Is the Month of Maying—1935

\* World première

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

- MOZART: Cradle Song—1930  
The Minuet—1922
- MYRBERG: Fisherman's Prayer—1922
- PIERNÉ: The Children at Bethlehem—1916, 1936  
The Children's Crusade—1915  
Saint Francis of Assisi—1928, 1931
- PLANQUETTE: Invitation of the Bells from *Chimes of Normandy*—1924
- PROTHEROE: Cantata, *The Spider and the Fly*—1932
- PURCHELL: In the Delightful Pleasant Grove—1938
- REGER: The Virgin's Slumber Song—1938
- REINECKE, CARL: "In Life If Love We Know Not"—1921  
O Beautiful Violet—1924
- ROWLEY-JAMES: Cantata, *Fun of the Fair*—1945
- RUBINSTEIN: Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower—1931  
Wanderer's Night Song—1923
- SADERO: Fa la nana bambin—1935
- SCHUBERT: Cradle Song—1924, 1939  
Hark, Hark the Lark—1930  
Hedge Roses—1934, 1939  
Linden Tree—1923, 1935  
Serenade in D minor—1939  
The Trout—1937  
Whither—1939  
Who Is Sylvia?—1920
- SCHUMANN, GEORG: Good Night, Pretty Stars—1924
- SCHUMANN, ROBERT: Lotus Flower—1930  
Spring's Messenger—1929  
The Nut Tree—1939  
Songs—1956
- SCOTT: The Lullaby—1937
- STRAUSS, JOHANN: Blue Danube Waltz—1934
- STRONG: Cantata, "A Symphony of Song"—1930\*
- SULLIVAN: Selection from Operas—1932
- THOMAS: Night Hymn at Sea—1924
- TOSTI: Serenade—1933
- VAN DER STUCKEN: At the Window—1920
- WAGNER: "Whirl and Twirl" from *The Flying Dutchman*—1924
- WAHLSTEDT: Gay Liesel—1922
- WEBER: "Prayer" from *Der Freischütz*—1920  
The Voice of Evening—1924

\* World première

# THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

THOR JOHNSON, *Guest Conductor*

LESTER MCCOY, *Conductor*

WILLIAM OSBORNE, *Pianist*

## FIRST SOPRANOS

Baumler, Joan  
Bouws, Marjorie J.  
Bradstreet, Lola  
Burr, Virginia A.  
Burroughs, Elizabeth  
Carrigan, Sharon A.  
Fischer, Laurel S.  
Folsom, Barbara A.  
Getty, Betty Jean  
Gilbert, Margaret  
Hagen, Ruth S.  
Hanson, Gladys M.  
Heatwole, Audry Ann  
Herter, Mary Jean  
Huber, Sally  
Hulsander, Nancy  
Kite, Nancy Carol  
Kossiak, Marina  
Kritzer, Valerie  
Laidlaw, Sue Ann  
Lo, Jiu-Fong  
Lock, Inez J.  
Loewen, Mary E.  
Long, Ardis R.  
Louch, June D.  
MacLaren, Helen L.  
Malan, Fannie Belle  
McDonald, Ruth M.  
Melling, Megan E.  
Muir, Novia  
Patton, Beatrice  
Pearson, Agnes I.  
Peters, Lynette Ann  
Pott, Margaret F.  
Saylor, Naomi  
Scheffer, Ann Marie  
Semmens, Joanne E.  
Sinanian, Jacqueline  
Spohn, Nancy J.  
Stevens, Ethel C.  
Tarboux, Isabelle N.  
Taylor, Merle G.  
Varley, Elizabeth  
Warren, Eleanor  
Watts, Barbara J.  
Wiedmayer, Fay C.  
Yokes, Jean Ann

## SECOND SOPRANOS

Ahbe, Marcia Lee  
Bannasch, Norma  
Barnes, Judy E.  
Barr, Evelyn Jean  
Branson, Allegra  
Cargill, Carla A.  
Coedy, Mary Alice  
Corcoran, Mary E.  
Crump, Judith D.  
Datsko, Doris M.  
Dietz, Leslie Ann  
Dolby, Freida  
Dykhouse, Delphine  
Fosnaught, Mary  
Gratke, Barbara  
Green, Mary E.  
Groves, Kathryn M.  
Hahn, Ruth Marie  
Hendrickson, Lois  
Holcomb, Karen A.  
Jerome, Ruth Owens  
Keller, Margaret  
Kellogg, Merlyn  
Kozachik, Marian  
Lewis, Dorothy  
McCann, Mary F.  
Miller, Nandeen  
Nutley, Jean M.  
Overall, Eleanor  
Penn, Patricia Ann  
Plant, Shirley Ann  
Riise, Ellen  
Romberger, Margery  
Selby, Ruth M.  
Semmler, Ruth H.  
Serbin, Sandra  
Sleet, Audrey M.  
Snyder, Karen V.  
Somora, Sharon  
Suina, Sandra E.  
Swinford, Georgiana  
Taylor, Kathleen  
Thomas, Grace J.  
Turner, Sara Jane  
Vlisides, Elena C.  
Warren, Linda Ann  
Winney, Patricia  
Wollam, Betty J.  
Young, Margaret

## FIRST ALTOS

Andrews, Joyce  
Arnstine, Lillian  
Beane, Alice L.  
Bedford, Charlotte  
Birch, Dorothy  
Bowler, Joan K.  
Brehm, Beverly  
Brimmer, Brenda  
Calef, Jean C.  
Carpenter, Barbara  
Cook, Beverly B.  
Dames, Katherine  
Davidson, Connie  
Deuble, Hazel M.  
Eiteman, Sylvia  
Greenberger, Judy  
Hardie, Margaret  
Hill, Sue Ann  
Hodgman, Dorothy  
James, Innez L.  
Johnstone, Patricia  
Jones, Mary M.  
Kirchman, Margaret  
Knapp, Nora Jane  
Koss, Sandra Kay  
Kraai, Gertrude  
Lane, Rosemarie  
Lester, Betty B.  
Marsh, Martha M.  
Mattson, Margaret  
Meagher, Mary W.  
Mewhart, Judith A.  
Palmer, Anna  
Powers, Martha  
Reck, Linda M.  
Rockne, Susanne  
Rose, Janice M.  
Sakofsky, Edith R.  
Sayre, B. Jean  
Schipper, Nancy Lee  
Smalley, Joan W.  
Tomasek, Ruth V.  
Walton, Louise  
Weaver, Beverly Ann  
Westerman, Carol F.  
Widman, Judith M.  
Wiedmann, Louise  
Witteveen, Marilyn  
Wood, Delores J.  
Zeeb, Helen R.

## MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

### SECOND ALTOS

Arnold, Helen M.  
 Baker, Diane  
 Bayar, Zeporah  
 Bindeman, Janice  
 Bogart, Gertrude  
 Bolander, Betty J.  
 Brown, Mary K.  
 Calhoun, Wanda J.  
 Carlberg, Jean Rae  
 Christensen, Jane A.  
 Curtis, Elise C.  
 Dykhouse, Thelma  
 Enkemann, Gladys  
 Fowler, Gloria  
 Gamble, Judith  
 Gelula, Susan  
 Herzog, Lois  
 Hibbard, Virginia  
 Huey, Geraldine  
 Kieft, Mary Lou  
 King, Jean L.  
 Lahde, Judith E.  
 Leacock, Ann L.  
 Lundin, Diantha  
 McCotter, Suzanne  
 Meyerson, Linda  
 Mulcahy, Sheila  
 Nixdorf, Dietlind  
 Okey, Ruth Anne  
 Papo, Martha  
 Paterson, Nan Dale  
 Pendill, Gretchen  
 Pickard, Judith  
 Porter, Anne  
 Price, Susan  
 Reich, Sally  
 Roeger, Beverly  
 Ross, Judith A.  
 Simer, Sandra Lee  
 Steward, Lenoir  
 Strumia, Lucia  
 Tolman, Ruth S.  
 Watson, Hallie  
 Wepfer, Virginia  
 Williams, Elinor  
 Williams, Nancy

### FIRST TENORS

Alston, William  
 Baker, Henry  
 Becker, Frederick

Carpenter, Nicholas  
 Chesnut, Walter  
 Collins, Allan  
 Edmiston, James  
 Fair, Thomas W.  
 Forman, Sidney  
 Greenberger, Allen  
 Heath, David L.  
 Hendershott, Marcus  
 Hulka, William E.  
 James, Dr. William S.  
 Kim, Joon Min  
 Langenkamp, Jerry  
 Lester, Thomas  
 Lowry, Paul T.  
 Robel, Ronald  
 Senter, Albert W. Jr.  
 Snortum, Niel K.  
 Thompson, Frazier

### SECOND TENORS

Akkerhuis, Gerard  
 Ball, Robert  
 Balsom, Norman  
 Bieber, Charles  
 Farrell, John M. Jr.  
 Fuller, Robert B.  
 Galbraith, D. James  
 Gaskell, Jerry T.  
 Gerrard, Allen G.  
 Gorton, William  
 Hankamp, Dr. LaMar  
 Ironside, Roderick  
 Kempf, Dr. John  
 Kuisel, Richard  
 Marks, Robert H. Jr.  
 McInnis, Douglas  
 Pearson, John R.  
 Pratt, Richard E.  
 Smith, Donald L.  
 Stasiuk, Robert F.  
 Stewart, John R.  
 Sublette, Warren

### FIRST BASSES

Beach, Neil W.  
 Berg, James W.  
 Burke, Michael  
 Burr, Charles F.  
 Cathey, Arthur  
 Clemens, Earl  
 Davis, Don A.

Doolittle, Robert  
 Eisman, Michael  
 Forsyth, Donald  
 Friedman, James  
 Hall, Lawrence  
 Henley, Harold  
 Kays, J. Warren  
 LeBlond, Richard  
 Mancini, Orlando J. Jr.  
 Marsh, Donald R.  
 Mauch, Robert K.  
 Padwe, Gerald W.  
 Relyea, Bruce J.  
 Rice, Wilbur Z.  
 Strother, David H.  
 Tazelaar, Josiah  
 VerMeulen, Victor  
 Weaver, Robert B.  
 Wills, Robert E.

### SECOND BASSES

Beall, Charles  
 Blackall, Brewster  
 Cook, Gerald  
 Corcoran, John F. Jr.  
 Damouth, David E.  
 Dwyer, Donald H.  
 Farrand, William  
 Grauer, Richard  
 Harary, Frank  
 Honkanen, Roger  
 Huber, Franz  
 Hunt, James W.  
 James, Donald E.  
 Kirshbaum, Tom  
 Koski, Arthur E.  
 Kritzer, Patrick  
 Mohr, Dale  
 Moxon, Charles  
 Muir, William K. Jr.  
 Natanson, Leo  
 Norton, Lorne J.  
 Ormand, E. Fred  
 Palutke, Wally A.  
 Patterson, Robert  
 Reveno, James S.  
 Schroeder, John S.  
 Skinner, Thomas  
 Snyder, Ronald D.  
 Steinmetz, George  
 Vanderveer, James  
 Warren, Melville

# MUSICAL SOCIETY ORCHESTRA\*

LESTER MCCOY, *Conductor*

THOR JOHNSON, *Guest Conductor*

EARL F. GRONER, *Manager*

## FIRST VIOLINS

Green, Elizabeth A. H.  
*Concertmaster*  
Avsharian, Michael  
Barron, Barbara  
Breen, Seely E.  
Close, Marcia  
Haughn, Elizabeth C.  
Kelly, Mary L.  
McKenzie, Sheila A.  
Merte, Herman  
Needham, Sally J.  
Purach, Janet  
Ripley, Donna  
Rupert, Jean  
Slawson, Nancy  
Stumm, Virginia  
West, Margaret

## SECOND VIOLINS

Perelli, Wanda  
*Principal*  
Alkema, Henry D.  
Bredendieck, Dina  
Burton, Alice  
Carter, Mary Ellen  
Griffone, Celia  
Joseph, Alice  
Miner, Janice  
Shaler, Dorothy J.  
Springett, Marlita  
Whitmire, Rene D.  
Wise, Carolyn  
Zimmerman, Lynn

## VIOLAS

Fenn, Thomas  
*Principal*  
Fouts, Merrilee  
Harris, Pamela

Hayes, A. M.  
Hughes, Byron O.  
Lichty, Elizabeth  
Massman, Jane L.  
Mueller, Blanche  
Smalla, Joanne  
Thomas, Nancy

## VIOLONCELLOS

Shetler, Donald  
*Principal*  
Allen, Anne W.  
Conrad, Dieter  
Dalley, Gretchen  
Kaplan, Heidi  
Kren, Cynthia  
Mills, Maxine  
Osius, Richard  
Streicher, Velma  
Trow, William

## BASSES

Hurst, Lawrence P.  
*Principal*  
Hammel, Virginia  
McCullough, Diane  
Patrick, Chester  
Spring, Peter B.  
Williams, James J.

## FLUTES

Watson, Frances B.  
Baird, Sally J.  
Rearick, Martha, *Piccolo*  
Allen, Cynthia

## OBOES

LaDouceur, Kay Jean  
Lynch, Raymond  
Curtis, John, *English horn*

## CLARINETS

Bandos, Bettie  
Hadcock, Peter  
Bauer, John  
Stephan, Dale  
Course, Thomas,  
*Bass clarinet*

## BASSOONS

Osborne, William  
Bird, Betty Lou  
Quayle, Robert  
*Contrabassoon*

## HORNS

Whitwell, David  
Kendall, Nancy LaRue  
Howard, Howard  
Mindlin, Jackie

## TRUMPETS

Head, Emerson W.  
Stollsteimer, Gary K.  
Baldof, Carl R.  
Schultz, Paul M.

## TROMBONES

Hause, Robert L.  
Wirt, Karl M.  
Groner, Earl F.  
Peterson, Houghton  
Clauser, Charles

## TUBA

Estes, Alan

## HARP

Mueller, Therese

## TIMPANI

Effron, David L.

## PERCUSSION

Titus, Robert  
Jones, Harold A.

\* Combined list of personnel who participated with the Choral Union in the two *Messiah* performances and in preparation of the May Festival choral works this season.

# THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

WILLIAM R. SMITH, *Assistant Conductor*

DONALD L. ENGLE, *Manager*

JOSEPH H. SANTARLASCI, *Assistant Manager*

## FIRST VIOLINS

Krachmalnick, Jacob  
*Concertmaster*  
Madison, David  
*Assistant Concertmaster*  
Reynolds, Veda  
Shulik, Morris  
Lusak, Owen  
Simkins, Jasha  
Costanzo, Frank  
Aleinikoff, Harry  
Ruden, Sol  
Henry, Dayton  
Zenker, Alexander  
Putlitz, Lois  
Stahl, Jacob  
Simkin, Meyer  
Gesensway, Louis  
Goldstein, Ernest L.  
Schmidt, Henry W.

## SECOND VIOLINS

Rosen, Irvin  
Schwartz, Isadore  
Wigler, Jerome  
Brodo, Joseph  
Weinberg, Herman  
Black, Norman  
Di Camillo, Armand  
Ludwig, Irving  
Sharlip, Benjamin  
Dreyfus, George  
Gorodetsky, Aaron  
Miller, Charles S.  
Roth, Manuel  
Bove, Domenico  
Eisenberg, Irwin I.  
Kaufman, Schima

## VIOLAS

Cooley, Carlton  
Mogill, Leonard  
Braverman, Gabriel  
Ferguson, Paul  
Frantz, Leonard  
Primavera, Joseph P. Jr.  
Kahn, Gordon  
Bauer, J. K.  
Bogdanoff, Leonard  
Granat, Wolfgang  
Epstein, Leonard  
Kaplow, Maurice  
Greenberg, William S.

## VIOLONCELLOS

Munroe, Lorne  
Hilger, Elsa  
Gorodetzer, Harry  
de Pasquale, Francis  
Druian, Joseph  
Belenko, Samuel  
Siegel, Adrian  
Saputelli, William  
Farago, Marcel  
Brennand, Charles  
Sterin, Jack  
Caserto, Santo  
Gray, John

## BASSES

Scott, Roger M.  
Torello, Carl  
Arian, Edward  
Maresh, Ferdinand  
Eney, F. Gilbert  
Lazzaro, Vincent  
Strassenberger, Max  
Batchelder, Wilfred  
Gorodetzer, Samuel

## HARP

Costello, Marilyn  
de Cray, Marcella

## FLUTES

Kincaid, W. M.  
Cole, Robert  
Terry, Kenton F.  
Krell, John C., *Piccolo*

## OBOES

de Lancie, John  
Morris, Charles M.  
Di Fulvio, Louis  
Minsker, John,  
*English Horn*

## CLARINETS

Gigliotti, Anthony M.  
Rowe, George D.  
Serpentini, Jules J.  
Lester, Leon, *Bass Clarinet*

## BASSOONS

Schoenbach, Sol  
Shamlan, John  
Angelucci, A. L.  
Del Negro, F.,  
*Contrabassoon*

## SAXOPHONE

Waxman, Carl

## HORNS

Jones, Mason  
Hale, Leonard  
Fearn, Ward O.  
Mayer, Clarence  
Lannutti, Charles  
Pierson, Herbert

## TRUMPETS

Krauss, Samuel  
Rosenfeld, Seymour  
Rehrig, Harold W.  
Hering, Sigmund

## TROMBONES

Gusikoff, Charles  
Smith, Henry C., III  
Cole, Howard  
Harper, Robert S.,  
*Bass Trombone*

## TUBA

Torchinsky, Abe

## TIMPANI

Hinger, Fred D.  
Bookspan, Michael

## BATTERY

Owen, Charles E.  
Bookspan, Michael  
Valerio, James  
Roth, Manuel

## CELESTA, PIANO, ORGAN

Smith, William R.  
Putlitz, Lois

## LIBRARIAN

Taynton, Jesse C.

## PERSONNEL MANAGER

Schmidt, Henry W.

## STAGE PERSONNEL

Hauptle, Theodore H., *Mgr.*  
Hauptle, Theodore E.  
Barnes, Edward

## PHOTO PUBLICITY

Siegel, Adrian

# UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

## PROGRAMS 1956-1957

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY, in addition to the annual May Festival, provided the following concerts during the season of 1956-57.

### 78TH ANNUAL CHORAL UNION SERIES

HERVA NELLI, *Soprano*  
CLARAMAE TURNER, *Contralto*  
LEILA EDWARDS, *at the piano*  
October 4, 1956

The Flower Duet, from *Madama Butterfly* PUCCINI  
Come, Let's Be Merry . . . Arr. H. LANE WILSON  
Noel des enfants qui n'ont plus  
de maisons . . . . . DEBUSSY  
La Chevelure (Chansons de Bilitis,  
No. 2) . . . . . DEBUSSY  
Gerechter Gott, from *Rienzi* . . . . . WAGNER  
Spirit Flower . . . . . CAMPBELL-TIPTON  
La Partida . . . . . FIRMIN MARIA ALVAREZ  
"Vissi d'arte," from *Tosca* . . . . . PUCCINI  
"Fu la sorte dell'armi" from *Aida* . . . . . VERDI  
Vaghiissima sembianza . . . . . DONAUDY  
Nymphes et sylvains . . . . . BEMBERG  
"L'Altra notte in fondo al mare,"  
from *Mefistofele* . . . . . BOITO  
I Pastori . . . . . PIZZETTI  
Scherzo . . . . . RESPIGHI  
Most Men . . . GEORGE CORY and DOUGLAS CROSS  
Aria from *The Medium* . . . . . GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI  
"La Attesi e il tempo colsi"  
from *La Gioconda* . . . . . PONCHIELLI  
Encores:  
"Oh mio babbino caro,"  
from *Gianni Schicchi* . . . . . PUCCINI  
La Mattinata . . . . . LEONCAVALLO  
"Habanera" from *Carmen* . . . . . BIZET  
"June Is Bustin' Out All Over,"  
from *Carousel* . . . . . RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN  
"You'll Never Walk Alone"  
RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
CHARLES MUNCH, *Conductor*  
October 15, 1956

Overture to *Euryanthe* . . . . . WEBER  
Symphony No. 6 . . . . . PISTON  
Symphony No. 6 in B minor,  
Op. 74 . . . . . TCHAIKOVSKY

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA  
HERBERT VON KARAJAN, *Conductor*  
October 21, 1956

Overture to *Anacreon* . . . . . CHERUBINI  
Symphonie liturgique  
(Symphony No. 3) . . . . . HONEGGER  
Symphony No. 7 in A major,  
Op. 92 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

ROBERT CASADESUS  
November 6, 1956

*Compositions of Robert Schumann*

Novelette, Op. 21, No. 8  
Carnaval, Op. 9  
Waldscenen, Op. 82  
Etudes symphoniques, Op. 13  
Encores:  
Des Abends } . . . Fantasiestücke, Op. 12, Nos. 1, 2  
Aufschwung }

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA  
ANDRE CLUYTENS, *Conductor*

November 20, 1956

Symphony No. 96 in D major ("Miracle") HAYDN  
Rondo Ostinato . . . . . THEODOR BERGER  
Suite from the ballet  
"Baccus and Ariane" . . . . . ALBERT ROUSSEL  
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67 BEETHOVEN  
Encore:  
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue  
Danube" . . . . . JOHANN STRAUSS

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

January 14, 1957

Sonata in F minor, Op. 57  
("Appassionata") . . . . . BEETHOVEN  
Fantasiestücke, Op. 12 . . . . . SCHUMANN  
Prelude in A minor  
Ondine } . . . . . DEBUSSY  
La Plus que lente }  
Navarra . . . . . ALBENIZ  
The Maiden and the Nightingale . . . . . GRANADOS  
Ballade in A-flat  
Nocturne in F-sharp } . . . . . CHOPIN  
Scherzo in B-flat }  
Encores:  
Waltz in A minor . . . . . CHOPIN  
La PUNCHINELLO . . . . . VILLA-LOBOS

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS

XAVIER MEYERS, *Musical Director*

January 20, 1957

Pueri concinite . . . . . GALLUS  
Tenebrae factae sunt . . . . . VITTORIA  
Exultate Deo . . . . . SCARLATTI  
When I Am Laid in Earth, from  
*Dido and Aeneas* . . . . . PURCELL  
Der Kuckuckauf dem Zaune sass . . . . . STEPHANI  
Ein Hennlein weiss . . . . . SCANDELLO  
Zigeunerleben (Gypsy Life) . . . . . SCHUMANN  
Two Solo Lieder . . . . . SCHUBERT  
Der Gondelfahrer . . . . . SCHUBERT  
An der schönen blauen Donau . . . . . JOHANN STRAUSS  
Der Schulmeister . . . . . JOHANN STRAUSS

BYRON JANIS, *Pianist*

February 21, 1957

Sonata in D major . . . . . HAYDN  
Arabesque . . . . . SCHUMANN  
Impromptu in E-flat major,  
Op. 90, No. 2 . . . . . SCHUBERT  
Pictures at an Exhibition . . . . . MOUSSORGSKY  
Sonatine . . . . . RAVEL  
Nocturne in D-flat major, Op. 27,  
No. 2 } . . . . . CHOPIN  
Impromptu in A-flat major, Op. 29 }  
Mazurka in A minor, Op. 67, No. 4 }  
Mazurka in C major, Op. 33, No. 3 }  
Mazurka in C-sharp minor, Op. 41,  
No. 1 }  
Scherzo in C-sharp minor, Op. 39 }  
Encores:  
Song Without Words, Op. 62,  
No. 1 . . . . . MENDELSSOHN  
Etude in F-major, Op. 25, No. 3 . . . . . CHOPIN  
"Miller's Dance," from  
*The Three Cornered Hat* . . . . . DEFALLA

# MAY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

## CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THOR JOHNSON, *Conductor*  
MAYNE MILLER, *Pianist*  
February 26, 1957

- Suite from "Music for the Royal  
Fireworks" . . . . . HANDEL  
Concerto No. 4 in G major, Op. 58,  
for Piano and Orchestra . . . . . BEETHOVEN  
Symphony No. 1 in F minor, Op. 10 SHOSTAKOVICH

## THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA

GEORGE SZELL, *Conductor*  
March 10, 1957

- Overture to *La Gazza ladra* . . . . . ROSSINI  
Symphony No. 6 in F major  
(Pastoral), Op. 68 . . . . . BEETHOVEN  
"Music for Orchestra" . . . . . RIEGGER  
Prelude to *Irmelin* . . . . . DELIUS  
Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks . . . STRAUSS

## 11TH ANNUAL EXTRA CONCERT SERIES

MANTOVANI and His New Music  
October 11, 1956

- American Gypsy . . . . . MANILLA  
Always . . . . . BERLIN  
Hejre, Kati . . . . . HUBAY  
Greensleeves . . . . . ENGLISH TRADITIONAL  
Petit ballet . . . . . LAMBRECHT  
Blue Danube Waltz . . . . . JOHANN STRAUSS  
Ave Marie . . . . . SCHUBERT  
Symphonie des machines . . . . . WAL BERG  
"Some Enchanted Evening", from  
*South Pacific* . . . . . RODGERS  
Light Cavalry Overture . . . . . VON SUPPE  
Luxembourg Polka . . . . . REISDORS  
Moulin Rouge . . . . . AURIC  
Donkey Serenade, from *The Firefly* . . . FRIML  
Begin the Beguine . . . . . COLE PORTER  
Dance of the Comedians, from  
the *Bartered Bride* . . . . . SMETANA  
"Le Cygne," from the  
*Carnival of Animals* . . . . . SAINT-SAENS  
Gold and Silver Waltz . . . . . LEHAR  
Italian Fantasia . . . . . MANTOVANI  
Encore:  
Charmaine . . . . . MANTOVANI

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CHARLES MUNCH, *Music Director*  
October 17, 1956

- Suite No. 2 in B minor, for  
Flute and Strings . . . . . BACH  
"Iberia" ("Images" for Orchestra,  
No. 2) . . . . . DEBUSSY  
Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major,  
Op. 55 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

## ELIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF, *Soprano*

GEORGE REEVES at the piano  
November 14, 1956

- Bist du bei mir . . . . . BACH  
Einem Bach der fließt . . . . . GLUCK  
Se tu m'ami . . . . . PERGOLESI  
Care selve . . . . . HANDEL  
Warnung . . . . . MOZART  
An die Musik  
Der Einsame  
Romanze aus "Rosamunde" } . . . . . SCHUBERT  
Die Vögel  
"Batti, batti, o bel Masetto"  
from *Don Giovanni* . . . . . MOZART  
"Voi che sapete" from *Le Nozze di Figaro* MOZART  
Immer leise wird mein Schlummer . . . BRAHMS  
Da unten im Tale . . . . . BRAHMS  
Aufträge  
Marienwürmchen } . . . . . SCHUMANN  
Der Nussbaum

- Kennst du das Land  
In dem Schatten meiner Locken  
O wär dein Haus  
Nachtzauber  
Die Zigeunerin  
"Donde lieta usci" from *La Bohème* . . . PUCCINI  
"O mio babbino caro" from  
*Gianni Schicchi* . . . . . PUCCINI  
Encores:  
"Un moto di gioia" from  
*The Marriage of Figaro* . . . . . MOZART  
"Ungeduld" from *Die schöne Müllerin* . . . SCHUBERT  
Drink to me only with  
thine eyes . . . . . MELLISH-QUILTER  
Seligkeit . . . . . ART. ROBERT GUND  
Gsätzli . . . . . ART. ROBERT GUND

## DE PAUR'S OPERA GALA

LEONARD DEPAUR, *Conductor*  
January 10, 1957

- Excerpts from:  
*Four Saints in Three Acts* . . . . . VIRGIL THOMSON  
*Carmen Jones* . . . . . BIZET-HAMMERSTEIN  
*Porgy and Bess* . . . . . GEORGE GERSHWIN

## BOSTON POPS TOUR ORCHESTRA

ARTHUR FIEDLER, *Conductor*  
RUTH SLENCZYNSKA, *Pianist*

- Cortège, from *Le Coq d'Or* . . . . . RIMSKY-KORSAKOV  
"Water Music" . . . . . HANDEL  
Londonderry Air . . . . . ART. by GRANGER  
Overture to *Orpheus in Hades* . . . . . OFFENBACH  
Concerto No. 1 in G minor for  
Piano and Orchestra . . . . . MENDELSSOHN  
"Nutcracker Suite" . . . . . TCHAIKOVSKY  
Selections from *My Fair Lady* . . . . . LOEWE  
Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing . . . FAIN-MASON  
Look Sharp, Be Sharp . . . . . MERRICK-BENNETT  
Encores:  
Fugue in G minor (Little) . . . . . BACH-CALLIET  
Galop from  
*Genevieve de Brabant* . . . . . OFFENBACH-FIEDLER  
Music from *Picnic* . . . . . ALLEN-G. DUNING  
Stars and Stripes . . . . . SOUSA

## 17TH ANNUAL CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL

### QUARTETTO ITALIANO

PAOLO BORCIANI, *First Violin*  
ELISA PEGREFFI, *Second Violin*  
PIERO FARULLI, *Viola*  
FRANCO ROSSI, *Violoncello*  
Friday, February 15, 1957

- Capriccio a quattro (1669) . . . . . G. B. VITALI  
Sonata a quattro (1651) . . . . . M. NERI  
Quartet No. 2 in F major, Op. 92 . . . . . PROKOFIEV  
Quartet in E-flat major Op. 74 . . . . . BEETHOVEN  
Saturday, February 16, 1957  
Quartet in C major, K. 465  
("The Dissonance") . . . . . MOZART  
Quartet No. 1 (1956) . . . . . VALENTINO BUCCHI  
Quartet in G minor, Op. 10 . . . . . DEBUSSY  
Sunday, February 17, 1957  
Quartet No. 2 in G minor . . . . . G. G. CAMBINI  
Quartet in D minor, K. 421 . . . . . MOZART  
Quartet in C major (1812) . . . . . SCHUBERT  
Encore:  
Sonata, "Al Santo Sepolcro" . . . . . VIVALDI

## ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CONCERTS

HANDEL'S *Messiah*  
December 1 and 2, 1956  
ADELE ADDISON, *Soprano*  
PATRICIA FRAHER, *Contralto*  
HOWARD JARRATT, *Tenor*  
KENNETH SMITH, *Bass*  
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION  
MUSICAL SOCIETY ORCHESTRA  
MARY MCCALL STUBBINS, *Organist*  
LESTER MCCOY, *Conductor*

## CONCERTS FOR 1957-1958

### SEVENTY-NINTH ANNUAL CHORAL UNION SERIES

LILY PONS, <i>Soprano</i> . . . . .	Thursday, October 3
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA . . . . .	Thursday, October 17
CHARLES MUNCH, <i>Conductor</i>	
YEHUDI MENUHIN, <i>Violinist</i> . . . . .	Tuesday, October 29
THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA . . . . .	Sunday, November 10
GEORGE SZELL, <i>Conductor</i>	
WILLIAM WARFIELD, <i>Baritone</i> . . . . .	Tuesday, November 26
PRAGUE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA . . . . .	Thursday, February 13
KAREL ANCERL, <i>Conductor</i>	
OBERNKIRCHEN CHILDREN'S CHOIR . . . . .	Tuesday, February 25
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA . . . . .	Sunday, March 2
FRITZ REINER, <i>Conductor</i>	
MYRA HESS, <i>Pianist</i> . . . . .	Saturday, March 8
VIENNA ON PARADE . . . . .	Wednesday, April 2
CAPT. JULIUS HERRMANN, <i>Conductor</i>	

### TWELFTH ANNUAL EXTRA CONCERT SERIES

THE NBC OPERA COMPANY . . . . .	Sunday, October 6
(VERDI: <i>La Traviata</i> in concert form)	
PETER HERMAN ADLER, <i>Conductor</i>	
FLORENCE FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA . . . . .	Thursday, October 24
CARLO ZECCHI, <i>Conductor</i>	
RUDOLF SERKIN, <i>Pianist</i> . . . . .	Friday, November 15
VIENNA CHOIR BOYS (2:30 P.M.) . . . . .	Sunday, January 12
MANTOVANI AND HIS NEW MUSIC . . . . .	Tuesday, March 11

### ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CONCERTS

MESSIAH (HANDEL) . . . . .	December 7 and 8, 1957
ADELE ADDISON, <i>Soprano</i>	PAUL MATTHEN, <i>Bass</i>
EUNICE ALBERTS, <i>Contralto</i>	CHORAL UNION and ORCHESTRA
HAROLD HAUGH, <i>Tenor</i>	LESTER MCCOY, <i>Conductor</i>

### EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET . . . . .	February 21, 22, 23, 1958
JOSEPH ROISMAN, <i>First Violin</i>	BORIS KROYT, <i>Viola</i>
ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, <i>Second Violin</i>	MISCHA SCHNEIDER, <i>Violoncello</i>
Assisted by ROBERT COURTE, <i>Viola</i>	

### SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

SIX CONCERTS . . . . .	May 1, 2, 3, 4, 1958
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, EUGENE ORMANDY, <i>Conductor</i> , WILLIAM R. SMITH, <i>Assistant Conductor</i> ; UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION, THOR JOHNSON, <i>Guest Conductor</i> , and LESTER MCCOY, <i>Conductor</i> ; FESTIVAL YOUTH CHORUS, MARGUERITE HOOD, <i>Conductor</i> . Soloists to be announced.	
<i>The right is reserved to make such changes in dates and personnel as necessity may require.</i>	



