Third Annual Festival: Official Souvenir Program, Central Maine Festival Association

Central Maine Festival Association

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Maine Music Festival
Lewiston
Oct. 5-6 1925
Official Souvenir Program

Third Annual Festival

1925

CENTRAL MAINE FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION
Armory, Lewiston, October 5 and 6, 1925

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MARGARET MATZENAUER
CONTRALTO
JAMES WOLFE, Basso
JOAN RUTH, Soprano

RALPH ERROLLE, Tenor
CATERINA GOBBI, Soprano
WALTER MILLS, Baritone

LAWRENCE TIBBETT
BARITONE
KATHLEEN HOWARD, Contralto
POMPILIO MALATESTA, Baritone

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Here's to the man who plans things—builds things—makes things—who prates not of wonders of old, nor gloats upon ancestral gold, but takes off his coat, and takes hold and does things.

On Music Festivals---A Foreword

Twenty-eight years ago, on an October afternoon the first festival chorus was gathered in the new auditorium of the Bangor Festival, waiting the fall of William R. Chapman's baton.

Maine was skeptical about what has since proved so feasible—the bringing together of separately trained elements of a chorus and uniting them in common song. True, it had been done before at Peace Jubilees and similar great singing Festivals, but Maine had forgotten or else was then of a temperament that had to be shown.

The visitor were few in number for it was a private rehearsal. If the singers had been as nearly breathless as the writer of these words, there had been no response to Mr. Chapman's directions. The baton rose; fell; rose, again and the voices swelled in the Hallelujah Chorus as it yet seems to us they never swelled before or since. It was a CHORUS. A chorus it has always been and always will be as long as it is guided by the magnetism and the spiritual power of Mr. Chapman. Emotions of earlier years are never to be repeated. They merely ripen into appreciation and to significance. The teachings of twenty-eight years of the beauty and glory of music, the cultural development of these years with their training in preparation and the thousands of emotional and uplifting crises of individual reactions, can not be measured in their influence on the minds, the hearts and the very souls of Maine folk. Music is the great educator. Honor to the teacher and to all those who exemplify his teachings and his art.

It would have been a barren round of years for many had the Maine Music Festivals never been started. Academic teaching is one thing; the power and beauty of Music and its power for good over the very moral life of a community is another. The mind may be trained to everything but a love of Beauty. And if so it may miss the very crown and glory of Life. It may seem hard for a musician to pass a lifetime in service and find that much is forgotten or little memorialized. But the truth with him is similar to that which the teacher appreciates—individual lives enriched; joy spread abroad; culture taught; vision clarified and life sweetened into its finest fibre. We have seen recently signal example of intellectualism run riot. Master minds lacking the training of the Spirit, have proven that they are abnormal and dangerous. Music alone solves the problem of even and progressive life. It was ordained from the beginning. It is not a luxury of life—it is an essential of the complete Being.

This is the third Music Festival in Lewiston, distinctively the Festival of the Valley of the Androscoggin. Bangor has her Festival; Portland has her Festival; Lewiston and Auburn and the Valley of the Androscoggin now have theirs. With more than local pride should we consider this event. It is humanizing, elevating upon the minds and hearts of all. It educates and enriches us. It ties us closer together in Community spirit. It adds to the prestige of the Community. It is a blessing to the individual and a benefit to society.

More and more does the place of Music in civic life appear to be aggrandizing. It is recognized among modern educators as a vital element of popular education. It is endorsed by colleges and schools for its educational value. In some cities in the mid-west such as Denver, they have erected great civic forums for Musical gatherings and they devote large sums to the inculcation of Music in its best forms into the hearts and the hopes and the happiness of all the people.

Let us not believe for a moment that the Maine Festival at Lewiston is merely an entertainment. It is an educational school in its happiest form, an uplift, a call to service, an integral part of the Civic Duty of every citizen.

Arthur G. Staples.
AN APPRECIATION

We extend our Cordial Thanks and Grateful Appreciation to the Conductors and Officers of the Local Choruses, who have worked so hard for this Festival; to all the Chorus Members who have sung with us; to the Merchants in the Cities who have subscribed for tickets, taken ads in this book, and placed our cards in their windows. They have thus helped to make a success of this Annual Musical Feast.

We have used this season a “Toast” for each page instead of our usual “Musical Quotation.” May they express to all our Heart-felt Good Wishes.

E. L. C.

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**LAWRENCE TIBBETT**

Born in Bakersfield, California, of humble parentage, who could have predicted such a future for Lawrence Tibbett? Music was born in him, and step by step he climbed in the art of singing; studying, working, acting in plays, expressing by vital delivery of words the dramatic soul he possessed; cultivating all that he could with his limited means; the one thing he longed for, Music. In 1922 when he landed in New York, he was determined to be a concert singer, and was fortunate in selecting Frank La Forge as his coach. Five months after his arrival he signed a contract for the Metropolitan, and commenced his work there. For three years in minor roles he worked and studied, absorbing the points of Opera necessary for triumph. And then suddenly opportunity came, and found him ready. With a bound, in one aria, costumed as Mr. Ford, in the Opera of Falstaff, he swept the vast audience off their feet, and received an ovation seldom, if ever, witnessed in that Auditorium. His sensational success was flashed all over the known world. Engagements poured in. His brave little wife, who with the twin boys had been his inspiration and home comfort, was overwhelmed by the joy and the congratulations that were showered upon them. There was a new “star” in the musical world, and it was an “American Star,” and although it rose first in the far West of California, it did not really shine forth until in the East, in New York, the metropolis of the world, it burst into glory. He received recognition, merited because of persistent effort, and conscientious study, which for many years he had given to his one aim, to be a great singer. It is a joy to recognize with such praise a young American, and we are proud to present him to our Festival patrons.

**CATERINA GOBBI**

Caterina Gobbi, the young Italian soprano, is a protegée of Toscanini, who pronounced her the “ideal Aida.” She brings to the concert stage a voice which, in volume and flexibility, is capable of fulfilling the taxing demands of opera, and yet may be happily proportioned to the finer design of lyrics. Miss Gobbi began her musical training at an early age, and in the conservatory Liceo Rossini of Pesaro, and under the instruction of the renowned Maestra Edvige Ghibaudo completed her course of study in July, 1922 and was granted a diploma, containing the highest degree of Mastery in Music, namely, that of “Licenza di Magistrato.” She was subsequently chosen by Maestro Amilcare Zanella, director of the same conservatory, for his famous annual concert tour of the great Italian Music Centers, and in spite of her extreme youth achieved epochal success everywhere. Her recent recital in New York, captivated her audience, and called forth unstinted praise from the press.

New York Times.—“Her voice is of a beautiful warm quality, capable of modulation and persuasive to the ear.”

New York Tribune.—“Signorina Gobbi has a clear, full, smooth voice of operatic quality, and unswerving trueness, which she uses with ease, as a professional artist.”

6
MARGARET MATZENAUER

Of Madame Matzenauer it may truly be said, “She came, she sang, she conquered.” Such was her success at the Lewiston Festival in 1924! So universal was the delight of her audience that she was re-engaged for the three cities this fall, as the Star Prima-Donna.

“The woman with the voice of gold and royal purple,” and “The greatest living contralto,” such are the terms that great critics of the world have used in describing Margaret Matzenauer. There is no singer, or for that matter no artist, of the American concert stage today about whose work the critics have been so unanimous in enthusiastic praise.

Whether she appears in grand opera, as soloist with the great symphony orchestras or in recital the critics whose duty it is to judge the greatest singers of all the world have invariably agreed that she has a voice of phenomenal power, of unique range and of a soul-penetrating quality that defied description.

Critics have exhausted their vocabularies and dug deeply into their stocks of encomiums in the attempt to classify properly an artist who is phenomenal in that she is a great actress and also a great singer and that she combines these two attributes with a magnetic personality, unusual feminine charm, unfailing good taste and an ability to interpret the music and poetry of all periods and all nations. She is the perfect artist from the treatment of simple tenderness of the old Russian cradle song to the intricate interpretation of the mad love-cry of Isolde.

Matzenauer cannot be described. She fits in no group or class of singers, she might well be called the greatest artist of the Metropolitan Opera Company—the High-Priestess of Song. Margaret Matzenauer has just been re-engaged for several years by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Two of the world’s most famous music critics were James G. Huneker and H. E. Krehbiel, both attached to New York newspapers. For many years these men were regarded as the most experienced and most discriminating writers on music in New York, if not in the whole country.

“Her musicianship,” wrote Huneker, “is far superior to any singer we know of, and thus she deserves the title of ‘The greatest living contralto.’ People to whom her Juno east of beauty, with its rich Oriental coloring, does not appeal are instinctively impressed by the goddess-like pose and harmonious gestures of the woman. She is a cathedral, not a bungalow, and the bungalow type is, thanks to the general decadence of taste, nowadays more admired. But a cathedral in dramatic and Matzenauer belongs to the grand old dramatic school of Lilli Lehmann, Milka Ternina and Oline Fremstad.

WALTER MILLS

Walter Mills made a decided hit when he came to Maine this spring with Mr. Chapman on his concert tour. His voice is a rich ringing baritone, which he produces with ease, and he has a fine stage presence. He sings with excellent diction, and so much soul in his elocutionary efforts, that he immediately captivates his audience. He will sing the role of “The Sheriff” in the opera of “Martha,” but as that part gives him so little to sing, he will be heard in solo work on the first program, and also the orchestral matinee. He is one of the favorite baritones on the Concert Stage today, and should soon be in the Grand Opera ranks of the Metropolitan. One of the critics says of him:

“He is able to grasp the sense of the song, and project it, so that there is never any doubt as to the text-emotion or the theme delineation.”—PITTSBURGH POST.
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JOAN RUTH

Miss Ruth came to New York from Boston less than two years ago to continue her studies of voice with Miss Estelle Liebling. For the season of 1923-1924 Miss Ruth was engaged by the Wagnerian Opera Company. With this organization she sang the part of Cherubino in “The Marriage of Figaro” in Washington, for two performances, making her operatic debut on this occasion, October 16th, 1923, when less than twenty years of age. Miss Ruth then sang as the “Bird” in Siegfried with this company in Pittsburgh. Her next role was as the “Page” in Tannhauser, making her Chicago debut in this role, where she also sang the role of “Cherubino” again in “The Marriage of Figaro.” She made her New York debut in this role, December 27th, 1923, at the Manhattan Opera House. Miss Ruth continued her studies unremittingly, and Mr. Gatti-Casazza engaged her for the Metropolitan Opera Company for the season of 1924-1925. Her rise in the musical world has been rapid for so youthful an artist but it has only served to strengthen her determination to work even harder, for Miss Ruth is a serious artist, and a genuine musician, as well as a charming and irresistibly beautiful young woman.

JOAN RUTH IN “MARTHA” SCORES GREAT SUCCESS

“Miss Joan Ruth is making a tremendous success this summer at St. Louis, singing in the Municipal Opera, and her singing of ‘It’s the Last Rose of Summer’ was headlined as ‘the peak of the opera.’” —St. Louis Times.

KATHLEEN HOWARD

Kathleen Howard’s career on both the operatic and concert stages, is a brilliant and outstanding example of the American singer who goes abroad for her experience, competes with the native born on their own ground and achieves extraordinary success. After holding a prominent church choir position in New York, she studied for a year in Paris, and then went to Berlin. After three months of study there, she was engaged as leading contralto at the Municipal Opera at Metz in Alsace-Lorraine. There she remained two seasons, making debut after debut, in a repertoire which included “Carmen,” “Dalila,” “Amneris,” “Azucena,” and “Orpheus.” From Metz she went to the Grand Ducal Opera in Darmstadt. Three seasons were spent there, the summers being devoted to coaching with Jean de Reszke in Paris. She returned to America, fall of 1913, to be first contralto of the Century Opera Company. Later she created the contralto role in Horatio Parker’s prize opera “Fairyland,” when given for the first time on any stage in Los Angeles. The following season she devoted to concerts, among her more important engagements being appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Her return to Opera was made as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, where she has just been re-engaged for the tenth season. Since 1916 she has been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and this season has sung nearly sixty performances with them. She has created many roles with this Company, and continues with them.

RALPH ERROLLE

Ralph Errolle, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was born in Chicago. After leaving college, Mr. Errolle made his debut at nineteen, in the title role of “Fra Diavolo” in the Marlowe Theatre, Chicago. After further study, Mr. Errolle was engaged by the Chicago Opera Company, and made his debut in grand opera as “Lionel” in “Martha,” when twenty-three years old. He was engaged by Alfred Hertz, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, to create the leading tenor role in Horatio Parker’s “Fairyland.” The following year Mr. Errolle toured Australia in concert, returning to America to rejoin the Chicago Opera with which he sang leading roles during the season of 1916-17. He was called upon at short notice to substitute for Tito Schipa as “Gerald” in “Lakma.” His success in this undertaking resulted in his engagement by the Metropolitan Opera Company, with which he appeared during the season of 1924-25. His repertoire includes almost all the standard operas.
May we always mingle in the friendly bowl, the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

FIRST MATINEE

JUNIOR CHORUS
Monday, October Fifth

SOLOISTS
MISS JOAN RUTH, Soprano
MR. JAMES WOLFE, Baritone
Festival Orchestra
Junior Chorus
(Conducted by E. S. Pitcher)

PART FIRST
Auber Overture Massaniello
Festival Orchestra
Eichberg To Thee, O Country!
Junior Chorus
Offenbach Contes d’Hoffmann
Aria Ophelia
JOAN RUTH
A. Simonetti Madrigale
Festival Orchestra
Lacombe The Dancers
Junior Chorus

PART SECOND
Ponchielli La Gioconda
Dance of the Hours
Festival Orchestra
(a) Gounou O Turn Thee (From Gallia)
(b) Gaines A Happy Song
Junior Chorus
Russian Folk Song Volga Boat Song
JAMES WOLFE
Victor Herbert American Fantasie
Festival Orchestra
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POMPILIO MALATESTA

Pompilio Malatesta is well known at the Metropolitan Opera House, where for ten years he has held the positions requiring comedian ability, and has had the leading roles in all such operas. He was a warm friend of Caruso, and always sang "Sir Tristan" to Caruso's "Lionel." It is indeed most fortunate that he is engaged for the Festival. He has been in Europe all summer, singing in Italy, and Covent Garden, and returns expressly for the Festival. His voice and personality combine to make him a notable figure in opera, as he is considered the most versatile and accomplished artist in this line of fun-making, required in several of our best operas.

JAMES WOLFE

James Wolfe, the superb young bass-baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is an American from choice, although born in Riga. Since the day when he made his debut in the Berlin Opera House, singing the role of the "Priest" in the "Magic Flute," Wolfe's success has grown, and mounted steadily. After several years in Berlin, Breslau, Frankfort, and Zurich, Wolfe became the leading basso of the Berne Opera. He was given an ovation by the audience and hailed by the critics, when he sang the role of the "Cardinal" in "La Juive" at the Lexington Opera House in 1920. At the close of "La Juive" he signed a contract to become the leading Wagnerian basso with the Chicago Opera. He is in his second year with the Metropolitan Opera, and has had successful summer engagements in Asheville, where he sang "Mephisto" in "Faust," and in St. Louis where he sang "Zuniga" in Carmen, and created a furore by his rendition of "Mandalay" and in "In Diesen Heil'gen Hallen" from the "Magic Flute." Several of our most prominent critics predict for him a future that will go down in the annals of music history. Their predictions should be fulfilled, for James Wolfe is a true artist, an enthusiastic worker, an earnest and gifted musician, and he has been endowed by nature with a beautiful voice of splendid range, ringing timbre, and amazing power and sweetness combined.

ATILIO MARCHETTI

Mr. Attilio Marchetti has for several years been appointed by Director Chapman to select and manage the Festival Orchestra, and his skill and judicious handling of the men is a great help to the Director. He has selected and controlled many orchestras the past season, for the out-of-door municipal operas, and has conducted several important concerts himself. He is celebrated as an oboe player, and for years was connected with the Philharmonic and Metropolitan Opera House orchestras, and is the first oboe in the Maine Festival Orchestra.
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SECOND CONCERT

GRAND OPENING NIGHT

The Armory, Lewiston

Monday, October Fifth

Only Appearance of

MME. MARGARET MATZENAUER

Prima-Donna Contralto

and

MR. LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Baritone

Both from the

Metropolitan Opera Company

Festival Chorus and Orchestra

PART FIRST

WEBER Overture Oberon

Festival Orchestra

HANDEL Hallelujah Chorus Messiah

Festival Chorus and Orchestra

WAGNER Ariadne Ariette Rienzi

MME. MATZENAUER

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV The Flight of the Bee

Festival Orchestra

VERDI E. Sogno Falstaff

(Aria of Mr. Ford in Costume)

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

(a) RHEINBERGER The Stars in Heaven

(b) JESSIE L. DEPPEN

In the Garden of Tomorrow

Festival Chorus

(c) SCHUMANN Widmung

(b) BRAHMS Sapphische

(c) WOLFF Alle Dinge haben Sprache

(d) STRAUSS Zueignung

MME. MATZENAUER

Mr. GEORGE VAUSE at the Piano

STEINWAY PIANO

PART SECOND

SINDING The Rustle of Spring

Festival Orchestra

English Songs

TIBBETT

Bailiff’s Daughter of Islington

Old English

A Kingdom by the Sea

LOVE WENT A-RIDING BRIDGE

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

(a) MEYER-HELMUND

Under Blossoming Branches

Incidental Solo by E. J. HILL

(b) TSCHAIKOWSKY

A Legend

(c) FRANCISCO DI NEGRE

My Love is a Muleteer

Festival Chorus

MEYERBEER Ah Mon Fils Le Prophete

MME. MATZENAUER

BIZET Petite Suite d’Orchestre

No. 2. Berceuse No. 4. Duo

No. 3. Impromptu No. 5. Galop

Festival Orchestra

LEONCAVALLO Prologue

I Pagliacci

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THIRD CONCERT  
ORCHESTRAL MATINEE  
Tuesday Afternoon, October Sixth  

SOLOISTS  
Mlle. CATERINA GObBI  
Dramatic Soprano  
MR. WALTER MILLS, Baritone  
Festival Chorus and Orchestra  

PART FIRST  
A. Dvorak Symphony New World  
FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA  
Verdi Forza del Destino  
Pace, Pace, Mio Dio  
Mlle. Gobbi

PART SECOND  
(a) Tschaikowsky Andante Cantabile  
(b) Eugene Diaz La Mariposa  
Festival Orchestra  
(a) Watts The Poet Sings  
(b) Farley Through a Mist of Tears  
(c) Chapman Down in Maine  
WALTER MILLS  
Wagner Tristan and Isolde  
Prayer and Lieberstod  
Festival Orchestra  

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May we always mingle in the friendly bowl, the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

We invite you to come in and inspect the newest and smartest in wearing apparel and accessories.

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Beautiful...Correct

When you look for shoes to wear with your new Fall clothes, you'll appreciate more than ever the understanding care which this store gives to the selection of footwear styles which are both beautiful and correct. Glancing over the new Fall shoes assembled here, one sees certain styles that will be perfect with the tailored frocks of wool or lustrous satins. Others, particularly becoming with more formal styles.

LAMEY-WELLEHAN
Good Shoes and Stockings
110 Lisbon Street, Lewiston, Maine

FOURTH CONCERT
GRAND OPERA NIGHT

THE ARMORY, LEWISTON
Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1925

Opera of "Martha"

Characters of the Drama

Lady Harriet, Maid of Honor - Soprano
Joan Ruth
Nancy, her Waiting Maid - Alto
Kathleen Howard
Sir Tristan Mickleford, Lady Harriet's Cousin - Baritone
Pomphio Malatesta
Plunkett, a wealthy young Farmer - Bass
James Wolfe
Lionel, his adopted brother, afterwards Earl of Derby - Tenor
Ralph Errolle
The Sheriff of Richmond - Baritone
Walter Mills

FOOTMAN H. F. Raeburn
First Servant Miss Mildred Litchfield
Second Servant Miss Virginia Miller
Third Servant Mrs. Isabel R. Walton
Farmer Mr. Dana Rowe
Farmer's Wife Mrs. Anna Tacy
Sheriff's Attendant Ernest J. Hill
Farmers, Servant-Maids, Hunters, Huntresses, in the suite of the Queen, Pages, etc.

The scene is laid at first in the residence of Lady Harriet, then in Richmond, and its neighborhood.

Time of Action: The Reign of Queen Anne.

ACT I
1. Women's Chorus Why these gloomy clouds of sadness.
2. Recit. and Duet Of the Knights so brave and charming.
3. Trio Most respected, gracious cousin.
4. Chorus Maidens, bright and fair.
5. Duet Lost, proscribed, a friendless pilgrim.
6. Chorus Hark, hark the bell!
7. Quartet This is your future dwelling.
8a. Scene and Quartet Surprised I am and astounded.
8b. Recit. and Duet What a charming occupation.
9a. Duet To his eye, mine kindly meeting.
9b. Romance Tis the last rose of summer.
10. Scene and Quartet Cruel one, may dreams transport thee.
11. Scene and Trio Fly in haste we, softly treadings.

ACT II

ACT III

12. Song of the Porter I want to ask you.
13. Women's Chorus Ladies we with hunter's glee.
14. Aria Why my soul?
15. Scene and Chorus There's a pretty hunting train.
16. Aria Like a dream, bright and fair.
17. Scene and Romance Here in deepest forests.
18. Quintet finale Heaven may forgive you kindly.

ACT IV

19. Aria Lionel, ah, unhappy.
20. Duet The Spring has returned.
21. Finale Chorus Everything is now prepared.

THE CHICKERING CONCERT GRAND is the official Piano of the Festivals From Hunt Piano Co., Portland, Maine.

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THE CHICKERING CONCERT GRAND is the official Piano of the Festivals From Hunt Piano Co., Portland, Maine.
May the happiest days of your past be the saddest days of your future.

Words of Choral Numbers and the Opera of Martha

We regret to state that owing to the length of the libretto for the opera, which is given in its entirety, it has been found necessary to eliminate all analysis of those programs, giving only the words of the text for the Choral and the opera. We omit synopses, and much that we desired to present in order to keep within the 24-page limit. We refer Festival patrons to the book of 1921 of 60 pages, which contained all these lists practically the same to-day.

FIRST CONCERT

PART FIRST

Hallelujah Chorus

"THE MESSIAH"

Handel

This Chorus is sung to open every Festival.

IN THE GARDEN OF TOMORROW Jesse L. DePep

Words by George Graefe, Jr.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

Why should we take the promiss

Tomorrow may not pay

When we can have the happiness

That crowds our lives today?

Refrain

In the garden of tomorrow

Will the roses be more fair?

Will we find relief from sorrow

Will there be more sunshine there?

For each love-flow'r that will bloom,

Some will die and fade away,

Oh! I'd so much rather

All my love-flowers gather

From the garden of today.

In all the gardens of the world

There is no other flow'r

As precious as the blossoming

Of love's first golden hour.

Refrain

THE STARS IN HEAVEN

J. Reishberger

The stars are shining in heaven,

The ocean waves flash in reply;

Below they are calling and keek-n ing,

In answer they glisten on high.

And softly whips the breeze,

In ecstasy trembles the main;

Through all flows love, pure and holy,

My heart only knoweth its pain!

The bright stars are wand ring in heaven,

The ocean waves ceaselessly move;

Ah! why should they care if of mortal,

One heart is dying of love!

E. SOGNO

FAUST

VERDI

English Translation, (Ford's Aria)

Sung by Lawrence Tibbett, in Costume

Am I awake? Or do I dream?

By visions dread and dire, my soul's affrighted.

Am I dreaming? Must me Ford! Master Ford! Arouse thee!

Nineumpop! Wretch heightened!

Thy wife is faithless, her shame and degradation

Have wrecked thy home, thine honour, thy reputation

Fixed in the hour, prepared the betrayal.

Thou'ret the butt of the jibe,

Thy friends will say all—Thou hast been defrauded

no pity.

I seem to hear parleys of repudiation

Scouring my folly, devising my downfall!

Oh! Conservation, Death and destruction!

Let none but blackhearts put faith in their spouses.

For I would trust my best bag on a coop.

And to a highwayman my bearded self,

My flask of Nasts to an insatiate toper,

But not my wife to herself.

Oh cruel fortune! Of all gladness and hope in life

Thee! denuded.

Deduced! Duped! Poor dupes! Insane ninny!

Ah! deduced, deluded! But thou shall not escape:

No ruffian, traitor, accused rogue and fanatour!

First, I'll bewray him and then I'll stay him,

Then say him! I will avenge this outrage!

Though I be scorched and ailed, this deadly wrong shall

fully be requited!

PART SECOND

UNDER BLOSSOMING BRANCHES

English version by George L. Osborn

ERIK MEYER-HELMUND, Op. 4

Under blossoming branches,

With the night above,

All the night I lay dreaming

DREAMS OF THEE, O MY LOVE.

And the fragrant old linen

Threw its blushing love to me,

Borne on the lightest of nephews.

As a moonbeam to thee!

Heavenly music was wailing

There's a spot of bittersweet,

Downward softly descending;

'By the shimmering world.

A LEGEND

English words by E. Berek

TSCHAIKOWSKY

When Christ was young, in garden fair,

A roostin' grew that was his care.

He thought the roses, bright and gay

Would make a wreath for him some day.

The roses blommon'd fair to see,

When Judas's children, bold and free,

Stipped ev'ry bough of roses there.

And left the blossoms torn and bare.

"Where is thy crown all roses gone?"

So cried the children full of storm.

"Ye left not roses, but instead

The thorns for me," the Christ-child said.

And of the thorns a crown they made

That rudely on his head they laid.

Upon his brow a glow was spread

By drops of blood, not roses red.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS

Dorothea Forster

Words by Edward Lockton

Arranged by Clarence Lucas

Life has sent me many wondrous hours,

Brought me many golden flow'rs,

But a sweeter gift I long for,

All the while I'm lonely

Calling to you only!

Refrain

Love's first kiss!

Just for this my heart pleads to you now,

Because I long to bring the sunshine

Into your life with magic dreams divine!

Come to me! Earth shall be

Just a paradise of bliss!

Love's hour is wak'ing. Love's dawn is breaking.

Oh! crown my life with love's first kiss!

In the dreams that haunt each silver night

I see a garden of delight.

There all sadness is forgotten,

There you wander near me.

Would that you could hear me!

Refrain

MY LOVE IS A MULTIERE

Francisco di Nagore

My love is a dashing multier.

He comes thro' the rugged mountain passes,

He leaves a trail of love and fear,

0 he for the broken-hearted lasses

0 he for the lads with cold steel blades,

They wait in vain for Rodriguez,

Who comes to dance in the evening shade,

With me to tread the gay bolero.

Trou-la-la, Trou-la-la, Trou-la-la.

To me he comes, my Rodriguez,

Trou-la-la, Trou-la-la, Trou-la-la.

With me he'll dance the gay bolero.

What will he bring to me my dear?

A scarlet band for her coal-black tresses,

A throbbing heart in his manly breast,

Two loving arms filled with caresses.

We'll tend to the tune of the old guitar.

And the step of my dancing Rodriguez,

We'll dance in the merry dancing glee,

As we float away in the gay bolero,

Trou-la-la, Trou-la-la.

To me he comes, my Rodriguez,

Trou-la-la, Trou-la-la, Trou-la-la.

With me he'll dance the gay bolero.

Compliments of

MANUFACTURERS NATIONAL BANK
Here's a toast to all who are here, no matter where you're from: May the best day you have seen be worse than your worst to come.

FOURTH CONCERT--OPERA "MARTHA"—VON FLOTOW

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LADY HARRIET, Maid of Honor to Queen Anne…[Soprano]
LORD TRISTAN DE MICKLEFORD, Her Cousin…[Bass]
PLUNKETT, a Young Farmer…[Bass]
LIONEL, His Brother…[Tenor]
NANCY, Waiting-Maid to Lady Harriet…[Contralto]
SHERIFF…[Bass]
COUNTIES, PAGEs, LADIES, HUNTERS AND HUNTRESSs, FARMERS, SERVANTS, etc.

ARGUMENT

Lady Harriet, a lady of rank at the court of Queen Anne of England, tired of the amusements which court life afforded her at the Fair at Richmond in the guise of a servant girl in search of employment. She is accompanied by Nancy, her maid; and Sir Tristan, a cousin and admirer of hers, rather advanced in years, both appropriately attired for the occasion.

His father also repaired two young farmers, Lionel and Plunkett. Lionel is the adopted child of the Lady, and Plunkett pleased with the maid, their domestic incapacity is excused. Nancy tracks Plunkett, who in turn goes new angry. The maid, frightened, runs away to hide in the kitchen, pursued by Plunkett. Lionel, left alone with his new servant (who has adopted the name of Martha), makes advances. The two are discovered in her dressing-room. Lured to sing, the Lady treats him to the old Irish ballad. The last verse, however, instead of being expressed, asks her to become his wife. Lady Harriet laughs at him, as they are interrupted by Plunkett and Nancy, the latter just caught after a bad chance. The clock strikes midnight, and masters and servants part to go to rest. While walking in the garden, which has followed the back of the prisoners, enters through a window and assists in the escape. The Earl of Rochester, who in his appearance has heard loud talking in the hall, comes in again, meaning to send the Lady out, as he thinks of giving over a visit. Seeing the window open, and hearing the noise of carriage wheels dying away in the distance, he becomes alarmed, thinks they have been robbed, and calls in Lionel. They become aware of the flight of their servants; Plunkett rings the large bell out in the farmyard, the whole neighborhood assembled, they hear what has transpired, and all start in pursuit of the fugitives, who, however, make good their escape.

A little while after this occurrence, the Queen, with the ladies of her court—among whom are Lady Harriet and her maid—hunt in a forest adjoining the village of which Plunkett is a part. Accidentally, Plunkett and Lionel fall in with a party of hunters, headed by Lady Harriet. They recognize their former servants, but the ladies deny all knowledge of them. Their courage comes to their assistance, and the two farmers are about to be arrested when Lady Harriet, who is at last touched by Lionel's wild grief, causes them to go off unhurted, exhibiting as much tenderness as her position will allow. Lionel, driven almost frantic by the cruel Calumny with which Mary, his foster-sister, looks to him, beholds himself with his hands around his head by his father. He contrives to make Plunkett believe that the Queen is passing by. Plunkett immediately delivers it to her. By means of this ring is found to be the only son of the late Earl of Derby, who ended his days in disgrace, in which he unjustly has been cast aside. The Queen's tender sympathy and all the possessions of the late Earl to be restored to the son by an Act of Parliament.

Lady Harriet has, after the unfortunate meeting in the forest, become the object of his love, and now, anxious to recover this herself in the favor of the new-created count, contrives to be the first to communicate to him the news of his parentage. But Lionel receives her coldly, and when the lady, who is in a prey to the worst wild fears, appeals to Lady Harriet for consolation towards Lionel, and of remorse for having humiliated so handsomely, offers her hand to him, and, kneeling, prays her to accept him even then she cannot overcome the latter feeling in his heart towards the false and cruel lady. But the indefatigable Lady Harriet, with the assistance of Plunkett, who in his alarm for the health, and even life of his foster-brother, was easily persuaded to take part in the scheme, contrived still another plan to bring about a reconciliation. A part of the lady's mind is artistically transformed into a fantastic picture of the market-place at Richmond. Farmers and servants supply, a counterfeit sheriff presents himself, and the lady in her peasant's dress mimics the throng. Lionel is conducted. At the sight of Lady Harriet in the costume of a servant all her former love for her comes back, and he, still not aware that she is Plunkett and Nancy, and the curtain descends on two happy couples.

ACT I

SCENE I—Corridor of Lady Harriet, richly furnished.

LADY HARINET, NANCY, LADIES in attendance.

CHORUS

Why these gloomy clouds of sadness
Overshadow thy brow?
Why should laughing mock thy countenance?
Glinting tears present witness bare:
Jealous, base, and satanic,
Wait to do a form so fair.

NANCY

If the worst is to come, we must Fly: these are Sir Tristan sends you.

LADY

Ah! their odor sickness me!
NANCY

Nothing, excepting a ring of jewelry—
Diamonds which the richest envy.

LADY

Ah, they blind; I cannot see.

LADY

Levee!

NANCY

At mistresses!-

LADY

Levee me!

Go ye where my joys have known;
Nourish your today;
Now, bear their weight alone.

CHORUS

Why these gloomy clouds of sadness,
Overshadowing, etc.

SCENE II.—LADY HARINET AND NANCY.

NANCY

Dearest mistresses—

LADY

Ah, these tears! They ease my heart!

NANCY

Tears? And why?

LADY

I know it not!

NANCY

Excellent cause! Desire for love
Is moving, hap, your virgin heart.

LADY

Love, in me?

Yes, Cupid's arrows
Travel with the speed of lightning.

NANCY

SONG OF THE KNIGHTS

Of the Knights so brave and charming
Who surround our gracious queen;
And themselves with wit are amusing.
Some one has so lately been
Your cold, haughty heart to win.
Is there hostile in this alarming

LADY

Vain belief! how can I praise you
Such insipid, idle love?

NANCY

Riches beaup on your treasures,
Honor high o'er you.

LADY

In the midst of gold and pleasures
Weariness alone I feel.

NANCY

THAT IS REALLY TOO DISTRESSING

That is really too distressing
Ladies are call'd a brilliant
If not love does work a wonder
Shall this flaw be without more?

[Tristan re-opens it]
Here's a health in homely rhyme, to our oldest classmates, Father Time: May our last survivor live to be as bold, as wise, as tough as he! 

ANALYSIS OF PROGRAMS—Continued

NANCY
NANCY
Imitate, sir, genuine nature
Trust
Nature! How? It was your death.

THISTAN
What prodigious agility!
TRISTAN
What rending exercises! Enough! Or I shall faint!

NANCY
How graceful, what handsome bearing!
I cannot help admiring him.

THISTAN
I look very much like a bear
When monkeys are forced to dance.

[Exeunt, dancing.

SCENE IV.—Market-place at Richmond.—Tents, shops, tables, benches, etc.—Farmers, Peasants, afterwards Servants.

CHOSES
Maidens, bright and fair. Who are the gayest of all? Do these fine women make their way.

NANCY
When the silent, solemn maid will be, With all the household, let us cheer. In the village green how all the maidens are.

THISTORY
Audubon wish this!

LADY
Lady whom I see with so much avail,
Just to erase your noble Lordship.

THISTORY
Lady! Cousin! Hurrah! I right?

LADY
Lady, Nancy, find us peasant dresses.
To those ladies, garments maid.

THISTORY
Might I steer thee as thou hast hitherto?

LADY
Honorable this canvas scene?
Could I, unknown, with them mingle
On the luscious village green!

THISTORY
Abound wish this!

LADY
Maidens, bright, elevated! Laughing! New made mates at a hop, Martha, Nancy, and Sir Bob!

THISTORY
Who are Bob?

LADY
Bob are you?

THISTORY
No, not I. Be Bob who may!

LADY
[Approximation with considered tenderness]
How? How? How is your affection?
Your gentle manners, they resound,
Take this sign of my relenting!

THISTORY
[Given him a bouquet] Ah!

LADY
My ever-laughing Nancy,
Teach him how the peasants dance!

THISTORY
When will end these vacant tomorrows?

LADY
My side by your graceful manners,
Stiff and heavy move about!

NANCY
Foot bent outward, bold and wayward,
Briskly, crispily stamp the floor;
Hat knocked, dappled, hat-cap'd over.

THISTORY
Ah, how can it?

LADY
Tite my pleasure!

THISTORY
Never! no!

LADY
From left to right!

THISTORY
I, a Lord!

NANCY
A noble sport!
You'll easily catch the spirit, my lord!

THISTORY
[They make him dance.

LADY
Quicker move you—

NANCY
It will improve you!

THISTORY
Good! I'm out of breath.

LADY
Less of polish!

LIONEL
Here in peace and sweet contentment
Have I past'd my life with you;
Stronger, daily, grew a friendship
That forever lasts, when true.

Brother, think not wealth and splendor,
If perchance you ever be wise.

Can as happy this heart render
As the face of love in thine.

SCENE VI.—A crowd of Farmers and Servants enter.—
The clock strikes mid-day.

CHORUS
Here, back, the bell! In wig and robe
The Sheriff comes the Fair to open
Your dear now, ladies, gather round!

SHERIFF (Entering pompously)
For your government a space Open, low-bred populace!

CHORUS
For the government leave a space!

SHERIFF
[Unleashing a large parchment.] I shall now the law expound;
Listen all, come close around
"Anna, we, the Queen of England,"
(Here, as ye have't myself.)
Never comes amiss holiness.

"We acknowledge by this Act These to be the ruler of us,
Of the yearly Richmond Fair That all contracts made with servants
In the open market here, Shall be binding with both parties
For the then ensuing year.
Not a power there is to break them. If money has been given and taken.
Did you hear?

CHORUS
We knew it this long time.

SHERIFF
Now, my girls, we'll learn your virtues
One of the servants advances.
Tell us yours truly, Molly Pitt.

FIRST SERVANT
I'm in sowing and in mowing,
And in reaping, cutting, swearing,
Cutting, knitting, dresses fitting,
Quite expert, believe me, sir.

SHERIFF
Price, four guineas! Who'll engage her?

A FARMER
I will run the risk and danger.

SHERIFF
What can you do, Polly Smith?
SECOND SERVANT [Advancing] I am at baking, pudding making,
Roasting, broiling, stewing, boiling,
Swets about, washer woman,
Rated as first rate hand.

SHERIFF
Price, five guineas! Who will try her?
A FARMER'S WIFE
I will, Mister City-crier.

SHERIFF
What can you do, Betsy Witt?
THIRD SERVANT [Advancing] To my master I shed gentle fine
Faithful warden of the garden,
Singing, which (promising so will it)
Now together we must keep.

LIONEL
Blessed be her memory ever!

PLUNKETT
Are you calling
Not a soul to love thee, thine;
Friends and all I never knew atlas thou, Should not then their place be mine?

LIONEL
You dear brother!

PLUNKETT
Then are calling
Not a soul to love thee, thine;
Friends and all I never knew atlas thou, Should not then their place be mine?

LIONEL
LOST, PROSCRIBED

Lionel, proscribed; a friendless pilgrim, looking at your cottage door
'Nest'hy friendly rod sought shelter,
In his armor he be
THISTAN
This poor pilgrim was my father, Whom to purchase did I buy.
With his dying breath imploring That his child too life you'd guide

PLUNKETT
We have never heard his station,
Never learn you your father's rank,
All he left to tell the secret
Is the jewel on your hand.

"If your fate should ever darken,"
Quoth he, "thou cherish it to the Queen, She will save you, she will guard you When no other help is seen."

18
To Home: The father's kingdom; the child's paradise; the mother's world.

ANALYSIS OF PROGRAMS—Continued

LIONEL: Ay, yes, for years.
LADY: And you know it, sir? You're not young, sir?
NANCY: [Laughing.] Ay, and a hearty laugh, sir, ha, ha, ha!
LIONEL: You're not laughing, ma’am. What have you done that for?
LADY AND NANCY: Work! We've been working.
PLUNKETT: To Lady! Grease and paint and ducks.
LIONEL: Why not laugh? Don't earn one's money, if the work is done as well?
LADY AND NANCY: Oh, yes.
PLUNKETT: [To Nancy.] If she's been to market with you, and to the market her choose.
LIONEL: [voice] Come, come, be kind.
PLUNKETT: She's a good duck. She may be at home.
LIONEL: [voice] She may be a duck or a swan.
PLUNKETT: You'd think she was a duck at home. She's been to market with you.
LIONEL: She has been to market with you.
PLUNKETT: Do you think she won't go off to market with you, sir?
LIONEL: Not to be. That's not for her, I think.
PLUNKETT: [To Lady.] She's been to market with you.
LIONEL: She goes to market with you. She doesn't go to market with you.
PLUNKETT: [To Nancy.] She's been to market with you.
LIONEL: She has been to market with you.
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LIONEL: She has been to market with you.
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LIONEL: She has been to market with you.
PLUNKETT: Do you think she won't go off to market with you, sir?
LIONEL: Not to be. That's not for her, I think.
PLUNKETT: [To Lady.] She's been to market with you.
LIONEL: She goes to market with you. She doesn't go to market with you.
PLUNKETT: [To Nancy.] She's been to market with you.
LIONEL: She has been to market with you.
PLUNKETT: [To Nancy.] If she's been to market with you, and to the market her choose.
LIONEL: [voice] Come, come, be kind.
PLUNKETT: She's a good duck. She may be at home.
LIONEL: [voice] She may be a duck or a swan.
PLUNKETT: You'd think she was a duck at home. She's been to market with you.
LIONEL: She has been to market with you.
PLUNKETT: Do you think she won't go off to market with you, sir?
LIONEL: Not to be. That's not for her, I think.
PLUNKETT: [To Lady.] She's been to market with you.
LIONEL: She goes to market with you. She doesn't go to market with you.
PLUNKETT: [To Nancy.] She's been to market with you.
LIONEL: She has been to market with you.
PLUNKETT: [To Nancy.] If she's been to market with you, and to the market her choose.
LIONEL: [voice] Come, come, be kind.
PLUNKETT: She's a good duck. She may be at home.
LIONEL: [voice] She may be a duck or a swan.
PLUNKETT: You'd think she was a duck at home. She's been to market with you.
LIONEL: She has been to market with you.
To Home: a world of strife shut out, and a world of love shut in.

ANALYSIS OF PROGRAMS—Continued

LADY
I am too hazardous.

PLUNKETT
To share my humble cottage proudly the maid disdains.
In vain my eye in weeping, in vain my lip complaints;
Now happiness farewell, farewell.
Now happiness farewell, farewell!—

LADY
I feel my bosom yielding.

PLUNKETT
Let's be a people's lay.

LADY
Ah, Sir, ye jest!—

PLUNKETT
'Tis my will!—

LADY
Your will!—

PLUNKETT
Nay, I entreat you.

LADY
Ah! your entreaties I withstand not.

LADY
'Tis the last rose of summer.

LADY
I'm so bashful.

PLUNKETT
No, it moves not!

LADY
Wonder? Can't you spin them?

PLUNKETT
Never heard it!—Teach us!

LADY
To be attentive then!

PLUNKETT and LADY [Spinning.]
When the foot the wheel turns lightly.

LADY
Then will be both strong and fine.

LADY HARBERT
WHAT A CHARMING OCCUPATION

PLUNKETT and LADY
Have you heard 'e?—

LADY
Yes, we have.

LADY and PLUNKETT
Comprehended?

LADY
Yes, we have [Nancy turns Plunkett's spinning-wheel over and runs off, followed by Plunkett.]

SCENE II.—LIONEL and LADY HARBERT.

LADY
Nancy! Julia! Oh, stay there!—

PLUNKETT
Heaven! she leaves me here, alone!—

LADY
Nancy!

PLUNKETT
Stay yet, Martha! Why this hurry?

LADY
Art afraid?

PLUNKETT and LIONEL
GO TO HIS EYE, MINE KINDLY MEETING

PLUNKETT
To his eye, mine kindly meeting.

LIONEL
Evil intent is unknown,
Yet my heart is strangely beating
Since I'm left with him alone.

PLUNKETT
Her clear eye with looks entreating,
Speak to me in thine unknown.
And my heart is strangely beating
Since I am left with her alone.

LIONEL
Ah, how could I ever soot her,
Ever speak in unkind tones!
Might I but my heart unfold her?

LADY
[Whither, Nancy, hast thou been?]
Ah! poor me, she tarries yet!

PLUNKETT
Martha! Let me then confound it:
Since when this angel face
First appeared 'd before my vision—

PLUNKETT
(Quies alarming is his gaze!)

LIONEL
Martha! Martha!

LADY
[He grows hoarser!]

PLUNKETT
See, my heart is good and true.

LADY
Yes, you are a kindly master,
Much more kind than I deserve.

PLUNKETT
You deserve!

LADY
I'm but a good for nothing
Little body, Sir!—Let me go; you idle servant
Cannot earn the bread you give her.

PLUNKETT
My heart would break should I send thee away!
No—no work shall e'er dismays you,
But throughout the lingering day
Sing you, to our work us echoing.

PLUNKETT
Sing a song me!
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ANALYSIS OF PROGRAMS—Continued

SCENE III.—Enter Plunkett, at back.—Seeing the Ladies, he stops.

Plunkett
There seems to be good game about here; I’ll see if I can’t catch one or two.

Nancy (Looking around.)
Where are the Countesses?

Says she soliloquies, and seems very unsappily, and has been ever since.

My good friend, can you tell me—

Plunkett
What, Julia, in hunters’ gear?

Nancy
Well, my friend.

Plunkett
I am not your friend. You wait! I’ll make you pay for your hunting leading away.

Nancy
You are mad!

Plunkett
Flies are of no use.

Come home with me!

Nancy
Help! Assistance!

Plunkett
What wickedness!

Nancy
What impudence! [The Ladies re-enter:]

Here is a game for you, my ladies! Let’s see how he will like your arrows!

Chorus
You have fallen into our hands. You will vainly attempt to fly—

Let him feel the keen points of our weapons; Let him prepare to die!

Plunkett
Gently, gently—hold! Hold your hands–I already feel the points of their weapons! By St. George and St. Andrew, Fair damsels, ground your arms!

[He rushes off hastily.]

Chorus
Let him feel the points of our lances; Let him die without delay!—[They rush after him in pursuit.]

Plunkett
Go then, while mirth and host I am paying! [Exit Chorus to the right: Plunkett goes into the inn.]

SCENE II.—Enter Huntermen, afterwards Nancy.

Chorus
Ladies— with hunter’s ale Are chased a game—

Tru, la, la, la, la, la; Cunningly and stealthily, And dogs are our aim. Ha, ha, ha, lew; Our brave sportsmen are the game We smartly pursue daily aye! By our eyes they’re set and laid With arrows fleet foot at our feet. Now we awe them and subdue them, Now we coaze them and allure them, Now pursue them to the sea, Till in the snare the poor thing freirs: That’s our sport and our delight.

Chorus
Ladies we, etc.

Nancy
HUNTRESS FAIR
Huntsmen fair hastens where She is game detecting, And her dart wounds the heart That was unsuspecting; Rendlessly wanders she, And is never tired; Taken good aim—till the game fa with love inspired. Cuddy like a rogue she is; Shot the dart, did not miss. From her dart— is the heart That was purely blest; Then she hole—that for she feels it is comfort needful What a look—from him took Has a look restored; Gone is pain—and again Mounts it where it soared.

TRISTAN
What say you?

LADY
And this sadness
Is a mystery even to myself.

TRISTAN
But to remain alone in this secluded spot—

LADY
I wish it. Adieu!

TRISTAN
Will soon return. [Exit.]

LADY
HERE IN DEEPEST FOREST

Here in deepest forest shadows, Under drooping, whisp’ring boughs, May confess I my deep sorrows. Dream of love’s enchanting woes.

SCENE VI.—LADY HARRIET and LIONEL

Lionel [Entering.]
Ah! that voice!

LADY
Heaven! whom do I see!

LIONEL
A lady—

LADY
What! he here!

LIONEL
Martha—Martha!

LADY [Aside]
How shall I

Escape this danger?

LIONEL
Ah! thou hast returned? Thanks, kind Heaven! Ah! tis you— you feel from me!

LADY [Aside]
What a trial!

LIONEL
Before mine eyes beheld thee, My heart recognized thee!

SCENE VII.—Enter Sir TRISTAN, afterwards followed by all.

TRISTAN [Rushing on.]
What has alarmed you?

LADY
Help me! aid me!

TRISTAN
Who dares to—

LIONEL
My lord, this is my servant, And I have a right to take her hence.

TRISTAN
Was there ever such brazen impudence? It taunts makes me shudder. It is most unheard-of audacity! This way—hither, here! [Calling his Friends.

Chorus [Entering.]
What audacity! A present dare to insult you! Let no scandalous an outrage Be punished without delay.

LIONEL
Such audacity—I am astonished! But I recognize you at once. No one shall dare to take her from me; She shall return with me.

LADY
What torture! What an embroilment! I am paying dearly for a few moments’ pleasure! They will laugh at me! What shall I reply?—what shall I do?

Plunkett [Entering.]
Whence comes all this noise?

LIONEL
Defend me!

Nancy [Entering.]
What is the matter?

Plunkett
She, too!

NANCY
Keep up your courage, my lady.

Lionel [Overbearing the words “My lady.]”
Ah!

Now I comprehend all—

That coward, that winning affability, Was taught but a cruel jest, a heartless joke! Ah! just Heaven, canst thou permit this?
May your days be full of sunshine and your nights be full of stars, and your minutes full of seconds and your seconds full of—all the little things that make Life worth living.

ANALYSIS OF PROGRAMS—Continued

Phèdre

Arsène that madman!
Phèdre and Lionel

Lionel

But if an engagement has been made
By her—

Lady [Aside, to Lionel.]

For mercy’s sake, be silent!

Lionel

She accepted the earnest-money; She has bound herself to serve me.

Chorus

Has! ha! ‘tis laughable!

Lady

Let him be treated with clemency, He demands our pity; He has evidently lost his senses, But he is not knowingly culpable.

Lionel

Oh! ‘tis infamous!

Nancy [Aside.]

Poor fellow!

Phèdre [To Lionel.]

Hear me one moment—

Thetis

Away with you!

Lionel

HEAVEN MAY TO YOU

Heaven may to you grant pardon, That you broke my trusting heart, That where burning love you kindled, You did bitter woe impart.

The Others

Ah! may Heaven pardon me— you. For the grief and misery inflicted on him I was—You were—his only hope, And I—him—have broken his heart! Also! what have I—you—gained By rendering him unhappy? Let his present anguish tell, Tell how much he loved me!—you!

Thetis [Aside.]

She now sees the folly of her captives, She despised my counsels, And now vainly attempts to repair her error. By her grief I am avenged!

Chorus

Let us quickly punish the impostor, This has already been endured too long! Hasten we back to the chase! [Trumpets are heard]

The Queen is approaching this way.

Lionel

And with her my hopes revive! [Take a ring from his finger, and gives it to Phèdre.] Take this ring which my father gave me, Thou knowest for what purpose— I will consider thyself utterly abandoned As long as this cage remains!

Chorus of Ladies [Enter.]

From the summit of the hill, And the neighboring valley, The trumpets recall us to the chase. The sun is already declining, But the bold hunter still continues the pursuit.

Chorus of Men

We are on the track of the stag! Pursue him, over the hills And through the valley, In the wood and through the ravine! [Lionel is taken away.—The Hunters disperse.

END OF THE THIRD ACT

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Interior of Phèdre’s Farm-house, as in Second Act.—Phèdre discovered, alone.

Phèdre

Poor Lionel! He sighs, he laments, He flees from his friend; He is besotted with himself. He is bewitched. When first we saw that girl, When first we brought her beneath our roof!
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