

1887. UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY. 1888.



CONCERT

BY THE

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. C. B. CADY AND MR. O. B. CADY,

ASSISTED BY THE

Chequamegon Orchestra.



FOR THE

BENEFIT OF THE MT. VERNON ASSOCIATION.



SACRED CANTATA:

"THE DAUGHTER OF JUDAS,"

By Rheinberger, with Orchestral
accompaniment.



HOBART HALL,

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17, 1887, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Programme.



PART I.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS: a Sacred Cantata, *Josef Rheinberger*

Narrator, - - - - - Miss LUCY COLE
Jairus, - - - - - Miss KATE JACOBS
The Wife of Jairus, - - - - - Mrs. ADELE ANDERSON
The Daughter of Jairus, - - - - - Miss CAROLINE BALL
Chorus, - - - - - Members of the School of Music and the Amphion Club

Chequamegon Orchestra.

No. 1. "With loving kindness."

Chorus. With loving kindness Jesus once
For earth from Heaven departed,
To heal the sick, to raise the dead
And bind the broken hearted,
A ruler great, Jairus named,
His pity asked, his mercy claimed.

No. 2. "Come, honored Master."

Jairus. Come, honored Master, I entreat,
And help me in my anguish,
My only child, my daughter sweet,
E'en now in death doth languish.
If Thou on her wilt lay thine hand,
Or say the word, stern death will stand.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secret thought
That in the heart is sighing,
Thou knows't how dear she is to me.
And how in grief we're lying.
Oh! come, sweet Lord, and speaking save
My child, my daughter, from the grave.

No. 3. "Thus spake the Master."

Narrator. Thus spake the Master unto him,
With kindly word him raising;

No. 4. "Believe and trust in God."

Narrator. Believe and trust in God,
And all his noble works be praising;
And thou shalt see great things to-day,
For faith in Him hath been thy stay.

No. 5. "Behold! The Lord our God is good."

Two of the Neighbors Behold! The Lord our God is good,
His mercy lives forever,
He dries the mourner's tearful eyes,
He bands of pain can sever.
The couch of sickness he can soothe,
With love the way of sorrow smooth.

No. 6. "Now o'er the threshold."

Narrator, Now o'er the threshold he does tread,
To where the maid is lying;
With flow'rs upon her breast and head
The fun'ral dirge up sighing.
With wail of pipe and sound of woe,
The mourning women come and go.

No. 7. "O Master dear."

Chorus of Women. O Master dear. Thou com'st too late,
See here the child so tender,
A cruel death, and hapless fate
From life and love did rend her.

To Thee we call with grief so sore
With wailing deep and bitter moan,
We pray Thee now some comfort pour,
For Thou canst solace, Thou alone.

No. 8. "Then Jesus to the Mourners said"—

Narrator. Then Jesus to the Mourners said—
With sad, reproachful weeping:
Fear not, the maid, she is not dead,
But sweetly lies a-sleeping.
Rise up! O damsel, wake, arise.
And sleep no more, but ope thine eyes.

No. 9. "Thus spake the Lord."

Chorus. Thus spake the Lord, and while yet burned his words
The maid awaking,
Once more to life and love returned:
The path of death forsaking,
The gloomy road of bitter death,
Rejoicing in God with life and breath.

No. 10. "Where am I now?"

*The Daughter
of Jairus.* Where am I now? Where have I been?
Yet dreaming, do I slumber?
I dreamt I was in Paradise
'Mid angels without number;
Where joy and peace o'er all did reign
Where suff'ring dwelt not, neither pain.

The Daughter,
The Mother,
Jairus,

O dearest parents, blest be you,
O dearest daughter—blest be thou,
My heart is filled with gladness,
Our hearts are filled with gladness.
'Tis joy so sweet once more to meet,
Without the grief of sadness.
With heart and soul and strength and mind,
O thank the Lord, for he is kind.

No. 11. "Yea! thank the Father."

Narrator. Yea! thank the Father evermore,
Your heart uplift with praises,
His Holy Name and word adore,
Who death to life upraises.
For he is bounteous, giveth peace,
His mercy lasts, till time shall cease.

No. 12. "Praise ye the Lord."

Chorus Finale. Praise ye the Lord, lift high the voice,
And with the spirits singing
With heart and soul and strength rejoice,
All thanks to His name bringing
Be His the praise, be His the song,
He is our buckler, firm and strong.
Praise ye the Lord, for God above
Is like a father gracious,
On us His sons, He sheds His love,
So tender, true, capacious.
From age to age his praise shall last
And be renewed when time be past.
Allelujah—Allelujah.



PART II.

- I. Cavatina, - - - - - *Joachim Raff*
Chequamegon Orchestra.
- II. The Old Kirkyard, - - - - - *Thomas H. Bayly*
Miss Kate Jacobs.
- III. Duo for Pianoforte and Violin, Op. 30, No. 3, *Beethoven*
Allegro Assai. Tempo di Minuetto. Allegro Vivace.
Miss Julia L. Caruthers and Mr. William Luderer.
- IV. Le Macon—Overture, - - - - - *Auber*
Chequamegon Orchestra.