

1883. SIXTH SEASON. 1889.

☼ Concert ☼

BY THE

Amphion Club

ASSISTED BY THE

University Glee Club.

IN

University Hall,

Thursday Evening, December 6, 1888,

COMMENCING AT 8 O'CLOCK PUNCTUALLY. CARRIAGES MAY BE ORDERED AT 9:45.

Mr. Orin Cady, Director and Leader.
Mr. Ross G. Cole, Leader of the Glee Club.
Mr. Geo. R. Haviland, Manager.

REGISTER PRINT.

*not entered
signature*

copy

A

Programme.

Wings and Fins.—“*And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.*”

- PROLOGUE.—(a) “Swift from our fairy home
descending,
Sent by thy friend our mighty king.” Magic Flute, *Mozart*
(b) “Zwei Kammern hat das Herz.” *Cady*

FIRST HOUR—NIGHT.

1. Ave Maria. Soprano solo and chorus, — *Abt.*
 2. Reverie. Quartet, — — — — *Rheinberger*
 3. Breezes of Night. Male chorus, — *Lamothe*
 4. The Hostess' Daughter. Soprano solo, — *Klein*
- INTERLUDE.—“On the Mountain,” — *Umlauft*

SECOND HOUR—DAY.

1. Village Wedding and Procession—Martha, *Flotow*
2. (a) At the Brook, }
(b) Over Her Embroidery, } — — — — *Dvořák*
(c) Above the Clouds, — — — — *Julia Caruthers*
3. Célèbre Menuet (1745), “Cet étang.” Quintet, — — — — — *D'Exaudet*
4. Three Chafers. Male octet.
5. Dryad's Song and Fairy Chorus — Opera
Sylvana, — — — — — *Von Weber*
Adieu — Good-bye, — — — — — *Engelbrecht*

DAS HERZ.

Zwei Kammern hat das Herz.
D'rin wohnen
Die Freude und der schmerz.
Wacht Freude in der einen
So schlummert
Der Schmerz still in der seinen.
O Freude, habe Acht!
Sprich leise,
Das nicht der Schmerz erwacht!

NEUMANN.

AVE MARIA.

The veil of eve is falling
O'er woodland, field and plain;
A bell, with dying strain,
To ev'ning rest is calling.
Thou spotless maiden, hail to thee,
That deign'st our guiding star to be,
To point to heaven's felicity.

Ave Maria!

The star of love, mild-beaming,
Doth climb the western sky,
With pledge of rest on high,
O'er weary mortals gleaming.
Thou star of love, thy heavenly glow
Dost strengthen grief-worn heart's below,
That round them here find naught but woe.

Ave Maria!

And now the light hath parted,
The song of night doth sound;
And sweetest sleep is found

And rest for weary-hearted.

Oh star of peace, thy beaming ray
Shall guide us forth on heavenly way;
Lead us through rest to brighter day.

Ave Maria.

REVERIE.

Asleep in dreams
Earth buried seems,
While o'er the night
Breaks silver light;
No sound nor song
The vale along;
All peace again,
Forgotten pain;
O summer night
So softly bright,
How kissest thou
Away of woe
The burning tear,
And teachest prayer,
Then breath away
My grief, I pray
As clouds the day
O Summer night
So softly bright.

Tr. from Muth, Osgood.

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

Three youths in high glee passing over the Rhine
Did stop with a hostess so good and benign.
"O hostess, have you good beer and wine?
And where is your daughter so sweet and fair?"

“ My wine and beer are fresh and clear;
My daughter lies in her shroud at rest.”
And when they did to her chamber repair
There lay her fair form on a lonely bier.
The first withdrew the veil from her face
And long upon her with sorrow did gaze:
“ Ah! did'st thou but live thou maiden fair!
I then should have loved thee henceforth and e'er!”
The second sadly replaced the veil
And weeping he turned away so pale;
“ Ah! that thou liest on thy black death-bier;
I loved thee so truly for many a year.”
The third withdrew the veil yet again,
And kissing her lips he said with pain:
“ I loved thee ever, I love thee to-day
And I shall still love thee eternally!”

English version, E. Buck.

AT THE BROOK.

Softly runs the brook and sigheth, for it must far on-
ward go
Past the dearest fairest flow'rets on its verdant banks
that blow.
Should deep in its heart their image ever live a shin-
ing ray,
Must it still flow onward swiftly, dare not, loving,
stop nor stay.
Brook, thou bearest mine own image, must go cold
and silently
From my all, my fairest flow'rets forth, it never more
to see.

MALYBROK-STEILER.

OVER HER EMBROIDERY.

How great and good a blessing
Lies in true labor here.
In sorrow all depressing,
An Angel all caressing,
She drieth tear after tear.

I've oft been near despairing
In all too bitter smart,
But long as sight I'm knowing,
My embroid'ry or my sewing,
Shall always still my heart.

Comfort in hours of sadness
Labor alone can be.
The wounded heart it healeth
And this it is revealeth,
All earthly balm to me.

OTTILIE MALYBROK-STEILER.

MRS. J. P. MORGAN.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

And can this be my own world
This world of gold and snow,
Save where the scarlet waves are hurled
Far down yon gulf below,
'Tis my world
'Tis thy world,
City, mead and shore,
For he that hath his own world
Hath many worlds more.

JEAN INGELOW.

CET E TANG.

Cet étang
Qui s'étend
Dans la plaine
Rèpète au sein
Les verdoyants ormeaux
Ou le pampre s'enchaîne,
Un ciel pur
Un azur
Sans nuages
Vivement s'y réfléchit.
Le tableau senrichit
D'images.
Mais tandis que l'on admire
Cette onde ou le ceil se mire,
Un zépher
Vient ternir
La Surface:
D'un souffle il confond les traits
L'état de tant d'objets
S'efface.

Arranged as Quintet for the Club.

DRYADE SONG AND FAIRY CHORUS.

This composition constitutes the finale to the third act of the newly revised and enlarged Opera of "Sylvana," first produced in 1800, and is mainly constructed on the musical basis, supplied by the celebrated "Perpetual Motion," one of Weber's best known piano pieces, the vocal parts having been added by Ferdinand Langer. In this scene the Dryade, a presentation of the Spirit of the Woods or of Nature, with the aid of her fairy attendants, sings to sleep the young Sylvana who has been accused of witchcraft on account of her intimacy with the same.

DRYADE.

Slumber soft my child, and learn in dreaming,
What life and love are surely bringing.
Soon shall thy sorrow be past and gone
And when thy trial time is o'er
Ah, then shall ever during peace and rest be thine
for aye.

Through my still and green abode
Shalt thou by a dream be guided,
Fairies hither come!
Vanish space and time!

DRYADE AND CHORUS.

Pale moon beam and firefly gleam
Come and light the darksome night.
Consecrate to the realm of love
The splendors of my green abode.
Then come ye dragon-flies swift-winging
Borne on the Linden's perfumed breath,
Awake ye sleepers!
Ye slothful chafers!
And lull the soul to sweetest rest.
Come away!
Hither come!
Consecrate the realm of love!

TO SYLVANA.

Sleep and dream while hope's sweet presence
Brooding fills thy gentle mind;
Golden portals soon shall open
And Love's spring-time entrance find.

Translated and arranged for the Club.