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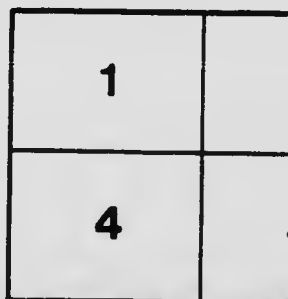
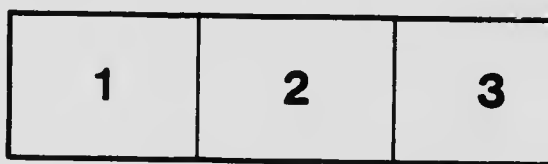
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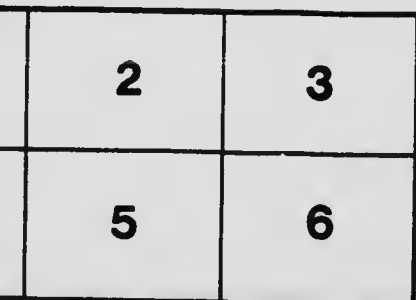
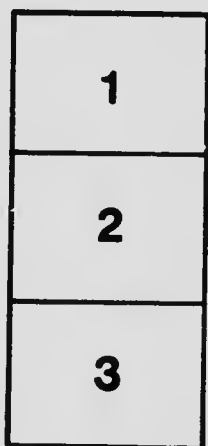
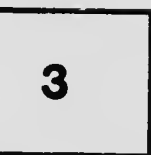
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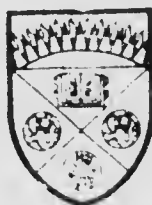
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ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

OF THE

LONDON FESTIVAL CHORUS

1905



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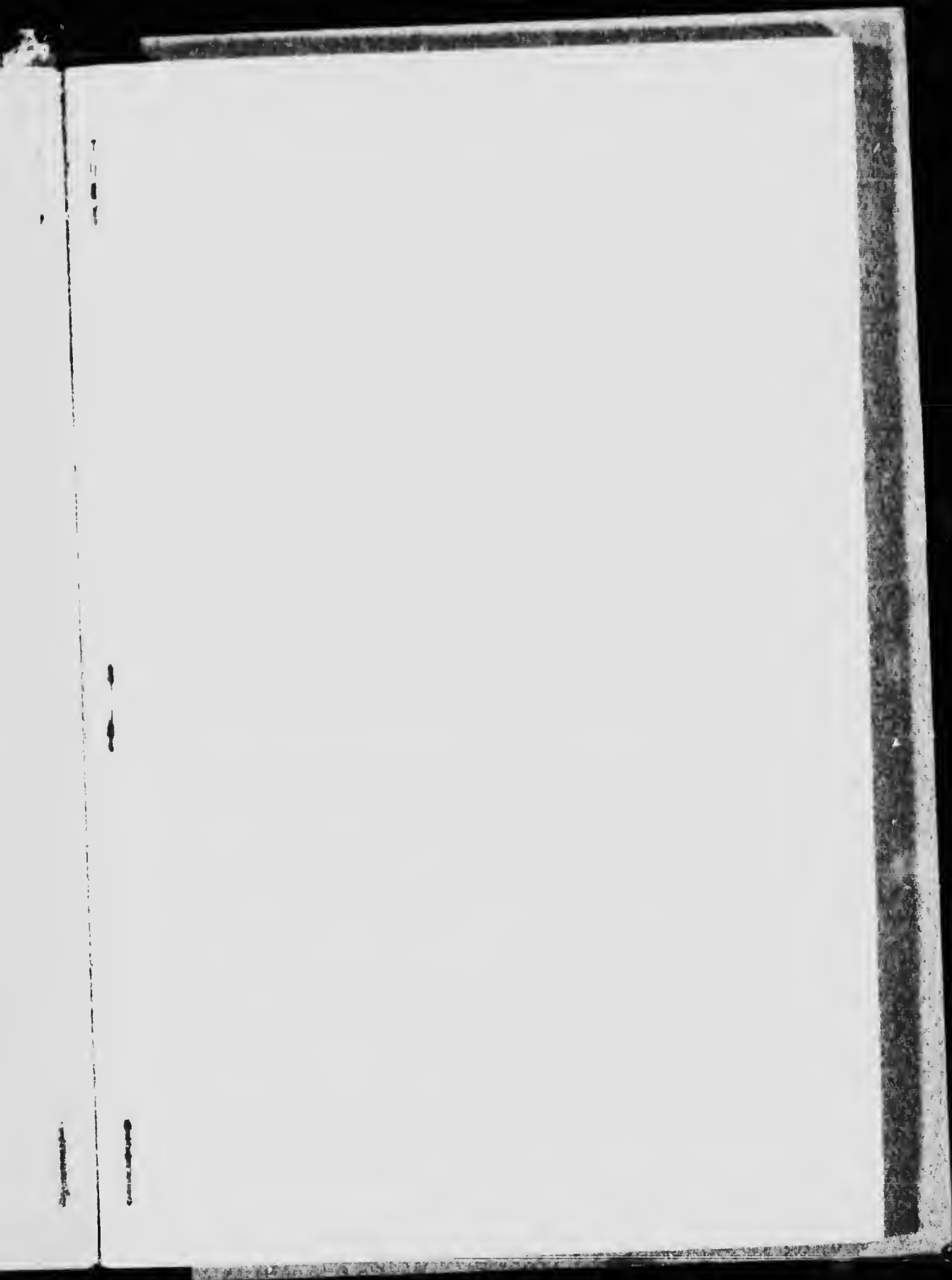
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LONDON CANADA

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THE LATE THEODORE THOMAS
FOUNDER OF ORCHESTRA

[OFFICIAL]

FIRST
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
LONDON FESTIVAL CHORUS

TO BE HELD IN

Princess Rink, London,
Ontario

MAY 24, 25,
1905

MANAGEMENT OF
THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

CONCERTS and SOLOISTS

Wednesday, May 24, 3 p.m.

Symphony Concert

SOLOISTS

MRS. RUBY SHOTWELL-PIPER.....Soprano
MR. RUDOLPH GANZ.....Pianist
THE THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA
MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK.....Conductor

Wednesday, May 24, 8 p.m.

"Elijah"

—MENDELSSOHN.

SOLOISTS

MRS. MINNIE FISH-GRIFFIN.....Soprano
MISS GENEVIEVE WHEAT.....Contralto
MR. HOLMES COWPER.....Tenor
MR. MARION GREEN.....Bass
THE FESTIVAL CHORUS.....The Orchestra

Mr. Albert D. Jordan, Conductor.

Thursday, May 25, 8 p.m.

"Faust"

A Lyric Opera

—GUONOD.

CAST

MARGARITA.....Mrs. Minnie Fish-Griffin
SIEBEL }
MARTHA }.....Miss Genevieve Wheat
FAUST.....Mr. Holmes Cowper
VALENTINE.....Mr. William Beard
MEPHISTOPHELES.....Mr. Marion Green
WAGNER.....Mr. Arthur Garthwatte
THE FESTIVAL CHORUS.....The Orchestra

Mr. Albert D. Jordan, Conductor.

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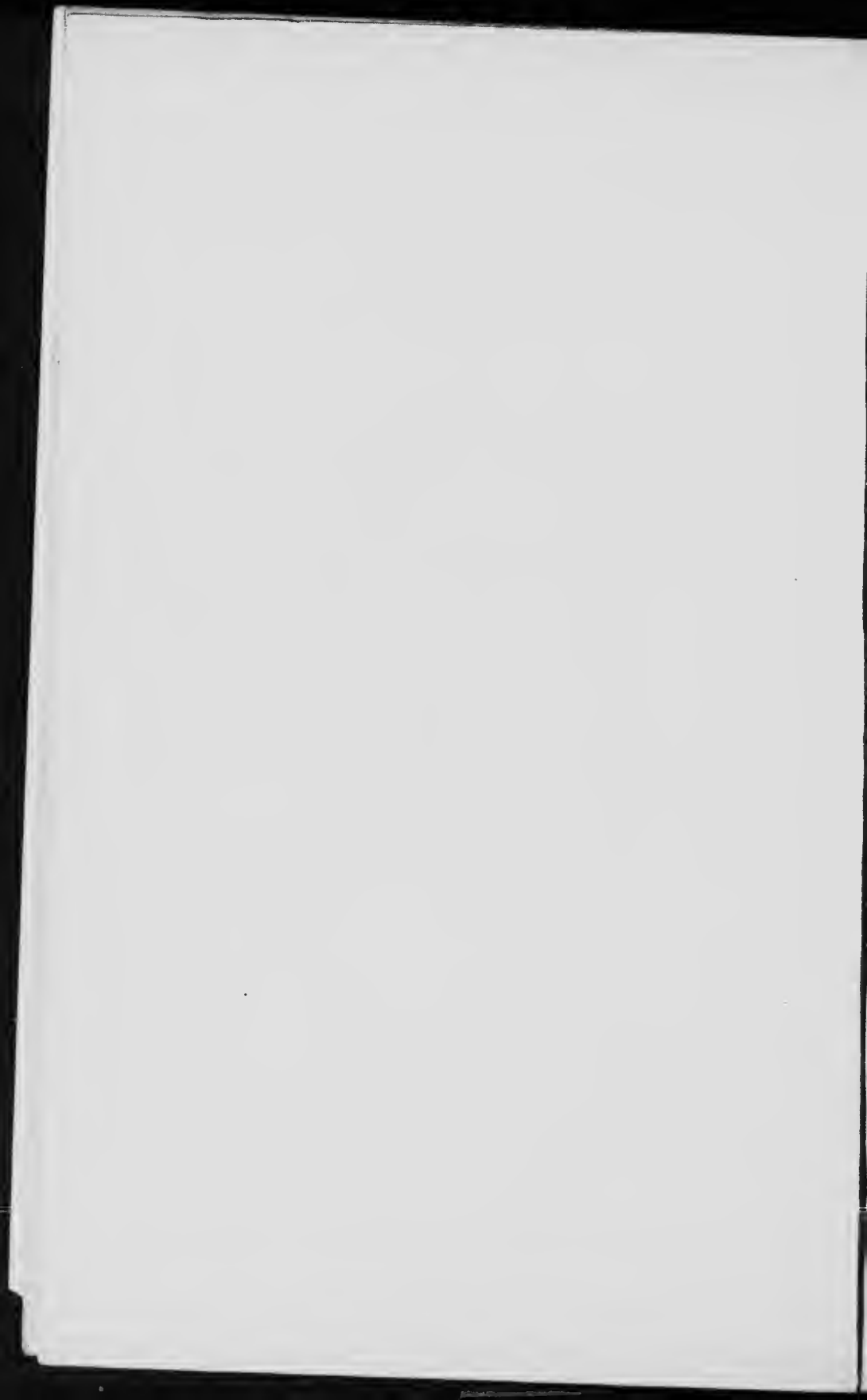
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FREDERICK A. STOCK



THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA

OF CHICAGO.

PERSONNEL

Mr. Frederick A. Stock, Conductor.

FIRST VIOLINS

KRAMER, L., Principal.
BECKER, L.
BRAUN, H.
KUEHN, B.
NUERNBERGER, L.
KRUSCHWITZ, E.
RHYS, S.
BASS, G.

SECOND VIOLINS

HLADKY, F., Principal.
HILLMANN, C.
BUSSE, A.
DASCH, G.
ULRICH, A.
WAGNER, E.

VIOLAS

ESSER, F., Principal.
MEYER, G.
MITTELSTAEDT, F.
HESSELBACH, O.

VIOLONCELLOS

STEINDEL, B., Principal.
UNGER, W.
KLAMMSTEINER, C.
FELBER, H.

BASSES

BECKEL, J., Principal.
KLEMM, L.
GLASS, R.
OTTE, F.

HARP

SINGER, W.

FLUTES

QUENSEL, A.
BAUMBACH, C.

PICCOLO

BAUMBACH, C.

OBOES

BARTHEL, A.
BOUR, F.

ENGLISH HORN

HESSELBACH, O.

CLARINETS

SCHREURS, J.
MEYER, C.

BASS CLARINET

MEYER, C.

BASSOONS

KRUSE, P.
RABE, H.
KRUSCHWITZ, E.

HORNS

DE MARE, L.
WIEDER, C.
FRANKE, W.
ALBRECHT, C.

TRUMPETS

HANDKE, P.
LLEWELLYN, J.

CORNETS

ULRICH, A.
FELBER, H.

TROMBONES

GEBHARDT, O.
ZELLER, W.
NICOLINI, J.

BASS TUBA

OTTE, F.

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ZETTELMAHNN, J.

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PROGRAMS

First May Festival Concert

Wednesday, Afternoon, May 24, 3 o'clock.

Symphony Concert

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Rub, Shotwell-Piper, Soprano.

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, Pianist.

THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA

Mr. Frederick A. Stock, Conductor.

PROGRAM

I.

1. March, Tannhauser - - - - - Wagner
2. Largo from the New World Symphony - - - Dvorak
3. Concerto for Piano, A Major - - - - - Liszt

MR. GANZ

(Heintzman Piano used.)

II.

4. Overture, "Sakuntala" - - - - - Goldmark
5. Aria, "Queen of Sheba" - - - - - Gounod

MRS. SHOTWELL-PIPER

6. Symphony, No. 6. "Pathetique" - - - Tchaikowsky

Adagio—Allegro—Andante—Allegro vivo

Allegro Con-grazio

Allegro molto vivace

Adagio lamentoso

Second May Festival Concert

Wednesday Evening, May 24, 8 o'clock.

"Elijah"

—MENDELSSOHN.

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Minnie Fish-Griffin, Soprano. Miss Genevieve Wheat, Contralto.
Mr. Holmes Cowper, Tenor. Mr. Marion Green, Basso.

THE LONDON FESTIVAL CHORUS

Mr. Albert D. Jordan, Conductor.

SYNOPSIS

PART I.

INTRODUCTION. *As God the Lord.*

OVERTURE.

CHORUS. *Help, Lord!*

DUET. *Zion spreadeth her hand.*

WITH CHORUS. *Lord, bow Thine ear.*

RECITATIVE AND AIR. *If with all your Hearts.*

CHORUS. *Yet doth the Lord hear us not.*

RECITATIVE. *Elijah! get thee hence.*

RECITATIVE, AIR AND DUET. *Help me, man of God!*

CHORUS. *Blessed are the men.*

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *As God the Lord.*

CHORUS. *Baal, we cry to thee!*

RECITATIVE. *Call him louder!*

CHORUS. *Hear our cry!*

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *Hear and answer!*

AIR. *Lord God of Abraham!*

QUARTET. *Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *The fire descends!*

AIR. *Is not His word like a fire?*

AIR. *Woe unto them who forsake Him!*

RECITATIVE, AIR AND CHORUS. *Look down upon us from heaven, O Lord!*

CHORUS. *Thanks be to God!*

PART II.

AIR. *Hear ye Israel!*

CHORUS. *Be not afraid.*

RECITATIVE, SOLO AND CHORUS. *Have ye not heard?*

RECITATIVE AND AIR. *It is enough.*

RECITATIVE AND TRIO. *Lift thine eyes.*

CHORUS. *He, watching over Israel.*

RECITATIVE AND AIR. *O rest in the Lord.*

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *Behold! God the Lord passed by.*

RECITATIVE AND AIR. *For the mountains.*

CHORUS. *Then did Elijah.*

AIR. *Then shall the righteous shine.*

RECITATIVE. *Behold, God hath sent Elijah.*

QUARTET. *O come ev'ry one that thirsteth.*

CHORUS. *And then shall your light.*

Third May Festival Concert

Thursday Evening, May 25, 8 o'clock.

"Faust"

A Lyric Opera

—GOUNOD.

CAST

MARGARITA.....M. Minnie Fish-Griffin
SIEBEL } Miss Genevieve Wheat
MARTHA }
FAUST..... Mr. Holmes Cowper
VALENTINE Mr. William Beard
MEPHISTOPHELES..... Mr. Marion Green
WAGNER Mr. Arthur Garthwaite

THE LONDON FESTIVAL CHORUS

Mr. Albert D. Jordan, Conductor.

SYNOPSIS

INTRODUCTION.

ACT I.

SOLO AND CHORUS. "In vain do I call!" (Faust.)

SCENE AND DUET. "If I pray"
(Faust and Mephistopheles.)

ACT II.

CHORUS. "The Fair." (La Kermesse.)

SCENE AND RECITATIVE. "Dear gift of my sister!" (Valentine.)

CAVATINA. "Dio possente." (Valentine.)

SONO OF THE GOLDEN CALF. "Clear the way!" (Mephistopheles.)

SCENE AND CHORUS. "What ho! Bacchus up there!"

WALTZ AND CHORUS. "Light as air."

ACT III.

INTERMEZZO AND SONG. "Gentle flow'rs in the dew" (Siebel.)

CAVATINA. "All hail thou dwelling pure!" (Faust.)

SCENE AND ARIA. "The King of Thule!" (Margarita.)

THE JEWEL SONG. "O heav'n's! what brilliant gems!"

SCENE, QUARTET AND RECITATIVE.

DUET. "The hour is late!" (Margarita and Faust.)

ACT IV.

ROMANZA. "When all was young!" (Siebel.)

SOLDIERS' CHORUS. "Glory and Love!"

SERENADE. "Ah! Catarina!"

THE DUEL—TRIO. (Valentine, Mephistopheles, and Faust.)

THE DEATH OF VALENTINE.

SCENE IN THE CHURCH.

ACT V.

IN THE PRISON.

DUET. (Margarita and Faust)

TRIO AND FINALE. (Margarita, Faust and Mephistopheles.)

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Faust



MR. ALBERT D. JORDAN

First May Festival Concert

Wednesday Afternoon, May 24, 3 o'clock.

Symphony Concert

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Ruby Shotwell-Piper, Soprano.

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, Pianist.

THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA

Mr. Frederick A. Stock, Conductor.

1 March, from "Tannhauser."

Richard Wagner.

Born May 22, 1813, at Leipzig.
Died Feb. 13, 1883, at Venice.

The brilliant march with which this programme opens is from the score in "Tannhauser" wherein the people and the minstrels assemble within the hall of the Wartburg Castle—the former to witness and the latter to participate in the tournament of song, the prize being the hand of the fair Elizabeth. As the guests enter and are welcomed by Elizabeth and the Landgrave they join in a chorus of homage, as follows :

Hail ! bright abode, where song the heart rejoices ;
May lays of peace within thee never fail ;
Long may we cry with loyal voices,
Hail ! to our land—our fatherland, all hail !

2 Largo from the "New World Symphony"

Antonin Dvorak.

Born Sept. 8, 1851, at Muhlhausen, Bohemia.
Died May 1, 1904, at Prague.

This movement opens with a brief introduction scored for the clarinets, bassoon and brass—a few subdued and softly-shifting chords, which finally make way for the limpid, pathetic melody which the English horn sings to the quiet and almost stationary accompaniment of the muted strings.

3 Concerto for Piano, A major, - - - - Liszt

MR. GANZ

4 Overture, "Sakuntala,"

Karl Goldmark

Born May 18, 1830, at Keszthely, Hungary

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture—the work which established his standing as an orchestral writer, was produced at Vienna in 1865. Upon the fly-leaf of the score is inscribed the following explanatory preface :—

For the benefit of those who may not be acquainted with Kalidasa's famous work, "Sakuntala," we here briefly outline its contents.

Sakuntala, the daughter of a nymph, is brought up in a penitentiary grove by the chief of a sacred caste of priests, as his adopted daughter. The great king Dushianta enters the sacred grove, while out hunting; he sees Sakuntala, and is immediately inflamed with love for her.

A charming love-scene follows, which closes with the union (according to Grundharveri, the marriage) of both.

The king gives Sakuntala, who is to follow him later to his capital city, a ring, by which she shall be recognized as his wife.

A powerful priest, to whom Sakuntala has forgotten to show due hospitality in the intoxication of her love, revenges himself upon her by depriving the king of his memory and of all recollection of her.

Sakuntala loses the ring while washing clothes in the sacred river.

When Sakuntala is presented to the king by her companions, as his wife, he does not recognize her, and repudiates her. Her companions refuse to admit her, as the wife of another, back into her home, and she is left alone in grief and despair; then the nymph, her mother, has pity on her, and takes her to herself.

Now the ring is found by some fishermen and brought back to the king. On his seeing it, his recollection of Sakuntala returns. He is seized with remorse for his terrible deed; the profoundest grief and unbounded yearning for her who has disappeared leave him no more.

On a warlike campaign against some evil demons, whom he vanquishes, he finds Sakuntala again, and now there is no end to their happiness.

5 Aria, Queen of Sheba - - - - - Gounod

MRS. SHOTWELL-PIPER

6 Symphony No. 6, "Pathétique," Peter Iljitch Tschaiakowsky.

ADAGIO-ALLEGRO-ANDANTE-ALLEGRO VIVO.

ALLEGRO CON GRAZIA

ALLEGRO MOLTO VIVACE.

ADAGIO LAMENTOSO.

Born May 7, 1840 at Wotkinsk.

Died Nov. 6, 1893, at St. Petersburg.

The "Pathetic" symphony—dedicated to Tschaiakowsky's favorite nephew, M. W. Davidow—was first performed at St. Petersburg on October 16, 1893, under the direction of the composer; three weeks later the musical world was startled by the news of his sudden death. Mrs. Newmarch's biography of Tschaiakowsky supplies the following information regarding the elaborate selection we are now to hear:—

"The *Sixth Symphony*, to which, after its first performance, Tschaiakowsky gave the title of 'The Pathetic,' was sketched out early in 1893, and finished a few months later, on his return from his last tour abroad. It bears the date of 31st August, 1893. The work is so well known, and has been so frequently analyzed, that it is superfluous to go into further details about it here. But a few words may be said as to the circumstances under which it was written and the feelings that inspired it. Each of Tschaiakowsky's symphonies has a definite colouring which shows the prevailing influence under which it was written. The Second shows us the composer still strongly

dominated by national tendencies. The Third is tinged throughout by his increasing eclecticism in general, and in particular by his newly awakened enthusiasm for Schumann. The Fourth is remarkable for its brighter qualities, and especially for its unwonted display of humour. The Fifth has touches of religious feeling which are absent from all the rest. In the Sixth, Tchaikovsky seems to have concentrated the brooding melancholy which is the most characteristic and recurrent of all his emotional phases. Throughout the whole of his music we are never far away from this shadow. Sometimes this mood seems real enough; sometimes it strikes us as merely artificial and rhetorical. But melancholy in some form constitutes the peculiar quality of his genius, and nowhere does it brood more heavily or with more tragic intensity than in the last movement of this symphony.

"There is no doubt that one of the reasons of the extraordinary popularity of this work lies in the fact that it has been invested with an autobiographical interest for which there is no real warranty. It is said that in some vague and mysterious way it foretold the composer's approaching end. Perhaps it is also with the idea of supporting this theory that sensationalists have discovered that Tchaikovsky shortly afterwards committed suicide. The idea is picturesque, but neither in Russia nor abroad have I discovered any substantial ground for the story. At the time of writing the *Sixth Symphony*, Tchaikovsky had passed through his dark hour and won his way back to the light. M. Kashkin distinctly explodes 'the pathetic fallacy,' if I may so far distort the meaning of the word. He shows that the work was not composed under the influence of any morbid pre-occupation with death. Tchaikovsky had some idea of writing out the programme of the symphony, but never did so, chiefly because no sooner was it finished than he became absorbed in new plans, of which the remodeling of *The Oprichnik* was one. Had he done so, the world would not have found that the symphony was a kind of legacy to the living from one who was filled with a presentiment of his own approaching end. It seems more reasonable to interpret both the overwhelming energy of the third movement, and the abysmal sorrow of the *Finale*, in the broader light of personal or historical significance, rather than to narrow them to the expression of an individual experience. If the last movement is intended to be primarily a surety of things vaster, and issues more fatal than are contained in any personal apprehension of death. It speaks rather of a 'lamentation *à la souffrance inconnue*,' and seems to set the seal of finality on a world of hopes.* Even if we eliminate the purely subjective interest, this personal inspiration of Tchaikovsky's, in which we hear 'the groundwhirl of the crushed leaves of hope,' still remains the most profoundly stirring of his works. Less artistically perfect than

*It is quite possible that Tchaikovsky may not have intended this symphony as his own death-song, but things have been said which do not agree with Mrs Newmarch's account of the manner of his death. For instance, Mr. Philip Hale, of Boston, says that a celebrated Russian pianist (whom he does not name) — a pupil of Tchaikovsky, told him in 1898 that the composer's friends believe that he committed suicide. "The pianist himself," he adds, "had no doubt of it."

those glowing summer blossoms of his genius *Romeo and Juliet* and *Francesca da Rimini*, the *Sixth Symphony*, with its strange combination of the mediocre and the sublime, is profoundly human. Few works have awakened such an immediate echo in the heart of the public. It is interesting to know that he himself had no misgivings about the first three movements of the symphony, but thought it not improbable that, after its first performance in St. Petersburg, he might have to rewrite the *Finale*."

The first movement, although marked by many changes of tempo, nevertheless pursues the general scheme of the sonata-form, the customary first and second themes being stated quite distinctly and subsequently subjected to an elaborate development which in turn is succeeded by the orthodox recapitulation and coda.

First a short introduction—in B minor, *Adagio* and 4-4 time—founded upon the principal theme of the first movement proper, the melody being scored for the bassoon over a dramatic accompaniment from the viola (divided) and the deeper strings. With the commencement of the main body of the movement—in B minor, *Allegro non troppo* and 4-4 time—this principal theme is given out as follows by the violas and violoncellos:—

No. 1.

Allegro non troppo.



The flutes and clarinets answer with a similar phrase, and then comes a luxurious development in which the trumpets, trombones and tuba, and finally the drums, come into action. The orchestra now increases gradually to its full strength, proceeding to a powerful climax which is intensified by an acceleration of the tempo. This rapidly subsides until the violoncellos alone give out an undulating figure, to an accompaniment of sinister harmonies from the trombones and tubas in their lower registers. This leads to the appearance of the second theme proper—in D major, *teneramente, molto cantabile, con espansione*—in the first violins and violoncellos (muted and in octaves), over an accompaniment from the horns and deeper wood-winds:

No. 2.

Andante. (teneramente, molto cantabile, con espansione.)



The development of this second theme introduces a new motive—

No. 3

Moderato mosso.

which forthwith is worked over at considerable length, leading in turn to the re-appearance of the second theme—now broadly scored, with the strings un- and gradually dying away to the softest *pianissimo*.

A tremendous development now ensues, drawn partly from the first theme, with interjections of the second, "augmented"; the whole leading eventually to the re-appearance of the first theme (violins) as the beginning of the recapitulation. This closing section of the movement, which presently brings the second theme to notice again (violins and wood-winds), is practically a continuation of the free-fantasia, and leads at length to the coda, which begins with an eight-fold descending scale-progression in the bass.

The second movement—in D major, *Allegro con gracia* and 5-4 time—is a substitute for the conventional scherzo. This 5-4 measure, by the way, although unusual is by no means new; Chopin has a 5-4 movement in his first pianoforte sonata—the *Larghetto*, and, although somewhat strange to us, this peculiar rhythm is mentioned as being quite common among the northern races. The present example commences as follows—the theme in the violoncellos:

No. 4.

Allegro con gracia.

The wood-winds (without the bassoons) soon take up the theme, while the violoncellos continue the completion of their own melody. The strings next come into action with the second part of this melody, and finally the wood-winds play the opening phrase again—to an accompaniment of descending and ascending scale passages for the strings.

The trio presents a new melody for the flute, first violins and violoncello over an "organ-point" carried in the basses and bassoons—the drums meanwhile marking the time with five persistent beats to the measure:—

No. 5.
con dolcezza e fobilo.



Upon the conclusion of the trio the first part is repeated, after which the movement closes with a brief coda in which both themes are represented.

The third movement—in G major, *Allegro molto vivace* and 12-8 (4-4) time—although not the last division of this work, is in reality in the general form and style of a symphonic finale—a composition in which Tschai-kowsky gave full sway to his extraordinary skill in both thematic development and instrumentation. This movement opens without any introduction with the statement of its principal theme—

No. 6.

Allegro molto vivace.

developed forthwith at considerable length by the strings, various wind instruments meanwhile working up gradually the essential motive of the spirited, march-like second theme, which assumes the following appearance when given out formally by the clarinets and horns—over running counterpoint in the deeper strings :—

No. 7.

The first theme returns presently, to work up to a powerful climax culminating in a series of furious ascending and descending scale-passages distributed between the strings and wood-winds, the latter leading to a pompous repetition of the march-like second theme, which passes at length into a brilliant free coda.

The last movement—in B minor, *Adagio lamentoso* and 3-4 time—is the slow movement proper of the symphony, and the one from which undoubtedly it derived its title. This remarkable composition may be described briefly as consisting of a passionate development of two themes, the first being heard at the outset in the strings, supported by the wood-winds :—

No. 8.

Adagio lamentoso.



The second is the expressive melody given out shortly—in D major, *andante*—by the first violins and violas, over a simple accompaniment from the deeper strings and wood-winds, re-inforced by syncopated triplet pulsations in the horns :—

No. 9.



The development of these themes proceeds to a tragic climax—emphasized by a knell of the tam-tam, following which the movement subsides quickly to a subdued dramatic conclusion.

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS.

Second Concert

Wednesday Evening, May 24th.

ORATORIO, "Elijah," - FELIX MENDELSSOHN—BARTHOLDY

Born at Hamburg, February 3, 1809 ; Died at Leipzig, November 4, 1847.

Analyses by Albert A. Stanley, Ann Arbor, Mich.

NO composer since Handel and Bach has so thoroughly satisfied the demands made upon creative genius by the oratorio as Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Of all the great composers of the century just passed he was best fitted by training, genius and character to work in this form. The precocious youth, who, at twelve years of age, had written in the greater forms, compositions, not simply prophetic of future achievement, but in themselves admirable in their power and inspiration—who, four years later, crowned the long list of works that attested the growth of his genius by his first symphony (C minor)—who had displayed such richness of imagination, such gifts as a performer, such a sense of the dignity of his art, and such command over the materials of composition, that on his birthday, February 3, 1824, his master Zelter, playfully adopting masonic phraseology, raised him from the grade of "apprentice" to that of "fellow," in the name of Mozart, Haydn and Bach,—who at the age of nineteen produced that wonderful music to "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—in his mature manhood created two imperishable oratorios, "St. Paul" and "Elijah." The world, after these works appeared, called him "master." Although Mendelssohn in his early life was captivated by the stage, although he wrote several works replete with charm in the operatic form, yet the peculiar gifts of dramatic expression he undoubtedly possessed were more adapted for the oratorio.

We may see in this fact an illustration of a phenomenon that cannot have escaped the notice of the careful student of the history of music. It is this—no composer, however great his genius, has succeeded in identifying himself with both forms. The Handel of the opera has been forgotten : we know only the composer of the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Samson." From Bach, whose "Passion Music according to St. Matthew" is only approached by the great "Pope Marcellus" Masses of Palestrina, who, like the great Leipzig Cantor, was entirely uninfluenced by the dramatic idea as applied in the opera, down through scores of lesser composers to Gounod and Brahms, we find this phenomenon. "Faust" will outlive the "Mors et Vita" and the "Redemption," while the "German Requiem," monumental in its

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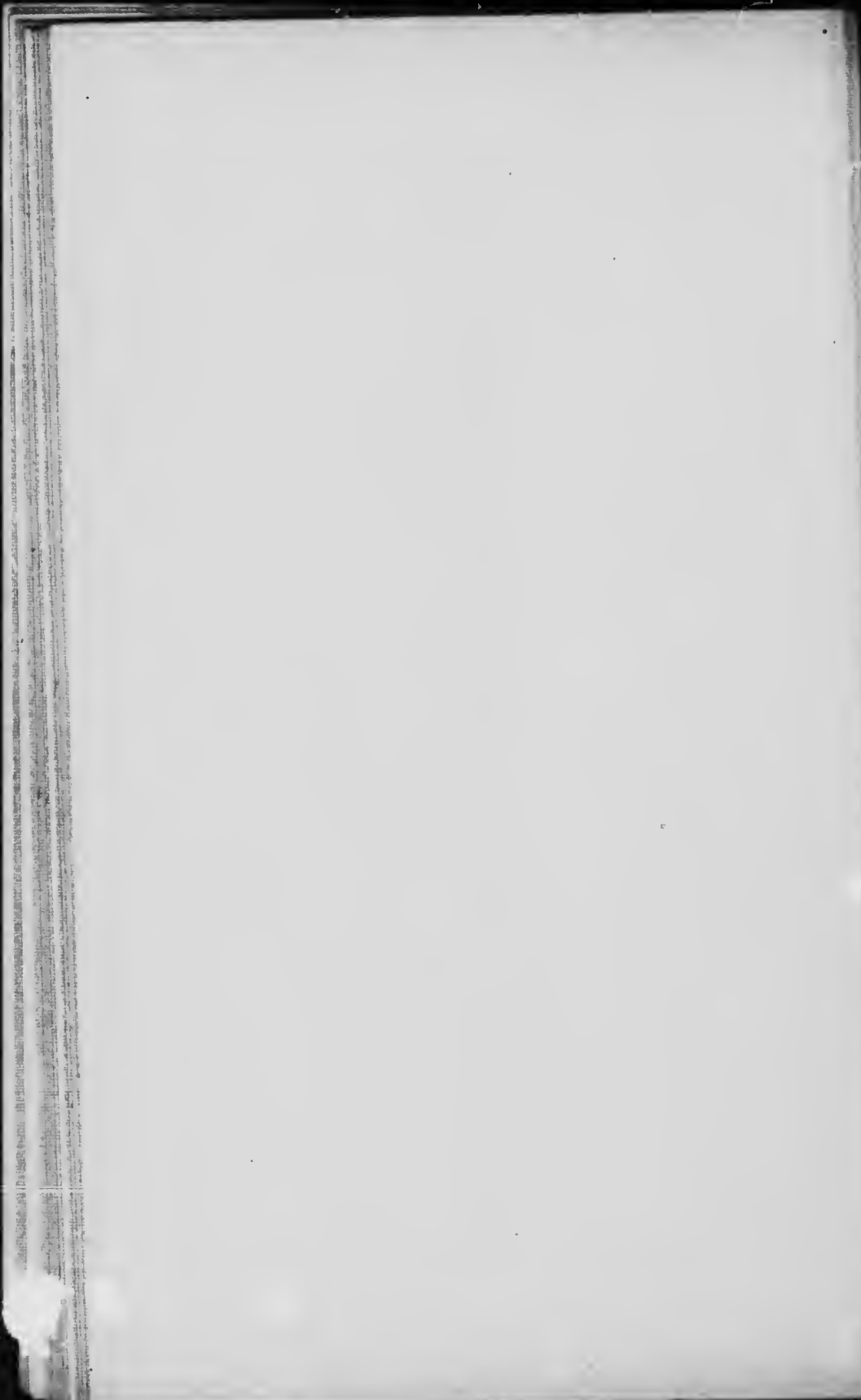
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MRS. RUBY SHOTWELL-PIPER



grandeur, was written by a man who neither cared nor sought for success in the opera. Mendelssohn could hardly escape the growing feeling for dramatic expression so much in evidence in the first half of his century, although it was to find fullness of statement later, and as a consequence of this influence we find both of his great oratorios instinct with dramatic fervor. The "St. Paul" was produced at the Lower Rhein Music Festival at Duesseldorf, May 22 and 24, 1836, under the composer's direction. Its success was immediate, and with repeated performances both in England and on the Continent, the work gained in popularity. It has always been considered by musicians to be the greater of the two. It was given at the Birmingham (England) Festival in 1837. Before the composition of this work Mendelssohn had become an enthusiastic student of Bach, and was so inspired by the works of this master that on March 11, 1829, he produced the "Passion Music" at the Sing Akademie, Berlin. His early and profound acquaintance with the works of the "Father of Music" led him to the ardent pursuit of those studies which, coupled with sincerity of religious convictions, made him the exponent of the highest concepts of religious music. Although surrounded by congenial and appreciative friends, Mendelssohn found in Berlin, especially in the musical life dominated by Spontini, much that was discouraging, and for that reason readily responded to the frequent invitations to visit London, a city to which he was fondly attached. The English people admired him even before he firmly established himself in their hearts through the production of the "Elijah" at the Birmingham Festival, August 25th, 1846. He had devoted several years to the composition of this work, which contains more of the elements of popularity than its predecessor. The critical literature of that date teems with glowing accounts of its originality and power, and, as is not always the case, the critics and the people were at one in their intense appreciation of its nobility and charm. That a work abounding in the most scholarly and intricate counterpoint, in which there is no hint of concession to popular taste, should have won the approval of all classes is at once a tribute to its worth and to that fine perception which is not the exclusive possession of the cultured, but which compels the common people to respond when genius makes the appeal. Possibly such a spontaneous and universal recognition of its value was possible only in a country where the Handel oratorios, through frequent and adequate performances, had become a controlling influence on its musical life. Be this as it may, the "Elijah," from the date of its initial performance, has taken a place in the literature of the oratorio next to the greatest works of Bach and Handel. In it are combined most genially the qualities that command the respect of musicians and appeal forcibly to those whose enjoyment is no less intense because they have not the technical training necessary to the perfect appreciation of the structural genius displayed, and the greater characteristics met with in those rare works in which concepts as universal as Mankind are expressed in a manner so thoroughly in consonance with the spirit of the age that their meaning is enforced and their application widened.

There is little necessity to dwell upon the excellent arrangement of the episodes in the life of the Hebrew prophet which serve as the text; a careful

study of the book at once reveals its fitness. The English translator states that "he has endeavored to render it as nearly in accordance with the Scriptural Texts as the music to which it is adapted will admit : the references are therefore to be considered as authorities rather than quotations." *

The work opens with sombre chords by the trombones, which introduce a recitative in which Elijah proclaims "There shall be neither dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." Then begins the overture with a most suggestive phrase given out by the 'celli, *pianissimo*, which is developed with the admirable clearness so characteristic of the composer. His significant grasp of the *technique* of polyphonic writing and his mastery of the orchestra, coupled with the reserve always evident in the work of a master, are displayed long before the magnificent *crescendo* leading into the opening chorus, "Help Lord," in which his power as a choral writer is no less in evidence. This chorus leads through choral recitatives to a duet, for soprano and contralto, with chorus, "Lord, bow Thine ear." This is founded on an old traditional Hebrew melody. It will be noticed that the music has proceeded without any interruption up to this point. The unity thus secured is most admirable and establishes a mood that heightens the effect of the following recitative and aria, "If with all your hearts," and gives added force to the succeeding "Chorus of the People," which, beginning with cries of despair, "He mocketh at us," ends with a solemn choral, "For He, the Lord our God, is a jealous God." The closing measures, "His mercies on thousands fall," are so permeated with the spirit of the recitative and a double quartet "For He shall give his angels charge over thee," which follow, that the effect of unity is not lost but rather strengthened. All this, as well as the inspiring scene in which Elijah brings comfort to the sorrowing widow by the restoration of her son to life, and the chorus "Blessed are the men who fear Him"—full of musical beauty and dramatic fervor as they are—is but preliminary to the wonderful episodes beginning with the recitative and chorus, "As God the Lord of Sabaoth liveth," and ending with the chorus "Thanks be to God." This whole section is so instinct with life, so full of dramatic intensity, that were it necessary to substantiate Mendelssohn's claim to greatness, no other proof were needed. A composer of less power, or lacking in discrimination, would have so exhausted his resources earlier in this episode that an anti-climax would have been inevitable. Not so Mendelssohn. By happy contrasts the interest is maintained, and the hearer is led on gradually but surely by the force of the ever-expanding dramatic suggestion. After the Priests of Baal have failed ; when in response to the appeals of the worshippers "Hear and answer, Baal," no answer comes ; when Elijah, after that sublime prayer, "Lord God of Abraham," and the quartet "Cast thy burden on the Lord," calls aloud on the Almighty "Thou who makest thine angel spirits, Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires ; Let them now descend !" what could be more intense than the chorus "The fire descends from heav'n ! the

*The absurdities so often seen in the literal translations of works which—like the "Elijah"—were written in another language, have been avoided by the attitude taken by this translator, Mr. W. Bartholomew.

flames consume his off'ring' ? Note the effect of the choral which beginning *pianissimo* gradually gains in fervor until at the words, "And we will have no other Gods before the Lord," nothing could be more convincing. Where in the whole literature of the oratorio is there a more beautiful effect than that produced by the dominant seventh (on A) at the word "Gods" ? We have no space to comment on the solos leading up to the prayer of the people, when, kneeling, they ask the Lord to "Open the heavens and send us relief," for now comes the real climax. The Youth, who has been sent to look toward the sea, after gazing long in vain, finally cries, "Behold, a little cloud ariseth from the waters ; it is like a man's hand ! The heav'ns are black with clouds and with wind. The storm rusheth louder and louder !" Then comes the final chorus, "Thanks be to God," a pæan of thanksgiving than which no greater has ever been written, with the possible exception of the "Hallelujah Chorus." Part I. is, as we have seen, divided into two great scenes, separated by the exhibition of faith shown in the healing of the widow's son. We may define from the opening recitative to No. 6 and from No. 10 to No. 20, inclusive, as the limits of the two great divisions to which reference has been made, and may look upon the intervening scene as illustrative of the faith that brings to pass the results that lead to the sublime expression of gratitude, the final chorus. If ever a work was written in response to the demand of genius for expression ; if there ever was evidence that the musical ideas were molded at a white heat ; if there ever was an illustration of the exercise of cool, intelligent and discriminating revision of the results of such compelling inspiration, "Elijah" is that work.

No greater proof of this can be cited than "Part II.," which now follows. How surely the composer moves on to the second great climax, the "Whirlwind Chorus" ! This part begins with a noble soprano solo, "Hear ye, Israel," the concluding sentence of which, "Be not afraid," forms the basis of the strong and dignified chorus into which the solo merges. When the people, forgetting all they owe to the prophet, turn again to the worship of Baal, and, stirred up by the Queen, seek his life, comes that pathetic aria, "It is enough," from a purely musical point of view the most beautiful in the whole oratorio. Then, as he sleeps under the juniper tree, the "Angels' Trio," "Lift thine eyes," and the chorus, "He watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps," speak assurance of comfort : as waking he cries, "O that I might die," the angel sings "O rest in the Lord," and the chorus, "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," enforces the faith that has sustained him in all these trials. The prevailing sentiment is not disturbed by the succeeding chorus, "Behold God the Lord passed by," for, after the exhibitions of power—the wind—the earthquake—the fire—comes a "still small voice," and "in that still small voice onward came the Lord." The solo voices and chorus unite in a majestic Sanctus, followed by a calm and sustained expression of absolute confidence, "For the mountains shall depart ; and the hills be removed ; but Thy kindness shall not depart." Now comes the real climax of the work, "Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire ; his words appeared like burning torches. Mighty kings were by him overthrown (note the imposing theme first stated by the basses !), he stood on the Mount of Sinai, and heard the judgments of the future, and in Horeb its vengeance"

—"And when the Lord would take him away to heaven, Lo ! there came a fiery chariot, with fiery horses ; and he went by a whirlwind to Heaven." Here the work ends, were we to consider it from the point of view of dramatic fitness alone. All that follows is reflective. The tenor solo, "Then shall the righteous shine" ; the quartet, "O come, every one that thirsteth," and the concluding chorus, "And then shall your light break forth," combine in the establishment of a mood so at variance with the feelings underlying the expressions given voice in the beginning of the First Part that thereby a contrast is secured, such as must exist in a great unified work. It will be noted that in this analysis stress is laid upon the unity so characteristic of Mendelssohn's treatment of the subject. This seems to be necessary to a full appreciation of this oratorio—one of the greatest ever written—and possibly the most admirable of the many great works in this field the Nineteenth Century brought into being.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—As God the Lord of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.

I. Kings xvii. 1.

OVERTURE.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Help, Lord ! wilt Thou quite destroy us ?

The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone, and yet no power cometh to help us ! Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion ?

Jeremiah viii. 20.

Recitative Chorus.

The deeps afford no water ; and the rivers are exhausted ! The suckling's tongue now cleaveth for thirst to his mouth : the infant children ask for bread, and there is no one breaketh it to feed them !

Lament. iv. 4.

Duet and Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Lord ! bow Thine ear to our prayer !

DUET.—Zion spreadeth her hands for aid ; and there is neither help nor comfort.

Lament. i. 17.

Recitative.

OBADIAH. Ye people, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your transgressions the Prophet Eli-

jah hath sealed the heavens through the word of God. I therefore say to ye, Forsake your idols, return to God ; for He is slow to anger, and merciful, and kind and gracious, and repenteth Him of the evil.

Joel ii. 12, 13.

Air.

If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall ever surely find Me. Thus saith our God.

Oh ! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence.

Deut. iv. 29. Job xxiii. 3.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Yet doth the Lord see it not ; He mocketh at us ; His curse hath fallen down upon us ; His wrath will pursue us, till He destroy us !

For He, the Lord our God, He is a jealous God ; and He visiteth all the fathers' sins on the childrer to the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him. His mercies on thousands fall—fall on all them that love Him, and keep His commandments.

Deut. xxviii. 22. Exodus xx. 5, 6.

Recitative.

AN ANGEL.—Elijah ! get thee hence ; depart, and turn thee eastward ; thither hide thee by Cherith's brook. There shalt thou drink its waters ; and the Lord thy God hath commanded the ravens to feed thee there : so do according unto His word.

I. Kings xvii. 3.

Recitative.

AN ANGEL.—Now Cherith's brook is dried up, Elijah, arise and depart, and get thee to Zarephath; thither abide; for the Lord hath commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. And the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

I. Kings xvii. 7, 9, 14.

Recitative and Air.

THE WIDOW.—What have I to do with thee, O man of God? art thou come to me, to call my sin unto remembrance?—to slay my son art thou come hither? Help me, man of God! my son is sick! and his sickness is so sore that there is no breath left in him! I go mourning all the day long; I lie down and weep at night. See mine affliction. Be thou the orphan's helper!

ELIJAH.—Give me thy son. Turn unto her, O Lord my God; in mercy help this widow's son! For thou art gracious, and full of compassion, and plenteous in mercy and truth. Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return that he again may live!

THE WIDOW.—Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee?

ELIJAH.—Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return, that he again may live!

THE WIDOW.—The Lord hath heard thy prayer, the soul of my son reviveth!

ELIJAH.—Now behold, thy son liveth!

THE WIDOW.—Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that His word in thy mouth is the truth. What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?

BOTH.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. O blessed are they who fear Him!

I. Kings xvii. 17, 18, 21—24. Job x. 15. Psalm xxxviii. 6; vi. 7; x. 14; lxxxvi. 15, 16; lxxxviii. 10; cxxviii. 1.

Chorus.

Blessed are the men who fear Him; they ever walk in the ways of peace. Through darkness riseth light to the upright. He is gracious, compassionate; He is righteous.
Psalm cxxviii. 1; cxii. 1, 4.

Recitative.—ELIJAH, AHAB, and CHORUS.

ELIJAH.—As God the Lord of Sabaoth liveth, before whom I stand, three years this day fulfilled, I will show myself unto Ahab; and the Lord will then send rain again upon the earth.

AHAB.—Art thou Elijah? art thou he that troubleth Israel?

CHORUS.—Thou art Elijah, he that troubleth Israel!

ELIJAH.—I never troubled Israel's peace; it is thou, Ahab, and all thy father's house. Ye have forsaken God's commands; and thou hast followed Baalam!

Now send and gather to me, the whole of Israel unto Mount Carmel: there summon the prophets of Baal, and also the prophets of the groves, who are feasted at Jezebel's table. Then we shall see whose God is the Lord.

CHORUS.—And then we shall see whose God is God the Lord.

ELIJAH.—Rise then, ye priests of Baal: select and slay a bullock, and put no fire under it: uplift your voices, and call the god ye worship; and I then will call on the Lord Jehovah; and the God who by fire shall answer, let him be God.

CHORUS.—Yea; and the God who by fire shall answer, let him be God.

ELIJAH.—Call first upon your god: your numbers are many: I, even I only remain, one prophet of the Lord! Invoke your forest-gods and mountain deities.

I. Kings xvii. 17; xviii. 1, 15, 18, 19, 23—25.

Chorus.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.—Baal, we cry to thee! hear and answer us! Heed the sacrifice we offer! hear us! O hear us, Baal!

Hear, mighty god! Baal, O answer us! Let thy flames fall and extirpate the foe! O hear us, Baal!

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—Call him louder, for he is a god! He talketh; or he is pursuing; or he is in a journey; or, peradventure, he sleepeth; so awaken him: call him louder.

Chorus.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.—Hear our cry, O Baal! now arise! wherefore slumber?

Recitative and Air.

ELIJAH.—Call him louder! he heareth not. With knives and lancets cut yourselves after your manner: leap upon the altar ye have made: call him, and prophesy! Not a voice will answer you; none will listen, none heed you.

Chorus.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.—Hear and answer, Baal! Mark! how the scorners derideth us! Hear and answer! I. Kings xviii. 1, 15, 17, 18, 19, 23—29.

Recitative and Air.

ELIJAH.—Draw near, all ye people: come to me!

Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel! this day let it be known that Thou art God; and I am Thy servant! O show to all this people that I have done these things according to Thy word! O hear me, Lord, and answer me; and show this people that Thou art Lord God; and let their hearts again be turned!

I. Kings xviii. 30, 36, 37.

Quartet.

ANGELS.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He never will suffer the righteous to fall: He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great; and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee. Psalm lv. 22; xvi. 8; cviii. 5; xxv. 3.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—O Thou, who makest thine angels spirits;—Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires, let them now descend. Psalm civ. 4.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—The fire descends from heaven: the flames consume his offering!

Before Him upon your faces fall! The Lord is God: O Israel, hear! Our God is one Lord: and we will have no other gods before the Lord! I. Kings xviii. 38, 39.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape you; bring them down to Kishon's brook, and there let them be slain.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape us: bring all, and slay them! I. Kings xviii. 40.

Air.

ELIJAH.—Is not His word like a fire: and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?

For God is angry with the wicked every day: and if the wicked turn not, the Lord will whet His sword; and He hath bent His bow, and made it ready.

Jer. xxiii. 29. Psalm vii. 11, 12.

Air.

Woe unto them who forsake Him! destruction shall fall upon them, for they have transgressed against Him. Though they are by Him redeemed, yet they have spoken falsely against Him. Hosea vii. 13.

Recitative and Chorus.

OBADIAH.—O man of God, help thy people! Among the idols of the Gentiles, are there any that can command the rain, or cause the heavens to give their showers? The Lord our God alone can do these things.

ELIJAH.—O Lord, thou hast overthrown Thine enemies and destroyed them. Look down upon us from heaven, O Lord; regard the distress of Thy people: open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

THE PEOPLE.—Open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

ELIJAH.—Go up now, child, and look toward the sea. Hath thy prayer been heard by the Lord?

THE YOUTH.—There is nothing.
The heavens are as brass above me.

ELIJAH.—When the heavens are closed up because they have sinned against Thee, yet if they pray and confess Thy name, and turn from their sin when Thou dost afflict them; then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O God!

THE PEOPLE.—Then hear from heaven and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O Lord!

ELIJAH.—Go up again, and still look toward the sea.

THE YOUTH.—There is nothing.
The earth is as iron under me!

ELIJAH.—Hearest thou no sound of rain?—seest thou nothing arise from the deep?

THE YOUTH.—No; there is nothing.

ELIJAH.—Have respect to the prayer of Thy servant, O Lord, my God! Unto Thee will I cry, Lord, my rock; be not silent to me; and Thy great mercies remember, Lord!

THE YOUTH.—Behold, a little cloud ariseth now from the waters; it is like a man's hand! The heavens are black with clouds and with wind: the storm rusheth louder and louder!

THE PEOPLE.—Thanks be to God, for all His mercies!

ELIJAH.—Thanks be to God, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for evermore!

Jer. xiv. 22. II. Chron. vi. 19, 26, 27.
Deut. xxviii. 23. Psalm xxviii. 1;
cvi. 1. II Kings xviii. 43, 45.

Chorus.

Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices!

The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty. But the Lord is above them, and Almighty!

Psalm xciii. 3, 4.

PART II.

Air.

Hear ye, Israel; hear what the Lord speaketh:—"Oh, hadst thou heeded my commandments!"

Who hath believed our report; to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One, to him oppressed by Tyrants: thus saith the Lord:—"I am He that comforteth; be not afraid, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee. Say, who art thou, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, who hath stretched for thee the heavens, and laid the earth's foundations? Be not afraid, for I, thy God, will strengthen thee.
Isaiah xlviii. 1, 18; liii. 7; xlix. 7; xli. 10; li. 12, 13.

Chorus.

Be not afraid, saith God the Lord. Be not afraid; thy help is near. God, the Lord thy God, saith unto thee, "Be not afraid!"

Isaiah xli. 10.

ELIJAH.—The Lord hath exalted thee from among the people; and over His people Israel hath made thee king. But thou, Ahab, hast done evil to provoke him to anger above all that were before thee: as if it had been a light thing for thee to walk in the sins of Jeroboam. Thou hast made a grove and an altar to Baal, and served him and worshipped him. Thou hast killed the righteous and also taken possession.

And the Lord shall smite all Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water; and He shall give Israel up, and thou shalt know He is the Lord.

I. Kings xiv. 7, 9, 15; xvi. 30, 31, 32.

THE QUEEN.—Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel?

CHORUS.—We heard it with our ears.

THE QUEEN.—Hath he not prophesied also against the King of Israel?

CHORUS.—We heard it with our ears.

THE QUEEN.—And why hath he spoken in the name of the Lord? Doth Ahab govern the kingdom of Israel while Elijah's power is greater than the king's?

The gods do so to me, and more; if, by to-morrow about this time, I make not his life as the life of one of them whom he hath sacrificed at the brook of Kishon!

CHORUS.—He shall perish!

THE QUEEN.—Yea, by the sword he destroyed them all!

CHORUS.—He destroyed them all !
THE QUEEN.—He also closed the heavens !

CHORUS.—He also closed the heavens !

THE QUEEN.—And called down a famine upon the land.

CHORUS.—And called down a famine upon the land.

THE QUEEN.—So go ye forth and seize Elijah, for he is worthy to die ; slaughter him ! do unto him as he hath done !

OBADIAH.—Man of God, now let my words be precious in thy sight. Thus saith Jezebel : "Elijah is worthy to die." So the mighty gather against thee, and they have prepared a net for thy steps ; that they may seize thee, that they may slay thee. Arise, then, and hasten for thy life ; to the wilderness journey. The Lord thy God doth go with thee : He will not fail thee, He will not forsake thee. Now begone, and bless me also.

ELIJAH.—Though stricken, they have not grieved ! Tarry here, my servant ; the Lord be with thee. I journey hence to the wilderness.

II. Kings i. 13. Jer. v. 3 ; xxvi. 11.
Psalm lix. 3. I. Kings xix. 4.
Deut. xxxi. 6. Exodus xii. 32.
I. Samuel xvii. 37.

Air.

ELIJAH.—It is enough, O Lord ; now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers ! I desire to live no longer ; now let me die, for my days are but vanity !

I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts for the children of Israel have broken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword ; and I, even I, only am left ; and they seek my life to take it away.

Job. vii. 16. I. Kings xix. 10.

Recitative.

See, now he sleepeth beneath a juniper tree in the wilderness ; and there the angels of the Lord encamp round about all them that fear Him.

I. Kings xix. 5. Psalm xxxiv. 7.

Trio.

ANGELS.—Lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh help.

Thy help cometh from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved ; thy Keeper will never slumber.

Psalm cxxi. 1, 3.

Chorus.

ANGELS.—He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps. Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.

Psalm cxxi. 4. ; cxxxviii. 7.

Recitative.

AN ANGEL.—Arise, Elijah, for thou hast a long journey before thee. Forty days and forty nights shalt thou go ; to Horeb, the mount of God.

ELIJAH.—O Lord, I have labored in vain ; yea, I have spent my strength for naught !

O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down ; that the mountains would flow down at Thy presence, to make Thy name known to Thine adversaries, through the wonders of Thy works !

O Lord, why hast Thou made them to err from Thy ways, and hardened their hearts that they do not fear Thee ? O that I now might die !

I. Kings xix. 8. Isaiah xlix. 4 ; lxiv. 1, 2 ; lxiii. 7.

Air.

O rest in the Lord ; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself because of evil doers.

Psalm xxxvii. 1, 7.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—Night falleth round me, O Lord ! Be Thou not far from me ! hide not Thy face, O Lord, from me ; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land.

AN ANGEL.—Arise, now ! Get thee without, stand on the mount before the Lord ; for there His glory will appear and shine on thee ! Thy face must be veiled, for He draweth near.

Psalm cxliii. 6, 7. I. Kings xix. 11.

Chorus.

Behold ! God the Lord passed by ! And a mighty wind rent the mountains around, brake in pieces the

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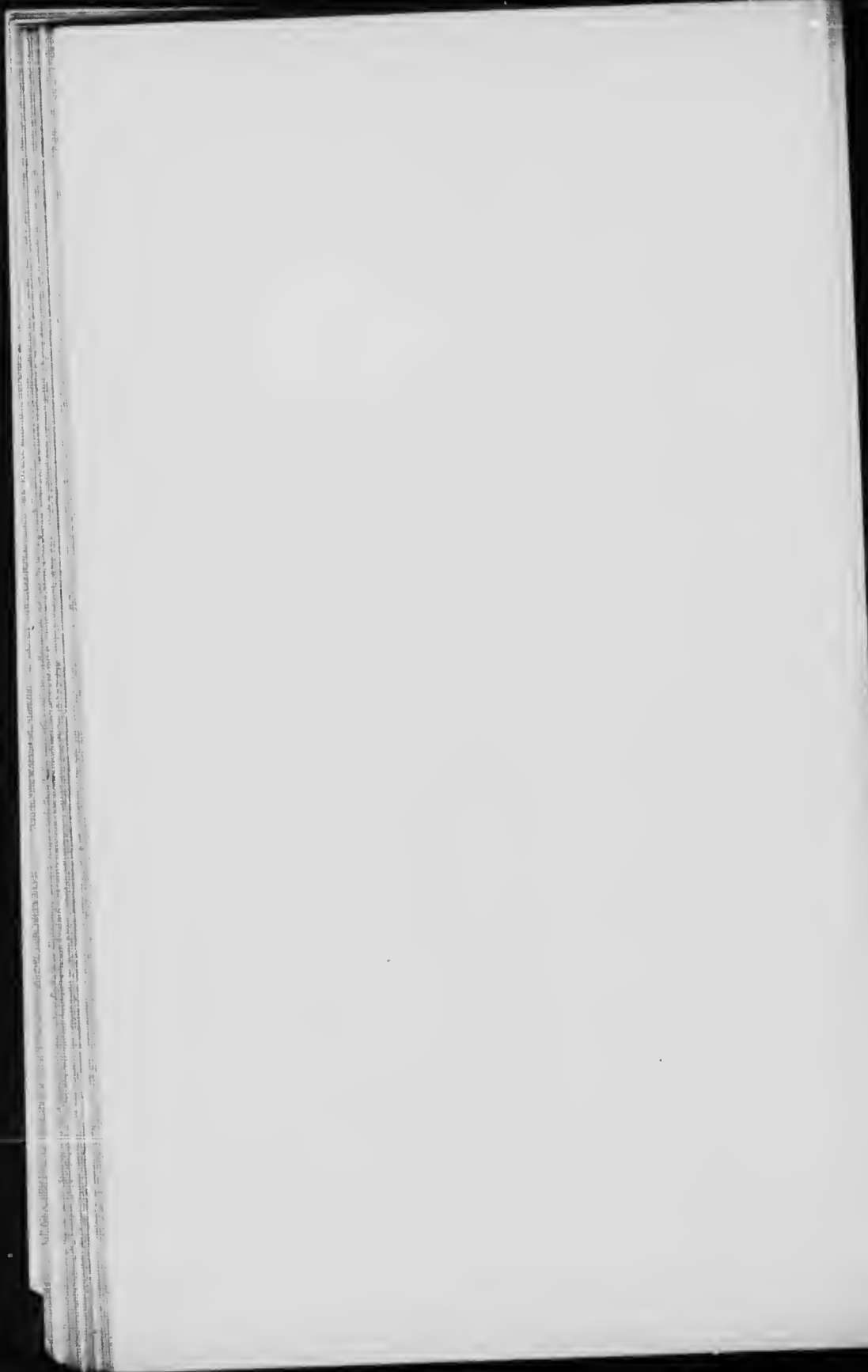
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rocks, brake them before the Lord :
but yet the Lord was not in the tem-
pest.

Behold ! God the Lord passed by !
And the sea was upheaved, and the
earth was shaken : but yet the Lord
was not in the earthquake.

And after the earthquake there
came a fire ; but yet the Lord was
not in the fire.

And after the fire there came a still
small voice ; and in that still small
voice, onward came the Lord.

I. Kings xix. 11, 12

Air.

ELIJAH.—For the mountains shall
depart, and the hills be removed ;
but Thy kindness shall not depart
from Thee, neither shall the covenant
of Thy peace be removed.

Isaiah, liv. 10.

Chorus.

Then did Elijah the prophet break
forth like a fire ; his words appeared
like burning torches. Mighty kings
by him were overthrown. He stood
on the mount of Sinai, and heard the
judgments of the future ; and in
Horeb, its vengeance.

And when the Lord would take
him away to heaven, lo ! there came
a fiery chariot, with fiery horses ; and
he went by a whirlwind to heaven.

Ecclesiastes xlviii. 1, 6, 7. II. Kings
ii. 1, 11.

Air.

Then shall the righteous shine
forth as the sun in their heavenly
Father's realm. Joy on their head
shall be for everlasting, and all sor-
row and mourning shall flee away for
ever. Matthew xiii. 43. Isaiah li. 11.

Recitative.

Behold, God hath sent Elijah the
prophet, before the coming of the
great and dreadful day of the Lord.
And he shall turn the heart of the
fathers to the children, and the heart
of the children unto their fathers ;
lest the Lord shall come and smite
the earth with a curse.

Malachi iv. 5, 6.

Quartet.

O ! come every one that thirsteth,
O come to the waters : come unto
Him. O hear, and your souls shall
live for ever !

Isaiah lv. 1, 3.

Chorus

And then shall your light break
forth as the light of morning break-
eth ; and your health shall speedily
spring forth then ; and the glory of
the Lord ever sha'll reward you.

Lord, our Creator, how excellent
Thy name is in all the nations ! Thou
fillest heaven with Thy glory. Amen !

Isaiah lviii. 8. Psalm viii. 1.

Third May Festival Concert

Thursday Evening, May 25th.

"Faust"

A Lyric Opera

—GOUNOD.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE LYRIQUE, PARIS, MARCH 19, 1859.

THE SCENE IS IN GERMANY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

- ACT 1. In Faust's Study.
ACT 2. The Kermesse. 2. Auerbach's Cellar.
ACT 3. Margarita's Chamber. 2. In the Garden.
ACT 4. Margarita's Home. 2. In the Church.
ACT 5. In the Prison.

CAST

MARGARITA Mrs. Minnie Fish-Griffin
SIEBEL } Miss Genevieve Wheat
MARTHA }
FAUST Mr. Holmes Cowper
VALENTINE Mr. William Beard
MEPHISTOPHELES Mr. Marion Green
WAGNER Mr. Arthur Garthwalte

Students, Soldiers, Villagers, Angels, Demons.

THE LONDON FESTIVAL CHORUS

Mr. Albert D. Jordan, Conductor.

Charles Francois Gounod was born at Paris, June 17th, 1818 ; died there October 17, 1893. We must consider him one of the most eminent of French composers. There was a time when one who questioned his absolute pre-eminence would have been considered lacking in sanity. This was at the time when in "Faust" he displayed, as in no work before or since, his fertility of resource as a dramatic composer. With the years, new ideals of dramatic expression have come, and, unlike Verdi, a much greater genius, he did not respond to these new suggestions, but remained uninfluenced by forces that made an impression on many of his countrymen, even though, like Saint-Saens, they disavow the source of many of their most pronounced tendencies.

ARGUMENT

The "Faust legend" on which Goethe's dramatic poem is based, gradually gathered round the nucleus afforded by the life and deeds of Dr. Johann Faust, a German scholar whose career can be traced, with more or less certainty, from about 1507 to 1540.

Faust, after a life of meditation and research, becomes disgusted with human knowledge, and with his own inability to unravel the mysteries of nature. He summons to his aid an Evil Spirit, who appears under the form of Mephistopheles. By the supernatural power of Mephistopheles, Faust is at once restored to youth, and endowed with personal beauty and splendid attire. In a vision he sees Margarita and falls in love with her. His wish to see her is gratified. Margarita, left by her brother Valentine, a soldier, at first rejects his advances but by the demoniacal influence of Mephistopheles (who is anxious to destroy another human soul) her resistance is at last overcome. Valentine returns from the wars and learns what has occurred; he challenges the seducer of his sister, but, through the intervention of Mephistopheles, he is slain in the encounter.

Horror stricken at the calamity of which she is the cause, Margarita gives way to despair. Her reason becomes affected, and in a fit of frenzy, she kills her child. She is thrown into prison for this crime. Through the intervention of Mephistopheles, Faust obtains access to her cell. Both urge her to fly, but Margarita, actuated by holier feelings, spurns their proffered assistance and places her reliance in repentance and prayer. Overcome by sorrow, and with a prayer of forgiveness on her lips the unhappy girl expires.

Mephistopheles then triumphs at the catastrophe he has been able to bring about, but a chorus of celestial voices is heard proclaiming pardon to the repentant sinner. The Evil Spirit crouches, foiled and overcome, while the spirit of Margarita, borne by angels, is wafted to its heavenly home.

ACT I.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.—FAUST'S study. *He is seated at a table covered with books and parchments. It is nearly morning, and his lamp is on the point of going out.*

FAUST.

Vain ! In vain do I call,
Through my vigil weary,
On creation and its Lord !
Never a reply will break the silence dreary—
No sign—no single word.
Years, how many ! are now behind me—
Yet I cannot break the dreary chain,
That to mournful Life doth bind me ;
I look in vain ! I learn in vain !

vain ! vain !

The stars grow pale ; the dawn
covers the heav'ns,
Mysterious night passes away,

[Despairingly.]

Another day, and yet another day.
O death ! come in thy pity and bid
the strife be over.

What then ? If thus death will
avoid me,

Why should I not go forth and seek
him ?

All hail ; brightest of days and
last !

Without a dread am I.
The land of promise nearing,
By spell of magic cheering
Shall the narrow strait be passed !

CHORUS OF GIRLS. *(Without)*

Ah ! careless, idle maiden,
Wherefore dreaming still ?

Day with roses laden
Cometh o'er the hill.
The blithe birds are singing,
And hear what they do say :
"Through the meadows ringing
The harvest is so gay."
Brooks and bees and flowers
Warble to the grove,
Who has time for sadness ?
Awaken to love !

FAUST.

Foolish echoes of human gladness,
Go by, pass on your way !
Goblet so often drained by my
father's hand so steady,
Why now dost thou tremble in
mine ?

CHORUS OF REAPERS. (*Without*)

Come forth, ye reapers, young and
hoary !
'Twas long ago the early swallow
Went up where eye can never fol-
low—
Yonder in the blue, far away.
The earth is proud with harvest
glory !
Rejoice and pray.

FAUST.

If I pray there is none to hear—
To give me back my love,
Its believing and its glow.
Accurst be all ye thoughts of earth-
ly pleasure,
And every by-passed treasure,
Which by memory binds me below !
Accurst ye toys, which did allure
me,
Yet, when possessed, no rapture
could secure me.
Fond dreams of hope ! ambitions
high,
And their fulfillment so rare !
Accurst, my vaunted learning,
And forgiveness and prayer !
Accurst the patience that calms the
yearning !
To powers of ill I cry,
Infernal king, appear !

[*Mephistopheles appears.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Here am I !

You stare as you greet me.
Does it fright you to meet me ?
With sword at my side,
And cap on my head,
And a purse rather heavy,
And a gay velvet cloak on my
shoulder,

I travel as noblemen travel.
Speak out, wise man, what is your
will ?

At once tell me. Are you afraid ?

FAUST.—No.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you doubt my might to aid
you ?

FAUST.—It may be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It were easy to prove me.

FAUST.—Begone !

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Begone !

Is this the way you cheat me ?
Now learn, old man, with all your
skill,
Well-born hosts politely treat me !
Nor as you have done to-day.
Call for aid from far away !
Then to say "begone !" as if to
beat me !

FAUST.

Canst thou do aught for me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Aught ! All !

But first let me hear what I must
do.

Say, is it gold ?

FAUST.

What is gold to me, who hath
learning ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good ! Methinks I can fancy your
yearning.

'Tis then for glory ?

FAUST.—No, for more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—For a kingdom ?

FAUST.—No. I'd have thee restore

What outbuys them all.
My youth ! Canst thou restore me !

Be mine the delight
Of beauty's caresses,
Her soft wavy tresses,
Her eyes beaming bright.
Be mine the warm current
Of blood in every vein,
The passion in torrent,
Which nothing can rein !
The rapture whose pleasure
To time giveth flight !
O Youth, without measure
Be mine the delight.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.—'Tis well—'tis well !
Be young and enjoy without measure.
I will content your wildest craving.

FAUST.
And what fee do you ask in exchange ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—What my fee ?
Hardly worth having—
Up here, I will wait on your pleasure ;
But down there you must wait on me.

FAUST.—Below !

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Below ! Come on ! sign it !
What now What appalls you !
Needs there more to chase the cold ?
Is it now woman calls you ?
Doubt not, turn you : and behold !

[The vision — MARGARITA is seen sitting at her spinning wheel.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Come !

FAUST.—I'll meet her again ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—It seems so.

FAUST.—How soon ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Why, to-day.

FAUST.—Away !

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Away then — away !

FAUST.—Be mine the delight
Of beauty's caresses,
Her soft wavy tresses,
Her eyes beaming bright.
Be mine the warm current
Filling every vein—
Passion in torrent,
Which nothing can rein !
The rapture whose pleasure
To time giveth flight !
O Youth ! without measure
Be mine thy delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be thine the delight
Of beauty's caresses,
Her soft, wavy tresses,
Her eyes beaming bright.
Be thine the warm current
Filling every vein,
Share passion in torrent

Which nothing can rein,
And the rapture whose pleasure
To time giveth flight.
O Youth ! without measure
Be thine the delight.

ACT II.

KERMESSE.

SCENE I.—*The Fair (Kermesse).
Wagner, Students, Soldiers and
Citizens discovered at a tavern,
drinking and singing.*

CHORUS OF STUDENTS.

Still or sparkling, rough or fine,
What can it matter, so we have
wine ?
What if the vintage great be or
small,
Your jolly toper drinketh of all.

WAGNER.

Student, versed in every barrel,
Save the one of water white,
To thy glory, to thy love
Drink away to-night.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Young girls, ancient castles, they
are a'! the same ;
Old towns, dainty maidens, are
alike our game !
For the hero, brave and tender,
makes of both his prey,
Both to valor must surrender and a
ransom pay.

OLD MEN.

Each new Sunday brings the old
story.
Danger gone by, how we enjoy !
While to-day each hot-headed boy
Fights for to-day's little glory !
Let me but sit cozy and dry
Under the trees with my daughter,
And while raft and boat travel by
Drink to the folk on the water.

GIRLS.

Only look how they do eye us,
Yonder fellows gay !
Howsoever they defy us,
Never run away.

STUDENTS.

How those merry girls do eye us !
We know what it means—
To despise us, to decoy us,
Like so many queens.

MATRONS.

Only see the brazen creatures
With the men at play ;
Had the latter choice in features,
They would turn this way.

CHORUS.

One would allure them,
They look so gay,
Only see, they look so gay.
If it give you pleasure
You may rail away.
To a gentle lover
We know what to say,
Tenderly moreover,
Take it as ye may.
If you secure them
What worth are they ?
What a display !
Boldness without measure
Is the mode to-day,
All of us disgracing
By your vain display,
At a word embracing
People such as they.

OLD MEN.

Come here ! come here !
Sit down and drink a drop, I say,
And drink a drop by the way ;
My wife is scolding away,
It is her daily labor.

STUDENTS.

No jolly rover need fear a "nay" ;
Never jolly rover need fear a "nay" ;
Take me for thy lover,
Pretty one, I pray ;
Never jolly rover
Need fear a "nay" .

DRINKERS.

Long live the wine !
Red or white liquor, coarse or fine,
etc.
Long live the soldier,
The soldier gay !
Be it ancient city,
Be it maiden pretty,
Both must fall our prey.
Comrades, to your armors !
If the silly charmers
Will provoke a fray,
If they meet disasters
Ere they own their masters,
Who's to blame but they ?

[Enter VALENTINE, arranging
a medal around his neck, fol-
lowed by SIEBEL.

VALENTINE.

Dear gift of my sister,
Made more holy by her prayer,
However great the danger,
There's naught shall do me harm,
Protected by this charm.

WAGNER.—Ah ! Valentine here !
It is time to be marching.

VALENTINE.

A parting cup, my friend,
If we ne'er drink another !

WAGNER.—Why so dull ?
Thou a soldier reluctant to go ?

VALENTINE.

I am grave ; for behind me
I leave, alone and young,
My sister Margarita.
She has but me to look to,
Our mother being gone !

SIEBEL.

I shall always be near her,
To guard her like a brother in thy
stead !

VALENTINE.—Thine hand !

SIEBEL.—Be sure I will not fail.

CHORUS.—We will watch o'er her too !
Even bravest heart may swell
In the moment of farewell,
Loving smile of sister kind,
Quiet home I leave behind.
Oft shall I think of you
When e'er the wine cup passes
'round,
When alone my watch I keep,
And my comrades lie asleep
Among their arms upon the tented
battle ground.

But when danger to glory shall call
me,
I shall be first, will be first in the
fray,
As blithe as a knight in his bridal
array,
Careless what fate may befall me.

WAGNER.—Have done, my hearts !
Enough of melancholy.
Come what come may,
Let the soldier be jolly !
Some wine, and let some hero
brave
Tune forthwith a merry stave !

CHORUS.

Some wine ! and let some hero
brave

Tune up forthwith some merry
stave !

WAGNER.

A rat, who was born a coward,
And was ugly too,
Once sat in the abbot's cellar,
'Neath a barrel new.
A cat—

[MEPHISTOPHELES enters.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.—A what ?

WAGNER.—Eh ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

May not I, though a stranger,
Make one of such a jovial party ?

[To WAGNER.]

Pray sir, conclude the merry stave,
so well begun.
And I will sing when you have
done a much better one.

WAGNER.—Sing it to us at once,
Or we shall call you boaster.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you must, sirs, you shall ;
I look to you for chorus.
Clear the way for the Calf of Gold !
In his pride and pomp adore him ;
East or West, through hot and
cold,
Weak and strong must bow before
him !

Wisest men do homage mute,
To the image of the brute,
Dancing 'round his pedestal,
While old Mammon leads the ball.

SIEBEL, WAGNER, MEPHISTOPHELES
and CHORUS....

While old Mammon leads the ball.
For a King is the Calf of Gold!
On their thrones the gods defying,
Let the Fates or Furies scold ;
Lo his Empire is undying!
Pope and Poet join the ring,
Laurell'd chiefs his triumph sing,
Dancing round his pedestal,
While old Mammon leads the ball.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Striking the head
of Bacchus at the side of the inn.*)

Come while you can,
And each one drink the wine most
to his taste,
While I propose the health of the
dearest of all dears,
Our Margarita.

VALENTINE.—Enough !

Bridle thy tongue, or thou diest by
my hand !

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Come on !

[Both draw.]

CHORUS.—Come on !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Mocking.*)
So soon afraid
Who so lately defied me ?

VALENTINE.

My sword ! O dishonor ! is broken
in sunder.

SIEBEL, VALENTINE, WAGNER and
CHORUS.

'Gainst the pow'rs of evil our arms
assailing,
Strongest earthly might must be
unavailing.

VALENTINE.

But know thou art powerless to
harm us.
Look hither ! look hither !
Whilst this blest sign we wear
Thou canst not harm us.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We're sure to meet again, my fine
friends ;

[Enter FAUST.]

Good-bye now !

FAUST.—What's amiss ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Naught !

I am here at your thought.
What is your will with me ?
How first shall I please you ?

FAUST.

First let me see her, that darling
child,
Whom I saw as in a dream ;
Or was all an empty vision ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so ! but you may find it
Not easy to win her,
Task for no sanctimonious be-
ginner.

FAUST.

What matter, so I win ?
Come, and if I cannot see her,
Thy promise I'll stamp as a lie !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As you will ! I'm your slave on
earth,

Ordned to do your will !
 Soon this dainty treasure,
 Too pure for such a sinner,
 Shall be here !
 While the dancers go so gaily by
 You may your fortune try,
 Try and succeed !

CHORUS.

Light as air at dawn of morning,
 Our feet they fly over the ground,
 To the music's merry sound.
 For the flute and gayer viol,
 Are to-day a cheerful trial,
 To make the dance go round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How their dear eyes are beaming !
 Only see how every flower
 Is waiting for thee to smile.

FAUST.

Cease to whisper for a little while,
 And leave me alone with my
 dreaming.

SIEBEL.—Weary I wait till she goes
 by,

Margarita.

CHORUS.—Why will you be shy,
 Must we ask you to dance with us ?

SIEBEL.

No, no, some more handsome one
 try.

CHORUS.—Light as air, etc.

FAUST.—It is she ! my own one !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thine own ! Hast thou no tongue ?

SIEBEL.—Margarita !

MEPHISTOPHELES.—I'm here !

SIEBEL.—Wicked monster ! Not yet
 gone ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It seems not, you see,
 Since again we meet !
 Not gone yet ! not gone yet !

[MARGARITA crosses the stage.

FAUST.

High-born and lovely maid,
 Forgive my humble duty.
 Let me be your willing slave,
 Attend you home, to-day.

MARGARITA.

No, my lord not a lady am I,
 Nor yet a beauty ;
 And do not need an arm,
 To help me on my way !

FAUST (*Gazing after her.*)

By my youth !
 What a charm !
 She knows not of her beauty.
 Angel of light ! I love thee.

SIEBEL.—She has gone homeward.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST.*)

What news ?

FAUST.—But ill. She would not
 hear me.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Laughing.*)

Not hear ?
 What will you do ?
 It would seem, master mine,
 I must teach you to woo.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

What is this ? Margarita,
 Who would not let a young
 And handsome lord esquire her !
 Again ! again ! go on again !
 Light as air, at early morning,
 Our feet fly over the ground
 To the music's merry sound.
 Pleasure enchanting !
 Till breath be gone !
 All glowing and panting,
 Let us dance on !
 The earth it is reeling,
 The bliss of a trance
 What bliss are we feeling.
 Long live the dance !

ACT III.

SIEBEL.

Gentle flow'rs in the dew,
 Bear love from me,
 Tell her no flow'r is rarer,
 Tell her that she is fairer,
 Dearer to me than all,
 Though fair you be !
 Gentle flow'rs in the dew,
 Bear sighs from me,
 Tell her in accents tender,
 Tell her that I'll defend her,
 Gladly my life surrender,
 Her knight to be !
 [She stoops and picks up a flower.
 'Tis withered ! Alas ! that dark
 stranger foretold me



MRS. MINNIE FISH-GRIFFIN

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What my fate must be—
 Never to touch a single flower
 But it must decay—
 Suppose I dip my hand in holy
 water,
 Behind the abbey door,
 Whither prays Margarita ?
 Yes, that will I try on the morrow.
 This is not withered. No ! Avaunt
 Father of lies !
 Gentle flow'rs lie there,
 And tell her from me
 Long is my weary waiting,
 Strong is my heart's wild beating,
 While to her in the air
 I bend my knee,
 Gentle flow'rs lie there
 And tell her from me
 Would she deign but to hear me,
 With one smile to cheer me,
 For a delight so sweet
 I would die at her feet.

[Exit SIEBEL. Enter FAUST.]

FAUST.

What is it that charms me,
 And with passion true and tender
 warms me ?
 My agitated heart's revealing the
 tender passion I am feeling.
 O Margarita ! Thy unworthy slave
 am I !
 All hail, thou dwelling pure and
 lowly !
 Home of an angel fair and holy,
 All mortal fair excelling !
 What wealth is here, what wealth
 outbidding gold,
 Of peace and love, and innocence
 untold !
 Bounteous Nature !
 'Twas here by day thy lore was
 taught her,
 Here thou didst with care over-
 shadow thy daughter
 Through the hours of the night !
 Here, waving tree and flower
 Made her an Eden-bower
 Of beauty and delight,
 For one whose very birth
 Brought down Heaven to our
 Earth,
 'Twas here !
 All hail, thou dwelling pure and
 lowly, etc.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Attention ! here she comes !

If yonder flowers this casket do
 outshine,
 Never will I trust a little more.

FAUST.

Away ! I will not bring shame to
 her door.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What now can keep you back ?
 On the door's quiet threshold, see,
 the casket is laid.

[Laying down the casket. *Exeunt.*
 Stand back ! be not afraid !

[Enter MARGARITA.]

MARGARITA.

I wish I could but know who was
 the one that addressed me ;
 If one of noble birth, or what his
 name and station !
 Once there was a king in Thule—
 Who was until death always faith-
 ful,
 And in memory of his loved one,
 Caused a cup of gold to be made ;
 [Stopping and speaking to herself.]

His manner was so gentle,
 'Twas true politeness !

[Resuming the song.]

This rare cup so tenderly cherish'd,
 Aye at his side the king did keep,
 And every time it touch'd his lip,
 He wept and thought of her long
 perished.

Over the sea at last came Death,
 And on his couch, the old king
 lying,

Call'd for the cup when he was
 dying,
 Almost with his latest breath,

[Stopping and speaking to herself]

I knew not what to say—
 My face with blushes red ;

[Resuming the song.]

Once more with the old and true
 devotion,
 The king would have his cup of
 gold.

Then, with his hand in Death grow-
 ing cold,

He flung the goblet in the ocean.
 'Tis but to noble birth belongs so
 brave a mien ;

And so tender withal !
 No more ! an idle dream,
 Dear Valentine ! may heaven
 bless thee

And bring thee home again !
I am left here so lonely !

[*Seeing the flowers.*

Ah ! flowers left here, no doubt,
by Siebel, poor faithful boy !
But what is this,
And by whom can the casket have
been left ?

I dare not touch it ! though the
key is laid beside it.
What is within ? Will it open ?
Why not ! I may open, at least,
since to look will harm no one.

[*Opens casket.*

Oh heaven ! What brilliant gems,
With their magical glare deceive
my eyes !
Can they be real ? Oh, never in
my sleep.)

Did I dream of aught so lovely !

[*Puts down the casket and
kneels down to adorn herself
with the jewels.*

If I dared for a moment
But to try these earrings, so splen-
did !

And here, by a chance, at the bot-
tom of the casket, is a glass !

Why resist it any longer ?

Ah ! the joy past compare,
These jewels bright to wear !

Was I ever maiden lowly ?

Is it I ? Come reply !

Mirror, mirror, tell me truly.

No, no, this is not I !

No, surely enchantment is o'er me !

High-born maiden I must be.

This is not I, but a noble and King
shall pay homage before me.

Ah ! if it might only be,

Ah ! could he my beauty see,

Now as a royal lady

He would adore me. Ah ! Ah !

Ah ! Ah ! as now a royal lady per-
chance he would adore me !

Here are more, ready to adorn me !

Let us see this necklace, and brace-
let and oh !

A string of pearls ! Ah !

It feels like a weight laid on my
arm to oppress me.

Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! the joy past com-
pare, etc.

[*Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

MARTHA.

Saints above, holy angels !

How charmingly you look, my own
darling !

Where did you your jewels gain ?

MARGARITA.

Alas ! they're not mine,
I just found them by chance.

MARTHA.

No ! No ! No ! Yonder jewels are
yours,

Not meant for any other,
Yes a gift from some noble,
Who humbly admires ;

My poor old man would gladly
have given me such, if he
could.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Am I speaking to Madam Schwer-
lein ?

MARTHA.—That's my name, sir.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The fault is yours if I am bold, you
look so kind,

(Just see how the jewels have pav-
ed the way for all,)

I have news for your ear.

MARTHA.—You have news !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It afflicts me thus to grieve you !
'Tis news that comes always too
soon.

Know that your tender husband
Is dead, and sends you his blessing ?

MARTHA.—Ah ! great Heav'n !

MARGARITA.—What is this ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Naught !

MARTHA.—O distressing news !
O grief beyond expressing !

MARGARITA.

Ah ! my heart, how it trembles
With joy that's past repressing.

FAUST.

What joy to meet her eyes,
Half nervous, half caressing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Know that your tender husband
Is dead and sends his blessing ?

MARTHA.

My husband has sent nothing
more ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, blessings are cheap,
And lest you die of grief,
Seek for another, richer,
And with heart more tender !

FAUST.

Why take off what suits you so well ?

MARGARITA.

You can see they're too splendid
for me,
A queen might properly wear them !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Happy will be the man you choose
to be your next,
I trust he will be worthy.

MARTHA.—You sigh. For why ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I sigh because of my misfortunes.

FAUST.—Take my arm a little while.

MARGARITA.

I pray you, I pray you, excuse me !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Offering his arm to
MARTHA.*)—My arm !

MARTHA (*Aside.*)—How sweet a
smile !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Aside.*)

This good neighbor hopes to steal
me.

Yes ! she hopes to steal me.

MARGARITA.—Pray you, sir, excuse
me !

MARTHA.—Pray you, don't leave me.

FAUST.—Pray you, forgive me !

MARTHA.—And so you never rest !

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Oh, no !

Hard on a man like me so steady,
Hard on a man like me,
Not a friend, not a home ! not a
lady,
Ah !

MARTHA.

When young perhaps it may be
best,

Quite young perhaps it may be
best.

But there's nothing indeed more
doleful in nature than an old,
old unmarried creature ! poor
unmarried creature !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a creature, all alone,
Such a creature, all alone,
I vow has often made me shiver.

MARTHA.

You may escape the chance forever,
And should before you turn to
stone,

MEPHISTOPHELES.—May I escape ?
But why are you lonely ?

[*To MARGARITA.*]

MARGARITA.

My mother is gone ;
At the war is my brother ;
One dear little sister I had,
But, little darling, she, too, is dead
The angel ! the angel !
Loved me, and loved me only ;
I waited on her, night and day.
How I worked for her ! oh, so
dearly !

But those to whom we cling most
dearly

Are the first to be called away.
Sure as ever morning came,
Came her call, and I must be there !
Since she could speak, she called
me mother.

Oh my bird ! ne'er for another
Half so truly my heart will care !

FAUST.

If a second angel, made by heaven,
Could so pure, could so perfect be,
She was an angel !

An angel sister to thee.

No, no ; do not leave me !

Wherefore should you fear ?

Heaven ! strike me down, if I de-
ceive you !

For why should you fear ?

MARGARITA.

You laugh at me !

Ah, my lord, I fear

Words like yours to hear !

While they murmur near,

I must, alas ! suspect you.

I pray you to leave me.

Yes ! I must not hear them,

Should they yet deceive me !

MARTHA.

Sir ! you do not hear,

And your quiet sneer

Is put on to grieve me.

Sir, you do not hear !

Oh ! that sneer, that sneer,

Is put on to grieve me !
 You go like another !
 After having spoken,
 Leaving one alone.
 Why should you begone,
 To leave me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do not be severe !
 The time is near when I must leave
 you.
 Do not be severe !
 If I go and travel,
 Does that mean that I deceive you?
 If I travel on, does that deceive
 you ?

MARGARITA.

I pray you go,—
 The night comes on !

FAUST.—Dear angel !

MARGARITA.—Say no more !

FAUST.—Ah ! unkind one, will you
 go ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ere the scene become too moving,
 'Twere best to fly !

MARTHA.—(Now be most civil!)

Methinks—why he is gone !
 My lord ! my dear lord !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, so let her run. Ouf !
 Yonder jolly old matron was long-
 ing, yes, longing, upon my
 word, to wed the Devil ! How
 absurd !

MARTHA.—Pray, my lord !

FAUST.—Margarita ! Margarita !

MARGARITA.

The hour is late ! Farewell !

FAUST.

Oh ! never leave me, now, I pray
 thee !
 Why not enjoy this lovely night a
 little longer ?
 Let me gaze on the form before me !
 While from yonder ether blue
 Look how the stars of eve,
 Bright and tender, linger o'er me !
 To love thy beauty, too.

MARGARITA.

Oh, how strange, like a spell,
 Does the evening bind me !
 And a deep languid charm
 I feel without alarm,
 With this melody unwind me,
 And all my heart subdue !
 Let me now try my fortune !

FAUST.—What is this ?

MARGARITA (*Taking the leaves from a
 flower.*)

Let me, let me but try.

FAUST.—Was it her fancy ?

MARGARITA.

He loves me—he loves me not !
 He loves me !

FAUST (*To her.*)

Ah ! 'tis no tale betraying ;
 The flower has told thee true !
 Repeat the words anew
 That Nature's herald brings thee !
 He loves thee !
 In that spell, defy what fate can
 do—

In love, no mortal power
 Faithful hearts can sever !
 Whatever the weal or woe,
 We will be faithful for ever !
 Ever true, ever faithful !
 O tender moon, O starry Heav'n,
 Silent above thee, where the angels
 are enthroned,
 Hear me swear how dearly do I
 love thee,
 Yet once again, beloved one let me
 hear thee,
 It is but love to be near thee,
 Thine own and thine alone.
 Ah ! loved one ! I am thine alone.
 Ah ! loved one ! I am thine own !
 I am thine own, and thine alone.
 Margarita !

MARGARITA.—Ah ! begone.

FAUST.—Unkind one !

MARGARITA.—I falter !

FAUST.—To bid me thus begone !

MARGARITA.—Ah ! begone !

Ah ! I dare not hear !
 Ah ! how I falter ! I faint with
 fear !
 Pity, and spare the heart of Mar-
 garita.
 I entreat you only in mercy to be-
 gone !

FAUST.

O dear one, let me remain and
cheer thee,
Nor drive me hence with brow
severe,
Margarita ! Margarita ! I implore !
The one I love, the only one, I im-
plore thee ! Margarita !

MARGARITA.—If indeed you love me,
By that tender vow that we have
sworn,
By that secret torn from me,
I entreat you only in mercy to be
gone !
Adieu ! Adieu ! let me entreat
you gone ! etc.

FAUST.

Thou seest, ah me, how I entreat
thee,
Let me remain,
If indeed thou dost love me,
Margarita ! let me here stay,
Margarita ! Oh, woe is me !
Oh, fair and tender child !
Angel, so holy, thou shalt control
me,
Be passion ever so wild !
I obey—but at morn ?

MARGARITA.

Yes, at morn, very early !
At morn, all day !

FAUST.

One word at parting !
The one, one word of heaven say—
Thou lov'st me !

MARGARITA.—I love thee !

*[Hastens towards the pavilion,
then stops short on the thresh-
hold, and waits a kiss to
FAUST.]*

FAUST.

Were it already morn !
Ah, now away !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, thou dreamer !

FAUST.—Thou hast overheard ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, I have,
Your parting with its modest word.
Go back, on the spot, to your
school again !

FAUST.—Let me pass !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not a step ; you shall stay, and
overhear again
That which she telleth to the stars.
You dreamer !

[MARGARITA opens the window.]
I know !
Look ! there she opens the win-
dow.

MARGARITA.

He loves me ! he loves me !
Repeat it again bird, that callest !
Soft wind that fallest !
When the light of evening dieth,
Bear a part in the strain.
He loves me ! Ah ! our world is
glorious,
And more than heaven above !
The air is balmy
With the very breath of love !
How the boughs embrace and mur-
mur !
At morn ! at morn !
Ah, speed, thou night, away !
He will return ! Come !

FAUST.—Margarita !

MARGARITA.—Ah !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There ! Ha, ha, ha ! Ha !

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Grand Square.*—*Procession
of Soldiers and Citizens.*—VALEN-
TINE and SIEBEL meet.

SIEBEL.

When all was young and pleasant,
May was blooming,
I, thy poor friend, took part with
thee in play ;
Now that the cloud of Autumn
dark is glooming,
Now is forever me, too, mournful
the day !
Hope and light have passed from
life away !
We were not born with true love to
trifle !
Nor born to part because the wind
blows cold ;
What tho' the storm the summer
garden rife,
O Margarita ! O Margarita !
Still on the bough is left a leaf of
gold.

MARGARITA.

May Heav'n reward thee, friend,
For all thine aid to me,
Those who by right of virtue now
d disdain me,
Give me but little pain,
While I have power to pray !
I go before the Cross,
My repentance to lay.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Glory and love to the men of old,
Their sons may copy their virtues
bold ;
Courage in heart and sword in
hand,
Ready to fight or ready to die for
Fatherland !
Who needs bidding to dare by a
trumpet blown ?
Who lacks pity to spare when the
field is won ?
Who could fly from a foe, if alone
or last,
And boast he was true, as coward
might do when peril is past ?
Now to home again !
We come, the long and fiery strife
of battle is over ;
Rest is pleasant after toil
As hard as ours beneath a stranger
sun,
Many a maiden fair is waiting
Here to greet her truant soldier-
lover !
And many a heart will fail and
brow grow pale to hear—
To hear the tale of cruel peril he
has run.
We are at home ! We are at home !
[All exeunt rejoicing.

[Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why linger here, my master ?
You'll find her in the house !

FAUST.

Be still, thou fiend !
Too much have I already brought
here of sorrow and sin !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then why come again,
After having once left her ?
I know of beauties so fresh, and far
more kindly,
And waiting but for you .

FAUST.—Margarita !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I see that I talk in vain,
Since, like a fool, you love her.
But to unlock yonder door
We must move her,
Just listen while I sing her a fanci-
ful strain !
Catarina, while you sham asleep,
You contrive to hear,
Thro' the lattice shyly peep and see
your love is near !
To his mistress dear, while creeping
Thus sang her cavalier !
Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
'Ere the toll-tale moon had risen,
A bird of night thus did sing—
Lock thy heart like any prison,
Till thou secure a wedding-ring.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Catarina ! cruel, cruel !
Cruel to deny to him who loves
thee—
For thee doth mourn and sigh—
A single kiss from thy rosy lips.
Thus to slight a faithful lover,
Who so long hath been a rover,
Too bad, I declare !
[Enter VALENTINE from the house.

VALENTINE.—What is your will with
me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With you, my captain splendid ?
My humble serenade was not for
you intended.

VALENTINE.

At my sister !
You then would jeer.

FAUST.—Oh heaven !

[VALENTINE breaks MEPHISTO-
PHELES' guitar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is there something that bites you ?
Or, may be, no serenade delights
you ?

VALENTINE.

Enough of insult ! Reply !
By which of you two shall I be re-
quited
For name defiled, for laurel bight-
ed !
Which of you two shall be thrust
by my sword ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will you be mad ?
Come on, my pupil,
[FAUST draws his sword.
And take him at his word !

FAUST.

His eye, so stern and dark with
blood,
With fatal might enthralis me !
Is not a brother's vengeance just,
If death befalls me ?

VALENTINE.

Thou who rulest right,
Thou knowest the voice that calls
me,
My sword shall find his heart out-
right
If death befalls me !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such an eye, dark with blood,
Enkindles, not appalls me ;
For I smile, since in his ire
I see good luck befalls me !

VALENTINE.

Thou Charm ! on which to shield
my life,
Frail Margarita's prayers were
spoken,
I will not have thee in the strife,
Begone, accursed token !
I will not have thee in the strife.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's gallant, on my life ;

VALENTINE.

On guard, air ! Heaven save the
right !

MEPHISTOPHELES,

Lean against me, my friend,
Be not eager to fight ! lean on me !
He shall have it.

[FAUST and VALENTINE fight—
they make four thrusts. VAL-
ENTINE falls.

So, captain, lie you there,
On your last bed of glory !
And now come away ! come away !

[Exeunt FAUST and MEPHISTO-
PHELES.

CHORUS.

This way was the noise !
In the streets they were fighting,

And one is on the ground,
Over there in the shade ;

[MARTHA and citizens enter.

But he is not dead !
He is trying to rise !
Come to his aid !
Support him, raise his head !

VALENTINE.

Too late ! too late !
There's no need, good friends, to
bewail me !
Too often have I looked on death
to be afraid,
Now that he is near.

[Enter MARGARITA at back.

MARGARITA.—Valentine ! Valentine !

VALENTINE.

Margarita, my sister,
What brings thee here ? Begone !

MARGARITA.—Mercy !

VALENTINE.

Thy shame hath slain me !
Her fine betrayer's sword
Hath sent her brother home !

CHORUS.—Traitor's sword !

SIEBEL.—Pardon !.

MARGARITA.

Oh torture cruel ! my doom is
come !

SIEBEL.—Pray have mercy !

CHORUS.

Her shame hath slain him !
Her shame hath sent her brother
home !

VALENTINE.

Hear my last words !
Margarita, when fate strikes thee
down,

Must thou, as I, be ready :
No use is it to struggle or pray
When the call from on high bids us
to come away ;

Live, live, meanwhile,
Enjoy thy guilty splendor,
Wear a rich robe thy white limbs
to enfold.

Cover with rings thy hand so soft
and tender !

Laugh at the feast with other wo-
men bold !

Go, and talk of thy mother,
Who did love thee so well,

And thy wild soldier brother.
Live, and grow old !
And remember for thy shame how
he fell !
Let heaven reject thee and earth be
thy hell !

CHORUS.

Do not curse where thou liest,
Beware how thou defiest !
In heaven's name
Make thy peace ere thou diest !
Forgive her, if thou wouldst thyself
be forgiv'n !

VALENTINE.

Margarita, let me curse thee !
On thy death-bed thou too must
lie !
Ah ! thy hand hath slain me !
Like a soldier I die.

[VALENTINE dies.]

SIEBEL, MARTHA, and CHORUS.

Heaven give him rest !
And accord her forgiveness for her
sin.

SCENE II.—*The Church.*—MARGARITA discovered kneeling at a font.

MARGARITA.

O Thou, who on thy throne
Giv'st an ear for repentance !
Here, before thy feet, let me pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No ! Thou shalt pray no more !
Let her know, ere she prayeth,
Demons of ill, what is in store.

CHORUS OF DEMONS.—Margarita !

MARGARITA.—Who calls me ?

CHORUS.—Margarita !

MARGARITA.

I falter—afraid !
Oh ! save me from myself !
Has even now the hour of torture
begun ?

[*The tomb opens and discovers
MEPHISTOPHELES who bends
over to MARGARITA'S ear.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Recollect the old time, when the
angels, caressing,
Did teach thee to pray,
Recollect how thou comest to ask
for a blessing
At the dawn of the day !

When thy feet did fall back, and
thy breath it did falter
As though to ask for aid ;
Recollect thou wast then of the rite
and the altar,
In thine innocence afraid !
And now be glad and hear !
Thy playmates do claim thee,
From below, to their home !
The worm to welcome thee,
The fire to warm thee,
Wait but till thou shalt come !

MARGARITA.

Ah ! What sound in the gloom
Is beneath me, around me ?
Angels of wrath ? Is this your
sentence of cruel doom ?

CHORAL (*By the worshippers in church.*)

When the book shall be unsealed,
When the future be revealed,
What frail mortal shall not yield ?

MARGARITA.

And I, the frailest of the frail,
Have most need of Thy forgive-
ness !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No ! Let them pray, let them weep !
But thy sin is deep, too deep,
To hope forgiveness !
No ! No !

CHORAL.

Where shall human sinner be,
How lie hid in earth and sea,
To escape, escape eternity ?

MARGARITA.

Ah ! The hymn is around and
about me,
It bindeth a cord 'round my brow !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

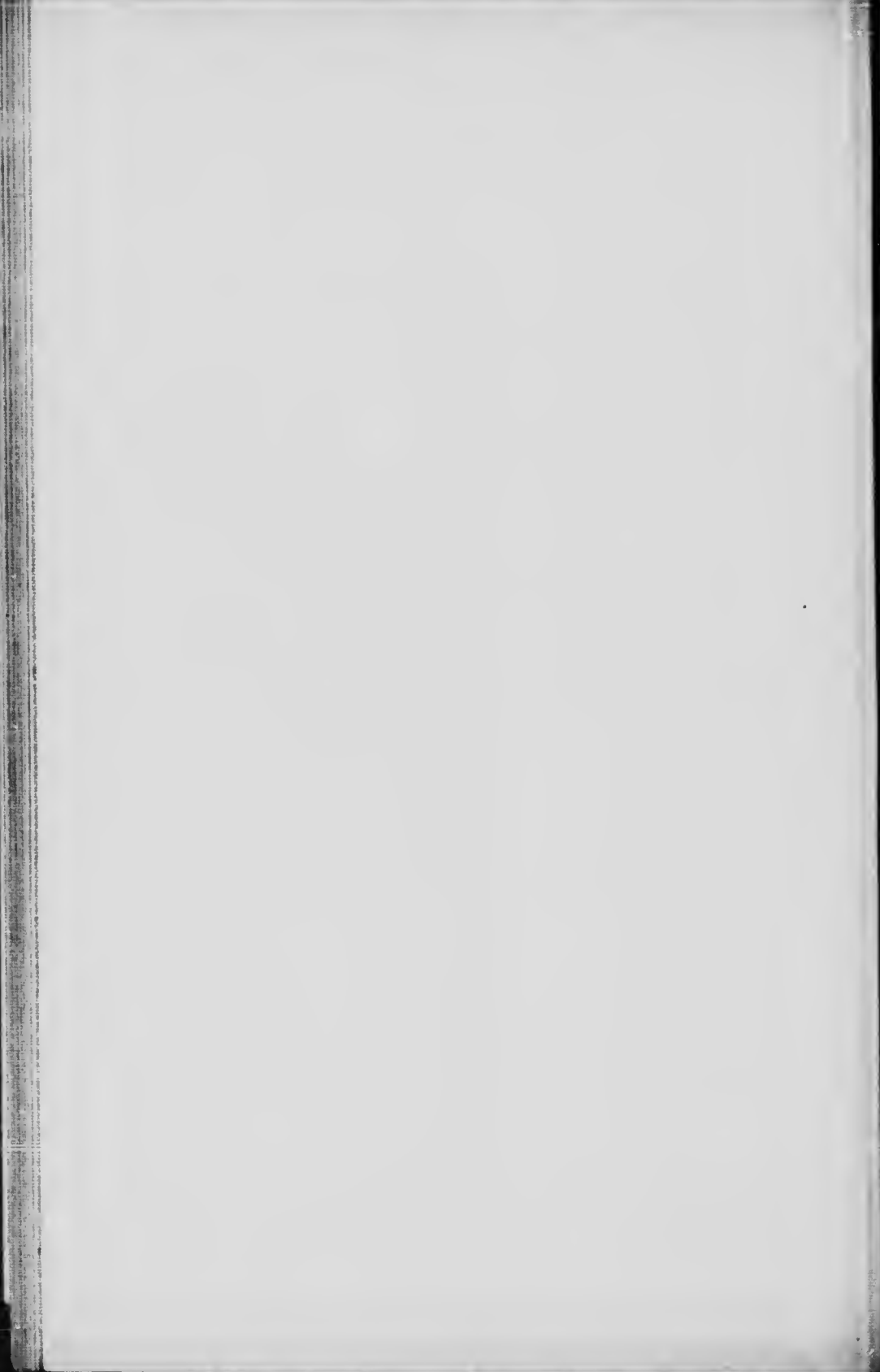
Farewell ! thy friends who love
thee !
And thy guardians above thee !
The past is done ! The payment
now !

MARGARITA.

O Thou on Thy throne, who dost
hear me
By the side of my grave,
Let a tear of mercy fall near me ?
To pity and save.



MR. ARTHUR GARTHWAITE



CHORUS.

O Thou on Thy throne, who dost
hear us
That go down to the grave,
Let a tear of mercy fall near me ?
To pity and save.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Margarita ! 'Tis forever !
Mine art thou !

MARGARITA.—Ah !

[MEPHISTOPHELES disappears.]

ACT V.

A Prison.—MARGARITA *on the ground asleep.*—Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *at the prison door.*

FAUST (To MEPHISTOPHELES.)

My heart is torn with grief and re-
pentance !
O what anguish ! O worm that
will not die !
O fire ! no art can stay !
She lies there at my feet.
The young and lovely being,
Imprisoned here because of me !
As if herself, not I, were guilty !
No wonder that her fright hath
reason taken away ;
Our little child, O Heaven ! was
slain by her
In sudden madness !
Margarita ! Margarita !

[MARGARITA awakes and arises.]

MARGARITA.

Ah ! do I hear thee once again,
The darling song of time gone by ;
That was not the laughter of the
demons
Rejoicing in my ruin !
'Tis his own voice I hear !

FAUST.—Margarita !

MARGARITA.

His hand is here to save me !
It is he ! It is he ! I am free !
For my own faithful love is here !
Ah ! I love thee only !
Love thee, love thee only ;
Nor shame on the scaffold
Can make my heart afraid !
Since thou can'st to find me !
No tears shall blind me !
Take me up to heaven,
To heaven by thy aid !

FAUST.

Yes, I love thee only,
Let who will goad me on,
Or mock me or upbraid !
Thy look doth appall me,
Thy truth doth recall me !
Earth will grow as heaven,
By thy beauty made !

MARGARITA.

'Tis thou ! the token flower said
only true !
Rapture is returning,
Joy and Hope and Morning.
Are once more set free !
Let all hate and spurn me,
Contempt cannot harm me !
I'm proud, not dismayed !
Let the whole world scorn,
I am safe with thee.

FAUST.—Yes ! safe, safe with me !

MARGARITA.—Not yet !

This is the fair
Where I was seen by you,
In happy days gone by—
The day your eye did not dare
To meet my eye !
"High-born and lovely maid,
Forgive my humble duty !
Let me, your willing slave,
Attend you home to-day."
"No, my lord, not a lady am I,
Nor yet a beauty—not a lady, not
a beauty !
And do not need an arm
To help me on my way !"

FAUST.—Come away, if thou lov'st
me !

MARGARITA.

How my garden is fresh and fair,
Every hour is incense breathing,
And through the still evening air
A cloud of dew with perfume
wreathing.
Listen, while nightingales above,
To our two hearts murmur of love,
Fondly murmur their message of
love !

[Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then leave her ! then leave her !
Or remain to your shame.
If it please you to stay.
Mine is no more the game !

MARGARITA.

Who is there ?

Dost thou see there in the shadow.
With an eye like a coal of fire.
What does he here ?—he, who for-
bade me to pray !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let us go, ere with dawn
Doth justice bring.
Hark ! the horses are panting in
the court-yard below,
To bear us away !
Come, ere it is day,
Or stay and behold her undone !

MARGARITA.—Away, thou fiend,—
away !

FAUST.—Come !

MARGARITA.—Away, for I will pray !

FAUST.

Come, mine own, ere 'tis too late to
save thee !

MARGARITA.

Holy angel ! in heaven blest,
My spirit longs with thee to rest !
Great heavens ! pardon grant, I
implore thee,
For soon shall I appear before thee !

FAUST.

Come with me, I command !
Follow me !

MARGARITA.

Oh save me ere I perish forever !

FAUST.—Come with me !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let us leave her !
Come, or be lost ! Come, or be
lost !
For the day is near !

MARGARITA.

To my despair give ear, I pray thee !
Holy angel in heaven blest,
My spirit longs with thee to rest !

FAUST.

Come, come, wilt thou not hear ?
Come, lean on my breast !
The early dawn is gray !
Come, oh come ; I'm here to save
thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come away, come away ! the dawn
is gray ;
Come, ere they claim thee ;
Come away, the dawn is gray !
If the girl be not possessed—

FAUST.—Margarita !

MARGARITA.

But why such an air of despair ?

FAUST.—Margarita !

MARGARITA.—But why thy hand
covered with blood ?
Go ! I'm not thy prey.

FAUST.—Ah !

MEPHISTOPHELES.—She is mine !

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

No ! not so !
All who have sinned here
May here repent the sin
By their holy living.
Let earth be severe !
Heaven is forgiving.

AN APPRECIATION OF THEODORE THOMAS

(The New York Evening Post.)

Theodore Thomas, the noted orchestra leader, died of pneumonia at his residence in Chicago, on January 4th, 1905. He was seventy years old.

Theodore Thomas, the most famous of American conductors, was not an American by birth. He had, however, lived in this country from boyhood, and in it his ambition, his interests, and his affections were centred. His birth occurred in Essens, Hanover, on the 11th of October, 1835, his father being August Thomas, a violin player, who discovered his son's musical ability while the latter was still an infant, and did his utmost to encourage it. He succeeded to such good purpose that the young Theodore could play the violin cleverly when he was six years old; and was proficient enough to make a public appearance before he had attained the age of ten.

In 1845 his family settled in this country, and remained in New York for two years, during which time the boy played successfully in concerts. His performance even then was distinguished by remarkable resonance of tone, precision and delicacy. From New York he went South and travelled until 1851, when he returned to this city and played at the opera as one of the principal violinists during the engagement of Sontag, Jenny Lind, Grisi, and Mario. In 1853, he cancelled most of his engagements and devoted himself to the study of various branches of music, taking a course in harmony under Rudolph Schellinger. Under Arditi, who was then conductor of the opera during the engagement of Mme. Lagrange, Theodore Thomas rose to be leader of the orchestra and continued to fill the position of leader and conductor in different German and Italian troupes until 1861, when he gave up all connection with the theatre. Before this, in 1854, he had become one of the leading members of the Philharmonic Society of New York, and in 1857 he travelled with Thalberg and afterwards with Piccolomini and other distinguished foreign artists. In 1855, in connection with Messrs. Mason, Bergmann, Rosenthal, and Matzka, he established the quartet soirees which proved immensely popular.

It was at this time that Mr. Thomas, whose authority as a conductor and as an expert in the making of programmes was fully assured, laid the foundations of that splendid orchestra which for many years represented the height of musical achievement in this country and made his name celebrated throughout the extent of the artistic world. During the winter of 1862-63 he conducted the concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. In 1864 and 1865 he acted as director of the New York Institution for the Blind. In 1866 he gave concerts in Irving Hall, and then he travelled with his orchestra through many sections of the country, returning to give performances at the Terrace Garden in Third Avenue, and later in the Central Park Garden, which places became the Meccas of all lovers of good music. His orchestra remained practically intact until 1888.

His first orchestral tour was made in 1869 with an orchestra of sixty-four. These concerts were resumed at Steinway Hall in 1872. When Wagner was little more than a name in America, Theodore Thomas began to give copious

extracts from his works. It was in 1870 that he introduced 'The Ride of the Valkyries.' Soon after he gave 'The Magic Fire Scene,' from the same opera, and 'Siegfried's Funeral March.' In 1878 the presidency of a new college of music at Cincinnati was tendered to him, and he accepted the offer on the express condition that he should be at liberty to carry on his work as a conductor of the New York and Brooklyn Philharmonic concerts. He only held the office for two years.

The success of the Cincinnati triennial festival, established in 1874, led to others of a similar nature. In 1884 Mr. Thomas organized a series of festivals in the leading cities of the country. At the close of these festivals, which occupied three months, his entire orchestra was taken across the continent to the Pacific Coast, where similar programmes were presented. In 1885 he accepted the directorship of Mrs. Thurber's American Opera Company. With a great orchestra and a numerous band of singers, he gave Lohengrin, 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Orpheus,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and many other operas in various places. The enterprise was a monetary failure, but he introduced into the country enjoyed a rare festival of opera.

Mr. Thomas was called to Chicago to direct the new orchestra established in that city in 1859, and he later gave a series of orchestral concerts, continuing the musical organization from 1870 to 1877. In this latter year he established in Chicago a regular season, gave festivals there in 1881-84, and continued the annual series of concerts from the establishment of the orchestra over which he has had charge until now. This orchestra was founded in 1850, through the efforts of fifty men, who contributed each one thousand dollars. Since that time the orchestra has given many concerts in Chicago and elsewhere, and under Mr. Thomas's leadership has reached a high degree of proficiency. He gave the Chicago organization the use of his private musical library, the largest in the world, of an inestimable value. In 1895 he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the orchestra in the United States. On the other day, on the 15th of last December, he took formal possession of Orchestra Hall, the fine new building erected on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, as the permanent home of the band of which he was the creator. The occasion was a brilliant one, and the costly structure was filled with an enthusiastic audience, the essence of Chicago's culture, anxious to do honor to the man of whose lifework they were to enjoy the fruits. That night he conducted with all his wonted authority and inspiration and there were no premonitions of the death that was so soon to overtake him. He has passed away in the fulness of honors. Yale long ago made him a doctor of music, and many other universities conferred degrees upon him, while he was an honored member of musical associations and societies all the world over.

The most remarkable things about Mr. Thomas as a musician were his catholicity of taste and the resulting versatility. No one ever interpreted the oldest masters—Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart—more impressively than he, or with a keener insight into the antique spirit of music. Beethoven and Schubert he worshipped and made propaganda for every week in his life. At the same time, he was an enthusiastic champion of modern music. He did missionary work for Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, at a time when



MR. MARION GREEN



it meant money out of his pocket, and the incurring of critical censure. And he kept his interest in new music to the last moment, his latest proteges having been Elgar and Strauss. In this catholicity of taste and ability to interpret the old and the new equally well Theodore Thomas resembled Franz Liszt.

Theodore Thomas was a born commander. As a general he would have held Port Arthur as long as Stoessel held it. His stubborn determination to carry out his plans and wishes frequently got him into trouble, and he made many enemies; but they were for the most part enemies to be proud of. He was not without jealousy, and when Anton Seidl came to America he looked on him, unfortunately, as a rival rather than a helper. But when he became more familiar with Seidl's admirable work, with the Thomas orchestra at some of Mr. Grau's operatic performances in Chicago, he cordially offered his colleague his friendship and praise.

Dr. William Mason, speaking of the early days when he and the future conductor played chamber music together, says that Mr. Thomas 'rapidly developed' a talent for making programmes by putting pieces into the right order of sequence, thus avoiding incongruities. He brought this art to perfection in the arrangement of his symphony concert programmes.' Here, indeed, lies one of his chief distinctions. As a programme-maker Mr. Thomas remains unequalled, and the full collection of his programmes, which is to constitute the second volume of his (partly self-written) biography now nearing completion, will be of inestimable value to conductors and students.

At rehearsals Mr. Thomas was a martinet. Woe to the player who, from indifference or lack of skill, made a mistake! Numbers could not hide him. Among twenty violinists his ear and eye would pick out the offender. In the concert hall, his conducting was calm and undemonstrative, but he obtained the results he wanted because his men knew him. An amusing phase of his life, on which he himself liked to dwell jokingly, was that when he first began his career as conductor, some of his critics declared that while he was an excellent quartet player, he was out of place at the head of an orchestra. Later on it was said that while, of course, he was a first-class orchestra leader, he made a mess of it when he conducted a chorus; and, finally, when he assumed the baton of the operatic leader, his ability as chorus conductor was conceded while he was advised to keep his hands off the operatic scores. As a matter of fact, he achieved splendid results in all these departments of music, while he was greatest undoubtedly, as an orchestral conductor.

His place will be hard to fill. The one crumb of comfort to music lovers in Chicago is that he would not have had many more years to conduct, as he was nearing seventy. He preserved much of his vigor, however, to the end, by eschewing work several months every year, and spending his summers on his estate in the White Mountains, of which Mrs. Theodore Thomas has recently given an interesting description in her book, 'Our Mountain Garden.' Glimpses are given in this book of the tender side of Mr. Thomas's character. He had a keen sense of humor and his biography will doubtless include some of the stories of his early experiences which throw a lurid light on the history of music in America.

The London Festival Chorus

SOPRANOS

Albright, Mabel
Anderson, Olive A.
Angus, Ella
Atkinson, Winnifred
Babcock, Daisy
Baker, Maud
Baker, Mildred
Barclay, Annie
Beam, Edith
Beckett, Minnie
Bell, Maude
Braund, Emma
Brock, Grace
Burton, Beatrice
Burke, Zettie
Calhoun, Vera
Calhoun, Master Gordon
Carder, Zella
Carpenter, Hattie
Cattermole, Emma
Campbell, May Iva
Childs, Emma
Clark, Eleanor
Clugston, Letitia
Cole, Jessie
Comfort, Nora
Cox, Mildred
Crawford, Mrs. E. S.
Crawford, Edythe
Davidson, Helen
Davidson, Annie
Deacon, Ella
Diprose, Laura
Elliott, Blanche
Elliott, Maude
Essex, Mrs. Wm.
Errington, Lena
Fisher, Florence
Fowler, Maud
Fowler, Lillian
Fox, Minnie
Gerry, Louise
Gillies, Edna
Gilmore, Jean
Goodwin, Bessie
Griffiths, May
Gu'ney, Grace
Hail, Jennie
Hamilton, Margaret
Hammond, Mrs. Thos.
Hampton, Master Gus
Hardingham, May
Hazelwood, Kate
Hughes, Kathleen
Husband, Edith
Irwin, Ruby
Jordan, Mrs. A. D.
Kidner, Einma
Kilgour, Jean
Kingsmill, Mrs. Dr. Harry
Lashbrook, Eva
Legate, May
Lefler, Ora
Lennie, Mrs. Chas. S.
Lettle, Bertia
Lewis, Ethel
Lewis, Iva
Line, Edith
Line, Florence
Little, Daisy
Ludwig, Lillie
Ludwig, Amy
Ludwig, Emma
Macie, Lena
MacLeod, Ruby
Mahony, Helena
McCullough, Lina
McLeod, Florence
McLeod, Agnes
McEvoy, L.
McKay, Hannah
McKee, Lillian
McKernan, Pearl
McVicar, Mrs.
Michael, Jean
Milburn, Lottie
Morrison, Mrs. Annie
Newans, Mabel
Newans, Carrie
Nichol, Bertia
Nichol, Arnie
Nobbs, Mrs. Arthur
Nobbs, A.
Norris, Maud
Norton, Mrs. A. C.
Olmstead, Mrs. Annie
Papst, Greta
Partridge, Edith
Parker, Eva
Pearson, Louie
Phoenix, Laura
Pickard, Nyra
Pickard, Ruby
Pickard, Hannah
Porteous, Marion D.
Richardson, May
Robinson, Nettie
Robinson, Eva
Robson, Mrs. Andrew
Scarlett, Mabel
Sherwood, Claudia
Sifton, Pauline

London Festival Chorus

47

Slater, Master Ralph
 Smith, Mary
 Steer, Fannie
 Stroyan, Nora
 Stratfold, Nellie
 Stratfold, Ada
 Stuart, May
 Summers, Louie
 Taylor, Nettie
 Taylor, Nina
 Taylor, Edna
 Thompson, Mabel
 Trace, Nina

Venning, Stella
 Walton, Lizzie
 Walters, Lillian
 Watt, Marjory
 Weston, Emma
 Weston, Edna
 White, Lena
 Whitehead, Myrtle
 Wilsie, Rae M.
 Wright, Master David
 Wood, Dina
 Woodburne, Leila
 Woodburne, Mrs. Clinton N.

ALTOS

Apted, Beatrice
 Atkinson, Mary E.
 Austin, Minnie
 Barter, Jessie E.
 Bartlett, Annie
 Barnard, Tillie
 Barnes, E. L.
 Benson, Lillian
 Bentley, Norma C.
 Burke, Mamie
 Butler, Nellie
 Beaumont, Marian
 Bilton, C. A.
 Blair, Madeline
 Boomer, Lillian
 Carrie, Ida
 Cameron, Josephine
 Chowen, Mrs. Robert H.
 Clark, Ada C.
 Colgrove, May C.
 Colquhoun, Kathleen
 Court, Hattie
 Cullis, Frances
 Dyer, Marie
 Ellar, Pearl
 Essery, Grace
 Fiddell, Annie
 Fisher, Beatrice
 Flemming, Maggie
 Forsyth, Isabelle
 Foster, Josephine
 Frazer, Mrs. James
 Freeland, Ethel
 Gibson, Willa
 Gillies, Alma
 Gilmore, Lillian
 Gould, Beatrice
 Hammond, Ethel

Hodgins, Louise
 Lilley, Mrs. M. A.
 Lewis, Edna
 Mausbridge, Edna
 Marlett, Laura
 McCrimmon, Elsie
 McEwen, Miss E.
 McKernan, Marie E.
 Mortimore, Minnie
 Mountjoy, Mabel
 Nairn, Margaret
 Noble, Elizabeth
 O'Neil, Clara
 Pink, Mabel
 Plewes, Pearl
 Potts, Myrtle
 Quants, Mrs. E. W. Goethe
 Robinson, Ella
 Rossiter, Love
 Ruse, Jane
 Saunders, Rosana
 Sifton, Gertrude
 Sifton, Kate
 Shuff, Alice
 Skelton, Minnie
 Stead, Mrs. Geo.
 Stewart, Jean
 Tanney, Luella
 Tolhurst, Mary E. S.
 Wardell, Maud
 Watson, Alice
 Westman, Hilda
 Wilson, Annie
 Woolverton, Bessie
 Woolverton, Effie
 Wort, Florence

TENORS

Atkins, E.
 Bennett, F. K.
 Bott, Geo.
 Chapman, Jno.

Clark, Thos. S.
 Crawford, Wallace
 Daly, John M.
 Eby, A. M.

Ellis, Fred.
 Essery, A. T.
 Fetherston, John W.
 Hayes, Maj. Geo.
 Johnstone, Lorne
 Looker, A. H. V.
 McFadgen, A.
 McLargy, I. L.
 McLauchlan, John
 Morris, J. Parnell
 Murray, T. H.
 Murray, W. G.
 Murray, James P.

In Memoriam

Nuttall, John

Nuttycombe, Ernest

Pallister, R. L.
 Parker, Alfred E.
 Percy, Charles
 Pink, Christopher J.
 Quantz, E. W. Goethe
 Reading, Arthur E. W.
 Robins, Frederick W.
 Saunders, W. E.
 Simpson, Chas. H.
 Stark, H. G.
 Southcott, S. J.
 St. George, H. E.
 Storey, Joseph T.
 Tanney, H.
 Taylor, Alfred
 Vance, Orvall
 Ward, John
 Westman, A. Eldon
 Wheatley, C. A.

BASSES

Abrams, J. P.
 Atkinson, Virton
 Baker, Arthur
 Barbour, Albert E.
 Barter, Adolphus P.
 Coles, F. H.
 Critchison, N. M.
 Crossley, Fred.
 Cunningham, Dr. O. I.
 Cullis, Herbert
 Dafoc, E. H.
 Dorman, Hersey
 Dexter, Thos.
 Doherty, J. T.
 Essery, B. W.
 Francis, Milton
 Froggett, C. H.
 Garthwaite, Arthur L.
 Gibson, Heber
 Gillies, Albert I.
 Goodburne, J. L.
 Grey, P. J. R.
 Green, A. R.
 Harding, E. N.
 Harper, Chas. G.
 Heaman, R. H.
 Humphries, W. Norman
 Irvine, S. J.
 James, W. Cosby
 Jordan, H. K.
 McIlroy, E.
 McIntosh, W. J.
 McFarlane, Kenneth]

McFadgen, J. B.
 McKerran, M. J.
 Milligan, C. W.
 Moyer, Ezra
 Noble, L. W.
 Nichol, Thos. H.
 Norton, A. C.
 Norris, William
 Patterson, J. G.
 Phillips, W. Z.
 Riddle, E. N.
 Reynolds, Wm. F.
 Saunders, W.
 Screamon, H. C.
 Shannon, W. H.
 Shaw, E. J.
 Simpson, Edwin F.
 Smith, Dr. E. B.
 Smith, Ed.
 Soper, F. W.
 Souster, A. J.
 Stenberg, H. E.
 Stenberg, W. T.
 Stockwell, Albert T.
 Strongman, T. C.
 Tanney, C. E.
 Wallace, Herbert L.
 Watt, P. J.
 Webster, Edward
 Weir, Bert
 Wheeler, P. J.
 Wood, Henry

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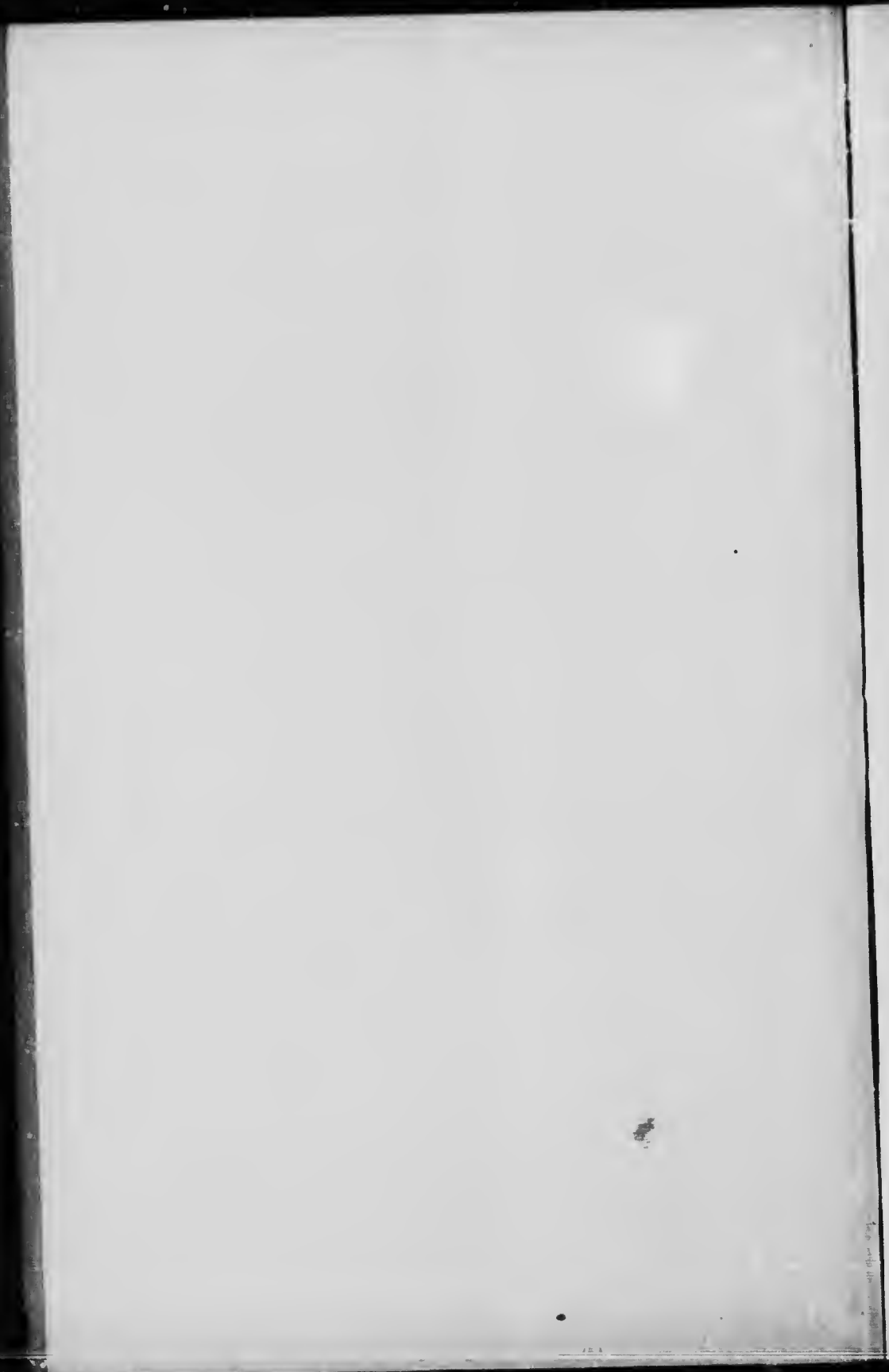
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