UNIVERSITY HALL—ANN ARBOR, MICH.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.
F. W. KELSEY, President. A. A. STANLEY, Director.

CHORAL UNION SERIES
1900-1901.

TWELFTH SEASON—FIFTH CONCERT.
(No. XCV. Complete Series.)

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1901.

DAVID BISPHAM, Baritone.
At the Piano—MR. RUDOLPH VON SCARPA.

PROGRAM.

Cycle of Songs from Tennyson’s “Maude,” Arthur Somervell
Erl King, Schubert
Hark! hark! the Lark! Tchaikowsky
Nur, wer die Sehnsucht kennt, Schumann
The two Grenadiers,

Wedding Song, Loewe
How deep the slumber of the Floods,
Edward,

Drink to me only with thine Eyes, Old English
The Pretty Creature, Storace
O, let Night speak of Me, Chadwick
Lend me thy fillet, Love, Brockway
Danny Deever, Damrosch

The next Concert in this Series will be the First May Festival Concert, Thursday, May 16, 1901. Mendelssohn’s “Elijah.” Steinway Piano used.
1. I HATE THE DREADFUL HOLLOW.

I hate the dreadful hollow
Behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above
Are dabbled with blood-red heath,
And the red-ribb'd ledges drip,
With the silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her,
Answers, "Death."

2. A VOICE BY THE CEDAR TREE.

A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart, and ready in hand,
March with banners and bugle and fife
To the death—for their native land.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud, in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sor­did and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind.
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
And a glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice,
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore.
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind.
Not her, not her, but a voice!

3. SHE CAME TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

She came to the village church.
And sat by a pillar alone;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone;
And once, but once she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, strangely, sweetly blush'd,
To find they were met by my own.

4. O LET THE SOLID GROUND.

O let the solid ground,
Not fail beneath my feet,
Before my life had found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me,
Before I am quite sure,
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may,
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

5. BIRDS IN THE HIGH HALL-GARDEN.

Birds in the high Hall-garden,
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang,
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here,
In among the lilies.

I kissed her slender hand.
She took the kiss sedately,
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I know the way she went,
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

6. GO NOT HAPPY DAY.

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields.
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy “Yes”
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the glowing ships;
Over blowing seas;
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,  
Blush it thro' the West;  
Till the red man dance  
By his red cedar tree,  
And the red man's babe,  
Leap, beyond the sea.  
Blush from West to East,  
Blush from East to West,  
Till the West is East,  
Blush it thro' the West.  

7. I HAVE LED HER HOME.
I have led her home,  
My love, my only friend,  
There is none like her, none.  
And never yet so warmly ran my blood,  
And sweetly on and on  
Calming itself for the long wish'd for end,  
Full to the banks, close to the promis'd good.  
None like her, none,  
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' patterning talk,  
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,  
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;  
But even then I heard her close the door,  
The gates of Heav'n are closed, and she is gone.

8. COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.
Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown.  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses' blown.  
For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high.  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves.  
To faint in his light, and to die.  
All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirred  
To the dancers dancing in tune;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird.  
And a hush with the setting moon.  
Queen rose, of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls.  
Queen lily and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear,  
From the passion flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my own, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate;  
The red rose cried, "She is near, she is near;"  
The white rose weeps, "She is late;"  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."
She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat.  
Were it earth in an earthly bed;  
My heart would hear her and beat  
Had it lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

9. THE FAULT WAS MINE.
"The fault was mine, the fault was mine"—  
Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still,  
Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill?  
It is the guilty hand!  
And there rises ever a passionate cry,  
A cry for a brother's blood.  
It will ring in my heart and my ears,  
till I die, till I die.

10. DEAD, LONG DEAD.
Dead, long dead!  
And my heart is a handful of dust,  
And the wheels go over my head,  
And my bones are shaken with pain.  
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,  
Only a yard beneath the street,  
And the hoofs of the horses beat,  
Beat into my scalp and my brain,  
With never an end to the stream of passing feet.  
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,  
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter,  
And here in the grave it is just as bad.  
For I thought that the dead had peace,  
but it is not so;  
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad?  
But up and down and to and fro,  
E'er about me the dead men go;  
And then to hear a dead man chatter  
Is enough to drive one mad.  
Ah, me, why have they not buried me deep enough?  
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,  
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?  
Maybe still I am but half dead;  
Then I cannot be wholly dumb;  
I will cry to the steps above my head,  
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come  
To bury me, to bury me,  
Deeper, ever so little deeper.
11. **O THAT 'TWERE POSSIBLE.**

O that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain.
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

12. **MY LIFE HAS CREPT SO LONG.**

My life has crept so long on a broken wing,
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing;
My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year,
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
That like a silent lightning under the stars,
She seemed to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—

**ERLKING.**

O, who rides by night, through the woodlands so wild?
It is the father embracing his child—
And close the boy nestles within his lov'd arm,
From the blast of the tempest to keep himself warm.

"O father! see yonder, see yonder!" he says,
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"
"O, 'tis the Erlking, with his staff and his shroud."
"No, my love, 'tis but the dark wreath of the cloud."

"O wilt thou go with me, thou lovliest child?
By many gay sports shall thy hours be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many fine flow'rs shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erlking whispers so close in my ear?"
"Be still, my lov'd child, be at ease,
'Twas but the wild blast as it howls thro' the trees."

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight
To have looked, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my one thing bright.
And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle and seas of death.
The blood red blossom of war with a heart of fire.
Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still.
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned.

—Tennyson.

"O, wilt thou go with me, thou lovliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,
And hug thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erlking's daughter glide fast thro' the rain?"
"O, no' my heart's treasure, I knew it full soon,
It was the grey willow that danc'd to the moon."

"Come with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."
"O father! O father! now, now, keep your hold
The Erlking has seized me, his grasp is so cold."

Sore trembled the father, he sped through the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child.
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But clasped to his bosom the child was dead! —Goethe.
HARK, HARK! THE LARK!

Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;

NUR, WER DIE, SEHNSUCHT KENNT.

No one my grief can feel that knows not yearning!
Alone, from joy removed, all mirth unlearning,
Towards the southern sky my gaze I'm turning.
Ah, to those dear to me there's no returning.

THE TWO GRENADEERS.

To France there journeyed two grenadiers,
Set free from their dark Russian prison;
But when they came to the German frontiers
Fresh grief in their hearts had arisen.
For there did they hear the tidings of woe,
How France to her depths had been shaken,
Her army defeated, her pride brought low,
And the Emperor, the Emperor was taken.

In silence their bitterest tears they shed, Their country's downfall mourning;
And then one spoke: "Would I were dead!
Again in my old wound burning."

The other said: "The end has come, For life, I care no longer;
But I've a wife and child at home,
And they would die of hunger."

"To wife and child my heart is dead, By all but one thought forsaken;
Let the children beg if they want for bread,
My Emperor, My Emperor is taken!"

"If thou, my comrade, true wilt prove,
Now death is closing o'er me,
Oh, carry my corpse to the France I love,
To rest in the soil that bore me!"

"My cross of honor, only tied,
Close to my heart lay on me,
Then place my musket by my side,
And gird my sword upon me."

"And there I'll lie with listen'ing ear,
Like a sentinel guarding the forces,
Till the booming cannon shall thunder near,
With the noise of the galloping horses."

"When my own gallant Emperor rides over the plain,
While the shouts with the sword-strokes are blending;
From my grave I shall rise like a soldier again,
My Emperor, my Emperor defending!"

PAUL ENGLAND.
(From the German of Heine.)

WEDDING SONG.

I'll sing you a song of a by-gone day,
When a Count in this Castle was living,
Where now his brave grandson 'midst nuptials gay
This excellent banquet is giving.

The Count had gained laurels in many a fight.
Had fought as Crusader with zeal and delight;

And when he dismounted his horse late one night,
His castle its towers still lifted.
But servants and soldiers had shifted!

Thou, verily, Count, hast come back to thy home,
But badly they stand—all thy matters,
The wind and the rain thro' thy chambers all roam,
And blow thro' the windows and shutters.
What is to be done at an hour so late?
I've spent many days in more dangerous state,
The morning sun often amendment hath made,
Hence quick while the moon shines all over,
To bed in the straw without cover.

And while in a half-conscious slumber he lay,
He heard a strange noise 'neath his bed;
The rat it shall rattle as long as it may,
Oh, had it but crumbs to be fed!

But see, there appeareth a smart little page,
A dwarf, bearing torch-light, as seen on the stage,
With orator's gestures and mein of a sage,
At the feet of the Count who is lying,
Fatigued, while to sleep he is trying.

"It has long been our custom to dance here and play
Since thou hast thy castle been leaving; And as we believed thee abroad, far away,
A banquet tonight we were giving.
And if thou wilt trust these fine rooms to our care,
We dwarfs will begin the festivities rare,
To honour our wealthy and new-married pair."
The Count said, enjoying the vision:—
"You may use my rooms and provision!"

Then out come the lancers all marching in pairs,
Who under the bed had been hiding;
Then follows a choir who sing national airs,
While all on small horses are riding;

And wagon on wagon with stores of all kind,
The uproar they cause of a riot remind;
And as only in castles of Kings is to find,
In a chaise of pure gold last arriving
The bridal pair stately is driving!

Then all in a swarm they make haste to draw nigh,
Each chooses his partner for dancing;
With whirling and waltzing and leaps short and high
The party in gallops advancing.

They whistle and fiddle and tingle and sing,
They giggle and warble and dance in a ring,
They whisper and chatter and clatter and fling:—
The Count all the scene is eyeing,
In fever he seems to be lying.

They bustle and hustle away in the hall
O'er benches and tables and covers;
The guests who had joined the festivities, all
Are seeking to sit near their lovers.

The hams and the roasts upon ashets they bear,
And fish, meat and poultry enough and to spare,
They hand round the jug full of wine good and rare,
They drink and caress beyond measure!

They chatter and clatter, they rattle
On benches and tables and covers,
The guests who had joined the festivities, seek to sit near to their lovers.
They drink and caress beyond measure,
They vanish with songs of sweet pleasure.

And if I shall tell all that further took place,
Pray silence and hear my narration;
For what the good Count in his dreams had to face,
He encountered next morn from the nation.

For banners and trumpets turned out him to greet,
The horsemen and lancers his bridal train meet,
They come and 'mid cheering his triumphs repeat
To make their host's wedding day pleasant,
Thus was it and is it at present!

(From the German of Goethe.)
HOW DEEP THE SLUMBER OF THE FLOODS.
(Arranged by H. L.)

How deep the slumbers of the floods,
And how dead the stillness of the woods;
My heart alone finds no rest.
Torn with remorseless pain
Life is joyless and in vain!

How calm the earth in slumber lies,
O, that I could close my weary eyes
In death's eternal sleep.
Thus would end at last my woes,
Thus my soul would find repose!
—Loewe.

EDWARD.

Why does your braud sae drop wi bluid,
Edward,
And why sae gang ye? Oh!
Oh, I hae killed my hawk sae good,
Mither!
And I'd nae mair but he, Oh!

Your hawk's bluid was not sae red,
Edward!
My dear son I tell thee, Oh!
Oh, I hae killed my red roan steed,
Mither!
That was sae fair and free, Oh!

Your steed was auld, ye hae gat mair,
Edward!
Some other dule ye drie, Oh!
Oh, I hae killed my father dear,
Mither!
Alas, wae, wae is me, Oh!

What penance will ye drie for that,
Edward?
My dear son, now tell me, Oh!

I'll set my foot in yonder boat,
Mither,
And I'll fare o'er the sea, Oh!
And what will ye do wi' your towers
and ha, Edward?
That were sae fair to see, Oh!
I'll let them stand till they down fa',
Mither!
Here nae mair maun I be, Oh!

And what will ye leave to your bairns
and wife, Edward?
When ye gang o'er the sea? Oh!
The world is room, let them beg thro' life,
Mither!
Them nae mair will I see, Oh!

And what about your mither dear,
Edward?
My son, that tell to me, Oh!
The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,
Mither!
'Twas you sae counselled me, Oh!
(From an old Scottish Ballad.)

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth crave a draught divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not choose but thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.
—Ben Jonson.

THE PRETTY CREATURE.

Oh! the pretty, pretty Creature!
When I next do meet her,
No more like a clown
Will I face her frown,
But gallantly will I treat her.
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!

But then her wicked, charming eyes,
When she looks up, show kind surprise;
I, like an awkward, foolish clown,

When she looks up, must needs look down,
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!

Despair gives courage oft to men.
And if she smile, why then, why then!—
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!
When I next do meet her,
No more like a clown
Will I face her frown,
But gallantly will I treat her.
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!
O, LET NIGHT SPEAK OF ME.

Let night speak of me, for day knows not
How breaks with woe my heart,
Day knows not how I mournful stray,
Weeping for thee, so dear thou art.
The sad night weeps with me, and lays
Her tear-wet cheek against my own;

Altho' I walk in sunlit ways,
Still doth my heart in darkness moan.
The night shall speak of me, to say
All the things I dare not show!
And to thy dreams my love display
Till thou art melted by my woe.

—Arlo Bates.

LEND ME THY FILLET, LOVE.

Lend me they fillet, Love,
I would no longer see!
Cover mine eyelids close awhile
And make me blind like thee!

Then might I pass her sunny face,
And know not it was fair,
Then might I hear her voice, nor guess
Her starry eyes were there.

Ah! banished so, from sun and stars
Why need it be my fate?
If only she might dream me good
And wise, and be my mate!

—Rudyard Kipling.

DANNY DEEVER.

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him today;
They've taken of his buttons off and cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.
"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground:
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound—
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"'Is cot was right 'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's sleepin' out an' far tonight," the Color-Sergeant said.
"'I've drunk his beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.

They're hangin' Danny Deever, they must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is country an' the regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black ag'in the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What's that that whimpers over 'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer today,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

—Rudyard Kipling.